

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

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"So Funny I Wet My Sarong"

Sunday, September 1, 2002

## Tragic Accident Destroys Desert Landmark

*Thousands Look On In Horror*



Photo by Dagan

**Tragedy strikes Black Rock City**

By Mr. Bad  
City Editor

Catastrophe struck Black Rock City last night as the community's central landmark and symbolic namesake was destroyed in a massive conflagration of epic proportions. As thousands of citizens looked on in horror, the carefully constructed statue known as "The Man" was consumed almost completely by an unexpected fire of unknown origin.

Officials are still uncertain as to the cause of the destructive blaze, which started sometime after sunset and continued nearly till dawn. The wooden structure, supported by a poorly-constructed plywood "lighthouse," was quickly engulfed by flame, and collapsed quickly into an unrecognizable heap. The fire burned through Saturday night, attended by helpless Fire Department personnel who could do nothing to stop the all-consuming blaze.

"In retrospect, it was probably a bad idea to pack the statue with thousands of pounds of fireworks and explosives," said Larry Harvey, founder of Burning Man and designer of the "Man" sculpture. "We were really just asking for trouble." As the Man burned, Mr. Harvey watched in lachrymose impotence from his observation platform in First Camp. Sources near to Mr. Harvey report that he required over 300 barbecued

spare ribs to alleviate his sorrow and pain over the loss of his principal creation.

"I'm so fucking high right now, I have no idea what the fuck is going on," said onlooker Ass Boy, Burning Man participant. "Is that thing on fire, or is it just me?" Dressed in green polyester fur and plastic horns, Ass Boy wondered out loud whether he'd be able to still use the gold doubloon he'd traded a joint for on Friday. "What am I going to do with this cheap-ass thing now? It won't even fit in a 'Tekken' machine."

As their beloved icon was licked by flames, BRC citizens consoled themselves with drugs, booze, and anonymous sex. "Ubble gub shar f'nar," blurted Isis, a participant dressed only in a gold lamé thong and glitter make-up. "Fuck me hard."

The morning after, as participants reel with desolation and sorrow, the City is rife with finger-pointing and accusations. Despite purported slipshod design and wiring by the DPW, the prime suspect for the violent fire as of Sunday morning is Chicken John, proprietor of the Odeon Bar and notorious fuck-up. Mr. John is, as of press time, not charged with any crime, but his whereabouts are unknown.

Burning Man, LLC member Crimson Rose, who was observed with ignited poi near the statue on Sunday evening just before the incident, has been cleared by authorities.

## The Desperate Loser's Guide To Getting Laid

By Ellie Ray  
Staff Writer

Bummed out that the Burn is over and you still haven't gotten your slice of prime playa pussy? Don't despair. Spock Mountain has some handy tips on how to bag a Burner so you can brag to all the guys back at your frat house.

**1. Take out the garbage.** Have room in your truck for a bag of trash? Then you, my friend, have a commodity. If all you have is extra booze and drugs, don't bother with bartering tactics. Everyone has extra booze and drugs. What people don't have is space in their car for a skanky bag full of moldy Hormel chili cans or ziplocks full of rotten baby carrots.

**2. Revenge.** Eavesdrop on two Burner girls engaged in intense discussion. One should be crying. Listen for these words from the crying chick: "And then he FUCKED her. Can you believe it? I'm so

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## NEWS ON THE MARCH

Compiled by Mr. Bad and Lulah Ray

### Vaginas Sealed Across Black Rock City

Female burners, particularly nudists, are hereby informed that a Playa Booty Advisory is in effect. Following Friday's whiteout and the smoke and dust explosion of Saturday's Burn, newbie vaginas across Black Rock City have become sealed shut with a pastelike compound of playa dust, sweat, and booty ya-ya. First-time burner and long-time outdoor sex aficionado Zartana Moonflower complained, "It was awful. After the Man fell down, I was way too lit to find the wet-naps in my pack. My post-Burn sex magick ritual was totally ruined." Women who wish to avoid affliction are advised to be vigilant this afternoon. Keep your "Temple of Joy" open for worship!

### Yahoos Leave, Fun Begins

"Adios, lame yuppie fuckers!" is the cry throughout Black Rock City today, as thousands leave the community in the wake of Saturday night's Gehennon-like orgy of flame. Unemployed old-timers and drugheads continue to laze around in the grueling desert sun today, pub-crawling and tripping ass while hard-working and efficient marketing personnel leave the prestigious festival in time to rest up and hit the company Labor Day party on Monday morning. "I have to do a VC presentation on Tuesday, and my Powerpoint is only half finished," opined participant Eric Green at the gate Sunday. "Fun is fun, but there's work to do."

### I Think Phil Hooked Up With That Fat Chick

HAW! I totally saw that fat chick that was totally after Phil sneak out of his tent this morning. With her hair all messed up and everything, like she'd been fucked all night. Har! He must have been seriously sideways last night. We should give him serious shit when he gets up. Man, did you see her arm-pits? She was smuggling squirrels, I guarantee. Gross! Hey, is there any beer left?

# Black Helicopters Over Black Rock City

By Ratsnatcher  
Staff Writer

You may have noticed the helicopters—usually flying in pairs—that slowly but methodically prowl overhead, every day of the festival. What you may not have noticed is that they are black helicopters. These patrols fly in the daytime wearing temporary FAA-regulation identification letters. But at night they switch to “whisper mode,” and roam the sky nearly undetectably. Armed with Forward-Looking Infra-Red (FLIR) cameras, sensitive, directional microphones, and other high-tech, privacy-invading accoutrements, they can peer into any camp, at

any time—and even track individual Burners if necessary.

