

# Black Rock Gazette

The Naked Truth Since 1992

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## Skydiver Enters Black Rock City — The Hard Way

BY RAINES COHEN

Thursday afternoon, a group of six skydivers flew over Black Rock City and jumped out of a plane, in partly cloudy, somewhat gusty conditions. For one of the skydivers, the trip down was one she will never forget.

Holly, 33, had her main chute fail during the descent, so she cut it away, and deployed her reserve chute. In the last few dozen feet to the ground, her reserve chute also failed. She landed hard, severely injuring her left foot and leg in the process, and also bumping her head.

"You have no idea what it feels like when your reserve chute goes," the lucky-to-be-alive skydiver told Black Rock Rangers and Regional Emergency Medical Services Authority medics treating her, after Black Rock City citizens on foot, bike, and art car converged on her landing site to provide help.

"Uh-oh - it's not supposed to do that!," I said to myself. I thought I was dead."

Although she hoped to stay on the playa and return to her camp after treatment at REMSA's medical center in Center Camp, Holly was slated for transport to Reno for X-Rays and additional tests.

The incident could have turned out far worse — Holly mentioned that she had considered diving naked, but instead wore the full jumpsuit and helmet, in consideration of the hard ground conditions. She landed just feet away from Shoe-Found-Land, an art installation surrounded by spiky metal poles that reach more than 10 feet into the air.

## Doubleloon Maroon

BY DURGY

To view the Floating World from the perspective of the Man, Black Rock citizens must earn or find special gold doubloons. For about 50 intrepid souls who won the right to doubloons by amassing five colored tokens from around the city, the game seemed to end with a booby prize as their promised treasures failed to appear.

A secret rendezvous had been set for 8 p.m. Wednesday at 270 and 1,100, where the beads were to be exchanged for doubloons and a marvelous entertainment was promised. But the doubleloon carrier was shipwrecked, and the treasure was not forthcoming.

Jason, one of the disappointed winners, said that he enjoyed the treasure quest, but it was anti-climactic. He stood out on the open playa with his fellow players until someone strolled by with an official looking radio. The passerby was unable to verify whether the treasure distribution would take place. Jason and his friend Becky were cold, so they walked home at about 9:00 p.m., doubleloonless.

Junior, the skipper of the missing delivery vessel, said he was supposed to finish building an art car to transport the doubloons. Unfortunately the project had fallen behind, and he was not able to get to the rendezvous point in time.

Lady Bee of The Artery was not aware that the doubloons were not being delivered at the appointed time.

Participants who did not get their doubloons are welcome to come to The Artery, where they can finally pick up their treasures.

## The Kindness of Strangers

BY FRED BROWN

We come into this world naked and with nothing. We leave the world the same way. Ted, who is camped in Center Camp next to Photo Zone, came to Burning Man this year to enact this drama in miniature. To arrive naked and with no possessions and to live off the generosity of fellow Burners, not only to survive, but to create art and inspiration for others.

He arrived at the Burning Man gate Monday at 11:00 a.m. with his friends and collaborators on his project, Barb and Mark. After registering their video equipment for the documentary they are making about the project, they went to the Man. With some trepidation, Ted walked naked from the Promenade to his campsite, the intense 2:00 Sun beating down on him. With no sign to explain his project, he called out to passers-by and gradually began to meet his needs. Within minutes, he had sunscreen. Soon, he had a book of poetry for shade. And within a few hours he had his first clothing: a scarf a woman was using for a top became a skirt for Ted.

Before nightfall, his basic needs for the night were met: a tent and a sleeping bag. It was clear the Burning Man gift economy would give Ted what he needed to survive.

What does Ted need? Well, he has his desires divided among needs, wants and dreams. His biggest dream? A visit from Larry Harvey. His needs? Food and water, of course. But also, a magic marker, knife and table. His wants? Tarp, cooking gear, games, toys. His other dreams? A log cabin and a

## Pyrotechnic Pirouettes

BY FOOLJ

As the sun sets this Saturday night, thousands of Burners will flock to the perimeter of the circle around the Man to watch as the earth and sky alight with fire. But before the first charge is lighted on the Man, attendees will get a glimpse into the world of fire performers.

They come to Burning Man each year from all over the country, and the world, to practice their art and meet those who share their passion for fire.

Madam A., who has been practicing fire spinning for the last three years, was inspired seeing friends perform on a camping trip. A resident of the Arson Island Resort camp, this is her second year as a participant in the Fire Conclave at Burning Man and she is a registered member of the Seattle Conclave. "It's a fellowship. We're all geeks that love to play with fire. It's nice to feel a kinship with fellow weirdos," related Madam A.

