

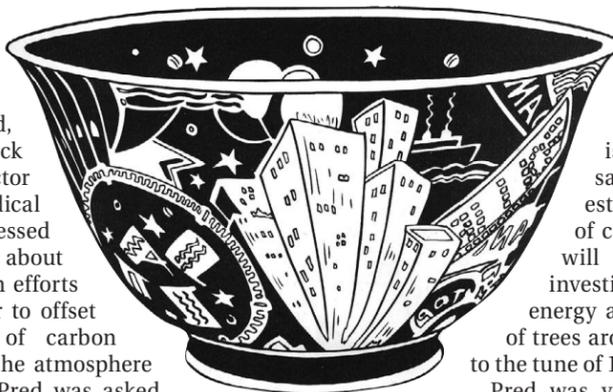
Will Black Rock City Ever Host 250,000?

BY HOWARD JONES

"Please don't say I said that," Larry Harvey, the Burning Man founder replied to a journalist's question at a press conference on Wednesday. "Actually our Regionals are outstripping us, The only cap acceptable is if the city ceases to do what it is designed to do. The situation is constantly being evaluated."

There are, according to organization spokeswoman Andie Grace, aka Action Girl, about 25 sanctioned Burns around the world. Including those, she added, the Burning Man organization is in touch with about 100 people at 85 locations about conducting Burns. She did not provide statistics of how many people attend regional events.

Also speaking at the news conference, Joseph Pred, Black Rock City's director of medical services, addressed a question about pollution. With efforts afoot this year to offset the amount of carbon released into the atmosphere by the Burn, Pred was asked if Black Rock City had purchased carbon credits, which allow polluters to pay entities that have reduced their emissions.



The answer was an emphatic no. "Trading carbon credits is a joke," he said. However, the estimated 91 tons of carbon generated will be offset by investing in renewable energy and the planting of trees around the world - to the tune of 150 tons.

Pred was very enthusiastic about Burners Without Borders, organizations formed in response to the hurricanes of 2005 and global warming. A Los

Angeles affiliate is funding shelters for homeless kids and, in conjunction with Cirque de Soleil, teaching fire spinning skills. BWB has worked to clean up Burning Man's Ground Zero, Baker Beach, and is working with Habitat for Humanity to build 14 houses in Reno using recycled wood recovered from dumps next to the burn barrels at Black Rock City.

It seems clear that Burners are taking the initiative in many of today's societal and environmental problems.

"In order to survive in the public eye," said Harvey, "we had to take a crash course in wordly things. We've got experts in every field, and we're not underground in any way."



Where the Streets Have Names

BY DURGY

Each camp approaches The Future in different ways. We scratched the surface to find out how.

I stopped at Burn the Geek on Anxious near 5:00 where some campers anxiously looked at an approaching dust cloud. First time Burner Pancake felt a bit anxious when she first got here and until the shade structure was built because of her fair skin. But Head Geek Reichart, who carefully planned the camp using \$8 million Department of Defense software, felt confident his double redundancy system would work. His plan was to be hyper prepared to balance and offset anxiety people may be feeling.

Amishland at 8:00 and Brave features Amish folk on Rumspringer. These brave people are trying to make the decision whether to pursue an Amish lifestyle or use electricity. When we checked, they were soaking the butterchurn so they could make some fresh non-potable butter. The truly brave will be the ones that eat that butter.

The sign over the Door at Liquid Diet Lounge between 8 and 7:30 on Chance says "21 or No Dice." Serving underage people is not the game of choice over there. Eudymion reflected the chance spirit when I bellied up to the bar. "If you ask for what I want to make you, you'll get it," he said. Check the ingredients on the top of the bar to increase the chance of getting the drink you request.

Take a chance at 7:15 Chance for a lavish prize at The Grand Hotel at Ashram Galactica. For the next couple of nights, they'll be raffling off stays in their four-star hotel suites, and Moroccan/Burning

Man fusion meals prepared by resident chef Queestoe Flambe. Check in with the concierge.

The sun high in the sky forced me into Yes Please on Destiny near 7:30. When we asked Steve what was the destiny of their mellow fun polyamorous vibe chill space, he answered "Yes Please." It was my destiny to drink an ice cold Tecate and get back on the road.

