

BRC

WEEKLY

AUGUST 29 – SEPTEMBER 4 · 2016 · ISSUE 7
BLACK ROCK CITY'S INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY

Assuming this isn't your first year, **Burning Man possibly started fucking up your relationships before you even got here this week.**

Before you started coming out to this shit show, you were probably considered a reasonable person by your co-workers. They were happy to go out to Applebee's with you and discuss the gossip

of the day, while you slogged back hurricanes and jager shots after a long day at Forever 21 (or wherever the fuck it is you work at the mall).

while you are all still in a climate-controlled environment with working plumbing, imagine what it can do to **someone who actually gives a shit about you after several days in a post-apocalyptic hellscape.** This shit could fuck up that couple from *The Notebook*. Imagine what it's gonna do to YOU guys.

Maybe right this second, you're reading this sitting next to **your special someone** you came out here with. You guys are kicking it in the shade at camp or on some hanta virus-infected couch at Center Camp, playing footsies, reveling in the magic of the Burn. You guys planned for months, and built a cute little shade

Let's get something straight right from the jump – **we are an infestation here.** This desert has been attempting to kill everything that



INSIDE:

Make Burning Man Great Again!

Fuck you and the fundraiser you rode in on

Coffee for 70,000?

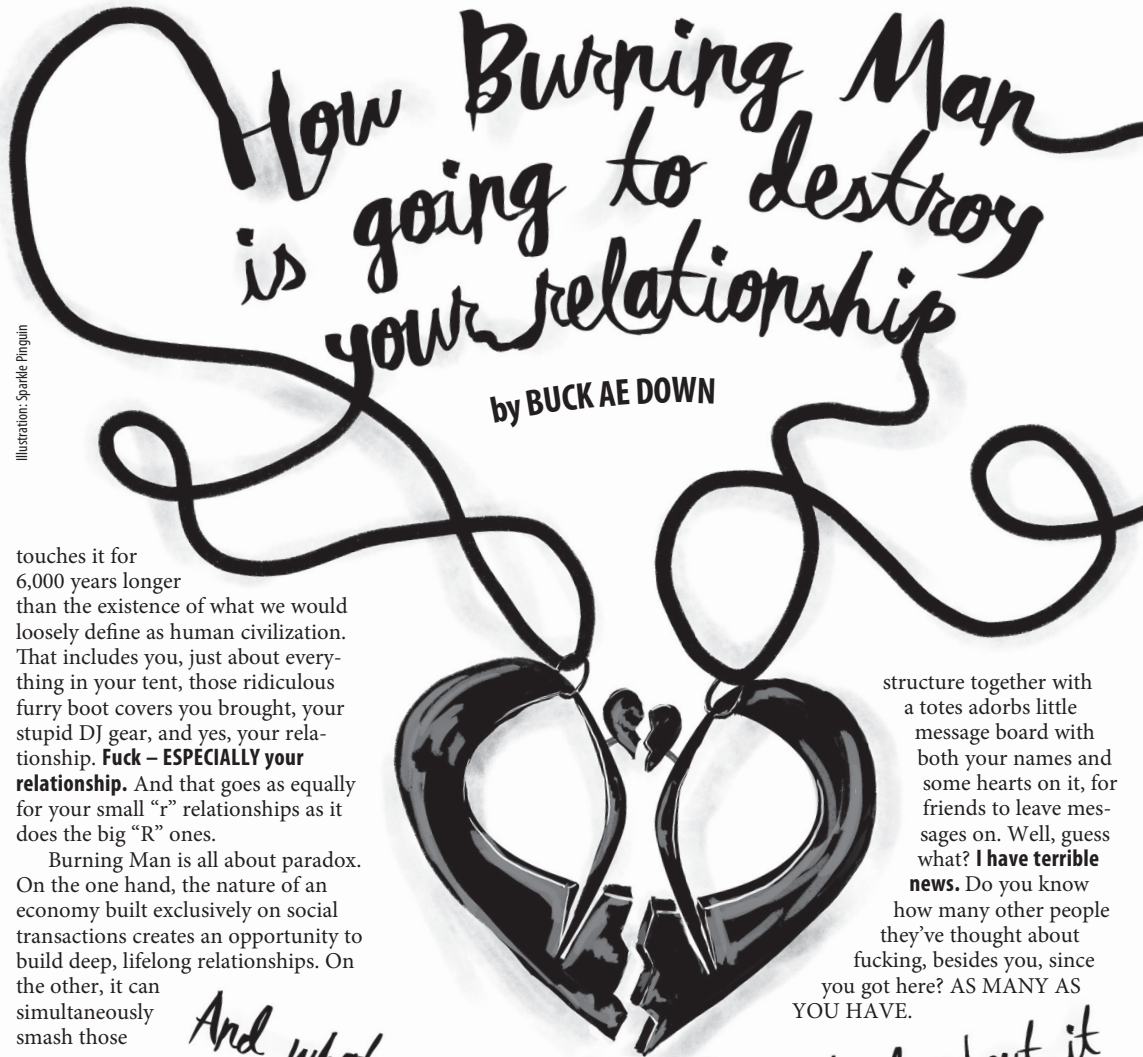
You are a shitty DJ

Camp with your ex?

Overheard at Burning Man

The infamous Out/In List & Playa Lingo

Black Rock City Lives Matter



touches it for 6,000 years longer than the existence of what we would loosely define as human civilization. That includes you, just about everything in your tent, those ridiculous furry boot covers you brought, your stupid DJ gear, and yes, your relationship. **Fuck – ESPECIALLY your relationship.** And that goes as equally for your small "r" relationships as it does the big "R" ones.

Burning Man is all about paradox. On the one hand, the nature of an economy built exclusively on social transactions creates an opportunity to build deep, lifelong relationships. On the other, it can simultaneously smash those same connections like a plane crash in the same afternoon. **This has always been a dangerous place.** The process of deciding who's "in charge" of building your 30-foot tall penis tower art piece is more likely to immolate the bonds of your friendships than it is to topple over and crush you all to death itself – even WITH all your shitty, amateur workmanship.



structure together with a totes adorbs little message board with both your names and some hearts on it, for friends to leave messages on. Well, guess what? **I have terrible news.** Do you know how many other people they've thought about fucking, besides you, since you got here? **AS MANY AS YOU HAVE.**

