

Watch out for the undercover cops in BRC

This one time at Burning Man... an adult man and a very teenage-looking girl went around to different camps, trying to get people to give them condoms, "so they could fuck" — which they stated very loudly and explicitly. Something about the whole situation seemed weird — there was this nagging sense of wrongness. They couldn't tell anyone what theme camp they were from or what part of the city they were staying in. They didn't even know any of the street names.

Everybody just kinda sent them on their way. So then they went right on over to the next camp, and repeated the same spiel, like it was rehearsed. Very creepy.

Luckily, they were pretty poor actors, if in fact (as I suspect) they were trying to entrap on some kind of morals violation, like "facilitating the naughtiness of a minor" or whatever it's technically called in Nevada. I assume the attempt failed, as everyone around us all seemed to be using basic common sense, just like when dealing with underage drinkers. Having worked in both security consulting and acting, I like to fancy some ability to spot undercover — and that team really rang every bell.

I see undercover in BRC every year... some are hilarious and some are pretty good. But remember — THEY ARE HERE.

Don't forget your ID!

Please be aware, major theme camps have been told that law enforcement may be sending minors into bar camps to bust them. Fines, tickets, and impending shutdown are the words being spread, so BRC bars are being told to card. This means, carry your ID. While this should be a no-brainer (being that if you collapse from heatstroke or dehydration you should have some form of ID other than that nickname tattooed on your ass) a lot of folks fail to carry that little piece of plastic. So think of it this way: no little plastic ID card (yes, a legal one, not the Pot Smokers Union Card you bought at Spencers on Spring Break) means no booze.

Burning Man addiction

by WIDGET JOE

Never in your wildest dreams did you think that first week you spent out in Black Rock City some years back would end up taking over your life. But here you are, ten Burns later, and all you do the other 51 weeks out of the year is prepare for the next one.

It's gotten to the point where Burning Man has taken over all of your thoughts and conversations. It's pirated all your creative energy away from other endeavors closer to home. It's destroyed your ability to have fun at other events because, "Well, it's okay but it's just not as cool as Burning Man".

Compounding the situation further is that you've been talking and boasting and ranting and raving about building new-fangled, bigger, better, badder-ass stuff in this town for years, and when you look at your output, you haven't really done diddly-shit. Or if you have, people have barely noticed, because your contribution gets drowned in a sea of 10,000 other cool things out here.

Not only that, but Burning Man has left you broke, sucking every spare morsel of your meager monetary surplus. You've spent shitloads of time, money, and energy on clothing, props, and contraptions, to use only 1/2nd of the year — and now you have to rent a storage facility to keep it all in.

As a result of this obsession, you barely have any friends anymore — except other Burners. And even they're getting sick of your shit. You hope that maybe one more trip to the Black Rock will break you to the other side in a permanently-manifested new high: new community, new rapture, new realization, new drug, new fuck, new trip, new art catharsis, new escape...

Does this sound like you? If so, welcome to full-blown Burning Man addiction. There's only so much you can do about it. I'm just as guilty as the rest. My only strategy is to temper its allure by writing for *Piss Clear* and pretending it sucks out here. At least it's something.

Keep your drugs in spider hole, asshole

by MOONTROUT

Aaaah, Black Rock City — Ground Zero for the 21st century counterculture. You're finally here, sitting on your dirt-covered throne, nursing an icy vodka with a life-is-beautiful chaser running from your heart chakra to your sizzling cooch. Your just-poured BUZZ is so soft and mellow you can't stop smiling, even at the assholes driving by at 50 mph who just dusted your whole world. You know that feeling?

While gurgling at the sunset, you notice two fools wearing ill-fitting tan uniforms. **Funny**, you think to yourself, clever costume — they almost look like **real cops**. A dim moment of clarity seeps into your grooved-out mind. Could these **FUCKS** actually be The Law? You share a glance and they begin to speak. "We're in the neighborhood checking showers. You know, water dripping on the playa really damages the surface." *The same playa that practically turns back into a lake each winter?* "Yours seems to be fully compliant," he continues. "By the way, is that your tent? We couldn't help but notice what looks like a **borg** in there. Mind if we step inside?"

