

monday / tuesday
27 / 28 august 2007
issue 32

miss clear

Black Rock
City's favorite
alternative
newspaper



**Reduce
Reuse
Reburn**
It ain't easy
being Green



Keeping
it real,
since 1995

piSS
clear

monday / tuesday
27 / 28 august 2007
issue 32
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Evolution &
Esplanade,
Black Rock City,
Nevada

editor / art director /
publisher / figurehead

Adrian Roberts

copy editor
**Eric 'ShutterSlut'
Stein**

photo editor
Mysterious D

columnists
**Malderor
Sir Lojn**

production artist
Halcyon Woodward
queen of the playa
Ya-Ya

contributing writers
**Eggchair Steve
Fawn Liebowitz
Gavin Heck
K'Buster Friendly
Matthew Rozinbrog
Scribe
Keith Flipper
Kent
Nocturnal Steve
Your Sage**

ads
**Lenny Jones
Claudia Rose
Rusty**

generously printed by
**Paradise Post
5399 Clark Road
Paradise, CA 95969
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printing.com**

e-mail
**piSSclear@
piSSclear.org**

web
PiSSClear.org

snail mail
**PiSS Clear
1550 California #344
San Francisco, CA
94109**

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Burning Man's
gone Green!
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Halcyon Woodward.

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Adrian Roberts

The beginning of the end

Y by **ADRIAN ROBERTS**

es, the rumors are true. As many readers already know, this is our last year of publication for *PiSS Clear*. Seeing that this is now our 13th year of continuous playa publishing – and my 15th year of actually dragging my ass out here to the godforsaken desert just to party with you freaks – I'd say we've had a pretty good run!

Thirteen years is a long time. That's how long the *Black Rock Gazette* – the now-defunct former "official newspaper" of Black Rock City – lasted before the BRC LLC pulled the plug on its production in 2005. So I figured if we stuck around at least as long as they did, we'd have done our job well.

Besides, I've always loved the number 13. Seems like a good number to end on.

Is it a theme ... or an agenda?

So this year's Burning Man theme, as you well know by now, is "The Green Man." *PiSS Clear* has long been critical of the so-called "themes," but this one is especially troublesome. And I must admit, I feel conflicted.

We've always been an incredibly eco-conscious bunch here at *PiSS Clear*. None of us on the core staff own vehicles. All of us recycle religiously. Our camp prides itself on being low-impact and low-maintenance, and we simply don't bring all that much with us, besides a dome, an RV, and a bunch of newspapers.

We've been coming to Burning Man for so long, that unlike most Burners, there isn't a need for us to run out and buy \$1000 worth of consumer goods each year. And while we may rent an RV to function as our newspaper offices, we also don't drive the other 51 weeks out of the year. In fact, since 1997, *PiSS Clear* has been printed on recycled paper, using soy-based inks. We were "green" long before it was trendy!

So why then, does this year's theme irk us? Because it sounds less like a theme and more like ... a political agenda. In the past, Burning Man tended to be gloriously devoid of any sort of politics. Sure, there's always been a very liberal, hippy-dippy vibe. But you'd also find plenty of libertarian drunk-ass gun-nuts as well, co-existing with socialist raver peaceniks and the like.

Sure, one could argue that being green is bi-partisan – but you know as well as I do that it's a political movement as much as it is an ideological one. It's like the BRC LLC suddenly turned into both your nagging Jewish mother and annoying tree-hugging sister, all rolled into one.

Save the planet? Save Burning Man!

So when actual companies are allowed in to Black Rock City to showcase their eco-friendly products in "The Pavilion" under the Man, surely a Faustian bargain has been made in the name of "saving the planet."

Hey, we want to save the planet too! We just don't think you need to sell the anti-consumerist soul of Burning Man to do so.

It's not that this year's theme isn't a good cause. It's that it's a misguided cause.

And I think most Burners will agree that allowing corporations to hawk their wares as if Black Rock City were some fucked-up desert trade show is just plain wrong.

While I hardly think this will ring the death-knell of Burning Man, it is a troubling sign of things to come. Turning the base of the Man into an alternative energy expo is a



Obligatory
editor
pic with
The Man

adrian's rant

Is the "The Pavilion" underneath the Man really bumming out your Burn? Are you that fucking uptight? Don't you have an art project or a theme camp to work on?

Let me tell you, it's certainly not going to get in the way of our good time. We never really paid much attention to the ridiculous "themes" at Burning Man anyway – so why should this year be any different? We'll just continue celebrating our own theme, which is the same as it is every year: "Have Fun With Your Friends In The Desert!"

Yes, we are blissfully out here on our own trip. Hell, it's gotten to the point where Burning Man is mostly just an excuse to go camping in the desert with our friends – the fact that there just so happens to be a giant so-called "arts festival" happening around us is merely a convenient bonus.

