

miss clear

Black Rock City's favorite
alternative newspaper



Black Rock City is in Nevada, not India – but that doesn't seem to stop anyone from wearing a bindi

jack that hair up in pigtails ... it gets fucking hot out here!

but not so hot that you can't wear a furry vest!

or a matching furry bra, for that matter

striped arm sleeves ... just because, okay?

a backpack full of stupid playa gifts that people gave you, because you didn't want to seem rude

obligatory body paint – this is the bare minimum permissible

hot pants ... if you're a Burner chick, these are practically mandatory

SPF 30 sunblock – anything less and you're just asking for skin cancer

furry leg warmers ... the epitomy of pointless playa fashion. Who started this and why? Brilliant in a form-over-function kinda way

platform boots with a filled-in chunky heel – keeps you a few inches above the playa dust

devil horns ... yes, even attached to a hat

for some reason, the classic cowboy hat just never goes out of style

bad-ass goggles, dust storm optional

the more chains and necklaces you have on, the better

open vest, no shirt, no reason

show everyone how fucking cool you are – you've got a Burning Man laminate!

the more bracelets and jewelry you have on, the better

your most important accessory: your water bottle! Shown here conveniently latched onto utility belt

nothing says 'Burner dude' like a Utilikilt – especially if it's stuffed full of tools, sunblock, flashlight, gifts, drugs, etc.

if your boots are this clean, then you're *not* in Black Rock City

How to dress like a Burner

and more style tips in our second annual Fashion Issue

No poetry, ever
(haiku doesn't
count)

*miss
clear*

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typical, Black Rock
City Burnerwear,
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Adrian Roberts

Ruffling playa feathers

After yesterday's "Sex, Drugs & Cops" issue, I was a little worried about the potential fallout, whether from law enforcement officers or the Burning Man organization itself. But we survived. At least, as far as we can tell, no one stole any newspapers.

But after all the stuff we printed yesterday, it got me thinking. For the first time in my ten years of publishing *Piss Clear*, I'm now starting to **SECOND-GUESS** whether or not I should print certain things. And that's something I've never **done** before. In the past, if I wanted to print something, I simply did – without having to worry about being reprimanded by the Burning Man organization. Now, I find myself **wondering** if someone might not "approve" of what I publish – and if I might suffer any **CONSEQUENCES** because of it.

I mention this now, because of people like DPW manager Tony "Coyote" Perez, who I first got a taste of last year, when he **angrily** stopped by my camp with vague threats of physical violence, due to a tongue-in-cheek **rant** about the

DPW. It's worth noting that when we did a 2000-word cover story/fluff piece on the DPW two years ago, lavishing **heaps of praise** upon them, not **one** person from the organization even said thank you. But when Malderor wrote a short little rant about how a few DPW workers seemed to have **chips** on their shoulders, it was "DPW vs. *Piss Clear*" for a **whole** week.

For someone who heads up a department that prides themselves on how bad-ass they are, why couldn't he take a little criticism? I expect **bruised egos** from the peeps in the BMorg front office – but not from big **tough** guys like Tony Coyote.

Anyway, things like that – and a few **other** things that have happened this week, which are still "under discussion" – are now making me **think twice** about what I print. That probably says more about how this event has changed – and how the BM organization itself has **changed** – than anything else.

The 'B' in BM stands for 'Bureaucracy'

Look, we understand the Black Rock City LLC has become a bureaucratic organization. Simply put, you can't plan a party for 30,000 people without some sort of **chain-of-command** – and we don't have a problem with that. I know some people complain that Burning Man has "**gone corporate**." But the LLC is just selling a product like any other company. If that **product** happens to be admission into a cool private arts festival in the middle of the desert, so what?

Unless you drove out here in a **solar-powered** car, you're in no position to **bitch** about Burning Man going "corporate." You buy products from corporations all the time. There's nothing **WRONG** with buying a product that you need, or even a product that you love. I think Burning Man is **both**.

If you want to get a sense of how Burning Man has changed – and continues to change – I highly recommend you pick up the book *This Is Burning Man*, by Brian Doherty. It's a well-written history lesson of the event, full of **smart** insight and colorful commentary. Even if this is your first year, and you're not quite yet a **jaded** old-timer, you'll learn Burning Man lore and information that even a 12-year veteran such as myself didn't know!

