

miss clear

wednesday
27 august 2003
issue nineteen



THE DRUG ISSUE

Black Rock City's
favorite alternative
newspaper

They banned dogs.
Now if only they
would ban kids.

**PISS
CLEAR**

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1:30 Karmic Circle
& Esplanade,
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Nevada

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Adrian Roberts

Don't forget to pack a Newbie!

Every year we do this newspaper – and this is year #9, for those keeping score – there are always slight changes. New challenges, new writers, and, in the case of this year – new staff!

Ladies and gentleman, please welcome ... the Newbies! It's what should be on every jaded old-timer's packing list!

As many of our readers know, we used to have a pretty piss-poor anti-Newbie attitude here at *Piss Clear*, going so far as telling potential Burners not to go, since "Burning Man used be cool, but now it sucks." Of course, we never really believed that – we just said it so people would stop coming.

So what the hell are we doing now, with three Burning Man virgins on staff with us? Well, there's been a change of heart.

Stealth virgins

Last year was one of those weird, magical years, where everything came together beautifully. We ended up hooking up with a group of Instant Playa Friends™ who were so bursting full of good vibes and positive energy, that it couldn't help but rub off on us. They were pretty kick-ass and fun, and it wasn't until a couple days later that we found out that – gasp! – it was their first year!

They were total "stealth virgins," taking to Black Rock City as if they'd been coming all their lives. Needless to say, they warmed our cynical little black hearts, reminding us just how special it really can be out here on the playa. When the event was over, no one wanted to leave.

Then, on the ride back home to San Francisco, something strange happened – something that, in my ten years of coming to Burning Man, had never happened before. I started crying.

Yes, me, the editor of the most snarky, cynical, jaded, alternative newspaper in Black Rock City, was reduced to a blubbing mess upon re-entry into the Real World. Sure, I know post-Burn blues are common amongst BRC folk – but I had never experienced it like this. I ended up with crying jags for a week. Decompression can do that to you – and this was a really bad one.

I think it really says something that – even for someone like me, who's been coming out here for years – Burning Man still has the power to provoke that kind of reaction.

Good weather = good vibes

Then again, the weather might have had something to do with it too. Last year, the weather during the event was damn-near perfect: not too hot, not too cold, and only one minor, 20-minute duststorm. It's easy to want to stay in Black Rock City forever when it's beautiful and balmy and not 1000 degrees with duststorms every day.

Of course, the day after the event ended, when clean-up was just beginning, BRC got hit by day-long 100-mile-per-hour duststorms. And while there's nothing like a good natural disaster to pull a community together, weather like that also tends to wear you down. Most years at Burning Man – no matter how fabulous of a time we're having – by the end of the week, we're pretty sick of the weather and ready to head home.



Adrian Roberts

adrian's rant



Adrian Roberts

Can you spot the Burning Man virgins? We couldn't either.

Newbies on staff

Anyway, back to the Newbies we brought with us. When long-standing *Piss Clear* staff members Stewart and Layne decided to take this year off in order to save money for their wedding, there obviously was a void to fill. It was down to just me and the Mysterious D, and we had no idea where we were going to find media-savvy campmates who could put up with us in an RV for seven days.

And then there they were, literally right underneath our noses! We've known Halcyon, Eric, and Ned through many years of nightclubbing and bar-hopping – and I think it really says something that, through only a few drunken conversations made over loud, pounding music, this year's staff somehow effortlessly came together.

That should also give you an idea of how this particular issue came together as well, featuring possibly the most subversive cover we've ever done. (Feel free to use it as a template if you wish – it's near actual size!)

Time to rethink psychedelics

Yes, this is just the sort of issue that *Piss Clear* made its name with, printing things the BMorg would never dare put in their Survival Guide or the *Black Rock Gazette*. Keep in mind though, we're not exactly condoning drug use. In fact, we have quite a few testimonials that just might scare you off from doing anything other than snorting playa dust!

Let's face it though, despite BMorg's wishes, most Black Rock City denizens do drugs out here. It goes with the territory. Some people think the desert and psychedelics go together like peanut butter and jelly. But not everyone.

