

OUT / IN

Anubis	Turquoise Portal
bacon bloody marys	filthy martinis
bartering booze	gifting produce
bike lube	bacon grease
biking or walking all week	art car all week
Billion Bunny March	Unicorn Stampede
bitching about noobs	flashing them boobs
blue Gatorade in plastic	Emergen-C in your Sigg bottle
Bootie SF	Bootie BRC
crystal meth	bath salts
drinking whiskey in deep playa with Danger Ranger	drinking absinthe at a pop-up bar with Maid Marian
dubstep	fortheloveofgod anything else
dust masks	respirators
Early Arrival Passes	Early Departure (no pass required)
Ecstasy	Molly
Esplanade	Deep Playa
feathers	leathers
Fertility (1998)	Fertility 2.0
filling a flask before oing out	taking the whole fifth in your pack
furry boots & bikinis	hazmat suits
gifting postcards	gifting stickers
glitch-step	music with words
Hitler Plans Burning Man videos	XtraNormal Burner videos
I think this is my last Burn	This is <i>definitely</i> my last Burn
Krug champagne	beer bong!
last year's Pier	this year's Pier
leaving before the Burn	leaving before the Gate opens
leaving right after the Man Burns	driving out on Tuesday
the 1%	the Fun %
open marriage	playa divorce
Opulent Temple	Root Society
pancakes	miso
perfect weather	hellish whiteouts
perpetual playa complainers	the event evolves, you should too
photographing my breasts	painting your breasts
plug'n play camping	foreplay while camping
polyamory	blowjob dares
pretentious interpretive dance at Center Camp	anonymously paying for someone's coffee
ranger khakis	GPE blacks
Regionals	Burning Man
Ring Road	Rod's Road
salt & pepper	playa dust
2nd year enthusiasm	pre-jaded virgins
sparkle ponies	playa goths
sunset	sunrise
superficial native attire	spiritual fashion awareness
Tecate	good beer in cans
threesomes	fivesomes
turnkey camps on the Esplanade	turnkey camps out on K Street
Tutu Tuesday	Shirtcocker Sunday
twirling glow sticks	DPW flaming basketball
waiting in line 4+ hours to get in to BRC	Advantage Flight
wandering around First Camp	recognizing Larry without his hat
Wednesday White Party	getting drunk at Fandangoo all week
yoga	just relaxing
your iPod playlist	BMIR & BRBC

List by: Adrian Roberts, CocoCabana, Jason1969, JohnJohn, Rusty, XTC

Go big or go "home!" BRC to hit 100,000 by 2017?

by SCRIBE

How does Black Rock City feel this year? That's the intangible question — the one that transcends how dusty the air or mind-blowing the art is — that will determine where Burning Man is headed in this new era now unfolding.

This year's population is expected to exceed 60,000 participants, way more than last year when the feds capped the population at 50,000, which was exceeded by a few thousand on a couple days, leading the Bureau of Land Management to place Burning Man on probation.

But BLM officials were forgiving, and sympathetic to the tight spot that the Black Rock City organizers found themselves in this year, with skyrocketing demand for tickets compounded by this year's **great ticket lottery dusterfuck** (which seemed to portend doom for a long time before most people ended up finding tickets at face value).

So they gave BRC a population cap of **60,900**, and if all goes well this year, they'll grant a five-year permit that will let this city grow to 70,000 by 2016.

But event founder Larry Harvey doesn't want it to stop there, telling me during an interview in June: **"We think we could go to 100,000 if it was measured growth, carefully planned."**

Really, 10,000? Sure, he said, although it would need further studies and better plans

How many more can we fit?



FUTURE OF BRC

In that June interview that I've done with Larry over the last eight years — he argued for an event with a six-figure population while simultaneously saying the event matters less than the culture that has formed up around it.

