FIRST-DEGREE BURNS

Vol. 4

TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE PLAYA
2011 is my virgin year and the things I've seen and experienced here are awe-inspiring. The people I've met and the openness and kindness and love they put into everything will forever touch my heart. From a massive art piece to that hog at 3 in the morning in the middle of the plague, love. Acceptance. Belonging. When I return home tomorrow, the most and most pure part of this is coming with me, and I'm engulfed with the light that is the collective awesome of this place.

Thank you, whoever is reading this. While I may not know you nor ever meet you, I love you.

My first Burning Man is not the last.
I will never forget every second of my time here.
Great people, great sun, great dust.

A special thanks to my friend/Brother Bland
JAN KEKELI BRIGHT AND HERE
JUNIPER BULL AKA Geronimo
Look mom

I am just a small part of the collective unconsciousness that is everyone.
Burning Man is my Rite of Passage. Last year (10) was my first year and it changed my life. I am still alive on this planet because of BRC. The Default Wald is having eyes closed. Peace & Love to all my fellow residents of BRC! - Fantima

I've never been here before, but after only 3 days I feel like I belong here!

Time for a cocktail. I'll drink to Barbie! &

Do whatever you gotta do to get out here and see an awesome side of life. And come eat some pancakes with us!! - [Signature]
Here's to love
Here's to honor
For it twas at BM
That she became her
And with that came a smile
That will now last forever.

Paul & Myshon
2011

More freedom per square metre than anywhere else on the planet.
2nd year & many to come, forever - Josh -

You are all
so beautiful
Bryan Smith
This is the most AMAZING life I have ever lived.

Love, light, and dust 💖

Tom "Element" Burton, San Diego

I'm finally home.

💖 Celestial Pearl.

💖 Victoria, BC.

Burning Man... After 28 years you took my BACON

Virginity. I hope you call me "Waste" today.

- Cash Ranger
This is my first year at Burning Man. This being the "rites of passage" year, it was fitting. This is an experience that everyone must experience. I absolutely love the free spirit and open-mindedness of everyone here. This gives a new meaning to community. Everybody is all about giving and trying to make sure everyone has a great time. I am already planning for next year.

Burning Man is AMAZING!!

Amazing time
at La Playa with my
friends from Spain and
the people that I love from
SF. Let's do it again! Jani 😊

Finding out there is help, fun, support and a party everywhere you turn. Finding friends with every step. Enjoying every moment made.

LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT
Most beautiful week of my life! I can't know what has impressed me more: the creativity or severity.

So much love,

Meg Alex Glass
Here's to the duck that never cost a feather,
this time another year - we'll all be together.

Words can not describe what we're seeing here...
50,000 people experiencing ecstatic pleasure of
every variety set against a backdrop of exquisite
beauty - a transcendent experience that can not be
had anywhere else in our galaxy.

I'm having an amazing time with my camp this year.
We're at the top of the world, looking out over the
zenith. Fine over the temple with an amazing
person.

Thank you Bobble dear friend,
for the cold refreshing mimosa
on Saturday afternoon!

So refreshing! 

Love
Drink algae chia water every day and enjoy your raw goop sauce! Bliss out and lets getFuckked up on nutrients! — Jonathan
My life is full in the real world!
I start each day being grateful. Name
at least a dozen things—count your
Blessings daily—it really is not a chore!
It is 1 of Life Secrets!!!
People smile at 8m—just smile in Default
World—same.

Some people smile so much, it
seems they brushed their
Teeth with Piss!

Fantasy is cool, but
DREAMS not always

Death by Glitter...
"You know it's been a good night when you blow your nose the next day and glitter comes out!"

*Crash*
I love coming to burning man.
The experiences, the people, the art
the love, the expressionism... words
cannot do justice to this life changing event.

My name is not but I am going by Mr. George
Know that you get I am no longer associated
with this other name. My feeling things
than and I love the most

