

BLACK ROCK GAZETTE

THE NAKED TRUTH SINCE 1992

FRIDAY, 30 AUGUST 2001 • RADICAL SELF EXPRESSION EDITION

*39 vol. X • Burning Man 2001 • Black Rock City Population: 22,034

Radical



ANDROS STURGEON

As you look at the strange people who populate our fine city, you may wonder what they do the rest of the year. Does Black Rock City bring out the radical in them, or are they full-time radicals taking advantage of a hospitable environment?

Take that naked blue guy for instance, you know, the one with his penis tied to the leather strap around his waist. Where the hell does he come from? What does he do when he is not painted blue?

Naked Blue Guy comes from Colorado and is a maintenance man for a major clothing outlet. He is soft-spoken and easy going, and behind the blue paint, I can almost picture Devere Myer (Delnino on the playa) in his working environment. We all know a Del in real life, but you don't imagine them here.

"This is the normal," he said. "The world we live in is the abnormal."

Then there are Jim and Hope, a senior couple with nothing on but matching body paint and strategically placed jewels. You would never imagine that he is a physicist and she is an engineer from Marin County, California. "We sent our boy off to school and came on out," said Jim. "Our neighbor is here too. He's a natural-food broker.

There is Andrea aka Alloy who is a Spanish translator, wearing a gold and black mini skirt, a black halter top and black angel wings and Jayson aka Space Otter wearing a skimpy flow-

ered sun dress who works in AIDS prevention.

Two topless women walk past me dressed like strippers. Surprisingly, they ARE strippers. Some people can never leave the office, even on vacation.

Some visually notable citizens, however, have the most respectable of jobs. Lisa, for instance, is an interior designer from San Francisco who has what looks like two angora tribbles clinging to her breasts, and Shannon who is a bank manager in Canada who prefers to go shirtless.

All of these people, away from Black Rock City, fit into what passes for normal society, except, maybe, the strippers. After the sad exodus through the dusty gates of Black Rock City, we are mostly normal people living our lives, trying to make a buck and save up for next year.

That is the secret of radical self expression. We are just regular folks, and we have infiltrated mainstream society. Burners are a force to be reckoned with.

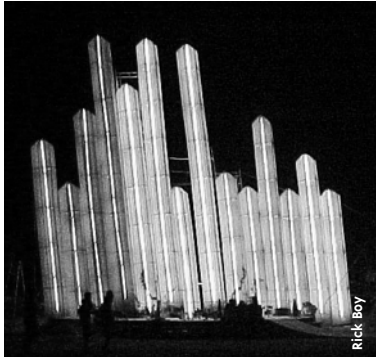
"A mind once stretched by a new idea never regains its original dimension."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

Art on The Edge

RICK BOY

Out on the playa, past The Temple of Tears, standing in the Mausoleum at night, you can look northward and see lights in the distance. They look like ships of the night, quiet sentinels of the vast ocean. Two rows of faint yellow lights at 11:30 look



like a large double-decked steamer ship that entreats discovering. Upon approaching, one finds a ring of 16 pale yellow lights in a circle 30 feet in diameter. Each light sits atop a three-foot pole and the poles are connected in the circle by white metal tubing. People sit quietly within the circle and noises emanate from the speakers at the base of each pole. You are drawn into the circle. The sound wraps around you. A woman wails. Or is she sighing heavily? Is she making love? Giving birth? It's hard to tell. It builds in intensity...then all is silent. Then more sounds. They go from one side of the circle to the other. They swirl around you. This is a place for reflection and a place to seek inner peace.

North of the circle, away from the man, toward the multicolored lights, a white tent beckons, "Come hither!" The tent is adorned with various items of everyday life intertwined with EL Wire. White diaphanous sheets of cloth hang throughout, dividing the tent into several rooms. People lay on large pillows talk, play and show various displays of amusement.

