

THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE



Today's Waldo!

FIND HER!

... she entered Black Rock City yesterday afternoon. Shower her with gifts, love, invitations and your very best impression of Karen from "Will & Grace!" Give her a melon, RIGHT NOW! She'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!)



Mayoral Debate

Their Honors Mayor Brett and Mayor Johnny have agreed to hold a public debate in the hotly contested campaign for Black Rock City Hall. As Black Rock Gazette readers learned on Tuesday, both claim the mayorship of the city, but they are willing to let the public decide who should hold this highly important yet entirely impotent office.

The debate will be held at 1:00 P.M. on Friday at the Black Rock Gazette offices in Center Camp. At the insistence of both candidates, radio coverage is invited as is the participation of a third contestant, Chimpie the Chimp. The debate will be moderated by the Black Rock Gazette and questions from the public will be accepted.



Correction: Adrian found alive on Playa!

It was erroneously reported in yesterday's Gazette that Adrian Roberts had passed away. After numerous reports of Adrian's ghost roaming the playa, we have concluded that Adrian Roberts is actually still alive. Exhaustive DNA testing has determined that the person calling himself Adrian Roberts during this year's Burning Man is not an impostor but is in fact Adrian, founder of the newspaper *Piss Clear*. Anonymous sources overheard him state (in his fine British accent), "I'm not dead yet." The Gazette regrets the error.



Will Trade Adobe Photoshop Package for Magic Lamp

Aladdin and his magic carpet are looking for a magic lamp. He will trade a fully working copy of Adobe Photoshop for a classic lamp in good working condition. Please bring lamps to the City Desk at the Black Rock Gazette and ask for Aladdin. Aladdin is a Macintosh user, but will trade a PC version if necessary.



EG Camp of the Day

Is your camp a shining example of LNT? Want to be posted and exalted in Center Camp AND win one free ticket to BM2001? Nominate your camp as the Earth Guardians Camp of the Day! Come to EG camp and watch our board for the winners.

Think Traceless

BURNING DAN

Ride out to the Trash Fence for materials to decorate your bike.



YOU GOTTA HAVE ART! FACES OF THE mann

AMACKER BULLWINKLE, THE WITCHES OF BITCHWICK
Recently, the most common question dan das mann (spelled all lower case) has heard was: "How the hell are you gonna get this out to Burning Man?"

His "Three Faces of the Man" are each more than 24 feet tall. One is copper, cries fire and sings heavy metal. Another is driftwood, cries sand and sings the blues. The third is covered in living turf, cries water and sings opera. Dominating the entrance to the playa, the Faces are one of the most ambitious creations of Burning Man 2000. (They came in a flat-bed truck, leaning diagonally on one another.)

mann, who will turn 31 this weekend, did not know he would be an artist until he was in his mid-20s. When he decided it was what he would do, he walked away from an \$18 million-dollar-a-year family pizza business to pursue his dream.

Still, his corporate years had an effect: he built a machine shop to modify and repair the company's equipment, and that is what led him to metalwork, and the kind of works he creates.

"I started to make art in the four hours a day that I wasn't working or asleep," he said. "I became very inspired and realized that I really was an artist inside, and expressing myself in three-dimensional constructions was the perfect marriage of my various talents. I actually sat down one day and had a serious discussion with myself about what I was supposed to be in this world. It all pointed to being a sculptor. Not in the classical form, where you carve stone or create clay objects, but more of the modern-day sculpture, where you fabricate visions."

His approach retains an engineer's perspective. For his work: "The entry into any project is that it's an invention first, then becomes art along the way. You can explore your philosophy in the process. Metal has



MITCHELL MARTIN

Three Faces of the Man sculpture by dan das mann

some special qualities in that it is malleable and strong. You can cut it, weld a piece back on, stretch, or bend it. It has a tremendous amount of rigidity but it can be soft. Compare a piece of stainless steel to a piece of copper. Both metals have all those qualities and at the same time they're entirely different. There are also texturing options."

"When I was six years old I had discovered welding, mostly because I wanted to build a go-cart. Later, I took a sculpture class because I wanted to learn to weld. The welding you learn in sculpture class is more like how to be dangerous to society. I started building big structures that luckily didn't kill anybody."

"In this current project, which is the "Three Faces of the Man," I put out a call and taught welding to other artists so they might interpret a "Face of the Man" themselves. In addition to my three faces, there are 25 smaller ones created completely by other artists in their own style and philosophy. Each is its own art piece, though it becomes part of this larger installation."

This is mann's fourth year at Burning Man. The most significant influence the festival has made to his art is the increasing use of fire. "When I built the One Tree at Burning Man 1998, I had been creating tree fountains [for a long time]. Last year, I did the Antigravity Water Harp, a strange fountain musical piece."

