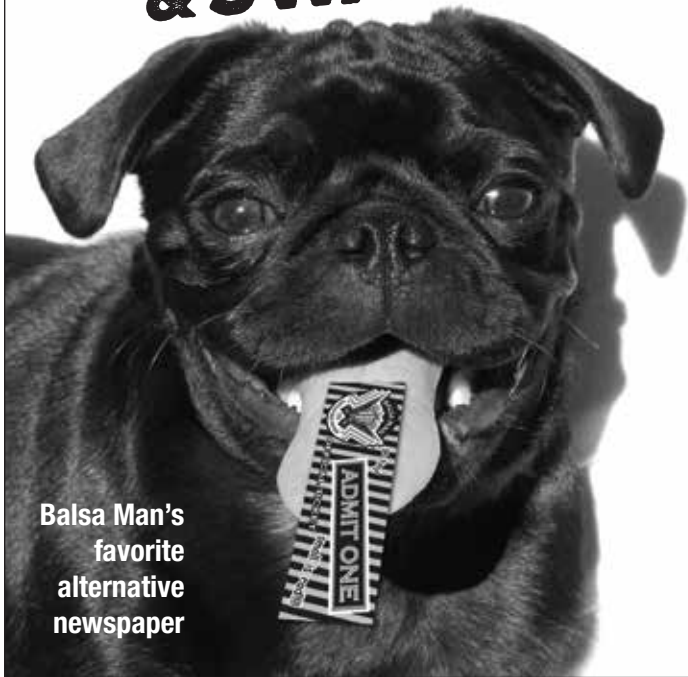


september 2011 issue 36

dress
warm

SHUT UP & SWALLOW



Balsa Man's
favorite
alternative
newspaper

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**dress
warm**

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Balsa Man
San Francisco,
CA

editor/
art director/
publisher/
mastermind
Niloc Noir

figurehead/
ranter supreme
Adrian Roberts

contributing
writers
Malderor

queen of
la playa
Ghastly

Cover by Nolic

Has Balsa Man jumped the shark?

This year, that's the question on the tips of everyone's tongues — and in the postings on eBalsa, and in the tweets that mention #balsaman. The **genie** is definitely out of the airplane-sized bottle, and with Balsa Man's increased popularity comes the "Growing Pains" that go

adrian's rant

with it (and no, this year's theme doesn't mean that Alan Thicke or Kirk Cameron will be burning little sculptures made out of **popsicle sticks**).

Probably the biggest sign this year that "the times they are a-changin'" is the decision by Balsa Man's organizers to sell tickets to this **tiny** event. Granted, the ticket price is **small**, as it should be, but many Balsa Man participants are a **bit** irritated that their precious **little** party is now being commodified. Can you really put a price on the **wee** amount of fun one has at Balsa Man? Apparently, you can.

To which we here at "Dress Warm" say: So the fuck what? Balsa Man may be many things to many people, but it ain't a charity. Do you know how much balsa wood, popsicle sticks, and toothpicks cost these days? That shit doesn't grow on trees, y'know! (Oh wait... yeah it does...)

Well, whatever. Anyway, if you can't afford the **meager** ticket price as a **small, tiny** gesture of compensation for all the hard work and effort the Balsa Man organizers have put into producing this event, then perhaps you don't deserve to be a part of it anyway.



photo by
mr. nightshade

A Minutely Modest Proposal

by *NILOC NOIR*

This year the BalsaOrg decided it needed to sell tickets, creating an eensy-weensy hurdle in order to “grow a stronger, better, more inclusive community”. I’m not against this. In fact, I’ll be the first to yell hallelujah if tickets keep the yahoos away. However, while I praise the BalsaOrg for sticking to their miniscule mission of minutia, at 10¢ the tickets will at most stop the yahoos from chewing gum while vomiting on the art.

We need a more radical solution to this small but growing problem...

.....

I propose we raise the ticket price to \$210 with prices increasing to \$320 as the date of Balsa Man gets closer. This sizable sum would ensure that the only people at Balsa Man are devoted tiny art enthusiasts.

To prevent shirkers from sneaking in Balsa Man would need to step up perimeter security and move to a more remote location than Baker Beach. An inhospitable desert environment far from civilization would be ideal for keeping uncommitted layabouts away. Also, attendees should be forced



to cope with their own water and survival needs as this would ensure Balsa Man attracts only the most steadfast participants.

Moving Balsa Man to a remote desert also has the advantage of making transporting art more arduous and expensive. This would increase the quality of the art by discouraging artists who are less passionate.

