

## Every year we deal with this shit

by **ROBBI DOBBS, CHIEF POOPERVISOR OF THE POTTY PROJECT**

You're stumbling along in Black Rock City late at night and suddenly you get the urge to pee. You get your bearings and head on out to the nearest potty bank. Once there, you're ready to pop. But when you open the door, you find that someone has put their excremental art project all over the fucking seat.

That's just fucked up. "Who are these people, and why can't I kill them?" you exclaim. Then you go and find a worthy commode and relieve yourself, not giving the situation another thought — until it happens the next time. And it happens again and again and again until you want to scream.

But the problem doesn't go away. That crap stays on the seat, viewed by dozens of participants just like you, for up to six hours until it's cleaned. And the poor blokes who get to clean the porta-potties aren't exactly delighted to see this art project, and they want it to stop too.

The porta-potties remain the Achilles' heel of Burning Man. Nobody wants to think about this shit until it's right up in their face. The potties are your problem — not somebody else's. That's what "community" means. It's about getting uppity on the few idiots who choose to ignore community etiquette and keep fucking up the immediate experience of others.

You can help. Don't whine, bitch, moan, or utter foul curses. Do something.

Word-of-mouth remains the best way to participate. Just talk to newbies about Excremental Correctness and we'll all have a clean, safe place to shit.

We had a 50% newbie population last year, and this year is no different. They need to be told what's proper and what's not. It's not "common knowledge" to everyone. The message is very simple:

No hovering. No baby wipes. No trash.

There was an excessive amount of toilet wipes and double-ply toilet paper in the commodes last year. This fucks up the vendor's equipment and slows down their schedule. They get pissed and you get pissed.

Because you know shit from shinoa, encourage veterans to communicate this message to newbies so that everyone takes ownership of the problem.

Let's assume that a third of the population needs to be educated, a third understands most of it (they know not to put baby wipes or other trash in the potties, but choose to hover), and the rest abides by all tenets. That means every BRC citizen must talk to at least two people. I get so damn irritated at those who think they know the drill, and roll their eyes at me, like the problem is solved.

It's not solved. It's not done with, and it keeps being a fucking issue that has the power to take down Burning Man forever. No porta-potty servicing = no event.

I'm not blowing smoke up your ass. Think about it. The single piece of infrastructure that the BRC LLC must provide in order to have an event is the Johns.

It all goes to hell if the Health Department determines that we can't take care of our shit. If the potty vendor can't keep up with our stupid bad behavior, and it stops being financially feasible to do the job, they won't renew their contract.

Now don't get me wrong. JoTs/USS loves us. They bust their asses for us each year. They pull miracles out of their butts. But there is a limit to what they can do. They take care of our shit; let's take care of their job by making their job easier, and not fucking their day with a hose clog.

So I'll be out there, megaphone in hand, beseeching those within earshot that this continues to be a problem — your problem, our problem. Talk to the drivers, to newbies, to those standing at the banks. Let's make sure everyone is on the same page and the Digestive System of the Man will continue to run smoothly.

# Home is where the art is

## The LadyBee interview

by **ADRIAN ROBERTS**

Last year, *Piss Clear* ran a few articles which questioned the politics and policies of art funding here in Black Rock City. This sparked some lively debates around our camp, and eventually BRC "Art Curator" LadyBee, a.k.a. Christine Kristen, contacted me herself, to attempt to clear up some misconceptions about how art funding works at Burning Man.

The following interview is an edited transcription from our dialogue, which took place via email.

**Piss Clear:** So I suppose the basic question is, why does BRC LLC fund art, but not anything else, such as large-scale sound installations, or, say, newspapers?

**LadyBee:** Larry Harvey's idea was to create an art event, with any funding going toward art installations, not to theme camps, newspapers, or anything else. That is simply the call that was made, and those are the parameters we work within.

**PC:** But there's just so much out here! To us, it seems a little unfair that only a select few art projects — what is it, about two dozen? — are deemed "worthy" enough for funding.

