



Playa Pshycology

Know your Campmates 104: SCHIZOPHRENIA

Discuss Schizophrenia without saying "split personality;" you can't, can you? Forget about it; Jekyll and Hyde it ain't. However, if you are young, chain-smoke, and the bats flying around Center Camp are talking real loud in your ear, -- boy have I got news for you.



THEATREMUSE

First off - you are not alone. More than 1 percent of the U.S. population suffers from this. So, there are probably 400 schizo Burners here to keep you company. But be very careful - many people with the disease are mistaken for people "high on drugs."

Do not give into parental pressure like my brother, who stopped talking to himself on mother's insistence and had those voices bottled up inside his head, day after day, night after night, nagging and cajoling him. Get yourself a hands-free cell phone and just talk away to your inner voices without embarrassment. Just one thing. There is no cell phone service on the Playa. — **Howeird**

Law Enforcement Nabs Alleged Rapist

Early Thursday morning near 4:30 and Fetish, federal and Pershing County officers apprehended a man suspected of committing two sexual assaults. According to Larry McGee of the Pershing sheriff's office, on Wednesday a woman reported a man had raped her. Later that evening, another woman reported an assault, giving a similar description of her assailant. With a description of the suspect, the Burning Man organization closed the Gate to prevent him from leaving Black Rock City. That evening Black Rock Rangers noticed a man urinating on the Playa. That man matched the description of the suspect. Late that night, several law enforcement officers staked out the suspect's tent and apprehended him when he returned. The Pershing County sheriff is holding Sanjiv Narendaran Daveshwar, a resident of Nevada, on two counts of sexual assault. Bail was set at \$500,000, according to Sgt. Mike Stephens.

"Every year at Burning Man, there's been at least one sexual assault, many of which happen on Burn night. I've read weblogs about incidents that happened five years ago, and there's not much we can do about it now after all the evidence has disappeared. We want victims to report crimes," Stephens said. — **Technomad**

Public Notice

Have you seen my sock monkey? Lost near Vast or on 9:00 street between Esplanade and Gestalt. He's 28 1/2 years old and a seven-time Burner. Please return to "Serious" @ the Artery (Center Camp). Missing since 2 a.m. late Wednesday night.

Black Rock City population: 29,862 as of noon Thursday.

In the Lap of Playa Luxury

BY LORD FOUFFYPANNS I.G.M.A

Arthur Zwern (Sunshine) wanted to create a 2005 theme art project that would reflect all 10 Burning Man principles, but by March he still did not know what that project would be. Around that time, Arthur's wife, Kathy (Glimmer), who was organizing the Burning Silicon Collective for 2005 asked him, "Honey, can you come up with a bench for camp?" Thus began Playatech. Remembering a slotted wood bed frame from college, Arthur designed a prototype bench with buddy Smeeed and cut a single plywood sheet into a sturdy playa bench that simply slots together. No scraps, no screws, and folded flat for storage. After hefty testing, Smeeed's teenage daughters immediately purloined the test bench and began painting and decorating it. With the light bulb realization lit, Zwern realized they'd made a) practical, sturdy playa furniture people loved, b) a 3D artist's canvas and c) his 2005 art project. It was to be very different from any art he'd created before. Taking it one step further, Zwern then created Playatech as a fantasy company with public relations, marketing, and a leveraged business model with real products

to generate the concept of a Playa brand. The brand as art would then leverage funding to Black Rock art projects via an open-source style of info distribution. The community quickly joined in collaboration, reflecting Burning Man principles such as participation, gifting, radical inclusion, and Leave No Trace, supporting future Black Rock art and community. Decommodification rapidly ensued with a stream of spoof press releases, marketing, and art grant applications, that parodied IKEA. This included the smallest art grant in history, from Borg2, done as a PR stunt, and included a fake acquisition of Burning Man headquarters. Zwern's fantasy company created www.playatech.com to get the word out. A shareware/honor donation of \$5 is to be sent directly to the Black Rock Arts Foundation and Borg2 funded arts projects



