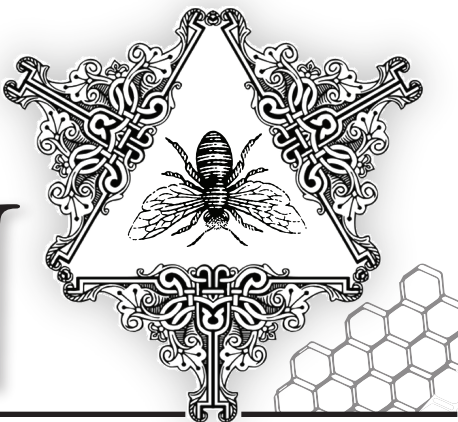


# BLACK ROCK BEACON



METAMORPHOSES • GATE EDITION • SUNDAY AUGUST 25, 2019 • VOLUME XV, NUMBER I • DIANA & 6:15 • WWW.BLACKROCKBEACON.ORG

## You Have Arrived. Now What?

Now that you are here, try to enjoy yourself as you struggle to avoid contact with the pervasive and corrosive Playa dust. Get started by meeting your next-door and across-the-street neighbors. Take a bicycle ride to Center Camp, which is a mini-Burning Man all by itself. Walk the city streets and you may get mock-abducted (or adopted) by a theme camp for some yummy food and beverages. Feel free to hitch a ride on an art car or take a bike ride out to the Deep Playa for photo opportunities and to see some fantastic art.

Carry a bottle of water with you at all times, and a drinking vessel of some kind if you brought or can scrounge one. Many camps will gladly supply you with libations — adult ones may require ID — but may be less forthcoming with cups.

If you are the shy sort, you can meet people by volunteering. The V Spots at Center Camp and near the 3 and 9 o'clock Portals can set you up with opportunities. This year I am volunteering for Gates, Perimeter, Exodus, Greeters, Box Office, Airport and Media Mecca. What will you volunteer for?

—Jimmy Olsen

## WELCOME TO NOWHERE

BY JIMMY OLSEN

You are about 4,000 feet above sea level, in one of the most desolate places in the world. You might be able to walk back to Gerlach, but only the hardiest of hikers could make it to the nearest drugstore or laundromat. This is a place for self-reliance.

Centuries ago, Black Rock Country was under water, as much as 500 feet below Lake Lahontan. You might have seen evidence of the ancient shoreline if you drove north on Highway 447 to get here. A small remnant of the lake exists about 100 miles to the south, but each spring the Playa submerges as snow melts from the surrounding hills and the resulting lake is home to several aquatic species whose eggs you're walking on now, including the beloved fairy shrimp.

For all its remoteness, the Playa has drawn people here for centuries. The area was settled by the Paiutes by about 1300 B.C. A large black rock formation on the eastern end was used as a landmark by the tribe and by later emigrant traversing what became know as the Black Rock Desert.

In 1843, John C. Fremont and his party were the first white men to cross the desert. In 1846, Jesse Applegate and his group traced a portion of Fremont's route, establishing a safer alternate to the Oregon trail. Fremont's path was used by over half the 22,000 gold seekers headed to California after 1849.

By the spring of 1860, the increasing number of settlers were depleting the scarce game and other resources upon which the Paiutes relied. There was friction between the people who lived here for generations

and settlers who felt entitled to establish themselves in the region, many drawn by the allure of the Comstock Lode in Virginia City. The disputes led to war. The first battle was a victory for the Paiutes, but they knew a response was coming and they knew that they would be outnumbered and out-gunned. When the second Battle of Pyramid Lake was imminent, the Paiute women and children were sent to the Black Rock Desert for safety. An informal truce began in 1861.

In 1906, the second Western Pacific Railroad (not the one that built the western portion of the Transcontinental Railroad), literally put Gerlach on the map as a watering and switching station for its Feather River Route linking Oakland and Salt Lake City.

With the gypsum operations of nearby Empire, the local economy was big enough to support limited tourism infrastructure that catered to hunters and to those visiting the Playa. The services have dwindled with the temporary closure of the Empire mine and dwindling railroad operations (the California Zephyr stopped at Gerlach until 1970, its picturesque station dismantled a few years ago over asbestos concerns).

Between 1942 and 1964, nearly the entire playa was used as an Air Force aerial gunnery range. In spite of 22 years of bombardment, the fairy shrimp, which have been on Earth for over 50 million years, survived. The key to their perseverance is the ability to enter diapause, a state of dormancy. They can remain viable for centuries until water conditions are suitable for hatching.