It’s really a win win solution. Like a fine wine, the more expensive it is the better it will taste.

Sex On The Small Side... by NILOC NOIR

or How to Have a Quickie at Balsa Man

Everybody big and small wants to get **laid** at Balsa Man. Admit it, while you're creating minuscule art and loosing yourself for a brief moment of **fleeting autonomy**, you also really want to just have a quick screw.



Of course, as this is Balsa Man we aren't taking about having a porn star marathon session so leave that **Viagra** at home cowboy. If you're newbie to getting it on in at la playa you may want to leave the itty-bitty kama sutra to the puny public sex professionals and stick with easy **novice** stuff like hurried oral sex.

With a **little** ingenuity you can find plenty of places to get it on at Baker Beach: off the trail in the shadow of a tree (watch out for **poison oak!**), with your **ass grinding** against a cold rough concrete bunker, getting

sandy and **randy** hidden behind a log of drift wood, or my favorite, on top of the cliff watching the Balsa Man burn from above while **wreathing** on cushioned bed of icicle plants!

If you were smart and brought a date to Balsa Man, then what are you waiting for? **Stop reading** this bullshit, grab your partner(s), and go get some while there's still time!

You're still reading aren't you? I'm sorry, I'm guessing that means you didn't bring a date or your date is a **prude**. If it's the latter, do yourself a favor and ditch your goody-goody date

at Costco Acquaintance Trading Outlet. Do you at least have a half-way decent looking friend you can convince into a **bitty booty call**? No? Well then get prowling cause you don't have much time before the oh so **very brief** Balsa Man event is over.

If you are rocking it solo at Balsa Man and want to get it on you'll need to work your charm **fast**. There won't

be much of a chance for seduction, foreplay, or for the charmless there isn't even time to get them **drunk** enough to find you attractive.

Lucky for you we here at Dress Warm are here to help! In order to help balsars go from participating to **really participate** in the wink of an eye we present the... **Official Balsa Man Post-It Code!**

OFFICIAL BALSA MAN POST-IT CODE

Stick the following post-it note or combination of notes somewhere on your person to indicate that you're looking for a good time and what your preference is.

- Canary Yellow** normal sex (vanilla is nothing to be ashamed of!)
- Sand** beach grinders; gritty crotch club members
- Lavender**..... no unwashed people; essential oils a must
- Blue** mermaids; ocean booty calls; neoprene fetishists
- Green** nature lovers; tree huggers; flora felatiaters
- Pink** people who like the color pink
- Neon (any color)**..... 80s music lovers; retro-ironic hipsters
- Phone message note** .. submissives with good dictation skills

MISSED CONNECTIONS

You wearing fingerless mittens and dancing by the Punimog. I gave you a handful of bacon bits. Call me! I've got loads more bacon bits! 48lbs worth!

You gleaming with pride for the balsa pegasus that you made yourself. You are radiant! I felt it was love at first sight! ...Oh and I'm sorry I stepped on your art.

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Pass the Puny Collection Plate

Jesus wept. Has the Balsa Man Organization lost it's **tiny mind**? As you are doubtless aware, 2011 marks the first time Balsa Man has decided to sell tickets, like some **capitalist dream** writ small. Ticket sales mark a disappointing turn of events for this heretofore worthy small-art party. How **dare** this "organization" presume that anybody should make a **profit** producing artwork? Clearly the modest sums they are raking in on these ticket sales will now serve to enrich the **coffers** of Colin Fahrion and the others in his BalsORG "inner circle". This event has sold out. Corporate **sponsorship** is just around the corner.

The event was better in the past anyway, when they let you ride **big wheels**, shoot **cap guns**, and swim in the **kiddie pools**. Today, Balsa Man is driven by pure profit. (I've heard that Colin invested in a new hat with all the dimes he's been amassing.)

As a protest against this **greedy twaddle**, I am going to go to another arts-and-crafts festival I've heard a lot about, somewhere in the Nevada or Utah desert. I'm told I can just show up at the gate and I might get in for **free**. People there are said to be open-minded and welcoming to friendly, **huggable** people like **me**. I just need a minor miracle ticket to make it happen.



photo by
mr. nightshade

malderor's rant

haiku

Puny Addis in makeup
Someone lights a match early
Meh seen this joke before

Baby, rain or shine,
All the time, we got each other
Sharin' the laughter and love

Size doesn't matter
At least that is what they say
Then they laugh at me



Johnnie Crawler

KEEP CRAWLING

TILL YOU'RE SOBER ENOUGH TO STUMBLE

**this message is in no way brought to you by the Temple of Baby Steps*