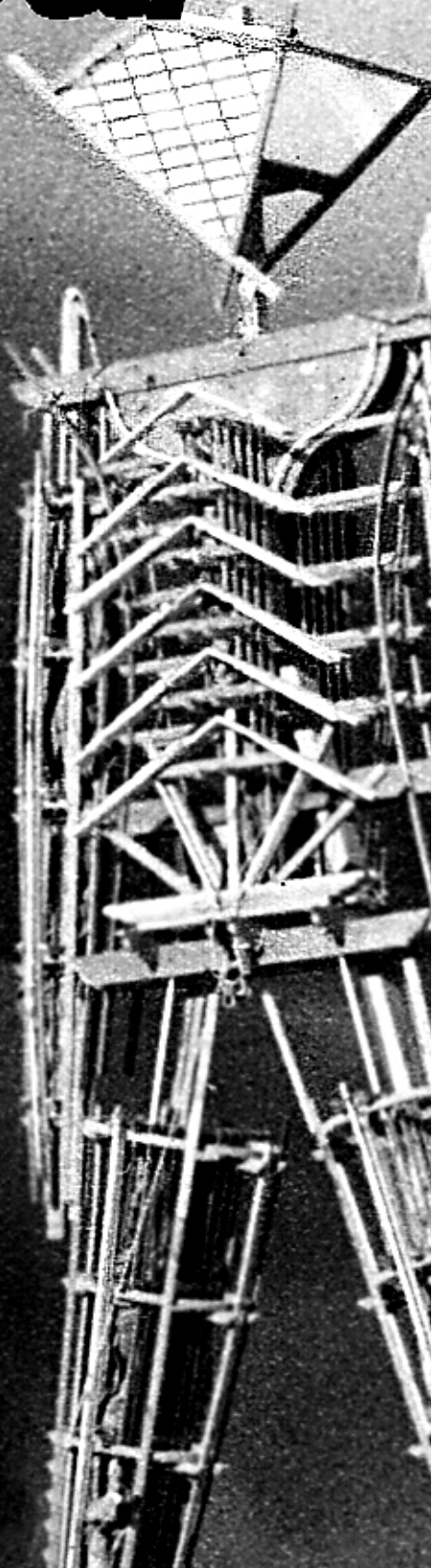


AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1995

pliss clear

*another
Burning Man
'zine from
Adrian Roberts*

*opinion
lists
style
rants
survival ideas
humor
blurbs
beauty tips
music
art
quips
commentary
thoughts
sound bites
plugs
puzzles*



Let it be known that the only time I ever do a 'zine is when I come out to the Black Rock Desert. It is my annual ritual for the Burning Man festival. Last year, I produced



Dreaming Burning Man, a small collection of dreams that I had had about the Man. This year, I decided to do something different.

Piss Clear was originally meant as a sort of irreverent survival guide to the Black Rock Desert. Its title is derived from the single most important survival tip I could think of:

Drink enough water so that you piss clear.

But over the past few months, the 'zine mutated. Oh sure, there are still a few tips and tricks scattered throughout these pages. But it's now mostly just a myriad of lists, blurbs, and rants to sift through. It just sort of happened that way.

Part of the reason I do a 'zine every year is so I can meet people. You know, the whole "icebreaker" thing. Yes, it may be shameless, but it's also a lot of fun.

Besides, **Piss Clear** gives myself and a few friends the opportunity to communicate ideas and opinions—an opportunity that we, perhaps, would not otherwise be privy to. Penetrating the established old-school boys' club oligarchy that runs most of Black Rock's media outlets is something I have neither the money nor resources to do.

Practically all of Black Rock's radio stations are owned and operated by the same multinational conglomerate. And with the increasing amount of "fluff-journalism" that the officially-sanctioned, Burning Man-approved **Black Rock Gazette** tries to pass off as "news," it becomes obvious that alternative media outlets are sorely needed. **Piss Clear**, among other things, is one of those outlets.

