

# OUT / IN

acro yoga showboating in Center Camp	acro yoga on the BRC airport runway
all the things that "ruined Burning Man"	YOU. You "ruined Burning Man"
Arctic ice bags	Arctic ice blocks
art posing as "shade structures"	the return of Big Art
B.E.D.	Zendo
batteries	solar power
big-ass art vanity project beggars	making cool shit with your crew
bike theft	chakrahft theft
BLM Rangers	BLM protestors
BMIR	Shouting Fire
bringing your kids	bringing your grandparents
burgins & Burn count score-keeping	"This place so far, waddy think?"
burn night	arrival night
burning online	waiting in line
burning the Man	burn night drone show
captain hats	cowboy hats
Center Camp grid	Center Camp generator noise
Chatroulette	Orgy Dome
chlamydia tests	Covid tests
Choco Tacos	chocolate AND tacos
clutter bitches	KonMari Camp
coffee sales	cocktails
coming late and leaving early	making up for three years
Covid-19	monkeypox
DGS	Stewards Sale
Diplo	live music
Disorient on the edge of the city	Disorient next to Center Camp
disposable	upcycled
DMZ	DMT
dragon art cars	wild west art cars
dreamclothes	Dutch braids
eating at the Commissary	eating alone out of a can
ecstatic burgins	jaded old burners
Eggs Bar	any random first-time playa bar
EL-wire	faux neon
electrolytes	Narcan
Esplanade camps	Keyhole camps
Exodus line	medevac
expensive fireworks	expensive drone shows
fighting your best friend in the Thunderdome	fighting your mother-in-law in the Thunderdome
flying through BRCr	inching down Gate Road
fried bacon for breakfast	maple bacon bourbon for nightcap
fuck your burn	burn your fucks
fur coats	glitzy coats
fuzzy	fringe
espresso at Center Camp Cafe	espresso shots out of your bestie's belly button
gift tickets	\$2500 FOMO tickets
gifting stickers	gifting NFTs
goddammit!	pandammit!
going to Burning Man	going on a real vacation
"got a bump?"	"got any more of that Paxlovid?"
Grand Sierra	Circus Circus
having a drink "for Larry"	smoking a cigarette "for Larry"
hexa yurts	ShiftPods
Hushville	blasting all night
ice	liquid helium
Instagram influencers	TikTok celebrities
isolation	playa vacation
kilts	mini kilts
kite photography	drones with fireworks
poop buckets	porta potties
Kombucha	Yerba Mate
Labor Day	4th of July
"last year wasn't a 'real' Burn"	"last year wasn't a 'real' Burn"
LEDs	fire
living my best life!	living with honesty & intention
MOOP Museum	Museum of No Spectators
megabytes per second	megaphones per person
molly & mushrooms	G & K
N95 masks	KN95 masks
new agey teaser "transformative" Seminars	finding your own fucking burn
nighttime drugs	daytime drugs
organized ticket distribution	ticketing shit show
PBRs	PCRs
playa names	pronouns
plug and play	butt plug play
pooping in someone else's bucket	pooping in someone else's RV
prying your campmates out of camp	the joy of your sunrise shadow
reading the BRC Weekly on a tablet while going to the bathroom at home	reading the BRC Weekly on news-print while sitting in a porta potty
Renegade Burn	same old Burn
Robot Heart "fam"	Robot Heart crew
rockin' in a free world	shirtcockin' in a free world
sanitized corporate Burn speak	7am full circle acid revelations
sex in a porta potty	silent discos in a porta potty
shit in a bucket	bucket list shit
shitty vodka lemonade drinks	shitty vodka seltzer drinks

# Then (1999) vs. Now (2022)

by DR. ZEIGEN

My first burn was in 1999, and I had no clue. The Survival Guide back then was a tiny pamphlet. These days, it's easy to watch some videos and get an excellent understanding of what this event will be like before you show up and make your first **dust angel**. But in 1999, a lot of the event's nature was either learned from word-of-mouth or by showing up unprepared.