I'd advise you say yes. If you don't say yes, Officer Sanchez, or Wilson, or Funkiller are going to think you have something to hide. Well, **do you?** "They can't just invade my space and march into my inner sanctum," you think. "I have rights!"

Wrong, my friend. The privacy rights which govern your home or car in the Real World do not necessarily protect you in Black Rock City. It's a whole different game on federal land. If you deny them entry, they will just make you wait until they bring back a little piece of paper that says "welcome." And **now**, you've pissed them off. You share a *pico second* mind-meld with your campmates that translates to "Are we all going to jail?" and the two officers step into the tent where they find your bong hosts a teeny-weeny micro spec of White Rhino Hash. This is all the evidence they need to "call in the K9 unit." You step outside to wait.

Here's where you really begin to **twizzle**. You look around your camp wondering **what** in the world encouraged them to choose you? You're low-key, in a simple, **tidy** camp. No loud music. No dead babies on the ground.



You're not spitting or shitting on passersby. You're not waving your wang in the wind. What's up? Something has brought them here, as well as their lovely Grim Reaper friend with the frozen, Nazi skull-sucker face, who's just rolled up with a frothing German Shepherd who might **possibly** outweigh you.

"Stay back!!!" the Reaper screams — slamming out a **putrid** stink-eye — and in the **time** it takes for you to remember your legal name (and not that silly piece of shit playa name you're so fond of) the dog is in your tent.

Forty-five minutes later — the longest 45 minutes of your life, in which you ponder how **creative** your mug shot is going to look with you in your festive playa gear — you are silently **cheering** the fact that the temperature inside your tent where they are going through **everything** but the inside of your air mattress seem to be well over 100 degrees. *Forty-five minutes* later the evil trio emerges having left **no** stone unturned. They have two roaches, the offending hash, a **nano-slayer** of aluminum foil that someone slipped into your pocket last night, and a shabby, tightly rolled-up dollar bill. This is it!

This is **all** they found and yet, you are charged with possession of marijuana, hashish, LSD and cocaine. **No amounts** are listed. No photographs of the contraband are taken! You are politely handed what looks like a parking ticket — sometimes it's **just** that — with the amount of **money** you must mail in. Sometimes, it's a court date.

Then don't worry. They **probably** won't haul you away. Takes too much **trouble**. They don't want to lock you up. They just want your **cash**. Think this could never be **you?** Or your campmate? Or your son? Think your

medical marijuana card gives you a free pass? Think **again**, my friend. Black Rock City ain't the Land of the Fucking Free, **honey**. Never really was (despite what those old **bitter** Burners want you to think).

These cocksuckers are ruthless, cunning, and now the fucking pigs are **artists** too! Yeah, baby, they've **tricked** out their **OWN** "undercover art cars." They drive around, give you a lift, and then ask "Hey, got anything fun for the road?" **You break** out your **humble**, half-smoked doobie, apologizing for the slight odor of something that's sticking to the end of it and **pow!** You are **popped!**

Never, ever share your drugs! Not with **ANYONE** you don't personally know. I mean, not even if a flaming newt rides by on a gleaming pearlized popsicle with room for you on the handlebars. **Just don't**. Keep it to yourself, pal.

And let's say that after biking for an eternity you have **finally** made it to the depths of the outer playa. The stars sparkle like cosmic trout. You're thinking, "Wow this is just like being on *Mars* but damn! I sure gotta whiz." You trust discretely to the side, let the river flow and then, **well, hello sailor** — you've been **busted** for peeing on the playa.

When you tell the officer (who spotted you through his infra-red binoculars) you're **SORRY** but your ID is in your camp, he smiles and says "That's great. I'll follow you back there." Which he **does**. And what will he see **then**, oh, **wall-eyed** shitmonkey? What will he find if he goes into your tent? All that hooch you were too stoned to put away, stupid. **Keep everything illegal completely out of sight, at all times.**

Any excuse to rumble through your camp, including slow water drips from your RV and **HOOKIE** with the trailer door open — any of these can **AROUSE** their curiosity and bring them into your camp where they will find something. Trust me. They will find something. If not in your tent, then in your buddy's tent next door. These guys **aren't** fooling around. This is about **money**. Big money. They don't care about your fun. They don't care about your art or your countercultural event. They don't believe in "victimless crime." **Watch your ass**. They certainly are.