**LB:** Yes, many artists do not get funded. We reserve the right to decide which projects do, and we stand by that. You'll note that we don't fund theme camps, costumes, performances, bars, newspapers, art cars, or anything else. We have an Art Grant Program. That's what we do. These camps tend to have dozens, even hundreds of members who share the costs of what they do. Art projects typically don't have such large crews, and also use much more costly materials and services. A large group of people can fund and build a theme camp, but an artist with a small crew cannot typically afford to create, for example, BigRigJig, the Mechabolic, or the Steampunk Treehouse. We believe in helping artists, and if that enables them to produce a body of work, bravo for them. By the way, no one's rent is getting paid from their art grant.

**PC:** That's not what Pepé Ozan said, when he told me: "I'll make sure the money from your ticket pays my rent in the years to come." If it's not true, then he shouldn't be saying it. Otherwise, it sounds perfectly plausible and believable.

**LB:** Well, typically, each project goes into debt even with the grants they get. Ask David Best. Ask Michael Christian how much of his own money he spent last year to complete his project.

**PC:** Look, I'm not anti-art. It's just that, from our perspective, there appears to be nepotism and favoritism involved in the BRC art funding selection process. Otherwise, why would the same artists keep getting funding, year after year?

**LB:** We believe in rewarding excellence. As for repeat funding of artists, we look at the idea and the likelihood of completion, so in any given

year, if the most interesting projects include artists we've funded in the past, we're okay with that. We don't have quotas, and if an artist like Pepé Ozan or Michael Christian or the Flaming Lotus Girls come up with consistently amazing projects, we fund them. We do not penalize artists for continuing to produce solid work.

On the other hand, each year we fund a lot of artists we've never heard of. This year, 15 of 29 funded projects are by artists we've never worked with. That's half the grants! Also this year, there are 28 funded art projects in the Pavilion (the Mangrove trees, not the green exhibits) and of those, 24 are by artists we haven't worked with.

Our grant program is highly unusual in several ways. We don't ask for slides, resumés, exhibition histories — none of that. We look for interesting, original, and preferably interactive projects and a solid crew of workers who can complete the project.

**PC:** If the BRC LLC is going to offer up so much lip service about "building community," it seems they would get much further by having the community have a say in what art their ticket money pays for. We weren't exactly big fans of Borg2 back in 2005, but the one thing we liked was having the entire community vote on what art they wanted to see funded. If our ticket money is going towards art, shouldn't we have a say in what gets funded? I may not have liked Pepé's sculptures last year, but I would have been a lot less bitchy about it if I knew that my fellow Burners liked it enough to pay for it.

**LB:** Why do we select the funded projects? Because we have a vision of the art out there, of what it can be, and we know from years of doing this what is actually going to work vs. what's a great idea but is likely to fail.

We'll never do art by public vote — don't you think there's a reason virtually no art grant program anywhere selects work by public vote? Think about it. First of all, it's likely to be a popularity contest, with everyone voting for their friends. Second, there's a certain expertise that's acquired when you work every day on this for years, which gives you a better base of knowledge from which to make decisions. Do you think participants will be knowledgeable about, say, flame effects? Materials that are likely to generate MOOP? Construction techniques? Wind factors? Rental equipment costs?

In addition, the mechanics of public voting on the art are byzantine and unworkable. Typically we get 250 proposals. We read them carefully, and each is pages long — some up to 50 pages. Some have DVDs, all have drawings. We call them if necessary for more information. So we have a pretty thor-



BRC Art Curator LadyBee

ough understanding of each project. How would that be possible by public vote? Do you imagine that we have the time or resources to put 250 proposals like this online? And, more to the point, do you imagine that participants are going to read several thousand pages of text?

We have a huge website with tons of information in it, yet most participants do not seem to know the basic facts about the organization. We get emails all the time with the most basic, obvious questions that are easily answered by even a cursory search of the Burning Man website — but folks don't seem to make the effort. I seriously doubt they're going to read 250 proposals.

There's also a time factor here — over the years we've streamlined our process so that we can make decisions two weeks after the deadline, and start getting funds to the artists. A public voting process would take months — from getting the proposals online, to giving people time to read them, to conducting a voting period. We used to take fuck time not giving the artists enough time to do their projects. So we responded and moved everything up. Switching to a public vote would set us back months, even if it were possible to do it, which it basically is not.