PHOTO BY GOTHALOT

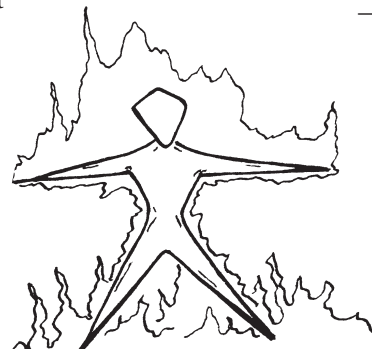
via Paypal. This enables anyone to acquire the furniture plans and to donate directly to finance Burning Man artists and art projects. Playatech is a combination art project, non-profit corporation and open-source style product company. Playatech's corporate strategy is to compel everyone to participate in art. *Go by Ego and 6:00 to see cool and useful furniture featuring Larry-boy loungers, closets, a big bar and snuggle pit, barstools and more great varieties of Playatech furniture.* 🐱

10 Mans Earlier

Editor's note. We asked long-timer Burner and Playa celebrity shibumi to describe Black Rock City 10 years ago. Based on personal experience, she measured it from Man to Man, including the current incarnation, so cast your mind back to 1996....

BY SHIBUMI (AKA VICKI OLDS)

2005 will be my 10th burn. What was Burning Man like just 10 Mans ago? Well, there were no-all night discos, no lasers roaming the sky. Camps with generators, and therefore lights, along with RVs, fire spinners and anything taller than a U-Haul trailer were novelties, and you could hear the trains, if you listened, rolling along the eastern edge of the Playa. The few big sound systems (dinky by today's standards) tried to keep decent hours between dusk and dawn when the drums that ruled night and day shared the air with the roar of bonfires, combustion engines, the occasional propane tank explosion and the unamplified passions of human activity. A satellite Rave Camp — for, well, ravers — was situated two miles away in the year that Burning Man officially graduated from a three-day camp-out to a five-day (Thursday through Labor Day) event. Before mega-camps and theme villages jockeyed for prime real estate on the Esplanade no one called the gathering "Black Rock City." That term might be found in the daily newspaper, though, and if you were lucky a Disgruntled Postal Worker might deliver the Black Rock Gazette to your camp; maybe not. Most camps were solo endeavors, or small groups clustered around make-shift shade structures anchored to their cars. Plush installations sported decent shade and maybe even a shower. In a wide-open feeling, everyone spread out and you just located yourself so you could see the Man from your tent.



THEATREMUSE

In 1996 first-timers were the inmajority — not unusual for a gathering that regularly doubled in size. Heated campfire discussions about the symbolism of burning the Man were endless; and speculations on the deeper meaning of it all were oft paired with earnest, soul-bearing confessions. Throughout the unnamed, languid autonomy in the growing flux of neighborhoods ingenious and imaginative examples of living in campy, desert style were everywhere evident, and delightfully so. Here a kind of gold exchange thrived along the streets; centering on stories, travel and survival tips shared, over fluids, with strangers. Where "no spectators" were allowed, boredom was easily traded for the latest gossip about the few, hotly anticipated nighttime events and the rumored private ones. Insider schedules, as well as official times, were always changing! Talk was cheap. 1996 was really the last year that Burning Man was free — in the sense that you didn't really have to buy a ticket to get in. No trash fence; no