"When this project is finished we'll have about 100 artists involved."

Not just artists. A reporter (JUMP TO PAGE 2)

Cage Evokes Eternal Hope

MELANIE DAWN

What are you doing tonight at dusk? If you go to The Body, the mega art installation of Burning Man 2000, and find the Ribs, you could enter the "Ribcage/Birdcage," and step into the fascinating 17-foot-high metal-ribbed cage with a heart as its swing. Two San Francisco artists, Jenne Giles and Philip Bonham, who say they spend their days as "mild-mannered reporters" and their nights "fighting crime," conceived this mesmerizing installation. It evokes your childhood. You can climb on the cage or swing from the perch. You can walk in, stare out or simply view it from afar. For the full experience, take a deep breath, get over your fears and climb.

As you scale the ribs or perch upon the heart-swing, you will be magically dwarfed and encased in the body. You are minute amidst something grand. The motion of the swing, restricted by the large



"Dad! Mom's looking!"

chest cavity, guides your consciousness into the beating heart. It generates the limitations you experience as an embodied being. While swinging, gaze out onto the vast playa. You will be flooded with inspirations of hope and childhood dreams, perhaps similar to a caged bird singing on its perch.

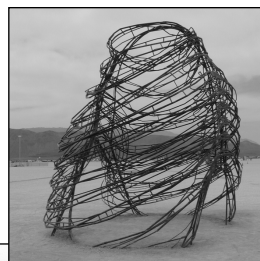
Giles said, "The cage serves as an invitation to a temple which fosters spirit. Like the elements of a playground, you are encouraged to use, climb upon, explore, interpret, and claim it as your own. Throughout the festival the ribcage will slowly progress through childhood into maturity. Scavenged scraps



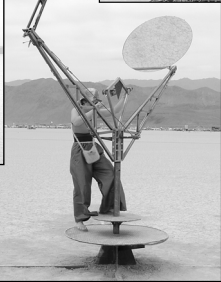
The Cupola — MICHAEL STURTZ



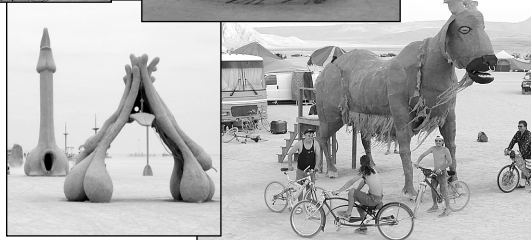
Coalitia — FINLEY FRYER



Ribcage Birdcage — JENNE GILES AND PHILIP BONHAM



Phallus of the Man and Yoni Gate — PEPE OZAN



The Goat — 2:15 & THROAT Platform at rear allows you to put your head up its ass.

MICHAEL CHRISTIAN

AMACKER BULLWINKLE

Michael Christian crafts work that can be as dark and twisted as that of Clive Barker or H.R. Geiger; art that has been described as "Tim Burton's worst nightmare," though few of his pieces are without a sense of playfulness.

Christian's response to Burning Man 2000's theme of "The Body" was to construct "Babel," a bronchial tree of complex welded arterial branches, networks of twisting LED-lit metal, which house a pump-driven system of organ pipes growing on the vegetationally-challenged playa.

"I used to wonder why I liked trees," mused Christian "did trees remind me of women, or women remind me of trees?" He described the twisted oaks of Texas that fueled his arboreal fascination. "Oak trees are curves." He concluded. "I think women remind me of trees because they are dynamic, and they're really beautiful."

He creates a perplexingly varied body of work that toys with the viewer's psyche, demands response to eroticism, and brings to light the constant underlying mortal animal that we all are. Sinew to bone, blood to muscle, contextually women into an organic world populated by monsters, freaks, aliens and only half-imaginary friends: welcome to the world of Michael Christian.

One of Christian's earliest memories that helped define him as an artist (rather than just a kid who doodled and grew up a skilled carpenter) occurred at age six. He would spend Sunday services in his mother's Lutheran church drawing Vikings, spaceships, and soldiers battling across the backs of the communion cards. His mother saved these cards as treasured art, perhaps influencing him at an impressionable age.

Christian has created some of the most memorable playa art installations, starting with the "Bone Arch," which stood over the entrance to the Black Rock (JUMP TO PAGE 2)



Hopelessly bitter,
A Historic First
On Tuesday at the City Desk, the Gazette was given a report so shocking we felt we had to tell you about it. The girlfriend of a man who was given a \$50 fine for urinating on the playa came to us, ticket in hand, to complain about the punishment for such a trivial offense.