Larry Harvey finally listened to me!

So, after years of **bitching** in these pages about the fucked-up street names, Larry Harvey **finally** did something smart, and named them in an order that **anyone** with at least a third-



adrian's rant

that other blah-blah-blah, but girls, you gotta just **face facts** – that huge crowd of men (and admit it, it's mostly men) standing on the sidelines watching you aren't there to support you in your moment of "empowerment." They're there to stare at your **tits**.

If you simply **MUST** have a Stare-At-Breasts Parade, then move it to Tuesday or Wednesday – before all the **looky-loos** show up. Perhaps **then**, you might regain some of the original spirit that started the annual bike ride in the **first** place.

Tomorrow is Amateur Night

Yes, tomorrow is "Amateur Night," otherwise known as Burn Night. Look, for all you **newbies** and second-year zealots out there, know this: Burn Night is not the be-all/end-all of your Burning Man Experience.™ **Stop** glamorizing Burn Night. **Trust us**. If you've been here all week, your **best** night at Burning Man probably already happened.

Thanks for showing up!

Okay, a few last things before I sign off for the year: First of all, a big **shout-out** to everyone who showed up at our crazy wedding on Wednesday night! We had already put yesterday's issue to bed by the time we **tyed** the knot, so I'm sorry if this seems so, you know, two days ago. This is a **dead tree** you're holding in your hands. It's not exactly web publishing, you know.

Speaking of web publishing, be sure to check out the *Piss Clear* web site at **www.pissclear.org**.

If anyone wants to help us upload this year's issues, we are seeking a **webmaster!** E-mail us at **pissclear@pissclear.org**.

On the web site, you can check out **every article** from the past ten years of *Piss Clear*. It really is, in many ways, an **alternative history** of the event. But if you'd prefer to read a dead tree version, then just wait. I will soon be compiling all 10 years of *Piss Clear* – that's 25 issues – into a **paperback book**, which will be **published** some time next year!

Okay, that's it for us. After all the controversy of yesterday's issue, we've decided to end with an obligatory "fluff issue." Yes, it's the Fashion Issue! And for those astute hipster readers, yes, we are well aware that we are totally ripping off *Vice* magazine with the fashion dos and don'ts. But we **couldn't** resist!

We hope you all have a **great** Burn, and we'll see you out on the playa!

Adrian

Themes (still) suck

by MALDEROR

Howdy campers, and welcome back to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. Like last year, I'm going to bitch about how lame themes are. There **ONCE** was a time on this dusty playa when the organizers would leave it up to us to come up with our own **artistic inspiration**. Nowadays, the BMorg is so used to telling us what to do, they feel comfortable insisting our art adheres to some **pointless** theme.



malderor's rant

I guess this year's theme is **okay**. "Vault of Heaven" or, in other words, "Space." It's just unfortunate we already used this as a theme **SIX** years ago, in 1998. This represents a lack of inspiration on Larry Harvey's part that makes me want my \$250 back.

The organizers have engaged in a grand game of revisionist history, as the BM website claims the theme in 1998 was "the Nebulous Entity." Horseshit. I was **here**, and I built an Alien UFO Crash Site. A quick gander at some of the other theme camps from '98 offers these **other** examples of "Space" themes: Alien Abduction Camp, Barbarella's Forbidden City, Lunar Limbo, MoonBase 2000, Planet Fandango, Space Pod, Space Station Zebra, Spaced Science, and a zillion other 'space' themes. Don't be fooled. This year's theme is recycled.

Obviously, Larry can't be **bothered** to come up with anything new. And really, in the years before we started having to create art based on **unified** "themes," Burning Man was **just as much fun**. Let's take a look at the themes over the years, and their near-universal **failings**, shall we?

