

BRC WEEKLY

BLACK ROCK CITY'S INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY · AUG 30 – SEPT 5 · 2021 · ISSUE 12



Look, last year, I was ALL IN for the Virtual Burn, producing an online PDF version of this newspaper, livestreaming a bunch of DJ sets from our Twitch channel into various “multiverses,” and spending more time than I was expecting exploring **BRCvr in AltspaceVR**.

Considering that Burning Man (as we knew it) was officially cancelled, I sure seemed as busy as any other year.

With the world in lockdown and myself in quarantine for nearly six months, last year's virtual Burn actually turned out better than it had any right to be. There was **art, music, culture, and human connection** – even if it was all through a computer screen. I actually had a great time!

BRCvr is the Virtual Burn platform of choice

I expect this year's Virtual Burn to continue to have all of those things and more, especially for those who've never been able to experience a real-life Burning Man event – and that's awesome. Even if you don't have a VR headset – I did everything in 2D on my Mac laptop – AltspaceVR's BRCvr is still a blast, allowing you to explore different “Worlds.” There's no shortage of theme camps and art pieces, and you can still run into random burners from around the world and have random playa conversations you'd never expect. Plus, my fellow **Bootie Mashup DJs** will be livestreaming in both BRCvr and the **Sparkleverse**.

But whatever, I'm vaxxed and outta here!

This year though, I won't be taking part in Virtual Burn, other than this PDF you're reading right now. If, however, this isn't a PDF – **if this is an actual piece of paper that you're reading** – then welcome to... well, something so unofficial

that none of us have even come up with a name we can all agree on. **Renegade Burn, Renegade Man, Rogue Burn, Black Rock Plan B, Playa Poop Protocol, Unity 2021 Free Burn, Not Burning Man, That Shit-Show In The Desert, “just a camping trip with friends,” whatever the fuck you're calling it ... welcome to it.**

ting you **EXTRA HARD** and you need to take a dump **RIGHT NOW**. **Pro tip: Don't take your E or snort your coke unless you're close to a poop bucket of some kind.** #sorrynotsorry to be so fucking blunt about it but **you didn't come all the way out here to party like an amateur.**



Image by: Buck AE Down

HANDLE YOUR SHIT

In other words, don't fuck it up

by **ADRIANA ROBERTS**

Whatever you call it, it's still Black Rock City

I briefly considered changing the name of this newspaper, then realized: **even without Burning Man, it's STILL Black Rock City.** It's still a ridiculous ephemeral city in the desert. Sure, this year's BRC is no longer a **meticulously-planned cosmopolitan metropolis full of public art and amenities.** Instead, it's an **anarchic renegade shantytown** with 500+ theme camps, tons of art cars, and even more events. There may not be any **Big-Ass Art**, but there are still **DJs, costumes, and performance** (which is all still art, just... less sculptural.)

BRC is no longer an experiment in utopia, but an experiment in functioning anarchy

So let's not fuck it up. We know that with none of the BMorg infrastructure (okay, mostly the porta-potties) this place has the potential to turn into a **LITERAL SHIT-SHOW.**

So by “don't fuck it up” I mostly mean: **Don't poop on the playa.** This should go without saying but we're saying it anyway. We don't care that that tab of molly or bump of cocaine is hit-

Look, this is what Burning Man is counting on, for us to fuck it all up so they can smugly say “See? You NEED US!” When even an old-school rabble-rouser like our own columnist **Buck AE Down** is predicting “Lord of the Flies”-style chaos (see his article inside) then you know the BMorg higher-ups he works for are probably just as worried.

So let's prove them wrong, and show 'em what they're low-key most scared of – THAT WE DON'T NEED THEM. That we can all get along just fine without paying for \$475 tickets to camp on public land, and that we can do a Burning Man-style DIY event (without, you know, an actual burning of a “Man” or, well, really anything burning actually) and without **the nanny state that the BMorg has slowly been fostering since 1997** when they incorporated as an LLC.

Front row seats to the shit-show!

