

Daily Planet



LOST IN CYBERSPACE EDITION WWW.BLACKROCKBEACON.ORG 6:10 & CENTER CAMP VOLUME VI, NUMBER III WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 2010

BRC MOVES TOWARD CYBERSPACE

By Howieird

When I walked into his non-dusty microclimate camp on the Outer Ring Road, Danger Ranger aka M2, our Director of Genetic Programming, was in conversation with EMCEE, head of the Black Rock Rangers on Second Life, the Internet-based virtual world, and Ronan Carver, who has worked for Second Life for four years.

They were talking about the future of the Burn, which they see happening in cyberspace by 2012. In fact there will be a fore-runner this year on Oct. 16 on BURN2.ORG. Serendipitously Philip Rosedale, founder and president of

Second Life also dropped by -- yes it was him, not his avatar. The San Diego resident conceived the idea of Second Life at the Burn in 1999 and formed Linden Lab to develop it.

Although there is a high barrier to becoming competent in Second Life -- it involves downloading a special browser and generating your own avatar -- very soon the technology will enable anyone in the world to experience the Playa projected into a 3D virtual environment and to interact with Burn-

ers actually on the Playa via special video goggles. They can take Ranger training, drive Art cars and join the DPW, getting the same impact as being here and now on the Playa while interacting with other Burners in real time.

"This is not a video game like World of Warcraft," M2 said, "the brain processes the interactions as real, even in the elementary 2010 version. It's about the experience -- which is what Burning Man is all about." So far 55 Rangers have

been trained in the virtual world even though they live on various continents and would be ready to step into the real role if they came to the Playa, being well versed in the 10 Principles and mediation, for example.

EMCEE, relaxing in his comfy papa-san chair, heads the virtual and real Department of Mutant Vehicles and sees Art Cars as the ying to the yang of the juried selection process, empowering anyone to become an artist - often a life-changing act, much like Burning Man itself. He was remind-

ed of the Cupcake art car, with its quaalude light system. "Designing an art car starts with considering the effect you want - how your avatar sits presents the attitude you want to display."

Ronan -who has never played a video game in her life -- emphasized that Second Life has no goals -- you get what you want out of it and have conversations with whomever you want.

In parallel with Second Life, another virtual environment is in progress: BURNIVERSITY - a gateway to Second Life, where anyone

will be able to sign up for classes and get training in Playa skills such as "How to Survive" and "Making a Good Camp" as well as general ones like welding and philosophy.

I could not leave without getting an update on M2's recent hand injury, incurred working on an art project with a power saw - when he famously Twittered that he had cut three fingers off, while on his way to the hospital. Although everything seems to have been re-attached and the scar is barely perceptible, the hand will require another operation soon plus a year of therapy. "It's only a flesh wound," he said, "and we are more than flesh." 🐉

Second Life technology will allow anyone to experience the Playa.

It's about the experience -- which is what Burning Man is all about.

Bacon Fans, Foes Agree to Disagree

By Dillon

An odor wafts through Black Rock City, from the open spaces of Jakarta and Kyoto to the well-worn streets of Baghdad and Athens, from the bowels of Pigmalion to the shade of New Jersey. It tugs on the heart-strings of some and turns the stomachs of others. Depending on who you are, the odor of bacon in Black Rock City can be a blessing or a curse.

The debate remains civil. No group of diehard animal rights activists is going ride in on a pig-shaped art car and hang bacon eaters by the snouts. And no group of bacon eaters is going to strap vegetarians to the chopping block and pour bacon grease on their belly buttons. Oh no, both groups, are too nice for that.

For Bacon Without Borders, bacon is "a way of life". They fry it. They eat it. They mix it in vodka and tequila. Camp members can't imagine a life without pork back fat. The camp's founder, Faith D'Marco,

says bacon brings people together.

"We want to unify everyone over something," said D'Marco, "We think that bacon makes this a better place."

For Veg Camp, bacon is possibly the end of life. Camp members argue that if people prioritize their tastes above the suffering of animals, the destruction of the environment, and their health, we'll all become cannibals because, according to Veg Camp, eating human tastes great (but they'd never try it).

"We believe that once people are fully informed," said Veg Camp organizer Eric, "people will make good decisions."