much love

[Signature]
I had the worst experience Thursday night. My husband had been sick Monday-Wednesday, so I was excited when he felt better Thursday. He'd had a few drinks before I convinced him to go out with me so we could see the Playa once it was dark. As we walked towards the front we decided to stop for a rest at a camp called Anonymous. They had couches set out and a bartender and what looked like a buffet. Everyone had told us (we were virgins) that everyone shared what they had. After resting for a minute, even though we initially didn't intend to try to eat anything, my husband looked like
he needed some food to get a bit more after again so he could continue on to the Playa. So I said, "Hey, maybe you can grab something here." We were looking at the food when a man came up to us and just stood in front of me, leering. "Who are you?" he asked ice-jily. I told him my name and my husband's, thinking he was being friendly. My husband said, "It's Jack Anonymous, so we came in." Also in a friendly manner, "You're not Anonymous enough," he said, meaning we weren't welcome to stay and have a bite to eat. So we left right away. I was so hurt. Here I'd gotten my husband to come out to what I'd been told was a festival of sharing and fun, and the first
time we ventured out, we were treated like stray dogs. I forgot that the man also said, "Did you just wander in off the street?" For the rest of the night and time we were there at Burning Man, we were afraid to stop at any camp, no matter how much it looked like they wanted you to. I just felt like crying, since we are polite people who came to share with everyone. We won't be back. We left Saturday morning.

Are you sure you didn't wander into "Assholes" Anonymous?

I always heard that there was an "AA" camp somewhere...
SNOW CONES WITH EVERCLEAR
I haven't seen any flies or ants or birds. No animal life.

People who come to Burning Man like:
- DubStep
- Dressing to shock or impress
- Dancing
- Drugs
- Drinking
- Partying
- Saying "I Love You"
- Howling and Hollering
- Not worrying about how dirty they are
- Not everyone does or likes all these things, and they're not necessarily bad. It's a matter of degree.

Congratulations on your wedding today. Andrew the bartender. Full week weddings out here this

Things I learned only:
- Met husband, Chuck, and standing for something and standing for something in the queue to garbage cans.
- Thank you, Nevada Department of Transportation employee who helped get us hitched when we got our hitch outside of Nixon, Nevada.
- No one else stopped.
It was a different kind of place from the free, loving Burning Man Andy had seen in the past. The last Burning Man was more abrasively loud than harmoniously chaotic. He saw a young guy vomiting. He couldn't be more than 16 years old. No one came to his aid. There were cops there! That was the most shocking thing.
9/11/11
In a few days it'll be 9/11/11. Sort of a double-emphasis on the "11" part. Already seems like a sad day.

Just watched a guy pass outside my back door. He was so careful to pee in bottles. Seen enough guys in thongs to last a lifetime!

What was refreshing was an elderly man riding a bike in a suit, tie and dress shoes.
At Party Naked

Those who missed this are losers. What an awesome burn Tom-Tom!

Muchos besos,
Your sweet-lain' man

DJ Broges X!

Live from BBC 94.3 FM
+ on the Internets of www.shouting-fre.com

www.bmir.org

Check out Second Life for Burning Man

Creepy Player Hugz!
At the Recycle Zone:

"Don't be a voyeur! Participate!

RIP

This is truly amazing! I think at least 70% of us from outside the United States of America of the same one got to express themselves. They don't get to express themselves with such freedom here in America. Still, it's not so much of a bad place in the world to live because Americans are so not repressed...

The Naked Bike Ride went by me. How come I didn't see any naked women? I didn't see them all men. In fact, I haven't seen any totally naked women walking around. Many topless, but none totally nude.

The Teeter-Totter ride at Center Camp said you had to be topeless and there was a little on one side of it! What's
LAST NIGHT I stumbled on to a hike by "Stumble Bunny"

- In the Ice-9-Line

Friends, music, dance, giving people what else could a person ask for. Not the easiest journey to begin but a life changing experience. It's my 10th year and what a journey getting here. After entering burning man we were pulled over by the "fun police", Cops?

We were nice to them and they were nice to us.

We are happy to be home.

Town and Julie
The City is what you want or need to be. Everyone burning man is different, we come here with our own needs & expectations & find our own way. The City has everything to offer to be an citizen.
I love the playa.
But I also love crack so it's easy.
Went for walk this morning in deep playa. Ran out of water so headed for a dock. Sat on launchers with two from Montana and swapped tall tales. Not fish pulls up heading out water was tied to dock as precaution. Continued on journey. Found other British Columbia. Was told to grab cheese sandwiches. At a strange broomie. When did the time go?

Wednesday, August 31, 2011

If it's your first time:

1. Bring scuba masks
2. Buddy goggles — needy dooby skin mask, waders, if you need an air-tight seal
3. It's all about the costumes, no one cares what you wear as long as you wear it.

