

We think about #Baudrillard 's or #Borges ' or #Zizek 's or #Wachowski 's desert of the real and our digital simulacra and then we think about Black Rock City - a fictional, liminal, digital-physical space where we manifest our simulated fantasies to immediately repatriate them to their digital homeland. we've lost track of I in the porousness of this false dichotomy within these expressions of unknowably large and complex hyperobjects #TimothyMorton.

This years 'art theme' is carnival of mirrors. We think of all the cameras, phones, drones, satellites, etc capturing the spectacle of itself. How can we be I and who serves who? Tech idolatry, fetishism, singularity, etc. A flurry of Marxist, feminist, ecological critiques.

I were, we don't understand we.

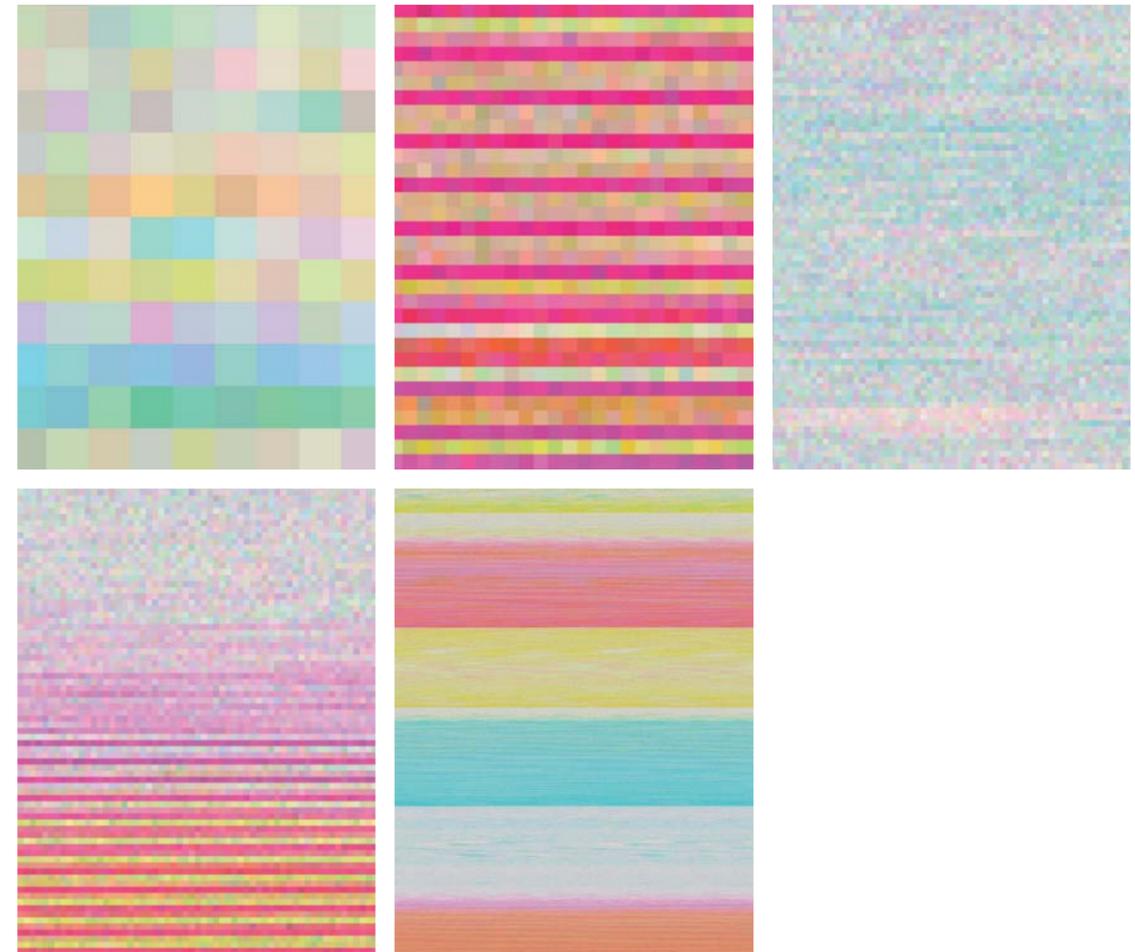


THE WAY DATA DIVIDES INTO PACKETS TRAVEL  
 ELSEWHERE TO DIFFERENT LOCATIONS AND  
 REASSEMBLES ITSELF FREQUENTLY.



EXERCISES IN MYOPIA.

Tapachula tap chia tapasya. Tapasya. Growth through suffering through austerities. Produced by heat. This is our theme. Self flagellation as means to spiritual fortitude. Poetic justice, karma, burning dust, immeasurable unrelenting noise and energy vying for our attention.



