

Black Rock Beacon

THURSDAY – URBAN EXPLORATION

LUX. VERITAS. LARDUM.

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Kidding Around in BRC

By Ben

Ten-year-old Thomais doesn't even try to explain it to his friends back home in Reno. He just said that "you can only know it by coming here."

Emperor Awesome, 12 and from Amadore County, agreed about Black Rock City: "Duh. I mean, it's Burning Man. It's just awesome," he said.

"The spirit of it is just cool," added Thomais.

Eleven-year-old Mystique from Carbondale, Colo., tells everyone back home that she's headed out to the desert. But she, too, had a hard time getting the Burning Man concept through to people who haven't been to Burning Man once, when she's been eight times. Jonathan, 13, and from Canada, said "it's hard to describe unless you've been there."

These kids are all happy to be here. But Emperor Awesome's mom didn't think it was such a good idea.

"She's all uptight," he explained, "She thinks it's all partying like in New Orleans where they have a whole city that's just partying all the time, you know?"

But Emperor Awesome's dad took matters into his own hands. "My dad just threw us in the car and said 'We're going to Burning Man!'"

Parent Zaphod pointed out that the experience is completely different with children.

"We should ban the kids," he jested. "They're so noisy!"

Turning serious, Zaphod said he believes that most people in Black Rock City are genuinely good.

"I just feel so comfortable here with Saffron. It's like my home town. I don't think there's another city in the world where I'd feel as comfortable if Saffron wandered off and got lost."

Marsalla, another burner parent,

feels the same way. "It's very safe," she said. "You get to know the other parents around Kids World (5:30-Coral Reef), work out a system, and just check in with each other."


Friendly Jen, a Black Rock postal worker, said that most adult-theme places have some kind of security to make sure no kids get in to the stuff just for adults.

And at the Post Office, "We always check in with any kids we see to make sure that their parents know where they are and that they aren't lost."

And what don't the kids like about Burning Man?

"Sometimes it's hard to get some sleep," Thomais said.

Emperor Awesome added: "My dad forgot the oil so we can't make pancakes."

Mystique said, "The heat sometimes, but it's kind of fun sometimes because you get the spritzers--you don't get any of those at home, unless it's Windex or something." 



Wednesday afternoon, in the woodshop under where the man reposes. Department of Public Works is speed manufacturing a new man. Legs, arms and torso are well along to completion. Only a face piece with some charred wood and melted neon tubing is being reused.

The Man on The Man

By Deb Prothero (firefighter)

One Burner who isn't going to change his ecological habits as a result of the Green Man theme is Burner No. 1: Larry Harvey. The event's founder could not identify a single thing that has changed in his life since he initiated the Green theme after the 2006 Burn.


"I live downtown, only 15 minutes from work, and I'm not a consumer. In San Francisco, we recycle already, so there haven't been any changes in my lifestyle. But my footprint is extremely slight. I agree that it's more difficult in the rural and suburban areas to avoid vehicle use."

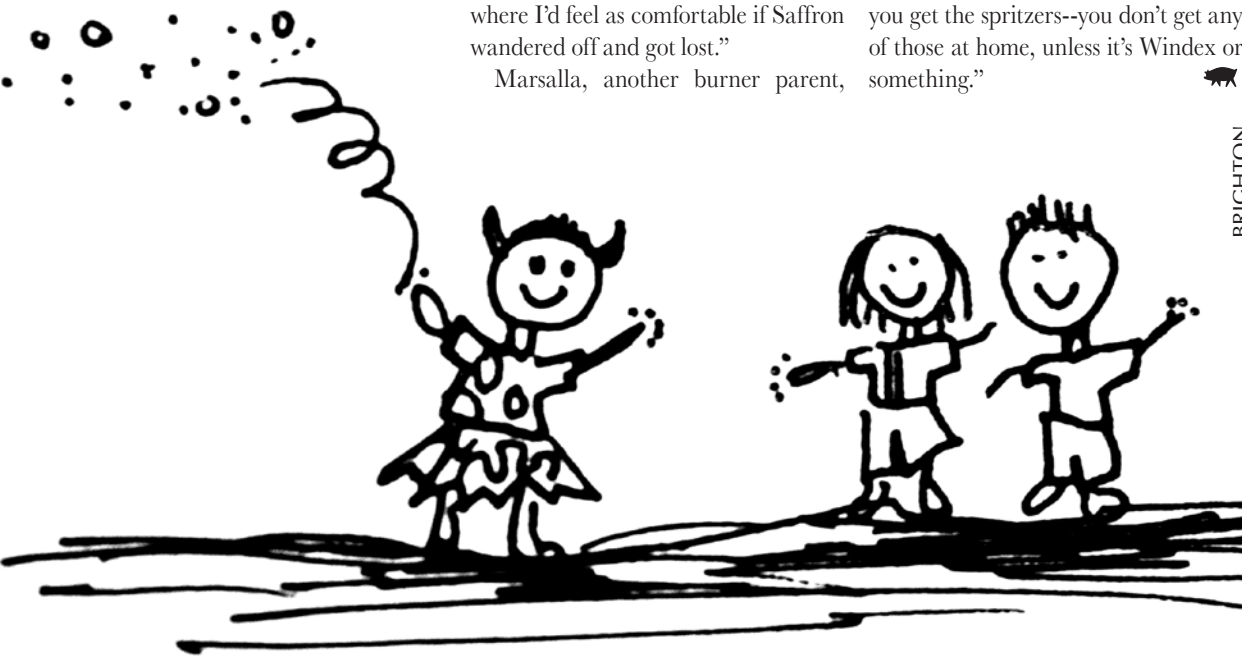
For the rest of us, listen and learn, Harvey advised. The message is not so bad. "The 'harshing my high' is a minority report. Generally, Burning Man is strong and wise enough to tolerate an education. It takes three years for a good idea to be adopted at Black Rock City and this is the second year of a cycle of themes that began with The Future: Hope and Fear.

