 MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1999:
BLACK ROCK CITY POPULATION:
3005

WELCOME to NOWhere

ThereOn

Our city is configured like a giant clock. Wherever you may choose to camp, your home address will correspond to a specific instant measured on a Wheel of Time surrounding Burning Man. Time will move at approximately three inches per second (as calculated from Mercury) as it traverses the two mile arc of Black Rock City. Synchronize your watches (and your minds) and be prepared to celebrate the seconds that define your space when Time, in its majestic sweep through our settlement, arrives at your door.

The first recorded measurement of time was carved on a bone 30,000 years ago. This year at Burning Man, artist Dana Albany has fashioned a Tree of Time — a 30-foot tall mobile sculpture constructed entirely from weather-bleached bones. Look for this hoary monolith at dusk on Friday evening as it glides across the playa. It will be your guide through each successive hour as we celebrate a journey around the Wheel of Time.

Where Are You?

Greetings!

We on the volunteer staff of the Black Rock Gazette are dedicated to the naked truth.

Black Rock City is our beat, and Burning Man is our culture.

Many things make this a unique lifetime experience for all. For instance, this is a gift society, not a barter exchange; it's inclusive, not exclusive; and interaction and participation encourage relationships and sharing, not transactions and valuation.

The newspaper is free.

Other signs of civilization:

Friends, find yourselves and others by filing out a card for the Directory, or put your camp's location on the Dynamic Board, both maintained at the Greeter's Station. We have a message center in Center Camp, the Burning Bell. Volunteer for Burning Man by asking at Check Point Salon. And finally, share your news and views at the City Desk in front of BRGazette Headquarters on Moon Circle Road, 12n to 5p. We're all here.

Welcome to NOWhere.

Shibumi, Fang and the BRG Staff

DON'T BELIEVE THE RUMORS!

Tune in at 11a and get the low-down from high-yup as Big Bear, our fearless Director of the Black Rock Rangers, broadcasts each day on Radio Free Burning Man, FM99.5.

BizBus

If you find you don't have what you shoulda — and ya need t'a,

you may take your business aboard the BizBus to Gerlach and Empire. Round trip tix are \$5 (no one way fares). The BizBus leaves from the Greeters Circle, starting at 10a, and runs every 90 minutes; last bus at 7p.

This is not a sight-seeing tour.

Burning Man provides this transportation as a service for citizens of Black Rock City, Gerlach and Empire to reduce the amount of traffic.

Seating is limited and by reservation, and tickets must be purchased in advance.

THAT time again

Stuart Mangrum

Burning Man operates in its own unique time stream. Nonlinear, episodic, sometimes capricious; it bends the edges of our experience like a funhouse mirror. Out here, the ordinary cycles of life quickly drift out of synch: day and night, work and play, even the rhythms of the body become unpredictable. Clocks and watches, regardless of how precisely aligned, lose their authority at the playa's edge.

Just as this is a place beyond the standard notions of space, so is it a time outside of Time. Time on the Playa is a lot like dreamtime. Irrational, yet with its own peculiar logic. Episodic, yet oddly continuous. Out here, all your history in other places ceases to matter, leaving you with an uninterrupted vista of memory back to your first playa moment. You see people you haven't seen for a year, and it's as if you were never apart. Conversations interrupted by the years become seamless, all their gaps sealed up and smoothed over. Playa time exists on its own, and goes on, regardless of our comings and goings.

A million years ago, this place was underwater. Today it's a desert. In this empire of dust, city time doesn't stand a chance against geologi-

