

A Barfly's Guide to Burning Man

by IIGNOTA

Okay Alice, forget about acid, mushrooms, grass, and that evil-smelling Jimson weed. If you sizzle your synapses on the playa tonight, things will only morph into a pack of fire-breathing, electroluminescent, flesh-eating slugs.

The drug of choice for Black Rock City is, of course, firewater. Follow this simple program, and you will have the best Burn of your life:

Start the day with a healthy breakfast of **Joy Juice**: fill a wide mouth water bottle with fruit juice, sliced bananas, strawberries, chopped ice, and a pint of vodka.

Cover and shake. Share with your friends. You're ready to start the day!

Want to piss clear? The Barfly Guide recommends you carry **Giggle Water** wherever you go on the playa: six parts water to one part hooch. A bona fide barfly will drink more water this way, it stands to reason.

When the sun is down, you're ready to get out of your mind. Forget the Ecstasy, especially you alcoholic stud hammers. There's nothing ecstatic about trying to "thumb it in", now is there? No worries, Casanova. What you need is some **Blind Tiger** — guaranteed to take you to the next level: 4 oz. vodka, 4 oz. tequila, chopped ice and topped off with plenty of Red Bull. If you like, add a splash of lime juice and a slice or two of fruit. Shake. Drink. Roar. Stumble around in the dark. You are now a blind tiger.

Ten ways Burning Man can screw up your life

by RIGGED

1. In Real Life, you're an account exec for a Fortune 500 company. But here at Burning Man, you just can't resist a visit to Shave Camp. You cut off all your hair and then get a henna tattoo on your bald dome depicting an act of fellatio. Back in Real Life, you find that henna doesn't wash off. Maybe you can wear a hat at the office until your hair grows back.

2. You ask a sheriff to light your pipe. Are the jails in Nevada air-conditioned? Let us know when you get out.

3. Thinking that "what happens at Burning Man stays at Burning Man," you attend an orgy and don't use condoms. Now what happens at Burning Man will keep happening to you pretty much forever.

4. You sample every pill, powder, drink, and herb on the playa — in one night. You spend Burn night getting your stomach pumped and the next few months attending drug counseling as part of your plea bargain.

5. Your spouse comes back to camp to find your tent moving vigorously. Opening the flap, your spouse finds you bouncing up and down on a "sweet young thang" you picked up while dancing at Sheik Joubouti Camp. Being thrown out of the tent is just the beginning of a whole new life for you.

6. You drop acid and decide you can fly if you jump off a high enough platform. You quickly discover that the ground isn't made of foam rubber. You'll be missed.

7. "She said she was 18!"

8. You sold E to a really cool guy. He liked it so much he came back with two of his friends. Friends with badges.

9. You get home from the Burn very late the night before having to go back to work the next morning. Tired and groggy, you head off to work. On your drive to your job you get the feeling you've forgotten something. As you step into the lobby of the office tower you suddenly realize you forgot to put on your clothes.

10. Back in Real Life, all you ever talk about is BM. Now, the only friends you have are Burners.

The last time *Piss Clear* ran an extensive drug guide such as this one was **Way** back in 1998, so we figured it was high time (pardon the pun) to bring it back.

We sent the word out to our various writers, asking everyone to submit anecdotes about doing drugs at Burning Man. You **WON'T** always find tips and tricks here, but hopefully you **CAN** learn a thing or two from other people's experiences — both good and bad. Besides, who **doesn't** love articles about doing drugs on the playa? Why, you could get a **contact high** just reading this!

One word of **warning**, though: Be careful out there. Black Rock City may **Seem** like Utopia, but it still exists in the state of Nevada, where, as you may have heard, **most** of the substances listed here are illegal. Be discreet and use **caution** — there are more cops out here than ever before. **Never** do drugs out in the open, and be wary of who you **offer** them to. Be safe, and always be sure to drink plenty of water. Have fun!

ACID



Acid is pretty much a **staple** drug here at Burning Man, but it's a lot **less** disorienting now that there's a **City** infrastructure. Back in 1995, before there were city streets, the best way to locate your camp was to sort of triangulate, using the Man as one reference point and usually some big mountain as another. Once the Man burned down though, it became a real challenge to find your way back to camp, especially at night.

