

BRC WEEKLY

BLACK ROCK CITY'S INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY · AUG 28 – SEPT 3 · 2017 · ISSUE 8



A handy guide to the people you should try to avoid in Black Rock City

Burning Man is the festival you attend when you want a transformative experience and an escape from mundane life. The goal of your **week-long utopian journey** is to gracefully exit The Playa, leaving no trace, with an altered perception of reality. In simpler terms, it's an activated charcoal, gluten-free, frequently **chemically enhanced juice cleanse for your soul**.

At its dust-ridden core, Burning Man is a melting pot of demographics, subcultures, and psychedelic minds — each more annoying than the next. Still, the

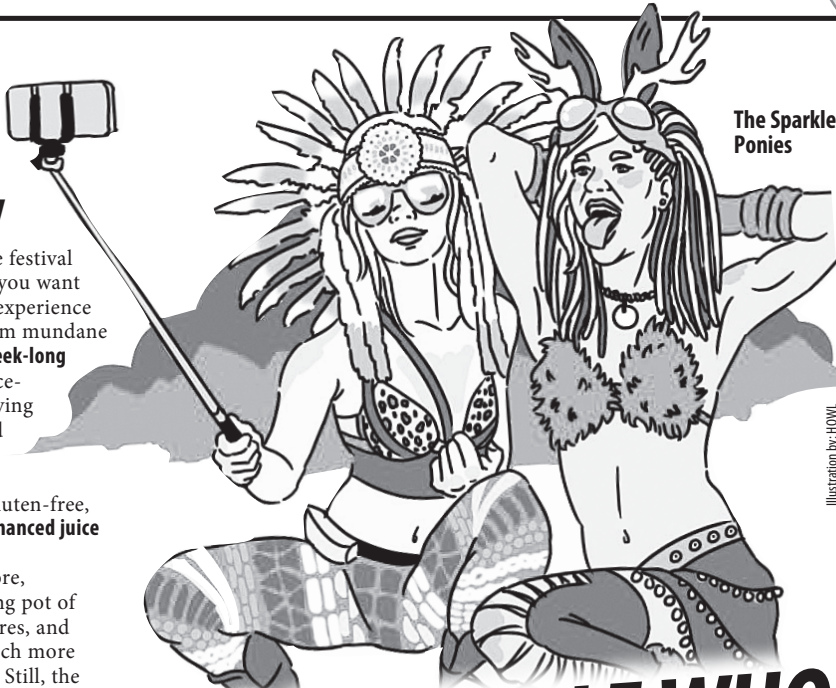


Illustration by: HOWL

THE SIX TYPES OF PEOPLE WHO WILL RUIN BURNING MAN JUST BY BEING HERE

by AUSTIN GEBBIA aka DEAR MORNI

most humanizing aspect of this festival is its array of people from every economic class: sinister tech geniuses like **Elon Musk** and **Mark Zuckerberg** and eccentric celebrities like **P. Diddy** and his famous pink umbrella brush shoulders with folks who think healing crystals and olive oil will cure fibromyalgia.

Below, we made you a handy reference guide for the many types of **mind-numbingly annoying people** you will come across during your stay in Black Rock City.

1. The Sparkle Ponies

“The Sparkle Ponies,” also known as the models, spend the majority of their days fine-tuning their bindis, pouring water on the playa to create a puddle where they can admire their

own reflection, and figuring out how to helicopter in **Annie Leibovitz** for a joint photo shoot with a half-naked **Jamie Jones** atop art installations.

If the Sparkle Ponies are not being coddled and worshipped by their pack of Instagram followers, they can be seen wandering through the Deep Playa without a cause, often trailing closely behind **the one-percenters** like a bunch of **selfie stick-wielding dementia patients**. As they meander through the rough terrains of Black Rock City in skin-tight latex, their million-dollar bombshell bras and six-pack abs glisten in the sunlight. The male models trade their protein shakes for mushrooms and GHB, and the female models swap cigarettes for a trendy snakeskin choker, all while desperately trying to catch a ride on **Katy Perry's** segway or finagle their

way into a venture capitalist's pop-up fast food joint, “Burner King.” After a day of social climbing, they get bored and leave.

