

Things we'd like to see in Black Rock City

Art cars that walk.
Art cars that levitate.
Tickets that are \$100 or less.
A landing strip for jumbo jets.
One complimentary skydive with the price of admission.
Time machines.
An artifact-filled time capsule buried in the Center Camp playa on Monday, only to be ceremoniously unearthed on Saturday.
A constitutional amendment requiring the President of the United States to have attended Burning Man or at least once.
The Man and the Temple built together as one uber-installation.
A lightning bolt hitting the Man on Saturday night.
On the night of the Burn, watching Larry Harvey climb into the Man's torso, press the mass-hypnotize button, and then command his whacked-out legions to do his bidding.

— **Fucko Pete**

What Would Jesus Do? Camp, where everyone there turns excess water into wine.

No more naked guys with half-shirts — what the fuck? DPW in pastels.

A place where I could turn my playa-dusty pillow for a fresh one, every day.

A metronome requirement for every three drummers. It doesn't seem like it should be that hard to play a 4/4 beat, but I suppose it is for the rhythmically-challenged. And on that note...

A ban on folk singers with out-of-tune guitars. This isn't Woodstock, and by the time you got here, the only thing "strong" was your body odor, hippie. You smell like hot garbage.

Hot naked guys with cold grapes, first thing in the morning to wake me. How 'bout it, Science?

— **Pattycakes**

A second Center Camp.
A new shape to the city.
Playa Rail Metro.
Quiet-Free Zone.
"Family-unfriendly" areas.
A decent Thai restaurant.
DPW cultural museum.
More time.
Someone who can tell me where my camp is.

— **Lenny Jones**

Racial diversity.
A chamber in this year's Psyche big-top, consisting of straightjackets, isolation bunkers, and the latest selection of pharmaceutical mood enhancers.

— **Cosmic Swilly**

Gifts at the Center Camp Cafe. All gifting, all the time.
Porta-potty vacuums that don't get clogged by seat-cleaning wipes.
Burning Woman.

— **Noise E. Piranha**

About volunteering for profit corporations

So this dumb-ass books a cruise, a microcosm of paradise out in the middle of the ocean, far away from the rest of America, with all its commercialism, and profiteering. After homeboy writes a big check for the thing, he swabs the deck for eight hours a day, thus adding bigger profits to the Carnival Cruise LLC. Un-fucking-believable! What kind of mental midget volunteers their vacation time to a for-profit company? Oh yeah... a Burning Man volunteer.

Did I mention that Burning Man is most definitely NOT a non-profit organization?

Maybe if they kept the price of your ticket lower it would be a good idea, right? Or maybe if because of your selfless efforts, the company lowered everybody else's ticket prices, it'd be cool? Well, we all know damn well what they're charging at the gate this year. Good thing there are volunteers searching vehicles for people sneaking in — after all, you wouldn't want them to raise ticket prices, would you?

I'm all for altruism, don't get me wrong. But this altruism is towards genuine charitable groups and not for profit companies. 501(c)3 status, baby! I give blood to the Red Cross, but I don't cook my own fries at McDonald's.

Borg2 forces Burning Man to deal with 'art problem'

by LESS LEY

No, that wasn't you just being jaded, cynical, negative, and/or high. There really was **LESS** art last year. According to Burning Man's art curator, LadyBee, the event was just having an "off year." But a contingent of Burners saw last year's dearth of mind-blowingly creative works as evidence that Burning Man was in a **SERIOUS** danger of becoming just a cheesy party with lots of dust. So a few among them decided to start a revolution.

Last December, two long-time San Francisco Bay Area Burners, Jim Mason and Chicken John, circulated a rabble-rousing online petition that **slammed** the Burning Man organization (BMorg for short) for what they felt was its "boring," under-funded grants program. Most of the large-scale artwork you see out on the playa is **funded**, at least in part, by grants from the BMorg,

financed by ticket sales. But Chicken and Mason's "We Have a Dream" petition **COM-plain-ed** that the BMorg had **squelched** creativity by demanding "mandatory interactivity," and "theme compliance." They knocked the two-

person curatorial team responsible for **doling** out the dough (Burning Man founder Larry Harvey and LadyBee) as being **dictatorial** and narrow-minded. The solution, said the petition, was to **radically democratize** the grants process, **majorly** increase the art budget, and then let everybody who bought a ticket to Burning Man vote on which artists should get their projects funded.

