

# Daily Planet

## Green Cop Blues Hit BRC

By Rockstar & Brandon Hartley

Reports from all points of the BRC compass are rolling into the Beacon's news desk complaining of outlandish police behavior this year.

The usual loony scuttlebutt that lawmen have satellites capable of spotting any random hippie from outer space, sparking up a bowl, may be taken with an unusually large grain of salt, but other reports seem more plausible and disturbing. Reports of green cops swarming random vehicles at the Gate are nothing if not ominous, but you'd never know this from BMorg's Tuesday press conference.

BMorg, in the persons of

## Burning Man To Become Nonprofit Org

By Mitch, Durgy and Brandon Hartley

The for-profit Burning Man organization will convert to a nonprofit entity next year, said Larry Harvey, co-founder of the event.

The six current members of the limited liability corporation will become members of the not-for-profit organization, Harvey said, and will be joined by seven other directors. Harvey indicated that a legal structure for the nonprofit allowing for the compensation of directors has been found, in contrast to the official word from the Black Rock City LLC one year ago.

The charm of not-for-profit status is that the organization could accept donations that would be deductible from U.S. taxes.

Black Rock City LLC, the corporate entity that produces the annual event here, will give Burning Man to the new not-for-profit organization, Harvey said. The LLC's operations would be transferred to the new organization "when we think that it is working right," Harvey said, adding that he would be chairman of the new entity.

Harvey spoke to the Beacon on Thursday after announcing at a news conference on Wednesday that the not-for-profit organization was close to creation. 🐾

Andie Grace, Harley DuBois, city designer Rod Garrett and Larry Harvey set out to celebrate yet another successful theme and year. The org seemed unprepared for aggressive questioning by the Beacon and others on our dusty utopia's cop component.

Harley said police presence was bumped up from last year by just two to six officers, and she theorized that domestic violence by Burners might be responsible for the increased activity. After this was greeted with polite incredulity, the org fell back on the line that policing is necessary and advised those ill-used by authorities to lawyer up via the American Civil Liberties Union, whose BRC presence the leadership lauded as every bit as necessary to the festival as the cops.

"Law enforcement," said Harley, "is doing everything right. They're not breaking any rules."

There apparently were inexperienced law enforcement officers on duty Monday and Tuesday. On Sunday night, she said, only six citations were issued versus 38 warnings. On Monday the split was roughly equal, indicating harsher policing.

Harley said law enforcement officers were active at parties on the Esplanade in the 10:00 area on Sunday and near 2:00 on Monday.

It was not clear why the number of inexperienced officers would have been higher than normal on Monday and Tuesday. There is no shortage of BLM Rangers volunteering for the event, according to Officer Jeff Miller, nor are there special problems in policing Burners.

Miller stressed that his people are at the event to enforce clauses in the stipulations attached to the permit for Black Rock City, and the local cops "do the city inflections."

Larry Harvey said a comprehensive review of law enforcement policies was in the works and asked for Burners' patience on that matter, promising reduced hassles in the future.

If you're one of those holding a BLM or local cop citation, this might come as cold comfort. Burners might well feel the event could be better held in Utah, Timbuktu or the moon, given the prospect of having to run a police gantlet here. 🐾

## BIG BELLE OF THE BALL

By Mrs. Lucky

She's a big girl, 7,000 pounds and 40 feet tall. Balanced on one foot, head thrown back, eyes closed in joy, Bliss Dance is this year's Playa darling. She stands east of the Temple, at 2,300 & 1:00. Artist Marca Cochrane says last year the spot was empty, and there was, "too much big masculine art."

The pose was chosen by model Déjà Solis. (She's not single.) "If the gesture rings true, that's why," says Marca. Stainless steel mesh enshrouds the geodesic structures. Double triangulated layers support the figure. Without a skeletal substructure and lit from within, she seems to be floating.

A labor-intensive undertaking, for a year four welders worked full-time in a studio at the former Treasure Island Naval base in San Francisco Bay. The project applied for, but did not receive, a Burning Man honorarium and relied on the generosity of a person Marca calls his patron. 🐾



Photo by OM/(G)

## Master of Lightning Returns

By Kitty & Red Floyd

Dr. MegaVolt, the Master of Lightning, is offering a high-powered alternative to the standard pyromaniacal Burning Man fare for the eighth year. His final performance this year is tonight.

The Dr. MegaVolt trailer features two big magnetic Tesla coils, a transformer and a huge diesel generator, said Dr. MegaVolt, whose real name is Austin Richards.

