

The playa's largest daily circulation since 1992

Black Rock Gazette

Saturday September 5th 1998
burning man festival, black rock city, nv usa

THE END IS NEAR!

FREE

Profile

Charlie Gadeken and the Illumination Village

by Lee Gilmore

"Sometimes I feel like my real life exists for 10 days a year and the rest is a bad dream."

Like many participants, Charlie Gadeken began attending Burning Man on a whim in 1992, after a friend told him about this strange festival where "they burn stuff & blow stuff up in Nevada." It was a matter of days before Charlie was creating his own burnable sculpture, volunteering at the gate, and excessively engaging in the experience. He was hooked.

The Illumination Project was founded in 1995 when Charlie and several friends organized a "deeply interactive theme camp with this middle-America-white-trash theme." He laughed as he said, "It was really exhausting and we swore never to do that again."

1995 was also the first year of the giant paintings. "I made about a dozen of what I thought were large canvases, 4' by 6', and built a little gallery in the desert," Charlie said. "I learned two things from this experience: one, it wasn't far enough away from our camp so that people realized that it wasn't just shade, and two, the big rain storms came through and everything got totally knocked down into the mud. I ended up destroying a number of paintings that I originally had no intention of destroying. So the next year I said, forget it, I'm going to bring art that I plan on burning. Craig Spahn and I decided to make a really big painting together. We were going to make one that was 50' long and we ended up making one that was 200' long. That was Illumination Project #1: Dividing the Playa. We soaked it with gasoline, torched it on Sunday night, and the whole thing exploded into fire. It was great. We were instantly hooked on that."

This year, the Illumination Village features, in addition to the trademark paintings and other installations, a sculpture entitled "Not My House." This inside-out house "deals with the concept of space," said Charlie. Amenities normally found within a house—bathroom fixtures, furnishings, curtains, etc.—are all affixed to the outside walls.

"The interior of the house is actually an infinite space that encompasses everybody on the playa, so that everyone at Burning Man is in my house, and so that the wall of safety that exists within my own home includes everyone at Burning Man."

The Illumination Project's primary contributors also include Luther Thompson, Colinne Byrne, Tim Hemrick, and Meico. They have recently collaborated with other groups of artists, including SRL (Survival Research Laboratories), and have exhibited in several galleries. If you'd like to know more about the Illumination Project's past and future events, check out their website at www.burningart.com.

Check out this year's Illumination Village on the Esplanade at North 10th.

SPORTS

Desert Fore Play

After a hard night of playing Fire Ball and drinking pink fuzzies, I stumbled into Cataclysmic Megashar Ranch to greet the rising sun. Why would any self respecting loadie like myself be caught under the accusing gleam of god's flashlight so early in the morning, you might ask? For the Black Rock Open, of course.

For the second year in a row, "Chief," the master architect of the ranch, has installed a nine-hole golf course on what could be called the world's largest golf green. Regrettably, Chief was unable to take our annual stroll on the links this morning. So, it was up to me to be the score-card holder for this year's competitors. A gentleman who went by the name of Meshugana came strolling up to the clubhouse with his golf bag on a rolling cart, ready to play.

The two of us headed out to the tee-off spot next to the Junk Mail Man tent. The first hole was a 100-yard par three. Meshugana proved to be quite effective with his unusual "slanting yoga swing." Equally unusual and effective was his patented "on the stomach billiard" approach to putting. On the first hole he sank a putt from 10 feet. My game wasn't so hot; I had a case of the shanks. However, my end game seemed in order. Luckily, neither of us got tripped up by the lone tree-stump bunker on the second hole.

On the third hole we picked up three latecomers—Randy, Jason, and Michael (a veteran from last year), who showed up driving a solar-powered golf cart. Randy, Meshugana and I bogeyed on the par-four hole. Jason, who refuses to take a mulligan, swung for seven; Michael, using play biscuits as golf tees, fished the hole for par.

