

I remember when...

... the theme of every other camp wasn't "Get Drunk Here!"

... Black Rock City was so isolated you felt like you were on the moon.

... you didn't have a Prom Committee telling you the theme of Burning Man.

... there was art for fuck's sake.

... Burning Man was a koan, not a "community."

... you could burn things. When you were expected to burn things, when burning things was considered "cool."

... "gift" was a noun.

... Maid Marian was just Larry's girlfriend.

... naked people seemed interesting.

... we all weren't part of Harvey's Great Social Experiment.

... there was this guy named John Law. Anyone remember John Law? I was sure there used to be someone named John Law...

— Shaft of Gigsville

... there were no scheduled events.

... the only loud music you heard was techno. Oh wait, it still is...

... nobody did yoga.

... art cars were unique.

... playa names weren't required.

... Princess Diana died, and we all thought it was a playa hoax.

... playa gifts were genuine surprises.

... the Black Rock Desert seemed really far away.

... flying the American flag was cool.

... the Empire store didn't cater to Burners.

... that satellite crashed through the atmosphere and everyone thought it was a UFO.

... the Man burned on Sunday night.

... EL-wire was a new thing.

... gas was under a dollar a gallon (really).

... a paper-maché cow not much bigger than a dog passed as impressive playa art.

... the Man stood on the ground.

... Burning man was affordable.

— Eggchair Steve

... there was no DPW, there was no PW.

... registering your theme camp was just submitting the camp name and a few particulars, not a lengthy online questionnaire.

... Gigsville the Blue Light District were the only official villages.

... the Disgruntled Postal Workers could brandish unloaded weapons.

... Capitalist Pig Camp was kicked out of Black Rock City and their camp burned on Burn Night.

— Penfold

... there was no "road" to Black Rock City. You just had to enter the playa and follow the lights, or the other cars, and hope that you didn't run into anyone.

... the ticket was cheap, so that real artists could afford to attend — even the ones who "starve" the most: musicians. There was a center stage, and lots of small stages, and tons of great acts from all over the fuckin' place.

— StickerGuy Pete

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Playa Iron Liver Contest winner!

It was a tough competition, but as we sobered up from our annual cocktail contest, a winner eventually emerged. Congratulations to **Coitus** from the **Starlust Lounge**, our old neighborhood bar that we dearly miss being in Center Camp (it was placed this year in the 9:00 Plaza.) His Holy Nectar kicked our ass! Thank you to everyone who entered drinks into the contest. We think you're all winners!

Holy Nectar of the "Lust"
Pour together a generous amount of rum and tequila. Add Gatorade, virgin juice, alien sweat, and playa dust. Stir and incubate. Add ice and slither on the tummy of a BM virgin. Sniff, light up, suck up, and swallow!

fashion dos

by HALCYON, MALDEROR, and ADRIAN ROBERTS



Wow. It takes a lot of talent to pull off a rad playa bimbo look, let alone one wearing yetis and the other one with fake tits. But these hotots are working it hardcore. Panties with belt loops? Sign us up! The only thing keeping this one from the wall of our RV is the bargain-brand Otter Pop. If that was a real Sir Isaac Lime, I'd be typing this one-handed.

You have to admire the tenacity of some queens. Who in their right mind would spend this much time, money, and effort just to bring the word "fierce" back to the playa? But how else can you possibly describe a well-executed Gieger-esque dragster with sexy pecs? This guy was getting stopped every ten feet on the playa by people wanting to take his picture.

Sometimes, a train wreck gets so amazingly tragic, we've just got to give props. A stunning example of "it's not what you wear, but how you wear it." The gold lamé shows they're trying way too hard — but coupled with the flip-flops, obviously not hard enough. Still, with this much sass, this one is welcome at our camp any time — as long as we can take turns trying on the wig.



It's never very cool to be outclassed by your bike — unless it's this bike. Hell, the bike is so cool, we'll even forgive the laughable floppy hat and lame sunglasses. Bonus points for the soon-to-be-ingested tab of acid on his tongue — definitely the slickest motherfucker we've seen around these parts in a while.

When you're on a diplomatic mission, don't forget your fancy headress! We don't know who to love more, Ganesh or the Witch Doctor, but they're both everything a Burning Man costume should be: good enough to make you stop in your tracks when you're peaking on acid, just to ask really artistic strangers for a snapshot.

