

the intergalactic

observer

"We see what you see. We feel what you feel."

MARCH ISSUE 05

MAIN SALE GUIDE

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Charly Wolney Interviews Cayce Andrew



ISV CAMP UPDATE



Hello to you all!!

I'd like to start this little update off by saying salutations and sending warm wishes to you all.

As camp continues to change and evolve, so do our processes. I believe that we are becoming a more dynamic group with a lot of new faces and talents. The magazine that you are currently reading is a great example of that.

So. The point. Am I getting there? Why yes, my friends, I am.

For the first time ever, we would like to start doing video interviews (I can already hear the overwhelming cheering). I believe this is beyond important. We are a family and—as a family—we should aim to support each other as we grow and change through the journey of our lives. Burning Man brings us together every year (or every other year) for a magical but, alas, short period of time and *it's crazy intense*. There are always so many things to be done and so many fantasticks adventures to be had that I fear that there isn't enough one-on-one time with the tribe.

We aim to amend this.

I hope that these video check-ins will serve as a chance to share your stories from the year, to share new talents and inspirations, and to see all of your smiling faces for more than just a week every year.

We will be starting with those who have received DGS tickets before moving on to the rest of our campers as they register.

New campers will be required to do this as well before they can be officially green-lit to join camp. So if you have some new friends you want to invite, please brief them. As always, we take your recommendations to heart. This is an exercise in helping people find the right work teams and pairing talents with tasks.

There is no rush, but we will be starting soon. If you would like to schedule a time for yourself or put us in contact with a potential new camper, please feel free to reach out. You don't need to wait for us to contact you.

One last note. This interview is mandatory. No exceptions. (This even extends to Tyler.)

Sincerely and with so, so sooooo much XOXO

—John Henry

Three O'Clock Plaza & The Esplanade

Katie Swalm

We are officially less than six months away from Burning Man! These events will start getting more and more focused on actual preparatory events as we get closer to the Burn.

For a full calendar of regional events, visit: regionals.burningman.org/events/2020-02/

Burner Mondays

What: A time to connect with other Vegas burners.

When: February 3, 10, 17, 24 at 6.00 p.m.

Where: Phoenix Bar & Lounge: 4213 W Sahara Ave, Las Vegas, NV 89102.

[More Information](#)

Game Nights at the Manor

What: Have you ever wanted to see 300 board games in one place? Now you can, every Thursday! Play board games and hang out with a few moderate weirdos and one cool dog. BYOB welcomed but not required.

When: February 6, 13, 20, 27 at 7.00 p.m.

Where: Downtown Las Vegas. Email intergalacticobserver@gmail.com for the address.

SF Burnal Equinox 2020 Art Salon & Mixer: Cosmic Kaleidoscope!

What: Looking for a new perspective on the Cosmos? Perhaps you are well versed in multiversing or curious about the Burnerverse. You've come to the right place! We invite you to envision, create, and enter the colorful eye of a communal kaleidoscope of being, observation, and reinvention in space, time, and participatory experience!

When: Saturday, March 14, 2020 at 6.00 p.m.

Where: Public Works SF, 161 Erie Street, San Francisco, California

[More Information](#)

It's more important than ever for us to be on top of our game with MOOP and carbon emissions. The event is a little more than six months away, so it's a great time to start thinking about ways that you can keep the Playa green and BLM happy! Expect tips and tricks from The Intergalactic Observer in the months to come.

The Rumors Aren't True: There Will Be No Concrete Barriers, Dumpsters, or Federal Security at the Gate Burning Man 2020

On January 15, BMOrg posted a photo of sprawling Black Rock City to [Instagram](#) with the caption: "Good news: In late 2019, BLM provided assurances that we will NOT see dumpsters, concrete barriers, or federal security at the Gate in 2020."

Rumors of these additions that would be mandated by the federal government in 2020 were swirling around before, during, and after the Burn last, along with concerns that they would destroy the authentic, free-flowing nature of the event. These were proposed solutions to make sure Burning Man is meeting Environmental Impact Statements; fortunately, up to this point, BMO has passed. You can read the final Record of Decision by BLM at eplanning.blm.gov/epl-front-office/projects/nepa/93518/176996/215688/ROD_BurningManSRP_20190716_508.pdf.

