

Gatebusters Vs Death Ray 2011: BURNTASTIC

BY RIA DELIGHT

Crammed behind the dashboard. Rolling bodily across the Playa. Landing in unapproved aircraft. With Burning Man sold out for the first time, more wannabes than ever have tried creative means to score spots in Black Rock City.

"It's been a busy year," said El Comandante of the Gate, Perimeter and Exodus team. "There's a lot of stressed-out participants who either lost their tickets, could not get tickets, or thought they could buy them at Gate, and that translates to a lot of desperate attempts to get into the city."

"A lot" means about 30 interceptions a day, E.C. said, about twice the usual number. Not all attempts are malicious — some ticketed Burners wandered past the Trash Fence while stargazing; others followed Google Maps instructions and ended up utterly lost on Jungo Road; many waited hours at Gate without a ticket because they were "absolutely clueless." A few intentional party crashers are, however, on a repeat offenders list, and they face law-enforcement action ... after the Burning Man organization deals with them.

"There's some individuals who just want to beat the system," E.C. said. "But you'd be stupid to try this with GP&E, 'cause we're waiting for you. We have really tight surveillance, a lot of eyes, and we tweak our methods every year."

According to a Tweet from Danger Ranger at about 4:35 p.m. on Saturday, BRC time, Burning Man tickets were selling for about half price.

With 9.5 miles of fence to monitor, those methods involve plenty of technology. If you believe Playa rumors, GP&E has night-vision goggles, motion detectors, heat sensors, lasers, ninjas, raptors, and laser-wielding ninja raptors patrolling Deep Playa. All E.C. would confirm was the use of radar and a former Army tank light called The Death Ray, which can cause temporary flash blindness at 600 yards.

Still, most of the GP&E pickups are mercy catches, E.C. said. "We find the typical gate-jumper with one flat tire, insufficient water, and no sunscreen."

Maybe next year they'll stop trying. For Black Rock City to keep its federal operating permit, GP&E will again ensure that they don't get in. 🐾



Ted^x Speakers Seek to Spread the Flame

BY AZALEA

Looking for ways to bring what happens at Burning Man to the Default World? More than a dozen speakers held forth Thursday at the TED^x talks.

The grassroots offshoot of TED, or Technology Entertainment and Design, was organized at Playa Skool by Klaudia Oliver and Steve Brown, with help from speaker curator Brigham Golden, event producer Katie McGee, and a large list of volunteers.

The speakers, primarily Burners, shared eclectic perspectives about knowledge, creativity and community under the overall theme of Frontiers of Humanity, exploring how Burning Man experiences can spread beyond Black Rock City. Discussions of community, participation, experience and engagement were common threads.

Some snippets from the talks:

- Burning Man is boot camp for disaster relief.
- People are much less likely to respond to requests for help if they're offered a small amount of money rather than nothing at all.
- Recognize the inherent uncertainty in the world when making decisions. Sometimes you will make the wrong one. Accept it.
- Thinking about the probability of an event occurring allows you to think beyond dichotomous outcomes and make better decisions.
- Black Rock City is the capital of freedom of expression. We could be one of the answers in a world full of lameness.
- This is a real city. It feels different because of

the interactions that take place here. In the Default World, we may have one meaningful conversation with a stranger every few weeks. Here, it often seems we jump from one meaningful conversation to the next.

- All know how impossible it is to describe what happens here to people in the Default World. Part of the problem is that we don't have the language yet to talk about this experience. Let's make up some new words, people.
- This experience is not available in stores. The transformation you experience here has less to do with the playa and more to do with the stories we tell each other.
- Challenge yourself to assess what you have learned at BRC

This experience is not available in stores.

and bring it home. All you need is commitment, heart and soul, and energy.

• In the words of Reverend Billy, "Earthal-ullyah!"

The full set of videos, including a discussion with Larry Harvey, will be available on the TED^x website, www.ted.com/tedx in approximately two months. 🐾

Eight Legs of Flaming Awesome

BY MRS. LUCKY

“Give these guys whatever they want,” Bonny Connor instructed the crew at Arcata Scrap and Salvage. “They’re building a giant octopus for Burning Man.”

If you saw El Pulpo Mecanico, flames shooting from head and tentacles, eyes bulging, trash-can legs curling from hub-cap knuckles, you would agree the lamp housings, oil barrels, and air ducts pulled from Connor’s pile were put to good use.

