

Long distance relationships: the evilest drug of all

by REV. BLIND TOASTER

You may feel you want to or need to, but whatever you do, don't do the LDR (Long Distance Relationship). Black Rock City is a magical place, and the laws of relationship physics still apply. The best things in life are unrequited. The drugs, dust, and dehydration will all conspire to make you fall for that spicy, green-haired raver or that bea-... with the facial tattoos — but don't do it.

Burning Man is the land of multiple personas, various layers of reality, and intentional mind-fucks. Most people don't even use their real names, for Chrissakes! Play names are sort of the honky version of rap handles in some twisted attempt to gain street-cred (or is that playacred?) within the community. Except of course, for the top guy, who is, strangely enough, just named Larry.

So you spend the whole week doing the boing-boing with somebody named Cubit and you start to think you are soooo compatible because, amazingly, you both share a rare interest in drugs and sex. You'll be thinking, "Life has never been like this. All my friends back home are holding me back. Life is short, this is the way I want to spend the rest of it." You share dusty, tearful goodbyes, exchanging cell and e-mail coordinates, and then, about halfway home, you start thinking, "Oh shit!"

And the more you rehydrate and start eating protein again, and the more time passes, that voice just keeps getting louder and louder.

"Oh shit, I just told this person to come visit me anytime. Oh shit, what if they really look like that all the time? Oh shit, I left enough DNA in that van to start a new civilization. Oh shit, I really sort of like my quiet life in Iowa. Oh shit! Why didn't I just masturbate instead!"

The only thing that saves you is that the other person, in some other state or some other country, is also thinking, "Oh shit!"

Ten ways to fuck up your life at Burning Man

Participate in a bikelight boycott

Vodka-bong like a bottomless pit at high noon

Fiddle with the Rohypnol dealer

Stage a hug raid on Death Guild

Marry a stalker while under the influence

Pin the tail on the speeding Dragon

Piss orange

Engage in pogo-stick humping

Shun sunscreen

Engage in trampolines-assistered intercourse

— Orange Peel Moses

Questionable street corners in BRC this year

Profane Authority — Is there any other kind?

Certain Authority — The people who live here certainly think too highly of themselves

Ridiculous Gospel — Is there any other kind?

Real Reality — A new show coming this fall!

Rational Authority — This is about as common at Burning Man as "cheap fines"

Ridiculous Dogma — This was once the name of the theme for this year's Burning Man, until it was replaced by the more inviting words "Beyond Belief"

— Sage Collins

Our third ever best of black rock city

compiled by THE MYSTERIOUS D with submissions from the PISS CLEAR STAFF

We wouldn't really be an alternative newspaper unless we fulfilled that hoariest of all-press clichés: the annual 'Best of' issue. So of course, we saved the 'Best' for last.

Here then, for the second year in row, is our highly-opinionated list of camps and things that we love in this little cosmopolitan burg known as Black Rock City.

Best city representin' this year at Burning Man Los Angeles

Now that all the dot-com money has moved out of San Francisco, L.A. has taken over as the place where all the best theme camps seem to hail from. We think it might have something to do with film industry people having access to cool shit. Or maybe they just want to get their creative ya-ya's out on projects they know they could never get away with in Hollywood. Either way, these Angelenos have high-concept ideas, excellent execution, good style, and they really know how to party. L.A. Burners are representin' with Bollywood, Bunnyworld, Gigsville, Nuclear Family, Paul Is Sexy, Temple of Atonelement, Eleccentricity with Dr. Megavolt, The Mutatoyr, Kult of the Feral Kitten ... the list just goes on and on.

Best view of the playa Kaledosphere

Yeah, yeah, we know the top of the Temple of the Burning Man probably has the best vantage point to take in a view of Black Rock City. But for a truly unique perspective, hit the Kaledosphere in Center Camp. You get a nice view of the city from within a three-story-tall kaledoscope tower thing, with trippy visuals! Just watch your step crawling up into it.

