

Black Rock Gazette

Your Playa Time Source for Infotainment Since 1992



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BURNING MAN 2003 GIFT



Brad Templeton

Within hours of my first arrival in Black Rock City, a Burner who I have come to like quite well drove in, jumped out of his truck, and pretty much the first thing he said was "I am HOME in MY city and isn't it BEAUTIFUL?" I thought, "what a load of delusional MALARKEY." A week later, I knew what he meant. Burning Man changed my world. Yours too.

Malarkey, you say? Think of this: you came here, to NowHere from Somewhere Else. You got on a plane in Amsterdam with a bag full of wooden shoes that you had to explain to the security screener, or you stopped in a diner in Boise wearing fairy wings or pushed past fat pink tourists to get to the front of the line in the RV

Welcome to NowHere

By Mitchell Martin

rental place near Oakland so that you could get on the road. You bought the last water jug at the camping store in Vegas or put your stuff with dozens of other peoples' stuff in a commercial container that was shipped across the country. You told your mother where you were going, or you didn't and she's wondering why you don't answer your cell phone, or you left a printout of the directions on your desk at work and the occupant of the next cubicle read it while sneaking in to use your phone.

Whatever you did to get here, you sent ripples through the world. So did 30,000 other Burners. The ripples may have been tiny: a baggage handler scratching his head over your weird interpretation of checked luggage or a friend of a friend wondering why you want to dress up like an extra in a Mad Max movie or a second cousin sorry that you weren't going to be at the family Labor Day picnic. 30,000 times however many ripples the average Burner sends is a lot of ripples.

From EveryWhere, we converge in NoWhere, following our personal ley lines to Black Rock City. Here we interact for a week like molecules in a huge chain reaction that culminates in the Burn, a brief eruption of light and heat that sends us hurtling back the way we came, superficially the same, but changed by the experience.

In some circles of Black Rock City, it is fashionable to underplay the role of the Burn and the Man. You think, perhaps, the Man is just something that we made, wood and wire and fabric, a pile of inert materials hammered together to provide a focal point and 15 minutes of pyrotechnics. You think he just stands there for a week, senseless, powerless.

How can you be sure?

If you have studied the hagiography, you know the first Man was created to be burned on a beach in San Francisco. The builders did not foresee Black Rock City and theme camps and mutant vehicles and whoever it is that steals all the bicycles. The first Burn -- the first Man -- inspired the second, and so on. Each year, the Burn brought people together, and the memory of it drew them back the following year, each time to a city that was different yet much the same. Call it Happenstance or Divine Providence or Serendipity or Officer Krupke, but something brought the Man to the playa and begat Black Rock City.

Nobody comes to Nowhere because they were just in the neighborhood and figured they'd drop in to say hi and borrow a cup of sugar. Coming here takes effort and planning and willingness to disrupt your other world. What -- or who -- was it that made you do that?

So there you go, and here you are. Welcome to Nowhere. Welcome Home.

Cheers! *

Beyond Belief

~ By Courtney Herold ~

Beyond belief, beyond the clouds, above the whirl of time and across the boundaries of reality lies the present experience. Without society dictating what we should or should not believe and hold sacred, what we truly are able to experience is limitless.

When you cast aside your hesitations and expected trappings, your soul will swell, your mind will expel the inconsequential garbage it has held onto in fear. You will cease to live through the picture books and day planners in your head, and you will rush into the now. No dreams of the future or longings of the past will ever touch the sweet taste you hold when you grasp the here and now and celebrate them.

Beyond Belief is throwing away the key to ceremonious repetition... hell, throwing away the lock and cage while you are at it. Break free from what you believe, from your textbooks and scriptures and daytime reality TV. Enjoy the present. Stop waiting for heaven, look around you, you are inside of it. Don't worry where the day will take you or ponder on what you should be doing. Bask in the luminous glow that surrounds you when you neither believe or disbelieve... just experience and be wholly present for what the living spirit inside you decrees.



Camera Girl

A Big Bad Ass Bunny at Flambe Lounge

Seek out your own truths and falsehoods, test the barriers, run through them when no one is looking, make up your own rules and then... break them.

Our customs and preconceived notions of culture and spirituality have been laid out before us like an heirloom carpet... roll it up and put it away for a while... see how the ground feels to your feet. During this one week of your life let the answers you seek come from the ground, the stars, the dust on your face -- from within YOU.