If you're plugged into the Burning Man community even a bit, last year you probably heard participants wondering: "*Is this the last real Burning Man we'll have?*" With those fears now assuaged for the coming year, the post moves into a stipulation: "*But our work is not done! We've now entered into an 'adaptive management' approach with BLM, where BLM reviews the previous year, discusses the event with Burning Man Project, and monitors Black Rock City again the following year.*"

Hopefully, this arrangement, the fact that Burning Man received the greenest MOOP map score ever in 2019, and continuing efforts to make Burning Man more environmentally friendly will prevent any of these heavy-handed and costly regulations on the event. However, if Burning Man does not meet set standards, there is still the possibility that some of these measures could be imposed.

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WANTED: Validation-starved writer for Burning Man magazine hopelessly addicted to Facebook likes looking for literally anyone to pat him on the head and tell him he's a good and clever boy. TOTALLY NOT THE AUTHOR OF THESE CLASSIFIEDS. DON'T NOT CONTACT HIM. YES, THAT'S A DOUBLE NEGATIVE. IS THIS FUNNY???

FOR SALE: I've been to 219 Burns and 5,013 regionals. I've rubbed my taint on Larry Harvey's hat. Face it, I'm better than you. You're burning wrong, and I hate you for it. My respect is the only thing that should matter to any proper burner, and I'm offering it for a nominal fee. Unlike my ability to interact with people, my rates are reasonable. Find me at Center Camp yelling at people using electric bikes.

FOR SALE: Feathered top hat with steampunk goggles on it, for the burner who wants to take the time to take their hat off, take the goggles off the hat, put the goggles on, and then put the hat back on INSTEAD OF JUST WEARING THEIR GOGGLES AROUND THEIR NECK LIKE A NORMAL FUCKING PERS-I'm fine. Everything's fine.

LOST: Never used Yoni Egg turned ALWAYS used Broni Egg. I think it fell out during my fight at the Thunderdome. If found please mail to Joel Osteen.

BRC CLASSIFIEDS
Curated by Andy MacDonald

WANTED: Art car? Nah bro. Art DIRIGIBLE. Former Enron executive here with more money than anyone should ever have looking for unhinged alcoholics with welding/fabricating experience to help bring my WILDLY dangerous vision to life. Let's disrupt the ecosystem, bro. Contact: Keith@HumanoTheTribe.com

WANTED: On-playa tattoo artist needed to tattoo a lotus blossom around my butthole. Ever since I ate at Soup Flavored Blankets four years ago, my root chakra's been waterlogged. I'm hoping this will help open my turd eye.

MISSED CONNECTION: We met at the exit to Dr. Bronner's. You were staring at everyone leaving with the intensity of an even sexier Charles Manson. You told me you were an entrepreneur, even though you clearly are not an entrepreneur. I told you I'm an influencer, even though I can't influence Mom to pay my rent. I think I can change you and I'm ready to spend the next 15 years trying. Don't worry, I'll find you.

FOR SALE: Own a piece of Burning Man history! The ORIGINAL deep playa fuck tent is now for sale! Perfect for anyone who likes Jackson Pollock paintings and black lights! Want to know more? Head over to the Casual Encounters section of Craigslist!

LOST: My phone fell out of my Spirit Hood while leaving the Tycho sunrise sunset, which means I can't post my filtered selfies to Instagram, which means the 1.5 days I spent at Burning Man didn't even happen. What's that? Oh, yeah, I know what "immediacy" means. Anyway, hmu on TikTok if you find it.

WANTED: If you think, "Man, all those DPW freaks do is drink whiskey, snort cocaine, and fuck," you're absolutely right, you sequined captain's hat-wearing pansy. Give us your whiskey and cocaine. We'll handle the fucking part. Just give it to anyone wearing a denim vest. That's probably us.

MISSED CONNECTION: You made an elegant watercolor painting of my dick wearing a top hat and dainty little bowtie. I told you you had nice eyes and sick abs, but like, NOT in a gay way. Would love to find you so you can teach me how to... paint. Yeah, paint. I'M NOT GAY.

LOST: Our DJ's gone. He said he was going out for a White Claw and never returned. We fear the worst, as he is a gentle boy, unaccustomed to the brutal way of life out in the lawless White Claw wastes. Please help bring him home. His name is Cecil, and he was last seen wearing a scarf.