Her story was that the incident occurred on the open playa, more than 200 yards away from any theme camp. After relieving himself, the man was approached by an officer who gave him a hard time for his inability to produce any form of identification. What shocked us most was the comment on the ticket: the officer cited the man for "Indecent Exposure."

Now how does that work? Considering the acceptance of nudity in Black Rock City, we must assume that this officer of the law does not consider the penis per se to be indecent, but once it emits a liquid, it violates his sense of propriety.

We did not have much to say to the lady with the ticket, but now have some more information. There is no federal rule against urinating on the playa, so the fine might be voided if the man chooses to fight it. If nothing else, we encourage the victim to put the ticket up for auction on e-Bay. This is probably the first and last ticket that will be written for indecent exposure at Burning Man, and that makes it a one-of-a-kind item. With that kind of rarity value, crime might end up paying after all.



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 SHISEN. (BUT SHEEK BAEK TSMRRRW.) READ AT YOUR OWN RISK. REMEMBER. THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE, THE ZONE, CENTER CAMP, BLACK ROCK CITY, NV BRGAZZETTE@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

Wandering Word Art

ADRIENNE REYNOLDS

Take a flashlight one night and travel on a diagonal from Gigsville to the Man aiming for center camp and you will encounter words in the dark. These words are in the desert thanks to Michael Tscheu@earthlink.net. The Poetry and Fire series is six poems standing in order. We recommend travelling with six people and reading each aloud. Then you will see a poetry magnet board -- write your own. Travel closer to the man and you will trip over a box with a sign reading "Letting Go". Open the box, follow the instructions. Then let it go.



Population of New York City, NY: 7,322,564
 Population of Reno, Nevada: 133,850
 Population of Rocklin City, California 18,806
 Population of Black Rock City, Nevada 18,000

Great cities that have burned to the ground:
 London, Chicago, Atlanta, Black Rock

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

Percentage of world population using illegal drugs: 2.3
 Percentage of Black Rock City population using illegal drugs: 47

Number of people living in poverty in the United States in 1998: 34.5 million
 Number of people living in poverty in California in 1998: 5 million
 Number of people living in poverty in Black Rock City 1998 : 0 (I'm guessing, it's a barter economy, right?)

Ode to Joy



Joy Orabella, in her 2nd year as gracious information officer extraordinaire, works alone in Burning Man's Gerlach, NV office welcoming visitors while we're all here at Burning Man. Thanks for all your hard work and dedication, Joy. We love you sweetie!

"Non-flammable" is not a challenge...
 -Bart Simpson, writing on chalkboard

I wish there was a knob on the TV to turn up the intelligence. There's a knob called "brightness," but it doesn't work.
 -Unknown

As a matter of fact, we are just getting back from Burning Man. Why do you ask?



BY SISTER DANA VAN IQUITY EN ABSENTIA

"Hiya howaya on the playa" was my trademark opening for my Sister Dana Sez columns in the Black Rock Gazette. But this year, alas, I must change all that. I'm not on the playa this year, kids. A month ago I had open-heart surgery for a valve repair, followed by a small bout of pneumonia, and then an electrical cardioversion [which is a fancy word for the process they did with the Frankenstein monster], shocking my heart into regular rhythm.

My stay at UCSF Hospital was altogether pleasant if you like being put through hell! Perhaps those of you readers who have ever spent time in a hospital can relate to my story. The operation itself was a snap [since I was completely drugged out with three shots of liquid Valium. What a yummy drug]. I hallucinated having a conversation with Abraham Lincoln, asked the nurse for a salt shaker, balled out an imaginary friend for not serving the hors d'oeuvres, and fixated on stealing the clock in the operating room. When I awoke I was attached to various wires and tubes, not to mention a morphine drip. Visitors told me that one minute I would be complaining that the

Ribcage CONTINUED

of feathers, rope, mud, straw, shells, or whatever drifts onto the playa will be woven into an enclosed and protective hummingbird-like nest. In the end, the nest will have fulfilled its cycle, be ignited, and the radiating flames will mercifully burn the emblematic body away--all to release the spirit it nurtured."

"We hope that the building of the nest reflects a gamut of emotions and reactions. Since the cage has both its positive and negative aspects, the catharsis of the burn offers a release from the artifacts of a caged existence. For example, I am hoping that some aspect of a feminist interpretation of the cage materializes," said Giles.

Inspired at the artists' home in Headless Point, California, the idea of the birdcage was derived from the "feeling of isolated suspension" Giles experienced on her back patio overlooking the Bay.

