

SPOCK SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume One, Issue One

"You Big, Dumb, Dogshit-Eating Hillbilly!"

Sunday, August 25, 2002

Report: Playa Dust Causes Cancer

By J. Royale
Senior Beverotologist

Dr. Richard Hard, a professor at Taos University, recently released a study claiming that playa dust causes cancer in lab rats.

Dr. Hard joined his 21-year-old niece on the playa in 1998, and noticed the vicious dust storms that sweep the playa every year. Concerned about the health implications of breathing the clay silt, which is similar in structure to asbestos, Dr. Hard secured an NIS grant to study the effects of long-term exposure to the dust on rats.

As part of the study, Dr. Hard's research team made a miniature Burning Man theme camp, complete in every detail, on a piece of playa surface removed from Black Rock and transported to Taos. There was even a communal kitchen and a Pyramid of Silence, where the rats could hang out and listen to groovy music and chill during the hot afternoon. The entire replica camp was placed inside an environmental chamber

designed to simulate summer conditions on the Black Rock desert—including the heat waves and 70-mile-per-hour winds.

Strangely, most of the rats avoided the Pyramid: except for the Ranger Rats, a subgroup identified by khaki uniforms, rat-sized hats and little tiny water bottles. The Ranger Rats hardly ever left the Pyramid of Silence. More disturbing was the fact that every one of the Ranger Rats developed cancer. The team is not sure if the pyramid or the khaki is to blame for the 100 percent lethality occurring in that subgroup. Dr. Hard is applying for additional federal funding to continue testing.

After 18 months in the chamber, the surviving rats were removed and examined. The results were astonishing. The rats appeared to have lung cancer at a level comparable to that of a human smoking four packs of cigarettes a day for 20 years.

The BMOrg has refused to comment on the details of Dr. Hard's study.



This news makes us upset.

Gerlach Man Doesn't Believe

By Yosemite Sam
Staff Writer

Jerry Griswold has lived in the town of Gerlach, Nevada for the past 50 years. And for the past 12 he's watched the participants in the Burning Man festival travel through the town to the nearby Black Rock Desert.

"I don't believe it one bit! All them people going out there. Saying they're burning some wooden man. The secret government's definitely behind this one."

Griswold insists that there is something



up. "They can't all possibly be out there worshipping some wooden man. What do they think we are, a bunch of fools? They're obviously members of the New World Order's secret army."

Other locals, such as Bruno's barkeep Randy Schatt, have no idea who Griswold is. "He just showed up here a couple of days ago."

The Monitor Reviews: The Black Rock City Med Tent

Elegance At An Affordable Price

By Siduri
Editor-in-Chief

Capsule Review

The Med Tent

Cost: \$

Food: N/A

Overall: ★★★★★/5 stars

Capsule Review: Discerning travelers seeking an adventurous "getaway" will be hard-pressed to discover a more charming hideyhole than the Black Rock City Med Tent. The service is impeccable and the furnishings are ultra-hip. However, we did find some inconsistency in the quality of the amenities. Eight stars out of ten.

Getting There and Away: The med tent is conveniently located in Center Camp, and door to door shuttle service is available—via a fun and colorful "ambulance"—for V.I.P. guests. The easiest way to make a reservation is to avoid drinking water for a day or so, but many alternate routes exist.

Checking out can be a little problematic; sometimes the friendly staff seem almost determined to make you stay! For the true thrill-seekers, helicopter travel can be arranged. Recommendation: double check your itinerary before you go.

Decor: The med tent is appointed in a youthful, very modern style. Sleek lines and minimalist decoration are the rule. An off-beige color scheme lends a Banana Republic flair to the rooms. Oldsters may find the simple, firm bedding a little offputting at first, but these "cots" are currently very much in fashion—and good for your back, too!

Clientele: One look around the med tent, and you'll realize that you've found where the beautiful people stay. When we were there, the other guests were a diverse and colorful lot, although the atmosphere was less lively than we had initially expected. This may be due to the knock-out drugs (see Amenities). The med tent is perfect for a quiet, reflective holiday. We do recommend that you leave the children at home, as the family-oriented entertainment options are minimal. Singles may well find the intimate surroundings to be perfect for finding romance.

Service: The staff is uniformly friendly and competent. We felt as if a fleet of concerned professionals were waiting upon us hand and foot! Many of the "nurses" are also strikingly attractive—another sign, perhaps, that the med tent caters to singles? We would, however, be remiss if we failed to mention that a

continued on next page

continued on next page

How Lame Was My Playa: BM Spots To Avoid

By Mr. Bad
City Editor

First time at Burning Man? Tenth time? Wondering where all the cool good-looking people are hanging out? Well, I could set you straight, but I won't, because then you'd come there and hit on us and try to mook our drugs. What I can do instead is point a finger and ha-ha at the lame places you choose to loiter.