My campmates and I had the **bright** idea to decorate our camp with a lot of glowsticks and other lights, so even on acid, **finding** it would be a cinch. What we **didn't** count on was some asshole **stealing** the lights. It took us over two hours to find our camp, and when you're **tripping** your brains out, that is **no** fun.

The lesson? Since there are streets nowadays, go ahead and take that **seventh** hit! You'll always be able to find your way home, unless you wander into the desert chasing the white rabbit. — PF

It was a **typical** cold night on the playa, back in 1999 — a year more people got **laid**, I think, because it was just too damn cold to do much else.

Anyway, I had just gotten a pro drug queen **makeover** from Taffy at MASHcara, the first one ever in my life. I was **wandering** around the playa when I saw a Ranger vehicle parked, with its **lights** on. They were **trying** to rope in this skinny kid who drank waaaaaaay too much of the Kool-Aid. His clothes were **nowhere** to be found, and it wasn't getting any warmer.

So this skinny naked boy is dashing around the **deep** playa, but the lights of the Ranger car would intrigue him, so he would come **creep** up to it, touch the headlights with his index fingers, and make a **funny** "whoop whoop" sound. He was doing that to everything he **focused** on. Your hat, a rock on the ground, whatever — "whoop whoop." As the Rangers walked up to him with a blanket, he'd **dash** off into the playa again. So they'd stroll back around and act like they were just hanging out. The next time he came up, I thought I'd help out, since I wasn't wearing a uniform. I said something like, "Hey buddy, aren't you **cold**?" How about a warm blanket?" He walked up to me, eyes bugging out, and points to my face and says: **Too much make-up.**

Then he dashed off again into the deep playa.

And **that's** it. He ran off and was never heard from again. If you come across some **BONES** out there, it might well be him. Give him a "whoop whoop" for me. — *Caution Mike*

ALCOHOL



This is about hangovers and you. One supposes that if you're hungover, you're **probably** not reading this right now.

But perhaps one of your campmates is reciting this to you while you're hurtin' from last night's partying. Quick, my shriveled friend, ask for some water — piss clear! — and **listen** on. First and foremost, alcohol dehydrates you. In addition, it also depletes nutrients such as **Zinc** and **vitamin C**. Some drinks are worse than others, so I suggest you avoid cheap plonk wine and brandy.

Before you **start** all over again tonight, drink plenty of water and score some zinc tablet and vitamin C. Or eat some **fruit**. If you hurt, pop a painkiller as well, such as aspirin or ibuprofen. That is, providing you're not on any other meds, in which case you should not be drinking alcohol at all, my friend.

Eat well before you start to imbibe. For every drink, have a **glass** of water. And **forget** about coffee. It's a diuretic, just like booze.

If you have a hangover, you can rub a lemon under your drinking **arm** like in Puerto Rico. Your campmates can only approve. A pickled sheep's eye in tomato juice does the **trick** in Outer Mongolia. Dancing or making love helps. Whatever you do, don't call me, 'cause personally I'm always pissed, yet hydrated, and am only available for emergency hangoals. Now where's my drink? — *Dr. Proctor*

Hard liquor equals hard currency here in Black Rock City. **Fuck** gifting. When it comes to something you really

want, barter is the best way to do it, and nothing is **better** to barter with than booze. We **always** bring a bunch of those little airline bottles. They're cute, **pocket-sized**, and perfect for all the barter bars. — *Adrian Roberts*

ABSINTHE



Absinthe is fun, but it can make you do **crazy** things. Rumor has it that last year, after a **heady** evening of absinthe **intake** in the

VIP Lounge of the infamous Duck Club, the owner, known only as **Slim**, began **crawling** around the open roof. Alas, when nature called, there was no porta-potty on top of the Duck, so he lifted up his Utillikit and **peed** right there, over the balcony ... and **onto** his bar staff. Needless to say, the bartender was, pardon the pun, **pissed!** — *Adrian Roberts*

CAFFEINE



"But it's too hot to drink **coffee** on the playa!" Oh, stop whining you pussies, and **don't** even mention that iced coffee bullshit. Some of the **hottest**, **spiciest** food and the **thickest**, darkest coffee is served in the **hottest** countries around the world. I **started** going retro the last couple years by using

it, Burning Man was over. What should be a wonderful **experience** became a **blur** of words and fire and road and before he knew it, he was back to Real Life, **punching** the clock again.