Maybe it's just me, but the bigger Black Rock City gets, the less fun psychedelics seem to be. Back when the art outnumbered the people, it was easy to just trip around the playa, watching things go zig-zag. But with so many here now, Burning Man has become more like a giant cocktail party, and it's hard to be a witty conversationalist when you're out of your mind on acid or 'shrooms.

Gather 'round kids, I've got a little drug story to tell. The last time I did mushrooms, my girlfriend and I shared a batch. About thirty minutes later, we both had the same sick, nauseous feeling – but without any trippiness. Where was the fun in this? We figured the doubled-over ookiness would soon pass, and we stumbled back to camp to ride out the nausea.

Except that it wouldn't stop. This was one ride we wanted to get off, and the only thing we could think of to counteract the 'shrooms was to snort a bunch of cocaine.

Well, this worked for me, but it didn't work for my girlfriend. She ended up laying in bed in the RV, still feeling ooky, and waiting for the mushrooms to wear off.

I, of course, all high on cocaine, wanted to run off and play. But if there's one thing I've learned in my many years of doing drugs at Burning Man, it's that if you're doing psychedelics, it is not cool to abandon the person you're doing them with. So I was forced to stay at camp.

Fortunately, we were on the Esplanade – the same spot we're camped this year – so there was a steady stream of people who wandered by, and I ended up chattering away happily with several visitors. The one thing I love about Black Rock City is how hyper-social it is, and cocaine is definitely a more social drug than, say, acid or mushrooms, or hell, even Ecstasy.

We've got plenty more stories to tell about doing drugs at Burning Man, as that's what this issue is all about! We hope you enjoy it, and we'll see you out on the playa!



Ranger danger

by MALDEROR



Welcome back to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. Yesterday I **bitched** about the DPW. Now let's talk about the Rangers. Some of these khaki hall-monitors get so caught up in their **spiffy** radios and their gee-whiz utility belts that they begin to think they actually **have** some authority. Some

malderor's rant

Rangers start seeing themselves as some sort of self-appointed police force. **Whoa**, hold on there, Ponch! The Rangers are a half-step between us and the police, but they aren't cops. The Rangers are here at **OUR** discretion, and don't have any more authority over you than I do. Yes, many of them are committed, life-saving heroes. On the **other** hand, I've walked up to Rangers with **blood** streaming out of open wounds, and they've behaved like I wasn't worth getting up for **from** their lounge-chairs.



Khaki hall-monitors!

The Rangers should be applauded, though, for their **consistently superior** performance negotiating between acid casualties and the real police. The Rangers do a **great** job of crowd control during the Burn, while looking **good** in Utilikilts. When a member of my camp (who is also in the DPW, strangely enough) set **fire** to another member of my camp, the Rangers were **quick** to respond with treatment. We get to have fun and get **fucked** up, while they stay sober and look after us.

Well ... **mostly**. Last year, a Ranger (who shall remain nameless) plowed into our Village's sign on her bicycle. I can **see** how she failed to spot it, because the sign was six feet tall, brightly colored, and lit with neon. She turned out to be so **drunk** she couldn't walk, much less operate a bicycle. We ended up having to take her to a Ranger station, and let **them** deal with her.

And to her credit, she came **back** the next day to retrieve her bike and apologize. It **helped** that we **wrote** our camp address on her arm with a Sharpie.)

Most BM employees kick ass, and this includes the Rangers. It's the few self-important **dipshits** that **ruin** it for everybody. The Rangers should be commended for their selflessness, but they need to remember that they are here at **OUR** discretion. They **don't** have any "real" authority over anything. This is actually true for all BM employees. It's not up to the organizers to decide whether or not your art is **good** enough to be placed on the playa. It's up to **you**. (Unless it's another goddamn temple. In which case, please spare us.)

We're all out here for the **fun** of it. If you're going to get irritated by drunk people injuring themselves, **please** don't become a Ranger. And if you **do** become a Ranger, please don't **behave** as if you were issued a **badge** with your walkie-talkie.

The **citizens** of BRC appreciate all the hard-working Rangers who bust their asses to help a bunch of ingrates like me. But what's with the few who **swagger** around in dusty cargo pants **acting** like the new sheriff in town? They have a job for people like you out in the Real World. It's called **mall** security.

