

- 1,700 count at the front gate as of 8pm Thursday night, estimated attendance Friday afternoon was 2,250-2,500.
- 107 degrees at 2:30pm Friday, August 30th
- Lotsa drumming

Largest Circulation Daily on the Playa since 1992

Super-stoked VW Bus Gets Down and Dirty in the MUD

When the Black Rock Rangers heard a '75 VW bus was stuck seven miles out of camp last night, past all the sand dunes, ravines and washes, they couldn't believe their ears.

According to the driver of the VW bus, Tom Battey, he was headed in to camp last night when he got stuck in the mud. Battey and his four friends had seen some lights and headed right toward them. Unfortunately, they were following the lights of the Sulfur mining complex. According to the Rangers, many people each year mistakenly head for the Sulfur lights, which are east of the Burning Man camp.

After their bus got stuck, Battey and his crew ended up finding their way to camp on foot. They left the VW bus at 8:30pm last night, brought some water and food, and slowly made their way into camp. They arrived around 1:00am, and they proceeded directly to the Ranger Station in the center of camp. The Rangers gave them some sleeping bags, and the tired VW crew slept under the center parachute. After a 4½ hour walk into camp last night, Tom Battey was "very happy to be in camp, safe and off his feet."

The Black Rock Rangers went out to rescue the stranded VW bus early this morning. According to Black Rock Ranger Little Joe, "That VW bus damn-near outdid any four-wheel drive out here. I kept wanting to turn my four-wheel drive around because I didn't think a VW bus could have made it out that far. The driver took us straight to the stuck bus, and we pulled it right out."

- Susan M. Cooney

Overheard at the Cafe (Friday afternoon)

"I'm gonna go get some shade, man. Nobody told me it would be hot here."
 "Can I get a picture of the Silver Twins?"
 "Dumb Yourself Down Camp"...I don't get it."
 "Somebody wants bacon and eggs."
 "Meow, meow, meow..."
 "Where are the freakin' dingos?"
 "They went to the pig hut and asked for a light [hysterical laughter]..."
 "I'd never go to the desert. I'd only last a few hours out there."
 "I only brought one gallon of water, can I bum some off of you guys?"
 "Somebody said there was toad licking at the hot springs."
 "We really do have to pick up our own garbage? Why did we pay an admission then?"

Hey Mr. B Man, Playa a Song for Me

Player: Hey Mr. B Man, playa a song for me. Where do you stand (or lie down) on the hierarchy of needs in the desert?

B Man: The experience here is partly about survival, but more importantly it's about the mutual and reciprocal interaction between you, my presence, and the playa. Your desert experience is not determined by your own direction; it unfolds out of our presence together and is recreated from one moment to the next by your interaction with me.

Chorus: All of you want the experience, but you're not going to get it if you stand alone. Stand by your man. Stand by your woman. Stand by me.

- Spark and Markiss

Quote of the Day

"Lots of requests for donuts."
 - Washoe County Sheriff Dept. K-9 Unit, when asked if they had received any unusual demands

Black Rock Rocks!

The Black Rock pirate radio scene has turned up the volume this year, with - our count so far - eight pirate stations competing for the Burning Man attendee's ear. Lots of quirk, psychedelia, surf rock, covers of 1970s cereal commercials; not much easy listening.

- 90.3 Combustible Monkey Radio, out of a green van in Art Car Camp
- 90.5 Radio E. O. M., "How many hits can you handle?"
- 95.5 KAOS, from the House of Doors
- 98.3 Intermittent signals reported, species unknown
- 98.7 KFUK, "Bring us a tape and we'll play it on the air"
- 99.5 Radio Free Burning Man, "Radio That Smokes," they're right next to the Gazette
- 102.3 "We shoot back," "Invasion updates every 15 minutes"
- 106.3 Plundertown Radio

Who's on air varies from hour to hour, with the whims of their generators. Sometimes you can find Radio Free Burning Man at several places on the dial. Your mileage may vary.

- Mike Wooldridge

ASK DR. DOUG...

IF THIS DUST COULD TALK...

The Pleistocene epoch that brought you lovely Lake Lahontan and the zany megafauna also brought one more surprise to the Black Rock Desert: people. The lowered sea level and Arctic glaciers of 12,000 years ago created a land bridge between Asia and North America. Human immigrants took this fast lane into the lower 48 and adapted their cultures to the varied array of environmental conditions. Evidence of humans in the Great Basin dates to about 9,500 years ago.

The first stage of human culture were a phase vaguely known as the Clovis people. Their style of hunting revolved around large stone spear points that were used to kill the few mammoths and giant bison that survived the Pleistocene. We know very little about the earliest Native Americans in the Great Basin, but they enjoyed the last days of the verdant Lake Lahontan environment. Hunting technology changed about 7,000 years ago with use of the Atlatl, a hand-held device that propelled a smaller spear and stone point. It served for hunting medium-sized game in the area like deer, pronghorn antelope, and bighorn sheep. The use of the more "traditional" bow and arrow came only about 2,000 years ago; these smaller and more efficient weapons replaced the Atlatl and variations could be used to hunt deer, rabbits and birds.

