

SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

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GATE EDITION

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Gazette Stomped By Logic

By Johnnie Royale
Senior Beveratologist

The long war for newspaper dominance in Black Rock City is over and the Spock Science Monitor is the winner. This past year the LLC disembowled the bloated Black Rock Gazette's \$40,000 budget. Unable to continue without their gold-plated golf carts, fiber optic network, Lear jets and super expensive Reno printer, the leaders of the BRG meekly folded under the rusty and very dull BMOrg budget knife.

Come on guys, whining on Tribe.Net was a stupid way to try and save your paper. You guys needed two things: to cut your operating costs to the bone *and* way better writing.

For years now, the SSM has shown that printing news on the playa doesn't have to be expensive or badly written. Sure, we missed a few deadlines and spent more time drunk than...well than anything, but that only adds to our frontier journalism mystique. But publish we did and at a fraction of the cost of the BRG.

Admittedly, there is some bittersweetness felt by this reporter by the closing of the BRG, and not just because life is always easier when you have competition you can so easily outclass and who set the bar so low

an ant couldn't limbo under it. Honestly, we did enjoy the rivalry between the only long term players in the playa newspaper market and we did make friends with those now unemployed hacks. Don't worry guys, if you're on the street, we'll give you a job--we're way behind on our filing, the newsroom is a mess and Frank needs more coffee.

In fact, and not surprisingly, the origin of the SSM is rooted in the BRG. Back when we gave a fuck about stuff, we tried to get a real article in the BRG about a real event



Like this adorable puppy, Michael Durgavich, former publisher of the Black Rock Gazette, is very sad.

happening on the playa. The article was funny, well written and available in what ever length the editors of the BRG needed...except zero which is what they took. What they printed instead was more BMOrg propaganda... Larry is God, Burning Man is the bestest,

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Jim, Chicken Offer Harvey 'New Bet'

Pie-eating contest to settle long-simmering dispute

By Frankenstein Jones
Editor

Fresh off their failure to obtain \$250,000 for art and win their bet with Larry Harvey, BORG2 co-conspirators Chicken John and Jim Mason have offered a second wager to the Burning Man founder.

"We're inviting Larry to eat pie with us," Mason explained in a press release. "This is not a theoretical pie. This is not a metaphorical pie. This is a pie you eat, and may the best man win."

Under the terms of Mason's new challenge, 20 pie tins will be placed before each of the three contestants on a table at the foot of the man, roughly one hour before Saturday's burn. If Harvey accepts, he will be issued a bib and invited to out-eat the BORG2 duo.

"More whipped cream for your piehole," Chicken John said.

"More whipped cream for your piehole"

- Chicken John

The pair notoriously issued a first challenge to Harvey in December, goading the First Burner into kicking in more money to fund art at Burning Man, and imploring him to introduce democratic principles into the art funding process.

"The goal of the BORG2 is to raise \$250,000, basically matching your art budget from 2004, and dole out the money through Guest Curators and Voting as laid out in the petition," wrote Chicken in December.

"If I am wrong and the petitioners are unsuccessful, I hereby commit to sit in a dunk booth at next years Burning Man Decompression Party and let everyone soak my ass, all day long. And yes, I will sit there all day long- throw, after throw, after throw. Wearing a sarong."

Unsurprisingly, the pair failed miserably. BORG2 only managed to come up with about one-tenth of its promised total, and Chicken John is currently being fitted for a tight-fitting, colorful sarong.

Reached on his yacht near the Bahamas, Harvey expressed skepticism at this latest challenge. "Those losers couldn't even fund

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This Could Be Your Camp

By Johnnie Royale
Senior Beveratologist

You arise as late as possible - waiting for the rays of the sun to superheat your tent to a broil - and stumble out into your camp sweating like a pig, thanking God that you actually woke in your own camp this morning without some snaky bitch whose name you'd have to pretend to remember.

You wince repeatedly as you try and put together the bits and pieces of last night's debauchery while you dig out the used condoms stuck to various parts of your body. Your head feels like someone is using a jackhammer between your eyes - which you have to pry open after digging them out from under several inches of hardened eye boogers - only to have them slam shut under the intense UV radiation from the sun. You ignore the daily camp drama your campmates so thoroughly enjoy as you shuffle off to Center Camp after realizing that once again you are completely incapable of brewing coffee.

You somehow manage to find Center Camp and purchase several dozen items after standing in line behind some really snaky fat bitch that complains about the fuckO that screwed her last night and managed to completely ruin her tent, only to sneak off before dawn taking with him several cans of food and her package of pills.

Your throbbing head is not helped by the oppressive heat and pathetic attempts at entertainment occurring on the nearest stage. As you suffer through the rest of the morning on a sofa in Center Camp you are thankful that you can avoid your campmates for several more hours. Your suffering is eased by consuming several of the mystery pills you find in one of your pockets.

Your rumbling stomach finally becomes more painful then your head, so you plod back to camp and then begin prowling through the kitchen looking for something to eat while your campmates continue to argue...except Fred. Fred is completely silent as he stares off into the distance - his slight breathing only interrupted by the occasional heavy sigh of utter despair. You temporarily calm your stomach with two extremely dry pieces of bread with some very suspect slices of green meat in between. The camp bitch is screaming at you the whole time you are in the kitchen about what a pigsty it is and how all the food is ruined. You snag a place

under the feeble camp shade structure and try and nap through the afternoon heat, rising off your ass to only dig a warm beer out of someone's cooler when they aren't looking.

