

A yahoo's view of BRC

by JASON OLSHEFSKY

In 1996, I overheard some nerd at work talking about this thing called Burning Man, which he saw in an article in *Wired* magazine. All I needed to know was that there were naked chicks here. I scored my dad's RV, got a video camera, and started making the annual pilgrimage. I mean, how can anyone pass up drunk, drugged, naked bitches who have no problem putting out?

In the Real World, my friends and I thrive in sports bars and strip clubs. We're proud of our heterosexual culture. We're tested many times in daily life; it's especially difficult for those of us born bisexual or gay. But no matter how we're born, we have faith that we are straight.

Both days of Burning Man have become our Mecca. On Friday, we worship at the Critical Tits bicycle parade. Such intensely straight behavior chases away our gay demons, and afterward we celebrate by comparing photographs and telling tales of awesome breasts.

On Saturday, we worship the burning of the Man — a way to symbolically burn off our inner gay man. Rumor has it that in 1986, Larry Harvey started the event by burning an effigy of the man dating his ex-girlfriend. In his womanless view of the world, he was also burning an effigy of the gay demons in himself.

Now, talk of "gay demons" may make some people think we hate gays — but aside from some fringe groups, we feel there is nothing wrong with being gay. Hell, even Andrew Dice Clay said, "Faggots have threesomes too, so fuckin' what."

It's just that we're proud of our faith that every one of us has a perfectly straight man inside. Speaking of, outsiders are often confused that only men can really be heterosexual. You see, lesbians are a gift to us to reinforce our straightness. And although it may seem that we sometimes reinforce gay behavior by patting one another's ass, showering together, or having a circle jerk over a few beers, these rituals provide gay temptation and through that we can draw out the gay demons in one another and exorcise them.

Unfortunately some Burners treat us as second-class citizens because of our faith, derisively calling us "yahoos" because of the way we dress. We are fiercely proud of our straightness, and even though we choose to live comfortably in recreational vehicles, we really do participate just like every other Burner. If drinking beer and having sex with as many women as we can isn't participating, then I don't know what is.



Playa Iron Liver Contest winners!

Thanks to everyone who stopped by yesterday afternoon to participate in our 5th annual search for the best cocktail on the playa. Congratulations to **Frankie Nipples and Lady Whips-a-Lot** (above) of the **Moonshine Tavern** (Chance & 3,000), whose tasty Apple Pie sure wasn't like mom used to make!

Apple Pie
1 gallon apple juice
3/4 cup Red Hots
3/4 cup sugar
6 cinnamon sticks
1 750ml bottle of Everclear or vodka

We typically make the Apple Pie with Everclear, but if using vodka, a top-shelf brand like Grey Goose or Effen has to be used, otherwise, the cheaper kinds have a taste to them, and makes the Apple Pie not taste as great.

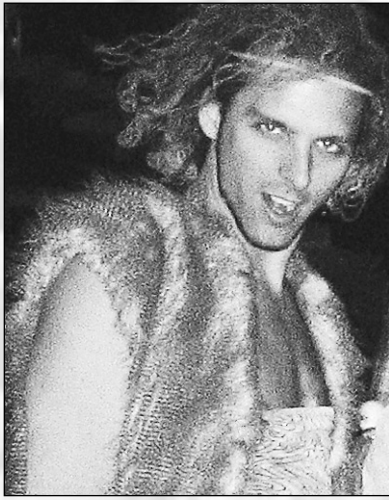
Lightly boil 3 cups of the apple juice, Red Hots, cinnamon sticks, and sugar, until the sugar and the Red Hots are completely dissolved. Let stand for 5 minutes to cool. Add remaining apple juice. Add bottle of alcohol and mix. Serve chilled or warm — either way it's great!

You can leave the cinnamon sticks in, or remove them, depending on how much of a cinnamon taste you are looking for.

fashion dos by SHUTTERSLUT, ADRIAN ROBERTS, and PIXIE



Can I be the meat in this Gigsville sandwich? Tasty. These are the kind of women that make gay boys want to experiment ... but they still won't touch you, even if you walked up to them with the biggest bottle of Belvedere that Costco carries. Maybe if you let them play with your flamethrower though.



