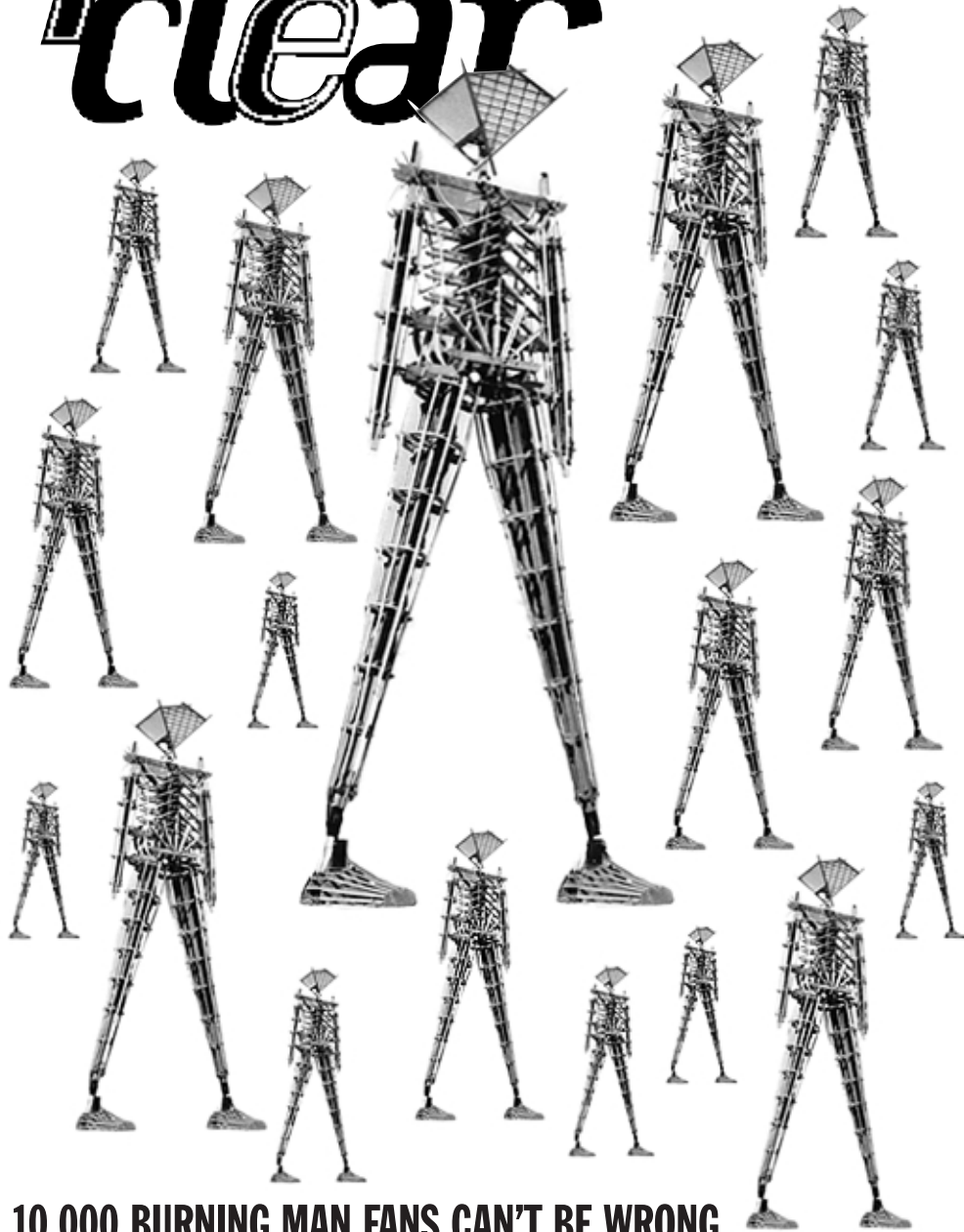


# miss clear

issue 2.3 • sunday 1 september 1996



## 10,000 BURNING MAN FANS CAN'T BE WRONG

Or can they? Ex-Black Rock Gazette editor Stewart McKenzie rants. See page 4.

