OUT / IN

10:00 side	2:00 side
5HTP	Xanax
bacon	EGGS
beer bongs	wine bongs
bikes	stolen & hacked Lime scooters
bitching about megaphones	bitching on megaphones
blackouts	sober burn
BM on federal land	BM on private land
body glitter	body armor
BRC Weekly shrugs	Heavy Petting Zoo hugs
bringing your mom	bringing your grandma
bum rush Area 51	bum rush Gate
"but is it art?"	the 747
C3PO	I.L.Y.
Camp Hate	Bad Asstronauts
cash only at Arctica	credit cards at Arctica
climbing on the Thunderdome	climbing on the AutoSub dome
compliance with law enforcement	knowing your rights
corn maze	Head Maze
cowboy hat	marching band hat
crashing an orgy	crashing a turnkey camp
cultural course correcting	just admitting it's over
Daft Punk at the trash fence	Tool at the trash fence
Diplo on the Bounce Car	DJ Dan at Duck Pond
Dolls Kill	Spirit Halloween Store
dyed armpit hair	braided armpit hair
eating healthy	eating the rich
finding yourself	knowing yourself
Fire Conclave	aerial performers
Flamethrower Shooting Gallery	Flaming Pachinko Machine
flaming enemas	flaming acupuncture
fuck your burn!	fuck our burn!
gardening gloves	mechanics gloves
getting drunk	getting hydrated
heckling	being nice
Icarus	Root Society
injuries from falling off the Car-B-Q	injuries from falling off the Playascape Amphitheatre
Instagram influencers	acculturated burners
Jeff Gordon on an art car	Gordon Ramsay in the commissary
Lee Burridge's ketamine-house sunrise set on Sunday at Robot Heart	DJ Tyme's electro-mashup sunset set on Wednesday at Cone Down
The Lighthouse	The Folly
legal weed	legal mushrooms
nitrous	DMT vape pens
no drama	no bullshit
no fucks given	no fucks received
Official Unofficial Burning Man Group on Facebook	Burning Man Troll Asylum group on Facebook
OMG bugs!	OMG porcelain chips!
Onesie Wednesday	onesie everyday
orange plastic	concrete and steel
overly-ambitious project involving a jumbo jet	overly-ambitious project involving a steampunk theme park in deep playa
PBR	Chimay
platform shoes	stilts
playa tech	playa ASMR
porta-potties	piss jugs
powder MDMA	strong Euro pressies
ratchet-strap Temple	IKEA Temple
read the back of your ticket	read this 20-page PDF
real talk	bad puns
really good K	shitty K analogs
rebar	lag screws
Robot Heart sunglasses	Robot Fart sunglasses
robots	butterflies
scavenger hunts	choose your own adventure quests
Sharpie addresses on your arm	stick and poke tattoos on your arm
snakes on a plane	snakes on the Man
Space Whale	Sky Whale
spending $30,000 on a medical airlift	spending $50 on MedEvac insurance
stealing bikes	reclaiming bikes
stowaways	re-entry wristband scams
sunrise yoga	midday mosh pit
taking drugs to party	taking drugs to sleep
talking to strangers	listening to strangers
The Temple	Temple of Brad Pitt
temporary autonomous zone	temporary police occupation area
threesomes	bi-5-ways
throwing up	pissing clear
transformational festival	identity vacation
trustafarians	wooks
turnkey camps	Airbnb camps
Tutu Tuesday	tutu never
vegans	breatharians
wandering for hours looking for that thing in the book	just getting shitty drunk at Fandango all day
Weekend at Larry's	Too Ugly for Robot Heart
Will Call death spiral	D-Lot death spiral
worst burn ever	last burn ever
Zima	White Claw

Contributions by: Adrian A Roberts, Ariel Garatoni, Brian Doherty, Chay Phillips, Dave Decibel, DJ Tyme aka Doug, Dr. Deb, Eggchair Steve, Heartspace, Jason1969, Mitchell Gomez, Penfold, Sachi Ivy, Simon de la Playa, Tapout

Burning Man needs a year off

by BUCK AE DOWN

BUCK

Look, any of y'all who've read my shit in these pages in the past know that half the damn time, it opens with some flex about **how much longer I've been going to this party than you**, and all that is still hella true. Shit, **I have substance abuse problems older than most of you.** You know how long I've been doing this shit? Long enough to lie about how many years I've been doing it in the opposite direction. Once you hit your 20th Burning Man, every year after is less of a badge of honor, and more a testament to the fact that **you might lack imagination on how to spend your summer vacation.** And that's before we even broach the subject of **our abusive relationship with this vindictive bitch of a desert.**

