Brazilians

breaking you

car window

bucket listers

Burning Man

buying coffee

camera phones

cans of La Croix

celebrity hunting

Center Camp

cheating on

your partner

your Facebook

vitamin water

that talk to you

cuddle puddles

at the trash fence

drinking unlabeled

liquids given to you

DPW Parade

by a stranger

early arrival

EmergenC

Esplanade

a good time

fire spinning

frying bacon

fuck your burn

getting tied up

with too many

playa projects

Highway 447

"it was better

"it's not my job,

it's just my turn'

Jerry's Kids

to bartend

knowing how

leaving before Burn Night

life-altering decisions

legal weed

on the playa

lost tooth at

loud raves

mooping

morning with friends

Mayan Warrior

light shows

predictable

Matt Bellamy (Muse)

ODing on the playa

Onulent Temple's

packaged costumes

Paris Hilton on

the Icarus art car

participating in

only one camp

personalizing

plava names

Robot Heart

Saturday nigh

(Burn Night)

shirt-cockers

staying woke

steampunk

smoker's voice

snorting cocaine

sunrise salutations

Tokyo's Golden Gai

at Yoga Camp

traffic citation

trampolines

trash fence

trolling

utensils

at Eggs Bar

WhatWhereWhen

wristbands from

yelling at people

in regular clothes

other festivals

Tree of Ténéré

turnkey camps

Ted Talks

at sunrise

community bikes

professional "models"

public misting areas

pee jugs

next year"

Grand Sierra Resort

hoping to get a signal

"Fuck off, Ranger!"

electric scooters

cultural appropriation cultural fusion

cold beer

car wrecks

half of a 747 jet

explicitly verbal-

Germans

lifers

Burn.life

BRC Lockout

3/4 of a 747 jet

an actual burning

man (too soon?)

coffee kegs

SodaStream

Great Train Wreck

celebrity apathy

communicating

coconut water

creepy puppets

hugs for bumps

Gayte Pride

drinking labeled

by a campmate

late clean-up

OneWheels

back streets

a good time

fire flogging

frying octopus

"Go fuck your-

self, compliance!"

unfuck your burn

getting tied up

Surprise Valley Rd.

making it better

"they can't fire

Larry's Kids

to weld

knowing how

leaving before

medicinal cocaine

figuring that shit

out back home

lost prosthetic

at Playa Info

silent discos

moop shaming

Jared Leto at

Heavy Petting

carrying around

a Náloxone gun

Camp ?uestion

mark's predict-

work clothes that

you welded in

Paris Hilton in

the Orgy Dome

polycampory

poo bags

reclaiming

community bikes

vour robot name

professional escorts

public fisting areas

Bubbles & Bass

Saturday night

(Early Arrival)

corset-cockers

nitrous voice

having cocaine

going to sleep

steamdisco

sunrise saline

candy raves

(7:15 & B/C)

bag at Rampart

BRC's Golden Guy

probation violation

on Highway 447

stripper poles

burn perimeter

Tree of Life

collectives

tortilla chips

"Surprise Me"

at Fandango Bar

ShouldaCoulda

wristbands from

Woulda

med tents

saying hi to

everyone

Contributions by: Admiral Painjoy, Adrian

A Roberts, Andie Grace, Andrew Sullivan,

Chay Phillips, Dave Decibel, Diva Marisa, DJ

Tyme aka Doug, Eveline Darroch, Jason1969, Jeff Ross, Jennie Kay, Jupiter Gatling, Just W