Designer Duane Flatmo said he has been drawing versions of the octopus character for years. He built a model of the piece during a winter residence in Mexico, assembling it from garbage he picked up along the road. Steve Gellman wired the lights. Jerry Kunkel plumbed the fire effects.

Duane has been building human-powered art vehicles for almost three decades. He brought the pedal-driven Armored Carp to his first Burning Man in 2007, and the Tin Pan Dragon last year. This is his first mutant vehicle.

El Pulpo is mechanically operated. Not a micro-chip in it. Levers control the arms; manual valves, the fuel. The pyrotechnics are not preprogrammed, responding instead to the crowds and music as it happens. “It’s a percussive instrument,” said Duane.

The crew has received something akin to adulation on the Playa this year. Wherever the octopus stops the party begins. The 1972 Ford F 250 on which it is built ran for three days and had to be towed the remainder of the week. Discovering the location of the mollusc automaton became part of the fun. 🐙



photo by Taymar

Beignets for Burners

BY HEATHERLY!

Even if you have not seen it yet, you have probably heard about the French Quarter over at 7:30 and Esplanade. What appears to be a block of New Orleans’ most famous neighborhood sandwiched in between the BRC Roller Disco and a tiki bar is actually a compound of related projects overseen by Ari Shindler, also known as Lucifer.



Shindler is described by his art director, Scarlet, as a man with “big dreams, who puts the right people together.” The two-story, multi-roomed complex validates the sentiment, boasting a winery, a brewery, a jazz and hurricane bar, a voodoo/potion shop, a bakery, a shibari tea room, and a gourmet supper club.

Upstairs, behind the bawdy women you might expect to find advertising themselves from intricate iron balconies, are theme-decorated hotel rooms. Downstairs the bakery serves beignets every morning, along with freshly roasted and ground coffee. The shop allows you to bring

your own ingredients and use its facilities, but be sure to bring extra for the staff to prepare giveaway Playa treats.

At Lonesome Gator Gumbo, the soup is good enough to make any Southerner homesick.

The dark, rich, shrimp-filled stew was served in a vintage Mardi Gras cup from Carrolton Krewe, with a side of hugs and no rice. The aroma alone provoked a slew of spicy nostalgic tears (or was that sunscreen in my eyes?), and the taste was just like home.

The Sunset Supper Club serves a gourmet nine-course dinner nightly, complete with wine pairings, but don’t get your hopes up. The dinners were pre-reserved before the city opened, and the only way to get in now is to become the lucky recipient of a “Golden Ticket,” given out by Lucifer himself as random gifts throughout the week. (Those interested in participating in next year’s Supper club or renting a hotel room for the week should visit www.goldencafe.org.) 🐊



SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

“Jiffy Lube Shafted” reported on the forced removal of the camp’s huge sign, which was deemed pornographic by Pershing police. The larger-than-life placard, which had moving parts, depicted two happy campers doing it doggy style.

Sausage was the mystery ingredient in the “Playa Iron Chef Cook-off,” won by Chef Brian Gothe and Sous-Chef Alex. The recipe included peppers, portabello mushrooms, canned corn, rum, tomatoes, curry, honey, Chinese spice, barbeque sauce, and coconut milk.

On the day of the Man’s immolation, “Playa Plans” examined how he would go. For the first year Bernie found himself atop an art installation, a variety of heavy and light fuels providing the juice.



ALMANAC



SUNDAY

First light: 5:58 a.m.
Sunrise: 6:26 a.m.
Sunset: 7:27 p.m.
Twilight ends: 7:54 p.m.
Moonset: 11:48 p.m.

There is a waxing quarter moon tonight.

Burn: The Temple of Transition

Space Station Fly-Over:
9:07 p.m. North by Northwest

MONDAY: Labor Day

First light: 5:59 a.m.
Sunrise: 6:27 a.m.
Sunset: 7:25 p.m.
Twilight ends: 7:53 p.m.
Moonset: 12:47 a.m. (Tuesday)

TUESDAY

First light: 6:00 a.m.
Sunrise: 6:28 a.m.

Source: www.sunrisesunset.com

So long and thanks for all the bacon.

