



**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1999:
BLACK ROCK CITY POPULATION:
22,995**

DUMPING

All week we KNOW you've been diligently bundling up all of your refuse, working hard to leave no trace. Now it's time to go, and you're probably wondering how long you've got to hang on to the Hefties. Here are some nearby dump sites (all sites are open on Labor Day):

RENO: Reno Transfer Station
1492 East Commercial Row. Hours: 8 AM to 6 PM on Sun and Mon, 6 AM - 6 PM Tue-Fri. Charge: \$3.65 per cubic yard. Directions: Take I-80 W past Sparks Nugget. Take "East 4th Street" exit, turn left. Turn left on Sage Street, go one block to E. Commercial Row. Transfer Station is a few blocks up on the right.

RENO: Lockwood Landfill, 100 Vassar Street, Reno. Hours: 8 AM - 4:30 PM Sunday, 8 AM - 4:30 PM Mon-Fri. Charge: \$2.40 per cubic yard. Directions: Unknown, call 775-329-8822.

FERNLEY: Fernley Sanitation (unknown)
Call 775-575-4964. Charge: \$3.85 per cubic yard. Directions: Take I-80 E. Get off on the first Fernley exit (most westerly) and take a right. Proceed south towards downtown. Turn right onto Highway 95. Across the canal, turn left on the dirt road where there is a building clearly marked "Public Refuse Disposal."

SPACE:
If you're in orbit, just dump your shit anywhere. There's already so much floating debris surrounding Earth, no one will notice.

BOMB RUMOR

Big Bear said the rumors about the composition of the bomb (ammonium nitrate & diesel) are false. He and Washoe and Pershing County sheriffs are still looking for any leads on the person who planted and set off the bomb. A reward of \$3500 is offered by the sheriff's departments and Burning Man. Also, the Rangers are requesting the identity of the man who fell from the tower yesterday. If you know his name, please let the Rangers know. They are at 6:05 Center Camp.



Illustration by Pat Moran ©1999



Photo by Bryce Perry ©1999



All Hail! the lamplighters that light your way home.



Bryce Perry ©1999

The Naked Truth: SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Moments after midnight, Saturday, The Black Rock Gazette newspaper was notified of its nomination for the prestigious Playatzer Prize for journalism. The Black Rock Gazette: The Naked Truth Since 1992 is the leading daily newspaper serving the citizens of Black Rock City, the 5th largest city in Nevada. The Black Rock Gazette is not to be confused with The Other Black Rock Gazette, The Fake Black Rock Gazette, or The Bogus or Seriously Lame Black Rock Gazettes (now in preparation for Burning Man 2000.)

PERMIT FOR BURNING MAN 2000

BLM REFUSES APPEAL, CITING "ENVIRONMENTAL CATASTROPHE" IN '99



Photo by Donn ©1999

July 4, 2000 — Winnemucca, NV — The Bureau of Land Management today denied without comment an appeal by organizers of the Burning Man festival to grant a usage permit for the Black Rock Desert, effectively ending Burning Man's stormy tenure on Nevada public lands.

In denying the appeal by Black Rock City LLC, federal officials let stand an earlier ruling that blasted Burning Man for multiple permit violations during last year's event, an offbeat "desert arts" festival and "temporary autonomous zone" that attracted over 20,000 free-spirited revelers from around the world, many of them naked. Despite the sustained efforts of Burning Man volunteers to clean up after the week-long party, the BLM's report cited a "massive scar" of high-impact land use on the Playa, windblown trash in a 50-mile radius from the event site, and roadside trash all the way to Sparks and beyond. The strongly-worded ruling called the event an "environmental catastrophe," and said the explosion of trash into surrounding areas was "like a bomb hitting a landfill."

The Governor's office applauded today's decision, calling it "a victory for our wilderness lands," and added that he would "definitely consider" deploying National Guard troops to prevent any "uninvited guests" from violating the government edict.

Burning Man organizers appeared demoralized by the decision; only one returned our calls. Speaking from the group's San Francisco headquarters, "Mistress of Communications" Marian Goodale called the ruling "A blow, definitely a blow," but went on to cite the event's positive economic impact and long history of satisfactory land use. "Our people are still out there cleaning up, and in fact they are out there doing it year-round as BLM volunteers. We are net-positive on the environment. Really. We just had a bad year."

Meanwhile in Washington, the Sierra Club continued to push for legislation that would designate the Black Rock Desert a protected wilderness. "This is a magnificent and extraordinary

place," said Sierra Clubspokesman Jack Lopes in a press conference earlier this week. "Its beauty lies primarily in its emptiness, and we must struggle to preserve that."

