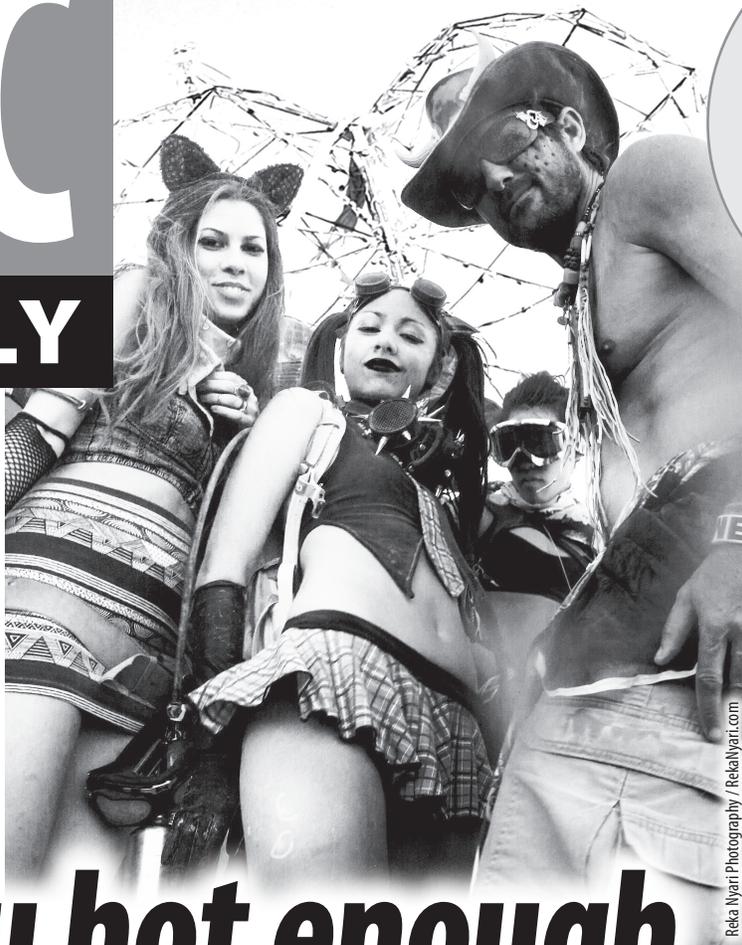


BRC WEEKLY

Each year, as Black Rock City gains in size and population, it increasingly takes on the characteristics and trappings of any other large city – especially in the areas of nightlife and entertainment. At one time, BRC was filled with parties and art cars that only had an “open door” policy, where all Burners were welcome. But in recent years, certain theme camps and art cars have taken on the same sort of douchey exclusivity that VIP nightclubs and “ultra lounges” back in the Default World have been doing for years. It’s been a slow encroachment, but in 2013, it’s now a small



INSIDE:

Welcome home, bitches!

You, personally, are ruining Burning Man

How to dress like a sparkle pony!

Next year, I'm totally building an art car

How I learned to stop worrying and just trust Larry

Hypocritical Tits!

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

Are you hot enough to get on my art car?

The encroaching douchiness of certain Black Rock City mutant vehicles threatens 'radical inclusion' by DICK TACO

– yet significant – part of Black Rock City’s culture.

This new phenomenon has been most noticeable on big art cars, especially ones with large sound systems, where the owners and operators (almost always men) selectively choose who gets to ride. Often, **the metaphorical velvet ropes of participation are opened to hot, scantily-clad sparkle ponies**, while other Burners are left (literally) in the dust. “The majesty of the mutant vehicle has added a deeper layer of awesome to BRC’s party scene since the beginning,” says Donkey Puncher. “But by 2009, I could barely get on one. Last year, I stopped trying altogether, bitterly erasing art cars from my playa to-do list. But it seems that my pessimism is commonplace. There’s a growing consensus that art cars are either for viewing from a distance

or corralling sexy girls for exclusive mobile parties.”