Black Rock City's population in 1999 maxed out somewhere around **23,000 people**. Certainly that's a lot fewer than the 80,000 expected this year, and the streets back then only went out to G instead of K. But the size of the city and how many inhabitants roamed it are not the biggest changes in 23 years. In no particular order, here are some of the realities of 1999's burn that are very different from the way things are today.

(Why 1999? By 1999, more than 20,000 people had burned before me, some of them a dozen times -- to them I was a **burgin**. When I talk to the real veterans, many cite **1999 as the first real year of the modern era** of Burning Man. 1999 was the year the **LLC was formed**. 1999 had the first official airport. 1999 was the first year of **Rod Garrett's** 240 degree arc layout for the esplanade (from 10:00 to 2:00), a design that has continued every year since. Certainly by 1999, the foundation of the modern burn was fully in place.)

So what was different about 1999? **Tickets at the gate**. Back then, you could show up at the box office on playa, buy yourself a \$105-\$120 ticket (priced at a premium, a penalty for not planning ahead), and then drive your way in. The first year tickets had to be purchased in advance was 2008.

**No Temple**. The first temple was built by **David Best** in 2000, placed randomly. Sunday night Temple burns became a thing in 2001.

**No Principles**. Larry Harvey didn't publish the 10 Principles until 2004. Back in 1999, before it was clear that the intention was a gift economy, things ran on barter. Want a drink from the bar at **Bianca's Smut Shack**? Better give the bartender a glow stick. Want some condoms from your neighbor? "Sure, if you give me an



Pepe Ozan's fire lingam from 1999

energy bar," is what you'd hear. The main working principle of the 1999 event (which you heard yelled out constantly) was **"no spectators"** (later reconceptualized into the principles of **Participation and Radical Self-Expression**).

**Pepé's operas**. **Pepé Ozan** created elaborate art and even more elaborate operas starting in 1996. These shows often didn't involve much singing or plot, but sometimes included hundreds and even thousands of performers. (They were **pretty befuddling**, to be honest.) Second to the Man burn, no event drew more of a crowd. The last opera was in 2002, and Pepé passed away in 2013. There's nothing really like it today.

**A different drive to and from BRC**. The vendor booths in Gerlach weren't a thing back in 1999. You might encounter an Indian Taco stand (and there were a **darkwad** than the average burner of today's roaring twenties. Nowadays we're **more lit** than a Cheech and Chong movie.

**Knowledge tests versus alphabetical streets**. Ever since 2005, we expect the radial streets after Esplanade to start with the letter A and then move to B and stay in alphabetical order. But prior to 2005, the streets were named for the theme

and you'd have to know things like the **parts of a ship** or **Shakespeare's lists of the Ages of Man** or the order of the **planets in the Solar System** to figure out which street was where. Lost burners asking for directions could be found at every street corner.

**Body paint more than playwear**. Burners in 1999 didn't have the same **playwear aesthetic** that you see today. And body paint camps were a big thing. You'd strip down, stand in a kiddie pool, and get sprayed on all sides to be blue, red, green, or whatever. That started dying out in 2004 because honestly it would start to peel and be **MOOPY**. There was generally **more nudity** in the early days, back when cameras had to be registered and tagged -- and if someone was taking a picture of a naked person without their consent, that camera would likely end up smashed to bits.

**The rise of cell phone service and the demise of rumor pranks**. Even though smartphones came later, plenty of burners owned cell phones in 1999, but they **didn't work a damn much past Reno**. After spending a few days on playa, cut off from all news, the rumors would start circulating. Burning Man culture is founded in **cacophony and discord**. Most years in the early days, people would tell each other earnestly about celebrity deaths ("whoa, did you hear Steve Martin died?"). Each year that cell service on playa improves, we get a little less isolated, and rumors become nearly impossible. Today's rumors only succeed if they're not immediately verifiable in a web search.

