

miss clear

thursday
2 september 2004
issue 24

THE SEX, DRUGS & COPS ISSUE



Black Rock City's favorite
alternative newspaper

Burning Man's
snarky
reality check

*piss
clear*

thursday
2 september 2004
issue 24
version 10.3

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

editor / art director /
publisher/figurehead
Adrian Roberts

assistant editors
Halcyon Woodward
Stewart McKenzie
assistant to the editor
Mysterious D
circulation manager
Dave Clooney

contributing writers
Brian Pridham
Brother Jay
Herbert G. Ratner III
John Cordaro
Lesster
Malderor
Nambla the Clown
Orange Peel Moses
Penfold
Rev. Blind Toaster
Slim
Sugar Larry
Victor Torres
photographers
Bucky

Charles C. Benton
Lee-Ann
fake ads
Claudia Rose
Lenny Jones
Rusty
Sage Collins

generously printed by
Waller Press
339 Harbor Way
South San Francisco,
California

e-mail
pissclear@
pissclear.org

web
www.pissclear.org
snail mail
Piss Clear
1550 California St.
Suite 344
San Francisco, CA
94109

On the cover:
If the cops did steal
last year's *Piss Clear*
"Drug Issue," we're
pretty sure they
didn't look like this.

©2004
Adrian Roberts

Please don't steal this issue!

Nice cover, huh? Yes, this is the obligatory *Piss Clear* "Controversy Issue," where we assert our reputation as a truly independent newspaper, printing all sorts of things that you would **never** find in the *Black Rock Gazette*.

I have to admit, we're a little worried about this issue. After all, the last time we used the word "drugs" on the cover, an **entire box** of newspapers – that's 2000 issues – got **stolen** from the front of our camp. Sounds like a good news story, huh? **Rife** with theft, lies, scandal, and corruption. But it's not the sort of thing you're going to read about in the *Gazette*.

See, when **shit** goes down here on the

playa, chances are, you never hear about it. The BMorg tries to suppress any kind of information that can be construed as negative. Unless it's something **really big** – like a girl getting accidentally killed by being run over by a mobile bar car, which happened last year – chances are, you're not going to know about it.

So if, for example, law enforcement officials got **upset** about a certain issue of an alternative newspaper, like, say, last year's infamous *Piss Clear* "Drug Issue," and decided to call an **emergency** meeting that afternoon with BRC LLC officials, do you think you'd **hear** about it? Hell, do you think we'd **hear** about it? **Of course not.**

The case of the disappearing newspapers

Instead, what happened was that somehow, that afternoon, an **entire box** of 2000 copies of the *Piss Clear* "Drug Issue" disappeared from the front of our camp. At the time, we didn't even **realize** they had been stolen. We just thought it was such a popular issue, that it went **really** quickly – so quickly, that all the papers were gone by 6 PM.

But that night, I started to wonder if **foul play** was involved. Having done this "playa newspaper publishing" thing for nearly a **decade**, I have a **pretty good** idea of how fast the newspapers get distributed. And "The Drug Issue" went a little **too** fast.

Something didn't seem quite right. But **despite** my initial gut reaction that a good chunk of them had been **stolen**, I originally dismissed it. After all, who the hell would steal a whole bunch of *Piss Clears*? In my Black Rock City utopian haze, I just assumed that "The Drug Issue" was **really** popular.

But something about that assessment **nagged** at me. It might have had to do with the fact that all that afternoon, across the Esplanade from our camp, four **law enforcement** vehicles were **parked**. This was not the usual parking spot for official vehicles. We jokingly discussed that they were keeping an **eye** on us due to "The Drug Issue," and then, once again, dismissed it, chalking it up to paranoia.

But as the week went on, I **started** to suspect something was up. Despite the increased population of the city, the Thursday and Friday issues **didn't** go as fast as the Wednesday "Drug Issue." Everyone seemed to be looking for a copy of it. Our camp was **deluged** with requests for Wednesday's **edition**. Considering that we print 8000 issues a day, it seemed **odd** that so few had gotten this issue. But a lot of people had heard about it, or had seen **someone** in their camp with a copy of it. It was definitely in demand – but we had **no more**

Your editor at dawn, after a long night of doing... research.



adrian's rant

with no ties to the organization, and that they couldn't **ENSOR** what we printed. After all, the mayor of Reno can't confiscate issues of the *Reno Gazette-Journal* just because he doesn't **like what's** in it. It should be the same thing in Black Rock City.

Connecting the dots

So here I am, two weeks **after** the fact, armed with this new information. I began to connect the dots. When we left our camp that afternoon, the BLM and Sheriff's vehicles were still parked across the Esplanade from us. I had just opened up a **fresh** box of *Piss Clears* at the front of our camp. When we returned about two hours later, all of the *Piss Clears*, **including** the box they were in, were gone. So were the BLM and Sheriff's vehicles.