Ask Borg2 why they didn't repeat themselves. It's because it was a huge amount of work and they weren't eager to do it again. Multiply that by several hundred and you'll get a sense of the labor and time that go into our art selection process. We're constantly tweaking it to make it better, and we do respond to the community. We closed our gate on Friday night because the community wanted that. We put the sound camps on the city's edges because the community wanted it. We dropped the theme requirement for grant eligibility because the community wanted that. But even so, remember that Burning Man was never a democracy.

**PC:** Oh, I know that. And one of the benefits of a dictatorship is efficiency — which I'm sure the BRC LLC needs as much as it can get.

**LB:** It's an organization run by devoted people who work hard and long for low pay to keep it going. You have no idea how we fight, every single year — in Washington, in Pershing County, in Washoe County, with the BLM, all the health department, you name it — to keep this event going. No idea.

## WHAT'S OUT WHAT'S IN

a little tipsy	totally FUCKED!
acid and Viagra	2CB and Ben Gay
afternoon yoga	morning bender
Americans	Europeans
Burn On!	Burnt Out
Center Camp Café	Center Camp Casino
complaining	having a good fucking time!
Critical Tits	Gate Pride
cut	uncut
doing a big, elaborate theme camp	hanging out with friends in their big, elaborate theme camps
dorksplenade	side streets
driving around in an art car	driving around in your own car pretending to be lost
flame effects	steam
getting busted for pot	getting busted for fucking
going Green	blacking out
going naked	inexplicable tan lines
Great Canadian Beaver Eating Contest	Fantastic Mexican Chicken Choking Fiesta
hating DPW	hating Gatestapo
holding back	going all the way
huge rental RVs	cute vintage campers
idling in line	pushing your car
jam sessions	circle jerks
JAM!	WTF?
rave camps	live music bars
single blowjobs	double barreling
Stiffy Lube	Jiffy Lube
stomach flu	trance music
sunscreens	Crisco
supersoakers	snowball fights
taking the street signs on Saturday	taking the street signs on Thursday
Tasty Bites	fresh baked pizza
thongs	furkinis
tweakers	E-tards
Utilikits	hot pants
Wadsworth	Loveclock

— by **M & Jovino (The Bunnies) and Rooster Sejx**

# Why can't I get laid here?

by **CHAD PETERSON**

Ever since I moved to Silicon Valley, all I've been hearing about is Burning Man. Art, music, flaming shit, and — best of all — hot naked chicks. Chicks who aren't all uptight with religion (except for the Wiccan stuff, I guess). Chicks who put out.

Well, if that's all true, why the hell can't I get laid here?

Everyone knows that Chad is a player, and a player comes prepared. I got my water, food, shelter, but more importantly, a little thing I like to call **The Mack Kit:** massage oil, two dozen condoms, lube, Axe body spray, peach schnapps, Viagra, and some roofies. I got together a pretty badass outfit too: some tough-ass Cargo shorts from Eddie Bauer, a cowboy hat, Ray-Bans, and a Hawaiian shirt (to lighten it up a bit). I was SO ready to rock this scene.

I heard you were supposed to bring some "schwag" to hand out, like glowy necklaces and stickers and whatever. So I brought these leis I had lying around from a tiki party I had at my condo last month. Some babes were gonna get Leis'd today! (Dude, that one NEVER gets old.)

I took a stroll around and spotted the first hottie I saw on the street. I thought it would be totally hilarious to ask her to show me her tits — you know, get that Mardi Gras vibe going. All she showed me was her middle finger — I guess a few of the girls here are still prudes. No worries, a play-a on the playa's gotta roll with the punches.

That night, I walked by some camp called Extravagant Temple, where some of that raver crap was playing (just give me some Dave Matthews any day). I was gonna keep walking, but I got a peek inside the chill dome: all these people rolling around, cuddling, and making out and stuff. They must have been on E. I heard that shit makes you totally horny.

I tried chatting up some girls, but they were all yammering on about relationships and philosophy and crap, so I blew 'em off, and kept and eye out for someone who was really tripping. I crawled over to this girl who was just writhing around, running her hands over anything in reach. Totally hot.

