

OUT / IN

747s	aircraft carriers
Adriana publishing the <i>BRC Weekly</i>	Adriana retiring on a beach
Amber & Ashley	Belka & Strelka
awesome theme camps	meh theme camps gaming the system to get tix
Barbie Death Camp	Barbie Oscar parties
begging for tickets	begging for ticket buyers
being burnier-than-thou	being part of the problem
bitching about one-wheels	bitching about e-bikes
blue painters tape	stucco tape
BMorg screwing over workers	BMorg screwing over camp leads
brash optimism	cautious realism
<i>BRC Weekly</i> 2024	<i>Black Rock Beacon</i> 2024
bringing a newbie	bringing someone who hasn't been in 10 years
bucket-listers	last-minute vets
Burning Man	Neotropolis
Charlie The Unicorn	Heavy Petting Zoo
choosing a camp based on amenities	choosing radical self-reliance
consumption culture	contribution culture
creative new ideas	"imitation is the sincerest form of Burning Man"
Daft Punk at the trash fence	DJs From Mars at the trash fence
dance like nobody's watching	dance like EVERY-ONE's watching
Diplo	ANY other DJ
DPW vs. Death Guild in Thunderdome	Elon Musk vs. Mark Zuckerberg in Thunderdome
drugs	b-12 shots
dubstep	disco
E bikes	E trips
Eggs Bar Open	Eggs Bar Closed
Exodus Monday	leaving Tuesday
fat rails of coke	microdosing meth
fireworks	drone shows
FOMO	JOMO
fucking pigs	fucking furies
giving <i>BRC Weekly</i> shit for not being interactive enough	giving <i>BRC Weekly</i> your drugs
hipsters	hip replacements
Jack Daniels and Jim Beam	Shirley Temple & Arnold Palmer
making plans	no expectations
Mayan Warrior	Robot Heart, sigh
needing to be with a group	finding joy in moments alone
next year was better!	last year ever!
old timers showing up for camp reunions	old timers showing up for camp memorials
Orgy Dome in BRC	KitKat in Berlin
outfits bought on Amazon Prime	outfits bought in thrift stores
P. Diddy	pee funnel
Paris Hilton on Icarus	Taylor Swift at Xpat Alien
packing everything	fuck it, winging it
playa names	fursonas
playa prep	playa PREP
rebar stakes	lag bolts
recreational drug use	ceremonial drug use
rhinestone captain hats	UPF wide-brim sun hats
Space Cats death slide	Snow Club ski slope death slide
Sparkle Pony	Sparkle Barbie
Steven RaSpa's beard	Halcyon Pink's hair
Steward's Sale tix	deep discounted tickets last week
stinky, loud, unreliable generators	clean, reliable, quiet solar power
taking drugs from strangers	fantasy testing for strangers
taking your mother	taking your brother
Temporary Autonomous Zone	multiple layers of bureaucracy
"thanks Larry"	"praise Larry"
trauma dumping	trauma bonding
tutus	furry tails
virgins	veterans
volunteering	not giving a fuck
waiting in line for Midnight Poutine every day but Thurs	Thursday night at Midnight Poutine (trust us)
Wheel of Misfortune games at countless playa bars	Deviant Dare Dice game at Spanky's Wine Bar
White Claw	High Noon
whiteouts	White Claw

Contributors by: Admiral Painjey, Adriana Roberts, Alana Haldan, Dira Marisa, eggchair steve, Eric Helpenstiel, Eric Herrmann, Eric ShutterSlut, George Haldan, Heartspace, Jason Silverio, Jennifer Raiser, Jenneviere Villegas, Joseph Michael Katta, Jupiter Gatling, Kalamitee Jain, Kate Colvin, Kate Houston, Leila Rose Lopez, Matt Mihály, Matt Seitzler, Michael Shaggy Wacht, Mitchell Gomez, Molly Freedenberg, Nicole Brydson, Sachí Ivy, Savannah Blair, Simon of the Playa, Stephen Mack, Todd Shimkus, Tony Kiruluk, Ya-Ya

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 Editor / Publisher / Art Director Adriana Roberts
 Contributors Buck AE Down, Dr. Z, Jupiter Gatling, Neptune Zebracorn, Steven D Jones aka Scribe, Tapestry, Ya-Ya, Zoe Nightingale
 Copy Editors DJ Tyne aka Doug, Eric ShutterSlut
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Don't leave fun for fun