BRC is a "cultural movement." "We've got to focus on the people. We're becoming less event-centric," Larry told me. **"We think of this as a cultural movement."**

Over the years, I've argued with Larry and Black Rock City LLC, the corporation that stages Burning Man, over the many contradictions and pitfalls that present themselves when a top-down corporation sponsors a cultural movement.

I've tried, and largely failed, to insti-

gate Burners to rise up and demand representation in the many decisions this cultural movement now faces — from the size and character of Black Rock City to the nature of our other Burning Manifestations to the governance structure of the nonprofit to which Larry has pledged to relinquish control (gradually, and on his terms).

He has told agitators like me — and there have been many over the last 25 years — to trust him or go start one's own event. That's fine, particularly if most Burners are content to watch the event evolve on its own, as they seem to be. And they'll probably do that as long as it feels good, feels authentic, and feels like a cultural movement rather than just another corporate creation.

Burning Man is always a blast — a 24-hour party city, filled with cool art, all built by participants in a grand socio-urban experiment — so I'm sure each virgin is getting his/her head split wide open about now, along with some veteran skulls. But tell me, particularly those with a few years' perspective: **How does it feel?** How would it feel with almost double this year's population? And how do we take those feelings, infuse them with information and intention, and shape the future of Burning Man? **✪**

Scribe, aka Steven T. Jones, is city editor of the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* and the author of *The Tribes of Burning Man: How an Experimental City in the Desert is Shaping the New American Counterculture*

My 6-year-old kid is having way more fun here than you

by APOLLO

Your humble essayist has wanted to write about kids at Burning Man for a while now, but figuring out how to fit such a piece within the hallowed columns of the BRC Weekly has been elusive. A "How To," perhaps? A rebuttal against the complaints of the many folks all over Teh Interwebz about how kids are "wrecking the event for everyone else"? A few personal anecdotes, woven together into something hopefully coherent? Finally, I decided it all boils down to one point — my kid gets far, far more out of Burning Man than you do.

No, really, I know there are some statistical outliers who are having major spiritual epiphanies or have just met the love of their lives or whatnot, but for 98% of the people in Black Rock City reading this right now, my kid is having far, far more fun than you. **I thought you ought to know.**

Some of you are nodding knowingly, while others are saying "How can this be? Burning Man is about ingesting mind-altering substances, partying all night, and (of course) finding new and interesting people to do the bumpity bump with." Not only are those all adult activities, but having children around actively impedes people from pursuing those goals — by giving the cops an excuse to shut down the event in order to "protect the children" and just because very few people feel comfortable getting dolled up in a leather corset and fuck-me platforms to administer the camp's Hourly Flogging of the Naughty when a pack of kindergartners might wander by at any time. Hasn't Burning Man gotten sadly tamer, and the degree of free-floating erotic energy plummeted since Ye Goode Olde Dayes'?

Yeah, sorry, no. Packs of horny frat boys who've heard how easy it is to get laid at Burning Man do far more to discourage sexy behavior than the tiny number of minors here and there. The event has changed no doubt, but that's



Funny, he doesn't look like he's having more fun ...

what adding 30 or 40 or 50 thousand people will do to that. And really, are you one of the tiny minority that actually is hoping to engage in public sex at Burning Man, or part of that larger group that just is hoping to see some?

KIDS

"Fire! Boom!" Meanwhile, there's all that other stuff that makes Burning Man so amazing. The big fires, the art, the art that turns into big fires and/or has flamethrowers attached. There are surprises around every turn — all the stuff that shocks us jaded adults out of our normal routine and makes us go "Wow..." So imagine what that's like without any jadedness to overcome, without any world-weary cynicism to break through. Do you realize how amazing the BRC DMV is Monday night, when the art cars are all lit up and sending balls of fire everywhere, waiting to get their nighttime driving cert approved? I didn't, until hanging out there with my kid a couple of years ago. He wasn't ready to go to sleep and I decided to take him for a walk, and the DMV is where we ended up. He

Reboot the Burn?

by KURT LARSON

In 2011 the Burning Man organization faced the near-impossible challenge of creating a system to fairly grant access to purchasing a limited number of tickets for Burning Man this year. Of course, one of the undesired consequences was that most of the major, long-established theme camps found that only about a third to a half of their personnel managed to acquire tickets. Most of these camps contacted the BMorg and pointed out that without more tickets, they would simply be unable to set up and function in 2012, which would have led to a complete change in the social landscape of Black Rock City.