The best know native culture is that of the Northern Paiutes. Evidence of early Paiute culture can be found in the form of pottery shards, arrow points, and ancient campsites found around the edges of the playa where they fished, hunted small game and utilized an array of plants (note: collection of archaeological resources is illegal!). Early contact with Spaniards and European-American Settlers was generally peaceful, but with increased immigration and settlement of the Great Basin by Easterners, tensions increased.

The first bad turn of events happened in 1833 when some fur trappers led by Joe Walker decided to shoot a group of Paiutes that they thought might attack them at a later date. Over 30 natives were killed. Treaties and grievance courts kept the peace for a while, and the Paiutes even fought other Indian groups on behalf of the U.S. Army. But in the 1860's, influxes of miners, pioneers and cattlemen imposed themselves on the Paiutes, and regularly stole the women, abused the men and sometimes killed them. The Paiutes frequently stole from the settlers and participated in revenge killings. An all-out war began in the Spring of 1865 with the apparent U.S. Cavalry ambush at Winnemucca Lake where 29 Paiutes were killed. This attack so horrified some government officials and newspaper reporters that an investigation was undertaken. No charges were ever filed. The winter of 1866 saw intensified fighting, forced deportation marches and scores of Paiutes killed by freezing temperatures. By that fall, most of the Paiutes were "pacified," groups were disbanded and reservation boundaries were later drawn. Paiutes still live in the Great Basin, and many localities, such as Pyramid Lake and the Black Rock Desert hold great cultural significance for them.

- Doug Long



Photo by David Beach

advertisement - advertisement - advertisement - advertisement
LONELY? Tired of the bar scene? Too busy working two jobs to keep up the payments on the condo and the Beemer? Just tired of searching? We've got the 90's high-tech solution for you - Mail Order Bride Camp! Don't waste time on useless flirting and idle chit-chat. Cut out the expensive dimmers and gifts! Just locate a hot body ripe for takeover, have Jeeves drop you off at the Disgruntled Postal Workers Camp, complete the required paperwork, and with a handsome tip to one of our charming postal peons, you'll be on your way to marital bliss.

The Patrol is in Control

Remember all those rules you received when you came into camp? Well, here's one more. According to J D Boggmann, Black Rock Ranger, the newest rule is, "As of this morning all motorcycles have the right of way, except when dogs are involved." So, everyone please watch out for those motorcycles, and be careful around our four-legged friends. Boggmann added, "We've had some minor mishaps, mostly due to people driving without lights. Otherwise, everything is going really well."

Black Rock Ranger Little Joe added, "Use your lights, slow down and don't drive if you don't have to. It's more fun to stop and talk to people. It's not as easy to do when you're driving. Don't go into town if you don't have to. Caravan if possible. Stay to the right when driving." When asked what type of activities the Rangers have been busy with, Little Joe added, "We've fixed a few tires, placed bales of hay, and even helped a few people get their vehicles out of the mud."

- Susan M. Cooney

Attack of the 20 Foot Man

Sure the Man is big, and tall, and wired with neon and all sorts of flammable material, but does the Man have a Stratocaster™? The 20 Foot Man does.

The statuesque and semi-transparent 20 Foot Man is wired for all sorts of sounds and is played from a control panel nearby by Portland residents Mike, Josh and John.

"He's got xylophone toes and a membranophone heart," says Mike. He continues, "His eyes light up, his brain lights up and he's got '55 Chevy horns for ears." He can impersonate thunder, and he's even been known to travel with that most funky instrument, the Theremin.

The 20 Foot Man performs nightly at 8pm due north of center camp, past the outer ring road. If you can't find him, you just aren't listening hard enough.

- Ian Gerrard

Random Bulletin Board Selections

Females needed for nude photo shoot, see guy in black cowboy hat at BB, 4:20pm Saturday.

AA Meeting, be the first to sign up at the BB. Cum-together Sex Club looking for willing participants - info at the Board.

Sandi will carry your burdens to the fire, look for a bicycle with a big red flame box (say goodbye to bad relationships!).

Support Day-Glo. Daily noon rally near the BB.

Lazy Camp Cocktail Party. Saturday 5pm.

Great Burning Man postcards available at Safari Camp from Bignig Industries. Bring 50 cents or some good Scotch.

Rumor Control

• Tickets to Fly Geyser hot springs are NOT being sold in town or in camp. Pay at the hot springs only: \$5 per person per day for swimming and/or overnight camping.

• Larry Harvey does NOT employ a "hat double." He does all his own interviews and "stunts."

• The two gentlemen walking around camp in blue POLICE jumpsuits are NOT pranksters from the Cacophony Society, they are Nevada state narcotics officers. The correct way to greet them is NOT "Hey dudes, wanna bong hit?"

Piano Bell from Hell

At the edge of Black Rock, past the Inferno and Plundertown, rises the Piano Bell From Hell. Eighty-eight pianos trucked in from Oakland and bolted together by Steve Heck.

Bang the strings, visit the bar. Watch Heck balance pianos. Pay tribute to the piano professionals.

