



Playa Pshycology

**Playa Pshycology:
Know your
Campmates 103
DELIRIUM**

You do not have to be in an acute confusional state to be delirious. Delirium occurs in persons with normal brains too, and symptoms can include apathy, irritability, inappropriate behavior, excessive energy, hallucinations, and paranoia.



THEATREMUSE

Because the delirious have difficulty performing arithmetic or explaining proverbs, the best way to separate the whacked from the daft, is to quickly ask "what is the square root of 69?" or "why is a bird in the hand better than bush?" If they look bewildered, mace them immediately and call for restraints.

All psychoactive drugs should be reduced and then eliminated in the normal way. In the words of High Times journalist, Chris Simunek, "sometimes you've gotta piss on Death's doorstep and let him know you're not afraid." Hope that is all clear? And the piss too. — **Howeird**

Hanging Hammocks

BY SCWRL CID

Is it possible to snatch success from the brink of disaster? It is if you know when you're in over your head and ask for help from folks with the right knowledge and skills.

On Tuesday, Pic of the Department of Public Works was trying to use her boom lift to place a center pole for the Hanging Hammocks shade structure over near 2:00 between Delirium and Ego. Pic, who took a half-day training and had only two weeks of experience, thought the job was beyond her ability. Nomis, her manager, persuaded her to give it a try.

When Pic missed the hole for the support pole, the situation got precarious. It further degenerated when members of the camp decided to fill in the pre-dug pole hole and just drive the 42 foot pole straight into the playa. When the pole reached 90 degrees a zephyr sent it over and hanging precariously from the top of the boom lift.

Pic made a decision to immediately stop what she was doing and get on the radio for support. Within a few minutes Crusher of the DPW arrived, assessed the situation and immediately had Gopher and his Hammock crew tie off the almost toppled pole. Crusher called in Big Twig, the best lift operator on playa. After the pole hole was re-dug by hand, the pole went in the hole. Crisis averted.

To those managing processes here, it's important to know when members of your crew are in over their heads. Many of us are pushing our limits with dangerous toys, but when someone truly believes they can't complete a task, believe them. And if you feel like the task before you is too tough and potentially dangerous, ask for help. Remember, safety third.

The names have been changed to protect the innocent and culpable.

**Black Rock City population:
23,619 as of noon Wednesday.**

Project X Out of the Bag

BY SANDWICH

Project X will be grand, Project X is a secret, Project X is a bust, Project X is a prank.

It all started with a prophetic email from the elusive Professor Joe Priff. Professor Priff detailed his plan to build a unique piece of art that would be built by separate communities and brought to Burning Man to be constructed into a monumental art project that would rival much of the large art on the playa. Each group in each city was told to keep their part of the project a secret and not to share the information bestowed on them. Slowly emails surfaced accusing Professor Priff of taking money. People who were skeptical about the project in the beginning and had changed their minds began showing their dismay in such places as the Tribe.net and E-Playa online bulletin boards. Flame wars ensued and no one was quite sure if the project would exist. Professor Priff seemed to be impossible to contact. The reason was very simple though -- there really is no Professor Joe Priff. Professor Joe Priff is the incarnation of Wizzard.

Lady Bee, the Burning Man art curator, discovered all of this as it came time to place Project X. The project was kept such a tight secret that only two BORG members had knowledge of the true intent of this project.



PHOTO BY TAYMAR

The X Man, or a piece of him, anyway..

Project X is the brainchild of a group of four friends, Wizzard, Dea, Worm, and David. The project was devised after a trip to the woods where the quartet built art that was left to be discovered by hikers and campers. On the car ride home someone mentioned the theme of this year's event. The discussion evolved and someone mentioned the idea of psyching out the attendees and Project X was born.

Wizzard held a meeting at his home where he introduced his conspirators to his true intent. He then unveiled the grandiose

plan for his 2005 project by pulling down a shade, which held the plans. The piece is a five times scale model of the man's head and one of his arms lay reaching out like the post-apocalyptic Statue of Liberty at the end of The Planet of the Apes. One can imagine Charlton Heston screaming.

