

# SPÖCK

## SCIENCE MONITOR

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"We Stand By Our Irresponsible Journalism"

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## Plans For Center Camp Casino Unveiled



Artist's Conception of new Center Camp Casino to be constructed by Bechtel.

By *Johnnie Royale*  
Senior Beverotologist

According to a recent BMOrg press release, the Center Camp Cafe will be replaced by a Center Camp Casino at Burning Man 2003.

The Casino will require significantly more space, doubling the total square footage of this year's massive Cafe tent to make room for hundreds, if not thousands of slot and video poker machines as well as dozens of craps, roulette and blackjack tables. The current staff barristas will be trained for various jobs in this desert casino including keno runners, pit bosses, coin changers, slot machine repairer technicians and bouncers.

Further, due to Nevada State regulations and the fragile nature of the necessary electronics, the tent will have to be sealed from the elements - and since the DPW has no experience in building structures without holes - the BMOrg is turning to the internationally respected engineering giant Bechtel to design and construct the casino. Rumor has it that Bechtel is also interested in bidding on building the rest of Center Camp, including a 5 star mini hotel for First Camp.

"Selling coffee in the desert just isn't that

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## Idea Crisis Looms

By *Brother Ted*  
Editor at Large

Long-time Burners eagerly look forward to the Idea Market which happens during every Decompression at sunset on the second floor of Club Cocomo. BMOrg, while long on finances and manpower, is always chronically short on ideas for next year's camps. So every year, creative Burning Man participants head to the Cocomo to barter their ideas for next year's event. The club provides free juice to individuals who bring their ideas, and the top 100 plans (judged on the spot) are implemented the following year at the BMOrg's expense.

"In 2001, I came in with a camp idea: a big carrot - like really huge - with a ton of naked women dancing around it," says Kip Warner. "They loved it so much, they gave me a new bike just for the idea. And the Temple of the Carrot they built for me is the star of the Esplanade."

Some famous projects first proposed at the Idea Market include Jiffy Lube, NAMBLA the Clown, Capitalist Pig Camp, and Alien Chess Camp.

"We're really worried about turnout for the Idea Market this year," said gift-

economy guru Larry Harvey over a second breakfast. "Only about ten or so people said they were coming. I'm worried we won't have enough ideas. It's kind of a crisis; we really need help here." Participants with camp, art car, or costume ideas are encouraged - nay, begged - to attend.

Last year's first-prize winner, Dale Pragu, is proud of his art project "Cycle of Life." Dale's piece helps teach about materialism and ecology. "During the burn, I go through empty camps, and steal any bicycles left unattended," says Pragu. "When I get back to San Francisco, I sell the stolen bikes. About half the money goes into Phase Two: the next year, I buy boxes full of praying mantises, dragonflies, and butterflies, and let them free on the playa. It's a beautiful, self-sustaining cycle of loss and rebirth."

So if next year on the playa you notice a rare insect, or find your bike missing, give a smile and a nod to Dale Pragu. Dale also received a new Toyota in appreciation for his ideas. "I sold it for acid and CDs," says Dale with an impish smile.

## NEWS ON THE MARCH

Compiled by Mr. Bad

### Hapless DPW Still Mired In Dust

Despite repeated calls for aid from Burners already returned to the outside world, dozens of hapless Department of Public Works volunteers remain buried in almost four and one-half feet of playa dust as of press time. "We thought we didn't need help," DPW chief Will Roger informed SSM reporters earlier this week. "We were wrong. Please, get us out of here." The DPW leader called on those participants owning snow shovels, leaf blowers, or tow trucks to dispatch to the Black Rock desert post haste. "I can't move my arms," said Frito Pie, 28, one of the many sunburned and hungry DPW workers, immobilized in dust up to his chest. "I can't reach my drugs. I want to drive the tractor."

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# Burning Man Annoyances of 2002

By Johnnie Royale  
Senior Beverotologist

☛ **Center Camp** While coffee is one of the four basic food groups, consumerism at Black Rock City sucks. The BMOrg has managed to slip the biggest, stinkiest, dirtiest, Starbucks on the planet directly in the middle of the world's greatest gift economy. Trading greenbacks for black liquid is wrong in Black Rock City, and it's time to shut down this Temple of Capitalism.

☛ **Yahoo Art Car Drivers** The exhibition of Art Cars on the playa is one of the coolest parts of Burning Man. But for every rocking art car, there are a dozen fuckwads wacked out of their skulls and driving barely modified golf carts, hell-bent on cramming one more rave stop into their busy schedules. Not only are these lazy fucks raising plumes of dust, but someday one of these bastards will run some poor moonwalking dude over. It is time to haul these losers off of the playa and chain their pathetic art cars to their tents.

☛ **Bullhorns** Bullhorns are not art. For some reason, completely intelligent people with amazing conversational skills immediately become unintelligible assholes the moment they start broadcasting their inner monologue to the surrounding three blocks. They should all be tossed into dirty port-a-potties.