Let what springs forth wash over you. Inspire your SELF. Let it take you. Find inner voices, higher power, abandoned imagination. Create gospel, challenge rationale and let faith explain itself. Be authority. Be certain, or... not. Reveal your naked self. Create the moment.

Beyond belief is the doorway to transcendence, to the elevation above truth and belief and all that you think you know. Open the door to your self.

*Note: This is one vision of Beyond Belief. Several were submitted to the Gazette, and will appear on the BRG Team website after the event. There is no right answer to the question "What is Beyond Belief?" but we hope you find it and live it at Black Rock City. **

STICKY FINGERS ON THE PLAYA

~ By LadyBee and PlayaQuest ~

During Burning Man 2002, theft reared its ugly head. Several art installations suffered at the hands of thieves, and in 2003 the Burning Man Project will educate event participants and artists. Together we can prevent such unenlightened behavior.

Participants should be aware of the vulnerability of art and camps during the Burn nights, particularly on Sunday night, when the Temple burns.

Last year, Sunday night saw the biggest losses and vandalism to art installations, notably

Jeremy Lutes' Lily Pond. Artists with vulnerable art may want to watch or find volunteers to monitor the art both Saturday and Sunday nights until morning. Thefts seem to occur primarily in the early morning hours between 3 and 6 AM. If you can swing it, you might consider organizing a rotating crew of guardians. Additionally, Burning Man participants should be vigilant about not tolerating vandalism and theft.

General thievery was more apparent as well last year. Though we are a community, and we can count on the behavior of most participants to be genuine and friendly, remember it's also a city of 30,000.

We advise participants to lock up valuables and to use common sense when leaving camp -- particularly on Burn nights. Get to know your neighbors and be aware of strangers who seem to wander aimlessly in and about your camp. It's customary to say

hello to anyone at Burning Man. However, don't hesitate to question someone you don't recognize or feel shouldn't be in your camp or in your neighbors' camps. We're not saying string 'em up or anything, but it never hurts to ask. Usually your inquiry and maybe a conversation will let the person know this isn't the place for thievery. If you catch a thief in action, question the activity. If you're at a distance, some advise you take a photo.

A "neighborhood watch" would be a great thing to organize and a good way to meet others. Of course, if you come across a situation with which you don't feel comfortable, call on one of your friendly Black Rock Rangers.

We don't want to create a culture of suspicion. But, it's up to the whole community to put a stop to theft on the playa. If we don't tolerate it, we're less likely to see it happen. *

All Aboard! Black Rock Station!

~ By Caleb Schaber ~

Up the road from Nevada's fifth largest city, Black Rock Station (alternately referred to as BRS or the "ranch") sits comfortably in the Hualapai valley. BRS is the operating location of Black Rock City's Department of Public Works (DPW). When Black Rock City appears on the playa, most of the materials and crew for the city's infrastructure comes from this 200 acre facility. BRS was purchased by the Black Rock City LLC in 2001 for the purpose of storing materials, and staging the event.

This year has been a particularly busy year for everyone involved in maintaining the ranch. Washoe County, where BRS is located, has been struggling to find a box into which to fit the Burning Man staging area. BRS is not farm, a factory, mine or host of other businesses for which that code is written. It is seemingly unique, like much of Burning Man and the folks who

make it happen.

Contrary to popular belief, it is not the site of Black Rock City that has caused concerns with Washoe County, surrounding counties and the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). We have a wonderful relationship with the BLM, and we hope that continues. The troubles revolve around storage of materials and manufacture of essential items for our city at the ranch, but not the city itself.

Matthew Ebert, aka Metric, lives at and manages Black Rock Station year round. Metric has spent much of the spring and summer leading small crews of volunteers to clean up the work ranch and comply with all the county codes. Many neighbors were concerned about BRS because of the volume of, unusual materials stored on site.



Ada Lee Chester

The Bone Tree and the Heart greet you at Black Rock Station.

Upon entering the first gate, a visitor is confronted with the Bone Tree and host of other art projects from previous events. Much of the debris on the ranch was actually here when the property was first purchased. But now the debris is gone. But times, they are a changing. After the event this year, artists will not be permitted to store art at BRS.

Cleaning and organizing Black Rock Station is a massive undertaking. Volunteers are needed to help out on the ranch after the event. If you can stay and help clean up for two weeks into mid-September, the DPW needs you! The mandatory breakfast meeting for all those wishing to stay and help with the BRS cleanup is scheduled for Tuesday, Sept. 2, 2003 at 7:30 AM at the DPW depot. Sign up with Playground to reserve your spot.

