

My tent partner, I am told, is looking for me just as eagerly as I am looking for her; in fact, she just went back to the tent. So I hitch another ride, this time from a guy with red horns and a pitchfork. The only space for me is on the back of his steed, so I'm hanging off the back of a chariot driven at demonic speed by the devil himself. We're both whooping with joy as the lights and lasers of Black Rock approach, and I'm thinking: if only Jerry Falwell could see us now.

The tent is empty. My neighbors tell me my tent partner has gone back to the Dice again. **There's a lot of this kind of thing going on at Burning Man, but it never really seems to be a big deal.**

Nobody ever gets upset at the need to make a journey; nobody cares about making appointments on time. How could you, with this kind of synchronistic, never-a-dull-ride taxi service?

So I'm heading back to the Dice on the back of a giant bomb, feeling like Slim Pickens in *Dr. Strangelove*. There's a faint glimmer of gold on the empty horizon. What time is it? Doesn't matter. Playa time. And finally, there she is — tending bar at the dog-end of the night, chatting to the regulars, eyes as twinkle-filled as ever. The live jazz band has wound down, the chanteuse pours a hefty draft of pain into one last ballad, and if the Dice club fantasy were truly complete, someone would be sweeping sadly in the corner, stacking chairs and dreaming of a better life. Only there is nothing to sweep up (leave no trace) and no better life to dream of.

We drive back to camp with the Dice club staff as the sun starts piercing the sky with its own unimpeachable laser. Before we head away from the dawn and back to the sleeping city, our driver makes several wild loops of the giant red bones. **Just to be sure. Z**

Chris Taylor

