

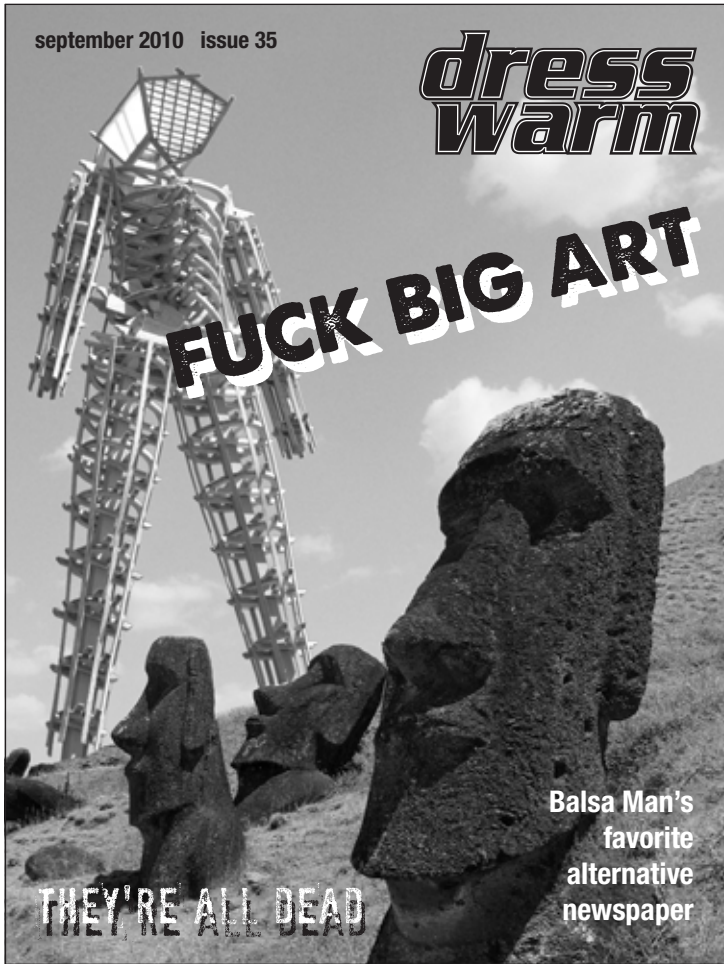
september 2010 issue 35

dress
warm

FUCK BIG ART

Balsa Man's
favorite
alternative
newspaper

THEY'RE ALL DEAD



Balsa Man's
favorite
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**dress
warm**

september
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What Happened to Tiny?

Well, here we are, another year, **another** Balsa Man! And while the art seems to be getting **tinier**, the crowd around it is getting... well, I was going to say "bigger," but what I really mean by "bigger" is

adrian's rant

"lamer." Since when did all these yahoos and tourists start showing up?

We actually had people coming up to us this year going, "why are you guys called Dress Warm?" That would be called "not getting it." It used to be I didn't need to explain this, but here goes: Our ridiculous name comes from Balsa Man's #1 survival tip: Don't forget to **dress warm!**

This used to be great **little** party, but now, the organizers have deemed it necessary to **muck** up a good thing, doing a little publicity and doling out **tiny** arts grants, playing **favorites** with their little **art cronies**. I don't **care** if it's only a little money. They should stop giving out tiny art grants entirely — level the playing field!

And while we're at it, get rid of the **themes** as well. I thought this was a little party, not a **prom**. Just because Colin is **bored** and feels he needs to do **something** so he doesn't feel like the useless figurehead he actually **is**, that doesn't mean we actually have to **indulge** him, do we?

I mean, come on — "The Forged Village?" **wtf?** It used to be, the only theme for Balsa Man was **this**: "Make Tiny Art And Burn It!" And for us, **that's** what we're sticking with!

See you on the beach!



photo by SFSlim

They're All Dead... Fuck Big Art

by *NILOC NOIR*

Balsa Man is growing too big too fast, like a 15yr old who **stole** his dad's gin and viagra. Look at the Rapanui of Easter Island:

cover story

They spent all their energy and resources making **giant stupid Moai** heads, which were supposed to watch over and protect their people and where did it get them? Stone cold **dead**.

Last year at Balsa Man, the number of idiots/participants grew **exponentially**; as a result the Balsa-Powers-That-Be decided to change locales. I liked that beach! What happens when it grows **yet again**? Where will His Smallness Colin Fahrion **drag** us next? Some huge desert in the middle of fucking **nowhere**?

