## I remember when...

.. having a keg and dry ice (or at least as popular as

... inspiring first-time artists to create was considered a lofty pursuit, not an insult to the "Art Gestapo" and the "theme."

... we had camp meetings to discuss how to find the way home after all the landmarks burned ("I swear I could see the Helco tower from here!")

.. bureaucracy was something we left behind in the Default World.

.. no one used the term

.. "Water Woman" stood

... the Greeters and Lamplighters were groups

of volunteers, not cults. .. we could ask if things offered by strangers were "laced," and get an honest

answer. ... a guy on a stationary bike-turned-blender peddled me up a margarita at

... I had gone for nine years without a "playa

#### - Funk 'N' Wagnalls

.. BRC had a barter economy, which worked, and was fun! Then the BMorg powers-that-be decided that it wasn't "nice" enough, and started preaching the "gift economy." Barter was a form of participation, encouraging people to contribute rather than just consume - now, even mere "spectators" get served at the bar!

... Center Camp was beautifully decorated every year by a different artist, and it wasn't the hippie ghetto it's been the last couple of

#### - Stickerguy Pete

.. all you saw at Burning Man were all its possibilities, not its limitations.

... if you Google'd the words 'piss' and 'clear,' you only found websites that mailed you material to pass drug tests.

... a few strips of duct tape and some recycled construction salvage constituted a really cool costume.

... you'd mention Burning Man at an off-playa function and people would always look at you like you were a total sociopath.

... you had a really hard time describing what this was all about

.. tickets were less than \$100.

.. there was no sound zoning - we were all immersed in this chaotic bombardment of garbled squelch 24/7, with no escape. Amazingly enough, after a while, it became quite euphoric.

... you could walk out onto the empty playa and not see this year's or last year's

... there was much less ... there was much more

anarchy. ... just showing up was a

big deal. ... you could drive a truck

anywhere you felt like, park, plug in a turntable, build a wood pallet-fueled bonfire, and create an awe some spontaneous party scene on the fly, wherever, whenever.

Fucko Pete

... there was no Department of Mutant Vehicles bureaucracy.

...nobody was worried about the porta-potties.

– Robbi Dobbs

Penfold

.. the Man would get so drunk before the Burn, a whole bunch of us would have to lift him into a standing position before he'd let us set him on fire.

### – Noise E. Piranha

... I got married on top of tenders made us do beermy own wedding. Good

## - Adrian Roberts

.. there was Bianca's ... raves were far out by

.. there were no laser/radio/sanitation regulations.

# Drug tips for the playa

by FUCKO PETE

Are there drugs at Burning Man? Is Black Rock City a modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah, built for 35,000 people to frolic and covert for a solid week while jacked-up on an astonishing array of illegal, adulterated street drugs? Yes, these rumors run rampant. Personally, I think 34,999 is a slightly MOre accurate figure. Which brings me to the sub-

ject of federal and Nevada drug laws and the art of hiding your drugs and learning how to act invisibly intoxicated. Drugs = good. Federal and Nevada drug laws = bad. Drugs + federal and Nevada drug laws

+ you getting caught = very, very, bad. If you're reading this while carrying, congratulations! You've passed the first test, because you made it here without getting busted! Also, I'm **pretty** sure you aren't reading this in the dark, new moon playascape without a light. Unless, of course you possess night

vision goggles, like... uh... law enforcement officers do. I've had the recent pleasure of viewing a moonless, desert area with a pair of current issue Gen-III NVGs – and they work remarkably well. But, my fellow campers, be not paranoid – just well-informed. Law enforcement officials have generally been **KINO** to us over the years. But every once in a while, they go on a rampage in regards to illegal drug use.

With beer and pipe dutifully at my side, I have devised eleven\* drug tips for your discreet inconsideration. Follow these, and avoiding arrest should be a Snap (or a rip, a snort, a pop, or even possibly a hippy-flip).

