

# OUT/IN

alcohol	high grade MDMA
all new looks	last year's hoodie, not even washed
Amber Alerts	knowing where yr fucking kids are
baby wipes	cucumber wipes
bicycles	pedicabs
Black Rock Beacon in Center Camp	BRC Weekly in Center Camp
BLM Canine Unit	DPW Dog Park
breaking up with your bf/gf at BM	bringing a bf/gf at BM
bringing a date	bringing your mom
bro's being bros	men calling out douchebags
Burning Man	Wasteland Weekend
buying ice	bringing an ice machine
camp elders	camp leads
cancer	full remission
cis/het	enby/aro
Cliff Bar	Eggs Bar
clowns	klowns
complaining how much Burning Man as changed	creating bigger, better, badder art for everyone
crowdfunding art projects	crowdsourcing art projects
crying during Temple burn	crying during DJ sets
Daft Punk at the trash fence	getting trashed with Justin Bieber
deep playa	back streets
destroying White Ocean	destroying Gigsville
Diplo at Questionmark	Disney Night at DPW HEAT
DPW fights at Thunderdome	dinosaur fights at Thunderdome
drinking with celebrities	fucking celebrities
EAP	WAP
eating hot dogs with Skrillex	drinking Jameson with Thomas Jack
First Camp	Sunset Acres
Flaming Lotus Girls	Blazing Lily Gals
free hugs	consent
freeze pops	pickle pops
Frog	Fly
furry pants	chaps
The Gayborhood	stealth gays (you don't know where we are, suckers!)
gift economy	grift economy
The Girl From The Song	Dust & Illusions
hiding from the BLM	hiding from ICE
hippie fishing	hipster fishing
ice pops	iced poppers
internet memes	porta-potty memes
leaving messages on whiteboards	sending text messages
looking at your phone	being present
Madonnapocalypse at Pickle Joint	Crack Is Whack Whitney Party at Mudkippers
MDMA and cuddling	ketamine and anal
midget tossing	fidget spinning
misgendering	asking and trying
misting stations	phone recharging stations
molly	coke — shut up, you know you like it
moop	poop
packing early	not unpacking
party during Exodus	Great Depressurization in Reno
PBR	Malört
pee funnels	Trump's golden shower camp
playa names	playa containers
plug-and-play camps	self-contained biospheres
pooping in a dark porta-potty	having sex in a dark porta-potty
porta-potty quotes from 5 years ago	BRC Weekly jokes from 5 years ago
rave in the desert	corporate retreat in the desert
rebar	lag bolts
Robot Heart	Mayan Warrior
rode hard and put away wet	rode lusty and put away dusty
safety third	safety, word!
Segways	Onewheels
sherpas	ninja disruptors
shirtcocking	rompers
showing up a few days early to set up camp	showing up a month early to build a city
sleeping in an RV	sleeping in the trash tent
smoking pot	cannabis-infused superfoods
Susan Sarandon on LSD	Elon Musk on 8 hours sleep
taking a year off	graduating from Burning Man
taking your kids to BM	your kids taking YOU to BM
talking about BM	D-Lot depression
trash fence party	synthwave
tropical house	mermaids
unicorns	mermaids
veteran burner	seasoned burner
watching movies in deep playa at the Black Rock Bijou	not leaving camp until after Game of Thrones
"We're vegan."	"We're poly."
White Ocean	Rat Trap
White Wednesday	"On Wednesdays we wear pink!"
yurts	Shiftpods

**Contributions by:** Absinthia, Adam Boushard, Adrian Roberts, Andrew Sullivan, The Badger, Buck AE Down, Camron Assadi, Chay Phillips, Chicken John, Coop, Danger Dan, Deborah Windham, Dave Decibel, E-Meal R, Mando, Evi Pippi, Gigi D'Amour, Inna, Jason 1969, Jason Silvero, Luna Crow, Michael Connor, Mortisha, Mos, Penfold, Rusty Blazenhoff, Sachli Ivy, Sarah Montoya, Sarge, Simon of the Playa, SF Slim, DJ Tyme, Weevil McErkinson, Ya-Ya, Zoe Ptalek

# There goes the Gayborhood!

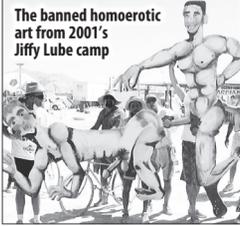
by **CYNDI NOPANTS**

For more than a decade, burners have gotten to explore "the Gayborhood" around the streets at 7:30 — an unsanctioned neighborhood in Black Rock City teeming with LGBTQ+ camps. What most BRC citizens don't know, however, is the quiet debate inside the Burning Man organization (Borg) about its existence... and popularity.

