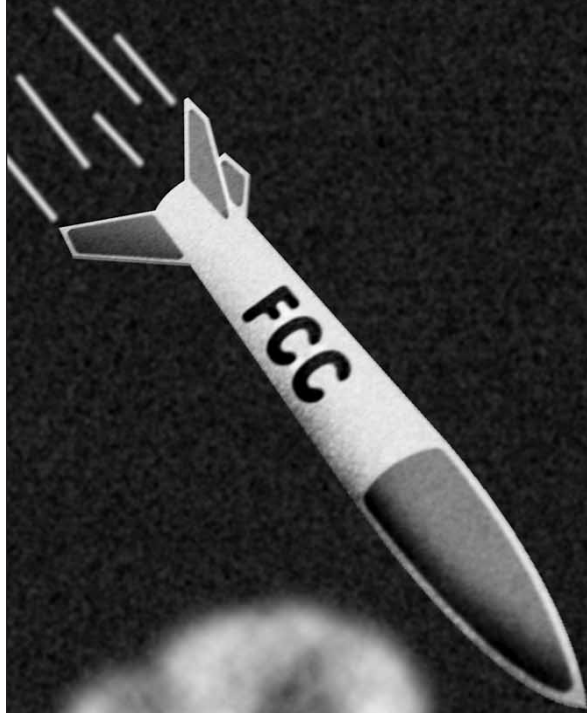


tuesday  
26 august 2003  
issue eighteen

# miss clear

Black Rock City's favorite  
alternative newspaper



Why are only a handful of radio  
stations left in Black Rock City?

## The FCC Won't Let BRC Be

Keeping  
it real,  
since 1995

*piss  
clear*

tuesday  
26 august 2003  
issue eighteen  
version 9.1

1:30 Karmic Circle  
& Esplanade,  
Black Rock City,  
Nevada

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**Adrian Roberts**

# Ready to (Black) Rock!

**W**oo-hoo! We're back and ready to rock ... Black Rock, that is! Yes, it wouldn't be Burning Man without *Piss Clear*, the silly newspaper with the silly name. Welcome to the tentopolis known as Black Rock City, where you need to **always drink enough water so that you piss clear!**

Let me tell you, it feels so *good* to be here right now. For the past two weeks, I've been **busting my ass** doing pre-production work for this ol' newspaper, and now – finally – I feel like I can relax. **What's** that? Pre-production? Hell, you don't think we **actually** design all these covers and layout most of this stuff here, do you? **Fuck that**, we're on vacation! Most of the grunt work for *Piss Clear* is done before we get here – fashion shoots, feature articles, **haiku**. I mean, **if we did everything here, we'd never** end up leaving the RV!

Sure, we've still got a **bunch** of holes to fill, such as our always-popular "What's Out/What's In" list and our new **daily** column by one of my favorite writers, Malderor, which faces this page.

Then of course, there's *this* space, where every day I'll **blah-blah-blah** about, **uh ...** something ... generally right before our press deadline. Once again, I'd **like** to thank our **guys** at Waller Media for **helping** us out again this year. Be sure to visit their camp, the Holy Ones At Xallah, out on Vision. I **know**, it's way out in the **boonies** of Black Rock City, but that's the way they like it – unlike us media **whores**, who love being in Center Camp!

## Location, location, location!

Yes, this year you can find us right at the **edge** of Center Camp, practically on the Esplanade. I'm not sure how we scored such **prime** playa real estate this year, but I can **assure** you that our interview with theme camp placement goddess Harley DuBois had **nothing** to do with it – especially **after** you see



## adrian's rant

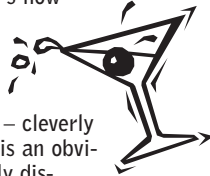
## Playa Iron Liver Contest

Last year, *Piss Clear* held its first-ever **Playa Iron Liver Contest** – and we are proud to announce that it's back!