Harvey and others within the BMorg decided the petition as a case of old-timers turning sour grapes. Mason was an early, popular playa artist whose most recent projects had been turned **DOWN** for grants. But it was harder to pool-pool the 2,500 Burners who signed the petition. Many believed something was seriously up with the arts at Burning Man, and felt the voting idea was worth a go, to at least try to **juice it up**.

Mason and Chicken formed a competing entity called Borg2, which announced it would **raise** its own \$250,000 in grant money. Burners, like the people who **signed** their original petition, would vote on which artists would get money. Borg2 also challenged Harvey to an **art duel**. "If their funded projects ended up being dumb, or the experiment **failed** altogether, Chicken would sit in a dunk tank all day during this year's Decompression party. If Borg2 succeeded in providing "more

woo woo for your hoo hah," as its manifesto phrased it, then the BMorg would change its M.O. based on some of Borg2's suggestions. Harvey agreed, and the **game** was on. According to a BMorg insider, "Larry took the art duel very seriously."

Get this party started

Mason and Chicken stepped aside, and there was an online election for leadership of Borg2 and for guest curators who would help recruit and **critique** art proposals for the benefit of the voters. Weirdly enough, Michael Michael, a.k.a. Danger Ranger, a reigning member of the original BMorg, ran for a spot on Borg2's arts council — and **won!**

"I caught a lot of flack for that from some people within Burning Man," says Michael Michael. "But I saw Borg2 not as a **rebellious** faction, but as part of the whole community. In a sense, it's **just** another theme camp."

Borg2 went **hog wild** when it came to fundraising. The organizers threw a **party** at Mason's warehouse, The Shipyard, where attendees' loose change was stuffed inside two mechanical **copulating** pigs, along with fireworks, bacon, and lard. The **fucking** pigs were lit on fire, and the change dropped out of their savory orifices onto metal plates for **maximum** loud clattering. Others donated online.

"I gave them \$250 through PayPal," says San Francisco Burner, Matisse Enzer. "I figured if 1,000 people donated \$250, we'd have a quarter of a million dollars."

But it didn't quite work out that way.

By November, when it came time to vote, Borg2 had only \$25,000 to spend on some 25 proposals. Nonetheless, around 400 Burners got the chance to vote on how to **divvy** up the funds.

The voting worked like this: After reading over the artists' proposals online, you'd pretend you had \$25K to personally **spend** on as many art projects as you liked. Some artists were **asking** for several thousand dollars, while others had budgets of only a few hundred.

"We made sure none of them had, like, a **monstrous** beer budget, and the grant money was for that artwork alone," says art council member, Gxoaoou (pronounced ZOWIE).

The results were **tabulated**, and projects were ranked by the number of votes received. The ones that came in under the \$25K cut-off line didn't get grants.

Mind-blowingly creative art?

If you're expecting a fiery maelstrom of unbridled artistic genius, however, you might be **somewhat** disappointed by the seven projects Borg2 **ultimately** funded. The top winner, entitled *Cognitive Firewall*, promises to be



a "curtain of fire" onto which "the viewer's thoughts" are projected using a computer and voice recognition technology. Apparently, I'm one of the **few** who read it and thought, "There is **no** way in hell this thing is going to work."