☛ **Deserted Rave Camps** THUMPPA, THUMPPA, THUMPPA is the Burning Man theme song. But most times when you stick your head in the dome to see what all the noise is about, you find a single zoned-out raver dude twitching in front of a wall of speakers while the DJ absentmindedly picks one horrible song after another. Turn down the volume, and when the party is over, turn off the music.

☛ **Theme Whores** Burning Man themes are for people who lack the creative skills to generate their own ideas. And what pisses me off the most are yahoos that come to Spock Mountain Research Labs asking how our theme relates to The Floating World. We are drunken hillbilly scientists... um... who also publish a daily newspaper. We don't need no stinking theme, nor do we care about oceans in the middle of the desert. Now shut up and drink your hyperwhiskey.

☛ **Greeter Delays** Some of our camp's arrivals reported waiting as long as two hours to get through the Greeter station. After driving for eight hours, experiencing the joy you get when you finally approach Gerlach, and seeing Black Rock City off in the distance, spending two hours in line is a crime against humanity. If the Greeters don't figure out how to manage their resources, people will start jumping out of line and driving through the trash fence.

# GET OFF MY LAWN!

By Yosemite Sam  
Reno Bureau Chief

Wow. Can you believe that Burning Man was only a month and a half ago? You know, neither can I. The weather this year held out until we all left. The DPW survived and there is already word trickling out that the playa is way cleaner than it has been in years. Too bad the same can't be said about Reno.

Some of you may remember Reno as that place where you purchased supplies on your way to Black Rock City. Others may recall it as the place where you deposited your trash at a trash drop off facility specified by the Burning Man Survival Guide. Except that some of you apparently were too doped up to actually take the trash to the correct place. And while you did leave no trace on the playa, you left a big trace in Reno.

I got home Monday night to find my yard coated with trash. I cleaned it up and thought nothing of it. I woke up the next morning and had to go to work. The parking lot at my

## Casino

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profitable", says Nancy White, mistress of Center Camp Café. "So we have been trying to get a casino license from the State of Nevada for several years now. We finally received the permit in August... too late to build a casino for BM 2002. But next year, we'll have wall-to-wall gambling excitement right in the heart of Burning Man. We think gambling and Burning Man are a great fit and we are very excited to offer this recreational opportunity to our guests. We've analyzed the annual surveys and conducted focus group sessions. It is clear the typical person that hangs around Center Camp all day is not only quite happy to pay for services, but also expects a certain level of entertainment to be provided. That's our target market."

Unconcerned about the reaction of the more traditional Burners who feel that any sort of commercial enterprise goes against the core Burning Man philosophy, Ms.

## News on the March

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### Guy Still Hoping to Hook Up at Decompression

Greg Davies, 38, a self-employed graphic designer from Oakland, CA, is still holding out hopes for raucous, uninhibited sex in a Burning Man venue this calendar year. "I had a contract gig in August, so I only got up to the Playa on Friday morning," Davies explained, "And since I got real dehydrated that afternoon, I didn't leave my tent until sometime Sunday morning. By that time, all the hot sex stuff was over." Davies, who also bemoaned his "total lack of any cool outfit" on the Playa, hopes that Decompression will provide him with one last slim chance to have sex "once, or preferably twice" during the all-day party event. Despite warnings from friends and colleagues that his hopes may be misplaced, Davies remains optimistic. "I talked for a few minutes to this girl with dreadlocks who was breaking down her camp on Monday morning," he pointed out. "I'm hoping she'll be at Decompression and we can, like, get it on or something."

office was a foot deep in trash. My boss was staring at it with his arms crossed. The waste disposal people were there loading it into trucks. It took them two hours to get rid of it all. One of the waste management engineers said, "We have guys all over town picking this stuff up. Over in Sparks, they had to pick up five pirate ship shaped couches."

So now I ask, what does it take to go to the dump in Reno? It only costs 6 bucks max. Every time a burner overfilled a Reno business trash container, the cost was at least \$38. Do you think that helps Nevada's local support of Burning Man? Ok, sure I know the dump closes at 5pm. But if you can't get to the damn dump by a specified time, then you have to pay the consequences and drive 3 more hours with stinky trash. Apparently you didn't plan ahead properly for this whole Burning Man thing.

To compensate for your transgressions, I've personally come to Decompression with my car full of trash. I'll be distributing it liberally around San Francisco. Enjoy!

White responds, "Look, Burning Man needs to change and adapt. So do the old timers. We love them to pieces, as long as they aren't complaining. But they are just going to have to grow with us or find another event. Sheesh, some of them even bitch about us selling coffee. Coffee, for Christ's sake. Those people are just totally out of touch with the reality and direction of Burning Man. Face it, the casino is only the beginning of the changes we have planned in order to make Burning Man the finest temporary resort in the world."

Anonymous sources indicate that the BMOrg has high hopes that this move will finally turn the Burning Man Organization into the highly profitable business that the LLC holders desire, and to accelerate the drive toward an IPO tentatively scheduled for sometime in 2004 or 2005. Larry Harvey is quoted as saying, "These won't be the loosest slots in Nevada. But in that tent, they damn sure will be the dirtiest."

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