

# miss clear

wednesday  
1 september 2004  
issue 23

## Save the children!

**Kids at Burning Man is this  
year's hot-button topic**



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

Dogs and kids annoy us – but we love you!

*piss clear*

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On the cover:  
Ticha and Felix,  
playing on the playa  
at Kidsville.

©2004  
**Adrian Roberts**

# Do it for the kids, Man!

Look, we love kids as much as the next **Turner**. After all ... they **taste** just like chicken! No, seriously, kids at Burning Man are, well ... okay, I guess. Although I must admit, I never really gave the subject much thought, other than two years ago, when I got roped into jumping on a trampoline with two of the sassiest Burner kids I've **EVER** come across. These two had been coming to Burning Man for years, and they had an **adorably** jaded, "been there, burned that" attitude that **belied** their young years. Definitely future *Piss Clear* staff material, let me tell you. It warmed my cold, cynical heart.

Anyway, this year, it's all about the kids. We're doin' it for the **kids!** Fuck, I even put a couple of kids on the cover. Even *I'm* buying into all the **hysteria**.

Let's just get this out in the open right now, shall we? The **only** reason kids are an issue this year is because of the Pershing County Sheriff's Department. Or, more specifically, their **concerns** about children at Burning Man being exposed to "obscene art," or anything sexually-related, that could **corrupt** their young minds.

(Never **mind** the fact that by the time a child is ten years old, he or she has probably **already** witnessed countless acts of impressionable violence on television. In American society, sex is evil, but violence is, well, okay.)

Geez, if it's that big of a deal, why don't they just **quarantine** Kidsville? I mean, let's face it, Black Rock City is **already** a totalitarian dictatorship – let's just take it all the way! We can build a **wall** down 5:00 and 6:00 – it'll be **JUST** like Berlin in the '60s!

Of course, I'm kidding. No, really. But still ... anything so we don't have to constantly hear about how we need to "protect the children." It's the **parent's** responsibility, not ours. They brought them out here. Hell, even the kids themselves don't want all this overbearing "protection." Just read the two articles in this issue penned by a couple of Burner kids, ages 11 and 14. They **get** it. **Fuck**, it's Burning Man! Let's face it, when you get down to it, this is nothing more than survivalist camping cleverly posing as an alternative arts festival. Don't we have better things to worry about than some kids seeing a **CARTOON** sign of a naked man?

## Don't be a darkwad!

Speaking of survivalist camping, can you all do me a favor? **Wear some fucking lights at night!** If I had a playa gift for every stupid Burner I almost ran down at night because they weren't illuminated I'd have ... a **shitload** of playa gifts. We have a name for these people here at *Piss Clear*, and it's "darkwad." Don't be a darkwad! If you see someone walking or riding around at night not wearing any lights, please go up to them and yell, "Hey DARKWAD! Put some lights on!"

It's only a matter of time before someone ends up with some **serious** injuries just because they couldn't wear a **fucking** glowstick. Look, if you can **afford** to come to Burning Man, you can afford some EL-wire.

## Gettin' hitched tonight in BRC

So tonight's the **night**. I'm getting married, to my partner-in-crime for five-and-a-half years, the **Mysterious D**. We got engaged here last year, right after the Fandango cocktail party.

See? Your editor doesn't hate kids so much!



## adrian's rant

club, **Guilty**, and our monthly **mash-up** club, **Bootie!** In fact, we put as much effort into planning our wedding as we did planning our trip to Burning Man – in other words, **we didn't**, at least not until about two weeks ago, when we **realized** that we had to **roadtrip** to Lovelock, Nevada (a suburb of Bumfuck, Nowhere) in order to procure a little formality known as a wedding license. Let this be a warning to all you would-be nuptials out here – getting married out here is a **pain in the ass!**

We were told that we could **fly** to Lovelock from the Black Rock City Airport, but after last year's two, count 'em, **two** plane crashes, we decided a frantic, last-minute roadtrip right before Burning Man **might** be a better idea.

So anyway, we've spent the last **two** nights riding around the playa, scoping out art installations, in an effort to find one suitable for... shall we say... appropriation. Yes, we've decided to take over **somebody's** art project, and **throw** our wedding there, **outlaw**-style. We're

flying by the seat of our pants on this one. All anyone knows is to **meet** at the corner of 6:30 and Venus at midnight tonight. There, people will be led to a secret, undisclosed location, where the ceremony will take place, followed by lots of whooping it up.

## One-stop shopping for bad BM clichés

Obviously, I love this town – why else would I decide to get married here, a place where so many of our lame-ass friends couldn't even **make** it. But there is one thing I'm not too **fond** of here, and that's the Center Camp Café. Why is coffee the lone exception to the **otherwise** sacred "no commerce" rule? Where do you **draw** the line?

Beyond BMorg's bending of the rules (at least when it suits their whim) there's **this**: the Center Camp Café is like the Burning Man Mall. It's one-stop shopping for every **bad** Burning Man **cliché** – all conveniently located under one roof! Bad spoken word? Check. Dirty **drugged-out** hippies? Check. Yoga? Check. Drum circles? Check. What the fuck?

