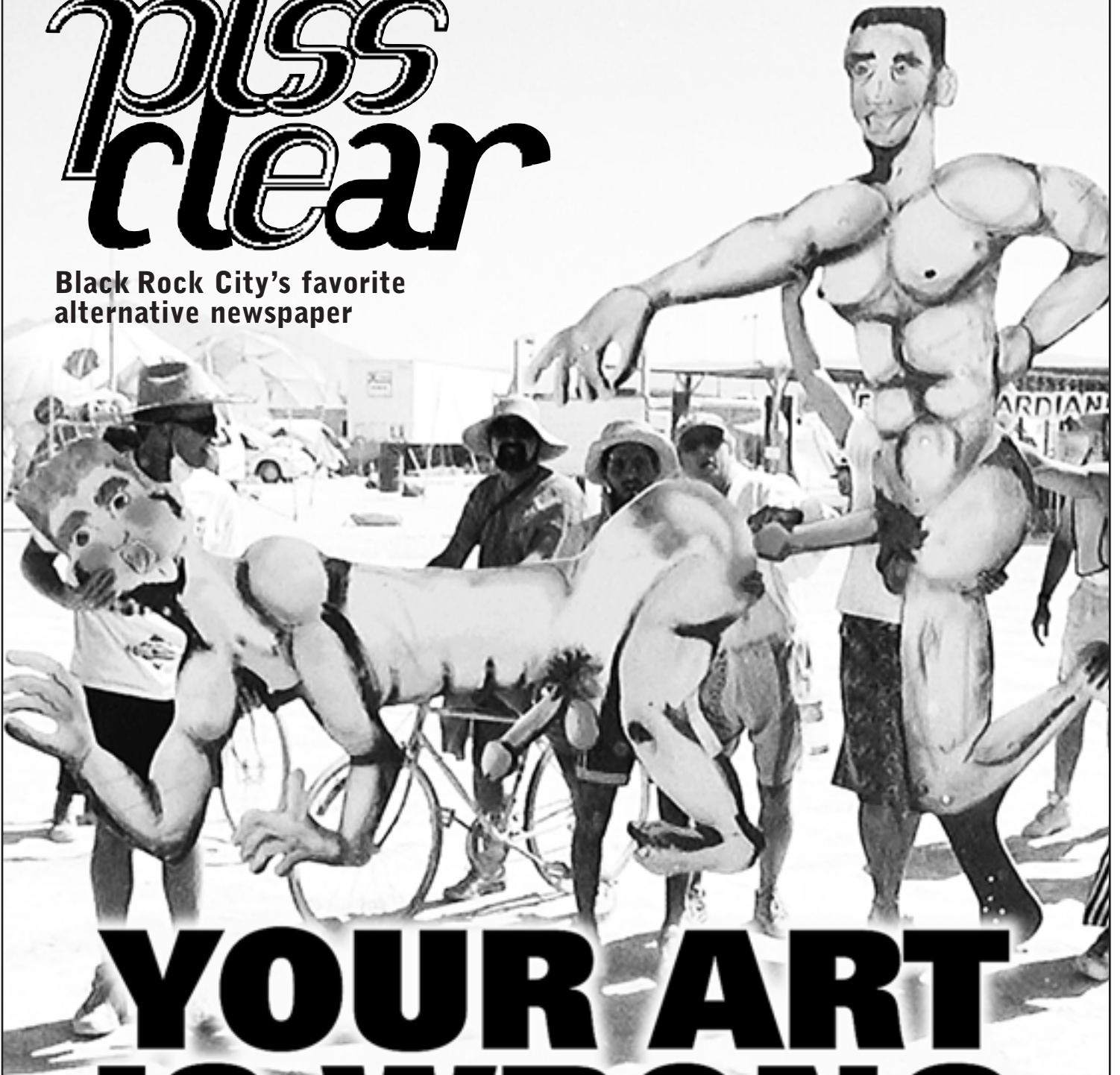


# miss clear

Black Rock City's favorite  
alternative newspaper



# YOUR ART IS WRONG

The *real* story behind last year's infamous  
'Jiffy Lube incident.' Was it art censorship?  
Homophobia? Or just one *really* uppity queen?

