

Nambla The Clown shows off his radio and his golf

Benchmarks of the **Burning Man** hierarchy

by NAMBLA THE CLOWN and **ADRIAN ROBERTS**

Every established organization has its implicit hierarchy. Burning Man is no exception. Below are the benchmarks and tell-tale signs of one's climb up the Black Rock City LLC political ladder, in escalating order of (self-)importance:

1. Bottom rung: You're almost nobody. You only get a generic official staff

2. Next rung up: You get a complimentary ticket to Burning Man. Woo-hoo!

3. You're official! You get a staff laminate with your name and photo on it.

4. You get fed! Next you get a laminate with the word "MEAL" on the back, entitling you to be fed at the Black Rock City commissary. (What? You didn't know there was a BMorg commissary?)

5. Next up is an invitation to the Burning Man staff holiday party.

6. Roger that! You get a staff radio for the duration of the event!

7. Now everyone can know how cool you are - you get a name@burningman. com e-mail address.

8. Finally! The big score! You've got golf cart privileges! Woo-hoo! 9. Well aren't you "in"?

You've got Larry Harvey's personal e-mail address or home phone number. 10. Here's where it gets

annoying - though informative. It's mandatory attendance for you at the on-site senior staff meetings.

11. You, as a mere mortal, can only look longingly at this top rung of the BMorg ladder: membership in the Black Rock City L.L.C. (owners of Burning Man and its assets). There are only six people here - and you're not one of them!



Ranger wears new uniform for 2004, and poses doing the "half Man salute," which has also been seen on the Man on Burn Night the last couple of years.

Black Rock Rangers to adopt new uniforms?

by BRIAN PRIDHAM

A new Ranger uniform was spotted by one of our reporters at Decompression 2003. You've probably noticed that there are a wide variety of uniforms used by Rangers at Burning Man, thus making it somewaht difficult for people to find a Ranger easily when one is needed. Apparently the solution to this problem is to adopt a single style, the prototype being fieldtested at Decompression. Reaction to the new uniform was decisive. Tthis Ranger was easily spotted in the crowd, the uniform commanding respect and awe. Does this central European style look familiar to you? It has not been seen in decades, and therefore offers a neo-refreshing/neo-shocking quality. The bright red, white and black armband with the Burning Man logo leaves no doubt that this person is with the Organization, and at your service to "assist" you with any burning problems or questions. Rumor has it, Larry Harvey has requested in 2004 that Rangers should simply use the half Man salute when greeting him. We know where this is going.

Disgruntled with the DPW

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

his past year brought sweeping changes to the way the Burning Man organization has been run, with tighter control and increased bureaucracy. Arguably, the department effected the most was the Department of Public Works, with many **overhauls** to management. Unfortunately, some DPW veterans with Year'S of experience got left behind in the restructuring. One of those people is Elcircusmanotymboy, aka **Tym Simpson**, a former DPW manager and nine-year Burning Man veteran. Despite his excellent WOrk record, he was shut out of his longtime DPW position by the new DPW ruling unta. We sat down to discuss with him the recent changes in the DPW and the Burning Man organization.

PISS CLEAR: So how have things changed from the time you started with

TYM SIMPSON: The Black Rock City DPW aesthetic used to be: "Come and contribute what you know and we will accept you, no matter how much of a freak you are, as long as you want to work, share your ability and experience in a non-judgmen-

tal environment of acceptance, and help save Burning Man from the wellmeaning, but technically clueless planning committee Klutzes in San Francisco, who are big on ideas, but low on practical field applications."

PC: That was it?

Tym: I kid you not. This used to be the ethos of the DPW, from the top down. But this year, the official buzz from the Powers-That-Be is that of "a kinder gentler DPW."

PC: That's funny. That was part of the headline for the Piss Clear cover story we did on the DPW two years ago.

Tym: You mean the "kindler, gentler" tag? Yeah, well, Originality is certainly no longer their forte. That is officially the line they've been using to describe the management changes this year, in an attempt to lure more happy, glassy-eyed volunteers, who in the past may have been scared off by the rough and ready DPW aesthetic. Of course, the DPW management seems totally clueless about the ironies inherent in this description.