Maybe it's just the sunk cost fallacy, or the fact that I'm dependent on this **fucking dirt rodeo** for a paycheck, but the only way I'm getting a year off from this shit is if some external event shuts this whole thing down, and then I can say my streak held, and I outlasted this **psychedelic refugee camp experiment.**

I am of the unpopular opinion that **WE ALL NEED A FUCKING YEAR OFF.** And by everyone, I mean EVERYONE. You, me, the BMorg, the BLM, and all the folks that live along the 447 that probably wouldn't mind not finding your juicy bag of garbage that blew off your poorly loaded Nissan Sentra onto their front yard this year.

Insert pop culture reference here

Burning Man is the **Mr. Meeseeks** of transformative festivals. It was NEVER meant to last this long, and if those little blue fuckers can't take two strokes of Jerry's goddamn golf game – how the fuck do you think they are going to solve the existential problem of the sucking void at the center of **American White Privilege?** It's a lot to ask. *(Editor's Note: If you don't get this reference, it's from the animated TV show "Rick and Morty." In the words of the author: "If you are one of the only 10 people in this desert who hasn't seen this show, just ask someone in your camp to explain it to you. I'm not burning this near-perfect pop culture allegory just because you're too cool for the platinum age of fucking television.")*

Moreover, as any of you that have been following the **inside baseball** of the **latest death match** between the **Burning Man organizers** and the **Bureau of Land Management** over the **Environmental Impact Statement** knows – it's getting ready to get pretty gross around here. The next 10-year (fuck me) use of this federal land use permit hinges on potentially $22 million annually in new CRAZY FUCKING mitigations that I have a sinking suspicion all of our public comments on the BLM website and pitchfork and torch-lit town hall meetings aren't going to make go away.

A great many of them, beyond being **nearly logistically impossible,** are going to change this event in a way that will make it almost unrecognizable to those of you that are **rich enough** to still afford to go after the ticket price skyrockets to accommodate the cost of shit like dumpsters and **9 miles of a miniature 13th-century concrete siege defense buried underneath a chest-high sand dune ringing the city** (yes, that's how the BLM wants to replace the trash fence).

Given the amount of **shit sandwiches** this event has eaten already over the years just so you can **run around naked on an alphabet soup of designer drugs in an advertising-free environment full of cops willing to pretend what you're doing is "art"** – my instinct tells me the BMorg is going to cave on some shit that's going to turn this into a middle-aged person's version of the **Electric Daisy Carnival.**

Screw you guys, I'm going home

Or, we take the football and go home. Let ALL THESE PEOPLE feel what it's like for Burning Man to go away for a year, and take all our **dirty, dirty money** with us. I'm not saying fold the tent forever. But maybe put that shit in storage for a year and **DO SOMETHING ELSE FOR A CHANGE.** There are cool regional events all over the world now. Go to Burning Man someplace that doesn't speak English for fuck's sake. Get out of this **Kentucky fried ball pit of a country** for a minute. Given how much most of you yahoos won't shut the fuck up about Burning Man for even 5 minutes the other 51 weeks of the year, you of all people should know that Burning Man is **SO** much more than just this barren-ass desert you're making a mess of this week.

Then we come back and renegotiate with the BLM from **a place of strength,** with all of Northern Nevada who were getting their beaks wet on our good time behind us in an intensely-amplified way. It's time to remind everyone who's idea this all was, and who REALLY holds the cards.

As an added bonus, we'll probably lose some of the **d-bags** who are just here for the **Instagram posts,** as they move on to the next thing, which I think we can all admit would be worth taking a year off just for that.

This is the last year as we know it

The bottom line here is that you can have an event that is **increasingly regulated and monitored in progressively more aggressive ways by the federal government at extraordinary cost,** OR you can have an event that is increasingly regulated and monitored in progressively more aggressive ways by the federal government whose stratospheric ticket price had to be mitigated by the influx of sponsorship and/or advertising dollars. Either way, you aren't likely to get a **Burning Man 2020** that is anything that still looks like the shit you keep describing in breathless detail to your speed dates, parole officer, or therapist.