1. Pot smells. It smells a lot. Some pot smells a lot even when it's sitting all by its Wittle self, in a zip-lock baggie, in the top pocket of your shirt. It's also very windy on the playa, so you do the math. Two words: One-hitter.

2. There definitely are undercover cops roaming the playa, pretending to blend in with all the other "regular campers." And did I mention dogs? Last year, I passed a Pershing County

Sheriff's vehicle with a police dog in the back. I'm reasonably sure it wasn't trained as an attack dog

3. Do your drugs in your tent, RV, VW bus, or cave system in nearby mountains. And make sure there are no visible holes or windows that officers can observe you through. Leave unused, allegedly illegal substances at camp before leaving for a casual trip out to the playa. Then, with nothing illegal on your person (except in your blood stream and synapse canals), while gesticulating wildly, beer SloShing in hand, you, too, can ask a Nevada sheriff, "Which way to the Man, dude?" with complete confidence.

4. Some camps have a "safe tent" that cannot be attributed to any one camper, should certain things stored there be found. Simply put, it's not connected with any one participaspectator should the Shiznit hit the fiz-Znit. However, be wary of this set-up. I'm thinking, "Who took the rest of my crack stash, muthafucka!?!" Pass,

5. Hide a box o' drugs in a small hole dug underneath vour tent. Kinda like what John Law **QIQ** with the Burning Man gate money back in the mid-'90s. I just can't picture Joe Cop pulling up **EVELY** piece of rebar in Black Rock City. Go ahead and try it, you sheriff's academy flunkie. I double-dog-dare-you.

6. Going out to the playa at O-darkhundred to have a nice playa walk, smoke a jay, and snort coke off your

having a threesome just ain't what it used to be. I hate to sound like a drunk, drug-addled paranoid who repeats himself, but hey, you are what you is. The **pigs** have night vision and are probably at the very best Peeping Toms, and at the very WOrSt, ready to arrest your grainy green ass. Be warv.

7. Being "invisibly intoxicated" is an art unto itself. You must be able to consume massive amounts of any brain re-wiring substance (including alcohol) and **not Slur** your words, stagger, shake, stare through people, or dangle any modifiers. I once sent the San Diego Police merrily on their way after a **NOISE** complaint

a lot of really good acid. But I digress... 8. Do NOT sell drugs at Burning Man, unless you've Known that person for life and trust them with your own, for that matter. Extra head stash optional. And by the Way, "gifting" is still considered "selling" in the eyes of the law.

visit on 35th birthday party... while on

9. Beware of laced food and beverage items. At the 2001 Burn, one of my fellow tribesmen ended up at Xara eating "gifted" cookies laced with MDMA. By the time we found him, he was sitting on an ottoman, with two girls massaging his feet and another hottie giving him a neck rub. Bad trip. Bad, bad trip. Wait... maybe that was a good trip?

10. Give all your extra drugs and booze to the DPW on your way out of **BRC.** They will be spending another month on the playa, erasing every trace that this event **ever** happened. I can't think of a more deserving group of people. Plus, you know that none of them could **possibly** be an undercover cop. Thus, you can drive carefree, south on the 447, heading back home, knowing that if you get pulled over, the bags under your eyes will be the only thing they'll have on you.

11. \*But my articles go to eleven.

## **Drugs: The only accepted** form of commerce in BRC

by COSMIC SWILLY

veryone knows that buying and selling food, merchandise, and services are highly discouraged in Black Rock City, but with one major exception: DRUGS! It's pretty amazing.

Whether its ice for your ALCOHOLIC beverages, CAF-FEINATED coffee from Center Camp, or any and every kind of illegal SUBSTANCE known to man, you can buy it here in the middle of nowhere. Want to sell a trinket or a

sandwich? Highly frowned upon. positive to alter your 'psyche?' Greatly encouraged. Go right ahead! Please do. Even better, get in the Burning Man 'spirit' of things and gift

away your **magic** candies. Yes, Burning Man is a highly mindaltering experience completely SOber, but hey, let's face the facts and admit

Almost all of you are a bunch of druggies! In fact, as you're reading this, you're probably already drunk or stoned. And if not, it's likely you're already well on your way.