PC: Well, it's a George Bush, Sr. quote. So What all has changed?

Tym: Well, thinking outside the box, for one thing. Before they canned me, I asked a few too many hard questions. Apparently, any sort of internal criticism is now Officially discouraged. This is largely due to last year's resignation of DPW powerhouse and second in-command Flynn Mauthe, right after clean-up. He was the last clear-thinking, non-blinder-wearing, straight-shooting, ass-kicker the DPW management had. He was universally well-liked, and an amazingly capable labor management go-between. Lots of worthy DPW workers would have pretty much been screwed if it wasn't for him.

He quit right after longtime DPW head honcho Will Roger got sent home by the crew for his drunken endangerments and sexual harassment of female crew members - specifically, the accidental face burning of a DPW female crew member, who fell onto a fire barrel during some drunken wrestling and roughhousing with him during last year's clean-up.

PC: Yeah, we heard about that, but no one wants to talk about it, and the girl apparently didn't **even** press charges.

Tym: Indeed, it was an unfortunate accident - but the LLC knew for years that Mr. Roger was often a danger to himself and others when sauced. It wasn't so much the accident that got him in trouble as it was his SUDSEquent behavior, which consisted of offering her Oral SEX in lieu of med-

Circusboy

Tym!

stupid questions

with the EMT treating her.

ical treatment and interfering drunkenly

Pc: Wow, that's fucked up!

Tym: To be fair, Mr. Roger was in an alcoholic blackout, and remembered none of this – he was properly chagrined and sent to **rehab**. Despite all his good work in the past, the whole thing brought to light a consistent pattern of sexual harassment - at least when drunk - over the years. I was sad he fucked up so bad, because he was a capable guy when sober. Of course, he almost unintentionally killed me about three times over the last nine years, but I wasn't exactly sober when those things happened either!

I was very **Droud** of the rank-andile DPW workers for standing up to his abuse of his position. They needed to send him packing – at least for the season. I think Burning Man ate some of his **SOUI**. He was a much happier and more creative guy when I first met him ten years ago. I hope he's doing better now and staying **Off the** Sauce. His behavior was inexcusable when plastered, as he himself would readily admit.

PC: Did they kick him out of the LLC?

Tym: I believe he's still CUrrently involved with BMorg's growing Nevada real estate empire.

PC: It sounds like that whole thing really shook up the laissez-fair style of the DPW. So who's in charge now?

Tym: Currently, the DPW is being run somewhat like the Klingon Empire, with a "management council" that is proud to have it's nose firmly fixed in the BRC LLC's top-down hierarchal butt. Corporate Clichés and platitudes abound. It seems that being a "team player" is more important than being an **effective** worker.

Like the rest of Burning Man, the trend is growing towards more CONtrol of the individual, for how a minority of elites interpret "the common good." It seems that the Black Rock City LLC is more concerned with controlling the masses, worrying about liability, and **mollifying** the authorities, than they are with any form of independent thought or creative process.

PC: But when an organization gets as big as Burning Man has, don't you kind of **expect** that certain level of bureaucracy?

Tym: To a Certain extent. And while they may be right two-thirds of the time, the remaining third consists of them chopping off their nose to spite their face. The real message now being sent to DPW workers seems to be, "Shut up and do what you're told – **PC:** Wait, I thought DPW workers got paid a SMall stipend?

Tym: Not anymore – except for the managers, and a few others. I know managers were getting around 4-5K for three months, and labor was paying around \$50 a day.

Those who are best at office and org politics probably make more. For instance, this year, the BRC LLC paid former DPW brown-nose champion Eric Close over 50K just to suck up to Washoe and Pershing county officials. This is a triple-checked fact. I believe that's actually more than LLC members officially make from Burning Man. And I'm pretty sure its more than Larry Harvey's Official salary, which is a much more modest number. ASK him. I'm sure he'll be happy to tell you. Anyway, Mr. Close himself wrote to me after I exposed this to members of the DPW community, just to gloat that ny estimates of his salary were WOEfully low. Only after he was sure I wouldn't be returning to the desert this year did he tell me that his salary was over 50K - probably more like 55K. Not bad for kissing ass, huh?