Help deliver PiSS Clear!

Of course, I suppose we are here to publish a newspaper as well, and since this is our last year ever, we're planning on going out with a bang. We've got a lot in store for these last three issues, so we hope you enjoy them.

In fact, we hope you enjoy them so much that you feel compelled to ... help deliver them as well!

Yes, we are in need of paperboys and papergirls to help deliver *PiSS Clear* to the Black Rock City masses. If you would like to help out, please stop by our camp at **Evolution & Esplanade** – prime real estate for our last year, woo-hoo! – and pick up a stack to distribute.

It's a great way to get out there and meet people in Black Rock City. And who doesn't like to get a newspaper delivered to them? You wanna be the big hero? Join the *PiSS Clear* delivery team! This is your last chance!

Besides, if you do, you get V.I.P. treatment at our favorite neighborhood saloon, the **Black Forest Bar!** For some reason, most journalists and writers are heavy drinkers, which is why practically every newspaper in the country has its staff watering hole. For us here at *PiSS Clear*, it's the Black Forest Bar, right around the corner

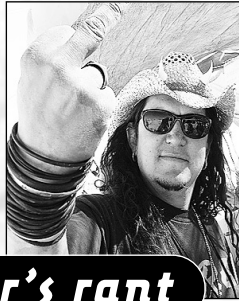
from our offices. And the bartenders there have assured us that all delivery boys and girls are guaranteed to be served first!

Enjoy this first issue of 2007, and we'll see you out on the playa!

Adrian

Let's call the whole thing off

by MALDEROR



malderor's rant

Let's cancel Burning Man.

Come on, you **know** there are a million excellent reasons to do it. And I'm not talking about the billion-cubic-feet of carbon dioxide produced by all our RVs and generators. (Trust me, you're **not** going to get **any** ranting about the frickin' "Green Man" theme from me. There are **already** enough articles in this issue that have got that covered. Gimme a high-octane cocktail, a butane-lighter, and a can of brake fluid and let's have some good, **toxic**, fun...)

But let's look at a few of the reasons why **canceling** Burning Man is a **good idea**:

If we canceled it, the BRC LLC wouldn't have any power any more. (Nor any income, but it's not like I **begrudge** them a livelihood. I'm sure Larry Harvey could go back to cabinet-making and the rest of them could all go back to, uh...) The **bloated** bureaucracy that's come to characterize everything from Art Car Registration to Early Arrivals could just **fade** away with the canceled event.

If we canceled it, **massive** portions of the BLM and local constabularies would have to "downsize," as their budgets got cut back to reasonable pre-Burn levels. This event is a **gravy train** for the local authorities. Let's **cancel** it, and let the nice policemen stay **home** BBQing with their kids next year.

If we canceled it, I wouldn't have to listen to any more bitching from my jaded old friends, who have **stopped** coming because it's difficult and they're **mortally** lazy. Nobody likes to hear an ex-Burner try to reinforce their own weak-assed life choices by moaning about how much the event **sucks** nowadays. If we cancel it, I won't have to listen to my **doddering** old chums ask me "haven't you outgrown that thing yet?" (While they sit at home with their chai lattes and their creature comforts, congratulating themselves for not making art. Go team.)

If we canceled it, all the newbies won't be **back** next year with Second Year Fever™. You know how second-year people get, right? Their brain explodes with the **wonder** of it all. Then you see them back in Black Rock City for the second time, and they've gotten all these **ideas** for the Greatest Participatory Show on Earth. And they're driving all their friends and campmates bat-shit with their over-ambitious, semi-realized plans. Hey, Second Timer, do us all a favor and **chill the fuck out**.

If we canceled it, we wouldn't have to see all these people dressing like complete **dipshits**. I'm talking about the shirtcocks, the utilikilters, and all the electrical-tape-x's on the Critical Tits riders ... the

candy-ravers, clowns, fun-furries, and all the other "Burner" **dingbats** that have recycled somebody else's ideas into their own 'reimagined' fashions.

So let's cancel Burning Man. Let's **not** spend the \$280 per person on tickets, and instead **quietly** spend that amount on, say, **personal** porta-potties. For the weekend of Labor Day, 2008.

Because I don't know about you, but if we all "cancel" this event, I'll be out here next year with **fucking bells** on. I bet 5,000 people would come, even if there was no infrastructure at all. 5,000 hardcore motherfuckers who **don't** care if the BRC LLC is here to **molly-coddle** and wet-nurse us through the week. Hell, without the "fence," we could just drive into town for ice, first aid, and **more beer**. People would **come**. Not the RV-riding, "where's the water truck", half-assed "spectator" portion of Black Rock City - but people who don't mind fending for themselves for a little bit. People who **do things**.

