

SPACK

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Giant Robot Threatens Event

By Joab Jackson
National Affairs Desk

SSM EXCLUSIVE--An art exhibit gone terribly wrong has resulted in the injuries of multiple burners as well as severe devastation to a number of camps within the Snowflake Village, witnesses report. A giant robot, code-named Giant Robot, broke free from its ramparts yesterday and ran amok, destroying property, mauling bystanders and flailing its Giant Robot Limbs in a fearsome manner.

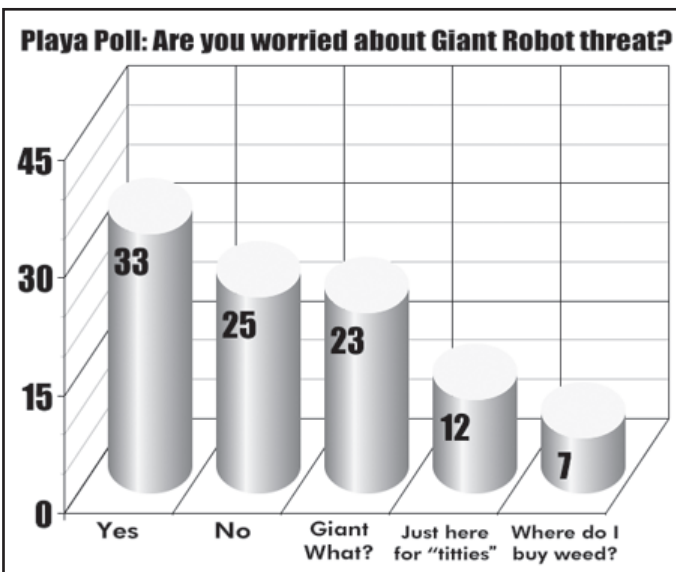
Although the towering bot was programmed to do no harm, the fierce unrelenting sun must have buckled the memory that housed its reasoning programs, spurring the unit to become a Mean Wrathful Robot, rather than a Helpful Friendly Robot, speculated Al Turing, the creator of the menacing autonomous beast.

Turing himself was helpless to halt his angrily carousing creation. When he designed the unit, the computer scientist playfully located the Emergency Power Off button as the robot's nose, a location that is indeed aesthetically pleasing though, as Turing has now discovered to his horror, functionally useless.

Adding to the problem was the lackadaisical attitude of many nearby burners to the dangers of a wildly gesticulating wandering bot. "Robots have been done so many times before, since 1998 at least," sneered one nine-time burner, moments before both his arms were crushed and mangled by the Giant Robot's mighty mechanical pinchers.

Burning Man founder Larry Harvey also seemed non-plussed. "Well, that just fits perfectly with this year's theme. Robots of the future can do us food, but also do us evil," he said, before biting into a grease-dripping double-decker cheeseburger fresh out of the microwave. Swallowing a mouthful of burger, he then added, "Did I say 'food'? I meant 'good,' not 'food.'"

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New BMOrg Edict Curtails More Harmless Fun

Cannibalism ruled out; organizers cite rising cost of insurance coverage

By Johnnie Royale
Senior Beveratologist

In a move sure to upset dozens, if not multiple dozens of Black Rock City's denizens, Burning Man has banned the extreme sport of cannibalism to all attendees of the week-long event.

Now situated in spot number two on the Burning Man Survival Guide 10 commandments, just behind "No Shooting while Drunk and Driving" and just ahead of "No Pooping in the Hot Springs," the new rule, "Don't Eat People," will definitely invoke the furor of the gourmet flesh eaters and Burning Man libertarians concerned about the erosion of freedom in the Org.

Unofficial word is that the out of control cannibalism was beginning to threaten the event's cash flow. Apparently, eaten people aren't likely to return to the event and market research indicated that most attendees had issues with cannibalism. This finding sent shockwaves through the Burning Man's San Francisco offices as the realization of potential loss quickly converted even the biggest long pig fanciers on the LLC to vote to outlaw the latest fad in playa haute cuisine.

The issue was bought up during the Friday's pre-event afternoon press gaggle at Media Mecca as spokesperson Maid Carrion defended the latest attack on the free spirited nature of Burning Man. "Look," said Ms. Carrion, "back when it was just a few newbies being roasted during the night of the burn, everything flew under the radar. But we're a global brand and we have an international image to protect and maintain and not all cultures understand just how delightfully succulent a slow cooked femursoup is."