The Borg's Placement Team have had a noble opposition to the formation of so-called "Gayborhood," feeling that the Burning Man ethos of radical inclusion, communal effort, and civic responsibility negates the need for LGBTQ+ camps to band together in one neighborhood, citing that "we are all citizens of Black Rock City." But despite our best efforts as a unified burner community, biases from the Default World have sometimes crept into our radically dusty utopia, necessitating the need for safe spaces like the Gayborhood.

Burning Man has not always been kind to the queers of the playa. 2001 was my "burgin year," when I witnessed law enforcement and Borg officials force a gay camp known as Jiffy Lube to remove an animated art installation of two cartoon men fornicating. Despite this homophobic censorship that alarmed many gay (and "adult") camps, I returned to BRC the following year, and came out of the closet as genderqueer. Instead of radical inclusiveness, I encountered misogyny, transphobia, and a general dismissiveness of my authentic self that left me questioning my burner identity. And like many queer coming out stories, I eventually just stopped coming "home" to Black Rock City.

In 2009, a new camp formed called Gender Blenders. The Placement Team loved the idea of a camp dedicated to exploring gender so much, they decided to place it on the Esplanade, next



The banned homoerotic art from 2001's Jiffy Lube camp

to a large camp of employees from a tech giant whose name may or may not translate to the number one followed by bunch of zeros.

In response to the fledgling camp's seeming unpreparedness, or overwhelmedness, the large tech camp erected a fence between them. For Gender Blenders, that first year was a harsh reality check.

In the years following the Jiffy Lube incident, many LGBTQ+ camps coordinated their placement requests in order to be near each other, for safety, resource sharing, and to uplift each other in a way that only fellow queers can provide. Gender Blenders's sophomore year formed an alliance with Camp Beaverton (aka "the lesbian camp") and both camps quickly aligned with other Queer Burners. By the time I returned to playa in 2011, the Gayborhood was embedded in the 730 sector and both Gender Blenders and Beaverton were thriving amongst, and supported by, many other queer camps.

The Borg's quiet debate about this unsanctioned neighborhood could no longer be contained. Before last year's Burn, partially in response to receiving twice as many placement requests as other sectors, the Placement Team invited a delegation of queer camp leaders from Comfort and Joy, Glamcocks, BAAHS, Astropups, Sun Guardians, Beaverton, and Gender Blenders over to Burning Man

Headquarters, to find out why we felt the need to self-segregate, and what else might be driving camps to our enclave. The Placement Team tried to proclaim that "we are all one," even citing 2015 BRC Census data that showed BRC citizens identifying as LGBTQ+ at a rate of 5 times that of queer mecca San Francisco. The modern day need for the Gayborhood was unclear to them.

The queer delegation countered with personal playa stories such as mine and the early experiences of Gender Blenders, some as recent as the previous year, noting that larger camps and villages, like Comfort and Joy, act as anchors and shelter for smaller queer camps. We cleared up the notion that we wanted all the queers to be rounded up into a "gay ghetto," pointing out that some members of the Queer Burner network, like Burner Buddies, intentionally chose other sectors. We did, however, need a sort of cultural district where we could feel supported, understood, and, most importantly, safe to be ourselves.

Placement Team's AnswerGirl left that meeting with a charge for the heads of other Borg departments: Queers don't always feel safe in Black Rock City, and we need to fix that. Changes to meet that charge have already begun reverberating throughout the Borg.

However, leaders of queer camps are now left wondering what Placement will do with the Gayborhood moving forward. Personally, I believe one of the main reasons nearly 30% of BRC now identifies as "LGBTQ+" is because the existence of the Gayborhood provides burners the freedom to explore the spectrum of gender and sexuality that is not possible for them in the Default World. Therefore, the Queer Burner Leadership Network will continue the charge of gifting this city its "Queer Cultural District."

Cyndi NoPants is one of the camp leaders of Gender Blenders at 7:45 & Eulogy.

# How to get laid at Burning Man

by **DUSTY POET**

Let's be real. If you're coming to the playa and you're single, it would be nice to get laid. You're in one of the most beautiful, most bizarre, most butt-naked places on the planet. Getting booty here would be a beautiful thing — and I'm the one to help you get it. This is my guide on how to get laid at Burning Man, from a guy who has never gotten laid at Burning Man.