Obviously, it's best to show up here in Black Rock City with everything you need. But sometimes, you just Can't pull it together.

And that's Why drug dealing has become an even more important niche

by NED HOWEY

have a theory out here on the

there is no such thing as a

playa. In the heat of the desert,

'straight guy.' These guys, who

in the Default World (where

their names are "Dan" and

straight, are now (going by

"Tom") tell everyone they're

"Raven" and "Firefly") what

we here at Piss Clear refer to as hetero-flexible."

seems that most people out here tend to

Take, for example, the fine aging hip-

slide, at least for a week, somewhat

pie gentleman I met last night while

returning to camp. While stopping me

for directions to Jiffy Lube, he had no

qualms about happily disclosing to

me that, while he was in his sixties and

married, he'd never had sex with a man

tonight. More than anything, I believe I

was shocked by the fact that there was

Take also, for example, a young 18-

year old lad from a couple years back,

who, after telling us he was straight,

was somehow persuaded to GIVE

head to a large pickle and give us

naked lap dances for our amuse-

ment. I'm not entirely sure I remem-

ber how we achieved this but this much

I do know: press has its privileges.

anything an old hippie hadn't tried.

– and he wanted to give it a  $\mathsf{try}$ ,

towards the center of the Kinsey 6

in our 2005 Black Rock City urban ecology, particularly because

so many Burners now arrive here via airplane or from Canada by car. Since their risks for carrying contraband is much greater, many now arrive in our fair city empty-handed, in search for **Illicit** substances. And for those coming in from Small Town, U.S.A., where certain drugs may be scarce, BRC becomes an important place to stock up for a while on rare and

You could even argue that if you you enjoy drug culture – it's **pretty** much your duty to bring a little extra here for the aforementioned crowds.

On another note, Working in the Black Rock City black market might be a productive way to fund your Burning

There's even a good chance that many of the cops here smoke out from a Black Rock City assignment, can you? Of course, this doesn't override any of

the risks associated with Burning Man's drug world underground. For one

Not that an experimenting straight boy

is something that us fags are out on the

prowl for (really, who wants an inexpe-

rienced man who has to rush back to his

girlfriend?) But Who am I to pass up

a lap dance from a naked, 18-year-

old straight boy? Now there's something I don't mind being **gifted!** 

A friend of mine has even come up

with a rating system for these so-

called "straight" Burner boys. There

are the: A) 2-Beer Queers, B) the 8-

though, no one's sending you a toasted for "converting" some **E-tard** hang-

ing out in a techno dome. After all, the

kid is sitting there falling deeply in love

with a poorly-sewn-together faux fur

want to give each other backrubs?")

sofa. How hard is it, really, to get him, say... to SUCK a COCK? ("Yeah, I

totally love you tooo, maaaaaaaan. You

How QUEET do I think Burning Man

I enter as my final piece of evidence a

long-standing BRC tradition and one of

is? Let's put it this way: I think it would

be more appropriate if the greeters wel-

comed people with the phrase, "Welcome, homo!"

Beer Queers, and C) Ravers. Truly

thing, despite the very strong illusions of BRC as a T.A.Z. (Temporary Autonomous Zone), controlled substances are still technically illegal here.

There's also the matter of quality control, because you never know what you're going to get regarding potency or toxicity. Even though m here seems cool, there are Various SKeever sub-species of Burners who want nothing more than to IID you off or tweak you out. You're best off buying from people you KNOW and have learned to trust. Although many Burners are fortunate enough to have a friend who doesn't mind being the guinea pig. In fact, you may be that litmus tester vourself!

## **Sex tips for** the playa

by PENFOLD irst things first: playa dust is not a personal lubricant!