Burning Man 2015.jpg  
 Burning Man 20152.jpg  
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 Burning Man 20154.jpg  
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**BURNING MAN 2015**  
 THE FLEETING CHORUSES  
 OF PERRY SHIMON



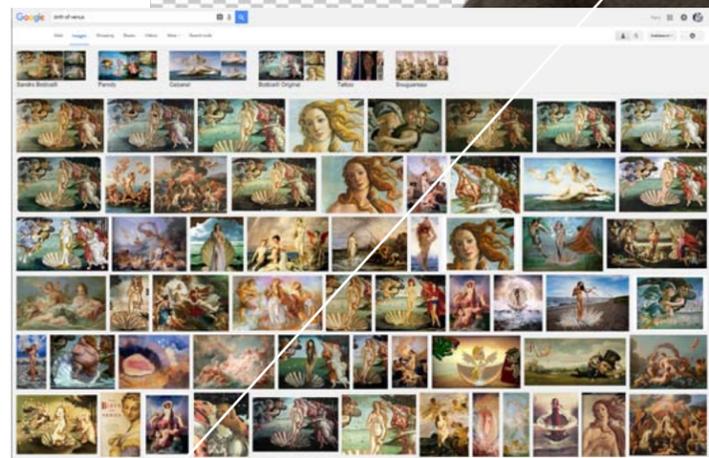
TOPLESS FAIRIE, LEFTISH ELVISH, LOS ANGELENO VENETIAN IN GAS MASKS, HAIR WEAVERES, HOLD US WITH COOL NIPPLE RINGS TOUCHING OUR DARK AND GLOWING-THROUGH DUST-PATINRED CHEST.

*Mogul I moguls Mougli from the United Nations school with a booted biotech company that makes super new hybrids of weed. You have to go to college for something like that ...*



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Md7OvU5Jlcl>

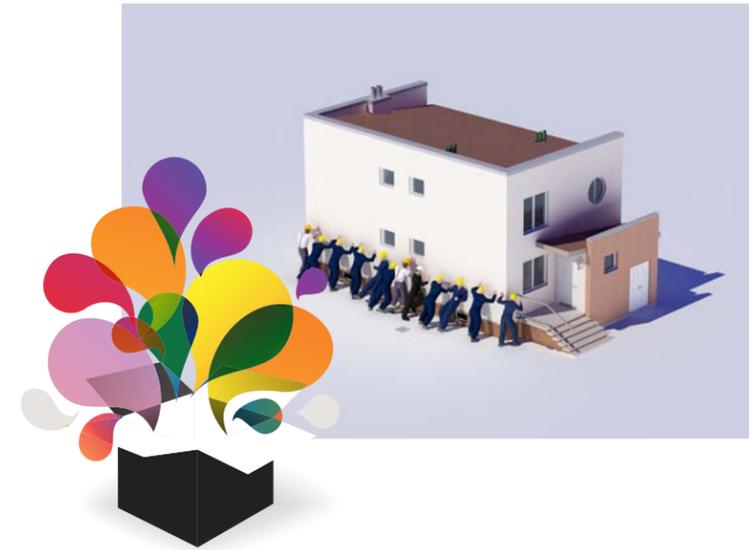
*#Mahler wrote bits of popular song and folk music into his symphonies. #JohnCage. Chopin maybe in the morning...f ades into the distance as military planes roar over head... the worlds loudest didgeridoo droning in-definitely and the contra dance line callers strange cadence...women in 1980' s flash dance spandex or plastic skirts and rainbow socks and men in LED lights and harem pants dance to remixed swing music... bright wind up toy dentures the size of elephants roll by time stamped intersections... the ashram galactica has a double decker radiant rhino playing deep house and a mobile mid century modern flame thrower explodes at the drops. We imagine a super computer listening to Black Rock Symphony 2015 using the entirety of all audio capturing devices in proximity.*



*Anastasia, said Venus on the back of a peddled chariot, ululating, with twinkling eyes, full hips and breasts, green dress, underwater red curls.*

enlightenment™

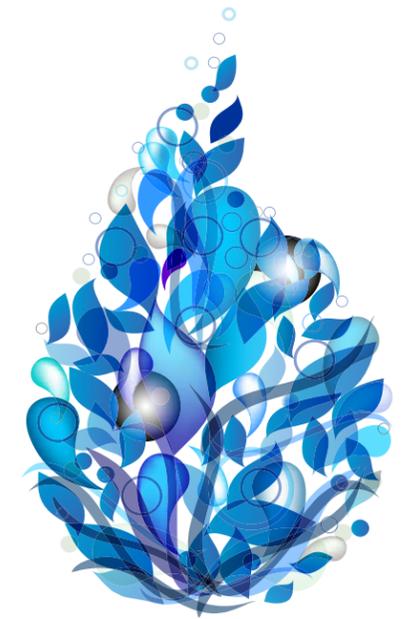
Reminiscing:  
We had people buried in the sand for hours.  
We had people dressed up as monkeys with saxophones repelling down the cliffs.  
We had horses with wings.



