**Public Notice**

Have you seen my sock monkey? Lost near Center Camp. Missing since 2 a.m.

**By Shubh (Avady Old)**

2005 will be my 10th burn. What was Burning Man like just 10 Mans ago?

Well, there were no all-night discos, no lasers mashing the sky. Camps with generators, and therefore lights, along with RVs, fire spinners and anything taller than a U-Haul trailer were novelties, and you could hear the trains, if you listened, rolling along the eastern edge of the Playa. The few big sound systems (tinkly by today's standards) tried to keep decent hours; bikes at dusk and dawn when the drums that ruled night and day shared the air with the roar of scavengers, combustion engines, the occasional propane tank explosion and the unliminated paraffin buoys across a 150-foot basin. — for, wets, vagrants — was situated two miles away in the year that Burning Man officially graduated from a three-day camp-out to a five-day (Thursday through Labor Day) event. Before mega-camps and theme villages jockeyed for prime real estate on the Playa, the Man was a public notice.

In the Lap of Playa Luxury

**By Lord Fouffypants G.M.A.**

Arthur Zwern (Sunshine) wanted to create a 2005 theme art project that would reflect all 10 Burning Man principles, but by March he still did not know what that project would be. Around that time, Arthur’s wife, Kathy (Gizmmer), who was organizing the Burning Silicone Collectiv e for 2005 asked him, “How can you make some sense out of all this and come up with a theme?”

Thus began Playatech. Remembering a slotted wood bed frame from college, Arthur designed a practice practical, sturdy playa furniture people loved. A 3-D artist’s canvas and a 3-D artist. Through the first half light bulb realization lit, Zwern realized they’d made a practical, sturdy playa furniture people loved, a 3-D artist’s canvas and a 3-D artist. Through the first half of 2005 the magic of playatech flourished, the test bench and began painting and decorating it. With the light bulb realization lit, Zwern realized they’d made a practical, sturdy playa furniture people loved, a 3-D artist’s canvas and a 3-D artist. Through the first half of 2005 the magic of playatech flourished, the test bench and began painting and decorating it. With a description of the suspect, the Burning Man organization closed the Gate to prevent a possible breakout of Black Rock City. That evening Black Rock Rangers noticed a man urinating on the Playa. That man matched the description of the suspect. Late that night, several law enforcement officers staked out the suspect’s tent and apprehended him when he returned.

The Pershing County sheriff is holding Sanjiv Narenderan Daveshwar, a resident of Nevada, on two counts of sexual assault. According to Larry McGee of the Pershing sheriff’s office, on Wednesday a woman reported a man had raped her. Later that evening, another woman reported an assault, giving a similar account of the suspect.

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Those who should be held directly responsible for the Black Rock Beacon...


The Black Rock Beacon is an association of for-profit companies organized under the laws of the state of Washington and located at 31 13/14 radial between the Man and the Temple. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation. The Beacon is owned by The Black Rock Beacon Foundation, an Oregon nonprofit corporation.

BY MITCH

Dorothy Trojanowski was having a bad Burn last year. Feeling rebuked by the actions of a former significant other, she said, she spent hours staring over the trash fence on the open Playa. Gazing across the expanse of the desert, she saw a herd of wild horses in her mind’s eye. So for this year, she decided to bring three equines to Black Rock City.

Nevada is home to about 19,000 wild horses, the most of any state. This inspired Dorothy, a five-time Burner, as did a discussion with her BLM Welding instructor pond, BLM International Airports manager by Deborah Butterfield, an artist who has been creating metal horse sculptures based on stix, dryfwood and the like for three decades.

Since returning to her home in Brooklyn last year and deciding to make horses, Dorothy “has spent every free hour” her friend cherrybomb wrote in a blog, “tending, ginding and soldering steel - a regimen that’s helped to mend her broken heart and given her horses like ten souls.”