gate or city limits; no fire safety zones to stop one from getting foolishly close. It was a secret place, deep inside the vast open Playa, situated every year for the sole purpose of being lost to the rest of the world. Way before it was called a "gift society," a sense of shared isolation and anonymity led to impromptu and frequently broad eruptions of general whimsy. Madness made quick friends, though it could be upstaged once or twice daily by a minor medical emergency or a missing person report, news of which spread like wildfire, reminding us that besides the Man it was the life-affirming nearness of injury and death that most surely bound our temporary community. "The biggest danger today is Johnny-on-the-Spot!" declares Flash aka Papa Satan, and in a huff of semi-theatrical asides he artfully names some of the other shit that's been dumped on the Playa in recent years. Flash has been around the Man from the 1986 Baker Beach beginnings; and you should know that Flash Hopkins is his real name, not a Playa moniker. Infamous for his extended beefs, I asked: How does Burning Man today differ from 10 years ago? Oh, no contest! We were free, open, and dangerous! It was really for fun and just for our own amusement. We were entertaining our friends." Public interest after a 1995 visit by CNN made the art and tales surrounding the Man grow taller. This wild bunch found their pranks — in deed and creed — now begged explanation, for a larger world hungry for answers (and marketing opportunities) demanded it. Conspiratorially, the organizers staged the Helco performances, which debuted in the summer of 1996 at the Somar Gallery, San Francisco. A hostile takeover of Burning Man by a mysterious, giant corporate conglomerate (secretly a cult of Satan, himself) ensued. Later, Papa Satan would sell burgers to the great unwashed in Center Camp at McSatan's. Hell Taco, Satan Eleven, a towering high rise, and other commercial bastards crowded onto the playa alongside Kal Spelletich's three-headed dog; and Dana Albany's life-sized smoking camel was observed to follow Larry Harvey everywhere. Rumors circulated: "His agents are among us!" and "Burning Man's days are numbered!" As attendant religious groups, public safety and sanitation teams watched in horror, Helco was gloriously burned to the ground on Saturday amidst a thousand cheers. When the Man caught fire on Sunday there were no fewer quiet tears; and when he tumbled to the ground, the ritual of release exploded through the crowd. Mobs, running back and forth, threw everything they had into the fires; so much went up in smoke and dust it seemed everyone had something to burn. It was so fabulous! Labor Day morning everyone was exhausted. No one was hurt. Before Burning Man 1997, the organizers, under pressure, had the arduous task of making Burning Man accountable. No longer an underground hazard, its organizing principles, principals, and the public's interests and concerns were to be scrutinized, met and paid for at every level. The popularization of a more sanitized image of Burning Man, if it was to survive, would now be managed by group consensus. Burning Man delivered; no contest. Things change. 🐱

Meat and Greet

After the Man burns, throw your leftover meat on the fire at Synopses at 12:15 radial between the Man and the Temple. 4:00 a.m.

Black Rock Beacon

Publication Notice:

The Black Rock Beacon is taking a day off so that we can see Burning Man too. We will return with our final edition on Sunday. If you are leaving before that, come visit us at www.blackrockbeacon.org

Herd (and Seen) on the Playa

BY MITCH

Dorothy Trojanowski was having a bad Burn last year. Feeling repulsed by the actions of a former significant other, she said, she spent hours staring over the trash fence at the open Playa. Gazing across the expanse of the desert, she saw a herd of wild horses in her mind's eye. So for this year, she decided to bring three equines to Black Rock City.

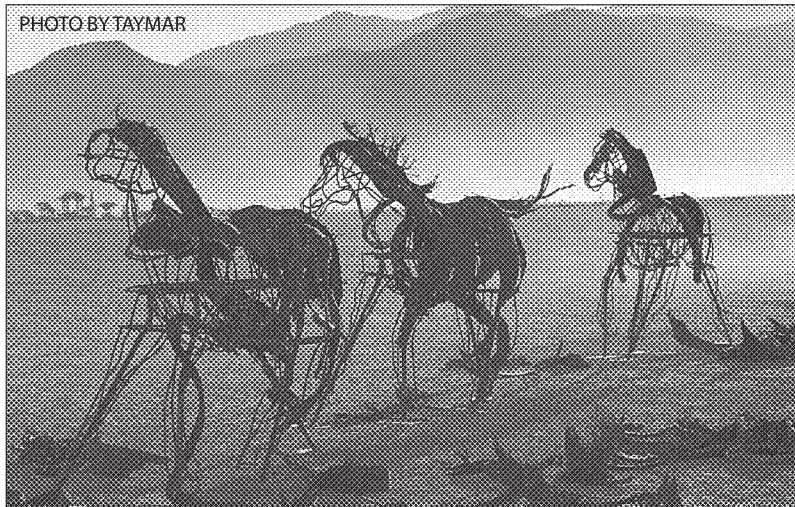
Nevada is home to about 19,000 wild horses, the most of any state. This inspired Dorothy, a five-time Burner, as did a display she saw in Portland International Airport last year by Deborah Butterfield, an artist who has been creating metal horse sculptures based on sticks, driftwood and the like for three decades.

Since returning to her home in Brooklyn last year and deciding to make horses, Dorothy "has spent every free hour" her friend cherrybomb wrote in a blog, "bending, grinding and soldering steel - a regimen that's helped to mend her broken heart and given her biceps like *ben wa* balls."

