



# miss clear

Black Rock City's alternative newspaper

BURNING MAN IS NOT ALL ABOUT

# SEX AND DRUGS

BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT FROM READING THIS ISSUE

wednesday / thursday · 31 august / 1 september 2005 · issue 27

Burning Man's  
snarky  
reality check

*piss  
clear*

wednesday/thursday  
31 aug / 1 sept 2005  
issue 27  
version 11.2

6:00 Center Camp  
at Feedback Loop,  
Black Rock City,  
Nevada

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On the cover:

Jerri Manthey, star

of reality television

show *Survivor*, poses

for *Playboy* ... and

*Piss Clear*.

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**Adrian Roberts**

# Write about what you know

In my last editorial, I spent so many column inches bitching about how Burning Man should just get rid of all arts funding, and if they did, the ticket prices would be lower, and also if there weren't any art grants, there wouldn't be any of this stupid "BMorg vs. Borg2" art duel/money battle thing that's going on this year, and that it kinda seems like much of it has to do with money, and... well... I never even got around to my standard, obligatory, stock explanation for newbies about why this newspaper is called *Piss Clear*. So let me just get that out of the way right now:

**Drink enough water so that you piss clear**, blah blah blah, #1 survival tip for being in the Black Rock Desert, **drink lots of water**, read my newspaper, blah blah blah, clever word play referring to our "piss take" on Burning Man, etc., etc., whatever. Okay, done.

## An 'alternative' to what?

So what do you do when you've positioned yourself as the "alternative" to something, but then that something ceases to exist, and then you find yourself becoming the de facto "establishment," simply because you've been around the longest?

Well, if you're *Piss Clear*, I guess you just keep doing what you're doing. Which is where we are with this, our annual "Sex and Drugs" issue.

Believe it or not, we don't actually set out to create issues like this. It just sort of happens. Every year I put the call out for advance submissions, and I end up with a bunch of random articles about sex and drugs. What can I say? Maybe it's the caliber of writers we attract. You know the adage: "Write about what you know."

Of course, to say that sex and drugs aren't a healthy component of one's typical Black Rock City experiences would be ... a lie. And that's something we just don't do here at *Piss Clear*. After all, we've forged a reputation on telling it like it is. And while certain BMorg powers-that-be might not be too happy about that - after all, these are the same people who turned a blind eye when law enforcement officials allegedly stole 2000 copies of our "Drug Issue" in 2003 - they'd be "hip-crits" if they actually tried to censor us.

## Between a (Black) Rock and a hard (to find) place

So while the BMorg can't really shut us up, they can determine our camp placement, which is why, even though we're Black Rock City's oldest newspaper, we still haven't cracked the Inner Circle of Center Camp yet. Even despite the fact that Burning Man's long-running "official newspaper," the *Black Rock Gazette*, was shut down this year. While we

Editrix Adrian,  
rockin' that  
tired cliché  
of Burner  
fashion,  
the Utilikilt



Mike Kepka

weren't hoping to fill the void of crappy playa journalism left in the Wake, we were hoping to fill their void of playa real estate!

But alas, we are simply not cool enough for the Inner Circle. Instead, we're tucked away on 6:00, halfway between Inner Circle and Feedback Loop, sandwiched between Recycle Camp and BRC Hardware. It's like the Purgatory of Center Camp. I guess I shouldn't complain. At least we're still on the electrical grid.

## A Beacon in the distance

And while I thought we might be the last newspaper standing, I'm quite happy to see that some of the ex-Gazette staff have started up the *Black Rock Beacon*. After all, I'd hate for Black Rock City to become a one-newspaper town. Despite their small size and circulation, I've got to hand it to them - they provide a level of playa journalism that we can only sit back and watch in bewilderment. After all, they have 10 AM staff meetings! 10 o'clock in the fucking morning?!!!! What the fuck? Are they crazy?

Here at *Piss Clear*, we operate a bit differently. Our all-important staff meetings usually happen

## adrian's rant

around 3 AM - typically over a mirror.