Among Playa visitors near the end of the last century,

was the Cacophony Society, whose San Francisco branch visited the Black Rock Desert in 1989 for a wind sculpture festival hosted by Planet X, the pottery maker in what passes for suburban Gerlach. Plans were made for a future visit to the Playa, one of a series of Cacophony Zone Trips, No.. 4 to be precise.

Meanwhile, in 1986, Burning Man flamed on at Baker Beach in San Francisco. In 1990, park police prevented the immolation of the huge wooden effigy, so a new Burn site was required. Organizers of Zone Trip 4 suggested bringing the Man along to the desert. The Man would become the centerpiece of their visit and every subsequent visit to the Playa.

The Playa is more than just Black Rock City. This amazing flat space was used to set a world land speed record on October 15, 1997 (763 mph). The vehicle went supersonic and the record still stands. Those who were at the 1997 Burn at the Hualapai (pronounced "wall-a-pie") Playa, remember the news of the speed record attempt as well as the spectacular sunsets that week. In 2004, the CSXT amateur rocket club set an altitude record of 72 miles, which was the first amateur rocket to officially reach outer space.

The Playa spends several weeks each year under a shallow lake, the result of the spring melt of snow from the surrounding mountains. That provides the blank set from which Black Rock City emerges every year. Keep it clean, leave no trace, and hopefully we will see you back here for many years to come. 🐻

*The Playa is more than just Black Rock City.*

## Altered City, Altered States

BY RIA GREIFF

This time is different. Literally. Since the mid-1990s, Black Rock City has had an annual theme to inspire its citizens to think about their world in different ways, and in every previous year, that theme was designed at least in part by Larry Harvey.

The principal co-founder of Burning Man, Harvey passed away on April 18, 2018, months after the I, Robot theme had been announced, so we know he did that one. But did he have a hand in this year's Metamorphoses? If not, does it refer to him?

No and no, according to Stuart Mangrum, Harvey's theme accomplice for the six preceding years, and the sole author of this year's exploration of change. Mangrum's inspiration for Metamorphoses was that Ovid's 15-book poem, written about 2000 years ago, has had a far-ranging effect on art and culture, a parallel to Burning Man, albeit over a somewhat longer period. Ovid's narrative, a retelling of the Greco-Roman myths of creation, gods, and heroes, mixed in with the history of the Roman Empire including the reign of Julius Caesar, contains many examples of transformations.

Metamorphoses has inspired authors such as Dante and Shakespeare and artists including Bernini and Titian. Burning Man cannot name drop at quite that level — not yet, anyway — but its art show traveling across the country indicates

that at least the cultural classes are paying attention.

While Larry's departure may not be the genesis of the theme, it nonetheless occasions change for the event, which is also subject to external pressures for transformation. The Man Base, for example, had previously been his bailiwick. From simple—and moopy—bales of hay, the Base has evolved into a theme-related attraction, integrating the event's art with its icon. This year, in a kind of life-imitates-art-theme moment, the BRC nomenclatura brought a passel of Burning Man's artists closer to the metaphorical center of the city for the first time.

Calls went out to an octet of solo and duo artists, seeking their

separate proposals for the Base. What resulted was the Man emerging from a cocoon that provides a spiral walkway up his thigh, proposed by Yelena Filipchuk and Serge Beaulieu. Lit from within at night, it will illuminate the nearby Playa as it illustrates the theme.

Other transformations are happening, not always welcome. The federal Bureau of Land Management wants to build a wall of sorts around Black Rock-burg, and it is moving toward increasingly thorough inspections of arriving vehicles. An associated anti-transformation is that the city is no longer permitted to grow. Will these unloveable metamorphoses lead to a change in venue? Only time will tell.

An interesting change is that the Man is getting a brain. In his head, this year, as opposed to between his legs in 2018, as you'll read elsewhere in this issue. Part of the inspiration is to make the Man Burn a little more like the Temple Burn. That's a metamorphosis most of us can get behind.

Transformation emerges from the cocoon of authenticity. Follow your current inspiration to beget the new, real you. Start where you are. Experience this year's event. Allow yourself to be moved by it. Find the next you and the spirit of Burning Man will survive. Embrace the exquisite joy of dealing in social currency. Larry would have liked that. 🐻

## Whither Burning Man Wherever We Go, There We'll Be

BY ROCKSTAR

In mid-July, to very little fanfare, the Bureau of Land Management renewed Burning Man's event permit for 10 more years. Terms were the same as those of 2018, including Black Rock City's 80,000 person population cap.

This made a temporary end to the latest standoff between festival organizers, the Washington agency tasked with monitoring federal land, and Pershing county authorities, the last taking the lead in calling for more police and tighter restrictions. The BLM also assures us that the much ballyhooed entry checkpoints won't happen this year, so the ominous optics of cops searching every last incoming vehicle for contraband are punted until 2020.