Inspired by the *Black Rock Gazette's* now-defunct Playa Iron Chef Contest, our competition is similar in execution, but different in content. Whereas the *Gazette's* contest was simply a thinly-veiled ploy to get fed gourmet food – cleverly disguised as a cooking contest – ours is an obvious ploy to get free drinks, shamelessly disguised as a cocktail competition!

The rules are simple: Bring us your best cocktail, along with the drink recipe. We'll be accepting drink submissions on **Thursday, between 2 PM and 5 PM**, at our offices at 1:30 Karmic Circle and Esplanade, right next door to the Earth Guardians.

The winner will get their photo and drink recipe published in our Friday edition, along with a prize package that includes unrestricted use of the *Piss Clear* RV for one hour, including access to the fridge, wet bar, and shower; a collection of Burning Man schwag, including a complete deck of Star-Glo cards; a tab of Ecstasy; and however many Tasty Bite meals from Trader Joe's that haven't been eaten yet.



all the stupid questions we asked her! Yes, 'Stupid Questions.' That's the name of a **new** feature we're debuting this year, where every day **we** interview someone involved in doing a **big**, large-scale, city-wide project. Can you believe there are going to be two Guinness Book of World Record attempts on the playa this year? **Keep** reading *Piss Clear* this week to find out **more!**

## All I ever think about is...

These past few weeks leading up to Burning Man, I'd been feeling **envious** – envious of people who have nothing else going **on** in their lives other than preparing for the Big Fucking Camping Trip.

You see, the entire month of August, I was **distracted**. No matter what I was doing, whether it was (**shameless plug alert**) singing with my band Blue Period, or **DJing** with the Mysterious D at one of our **club** nights in San Francisco, or launching our new monthly bootleg/mash-up **party** called Bootie, all I ever really thought about was getting my **ass** to Black Rock City. I'm **sure** you know the feeling.

That of course, included doing *Piss Clear*. I teased my girlfriend, **D**, that she was a "Piss Clear widow." It'd be **funny** if it weren't so **true**. I spent so much time **obsessing** and editing and designing and **proofing** this newspaper, that I **barely** had time to pack for the actual trip. Would you believe I did all my Burning Man packing in **one day**? It's true.

Of course, if you've been coming here as many years as I have – as of last year, I was into **double-digits** – I would hope by now that packing would be **easy**. We run a **pretty** low-maintenance ship around here anyway, concentrating more on having a **great** newspaper **rather** than a great theme camp.

At least we've got a **big sign** and some rope lights though, huh?

## Help deliver Piss Clear!

Unlike the BMorg-operated *Black Rock Gazette*, we are funded by **nobody**, so we often **need** all the **help** we can get – and we need help delivering the paper! There are 6000 or so of these things printed each and **every day**, and we would love to have some **sassy** and **sexy** paperboys and papergirls to help spread the love, er ... paper around.

If you're interested in helping out, please stop by our offices at Center Camp and we'll be **happy** to give you some newspapers to **deliver**. And hell, if it's too early and no one is awake yet, just **grab** some from the front rack and **go** to town!

*Piss Clear* is not just our **way** of contributing to Black Rock City's **gift** economy – it can be **your way** too! Feeling **lame** because you didn't **bring** enough "playa gifts" for everybody? Being guilt-tripped into "participating"? **Fuck that!** Deliver *Piss Clear*, and it's **instant participation** – suddenly, you've got a whole handful of gift-gifting! It's easy and **fun!**

We're looking forward to being your **source** for entertaining **reading** this week in Black Rock City. We'll even throw in the occasional hard-hitting news piece, **such** as this issue's **controversial** cover story by Radio Electra's Rockstar, exposing the reason why there aren't as **many** radio stations on the playa as there **used** to be.

