

SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

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"Interfering With Your Experience Since 1997"

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Commissary Food Riot Fiasco

Thousands Without Food, Reports Of Cannibalism

By Brother Ted
Editor At Large

You are out on the desert and your supply lines have failed. What do you do? WHAT DO YOU DO?

The staff, of course, is here a lot longer than most Black Rock City citizens, and there is no fucking way they could haul all their food out in their hatchbacks and whatnot. So there's a commissary, and food gets trucked into Black Rock City.

Correction: No food got trucked into BRC. Adios trucko.

How are people responding? Some staff are eating their tents. Some are learning photosynthesis. Some are transcending their bodies. And, in tribute to this year's theme, *Pirates of the Caribbean*, some have turned to piracy.

DPW and BRG representatives have been spotted in large galleons, accosting travelers and demanding food and beer. If you see any

vehicle or camp flashing a skull-and-crossbones, do not to attempt to resist; if you cannot flee, your only chance is to give them your food.

Others have reported riots. Some have been smashing open RVs and assorted tents and encampments, seeking food. Angry

"A cup o' noodles! I will survive to riot another day!"

thongs, wielding sticks and torches, have stormed any stockpiles of food, crawling over one another, seeking sweet morsels of survival.

"A cup o' noodles!" said an anonymous staff member, eyes wild with feral hunger. "I will survive to riot another day."

Some of those more fortunate have established and protected stockpiles of food, living like kings while those outside starve. Machine gun nests and barbed wire keep the starving masses at bay, while the ruling warlords parcel out small bits of food at exorbitant prices.

"String cheese?" chuckled one of these bandit kings. "I could spare some, but it will cost you. It'll cost you a backrub, some cool homemade jewelry, a funny noisemaker and a token from Alien Love Nest. The big ones."

In some areas, the situation has become even more grim. At the Gate and Ticket Stand, an ugly situation has been found. Daily, the staff draw straws. One person draws the short straw, and, with the grim finality of necessity, what must be done is done quickly. Without fail, the loser tries to run, but the others expect it; the unfortunate one is inevitably caught. Instead of everyone slowly starving, one member disappears, and the rest are fed.

Hyperwhiskey is still freely available at 255° and Bowsprit.

News Flash: You Have Made A Terrible Mistake

By Siduri
Editor-in-Chief

This just in... You are stranded at the center of nowhere, surrounded by people more attractive than you are, who are better prepared, seven to ten degrees cooler, and having a lot more fun. Your irritating campmates will not become more tolerable as time and grime accumulate; nor are you likely to win acceptance among some other, more clued-in group of Burners, experts confirm.

"The relevant indices are well-understood," commented Yale ethnologist Marion Bidswell. "Given your unfavorable physical profile, plotted against the strictly pedestrian contents of your wardrobe, the chances that a dashing stranger will supply you with drugs and fuck you senseless are, I'm afraid, vanishingly small."

As you have likely suspected, the mundane crises of your daily life are only worsening in your absence. Your boss is angry. Your pets are hungry. The vague sense of spiritual desire that impelled you to fork over \$200 (and that's not even counting what you spent on camping supplies and your ridiculous "art project" that nobody cares about) will find no relief as the dusty days crawl by, unless you can somehow cajole yourself into believing that physical discomfort and social anxiety constitute some sort of an epiphany.

You've made a terrible mistake, and now you're stuck here for the duration. Enjoy the fucking Burn.

A Pretty Flower that Smells Bad: A Guide to Personal Hygiene on the Playa

By Baron Earl
Staff Writer

You stink.

There's no two ways about it—you stink. After several days on the playa without a shower, you smell very bad. In some circles it may be perfectly acceptable to reek like a dead skunk covered in patchouli oil in an outhouse in the middle of August, but there hasn't been a Grateful Dead show in ages, France is a long way away from here, and it's high time you faced up to the fact that your body odor is not sexy, stimulating, or something that everyone else needs to get used to. Your personal stink may be a natural thing, but then again so is the scent of rotting meat or the smell of a warm, steaming pile of dog excrement.

You don't have to arrive at Burning Man in a motor home carrying a 100-gallon tank of water in order to stay clean in the desert. There are many simple ways to freshen up, remove some stink, and make your scent socially acceptable to your friends and neighbors.

Many desert denizens will try to cover up their body odor with patchouli oil. This is akin to taking a rose, dipping it



continued on next page

Photo by Daisy

Gift Economy Flourishes at Center Camp

By Cynara
Staff Writer

First-time burners curious about Black Rock City's unique "gift economy" can see it in action right at Center Camp. As early as 8 AM, Black Rock City citizens could be seen actively engaging in barter at the coffee bar. A common trade involved the exchange of two small green pieces of paper for a single cup of coffee.