Wright, Kanizzle, Kurt Larson, Kusin Pete, Liz

Rood, Matt Matt, Mike Smith, Sachi Ivy, Tim

Walker, Torrey Pines Smith, Whatley

rolling

stocking up at Walmart Amazon Prime

blown up your ass

at sunrise

able lineup

Gate opens

at Suspended

Animation

Pedialyte

liquids given to you

Polaroids

've been going to this **goofy dirt rave** for over 20 years now non-stop and I've done almost everything you can do out here at one point or another. But ya wanna know what I've done a fucking AWESOME job of every time? Not fucking dying at Burning Man. I crush at that shit. So far, I have both a black belt and a Nobel prize in not dying at Burning Man. I'm fucking

gifted that way. **SURVIVAL TIPS** A long time ago, when half of you were still in high school negotiating either side of a nervous finger bang administered across the emergency brake of your parent's Ford Focus, the ticket for Burning Man wasn't some highly designed miniature art piece full of foils, holograms and embossed UFO death cult symbols. It used to look just like a regular-ass ticket to go see Blue Oyster Cult play at some hockey rink or whatever. (See right.) The only difference was it came with the ominous warning YOU VOLUNTARILY ASSUME THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY OR **DEATH BY ATTENDING.** Now mind you, this wasn't iammed on the back like it is now in 4-point type in a raft of legalese. That shit was on the FRONT of the ticket in bigger type than the name of the

for laughs.

Safety third! Let me give you an example: Once I built a bar for the Black Hole that was basically just an 8x8 wooden box built out of some bullshit we were too lazy to burn the year before. At some point, we thought it would be a cool idea to put a roof on it so we could get on top of this piece of shit, which we did. The problem was that we ran out of lumber, effectively leaving a 4-foot gap that anyone not paying attention could easily drop right through and directly down on the head of the unsuspecting bartender below. The

goddamn event itself. And with good

this shit-show is now, back in the '90s

virtually anything could potentially kill

built cartoonishly more dangerous just

you out here. In fact, shit used to be

reason. As dangerous as you think

solution? Fill the gap with a roll of razor wire we had laying around. By making the thing more terrifyingly and visibly dangerous, we decreased the likelihood any one would even go near the gap.

All of this makes sense when you understand that Burning Man was partially an outgrowth of The Cacophony Society, which itself was an outgrowth of something called The **Suicide Club**. The Suicide Club was an extreme urban explora-

tion group that among other things climbed bridges and did all kinds of goofy stuff. But at least one component of being in the Suicide Club meant actively courting danger as a way of feeling more alive. Less interesting people achieve the same thing by going on roller coast-



most dangerous art festival?

Burning Man is dangerous on purpose, which is ironic considering now completely and reflexively litigation-adverse the event itself is as an organization. Danger is fun though. Danger keeps your senses sharp. Being surrounded on all sides by wonky contraptions built by cracked-out amateurs barely functioning within even their own poorly-considered design parameters will keep you alert and on your toes, regardless of how much you whacked yourself over the head with drugs or alcohol.

There are reasonable people that have made a perfectly valid argument that the attempts to make Burning Man safer have lulled people into a false sense of security, thereby decreasing their situational awareness, and in effect making the place even more dangerous. They aren't wrong. So how do you NOT die at

Burning Man while still whooping it up in a way that makes you feel like the \$2000+ you spent being here was worth every penny? Well, it's easier than you think.

Before I got sucked in to paying off my community service through the Gate. Perimeter and Exodus department, my alma mater out here was **Gigsville**, which has a rich history going back two decades as being a group of incredibly smart people who take immense joy in doing incredibly stupid things. Our first mayor, Mayor Jim - the George Washington of bad ideas as a cultural touchstone - laid down one simple rule, The Whole of the Law if you will, for not dying at Burning Man.

"ONLY DO ONE STUPID

THING AT A TIME. That's it. That's the whole ballgame. Everything that's really fun to do out here is commensurately dangerous. Which is perfectly fine if you don't combine two or more of any of these activities. You can't multi-task more than one dumb idea at a time out here and not expect there to be consequences. You weren't

that smart before. And the last 4 or 5 days of heat exhaustion, sleep deprivation, malnutrition, and shoving every powdered or pill-shaped thing you found on the ground in your head like a goddamn toddler sure as hell didn't make you any smarter or more agile. At this point, you've likely got the motor skills of a 30-year-old push lawnmower and sloth-like reaction time. It's gonna take everything you've got right now to just monotask getting through heating up a Tasty Bite on the windshield of your car. So let's not try and be a hero, okay? Dedicate the totality of your attention on one act of idiocy at a time, and your odds of survival are going to fucking skyrocket.