I started giving her a shoulder rub, which she seemed to be into, so after a few minutes I jipped the ante, and made my way down to her beautiful little B-cups (did I mention she was topless?)

The next few minutes were kind of a blur; I was already a bit toasted. All I know is that I ended up face-down on the Esplanade, with a bleeding lip and a pounding head. So I called it a night.

The next morning, I took stock of my game plan. I realized that maybe I was being too tame. I was working the moves that pay off in the default world. But here you've gotta be creative, you've gotta let loose. Then it hit me, a moment of genius: keep the Hawaiian shirt, but lose the shorts.

Man, this was even better than freeballing. I was so jacked; it was like nothing could touch me. So I decided to use my newfound power to charm the pants off everyone else. The weird thing was, everyone seemed uncomfortable around me — I guess they couldn't handle the raw power. And there was this DWI dude that poured a beer on my junk when I was chixlaxin' at some Fish camp. Man, I was so close to kicking his ass, but I figured he was just jealous, so I let it pass.

Now, I know some people are getting laid out here. I've heard the grunting and squealing from the tent next door. The week's still young, I figure it's just a matter of time before I get a chance to bury the dog.

It's not like there's a lack of potential here. I heard those furries get into some freaky shit (although I dunno if I'm down with banging some chick wearing a pignuit). I heard about this beaver eating contest — I bet I can wait outside and score some chick who needs a little tongue.

Then, of course, there's Critical Tits. A thousand topless chicks on bikes? Two thousand tits? Two of them have GOT to have my name on them. I'm totally going to video that shit on my iPhone.

First, we need to support our community members by seeking help when sexual assaults happen — and it can happen to men as well as women. If it happens to you or a campmate, please let someone know right away. There is help available through the Rangers and Mental Health Services. All of us can make a difference in our attitudes:

- Honor your own boundaries and those of others.
- Insist on getting clear consent.
- Watch out for your friends and campmates.
- Consider helping out with B.E.D., or just wear a B.E.D. button to let others know that you are consensually sexy.

If you're not sure how to clearly state your sexual boundaries and desires, stop by a B.E.D. workshop and learn how. It may even be a good place to meet another consenting adult! So have fun, play safe, and remember: "Yes" means "yes", but "No" just might mean "Fuck you, go to jail!"



Should have scored with these hotties

## Playa lingo: the lexicon of Black Rock City — the sex & drugs edition!

**crusty pipes** what happens to your nostrils after a few days of playa dust, mixed with snorting too much blow. I've really got to start drinking some cocaine Tang, because I can't take these crusty pipes!

**cocaine Tang** the concoction created by pouring blow into a small bottle of water, so you don't suffer crusty pipes. It's not quite as intense of a high, but drinking cocaine Tang is a much better way to do blow on the playa, especially after a few days.

**creepy guy hug** that awkwardly uncomfortable, overly physical hug by a seemingly-friendly, often middle-aged guy, in a thinly-veiled effort to cop a feel.

**Seemed nice at first, until he insisted on giving me a creepy guy hug and I felt his hard-on.**

**cuddle puddle** a group of people lounging around in a pile while rolling on Ecstasy. Were you in the dome last night? There was a total cuddle puddle!

**daisy duck** female version of shirtcocker. So named, because Daisy Duck wears no pants. Uh-oh, there's a daisy duck walking over to the frat boy camp.

**Desperation Village** derogatory slang term for Jiffy/Stiffy Lube. He was feeling pretty horny tonight, but couldn't hook up with anyone, so I think he headed over to Desperation Village.