The DPW built this City for all to enjoy. If you see a DPW volunteer, ply them with clean socks and beer, 'cause they like gifts, too! And please, leave the playa in as good or better condition than you found it. *

Look for a full debrief on the ranch's political situation in the Friday Edition of the BRG.

The Flambé Files

The BRG put some computers out at Flambe Lounge for any and all to use. Here is what your fellow citizens had to say:

Beyond belief means something different to every cell in my body. In day to day life you form all kinds of "beliefs" from the existence of a god to silly superstitions. BEYOND belief will mean for me that maybe I won't check to see if my door is locked three times before I leave the house. Maybe I won't check my veggie burrito for meat... or maybe I will paint that painting I've thought of-but have disregarded as already been done.

Or maybe just empty my brain of all of the things that I learned early in life and replace those ideas with completely new ones. TALK to people who seem normal... find the freak in them. I will make my own heroes, instead of accepting societies... Beyond belief... go beyond everything you know, rip it to shreds, glue it back together and have an unveiling party for it, serving fudgcicles and fluffanutta sandwiches... yah, that's it... I like it... that's good... Wa ha! - Kathie A

Those of us who are looking for more than just the JC Penny's look, more than the SUV in the driveway, head on out to Burning Man. To some going to Burning Man is totally Beyond Belief.

This year's theme takes in the richness of all of our lives...it is all about when, where, who and what we believe in and how we choose to express our beliefs. Life, Death, love Sex happiness and sadness...it is all that we are and will ever be... and Beyond... Believe me... - C*

We are in the bubble, and there is not much we can do, except expand the vectors of imagination. The second derivative of a process is the rate of second change. It is how fast - the change is changing. It's imagination. And the rate expands...

Kabala - says "light was first". One may think that it looks awfully like a party that does not change too much - just expands with some purpose of sharing good energy and then receiving equal amounts of it from the corner of the wishful thinking. And then that is not synchronized with your perception of what you have imagined to be right... marriage and kids... love and lover... many love and kids and other complications... And here we are - in this bubble of time and space and... beautiful things... Remember to change - it is good for you... at times. - Ivan S...

yourspacebardoesn'twork - Day-Glo Bagel *



Girlie Scout from Reno asks: I had a fantastic time

at Burning Man last year, but the people I work with think I'm a total freak for even going to that "naked hippy-fest desert thing." How can I convince them that they're wrong?

The Playa Chicken responds: What? You still have a job? For the past four years I've been conspiring hand-in-wing with the Rand Corporation to completely destroy the American economy and inflict massive unemployment, all so none of you smelly knuckle-draggers could ever afford to return to my precious playa and infuse it with your dreaded stench. Apparently, we still have some work to do.

Please don't get me wrong. It's not that I don't like you humans, it's just that every little thing about you makes my stomach spew forth a volcanic eruption of putrid bile that burns a scorched path up my esophagus and out my beak. You manage to offend me at all levels of my existence, and that's just with your musical tastes. And speaking of music, just what is with that thump-thump-thump racket that is blasted by every other camp while you are out here? Damn, a skewered wildebeest is more soothing than that noise. As far as I'm concerned, the only members of your species that have ever shown a shred of musical integrity are Ebn Ozn and Eddie Grant.

Whoa. I guess I got a little sidetracked there. If I remember right, you were upset because your co-workers teased your poor little self for going to a "naked hippy fest desert thing." Here's where I would normally advise you to gather your fellow worker bees and one-by-one peck their eyes out, but I'm not going to do that. Why? Because they are not at fault, you are.

Don't want them to think you go to a naked hippy-fest desert thing? Then wash the playa dust out of your hair, put on some damned clothes, lose the patchouli oil and strike the word "vibe" from your vocabulary. Finally, do the honorable thing and slowly peck your own eyes out as punishment for your misguided ways. You still may not regain the respect of your coworkers, but I'll certainly sleep better. *



Danger Ranger built a man for the Summer solstice...



And then he burned it!

Come for the coffee, stay for the art.

- By Heather Gallagher -

Like a mirage that rises from the hot desert floor and then dissipates into the realm of imagination, the Center Camp Cafe coffee cup doth overflow with interactive installations, performances, and unexpected surprises to thrill your mind, body, and spirit.

The Cafe music and spoken word stages continue to delight with more participant performances, thematic offerings, and regional entertainment then you can shake a divining rod at. Join us for nightly sermons, rituals, and of course, dinner theatre. Check the What Where When for specific event details, but rest assured it's always a good time to stop by the Cafe.