"The fun just got out of hand with opportunists waiting just inside the Greeters Station to capture and consume any virgin passing through. Something had to be done," she said.

Maid Carrion continued "We're not gonna be Nazis about this and if some of the old timers take a bite or two out of passerbys, we're not going to evict them from the event. But the era of the commercial sale of human skin wal-

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Rise of 'Banjo Camps' Stokes Furor Among Playa Ravers

By Dr. Fiasco
Foreign Irrespondent

The proliferation of so-called Banjo Camps is the latest chapter in the long history of Playa culture wars. The name "banjo" is commonly thought to be derived from the Kimbundu term mbanza. Some etymologists derive it from a dialectal pronunciation of "bandore," though recent research suggests that it may come from a Senegambian term for the bamboo stick used for the instrument's neck. Whatever. The issue is that the rapidly growing number of camps playing fast strumming or arpeggiated right hand Appalachian music using the plucked string instrument is drowning out the sounds of rave camps, whose popularity has been on the decline over the years.

"It's a total bummer" says Dakini Tinkerbelle, a DJ with The Temple of Splendorous Splendor, a seasoned veteran who has attended the event since 2004. "I mean, we all know that since its modest beginnings, Burning Man has always been about dancing all night long to that 4x4 Kick-Snare-Hi Hat beat that we all know and love and jumping into the cuddle puddle at the chill out space. We would fly friggin' Tiesto and Oakenfold here. Good times. Now we have these newcomers who don't know anything about the history of the event, what it's all about. It's that droning, monotone dwoing-dwoing-dwoing sound all week long, no one can sleep. Worse, most of the week, there will be, like, one guy playing the banjo for hours on end with no one around. Just total noise pollution, man. I feel sorry for all the people who come here who don't get to experience the event like it used to be."

And action is already being taken. Forklift operator Jim Manson and notorious fuck-up



Get your banjo on...

Chicken Joe have started the Bong 2 movement in order to democratically decide by voting over the internet which top DJ's should be brought to perform at Burning Man. They vow to abandon the event and never, never, ever set foot on the playa again, not even the pinky toe, if their demands go unmet. Chicken Joe has also recently upped the ante by declaring that he will abandon all worldly possessions and move into a dunking booth with a couple of vegan piranhas if he can't bring the CNC Music Factory Reunion Tour to the playa next year.

Although banjo camps are the johnnie-come-lately-of-choice everyone loves to hate, they are but one of many new cultural trends on the playa. This year has also marked the first appearance of the Ay Jalisco! Maria-chi Camp. What the future holds, we will know only when the future arrives and it's not the future anymore, but the present.

Robot

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Damages caused by the Giant Robot remain at this point untallied, as DPW workers are still sifting through the trail of rubble left in the bot's wake. It is known the mechanical creature has smashed the monitors at the Videogasm camp, laid bedlam onto the Bedlam camp, and torn asunder the Clevian Circularity camp. The machine also soiled a nearby RV.

The reign of terror only ceased when Giant Robot seemed to recognize the futility of its mechanical pre-programmed existence, and stomped off to the nearby Hot Springs to brood. Yes, Giant Robot, we're all misunderstood and without direction, having our stop-buttons planted squarely in the centers of our faces. Weep on, Giant Robot, weep your oily rust-flecked tears for all of us.

Cannibal

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lets, 'finger sandwiches' and shrunken head souvenirs at Center Camp is over."

When asked if this rule was applicable to the members of the LLC, Carrion let out a hearty chortle while slamming another fifth of Jack Daniels, "Rules don't apply to the LLC, dickwad, and how would Larry survive a staff meeting without a small snack or three? I mean, he is a growing boy."

She then stumbled down from the podium and pushed her way through the gaggle. Climbing on to her hotrod golf cart (emblazoned with a sign reading "Mine, Keep Off"), she screamed while emptying a clip from the roof mounted dual machine guns and spinning out the tires, "Get out of my WAY you assholes!!!! Do you know who I AM???? I gotta take a crap and Frog Pond ain't exactly close."

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