Russian physicist Nikola Tesla invented the Tesla Coil about 100 years ago. It never had the same impact as competing developments by Westinghouse and Edison, Tesla's American counterparts. However, Richards has found a way

to put the Tesla Coil to good use in his shows. He wears a special metal suit that sparks spectacularly without injuring Richards. The suit's helmet is made from a birdcage.

The Tesla Coil uses electricity to ionize air into a plasma, and discharging more than 200,000 volts of

electricity. Richards admits to enduring a few small shocks as Dr. MegaVolt. There's always danger with such high electric levels. The show's transformers are "really nasty ... big enough to take your arm off," he said. Richards is also careful to stay out of the suit during

lightning storms.

Richards identifies himself as a crusader for science. "We need people who can get their hands dirty. Science education in the U.S. has been poorly managed for years. Now, everyone wants to be a Web designer," he said.

Aside from doing television work for the Discovery Channel, Richards works in "counter-terrorism" for the U.S. Border Patrol, engineering thermal imaging cameras. Richards hopes to license the personage of Dr. MegaVolt someday.

Tonight's performance is at 4:00, a short distance off the Esplanade. As for timing, "the show starts when the show starts," Richards said. 🐾



Photo by Kitty

## Text Messages On the Playa

By FastnLoose

Papa Legba, located at 4:30 and Guangzhou, is trying to bring text messaging to the Playa this year.

The Jack Rabbit Speaks reported that upon arrival, Burners would receive a message, inviting them to register for service, which would enable them to text others in Black Rock City.

Some early arrivers received the text, but many did not, and those who received it have reported spotty service. David Burgess and Harvind Samra, code warriors and hardware technicians of the Papa Legba project, said that service was good Saturday and Sunday and again on Tuesday, but electronic gremlins have plagued the installation.

Power problems, some circuit board issues and commercial cellular interests nearby have hampered their Burning Man texting gift.

Additionally, Papa Legba organizers said that a commercial cellular provider may have robbed bandwidth afforded to Papa Legba from Verizon on a Federal Communications Commission experimental license.

This is the camp's third attempt to bring cell phone service to the Black Rock City.

At Papa Legba, Tim Bowden doted over his solar array augmented by a propane generator that powers the installation. The photovoltaic panels power the

two GSM transceiver units, allowing for four voice calls and 500 texts per second when the system cooperates. Texting offers more flexibility when coverage is spotty because messages can queue.

Off Playa, the folks at Papa Legba worked with the people of Niue, a tiny South Pacific island nation of 1,400. Without text messaging, the residents of sunny Niue rely on the "sneaker net" for finding people. That sounds a lot like finding people in Black Rock City. 🐾



## SYZYGRYD: SOUND, LIGHT, AND FIRE ON THE PLAYA

By rednikki

Explaining Syzygyrd in words is almost impossible; every time Interpretive Arson's Morley John tries, she realizes there's another part she's forgotten.

Three spiral arms, reaching out to establish a 60-foot perimeter, twist together at the center into a tornado of cubes, John said. "The cubes have over a kilowatt of LEDs in them," she said, making Syzygyrd, located along the 7:30 axis on the Inner Playa, visible as far away as the Temple. All the lights are independently controlled. There's a participatory audio portion using touch screens, and "oh, there's fire on it, did I mention that?" Morley laughed. "Yeah, it wouldn't be an IA project without fire on it."

Interpretive Arson is, after all, the Oakland-based art collective that brought Dance Dance Immolation to the Playa in 2005.

Visitors can create visual patterns on touch screens that trigger musical samples, "sort of like playing music with your fingers on the computer screen," John said. Many musicians contributed open-source music, which could sound like anything from electronica to a symphony; the software ensures that everything played will be harmonious.



Photo by Taymar

The music sets off light and more than 24 flame effects, including a fire vortex that will come out of the central cubes. "The music and the lights will function 24 hours a day," John said, while the fire will be on only at night.

"The thing that stands

out is the level to which this sculpture is so multidisciplinary," John said. It involves everything from fabrication to fire. "We have over 20 people just working on the software." Some people developed new skill sets. "There are people who are computer programmers

by day who are learning to rivet" in order to try something new, Morley said.

Though elements of the sculpture may be cutting edge, it is built on a pre-World War II technology: "We have over 5,000 rivets in the project, and each one is being pounded by hand," John said.