It's hard to believe we've been able to keep this newspaper going for as long as we have - and if it weren't for the generous support of our advertisers, we probably wouldn't still be here. I'm just glad that liquor and cigarette companies, as well as clothing retailers and others, recognize the lucrative potential of the Burner market. We certainly wouldn't be able to print 10,000 issues a day if, like the *Black Rock Beacon*, we had to pimp out "breakfast in bed with a playa hottie" in order to raise enough funds to publish. (Although I must admit, I did drop some coin their way, in the hopes of having some eggs and coffee delivered to my camp.)

We wish them well. We know what a pain in the ass this crazy playa publishing thing can be. But the feedback we get from you, our dear readers, makes it all worth it. Stop by, say hi, maybe deliver some newspapers. And please, if you wish to bring us gifts, please pay heed to the big words in 108-point type on the cover of this issue. I think you know what kind of gifts we like. See you out on the playa!

*Adrian*

## BRC Needle Exchange

BMorg's attitude towards drugs is simple: condemn and ignore. This shutting down of dialogue about drugs is not only scientifically unsafe, but extremely irresponsible. In the interest of promoting public health - something BMorg rarely thinks about - Black Rock City will be having its first-ever syringe needle exchange this year. Bring your old, used rigs and/or get nice new points. Shorts, longs, mediums, and clean shooting equipment will be available.

**Wednesday and Friday at 4 PM, at the corner of 6:00 and Fetish.**

Shoot safe, fuck safe!

## Enter the Playa Iron Liver Contest!

*Piss Clear's* 4th annual **Playa Iron Liver Contest** will be held tomorrow, **Thursday, between 2 PM and 5 PM**. Bring your best cocktail and drink recipe to our offices at **6:00 Center Camp** between Inner Circle and Feedback Loop. The winner will receive a bunch of fabulous prizes, plus their photo and drink recipe in Friday's issue!

# I don't want your stupid gifts!

by MALDEROR

**O**kay, goddamnit... please stop giving me your trinkets! For god's sake, I don't want your necklaces, your friendship bracelets, your homemade waterpipes, or frickin' whatever. Look, you have nothing of value to me, unless it comes in a powder form and/or it's illegal in most states besides Nevada.



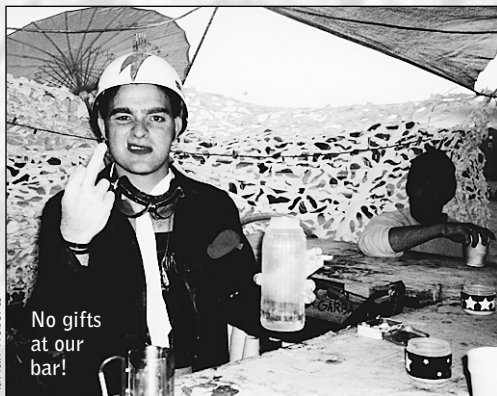
## malderor's rant

See, I work the bar at one of the major camps here in Black Rock City. A pretty good-sized village. So I'm constantly giving away booze. 24 hours a day, seven days a week, our bar is here to provide for your alcoholic needs. (And good god, Black Rock City, do you have some needs.) So I'm there whenever you stumble into consciousness. I'm (theoretically) wide-awake and ready for my shift, with an arsenal of booze at my disposal, a beer-bong at my hip, and a mischievous twinkle in my eye. I want to give it to you. I need to give it to you. I mean, seriously, if I don't give it to you, I will just have to load it all back onto our truck and take it home again. I really want to give you some free booze.

So here are our two options:

**One:** I give you a cocktail. You enjoy it. We have some pleasant chit-chat, and you go on about your way, enjoying the glorious wonders of Black Rock City.