Large, popular mutant vehicles with massive sound systems such as **Robot Heart** and **Purple Palace** are a couple of the art cars often accused of selective admission in recent years, and people are worried that this new way of operating is becoming the norm, rather than the exception.



Courtesy of Purple Palace

“Purple Palace was probably the worst I know of,” said Paul Moreno, a worker with the **Charlie the Unicorn** mutant vehicle, in a thread posted to the Burning Man Project group on Facebook. “You basically had to blow someone to get a token that entitles you to a ride aboard.”

Building an art car undoubtedly takes an enormous amount of time, effort, money, and energy, and operators often have to strike a delicate balance between unabashed partying and keeping one’s shit together. However, no amount of effort or exhaustion gives one a pass to ignore **the first of Burning Man’s 10 Principles: “Radical Inclusion.”** When Larry Harvey wrote Burning Man’s version of the Ten Commandments in 2004, he wasn’t thinking it only applied to young, hot sparkle ponies.

continued on inside ►

WHAT THE FUCK IS A



Welcome home, bitches!

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

For years, we here at the *BRC Weekly* have railed against the common Black Rock City greeting, “Welcome home,” which always came off to us as not only **cult-like**, but also a bit **insulting** – as if to imply that where you came from, you know, your REAL home and your REAL life – is somehow inferior than whatever the fuck you’re doing out here this week.

And while that may be true for some, the more that Burning Man culture seeps out into the world, the more people are starting to bring that playa vibe and those 10 Principles back into the Default World we live in the other 51 weeks of the year. Ideally, you should try to make your actual home feel as much like “home” as Black Rock City does (if not moreso!)

That’s why the term “Welcome home” needs to be retired – or at least modified a bit. You are likely using up your hard-earned vacation days on a **week-long, survivalist camping trip to one of the most inhospitable desert environments on the planet**. I think that deserves a “Welcome home, bitches!”



Somehow, I always seem to bring more of my own Default World into Black Rock City, rather than the other way around. For me, that’s called **Doing It Right**.

When I first started coming out here, I worked at a small San Francisco newspaper. So of course, what did I do? I started publishing my own newspaper

here, formerly called **Piss Clear** (named after the desert’s #1 survival tip: **drink enough water so that you piss clear**) and now the *BRC Weekly*, which you are currently holding in your hands.

ADRIAN

Bootie Bootie Bootie, rockin’ everywhere

Nowadays, I throw parties and DJ for a living. So of course, what am I doing here this week? Yup, that’s right. (By the way, if you want to hear the best mashups in the world ever, you should come check out our **Bootie mashup parties** and DJ sets while you’re here this week. OMG, music with words! Our full schedule is on the back cover of this newspaper.)

Yes, like many **Burners Who Do Shit**, we try to bring a little slice of our own

Default World here to the playa. Of course, not everyone brings the slices we *like*, as our cover story this week will attest.

Radical inclusivity my ass

Sure, there may be a lot of talk in this town about “radical inclusivity.” But let’s face it: until I see a bunch of **fat chicks wearing clothes dancing on top of Robot Heart** (appropriately named given the cold, soulless reception they seem to give anyone who doesn’t look like a hot sparkle pony), I’m not buying it.

Because you know what Burning Man was really missing? That same sort of douche, upscale VIP nightclub **exclusivity**, with dress codes and door policies, that exists in big cities everywhere.

After all, we want Black Rock City to feel like a “real” city, right?

Same as it ever was

But you know, despite what other jaded veterans might tell you, Black Rock City has always had an element of exclusivity – hell, what do you think **First Camp** is? And anyone who tries to tell you “**it’s not how it used to be**” probably hasn’t actually been here as long as we have.

Between the three writers on this spread, we have a combined **50 years experience** coming out to this **stupid dirt rave**. So I’ll let you in on a dirty little secret – **Burning Man has pretty much been nearly the exact same thing,**

Help deliver the *BRC Weekly*!