Veg Camp plays informative videos, hands out vegan bacon, and answers questions at their Ask A Vegan booth. Bacon Without Borders uses, um, bacon and its annual Wednesday night Red Party as influences. None of these methods will ever actually settle the dispute like a round in the Thunder Dome would. 🐉



Photo by Francis Wenderlich

Workers of the Playa Unite in Fire

By Mark Om'ig

Darkness crept over the playa as the city dressed for night.

By day the Metropolis was filled with sounds of wind, clamoring bike chains, and the voices of thousands of people talking all at once.

As night took over the sky Metropolis puts on her black skirt and her jeweled necklace of multicolored lights. She speaks hotly with voices of ignited propane.

Her heart could now be heard rhythmically beating, from the depths of her subterranean soul. From off in the distance, there was a new sound. A mechanical hammering, growing louder as I walked in its direction.

Eine, Zwei, Drei

Fire rose out the massive industrial stacks and the incessant hammering pounded on.

Hundreds of people closed in with me.

I could hear Rotwang's maniacal voice commanding the workers to pull together.

His amplified cries dominated all other sounds. "Eine Zwei Drei JETZT!" urged the workers crowded around



Photo by WeeGee

three outstretched contact stations.

"Eine" three hammers rise into the air

"Zwei" a single Slammer Hammer swings

"Drei" again a hammer strikes

"Imbacils!" Rotwang raged in Germanicized English, "VAaaaait for JETZT!"

With his gloved disfigured fist raised, the mad inventor screamed: "Nein, Nein, Nein, are there not three workers among you that can hammer together?" "Eine.. Zwei... Drei... JETZT!"

Then it happens, in a crescendo of thunderous vibrato Ein Hammer erupts in orgasmic splendor of flames

roaring up the massive polished phallic pipes to a spinning crescendo at the top of the 37-foot-tall machine.

Metropolis has its power back! 🐉

Ein Hammer, a 2010 honorarium art installation, was created by Mister Jellyfish, Damian Janssen and his 40-member crew, based in Reno. He and the crew produced Fluffer 2009, and previous projects included Zsu-Zsu 2008, Prosthetic Forehead, Mantis Project 2005-2009 U-me Monkey 2007

Like a carnival strong-man attraction, the trick is for three participants to use their sledge hammers in just the right way to ring the metaphorical bell. The more simultaneously the hammers are struck the higher up the shaft of the uber-hammer go flames and strobe lights. If they get to the top, der lightshow begins.

Fire art as metaphor: Ein Hammer is a tribute to workers toiling as one.

Ein Hammer stands at 3:00 on the Promenade in mid-Playa. 🐉



Thursday, August 31
• "Faces of the mann" examines the monumental sculpture "Three Faces of the Man" by dan das mann.

The work comprises three 24-foot-tall visages: one is copper, cries fire and sings heavy metal; another is driftwood, cries sand and

sings the blues; the third is covered in living turf, cries water and sings opera.

• "Market Heat" is purportedly an article about the real-world stock market. A hint that it might not: the major stock-market indexes

are given as dollar figures. The "column" was given a "much-welcomed thumbs-up" by Larry Harvey, who was quoted as saying "What could be more interactive and spontaneous than the stock market?"

Correction: Adrian Roberts was found alive on the Playa. The Gazette regretted having reported the Piss Clear founder's demise in its previous issue. 🐉

HONEY TRAP INVITES YOU TO STAY

By WeeGee

Located at 8:08 on the Playa side of the Esplanade, the Honey Trap is a collaborative effort of Annie Vanchenker, David Ort, and Squire, three artists from Manhattan. They have created, transported and erected works here three times; an ethereal Weeping Willow Tree in 2008, the Buddha Bunny in 2009 and the Honey Trap this year.

Honey Trap is designed as an ever tightening spiral constructed as a series of hexagons. Each hexagon is set at a different angle and thus the entire piece requires great precision. Lit at night by LED strings it is intended



Photo by WeeGee

to be climbed on and in. Enjoy.

With no outside assistance these artists have

borne the cost of their effort. They have done fund raising in their community to raise the \$20,000 for each

piece. They are very reluctant to continue with this. Their needs and views are not unique.

Howeird's POSITIVELY PLAYA !

