

SPCK SCIENCE MONITOR

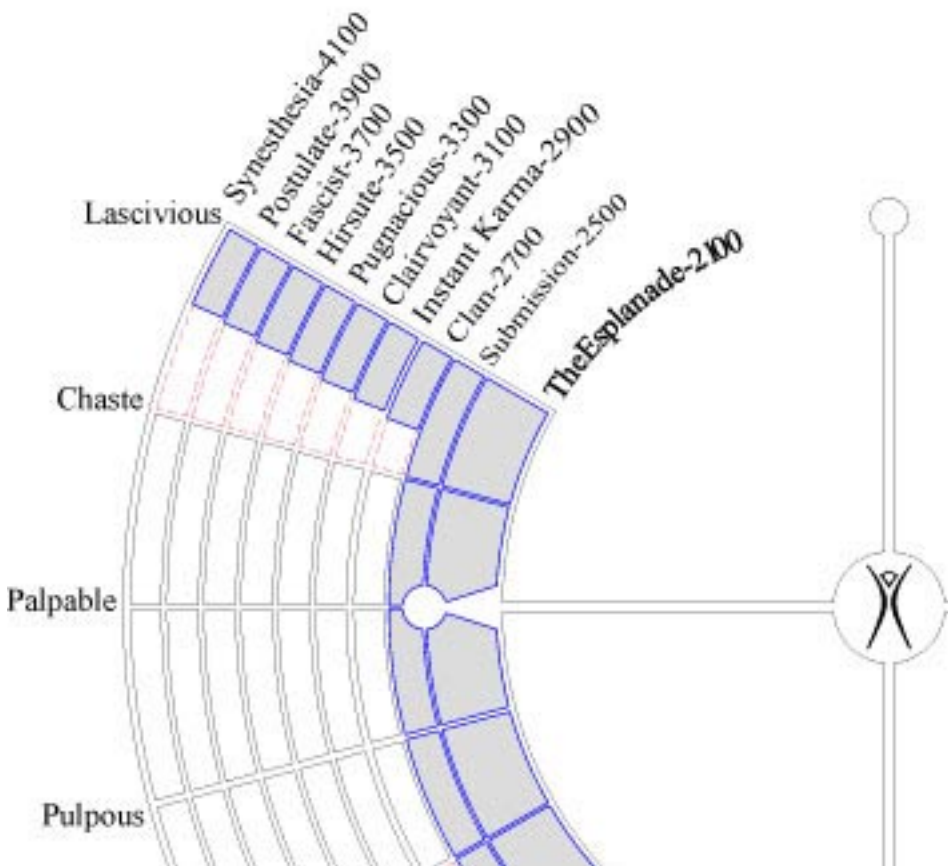
Volume Two, Issue Three

Where's the Dragon Thing?

Saturday, August 30, 2003

Street Sign Snafu Flummoxes BRC

By Mr. Bad
Associate Editor



2003 Burning Man participants—not the brightest minds to the begin with—are scratching their collective heads over yet another confusing street sign scheme. Geometry-challenged Burners just learning to deal with the non-Euclidean clock-based circular city map now must untangle Cryptoquip word games and New Age sheilahist hoohaw to find their way to the portapotties.

On the one hand, BMOrg staff has limited creative input into the event, so letting them hang new names on the flimsy wooden stakes that make up their “city” seems the least we can do. But the increased incidences of intersection art-car crashes and dessicated misplaced raver disasters has some observers wondering if the trend has gone too far.

The switch from concise numbers to long adjectives for radial streets has also caused considerable extra expense as rubber stamps, stickers, trading cards and drug paraphernalia have been extended to accommodate the wordier addresses. On-playa economic forecasters

continued next page

Center Camp Hoes Abound

By Johnnie Royale
Managing Editor

In what can only be seen as a slap in the face to one of Burning Man’s most hallowed tenets, members of the world’s oldest profession have reportedly taken up residence in an unnamed alley located just off Center Camp, and the payment for “services rendered” is cash only.

The highly visible service has continued to operate since before the gate officially opened, due to an apparent jurisdictional dispute between BLM Officers and Washoe County Sheriffs. The BLM simply has no ordinance prohibiting hookers, and while prostitution is illegal in Washoe County, the Sheriff’s Office maintains it is a BLM problem because it is occurring on BLM-controlled land. BLM Ranger Matt Drudge lamented, “We never thought hos would work the playa, so we just don’t have a regulation against it

continued next page

NEWS ON THE MARCH

Mike Durgavitch Still in Hospital

Black Rock Gazette afficianados remain concerned about the paper’s publisher, Mike Durgavich, still hospitalized after last year’s drubbing in the Thunderdome by SSM publisher Captain Winner. Durgavich remains in critical condition in Sarasota Springs Sanatorium; his 3500-dollar-a-day round-the-clock care remains a significant part of the BRG’s yearly budget. Durgavich’s next of kin ask participants not to send flowers to the hospital: please send tax-deductable donations to the Obsolete Overbudgeted Newspaper Fund in Durgy’s name. Courage, Durgy; our prayers are with you.

Town of Dismal Flooded Under New Dam Project

In a classic case of modern scientific progress pushing aside old-time ways, the tiny town of Dismal has been slated by the Works Projects Authority for depopulation and destruction to make

room for the new Black Rock Desert Hydroelectric Dam project. The dam, which will provide jillions of megawatts of power for all those city folks downstate, will deluge Dismal Valley, burying the picayune hamlet under hundreds of feet of water. The surly denizens of Dismal are unanimously opposed to relocation and have vowed to fight the “revenooers”.