And what you can at least try to do about it

Now, as far as they know, you've joined **some stupid cult that you won't shut the fuck up about,** and suddenly, everybody just needs to go straight home after work.

If Burning Man can make you an insufferable dick to *those* assholes

That's right. And if monogamy is a big deal to you, then you better hope to god that they're more faithful than their options. Because believe me, this is **Black Rock Fucking City** – and they have options. WAY more options than your marginally-fuckable ass does.

continued on the inside ▶

Help deliver the BRC Weekly!

The *BRC Weekly* needs volunteers to help deliver our fine newspaper. If you'd like to help out, please stop by our offices at **6:30 & Esplanade** (on Rod's Road aka the Rodspanade).

Look for the dome and RVs with the big *BRC Weekly* logos. We usually have a couple boxes of newspapers at the front of the camp **next to the red newspaper box.** If it's the morning, we'll probably still be sleeping, so just grab a stack of papers to distribute around Black Rock City. It's a great way to meet people! **Take all you want, but deliver all you take!** Thanks, BRC!

BRC-Ex-It Strategy

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

Let's say you've been going to Burning Man for a long time with, say, someone you're married to. Then you have a years-long breakup which ultimately results in a somewhat amicable divorce, and you even still camped together last year, even though the divorce was final. But this year you're bringing your new partner to Burning Man, someone your ex clearly has issues with, and you really want your camp to be a **Drama-Free Zone**. Is it crazy to NOT want to be in the same camp as your ex and your new significant other? **Asking for a friend...**

This is what I posted to my personal Facebook page back in March. It ended up sparking a firestorm of comments – 235 comments to be exact (although nearly half of them actually came from **The Ex** in question). I obviously had touched a nerve amongst my burner friends. Reading through them, I found that many had either experienced the same thing firsthand, or were witness to a similar situation while camped with an ex-couple. The comments thread was filled with cautious pearls of wisdom ... and **true tales of horror**. Frankly, it was a goldmine of potential editorial content. And I just knew I had to somehow incorporate it into this year's *BRC Weekly*.

Having spent 21 of the last 23 burns camping with two different sig-

nificant others, I'd say I've definitely had some personal experience with dealing with relationships at Burning Man. And as you can guess from my aforementioned Facebook post, I'm now going into **my 24th burn** with a new **Significant Other** – a Burning Man virgin (or **burgin**, as they're called these days) – which is both exciting and scary at the same time.

