

THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE

"It was like sleeping in a Dorito bag" - Darrin, from Pulse, describing how he slept during the windstorms



Today's Waldo!

FIND HIM!

... entered Black Rock City yesterday afternoon. Shower him with gifts, invitations and your very best impression of Larry Harvey! Give him a melon, RIGHT NOW! He's Black Rock City's WALDO for the day! Make Waldo really, truly happy! Bring proof (and a melon) of your success to the City Desk for the grand WALDO's ANGEL WINGS giveaway (you nice person, you!)



Hearth Correction

In Thursday's Gazette, the photo of the Hearth, created by Charles Smith and Syd Klinge, was captioned incorrectly. The Hearth is located on the Spine, beyond the Man, and burns nightly. The artists made significant investments in wood to fuel the sculpture. They have been burning longer than planned each evening, to warm the Hearth's visitors, and are running short of wood. Any donations of wood to keep the Hearth burning would be greatly appreciated.



Clean As You Go

New for BM 2000 is the request that every citizen, beyond cleaning their own camp, contribute 2 hours to scouring the open space of Black Rock City (at a granular level) before departure. Another reason to "Don't let it hit the ground."

Tuesday, September 5th, the event is officially over and the after event clean up begins. Volunteers please attend the 8 a.m. clean up meeting at the DPW yard (at the end of 5:30 Street) to be part of the organized effort. You will receive a sticker for your vehicle's windshield to show that you are authorized to remain on site. Others will be informed that the event is over and either need to join the clean up effort or pack it up or both. By September 19th, all camps will move off the playa to the DPW work ranch and we will commute back for the final sweeps until completed, hopefully by October 5th.

Information about cleaning up or volunteering for the after event clean up can be directed to Earth Guardians Camp, Center Camp 3:30) or Recycling Camp (Finger Ring 5:45).

"Don't let it hit the ground..."

"Clean as you go..."



Weather and Dust

The rumors sure do fly. They travel at the speed of playa dust, which did not quite get up the 75 MPH that was heard several times today in several places. The changing weather on the playa is a serious consideration for everyone and should not be forgotten.

The Black Rock Rangers said that today there was a chance of winds up to 70 MPH and there was also a chance of 1/2 inch of rain falling on the joyful Black Rock citizens. Of course, reading about yesterday's weather is about as useful as a 69¢ lighter in a dust storm.

The weather forecast for Friday shows more chances of showers and increased wind later in the day, and beware, there is a pressure ridge moving on the northwest corner of Nevada that might create some interesting conditions for the citizens of Black Rock.

The responsible custom is to prepare for

"LEFT IS LEFT" ... ALWAYS CONT'D ON PAGE 2)

Leave No Trace

Recycle, Dammit!

GREETER DAN

The message is clear: Recycle Camp wants your aluminum cans. They don't want your glass and they don't want your plastic. Take those home with you. But if you have some cans, Recycle Camp will take them off your hands. It's possible that you won't even have to take them anywhere. You may well see one of 40 "... swarthy dogs riding atop creatures half zebra, half cartilage." Those are the bikes built by RE:Cycle Camp, Recycle Camp's evil twin, and piloted by Cap'n Crush, Agent Orange, The Press Gang and the rest of the Recycle Camp crew.

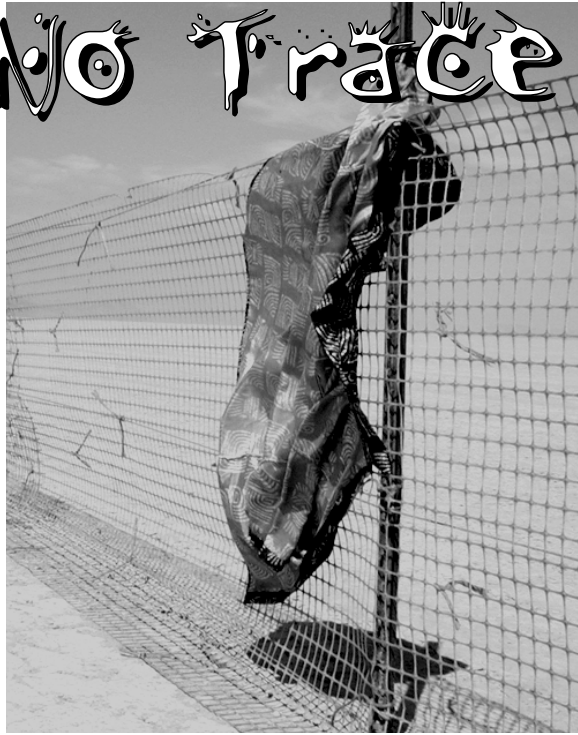
In 1999, Recycle Camp collected about 80,000 cans, says Cap'n Crush. "We think we'll get a lot more this year - about 200,000." That's a lot of beer and soda.

