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Paramedics Tranq Resistant Burner (Again)

BY CURIOUS

When Norma Bacon (her Playa name) stumbled out of Rampart, BRC's emergency hospital, on Friday of last year's Burn, she was bewildered by a headline she saw on a nearby copy of the Wednesday Beacon: "Don't K Me: Cops Used Ketamine in Self-Defense." That story was about an allegedly belligerent Burner who went into respiratory arrest twice after a deputized paramedic injected her with ketamine. Norma wondered, how could the Beacon have reported her story so quickly?

As she soon learned, that happened in 2015. Last year it happened, again, to her.

Norma's ordeal had started a few days earlier. The 30-year-old Burner was dealing with depression, anxiety, and PTSD and had been uncharacteristically erratic and hyper-anxious all week. She said she

felt unsafe everywhere. A high-spirited heckler on the megaphone one moment, she disappeared from camp on crying jags the next. She, her husband, Evan, and a fellow campmate told the Beacon her mood swings aroused concern among some of her campmates, though she was not considered harmful to herself or anyone else.

On Friday, Sept. 1, Norma said she woke in her tent and experienced a panic attack. She went to the only nearby quiet place she knew, a low wooden structure her camp had built, declaring it her "safe zone." She brought a tote bag of things she knew would calm her and a book. She found it soothing to rip out the pages of her book, making careful Moop piles she planned to clean up later. Evan soon joined her, bringing water, he said, to keep an eye on her and help her feel safe.

Observing this, a second campmate offered to contact a Ranger.

Norma declined, but that campmate sought one anyway, Norma said. Subsequently, a two-person Emergency Services crisis intervention team arrived, according to Norma, Evan, and the campmate we interviewed. Norma spent some time talking to one of its members.

Norma said she felt better after speaking to the counselor, was feeling calm, and was planning to visit the portos when three paramedics arrived at the structure.

"I don't want you guys here," Norma said she told them. "You don't need to be here. I'm fine. I'm calming down." She said she did not recall any questioning, assessment, warning, or discussion.

The first campmate said one of the three asked for permission to enter and Norma said no. They came in anyway.

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Last night at dusk we said goodbye to Rod Allen: former Black Rock Beacon editor, BBC producer, panda lover, and devoted partner to Nod Miller. Rod passed away in 2017. Nod to Rod, Panda Love was designed and built by Beacon co-founder Lancelot Smith with invaluable on-Playa assistance from Josiah Ingalls, Josh, DaJung, and many others. The piece was inspired by Nod and Rod's panda-centric philosophy. Rod is deeply missed by the Beacon crew. Photo by Taymar.

Black Rock City Says "Goodbye, Larry"

BY REV BILLY TALEN

We are all saying that Larry was our friend. He would agree. He smiles and moves from camp to camp all those years... We feel him still doing it, appearing in his hat and smiling and riding the conversation like it's his art car. His neutral (but trademarked) costume and golf cart never competed with his 70,000 guests, but his words, whirled against the stars and planets that spin in the sky over Burning Man with the haunting presentation of time passing.

Larry was not the founder of Burning Man because of the first burn on Baker Beach. He founded Black Rock City by creating it burn after burn, moving among us, with his unusual style of weaving words, of making meaning.

He was uncategorizable by the definitions of American consumer culture. He wasn't a guru, or an art curator, or a mayor. Larry gave to thousands of us the complexity and simplicity of a life-long friend. It'll take years to come up with a title for Larry Harvey. His main job, through his principles, was the reinstatement of common decency in our lives. But then



Photo by Taymar

his steady kindness was delivered by way of a thousand pink bunnies on bicycles or an 18-wheeler dancing like a ballerina.

"Burning Man" took up residence in the brains of a world public alongside phrases like "The Beatles." Burning Man came to mean "the life I wish I could live." It was like our new Garden of Eden, except that the snake and the tree of knowledge and Eve and Adam and God — all got along real well and had sex in different combinations and asked each other if they needed water.

Whatever happened in the culture outside, Larry spent all his time clarifying his current thought. His mind was his feast. Larry was self-taught but it was never in the past tense. He's self-teaching right now. And those thoughts, even if he's talking about European cathedrals or his analysis of a Thomas Hardy novel — always operated in service, at the end, to the project of the community that functions gloriously and in peace.

Larry said once that when he died he wanted his friends to take his corpse and shape it into glasses and plates and forks, and commence to enjoy a grand banquet. That's a more serious proposal than you'd think. Are we up to it?