Or we can take a year off and do what my homegirl **Athibat** has been railing on for years about, and just go to a place with a **swim-up bar,** where everyone's last name ends with a vowel, and no one's worried about getting shot for stupid reasons. I'll even buy you a drink. You ever **peed while sitting at a bar** and remembered it before? It's dope.

Or we'll just be back here again like fucking **Groundhog Day** – only this time some third party contractor is gonna fill up the first dumpster in the city with all your dope, and the sky at the trash fence will still be full of cranes only half done building that **K-rail Jersey barrier** by the time you're sitting in Exodus.

The next time someone tells you the playa provides, ask them "who?" **#swimupbar2020** BRC

Placement is coming, look busy!

by AUDACIOUSLY ANONYMOUS VETERAN BURNER

This is my 18th burn. My project, a fully-*inclusive*, would-not-happen-without-hundreds-of-participants project is now sweet 16!

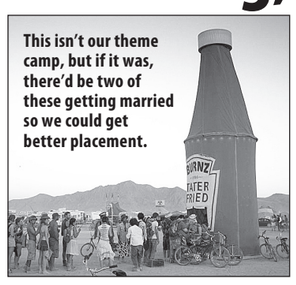
My dream started small, maybe 20 people. Over time, we grew slowly, naturally. Our dearest members found us because the dust blew them our way saying **"No way, really? Thank gawd someone is doing THAT!** Sign me up."

Over time, we built relationships and we learned what worked, what didn't. At year 10, we outgrew a space we'd been in for years. And when we outgrew the next one, members stepped up, raised money and soon, we were a placed theme camp. Growing pains happened like, **"The directions to build this are locked in a container with no key"** and "Oh shit, this isn't getting built, what NOW??" Over the years, we figured it out, creating pathways and manifesting **a whole lot of dusty luck 'cuz the playa knows we fucking deserve it.** Yep. I'm proud of our theme camp. We manifested the glory of communal creation in a dusty lakebed!

And then… this year

Our project's **'interactivity quotient'** was brought into question by the **Placement Team.**

Our history, sweat, sustainable longevity, and financial investment – not to mention our art, along with our heart and soul – completely overlooked and disregarded as we were told that our interactivity was inadequate and that we needed to be **busier** if we wanted to be placed.



This isn't our theme camp, but if it was, there'd be two of these getting married so we could get better placement.

It reminded me of being a corporate chain restaurant food server in my younger days, where we made $2.13 an hour, and were required to do stupid shit like **marry ketchup bottles** and **refill salt shakers**.

And here it is, 2019. And we're not filling enough salt shakers apparently. AND we don't even make $2.13 an hour!

Is corporate efficiency inevitable in large human institutions? Is the recent *Cultural Course Correction* ethos so serious that solid camps like ours now have to produce 24/7 entertainment to prove that we worthy of **placed playa real estate**?

Placement is a thankless job

Placement Team volunteers, we love you. We respectfully thank you for the *massive* job you do. It's not your 'fault' and I'm not writing this to be **playa-cliché-cynical.** We get that you can't know every camp's history.

But I suspect that maybe this wave of corporate efficiency is due to the Black Rock City population-cap situation and the game of supply-and-demand of BRC real estate. In turn, this ultimately asks Placement Team to operate like restaurant managers who won't give you your credit card tips until you marry the ketchups and, **"Can you mop the floor while you're at it? Thanks!"**

Certainly, plug-and-play camps where big-name DJs, movie stars, and rich techies who fly into a plush walled-off camp where icy margaritas, art cars (they didn't build) and sparkle ponies await are responsible for spoiling it for those of us who sucked dust for years while we worked to create bad-assery. I mean, lucky them.

By writing this, I know I may be putting my own camp's standing in jeopardy. In fact, when we did question the charge a few months ago, we were curiously placed a few streets back from the spot we had in the past. Coincidence?

It doesn't matter, because this veteran owns the charge that it's **up to US** to create mind-blowing art projects while the playa mercilessly teaches all of us – plug-and-players, weekend warriors, and veterans alike -- how to **live life better**. And nothing Placement or the BMorg can *ever* do will change that.