PC: Damn! You sound really bitter, not unlike a lot of people I've talked to who **USEd** to work for the BMorg and got, pardon the pun, **DUrned**. Do you hate Burning Man now?

Tym: Don't get me wrong. Burning Man is a chance for people to be a part of something bigger than them-**Selves** — that's what it was for me, despite all my criticism. Now, thanks to office politics, I no longer have that particular option and that sucks. So yeah, I am bitter. Being involved with the operation of Burning Man is a great thing, if you have the MONEY to be able to afford to volunteer or like brown-nosing or have some "in."

Black Rock City still kicks ass, as do, for the most part, the rank-and-file of the DPW. It should be noted though, that paid positions are generally reserved for personal friends and for those who shut up and do what they're told. Hell, most of your readers probably work for some COrporation or other - y'all know how it goes.

PC: I take it from this interview that you're not one who's good at "shutting

Tym: It's not my forté. No matter how well one does their job, if you dare criticize the management council, you will **not** be rehired. DPW strong guy and company man Tony "Coyote" Perez apparently **preters** the company of "yes men and women." Working with the DPW used to be like being in a good jam band with individuals adding their unique expressions to make the whole sound good. Now it's **MOYE** like a wedding band playing standard cliché numbers.

PC: Any final thoughts?

Tym: Burning Man was founded by folks - most of whom are now disenfranchised - as a celebration of their unique expressions, using Mr. Harvey's somewhat blathering, and often plagiarized, rhetoric as an **EXCUSE**. But this is something that's now lost on the crew who are running it. They think they can do no Wrong. They've lost reference points and are now the center of the universe, as they see it. This conceit does not serve the community of Black Rock City. I'm reminded of a scene from Monty Python's Life of Brian, when all the followers stand up and say, in unison, "Yes, we are all unique individuals."

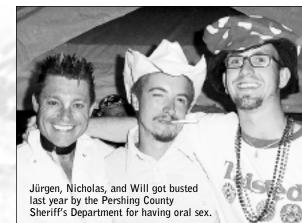
But let me be Clear - Black Rock City is its participants, not its bureaucracy. There are many more important things besides Burning Man that can offer an opportunity to be a part of something bigger than yourself, and I hope I can find one – because all this self-serving hedonism has pretty much just become masturbation.

What a great idea! If only we had horgons on the playa! Just carry around a little Signifier that says "Yes, I would consider fucking you, if I think you're hot." Kind of a strange name -

I think the problem with playa sex, at the back hair tries to grab your ass.

And so the hot boys on the playa withdraw into themselves, leaving Jiffy Lube to the guys who do that year round anyway. Even if I built my mythi-Cal casual sex dome, the cute kids would stay away anyway, fearful that if they go, they'd be **Preyed upon** by **horny trolls.** (Don't get me wrong, some of my hottest sex has been with older men. Troll is a state of mind and cock, not age.) And the women I know, well, let's just say they can Smell desperate testosterone before the first corny pick-up line is even SaId.

and sisters, is: Look people in the eye. If you Want them, keep looking. And then, like two cruisers in the Rambles of Central Park, if you're both still looking, don't be ashamed. You both want it, and all of us wish we were you. So stop walking to the porta-potty and say "hi." Or maybe, "horgon?"



The Great **Blow Job Bust**

wo days before the Man burned last year, things got hot for Nicholas, Will, and Jürgen. The three newbie Burners from Portland, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, respectively, don't remember how they all started rolling around together **naked**. After all, they were pretty **drunk**. But on Thursday evening, all three wandered into the (ironicallynamed) Space Virgins dome, separately, on the Esplanade. Before they knew it, they were entangled in a feisty make-out session on one of the dome's mattresses.

"I found Nick and Will **Quite** attractive," says Jürgen. "One guy started nibbling to the point of 'Ow, stop!