Black Rock City's  
other daily reader

**piss  
clear**

issue 2.3  
for sunday  
1 september 1996  
Black Rock City,  
Nevada

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cover image:  
Burning Man has  
left the building.  
Photography by  
Adrian Roberts.

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Adrian Roberts

## Urban blight comes to Black Rock

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

To be honest, I'm actually somewhat surprised that my friends and I are even **out** here this year. While last year had its **moments**, it was definitely **tarnished** by several negative incidents. For instance, it was quite disturbing to wake up Sunday morning to discover an **unshod** vagrant, reeking of alcohol, crashed in our spare storage tent, shamelessly helping himself to our food and water. When I ever-so-politely confronted him, saying, "Hey there, you know, it's usually customary to ask permission first before you start eating someone else's food," he replied drunkenly, "Oh, yeah, uh, well...can I eat some of your food?" This is **exactly** the sort of unsavory element that had us questioning whether or not we would return.

Another **incident** occurred on Sunday night. Having set up our camp out in the "suburbs," we constructed an eight-foot tall metal tree, and adorned it with several blinking lights and flashing beacons, to assist us in finding our way home easily. For the first three nights, it worked like a **charm**, easily defining from a distance where our campsite was. So it was with great **frustration** when we found ourselves wandering around the playa late Sunday night, **desperately** trying to find our campsite. After a good two hours of searching, we finally **stumbled** across our tents. The reason we couldn't find our camp? Our tree beacon had been horribly **vandalized**—all of the lights attached to it had been stolen—about \$75 worth actually. This steamed us to no end. That was when we realized that things at Burning Man had definitely **changed**.

Granted, anytime you get thousands of people together for **anything**, you're bound to get a few assholes. Still, what was once a beautiful experiment in **utopian** community living seems to have **degenerated** into transplanted **urban blight**. It's unfortunate that we now have to be "**streetwise**" out in the desert. Needless to say, we keep our car doors locked.

Speaking of cars, the biggest assholes on the playa this year are the ones who can't seem to stop driving everywhere! This isn't fucking L.A., y'know! Why can't you people just come out here and **park**! As everyone knows, driving around the playa creates huge dust plumes—causing, in effect, **pollution** in the desert.

At night, the level of **vehicular assholeishness** gets even **worse**. We've nearly gotten plowed several times by idiots **speeding** their way out to rave camp—fucked up on drugs no doubt—thinking that out in the wide expanse of the desert, they don't need to worry about hitting anything. Except for maybe **pedestrians**.

Look, if you're going out to the Techno Ghetto, walk, or at least ride a bike. If you **must** drive, please do so **slowly**. The way things are going, it's only a matter of time before someone gets **hit**. Think about how **large** this desert is, and then think about how **ridiculous** that sounds. Get a clue.



Heather Shirkey

**adrian's rant**

## McSatan's Beastro

by PF

Once when I was hitchhiking, a driver who was kind enough to pick me up offered me his extra burger, because he was already full after **eating** **food** one. So I ate the burger—what else could I do? And let me tell you, it was the most **disgusting** burger I ever had. And I'm not exaggerating, **either**.

Well, that was years ago, but by some nasty coincidence of **fate**, when I ordered my sandwich from McSatan's **Beastro** yesterday, I noticed that the gentleman serving me this fine **culinary** creation struck an uncanny resemblance to that very same truck driver, and it brought me right back to that moment in time, the gristle in my mouth and everything.

But boy, was I in for a **surprise**. My mind was saying, "Don't eat that shit, man, don't you remember what happened **last time**?" But being a sucker for meat—or a sucker of meat, to be exact—I bit anyway, and it was really quite **delicious**. In fact I never would have expected such a good burger here at Black Rock, even if the burger-flipper at Mickey S's hadn't reminded me of that trucker.



Heather Shirkey

## Hot outfits

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

The Burning Man festival gives many participants the opportunity to **look** and dress in a manner they may not otherwise have the freedom to do in their normal, everyday lives. Put bluntly, apparel out here in Black Rock City can get damn near fetishistic. Unfortunately, most **sexy fetishwear** doesn't really work out here—at least not during the **day**—due to the sort of **materials** often used in their construction. Here's why: **leather**: looks good, but it's a little too hot to wear in the desert.

