

OUT / IN

Barbie Death Camp & Wine Bistro	Spanky's Wine Bar
beer	picketinis
Black Rock Academy	Lazy Skool Daze
Blue Oasis	Decadent Oasis
BRBC	BMIR
buckets at Juplaya	porta-potties at Burning Man
cheap booze	top shelf booze
cocaine	Allerdall
commissary pogs	Dust City Diner
Emergen-C	coconut water
fighting in the Thunderdome	hugging in the Thunderdome
fighting the sit down/stand up crowd at the Burn	watching from the Esplanade with chocolate & whiskey
filming Burning Man in IMAX 3-D	filming Burning Man on Super-8
fire spinners	sparkle ponies
flash mob	twerk team
generator	being on the grid
headlamps with 3 bright white LEDs	headlamps with one red LED
hookers & blow	sparkle ponies & molly
HOTD - Hair of the Dog	Black Rock Cantina
iced coffee	iced Fernet
jaded veterans	excited Burgins
keeping track of events with pen & a little notebook	keeping track of events with the TimeToBurn app
Kickstarter campaigns	begging on the side of the highway
LED hoops	sharp fucking swords
leaving before the Man Burns	sticking around as long as you can
Lee Burridge's Saturday sunrise set at Robot Heart	Adrian's Saturday sunrise mashup set at AutoSub
molly all night	dabs all day
mushroom tea	ayahasca
OMG sale ticket	direct distributed ticket
Opulent Temple White Party	Digital Apex White Party
Paul Oakenfold at White Ocean	Diplo at White Ocean
playa names	real fucking names
Playtech furniture	hunting Craigslist for free furniture
population 53,000	population 68,000
radical self-reliance	radical co-dependency
riding a bike to deliver newspapers	riding an art car to deliver newspapers
safety third	potentially lethal
shirtcooking	capecooking
Spark	Dust & Illusions
Swim-Up Bar at Fandango	Slow Burn Lounge at Fandango
TTTD (That Thing In The Desert)	BFTC (Big Fucking Camping Trip)
Tutu Tuesday	White Wednesday
video projection on the side of a truck	Black Rock Bijou
"Welcome home!"	"Welcome home, bitchies!"
8-Bit Clouds	rain clouds

BRCPO fo' sho'!

Playa snail-mail is so much fun! Located in the heart of the 9:00 Plaza, the BRC International Post Office is open 24 hours and is seeking volunteers at any time! Get your mail delivered on or off playal Post office camps can also be found in the 3:00 Plaza and at Center Camp. Send some dusty

FAFFF - Fucking Around For Fucking Forever

by JOHN!JOHN!

Many citizens of Black Rock City have a chronic faffing problem. Are you a faffer? Look, we've all been there. Your whole camp is waiting for you on bikes out in the street, giving you the shit stare, while you're buried headfirst in your disheveled bins in an endless pursuit of looking for that one thing: that elusive accessory that would really complete your outfit, or that really cool blinky light thing, or your bar cup with the hook, or (insert lost drugs here). You are FAFFING - fucking around for fucking forever.

Sure, everyone should get the occasional free pass to faff out here. Just don't become a serial faffer. If you are playing the part of Faff McGee all week, be prepared to wander around the playa alone. Either that, or make friends with patient people who won't ditch you at camp just before you find that opal superhero headband, or the little bottle of Fernet, or that lost bag of K!

How to deal with a faffer

Here's a BRC Pro Tip: Is your girlfriend or boyfriend taking too long to get ready? Tell them that they will look terrible in anything they wear and leave them behind. Their anger and need for retribution will psychically lead them to wherever you are anyway, but at least you won't miss the 8th set of DJ Who Gives A Shit.

It might seem cruel, but veteran Burners know that often the key to ever actually leaving your camp is to follow this mantra: "Leave a man behind!" Don't be a faff-enabler!

How I learned to stop worrying and just trust Larry

by SCRIBE

This is as good as it gets, Burners - right here, right now, in beautiful, bountiful Black Rock City. And this is the way it's always going to be here, year after year, like a **dusty Groundhog Day on acid**. The only thing that will change will be the faces of the citizens and the things we create for one another. It's perfect, right? No reason to change a thing. What God (or rather, Larry Harvey) has created, let no Burner presume to alter.