Now, can we continue to create great art that transforms lives without having to have our camp **"look busy"** by marrying ketchup bottles and refilling salt shakers? BRC

JUMBLE

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME FOR YOR SCRAMBLED BURN-BRAIN

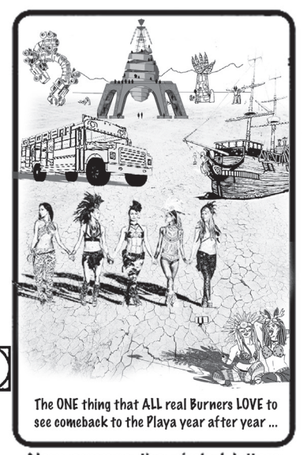
Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

DIWRE

OBANC

RALKPES

REHYVA



The ONE thing that ALL real Burners LOVE to see comeback to the Playa year after year ...

Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

Print answer here:

Jumbles: CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT, DUMBASS? COME TO BRC WEEKLY HQ AND GRAB
Answer: PAPERS TO DISTRIBUTE, WE WILL THEN "GIFT" YOU THE ANSWER.

jason1969@gmail

Consent: The 11th Principle

by PI of WEIRDO SUPPORT GROUP

Titties and dicks everywhere! Can I rub them all on me? Only if you ask first, and get an affirmative **"fuck yes."**

Don't be a dick How? Consent is the key. There's also the bonus of not traumatizing someone, but if you don't care about others, these quick tips are still practical for narcissists. (We still love you, you charming awful fuckers.)

Ask first It's not lame, it won't "kill the mood." Asking can be sexy, especially if asking someone if they want that thing, i.e, "Want me to taste you?" or "Wanna make out?" Then WAIT for an answer before diving in. "Maybe' is NOT a yes. Also, people are more likely to say "yes" if they feel safe.

Not everyone wants a hug And this is ok. Asking, "Would you like a hug?" is the best way to make sure they actually WANT a hug. And if they don't, there are 79,998 other people here who may want a hug. Don't judge them.

Choose your own adventure The whole point of asking is not to expect someone to say yes. We are NOT OWED. We are not asking for permission of what we can get away with, we are asking someone to join us for a good time. Approach consent with a sense of play and curiosity, and the strength to accept ANY answer as a proper answer.

10 gifts that don't suck

by JUPITER GATLING

Before offering a gift, ask yourself, "Is this: **1.** Useful? **2.** Meaningful for the recipient? **3.** Environmentally conscious? **4.** Might be mistaken as MOOP?" Here are some ideas!

1. Small hand sanitizers Or other pragmatic gifts. If you wished you had it out on the playa, then it's something other burners might lack as well.

2. Polaroids BRC encourages a digital detox but having pictures is always nice.

3. Newspaper The *BRC Weekly* makes it easy to gift: help deliver some papers!

4. Patches High-quality gifts that can last a lifetime on someone's playa jacket.

5. Sun protection Carry around a big bottle of sunblock and offer some to people who start looking like lobsters.

6. Cute tampon disposal bag Having your period here sucks, and anything is better than a clear plastic ziplock bag showcasing your misery, right?

7. Socks Hear us out on this. Fresh, never-worn, un-playafied socks might seem weird, but seriously, if someone gifts you socks, say, on Friday, it can be the most awesome thing ever.

8. A ride on an art car Have an art car? Offer rides to people beyond your campmates and skinny sparkle ponies.

9. Help out with an art piece A lot of art pieces out there need help for tear down. Ask around your favorite piece to see if the artist can use your help.

10. Drugs Because let's be real: people like them.

Overheard in BRC

"A buzzed doctor is better than no doctor at all!"

"A pickle a day keeps the med tent away."

"And I promised myself I'd never put coke and molly in my ass ever again."

"Burning Man is about putting things away."

"Don't hate the playa, hate the rain."

"Don't MOOP your blood. Don't MOOP your kids, either!"

"**Early Man** is the best party you aren't invited to."

"Fuck it, let's fail!"

"I thought I had a tan but it just washed off."

"I wish I hadn't hot-glued so many googley eyes to my goggles! Now I can't see."

"I'm already happy, I already love all my friends, I already love music, and I already love to dance — so why should I take ecstasy?"

"If everyone around you is being an asshole, drink some water."

"If you build it vertical, burners will climb it. If you build it horizontal, burners will fuck on it. If you build it vertical AND horizontal, burners will climb it and then fuck on it."

"Is that the real moon or the fake moon?"

"It's exactly like last year!"

"**Larry** wouldn't want it this way."

"Let's snort this vodka. We'll get drunk faster. You know it's still only the second fastest way to get drunk. The fastest way is actually through the butt."