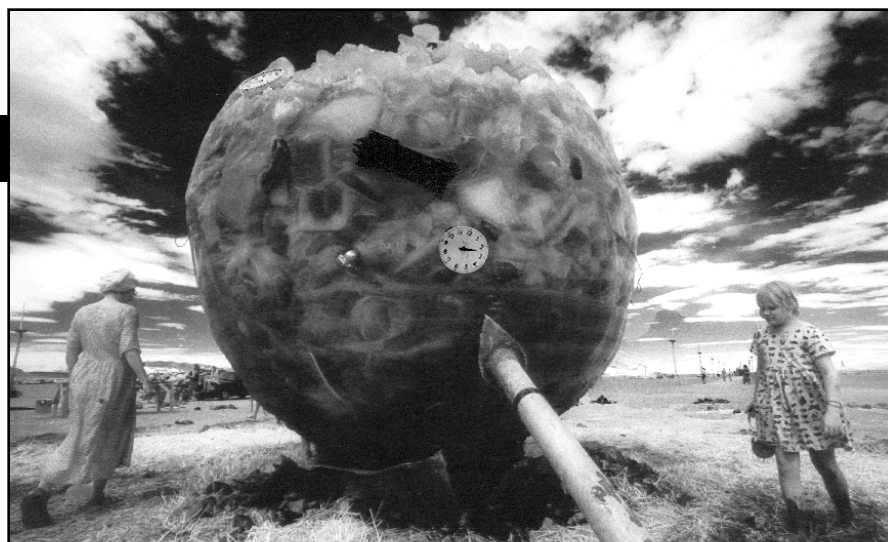


Photo by Jim Mason
D.C. Photography by Alan Loway ©1997

cal time. What is a minute, or a thousand minutes, compared to the patient onslaught of water and wind on rock? Where was I supposed to be at noon? What is Noon? Time to take a nap, and wait for night. Your seconds are the first to go, followed quickly by your minutes and hours. After a day or two on the playa, only the roughest measurements retain any value: morning, naptime, evening, night. This time, last time, next time. Soon, later, and much later. Occasionally forever, and sometimes never. Always, of course, and now.

Ah, now! Enjoy it while it lasts, because in no time it will be gone. Before you know it, you'll be digging around in the bottom of your pack for your watch, wondering what time it's going to be when you get home, and how many hours of sleep you can get before you have to be at work. You'll strap it back onto your wrist, and that little round patch of sunburned flesh will gradually heal, and you will forget. Playa time will recede like a half-remembered dream as you slip back into your "normal" routine, measuring out your life in hours and minutes and seconds until the time comes to return. I'll see you then, and we'll pick up this conversation where we left off.

First Time? Do it right.

by Fang

Everyone who attends Burning Man has been, at one time, a virgin. The thing I found most striking during my first year was how utterly unbearable it was trying to get used to the wind, dust, and relentless heat. No matter what you're doing here, you're going to need to acclimate before you can really enjoy yourself. I've been fortunate to camp with people who know the scene and are as well versed in survival as they are in panache. From my discussions and experiences with them, I've culled these sage suggestions which will help you move into the playa groove with the least amount of strain.

• **Drink lots of water.** You'll hear this frequently, and it can't be emphasized enough. An estimated 19 out of 20 medical calls that the rangers receive are due to dehydration.

• **Take your time.** Ease into it. Don't rush the transformation of your body from human to desert reptile. Walk mellow—mosey—and experience it all fully. Leave the rush and crash back in the city—it'll still be there when you return.

• **Make friends.** Meet your neighbors and find out what's going on. One of the greatest joys in escaping the dominant culture is forsaking its attitude of alienation. We are all fellow participants in this mad, experimental community, rangers included. In an environment like this, it's good to know that you can count on others.

• **Open your mind.** If you're here, you've already started. Let everyone's trip be as holy as your own. When you see a orange-painted person running in circles, find the part of yourself that might enjoy doing that. Allow yourself to "get it." Trust your soul to understand everything it experiences. **Grok.**

• **Give of Yourself.** Generosity and hospitality are among the highest art forms. Giving enriches not only your experience, but the whole event. Exchange is about creating a relationship, looking someone in the eye; it's not about getting the most for the least.

• **Leave No Trace.** Repeat this mantra to yourself at all times. Clean up after yourself. Batten down your camp. If you litter, everyone around you will explain in no uncertain terms their disfavor. If you see someone drop a wrapper, speak up for playa. Littering is a symbol of the corporate world's indifference to the environment and the future, and it doesn't belong here. Take action. Make your disappearance from the playa an art akin to a magician's act.