But in the early years - he's been doing organized recycling since 1995 - his efforts weren't met with universal love or participation. Some of the denizens of Black Rock City felt that any coordinated collection of garbage, even recycling, violated the ideal that participants are responsible for carting away from the playa everything they brought with them. Nevertheless, Black Rock citizens have largely been won over since then, and Recycle Camp is now supported by the Burning Man organization.

So what happens with the booty? Some is melted down at Forge Camp, creating feedstock for art. The rest is donated to Gerlach High School. Even at Nevada's depressed aluminum prices, the high school netted more than \$600 last year.

And why not bring glass? The temptation is too great to see if glass will melt, says Cap'n Crush. "Glass shatters. The fewer bottles out there, the better." But if you must bring glass to Recycle Camp - and really, please don't - you will be asked to spend some time riding and powering the battery recharger built by the evil geniuses Cyclopath and the Grasshopper. The machine recharges even regular alkaline batteries.

Whether you're going to recycle it here, or pack it out, says Crush, the same rule applies. "Don't let it become moop. Don't let it hit the ground." ■■■



Market Heat

TOM CALDERA

Well, I suppose it was bound to happen. Just when we get our Internet feed up and running, it goes down - and at the worst possible time: two hours before the closing bell on one of the busiest days in recent market history. Details are still sketchy as I write this, but as of 3:55 PM EST (when we lost our link), all three major indexes were down by at least 10 percent, with the Nasdaq leading the downward migration in a sudden, unexpected sell-off.

Given the lack of closing-bell data, I am frankly at a loss as to what to report here. While the numbers we received late in the day seemed to indicate a rally, with the Dow and S&P500 bouncing back by close to a point, the overall picture can only be described as non-robust. Rather than incite a riot by shouting "theater" in a crowded fire, I can only promise that we will make every effort to restore our broken Internet connection, and to report the true story in tomorrow's Gazette. In the meantime, have a drink, relax, and enjoy the sights. As soon as our connectivity is restored, market data should be available in tangible form via Jim Mason's Stock Puppets - an anthropomorphic representation of the leading indexes. Hopefully we won't have to (JUMP TO PAGE 2)

Dogs of Burning Man

LEANNA WOLFE

As I started to load my car for that inimitable trek to Burning Man, Bacchus, my-nine-month old Australian Shepard, proceeded to make himself comfortable in the back seat. His eyes dropped and my heart sank as I ushered him back into the yard, gave him a long hug, and assured him there would be future adventures.

I had dogs on the brain as we pulled onto the playa. I wanted to know how dogs fared when included in the Burning Man adventure. I knew Bacchus would have gone berserk with no trees and fire hydrants to mark (he's just recently learned to lift his leg) and no creeks to dunk his furry body in. In my quest, I heard that an unlicensed dog had been arrested - attending dogs require a \$100 BM pass/license. I trekked over to the pooch "holding tank" (6:15/Heart) to find an empty chain linked pen with a bag of kibble and a bowl of water. Upon further investigation I heard that the arrested dog might have been a member of the Sheriff's K-9 unit.

For the next six hours, I attempted to meet the relatively few canine residents of Black Rock City 2000. I'd almost given up when Woody, a delightful black and white Border Collie, appeared. Woody's humans, Jennifer Stewart and Devon MacFarland, are the authors of the web page on "Why you shouldn't bring your dog to Burning Man." They filled me in on the chaos that the dogs of Burning Man 1996/1997 had wrought. Many of them had jumped on humans, got lost, messed up the playa, and barked up a storm. Woody is an exception: he comes when he's called, doesn't wander off, and stays safely inside during night time parties and burns.

While Woody is safely controlled, I wondered what a real party dog like mine would do in Black Rock City. My answer came when I met Luna and her human, JD. Luna, a free-spirited three year old, has her own set of costumes and fully enjoys burns, dances, and rocking out to the festivities. I could only hope the same for Bacchus when he comes of age.