For now, we're still gathered around his bed, or around his playa, talking to his absence, the place where he stopped his amazing thinking and talking. But Larry has become us now. He is inside us — a deep genetic imprint. He gives us the assignment of taking into our bodies the great meal, of making community without surrendering our wild self. He'll feed us the rest of our lives. 🐼

BY MICHAEL MOORE

David Best only agreed to create a temple in honor of his friend Larry Harvey if it could reflect the Burning Man founder's family, the most important thing in his life.

Best made sure to work closely with Larry's brother Stewart, his son Tristan and nephew Bryan — along with other family members and close friends — to incorporate the formative aspects of Larry's life that inspired him to build and maintain the close-knit Burner community. The approximately 25-foot structure, which was located at 12 o'clock beyond the main Temple, burned Wednesday night following an emotional ceremony.

A golden spire atop Larry's temple represented the Golden Spike that marks the center of Black Rock City, planted at the beginning of construction each year. Best, a renowned artist and prolific Burning Man temple builder who was close to the Burning Man founder for about 15 years, said Larry had asked him to build a similar spire when the two visited Ar-

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Fergusons' Art Embraces Change

BY SMASH

"You approach it from a distance and you think 'Oh, look at that, it's really pretty. It's a goose, or a bear.' Then you get up close and you go 'Oh my god - it's made out of pennies!'" This is how Robert Ferguson's describes the art he makes with his wife Lisa, represented on Playa this year by the 2,200-pound eagle "Let U.S. Prey" (8:55, 1001').

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, as they call themselves, met at Burning Man in 2008, started making art together in 2010, and got married on Playa under a heart-shaped installation of their own creation. Lisa, a professional cinematographer, started thinking about pennies in 2013, when she left Canada to join Robert in Hayward, Calif., where he owns a welding shop. Pennies had just been taken out of circulation in Canada, and people were trying to figure out what to do with them.

With the help of friends and a lot of donated coins,

Lisa made a one-dimensional Canadian goose, partly honoring her flight south to join her new husband. They brought this piece to Burning Man in 2013, then fleshed it out into the three-dimensional Penny the Goose, which incorporated U.S. pennies and delighted burners in 2015. This was followed by the towering bear Ursa Major (currently installed on a street in Washington, D.C., as part of the Burning Man exhibit at the Smithsonian) and the mother-and-child Ursa Mater, which burners often stopped to caress on the road to The Man in 2017.

Each sculpture comprises thousands

of coins imbedded in patterns over a steel or concrete base. The pennies (and now, nickels and dimes) are donated from all over the U.S. and Canada, allowing the gifters to see themselves in the art. "When we put each penny into the concrete, embedding it there for what could be forever, we reflect on how each penny comes with its own story," Lisa explained. "Each one has been in dozens or even hundreds of pockets and cash tills in its career. Each one is a testament to people's lives. There are lots of fingerprints on them."

Pennies are usually seen as sweet and innocuous, especially when they form the fur of a delightful bear. The Fergusons have many stories of passersby interacting with the bears, at Burning Man and in cities where they've been on display. People hug them and take selfies, running their hands over the coins. But the pennies take on a different meaning in "Let U.S. Prey," which, according to Robert, "shows what you can do with a symbol, how it can be bastardized. This eagle is not a symbol of liberty. It's coming after you." 🐼



Photo by Taymar

A message from the medical tent: Don't climb stuff.

The worst injuries they see are from falls off structures, often ones that were never intended to be scaled. And if you must climb, secure your belongings carefully to yourself. On Tuesday night a spectator in Thunderdome had to be carried out on a stretcher after a water bottle fell off another spectator perched on the dome. Last but not least, do not walk into the med tent because you need just a bandaid or tampon. The volunteer medical staff are here for your emergencies and serious health issues, but not for things you forgot to get at your local drugstore. Radical self reliance, people! 🐼

Art Car Offers Cowboy Comforts

BY BETH VANDERWERKEN

GiddyUpY'all! There is a new art car in town! Look out for the saddled up, ready to ride, double-decker watering hole. This mobile care station is stocked with any amenity the Deep Playa cowboy may need. Camelbacks, blankets, hydration libations and more are in the saddlebags.