"Play as long as you want. We will burn no piano before its time," says Heck.

Heck's pianos have endured fire and earthquakes. They put 40,000 pounds of pressure on the desert floor. They tower over your head.

The first Piano Bell emerged at Lollapalooza. But this instrument exceeds all expectations. Desert Logistics provides the wading pools and tactical support.

Make the pilgrimage.

- Annie Harrison

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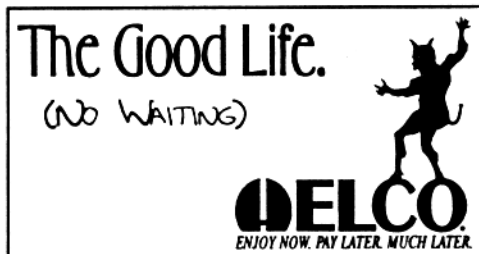
SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE OPERA!

The Arrival of Empress Zöe is a hell of a story depicting the saga of a soul's journey from birth to death. There is love, transformation, jealous rivalry, spectacular sets, a really hot ending, and oh yeah—lots of singing. Even better is a chance to save the universe by audience participation in a special Big Mantra sing-along.

Nope, folks this isn't a TV special—it's live on the playa, Saturday evening around midnight, somewhere in the Black Rock desert. Burning Man's first opera, created and produced by Pepe Ozán, The Arrival of Empress Zöe will open (and close) under the stars of the playa. The opera is composed of about 50 people including performers, musicians, sculptors, special-effects technicians and costume designers, all of whom have been in rehearsal for months to realize Empire Zöe's emergence in Hell.

"For performance opportunities, Burning Man is a fabulous canvas that lets artists think big and do big," Pepe believes. "Here in the desert, we tell the story of the arrival of a soul in Hell."

Centerpiece to the opera will be a series of Fire



DEAR SCRATCH

Dear Scratch,

What do you do with all those souls you've accumulated over the years? Don't they take up a lot of space?
 -J.C., Rome

Gentle Reader,

Actually, once they're stomped flat like aluminum beer cans, they take up hardly any space at all.

Dear Sir,

Since we have never met, I have been forced to rely upon artist's renditions of your appearance. As you know, these have varied widely; however, they are remarkably consistent in depicting you with a tail. Unfortunately, they have left me with a question. Please forgive me in advance if this is an indelicate question, but I'm consumed with curiosity as to whether your tail is prehensile.

Your devoted, most willing and obedient servant,
 -Curious in Canton

Readers,

I print the above letter as an example of a disturbing trend I am seeing in the quality of questions that I receive. Not long ago I would get wonderful questions

Lingam towers. These are hollow, phallic tubes constructed of rebar, mesh and mud, with a vaginal-like opening at the base. While Pepe has built other Fire Lingams at previous Burning Man festivals, this is the first time he has built a triplet of towers connected with an elevated performing stage. In the grand finale, the audience will be singing, the lead singer will be singing, and the stage between the towers will go up in flames. It's opera, folks! Wear your best finery, get there early, BYOB, be prepared to sing along, and make friends with your neighbors. Yes—it'll be a hell of a night!
 -Louis Brill

IN THE SKY 2NITE...

Thirsty? Try Aquarius—the Water Bearer—due southeast at midnight starting at 16 degrees above the horizon. Into SM? How about Andromeda—the Chained Maiden—40 degrees above the eastern horizon. The star Mirach is the brightest link in her starry chains. Into D&D? Draco—the Dragon—is wrapped around the Little Bear/Dipper. Unimaginative? Triangulum—the Triangle—is in the northeast and rising.

Be the first on your block to see Comet Hale-Bopp! The recently full moon means some things in the sky may be hard to see. However, with a pair of at least 7x50 binoculars, the comet should be visible in the southwest in Orichius. Before the moon rises, look for Jupiter, then pan up and over past the Milky Way. It should look like a light smudge. It's just west of the Milky Way in the southwest. If your binoculars come up blank, find an astronomer. I'm sure there's one out here somewhere. And check low in the north east for meteors.
 -Ian Gerrard

asking about Original Sin or Absolute Truth...but these days the Brimstone mailbag seems to be filled with letters like this focusing on gossipy things like unfortunate deformities of higher powers along with the ever more popular "Hey Fire Dude, Like what's up with this painful unination and milky discharge?"

And it's not just me. Last week a colleague of mine received a missive pointing out that portraits of him were rather light-skinned for a denizen of first century Asia Minor. The correspondent then continued by asking him what it is like to be an albino!

Now I am not saying don't be evil...just that it isn't necessary to be mean.

Quite frankly I think I might grab the next person who asks me such trash with my tail and choke the living shit out of him.

Dear Devil:

Where did those snack cake people come up with the idea for Devil Dogs? And do you have a special pet?

-Spike

Dear Spike,

They were so grateful for my idea about those pink SnoBall things, they did it as a tribute. And I do have a special pet. His name is Cerberus. He looks forward to ripping your flesh apart someday.

MURRY OF DA DESERT



DR. ANDERSON