Meanwhile, I'm delighted that I'm not spending my week trying to keep him hydrated, chasing him down, and apologizing for all the desert dust he would kick up! ■■■



"Looks like nudity is down to 10 percent ... but I'm working on it."

Hanada Politely Acquires Costco

ORANGE PEEL MOSES AND MOBIUS

Corporate conglomeration has reared its ugly head in Black Rock City, as takeover battles rage among theme camps.

Costco Soulmate Trading Outlet Inc. initiated a mergers and acquisitions program on Monday, but by Thursday was itself the subject of a raid by Kamp Kanada.

At 2 PM local time, an elite force of approximately 40 Kanucks stormed the COSTCO headquarters. Rapidly dispatching the inept COSTCO security agents, the heavily armed Canadians politely and respectfully requested that COSTCO repatriate as a (JUMP TO PAGE 2)

Update on Arrests

SIMON OROZCO AND ANDROS STURGEON

More than 35 Black Rock citizens have been arrested or fined by federal and local law-enforcement authorities from the beginning of this year's event through Thursday afternoon, officials said, mostly for cases involving marijuana and other drugs.

The number of incidents is higher than in past years, but that reflects the enlarged size of the city in 2000 rather than an increase in drug use, according to Sheriff Ron Skinner of Pershing County. Participants have arrived earlier this year than in the past and consequently there has been more police action early in the week.

Most of the cases involved fines of \$50 to \$250, but one woman was held for seven and a half hours until she was able to raise \$5,100 bail. She was arrested around 10 p.m. Wednesday near Center Camp for possession and possible trafficking of amphetamines after two federal Bureau of Land Management officers searched her bag and found two halves of a divided ecstasy tablet and a half-filled marijuana pipe.

The woman was taken to a Pershing County outpost near the entrance to Black Rock City and kept there until 5.30 Thursday morning when her husband secured the required bail.

Also Wednesday night, two people at the ArtCar Camp (6:00 and Throat) were charged with possession of marijuana. BLM agents, who apparently smelled marijuana smoke flashlighted their Volkswagen bus and then knocked on the door. The residents said they were each fined \$250 for smoking pot. Their windows were covered with curtains, they said, and their activities were not directly viewable from outside.

Law enforcement officials have previously indicated they would target drug use in public places, which includes those private spaces viewable by the public. (JUMP TO PAGE 2)



Hopelessly bitter, Hey Dick, clean that shit up!

Contrary to popular belief, almost none of us spread trash on the playa. I myself was biking home from the Man and noticed my gum was more dust than flavor so I spit it out on the dirt, but I turned the bike around and retrieved it. That concept extends to most of us. There is, however, an evil presence that has come to Burning Man in the past few years: Dick. Don't ask me where Dick came from or why he's doing such a good job at spreading trash, but I think it's time Dick learned his place.

Bearing this in mind, keep your eyes out for Dick's supernatural handiwork. He is prone to making messes outside the Port-O-Lets and throwing trash inside them. At times, he'll enter camps and leave tiny little wrappers behind, thinking citizens won't notice. How he gets around the playa to do so much damage I can't tell you. The only means to keeping him at bay is to call him on it.

When you see someone leaving trash on the playa: it's obviously Dick. Scream, as I do, upon every sighting: "Hey, Dick! Clean that shit up!"

"I've radically altered my life so many times, I don't have much fabric left to work with."
—Uncle Tio

"It was like sleeping in a Dorito bag"
—Darrin, from Pulse, describing how he slept during the windstorms



THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE IS A THEME CAMP AND A NEWSPAPER TEAM STAFFED BY BURNING MAN VOLUNTEERS WHO OPERATE THE PUBLIC INFORMATION SERVICE OF THE SAME NAME IN BLACK ROCK CITY. OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THOSE OF THE PLAYA SHISKEN. (BUT, SHISKEN BAEK TSMRRROW.) READ AT YOUR OWN RISK. REMEMBER. THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE, THE ZONE, CENTER CAMP, BLACK ROCK CITY, NV BREAZETTE@BURNINGMAN.COM BLACK ROCK CITY LLC © 2000 (MORE MOUSE TYPE AND SMALL STUFF THAT YOU'RE NOT NECESSARILY SUPPOSED TO KNOW.) PROMOTING THE LIFE OF THE PLAYA MIND SINCE 1992 THROUGH PRINT, SUBTEXT AND WILD ASIDES TO THE NAKED TRUTH IN YOU. Recycled Paper