Best appropriation of this year's stupid theme Reverend Billy and the Stop Shopping Gospel Choir

Every night at 7 PM, under the Man If you're gonna do "Beyond Belief" — and let's be honest here, it's just Religion as a theme — at least go all out with a fire-and-brimstone Reverend and a jubilant gospel choir! Hallelujah! Its gospel, urging people to stop shopping, is one that speaks especially to Black Rock City denizens. Once you've seen the light, hop on stage, and sing with the choir!

Best opera fix without having to sit through one of Pepé's pretentious opera productions

Diva Marisa at Death Guild Thunderdome Esplanade and Revered 8:00 Yeah, yeah, we know that Pepé Ozan hasn't done an opera production here in Black Rock City for the past couple of years ... but hey, who needs it when we've got Diva Marisa at the Thunderdome? Get there before the battles start to get a real slice of true opera. This classically-trained vocalist performs a beautiful aria every night, and we think it's the perfect intro to the violence and chaos that follows.

Best neighborhood bar Starlust Lounge

7:45 Center Camp If you're in Center Camp after dark, and you need some liquid refreshment, fuck the Cafe. Stop by the Starlust instead! This is definitely *Piss Clear's* favorite neighborhood bar, and a great place to kick-start an evening out on the town. Or, grab a nightcap before heading home. The bartenders are friendly, with just the right hint of attitude, and they have some funny-as-these-nights, such as the Larry Harvey Look-A-Like Night.

Best place to dance on the bar Pinky's

This is definitely the best bar in the boonies. Get off the Esplanade and come party at one of Black Rock City's best-kept secrets. Explore the back streets long enough and you'll find it. Many who do end up having the time of their lives. Tell 'em *Piss Clear* sent ya!

All we are saying is ... don't burn the Man!

by DIANA

Anti-Burn activists plan to protest the burning of the Man this year. "This horrible torture has gone on long enough," says one protester. "The Man is innocent. He deserves to live."

The group feels the Man belongs to everyone, and cite concerns about air pollution and fire safety. They have been in contact with Larry Harvey, who has said that he is considering the idea of not burning the Man, claiming that the concept just might be somewhat outdated and cliché. He has hinted that next year he may burn something even bigger instead. Protesters are WARY, but say that anything that will save the Man is a step in the right direction.

At an anti-Burn rally yesterday, throngs of people protested, carrying signs that said, "Don't Burn the Man!" A bearded young participant played a guitar under a shade structure, and led the crowd to sing:

Best cultural import Shiva Las Vegas at Bollywood

Esplanade and Karmic Circle Those kids at Bollywood sure know how to entertain! This little slice of Bombay in the Black Rock Desert has been one of our favorite camps this year, with big production shows and great costumes. Did you see *Shiva Las Vegas*? It was total spectacle. If you weren't there, you should be 'sar' you missed it!



Best way to abuse a press pass Media Mecca

7:00 Center Camp After a hard day of trying to come up with some new angle for that Burning Man article or documentary you're supposed to be doing (and trying not to get distracted by all the fun to be had), it's nice to be able to go somewhere to hang with your big city media counterparts. Have a cocktail or six, and use the broadband satellite connection to let your bosses back home know how hard you're (not) working.

Best DJ to drool over DJ Lorin Bassnectar

We mean drool over the music — no, really! Heh, heh... If you're lucky enough to catch a DJ set by this sexy Lorin, you're in for an ass-shaking treat. Phat, funky, and tribal, he's got breaks and beats that will get you movin' on the playa floor. The energy he creates with his music is beautiful and organic — just like the DJ himself.

Best place to wear your sunglasses at night Blacklight Bedouins

Esplanade and Profane 9:30 These technicolor trippers have once again created Day-Glo heaven. By day, it's a super-bright, super-colorful, neon playground. At night, it becomes a glowing raver's wet dream. Vapo-rub not included.

Best place for male bonding Jiffy Lube at Penetration Village

Dogma and Ridiculous 7:30 It doesn't matter if you're looking for a mid-afternoon snuggle or a late-night snog, there's always someone at Jiffy Lube ready to offer a helping hand (or other body part). While it might seem a bit sleazy for the uninitiated (i.e.: those who have never been to a seedy San Francisco gay bar), this is the perfect place to find your true love — and not need to bother with learning his name.