Where to find us

If you would like more copies of this 'zine, or if you just want to stop by and say hi, look for us on the outskirts of camp. Follow the Burning Man's left arm out past the last porta-potty, and there you will find the tiny suburb of **Xanadu**. Look for the **Xanadu Tree**, a bright, reflective, eight-foot tall, spindly metal structure growing out of the playa. Standing nearby is the **Flaming Man**, which you can read more about on page 6. Oh yeah, there should also be a blue dining tarp set up. If you end up in **ShantyTown™** (details also on page 6), then you've gone too far.

But look for me. I'm the cute, short, grrrlish freak with the shaved wedge orange hair, and I'll probably be wearing a black dress and Hollywood-starlet sunglasses. And I'm not nearly as pretentious as that must sound. Really! So enjoy!

Adrian

There are no observers, only lofty ideals

The slogan, "There are no observers, only participants" is a nice thought, even if it is total bullshit. There are tons of people here just observing and not participating. After all, if everyone were participating, there would be no one left to observe them, and then what?

There's just too much going on!

Perusing the long and ever-growing list of performances, bands, theme camps, and other attractions and diversions taking place at this year's Burning Man, a creeping feeling came over me, and then it hit me like a ton of bricks: "Shit! I can't be fucked up on drugs this year! There's just too much going on that I want to check out! If I were on drugs, I'd probably be too messed up to care, and I'd end up missing out on some of this cool stuff that's happening! I'd feel so lame! I'd be so out of the loop! Fuck! How did this happen?"

Lollapalooziation

I used to worry about the Burning Man festival selling out. It was something I termed the "Lollapalooziation" of Burning Man. I was fearful of showing up to the Black Rock Desert one year, only to be inundated with a plethora of greasy food trucks and cheesy souvenir vendors, hawking everything from Burning Man t-shirts to Burning Man spoons to Burning Man shot glasses to Burning Man snowglobes. You know, the usual assortment of tourist trap hellspawn.

But then, I started to realize something. Despite the fact that the festival gets larger every year, attracting an increasing amount of so-called "participants," I don't think it will ever completely Lollapalooziate. Why? Because, let's face it. Hauling your sorry little ass out here to the middle of fucking nowhere, to camp for three days with no running water or electricity, is hardly what anyone would call low-maintenance. Being at least two hours from anything resembling civilization doesn't help either. It's just too difficult of a trip for most coddled urban dwellers to deal with.

Think about it. How many people did you talk to about Burning Man, and how many of them are actually out here this weekend? You know the story. They all hear about how great Burning Man is, make plans to come out the following year, and then, one by one, they all flake out. Knowing that the basic inconvenience factor will, by its very nature, probably never change, we can take solace in the fact that your average, everyday person probably won't deal very well with this environment. I don't think this is necessarily a bad thing either.

Burning Man Anagrams

Bran Mug Inn
Grin Bun Man
In an Urbn Mag
Marin Bunnig
Bam Running
Man Grub Inn
Bun Ring Man
Bring Unman
Urban Mning
Unbring Man
Numb Naring
Iman Brunnig
Brung In Nam
Burn In Gnam



Ten things they didn't tell you to bring, but should have

bicycle
condoms
decent toilet paper
Dramamine®
drugs
an effigy to burn
portable shower
PowerBars®
sex lubricant
trip anchor



Bands that should be playing at Burning Man

Babe the Blue Ox
Blue Period
Crash Worship
Diamanda Galás
Frog-S.
The Glee Club
God Is My Co-Pilot
Idiot Flesh
Kronos Quartet
Nine Inch Nails
Salon Betty
Sonic Youth
Stone Fox
Torcher

—Lists compiled by Adrian Roberts and PF.

Piss Clear

produced and designed by
Adrian Roberts

All contents written by
Adrian Roberts except:

Burning Man:
What's Out,
What's In
Adrian Roberts and PF

Flaming Man:
Big & Pink
Scott Saraceno

Visit **ShantyTown™**
Stewbee

Burning Man
Word Search
Heather Shirkey

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Stolen Glimpses of the Soul

Have you noticed any strange photographic gifts appearing at your campsite overnight? Stolen moments from someone's soul, attached to a sheet of paper? Souls in search of a home, left upon your desert doorstep? Has anyone stolen parts of your soul while you've been out here in the desert?