Drug guide for the playa

by FUCKO PETE

Some of you out here on the playa have spent months — or even a year — amassing a magnificent drug collection for the Burn. And I'm here to tell you how to **squander** it properly. Yes, giving some to me is always a wonderful way to dispose of your hard-earned contraband — but I actually have a much **better** plan for you and your stash.

My philosophy on this subject flows from seven Burning Man's worth of dedicated practice, with only one brief stay in the Medical Tent at Center Camp. If you follow these basic rules, I guarantee you a **MOST** colorful, drug-fueled Burn this year (gawd, I sound like a Learning Annex geek). **Unless** of course you have **such** a colossal cache of drugs, then the only rule is not to **o.d.** before Manfall, and, as with anything else in this fine desert city, share, share, share.

Let's start with **marijuana**. Pot is the **glue** that holds all the other drugs together and should be used **liberally** throughout the week. I would definitely peel a small amount from your main baggie and **hide** it, just in case you lose it or smoke all your main stash.

Ecstasy / MDA / 2CB / 2CL is a must-have for the Burn. It's expensive, but damn, it **feels** soooooo good! Don't be an E-tard. Save it for the right moment with the right person. If you're a guy, you **might** want to have some hard-on pills handy, because it **will** give you limp dick **WORSE** than whiskey. I'm talking from experience here. Sniffle.



Some drugs aren't quite as social as E, like **DMT**, or even **N'O** (nitrous oxide). You **may** want to stay in camp with a few close friends or a favorite fuck buddy for **these**, otherwise you'll end up becoming just another **blithering**, stumbling playa creature, staggering into the path of a speeding art car. This would make for an interesting obituary, but it's fun we're after here, folks.

Likewise, leave the **heroin** at home, junkies. **Why** would you want to numb yourself from such wonderfully abundant **stimuli** that you can't experience any place else? I camped next to an RV filled with junkies in 2003, and they barely left the vehicle. They didn't even make it out to see the Man burn. **Sheesh**.

LSD. Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. Louis Saint Dubois. If **YOU** have this substance, enjoy the fuck out of it from dusk to dawn. **Shit**, just camp out on top of Thunderdome and laugh your ass off for seven or eight hours.

Naughty Nurse's guide to your best bender ever

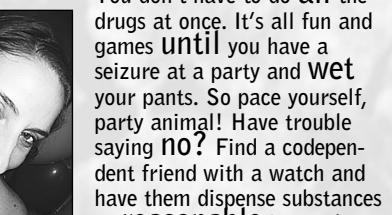
by E-ROCK

We've all been there, donning our most **stylish** playa-dusted faux fur coat and dancing to [insert your favorite genre of electronica here] at an all-night party. Then the sky gently lightens to a blue gray and fades into one of the most beautiful shades of yellow a tweker will ever see. Finally, amongst the cheers of all of the partiers, the sun **gloriously** rises.

I **love** sunrise. With it comes the gift of a brand new day. Throw in a lot of dust, some **fabulous** costumes, a small assortment of uppers and hallucinogens, and **hot damn!**

As a naughty nurse, I subconsciously contemplate **Survival** every day. Simply "being up all night" versus "rocking the after-party" lie at two ends of a **very** large debauched spectrum — the difference lies in **preparation**. Each merrymaker that takes to the playa late night owes it to him/herself to do more than just prepare for survival. You need to leave camp prepared for **fabulous** afterpartying!

Read on, dear Burner. With a few organizational tips and supplies, you'll be at the **top** of your **bender** game days before the Man burns.