XTC, who founded the Los Angeles-based Fireplay Group, is also performing on Saturday night. The group has weekly fire jams and currently has more than 50 members. The Gigsville camp resident started the group three years ago by teaching lessons in her backyard. "Whenever anyone wants to learn, it's pretty much 'teach me that,'" said XTC.

"There's definitely a fire-spinning community, an international one," said Dave, who was at the Fire Conclave camp preparing for Saturday night. "When something happens to someone, or something goes wrong, everyone knows about it immediately."

Crimson Rose serves as the hub that brings these performers from around the globe together each year at Burning Man.



Photo by weege

campfire. A shrine to you.

The response from passers-by has been also universally positive and generous. Phil, his cook for the evening, appreciated the positive focus of the Ted's quest, a contrast to the camps that celebrate death, destruction and evil. Dennis said he drove from New Hampshire with way too much stuff, but part of him wishes he could do something like this.

Sheila, visiting from the nearby Black Rock Refinery, said: "This is what Burning Man is supposed to be."

The creative energy of this dry lakebed has also allowed Ted to help them as well, getting people to donate computer equipment they needed for their project.

Ted, 36, is an actor and writer from Los Angeles. This is his second time in Black Rock City. In 2000, Ted felt he was able bring some of the joy of art for art's sake, of generosity and community back to his life in California.

With his friend and co-creator of the project, Paul, Ted



Photo by Foolj

A director of Black Rock City LLC and a 20-year fire dancing veteran, Crimson Rose is always looking for new ways to bring fire and excitement to the festival. "I see the Fire Conclave as a ring of light, a protective circle around the Man," said Crimson. "We are releasing him in pyrotechnic delight."

She maintains an online announce list for the Fire Performing community, whose subscription is currently more than 750 members. "The announce list is how we all stay connected. City groups have their own discussion lists that I'm also on," said Crimson.

The performers for Saturday's burn come from the Show Me Salons that she hosts during the year in cities across the country. The salons are auditions for spinners who want to perform at Burning Man. "The performers I let into the circle are responsible and talented," she said, but she does not restrict her choices to seasoned spinners. "If I see someone who is

started throwing around ideas. They were after a project that would do justice to the true nature of Burning Man. When he submitted his application for the "Lost at Sea Without You" project, he had no idea he would receive a prime location to watch the endless Center Camp parade and grab the attention of the hordes of coffee drinkers leaving the café.


On Wednesday, Ted was dressed in a plain white skirt. A sign at the site explained the rules of his project:

- 1) Can get help only from those who did not know him before Burning Man.
- 2) Donations must be received in his campsite.
- 3) Breathe in, Breathe out.

In accord with these rules, his new friend Phil was cooking him a rice dinner, which was Ted's second hot meal of the day.

Ted now has shade, sunglasses, a bicycle, several pieces of clothing, a stove and enough water for at least a day. He even has surplus that he's giving away: condoms, spoons and an empty water bottle.

Burning Man is about community and survival. But, it is also about art. So, Ted hopes to receive gifts that will allow him to create something more artistic and generous than mere survival.

Ted has not exactly planned an end to his week. But, he knows he wants to find a way to leave with almost as little as he came with. Most of us brought hundreds or thousands of dollars of food and supplies to help us enjoy the spirit of community here; Ted brought nothing. Clearly, we can't all leave with nothing, not if we want to leave no trace. But, we can all take hope from this project. 

## ODE TO A NEVADA SUNSET

I'm breezed...blown away,  
caught up in the winds that care not for direction...  
All eyes trade in the moment for a glimpse of  
the semiuniversal,  
and it means something else for me than you.  
try and describe the indescribable  
decant the indecantable  
like the ocean  
salt brimmed and wide

every shore a new variation  
try and bottle it and you're in for a lawsuit  
from mother nature  
much the same way it has been found  
equally impossible  
to evoke a truly representational  
reproduction of the  
fat ol' descending sun.

— kevin r. kirkbride

Photo by fools

## I Was A Tip Cup Patsy

BY DEANNA FLEYSHER

It started because she was offering a service for which I'm used to tipping for — the laddling of a mocha mojo. Me, I wandered into Center Camp today with a twenty stuffed into my bra and no contact lenses on, and the whole process of self-acceptance around the spending of money was really taking it out of me. I still wanted a cup of caffeine.

Then I saw the tip jar, sitting there, calling to me. Gold AND green fringe, and in lithe, whispering calligraphy, "We're DYING for your tips!" I was dazzled by all the pretty. That's how she got me.

