



# The Dream Theme?

by the Black Rock Beacon staff

Pavilion, shmavilion. Next year, the Man will stand on a high-rise tower, celebrating the 2008 theme of patriotism and the American Dream.

According to the Burning Man website, updated after the Burn, next year's art theme is not about patriotism that "freights the nation state with the collective weight of ego, but a patriotism that is based upon a love of country and culture."

Although the main title of the theme is The American Dream, the building upon which the Man stands will have, instead of windows, flags of every country.

"Ranging from Canada to Chad, from Brazil to Burundi, from Vatican City to the Republic of China, these 244 symbols will shine in the night, gleaming like cut gems upon the surface of a jewel box," the website reads.

"Each nation may be viewed as a container of identity; yet each one can be said to be a glimmering illusion, an arbitrary entity defined by boundaries on a map."

In an interview earlier this week, Larry Harvey, Burning Man director, indicated that the Green Man theme was the second in a cycle of three, following The Future: Hope and

Fear in 2006. Maybe you can see a link among the three themes, but we wonder how the first two, which were global in nature, are connected with the new one.

At any rate, a theme focussed on America seems incongruous. Last year, Harvey suggested in a discussion of the 2006 theme that the United States was crusin' for a brusin'. "The American empire is sinking, and we're going to have to face some really, really hard truths that we did not have to when we were so rich," he said in an interview with the Black Rock Beacon. "We have lived beyond our means individually, and as a nation to a disastrous degree."

Harvey foresaw the current mortgage crisis. "What is coming next is a wave of foreclosures on people's houses," he said at the time.

But Harvey fondly recalled his childhood during the 1950s, the so-called American Decade, and the wording of the 2008 theme announcement seems to harken back to the American world view of that



The Man burns for the second time in 2007.

time and earlier in the 20th century.

The relatively brief announcement of the theme ends with the lines: "All

of us are immigrants to Black Rock City. What can we dream America to be?" 🐷



## Big City Lights

by Dave the Intern

There are a lot of Burners this year. The Saturday noon population was 47,097, nearly 21 percent higher than last year's count.

How can ten thousand new participants each year become acculturated? Burning Man "is not what it used to be," and an increasing proportion of us have no idea what that was.

The event is also reaching a physical limit. Not the capacity of the Playa, which could accommodate hundreds of thousands, but the two-lane road that



Saturday, September 1st, 2007.

practically everybody who arrives at Black Rock City has to drive.

Say the road can accommodate five vehicles per minute and that 20,000 vehicles want to head south from BRC. That's 4,000 minutes of Exodus; almost 67 hours.

For those of you driving to San Francisco, there's some traffic news at the other end of your trip this year: the Bay Bridge is closed until Tuesday. Happy trails. 🐷

## See Me, Fee Me

by Technomad

Without fanfare or public announcement the U.S. Bureau of Land Management has reclassified Burning Man and imposed a new fee structure, starting this year.

The revision has the potential to raise the cost of staging the event, putting upward pressure on ticket prices.

BLM, which manages the Black Rock Desert National Conservation Area, has reclassified Black Rock City as a commercial event rather than an organized event, as previously was the case.

With the reclassification comes a new fee structure. Black Rock City will now pay the government for the

actual costs – mainly law enforcement – connected with the event, plus 19% for overhead and 3% of the revenue.

Previously, the fee was \$4 per person per day, based on the noon attendance figure.

In choosing how to classify events "the Bureau is required to maximize returns to the taxpayer," according to Jamie Thompson, BLM's district public affairs officer.

In 2006, costs amounted to about \$650,000 for law enforcement and \$50,000 for all other Bureau activities related to Burning Man's Special Recreation Permit, according to Thompson. Had the new schedule been in effect last year, Burning Man would have paid about \$1.1 million, substantially more than what was actually paid. 🐷

## Death! Bye! Hi!

by Mary Jane

Reverend Billy really kicks up a storm. He dropped by the Beacon office on Thursday afternoon to plug the Sunday 5 p.m. performance, at the Temple of Forgiveness, of The Church of Stop Shopping Gospel Choir, an anti-commercialism group.

The wind began to pick up as he described the genesis of *Death! Bye! Hi!* "The name came to us in a moment of madness." The Burma Shave-like signs at the Playa entry included lyrics from the choir's repertoire, inspired by a Kurt Vonnegut poem. "It's really a Biblical struggle," said Rev. Billy as the flap of the Black Rock Beacon tent started to whip ferociously.

In 2005, a benefit performance

by Rev. Billy and the Church of Stop Shopping Choir at the Temple, for Hurricane Katrina survivors, included a surprise performance by folk legend Joan Baez. This time the group plans to acknowledge those who passed from life this year, including, especially, Vonnegut.