While you're there, make sure to check out all the fabulous art! Michael Christian designed the Front Portal of the Cafe as a carved mechanized archway welcoming you into and through The Passage, an altar to the elements by Minx. Twelve altars, to the sacred and profane, such as volunteers, zip ties, and Twinkies are tucked into sacred spaces at the Cafe's perimeter. The Cafe interior features four color-themed zones honoring earth, air, fire, and of course, coffee! The center of the center of the Center will be filled with shifting patterns of color, a suspended cosmos, and huge pillars of light reaching towards the heavens as the Illuminomicon, an installation by Radiant Atmospheres, blows the top off the Cafe this year! Outside, Jewels in the Net of Indra by Ezra Eismont invites you to place tokens on the Cafe fence. The Wheels of Incantation by the Nipplese Monks recite the wishes, aspirations, and fantasies of the scrolls contained within the spin of a wheel. The side portals by Todd Doerr entice you with Earth and Fire. Inside, Shevaun Gallant's Cathedral for the Masses blurs the lines between furniture and art. Of course you can sit on it!

The Cafe is open 24 hours throughout the event and offers a variety of hot and cold beverages. Sorry no sacrificial wine, but there will be prayer panties, a pussy altar, and the return of orgasmic pinball? Oh my! *



Francis Wenderlich's Beeramid Burns on the Beach in Santa Cruz.

BE A STATISTIC

- By Marian Goodell -

Ever wonder how many people at Burning Man are over the age of 60? Ever wonder how many kids attend the event? We need your help in 2003 to bring in better than a 10% response rate from YOU the participants in Black Rock City. The Greeters give each arriving participant a packet of materials and event relevant information. In addition to the BRG, you should have also received a map, a WhatWhereWhen and pink piece of paper titled the "Black Rock City Census." What's the point? We're curious, you're curious. SATISFY your curiosity. We'll publish the results on the web site in the fall. Return your completed Census form to the pink boxes located at the Outposts and at Playa Info. For those wondering about last year's census, we'll tell you what happened to it when we post this year's census results on the web.

PARTICIPATE!

"Night of the Phantom Playa Foot Fiend"

- By Lord Fouffypanns -

The cult Indie horror film "Night of the Phantom Playa Foot Fiend" tells the bizarre story of a macabre & unspeakable desert nightmare. Not since cult classic "The Hills Have Eyes" has a desert road-trip-gone-wrong movie so profoundly unsettled movie audiences about a body part. The sinister tale portrays 30 thousand costumed spiritual seekers getting lost in a Nevada desert playa lakebed, because they ran out of gas, forgot maps, did not ask for directions, and had no foot care plan.

As in the "We're lost, freaked, fucked & panicky" cult horror genre, the enormous entourage, unsafe even in daytime, is mercilessly culled by a ferocious unseemly dusty hellspawn preying tenaciously on those seekers preferring no feet protection. The DeMille size cast desperately tries to outwit but succumbs to tireless attacks from a fearsome desert foot-feeding demon. As screams of fearful

despair climax into a crescendo of blaming discontent, feet crack like bloody saltines, oozing gore, pain, and immobility. Some seekers quietly weep, some melt down and a few pray for guidance as the carnage relentlessly prevails.

A guru forms a prayer circle, begging for divine intervention. Whereupon the saintly reincarnated haloed ghosts of St. Divine and St. Liberace appear from behind the moon, hovering in glittering evening gowns wearing iridescent twinkling "Dr. Martens" boots between two giant fruit laden astral palm trees. The crowd appeals to the angelic apparitions for spiritual and physical salvation.

The fruits display branding, such as "Shea butter," "bag balm," "lanolin," "Body

shop," "Aloe/glycerin," and "Dr Bronner's." An utterly absurd two county foot-wash and pedicure ensues, all seekers going toes up, with the more disaffected having the vinegar or lime/citrus foot-bath. A Greek chorus chants the mantra "Wash, Moisturize and Sock." At one point, a playa foot sufferer dumps several ounces of moisturizer into fresh socks before bedtime. He is saved! Another victim, too far gone, bonds his feet with "Superglue," and limps onward.

Like salt water to John Wyndham "Triffid", acidic fruits (limes, lemons), oily soaps, moisturizer and fresh socks (changed twice daily if possible), drive off the monstrous alkaline phantom playa foot fiend's funk. The evil beast preys on skin oils of lost wandering desert souls.