In the town of Gerlach, Burning Man's closest neighbor, most people lamented the passing of a cash cow. But a man calling himself Raven, from the nearby Planet Y Commune, called the ruling a blessing. "They lost their respect for the land, if they ever had it," he said. "It's time they took their party somewhere else."

Editor's Note: this item was downloaded from Infohazard.com via Danger Ranger's sub-orbital intertemporal intercept array, waylaid from a possible future near you. Only you can keep it from happening here now. — Stuart Mangrum

Saying Goodbye again by zman

Like the magical town of Brigadoon, Black Rock City is about to vanish into the whirling dervishes of the playa for the final time this millennium. For many it is a time of reflection. For many it is a time for a long-overdue shower and a hot meal prepared by someone with clean hands. For me it marks the end of the spin-dry cycle from my annual trip to the Emotion Laundrette. In short, I laughed, I cried, I drank spooze.

For most citizens of Black Rock City, the burning of the Man releases us from a week of servitude to the elementals — Earth, Air, Fire and Water — and marks the beginning of another year in the artificial world. We all try to take some part of the playa experience home with us. Months from now you may open a dusty day-pack and a half-empty water bottle will fall to your feet, jarring memories of the cool evening air coercing you into the arms of that special soulmate who shared Pepe's opera with you before vanishing forever into the dust and smoke.

Strong relationships are forged in Black Rock City in a mysteriously short period of time. Shared pain, heartache, beauty and joy form

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Keeping in touch by Zac Bolan

Keeping the flame alive is easier these days. Naturally you've already arranged ways to contact those new friends who didn't slip away into the night. Burning Man provides a number of ways to keep in touch with that burning feeling (no, not the indigestion).

Burners with internet access can visit the Burning Man website at www.burningman.com for the up-to-the-minute poop on events as well as invaluable information about survival on the playa and more. The website also contains an archive of the history of Burning Man and profiles of the folks who work so hard to make it all happen. First-time and potential attendees will find it particularly informative.

The Burning Man e-playa is a sophisticated digital bulletin board system. This resource can be accessed through the website where you may also find a favorite feature, chat rooms.

E-mail-enhanced citizens can subscribe to The Jack Rabbit Speaks, an informative, timely and entertaining electronic newsletter by Maid Marian, Mistress of Communication. You can find information on how to subscribe through the Burning Man website.

Regional contacts are the outposts of Burning Man. Their e-mail addresses can be found in the Burning Man e-playa. These region-

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by Sister Dana Van Iquity

WEL-CUM TO THE BURN EDITION!!!

This is the exit edition of the Black Rock Gazette, and thankfully the LAST time you have to read Sister Dana's stinkin' column. Woohoo!

For the time being I shall become a teaching nun. Class, take out your pencils and papers because I want you to follow this assignment: Write an essay on "What I Did Over My Summer Vacation." I am assuming this will entail experiences you had at Burning Man.

Name as many ways as you can to describe your participation rather than speculation. [Yes, I know that isn't a real word, but deal with it, kids!]

Other than The Man, what was your favorite fire? Your favorite art installation? The most memorable costumes you saw? What improvements would you like to see in the Black Rock Gazette [and don't you dare say "Fire Sister Dana!"] Name some of the special new friends you have made.

This might get a little sentimental, because Burning Man is all about meeting new folk, bonding, and then taking that emotion home with you. But it needn't stop there. You can still keep in touch. All you need is a computer and a modem, and the willingness to give up all aspects

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of your usual life, because once you get plugged into the Burning Man e-mail list you will not have a life ever ever again!

The Burning Man cyberworld is almost as much fun as being on the playa. In fact, you might want to put some playa dust on top of your monitor, just to get in the right mood. But don't get any on your keyboard!

But I digress. Butt I dye dresses. Someone please stop me, I am having one of my episodes where I just go off on a tangent and...{taking a slug of Sierra Nevada Porter}...ahhhhhh, that's better.

So what I was saying is you can still keep in touch with the Burning Man freeeks via the Internet [or "NET" as we 'puter geeks say]. And it's free free free! So far Ma Bell has not gotten her way by charging for each email sent over the phone lines. You can "talk" to your fellow Burners in Europe, fer chrissakes, and not pay a dime. Screw the phone company! Yeehaw!

Here is what you need to do: call up the Burning Man list site [www.burningman.com]

and register yourself with our wonderful list monitor, Eric [or as we call him in his tired old peach dress--Ereeeka Frogman, cuz he's French, ya see]. Eric has been facilitating the list for years, and deserves a big hug and a bottle of Veuve Cliquot. Then...bing bang boom, yer on the list. But I should warn you, the list is anything but Burning Man related; it becomes a kind of daily soap opera/sitcom/gossip column. Newbies will complain that we are not "sticking to the thread," but hell, there's only so much we need to know about PVC, rebar stakes, and camouflage netting. It's also the perfect place to bitch about what didn't go right on the playa and what did go excellently. Perfect place to vent and rant and rave, but be gentle...this is family.