Pants came off. Then, according to Pershing County Sheriff's Department arrest reports obtained by Piss_Clea "they began to perform...what is technically called tellatio in various different positions." But the fun came to a jarring halt after the three put on their clothes and left the dome to get a drink of water. That's when a tubby guy in a Metallica t-shirt marched up, and informed them they were under arrest for public indecency, and added, "We have pictures.

Will remembers thinking, "This guy is Stupid, or else it's their Burning Man thing." But when another deputy walked up and slapped handcuffs on Will, the three Burners realized Metallica guy wasn't part of a theme camp. Nicholas, Jürgen and Will were hauled off to jail in Lovelock, Nevada, two-and-a-half hours away. Their crime? Performing SEX acts in public, which is illegal in the state of Nevada.

At first, the arrest was terrifying for Will, Jürgen and Nicholas. Thanks to the gift economy, none of them had any money or credit cards to make bail. Nor did they have any way of getting in touch with their campmates to tell them where they were. Jürgen was dressed totally inappropriately for jail in **Skin-tight** leopard print pants.

Fortunately, one of the Pershing County deputies agreed to carry a message back to Will's campmates, then all were outfitted in old-school black and white striped iail clothes. They got to share a Cell, and were served a big pancake breakfast. "We learned each others' names for the first time!"

After a **few** hours in the **slammer**, they were told they would not be charged with any crimes, and a helpful officer drove them back to Black Rock City.

Despite the happy ending, the incident served as a Wakeup call to the Burning Man community that the Pershing County Sheriff's Department, which enforces the law at the event, doesn't dig public sex.

Last year, Sheriff Skinner hired a female private investigator to "look into the issue" of public Sex during Burning Man. It was she who walked into the Space Virgins dome with a plain clothes sheriff's deputy and saw Nicholas, Will and Jürgen making out on a mattress. When the men started getting hot and heavy, Will asked two girls sitting closest to them if they were "okay" with what was going on. (They were.) But **none** of the men remember seeing the

investigator and deputy, who were Snapping pictures. Nicholas and Will believe they were unfairly targeted because they were gay - a notion Sheriff Skinner dismisses.

"It was just the luck of the draw," says Skinner. Law enforcement seems most concerned about the potential for **minors** to be around when public sex takes place. In the arrest report, Reserve Deputy Poffenroth **noted**, "There was nobody to **monitor** the people going in or out of the dome...whether they were children or adults," (although **neither** he nor the blow job participants say there year. But **not** by way of the Lovelock jail.

crete/glass office park that is modern-

day America. If there was one place left

in America where a person could go find

"reality," in all it's fantastical beauty,

this, I was told, was it. And I was ful-

fine Until the night of "the big Burn",

when all the air went out of the balloon.

skipped out to the Man, expecting one of the most "real" experiences

I'd ever had. What did I get? I got

America, choreographed tripe. I got little kids, Sparklers in hand, sitting

around waiting for Daddy to put on a

show. Did people run out and throw

torches onto the Man? Did they haul

their trash out and burn it? No. After a

well choreographed, sub-Vegas drum

out of the Man as if on an automatic

When the "show" was over, everyone

just sort of ambled back to their camps

seemed to cry, "That's it? A whole week, and that's how it ends?" Forlorned,

with a rather glazed expression which

Show played out, fireworks launched

Disneyland Imagineering, corporate

Like every other first-time sucker, I

filled - almost. Everything was going

WHAT'S OUT WHAT'S IN Black Rock playa body-painted hippie neighbors who always want to give you hugs building your own art

bv LESSTER

burning the Man on Saturday burning the Man on Wednesday buying a ticket sneaking in camping with jaded camping with Burning Man newbies old-timers chasing after the sanitation truck chasing after the water truck for a shower in search of a fresh porta-potty DJs spinning vinyl DJs "spinning" MP3s drunken stilt-walking drunken driving 4:20 safety meetings gifting trinkets gifting drugs meeting outside the trash fence meeting at Center Camp metrosexuals pansexuals misters air conditioning participating specticipating playa divorces playa weddings peeing in a Gatorade bottle porta-potties remixes mash-ups REMSA Ambience Ambulance rolling bumping sex on the playa sex in the porta-potties showing up on Friday leaving on Friday taking the week off using the WiFi to fool your boss into thinking you're still at work from work tattoos brandings Temporary Autonomous Zones Permanent Autonomous Zones the week of Burning Man the rest of your life this year's theme ironic revivals of previous themes anything but trance volunteering protesting "woo!