Looking out further in the desert, on the 12:00-6:00 axis, a white-lit Christmas tree appears. As one gets closer it starts to take form: a tree of driftwood, hung with 5-foot tall, four-sided Japanese lights. The wood is held together cleverly with hose clamps. The lights cavort slowly, rhythmically and soothingly with the



wind. Beyond this there is nothing but the void.

Facing the man from there, a green light spins and pulsates at 12:15. As one gets closer, a giant green stalagmite reveals itself. The green lights describe horizontal sections of the icicle. They are programmed to light from the base up until the whole structure emerges. Then they switch on and off so the piece appears to pulsate like a heart monitor.

Further toward three o'clock a red structure appears: it is Amazing Larry's Cube Club. Although it functions as a jazz nightclub, it too must be considered art. The structure features two red dice. People may listen to jazz or gambling at the craps table, like a tableau from The Great Gatsby. If you are lucky enough you may become part of a "disturbance." When Larry is at the piano, a member of the Hawaiian Mafia bursts from the back room and attempts to strangle him. Fortunately, beefy bouncers are on hand to toss the hitman out, but not before several tables and chairs are overturned. The pandemonium subsides and Larry goes back to playing as if nothing had happened.

Continue through the soft sand towards two o'clock and visit the techno rave lounges on the way. There are Space Lounge, Flight to Mars, Sons of Sara...and more. Stop by the emerald-green crystal structure you've watched light up the sky from far away as you assimilate back into the mainstream of life in Black Rock City.

Breast Way to Empowerment

BAM BAM

Critical Tits, women biking en masse with bare breasts has become an annual event in Black Rock City.

Pam Seidenman, aka Space Z Cowgirl was the ringleader of the first Critical Tits on the playa in 1996. She and four accomplices were requested to "do something wild and crazy" for a friend who could not be in attendance that year. So on the last Friday of that month, coin-

ciding with Critical Mass in San Francisco, they rode bare-chested and painted, shouting "Critical Tits!" to the surprise and adoration of onlookers. By the next year, the ride had taken on mythic significance and grew accordingly.

Pam is happy that the event has grown organically. It stands as one of the few strictly female spaces at Burning Man and is empowering perhaps because of its boldness. Last year, one could only be awed by the 300 women appearing from the dust

jump to page 2

Riding my Way to the Stars

LEGS

Yes, I am the man. Not the Man...but "the man". At least that's what people have been telling me.

I rode 3,000 miles on my bicycle from the New Jersey coast to Black Rock City.

Of course, the numero uno question I get is, "Why?" Why ride through some 40 mountain passes, constant gale-force headwinds, the worst heatwave the Midwest has seen in ages, and 500 miles of barren desert?

I had to...because it's there.

I once worked in a small community where methamphetamine and child prostitution were rampant. I, as a regional legal and social advocate, tried to shut all that down, but quickly discovered how entrenched the cartel was. Attempts were made on my reputation, my position, and even my life. While these were unsuccessful in the short run, in the long run they took my soul.

I wrote a book about it, but no publisher would touch it. Thus began a long, dark night for my soul. I lost faith in everything and everyone.

I started to work my way out of this 18 months ago. This trek is the culmination. Along the way, I have touched the very soul of America.

I have met hundreds of people who have cared for me phenomenally, providing beds, eats, drinks and conversations. I have been waved at and cheered on as I rode past.

I have concluded, dear Black Rock citizens, that we're doing alright. Because BRC itself is the epitome of all that human spirit can achieve. Because the love and camaraderie we bring here nurtures and evolves into something not extraordinary, not miraculous — but something pure and simple. BRC, for all its dust and lack of universally accessible good hygiene, is what it's all about. The warm "Welcome Home" I received from my greeter when I arrived says it all.

Just like my trek, playa life and everyday life are often grueling. But people, I'm here to tell you: If you don't make your greatest effort, it just ain't worth it.

Give all you can to Black Rock City. Give all you can in life. Period. Ultimately, BRC — and my trek — represent a state of mind, a condition of the soul. And it will only end when you tell it to.