A grand finale sees the healed throng transform to a happy, dancing and singing carnival of reinvigorated relief with the shining saints exhorting a tribal stomping choral sing-along of the "Love the foot, Juice the feet, Wear

the sock, and Work the shoe" title track. The movie closes with a shot of the two luminous flying reincarnated icons of foot flair flying around a Nevada night sky dispensing glittery lotions squeezed from fruits off ethereal palm trees onto the feet of a grateful and thrilled throng.

After the closing credits, a long shot of the open playa zooms in on a crack in the dust. A snarling "Phantom Playa Foot Fiend" cackles maniacally, leaving open the possibility for a sequel. But where's the sequel going? Presumably nowhere open toed! Checking in on your shoe business, spiritual and otherwise, Playa Shoe Whore Sez; "Wear em and work em." *



One way to avoid playa foot.



Remember to LEAVE NO TRACE!

~ By Alexandra Davies ~

Leave No Trace! We see, and hear, this mantra from many sources in Black Rock City, but some aspects of living this way of life are more obvious than others. Along with the usual concepts many of us are familiar with – pack it in pack it out, batten down loose objects, don't wear feathers, carry your cigarette butts in a film canister or like receptacle, etc. - there are some new issues this year that our community needs to guard against, so that we may continue to enjoy the Black Rock Desert.

One persistent problem is toxic items such as couches, PVC piping, rugs, and other plastic-based objects being placed on burn platforms. This should not be done! If you see someone attempting to burn any of these things, please educate them or report it to a Ranger. Breathing fumes from such items could result in sore eyes, runny noses, asthma, cancer, heart problems and lung problems. Most cities do not allow garbage burning, and neither do we at Black Rock City.

A recently identified issue is leakage from vehicles. Obviously, oil and other automotive fluids are not playa-friendly. Gate and the DPW will be on the lookout for offending vehicles and may be asking people to "diaper" or "condom" their leaking vehicles with tarps or something new of their own design. If you know your vehicle leaks, put something underneath to keep it off the playa! The Earth Guardians – who lead the LNT charge - welcome you to come by their pavilion with any ideas you have for a great vehicle "condom".

Gray water is a perennial problem for Black Rock City. In 2002, the Earth Guardians began Leave No Trace tours of the city, highlighting particularly inventive methods of dealing with gray water by evaporating or otherwise cleaning the water for reuse. Don't just make puddles on the playa! Make friends with a neighbor who has an evaporation system, and plan better for next year. LNT tours also showcase other methods that deal with the specialized conditions of Burning Man, such as camp showers and kitchens, trash management, and reusable structures. Stop by the EG pavilion or consult your What, Where, When for information about this year's tours.

Since 2000, the EGs have celebrated individual camps LNT efforts with the "Camp of the Day" contest. Winners receive recognition on the EG bulletin boards and website, and are awarded two tickets to Burning Man. Winners in 2002 were: Borrachos Y Bicicletas, Heart Waves, Om Bayou, and Poly Paradise. Some tips you could implement even now include Om Bayou's planning and execution of LNT principles for trash management, with clearly marked and organized trash and recycling receptacles. Poly Paradise recognized that individual awareness of responsibility diminished with greater numbers of people, so they split their camps into smaller groups to take responsibility for LNT practices.

It is never too early to think about how to minimize cleanup tasks. Leave No Trace and Reuse, Reduce, Recycle go hand-in-hand as reminders to make all of our lives safer and healthier. *

Pause to Reflect

~ By the Sheik ~

In this time that is beyond belief take the time to pause to reflect. Everyday from Wednesday to Sunday step to the playa side of the esplanade at noon with your handheld mirror to help create a shimmering display of daytime fireworks. If you do not have a mirror, stop by the sheikdom or come out to the esplanade side of center camp at noon from Wednesday on. I will be handing out mirrors to the first 25 people each day. Enjoy! *

Being a Good RV Neighbor

~ By Brad Templeton ~

Chances are you've just parked your RV in Black Rock City or you're staring with envy or disdain from your tent at the RVs that surround you. And you're wondering, which is the better Burning Man experience? Which is the real one?

Many have vented frustration at an under-powered RV lumbering up the hill from Nixon, or wondered if they didn't divide burners into an upper and lower class, jealous of those inside or feeling above those below. But in truth, there are as many valid ways to experience Burning Man as there are people there.

Yes, part of the reason some have an RV is that they can afford it, but some millionaires will be pitching tents. Burning Man senior staff, who will be spending much more than a week here are mostly in RVs.