Also don't get raped, don't get caught with drugs, and 6 other don'ts, pro tips, & hot takes

by ADRIANA ROBERTS, DR. Z, YA-YA, and ZOE NIGHTINGALE

Back in 1995, this newspaper started off as a "zine, meant to be a survival guide for all the things they didn't tell you in the actual Survival Guide. It was named after the Black Rock Desert's #1 survival tip: **Drink enough water so that you "Piss Clear."**

Don't leave fun for fun
This is a very basic rule. You might feel overwhelmed and try to do everything. Stop immediately and listen up: You can't do it all. It's impossible. Ask yourself, "Am I having fun?" If the answer is yes, then don't leave. Nothing is guaranteed on the playa, and you might find yourself in the worst dust storm of your life because you wanted to hear a DJ that never even showed up. You'll know when it's time to seek more fun. As always, the **playa will provide.** (Until it doesn't.) – Ya-Ya

Don't worry about the FOMO
Yes, you will miss EVERYTHING. You will somehow feel the most intense FOMO you've ever had. You're gonna hear the most insane stories of what people did while you did something STUPID like... sleep. It's fine. You will feel like you missed out, or you're sad you went to THIS thing and didn't do THAT thing. Shut up. It's too good, it's all too fucking goooooood. You're missing nothing. You're here, **BE HERE NOW.** – Zoe

Don't give a shit about your 'lewk'
You're probably stressing about looking **kyoot**, hoping you packed the right outfits, and you brought all the new LED gadgets and who knows what else. The reality is, once you're here, NO ONE CARES. Really, we don't. **Actually, the more comfortable you are, the better you'll feel.** When you let go and just focus on having a great time, you'll discover this is the type of freedom you were looking for. Now **gather all the fucks you still have to give** and release them. – Ya-Ya

Don't be so basic, deep playa sunrise DJ sets are WAY overrated
A lot of my friends try to force me into a sunrise techno deep playa meetup plan, every damn morning. Sure, good idea, until you realize that all the dickheads that spend New Years in Tulum AND all the people who say things like "IBITHA," and "I winter in Mexico" because "I'm a digital nomad" are all fucking there in their sequined couture military gear and you can NEVER figure out which of the sequined schmucks is the sequined schmuck YOU were looking for and then you realize you're biked to the hottest place on earth, the furthest away possible from your water supply, and you realize you missed an amazing opportunity to go off on your own and get lost in the wonders of early morning magic or comedy.

I know this comes off as harsh and "un-Burning Man" of me to attack this specific aspect of BRC. These sound cars and music camps have contributed many beautiful things to the Burning Man community and this is NOT directly about them. **It's not THEIR fault that a particular kind of person fucks to their siren call... OR IS IT?** Haha! I'm just tired of this repetitive mindset that many people I know get into where they're stuck

When your father has cancer, planning things is hard. And this stupid over-glorified desert camping trip requires LOTS of planning. I told Adriana I wasn't coming this year – a parent in the hospital is not a great time to be stuck in the desert with no cell service. "But what if he dies before Burning Man?" That morbid thought had already crossed my mind a few times. "Will this be the year the Temple Burn means something to me?" Well... looks like I'm going to find out.

I stroll through the Temple once a year, always in awe of the architecture, but somewhat uncomfortable with the gravitas around it. I understand and appreciate everything the Temple does for people, but emotions like grieving and mourning were never my thing – especially since cancer has haunted my family for an awkwardly long time, and our way of dealing with it has been... not dealing. At least so far. But ever since I stumbled over someone's radiotherapy mask – an

on a nighttime deep playa schedule and they miss 99% of the magic of the Burn. It's just the easy path, and I am challenging you to try new stuff. – Zoe

Don't destroy your relationship
Maybe it's the comedown or lack of sleep, or maybe your relationship just wasn't as strong as you thought it was, even though you've had 11.5 terrific weeks together, but your S.O. and you got into it last night over the way you were flirting with the bartender, and then you said something you can't honestly remember, but you have a sinking feeling you will NEVER hear the end of it. And now they're off in an RV with someone named Tentpole who "gets them" and "actually listens." Most couples feel shaky on Wednesday and need a good cry/argument/hug and a