Did you know ... Jeff Bezos and his wife (but she wasn't his wife at the time) were joined in holy matrimony at Burning Man in 1992.

what may come. Batten down the hatches. Remember that everything that is not tied down will blow away in a split second, winding up at the trash fence and someone else will have to grab it to LEAVE NO TRACE. Even after you have protected yourself and your things from the potentially dastardly winds, you will have numerous encounters with the playa dust. Here are some helpful hints on what to do with it:

- Better hair — playa dust offers the kind of long-lasting hold that inspires the wet dreams of Paul Mitchell and Vidal Sassoon.
- Tactile sunscreen applications — you will feel the sunscreen going on and know if you are totally covered.
- Use it to thicken soup, coffee or other insubstantial liquids.
- Consider it a way to get more in touch with the earth.
- Just roll around in it — HEY, IT WORKS FOR MINK!!
- Make some playa dust art to share with your neighbors.
- Mix it with honey for a fabulous body scrub.
- Collect enough and you can advertise your camp as beach front property.
- It is great as a talcum powder after showering.
- "Desertize" your new bike so it blend in with the BM clunkers.
- It is good as pancake make-up to better blend with the environment.
- Even better, use it to colorize your morning pancakes!

Please remember that the Black Rock Gazette offers ABSOLUTELY NO GUARANTEES on the helpfulness of any of these hints

Celestial Weather Report

MADAM RUBY

Exhaustion, dehydration, and drug use synergize to leave you in a crazy daze for most of the day. You may feel a bit off kilter and not sure which way to turn. The key is to go with the flow and avoid preconceived notions of outcomes. Tonight, things are going to get super intense — especially after 9:33pm. The most stoked signs during the day will be Libra, Aquarius, Gemini, Sag, and Leo. Food of the Day: Yak Nacters. Color of the Day: Turquoise.

Acolyte Sanctuary

Acolyte Sanctuary is concerned about safety on the playa. If you don't have a personal lighting device, please stop by the Acolyte Sanctuary at Gut and 3:00 for a free light as our gift to you. The Acolytes at the Sanctuary appreciate special gifts and talents. Dance what you can.

Acolyte *n.* One who bears the light at a religious ceremony. *v.* To help or assist.

Misprint on Map

Space Cowboys is at 10:00 and Feet.

Ratio of women to men in America: 51:49
Ratio of women to men at Burning Man: 35:65



Smile, You're on PlayaCam

SAGE COLLINS

With a perspective worthy of the artist who is its inspiration, members of Picasso Camp (Head/4:15) videotaped an aborted drug bust after law-enforcement officers learned that things are not always as they seem.

Penn Tanner, who played the tape for the Black Rock Gazette staff, said that on Wednesday afternoon, two Pershing County officers accosted him after he asked them for directions while smoking a hand-rolled cigarette. The officers waved him back and asked what the cigarette contained.

"Oregano," he replied. The officers snatched the cigarette out of his hand and began to sniff it. Their looks of confusion were understandable, he said; it smelled like oregano.

Moments later, the tape showed, the officers tore the cigarette apart for a visual inspection. Tiny green leaves scattered and nearby citizens chanted, "Leave no trace" as others cleaned up the mess. After a few minutes, Tanner was allowed to leave.

Tanner said this was performance art inspired by the Black Rock Gazette's Wednesday article on drug arrests.

Market Heat

CONTINUED

wait too long for Good News!

Did you know that this fair city is chock-full of happy dot.communists? While the Gazette has received a few pieces of negative mail regarding this column (generally from cranky old hippies living in the past), I have been positively overwhelmed by thumbs-up letters from a number of new friends, including party-icipants from AskJeeves, Topica, Google, and Namesecure, among others. It has been a terrific shot in the arm to learn that this column has not been "in vain," and that the majority of Playa-ites seem to regard business news as a boon, not some terrible curse. See you tomorrow, all!

The estimated average number of Martian rocks that land on Earth each month is 4, but no rock so identified has been determined to have landed at La Playa.



VAUGHN SOMETHING

What started as an e-mail of greeting has escalated into a duel between dragons. Reports are fuzzy about who said what and whether or not it was a full-fledged provocation. It appears that King Jupiter e-mailed The Mystic Crew of Satyrs to invite their Golden Dragon to his dragon lair and they responded lightheartedly that there might be some kind of competition to be had. This was seen as a challenge, and the gauntlet has definitely been picked up.

