

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume One, Issue Six

"Don't Think We Won't Kick Your Ass, Too"

Saturday, August 31, 2002

## NEWS ON THE MARCH

Compiled by Mr. Bad

### Someone Besides NAMBLA the Clown May Be at Burning Man

Despite reports and photos to the contrary in countless television news magazines, daily papers, coffee table books and independent video projects, it has been recently asserted that at least one other person besides NAMBLA the Clown may attend the yearly Burning Man festival. It is as yet unconfirmed whether the alleged "shadow participant" manifests NAMBLA's trademark white-makeup-and-face-jewels schtick, or if the theoretical "second Burner" may in fact have some form of expression previously undiscovered.



### Crashed Plane Is Still There

Spock Science Monitor investigative journalists have corroborated that the plane that crashed into the playa Wednesday night is still embedded in the soil somewhere east of the City, around 90° and Abyss. Previous reports that the craft was carrying a morbidly obese Larry Harvey, whose unbalanced heft sent the plane spiraling to the ground, remain unconfirmed. Reporters on location were able to observe several emptied and crushed 15-piece KFC buckets at the scene of the crash as well as a trail of deep, waddling footprints leading roughly in a First Camp direction.

continued on next page

## When BLM Horndogs Attack

By DeCognito and Malex  
Contributing Editors

For years Burning Man has worked hard to minimize the leering yahoo element of Black Rock City: the creeps whose primary motivation it is to stare at and photograph naked women. Now it appears that the Org is actually paying some of them to be here...and if you're a U.S. taxpayer, so are you.

Last Tuesday, a pair of uniformed Bureau of Land Management officers were spotted driving around in a golf cart shooting digital photographs of unclad females. No attempt to make eye contact, much less ask permission, was observed when an officer jumped out of the cart to take several shots from behind of a dancing woman bending over to change her CD player. When bystanders de-

manded to know what the hell they thought they were doing, their only response was that they were "putting together a gallery for the guys back at the office." Oh, well all right then.

It's hard to say if this is an isolated incident or widespread abuse of power by bureaucratic jerkoffs, but it's not lost on anyone that these people have the authority to arrest your ass if you look at them funny. As one witness put it, "If they were regular guys we could just grab a two-by-four and pummel some sense into them," but chewing out law-enforcement could potentially lead to reprisal. One thing for certain is that Burning Man is getting lax in explaining basic etiquette to new officers. So remember to keep an eye out for yahoos on Titty Safari and suggest some tact to them, but save the lumber for a counterpoint.

## YAWL SED:

## Yer Goddam Two Cents

By X  
Staff Writer

**Today's Question:** *What's the coolest thing you've seen so far?*

"The Duckmobile: Esplanade and about 165°. It's a rubber duck and they're giving out these little duck things."

*Jill, The Community, 120° & 2900*

"I'm partial to the Temple of Joy out beyond the man."

*Vanessa, 75° & 2500*

"I seen one guy walkin' around, actually, it seemed like he had peace of mind. I thought that was cool."

*Wolfgang, Center Camp*

"Out in the middle of the playa, so far away from everything, like between the Duck and civilization, there was a DRINKING FOUNTAIN that somebody had rigged up with water containers underneath it. I thought it was just amazing."

*Roxanne, The Bayou, Bowsprit & 255°*

"The Fish Pond. You can walk in it and the fish light up and it's like you're in the water. It's between the man and 90°."

*Natalie, Center Camp*

"The Good Morning Tea Commandos. They were extremely entertaining."

*Karin, Nameless and Cool Camp*

## Yay! Piss Clear!

By Brother Ted  
Editor At Large

We'd just like to salute the only "real" newspaper on the playa, Piss Clear. It's so crispy and Cheez-Tastik that "Once You Pick It Up, You Just Can't Stop!" You'll

find their *crunchy journalism* so **scrumptious** and **irresistable** you won't believe it's not **pre-printed!**

In fact, *we don't either!* We challenge **Piss Clear** to put the word "**Herpetology**" in their **next paper!** Also, **Adrian**, will you go out with me? Now available in *Cool Ranch* and **Mesquite Bar-B-Q!**

## GOLDEN TREASURE AND RICH COFFEE FLAVOR ARE YOURS AT THE CENTER CAMP CAFE

This coupon redeemable for one FREE gold doubloon at the Center Camp Cafe with the purchase of one (1) grande latte or grande mocha latte at regular price. Limit one per customer, offer valid until September

1st, 2002. Cash value 1/100th of one cent. Center Camp Cafe and Burning Man, LLC. Working Together To Enhance Your Experience



# From The Fashion Desk...

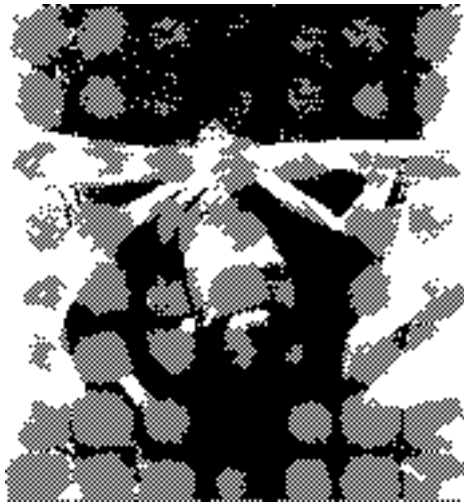
## Don't Wear That Bow With That Cock!