**black vinyl PVC**: looks good, but it's a little too hot to wear in the desert.

**latex and rubber**: looks good, but it's a little too hot to wear in the desert.

**clear plastic**: looks good, but it's a little too hot to wear in the desert.

Save items made out of the above material for wear at **night**. Unless that is, you're trying to sweat away a few extra pounds and risk dehydration. Otherwise, feel free.

Jorge's  
latex  
and  
chain  
dress  
is too  
hot.

**survival**



Adrian Roberts

## Required viewing for the Black Rock Desert

by LIZARD MAN

The Road Warrior  
Priscilla, Queen of the Desert  
Tank Girl  
Heavy Metal

All four of these movies feature expansive, **surreal** landscapes as a catalyst for the action that takes place. The bleak, post-apocalyptic desert of *The Road Warrior* contrasts with the **flippant** approach to a similar post-apocalyptic scenario in *Tank Girl*.

*Priscilla, Queen of the Desert* is a definite requirement for anyone grappling with the evolution of Black Rock Fashion. Answers and **inspirations** abound as a troupe of drag queens make their way across the Australian Outback. The acting is par excellence, by the way. Finally, *Heavy Metal*, perhaps the most ambitious animated undertaking since Ralph Bakshi ran out of money to complete *Lord of the Rings*, takes the viewer through a number of **otherworldly** landscapes, populated with creatures from your dreams and **nightmares**.

**media exposure**

Tank Girl  
and friend



## Party pooper

by STEWART McKENZIE

It's a party in the desert, an appreciation of survival in a harsh climate, a rockin' good time building false gods with fifty of your best friends—all but two who are, of course, tripping their brains out on ecstasy 'n' bourbon.

Yes, it's Burning Man—the most exciting and coolest festival ever conceived, the greatest wonder since sliced bread, the hyped machine of Alternative Nation.

And I do believe the hype. After all, I've been an avid participant and propagandist of Burning Man for the past three years. But this year, things are different. This year, I'm not there.

Due to events beyond my control, I have found myself just too frazzled and bedazzled at the moment to partake in the festivities. I can barely keep up with the social constructs I've built here in square America, let alone the ones I'd be building in hip Nevada. I needed a break—physically, emotionally and psychologically—from this whole Burning Man gig.

Why you might ask? Ask yourself about the past few weeks. Did you start panicking, wondering where you left the tent poles and kerosene, the Igloos and bottle rockets from last year? Did you worry when you realized a week ago that there were only two digits to the left of the decimal point when you checked your ATM balance? Did your brain begin to hemorrhage at the thought of your rusted-out Vega traversing the playa floor? Won't you feel like an idiot driving back into the Bay Area tomorrow, stuck in traffic for hours and still coming down from that last hit of acid—only to go to work the next morning completely burnt-out, trying to blow playa dust out of your nose?

Nope, not me, not this year. I simply sat back and did nothing—while everyone around me went into conniptions preparing for Burning Man '96.

Take Kevin for example. He was planning this elaborate "train" to and from Burning Man, in some gi-mongous RV or truck or something. Bands would rock and beer would flow—that is, until the plan fell apart, after it became apparent that it would be too cost-prohibitive.

Or take Bryan. Last year, he hauled to the playa a complex set of equipment for a raised

Former *Black Rock Gazette* editor Stewart McKenzie is burnt-out.



Heather Shirkey

## musings

time-lapse camera, which turned out to be such an enormous pain-in-the-ass he vowed never to do it again. Last I heard, he and the camera were making a return appearance.

And what about Stacey or Eileen or Bill or Adrian, along with the ten thousand other souls, who have spent the past few weeks—months, even—planning, plotting, dreaming. Everyone has to be at Burning Man. Everyone knows that right now, in Black Rock City, there are more shaved heads and pierced nipples per capita than anywhere else in the United States. Everyone knows that right now, out on the playa, there are more naked bodies, funky vehicles, art installations, and pyrotechnic performances than any Lollapaloozer or Rainbow Grunting could ever hope to produce. It's our annual convention—a convention of freakdom. It's a live gathering in a live setting, away from all of our telephones and computers and shopping centers and billboards featuring chemically-dependent models.

