

## Burners Fall Prey to Thieves

On Thursday, two dejected burners stopped by our news room. They both had their expensive bikes stolen on Wednesday night. There must've been a crime spree that night, they insisted, adding that they personally knew at least five other people whose bikes had been stolen. As Daily Playa's own cruiser (street price: \$40, sentimental value: priceless) had silently disappeared that very night, we could hardly argue.

One of the pair was called Long Haul Ryan. This is Ryan's first burn, but his itinerary from New York was circuitous: on May 9 he left on a bike for a journey around America. He arrived in Black Rock City via Alaska and Washington en route to the southernmost tip of California.

For those of us who travel long distances by bicycle, our bikes are not just another object in the basement. Our bikes are almost like a home — they are a way of life. When Ryan came back to his bike that night, he only found a two-inch piece of the chain, professionally cut.

BRC rangers responding to our questions didn't sound especially concerned. According to them, bike

theft is not much of a problem on the playa. They didn't notice any spike on Wednesday night, but then, they don't keep statistics. "When people complain to us, we tell them that on the playa things never get stolen, only borrowed."

Ryan's fellow villagers have chosen a less defeatist approach. They established a fund to buy a new bike for Ryan, with many villagers and other burners contributing. "They say that the playa takes, and the playa gives back," mused Tom, who oversees the fund. "We saw this as an opportunity to give back the thing that the playa just taken from this man, and to support him on his journey." For the thieves, Tom has a different message: "If you only publish one quote, print this: How dare these fucking people!"

*Donations to help Ryan get a new bike are still accepted; talk to Tom or Ryan himself at Anonymous Village. In the meantime, if you miraculously stumble upon a black Surly Long Haul Trucker bike with front and rear racks and fenders, be sure to let Ryan know!*

## Reelin' in the Years



The Reel-Mobile rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of Dust to Music, the giant vacuum cleaner art car seen on the playa as late as '07. Dust to Music perished in an unfortunate, rapid and dangerous freeway inferno, and the crew needed a new idea. The mastermind behind it is Slava: "I bought this bus and said to my crew: 'OK guys, what are we going to do with this?' We designed this in the style of old audio-cassette reels our parents used to have in Russia, but many Americans mistake it for a video projector." Despite the massive pairs of tape reels attached on each side, Reel-Mobile had a problem getting a day permit this year. As often happens when dealing with BRC bureaucracy, a few words from well-connected people solved the problem. A burner familiar with the Reel-Mobile camp said: "The Reel-Mobile is the friendliest art car on the playa; they will never refuse you a ride".

## Puzzles Even You Can Solve

So, it's Saturday. Most of our readers are seriously wrecked. Which is to say, even more seriously wrecked than normal. Dehydration, head trauma, and partying while completely twisted on drugs will all take their toll on brain cells. And most of you didn't have many to begin with. It should go without saying that this goes double for your editors and pretty much the entire Daily Playa staff. In any case, since the traditional puzzles are clearly unmanageable for the likes of Saturday burners, we present: the world's easiest newspaper puzzles.

### Sudoku

Fill in the blanks so that no row, column, or square contains a duplicate number.

1	2	3
4		6
7	8	9

### Anagram

Rearrange the letters to spell a phrase:  
BlacRokcCity

## BRC Gate Counts

Thursday, noon:

44,737

Friday, noon:

48,915

## Tiki Passion Black Rock Style



Passion. At the center of every theme camp is a burner with a passionate heart. When I walked into the Shipwreck Tiki Lounge at 7:30 and Esplanade on Monday, I was riveted by the painstaking attention to design detail. The lounge is a medley of carvings, skulls and nautical objects, decorated with subtle lighting and enormous masks done in blacklight sensitive paint. The driving spirit behind the lounge is Tiki Tom, a grey-haired burner with a contagious smile and bright eyes. "I am trying to recreate the American Tiki style as it was in the 50s and 60s," he explains. I realize that there is a type of geek I was previously unaware of: a Tiki geek.

Tom's passion for Tiki goes back many years — "I have been bringing Tiki to the playa since 1999". He is a student of history, and especially of this specific decorative art form. The style, used for decorating various waterfront drinking holes, was first brought to the US by soldiers returning from the Pacific theater of World War II. The word Tiki means "life" in a Polynesian language and is characterized by a medley of small objects and distinctive, fanciful, intricately carved heads, also referred to as Tikis.

Attached to the lounge is "The Shipwreck", a boat mounted on a bed of rocks, a former art car with a story.