Winner #2 is a life-sized version of the game, *Mousetrap*. **Fun**, but **tired** — *Life-Size Mousetrap* has been out to the playa before, and **operates** on a semi-regular basis in San Francisco. My favorite was winner #3 — "Gaslight and Monsters": a performance using old vaudeville ghost machines, staged by **artists** from Thunderdome. Grant recipient #6, *The Beanstalk* a.k.a. *That's One Tall Fucking Thing*, is a military-grade weather balloon with **lights** hanging from it, suspended 500 feet up in the sky. A **good** navigation tool for making it back to camp at night, yes. **But is it art?**

"It was a great moment of validation," says one of the *Beanstalk's* creators, David Rattray from Long Island, New York. "I **never** would have considered applying for a grant from the BMorg. Floating World? **Whatever!** I just want to **hang lights** from a balloon!"

So, did the rebel forces really **deliver** on their promise of "more **woo woo** for your hoo hah?" Visit Borg2's arts area in Black Rock City — near 2:00 and Catharis — and **decide for yourself**.

Ultimately, Borg2's biggest success may be its influence on the Man. As a **direct** result of Borg2's bellyaching, Burning Man **upped** this year's art grants to a whopping \$200,000 (nearly double last year's arts budget.) It also threw "theme compliance" out the window, and added a few new members to its arts curator team. If this results in **kick-ass** BM-funded art, both Harvey and Chicken will undoubtedly lay claim to being the victor in the "art duel." But **ultimately**, it's the citizens of Black Rock City who are the **real** winners in this battle.



Chicken John



Jim Mason



The Beanstalk

There's still time to save your awful Burning Man costume

by WOLFIE

Atutu and your dad's old Hawaiian shirt is **not** radical self-expression.

You see it **everywhere** you look. It's the fashion sense of a thrift store mannequin.

Do **not** settle for a half-assed, thrown-together costume. You drove twelve hours to get here. You planned your **drug use** better than NASA planned the last space launch. Yet you still think a Raiders shirt and a beer holder that is some sort of fashion statement. Consider this: Your wardrobe choices are the visual experience of all those people around you. Do you **love** that Asian girl in the white **lingerie**, with matching garter belt and parasol, complete with white goggles? Or **course** you do. So what makes you think a **filth-encrusted** shirt and some torn running shorts from high school gym class are what she wants to look at? Give a little **back**, people. This **ISN'T** rocket science.

And, in fact, it's not too late. Here are some **KEY** concepts to help fix your costume:

1. Theme. It's simple. **Choose one.** Choose any **unifying** theme. A theme could be anything at all. A historical theme or a futuristic motif. A creature, or a **furry** costume. It can even be something easy. For instance, go with all one color. Normal clothes, all one color, suddenly **POPS** as some sort of visual impact. Whatever theme you go with, go **all** the way. Got a medieval chainmail shirt? **Don't** wear it with blue jeans. Get a **tunic**, or leather pants, to anchor the look. Going goth? **Don't** hold back. Commit fully to your theme.

2. Accessories make the outfit. For example, going for the Road Warrior look? **Great.** But a dusty leather jacket is just the **start.** It's the accessories that will sell the look. **Tear** apart your little brother's toy crossbow, and **duct tape** it to your wrist. Someone in camp might have a screw gun holster — take that with you. Grab someone else's **flare** gun, and **shove** that in the holster. Remember, always point flare guns to your **buddy**, not at your own body. Now we're getting post-apocalyptic!

3. A great costume can be comfortable. Certain outfits are designed by exotic cultures to work well in the



We're not sure if this is a fashion 'do' or 'don't'

desert. How few Bedouin outfits do we see on the playa? This look was **built** for the dusty desert! So where do you get a Bedouin outfit, now that you're here on the playa? Well, you know that

guy who hasn't been back to camp in three days? **Grab** his white sheets, cut some holes here and there, wrap yourself up nicely, and **voila!** Instant comfortable, theme-oriented costume. And when he shows back up at camp, you can do what the Bedouins do — **disappear** in the next duststorm without a trace.

4. Act your outfit. Try on a new personality that matches your costume. Or be **CLEVER** — dress scary, but act friendly, just for the dichotomy. **You make the clothes.** Breathe life into the way you walk and talk, in your re-vamped outfit.