The long-term groups would be absent, and the average amount of Burning Man experience in the attendees would have dropped sharply. As the BMorg considered this to be a bad thing, they set about trying to ensure that the existing social order be preserved, at least insofar as guaranteeing that these major, well-known theme camps could return to Burning Man in 2012. Tickets were specially sold to members of most of these established camps instead of being sold to the general public. While certainly not the most "fair" thing they could have done, BMorg apparently felt that it was for the general good of the social landscape.

In short, there was an effort to preserve.

Think different? As a beneficiary of this effort, I have mixed feelings. Sure, it allowed my camp to continue what it has been doing for more than a decade: Providing nightly entertainment for

hundreds of Burners. But objectively, I had to wonder: What would have happened if BMorg had just let things be different? Without question, it would have been a painful loss. Most camps which Burners have known and loved for years would have been gone. Some new theme camps would have sprung up to take their place, but certainly not as many as would have been lost, and certainly not camps with the rich history

and experience at providing Burners with great places to be. With a great reduction in the amount of experienced being-at-Burning-Man wisdom, 2012 Burners would, on average, have had less of an idea about what to do, how to be, and how to behave themselves.

But would the alternative have been entirely a bad thing? Think about this for a bit. What could BM2012 have been like?

Hitting the cultural reset button For the first time in many many years, almost no one would have known much at all about what was going to be at Burning Man this year. (Remember what that was like?) Three-fourths of the camps would have been barely-conceived, randomly-executed attempts at god-knows what. (Remember that?) Many would be laughable and forgettable; some would be brilliant and memorable.

With the above-mentioned drop in general being-at-Burning-Man wisdom, people would also be more freed



Your author in the Thunderdome

to re-invent that wisdom. (I acknowledge that that wisdom is being slowly re-invented continuously, but this would have been a huge adrenaline shot to that process) Imagine though: **All Sorts Of Brand-New People!**