Working in a rented metal shop in the artsy Williamsburg neighborhood, Dorothy created the skeletons of her life-sized herd from rebar, which she and some friends twisted and welded into frames that are partially covered in scrap steel sandwiched between chunks of shredded tires. These last are symbolic of the road to Black Rock City. "You see them all along the highway in the desert," she said, mainly the result of truck blowouts.

A graphic artist by trade, Dorothy was unfamiliar with creating three-dimensional objects, although she said she had helped out with some projects at the Madagascar Institute, a Brooklyn-based art collective. For her current project, she joined forces with Eddie Cunha, a former work colleague who is an amateur multimedia artist and who helped provide 3-D perspective. Eddie said he was inspired to create something for Black Rock City in part because he was on the art car that ran over and killed Katherine Lampman in 2003. He said that caused him to lose a feeling of invincibility.

Eddie had not previously worked in metal, so he and Dorothy took a welding course with a teacher who, coincidentally, also made horses. Dorothy said the creation of her project was full of serendipitous



events like that: The workshop she used became available for a year just when she needed it, for example, and a Burning Man figure made out of painted horseshoes that she bought several years ago on the way back from Black Rock City provides her herd's footwear.

The three horses are mountable, but not comfortably so, and the olfactory effects of the desert sun on rubber may not be to everyone's liking. After their stay on the Playa, the fate of Dorothy's herd is undecided. At least one may be put out to pasture at her mother's home in Connecticut.

The fate of wild horses on federal land in Nevada also is undecided. Last year, Congress repealed a 1971 ban on selling the beasts, which means that some might end up on European dinner tables or in dog food bowls. Wild horses and burros can be adopted from the federal Bureau of Land Management for a fee of \$125 if you promise not to eat them.

The Rubber Horses roam near the Machine at 3:45 and about 600 yards from the Man.

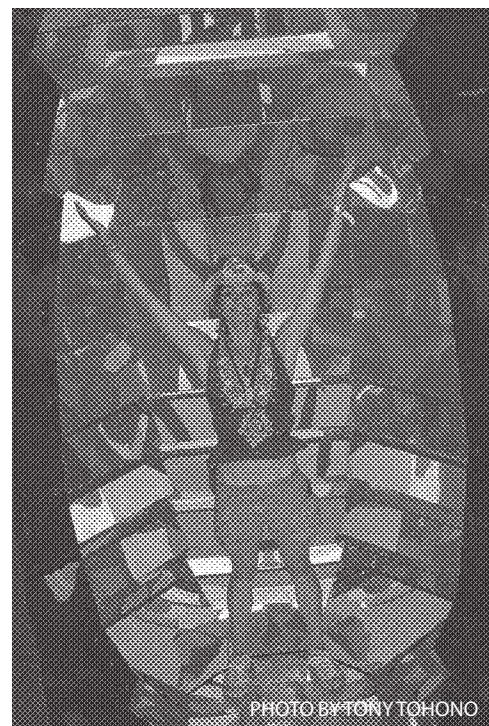


70 Views of You

LORD FOUFFYPANNS IGMA

Kate Raudenbush's Stadium of the Self connotes the Roman coliseum, but it's no ordinary coliseum. As you enter the sculpture, Stadium refracts 70 different reflections of the participant, offering a mass of images unique to this particular moment in time. The 70 simultaneous portraits comment on the personal, individual, conscious, unconscious and spiritual selves of the viewer. Stadium encourages not only self-reflection but also produces a physical, emotional, and psychological experience colored by the Psyche theme.

The architectural reference to the coliseum is expressed in the entrance, arches, and stands. In a real coliseum, the audience controlled the performer's fate, but inside Stadium, the audience is you, reflected by 70 orange-gold mirrored encircling stadium steps. The mirrors have a spiritual color; Raudenbush wanted a powerful, fiery gold to wake you up, so she chose an orange of Buddhist monk's robes she had seen in Cambodia. This exultant, orange-gold color connotes for Raudenbush a divine universal consciousness to which we all belong.



Reactions to seeing oneself from 70 different angles have ranged from attraction to repulsion. It can be an opportunity to explore yourself or it can awake fears of hidden or unseen facets.

