



The Human Man and Sky People

TEXT SHANE ROGERS & KAREN E HAWES

Born from a conversation between Bryan Burke and Wes Harberts, the Human Man project was a way to engage Black Rock City citizens in an exhibit that would give a special view of the city. The concept was to use a group of human models to create an image of The Burning Man, visible from the air. The large figure of the man was reminiscent of the famous lines and animals of the Nazca plain in Peru. On Saturday afternoon of Burning Man 2002, the SkyPeople theme camp organized the largest art exhibit on the playa. Then they cleaned it up quickly.

Less than a month before the start of Burning Man 2002, Karen Hawes began organizing people for the exhibit with an email campaign to recruit volunteers for the Human Man. Using a pyramid plan, the goal was to recruit 2,220 BRC citizens to use as paint on the sand-baked canvas of the playa.

The final planning for the time of the event took place on the playa during the week of Burning Man. Time and details were slated to be communicated to the Level 1 organizers at a SkyPeople meeting on Friday around sunset. Unfortunately, the dust storm Friday afternoon cancelled this pivotal meeting. Everyone was unsure of what would happen the next day. The Human Man sculpture was flying blind.

During Friday's dust storm, the SkyPeople were in a plane above Black Rock City with Larry Harvey, founder of The Burning Man project. Larry was ready to experience his first tandem skydive and see the aerial view of the city. However, the weather forced them to land without making the jump. Larry's first tandem skydive was re-scheduled for Saturday, the day of the Human Man sculpture.

Plan B kicked in on Friday night to spread the word as quickly as possible, to as many people as possible, about staging the Human Man.



Can you spot yourself?

PHOTO SHANE ROGERS

Anyone and everyone was asked to show up the next day and await further instructions on where to appear for the photo op. Two key camp members,

Alex Leigh and Amy Mishkin, went to the large theme camps to drum up support and made announcements on local radio stations. They posted flyers around the city. The SkyPeople enjoyed the festivities of Black Rock City through the night still wondering if anyone would arrive on the scene to build the Human Man.

Saturday morning brought new energy and tension, as the time neared and only a handful of people arrived. Larry Harvey was set to do his tandem skydive so he could watch the formation from the sky. Maid Marian was ready to do an observation ride in the plane to see the Human Man and to get ready for her tandem jump later that day. Large Orange flags were in

place marking the outline of the man. By 12:30 pm, a small group of just over 10 people appeared at the meeting point, with some more people gathering at the Promenade. The

SkyPeople's hopes of building a large scale human man dwindled - there were barely enough people in place to make a foot, much less the whole formation, by 1:15 pm. Then, almost magically, it started to come together.

Slowly, people started to join the formation. People on the ground assembled between the flags, and encouraged passers-by to get into line to fill out the sculpture.

As the numbers began to build, critical mass was achieved and the sculpture took form. Citizens who joined in early are to thank for making this happen. If they had said, "No", as many did at first, then the whole event would have remained nothing more than an idea. Instead, it came to life.

As time ticked by, and the appointed hour to disperse came and went, some people in the sculpture started asking, "When will it happen?" The only answer was, "Soon. Please be patient." The SkyPeople hadn't brought water for the increasingly anxious crowd. Fortunately, musicians and megaphones entertained everyone. People took ownership of their space between the flags, and the sculpture turned into something larger than any one individual. Participants on the ground met their neighbors, and the mood was festive.

All of a sudden, planes appeared in the sky. Divers jumped out, and the people in the sculp-

ture cheered. A horn blast at the foot of the sculpture signaled to folks on the ground that it was time to move off the line and out into the open playa. The intended effect was that it would appear from the sky that the Human Man sculpture was on fire from its foot to its head. The Human Man was a success! Hopefully, participants in the sculpture can spot themselves in the pictures of the formation.

The SkyPeople already have plans for Black Rock City 2003. Their hope is to reach their goal of 2000 plus participants and paint even more impressive lines on the playa canvas. These plans include ways to absorb dust storms or other random acts. In 2003, they will announce the time and location of the sculpture well in advance on their BurningSky website at <http://www.aerialsoul.com/burningsky> and in Burning Man publications. Look for their aerial art flying over head in the sky above Black Rock City.

In the mean time, visit the BurningSky website to see more aerial photos and video of the Human Man and other images from the SkyPeople. Their aerial video footage is also featured in Bill Breithaupt's 2002 Burning Man film "Aqua Burn". The SkyPeople continue to request any video footage and stills taken of their work to be donated to what has already been collected. If you have any images to share, please contact them. ☺



Hatless, harnessed, and ready to go.

PHOTO ALEX LEIGH

Burning All Year Long

TEXT ANDIE GRACE

Many Burning Man participants report that upon returning home from the event, the biggest thing they miss about the playa isn't the art, or the fire, or the dancing - it's their interactions with others that compel them to make their way back to the playa each year. Social relationships form under different conditions than they do in the "real world"; our interaction with one another at Burning Man is motivated by gift-giving, generosity, beauty, and cooperation. Back in our everyday lives, we endure the worst in human nature in a sometimes ugly world: cranky people on the bus, backbiting at work, closed-mindedness or judgment from our families... these are difficult enough before Burning Man, but afterward, they stand in sharp contrast to the warm interactions of the playa. We find ourselves craving opportunities for genuine connection.

