Alien Craft Shot Down!
Sportsmen bag saucer-shaped craft near rocket camp

Burning Man participants and firearms enthusiasts J.D. Boggmann and Cowboy Kim were en route to the drive-by shooting range in their vintage Pacer when they spotted it: a small, flattened saucer exhibiting unusual flight characteristics and hovering near a "suspicious-looking" plant...

Plants on the plays? Flying saucers? Such claims would hardly seem worth mentioning if not for the startling physical evidence: the pair not only downed the alien craft but returned to camp with the wreckage.

"It took a couple of rounds in the outer hull and that didn't seem to phase it," said Boggmann. "But I managed to put a couple rounds in the engine compartment."

The craft suffered extensive damage from the steel-jacketed AK-47 rounds, but was still clearly recognizable as a saucer. No alien lifeforms were recovered.

The wreckage is currently on display in central camp, and does not appear to be radioactive. Kim and Boggmann plan to ignite the remains later today in the hopes of luring more UFOs into camp. "We'd really like to get one intact," J.D. explained, "so we can rip it open and do the normal science thing on it."

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Bulletin Board

If you have lost or found something, call the Burning Man hotline next week: 415.985-7471

Keep it clean! Pick up litter as you go and our group clean-up (Monday AM — you will be there) will go a lot faster. In case you weren’t sure, this includes items like cigarette butts and dog shit.

Let the adventure continue...If you are a young woman and would enjoy travelling for 1 to 2 months (Montana — CO — New Orleans — NY), meet at the Big Bus at 5:00pm. "It's been a great year."

Camp safety: Just a reminder, but fireworks and shooting are prohibited inside the camp circle.

Sharpshooter award went to Chris and Kimerie at the Drive-By shooting range yesterday on the Trego-Empire Road.

The Donner Award Committee is still deliberating. Submit nominations to Danger Ranger.

Lost child: Small, smooth, and hideously deformed. Answers to "Brent," "BURGE!" "Daddy's Karmic Debt Resolved," or a loud clearing of the throat. If found, contact L.A. Cacophony at 213.937-2759. No hurry.

Neon Crop Circle: Ponder Big Mysteries and go round & round till you get dizzy. North of camp.

Where Does All the Money Go?
Setting up a community in the middle of nowhere gets expensive. Here's a breakdown of how your entry fees were used this year...

- Administration: 23%
- Transportation: 5%
- Construction: 20%
- Portable Toilets: 7%
- Permits, Fees & Insurance: 25%
- Publicity & Printing: 20%

Black Rock Gazette is published on-site by the Cacophony Society (SF. 415.665.0351; LA. 213.937.2759) with support from Twisted Times (Box 271222, Concord CA 94520). To get in touch with the Gazette staff, leave a message on the bulletin board in central camp. Editor: Sir Real

Hardware: Macintosh Plus with MicroMac 25MHz 68030 accelerator and 4MB RAM, Quantum 40 MB hard drive, PrinterWorks UX-2900 laser printer, Xerox copier. Power by Andy's Software: Microsoft Word 5.1, Aldus Pagemaker 4.2


"Cogito Ergo Flambe"
Media Alert!
The rumor that media troops now outnumber civilians at Burning Man is patently untrue, but there are many camera crews on-site this year. In addition to the usual contingent of freelancers, we have video crews from PBS, HBO and Brazilian TV. Here are a few things to keep in mind when dealing with the 'lifetroid mediodias'...

**FILM CREWS ARE NOT ALL ALIKE.** Before you bare your fangs, remember that PBS is public and non-profit; cut them a little slack.

**BLANKET WAIVERS ARE NOT LEGAL.** You may have seen the posted notices stripping you in abasitra of any rights re. your "name, voice, and likeness for all purposes...throughout the world in perpetuity without limitation and without any compensation therefore whatsoever." This is, in legal terms, pure bullshit. Burning Man has not consented to any such arrangement, and neither have you (have you?). If you want to make your point (and legalese stronger), write up a brief retort to the money-grubbers: let them know who you are and that you DO NOT CONSENT to use of your name, voice, likeness, etc. Post on bulletin board or hand-deliver to the offending parties.

**IF YOU REALLY FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT THIS,** please keep any confrontations with a the media 100% friendly and NON-VIOLENT. Please do not sabotage equipment or spray-paint "NO SPECTATORS" on the side of anyone's rented RV. If you really don't want to be filmed, you might try showing the camera those parts of your anatomy that would send Jee-Helms into a sputtering fit of pity. Your private parts are probably not going to stop a director from using the footage (especially on cable), but it's sure to cause some hand-wringing and teeth-gnashing back at corporal HQ — and it might be fun for you!

