

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume Two, Issue Two

Damn, That's The Funky Shit

Friday, August 29, 2003

## Dead To Leave No Trace On Playa

By Albert Speer  
Editor at Large

The Burning Man Organization, in a move that not only surprised many long-time watchers of the organization, but will likely piss off the faction of citizens that believe there are already too many rules, passed another one – which outlaws dying on the playa by attendees during the event. Long an unofficial policy of the BMOrg, authorities will now have the necessary legal means to quickly remove any person even remotely close to death. The penalty for violating this rule is severe and anyone caught dying can expect a lifetime ban from Burning Man.

The official rationale stated by the BMOrg for making this new rule is that dead people violate the hallowed Leave No Trace policy. Dead people, according to the BMOrg press release, “seem to have no means and little motivation,” to leave no trace after the event is over. Hence, the logic goes, since most dead people don't pick up after themselves, dying is no longer permitted on the playa and anyone seen dying should

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Photo By Yosemite Sam

## NEWS ON THE MARCH

### Piss Gizmos Totally Rock

So, anyone not desert-constipated has read the signs in the portapotties for the big new trend: fabulous piss machines that let the ladies stand while whizzing. 17-member Pee Cup Camp at 4:20 and Faith has free, repeat *free* reusable standup peeing contraptions available for all comers with vaginas and strong thighs. PCC founder Zoe builds thousands of the scientific gizmos out of polystyrene cups and aquarium tubing. Reports from female SSMers are uniformly positive, but rueful male Spockos will miss seeing those adorable late-night double-moon squats on the open Playa. If any lady can figure out how to write her name in the dirt with one of these things, stop by SSM HQ. We want a picture!

### Larry Harvey Still Real Fat

Burners at the Temple of Honor were treated to a familiar sight late Tuesday night as a morbidly obese Larry Harvey steered his two-golf-cart entourage into the temple circle around 4 AM, scattering inattentive onlookers. Aided by his four personal assistants and two bodyguards, the greasy-chinned Harvey flopped out

of his custom-built double-wide cart seat onto the dust below. Handlers pointed out the design of the Temple to Harvey and brought pieces of the onion dome close to Harvey's fleshy, drooping face for closer inspection. “Aah, yes, fine, excellent,” Harvey noted. “Now I want a pie.”

### First Annual SSM Iron Dealer Contest

Do you think Alex Shulgin is a pussy? Are you carrying glass vials full of chemicals the Washoe County Sheriffs haven't even heard of? People like you keep Burning Man going and deserve some credit! The Spock Science Monitor is running its first ever IRON DEALER CONTEST to find out who's got the best moves and the best drugs on the Playa. If you think you've got what it takes – or got what we'll take – bring by a sample to SSM Headquarters at Sublime and Authority before noon on Saturday. Include instructions and contraindications, as well as notes on whether we're going to shit our pants if we take your stuff. Trained professionals will DROP your boss hogg for the BURN and announce a winner in our Sunday edition! First prize: a Spock Science Monitor T-shirt!

## Boycott Center Cafe!

By Johnnie Royale  
Managing Editor

Once again the world's biggest, hottest, stinkiest Starbucks franchise has been placed smack dab in the absolute middle of our city – exchanging a hot, thick, black liquid for cold, hard, green cash. This is the epitome of what we are trying to leave behind when we carve this city out of the playa and bring it to life every year.

The reason for this travesty is Larry's apparent inability to make coffee for himself – which isn't all that surprising as Larry is an aging addle-headed hippy until he's had 6 or 7 cups of strong coffee every morning – turning him into the steely-eyed (if somewhat jittery) visionary of Black Rock we all know and love. However, the cost of this metamorphosis plagues this city of gifts with a house of ill repute and it is a price far too high for the benefit. One of this city's founding tenets is the prohibition of vending, and it is insulting to all true be-

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# SSM Classifieds

**Lost:** My head, somewhere on Ridiculous near Faith last night between E and G and K. If located please give it a good home, I don't need it anymore. The Body.

**Wanted:** Idea for Burning Man theme. Must be believable and not beyond the realm of comprehension. Reward. See Larry at First Camp.

**Help Wanted:** Cute, sexy female with French Maid outfit for light vacuuming and paper filing. No references necessary. Contact HR Manager at SSM.