\*the contradictions come to the fore



Prozac and mushrooms.



#adorno

## PARTICULATE MATTERS

We will add your technological and biological diversity to our own.

Basil is adept at wearing sarongs. Smart loafers. Bedouin colored sports jacket, blue wayfarer lenses over blue eyes and an orange desert flower blooming from his chest pocket. Silver hair pushed back, bathing lesbians, drift wood mobiles. Alethea and Brian, thick cubes of cantaloupe, hot shi'a into shishito peppers. \$6 apps for iPad djing. #ChristopherAlexander beautiful tombs of generative design. #JacquesTati ill at ease in glass in steel modernity. Betty June, we're dead out of fortunes. He woke up at 4 in the morning to take a crap and the poutine line was short and filled with hard cases. It's near zeitgeist and fills up to capacity all the time. She got out of Orange County while the getting was good. The other conversation was about rent control. Am I the kind of person who uses a rice maker? Is that the piss clear or the bitch sheet?

A constellation for self reflection. Codified cryptic individuated insular abstracted prismatic free floating signifiers. It's not really important. What do you think? Do I have to think? Never mind #zazen

Barely running pink golf cart with decapitated barbies. Peppy Orenstein or Peppy Hindu or Peppy Bundy or Hindi Bundy or Hindi bindi on the hazards of pretty pink princess culture. There was a Joanne Kyger poem scrawled on the porta potty wall - when she falls into the gap of suspicion, she is no longer there. When I fall into the GAO of suspicion.

She was hooked up with one of the big psychedelic rangers and it fucked up her whole life. He only died 7 or 8 years ago.

The way you feel when you talk about robot hard-ons.

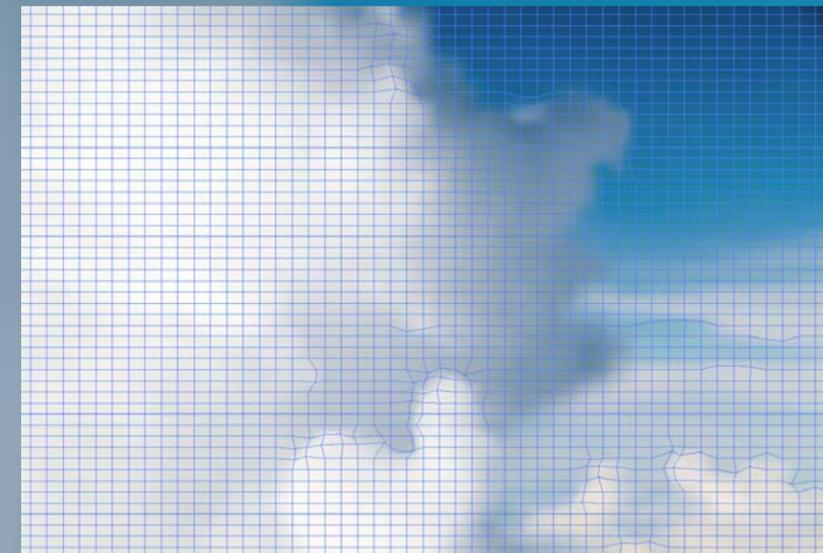
Their project is to create a line or border.

Prepare to realize your vodka-soaked dreams with a whole lot of bass.

So many ambulances.

Peyote enemas and freebox pancakes.

What's the name of that deep sea fish with the lantern that hangs from his head? I don't know but my god #Arendt there some wicked things that live in the ocean? Anyway one of those drives by playing echo chamber reggae that fades to girls escalating tented laughter. A slight, dusty girl with bare breasts walks by and smiles. Sure the planet might be becoming uninhabitable to us but it will be just fine for the life forms coming after. My line of inquiry dissolves at the intersection of cynicism, renunciation, compassion, formulation, action, futility, redemption, etc. I were. We don't understand we.