Other issues, like proposed concrete barriers around the event's perimeter and radically heightened drug interdiction, went unaddressed at press time except as rumors and grouching on social media. The Interwebs, already primed by escalating ticket woes and Placement shake-ups that left some camps scrambling for tickets, rose and fell with a series of disturbing headlines, many out of the Reno Gazette-Journal, which has taken to watching the festival the same way a jeweler might eye a golden egg-laying goose.

At this point, the reasonable denizen

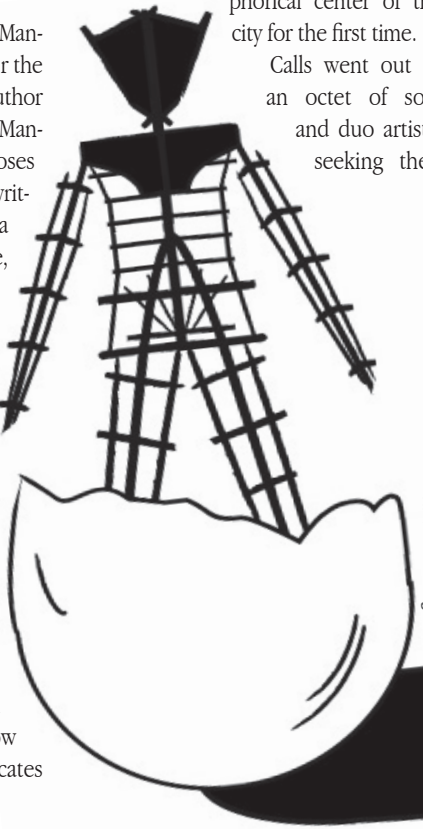
of Burn Q. Public has got to be wondering how much time the Burn As We Know It has left. Since media reports put much anti-Burn agitation coming from Pershing county residents, we might well ponder what we're doing in a place where so many Decent Citizens loathe the sight of us and reflect upon how little goodwill may be had for paying a local twenty bucks to take away garbage.

Many Burners have come to love the Black Rock Desert itself and make a cult of its numerous inhospitable features, but the idea that the Playa spirit only exists on a particular set of GPS coordinates is refuted by pretty much any Burning Man regional. Luckless indeed is the BRC vet who hasn't experienced the Burn in microcosm at some far-distant campgrounds or inside the walls of a big-city warehouse. The American West is simply full of gorgeously forbidding emptiness.

You probably already know the first few Burns happened at San Francisco's Baker Beach, and fans of esoterica remember the 1997 Burn being held on private land at Hualapai Flat, Nevada. A mere 10,000 people showed up for the latter, which was the second year of even having an official theme. Guns had been banned the year before, but dogs were still legal and tickets cost 65 bucks.

We have, in the mangled words of Hollywood mogul Sam Goldwyn, passed a lot of water since those days.

Late 90s-style accommodation and amusement may look like a second



Kristin Eddington

continued on other side



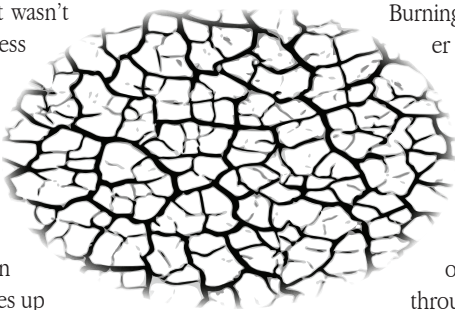
Bernie Gets A Brain With Your Thoughts Inside

DEB P

Have you ever thought that big old scarecrow in the middle of Black Rock City might be better if he only had a brain? Now he does.

The Man's Brain will spend the week, much like you, taking in the sights and traveling around town. He'll be based in the Temple of Thought, at a location that wasn't assigned at press time. There, Burners will be able to contribute their thoughts to be immolated with the Man's Brain when Bernies goes up in smoke on Saturday

Creator Dan Miller is pleased it will be an old-school art project that Burners discover through serendipity rather than the map you got at the Gate. Look for a hexagon-shaped gazebo raised slightly off the Playa floor with a central 35' lamplighter post and pyramid pedestal for the Man's Brain. Sit on one of the six



benches, write your thoughts or philosophies on provided paper. You can put them into the Brain if it is there, otherwise the Temple of Thought will accept your thoughts while the Brain is on tour through the City or resting on a pyramid pedestal at Miller's home camp, Fuzz Patrol, located at 3:30 & F.