There's a time and a place for everything – and it's called Burning Man

Camping with anybody in Black Rock City can be a great bonding experience ... or a **non-stop drama engine**, depending on who you're

ADRIAN

is often an exercise in keeping your shit together – and that especially includes your relationship.

Which is how we ended up with this year's cover story, courtesy of **Buck AE Down**, a veteran burner who bravely took on the writing assignment – "surviving relationships at Burning Man" – and spun it into what I hope you will find an entertaining read during your trips to the portapotty (or sitting under the shade of Center Camp, or hanging out at a bar, or wherever you happened to pick up this issue of the *BRC Weekly*.)

Our annual collection of our camp's little inside jokes

As for the rest of this year's issue, it's **the usual hodge-podge of rants and lists and cultural commentary** you've come to expect from Black Rock City's original independent newspaper. Since the very beginning, way back in 1995 when this paper was called *Piss Clear* (as in "drink enough water so that you..." – anyway, you get it) these pages have always pretty much just been **an excuse for us to disseminate our camp's little inside jokes and sayings** out to the Black Rock City masses. (Where do you think the term 'darkwad' came from? Yup, that's right – this newspaper.) But hopefully, in all of our camp's snark and one-

liners, there are some **universal truths and collective playa consciousness that every burner can relate to**.

While our own small staff contributed a lot to this issue, I have to admit, I ended up getting a lot of great submissions this year simply by asking for it on Facebook. A few comment threads from a few posts, and **suddenly this newspaper practically wrote itself!** If we wanted to, this entire paper could be nothing but **Out/In lists, Playa Lingo**, and (new for this year!) **Overheard at Burning Man**. Hell, maybe next year...

I'll take Camp No Drama for \$420

But speaking of Facebook comments, let's get back to the "camping with your ex and new S.O." quandary I posited at the top of this editorial. What should "my friend" do, especially when The Ex is also still their business partner for a small but thriving nightlife brand?

"Camp No Drama is definitely far, far away from the camp containing The Ex," commented **Jenneviere Villegas**. "I speak from personal experience." And her experience echoed others with dire warnings.

"Isn't this scenario kind of a **playa bucket list item** that everyone has to check off at some point?" asked **Aaron Delachaux**, with someone else pointing out that even Burning Man founder **Larry Harvey** had to deal with camping with an ex. "As such," he continued, "embrace it! Drink in the poisonous ex camp drama and enjoy having 'that year.' You've earned it."

The thing is, I'd ALREADY camped with The Ex – AND her new boyfriend – for two years! **"Been there, burned that!"** No, there obviously wasn't an easy solution to this problem, especially when The Ex felt a certain amount of ownership of certain aspects of the camp.

Ian Chang commented: "Ideally, The Ex should work out their issues with the current S.O. Obvs, y'all ain't gonna hold hands and sing 'Kumbaya.' But y'all have the capacity to act like grown-ups. So handle your business." But then Ian takes off the rose-colored glasses and gets real. **"But let's not forget, this IS Burning Man, where exceptionally self-centered behavior is exalted and glorified.** The camp will ultimately descend into a fantasia of drama and hurt feels and **pill-addled hook-ups** and possibly a slight burn when you pee. Let's be real, they're all gonna camp together with the best intentions and by Wednesday afternoon someone is gonna be reduced to crocodile tears. **Welcome home!"**

When the dust settles...

Well, as it's turned out, we're all here on the playa this year! The *BRC Weekly* camp is back in its usual spot



Your fearless
BRC Weekly editor

at **6:30 & Esplanade**, and my S.O. is in tow, all the way from Berlin, ready to experience her first burn. (She's already so sick of people talking about Burning Man, she has arrived **pre-jaded** – in other words, she's perfect for **our snarky camp!**)

Me and The Ex are still DJing a bunch of **Bootie BRC mashup parties** at various camps all over the playa (see **our party schedule on the back cover**). And The Ex is camping with a sprawling village of friends that we were part of for years, back in the late '00s. I even helped procure her a pair of tickets when she didn't get any in the General Ticket Sale.