It's time to get rid of the café. It's time for people to learn how to brew their **own damn coffee!** If you simply **must** indulge in bad Burning Man clichés, I'm sure you can find them in plenty of other places in Black Rock City.

Disclaimer: if you're **looking** for a copy of *Piss Clear*, I guess I would be **remiss** to tell you – you can find us in a box in the Center Camp Café! Sorry.

Okay, I've gotta go enjoy my last day as a single, uh... person. If you feel like **crashing** our wedding, you are hereby officially invited. We'll see you out on the playa!



Me and D, right after we got engaged in BRC last year

# Gimme danger!

by MALDEROR

**H**owdy campers, and welcome back to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. Today we're going to talk about the incredible danger we're all **supposedly** exposing ourselves to by coming to this "extreme camping" event. "Danger," you ask? "Whatever do you mean? I feel totally safe." Well, of **COURSE** you do. Burning Man has become about as dangerous as the **teacup** ride at Disneyland, due to the amazing amount of bureaucracy keeping anybody from doing you harm. But is this a **good** thing?



## malderor's rant

See, back in the day,™ coming to Burning Man was a **straight-up** dangerous ordeal. You were **out** here with your ass hanging in the wind, and if you were dumb enough to, say, break a **vertebrae** bouncing on a trampoline at the hot springs you were, well... **fucked**. If you **wrecked** your motorcycle going 90 miles an hour **trying** to outrun a hailstorm, you were fucked – unless you **lucked** out and the playa turned to slimy mud in the same storm. (I still had to **hunker** down in the mud underneath the bike to avoid the golfball-sized hailstones.) My point? This placed **used** to be dangerous. Dangerous and exciting.

Nowadays, your Burning Man ticket includes a **caveat** that your attendance is a contractual agreement that you "voluntarily assume the risk of serious injury or death by attending this event." It claims you release them from liability if your **stupid** ass comes out here and stands in front of a fire cannon. I'm not sure why they even bother printing that **nonsense** on the damn thing.

For one thing, if Burning Man **kills** or **maims** your dumb, hippie ass through its own liability, then this disclaimer isn't worth the **rainbow-holographic** paper it's printed on. You sign a similar disclaimer when you go skydiving, and if they pack your parachute with Tootsie Rolls instead of parachute silk, it's still their fault you **die**. Liability is liability, and no amount of disclaimer hoo-hah can alter their responsibility for your misfortune. So Burning Man is really trying to **cover** its **ass** with this disclaimer on the ticket, hoping you won't sue. If you're grievously injured and it's the fault of some **reckless** behavior on the part of a BRC LLC employee, go ahead and sue them. You'll win. (That may be small comfort though, if you don't pull through.)

But that's not my **point**. There's no need for the **disclaimer**, because it's unlikely you'll encounter anything more dangerous than a drunk DPW worker near a burn barrel. Where's the goddamn **danger**? What used to make this event so great was our total freedom. Yes, that freedom extended to wrecking motorcycles at high speeds. It extended to getting set on fire by the morons who built the giant Mousetrap game. It extended to dying of boredom watching another one of Pepé Ozan's **murderously** dull operas about his dick. Freedom meant the freedom to risk your neck doing dangerously stupid things, without anybody breathing down your neck worried about the long-term **survival** of some "arts festival."

Nowadays the BMorg is so goddamned **timid** and **frightened** about harming you that they won't allow any of us to do anything fun. Long gone are the days of driving fast on the playa, setting **big explosive** devices on fire, or **shooting** at passing psychedelic tracers.

Let me ask, did you **try** to register an art car this year? I'm genuinely sorry that people have been both **injured** and **killed** as the result of art car incidents in the recent past. I'm honestly sympathetic about that. But do you think these people's legacy should be **crippling bureaucracy**? Was that what they would have wanted? More rules, administered by the petty people that worship such rules? Creating more laws **doesn't** seem to have helped our larger society rid itself of danger. **Why** do we think it'll work **out here**?

Burning Man **used** to be a kick-ass, dangerous **good time**. All the petty bureaucrats in the world can't alter that. But they **sure** have tried. Much of the excitement of this formerly **world-class** fun event has been sucked dry by humorless functionaries who think that riding in an **under-powered** golf cart represents a **serious** breach of the peace.

I guess I'm arguing against the **larger** ills of our society, with its needless litigation and misplaced culpability. But it sure was a **lot** more fun before everybody started **bitching** at me for jumping on the bed.

## Enter the Playa Iron Liver Contest!

Piss Clear's third annual **Playa Iron Liver Contest** is tomorrow, **Thursday**, between **2 PM** and **6 PM**. Bring your best cocktail and drink recipe to our offices at 8:00 Orions Belt and Venus. The winner gets a bunch of fabulous prizes, plus their photo and drink recipe in Friday's issue!