2. The Techno Snobs

The Techno Snobs only come to Burning Man because they caught a glimpse of a flyer in a techno Facebook group and are under the impression that **Ben Klock** and **Marcel Dettmann** will be playing back-to-back for days on end in the middle of a desolate dungeon. They all know each other from the deranged YouTube comment sections where they spend days rummaging through **Marco Carola** videos trying to score the track IDs. They blacklist anyone who has Shazam or any other iPhone besides the space grey 6+ (no case).

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How to get laid at Burning Man

Top 5 sex & drug tips for the playa

There goes the Gayborhood!

Megaphone 101:

Temple of dead trees

No really, Burning Man is over, I swear

Overheard in BRC

The infamous Out/In List & Playa Lingo

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 **1:30 Center Camp Plaza (next door to Playa Info)**.

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!

Overheard in BRC

"Always leave a man behind."
"Building domes destroys relationships."
"Community is just organized mass hysteria."
"Do you have a license for that bullhorn?"
"Dude, Daft Punk is playing at midnight at the trash fence past the Man, this is going to be epic."
"Dude.... I think I lost my boundaries..."
"I don't feel anything yet, maybe we should take another one."
"I had no idea it would be this dusty."
"I had so much fun, I forgot to poop."
"I said you would see things you had never seen before. I didn't say you would like it."
"I want to do that... and Viagra."
"I went to the bathroom and couldn't find my dick!"
"Is that dude a narc or just a creeper?"
"It's like the partially-sighted leading the blind."
"I'm much more myself now than I was when I got here."
"I'm not shutting you down, I just can't handle empowerment right now."
"I'm trying to pick up the pieces of my fractured mind and figure out who I am now."
"My feathers aren't moopy. I glued them on."
"Remember that one time we brushed our teeth?"
"So, we caught you blue-handed! What did you drop in the porta-potty?"
"Taking a dump on acid was way better last year."
"The first casualty at Burning Man is expectation."
"Watch out for the floor, it moves."
"We would never take anything out of someone's lost backpack. But there's no rule against adding more random stuff!"
"We've got a clusterfuck going on in the back and you're invited. But don't worry, there's no penetration."
"Where's the main stage?"
"Why can't I remember from one year to the next: Pound rebar first, then paint my nails."
"Would you like to go to the Orgy Dome with me? Oh, I don't want to have sex with you. I just need to bring a girl!"
"You put ice in my cocktail?! This is the most amazing camp!!"
"You won't feed me? I thought that was a rule! Where is your radical inclusiveness?"

My 25th Burn! (Where's my gold watch?)

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

OMFG have I *really* been coming out to this **stupid dirt rave** in the desert for nearly a **quarter-century**? That's longer than all but *three* of the people who are actually *in charge* of Burning Man! And since 1995 – my third Burn, and the year I almost stopped coming, because it had gotten **"too big and popular"** (yes, even back then with only 3000 people) – I've been publishing this newspaper, in one form or another (in a previous life, this publication was known as *Piss Clear*, as in... **"drink enough water so that you piss clear,"** as in... the Black Rock Desert's #1 survival tip.) Aaaaaanyway...

In the 25 years I've been coming to Black Rock City, I've seen a lot. I wish I could say "I've seen it all," but... how is that even possible? **Have you SEEN how much shit is out there on the playa?** If you've been coming here for a while, and this is your first time reading this newspaper, then I rest my case!

So how am I still here, still doing it, still excited for what's happening in Black Rock City? **How have I not burned out**, like so many other people, or simply checked it off the Bucket List and moved on?

