

THE DAILY PLAYA

ALL THE NEWS WE FELT LIKE PRINTING

BURN YOUR KIDS

Black Rock City is in demographic crisis! While most of the 50,000 participants are child-like, only about 1000 are actual children. If burners do not start reproducing quickly, our entire culture might be wiped out. The Daily Playa urges you to take a break from creating and start procreating immediately. Go! Fuck! Now!

The Daily Playa polled participants who are here without children. Most would not bring their kids, hypothetical or actual. However, most respondents



also found it acceptable for others to bring their children, given proper supervision. This conflicts with a common default world opinion that the Playa is no place for children. We did find one Burner who agreed with the mainstream view. His fear was that Burning Man would have to "tone it down" for the sake of the children.

We also interviewed a number of Burner parents and visited Kidsville - the largest village on the Playa. There is one thing they want you to know: there is no reason for people to alter the way they burn. (cont. on page 2)

Hope you enjoyed it - Just remember to get the fuck out!

Hope you had a great time at Burning Man 2011. However, now it is time to pack up your shit and go. That's right. Whatever it is, we don't want it here. Little plastic pieces of crap that broke apart days ago? Get them the fuck out of here. Cigarette butts? They are not wanted in this desert. Yes,

even that condom that has been used (twice and not by you). You are just the peep who chanced to find the well loved condom and guess what -- now it is time to get it the fuck out. Think your shit is tight? Think again! Did you examine every square inch of your campsite,

your neighbor's campsite, and the street? When the city is no more and a little tiny piece of MOOP is found, you had better hope that it is not you the Guardians come after with their biomass recyclers. Don't let the door hit you on the way out. Oh wait, there is

no door, just miles and miles of the world's nicest traffic jam. Well, fuck that; stick around a few days and help us get this motherfucker spotless -- like no one has been here. Leave No Trace.

Scene on the Playa



Sweet Zombie Jesus what a week it's been on the Playa. After "experimenting" all week your columnist is here to report the goings on around the Playa, or at least those that I have some cognisant memory of.

Here's what Burners got for their \$320 (more on eBay) ticket, not including the free life-shortening injection of Playa Dust. Forty-five Zebras stampeded across the Playa as only those Africans can. They were chased by Animal Control, and then given the requisite punishment for being a furry: corn-holing. Pla-

ya afficiandos also took note of 67 Unicorns dusting it up. One lonesome Unicorn invaded the Daily Playa camp and humped intrepid reporter Colin. Colin remarked, "Boy, those internet videos were right, I did get my weekly dose of salt!" Boys in the band were sure to note there were lots of Toms in the Dick Parade not to mention few Harrys too. And believe it or not, this reporter actually saw someone wearing glow sticks. Can you believe it? It really happened.

But it wasn't just Playa-watching that got this reporter's attention. No visit to BRC is complete without multiple days of coming in with the rising sun, while fucked out of your gourd: Yes, I took that bullet for you. Trampoline Sex was a great way to start the Burn, followed by BD, and truth

be told, S&M lessons as well. (I think I'm good now, but my master says I'm not). It was wonderful to go to my own BM Prom, and then to a Drumming Circle not far from African Dance Lessons taught by a trust-fund honkey from the midwest. And no night on the Playa would be complete without a spin around BRC Roller Rink and a ride on the Souuuuuuuuuul Train (All

Aboard!). Of course, BRC is also a great place to relax, and perhaps no venue was more tranquil and relaxing than Infected Mushroom at Opulent Temple, and by relaxing I mean dancing till you drop, roll some more, and then watching the sunrise while getting busy at the Robot Heart. I'd write more, but I'm coming down from my last trip and need a re-up. See you on the Playa!



HOROSCOPE

ARIES:

Speak your mind today. For once everyone's too wasted to be bothered by that stupid drivell.

TAURUS:

Be sure to stay hydrated! You're going to be answering those cops' questions for a long time.

GEMINI:

There are correct ways to gift a massage, but what you've been doing is just creepy.

CANCER:

Boinking out in the open is a bit disrespectful to the folks around you. Use the port-a-potties like everyone else.

LEO:

Anticipate making some joyous memories dancing tonight. These are memories you'll really cherish after the crippling fall.

VIRGO:

Expect to witness some amazing art today. Of course all you'll remember are the tits.

LIBRA:

Your apathy and spiritual emptiness will be replaced this week by mild interest and spiritual emptiness.

SCORPIO:

Hey, don't feel bad, champ. You're, uh, you'll probably be fine. Nothing to worry about.

SAGITTARIUS:

You'll receive satisfying confirmation about your "paranoid" fantasies of being radio-controlled by aliens. Such a clear signal in the Black Rock desert!

CAPRICORN:

Crazy costumes are part of the fun of Burning Man, but you may have taken method acting with that rapist outfit a little too far.

AQUARIUS:

Your soulless plan to improve advertising opportunities at Burning Man may be selfish and misguided, but it also sounds pretty profitable. Still looking for investors?

PISCES:

Be cautious; excessive substance abuse today may zibftax the squirrel@../_for investors?

Playa Sweet Playa

Green Team stopped in Gerlach in the late hours of Friday night, at the last pulloff on the paved way to Black Rock City. Besides myself, my two virgin companions make up the Santa Barbara contingent of camp Daily Playa. They became infused with my feeling that we were headed home, as they had during the all-night preparations, the ridiculous ratchet strap job on the pickup, and the “for reals” last shopping at a graveyard-shift Wal-Mart.