The Citrus Camp folks at 6:30 and Eager were eager to serve citrus beverages to anyone willing to spin the wheel of citrus drinks. Texas Ruby served me up a delicious Sunny G and some conversation.

The Raven over the door at Camp Impending Doom at 5:45 and Fate seemed to chirp a gentle foreboding. The camp had a keen awareness of the way the elements at Black Rock City can alter one's fate in an instant, and they accept the fact that their shade structure may get blown over. "Anything can happen here," Gummy Bear stated fatalistically.

I walked into a camp at 5:05 and Guess, and they made me guess the camp name. It was Cosmic Lobster. I did not guess correctly. They were still setting up the camp. I asked them when they'd be ready. Stuball said it was anyone's guess.

There is hope on the outer road of Black Rock City at Camp Tanksalot at 8:15 and Hope. Wick Alexander hoped and expected that he would experience the "unexpected right there that feeds the soul with beauty that regenerates that soul." He also

thinks we all can draw hope from having a partner that will defy the world with you. And that's a nice way to travel through life in Black Rock City.



I'm Still Standing

BY ROCKSTAR

As Internet rumors go, it was pretty ominous. A Tribe.net poster with the prosaic moniker "1 Man, 1 Gallon" called for a "spontaneous" mob of jades and firebugs to turn out Wednesday night, each armed with a gallon of ad-hoc accelerant, soak the Man down and burn him in advance of his scheduled immolation on Saturday. This "people's movement" would return Burning Man to its roots in raw anarchy and primordial chaos while cocking a populist snook at the "Disneyized" nature of the event. If an artist, Ranger or beer-addled ticketholder got cooked in the carnage, so much, it would seem, the better.

Last night's duststorm lent cover to the death of this Internet insurrection. At the appointed hour last night, BRC Rangers were more concerned about trying to get a satellite fix on the all-but-invisible Man, than in protecting the structure from a horde of yahoos sloshing buckets of paint thinner across the playa. There was a local lightning-suppression water truck on hand and Ranger Marker assured the Beacon that his organization "always takes these threats seriously."

The Man will burn on Saturday night as scheduled. No time for Gonzo.



TAYMAR



DEHYDRATION HAPPENS

BY CAPTAIN

As a 12-year Burner, I should be embarrassed to be dehydrated my first day on the Playa. The first clue was urine the color of used motor oil the first time I used my pee bottle and going hours between deposits.

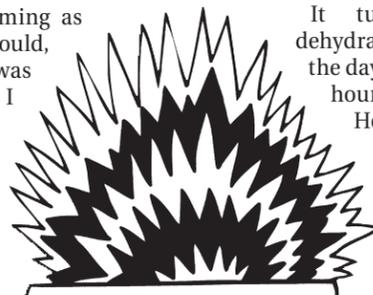
The next clue was coming as close to passing out as I could, twice. Fortunately, I was sitting down otherwise I would have hit the deck. Unfortunately, I was behind the wheel at the time, on my way back from Gerlach.

My Playa guardian

angel saved me once again, and a second opinion trip to the Tokyo Med center revealed that my blood pressure and pulse were fine. I would need to seriously rehydrate right away and might not feel normal for 48 hours.

It turns out that my dehydration probably started the day before when I spent 15 hours packing for the Playa.

Hopefully I learned a lesson that will last me another 12 years. Please don't let this happen to you.



Black Rock City Population:
29,125 as of 4P.M. Wednesday.

Wednesday	Rise (Hope)	Set (Fear)
Twilight	05:54	20:00
Sun	06:22	19:32
Moon	14:20	23:10

Thursday, August 31

Sharing your birthday today with Van Morrison, singer, describing influence for new song, "Keeping Mediocrity At Bay basically comes from a non-religious stance. These days politics, religion, media seem to get all mixed up. Television became the new religion a long time back and the media has taken over."

Black Rock Beacon



Bernie's Index

BY SHIBUMI

Number of tunnels that have been discovered under the U.S.-Mexico border since 2001: 34
Number under the U.S.-Canada border: 1
Number under the trash fence: 0



The details: Black Rock City was treated to some mighty dust devils on Wednesday.