**E-tard magnet** the flashing strobe lights mounted on a booming sound system tower at one of the large rave camp, luring Burners who are rolling on Ecstasy. *Opulent Temple is a total E-tard magnet!*

**Jack-On-The-Spot** masturbating in the porta-potty. *Make sure to time your Jack-On-The-Spot right after it's been visited by Johnny-On-The-Spot!*

**mystery pill** that mysterious pill that you got gifted — maybe it's Ecstasy ... or maybe it's ... NOT. *I'm feeling daring tonight, so I think I'm finally going to take that mystery pill I got last year.*

**playa-asexual** when you just want to cuddle with your new Burning Man friend, because you're simply way too fucked up to have sex. *Maybe if he hadn't taken all that E and Xanax, he wouldn't have turned all playa-asexual on me!*

**poly-camporous** anyone who sleeps and/or keeps their stuff in multiple camps. *Raven's tent is here, but she's been sleeping over at Death Guild. I think she's being poly-camporous this year.*

**shirtcocker** wearing a shirt, but with no pants — the Black Rock City equivalent of a mullet. *Dude, I love shirtcocker! I just feel so free!*

**stupid tax** slang term amongst law enforcement officials in Black Rock City, referring to tickets issues for drug use and possession. *He could have avoided the stupid tax if he had just bothered to close the door of his RV before taking up.*

**tossing a camp** BLM slang for raiding a camp in search of illegal substances. *Did you hear? The feds tossed a camp over on Grassland & 4:00 and two Burners went to jail.*

**trailer chaser** someone who will sleep with you just so they can crash in your RV, instead of sleeping in their dusty tent. *Last night, I really thought we had a connection, but it turns out he was just a trailer chaser.*

— list compiled by **Adrian Roberts, Blossom, K'Buster Friendly, Rooster Sejx**

# Summer of Love vs. Right Now

by **FUCKO PETE**

I was way too young and way too far away to experience San Francisco's tsunami of peace, love, and hippie-ness as it swept across the United States (and beyond) four decades ago this summer. I can only experience that special time and place through books, articles, movies, music, and art and by chatting up a few friends who were there for that wonderfully wacky human epiphany.

More than a few of you who were there will want me publicly beheaded for saying this, but here goes: The Summer of 2007 is bigger, better, leaner, meaner, and far more likely to succeed than the original Summer of Love.

Now, while holding my trusty laptop over my head to protect myself from the incoming volley of flaming arrows, I will explain why I've reached this AWKWARD conclusion. First off, had the original movement succeeded, we would probably NOT be out here, in the middle of the desert, creating a city to our liking, because we would already have that at home, back in our default reality. We are the direct descendants of the Summer of Love after all, and we would also not be here had the original never taken place.

Like a child who follows in his parent's footsteps (but with an unstoppable inner drive to best his folks at their own game), we forged ahead, improving on the original design by leaps and bounds. We faithfully kept the single remaining ember alive, poured absurd amounts of gasoline on it, and watched in glee as it grew into a global inferno of love, community, art, and social change the original movement only fleetingly enjoyed.

The current worldwide proliferation of Burning Man regional gatherings is the proof in the pudding. Burners Without Borders helping to rebuild Biloxi and Pearllington, Mississippi while making FEMA look like a neutered house pet also reveals the tip of our KICK-ASS iceberg.

Just what we are actually capable of? This week, we gather to party and to help PROMOTE alternative energy sources among other things. The voices and actions of this summer, deep in the Nevada desert, will continue to echo for years to come no doubt.

## What went wrong in '67

But enough of my high and mighty "State-of-the-Burner-Union" address;

Imagine what a hug would feel like from the Piss Clear Delivery Squirrel ... on acid!



what the hell went wrong the first time? I'm gonna have to say it was The Drugs. Legal and illegal. Prescription drugs, street drugs, and dirty-bath-tub-gin type drugs helped drive that summer 40 years ago and they are helping to drive my summer right NOW. So what's the fucking difference you ask?

Why, the types of drugs we choose combined with our ability to handle them, of course. Most people don't know that our widespread meth problem exploded in Haight-Ashbury in 1967. Before then, it was relegated to WWII pilots and "dieting" housewives. Only in 1967, most users weren't snorting it, they were shooting up 24/7 while living in that period's version of crack houses. That would be committing yourself to a substance, not to self-improvement and social change per se.

But hey, I've done it, and when I noticed I was late to work several Mondays in a row, and not making it to the gym, I stopped using it. How many kids in 1967 had gym memberships and a strong sense of individual health that most of us now embrace? "Very few" is my official GUESS. Dr. David E. Smith, who in 1967 opened and operated the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, heard RUMORS about some "bad acid" going around, got a hold of some, tested it, and found it surprisingly PURE. Dr. Smith surmised that people were simply taking too much of it.