Who knows what this year has in store for us? And by us, I don't just mean me and my bit of camp/ex-relationship drama – I mean ALL of us, the citizens of Black Rock City. Every year brings on new experiences – and new challenges. Let's take care of each other out there, and try to make all of our camps a Drama-Free Zone. And failing that, let's at least **learn to brush that dust off your shoulder. (Shake it off!)** See you out on the playa! **BRC**

Stay up all night finishing some Big Art before the Gayte opens. Dance until nothing is left of the world but the music, and the people crowded close. Head over to Death Guild and salt the earth of the Thunderdome with your blood, or a friend's.

Burning Man is still out there, and if you can't find it, here's some news for ya: the problem is YOU. #StillLifeWithBRC

Black Out Black Rock – and see the stars!

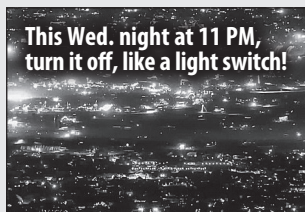
WHAT: Turn off your lights, switch to red and/or warm lighting, and point lights to the ground, not the sky

WHEN: Wednesday night from 11pm-12mid

WHO: All of Black Rock City – that means you!

WHY: So we can see the stars!

The philosophy behind Black Out Black Rock is pretty straightforward: we wish to share the view of the night sky that many of us involved in this project have enjoyed here in the Black Rock Desert with other participants. We aim to educate burners about light pollution and what they can do to prevent it. So shut your blinkies off, switch to your red lights, and take a moment to look up. – **BANANAMAGICK**



This Wed. night at 11 PM, turn it off, like a light switch!

Jason Phillips

BRC
WEEKLY

BLACK ROCK CITY'S
INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY

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BRC Weekly 10:00 Rod's Road (Rodsplanade) at Esplanade & 6:30, Center Camp Black Rock City, Nevada

BRCWeekly.com

BRC Weekly is an independently-funded, private entity, and is not affiliated with the Burning Man Project or Black Rock City, LLC

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You are a shitty BRC DJ

by MALDEROR



I have a question: Do you see yourself anywhere in the following description? Are you some dude-bro that's dragged a **bangin' sound-system** out here, with a **billion subwoofers pumping that bass, and 80,000 watts of throbbing techno power?** But nobody is dancing? Have you been spinning a **dope-ass set of hard-dub-trap-house**, but haven't had

a single person step onto your dance floor the entire time you've been here in Black Rock City?

Here's a theory: You are a shitty DJ

I have camped next to you, or a camp exactly like you, for 22 straight years. Your attempts to draw all the people from **Robot Heart** to your backstreet techno-temple are never going to work. Please, for the love of Larry, give it up. **Turn your shit down when nobody is there** for your sunrise set (or your sunset set). Do us a favor and turn it off. You're not on the Esplanade, and seriously, is that a fucking stripper pole in your camp?

Here's how you will know if you're a good DJ: people come into your camp and dance. They have a good time. They will hug you on the way out and thank you for making their Burn so much better. You will have people dancing. In your camp. On your dance floor. You will have people dancing on your speakers, on your bar, and in your tent later.

On the other hand, here's how to tell if you are a shitty DJ: you are blasting **minimalist-chill-step**, all night every night, because this is the music you think people SHOULD be into. Nobody is dancing at your camp. Your neighbors have come over to ask you to turn it down, because no one is digging it. **You are ignoring them.**

You are an asshole

It is not your job as a DJ to instruct people. It's not your job to force people to appreciate the latest rarefied sounds from the Berlin underground. It is your job to entertain. If you cannot do that last part, you cannot do the first part.

Confession: I had a shitty time at Burning Man last year. I accidentally got a free ticket and a free ride with a red-headed lingerie model/circus performer (as you do), and **ended up back on the goddamn playa again.** I also had a pocketful of **Ambien** with me. I had never actually taken any **Ambien** before that trip however, because you hear all those stories about people pissing in airplane aisles and waking up in a Singapore jail. I was also afraid

of mixing it with booze.

But I got out here after **the usual 17-hour clusterfuck** with the tweakers on Gate Crew, who were searching every nook and cranny of every incoming vehicle. (Seriously, there cannot be enough stowaways, ever, to account for the days of time we waste, collectively, coming through the Gate. But apparently we must make sure the BMorg pocket their \$420 ticket fees. Yay, capitalism! How about we

MALDEROR

employ some professional ticket-takers/security people and get the damn line moving?)