- 1. Employ moderation and stamina.** You don't have to do **all** the drugs at once. It's all fun and games **until** you have a seizure at a party and **WET** your pants. So pace yourself, party animal! Have trouble saying **NO?** Find a codependent friend with a watch and have them dispense substances at **reasonable** intervals.
- 2. Drink water until you piss clear** (or at least light yellow). Peeing provides a good 45 seconds of **pure** fun, relaxation, and instant gratification — aren't we all searching for moments like **this** at Burning Man?
- 3. Pack a few snacks to maintain your blood sugar** while you play in the sun. If you can't stomach a Powerbar at sunrise, maybe try that energy go that runners **eat** during marathons. You're engaging in a similar test of endurance and lunacy — it should work **JUST** fine.
- 4. Pack a toothbrush and mouthwash** — **always**. You've been up all night sipping lukewarm beer **laced** with playa dust. Your breath stinks — **trust** me on this one. Breath mints and gum work, too. **Better** yet, pack two toothbrushes and make out with a new friend at sunrise.

5. Bender beauty supplies checklist

- a) Baby wipes** to clean the playa from all of your **Orifices** and to wash your **ASS**. Start with your face and don't forget the collection of **SPIT** and **DUST** that's been forming in the corners of your mouth **all** night long.
 - b) Sun protection** — pack **SPF 30 Sport sunblock**, because the more **wasted** you get, the **less** you're going to apply. Don't forget a high **SPF lip balm** because herpes sun blisters on the upper lip aren't naughty — they're **painful**. Pack a **visor** too.
 - c) Sunglasses**. I always get a warmer response from folks the morning-after when I **hide** my bloodshot eyes and extra-large pupils behind a **glamorous** pair of shades.
 - d) Attitude**. Have fun! When complete sentences start to **fall** you, please **stop** talking and go **dance**. Thinking too hard in the morning sun is dehydrating. I'm **SURE** of it.
- I hope that my morning-after know-how will **help** you **enjoy** your bender a little **better**. And don't forget one **large zip-lock bag** to **pack** in those baby wipes and mouthwash. See you on the playa!

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
aluminet	surplus parachutes
army tents	see-thru tents
arrive on Wednesday, leave on Monday	arrive on Sunday, leave on Friday
bacon	tofu
beat matching	mashing up
BORG2	Burners Without Borders
bunnies	dead bunnies
Dicky in A Box	Dicky Out Of A Box
Discovery Channel	BURNcast
do'ism	due'ism
EL-wire	LED lights
experimental architecture	creatively-positioned Costco carpools
exploring the playa	sitting around camp all day
fear	hope
frat boys being themselves	returning veteran burners
French maid outfits	EL-wire lingerie
fuel surcharges	rental cancellations
fuzzy scarfs	furry ascots
heteroflexible	homoflexible
hope	fear
leechers	givers
leather kilts	furry kilts
LSD	salvia
megaphones	cowbells
naked sex on an art structure	art car sex
one-color body paint	pattern body paint
porta-potties	Gatorade bottles
radically-illuminated art cars	radically-financed art cars
recycled carpet	Astro turf
respekt knuckles	creepy guy hugs
super quiet generators	deep cycle inverters
The Past	The Future
the spinning Man	the raising Man
Tribe	Diox
two-legged stilt walkers	four-legged stilt walkers
Utilikilts	PodBelts
watching the Burn	riding your bike around the playa during the Burn

— by Adrian Roberts, Andy Wing, Eric "ShutterSlut" Stein, K'Buster Friendly, Lenny & Claudia, T. Alexander

Just say no to community kitchens

by MALDEROR

Does your camp have a community kitchen? Are you involved? You **might** want to run like hell.

I'm sure you and your campmates entered into your agreement certain that it's **all** going to work out just **fine**, and everybody will put in the **same** amount of effort, and get the same rewards, and everyone will take his or her turn doing all the dishes. **Good** luck with that. **Really**. It **could** happen. (And the Man might burn on Wednesday, too.)

In my experience, community kitchens **NEVER** work. You know how the New Orleans levees didn't really work? You know how the **Early Arrivals List** didn't really work? That's the scale of meltdown I'm talking about here with your average community kitchen.

