

SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume One, Issue Six

"That Hate-Filled Rag"

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

Compiled by Mr. Bad and Brother Ted

Goths vs. Pirates: Cyberbrawl 2002

A delivery van, remade as a pirate ship, slammed into the zipline of Thunderdome. Passengers and onlookers alike screamed in horror for the maniacal, PCP-fueled, violent, amok, misanthropic, gun-toting, starfish-fondling, dome-hating, evil, shark-gene-spliced, ninja-trained, drunken, speed-hungry driver to stop, but he didn't. "Oblivion is pretty much the common denominator at Black Rock City," said David, the guy who runs Death Guild and Thunderdome and never says hi to me. It was also his birthday.

Disney on Ice Producer Faces Biggest Challenge Yet

Anton Carter, director of Disney on Ice spectaculars and *Ice Jungle!* touring shows, faces his biggest challenge yet this week at Burning Man. "Orchestrating the pre-Burn show is quite a shift for me," Carter smiles, "But really, when you get down to it, a show is a show." Working with high-level BMOrg officials, Carter crafted a gala dance and music event that meets Burning Man's particular needs. "This show presents a panoply of logistical hassles," sighs Carter. "For the costumes alone, we sewed over a million sequins on ten thousand spandex outfits. I can only hope the Burning Man community appreciates all our effort." Participants can judge for themselves tonight before the Burn; tickets are available at the Center Camp Cafe.

Rumors of Delayed Burn Persist

Rumors are running rampant in Black Rock City that tonight's Burn will be delayed due to excessive damage on the Lighthouse platform and inside the Man himself, rendering the precision pyrotechnic event unsafe. Sources purport that a drunk and rowdy Larry Harvey rode up to the Man some time after 2 AM on Thursday night in his trademark golf cart and was helped to the structure by three assistants. Despite his serious but unconfirmed obesity problem, the unruly founder of Burning Man demanded access to the top floors for himself and his entourage. Wheezing heavily, the portly and reclusive free-expression guru wedged himself into the Lighthouse entrance and could not

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Sign Revolutionaries Still At Large

By Johnnie Royale
Senior Beverotologist

Street signs continue to be secretly modified in Black Rock City, as civic-minded guerrillas replace the compass-based names with the more intuitive clock-based scheme of years past. Increasing levels of panic have set in amongst the top echelons of the Burning Man Organization LLC. According to rumors, senior staff members are meeting virtually around the clock, seeking a way to quell this massive display of unauthorized radical free expression.

Tensions are rising between the senior BMOrg staff and the Black Rock City Rangers. According to unnamed sources, Larry has ordered the Rangers to immediately apprehend and expel the sign defacing "criminals." The Rangers have responded by doubling patrols, and offering a seven-doubloon reward for the capture and conviction of the "Sign Vandals." These measures have proved ineffective, however, and Larry is now threatening to completely overhaul the Ranger Organization, perhaps going so far as to completely dismiss all senior Rangers.

All Ranger Reserves have been mobilized

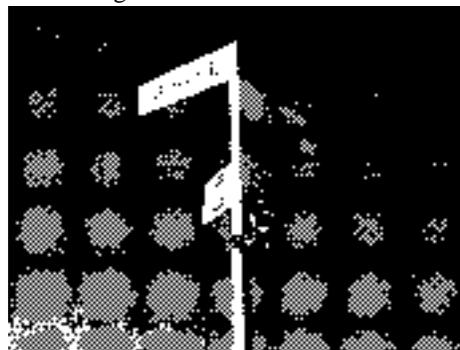


Photo By Splicer

and placed on 24-hour duty. The increased workload has, however, caused morale in the ranks to plummet, as increasingly weary Rangers confront Black Rock City citizens more concerned with having a good time than with the BMOrg's political fiasco.

Fearing an imminent coup d'etat, security has been radically strengthened at First Camp. Due to the massive distrust that now exists between BMOrg and the Rangers, the BMOrg first attempted to recruit a squad of DPW and Death Guild members to man the hastily erected fortifications. However, concerned that either the DPW or Death Guild may be secretly leading the Sign Revolution, senior staff decided instead to turn to Coffee Baristas from Center Camp. Armed with boiling vats of coffee and strung out on massive caffeine highs, the Baristas protect a barricaded and increasing psychotic Larry Harvey—who clings precariously to his seat of power.