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God

4. DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO THE THREE POINTS ABOVE BECAUSE THEY WERE WRITTEN BY A CRAZY LIAR
8/30/11 -- late morning
We arrived in Gerlach, NV at 12:30 8/29/11 to get 100 gallons of water. The volunteers at the Gerlach Improvement District were friendly and patient as we filled our tank and donated $50.00 to their town. Then we waited in dusty lines of vehicles five-deep for four hours to reach the inspectors. They took our two ticket stubs and checked for animals and other unticketed people. We made it to the Greeters at 5:30 p.m. They took pity on our cleanliness and didn’t make us do dust angels on the playa before hanging a gong and declaring, “I am no longer a Virgin.”
We get to camp at 8:15 and Journey next to Glenn, Maya and Brittnay. Glenn says he’s been here for 16 years, Maya for 6, and Brittnay (Glenn’s daughter Cadult). I didn’t ask, Kevin and Chan pulled in later from Vancouver Island and Toronto, Canada. It is their first time.
I woke up, Chuck early. We walked to the Temple of Transitions and The Man. By the time we walked back, Chuck wanted to smoke and I knew we desperately needed dust masks as the wind was steadily intensifying. I biked to 4:20 and had and got two donated by other Chis’ dust masks. I got the price of my lee ($300/1 lb. crushed, $30/10 lb. block, $15/7 lb. crushed, six-pack), I cycled back via Rod’s Road by Center Camp. I didn’t stop because I didn’t have my lock, and everyone’s bike looks the same. I’ll be back.
Passing thought, I don’t think a lot of these people have ridden bikes before. I seriously avoided two accidents with other cyclists on my brief outing.

He said, I can’t believe I spend all this money to come to such a desolate place so close together!
Marriage of Chris & Jessica 9/11
Music Burning Ring of Fire
I walk the line

TRUE LOVE!

AND I WAS ALWAYS TOLD THERE'S

NO "CASH" ALLOWED AT

BURNING MAN...
And so it came to pass... that a youngish man stopped believing in a binary existence. No longer simply black or white, right or wrong, left or right; equillibration at its finest. With this came a new responsibility to ride the edge of chaos - not merely at Burning Man, but throughout life.

And so it shall be.

From Wisconsin to Nevada for the Men. Riding a Giraffe on the Playa, talking with new found friends, seeing all the creative art works and all sharing life. Enjoy each day.

Kenneth Rita Kunyla
Ranger Tested
Ranger Approved!!
Beauty & Rat Bastard
BM 2011

AND ALL IT TOOK WAS THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF ASTROGLIDE!
I KNEW... AND WALK ON
MY FACE AND GET UP AND
DUST OFF.

IT'S MAY IN MOSCOW AND AFTER
. RIDING 2000 MILES FROM LONDON, I
STUMBLE UPON A GIANT FLAME-THROWING
PEDAL "POWERED" DUCK. I THINK TO
MYSELF SURELY THIS SHOULD BE ON THE
PLAYA? FIVE MONTHS AND MANY
THOUSAND MILES LATER I DISCOVER IT
HERE. FULL PROOF TO THAT LEVEL
OF DEDICATION. 

MARK X
I

❤️

You
I do this because I need to remember that some people make art for free so I can enjoy it. And also so I can do a radio show on 89.9 WFAE and thank everyone for building all this beauty for me to enjoy.
KYLEENA FALZONE
WAZ HERE 2011
BURGER SAVED MY LIFE?

W. Care More
As in Future
State of the Establishment
Soulful Founders

W.
For Beauty:

We got here this am because of hurricane Irene. We'd like to stop by back tonight to catch you. And also anyway we can move the wedding to Fri night at the temple. We need to adjust to this pace as we are late 😞. Thank you. We are at Camp Mistit toys at 7:30 ET. Much dusty blessings!

Hope you are great!
CHEX MIX
THE NEWLY DISCOVERED FOOD GROUP.

DR. CHEX.
The Barn: 2011

Wed, Aug 21st

Rules of Passage

I am the Bride to Be. To be Tomorrow!

My Black Rock City (and defunct world) beau Ken Doll and I will be tying the knot Playa-style at the temple tomorrow evening at sunset. This place is where we first became "a couple" and where we are our truest selves. We love Burning Man — Burner Culture — and all our Burner friends — and will be celebrating our love and commitment within our community. We are grateful for this opportunity and this place.

Our anniversary will be September 1, 2011 but will always really be the Thursday night before the Burn.

Good times. Good friends. Good on Ya!