Ground Control to Major Tom...

Walking around the Black Rock Desert at night without a flashlight often feels as if I'm floating through deep space. Especially when I'm all alone. Especially when I'm walking all the way out to the rave camp.

My omnipresent backpack begins to feel like an astronaut's jet pack, as I gaze up at the stars and float through the cosmos. Eventually, I head toward some distant star system, the one with the bright star that pulses at regular intervals. Jetting across the inky black void, the deep space wastation becomes visible, and I prepare to dock. After landing, I decide to hang out, visiting with the people whom I know. Removing my astronaut's jet pack, I dance around, reveling at the fact that I can be so far from home, yet feel such bliss.

Soon though, it is time for me to be on my way. I bid farewell, and leap back into deep space, to float toward my own space camp, somewhere in the distant night.

Burning Man: What's Out, What's In

out	in
acid	mushrooms
Army rations	NASA space food
Black Rock Radio	Black Rock Cable TV
Burning Man	the Fire Lingam
drag queens	androgyny
dust storms	nuclear residue
Ecstasy	Herbal Ecstasy™
8 SPF sunscreen	30 SPF sunblock
Evian®	Crystal Geysers®
firearms	stone age weaponry
The Grateful Dead	The Orb
Mighty Morphin Power Rangers™	mighty helpful Danger Ranger
modern primitive	primitive modernism
raves	"parties"
sex	S/M
smug attitude	being nice
spiritual drug experiences	spiritual drugless experiences
Survival Research Laboratories	Keeping all your fingers
tattoos	brandings
theme parks	theme camps
'zines	Web pages



Be nice to people on drugs

The desert presents an opportunity for people to explore another side of themselves, and often-times, that exploring involves drugs and other psychoactive substances. They probably don't do this very often from where they come from. But out here, they are on vacation from the responsibilities of their everyday lives. So please, be considerate.

The sun is your enemy

After rigorous real-world testing, we here at Piss Clear have determined that the best possible sunblock you can buy—at your neighborhood drugstore, that is—is Coppertone® Sport™, SPF 30. It's creamy blend of ethylhexyl p-methoxycinnamate, oxybenzone, and 2-ethylhexyl salicylate clearly makes it a winner. Gliding smoothly into your skin, it then totally stays there, resisting sweat, water, and, most importantly, ultraviolet rays. With both UVA and UVB protection, its PABA-free formula doesn't run into your eyes, and it doesn't make you feel slimy either, like so many other sunblock brands. Okay, so there is that little problem of it being a real bitch to wash off, but for those as sunburn-phobic as we are, it's a small concession.



Make-up tips for the Black Rock Desert

The unique environment of the Black Rock Desert makes traditional make-up application somewhat ridiculous. The following are a few tips I've picked up from the previous two years I've been out here.

First and foremost, remember, during the day, less is more. The last thing you really want to do is cake on a ton of make-up, only to have it feel like it's melting off your face an hour later. It gets hot out here!



Therefore, try to be minimal. I recommend forgoing the standard foundation regimen, and only using a cover-up stick for major blemishes. As for blush, it's passé anyway, so I don't recommend it.

Using sunblock as a base is an excellent idea (we recommend Coppertone® Sport™, SPF 30, see left).

Then, gently brush on powder, which tends to adhere to the stickiness of the sunblock quite well. Be judicious in your use, however. You don't want to pancake your face.

For the eyes, try to avoid any sort of liquid make-up, save for a bit of mascara. It's just too high-maintenance. A bit of pencil on the brow, and some on the lid should do just fine, in your choice of color. Finish up with a light mascara. Eye shadow is hardly necessary, but if you insist, again, be minimal. And remember—blue eye shadow is bad!

