

## By the Light of Ancient Fires: The Ritual Called Burning Man

The day begins with the murmur of voices, and the flap, flap, flap of hundreds of nylon tents, stretched like kites by the cool desert breeze. The sun hovers over the eastern mountains. A man rides by on a bicycle, wearing only a hat. Neighbors from around the corner, software consultants from Eugene, stroll over with the invitation to a pancake breakfast they are orchestrating from the back of their truck. Breakfast smells and the scent of morning coffee blend with dust, sweat, and sage. The sunrise yoga class is long over, and a dozen other folks are already chatting and carefully balancing their plates. Welcome to another day at Black Rock City, site of the ritual called "Burning Man."

Many people accept the notion that "ritual" is a kind of prescience, a magic performed by people ignorant of how the world really works. The "informed" person inhabits a world machine, a world indifferently operating according to natural laws or chance. Ritual seems irrelevant, the needs it once addressed, eradicated. But are they? I believe that the Burning Man phenomena illustrates our deep need for ritual, for rites of the spirit that can restore the soul in a world robbed of its mystery. Examination of the ritual reveals a familiar logic, proof of the enduring power of ritual patterns etched in our collective memory. Participation in Burning Man can provide an escape from the confines of the individual self, demonstrating the accessibility of mystical experiences so often labeled mere psychological fictions.

For almost twenty years, artists, visionaries and assorted malcontents have gathered together to create the experimental community called "Burning Man." Thousands of people of all ages and persuasions camp together in the Black Rock

Desert, an open playa of 400 square miles, one hundred miles northeast of Reno, Nevada. Gerlach, the nearest town, has a population in the hundreds. Everything necessary to a week's survival in the desert must be brought to the site. There are two rules: "pack it in, pack it out," and "no vending or commercial activity." The remote location, camping requirement, and high ticket prices discourage the merely curious. I made the Burning Man pilgrimage in 1998 and 1999.

The ritual itself is simple. The "man," who is never referred to as "The Man," is an elegantly plain, wooden "stick figure," about sixty feet high. For the week preceding the burn, he occupies a ceremonial place of importance at the end of a wide avenue that leads away from the concentric semicircles of the city. Black Rockers often walk out to visit him. They sit on the platform between his spread legs and look up through his open structure, or lean against the bales of hay that are stacked nearby in anticipation of the burn. Day or night, the man is a marker, providing a point of orientation in the vast playa. He seems to guard the city, benevolently watching its activities.

As dusk fades into dark on the final night the community gathers, hundreds deep, in front of the man. The mood is more celebratory than somber. Participants, many in costume, pass beach balls--or each other--through the air. Suddenly, two performers appear, androgynous in silver flame retardant jumpsuits, juggling firesticks. They salute the quiet man. They sway and dance before him, teasing and tantalizing the crowd with daring moves of their torches. Finally they touch the man's feet. Flames climb his legs and engulf his body. A dazzling firework display shoots from his head and chest to mingle with the stars. The group watches intently, oohing and aahing, until the man folds and falls backward, collapsing, at last, to the ground. Large bonfires at each of the four cardinal points mark a large circle around the remains of the man and his fire. The community spreads out to occupy this circle. Drummers search for the proper beat, and the final party begins.

The “burn” began as a private gesture, an indulged impulse. Doherty neatly paraphrases histories provided by Larry Harvey, Burning Man guru:

Burning Man began as a solstice celebration in summer 1986, when two best friends, Jerry James and Larry Harvey, a builder and a landscaper, whimsically decided to construct an approximately life-sized human effigy of spare wood scraps, take it to San Francisco's Baker Beach with a handful of friends, douse it with gasoline, and set it on fire. Strangely moved by the experience, they decided to do it again the next year. Word spread...<sup>1</sup>

Now the burn inspires the annual formation of Black Rock City, population twenty thousand plus. Attendance at the ritual has reportedly doubled every year.

To talk definitively about what the man and his ritual “mean,” is foolish. Paradox and plurality of meaning are the hallmarks of myth and ritual. Ambiguity of meaning is also a defining characteristic of postmodern reality, a reality completely infused with subjectivity, without absolutes. Miller, drawing on Campbell's essay, “The Symbol Without Meaning,” explains this postmodern contradiction; “Our meaning is now the meaning that is no meaning; for no fixed term of reference can be drawn.”<sup>2</sup> The authority of dogmas is fading, and the test of “truth” is individually conceived in the context of personal experience.