My day started differently. Instead of having coffee straight away, I dragged the camp hammock 'out of the way' and fell backwards into our graywater evaporator and did quite a number on it. The needle-nose pliers got most of it out and I was reminded of the John Goodman line from *Lebowski*: "This is what you get Larry, when you fuck a Gray-B-Gon with your ass." No matter, playadipitously, Ember (no relation) -- the inventor of the amazing evaporator -- dropped by and was easily able to repair it. There are 50+ out on the Playa now magically making our gray go away.

Looks like we have a new breed of shirtcookers out here this year - ones without beer bellies, although our 'Doer of Stuff,' Durgy, wishes this new lot wore pants! We still have our old pride of perverts though - I caught some old Yosemite Sam type geezer staring up my kilt as I mounted the giant staircase thing out on the Playa last night. Fuck yer day, dude!

Our neighbors, Hardwar Camp, are still doing mind-tricks I see. I went in there to borrow a 1/4-inch drill-bit and experienced what Psy-ops call 'cognitive dissonance' - a cruel trick to play on a guy on three hours sleep.

SODDEN THOUGHT: "Who the hell leaves an Altoid tin out with mints in it anyway?"

Where It Goes After It Has Gone to the Potty

By Mark Om)'(g

Have you ever wondered what happens to what you leave behind when the blue door slams shut?

Keeping the Black Rock potties happily flowing takes 42 teams of sewer-sucking specialists working in pairs. In less than three minutes per unit, they convert each stinking situation into a pleasant experience for the next eagerly awaiting guest (to use the official terminology).

A four-inch flex tube sucks the deposits from the tank located directly below the toilet seat. The first operator then moves on to the next potty. The second hoses out the stall and adds new single-ply biodegradable toilet paper. He then dumps a blue chemical in the tank that reduces odor and breaks down incoming material.

Each of the 42 individual pumper trucks holds 2,500 gallons of slurry. Once a truck is full, it is driven off-site to two awaiting Fract tanks, trucks that each hold 50,000 gallons. The material is then transferred to a sewage treatment plant. That's where the bacon ends up.

So far this week, folks have been taking very good care of the potties, according to the company that cleans them. The vacuum equipment cannot handle matter that didn't begin as degradable paper or come from inside the human body.

Monday's rain added to the workload, requiring removal of caked mud on each of the 1,300 nylon structures. The workers say you can brighten their day by thanking them for their efforts, but more so by following the body/potty dogma.



Photo by OM)'(G

BRAINTEASERS by Durgy

Below are popular Burning Man phrases in which each word or parts thereof have been replaced by a rhyme (Ignore punctuation). For example: "Crack stock pretty" would be "Black Rock City"

1. Grieve, sew lace
2. Miss beer
3. Live near crew see me trouble few
4. Sniff pit fuzz meant some dumb poor sod we won't foot hit gin a lot, see?
5. Waif see bird

Events

Nevada Burners and only Nevada Burners are invited to a group photo shoot with music and a party on Thursday at 4 p.m. sharp at 6:00 side of the Man.

On Wednesday, 10 p.m. at DOTA (6:30 & Athens on the Ring Road), BED (the Bureau of Erotic Discourse) will be showing "The Line," a 24-minute documentary about one woman's search to understand why she was sexually assaulted. Along the way she interviews a diverse set of women and men (even her assailant) about the nature of consent and how it is expressed. This provocative movie has lead to a campaign to spark dialogue about healthy relationships and consensual sex.

Spiritual Evolution Classes by Danice from noon to 2 PM Wednesday to Saturday held at Automatic Subconscious Camp located at 4:00 and Esplanade. Discover your true self, spiritual integration and more!

Baby Burner On Board

Tahly and Ohad, here in BRC for their honeymoon, are pleased to announce the strip showed + and Tahly is pregnant. Please send healing vibes and well-wishes to their child. Congratulations!

Yellow Bikes

Do not modify Yellow Bikes with paint, tape, or any decoration. If you find one missing its tag or brokren please bring it to the Bologna Hole, Center Camp @ 2:30 for re-tag or repair.

In an expanding universe, time is on the side of the out-cast. Those who once inhabited the suburbs of human contempt find that without changing their address they eventually live in the metropolis. -Quentin Crisp

Gateless Burn Invites the Public to Join

By rednikki

M-PYRE Strikes Back, on July 17, 2010, is unusual among Burning Man regional events: it had no gate, no required entry fee and was completely open to the public. With more than 500 participants, this was the biggest M-PYRE to date. Its size, surfside location and rate of growth echo the early Baker Beach Burning Man events.

