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Most people go to a drag show because they want to have a good time. Maybe they want to get twisted; maybe they want to get laid. Maybe a little bit of both. But what draws us there is beyond the logical mind. It's a feeling, an instinct, something that happens between the root and the sacral chakras embedded in our ass and our pussies.

It's not a coincidence that the popularity of drag has exploded in recent years and continues to grow. Whether it's on TV, Instagram, the covers of major magazines, in music, film or fashion, we can't seem to get enough. We don't know why we like it — we just do.

Most people don't realize that when we witness the art of drag we are taking part in a divine, sacred act. And we are performing our duty as citizens of a dying Earth to tip the energetic scales rightfully in the direction of the feminine.

Drag is the ecstatic celebration of divine feminine energy. Drag queens are priestesses. They perform precise preparation rituals passed down painstakingly by the generations that came before them. They alter their appearances, and don ostentatious garb and costumery, in order to perform exuberant dance and movements before people who have congregated to witness the ceremony. Whether we know it or not, drag queens are the truth-tellers and soothsayers of our society. And we love them.

For the drag queen, drag doesn't make much sense. It takes all our time and our money and our energy. It ruins our feet and our spines and our skin and our sheets. It makes our roommates move out and our grandmothers shake their heads. Drag fucking hurts. But we do it anyway.

Drag is more than the sum of its parts. Alone, the makeup and the hair and the clothes don't amount to very much. But at some point in the process for the drag queen a transformation occurs. Something springs into existence that wasn't there before. And that's why we do it anyway.

Greg Bailey's photos capture that something, that inexplicable, fleeting essence of drag. It's not unattainable airbrushed perfection — what Greg captures is raw and real. But in his photos, he also sees us the way we see ourselves — stunning and vulnerable, larger than life, brash and beautiful, ridiculous and perfect.

In this book you'll find the images and stories of those who are part of a sacred and divine sisterhood, people who have come to drag and people whom drag has come on to. Maybe you're a drag connoisseur. Maybe you're a casual drag enthusiast. Or maybe you just like to look at pretty things. But I believe it doesn't matter how the gospel touches you, as long as it touches you. So enjoy being touched.

ALASKA THUNDERFUCK



“FUCK THE
WORLD
— PLAY IN
GLITTER!”





“DRAG

is primarily adhesives.

The drag queen glues things

TO HER EYES,

TO HER LIPS,

TO HER EARS,

TO HER FINGERS,

TO HER HEAD,

HER HAIR,

HER CHEST,

HER GENITALS,

and anywhere else
glue can be applied.



Alaska Thunderfuck



“AS A DRAG PRINCE
I DON’T BELIEVE
YOU HAVE TO CROSS
A GENDER BOUNDARY
TO BE
FABULOUS.”



“In **N**ew **Y**ork **C**ity
if you can't dance
we're not going to point out
the fact that you can't dance;
we're going to celebrate
what you do well!
And that is why I can thrive
in New York City.

I can thrive there
because they focus
on my comedy.
Sherry Vine's not doing
death drops and drop splits,
but people love her
for what she does well.”



“Drag, in all its forms,
is my number one fantasy.
I’ve been everything from
a ‘90’s dominatrix
to a high-heeled zombie,
a ‘50’s pin-up
to a glamorous reptilian alien.
Next, I want to be
a Gothic Barbie doll.

THAT’S WHAT DRAG IS ...

**BIGGER
THAN
LIFE!”**





“Drag is my escape and
my prison,
my work and my play,
my joy and my pain,
my buzz and my fatigue,
my looks and my brains,
my business and
my pleasure,
my laughter and
my tears,
my boy and my girl.
And it hurts
my fucking feet.”

Jodie Harsh



Sharon Needles