"Look, we knew they were sparkle ponies when we brought them. We can't neglect their needs."

"Only YOU can fuck your own burn."

"Pack all the bins, forget all the things!"

"Party naked, or if you don't want to, party naked with your pants on."

(**Ranger** going off shift) "I'm off to be part of the problem."

"**Robot Heart** is a social experiment to see how long they can play the same damn song without anyone noticing."

"Safety third! But it's still on the list."

"So why does BMorg ask us to cover up the corporate logos on our trucks and RVs, but somehow the **Costco Soulmate Trading Outlet** gets a free pass? I didn't come out here to see a stupid Costco logo! Isn't Decommification one of the 10 Principles? Their camp's name was barely funny in 1999, but now that BRC is 80,000 people, half of whom are newbies, it's just confusing. It looks like there's a Costco on playa where I can go pick up a case of toilet paper!"

"Sorry, I can't turn off the snark when I'm drunk."

"Tattoos are bought, scars are earned."

"The playa gives you what you need, not necessarily what you want."

"**Thunderdome** is my safeword."

"**Too Ugly For Robot Heart** is doing a **Bacon & Mimosa Sunrise for Ugly People** on Thursday morning... BEHIND Robot Heart! We have to go!"

"When does radical self-expression become TOO radical?"

"Why don't they hand out the **WhatWhereWhen Guide** when we first get to Gate Road, so we have something to read while we're waiting in line for hours?"

"You know you've been at Burning Man long enough when you stop worrying about what you're not wearing."

"Your opinions are always more valid at 7 am… through a megaphone."

Your gift is garbage

by JUPITER GATLING

Sentimental BRC mementos? Or useless trinkets?

If you were looking into your **nightmare rectangle** recently, you probably scrolled through headlines of **death and decay,** unsure whether to be more afraid of white dudes with guns or the impending climate crisis. So you're looking forward to a week in the desert, where the internet can't reach your **black mirror** and ruin your day. But now you're in the middle of a **dusty RV park**, realizing that 100% of us got here using fossil fuels (except for **Elon Musk** maybe?) and have nothing better to do than waste perfectly fine lumber to burn for the purpose of … **art?**

The average carbon footprint of each burner roughly doubles while attending Burning Man (according to data from **CoolingMan**, collected 13 years ago). And while BMorg certainly makes *some* effort to get greener by asking participants not to burn their art if not necessary, burning the Man releases **enough greenhouse gasses to equal around 170 flights from San Francisco to Washington, D.C., all at once.** Then we burn another massive construction – the Temple – the next day, which is filled with **plastics, rubber, treated wood, and all sorts of emotionally-charged, not-environmentally-friendly mementos (which don't get cleared out before the burn)** – the same toxic materials that Burning Man tells us not to burn in ALL CAPS.

Gifting is not green

These big, environmentally-questionable happenings are staples of the event, but there's also something smaller, which each attendee is personable responsible for: **Gifting**. And THAT'S a whole other kind of garbage dump. While the **2nd Principle** itself was surely created with the best of intentions, the situation seems to have escalated into a **gifting arms race.** Instead of sharing resources and giving away something that matters, Burning Man can easily turn into a goodie bag of **camp-branded pendants, stickers, and buttons,** essentially creating useless items for the sole sake of gifting. So how does this work with the principal of **decommodifiation?**

While these are Black Rock City's own brands, aren't they just mirroring corporate behavior of trying to get fans (i.e. customers)? This kind of merchandise is often being mass-produced cheaply, or bought in bulk with no relation to your camp or person, made with questionable materials, shipped from other continents, transported to the playa, given away with good intent but essentially ending up in a bag labeled "Burning Man 2019" before ending up on the chopping block after bingewatching *"Tidying Up with Marie Kondo."* **Did that gift really spark joy?** You thank it for its service and then that gift turns to garbage.

Not all gifts are equal

Last year on BMIR, during the annual *BRC Weekly* Gate Opening talk show, radio host **Kanizzle** talked about how he was ranking playa gifts with some of the staff. You could hear the fatigue of receiving variations of the same items year after year. The top choice was **patches**, because they're durable, have high visibility, and higher value than **stickers. Pendants** were further down the list.