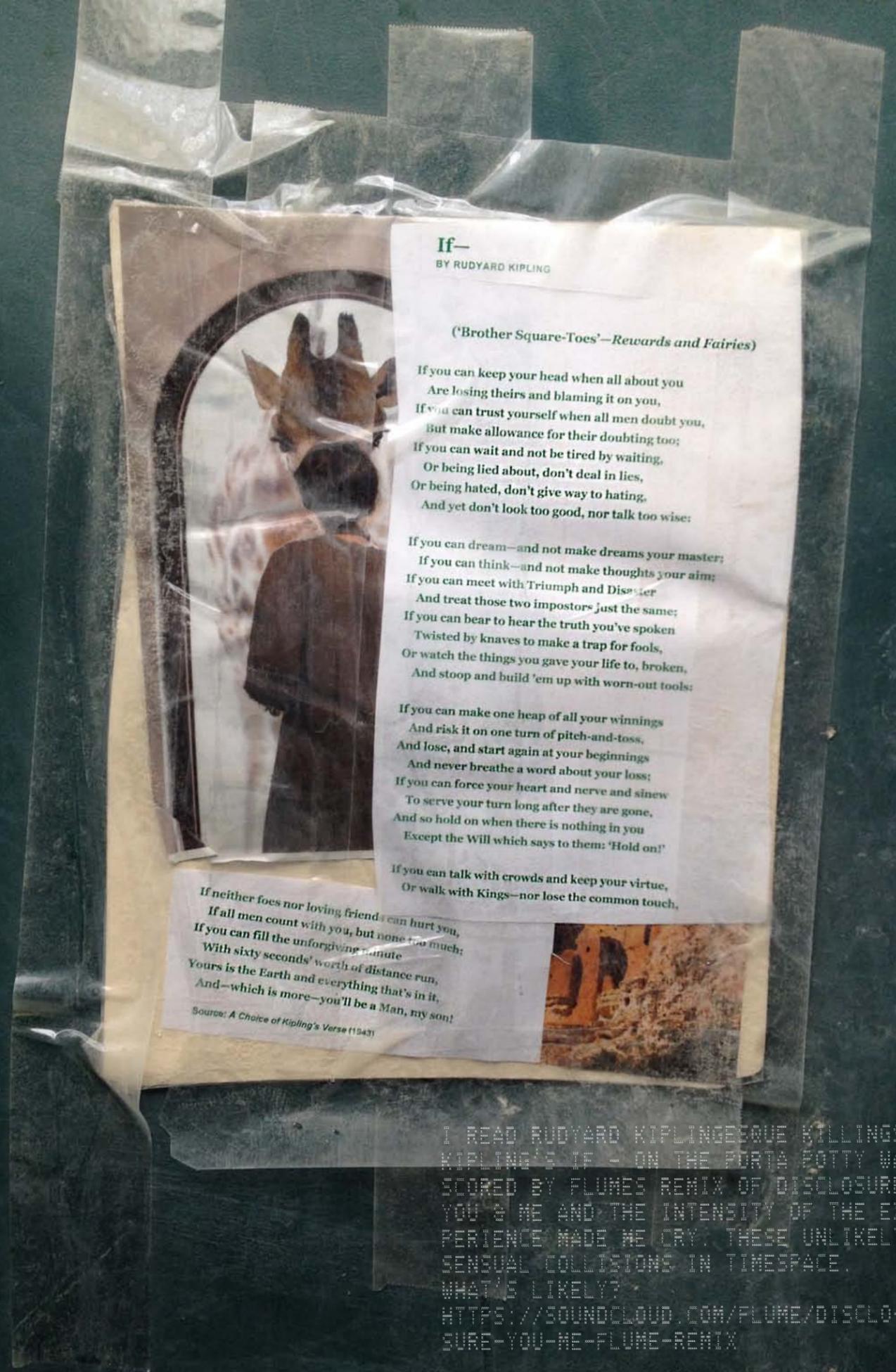




Words sully.

Beer yoga.  
Powerful machine vibrators.  
Silicon village.  
Moon rainbows.  
Fighter pilots.  
LED chickens.

Jihadi pillaging Berlinus or Ananda making coffee? Fucking nuts is pretty much prerequisite. Leave space here for some excellent porta potty graffiti. Let's file a meta complaint. Fight fire with passive aggression. What we have is truth. It's a lot of things. Minor hell realms. Guru capitalism. Alone together. Social media. Tendency towards self aggrandizement. Plumbing the depths of misery. The worst life inhibitor is a nice floor. I'm a threatened envelope. This is a futile pursuit. Space here for an applicable emoticon



If—  
BY RUDYARD KIPLING

(‘Brother Square-Toes’—*Rewards and Fairies*)