Burning Man's  
snarky reality  
check, since 1995

**piss  
clear**

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**On the cover:**  
'Men in Action,' by  
Mark Canepa, the  
infamous Jiffy Lube  
sign that was asked to  
be removed by the  
sheriff last year.

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©2002  
**Adrian Roberts**

# Drink enough water so that you piss clear!

Let's get one thing out of the way, right here, right now: **Drink enough water so that you piss clear.** There. We said it. Now doesn't the name of this newspaper suddenly all make sense?

Yes, yes, we know, it's a stupid name for a reputable publication – but then again, that assumes we're actually reputable! Although, after publishing on the playa for eight years, I would hope we've garnered at least some semblance of credibility! I mean, aren't we a Black Rock City institution yet?

When we first started this thing back in '95, it was just supposed to be a one-time-only 'zine. And at the time, *Piss Clear* seemed like a fine name for a little survival guide/rant rag. Little did I know that it would morph into a daily (or every other day, as the case may be) newspaper! Now I'm stuck with it – a smart showcase for some of the playa's best journalists ... continually undermined by a dumb-ass name that everybody knows, but no one takes seriously.

## Give the Greeters a history lesson!

Well, maybe not everybody has heard of *Piss Clear*, as evidenced by the Greeter we encountered last year. Maybe she just didn't know how to read. I mean, we print over 20,000 of these things every year, so it's not like there's really an excuse, other than utter cluelessness. "Piss what?" she said. "What year is this for you?" we asked. "It's my second!" she joyfully exclaimed. "Of course it is," we said in our best sarcastic 'jaded old-timer' voice.

These people should be given a Black Rock City history lesson before they're allowed to greet.

Like every year, we unloaded a box of our first edition and left it with the Greeters, who assured us they would stuff them with the rest of the crap they give you when you come through the gate. Imagine our surprise when we returned to the Greeters Station three days later to find that same box sitting there – still filled with issues of *Piss Clear*. They didn't hand out a single one!

Look, I know we're the competition to the official BMorg mouthpiece, the *Black Rock Gazette* – which does get handed out by the Greeters. But to smilingly say, "Sure, we'd love to hand out *Piss Clear*!" – and then leave them sitting there – is just plain lame. Greeters, check your attitude at the gate.

## All Jiffy Lubed up!

So this year, *Piss Clear* is taking a stab at respectability. We've actually got some hard-hitting content this year, including cover stories that actually have something to do with our covers! (Readers from past years know we've been famous for our non sequitur covers.) This first issue picks up where last year left off, with everyone still wondering: What the fuck went down at Jiffy Lube? We had already put our final issue to bed when all the shit started flying last year, but we've got the follow-up right here, from the inside.

It's quite an interesting tale. Although I still think the Pershing County sheriff was ridiculous for asking Jiffy Lube to remove their "art," I understand why Larry Harvey and Co. went along and supported it. Burning Man is their dream, as well their livelihood. They will do whatever it takes, no matter what, to ensure the survival of this event. And if that means playing nice-nice with the authorities – even if they're ideologically opposed to it – so be it.

## Black Rock City is a dictatorship

And if you have a problem with that? Too bad!

Contrary to what you might think, Black Rock City is not a

democracy. In fact, it's a benevolent dictatorship – or at least an oligarchy. Think about it. You have NO say in the rules here. You simply pay your \$200 and agree to abide by them, or risk being ejected from the event. I'm NOT saying that's wrong – it's just the way things are. I bought my ticket, so obviously I don't have issues with it. But then again, I'm not Bradley Jordan.

Ah yes, Bradley Jordan, the infamous organizer of the Jiffy Lube protest march. If you were here last year, then you know how difficult it was to tell if this was serious or not. Context is everything, and with so much weird performance stuff going on, the protest could have easily been passed off as some sort of agit-prop guerrilla theatre.