For me, the greatest advantage and disadvantage of the RV are the same. It lets you take a little "vacation" from Black Rock City. Your thousand cubic foot packet of civilization lets you take your body away from the city for a while, most particularly for a night's sleep. Burning Man is almost always an exhausting experience, and it is not simply the elements that take their toll on you. The people, the creativity, the art, the sounds, all are meant to make you run at a higher level.

Inside the RV you can recharge. At night, you kick off dusty sandals and enter your eco-unfriendly but oh-so-wonderful heated shower. Cleansed, you crawl between clean sheets with your snuggle-mate, insert your earplugs until the Techno fades away and drift off to restorative sleep. (Ok, I may be a pariah for saying it, but it is possible to have too much Techno.)

The bathroom's right there in the middle of the night. Your fridge has cold drinks and ice cream when you want it. Hot and cold running water. Electricity (sometimes). A couch, a table. Air Conditioning.

That recharge can do wonders, and that means you'll get more out of Burning Man with your extra energy. That alone can be worth the price, for living BRC to the fullest is why we go. And you'll save a bit of time making and breaking camp.

But be clear, the time in your RV can be a vacation from Burning Man, so the time you spend inside is time you're not really at Burning Man. And it's so tempting to spend time inside, to work on things or just use the air conditioning.

In your tent, you're much more in tune with the desert and the city. You hear all the conversations around you, and sense the elements more. Even with a pad you're in contact with the desert itself as you sleep. And you can feel free to sleep elsewhere if the opportunity arises.

Of course the big downside to the RV is the \$1,000 to \$3,000 you'll probably spend on rental, enough to buy a great tent, airbed, cooler, toilet,

Before we arrived at Burning Man, we all should have read on the website, on the ticket stub, and in the survival guide that Burning Man is a no vending event. If this is the first time you are reading it, it's true. NO VENDING. Our economy is based on giving and sharing, not the exchange of colored pieces of paper.

Scratch below the surface, however, and you will find a few places where the no-vending rule is suspended. You can buy ice at Arctica. You can purchase a ticket for a bus ride to Gerlach (where, compared with Black Rock City, commerce is brisk and the store shelves plentiful). You can buy a coffee drink at the Center Camp Cafe.

So there are a few places in Black Rock City where fiat money is used. In the Cafe, to the consternation of some, money is also sometimes left for tips.

The argument against tipping at the Cafe seems fairly straightforward. This is a no-vending event. Nobody should be making money at Burning Man for volunteering. Cafe workers are volunteers, who by definition work gratis. Ergo, no money should be made by Cafe employees, even tips.

There is, however, another side of this coin of the realm. It is viewed from a perspective behind the Cafe counter.

The original and continuing purpose of the Cafe is to provide our citizens with a public gathering place where they can comfortably socialize. P Segal's original cafes were meant to be salons. What better way to achieve this than by serving beverages that tempt people to linger, loiter and converse? However there is a financial cost, and that means (gasp!) money changes hands at the Cafe.

Some folks make it to Burning Man with just enough food and cash to reach the Gate. They trust they will be able to gather the resources and/or influence to make it back to their default world existence when our week in the sun has ended. For some, the \$30 or so they can make in tips during an eight hour shift at the Cafe is the difference between being able to leave the playa with enough gas and food money in their pockets and running out of resources on the road. The Cafe is the only place in Black Rock City where a person can make money to get back to the default world.

So to get that secure ride out, some of our fellow citizens keep the espresso machines steaming ahead 24 hours a day. They handle money all shift, which even seems weird in Black Rock City for people purchasing coffee. It's hot work, and it's real work. If you've never worked in the

food-service industry, ask someone who has, and they'll tell you so.

You may wonder why this tipping concept should not be extended to the cool volunteers of Camp Arctica who also handle money, and get tips, but they donate those tips. In a random survey of folks working at Arctica, this writer found that the tips were much less, and that the folks at the playa igloo were not depending on tip money to get back to the default world. Also, unlike at the Cafe, there is much less of a chance to get the order wrong, and have to deal with disgruntled patrons. Additionally, the proceeds from Arctica (including tips) are donated to the Gerlach-Empire community; while Cafe proceeds are used to defray the cost of creating the Cafe (which operates at a loss). In other words there is a wide enough disparity in difficulty, mission, compensation and expectations that makes the situation different to the people who actually work at these centers of commerce in Black

Tipping

~ By Durgy ~

Rock City. Additionally, since we never get to "profit" with the Cafe, who's supposed to get the tips... the Burning Man Organization?! I think not!