The project was brainstormed by Interpretive Arson's Ian Baker and Nicole Aptekar, but since its inception Syzygyrd has expanded beyond what anyone expected. It became a cooperative effort among Interpretive Arson, False Profit Labs, Gray Area Foundation for the Arts, and Illutron.

"We started with the core Interpretive Arson team, and at this point 50 percent of our crew are people who have never worked on this scale before and never worked for IA before," John said. "So many people have been involved, either working on it or donating through Kickstarter. It's been really inspiring to see how everyone jumps in to help any way they can," John said.

Kickstarter donations surpassed the \$8,224 goal on July 1 and reached nearly \$11,000 as of last week. The overage will go toward extended hours of flame, according to the Syzygyrd posting on the fundraising service's site. 🐱

### Howeird's POSITIVELY PLAYA !

Ch -ch -changes...the wind is ominously from the East as I write this - home of our strategic dust reserve. Flags are fluttering in the mid 80's warmth - I can spot Canadian & Australian ones over in the direction of Home Brew Camp, but frankly I'm too lazy to get up to identify the other. Kick ass fiddle music flows from the CC Cafe and friends old and new are dropping in for hugs. Icon Adrian Roberts

is back this year with BRC Weekly - same old shit and 50% less snark. Collectors can have him sign copies of his Piss Clear book which has the original 100%.

Speaking of changes in this alternate world, William Blake said the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom - he didn't say it GETS you in! Beware the SNAP-CRACKLE-CRACK! There is so much energy on the Playa anyway - old timers subscribe to the slogan "when you've got the message hang up the phone." Have a great Burn.

### BRAINTEASERS ? by Durgy

Each letter in the below stands for a different letter of the alphabet. When solved, a quote concerning this year's theme is revealed.

EGFCOFETR ZIQZ ZIT QZZQEIDTFZ GY EGSGFOTL ZG  
ZIT DTZKGHGSOL RTHTFRL OFYOFZTSN DGKT XHGF  
DGKQS QFR KTSOUUGXL YTTSOFU ZIQF HGSOZOEQS  
QKKQFUTDTFZ, GK TWTF EGDDTKEOQS QRCQFZQUT, O  
EQFFGZ WXZ SQDTFZ ZIQZ DGKT OL FGZ RGFT ZG OFLZOSS  
OZ OFZG ZIT DOFRL GY ZIT HTGHST. -PGIF LZKQEIQF

## Events

As hurricane Earl barrels towards the Eastern Seaboard and 30,000 are evacuated, who will save the day? Superman!

The Guinness Book of World Records lists the largest gathering of Supermen at 122.

Want to help try and break that record? Dress like Superman and show up at the man before noon on Saturday. Super record-breakers must dress in a full costume of a blue body suit, red boots and underwear, gold belt, red cape, and signature "S" logo on

the chest.

Superman: "I'm here to fight for truth, justice, and the American way." Lois Lane: "You're gonna end up fighting every elected official in this country!"

—Cook



Illustration by Theatremuse

### Playa Gourmet

If you believe failure tastes bitter, you are right, comrades. It is not only bitter, but revolting, and the taste lingers. But thanks to Sam Comen, proprietor of the YUM CART of the Yummy RUMinations that is located at 7:30 and Cairo, and his team of tasteologists, you can chase your failure with sweet success or tongue-tickling infantile humor.

Comen's camp understands the spirit of Burning Man, collectively working to leave a positive impression on the community. Each member is responsible for two to four flavors, or "tastes," transforming old-time favorites such as sweetened condensed milk and Pop Rocks candy into colorful containers of "sweet and creamy" and "explosions."

Need a recipe for imperialism? Add a pinch of halva, a dash of chili pepper, a sprinkle of vinegar, and top it off with Worcestershire sauce. You have what Comen calls "a taste of British hegemony in the Middle East in the 1920s, in regard to the Crown's oil concerns."

Comen calls his camp a

"fanciful apothecary" and says the YUM CART carries approximately 150 "tastes," all of which vary in texture and consistency. The tasteologists claim to "conjure any taste you desire," urging tasters to hit 'em with the quirkiest requests, and add them to the cart's taste log.

Somewhere between "Playa pit musk" and "first kiss," yours truly decided on

infantile humor, and I must admit, I giggled when I felt the crackling of Pop Rocks in my mouth. The recipe was simple: a pace layer of "sweet and creamy," a few drops of "rich and sweet," mixed with a generous pinch of "explosions" and "creamy tea." With the same work ethic as Willy Wonka's Oompa Loompas, the tasteologists work meticulously

at concocting the perfect melange, though you won't know what ingredients pop up in your mouth. They like to save that for your imagination and palatable pleasure.