And he hasn't been back **SINCE**. You can argue about how wonderful the extra energy is and how time suddenly **blossoms**. You can say, "I'll sleep when I'm dead." But ultimately, you **need** some sleep. That wonderful sensation of waking, thinking you were dreaming of the playa, then realizing it isn't a dream, that you really are here — it won't happen if you never fall asleep.

I guess moderation **might** be possible, for people who know where that **switch** is. But for me, I've become a **nurd** again (temporary **non-user** of recreational drugs). — *Gavin Heck*

ECSTASY



You know, just once, try **not** going to the Burn on Ecstasy. That way, you see, you won't need to worry anything about timing.

You won't need to worry about "coming on" just as the Man goes up in flames. And you **won't** need to worry about needing to take a ferocious **dump** the minute you come on, and having to fight your way through the **huge** crowd of people to try to find those damn porta-potties in the dark, and then **worrying** about the fact that you lost all your friends, and that you're completely **dis-oriented**, and that you're high as a kite, and you're feeling **OH-SO-good**, but damn, where are your friends, you're **SUP-posed** to be experiencing this with them dammit, and oh, you feel so **good** right now, and you're breathing deep, and fuck, you need a **lolipop** right now, and some water, oh good, you have **water**, you need to drink some water, but fuck, your friends have the lolipops, and oh, you feel soooooo good, especially now that you've taken that dump, but fuck, where **are** they, oh wait, the Man is burning, wow it's **SO** beautiful, I love everyone here, everyone and everything is so **beautiful**. Sigh.

Anyway, the Burn is still pretty beautiful, even **without** the E, and you can always drop it after they burn the fucker down. I mean, they burn him **pretty** early in the evening, and hell, you've got all night, right? Just be sure to **drink** PLENTY of water. — *Adrian Roberts*

It's a simple, yet ambitious project. It's called "Hands Across the Playa," and it's the **brainchild** of **Yoni Sandler**, an Art Director for Discovery Networks. The **concept** couldn't be more straightforward — get 2000 Burners **together** on Thursday afternoon around 3 PM to form a complete human chain across the playa, **including** the Man.

Conceptualizing a project like this is **one** thing.

Successful execution of it is another. If Yoni can pull this off, it will be one of the **Single** largest events in Black Rock City this year.

PISS CLEAR: Everyone in Black Rock City operates on scattered "playa time." *Nothing ever happens when it's supposed to. This sounds like a logistical nightmare.*

YONI: If it takes all day, I won't let anyone leave until the human chain is complete.

PC: You don't *really* think you can pull this off, do you?

YONI: No.

PC: So *why* are you doing this? Do you *enjoy* the challenge of the impossible, or are you just a *masochist*?

YONI: Yes.

PC: *Why* should I take time out of my *busy* day of hanging out in Black Rock City to *stand* around in the hot sun just to *hold hands* with a bunch of other people?

YONI: That's a really good point about the heat. I'm hoping that the 3 PM timing will help a bit. Since it's a really simple shape — a line — **hopefully** people will get the **picture** quickly, and we won't be baking in the sun for very long. To keep our **minds** off the heat, the Aerial Soul skydiving camp will entertain us from above, and there might be an Art Car **parade** down the chain as well.

PC: If you pull this off, *how* will you feel?

YONI: Hot and tired, probably.

PC: And what if it *ends* up going down like most *high-concept* Burning Man projects — a *great idea* executed *poorly*? *How* will you feel?

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WHAT'S OUT WHAT'S IN

Burning Man films	Burning Man reality TV shows
campaign to recall Governor Davis	campaign to recall Burning Man
Center Camp	Walk-In Camping
clueless Newbies	Newbies who act like jaded Burning Man veterans
crystal meth	cocaine
digeredoo	digeredon't
dropping E on Burn Night	going to the Burn sober
fur jackets	Black Rock City Neighborhoods
gay sex at Jiffy Lube	hetero sex at Jiffy Lube
glow stick spinning	fire spinning
Greeters	Gate
live webcast of the Burn	if you're not here, you miss out
running a radio show from your laptop	running a radio show from your iPod
sarongs	Utillikits
spectators	spectators with an attitude
stealing art	lynching art thieves
stealing street signs	re-naming street signs
techno DJs on the playa	rock bands on the playa
<i>The Onion</i>	<i>Spock Science Monitor</i>
theme camps	theme parks
trash in the porta-potties	shit in the porta-potties

— compiled by Adrian Roberts, Lenny Jones, and PF

Hands Across the Playa tomorrow

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

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at this point, I felt that if I tried to squeeze anything out of my ass, a **valve** would burst or something. I didn't know what to do — I was **fucked** up in a bad way.