At the time, it seemed easy to **point** the finger at the law enforcement officials – and in many ways, it still is. But as this story has circulated among Burner circles over the **past** year, **another** rumor has emerged as well. I started to hear about how a **rogue** crew from the DPW had stolen the box of newspapers, in retaliation for a supposedly "anti-DPW" article that our columnist Malderor had written. While this doesn't exactly seem like the DPW's style – especially considering that they had already pranked us a few times over the course of the week – it's within the realm of possibility. Still, with no eyewitnesses, and only heresay and rumor to go on, the disappearance of the newspapers **remains** an unfortunate mystery.

Stealing this newspaper is art theft

No matter who is responsible for the theft, it doesn't **change** the fact that it's still a **crime**. But what really pissed me off is that at the time, no one from BMorg even bothered to **tell** me that law enforcement officials had a **problem** with "The Drug Issue." If it was such a big deal, then why wasn't a dialogue initiated? Why didn't someone come over to our camp to discuss it? For all the lip service

BMorg pays about "building community," they **SURE** don't feel the need to bother if it means their noses might get a little dirty.

So that brings us to this year, with this, our "Sex, Drugs, & Cops Issue," chock full of tongue-in-cheek articles tailor-made to **provoke and entertain**. Will the BMorg, the DPW, or law enforcement officials have problems with anything printed in this issue? **Probably**. If so, I invite them to stop by our camp to **discuss** it – rather than simply confiscating entire boxes of newspapers.

I'm sure there are things in this issue that will make someone want it **removed** from the playa. But the last time I checked, the First Amendment was **still valid** – even in Black Rock City, Pershing County, Nevada.

See you out on the playa.

Adrian



Sure, it may look cool from here, but wait until you see the losers hanging out inside.

Charles C. Benton

Get rid of the café!

by MALDEROR

Howdy folks, and welcome back to the **Crankiest Column on the Playa**. Today, we're going to continue our long tradition of belittling the hard work of others, and deride something which a lot of good people put tons of needless effort into – like the Center Camp Café. Get rid of it.



malderor's rant

Why? How much cheaper would my Burning Man ticket have been if I hadn't been paying for the rental of all the forklifts and cranes required to erect that central monstrosity? It's the biggest structure for 120 miles in any direction, and for what exactly? To sell you stuff. I thought that commerce was against the rules here in BRC. Why do we make an exception for caffeinated beverages?

See, back in the day™, when Burning Man was the theme camp, and there were only about a thousand of us out here, somebody brought up a little coffee truck and sold coffee in the center of our loose ring of tents. This was a nice alternative to brewing it yourself, and it gave people a social nexus in the morning. You got to meet a few of your neighbors while you were waiting in line for your mocha java. (Later, there'd be a nice city-wide cocktail party, too. Then all the rest of you people showed up and ruined things for everybody.)

Nowadays, in order to get a simple cup of joe, you've got to wander through 3,000 cracked-out nincompoops who can't quite struggle back to their own tents, past that dusty version of Twinkiehenge, and under the malevolent gaze of some "performance artist" who is abusing her captive audience with substandard poetry about her genitalia. Then you have to find some of that vulgar "money" that's allegedly useless out here, and fork it over to some surly coffee-monkey, who is finally putting the skills he learned in college to good use.

What does the Center Café offer us, really? Have you been there recently? The place is an overcrowded charnel house for drug casualties and the walking wounded. It's also a gathering point for useless tossers who don't have interesting camps of their own. It's a place where the lazier elements of our city can hang out and "make the scene," without doing any actual work to construct a theme camp. It's a great place for deadbeats with no friends to lounge about and feel like they're "participating." It's certainly a heck of a lot easier to gather around the Temple of the Starbuck's Substitute than it is to come up with a clever theme of your own.

Here's an idea: if you want a cup of coffee, why don't you make one yourself? I thought self-reliance was one of the Big Topics in the survival guide. I know you've been awake for days, and it's just easier to go have a "barrista" wait on you, but isn't Burning Man supposed to be about self-sufficiency? Maybe I'm too "old school," but having some coffee-jerk wait on me doesn't exactly feel like the leading edge of survival camping.

Alternatively, why don't you wander over to your neighbor's camp and introduce yourself? They're probably making coffee. They might even offer you some. Or make up a pot of your own, and take it to the next camp over. Getting to know your neighbors over a cup of brew was the original purpose of the Center Café, a purpose that has been lost to the ages.

Let's do away with the Center Cafe, and maybe next year the ticket prices won't hit \$300. We can put an end to the pointless commercialism, and maybe all those passed-out hippies will stop creating an eyesore in the middle of our otherwise half-decent town.



AN OFFICER IN
NEEDS YOUR ASSISTANCE!

WE ARE HIRING!