When I asked for a justification for the tip cup at a supposedly mostly-cashless event, the sparkly, young, nymph-like coffee girl told me, "We work really long shifts." She even offered me a lavender misting, but I didn't want it. This all seemed so osymoronic to pay cash in an ostensibly cashless society, and to tip on top of that. However, habit prevailed, and I gave her a buck; let it not be said that burners are ungenerous folk.

Still, I wish I had some dumb plastic goldfish to tip her with. Something more in kind with the lump of pleasure she served me. When it was said and done, the exchange of money for coffee in Black Rock City did not serve to broaden my sense of community, but at least it led me to volunteer with the Gazette. Now if only I could shake my coffee habit!

## Jiffy Lube's New Look



Photo by Garthzilla



The weekend begins with the sun touching down at 7:33 p.m, its dying embers of light finally departing the playa at 8:01. A last-quarter moon takes to the skies at 11:34, providing lackadaisical lunar illumination for the rest of the evening. The rosy fingers of dawn begin to caress the playa at 5:56 a.m., and the Man's last sunrise

takes place at 6:24 a.m. The Sun bids him adieu at 7:31 p.m., with the last of twilight vanishing at 7:59. The moon keeps a low profile until 14 minutes past midnight, when its waning crescent graces Black Rock City with 43 percent of its disk illuminated. Sunrise on September and Sunday happens at 6:25.

**“Under the right conditions, even water will burn”**

**Skippin’ Skool to go to Burning Man**



photo by Garthzilla

**Camp of the Day**

Here are two must see camps that we know you'll love. The HeeBeeGeeBee Healers camp is back and twice as big as last year at 113 and 2500. All the better to massage your pleasure-hungry body with trained hands in a variety of certified styles. There's usually a wait, so ask for the sign-up list. If pain is your pleasure, head for The Temple of Atonement, where S & M will be your new best friends. The T of A will be giving seminars every morning and hands-on sessions at night.

**Question of the day: What one word sums up your experience thus far?**

- “More” - E<sup>2</sup>F
- “Moregirls” - G<sup>3</sup>
- “Quality” - Franklin
- “Friendly” - Anonymous
- “Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious” - Anonymous
- “Grabulasa” - Anonymous
- “Whathethefuckhappened?” - Anonymous
- “Inspired” - Anonymous
- “Truth” - Anonymous
- “Pilgrimage” - Anonymous

**Date Book**

**POSE NUDE:** On Friday at 12:00 PM, 1.5 miles N.E. from The Man by the trash fence (there will be traffic signs), professional photographer Scott McSorely will be looking for 100-120 models to participate in a large-scale nude mud shoot. In exchange for participating, models will receive a signed print.  
 Also, Saturday, 8:30 AM at The Man. Wear loose-fitting clothing; no body paint, costumes, or jewelry please. Matthew Schneider, a photographer who specializes in the human figure in the natural environment, will shoot photos incorporating the symbolism of geometric designs (think human crop circles). In exchange for posing, participants will receive an 11-inch by 14-inch black and white print.  
**CHANNEL ENERGY:** An Om circle will fill Black Rock City on Saturday at 10 a.m. Join in wherever you are at that time, with a concentration near the Man, by joining hands with those near you, and pray for chaos in the world.  
**THUNDERDOME BATTLE FOR TOP PLAYA PUBLICATION:** After 10:00 p.m. Friday, in Thunderdome, Durgy of BRG will battle Captain Winner of SSM to decide which is the best newspaper in BRC.

**Gray Water Blues**

BY STEVE IDTINGS, AKA WATER LOG MOANS

This year I'm turning our gray water into my own private Jacuzzi! In our camp, the Human Car Wash, we never use reclaimed water in our daily public washing event; but that doesn't stop me from having a hot personal shower every night using water that I've filtered, treated and reclaimed.

Back in 2000 we hauled out our bad water after the burn; a Poly Paradise camper took home 24 five-gallon buckets of gray water on the playa, then some poor volunteer has to come by later and curse the day you were born as they pick up, by hand, every speck of food and glitter and hair that was in it.

We invite donations of fresh water so we can run the Human Car Wash, and we end up with very bad water filled with glitter, sunscreen, body oils, soap, food particles, skin flakes, conditioner, hair, and lots of body paint. To give all that water back to the sky, I built an "Evaporation Chamber" holding a tiny five-watt fountain pump. It sprays the sinful water onto some hanging cloth until it evaporates. A nylon-socking filter removes the particles and muck.