All this begs the question "should I tip at all?" "Tips" are what you give to a service person "To Insure Proper Service." So were you properly and promptly served? Do you tip at the coffee shop near your default world home? If the answer to these questions is "yes" then you might want to leave a tip at Center Camp Cafe when you get your beverage.

What should you tip? Because tips are pooled and split between all Cafe counter workers during a shift, the most easily divisible, and preferred tip, is fiat money. Of course, you are not constrained to tip in cash. You could give a gift if that makes you feel more comfortable. Just like every exchange in Black Rock City, even though there is no expectation of a gift, we should all be able to experience that gifting makes one feel really good.

And what if the idea of tipping is so repugnant to one in Black Rock City that they do not want to play along? Make your own coffee, or find a neighbor who does. Here's the recipe for Cowboy Carl's cowboy coffee:

Put water and grounds in a pot, and bring to a boil. Boil it for a while to get the mixture to a darker brew than you'd care to drink. Add cold water. This will cause the grounds to cool and sink. Carefully pour your cup of coffee off the top. You can re-boil the grounds a couple of times before they become too bitter to re-use.

For me, I'll have a double mocha at the Cafe with a tip on the side. *



Andrei Rublev

One way to be a good RV neighbor is to build a Cool Bubble like this one at Disorient Camp.

Publisher's Note Wow! Another year and another full run of Black Rock Gazettes to deliver to Black Rock City! We will again be producing 5 on-playa editions to go with this Gate Edition, computers and god willing and news providing.

Most of our staff views the Black Rock Gazette as our art project and our gift to the community. I know I do. We give it freely with no expectation of any return. That does not mean we will not accept gifts in return for the gift we give you. We're tossing it out there, and if anyone wants to respond... great. We're taking the leap of faith, though, in this year of "Beyond Belief". I have an inkling that you, our fellow citizens, will not let us down.

When I took up the challenge of Operations Team Leader of the BRG in 2001, it was to wrap myself around that ever amorphous "Participate" requirement. Now, as Publisher, I'm up to my yin-yang in participation, but will make time to shake my thing until the sun comes up. That's my thing; it's what I like to do. But everybody's different. Definitely make time for your thing, though.

Hopefully you've brought everything you need to survive this week. Plenty of food, water, shelter and friends. Hopefully, you'll also remember to drink that water and eat that food, and hang out with your friends. You're going to need your energy for later in the week when some of that big art out on the playa turns into a glorious conflagration. When the phoenix returns to roost for another year...

But this is just the start! In that moment when your nerves snap (and it happens to most everyone)

Brad Templeton



READ YOUR SURVIVAL GUIDE!

All citizens of Black Rock City are supposed to read the Survival Guide, and adhere to the advice therein. Even in our temporary community, there are some rules. If you haven't done so, familiarize yourself NOW! Here are some highlights:

- Only Human Waste in the Porta Potties!
p. 11
- Leave No Trace!!
pp. 1, 4, 6-7
- Only Department of Mutant Vehicles Approved Art Cars in Black Rock City!
pp. 1, 8-9
- No Photography without permission!
p. 9
- No Vending!
Gifting is Good!!
pp. 1, 9
- No Firearms! p.1
- No Dogs! p.1
- Recycle! p.7
- Burning Man Information Radio is 94.5 FM!
pp. 9-11
- Drink lots of Water!
Take Care of Yourself!
p. 4-5
- Know your Legal Rights!
p. 2-3
- Burn Things Safely!
Protect the Environment!
p. 2, 6, 10
- If you have a question, or want to volunteer, go to Playa Information at Center Camp!
- If you have a problem, talk to a Ranger!

**Did we mention
NO MOOP
(Matter Out Of Place)
IN THE POOP?!**
p. 11

Participate!!!!

Embracing the guidelines in the Survival Guide will make for a better and safer Burn for everyone. Have Fun!!!!!

Truth has no path. God likes to hide. Belief is faith, Commodified.



Camera Girl

The Mutaytor spins fire at Flambe Lounge.



Matthew Ebert

A piece of the Man takes shape at the Ranch.

The Buzz at the Airport - Lissa Shoun -

What's that in the sky? A bird, a plane, a helicopter, an ultralight, a skydiver, a balloon, a kite, or a UFO? It may be someone passing through or maybe a Black Rock Citizen. Aerial forays are launched from the Black Rock International Airport based at the Port of Entry.