But trust me, having talked with Bradley Jordan for over an hour, he was serious – psychotically so. "I would die for a cause I believe in," he said. "And I feel very strongly about this."

What a drama queen! Get real. Die over some Nevada cops getting in a tizzy over a homoerotic sign at Burning Man? Come on! Get your priorities straight! The Jiffy Lube situation was unfortunate and annoying, sure – but nothing to nail oneself to a cross about.

To put this all in perspective, think about what happened just eight days after Burning Man ended last year. That's right, 9/11. Suddenly, the whole Jiffy Lube incident seemed pretty insignificant in the grand scheme of things.

## We're BRC's only 'real' newspaper

Anyway, this is just the sort of thing you're not going to read about in the *Black Rock Gazette*. And why would you? That's not their job. See, they report the news – or at least the safe, sanitized version of it that the BMorg deems appropriate.

Our job? To provide commentary, wit, and perspective for you, the good citizens of Black Rock City. Oh yeah, and to get your hands dirty. Funny that the *Black Rock Gazette* calls itself a newspaper when, to us, you're NOT a real paper unless people get ink all over their hands while reading it!

By that definition, I guess the new *Spock Science Monitor* isn't a "real" newspaper, either. But hey, after years of bitching about why there aren't more newspapers in this town, we're just happy to have them! Besides, they've already slagged us off in an e-mail as "cocktail party revolutionaries," which, we have to admit, made us raise a toast to them. We couldn't have said it better ourselves!

There's been some talk about a BRC newspaper grudge match in the Thunderdome, and all we can say is, get enough drinks in us, and it's on! Until then, we'll see you out on the playa!



**adrian's rant**



Here's where all the magic happens. The *Piss Clear* offices at Great Circle and Mainmast (2900'). Stop by and visit!

Adrian Roberts

Adrian

# Make the city bigger!

by MALDEROR

I don't know how many of you were involved with organizing theme camps this year, but getting prime real estate on the Esplanade was more difficult than sitting through one of Pepé's operas.

I don't want to criticize the placement team too much, since they did work long and hard to place people, and my camp ultimately got what we wanted, more or less. (Well, they chopped 10,000 square feet off our proposed camp layout, but who's counting?)

The placement team works to fit a thousand-odd theme camps into the Esplanade space they've set aside for us. But that's the problem; they're trying to fit us into a pre-determined space, without altering the space to fit the number of participants.

If you're on the theme camp mailing list, you got an e-mail last month saying, "We have run out of space!" Huh? How can we possibly have run out of space, on this, the largest expanse of open flatland in North America?

Hey, folks, if you're having trouble fitting all of the people and art onto the Esplanade, take this little tip from me:

## Make the fucking city bigger.

Adding just ten more feet to each block would make the city, according to my scientific calculations, a whole shitload more spacious.

Okay, okay, there are probably all sorts of good reasons why we can't do that, probably having to do with the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) and the fact that they're doing their long-term impact report using the current map. A really simple solution to this would be to make the inner three blocks deeper, and the outer blocks narrower. Same size city; with more people closer to the Esplanade frontage. Or make a second Esplanade cutting through the city.

## Playa Iron Liver Contest

For three years, the *Black Rock Gazette* held the Playa Iron Chef Contest, their thinly-veiled ploy to get fed gourmet food, cleverly disguised as a cooking contest. This year, the *Gazette* has opted not to do the contest, leaving the door wide open for *Piss Clear* to pick up the slack. But with a twist ... of lime, preferably.

Yes, *Piss Clear* is proud to announce our first annual **Playa Iron Liver Contest!** The rules are simple: Bring us your best cocktail, along with the drink recipe. We'll be accepting drink submissions on **Thursday, between 2 PM and 5 PM**, at our offices at Great Circle and Mainmast (2900'), right behind the Artery.

The winner will get their photo and drink recipe published in our Fri./Sat. edition, along with a prize package that includes unrestricted use of the *Piss Clear* RV for two hours, including access to the fridge, wet bar, and shower; a collection of Burning Man stickers; and several Tasty Bite meals.