There was **no way I was going to miss this** unique opportunity to see if the burner community could pull off Black Rock City on its own, without **porta-potties, a trash fence, a Center Camp Café, a medical tent,** or, well, you know, **rules.** My **journalistic curiosity** is too great, and I want to witness firsthand how this goes, rather than rely on subjective hearsay.

continued on next page ▶

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Burning Man showtunes!

Buck predicts Zone Trip 666: Bad Day at Black Rock

Finally sturmfrei!

Of course, Out/In List & Lingo

Please help distribute the BRC Weekly!

Whether you're at home reading this as a PDF, or out in the Black Rock Desert reading this on actual paper, we need help distributing this newspaper. Please help spread the love! We love our paperboys and papergirls!

OUT / IN

\$475 tickets	free!
ambulance service	having your campmate drive you to Reno
anti-maskers claiming Renegade Burn is better than Burning Man	newbies thinking Renegade Burn IS Burning Man
Arctica	Empire Store pre-ordered ice
arguing over the theme	arguing over whether going makes you an asshole
art	art cars
bedazzled captain hats	jank-ass cowboy hats
blaming the BMorg	blaming Plan B
BM Survival Guide	BLM's rules & regulations
BMorg	radical self-reliance
BRC Airport	MS Flight Simulator 2020
BRC art tours	Fly Ranch tours
bring your cup	bring your mask
buckets	colostomy bags
Burning Man	Burning Man: The Musical
busybodies	antibodies
calling BRC "home"	calling cyberspace "BRC" and staying home
camp dues	Patreon
"can I take your picture?"	"are you vaxxed?"
catching an STI	catching the Delta variant
Center Camp Café	coffee with your neighbors
Corona beer	Corona fear
countdown to the Burn	countdown to your third vaccine shot
Daft Punk at the trash fence	driving across the playa blasting Olivia Rodrigo
darkwads	maskholes
Death Guild	death count
DMV & 5 mph	roof surfing at 60
DPW	Geek Squad
dumb playa names	dumb screen names
dust goggles	VR headsets
dust mask	face mask
Eggs Bar	Spanky's Wine Bar
El Pulpo Mechanico art car	El Pulpo Mechanico NFTs
elaborate sparkle pony outfits	sweats and unstyled hair – again
Esplanade	Jungo Road
fetching the <i>BRC Weekly</i> to read the Out/In List	reading the Out/In List submissions on Facebook
flying into a concierge luxury camp	donating your money to artists & frontline workers
free hugs	free places to shit
FUD (fear uncertainty doubt)	FOMO (fear of missing out)
IG models from Europe	wooks from Reno
inside parties	outside parties
isolation	human connection
IV fluid resuscitation at Ramparts	respiratory intubation at Renown ICU
large-scale installations that require tons of non-recycled materials	simple acts of participation that don't require massive waste
feathered shamans	mechanical grease wizards

Burning Man showtunes!

by ADRIANA ROBERTS

If you're stuck at home doing Virtual Burn, or coming back from Renegade Burn feeling like you still missed out on, you know, ACTUAL Burning Man (both the good AND the bad) you could certainly do worse than to sit down and watch (and sing along to) *Burning Man: The Musical*. While it's still no substitute for the real thing – as this low-budget filmed version of the staged musical amply demonstrates – **there's still a lot of love (and inside jokes) crammed into this beautiful mess of a musical comedy about burner culture.**

While I'm sure the creators would have loved to have filmed this at an actual Burning Man event – and I hope they still do someday, because it should be – obviously, the Coronapocalypse prevented that from happening. So rather than waiting around for the global pandemic to end, the producers assembled a team of actors and crew to film a low-rent hyper-reality version on a soundstage in upstate New York.