We took our pee break and encountered an unexpected friend from home, pondering the fitness of his RV. We lingered to savor the transition between the end of a journey and the beginning of an arrival, and to peruse glowing, furry

Burner-bait at a roadside stand. I bought a frantically pulsing, multicolored light sceptre for my brother, a 9th year veteran Burner (and Angry Head Editor of the Daily Playa).

He put it to spectacular use on Wednesday night at the Infected Mushroom show. He affixed the glowing beacon to the top of a towering PVC pole left over from dome construction. It proved more than adequate to summon our friends from amongst the surging, ecstatic crowds. A social and spatial engineering coup, the device became a lighthouse. Castaways paused, met in the crowd, and set down their extra gear before boogying on. The lighted pole defined an impromptu community zone before

absconding from that moment along with the beats and the crowds.

It remains a symbolic beacon in my mind, illuminating the tactics we use to build our fantastical, temporary mirage of a city. Our many thousands of magic tricks and illusions briefly manifest our communal Brigadoon before culminating in destruction, dissolution, and dissipation. A gesture, whether simple or elaborate, can define a common space. Before we realize it, our bodies are vibrating at the frequency of a passing art car. We form a circle around a tin ashtray at a deserted Deep Playa dome in dead of night. Fifty thousand people actually, intensely, inhabit the impermanent reality of the city of wonders they’ve built.

LOCK UP YOUR CHEESE



The Playa is an unforgiving place. The unrelenting heat and dust storms that cover our temporary home are a constant reminder of its hostility. Burners come together each year to embrace the spirit of survival and community, while tripping balls at every opportunity. Unfortunately, one camp was painfully reminded that a few Burners are still infantile fucking shitwagons.

The French Quarter at 7:30 and Esplanade offers a wine refrigeration service run by Dan O. It’s perfect for the discerning Burner wino who will not consume his chardonnay above 36°F. On Tuesday morning, the refrigerator stock included four bottles of Stag’s Leap

Chardonnay and two bottles of Veuve Cliquot Champagne. As many Burners were still stumbling home with newfound sex buddies, some fucking asshats decided it was a good time to pull a heist. Displaying a deplorable disregard for others’ property (but surprisingly good wine taste), the mysterious miscreants removed the securing chain around the ice vault. They stole the aforementioned bottles, popped the corks at the scene, enjoyed their spoils, and made off into the night. Clearly these are the acts of degenerate pissant douchewaffles. At great personal expense, Dan O. replaced some of the stolen bottles — a classy response to a decidedly classless incident.

Dan O has informed the Daily Playa that he wants nothing more than to turn these punks into MOOP. There is a selection of rewards offered for any details leading to recovery or identification. For example, you may learn what happens when someone has a flaming tuba shoved up their ass. Contact Dan O., Lucifer, or Wineaux at the French Quarter.

BUNNIES OVERPOWER UNICORNS IN DEATHMATCH

This just in: bunnies and unicorns battled Thursday in the Thunderdome. The fight commenced following taunts that “bunnies are delicious.” An unusual Thunderdome chant reverberated across the playa: “Two bunnies enter. One hundred bunnies leave.”

Burn Your Kids (cont.)



Our festival is a giant playground, and there is something for everybody. Sexually themed attractions are popular, but there are plenty of other activities. Kids can enjoy Burning Man at least as well as adults. Any given block has trampolines, ice cream cones, giant slip-n-slides, glowing toys, or carnival rides.

Some camps go out of their way to cater to kids. Black Rock Boutique schedules a kid-only time and offers kid-sized clothes. Playa distances are difficult for little feet, and the art car community is there to transport. Mutant vehicles pick up passengers at Kidsville for art tours, city trips, or quick rides around the block. The Children’s Art Car is child-sized and filled with interactive activities based on Montessori education.

Spring is 12, and this is her third burn. She is allowed to go Center Camp with friends, though she confessed she once went as far as the Man. She loves art cars and has no interest in the big sound camps. Of everyone we asked, only Spring described an uncomfortable encounter.

SPOTTED IN EASEL PARK

Michelle Carnes captures a wide array of personality traits in eight stunning fantasy portraits. For example, The Red Bitch represents temptation, obsession, and seduction. The Wheeler Dealer represents Opportunity, Trickery, and Persuasion.

So, who are you feeling? Visit the piece, Michelle, and co-creator Flip; they’re in Easel Park at 2:15 and Anniversary.

She had complimented an inebriated man on his costume. His response was suggestive, and perhaps obscene. Taken aback, she walked away. Apparently, there are jerks here too.

At Burning Man, kids might get exposed to such horrors as nudity and friendly strangers. If seeing naked people offends your sensibilities, then perhaps Burning Man is not your cup of tea. As for all the drunk, stoned, and twisted adults that populate the Playa, from a child’s perspective they are just goofballs. If kids’ their parents are comfortable, so are the kids. They have overactive imaginations and magical thinking, lack self censorship, want to play every waking moment, and run around in circles. Are adult Burners so different?

For those who fear that the presence of children will be a burden on their experience, consider this: the responsibility of the community to take care of a child is the same as with any other individual.