"But wait, Dusty?" you ask. "Why should I listen to you? Aren't you uniquely disqualified from being able to speak with any authority on this matter?" To which I say, who needs qualifications? I don't need to have gotten laid to get you laid. That's like requiring a year of experience for an entry level job. I can do this job. I can get you laid. I mean, you're reading

**SEX TIPS** to keep in mind about the Orgy Dome. For one, they won't let you inside just so you can jerk off. I mean, you can do that anywhere. The Orgy Dome is for orgies. Furthermore, you're gonna get a wide variety of people and body types, so this may be a big negative if you're a shallow fuckwad like I am. Finally, you can't go alone. Orgies are more fun with a friend anyway, and so you should do the proper prepwork and bring your own booty. And when you do, bring enough to share with the whole class.

**First things first: Practice good consent**

Don't be "that asshole." Whatever you're doing, always ask before escalating. Even then, it's no secret that some people get mad stoned out here, so let's all be good humans toward our fellow travelers and refrain from taking advantage of those experiencing altered states.

**Keep your parts clean**

Non-negotiable. If you wanna get dirty, you've gotta stay clean. No one wants to rumble in your stinky ass jungle. Wipe your ass. Brush your teeth. Oh and no oral sex after Wednesday. I'm mindful not to get it inside any of your naughty bits. Just like all the dirt in your tent, that shit is gonna be tough to get out.

**How about the Orgy Dome?**

Nope, you can't just show up and get laid. The good folks over at ATOTL (And Then There's Only Love) run a tight ship, and if you want to step into the Orgy Dome's air-conditioned bone zone, you better be qualified. What does it take to get in? I don't know,



You probably won't get in

There are a few things to keep in mind about the Orgy Dome. For one, they won't let you inside just so you can jerk off. I mean, you can do that anywhere. The Orgy Dome is for orgies. Furthermore, you're gonna get a wide variety of people and body types, so this may be a big negative if you're a shallow fuckwad like I am. Finally, you can't go alone. Orgies are more fun with a friend anyway, and so you should do the proper prepwork and bring your own booty. And when you do, bring enough to share with the whole class.

**Be naked**

This works especially well if you're already hot, or you've got the swagger of a hot person, or both. Keep in mind, there's something about playa dust on naked skin that just seems to amplify your innate fuckability. Use this to your advantage. Put on your birthday suit and roll around the dust like you're Scrooge McDuck in Fort Knox. Just be mindful not to get it inside any of your naughty bits. Just like all the dirt in your tent, that shit is gonna be tough to get out.

Of course, getting naked doesn't automatically get you laid (depending on how hot you are) but it certainly sets the tone for your conversation. If you're actively flirting while naked, it's the sexual equivalent of putting out those Costco samples: you're giving the

buyer a taste of what they can expect with purchase. Someone's bound to buy your savory summer sausage or delicious pink taco after all that sampling.

**Be honest**

The Burn is a pretty wild environment where everyone is just a tad sluttier, a claim I am backing with absolutely no evidence. It might be the case that getting laid is simply a matter of asking someone, "Wanna fuck?" And you either get to it or move on. A common reason that people come out here is to do things they wouldn't and/or couldn't otherwise do in the Default World, and one of those things may just be to say "yes" to an attractive stranger's amorous request. Seriously, it's not unheard of.

**No flirting at the Temple**

I mean, you could. But it's just in bad taste. Those people are there to drop their baggage off for a one way trip to eternal entropy, so don't be surprised if someone you're interested in doesn't respond well to your advances, what with all the sobbing.

**Be awesome**

Not to sound all hippy-dippy, but by virtue of being here, something in your life must have gone well. You're a profane wanderer, flirting with chaos in a literal wasteland, hoping to find yourself, or find the answer, or just get really fucking wasted. Either way, you're on a collision course with an important lesson. So step up and be that sexy adventurer who deserves to be here, because that takes confidence, and confidence is hot.

Of course, it can also turn you into an egotistical twat. That's not what I'm going for here. But surely you've met people who move through the world with a panache and personal magnetism that make you say, "This person is on the path to greatness. I wanna fuck them." Be that person. Be that fuckable. Now go get sexed. **BM**

If you want to tell Dusty Poet how full of shit he is, or (less likely) tell him how this advice helped you, stop by Beans Beans the Musical Camp at 9:45 & Eulogy.