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

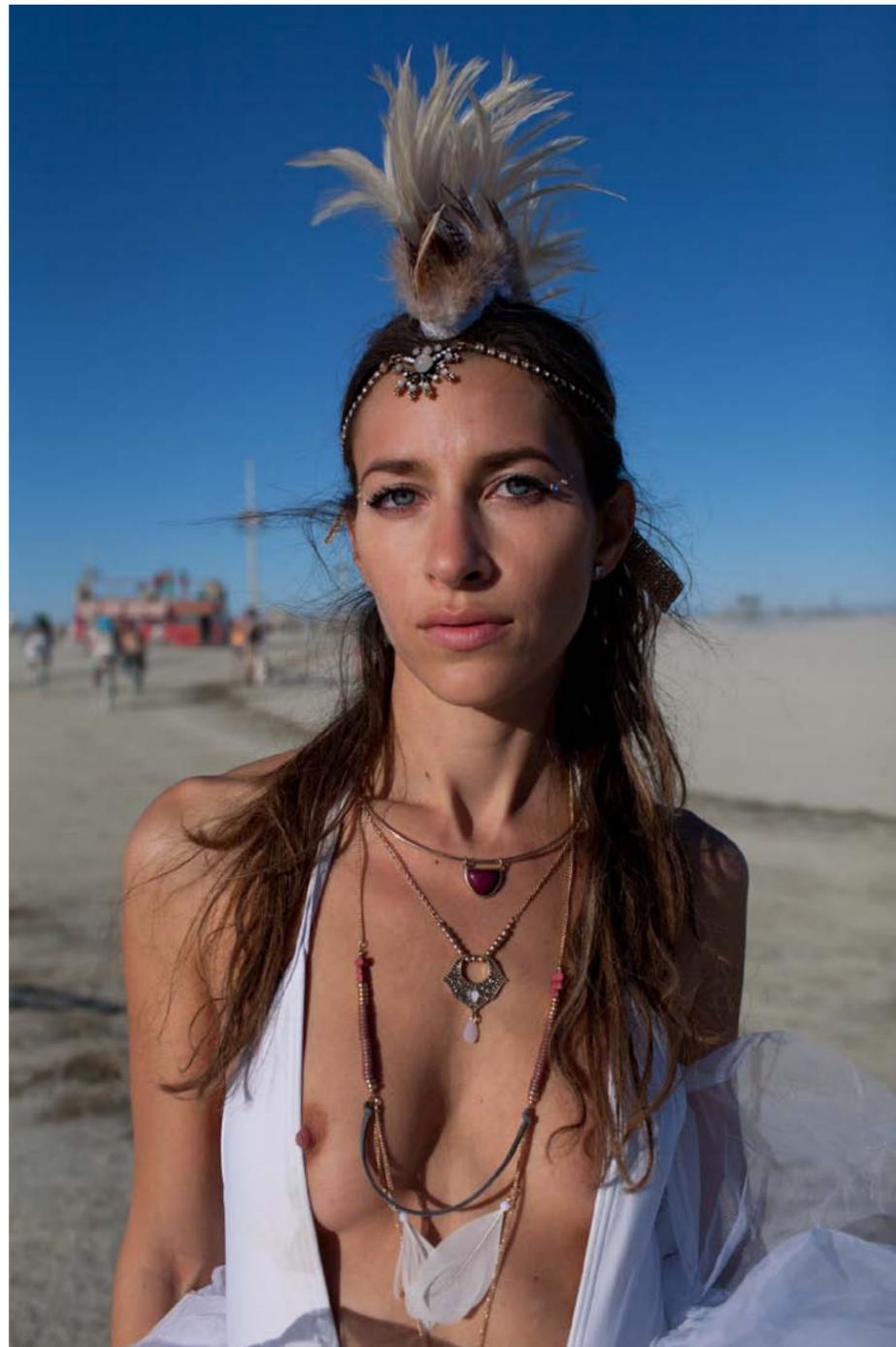
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

Source: *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1943)

I READ RUDYARD KIPLINGEEQUE KILLINGS  
KIPLING'S IF - ON THE PORTA POTTY WALL  
SCORED BY FLUME'S REMIX OF DISCLOSURE'S  
YOU & ME AND THE INTENSITY OF THE EX-  
PERIENCE MADE ME CRY. THESE UNLIKELY  
SENSUAL COLLISIONS IN TIMESPACE.  
WHAT'S LIKELY?  
[HTTPS://SOUNDCLOUD.COM/FLUME/DISCL-  
SURE-YOU-ME-FLUME-REMI](https://soundcloud.com/flume/disclosure-you-me-flume-remix)X



Any signal boosting is welcome.