Now before you start thinking that I'm just a jaded, cynical bastard, let me tell you this: I love Burning Man. It really is a hoot, and it's definitely worth the energy people put into it. What gets me down is this: when it's all finished—when the last tent pole is pulled from the ground, when the last porta-potty is put on the flatbed, when the last cigarette is picked gingerly off the playa floor—it's just...empty. In the meantime, we've all returned to "civilization"—back to those miles of shoddy construction we call our homes and workplaces, those environments we robotically return to...

With all the energy we invest into making Burning Man happen—where we create a world on our own terms—it's always a shame to return to the world we left, a world set up by people we've never met and have never known of our existence.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

## Fashion is burning

by SISTER KITTY CATALYST

While I hardly profess being a fashion guru, my styling voodoo may work for you too. Besides, if you're reading this, you probably need all the help you can get.

So here you are, in the dusty, blight, and bitter Black Rock Desert—filled with drab and neutral colors such as beige and tan. Why not add some sparkle and pizzazz to this rather somber palette? By all means, wear bright colors! You need to retain some white highlights however, to spark the contrast of colors in your ensemble.

Flowing, fluffy fabrics are highly recommended. Really, any fabric that's light and airy should work. Layer them a la sheik—no, not the condom—for maximum effect. Consider ripping scraps into strips for additional accenting. If nothing else, at least wrap a towel around your head, allowing you to dry it—and build a turban—at the same time. Resourcefulness is the key here!

Wearing a toga or covering oneself with mud have both become so popular on the playa, they're practically cliché. Let's face it—they've been done to death. Still, if you must resort to one of these tired-but-true fashion trends, definitely add your own little twists to set yourself apart.

With mud, try patterns or stripes. Hell, pile it on and make your own shoulder pads or breast implants. And don't forget to accentuate the lower legs, as you'll want spectators to get the full-length treatment. Mix in some beet juice or any other colorfast food to make colorful, wearable, facial masks. Or draw in designs or patterns with a burnt wine cork, which makes black accents on and around dried mud easy and workable.

The key to wearing a toga with style is all in the accessories. Try a colorful sash and pearl-drop earrings. If you forgot to pack laurel leaves, then improvise! Try charcoal or burned wood—stunning and convenient. A big necklace is always a plus. Find anything and put it on a string. Or carry around a scepter or torch, both of which work well for accessorizing an outfit.

Embarrassed by that boring parasol or umbrella? Find some spray paint or get some watered-down mud. Make some patterns or do splotching. I'm known for hanging wine corks a la dingo-style from mine—my parasol that is—and touching it up with doo-dads or strips of fabric. There's plenty of room out here, so fill it up a bit—if you're serving as a sun shield, you're bound to make friends quickly.

Tin foil, wax paper, napkins, garbage, plastic, used car parts—all of these can be used as accents for your outfit. Everything is fair game in the wild range. Choose or lose—it's your choice, but accessorizing is the key. If all else fails, find a partner or two, and dress alike. Even if you do a less than favorable job, you'll still pass, as people will simply think that they've missed the point. Above all though, have fun—and be sure to look good doing it! Good luck and Goddess bless.

Sister Kitty's style tips work!



Marc Geiler

## E.O.M.'s top ten desert albums

African Head Charge  
*Songs Of Praise*  
Chrom  
*3rd From The Sun*  
Peter Gabriel  
*Passion*  
B.C. Gilbert G. Lewis  
*Cupol / 8Time*  
My Bloody Valentine  
*Loveless*  
Rapoon  
*Errant Angels*  
Terminal Cheesecake  
*King Of All Spaceheads*  
Throbbing Gristle  
*Heathen Earth*  
Wire  
*154*  
Zoviet France  
*Just An Illusion*  
— Dick Chowder,  
*E.O.M. / Radio E.O.M*