Based in Wyoming, the masterminds behind Saddle Up are April Jones and Todd Evans of the Yellowstone Burners. They found inspiration in their Default surroundings of rolling hills, rodeos and cowboys. "Horse culture is big in Wyoming." Then, after visiting with a mutual friend who had a broken leg and mobil-

ity issues, they chose to create a mobile service station where everyone is invited to kick off their boots and relax for a bit.

This collaboration strives to bring a bit of the country to the desert and a bit of playa back to the country. "There is not a Burner community back in Wyoming. We want to build that by inspiring people in our community to make more collaborative art work."

In an effort to expand the sense of community within the Default World, Saddle Up can also be found touring and offering their services to many Wyoming festivals and events. Heavy lifting in the gifting! 🐼

POPULATION: 69,834 as of noon Thursday.

"I saw six guys standing by a fence. I thought they were taking a leak. It turns out they were catching some WiFi."

BLACK ROCK BEACON

"I can't think of a single song by Bananarama." — Disappointed Passenger in Banana Art Car

Little Bot Sings of Skies and Storms

BY HERSCHELL STREET

It used to be said that nobody does anything about the weather -- but Matthew Pagoaga has. His little robot Cirrus literally sings it from its spot at 12:05/1300'.

Cirrus warbles for every possible weather experience in the U.S., thanks to bits and bytes, LTE, and the interwebs. It's enough to cogitate meteorologically -- and then perform a short, totally original musical composition.

The name comes from the thin, wispy clouds found at great heights. Pagoaga also liked the similarity of the word to "chorus."

More mini-mainframe than robot, Cirrus stands about waist-high, extending a pipe arm ending in a keypad rather than a hand. Its frame is about the size of a garden planter -- because it is a garden planter, converted by dint of silver paint into a singing weather contraption.



Photo by Tamar

A clear acrylic dome houses and protects hundreds of LEDs whose function is to simulate calculation and fill the night with color. Pagoaga said it looks like a gumball machine, or maybe a cross between a Dalek and a squatter R2D2. Of course, it's solar-powered.

A sign with simple black lettering directs Burners to "press * to start." Enter a zip code into the keyboard -- maybe home, where your favorite museum is, or (creep?) where an old crush lives.

The device's two routers will tickle its 10-foot antenna, querying Weather Underground for the conditions at that zip code. Using its Raspberry Pi processor, sweet algorithm science programmed with Python3 and an app called Sonic Pi, Cirrus will sing almost 30 seconds of an original song determined by temperature, wind speed and direction,

barometric pressure, and precipitation.

"What it's doing is providing a note range," Pagoaga said. "The temperature provides a basis to improvise around. The wind speed controls the tempo. Direction the wind is blowing means it will try a specific sequence." Pagoaga, a frequent Burning Man attendee with the Shibumi group returning this year with his first installation, said the app performs several instruments. "Those all sound pretty electronic," he said -- but the harp and drums sound more natural. "Seventy-two and sunny is a pretty good song," Pagoaga explained. "In extremes, it sounds dissonant." He says he's gotten to be able to tell what the weather is simply by listening to what Cirrus plays. And there's this: "As the weather changes, as global warming occurs, the songs are going to be more discordant."

"Cirrus is meant to question the nature of inspiration and artistic creation," Pagoaga said. "This method of creating is meant to mirror our own artistic process and growth." 🐜

What Has Eight Legs, 4,500 LEDs And Crawled Its Way to BRC?

BY BETH VANDERWERKEN

Playa bless the Black Rock elements for preventing creepy crawlies from overtaking our desert playground. Yet there is still one critter that the alkali couldn't squash. Spider Sweet is a large

lights with repositional legs.

Having the pleasure of being one of Larry Harvey's last confirmed honorary pieces, this Santa Cruz, CA, crew led by principal artist Brian Argabrite (AKA Grin the Repairer), decided to attempt



Photo by Tamar

4,000-pound upcycled/recycled metal spider covered in more than 4,500 LED

to change the mental perception of this most-feared creature, as well as the fears that lie in wait within us all. The exhibit will be seen each day in a new position and will light up the sky as the sun fades into the night sky.

The inspiration for the design is taken from the symmetry of an airplane engine. All parts in the construction were found at the Santa Cruz Municipal Dump, used recycled metal shops, and from a former playa art project (Heart Beacon). The construction struggles began at gate road on Sunday during the white out. Stuck in line for hours, the crew decided that construction would begin while they waited in line. As always, the playa provided an assortment of helping hands to aid in the project's assembly. The dust would continue well into the night, but as the sun rose on Monday, the eight legs of this arachnid started emerging from the playa surface.