If you've been out here on the playa, well, pretty much any time besides Burning Man, you know how much **fun** this place can be. You can have an **outrageously** good time - driving fast, shooting guns, making stupid playa art, and visiting hot-springs. All this is possible if and only if you are 100% prepared to take care of all your own needs, and you don't do anything **stupid**.

Wow, a bunch of people gathered in the name of autonomy, self-reliance, freedom, and fun. I bet we could charge people to come to something like that...



Cancel it!

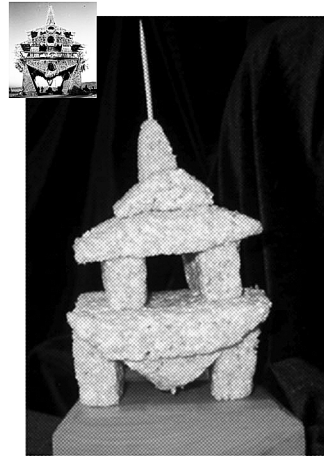
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Suffer well!

by **SIR LOIN**



Plants absorb carbon dioxide and release oxygen, but burning the Man does just the **opposite**. So it's **ironic** that this year he's called the Green Man. Renaming the Man may **seem** politically correct, but it creates a **deep-rooted** conflict of timeless proportions.

sir loin's rant

You see, you don't **mess** around with fire worship. Fire worship is an innate behavior, predating the dawn of man. The **need** for fire exists in all of us. It's comforting to the **core**.

Cars combine our two most primitive addictions – **fire and sex**. The engine harnesses the **power** of fire as its pistons incorporate the phallic thrust of sex. Nearly everything we do is driven by our **appetite** for these two **primal** urges.

The opponents of global climate change **want** you to doubt that global warming exists, so that you'll **keep** driving your car. And while they're wrong, that's only **half** the problem. Climate change can not be solved by curbing emissions – unless of course, those **emissions** originate in your **groin**. Yes, my friends, what really causes global warming is **over-population** – and **that's** what causes all the other **bad shit**, too, like deforestation, pollution, pandemics, and endangered species. Ask any scientist to do an 8D failure analysis study on global warming and they will conclude that over-population is the **root** cause.

And so I am offended that my carbon footprint be blamed for all the shit that's going on. For Burning Man to imply that my involvement in its little

pagan fire party is partly to blame for our planet's **dire** situation is **bullshit**. Look around, Larry Harvey; **this** is how people suffer well. Does the phrase, "**last hurrah**" mean anything? This is our last supper, our exclamation point after the **debaucherous** decline of Western civilization. So if the **end** of the industrial revolution is punctuated by fire arts and a couple of **huge** motherfucking bonfires, I think it's a totally appropriate way to throw one hell of a party for our ancient lover, **fire**.

Mr. Harvey, don't shame me because I love fire. It's not my fault – it's genetic! **Blame** me because I have four kids. You see, humanity is spreading like a virus, like – okay, I'll say it: – like a **wildfire** ... and for us to light the proverbial match in the desert doesn't change a **fucking** thing.

So now I'm conflicted. I don't know if I should feel happy or sad to see the Man burn. Instead of screaming "**Burn it!**" should I scream, "Save it"? **Should** we disassemble it and give the wood to Burners Without Borders? Can we build the Man out of **recycled** lumber or dead and dying trees? How about steel I-beams smothered in sterno? Or is he destined to become a figure like my grandmother's fake Christmas tree? Pull it out, dust it off, display it, and then put it away until next year?

So Burning Man organizers, please **don't** talk down to us. We're bigger than **that**. We're the **good** ones. We're the cycling, tree-hugging, hybrid-driving, school board members who voted for fucking Kerry and Gore and Gore before. We eat line-caught fish and grass-fed beef and shop at the farmers' market. We read to our kids at night, have great social lives, and work **hard** for a living. We invented sustainable organic gardening, alternative energy, modern health care practices, and microbrewed beers. **Our** combined intelligence is the **envy** of the world. The phrase "Don't let it hit the ground" was **our** idea. So don't give us your **condescending**, holier-than-thou attitude. Save your advice for someone who needs direction.

And don't distract **US** with your political agenda while we worship fire!



LACY AHEITS

haiku

by **KEITH FLIPPER**

Learn from the Green Man Lessons for a healthy life Don't eat spoil'd turkey	All the solar tech May be good but it won't make Our toilets not stink	Mr. Lame Asshole I will kill you if you blast "A Horse with No Name"
Esplanade meet up: Four o'clock at eight o'clock Or vice versa? Shit!	Creepy shirtcocker How will you explain back home Your awkward tan line?	The Utilikilt: Useful fashion statement or Playa fanny pack?

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