Xana-DO! Sure, your girlfriends might have snickered at his "come hither" look, the silly glow necklace headband, his '80s perm, and his fake fur vest covering the peek-a-boo halter top. But when nobody was looking, you still ended up in the nearest chill dome with your tongue down his throat.

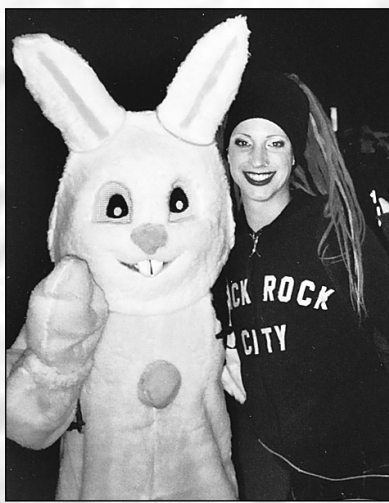
fashion don'ts by SHUTTERSLUT, ADRIAN ROBERTS, and PIXIE



Dude. That's a rake. Really. You're not fooling anyone. You might fantasize about fighting Buck Rogers on some distant desert planet, but you're still wearing a fucking rake from Home Depot on your back. You're just lucky that it kept me from commenting on your tired-ass Utilikit.



Speaking of gay ... no matter how much time you spend rubbing up against a giant motorized vagina, you will always be gay. Now go to Jiffy Lube and point your ankles up to the ceiling like you really want to. Or wait ... maybe not. What self-respecting fag would match that shirt with a plaid kilt?



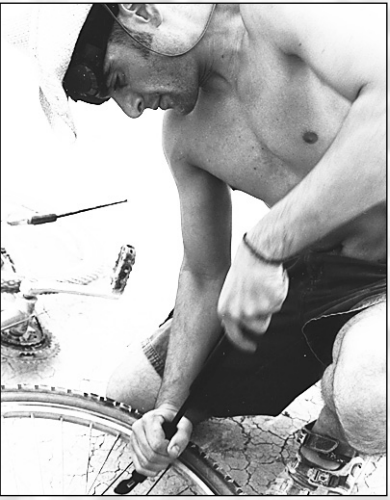
As a rule, we're not big fans of bunnies, especially in groups. But when you see just one, walking all alone in the middle of the playa at night, something about it just makes you want to run up to it and give it a big hug! Maybe it's the drugs. Bonus points for canoodling with the editor of *Piss Clear*.



This tired Mad Max outfit really had us yawning. Ooooooh, molded black leather and prop shop rubber spikes. Is it Halloween already? Geeepers, I'm scared. Then he turned around and we saw the head on a stick. I guess that's what happens to E-tard ravers found wandering alone back to camp the next morning.



There's something oddly cozy about soft fluffy teddy bears covering a woman's tits. And something almost nasty and deliciously wrong about a teddy bear over the poonani. All this combined with the slightly drunken "I'm easy" smile just makes you wish you had brought some Viagra along with that E.



Nothing shows your love of giving like wandering around the playa helping the helpless who can't fix their own bike. You flash a sultry look and work without speaking, making sure your muscles glisten while you pump that inner tube. And all you ask for is a smile, a beer, and a side of ass sure wouldn't hurt.

WHAT'S OUT WHAT'S IN

carpet	playa
Center Camp Café	Center Camp Chinese Buffet
cold Tecate	warm Sapporo
Critical Tits	Lipstick Lesbian Craft Fair
creepy guy hugs	ironic creepy guy hugs
dehydration	watersports
drum circles	rusty trombones
dust masks	beer goggles
earth goddesses	temple whores
fairy wings	cock rings
fire dancing	freebasing
Gate	Perimeter
gifting others	gifting yourself
hope and fear	dope and beer
hot	hawt
Larry Harvey	The Petermans
making love	porking
meticulous preparation	winging it
multi-vitamins	multiple vicodin
non-stop bitching	ketamine enema
pancake camps	french toast w/ maple syrup camps
pee funnels	beer bong
playing it safe	medical evacuation to Reno
poi spinners	flaming hula hoops
steak and eggs	Porn and Eggs
sarongs	robes
shade	glaring sunlight
skydiving	teabagging
sneaking in your broke-ass friend	sneaking in your dog
stinky hippies	fierce queens
straight	androgynally comfortable
taking it easy	puke coming out your nose
tequila	infused vodka
tomfoolery	assbuggery
trunk camps	Bootie BRC
Utilikit	short shorts
Wadsworth	Nixon
watching the sunrise	blacking out

— compiled by Rooster Seix and the Sexy Infused-Vodka Crate People from Bodega

Burning after 50



by the REV. BLIND TOASTER

A phrase you're likely to hear more of at Burning Man regarding everything from ticket prices to blow jobs: "Is there a senior discount?"