Love & Kisses
Amazon & Ken Doll

[Kelly Kims & Kien Demeure]
Once upon a time, a little girl grew up in a small town called boreville. Where nothing ever happened to fun & creative expression were against the laws and everyone had to wear special underpants. Then she moved to a magical land for where everything was happening all at once and for where everything was happening all at once and for once

\[ \text{SPECIAL UNDERPANTS...} \]

\[ \text{Must be from UTAH!} \]
Turn your 3rd eye inward and realize...

I Am...

that I Am

all that is

everyone
Bailey's Hot Springs Campground, Beatty NV.

If you go to BM more than once, you develop traditions and a history of past trips that become important parts of the journey home for the next time. One of our traditions is our overnight stop at this funky little campground on 95 west/north of Beatty. The railroad builders put up 3 story bathhouses on the Hot Spring that remain to this day. After the hours of final packing and the 8 hr drive from Phoenix, to pull in, chat with the friendly caretaker, soak in hot water to release all those stress toxins, qubs us ready to be home tomorrow.
Shit, Piss and Industrial Waste?
"Too much lube is almost enough...."

Rangers Beauty
Rat Bastard

BM 2011
Rites of Passage

A WELL-LUBED PASSAGE IS A WORTHWHILE PASSAGE
Last night, medical was called to intervene—a slightly altered gentleman was trying to copulate with a sofa. It's not a big deal usually, when two people are having sex at Burning Man, but there is a substantial difference between two consenting adults, and some dude fucking a Davenport.

The short story of Tygaps

11 years old, stepdad 8 son go into stepdads' friends basement (Spider)
We show the sks rifle a number of times in a hillbilly homemade range.
A full metal jacket round, which was not supposed to be fired, found its way into the magazine. Stepdad fired the rifle and the bullet went through the wooden target, through the backstop and ricocheted, movie style, with 'POW!' sound. At the same time the POW is heard, the bullet hits stepson in the head. "I'm hit!" and hands go to head to hold the wound. Stepdad is freaking. Stepson is excited but calm, turns only a flesh wound. Ketchup hair. Could've used a couple stitches but superglue works wonder. Mom never found out, stepson was called 'the great and powerful Shawn' from then on.

The Great And Powerful Shawn was shortened to TGAIPs for ease of email and to not sound '400' arrogant at having a bullet bounce of his head.

—Shawn 'Tygaps' Vermillion
8-30-2011
Andy felt the need to escape the comotion and reflect on his experience the night before. He had taken acid before but never pure LSD. It was Wednesday and this was his first year at Burning Man. The whole event seemed so surreal but something changed last night that he couldn't quite place his finger on. The world looked different. Andy tried to see if the whole world had changed or if this was another side effect of the sureness that was Burning Man.

Open playa just increased this sensation so he rode his bike the opposite direction toward the gate.

Here he found a strange new vibe in the air, a grey area where what he had come to call the desert world met Black Rock City. A dust storm began to pick up and the gate became a brown haze. Andy got off his bike and began to put on his goggles and cover his face in a mask.
hankering. Seeking shelter from the storm he saw a bizarre tent that the wind seemed to almost avoid. Running toward it he noticed an old man wearing a wizard hat. - and nothing else.

"C'mon in son you look cold and tired are you hungry? I was just about to start in on my yoga when you came tumbling through."

Andy said thanks and dropped his bike on the crusty surface of the playa as the wizard led him into the tent and immediately dropped down into the low warrior position.

"Kettle's on the stove Tumbleweed do you mind if I call you Tumbleweed have yourself a cup of my special brew."

"Okay" Andy said, stumbling over to the Coleman gas burner and doing as he was directed.

"Hey man this smells amazing thanks what's it made from by the way thanks for" Andy's verbal diarrhea was suddenly cut off mid-stream by what he saw upon turning around.

The wizard had assumed a steep downward dog with his back now turned to his guest. But even more prominent than his backside was the truly notable scrotum protruding from it.
Like a volleyball-sized, perfectly blown gum bubble, or an orb of pink polished granite, Andy had never seen anything quite like it (not attached to a human, anyway). When the wizard noticed Andy's gawking, he just smiled his upside-down, toothless grin and remarked from between his legs, "How's the tea, son?"
I made it back to the Temple today and wrote a few lines in memory of my niece, Lindsay Ann Beck, who passed away December 28, 2010 from leukemia at age 14. She was my sister Pam's only child. I asked her for a picture to take here, but I didn't push it. Maybe she didn't think it appropriate to memorialize her here. But a lot of people will see her name here. I wrote it on ground level outside. Be even the physically challenged can see it. I think she would've liked this place.