

# miss clear

tuesday  
31 august 2004  
issue 22

FOR THOSE  
ABOUT TO  
BLACK ROCK,  
WE SALUTE YOU



Black Rock City's  
favorite alternative  
newspaper

Keeping  
it real,  
since 1995

*piss  
clear*

tuesday  
31 august 2004  
issue 22  
version 10.1

8:00 Orions Belt  
& Venus,  
Black Rock City,  
Nevada

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**On the cover:**

Clockwise from

bottom left:

Steven Satyricon,

Trixxie Carr,

Malakai, Tom Sepe,

and Abraxas know  
how to Black Rock.

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**Adrian Roberts**

# 10 years and counting!

**H**ere we are! Back in Black Rock City. "Hellooooooo Black Rock Cit-taaaaay! Are you ready to **rawk**? C'mon, I can't hear you out there! I said, are you ready to **RAWK**?"

Yeah, we thought so. We're pretty **fuckin'** excited to be here, too. We've been waiting a whole year to come back to our **favorite** city in the world. I'm not kidding, either. I've traveled all over the place, from New York to London to Amsterdam, and while they all have their good points, for me, **none** of them can hold a candle to Black Rock City. Sure, I know the weather here **kinda sucks** – but everything else pretty much makes up for it!

Just do me one favor though. Stop calling it "home." Okay? If one more person says to me, "Welcome home!" I'm going to go **ballistic**. Please. Could you people sound **more** like you're in a cult? Besides ... this isn't home! Our favorite vacation resort ever? Sure! A great town to hang out and **party** in? Absolutely. But it's not "home." **Your** home has indoor plumbing.

Here's an idea: Take this **vibe** or this **feeling** or whatever it is you're **experiencing** out here – this sense of **community** – and bring it back with you. Make your own home feel like "home." And in the meantime, a simple "welcome to Black Rock City" will suffice.

## Happy anniversary to us

Obviously, we **love** this town as much as the **next** Burner – maybe even more. In fact, I love it so much that I'm even getting married here! Tomorrow night at midnight, at a secret location – more on that in tomorrow's edition of *Piss Clear*. But for now, I just want to **take** this opportunity to welcome you all to the first issue of *Piss Clear's* 10-year anniversary! Can you **believe** we've been doing this alternative newspaper thing for ten fucking years now? It seems like just yesterday I was **slaving** over a photocopier, folding and stapling 1000 issues of that very first edition.

Actually, who am I kidding? It **totally** feels like ten **fucking** years, and that first issue of *Piss Clear*, way back in 1995, was distributed at a much different Burning Man festival than the one you're at today. Like the event itself, that first issue was much smaller, simpler, and less organized – but the **spirit** was still there. As Burning Man has gotten **bigger** and more **organized**, so has *Piss Clear*. Today, we're a registered theme camp, distributing thousands of newspapers each day, and providing a much-needed alternative viewpoint to the "party line" that gets **spoon-fed** to Black Rock City's citizens each day in the *Black Rock Gazette*.

Sure, they may **occasionally** report something that resembles "news." After all, they have access to information we can only **dream** of being **privy** to. But is it interesting to read? Not so much. The *Gazette* is kinda like the *Wall Street Journal* of the playa – only not as **funny**.

We're more like a Burning Man lifestyle rag. We may not print much **news**, but then again, that's not **our job**. Our job is to give **you** something entertaining to read while you're out here for the week, and to provoke thought, insight, and commentary on this little Utopian experiment in the desert. We're Black Rock City's culture vultures, and there's an awful lot of culture to write about here. While we **may** come off at times as critical and sarcastic, we hope you know that it's all done out of love.

Your editor is  
ready to  
Black  
RAWK!



## adrian's rant

## If you don't know what *Piss Clear* means, you're already in trouble

Given the **sloganeering** of our name, I suppose we could have just as easily called this newspaper *Leave No Trace* or *No Moop In The Porta-Potties!* But back in 1995, before the **unruly hordes** started showing up and leaving trash behind, the most important thing to remember out here in the Black Rock Desert was to **drink enough water so that you piss clear**. Even if you're a newbie reading this newspaper for the first time, we **hope** you got that without it needing to be spelled out for you. And if you are **just NOW** figuring out where our name comes from, then you probably need to be drinking more water!