Rumors have circulated that this project is mobile but no one can confirm or deny this. At press time it is located at an estimated 11:30 and Esplanade. 🐷

Welcome to The Machine

BY LIANNE

The Machine, located at 3:45 and about 600 yards from the Man, is as collective a project as you will find in Black Rock City. Its crew, numbering about 70, has a large contingent from Seattle but includes Burners from Los Angeles, and Victoria and Vancouver, Canada.

They are a diverse, multidisciplinary collective of visual artists, lighting designers, sound and mechanical engineers, performers, and an aromatherapist. The soundtrack heard from The Machine is an original composition, and one of the participants has designed a unique eight-channel audio system with one speaker per soundtrack.

In keeping with this year's Psyche theme, The Machine represents the Freudian model of a person's psyche: at the top of the structure, acrobats represent the conscious mind; the subconscious is represented by the middle section, where performers are suspended in clear pods; and fire dancers at the lowest level or the basic urges of the id. But this conception of the psyche is deconstruction by the collective unconscious. After a single quarter-hour performance, the Machine will

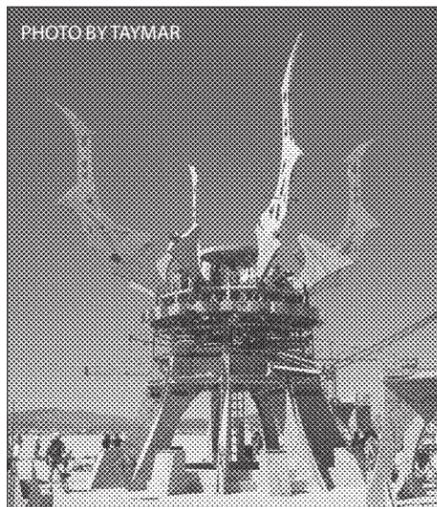


PHOTO BY TAYMAR

be pulled down. The engineers will remove the pins that hold it together, and specators will become participants by helping to take down The Machine by pulling on ropes.

The project emphasizes community over isolation. The concept, construction, performance and demise of The Machine is in keeping with the Burning Man spirit of community, diversity, and participation. Join the procession to The Machine that begins at sundown Friday at Center Camp. Be part of the collective unconscious. 🐷

That Burning Feeling Around The World

BY RUBIA

Foreign Correspondent Rubia here -- no, over here, in Bohemia (and no, that's not the name of a theme camp). Delightfully, I am encountering the Burning Man spirit all over the planet as I circle it on a long vacation.

Case in point: The playa thumpity-thumps with a near overdose of electronic music (and happy revelers) every year. Who would have thought I would find a this scene on the edge of a lake in a rural part of the Czech Republic? On the Friday before Burning Man, the Machac music festival -- the hottest party of the summer in this country -- was held on the "plaz" (beach) of Machovo Jezero (lake), had waaay too many stages for the size of the

area, and packed in a startlingly huge crowd.

Okay, so there was a playa and some thumpity-thump -- but it takes more than that to have the Burning Man spirit. In indeed, my travel partner (also a Burner) and I met and spent the whole festival with kind, inquisitive new Czech friends, in spite of our spotty ability to communicate linguistically. We pointed out beautiful things to each other, such as steam rising from the lake and as the temperature dropped at night. Bottom line? Even though we missed Burning Man, we had a Burning Man experience.

The Playa is not a place in the desert in Nevada. We Burners say it is "Nowhere" but indeed it is also everywhere. 🐷

Ranger Rovers

BY TECHNOMAD

For all of Black Rock City's ability to operate on its own plane of existence, the hash and sober reality of the default world sometimes rears its ugly head. The Black Rock Beacon has received multiple reports that Bureau of Land Management rangers are leaving their vehicles and entering camps, including open shade structures and large tents. BLM officials were not available for comment.