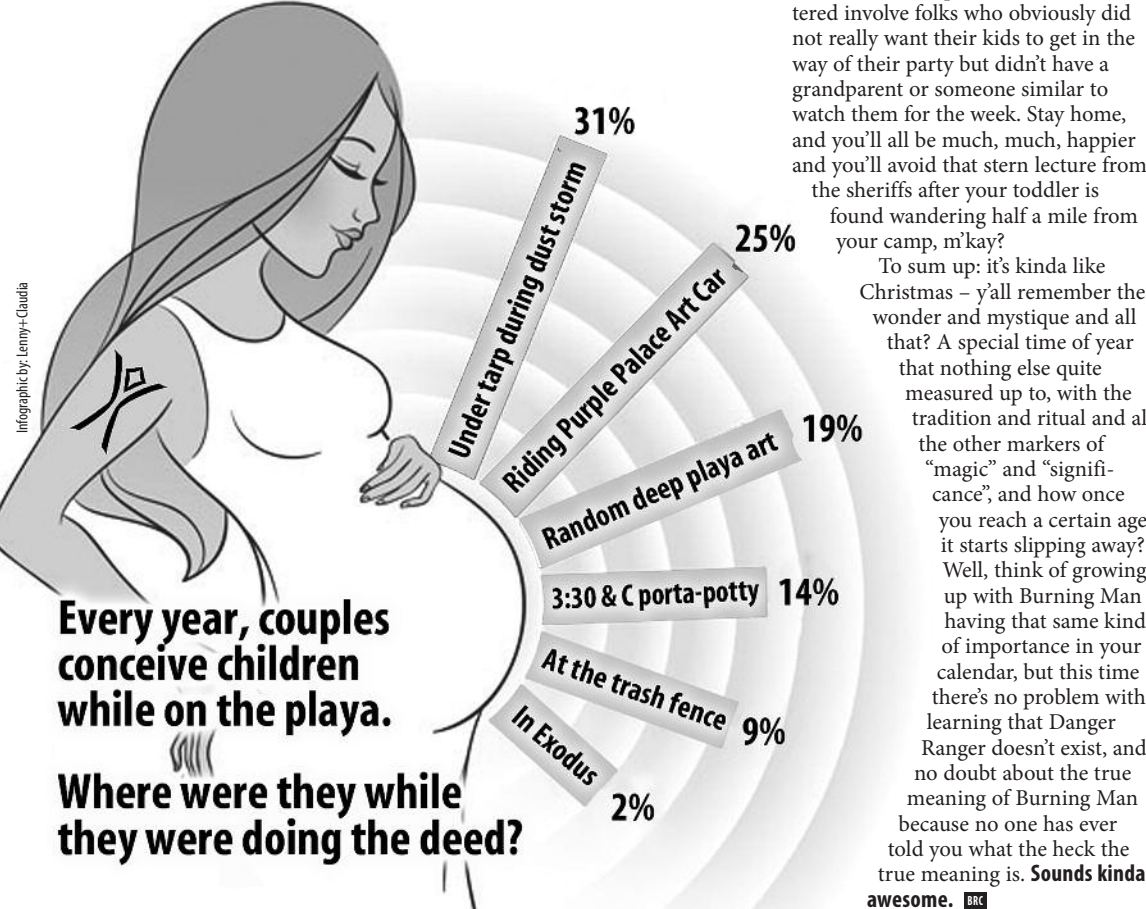
In short, it would have been a blinding, radical reset of the entire culture of Burning Man. In the past ten years, how many people have said the event needed precisely that?

Imagine a year in which Burning Man turned upside-down, inside-out, and experienced a radical, unpredictable, wild amazing reboot. It's easy to list all the potential bad parts, but I personally feel that the up sides would be exactly what Burning Man was always traditionally about: Organically-grown, in-the-present-moment, unplanned unpredictable radical social interaction. (Remember that?)

On the other hand, I'm sure as heck using that cool-kids ticket I got to go work my theme camp. **✪**

Kurt Larson is a longtime Burner and member of Death Guild Thunderdome.

Obligatory Fertility 2.0 theme-related infographic



How to burn out at Burning Man

by CAPTAIN ADEQUATE

Okay, I've been to a few Burns now, enough to become one of those veteran elitists who gripes about how awesome the burn used to be, back when it was real. You know, before it got filled up with noobs who just want to "attend" the event on Facebook and get as many "friends" as possible to "like" it. Funny how in my first year, I heard the **grizzled old-timers** making the same gripes — except it was about how we were no longer allowed to "shoot guns" while "speeding in the dark." I know better, my first year was the total apex year of the event, no doubt.

In my career as a Burner, I've gone full circle: from **over-stimulated wide-eyed virgin** who later told all of his friends they just had to come, to **jaded burnout** tired with the whole Burning Man "Scene", to **sagely veteran** who just plain "gets it." And now that I'm on my second year on the playa, I'm fully qualified to give you **dust grommets** the advice that only a Burner who has sucked the marrow out of the Man's neon bones can give: Check yourself out that inevitable night when you Burn Out.

Check yourself before you wreck yourself

What do I mean? I mean that exactly one night at this year's Burn, you will become a **whiny, complaining, pouting little bitch**. It's inevitable. You spend the weeks before the burn getting your panties wet over your cute little outfits and your awesome assortment of Tasty Bites, then you drive to BRC, high as a kite. On your first two nights, you strutted the playa with a perpetual hard-on at how awesome it all was. Then some time after that, it happens: You become a **pissy little crap pispole**.