For one thing, I have an **Important Community Project**, which you happen to be holding in your hands right now. For another, I also DJ and throw parties (er, sorry, I mean "produce events") here, which you can find all about by flipping this paper over and looking at the back cover. (Full disclosure: the only reason there's a **Bootie Mashup** ad on the back of this publication is so I've got a handy way to keep track of my **stupid busy DJ schedule** this week.)

Same shit, different year

But let's face it, if you've been coming out here for a few years, **most of the Burns start to blur together**. It's not like this festival radically changes from year to year. Sure, there's **some bullshit theme** as an excuse to design a slightly different Man each year and give silly names to the streets. And sure, the art out on the playa changes, and the weather might fluctuate. But other than that? It's all just variations on "same shit, different year."

So if you're just coming to Burning Man to "check it out" and **"specticipate,"** after a few times, you're like, "I've got it." And then the following August you go to Hawaii or Europe or Antarctica or



Your BRC Weekly editor, here for the 25th time!

anywhere that has nicer weather and isn't, oh, you know... **one of the most inhospitable environments on Earth.**

But if, after a few Burns, you're still coming here, then chances are, you've found yourself a project. Building a camp. Creating art. Working for the DPW. **DJing. Publishing a newspaper.** Whatever it is, you're probably doing it. But then you face another risk: You get so bogged down and busy with your stupid playa project, that you eventually burn out. You're like, **"Fuck this, I'm taking a year off."** And another.

And another. And the next thing you know, you're one of those people who say, **"oh, I used to go to Burning Man,"** wearing it like some badge of **hippie hipster cred.**

Like most things in life, balance is the key. I've almost become one of those stereotypical veteran burner casualties several times, busting my ass out here, but forgetting why I was actually coming here in the first place – **TO HAVE FUN.** There's a familiar saying amongst longtime Burners, usually sometime late in the week, after days spent building a camp and making shit happen. They grandly declare to everyone in their camp: **"I'm going to go to Burning Man now."** And then they actually *leave camp.* They go and explore Black Rock City. You know, like they used to – when they first starting coming here. **Ah, the plight of the veteran Burner.**

"Post-jaded" is the new jaded

Of course, the other reason I've been able to survive 25 years without burning out is this: I actually have a creative outlet for all my bitchiness about Burning Man! Instead of joining the DPW or being one of those **assholes yelling into a megaphone** (although I sometimes do that too), I get to put it all here on the page, print 25,000 of these things, and then just **go be fucked up and run**

around the playa like 99% of everyone else out here. (Okay, maybe 98%.) And that has actually made me what is known as **"post-jaded."** I've now come full circle, and I'm so over being one of THOSE old-time burners, always bitching about how much better it used to be. **Next year sucked better!** I mean, if you're jaded about Burning Man, yet still coming out here, then.... **you're obviously doing it WRONG.**

And each year, I try to **do it RIGHT** just a little bit better. And that includes this newspaper, which let's face it, could have easily ended up just being **Playa Lingo** and one big **Out/In List.** (Yes, this is what happens when you crowdsourcise your newspaper's content via comments from your Facebook friends.)

Then again, you probably would have **loved** that, wouldn't you? We know the Out/In List and Playa Lingo are the only parts of this newspaper that really count! But in-between those two things, we always try to throw in a few interesting articles, **pertinent to your interests** here in Black Rock City.

We've moved!