One caveat, though: Do **not** do a British accent. **You SUCK** at it. No, really, **you do.**

And for all you guys out there, remember: taking your **pants off** is not a costume. And popping a Viagra while wearing the "Donald Duck look" only makes your penis look **smaller.**

A final note on your costume for this year: **Glowing** things are not only a fashion statement, they're a survival necessity. It's a new moon this year, and it's **fucking** dark at night. Put something on that glows, blinks, or flashes, so you don't get run **OVER** by an art car, or some drunken asshole on their way to the porta-potties.

Top 10 fashion survival tips by COSMIC SWILLY

For veterans and newbies alike, we all get stuck in a fashion crisis at least once while in Black Rock City. But fear not, fellow freaks: Cosmic Swilly is here to help! Just follow these 10 savvy fashion tips, and any one of these should help blast you out of your outfit shit-fits.

- Remember that really "killer" get-up your campmate wore yesterday? Engage in the act of "temporal gifting" for the night!
- Smoke pot *after* dressing up. Yeah duuuuuude... for reals.
- Campsite salvage makes decent accessories. So do automotive parts.
- If you're really sexy, go skyclad. If you find fat sexy, hang it out!
- Being able to breathe and walk are important biological functions. Have a friend determine if your costume is actually an installation.
- Oh yeah... it's dark at night. No one can see what you are wearing anyway.
- Fabric is burnable. So is your sucky outfit.
- Really awful fashion is also really funny. Make it worse to make it better!
- Don't forget that nobody really gives a shit about your outfit except for you. Take a time out, drink a few beers, and get over yourself.
- The best thing to wear is a **SMILE**. Actually having fun is way more important than just **LOOKING** like you're having fun.

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
acid and Viagra	mescaline and Ex-Lax
angry dykes	sexy frat boys
anonymous sex	hooking up with Adrian
beer and reefer	foxy and Jell-O shots.
bitchy campmates	bong hits
Black Rock Gazette	Black Rock Beacon
Borg2	Borg3
bringing your kids	bringing your kid's stash
burning installations	burning costumes
burning the Man	burning your sarong
burning	flaming
butt pirates	ass jockeys
Center Camp	Jiffy Lube
driving into Black Rock City via the highway	hiking into Black Rock City via that mountain range over there
dusty sleeping bag	K-hole
EL-wire	LCD lights
explosive diarrhea	projectile vomiting
face painting	nipple torture
Gate search	strip search
Gerlach	Wadsworth
getting your Burning Man photos back from the drugstore sometime next week	editing your Burning Man photos on the playa with your laptop and uploading them to your blog via the WiFi
gifting	fitting
hazmat suit as stylish raver gear	hazmat suit for entering porta-potties
heaven	your head
hippies	heathens
hugging hippies	hugging punks
in your face!	in your pants!
Mad Max, Road Warrior	Priscilla, Queen of the Desert
painting your genitalia	painting someone else's genitalia
persistent vegetative state	just hungover
playa foot	painful sunburn
reading <i>Piss Clear</i>	writing for <i>Piss Clear</i>
shirt, no pants	Greeters with shirt, no pants
sneaking in	putting out
stationary Man	rotating the Man
subconscious	unconscious
tantric massage	finger banging
togas	thongs
USA!	MDMA!
using the public porta-potties	bringing your own private PVC bucket and kitty litter shitter
Utilikilts	miniskirts
"Welcome home!"	"Welcome home, bitch!"
whining	helping
WWJD?	WWJD in BRC?
yesterday	today

— list compiled by Rooster Sejx, Cosmic Swilly, and Lenny Jones

Hate from the paperboy

by DAVE THE DELIVERY GUY

Delivering *Piss Clear* is the best gig in town. You readers out there like good gifts (like this **ISSUE**, for instance) so you often greet me with **open arms**, **hopefully** filled with drugs.

And I'm sure you're especially happy that I'm gifting you something that's made out of **PAPER**, so you can torch it when you're done reading. When will all you **schwag-slinging** knuckleheads learn to make your worthless trinkets out of origami or wood, so that I can toss them in the next burn platform I see? They go great with last year's bills and all the other crap I **burn**.

