

thursday
28 august 2003
issue twenty

miss clear

the Fashion Issue

**Black Rock
City's favorite
alternative
newspaper**

photo by Claudia Goetzmann / k2creative.com



No poetry, ever
(haiku doesn't
count)

*piss
clear*

thursday
28 august 2003
issue twenty
version 9.3

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

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Adrian Roberts

Haute couture, hot couture

For years, we talked about doing a Fashion Issue, but we could never really get our **shit** together – until this year. With a little **help** from Mandy Hixson, who models many of the outfits inside, and photographer Claudia Goetzelmann, from k23creative.com, we finally pulled it off – or put it **on**, as the case may be.

Yes, we **love** playa fashion. I just wish I could have afforded **new** outfits this year. As it **is**, I'm pretty much just running around in my **underwear** all week – which isn't necessarily a **bad** thing. Hell, if I **could** get away with it in the Real World, I would! It's one of the **best** parts about Burning Man.

So my "editor uniform" is the **same** as it was last year: *Piss Clear* tank top, cute underwear, big **platform** boots, and a cowboy hat. All black. Simple, but it's me.

Hey, at **least** I finally got a Utilikilt! Now I can be like all the **other** cool Burning Man dudes – **nothing** says "Burner" like a Utilikilt. **And** I got a 'Black Rock City' Neighborhoodie **too**, because not **only** do I need to stay warm on a cold desert night, I need to represent!

We had a lot of **fun** putting together this fashion issue, and I **strongly** suspect that it will become an annual tradition. Black Rock

City definitely has a unique sense of style – both good *and* bad – that you won't find anywhere else. Inside, we put together a port-

folio of various "looks" one can find out here on the playa. We admit, this is **hardly** a definitive catalog of Burning Man attire – **after** all, we never *did* manage to get **down** our Death Guild Thunderdome look, all big-ass platform boots, bad-ass



Claudia Goetzelmann / k23creative.com

This underwear from Frisk – frisk-me.com – brings new meaning to the words 'getting gifted'

black leather, and dreadlocked hair extensions.

But it is a good place to start for the aspiring playa **fashionista** – at least **most** of the outfits. Like I said, we included some, uh ... bad **playawear** in the **mix** as well. I especially liked dressing up resident staff artist and sari cover model Halcyon as a **yahoo**. How else are you going to **torture** a Newbie?

Yahos are a dying breed

The truth is, yahos are a dying breed here in Black Rock City. And **anyone** dressed like one is probably just **faking** it for fun. Hell, I remember when this town was literally **crawling** with for-real yahos, especially on the weekend. Not **all** yahos were scary, though. Some were **just** funny.

Playa Iron Liver Contest today!

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



Claudia Goetzelmann / k23creative.com

adrian's rant

would have named it something **stupid** like *Piss Clear*.

Speaking of **dork-ass** names for playa newspapers, what's up with the *Spock Science Monitor*? **Great** little read, but what a **gawd-awful** name! And I thought we had a stupid name for a newspaper!

What the **fuck** does Mr. Spock or *Star Trek* have to do with **anything** in Black Rock City? A big fat **nothing**, if you ask me – unless you're some Trekkie geek, then I suppose it somehow makes **sense**, though I **don't** see how.

Still, the *SSM* is almost always entertaining and we look forward to reading it – even if **most** of the stories are complete **fabrications**. If *Piss Clear* is the *Vice* magazine of the

playa, then they're *The Onion*. We **love** watching them **kick** the *Black Rock Gazette's* ass. Hell, **somebody** has to, and **frankly**, we're **sick** of being the ones to do it (figuratively, if not literally).

Every year, we give the *Gazette* **shit**, throwing down

the gauntlet in the hopes that it will spur them to **improve**. And every year they **disappoint**. It's still just a boring read.

Hopefully, you can't say the same for us. We try our **darnedest** to give **you**, the people of Black Rock City, the newspaper you **truly** deserve.

And I just want to say a **big** thank you to all our sexy paperboys and papergirls who help deliver this esteemed publication to the BRC masses. You all rock! **We'll see you out on the playa!**



Adrian Roberts

Themes suck!

by MALDEROR



Welcome back to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. Is it just me, or are "themes" the **single** most annoying aspect of the modern-day Burning Man Experience™?