If you have returned home to find a longing in your heart for what you've left behind, don't fret. With participants from just about every state in the union and dozens of countries around the world, the chances are good that there's another burner not far from you who is also missing the feeling of the playa. And, thanks to the initiative of some very enthusiastic volunteers, the Regional Contacts can help you find those other burners and bring Burning Man home all year long.

A Regional Contact is a burner who steps forward to convene the Burning Man community in his or her hometown. Burning Man sup-

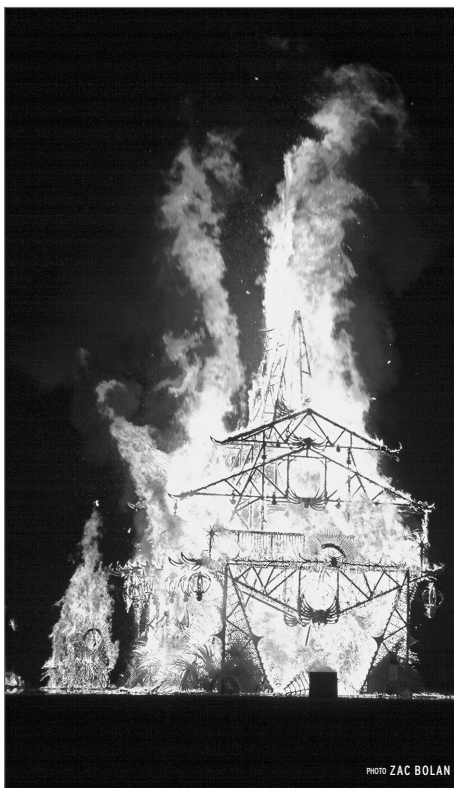
ports this desire with resources to achieve that goal, such as announcement and discussion lists, videos to show to curious friends, newsletters, and access to other experienced regional representatives for dialogue and ideas on how to bring people together. After an interview process, when a new regional is identified, a page is created for their area in the Regional Contacts section of the website at <http://regionals.burningman.com>. By simply clicking on a map of your location, you can find out if there's a regional group near you!

With over 65 groups of all sizes, some old and some new, there is great diversity among the regional groups. New regionals are now being established in Hawaii, Rhode Island, and North Dakota, adding to the roster of existing groups such as Seattle, New York, and Denver. There are regions whose focus is creating their own events locally,

bringing the experience of the playa home and infusing it with their own local flavor. These

events have made it possible for many new people to experience Burning Man's community without ever setting foot on the playa. Each year dozens of events occur, such as Burning Flipside in Austin, TX (the largest regional burn), Burning Corn in Ohio, Playa Del Fuego on the East Coast, and Burning Mooseman in Ontario, Canada. Some events draw participants from other parts of the country, and others are just getting started. Some groups are more geared toward community outreach and projects, rather than just parties. The website for the Santa

Cruz group, www.burningbeach.com, informs the reader that the motivation for forming a regional group in their town was to create a com-



David Best's Temple of Joy burns on Sunday night.

PHOTO ZAC BOLAN

munity that promotes unusual artistic expression. By creating an environment that allows burners to collaborate with other people to create poi spinning workshops, public performances, civic projects and interactive artworks, a regional can create a network that begins to include members of their local community who have not yet attended Burning Man.

The Regional Contacts program has flourished since late 1997, and Burning Man's commitment to the program has increased each year. For 2002, the organization is further increasing its commitment to provide resources, connect communities, and identify new contacts in new areas of the world. Using technology such as web-based community-building tools for file sharing and calendar functions, and by providing guidance and information about legal and logistical aspects of forming local organizations, Burning Man hopes to foster a supportive environment that will help each member group to fulfill its goals. Some groups now contemplate forming their own LLC's in order to create events; others hope to achieve non-profit status for their organizing efforts. Burning Man will help charter these projects and make its own organizational history available to regional contacts, so that they might learn from our past - and avoid the pitfalls that can come with the task of organizing people.

The Burning Man organization also participates in community outreach in these areas. In April 2002, Larry Harvey and a crew of Burning Man staffers traveled to New York City to conduct regional outreach and as part of the Black Rock Arts Foundation. Larry spoke at New York University's Cooper Union to an auditorium

Stowaway Mouse by Smaze

On Thursday August 28, 2002, the Black Rock Gazette reported the plight of a stowaway mouse that hitched a ride to Burning Man. Five mice entered the trailer in Denver, Colorado: only Squeaky survived the trip to the playa.

According to Michael Moss of HeeBeeGeeBees, Squeaky's box became a bit crumpled and he made a break for it sometime on Friday or Saturday. Some speculated that Squeaky was a spy doing reconnaissance work for the upcoming animal take over of the planet. Others argued that he was just another rodent that forgot to read the back of the ticket stub.

Playa Chicken Returns to Roost

TEXT DAVID PETERMAN

Call off the search parties and cancel the Amber Alerts. Put the bloodhounds back in their pens and stop lowering cameras into every deep, dark well. Yes, the missing Playa Chicken has been found.

What's that you say? The Playa Chicken was missing?

Before you work yourself into a tizzy, rest assured that it was not the beloved venom-spitting, eye-pecking advice columnist who pulled a Doug Henning and vanished. Rather, it was her bald doppelganger, a rubbery knockoff who travels from camp-to-camp collecting stories and other lurid tales in her notebook during the week of Black Rock City's existence.

Perhaps a brief history lesson is in order before we proceed.