This here is a crack in the egg of Kali Yuga\*. Black goddess with strings of skeletons hanging from her, a Kroger knife in her hand and millions of birth from her yoni. All the realms are right here and now. We grow stronger in our associations.

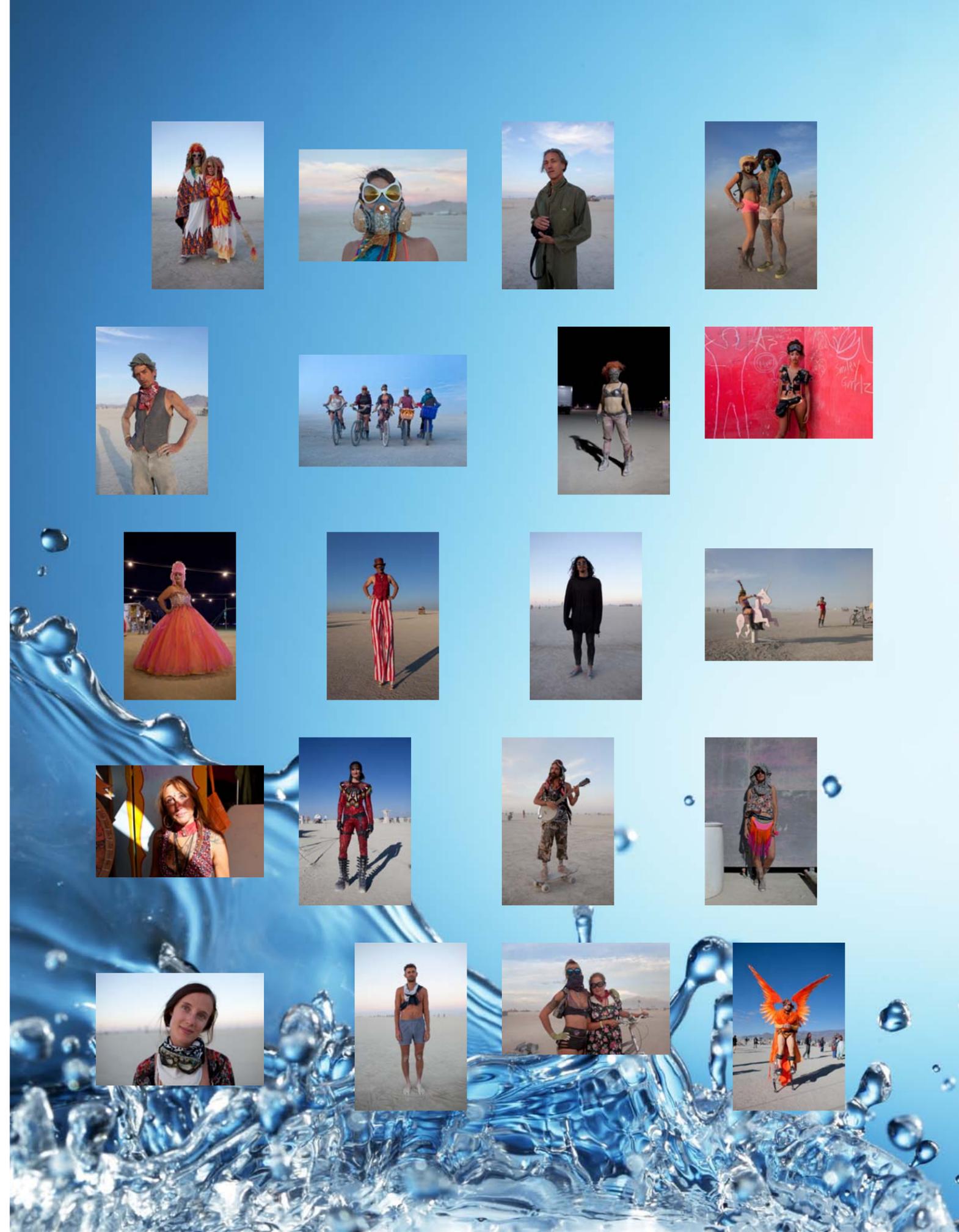
How do you deal with overwhelm? Succumb?