Then as the end of that decade drew near, things started going sideways fast. The Manson murders and the

deaths of rock stars Hendrix, Joplin, and Morrison were all drug-fueled wastes of human lives that still serve a poignant warning. Strict drug laws were put on the books (LSD was legal until 1966). The party and movement seemed to skid off of the mountain road and over the edge. The days of committing slow motion suicide via a 30-40 year alcohol problem were supplanted by spontaneous overdoses of some pretty powerful and dangerous party favors. Until his death a couple of years ago, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson may have been the only one from that era to survive and succeed years of brutal drug abuse. He kept his shit together and contributed greatly to American literature while enjoying a cornucopia of drugs, so learn from the best I say.

## What's going right today

Today's Burners, hippies, Greens, goths, artists, musicians, and spiritual leaders (notice, I did not say "religious leaders") seem to know that beer, weed, and the occasional hallucinogen will enhance their lives, not cut them tragically short. The pure LSD-25 of yesteryear may be in short supply, but compounds like DMT and designer drugs like 2CB more than make up for it. Today, a lot of employers employ drug testing too, so most people I know seem to keep their habits in check and are not willing to jeopardize job, marriage, friends, or the success of a second counter culture movement for getting high.

Now, now...I know you're squatting there in a 110 degree porta-john ready to either tear this issue of Piss Clear to shreds or head back to camp and gift your drug Stash to DPW, but please, don't do either. What I want YOU to do is drugs. Do your drugs and have fun dammit. Just look around you (after you get out of the porta-john, fucktard) and gaze upon the majesty of our great desert city in all it's freakish glory. It would not be here in it's present state if you hadn't put in major man-hours of work before this moment.

So go forth my dear sons and daughters, and do your failed forerunners right and keep this freight train of love and change on the tracks. If we can keep this promise to ourselves, then we win.

Oh, and keep an eye out for that "bad" acid — and if you find any, bring it to me!



our closest friends have problems they are hiding from everyone. The question is, what are we going to do about it?

In 2005, after I heard several stories of sexual assault at Burning Man, including one from a woman who was date raped on the playa, the Bureau of Erotic Discourse (B.E.D.) was founded, with a mission to spread the word that sexual assault is not welcome at Burning Man. Others were angry as well and we met on Tribe.net and talked about what we could do to make a difference.

# It ain't easy being Green

by **REV. BLIND TOASTER**

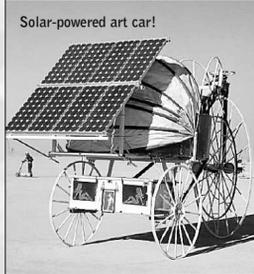
The idea that Burning Man is becoming politically correct should make you want to hack up some green stuff more than the image of Larry going to an AA meeting. "Hi! I'm Larry and not only am I an alcoholic, but I also started the biggest party on the planet. To repent, I've already gotten rid of all the guns and free love and this year I promise the event will be greener than Kermit the Frog's ass."

Like a lot of reformed abusers, BRC is going on some sort of repentance binge this year, trying to pay back everyone whom its substance abuse ever hurt. Burning Man is giving word to Habitat for Humanity, buying green credits, and planting more trees than Johnny fucking Appleseed.

Like a lot of your loser friends who have gone through AA, you admire their zeal but secretly wish they would moderate their moderation. "Couldn't you maybe just get a little bit drunk?" you think. "Then maybe you wouldn't be so fucking self-righteous."

I know there is a large percentage of participants who don't want to call Burning Man a party, and somehow think greening it up will forever biodegradably wash away that image. Sorry greenies, it may be much more — but it's still a party.

How can you tell? Funny clothes, loud music, people desperate to get laid, and a lot of bars — it's a party. So now your music and blender might be solar-powered and you might



REV. BLIND TOASTER

Burning Man into food and shelter for the poor. Bottom line: the greenest thing you can do is not to go to Burning Man EVER. Watch it on the fucking webcam on a solar-powered computer. But, no, not me! I'm here this year to celebrate the passing of Piss Clear like the beloved kidney stone it is! See ya in the Burn!