Letters

Surreality is taking on new meaning. The wind brings in the dust and taketh it away. The sun is a ten-speeder, the temperature rises and falls in minutes. When it sets, the Moon in the Man eases itself up. The sun burns and races but the Man is more relaxed; the Moon just graces along and this is Capitalized.

The dusk and the sudden night bring the stars and our flames, surrogate suns back at play. We light the mudtower and dance and stare. We the people are the temporary, the play transient, borrowing magic and storing it for later use. The Man is at home, watching the flames, waiting for his turn to shed his own ashes.

Housekeeping at "The Man" — or — The Goddess is Coming and She's on the Full Rag.

Well girls, those penis-totin' scorpions that we're a keepin' company with are up to their old tricks again...tryin' to pass off drug (or ego) induced euphoria as true enlightenment. As the dust and dishes pile up. Don't stand for it!

MEN: Clean dishes are a right, not a privilege. Do your share! "Community" begins in your tent. We wouldn't want to find you tied to an anvil, would we?

—Sidewinder Sal (One Hell of a Gal)

Schedule of Activities

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Event</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>Before dawn</td>
<td>Java Cow Ritual</td>
<td>Burning Man</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>8:30-9:00am</td>
<td>Golf/Skeet Tournament</td>
<td>Assembly at</td>
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<td>camp</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>All morning</td>
<td>Communard art show</td>
<td>Central camp</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>3:00pm</td>
<td>Lower Man</td>
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<td>roadway</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>6:00-7:00pm</td>
<td>Cocktall Party (BYOB)</td>
<td>Central camp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>7:00-7:30</td>
<td>Kill-Ma Dance: Monte Jean</td>
<td>Central camp</td>
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<td>Cedar &amp; Melinda Mohn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>7:30pm</td>
<td>Raise Man</td>
<td>Burning Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>8:00-8:30pm</td>
<td>Fire Performance: Crimson</td>
<td>Burning Man</td>
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<td>Rose &amp; Will Roger</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>8:30pm</td>
<td>Burning Baby</td>
<td>Burning Man</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>9:00pm</td>
<td>Ignition</td>
<td>Burning Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>10:00-11:00pm</td>
<td>Concert; Three Day Stubble &amp; Mudswimmens</td>
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<td>Sunday</td>
<td>Midnight</td>
<td>Rave</td>
<td>North of camp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>Morning</td>
<td>General Clean-up - ALL participants</td>
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Schedule subject to change without notice and without reason. Check the bulletin board at central camp for changes and additions.
Artists, Anti-Artists, Pranksters, & Unindicted Co-Conspirators

A number of the contributors to this year’s Burning Man festival have submitted brief sketches of what they do and/or why they do it. We hope you find this information useful — either now, while you’re still planning your day, or later, when you’re trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

Cacophony

The Cacophony Society is a randomly gathered network of free spirits united in the pursuit of experiences beyond the pale of mainstream society. We are poetic terrorists, pathological clowns, gothic waitresses, spontaneously combusting file clerks and urban saboteurs of the mundane. We are the punctuation at the end of hypothetical sentences, words in the prose of technological satire, grammarians of absurdist syntax and our numbers are prominent in the flat edge of a curve. We are New Age voodoo alchemists casting silicon crystal spells through the Central Nervous System, surfers of digital tsunami, analysts of the over-simplified and fortune hunters on the interior of an oblivious world. We are technologically advanced cave painters releasing bizarre artforms into the media jungle. We are playful engineers creating new dada to be dumped into the information pool. We are foolish investors spending our time on the priceless memories of the future. You may already be a member! Cacophony exists in San Francisco (415.665-0351), Los Angeles (213.937-2759), and other locations — check the white pages of your phone book.

Dark Mother Rock

This piece is inspired by both Kali Ma, or the “Dark Mother,” who is the Hindu triple goddess of birth, preservation and destruction, and the primordial “Black Rock” for which this desert and festival are named. Song and spoken word, sign language, dance and music will all be used. The performers will be Mona Joan Cedar, the “spector in red” from last year’s festival, who plays with sign language, dance and spoken word in L.A., and Melinda Molan, a composer and singer who is looking forward to the burning.

Editor’s note: The Kali Ma dance is slated to take place tonight at 7:00 in central camp, immediately prior to the raising of the Man.

Desert Siteworks

by William Binzen, photographer, architectonic sculptor, poet and director

BURNING MAN and DESERT SITWORKS are kin — collaborative art projects and experiments in temporary community. DESERT SITWORKS, organized and directed by Judy West and myself, is smaller, an intimate project, by design. Everyone is an artist or performer; there are no spectators, no audience — except for a ceremonial witness, to “hold the space,” and my large-format, 8x10” view camera that turns the space into a painterly composition.