Things change. Overall, there's **much more that's similar between 1999 and 2022** than different. The storied theme camps of the '90s (Bianca, Spock Mountain Research Labs, Debbie Petting Zoo, Spiral Oasis, Temple of Atomation, so many more) set the template for many of the camps of today. And plenty of camps from 1999 still show up; some of them haven't even changed all that much. Then as well as now conversations are deep and/or surreal, the blank canvas of the playa inspires boundless creativity, the harsh environment can forge long-lasting bonds of friendship, the porta-potties still stink, and **snark is the true currency**.

# Art appreciation tips

by CACTUS PETE

Once you set up camp, the first thing most of us do is gravitate toward the **biggest, blinkiest, blingiest** art installations out there because, duh, **"This IS Burning Man."** Giant art feeds **giant feelings**, and it's pretty easy to admire all the massiveness. Yet, when it comes to art, you can enjoy more than the typical zombie hordes. Separate from the herd and "self-gift" your mind by taking a deeper, more fun appreciation of our **ARTopia**. Here are some tips:

**1. First encounter: Rawness.** If you can, allow for your OWN unmediated discovery and reactions BEFORE someone overly tries to guide, explain, or name YOUR experience. So if a friend has been here before, it's nice if they can just **"shut the fuck up"** for 10 seconds. Conversely, if you "know a piece," wait until the newcomer has their own discovery before you both start breaking it down.

**2. Interact.** Get off your bike and actually check it out. Do an on-foot 360. Touch. Climb. Immerse all five senses. Are there subtler details or secret doors? Is the artist on site? Become a fan and make a friend. If you offer mobile music, food, and fun, the artwork now focalizes a happening.

**3. Drugs** modify your art enjoyment. Mushrooms and acid enhance colors, patterns, and meanings. Cocaine turns an amazing art piece into a conversation about yourself, and booze changes any installation into a **"safety third"** reality. Side benefit: Can you discreetly smoke a bowl in the art's wind shadow?

**4. Size matters.** Big-Ass Art is awesome, but smaller art is **beautiful** too. Not everyone has a huge budget and



Adriana Roberts

team. The mid-sized and smaller-scale works inspire oneself to dream: "Hmmm, I can pull off something like this. Maybe next year I up my game?"

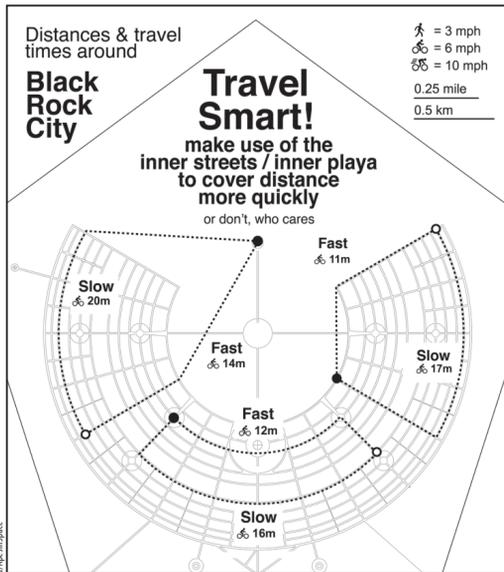
**5. Other people's Instagram Trap = your photobomb opportunity!**

**6. Come back at night.** Lighting (and fire!) may be the most integral component.

**7. If you're "meh" about an art piece, so be it.** But if you're gonna **shit-talk** a piece, be poetic and funny about it, NOT MEAN. Also, take note: the artist might actually be there. They might be **sensitive**. However, certain grandstanding artists sometimes gain notoriety for hogging the spotlight for too long. Burners often collectively end up ragging on these people as a way to bring balance to the conversation.

**8. Art in the neighborhood.** Be counter-intuitive and cruise for art in the city streets rather than the open playa. City art quality runs the full spectrum from **A+ to F-**, often side by side. Art installations inside the city require no paperwork or vetting, which give it a way more renegade, street art feel.

**This town runs on art**, so get out there and explore! **👊**



# The Burner Privilege Game

by DUSTIN SMITH

**Instructions:** Everyone in your camp lines up and takes a step forward or back as the questions are read. The one with the most privilege "wins."