"It struck me how wonderful it would be to have a tall swing on the patio to emphasize this feeling and then the birdcage came to mind. Then I got involved with the other artists who were interested in working at the heart and Dana Albany and I both had the idea to do a playground for that space. I had, in the past, made a sculpture of a ribcage and the ribcage just seemed to blend so perfectly with the birdcage as a metaphor for the body as a playground, the swing as a heart and the cage as both protection and limitation of the spirit." ■■■

drug wasn't working, and the next minute I would be conked out.

So far so good. No pain. No worries. But that would soon end when they weaned me off the heavy stuff and gave me Vicodin and Tylenol with Codeine. I don't know about you, dear readers, but for me the affect was just about the same as taking St. Joseph's baby aspirin.

Anyway, I am stuck at home now and it was only a couple weeks ago that I finally came to the realization that it would NOT be a good idea to come to an environment such as the playa -- what with all the intense wind, heat, dust, rain, and other weather extremes. I am home pouting while you are out playing on the playa. Boo and hiss. But am I bitter? You betcha!

So I ask you, my dearest readers, to party in the name of Sister Dana:

Wear outlandish costumes, prance around nekkid, eat too much, get drunk, get high, ingest, inhale, get laid, pass out, burn shit, blow up stuff, and be as decadent as possible since I cannot be there to do the same. And if you get the chance, email me at sisterdana@juno.com and tell me all the dirty details.

But fear not, because I am already busy making plans for Burning Man 2001 [cue "Thus Spake Zarathustra" theme music] when the nun shall return with a vengeance! ■■■

Michael Christian CONTINUED

Ranger Station in 1997, using truckloads of cattle bones collected locally. In 1998, "The Nebulous Entity," a tentacled, three ton, xenoccephalopodic, interactive mobile sculpture roamed the playa, towering over 30 feet with a complete sound system and articulated root-like appendages of an equal diameter which were embedded with fiber optic filament and lit at night. Mechanical engineer, David Andreas, and electrical engineer, Jeremy Lutes, have joined Christian again this year to create "Babel."

Last year's Christian's "Orbit," an exquisitely delicate series of three metal concentric spheres spinning independently on a single axis, graced Center Camp. Each sphere was a collage of organic metal shapes and creatures attached to a welded orb frame, graduating in size. It served as a lodestone -- or "loadiestone" for the altered minds that gathered beneath it. Viewer's legs radiated out as they lay on their backs to view the night sky over Black Rock City through the whirring lace of the metal kaleidoscope. "Most of the work I'm doing is reflective of me," Christian says, noting that this lung tree, "Babel," comes after a persistent bout of respiratory illness.

"Babel" spins on the playa producing a cacophonous pipe organ serenade which is fueled by participants. Fourteen satellite air pumps, instigated by playa residents, force wind through organ pipes. A manifold system inside the piece changes the possible combinations of reacting pipes as it spins, producing a cacophony of sound. ■■■

FACES OF THE mann CONTINUED

from the San Francisco Examiner came to interview mann and ended up working on a face for three hours. "That's the most exciting part. I was never very good at collaborations because I was too ego-centric. In the last few years I've become more focused on Taoism and Eastern philosophy and am now more capable of working with other people and giving up control, to the point where now I really prefer that." Case in point: work on the wood face happened while he was asleep. When he awoke and saw the eyelashes and nose ring, touches his team surprised him with, he was thrilled. ■■■

ON TV

The average 18 year old has already watched 22,000 hours of television. This includes 350,000 commercials and is more time than the total hours spent in schools (12,000 hours by end of high school).

By the end of the average American life, a person will have watched thirteen continuous years of television. Average American household has the TV turned on for 7 hours and 13 minutes per day.

ON BIKES

Number of people in 1990 who rode a bike to work in the United States 466,856; (0.4% of population)

Market Heat

TOM CALDERA

Pull up a shady chair, grab a tall mug of Morning Motivation, and get ready to experience a Playa first: REAL-WORLD MARKET NUMBERS! Thanks to John Gilmore and the wizards of Playanet, this column is proud to report closing-bell figures from yesterday's US markets, brought to you via satellite in a special arrangement with the Black Rock Gazette.

The Dow took a slight loss yesterday in heavy trading, ending the day at \$11,144. The S&P500 likewise took a minor hit on high volume, closing at \$1,505. The Nasdaq closed virtually unchanged at \$4,011, posting a few modest advances in the morning but losing it all and a few dollars more on rumors that the venerable John Chambers may be stepping down as Cisco's CEO.

In other tech-stock news, Oracle shogun Larry Ellison fired back at critics with a full-page broadside in the Journal, denying allegations ranging from ageism and sexism to fashion crimes and airport noise violations. Can someone please give this guy Betty Ford's number?