Blue Wing playa

bipolar psycho bitch neighbors

who scream at their campmates

and provide hours of entertainment

"repurposing" other people's art

- list compiled by Adrian Roberts and Slim

were kids at Space Virgins.)

of terror and frustration."

According to Sheriff Skinner, the arrest was the only one of its kind last summer, and should not be feared as a Sign of things to come.

"yow!"

"I'm not just out there trying to arrest people," says Skinner. "We're trying to Change attitudes." If Jürgen and Will are any indication, it already seems to be working in a weird kind of way. Although Nicholas is "still really **angry**" about the arrest (can you blame him?) Will and Nicholas shockingly liked Burning Man MOre after they got arrested.

I went [to Burning Man] looking forward to a lifechanging experience," says Will. "But when I got there I was fumbling around, not really integrating with anyone."
Likewise, Jürgen had been feeling left Out his first few days. It didn't help that three "glisteningly tan" BM virgins in his camp **Seemed** to be having the time of their lives.

"Everybody would be giggling, sewing costumes, all sorts of boys coming out of their tents naked," says Jürgen. 'Meanwhile I'm **quite** jealous and angry that everyone else was doing so well, so quickly."

n fact, the night of the arrests, Jürgen and Will had gotten shit-faced drunk in an attempt to rid themselves of their shyness and inhibitions. It's a move they both question now. "It was a silly, **immature**, college thing to do," says Jürgen. "If I was not so drunk I probably could have been more aware of what was going on and saved us a few hours

After they'd been through the arrest together, all three ere eager to get back to Black Rock City. They had a killer story to tell, and a new sense of comradeship. "It was nice to feel so Self-righteous about something

that you KNEW the whole community would back you up on," "When you come into the front gate and they say 'welcome

home,' I thought it was a Cheesy hippie thing," says Jürgen. "But when the sheriff brought us back, it hit all of us so hard, we were hanging on to each other, saying 'Welcome home!"" Nicholas, Will, and Jürgen are all back on the playa this

Sunday is the new Saturday on the playa.
Looking for something Spiritual?
Dangerous? Looking for fires as far

Getting lost in the middle of the desert?

Sunday Burn. Let the corporate lackeys

burn their logo on Saturday night.

That's fine. I don't want IOQOS. I came

out here to get away from logos. From

structures. From rules. The whole damn

place is up the ass with rules, more so

with each passing year. But somehow,

come Sunday, the place is real again.
All the art burns, not just the
Temple. And people burning art that

they spent months creating, is a very

spiritual thing. It's moving. It's vis-

Ceral. Last year on Sunday, I roamed

from one burn to another. The Temple,

the House of Cards, Johnny-On-The-

Spot, the Pyromid. At **each** one, the

crowds lessened, the air got colder, the

Rangers got less strict, until I found

the evening blurring into fire, wind, and

alkaline sediment. I got lost. I Cried. I

danced. I found something that can only

be found on the playa. Only after all the

tourists had gone home, and the Man

and his watchful eye had been Slain.

Wait, what have I done? If everyone knows the "real" burn is on Sunday,

that Saturday is just a ruse to get all

the tourists out, haven't I just ruined

remain untouched and pure, is

for it to remain a secret? Don't worry.

It's all part of the plan. Because as nice

as Sunday is, it's already getting old.

People are catching on. The crowds are

growing. The Temple was written UP in

papers around the world last year and as

soon as something gets this well-known,

slap a Starbucks on it and call it dead.

and get your rocks off. Because the real

Burners know that the authentic, primal burn is moving again. Monday. That's

right. Only about a thousand people left,

hauling their trash out and burning it.