We need volunteers to help deliver the *BRC Weekly*. If you’d like to help, please stop by our offices at **10:00 Rod’s Road** (the Outer Ring Road of Center Camp) at **Esplanade & 6:30**.

Look for the dome and RV 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. 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? Instant participation!

year after year, since 1999. Sure, it’s scaled up – but it’s pretty much been the same ratio of art, theme camps, sound camps, and, yes ... douchebags.

Hell, for some of you, **we ARE those douchebags!** I mean, anyone self-important enough to come up with an **Out/In List** probably is. But honestly? Between that and **Playa Lingo**, it’s the only reason we still publish a newspaper here. Everything else – including this editorial – is just filler!

And with that, I’ve just filled up my remaining column inches, so now I can party like the rest of you bitches! **Where my sparkle ponies at?**

See you on the playa! **BRC**

You, personally, are ruining Burning Man

by SHUTTERSLOT

The puff-chested **Burnier-than-thou** superiority mavens have been out in full force this year,

heading into the Burn claiming even more than usual that “**Burning Man isn’t what it used to be**” and that this, that, or some other thing is absolutely ruining the Burn. It’s no longer enough for people in tents to rail against the injustice of certain people sleeping in RVs. No, that’s now just the longest-running of the presumed disasters that have befallen our little experimental community.

Now they tell us that we’re being destroyed by large scale sound camps, people on Segways, too many police, too many rules, the rude attitudes of the DPW, the disregard for “the culture” shown by the “weekenders,” the fortress walls of RVs separating the “turnkey” camps full of entitled rich people from us playa plebes. Any aspect of the Burn they don’t



approve of is the **End Of It All**, the last nail in the coffin, the gateway drug to vendors selling t-shirts and velvet ropes to enter barter bars, all under the baleful glow of the Center Camp Starbucks and the Google Man Pavilion.

This is, of course, all bullshit. It’s just more of the same irrational ranting that’s followed the event

since it grew too large to pretend you knew everyone back in the mid-’90s.

This is the year where we’ve crossed an invisible line, where we now have first-year Burners frothing about how others are “**doing it wrong**” or how that this, or some other kind of camp, is **Destroying Burning Man**. People lament that others aren’t as “radically self-sufficient” as themselves because they chose some comfort (like a hexa-yurt with air conditioning, or staying in an RV at a dreaded turnkey camp).

Let me point out a few things – first, if you’ve only been here once or twice, you can’t bitch about it not being what it used to be. It’s a past you didn’t exist in, and you don’t actually

know. If your only point of actual reference is 2012, shut the fuck up about the supposed Greatness of The Past – you’re mythologizing out your ass.

Second – “radical self-reliance” means taking care of your own needs, however that may be. It doesn’t mean you have to suffer horrible hardship to prove your worthiness to the judgmental asshole in the next camp.

It means you either built or bought the shit you need to survive out here for a week, and I can guarantee that there isn’t one person in BRC who didn’t buy something for their trip.

If your idea of that is camping on the ground under a tarp, good for you – but that doesn’t prove that you’re tougher than the guy in the RV. It just proves that you didn’t choose to get one. Just because you’re filthy rich and can afford to stay in a “turnkey camp” with catered meals and daily toilet cleaning doesn’t mean you’re a spectator – it means you have the cash to do it up fancy. It’s sitting on your ass in your RV that makes you a spectator; just like littering all around your

SHUTTERSLOT

tarp next to your mattress makes you a **MOOPing asshole**.

Every single Burner out here is **Doing It Wrong**, according to someone else. You personally have done something to ruin someone else’s Burn – maybe you blocked someone from getting on your mutant vehicle because they didn’t fit your standards of beauty, or you tried to rub your crystals on a non-believer’s chakras, or you shouted “**fuck yr Burn!**” at a sparkle pony who thinks everything should be about love, or you sang “Freebird” at the Temple Burn. People just don’t realize that it wasn’t those things that ruined their Burn – it was expecting other people to do things the same way as themselves that wrecked it.

