

Martial law declared by the Chupacabra Policia



A headless man levitates

By Stabber and Summer

This is the zodiac year of the Goat. The big goat housing the "Anus of Truth" of 2001 was found damaged at the Black Rock Station Work Ranch. The Chupacabra Policia have moved the goat terror alert up to glo-stick pink. The Shock and Awe campaign began today.

The Chupacabra is a small, vicious beast that strikes during the night, sucking the blood out of goats and other animals. The Chupacabra Policia are an international organization sworn to protect goats from these little suckers that strike in the pale darkness of desert night.

Many BRC citizens over the weekend, while strolling past Baghdad, witnessed the Goat's horrible disrepair. The Chupacabra Policia have secured the Goat in Baghdad, and instituted a regime change.

John Law, one of the first people involved with Burning Man, has been secretly cloning Chupacabras in Bolivia to release during the event. For three years, the Chupacabra Policia have issued warrants for Larry Harvey's arrest. Harvey, Burning Man's founder, has denied any involvement with Law and the release of cloned Chupacabra's at the 2003 event.

As a warning to the citizens of Black Rock City, the Chupacabra Policia levitated the man. The feat was done by harnessing the energy of the BRC denizens.

INFOGRAPHIC

Pantslessness: Why?

Many Burners choose to lead a pants-free life here on the playa, forgoing protection for their genitals while, mysteriously, still covering the upper body region with clothing. Here's a look at the numbers that shape our temporal world.

- 27% lost pants at Jiffy Lube
- 23% "ventilation"
- 16% accidentally thinks member is huge
- 14% so loopy they didn't realize they'd forgotten pants at home
- 12% pants sacrificed to Pants Cannon operators to re-distribute to the chronically pantsless
- 7% pants eaten by Chupacabra
- 1% left pants at Lil' Texas

Chupacabra Police Take to the Streets

by Inanna

A group of not-so-secret police is threatening to take over Black Rock City unless Burning Man founder Larry Harvey agrees to treat goats better.

The giant goat the Chupacabra Policia found on the Black Rock Ranch is falling apart from neglect, said Khalif Ali Aleb Chopper, internal affairs.

The Chupacabra Policia also accuses Harvey of having carnal relations with the goat, which is at least six feet long and made of burlap and chicken wire.

Harvey denies mistreating the goat and said the Chupacabra Policia is not only imposing its own agenda on the goat by pointing out the goat's physical flaws, such as burlap falling off, the group is violating the goat's privacy.

The goat may have some personal problems, but it is not very gallant of them to point that out publicly, said Harvey. "Goats, unlike sheep and pigs, generally know their own minds."

Singo Loco, of the Chupacabra Policia, said Harvey should be put on trial for his alleged crimes against the goat, as well as arson. Another goat defender, Chopper, said the organization would impose martial law on the city until the goat is restored, "or until we get really drunk from people giving us free beer."

As about 10 members of the organization brought their demands—and the



Photo by Durgy

View of the takeover from the BRG

goat, strapped to the roof of a car — to Center Camp Monday afternoon, another member, Dr. Fuckoffsky, threatened to bend the man over his knee and spank him.

Harvey said if the organization is so concerned about the goat, its members should do something practical. The letters of goat, rearranged, spell toga, and Harvey challenged the Chupacabra Policia to put one on the goat.

And the goat, Harvey said, is part of the community. It's been at the ranch several years, and Harvey said he and others love the goat.

"I'll admit, it's been tough love. But it's tough loving a goat."

The Chupacabra Policia acts as though the goat is just burlap and wire, Harvey said.

They're attempting to use the goat as a political pawn and it's they who are abusing its rights, he said. "I don't know why we can't just get along."

The BRG hopes that the CP's important messages of goats rights and pants-wearing do not get lost because of the horrific display we witnessed in our streets.

People and Planets

by galen

The ancients built monolithic structures to observe and record the movements of the stars and planets. We build paper temples and match-stick men.

Why?