Best place to go while your boyfriend is at Jiffy Lube Poly Paradise within Shangri-La

Esplanade and Inspired 4:30 The *Piss Clear* staff tends towards playsa-amoury, so we're always happy to see a place for the bi and het members of the community to play. This is a great place to pick up a partner (or three), and see what all this 'poly' fuss is about.

Best hangover cure Pancake Playhouse

10:00 Center Camp Mmmm ... smell that? It's breakfast, and it's for you! We love this place (when we wake up in time). You can always count on its pancake-y goodness — as long as you don't mind waiting in line. Whether you're still up after a hard night of partying, or just waking up with a hangover, it hits the spot.

This Man is your man This Man is my man, From the Black Rock Desert To the open playa From the Esplanade circle To the great orange trash fence This Man was made for you and me.

Rumor has it that this year, the anti-Burn protesters may outnumber those who actually want to burn the Man. Many are plotting to chain themselves to the Man on Burn Night. The growing number of "Burners" who are apathetic towards the Burn is adding to the controversy. "Oh, the Man?" says one participant. "I didn't really notice him ... I guess it's okay if they burn him. Why is he there anyway? Is that where the porta-potties are?" Other participants have expressed CONFUSION over the name of the festival. "Like, if they DON'T burn the

Best post-coital pick-me-up Vietnamese Iced Coffee at The Isle of Avalon Dogma and Ridiculous 7:30 It's the middle of the afternoon, and as the playa dust starts to stick to your freshly wet-napped naughty-bits, that old familiar torpor is setting in. Dozing off could guarantee waking with either a sunburn or a body-paint rendition of Condoleezza Rice eating a taco on your back. However are you going to muster up the energy to continue on with your day? Stumble on down to the Isle of Avalon and grab yourself a Vietnamese iced coffee. Cool, sweet, and refreshing — you'll be firing on all cylinders in short order.

Best bang for your barter Temple of Atonelement's Slave Auction

Esplanade and Dubious 5:00 within Gigsville Hey, if you have to barter, you might as well get something good out of it, right? Well, the best barter deal on the playa is TOA's Slave Auction. Need someone to burn your trash? Wash your feet? Hug you on command when the drugs kick in? Why not all three? Bring your best barter materials to the auction — we assure you that you'll be getting far more in return.

Best place for PDAs Smoochdome

Asylum, Esplanade and Serious 3:30. No, we're talking about your Palms. We're talking about showing off your gushy love! Found a new love for the evening — or the hour? That E hitting just right? Pucker up and come play at the Smoochdome, the best place to share a kiss.



Best mobile distribution of Piss Clear Black Rock Bookmobile

Karmic Circle and Paradox 6:00 While it doesn't quite fill the void left by the Freezing Man ice cream truck from a few years back, the Black Rock Bookmobile still offers up the same sort of nostalgic warm fuzzies. Come on, didn't you experience a bookmobile when you were a kid? If not, here's your chance! And while you're there, pick up any back issues of *Piss Clear* you might have missed!

Best place to Black Rock out with your cock out The Burning Man Metal Meltdown

with Lethal Dose 50 at Transcendent Functions, Thursday night Authority and Revealed 2:30 It's really nice to have a respite from all the techno beats, especially when it's loud, obnoxious RAWK! We gotta admit, here on the playa, heavy metal seems so wrong, that it's gotta be right. Last night's Metal Meltdown with Lethal Dose 50 was awesome, dude — although we would have liked to have seen more spandex and big hair. For those about to Black Rock, we salute you!



Best potential lawsuit Swinger's Lounge Zip Line

Strip off your clothes, climb up the sketchy scaffolding, grab a hold of the handlebars, and ziiiiip down the 130 foot long line, crashing into the mattress target below. Hey, that's worth a free beer, right? These guys are nuts but it's a lot of fun watching, even if you don't have the balls to do it. Whether from personal injury, or incriminating nude photos of your fun, this camp is a lawsuit just waiting to happen.