An IT Guy's Guide to The Burning Man Main Sale

casey_sparks@intergalacticobserver:~\$ vi mainsale.md

Editorial Correction: This article previously reported that Eventbrite holds the ticketing contract for Burning Man 2020. This was incorrect. ShowClix is the current contract holder and BMOrg has every confidence that the issues surrounding the 2019 main sale have been addressed in preparation of the 2020 main sale.

The Intergalactic Observer apologizes for any confusion or upset we may have caused.

Connect to a private WiFi network. It should go without saying, but your home WiFi is probably faster than the WiFi at Starbucks, especially if you're the only one using it. Get on your home network and ask your roommates to stop streaming while you get your ticket.

Make sure your browser isn't bloated. You know the process. Clear your cookies and cache, close any windows you're not using, disable your toolbars and extensions, and turn off prefetching.

Use multiple devices. Use every device you can. Each device you have is a dog in the race and a horse in the fight; just remember to keep an eye on them all.

Don't use multiple browser windows. This one might seem counter-intuitive, but having multiple windows open on the same device can lead Eventbrite to believe that you're a bot trying to scalp tickets. This is what's commonly referred to as "bad". To reiterate: open one browser window per device.

Sign in ahead of time. On every device. Duh.

Don't refresh the page until it's time. Honestly, the issue with the main sale boils down to server load. Spamming refresh spams the server, which translates to longer loading times for everyone, yourself included. Just wait for T minus one second and hit that F5 key.

Smash that F12 key, fam. One really useful trick is to open your browser console as you're waiting for the sale to go live. This is usually mapped to the F12 key, and will allow you to see the processes going on in your browser's background. If the console stops outputting text, you'll know that the page has frozen and it's time for a refresh. Last, but not least, you can always...

Sign up for the Secure Ticket Exchange Program. Fuck.

THE CRYSTAL GRID

—Charly Wolney writes in memoriam of Mark Phinney

"Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming "Wow! What a Ride!"

—Hunter S. Thompson

Las Vegas musician, Cayce Andrew, shared with me memories of one particular man, Mark Phinney, whom he'd met at a regional Burn years ago. Mark guided Cayce to the heart of an unofficial Burning Man experience that was truly sewn into the fabric of the culture they visited. Mark's ballad transcends Burning Man. His is a composition of aggressively seeking and collecting people and experiences. His influence on the people that knew him was a cosmic intuitive shove into the folds of human vulnerability, our natural connection to each other, and the Earth we inhabit.

But Mark Phinney was no Ghandi. Ghandi can suck his dick.

It began with a van in the desert. Dust. Strings. Percussion. Born from the dust, this song crescendos in the balmy jungle of Thailand. Its composer laid to rest in Northern California.

Cayce begins, *"I probably met Mark for the first time at a Burning Man regional several years back. He would come to Burning Man or the regionals in a van and unload a drum kit, bass, guitar and microphone and put up a sign that said Jam Camp. He'd invite anyone that was walking by to come over and jam with him. All he wanted to do was just play music, get high, have a good time. One day I wandered by and played on the drum kit with him."*

I imagine each person Mark invited into the fold has a similar tale of meeting by chance. It became evident that Mark wasn't merely traveling for the sake of traveling: he was collecting people. A fire spinner. A musician. DJs, performers, event organizers. Mark collected artists, teachers, and painters from all over the world. He then invited them all to a small island resort off the coast of Thailand. Each individual a note intentionally placed into his personal arrangement. Mark described the Thai culture on his little island as "more Burning Man than Burning Man" but the one thing it was missing was Burning Man-style events. So it was at this tropical paradise his carefully curated vision came to fruition.

"We all met on this island. So half the resort was reserved to house the artists while they were there. And other rooms were used as art rooms. We'd just open up the door and somebody would be waiting there to give you a massage, or you'd open up another door and there'd be a bubble bath disco. Open up another door and there's a nude panda photoshoot happening."