Don't get arrested for drugs
I know BMorg sends you more emails than your boss, your mom, and a desperate politician who's 20 points down in the polls combined, but did you even read the part about **weed being illegal on federal land,** like you're on now? **It doesn't matter that this is Nevada.** There are at least four separate law enforcement agencies here, with **night scopes** and **undercover agents and drug-sniffing dogs,** and you've got your cousin's hand-rolled skunk weed that those dogs could smell from Nixon. You thought you were alone in the middle of deep playa, and next thing you know you're face down in the dust with a friendly cop going through your bags and, **oh pissnuggets,** they found your supply plus all of the other shit you were holding. You're fucked for this burn... and maybe the next 7 to 10. If you're lucky, you just get a citation and not hauled off to Reno. – Dr. Z

date night that doesn't involve 36 other random people from camp – but no, not you, you had to not back down and fuck the whole thing up, and now your relationship is REALLY fucked. Don't let it get to that part. – Dr. Z

Don't be jaded, be like Amber & Ashley, first-year sparkle ponies
After years of bitching about annoying clueless newbies, we realized we were becoming equally annoying jaded veterans. So one year my bestie Ya-Ya and I created annoying clueless newbie personas for ourselves. Rolling around the playa one night, we somehow became **Amber and Ashley,** first-year burners – and yes, **total basic bitches** – having our FUCKING MINDS BLOWN. And having the **Best Burn Evah!** As we went on and on about how "this was so much better than Coachella" and telling others how our friend "Tiffany back home is not gonna believe this," we settled into our **burnin role-play.** Some people caught on immediately, while others took our act at face value and tried to "burnspain" stuff to us. And you know what? That was the night I rediscovered some of that first-year magic that I had lost so many years ago.

Every Burn after, there was at least one night where Ashley and Amber would come out to play, and their sparkle pony personas evolved, becoming "burnier-than-thou," arguing who was the "better burner," and eventually becoming "frenemies," as Ashley became a **clout-chasing Robot Tart** and Amber traded in her furry boots (remember those?) to become a "gothic skank" at Thunderdome. Good times! And highly recommended for all annoying jaded veterans who've been here too long. – Adriana

Don't look for your friends
Forget about your stupid friends. Plans don't work. Don't get mad at them for missing plans. **Just have a 15-minute rule,** and if they don't appear, go on about your day or night, and trust that they love you and would have been there if they could.

You can cycle around where maybe your friends are, but don't focus on it. It's a fool's errand to try to seek out friends. And don't follow some other idiot on a mission to find THEIR friend. This "friend" is probably lost in a life-sized T-rex curled up thick as thieves with some new love interest wondering how it's possible to fall in love so quickly, only to lose them in a dust storm an hour later and then they'll spend the next three days

family!" Woo!
If you've read this far, you probably have someone or something to mourn at the Temple as well (even if it's just the demise of this newspaper). It's a lot of collective burden to expect this one structure to shoulder, and it might not be enough, and that is okay. If you came here for a symbolic act of letting go, of burning something at the end of your drug-fueled party marathon, and it feels incredibly good to howl with the rest of the druggies, but then the sadness still creeps back in – in a few weeks, days, or even hours – please don't despair.

After years of writing in the BRC Weekly about all the various ways I eyeroll this "festival that's not a festival," I want to cut Burning Man some slack this week and give it a chance to be "transformative" one last time. Will it work? Ask me on Monday. But for those of you who go to the Temple this week with a purpose, I hope you get what you need. The act of carrying something here to this godforsaken desert, no matter if it's material or just your damn grieving self, is a way of dealing with your feelings and choosing to confront them. And every step you do counts. Just remember, it always takes time for the dust to settle. ☘

My father died eight weeks ago
I lured my brother here from Germany with a last-minute ticket – he hasn't been to the playa in 4 years – with **promises of speed-running years of processing in one week.** To burn it all in the Temple at the end, thereby creating a herculean mission to make Burning Man suddenly meaningful for me, after bitching about it in this very newspaper for five years straight. "Let's go on vacation to unload trauma! As a

eerie-looking sarcophagus made from plastic – along with a long letter about how they beat their cancer, I wondered what I would eventually bring to the Temple, and how my story was going to go.

The author kindly requests you don't say "if you ever wanna talk..."



Last Issue Ever

continued from front cover

"I know, I really don't want to have to beg for money each year just to publish a playa newspaper. So with that... this is our last issue.

But of course, there's more to this story than just money. Just like a junkie who can't afford food or a home – but somehow always figures out a way to buy drugs – burners of lower-income levels always find ways to get here and do stuff. And I'm sure I'd be no exception. So after professing in these very pages not too many years ago that I was a "lifer," what changed? Well...

