

# THE DAILY PLAYA

## The unholy marriage of elements

By Zhenya

One does not simply get the construction of a manually operated 80,000- pound rock-and-steel carousel approved in downtown Atlanta, or in downtown San Francisco, or any other town. One does on the Playa. The people overseeing large-scale art in Black Rock City have wanted Zach Coffin to build something on the Playa for a while, he says. It has been seven years since he built his last sculpture here (the Colossus) and nine years since he built the Temple of Gravity. When he did finally come to them with a proposal for The Universe Revolves Around You, the



approval was a small formality. What and this was not a small formality was the week. amount of time he and his team had between the moment it was approved through a million bureaucratic hoops (like he would have for something like this in the default world), he got the approval on March 15, 2012. This gave him a time-frame for building see page 2



Movement together here on the Playa to discuss the future. "Well, we feel that both movements have lots in common," Lee said. Occupy and the Tea Party took to the streets to talk

## Wall Street will burn to the ground

By Vladislav Sorokin

"This is the thing that I've always dreamed about," a random guy walking on the Playa told me about the time he first found out about the Burn Wall Street project. Whether you're a politically involved person or just like Big Burns (this is what you're here for, isn't it?), Burn Wall Street performance on Friday night

The result of three months of work and \$100,000 spent is a very political piece that stems from a neutral point of view. Joe Oliver (AKA Exact Lee) is the producer of Burn Wall Street. He says he and his crew are trying to bring people from the Tea Party and from the Occupy movement together here on the Playa to discuss the future. "Well, we feel that both movements have lots in common," Lee said. Occupy and the Tea Party took to the streets to talk

The project consists of seven buildings that are most iconic to the world in terms of signifying the Wall Street empire.

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## Mutate or go home

By Zhenya

The most important thing about getting your mutant vehicle licensed for the Playa is to make sure it is sufficiently mutated. The folks at the DMV are not art critics, and they are not safety inspectors. They do not want to take the responsibility of saying your vehicle is safe. That's on you. They simply want to make sure it's a true mutant. "You need to mutate it so it doesn't look like the original base vehicle," Chef Juke, one of the members of the Department of Mutant Vehicles' council and the man who reads most of the emails vehicle mutators send in.

About 500 out of the 700 of these bad boys that were invited will make it to the Playa this year. For the DMV, 500 is a sweet-spot. Any more than that can get dangerous out there.

## Lost pussy lost no more

By Gamba

If this is not your first day on the Playa, you probably saw the missing-cat flier. Jasper, a tough Texas boy from the Frozone camp (the guys behind Arctica), got lost out

there. After two days of fruitless search, Jasper finally turned up, found by Shortbus from Spacial Delivery. The people who found him contacted the rangers, and that's how K8 found herself mediating between the owner and the finders.



K8: "We are the rangers. We appear from the

dust, take care of your problem and disappear."

Foofur, a ranger and a vet at the Rampart medical camp, rehydrated Jasper via I.V. and handed him back to his happy owner. Jasper is healthy but misses all the lights.

Unboly  
cont. from p. 1

the "un-  
holy mar-  
riage between  
a Mary-go-round  
and a freight train  
(his words)," that was  
"close to impossible." Still,  
he and a few other members  
of his crew arrived Friday  
morning at 3am and got  
to work when the sun  
got up, rigging,  
lifting, welding.  
The giant  
yellow crane

you  
may  
have seen  
through the week-  
end and Monday right  
across from the Esplanade-side  
entrance to the Center Camp was operat-  
ed by Coffin and his crew fitting together mas-  
sive curved steel beams, suspending from them a five-  
thousand-pound boulder, putting it all on top of the biggest  
bearing Coffin has ever built and cladding the whole  
thing with 17 slabs of granite, 3,200 pounds  
each.

That is what Coffin and his tiny crew (six-10) with-  
stood four days of doing industrial-scale art in the wind,  
dust and a bunch of party people constantly getting  
par-  
t i e s

"When I work here I have to chase a lot  
pull up more people off the work site,"  
to our work Jol Rose, Coffin's work  
space when partner of six years,  
we're working in said. "Not as  
Atlanta. There's usu- many  
ally one song playing at a  
time. You know, the usual."

Rose lives in a warehouse  
in Atlanta together  
with Coffin, Coffin's  
wife Jill Fangauz-  
zacassin and built at the  
their two American Steel ware-  
house complex in Oakland,  
children. California.

B u t Lucas Harper, an East Bay member of  
the Coffin's crew, said parties pulling up to the  
construction site were encouraging but distracting  
and dangerous. They don't mind at all when people stop by  
the perimeter to watch and chat. It's the folks trying to

walk up to a crane moving large metal and rock  
the mid- objects that bothers them.

Despite the excess enthusiasm of  
sand storm some party people, cacopho-  
being a total ny coming from every  
bitch, for Rose, direction and  
getting to work on welding  
the project is a treat. i n

"It's only rarely that we get  
to build such monumental  
industrial absurdism,"  
he said.

OK, get your ass  
up and go ride  
the fuck-  
ing thing  
now.

*Il-  
lumi-  
nate your  
bike at  
Bioluminati!*

What does it do? Basically, an  
insane amount of people  
climbs it and an-  
other less-  
i n -

### An Invo- cation

By Rozebud

Raise us aloft with your myriad fin-  
gers, Dust!  
Engulf our bones and scour our busy minds  
Embrace us in your eternal twirling weave  
Fuse our effort into the workings of the world  
Touch us with your caress, oh mighty Sun,  
As your liquid pink fingers lift the purple cool  
of night,  
So warm our hearts under the  
majestic desert skies.  
Ours is an offering  
of fire,  
T i n y

This  
year's  
theme is FER-  
TILITY 2.0

So I figured there are girls  
out there who want to have a  
child, but have no one to do it with.  
And they would probably do this alone, but  
the whole procedure thing is kind of creepy...  
So if you want to make a child - I offer to donate my genes  
to you. With life expectancy over 85 (that's the least one  
of my grandparents lived), excellent health and  
high IQ, you can get a perfect good-looking  
Playa-concieved child. Since I live  
abroad, the child will be all  
yours! Ask for Gamba at  
Daily Playa camp  
7:45 & A

nine  
o'clock  
followed by  
a keynote speech  
about one of the economic  
issues. All objects are highly in-  
teractive. You can climb the corporate  
ladder, which means actually climbing the  
72-foot Goldman Sucks building, Black Rock City's  
highest point. You can talk to the teller at Bank of Unamer-  
ica about "bad banking practices" and glue your foreclosure  
notice (the Burn Wall Street website says many mem-  
bers of the BRC community have received one)

struc-  
ture  
will be lit  
up with riot  
videos taken all  
over the world. There  
are many ways to par-  
ticipate in Burn Wall Street,  
but the most important thing  
the makers want you to do is  
to come here and speak.

And then watch the  
world's most influ-  
ential companies'  
buildings burn  
down.  
Beautiful!

mir-  
rors of  
your fierce ra-  
diance  
To spark our souls to sing.  
We shall dance,  
Dance among the flames to quench our  
thirst  
Tap tap our feet  
In universal beat  
Against playa canvas  
Cracked

We dive into the dance,  
The slow dance of human love.  
May we glide heavenward on  
the soaring wind.  
May it test our  
works and  
not  
find  
them  
wanting.  
As we cre-  
ate in this uni-  
verse,  
Striving to under-  
stand,  
Striving to be.  
May our joy and sorrow hold  
pure and full of love.  
Love and dust...  
Love and dust...  
In the wind