## Bands we'd like to see at Burning Man

The Beatles  
Blue Period  
Crash Worship  
Devo  
Eat Static  
Extra Fancy  
Five Feet To The Window  
The Geraldine Fibbers  
The London Philharmonic  
Man or Astroman?  
Marilyn Manson  
Miranda Sex Garden  
Mr. Bungle  
The Orb  
Ozric Tentacles  
The Qube Chix  
Scar Tissue  
Stomp  
Trance Mission  
John Zorn

— list compiled by  
Adrian Roberts, PF,  
Heather Shirkey, and  
Matt Ferranto

## Mermen to frolic on ancient seabed

by LIZARD MAN

Tragically miscast as mere surf music, the Mermen vacillate between high-speed fret workouts and drawn-out melodic improvisations that soar and dive and leave you hanging, wondering, "Just how many layers of feedback can be compressed into a single note anyway?" Then, before you know it, it clarifies and resolves, blending effortlessly into a stream, a waterfall, a rippling cascade of psychedelic textures.

Catchy guitar improves litter the soundscape with jagged and crunchy chunks of carefully-articulated distortion, blending with a strong rhythm base that doesn't need to be told where to go next—they just feel it. The absence of vocals frees the band to explore wherever they feel drawn, and with song titles like "With No Definite Future and No Purpose Other Than To Prevail Somehow....," that could be just about anywhere.

Still, these guys are professionals, and years of tireless and thankless gigging have honed them into a tightly-wound precision mechanism. They don't get lost on their wanderings, so when you suddenly realize that you recognize that riff from earlier in the tune, you aren't even surprised—you just wonder how long it's been there and, by the way, where were you?

It's hard to believe that just three guys can make such a lush, rich sound. Bass, drums, guitar—that's it. There must be a sub-ether sounding board in there somewhere. Slow it down to a deep-sea pace, then bring it back around to surface in the Black Rock Desert.



The Mermen perform this afternoon during the formal cocktail party.

### band review

What other band would load up all their equipment and drive out into the middle of the playa, away from camp, just to jam with each other, the earth, and the sky? That's what they did last year, coming back to camp afterwards to play for the rest of us. And for those wondering how that gig turned out, just remember the storm. Yes, the big one.

## No more BM

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

I'm not so sure that I like this new shorthand way of referring to Burning Man by its acronym, BM. You see, when I was a just a wee little toddler, my mother didn't like us referring to our shit as "pooopies," or "stinkies," or any of the myriad other cutesy names that parents get their children to call feces. My mother told me to call it "BM," which stood for bowel movement. Please, don't let Burning Man turn to shit! Use its full name. Do it for me. Thank you.

### daily haiku

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

Dreaming Burning Man  
The playa is on my mind  
Get to Black Rock soon

Some here are naked  
Lots of people are on drugs  
Summer camp for freaks!

The Black Rock Gazette  
What's up with that tired rag?  
It's a waste of trees

Central Camp is cool  
Theme camps are interesting  
It's too loud at night

Techno Ghetto rules!  
Six sound systems blasting beats  
It's a long walk though

Producing Piss Clear  
Is a big pain-in-the-ass  
Gratifying though

Please don't steal my bike  
It's the only one I have  
I need it out here

My mouth is gritty  
There's playa dust in my teeth  
Where's my damn toothbrush?

Burn it down quickly  
We're tired let's just go home  
Last night was more fun

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Accomplished flautist seeks creative day job in San Francisco Bay Area. In addition to 18+ years of professional music training, my skills include swift proficiency with Microsoft Office for Windows95 and MacOS. An efficient office production wiz (type 70 wpm, 10,000 kph), I have extensive customer service and multitasking abilities, along with a B.S. degree. Contact Stacy at: [fsunflower@aol.com](mailto:fsunflower@aol.com)

### VIDEOGAMES WANTED

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### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

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### MISSED CONNECTIONS

To Carl and Joey:  
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From Trip and Dutch.