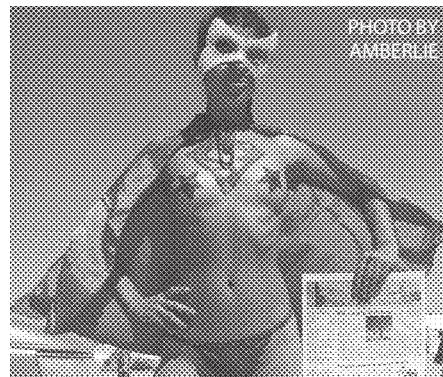
The daytime sun participates, capturing brilliant light (you will need sunglasses). The entrance faces the sunset for dramatic light changes, and at night, solar power lights Stadium, glowing interactively with eight spotlights.

When you enter from the black Playa night, you are challenged into being your best self, by a complete transformation of darkness to light surrounding you. Doorway chimes referencing Buddhist prayer bells are rung, reverberating inside, complementing the visceral spiritual resonance as you view yourself. Raudenbush wanted an anchoring sound ritual suggesting entrance to a sacred spiritual centering place where you see your true reflections not your vanity mirror. The true you.

Stadium of the Self is located at 6:00 halfway up Promenade.



Thanks to Pizzles of Monkeytown for this Playa diversion. If you can figure out the answers, bring them to The Black Rock Beacon City Desk at 9:00 & Amnesia and we will tell the world how smart you are in our final issue on Sunday.



The Black Rock Beacon — the hottest paper on the Playa.

Makin' Bacon – Soap?

BY CITIZEN X

When the bacon is all eaten, and the grease can is full, what do you do with the leftover fat? You make soap, of course!

HOW TO DO IT

1/2 oz., or 1 Tablespoon, of lye
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup bacon fat

First, cook the bacon on low heat. Be patient, the fat will creep out. You will get a lot of orangey-brown fat, along with black bacon bits. Drain it off into a glass container, strain it to catch those bits.

Now purify the fat, by boiling it. Pour the fat into an equal volume of water and boil it rapidly for 10-15 minutes. Put the pot into the fridge so the water and fat will separate. In an hour or two the fat will sink to the bottom of the pot. Pour off the water and you will be left with a wad of light brown, greasy goo.

Place the fat in a glass bowl (do NOT use metal). In a separate container, add one tablespoon of lye to a small amount of COLD water and stir it gently. Add the lye solution to the fat. Start stirring the fat with a WOODEN spoon, and the fat will start to dissolve. Keep stirring, and after a while the fat will thicken again. Stir faster and you'll get white, fluffy goo that looks like soap scunge. Pour this into an ice cube tray, and let sit for 24 hours.

You now have some crude little cakes of bacon soap! However, now the soap needs to cure in order for it to harden up and make a lather. This takes 2-3 weeks. Unfortunately, the soap will not smell like bacon so your friends may not believe you when you tell them how you made it. Make them wash their faces with it, and laugh when it stings their eyes.

The Dicky Box

"From the outside you could mistake it for a convenience store, however, it is anything BUT convenient for Dicky." The Dicky Box is an experiment in restriction in what is otherwise a very permissive environment.

Screaming fanatics surrounded the Dicky Box with rock-star-like fervor. Dicky looked briefly overwhelmed with the attention and his status as he struggled to get finished a few last minute things before climbing into his box on DAY. A roar erupted as Dicky entered the box and stripped the remaining blue film on the large plexi windows. The show is on: the bill of fair is Dicky.

To date the drama at the box includes a broken generator nearly causing Dicky to bake like a Playa potato. His entourage of helpers scrambled to get a replacement generator from another Burner. A tiny hole is used for sending Dicky meals and tons of gifts he doesn't even know what to do with, except for a set of watercolors, which is one of his favorite diversions. At one point, a trespasser slid her way inside the box, unbeknownst to Dicky, who was occupied with a horde of reporters. "She apparently just laid down on my bed. It compromised the experiment and I was about to call the whole thing off when she just jumped up and gave me a big hug," Dicky said. The unknown woman then relented to the urgings of Dicky Box staff to get out without breaking the structure.

Through it all, Dicky remains optimistic that he will get outside of the box and into the psyche of the Man and its inhabitants. — **Gothalot**

Semi-Legal Mumbo Jumbo

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