

THE FIRST YEAR I WANDERED

onto the Playa was 1998. I had caught a ride in with a bunch of circus kids, two weeks early. I don't think they were sure when the event actually started. We rolled in at 3am, parked our caravan on the spot we thought our camp was, and got to celebrating. The next morning we pounded together a tremendous white circus tent (the same one we use for commissary now, in fact...), set up our campsite, and tried to figure out what we were gonna do with ourselves until the festival started. Somebody told me that there had been a fire, and that the folks setting up the event could use a hand shoveling burnt hay. So off I went for the afternoon, loading pile after pile of foul smelling charred black straw into the back of a pick up truck, and thinking about what a strange thing it was to be doing in the middle of a scorching desert. At the end of the day, they rounded us up and took us to their base camp. Someone I don't remember told someone else I don't remember that I had worked hard, and deserved to eat, so they put me in line to get a beer and a burger. As I reached for the food, the girl grilling the burgers up turned around and screamed "HEY! IF YOU AREN'T REALLY A GOD DAMNED VEGETARIAN, DON'T TAKE A GOD DAMNED VEGGIE BURGER!!" I wasn't, so I didn't.



Later on, I came to understand that it had been my first day of DPW.

It took six years for me to figure out that there was nowhere else I'd rather be. By 2004 the DPW had gone from a concept to a fully realized, weather-hardened machine... like an engine that you could just pour PBR and meat into, then point at whatever you needed done. I came back from start to finish, just learning the ropes out here, and learned more about construction and logistics and hard work over 9 weeks than the rest of my life had taught me combined... I learned that I could be drunk for 40 days straight and still get up at 6 AM and bust my ass in the sun all day... and knew I was hooked. When the Project offered me a job, they asked "What are you doing with the rest of your life?" And I looked around and said "This." So here I am.

Just like the Event, the beast that is the DPW is always evolving. We're not the drunken mob that folks should run away from anymore. In the last two years, I've seen us leave behind the days of "We Don't Care and You Don't Matter" and move steadily toward the more responsible, more capable beast we are today. I've seen us move from the role of Burning Man's cultural bad guy to being the rugged, hardened Anti-Hero... The folks on your side that you can count on, and that you trust, but that you still sure don't wanna fuck with. I can't think of a better place for us to be.

That's my story, and with it, let me welcome you aboard the 2006 DPW Crew. I'm glad ya made it. It's a hell of a ride out here, for old timers and newbies alike, so hold on tight and give the beast all you've got... I can't wait to see where it takes us this time around.

- Logan -