That's an idea that most Burners have seemed to embrace, despite the beloved pastime of veteran Burners to kvetch and celebrate some storied golden age, whether it be 1986, 1996, or 2006. We all just appreciate the chance to build a city for ourselves each year and to give thanks to the leaders of Burning Man for giving us that opportunity, again and again.

And now I've become one of those people, one who has learned to simply accept Burning Man for what it is. I am hereby officially dropping my struggles against Larry, **Maid Marian**, and the rest of Black Rock City LLC board to create some form of representative or democratic leadership for Burning Man and its culture. It's been a lonely and frustrating crusade anyway, so I'm happy to be done with it (as I'm sure they are, too).

Longtime readers of both the *BRC Weekly* and *Piss Clear* know that I've been regularly covering Burning Man for the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* since 2004. My reportage formed the basis of my book, *The Tribes of Burning Man*, which came out in 2011, just as the Black Rock City LLC board was being torn apart by internal divisions that they resolved by deciding to turn control of Burning Man over to a new non-profit organization they were creating, The Burning Man Project.

We don't want to run Burning Man

"Why not to change the world, a world that you act to be in? That's what we want to do," Larry told a roomful of Burners when he announced the non-profit plan in April 2011. "We want to get out of running Burning Man. We want to move on."

The prospects of that change in leadership seemed exciting, and I imagined a council of veteran Burners representing our community's constituent communities - artists, DPW workers, sound camps, volunteers, art car makers, regional leaders, maybe the biggest villages - gathering around a table to plan the future of Burning Man. It might get messy, but things worth doing usually are.

Then Larry announced plans to create secret payouts for the six board members, but almost nobody except veteran Burner artist and whistle-



The author, Scribe, dropping bombs like bombs

blower **Chicken John** seemed to care about that. The predominant view seemed to be that the six members of the LLC had done us all a great service and that they deserved whatever it was they wanted to pay themselves.

'Gift' the event back to community

In my critical editorials, I publicly questioned the hand-picked non-profit board, which seemed chosen for their fundraising ability more than the community they represented.

POLITICS

Once again, there was no resonance with the larger Burner community, so I accepted it and moved on. Maybe money was what was important in the early stages, and new leadership would come later. I was totally willing to just let it go, until earlier this year when I watched the new documentary, *Spark: A Burning Man Story*, which concludes with the claim that "the organization is transitioning into a non-profit to 'gift' the event back to the community."

I decided to plug back into covering Burning Man to check on the status of this "gift," with just a year to go until Larry had said that control of the event would be transferred to the new non-profit. However, rather than relaxing their grip on the event and entrusting it to the community, I learned that the **BRC LLC consider their leadership "more important than ever,"** as Marian put it.

Not only are The Burning Man Project board members still not representative of the overall community, but apparently they will have no authority over the event itself, which Larry wants to continue as is, "without being unduly interfered with by the non-profit organization."

Protection from 'undue meddling'

Sure, the LLC and its various fiefdoms can unilaterally change its contracts with artists, its policy on what kinds and how many mutant

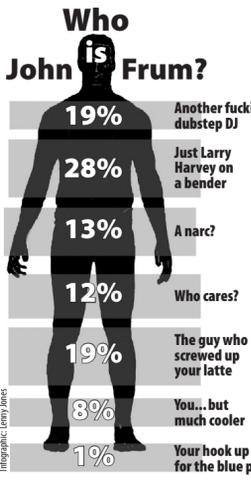
vehicles to license, its ticket pricing structure, and size of the city (it was able to get the BLM to increase the maximum population from 60,000 last year to 68,000 this year), all without any input from the community. It can cut lucrative side deals with corporations and propagandists - but they can't have the new non-profit board making these sorts of decisions. That would be unthinkable.

"The non-profit is going well, and then we have to work out the terms of the relationship between the event and the non-profit. We want the event to be protected from undue meddling and we want it to be a good fit," Larry told me.