**MOVE FORWARD if you answer YES:**

- Your camp shade structure was already set up when you arrived
- You are currently holding alcohol
- Your bloodstream currently contains an alterant other than alcohol
- You did not pay for your ticket
- You have ridden in an art car this week
- You ate at the Commissary this week
- You arrived "early entry"
- You don't have a gift in your possession you are prepared to give someone
- You took paid time off from work to come to Burning Man
- Your camp has no non-white members
- You think you're an artist because you DJ
- You own a pair of Robot Heart sunglasses
- You don't know what moop is
- You're wearing multiple burner necklaces
- You are camping in an RV
- You paid someone else to bring and/or prepare food for you this week
- You made out with someone "hot" on the playa this week
- ... but you don't remember their name
- You used a private porta-potty this week
- You've been to BRC more than 5 times
- You've been to BRC more than 10 times
- You did not attend a planning meeting of any kind before attending
- Your art project received an honorarium
- Your camp dues were more than \$100
- Your camp dues were more than \$200
- You didn't pay any camp dues
- You've been gifted an illegal substance
- You are wearing clean underwear

**MOVE BACK if you answer YES:**

- Your burner name sounds like a stripper
- You have completed at least one volunteer shift this week
- You picked up moop today
- You prepared food or drink for someone else this week
- You spent more than two hours this week helping build art
- You are a "theme camp organizer"

# BRC WEEKLY

**BLACK ROCK CITY'S INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY**  
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# Bring shitty art to the playa

by KATE MANSER aka NEON

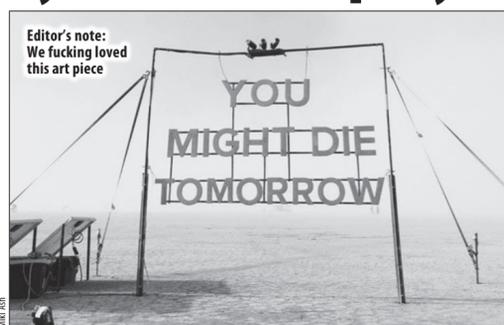
Small art is dying here. Don't let all the massive, expensive art lead you to believe that you must have a huge team and budget to be an artist. A man made of sticks that represented a wave of expanded consciousness and rebellion -- janky, earnest art -- was the genesis of what you are experiencing today. Lose it and we risk losing the art that seeds the thought, **"I could do something like that."**

In 2018, my then-partner and I unknowingly brought a **shitty art piece**. We had never brought art before. It was a "huge" eight foot tall sign that expressed an idea that had changed the course of my life and was inspired in part by a burner who died climbing Mt. Everest. In our minds, it was worthy of flanking the colossal Temple Galaxia, so that's where we placed it.

After we put it up, though...we could barely find it. Among the **Tree of Ténére**, **Bloom** the multi-story stained glass jellyfish, **Galaxia**, and the many wondrous, massive, expensive art pieces, it was dwarfed. It looked **janky and cheap**. In comparison, it was.

But as I visited it throughout the week, the piece was rarely vacant. I saw groups taking elaborate, joyful photos with it. Most heckled it as they rode by on their bikes. I saw people who sat alone in the dust in front of it, **silently staring at the words**. I got to see and speak with people who were moved to tears.

On Man Burn night, I went to the piece around 3AM to check the lighting. I squinted my eyes. Am I hallucinating? Is that a trophy? I picked



Editor's note: We fucking loved this art piece

it up: A shiny golden statuette of a donkey's ass with an engraved bronze plaque that read, **"Worst Art Piece | Burning Man 2018."** I got a fucking award at Burning Man.

**We need this shit**

Radical participation means anyone can and should bring art -- regardless of budget, team size, organizational ability...or even artistic ability. We need MORE "shitty," small-scale art to keep this experiment **interesting and inclusive**. We need low-budget art to inspire budgetless fledgling artists. We need art of all kinds as an indication that this is a place of radical self-expression and participation where people realize that **anyone can be an artist**.

