

# SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume Six, Issue Four

Sarcasm is not Participation

Saturday, September 1, 2007

## How to Make Green on the Playa

By Mr. Bad  
Most Senior Correspondent

Despite the anti-commercial cover story, Burning Man is an ideal opportunity to make some scrilla. It's all about the green on the Playa: I've got my (chemically enhanced) mind on my money and my money on my (slightly broken) mind. If you're not yet a Playa playah, here are some suggestions for how to earn while you Burn.

**Sell drugs:** By far the best way to route around the "gift economy" is selling illicit drugs to ill-prepared newbies. A small investment and a relatively safe run to Black Rock in a pimped-out Porsche Cayenne is enough to realize a magnificent profit. Put a couple of mushroom statuettes outside your RV and watch the money roll in.

**Sell tickets:** If you've got control of the

Gate, you can make a pretty penny on admission tickets to the event. Some organizations have reported over \$600K in profits from ticket sales. Strict enforcement and low cost outlays make ticket money an incredibly lucrative business opportunity.

**Have a bogus theme camp:** The newest way to make some Benjamins at Burning Man is making up a bogus theme camp, add a sexy name, and selling membership to unsuspecting newbies. Chili dinner and a cocktail mixer? Definitely worth \$1800. The mac and cheese is an extra bennie.

**Steal shit from dumb-butt theme camps:** Innocent camps from Europe or the East Coast leave valuable objects unguarded on the playa. A quick 11 p.m. stroll through the back outer limits of the city can produce some fantastic gains. ☹

## Journal: Life Outside the Trash Fence

By Johnnie Royale  
Senior Beveratologist

**C**rackle pop  
Ziptie, Ziptie, Lighthouse.  
Lighthouse go.  
High speed bogey, point 6 heading to point 4.

Sensing a pending change in instructions, Dr Fiasco took a long draw on his cigarette and reached for the radio while I turned on the engine of my Ford Exploder and flipped on the headlights. We were at what I will now forever know as Point 3. That's just outside the trash fence at 12 o'clock to you "insiders."

Ziptie, Fiasco, we have a visual.  
Fiasco, Ziptie, intercept bogey.

With the word, Fiasco jumped in the car and plugged in the flashing amber roof light we had been issued. As soon as his door slammed closed I wheeled the Exploder in a circle and set an incept course as I started to depress the accelerator.

Unlike the 5 mph limit inside the fence, outside, there is no speed limit and we quickly closed on the bogey.

Another intercept and another dumbass hippie trying to cut in from Trego Crossing, he had a ticket but we shot him anyways. Two in the head, just like we'd been instructed several hours earlier. I'd buried the last one, so it was Dr. Fiasco's turn to get the shovel and dig.

We called it in and took a little flack because he had a ticket.

Just another night outside the Trash Fence as we headed back to point 3 and waited for another stinky hippie that wanted to try their luck with Perimeter. ☹



## Book Review: What Where When What again?

Review by DeCognito  
Lifestyle Correspondent

**T**he most read book on the playa this week was easily the least understood as well. It is in every tent, dome, yurt and RV in Black Rock City, but no one has yet to adequately describe the wisdom behind the printed words on the pages.

And what inscrutable tome is this? An Issue of Piss Clear? No. The Survival Guide? Close but no cigar. The answer is Burning Man's own *What Where When* events guide.

In fact, *What Where When* is developing such a reputation for being so completely useless that many have taken to calling it the *What Where When HUH?*

"No one can find anything in it," Said Special Mystic Jeff of Naked Yoga Workshops. "I've worked 20 years to get to this level of inner peace and this fucking bullshit has just brought me back to square one."

As usual there was an explanation from the BMOrg as to the incomprehensible layout of the *What Where When*. And as usual, it was an explanation that strained credulity.

Continued on next page

## DPW tries Outsourcing

By Liquor Pig  
Staff Economist

Thanks to the rapidly dwindling number of Department of Public Works workers who can actually pass a drug test, the DPW has turned to outsourcing.

The shift in hiring started last spring. After receiving hundreds of complaints about the behavior and demeanor of the DPW workers, the Board of Directors held an emergency meeting last spring to decide on a solution for the growing DPW problem. In a unanimous closed-door decision, the board agreed to implement mandatory drug-testing and background checks for all new and returning DPW workers.