All right, class. Time's up. Pencils down. Remember to leave no trace [or for the dyslexic--trace no leaves]. Now I want you to go home and write 100 times "I will never again mess the seats in the portapotties." ☹

"Nice Smile, Maggot!"

By Carol Steele

Black Rock Boot Camp at 4:20 Earth has a mission to prepare us all for war. War against stuffed animals and possibly the impending apocalypse. There are live fire drills held every day at 4:20, training is very intense and there have been some water injuries. Grunts start out the drill by running through tires, then you must shoot tweety and some other yellow abomination (extra points for kicking tweety), fall on the ground and crawl under the sparkle barbed wire, finally run through the stuffed animal maze and shoot them all. Don't forget the skeletons at the end. You will get a shot of something alcoholic at the end or a hug. This of course is all under live fire, watch out, you might get wet! Participants get uplifting things yelled at them, things like Watch that Barney you maggot! Are you ready for the challenge? ☹

Driven - Please drink and drive

By Minch

A trio of computer folk were settled into bar stools as the rolling bar drove through the dark playa. "If I'm designing a website [for a client]," one programmer slurs to his two companions, "I figure how many hours I'll need to complete it, and then multiply that by \$65. Then I triple it." Snickers. These computer nerds know that the suits don't understand the blinking box on the desks, they're fish in a barrel for those in the know. Meanwhile, the bar's driver Dave worries about litigation. His converted bus is lined with bar stools, happy patrons clinging to the bar as their ride bumps and rolls over the playa. Dave knows that even with the spirit of Burning Man, there's always someone who will sue. The barstool lawyers debate whether a judge would even listen to a case involving a moving bar. The consensus is "no." Someone comments that these are the first bar stools that actually could benefit from seat belts. A bicyclist pedaling alongside topples over, prompting a worried look from Dave. "It's all right," someone calls out. "You didn't hit him." The bar rolls into the night, headlamps simultaneously illuminating and leading the aimless path. ☹

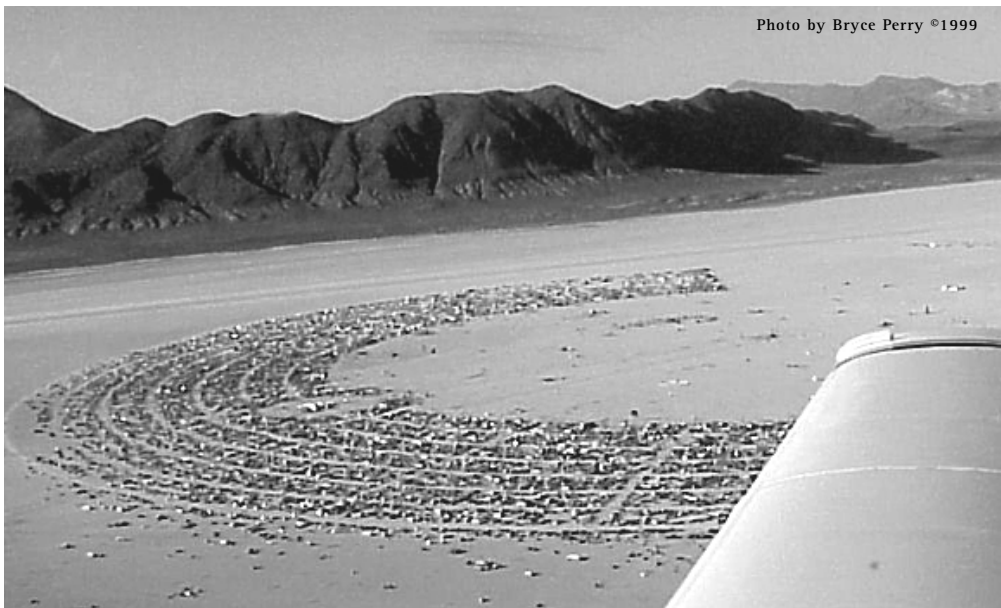


Photo by Bryce Perry ©1999

Saying Goodbye... cont'd from page 1

bonds stronger than any other in that surreal world we inhabit for the rest of the year. Then the Black Rock citizenry disperses to the farthest reaches of the planet, and we grieve.