Over the years, I've grown to **hate** all you **worthless trinket-gifters** — but last year, I found someone who I hate even more.

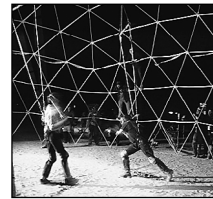
There I was on Burn Day, hanging out with the fine folks at the White Dragon Noodle Bar (shameless **plug**: they're at 4:30 and Fetish this year). **Drunk** on my day off, I was enjoying some venomous thoughts as I observed all the clean, **clueless** goons who had rolled in for the weekend. A cracked-out candy raver rode by on a bicycle wearing a **pristine**, plush Mickey Mouse backpack. I stared at it in disgust, smiling as I envisioned it splattered in dust and blood. There's a reason we're not allowed to have **GUNS** out here. After Wednesday, I don't **trust** anyone whose hair isn't playfied.

So that day, with a hot sun **drunk** on, I scooped out all those weekenders clowns for Thunderdome training potential. You might be thinking that the candy raver with the stupid backpack represents the **apex** of my **hatred** — and he did. That is, until this lone man rolled up in a rented grey pickup truck. He had clean white socks, clean shorts, a clean t-shirt, and a **shiny** combover. He had four gallon jugs of water in the back of his pickup truck, which I **regret** not stealing. His cleanliness screamed "daytripper." This man had obviously not been through a week of **dust-storms**. **Unfazed** by our discussion about vibrators powered by two-stroke chainsaw engines, he began telling us about a certain brand of skin-care products and started handing out "free samples."

I **understand** his motivations — he had a captive audience in dire need of skin care, especially after a week of **blistering** heat and zero humidity. And the throngs of consumers out here **must** have disposable income, or else **why** would they be here?

But the fact remains that he was a **filthy** corporate **whore** who disrespected the no-vending ethic by peddling his wares. I should have ripped the valve stems right out of that rented pickup and smashed his glasses.

I don't know how much of this **sort** of thing goes on, but someone who is clean and cruising with the windows up and the air conditioning pumping in their stock F-150 **hawking** "product" is **not** participating. An F-150 is **not** a fucking art car. Four gallons is not enough water. And "free samples" of skin care products are not gifts. If any of you see clowns like this, please take steps to **evict** them. Or better yet, haul them to the Thunderdome and put them on the list to **fight** me. Rolled-up, flaming issues of *Piss Clear* will be my weapon.



Playa lingo: the lexicon of Black Rock City

"burnier than thou" Any person who thinks they are the epitome of "Burner culture" — whatever that is — and that of course the rest of us are all just a bunch of "frat boys," "hippies," "queers," "WASPs," or "suburbanites." "Don't be a fucktard. You're acting 'burnier than thou!' This is Burning Man — try getting over it and having fun."

— **Tiger Watson**

camel slacker those who neglect their own water and beg sips off of others. "I'm sick of Jennifer being a camel slacker. Next time, tell her to go back to camp to get her own water bottle!"

dust bunny term for a hot playa girl. "Deep End is full of dust bunnies!"

family rubies suburbant genitalia. "I can't ride my bike tonight, because I was walking around naked today, and I got the family rubies."

playa-single term for Burners in otherwise monogamous relationships, but who become polyamorous while they're at Burning Man. "Ted couldn't get out of work to come to Burning Man, so I got to be playa-single this week!"

playa vampire a Burner who parties all night and sleeps all day. "I keep stopping by the Piss Clear camp, but no one's ever around! I think most of them are playa vampires."

poly-camporous anyone dividing their time between more than one camp. "A lot of Ned's friends are over at Fandango, so he's being poly-camporous this year."

12/12 any one worth a 12-pack of beer and a 12-pack of condoms. "Damn, DJ Lorin is a total 12/12!"

vanity schwag schwag or gifts featuring the giver. "Check out all these Gigsville trading cards I got — total vanity schwag!"