Well, because we have television and computers and they didn't. Watching and recording the rhythms of the natural world was a basic survival skill. Whole scientific and mythological schools of thought sprang from this. Regal courts had their own astrologers to interpret the significance of the stellar gyrations because they recognized the metaphorical correlations between symbol and substance.

What came first then? Another paradox?

As above, so below.

Let us suppose it is a ecoi process. Let's honor these ancient gods with our sublime rational, literally imagined and revealed ridiculous reverence.

Is it a coincidence that these radial streets mark the sight-lines of the rising and setting points of these big players during our romp in the desert?

Now we can afford to fantasize and ignore various signs in the heavens that were once thought to portend good or ill. Nearly masters of our own destiny, it is unnecessary to keep an eye on those pesky gods or record their deeds in stone. An age of enlightened self-realization is waxing.

Just to see what we'll do, the gods now watch us with the same interest and curiosity that we used to give to them. But they still participate with more than just casual interest.

THE FACTS

This year Black Rock City revels in the dark of the Moon, which enters a new cycle on Wednesday. On the same day, Mars comes as close to the earth as he will ever get, a mere 34.7 million miles away. The Man will stand in a nearly straight line with Sol, the Moon, and Mars. We will see Mars' face fully illuminated by father sun, rising as the sun sets and setting as the sun rises. You can't miss him; he's the brightest thing up there. Beware! He is keeping some dangerous company with Uranus way out there in the deep twilight shadows of our solar system.

SUN

All week the sun's rising and setting positions inch a little further south on the street dial, but every morning and evening the Man will find the rising sun in close range of Literal, the setting sun by Rational/Revered — sight lines that will characterize the entire week.

Sunrise and Sunset Times

Tuesday 26 — 6:18 a.m. 7:39 p.m.
 Wednesday 27 — 6:19 a.m. 7:37 p.m.
 Thursday 28 — 6:20 a.m. 7:36 p.m.
 Friday 29 — 6:21 a.m. 7:34 p.m.
 Saturday 30 — 6:22 a.m. 7:33 p.m.
 Sunday 31 — 6:23 a.m. 7:31 p.m.
 Monday 1 — 6:24 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

If you've left your watch at home this week, you can use our city's radial streets like a large sundial. In the morning, if your shadow lines up straight along Ridiculous, it's about 7:44 a.m.; along Rational/Revered it's 9:10 a.m., Revealed/Imagined —10:18 a.m., Absurd/Real—11:10 a.m., and Serious/Profane —11:52 a.m. For afternoon times, if your shadow lines up with Received/Sacred, it's about 12:26 p.m. with Inspired it's 12:58 p.m., Dubious — 1:30 p.m., Certain — 2:05 p.m., Paradox — 2:46 p.m., Sublime — 3:38 p.m., Literal — 4:47 p.m.,and

Ridiculous again at 6:13 p.m. (Times are approximate and calibrated for Thursday.)

MARS

The night belongs to Mars and his rising and setting times should be especially honored since he is the closest body to us at the moment other than the Moon.

His rising and setting positions do not change much during the week so you can find him from the Man, rising on the horizon each evening somewhere between Rational and Revealed, around 8:14 p.m. on Monday 25 Aug, to 7:41 p.m. on Monday 1 Sept. He rises behind

the Man when viewed from somewhere between Revered and Imagined. Each morning he disappears between Literal and Sublime, at 6:32 a.m. on Monday 25 Aug, and at 5:55 a.m. on Monday 1 Sept, as seen from where the Man once stood.

Give reverence.



Burn your inner Grey Man

By technomad

Many visit Burning Man to see unabashed nudity and sexual exhibitionism, which for Dadara and his crew, who come from Amsterdam, must seem mundane. Transcending the ordinary according to their viewpoints, they reach for art that's fresh yet clean enough to show outside Burning Man. Last year here, Dadara built Fools' Ark, an approximately 50-foot schooner placed beyond the Man, and burned it Sunday evening after the Temple.