The 1961 Okamoto lost its keel and began listing badly from side to side beyond the Golden Gate. The owner, fearing for his life, cut off the mast to restore balance, and limped back to the marina. The boat was not allowed to dock, and a tow was called in to cut it up for scrap. The tow boat operator knew Tiki Tom, and instead sold him the wreck for \$500, "the least amount of money I ever spent on it," laughs Tom.

Passion demands sacrifice. Six years ago Tom removed the lightbulbs from light fixtures in order to save money for Tiki paraphernalia. He lived in the same studio he rented out during the daytime, moving his bed in every night. These days he lives on a boat in San Francisco.

The faces that make up the lounge are incomplete and playful, leaving much to the imagination. I began to notice the distinctive features of each face, and tried to assign them an emotion: sad, thoughtful, threatening. There is a world of detail, history and knowledge here that I will never learn, but for a moment I was swept into it and imagined myself scouring flea markets and thrift stores in search of rare carved idols from Polynesia.

Tom is looking to share rent on a warehouse in Oakland or Reno.

## Thoughts from a Jaded Fuck

Burning Man has lived itself out. For one, it's gotten so big there are now too many streets. I mean, Kyoto? What the fuck? I'm a fresh faced kid out here, and I remember when the steeds ended at fucking G! The ratio of art cars to college kids with cans of Bud is skewed in the wrong direction, and I can't make it to my friend's art car because there is half the

alphabet between our camps. And what's with all the yoga camps? Last I checked, no one stands between you and your yoga in the default world. It's not like running a Thunderdome or driving a giant carton of milk. Which reminds me: Deathguild, you rock! Your existence keeps me from strangling the next person who tries to get close to me with a sacred crystal.

Black Rock City needs creativity. It needs participation and the hard-core energy that makes this city alive. Who am I kidding? A few more years and the recession will eat BM like a fat man eats a warmed up plate of liver. Meaning: it won't be pretty.

### HOROSCOPE BY DIVINER STEVE

#### Aries

Today you will be serenaded. By a singing porta-potty.

#### Taurus

No one is dancing harder than you tonight. Waking up in the medical tent will be SOOO worth it.

#### Gemini

You will find your soulmate tonight. You will grow apart over many years before a bitter divorce.

#### Cancer

Expect some porta-potty romance tonight, you skank.

#### Leo

You will start getting wise to this divination hogwash and start making your own luck.

#### Virgo

A long trip is in your future. Preceded by a long line to get out of this godforsaken wasteland.

#### Libra

You're still here? Give you two more days, tops.

#### Scorpio

Exercise caution in your business dealings. That coke dealer will totally go down on price.

#### Sagittarius

Your health is precarious. At least that's what you should tell your campmates to wear out of teardown duties.

#### Capricorn

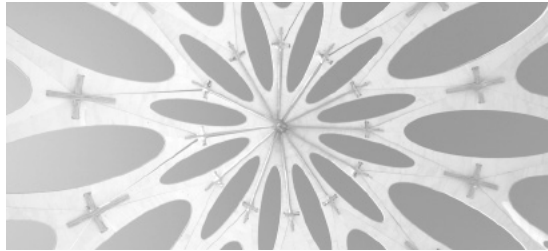
Pretty soon you'll realize you didn't look at any actual art here. Better start making up a PG answer for when your parents ask about the coolest thing you saw.

#### Aquarius

You never really got the bestiality and incest taboos. Don't worry, your chance is soon. Blame the drugs.

#### Pisces

You sure can drink like a fish, party animal! Expect catastrophic liver failure within the decade! Whoo!



## Forth and Back: Mirages

Two experts on a fascinating desert phenomenon - mirages. Nicholas R. Doone is a climatologist and researcher at San Diego State University. Providing a different perspective will be Starjammer III, atmospheric imagery expert at Entheon Village.

**DP:** Thanks for coming, gentlemen. Mr. Doone, can you tell us how a mirage is formed?

**NRD:** Glad to be here, thank you. Simply put, a mirage can occur when there is a gradient of temperature in the air, causing light rays to bend. This produces a displaced image of distant objects or the sky.

**DP:** Starjammer, what's your take?

**SJ3:** Yeah. It's totally super to be here, brother. Like dude said, it's when the air gets too hot, OK? It totally accelerates the shrooms, right? Then the light gets all bendy, and sometimes you see shit that other people don't get, y'know?

**NRD:** The light rays bend because cold air is denser than warm air and has therefore a greater refractive index.

As light passes from colder air across a sharp boundary to warmer air, the light rays bend away from the direction of the temperature gradient.

**SJ3:** Yeah, they totally bend. This one time, I got some seriously sweet salvia from this healer in the Andes, right? And I was like riding the light waves back to the sun. Only I jumped off before I got burnt, and was picked up by this cool breeze. Then this girl Snow started making this weird noise. Uh. Sorry, what was I saying?

