

Today's Ice -It's More Than Just Frozen Water™

Mud Bog/Tractor Pull Cancelled

Due to insurance and safety considerations, the widely-anticipated Burning Man Mud Bog & Tractor Pull has been called off, but organizers say there's still enough mud out there to sink a thousand trucks to the door handles. As of this writing, a travel advisory is in effect for Black Rock Springs and other points on the east shore of the playa. Black Rock Rangers advise that the west side of the playa is dry for the length of the north-south track, but that major areas of the north, east, and south sides are still impassable to motor vehicles. Participants considering a drive to any destination other than Gerlach are strongly encouraged to consult a Black Rock Ranger before attempting the trip to obtain the latest information on routes and conditions.

Tiki Tribe Throws a Lulu of a Luau

Sources close to the legendary Cap'n Kahunadoggie say this year's Friday Night Potluck/Potlatch Luau at Tiki Camp promises to be even wilder and weirder than last year's blender-busting



Tiki's funloving cargo cultists say everyone's invited so long as they bring a sacrificial offering to appease the blender gods (ice, rum, fruit, etc.) and/or a generous

potluck dish to share (Velveeta, SPAM, and canned pineapple are particularly revered). Bring your own coconut shell, glass or mug. Loud shirts, stuffed parrots, grass skirts and other icons of cultural implosion are also strongly encouraged. Listen for the savage sound of many drums, Friday night around dusk.

Friday, September 1, 1995

Come Out & Playa!

Welcome to the Black Rock Playa, a temporary intentional community slash liberated autonomous zone perched in the middle of a deceptively plain expanse, located somewhere on the edge of eternity.

As Mandelstam has noted, the centuries surround us with fire. It is our business to examine this incendiary state of affairs in the purest state of nature where sun and earth meet, where fire can find a home, and others sharing this pursuit can synergize, with all shackles of

normalcy shorn for the occasion. We hold this truth to be self-evident: people were born free, but everywhere they are but links in a chain, cogs in a wheel-whether it be simple survival, so-called "progress," or the accumulation of wealth-one simply can't live by this dread alone. Some of us have opted off that horrid hamster wheel and are determined to seize these desert daze for all the respite and reevaluation we can find on

this tabular razor stubble bed. Why are you here? Who is the Man to You, and why must He burn? Are you ready to let the desert kiln work its magic on your self-selected glaze?

Can you remember what you were supposed to forget?

-Mistah Black

1994 Donner Losers Set Historic Fire, New Standards For Dumbness



The Donner Award is a dubious honor given out each year by the Black Rock Rangers, and it's always a challenge to select the person or persons who stretched their resources to the limit through poor planning, bad luck, ignorance, pig-headedness, or just plain stupidity. The award is so named for one of the West's darker chapters, that fateful winter back in 1846 that so eloquently states: you make the best of a bad situation. Anyway....1994's winners were two young guys in a pickup

truck heading for Gerlach. No problem, except for two things. One, it's the middle of the night when it's dang hard to see anythingbad enough that the landscape plays tricks on you during the day. Second, instead of headin' west to the road, these two pickup studs are cruising due east, on a fast track to nowhere.

Before getting totally lost, however, they managed to get stuck. Driving onto the edges of the playa can mean mud, mud, mud — and that's what this pickup got stuck in. In the

middle of the night. In the middle of nowhere. Well, now here's the worst part: It's cold, you know, so to keep warm these two guys decided to light a fire. As luck would have it, they weren't completely nowhere. They noticed

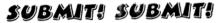
they had come fairly close to what looked like a ghost town—Sulphur is actually the name. Well, they made their fire by burning down one of the historical buildings. Call me loco, but I just cannot for the life of me figure how somebody could let himself get into a situation like this in the first place, much less do what these two guys did. They burned up a lot of our hard-won trust with the locals that night, and

Folks, your survival guide won't do you a dang bit of good unless you read it.

rustled themselves up some big karma.

If you've got any questions about desert survival, or if you want to submit a nomination

for the '95 Donner Award, just flag down any Black Rock Ranger.



The Black Rock Gazette is a community resource for YOU, the citizens of Black Rock City. If you have something you'd like to share, let us know. Direct all notes, letters, diatribes, drawings, and miscellary to the Gazette offices or post them on the bulletin board in central camp. If space allows, we'll try to include all submissions.

"One does not discover new continents without consenting to lose sight of the shore for a very long time."



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Laziness is nothing more than the habit of resting before you get tired.