Big begets **big**—if this pace continues, pretty soon Balsa Man will become infected with a plague of Claus Oldenburg **wannabes** disregarding the 1/16 scale: giant

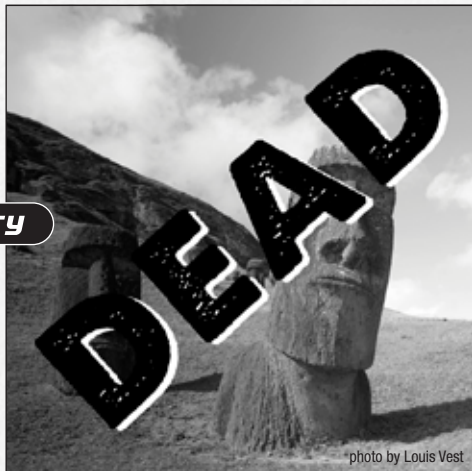


photo by Louis Vest

chandeliers **crashing** to the ground, improbably oversized and **unplayable** croquet sets, **two story tall** yellow rubber ducks, **houses** on wheels, and Spanish galleons **running** people over! The only people Big Art will enrich is **Visa & Mastercard** profiting off of the loads of **debt** racked up by the artists themselves.

Fuck **Big Art**! It **sucks** money away from all the important **little** things in life like Sex, Drugs, and Rock&Roll.

LA PLAYA DRUG GUIDE — 2010

by B. FEEND



Like all seasoned veterans of the event, I come to la Playa **without expectations.**

I do, however, bring a neatly-bound list of demands to be fulfilled by a **loving** universe through happenstance, serendipity, or **force majeure.** And what I wanted more than anything else, here, in this unique moment (now in its 20th year) was to touch the face of infinity by cramming a **bunchafuckingdrugs** up any damp hole I own. But to remain true to our ever-lovin' Balsa Man, I would only take **1/16th of a lot of drugs.**

I know what you're gonna say. ***"You don't need drugs to enjoy Balsa Man."*** You're preaching to the Pope, son; I say those very words to everyone I meet, and as

a result I've amassed quite a **grubby heap** of vials, capsules, baggies, twigs, and a squidgy green tablet which I had been assured was either TMFPP/BZP or a **Bolivian TicTac.**

I chose to honor the spirit of the medicine, and the **shamans** from whom I draw wisdom, in the traditional way: I opened a Word document, typed "Indra's Pearl Necklace: The Orgasmic Nothingness of Everything" in **20-point Garamond** at the top, and then screwed around with table formatting for ages to get it right. And so—***it began.***

Each of the materials was to be placed onto my **IKEA** "Stockholm" coffee table and pushed around with my **Kaiser Permanente** card until I'd cut the original amount of material into **sixteenths.** This was a huge pain in the ass and halfway through I gave up and dug through my roommate's laptop case until I found his geek pills...

T-0:10: 30mg insufflated [aka snorted] methylphenidate

Having carefully portioned the materials and chewed a hole in my lower lip, I began the ingestification protocols.

T+0:00 9g oral MDMA

There was no overwhelming sense of unity, but I kinda felt like I should probably hang out with my grandma more.

T+1:00 .7mg insufflated 2-Cl

No effect. Sinuses coated in wet dog stink.

T+1:00 .43mg insufflated 5-MeO-DIPT

No effect. Sinuses=Burnt wet dog stink.

T+1:05 .0625g insufflated cocaine

Burnt wet dog stink and not enough cocaine.

T+1:07 .9375g insufflated cocaine

Burnt wet fuck yeah.

T+1:08 .5g insufflated ketamine

No clue how much K is in one dose, but this was 1/16th of way too much.

T+4:10

With a jolt, Awareness rejoined the physical body. While my mind retained a joyful equanimity, I was equally aware that my body, though only an ephemeral vessel for my transcendent energies, was naked in a combination Pizza Hut/Taco Bell. I sensed that the others present were feeling fear and anger, and I felt that this direct empathic communion might be a hint of what could be possible with good solid proper drugs and nobody screaming and throwing packets of hot sauce at me.



SUMMARY

To those who say less is more, I reply: whatever, dick.

Bullshit Itsy-Bitsy Bureaucracy



I'm some somewhat aggrieved at Balsa Man's organizers. Did you apply for an art grant from the Tiny Arts Foundation? The number of hoops they ask you to jump through is vexing.

malderor's rant

These joyless bureaucrats certainly love their banal rules and regulations:

"Submit a request for **each** project."

"Pick your own grant amount." (They ask you to do **math**?)

