Welcome to NowHere

BY ADRIAN ROBERTS

You may have heard that Burning Man is a cool event. It is. But this isn't entirely false.

If you've been coming here as LONG as I have – 16 years to be exact, longer than almost all the people who actually RUN Burning Man – you've no doubt noticed some changes. And if you're a recent IMMIGRANT to Black Rock City, you've probably already heard all the "old-timers" talk about the "good ol' days" – NO RULES, no roads, and no hoards of people, back when you and a few hundred of your closest friends could come out here to shoot guns, drive around like crazy, and BLOW SHIT UP.

Obviously, things have CHANGED.

You may have heard that Burning Man isn't as cool as it used to be.

This isn't entirely true.

Have you SEEN what's out there on the playa this year? Sure, there may be rules, "The 10 Principles," and other bureaucratic NONSENSE. But the trade-off is out of sight, right in front of you. It didn't USED to be like this. Back then there wasn't THIS much ATMS. This much creativity, this much STUFF. If we got a stupid mud sculpture of Pepé Ozan's "Guardian of Eden," was recently pur - to shoot guns, drive around like crazy, and of your closest friends could come out here to shoot guns, drive around like crazy, and BLOW SHIT UP.

The Law of the Playa

By Mitch Ferman

A classic American burning dream was a Chinese immigrant named Duck Chang. In the mid-1970s Mr. Chang came to Amadilla, Virginia, with the idea that he would make a kick-ass Peking duck and people would want that. So Mr. Chang opened his restaurant – Duck Chang's – and if you wanted Peking duck in this coun - or 24 hours ahead of time. That was Chang's hook – antic - pate the people's needs and base those ducks on hand, ready to go and make the right "oomph" and work that it needed and do that duck rocks! Sadly, Duck Chang passed away in 2005, however, his family now runs the restaurant making outstanding duck for all to enjoy – even on short notice. The generational Chang family keeps the dream alive.

In 1986, the first burning effigy of a man that bogged Black Rock City was born of disaster payments and grief. The grief was the result of the loss of a parent. The disability was in the form of an injured back. The disability payments were the seed capital donated by those hard-working tax pops called U.S. taxpayers distributed via a method known as public benefits. In the U.S. of A. people have only to look at lemonade. So grief and a hurt back turn into time on someone's hands with some cash in their pocket and an idea to do something about it. A unique play on the American Dream was born.

This year that dream has been reborn and the Man stands tall above his obelisk base emblazoned with the flags of the world, waiting for your yearly fire dance.

Whether you are noting for the son of a Wichita woman and a Kenyan man or the Homi Haitis most famous resident, you know that both have dreamed big dreams. One will fall short. This highlights an elusive aspect of the American Dream – not everyone will reach theirs. But failure to get a dream to fly is not the same as one can't dust oneself off and pursue the next dream – an even better dream tomorrow.

Some never realize their American Dream either because the opportunity to do something spectacular is out of their reach. Why? Why don't they try? They are afraid of failure.
CONTRAPTIONS: The Cupcakes Runneth Over

BY NORM

The Cupcakes Runneth Over

The American Dream is a bit like the English Dream I had as a kid back in the U.K. It was money to you, but you only worked hard for it in the American version. The status quo seemed so firmly entrenched back there; only a mug would break a sweet trying for it.

The wide open spaces of the American West are true threat. Come and camp here when the dust has settled and you can actually see the high-water mark of old Lake Lahontan – possibly “that place where the waste finally broke, rolled back.” Hunter S Thompson spoke of when he went to look for The Dream in 1971 a few hundred miles worth of there.

It is farly sticky camping in the middle of the deserted crust of this big playa pie when rain clouds hog the horizon. Last October my wayward semi-ango Scudette, who never misses a chance to bolt, ran off toward the mountains in the West. After ten minutes they were no closer, so he turned around and headed toward the peaks in the East. They too were inexplicably elusive so he returned to camp and guarded what he had. Sound familiar?

But hey – this is Burning Man – the radically self-reliant, radically inclusive, gifting society. Our money is no good and we have to shock other monkeys. We will be publishing five editions on the Playa this year, with today’s paper followed by issues produced on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. These are selected headlines from Tuesday:

• “American Dream – whose founding fathers wanted us to be.
• “Under capitalism man exploits man.
• “Under communism it is just the opposite.”
• “Bruce for Impact!” – Public Service Announcement (PSA) about dust storms and how to keep your gear secure in one.
• “Media to Undergo Rite of Passage” – Media to undergo minor humiliation at Media Mecca before being issued with a pair of press passes and an eyeball media pass, in order to mark them and pay back a little of the intrusiveness and unwanted attention they’ve forced on Black Rock citizens.
• “On Heat and Aggression” – Incoherent description of a psychology experiment gone horribly wrong where subjects in hot rooms are permitted to shock other monkeys.

Features:
• Radio stuff: list of frequencies of Black Rock City radio stations (14 in all); “911 Network” (identification of frequencies and address for emergency calls on CB or ham radio)
• Cartoon: drawing of shirtless Bill Clinton chasing a shapely leg out of the frame. Is it Bears or photoshopped into the frame, while two Burners in the background remark, “If she’s one thing I can stand…” (photo of two Burners who show up just to chase naked women).