-JULES RENARD





UNCLAIMED **CAMPS**

We know - you wanted to build a theme camp but you just couldn't get it together in time. Well, there's always next year. The following ideas for Burning Man "theme camps" are all up for grabs..

P.C. Camp: A forest of signs will declare the area nuclear free, cruelty free, etc., etc. "PC Police" will ticket other B.M. attendees for ethical infractions. Halfway through the event, a huge fight will break out over windshield air deflectors and insect rights, and the camp will split into hateful factions who never speak to each other Irie Camp: Slip on some fake

dreadlocks and step into the Rasta tent, mon. Big dub, bigger spliffs, and a fat cloud of happiness. What you say mon? I and I miss da burn? No way mon! Hooverville: Recreate the good ole

days of the Great Depression. Live in leantos, eat beans from the can, and sit in a vintage model-T with no wheels and no engine while the world goes by. Shriner Camp: Raise money for kids and have a great time doing it. Big hats,

tiny motorcycles, and a no-host bar will highlight this big booster fiesta. Camp Camp: Feather boas and milelong cigarette holders under the giant icon of our spiritual mentor, Wayland Flowers' "Madame." Bitchy divorce expected between High Camp Camp and Low Camp

Camp, with strong possibility of armed

to bear a trivial name.

out, hon!

Posh Camp: "Shecky, warm up the chopper, we're going to the hot springs!" Champagne wishes and caviar dreams, valets to brush the dust off your lapels, and a swarm of paparazzi. Bring plenty of cash, because out in the desert they don't take VISA or American Excess. Jaded Camp: Why bother? I mean

really, what's the use? It's all so pointless... Minimalist Camp: Squat naked under a tarp and drink tepid water. What else does

anyone really need? Valley of the Dolls Camp: Bring your best martini recipe and a PDR. What's this rainbow-colored one? Only one way to find

Disco Camp: Doot-doot-doot, staying alive, staying alive.

Pirate Camp: Arrerrerrerrerrerrerrer! Fat Farm Camp: Ever notice how you don't get very hungry in the desert? Maximize this 100% natural weight loss experience through a regimen of neoprene body wraps, treadmill work, and standing on that thing with the vibrating belt that makes your butt shake around all crazy.

Drive-in Camp: Why get out of your car if you don't have to? Grunge Camp: Thrift store chic,

garbled lyrics, and lots of attention from the A&R crowd. Don't miss the air guitar/tieoff/shotgun triathlon! Mein Camp: Brownshirt fashion show,

alternative history lectures, and swastikas carved in the playa. Show those PC campers what's what! - Compiled by Lloyd Void, Tim Liddy & Ms. Inxtr

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Lake of the Stone Mother

On January 14, 1844, Captain John C. Fremont and 24 other white men were searching the deserts of western Nevada for a river reputed to flow east to west from the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco Bay - a river reputedly large enough to be navigable, at least by large canoes. What Fremont found instead, at the terminus of the unnavigably small, swift river now known as the Truckee, was a huge, landlocked, saline lake. On this lake's eastern shore, miles away across the water, Fremont spotted a 400-foot triangular rock that reminded him of an Egyptian pyramid. In his journal he wrote: We've encamped on the shore, opposite a very remarkable rock in the lake, which had attracted our attention for many miles. This striking feature suggested a name for the lake, and I called it Pyramid Lake. There is just one problem with Fremont's journal entry: the lake already possessed a name.

Resident Paiutes had long ago named it after a little tufa-rock formation just behind Fremont's grand pyramid, a formation called tupepeaha, which translates as "Stone Mother." Unprepossessing though she was, the Stone Mother's legend was the Paiute people's origin myth - their threedimensional Book of Genesis, if you will - and for centuries the tribe had told stories and sung songs that gave her a real presence in their lives. It was her tears that had created the lake and its

life-giving bounty (and when you taste the water, sure enough, it's salty). According to Joe Ely, the tribe's ex-chairman, the Stone Mother and her legend "sets our identity, and forever fixes the components that make up our way of life." In the tradition of Great White Explorers the world over, however, Captain Fremont was not interested in indigenous tongues, mythic names or mysterious presences. Fremont desired a navigable east-to-west river, not a navigable inner life. And most of our forebears have inherited, by choice or by force, the tongue and mindset of Fremont, not that of the Paiutes. So the Stone

Mother continues to be an ignored matriarch of knowledge lost or forgotten. And the lake continues -Terry Tempest Williams, Nature Conservancy, March/April 1995

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