Why? Because we're the baby boomers, the biggest bunch of self-absorbed, entitlement-crazing mutherfuckers on Earth.

I look around at my decaying baby boomer generation and think, "Look at those fools trying to act young." The trouble is: I am they. I can't quite bring myself to say the word that represents one half of 100 and I find lying about your age to be the ultimate in vanity, so I've taken to saying I just turned forty-ten. Sure that number sounds sorta stroud hip, as in "Fiddy-Cent." But fiddy years old just sounds limp-dick pathetic. I could go on, but by now all you Burning Man raver no-attention-span fuckheads have already lost interest.

If you're going to keep going to Burning Man into your AARP years you just HAVE to make a few adjustments:

1. You can't drink it all. This is a GOOD rule for everyone who tries to PLOW through eight days of heavy drinking, but we older Burners have to pick and CHOOSE a little more. Pacing is more important than speed. A trick I learned from pregnant women is to fill your beer bottle with water. This makes you look like you're constantly drinking without the excess calories and alcohol.

2. Playa names sound a little sillier. Ever notice that Larry Harvey doesn't really have a playa name? He has a secret radio handle, but if I told you they would decapitate me. Death to the first mutherfucker who calls me "sir," but after a certain age, playa names like "Rabbit Dick" seem inappropriate.

3. You probably have more money — spend it. You don't want those fucking brats inheriting it. Want a new playa toy? Buy it. No use waiting for a next year that might never come, meaning either YOU or the Burning Man festival itself. The clock is ticking and I'm guessing it is Waaaaay past halftime for both the event and us.

4. If the van is rockin', please come knockin'. It's just as likely that we're having a heart attack as we are having SEX. If we're lucky the two will occur simultaneously and we'll die a legend.

5. There are no funny Viagra jokes. Really. There are just as many of you twisted young fucks using Viagra here recreationally as there are old people trying to raise the flagpole on command.

6. Everyone looks younger in the dark. This has always been true, but if you want to MAXIMIZE your chance of getting laid, stick to only seeing Black Rock City at night. Sunlight ages you faster anyway.

7. You are less likely to get busted for drugs because you look more like someone's father. Hang around with people younger than you and the BLM and county police goons will likely leave you alone because they will spend more time ogling the sweet young flesh than going after your five hose hookah.

8. You are probably still younger than Larry Harvey. Our beloved founder and his hat will be turning 60 in a couple years. True, he as a team of handmaidens and physicians on call to keep him going, but most of us are still younger than Burning Man's founder.

less or naked women, I don't know who Chai Guy blew to get this gig, but do you think you can introduce me to them?"

The responses from women were also mixed:

TE from San Francisco: "You're NOT kidding? Oh, Christ you KNOW what men are like. First they want to SEE your tits, then they want to feel your tits. Now just because some jerk-off has managed to grow himself a pair of tits, you put him in front of the parade? Fuck! Maybe me and my little friend can STOP him."

Jan from New York: "I think it's great a GUY has been appointed to lead Critical Tits! Now, he'll SEE just what it's like having all those straight guys taking pictures of him and ogling at him. Now he will see what it feels like to be looked at like a piece of meat."

Wing Nut from Detroit: "I heard that last year, the Burning Man organizers sold the rights to who would lead Critical Tits. I was told Budweiser

paid Burning Man \$100,000 to have a man lead the parade, wearing a push-up bra with Budweiser's logo saying 'This Buds For You.' These guys are fucking sellouts, I'll never come back again! Do you know where my camp is?"