Imagine a special Burning Man episode of the HBO show "Silicon Valley" – but make it a musical – and you've got an idea of what you're in for. Rather than covering all the different facets that make Burning Man what it is (an impossible task for a city of 75,000 people) writer **Matt Werner** and composer **Gene Back** chose to focus instead on one of Black Rock City's most enduring clichés – that the event is merely **a playground for rich techies to network, and of course, this is what's destroying the "true spirit" of Burning Man.**

The plot is a bit threadbare and the characters broadly-drawn – a **douchebag CEO of a venture capital firm** hires a **pretty, young tech grad** to fly her to Burning Man to help with a product launch at his



Rachel Monteleone – IG: rachelphotoaux

camp. While looking for drugs on the playa for her new boss, she meets the **clueless burgin dude** who's supposed to be doing the tech demo for her boss' company, and together they encounter her ex, a **polyamorous broner DJ**, and a veteran burner, an **Earth goddess hippie-type**. But like most musicals, the narrative shorthand is all to make room for **the best part of the show – THE SONGS!**

"What Have You Heard About Burning Man" is the showcase opener (and closer) and establishes the comedic tone with mentions of **MOOP** and **sparkle ponies**, and such lyrics as, **"I heard it's a shit-show, Skrillex and Diplo, white privilege, only the rich go, it's just nudists, fake white Buddhists, techie thugs taking drugs."**

As a burner who's also a fan of pop musicals, it's an utter joy to hear these very specific lyrics about Burning Man sung as Broadway showtunes. **"Last Year's Burn Was Better"** is a folksy sing-along, and **"What Would Steve Jobs Do"** is a particular bop. There's a dubstep violin vibe (a la **Lindsey Stirling**) on the instrumental passages, and overall, the songs are a stand-out, all in service of the plot, such as it is.

As *Burning Man* continues to mutate and change, I can imagine this musical getting continually updated with new BRC cultural references, and I certainly hope that someday, the producers can realize their dream of not only staging this on the playa (and on stages around the world), but filming it on the playa as well. But until then, this soundstage version will have to do.

***Burning Man: The Musical* can be streamed at [BroadwayOnDemand.com](https://www.broadwayondemand.com). Soundtrack available this fall on [Broadway Records](https://www.broadwayrecords.com). Go to [BurningManTheMusical.com](https://www.burningmanthemusical.com) for more info.**

THEATRE

◀ HANDLE YOUR SHIT continued from cover

Look, I have my own RV, have been to the Black Rock Desert several times when it HASN'T been Burning Man, and I'm fully-vaccinated (and I hope you are too) **so fuck it! Here I am.**

True, there are lots of burners who want to shame me (and YOU, if you're on the playa right now) for going. But frankly, considering my "day job" is DJing and throwing a party for 1000 people inside a nightclub, I feel safer being in the great outdoor expanse of the Black Rock Desert with 20,000 other people than I do going to work every Saturday night.

So myself and my partner, **Jupiter Gatling**, are DJing in the Black Rock Desert, throwing **Bootie Mashup parties** at

Spanky's Wine Bar, out in deep playa southeast of the cluster of Plan B camps. We'll be doing **goth/fetish mashups on Thursday night**, and **Spank Dat Bootie on Saturday night**, with all your favorite pop mashups (yes, **MUSIC WITH WORDS** is still a much-welcome anomaly in this world of "playa tech-house" or whatever the fuck they're calling it this year).

Throw in all the Virtual Burn stuff too, and one realizes that even without Burning Man (both the central art piece and the organization behind it), Black Rock City is still very much a thriving community. While it may just be a state of mind for 51 weeks of the year, for **this one week**, it's whatever we want to make it. Let's just not make it shitty. **See you out on the playa!**



Your esteemed *BRC Weekly* editor, Adriana

Zone Trip 666: Bad Day at Black Rock?

by **BUCK AE DOWN**

The three most likely scenarios you are reading this are:

A. Online, far from whatever the fuck is unfolding in the Black Rock Desert this week
B. At some point after the “Renegade Burn,” where this crumpled-up piece of paper turned up in what was once your otherwise dust-free vehicle, or...

C. Hiding terrified in the back of an RV trying to distract yourself from the saucer-eyed, unwashed mongrel hoards banging on the side, ready to commandeer your already overflowing shitter. Come to think of it – *whose fucking RV even is this?* Maybe those people outside are its rightful owners and *you’re* the one who’s a dick.



