

BRC WEEKLY



Best. Burn. Ever?

Sage advice for all the newbies

by WHELPLEY

Has Burning Man jumped the shark? Probably. But who cares? You're here now anyway, right?

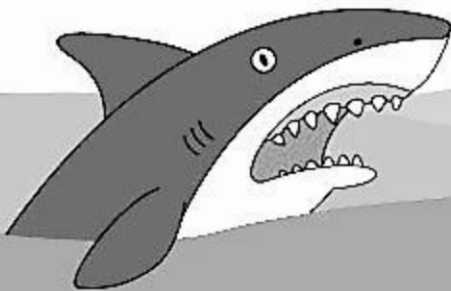


Illustration by: Kanae Sakuraba & Shutterstock

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Dustpocalypse! Newbies, you are soooooo fucked...

100,000 population in BRC by 2017?

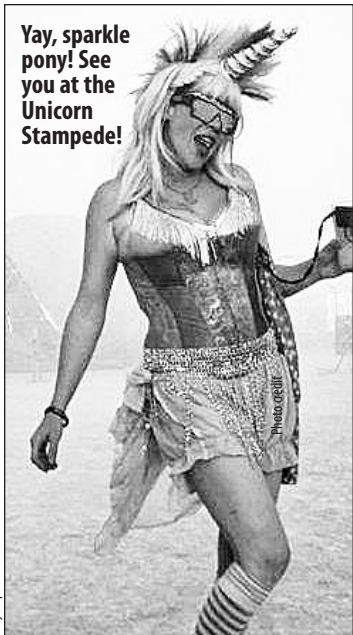
Girls' Guide to Pervs on the Playa

My 6-year-old kid is having way more fun here than you

How to burn out at Burning Man

And of course ... the infamous Out/In List

Yay, sparkle pony! See you at the Unicorn Stampede!



Polly Superstar

This is it, man. This is the year. You've got it all laid out: You've come here with good friends, you brought some bad-ass outfits, you've cooked up some tasty treats, and you've got a shade structure that won't collapse during the first dust storm (maybe). You held to your **Burner Principles**, and finally scored a below face-value ticket off of ePlaya two weeks ago, when everyone starting unloading their extra tickets after the whole ticketing fiasco scare earlier this year.

You've been pouring all sorts of positive vibes in the universe, and this is where you're gonna collect that karmic deposit. You're gonna get what you've been wanting: you're gonna roll in the dust with a **sexy sparkle pony**; you're gonna set a car on fire with your new **playa best friend**, you're gonna blow out your crown chakra in religious ecstasy (I'll have all three at once, please).

This is where the magic happens; this is where **Burning Claus** rides in on his tornado of dust to gift condoms, blotter, and coconut water to all the good children. You've got your heart, mind, and soul set on it. How could the Man fail to provide?

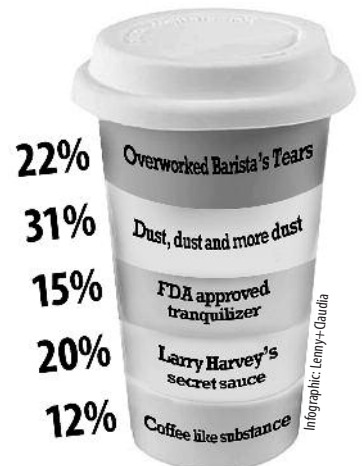
Slow your roll

You might want to cool down those expectations a bit. The playa is indeed a magical place, full of vitality and good will, offering an infinite array of possibilities – chances are that whatever it is that you desire, it's out here.

The problem lies in being goal-oriented about what you want. If you've got your mind set on attaining a specific goal, you become less tuned-in to all the other amazing things happening around you. Even worse, the harder you grasp at some of these targets, the quicker they can

continued on inside ►

What exactly is in the Center Camp Cafe's coffee?



Infographic: Lemmy+Gauda

Newbies: You are so fucked

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

As a 20-year veteran of Burning Man, I've always said nothing pulls this community together more than a **nice natural disaster**. And with the playa condition being the worst I've seen in years, it's likely we're all gonna be one helluva tight-knit community once this week is through!