2. I started seeing other festivals and ... they don't feel like cults
After coming out here to do the same thing, year after year, Burning Man has started to feel more like a ritualistic workation obligation, rather than... a transformational experience. And due to its large size and the economic bracket it now attracts, it's increasingly more difficult for me to connect with new people here. So it's a lot of "same-same" for me, especially since Black Rock City now seems to have the same socio-economic bullshit of big cities I already live in, like San Francisco and Berlin.

Look, it was fun pretending to live in a utopia for a week each year. But Black Rock City now feels WAY LESS utopian than, say, Neotropolis, a small cyberpunk festival in the Mojave Desert that I vibe with MUCH better. Which is ironic, because that particular festival is supposed to emulate a futuristic dystopia – but it's all just a front. It's actually way more utopian in feel due to the openness of its small community and the way everyone participates in the shared aesthetics of the event. It's also a LOT cheaper.

Meanwhile, Burning Man is literally the opposite, pretending to be a utopia, but actually becoming increasingly dystopian in its byzantine bureaucracy, high ticket pricing, "burnier-than-thou" participants, billionaire-funded art cars, and its cult-like "10 Principles," which are set in stone, rather than admitting that redundant bullshit platitudes like "Immediacy should be swapped out for actually useful principles like "Consent." But then again, Larry Harvey was a straight white man living in a patriarchal world, so why would he have ever thought that "Consent" should be one of the 10 Principles? And now nobody will even dare change his sacred scripture.

Burning Man is so "Brave New World" in the way its run, and so many of its flaky participants are annoyingly insufferable that I'm actually somewhat embarrassed these days to admit to outsiders that I'm a "burner." I guess all the Kool-Aid I've been drinking over the past three decades finally went sour.

3. No matter how hard you hack your Burn, burnout is inevitable
Gawd, I sound so bitter, and I really don't mean to! Obviously, I have loved Burning Man HARD – harder than many of you ever will – which makes this break-up oh-so-bittersweet. I still love Burning Man, I really do. This place can be magical. THERE, I SAID IT. But... despite my best efforts, it finally happened. I burned out.

I mean, sure, I LOVE seeing the art, and catching up with a few friends, but... is it still worth it? This place is hard, and I've been acutely aware of Burning Man burn-out since the '90s, having seen so many fellow burners hit that point. It's especially true for those who dive in deep here, as you should – building art pieces, running theme camps, volunteering for various BRC departments, managing teams of people. It's a LOT of ridiculous logistics doing anything out here, made even more difficult by the challenging environment.

I've managed to maintain my participation here for 30 years by hacking my burner life – creating as wide of an effort-to-impact ratio as possible. Rather than building bigger each year, like so many theme camps and playa projects, I've managed to keep the BRC Weekly tight and low-maintenance, creating something with city-wide reach, but with a small camp footprint and support crew. Less people equals less drama.

Buying my own used RV and not dealing with renting one each year was also a game-changer, after I did the math and realized that with all the money I'd given Cruise America over the years, I could have bought FOUR used RVs from them. Having a dedicated burner RV is clutch for an easier Burn. (And so is having a mechanic you can trust.)

When publishing 3 or 4 issues of Piss Clear on playa started to become a logistical nightmare, we stopped publishing for two years, then came back as a pre-printed weekly. (Props to our former competitor, the Black Rock Beacon, who for 15 years, always did it the hard way, by printing their

How to publish your own playa newspaper in 16 easy steps

by ADRIANA ROBERTS

1. Get the word out that you're making a newspaper and looking for interesting articles about Burning Man culture.
2. Get content. Find good writers. Write your own pieces. Find comics and infographics. Add photographs. Have a strong editorial point-of-view. Credit everyone.
3. Do an Out/In List. And Playa Lingo. Adriana said that it's okay.
4. Edit everything. Mercilessly. Including your own. Everyone writes way too much. Listicles are good. No word salad.
5. Find a local printer who prints double-fold broadsheets on NEWSPRINT. Get the correct print specs for your layout.
6. Do layout in Adobe InDesign or similar desktop publishing software. It won't be enough editorial room. You will piss off at least one writer who gets cut for space.
7. Proofread. Proofread again. Get others to proofread. Don't worry when you still find typos after everything's been printed.
8. Put it to bed! Generate a PDF and send it off to your printer. Crack open a beer.
9. Pay your printer \$1000 or so for around 20,000 copies, give or take a bit.
10. Pick up the bundles of newspapers from your printer. Get some help, it's gonna be a lot. Pack it up for the playa.
11. Get some bankers boxes. Print your newspaper's masthead and tape it to all



the boxes. Schlep it all to the playa.