If you do this shit right, you're gonna walk out of this desert alive AND have a bunch of barely believable stories that will get better every time you tell them, right up till the day some boring asshat that never did fuck-all is calling bullshit on you in the day room of a nursing home. At least you'll have lived to tell them.

Anonymous veteran burner in the comfort

of their air-conditioned RV, working on their

laptop instead of

Get off your lawn!

BURNING

MEH

by JUPITER GATLING

went to Burning Man once. I hated it. (I even made a sticker that sums up my feelings – see below.)

So I went again, to try to like it .. and it worked! Why? Because I finally figured out just how to enjoy this **pretentious festival** that caters to the extremely rich and the spiritually adventurous - even when you are neither of those things

It was a balmy night in the Black Rock Desert – a place that tries to kill you 24/7 - when I asked my campmates, all veteran burners, to

go out on some adventures. Veteran #1 was too tired from DJing, because it's an excruciatingly hard job, and all the fist-bumping must have worn them out. Veteran #2 was at another camp of veteran burners, talking about how all the previous burns were better,

and that all those clueless newbies should get off their lawn. The veterans in the other RV had mentally left the planet hours ago, and obviously were not going anywhere. But then there was Veteran #3, who had just enough energy to bike to the Man with me, but turned back halfway there, when she realized she'd already been there.

Getting rid of baggage

There I was, all alone in the middle of the desert, yet suddenly excited to find my own sort of fun. At that very moment, an art car stopped by, and I hitched a ride so I could dance on their pole like the figurehead of a manga mecha pirate ship from the future. Scared away by thumpy rave music, I eventually escaped into the side streets. I eventually made my way into the darkness, looking to eat all the food Deep Playa could provide. As I slurped a noodle soup at sunrise, a stranger in a hat sat down next to me and asked how my burn was going, just as I started to finally enjoy Burning Man. "I'm having a great time on my own," I said between chomping down the noodles. "My campmates are all veterans, and veteran burners suck because they're so used to everything here, they forget to

While I was cycling back to my bed in the purple light of dawn, I came to realize just how much truth there was in the words I just blatantly threw at that stranger's head and why my previous burn had sucked so much: I had come here with a group of overly-prepared, unexcited, iaded people, who were merely going through the motions. They were so focused on smoothly surviving Burning Man, that it got in the way of experiencing Burning Man. They always told me "Burning Man sucks, don't do," and all the reasons why, so by the time I got here, I couldn't see why I was here either.

Forcing the fun

I recognized that instead of trying to be like them, **THEY needed to be like ME.** They went through all the hardship of moving their shit to Black Rock City, paying tons of money for

their ticket, the travel, and the equipment - but then seemed to only hang out at camp during the day and in Deep Playa at night. But there's so much more to Burning Man than the schedule they'd gotten used to for so many years.

Therefore, I made it my project for the week to get the veteran I'm fucking to have fun with me at Burning Man. Each morning, I whipped out the WhatWhereWhen CouldaShouldaWoulda guide and scanned it for things that

sounded enticing, filtering for food and alcoholic activities, thus leaving out anything that sounded spiritual or hippie-esque. After a lengthy discussion of how they didn't believe that a certain event would even be hap-

pening because, "it's **Burning Man,"** I finally got their cute ass on a bike - just to be ditched a few blocks later because they whined "it's too hot." [Editor's note: This WAS one of the hottest days on record in Black Rock City.]

So instead, I continued on with another burgin from our camp, and we had a lovely afternoon - granted, indeed, the thing we were going to didn't actually happen because... well, it IS Burning Man. But we still had a good time hanging out there. I returned to camp to find my lame-ass love sitting naked on the bed of our air-conditioned RV, glued to a laptop. "What the fuck did you even come to Burning Man for?" I exclaimed.