As is typical of the BMOrg, no comment has been issued on the current political crisis and Larry Harvey's rapidly declining mental health. In this leadership vacuum, the *Monitor* has undertaken the publication of comprehensive Riot Guidelines.

The Spock Science Monitor Guide to Rioting

◆ The first target of Black Rock City insurrectionists will most certainly be the tall structure in the center of the city, which vaguely resembles a man. Given their dangerous and disrespectful tendencies, the Street Sign Freedom Fighters will probably choose to burn the structure. Should this sym-

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PlayaNET: Black Rock City's Red-Headed Stepchild

By Yosemite Sam
Tech Reporter

PlayaNET, Black Rock City's best attempt at an anarchic, all-inclusive, playa-wide method of communication, is nearly completely hosed this year.

"We just don't have the time to get it set up now," said Taz, one of the founders of the Fusion Valley, the camp that hosts PlayaNET. "Too much shit got fucked up this year."

The "shit" that "got fucked up" involves antennas. Since it would be cost-prohibitive—and would most definitely leave a trace on the playa—to run CAT-5 (standard ethernet cabling for you lay-people) or fiber optic cabling all over the playa, PlayaNET uses wireless 802.11b technology. Internet

Burning Man (IBM), which is run by the Oregon Country Fair, uses the same protocol, but IBM provides internet access only, not the community-oriented virtual space that PlayaNET strives to build.

To insure that their networks are reachable at Burning Man, they need antennas at various places on the playa. The masts that they hang these antennas on are located on the pavilions at 90°, 180°, and 270°. The masts end up being shared by the various radio stations, PlayaNET, and IBM.

The PlayaNET staff has been spending the better part of the last month at the DPW work ranch (near Black Rock City) configuring

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Unemployable Drugheads Reluctantly Build City In Desert

First in a Series of SSM Tributes To Burning Man Personnel

By Mr. Bad
Staff Writer

The members of the Department of Public Works come to the desert for many reasons: to hide from bail bondsmen, to avoid institutionalization, and sadly enough, to get free room and board for at least a few weeks. But this clan of misfits, speed freaks and malcontents makes all of our experiences possible, providing the non-union labor necessary to construct the massive Black Rock City.

Much of the more tedious and slap-dash work all around you is created by the DPW in the weeks before Burning Man starts: the listing lamp posts, the crooked Center Camp shade structures, the distant and half-finished art. And, of course, the stakes and flags that map out the city take literally hours to place and pound.

During the weeks before the event, DPW workers face a grueling schedule in the hot desert sun. Waking to a large bonghit and copious breakfast, the typical "DPW rat" then spends several hours lying around, kvetching, hot-tubbing or abusing alcohol before occasionally pulling a one or sometimes even two-hour work day in the difficult Black Rock conditions. Nights are filled with drunk Playa driving, juvenile gun play, and solitary masturbation under the canopy of desert stars.



"I had lost like my fourth menial job in the Bay Area in two months, when my dealer told me about the DPW," says DPW member SmellyLoudGuy, "and I knew it was for me. In Oakland, I couldn't even hold down a gig in a Baskin Robbins, but up here I get to drive this humongous industrial road grader, even fucked up! This goddamned thing costs \$600 a day to

rent!" Many of the DPW personnel operate ludicrously expensive construction equipment, which they'd never be able to use in normal, non-radical conditions.

Once the event begins on Sunday, DPW staff is free to enjoy the theft, vandalism, and other asshole activities they feel entitled to. "We build this City for you," says Wanky, another member of the DPW staff, "and you have to kiss our asses for it." In appreciation for the DPW's hard work, the BMOrg turns a blind eye.

According to Wanky, "I'm just scared of what happens after the event. I sure hope they let me stick around. I have no job back in the Real World, so I'm going to have to move in with my parents." Remember, then, to give a fond handshake to that DPW worker rifling through your liquor boxes late at night this year. Burning Man is all they have.