Not the

proper way

WHAT'S OUT

art cars

being bisexual

Burning Man

borrowing a bike

Aesthetic Meat Foundation

bringing your new partner

burning other people's art

camping with your ex

ecstatic, instant love

forgetting to do yoga

gas-powered scooters

harassing newbies

hula hoping

mash-ups

nipple rings

pissing brown

playa names

**Playaphone** 

Red Bull

Saturday

city yourself

sparkles

SPF 30

spinning fire

star tattoos

the Burn

theme camps

threesomes

walkie-talkies

watching the Burn

weed spiked with speed

staying mysterious

talking politics

sleeping it off

post-modern art

random, stupid gifts

Red Bull & vodka

setting up the whole

rubber outfits

recordings of barking dogs

harassing law enforcement

insults on the Esplanade

mushrooms and snuggles

lame art on the playa

expensive, microbrewed beer Tecate

Christmas lights

Ecstacy

eye boogers

fucking

fur pants

furry coats

WHAT'S IN

Inspection Center

being hetero-flexible

bringing your mom

mushrooms & vodka

screwing your ex ... again

hard-earned, liquor-soaked love

doing yoga, then screwing

making sweet, sweet love

cheap-ass cruiser bikes

befriending law enforcement

hugging newbies till they hurt

beatings in the Thunderdome

borrowing a bed

art bars

Über Man

rope lights

dancehall

Clear Eyes

fur boot covers

leather vests

pole dancing

bastard pop

hole plugs

Playatech

Adderall

rubbers

Wednesday

delivering Piss Clear

goddess tattoos

talking nail polish

theme outfits

solo solidarity

dirty house

WiFi

sleeping

- list compiled by Spacegirl, Adrian Roberts,

These are some of the alarming real accounts of sexual assault on the playa. Many of these accounts became the

**Neers** who came together to found Black Rock City's

B.E.D. (Bureau of Erotic Discourse).

rallying point for a diverse group of Sex-positive pio-

burning your own shit

the chronic, straight-up

and Dave the Delivery Guy

breathing fire while screwing

being totally out and open

the DPW

sparklers

pissing clear

corporate titles

post-modern existence

original, creative gifts

recordings of ocean waves

ice-cold vodka, straight-up

art so amazing it

foxy and fucking

makes your head hurt

befriending law enforcement seducing law enforcement

function

respect!

Our Lady of Schlong Meat

· Clean sex is good sex. Washing your working parts beforehand should be a must - that's what the unscented baby wipes

are there for. Scented baby wipes attract the playa chickens, and we just can't

have that now, can we? USE A CONDOM! Playa hookups being what they are, this should seem obvious. No matter how fucked up you are, USE A CONDOM.

Ladies, if your bladder flares up, cranberry extract pills work wonders (my wife swears by them!) Make them a part of your camping equipment, toiletries, or sex toys.

Sex on the playa in a tent

• The big plus is visual privacy. • The big minus is that everybody's gonna hear what's going on behind the rip-stop nylon. Don't get me wrong, the aspect of auditory voyeurism can be quite titillating both ways. Your neighbors or passers-by can hear your provocative vocalizations. Perhaps they'll even provide color-commentary or words of encouragement!

Sex on the open playa

 $\bullet$  Getting run over ... or getting busted ... a big minus! Of course, you could always establish a perimeter with blinky lights. But then, that sorta defeats the purpose.

How to have sex on the open playa

Here's a fun method my wife and I used on our honeymoon during Burn Night: Get a pair of those one-piece Tyvek coveralls and put them on hangers. Paint them artistically with assorted spray paints. (I used orange, red, and yellow for a flame-effect look - perfect Burn Night attire). Make sure you get them a little larger for your size. The nice long zipper in the front gives you fast access to each other! It's the perfect concealing playa costumage - for pennies! But boys, be careful when zipping up with nothing on! Have fun!