For all you second-year Burners who came last year and thought, "Well, the weather's really not as bad as they said," you're in for it this year. And for all you newbies here for the first time, well... just know that this is the kind of year that thins out the Black Rock City population.

Dustocalypse now!

And finally, for you jaded old-timers, when you say, "It was better last year," for once (at least when it comes to the weather) it's finally true! The prophecy has been fulfilled!!

Yay, it's the **Dust Bowl 2012!**

But hey, you're here now, so you might as well make the most of it. You survived the **Great Ticket Fiasco of 2012**, and somehow got your ass here, so you're certainly not going to let a little (okay, a lot) of dust get in the way of a good time!

Hell, we're not! That's way we're out here too. Because believe me, after



half our camp didn't get tickets in the **ill-fated lottery**, we – like many long-established theme camps – considered throwing in the towel and just skipping this year's Burn.

But then our sense of civic duty took over. With the reported influx of newbie Burners – over 60% by some reports – we started to realize that

we, as Black Rock City's alternative newspaper – had an important responsibility to the community. After all, as the playa's (admittedly) **self-appointed voice of reason**, who exactly was going to say **what's what** out here?

ADRIAN

Jaded is the new love

Sure, we may *seem* like a bunch of jaded Burning Man old-timers, but I'd like to point something out – **we're still here**. And we're not printing 30,000 of these newspapers because of a Kickstarter campaign or a fundraiser. **We're doing it out of love.**

And this year, we're getting back to our roots. Way back. You see, although this is only the third year of publication for the *BRC Weekly*, this newspaper comes to you with a long-established pedigree, having started off on the playa way back in 1995 as a beloved little rag named *Piss Clear*.

Named after the Black Rock Desert's #1 survival tip, *Piss Clear* started off as less of an actual newspaper and more like a **sassy survival guide**, helping one navigate around this foreign terrain called Black Rock City.

Over the course of 13 years, we actually started to write some real news. But with this year's issue of the *BRC Weekly*, it seems we're back to where we started with *Piss Clear* – an issue light on actual news, but chock full of sage advice, cultural commentary, and snarky perspective.

Basically, we want to take your hand and show you around (**and maybe give you a "creepy guy hug" in the process**).

Buy my book! Come to Bootie BRC!

If you want more of this sort of thing, now might be a good a time as any to shamelessly plug my book, **Burning Man Live: 13 Years of Piss Clear, Black Rock City's Alternative Newspaper**, which can be purchased through PissClear.org (see the ad on the back page). With any luck, maybe enough Burners with **Second-Year Fever** will buy it so I can finally pay off that \$12,000 printing bill I got stuck with!

And while I'm here doing plugs, come hear us DJ mashups – yes, music with *actual words!* – at **Bootie BRC on Wednesday from 1-3am at Root Society** and all **Friday night at AutoSub!**



The proper way to greet sunrise at the trash fence.

Diva Marisa

Yes, despite our cynicism and criticism, we somehow keep getting drawn back to this **weirdly magical place**. We can't help it! We even love all the dust – and if this is your first time here, you'll learn to love it too.

See you out on the playa! **BRC**

Help deliver the BRC Weekly!

We need people to help deliver the *BRC Weekly*. If you'd like to help, please stop by our offices at 10:15 Rod's Road (the Outer Ring Road of Center Camp).

Look for the RV with the big *BRC Weekly* logo. We usually have a couple boxes of newspapers at the front of the camp next to the red newspaper box. Just grab a stack of papers to distribute around Black Rock City! Take all you want, but deliver all you take!

It's really a fantastic way to meet other Burners, see the city, get tons of random gifts, and, most importantly, avoid the BRC guilt trip of not "participating!" See? It's instant participation!

Why create when you can panhandle?

by SHUTTERSLOT

Every year our dusty pundit-class screams that this year is the end of Burning Man, but for once, they might actually be right. I'm seriously starting to feel that **Burning Man has finally jumped the shark**, and, shockingly, it's not the BMorg or the ticket fiasco that did it. It wasn't caused by **scalpers** or **sparkle ponies**, and the hippies grubbing around Center Camp, as usual, weren't responsible for anything.