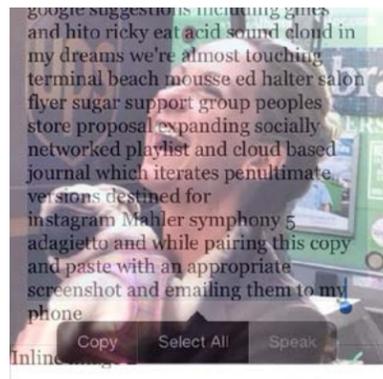
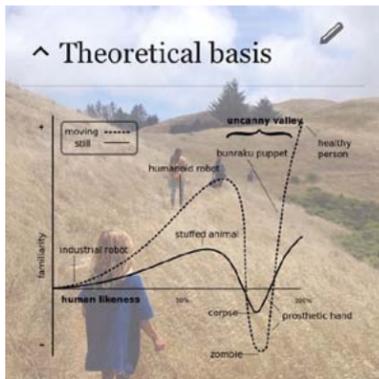
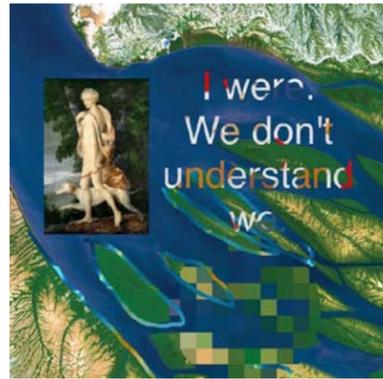
The gay shaman overwhelmed by the aids clinic.

Our magic can't help this.

If you don't go to sleep on the ambient it's like the reverse of lucid dreaming. Tigers, refugees, lauryn hill, jamiroqui, ishi

Every day you get up is a \_\_\_\_\_ day.





*She's the one  
but she had to run.  
I fell in love with a polyglot  
polyglot ex orthodox Jewish topless  
ballerina from Geneva.*



WE FLOPPED DOWN IN AN INFLATABLE POOL FILLED WITH DUST AND PILLOWS AND BISEXUAL ISRAELI GIRLS JOINED US AND TOOK US TO THE ORGY DOME. WE HELD HANDS SWEETLY ON OUR BIKES AND AFTER AN ORIENTATION ON RDI QUARTET EDIQUETTE WE MADE A WRITHING KNOT OF OURSELVES FOR SEVERAL HOURS. IT WAS STRANGELY HEALING. LITHE SHARP WILD EYED A AND VOLUPTUOUS LARGE BREASTED H. WE SOAKED THE SHEETS AND THE AUSSIE COMMENTATOR CAME AROUND WITH FRESH ONES. A HADN'T HAD A MAN LOVER IN SEVERAL YEARS AND HELD US AFTER AND TOLD US WE ARE PERFECT.



THE SPANISH ARISTOCRAT FUZZY-BI-KINIED MILITARY-FATIGUED LESBIAN INTRODUCED US TO HER GORGEOUS ERUDITE UNDERACHIEVER WIFE AND AFTER SEEING A CELL PHONE HOME SCREEN OF OUR BEAUTIFUL PROGENY DECIDED WE'RE GOING TO BE THE DONOR DADDY!



DELUZE

Burning man is the most American thing in America.

A brown and silver woman who's face I couldn't see said her and her daughters name is Pat. That was our mom's name and she was also born in Georgia. Are you our mother?

Bako Dagnon le guide de la révolution simbad remix mp3 320 kbps

A fox looking at a river. A river looking at a fox. More entanglements. Everything sounds like a Joan hoan.

If you get caught peeing on the playa they register you as a sex offender in Reno.

Inevitable decline toward hierarchy.

The way dusty citrus looks in the cool blue light of cheaply manufactured plastic solar lanterns.

When the fire started I began biking away from the crowd as fast as I could. Drones and helicopters, unrelenting explosions, crowd control, inner circle VIPs, compounding anxiety, indigestion, coldness, black boogers, bodies splayed on the cracked desert, billowing black smoke, we're in Afghanistan, we're in Yemen, we're in Iraq, where else are we?

Blacked out girls lying in the sun. Take to shade and bring water. Check back periodically to make sure still breathing.

We met an executive from Aviva Investments named Reagan, no Raggan, like ray gun, wearing a colonial jacket and a baywatch one piece bathing suit who said she had a front row seat to capitalism and it was worse than we could imagine. We told her about deniers sunbirds #GuyDubord as a flaming piano was trebucheted up into the sky towards a vat of flammable fluid.



n

or said to increa:

128,659 Views

Jeremy Baron

Sooo....

We brought a piano to Burnin

pm

pm

fully gro....