CEO's HAIR watch

Oh, MY! What is THAT on Your Head?



BENSON, THE BEAR FROM VANCOUVER (WITH LOVE). HE'S MR. HEAT MEISER, HE'S MR. HAIRBEAR.

Bad Biking

Black Rock citizens living in the area from 2:00 to 6:00 have found their roadways so soft and sandy that many have given up their bikes. The streets with time names are not as problematic as the theme-named avenues, especially Lover, Soldier and Enlightenment.

The roads are firm from 6:00 to 10:00, and complaints are few, even on the open playa.

Why is one side firmer than the other? Did the Black Rock steamroller drop its drawers at six o'clock?

There is a simpler explanation: prevailing winds blow toward 2:00, and dust collects downwind. In addition, when Black Rock City disappears, the 2:00-to-6:00 area is heavily traveled for reasons unrelated to our event. The vehicles that traverse it include 18-wheeled trucks.

Sweet Playa Surprises

FELIX ZEPHER

After sunning and funning yourself remember to visit these remarkable theme camps.

Camp Illumi-naughty is located at 10:00 and Esplanade. Direct from the San Francisco dance community, they are illuminating all your naughtyness on the playa. They have a great sound system, spin various styles, and provide a chill-dome for visitors. Check out their tower and its totem like symbolism. Can you guess their meaning?

At 9:30 and Esplanade, you can find Camp Funk where there is music, a sexy-good vibe, and sing alongs. Orion, one of the camp members, does transcendental work with full body dream seekers and shamanic massages. Camp Funk also sponsors the Funk Mobile: a roving stage featuring a few members of Mega-Mousse a great jazz, multi-stylistic band from Oakland, CA.

He wants to inform everyone of the Sacred Land Project, and the Burning Plan Caravan. A direct caravan from Burning Man to Santa Fe, New Mexico. All Burning Man ticket holders get in free!!! (starts sept. 7th.)

For a day time chill-out spot check out camp ANTARTICA, at 3:30 and Esplanade. Featuring a refrigerated trailer equipped with DJ.

So set yourself free, and have fun. Stay hydrated, of course, stay safe, and have fun.

"Here's your ticket, pack your bags, time for jumping overboard...The transportation is here. Close enough, but not too far, maybe you know where you are: Fighting fire with fire."

—Talking Heads



Some people drink at the fountain of knowledge; others just rinse, gargle and spit.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.
A man is only as tall as he is high.



THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE IS A PUBLIC INFORMATION SERVICE AND ART PROJECT. OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THOSE OF THE PLAYA CHICKEN, BUT MIGHT TEND TO. TRY RISKING WONDERMENT. WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY, MAKES YOU WISE. CONTACT INFO: BRGAZETTE@BURNINGMAN.ORG @SPRITS IN THE ZONE, CENTER CAMP, BLACK ROCK CITY, NEVADA. THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME. SEEK OUT THE SMALL STUFF IN LIFE. LIKE THIS FINE PRINT. YEARS LATER WHEN YOU READ THIS YOU WILL FEEL THOSE RUBY SLIPPERS ON AGAIN. DELIVERING NEWS WITH SUBTEXT, & WILD ASIDES TO THE NAKED TRUTH IN YOU, SINCE 1992. Recycled Paper



There is skill in Black Rock City's skillets. The Gazette staff was overwhelmed by the response to our call for recipes, and we are still digesting the entries to winnow the field down to two finalists for our Playa Gourmet contest at 1pm on Friday.

The semifinalists (in chronological order) and their incredible edibles: Dave Weidman of Elvis Confessional Camp, truffles; Penfold-Postman of the Playa of Gigsville, putla jella (Romanian salsa); Jason White Eagle of Emerald City, saffron rice and vegetable-stuffed eye of round; Diananotathing and Jessicauelsaidso of Mystic Beat Lounge, Mystic Breakfast Goulash (an apple-potato curry with whipped ricotta-dill eggs); Zoe French of Camp Carp, tomatillo fajitas with jicama-cucumber salsa; Brian Gottlieb of Black Rock High, Seven Flavors of Man (a dish with seven distinct tastes); Michael Macs of Carp, braised curry tofu with tofu and basmati rice and pineapple; and Christie McClelland/Jet Girl of Love Projector Depot with vegan Thai coconut curry.