You ignore the late afternoon dust storm by closing your eyes, taking several more mystery pills and chugging a 6 pack while your campmate struggle to prevent the last few remaining items necessary for the survival of the group from blowing away or being destroyed.

With the cooling evening breeze, you finally feel human and you set off in search of a port-a-pottie and you endure a long line for the chance to empty your now painful bowels. The stink and the heat of the port-a-pottie induce you to hurry and you return to camp and retire to your tent to change your clothes. After several hours of shuffling around your tent you finally manage to make yourself presentable to raver chicks half your age...or so you think. You open a can of Spaghetti-O's from your secret stash as you listen to your starving campmates discuss various ways of cooking Fred.

You bounce from your tent and scurry through camp noticing that Andy has managed to dose himself and pass out face first in front of Fred. You hop on a Mutant Vehicle that drops you off at 10:00 and Esplanade and in the now cool night air you chug a few more mystery pills as you pop from rave to rave looking for gaggle of cute chicks. After several face slaps you retreat to the fat chick rave and manage to convince some obese woman you'll love her forever if she'll sleep with you tonight...using sign language, as the music is so loud talking is impossible. The obese chick takes some of your mystery pills and leads you off to her tent - where you dirty some condoms and then sneak out of the tent when she begins snoring - stealing as much food as you can carry and all the pills you can find.

You find a bar on the Esplanade that is still serving people with used condoms stuck to their face. After drinking free booze for several hours, you get 86'ed when you attempt to hit on the bartender's 13 year old daughter. As the sun is coming up you make your best guess at where your camp is and head off in that direction - praying you pass out in your tent.

Gazette

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men should wear pants with shirts and don't poop on the playa. Most high school newspapers are better, quite frankly. I was pissed off and, in a fit a rage, while taking my frustrations out on the Shack with a couple of 5 lb sledgehammers, I screamed, "We can do better than that piece of shit paper!"

And we have.

Now after our Clausewitzian victory over the BRG, don't assume, dear reader, that the SSM will rest on its laurels--we already have. I point out that you are now stuck with us as your only source of news in this God-forsaken desert and we intend to take full advantage of that fact. Starting with this edition, we are tripling our prices. And we are going to drink more...if that is at all humanly possible.

And while we have heard rumors of new competition, we intend to use our hammerlock on this market to drive them out of business, too...because we can. And don't think Piss Clear is going to save you. HAHAAAAHA... that pre-printed joke sheet is no better than the Weekly World News. [Personal note to Adrian; I heard your favorite color is a dirty brown and that you like Vanilla Ice. I expect to see your rebuttal in print in...2006.]

It is good to be the King.

Pie

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a third-grade Christmas pageant," Harvey chortled between bites on a turkey leg. "Is anyone sure they can even come up with 60 pies?"

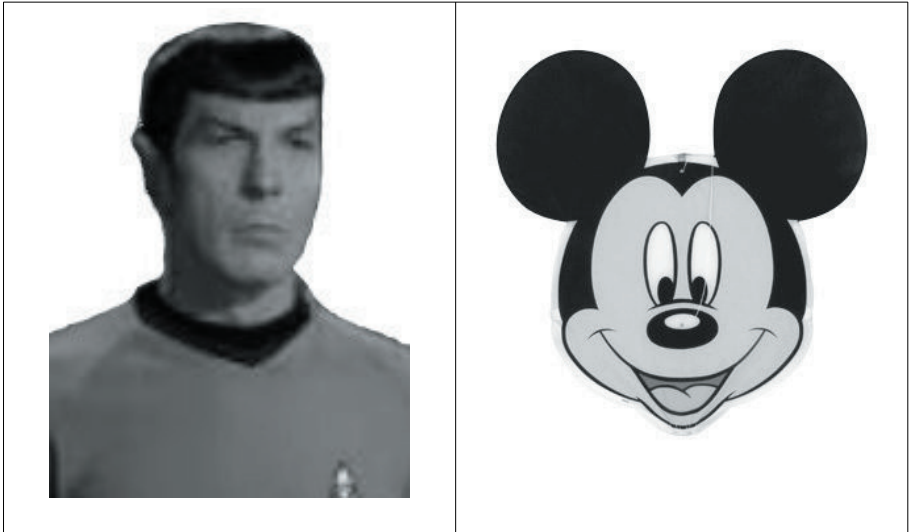
"Well, I do like pie," he added. Harvey's handler then came on the line and insisted his employer "needed rest."

Mason was undeterred by Harvey's lack of enthusiasm. "This is not just a pie. This is bigger than a pie. Maybe not as big as a truck. This is a large pie, pie-wise. Larry will eat his pie and we will eat ours. There will be no pie left. But in the end we will eat more pie."

Chicken John immediately announced his intention to purchase a Bay Area pie company. "Jim is full of shit, as usual. This is just a pie. Lots of them. I can't eat as many as Jim or Larry, but I'm a better speller."

BARON EARL'S POSTMODERN PUZZLE

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



Answers in tomorrow's edition of the Spock Science Monitor!
Answer to yesterday's puzzle: "Rock Me Amadeus"

Spock Science Monitor

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