Burning Man 2015



1:45 / 5:51



YouTube

Burning Man 2015

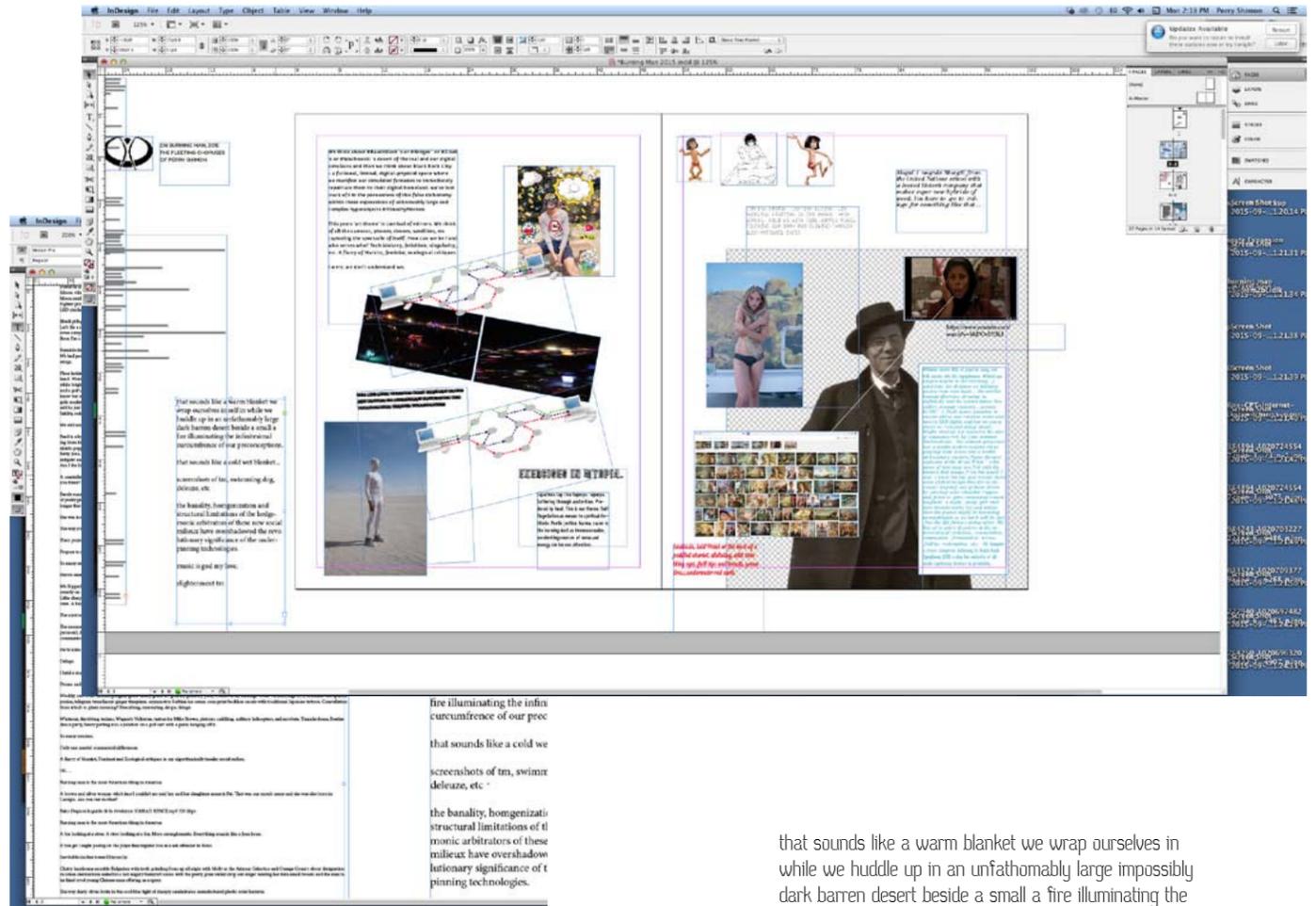
Burning Man 2015 from the perspective of Phantom Aerial Productions.

YOUTUBE.COM





*El Jardín! This fabulous Ayahuasca retreat we must check out.  
We're going to center camp for heavy metal, acrycoga, energy work and mocha lattes.  
If we idolize entertainment this is our Mecca.*



that sounds like a warm blanket we wrap ourselves in while we huddle up in an unfathomably large impossibly dark barren desert beside a small a fire illuminating the infinitesimal circumference of our preconceptions.

that sounds like a cold wet blanket..

screenshots of tm, swimming dog, deleuze, etc

the banality, homogenization and structural limitations engendered by the hegemonic arbiters of these new social milieux have overshadowed the revolutionary significance of the underpinning technologies.

we held a dozen crying people throughout the course of the week

everyone looks the same, uniforms, unicorns.

beast, the primitive skills guy from Brown gave me home made beef jerky, this will give us strength.

we love him for taking up trumpet in his forties.

lady jane, sailings a lovely activity.



Deluge