If you have a radical or fun or wild idea, **do it**. If you don't do it here, where will you? Let this **wild dusty petri dish** be your practice ground for

immediacy, participation, and uninhibited **self-expression**...and then, let this practice influence every area of your life.

The wildest part of my story? I still receive messages and see posts from people who say my janky, low-budget art piece is one of their favorite playa art pieces of all time. Someone at Renegade Burn last year sampled the phrase on an LED construction signboard, someone else painted it on a wall in Argentina, and others wrote poetry inspired by it.

**What the actual fuck.** Art is art and creates more art.

We have no idea the ripple effect our effort, zeal, and creativity will create. We need you. **👊**

**YOU ARE AN ARTIST MAKE GOOD ART MAKE SHITTY ART MAKE ART**

# Airport not just for aviators

by CHRIS RUMPF

This week, hundreds of airplanes will converge on runways made of dust at **one of the busiest airports in the country**. According to **HP**, Assistant Airport Manager, **Black Rock City Municipal Airport** has on average, roughly **400 take-offs or landings** per day, making it busier than Reno-Tahoe International, which has roughly 300 movements per day on average. On occasion, Black Rock City's dusty airstrips can see more action than McCarran in Las Vegas, making it the **busiest in the state**.

Of course, Black Rock City Municipal Airport, also known as **88NV**, is a little different than a concrete strip built to last -- three runways are packed and marked beginning in mid-August -- one for takeoffs, one for landings, and a third exclusively for medevac flights that can be lit up for emergencies after dark. In 2019, 30 burners were transported to a hospital by airplane medevac. **Skydivers jump up to 500 times** during the event via the **Burning Sky** camp. As many as **5,000 burners** arrive in the city via **Burner Air Express**, and over 2,000 are gifted a scenic flight above the playa each year. By the second week of September, 88NV is history until the following year.

Environmentally, the airport is working to help realize BMorg's sustainability goals. Burner Air Express takes thousands of vehicles off the two-lane road between Black Rock City and Fernley, shortening Exodus for the rest of us. BxA also reduces overall transportation-related emissions, with a net positive carbon footprint based on the vehicles removed from the roadway versus comparable



HP, the pilot, flies northeast, entering a scenic pattern in his Van's RV aircraft -- note Black Rock City ahead near the horizon and Gate Road to the right

flights in and out.

**Jesse Tsai** gifts 20-25 scenic flights per Burn, and says that seeing people's eyes the first time they see Black Rock City from above is what keeps him coming back for more. One time, he gifted a burner a flight to Reno so he could hop a commercial flight to remedy a family emergency. Other pilots report gifting flights to **Black Rock Hot Springs** (which are just outside the Bureau of Land Management closure area). **Foxx**, a long-time burner, said of their 2017 gifted scenic flight, "it's remained one of the most memorable experiences I've had on playa."

**Volunteering has its privileges**

The airport certainly doesn't build or run itself, and has more than 200 paid workers and volunteers making sure the logistics of building the airport, maintaining its safety, and coordinating the work succeeds. People from professional air traffic controllers to the all-important **Fluffer** (the person that roams the airport making sure everyone is properly "fluffed" with love, hydration, and all-around goodness so they can be the best they can be) make sure planes keep aloft

and burners keep ringing the burn bell. **Black Rock Travel Agency** is the main theme camp at the airport that supports pilots, workers and volunteers. BRTA also serves as the waiting area for gifted scenic flights and the backdrop for most social gatherings.

Volunteers at the airport usually get first dibs on gifted scenic flights. Even though we're already on-playa, some volunteer opportunities still exist. **Stop by the airport volunteer operations tent** anytime after 8am and see what positions may be open.

To get to the airport, follow the 5:00 road until it turns into **Airport Blvd.**, which then dead-ends into the airport. Many of the social gatherings are at the Black Rock Travel Agency camp nearby, and the volunteer coordination happens at the traffic circle at the end of the road.