The Playa Chicken Project was launched in 1998 when a lone rubber chicken was strapped to a notebook and set loose in BRC. She carried simple instructions: whoever found her was to make a creative entry in the book and pass her along to someone else. At the end of the week, she was to be returned to her starting point so that the contents of her notebook could be shared with the world via www.PlayaChicken.com.

When the chicken returned home, her book contained entries from over 45 camps. The writings varied from short to long-winded, from cryptic to elegant, from sublime to ridiculous. In other words, they were a rather accurate portrayal of the diversity of BRC citizens.

Perhaps the most succinct entry that truly captured the spirit of the event was the one written by a resident of the Wind Tunnel Bar. It read, "Put a sign up -

"If the bartender is passed out, help yourself. I then promptly passed out. Woke up to find the chicken."

The project expanded in 1999 with the release of three chickens and notebooks, each now carrying a camera so that a visual image could be captured along with the written entry. Two of the chickens returned, with the third unaccounted for to this date. In 2000, the two remaining chickens from the previous year were returned to active duty and alas, only one made it home. Things were starting to look grim for the Playa Chicken Project.

In 2001 the decision was made to return the project to its roots: one chicken with one notebook. This appeared to be the winning formula, as the chicken came home right on schedule, filled with over 60 pages of wonderful entries, including one gem which read, "Attention jackasses: My nudity does not indicate my sexual attraction to you."

Adhering to the simple one bird, one notebook rule, the 2002 chicken ventured into Black Rock City on Tuesday, August 27, and then...

silence. The deadline for her return came and went and it looked like she had joined her other fallen sisters in the dark abyss, that uncharted realm where lost rubber chickens remain in limbo for all eternity. The worldwide community of chicken fans let out a collective sigh of resignation.

The PlayaChicken.com web site added a brief notice about the missing chicken stating how unfortunate it was that the stories of her journey would not be shared with the world, and these few sentences were copied into an edition of the Jack Rabbit Speaks dedicated to damaged and stolen artwork. Even though the FBI (Fowl Bereavement Institute) officially considered the chicken to be "missing" rather than "stolen," there was hope that the widespread announcement might result in her return, or at least a phone call to say that she was unharmed and resting comfortably.

This concludes the history lesson. It is now time to rejoin this story in present day.

Burning Man participant Bruce had somehow managed to live his entire life unaware of the Playa Chicken Project. To him, a rubber chicken was simply a prop in a lame comedy routine, or at best a tool wielded by a particularly kinky dominatrix. He had no way of knowing that his entire

view of the world would be turned upside down when he opened his email on that late September day and read the JRS entry about the chicken.

B r u c e spent his time on the playa in the Coral Reefer, a blue panel van covered

with bright orange sea creatures and, of course, a disco ball inside. With such an inviting vehicle, people were hopping in and out all week to soak up some of those groovy seafaring disco vibes. With such a popular gathering place, it's common for people to leave items behind, either intentionally or by accident. It wasn't until Bruce read of the chicken's plight that he realized that he had seen a rubbery form buried among the leftover booty of bottles and cans collected behind the bar in the back of his van.

Wasting no time, Bruce tore through the mound of glass and aluminum until his hands felt the familiar pliable form of the chicken. He dusted her off, whispered soothing words in her ear and saw to it that she was quickly returned to her home. Her notebook is currently undergoing a rigorous data extraction process and the results will be posted to the PlayaChicken.com site in due time. The aforementioned worldwide community of chicken fans have let out another collective sigh, but this one is of relief. For them, the sky is now a brighter blue and the robin's song rings a bit more clearly. In short, their universe is back in order.

Meanwhile, the 2003 chicken waits patiently. Her time will come. Oh yes, her time will come. ☺



Thanks for writing!!

PHOTO HARLAN SANDERS



The whale by Tom Kennedy.

PHOTO ZAC BOLAN

Remembering Anthony Taylor

TEXT NINA THE PLAYA NAZI



Ya. Leave no trace.

Anthony Taylor touched many lives with his immense talent, sarcastic humor, devotion to environmental preservation and various contributions to the Burning Man community. The news of his suicide on Sept. 4, 2002, just days after Burning Man ended, brought shock and grief to many from Black Rock City. Why he made this tragic decision is not entirely certain.

Taylor, a performance artist from Southern California, was probably best known on the Playa as Trash Nazi Lieutenant Anton Mutti and for his performance campaign promoting the Leave No Trace policy.

In 1999, when Taylor first arrived in Black Rock City, he found himself compulsively organizing the trash and recyclables in his camp, The Masquetorium and Psychotropical Brain Forest. When he camped with them the next year, he found himself doing it again, furthering his reputation for strict tidiness. He earned the affectionate nickname "Trash Nazi" from his campmates.

In 2001, Taylor was appointed the Leave No Trace representative for the theme camp Azteca. That year, he debuted his persona of Trash Nazi Lt. Anton Mutti (mutti being German for momma), and moved about the Playa to remind people to pick up their garbage.

In 2002, he camped with Church of Bliss Hamlet in the Nuclear Family theme camp. He took on several roles this year, including Sinister Minister, Serendipity, a morning storyteller, and a Black Rock City postal carrier. But his most prevalent identity was as the stern clean-up authority, Trash Nazi.

The image of Taylor in his Trash Nazi costume was striking and jarring. He was handsome, with bleached-blond hair and chiseled looks, and wore an authentic East German border guard uniform (a treasured gift from his friend Dale East) that gave him the "crisp, anal-retentive, precision of fit" he preferred. The perfect accent was a riding crop decked out with Electroluminescent wire, which he grasped firmly and used to "discipline" littering perpetrators.