Of course there are Burning Man necklaces we keep, that showcase great skill and artistry, that have a deep meaning. We wear them to Burning Man every year since we got them. But is our neck strong enough for more than three at once? Won't you always wear the ones from previous burns over the **weightless 3D-printed one you got yesterday?** Does your water bottle even have space for one more sticker? Do you even remember how you got this enamel pin? And those are the "prestige" gifts.

A broken CD covered in glitter with a rope through the hole does NOT count as art. Your pipe cleaner man-figure is only cute to your parents. People even give out **"magic" rocks with excruciatingly long explanations on why it's is a spiritual gift** – but really, you just burdened someone with carrying a rock! It's an object you collected for no reason other than the **illusion of significance** in your head.

Time or effort does not always equal quality, and artistry doesn't create a nice experience or a good memory. While it's completely understandable that you want to fabricate something and gift it to somebody, as instructed by the Principles, there should be sense to it. If you're not that great of an artist, don't create Man effigies out of clay, wire, or trash. The rule of thumb being: **don't create MOOP disguised as a gift.** BRC

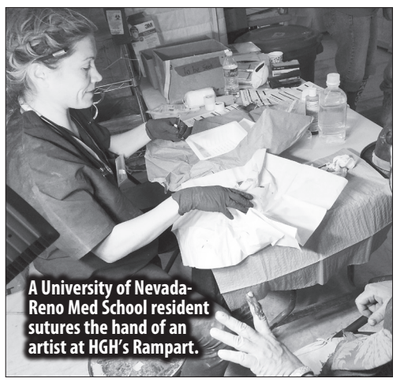
Rampart & CrowdRx

continued from cover

She was told that a vendor was coming later in the week. She immediately brokered a deal with **Saint Mary's Hospital** in Reno to sell the medical supplies that Burning Man would need for four days. **Careflight** helicoptered them in at an unknown cost. "The difference between CrowdRx and HGH is stark," she says.

Dr. Amazing says CrowdRx was "overwhelmed" their first year. When he showed up to work for CrowdRx the first time, they couldn't locate the crash cart keys and didn't seem to understand why the doctor wanted to know where it was.

Dr. Amazing says that HGH knew the terrain and capacity, and when UNR and UNLV doctors staffed Rampart, everyone knew each other, creating the most **well-oiled program he's seen since working there.** "The transition of care was smooth," he says. "Every morning there was a transparent meeting when we all were asked: What did we learn? [HGH] was the best patient experience, the highest level of care. So those expectations were set in place."



A University of Nevada-Reno Med School resident sutures the hand of an artist at HGH's Rampart.

CrowdRx does not dispense meds

Last year, a *BRC Weekly* staffer suffered a severely fractured arm on Monday, right at the start of the event. She was given adequate care at Rampart, but the CrowdRX staffer told her to not leave Burning Man – yet sent her back to camp with **no medicine, no pain killers, not even Tylenol.** She was also told to come back to Rampart several times to see an orthopedist, who never showed up. **So much for immediacy.**

CrowdRx only stocks intravenous forms of controlled substances and last year, if you needed a course of antibiotics, you had to return for each dose. **They would not dispense medication, no matter how necessary it was.** Any other emergency room in the U.S. would give 3 to 5 days' worth of antibiotics and pain medications in pill form, unless they ran out of a prescription entirely. Security for the controlled medications at Burning Man is certainly a factor, but HGH managed to provide this service. HGH prided themselves in minimizing transports off the playa.

A lot of people complained about Rampart no longer dispensing medication, but they were told falsely by CrowdRx that it was a requirement by the BMorg.

Dr. Amazing attributes this to the **"not soulful bedside manner,"** and **"hierarchical culture clash."** "These guys don't know our resources," he says of CrowdRx. In his jovial, **non-playatentious** manner, Dr. Amazing advises, "Bring all your meds for two weeks, bring a big fat first aid kit, and be prepared to have no care available at all." **(The *BRC Weekly* reached out to CrowdRx honcho Connor Fitzpatrick a couple times to request an interview, but received no response.)**

BRC deserves local & better care

When we think about the patients and providers – our fellow burners – what do we want to accomplish? High quality care, good outcomes, efficiency, and reliability. When asked about any improvements that CrowdRx brought over HGH, Nurse Anonymous states, **"Well, they have better snacks."**

As we create our vision of the future with each burn, consider the benefit of a local academic center medical partnership, which Black Rock City once had, as opposed to an **out-of-state, profit-driven, corporate festival medicine vendor.** Do we have a chance to **"decommodify"** here?