Dadara and his crew from Amsterdam have built an art installation that encourages interaction with the community. Their project is Grey Man, and it is on the left as you travel from Center Camp to The Burning Man. 119 copies of Grey Man, a character who has appeared in Dadara's past work, is a hollow, beak-nosed, suit-wearing, briefcase-carrying, less than knee high, paper maché statue. Each, cast in Thailand from a master Dadara created, looks identical. Most of the Mans seem to wait 8 deep in 14 queues radiating from a central furnace, evenly spaced and ordered as if eager for their turn to climb up an altar and reach immolation.

Grey Man would have been 120 copies, but with one, Dadara and crew punched a hole and filled with condoms and tomato juice, and then

Photo by Smaze

shot with a .357 Magnum and in digital video. The shot may yet appear in a future film project Dadara and Jesse Limmen, a videographer and member of Dadara's crew, plan to make. Don't worry, they did this before they reached the playa, and their camera is now tagged.

While applying final touches to his installation, Dadara and his crew engage in friendly banter with visitors in English, and exchange other comments with each other in Dutch. They pass out paper medallions to visitors and invite them to adopt and imbue a Grey Man with their burdens and torments, to paint and adorn Each with materials they provide and visitors bring, and starting Thursday and escalating and culminating Sunday, burn Him and their inner Grey Man.



Dadara and the Crew raise some Grey Mans

Though one may be tempted to pick up one of the cute Grey Mans, please leave them, and your additions to them on the playa. Hopefully, fellow citizens will be able to leave a bit of themselves that they do not want to bring back to the default world in the ashes where Dadara's project now stands.

Porta Party on Dude!

By Howieird & Natasha

The "poop-er-trators" at Audacity Camp. Ridiculous Dogma, 7:30 are leading the pack with potty etiquette, and having fun doing it. In addition to distributing their subversive literature, they have also adopted their local Potty Cluster and have perfected their own performance ritual.

According to Shelly - Audacity Camp's Mistress of Hospitality, and BEAR, who have been doing this for three years, all you need is about twenty of your neighbors, some score cards, and a bullhorn.

After you 'spill the game', over a tequila or two, you and your Pottie Posse, head down to your local 'Place de Poo Poo', and judge an unknowing occupant on: 1. Entry, 2. Sounds (this is where the mike on the bullhorn comes in) 3. TP Usage, 4. Dismount.

On exiting the loo, the 'potti-cipant' receives his or her score - in the familiar Olympic scoring format with the raised score cards, and the coveted 'Golden Biffy Award' - plus an invite to party down at their camp.

'If they seem to be having problems, they make whale noises to put them at ease,' said the relaxed looking Bear. 'Last year we cordoned off the potties with yellow tape - due to a rumored Bio-hazard - and sprayed everyone down on exiting.'

The official Porta-Party competition, sponsored by Audacity camp begins Thursday sometime after the tequila gets low, probably around noon. It's obvious the judges enjoy what they do; They're considering using their fingers to rank the potti-formances of the

potti-cipants if the score cards don't show up with the last car in.

Last year one person won the affections of the Audacity crew with his, 'cartwheel dismount' and was awarded the high score more than once.

It is rumored that at one potty cluster, folks are educating poopers, and handing out and collecting reading materials for the users of their local loo.

One potty awareness group, the Potty Patrol headed up by Robbi Dobbs, has been helpful in spreading the Gospel of proper playa pooping for a couple of years. To remind us how we can creatively take ownership of our excretions, Dobbs and the Patrol have posted advice



Photo by WeeGee

Audacity Camp enjoying their potty bank

on 350 of the 400 portable potties on the playa and is confident that we'll prevail in our battle to keep the potties clean. "We've set the standard for Leave No Trace... The Bureau of Land Management holds other organizations up the bar that we set! I know we can do it, I mean, the people that come here are creative intelligent people with amazing ideas"

The Potty Patrol and Audacity Camp are setting an example for potty awareness to try to remove one of the event's major 'flaming hurdles' each year once and for all. We all need the potties, so we need to keep them free from Matter Out Of Place. The best way to do this seems to be proactively. This year's slogan is TBTP - Take Back The Potties!

deep-fried and served up in a bucket.