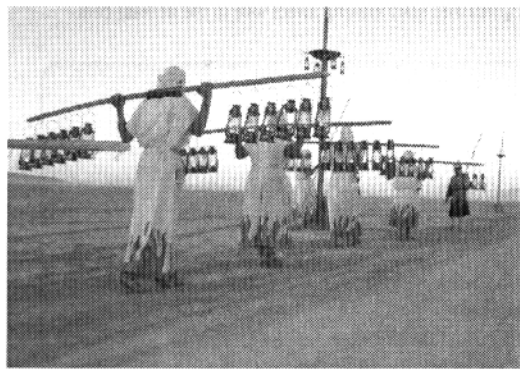
Synchronicity was ever present when, just like last year, our party had to play around the two people fucking on the playa hazard, which was once again placed on the sixth hole. Lucky for them they weren't as aerobic as last year's hazard, or a low-flying ball might have gotten caught in a trap.

The eighth hole, we were happy to see, had not been blown up as had happened the previous year, but the poor groundskeeping did add a few strokes to some of the players' score cards.

The ninth hole, which offers a beautiful view of The Man, is a par five. Randy and Michael bogeyed for a total score of 25 each. I bogeyed for a score of 35. Jason, who was having a lot of trouble with his mid game, completed the hole with an 8 for 36.

Meshugana, who was tied with Michael and Randy on the eighth hole, won the tournament with a par on the ninth, for a total score of 24.

—God Todd



Steve Schwartz

You're as young as who you feel

By Sister Dana Van Iquity, SPI

(with typing assistance and sponge-bathing by Veektoastia)

Hipsters don't age, they ripen. Last night, wrinkles rubbed up against wrinkles at the Ageing Hipsters' Cocktail Party (a.k.a. the old codgers' ball) hosted by the fabulous and miraculously well-preserved LadyBee, in the sumptuously appointed Blue Lite District. There was a lotta likker (you likker, you brought her) served by nubile virgins and buff babes to the enthusiastic over-40-and-fab recipients, and stickers (labels?) were placed strategically over liver-spots and thick curly ear-hairs. One oldie gave out sweet-smelling gardenias, adding to the funeral ambience.

Contrary to the genX view (recently also held by the now-elder boomers) that no one over 30 is to be trusted or is worth a lay, wild reports of energetic sexual exploits at burningman 98, laced with references to the Beatles ("will you still need me/will you still feed me/when I'm 64?") and those happy songs from the Vietnam war era, were parlayed giddily among the steaming throng. Sage (or was that "sag"?) advice was freely dispensed to sundry youth in illegal attendance, including best over-the-counter hemorrhoid medications, and clever uses of Depends as a fashion statement. Juveniles without either fake IDs or servile attitudes crashed the party despite valiant efforts of decrepit bouncers. Noticeably absent from the culinary offerings were vintage wines and their standard accompaniment, old stinky cheese, commonly preferred by the geezerly set.

A special guest appearance by Mona Mongoose's great-granny, sporting a walker and stunning spectator pumps (where were the orthopaedic shoes and thick hose, Mona?), wowed onlookers, most of whom were too weak to give a standing ovation. Attendees were even more delighted by the unprecedented appearance of Mona Lewinski, when she blew in to the Blue Lite District to offer advice on stain removal.

Cradle-robbing was applauded by the teeming masses when LadyBee announced the engagement of Black Rock's own over-40 Studebaker Hawk (of Radio Free Burning Man notoriety) to the childish irresponsible underage Veektoastia. (Serenade her with your worst poetry and "spoken werd" at Last Toast every burn-Sunday. This year's Last Toast will be held in the Blue Lite District at Village Way and 8th North at 7am on burn-day, right after Java Cow.)