Best substitute for toilet paper NAMBLA's Porta-Letter

Every year, NAMBLA the Clown promises that he's going to write an article for *Piss Clear*. And every year, we save copy space for him because, well, we love NAMBLA the Clown. And every year, he completely flakes out on submitting anything. Why? We suspect it's because he's too busy publishing his own self-serving, ego-gratifying newsletter — printed on one side of a sheet of paper and posted inside the door of the porta-potties. So that way, if the toilet paper runs out, you've still got something to wipe your ass with: NAMBLA the Clown's face.



Man, what will it be called? Burning Man? Standing Man? I dunno, man, that's weird." One participant suggested the Man could remain standing, but the Starbucks at Center Camp should set alight instead. Other participants quickly dismissed this idea, as it would require them to make their own coffee, clearly an undue hardship in this hostile desert environment. However, the anti-Burn protesters say they do NOT support the burning of the cafe, but are working instead to unionize the volunteers as soon as possible.

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
absinthe	agave
affordable tickets	credit card debt
beer	Jager in icy cooler backpacks
Black Rock Desert	Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation
cover/tribute bands	original rock bands
cults	high society
EL wire	fibre optic
energy drinks	water
Esplanade	Outer Fence
everything	nothing
funk	country
generators	power grids!
Girls Gone Wild and all that crap	public executions of opportunistic adult-media hacks
medical marijuana	medical mushrooms
pole dancers	Maypole dancing
R.A.V.E. Act	anti-R.A.V.E. Act activism
reggae	noise muzik/no wave
stars and stripes	peace on Earth
Sunday night	Monday morning
"what's out/what's in" lists	embracing things that are "out" just to piss off those who really give a shit

— compiled by Eggchair Steve, Jason Fell, Scott Gibson, Snoh, and Summer B.

Mutatoyr to set world drum record at Burn

by ADRIAN ROBERTS

Anyone who has been to Burning Man over the past few years is probably familiar with The Mutatoyr, the drum ensemble most famous for "battling" Dr. Megavolt at last year's event.

For this, their fifth year on the playa, Crimson Rose asked The Mutatoyr to compose a 40-minute musical score for the Fire Conclave professional and burning of the Man. At the climax of the performance, just before the Man ignites, they're hoping that EVERY Burner in attendance — probably around 30,000 — will play along with them, qualifying the project for the Guinness Book of World Records as the World's Largest Drum Ensemble.

Matty Nash, leader of The Mutatoyr, sat down with us recently to talk about "The Heartbeat of the Man."

PISS CLEAR: So The Mutatoyr is kind of like a drum corps band thing, right?

Matty Nash: We're a 25-member performance troupe that mixes drum corps and drum ensemble with dual live-cutting DJ's and a brilliant visuals team that merges fire performance, aerial stunts, hoopdancing, and tribal performance.

PC: Wow. Where are you based?

MN: We're based in Los Angeles, but we consider Black Rock City our home. The Mutatoyr was born in BRC in 1998.

PC: So, you downloaded "The Heartbeat of the Man" from your website — www.themutatoyr.com — and it just SOUNDS like a bunch of various drum beats and rhythms. We thought composing music meant writing actual notes and chords. Your piece doesn't seem to have any. What's up with that?

MN: Reid Defever from The Mutatoyr drum team composed the piece. We elected to go drums-only on the "Heartbeat" score, as it seemed to be the best aesthetic match for what the Fire Conclave is doing in the Great Circle. On Burn Night, you'll hear drums play melody as well as rhythm.

There are many forms of music that utilize mostly or all percussion instruments in their scores, such as Japanese taiko, Brazilian samba, and American drum corps. These styles do have melodies, riffs, and notes that are played on percussion instruments.

PC: At the end of it, you're hoping everyone at the Burn will play the same drum beat. Do you really think this is possible?

MN: It's our hope that every Burner will contribute in some way to our rhythms. If that means drumming, clapping hands, or dancing to the music, then we've succeeded in our goal.

One thing that has always intrigued us, is that the burning of the Man is the only time all 30,000 of us are gathered in one place, for a united purpose. Ironically, it is also the only time that practically everyone in the entire city becomes a spectator, watching and waiting for the Man to burn.