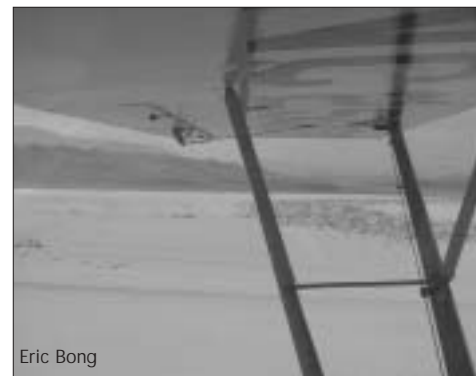
To find the Port of Entry, take Dubious (also known as 5:00), and go 1/2 mile beyond Vision to the corner of the trash fence.

During the event, landing traffic is restricted to the runway, which is recognized by the FAA, marked appropriately, and decorated with the ubiquitous windsock. Although the BLM has jurisdiction when the wheels touch the ground, airborne aircraft are governed only by the Federal Aviation Regulations (so don't ask the BLM!). Airspace directly above Black Rock City is a Military Operations Area (MOA), so it's not uncommon to see military air traffic doing maneuvers. Some of the military folks are burners, or wish they could be, so it's understandable when they take a little fly-by to say "hi". None of the military aircraft have performed any illegal maneuvers since the inception of the BRI Airport in 1999.

All aircraft must meet the minimum altitude requirements for flying over an "urban" area. Aviation radio is used to advise and coordinate activity such as skydiving and

aerial photography. Any questions concerning safety or legality of aviation activities should be directed to the Airport Manager.

The Port of Entry welcomes visitors to the Airport Bar and other theme camps. It's a little-known fact that the Port of Entry is also home to the Lake Lahontan Harbor, where land sailors of all types are welcome to sail on the open waters outside the trash fence. Just be sure to checkout with the ever-vigilant Customs Agents, who are responsible for Airport Security and ensure that no one sneaks in for free. Art Cars are especially encouraged to visit; perhaps you'll get lucky and find a pilot willing to give a brief aerial tour in exchange for ground transportation. *



Eric Bong

Flying on a wing and a prayer to BRC

The Dusty Puzzler

By Smaze
edited by John Durgavich

For the first time in many years we are featuring puzzles in the Black Rock Gazette. Don't worry; they should get easier as the week goes on.

Our first puzzle is a cryptic crossword puzzle. All clues are double clues. This means that there will be a cryptic clue

and also a straight clue in each clue. The clue also gives you the number of letters in the answer, and will designate how many letters in each word of a multiple word answer.

An example might be: Some strange reveler is an event mediator. (6)

The answer is Ranger. An event mediator is a ranger (so that's the straight clue) and if you take the last five letters of "strange" and the first letter of "reveler" it spells ranger ("some strange reveler" is the cryptic clue).

There are a few types of cryptic clues, and you can try to track down Durgy the Publisher of the BRG to find out about the other types featured in today's puzzle, and cryptics in general. These

puzzles are also popular in the UK and Canada, so our Northern friends and visitors from across the pond might also be able to give guidance.

The answers to each puzzle will be printed in the following day's newspaper. There will be no puzzle in our Exodus paper on Sunday.

The first person who can explain why the answers to the Gate Edition puzzle are the correct answers will win a fabulous prize.

1		2		3		4		5						
														6
7								8						
9														
11		12											13	14
15														16
														17

ACROSS

- 1 Set fire in government worker's festival. (7,3)
- 7 Looking back at a special time for stadium. (5)
- 8 Buccaneer loses head and is angry. (5)
- 9 Dante's skill is corrupted to create story about a tryst. (4,3,4)
- 11 Soaked man confused pope with the French beginning of the Preamble. (2,3,6)
- 15 Lazy creature housed by Oslo theologian. (5)
- 16 Repeated prayer can have a nice tone at first. (5)
- 17 Recent map confused 100 inside Cafe's locale. (6,4)

DOWN

- 1 50 in posterior have no color. (5)
- 2 Headless streams produce bad smells (5)
- 3 Sift air to get a retirement fund. (3)
- 4 Grand mystery is how to cook a pancake. (7)
- 5 Vigilant when a conflict links with beginning of the end (5)
- 6 Confusedly leap from loud sound. (4)
- 10 Monkey's #1 song is wild with rage. (7)
- 11 Initially, we evolved some traits but not in the East. (4)
- 12 Treasure undergoes overt change. (5)
- 13 Some replay arguments for a dusty expanse. (5)
- 14 Poster without Republican confuses and bar future proceedings. (5)
- 16 Vehicle for concern without an ending. (3)

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