

SPACK

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Larry Loses Burning Man To Vegas Stripper

By SSM Staff

LAS VEGAS--Larry Harvey lost the rights to the Burning Man trademark last night during a game of poker with Las Vegas exotic dancers, *SSM* has learned.

Down to his last few dollars, the stout co-founder wagered his rights to the massively popular counter-culture festival on a possible flush. Lady Luck proved stingy with her hearts though, and Harvey's subsequent hand of nearly-random cards was bested by a simple pair of sixes held by Candy "Boom Boom" Greene, now the new owner of the Burning Man brand.

Sources claim that Maid Marian is furiously speeding to Vegas in her golf-cart in order to, in her words, "bitchslap Boom Boom around" until the rights are re-secured.

This is not the first time Marian has had to clean up behind the forgetful Harvey, who has a history of losing Burning Man ownership in questionable deals. In 2004, he gave away the rights to the festival at a Santa Cruz diner for three cheeseburgers and two orders of fries.

As the new owner of the Burning Man trademark, Boom Boom is demanding that the organization rework the festival, "just to make it more family-friendly," she said on break from her evening shift at the Bottom's Up gentlemen's club.

Greene talked of including chili-cookoff, dirt-track motorbike race, a George Jones tribute show and sponsor pavilions from Bud-Light and Shell Oil.

For more coverage, see: "Larry's Soul Tasty, Devil Reports" at [SSM.com](#)

Road Journal: Flat Fix Saves Your Ass

This is the first column in an occasional series on the precarious adventures people experience traveling to and from the playa. Today, J.R. recounts how he and his lady friend, Brigitte, narrowly missed becoming satanic sacrifices—all thanks to a \$6 can of Flat Fix tire sealer:

Coming down the Jungo Road at speeds that had me honking at Señor Spanky's trailer for going too slow and raising dust that made it back to the playa, I pulled into the Empire Store to hear the loud hissssing echo of a tire going flat. I ran into the store and grabbed a can of Flat Fix. And while Brigitte

scrambled to pay for it, I injected gooey foam into my tire, praying that would do the trick....



No luck. The hissing continued. Damn, I thought, a brand new tire and I've got to change it here in Fucking Empire, Nevada. So I started hauling crap out of

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Ice Caps Attract Bounty Hunter

By Cheech Diller
City Desk

One thing everyone needs in the hot desert is ice! This year, Camp Arctica has expanded its presence with additional "ice caps," or satellite ice distribution camps, called Iced Cube and Ice-9.

Unsurprisingly, such menacingly-named "ice caps" have caught the attention of Hollywood's number-one bounty hunter, Duane "Dog" Chapman.

"Don't do ice! Go with Christ! Brah!" he was seen telling early arrivals yesterday.

Chapman first heard about Burning Man at the Susanville, Calif. Wal-Mart, where he was giving a talk to promote his recently-released book, "You Can Run But You Can't Hide: The Life and Times of Dog the Bounty Hunter" which chronicled his time as a bail bondsman in Hawaii.

As Chapman signed books, he overheard local residents discussing their concerns with the upcoming caravan of "Burners." Each year, these freaks descend on Susanville in their trek to Nevada's famed free-for-all festival.



Dog: Fightin' drugs and lookin' bold

"I checked out Burning Man on the Internet and all I can say is what is it?" wondered Susanville native Diane Lawton. "Good Lord, I think maybe they took too many drugs in the 70's."

A few days later, Chapman decided to check this event out for himself. Upon his arrival, he soon found everyone talking about the need to get "ice."

For those in the know, Ice is Hawaiian slang for the drug crystal methamphetamine. At Ice Cubed, Chapman saw truckloads of ice being sold to sweaty campers who seemingly could spend their money on little else. And he saw that the money from these sales was being filtered through non-profit organizations such as Gerlach Seniors and the Nevada Humane Society.

Immediately, Chapman began warding ice-seekers away from the caps, though his

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NEWS ON THE MARCH



Where the Titties?