— **Gigi-D L'Amour**

playa dream when Black Rock City is the locale in your REM sleep dreams. "Last year was my first Burning Man, and I had *playa dreams* all the time."

playa formal somewhat ambiguous dress code for Burning Man-related events. "It says on the flyer 'playa formal.' Does that mean I can wear shoes and a tie and nothing else?"

playawear clothing you own that's specifically for wearing in Black Rock City — and nowhere else. "Don't laugh at the Day-Glo fun-fur jumpsuit in my closet — that's just playawear."

— **Penfold**

gifter's remorse the feeling of utter disappointment one gets when the trinket handed out as a gift to a total stranger doesn't generate a profound emotional reaction. "I'm having gifter's remorse. I totally shouldn't have given that girl one of my custom-mixed Burning Man CDs."

playa nouns the overuse of playa lingo that begins with the word "playa." "Just when I think I know what the fuck Penfold's talking about, he starts up with the *playa nouns*."

playa poodles girls who wear little fun-fur tops and little fun-fur miniskirts, to match their fun-fur leg warmers. "Girl, those little fun-fur wristbands totally complete your 'playa poodle' look!"

Utili-tards people who spend \$150 on a Utilikit for a fashion statement, rather than for any utilitarian purpose. "Hey, nice skirt, Utili-tard. How do ya keep it so cool?"

— **K'Buster Friendly**

blue-arming the act of having to reach into a porta-potty toilet in order to retrieve something you accidentally dropped in. "My radio fell in the porta-potty, so I had to blue-arm to get it back."

— **NAMBLA the Clown**

When clowns attack!

by FLACKMASTER

Humor is tragedy, plus time and distance. Well, it's been a year now, and this story is still lacking full-blown **hilarity**.

You see, last year on Burn Night, I got **bike-jacked** by a clown out by the Temple. That's a fucking *Weekly World News* headline right there, isn't it? Put it right next to the bat boy who gave birth to a hermaphrodite alien.

As a result of this, I ended up with a complex fracture of my left elbow that required two operations, 13 surgical screws, and two metal plates. I also had a **big** Mike Tyson-looking black eye. I lost a crappy \$50 playa bike and retained an **eerie** subliminal **nausea** for all things related to the Ringling Brothers and Ronald McDonald. The black eye is now gone, as are the screws and plates — although I'm still not able to fully rotate my left arm. My fear and loathing of clowns, however, persists.

The thing is, this didn't happen at the Republican National Convention, where you might expect this sort of behavior, but rather at the naked-hippie-raver-blissfest known as Burning Man. You think it's hard to explain being here? Try explaining **this** to your doctors and insurance company.

As I unfortunately discovered, Burning Man is not immune from the laws of probability. While most Black Rock denizens are **cool**, 1 to 5 percent of the populace are shitheads who walk among us. Some of them wear **smiles** and suits — and some wear clown makeup in the desert. Of course that is the problem with statistics — when the random Damocles swings low on your sweet chariot, you aren't 1 to 5 percent hurt, you are 110 percent **fucked-up**.

Clown gone wild

For the past five years, I've avoided the crowd on Burn Night, because it starts to ruin my **vibe** for the week. I generally watch it from an undisclosed location in Center Camp. So **after** watching the Burn with a few friends, I decided to ride out to the Temple alone. All of a sudden, in the dark, out near the Temple, some belligerent **BOZO** on foot rams me like he's trying to make a goal line stand on the last play of the Super Bowl. I grab my throbbing elbow, dust myself off, and yell a few "what-the-fucks!" at the clown, who must have some deep-seated issues with my bike. **Bozo** boy then comes over to clarify my confusion by giving me a big roundhouse to my left eye. He then **KICKS** me a few times at no extra charge. I fall down in punctuation. He **rides** off with my bike. I scream more "what-the-fucks!" and contemplate the new stellar constellations in my head. I roll my tongue around my mouth to feel for missing teeth and then scream for help. About a dozen people, obviously thinking that this is some sort of bad performance art, walk on by without stopping.

"Dudes, I don't want to **buzzkill** your high, but I really need some