Stop by our camp if you want to **grab back issues from last year**, or if you want to shoot the shit with me and the other editors at **our NEW location – the Inner Circle of Center Camp, next door to Playa Info**, and – interestingly enough – in the *Black Rock Beacon's* old spot. Yes, we **finally** made it to the inner ring, while the competing newspaper got **back-burnered** to the 3:00 Plaza. And it only took more than two decades to get here! **Thanks, Placement Team!**

Whether you are a first-time spectipant, second-year zealot, or **"been there, burned that"** veteran, don't forget to have FUN this week! See you out on the playa! **BRC**

BRC WEEKLY

BLACK ROCK CITY'S INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY

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Burning Man is fucking over

by SHUTTERSLUT

It's another year on the playa, and the sights and sounds of BRC are all around us. And yet as always, any mention of the event before or after leads to the inevitable complaints about how Burning Man is "ruined" or "over," both from burners and from people who've never been. This has been bitched about since the second bonfire on the beach, and it'll be bitched about it long past the time the event finally settles down to a permanent year round site as the



Disneyland of Festivals: Burning Man, the Magic Mushroom Kingdom!

A screeching ride to oblivion

So let's get one thing clear from the start – **Burning Man is utterly, completely, totally, fully, unconditionally and altogether ruined, forever and ever, amen.** There is no turning back at this point, it's just all downhill from here. We're on a screeching ride to oblivion, and there's barely a point to come out here anymore. I mean, does anyone really enjoy the heat and the dust and the **endless fucking thump-thump of the EDM-du-jour** in the background while you try to choke down another goddamned dry-ass granola bar?

I'm pretty sure, at this point, I'm only out here to keep my **cranky old man jaded burner cred.**

Let's just start with Center Camp – the **BRC Weekly** finally got placed in the Inner Circle, and now we have to look across at the **Starbucks® Cafe** plopped in the middle, with the patchoulied hordes filling up the space while they drink their **\$5 Burnachinos**. All around us are camps that sold out years ago, from the **Foster's Farm Fresh Eggs Bar** and the **Claussen Pickle Joint**, to Fox News owning the **Black Rock Beacon**. It's a sad cry from the days when camps were done for love. (Full disclosure: **BRC Weekly** is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Gizmodo). Granted, it's better than last year when we were all forced to look at the rotating LED sign over the **Google® Burning Man**, because that was bright as fuck.

Plus the end of Burning Man is everywhere you look – from the bar camps that now have light-up neon signs from their beer sponsors and huge cardboard "**Absolut Burn**" posters for you to take a selfie with, to the gourmet restaurants that require you to have upgraded to the **VIP "Experience Package" tickets**. And as if that wasn't bad enough, the new token system to get rides on art cars makes it nearly impossible to get a lift – and the **same assholes who wouldn't let you on their art car unless you were a hot girl** now won't give you tokens unless you're one.

Minor inconveniences

Now that we've gotten all the of **made-up bullshit of everyone's fears** out of the way, let's look at the signs of Burning Man's unfortunate demise with clear eyes. While the things I can see from our beachfront property in Center Camp look thriving and fun, there must be serious issues at work here for people to constantly be bleat-

ing about the horrors of the Burn. I just can't see what they are, other than minor inconveniences that float to the surface every year.

Yes, **turnkey camps** exist, and rich folks fly in and stay in RVs that cost more than most of our apartments cost for a year. But unless you're facing a wall of their RVs, how exactly do they affect you? Not just the idea of them here, but the reality of them. If you never go to the back streets and see them, are they really ruining the event? If you're not one of the people working for them, is your Burn really ruined because they're here? Look, I have issues with them

getting tickets at the **pay-up-the-ass price** and then still being eligible to compete with the masses for the General Sale tickets, but that doesn't mean the people themselves should be banned. Fuck, some of them have been coming longer than **your sorry ass** (and mine).

Sparkle ponies can be an absolute annoyance, with their lack of contribution and sense of entitlement, but if you're not the one feeding them and cleaning up after their messes, why do you care that they come unprepared? Survival of the fittest, baby – the warning about death on the back of the ticket isn't a joke, and if **Lady Sparkles** thinks she can bounce her **glittery boobs** and get taken care of ... well, **she's probably right**. There are always people who think they'll get something out of it. If you don't like them, **don't be that sucker**. Pretty fucking easy to do.