Some may never return, but the love and the friendships found in the night winds swirling across the playa endure forever. This can complicate those "other" 51 weeks as surges of emotional forces push us toward radical life-altering changes. The results are inevitably wonderful, but the transitions wrenching. Prepare, knowing there's nothing we can do to avoid this.

The playa experience is ephemeral. We couldn't perpetuate our sprawling technological shanty-metropolis even if we could endure its harshness. With the coming of the renewing waters of a desert winter, our sins and treasures will be erased forever, as if with the shake of an Etch-a-sketch.

The flame we carry away from this playa is perhaps our greatest treasure. We must cherish and protect it from the sterile unreality we are about to endure. Put that flame in a tiny crystal jar and carry it in your heart until once again you can bounce playa-ward along the gate road at 10 mph and read those wonderful signs. And the cycle begins again.

Saying goodbye, gathering those phone numbers or e-mail addresses and leaving no trace are just some of the things that will distract you as you pack your vision into your car, truck or school bus for that long journey to your other home. You might even make it to Empire or Winnemucca before it really hits you. Then you pull onto the shoulder of the road and say goodbye again.

See you on the playa next year. ☹

Keeping In Touch continued from page 1

al contacts are experienced burners and an excellent resource for a variety of questions you might have. These contacts may also host regional events where you can gather with people in your own community who still have playa dust under their fingernails.

Currently Burning Man has regional contacts in the following regions: Alabama, Arizona, Austin, Australia, Baltimore, Berlin, Boston, Canada, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Europe, Florida, Houston, Idaho, Japan, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, Minnesota, New Orleans, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oregon, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Reno, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, San Diego, San Francisco, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Seattle, United Kingdom, Vancouver, and Wisconsin, with more to come.

Well, that's about it for another magical week on the playa. Have a safe drive home, see you next year. ☹



"Consciousness satisfies emotion by the physical actions it selects in the midst of turbulent sensation." - Edward O. Wilson

Leaving Black Rock by Eilish Nagle

Black Rock was water once an ocean 'til someone oops pulled the plug and mastodons blinded by salt and sunlight surrendered their skills you can see what held it together by what is left, the space asks you to abandon something beyond rusted transmissions, bucket seats

which carry you to an empty place to fill you up, put heart and sweat into building something --dreams turned in your hands like pinchpots greenware, boneware, stoneware, stone-- fired in the kilns of wanting

what you sacrifice must be beautiful, the barter must be meaningful you cannot trade a few used D-batteries for the silk slip someone loved her in you cannot trade a short shabby wicker man for all your ills purged on this playa, you need something

bigger than mile after mile of clean slate bone white clay, salt that leaves its signature in cracks, little hexagons of alkaline, silicates of soil taking their place in ordered chaos telling you what it is in its breaking apart (gypsum in your pores after three days of salt walking

parched skin like your arizona grandma's bare heels torn and feathered at the back) the fissures map the way in, unravel the seamstress' jagged pattern someone was born here at dawn

slipped like a trout from her dark wet sack, took the hero's journey from fin to foot into the light, eyes squinched shut you have to make the journey you have to bring your water you have to shape your survival.

why don't you turn buddy, your blinker's been on for jeezus knows how long

Phrase Generator

Each of the four columns below. These may then be strung together in a sequence. The Burning Man Phrase Generator (c) is capable of generating 160,000 colorful descriptions. It has been thoroughly tested.

Burning Man is a:

proto	hippie	apocalyptic	freakfest
neo	pagan	cyber	be-in
pyro	deadhead	millennial	rave
ur	anarchist	dada	happening
post	erotic	surreal	hoedown
sub	hipster	drug-induced	orgy
crypto	techno	mind-altering	phantasmagoria
homo	tribal	counter-culture	riot
anti	cultural	nihilistic	love-in
supra	communal	ecstatic	nightmare
pre	archaic	primordial	meltdown
retro	esotric	futuristic	mindmeld
specto	deadbeat	ritualistic	extravaganza
semi	bohemian	narcissistic	rampage
meta	druiditic	post-modern	pow wow
trans	weirdo	naked	lollapalooza
nerdo	alternative	life-style	burn-o-rama
inter	visionary	iconoclastic	confab
exo	satanic	renegade	conspiracy
intra	psycho	underground	revolution

Bernie's Index

Two cosmopolitan cities in unique flat regions, known for their arts and culture, in which pedestrian travel predominates and auto travel is banned, and which once yearly are filled with masked and costumed revelers:
Venice, Italy; Black Rock City, Nevada

Amount of time lost or gained by the average sprint-wound wrist-watch: 1-2 seconds per week by a cesium atomic clock: less than 1 second every 1,000,000 years by attendance at Burning Man: several lifetimes

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