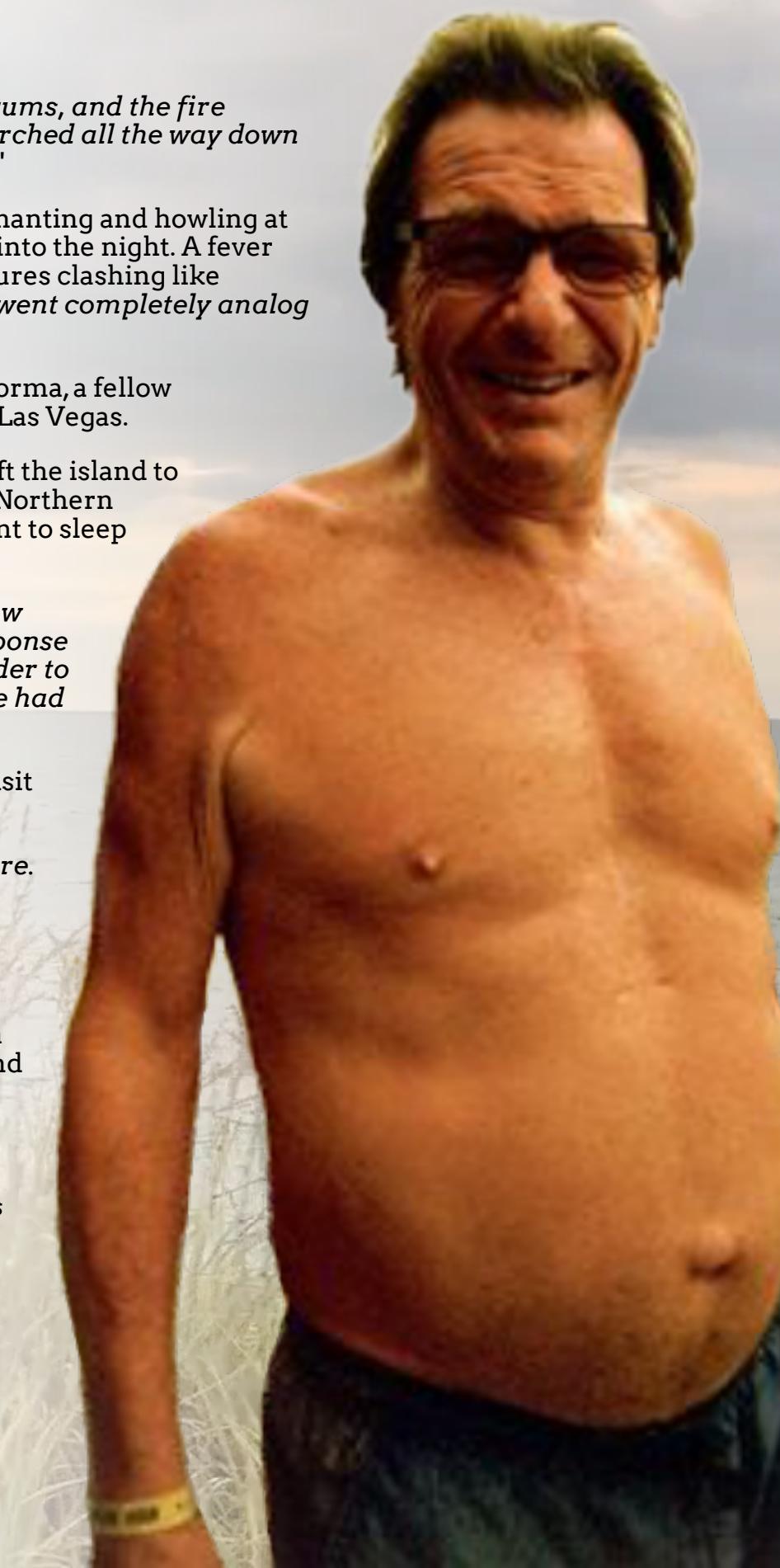
For an entire week every night was more intense than the last. Cayce supervised the live music room and dance floor by the pool. He'd play percussion or fill in on the microphone all night long, pausing only to cool down in the pool between sets.

"At the end of the week I lead a troupe of fire dancers and percussionists down to the beach, the whole party. The DJ stopped the music and says, "Listen, you hear that?"

Drums were playing somewhere off in the distance.



Image by Shankur S. (CC BY 2.0 license)



"So we started marching in the direction of the drums, and the fire spinners lead the way with their light, and we marched all the way down this cliff staircase. All the way down to the beach."

The entire party followed the fire spinners while chanting and howling at the sky. Banging on drums and dancing feverishly into the night. A fever dream of fire and drums and sweating, dancing figures clashing like cymbals on the sand, ". . .we let technology go and went completely analog and became primal animals again."

"Have you heard about Mark?" read a text from Norma, a fellow percussionist and Thailand Regional Burner from Las Vegas.