Finally, there are your lips. First off, I hope you brought lipstick that won't melt in the heat of the desert. There's nothing worse than goopy lipstick. Try to keep it, and all your cosmetics, in a shady area. Avoid direct sunlight at all costs.

Back to those lips—if your lipstick has UVA/B protection, that's fabulous. Pucker up those lips and apply! But if you're a slave to cheap lipstick, try applying sunblock, Chap Stick®, or Blis-tex® to your lips first, before putting on lipstick. The desert wreaks havoc on unprotected lips.

Also, and this should be obvious, but drink lots of water. Your face gets thirsty! Your skin will thank you, and your complexion will be clearer because of it, alleviating the need for foundation or cover-up.

The above tips are predominantly for daywear. As for the night, the cooler temperatures and forgiving lighting allow for a more heavy-handed approach. Play around! Experiment! After all, this is what being out here in the desert is all about! Have fun decorating your face!

Maybe you've always wanted to look like one of the characters from the film Liquid Sky. Or maybe you just want to be a drag queen. Do it up! But definitely save the heavy stuff for night-fall. You won't regret it. Anyway, good luck and stay beautiful!

Top 10 Black Rock Desert albums

Adrian Roberts and PF, singer and sampler respectively for San Francisco's Blue Period, pick their top 10 albums for the Black Rock Desert.



Adrian Roberts

- Bark Psychosis
Hex
- The Blue Up?
Spoon Forka Dish
- The Creatures
Boomerang
- Esquival
Music From A Sparkling Planet
- Miranda
Sex Garden
Suspiria
- The Orb
Adventures Through The Ultraworld
- Ozric Tentacles
Jurassic Shift
- Shriekback
Big Night Music
- Sky Cries Mary
This Timeless Turning
- Velocity Girl
iSimpatico!



PF

- Apex Twin
Selected Ambient Works Volume II
- Peter Gabriel
Passion
- Gyuto Monks
#2 For Gaia
- Le Mystère des Voix Bulgares
Volume II
- David Prescott
Concentration
- Steve Reich
Desert Music
- Songs of the Humpback Whale
- Steel Cello Ensemble
Song of the Steel Cello
- Igor Stravinsky
The Rite of Spring
- Tangerine Dream
Green Desert



One-track-minded pyromaniac artists

Are the performers here one-track-minded, or what? It's like, **someone** came up with **fire** as an artistic motif, and it worked so well that **now** everybody's doing it! It's all fire-this, and burn-that. Whatever happened to **originality**? Geez, all anyone can think about out here is burning stuff.

Flaming Man: Big & Pink

It seems as though the buzz surrounding this year's Burning Man festival is, "Okay, well, betcha didn't think of this!" But we have.

In honor of the queer contingent at Burning Man, we welcome the arrival of a bigger flamer. Yes, Flaming Man, Burning Man's younger queer brother, is here. He has at last made his way to our desert to partake in some enchanting pagan fun. (He thinks the idea is totally cute!) So salute!

It was hard work outing the creature, so please, come visit him Burning Man Eve. (That's Saturday night.) Share some stories, drink, and dance to music in celebration of us queers in the desert. Or just bring a nice pair of shoes to offer up. Flaming Man forgot his. See you there!

Visit ShantyTown™

ShantyTown™, the suburb just past Xanadu, will feature a Japanese swing designed and created by Lisa and Stewbee, and a portable firepit/barbeque. Please bring noise and musical instruments. A recording session will be occurring.

Burning Man burn-out

It's sort of **ironic** how the Man is meant to be the focal point here, but by the time we get around to burning him **down**, it seems practically **anti-climactic**. We spend so much time **cramming** in so many other **cool** activities, that when we finally get around to Sunday night, it's **like**, "Okay, we've done all this cool shit, **now** what?" "Oh, I **suppose** we should burn down that **big** neon figure now." "Oh sure, okay, **whatever**."