Whether you fancy volunteering at the airport, or just simply want to be inside the energy of desert aviation, there are ample opportunities to hang out with aviators, astronauts, skydivers and all-around cool people; and, if you're lucky, get a birds-eye view of the **largest city in the world that won't exist next Tuesday**. **👊**

# Not all heroes wear pants

by GRAHAM BERRY

Every year there's more of them. Overglammed, oversharing, fun-sucking **"burnfluencers"**. For far too long they've been a scourge to our beloved Black Rock City. We've tried **merciless ridicule** by megaphone, gluing their RV doors shut, and returning feathers that keep blowing off the jacket they just "had to wear." But none of our usual tactics seem to work.

Until now. That's right. At long last, burners have a remedy: **Shirtcockers**.

Love 'em or hate 'em, like a spider that keeps away the cockroaches, these **wagging wonders** suddenly serve a

purpose in our **dusty little ecosystem**. With penis-equipped patrols on watch in the city like **Darkwing Duck** (who let's not forget, was one of the founding fathers of shirtcocking), influencers may have finally met their match.

If you're familiar with shirtcocking, then you already know the trend penetrated the underbelly of burner culture as a **sporting jolt** long ago. Nudists and thrillseekers flocked to participate.

Now it appears in an **evolved, weaponized form**.

On **Wednesday at 4pm in front of The Man**, a gaggle of dong-bearing dudes will assemble for a **Shirtcocker March** against the influencer men-



John 'Shameless' Cameron

ace. In it, **Swig-N-Swing** instigator, shirtcocking activist, and Shirtcocker March organizer, **John "Shameless" Cameron**, says they'll collectively throw the **full weight of their phalli** across the playa. Like so many Burning Man plans, at first it sounds crazy. But is it crazy enough to work?

"Shirt cockers are very demonized," says Cameron. "It's not something you appreciate. They're a very controversial issue in the burner community. **People don't tend to like shirtcocker's very much.**"

He continues: "Ahead of the 2020 Burn, I noticed Instagram influencers were a huge issue on playa. They're commodifying the experience, using the backdrop to build their following. I realized that if we increase the number of shirtcocker on the playa, it will reduce their photo opportunities, because Instagram's guidelines don't allow full frontal nudity."

The destination and direction of the march is as of yet intentionally undetermined because, as in life, **their dicks will lead them "like a downsizing rod"**. Cameron plans to lead his **trouserless troop** in a streaking blitz of photobombing and **jimmy-flailing** against fashionistas, fame-seekers, and anyone else "doin' it for the 'gram." **👊**

# LINGO

**burnanny** burner who knows all the rules -- especially the ones YOU are NOT following to THEIR satisfaction! They have a LOT of notes for you.

**burnier-than-thou** burners who've been here longer than you, anywhere from 2 to infinite years. They'll drop names, tell long stories and explain how you're doing everything wrong. If it's your first time, they'll tell you all about the behind-the-scenes BMorg politics and evils, and wreck your sense of wonder and beauty. Validate them and send them away with haste.

**clutter bitches** the messy burners you don't wanna share an RV with.

**disco fever** catching Covid-19 or monkeypox at a music camp dance floor.

**ditherponies** people who waffle endlessly about whether they're going to Burning Man (when everyone else knows they're going) and then comewofeully unprepared, saying things like, "well, the playa will provide."

**drama** mashing drama with trauma.

**extrospexion** when you thought you were kinda reserved and introverted, but then pandemic made you say, "Fuck, where my people at?"

**gawkward** when you just stand and stare at someone you haven't seen in three years, because you still feel weird in crowded public spaces.

**hippie fishing** the time-honored burner prank of bringing a fishing rod, attaching a glow stick on the line and then casting it out onto playa at night.

**hugs** that thing we used to do where bodies touch. Forget it, it's disgusting.

**indentured burnitude** what we've all been forced to do these three years away from Burning Man.

**Manifest Destiny** the fact that against all odds, Burning Man is still somehow happening.

**mission** any scheduled errand or task that has to be done on playa. Some missions are successful. Some not so much.

**narcipidity** Venn diagram overlap of one's narcissism with their stupidity

**"ok burner"** proper response to any old-timer saying how cool it used to be.