

It Sticks in the Memory, Not to the Ribs

BY ROCKSTAR

Don't call it the Waffle around creator Arne Quinze. This mammoth art installation is one of the hits of Burning Man 2006, and it's name is Uchronia, not the Waffle.

"That's because its Belgian. I hate it! I hate it! I hate it!" grinned the raffishly handsome Arne as we chatted in his camp, his eyes intense and his bare torso a riot of Japanese tattooing. "If they understand more our philosophy, they'd never call it that."

No doubt. The gigantic art structure/disco/utopian fantasy, according to Arne, "comes from no time, a nonexistent time from the future" in which the human race finally has its shit together. Constructed primarily of thousands of wooden 2 x 3 x 30s and resembling from the outside of an impossibly large pile of pick-up sticks, the true magic of the place becomes apparent once the visitor steps inside.

Lights flicker on and off, playing tricks of perspective on the overstimulated eye and giving the impression of an immense wooden reef in which a sunken audience swims like Day-Glo fishes. The feel is that of an overpowering strength rendered from scattered bits of fragile individuality; the collective will and dream of a united humanity. "We come from the future to show you what you know already," says Arne.

"It's like we're not really humans," Arne



mused into my tape recorder "We believe in the creative economy, which means here and now that a lot of people can work very well together. But a lot of creative people working well together means mixing egos together. It's easy for creative people to build one step, but to build a bridge is very difficult and I tried to show with my piece that, if you put all these people together, you can see the connecting pieces between the crosses and the triangles that we can build one big

installation. It's just there and work is our philosophy."

Like many another first-time Burner, Arne came to Black Rock City with a dream of the Playa which caused him to see it (and the Burning Man community) as an abstract whole. When I pursued this line of reasoning, Arne, the artist half-discouraged me: "You want to plug into my mind? For me its always so difficult to explain what happens in my mind. It's a lot of pictures, drawings, movies, When I made the installation, the shapes, it was just a feeling I had, a more emotional feelings. I see the people when they come in. They say nothing, then they have a big smile on their face."

Uchronia is located a quarter mile beyond the Temple of Hope. It is scheduled to be burned after the Temple on Sunday night. 🐷

Early Arrivals Make Black Rock City Swell

BY DEB PROTHERO

Black Rock City's sewage has outpaced last year's volume. Bars are running out of liquor early - Showboat Willie at Next to the Blinky Thing needs vodka at 8:30 and Anxious, if you have some to spare.

Are more people here than there were last year? Did Burners quit the default world early in disgust and head out to the playa?

Burning Man's communications maven, Andie Grace aka Action Girl said, "It seems like people took an extra day or two off work and came out earlier, then entries tapered off to where we expected. Which is great!" The city's population at noon on Thursday was 34,499, and Action Girl said that was "right on target" for the projection of 40,000.

Earlier, Lightning, the Burning Man organization's intellectual copyright lawyer said there is a cost to Burning Man associated with the population

peaking early, since the federal Bureau of Land Management charges a fee per day per person, but that is not considered to be a problem. "Really, compared to other events or festivals, this organization is very smooth. And we have lots of space to expand."

In any case, a crush of late arrivals is expected. Gate and perimeter supervisors were all "unavailable and too busy" to comment on Thursday afternoon, according to the volunteers at the Black Hole, who were preparing for the "busiest entry evening" last night.

With the city on target to hit 40,000 people for the first time, the spate of early arrivals may indicate that veteran Burners are arriving earlier than in past years. Older Burners know that with the city growing, you'll never see it all if you don't get out to the Playa early. 🐷



BLACK ROCK CITY FILLS UP EARLY THIS YEAR

Dust. In the Wind

BY TECHNOMAD

Theme camps lost shade structures. Parents lost a kid. Dust storms late Wednesday afternoon blasted away many plans.

The report of a lost kid got priority treatment from the Black Rock Rangers, who went searching, and for the Gate, which locked down. Although the lost child was found before the Gate closed, procedures set into action required the closure anyway. Once closed, the Gate remained shut for the duration of the dust storm.

An excited Brad, camp leader for Crazy Canadian Cosmic Cats and attending his final Burning Man for a while, sat 10th in his lane at the Gate and watched the storm blow across the city. He waited from about 6 P.M. to 8 P.M. for it to reopen. Those caught farther behind in line waited even longer.

Camp Fuck You Bitches, at 2:00 and Eager, which lost a Fuller dome during a dust devil about 1:45 p, lost a second structure during the storm. The dome uprooted from its rebar and smashed across a camp member's van, which prevented it from flying across the playa. The second structure, a polyvinyl carport used for a deejay booth, then collapsed and camp members held it for over two hours to keep it from flying away.

Similar stories abound: shade structures crashed into neighbors' cars and smashed windshields, strangers huddled in amazement and partly in fear, telling stories to alleviate their anxiety. When the storm abated, those caught away from their camps dumped their plans for the evening and just went home to survey the damage. 🐷



Adam Goldstone

BY TECHNOMAD

Friends describe Adam Goldstone as a party-loving and always joking guy. Hailing from New York, DJ Adam, as many of his friends know him, visited Burning Man for his first time last year. This year, shortly after arriving Tuesday morning, he apparently suffered a cardiac arrest and died. The Pershing County Coroner's report is not expected until days after Burning Man ends.