1996: Hell This was the **first year** they picked a theme for the event, the first year somebody **died**, and the first time there were severe injuries. I don't want to come across as some sort of **nimrod** hippie, but the organizers brought down some bad mojo when they decided our first theme should be 'eternal damnation.' But the **burning** of the Helco tower was cool. F+

1997: Mysteria 100% forgettable. I don't think anyone even **knew** there was supposed to be a theme, so we just created whatever the hell we wanted. D-

1998: The Nebulous Entity As I said, the theme in 1998 was **actually** "Space," which was **pretty decent**, and open-ended enough to let everyone have fun with the playa's lunar landscape. People built amazing **spaceships**, alien landing pads, and blinky illuminated space-suits. The "Nebulous Entity" was just one of several pieces of "space"-related artwork on the playa that year - although it had the **dubious** distinction of being funded by the BMorg. A-

1999: The Wheel of Time The year everybody did time-based sundial **stuff**. There were lots of **conceptual** pieces, with art occurring as time passed or ice melted or whatever. They were **clever**, in a geeky way. "Time" left lots of room for interpretation, and the BMorg didn't get all **OBSESSIVE** about it. B-

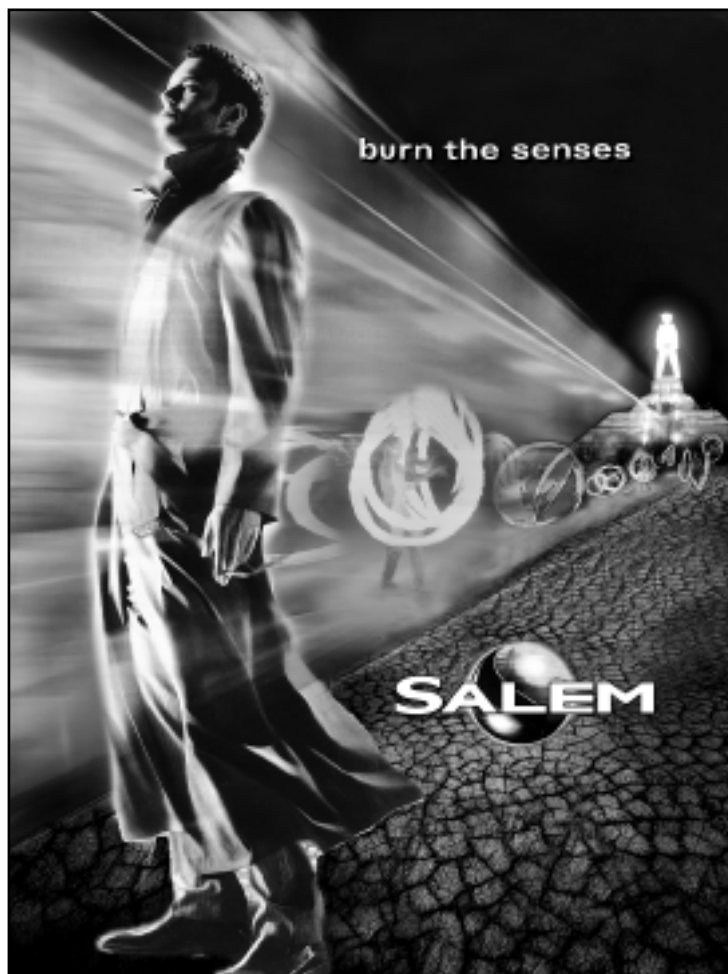
2000: The Body This theme was **mediocre** at best. After some easy-to-work-with themes like "Space" and "Time," "The Body" left a lot of people scratching their heads. Aside from a few good ideas like the giant Operation game, everybody pretty much just did **whatever** they wanted. Just like the Good Ol' Days.™ C-

2001: The Seven Ages of Man Still the textbook example of a shitty theme. Based on some **obscure** Shakespearean wittering, it had something to do with the various stages of life, I guess. It wasn't particularly **Clear**. The added fact that you had to jump through a bunch of **hoops** to get a doubloon so you could enter the inner sanctum to visit the Man makes this the front-runner for Worst Theme Ever™. This was the year the organizers got too focused on the theme, to the **exclusion** of good sense, or even **fun**. They've **never** looked back. F-

2002: The Floating World This was the boat year. Ironically **clever**, given our surroundings. Not that anyone remembers much, besides the **pirate** ships and the **Duck**. This was the year it became almost impossible to create an art project without BMorg hassling you about whether or not it was 'theme-related.' B-

2003: Beyond Belief Yes, the "temple" and "church" year. "Temple of Twits," "Church of Choads." This was... okay, if not very inventive. There've been **temples** and **churches** out here since theme camps began, and I'm pretty sure Larry ripped this idea off from the Church of Funk in 2002. C

The citizens of Black Rock City are a **creative** bunch. If **left** to their own devices, they'd make some pretty **neat** art. This need to 'oversee' everybody's artistic contribution, or to 'suggest' guidelines for people's participation, is misguided and unnecessary. Larry, let the theme thing go. Please. Make next year's theme "Make your own art, burn a bunch of stuff, and throw a kick-ass party."