"The results are in," reported Action Girl last spring, "and they don't look good." In fact, only three DPW workers passed the drug tests. "We think the three individuals that passed the tests were using a combination of GHB and Human Growth Hormone, which can't be tested for." Those three individuals failed the background check, due to their being listed on the FBI Most Wanted list.

Faced with no remaining applicants for the below-minimum wage jobs, the BMOrg was forced to turn to staffing agency Manpower for the DPW staff this year.

Maid Marian said she was impressed with the quality of the temporary workers. "Many of the DPW temps have advanced degrees from third world countries. Also, they don't have 3-legged dogs, cigarette burns on their faces, or open sores."

The all-new DPW follows a strict dress code, receives rigorous anti-sexual harassment training, and always arrives for work on time.

While most participants agree that the new DPW temps are an improvement, there have been some complaints.

"I tried to ask a DPW worker yesterday to move his forklift from in front of the door of my trailer," said Sparklepony from Spiritual Enema Camp, "but his English wasn't good enough to understand me. He said his name was 'Bruce,' but his thick accent revealed that his name was probably Raj or something. Can't we find Americans to do these thankless, menial jobs for little pay and terrible working conditions?"

Due to labor laws governing indentured servitude, the DPW camps have been provided with comfortable barracks and a decent pay. The additional costs have driven ticket prices up significantly, with additional rises in price expected next year. "If we can stop having to let those miscreants near my trailer, no ticket price is too high," stated Larry Harvey via satellite video connection from Bruno's in Gerlach. ☹

## Note from Captain Winner, Publisher Emeritus

Fare Thee Well, Old Friend.

When we started the Spock Science Monitor six year ago, it was with one clear goal: To provide the people of Black Rock City with a newspaper published on the playa without any funding or influence from Burning Man LLC. Some would say that this is the only way to provide a truly honest voice of and for the people.

We had no idea at the time that our little venture would watch both of the existing BRC papers through their final stages of wasting your gate fee dollars and into their eventual death throes.

You probably read a letter from Adrian, the publisher of *Piss Clear*, today about how they've decided that producing a newspaper on the playa is a tired medium, or how they've decided that everything that needs to be said has been said. Well, here's the truth: In 2005, Burning Man LLC finally took notice of the fact that the SSM was able to do a better job of publishing a newspaper than the \$30K/year Black Rock Gazette, and decided to pull all of the Gazette's funding. Because, really, \$30K per year for something that people are providing you for free seems like a pretty bad idea.

Well, this year, the BMOrg finally came to the conclusion that the several thousand dollars that they spend on *Piss Clear*, and the cushie spot at center camp that they assign to Adrian's trailer isn't a worthwhile investment. Oh wait.. you didn't know that

*Piss Clear* was paid for by your ticket dollars? You didn't realize that they wrote a shitload of crappy articles on drinking enough water and being careful not to MOOP in the porta-potties because they had a quota in order to get funding and air conditioning? Yeah, well... that's the case. Your "alternative newspaper" wasn't so alternative – It was paid for the LLC. Your alternative voice, um... sucked.

So, I guess this is goodbye, *Piss Clear*. You served a purpose in 1996, and I'm sure that you felt good about what you've written for the past 10 years, but times have changed, and a paper that increases ticket prices and prints three weeks before anyone gets onto the playa isn't much use to anybody anymore. Thank you for no longer increasing my ticket price by writing boring, redundant articles about how crazy doing magic mushrooms on the playa is, or what people should wear to the Burn, or the best kind of lube one can buy in Reno. I hope that in whatever new form you take you learn to write better and more interesting content – please go one better than the bullshit that the Beacon writes (we showed them how to actually publish on the playa but couldn't really teach them how to write; sorry, we can only do so much.)