DJ Adam was the third person known

to have died within Black Rock City's limits.

According to Abby Ehmann, a friend of DJ Adam's for 10 years, many of his campmates at Satan's Lair in Asylum Village, had even yet to arrive in Black Rock City or to learn of his death. She says, to honor him in ceremony, they plan to gather photographs and play his mixes.

Black Rock City Population:
35,167 as of 4P.M. Thursday.

Friday	Rise (Hope)	Set (Fear)
Twilight	05:55	19:59
Sun	06:23	19:31
Moon	15:25	12:07 (Sat.)

Friday, September 1

Sharing your birthday today with Lily Tomlin: "The trouble with the rat race is that even if you win, you're still a rat."

Black Rock Beacon

Bernie's Index

BY SHIBUMI

Percentage of U.S. workers who say they are confident that they will be able to live comfortably after retirement: 68
Percentage who have saved less than \$25,000 toward retirement: 53
Estimated travel and living expenses for renting an RV and living for one week in Black Rock City, NV to attend Burning Man: \$2,500.



Smaze's Classic Cryptoburn: KGCYVSC RSWCSUQ, NHA CVQ UQWNCGDQ PUQQAYZ GC GZXWQGB, BYRGQJ, QDQH KVQH XQUPQRC, GB MSC N ESHOWQ. CVGB GB KVJ NHJ NSCVQHCGR RUQNGCYH GB N OGPC CY CVQ PSCSUQ. - NWMQUC RNZSB

Answer to Thursday's puzzle: Accident-prone Joe Rightman blew up his tent. Crawling to his computer in the aftermath, Joe typed "DSGRYU DRVPMF." What was he trying to convey?

Joe was again a bit off - one key to the right. Readjust the letters in Joe's message one key to the left on a standard keyboard and you get "SAFETY SECOND."

The Jack Rabbit Splats

BY DEB PROTHERO

The black-tailed jackrabbit was to the Kamodokado tribe of the Paiute nation what the pig is to modern-day America: they used everything but the oink. Come to think of it, rabbits don't squeal, so they must have used everything: meat, furs for blankets, skin for glue, hides for pouches. In fact, the name Kamodokado means "Jack Rabbit Eaters." So, spare a thought for the little fellas as you wend your way home through the Black Rock Desert, even if you do not spare the lives of those brave rodents who stare down coming RVs with icy aplomb.

Three types of rabbits or hares inhabit Nevada including the black-tailed jackrabbit (*Lepus californicus*), the desert cottontail (*Sylvilagus audubonii*) and the pygmy rabbit (*Brachylagus idahoensis*). Only the pygmy is threatened due to loss of habitat, but you are unlikely to run into one, as they prefer high altitudes and old-growth sagebrush to eat. If you accidentally hit a kamikaze kamodo on the road, you can be reasonably sure that you have made a dent in a black-tail without making much of a dent in the overall population.

If you like the idea of rabbit ragout but feel that clobbering bunnies with a Penske truck is, well, overkill, you could try your hand at imitating the Kamodokado hunters,

who used a series of snares called a trapline. There is an excellent reference for setting a trapline available at www.us-rsog.org/USRSOG-Trapping.htm. This site provides training information used by the U.S. Rescue and Special Operations Group, a private organization that promotes survival skills for



military personnel. It recommends setting between 10 and 20 snares of three to four inches diameter (they look like miniature bear traps) suspended about one and a half inches off the ground. Having run a trapline in the North myself, I would endorse these instructions.

Be advised that some jurisdictions set hunting seasons, and the International Humane Trapping Standards and Certification Agreement comes into effect in the Fall of 2007 in the United States. You'll need to bone up on your outdoor skills to meet the "Essential Skills Portfolio" of a qualified trapper. See www.fur.ca/index-e/youth_education/index.asp?action=youth_education&page=index

Once you've trapped rabbits, you'll want to check out these recipes: www.rabbit huntingonline.com/recipes. My personal favorite is "Lagos stifado", a Greek recipe, which you can find at www.all-recipes.ws/recipe/15848

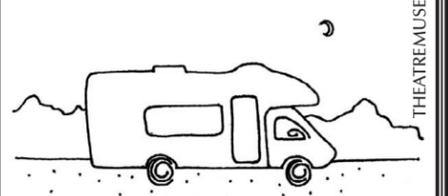
While the Black Rock Beacon would be the last to encourage the killing of any animals, except in the procurement of bacon, there have been serious incidents, even fatalities in the past when drivers have swerved to miss jackrabbits. Be careful as you make your way home from the Playa, don't jeopardize your trip for the life of one jackrabbit. As a new Burner in 2005, I noticed local speed limits are clearly marked, enthusiastically enforced and the wildlife is eminently evident. 