Hands Across Or Around Or Just Kinda ON The Playa

Thursday afternoon Hands Across The Playa confronted Halfheartedness On The Playa and came away at least a partial winner. The project, which initially planned to make a line of hand-holding Burners from edge to edge of Black Rock City, attracted far fewer participants than necessary due to an ugly and inopportune dust storm. The event was also disrupted by anti-hand-holding protestors, which if you think about it is pretty funny. The

continued next page

Low Reserves For Precious Resources

By Mr. Bad
Associate Editor

Everybody wants it, but nobody has enough to share. It's in desperately short supply, yet few Burners ration and plan for it. You won't find the briefest mention in the hundreds of pages of foot-fetish tips in the Survival Guide. What is it? Table salt? Water? Limes? Half-decent MDMA? No, it's none of these: it's ATTENTION.

After weeks or months of preparation, thousands of unfulfilled freaks are stomping about on the Playa dying to practice their schtick. Even last-minute literalist newbies get the spirit when they hit the Playa and put together gewgaws out of duct tape and peanut butter. And when those dreams of preparation – "Everyone at Burning Man will love my Tinky-Winky purse!" – slam into the cold hard facts of delivery, an attention crisis results.

It's the paradox of the gift economy that each trinket or performance carries the cost of a dose of attention. Everywhere you go there's someone sucking up your attention, seeking your time, clutching feverishly at your ears to pull your eyes towards them. Even if you stay put, hide in the back of your camp under a big shade structure marked "real real private fuck off this means you", they come crawling under the tent flaps, hanging from the roof, waving and gesturing and interrupting and imploring for just a minute of your time.

Come to my theme camp. Hang at my party. Wear my sticker. Try my cocktail. Listen to my poem. Visit my structure. Check out my shoes. Suffer my spanking. Dance to my music. Read my newspaper. Admire my accessories. Trip on my rave toys. Eat my gumballs.

Anywhere else, this giant sucking attention vortex might be manageable. But

we're all camped in the desert, where the sun and dirt bash a gaping hole in your energy tanks and even the most trivial body fluid expulsion can take an hour of prep and cool down. When 80% of your attention is sucked up just trying to keep from soiling your longjohns or baking lobster red, there's just not any reserves for appreciating the daring guerrilla street theater of a Streisand-masked bullhorn barker.

As we head into the weekend, every Burner should take some time to ameliorate our collective attention deficit disorder. Don't walk into theme camps asking to do your juggling routine. Don't bark your theme camp to unwitting pedestrians. Wear something plain. Save the theatrics. Finesse the details. And forgawdsake, if you're bored and sitting around eating Pringles, come out and give your attention to this crowd of starving drama queens.

News

continued from page one

doughty organizers did manage, however, to rally their hundreds of human links and form a ring around the Man about the size of L2K. How cool is that?

I Got the Hair of the Dog In Me

You wanna bar? You think you know from bars? You don't know SHIT from bars if you haven't been to Hair of the Dog. This venerable Playa institution is the place to hang out and get drunk like a stupid skunk with other grungy old-timers. The bar's spiritual and organizational guru, Spanky—God bless him—is back on the Playa after a two-year hiatus. You can tell from the revived ambience at HOTD that he's kicking ass and taking names. We at the SSM assure you: there's no better post-burn Sunday afternoon than at this bar. Try the Bloody Marys—they're like alcoholic 5HTP.

Streets

continued from page one

expect that the consequent lower budgets for salty snack foods and 5-HTP will stress Black Rock City's already overburdened health infrastructure.

\$500-an-hour crisis management consultants flown in from Atlanta are billing around the clock in the newly formed Street Name War Room in First Camp. Despite high hopes for success, their only output so far has been the the addition of new adjective-noun name pairs that only exacerbate the problems.

DPW teams are working at full capacity—30 to 45 minutes per day—to scrape the new spoke streets into the desert north of the city. Provisionally named Cloying, Dippy, Emasculated and Fundamentalist, the streets will intersect the new circumferential roads named Albatross, Bullshit, Claptrap and Doggerel. No news on the efficacy of the street name change for alleviating the emergency was available at press time.

Baron Earl's Postmodern Puzzle

Hocus Fokus

Can you find at least six differences between these two pictures?



Check tomorrow's edition of the Spock Science Monitor for answers!
Answer to yesterday's puzzle: There's a zombie behind you right now.

Hoes

continued from page one

on the books. We've made several calls to Washington, but it is the week before Labor Day and there isn't anyone available to push through some emergency rules."

Meanwhile, the Burning Man organization, which takes a dim view of for-profit schemes, has repeatedly tried to crack down on these "playa walkers." Unfortunately, every Ranger squad sent over to deal with the problem returns with a "shit-eating grin" on their faces, according to unnamed sources inside the BMOrg. The problem is apparently undersexed Rangers. The BMOrg was unable at press time to provide a timetable outlining when the Rangers would have enough sex.

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER
The SSM apologizes to Burners who didn't get copies of our Mon. through Wed. editions and had to make do with the BRG and Piss Clear instead. We've improved our distribution methods and the weekend papers should be more readily available. Sorry for the imposition: we know how hard it is to be on the Playa without anything good to read.

Spock Science Monitor Is...

Publisher
Captain Winner

Editor in Chief
Frankenstein Jones

Managing Editor
Johnnie Royale

Associate Editors
Mr. Bad, Miss Conduct

Technical Editor
Yosemite Sam

Copy Editors
Downer Cow, Siduri, Saffron Lee

Editors at Large
Baron Earl, Brother Ted, Dr. Giggles, Edgy, Liquor Pig, Maj

The Spock Science Monitor is licensed under a Creative Commons License.

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/1.0/legalcode>

