Monday, 28 August 2000

THE BLACK ROCK GAZETTE


FIND Waldo!

Each day, a participant will be randomly selected (without their knowledge) to be Black Rock City’s “Waldo.” If you see him/her in the crowd, shower them with hugs, kisses, beer, food, and art. And yes, they will be wearing Jerry Lewis impersonation. Make Waldo happy. If you can find our Waldo! and have made him/her truly happy, drop by to tell us. (Bring us a melon.) We might even give you a prize: Waldo’s Angel Wings, a beer, or a hug or something like that.

A Message from Media Mecca

All film, video and DVD donation-capturing came along fairly late and, unlike past years, the 2000 festival had no physical archive. The festival history is preserved in the form of images, video tapes, flyers, drawings, art and other artifacts. Many of these items have made it into a traveling, evolving Burning Man art show. This show has been hosted by galleries and art commissions in Center Camp.

Suppose to continue to exist here, we must take care of our home. If by our sheer numbers we trample the rights of others who also call the desert playa home, then only with hypocrisy might we expect our freedom to return to be respected. Within this framework, environmentalism means we’re all in this together. One need not be a tree-hugger to appreciate this simple requirement of our continuance. To this end, we are ready to return to nowhere; to understand the strange passionate yearning the wide open emptiness instills. In order to be welcomed back asyntesys, the migrating tribes of the Black Rock Desert, we must absolutely vanish without a trace.

The Center Camp Café might be described as an urban jewel adorning the body of Black Rock City. Twenty-four hours a day for the duration of the event, you can get a world-class latte or a chai, hear music and see diverse performances in the café’s four different environments. This is the place to meet your friends or make new ones in some welcome shade. Check your daily Gazette, or tune into Radio Free Burning Man (99.6 FM) for updates. The Center Camp Café... in the center of the center. No reservations.

THE BEATING MAN uses solid state optics designed specifically for harsh desert conditions — such as entanglements with stray thongs on the playa, the core, lasers are antennaed into two beams each, tracing a luminous, familiar form, another temporal body of the Man. Laser sources at each hip generate an arm and a leg, with the laser’s energy absorbed by six-foot targets at the hands and feet. Another laser source at the top of the head directs a beam to each ear, where they are deflected from six-inch mirrors to the chimp to form the Man’s distinctive diamond-shaped head. Upon the playa, we will be like cells continually dividing.

To the Rescue Room at Media Mecca for proper probing. See “Why we tag cameras” in this issue of the Gazette.

The centerpiece to this year’s playa bacula will be a mile-long elevated laser shot picture of the Burning Man logo etched into the night sky and representative of this year’s theme, “The Body”...
**San Francisco, Reno, Chicago and Los Angeles. After the event, you may send receipts to the Burning Man office in San Francisco. Thank You.**

**How To Find Yourself**

Volunteers manage a number of services to help you find yourself, your camp, leave messages, or locate your friends.

- **The Dynamic Board at the Greeters station** lets you indicate your location. Bring your own push pin to the BRCity Directory, at Center Camp, but it’s not official.

- **The Giant Figures** were located at Burning Man, 6:00 Center Camp. Leave super-bad messages for pick-up.

- **If you’re lost, check into the most discreet list-serving, located at Check Point Castle, just fill out a card and tell your friends how you’re indexed to find information.

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**Where the IN Crowd Goes**

Coprophilia is the love of shit. Coprophagy is eating shit. Although these qualities may be immensely common (perhaps even so much so in every workplace, they’re not so common on the playa. In fact, the conditions are so rare that the standard textbook on psychology, the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-IV) doesn’t even mention them. Coprophilia is not a sexual preference, rather, people who get sexual pleasure from excreta in inappropriate places (buttock coprosexism) is only mentioned in the discussion of 1% of all forms of pedophilia. No problem on the playa, right?

Outhouses are mandated by the state health department. The key to a healthy future is lying away from one. Oh, sure, bake it for a few days at 104 degrees and let most of the aromatic potency, but not before it gets smeared about in everyone else’s camp, and into places where modern hygiene becomes a distasteful challenge.

Buy it. Sorry. Hidden from the sun, the little bugs from your butt hole survive even longer, perhaps to be dislodged and disorganized over the entire playa when the rains come. One word there: yuck. And, while it’s true that the ancient bottom of Lake Lahontan is covered under those sands of feet of dead shit, that dump is prehistoric. You and your shit are still alive! So flex your sphincters, proud citizens, and do your duty where the In-Crowd Goes. A special effort has been made to create these hospitality huts available in a neighborhood very near you! As your mother undoubtedly warned you, consider going to the trouble to avoid the problem, right?

Wrong.

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**Why We Tag Cameras**

Black Rock City. We have never allowed the use of cameras for the purpose of keeping art groups and friendly subversives; a giant, dysfunctional dump with no city limits where cars rule the playa. In 1996, the designer of the Man, founder of the event, and one of the original organizers of the desert spectacle, argued that Burning Man should be kept “open” to all. Attendance had been doubling in size every year, and there was no way to go the opposite direction. Harley’s idea prevailed.

The now familiar sights — the theme camps, People of the Burning Man, the mad running of the living rooms, the bizarre contradiction of someone chassising down a cigarette package, twisted on chemically inert wheels, by a few millimeters. To leave a trace, you might not have known that it ever existed.

Now, Black Rock City is a true “community” and the first burn, you will quickly learn that the oft-used phrase “participants only” isn’t just Burning Man jive propaganda — it’s real. We wish to make sure of it. Beautiful and the damned. Degenerate, Caligula-type imagery aside, perhaps the large group photos of this year’s theme is the body of people around you.

Here the way to find yourself is to become body of people around you in your surroundings, assault your neighbors with treasures. Be a stranger to no one. To hell with the notion of being, just go out and being gutsy about being gutsy!