When I wrote about these issues in the *Guardian*, few people seemed to care. The two articles I wrote on these issues received two online comments each, compared to the 259 comments and vigorous public discussion that ensued after I wrote "Burning Man ticket fiasco creates uncertain future" in February of last year.

The lesson learned? As a "community," as long as we all get to Black Rock City, we don't really care who's calling the shots. After all, it's really all of us who create the city each year for our own enjoyment, and that's what matters - not the six people who control the \$23 million we all spent on tickets this year.

So I'm just going to enjoy myself this year - and every year forever after - safe in the faith that "participation" and "radical self-reliance" are things I do in my own camp and immediate surroundings, and that the larger Burning Man project itself is in some safe and benevolent hands that it always has been and probably always will be. ☑



The author, Wonderhussy, is no hypocrite

the Man and his yoke of oppression! I tossed my top in the back of my truck and drove the entire way home, from BRC to Vegas, topless. And guess what? Nothing happened! My nipples didn't explode, I didn't get pulled over, and no truckers chased me down and raped me.

For reals, you sad, fucking ninnies: a nipple is little more than a patch of dark skin. Especially here in Black Rock City... GET OVER IT! ☑

Hypocritical Tits

by WONDERHUSSY

If there are three words out here that I hate most, they're "Ask before pictures." WHY?! What's so sacred about your stupid Party City tutu and fairy wings that requires stroking and/or release-signing just to capture them on film? Ohhh, I see - your tits are hanging out and your nipples are in plain sight. GASP!

Well, guess what, dumbass? You're at an event with 68,000 people, 98% of whom are packing cameras or cell phones. Your sacred fucking nipples are going to end up in someone's pic, whether you like it or not. If you're really so fucking worried about their nipply holiness being captured for all posterity, COVER THEM UP. Besides, dipshit: a nipple is a nipple. Men show theirs every damn day - by making such a big deal out of yours, you're only perpetuating some old-timey bullshit mystique. In essence, there is no difference between a bikini top and a burka - what stays hidden will remain verboten. And I don't know about you, but I find it super fucking unconstitutional that a man can walk shirtless down any street in

SEX

America without repercussions, while if I did the same thing, I'd get fined. The only way to change this bogus imbalance is to make nipples commonplace and boring - by going around topless, without making a big production of it. You sanctimonious twats with your **Nipples That Must Never Be Photographed** are setting us back. Do us all a favor, and get over yourself! I, myself, roll around topless every day here in Black Rock City, and I don't give a fuck. Take as many pics as you want - I'm no hypocrite! What I am is a true progressive, unlike most of you bourgeois poseurs out here, for whom "Burning Man" is basically a funny costume you put on once a year, like a Santa suit or an Easter bonnet. Well I've got news for you fuckers - a free spirit ain't a light switch. You can't just flip it, like, "Last one who leaves the playa, turn off the crazy!" It's a lifestyle!!!

Last year, I was topless on the playa all week long. But when it came time to drive home, I found myself about to strap my bikini top back on. But I stopped myself - wait, I'm a bad-ass freedom fighter. What the fuck am I doing kowtowing to convention? Fuck

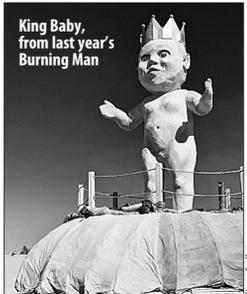
A little bump in our BRC plan

by CAPTAIN ADEQUATE

I knocked up my girl. I'm not sure of exactly how. And now she's about as big and round as the Thunderdome, only with more punching and kicking inside. She's bloated, dizzy, nauseated, and her feet hurt - pretty much how she feels stumbling back to camp after a typical night on the playa.

My annoying friends and relatives are gushing about how excited I must be to witness the miracle of birth and become a daddy. But since the little poop machine has decided to make its grand entrance sometime around late August (yeah, approximately today, dear reader), all I know is this - this little human is keeping me from attending my first burn in 8 years, and I'm about as happy about it as a shirtcooker is about being told to exercise good taste.