So playa dwellers, there will be two dragons out by the giant flaming heart directly behind The Man at mid-

Dueling Dragons



night Friday for a fire-breathing duel. King Jupiter describes his four-sectioned beast as a 110 foot metal dragon whose mouth shoots 20 foot flames. The Mystic Crew of Satyrs has a Golden Dragon that also shoots flames from its mouth. King Neptune from The Mystic Crew of Satyrs recognizes that the Golden Dragon is significantly smaller feels and that its speed and ability to move quickly will be an advantage over King Jupiter's longer, slower and less maneuverable dragon.

Before the stand-off, the dragons can both be seen behaving civilly towards each other across from 5:15 and Head Way.



Canda Politely Acquires Costco

CONTINUED

subject of Kanada.

Rico Thunder, chief executive and founder of Costco, had no choice but to give in to the demands of the cordial yet insistent Canadian Kampers. He signed an official declaration of at approximately 2:15.

There is expected to be no disruption of Costco services due to the change in management. According to a source within Kamp Kanada, "we can still expect the same level of capitalist whore-mongering and low, low prices we have all come to expect from Costco." As an added bonus, all Costco employees now receive free health care and decent beer.

Costco kicked off the concept of mergers and acquisitions on the playa by negotiating a takeover of the Syndicate camp, which the more wholesome soulmate trading organization considered to be Black Rock's leading sin enterprise.

Don Booger, the Syndicate director, illustrated the point: "I am proud to have whored out Syndicate to the corporate fucks from Costco and believe that the bribes and blowjobs will more than make up for the animosity of my former campmates," Booger explained.

Cricket Farr, Costco's vice president of corporate communications, called the takeover of Syndicate a "win-win situation" that will certainly be reflected by "enhanced shareholder value."

It is unclear what effect the Kamp Kanada takeover will have on Costco's goal of taking over all of the Burning Man theme camps. At the time of the Syndicate acquisition, Thunder said, "we look forward to the day when all of Burning Man is owned by Costco."



Nice morning for a walk, it were. Mind you, I nearly had me a bit of a run in with a local, I did. He says to me, "enjoying a little sun on the beach"? Well now, I thought he called me a son-of-a-bitch and I hollered back, "them's fightin' words, bucko!" The feller then proceeded to explain to me that "playa" is Spanish for "beach." I guess that kind makes sense, since in the winter, this place is a lake. An' one of my best fishin' spots at that.

Now it's not yer regular lake, ya understand. It's kinda shallow, say about 3 inches. When you go fishin' ya need to get a real flat boat. And, you can't use a regular fishin' line either, you gotta get one that's flat, like sticky tape. Not many fish enjoy that kinda lake, ya understand. But the ones that do make good eatin'.

So last winter I wuz out in the flat-boat, sippin a sarsparilla in the sunset and swingin' my ugly stick. I wuz about to pull the line and row over to the Black Rock Saloon when I hooked me a big 'un. It fought like crazy, but I finally dragged it into the boat. A mighty fine playa flounder wriggled flat at my feet. But something was different about this one. As he wriggled, he started to light up, seems he'd picked up some EL wire around the edges! And he had feathers too, by cracky, lots of bright blue, pink and green bits, like ya see on them fine city women that hang out on the street corner in Reno. The dad-blamed fish even had an earring and \$1.75 in small change in its pocket. It wuz the darndest thing I ever saw...

Then I got t'inkin', I was fishin' right on top of Black Rock City '99. Now I know all them fine boys and girls worked real hard to put the playa right, you know, Leave-No-Trace-like. I wuz there too, when we got signed off. It looked real nice, but ya gotta know you can't find everything, that dang-blasted wind is a real bugger.

I heard tell that Black Rock City 2000 gotta be gone way sooner than last time and we gotta set up in the same place next year. I figger we all gotta do our part, not just a few amazin' folks that stay behind. Clean as ya go and it won't hardly be any work at all. And don't ferget yer two hours of community cleaning, too. If it ain't dried mud, it don't belong here when ya go. Then maybe this winter I can catch me one o' them Black Rock Manta Rays, I hear they melt in your mouth.

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Gallons of water per resident per day used by average city: 100

Gallons of water per resident per day used by Black Rock City: 2

Gallons of water per week used by an average city of 30,000 residents: 21,000,000

Gallons of water per week used by Black Rock City: 420,000

Gallons of water we collectively save by being at Burning Man: 20,580,000