"It's all about community," said one woman, pushing back her orange dreadlocks. "Now that guy at the coffee bar, he's gonna remember me every time he sees those dollar bills. And me, I'm not going to forget him in a hurry," she said, draining the cup.

All participants seemed satisfied with the trade. One erstwhile barista said, "The paper's a nice shade of green, and I totally dig the pyramid. Plus, now I can pay my rent."

A new coffee owner was equally contented. "Yeah, it's a rip to pay two bucks for a cup of coffee, but what else are you gonna do in the middle of the desert—stop at McDonald's?"

Weather Bulletin

*Thunderstorms
expected within 48
hours! Tie down
those rain flaps!*

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255 and Bowsprit: y'all come by now

SMRL's home on the web:
Pigdog Journal - www.pigdog.org

CORRECTION

In our 25 August issue, the Spock Science Monitor reported that Bianca's Smut Shack had "lost purpose," described Bianca's as "decrepit," "dingy," and "filthy," and stated that its volunteers are "too stoned nowadays to even bother thinking about grilled cheese sandwiches." Bianca's Smut Shack did not return to Burning Man in 2002, as the volunteers did not consider the effort worthwhile. Apparently they were not too stoned to reach this conclusion. The Monitor regrets the error.

The Legend Of Hyperwhiskey

By Johnnie Royale
Senior Beverotologist

Some time after the War to End All Wars, during the dark and evil period of Prohibition, the man we know as Great Great Granddaddy Jed—an accomplished confidence man who sold homebrew concoctions promising to cure everything from hangnails to death—decided that there was a great deal of money to be made in selling moonshine.

Soon hundreds of stills were making the Sanders' secret sauce—branded "hyperwhiskey"—all over the backwoods of America. Jed got the whole Sanders clan involved in distribution, quality control, vertical integration, competitive deal making, vendor management, supply side control and other before-their-time business technologies. Veterans of a thousand mountain feuds, the Sanders clan knew to cleverly hide and fortify their Hyperwhiskey Franchises. Aggressive corporate accounting and hyperwhiskey-laced books stupefied the IRS.

Unfortunately Great Great Granddaddy Jed's business success not only upset the powers that be, but directly challenged the authority of the main G-Man himself, J. Edgar Hoover—that hypocritical homo.

Cut to: Oct. 5, 1928. Jed had been out "experimenting" for several days at one of his secret laboratories with Uncle Fred. He called home around 10 PM. Whooping and hollering into the phone he screamed, "I've done it, I've done it!!! I've created the perfect batch of hyperwhiskey. I did one shot and I've been doing the hyperwhiskey dance for five minutes! Slaughter a pig and put it on, I'm coming home."

Hygiene

continued from page one

in cat diarrhea, and then covering up the scent with bug spray. It will never again smell like a rose, and neither will you.

Soap and water is your best bet. Camp showers (shower in a bag) can be filled up with water, hung on any convenient pole or structure, and used for a quick shower in desert conditions. Or just use a bucket, a rag and some soap to wash your stinky bits. You'll feel better, and your friends will appreciate it. Finish off with a good quality deodorant, and we won't have to kick you off the porch later in the evening.

For keeping skin clean and stink-free, "Wet Ones" anti-bacterial moist towelettes work great. They have lotion in the towel, so your skin won't get chapped. They're not particu-

larly eco-friendly, but then again neither is having 20,000 people camp out in one of the most fragile ecosystems in existence. Use them, throw them in a bag, and take them with you when you leave. As long as you don't leave them in the desert, it's okay.

Avoid the "Clorox Bleach" towelettes. While these are great for disinfecting tabletops, cooking utensils, and port-a-potty seats, they will dry your skin out and leave it chapped and raw.

Check the theme camps for a water-themed camp. In years past, several camps have had public showers, waterfalls, and other water-art that you can splash around in. Some require an invitation, so figure out where these camps are and do something nice for them. They're bound to reciprocate in kind.

Modern experiments are conducted daily on the front porch of Spock Mountain Research Labs. If you are feeling like a lab rat, stop by and try a taste... See how long you do the hyperwhiskey dance.

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Visit

The Bayou

255 and Bowsprit

Hoedown 9PM
Wednesday; banjos,
gators, and more
humidity than your
mama's Sunday
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ADVENTURE! THE STAKES
ARE HIGH AND THE PLAYA
WATER IS DEEP. COLLECT ALL
FIVE MAGIC UNICORN PLAYA
BEADS TO OBTAIN THE SPE-
CIAL ULTRA DOUBLOON AND
ENTER THE MYSTIC LIGHT-
HOUSE OF WIZARDRY PIRATE
ENLIGHTENMENT!

*FLOATING WORLD:
THE COLLECTIBLE CARD GAME*