To be clear, as you read this, I’m at home (my REAL home, the one with furniture that isn’t made of splintered plywood, with indoor plumbing and climate control). **You couldn’t PAY ME** to come within 20 miles of whatever the fuck it is you maniacs are doing out there.

We (and by *we*, I mean all of us with **better impulse control and threat modeling**) didn’t do Burning Man this year for a whole raft of reasons – some of which might be painfully obvious right now. But some of you just couldn’t wait, could you? Are you happy now? Was it worth it? I sure hope so. I mean that in *complete and total sincerity*.

I hope I’m wrong

I hope there isn’t currently an ambulance driving around in circles in a desperate attempt to find your hurt friend while getting bad directions from **drug-addled half-wits** who can’t differentiate between a fixed landmark and something set down for only a few minutes. **Turns out roads are kind of important.** Even with one of the most litigation-averse organizations on the entire planet doing its level best attempt at public safety, **not everyone makes it home from Burning Man in a normal year.** All that type on the back of the ticket is there *for a reason*. Just like emergency services were there for a reason, and portos were there for a reason, and even *Rangers* were there for a reason. (Actually, just kidding – the *Rangers* can *still* fuck off. **Sorry Rangers.** You know the rules better than anyone.)

My prediction back in spring was that if we *did* go through with an event, COVID would probably be the least of our worries. Then again, who could have known that something like 34% of the population would be more likely to take a veterinary grade deworming agent designed for horses than they would a free vaccine universally-praised by the global medical and scientific community? **We truly live in magic times.** No one ever went broke over-estimating how impressionable people can be on the internet.

What I was most concerned with was the fact that for the last 20 months or so, we have been living in a pressure cooker where death was airborne, invisible, and contagious, and nearly any human interaction could be the thing that *kills* you. That’s a hard trip to lay on people. **Maybe NOW wasn’t the best time to release 60,000 of you blasted out of your underpants on a veritable pharmacopia of street drugs into the wild after being locked up alone in your house for a year and a half.** The Black Desert is a grueling place on your brain and body on your best day – were you *really* so sure NOW was the best time to go from zero to tutti-frutti with no brakes?

Danger is funny so long as you’re not the one getting hurt

I get it, because let’s face it – **it’s only hubris if you lose.** There’s a long tradition of cheating death for kicks out here. What I don’t think people may realize is **how many sharp edges have been filed off by the BMorg quietly in the background for decades.** The illusion of risk out here is a lot like the illusion of a cashless, decommmodified utopia. It takes spending a LOT of money to run around the desert for a week pretending money

isn’t real, and it takes a LOT of death abatement to make it so you can pretend you’re courting danger *just by being here* without running up too big of a body count. This isn’t to say that either of those things aren’t real, but as you always end up finding out one way or another about most things – **they’re less real than you think.**

The Burn you deserve, if not the one you need

Who knows – maybe the barbaric shitshow unfolding out in the desert is just the enema Burning Man *desperately* needs. Maybe everyone needed to see just where their lunch came from. Maybe what everyone needed more than anything else in the whole world was to **dangle their genitals over a 5-gallon bucket of cat litter in triple-digit heat and stare into the abyss.** That bucket full of sand and shit is your *inheritance*. Spend it wisely. That bucket has a *lot* to teach you. Who knows? Maybe it was a good time to take off the training wheels and see if you could be trusted to make a functioning society all on your own, without some paternalistic org smothering you and helicopter parenting over your pantsless good time. For some of you, that’s gonna be great, and **maybe you’re even crushing that shit right now.**

But let’s face it – some of you are fucking idiots without the basic decency to keep your stupidity to yourselves – and honestly – that’s why we had to make all those goddamn rules in the first place.

Look – **I hope I’m wrong.** For all I know, it’s all high fives out there and everyone can’t get over how this turned into the **Best Burn EVER**, and all the nay-sayers (like me) can suck it. To which I say: I will gladly and enthusiastically suck *all of it* if it means you get home alive. It sure would be a lot funnier if you did.