If you don’t want your Burn ruined, **walk away from what annoys you**. That thing you’re walking away from is the pride and joy of another Burner, and there are people who love it as much as you hate it. Take charge of your Burn, and shut the fuck up about how other people do it. You’re ruining their Burn. **BRC**

Radically self-rely on this

by MALDEROR



You know that asshole in your camp? The dude who shows up and hangs out under your communal shade, and keeps fishing beers out of your cooler because his ice chest is "too far away?" The dude who only brought Pop Tarts and a bucket of KFC for the entire week, (correctly) figuring the rest of his campmates would be **cooking bacon for three meals a day?** That dude who brought his own cup, only because he siphons free drinks from the many bars scattered around Black Rock City, but never gives anything back from his own private stash of bourbon?

You know that guy? Yep, we all do. These folks are increasingly common out here. At some point in the dusty and distant past, everybody out here was an artist. Everybody was participating: making art, printing poetry 'zines, or building cathedrals. Now 2/3rds of the people in BRC are goddamn **looky-loos**, just here to **ogle naked boobies, take acid, and watch things go boom. Specticipation is an epidemic in Black Rock City 2013.**

21 years ago, I showed up on the playa for the first time, with two roommates and all our gear crammed into one Honda Civic. At the time, all you needed for the weekend would fit in one backpack. No costumes, no theme camp accoutrements, just a dusty bag with a toothbrush, one t-shirt, some condoms, and a 12-pack-of-beer-per-person-per-day. (I still

abide by that guideline, by the way.)

Over time, the event grew in scope and length, and my friends solidified into a theme camp and then into a village. I correspondingly graduated to **bringing half my goddamn apartment out here to the playa.** Sound systems. Shade structures. Generators. Barcaloungers. Tons of infrastructure and material.

Some people describe Burning Man as "recreational moving." No shit. I've driven box trucks full of lumber and shade cloth and giant disco balls up here **more times than you've seen**

the sun rise over a shirtcocker. We were always building and expanding the scope of our flammable projects, getting bigger every year.

All of this is expensive. But we never applied for art grants, or artist programs. We never relied on other people to make our camp happen. We didn't even ask for that "feed the artists" thing. Feed your own damn self. Our village is 100% self-reliant. We certainly didn't have motherfucking Kickstarter campaigns going, **asking other people to pay to make our dreams into a sparkly reality. I don't ask you to pay for my summer vacation;** please don't ask me to fund your camp's Kickstarter.

One of the 10 Principles of this dipshit event is Radical Self-Reliance.

Instead of hoping your "social media network" can throw in enough money at you to fund your art car, how about you guys fund it yourselves?

Alternatively, if you can't afford to fund your art project, can I suggest that you DON'T DO YOUR ART PROJECT? It's not up to other people to underwrite your good time. The fundamental principle of this stupid campout is that everybody takes care of their own needs, 100% of the time. You have to bring EVERYTHING you need to survive. You have to make sure you don't accidentally DIE out here this week. That is your job, and not anybody else's. It's not up to the rest of us to make sure you have enough water, or that your "8-Bit Cloud Car" makes it to the playa.

Are we on the same page here? Great.

So, um, I'm a goddamn hypocrite. I'm that guy

Last year, I took a year off and went to a swim-up bar in Mexico. It was glorious. I expected I'd do the same thing this year, but, one thing led to another, and I found myself in August with no holiday plans. Then an old friend offered me a ride in his rental car. Then my friends here at Bootie/BRC Weekly offered me crash space in their RV. Then some magical hippie-fairies "gifted" me a free ticket. Free ride, free place to sleep, free ticket? **Well, shit, I**

guess I'm going to Burning Man. I'd be a jerk to disappoint people who apparently want my **jaded-and-grumpy ass** to be here kicking at the dust and shouting into a megaphone. Who am I to disappoint them?