• **Mask the Brand Names.** No shoe manufacturer, soft-drink, mega-brewery, or moving van company has sponsored this event. Mask, hide, or disguise the eye-sore logos that get in our faces constantly and without our consent when we are in the 'normal world'.

• **Do Something.** Do anything. Your participation makes the event. Be creative, spontaneous, silly, anarchic, ingenious, or rehearsed. As long as you harm no others nor the playa, your creative actions enhance the happening.

• **Be prepared.** When the wind comes up, deal with it as best you can. If it rains, make do. If a woman explains to you that your aura is light green with marshmallow dinosaurs, believe her. If a naked man on a bike offers you a martini, accept graciously. Let your soul be as relaxed as possible and roll with everything. The community and the experience will support you.

I'm telling you, this experience is truly like nothing else in the world. The freedom is breathtaking. The possibility for human connection astounds me. It's one of the best things you can do. Enjoy!



Sister Dana Van Inquity of the Black Rock Gazette

Hiya on the playa! Well, here you are at long last—in the middle of the burning desert. So, what's the most important issue? Water?! Well, yes I suppose so—but there's something that is so much more vital: FASHION! True, you could die from lack of H2O, but worse yet you could die of embarrassment when issued a fashion citation because of your boring, improper playa attaya. Shape up boyz and grrrls, this is a no-Old-Navy, no-Gap zone.

You say all you brought were white t-shirts and shorts? Not to worry. Pour some of that water you brought (oh dear gawd, PLEASE tell me you didn't forget to bring water!) onto the playa floor. Dunk that pristine tee into the mud until you have a nice desert sand tone. Rip the shirt into strips and tie a knot at the end of each. Now go through the same steps with your shorts (better yet, your undies, which tear easier and look sexier). A variation could be pouring on orange juice or any other liquid that stains clothing. Red wine comes to mind. Yeah, how about a wine tie-dye session? Drink and spill enough of your dye and you won't care how you look (but do dye responsibly). It's all about survival AND savoir faire.

Now for your face. Forget Clinique, m'dear, cuz this is the desert, dammit! Mud makes an excellent makeup base. Remember, it's just the opposite on the playa: a lighter coat at night and a thicker one during the noonday sun. Do NOT forget eye shadow. Try to find some burnt wood (hard task!) and apply the charcoal to your lids and anywhere else on your person. For blush, there is nothing like the blood of a freshly slaughtered playa chicken, but barring that, you will need a red vegetable (you can't beat beets!) smeared on your cheeks. Lips look great in berry juice. Highlight everything with carrot juice. If you can find someone who brought henna, the long-lasting tattoo effect is fabulous. OR you could blow off all this natural crap and mug the nearest drag queen. I mean, BARGAIN with the DQ.

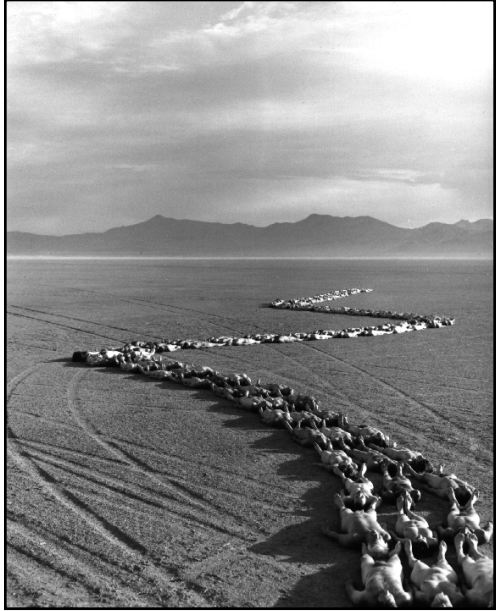
		sunrise	sunset	moonrise	moonset
August	30	0625	1934	2205	1019
	31	0626	1932	2241	1127
September	1	0627	1931	2322	1236
	2	0628	1929	0007	1344
	3	0629	1927	0058	1450
	4	0630	1926		1552
	5	0631	1924	0155	1648
	6	0632	1923	0257	1737