Vonnegut attended performances by the choir and was a supporter of their work. The Church of Stop Shopping encourages people to consider how their purchases shape their lives and the lives of those they do not know. "Vonnegut was a peace activist who managed to live a long life," said Rev. Billy. "That's why those lyrics seemed so significant."

"How do they go?" I asked, writing furiously as dust began to pour through openings in the shade structure.

"Can a public cry for peace give a billboard a bad time? Can a mile of smoking cars make a clean mind a crime?" Rev. Billy courteously paused as I wiped the dust off of the page.

"Is this our old river here, is this our common clear air?" Rev. Billy was on a roll as the gale grew in fury. He raised his hands in a benediction of swirling dust. "If we scream in the pixilated fog, will we lose what we remembered there?"

At this point, the tent poles were rocking and all hands were called to hold down the structure. I was literally hanging with Rev. Billy. You can take the opportunity to hang with him yourself at 5. 🐷

# Black Rock Beacon

## Thoughts on 2007

The Man Burned twice, we had two days of dust storms, it rained twice, we grooved on twin rainbows on Fria's Day. What is this with the twos? And during Green Man Burning Man, the embodiment of male sexual power blended with the greens of Mother Earth's creation?! A beautiful weaving of people balancing both sides of the spirit, bringing balance to the Burn and the Earth – leaning hearts and minds – between sun and moon out there and in here, being here now. This was a special Burn. – Vki



## Till The Next Goodbye

It seems like we just got here, but it's time already time to leave. We hope you enjoyed our third effort at keeping the Playa informed, entertained, and up-to-date on tasty pork products.

We'll be back next year, but please visit our website before then. There will be new articles and PDFs of the six issues we published in 2007. You can find us at [www.blackrockbeacon.org](http://www.blackrockbeacon.org).

## Temple Forgiveness

by Dave, the Intern

People like to talk in Black Rock City. They like to express themselves. But even here, some things are difficult to communicate, maybe because the speaker is too embarrassed to say it out loud or maybe because the person for whom the message is intended for is no longer living.

We have a place for that.

Every year, the Temple is the biggest and most visible gift on the Playa. In a city full of mind-blowing and awe-inspiring gifts, this one stands out. Unlike the schrag and the intoxicants and the gratuitous nudity, the Temple offers something that nothing else can: redemption.

After last year's open-air design, David Best has once again given the city a Temple we can be proud of. Two hallways bisect beneath a square tower topped two inverted arches.

At each entrance, a puzzle board sculpture hangs from the ceiling over the altars that run along the center of the corridor.

The name of this year's Temple, in conjunction with this year's art them raises a lot of questions. With all the gasoline consumed and resources burned at this event, we are a perfect example of how civilization is destroying the environment on which we depend.



TECHNOMAD



### Oh! Dear! Playa Chicken

**Ramrod from L.A. asks: Who do I talk to about getting my band booked on one of the stages at Burning Man?**

**The Playa Chicken responds:** You might find this hard to believe, but there's something I hate even more than the sight and smell of you filthy flightless apes, and that's the sound of you filthy flightless apes. And I'm not talking about the insipid grunts and squeals I hear coming from your tents as you try to trick your campmates into thinking you're entertaining someone other than your own dust-covered right hand. No, I'm talking about that absurd banal screeching that you call music.

For most of the year, my beloved playa home is a sanctuary of serenity, a desolate landscape scored only by the howl of the wind and the beautiful wail of ATVs hopelessly mired in the mud. But by late summer that all starts to change. First come the knuckle-dragging DPW workers, those surly Neanderthal rejects who begin the noise pollution with their nonstop Celine Dion and Clay Aiken sing-alongs. As bad as that is, it is only the prelude to what is about to come: the tens of thousands of you smelly pus-bags and your incessant thump thump thump racket blasted from speakers that can be seen – and heard – from space. And then to top it all off, you thrash about in your Nyquil-induced stupor while worshipping the acne-encrusted ringmaster who dares think of himself as an artist because he knows how to operate a Close 'N Play.

Could it get any worse? Surprisingly, yes. Perhaps the only thing on the Playa that could make me run towards a swarm of glitter-dripping techo-swill stumblers is if it were the only escape path away from someone holding an actual instrument. DJ AssHat can at least exploit the minuscule talents of the East German droids who recorded the inane sounds he blasts, but it has been scientifically proven that when you arrive here and those perverted Greeters swat you on your pasty pimpled ass, they knock any remnants of musical talent right outta you.

So you see, Ramrod, you suck and your band sucks. No, I don't have to listen to your demo CD to know this. The only human who has ever had a shred of musical talent and integrity was Eddy Grant, and if you were him I'd been swooning to the sweet strains of "Electric Avenue" right about now, rather than plotting how to peck your dilated eyes out.