Philosophy aside, this postmodern realization informs the Burning Man community. Harvey writes, “[...] now we never assigned a meaning to Burning Man. That is, we never stopped to say, ‘This is what it means, it represents this.’”<sup>3</sup> Active speculation about the “meaning” of the man is not part of the community discourse. The burn is a given; it intuitively makes sense. But to grasp some of Burning Man's power, and to uncover insights applicable to ritual generally, requires some dissection, amplifying, and musing. Harvey describes the first burn as “[...] informal but incredibly potent [...] a shared, creative act.”<sup>4</sup> Two guys had a powerful experience that they have not tried to explain publicly, and boom, thousands of people devote hours of effort to its repetition. Participants speak of being transformed by the experience.

The sheer size of the gathering and the range of unorthodox activities tends to overshadow the ritual. News reports focus on the unusual art, public nudity, and drug use. But the catalyst for all that has transpired was the man, and the man continues to be the nucleus, the reason for gathering together yet another year. Black Rock City is created to form a container, an appropriate setting for the burn, and the ritual repetition of the burn spawns the fruits of the Black Rock City community.

The literal mind tends to equate the lack of a definitive, singular meaning with being meaningless. But they are hardly the same thing. Would another rite prove this powerful? Examination of the multitude of conscious and unconscious choices embodied in this ritual reveals their ancient roots, suggesting that the mythic resonance of the burn is not accidental. James and Harvey did not discover anything new.

A large, wooden man is destroyed by fire. Why employ fire and wood, and how do these materials suggest the notion of "sacrifice?" Why a man, and not a bull, a bird, or a pile of dollar bills? Why is the man standing, and why is he so large? If sacrifice is the objective, than to what or whom? Is the desert location significant? Why is the ritual repeated, and why September? And if this event has an intuitive logic, then what is the source of its wholeness? To what need does this ritual speak, and from what body of knowledge or experience might it spring? The energies and impulses informing this rite, an unusual act by today's standards, are part of a psychic heritage that crosses cultures and binds centuries.

"Sacrifice" now seems gratuitous, violent, and wasteful, a central feature of an outdated magic designed to appease imaginary gods. The notion of an effigy has a pejorative overtone. But however far we may think we have moved beyond these archaic roots, we still make sacrifices. Although animal sacrifice has been abandoned in the West, the sacrificial act is still recognized as potent, powerful. Our voluntary sacrifices of desire, time, or money, are understood as offerings or expressions of love

and gratitude for which there is no equivalent. However disreputable and foreign to our ears, the meaning of the word “sacrifice”- to make holy- is still known by the heart.

Sacrifice involves a necessary reorganization of psychic energies. Since we have withdrawn psyche from the nonhuman world, our current concept of sacrifice is largely internal, psychological; a sacrifice of self connected with personal growth, transformation, and the development of a new consciousness. The sacrificial victim may be the ego and its concerns, or cherished illusions about the self, security, and control. Depth psychologists claim that acceptance and integration of unconscious, instinctual energies promotes psychic growth. The necessity of periodic self-sacrifice, is symbolized by the Death card of the Tarot, a warning of impending upset and inevitable change. Out with the old, and in with the new. Depression is an initiation to the underworld, from which we may emerge transformed. In his introduction to *The Rites of Passage*, Kimball points out that Van Gennep understood regeneration to be the central motivation for ritual. “As a law of life and the universe,” writes Kimball, “[...]this regeneration was accomplished in the social world by the rites of passage given expression in the rites of death and rebirth.”<sup>5</sup> The need to facilitate and give outward form to internal, psychic processes lies behind many “primitive” rituals.

The understanding that unity is achieved through disintegration underlies the ancient Greek worship of Dionysus, god of overwhelming, self-negating ecstasy. The mythology surrounding Dionysus is sublimely terrifying, associated with intoxication, disregard of social mores, and psychic or physical dismemberment. The Greeks felt a profound tension between the forces of order and rationality, and the chthonic power of instinct and nature, expressed for them in the forms of Apollo and Dionysus. This dichotomy, apparently irresolvable, has persisted, hardened. The fearsome imperative to accept Dionysus, expressed by Euripides in the *Bacchae*, has a contemporary resonance. C.G. Jung’s mission, to restore a psychological balance between ego

consciousness and the instinctual energies of the unconscious, developed from his knowledge of the dangers inherent in repression of the seemingly irrational and unsocialized self.