No, pathetically, it's been laid low by theme camps turning to Kickstarter and Indie-Go-Go, by "contribution levels" and elite dinners if you only give \$1000 to camp with them. It's been corrupted by the sheer level of greed being displayed by camps who've forgotten that the general reason they exist is either to be a place for people to sleep or to gift something back to



the overall population – even something as simple as a smile – not to bring private deluxe toilets for high-rollers who they sucker into funding their excess. How many fucking fundraisers do I need excreted into my inbox every day, or, as my cantankerous friend Bob says: **"Why is aggressively panhandling on the internets for your personal project considered the height of participation?"**

I'm not talking about legit art projects here; I'm talking about camps that seem to want us to fund everything they do. I get that this is Amurika, land of the Biggest And Greatest Thing Ever, but if you've designed your camp so it can only succeed by charging your fellow campers scalper-rate prices, or from shitting pleas for cash on every page of the web, then you're part of the cancer that's eating the soul of the event. Think of it this way – if I create a camp centerpiece out of a weasel that shits gold nuggets, get people to pay for it via Kickstarter, then hand out those

turd-nuggets as "my gifts", are they really mine? Or did I just take credit for something other people made possible?

Camp leaders that can justify in their minds charging someone \$400, \$500, fuck – \$800 dollars to join their camp (not including ticket!) and do nothing but suck up their amenities

have lost the point of creating a new world in the dust. They're creating an aristocracy where there are the people who build the camp, and then the people who pay for it and get the glorious bits, and they've managed to haul the worst of the classism of the default world on to the playa.

Back in the "old days," like a few years ago, people would create a gourmet food camp because they wanted to – they would **fund it themselves**, they would serve that food to other Burners – not having people pay for a chef to make that for themselves. It's a totally inward looking future that's being created, a Burning Man of

velvet ropes and pre-paid VIP entry into playa clubs, of bigger & bigger camps offering less and less to the general Burner population.

Up until last year, this was just one of the trends happening and it wasn't clear which would become the way the Burn grew, but with the sell-out in 2011 and now dealing with a ticket demand that's greater than the supply, it seems the way camps will deal with reconfiguring for the new world isn't to create flexible camp plans that can be altered based on tickets, or to aim high but risk failure; but to still aim for grandiose dreams, now paid for with the cash of others. Apparently the thinking is that if we don't have bodies, we'll take money. That's just the wrong way to plan.

It's time to go back to just building amazing, dangerous, camps with what you can afford. I would rather see someone come up with great ideas and create a marvelous janky pile on their own than build a golden city with other people's money. **BRC**

SHUTTERSLOT

To heck with it all

by MALDEROR

I spent 20 straight years coming to Burning Man, but, dude, fuck it. I'm over all this. I'm over the two months of frenzied preparation, I'm over the two weeks of being on-playa in the worst camping conditions on the planet (no offense to people climbing K2 or whatever), and I'm over the three weeks of dusty frickin' cleanup while my campmates are tucked in their beds back in the normal world. (Honestly, we *still* haven't fully cleaned our bus from 2011's mess.)

Last year, I had a little epiphany. I was sweating my ass off dragging a keg across the playa, making sure our Esplanade camp stayed operational and serving booze. And I had a vision: "Swim-Up-Bar". These are my three favorite words in the English language, if used in succession. Instead of giving my blood and tears to yet another ephemeral art-piece or theme-camp, I could take an actual vacation. So as you read this issue of the BRC Weekly, I am propped up at a swim-up-bar in Zihautanejo, Mexico. Really. Cool tropical breezes, umbrella drinks, three pools, and 600 meters of private beach. I am "otherwise engaged" during the week of our little hippie campout. Otherwise I might accidentally end up out here in the desert, elbow deep in a malfunctioning generator and covered in gasoline. (I still can't believe I'm really skipping it. It's like leaving an abusive relationship. I keep

thinking I owe it something.)

Maybe I'll burn a figure on the beach in Mexico on Saturday night. Or I might host a Balsa Man Regional burn or something. I might also sit in a parked rental-car in the blazing sun for 15 fucking hours on Monday, just to show some solidarity with you folks during Exodus. (Which I'm sure will be just as well-organized as it was last year. They've really got that system nailed, don't they?)