Sadly, Chai Guy could NOT be reached for comment. As you can see, tensions are running high. It looks like this year, Critical Tits may be viewed by more than just guys with boners who are "supporting" one of their campmates. The bike parade starts at 4 PM at the Man. I'll see you there. I'll be the one in the kilt making a little tent.

Man to lead Critical Tits

by SCOUT

Black Rock City Corporation and the coordinators of Critical Tits announced today that for the first time, a man has been appointed to lead the annual feminist bicycle parade. Andie Grace, Communications Manager of BRC Corp., said in the press release, "Chai Guy has been appointed to lead the 2006 Critical Tits Parade." Andie could not be reached for further comment.

Some of you may be familiar with Chai Guy. He is the co-anchor of the podcast that originates on the web page NoSpeakers.com. Chai also co-anchors BurnCast with DaBomb.

We caught up with Larry Harvey, founder of Burning Man, and asked him about the ramifications of this landmark decision. "Well, Chai Guy has been appointed to lead Critical Tits because of his enormous man-boobs," replied Larry. "We thought having a man lead a parade so dominated by women would help contribute to the tradition of radical self-expression we have here at Burning Man. Besides, have you seen the rack on that guy?"

The announcement caused both positive and negative reactions from men and women. We polled several male Burners on their thoughts on the matter:

Gibby from Atlanta: "You're telling me some guy with big of man-boobies is going to lead Critical Tits? This Chai Guy sounds like some kind of an idiot. I mean, if I had a pair of boobs of my own, I wouldn't have to come to Burning Man. Hell, I wouldn't have to leave the house."

Griffen Ray from Fort Worth: "Hey, tits are tits, right? Whether they're man-tits or regular tits. I'm just glad I got a larger memory card for my digital camera, so I can take more Pictures of tits for my Critical Titties web page."

Brad Carlson from Seattle: "It's always been a dream of mine to be chased across the desert by a couple thousand top-



Not Chai Guy

Kyer Photography

Aftermath as prequel

How Hurricane Katrina helped create Burning Man's Next Big Thing

by SCRIBE

I'll never forget when I heard about how Hurricane Katrina had destroyed New Orleans and much of the Gulf Coast last year. For four days, I'd been in a bubble of ignorant bliss at Burning Man, working in a big theme camp with other early arrivals. One day at the Temple, reading the strange and chilling repetition in people's inscriptions, I wondered aloud, "What the hell happened in New Orleans?"

Strangers looked at me incredulously. "You...." one guy said me, studying my face to see if I was playing a tasteless joke. "You don't know? Dude. It's gone. New Orleans is gone."

Many of us found out about this disaster in a similar way; belatedly, but with the full impact of a slowly unfolding tragedy happening in one shocking moment. The storm, the levee break, Superdome, poor people stranded on rooftops for days, decades of anti-government ideology becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy, dark rumors revealing still-thriving racism, our SMARTmy president saying, "Brownie, you're doing a heckuva job."

Yet, Burning Man's connection to Hurricane Katrina is about more than last year's synchronicity, particularly now that we've had a year to react and contemplate. For many Burners who had been searching for ways to infect this fucked up country with our culture and ethos, this was the catalyzing event they had been waiting for.

Remember? As the week wound down, Black Rock Radio told us what we should leave behind for Burning Man's hurricane relief efforts and other ways we could help. On Sunday, there was a moving impromptu event at the Temple led by Rev. Billy, the Church of Stop Shopping, and Joan Baez, helping us to mourn and connect the dots.

There were others who went even further. Phil and Matt Lindsay went straight home to Oregon, formed a caravan of



Burners Without Borders helping relief efforts in Mississippi

construction equipment and supplies, rallied other members of the Temple Crew, and within days were in Biloxi, Mississippi, doing clean-up, handing out relief supplies and helping rebuild a damaged Buddhist temple.

Their beachhead drew other Burners (including Art Support Services manager Richard Scott, Burning Man lobbyist Tom Price, and randoms like me), evolved into a camp and organization called Burners Without Borders, and ended up doing inspiring work down there for almost eight months.

One of the things I realized last year was that just because people like me are shirt-cockin' it, that doesn't mean we can't show some fashion sense. That's when I decided to write this article on how YOU too, can be shirt-cockin' it in style. Shirt-cockin' is much MORE than just wearing a t-shirt to hide one's oversized belly. It's also state of mind.

