

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume One, Issue Four

"Rock Out With Your Spock Out"

Thursday, August 29, 2002

## NEWS ON THE MARCH

Compiled by Johnnie Royale, Mr. Bad,  
and Yosemite Sam

### Bubonic Plague Strikes Donner Pass

Reports continue to cross the wire of people contracting bubonic plague from rodents over Donner Pass. Burning Man participants may have a gory surprise awaiting them on their drive home next week, as piles of bloated corpses clog the roads. Wise Burners will plan alternate routes now.

### Big Ugly Boondoggle Still Broken, May Be So For Forseeable Future

Draka the Dragon, the mobile sculpture that first appeared in Black Rock City in 2000 and suffered inexplicable yet catastrophic damage due to improper storage, is back smack dab in the center of the playa in several unsightly and widely separated pieces. Despite yearlong effort, frantic calls for assistance, fundraisers, and aid from the Burning Man organization, volunteers were still lackadaisically fiddling with the centrally-placed art project as of Wednesday afternoon. Sources around the dragon work site chuckled at the prospect of the dragon actually running during this year's festival, but optimism continues. The artist in charge was unavailable for comment at press time.

### That Swimming Thing Is Totally Cool

Have you seen that swimming thing? It's totally cool. It's got this like strobe light thing and this, umm, I dunno, circle of swimming guys going in all these directions but not going anywhere and it's fucking freaky. I spent like three hours there last night and I was totally fucked up and I met this chick with a gold skirt thing but she had to go. But there's a bike and I'm serious it's totally cool and you should go check it out.

DJIA: 8594 NASDAQ: 1314

A's: 3 1/2 games ahead of Seattle

Giants: 10 1/2 games behind Arizona

Weather: Th, Fri, 85° and sunny; Sat, 30% chance of thunderstorms

## Fiery Plane Crash In Black Rock City

By Yosemite Sam  
Staff Writer

Last year it happened in New York and was all moody and emotional. This morning, at approximately 7:30, a plane crashed into the playa near Black Rock City. The pilot, who had apparently neglected to put his landing gear down, slid across the playa for 745 feet.

No injuries occurred, and there was no suspicion of terrorist activities, but the National Transportation Safety Board and Department of Homeland Security were dispatched to the scene to "investigate possible air attack on the Burning Man." Eyewitnesses

could neither confirm nor deny the presence of illegal substances at the crash site or within the pilot's veins. The distractions of Black Rock City's clothing-optional airport may have also contributed to the incident.

Flying into Black Rock City is a popular way for lazy people to offload all of their supplies, forcing their friends to haul down extra junk to the playa while they fly up in a snappy one and a half hours.

The Rangers expect it will take two months to remove the wreckage from the playa. Visitors can check out the burnt, twisted fuselage near 90° and Abyss, just outside of Black Rock City.

## New Fish and Wildlife Regulations On The Playa

By Brother Ted  
Editor At Large

Have you noticed the Department of Fish and Wildlife patrolling the playa? You may be thinking to yourself, "Hey, why do they need to be here? The Black Rock Desert has neither flora nor fauna. Did Pershing County just extort Black Rock City into paying for a bunch of unnecessary civil servants to patrol the streets looking for topless women?"

No, of course not! They're here to regulate hunting permits.

Currently, the only animal in season out on the playa is guys on top of somewhat impressive art cars heckling passing camps late into the night.

"Originally, we did not allow the hunting of megaphone-guys," says Wildlife Manager John Boring, "but we performed an environmental impact study, and found that they actually posed a threat to the ecology. While they seem to occur naturally and spontaneously, they are a major form of pollution. In response to public pressure, we changed our regulations and began issuing hunting licenses. The trial program during Burning Man 2001 (the *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*-themed Burning Man) was a spectacular success, so we are now opening up a larger number of heckling-guy sporting licenses. This actually helps us with our

current overpopulation problem."

A total of 250 licenses are being issued. So far, 32 have been given out. The results are quite positive.

"We applied for and received a license on Sunday," said one cowboy-hatted camper, "but we weren't sure we'd be able to use it. Just last night, though, a van came by made up to be kind of a pirate ship, with two guys on top. They were shouting at my girlfriend, demand-



ing that she dance for them, and saying that the camp sucked. I think they thought they were being clever or ironic, but after two or three passes by these guys and others like them, we decided that bloodshed was the better part of valor. Two of us stood in front of the car, and two of us stood behind the car, and, well, we bagged us some mighty fine loudspeaker-guy."

The regulations are fairly strict. Licenses are issued only for people on top

continued on next page

# Unique Pirate Camp or Art Car Startles All With Daring Theme

*Rowdy Buccaneer Antics Awe, Amuse*

By Mr. Bad  
City Editor

Burning Man's waterlogged 2002 motif, "The Floating World," has been put to a deliciously ironic piratical twist by one of over 300 privateer-oriented theme camps, installations, and art cars.

The rapacious peg-legged brigands have set up their base of operations in a traditional pirate geodesic parachute dome, PVC pyramid, or recreational vehicle (RV). Known affectionately to fellow campers as "those pirate guys" or "the pirate camp over there," the headquarters is marked for easy location by one to three monumental or several small nylon Jolly Roger flags, the traditional synthetic-fabric standard of piratically-oriented enterprises.