If not, I guess go forth and enjoy the anarchy! **The world is your poop bucket!** Nothing matters anymore, and **we’re all gonna die anyway.** Carpe Fucus!

BUCK

OUT / IN

leaving roadside trash	removing roadside trash
ME	YOU
million-dollar art cars	speakers in the back of a pickup truck
naked Johnsons	Johnson & Johnson
newsprint	photocopy
nosecocking	shirtcocking
nostalgia for the anarchy and freedom of the early '90s	nostalgia for the organization and predictability of the 2010s
old Joyism art car	new Joyism 2.0 art car
Orgy Dome	Chatroulette
Pink Heart	cults that don't involve heart hands
playa foot	carpal tunnel syndrome
plug-and-play camps with hired help	civic responsibility
porta potties	5-gallon buckets of kitty litter
radical self-reliance	posting for help in the Plan B group
Black Rock Rangers	Loco Ocos
reading the <i>BRC Weekly</i> on the playa	reading the <i>BRC Weekly</i> in VR
referring to Burning Man attendees as “participants”	aggressively referring to Burning Man attendees as “customers”
Robot Heart	BAAAHs
see you in 2022!	see you in 2023!
sexually-transmitted diseases	socially-transmitted diseases
Shaming Man	DIY Burn
shirtcocking	naked with a mask
Slut Garden	OnlyFans
sneaking into First Camp	sneaking into Fly Geyser
sparkle ponies	glitter wooks
storage units	selling off all your camp stuff
street signs	what3words
talking shit	talking about shit
10 Principles	fend for yourself, bitches!
the intellectual darkwad	the intellectual darkweb
tickets	vaccine cards
too much art to see in one week	art? You saw art? Where?!
training for your “playa bod”	more take-out food
trash fence	wide-open playa
TTITD	TSSITD
unclear memory of the night before	not enough memory to load virtual world
Virtual Burn	Renegade Burn
volunteering for the BMorg	volunteering for the community
WhatWhereWhen	L.O.S.T. (List Of Shit To-Do)
White Claw	Four Loko
wokes	wooks
writing feature articles	crowdsourcing out/in lists

Contributions by: Francis Kay Rozen, Jane Gribben, Lysa Joy, Simon Gold, and way too many of Adriana Roberts’ Facebook friends to mention, sorry!

Finally sturmfrei!

by JUPITER GATLING

During my first burn, I went on **BMIR** (the official Black Rock City radio station, for those that never went to Burning Man and took whatever this is as an opportunity to experience the event without paying the horrendous ticket price) and was a guest for the **Gate Opening** show "**Welcome Home, Bitches.**" The host, **Kanizzle**, asked me if I liked it here. It was already my third day on playa, and I flat-out said, "Not really. So far it's just been a lot of work. When does the fun start?"

The fun wouldn't start until a year later (which you can read about in our 2018 issue) but I have remained ambivalent about Burning Man. There are a **multitude of reasons why I find this event annoying**, and I wonder if I'll now find it less so, since the parents (namely the BMorg) aren't "**Home**" and us kids are now left to our own devices.

In German, we say "**sturmfrei**," which literally translates to "storm-free," and is derived from warfare in the Middle Ages, when your castle is unsailable to foreign armies – or in modern times, it means your parents are out and can't come to your room, yelling at you to clean up your shit, throw-

ing out your favorite shirt just because it has holes and... hey, there are still crumbs in that chips bag! I'm eating those!!

Better than the "real thing?"

This unorganized "Rogue Burn" feels like we have sturmfrei and it might just be greater than the "real deal." Sure, there's no **Big Art**, but **not everything you've ever seen out here was worth the art grant**. On the flip side, you saved yourself over \$500 in ticket prices – **reinvest that in the right drugs and maybe everything is gonna look like art!**

There's no Man, no Temple, no fire, and no burning of perfectly good wood during a time when our CO₂ emissions are melting the permafrost. We're not gonna waste hours of our life waiting in an atrociously long line at Gate just so people can search RVs for stowaways. Nobody is gonna make you do a **fucking dust angel**. Noone is gonna give you shit for not covering the logo on your RV or moving truck (the most ridiculous rule anyway) or for taking pictures on playa, because most of the old-school burners who hate "**burnfluencer**" culture aren't here, at least not without the BMorg involved. Burning Man takes itself way too serious anyway, so a renegade event like this might just cut down on the "**burnier than thou**" attitude certain people have acquired over the years.

