The Dream Theme?

by the Black Rock Beacon staff

Paradise, shamanism. Next year, the Man will stand on a high-rise tower, celebrating the 2008 theme of pantheism and the American Dream.

According to the Burning Man website, updated after the Burn, next year’s art theme is not about patriotism that “strengthens the nation state with the collective weight of ego, but a patriotism that is based upon a love of country and culture.”

Although the main title of the theme is The American Dream, the building upon which the Man stands will have, instead of windows, flags of every country.

“Ranging from Canada to Chad, from Brazil to Burundi, from Vatican City to the Republic of China, these 214 symbols will shine in the night, glistening like cut gems upon the surface of a jewel box,” the website reads.

“The name came to us in a moment of madness.” The Burma Shave-like signs at the Playa entry included lyrics from the choir’s repertoire, inspired by a Kurt Vonnegut poem. “It’s really a Biblical struggle,” said Rev. Billy as I wiped the dust off of the page.

“Is this our old river here, is this our common clear air?” Rev. Billy was on a roll as the gale grew in fury. He raised his hands in a benediction of swirling dust. “If we scream in the crime?” Rev. Billy courteously paused.

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The event is also reaching a physical limit. Not the capacity of the Playa, which could accommodate hundreds of thousands, but the two-lane road that time and earlier in the 20th century.

The relatively brief announcement of the theme ends with the lines: “All of us are immigrants to Black Rock City. What can we dream America to be?”

Big City Lights

by Dave the Intern

There are a lot of Burners this year. The Saturday noon population was 69,975, nearly 21 percent higher than last year’s count.

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Death! Bye! Hi!

by Mary Jane

Rev. Billy really kicks up a storm. He dropped by the Beacon office on Thursday afternoon to plug the Sunday 5 p.m. performance, at the Temple of Forgiveness, of The Church of Stop Shopping Gospel Choir, an anti-commercialism group.

“Death! Bye! Hi!”

by Rev. Billy and the Church of Stop Shopping Choir at the Temple, for Hurricane Katrina survivors, included a surprise performance by folk legend Joni123. This time the group plans to acknowledge those who passed from life this year, including, especially, Vonnegut.

Vonnegut attended performances by the choir and was a supporter of their work. The Church of Stop Shopping encourages people to consider how their purchases shape their lives and the lives of those they do not know.

“Vonnegut was a peace activist who encouraged people to consider how their purchases shape their lives and the lives of those they do not know.

For those of you driving to San Francisco, there’s some traffic news at the other end of your trip this year: the Bay Bridge is closed until Tuesday. Happy trails.

Temple Forgiveness
by Dave, the Intern

People like to talk in Black Rock City. They like to express themselves. But even here, some things are difficult to communicate, maybe because the speaker is too embarrassed to say it out loud or maybe because the person for whom the message is intended is too knobby living.

We have a place for that. Every year, the Temple is the biggest and most visible gift on the Playa. In a city full of mind-blowing, awe-inspiring gifts, this one stands out. Unlike the schwag and the insanity pants and the gravestone unstudied, the Temple offers something that nothing else can: redemption.

After last year’s open-air design, David Best has once again given the city a Temple we can be proud of. This building literally stands beneath a squared tower topped with inverted arches. At each entrance, a puzzle board sculpture hangs from the ceiling over the altars that run along the center of the corridor.

The name of this year’s Temple, in conjunction with this year’s art, them’s raise a lot of questions. With all the gasoline consumed and resources burned at this event, we are a perfect example of how civilization is destroying the environment on which we depend.

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BRC Virgin Street Crawler: Nuggets Buried Deep in the City
by Lior Rozenman (LTrain)

Moving along Estuary is a lot like a river rafting trip—it’ll make your heart beat a little faster with lots of twists and turns and way more adventures than you had planned. Here are a half dozen we think you are worth exploring.

Looking Good: For those on the prowl for some underground deep house, the Pink Mammoth Camp has one of the relatively rare house deep music parties off the Playa. With six pink speakers and a woofing monitor music parties off the Playa. With six pink speakers and a woofing monitor music parties off the Playa. With six pink speakers and a woofing monitor music parties off the Playa.

Next stop is the Children of Doom just a little farther along Estuary with lots of hot dogs and beer and metal rock and punk. They may be neebs but are working hard. Drop in and give them a little love.

You can hear live jams at 7:30 at Live NGR at the Golden Cafe. Tiberias, the music director of the camp and in-house drummer, leads the daily jams from noon to 5 and booked acts take perfect union of Pink Mammoth’s love of underground house music with its love for Burning Man.

Originally started as Pinky’s in 1999, the traditional day party started as a go-to party into a deep house dance party, according to resident DJ Gravity of San Francisco. Known for its eclectic and rich underground scene, San Francisco has all things pink: including your imagination.

“Think love all day long,” said Gravity. The party officially kicked from Wednesday at 2 p.m. to sunset and runs through Sunday. The party is coming into its own after several years of transforming itself into a more

Oh! Dear! Playa Chicken

Ramrod from L.A. asks: Who do I talk to about getting my hand booked on one of the stages at Burning Man? The Playa Chicken responds: You might find this hard to believe, but there’s something I hate even more than the sight and smell of shaving cream, and that’s the sound of you filthy flightless api. And I’m not talking about the sound of your voice, either. I’m hearing from your tents as you try to trick your campmates into thinking you’re entertaining someone other than your own chud-covered right hand. No, I’m talking about that absurd banal shrieking that you call music.

For most of the year, my beloved playa home is a sanctuary of serenity, a deodurate landscape scored only by the howl of the wind and the beautiful wail of ATV’s hopelessly mired in the mud. But by late summer that all starts to change. First come, the kaleidoscoping GPU denying DPW workers, those surely Neanderthal rejects who begin the noise pollution with their nonexistent Celine Dion and Clay Aiken sing-alongs. As bad as that is, it is only the prelude to what is about to come: the tens of thousands of you smelly ass-licks and your incessant thump-thump-rattle blasted from speakers that can be seen – and heard – from space. And then to top it all off, you thrust about in your Nysilai-induced stupor while worshipping the acne-encrusted ringmaster who dares think of himself as a musician because he knows how to operate a Close ‘N Play. Could it get any worse? Surprisingly, yes. Perhaps the only thing on the Playa that could make me run towards a swarm of glitter-stripping techo-owl stumblers is if it were the only escape path away from someone holding an actual instrument. DJ AssHat can at least exploit the minuscule talents of the East German droids who recorded the Black Rock Beat and it has been scientifically proven that when you arrive here and those pervetted Greeters swat you on your pasty pimpled ass, they knock any remnants of musical talent right outa you.

So you see, Ramrod, you suck and your band sucks. No, I don’t have to listen to your demo CD to know this. The only human who has ever had a shred of musical talent and integrity was Eddy Graz, and if you were him I’d be resounding to the sever strains of “Electric Avenue” right about now, rather than plotting how to peck your dilated eyes out.

Perpetrators of The Black Rock Beacon...


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Thoughts on 2007
The Man Burned twice, we had two days of dust storms, it rained twice, we grossed on twin rainbows on Pris Day. What is this with the tea? And during Green Man Burning Man, the embodiment of male sexual power blended with the greens of Mother Earth’s creation!!! A beautiful weaving of people balancing both sides of the spirit, bringing balance to the Burn and the Earth – leaving hearts and minds – between sun and moon out there and in here, being here now. This was a special Burn. – Vicki