It was January 2020. Cayce learns that Mark had left the island to visit family in California. "He'd spent a few days in Northern California playing music and singing before he went to sleep and never woke up."

Cayce surmises, *"a doctor probably told him to slow down, drink less, and rest more. It's likely his response would have been "fuck you" and partied even harder to be able to live it up for the little amount of time he had left. That sounds more like him."*

I ask Cayce if he plans to return to the island and visit the bamboo effigies that remain there.

"There was always a purpose that brought me there. And now that purpose is gone."

For what is an orchestra without its composer? Mark Phinney heard music no one else could. He intuitively directed each person into playing a clearly defined instrument that, together, created a breathtaking masterpiece of human connection and collaboration. He dared them to accomplish something far greater than anything they could possibly do alone. Tuning tender vulnerability into human connection truly is the essence of Burning Man. Though the piece has ended, his melody lives on in every individual he touched.





Images courtesy of Kate Fehlhaber (instagr.com/burninggrams)
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Principle of the Month

Radical Self-expression

—Dave Levy

Review of Last Month's Principal

An example of self reliance is this: if you make it to the Playa and come to the realization that you do not know how to use a drill, you have five options. Each can display self reliance under the right circumstance.

1. If you go the entire week without using a drill and the project doesn't get completed, you have moved on and not allowed one thing to halt your ability to continue.
2. If you figure it out on the fly and teach yourself, you have demonstrated a degree of independence.
3. If you find a workaround method to complete the task, you did not let a setback deter you from accomplishing the task at hand.
4. If you ask someone who knows to teach you, you can ensure that you are doing it correctly and can be confident in your newly acquired skill.
5. If you have some else do all the drilling for you, you identified a shortcoming and delegated the task to ensure completion of the job.

These options have something in common: a decision was made and you moved forward. Forward progress is undervalued and should be acknowledged often. Applying this principle on-playa in the default would aid in practicing all the other principles.

And then, expand from relying on yourself to trusting yourself.

This Month's Principal: Radical Self Expression

Relying on yourself is empowering, but everyone can benefit from an outside perspective and inviting people into your world on your terms. Having people truly see a part of you is rejuvenating. To arrive at that point, you need to recognize that you bring something to the table—everyone does. Identifying your contribution can be the first step in radical self expression.

Radical self expression arises from the unique gifts of the individual. No one other than that individual or a collaborating group can determine its content. It is offered as a gift to others. In this spirit, the giver should respect the rights and liberties of the recipient.

Of course, this principle ties back into Gifting, because your self expression is something you offer that no one can (in the same way). A part of it that gets overlooked is people accepting it. While your self expression is important, it is not mandatory participation.

We even self express passively with the clothes and costumes we wear or don't wear. Also, we participate with others through listening, appreciating art, and empathizing.

With all the amazing personalities on the Playa, it is all too easy to fall victim to the thought: "There are so many more interesting people than myself." You may not realize what you have to offer, because you have grown accustomed to the great qualities you possess.

A personal example: after the last issue, Harrison Gale mentioned he read this column and wants to write his version, called "Radical Dave-reliance." While I accepted it as a great compliment, I realized it was the biggest way I radically express myself. I love being a fan of others and contributing to them reaching their goals. That is the truest version of who I am and the best way for me to express myself.

Before the Burn, consider for yourself: What are the best ways you radically self express? What are some other ways you can encourage others in their self expression?

Askquatch

with Taskwatch



Oh, hello reader! Fancy seeing you here!

To everyone sitting comfortable on their DGS ticket, congratulations on being considered inner circle in at least one group in your miserable life. To everyone crossing their fingers for main sale, may the odds be ever in your favor.

This month's subject: Trainspotting! Transport! Gettin' in, gettin' out, gettin' around, and gettin' down.

"How is best to get up to Black Rock City? I've been driving so far. Is it worth splurging on a plane ticket?"

—J, San Francisco

Dear Jet,

As someone who is deathly afraid of heights, I never recommend flying anywhere (my trip to Europe took four months, but that's a story for another time).

The short answer to your question is: no. It's not worth it. There are, of course, arguments to be made in all directions, especially when we get in to the leave-no-trace consumption aspect. Let's stick to the absolute facts though: the cost (tickets for the Burner Express Air [BxA] can sit nearish \$1,000), the baggage allowance (minimal), and the general having-to-be-in-an-airport nature of it all just makes it completely not worth it, in my opinion. At the very least, you're having to organize a third party to bring supplies in for you, and so much added cost to an already expensive week in the desert. According to me, flying in to BRC airport is a luxury reserved for only the richest of wankers.