# Temple of dead trees

Burners spread loggers' myth that cutting down trees saves forests

by **STEVEN T. JONES aka SCRIBE**

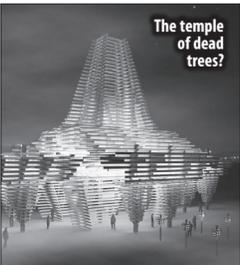
Big art projects at Burning Man often struggle to justify their environmental impacts. Building massive wooden temples at a remote desert festival, just to burn them down after a week, clearly isn't the best ecological option, even though it may be aesthetically or artistically pleasing.

But this year's Temple crew is publicly arguing that we must log the Sierra Nevada's troubled forests in order to help save them. In parroting timber industry arguments for removing "dead and dying trees," these well-intentioned burners are spreading dangerous misinformation about what creates healthy forests.

The Temple was designed to invoke a forest and its crew members say they intend to have conversations about forest issues all week. So as long as they intend to promote such discussions on the playa, read on and inject a bit of realism into their flawed forest lectures.

I've covered forest issues for decades as a journalist and now an environmental advocate, so I'm quite familiar with the argument that logging dying trees helps prevent destructive wildfires. Logging companies make this argument every time there's an opportunity to cut down trees on public lands.

But while this argument may sound logical to some, it just isn't supported by scientific research. The reality is that even the most severe fires are normal and healthy for forests, because they provide essential habitat for many species of wildlife. And not only do these burned forests thrive with life after



The temple of dead trees?

the fire is over, logging the dead trees doesn't actually make fires less severe. In fact, research shows that the dead trees can lead to less severe fires than would otherwise occur.

What "salvage logging" of dead trees does do is destroy forest habitat and help drive the current mass extinction crisis. From the owls and woodpeckers in the tree tops to the various salmon runs that once flourished in West Coast forests, intensive logging of dead trees has done incredible damage to once-thriving forest ecosystems.

Today, the impacts of climate change, a bark beetle infestation, and California's long recent drought have indeed added to tree mortality in the state's forests. Lee Klinger, the "independent scientist" forester behind the Temple 2017 crew's logging arguments, cites a recent U.S. Forest Service estimate that more than 100 million trees in California's forests may be dead.

"This is one of the tasks of the Temple of 2017, to utilize the dead

pinus that have succumb (sic) to pine bark beetle to build the Temple," Klinger wrote on the project website and repeated on a project promotional video, later adding, "Hopefully, the message of this temple will inspire others to take more responsibility in caring for our life-sustaining forests. For me, this temple will be for the trees!"

But logging millions of dead trees in California would destroy life in our forests, not sustain it. Forests are dynamic places, not mere tree farms. The dead trees that Lee wants to see logged provide important habitat for millions of woodland creatures, and when they burn again or decompose, that creates healthy, natural, diverse forests.

Some logging on public lands is necessary to provide defensible space (a few hundred feet) around homes and vital infrastructure. But if there's a problem with the health of our forests, it's the fact that we've logged too many old-growth and other large trees — and that's not a problem we'll solve by logging dead or dying trees. Instead, that only furthers the forest habitat crisis.

At the end of the day, Burning Man and this Temple won't have a huge impact on California's forests. But perpetuating timber industry myths to justify the building of a massive bonfire could hurt the cause of smart, science-based forest management long after Temple 2017 has turned to ash. **BM**

Steven T. Jones, aka Scribe, is the author of *The Tribes of Burning Man: How an Experimental City in the Desert is Shaping the New American Counterculture and a media specialist with the Center for Biological Diversity.*

# 6 types who ruin BM

continued from cover

They hail primarily from New York, Miami, and Los Angeles, but swear that "Berghain is home." Although he has been studying the German Rosetta Stone for approximately one day, at any given moment, Leo, from Miami, can be heard asking, "Wo ist die techno?" To which Jerry, from the Bronx, replies, "You gotta stop with the fucking German techno, bro! I told you I only know how to say 'Romanian DJ' and 'warehouse'."

They don't bring bicycles because they think the desert has Uber Black readily available to take them from camp to camp. They can be seen miserably moping around their camping grounds, trying to locate Chris Liebing's bald head in a sea of colorful galactic unicorns. They attend the Lee Burridge sunrise set at Robot Heart, only to fall asleep on the ground, saying, "It put me to sleep, dude. Where's Function or Anthony Parasole when you need them?"