Rampart needs better statistics, and for that we need academic accountability. A profit-driven company is incentivized to report statistics that make them look good and get their contract renewed. Their agenda is coming off one festival and going to another. In order to cut corners and provide for the show, it's a temptation to go with the cheapest adequate vendor despite a huge disconnect with the local medical community. It may be the best-cost choice – **but is it the best culture choice?**

"The integrity of our culture is our highest priority," **Marian Goodell**, CEO of Burning Man recently wrote. Are we reflecting our values with the choices that have been made to serve our most vulnerable population, our sick? And **if we aren't really a festival, then why do we have festival medicine?** And if we truly are a community, then why don't we have a community hospital? BRC

LINGO

artsplanation rambling bullshit about art that you could care less about

art-titled bitch an established artist who whines about not getting an art grant for Burning Man this year

baby bummer aging retiree who scratches Burning Man off their bucket list from their air-conditioned RV

BML "burn my life" (like FML, but, you know, burnier)

Borg slang term for the Burning Man organization. Alternate: **BMorg**

Boring Man a burn where you sleep a lot and miss out on everything

brightwad a burner a little TOO well lit up at night

bucketlister see "baby bummer"

Bermuda Triangle the area of Black Rock City where Rod's Ring Road cuts off A through D Streets between 5:30 & 6:30, where burners get lost

burn again burner formerly jaded veteran burner who rediscovers their love of Burning Man

burnsplaining the explanation of "playa knowledge" by a burner who thinks they have everything figured out

burnfluencer burner with at least 10,000 Instagram followers who posts photos of themselves in Black Rock City

course correcting trying to fix shit that should've been fixed years ago

crunchilicious descriptive term for this year's playa conditions

cryptoad creepy former wook-turned-investor who keeps trying to get in your pants by bragging about all the money they made with Bitcoin

daisy ducking the female version of shirtcocking

darkwad pride taking pride in NOT being lit up at night, yelling "don't tell me how to burn" back at someone yelling "put some lights on, **darkwad**!"

downplaya-ing it downplaying the fact that you're going to Burning Man to friends who didn't get tickets

dramado the person in your camp whom all the drama swirls around

dust bro-nies a trail of bros chasing a pretty sparkle pony

dusty pony a jaded veteran burner who shows up with the intention of mooching off all the people they know

entitled pony the person who yells "wear a costume and participate" to the person wearing t-shirt and jeans, walking back to camp after spending 20 hours doing construction on an art piece

Eternity Lane the apparent slowest lane on Gate Road, always perceived to be one's current lane due to parallax

first year pass when newbies are excused from doing work around camp

Gray-Z-Boy the shitty sofa on the side of the road that magically transforms into luxurious comfort in BRC

high stepping in the low grass giveaway walk of ketamine kids

hilarity of shirtcockers term for a collective group of shirtcockers

it-was-better-next-year list the list one makes of things needed next year to improve one's burn, like bike cup holders, saline spray, etc.

know-it-all burgin the first-year burner who is overly prepared, burn-splaining everything to everyone

"Larry said I could" the BRC equivalent of "YOLO" or "safety third"

m'oops when one accidentally litters

Manticipation all the conversation and activity leading up to the burn.

misterbation misting oneself to the point of orgasm

night ninjas darkwads who are aware and proud for not wearing lights

playa high club having sex in a plane above Black Rock City

playa kisses slang term for the mysterious bruises you get while in BRC

playaphile that guy on CraigsList offering "space" in his van & a ticket to a sparkle pony who doesn't know better

playa ASMR the delicate art of crushing crunchy playa surface for sensual auditory sensations

procrastiburn waiting until the last minute to pack for Burning Man

Sad Camp slang term for the Temple

soburn a clean-and-sober Burning Man experience

snorta-potty the porta-potty you use to snort drugs in

sparkle brony a male burner who combines the worst characteristics of toxic masculinity with the entitlement of a sparkle pony

strikeout a person who ditches tear-down after extolling their commitment to the team

thxslarry expression used in either a sincere or sarcastic way to emphasize the end of a Burning Man story

tixploitation extreme ticket scalping that includes hard labor and/or sexual exploitation of oneself, in addition to rampant financial exploitation

whippipheny an important realization made while high on nitrous oxide

wook a hippie without ambition or drive other than drugs and image

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