On nights or afternoons, the pirates rampage on the Black Rock Desert in classical high-seas form. On foot or in their boaty-bussy-carrish thing, the swash-bucklers roam about the open Playa performing guerrilla street theater of a daring and challenging variety.

In the instantly-recognizable seadog cos-

tume of a waist-wrap sarong, silver lamé vest, and spray-painted straw cowboy hat, the scurvy seadogs call out roguish threats to passersby. "Ahoy, matey!" and "Give up your rum and women!"—accompanied by the occasional brandish of a plastic saber—shock and bemuse Black Rock citizens. "We are pirates!" helps to clarify and center the



performance.

"I saw those pirate guys," noted one participant. "Then I saw them again, or maybe some other ones. And then again. They ran around and said 'Arrr.'"

## STAFF BOX

Editor: Siduri  
Production Freaks: Ratsnatcher, TJames  
Graphics Hillbilly: Special Ed Ward  
Copy Editors: Downer Cow, Daisy  
Staff Writers: Liquor Pig, Frankenstein Jones, Johnnie Royale, Splicer, Cynara, Baron Earl, Yosemite Sam, Brother Ted  
Circulation Manager: Mr. Bad

Publisher and Benefactor: Captain Winner

Published daily on the playa under the auspices of Spock Mountain Research Laboratories. All rights reserved. All evil avenged.

255 and Bowsprit: y'all come by now

SMRL's home on the web:  
Pigdog Journal - [www.pigdog.org](http://www.pigdog.org)

## CORRECTION

In our 27 August issue, the Spock Science Monitor reported that: "In years past, several camps have had public showers, waterfalls, and other water art." In fact, this is just one of the fun activities that Burning Man no longer permits. Other bygone pleasures include firearms, public art burnings, driving at ridiculous speeds, and jokes at Larry Harvey's expense. The Monitor regrets the error.

## Larry Fucks Up

By Johnnie Royale  
Senior Beverotologist

As reported in the *Black Rock Gazette*, voicepiece and total tool of the Man, several individuals, apparently believing that Radical Free Expression™ actually means "radical free expression," changed some of the compass-based street signs back to the far more understandable clock labels used in previous years.

Naturally, this challenge to the authority of the BMOrg could not go unanswered, and the editorial staff of the *Gazette* was forced to denounce this action as both dangerous and disrespectful. Dangerous, because trained and sober EMT workers are unable to translate between a compass and a clock, or even to call BRC Dispatch for assistance. Disrespectful, because it was Larry's idea, and it's Larry's paper, and Larry is never wrong.

However, out here, hours from the nearest emergency room, surrounded by hundreds of mobile propane cannons and other large explosive devices, "danger" is a rather relative term. If safety was the overriding concern, Burning Man would never, ever happen. And sometimes radical free expression results in less than 100 percent positive feelings. Destroying or burning the street signs would have been disrespectful, possibly even grounds for expulsion from the event, but simply covering a few signs with removable placards quickly makes the artists' point—which is that the street names this year suck. Especially for big, stumbling, hillbilly drunks like myself.

It is time to face facts. This year's *Floating World*™ theme is far superior to last year's ridiculous Seven Ages, but Larry fucked up when he opted to name the streets for compass headings.

## You Know You're Going To Hell

By The Reverend Downer Cow  
Staff Writer

You know you're going to HELL when

- > You engage in the sinful practice of self-dehydration. Verily, it is original sin.
- > You shun the sacred shady spaces.
- > You are active in the proscribed hours when the sun's blistering wrath is great.

Repent now. Change your ways and you may yet escape with a mere sunburn and a headache. Can't you smell the sizzling flesh, children?

BUT, continue down the cursed path and a plague of afflictions shall befall ye. Soon comes the dreaded quease—destroyer of good times. Alongside it comes enfeeblement of the body, mind and spirit. Soon, you are beset with faintness and rapid but inadequate beating of your heart and gasping of your lungs.

Heed these portents of your fate and ye may yet be saved. But beware! Your now weakened body and mind will fail you. Without the kindly ministrations of the flock, ye WILL NOT be able to leave the path of damnation.

And beware ye too, saints who would rescue the sinners from the path. Your ministrations of cool holy waters (to the flesh, vestments and throat of the afflicted) and a place of repose beneath the sacred shade must swiftly return the wayward one to their goodly strength and senses. If this fails, ye must know that only calling on a higher power will exorcise the demons of hellfire

and dessication from the fallen one.

Should circumstances become so dire, call on the powers that be for help. While you wait for the saviors' arrival, begin the exorcism rites. Place ice upon the groin, into the armpits and alongside the neck of the afflicted. Vigorously massage the limbs to return blessed cooled blood to quench the burning core of the damned. This is truly the bitter end for the sinner.

Heed not these warnings, wayward one, and your vital organs—kidneys, liver, yea your brain will be poisoned as the toxins leak from your own decaying guts into your blood. Your heart and vessels will collapse. Ye will depart this level of hell for those that no man has yet returned from.

Refs:  
*NEJM Vol 346, No 25*  
*Wilderness Medicine Society, Practice Guidelines for Wilderness Emergency Care*

## Wildlife

*continued from page one*

of the car with a microphone, not for drivers within the vehicle. Female hecklers and hecklers under four feet in height are also excluded.

Permits are issued at the Cafe in center camp for eleven dollars. You may bring a copy of this paper, plus eleven dollars, to the Cafe to receive your permit.