If **jaded old burners** like the staff of this rag are ruining your **vision quest for your spirit animal** or wrecking the alignment of your chakras, are you really on a path to spiritual enlightenment if the bitching of a couple of people can throw you off? I may not get people setting their crystals under the moon to recharge, but I don't have to. Whatever floats your boat baby, as long as I can float mine.

When you get home and start to bitch about all the ways the Burn has been ruined, ask yourself this: **How much of it really made your personal Burn suck?** I've had some shitty ass times at previous Burns, but they were generally due to the heat, exhaustion, dehydration, or just general malaise. The fact that **Mark Zuckerberg** is so cheap he only gifted half a grilled cheese sandwich at his camp, or that **P. Diddy** acted like the **King of the Playa** in the back of **Robot Heart**, certainly never did make or break my Burn. You may be over Burning Man, but trust me, it's still going strong. **BRC**

#StillLife WithBRC

Your gender is your business. Your sexuality is between you and how ever many consenting adults you feel like sharing it with. But there is one rule that holds true even here. Perhaps here most of all: if your junk is uncovered, take off your t-shirt. **#Shirtcocking #StillLifeWithBRC**

We've all seen them. Passed out in Center Camp, or in someone else's shade. Covered in several applications of body paint. When they occasionally open their eyes, the pupils are enormous, and not always the same size. Maybe they have water with them, maybe not. Maybe they have both shoes, maybe not. If they have a belt pouch, there's more drugs in it than food. They are the crust punks of the playa.

There are a lot of lessons to be learned from them, mostly as a cautionary tale. Maybe there's another side to that coin though.

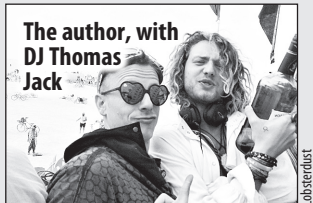
Think back to your best memories of this place, your most memorable stories. How often do the words "trainwreck" come up, self-reflexively? Would those memories be as good if you hadn't let it go so far? Would you trade those memories, the changes that experience wrought in you, for a little lost dignity?

Maybe, these folks are doing Burning Man harder than anyone else here... **#StillLifeWithBRC**

Cops don't belong at fucking Burning Man, and everyone knows it. This has to include the cops themselves, right? Of course it does.

Still, sometimes you see people talking to them, smiling, and joking. Sometimes you see them dancing, even in among the crowds at a sound camp. And you have to wonder, why? What would make them do that? But then you think back to something you read somewhere, and remember that most of the cops at Burning Man have been there before. Like maybe more than once. Maybe more than ten times. . . And you gotta wonder, why do they keep coming back? What do they see in all of this that makes it appealing? And you find yourself considering whether you might want to be one of those people who talks to them, and laughs with them. Wondering whether they can be invited into the fold. Only one way to find out, right? **#StillLifeWithBRC**

The author also writes **#StillLifeWithOakland**, which you can find on Facebook.



The author, with DJ Thomas and Jack

lobsterdust

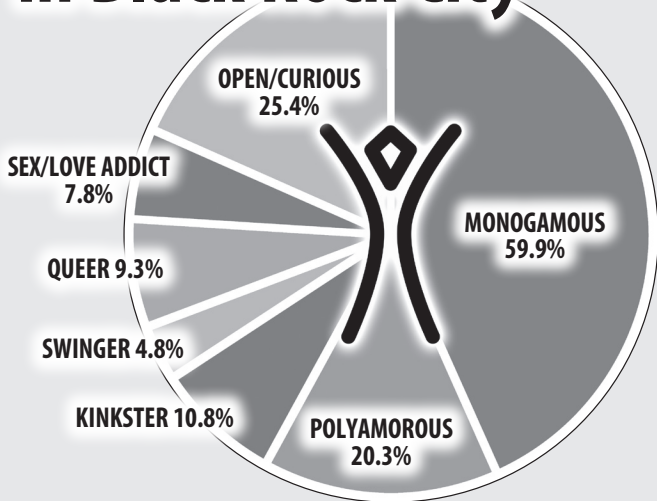
Top 5 sex & drug tips for the playa

by DJ YOLO_AF

Last year, I got to DJ on an art car and it was lit AF fam! I was gifted lots of free drugs and I fucked mad bitches on the playa. This pretty much makes me a golden god, ready to dole out my top five sex and drugs tips.