At the very height of my freakout, I heard my girlfriend and her friend **calling** to me. I got my pants up (barely) and opened the door.

Next thing I know, I'm waking up on the ground, about three steps from the potties. I lay there for **at least** 45 minutes with several people coming to my rescue. I went in and out of these horrible feelings. They tried to make me puke it up, but I couldn't. They tried to keep me **warm**, but I was freezing. One person, a kind chiropractor (who only wanted to party, and not babysit some dork) thought that I was going into **SHOCK**.

Finally, an ambulance came and took me to the Medical Tent at Center Camp. It was the **longest** fucking ride of my life. They put an IV in my arm. As I started to feel **better**, everything got very funny. The three of us sat in the med tent, **laughing** our asses off like six-year-olds. After awhile, they released me, and we actually went out and **played** that night.

Let me just say, what a **great** staff over there at Medical! In fact, last year I went back on the one-year anniversary of the incident to bring **gifts** and say hi to the guys who helped me. Many of them were the same people, and they remembered us too. — *Crash Almighty*

Mushrooms are an **iffy** proposition out on the playa. Dosage is hard to regulate. Different batches of 'shrooms are, well, **different**. And I never seem to remember which is more **potent**, the caps or the stems.

For me, it seems like **every** other mushroom trip is a **bad** one. One year, it'll be great, and I'll be dancing around the playa having a grand ol' time. So of **COURSE**, the following year, I **eat** them again, only to have the universe come **crashing** down on me. Then I vow never to do them again. Until the next year. — *Adrian Roberts*

NICOTINE



You know, don't you think it's pretty **hypo-critical** of the Burning Man organization to print things in the Survival Guide like

"the use of drugs in a physically challenging and hazardous environment can create a serious health hazard," while its founder, Larry Harvey, is seriously **addicted** to one of the most hazardous drugs of all, nicotine?"

More people die from cigarettes than all other drugs combined. And hell, just **standing** next to Larry Harvey while he's smoking (which is pretty much all the time) puts you at a **health** risk. I could be shooting up heroin right next to you, and you wouldn't be physically harmed at all. But hang around Larry for just a little bit, and you'll breathe in so much **carcinogenic** secondhand smoke that you'll feel the lung cancer coming on **before** you even know it. — *Adrian Roberts*

NITROUS OXIDE



Without a doubt, this is my **favorite** drug on, or off, the playa, due to its sheer intensity over a very brief amount of time. But brief amounts of time can be quite deceiving. Nitrous is often misunderstood as some kind of "hippy" drug (it's also known as hippycrack). Believe me, I ain't never liked the Grateful Dead, but for me, **N²O** is the perfect Burner drug!

There's **nothing** so nice as sitting cross-legged amongst a circle of friends, doing balloons, flinging yer head back, and having it literally "bounce" off the playa! And then **laughing** about it.

The interesting thing about nitrous is the sort of **afterglow** effect after focusing on a certain sound. In my experience, I've come to the realization that Black Rock City is literally "buzzing" to the sound of generators 24/7. You might block it out most of the time, but a good huff on a balloon will send you right into that "d-d-d-d-r-r-r-r-r-r-r" sound — and **NO**, it's not techno. It's a generator, and it's actually comforting sometimes.

A good friend of mind has a great story of going out **alone** into the wide open playa one year, lying down on his back to do balloons while staring into the **starry** night sky. After some time, he soon came to the realization that the two bright stars he had been **staring** at were in reality the glistening eyes of a stranger, who was standing over him, and the **SOUND** echoing in his ears was this person's voice: "Are you alright?"