"One thing we've learned is that

you can't talk down to this community. The anti-authoritarian nature of Burners would revolt from a deliberate education process. We moderate our utopian expectations but try to improve every year. Burning Man leads by energy and example."

This year, however, some unwanted thermal energy made an example of the Man, who is undergoing reconstructive surgery. Harvey, nonetheless, found the pony. "The premature Burn is making the rest of the Burn experience more significant. Burners are realizing there's no ju-ju in the Man. This experience will cure the bipolar split between the old Burners, who felt that the Burn had changed, and the new Burners."

In the early days of Burning Man, participants raised the wooden figure as a group effort. Nowadays, the raising of the Man occurs well before the Black Rock City Gate opens, but this year's pyrocyclical incident gives all Burners a chance to see how it's done. "We're excited that the community can gather to watch the raising of the Man," Harvey said. 



Trains, Pains, and Automobiles

The long drive to Black Rock City sometimes gets the best of better judgment. John Hammond of Monterey, Calif., missed the turn in Wadsworth from I-80 to Nevada Highway 447 on Tuesday night. Rather than turn back, he continued to Lovelock, where he got a map showing the back roads to Black Rock City, according to Mark Vorderbruggen, operations manager for the Pershing County Sheriff.

Hammond got close enough to see the city's lights, but he found himself on the wrong side of the Union Pacific railroad tracks. Anxious to get to Burning Man, Hammond tried to just drive across, but got his car stuck on the tracks. Ticket in hand, he walked towards Black Rock City, where he was intercepted by Perimeter staff who, once he explained his presence, called for help.

Bureau of Land Management Ranger Ken Burger drove Hammond back to his truck. While they were figuring out how to detach the car from the tracks, they noticed lights. The lights got brighter. The pair then watched as a Union Pacific train hit the car at a speed of about 70 miles per hour. The ensuing crash demolished Hammond's truck, scattering his provisions. One of his wheels was found 3/4 mile from the impact. — *Technomad.*

Black Rock City
Population: 36,466 as of
noon Wednesday.




Night of the Comet

By Douglas H.

An interesting meteor shower will occur on Saturday morning, Sept. 1, at 4:30 a.m. The meteors will seem to come from the bright yellowish star Capella in the constellation Auriga (the Charioteer). Auriga is located in the northeastern sky, about two-thirds up at this time of

year. The peak of the shower will occur at 4:37 a.m. There could be as many as 100 of these colorful blue-green streaks of light per minute.

The comet Kiess comes by every 2000 years, with its last visit to the inner solar system in 1911. We will see the debris trail left over from that pass, and the Earth does not always hit it. In fact, the only other times that astronomers observed the debris trail was in 1935, 1986 and 1994. 

Berk

Berk, pilot extraordinaire. This past June he died after crashing his aircraft in Idaho. Berk was a generous soul, giving hundreds of rides for any and all Burners who came by. Last year, I was fortunate enough to ride with him getting the Beacon's aerial photos of Black Rock City. He was a skillful and thoroughly professional pilot, and he is missed. Shown here in happier times with Fly of Tuna Guys Camp, He took her, Capt. Jim of Tuna Camp, and me up. There will be a memorial Thursday at 6 p.m. at the airport. — *WeeGee*

Black Rock Beacon

Big Burns For Thursday

Dusk – New Age WarWolf Trebuchet. 12:45 and 2,500 feet from the Man.
10 p.m. Think Green. 5:00 and 1,900 feet from the Man.

– Technomad



Why Did The Man Burn?

Responses to our question of the day on Wednesday:

“They’re selling out.”
“Drunk kids.”
“Someone ignited it.”