Your brain is out of happy juice Here's the deal: your brain operates using neurochemicals such as norepi-

nephrine, dopamine, serotonin, and vodka. You've only got a limited supply of this stuff, and it all has to balance out with time. Guess what? Because you were such a **hopped-up little giddy-pants** during those first few days, you've spent your reserve and now you're going to pay the fiddler. I'll explain it in words even a first-year sorority girl in a furry bikini can understand: **your brain is out of happy juice.** So now it's Thursday night and you're sulking across the playa wondering why these idiots are swinging fireballs around for no good reason. Or worse, you're snapping at your campmates and **throwing wet wipes into the porta potty because you just don't give a shit any more.**

Well, I'm here to tell you that this condition is normal and healthy. You are totally well-adjusted, and entitled to

Best. Burn. Ever? continued from cover

slip away — it's like going fishing by splashing around in the water and grabbing blindly. Now, I'm not here to rain on your **Critical Tits Parade**. I'm not saying that you shouldn't try to get what you want, or that you're not going to get it even if you *do* try. We just need to be realistic about some things.

You might not get laid here Actually you probably won't get laid here.

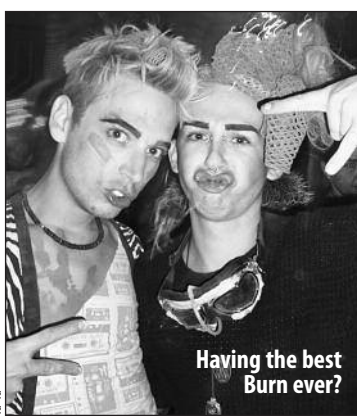
While there is a mind-crushing amount of hotness on display here, your chances of getting some of that booty in your hexaryurt is only slightly higher than it is in the **default world**. Plus, if you've constantly got your pool-radar activated, you're likely to turn off the people who just wanna be friends.

Now, if you're just trying to make a connection with a complimentary soul,

suddenly hate the dust in your various cracks. But here's the deal: you're not entitled to be a **total downer** to your next-door neighbor Steve, a **first-year virgin** who just showed up and asked you where to find the naked chicks. He's in a good mood; back up and show him your boobs, or at least muster up the effort to vaguely gesture toward a set nearby. We're a community, dammit, and we must rely on each other.

Keep calm and carry on

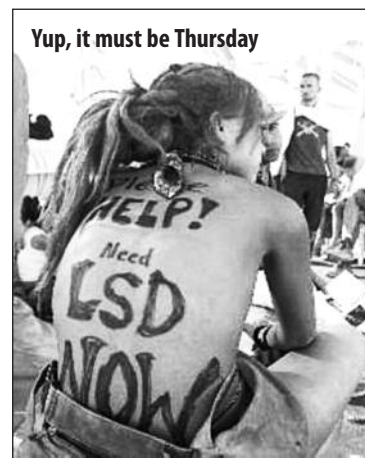
So here's my advice: on that night when you burn out at Burning Man, remain calm. Recognize the situation for what it is. It ain't the Burn, it's just that you've bounced to the wrong end of your cortical plasticity. Take a deep breath, look straight toward the garbage fence, blink a couple of times, and start walking. Don't turn around until you feel happy again. Believe me, it'll hap-



Having the best Burn ever?

your chances are much better, but by no means guaranteed. You'll likely meet a lot of people you don't really dig before you find the ones you click with. Only way you'll find them is by getting yourself out there, though — most people won't bother to strike up a conversation with you while you're deep in a K-hole.

Speaking of mind-blowing substances, Burning Man is awesome, in



Yup, it must be Thursday

pen. You'll crawl out of the dark, and be a **functioning citizen of Black Rock City** again. Heck, if your crappy night is as bad as I hope it is, you'll bounce right back in time to feel like that wide-eyed virgin all over again on Burn night, sucking those neon bones for all you're worth. **✪**

the literal meaning of the word. In any given moment, in any given place, there is something here that can tune your mind in with the Eternal. The trick is, these opportunities rarely come when you reach for them, and they often lie in unexpected places. I've found most Man Burns to be anticlimactic (exception: the **early Burn of 2007**), and I rarely find my groove in the massive dance camps. Pretty much all of my Precious Memories of the playa have come as surprises.