## 3. The One-Percenters

When they're not preoccupied with hogging 99 percent of the world's wealth, the one-percenters flee to Black Rock City to seek solitude from their butlers and assistants. Their festival entry methods include flying in a TAO Group investor's chartered private jet and hogging the Nevada freeways in RVs equipped with reverse-osmosis Fiji water showers and Egyptian cotton mattresses. Their favorite DJs include former Miami Heat star turned DJ Roy Seikaly, Behrouz, and Guy Gerber. Their attire entails baseball caps stitched with "Mykonos fucks Ibiza" slogans, hooded Louis Vuitton scarves embroidered with llama fur, and body suits with matching moon boots sprayspainted by Mr. Brainwash and Alec Monopoly.

During the day, you can find these one-percenters carrying around the ashes of Albert Hofmann in a Cartier



The author, trying not to be "that asshole" on the bullhorn

Inclusion, Self-Expression, Participation, and Immediacy. That's FOUR of the Ten Principles right there!

Done wrong, you can really do some damage to a person/camp/neighborhood by spewing mommy issues out your pie-hole, poorly disguised as "wit". Making someone cry is not entertaining — it's mean, and it lets everyone within earshot know you have some deep, dark issues and need to grow the fuck up. Do you really want to announce that over a megaphone? No, you don't. **BM**

If you want to hear Mortisha and her campmates in action, they're at P3 Oasis (celebrating ten years on the playa!) at 7:15 & Genulfert, or catch them cruising around on the Thugboat art car.

## 4. The Jaded and Afraid

The Jaded and Afraid are the veterans of Burning Man. Horrified about Burning Man's growing popularity, they will incessantly tell you that 1996 was the year "everything ended." They regularly gripe in the Burning Man Facebook community groups that the quality of people continues to get worse, and the culture has been ruined by the arrival of "the kids," "the rich," and Skrillex.

These disgruntled men and women drag in their own generators and pink flamingos from their homes in Reno, Nevada, and spend their days on the playa stationed near their 1976 Volvo wagon, sipping on lukewarm beer and puffing on spliffs. They hate house and techno, sneer at groups of costumed partiers running to the Maceo Plex set, and fervently believe that songs without guitars don't qualify as "real" music. "Show me somebody who can play an instrument, on a stage, live — that's what I call talent," they growl whenever they hear someone playing anything by The Chainsmokers.

## 5. The Stardust Vagabonds

These non-GMO, organic raw vegan souls make it to Burning Man because the universe guided them there. Constellations served as their Google Maps, and the moons of Saturn sent their brains pulsating cosmic signals to head in the direction of Nevada. They call Burning Man the only place they belong, forgetting that just last week, during the solar eclipse, they claimed that Big Summit Prairie in the middle of Oregon was their "real home."

These nonconformist dust-dwellers are what would happen if a Carl Sagan quote came to life, destroyed all their neurotransmitters by doing too much ayahuasca, and mutated. The Stardust Vagabonds don't believe in soap, footwear, or basic hygiene, but they do believe that the dandruff from their unwashed scalps yields healing properties more effective than modern medicine. They will try to convince you that your third eye caught conjunctivitis after you touched the railings at Diplo's last set, and that you should say "almond milk" three times in the mirror for a cure.

Starglight Vagabonds single-handedly kept rave toy companies in business, and can be seen flashing their light-up respirator masks and LED batons while hula-hooping to a Bassnectar or Infected Mushroom



The Stardust Vagabonds

set played out of their hemp seed speakers. They spend their days at the festival practicing sun salutations, masturbating with coconut oil, and warning about the health hazards of drinking from plastic water bottles — but will cheerfully snort ketamine off shi-stained portapotties when the feeling strikes them. They bring their children to orgy domes on the playa to expand their minds, and will whip anyone with an intense stick for disobeying any of the Ten Principles of Burning Man. Oh, and they ask orgasming on the playa "dusting a nut."

## 6. The Flummoxed Europeans

These adventurous Europeans somehow score a Burning Man ticket through a friend of an Ibiza dealer's girlfriend's buddy who runs a nightclub deep in Italy. On their magical journey to the Playa, they take seventeen buses, a boat, a taxi, and Noah's Arc, but once they get there, they have no idea what to do and end up more confused than Ten Walls' agent after he somehow manages to book his client a gig. Completely unprepared, they show up with a bag the size of a pre-schooler's lunch box and forget to pack a toothbrush and toilet paper. A bright-eyed family from a commune in Seattle may end up "adopting" them, letting them mooch off their food, drinks, and shelter. But the Euros will inevitably leave their cigarettes and trash lying around, which will result in an attack from The Stardust Vagabonds, who bum-rush the Europeans in order to take revenge, brandishing their light-up toys, beaded dreadlocks violently flopping in the wind.