The crew would like to give shout outs to Spark Plug and the BMorg Project Manager for helping them make this piece a possibility.

See if your perspective will be changed at 12:38 and 3750'.

For more information please visit Facebook: Spider Sweet Project or email spidersweetproject@gmail.com. 🐜

BRC Says Goodbye Larry, Continued

gentina—one of numerous countries to which they traveled over the years.

Bryan Harvey said four panels just below the spire on the wooden temple were "story boards" representing communities and experiences that inspired his uncle: bicycle gears symbolizing Larry's early days as a messenger in San Francisco; willow branches representing a giant tree Larry's family planted on their Oregon property; a Buddha invoking Larry's time in Nepal; and a "classic taped" (Best's words) version of the Man that often is seen rendered in duct tape on RVs traveling to Burning Man that "depicts everybody that comes here," as Bryan said.

Surrounding the temple base were dozens of wooden boxes and alcoves where Burners were encouraged to leave mementos and write messages in Larry's honor. A library along a small perimeter of the temple reminded burners that Larry was a "voracious reader," Bryan said.

Several photographs of Larry—all shot by Stewart—were displayed on the temple.

Bryan said after Larry died, members of First Camp discussed the idea of a memorial. Best, who built the first Burning Man Temple, decided around the time of a solstice celebration of Larry's life that "if the family wants me to do something, I would help."

And thus on weekends over the course of July and August, Larry's best friends and family converged on Best's Petaluma, California, home to brainstorm on a design and build the temple. Burning Man CEO Maid Marian participated, as did Larry's "daughter" Miss Kelly.

"It was fun to become a member of his family," said Marian, who knew Larry for 22 years.

"Just gluing on one piece was uplifting."

Bryan added, "It all came together so organically. There was so much love—it brought us all closer [and] allowed us to physically express our grieving. I can't believe how therapeutic it was." 🐜

A moment of silence is planned for Larry Harvey at 5:55 p.m. Friday

Medics Tranq Resistant Burner, Continued

One of the trio pulled out a syringe. Norma said she yelled, "I do not consent to being injected. I do not consent. I do not consent." They pinned her against the wall, while one injected her. Norma said she struggled, screaming "Get the fuck off me!" as they gave her a second injection. The first campmate, who witnessed the incident, asserted that Norma clearly informed the men that she did not want them there and that she did not consent to injection when Norma saw them pull out syringes.

Norma, Evan, and the first campmate asked that the Beacon not further identify them.

That campmate, who has known Norma for years and had visited her in the wooden structure, said prior to the incursion, the three paramedics spoke with the ESD counselors and several camp members. The campmate said one of the three wanted to sedate and remove Norma from the structure, citing a fragile state, dehydration, and physical fatigue as his reasons; the campmate also said that the counselors suggested calling in a team to talk with her as an alternative option.

After injecting her, Norma said the trio dragged her over the wall of the structure and restrained her on a gurney, resulting, she said, in multiple soft-tissue injuries. They then put her in an ambulance and took her to Rampart, Burning Man's emergency hospital. Evan was allowed to accompany her, he said, but physically prevented from following her into Rampart.

Jim Graham, a Burning Man spokesman, wrote in an email that a BMorg analysis of the situation "varies greatly from the description" provided to the Beacon by Norma, Evan, and their campmate. He did not provide specifics, but he did say that "her behavior in camp was erratic and she posed a potential threat to herself and others."

After arriving at Rampart, Norma said she fell unconscious; when she awoke six hours later she was told she could go. She said she could barely walk, think, or function as she stepped out the door, alone, at sunset, without water, light, warm clothes, or shoes. She said she was not given any documentation regarding her diagnosis or treatment.

Evan had been waiting outside Rampart the whole time. Bewildered by the lack of paperwork or escort, he said he wondered if his wife had escaped. He

When she felt her anxiety attack coming on, Norma brought a tote bag of things she knew would calm her—soothing techniques she'd learned from therapists—and a book by Corey Doctorow, whose thinly disguised Burning Man plots turned out to bear an uncanny resemblance to what would happen to her. In one of his books someone gets body-snatched from a temple burn at a desert festival by a shadowy government operation.