The Cafe

A Proust-themed tent coffeehouse may have seemed like a lovely retro throwback once upon a time, but it's decayed into a monumental scab smack in the center of Black Rock City. A mutant combo of a SoCal university dorm lounge, a 2nd-rate Starbucks knockoff, and an African refugee camp, The Cafe conveys corporatist inhumanity in a hovenly atmosphere to busloads of insincere early-20s pricks. If you'd love to play your guitar in a jester's hat while drinking a Frappuccino(TM) full of dirt, The Cafe is for you.

Bianca's Smut Shack

Another once-cool place reduced to Faulkneresque senescence, Bianca's risque reputation is belied by the reality of decrepit infrastructure and lost purpose. Empty, filthy Tijuana dog couches in the main tent are sparsely decorated with the dingy remainders of once-plentiful porn mags, and the only public fucking you'll see in 2002 will be random and canine. All volunteers are too stoned nowadays to even bother thinking about grilled cheese sandwiches. Come for the shade, leave for the ambiance: Bianca's is a fine spot to miss.

Gerlach Man

continued from page one

When pressed on what involvement the U.S. government might have with the activities on the Black Rock Playa, Griswold simply replied, "This has the mark of those Bush Twins all over it. They're working their way into the higher echelons of the Secret Government, with Hillary Clinton."

STAFF BOX

Editor: Siduri
Production Freaks: Ratsnatcher, Tjames
Graphics Hillbilly: Special Ed Ward
Copy Editors: Downer Cow, Daisy
Staff Writers: Liquor Pig, Frankenstein Jones, Mr. Bad, Johnnie Royale

Publisher and benefactor: Petunia

Published daily on the playa under the auspices of Spock Mountain Research Laboratories. All rights reserved. All evil avenged.

255 and Bowsprit: y'all come by now

SMRL's home on the web:
Pigdog Journal - www.pigdog.org

www.pigdog.org

Media Mecca

MM is the definition of deadly boring and square. Over-the-hill third-rate freelancers trying to flog the mule of Techno Hippy Love Fest for the Cleveland Plain Dealer



carp about the heat and mooch smokes and drinks while interviewing each other about what Burning Man is Really About. A painful reminder of the world we're trying to leave behind.

Med Tent

continued from page one

few small lapses in service did occur. Our IV kept slipping from our arm, and we were forced to wait for several minutes before the bags of fluid were changed. We were also disappointed to note that there were no chocolates left at the head of our cot.

Amenities: In this area, the med tent truly shines. Forget the standard room service, workout equipment and facials: here, a dazzling array of services and products are offered to the connoisseur. We sampled several of the intravenous cocktails, and were generally delighted with both their presentation and effectiveness. In particular, the anti-nausea drug is recommended (perhaps paired with a light fig-and-basil risotto?) It has a smooth bouquet and lingers pleasantly on the palate.

However, here we must deliver our most serious caveat regarding the med tent. In their eagerness to be of service, the staff will often press amenities into your vein! The house specialty, in particular, seemed to be a "shut up and don't move" cocktail that was delivered to all guests, regardless of their order. While we applaud the generosity of the impulse, our experience with this particular service was both frightening

The Man

He makes a better view than a platform, folks. Stoner-quality DPW rococo non-union construction work doesn't make up for the blandness of what is essentially a big pile of firewood. You can meet people, sure, but no one cool comes here, so you end up getting buttonholed by Midwest grade-school teachers on a Spirit Quest. And a sealed plywood base means you can't even do the once-traditional under-the-Man late-night fucking, which would be impossible anyways given the high density of bored and nosy roly-poly first-year Dirt Rangers. Oh, and: no smoking, despite the lack of hay bales. As a final insult the s00per-sekrit Hidden Level will only serve as a bitter reminder that you were too cool to hang out at:

The Obstacle Course

By which I mean, the Chuck E. Cheese's Magic Doubloon Theme Art Challenge. Only the worst of the yahoos will take the time to waddle through this humiliating and degrading walk of shame, but unfortunately these people are legion, so you can expect to wait in long lines in order to be forced to pull down your pants and confess childhood traumas in exchange for a Trivial Pursuit Pie Piece. Collect Them All is for Happy Meals, not Burning Man.

Your RV

The toilet's backed up, the floor is muddy, the table is too small and somebody puked in the bedroom: your RV will never again be the fascist Middle American tract-home dream it once was. And aren't you sick of listening to your dumb friends whine about the distinct lack of beer? Get the hell out of there and go sleep in the dirt.



and unpleasant.

Prices: Like many hotels, the med tent's prices vary with season. At certain times of the year it's almost impossible to make a booking. However, even within the optimal week to visit, guests are offered widely divergent deals. Sometimes reservations are offered free with various travel packages; sometimes it can cost an arm and a leg. Shop around.

In conclusion, the Black Rock City Med Tent is a fun and classy place of lodging—an undiscovered gem. If a few minor wrinkles in the operations are ironed out, the med tent could easily become a nine- or even ten-star establishment. Make a reservation now!