

"Who kisses a joy as it flies,
lives in eternity's sunrise"
- William Blake



BY TAYMAR AND MITCH

We remember our Beacon co-founder Howeird for many things, but most of all for the Shack.

Back in the early days of our newspaper, Howard Jones bought a hillbilly shack made from shipping pallets, that could be disassembled for storage. He was so excited, like a little kid, he had all his tools lined up and got there early the first year after he bought it to set it up. If there's any place in the world for something to go sideways it is the cursed Black Rock Desert. He worked all week in between drink breaks and breaks for other things putting up a few pieces of wood here and there, having

the wind knock something down or the dust stopping operations altogether. But he persisted with his bad knees and most everyone helped him a little bit. I lent him a hand one afternoon I remember putting up some wood or one of the rickety walls. Looking back I wish I'd given him more of my time. He wanted it to be his little clubhouse, pub, living room and abode all rolled into one. I think he had a hammock in there? Anyway he worked at it all week only to finish it on Saturday then he had to start taking it apart the next day! I thought to myself, "oh the futility."

For various reasons, his last Burn was four years ago. He brought his adult daughter Kim, who remembers him

BURNERS WE ONCE KNEW: HOWEIRD

from a different angle than his Beacon campmates. In her words:

"My first Burning Man in 2010, his last, he bought me a ticket, set me up with his camp, and allowed me to dip my toe into the Burn. But what I saw that year was that my father had become part of something bigger, something that seemed to calm his soul in a way I never witnessed back in the default world. It was something that completely his own.

"Howeird carried with him a huge presence. A presence my friends in the default world would describe as eclectic. But here, on the Playa, I could see that he was merely a piece of a much larger existence that can only be seen by the naked eye for seven days of the year in late August in Nevada.

"My dad found his home here in the silt back in 1995 and returned all but five years of the remainder of his earthy life. Having held a heartbeat for over 24,000 days I wouldn't hesitate to presume that the 84 days spent here with his like-minded brothers and sisters were ultimately his most treasured.

"His last journey to Burning Man will end in the Temple on Sunday, where his ashes will return to the Playa, never to leave again. But Howeird lives on thru every Burner that keeps coming back to find the calm that eludes us wherever we may reside the other 358 days of the year."

He was a big fellow, and British, a retired computer guy with a newspaper history. He wrote informative articles, often with a bit of science in them, but his greatest contribution was the Positively Playa column, short, (sometimes bitter)sweet gems of insight from a wiser, older Burner.

Oh, about the Shack.

He brought it back year after year. While it was cleverly designed, it didn't really want to keep being pulled apart and put back together, and over time there was less of it. Its final year was our last one at the 9:00 Plaza, an incarnation we called the Hollywood Shack. Like towns built for Western films, it was just one wall with a picket fence in front (see photo).

Amusingly, this was the only year the Shack had any utility. The inside was not much bigger than a coffin, and since it was virtually always under construction, nobody could get into it anyway. But the outside had a little walkway and we put out tables and served coffee during the day and wine at night to passers by, transforming the Hollywood Shack into a true bit of interactive Burning Man art.

Howeird wrote his own valediction, and it is also about the Shack. His final column for the paper concluded:

*And so the week ends
-- far sooner than we wish --
time sorta speeds up as the
Burn approaches. Some of
us are lucky enough to be on
a tear-down crew -- do stop
by for a hug -- the password
is Captain Turnbuckle.
Playa con Dios me hearties!
Burn brightly.*

Tin roof. Rusted.



CARAVANSARY CRAZINESS

BY MRS. LUCKY

At desert crossroads ideas, culture, stories, and treasure are exchanged. These markets or "souks" are represented in the Black Rock City desert by tents that surround the Man base this year. A quick tour takes us from the sacred to the mundane.

You might have met the most ancient goddess of Tibet, knelt and introduced yourself, asked a question and been given two half-moons to drop to receive your answer. In the Minnesota booth you would have gotten less mystical advice, like how to remove stickers from your car. Try a blow dryer or olive oil. You could have looked into the corrected mirror to see how you look head-on to the world. As in your right side is actually your left and you will not get used to that.

The Beacon's favorite souk is Za'atar, the two-headed alien princess. We are told she collects worthy stories for her Uncle the Emperor from the Andromeda Galaxy. This souk is the creation of Ty Eckley and crew, with costumes and staging by Staz. The young oracles, sisters Glich and Sophie, listen to the stories offered and present appropriate treasure in reward.