## **Getting** into B.E.D. at BM

by GIGI-D L'AMOUR

truly think Burning Man has one of the most sex-positive vibes on the planet. It's like a wonderland of decadent delight to thrill every mind, imagination, and preference. There's nothing too **exotic** for this eclectic mob of party artisans – and sex is no exception. And while the **event** has never just been about SeX, Burning Man and sex are as synonymous as Burning Man and dust. However, just like getting dust in every Oritice can be irritating, some of the darker sides of sexual interaction on the playa can become more than a **bit** of a problem. Witness the following personal accounts:

"Everyone in the art car was laughing and scrambling to help get me out, so I could catch up with my boy, who by this time was far away. We'd slowed down a bit, and I was almost able to jump off. Then some asshole saw his opportunity. That's when some dude in a t-shirt and jeans ran up, shoved his hand up my skirt, got a nice handful of my labia, and ran away laughing. It wasn't just an opportunity to COP a feel, but an opportunity to humiliate me in front of others. I yelled at him and tried to chase him, but I had a broken ankle at the time, and couldn't really run. In retrospect, it probably wouldn't have been safe to run after him, anyway. I found my boy and tried to Shake it off, but I couldn't. It really upset me, and it overshadowed the rest of my week." - Josie

"There was a roofie incident that thankfully was han-

dled well by the guys at Smite camp They took care of this girl that was dosed, but lost track of the asshole ... they reported it." - Wonko

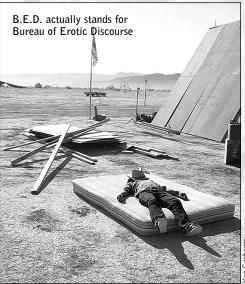
"I'm glad to hear that the Flight to Mars maze has changed. I had someone attempt to **Grope** me in there. I felt hands going up my legs, and I said, "Who's there?" I got no response other than continued running hands, so I grabbed their wrists tight and said, "That is NOT allowed!" and got away." - Alli Baba

"I have a personal friend from our theme camp who was indeed assaulted, I don't want to use the word rape," because I don't know all the details... and I am sorry if it seems like I'm downplaying this. It's definite-

"I have been assaulted twice in

ly a very serious issue." - Bare

my six years of going to Burning Man - both in 2000 - and two friends of mine were assaulted that same year. None of us were **nude** at the time. From talking to my friends, it almost seems that the scumballs are intim dated by actual nudity. On one occasion, I was completely alone. It was **eerie** deserted on the Esplanade, and I was dressed all in longjohns. Someone tried to drag me onto the open playa and I had to physically struggle with them all alone - they got away. The other occasion, I was dressed in completely sloppy clothes and hawking our bar on the Esplanade with a megaphone. Some guy was chatting with me about the bar, then grabbed my **boobs**. I put the megaphone completely over his face and yelled as loud as I could, "People ask permission before they do that, you asshole!" - Hen



Warmed up by the hard work and planning of about 40 core volunteers, drawn from all walks of playa life, B.E.D. has embraced the challenge of preventing sexual assault on the playa, while preserving the freely **erotic** atmosphere that we have come to value as a COYE part of our Black Rock City's culture. You won't be able to miss B.E.D.'s message this year between the porta-potty postings and the hot pink buttons spreading the word - 'Ask First and Respect Boundaries' will be loud and clear.

Keep your eyes peeled at Center Camp for a Streak and the official B.E.D. bed. The group is also hosting workshops on 'How to Get Laid in Black Rock City," at the HeeBee GeeBee Healers Camp. Another key part of B.E.D.'s

message is that it is essential to report sexual assaults on the playa. It's remarkable the amount

of emergency and support services which are readily available, yet sexual assault remains highly under-reported. Often, this is due to fears of prosecution, not to mention Self-blame if the victim was under the influence of illegal substances. - the victim need not fear legal repercussions, since law

Still, even in these cases, the assault needs to be reported enforcement officials are dedicated to catching the perpetrators of sexual assault, and ultimately, preventing these incidents before they happen. Reporting is key, because all the boundary education in the world won't stop a real predator. That's where the community comes in: watching, being aware, and letting officials Know when a sexual assault happens.