What **IS** this, a high school prom or something? Why do we **need** to have a theme?

malderor's rant

There was a time, **not** so long ago, when the theme out here was "dope, guns, and blowing shit up." Now we have these **overblown** "A Night to Remember" Themes, and we're all supposed to create art that's somehow similar in intent. While this is a **nice** theory, Burning Man's organizers have become so **obsessed** with the Theme that they're making life **difficult** for artists who **may** have different inspirations. If somebody doesn't want to make theme-related art, they're guaranteed **crappy** placement on the playa, **if** they can get placed at all.

As but **one** example, there is a large-scale **burnable** artwork out here for which Burning Man refused to provide any financial support, because it "wasn't sufficiently Theme-Related". The artist had to **argue** at some length to get his piece even **considered** for placement, and finally **altered** some aspects of the piece to vaguely suit this year's "Beyond Belief" theme. Then the BM powers-that-be placed the artwork **smack** in the **middle** of the "Theme-Related Art" section of the playa, despite the hesitancy of its creator. Then, to make matters more **ironic**, the Black Rock Arts Foundation had the **chutzpah** to request a donation from the Artist because he was doing "Theme-Based" art.

The **point** of this example is that **way** too much importance is being placed on our theme. Let's be clear here. The theme is a sort of **vague** guideline. It is designed to provide a **spark** of artistic inspiration for those who haven't come up with their own ideas for how to participate. As one artist put it, "**at best**, the theme is **Hamburger Helper** for the **uninspired**." But if an artist has their own vision, Burning Man should welcome his or her contribution without question. Or at **least** without this much **frickin' hassle**. The organizers current policy seems to be to fret **endlessly** about how the artist didn't adhere to theme-related guidelines, and then stick the artist's work in some distant "Wholly Other" **art-ghetto**.

Really, in the years before we started having to create art based on unified "themes", Burning Man was **just** as much fun.

Last year's theme, "The Floating World" was, for a **desert**, a reasonably decent theme. If you did a bit of research, you learned that the Floating World was a period of **intense** artistic activity in feudal Japan. Since most people did more research on how-to-build-a-beer-bong than the Japanese renaissance, the **whole** Asian thing was largely overlooked. "Floating World" was therefore **roundly interpreted** to mean "Watery Stuff." The **fact** that we had thousands of frat boys dressed as **pirates** wasn't really the fault of the BM organizers so much as an illustration of the limited imaginations present in the American frat-

ternal system. Admittedly, seeing galleons meandering around the playa at night was pretty damned cool. But one did get sick of sunburned men shouting "Yargh!"

But this year's 'Beyond Belief'? I mean, there are seventy million 'temples' and 'churches' and 'Altars of Jiffy Lube' this year, and I don't see **how** this year is any **different**. I mean, **really**, how many freakin' 'temples' do we need to see in a week? Can't we just have **one** "Temple of Ubiquity" and be done with it? I'd rather see some **Variety** in the artwork than another god-damn "Church of Repetition." And besides, the Church of Funk did this as well as it could be **done** last year.

Could it be that the **shallow** trough of "theme" ideas has run dry? Is it possible that next year we'll be **blessedly** free of any sort of overarching theme? The citizens of Black Rock City are a **creative** bunch. I bet if we left them to their **OWN** devices, they'd make some pretty neat art. Call it a **hunch**. Maybe then the organizers can spend some **energy**, I dunno, creating something of their **OWN** instead of telling other people where to park their art. Or worse, obsessing over whether or not an artist's work "deserves" to be **placed**, based on some **arbitrary** "Theme".

I vote that next year's theme be: "Burn A Big Wooden Man And Have A Big Party."



a
burn
so
bright...

Oakley



A ship from last year's 'Floating World' theme

Mark Farrelly

You deserve to burn today



Do not attempt on foot! The open playa, aka the Wholly Other



Seth Rosenblatt

This way to the... uh, Wholly Other

by the VACATIONING SAGE COLLINS

Are you getting eager to walk out to the area just beyond the edge of the city, to see those much-talked about art installations in that incredible place known as the Wholly Other? Well, that's just fine – if you're a dust-loving ass with a passion for blisters.



Every year, some piece of artwork is given one of those names you just can't help but remember. Something so grand that it *must* be worth seeing.

sage's rant

You **Walk** out past the Man, past the last camp in sight, and into the light brown **abyss** known as the open playa. You're following that incredibly accurate map that a dusty Greeter threw into your hand the **moment** you handed over your tickets. That **magnificent** piece of artwork is **just** ahead. You can **feel** it! And after a **while**, that's not all you feel. The sun seems increasingly **hot**, your bottle of water seems increasingly **light**, and the Man seems far, **far** away. It turns out the Wholly Other is Mostly Dust.