All this sits in a black 15-gallon cement-mixing tub. Then I take it a step further to clean the water so I can

**Head Games Part V**

BY RICK-BOY

It came upon me in the middle of my life that I was in a bar-cum-restaurant on Easter Island, facing the possibility of being stranded.

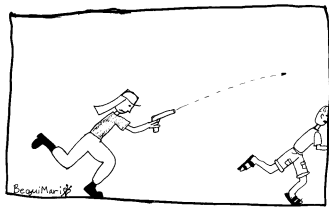
My cheapo flight had turned out to be a one-way ticket, the Black Rock Gazette editors were not going to wire me cash to come home, seeing as how I'd mistaken their story assignment for a trip to the tropics, and I was reluctantly travelling with an ersatz archaeologist called Janice, who was going to take part in an island ritual as a way to get us back to civilization. But it wasn't clear that her participation would do us any good at all.

A gaggle of tourists had just arrived at the Rapa Nui Inn for a buffet lunch. They turned out to be wealthy Americans, on a U.S. government-arranged trip for the filthy rich to see how their tax dollars were being spent. In this case, it was a \$7 million grant to expand the Easter Island airport's runway in case the space shuttle ever needed to do an emergency landing here.

Doc, the weasel who had arranged my cut-rate fare to Easter Island, came back to the bar. He had intimated that if Janice helped out with this ceremony, that we might be able to get off the island sooner rather than later.

"We're in luck," he said, making me wonder who he meant by "we." "This tour group is going to come along to the ceremony, and they are paying us for the privilege. I can get Otto's plane fixed with the extra dough."

So off we went in the two huge tour buses. Doc directed us to the beach where there were bonfires already



safely dump it on the roads of BRC: I put a little chlorine in the recirculating fountain to kill all the bad things, and to activate the chlorine I ask people to urinate in it to provide uric acid. Not only do we dispose of three to five gallons every day, we also have a refreshing breeze of cooler moist air blowing through camp, AND we have the pleasing sounds of a waterfall. The chlorine begins to evaporate faster than the water does, but by then it has done its work. After three hours, the chlorine has broken down the residue of oils, body paint, and soap, leaving water that is just gray like the playa, and safe to use on the roads to help keep dust down. It is now relatively clean water, filled with silt. This year, along with clean water donations for the Human Car Wash, I'm also inviting people to donate their gray water to me for processing.

I also have a small processing plant. Two-liter plastic soda pop bottles, joined end to end, three or four bottles to a pipe, form tall filter pipes to remove particles, and tall standpipes for settling the resulting silt. From the standpipes I bleed off the top two gallons and then heat this water using a 50-cup coffee maker (1,000 watts) for 10 minutes. Heat also comes from a charcoal fire in a can immersed in a 20-gallon tub of water. More aquarium pumps move the water through camp.

Other folks are innovating, too. eVille's system collects and separates types of gray water into black-plastic

starting and people were singing and dancing. The ahū, the altars that the heads stood on, served as the stage.

While the tour group concentrated on the heads, every once in a while there was a loud cheer from some folks who were facing away from us and they seemed to be lined up watching something. We ambled over and heard a cheer start from up the hill and descend down to us. Then all of a sudden I saw it and it was gone. Some crazy bastard just went sliding past us on a banana tree trunk. This sport is called haka pei, the local version of bobsledding.

Somehow our pilot Otto ended up next to me, his eyes bloodshot from too much pisco. This is pisco and cola -- like a pisco sour but easier to make and has more punch.

The next thing I knew Otto was pointing a gun at me. It was a relic from World War II but I wasn't going to wait around to see if it worked. As the next banana boy

came down the shoot, I ducked to my right, putting several locals between me and Otto, and hopped on the back of the trunk. Over my shoulder I saw a furious Otto break through the crowd and give chase. Then he pointed the gun in my general direction and I heard a bang.

"Damn. It works," I thought to myself.

Whatever Otto had been drinking, it seemed to be turning the dimmer on his wits. I rolled off the slowing tree at the first head that we passed and hid behind it. I was close to the ground and as he was running downhill and all red of face, I figured he wouldn't see me. I was right, and as he finally rumbled past me, I stuck out a foot and tripped him.