An invocation of Dionysian energies, evoked by the atmosphere of participation and performance, and contained in the nightly bacchanalia of sex and drugs, is an obvious feature of Burning Man, as is the abandonment of normal social structures. The potentially serious consequences of such abandon are reflected in these words, prominently printed on the tickets: "You voluntarily assume the risk of serious injury or death by attending." Followers of Dionysus are often relegated to the margins of society, deemed poetic but impractical, or downright dangerous. Some people claim that Burning Man is purely an expression of an irresponsible, even criminal, hedonism.

But the Greeks understood the social and cultural utility of Dionysus. "His (Dionysus) worship was a return to nature," writes Fagles, "led by sensible, sophisticated men who reached for the world in its primitive aspect-its innocence, its terror, its powers of renewal- not as a cue for madness but as an incentive for their culture."<sup>6</sup> Greek theater, recognized as a remarkable cultural achievement, was dedicated to Dionysus. These plays, which were written and performed in the god's honor, brought the viewers into close confrontation with the mysteries and agonies of the human condition, to build individual understanding of personal suffering and foster a shared sense of the human destiny.

The ritual of burning the man evokes wild Dionysian energies, but like Greek theater, it is deliberately organized and repeated every year. Interesting parallels can also be found in the Vedic ritual of *Prajapati*, a highly organized, imaginative rite that expresses a nondualistic understanding of creativity and destruction. *Prajapati* was the original being, whose first name was *Purusa*, which means person.<sup>7</sup> His voluntarily dismemberment created the world of many beings. The *Prajapati* ritual space includes an

altar and ritual implements, imaginatively projected and assembled to represent man, and scaled to the size of the human body. The altar is placed in the head, symbolizing the “mind.” Various offerings, reenacting *Prajapati*’s self-sacrifice, are burnt. The ritual of *Prajapati*, a form of sacred theater, is performed to support the energies of regeneration, to strengthen, through their ritual repetition, the cyclical forces that *Prajapati* so generously put in motion.

The *Prajapati* ritual links fire, sacrifice, and creation, establishing the human as a necessary participant. As Eliade explains, the fire refers to the generation of *tapas* or inner heat, for *Prajapati*, with his “mastery over fire,” or *tapas*, becomes the “duly heated magician who can [...] create new conditions of existence.”<sup>8</sup> These new conditions are called *loka*. “The word *loka*,” explains Mahoney, “originally referred to an open place[...] in which one could see the light of day.”<sup>9</sup> A *loka* is a safe place to live, he writes, and also a place “where one could see things the way that they truly are.”<sup>10</sup> The establishment of a *loka* is a move out of existential darkness, conceived, created, and experienced through psychological sacrifice and transformation.

The “man” at Black Rock seems to function like *Prajapati*, as supra-human priest and symbol of the private, personal, self. The connection between human and divine is amplified by the man’s large size. Harvey writes that, “[...] he towers five stories high and, like a pyramid or ziggurat, appears to unite heaven and earth as if on a great cosmic axis.”<sup>11</sup> The ancient temple forms of the pyramid and the ziggurat were used to connect the three realms of heaven, earth, and underworld, and facilitate human passage between them. The man’s wooden, branching structure is also reminiscent of the *Axis Mundi*, Tree of Life, another ageless expression of the continual flow of energy up and down, that sustains cosmic order. The image of Christ’s crucifixion on the cross can be interpreted as a combination of these themes. And what about the familiar Christmas tree, evergreen in a sleeping world, brilliantly aglow?

Themes of human participation in the cycle of life and death, both physical and psychic, are universal. But how does a woman relate to this wooden man? Why is there no “burning woman,” and how would her presence impact this ritual? The equation of “man” with all of humanity is a painful amputation to which we have, in most instances and over a long time, become inured. Patriarchy is a cultural reality that is difficult to escape, even in the free space of ritual activity. Paradoxically, the often invisible “woman” would be strikingly, forcefully present as a burning woman sacrifice. Too present perhaps. The meanings attached to woman as sacrifice, given her literal vulnerability in a male-dominated world, cannot be casually added to the mix in an effort at gender equality.