Miller s a carpenter who was Burning Man Co-Founder Larry Harvey's roommate from 1982-2000. Miller said he has been "a keen observer of brain development in action through experiences as a father of an 18-year-old who has attended Burning Man since 2001 and more recently of a 20-month-old child."

The project bridges a gap between the Man and the Temple Burns that Harvey identified to the Beacon in a 2008 interview on the mezzanine platform at First Camp: "The two Burns

are demonstrably different. Burning the Man expresses the exuberant release of all that we have planned while the Temple Burn expresses the release of all that we cherish. Should we bring the two experiences closer? Can we?"

Miller's Man Brain echoes his creation of the Man's Heart in the 90's. The Heart is built and then signed by each member of the Man build team, formerly led by Miller. On Playa, the Heart burns from within the rib cage as the Man burns.

Miller spent time with Harvey after his stroke. The former roommates had built together, created together and experienced the pulls of the heart and the mind. As Miller recalls, "Larry wrote best when he smoked most (several packs a day). The resulting heart health issues combined with diabetes forced Larry to eventually quit smoking." At the end, Miller recalls thinking, "Harvey may have sacrificed his brain's writing ability to save his heart."

After the hospital visits and Harvey's passing, Miller created and built the original concept for the Man's Brain last year, using the wood scraps of the Man's rib construction in the haste of expressing thoughts around the death of his long-time friend.

Putting the 2018 Man's Brain on a bike trailer and going into the city to meet and talk to Burners, Miller felt re-connected. Along with the thoughts of many burners, the Man's Brain was placed inside the base of the Man prior to the Burn.

Now in 2019 with more time to formalize arrangements and with the Metamorphoses concept, the Man's Brain full of the thoughts, words, ideas of Burners gathered during the week will be lifted by crane into the Man's head on Friday night.

The project seems especially appropriate in light of the Metamorphoses theme: The Man Burn is 100% spectacle/spectator; the Temple Burn is 100% art project/participator. Will the Temple of Thought's Man Brain burning inside the Man bring the two outcomes together? Miller hopes so.



Monday, Aug. 31

The theme was Evolution, subtitled "A Tangled Bank." In an eerie parallel with this year's Metamorphoses, Burning Man co-founder Larry Harvey told the Beacon that the world in general and Black Rock City in particular had to change with the times. This was just past the nadir of the financial crisis, and it followed Harvey's American Dream trilogy in the three previous years, which while not necessarily beloved by the average Burner, turned out to be in his words, "awfully predictive."

It was also the year of the Theme Camp Snafu; there were 130 camps rejected for placement. They were told to show up at midnight on opening day and camp where they might.

"Stop being okay with the norm, seek to transform." —Constance Chuks Friday

BRAINTEASERS BY DURGY															
1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8	9
10					11										
12								13			14				
										15					
16		17					18								
						19									
20					21						22				
				23							24				
25										26					27
										28					
29						30							31		
						32									
33								34				35			
36				37											

ACROSS

- 1. Post, share memo making changes (13)
- 8. Endless shame of smoked meat (3)
- 10. Door I only partly show belted hunter (5)
- 11. Cape side Liz designed? (11)
- 12. Intrigued dieter sent reeling (10)
- 14. Serve a rebel having a feeling of repugnance (6)
- 16. Lust he expressed by fast action (6)
- 18. Artificially created If one acts out? (10)
- 20. PETA went wild for adhesive strip (4)
- 21. Fed nags poorly and pulls teeth (7)
- 22. Headless bison made Byzantine chant tone (4)
- 25. Fear of heights for four acrobats, Vietnamese soup and endless bias (10)
- 26. With Endless playa, a pair of educators frolicked (5)
- 29. View wrongly or take to the station? (3,3)
- 30. Starship business? (10)
- 33. Lime rations altered for disposal units (11)
- 35. Some people additionally made a case (5)
- 36. Pull gut out (3)
- 37. Restate, defend absurdly so thrown from a window (13)

DOWN

- 1. His room arranged in the style of NW African Muslims (7)
- 2. Twits contort! (5)
- 3. Guy tool for primate (8)
- 4. Push back is in rest (6)
- 5. Garden implement sheared top off shoe (3)
- 6. Nips slip and rotate (4)
- 7. Drool, eat vial's concoction (8)
- 8. Lazy hoard and us organized in a dangerous way! (11)
- 9. Halftime, make moderately spicy? (9)
- 13. The act of coming out takes a name into oblivion (9)
- 15. Gates swing for a phase (5)
- 17. Sounds like hyper planting is displacing another?
- 19. Does evil make one notice first spirit of ruin? (5)
- 20. Fugitive ran in test! (9)
- 23. I spied leaders of Fantastic Four made stylish! (8)
- 24. Play perp brutally with insect strip (8)
- 27. Dead red mixup feared (7)
- 28. Animals best as distraction (6)
- 31. Rein awkwardly near Texas capital, but slow to react (5)
- 32. Vomit primarily before any real fight (4)
- 34. Won struggle to possess (3)