## The other Magic Kingdom

by SHAFT of GIGSVILLE

must confess, this year is a very special Burning Man for me... because I'm not there! Circumstances, finances, and my pledge to donate my Organs "as needed" are all conspiring to keep me away.

uncelebrated, and since Burning Man is about the full flower of human expression (or so said page two of The Harvey Manifesto) I decided that the best place to celebrate the spirit of the playa was at... Disneyland! The second happiest place on Earth, according to the Mayan calendar!

I'm happy to say that the parallels between Black Rock City and the Magic Kingdom could **NOt** have been more delightful. For a start, I was met at the front gate by a triendly

"greeter" in an outrageous outfit, and was charged a large tribute to enter inside. (I paid gladly. This money, I knew, was going entirely to support the infrastructure of the community.) Once inside, I was accosted by colorful characters in cos-

tumes depicting pagan representations of animals: mice, ducks, and even bearded primitive dwarf-figures. I saw many art installations that commented on our modern life. Yes, children of Earth, it is a Small world after all! I also stood



in line for a long time, so I could get a poorly-brewed cup of coffee. Some traditions transplant so easily.

When I ate my fifth tab of LSD at the base of the "Matterhorn" - Obviously a phallic tribute to those twin pillars of humanity, fertility and Switzerland - I knew it was time to, as they say in Gigsville, "freak crap up!" The rest, I'm afraid, is an acid-addled blur. I remember dancing naked with giant

talking bears. I remember climbing to the top of an art installation called "Space Mountain." (Cosmic, man!) And I remember setting on fire a giant statue of Abe Lincoln. Good times!

Unfortunately, just like Black Rock City, this community suffers from some OVEr-**Zealous** rangers, and **boy**, did I find out the hard way! Now, as I write this on my lap-

top while sitting in a chill space - or "holding pen," as they call it here - I wait for what these rangers call "bail." Kind of like waiting for your art car registration, eh? I think you know what I'm talking about. Who would have thought the City of Black Rock and the

City of Disney were such blood sisters? I'd like to think that here up in heaven, Walt and Larry are holding hands. Wish upon that star, Burners!

## **Playa lingo:** the lexicon of Black **Rock City**

boobie barrier word used to describe how the often-impenetrable Critical Tits parade creates a barrier to crossing the city. "Goddamit, I have to shit, but the bobbie barrier is in my way!"

"Burn on!" insipid auxiliary speech, meant as a farewell gesture. The playa equivalent of "Hang loose!

drack

playa dust in your ass crack. "Man, I've gotta wash out this drack."

5-0 (five-oh)

code word for police or other law enforcement agents. Used as a warning or heads-up, instead of having to say, "Hey dude, cover up that bong, there's a cop over there.'

Gerlacher

name used by Burners to denote a resident of the Empire/Gerlach area. "Wow, these Gerlachers are pretty cool."

The Hill

Interstate 80 where it crosses over the Sierra Nevadas. "We drove over The Hill last night."

Jumpout Bob

derogatory name used to denote any man wearing a shirt, but no pants. "Look over there, it's Jumpout

Klingons (Cling-Ons) those persons who don't help out much with setting up and maintaining camp, but "cling on" by camping with you anyway. "Honey, I'm making dinner, but we

have to be careful of the

Black Rock City's hip gay

Klingons.

district. "Mary told me there's a great party over in MoHo tonight.

playa chicken mythological beast that is

said to roam the playa at night in search of alcoholsoaked blood. Legend holds that to avoid being attacked it is best to avoid the following: riding your bike, gathering near loud music, and sleeping.