No roads, no lattes at Center Camp. Just

a few hardcore SULVIVALISTS, standing

around burning shit so they don't have to

carry it home. That's where I'll be, hand

over my mouth and nose, eyes watering

in the black soot. Because Monday

is the real Burn night now. And when that gets Whored, it will move again.

Because the real Burn is inside the few

looking for and who are strong enough

to seek it out. Other people can buy their tickets, but for them, the real Burn

will **torever** be out of reach.

Burners who still remember what they're

So go ahead. Go to the Temple Burn

Sunday? Isn't the only way for it to

as the eye can see? Dust storms?

having sex with a straight man this year at BM by VICTOR TORRES

Last year, the Burning

Man had only one arm

with Man's

symbolism?

by BRIAN PRIDHAM

I have been to the last

six burns. How many times

when the Man's arms were

supposed to be raised, have

we seen just one arm come

up in what appears to be a

Nazi salute just before he is

burned? Help me here.

because I don't remember

After all, I was kind of high

on many of those occasions

But I know it happened at

least three times, but prob-

ably more. Coincidence? I

don't think so, you can't

fool me! I have a masters

degree in history, I've seen

footage of Nazi rallies at

Nuremberg, and it looked

you Burning Man, this

creening Fascism hasn't

you on the barricades of

Seven

gone unnoticed. We'll see

reasons why

I won't be

just like this! We're on to

plenty of old newsreel

Hitler and Nazism?

Bad luck

arms,

or Nazi

raised ... again! Shades of

& JOHN CORDARO

1. Sometimes after I suck them off they just won't leave. After hours of nodding to their ecstasyinduced ramblings, there really is nothing left to say about glowsticks.

2. I don't want to spend all night priming the pump only to have it shoot off in five minutes and then have him pass out in my tent.

3. I don't want to have to make small talk with his wife while he searches my tent for his wedding ring.

4. I don't want to have to lie to him that out of all the thousands of dicks I've

seen, that his is the biggest 5. I don't want him lurking around my tent like it's a service station every time his girlfriend goes for a

6. I don't want to spend the night of the Burn with him wigged out after his girlfriend dumped him because he thinks our five-minute suck session makes him

bike ride.

7. I know where his dick has been before and that's just plain nasty!

And that is why I won't be having sex with any straight guys at Burning Man this year. Girls - your guys are safe. Unless of course, they just can't keep their dicks out of my

Rumor mill

Burning Man has been rounding up street people to work as Greeters because the job calls for people who are great at extorting alcohol from

Burning Man in a baseball cap and day-glo sunglasses so that he is unrecogniz-

Larry Harvey walks around

Some asshole released live doves into the Temple Burn two years ago.

The Vote America van at this year's event is funded by the Republican Party, in an attempt to round up the names and addresses of known subversives.

You can see the Man from

Piss Clear is printed in Las Vegas and airdropped into Black Rock City every morning of publication. The original reason for

banning dogs at Burning Man was to keep out the DEA drug-sniffing canines. Kerry/Edwards are plan-

ning a campaign stop here. Larry Harvey really is running a cult.

- compiled by Rev. Blind **Toaster and Penfold**

Why can't I get laid on the playa?

by BROTHER JAY

Everybody wants to get laid at Burning Man. Admit it, while you're creating self-transcending art and floating away into an island of temporary autonomy, you also really want to get fucked. Sex is like the perfect accompaniment for whatever mood you're in. Stoned out of your mind and lost in the open playa? Man, I'd love a blowjob right now. Tripping and dancing to seventeen straight hours of psy-trance music? Get naked and feel the love. And of course, the day after, when you're feeling like Shit and its 800 degrees outside, nothing cools you off like blowing your load.

