Black Rock City Population: 29,125 as of 4:45 Wednesday.

Wednesday Rise (Hope) Set (Fear)
Twilight 05:04 20:08
Sun 06:22 19:32
Moon 14:20 23:10
Perpetrators of The Black Rock Beacon...


Letter to the editor

We at the Black Rock Boutique were much saddened to read your front-page story in Wednesday’s paper glorifying an incident of shirt-cocking. Monkey Puppet, our child-like deity upon the Black Rock Boutique was nothing but an act of irresponsible fooology, and we call upon you to please stop artificially perpetrating further incidents.

We ask you to educate the citizens of Black Rock City about the social and dermatologic dangers of shirtcocking. We also would like an apology from Monkey Puppet, as well as reparations to our valued customers, to whom we were tied behind her neck looked at him, music. A woman in a tiger print sarong tied behind her neck looked at him, music. A woman in a tiger print sarong.

LISTINGS

Thursday
10m. Black Rock Beacon meeting.
There is still time to lend your talents to the Playa’s pokiest daily. Learn how to produce a newspaper on a shoestring, hone your mad writing and editing skills. We’re at the 11:30 position in the 9:00 Plaza.

Joe Rightman’s aim was always a bit off. This was no different the day he, through slight miscalculation, brought a huge pyrotechnics display on his 18th birthday. Before losing consciousness, Joe crawled to a computer and typed “DSGRYU DRVPMF” What valuable lesson was Joe trying to convey?

Answer to Wednesday’s puzzle: People love to eat it, only cook it through. Read it somewhere in this verse. Know it now, do you?
If you read the first letter of each line you get P-O-R-K. Delicious pork is it!

“About 100 million pigs are slaughtered for meat each year in the United States each year. At 1.5 meters (4 feet, 11 inches) per pig, the dead pig line would stretch 150,000 kilometers, or 95,000 miles.”
Source: Anthony Mart, founder Heal Our Planet Earth

Fear & Hope

By Rick Boy

He liked the “MegaVolt” display, but he had little time for his mission. Noting a huge disco-like ballroom space where pulsating, heart-stopping music filled the air, people were reaching out as music to what might have been music. A woman in a tiger print sarong tied behind her neck looked at him, smiled and said, “Looks like you could use a hit.”

No knowing what she meant but thinking it best to agree Vitale said, “Yes, I could.” She gave him a small white pill, no bigger than a thumbprint.

He put it in his mouth and analyzed it carefully. It was a mixture of Daughter of Psycho or MDMA.

“Easy,” she yelled and smiled.

“Oho,” said Vitale, mentally appending “or Ecstasy.”

“I’m looking for the one they call Harvey,” he said, “Do you know where I might find him?”

She laughed and said, “The rabbit or Larry?”

“Larry,” Vitale laughed too, though he wasn’t quite sure why.

“In the Arreves next to Center Camp...”

She motioned with a hand past Megalith to an area that had many small pensants flying above a huge round tent.

Center Camp, just as they said, he thought...or out at the Temple. She motioned in the direction of the Temple.

Vitale decided to try the Temple first. He recalled enough of his briefings to know he would pass the Effigy before he got there. But he barely gave it a glance, thinking excitingly. Am I going to meet the mythical Harvey? The one they call Larry? The man who fathered our race? The King Arthur of our legends? What would he say? What could he say? He let his hands vibrate as he quickly walked down the distance.

Although far from the goings-on, he could care well enough across the dark to the frontage on either side of him. Lights and flares, and revelers of every destination. “The Moon’s a hollow,” he thought as he saw his sensors from a glowing orb to a group that seemed to be making pieces of cattle over a rapidly oxidizing vehicle.

He whizzed more deeply into the desert until he hit an oxidizing structure that was, without doubt, the Temple, a series of interconnected, glowing chandeliers. As the briefings suggested, this seemed the perfect place to complete the backup mission. Certainly, something so beautiful would be carefully deconstructed in the coming days, and his message would be found. It would be preferable to use the more centrally located Man, but, the historians said, they burned that.

“You can leave a message inside if you like,” said a short man with a long gray pony tail.

“With this imbued with power? Vitale wondered. Could it be the indicated thing? Are you the one they call Larry?”

“No, Mr. Vitale, it’s the Temple most years. Larry just left for Center Camp.”

Vitale nodded at the man and walked inside. He was filled with awe at the massive Quincy scrawled on paper and scotching on the support posts. He deposited a holomorphic 3D speech imprinted vagadice in a convenient niche.

Continued on Friday.