Stop by our offices to pick up free *Piss Clear* temporary tattoos, and **we'll see you out on the playa!**

Adrian

# They built this city

by MALDEROR

Welcome to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa.**

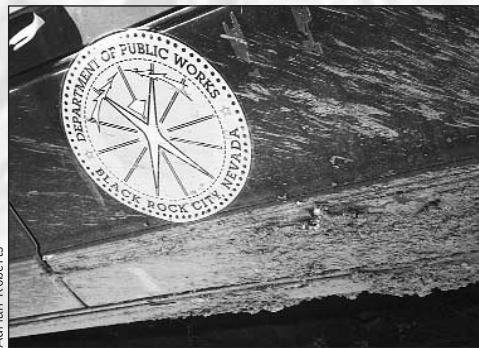
I'm going to start the week off by talking about the Black Rock City DPW. On the one hand, I **respect** them because they do **terrific work** out here for an **ungrateful** mob of drunks and dopefiends. **But** on the other hand, some of them do



## malderor's rant

it with more attitude than Martha Stewart on arraignment day. Ask many DPW volunteers, and they'll **grumpily** tell you what a pain in the ass this week is, and how much **better** things were before these **damn** crowds arrived. I call this the "We Built This City" phenomenon. (And **no**, I'm not trying to get a lame Starship song **stuck** in your head. That's merely a **handy** bonus.)

There's a pernicious trend amongst the DPW to adopt an adversarial attitude towards the "regular" citizens of Black Rock City. This posture of contempt can be found in **other** areas of the Burning Man organization, **be** they Volunteers,



Rangers, or Placement folk. While I appreciate that the DPW are committed people **who** have been out here for several weeks drawing circles in the dirt, I **can't** understand this "us vs. them" attitude.

It seems to **be** the **gravest** insult to some DPW volunteers that there are people who **just** want to come to the desert for a few days, **knock** back a few beers, smoke some

left-handed cigarettes, and maybe try to hook up with somebody **cute**. This shameful **lack** of long-term commitment is seen as a **serious** affront to the hard-working, **hard-snorting** crew from the DPW. Look, guys, if you don't want to **build** a city for bunch of lightweights, **don't** volunteer for the DPW. I was under the **impression** that this was your job description.

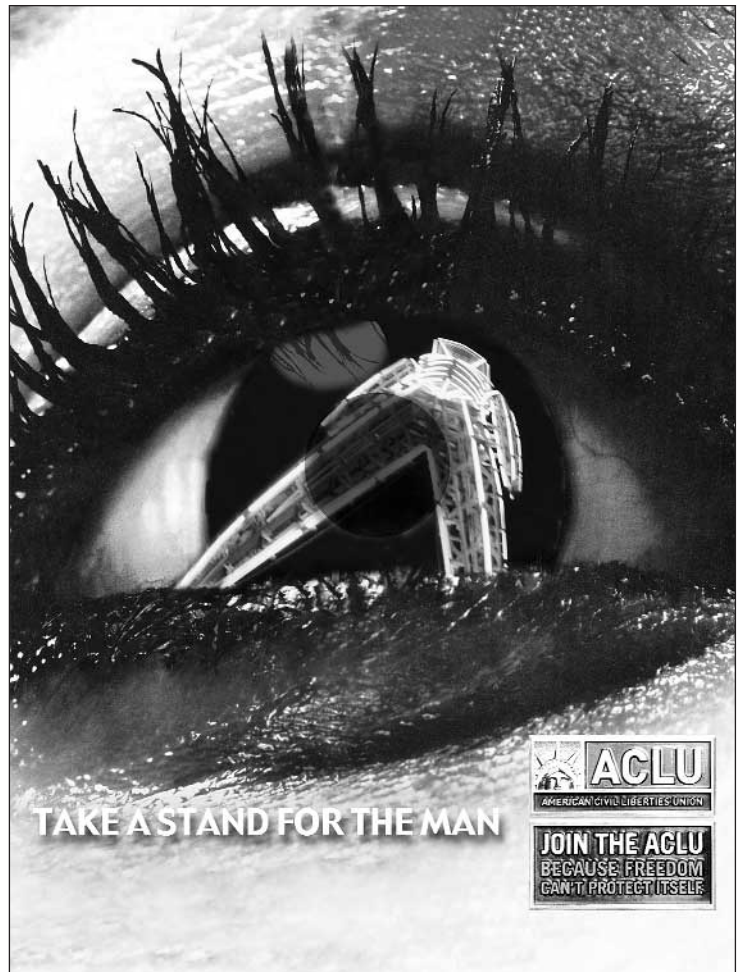
It **reminds** me of something my boss said when I worked at the Office of Admissions at UC Berkeley, "If it **weren't** for all these goddamn students, I could get some work done." This middle-manager was overlooking the **fact** that without students, there would **be** no Office of Admissions. The DPW seems to operate from the same mindset: "Black Rock City would be great without all the **damn** people." Well, kids, without the damn people, there wouldn't be anyone to pay you to come **goof off** in the desert for four weeks. Without the damn people, there would be **no** reason for you to spend whole hours pounding surveying stakes into the dirt. Without the damn people, you wouldn't have a purpose here.