Unlike your lame ass, who came out to the playa with a feather boa and a thong and thinks that equals "participation", these people have obviously been WORKING to make fun shit happen. You can come off all smug about your half-baked costume, but if you run across anybody with pants as fucked up as this (from welding a bicycle-powered ferris wheel), you should kowtow in shame. You are not worthy. This guy also gets bonus points for being willing to share his goop.

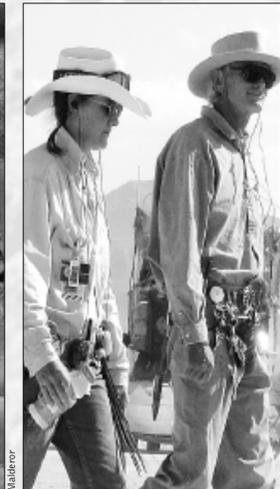
fashion don'ts



Naked glitterbugs usually don't do much for us, especially when they've been raiding the pile of Mardi Gras beads at Camp Trite & Tired. But what really lands this in the Don'ts is the fact that she's running around gifting peeps, potentially one of the worst playa gifts we've yet come across. We're talking PEEPS here! What the fuck? Easter was months ago!

Usually, we'd start at the diving watch and spiral in clockwise to the g-string made of old car parts and bungee cords. But we keep getting stuck on the unfathomably dorky tin foil hat. "I know what will be really creative! ONE HORN!" Dude, we don't care if your costume coordinates with your recreational vehicle. Just get back in the Airstream!

So much craft, so little talent. Fuck gun registration, how about sewing machine registration? This is a good way to accelerate both dehydration and heat exhaustion on the playa! This person's campmates were entertained for the whole five minutes they managed to keep this on. Can they even walk or see inside this giant sweat-box? The playa is no place for plushies.



We've all seen this guy, the guy who can't handle his booze, and passes out in the middle of your camp. So many "don'ts" here, it's hard to keep track. He took your beer, then zonked out on the couch. The terrible striped-boxer/leopard coat combination. The crunchy old dust-mask that should be in place to drown out his snores. Fact: This camper skipped BM this year to go to the Republican National Convention.

Who needs this much shit hanging off their belt? Look, we know you Rangers are all in a pissing match over who gets the most "utility" out of their utility belt, but it's time to stop the madness! Besides, anyone who's used a "blue room" in Black Rock City knows that the last thing you want is a heavy utility belt. Maybe that explains the Gatorade bottle. We're not sure what explains the punch-down tool.

A painful study in success and failure. On the one hand, those paper dust masks don't do dick. On the other, he has a necklace made of whippets, which is pretty cool. But then he's rocking the fanny-pack. That's almost forgivable, given that he's participating like a mof, and going balls-out for his bull-ride/alien-beastiality session. But then we get to the socks-and-sandals thing and it all goes horribly wrong.

Playa crimes of fashion

by JACKASS, SCOURGE OF THE PLAYA and MS. PINKY

Costumes are an important part of the Burning Man experience. But sometimes, Burners use costumes as a crutch, relying on staples of playa fashion so rote and played-out, that the "radical" in "radical self-expression" seems all but lost. To call this bad fashion a trend would be an understatement. Epidemic seems like a much more appropriate term.

1. Glitter (i.e. "Raver Scabies") There's a CUTE saying used to describe glitter. "Once you have a friend with glitter, YOU have glitter." Attention Burners, not only is glitter impossible to retrieve as playa fashion so rote and played-out, that the "radical" in "radical self-expression" seems all but lost. To call this bad fashion a trend would be an understatement. Epidemic seems like a much more appropriate term.

2. Head to Toe Monochromatic Body Paint It's been old news forever. You're all BLUE. Hooray for you. Now go back to camp and take a shower.



3. Blinkies Blinkies can be fun from time to time, and they can be indispensable protection at night from rogue art car drivers. However, some people out there just don't know when to stop. Blinkies in the hair, around the neck, in the shoes, on the ears, up the nose... when will it stop?! What are these people thinking? "I am radically expressing myself through blinking lights." If you fall victim, go back to camp, and don't leave until you've put some thought into a costume. Warning: close contact with excess blinkies may induce SEIZURE.