## Help deliver *Piss Clear!* It's "instant participation!"

We've got four jam-packed issues planned for this year, and we'll be hard at work here each evening, putting the next day's issue to bed. Our printer – big shout-out to all the Burners from Waller Press – will be dropping off **four** boxes of papers to us each morning. If you would like to help us deliver the paper, just **stop** by our camp at 8:00 Orions Belt and Venus – we're right behind Planet Pancake and CampArctica in Center Camp – and pick up a **stack** to distribute around town. Sure, we know it's totally the cop-out way of doing the whole "playa gift" **thing** – but who cares? It's "participation" regardless, and without you having to put much effort into it, either! **Fuck**, we did most of the work – now get out there and reap the rewards on our behalf!

## Theme Camp Purgatory

Of course, in order to do this, you actually have to **find** our camp. Seeing as that **this** is our tenth-year anniversary, I was hoping that we'd finally make it into the "inner circle" of Center Camp. I even played the "I'm getting married at Burning Man" card, but to no avail. Instead, we got placed on the **back side** of the outer ring of Center Camp, otherwise known as Theme Camp Purgatory. Sure, we're still on the grid, but with low **visibility** – just how the Burning Man organization wants us, **I'm sure**. And we were going to go all out with decorations this **year** too, with scaffolding and lasers and neon and everything. But since we're not facing the Esplanade this year, we figured, "Why bother?" So we decided to just tape up a big *Piss Clear* sign on the RV, like we do every year, and be **done** with it. Instead of being a great theme camp, we'll just concentrate on being a great newspaper.

At least Media Mecca is **practically** next door. This means we don't have to **stumble as far** as we **drunkenly** make our way back to camp after their daily cocktail parties!

## Playa swag, get your playa swag!

Well, hopefully you can find our camp, because we've got **lots** of playa swag this year. Marquis Cuddles made us some *Piss Clear* buttons, and we've still got **tons** of *Piss Clear* temporary tattoos. We might even have some *Piss Clear* stickers! Yes, it's all about **theme camp identity branding!**

That's why more theme camps need to have signage with their name on it. How else are we supposed to know who they are? Besides, if you don't have a sign, we're **NOT** going to find your camp. I'm **sick** of people coming up to us and saying, "Come visit us! We're over **there** – just look for the green canopy with the Christmas lights on it, next to the tents and the moving truck." Riiiiiiight. I'm telling you, theme camp brand identity!

Anyway, **look** for us on the outer ring of Center Camp, and we'll see you out on the playa!

# Raise your own damn money!

by MALDEROR

Welcome to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. If you live in San Francisco like **ME**, you probably received the same deluge of annoying invitations to fundraisers to help get various theme camps out to Burning Man. What the **hell** ever happened to **self-sufficiency**? During July and August, my e-mail inbox got about three or four different invitations a week, inviting me to fundraisers for camps I'd never heard of, from people I'd never met.



## malderor's rant

All of them seemed to be for dance-music collectives who really wanted to bring us their "fresh grooves" – but didn't have the money to **fund** their own ideas.

Why should I **pay** for Trance-Box to get to the playa? Why do you think your Just-Another-Techno-Camp should **throw** a "party" that I, an innocent bystander, would be interested in attending? **Most** importantly, what sort of entitled attitude makes you think your fellow Black Rock citizens should pay you their **hard-earned cash** in order to get your camp to the desert? I thought that was **YOUR** job.

Sorry crusties, but I think your assumption that I should somehow underwrite your costs is seriously in error. My theme camp and I get ourselves to the playa on our own, and we've been doing so for 15 years. Yes, longer than you've been **sucking** on pacifiers, **waving** glowsticks around, or dancing to 'tech-step.' And you know what? I don't want to pay for your robot music to come to the playa. If you want to bring it, **great**. I applaud your initiative. But please don't ask me to fork over my hard-earned unemployment checks to help you rent your amplifiers. I think you might overestimate your worth to the greater community.