"Food combined with the power of suggestion can yield some pretty magical experiences," Comen said. —Jane Tuv

## Heart Machine Burns to the Touch

By Mrs. Lucky

In the silent film classic Metropolis, a giant worker-fed heart lies at the center of the city. That image inspired The Heart Machine, a fire-belching, interactive installation a few hundred yards off the Man at 4:00.

Tuesday morning finds Max trouble-shooting the capacitor sensors. Visitors place their hands on the sensors and complete a circuit, triggering a set of fire cannons. Max is the lead software designer and, like most of the Heart Machine crew, a Toronto resident.

Capacitor sensors? iPod technology, skin moisture activated. The heart at the center of the installation is an artful anatomical imita-



Photo by Taymar

tion. It's not the scale. "It's the finesse," offers a crew member. As Max and I talk, the site pumps with the crew: Christine and George, Dian, Chole, and don't forget Neko.

Tiger's pretty sure the fire

elements are straightened out, but Max is a little worried. Programming in a dust storm tested him. He's keeping his fingers crossed that his brand new laptop, the pacemaker at the center of the heart, holds up. 🐱

### The Black Rock Gazette 10 Years Ago

**Friday, September 1**  
"Kanada Politely Acquires Costco" An elite force of approximately 40 Canucks storm the COSTCO Soulmate Trading Outlet Inc. camp and their "cordial yet insistent" request Costco "repatriate as a subject of Kanada" was accepted.

"Market Heat" reports a 10 percent decline in stock prices at 3:55 p.m. the previous day, at which point the Gazette's Internet link disappeared.

Inspired by the Wednesday article detailing arrests for marijuana use, Burner Penn Tanner asks two Pershing County law-enforcement officers for directions while smoking a hand-rolled cigarette. When they asked him what it contained, he replied "Oregon." The officers confiscated the smoke and tore it apart, leaving trace, but were

PERPETRATORS OF THE BLACK ROCK BEACON... Mitchell Martin, editor emeritus in training. Mike Durgavich, doer of stuff. Angie Zmijewski, production goddess. Howard Jones and Ron Garmon, co-camp managers. Susan Williamson, pre-pressure & fixer of stuff. Carry Tveit, production goddess & cat wrangler. Suzanne Zalev, not the legal correspondent, nuh-huh, no way. Francis Wenderlich, masthead creator. Ali Baba, camp manager emeritus. Larry Breed, copey chief. Taymar, webmeister. Deb Prothero, firefighter. WeeGee, minister of photography. Edge, eminence grise. Rod Allen and Brian Train, sunset prevention editors. | Design: Goddess Lena (Kartzov), Tiffany Henschel, Leopard Cohen. Illustrations: Diana Acosta. Photographers: Taymar, Vladimir Litke, OMYG Mark, Jane Tuv. Proofreader: Anna-Liza Armfield Writers: Rod Allen, Lonestoner, Matthew "Metric" Ebert, Howeird, RedNikki, Mehl Renner, Rockstar, Citizen X, Mary Jane LaVigne, Brandon Hartley, Jane Tuv, Dillon, WeeGee, Judith Katz, Floyd Earl Smith. Photo Wrangler: Miss Sparkle. DisReps: Floyd, Kitty, Generic Cliche, Rusty, Tom, Kim, Corn Dog, Little Jack, Gordo, Molock, Captain McFly, Armando, Major Tom, Mess, Jane, Daisy, Pearl, Matty, Rhino, Ken.

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### ALMANAC

First Light: 5:57 a.m.  
Sunrise: 6:25 a.m.  
Sunset: 7:27 p.m.  
Twilight Ends: 7:55 p.m.  
Moonrise (Saturday): 1:48 a.m.  
First Light (Saturday): 5:58 a.m.  
Sunrise (Saturday): 6:26 a.m.  
Sunset (Saturday): 7:25 p.m.  
Twilight Ends (Saturday): 7:53 p.m.  
Moonrise (Sunday): 12:40 a.m.  
First Light (Sunday): 3:01  
Sunrise (Sunday): 6:27 a.m.

**Celestial Event:** Saturday is International Bacon Day. (Oh, yeah, and the Man is toast.)

**Born on a Friday?** Don't worry, that little flare up with your tenting buddies will soon pass. Or not. Best to sleep three or four streets away until you can get to their distributor caps.

**Born on a Saturday?** Construct enigmas, not explanations. Your lucky flavor is SOUR.