12. Put 2 or 3 boxes of newspapers in Center Camp. Keep these filled every day.
13. Deliver newspapers around BRC. Make your campmates help deliver papers.
14. Find other distribution spots around BRC. If Black Rock Station is out in deep playa, make sure their old-school metal newspaper box at the train station is filled with newspapers. Bar camps with high-traffic and visibility are also good.
15. Retrieve all the newspaper boxes at the end of the week, from Center Camp and elsewhere. Leave no MOOP!
16. PRO TIP: Publish a photo of yourself in every single issue so maybe you can become "playa famous!" Also wonder if anyone even reads newspapers anymore. Repeat every year until you burnout.

newspaper on office paper on playa. They haven't been here since 2019 though, since BMorg didn't give them theme camp placement or Steward's Sale tickets. Hopefully they'll return next year.)

Most of the hard work of the BRC Weekly – the writing, editing, design, layout, and printing – are done before we ever step foot on playa. All that's left to do once we're here is distribution, which the Center Camp Café made relatively easy, since it was such a primary nexus point for Black Rock City, and most everyone stopped by the Café at least once during the week.



4. No Center Camp Café means it's harder to distribute newspapers

But... oh right, the Café isn't a thing anymore. Which means hardly anyone goes to Center Camp anymore. Which means people aren't picking up the BRC Weekly like they used to, which I found out the hard way last year when I had to schlep 5000 newspapers back home. (Stop by our camp for a 2022 back issue!) When BMorg killed the Café, they also unwittingly decimated Center Camp, turning it into a ghost town, and destroying our number one distribution point in the city. And despite their best efforts to "activate" Center Camp this year with various meetups and events, I strongly suspect it will only be slightly better. No coffee means a very lackluster Center Camp. Larry Harvey (a fierce proponent of café culture) should be rolling over in his grave.

So until BMorg listens to its citizens and brings back the Café, we simply don't have a great spot for distribution anymore (although we still have our newspaper boxes there). So instead of hanging around camp like we used to, greeting the public in the afternoon and shooting the shit about what's out and what's in and spitting new terms for playa lingo, we're now out trying to do the Sisyphean task of delivering newspapers to this massive city.

5. Placement Team says that publishing a playa newspaper isn't "interactive" enough

And then Placement Team comes by, sees nobody at our camp, and gets ornery and threatens to not give us placement. I'd sure feel a lot better about continuing to do the BRC Weekly if I didn't have to argue with HepKitten every year about whether publishing a newspaper – a unique thing that literally no other theme camp does – is worthy of placement. I understand we're not a typical theme camp – in fact, we're literally the ONLY camp providing this sort of community service, publishing a newspaper for a "city" that tries so hard to be seen as an actual municipality that it needs things every city has – radio stations, a post office, an

info center, and yes – a newspaper. And those things need to be "downtown," i.e. Center Camp. Logistically, we also need to be easy strolling distance to maintain our newspaper boxes there, refilling them with bundles of papers too heavy to lug easily by bike.

Every year, we're sandwiched between theme camps that seem to do maybe one interactive, high-visibility thing, but... like, maybe an hour each day? Maybe not even that, maybe just two afternoons? And mostly it seems like it's just for their own camp, not even the general public. The rest of the time, they look closed. I mean, hell, that sums up about 90% of all placed theme camps at Burning Man.

Meanwhile, a camp like ours does a unique thing for the general public of Black Rock City, available in a big red newspaper box 24/7 – but nearly doesn't get placed because it's considered "passive interactivity."

I was expected to list scheduled events for each day on the Theme Camp Questionnaire back in March. Who has their camp schedule outlined five months in advance? I should have just played along and made up a bunch of bullshit workshops and meetups, but instead, I was truthful. I snarkily wrote: "Out delivering newspapers" and copy/pasted it for each day. And then we very rarely didn't get placed, because BMorg would prefer to have decorative desert set pieces that are 90% inactive rather than a newspaper. We DID manage to get placed though, and while we're not REALLY in Center Camp, at least we're close enough. I mean, you'll still never find us, because we're in the Bermuda Triangle that is Rod's Ring Road, near 6:30 & B if that helps.

Also, while we're talking about Rod's Ring Road, it's time to get rid of it. Look, Rod Garrett, the designer of the city plan, is long dead. He'll never know! But if Center Camp is going to continue being a ghost town due to the lack of a Café, just get rid of Rod's Ring Road so the lettered streets can continue uninterrupted.