Black Rock City participants greeted the character with a mostly enthusiastic response, and many campers who did not have an efficient waste management system in place were left wincing from the sharp sting of Lt. Mutti's crop.

"Many people ask me to swat them, and I use what technique I can muster, depending on the circumstances," he said in an email.

Not a Nazi

One of the misconceptions that Taylor wanted to clarify about the character of Lt. Mutti is that he was definitely "not a Nazi" and was in no way affiliated with the German National Socialist Party.

"I am a Trash Nazi, not a fascist," Taylor wrote. "There are no swastikas anywhere. I have no problem with any ethnic group. I am sort of an anti-litter bug. Remember the Seinfeld character, the Soup Nazi? Many people can get the association from that."

He said he was considering attaching a green armband with a recycle symbol on his uniform to deter scowls and help alleviate any confusion because sometimes people did not understand the humor. Taylor sometimes endured some negative remarks, hostile gazes, and was even attacked once by a couple on the Playa.

Taylor's primary intention of creating Lt. Mutti was to be an official Black Rock City representative for Leave No Trace.

"I aspire to be a mascot, like Woodsy Owl," he wrote, referring to the character used by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Forest Service. "People recognized me at Decompression and called me by my title."

May you rest in peace and clean surroundings, Anthony. We miss you.

For more background on the colorful accomplishments of Anthony Taylor, you can still visit his web site: <http://performanceart.net/>.

He wrote a camping guideline based on the principles of Leave No Trace which can be found at: <http://www.performanceart.net/burningman/lnt/index.html>

In respect for Anthony Taylor's LNT efforts and the environment, please do your part on the Playa and everywhere else. ☺

Stripper Exchange a Hit!

TEXT JAY BENDER

Black Rock City's own Playa Chicken, and his good friend Twirly Girl, made yet another fabulous contribution to our community this year by sponsoring a contest to send a needy, creative individual to Burning Man. Looking for someone with a specific, well thought out plan for enhancing our experience, they put out the call for entries.

Bequi Mari, (pictured right) of the Solo Collective, submitted the required two essays and an artifact (a self-produced zine), and described a body part (her left foot) in excruciating detail to win the prize.

Her plan? Well, have you ever wanted to strip? I mean like a saucy, full-on striptease dance up on a lighted stage in front of a crowd? Maybe you don't feel your body fits the stripper image. You like your bod and are comfortable in your skin but don't want to dedicate yourself to the kind of fitness regimen you assume is necessary for a stripper. Bequi provided the Black Rock venue for Stripping 101: the Lap Dance Exchange, a supportive, camera-free zone that's a strip club for the rest of us.

She had long wanted to give stripping a try, but not to do it for a living or to shave her body hair. "The bush is happier when it's... bushy," she smiled. Assisted by her MC, Van Nessa, she shared her stage in a dome near 150 and Mainmast. "It's a really warm, sweet environment," said Sunburn Sarah, one of the cheering crowd. "Totally accepting."



YEAH BABY! WORK IT!

PHOTO JOTA

On Friday, Bequi Mari performed a strip dance which began with a male friend servicing her strap-on cock. Following unsuccessful attempts at tumescence, she downed half the contents of her Viagra bottle. More sucking got her plastic plaything going this time and the strip dance ensued. "The crowd seemed to really enjoy that one," she said.

Playa Chicken and Twirly Girl got involved, too, taking the clothes off a supposed "Bored, lazy stripper." "It's even sexier to take someone else's clothes off," said the Chicken. "We're very happy that the ticket went to such a worthy recipient, and that we got to see Bequi realize her vision." Yeah, baby! So are we. ☺



Peace Through Cultcha

TEXT KRIS FREE~BABYLON

If we humans are going to shift our consciousness out of this present density, we have to establish a new relationship with time. On the playa, time is art. People experience limitless time through spontaneous expression of art and constant activity. And it is quite beautiful. We are experiencing a certain peace through Black Rock City cultcha. But when we leave the conscious autonomy of the playa, most of us return to a sobering reality of linear time where we have been tricked into trading artificial units of time called “workdays” for artificial units of value called “money.”

The clock, specifically the 60 minute work hour, along with the arbitrary Gregorian calendar, where the weeks fall unevenly across the months, create a system not based on any natural cycle; a system which tyrannically dictates our experience of time, reducing it to the ruthlessly simple philosophy, ‘time is money.’ This 60 minute work hour and 12 month Gregorian calendar create an unnatural and artificial timing frequency that is vibrating the collective DNA of humankind. It acts like bad pieces of furniture in the mind—we may get used to sitting in them, but they are causing a serious curve in our spine. This unnatural curve severely alienates us from the natural world which sustains us. The curve also encourages us to wage war on our fellow Earth inhabitants, and supports the incessant exploitation of our biosphere. We need to get rid of the ‘old furniture’, have a big ol’ burning, and realign our minds to the natural rhythms of the planet.

The natural flow of time is harmonious. The orchestrated rhythms of time express symmetry through spatial matter. In this way we may look at a sand dune, or the ocean floor, or a sunflower, and see the grand symmetry being expressed as patterns over time. The Mayan Indians cultivated awareness of a rhythm that kept the Earth, the moon, the sun, and the galaxy in tune. This music is expressed in the calendar they called tzol’kin. The tzol’kin is a living language of light. The rhythmic waveform of time continually expresses energies through the light of the sun that all organic matter vibrates to as daily frequency. The 260 day tzol’kin places our mind in resonance with the larger galactic cycles, such as the 26,000 year procession of the equinoxes, while the solar-lunar 13 moon calendar places our mind in resonance with the solar system. The two calendars spin together, synchronizing precisely every 52 years. The next synchronization occurs on the winter solstice of 2012.