Camp where you want!

You're also missing out on the yearly arguments with the **Placement Team**. Just plop your ass down where you want, nobody is gonna judge your camp for lack of "interactivity" (or rather the illusion thereof). And since there is no Center Camp, Black Rock City is going to look way more like Berlin with its decentralized **kieze** (neighborhoods) than the geometric Versailles it usually emulates. I believe the city can really benefit from this. How much dues did you have to pay to get into the camp on the Esplanade last time? Did you ever see your friends that camped out at L & 9:30? **Make your area the in-kiez instead of trying to get prime placement in a pretend city.**

I really want to see if Black Rock City can thrive without costing so much money, without mega installations that you need to wait in line for, or **nightclubs that used to be planes**. I want to find out what a more raw Burn experience can be.

But don't forget kids, even if we have sturmfrei, **we gotta clean up in the end!** Take everything you brought with you, **every glitter speck, every beer can, and every strip of duct tape**. Nobody is gonna clean up after you and you certainly don't want to make the BMorg think they can't leave you unattended. **The playa won't provide this time!**



LINGO

air hugs so very 2020, but we never really liked awkward playa hugs anyway, so we're still here for it

Black Rock Shitty the name for what we'll call this place if people can't handle their shit (literally). Don't poop on the playa! Poop in a bucket!

BM it doesn't stand for Burning Man anymore – it's back to "bowel movement"

dramamine drug of choice for the Virtual Burn – VR sickness is real!

"freedom" handy go-to excuse for any bad and/or dangerous behavior.

"the generator ran out of gas" all-purpose excuse for when a Virtual Burn livestream goes down

historical burnachronism people not old enough to go to Burning Man in the early '90s insisting they're "recreating the spirit of the original Burn"

JOMO joy of missing out; the smug feeling had by burners who stayed at home this year, fearing that the Renegade Burn will be a shit-show

MOOPatar an abandoned avatar in BRCvr, just standing there taking up space

nose-cocker derogatory term for those who wear a facemask under their nose

polycamperous staying at different camps throughout the week, since one can easily drive around the playa this year

portal-potties teleportation devices in the virtual world that allow one to move between the different BRCvr theme camp "Worlds" in AltspaceVR

pot dealers those who grant access to their porta-potty or RV toilet in exchange for drugs, food, sexual favors, cash, etc.

shit-talking discussing the where, when, what, and how of your poop on a "regular" basis

Twitchiverse the unofficial 7th platform of the Virtual Burn, especially at: Twitch.tv/bootiemashup

wuzzer that person who always claims "I was there" whenever conversation turns to reminiscing about previous burns

Contributions by: Adriana Roberts, Denny Smith, Irina Sarnetskaya, John Mosbaugh, Josh Keppel, Matt Nelson, Simon of the Playa, Tony Kiriluk

BLACK ROCK CITY'S LEGENDARY MASHUP POP PARTY

BooTie MASHUP

Spanky's Wine Bar

SOUTHEAST DEEP PLAYA
BLACK ROCK CITY
WHAT3WORDS:
SHERRY.STUDIO.BOOMER

WITH DJS:
ADRIANA A
JUPITER GATLING

THURSDAY SEPT 2 SATURDAY SEPT 4
GOTH/FETISH NIGHT SPANK DAT BOOTIE
9 PM - 2 AM

BooTie MASHUP

VIRTUAL BURN
twitch

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 3

4-7 PM PT / 7-10 PM ET: HAPPY HOUR w/ PDS MIX
7-10 PM PT / 10 PM-1 AM ET: LOBSTERDUST
10 PM-1 AM PT / 1-4 AM ET: DJ FORGE
TWITCH.TV/BOOTIEMASHUP

DANCE COMMANDER
DISCO

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