**rant**



Black Rock City: Hey, it looks like there's plenty of room to grow!

Thom van Os

But really, the fact that there are more people trying to do large-scale theme camps on the Esplanade must be a good thing, right? More participants and fewer spectators? So why would such a trend be discouraged due to something as arbitrary as space limitations?

This is a Jaded Old Timer™ perspective of course, but when one is used to having the whole playa available, the idea of restricted space is pretty darn laughable. Let me see if I can give you an idea how much wide-open land there is out there past the trash fence.

Imagine you point your car at the Black Rock. (It's that dark spot on the hills way off to the north, youngster.) Get in your car and drive –fast – across the playa, over the trash fence and beyond. Push it up to 60 mph. Set your cruise control.

Now climb out the sunroof of your car and sit up on the roof. Yes, while it's still tearing across the desert at 60 mph. Laugh your ass off. Steer with your foot. Drink one entire beer at a leisurely pace.

Now climb back in through the sunroof, slow down, hyperventilate and stop. You haven't even traveled halfway to the center of the playa. It's that big.

(This hypothetical example not endorsed by *Piss Clear* or any aspect of the Burning Man organization. And yes, you used to be able to do shit like that out here.)

Perhaps the locked-in city size is a reflection of the fact that we're all on foot and bicycle nowadays. Surely we could make it a block or two bigger without anyone going lame from the extra effort. I mean, there's no possible way to see it all now anyway, so what difference does it make if you can't walk from end to end without stopping? Me, I can't walk past a bar without stopping, so I never make it to the other end of town anyway.

I don't know. We organize a fairly large village every year, and we try to plan for it to be nice and spacious, with room for everybody's gear, without us having to trip over each other's crap like we're in some Depression-era Hooverville. For some reason, this idea –that WE don't have to be all packed together like spectators in the Smut Shack – seems to confuse the placement people. They actually have an acceptable density ratio that they employ, allowing only 50 much square footage per person per camp. The fact that there's nothing out here but empty space doesn't enter into this equation.

If we can't all fit in the map, let's change the map. Let's not exclude people and theme camps because of an arbitrary decision about SIZE. Let's make the blocks bigger, and make the whole city bigger. Or would that be too radical and inclusive?

# Rangerly advice

by RANGER RIGGED

Strong winds can break tent poles. The combination of wind and rain can flood your tent. Use rebar bent into a 'J' for tent stakes. Attach your tent to the j-bars with locking carabineers. When a storm strikes, take out the tent poles, unhook the tent from the j-bars and toss everything into your vehicle until the storm passes.



Pull up the j-bars later by tying them to the towing brackets under the bumper of your vehicle and slowly backing up to loosen the j-bars. This is a two-person job – one person drives and the other directs. Don't use stretchy cord for this job. It will stretch and break before pulling out the j-bars.

Keep a set of clean clothes in a plastic bag in your vehicle. Whatever happens out on the playa, you'll have something clean to change into when you hit civilization.

Not everyone likes the taste of energy bars. Put dried fruits, nuts, Japanese cracker mix, pretzels, Fritos, bits of jerky, and similar snack stuff in a sandwich bag to tote around with you. Don't use stuff that will melt, like chocolate or carob chips. Snack as you go. It will keep your energy up and your electrolytes in balance as you drink all that water.

Avoid blisters by wearing clean socks and switching shoes every day. If you get a "hot spot" on your foot, cover it with a piece of mole-skin. Keep your feet clean and moisturized with lotion.

Showers aren't always possible on the playa, but baby wipes are great for keeping the wobbly bits clean and fresh without using your precious water supply. Just be sure to pack them out with you – don't put them in the potty because some brands don't degrade quickly. Even the ones that do won't degrade quickly enough and might clog the hose when the potties are emptied.

Use two ice chests. Freeze some plastic bottles of water in your freezer at home. Put dry ice in one ice chest and food in the other. Put the frozen water bottles in with the food to keep it cold and put more in the chest with the dry ice to keep frozen. As the water melts in the food cooler you can swap the melted ones with frozen ones in the dry ice chest or drink the cold water. Bags of ice will stay frozen in the dry ice chest for those times you want ice cubes for cold drinks. No icky grey water to contaminate your food supply; nice whole ice cubes for drinks, and no messy clean-up later.