Can it be true that Amazon honcho Jeff Bezos is on the Playa again this year? Jeff, if you're here, please stop by the Gazette office and say howdy -- I'd love to chat about your company's "new business model," and hear what you have to say about the VC community's "holy war" on B-to-C e-commerce. I've got a cold martini with your name on it!

Spoke with Burning Man honcho Larry Harvey the other day, and he gave this column a much-welcomed thumbs-up. "After all, Burning Man is about interaction and spontaneity," Harvey noted. "What could be more interactive and spontaneous than the market?" I tried to pry into the Hatted One's personal portfolio, but he deflected my nosiness with his celebrated humor. "I think I joined a Christmas club once," he remarked. "And I'm still holding a few billion options in Helco, but I don't expect to see the upside anytime soon. There's something in the fine print about a "meteorological acceleration clause" -- basically I don't vest until Hell freezes over."

As always, I welcome your comments and suggestions. Just leave me a note at the Gazette office in central camp. ■■■



Jumpin' Jehosaphat, it's a hot one out there today. Reminds me of Black Rock City waaaay back in '98. Yessir, it was hot enough to boil a monkey's bum. I remember it like it was yesterday... the red stuff blewed the top clean off the thermometer. Me an' Rick had just finished waterin' the lawn and wuz standin' by Ol' Bessie, my trusty playa cruiser. Now I was in the practice of keepin' the windows up in Bessie. As hot as it was outside, it was even hotter in Ol' Bessie. And wouldn'tcha know it, I left my can of Dust-Off sittin' on the front seat, you know, that compressed air stuff.

Rick and I were standin' on either side of the driver's door ponderin' the many merits of a cold beer when we heard a loud bang and a whoosh right between us. Glass flew everywhere. When the commotion died down, Ol' Bessie no longer had a driver's side window. I looked around for the dumb-ass that threw a brick at Ol' Bessie. I'm pretty liberal when it comes to performance art, ya understand, but when someone messes with Ol' Bessie, why I get downright pissed. I couldn't see any likely butts to dent with my silver mock-alligator playa boot (the one with the sequins), then I got to thinkin'... the glass blew OUT of Bessie!

Then I looked in the opposite direction and saw the twisted shell of the canned air 40 dad-blasted feet away! Inside Bessie the passenger seat was BUSTED! The can ricocheted twice, cracked Bessie's windshield in four and blew out the driver's side window, missing Rick and I by inches. Apparently the horseshoes up our asses was off the same pony!

Well, after the beer, I put EVERY aerosol can in camp in the cooler, including the camp-stove gas bottles. Ya can't be too careful when the monkey's bum is boilin'. Makes a good dinner though, monkey bum with sourdough dumplings! ■■■

If this were a commercial, you would now be hearing a series of annoying beeps.

BRG
 staff
 volunteer

Vicki Olds, Publisher & Editor-In-Chief ~ Zac Bolan, Operations & Volunteers Manager ~ Ed Ingraham, ZONE & Crossword & Webmaster ~ Larry Breed, Chief Copy & Proof Editor ~ Blue Collar Bob, I.T. Guru & Systems Acquisition (BRG2000 masthead designer) ~ Ty Billings, Circulation, Bags & Signs, & even more Blackened Seafood (and it was really spicy tonight) ~ Managing Editors: Mitchell Martin & Tim McCrary ~ Kate Forster, Daily Editor ~ Vaughn

Something, Copy Editor ~ Cleo Winters, Lead Designer ~ Jamie O'Beirne, Obtainium Guide ~ Shibumi, Production ~ Highway Star, I.T. Captain (dos) & Chief Bartender ~ Cartoonists: Dave Cherry ~ Shameless Dani, Disrep Captain ~ Mambo, Operations Captain ~ Julia Tenney & Terry Burchell, Graphic Artists ~ The City Desk: Chris Dyer & Will (the gnu guy) ~ Dennis McMillan, Sister Dana Sez ~ Colin Campbell, Sage Advice ~ Uncle Tio,

Uncle Tio ~ Photographers: WeeGee, John O, Garth Huddleson ~ Illustrators: the Badger ~ "Bernie's Index" Items: Heather Schramm (Statistics Hoarder) ~ Lucky Lisa, Pub Angel ~ the Monkey with the string in his bum, IT Helper ~ Contributing Writers: Amaker Bulwinkle, Melanie Dawn, Sister Dana, Tom Caldera, Adrienne Reynolds ~ Special Contributions: Marian Goodell, Larry Harvey and Darryl Van Rhey ~ Muses: The Playa Chicken, Fluffy the Bunny