Designed by a Belgian company, the souk tents are made of a mesh designed to give with the wind. The tension of the special material keeps the poles in place, and they stand alone in the span of fabric. The tents are down now as the Man prepares to burn. We'll carry away what we have received here to the next marketplace of ideas. 🐷



Sophie, June Bug, and Glich are part of the Za'atar -- a two-headed alien princess, collector of stories.

PRESS CONFERENCE

BY RYAN

After will-call wait times hit about six hours Sunday during a long and problematic period at the gate, the Burning Man Organization is considering beginning to mail tickets overseas and allowing buyers to print tickets at home.

That's according to Megan Miller, communications director for the organization, who said 20 percent or more of the event's attendees are internationals. This large portion of the population currently must all go through the will-call ticket pickup line.

Miller said about 30 percent of burners overall come through will-call, so non-Americans must represent the majority of those facing possible dust storms and depleted beer in the will-call line.

In addition to this stress on will-call, several other issues contributed to the long waits: a shift to a new ticketing system under Ticketfly, more tickets sold in the last-minute Oh My God sale, general Internet connectivity problems and an abnormally large number of people enter-

ing simultaneously.

"Absolutely the line was too long," Miller said. "I was up there working the gate myself on Sunday."

"... Over the years people have wanted to come to the event earlier and earlier and be there for the whole week as opposed to staggering out throughout the week," Miller continued. "So that was definitely a huge factor that led to it."

Miller said a ticketing manager with seven years' experience working will call reported she'd never seen so many people arrive at once. The event is also considering adding more kiosks at the will-call station.

Miller said Burning Man's overall population wasn't a factor in the long will-call time; this year's population is expected to peak at 69,000, just like last year.

Her comments to The Beacon came after the yearly press conference involving Burning Man's founders, in which original founder Larry Harvey pushed back at many burners' complaints about the population, the number of first-time burners and the perceived changing nature of the event.

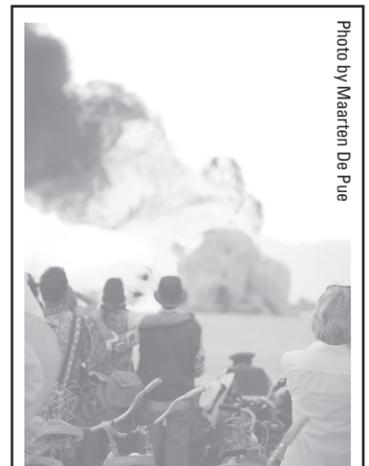


Photo by Maarten De Pae

Embrace burns in a rare early morning fire.

Harvey said a few years ago Burning Man attracted significantly more men than women, but that trend seems to be ebbing. Also, the vast majority of event attendees are currently in their 30s and 40s, but the trend is now toward people in their late 20s and early 30s.

About 40 percent of burners this year are first-timers.

Harvey said informed burners are handling the changes gracefully, but other burners are being reactive. To those who say the event is becoming too anonymous, Harvey said they should try to interact with their neighbors and include them.

"This is now an international city, it's a cosmopolitan milieu," Harvey said.

When asked what the 50th Burning Man would look like -- Miller said the event's currently in its 29th year -- Harvey said anyone who says they know the answer is a "charlatan."

"You have to realize it's a self-generating phenomenon," he added, "and we've always practiced a sort of husbandry." 🐷



ALMANAC

Saturday • August 31

International Bacon Day

Sunset: 7:34 p.m.

Twilight ends: 8:02 p.m.

The Moon, in the sky at sunset,

sets at 10:08 p.m.

Burns: The Man, tk:tk p.m.

Sunday • August 31

First light: 5:54 a.m.

Sunrise 6:22 a.m.

Sunset: 7:32 p.m.

Twilight ends: 8:01 p.m.

The Moon, in the sky at sunset,

sets at 10:47 p.m.

Burns: Temple of Grace, tk:tk p.m.

Monday • September 1

First light: 5:55 a.m.

Sunrise 6:23 a.m.

Black Rock City ends: 6 p.m.

Sunset 7:31 p.m.

Twilight Ends: 7:59 p.m.

The Moon, in the sky at sunset,

sets at 11:32 p.m.

Tuesday • September 2

First light: 5:56 a.m.

Sunrise: 6:24 a.m.

Exodus ends: 12:00 p.m.

Sunset: 7:29 p.m.

Twilight ends: 7:57 p.m.

A first quarter Moon, in the sky at sunset, will shine until 12:24 a.m.

Wednesday • September 3
to see you on your way

Courtesy of www.SunriseSunset.com

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