These incursions have caused consternation among citizens, many of whom consider such spaces private. In addition, at least a dozen undercover officers also roam Black Rock City, Burning Man founder Larry Harvey acknowledged at a press conference Wednesday. Harvey added that such surveillance is common around the United States and that he did not think the undercover work was more prevalent than it had been in the previous two years. "We work cooperatively with many agencies, and develop these relationships," Harvey said..

BLM rangers also enforce federal motor vehicle statutes on lands managed by the agency. Wednesday morning, at 6:00 a.m., less than 30 minutes before the sun broke over the Kamma Mountains and onto the Playa near the Man, a BLM ranger stopped a registered art car for driving with headlights off. When the driver informed him that his license had been suspended, the ranger told the approximately 15 passengers to step out of the modified and no-longer-street-legal Crown Victoria. A canine unit was then called to search the vehicle, presumably for drugs.

Charlie, a passenger who also owned the car and previously was mayor of Illuminatin Village claimed that although the sun had not yet risen, sufficient early light made it possible to drive without headlights.

The dog did not find any contraband, but Ranger Calley cited the driver, Stephen J. Monahan of San Francisco for driving with a suspended or revoked license, a federal offense punishable by a \$100 fine and \$25 in fees.

Bad News from the Big Easy Sorry to interrupt your vacation with the default world's problems, but things are serious in New Orleans. With enough patience, you can log onto the Internet at Playa Info, so we downloaded the following information from Wikimedia:

A state of emergency has been enacted in New Orleans because of the devastation caused by Hurricane Katrina. Two levees on Lake Ponchartrain failed and fatalities could number in the thousands, according to Mayor Ray Nagin. Looters are roaming the city and Governor Kathleen Blanco of Louisiana is planning to shut New Orleans and move everybody out of the area.

Black Rock Beacon

Quote of the day:

Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean they don't have a quota.

“Psyche” without the ‘e’ is “Psych”

BY STEVEN WESTDAHL
[THAT GUY WITH THE MUSTACHE]

You know you are in Black Rock City when a giant rooster tells you that you have a nice cock. The blotter is kicking in and the playa dust tastes metallic. Every phrenology diagram I see has section of the mind assigned to ‘sex’, ‘drugs’, and ‘remixes’.

In search of altered states, I went to where the writers were : the Black Rock Beacon bull-pit. No sooner had I said “Gonzo journalism” than I had my first assignment. With a deadline four hours away, I set off to take in the whole city and bang out 500 intelligible words about street names. [He handed it 1,000 - ed.]

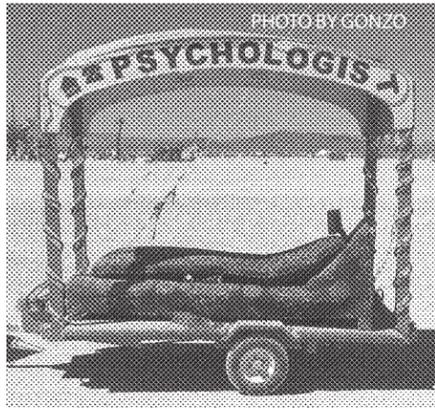
“**Esplanade** is Latin, I think”, explains a young mustachioed man, cooling himself in the shade of a fire-burning metal sculpture. He is sunburned and drunk. He seems content. “It means ‘front space’ or showcase.” He finishes his beer and opens another without offering me anything. “Maybe Spanish? ‘Esplanade’?”

One reveler, pained by the sun, wished me a “Good morning” as he made his way home to bed. Correcting his ignorance that it is afternoon seems a waste of time. **Bipolar**, up all night, is rather depressing, in the harsh glare of the morning star.

(Looking now at my notes, I find that I have no record of my time on **Amnesia**.)

My new favorite BRC ride features a chaise lounge for reclining and an onboard psychiatrist for head shrinking.