Working in a rented metal shop in the army Williamsburg neighborhood, Dorothy created the skeletons of her life-sized herd from rebar, while she and some friends twisted and welded into frames that are partially covered in scrap steel sandwiched between chunks of shredded tires. These last are symbolic of the road to Black Rock City. “You see them all along the highway in the desert,” she said, the main results of truck blowouts.

A graphic artist by trade, Dorothy was unfamiliar with creating three-dimensional objects, although she said she had helped out with some projects at the Manhattan Institute, a Brooklyn-based art collective. For her current project, she joined forces with Eddie Cunha, a former work colleague who is an amateur multimedia artist and who helped provide 3-D perspective. Eddie said he was inspired to create sculptures in Black Rock City in part because her artwork ran on the art car that ran over and killed Katherine Lampman in 2003. He said that caused him to lose a feeling of invincibility.

The show is on: the bill of fair is Dicky. The Beacon is an experiment in restriction in what is otherwise a very permissive environment. Screaming fanatics surrounded the Dicky Box with rock-star-like fervor. Dicky looked briefly over his shoulder, while the audience followed his every move with eyes wide as he struggled to finish a few last minutes before climbing into his box on ORV. A roar erupted as he climbed into the box. His entourage of helpers scrambled to get the remaining blue film on the large plexi windows. That is the nature of the Dicky Box.

To date the drama at the box has been a broken generator nearly causing Dicky to bake like a Playa potato. His entourage of helpers scrambled to get a replacement generator from another Burner. A tiny hole is used for sending Dicky meals and tons of gifts he doesn’t even know what to do with. except for a set of watercolor — which is one of his favorite diversions. At one point, a trespasser slid her way inside the box, unbeknownst to Dicky, who was occupied with a horde of reporters: “She apparently just laid down on my bed, I got confused with the equipment.” Dicky, a former professional juggler who has pranked the man and its inhabitants... - Gothalot

Herd (and Seen) on the Playa

BY MITCH

Those who should be held directly responsible for The Black Rock Beacon....

MEAT AND GREET

After the Man burns, throw your leftover meat on the fire at Synopses at 12:15 radial between the Man and the Temple. 4:00 a.m.

Publication Notice

The Black Rock Beacon is taking a day off so that we can see Burning Man too. We will return with our final edition on Sunday. If you are leaving before that, come visit us at www.blackrockbeacon.org

Makin’ Bacon — Soap!

BY CLYVEX

When the bacon is all eaten, and the grease is full, what do you do with the leftover fat? You make soap, of course!

HOW TO DO IT

1/2 oz., or 1 Tablespoon, of lye
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup bacon fat

First, cook the bacon on low heat. Be patient, the fat will creep. You should get a lot of orange-brown fat, along with a little bacon bits. Drain it off into a glass container, strain it to catch those bits.

Now purify the fat, by boiling it. Pour that fat into an equal volume of water and boil it rapidly for 10-15 minutes. Put the pot into the fridge so the water and fat will separate. In an hour or two the fat will sink to the bottom of the pot. Pour off the water and you will be left with a lot of bacon soap.

Place the fat in a glass bowl (do NOT use metal). In a separate container, add one Tablespoon of lye to a small amount of COLD water and stir gently. Add the lye solution to the fat. Stirring the fat with a WOODEN spoon, and the fat will start to dissolve. Keep stirring, and after a while the fat will thicken and become a batter. At that point you have soap that looks like soap scum. Pour this into an ice cube tray, and let it sit for 24 hours.

You now have some crude little cakes of bacon soap! However, now the soap needs to cure in order for it to harden up and make a lather. This takes 2-3 weeks. Unfortunately, the soap will not smell like bacon so you may have to learn to like the smell of soap. The fat that you use is Dicky's.

The Dicky Box

“From the outside you could mistake it for a convenience store, however, it is actually a very BIZ efficient for Dicky!” The Dicky Box is an experiment in restriction in what is otherwise a very permissive environment.

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Semi-legal Mumbo Jumbo

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The Black Rock Beacon — the hottest paper on the Playa.