Why are you even here? And this is a valid question for all you veterans out there: What are you here for? Why do you keep coming? Take a moment to step back and

think: Do you still pull all-nighters with strangers, try new drugs in new costumes, visit "minutes on the map" you've never been to? Or are you just coming to **fill your lovalty card and ge** a dusty macchiato with every 10th burn, trying to manage this shit with the least amount of effort, and just look ing forward to the shower in Reno as soon as you put your goggles on?

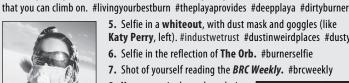
Look, let a jaded know-it-all-thirdyear-just don't-call-me-a-burner tell vou: GET OFF YOUR OWN LAWN Maybe it was better for you in the good ol' times, before all the noobs and sparkle ponies showed up, but this is the new reality of Burning Man. Get yourself infected again with the curiosity, excitement, and stupidity of those you think know nothing and try to actually experience this thing in the

> desert you kinda love but mostly hate. Leave your camp during the day, get yourself into consensual trouble and let it go – you didn't come here to say no! Put on your glittery captain hat, pack your ayahuasca tea, and saddle your fur-covered bike. Or get in a golf cart, like the stranger in a hat I met at sunrise, who - as I discovered when visiting the Burning Man exhibition in Reno afterwards - turned out to be Larry Harvey... the ultimate

Top 10 Instagram Spots in BRC

the playa "hot spots," or staying for the entire week but will be way too fucking high most of the time, we've got you covered! If you're an "influencer," this list is all you'll need to make sure you're covered, so you can blast your socials with the perfect images (and perfect hashtags) of you at Burning Man to impress your followers!

1. First stop: Selfie with the actual **Burning Man.** Look excited! #welcomehomebitches #ttitd #thankslarry #playamiracle **2.** Selfie at the **Temple.** Look pensive and deep in thought. #thirdeyewoke #playamagic #timetoburn #wearthehat 3. Hands up in the air on an art car (like Paris Hilton, right). #sparkleponyrealness #burnergirls #playalove #burntAF 4. On top of any random art installation in Deep Playa























by ZZZ & KOOKIE BITCH





Burning Man pass basically like a Default World "hall pass," where your otherwise monogamous significant other gives you a "pass" for you to hook up with someone in Black Rock City

and crispy and sunburnt

camplicated complications

D-lotted BRC slang term for "rejection," as in, "He checked his phone during dinner on our first date, so I

Fuck This Shit Friday the day a total meltdown; one is emotionally,

grasslighting when cops ask you if you have any marijuana on you, and you utterly deny it, over and over... even when you completely reek of weed

more fun than showing up in BRC unannounced and making your friends (who've been on a three-day bender) wonder if you're

you don't have a base camp, you might actually find yourself sleeping under, on, or inside some of the art installations

exhilarating. Make no mistake, going to Burning Man last minute with not much food, water, or even a base camp, is pretty fucking stupid and borderline ridiculous. But, gawdammit, it's fun to let loose and be a little reckless once in a while. Wheee! BRC



outside of my backpack, I had carabiners connecting a mini travel pillow and an ultra-thin sleeping bag. But that was pretty much all I brought. It was both terrifying and exhilarating at

the same time. I thought to myself: this is either the best idea I've ever had, or the worst. Wasn't sure yet.

I made the trip up, rolled into my old camp, and everyone was just FLOORED. It was like they were seeing a ghost. No one was able to comprehend how I made this possible. To my good fortune, I had forgotten they had a spare tent set up for trash, so I ended up sleeping next to dusty trash bags. But even on my way in to Black Rock City, I was already scoping out potential comfy spots to pass out.