Never one to jump onto the bandwagon of mental health or organized religion, I took a skeptic’s ride on the Shrink-Mobile. After establishing the symptoms of my depression, my session moves towards the



sources of my problems: the Big Questions. Hoping for help, I ask “Why am I here?” “To have fun,” he replies, assuming I am inquiring about my presence in the car or at the camp. “But why must we humans be born, suffer, then die?” He is silent. Does he think I am joking? I believe I have stumped him. Half way down **Catharsis**, I disembark from my first therapy session feeling pretty good about myself.

With no concern about the origin of their hydration, people strip naked and run after the water truck. They wash and drink quickly, jogging at 5 miles an hour to keep up with the vehicle as it makes it

way down **Delirium**. As excited as they appear to be chasing this machine that kicks up as much dust as it keeps down, the opportunistic bathers fail to notice the standing giant green penis, its stream of water, and the corresponding sign “Cleanse Yourself.”

At the far end of the camp, near 2:00 stands a towering piece titled “The Undesirable.” Weighing in at almost 50 feet, it is the biggest thing on **Ego** and that makes its creators very proud. But when asked, they are unable to offer an antonym for “phallic.”

Time is getting short as I race down **Fetish**, looking for a good time. Nothing too kinky, just someplace that would grant me release. It is here that I find the Lettuce Fetish Camp, specializing in that leafy, green salad ingredient, both dressed and undressed. A young woman, some iceberg in her cleavage (or was it romaine?), explains it all to me. Lettuce is sexy. Everything is sexy. “You just have to make the e for effort.”

Brief trips along **Gestalt** and **Hysteria** are all I can afford and reveal nothing much to report, save the fact that the further you are camped from the center of camp, the grumpier you appear to someone biking through your neighborhood. That is what you get for showing up late to the party; the left-overs. Nothing is as it appears here, though, and some incredible things may develop on the fringe of Burning Man.

Rez Ipsa Loquitor. 🐷

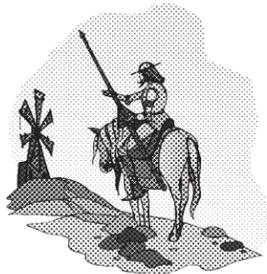
Tilting @ Windmills

BY DEB PROTHERO

Carefully and methodically, three windmills are taking shape on the playa in preparation for a battle tonight. The struggle between the demons, monsters and villains in our minds and the knights triumphing our spirit is scheduled to take place at 10 PM.

This interactive artwork encourages Burners to enter the windmills and see a visual representation of the fears we create for ourselves. “Fear is mostly in your head,” said creator Eric Miller, a Burner from Michigan. In the third windmill, participants are encouraged to express their own fears in writing on burnable materials. The battle and the burn tonight will culminate in “a release of the energy trapped inside us by our own fears,” said Miller.

Dust storms in 2004 had co-creators Eric Miller and Chris Konkel huddled together and there they spawned the idea for the fears in the windmills of our minds. The perfect metaphor was Cervantes’ Don Quixote. “This being the fourth centenary of the publication of *The Man of La Mancha* spurred the project on to realization. We applied for a grant



and when we got it started working, creating models, doing practice burns and recruiting like mad.”

“The journey has been a joy. I cannot believe how the Michigan Burners pulled together to realize this creation. We ended up with about 25 people working on it in Michigan with about four people beside me making design contributions and a dozen extremely involved in the building of the mills,” Miller said.

Entering the windmills, which requires precise timing for participants, has been safety tested and there is protection from the rotating blades of the structure. Face the fears and pains of the past and then deposit your written explanations in the third windmill to be burned on Thursday in an elaborate battle between villains and knights.

Don Quixote’s tilting at windmills is a universal metaphor that is not yet tired. It inspires recognition of deeply held fears while gently prodding the viewer to explore and participate. The Burn should be a very satisfying experience for those whose fears have been deposited.