How many dance camps are here this year, anyway? My **guess** is there are **fewer** than there used to be, because this demographic is **aging**. Many of us are moving into our late-30's, and that racket you kids listen to today doesn't move us the same way that real people playing **real** music does. (Real musicians like, for instance, the Funkmobile, tend to get our **asses** moving way more than the latest innovations in 'ghetto-tech.') And take it from someone who's danced his **ASS** off right here on the playa to Oakenfold and Goa Gil – sad old trance music is **stuck** in a serious rut. In the last century.

Why then, should I come to a party to help you rent a sound system so loud it rattles my fillings while I'm trying to sleep? What are you offering that's in any way different than the assaultive 'thud-thud-thud' we've been suffering through every night since rave camps first came to the playa in 1996? **Your** DJs are special? Right. You're offering seventeen-hour sets of epic Goa trance? Save it.

To clarify, I have **EVERY** respect for a theme camp that gets itself out to the playa, and shares its music and dance **energy** with its neighbors. I love dancing out here under the **stars**. But let's not kid ourselves. The notion that other people should pay for your camp to get here is ludicrous. Each and every one of us should be self-sufficient enough to get here without begging people outside of our own camp for financial donations. So please, if you're going to send me an invite to your off-playa fundraiser next year, **don't**. Here's an **idea**: I'll get **myself** to Burning Man. And if you can get here on your own, I'll see you too.

*Full disclosure: Against his wishes, Malderor's camp threw its first-ever fundraiser this year. It was a raging success.*

## Third Annual Playa Iron Liver Contest

It's time once again for *Piss Clear's* annual **Playa Iron Liver Contest!** Inspired by the *Black Rock Gazette's* long-defunct Playa Iron Chef Contest, our competition is similar, except instead of judging food, we judge cocktails! Yes, we are well aware – and you should be do – that this is all just a shameless ploy to get people to bring us free drinks!

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 6 PM**, at our offices at 8:00 Orions Belt and Venus.

The winner will get their photo and drink recipe published in our Friday edition, along with a prize package that includes a shower in the *Piss Clear* RV, all the ice cream left in our fridge, a full-body massage, and a goody bag stuffed full of playa gifts we don't want, including stickers, poetry 'zines, and Fimo necklaces.



## It's POTTY TIME!

ONLY \$39.95\* GREAT VALUE!



The lines are long, the stench nigh unbearable, but finally the goal is within reach—the **POTTY!** The memories flood back like a stinking tide of effluent—the urine-splattered seat, discarded beer bottles, empty toilet paper roll. It's all here, in this finely-crafted fine art collectable.

### THE OFFICIAL™™ BURNING MAN PORT-A-POTTY

Passably sculpted in faux porcelette material, this whimsical heirloom-quality object du art will be treasured for weeks to come.

### NOT SOLD IN STORES

YES!! I accept your invitation to join with other discerning people who can ill afford this crap. Please grant my reservation of \_\_\_\_\_ potties (limit 2 per address. Or maybe 3.)  
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Bank: \_\_\_\_\_  
Savings Acct#: \_\_\_\_\_  
SS#: \_\_\_\_\_  
Don't worry about the address, we'll find you. You may be deluged with unsolicited materials.  
**PRESTIGE TRINKETS GALLERY**  
Guatemala, S.A.

### ABOUT THE ARTIST



Widely-reviled artiste MR. RUSTY, has been working in the field for over a year if you count the time in prison. His work has been shown in "galleries," and talked about. He lives in squalid conditions in Los Angeles.

\* Shipping and Handling only. Actual price of object is \$110.00  
\*\* Not authorized by Burning Man LLC.

## The Beautiful Black Rock \_laya

(as you can see...there is no "P" in Playa...we'd like to keep it that way.)



This message is from the Son-of-a-Bitch-I-justed-stepped-in-a-muddy-pile-of-someone-else's-piss! Foundation.

