Tragic Accident Destroys Desert Landmark

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 ripe 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.

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Black Helicopters Over Black Rock City

By Ratsnatcher
Staff Writer

You may have noticed the helicopters—usually flying in pairs—that slowly but methodically prowled 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 sparsely populated, and its relative lack of rigorous law-enforcement make an ideal location for a radical festival like Burning Man, where there 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.

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 nostrils filled with the stench of other people’s shit, and here’s me having a goddamn genuine 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尘 storm and handed me a gas mask. Thanks for reading the paper. Drive safe.

Siduri
Editor-in-Chief

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 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 Boontown.

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 comfort- ing 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.

Spock Needs Smokes!

We done run out of our cigarettes and we’re goin’ crazy from tobacconist 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 259 and Bowspitz today! And try our Hyperwhiskey! P.S.: Sid likes cloves.