"And I went straight for, like, 'I'm gonna rip this book apart. It calms me. It calms me down.'" She put the pages in careful Moop piles to clean up later, sorting by color, which she found soothing. Active in Leave No Trace, she wasn't going to leave a mess.

"People hear 'anxiety attack' and they picture screaming and throwing things," Norma said. "And hitting people. When I have an anxiety attack I'm actually pretty introverted. I need peace and quiet, and I need people to leave me alone."

And then three men, dressed head-to-toe in black and wearing black sunglasses, she said, suddenly arrived and forcibly removed her from the structure. "I kind of want to write him an email, and just be like, dude, you will not believe what happened to me at Burning Man," Norma told the Beacon.

took her back inside to ask. She returned to her cot and collapsed; it was only at that point, the couple said, that they learned she had been given the sedative ketamine and Haldol, an antipsychotic drug.

Norma said she noticed treatment notes lying on her cot that recorded 400 mg of ketamine and 5 mg Haldol, with a further 5 mg dose of Haldol. The notes reported that Norma arrived "screaming combative with paranoid delusions" and was "brought in by ambulance for confusion/agitation, found combative on Playa." There was no record of injections given at her camp.

Norma later requested her official medical record. She said that National Event Services, the medical vendor running Rampart's advanced life support service last year, told her it could only locate a brief "QRV Patient Incident Log" (QRV stands for "quick response vehicle") that logged Emergency Services' camp arrival at 9:30 a.m., a minimal level

of awareness and orientation, and that she was transferred to an ambulance. This stands in contrast to the notes she found on her cot.

Norma said that she was highly conscious and not a danger to herself or anyone and, she said, not delusional. "I knew who I was, where I was, what I was doing... and I was getting ready to take a nap."

"It was completely fucked up and it was brutal. I want to know what exactly in my behavior triggered that response."

In the BMorg email, Graham wrote, "This incident involved members of our Crisis Intervention Team, Black Rock Rangers, law enforcement, and the staff at Rampart, our contracted medical facility on playa. We reviewed all available documentation (which included interviews with campmates) and communicated

with those involved."

Along with the contention that Norma was a potential danger to herself and others, he wrote, "Our review determined that all teams involved in the incident followed all Burning Man, local, state and federal protocols."

In addition to the drugs administered at Rampart, Graham's email raised the possibility that Norma was given a third drug in her camp: "Paramedics did not carry Ketamine or Haldol on the ambulances in 2017... The only sedative that would have been administered 'in the field' at the event is Versed. It can only be administered by a paramedic after consulting with the Medical Director on duty."

Versed was news to Norma, who said she was unaware that she might have received the sedative during the incident when informed about Graham's letter by the Beacon. 🐜

BLACK ROCK BEACON UNINDICTED CO-CONSPIRATORS: Ali Baba, president; Gothalt, vice president; Mitchell Martin, editor emeritus; Suzanne Zalev, editor; Taymar, photographer; Francis Wenderlich, photographer; Rockstar, Ali & Francis, camp manager; Mrs. Lucky, deep thinker; Smash, editor and website wrangler; Larry Copy Chief, breed apart; WeeGee, long-lens photographer; Gayle Early, curiouser and curiouser, also nrly. Abetted by Durgy, doer of stuff; Angie Zmijewski, treasure and production goddess; Lena Kartsov, page and masthead design; Gothalt & Nod, pandemonium. **Staff this issue:** The Fridge, Mitch, Curious, Michael Moore, Beth Vanderwerken, Mike Flynn, Reverend Billy, Smash, writers; Mitch, Smash, Suzanne, Mrs. Lucky, The Fridge, editors. The Fridge, Durgy, Francis, Beth, city desk. Headline fonts courtesy of cloutierfontes.com.

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ALMANAC

Friday • August 31

Sunset: 7:32 p.m.

Twilight ends: 8:00 p.m.

The Great Train Wreck: 9:00 p.m.

located at 3:45 & 1700

Moonrise: 10:33 p.m.

Saturday • September 1

International Bacon Day

The Moon is in the sky at dawn

First light: 5:55 a.m.

Sunrise: 6:23 a.m.

The Man Burns: 9:00 p.m.

Sunset: 7:31 p.m.

Twilight ends: 7:59 p.m.

Moonrise: 11:09 p.m.

Sunday • September 2

A Waning Quarter Moon

is in the sky at dawn

First light: 5:56 a.m.

Sunrise: 6:24 a.m.

Sunday Black Rock Beacon appears.