How to fuck up your life at Burning Man

by Q

The single best way to fuck up your life at Burning Man isn't actually at Burning Man. The best way to fuck up your life is on Burning Man – once you've left the dusty gates behind you and headed back to the real world – by trying to spend the next 358 days of the year living Burning Man.



Every damn year, I see people dedicate themselves to becoming Year-Round Burners.™ They travel to regional burns, trying to pretend that camping

last rant

for three days near a scum-encrusted pond with a bunch of hicks in Texas carries the same spiritual weight. They dress up for every party, parade, street fair, and Flam-fucking-bé Lounge, sporting their "playa best," gobbling ecstasy, and doling out hugs like parking tickets on Market Street.

Worst of all, they spend every waking minute back in society trying to convert the rest of the world to come achieve nirvana with them in the desert next year. The last thing we need out here is more people.

The people who quit coming? Good. They obviously made a rational decision and have become total pussies. The people who don't want to come? Good. They obviously have no idea what they're missing, and, frankly, if the last 14 years of all of their friends having the times of their lives in the desert every year hasn't been enough to convince them, they are completely irrational and total pussies. Fuck both camps – all I know is that less people on the playa means shorter lines at the porta-potties, and less dust being kicked up all week long.

And don't start in on me with "Burning Man is home and the rest of the year is spent in some alternate reality" bullshit. News flash: that "alternate" reality is reality, and it's where the rest of us spend our lives. It's that reality that makes Burning Man special, so let's appreciate it for what it is.

Simply put, Burning Man is a great party in the desert. Burning Man is a world of fantastical art and mounds of beautiful, naked flesh. Burning Man is the biggest trip of your life, or just a big fucking camping trip. Burning Man is what you make it, and please don't make it more than it is.

Here's a thought: if Burning Man is home, stay the fuck out here. Have fun existing in the desert without the commerce-free city that commerce enables. When they roll out the porta-potties and the ice trucks stop delivering, I'm sure you can dig some multi-purpose holes in the mud. Remember, wipe with your left hand, shake with your right.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. "Burning Man is enlightening." "Burning Man can change your life." I agree. There are lessons to be learned out here in the desert – but they are lessons to be applied to your life, not lessons meant to take it over. You know what I love about Burning Man? The fact that it is temporary. The fact that it only happens once a year.

haiku

by MALDEROR

Want a big hassle? The DMV for the Burn Sucks worse than back home	Mutant Vehicle Department of Bureaucrats Get over yourselves	The Center Cafe It's filled with cracked-out hippies Commercial puppets
You made an art car? Good luck jumping through their hoops Bureaucratic chumps	Hey! Dumb-ass! Yes, you! Why must you trouble us all? Please put on your pants	Playa-positive? I'm too drunk, tired, and dirty I'll be in my tent
DPW They lost their sense of humor And got all bunchy	Freeloading lightweight Passed out in our center dome Go to your own camp	It's all-inclusive? I tell folks back in Squaresville, "The Burn sucks, don't come"
Self-important choad? Fence-building not a strong suit? D.P.-double-You	Hey hippie, you smell Don't be afraid of progress It's called a sponge-bath	Oh, the "good ol' days" Dope, guns, fucking in the streets Before bureaucrats
Why is this city The same damn shape once again? No variety	Beer bong for breakfast? Leave it to professionals Don't try this at home	For all my bitching This is my favorite place In the whole wide world

Gotnakeddidtoo manydrugsitus

Call In Sick. ONLY Black Rock City

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30,000 people

5 square miles

600 theme camps

zero trace left

KEEP WALKING

JOHNNIE WALKER.