3a. EL-Wire Abuse See: Blinkies. Many people use this stuff for some really creative and impressive results. Abuse occurs when people use EL-wire because it lights up and looks "trippy, man." One glowing ring around a hat does NOT constitute a costume.

3b. Glowstick Abuse See: Blinkies and EL-Wire Abuse. What's up with the guys who attach 50 glowsticks to their fur coat? What the fuck? And a mini glowstick in the mouth? That's just plain CREEPY. Glowstick abuse may also lead to glowsticks in water bottles, glowsticks on STRINGS, and the dreaded glowstick dance. Whoo, dude. Tracers. Under no circumstances should anyone use the contents of glowsticks as body paint (see #2). Never mind what the packaging says, the contents of glowsticks are poisonous.

4. Khaki The Black Rock Rangers rock, but c'mon ... khaki? See right.

5. "Shirtcookers" The Seattle and Vancouver Burner communities have labeled those men walking around with a shirt on and no pants as "Shirtcookers." Often seen in combination with socks and sandals. Does anybody understand this? Bold, defiant, and just plain WRONG; perhaps this is radical self-expression in its purest form. Put your half-concealed dick away, please. Put on a skirt, underwear, shorts, a sock, anything, or wear nothing at all. SAY NO TO NO SHIRTS WITH NO PANTS! Side note for women: T-shirt and bush, bad combination.

7. Wings Nothing is MORE annoying than getting bashed in the eye, back, face, or chest with the edge of a wing attached to a tweaking raver girl or dorkass fairy boy (see right). Why is it that people who wear really big wings pay no fucking attention to where those wings are going on a dance floor? Come on. Look around you and see how many playa injuries you induce at crowded dance camps.

6. Sunglasses at night Give it up. You're not hiding it from anybody. Like the rest of us don't KNOW that you're fucking

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
acid	cocaine
art cars	decorated bikes
art that doesn't make sense	art that you don't understand
atonement	vindication
beer snobs	cold beer of any kind
blinky lights	spotlights
body piercings	body shots
bringing your mom	bringing your mom, her new boyfriend, and their kid
campy ecstasy	theatrical misery
coming out	mystery
coming without your spouse	camping with your ex
crusty eyeballs	goggles that work
drum circles	sitting around drinking beer
'80s or later dub	'99 or earlier dancehall
EL-wire	sparklers
fire spinning	lighting shit on fire
furry coats	furry genitals
getting sick	peeing clear
GHB	mushrooms and booze
gifts	drugs
go-peds	ride your bike and quit fucking up the environment
Larry Harvey	John Kerry
liquid latex	rubber
meeting everyone you know online	meeting total strangers
multi-colored hair extensions	multi-colored sex partners
PLUR	SLUT
Q-tips	finger tips
Red Bull	Power Horse
remixes	dash-ups
riding your bike	hitching a ride on an art car
saying the Temple Burn is better	getting over yourself
shiny disco balls	milkshakes
speed	weed
SPF 30	SPF 15 applied 6x daily
spinning flaming steel wool	fireworks
the Burn	the Temple Burn
theme camps	personal theme songs
Thunderdome	spontaneous sword fights in the middle of the playa
tits	biceps
toe rings	cock rings
trance	'70s dub
walkie-talkies	ESP
yoga	fucking
your theme camp's placement	your personal tent's placement

— list compiled by Spacegirl

high as a kite. Then again, with all those glowsticks, blinkies, and EL-wire freaks running around, you just might need them.

8. Cargo Shorts and Baseball Hat This is a fun game we like to play. It's kinda like "Slug Bug." Find a friend and sit in front of camp, or go for a walk. Count the number of cargo shorts/baseball hat combinations you see (or just punch your friend). The first one to 100 wins. The game should take about 15 minutes.

9. Laser Tag Outfits Three words: Not a COSTUME.

10. Camera, No Costume Nothing beats the droves of middle-aged white guys (See #5 "Shirtcookers.") with beer bellies roaming the playa looking for a toppers hottie to document. Are they making a few bucks with pictures of naked girls on the web, or do they just happily jack-off to private stashes of photographed playa girls? Put away the camera or at least ask PERMISSION to take a shot. One day the girl you see through your viewfinder may rip your camera off your head, ram it up your ass, and snap a few without your permission. Uh, but I bet you'd like that anyway.