What we hope to do is flip that precedent around, and turn the burning of the Man into the greatest act of participation in the history of Burning Man.

One interesting facet to our project is the simplicity of its design: any non-musician, non-dancer, or non-rhythmist knows exactly what the heartbeat pattern is — because it's inside our bodies 24/7. Everyone knows the heartbeat, and performing it on a grand scale shouldn't be that big of a challenge.

PC: Ultimately, this is just an attempt to make it into the Guinness Book of World Records, isn't it?

MN: We will indeed be attempting to break the world record for Largest Drum Ensemble. However, this facet of the project isn't one of our primary goals, rather just some fun icing on an otherwise very tasty cake.

PC: But how the hell are you going to get an accurate count of all the drummers?

MN: Guinness has given us a very clear description of how to gauge our success: Track our website downloads for the "Heart-

Bitter Love

by DAN BITTER

Hey Everyone: The more astute readers among you may recall that last year's Bitter Love was a rerun due to my long-overdue vacation. And the really astute readers among you may be wondering, "How is it that a job that lasts just one week out of the year justifies a vacation?" Well, touché. The pathetic truth is: people just stopped writing in with decent problems. When this happens to advice columnists of a lesser caliber, it is tempting to simply (gasp) fabricate questions on their own. Not me. I'm too fucking lazy. So send me mail, damn it! These questions don't write themselves. I'm sure there are a few loons out there on the playa with bizarre sex problems that they're too embarrassed to ask their campmates about. Fire away!

That said, a few brave souls have dropped off questions for me at the *Piss Clear* headquarters in Center Camp, and it's just enough to make this year's column. Oh, and this year sees a return to the classic salutation, "Hey Breeder." Perhaps certain other advice columnists will follow my lead and revert to their own charming classic salutations...

Hey Breeder! A few weeks ago, I ran across a column by one of your competitors, where there was a long discussion and reader-vote about naming a sex act after Rick Santorum in retribution for his homophobic remarks. After reading that, I was inspired to launch a similar campaign to name a sex act after Larry Harvey. Larry hasn't really done anything offensive, but the opportunity is just too good to pass up. What should a "Harvey" refer to?

— Amateur Slang Sire With Intriguing Pseudonym Effort

Hey ASSWIPE!

We don't need to go to a reader vote on this; the answer is obvious. A "Harvey" is when your sex partner starts out doing something really original and exciting, but the more times they do it, the more boring it becomes, and they just keep doing it anyway, over and over again, until you don't even want to come anymore.

But readers, go ahead and send in some other suggestions anyway, and while we're at it, let's vote on a sex act to be named after House Rep. Hieronymus Blowjob (R-Delaware) who recently made some very derogatory comments regarding fellatio.

Hey Breeder!

Who do you think is hotter, the DPW crew or the Black Rock Rangers? And is there a uniform bar on the playa?

— Boyish, Irresistibly Great, Gay, Uniform Lovin' Pimp

Hey BIG GULP!

According to the DPW section of BurningMan.com (no doubt penned by a DPW insider), the DPW crew are heroic, determined, hardworking, responsible, creative, interesting, dedicated, and unusual individuals. That pretty much clinches it for me — the Rangers win hands down.

If you love a man in a uniform, though, I highly recommend the cops and the Feds. Cozy up to a hunky one and offer him a joint first; that'll break the ice.

Hey Breeder!

This is my first time at Burning Man, and I'm camping with a few other lesbians at Toaster Oven Camp. All of these women are complete slob, but my tentmate is the worst! Not only does she keep the tent a mess, she has no style or culture, and she's got pitiful taste in clothes and food. Back when I was straight, my boyfriends weren't even this bad. Help! How can I fix her?

— Lesbian Senior At UC Santa Cruz

Hey LUG (sic)!

You're in luck, because they're shooting a new reality TV show here, called *Straight Eye For The Butch Dyke*, and guess who was chosen to be part of the cast? That's right... I may be fashion-impaired and interior-design-blind, but at least I'm better off than the average lesbian! My team and I will arrive at your camp in the morning, and by the time you're ready to leave for the Candlelight Spiritual Step Meeting, you won't even recognize Ms. Pigsty, or your newly decorated quarters. Let's see... a Nagel print over here... an autographed football over there... We think the show will be a big hit, because there's nothing lesbians enjoys more than inviting five straight guys over to tell them what to do.