Artists collaborate or work singly within the context of the whole. Performance is fundamental to the project, especially performance seeking a sense of ritual. In siting a project, we work with the topography, with sand dunes, washes, dirt roads and scrub and try to establish an organic layout. A fanciful small village springs up, with decorated campsites and even campmaged vehicles, to promote the individual camps as artful, part of the art. We have an inventory of reusable wickups (structure-into-sculpture),
The sight of the Man fully aflame, with a three-quarter moon between his head and outstretched arm, and silver and gold glitter fireworks arcing from his flaming head into the dark sky, was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.
—Lady Kathy, Ladies’ Fetish & Taboo Society

Artists & Anti-Artists

including the Desert Yurt, which functions as camp center, living room and communal kitchen, the Pavilion, or ritual structure, and the Bridge to nowhere and Everywhere.

In this context, art becomes a fundamental means of defining our context, our "space" in life — just as performance and music mark our "time."

If you want to learn more about DESERT SITESWORKS, go to the BURNING MAN bulletin board and leave us your name, mailing address and phone number. If you’d like to collaborate in the making of large-format art photographs during BURNING MAN, leave a message on the bulletin board sheet marked MEGA PIX.

Twisted Times...

...is a bi-monthly newsletter of foam-at-the-mouth rant, dadaist gibberish, surreal news and bald-faced lies put out by many of the same people who brought you the paper you’re holding in your hand right now. To get a free sample copy, send a postcard with your name and address to Twisted Times, Box 271222, Concord CA 94520.

ACROSS

1. 1992 "MUSICAL" SITE
4. LARRY NEEDS A
6. LIGHT SIGNAL
8. CLOSET CIVILIZATION
10. DAY AT BLACK ROCK
12. MAILING
15. ORIGINAL BACKDROP
16. THE PURPOSE OF IT ALL (SOME PEOPLE ADD A P & Y)
18. SUNDAY CHEER (3 WORDS)
19. FLAMMABLE LIQUID
21. HORN
23. ANTHROPIC OR BITUMINOUS
25. NOT UTD
26. NEGATIVE
27. PRIMARY MAN MATERIAL
29. PLAYTHING
30. RISING
33. AN ELEMENTAL
35. LIFTING ASSIST
36. CHAMPIONS GROUND PUZZLES
41. 12 DOWN OUTPUT
43. UNAVAILABLE WATER SOURCE
44. NINTH HOUR
47. REMNANT
49. OUR GOVT PALS
51. DRESS WEAR
52. BLACK ROCK STUFF
55. EARTH MAMA
56. ORIGINAL GROUND
58. MOUNTAIN ROAD'S APEX
60. OFFICER JOHN
62. ACCOMPLISH
65. AND BEHOLD
67. DANGERS COMPANIONS
69. LAST FREE CALIFORNIAN
72. TWOSOME
73. CHIMNEY GRIME
74. LEGENDS
75. AMONG
76. 12 DOWN’S STARTER
77. MISSING LEG JOINTS
79. STELLAR RADIATION WAVES
80. FOOD STIRRING
82. 1992 IGNITER’S DRESS
83. Q. S.
84. ARGONISTS DISUS

DOWN

1. WAGES
2. REPAIR
3. BURNING BACKDROP
4. PIKE
5. CLOTH
6. HELP
7. PERCUSSION INSTRUMENT
9. MONDAY TASK
11. THIS WEEKEND
12. MAN’S HEAD FILLER
14. LOCALS
15. THE SCIENTISTS GUYS
17. THE LARGEST SMALL
20. GNAIITE
22. SWAR
24. BURNING PIECE
26. HER
27. NEAREST HOT SHOWER
28. ADOBE
34. EVENING
37. ALIAS
38. EXOTHERMIC REACTION
39. SCORCH
40. MAN’S FLYING OUTPUT
42. SUNDAY COMMAND
44. ET BRUTUS
45. BLAST
46. TETE
50. SURVEY
53. VOX ARTICLE AUTHOR DARRYL
54. LIKE
56. COOK
57. IGNITE
59. 5A ACROSS’ DIRT
61. BOURBON
63. ALLERGY BRITISH
64. MAN’S SKELLETAL MATERIAL
65. AFIRE
66. GATHERING
68. IS A TERRIBLE THING...
70. THEREFORE
71. EXPECTED TEMPERATURE
72. TENT OPENING
77. POETERS EVEN
78. MUSIC PIECE
81. VIEWED

THE Dysfunctional
FAMILY CIRCUS

"Never mix the grain and the grape, Jesus, when will I never learn?"
"You think I’m going to wash in yellow water just to punch it out for giving me the finger? Guess again, stinker."
"The miserable little blackmailer will have his usual, and a triple vodka tonic for And here’s your tip: don’t have kids."

ANSWERS WILL BE POSTED IN THE CENTRAL CAMP AT 2:00 PM.

Multifaceted by BEAN LKE Productions, Earth