Rita

abbreviation of the word 'margarita,' a drink made from tequila, triple sec, lime, and crushed ice. Saying, "Rita?" means "Would you like a margari-

TERD

abbreviation for Temple **Enforcement Regulation** Dork. Specifically, someone who tells others to sit down at the Temple Burn, or someone who thinks they should tell others how to behave at the Temple Burn "I don't want to sit down, TERD!"

twenty

important playa number. Minimum number of minutes between using the porta-potties and having sex. Also, number of minutes before your frosty-cold beer starts to get warm.

Rooster Seix

"Black Rock out with your cock out" what you should be doing here in Black Rock City. "Tonight we're going to hit the playa and Black Rock

out with our cock out!" - Orange Peel Moses

M00Ped getting a piece of garbage

embedded in your foot. "Dude, I was afraid I was getting playa foot, but it turned out I was just M00Ped."

– Noise E. Piranha

classy slang for a portapotty, making it sound more like a VIP lounge, rather than a toilet. "Hey let's blow out of here and hit the blue room."

Ranger term for people on Ecstacy. "I love dancing over at Space Cowboys, but I can't stand all the E-

playa-amorous fancy way to say you're a slut at Burning Man. "Usually, Jill is kind of a

tards!"

prude, but out here, she's totally playa-amorous." tossing a camp BLM terminology for raiding a camp in search of

illegal substances. "Did you hear? The Feds tossed a camp over on Fetish, and six Burners went to jail."

- Adrian Roberts

#### Now I don't mean to strip anyone of their right to selfidentify their own sexuality - but really, what is Burning Man, if not a big party where it's socially acceptable to release your Sexual subconscious? It

scale, if for no other reason than to just the bar at Fandango, and get their rocks off. we exchanged our vows in haiku. Afterwards, the barbongs, and I passed out at

Smut Shack (sniff). the trash fence.

... errr... remember what?

Lenny Jones



obscure concoctions.

Man expenses – especially now that the ticket prices are so "high."

time to time. What else are they going to do with everything they confiscate? They're almost certainly knocking back a few **brews** with each other during their off shifts. You can't be that much of a tightwad police officer and request

Yeah, there's a very real chance that you could get busted - and that would be a Major bummer on your fun. Who knows how many undercovers lurk among us freaks? So be care-

ful when cutting that deal. A great irony in Nevada is that you can legally rent out your sexual organs to the highest bidder, but you can't sell Earthnative plants and their derivatives.

what you're buying might be bunk or possess Wicked side effects, please

Gay, straight... playa-sexual?

Ultimately though, you're never really gonna know for sure what you're getting out here. So do your best to balance your acceptance of adventurous risk with your sense of safety and groundedness. If you get that "spider-sense feeling" that pass. Or give it to me! I can hear

> Man: The HeeBeeGeeBee's annual lube wrestling. Picture a pile of young, GOrgeous, lean, naked 'straight' boys lubed up and wrestling on a tarp while having insults of a sexual nature screamed at them from the sidelines. I think I own a video like this at home. Or maybe I just wish I did.

buddies about all the hot chicks at Critical Tits, admit it – you came out here for something a little different, did-n't you? Could it possibly be dick? And women, don't worry so much about your boyfriends. Trust me, if he wasn't getting it on with us, he'd be getting busy with some nasty trumpy

And one last thing, straight guys: If the whole premise of this article **CIS**-

Listen up, 'straight guys:' no matter how much ESPN you watch, no matter how much **DUSSY** you grab, and no matter how much you brag to your drinking

chick who's trying to act out her sultry Arabian princess dreams with a bad playa name like "Shaz." At least with us, he'll come back to camp with a newfound Sensitivity of what it's like to be penetrated, along with the knowledge that men, too, have an internal sex organ. Consider it a kind of 'SOCIAI **Service'** We're performing.

**GUSTS** you, just think for a second – pretty much the same thing is true for women out here, too. And if you can honestly tell me that a couple of girls getting it on doesn't make you hot, I won't expect to see you coming out of Jiffy Lube, with a smile on your face, and one less thing to claim you've never done.

# However, I didn't want to let the event go