Got a question for Dan? Keep it to yourself, asshole!

beat" piece, track e-mail inquiries and responses, and submit videotape and satellite imagery showing the entire city playing. Perhaps the most crucial part is having people SIGN our postcards, which have been sent to everyone's camp via the Black Rock City Post Office. We would like to ask everyone who participates in this project to please read our postcard, sign it, and return it to the BRC Post Office in Center Camp, or bring it to our camp at 5:00 and Dogma.

PC: What if the people in the crowd just can't play all that well, and it just ends up sounding like it does every year: a cacophonous clatter of off-time drum beats and rhythms? Can you still qualify for a world record?

MN: There is no doubt in our minds that at some points in the performance, it will do just that — and it will be glorious splendid cacophony and chaos! For me, that's also part of the true feeling and power of Burn Night!

The "Heartbeat" piece is a four movement symphonic piece, and we're hoping that at the beginning of Movement Four, we can get everyone to synchronize with our music. The Criterion for Guinness doesn't require accuracy in terms of execution, but then again, this project is not about that. It's about uniting people — giving the Man a song that's worthy of its greatness. And seeing if we can't make the playa ROCK a little harder on Burn Night.

Playa Iron Liver Contest winner!

And we have a winner for *Piss Clear's* second annual Playa Iron Liver Contest! We must admit, we were almost ready to give the prize to the shockingly simple, yet shockingly tasty Nascar, which is half Budweiser, half Red Bull, and nothing more. But about an hour after sampling Dr. Lizard's Special Blue Margaritas, we realized that we were truly, uh ... on to something ... or at least on something, if you know what we mean.

As it turned out (and as we turned out) it was all about the secret ingredient, which you'll find in the recipe at right. It was a fitting end to great contest, and we appreciate everyone who stopped by the *Piss Clear* camp yesterday to submit their drinks for the contest. We had a great afternoon sampling them all, not to mention fun meeting you all!

Dr. Lizard's Special Blue Margaritas

In a gallon jug (from drinking water or windshield washing fluid, well-rinsed) combine: 48 oz. Herreradura Silver Tequila 8 oz. Blue Curacao 12 oz. Triple Sec 60 oz. fresh lime juice

Top with orange juice. Add 2500 micrograms Lysergic Acid Diethylamide. Cap tightly and shake. Keep cold until ready. At the formal pre-Burn cocktail party, slice limes into wedges. Rim 12-oz. glasses (not cups) with lime wedge and dip in salt which you distilled from playa mud over the previous year. Fill with ice and pour margarita into glass. Add lime, straw, and small plastic lizard as garnish. Try not to swallow the lizard. Serves twenty.



sex advice

I remember when...

... we were worried that MTV would show up and ruin everything.

... we went to Burning Man to get away from the yahoes.

... the Gerlach locals thought a bunch of freaks traipsing through town was novel.

— PF

... the first official village was right off of Center Camp.

... registering a village or theme camp didn't need a lengthy on-line questionnaire.

— Penfold

... people didn't ask for gifts to ride their art car.

... people outnumbered art cars.

... the Esplanade camps rocked.

... Burning Man wasn't suing anyone.

... dogs were allowed.

... guns were allowed.

... kids were allowed. Oh fuck, wait! They still allow kids. Damn.

... a thesis wasn't required for camp placement.

... I could remember half the cool shit I saw last year.

... our food cost more than the ticket price.

... the opera was the biggest show on the playa.

— Lenny Jones

... every camp had their own fire pit.

... there were no assigned streets and you were guaranteed to get lost after the Burn.

... there was one "Rave Camp" and it was almost a mile away.

... you could actually get an official Burning Man bus to the hot springs.

... there was no EL-wire.

... there was an actual schedule of bands on an official main stage.

... anyone could afford the ticket prices.

— Insect Surfer Dave

... nobody wanted to camp in