Gerlach, NV — LAT: 40 39' 6" N, LONG: 119 21' 15" W

KRYSTL

POSE NUDE on Saturday morning, September 4th, 8:30a sharp, rain or shine, for a massive group nude photograph. Meet behind the Man. The entire event will take 30 minutes, and you need only be nude for a few. *Krystal* will be part of the Reaction Zone series by Spencer Tunick, a New York City artist, who combines performance, sculpture and installation. These photographs are concerned with humanity and explore the relationship between the vulnerability of the human form and the anonymity of public spaces. Wear loose fitting clothing; no costumes, necklaces, glasses, watches, jewelry, body paint, or mud. Tattoos and piercings are fine. Bring friends and family. Participants only.



Spencer Tunick © 1997



Immediately following the *Krystal* photo shoot, 9-ish? pick-up a Black Rock Gazette newspaper at the Man (and nothing else!) and pose with it for "The Naked Truth" photograph, to be published in the Sunday edition of the Black Rock Gazette... the Naked Truth! Jewelry, glasses, mud, tattoos, etcetera, O.K.

Burning Man ARCHIVE

Burning Man is managing a growing archive of images, video tapes, flyers, drawings and art. Many of these items have made it into a traveling art show "Burning Man, an Incendiary Exhibition." As seen in San Francisco, Reno and soon Chicago and Los Angeles. If you have made something special (necklace, candle, stickers, etc.) to share with Burning Man participants please contribute one to the Burning Man archives. Submissions may be made at Check Point Salon or Media Mecca. After the event, submissions may be sent to the Burning Man mail box.

911

In an emergency you can contact the Rangers Dispatch Center with a CB or HAM radio.

- CB: channel 9
- HAM: 2m: 144.400 (No CTCSS or PL tone)
- HAM: 70cm: 444.400 (No CTCSS or PL tone)

Dispatchers monitor all three channels 24 hours a day. Be prepared to state your name, your location (theme camp, landmarks, intersection), and the nature of the emergency. Try to remain in radio contact with the dispatcher until the Rangers arrive on scene. For more information visit the Black Rock Ranger Headquarters in Center Camp.

Sister Dana Sez... *continued from page 1*

Finally, be sure to accessorize, accessorize, ACCESSORIZE! Use anything you can find to hang from some string around your neck, to wrap around your extremities (ALL of them), and to stick on top of your head. Now just look at the new you: **delectable** in the desert! 🍷

DEFENDING BLACK ROCK:

LEAVE NO TRACE

Andros Sturgeon

You just came down the dusty road after long hours of highway, greasy roadside food, and craning your neck to see out the rear window. Glad you're here! You make your way to your spot, assemble the interactive-techno-sound-fire installation, and you're stylin'. Then you look around at the plastic bags the screws came in and your empty soy milk carton lying on the cracked clay, ready to become airborne in the next gust; and you realize the concept of Leave No Trace has escaped you.

The rowdiness of Burning Man can obscure this concept, yet it's our land-use ethic that helps differentiates us from fiascoes like Woodstock '99. Our conscientious stewardship of the land makes us not only unique, but—dare I say?—holy. Harley Bierman, Burning Man HR Manager and Earth Guardian organizer, puts it this way: "The playa's resilient, but near us are historic pioneer trails, Native American sites, and, at the playa's edge, fragile places that took 100 years to become fertile enough to grow anything. If we can Leave No Trace today, we can have the same Black Rock the pioneers saw, tomorrow."

The principles of Leave No Trace, a national ecological program, have been adopted by Burning Man as a part of the celebration as central as the burn itself. The Earth Guardians are participants who organized to address the environmental issues of our use of the Black Rock Desert, an area managed by the federal Bureau of Land Management (BLM). "The Earth Guardians are out here year 'round. We monitor our past sites. We pick up other people's trash," Harley tells me. "We found one bottle from 1946."

So you pick up trash, but what else? "Old burns!" says Harley. "Burns bake the playa into pottery. We go to every spot there was a fire and break up the hardened ground, so eventually it will become normal again. Also, we try to make it easier for participants to stay traceless. Cigarette butts can take a century to decompose out here, so last year the Earth Guardians gave out plastic film cans for people to stash their butts. That's what the organization is about: it's creative consciousness."