Great Balls of Fire

RICK BOY

"Beethoven Never Did This," a piano duet with Satan's Calliope and a fire axe (at 9pm Friday, on The Esplanade and 6:15). Wild Man Carl will perform this duet on a stand-up Kaufman ("This ain't no Steinway") piano using a fire axe -- the type your local volunteer fire department uses to break down doors and such. Although Carl did not mention which musical conservatory he was trained in, he did say he has developed a style he describes as "the John Cage approach to music...taken to its natural conclusion."

Carl will be accompanied by Lucifer, the Engineer from Hell, of Satan's Calliope. A propane-fired organ is the type of instrument that will definitely provide reasons for Black Rock City music aficionados to go "Oooooooh!"

QUESTION OF THE DAY: WHAT WOULD YOUR MOTHER SAY IF SHE KNEW YOU WERE HERE?

"That's my girl."

"Why didn't you come down to Vegas and see me after you came all this way?"

"I spent two hours looking at the web site, and I still don't know what it's about. Be careful: don't drink too much or take too many drugs." [actual comment]

"Enjoy yourself."

"You're completely crazy."

"Shame on you, Steve."

"What an interesting place. What a lot of interesting people. Praise Jesus!"

To Protect and Serve

ROCKET BOY AND ANNIE8

There is a new face on the Man in Black Rock City.

A naked guy was walking along the Playa, painted green from head to toe, his deely bopper antenna happily bouncing in the sun. Foolishly, he forgot his water. A smiling stranger in a golf cart saw his plight, pulled up to him, and whipped out a bottle of ice cold water from his cooler. A few seconds later, this Good Samaritan gave a little wave and drove off.

Who was the smiling stranger?

This was possibly one of many law-enforcement officers who have volunteered for a special 40-hour course in community policing as preparation for this Black Rock City 2001.

"We are trying to de-emphasize drug arrests this year and emphasize community service," said C. J. Ross, the federal Bureau of Land Management's chief ranger for Nevada. "Law-enforcement agencies that work with the Burning Man organization are trying to change how we approach the visitors here. We met quite a bit with [Head Ranger] Big Bear and the organizers. They gave us a lot of material, and we have read through the website. This isn't a



rave in the desert. I see this as an art show. This is a community-based art show."

The special 40-hour course in community policing involves classes on building community relations, counseling, how to talk to people, and a great deal of role playing.

"It's fun for the officers too," said Ross. "You have two law-enforcement officers role-playing what to do when some guy comes up to them because he is all mad someone just stole his bong."

Ross credited Donetta Gordon, who coordinates Nevada's law-enforcement agencies, with the move towards community policing in Black Rock City.

"Donetta Gordon is a great believer in community-policing based on a platform of service to the visitors here. After meeting many times with the heads of law enforcement for Washoe

and Pershing counties, it was agreed that this was the proper approach for us to take here."

One notable difference is the way police patrol. Gone is the fleet of dust-raising sport-utility vehicles. Most patrols are being done in golf cart and on bicycle. Also, fewer officers are on the playa than in previous years.

Ross said, "We read the website and the materials provided us. We recognized that dust was a major issue for the people who come here. More than once now, I have been stopped on my golf cart and thanked by people here for riding in a golf cart instead of a big truck. It is always neat to have someone stop and thank you. We are also carrying water this year. We are definitely giving out a lot of water."

Law-enforcement agents have assisted Black Rock citizens an estimated 150 times so far this year, according to Gordon.