Things we'd like to see at Burning Man

- All the goths trying to *avoid* getting a tan!
 - Bringing the Man back to the ground
 - Broken Eggchair Camp
 - Camps of Mass Destruction
 - "Fuck The Theme" Camp
 - Generous Giant Icemaker
 - Robot Camp
 - Pancake Playhouse – without a line
 - The Rocky Horror Picture Show
 - We Just Burn Stuff Camp
 - Where's Saddam? Camp
- Orange Peel Moses, Penfold, Sage Collins

Enter the Playa Iron Liver Contest!

Don't forget, *Piss Clear's* second annual **Playa Iron Liver Contest** is tomorrow, **Thursday, between 2 PM and 5 PM**. Bring your best cocktail and drink recipe to our offices at 1:30 Karmic Circle and Esplanade, right next door to the Earth Guardians. Fame and fabulous prizes await!

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Grand Marnier[®]

COGNAC MELLOWED WITH FIRE

He just wanted to get back to camp!

by the **VACATIONING SAGE COLLINS**

I once overheard that you're not truly drunk until you have to hold on to the grass to keep from falling off the earth. This being Black Rock City, we must assume that they mean **clenching** your fingers into the **playa** and hoping the dust and/or mud will **hold** you in place.



I haven't been to that place yet (alright, maybe **once**) but I know the neighborhood of **crooked** streets well. The **same** could have been said

sage's rant

about one of my friends who, this time last year, was **staggering** through these same streets, trying to get home one **fateful** night. He'd been a **hard-working** volunteer by day, but once the night crowds began to emerge, he found himself caught up in this most unique environment of **roving temptations**.

As usual with stories that involve **drinking**, the details are **scattered**. We know that he had been accosted by a group of monkeys earlier in the evening. They **convinced** him to join the group and parade from party to party, drinking whatever was **available** and getting into who knows what kind of **debauchery**. I've seen some interesting things here in my time. (Not to mention, I've seen some **interesting** drinks. Milliway's bar, for example, once gave me a cocktail with contents I'm **still** not sure of, though I believe one of them **might** have been mouthwash.)

But such pleasures come with an **aftermath**, and this man, who we'll call "Neil" (even though his name was Nick) found himself slowly making his way **toward** his camp, but with little **success**. The direction was clear enough to Neil, but he could **barely** move and **yearned** for an available porta-potty. It was then that Neil passed a golf cart and noticed it was **still running**. There was no owner in sight, no one **around** from what he could tell. The seat looked **particularly** comfortable, and I'm guessing Neil **initially** just wanted a place to sit for a while, since his feet were hurting from all the walking **throughout** the day. Looking up, he could see the **beacon** of his camp beckoning him home. There a clean, **minty-fresh** toilet and a warm, loving tent awaiting him.

This didn't turn out for the best. Within moments of starting the cart, someone **side-tackled** him out and sent him back to the playa with a tremendous thud. Before Neil could say anything, the man in uniform began **ranting** and raving at him. Whether this man in uniform was a Ranger or not is still **unclear**. It could have been **anyone**. But our man in the uniform made all his opinions about **theft** in BRC known. He badgered Neil for being a thief and screamed that people like him **shouldn't** come here. Poor Neil was **gasping** for words as he staggered away. In his mind, he was telling him that he was sorry about sitting there, sorry for trying to use the cart without permission, and that above all else, he **just** wanted to get back to camp. The man might have believed those words, as I do, but Neil's drunken tongue couldn't amass more than the words "sorry" and "camp." Neil wishes to **make** his apologies known for this gross misunderstanding.

daily haiku

Sex, drugs, playa noise
Strangers give
the coolest toys
Fun for girls and boys

Motto not blotto
Piss clear and don't
leave a trace
Gift it, don't lift it

Rhythm and color
The 'art' beat of the city
Can you feel its pulse?

Burn Man, baby, burn
Theme camp fire
sing-alongs
30,000 strong

- Marquis Cuddles

Whether gay or straight
You gotta playa it right
Tantric gooey mess

All encompassing
Free radicals take
their toll
Drink more to piss clear

- Jizan / Bollywood

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1986



DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830



Drunk in BRC!



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

burn the senses

SALEM