The Playa Provides When You Do

BY ERRATA

Until this year at Burning Man, I had only heard the phrase “the Playa provides” from some Sparkle Pony trying to mug me for my beer. Like any good Burner, I brought items for gifting this year, but swore if anyone said that to me, I was

Help the Beacon

Hey BRC, hope you’ve been enjoying our seventh year of newspapering on the Playa. We could use some help in two disparate ways:

Sunday distribution. If you are sticking around on Sunday, we need some people to distribute our Exodus edition. We have routes inside the city, and you can also say goodbye to Burners waiting patiently to be pulsed out of the city. It’s a great chance to rock your favorite daytime costume (or lack thereof) one last time.

Mac Magician. We produce the Beacon on a fleet of venerable G3 Blackbirds. If Lombard and Pismo mean something to you, and you could help us rejuvenate our long-serving electronic pals with new PRAM batteries and some part replacement from non-functioning units, we need you.

To give us a hand with either of these tasks, please drop by to see us in Center Camp at the 1:30 position sometime on Sunday. Mac types could also email us after the event at questions@blackrockbeacon.org.

going to shove their shiny Burning Man trinkets down their throats.

I had become embittered by people like the friend of my campmate, who came by on Tuesday with a tale of woe. She had arrived on the Playa in true Sparkle Pony fashion, with nothing but a few bags of potato chips and the clothes on her back. To her dismay, when she arrived at her buddies’ camp, they weren’t thrilled by her presence. She could not score enough water, did not have a sleeping bag, and was forced to sleep in their shade structure rather than on an air mattress in a nice tent! “But I thought the Playa provides!” she whined.

She looked longingly at our tents and batted her eyes. I handed her a gallon of water and let her go through the bag of clothes I’d brought to donate to the Black Rock Boutique. Nothing met her standards. Then the Playa provided a nice dusty bootprint on her ass as I kicked her out of camp.

Her attitude seemed to confirm everything I thought of people who say, “The Playa provides.” My friend Powerhouse, who is a much nicer person than I, tried to cleanse my cynical heart. “If someone comes to the Playa expecting other people to provide them with food, water and shelter, they are making others responsible for their survival,” she said. “That’s not ‘the Playa provides.’ That’s blackmail. The Playa will provide, but there’s a karmic balance. First you have to prime the pump.”

As if it had been listening to Powerhouse

(which would not surprise me), the Playa started providing for me, and in shockingly specific ways.

My sleeping bag was not warm enough. Our across-the-street neighbors gave me a brand-new bag, rated to 30 degrees, because they were headed back to Belgium and didn’t need it anymore. I gave them the last four cans of my favorite beer, and three hours later a pretty girl towing a red wagon handed me four ice-cold new ones, straight from the cooler. My sleeping mask ripped down the center, and the very next morning a lovely lady at a potty coincidentally gifted my partner with one.

I told my friend Little Jack about my surprise at the way the Playa has provided for me, versus the tsh Pony who had trotted into our camp early in the week. “Well, of course,” he said. “‘The Playa Provides’ is not something you say before you get things. It is something you say after you have received something.”

That Sparkle Pony has had a bad, bad Burn, but this has been my best ever. To my surprise, the Playa just keeps providing. A brand-new mountain bike for my partner, gifted by our neighbors who did not want to take it home. Fresh cherry tomatoes from a late-arriving campmate. That pink, sparkly cowboy hat I’d been eyeing at that store in Berkeley but never managed to buy. Suenami of the Black Rock Beacon summed it up for me: “If you come to Burning Man with the intent of doing good for others, good will come to you.” 🐊

BRAINTEASERS

by Durgy



ANSWERS:

H	I	G	H	S	C	H	O	L	P	R	O	M
A	R	A	U	K	E	P	E	E				
B	R	A	W	L	G	U	A	R	A	N	T	O
I	B	O	O	Z	E	P	S	T	E	W	S	
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A	T	O	N	E	I	C	R	E	E	D	I	
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L	U	G	E									
R	I	T	E	S	O	F	P	A	S	S	A	G

Tuesday: Bacon

Wednesday: Driving

Friday: Job, Step, Love, Word, Beer

Dawn of Gardnerville, Nevada, is sending a shout-out to her son Stony, who is spending this year’s Burn “in Lovelock prison for selling his friend a quarter ounce of weed.” Stony, when he gets out, may want to consider a different Playa name, but Dawn said, “Pot needs to be legal.” She also finds the “DMV Hotties” to be “smoking hot.”

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