- 1. Give away lots of drugs.** Sparkle ponies like drugs. And they always seem to be more interested when you have excessive amounts of drugs to feed them.
- 2. Bring lots of coconut oil.** Pop some molly, lather up, and go to town! It's amazing! It's also great for masturbating on a cold lonely night. And if you get the munchies, it's a tasty snack.
- 3. Bring dick pills.** I mean, I heard those work really well, but I wouldn't know, my shit works fine.
- 4. Don't be afraid to suck a dick.** It's 2017 and chicks think it's hot. The drugs you brought might help you swallow this idea and one to three dicks don't make you gay.
- 5. Don't go to Burning Man, go to Las Vegas.** The drugs are better, the girls are cleaner, and the DJ lineup way more stacked.

Sexual identity labels in Black Rock City



One of the more interesting categories in the **Black Rock City Census** is the **Additional Sexuality Labels**, which is a separate question from Sexual Attraction, Sexual Orientation, and Relationship Status. One could choose only ONE of these seven labels, and the options were... interesting, especially since it seems like many people could easily identify as multiple labels. And isn't "swinger" not that far removed from "polyamorous?" Anyway, here's how the citizens of BRC chose to self-identify last year. This data was gathered from the 2016 Black Rock City Census Report. If you'd like to participate in the 2017 BRC Census, please visit the **Census Lab in Center Camp**. - AR

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BLACK ROCK CITY'S ORIGINAL MASHUP PARTY

BOOTIE BRC

2017

Bootie Mashup DJs from 4 different cities:
ADRIAN A · MYSTERIOUS D · LOBSTERDUST EN8 · TYME · AIRSUN · FAROFF · JOHN!JOHN!

MONDAY AUG 28

EGGS BAR DEPECHE MODE MASHUP PARTY
 6:00 CENTER CAMP (near RECYCLING) · 3-5:30 PM

THE BLACK HOLE OMG WTF SET
 5:45 & EULOGY · 8:30-10:30 PM

TUESDAY AUG 29

PARADISE MOTEL SEXY OLD TESTAMENT PARTY
 7:15 & GENUFLECT · 5-7 PM

THUNDERDOME GOTH / INDUSTRIAL FIGHT SET
 ESPLANADE & 4:30 · 9 PM-MIDNIGHT

DECADENT OASIS BOOTIE TAKEOVER!
 7:30 PLAZA & GENUFLECT · 8 PM-LATE

WEDNESDAY AUG 30

SPANKY'S WINE BAR SPANK DAT BOOTIE
 2:30 & FIRE · 8 PM-LATE

THURSDAY AUG 31

DUCK POND THE COSMOS
 9:00 & INSPIRIT · 2-4 PM

FANDANGO! BOOTIE BRC 12-YEAR ANNIVERSARY
 8:30 & AWE · 8 PM-LATE

SWISH EMBASSY DEVILS NIGHT!
 3:30 & BREATH · 8 PM-LATE

FRIDAY SEPT 1

GLAMCOCKS / BAAHS BEACH PARTY
 7:30 & DANCE · 2-5 PM

AUTOSUB FROM DUSK TILL DAWN!
 ESPLANADE & 7:00 · 8 PM-7 AM

TUESDAY SEPT 5 - RENO

EL JEFE'S CANTINA @ CIRCUS CIRCUS
 500 N. SIERRA ST., RENO · 9 PM-3 AM

FREE Bootie Mashup CDs *will* be gifted!
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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