In order to shirt-cock it in style, you must break down the shirt-cockin' experience into each individual element.

First up, is the t-shirt, and I must say, 100% cotton shirts feel so great on my man boobs, with NO chafing whatsoever (we'll get to that later).

Next is your feet, and here I've got to tell you that Vaseline Intensive Care will save your feet! If you're like me, you have very sensitive skin, especially when it comes to the feet. They never get to see the light of day and dry out so fast. So before I go on a shirt-cockin' adventure, I like to prepare myself by rubbing down my feet with moisturizer, so that way my feet stay nice and ultra moist! Then I put on my socks and sneakers and t-shirt and I'm off to go exploring!

SPF 50 isn't enough! I don't care what they say, if you're shirt-cockin' it, you'll need better protection than SPF 50. Last year, I put it on, thinking it'd be enough, and my legs freaked out! I mean, because of my size, my thighs often chafe everyday as it is — but add to that a bad case of thigh sunburn and what you've got there is a day or two of no

And even then, it didn't end. Instead, it merged with other Burner movements like Greening the Burn and Cooling Man, which were concerned with global climate change (which many blame for Katrina's severity) and Burners' resource consumption. In early August, the new coalition announced that it would be offsetting the greenhouse gases produced by this year's burning of the Man — estimated at 110 tons — with tree planting and the purchase of emissions offset credits.

Stay tuned, folks, because my sources tell me that this growing movement has caught the attention and support of Burning Man leaders. The long-term goal of Burners Without Borders and Cooling Man is to make the entire event environmentally neutral, an ambitious objective that will ultimately involve all of us.

If all that sounds a little too serious-minded for your week of playa fun, take heart that we're still doing it our way, with a sense of play, style, and zest for life. Wanna see what I mean? Stop by the Burners Without Borders camp at 3:00 and Esplanade tonight and tomorrow to watch people burn art pieces that they built, just as we did as our main source of entertainment in southern Mississippi. And before you leave, drag your wood over there, where they'll also be continuing something we started on the Gulf Coast: recycling usable boards so they can be turned into new houses for those in need.

The transformation and projection of Burning Man has begun, party people.

Shirt-cockin' it in style!

by CAP'N SHADY

Man, it feels good to be on the playa! I guess it's because I can be totally free here and at Burning Man, I finally get to say to the world that I'm "shirt-cockin' it in style!"

To me, there's nothing more freeing than being able to take off (only) my pants and let it all "hang out," if you know what I mean. Every year, I feel like I might do that next step further, take it to the full extreme and take my shirt off as well and just go naked. But thankfully, I always come to my senses. I mean, nothing beats shirt-cockin' it! If there's one place in the world where I can show off my chubby ass, hooked penis, and misshapen balls, it's Black Rock City!

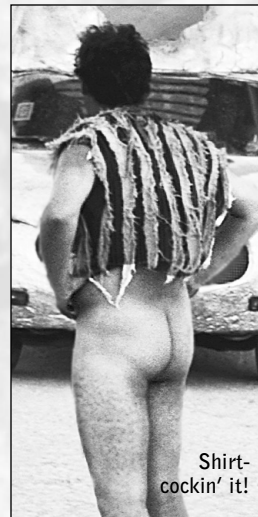
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Shirt-cockin' it!

shirt-cockin', which is exactly how I spent my Thursday and Friday of the Burn last year. Never again! This year, it's SPF 100+ for me!

All this shirt-cockin' sure gets you thirsty, so when you're out and about, be sure to drink plenty of water. The occasional brewski won't hurt, either. When I'm shirt-cockin' it, I usually bring along one of those padded six-pack coolers full of ice cold beers, so I can offer one up to a lady-friend, if the right lady passes my way. For some reason, the chicks never go for it, and I usually end up SIX beers to the wind and halfway to the med tent by 1 PM, but that's just me, your experience may vary. So I guess what I'm saying here is, if you're bringing out beer on your shirt-cockin' adventure, pace yourself.