I think because of the myth that spectators have about Burning Man - hot naked chicks all week long! actually getting laid in a quality way is really more difficult than most people would suspect. Note the caveat on "quality." I'm a gay boy myself, and I've visited Jiffy Lube plenty of times. Sometimes I've even gotten off there. But most of the time, it's kind of like a rude awakening from playa-world into someplace altogether more desperate and **COnformist**. It's a really weird place over there, weird Pre-CISEIY because it's completely normal, exactly what you'd find at a halfway decent sex club in New York or San Francisco. Slightly hotter guys, a few blinking lights, but otherwise, it's like you clicked your playa heels three times together, and all of a sudden you're back home with the leather daddies.

That is so unsatisfying! If I weren't so fucking lazy, I'd build a dome out in the open playa, heat it up somehow, and put up a sign saying "Here is where you come to have casual sex with whoever you want." I'd cover the floor



in cheap linens that I'd change every night and burn on Sunday. Why are we such prudes?

My first Burn was in 2001. That year, a spontaneous Orgy broke out on the 3:00 side of the man's remains. It wasn't that big – about thirty or forty people - but I remember One of my campmates was actually traumatized by it. I remember his addled face really clearly, while he spent the rest of Saturday night drinking beer in our camp and "processing." What was so hard to process? Why was a sexual orgy so much more traumatizing than, I don't know, fifty-foot long fire-breathing dragon trucks?

In an episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation, Captain Picard is sent on semi-mandatory Shore leave to a tropical resort planet (I love how every ecotone on Earth gets its own planet in Star Trek). Riker tells him to pick up a "horgon" for him, so Picard does, only to find out that a "horgon" is a vaguely phallic object that you

put next to you when you're lying by the pool and looking for SEX.

whore-gone - but whatever. I want one.

least **Gay SeX** on the playa, is that it undermines the whole equality, brother-hood and sisterhood of man thing that Burning Man is supposed to be. And we know it. The bottom line is, you're not going to let the fat, ugly guy suck your dick unless you're really hard up, and even then you'll probably regret it later. (For me, it's not so much regretting being a Slut as thinking 'Shit, if only I hadn't blown my load in that **troll's** mouth, I might've been able to hook up with someone hot!') The brotherhood of man ends the moment the guy with

The Only solution I can see, brothers



Sunday is the new Saturday

Last year's Temple Burn

intend to indulge in here is MUShy even though I never held it to begin nostalgia. But there was a time when Saturday night Meant Something. It was an end to a life-changing week, and like any good third act, it summed up the entire experience and left you wanting more. And if that's itself was a letdown, but the night still what it's doing, then what does the Saturday burn say for Where we are? still took pleasing shape. Art burned. I stared into fire, and when a Ranger gave I first came here four years ago, looking for spirituality, danger, and all the me the Okay, I was actually able to get things that can't be found in a Wal-Mart, close enough to some hot ashes to pernext to the Olive Garden, in the con-

haps hurt myself... almost. The **next** year, I stayed back in camp while Larry Harvey did his best imitation of the Vegas Strip. And When the night got late, I ventured out to find something real again. But not this time. Each year, the playa gets more plastic. And I think my first year there was the last year before it became hermetically sealed. That is why my Burning Man now ends on Monday morning, not Sunday.

Because there is a new Burning Man happening out here, and it's much closer to the old. Its been growing over the past three years. Looking for something real? Something Spiritual? Well, never fear. The wild child still exists out here they just moved it back one night to trick the tourists. The real party can only start after the Man is dead. Let the posers buy their tickets and come to the show. As long as come Sunday morning, they get the fuck out. Load up their RVs, their gas-sucking SUVs, and their dusty BMWs. 'Cause come Sunday night, amateur hour is over – the Temple burns, and shit gets crazy. The herd has been thinned, authority has relaxed, and only the real folk are left. Granted, noth-

the night, looking for something I lost, with. Slowly, as the night WOre On, a few things did burn. And with the help of some psychedelics, things got a bit surreal. I met up with a friend, and we did have fun. So okay, maybe the Burn

timer. And as the Rangers held everyone back to a safe distance, that poor old tired fucker burned. Sad and slow. ing is ever as it was. Time marches on and only a fool tries to rope it and tie it I roamed the playa into the wee hours of to a post. But as much as it can be,