Wind storms cause flying debris. Avoid being a target. Drop to one knee with your back to the wind. Keep your head down. This makes you more streamlined. Most debris will slide over you.

Wear lights at night. It makes you visible to people on bicycles and other vehicles. If you and your friends wear distinctive sets of lights, you'll recognize each other – even from a great distance.

# Theme, shmeme

by DRUE MILLER

Were you confused when you first saw this year's theme? Many people were. The Floating World? What, they're recreating the movie *Waterworld*? ("Dude, I'm going as Kevin Costner!")

While this year's theme is more accessible than, say, last year's obscure Seven Ages of Man ("Does Soldier come before or after Pantaloon?") it has nonetheless raised some issues.

The streets are named after ship parts. Which is great – if you're a sailor. But for the rest of us who can't tell starboard from port, we're (to put it nautically) up shit creek.

Then there's the pirate problem: picture hundreds of Jolly Rogers flapping in the breeze, a veritable sea

of pillagers desperate for someone to pillage. Envision hordes of beer-bellied frat boys wearing eye-patches and folded newspaper hats, shouting "Arrrg, matey!" and singing "Yo ho ho!" as they hoist bottles of Corona in the air. By week's end, you're going to be ready to take an axe to the next person who says, "Shiver me timbers." And don't even get me started on "wench."

On the plus side, costumes are easy when you've got an entire ecosystem to play with. And there's ample opportunity for maritime disaster-themed activities. But it's pretty unlikely that the Seemen will recreate the sinking of the *Lusitania*; nor can we expect Bianca's to rechristen itself The Love Boat.

Why do they even bother? Whatever happened to just burning shit? These annual themes are grossly overwrought and pretentious, the result of people too smart for their own good trying way too hard.



**last rants**

## 420 86'd in new city plan

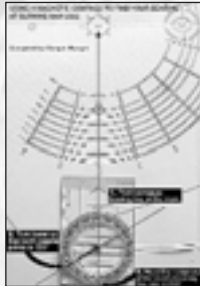
by HUCKLEBERRY JUICEBOMB

After years of fighting frivolous police interdiction on the playa, on July 26, 2002, BMorg conceded to pressure from a consortium of law enforcement agencies and eliminated the street address of 420 in Black Rock City.

"This is a giant step in the direction of discouraging Burning Man attendees from illegal drug use," claimed Lieutenant James "Dutch" Borland of the Nevada State Police at a press conference on Saturday.

In some circles, the number '420,' and its corresponding time, are slang for marijuana. State Police and County Sheriff statistics show that at least five "Highway 420" stickers were spotted at the 2001 Burning Man event.

Replacing street names that aligned with a clock's face for a set of compass degrees instead, the newly-named streets 225° and 135° are located nowhere near last year's addresses of 2:25 and 1:35. "We are confident that the new city layout, with its far less intuitive street names, will force people to remain sober enough to decipher city maps," stated Borland.



### haiku

Jumping through  
red tape  
Trying to burn  
my sculpture  
Landfill, here it comes

Quick, somebody tell  
The khaki hall monitors  
They are not in charge

Irritated by  
My camp's  
constant bickering  
I load up on drugs

Black Rock City rocks  
The world's most  
enlightened freaks  
Gather here to burn

Barbie on my hood  
Shouldn't I have  
the right to drive  
With art car status?

Black Rock recipe  
For internal combustion:  
Hug raid on Death Guild

Quick! Pack it up!  
Rope, duct tape, wire, PVC  
Oh! And lingerie!

– Shabbir & Sarah

If anything drops  
In "there" after  
you have dropped  
Just don't drop your eyes

– Gavin Heck

Larry's hat on head  
Gently tilted to the left  
Larry's trademark lid

– Malderor

– Orange Peel Moses

– Rev. Blind Toaster

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