Now, I know what you're thinking - having a kid means that things are going to get messy and loud, and sleepless nights, and lots of vomit and pee on my clothes - basically, pretty



King Baby, from last year's Burning Man

much the same as if I went to the Burn anyway. But it won't be the same. For starters, I don't imagine this baby will be spouting fire from most of its appendages. I don't think a stroller rolling the sidewalk and decorated with teddy bears is quite as exciting as a dusty pirate ship rolling the playa decorated with sparkle ponies.

BABIES

Next year I'm totally building an art car

by AIRTRON

What's the best way to get around the playa? Duh, an art car, obviously! The bigger, the brighter, the louder - the better! When an art car rolls by, blasting that same trap-step music you've been hearing all week, you just KNOW that's where the REAL fun is happening. This one time, I stumbled across one that was parked, and they actually let me go for a ride! What a magical moment that was!

Well, that was three Burns ago and I've been searching for that same organic bliss of boarding a majestic mutant vehicle ever since. I still don't know anyone with an art car, so it's looking like I'm gonna have to just build one myself, dammit! After four years of coming to Black Rock City, I think it's finally my turn to participate and give back to the Burner community in a major way. I want to gift that same life-changing event I had to others.

So next year, I'm totally building an art car. It's going to have lights and music... and fire! It's going to be awesome and everyone will want to ride it. They'll see it from afar and wish they were on it. Or they'll bike next to it just to feel the bass booming and to watch sexy sparkle ponies jump on the light-up disco dance floor. Oh yes, I will build an art car.

Seeing the wonder in a Burgin's eyes as they step foot on their very first

art car - my glorious mutant vehicle - what a rewarding experience THAT will be! Despite the fact that I'm sure it will be uber-popular with my friends and will fill up with riders at my camp, I'll always be sure save a few spots for the random guy covered in EL wire or that hot girl in furry boots. Unless we have a really big-name DJ - then it will stay packed with my closest, radically playahed friends all night long. Sorry, nothing I can do about that.

I know what you're thinking: "Art cars are expensive and time-consuming. How can you pull this off?" Well, I don't have any money, but if Burning Man has taught me anything, it's that if you set your mind to something, you can complete any project exactly how you envisioned it.

So throughout the next year, I'll throw parties, have DJ friends play for free, invite everyone I'm connected to through social media, and charge a suggested-but-actually-mandatory donation at the door. Word-of-mouth will start to spread. Then I'll start a fundraising campaign on Kickstarter or Indiegogo with fun perks for investors like the chance to help build it, a ride at the Burn, reduced admission to the post-Burn cleanup party, and a t-shirt. That'll definitely get the ball rolling.

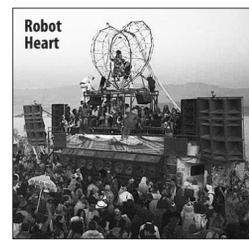
Some tech executive will catch wind of my idea, fall in love with it, and become my main financial-backer slash co-creator. Dreams like this come true all the time when you have a good

Art cars by DICK TACO

continued from cover

Some, however, think that selective inclusion is an inevitable fact of playa life, like Lena Kartzov, who said in the same Facebook thread, "Art cars are a lot of work and you're not entitled to ride on anybody else's blood and sweat creations, so stop whining. Douchebags are everywhere. Let the douchebag asshole art car owners pick and choose if they want to... or make your own fucking art car and don't worry about the assholes and their rude ways."

The Purple Palace folks - who unfortunately are not here this year - don't see it that way, saying, "We proudly claim to be the most participatory art car on the playa. We have no restrictions for who gets to ride except for her capacity (about 150 people). At every stop we gauge available space and with that, it's first come first serve. We never discriminate. The only exception to this rule has developed in the last year or two. If you are visibly inebriated on drugs or alcohol to the point that we are concerned for your safety, you probably won't get on. Oh, and major assholes - people who are really mean to us - don't usually get on either."