So you wanna be a fire dancer

by GATITO DEL PYRO

Here you are in the middle of the desert, surrounded at night by hypnotic whirls of flame, feeling the fire rage in your belly, burning with inspiration to burn. But how does one get started?

A quick glance into the history of modern Burning Man-style fire dancing will tell you there are three main steps to learning how to fire dance: learn the materials, learn the safety rules, learn the MOVES. This is all WRONG. Materials? Safety? Moves? There are much more important issues that must be dealt with before you ever light up. Heck, you don't even have to light up!

First and foremost, you MUST choose a nickname. This must be a fire-related nickname, something provocative and/or neo-pagan. Your college frat nickname, say, "Shmittty" or "Guzzler," simply won't work as a fire performance name. You want something that makes people believe you hold shamanistic powers in your poi. See the box below for some ideas.

Now for Step Two, which is as equally important as your nickname: your outfit. Natural fibers are best, such as cotton, denim, and wool. But natural fibers usually come in crappy colors or bad designs, like jeans and T-shirts. You're a fire performer! Your goal should be "sexy" or "tribal." (Because who wants to look "safe"? Good lord.) Leather works well, especially for the tribal look, so go out and get yourself a pair of black leather pants, some gauntlets, or other accessories that

suggest bondage. If you're a girl, you'll need to top this off with a skimpy top, because from far away, everyone looks like a boy in leather pants. You want to remind your audience that you have boobs. Even better, take off everything, and just wear a pair of boots. That way you don't have to worry about your clothes catching on fire, and the boots lend a stumpy-yet-seductive effect that conjures up images of sex and pagan rituals.

Some fire safeties will recommend that you cover your hair when you spin fire. Hogwash! You didn't spend \$350 on multicolored dreadlocks just to cover them up, did you? Leave your hair down, free, and flowing in the wind, like the pagan gods intended! If it lights on fire while you're spinning, consider it a ritualistic cleansing and just let it burn!

Now that you've got your SEXY fire nickname, and you're half-naked in your leather and boots, you're ready to start spinning fire. You'll need something to learn with, like a pair of poi or a staff. If you really want to light up some hot shit, get yourself a fire hula hoop. Nobody has that! You will be truly unique.

The best way to find toys is to look online, but since you're at Burning Man, just go ask another fire dancer if you can borrow their stuff. I recommend approaching the scary-looking groups first, since you and I both know that black-clad goth pagans wearing sharp objects are really just soft little bunnies at heart. If they don't loan you their fire TOYS, it's probably because they're just insecure. You should tell them so, and remind them that you won't RUIN their fire toys, because you don't even know

your fire-dancer name

A simple trick is this: add a "fire" word to a "sexy" word and voila! Simply combine a "fire" word from column A with a "sexy" word from column B, and voila — you're ready to flame!

A	B
Fire	Kitten
Pyro	Mistress
Flame	Wizard
Sparkle	Master
Flambé	Devil
Fuego	Fairy

high as a kite. Then again, with all those glowsticks, blinkies, and EL-wire freaks running around, you just might need them.

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One dozen things overheard in Black Rock City

by CRASH ALMIGHTY

"The alcohol will kill the germs."

"Trade ya my right arm for a Q-tip."

"We met out at the Temple high on 'shrooms... I woke up in her arms at sunrise inside Xara."

"Where'd you score that pizza from?" "Pizza Slut."

"Playa dust is a natural deodorant right? So I don't actually need to wash for ten days, do I? Smell me, go on, smell me."

— Furball, Black Rock City Animal Control

"I know I'm somewhere inside the perimeter fence, but I have no idea where!" — Crash Almighty, on the night of the Burn, 2003

"Ooh, that's a lovely genital portrait!"

"Sure, it counts as a meal. It's part of the 'Jelly Belly/Chesse Doodle' group!"

"Damn, I dropped my flashlight in the porta-potty ... again!"

"What day is it?"

"Hey, we're going over to Costco Soul Trading, then to a death match at Thunderdome. We'll be on channel 46. If you catch the Beaver Eating Contest, meet us back at our camp at 6:30 and Uranus around dusk. We should all drop at the same time tonight."

"Excuse me, can you tell me where Camp Beat It Hippie is?"

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