**Two:** I give you a cocktail. You enjoy it, and then INSIST on giving me some kind of goddamn "gift" as restitution. Let's see eye-to-eye here. I don't want your "gift." Please don't give me anything. I don't want your stickers, your flyers, or – god forbid – your pipe-cleaner-sculpture of the Burning Man.\*



Adrian Roberts

\*This is a real-world example of the kind of Crap people try to give you for a free martini – a pipe-cleaner Burning Man. So me and my fellow bartender Mantroid took the stupid thing and SET IT ON FIRE with some gasoline on top of the bar. We felt slightly better, but we still had some burnt wire to dispense with. It

would have been better to have given us NOTHING. Did I mention the martinis are FREE? Free, goddamnit. Take one. Take one and leave me nothing, I beg of you.

I know, the Burning Man organizers have somehow imprinted you with the idea that this is a 'gift economy'. Great, I'm glad it stuck. But if you want to give me a gift, how about giving me Less Trash to pack out? Please, give me less work to do, and I'll call it even for the deliciously tepid Tecate I found around the back of the bar when you wanted a beer more than you wanted your next breath. Seriously, it's on me.

See, where we've all gone awry is with this confusion between a 'gift economy' and a 'barter economy'. I know there are tons of 'free' taverns out here where some jackass behind the bar wants you to show your tits or give him a reach-around just to get a damn drink. These people don't deserve your time. If somebody demands anything from you – a joke, a whistle, or a 'happy ending' – simply move on. Go to another bar. Abandon these dimwits, the ones who built a bar just to demand some kind of (non-cash) payment for their drinks, and come by our place. We'll give you something for nothing. Seriously. This is what Larry Harvey meant by a 'gift economy.' We're GIVING it to you. Barter bars are just bullshit. A 'gift economy.' by definition, expects nothing in return. Nothing. Not a cute little button. Not a trading card for your camp. NOTHING.

Come have a cocktail. We really, REALLY don't want anything in return.

Malderor managed to get through this entire rant without using "gift" as a fucking verb. Gift is a noun. Let's keep it that way.

# "I \_\_\_\_\_ in Black Rock City."

Prepare your alibi at [BurningMan.com](http://BurningMan.com)



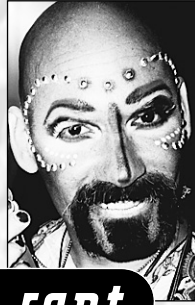
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:  
Smoking Bad, Fire good.

SINCE 1966

# Burning brouhaha

by NAMBLA THE CLOWN

It's fascinating to watch this Borg2 art tempest fermented by Chicken John and the folks from The Shipyard in San Francisco. Black Rock City has a special way of breeding self-anointed hipster malcontents who diminish the experiences of others to elevate their own. "Oh, I did that back when it was cool." One of my favorite phrases from the playa this year is, "Burning Man nostalgia used to be so much cooler."