Unlike the situation last year, when more than 35 people were arrested by Thursday, police activity on the playa has resulted in only one arrest and 16 citations, all by the federal Bureau of Land Management. The citations were for possession of marijuana and the arrest made on Monday was for distribution.

Sgt. Mike Stevens of the Pershing County Sheriff's Department said that as of 9pm on Wednesday, the three Pershing County officers in Black Rock City had not made any arrests.

BLM also reported that the Regional Emergency Medical Service Authority has treated more than 650 people for dehydration, playa foot, lacerations and other minor injuries. Nine city residents were evacuated by air to Reno, though none had life-threatening injuries.



Wondertwin from Disturbia asks:

Did everyone at Burning Man have a fucked up childhood or is it just me?

PC: Remember Hon, from my perspective anyone who begins life in any way other than cracking out of an egg shell qualifies as fucked up. I mean, that whole birthing thing is perhaps the most bizarre process I have ever heard of, and I can see no way that it would not result in a horribly traumatic childhood for anyone who endures it. Contractions? Placenta? No thank you! I'll peck my way out when I'm damn ready, thank you. But don't think this lets you off the hook. By the look of your handwriting, I'd say you are indeed an exceptionally messed up case, and you are not helping yourself by hanging out in this horrible place surrounded by naked malcontents. Why, the lack of a loop on your lowercase "y" tells me that you are prone to blackouts and prolonged bouts of playing "Screaming Numbers," much to the dismay of your campmates.

You must flee this place! Go home now! Return to your safe corporate environment and its cushiony comforts, and never, ever return here! Whew. One down, 19,999 to go.

Capt Xian in Gigsville asks:

How many minutes does it take to cook a 2 1/2 pound chicken?

PC: Awwwwk! The last time I was cooked was when I went out for a night on the town with Sister Dana and woke up the next morning in a puddle of someone else's puke. It. Was. Not. Pleasant. And I thank you for not mentioning it again.

Stop by the City Desk at the Black Rock Gazette in Center Camp and drop off a question for the Playa Chicken. A presentation of PlayaChicken.com, Inc., a proud corporate sponsor of Burning Man 2001.

Take joy in all you see for time is short. -Edge

Breast Way to Empowerment

storm and riding through the gale-force winds that swirled about them. While Pam was expecting 1,000 women to ride last year, the event still went on.

From the original cadre of five (Amie Paschal, Catherin Ager aka Miss Attitude, Mija Lee aka Black Belt Betty, Melinda Applegate aka Lava Rain, and Space Z. Cowgirl), the ride has developed the potential to raise consciousness about women's issues. A Critical Tits ride across the Golden Gate Bridge is imaginable for raising awareness and funds for Radical Breast Cancer Prevention.

From Black Rock City to the city by the bay, the pioneer women of the playa will ride empowered into the new millennium.

First EG Camp of the Day

KARINA O'CONNOR

Spock Mountain Research Labs is the first recipient of the Earth Guardian's "Leave No Trace Camp of the Day" recognition award. The camp is efficiently organized with trash separation, recycling, grey water collection and a clean-up plan. Aluminum cans are separated out and sent for recycling while paper and wood burnables are pulled out to minimize trash. Gray-water, including stray beer left by visiting campers, is collected for filtering and evaporation. Dishwater is minimized by careful use of moistened towelettes. As a reward for their environmental consciousness and efforts, Spock Mountain Research Labs will receive two tickets for Burning Man 2002. Well done! BRG

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent.

-Calvin Coolidge

Bus Ride

KEBSP0

So you've rolled around in glue and glitter, danced naked under flames on the playa and howled like a coyote with 23 strangers riding a traveling bar around Black Rock City at 2am.

But then you discover you can't satisfy all your needs and desires at Burning Man. What do you do? Grab your Burning Man ticket stub and a five dollar bill and ride the shuttle bus into Gerlach or Empire.

Everybody's always talking about what brings them to Burning Man, but what takes them away? In an informal survey of Burners riding the 3pm Green Tortoise shuttle on Wednesday, the top reasons for leaving were, in order: telephone, cigarettes, food, beer and sight-seeing.