Powered Flowers on the Playa

BY DEB PROTHERO

Wandering out past the Man toward the Temple, look to your right to face a metaphor for life as it could—or maybe should—be.

In the Field of Sunflower Robots, Stefano Corazza captures a symbol of nature so simplistic in appearance it belies the cutting edge of technology beneath.

Like many burners, the Sunflowers spend the hottest part of the day recharging, although they faithfully seek Old Sol to recharge for the nighttime performance, while we seek shade. Upon closer inspection, the calm, still daytime appearance of the field is beguiling as each Sunflower casts its unique reflection on the playa surface.

At night, each robot's 27 feet of electroluminescent wire comes to life. The robots move toward any light source, including the approach of well-lit burners, who cause the Sunflower head to rotate or dance toward the light.

On Tuesday, 17 Sunflowers were installed, and as the week progresses up to 33 additional Sunflower Robots will be added. Make time to dance with the Sunflower Robots as you reveal your light sources to the field.

Corazza, a native Italian, is now a bioengineering researcher at Stanford who develops technology to serve biology centered on a normal life. 2005 was his first burn, and he wanted to return to Burning Man with art that would "bridge the gap between utopia and the real world—art for social change."

In the default world, energy is concentrated in the hands of the few while the sun which watches over us all belongs to everyone. This free energy source, if applied and delocalized with individual effort, will put power back in the hands of the masses. Corazza hopes

the Field of Sunflower Robots will "create an enthusiasm for the new wave of change that is

technology could be used to build a useful vehicle for everyone.

Others argue that the Tesla vehicle is a master stroke in marketing. "Creating desire just beyond the reach of most to acquire so they'll jump on the technology when the mass produced vehicle shows up at their local showroom is just the facts of the business world," said Alternative Energy Zone mayor Jolly Roger.

Possibly the slings and arrows thrown at alternative energy advocates will become kudos and roses once we wake up to Peak Oil. Teachers, artists and social-change missionaries alike are accustomed to arrows in their backs but are wearied by the slow pace of citizens accepting responsibility for our existence on the Blue Planet. Rather than frantically howling wolf, these visionaries have turned to the persuasion of art and example for the alarm bell. Setting aside the arrows and opening our minds to the possibility of a world with independent responsibility for fuel is all that is asked of the viewer of this art.

Explore the wonder of technology meshed with nature at its best. "Seek answers in nature," says Cozarro.

Visiting the Fields of Sunflower Robots may edge you a little closer to the next step. Corazza hopes the playfulness of this interactive sculpture will make your exploration joyful.



TAYMAR

slowly gathering momentum."

For example, Cozarro said, the development of the Tesla electric car demonstrates "consumptive greed." Instead of building a "fancy, fast roadster for the elite," the

The Field of Sunflower Robots by Stefano Corazza is located at 12:30 just beyond the Man.



Letter to the editor

We at the Black Rock Boutique were much saddened to read your front-page story in Wednesday's paper glorifying an incident of shirt-cocking. Monkey Puzzle's childlike intrusion upon the Black Rock Boutique was nothing but an act of irresponsible foolery, and we call upon you to please stop artificially perpetrating further incidents.

We ask you to educate the citizens of Black Rock City about the social and dermatologic dangers of shirtcocking. We would also like an apology from Monkey Puzzle, as well as reparations to our valued customers, to whom we were forced to give refunds after the incident.

Thank you,
Eric S., Black Rock Boutique

Editor's Note: The Black Rock Beacon strongly opposes shirt-cocking and urges all Black Rock City citizens to wear pants with their shirts.



Howeird's Positively Playa

I am encouraged that my fellow Burners have been leaving fewer pee stains on the Playa this year. Having more more potties on the Playa has certainly helped and carrying a pee bottle with also makes sense when you consider the fine you might be subjected to if Law Enforcement spots you with their night-vision goggles. Midnight Tokers also beware.

There is a glorious freedom in being able to relieve yourself under your kilt whilst carrying on a conversation. Better lay off the asparagus though.

LISTINGS

Thursday

10A.M. Black Rock Beacon meeting.

There's still time to lend your talents to the Playa's porkiest daily. Learn how to produce a newspaper on a shoestring, hone your mad writing and editing skills. We're at the 11:30 position in the 9:00 Plaza.