You **may** have seen the DPW out on the town. They're usually identifiable as carloads of particularly **freaky**, crusty people cruising down the streets of the city, **flaunting** the no-driving policies, **drunk** as lords, and shouting rubbish about how they "built this city". **Or worse.**

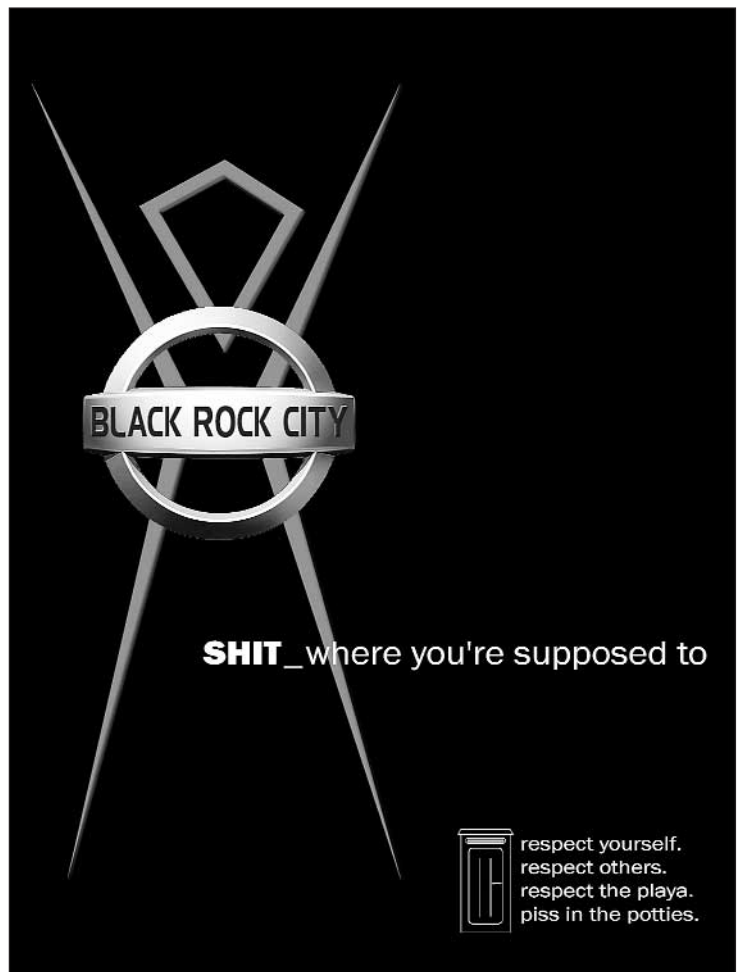
Last year a couple of DPW members were involved in an **altercation** wherein they were bicycling along the Esplanade, **grabbing ass** on any women who **struck** their fancy. When confronted about this, their **reaction** was "what are you going to do about it, this is **our** city." (The assaulted female, a member of Funk Camp, hauled back with her water bottle and knocked the smirking **dickweed** clean off of his bike, ass-over-applecart.)