Robot Heart

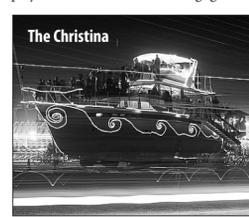
When the *BRC Weekly* spoke with **Robot Heart**, they had a similar response: "Everyone is welcome if they bring their good energy. But we also ask people to understand that the Bot is a DJ booth, and there is not all that much room on there. The Bot is also jammed full of extremely delicate and sophisticated electronic equipment and we do have to look out for safety as well. There is very limited room on board."

Obviously, due to this limited space, **only skinny, mostly naked, female sparkle ponies ever seem to be allowed on the Robot Heart**, giving it the appearance of a douchey Vegas casino nightclub (or perhaps an exclusive club in New York City, where Robot Heart is based).

Edmundo Landgraf of mutant vehicle **Airpusher Steam Punk Airship** brings up another point: "Sometimes us art car owners have 'contracted' our vehicle for a special tour, which was one of our Indiegogo fundraising perks. Sometimes we are out on an Artery tour. They don't allow pickups midway - you have to meet at the Artery to board. And sometimes we are truly full. Asking is the easiest way to get on." (As opposed to just jumping on, which, as a former art car driver, this writer can personally attest to the annoyance and danger of "hop-ons.")

Rent-An-Art-Car! Also known as contributing to Kickstarter or Indiegogo

Landgraf brings up a good point: before Burning Man even begins, people are essentially selling rides on art cars, as "rewards" for donating to a Kickstarter or Indiegogo campaign. Just a few days before the gates to Black Rock City officially opened this year, **The Christina**, a massive mutant vehicle built from a 65-foot yacht, which has been cruising the playa since 2010, had an Indiegogo



The Christina

How to dress like a sparkle pony!

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

If you wanna ride on an art car, you gotta look like sparkle pony! Here's how:



Unicorns are so "in," so how about a fancy unicorn bag? Definitely not big enough for a water bottle... but at least there's a hidden drug pouch!

As much as you want to wear your bitch heels, you're going to have to go with the platform boots, trust us, when you're doing the "walk of shame" at dawn, stumbling back to camp after a night at Pink Mammoth, you'll be glad you did



The author, AirTron, is ready to build an art car... next year

idea and you want it bad enough. Well, my idea is epic and I've never wanted anything more. Not all of the specifics are worked out just yet, but maybe something like a **fire-breathing-animal-discotheque**. It'll have multi-level dance floors with a slide to get from one to another, wings that come out and move to the music, and spinning fire horns - OMG, it's going to be so fucking insane. We'll get a truck, some propane, some LEDs and we're already half-way there. Add a bar, sound system, stripper pole and - boom! Art car.

Dozens of fans will help out at the pre-Burn build parties. Welder-engineer-tech-whiz-artists types will sort out the logistical details. We'll all become best buds and the crazy synergistic energy will manifest the biggest, baddest art car that Black Rock City has ever seen. Wow, I can't wait. It's going to be a tough job, but I'm totally up for it. I'll probably be so busy managing the crew that I'll barely get to build any of it myself. A small sacrifice to make sure this thing gets done right. I'm doing this for the people of Black Rock City - not for myself. My amazing creation will enhance everyone's playa experience from great to **un-fucking-believable**. I hope you all get laid on my art car.

I know I'm getting laid... well, next year. ☑

campaign where, for example, a \$500 "donation" would secure you and a guest a spot on board for the Man Burn on Saturday night.

The Christina isn't the only one selling spots on board. Even **El Pulpo Mecanico**, a recent mutant vehicle darling of Burning Man, had a Kickstarter campaign that sold out the four \$1000 slots that granted a 2-hour ride, where the mobile flaming octopus made out of recycled metal would "come by your camp and pick up you and three of your friends for a fun-filled tour of the playa... anywhere you want to go!"



El Pulpo Mecanico

Understandably, it costs money to haul a big art car out to Black Rock City and drive it around for a week. There's nothing inherently wrong with people attempting to crowd-source the necessary funds to build an art car if they can do it. Certainly, there's a bit of logic in offering up a spot on said art car as a "thank you." But it's a slippery slope. Just a few years ago - before Kickstarter and Indiegogo were around - incredible, amazing art cars like the Spanish galleon **La Contessa** were "sailing the seas" of the Black Rock Desert without annual pleas for cash that came with VIP treatment for the donors. And they certainly didn't care what you looked like before letting you aboard - as long as you turned your blinky shit off. Taking that into consideration, a sparkle pony nowadays might have had a harder time getting on **La Contessa** than others.