Brainteasers

By Smaze

Joe Rightman's aim was always a bit off. This was no different the day that he, through slight miscalculation, brought to bear a huge pyrotechnics display on his own position. Before losing consciousness, Joe crawled to a computer and typed "DSGRYU DRVPMF" What valuable lesson was Joe trying to convey?

Answer to Wednesday's puzzle:

People love to eat it,

Only cook it through.

Read it somewhere in this verse.

Know it now, do you?

If you read the first letter of each line you get P-O-R-K. Delicious pork is it!

"About 100 million pigs are slaughtered for meat in the United States each year. At 1.5 meters [4 feet, 11 inches] per pig, the dead-pig line would stretch 150,000 kilometers, or 95,000 miles."

Source: Anthony Marr, founder Heal Our Planet Earth

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Mitchell Martin, managing editor. **Michael Durgavich**, major general counsel and director of intelligence. **Francis Wenderlich**, graphics editor and co-camp manager. **Ali Baba**, co-camp manager. **Angie Zmijewski** and **Goddess Lena**, production deities. **John Lam**, news editor. **Larry Breed**, chief copy editor. **Edge**, webmaster. **Armadillo**, goddess of the underworld and circulation manager. **Saffron Lee**, associate editor. **Sunburn Sarah**, volunteer coordinator. **Howard Jones**, LNT manager and shack wrangler. **WeeGee**, minister of photography.

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Fear & Hope

BY RICK-BOY

He liked the "MegaVolt" display, but he had little time for his mission. Near a huge disco-like ballroom space where pulsing beats were emanating, people were writhing to what might have been music. A woman in a tiger print sarong tied behind her neck looked at him, smiled and said, "Looks like you could use a hit."

Not knowing what she meant but thinking it best to agree Vitale said, "Yes, I could."

She gave him a small white pill, no bigger than a breath mint.

He put it in his mouth and analyzed it: methylenedioxymethamphetamine or MDMA.

"Ecstasy," she yelled and smiled.

"Oh," said Vitale, mentally appending "or Ecstasy."

"I'm looking for the one they call Harvey," he said, "Do you know where I might find him?"

She laughed and said, "The rabbit or Larry?"

"Larry," Vitale laughed too, though he wasn't quite sure why.

"In the Arvees next to Center Camp..." She motioned with a hand past MegaVolt to an area that had many small pennants flying above a huge round tent.

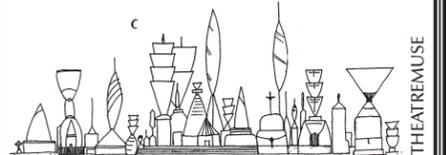
Center Camp, just as they said, he thought.

"...or out at the Temple," she motioned in the other direction, pointing far in the distance.

Vitale decided to try the Temple first. He recalled enough of his briefings to know he would pass the Effigy before he got there. But he barely gave it a glance, thinking excitedly: Am I going to meet the mythical Harvey? The one they call Larry? The man who fathered our race? The King Arthur of our legends? What would he say? What could he say? He let his servos carry him quickly in the right direction.

Although far from the goings-on, he could see well enough across the dark to the frontage on either side of him. Lights and flares, and revelers of every description. "The Moon's a balloon," he thought as he swiveled his sensors from a glowing orb to a group that seemed to be roasting pieces of cattle over a rapidly oxidizing vehicle.

He whizzed more deeply into the desert until he reached a glowing structure that was, without doubt, the Temple, a series of interconnected, glowing chandeliers. As the briefings suggested, this seemed the perfect place to complete the backup mission. Certainly, something so beautiful would be carefully deconstructed in the coming days, and his message would be found. It would have been preferable to use the more centrally located Man, but, the historians said, they burned that.



THEATRE/USE

"You can leave a message inside if you like," said a short man with a long gray pony tail.

Was this one imbued with powers? Vitale wondered. Could he sense thoughts? "Are you the one they call Larry?"

"No, no, I'm Dave. I build the Temple most years. Larry just left for Center Camp."

Vitale nodded at the man and went inside. He was filled with awe at the missives quaintly scrawled on paper and scribbles on the support posts. He deposited a holorific 3D speech-impregnated vidcast in a convenient niche.

Continued on Friday.