Black Rock City Population, as of 12:00 P.M. Monday: 16,487

After heavy rains Monday, Me-gerlach around 12:30 a.m. was backed up as much as five hours for those hitting Gerlach around 12:30 a.m.

Some citizens said they had been stopped after turn-
ing off the public highway by law enforcement officers for minor infractions. The Beast said the practice was “not new” and that authori-
ties had observed vehicles entering the city in previous years, usually looking for infractions related to open alcohol containers within reach of drivers.

He speculated a car acci-
dent might have contributed to the backup.

That might have been Brian, a first-time Burner, who is considering adopting Man Who Looses Wheel as his playa name. At 3 a.m. on Monday, Brian’s 1993 Dodge Ram 250, hav-
ing come from Green Valley, Wyoming, down the washboard road and 300 yards into the multiple lane portion of the gate, had a tire roll off to a soft land-
ing in the dust. His vehicle blocked traffic until “a guy from Colorado pulled a tire roll off to a soft landing in the dust. His vehicle blocked traffic until “a guy

If you need a break from the hectic pace of city life in Metropolis, look for the Black Rock Scouts at Kidsville Center Camp, 12:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. every day during Burning Man. Activities include “field trips,” special events, and special activities. Volunteers and staff will be on hand to help with whatever you need.

By Suzanne Zalev

Dancing in the Mud

By Mrs. Lucky & Mitch

Black Rock City got off to a slow start for many Burn-
ers arriving at the Gate offi-
cially opened Monday. Par-
adoxically, it opened early.

Citizens rolled into Met-
ropolis six hours ahead of schedule. “We opened the Gate at 6 p.m. for the citi-
zens of Gerlach,” said the Beast of Media Mecca. “We didn’t announce it, we just let it happen.” Still, traffic was backed up as much as five hours for those hitting Gerlach around 12:30 a.m.

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AEOIAN PYROPHONICAL HALL AND WHISPERING WALL

By Mrs. Lucky

How do you tune a fire organ? It can be tricky, according to Capra J’neva, whose project brought the Pyrophonic Hall and Whispering Wall project. That mythological mouthful is the official name for an artist, archer creation at 130, between the Man and the Temple.

Dubbed “The Portal” by its Oregon-based crew, this is the largest artistic fire organ, wind harp, interactive space to commemorate art-car artist and influential Burner Tom Kennedy.

Air, fire, sound, and soul, that’s a tall order for second-time Burner J’neva. Their first artistic contribution, in 2007, involved crawling across the Playa, collard and growing. “People thought I was on PCP,” she said.

The Portal is perhaps more aesthetically accessible. It looks like a giant milkweed pod, with eight full and six half arches, clad in cardboard scavenged from Portland appliance stores. J’neva emplaced their project in the design, in the 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21..., a mathematical sequence often found in nature and conspiracy stories (think “The Da Vinci Code”).

If you can read this, please come tell The Beacon what it says. We want the project than Andy Kennedy, long-time friend of J’neva and shape-shifting San Francisco artistheld, is heading to Black Rock City for the first time this year. His brother, the late Tom Kennedy, was a pioneering art-car artist and creator, with Flash Hopkins, of the Whale for The Floating Islands between that fiery howled, bowled Moby Dick and L eant, a geese on wheels, are the stuff of legend. Because perhaps is the first player in the 2008 Temple, Basora Sagadeo, found his way to the project. “He’s one of the 30 crew members who really own this project,” J’neva said.

There’s no more I am invested in

WORKING ON THE PORTAL

By Brandon Hartley

I arrived on the Playa a week before the Gate opened to find little to do other than lay about in the unforgiving Nevada sun, I opted to volunteer for an art crew led by Portland artist Capra J’neva and her partner, Steve Spinetti. They welcomed me into their fold, despite my lack of construction experience. I spent a few days with them as they laid down the foundation for their project “The Aeonian Pyrophonic Hall and Whispering Wall.”

The crew fought against the elements on the Deep Playa, where temperatures in temperatures over 100 degrees. The sand was contending with a bad head cold.