“To celebrate the eclipse.”
“He got burned by hot grease while cooking bacon in the nude to scare away hippies.”

-- Compiled by Lior Rozenman (LTrain)

A Hearse to Remember

By the alpha beta

Burners fold small origami cranes, in a quiet tent edged with wooden coffins. This is Rue Morgue, a small and quiet place on the 9 o'clock Plaza.

“I never had a chance to say goodbye to my sister,” recalls Sir Gothalo, the brains behind the camp. “She was 2 and loved the water. I was 5 when she drowned. I went to the funeral but all I remember is a long black car. My parents never let me see her body.”

After tending the bar at Spike's for several Burns, Gothalo was moved to create a different mood this year. An old hearse came up for sale. Kindred Burners lost friends to motorcycle accidents. Together they and Gothalo restored the vehicle, and redubbed it the Blood Vessel. (It also answers to Clarice).

PlayaTech, the theme camp that designs do-it-yourself furniture,



donated simple plywood coffins put together without nails and ornamented with death heads and angels' wings.

The coffins, filled with the Rue Morgue paper cranes, will be loaded into The Blood Vessel Sunday. It will circle the Temple of Forgiveness. The coffins will be placed inside the structure before it is burned.

Paper cranes have become the

international symbol of peace, in memory of the nuclear devastation of the people of Nagasaki and Hiroshima in Japan at the close of World War II.

Rue Morgue counterbalances the Green Man, the personification of living abundance. On Friday, Sir Gothalo marries the Lady Butterfly on the Playa. In life, death; in death, life.

Baby You Can Wash My Carcass

By Agnieszka K.

Every afternoon dozens of burners get naked and take turns washing and being washed at the Human Carcass Wash. Several facilitators clad in bright orange vests and nothing else brief everyone about the rules. Participants begin at the washing station, first spraying soap, then scrubbing bodies, next rinsing and finally drying the human carcasses. When a new washee steps into the station, all of the washers ask, “What are your boundaries?” inviting the person being washed to explain how and where they wish to be touched and washed. Only then do they begin to wash, following the stated boundaries of the washee.

The wash takes place in an open tent, and although there is a sign that says “No Photos” passersby could easily stop and stare. Despite that setup, I didn't notice any touristy gawking. Some of my shyer camp-mates were deterred by the openness of the Carcass Wash, but to me that felt safer than a closed-off area would have.

With a ratio of roughly five men to every woman, the Human Carcass Wash could be a pretty uncomfortable place for a young woman like me. However, the thought of being clean, if only for five minutes, drew me to the wash. As I worked my way through the line, asking strangers about their boundaries and washing them, I imagined myself in their place and worked out a clear notion of my exact boundaries. What's more, I was sure that they would be honored. When my turn came to be washed, it was everything I hoped it would be, and for a few glorious minutes after the wash I was clean!

Later I spoke with Stroke Greg who founded the Human Carcass Wash in 1999. That first year he had three problems: what to give to the community, how to get clean, and how to conserve water. The answer came to him in the form of cheap spray bottles and Dr. Bronner's soap. His experience in explicit boundary negotiation also contributed to the Carcass Wash. “It's practicing checking boundaries, and practicing saying our boundaries,” he said about the camp's philosophy.

The Human Carcass Wash is hosted by Polyamory Playhouse, Grassland and 9:00. Hours are 3:00 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. through Sunday.

Brainteasers By Smaze

Heartless Haicue

Take ticker from breath
and reheat out of heater,
rather drink it cold

Iwould like someone to figure this out, though if noone does I will post the answer. Here is a HUGE clue. If a word has a “heart” then take it out and there will be one letter left (when it's “heartless” or when you take ticker [heart] from it). That happens four times in our little Haicue. And for the four letter answer, you would rather drink it cold.

Did you think yesterday's puzzle was hard? Maybe you think our puzzler doesn't have a heart? Go back and look at it. If you too lose your heart, perhaps you'll find a cool refreshment. Answer tomorrow.

Letter to the editor

In response to Jonathan Grubb's article “The Eight Kinds of Burners You'll Find In BRC”

Ravers Demand Representation!