**NRD:** Usually, temperature

decreases with height, making objects appear below their actual location (inferior mirage.) In colder places, the opposite can happen, making objects appear above their actual location (superior mirage.) Usually you also still see the object at the actual location.

**SJ3:** Fucking dealers, man. I mean some dudes have some inferior shit, y'know. That's why I always buy from my boy The Kevinator. He's got the best shit. Also cuz his sister has a superior rack. I mean, like out of a fucking dream. Like **this**, man.

**NRD:** Because of the diffraction, the illusory image tends to appear upside down. If there aren't any objects, you see a blue patch (the sky) that looks like water. When objects appear reflected upside down, it only enhances the water-like appearance in inferior mirages.

**SJ3:** Yeah this one time I was tripping balls out past the temple, and I saw this big pool. It was totally sweet and cold and wet looking. I went and tried to dive in it, but get this! It fucking dried up in like a microsecond, dude! While I was in midair. I landed on the fucking playa and twisted my ankle. I fucking spent the night in the med tent with this hot chick in a badass nurse costume.

**NRD:** When the effect is strong enough to produce inverted images, it usually produces multiple images and distortions as well.

**SJ3:** Yeah. Like that. Exactly. This dude totally gets it. I love you, man.

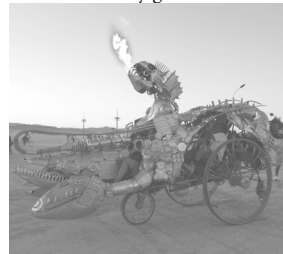
## Car-Pissers Strike in BRC

My tent and car are near a sizable stage with decent music late into the night. I don't mind the noise, but I do have a problem. Right around midnight I found a large puddle of URINE right by my trunk. This is unpleasant at best, but drunk burners are an unavoidable hazard, I suppose.

Not ten minutes later I came back to the car and found some drunk dickface PISSING on my passenger door. When I approached, he stood dumbfounded for a moment, trying to rub his three brain cells together. Then he fled, clutching his DRIPPING wang between his fingers. His SPLATTER, of course, landed right on my tent. I don't need to wake up to the smell of some loser's WHIZ in my nose.

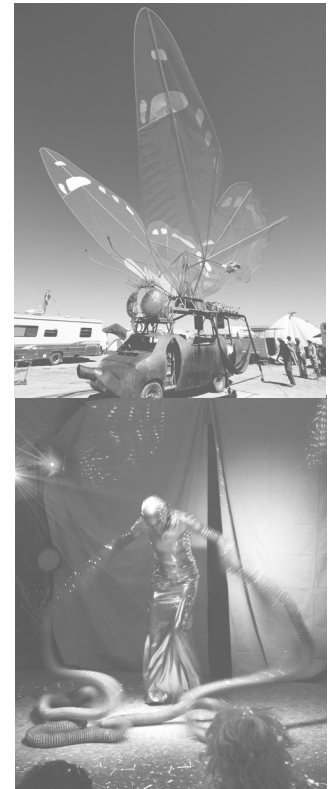
Only minutes later, I discovered three wasted girls squatting down by my driver's side, leaving more STINKY mines around my car. I know it sounds like the start of a porn movie. *Three Girls, No Cups*, maybe. But it's not hot when a trio of plastered bitches are LEAKING in my walkway. Anyway, I confronted them. They promptly moved around to the front of the car to WEE in front of my bumper.

What is this? I mean I don't like the walk to the potty any more than the next guy. But they're only 2 blocks away, for fuck's sake! Have some respect for the playa, others' camps and stop WATERING my goddamn car!



## It's a Bird! It's a Plane! No, it's a Balloon Chain!

You may have seen a blue curved dotted line high in the sky, way out on the playa. "It looked like a laser beam but lasers don't bend!" If you tracked it down, what you would find is a man on a bicycle with a thick fishing line tied to it. On the fishing line there are one hundred balloons, each with a blue LED attached to it. Robert Bose is the artist. "I came up with the idea several years ago while at Burning Man.



## We Are Here

We made it through the insanity of setting up a printing room out here and the crazy weather gifted to us. Most importantly - we made it though the temptation to just fuck it all and take some drugs already! After our first print on Wednesday our print master extraordinaire cracked open a new box of toner and discovered that it was the wrong kind. In the hot afternoon one of the editors slaving away in the clean room got locked in the back of our truck. As he kept working on the paper, he occasionally pushed "Help please!" notes under the door. In the end, it all worked out and The Daily Playa is a presence in the world of Black Rock City press. Have the Burn of your life, motherfuckers.