Anyway, we turn up and, as usual, we are camped next to **Camp Thumpty-Thump**. Ten lonely dudes who are certain that the playa NEEDS to hear their **deeply dull handbag-house music** that throbs in their bones. And they won't shut it down for love, money, or a free lifetime pass to the **Orgy Dome**. And there wasn't one person dancing in their camp the entire week. After a couple days of this nonsense, I ended up dropping a couple **Ambien**, just so I could get some sleep in the midst of Sven Väth's greatest "hits."

Blackout cocktail

What I didn't know was that **Ambien-plus-booze** will make you blackout. You will blackout shit from before you started drinking. You will forget events that happened when you were stone-cold sober. I seriously don't remember anything from Burning Man last year. **It's all one big dusty blur** – except for the pain in the ass of getting here, the pain in the ass of getting through the Gate, and

then waking up later in a circus warehouse back in Oakland. For all I know, I slept on the crusty floor of a porta-potty all week. What a huge waste of time, effort, and brain cells – to not remember a goddamn thing.

So, yes kids, don't mix **Ambien** and booze. You'll end up having to come back to Burning Man again the next year, as a **playa "do-over."**

But back to you and your so-called "DJ" camp

If nobody is on your dance floor the ENTIRE WEEK, it's not because other people haven't caught up with your advanced musical taste. It's because you are not a good DJ. **Your extreme volume does not make up for your limp-dick inadequacy.**

Have I been describing you and all your flaccid campmates, who have been **"banging awesome tunes"** to absolutely no one? Then turn it the fuck off. Go to sleep. All your neighbors will think you're a fine and upstanding human, and will bring you bacon, waffles, and blowjobs in the morning. **Shut it down.** Respect the people around you. If you don't understand this basic notion of Black Rock City citizenship, you are missing the point of this stupid hippie camp-out. Don't be such a shitty camp that your neighbor has to obliterate his memories of an ENTIRE week with

A lonely BRC DJ spins for an empty playa dance floor



booze and prescription medication.

Black Rock City is an experiment in temporary community. We're here to break down barriers between strangers. We're here to meet our neighbors. We're here to talk with one another, and maybe become friends. **Accept the fact that your obnoxious onslaught of sound might be a problem.** Accept the fact that your next-door neighbor might want to catch a little sleep at 4:30 in the morning. Be a better goddamn human, for fuck's sake.

But whatever. Nothing really matters. **BRC**

The art isn't what it used to be. The theme camps aren't what they used to be. The people used to be cooler. There are more cops. The drugs are more expensive, and shittier. All of that was true last year too, and yet here you are.

At least it's nice to know that we can count the bitching getting better every year... #LikeAFineWhine #StillLifeWithBRC

Top 5 reasons you should let me DJ on your art car

by DJ YOLO_AF

I've been to Burning Man once, and I'm starting to feel like I've done it all. But there's one thing I've never done – I've never DJed on an art car. I've DJed on small stages, off of iPods in the back of a U-Haul, and a big stage (well, I tried to, but security asked me to leave). But never an art car. How could this be? I've been to a lot of camps and I'm sure I'm "playa famous." So this year, I'm looking to change this. Here are a list of reasons why you should let me DJ on your art car.



I'd even DJ on this art car

Tritan Smattler

- 1. Experience.** I've been DJing for just over a year and know what it takes to rock a dance floor. I've got mad skills, bro!
- 2. Music.** I play the unique and barely ever heard genre of minimal tech house. I rip all my music from YouTube, which allows me to always have freshest and newest beats available.
- 3. Willing to take any time slot.** I am flexible with my schedule and can play whenever you need me. However, due to camp chores and obligations, I won't be available during the day or early evenings. 2am-5am will work best with my schedule.

4. I have a big following with a great girl/guy ratio.

I have met lots of burners and have gifted these burners my mix CD. My mix is lit as fuck and I'm sure over the year these burners had the mix on loop which has probably made them fans of me. Based on who I distributed CDs to, I

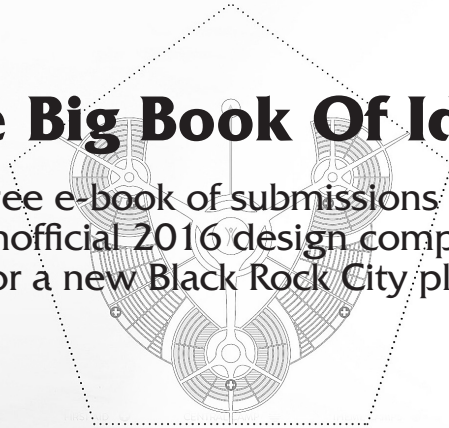
should have a ratio of about 80% female and 20% male. This ratio will help promote and create a big dance floor.