In our continued efforts to both serve and protect the citizens of Black Rock City, we hereby offer an invitation to you to attend our upcoming **JOB FAIR** at the Center Camp Café this weekend! No experience necessary! **WE WILL TRAIN YOU** in the following areas...

- Citing a Fine for Possession
- Illegal Tent Searches
- Driving on the Playa
- How to Identify Criminals
- Denying Constitutional Rights
- and of course... Confiscating Piss Clear!

The GLORY of BURNING MAN

LIMITED EDITION COLLECTOR'S PLATE



Exclusive! For a limited time only, the Crankin Mint proudly presents "The Glory of Burning Man." Created by the internationally associated artist Wayne Arly, this beautiful fine art plate is sure to become an antique if you keep it long enough. Engraved hand-painted on unglazed porcelain, this "plate" captures all the thrills of Burning Man, and allows you to relive that excitement again and again as it collects dust on your mantle.

SEND NO MONEY NOW
You will be billed \$29.95 per month for 4 months or more!

Please, I'm begging you, **sell me a plate.**
I understand that I will be billed in perpetuity.

Name: _____
Address: _____
MC/Visa/Amex: _____
Signature: _____

THE CRANKIN MINT c/o ACME Importers
1234 Seward Avenue
LA, CA 90009

*will be sold here at copyright 2004 BURNINGMAN

ENSORSHIP



IS STILL UNAMERICAN

Be Heard. Register to Vote.
WWW.ROCKTHEVOTE.COM

ROCK THE VOTE

Open letter to the hippie who sold me shitty drugs

by SUGAR LARRY

What's up? With the drugs, I mean. When I buy drugs, my sole intent is to get **good and stoned**. Super stoned. Actually, so stoned that I barely register the look of concern on my friends' faces as I go **careening** around our camp.

Your drugs didn't even come close to delivering that sort of high. I felt more fucked up from the old package of **powdered** doughnuts I ate on the way down here than I did on the mesquite line you sold me. And as for that E... I dunno, maybe it's because we get something different in Canada, but when I take it, I generally expect to feel an **empathic connection** to those around me, and an instinctual urge to dance to some block-rockin' beats. The stuff you sold me made me want to lock myself in a **porta-potty** for the night.

As if the generally shittiness of your drugs wasn't enough, I certainly paid enough for them. Yeah, I know we really shouldn't be participating in the **commerce system** out here on the playa. Truthfully, I really want to stick to that rule and would be happy to consume drugs given to me for free. But since that situation **rarely** seems to present itself, I'm willing to bend the no-commerce rule a little if it makes the difference between **being stoned** or straight for the duration of the week.

I guess the way I'd like to see things work is to have you sell me **good drugs** at a fair price. Sure, you could reap a bit of profit for the risk you took in bringing drugs to Black Rock City, but we could **both** go our separate ways assured that we were at least **trying** to stick with the spirit of the "no commerce" policy, if not the actual letter of it. But nooooo. Instead, you get to make a **huge profit** from selling me cold medicine. "Welcome home," my ass.

I don't know. Maybe I misinterpreted your actions, which are, in fact, some kind of performance art designed to teach **mooks** like me a lesson in caveat emptor. Sadly however, I do not learn, and I keep coming back for more.

Now to be fair, I have to admit that I'm not speaking to any one drug-dealing hippie in particular. I'm speaking to **quite** a few of you with whom I have dealt with on a number of occasions throughout the years. For the sake of keeping things simple, I have created a composite drug-dealing hippie who is responsible for **ripping** me off, and perhaps this isn't entirely fair to those rare hippies who actually deal good drugs at a fair price.

I've bought some good – if expensive – drugs from Burning Man hippies in the past. There was that one time last year when we bought some mushrooms off of a hippie who claimed they were from Cambodia. Oh, how we laughed as we ate them, thinking, "Ooooooh, **Cambodia!** We'd better be careful!"

The next thing I know, I'm in the middle of one of the hallucination scenes from *Altered States*. When I **finally** made my way back to camp, I found half of my campmates in tears and my now-completely-insane roommate was ranting that Burning Man was nothing more than "a circus powered by batteries and wires." Those **Cambodian death mushrooms** gave me a new respect for drugs. I was scared straight for almost twelve hours.

haiku

by ORANGE PEEL MOSES

Pinky's was the place
To pick up cute
girlie boys
Clad in ruffly lace

Sadie's belly rolls
Spellbind everyone
in sight
Men and women both

Universal love
Tough for some
to understand
Jealousy's lazy

To piss clear's the plan
'Til beets are steamed
for breakfast
Pee ain't got a chance

There is too much war
Does BRC really need
Street named
for its god?

Corporate retreat
Booming dot-com
businesses
Treat their suits
to freaks

Underneath the Man
Observatory stargaze
Anus obscures sky

Sun is coming up
Illuminating all things
We are bedding down

Saturday prime time
DJ drops "Ring of Fire"
Man in Black rocks Burn

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



last rant