He went down hard and fast and his head made an



**Peanut from Flirt Camp asks:**

*I brought all the food, water and shelter I need to survive at Burning Man, but I completely neglected my wardrobe, and I have no interesting costumes. What should I do? To top it off, I'm not very comfortable walking around naked.*

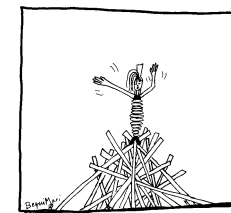
**Honey, I completely understand your reluctance to flash the flesh because you people are flat-out ugly. I do believe you are the only species that becomes more visibly tolerable as you become more covered up. I mean, far be it from me to cast a harsh word, but your pale plumage-lacking hide is a grotesque abomination onto all that is good and right in this twisted world.**

**I will admit, however, that I've had one or two bad-feather days and have needed to provide some assistance to my already natural beauty. The first thing I like to do is go out in the yard and find a nice rough rock to rub up against for**

evaporation ponds, and they reuse some for washing bikes, cooling, etc. This year they plan to add a fountain, with a jellyfish, to increase evaporation to over 30 gallons a day. Astral Headwash handles 150 gallons a day in their black-plastic evaporation ponds, and they figure each square foot of pond evaporates one quart per day. Our sister camp, Polydomes, collects gray water from their washing event, The Rite of Dermal Purification. Their gray water filters through a five-gallon bucket layered with sand and rock to catch particles, then goes into a black-plastic evaporation pond.

Lost Truffula Oasis is turning nasty water into clean drinkable water. Their water goes through a sand bucket to catch large particles, then through activated carbon to grab organic molecules; then it passes through a tube filled with the mineral zeolite, which grabs positively charged molecules. This year they plan to add an anion exchange resin to filter out negatively charged molecules as well. Finally, UV light in a small chamber zaps it, destroying pathogens. Up to 60 gallons per hour becomes drinkable! Awesome!

Take the Earth Guardians' LNT Tour of the City to see gray water systems in use and set up your own evaporation pond right away, or just bring your gray water to me! ☒



audible connection with a rock. He might wake up on his own, but not anytime soon. I figured he wouldn't be in any condition to mind my borrowing his gun, so I did.

I climbed back up the hill and realized what Otto had been doing. I was not supposed to see the ceremony. Janice was on top of a huge structure of wood and thatch that must have been carried in on the shoulders of a bunch of these rather drunken local folks.

Maybe it was all a game. Maybe they were serious. I didn't want to be there to find out.

I pulled Otto's gun and fired three times in the air. That momentarily froze everybody and I just walked up the pyre, waving the gun menacingly at anybody that looked like they might be climbing up to stop me. I figured that there we'd climbed the pyre on the side facing Janice. She was hysterical. Her ankles and waist had been tied to this thing. That allowed her arms to flap wildly in the air. "Nice effect," I thought to myself as I cut her free with a pocket knife and we scrambled off the pyre.

While all of this was going on, the tour group decided it was time to leave. The last of them were boarding the buses, and I thought we might have a problem getting on. But it turns out they were happy to see us -- the tour leader, Rudy LaPlac, was afraid he would be implicated in any investigation that resulted from the torching of an American citizen on a ceremonial pyre, and not only did he let us on one of the buses, but he said we could be assistant tour directors and leave the island on their plane.

*To be continued.* ☒

about 30 minutes. Lacking an actual rock, I suppose you could make a substitution and use a Lamplighter instead.

**Next, it's time for a good oiling. I prefer fresh-pressed elderberry bark myself, but again, you might have trouble finding such a precious commodity on the playa. Instead, head over to the Department of Mutant Vehicles. No, you're not going to use the oil from the art cars, you're going to use the oil that encrusts the art car owners. Filthy, filthy things, they.**

**Finally, it's time to accessorize, and there's no better place for this than within your own neighborhood. First, locate Unattended Duffle Bag Camp and select a fantastic new frock. Next, swing by the center camp Café and take part in the interactive performance art of the Passed Out Hippie with Interesting Necklace Troupe. On your way out, stop by the Free Decorated Bikes exhibit and select one that matches your new look.**

**As you peddle away, bask in the adoring glances cast by those around you, and pay no attention to those running behind yelling "Stop, thief!" They're simply jealous of your newfound stature and in due time their eyes shall surely be pecked out.** ☒

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Errata: Oh my goodness, how profusely we apologize to Annie, who puts out the mimeographed newspaper Off The Grid, for calling her Alice on Thursday and to Garthzilla for miscrediting his photo of Ariel and Damiana, also on Thursday

• *The views expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect the views of Burning Man or its principals. We try; but after all, we're volunteers. We make mistakes. And this is a camping trip. A high-gloss, dressed-up, kick-ass camping trip in the middle of the desert. Don't take this too seriously, just enjoy the ride.....*



Illustration by Dadara