After weeks of wheedling his group for an “early-arrival” pass, 21-year old Floyd Tripper was disappointed to discover

when he arrived Saturday that not only was there no “Burning Man” here yet but also that he had hours of toil ahead of him helping set up the camp geodesic dome.

“Man, this sucks,” he said, hoisting a plastic pipe and looking over a playa totally devoid of mind-blowing art, naked women or old Indian dudes bearing peyote chips.

Although not fully or even partially articulated within Tripper’s mind, the pre-Burning Man would have been even better than the actual Burning Man to be held this week, just like DisneyLand is the coolest after the employees close it up at night, break out the beer and run the rides at twice the legal speed. ☹

Money for Nothing?

Only 27 cents of each \$1 donated to Black Rock Arts Foundation actually goes to art—less than half the industry norm. Additional expenditures have included...

\$ Ayurvedic taco bar for (properly barcoded) BMOrg staff.



\$ Ivory bust of Lakshmi, Hindu Goddess of Prosperity.

\$ Lady Bee’s Paint-By-Numbers portrait of Doghouse McGee.

\$ Whimsical “Costume o’ \$1,000 Bills.”

\$ Copies of “Modern Art for Dummies.”

Road

Continued from page one

my over-filled Explorer—digging for the jack and other tire-changing crap. Soon, I was sweating away changing a flat tire on a listing truck in the 100+ degree heat of the Nevada high desert mid-day sun. As the ordeal continued, I noticed a hissing sound coming from another spot...

“Shit,” I thought. I had one completely flat rear tire that was now quiet and now the other rear tire was trying valiantly to re-level the Explorer. Fuck. Two flat tires on a Sunday in Empire, Nowherefuckinville. Brigitte ran back into the store and grabbed another Flat Fix. I applied it and prayed to Sweet Jesus that it would work. The hissing slowed and then seemed to stop, but it was hard to tell.

I finished replacing the completely flat tire and then tried to use the Empire making me spend a night at Bruno’s Motel while the station attendant howled at the moon and hunted me down for some sort of evil Satanic sacrifice where he gummed at my entrails. ☹

Dog

Continued from page one

ranting fell on deaf ears, as many campers had been lined up for hours. After repeated pleas from Camp Artica volunteers and bystanders to “chill out,” a defeated Chapman responded, “Absolutely, brah. Absolutely.”

Ice sales will take place from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. Monday through Sunday, and from 9 a.m. until noon Labor Day. ☹

store air line to refill the now obviously depleted, but not completely flat, tire. All I can say is that the Empire store’s air compressor needs to be replaced by non-1930’s technology. I backtracked into Gerlach and ... Well, let’s just say the attendant at the Shell station is a complete asshole. A Fucktard Original. But he did finally go and get the tire filling attachment for the air line. I refilled the nearly flat tire and

Brigitte and I had lunch at Bruno’s while we waited to see if the pressure would hold in the bum tire...

Fuck-ing A... the can of tire fix worked!!! Thank you, Jesus ... who I know doesn’t exist. Anyway, I never knew that tire fix shit actually worked, but it does. So thank you my mythical Jesus friend for not

LESSONS FROM THE ROAD:



• **Don’t speed on Jungo Road in an overloaded vehicle ... even if you have brand new tires.**



• **The food at Bruno’s in Gerlach is overpriced and isn’t all that good ... The cheeseburger is much better than the club sandwich, but that isn’t saying much.**



• **You shouldn’t leave home without a can of Flat Fix ... or Fix-a-Flat.**



Don’t Ball Me Up and Then Just Toss Me Aside, Sailor. Pssst. It’s me, this little piece of paper you’re holding now. After you’ve finished having your yucks with me, don’t throw me away like some loose wrapper from a candy bar. Being Green is about long term commitment, Daddy-O. Hold on to me. Take me home. I may wrinkle and fade over time but one day you will find me again and I will remind you that life was not always a dreary affair. Plus, if you look hard enough, you might find winning lottery numbers on my front page!

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This issue of the *Spock Science Monitor* has been brought to you by:



**Nobody Fucks with da Jesus
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There is a zombie behind you right now!