So enjoy your **Big Camping Trip**. I look forward to your tales of success and failure. Why am I taking this break? It's not the sucky weather, the omnipresent dust, or the incipient black-lung disease.

Larry Harvey said something once about how, if you throw a party at your house, the "Burner" types will be the guests standing at your kitchen sink doing the dishes so you have clean glassware. The type of people who *have* to be doing something useful, to make the event better. The only rule out here, way before "Leave No Trace", used to be "No Spectators." Every single person was contributing something: art, music, bad-poetry, high-explosives, homemade-bourbon, whatever. Do new folks even get that memo now? I cannot imagine coming out here, to this collection of artists and creators, and not being immediately inspired to build something. To help with a big art project, to participate, to join in. People came out here and immediately jumped on board with the BRBC, the DPW, Costco Soulmate Trading Outlet, Bianca's Smut Shack ... whatever art project grabbed them and made them want to get involved. Or they built their own projects from scratch. Nobody showed up and said, "cool, I'm just gonna stand here and watch." (Well, maybe there was a little of that at Bianca's.)

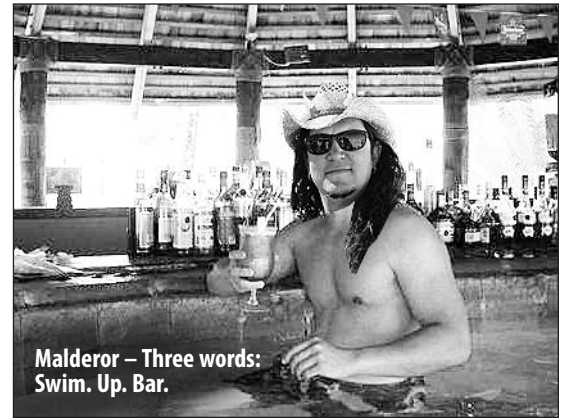
Nowadays? I can't tell anymore. People seem to be spectating. I've had a lot of colleagues start coming to Burning Man over the last few years. Presumably to check off some "bucket list" thing. They all just show up to "party". I'm fine with "partying", as long as they are building art too. But I'm not seeing that from the newer

"Burner". The sense of creative community doesn't seem to be there. "Participation" doesn't even extend to passing out a few beers from the RV fridge to the neighbors.

So, okay, fine, I'm taking a break. I will be bobbing at a swim-up-bar in Mexico. Doesn't that sound nice right about now? **Swim. Up. Bar.**

I will not be busting my ass to make sure you and your "bros" have ice cold cocktails in the middle of a godforsaken desert. This was not supposed to be a mainstream event for passive consumers. If you came out here expecting to watch other people work, **I hope you spend the week cowering in a massive, choking, help-me-Mommy, zero-visibility, dust-storm-from-hell.** (And I hope you have to ask the DPW to help you start your car after leaving the AC on all day. They love helping out newbies.)

Burning Man has given me a few lessons over time. Chief among these is the value of **impermanence**. You don't need to have your artwork hanging in a gallery forever. I've learned that you can create a beautiful piece of artwork, or spend 20 years building a village of like-minded freaks, and you can still set it on fire and LET IT GO. Nobody will ever know it was there. And that's beautiful. You don't need to see your name in lights, or on a museum wall for all eternity. You don't need to take credit. It doesn't matter. Nothing alters the



Malderor – Three words: Swim. Up. Bar.

fact that you created something, for the joy of creation. And nothing alters the fact that we are all created from dust, and to dust we shall return. Even the stuff hanging in the Louvre isn't going to last forever.

I've lost everything out here at one time or another; clothes, expensive sound equipment, tools, drugs, friends, relationships, sanity...but I've learned to embrace impermanence. To welcome the transitory flickering moment we ARE here. You can and you should set up all this creative madness, then happily set it on fire, and walk away.