After dusk, farts old and young were pleasantly lulled into a deep sleep by a rousing performance of brass favorites (including the Vietnam Rag by Country Joe and the Fish) from the ever-popular if somewhat senile Burning Band. Fireworks climaxed the evening until a Viagra joke in poor taste was laid on the old folks by some young whippersnapper, leaving us with no ending line for this article. (We're too old and forgetful to remember what we were going to say...) Drink yer water and fill yer Depends.

WIND CASUALTY



Carlos Candeloro

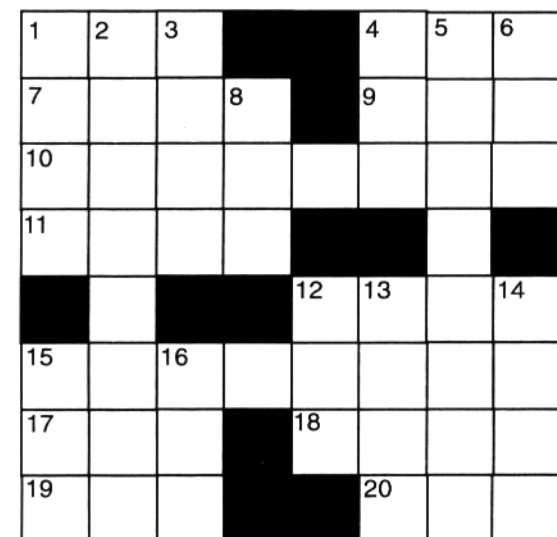
Score another one for nature. A wind storm whipped through camp on Friday afternoon, kicking up dust and toppling several tall structures. The tall lumber-and-cloth art installation above collapsed and took out two SUVs in the process. Remember, campers: Keep tents well-staked and store lightweight items inside when you leave your site. (You might also think twice before camping in the shadow of a 20-foot art project.) Wind storms occur without warning in Black Rock City, even at night!

Saturday
09.05.98

Black Rock Gazette

Playa Crossword

By Mike Wooldridge



Across

- Bay Area airport
- Patriotic chant
- Race stages
- Battery term.
- Horny
- Mirth
- Weaponry
- Do this and you may get a rise
- Spanish uncle
- Libertarian institute
- Tiny mark
- Cat sound

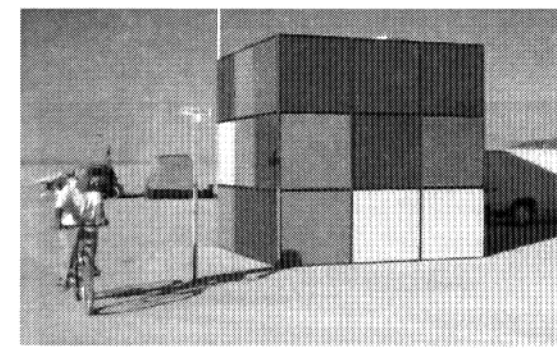
Down

- Smelting byproduct
- Lip service
- Leer
- Moesha's home
- Bottom dweller
- Half of T and A
- 1975 Kiss song
- Dog breeding org.
- Widen a hole
- Pack away
- Herpes or gonorrhea
- Decay

Madge's Desert Camping Tip #231:

A Safe Place for Sludge

That romantic spongebath with last night's new friend was a real success, but now what do you do with that watery sludge left in the bucket? Don't just toss it onto the nearest patch of playa. Take a minute to dig a drain basin for those liquid leftovers. Placed out of the general traffic path—like behind your tent or under your car—the hole will contain the liquid while it is slowly absorbed by the desert. Dishwasher scraps are easy to remove and dispose of correctly with a drain basin and, best of all, there are no more annoying mudslicks to slip on as you stumble home from a night of revelry.



