

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume Two, Issue Four

Chicken John Is Off The Hook

Sunday, August 31, 2003

## Horror on the Playa as Man Burns

By Mr. Bad  
Associate Editor

In a tragic mishap Saturday night, 28 DPW "workers" and an unknown number of volunteers were roasted alive as The Man burned on schedule, despite still being under construction. Scheduling problems, materials shortfalls and general poor workmanship were blamed for the slow building schedule, yet a punctilious BMOrg and thousands of onlookers ignited the wooden statue in its half-finished state.

Caught unawares during one of their frequent "smoke breaks" (nudge nudge, wink wink) the hapless and lethargic DPW employees struggled vainly to escape from the Taco-Bell-stylized plywood prison of their own making. Chemically-enhanced bystanders watched in horror as flame licked at the volunteers' heels and calves and misdirected fireworks rocketed into their heads and necks, igniting their greasy and easily-combustible Playa dreadlocks.

A large cache of stolen liquor hidden in the rafters of the Temple further



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Unidentified DPW worker, presumed dead in Saturday's tragedy.

## NEWS ON THE MARCH

### Tittyman Lifts Hearts, Breasts On Playa

It's not too late for female participants to enjoy the quintessential Burning Man experience at world-famous Tittyman Camp (Creed and Inspired). Here's the shit: you, dimwitted female harassee, walk into camp and bare your delectable boobage. Tittyman then lovingly coats those bodacious tatas with tempera paints, helpfully commenting on their nuzzlesome goodness. Then, as you squat in front of a giant canvas, Tittyman – not his real name – squats behind you, squeezing and fondling your mouth-watering girl-udders as he presses them against the cool yet dusty surface. Everybody wins! Tittyman gets a long, free grope, and -you- get a slimy chest and the ambiguously violated feeling of "volunteering" to make morals-challenging nipple art. Get used to it, ladies; that's Burning Man.

### Decaying Corpse Found In Flight To Mars

The decomposing body of an unidentified female was found late Friday night in the Flight to Mars maze at 7:30 and Esplanade. The carcass, originally identified as a participant's childhood guilt, was discovered buried under several feet of plastic balls by a slightly altered Space Cowboy named Fledermaus. Forensic experts from Winnemucca, flown in by ultralight airplane early Saturday morning, identified high content of MDMA and cough syrup in blood samples found on the roof of the structure. The cause of death is unknown; Flight to Mars representatives refused comment at press time.

Compiled by Mr. Bad

## Where Are The Hot Dudes?

By Miss Conduct  
Associate Editor

Is it me, or is there maybe one hot guy for every twenty hot chicks who walk by? Why is it that the only men who get nekkid are the scrawny, droopy-breasted, bad-breathed ones? And why do they keep coming to the porch asking me where I'm from? Duh. Spock Mountain, duh.

This year I want hot dudes to stream by the porch in rivers of gleaming, muscular, tattooed flesh. I want doctors, lawyers, police officers, skateboard punks and construction workers to strut by dressed in skimpy, sexy uniforms accented with leather tool belts and cordless drills. I want them to be smart enough to figure out how to use a sun shower, but not so smart that they want to, you know, talk. What's that black stuff men get all over their hands? Someone should bottle it so men can rub it all up on themselves before coming by. In fact, there should be a whole line of men's

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# Read Your Damn Horoscope

By Dr. Giggles, Octologist

**Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 19):**

You will die a horrible horrible death. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but perhaps the day after.

**Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20):**

Your day will become brighter after you find a porta-potty without an overflowing pyramid of shit.

**Gemini (May 21 - Jun 21):**

You may have your doubts at first, but you will eventually come to the conclusion that the topless girl across the street wants to have sex with you. I mean come on, she's TOPLESS!

**Cancer (Jun 22 - Jul 22):**

Mars is the closest it's been to

Earth in a 60,000 years, which may be good for your karma, but that doesn't matter if your view of it is blocked by the Super Happy Geodesic Dome of Doom next door.

**Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22):** Your theme camp sucks.

**Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22):**

While you're off having fun on the playa, remember that you'll probably be fired from work the day after you get back home.

**Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 23):** Your soul is part of Aries, and Jupiter and Saturn are in alignment. Good for you. Now lay off the acid.

**Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 21):** Don't drink the grey water.

**Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21):**

Despite the fact that you're in the middle of the desert, spending a week in a 40-foot RV with running water, air conditioning, restaurant-grade deep fryer and satellite TV is not "roughing it."

**Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19):**

Watch out for and avoid a tall naked man running after the water truck. The cosmos foresees a very awkward accident ahead.

**Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18):**

A giant wooden figure that is beloved by all will soon erupt in a fiery blaze in front of thousands of horrified onlookers. Of course, this may just be metaphorical.

## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

By Captain Winner

*Greetings, fellow burners! Well, we're already at the end of another Burn. Who knew it would be so good, so fine, so beautiful and so cosmically positive? By the way, did anyone else get some of those tasty Mitsubishi's? They made me feel real good. Real, real good. Also, to Butterfly Girl: I'll call you when I get back to SF. Seriously, we should hang out. You are a beautiful, beautiful soul. Also, I need my silver jockstrap back.*

*We here at the SSM hope you had as good a burn as we did. I know we sound cynical, bitter, jaded, vicious, hateful, aggressive, insinuating and feral, but the truth is we love this event. Like, we REALLY love it. We want to marry the Burning Man. We want to have the Burning Man's babies. We would gladly take Burning Man's 14-foot fencepost cock up our rosy bungholes. We are seriously gay for the Burning Man.*

*Don't ever doubt that what we're doing out here in the desert is right and meet and proper. No matter how dumb the details and logistics, the central concept is fucking ROCK SOLID. This is important. We are the vanguard. We can change this shitty world of ours one theme camp at a time, one bottle of sunscreen at a time, one random Playa fuck at a time. Take Burning Man home and spew it out of your chest cavity onto everything you see.*

*Sunday makes me gushy and sentimental -- it might be the fine martinis from Newt's bar on top of last night's Natural Flip -- but let me be clear: you rock. Burners rock. Naked chicks rock and phenylalanines rock. Burning Man rocks, and don't forget: Larry Harvey is really, really fat.*

## Burn

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exacerbated the white-hot hellstorm.

Two Black Rock Rangers, still posted to keep participants from enjoying the incomplete sculpture, were also lost in the blaze. Their floppy outback hats were instantly aflame at the first signs of fire, sauteeing the Rangers' brains in their skullpans.

As the firestorm grew out of control, a pallet of two-by-fours suspended from a nearby cherry-picker crane also came alight. The wooden payload swung wildly over the nearby crowd, flinging sparks and charred chunks into the nearby crowd. A partially-decorated DPW "art car" fire engine was also lost in the accident; few participants mourned its passing.

In the midst of tragedy there were also scenes of courage and bravery. Portly event founder Larry Harvey made heroic but ultimately futile attempts to rescue the dusty miscreants from their fiery torture. Unable to free the human victims, the flabby Harvey made a valiant, waddling dive to retrieve an imperiled fifteen-piece bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken dangerously near the flames. Harvey then escorted the delicious crispy fried chicken to safety.

Black Rock Emergency Services was still raking the ashes of the ritual conflagration for chips of bone and drug paraphernalia at press time. Names of the scorched victims are being withheld until their parole officers can be contacted. Notorious fuckup Chicken John is the prime suspect and is being held by federal officials for questioning.

## Dudes

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cosmetics: bottled black grease, barbecued meat cologne and stubble-growing ointment.

For every bikini-clad, giggling liquor-mooker I want one tan, hairy, power-tool wielding stud to sit by me in rapt silent admiration. And for every drugged-up nude half-wit who can't find their way back to camp I want a motorcycle gang of leather clad grease daddies to sweep me away on an Official Playa Escapade replete with tequila and raunchy, unspeakable sex acts involving bungee swings, bacon and a horse whip.

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