Fear & Hope

BY RICK-BOY

Vitale returned to Center Camp the way he came, attracting little interest. Approaching the circular tent of many flags he stopped and asked a person walking by if they knew where to find Arvee that the one named Harvey existed in. He wondered to himself what an Arvee was and what kind of life support and extra-bio systems the great Harvey would have been allotted.

The person pointed to an encampment of rectangular metal boxes on wheels and



said, "Probably, in there, I'm not sure."

So these are Arvees, thought Vitale. He had been stunned by the squalid and pathetic conditions of the people living here. Maybe he had gotten his history mixed up. He thought the 21st century was a time of great technological advance and creature comforts but this was not at all the case. These people lived like Bedouins in filthy tents and ugly metal boxes. They ran around at night and howled over propane fires. Did they know of the impending cataclysm? Were they merely howling at the moon because they knew they couldn't stop it? Why was there a man with a sign saying, "The End is Near"?

He saw someone in the center of the encampment walking by at right angles to himself.

"Harvey?" he said.

"Not me," replied the voice, "last Arvee on the right."

Vitale went to the box and inspected it. There was a door half way down the side. A small white light illuminating it from above.

What was the custom? Bang with a wrapped fist once then three times then twice, he thought.

Nothing happened. He scanned the structure with his magnetometric system and recorded no living organisms save for a miniature carp in a bowl. But he did register a human approaching. He turned to see a plain man wearing a large white cowboy hat.

"May I help you?" asked the man in the white hat.

"I am looking for the one named Harvey," Vitale said.

"And why are you looking for him?" asked the man in the white hat.

"To tell him of the coming cataclysm so that he can prepare his people as best he can. So they can all be saved. For they will be the only humans left."

"You don't say" said the man in the white hat. Vitale's sensors picked up a bit of a wheeze and a slight elevation of the man's pulse and respiration rates. Yet his voice remained noncommittal. "Anything else?"

"No, I come from your future. We do not believe that Harvey understands that he will lead the rebirth of the world. My mission is to tell him so he can prepare. It is important that you all remain in this place in the coming days. Where can I find the one called Harvey? Please, it is very important."

"Yes, I see. Unfortunately, he's not here right now. I believe he went to Center Camp to get some coffee. You might catch him there. I'll sure tell him if I see him."

Concludes Sunday

Letter to the Editor

As a virgin Burner, I would like to respond to the gripes and complaints of the geriatric Burners who constantly harp that it's not as good as the good old days and the fault lies with the newbies. Not only is this useless kvetching at odds with the spirit of Burning Man, but it brings in the cynicism of the rest of the world to a place that's supposed to be a refuge for those without limits on their imaginations.

Hey, veterans - ever think that you're the reason this year isn't as good as last year? You didn't have to come this year, you could go to Texas if you really want to shoot off your guns. Or did you ever think about making you the vehicle for bringing back what's missing, about offering us new folks and the whole community - the community that is here now and not in the unapproachable past - a chance to experience what's great and hopefully carry it out into the future.

Burning Man is different every nanosecond, let alone every year, and that change is part of what makes it great, and if growth is part of that change, then let's embrace it and each other.

Turban Renewal, Group Hug

Howeird's Positively Playa

The newbie's letter to the editor suggesting that geriatric Burners griping about how Black Rock City is not as good as it was in the old days is right and wrong. Certainly for the geezers, it isn't the same, and perhaps they should stop coming if that's what they think. Perhaps they were joking.

If they were serious they probably are just plain jealous. The first Burn is unique to everyone, and the experience may be unsurpassed for many years to come.

I do know one old Burner, Rage, from Costume Kulture at 7:47 and Esplanade whose Carousel Project, based on the cult classic *Logan's Run*, which was in danger of going nowhere due to a technical obstacle, was rescued by his newbies. I won't go into details, but it involves dolls.

Anyway, we geriatrics will need newbies to change our adult diapers in a few years, so let's hope they keep coming.

LISTINGS

Friday

10 A.M. Black Rock Beacon team meeting.

Last chance to meet the Beaconeers in our natural habitat. We'll be planning the last issue (Sunday), looking for news for our website, and plotting our assault on kosher cuisine at Black Rock City in 2007. We're at the 11:30 position in the 9:00 Plaza.

8 P.M. Dancing the Future.

Join the Earth Tribe Village in a high ritual, invoking the spirit of Burning Man 2006. Journey through the realms of self, awaken the future. In the Flower of Life dome, Esplanade and 9:30. Arrive by 8:45 p.m., as the doors will close at 9. Doors will reopen after 10 p.m. for all-night dancing.

Saturday

Noon. Air show.

Nine airplanes will draw the man in smoke and perform other aerobatics above the Playa airport.

3 P.M. Chinese Speakers Tea Party.

Mainland tea and chat. Moved from Ascension Tribe's camp (as listed in What Where When) to the Tea Temple, 4:00 (get it?) between the Esplanade and the Man.

After the Burn. Egg Hunt

Hunt for plastic eggs with prizes inside hidden all around Black Rock City and on the open Playa. Four dozen have been placed.

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