Steve Schwartz

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Official Burning Man Media-Whore Scorecard

By Daredevil

Really, the appropriate term should be "media slut" as the true reward of the media spotlight is not recompense in any fungible currency, but the fleeting gratification and hollow-propping up of self-image that is the lifeblood of the true "slut." That being said, "slut" is connoted as something demeaning, something low, whereas in our '90s preterfeminist mythos, whoredom is almost a noble calling: heroine/hero transforming exploitation into self-empowerment, flopping sexual indentured servitude right onto its trick-turning back in a wink-wink-nudge-nudge poke-between-the-eyes at the current wave of techno-Victorian, right-wing hetero-prudery.

So the Gazette honors and encourages all those Media-Whores who grab the media bull by the oysters and stare straight into the baleful eye of Middle America. Citizens of Black Rock: Hide not under a bush your tattooed and pierced light. Flaunt it, baby, flaunt it. Speak your soundbite truth and take charge of the use-you/be-used-by-you playdynamic information give-and-take hostage drama. Top scorers will be presented with a voided super-sized Publisher's Clearing House check during a Tiger Beat magazine photo op with Larry Harvey and the skinny kid from that Jim Carroll movie. So clip out this handy Burning Man Media-Whore Scoring guide and start making sweet love to the nearest camera.

- Try to talk to media person and get ignored: -10 loser penalty
- Succeed in talking to media person: +1 point
- Succeed in talking to media person and you are not a naked woman: +5 personality points

You are interviewed/questioned for:

- An alternative rag or zine: +5 points
- A major newspaper or magazine: +10 points
- You say something meaningful/insightful: +5 wisdom points
- You sound like a dillweed: -20 dumbass penalty
- You make up something completely outlandish about Burning Man (e.g. you're from the cannibalism/human sacrifice camp): +10 wiseass points
- while keeping a straight face: +10 bonus points
- and the media person believes you: +20 media subversion points

- Have picture taken by tourist (one really big camera around neck): +1 point
- Have picture taken by media person (many cameras around neck): +10 points
- Filmed or videoed by tourist (small camera): +5 points
- Filmed or videoed by media (big camera and fuzzy mike): +15 points
- Photographed, filmed, or videoed by anyone and you are actually wearing clothes: +20 snappy dresser points

RIDE SHARE CONNECTIONS



Phone booth needs ride to Arizona. See Godfrey Daniels at Deuce of Clubs camp (North 5th and Atlantic). No weirdos.

Got Clarinet?

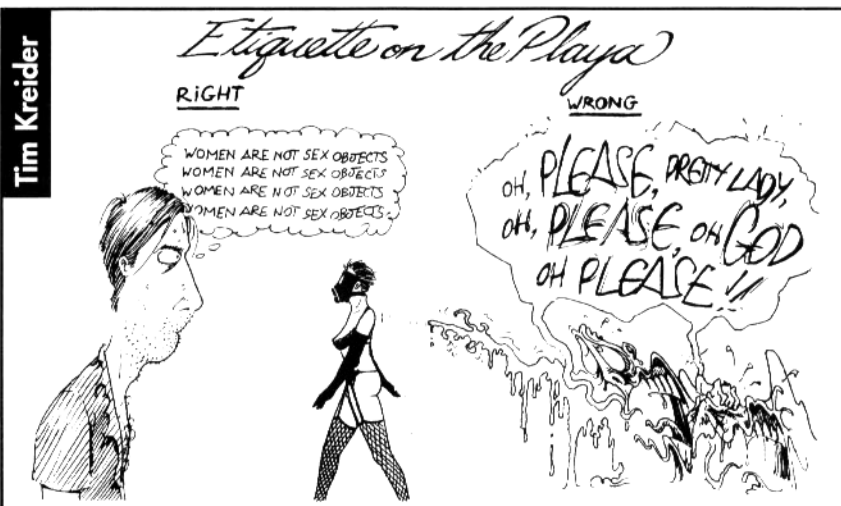
Nik Phelps performs classical music every evening in the cafe in Center Camp at 10:30pm. He would be delighted to be joined by other classically trained violinists and woodwind players who can sight-read.

Today's Crossword Solution



Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.

—Arthur C. Clarke



Tim Kreider