Consciousness: You've finished your banana. The towers and spires of Black Rock City beckon you on, but you take ten seconds to put the peel in the right place: an open-sided basket where it can dry out, getting ready to be packed out odor-free. In the normal world, you don't need much presence of mind to deal with plastic wrappings. Here, you must secure them in a closed dry-trash container. Near the pounding drums and fire, you see an empty beer can — your dancing gains a stomp as you swoop it up, and carry it to the next recycle

Visit the Burning Man Earth Guardians at Black Rock University in Center Camp. They can provide you with information on LNT Instructor's Certification training, Black Rock Desert clean up trips, and Leave No Trace Masters classes. Or, you may contact them through email: earthguardians@burningman.com. Also, check out the Environment section of the Burning Man web site, where you'll find articles on the geography, mammals and history of the Black Rock



Marian Goodell ©1998

bag. Here on the playa, consciousness can shape every action.

"And you do this year 'round?" I ask Harley. "Yes. And we're certified trainers so we can teach LNT to other groups. We also have an ally in the BLM — Mike Bilbo, a Master Trainer of LNT principles. He is totally supportive of what we do out here. I can't tell you how nice it is to have someone from the government on our side."

The BLM is on our side because Burning Man is a good citizen of the Black Rock Desert. If we weren't we'd quickly lose the right to use the playa. Mike helps us help the playa, and Burning Man returns the favor by showing how Americans can hold a huge festival without destroying the venue. As a group of conscientious land users who are educated about impact issues, we are a success story for the BLM.

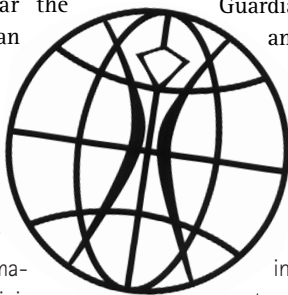
But government intervention that could affect the future of Burning Man isn't far away. Maid Marian, Mistress of Communications, explains, "Nevada Senators Reid and Bryan have recently resurrected old legislation that would make 1.2 million acres of this desert into a National Conservation Area. Conflict could arise if the legislation is passed without the input of all user groups, and the BLM became required to enforce laws that had not been agreed upon. We must stay on top of this process and make sure we voice our opinion when the time comes."

That's why we need to keep improving our Leave No Trace efforts. Our trashlessness keeps the BLM on our side and staves off our detractors. We can give them NO grounds to accuse us of being destructive to the environment. Or we're outta here.

"Burning Man is a social experiment," Harley says, "where an entire city gets built, lived in, and then disappears. And that is the biggest performance art piece of the whole event—the art of leaving without leaving anything behind. That's where we need everyone's participation."

Part of the wonder of Burning Man is living in the NOW. Clean as you go. Use a moment and do what is necessary, now. Strain food particles from water, let them dry, and pack out the waste. Enlighten neighbors who may not have read this. Growl audibly at litterers, or, better yet, teach them by peaceful example. If you have questions, go to Black Rock University (Center Camp) where you will see the Earth Guardians' sign. Harley will be there too, and she's a great source of information and inspiration. And attend Mike Bilbo's LNT class — it will get you extra credit. 🍷

Desert. Additionally, a volunteer, non-profit group has recently formed in an effort to bring various users together to work as one to maintain and protect desert resources. The Friends of the Black Rock is wholly independent, though they support the rights of a variety of desert users, including the Burning Man event. For more information please visit: www.blackrockfriends.org or contact: Friends of the Black Rock, P.O. Box 50430, Reno, 89513.



GERLACH or LIMBO?

INTELLIGENT ROAD

When you leave Reno going east and drive through the corridor of an ancient riverbed that Interstate 80 has taken advantage of, you'll hear it. It's a high-pitched scream—barely audible—that you can feel in your teeth. "God, what's that noise?" you ask, while glancing back at your load to see if something's come loose. You're on your way to Burning Man and you're not the only one who hears weird noises.