That trip ended up being one of the most memorable experiences in my life. There's just something so freeing about doing a major trip with hardly any planning or preparation, just following your instincts and doing it. I had never felt so empowered. I'm not sure this is something I'd ever do again, but I definitely think it's something everyone should do once in their life. You really learn a lot about yourself when you take away all the things you think you need, trust in yourself, and make the seemingly impossible possible.

Burning Man At The Last Fucking Minute With Pretty Much No Planning Is Kinda Actually An Awesome Idea 1. It's cheap as fuuuuuck. Burning Man is EXPENSIVE. All the food, gear, and clothing adds up! I sav FUCK IT! Gimme a bottle of

8 Reasons Why Going To

Jameson, a fannypack full of protein bars. a bottle of Ambien, and I'll figure out the rest. 2. Planning just takes, like, sooooo

much time. Since when did fun become SO. MUCH, WORK? Life shouldn't be this hard!

3. Packing SUCKS! Do we really need "ALL

THE THINGS?" I say BURN THEM ALL! You'd be surprised how freeing it is to not be attached to so much. Give minimalism a try. It's so hawt right now. 4. Freeeeedoooom! When you don't

have all those THINGS dragging you down, or a base camp to call home, you will feel free as a bird to follow your heart wherever it takes you. CA-CAW! 5. FWF. Fuck. With. Friends. Nothing is

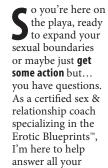
real or a figment of their imaginations. **6. Oh, the art you will see!** Because when

7. It's a challenge! Nothing truly rewarding ever comes easy. It's fun to look back and think "Wow, I can't believe I did that!"

8. And it's fun! So, almost dying is KINDA

Sex in BRC? Ask a playa sexpert

Dy STEPHANIE THE SEXPEKT



"burning" ques-

tions! (I'll also be hosting a workshop at the BRC Weekly camp at 6:15 & HAL on Wednesday from 2-3:30 PM.)

Dry & dusty leads to sore & crusty

I was told to expect only one thing at Burning Man, and that's to get dusty! But how am I supposed to get down and dirty when it's so dry and dusty? - Dry & Dusty

Dear Dry & Dusty: Two things you must do: stay clean and stay lubricated. If possible, take a shower. If not, baby wipes are going to be your bestie. Coconut oil is an amazing lubricant!

Remembering Larry

In 2014, my camp was involved

in setting up and volunteering in the

"Souk" Man Base, and my duty was

to greet people. Dressed in the belly-

dance costume I wore to perform at

the grand opening, I stood inside the

entrance to our shop offering visitors

with them a little, or making sure that

no one was smoking, which was forbid-

den inside the entire Souk area due to

the flammable cloths draped over the

stalls. At one point, a rather elegant

coat walked in holding a lit cigarette.

smoking inside the Souk and chastised

him for not even carrying a jar with

him to collect ash. "This is my shop!"

argued with me as I "burnersplained"

MOOP, and even the special rules of

the Souk, and threatened to have him

removed from the area ... that is, until

the principles of Leave No Trace,

my campmate, Coco Raiser, physi-

he replied a little too loudly, and

man in a silk turban and brocade

I informed him of the rule against

a platter of honey sticks, or chatting

Larissa Archer, Man Base volunteer

continued from cover



use on the playa. Aloe Cadabra and Uber Lube are great brands worth checking out. Orgasmless on the playa I can't seem to "connect" with my partner.

He always cums but I can't climax! There

are so many weird smells, my body feels dry and gross, and everything is a mess in our RV. I can't even! How can he cum with all this going on and I can't? - Orgasmless Dear Orgasmless: Please accept my

sympathy for the loss of your big O. I might be hallucinating, but it seems like you can't get out of your head in this crazy atmosphere. My recipe for success: smells, touches, and tastes all need to feel alluring so that you can get out of your head, stop thinking about that dry dust, and start

Man in the Turban?

gracious after, and we both laughed.