Damn cool story to tell all week on playa though. Fuck it. Do it. Fly in to Burning Man. Come find me. I want to hear about it.

"I need to get across playa. How do I moving?"

—B, Illinois

Dear Bad-at-words,

Now here, the options are literally endless. Let's turn to this writer's favorite time-saving technique for some answers. May I present, the bulleted list:

- Bicycles. Far and away the most common playa transport option. Did you even burn if the inside of your thighs are not raw from picking up a long-forgotten childhood activity you were only okay at for six days in the middle of a dirt field?
- Foot-push boards and scooters of various descriptions. Who are you, the Flintstones? Grow up.
- Motorized personal transport. (Mostly one-wheel boards and motorized bicycles.) In my experience, if you see someone zipping around on a motorized bicycle, they're a genius level-10 burner, and if you see someone riding a one-wheel motorized skateboard, I want to blow them.

Walking. The most primal of options, although I know personally, after the correct cocktail of "smiley-face pills," I forget how to turn left, so it takes me a helluva lot longer to get anywhere.

Hopping an art car. So fun if you find the right one, but I hope you ain't trying to get anywhere specific, because you are already lost.

Driving an art car. Cool! Who did you steal that art car from? Can I... can I drive it?

In back of BLM officer's SUV. Oh you naughty!

End of options.

"It's time for Exodus! How do I make my way out smoothly and easily?"

—L, Utah

Dear Leaver,

A subject close to my heart, Exodus is maybe my secret-fave part of the week, and I got OPINIONS on the topic. Firstly you want to get all your things ready-to-roll-out by Saturday morning. I'm talking packed and torn down and ready to go. You do not want to try to pack on purge night while all your friends are running around cooked out of their brain having the best night of their lives. Get your things packed up, and start partying. It's Saturday night, go your hardest. Next up, and I'm serious here, just pass out.

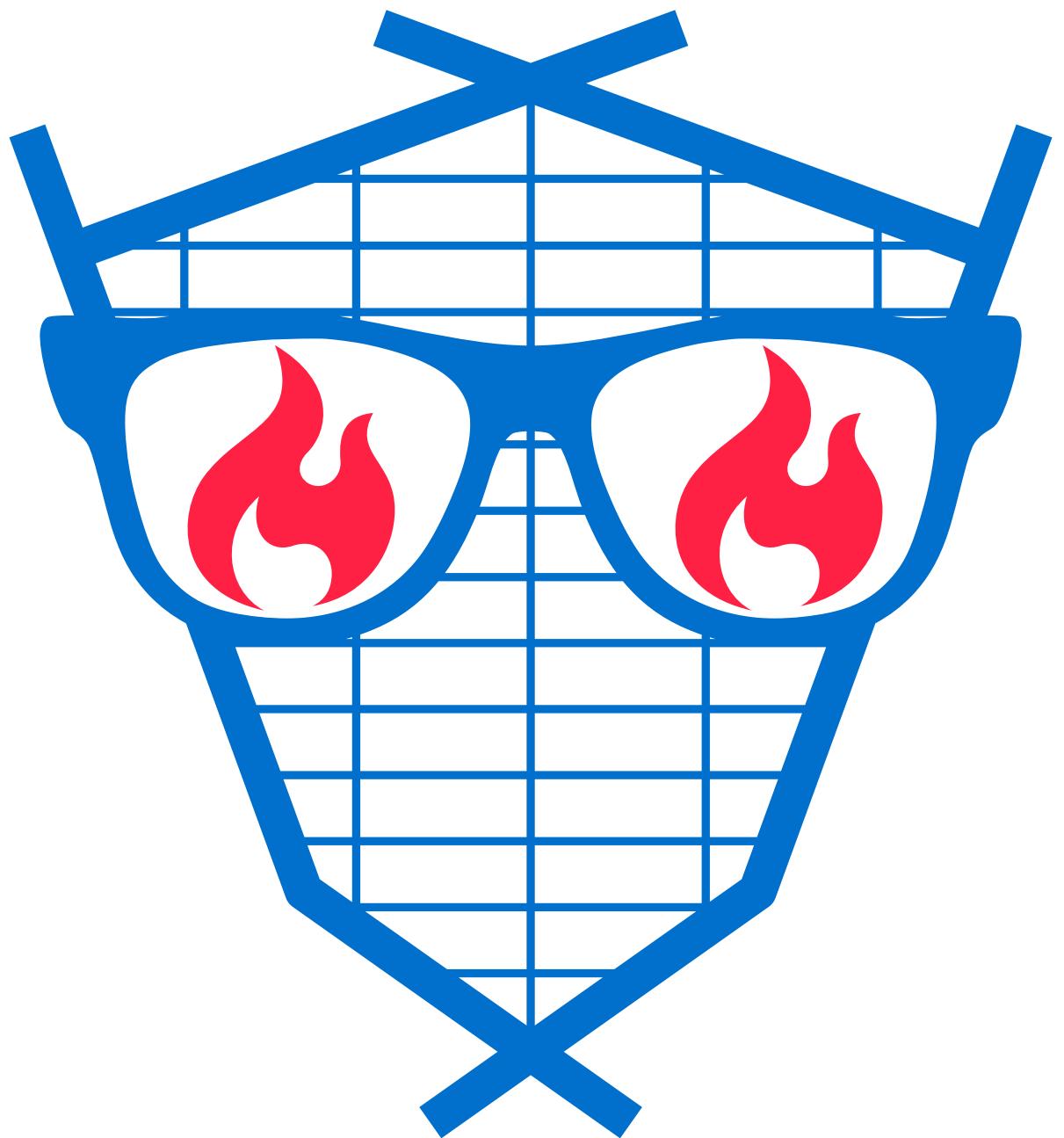
Pass out? Yes! Get horizontal after a crazy night of partying and just pass out. I know, I know, you don't have a camp or things anymore! Doesn't matter. Lay down face-in-the-dirt and pass out. It won't be long, I promise. You see, just like a miracle, you will wake up hot and disgusting the second that sun shows its hideous little demon face, and you will be miserable. Your heart is going way too fast 'cause of the drinking, you have no belongings 'cause they're packed in your getaway vehicle, and all you want to do is die. This brings us nicely to step three:

Get in the car! Now all you gotta do is sit in the car, and follow slow-moving traffic all the way to literally any town in northern Nevada that will have you.

Now here's the key to making this all work. The real secret. STEP 4. You get out your exodus bag! "WHAT'S AN EXODUS BAG!?", I hear you scream. An exodus bag is a bag you prepped before Burning Man even fucking started. In it? A clean set of clothes including undies and socks. An untouched bag of fresh wet wipes. A toothbrush and travel-sized toothpaste, neither of which have even heard the phrase "playa dust".

It is, hands-down, my favorite part of the entire week. Opening a sealed bag, that you packed at home, is truly what dreams are made of. So fresh, so clean. Hangover but a distant memory. Now you're ready to head home tired burner, and don't you feel smooooooth.

A la prochaine, mes sasquatches préférées!



Burnie
— 2020 —

BURNERS WITHOUT BOUNDARIES

Founded in 2004 by Terry “M’Lady” Godfried, Burners Without Boundaries—a grassroots, community-driven camp—was started with a simple goal in mind: to give Burners with no sense or regard for personal boundaries a safe space to uncomfortably hold eye contact, gives hugs that last just a little too long, and place their hands on a stranger’s hips when walking by in crowded spaces. Our culturally diverse team of vapers, 4chan posters, and bitcoin miners all have one thing in common: we quote Rick and Morty too much.

We have a lot in store for 2020! We’re still working out our final schedule, but stop by 8:00 & L (they keep placing us as far away from Center Camp as possible for some reason, don’t know why) for fun events, classes, and parties such as:

GUIDED AWKWARD CUDDLING

FULL-CONTACT REIKI

GROUP BENEATH-THE-SHIRT
SHOULDER RUBS

LOCKED-DOOR DANCE PARTY

HIDDEN INTENTIONS YOGA

OH I'M TOOOOTALLY
‘POLY’ ;) COCKTAIL
MIXER



Stay up to date by subscribing to our Subreddit, /r/CantGoNearASchool.
We'll see you in the dust, whether you want to or not!

Burners Without Boundaries: Let Your Red Flags Fly!



Seriously folks, we need content.

Scan the QR code to write for The Intergalactic Observer.
Don't think. Just do it. Now.