The time before this reunion invites us collectively to harmonize our relations with the natural rhythmic cycles of the cosmos.

Following a perfectly harmonic solar-lunar-galactic calendar is a wonderful lens through which to view the harmony of creation. Once we place our minds in the right frame of time, once we place our time in the right frame of mind, we begin to harmonize our existence with the natural mystic of the universe. It’s like bringing the timelessness and authenticity of the playa back home with ya, which is something we will all enjoy. To learn mo’, go to www.tortuga.com.

Theft On The Playa

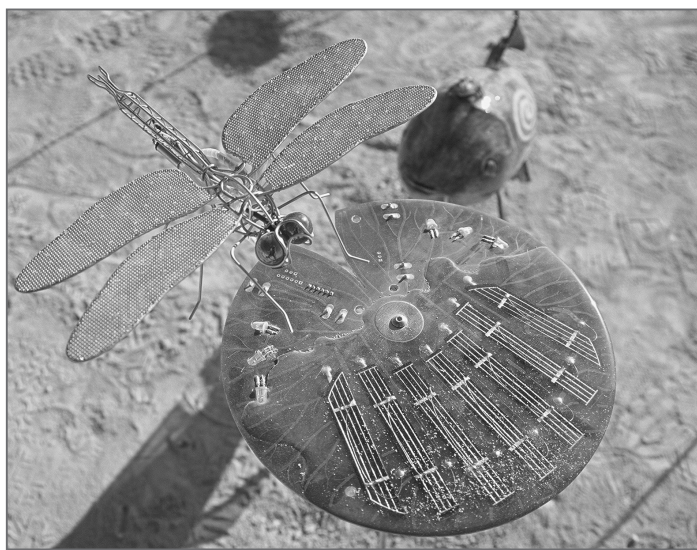
TEXT GLEN MEHN

Here’s the problem: stuff on the playa disappears. And we’re not talking about wind-related incidents of feather boas flying across the playa. We’re not really even talking about the times that you wake up somewhere in your camp, remembering a dream that you had at Illuminaughty, where God sent you a Bike so that you didn’t have to walk the whole two miles home, and then there’s that new black Diamondback bike S/He sent you with no identification marks on it.

No, what we’re talking about today is Theft. Vandalism. Wanton destruction. Participation, but not the friendly kind.

Here’s the tally, so far:

- The Aural Reef (installation), a large amount of sheet metal and 2X6’s stolen before/during the building;
- the Center Camp Café, 5 blue ground anchor marking lights gone as of Monday afternoon;
- the L2K ring, the cool flashy lights around the Man (installation) about 200 lights, all gone (\$3/pod, plus time and energy);
- Radiant Atmosphere’s Leviathan (installation), several cherished items from the altar were stolen;
- several of Jamie Burton’s silkscreens from the altar at Center Camp were stolen;
- raided coolers from BEFORE the event started, several DPW and early-bird workers lost food and water;
- John Kelly’s bone puppet (Fred) was stolen;
- one Manta Ray Art Car hijacked (although returned while searching for it, the creator/owner was laughed at and told that it was ‘pirates’, as if that made it all OK)



Dragonfly from the Lily Pond by Jeremy Lutes.

PHOTO MICHAEL WOOLSEN

- the ‘corporate art’ US flags (installation) were stolen (but not the cardboard George Bush...);
- posters from the fictional film “Beneath the Floating World” (camp/installation) scraped off of the ‘set’ and stolen;
- several obelisks around the Man were tagged with graffiti;
- a mandolin, taken during the Burn, from Camp Recharge was stolen;
- the mannequin from the Raft was stolen;
- several (apparently the more valuable) collectible toys from Action Figure Camp were all stolen;
- a veritable mountain of bikes, bags, journals, presents, art, gifts, costume pieces, etc. were stolen;
- several pieces from the excruciatingly beautiful Lily Pond (installation) including, but not limited to, several dragonflies (about 12 hours of personal detail work in each one).



Yum.

PHOTO MAGIKMAN

Pancake House

TEXT MAGIKMAN

In years past, Camp Arctica has been notorious for long lines as Black Rock citizens waited patiently or not for ice. In 2002, there was another line in Center Camp which reflected the massive success of the Soft Rock Pancake Playhouse.

From Monday through Thursday of this year’s event, the Pancake Playhouse served 120 pounds of pancake mix, or, once water was added, somewhere in the area of 44,000 flap-jacks. Those griddle babies were served free of charge to citizens up for the morning feed, which began at 9 a.m. and ran for four or five hours a day.

Accompanying the sound of pancakes being flipped was soft rock music of the past four decades, while a walking fruit cake doled out fresh cut bananas, kiwis, oranges, apples and the like to those in line waiting to get in.

In keeping with Black Rock City’s prohibition on commerce, the pancakes were free, but eaters had to bring their own utensils. One hungry camper was spotted using a copy of the Black Rock Gazette as a plate.

By Playa Shoe Whore aka lord fouffypanns

If your shoes could talk, what would they say?

The playa angels’ naughty lace-ups demand, “Get me to a dance floor!”