Welcome to the desert and the **worst** part of it! If you've dwelled on the romantic **notion** of walking out into the Wholly Open Playa to see the art installations, you **may** find the romance withers faster than sliced watermelon in the midday sun. **Find** yourself an art car and latch yourself to the back if you **have** to, because no art is **worth** seeing after the **hell** you'll go through trying to find **any** of it on foot. You might think you'll find one and use that as a bearing, but half the time, the **damn** things aren't even labeled anyway. The collection of CDs tied together in a pyramid with fishing line along with the floating love dolls could be an **idol** or a temple dedicated to just about **anything**. There's **really** no way to tell.

Then **again**, maybe you'll find the art installation you were looking for, only to discover it's the same **fucking** castle sticking out of the back of the **same** beat-up station wagon as *last* year only *this* year they decided to put little worshipers around it **SO** it's a **new** and **different** piece of artwork.

No, you're better off **sticking** to the city. Go watch two girls beat each other **senseless** in the Thunderdome, or **drink** something **questionable** and listen for a Tokyo Rico broadcast, or head to Bianca's and wait until they hand you a grilled cheese sandwich before **casually** asking about where the **smut** and orgies used to be. Trust me, you'll have a **slightly** less artistic, but Wholly Better, time!

daily haiku

Wake up at lunchtime
Filthy from previous
night
Water truck shower

Perfect panties day
Surprise dust devil
blindside
Pedal madly home

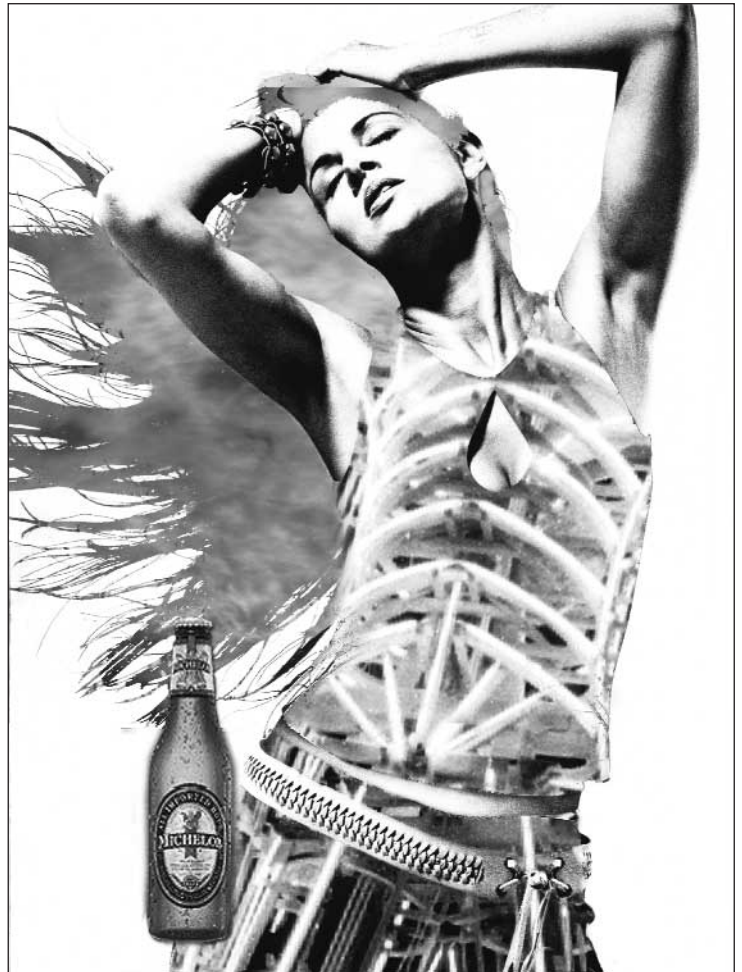
Trixie the pixie
Plays piano nearly nude
With wings on her back

Absinthe bar or bust
Under spell of the
faerie
Bernie Manson's mad

Larry is way cool
Transforms lumber
into Man
Jesus liked wood too

Hitchhiker mantis
Praying in the playa dust
No mate to dine on

– Orange Peel Moses



HERE'S TO THE BURNING MAN.

Coors LIGHT

HOT · DUSTY · NAKED