Over the years, many Burners have started to look at mutant vehicles differently, no longer thinking of them as

They said it was okay to wear feathers this year, as long as they weren't the kind that shed and turn into MOOP. Good, because you should wear a giant feather headress no matter what they say you can do!

Fake dread extensions so everyone will think you're a 'real' Burner

Bedazzled goggles - think of them like a hairband, since you'll never actually use them as actual goggles - they'll cover up your fabulous eye makeup!

No dust mask. It just doesn't accessorize well. And it's all about the accessories! Nothing says 'Burn' like gloves with embroidered flames!

If you're not going to go topless, then a skimpy shiny bikini top is necessary, paired with a fake fur shoulder shrug. Gotta have fake fur!

A \$300 "utility" belt from Five & Diamond - although the only utility you get is a place for your candy, breath mints, and makeup. And one more place to lose your drugs

Henna tattoo to go with your belly button piercing - you want to fit in and let people know how "tribal" you are!

Fancy hot pants are a requirement. So much so that even if it's the only thing you wear, you can still pull off a hot sparkle pony look with nothing else. Oh wait, actually, you DO need one more thing...

As a sparkle pony, you are pretty much required to wear furry boot covers, which for reasons lost to the playa dust of time, have been an essential part of the sparkle pony uniform since the early '00s. Furry leg warmers in the desert? Sure, that makes total sense, right? No one knows how this trend started, but how else will people know that you're a sparkle pony?

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Mutant vehicles must let you on

Tattooogoddess, a volunteer with the Department of Mutant Vehicles said, "This [issue] has been brought up in meetings. I, too, have been denied rides (I know why: I'm fat and not hot - but I look like I could kick your ass in the Thunderdome). If the mutant vehicle is not at capacity, they must let you on. This is part of the agreement with the DMV that they, as art car owner, signed off on. If this happens to you, please report it to the DMV. If a pattern is found, they will not be licensed the following year."

Perhaps the bottom line is, as Black Rock City citizens, it's up to all of us to make sure that mutant vehicles - especially the ones that function as revolving nightclubs - don't turn into the same sort of douchey VIP clubs for the young and beautiful that exists back in the Default World. Although for many Burners, such as Austin Garatoni aka Bad Energy of Fandango village, it's already too late. "I usually just preemptively give them the finger," he says whenever an art car filled with "woo-ing" sparkle ponies rolls past him blasting loud dubstep or techno.

"I wouldn't want my presence to interfere with their shitty music and furry fucking boots." ☑

LINGO

art carnage the injured Burners dropped off by art cars to the medical tents and ramps, especially after the Man and Temple burns

back-burnered when your former Esplanade theme camp gets placed on the back streets instead

Black Rock Slide when the art car suddenly stops, and all the ravers on-board crash to one side of the vehicle

blue room slang term for a porta-potty - whether or not it is actually blue

boosh cannon slang term for a flamethrower or propane cannon

breaking bad leaving your clandestine mobile drug lab for Playa Restoration to clean up

Burgin a first-year Burner

burn notice when you tell your boss you need time off from work the week before and the two days after Labor Day every year, no exceptions

burn scar the swath of damage - physical, mental, and/or emotional - one has upon re-entry from Burning Man back into the Default World

burn unit your core group of friends you always camp with

burn-again virgin a formerly-jaded veteran who rediscovers why they loved Burning Man in the first place

"Burner, please!" BRC expression to convey incredulous disgust, usually in reaction to a false or outrageous statement: "Oh, your leggings don't match your fairy wings? Burner, please!" (eyeroll optional)

chasing ghosts the futile pursuit in deep playa to find a particular mobile party or art piece that was rumored about

daisy ducking the female version of "shirtcooking" - when a woman wears a shirt, but with no pants