But the presence of the feminine is felt in this ritual of “the man.” Man, defined as the hero, crowned with sunny Apollonian reason, exists only in relation to woman, mother, earth, and the silvery moonlight of intuition. These ancient images coexist and interact, expressing an endlessly dissolving duality that the inequality and injustice of patriarchy may not recognize, but cannot erase. If the “man” suggests outward effort, heroic achievements and culture building, than Woman and her mythology are present in the emphasis on the earth, in the deliberate, shared vulnerability to the elements, and the enactment of the ritual by moonlight. Wandering the broad flat back of the playa or huddled against the pounding rain and fierce sandstorms, the Black Rock community merges with the desert. This intimate contact illuminates our connection to nature, so easily muffled by convenient technologies. The conscious return to the earth, however temporary, kindles a desire for relationship, for inclusive community, and reminds us of our forgotten wholeness.

The feminine is also present in the annual repetition of the burn, for repetition implies a cyclical, non-linear progress. September is the threshold of fall, evoking the painful separation of Demeter and Persephone, the peak of the bursting ascent of

summer, which will wither into winter. Labor Day is an obviously convenient three-day weekend, designed for quick trips and gatherings. But a Burning Man conducted over Memorial Day, equally convenient, would have a totally different feeling. The “fall,” when all things fall back into the earth, ushers in a period of withdrawal, reflection, and germination. Rites of passage require dissolution, a return to the earth.

Fire, central to our images of sacrifice and rebirth, is the psychopomp of the Burning Man ritual. Mahoney explains that *Agni*, Hindu god of fire, is called the “perfect priest” because he brings the human into contact with the divine.<sup>12</sup> “Fire transforms man into spirit,” wrote Eliade, “mastery over fire or being burnt are equivalent to an initiation.”<sup>13</sup> Demeter and Thetis buried human babies in fire at night to grant them immortality. Surviving the fire is associated with a strength of spirit or character greater than brute force. We speak of going through the fire, or of being willing to walk through fire, evoking the notion of tempering. That which does not kill us, makes us strong. According to Eliade, many cultures associate fire with access to ecstatic states.<sup>14</sup> The phoenix, a fantastic mythical bird, periodically self-immolates only to rise again from its own ashes.

The nighttime burning of the man feels obvious because fire at night has a special place in our imagination. A fire’s glow casts a magic circle in the dark. Today we live in a world powered by oil, gas, and electricity, insulated from the fundamental realities of darkness and cold. But fire still fascinates us. We hold onto images of people gathered around a crackling fire, safe in a vast and wild space, sharing food, stories, community, and love. Fire literally consumes and destroys, but this same process creates solidarity, makes nourishment possible. Fire is a gift from our patron, Prometheus, who stole it from the gods to complete our humanity.

Moving in the dark requires a light. The flames of the four bonfires that encircle the sacrificed man leap in time with Hekate’s footsteps as she leads the way, torch held

high, into the underworld. This is a journey of knowledge and transformation. Van Gennep's transforming "rites of passage" require transitions into what he called "liminal space." The initiate must leave behind the familiar comfort of the everyday and move both physically and psychically into unknown territory. Entering liminal space, wrote Van Gennep, "is to cross the threshold, to unite oneself with a new world."<sup>15</sup> Black Rock Desert is a liminal space.

There is a symbiotic power relationship between the wilderness of Black Rock Desert, the necessary pilgrimage to the city, and the ritual burning of the man. Although Harvey does not use the word liminal, intuitive knowledge of its value shines through his description of Black Rock City:

This intentional community that we create from nothing, and that returns to nothing when we leave, has been 'liberated' from nearly every context of ordinary life...Our desert world and the blank expanse of its playa form a decontextualized arena of action.<sup>16</sup>

This liberated arena invites exploration, evaluation, and creation. According to Harvey, the activities of the Black Rock community are a purposeful experiment. "(They're) doing what Bohemians always do," says Harvey, "and that's trying to create a world by projecting their own inner vision onto the world."<sup>17</sup> Significantly, the dominant activities in the city are making art, gift giving, and orchestrating group actions of infinite variety. Personal reflection and solitude are not discouraged, but most people come to interact with others. In our current culture, felt by many people to be alienating and lonely, the revival of close community is a treasured vision.