If you decide to tie a ribbon 'round your flaccid oak tree, make sure to make statement that doesn't scream, "Frankie says Relax!" Lose the 80's neon and go for something bolder and more masculine, like a thick strip of black leather.

Don't go too far in the other direction, with too many bells and whistles (i.e. multiple cock rings with a chain and five pound spiked ball attached)—people might suspect you're compensating for something.

—ellie ray

*eye on the times, and on yer bits*



## Butt Cracks: The Final Frontier

At an event like Burning Man, it's inevitable that participants eventually run out of goofy, gross or monumental ideas to amaze and entertain their fellow burners. So it's no surprise, really, that people wrack their brains and explore their body parts for something novel. Boobs, asses,



penises, and even beaver are passé. We've seen every size, condition and configuration imaginable, sometimes to our embarrassed (for them) chagrin.

But how about the oft-neglected nether regions? How many butt cracks have you inspected at Burning Man? Have you opened any cheeks wide and really inspected any? Better yet, have you massaged, painted, or eaten from any? Most importantly, have you bestowed one with any affection lately?

Well, this is your lucky year! Options now abound for you to explore the vast options for backdoor delight, and artistic and culinary expression of the anal variety. At Butt Crack Painting Camp, for instance, you can bring a friend, or find a friend for a bit of decorative painting. No reports yet on how much butt wiping it might take to disturb your masterpiece, so be sure to take a photo or two right away.

Failing that, you can certainly find some open soul in Center Camp who'd be happy to let you lick your morning mocha from his/her crack, I'm sure. Hey, don't knock it till you've tried it.

—Lola T'Pola

*BRC Style Correspondent*

## News On The March

*continued from page one*

### Chicken John Fucks Up Again

Scores of Burning Man attendees were stood up last night at the rendezvous point for the Floating World theme game, to their consternation and fury. This year's theme game requires participants to collect beads at theme camps, then meet a representative somewhere in the Deep Playa to receive their gold doubloon.

The identity of the irresponsible party is subject to debate—fingers point at both the Artery and yet another unfinished vehicle called the Galleon—but the most colorful allegation is against Chicken John, proprietor of the Odeon Bar, who supposedly has a trunkful of undelivered doubloons in the back of his more-or-less art car. The *Monitor* cannot confirm the truth of this rumor, but it sure makes for a good headline, doesn't it?

### Cher Poops Two Gallons a Day

International single-named superstar Cher, star of the movie "Mask" and singer of the

hit song "Half-Breed," is causing a fecal stir in her neighborhood in the northeast corner of Black Rock City. Her personal toilet trailer has been leaking at least two gallons of fecal matter onto virgin playa each day for the duration of the event. How long the celebrity's copious and uncontrolled bowel products must be a nuisance and health hazard before the BMOrg acts remains unknown.

## STAFF BOX

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*255 and Bowsprit: y'all come by now*

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

## Spock Science Monitor Saves Black Rock Gazette

*By Captain Winner*

**Publisher**

The *Spock Science Monitor's* senior staff were surprised to receive a desperate, tear-filled request Wednesday night, sometime around midnight, over the reserved Spock Mountain radio channel. After several minutes spent coaxing the callers out of hysteria and attempting to comprehend their nearly unintelligible babble, it was determined that, despite a budget over \$15,000, the *Black Rock Gazette* had found itself without a layout designer to prepare the Thursday morning issue. Apparently, the mysterious "Miss-Terrie" was nowhere to be found, and the BRG was forced to come groveling to the competition, else risk losing their annual grant from Burning Man Org, LLC™. *Spock Science Monitor* Editor-in-Chief, Siduri, was quoted as saying, "We had actually interviewed this particular designer for a position with our staff last winter, and were familiar with her work ethic, so we were sympathetic to their situation. Eventually we decided to offer the *Gazette* one of the four designers who made it on our staff. We're just happy that we were able to help out."

## Spock Science Monitor Saves Black Rock City

*By Siduri*

**Editor-in-Chief**

A representative of Playa Info approached the *Spock Science Monitor* offices on Thursday afternoon with an urgent plea for help. Apparently the port-a-potties are filling with condoms, beer bottles, panties, gas masks, whole chickens, two-ply tissue, and the occasional rack of lamb. In a touching display of naiveté, BMOrg officials concluded that the Burners chucking everything from rebar to artificial limbs into the port-a-potties were not shit-spirited fuckwads, but merely insufficiently informed. MORE SIGNS were needed, and the guardians of the Burning Man infrastructure sprang to corrective action.

One problem. Hundreds of prints were required. The *Black Rock Gazette's* vast array of top-end, Org-funded laser printers were all broken. *Piss Clear's* much-vaunted offsite presses were all mythical. Only one paper on the playa could step forward in Black Rock City's hour of need. The *Monitor* cranked up the presses, and the required signage was supplied before the Playa Info emissary finished his doobie.

The *Monitor* is proud to be your one and only source of playa-written, playa-produced, independent journalism. Now quit breaking the port-a-potties, you bastard fucking morons.

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