Get It at Porky's

Several readers wanted to know the origin of the Facts and Figures about pork in Wednesday’s issue. The startling statistics came from the website of the National Pork Producers Council at www.nppc.org/resources/facts.html Because many of you seem to share our fascination with things porcine, here are some more:

- There are more than 180 species of pigs, found on every continent except Antarctica.
- In the old days, sea captains kept pigs on board because they believed, should they be shipwrecked, pigs always swam toward the nearest shore.
- To stop free-roaming pigs rampaging through their grain fields, Manhattan Island residents built a long wall on the northern edge of what is now Lower Manhattan. The street that came to board the wall was named... Wall Street.
- Swine research led to the development of the CAT scan, a technology for examining internal organs without surgery.

Question of the Day

The raucous response to our question yesterday, “What is your gift?” was “dog biscuits.” The one person who answered our question represented 2lips camp, and put it this way:

“Feeling guilty about the best friend you left behind? Come and pick up a homemade doggie biscuit with a commemorative label.” Burners who want to bring some of Black Rock City’s spirit home to Fido can find them at 7:00 between Fetish and Gestalt

After yesterday’s underwhelming results, we hesitate to ask another question, but we have this space at the bottom of the page. So, here goes:

What is your favorite artwork this year?

Bring your responses to our camp at 9:00 and Amnesia 🐷

Those who should be held directly responsible for The Black Rock Beacon...

Mitchell Martin, managing editor. **Michael Durgavich**, major general counsel. **Lancelot Smith**, photo editor and camp manager. **Francis Wenderlich**, masthead creator, graphics. **Angie Zmijewski** and **Carry Tveit**, production goddesses. **John Lam**, news editor. **Larry Breed**, chef copy editor. **Edge**, Webmaster. **Armadillo**, goddess of the underworld and circulation manager. **Saffron Lee**, associate editor. **Jason P**, volunteer coordinator and professional kitten herder. **Anthony Peterson**, LNT manager. **Brian Train & Lianne McLarty**, Super Dupers. **Howard Jones**, shack wrangler and minister without portfolio. **Bob Lyle**, a.k.a. Bellboy, minister of transportation, division of flying meat products. **WeeGee**, minister of photography. **Billie**, fundraiser. **Lord Foufypans**, Grillmaster.

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Illustrations: Diana Acosta.

Horrorscope

Scorpio (Oct 23 - Nov 21):

Refrain from reading horoscopes this week- a lot of them are just made up. Lucky shoe color is BROWN.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21):

Some days you are the hammer, some days you are the nail. “If your only tool is a hammer, you tend to see every problem as a nail.” – Maslow. “The nail that sticks up gets hammered down.” – Japanese proverb. “If I had a hammer/ I’d hammer all the folk singers...” - me.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19):

Most people act as though they’re hanging by their fingernails on the face of a high cliff. What they don’t realize is that they’re about six inches off the valley floor. So let go, and hope that you are “most people.”

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18):

Consider: resisting temptation is easier when you think you’ll probably get another chance later on.

Pisces (Feb 19 - March 20):

I don’t care if it did frighten Mom; your feigned sudden attack of breakbone, fever will not fool anyone.

Errata

The credit on yesterday’s front-page Clockworks photo got framboozled. It should have read: Richard Gilmore/Taymar.

Our medium-tech printing equipment took one look at the city’s population yesterday and belched. Then it refused to tell you that the population of Black Rock City at noon on Tuesday was 17,816.

Listings

Continuing

They’ve got the Mousetrap and that disgusting nose thing, but Mousetrap camp’s stage acts seem to have gotten lost in the dust. The camp therefore has a stage just waiting for someone to perform on it. If you think this is you, see Rex.

9:00 and Esplanade

Come Samba at sunset at Fancy LaLa Camp. Look for the Brazilian flag. **8:45 and Ego**

Thursday

The Black Rock Beacon invites last-minute volunteers and people who want to work for us during those miserable 50 or so weeks when the real world intrudes to come to our penultimate staff meeting. 10:00 a.m. **9:00 and Amnesia**

Public Notice

Goth Scouts Troop 666 calls out the local Beaver Scout Troop for a throwdown in Thunderdome. Please come by Citrus Camp at 4:30 and Fetish to let us know when you’re available, bitches.

Semi-Legal Mumbo Jumbo

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