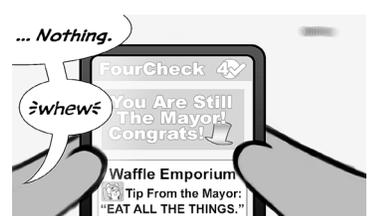
And yet, I am going to follow the advice of an old friend I've never met named **Caveat.** He wrote a blog about how he realized his friends were keeping him from having the **magical untethered adventures** of his early Burns. He was doing the same thing, year after year, camping in the same place and only seeing the same people. He got stuck in a rut. I realized the same thing had happened to me. I love my fucking village, but hanging out on the same barstools drinking the same hyper-bourbon is not going to provide me with **LIFE CHANGING EPIPHANY.** As much as I love these derelicts, my experience was becoming the same from year to year. It was getting, dare I say it, **dull.** And if you think this environment is "ho hum," you are goddamn **doing it wrong.**

I love Black Rock City. There were years back in the '90s when I literally wept as I left the playa. But for the last six or eight years, I left here with a feeling of relief that the hard work was finally over. I got off the playa (give or take the 12 hours in Exodus) and I was happy to be done with it all. I was ready to go home and take a frickin' shower.

So this year, I'm breaking up with my village. I'm camping miles away from them and all our beloved bullshit. I'm camping far away from the beer bong and the homebrew and the sound system that is sure to be blasting Slayer. I am returning to Black Rock City with everything I need in one simple solitary backpack.

I'm camping more than a mile

ED CONTRADICTIONARY



away from my village, a long stumble from the dear friends I only see once a year. I expect these interstitial journeys, the wanderings from my village to my dust-covered bed, to provide me with the most interesting moments of this year's Burn. I am setting fire to the old routines that meant I had the same experiences year after year. **Fuck the known.** Fuck the expected. If you see me out here someplace, please grab me. Let's go on an adventure. Let's do something different. **Let's go have some fun.** BRC

Burner nerd traits vs. Coachella nerd traits



Infographic: Lenny Jones



BLACK ROCK CITY'S
INDEPENDENT NEWSWEEKLY

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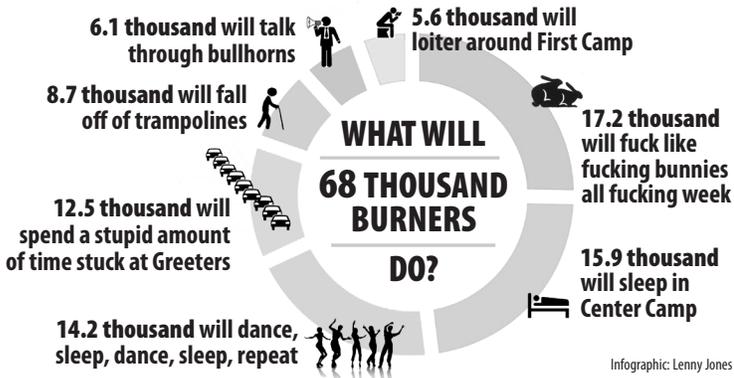
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BRC Weekly 10:00 Rod's Road,
Center Camp, Black Rock City, Nevada
BRCWeekly.com · BootieBRC.com

BRC Weekly is an independently-funded,
private entity, unaffiliated with the Burning Man
organizers or Black Rock City, LLC.

Published by Bootie Mashup Inc.
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OLD LARRY

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Daytime mashup party across street from the BRC Weekly

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Ice cold mashup party in the middle of Center Camp!

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SPANKY'S WINE BAR**

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

BURNING MAN LIVE
13 years of Piss Clear
Black Rock City's alternative newspaper

edited by Adrian Roberts

RESEARCH

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