chance of thunderstorms

Weather: Th, Fri, 85° and sunny; Sat, 30%

A's: 3 1/2 games ahead of Seattle

DJIA: 8594   NASDAQ: 1314

go check it out. I'm serious it's totally cool and you should

But she had to go. But there's a bike and

and I met this chick with a gold skirt thing

there last night and I was totally fucked up

fucking freaky. I spent like three hours

tions but not going anywhere and it's

swimming guys going in all these direc-

thing and this, umm, I dunno, circle of

Totally Cool

That Swimming Thing Is
Totally Cool

Have you seen that swimming thing? It's totally cool. It's got this like strobe light

have also contributed to the incident. Flying into Black Rock City is a popular

way for lazy people to offload all of their supplies, forcing their friends to haul down
extra junk to the playa while they fly up in a snappy one and a half hours.

The Rangers expect it will take two months to remove the wreckage from the playa. Visi-
tors can check out the burnt, twisted fuse-
lage near 90° and Abyss, just outside of Black
Rock City.

The regulations are fairly strict. Li-
current overpopulation problem.”

A total of 250 licenses are being is-
sued. So far, 32 have been given out. The
results are quite positive.

“We applied for and received a license
on Sunday,” said one cowboy-hatted camper, “but we weren’t sure we’d be
able to use it. Just last night, though, a
van came by made up to be kind of a
pirate ship, with two guys on top. They
were shouting at my girlfriend, demand-
ing that she dance for them, and saying
that the camp sucked. I think they
thought they were being clever or ironic,
but after two or three passes by these
guys and others like them, we decided
that bloodshed was the better part of
valor. Two of us stood in front of the
car, and two of us stood behind the car,
and, well, we bagged us some mighty
extra junk to the playa while they fly up in a
snappy one and a half hours.

Flying into Black Rock City is a popular

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supplies, forcing their friends to haul down

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Rock City.

The regulations are fairly strict. Li-
censes are issued only for people on top

continuing on next page
**Unique Pirate Camp or Art Car Startles All With Daring Theme**

**Rowdy Buccaneer Antics Awe, Amuse**

By Mr. Bad

City Editor

Burning Man’s waterlogged 2002 motif, “The Floating World,” has been put to a de-liciously ironic piratical twist by one of over 300 privateer-oriented theme camps, installations, and art cars.

The rapacious peg-legged brigands have set up their base of operations in a traditional pirate geodesic parachute dome, PVC pyramid, or recreational vehicle (RV). Known affectionately to fellow campers as “those pirate guys” or “the pirate camp over there,” the headquarters is marked for easy location by one to three monumental or several small nylon Jolly Roger flags, the traditional synthethic-fabric standard of piratically-oriented enterprises.

On nights or afternoons, the pirates rampage on the Black Rock Desert in classical high-seas form. On foot or in their boaty-bussy-carrish thing, the swashbucklers roam about the open Playa performing guerrilla street theater of a daring and challenging variety.

In the instantly-recognizable seadog costume of a waist-wrap sarong, silver lamé vest, and spray-painted straw cowboy hat, the scurvy seadogs call out roguish threats to passersby. “Ahoy, matey!” and “Give up your rum and women!”—accompanied by the occasional brandish of a plastic saber—shock and bemuse Black Rock citizens. “We are pirates!” helps to clarify and center the performance.

“I saw those pirate guys,” noted one participant. “Then I saw them again, or maybe some other ones. And then again. They ran around and said ‘Arrr’.”

**Larry Fucks Up**

**Senior Beverotologist**

By Johnnie Royale

As reported in the Black Rock Gazette, voicepiece and total tool of the Man, several individuals, apparently believing that Radical Free Expression™ actually means “radical free expression,” changed some of the compass-based street signs back to the far more understandable clock labels used in previous years.

Naturally, this challenge to the authority of the BMorg could not go unanswered, and the editorial staff of the Gazette was forced to denounce this action as both dangerous and disrespectful. Dangerous, because trained and sober EMT workers are unable to translate between a compass and a clock, or even to call BRC Dispatch for assistance. Disrespectful, because it was Larry’s idea, and it’s Larry’s paper, and Larry is never wrong.

However, out here, hours from the nearest emergency room, surrounded by hundreds of mobile propane cannons and other large explosive devices, “danger” is a rather relative term. If safety was the overriding concern, Burning Man would never, ever happen. And sometimes radical free expression results in less than 100 percent positive feelings. Destroying or burning the street signs would have been disrespectful, possibly even grounds for expulsion from the event, but simply covering a few signs with removable placards quickly makes the artists’ point—which is which the street names this year suck. Especially for big, stumbling, hillibilly drunks like myself.

It is time to face facts. This year’s Floating World™ theme is far superior to last year’s ridiculous Seven Ages, but Larry fucked up when he opted to name the streets for compass headings.

**CORRECTION**

In our 27 August issue, the Spock Science Monitor reported that: “In years past, several camps have had public showers, water parks, and other water art.” In fact, this is just one of the fun activities that Burning Man no longer permits. Other bygone pleasures include firearms, public art burnings, driving at ridiculous speeds, and jokes at Larry Harvey’s expense. The Monitor regrets the error.

**You Know You’re Going To Hell**

**Staff Writer**

By The Reverend Downer Cow

You know you’re going to HELL when

-> You engage in the sinful practice of self-dehydration. Verily, it is original sin.
-> You shun the sacred shady spaces.
-> You are active in the proscribed hours when the sun’s blistering wrath is great.

Repent now. Change your ways and you may yet escape with a mere sunburn and a headache. Can’t you smell the sizzling flesh, children? May yet escape with a mere sunburn and a headache. Can’t you smell the sizzling flesh, children?

BUT, continue down the cursed path and a plague of afflictions shall befal ye. Soon comes the dreaded quease—destroyer of good times. Alongside it comes enfeeblement of the body, mind and spirit. Soon, you are beset with faintness and rapid but inadequate beating of your heart and gasping of your lungs.

Heed these portents of your fate and ye will not be able to leave the path of damnation. And beware ye too, saints who would res-continue down the cursed path and a plague of afflictions shall befal ye. Soon comes the dreaded quease—destroyer of good times. Alongside it comes enfeeblement of the body, mind and spirit. Soon, you are beset with faintness and rapid but inadequate beating of your heart and gasping of your lungs.

Heed these portents of your fate and ye may yet be saved. But beware! Your now weakened body and mind will fail you. Without the kindly ministrations of the flock, ye WILL NOT be able to leave the path of damnation.

And beware ye too, saints who would rescue the sinners from the path. Your ministra-Ref:

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Wilderness Medicine Society, Practice Guidelines for Wilderness Emergency Care

**Wildlife continued from page one**

of the car with a microphone, not for drivers within the vehicle. Female hecklers and heck-lers under four feet in height are also excluded.

Permits are issued at the Cafe in center camp for eleven dollars. You may bring a copy of this paper, plus eleven dollars, to the Cafe to receive your permit.

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