Liminal experience fosters strong community, and the need for a community that is contained by, and contains, the ritual, motivates the careful cultivation of Black Rock City. Harvey tells the story of the last burn attempted at Baker's Beach, a disaster that revealed this dimension of the rite:

Suddenly, we realized that a lot of these people had nothing invested in what we'd done. They'd come for a spectacle...We hadn't been conscious of ourselves as a community, we were just doing it. Then suddenly we were confronted with something that was the opposite of a community: we had a mob...I heard someone say, 'Burn the fucker!' and my heels just sank in the ground. No. A fight broke out.<sup>18</sup>

A spectacle, says Harvey, is an entertainment product that provides only fleeting satisfaction, passively consumed by anonymous individuals.<sup>19</sup> Despite its sensational components, the ritual of the burn is conceived of as a collective activity of participants. The Burning Man motto is "No spectators." Harvey emphasizes that the Burning Man community is "Neither vicarious nor anonymous."<sup>20</sup>

Organized rituals are often associated with "mysteries," with the acquisition of secret knowledge or survival of a powerful experience that irrevocably transforms the participant. The "mystery" of the burn may be the realization of community, deepened into "*communitas*." In trying to define this almost mystical experience, Turner writes, "*Communitas* has an existential quality; it involves the whole man in his relation to other whole men."<sup>21</sup> *Communitas* is the honest confrontation of one being with another, the total acceptance of agape, nonsexual love. James and Harvey, as members of various experimental, artistic communities, probably felt this magic before. But a reliable connection between the experience of *communitas* and the burn, however fleeting, could explain the enduring attachment to the ritual's repetition.

We have a deep need for *communitas*, for profound contact with another. But such contact is difficult to realize. As Martin Buber said, "This, however, is the sublime melancholy of our lot, that every You must become an It in our world."<sup>22</sup> Constrained by social roles, and smothered by our protective social personas, we are fixed in a subject-object relationship that reduces and simplifies both parties. The break down of habitual ideas about Self and Other, possible in liminal space, is part of many rituals. In other societies these experiences are collectively orchestrated to strengthen the group

identity or initiate members into established social roles. But this powerful experience is not readily available in a society that does not consciously use ritual, or whose rituals are empty for some of its members. This lack of access to regular, socially supported liminal experience may elevate *communitas* to center stage, from a desirable element of ritual experience to the cherished, ultimate goal.

*Communitas* is a gift of ritual, which Driver says requires playfulness.<sup>23</sup> One obstacle to understanding Burning Man is our undervaluation of play. In *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture*, Huizinga claims that the impulse and need to play are essential to human nature. "Play cannot be denied," he wrote, "You can deny seriousness, but not play."<sup>24</sup> The tremendous energy Black Rockers devote to artwork and performances of all types demonstrates the serious play of imaginative world creation. People devote countless hours to the construction of forms that must be destroyed and removed after a few days. The "man" stands on the playa, complete, whole. The love behind his creation, his careful conception and birth at the human hands of carpenters, is evident in every straight line, shaved board, and clean angle.

The outrageous forms this Burning Man "play" may take do not negate its import or reduce it to mere games or entertainments. "All true ritual," wrote Huizinga, "is sung danced, and played."<sup>25</sup> The beauty and joy of being alive are revealed, untouched or tarnished by the layers of worry, distraction, disbelief, and suffering that can occupy so many hours. "Year by year," says Harvey, "it feels to many as if this ritual repetition represented a single suspended moment out of which temporality itself exfoliates."<sup>26</sup> Temporality; that which is limited by time, tied to the earth, secular, civic, linear, bounded.

Someone had carried pieces of pipe, along with metal odds and ends of various shapes, lengths, and diameters, out onto the playa. The resulting structure looked like a combination organ and jungle gym. Other pieces of pipe had been left behind, an open

invitation to tap, clang, or wallop the construction, to make the pieces swing and vibrate with sound. An invitation to stop and examine the seemingly ordinary, to marvel at the weight of the metal in your hand and the strange way the vast desert both amplified and swallowed the sound. Campbell wrote about the mysteries inherent to common objects. "Cut off from use," he said, "relieved of nomenclature, its dimension of wonder opens; for the mystery of the being of that thing is identical with the mystery of the being of the universe- and of yourself."<sup>27</sup> When we abandon preconceived notions of value, use, and meaning, we discover the flexibility of these concepts and are able to see both self and world in new and fruitful ways. I am reminded that "religion" means "that which re-links."