"I call my kids every other day," said April, whose daughters are 9 and 11 years old. "They are staying with my parents while I'm here." Another Burner on board was calling his wife, who was due to arrive the next day. A third runs a small business and needs to stay in touch.

Marco, a DJ for Radio Free Burning Man, was on a different quest. "You know, I've been here seven years and I'd never gone to town during the event. I'm going to wander around and stop in at Bruno's."

"I'm ashamed to say it, but I'm going for cigarettes," said Brannon from the Space Virgins camp. "I've never been to Burning Man before and I was so excited I forgot to stop and buy cigs."

The Green Tortoise buses will leave for Gerlach and Empire every hour on the hour from 9am to 5pm Friday and 9am to 3pm on Saturday. The regular round trip takes two hours, but you don't need to ride the same bus home. The bus stop is just past the Playa Information booth. Important note: riders need to bring their Burning Man ticket stub to get back on the playa.

The benches at the back of the bus are wide and soft and covered in bed sheets, making them a perfect place for lounging and chatting. As Wednesday afternoon's bus hummed along the road back from town, talk ranged from molecular biology to space exploration to tripping out at a convenience store in the middle of the night.

"I have to say it's one of the coolest buses I've ever been on," said Holden from Camp Wetspot. "I've never been on the Partidge Family bus or Metallica's tour bus, but they can't be cooler than this."

The freaks will inherit the earth! -Terry

Professor Irwin Corey:
"If we don't change direction soon, we'll end up where we're going."



Vicki Olds, Pub-lisher ~ Michael Durgavich, Operations Mgr ~ Lil General, Ops/Admin ~ Edge, Decor & Webmaster ~ Blue Collar Bob, I. T. Guru & System Acquisitions ~ Ty Billings, Circulation Mgr. ~ Terry Burchell, Graphic Designer/Mgr/Ops ~ Cleo Winters, BRG Design/GGD Mgr. ~ G.G.D.: Cleo Winters, and Xeno, aka Stephen.R.Wells ~ Jaimie O'Beirne, ZONE Obtainium ~ Rick Jones, Minister of Photography ~ s p a c e ~ MLAD Master ~ shibumi, Editor-in-Chief ~ Managing and Associate Editors: Kate Forster, Mitchell Martin, saffronlee ~ Larry Breed, Chief Copy Editor ~ vaughn something, Lead

Proofreader ~ Siskiyou, Digital Image Wrangler ~, I.T. Specialist: David Breneman and Eric Peterson ~ Columnists: David Peterman, Playa Chicken; BRG Photographers: Garth Hudelson, Weegee, Xeno, aka Stephen R. Wells and Rick Boy ~ Contributing Writers: Fang, Andros Sturgeon, Mr.Bad, Felix Zephyr, Rick Kinnaird, Jonno, Bam Bam, Richard Becker, LeGs, Kepsbo, Rocket Boy and Annie8 ~ Matthew Sorrenti, I.T. Captain ~ Contributing Editors: Rubia, Daci Iancu, Brian Shott, vaughn something Mitchell Martin and Tambourine Woman ~ Shameless Dani, DisRep Captain

Our hard working BRG volunteers: Annie8, Baronessa, Belinda, Blaze Fahrenheit, Brian Shott, Bryce Perry, Cynsear, Dica Dietzschald, Doris Madden, Ember, Eric Swenson (Ericdoit), Fleurob, Fran Perry, Gary, Giacomo Gasperini, Janna Denig, Kepsbo, Legs, Lil General, Master Fyxx, Quzie, Raines Cohen, Richard Becker, Richard Jones/WEE GEE!, RocketBoy, Rubia/Lesley, Saffron Lee, S P A C E, The Contessa, Thor, Tomatillo, Vaughn Something

Support & Contributions: Marian Goodell, Darryl Van Rhey, Larry Harvey • BURNING MAN © 2001