Photo By Paisy

Two Men Enter, One Spock Leaves

SSM Publisher Destroys Black Rock Gazette Counterpart In Thunderdome Rumble

By Frankenstein Jones
Sports Editor

In a stunning, and perhaps final, blow to the reeling superstructure of the Burning Man Project's official news organ, *Spock Science Monitor* publisher Captain Winner thoroughly routed *Black Rock Gazette* publisher Durgy in Thunderdome last night.

The contest, intended to help establish the identity of the playa's premier newspaper, had been arranged days before, and SSM publisher Winner had been seen zealously preparing for his upcoming bout by chewing on three-inch-long steel nails, chasing chickens, and drinking down a bilious mixture of egg whites and cornstarch from a galvanized bucket.

As a huge crowd looked on, Winner took the early initiative, hammering Durgy with multiple blows to the skull while holding his opponent prone with a boot to the neck. Durgy, who appeared to be mysteriously slow and sluggish, could not respond to Captain Winner's ferocious onslaught and barely held on as the handlers moved the combatants apart for a moment's rest.

The rest of the fight was predictable, if not nearly as exciting as the first round's fever-pitched bloodbath. Durgy spent most of the time scrambling away from the large, hill-

billy-overall-clad Winner, backtracking in concentric circles as the SSM publisher moved in for the kill. When the two men were finally pulled apart, Captain Winner was announced victorious, and the crowd clearly agreed with the decision.

"I feel really bad for the guy," said Winner after the fight, "because not only does he have to put ice all over his head, but in the morning he still has to work for the *Gazette*."

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255 and Bowsprit: y'all come by now

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News On The March

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be extracted. The plywood structure was damaged by Mr. Harvey's flailing, fleshy paws and feet, as well as the large saw holes emergency personnel created in order to extract him. The weakened structure cannot be safely burned without the hazard of uncontrolled collapse.

I Am So High Right Now

Oh, man. I am so totally high right now. I'm just, like, freaking my fucking ass off. I don't really seriously think I can deal with people right now. What the fuck was that? I think that guy might have burned us, because this is like nothing I've ever taken before. I'm afraid I'm never going to go back to normal. Holy crap. I am tripping fucking balls. Fuck. Why are you wet?

Signs

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bol of BMOrg authority ignite, all BRC Citizens should quickly decide if they are rioting or not.

◆ Those participants that choose to riot should quickly consume all available mood-enhancing chemicals, then embark on a rampaging frenzy, burning all standing structures in the city. RVs should be overturned and domes should be looted. Once the city is reduced to a smoking ruin, those rioters that retain the use of their limbs should head to Gerlach, where the oppressed population will greet their liberators with open arms and unlimited amounts of food and water.

◆ Burners that decide to oppose the rioters should quickly return to their camps and activate their neighborhood defense teams. Two-by-fours make excellent armaments and should be stored in places that are easily accessible. Cars should be moved into defensible circles; food and water should be buried in caches deep within the playa. Expect to surrender unmovable structures to the rioters and allow them to burn. Fight to survive the night, and be prepared to flee at first light for the comparative safety of Reno.

PlayaNet

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equipment and building kiosks for people to use. However, PlayaNET's small staff fell a little behind getting their infrastructure installed, and so ended up mounting their antennas after IBM. And as it turned out, IBM's equipment was configured in such a way to conflict with PlayaNET.

PlayaNET reconfigured some of their equipment, and was forced to simply shut down the rest—leaving a unique playa resource off the air. Also, their kiosk in the Center Camp Cafe is routinely disconnected from power by the Cafe workers.

"This year we were planning on working with voice over IP," said Matt Petersen, another of the PlayaNET founders. "The idea was that camps could have their own telephones and be able to call each other easily. We're still going to be working on this idea for next year. But for this year it's dead. It could've been a valuable resource."

Most of the equipment that runs PlayaNET is borrowed from different individuals, and for the most part they do not receive much money from BMOrg. Their budget is a shoestring one. "The [Burning Man] organization really doesn't want much to do with us," said an anonymous PlayaNET volunteer. "We provide a powerful way for people to publish easily on the playa, just like the real Internet. The organization doesn't care about free speech. They only care about the 'experience.'"