On a related note, when you're ingesting your array of mind-bending chemicals this week, be careful about setting expectations for your high — it just boxes in the potential. **Give yourself some sober nights** to experience the baseline state of beauty, wonder, and weirdness that exists in consensus reality (Plus, it helps to restore those precious cranial chemicals for the next round.)

Burning Man doesn't owe you anything, but it's got a lot to give — be open to what it offers. Be friendly, be sexy, be imaginative. Dance, talk, flirt, and explore with abandon. **And be grateful you're here. ✪**

LINGO

Black Rock mall cop first-year Ranger who runs around like Cartman thinking "Respect my authoritaaaaaay!"

blue room slang for porta-potties.

blue taper overly-excited newbie Burner who puts a blue tape Burning Man logo on their car, van, or RV.

Blundering Man derogatory slang term for the perceived ineptitude of the Burning Man organizers.

born-again virgin a jaded veteran Burner who suddenly remembers why they bother with this thing every year.

burner annoying person who won't shut the fuck up about Burning Man

burnout a Burner who skips a Burn and instead goes to a clean, comfortable place with beaches, pools, hot tubs, and swim-up bars.

chakra fister a new-agey fucktard

crows those people who show up uninvited around meal time to pilfer a camp's extra food.

darktard anyone walking around at night without any lights on.

drink some water! the BRC version of "fuck you!" — usually directed at cranky people acting like assholes.

fuck a furry boot the playa version of the expression "fuck that!"

fundamentalist a person who thinks the 10 Principles are not just suggestions, but commandments. They won't find peace until they "save" Burning Man.

Kool-aid blanket term for all Burning Man propaganda and "The 10 Principles."

monogamish the temporary relationship status of just about every couple in Black Rock City this week.

one-socket a DPW girl on her period.

a natural a newbie who just "gets it."

No Funderdome slang term for Death Guild Thunderdome for anyone forced to do a work shift there.

playa cred the currency of reputation by which camps obtain their requested placement year after year.

playavangilist wild-eyed Burners who won't shut the fuck up about the playa until everyone they meet has gone at least once. They usually exasperate people into not ever going.

roughin' it being too cool for an RV, even though you're a desk-jockey at home.

scene chaser someone who knows who the popular people on the playa are and are always trying to be around them, all the while declaring that the slur "sparkle pony" never applies to them.

self-gifting Black Rock City slang term for theft and stealing.

single-serving playa friend that random connection you make with someone on the playa for one great conversation and/or moment, and then you never see them again.

stupid desert cult what Burning Man seems like to anyone confronted by a playavangilist.

touron someone who acts like a tourist and a moron.

TPP acronym for "the playa provides."

Uncle Larry Larry Harvey.

3Y Mofo sophomoric Burner who has about 3 years' worth of dust under their belt, yet thinks they know everything while in fact knowing nothin'.

List by: Adrian Roberts, Damian Drummer, Malderor, Romeo Void, Sailor, ShutterSlut

Girls' Guide to the Pervs of the Playa

by WONDERHUSSY

Whoever said Burning Man is about art, community, or any other lofty ideal needs to get their head out of their ass and take a look around them. Anyone with a vagina who has ever tried to navigate the playa will tell you that Burning Man is about three things ONLY: **sex, drugs and sunburned ballsacs.** Ladies, beware!!!

Here in BRC, a woman of childbearing age can't take two steps without being humped ferociously by a man in a rabbit costume or a bi-curiously sparkle pony in body paint and furry boots. Something about the desert air seems to rev the libido into high gear, so much so that even taking a morning walk to the potty is akin to running a gauntlet of boners. **There are perverts everywhere!** And this year, with that bumper crop of fresh, innocent first-timers on playa, they are sure to be out in full force. Burgins, take heed and read this handy guide — knowledge is power!

