

## I remember when...

... having a keg and dry ice made us a "theme camp" (or at least as popular as one).

... 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 'Default World.'

... "Water Woman" stood out.

... 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 Bianca's.

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

... 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 years.

... 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 tire tracks.

... there was much less dust.

... 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 awesome 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

... 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 the bar at Fandango, and we exchanged our vows in haiku. Afterwards, the bartenders made us do beer-bongs, and I passed out at my own wedding. Good times.

... there was Bianca's Smut Shack (sniff).

... raves were far out by the trash fence.

... errr... remember what?

... Lenny Jones

# 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 coport 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 subject 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 playascave 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 kind 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

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 participant. It should be the shiznit hit the f-znit. However, be wary of this set-up. I'm thinking, "Who took the rest of my crack stash, muthafucka!?!?" Pass, please.

5. Hide a box o' drugs in a small hole dug underneath your tent. Kinda like what John Law did with the Burning Man gate money back in the mid-'90s. I just can't picture Joe Cop pulling up every 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 0-dark-hundred to have a nice playa walk, smoke a jay, and snort coke off your

7. Being "invisibly intoxicated" is an art unto

8. Do NOT sell drugs at Burning Man, unless you're 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.

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.



These BLM agents are not your new BM drug buddies

girlfriend's tits while 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 wary.

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# Sex tips for the playa

by **PENFOLD**

First things first: playa dust is not a personal lubricant!

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 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 costume - for pennies! But boys, be careful when zipping up with nothing on! Have fun!

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WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
Aesthetic Meat Foundation	Our Lady of Schlong Meat Inspection Center
alcohol	caffeine
art cars	art bars
being bisexual	being hetero-flexible
borrowing a bike	borrowing a bed
bringing your new partner	bringing your mom
Burning Man	Über Man
burning other people's art	respect!
camping with your ex	screwing your ex ... again
Christmas lights	rope lights
dub	dancehall
Ecstasy	mushrooms & vodka
ecstatic, instant love	hard-earned, liquor-soaked love
expensive, microbrewed beer	Tecate
eye boogers	Clear Eyes
fashion	function
forgetting to do yoga	doing yoga, then screwing
fucking	making sweet, sweet love
fur pants	fur boot covers
furry coats	leather vests
gas-powered scooters	cheap-ass cruiser bikes
harassing law enforcement	befriending law enforcement
befriending law enforcement	harassing law enforcement
harassing newbies	hugging newbies till they hurt
hula hopping	pole dancing
insults on the Esplanade	beatings in the Thunderdome
lame art on the playa	art so amazing it makes your head hurt
lash-ups	bastard pop
mushrooms and snuggles	foxy and fucking
nipple rings	hole plugs
peeing brown	peeing clear
playa names	corporate titles
Playaphone	Playatech
post-modern art	post-modern existence
random, stupid gifts	original, creative gifts
recordings of barking dogs	recordings of ocean waves
Red Bull	Adderall
Red Bull & vodka	ice-cold vodka, straight-up
rubber outfits	rubbers
Saturday	Wednesday
setting up the whole city yourself	the DPW
sleeping it off	delivering Piss Clear
sparklers	sparklers
SPF 30	SPF 50
spinning fire	breathing fire while screwing
star tattoos	goddess tattoos
staying mysterious	being totally out and open
talking politics	talking nail polish
the Burn	burning your own shit
theme camps	theme outfits
threesomes	solo solidarity
trance	dirty house
walkie-talkies	WiFi
watching the Burn	sleeping
weed spiked with speed	the chronic, straight-up

- list compiled by Spacegirl, Adrian Roberts, and Dave the Delivery Guy

These are some of the alarming real accounts of sexual assault on the playa. Many of these accounts became the rallying point for a diverse group of sex-positive pioneers who came together to found Black Rock City's B.E.D. (Bureau of Erotic Discourse).

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 CORE 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 HeeBeeGeeBee 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.

Still, even in these cases, the assault needs to be reported - the victim need not fear legal repercussions, since law 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.

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# Drugs: The only accepted form of commerce in BRC

by **COSMIC SWILLY**

Everyone 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. Seeking or distributing something 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 mind-altering experience completely sober, but hey, let's face the facts and admit it...

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

my favorite activities at Burning 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 scattered at them from the sidelines. I think I own a video like this at home. Or maybe I just wish I did.

Listen up, 'straight guys': no matter how much ESPN you watch, no matter how much PUSSEY you grab, and no matter how much you brag to your drinking buddies about all the hot chicks at Critical Tits, admit it - you came out here for something a little different, didn'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 frumpy 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 new-found 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 "social service" we're performing.

And one last thing, straight guys: If the whole premise of this article disgusts 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.

Now I don't mean to strip anyone of their right to self-identify 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 seems that most people out here tend to slide, at least for a week, somewhat towards the center of the Kin