Thousands of people attend the ritual of burning the man, which is remarkable given the time, cost and effort involved. That this ritual holds such a powerful attraction is evidence, not only of our desperate need for ritual but of our enduring and potent heritage of ritual knowledge. Despite our many "advances," human hearts, souls, minds, and bodies still feel the call of the drum and respond to the power of fire and darkness, the mystery of earth and moon. We understand the need for sacrifice. Burning man takes place in a rare, liminal space, an experimental zone that encourages the serious business of play and fosters the magic of *communitas*. The ritual is an organic reworking of timeless symbols and actions evoked by countless generations, to reorganize perception, regenerate psychic energies, and connect participants to the vital, nameless mystery that sustains all things. All of this is accomplished without dogma or belief, without definitions, and without a "meaning." Perhaps this is the face of ritual in this twenty-first century.

My first burn took place within the combined energies of the full moon and Jupiter, a hands width away in the deep black sky. The flames quickly consumed my personal offering, which I had prepared in the hot afternoons preceding the burn. I lost

myself in the drums. When time stopped, I slowed down. Breathing deeply, I walked out into the quiet desert, beyond the swirling force of the city. I sat down on the cracked earth and lit a chunk of pine resin. The smoke curled and swirled upon itself, carrying the pure sharp scent. My heart pounded in time with the feet of ancestor dancers, pushing blood warmed by the heat of ancient campfires. I knew that countless beings before me had drawn the same breath.

## Notes

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<sup>1</sup> Brian Doherty, "Burning Man Grows Up," [www.reason.com](http://www.reason.com)

<sup>2</sup> David L. Miller, "The Flight of the Wild Gander: The Postmodern Meaning of Meaning," *Paths to the Power of Myth*, Daniel C. Noel ed. (New York: Crossroad Pub, 1990), p. 114.

<sup>3</sup> Larry Harvey, "1997 Speech," [www.burningman.com](http://www.burningman.com)

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> Solon T. Kimball, Introduction, *The Rites of Passage* by Arnold Van Gennep, trans. Monika Vizedom and Gabrielle Caffee, (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1960), p. viii.

<sup>6</sup> Robert Fagles, Introduction, *The Oresteia* By Aeschylus, trans. Robert Fagles, (New York: Penguin Books, 1977), p. 18.

<sup>7</sup> William K. Mahoney, *The Artful Universe*, (Albany, New York: SUNY P, 1998), p. 112.

<sup>8</sup> Mircea Eliade, *Shamansim: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, trans. Willard Trask, (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1964), p. 412.

<sup>9</sup> William K. Mahoney, *The Artful Universe*, p. 140.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid*, p. 141.

<sup>11</sup> Larry Harvey, "Burning Man and Cyberspace," [www.burningman.com](http://www.burningman.com)

<sup>12</sup> William K. Mahoney, *The Artful Universe*, p. 121.

<sup>13</sup> Mircea Eliade, *Shamansim: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy*, p. 206.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid*, p. 335.

<sup>15</sup> Arnold Van Gennep, *The Rites of Passage*, trans. Monika Vizedom and Gabrielle Caffee, (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1960), p. 20.

<sup>16</sup> Larry Harvey, "Burning Man and Cyberspace."

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<sup>17</sup> Larry Harvey, "La Vie Boheme- A History of Burning Man," [www.burningman.com](http://www.burningman.com)

<sup>18</sup> Larry Harvey, "1997 Speech."

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>20</sup> Larry Harvey, "Burning Man and Cyberspace."

<sup>21</sup> Victor Turner, *The Ritual Process: Structure and Anti-Structure*, (Ithaca, New York: Cornell UP, 1969), p. 127.

<sup>22</sup> Martin Buber, *I and Thou*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Touchstone, 1996), p. 68.

<sup>23</sup> Tom F. Driver, *Liberating Rites* (Boulder, Colorado: Westview Press, 1998), p. 160.

<sup>24</sup> Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture*, (Boston: Beacon P, 1950), p. 3.

<sup>25</sup> Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens: A Study of the Play Element in Culture*, p. 158.

<sup>26</sup> Larry Harvey, "Burning Man and Cyberspace."

<sup>27</sup> Joseph Campbell, *The Flight of the Wild Gander* (New York: Harpers, 1990), p. 196.