## BRC Virgin Street Crawler: Nuggets Buried Deep in the City

by Lior Rozenman (LTrain)

Moving along Estuary is a lot like a river rafting trip – it'll make your heart beat a little faster with lots of twists and turns and way more adventures than you had planned. Here are a half dozen we think are worth exploring.

Looking Good: For those on the prowl for some underground deep house, the Pink Mammoth Camp has one of the relatively rare house deep music parties off the Playa. With six pink speakers and a woofing monitor behind the DJ, the sound of deep house San Francisco style reverberates in the dust of 8:30 and Estuary. The party is coming into its own after several years of transforming itself into a more

scene, San Francisco has all things pink, including your imagination.

"Think love all day long," said Gravity.

The party officially kicked from Wednesday at 2 p.m. to sunset and runs through Sunday.

Next stop is the Children of Doom just a little farther along Estuary with lots of hot dogs and beer and metal, rock and punk. They may be newbies but are working hard. Drop in and give them a little love.

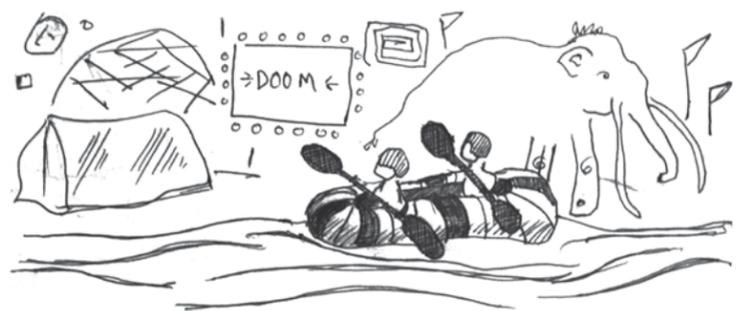
You can hear live jams at 7:30 at Live NRG at the Golden Cafe. Tiberias, the music director of the camp and in-house drummer, leads the daily jams from noon to 5 and booked acts take

which is a photographic tribute to the unique residents of Black Rock City. Thirty photographers contributed to this exhibit and the walls are decked with stunning still lifes that illustrate still lifes that illustrate the essence and history of BRC.

Camp Midi represents far-away lands with an eclectic musical headed by DJ Adrian, from Mexico City. He

keeps busy spinning tunes with his friends from Vietnam, Korea, China, Lebanon, Taiwan, and Thailand. International culture is a beautiful thing.

There's no way to see all the events at Burning Man, but if you walk down the street, who knows what or who you will find? Just ride the river, and the one thing you will find are new friends at every turn.



perfect union of Pink Mammoth's love of underground house music with its love for Burning Man.

Originally started as Pinky's in 1999, the traditional day party started as a go-go style party into a deep house dance party, according to resident DJ Gravity of San Francisco. Known for its eclectic and rich underground

over for the evening dinner party.

The camp plays rock and funk, from solo saxophonist Breakfast to funk bad LoveGutter to Miss Mockingbird and more. Tiberias keeps the jazz-club style camp grooving all day, with three long live performances every day.

Diagonally across the street is Photo ExhDiaibit at Camp montage,



The final battle for oil enveloped the Burn crowd during the Crude Awakening multimedia performance. Gun powder, fire cannon, fireworks, smoke all in surround sound!

### Perpetrators of The Black Rock Beacon...

**Mitchell Martin**, managing editor. **Michael Durgavich**, major general counsel and director of foreign intelligence. **Francis Wenderlich**, masthead designer and co-camp manager. **Ali Baba**, co-camp manager and volunteer coordinator. **Angie Zmijewski**, production goddess. **Rod Miller, Rev. Pete and Shelley Watson**, trendy design. **Melanie Coerver**, illustration. **John Lam**, news editor. **Larry Breed**, chef copy editor. **Edge**, webmaster. **Armadillo**, goddess of the underworld and circulation manager. **Howard Jones**, LNT manager and missing shack wrangler. **WeeGee**, minister of photography. **Brian Train, Lianne Mc Larty and Deb Prothero**, **Dave the intern**, **Scott from next door**, **Ali Baba** superior dupers. **Saint Everything**.

**Editors:** Ali Baba, Suzanne Zalev, Rod Allen, Dewitt. **Writers:** Nod Miller, Ron Garmon, Lior Rozenman, Rod Miller, David Peterman, Deb Prothero, R.J. Thomas. **Photographers:** Richard Gilmore, John Lam. **Illustrations:** Diana Acosta, Brighton. **Distribution:** Biff, the Paper Boy.

### Semi-Legal Mumbo Jumbo

Copyright © 2007 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. For more information, visit our website at [www.blackrockbeacon.org](http://www.blackrockbeacon.org)