Boots on the mayor of Unvillage quickly get to the point with, “Nice shoes, wanna fuck?” Shoes n’ shaggin go together. DamnFuckinTexanShannon’s slippers exclaim, “Wow! Those legs go all the way up to her woo-woo.” Lamblovers moan, “Get me dirty hot bitch.”

“Raaaahhhh!” say Katia’s booties. Strangely Dogboy was happily in the porta-loo with his favorite boots for an hour and a half. Goldytoes’ new painted gold luvpumps have “fabulous floating golden feet force” with her. “Cough” said Miso girls sandals.

That sezzit. Playa Shoe Whore says “Wear ‘em ‘n Work ‘em!”

This is by no means a comprehensive list; this is a very short list of items actually reported.

The dragonflies and other Lily Pond pieces are doubly painful. In 2000, a previous installation by the same artist was vandalized. It had several gorgeous hand-made flowers, containing solar panels, which made it glow at night. Two of the twenty inch stems were cut off of the rosebushes. Then, two years later, Lutes returns with his gorgeous Lily Pond installation. It requires two specialized tools to remove the lilypads from their bases and according to Lutes, the thieves used both tools to steal his creations.

There’s a brighter note—several people have put up rewards for information leading to the return of the Lily Pond pieces and prosecution of the thieves. (Contact LadyBee, ladybee@burningman.com) The Community is coming together again, circling its wagons, trying to figure out what to do.

There’s a darker side—several participants report that, especially during large events, cars/trucks/people appeared to be “casing” camps, looking for ones without people in them.

Some suggestions for reducing theft and vandalism during Burning Man:

- Keep your eyes open! If someone or something is making you nervous, check it out, get a hand, talk to the people. Specifically, if you see someone doing something they shouldn’t,

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filled with New Yorkers and other East Coast burners, including BRC’s lamplighters, theme campers, and fire spinners, as well as those who had never attended Burning Man. There are plans in the coming year to travel to Cincinnati and Atlanta for potential appearances that will bring together Burning Man participants in these communities.

Communication between participants takes place in cyberspace, as well. In addition to the individual discussion and announcement lists hosted by some regionals (see <http://regionals.burningman.com>), the ePlaya (<http://bbs.burningman.com>) provides an online forum for staying connected with other burners. The geographically non-specific, volunteer-managed Burning Man discussion list hosted at Dioxine also provides a vibrant means for online community. Subscription information is available at <http://www.dioxine.net/mailman/listinfo/burnman-list>. And of course, to stay in touch with the latest information in the world of Burning Man, including events, news, project opportunities, and playa information, every burner should subscribe to the Jack Rabbit Speaks, the internet newsletter of Burning Man. Send a blank email to bman-announce-subscribe@burningman.com to start your subscription.

Burning Man is truly much more than an event in the desert. It is a way of life, a way of looking at existence... a way of connecting with the world around you. The city we build together each Labor Day week is a physical and temporal manifestation of a community that can exist all year long. By plugging in to your local community and connecting with others, you help keep the fire alive.

talk to them. If they run away from you, scream. Yell. Note which way they’re going. Note what they look like. Not wearing anything interesting can be as telling in Black Rock City as if they’re wearing pink fur.

- Find a Black Rock Ranger, if you suspect foul play, and give them as much description as you can.

- Try to keep your bags within view. Many thefts reported involved someone pulling up to a port-a-potty, grabbing a bag on the ground, and speeding off.

- Question people if they are spraying, cutting, breaking, or doing anything to an art piece. If it’s at night, they’re likely doing something wrong.

- Make it look like there’s someone in your camp. Have some sort of roll to put in your sleeping bag. Zip your tent. It might be wise to post ‘guards’ in your camp. Earth Guardians felt this necessary this year.

- Lock your bike. Rather than just locking your bike’s frame to its wheel, if you’re in a group, put your bikes into a locked pile and make it really unwieldy.

Remember, 98% of the people around you don’t want to steal your stuff—they just want to pet it and tell you how cool you are for making it. The rest of the people on the playa may not. Be smart. Protect you and those around you.

Have you found or lost something on the playa? Get in touch with the Burning Man office so it can be reunited with its original owner. There’s a separate address for lost bikes.

More info/discussion about theft at Burning Man:

<http://bbs.burningman.com/index.cgi?50@90.jKjBav9qdlG^2@.eedf287/0>

More details about the Lily Pond:

<http://www.speakeasy.org/~tritical/temp/index.html>

Follow Through

TEXT DURG

In Black Rock City we are asked to participate in the community. No spectators. Some choose to volunteer. Usually, assuming volunteer responsibility means completing the task at hand and following through until the job is done.

From the time the Department of Public Works builds its first structure until the Earth Guardians pick up their last piece of matter out of place (MOOP), everyone has their chance to take ownership of some process in Black Rock City. Whether shifts at Playa Info, or at the Café, or anywhere else—the people one promises to help are counting on that help.

As the 2002 Publisher of the Black Rock Gazette, I was in a position to coordinate volunteers. When Labor Day rolled around, I realized that since I had not specifically solicited volunteers for clean up, I was alone. Ember came by, looked at the task at hand, and promised to come back and help. But if it was just he and I cleaning up the Gazette, we were in big trouble.

I spun in circles in the Gazette trailer. My neighbors were already sipping champagne, having moved their stuff into their storage trailer. Conversely, I had literally tons of equipment and trash to move, and apparently nobody there to help me move it. I sat down, drank some water, and thought.