The Pervs of the Playa can be broken down into five basic categories:

1. Beer-Swilling Frat-Types

First, you have your beer-swilling frat-types, whose sole purpose in being here is to score with the legendary loose hippie chicks of yore (remember, it's supposed to be a counterculture festival, aka free love hotbed). These types might don a tutu and some crazy sunglasses to give the impression that they're unconventional artsy types, but there are so many of them that at times you feel like a soon-to-be-roofed sorority

girl at the world's biggest tribal kegger. Fortunately, these pervs are easy to spot — and avoid.

2. Swingers

Then there are the swingers. Burning Man is actually listed on the events calendar of several "Lifestyle" (bleebch) networking sites — apparently, it's become a huge swing paradise, with several "play" (blerrrrrr) parties taking place in various camps on the lakebed. A girl can't walk from Dandelion to Edelweiss without an oversexed, middle-aged couple welcoming her with open arms and dusty, sun-baked genitals! Many such camps also offer refuge to the weary playa bunny under the guise of a "free massage" or "free misting..." but it's all just a ruse to get chicks into the sack — or into one of the many orgies constantly taking place. Be advised!!!

3. S&M Freaks

Next, you have a sizeable contingent of S&M freaks, who make their presence known by setting up spanking camps and open-air dungeons, and by walking around in little more than nipple clamps and Prince Alberts. Such camps lure in **passing lovelies** with the promise of free drinks in exchange for spankings, brandings, or the application of Burning Man tattoos to your ivory asscheeks. Apparently it's very liberating for the S&M crowd to be able to carry on like this in the bright light of day, instead of lurking around their usual converted-basement dungeons; the sunshine makes them bold, so take care!



Beware of pervs bearing gifts... in the form of whiskey!

4. Furies

The fourth group of perverts is the most unsettling: the Furies, deviants who get off on pretending to be animals and humping each other. Due to the prodigious amounts of Ecstasy consumed at Burning Man, most people are walking around with a heightened sense of touchy-feeliness, and want to rub up on any soft, fuzzy thing they come across. **Enter the Furies!** Virtually every third person on the playa is wearing a furry vest, furry boots, raccoon tail, or fuzzy hat with animal ears. Most of them are just bean-eating E-tards enjoying the feel of the fur, but a solid minority are legitimate Furies, out to mount one another and whinny, growl and nicker into each other's ears. Creepy!

5. Gurus

The last group of pervs is actually the most insidious, because they

appear so artsy and benign: many of the classic Burner artsy-fartsy hippie-dippie counterculture types are actually **HUGE raging sex freaks!** Often, they disguise themselves as "gurus" or "self-help experts" who are there to help you "open your chakras" with a special "yoni massage" ("yoni" being alterna-spiritual-clap-trap-speak for "vagina"). Many a naive young playa bunny falls victim to these dirty old men, myself included — I once encountered a particularly smarmy "tantric massage therapist" who persuaded me to let him massage a pulled muscle in my groin... and you can guess where that led! Then there's perennial favorite "Mister Orgasm," who takes appointments in his hexaryurt to demonstrate some freaky new sex tool he devised for "playa goddesses." Exploring your sexuality is all well and good... but when you've been riding a bike around in 95-degree weather all week with alkaline dust in every crevice and no running water, the last thing you want is some dirty old man jamming his healing hands up your turtaw. Ya know?!
Now, girls...with all that being said, if you can navigate the hordes of slandering pervs, it is possible to find plenty of amazing, beautiful things out on the playa. Especially if you've remembered to pack your **shiny burqa, pink-rhinestone chastity belt and trusty Be-Dazzled stun-gun.** Only then will you be able to ride around the playa virtually unmolested, actually enjoying the "art" and "music" said to be lurking somewhere amidst all the gratuitous tits, phalluses, orgies and public sex displays. Welcome home!!! **✪**