The rough conditions, the crew never seemed to complain. Work stopped for an afternoon siesta between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. for a dinner break. We then toiled into the night with a blazing sound system that cranked out everything from DJ Shadow to Bourbon Station.

My ignorance got me into trouble on a few occasions. I thought for myself, more or less, routinely getting in the way of the crew. I made the mistake of standing under one arch as it was bolted together and received a shower of screws and sawdust.

I had my day off on my time by the project on working by the massive fire organ that will serve as the Hall’s centerpiece. I spent an evening lying on the ground, piecing together the organ and fighting to connect its pipes to a large, metallic structure.

The Pickle Joint at Ring Road and 2:30 offers Black Rock City diners a mix of pickles and other refreshments. The proprietors of the modest World War II-era military tent have a tale of early access to the Playa, a unique irrigation system, and a subatomic converter filled with brine that picks up their ingredients.

This is much true; the tasty dill at Pickle Joint are no ordinary supermarket pickles; they are appropriately dill, and a powerful crunch. The ingredients are bought at a Whole Foods in Los Angeles, the team also makes the brine. They transport approximately 5,000 pickles to the Playa each year and serve anywhere from 7,000 to 8,000 Burners. Aside from pickles, the gang takes advantage of their own version of a dill martini, the Pickletini, at sundown, as they begin spinning their pickles-making

If you can read this, please come tell The Beacon what it says. We want to know whether Black Rock Hardware is sending good vibes or throwing down the gauntlet.

PERPETRATORS OF THE BLACK ROCK BEACON

Michelle Martin, editor emerita in training. Mike Duvancig, dean of the Duvancig School of Gallantry. Howard Jones and Ron Gans, the old man managers. Susan Williamsen, pre-pressure & scrib of stuff. Cary Tyei, production goddess & art wrangler. Suzanne Zales, not the legal correspondent, huh-huh, no way. Francine Wooterd, read ahead creator. All Baba. Deb Prothero, podiatric throat surgery. Tom Kennedy, was a pioneering art-car artist and creator, with Flash Hopkins, of the Whale for The Floating Islands between that fiery howled, bowled Moby Dick and L eant, a geese on wheels, are the stuff of legend. Because perhaps is the first player in the 2008 Temple, Basora Sagadeo, found his way to the project. “He’s one of the 30 crew members who really own this project,” J’neva said.

There’s no more I am invested in

How to tell if you’re drunk

First Light: 5:54 a.m.
Dawn: 6:21 a.m.
Sunrise: 6:23 a.m.
First Light: 5:54 a.m.
Sunset: 7:31 p.m.
Moonrise: 10:49 p.m.
First Light: 5:54 a.m.
Sunset: 7:31 p.m.
Moonrise: 10:49 p.m.

I know what you’re thinking—“Did I kill that blackjack that ran out in front of me on Hey 447 last night?” If you felt a thump, then sadly the answer is yes. If you’re reading this, then you passed the first test of Burntomer – SUR-VIVAL. If you felt a lump in your throat you passed the second test – and you’re a carrying person. Welcome Home.

We are already hearing first hand stories of our friends in the Arm BLM Ranger tactics. Curt was stopped right after he opened his wallet with light out and even though he was outside the Arm in the middle of the Nevada desert. Long story short - be cause a refusal gets radioed out to another five cops and injunctions are immediately filed – your permission was given and the dog sniffed the single lid of weed and $500 citation was issued to a single dad on a small bud Ged. Our event is turning into a government cash cow. Maybe we should say Fuck It and move to a different state. Is a retrograde Mer cury to blame you ask? Altho we only got a couple of tickets and we have a great BURN. It takes a few days to switch to Playa time - easy did it out there - be nice to each other.

On a brighter note - I am loving the cooler weather – great for Camp setup and relocations (in my dreams.)… may the blue bird of love fly up your nose and the blueb es find inner peace!!

Seven arrests were report ed, all for use of marijuana in what law enforcement considered to be public places. No jail sentences but five federal citations were issued for $250 each and two Pershing County fines of $50 each levied for misdemeanors.

With great sadness, it was reported that Adrian Robins, the PVR for the Playa, had expired a month prior in a San Francisco hospital after complications from a pericarditic throat surgery.