# Confessions of a *Piss Clear* paperboy

by **DAVE THE DELIVERY GUY**

**W**hen I first came to this city, it was on the tail end of a **four-hour** stretch in the back of a U-Haul. In 100 degrees of sweaty, **hot** blackness, I was hoping to God that the wretched campmate responsible for our RV breakdown and subsequent U-Haul rental didn't get us all killed. So I guess it's fitting that I choose to spend **my** days here **walking** the blazing surface delivering the only thing that brought our camp joy that first year, while experiencing my formative and favorite Black Rock City **extremes** – heat and suffering.

I know that at night this place is the sickest party on Earth. But during the sunshine hours, all the fashion-conscious revelers are trying to sleep it off and **dodge** the heat (impossible without the endless decadence of air conditioning), **SO** it's the perfect time to scout the place out. That way, when it's 4 AM and I am **twisted** out of my **skull** trying to get back to my camp (always in some forlorn corner of BRC) I have some **reference** points.

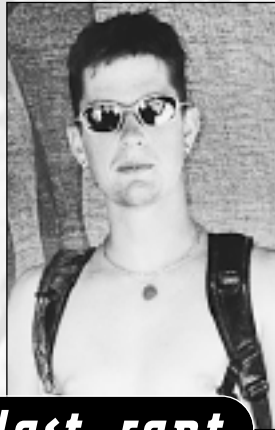
It is a long walk to get out to you, the **gentle** and **loyal** readers of *Piss Clear*, and I just can't deliver papers on a bike. It's too hard to **dodge rebar** and cut through camps where they've circled the wagons to keep the infidels out. Sometimes the **stone-hearted** bastards are fans of this rag, and will hook me up with a quality gift. You all know what a quality gift is: hard liquor or better. Physical affection is good too, but save the trinkets for some other sucker. I have papers to carry, and a metric assload of water so I don't fall down dead in a **scandalous** violation of the paper's mission.

Which brings us to another point: I don't want your trashy alcohol when I'm walking around in the hot **SUN**. I'll dehydrate and then you people out at 2:30 and Pluto won't **get** your daily paper. Let me refill my **water** bottle and have a **brownie**. We want tasty snacks, kisses, water, and vice that won't kill us. **Drink after** sunset is the motto of the delivery boy.

This place is **big**, and you'll never see it all **unless** you put in the miles. There's **something** to be said for wandering around aimlessly, but I think it is a lot more fun if you can give the people something they want – and I just can't carry around a case of **good bourbon** as easy as an armload of newspapers. So if you've got some time on your hands, and want to **spread the love**, swing by and grab a stack and do your own route. Who knows, you might get a **fine** haul of grade A **intoxicants** for your work, as well as an appreciation for how cool the night is. I expect to see you out then too. **Sleep** when you get home.

But save the heavy costumes for the **fashionistas**. Our word is function over fashion. Keep it **lightweight** and comfortable, and don't **fuck** around with water. Three liters, **minimum**, or you'll be a crying mess before you hand out fifty of these damn things.

And if you see me face down and **dying** because I walked **too far**, just grab the papers and **go**. We'd never **live** it down if one of our own **succumbed** to orange piss with kidney stones in it.



Adrian Roberts

## last rant

## haiku

by **ORANGE PEEL MOSES**

If men are from Mars  
And women are  
from Venus  
Who's that  
Martian babe?

Jiffy Lube's the place  
Get your rocks  
off in a flash  
Just don't be picky

Bassnectar's hip hop  
Hypnotizes hips galore  
Pelvis can't resist

Bladder's full to brim  
Thank god Johnny's  
my neighbor  
Digs taste of urine

Dude's camped on Venus  
His girlfriend's  
sleeping on Mars  
Book had it backwards

Parched by desert heat,  
My imagination or  
Freezing Man's  
cool tunes?

Alpha-Bits snack time  
Doze off in high  
noon sunshine  
Sunburn says, "Oh shit!"

Grass always greener  
Especially in desert  
Xara or bust, yeah!

Superfreaks galore  
Some are bound to  
crank James' jam  
He was a bad man

you are here: priceless

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