On Wednesday in Black Rock City, I had faced a similar staffing crisis during the design phase of the paper. Faced with the possibility of no paper, I went to Playa Info and told them of my special needs for Quark designers. Within a couple of hours, I was telling potential designers to check back with me later or the next day. Even a rival newspaper, the Spock Mountain Science Monitor, offered to send help. Based on my request to Playa Info, angels like Peter Orsi and Angie Zmijewski and Blynda Barnett showed up, helped to design the paper, and we got the job done.

The evening of that design crisis, I recounted the story of the community response to our staffing needs to a long time burner. He theorized that the community felt the vacuum created by our needs and filled it. That this occurred in some way is not of my doing. These are consistent similar moments of interconnectedness that I've felt in Black Rock City.

Sitting in the trailer on Labor Day, I realized then that I needed the help of our community more than ever to help put the Gazette to bed. Off I ran to Playa Info to ask them to help me find volunteers for clean up. They were cleaning up, too, so their volunteers were already busy. To the Café!

From the Center of the Café, I made a verbal appeal to the participants of Black Rock City for help. Within minutes, I found enough angels to help me with the task at hand. We moved the computers to relative safety, got the trash separated, and got the other equipment (desks, couches, newspaper boxes, etc.) into a storage container, albeit haphazardly. When we were ostensibly done, we sat on the floor in the air-conditioned trailer and ate and drank and talked and laughed.

When Ember came back a couple of hours later, I showed him how people rallied to help secure the Black Rock Gazette. I was so proud of the community that I cried.

In order for a volunteer-based community to survive, volunteers need to follow through on their promises. If you say you're going to show up for a shift at Camp Arctica or the Greeter Station or the paper, or anywhere—do it. Otherwise, that inconveniences others and diminishes their experience. Promises that are not going to be kept should not be made. However, if ACK!factor (as in Ack! I have too much else to do!) overcomes one in Black Rock City, finding the volunteer coordinator that was blown off, apologizing, and offering to help out in some other way (like cleaning up) goes a long way to get one moving in the right direction again. More often than not, all transgressions will be forgiven, if one makes good on a promise of volunteerism, even if it takes a different form than originally envisioned.

Hours after my cleanup conundrum, beautiful and seemingly tireless people showed up out of love for one another and helped to repack the Gazette trailer. The participants who helped before had already been reabsorbed back into the playa dust. The later group didn't see how all of the stuff got into the trailer initially or how the trash got sorted. I realized that someone probably would have cleaned up the Gazette mess, had I just given up. But with the help of the community, it was a joy to be around when we followed through. ☺

Open Letter From The Clean Up Crew

TEXT COYOTE NOSE

At 4:00 pm Friday afternoon, Sept. 27th, the last trace of Black Rock City 2002 was removed when the golden stake that marked the center where the Man stood and burned was pried out of the playa.

There were no cameras, only a weary, but validated crew that stood and watched. The Department of Public Works (DPW) crew was feeling a huge swell of pride and ceremony surrounding this, much greater than the heightened glee that accompanied the actual driving of this stake. The DPW had gone the distance. We had gone up against some of the biggest obstacles yet and were still able to punch our way out.

This brought Black Rock City full circle—leave no trace. It is "The Magic Disappearing City." Our final function is to return the Black Rock Desert to itself: unburned, unbesmirched, and unharmed. I could almost hear the playa sigh as I pulled that last annoying stake-silver from its thick hide.

Without a doubt, the three day dust storm that followed the event was the central cause for many of these obstacles. The giant dunes which were up to four feet thick were the most problematic. One on the south fence line actually housed an entire tent—no, there were no occupants. Another thing the storm caused was a very understandable mass desertion from the site with

some of the best campers in the past leaving messier camps than ever before.

The U.S. Bureau of Land Management (BLM), and most importantly, the playa itself, really doesn't give a rat's ass how these messes happen, they just need it gone. This year truly presented a challenge to the DPW clean-up crew. Troubleshooting was the name of this game. We had to invent new dune busting and line sweep methods. There were truckloads of lumber, containers, whole buildings, many acres of shade structure, piles of garbage and so forth to be removed, all with a giant dune beside.

We came across art installations that left massive amounts of debris where the artist appeared to have total disregard for the environment. One installation required a crew of eight to pick up twigs and leaves for five straight days.

And then the line sweepers, or, quite simply, those who pick up the damn litter, were faced with some of the heaviest MOOP (material out of place) ever. Again, it was certainly storm related and mostly in the theme camp and art installation areas: the more "public" spots. We looked at these things and decided that the lesson here was to clean your camps every day during the event and not wait until the annual post-event dust storm.



TEXT VAUGHN SOMETHING

You know, you can tell a lot about a person from his or her art. What am i: fucking Andy Rooney all of a sudden?!? No, i am not fucking Andy Rooney and i am not FUCKING Andy Rooney either. And for that matter, i don't want to know that ANYONE is fucking Andy Rooney! i definitely do not need any lasting mental images of ANYONE in that kind of unholy union with A.R. haunting me to my deathbed. i would undoubtedly end my days with nurses and doctors looking on helplessly and shaking their heads while i writhed in fevered delirium, unable to shake loose the disturbing horror show in my mind's eye, powerless to stop up my ears to the chilling cries of A.R. himself in the art of evil passion: "Spank my pasty ass with that spatula, baby, and pull my god damned eyebrows harder!"