Taking the high road

How to score drugs at BM

by SUGAR LARRY

Every August, like hundreds of other Canadian Burners, I leave a well-stocked box of drugs at home so that I can safely make the border crossing to Burning Man. And, like hundreds of other Canadian Burners, I **CROSS** my fingers and hope I'll manage to find a way to stay stoned for the week. This is no small task. A **PROCESS** that is usually convenient, safe, and reliable in Vancouver becomes an ordeal at Black Rock City.

I know that **many** Americans face the challenge of finding drugs on the playa as well, but jeez — if you live **south** of the 49th parallel, there's really no excuse for not showing up with enough drugs to render Nick Nolte comatose. Try asking your sister's weird boyfriend or that sketchy-looking kid who **slings** your coffee. Burning Man is about preparedness, after all — like the Boy Scouts, though probably with more nudity.

Anyway, **scoring** drugs on the playa isn't **impossible**, but you should be prepared for mixed results. One moment you could score some nice clean acid and have the **best** night of your life grooving at Space Cowboys, and the next you'll swallow a concoction of expired cold medicine, Ritalin, and baby laxatives — believing it's **E** — only to spend the day wandering around in an unpleasant, thoroughly demented haze ... all while trying to avoid run-ins with the **Law** Who, let's face it, are looking for weirdos like **YOU**.

Over the years, we've experimented with a number of drug-foraging schemes. These **range** from setting up sketchy rendezvous with knowledgeable locals at service stations during the drive south, to posting **blatant** ads in Center Camp that **direct** drug-consultants to our camp. Yeah, I know that sounds blisteringly stupid, but we actually managed to **SECURE** a big bag of mushrooms this way, as well as some acid from a guy who floated into our camp with a huge balloon full of nitrous. (Incidentally, I got **SO high** from the mushrooms that I **lost** the acid, because I kept taking it out of my pocket to make sure that I hadn't lost it. Doh!)

The best course of action is to keep your search simple and to do what you'd do back home if you ran out of sugar: haul out your measuring cup and ask the neighbors. This approach dovetails nicely with the notion that, here at Black Rock, we're all just one big **family** that has finally arrived "home" — but it doesn't always work. If you don't **look** like a cop, fellow Burners are **often** willing to help you find party favors. Plus, for some strange reason, people (read: men) seem to embrace the spirit of generosity more **freely** when it comes to women.

Aside from presenting logistical challenges, acquiring drugs from fellow Burners can also be dogmatically confusing, since it violates BRC's "no vending" policy. Of **COURSE**, you can get around this philosophical issue if you happen to encounter one of those **benevolent** souls who gifts you drugs instead of expecting cash. This occasionally **does** happen, so don't lose hope that somebody may bestow upon you the gift of highness. And if someone is **declass**ed enough to **demand** hard cash in exchange for drugs, **try** not to be too disappointed with them. Because really, you are in **NO** position to dictate **morality**.

If you're not a drug enthusiast — or even if you **are** — by now you **MAY** be saying to yourself, "You really don't need drugs to enjoy Burning Man." Author Dave Eggers agrees. In his forward to the recently-published book, *Drama in the Desert: The Sights and Sounds of Burning Man*, Eggers suggests that participants consider **not** using drugs at Burning Man. He makes a pretty good case for this approach, arguing that BRC in and of itself holds enough power to deliver participants from **consensus reality**, thus making drugs redundant — or perhaps even **detrimental** — to the experience.

After I read that, Eggers almost had me convinced — for a second. But then I gave my head a **firm** shake and regained my senses. Sure, Burning Man is a wondrous place, and yeah, tearing across the playa on a living room full of drag queens is **pretty WEIRD** in and of itself. But doing it with a head full of chemicals is a surefire way to kick it **up** a notch or two. Do you really want to be the one saying to yourself on the car ride home, "I had a **pretty** weird time, but I expect it could've been even **weirder**?"

And besides, let's not forget that, on a **purely** physical level, Burning Man without drugs is **SORTA** like anal sex without lube: **dry** and uncomfortable.

Are you alright-t-t-t?" "Uh... yeah, I'm fine..." — *Eggchair Steve*

2CB



2CB is a psychedelic drug similar to acid or mushrooms, but often with **milder** effects. If you do enough, you can get visuals, but you have a clearer **head space** than with other psychedelics.