HELP WANTED

In a dark time for newspapers, one publication holds forth the promise of light, truth, and bacon. Yes, that's us, the Black Rock Beacon. Help us keep tabs on Playa and consume really insane quantities of pork-belly products. If you write, edit, draw, do computer layout (InDesign), take photos, like schwag, or want to deliver our rag around town, come visit us. We have a daily meeting at 10 a.m., where we chew the fat. Come by then or whenever the mood strikes (we're around most of the time). You'll find us on Diana Street at 6:15. Look for our banners..

ALMANAC

The moon is taking this year off, winnowing down to nothing on Friday and barely growing enough to shed any light on Exodus. So pay special attention to night lighting, especially out on the Open Playa.

Sunday, August 25

BLACK ROCK CITY OPENS: 12:01 A.M.

Moonrise: 12:55 A.M.

Dawn: 5:45 A.M. / Sunrise: 6:16 A.M.

Ice sold: Noon-6:00 P.M. Center Camp and 9 o'clock Plaza only. \$4/bag

Sunset: 7:42 P.M. / Dusk ends: 8:11 P.M.

Monday, August 26

Moonrise: 1:47 A.M.

Dawn: 5:49 A.M. / Sunrise: 6:17 A.M.

Sunset: 7:40 P.M. / Dusk ends: 8:09 P.M.

Tuesday, August 27

Moonrise: 2:48 A.M.

Dawn: 5:50 A.M. / Sunrise: 6:18 A.M.

Factoids:

There are just under 13½ daylight hours at the start of the event and just over 13 at the end.

Disoriented? True North/South follows the 4:30 axis; the Man is North of Center Camp. His GPS coordinates are 40.785980, -119.205840 (or 40° 47' 9.528" N and 119° 12' 21.023" West); that's about 230' east of last year's location. The Playa's elevation is about 3904'.

You traveled 3.7 miles from the Gate to the Greeters. It's 3,026' from the Center of Center Camp to the Man.

Rising/setting information for celestial bodies assumes a clear view to the horizon, which you don't have, as the Playa is ringed with hills. They cut roughly 20 minutes off your viewing time on either end. We use the Civil Twilight standard for dawn and dusk.

Sun/Moon data courtesy of SunriseSunset.com. Geographic data from BurningMan.com with calculations by the Black Rock Beacon.

ICE SALES

Sunday • August 26

Noon-6:00 P.M. Center Camp and 9 o'clock plaza only. \$4/bag

Monday • August 27

~ Regular Ice Sales Begin ~

9 A.M. — 6 P.M. daily through Saturday

Arctica: Center Camp

Ice Cubed: 3 o'Clock Plaza

Ice-9: 9 o'Clock Plaza

Shorter hours thereafter

BLACK ROCK BEACON UNINDICTED CO-CONSPIRATORS: Ali Baba, president and managing editor; Lancelot Smith, vice president; Mitchell Martin, editor emeritus; Suzanne Zalev, editor; Francis Wenderlich, masthead co-creator; Ali & Francis, camp managers; Larry Breeding Is Fundamental Editor; WeeGee, long-lens photographer; Taymar, photographer; Mrs. Lucky, deep thinker; Ron Garmon, extraordinaire; Gayle Early, curiouser and curiouser, also nrdy; Smash, editor and website wrangler; Durgy, deer of stuff; Angie Zmijewski, treasure and production goddess. Lena Kartzov, secret design weapon; Queen Marcia, volunteer coordinator. Staff this issue: Deb P., Sarah Stegall editors; Jimmy Olsen, Ria Greiff, Rockstar, Deb P., writers; Kristin Eddington, illustrator.

LEGAL MUMBO JUMBO: Copyright © 2019 The Black Rock Beacon, a not-for-profit corporation organized under the laws of the state of Washington and located at 32657 9th PL S, Federal Way, WA, 98003, some rights reserved. You are free to copy, distribute, display, and perform the information and images contained herein, to make derivative works, and to make commercial use of this work under the following conditions: You must attribute the work to the Black Rock Beacon and, if you alter, transform, or build upon our material, you may distribute the resulting work only under a license identical to this one. These conditions may be waived if you obtain permission from The Black Rock Beacon. Visit us at www.blackrockbeacon.org or follow us at twitter.com/BlackRockBeacon. Hestina Font by Keithgo