This may be foreign territory to you, but after you turn North—that is, after you've stopped at the Indian-owned and run Smoke Shop in Wadsworth—you're on sacred ground, and you will repeat the mantra "Gerlach" (that's "grrrlaak" to you) at least six more times before you take a shower. Intelligent road conversation might run something like this:

"Where are we?" *Heading towards Gerlach.*
 "How far is it?" *Right after Gerlach.*
 "Was that Gerlach?" *No, I think it said "Limbo."*
 "Hey is this Gerlach?" *No, this is Empire.*
 "There's Gerlach!" *Slow down!*
 "Gerlach sure is small." *Small town.*

GERLACH HAPPENS

It nestles in the crotch at the bottom-end of the great Black Rock Desert, home to Burning Man since 1990. Gerlach may be the last sign of familiar civilization that you'll see for more than a week, so DON'T take it for granted; and don't abuse Gerlach's citizens, or their wary hospitality. They're not waiting for the stampe, nor for anyone to entertain them, and, you know, they've seen the likes of us anyway. Migrations of out-of-towners answer the call of the great Black Rock as relentlessly as the seasons. Land-sailors and land-speed enthusiasts, miners, hunters, bikers, and cattlemen — Burning Man participants may be among the more colorful road burners, but they have not been the most friendly, nor memorable. Now, Craig Breedlove, he's memorable, but still can't hold a candle to Bruno Selmi, Gerlach's own most famous resident. Still, people come from all over with their eyes fixed on the horizon, and Gerlach sees... and has heard it all.

THE GOLDEN RULE

If you stop to spend money in Gerlach you might get to meet some of the more visible residents who make their living working at the three places to eat, and the one gas station. There's Alice "I don't get no respect," a waitress and cleaning lady at the hotel/country club. She wants to like you but not if you don't treat her like a human being. Meet Mr. Fabulous — or don't meet Mr. Fabulous. He doesn't care and he doesn't want to. Tip Chuck for his world-class service; go for the excellent margaritas across the street at Jalisco's; the Black Rock Saloon serves the only veggie burgers for a 100 miles around. Meet Mr. Bill, the Irish ex-Chicago-gangster hit man who'll pump you full of gas. Say "Hi!" to Beverly, owner of the Miner's Club. She's a peach. And, B-Man, DON'T steal their water (or pee in their front yard, dump trash in their cans, block their driveways with your trailer). You're easy to spot—and even when you're not, Burning Man will take the blame.

As in any other desert community, water is precious, manners are appreciated, and rude, impatient behavior can make visitors unwelcome. Thinking of the many irregular regulars that pass through, I asked Beverly which one of the events around Gerlach she looked forward to the most. The distant sound of a train wailed thinly on a breeze, briefly relieving my shirt from clinging duty. She smiled wistfully, and said "Warm weather." I stopped. I put my palm-soaked notes away, and enjoyed the heat. Heading back to *The City*, I pulled off towards Limbo. Guess what I learned? Yup. That's a moo. There are cows in Limbo. There are people in Gerlach. 🍷 — Vicki Olds

Bernie's Index

Amount the world has spent since 1977 on licensed Star Wars merchandise: \$4,500,000,000
 Number of U.S. companies and groups licensed to sell merchandise bearing the Vatican's Jubilee 2000 logo: 31
 Amount Burning Man has spent/earned since 1986 on licensing: \$0

Number of federally maintained bridges of which the U.S. Department of Transportation has no record: 4,770
 Number of Black Rock City's Department of Public Works maintained bridges of which the DPW has no record: 0

Frame element composing most cities, slums, suburbs, exurbs, towns, and villages in western civilization: the rectangle
 frame element composing most of Black Rock City: the circle
 Frame element combining Black Rock City's frame element with the elemental spirit of the event: Chris Campbell's Orbicular Affect(s)

IF YOU HARBOR INTERESTING FACTOIDS, PUT THEM TO WORK FOR BERNIE'S INDEX. SUBMISSIONS TAKEN AT THE CITY DESK (IN FRONT OF THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE HQ).

Publisher	Vicki Olds	Technical Advisors	Zac, Andros Sturgeon	Feature Writers	Stuart Mangrum
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