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cute, fun, and clean. Androgyny, gender-bending, and an interest in S/M are all pluses. Non-smokers only please. Let's play! If you're interested, then e-mail: [Melchior13@aol.com](mailto:Melchior13@aol.com)

### MUSICIANS WANTED THIS AFTERNOON

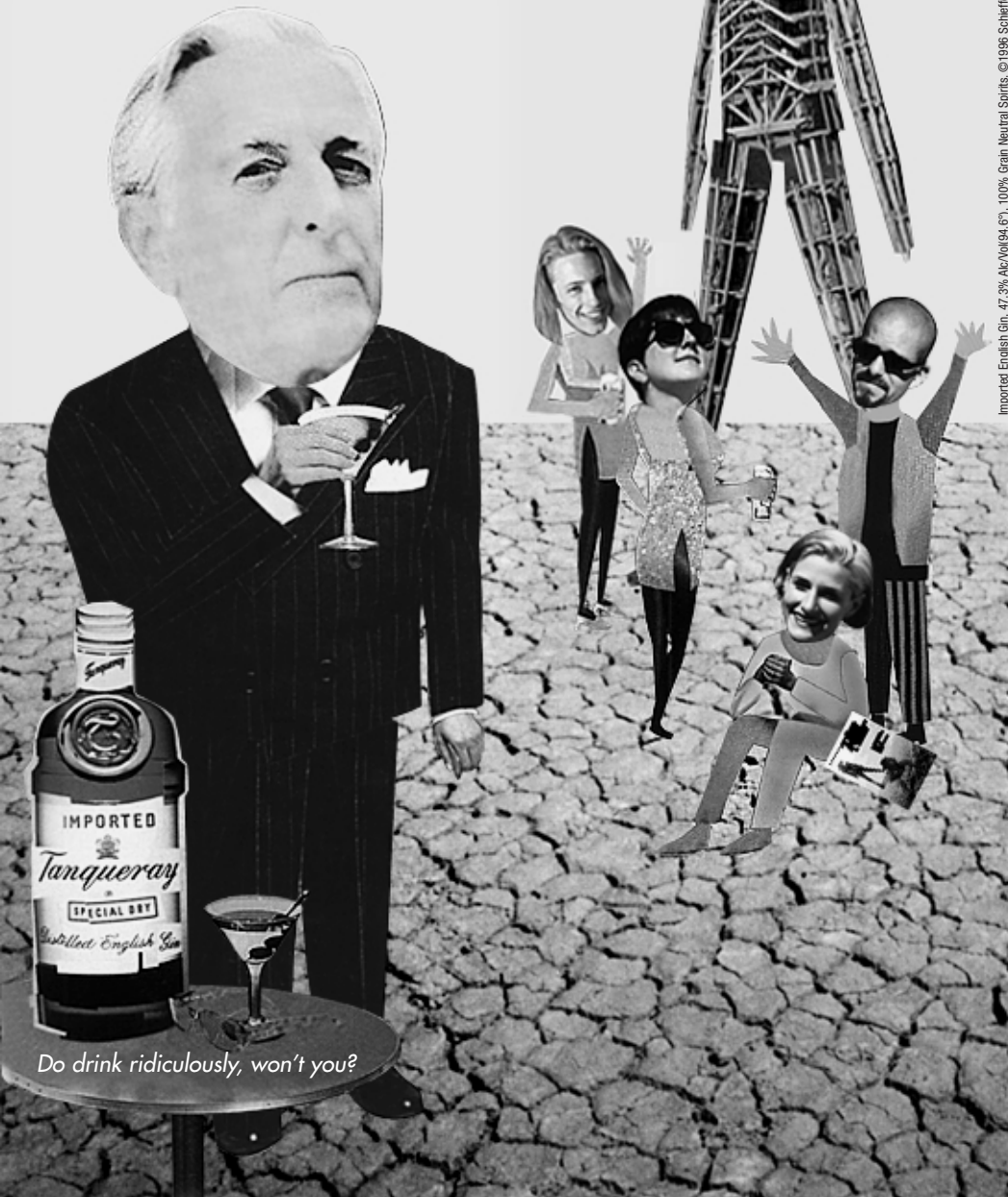
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"Mr. Jenkins isn't quite sure what to make of this Burning Man thing, but feels better about it after several martinis."



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