So I'm walking away. (Actually, I'm swimming up to a bar for a mai-tai right now. Then maybe I'll have sex on clean sheets after a hot shower.) Maybe I will see you out here again, once I recharge. Heck, maybe you'll see me sneaking back out to the playa again tonight, when I think nobody is looking.

But probably not. **BRC**

While I was writing this one of my closest friends, a long time Burner and an amazing human being, lost his battle with cancer. I would like to dedicate this to my beloved friend Greg Junell. He didn't completely suck.

BRC
WEEKLY

BLACK ROCK CITY'S
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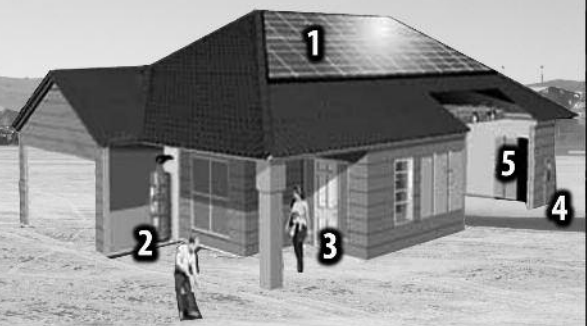
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Anatomy of an energy efficient theme camp

1. Solar panels are great if you're rich you want everybody to know it.
2. Charging your art car at night instead of going out is a great way to avoid peak hours and have no fun.
3. Only open the RV door for cool people to save A/C costs.
4. Place your camp next to Center Camp and steal energy from their grid.
5. Fill the fridge with Styrofoam peanuts instead of beer for maximum savings.

The average theme camp uses \$32 of energy a day. You could be saving real money with these simple tips.

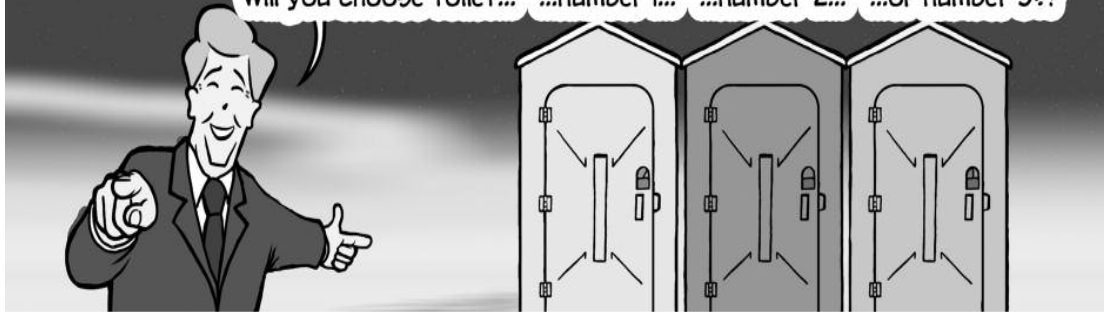


Ed Contradictory

Don't stop believin'...



Burners! It's time to play everyone's favorite playa gameshow... *portable toilet roulette!*
 It's day six in the desert! It's 6 a.m.! But you don't even know that because you haven't slept in two days! All you know is that you need to go! *Badly!*
 Will you choose toilet... ..number 1... ..number 2... ..or number 3?!



IF you chose toilet #1:
 Instead of doing number one in it, someone's done a number on you! That's right, your toilet isn't a toilet at all, but just a gag of a door that opens to a beautiful desert sunrise! Gorgeous! Majestic! Not particularly helpful!

IF you chose toilet #2:
 Well... you chose poorly. Don't breathe, don't touch, and don't let this ruin your faith in mankind.

IF you chose toilet #3:
 Congratulations! Just cleaned! Just stocked with new toilet paper! And it's totally rigged so that when you open the door a disco ball and music go off! Awesome! Relax. Enjoy. (Just don't get so comfortable you fall asleep.)



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my little Potty

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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: Get the book personally signed and shipped to you for only \$22 at www.pissclear.org

BOOTIE BRC

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DJ DESTRUKT
JOHN! JOHN!
DJ TYME & NATHAN SCOT

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FRI AUG 31
AUTOSUB
MASHUP MARATHON!
 ESPLANADE & 2:30 · 8pm–6am?

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