Published on ***sexgenderbody*** (http://sexgenderbody.com)

Adventures at Burning Man: The Dome

By ***book of blue***
Created ***20 Oct 2009 - 00:05***



Entrance to Poly Paradise at Burning Man 2009. Photo by Eric Francis, nee Fidel.

I am back, after a hiatus that coincided with Mercury retrograde, the end of Jupiter retrograde and the Libra New Moon.

In this photo, we see the entrance to Poly Paradise, at 4:30 and Chaos. It?s the night view, of course; every evening someone would bring out a box of glow sticks and, in that characteristically unsustainable way reminiscent of Burning Man, decorate the entrance portal to our camp with colored lights.

The path leading to the main entrance is really about three or four meters and the glow sticks were decorating a series of archways. It was one of the most inviting camp entrances I had seen, leading to a friendly and adventurous place; a place where people would attempt to make pizza and roast turkeys in makeshift ovens, and it always worked.

There was soda and beer and chocolate and a ?get the camp drunk day,? and the mayor of the camp, who had an unusual aura of authority, was frequently seen walking around with a plate of cookies like the h?ors d?oeuvre waiter. He was the boss, therefore everyone could have fun; the ultimate Long Island guy, who now lived in Texas and his charisma drew on a mix of both. The feeling of the place was, there are no adults around to tell anyone what to do or not do. Burning Man is often the embodiment of true anarchy ? a sense of personal responsibility coupled with actual freedom.

All those Christmas lights and a few other devices were powered by a single Honda generator, located out the back door to the right side of the photo. The theme of the camp was nonmonogamous relationships; that is, if you were polyamorous or friends with someone who was, you could camp there. The fee for camping and food was $125 per person for the week, if you were an official resident. Every person also was asked to donate five gallons of water to the camp supply.

What I liked the best about Poly Paradise was that anyone could wander in off the playa and eat, drink, fill their water bottle and/or hang out. I long for places where the leadership is cool and people aren?t hassled for nothing; and where we figure out that there?s actually plenty of food to go around.

My other favorite bit about Poly Paradise was the sex dome. Off to the back of the camp was a white geodesic dome about 10 meters across (of which I don?t have a single photo from the outside, it never occurred to me to create one) that was devoted to erotic activity. The dome, made of hundreds of aluminum pentagons and hexagons, was encased in white plastic sheeting. The space was bright and spacious inside, and the environment gritty from the playa. A curtain protected the entrance from direct view from the outside. Once you were inside, the room was divided by sheets of fabric hanging from the ceiling that created some sense of the space being loosely divided.

The space was equipped as follows: there were about four queen size air mattresses; a safe sex condiment bar with stuff like lube, baby wipes and condoms; and a Monkey Rocker. That?s a thing you straddle, with a seat that rocks (with the help of a throttle stick). There?s a platform that moves up and down to which you attach one of those flat-based dildos and you can basically fuck yourself silly. The whole thing with selfucking is that it?s difficult to be the fucker and the fuckee at the same time; it?s hard to relax and take it when you?re the one who has to give it. The Monkey Rocker solves this problem, since all you have to do is relax and rock. I suggest you Google the thing, it will be more obvious how it works.

To this ensemble I added a large elliptical mirror, which I acquired just before leaving Reno, anticipating the possibility of doing Book of Blue photo sessions.

As for how the space was used, anyone could enter at any time; there were no rules except that if you went in, you might be confronted by erotic activity of some kind. Obviously one was expected to be respectful and give others their space, but besides that, you would do what you wanted, when you wanted, with whomever was willing to be there with you; or you could be on your own while others did their thing, or be there alone.

My own plan for Burning Man was not to have sex; sex being defined as contact sex?oral or penetrative partnersex. Given that I?m fairly picky about who I do that kind of thing with, and tend to want a careful energy check that takes longer than a week, it was a fairly easy guideline to follow. I was curious to see what would happen in the way of interesting masturbation experiences.

This, at the same time as being confronted by so many incredibly beautiful women wearing so little and looking so good; and so many couples where the energy vibed out, and generally a good few people having so much sex that someone remarked (and not about Poly Paradise but rather about Burning Man in general), ?All the men taste like condoms. All the women taste like baby wipes.?

Then there were a lot, half a city perhaps, of people who did it only with themselves. A plasma of imagination and soft moans in the enormous night.

(Posted at Book of Blue)
[1]

I define my sex, gender & body. You define yours.

Source URL: http://sexgenderbody.com/content/adventures-burning-man-dome

Links:
[1] http://bookofblue.com/txp/adventures-at-burning-man-the-dome