"naughty," disregarding the Principles

he himself helped formulate to mini-

mize the negative effects of the Burn

on the pristine desert flat. I hope he

understood how grateful we are for

Have you ever seen Larry Harvey

dressed up? Unlike most people at

Burning Man, you'd rarely catch him

hat. But back in 2016, I had the plea-

sure of doing Larry's makeup for Day

of the Dead in San Francisco. To fin-

had never had his hair and makeup

this crazy thing he started.

Ya-Ya, BRC Weekly staff

He agreed that he'd been quite

cally removed

and hissed the

man's name

in my ear. Of

course, it was

Larry himself.

the Man in

the Turban

instead of a

Hat. He was

me from the

discussion

lights to make your bed appealing and relaxing, frozen grapes to awaken your taste buds with a cold treat, precious **stones** to set the good energy vibes, and essential oils to create SEX ADVICE

enticing smells. Now you can stop thinking about all those distractions, start feeling the moment, and get that big O!

Burgins Not Virgins

I'm a kinky motherfucker who loves to fuck! Me and my bros hooked up with mad bitches at Coachella but everyone tells me Burning Man is different, whatever. Any tips for getting laid at Burning Man that I might not already know? - Horny Burgin

Dear Horny Burgin: The most important thing to know is that you still (and always) need consent on playa! CONSENT IS SEXY! Don't be a creep. Also, don't be an asshole. Be a nice guy! Sweetness goes a long way in the hot salty desert. Also, don't go looking for sex/kink camps on playa. They don't exist. The Orgy Dome is a myth. Total myth! Sorry to pop your bubble :-(If this is what you were looking for, maybe stick with **Brochella**. BRC

(Bureau of Erotic Discourse)

participation. We walked with the procession in the Mission and we talked about how different cultures honor the dead. A few months later, Larry announced the theme for that year's Burning Man would be Radical Ritual.

Over the years, I met Larry Harvey a handful of times. The most memorable was at the Burn in 2007. It was late one evening, as I wandered back to camp with my co-pilot of mischief that night. Along my route were my friends at the Piss Clear newspaper camp. The lights were on and a few people were hanging out in their shade structure. I decided to drop in and say hi for a bit. That night, Larry Harvey was there, chatting with everyone. I'm not sure what came over me - maybe it was the night of fun, or not being completely sober - but as I sat there talking to Larry, I thought, he needs a big thank you for this wearing anything other then his famous wonderful place. So I asked, "Can I kiss you?" Larry smiled, and said yes. So I kissed Larry – not a peck, but **a full-on** legitimate "thank you for everything" ish his look, I added gel to his hair. He kiss. I wandered home shortly after

Gigi D L'amour, B.E.D.

done before, but he knew **the power of** And yes, **he was a decent kisser.**

back-burnered when the Placement Team moves your longestablished theme camp from a prime

spot in BRC to a far-away back street **Bikeaggedon** the bicycle crisis of 2017 when thousands of bikes were left

abandoned on the playa after the event burnerpreneur a burner who has figured out a way to make money off of

other burners and Burning Man culture burning ham a nudist who hasn't applied enough sunscreen and is red

event for jaded burners

relationships within a camp

D-lotted his ass." Derived from the

elaborate vaping contraption late in the week when one usually has

physically, and spiritually drained

constantly tells a Larry Harvey story or something about the time they met or interacted... but now over-embellishes the significance postmortem **Incel Adams** any middle-aged

male who, in their 10+ year history of attending Burning Man, has never gotten laid, but has a vast photo portfolio of nude participants, since the only thing anywhere close to sexual activity this beardy white dude has ever engaged in is his surreptitious photog-