Sure it looks pretty on a map, but on the ground, it's a navigational nightmare, and is the cause of thousands of wayward burners losing their way, especially at night. But again, just like the 10 Principles, this is likely considered some cult-like sacred thing, and no matter how proactively impractical it is, it must remain.

6. Print is dead. Who even cares about newspapers anymore?

People have asked why I don't pass the torch to someone to keep the BRC Weekly going but... there's simply no one to pass it to. To one by one, my core staff have all stopped coming out here, or they're "taking a break." Besides, newbies don't care about newspapers. It's 2023, not 1993, and just like every other city in America, newspapers are dying because readership is down, especially amongst a younger demographic. Black Rock City is no exception. All those large-scale sound camps out at 2:00 and 10:00, filled with young DJ chasers, Robot Tarts, ravers, and sparkle ponies? Those "2&-10ers" are a good-sized chunk of the BRC populace, and they don't even KNOW there's a newspaper here.

Mentally, emotionally, financially... I'm kinda done. I'm relieved I'm going into this year's Burn with a "victory

LINGO

2-and-10ers the sound camp burners barely aware there's anything else in BRC besides DJs, raves, and drugs

Black Rock moguls the unride-ably rutted-out mounds that litter the entire city, loosening kidney stones and killing everyone's joy

broner "bruh... bruh! Burning Man is hella lit, bro! So many nekkid chicks"

burnspaining when pretentious "burnier-than-thou" burners try to explain how you're doing it wrong

Burning Manxious the anxiety one feels upon realizing it's already Thursday and the Burn is nearly over

darkshaming yelling at and chastising darkwards to light themselves up

delay of burners the collective noun used to describe Black Rock City denizens, similar to a "gaggle of geese" or a "murder of crows"

FAFFING "Fucking Around For Fucking Forever" – at least one campmate is guilty of this whenever you try to leave camp on a group outing

fuck your mom's burn the new "fuck yr burn"

hippie ink the putrid combination of body odor and patchouli that manifests as a toxic stain on your shoulder area after hugging certain burners

k-bike e-bike relegated to a beach cruiser because its owner is too fucked up to figure out the power button

microdosing a socially-acceptable excuse to just be high all the time

playa profundities the ramblings of wasted burners, scrawled in Sharpie on the interiors of porta-potties

playa kisses cutesie term for those mystery bruises you always get in BRC

playa shock syndrome the sense of horror upon realizing that the only life-changing art piece you truly wanted to see got burned by Thursday night and is now gone forever

"praise Larry!" exclamation said whenever things go well on the playa

prized fish the one piece of MOOP rolling toward the trash fence that an overly ambitious virgin will travel 3 miles and expend 1,800 calories to grab

rave grave the minefield of burner tuts and empty water bottles in deep playa, only visible at sunrise once the sound cars head back to camp

skirtcocking wearing a skirt with no underwear when one has a penis; another way of "going commando," especially if you're trans-femme

sunset scaries the jittery certain burners get on Saturday, worried they're missing the Burn when it's only 7:15pm

the McMurphy the zombie-like Thorazine shuffle one sees the crowd doing in front of Robot Heart at 3am

trauma bonding the distressed feelings one shares with other burners during difficult weather or playa experiences, that evoke the illusion of "magic"

windgineering when your art, trash, or stuff is secured from the wind

workcation what your trip to BRC likely feels like, especially if you run a theme camp or help with a project

Contributors by: Adriana Roberts, Dragnet, eggchairsteve, Hebrew Hammer, Ya-Ya

lap mindset, and I'm still super excited about all the art out there on the playa, and my Bootie Mashup DJ gigs (see our schedule on our back cover). I mean, "never say never," check in with me in a few weeks, and if someone drops a GIFT TICKET in my lap next year and I don't have to publishing a whole-ass playa newspaper, or do eight DJ gigs five days in a row, just to also pay \$900 for a Steward's Sale ticket and vehicle pass (and then fight with the Placement Team about whether my camp is "interactive" enough) then sure, I'll totally show up. I already have the RV.

But if not, I'd rather spend that money on other festivals and travel to other places, rather than the same dusty hellscape I've been to 30 times already (way more if you count Juyalpa and random Black Rock Desert trips).

After 30 years of doing the same stupid thing in the desert every fucking August, I obviously need a break.

YOU, on the other hand, should definitely have the best Burn ever! (Actually, wait a minute, so should I! I need to make this last one count!)

And now, maybe finally, I'll stop having nightmares about missing my print deadline and showing up here with no newspapers. Because that anxiety dream needs to STOP!

See you out on the playa! ☘

DRINK WATER!