Mixing organic with synthetic

For some **reason**, early-80's **synth-pop** and techno music work **really** well for me out here. The more **synthetic**, the better. I think it's a context and **irony** thing. Besides, **drum** circles just seem so obvious, **don't** you think?

Separated at birth?



Star Trek badge insignia



the new Burning Man logo

Sex and drugs

A lot of people come out here for spiritual **enlightenment**. Some come here to **revel** in earthy paganism. But mostly I think, people come here for **two** things: sex and drugs.

Fortunately, **both** are relatively **easy** to find. All you have to do is **ask** around!

For those less socially-inclined however, there **are** other **options**. The bulletin board at Central Camp provides an easy **forum** for those in **search** of drugs. There are always fliers posted from **people** who are looking to either buy or sell psychoactive substances. Just **check** the board.

And though it's been three years since there's been **anything** resembling a **sexual** personal ad on the Central Camp board, it wouldn't hurt to check. Or better yet, **post** your own! After all, it's **worked** before.

Of course, you **could** always place a **small** ad in the **Black Rock Gazette**. I'm sure they'd run a **personal** ad if you asked them—or if you gave them money. Don't worry, it doesn't **conflict** with their **ethics**. Besides, they could probably use the advertising revenue **anyway**.

Burning Man word search

by Heather Shirkey



B R N C E A C L E A N U P S N E R B L C K S E Y
A L F E I G C A O L N M W T R N E O N K R S B L
C H M I R A N C E X T A M E U U E L A I O R L G
K L B A R E T N E S H X N D F S L A Y T A P A Q
C U R N H E Q X S H E R H Y T G B F D E A V C E
A T E R Y W Q O L F M N T X S A L B I R T E K C
E C F U T L E X P R E S S I O N R E A Y R W R U
P P A Z H G R K C L C A T R S S U Y W Y I E O K
L D D E M T K L B M A C Y L N U B T X U B R C J
A Y A X S P R E Z V M G U O Y T B G D P A X K E
T I F N V B L K E R P A W A T E R S N L L Y P A
O N L D C P A E S I S R P S L D S R T A U O I S
L R S E T I A T N D O I P Z L R A P D A E N C A
O F I U R T N C V B N M T P A O I T D A N N S E
U L R T A E N G X E R P S Y P L A S R Q D C D R
P A N E T G I R P X E Y A I N R U B U R N F E I
F M E R A T P I L K M L P T Y S O P M B L C K S
L E E T R U B E C X P A R T Y O T R S R D L E A
E F K A L B P R S E P R E S S O M B L F I L A M

BLACK ROCK
BURN
CLEANUP
DANCING
DRUMS
EXPRESSION

FIRE
FLAME
NEON
PARTY
PLAYA
RHYTHMS

SUBSTANCES
SUN
TENTS
THEME CAMPS
TRIBAL
WATER

After the sun goes down, the Burning Man is nothing more than just a big, huge night light.

No better place to rave

The only time I ever seem to **rave** these days is when I'm out here in the desert. There's just something about **dancing** outside on the playa, underneath a **blanket** of stars, that not even the best **warehouse** party in the City can compete with. Once I raved out here, it became **difficult** for me to rave anywhere else.



Bicycle light debacle

In this year's registration materials, it states: "Finding your own tent...may prove to be a challenging task at night. A small **bicycle flasher** on your tent may be helpful."

Oh, great. So now **everyone's** going to bring out to the desert a small bicycle flasher to hang on their tent. It **doesn't** take a rocket scientist to see how **this** is going to **work**.

"Where's our camp? Oh, it's that one over there, the one with the flashing bicycle **light**. No? Well, maybe it's **that** one over there. No? Well, there's a flashing bicycle light over **there**. Maybe that's the one. Or maybe **not**. Is **that** one is ours...no? Well, **maybe** that one..."

Sound bites

It is one of the great injustices of life that chocolate melts in the desert.

Why there are more people out here this year than last year: "They told two friends, and then they told two friends, and so on, and so on, and..."

Try not to camp downwind from the porta-potties. You will regret it.



ABSOLUT BURNING MAN.

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