To their credit, most of the DPW volunteers do **not** behave this way. But **sadly**, some of them do, and they're the **ones** people notice. The DPW does a great job **building** things like the Center Camp, the Ice Vending Cathedral, The Man, and so on. Most of the DPW are **indistinguishable** from your average participants, because they don't run around in DPW trucks, screaming at people to **worship** them with bourbon. **Many** of them are just like you and me, only with better tans. (One of the DPW outposts also **had** one of my **favorite** theme camps last year, the "Thank You For Wearing Pants Camp." They built a catapult and launched pairs of **pants** at passersby of the **unpleasantly-nude** variety. Obviously, many of these people **rock**.)

We're all out here for the fun of it. If you're going to get **annoyed** by people frolicking in a city you liked better when it was empty, please don't join the DPW. The citizens of BRC **appreciate** all the fine work the DPW does laying out our town. But for the bad apples singing about **how** they "built this city"? Guess what, guys? Years ago, **before** the DPW even existed, you know what we did? We built this city **Without you.**



TAKE A STAND FOR THE MAN



SHIT\_ where you're supposed to

respect yourself.  
respect others.  
respect the playa.  
piss in the potties.

Adrian Roberts

This way to a Burning Man with no stupid themes!



Genex Hwang

# Beyond Belief, beyond caring

by the VACATIONING SAGE COLLINS

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the desert ... good grief, it's Beyond Belief! The BMorg chose a simple theme last year – The Floating World – and not a moment too soon! But just as I was just getting over having Seven Days of Nothing Theme-Related for 2001's Seven Ages of Man, I starting hearing about this year's theme in the rumor mill.



## sage's rant

Rituals, temples, and idols are getting raised higher than ever this year in

a theme that sounds dangerously close to a week-long version of one of Pepé Ozan's operas. Frankly, I'm getting just a little bored with BMorg's ideas.

I argue that participating in Burning Man is a ritual in and of itself, and I'd even go SO far to say that the very preparation can be a ritual for those big on faith, and even for those big on doubt. We have our rejoicing during discoveries made at a thrift store; we give thanks and praise for rebar and tent repair kits; we attend weekly services of updating our e-mail list. Back in the Real World, churches fill every corner in every city and easy-to-read pamphlets about dogma are handed to us whether we want them or not. This is precisely the kind of thing I go to Burning Man to avoid, not celebrate. Cripes! If I wanted to hang out in the desert with a bunch of religious freaks, I would've joined the U.S. military!

You want a religious experience at Burning Man? Here's one: In '98, my crew got pulled over less than 500 yards from the entrance. They had the dogs in the back seat ready to sniff through the car, but our driver got the cops to take a look around the dashboard with their flashlights instead. Not only did they fail to discover the contraband under the dashboard, which had recently been burning, but they didn't even notice myself and another campmate buried underneath some gear in the back seat! Our driver later called it divine intervention, stating, "It was the Hand Of God, and that hand was made of wood and neon lights."

If you're going to have reverence for anything this year, bow down before all things not theme-related. Worship the hundreds of women who ride in Critical Tits. Say a prayer for the Black Rock Gazette so they'll actually get a hard-hitting story published this year.

Seek the ultimate truth at Blinking Man's mighty shrine to Jack Webb. He's the only cop out here with a sense of humor and probably the only idol (or cop, for that matter) who'll respond to a direct question. Trust your Sage and his own brand of divine wisdom on this one. The truly enlightened Burner sees the ideas for this – or any other year – and says, "Less theme, more fire."

## daily haiku

All these first-timers  
Making up new  
"playa names"  
How does 'Dipshit'  
sound?

"Themes" just  
frickin' suck  
This is obvious to all  
Can we stop them now?

Hey, is it just me?  
Or is there nobody here?  
Recession hits late

– Malderor

Do you ever think  
"I'm too old for  
Burning Man"??  
Then I guess you are

"Beyond Belief" – Oy!  
Enough with the mystical  
Bullshit already

Temple of Honor:  
What will we  
be honoring  
Charcoal and ashes?

– PF

Great things stand the test of time.



 LIKE A ROCK

burners wanted.