My **CRUSTY** old experience is that group kitchens are the express lane to transforming your happy little, well-intentioned theme camp into **Camp Disgruntlement**. "Normal" playastuff just happens. It's not really **anybody's** fault. Well-meaning people leave their dishes **CRUSTED** with Kraft macaroni-and-playsa-filth because, hey, they **suddenly** had to run off on that amazing motorized Victorian House that went by, and it was leaving **right** that second. Then some **other** poor fool has to clean it up after they're gone, and that newly-appointed Camp Custodian is justifiably **annoyed**, and so on.

Hint: drugs will **exacerbate** this situation. Last year, there was one camper in our village who was ostracized because she left a bowl of Spaghetti-Os in the middle of our camp common space. **Ostracized**. Like, nobody ever spoke to her again, on the **PLAYA** OR back home. Some of the people involved may have been on drugs, which compounded the intensity of the perceived problem. I mean, it was just a **bowl** of Spaghetti-Os, for god's sake. On the other hand, she **did** leave it there for **days**, until somebody else finally had to deal with it for her. I hope she had a fine old time dancing at the Deep End, or maintaining horse tranquilizers or something, because she sure pissed off a lot of otherwiser reasonable folks.

It's my belief that everybody should be **responsible** for their **OWN** cooking, their own food, and their own goddamn mess. I'm not sure how you'd **define** "radical self-reliance" in such a way that it includes having somebody else trim the crusts off your sandwiches for you. At its **heart**, depending on a community kitchen for your food runs **COUNTER** to the basic principles that Burning Man is **supposed** to espouse. Depending on somebody else to feed you is pretty much the **antithesis** to being self-reliant. Am I the **ONLY** person who thinks that paying to get fed a Grand Slam Breakfast every

How to sneak into BRC

by THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS SEYMOUR

A few of us out here are downright poor, and as much we love Burning Man, we can **barely** afford it. Fortunately, there is a solution: **sneaking** in!

Now before you start moaning, "Hey man, that's not cool. I **paid** for my ticket, so should you," just remember this: **YOU** probably have a decent paying job. I **don't**. This town needs more **riff-raff** anyway. Besides, we're **not** all fucked-up skeezers. Many of us are just **decent** folks who happen to make a lot less money than you do.

So if you're **appalled** at spending up to \$280 to get through the gate and you can't devote time to volunteering there are other options... like gate crashing! Here's how:

- 1. Night assault in camouflage** seems to be the most obvious and accessible. The first strategy is to have your friends (who have all your gear) drop you off along Highway 34 after dark. Make sure you wear **white**, not black. The trash fence is **huge** and those patrolling may be even **less** vigilant than mall security. Hop the fence and **meet** your friends in camp. Keep in mind that the BLM and the Rangers may get a cash bounty, plus bragging rights from the BRC Corporation, if you get intercepted. So bring some spare dough or other "tradeables" in case you get caught and need to negotiate a bribe.
- 2. The second camouflage strategy: wear stereotypical Burner garb** (fuzzy vest, goggles, glitter tights, whatever).

Hey, can I buy some beer?

by Q

Hey, can I buy some beer? Seriously, will you just sell me some beer? **One** beer. I've got U.S. currency. You know how far it is across that fucking inferno, **ESPECIALLY** without beer?

Look, I don't know any poetry and the beads we brought aren't going over so well. I've **stopped** at four or five camps now and I keep getting the **SAMIE** response, and it's driving me insane. Your cooler looks pretty full and you seem to have plenty of friends... what's **ONE** beer?

Listen, it's hot, we're all under a lot of stress... let me just give you five bucks for that can of Tecate you just opened. Think about it, five bucks for one **LOUSY** beer. Hell, you charged me five bucks for one lousy beer back in the city at that fundraiser your camp held. What's changed? Six bucks, that's my highest offer. Yes, no, maybe so?

Commerce is like the man behind the curtain out here and no one wants to **admit** it exists. Yeah, yeah, no sense of reality or perspective. I read the web site, I looked at the maps on Google Earth. From space it looked like a short walk to that store in Gerlach to get some more beer.