"Grant requests should include a brief project description."

"Requests should be sent via postcard."

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, and oh btw **blah**."

Look, I just want to work on a small bit of art, not fill out a mountain of forms. And **postcards**? Is this the 20th Century? This bureaucratic **tedious** nonsense goes on and on and on for, **literally**, several more sentences.

Despite all this, I applied for a grant for my project, which I intended to be a short film. It was theme-based, exploring several different things "The Forged Village" might mean. The BMTAF sent a brief note saying my financing had been **approved**. Then they sent another note, a short while later, telling me they had **withdrawn** my funding. Something of a letdown! Apparently they didn't sell enough tickets this year or something.

They're **total tiny tyrants**.

haiku

Balsa Man's so small
It's nearly impossible
To write a good hai

Haiku's final line
Must shock, delight, and surprise
Let's teabag Colin.

Really you call that art
Do something original
It's just Wicker Man small

tiny rumors

- » this year's Templini of Flux isn't built to code.
- » all sexual escapades at Balsa Man must be reduced to 1/16th. Which means only flirty glances.
- » Next year's Balsa Man will be underwater due to high tides, all participants while be given snorkel gear upon arrival.
- » Next year's Balsa Man location is actually a chicken farm. He'll be covered in corn and pecked to smithereens — chickens are the new fire.
- » The counterfeit ticket scammers on craigslist were actually Balsa Man staffers trying to pay rent.
- » Next year Balsa Man is actually selling tickets.
- » There's actually an event going on right now in the Nevada desert that is just like Balsa Man but bigger.

personals

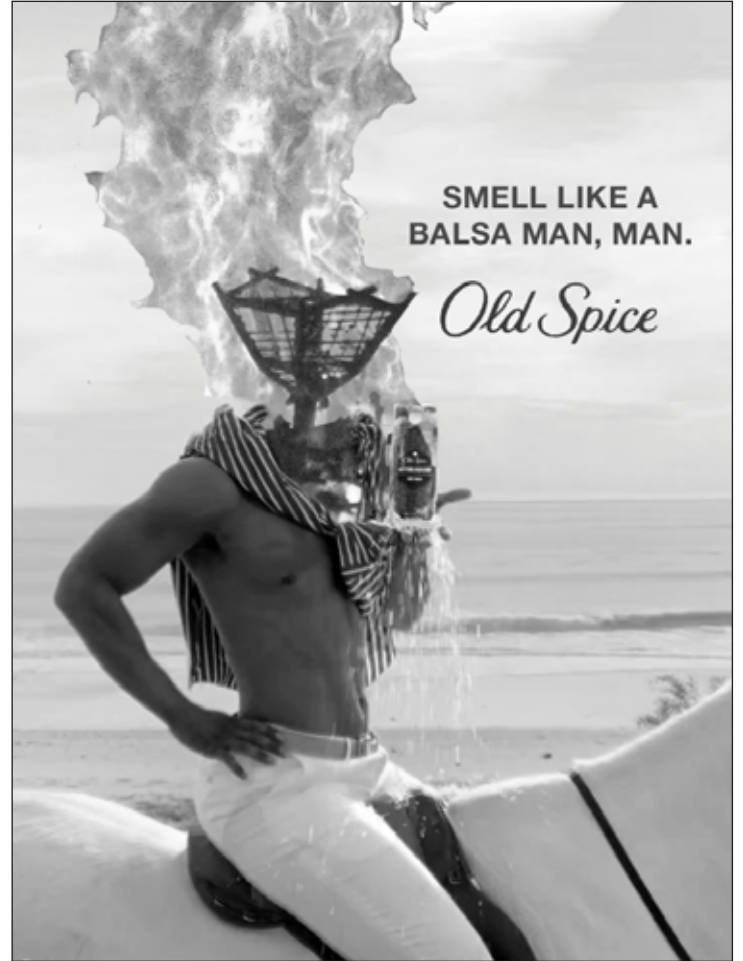
You, short hair and even shorter dress, shivering in the cold with delicate goose bumps down your long legs. I offered you my coat and we shared a cigarette. Call me... I want my coat back.

Last year, by the glowing embers of the Balsa Man, you left me enraptured. Our affair was fleeting yet potent. And while I don't remember your name, you'll always have a small place in my heart.

Yo, balsa bitch! Come'on stop play'n hard to get. We only got an hour or two so let's get it on!

Hi, my name's Colin.





**SMELL LIKE A
BALSA MAN, MAN.**

Old Spice