If there's one thing a shirt-cocker hates, it's that red ass ring you get after visiting a porta-potty to bust a grumpy. I mean, it's SO embarrassing because everyone knows you just took a big shit. For this reason alone, I've made the adult decision to NOT use the porta-potties when out shirt-cockin'. It's bad enough those porta-potties are too small and my ass is too big to Z, but to have a big bulls-eye back there drawing everyone's focus to your DIRTY ass really isn't the best idea. Remember, you're shirt-cockin' it, not being some sort of shirt-ass. So if you have to go, I'd recommend calling an end to your shirt-cocker's adventure and put on some pants. Then go take your shit. In my experience, the ASS RING disappears in about twenty minutes, which means you can go back and shirt-cock at that point, if you want.

Finally, no shirt-cocker's adventure is complete without a visit to First Camp to thank all those folk on the BRC LLC staff for all their work in creating the perfect environment where a guy can shirt-cock it in style. When you're out shirt-cockin' it, be sure to stop by and give a great big bear hug to Larry, Crimson, Harley, Action Girl, and the rest of the Senior Staff for all their efforts. If it wasn't for them, none of us would be able to shirt-cock it, and a world without shirt-cockin' is a world where the terrorists have already won.

So there you have it. Don't just sit there and read — take off your pants and leave on your shirt! Now you can be shirt-cockin' it in style!

Playa lingo: the lexicon of Black Rock City

ankle-breakers
a clump of bikes piled up on the playa around a popular Black Rock City event.

bad idea theatre
derogative term for just about any kind of ill-conceived camp plan that will undoubtedly result in unnecessary drama.

Coke & Coke
Popular '70s era cocktail, brought back to life in BRC. Consists of Coca-Cola with a bump of cocaine dissolved in it.

creepy guy hug
that awkwardly uncomfortable, overly physical hug given to a woman by a seemingly-friendly guy, in a thinly-veiled effort to cop a feel.

cry me a temple
a playa-specific slang expression that conveys to a moaning person to shut the fuck up and that you just don't care. A variation on "cry me a river."

cuddle puddle
a group of people lounging around in a pile while tripping on Ecstasy.

Defecation Village
slang term for the porta-potties.

fire-spinning
the hacky-sack of the new millennium.

hippie love post
the long rambling email sent out to your Burning Man camp mailing list with recaps of the recent Burn, but mostly comprising of various thank yous and shout outs to specific people/camps/groups/etc.

"It's Burning Man!"
generic, catch-all excuse for just about anything that goes wrong or not according to plan while in Black Rock City.

noob
short for "newbie." Specifically used to deride Burning Man newcomers who "just don't get it."

Pea Camp
another slang term for the porta-potties.

Perv Camp
derogatory slang term for the self-righteous hippie hoe-down that are the HeeBeeGeeBee Healers

The Petermans
fabled and mythological couple who are the "most perfect Burners on the playa," always managing to do everything just right. Following their "plan" is said to ensure a drama-free playa experience.

Piss Queer
slang term for what happens when over a dozen cute gay boys end up camping with Black Rock City's alternative newspaper.

playa bling
artistic and well-done Burning Man-related jewelry. Makes a great gift!

playa death march
what happens when you start the evening on one drug, change up substances in the middle of the night, and then switch again at dawn, continuing to stay awake through the next day without rest or sleep.

playa formal
BRC dress code that's in itself a loose term, up to infinite interpretations. It could mean wearing a full tux to an event ... or just wearing the bow tie and nothing else.

playa talkies
FRS radios that get schlepped out to Black Rock City once a year and are never used for any other purpose.

playamnesia
a condition of memory loss that occurs after the effects of sleep deprivation and drugs at Burning Man have taken their toll on the brain.

playafied
term used to describe any item that has been to the Black Rock Desert and back that has a permanent haze/patina from playa dust.

playarific!
Black Rock City-specific term for when something really great happens!

stupid tax
slang term amongst law enforcement officials in Black Rock City referring to tickets issued for drug use and possession.

Utilikit
the Members Only jacket of Black Rock City.

— list compiled by Adrian Roberts, Blossom, Buck E. Down, K'Buster Friendly, Danger Ranger, Eric "ShutterSlut" Stein, Kurt of Death Guild, Penfold, and Rooster Seix