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# Confessions of an 11-year-old Burner

by KALEA HOLDEN

**S**o Burning Man is now officially a "family event." Now they're telling us that if you find an unaccompanied kid, you need to go summon a Black Rock Ranger. Jeez!

Where's my adult? I dunno, over at that camp, talking to the guy who has that

**last rant**



thing that blows up, that's where. Where's your adult, anyway?

My question of the day is, "What's the difference?" I mean, what is the difference between an adult's first year and my first year? Other than age? Me lost and an adult lost? Listen: I don't get lost because I am never drunk or tripping and I'm not a stupid newbie. Even when I was a stupid newbie I didn't get lost because I have a clue.

This year it seems that everyone is all hypersensitive about kids. I've been here longer than lots of adults, so I don't see why I should be treated like some little kid!! I hate ageism. Just because I'm eleven, I can't go to most clubs and parties. Why? Because some stranger who doesn't know me at all made up some dumb rule! I think it should be up to me whether I go or not, leave or stay. I'm the only one who knows if I'm uncomfortable with something! I mean, really, I am not going to get drunk (beer stinks) or high (so does weed) and sex is stupid and gross, so all I'm going to do is mess with you when you're tripping. So for once, will the world just have a little faith in us kids?

I have to tell all the newbies out there (yes, you) to suck it up and get dirty. Especially those newbies on the couch last year. I bet you're now wondering what the heck I'm talking about, huh? (sigh) Fine.

Last year, after I had gone to bed, the music from the Bluehouse dome woke me up. I went out to the couch on the Esplanade (that a bunch of guys had pulled out of the dome) to find my dad (Benway) and Dawn (Playapixie). I sat down. We were talking. I put my feet up on my dad's legs. There were two people sitting with us (obviously newbies) who were already a little p.o.'d because they had to move over about two inches so I could sit down. After a minute, two of them were exchanging glances. They said, "Could you maybe get her dirty shoes off of us?" Which was complete b.s., since I was only touching about two square millimeters of them! This is what I would like to say to them: You are sitting on a beer-stained, playa-encrusted couch that reeks of cigarettes in the middle of the Black Rock Desert!! Suck it up!!

Ta-ta for now! Oh wait, one more thing. While all you frumpcakes might carp, cry, and complain about having to go back to work when you get back from Burning Man, I have to wake up at 6 a.m. and start my first day of middle school in suburbia! So quit your bitchin' already!

Kalea Holden is 11 and lives in Seattle. This is her third Burn. She likes chihuahuas, chocolate, and driving art cars.

## haiku

Sparkly-faced Greeter  
Asks if this is  
our first Burn  
We must be polite

Giant lightning bolts  
Reach for center  
of my heart  
Once again I'm "home"

Port-a-potty line  
Hot sun, the queue  
barely moves  
Yeah, I pee myself

— Betsy

Center Camp squatter  
Forgot to bring  
sleeping bag  
Asks, "Can I have yours?"

Dust is everywhere  
Cannot escape  
this fine grit  
Shower? Hell with it

One match left and its  
Natch-ral' man  
versus nature  
She blows hard and wins

Couple high on E  
Seen fucking  
on the playa  
Glowsticks  
make their bed

A bigger sandbox  
You will not find  
anywhere  
My toys are your toys

Espla what?  
Words break  
Meaning shakes loose,  
what is sleep?  
Where is the  
lightbulb?

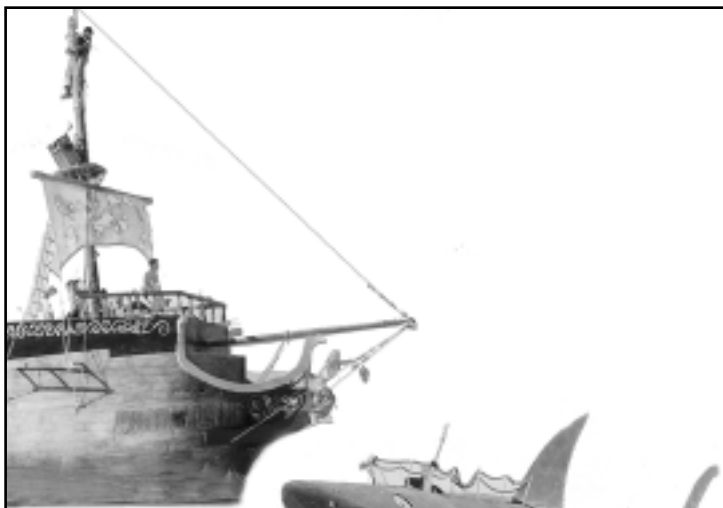
Fairy-winged newbie  
Your face shiny  
with glitter  
Step into my tent

Naked blue woman  
Giant octopus of light  
Dancing by moonlight

— William Missett

— Gavin Heck

— Squid 6000



Classic Mutant Vehicles. Banned from the playa.

Whatever it is you're burning for, do it eBay.

eBay