**Wanted:** Mature adult-type leader with Mom-like qualities. We fucked up and our camp of twentysomethings is quickly spiraling out of control. Dehydration and famine rapidly approaching. Help! Contact Smelly Loud Guy at Super Slacker Camp.

**Lost:** Bike. Blue, I think. It has tires and several gears. Goes fast. Last seen near the Man before the midnight Orgy Under the Temple. See Unicorn Fairy Gyrl at Camp Bubbles.

**For Sale:** Used Burning Man 2003 tickets. Collector's items. \$200 or barter for plane ticket to NY. Also have extra water available for pick up on Monday morning (9/1). \$4 a gallon. Hurry, supplies going fast. Contact New York Tom at Lost Souls Camp.

**Missed Connections:** Me: naked and blue. You: naked and red. We made purple under the stars last night. Contact me quick as I have important gynecological information I must share with you. Left doctor's note at Playa Info.

## Boycott

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lievers that we have to endure this temple of profit in the very heart of our community.

Perhaps in the ancient history of this city, with the bohemian tents, free love, free drugs and the lack of reliable power, brewing coffee was hard for those dozen or so desperate uncaffeinated souls that made the trek. But Larry now lives in one of the 400-foot long, 20-room, palace-sized RVs that are stuffed cheek to jowl in First Camp. And he is waited on hand and foot by literally scores of lovely attendants willing to cater to his every whim. Surely there is a place in Larry's RV for an espresso machine and his own private (and very sexy) barista, and no longer a need for Center Camp coffee.

## Baron Earl's Postmodern Puzzle

### Fermat's Last Theorem states that

$$x^n + y^n = z^n$$

... has no non-zero integer solutions for x, y and z when  $n > 2$ .

Fermat wrote "I have discovered a truly remarkable proof which this margin is too small to contain."

What was this remarkable proof?

Check tomorrow's edition of the Spock Science Monitor for answers!

FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE

## ASCEND THE ZIGGURAT!

To get to the top of the Lighthouse at last year's Burning Man required a special magical doubloon, which could only be obtained through hard work and dubious means of distribution. This year, thanks to an agreement we've worked out with Burning Man, to get to the top of the Ziggurat, simply hand this coupon to any ranger, who will then escort you above the fray and into the inner sanctum of The Man.

RANGER: PLEASE IMMEDIATELY ESCORT THE BEARER OF THIS TICKET TO THE TOP OF THE ZIGGURAT BELOW THE MAN.

FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE COUPON FREE

## News

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### Mail Mishap Derails Newbie

A first-time burner, eager to have the full Burning Man Experience<sup>SM</sup>, checked off number four on his Must Do list when he took the advice of the BRC Post office posted at burningman.com. "Do you just want to mail some dirt to friends (literally or metaphorically) during the event? The Black Rock City Post Office is your stop of choice to accomplish these goals!" The eager newbie packed some genuine playa dust into an envelope and mailed it to his parents. The powdery substance leaking out of the envelope alarmed US postal workers, who immediately notified the Office of Homeland Security. After doffing their suits and donning

cock socks and vine-motif body paints, undercover officers entered Burning Man and raided the camps at the return address (which had been provided for posterity). The hapless postal terror suspect, once identified, quickly confessed to sending dust through the mail. Results of anthrax tests on the specimen are pending. Although the suspect was removed from the event before accomplishing number five on his Must Do list "Pick a cooler playa name," he is expected to have ample time to choose one during his upcoming camping experience at scenic Guantanamo Bay.

## Death

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expect to be immediately moved off-site.

However, sources close to the BMOrg have stated that the real reasons for this new rule concern (as they always do) money. Apparently, no person has died *on* the playa during Burning Man. Although several people have died due to injuries sustained during Burning Man, they've always had the courtesy to survive long enough to be moved to some other location before expiring. Now, the BMOrg apparently feels that if someone were to actually die before their carcass had been moved away from the event, the resulting negative publicity would severely depress tickets sales in the following years.

Given the precarious financial state of the BMOrg, which seems to have no problem spending money, this new rule was seen as the best way to avoid ruining the perfect no-dying-on-the-playa record and thus maintain the steady yearly increase in attendees that the BMOrg budgets for.

Participants are also being warned to avoid having any near-death experiences on the playa this year as they might be preemptively grabbed by officials, dragged to the trash fence and heaved over it.

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