"it's Burning Man" standard allpurpose excuse for anything that goes wrong or not as planned on the playa

jabberwalky random person who strolls into your camp, talks for 1-3 hours non-stop, then asks for a ride on your mutant vehicle

it this way" the brand-new allpurpose excuse for anything that goes wrong or not as planned on the playa

your BRC art project, thinking that it sucks, but it's too late to bail out on it **playa-tech** subgenre of tech-house

the sound of a quarter stuck in a washing machine with slight overtones of robot farts and some flutes

playarreah what happens when you shit foam due to dehydration, malnutrition, and excessive drug intake

words, undercover cops radical winning doing something

much stuff, people ask if you're moving scrippy-flippin' mixing one's

est, snarkiest person in your camp

sparkle disaponyment the feeling one gets when trying to train a fellow campmate to be a good burner,

stealth ticket the extra ticket one has, but doesn't want anyone else to know, so as not to alienate any friends

stooligan someone who vandalizes a porta-potty

the Turdis more Black Rock City slang for "porta-potty"

laying down on the playa, in danger of getting run over by an art car whippipheny an important realiza-

the throes of inhaling nitrous oxide

zombie walk when one stumbles back to camp in the heat of day, still wearing a fur coat from the night

Contributions by: Admiral Painjoy, Adrian A Roberts, Bryan Finch, Desiree Tavera, Diva Marisa, DJ Tyme aka Doug, HPZ Josh, W. Wright, Matt Heck, Matt Matt, Matt





































Burning Meh the name of the

resulting from troubled interpersonal

campnesia when one is so intoxicated or otherwise hampered that they can't recall where their camp is

D-Lot, the impound area for mutant vehicles banned from driving in BRC douche flute someone's

Harvey brag when someone

raphy of naked burners

"Larry would have wanted

major art attack anxiety about

made popular at Robot Heart; emulates

POOP People Out Of Place. In other

really really awesome at Burning Man recreational moving slang term for going to BRC, in which you pack so

regular psych meds with MDMA shit sauna slang for "porta-potty" snarkle pony the funniest, sassi-

but then they come out here and still end up turning into a sparkle pony

while deciding who shall get it

ticket troll someone who posts in Burning Man comment threads desperate pleas of "still looking for a ticket!"

turdbump passed-out darkwad

tion that comes to you, but only within

Won't Call Ticketing the area in Gerlach in front of Bruno's where all the "looking for a miracle" hippies gather

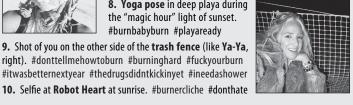
before, after partying past sunrise at Robot Heart with no bike and no water

Jason1969, JohnJohn, Jupiter Gatling, Just Werner, Simon Gold, Tapout, Torrey Pines

ompiled by the *BRC Weekly* staff, here's a handy checklist of all the best Instagram spots in Black Rock City. Whether you're just flying in for the day and want to hit all









on Facebook, messaging everyone I

knew. To my shock and surprise, I

found one within a couple hours! Yes,

there really IS a final wave of available

But with my friends already gone,

I had no ride. But then I remembered

something about a **Burner Bus** from

Reno. I looked it up, and seats were

still available! So now I had a ticket

When I went the previous year,

we spent probably eight months pre-

this into a couple of days?" Well, first

things first, you need to dramatically

condense. What do you really need?

sleep. I remembered seeing people

passed out in hammocks, bean bag

or wherever, and thought, "Well

can do it, I can do it.'

chairs, art installations, Center Camp,

maybe if I get drunk enough, I won't

care where I pass out. If a dirty hippie

In regards to food, I remem-

that I never even ate most the food

I brought anyway. So I figured if I

brought a bunch of protein bars, that

would probably be enough to wing it.

From there, I filled my backpack with

as much water and booze as I could.

From what I remember, I probably

only had enough room for a shirt,

pants, a thermal long sleeve shirt, a

coat, my goggles, a dust mask, and a

super dirty and gross. Why do I need

any more clothes than that? On the

headlamp. I figured WTF -- we all get

bered that everyone shared so much

Food, water, booze, and somewhere to

and a way to get there - but what

tickets, sold by people who flake out

at the last possible minute.

about all the other stuff?

paring for Burning Man.

I thought to myself, "How

am I going to cram all of