The Flummoxed Europeans aren't happy with Burning Man's current DJ lineup, which includes parties and stages with names like Intergalactic Sasquatch and the Automatic Subconscious. If it were up to them, they'd be chain smoking Marlboro Lights as Jamie XX or James Blake floats down from the sky with another cigarette or a nutella croissant. **BM**

You can follow Austin Gebbia on Twitter at @austin\_gebbia and on Instagram at @dear\_morni

# LINGO

**acute Reno failure** when your health diagnosis is so bad that medical Ramparts has to send you to Reno

**AirBurn** another term for turnkey or plug-and-play camps, where one's camp is set up for them in advance by entrepreneurial burners

**Black Rock bottom** no, it's not most of the residents of the Gayborhood; it's what you hit when your life has finally unraveled completely on the playa

**Black Rock bottom feeder** one who takes advantage, usually sexually, of strung-out burners at their worst

**blowing your fun load** when one has parted so hard the day or night before, that they end up missing a big event because they're sleeping it off

**bowling for darkwads** a game played on the playa where one runs into and knocks down a group of people who are not illuminated at night, to teach them a lesson that they need to wear lights, i.e., don't be a darkwad

**brightwad** the opposite of a darkwad; someone who lights themselves up with so many blinkies at night, that they are blinding; see also enlightenment

**burnacle** a person who isn't camping with you, but keeps lingering around your camp, and somehow won't stop hanging around you or your campmates

**chappasm** when you finally find chap stick and save the sweet bliss that befalls your lips upon application

**CK aka Calvin Klein** slang term for doing cocaine and ketamine at the same time

**clusterfluffed** what happens when Build Week has exhausted you, yet you get unexpectedly rejuvenated and recharged by a gaggle of beautiful "fluffers" with water misters and snacks

**Eek!** slang term for doing Ecstasy and ketamine at same time

**enlightenment** when someone is so lit up at night that they are blinding to the eye; see also brightwad

**FAFFing** when someone can't seem to leave camp because they keep "Fucking Around For Fucking Forever"

**fippe** fucking hippie

**frunkerburned** when your camp gets moved by the Placement Team to the Esplanade

**Gate screw** what you do when the line to enter Black Rock City is so long, that you end up finding a creative way to pass the time that connects you deeply with, well... whoever happens to be stuck in the vehicle with you

**glitter stallion** a sexy, often gay, male burner who sports the traditional "sparkle pony" look — buffed body, hot pants, glitter, furry boots, etc. — yet actually helps build camp

**homo fomo** fear of missing out on a fabulous gay party (or even just gay sex) in the Gayborhood

**jackpotty** finding a porta-potty that has toilet paper, doesn't smell, and is not full of shit; it's like winning the porta-potty jackpot!

**line tasting** no, it's not sampling various flavors of powdered drugs; it's when you're not sure if the line to wait for something is worth it, so you interview the people exiting in order to make a more informed decision

**molly and chill** the new playa date

**moop suit** a playa costume that sheds or falls apart easily, creating moop

**no-friends Monday** the day you try to break down camp and end up getting into fights with all your campmates

**playa fill-in** your temporary playa boyfriend or girlfriend when your significant other back home can't attend Burning Man that year

**poop envy** when a constipated burner is envious of another burner's successful bowel movements

**porta party** what happens when an art car with a DJ, sound system, and lights pulls up to a bank of porta-potties

**procrastisocializing** when you go and visit other people's camps instead of staying and building your own

**schwaggot** derogatory term for a person who gifts you unwanted schwag

**security blanket packer** someone who overpicks, in order to feel safe about camping in the middle of nowhere

**snarkhole** a snarky burner's mouth

**specialoccasionitis** having expectations set too high due to something being a "special occasion"

**specticipating** a spectator who insists that they are "participating" simply because they managed to show up

**surprise burner** a burner who scores a last-minute ticket and shows up unexpectedly at your camp

**The Zombie Shuffle** the type of dance people do at a typical sunrise party at Robot Heart out in deep playa

**tripper trap** a glittery or blinking piece of artwork on the playa, of dubious artistic merit, whose main purpose seems to only be to lure burners tripping on drugs to gather around and stare at it

**Contributions by:** Adrian Roberts, Free Fall, Jupiter Gatling, Lobsterdust, Moran, St. Nick, Sarge, Tapout, DJ Tyme, Ya-Ya