The event was held in Monterey, California about 90 miles south of San Francisco. The tiny city, with a population of 30,000, has hosted five regionals since 2007.

DJs spun from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m. Participants pic-

nicked, created and showed off art, swam, hooped, set up fire-dancing areas after dark, and explained the Burning Man philosophy to curious locals and the occasional reporter. After the city's 10 p.m. curfew on beach events, many participants went to the local East Village Coffee Lounge for an afterparty that continued until 2 a.m.

"There's no boundaries on our event. There's no gate. It's completely open to the public," said Jennie Kay, Monterey's regional contact. "It's the only [official] Burning Man event I know of... that's suggested donation only," she added. "That's the true gift of what this community can provide."

M-PYRE's beach burns

began with an unofficial beach party that succeeded beyond anyone's expectations. "We expected about 30 people and 150 showed up," said Kay. Like the famous final Baker Beach burn in 1989, the police arrived to break up the event - but the way they handled it was very different from the methods of the San Francisco police 21 years ago. According to Kay, when the cops arrived they said "This is the biggest party we've ever busted on the beach, and it's also the cleanest party we've ever busted on the beach. If we weren't working, we'd be here right now."

Because there was no permit or insurance, the police were required to shut

the event down; however, because the crowd was so well-behaved, they didn't write tickets or levy fines. "They were really nice about the whole thing," Kay said.

Two days later, Kay called the police and said, "Thank you for your courtesy in not ticketing us. Now what do we do to make it legal?" Since then, every event has run smoothly. Because participants leave the beach cleaner than when they arrived, the city has even gone out of its way to expedite the permitting process. "We've never had a police incident," said Kay.

M-PYRE website: www.mpyreburn.com

PERPETRATORS OF THE BLACK ROCK BEACON... Mitchell Martin, editor emeritus in training. Mike Durgavich, doer of stuff. Angie Zmijewski, production goddess. Howard Jones and Ron Garmon, co-camp managers. Susan Williamson, pre-pressure & fixer of stuff. Carry Tveit, production goddess & cat wrangler. Suzanne Zalev, not the legal correspondent, nuh-huh, no way. Francis Wenderlich, masthead creator. Ali Baba, camp manager emeritus. Larry Breed, copy chief. Taymar, webmeister. Deb Prothero, firefighter. WeeGee, minister of photography. Edge, eminence grise. Rod Allen and Brian Train, sunset prevention editors. | **Design:** Goddess Lena (Kartzov), Tiffany Henschel. **Illustrations:** Diana Acosta. **Photographers:** Taymar, Vladimir Litke, OMYG Mark, Jane Tuv. **Proofer:** Anna-Liza Armfield **Writers:** Rod Allen, Lonestoner, Matthew "Metric" Ebert, Howeird, RedNikki, Mehl Renner, Rockstar, Citizen X, Mary Jane LaVigne, Brandon Hartley, Jane Tuv, Dillon, WeeGee. **Photo Wrangler:** Miss Sparkle. **DisReps:** Little Jack, Rivers, Mrs. Lucky, Splatt, Colleen the Shotz, Floyd & Kitty, Rhino, Stitches, Skyzer, Andy & Jeff, Rivers & Robin.

SEMI-LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO Copyright © 2010 The Black Rock Beacon, a not-for-profit corporation organized under the laws of the state of Washington and located at 32657 9th PL S, Federal Way, Wash., 98003, some rights reserved. You are free to copy, distribute, display, and perform the information and images contained herein, to make derivative works, and to make commercial use of this work under the following conditions: You must attribute the work to the Black Rock Beacon and, if you alter, transform, or build upon our material, you may distribute the resulting work only under a license identical to this one. These conditions may be waived if you obtain permission from The Black Rock Beacon. Visit our website at www.blackrockbeacon.org or follow us on Twitter at twitter.com/BlackRockBeacon.



First Light: 5:55 a.m.
Dawn: 6:23 a.m.
Sunset: 7:30 p.m.
Twilight Ends: 7:58 p.m.
Moonrise: 11:40 p.m.
First Light (Thursday): 5:56 a.m.
Sunrise (Thursday): 6:24 a.m.
Sunset (Thursday): 7:28 p.m.
Twilight Ends: 7:56 p.m.
Born on a Wednesday? Isn't it strange that the same people who laugh at gypsy fortune tellers take economists so seriously?