But enough about my own personal nightmare, which was obviously designed by Old Scratch himself, the art is far more important. The art of the playa is a constant contribution to the community of Black Rock City (BRC) and this gallery is open to the public for the entire week. The fact that an artist hauls something out to the desert, sets it up, maintains it for an entire week and then breaks it down and hauls it back out completely amazes me every time i get to BRC.

i marvel at the grandeur of pieces like the three-armed flag structure or the giant wire and pole creation with the tail-shaped flag, both which were out on the playa by the Man. The amount of design, planning and effort which must have gone into a piece like Kaleidosphere at the entrance to Center Camp is overwhelming. i admire the artist who brings out a message work like United We Stand / Divided We Fall. And it was very pleasing to see Twinkie Henge set up in the Center Café for another year.

The phenomenal and plentiful art along with the obviously dedicated artists spring quickly to mind whenever i attempt to describe Burning Man to non-burners (or as of yet non-burners). It is one of the greatest gifts BRC offers to its citizens. ☺

Recycle Camp had another fantastic year at Burning Man 2002. We had more Recyclenauts camping with us than any other year, 22 total including me. About 8 of us showed up early to help set up, I was on the playa on August 18th. We had camp set up on schedule and started collecting cans at 10am on Monday August 26th. We also had hundreds of people stopping by each day to help collect & crush the cans. By the following Monday we had collected, crushed, bagged and delivered, to the Gerlach school, over 80,000 aluminum cans. That works out to about \$675.00 for the school. Thank you Black Rock Citizens for all your help. We couldn't do it without you. I am already looking forward to next year, I "can" not wait.

*Peace out no doubt,
Mr. Blue*

Playa Awash With People

TEXT SUNBURN SARAH

Did you feel the squeeze?

For the week preceding Labor Day, Burning Man ranked as the fourth largest metropolitan area in Nevada behind Vegas, Reno-Sparks and the state capital, Carson City. It's the largest "Leave No Trace" event in the world as well as the largest recreation event permitted by the United States Bureau of Land Management (BLM).

The BLM reported that the temporary "Black Rock City" situated on the Black Rock Desert playa north of Gerlach, Nevada reached a record 29,083 participants on Friday, August 30th. More than 14% above last year's attendance, this is an amazing increase in light of rumors of a big drop-off due to economic woes.

"We have found no evidence of environmental damage caused by past Burning Man events and don't expect to find any this year," said Terry Reed, Field Manager of the BLM Winnemucca Office. Immediately after the event, Burning Man employees and volunteers begin cleaning the playa, removing every trace of the "city" and its residents.

In early October, the BLM approved the Burning Man 2002 site clean-up after a detailed inspection. Will Roger, Burning Man's Department of Public Works Chief of Staff, noted that, "Despite many difficulties and challenges, we cleaned up Black Rock City to the highest standard yet!!" A second inspection will be conducted in the spring to look for any small, hidden items that might be brought to the surface by freezing and thawing during the moist winter and spring seasons.



Lotus Land by Jenne Giles & Paul Cesewski

PHOTO ZAC BOLAN

Toward the end of the clean-up, we were visited by Dave Cooper, the manager of the Black Rock Desert National Conservation Area and grantor of the Burning Man festival permit. He told us that we were not only getting it down to a science but are also continually setting the standards and raising the bar for the other users of the Black Rock Desert. He was saying that a typical camping family leaves more trace than our entire event.

It's amazing how just a little praise will make an entire crew shine with pride! It's equally as frustrating that the only praise we heard out here at the Work Ranch came from outside our ranks and from a BLM agent. Seeing is believing, folks, and it's this Coyote's fantasy that everyone could come out here and see first hand the feat that makes us proud.

For the DPW clean-up crew praise is nice but not what truly motivates us. What would motivate us and, what would stand to benefit our entire community is a heightened awareness of the things needed to be done. Many times a project is diligently planned and brought out to the playa with little regard as to how it is to be removed. These people are simply unaware. No one ever wants to deal with the mess. It just magically disappears, right?

That's why when we pulled up the final stake, our eyes met and we all smiled, filled with good old fashioned pride. We looked around ourselves and were once again humbled by the playa's magnificence. We are honored to be the ones to return it to itself: unburned, unbesmirched, and unharmed. ☺

While according to Maid Marian, Burning Man's Mistress of Communications, "Things went very well with the BLM and all other outside agencies at Burning Man 2002," BLM rangers did issue a total of 239 citations, 136 for drug related offenses, 59 for violations of closure orders, and the remainder for miscellaneous violations. The Pershing County Sheriff's office dealt with more situations and handled more paperwork, but issued only four citations, fewer than last year.

The Regional Emergency Medical Services Authority (REMSA) handled 1288 patient visits during the event, an increase of about 25% from last year. The majority of patient problems, dehydration, sunburn, cracked skin, blisters, and eye problems, were caused by heat, dryness and dust. Second most common were soft tissue injuries including cuts and scrapes. Third were extremity traumas usually involving bruising or muscle strains. There were also 22 drug related and 10 alcohol related treatments, about the same numbers as last year. Twenty-four patients with head injuries and broken bones were transported to Reno for additional medical care, eight of them by air.

Considering the increase in attendance, services needed by the BLM and other outside agencies were less or equivalent from previous years proving efficiency in numbers coupled with better education of Black Rock City participants. In accordance with national BLM regulations, BLM charges the Burning Man organization \$4 per person per day for the seven-day event. This year Burning Man will pay the BLM a total of \$572,000. ☺



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