5. I will promote your camp, bro. Because I know my presence will really kick it to the next level. The endless stream of Instagram pictures I post showing me DJing will get you hundreds of followers. I'll also talk about my experience DJing on your art car to everyone I know for the next year, regardless if they want to hear it or not because, let's face it, me DJing on your art car is gonna be EPIC!

So there you have it, why you should book me to DJ on your art car. If you wanna "pop my art car cherry," you can find me camping near 10:00 & Knowledge – I'll be the one with the pink mohawk. **BRC**

The Big Book Of Ideas

A free e-book of submissions from the unofficial 2016 design competition for a new Black Rock City plan



Visit the
Black Rock City Ministry of Urban Planning
www.brcmup.org

"Mother" by Sergio Bianchi, Simone Fracasso, Chiara Pellegrin (Italy)



SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · SEATTLE · NEW YORK CITY

THE GREATEST MASHUP PARTY IN THE UNIVERSE IS BACK IN BLACK ROCK CITY

Bootie

BRC

2016

10 PARTIES · 8 DJs · 5 DAYS

Bootie Mashup DJs from 4 different cities:
ADRIAN A · MYSTERIOUS D · LOBSTERDUST
TYME · AIRSUN · FAROFF · MALDEROR · DESTRUKT

MONDAY AUG 29

EGGS BAR '80s MASHUP PARTY
 8:00 CENTER CAMP (near ARCTICA) · 3-5 PM
SWISH EMBASSY
 2:45 & COSIMO · 10 PM - LATE

TUESDAY AUG 30

PARADISE MOTEL
 7:45 & BOTTICELLI · 5-7 PM
DEATH GUILD THUNDERDOME
 ESPLANADE & 2:45 · 9 PM - MIDNIGHT
FANDANGO! '90s MASHUP PARTY
 9:30 & ARNO · 8 PM - LATE

WEDNESDAY AUG 31

SPANKY'S WINE BAR
 ESPLANADE & 2:30 · 8 PM - LATE
ASHRAM GALACTICA
 6:00 & GUILD · 11 PM - LATE

THURSDAY SEPT 1

GLAMCOCKS / BAAHS BEACH PARTY
 7:30 & BOTTICELLI · 3-5 PM
DECADENT OASIS
 7:30 PLAZA & GUILD · 10 PM - 6 AM

FRIDAY SEPT 2

AUTOMATIC SUBCONSCIOUS
 ESPLANADE & 8:30 · 8 PM - DAWN

LUCKY'S BAR, a neighborhood dive bar,
will be playing Bootie Mashups nightly,
open sunset to close · 6:30 & FLORIN

FREE Bootie Mashup CDs will be gifted!
BootieMashup.com

If you like the BRC WEEKLY, you'll love PISS CLEAR!

PISS CLEAR is a book!



"The alternative history of Burning Man, written as it was happening."



From 1995 to 2007, the alternative newspaper *Piss Clear* was a fixture at Nevada's annual Burning Man arts festival, its cheeky name deriving from the Black Rock Desert's #1 survival tip: "drink enough water so that you piss clear." For 13 years, editor **Adrian Roberts** and his staff of writers wrote about the colorful culture of Black Rock City, and their snarky and sarcastic tone gave *Piss Clear* its well-earned reputation as the "Vice magazine of the playa."

Having started off as a sort-of sassy survival guide, *Piss Clear* quickly evolved into Burning Man's snarky reality check, chock full of

hard-hitting articles, acerbic rants, witty commentaries, and funny lists. Along the way, it documented – as it was happening – the growing evolution of the Burning Man event.

Burning Man Live: 13 Years of Piss Clear, Black Rock City's Alternative Newspaper compiles all 34 issues of *Piss Clear*, and includes a brand-new essay from longtime columnist Malderor, as well as an introduction from Brian Doherty, author of *This Is Burning Man*. There are also yearly chapter introductions from Adrian Roberts. Telling it like it was, this is the alternative – and yes, opinionated – history of Burning Man.



BURNING MAN LIVE: Go to www.pissclear.org or get it at your local independent bookseller