The remote location of the Black Rock Desert, Nevada’s relative sparse population, and its relative lack of rigorous law-enforcement make an ideal location for a radical festival like Burning Man, where their usual rules don’t necessarily apply. What you may not have considered is the extreme freedom the venue affords police and government agencies.

[These notes are all we have of Ratsnatcher’s research into black-bag operations, government-sponsored disappearances, and the death of Jim Keith. Ratsnatcher himself could not be located at press time.—Ed.]

# The Ark of the Nereids

By The Compulsive Splicer  
Staff Writer

Pepe Orzan’s elaborate Burning Man Opera, Ark of the Nereids was staged this year on the Opera Ark, positioned about halfway out the promenade from Center Camp to The Man. Elaborately costumed as well as nekkid performers accompanied Orzan’s unique Sun Ra-meets-The Residents, dissonance-versus-resonance musical styling. The dancers showed impressive discipline and control, and the chorus was spot-on, featuring an amazing induction aria by soloist and Opera Goddess-in-Residence D’Vorrah. Another highlight was Papa Wu’s performance as an evangelical UFO nut, narrating the story by way of revealing to us the truth that mainstream media won’t provide. Papa Wu’s presence provided a lighthearted backbone to a production that otherwise took itself very seriously.

Despite the wealth of talent and the obvious Herculean effort behind the undertaking, this new creation myth was undercut by technical tweaks that should have been ironed out days earlier. The departure of the Opera Ark from Opera Arkipelago was approximately three hours late, giving new measure to “playa time.” Further distraction was caused by the constant bullhorn chatter of the stage manager, who insisted on shouting instructions to actors, singers and dancers who clearly knew their parts. This happened with such regularity that audience members wondered if it was a postmodern affectation, but sources inside Opera Arkipelago indicate that the stage instructions were not intended for the audience, and confirm that they were entirely unnecessary considering the months of preparation that went into the production.

Every high school English teacher knows the maxim “a great writer is measured by the good work that ends up in the garbage can.” Last night’s production ignored this principle, putting the audience through an ordeal that stretched the limits of their attention span and the resilience of their buttocks. The women of the choir, naked from the waist up, shivered as the night stretched into late morning.

If the opera had been a bit shorter, or if it had started within an hour of the scheduled time, the entire show would have happened in the comfortable early evening air. Much of the show-lengthening material seemed entirely unnecessary. All the story was told within the first thirty minutes; very little of the remaining script provided extra information or depth. A school of fish dancers was apparently added for no reason other than to slap a nautical theme onto this decidedly non-nautical starseed opera. Instead of delving into thematic complexity, Pepe decided to just add fish.

All in all, this was a spectacular showing. It’s only unfortunate that the performers’ glory was upstaged by those they trusted to safeguard the structure and organization of their event. Next year, let the talent do their jobs.

## Now Git

So, the other night I’m in a port-a-potty, and it’s a nice comfortable one and I’m feeling pretty good, and I’ve just had my first wipe and I’m reaching for another fistful of toilet paper just to, you know, sop up the gravy, and all of a sudden I see with terrible clarity that there’s only like four squares of TP hanging from the barren cardboard roll.

And I’m thinking about the next person to come in here, and like, what if they sit down and take a crap before seeing that I’ve used all the TP? But I mean, I really kind of want another wipe. And here I am in a dark port-a-potty; nobody to witness my decision or judge me if I take the selfish path. My shorts around my ankles, my

nostrils filled with the stench of other people’s shit, and here’s me having a goddamn gen-u-wine crisis of character.

So that all goes to show something, I guess, or not really, except that this is our last paper and the situation seems to call for some kind of valediction, and this is the best I can do. One of you, one night, had four squares of TP because in the end I left the last wipe. One of you, one night, walked up to me in a dust storm and handed me a gas mask. Thanks for reading the paper. Drive safe.

Siduri  
Editor-in-Chief

## Getting Laid

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mad I could...” This is your woman. Follow her around incognito, and when the time is right, make your move.

**3. Passed out pussy.** Some folks are coming down, some folks are still flying high. Either way, if you start scoping the chill tents early, you just might find your

soulmate. Temporary soulmate, that is.

**4. If you’re going to San...Fran...cisco,** make sure you wear flowers in your hair, and keep an extra seat in your truck for the chick who promised she’ll bang you in Boomtown.

**5. Settle.** Are you setting your sights too high? Don’t go for the “former model” clad in fishnets and stilettos, dancing lasciviously at Illuminaughty. Try comforting the woman in the five-day old sarong, sniveling softly at the Center Camp Cafe about “how she hates being alone.”

So rave on, Burner boys. We here at Spock Mountain are committed to rampant hedonism. And by the way, ladies, if you’re looking for love, the shack doesn’t close until Monday.

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255 and Bowsprit: y’all come by now

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## Spock Needs Smokes!

We done run out of our cigarettes and we’re goin’ crazy from tobacky withdrawal! If you have any extra cigs, and want to contribute them to a good cause, namely keeping the people who put the playa’s best newspaper together alive for the next day or two, drop on by the shack at 255° and Bowsprit today! And try our Hyperwhiskey! P.S.: Sid likes cloves.