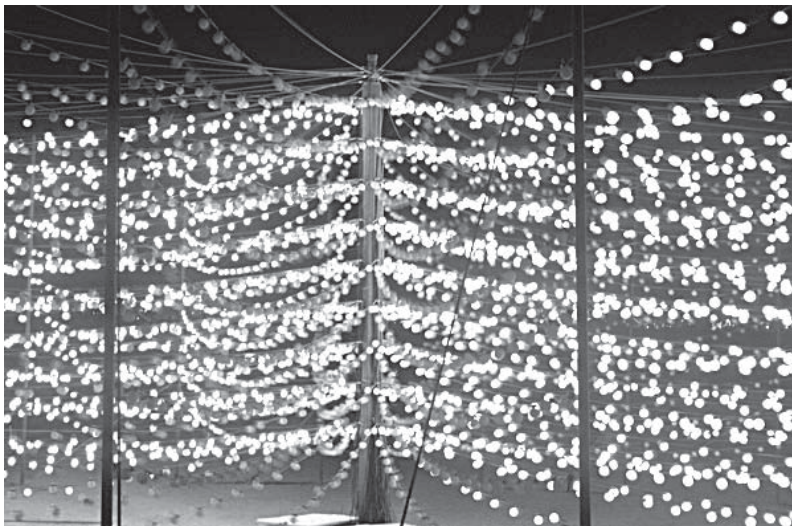
Dear Sir,
I am writing to you on behalf of the numerous rave collectives who regularly attend Burning Man, including Friends & Family, the Flaming Lotus Girls, the Space Cowboys, Green Gorilla, the Opulent Temple, False Profit, Disorient, and many others.

We appreciate Mr. Grubb's well-intentioned effort to stereotype and label the various personas among Burning Man attendees, thereby propagating a general sense of chaos and disorder and continuing in the great American tradition of alienating various cultural and ethnic groups from each other.

However, we feel strongly that Mr. Grubb has missed an opportunity to recognize and ridicule our own peculiar cultural tradition. Mr. Grubb, how could you have forgotten the Ravers? I ask you this: What would Burning Man be today without the absurd overabundance of titanic sound systems, or without the legions of Fun Fur-clad, glowstick-wielding techno heads?

Imagine how your experience would be diminished if we actually permitted you an opportunity to sleep through an entire night without that incessant “thump! thump! thump!” all night long? Where are all the Hippies, Rednecks, Burners, and Fetishists going to find their Ecstasy without us? Do not test us – we may be idiots, but we will fuck your shit up.
– Respectfully, Stefan Amshey

Silent by day, Brilliant by night



By Deb Prothero

During the daytime in Black Rock City 2007, the Big Round Cubatron is as quiet and shy as its creator, the inventor and artist Mark Lottor. Gathering energy from the sun to come out to play at night, the Big Round Cubatron is a magnet for the gleeful and the contemplative Burner.

A magical array of dynamic lights, the Cubatron structure is fascinating and mesmerizing to watch. Burners sit at the edge of the structure staring as if searching for a planet. Others dance around, either trying to keep pace with the flickering or with total abandon.

Reminiscent of Fantasia yet with an intensity unmatched in pop culture experience, Lottor manufactured strings comprising 6,144 lights in three colors arranged in a circle 8 feet high by 40 feet in diameter. The array variously sparkled, twinkled, then surprisingly created the image of a spider or a fire dancer in three dimensions, all to the ooohs and aaahs of Burners seated at its base.

The random nature of the patterns flashing is shocking to the senses, akin to your first fireworks as a child – strange yet spellbinding.

Cubatron has been Lottor's dream for several years. The cost of components

made it prohibitive until 2004 and 2005, when he experimented with an 8-foot cube-shaped structure with evenly spaced lights located out in the deep Playa. Long-time Burners may recall his Aural Gratification Circle of sound effects in the deep Playa in 2000 and 2001.

Last year's incarnation was the ultimate in 3D. Each light contained a chip and three wires, which provided power, ground and data. With hardware, software and networking experience, Lottor has been able to execute all aspects of his dream and now makes light strings and controllers for other artists to help release their visions. The 2007 version is updated with new software advancing the number of images visible to burners.

Until mid-July 2006, Lottor was preparing to power his art with a diesel generator when an offer of solar energy as a gift from Energy Efficiency Solar of Los Angeles piqued his curiosity. The solar panels and controllers installed by Will Korthoff's team worked perfectly and removed the annoyances of diesel generators. It was a fitting prologue to the 2007 Green Man Theme.

With 10 percent more lights, now counting at 6,720, Lottor has delighted Black Rock City with a luminous crowd pleaser.

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Editors: Ali Baba, Rod Allen, Dewitt. **Writers:** Nod Miller, Ron Garmon, Rod Miller, David Peterman, Deb Prothero, R.J. Thomas. **Photographers:** Richard Gilmore, John Lam. **Illustrations:** Diana Acosta, Brighton. **Distribution:** Biff, the Paper Boy.

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	Raw Bacon	Cooked Bacon
	1 slice	1 slice
Total Weight (g)	29	8
Water (g)	3.57 (12%)	0.99 (12%)
Calories	157	43
Total Fat (g)	12.12	3.34
Saturated Fat (g)	3.984	1.099
Cholesterol (mg)	32	9
Sodium (mg)	670	185
Protein (g)	10.74	2.96