But not only did I learn to survive on my own, I learned to thrive. Today I claim the entire expanse of the Black Rock Desert as my turf, and I make a fortune every year from selling "authentic" backstage passes to zonked out raver hippie kids. I've appeared on "Oprah" 17 times and my upcoming Las Vegas show is going to blow that scarecrow Celine Dion out of the water. Do you think I'd be where I am if I had grown up worrying that what my parents thought? Do you think I would have

achieved any of this if I had always stopped to ask, "Hey Mom - or should I call you Assorted Bucket of Wings and Thighs - is it alright if I scratch my butt now?"

So you spotted your parents here... big freaking deal. The only advice I'm going to give whiny little you is that if you happen upon a night, approach-based smut puddle late one evening, pouncing cautiously. There's a 95% chance your parents are in there, and that's something you certainly don't want to see.

The Dusty Puzzler

Today's puzzle is a letter substitution puzzle. Hint: N = A. Have Fun!

BWJ MKOCJHVY NBWJVQB NTM BWJ RJBN UJUZJQ ZSBW
 NQIAJM NINVTQB BWJ RQJOJTYJ SX N MSI ST RCNKN

Answers to Monday's Puzzle

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Across | 15. Sloth |
| 1. Burning Man | 16. Chant |
| 7. Arena | 17. Center Camp |
| 8. Irate | |
| 9. Kiss and tell | Down |
| 11. We the people | 1. Black |

| | |
|-------------|-----------|
| 2. Reeks | 11. West |
| 3. IRA | 12. Trove |
| 4. Griddle | 13. Playa |
| 5. Aware | 14. Estop |
| 6. Peal | 16. Car |
| 10. Apeshit | |

Sportsbeat: Getting Your Workout Burn



Photo by Loretta

Going for a ride on the Playa

By Lord Fouffy Panns

Out on the playa, sports and city growth sightseeing are going hand in hand. Opportunities wild and wonderful to keep in shape abound out on the playa.

The annual "Burningrun" leaves outside the center camp front daily at 6.30am for a 5 to 7 mile run. All jogging and walking skill levels are welcome with a different route daily. Costuming is absolutely encouraged with water and good shoes a must. Stops for dancing and dawn participation are heaps of fun, with Thursday the "Dare to run naked day".

Dome jogging/lifting calisthenics became a novel burner shoulder group workout. A group in Hushville not completely thrashed & wornout with rebar pounding and tent pitching took off with a dome and everyone would down finally getting sleep after strangely doing group lifts with some guys dome.

Out near the man dirtboarding showed up towed by bikes took playa residents by surprise. A novel version of wakeboarding using a land longboard with mini tires brought the surfing carve to the playa today. Vancouver Mary stopped the esplanade biker boys dead at dusk with her hot playa dirtboard board carving action. Keeping in shape while having a great burn is a great way to interact. Keep playing with your neighbours!

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The views expressed herein are not necessarily even ours. Somebody thought it was a good idea, so we did it!

Jenny K. asks: I think I just spotted my parents in Center Camp! How can I hide from them the rest of week?

The Playa Chickens responds: Item #455 on my list of "Things That Are Stupid About Humans" is this whole concept of parenting. While I was getting my act together in my shell, I didn't care whose ass was sitting on me, as long as it was warm. Once I pecked my way to freedom, do you think I got all teary-eyed at my first site of that dear old mum? Hell no! I looked up at that frazzled old hag and yelled, "Gimme a worm, bitch!" I hopped up, took her worm, pecked her eyes out and hit the dusty trail, never to look back again.

Oh sure, the first few years were tough. You encounter some rather menacing rogues when you're a hot young chick on the playa, and the easiest thing would have been to run back to the safety of mommy's nest. But I simply could not bring myself to do this, partly because of my stubborn resolve, and partly because by this time she had been battered,