You know how much it **SUCKS** to walk across this god-forsaken **deathbed** in the middle of this heat? They won't even let you **drive** unless you're willing to completely **RUIN** your ride.

What's that? **Oh** sure, I had beer — I came **prepared**. I started the day with lots of beer, and a hat, and a shirt, and I was wearing pants. I had to trade my favorite baseball hat and the rest of it for more beer once I **drank** mine. No one, and I mean no one, would accept my cold, hard **CASH** for any of theirs. You don't think I'd walk around the desert in a pair of flip-flops and a sarong by choice, do you? **Oh**, you **do**.

Well, whatever. You'd think I asked for first **dibs** on their girlfriend with some of the looks I've been getting. Eight bucks, how can you go wrong? **LOOK**, I came prepared, I **KEEP** telling you that. I brought a **SHIT-load** of cash for when my beer ran out. Since when did that stop working? What border did I cross? What the fuck did the **terrorists** win and kill capitalism?

The guy two camps over, with all the E? **He** didn't stop accepting cash as soon as he got to Black Rock City, let me tell you. **Fuck** no. If anything, he's the **only** one out here who **understands** supply and demand. At \$40 a hit, he's got 'em lining up around the porta-potty for a dose of "wow, I **love** you, can I touch your hat, that's the most beautiful music I've ever heard." **Come ... on**. Ten bucks. One beer. It's not like you even have to wait until you leave Burning Man to use it. If you can **buy** ice and coffee at Center Camp, the **very** least you can do is **sell** me one beer for ten bucks. Deal?

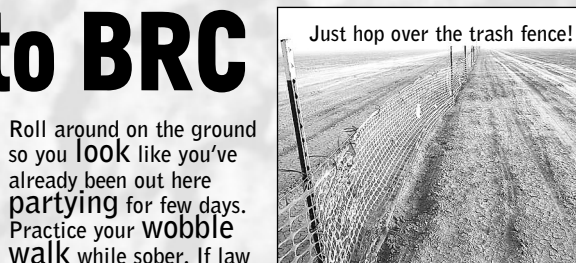
Oh, thank god! You're a **total** fucking life-saver, I mean that from the bottom of my heart. This is a great looking, **UM**, camp you guys have here. How **MUCH** do you think it would take to let me **CRASH** on that couch for the rest of the week?

morning is slightly at-odds with that ideal? Sure, it's awesome to be given a free grilled cheese sandwich now and then — but it's also **awesome** to whip up your own quesadillas and take them across the street to meet your new neighbors. Further, a lot of community kitchens, by their nature, require people to pay "camp dues." **Camp dues** are **bullshit**. Why would you **pay** somebody to feed you, if you were planning to be "self-reliant" as far as water, shelter, and toilet paper are concerned?

Some camps out here have charged as much as \$400 for the privilege of feeding you all week. Let's talk about economics for a **moment**. If you're out here for eight days, do you **really** think you're going to **eat** \$400 worth of food? Are you high? Even if we factor in a salary to pay some short-order-slave to sling your hash every day, and even if we also pay them to burn your paper plates at the end of things, that sum just seems exorbitant to me. I did some **QUICK** calculations, and last year I ate about \$4 worth of food. Four dollars. Total, all frickin' week. Honestly, \$400 is **retarded**.

Here's some advice for the newbies. **Autonomy** is good. With the **BEST** of intentions, you and your campmates will buy into a communal kitchen, because somebody has been all gung-ho to spearhead the project and they swear they'll make all the meals. It seems like it makes total sense. But, like most things on the playa, it probably **won't** work out as you planned. It's quite likely that the person who was your "head chef" — the person who convinced you all to go in on this — **will drop acid** and **disappear** for five days. But, you know, I hope you prove me wrong. With any luck, (and a bunch of Valium) your campmates could be the exception to my doom-saying and fear-mongering. I **really** hope that's the case. But, just for my own edification, please let me know if there was anything that created greater strain on your camp than your communal kitchen. With its communal mess, communal dishes, and communal **TRASH**, how did it work out for you guys? I'm curious. Oh, and I have a dozen Powerbars in my tent if you need a **snack** while you're out here.