Adrian Roberts

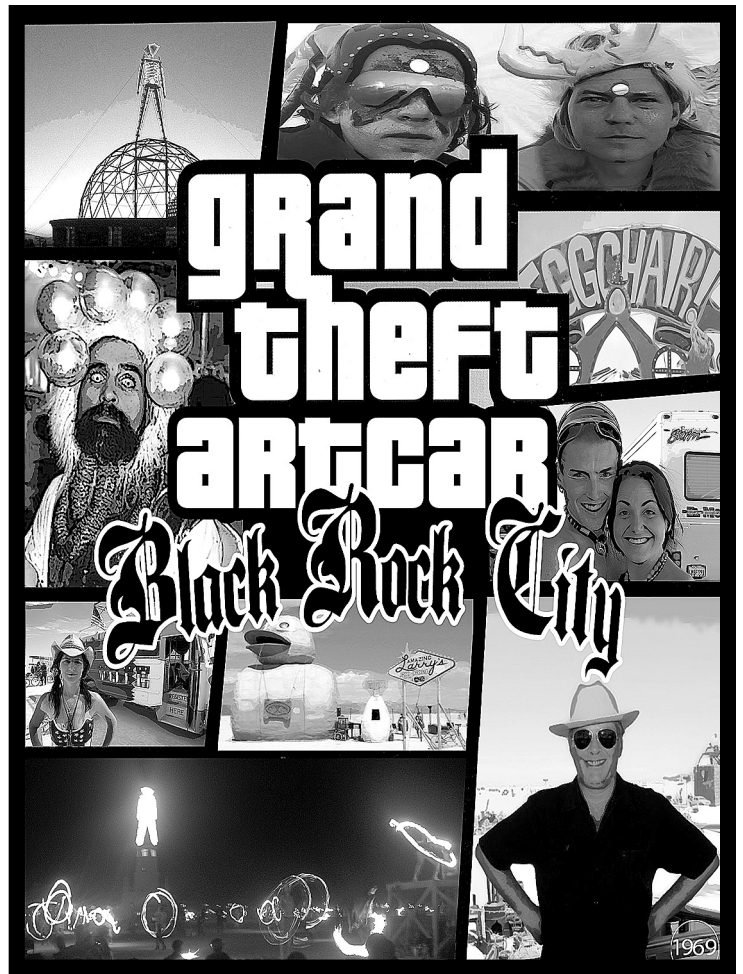
**last rant**

Borg2 is currently whining that Burning Man has strayed from its roots as a chaotic celebration of art, becoming too touchy-feely. They're complaining that there isn't as much art as there used to be, it's become too bureaucratic to bring and install art, and that the organizers don't put enough money toward it. What I wonder when I hear them squawking is, who says art is the central tenet of Burning Man? For me, it's culture and human spirit that I go for – and I don't mean the Shiny-Shiny Rave Camp version of culture, either.

When I first came out here in 1995 (back when it was the aforementioned level of cool that you missed out on), there was only a smattering of formalized art projects. Most of what was considered art were really just high-end shop guy projects. The focus back then seemed to be the fantastic collection of kindred spirits who had found each other, who had come together over a whole lot of cheap beer. We blew some cool shit up, and left thinking about next year. For me, the human connection was the amazing part of the experience, and the visual stimuli was additive. I would not exactly call the Drive-By Shooting Range "art" ... but man, was it cool.

For me, the amazing thing about my annual pilgrimage to the Black Rock Desert is seeing people be kind for no reason. That, to me, is priceless.

Perhaps in their pursuit of being cool and creating tangible objects which they can show off as their accomplishments, some of the artists have become blinded by their own egos. The malcontents are fantastic at writing press releases and garnering attention; the masses have always loved seeing the mighty fall, and now Burning Man itself is considered Establishment. As I look at the crew creating the Stir, I wonder about both their motives, and their skills at organizing something bigger than themselves.



# Don't be a darkwad!

by FUNK 'N' WAGNALLS

Light yourself, dammit!! Glowstick, LED, EL-wire, flashlight, anything. There's so much to see, that it's really hard to look straight ahead for more than a few seconds at a time. And now it's dark. Really dark. I know you're not looking out for me – you're looking at all the cool shit. And I'd like to do that too, so cut me a break and put a light on, so at least I'll catch something out of the corner of my over-stimulated, likely-dilated, playa-hazed eye. Remember, people will be coming up behind you on the dark playa as well. Light your backside. Give the art car drivers a break – their responsibility is big enough already.

Light your damn bike!! And leave it lit when you walk away from it. My friend Tristan was peddling across the playa at night. Then he hit an unlit bike on the ground and went flying. Lights out, unconscious, bleeding. Fortunately, nice people found him, and medical volunteers helped him. Of course, they did it by getting him off the playa, so he spent Burn Night in a Reno hospital. Yeah, fun. So before ya get lit, GET LIT AND STAY LIT!

## daily haiku

Beer bongos for  
breakfast?  
Wait, where the fuck  
am I? Right...  
Fandango Village

Underage drinkers,  
Begone from my  
public bar  
Go pass out elsewhere

Where are you, Dennis?  
Our morning recycling  
friend?  
You've earned your  
cocktails

– Malderor

Rough lubrication  
Erotic dehydration  
Sticky playa sex

Nothing disgusts me  
More than the thought  
of fucking  
In deep playa

Dust in my pussy  
Thrust deeper in  
dark crevasse  
Thank god for Wet Wipes

– Ms. Pinky