It feels good to be the longest running paper on the Playa. Thanks. ☹️

### Spock Science Monitor Ready To Sell Out

*The Black Rock Gazette is gone. Piss Clear will be gone next year. The Beacon is here, but they're still the junior paper on the playa. That means that Spock Science Monitor is the right choice for the official paper of Black Rock City.*

*We're totally ready to sell out, BMO. We have no interest in keeping in real. We'll happily print lots of articles about how art turns community onto change, and how it's important to recycle, and how awesome this year's theme is, and not to say mean things about Larry Harvey or anything.*

*Here are our terms:*

- \$375,000 art grant.
- Our camp moved from 8:30 and Boreal to the middle of First Camp.
- Helicopter escort into and out of camp.
- Hot naked raver girls with pink hair to come make out with us.
- Daily beer delivery from the DPW.
- David Best constructs "Temple of Spock."
- Not having to make a paper.
- A fleet of golf cars.
- Also, we want the art grant to be in Euros not dollars, because Euros are more colorful.
- Five hundred gallons of propane for our burn barrel.
- Reduced dust.

—Brother Ted ☹️

## Guide

Continued from page one

"This year we wanted to encourage spontaneous interactions on the playa and what better way to do that then ensure that it was so difficult to find scheduled events that you would have no choice but to do something unplanned," said Mitzi McSpike, the intern in charge of assembling the on-playa events into the *What Where When* guide.

For those that left the events guide on the dashboard of the truck and haven't picked it up all week the useless format runs like this: The first 21 pages are the listings of event titles in chronological order. The next 63 pages are event descriptions that include the name of the camp hosting the event, but no address for the camp. And the event descriptions don't have the days and times.

Oh Well...Perhaps next year we will be given a book we can use. ☹️

### GUIDE TO USING THE BURNING MAN GUIDE

**Step 1:** Skip to Page 23 and begin reading all of the event descriptions to find events that suit your particular interest.

**Step 2:** Note the camp hosting the event and move to the map of Black Rock City and find the camp location.

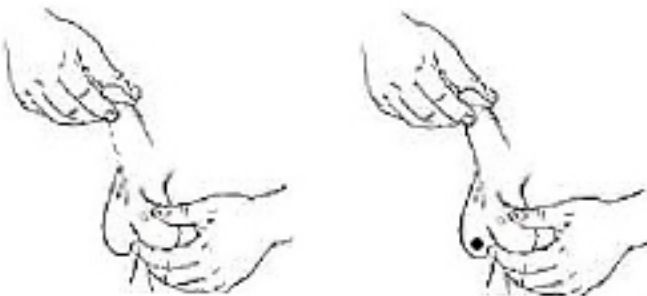
**Step 3:** Return to the *What Where When* and begin scanning the Daily Events Chronological Listings in the front of the book.

**Step 4:** Scan the Chronological listings until your ADD kicks in.

**Step 5:** Go to the neighborhood bar and abandon all hope of ever finding the "Furries Giant Scrabble Game and Dance Spectacular." Hit on someone way out of your league.

## Baron Earl's Postmodern Puzzle

### Spot the Differences



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

See tomorrow's edition of *The Spock Science Monitor* for the answer to today's puzzle!  
The answer to yesterday's puzzle was "Reginald Denny"

## CLASSIFIEDS

**Lost:** Several partially filled colonoscopy bags. Please return to First Camp.

**Lost:** Newly issued Ranger medal. Last seen near the "man." Very sentimental. Return to Center Camp Ranger Station. Reward.

**Help Wanted:** \$200 for the person that digs my wedding ring out a port-a-pottie. See Ruffie at Camp Spaz.

## Spock Science Monitor

est. 2002

Publisher ... Dr. Fiasco  
Senior Beveratologist ... Johnnie Royale  
Most Senior Correspondents ... Brother Ted, Mr. Bad, Frankenstein Jones  
City Desk ... Cheech Diller  
Lifestyle Editor ... De Cognito  
Quizmaster ... Baron Earl  
Role Model ... Liquor Pig  
Spell Checker ... Patient Joab

Copy Elf ... Meg

Distribution ... Pea Bucket, Meg, Playa Joab

Publisher Emeritus: Captain Winner

Printed on the playa using a goddamn digital duplicator running on gasoline and bandaids.

Spock Mountain Research Labs  
Boreal and 8:30  
<http://www.smrl.org>

Original content licensed under Creative Commons

<http://creativecommons.org>



"We Make Fun"