Full disclosure: Malderor is a foolish optimist. Somebody offered him the chance to buy into a group kitchen this year, and he took it. He trusts that this one will work. Really, this time it will.



- 3. Build a secret hiding space in your buddy's over packed U-Haul/RV rental.** Those **Gate Nazis** are brutal in their searches, so your hiding spot **better** be fucking good. Practice being motionless before arrival and bring an oxygen tank **JUST** in case you're delayed.
- 4. Disguise yourself as Black Rock City drive.** Decal your vehicle like a DPW beater vehical and drive on it. Or try **dressing** up as some form of "official" Ranger with silk-screened shirt logos and a **fake** laminate. Talk on a radio like you are taking care of an emergency and slip on through. Worst case scenario? Wear a white Stetson and sunglasses and **pretend** to be Larry Harvey.
- 5. Skydive in.** Obviously, the **coolest** way to sneak into Burning Man. But then again, if you can **afford** to skydive, what the **hell** are you doing trying to sneak in? Oh right, just for the **thrill** of it. Good luck!

Porta-Potty Poop Patrollers needed!

Porta-Potty Poop Patrol (PPPP) has openings, and we're looking for YOU!

Our job listing and description of duties: We're looking for people to wear full body (yes, that's head-to-toe) wetsuits and goggles for Porta-Potty Poop Patrol. You'll be issued a Porta-Potty Poop Patrol official badge, assigned a particular porta-potty, and given full power to exercise your Porta Potty Poop Patrol power over those pooping and peeing in the porta-potties.

You'll stand inside your assigned porta-potty watching each and every Burning Man participant who utilizes your particular porta-potty to make sure that he or she does not introduce anything into the porta-potty other than **single-ply toilet paper, poop, or pee**.

In the event that you find a Burning Man participant placing non-poop or non-pee items into the porta-potty, you can then give them a ticket, escort them outside of the porta-potty, and expose their misdeeds to the entire Burning Man community (or at least, everyone who happens to be in the immediate area.) Said Burner should then get up on the Porta-Potty Poop Patrol pulpit located at the end of the porta-potties to scream that they're guilty of their particular crime and swear they'll never do it again.

This will help enforce the fact to other Burners that only poop, pee, and single-ply TP should be going into the porta-potties. Burners that refuse to come clean and admit their misdeeds will be given a sentence of three years bad karma.

Those that wish to apply can go to any porta-potty station and look for the Porta-Potty Poop Patrol interview stand to sign up. All Burners welcome. The pay is good karma for one year.

— the PPPP Team

The Burning Man Diet!

by SWIVELFOOT SLIM

Forget that Atkins Diet hoo-ha — we've got a sure fire way for you burn off all that excess flab! Go to Burning Man! By simply being in Black Rock City, you'll rapidly turn into an energy-charged, drug-addled, sleep-free, dance-crazed, monkey-freak in no time!

Yogis call it "fasting" for a reason. Rapid excitement seethes through every minute of existence here, so between your speed-tinged drug use and the sauna-like desert heat — plus your water intake increase in and all the long-range, stay-warm-at-4AM dance missions from your base camp — you're pretty much guaranteed to lose at least a pound a day without even trying.

After seven consecutive days of this, all that chunky cellulose around your midriff or dangling thigh should be quite a bit leaner.

As for the hundreds of dollars you spent on all that food... oh well! Your overstuffed cooler filled with dips, fresh fruit, veggies, salmon steaks, and tofu burgers is now probably a gnarly floating swirl of melted grey water and pre-compost.

Amid all your epic Blackrocking you just got too lazy, too wasted, or too uninspired to do anything about it. The same thing probably happened last year, too.

So remind yourself that eating can end up being pretty low on the agenda at Burning Man. Every year, I lose weight here. It's just another added benefit of life in BRC. Once a year, that spare tire evaporates like a desert mirage!

