

# SPOCK

## SCIENCE MONITOR

Volume One, Issue Two

"There Is A Zombie Behind You Right Now"

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### Johnnie Royale's Guide To Playa Living

By J. Royale  
Senior Beverotologist

Playa living can be harsh, especially for those not accustomed to the hot days and brutal dryness that the high desert offers. Dehydration is a major concern and can become life-threatening if not properly dealt with. The easiest way to avoid being dead is, of course, to drink lots and lots of fluids.

So when traveling to Burning Man, I always buy one of those large 64-ounce bottles of Gatorade in Fernley. Drinking the Gatorade on the drive through Nixon, Empire and Gerlach will ensure that you arrive on the Playa completely hydrated and ready to start erecting your home, which is different and better than that other place you spend the rest of the year.

Not only that, but the Gatorade bottle

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## BM 2003 Theme: First Peek

*'Hillbilly Spirit Quest' Highlights Busy Schedule*

By Mr. Bad  
City Editor

Your first stop on the Path of the Hayseed is the Grand Crypt of the Insect Goddess, a squat, ugly half-ass structure made entirely from tungsten at ludicrous expense, located god knows how far out in the hostile desert world.

Here, you will wait in line for two and a half hours with hundreds of other gullible saps to climb a lot of ropes and walk on a rickety staircase under the hostile eyes of more than two dozen self-important volunteers with neckerchiefs and walkie-talkies, until you reach the Level of Time, i.e., the roof.

Once you get to the Level of Time, you will have to sing a dumb song like "I'm a little teapot" and watch dinner theater as you've never seen it before. Then you will get a cheap plastic bracelet, which you may not under any circumstances chew.

We're not entirely sure what a crypt or an insect goddess have to do with hillbillies, but what the hell. There are insects in the mountains, after all. We just had this friend who wanted to make a big fucking crypt for the Insect Goddess, and we figured we'd give them a cool half-million bucks to do it, as well as 300 man weeks of paid DPW labor, and then try to shoehorn it into the theme in order to justify spending all your ticket money on retarded hippy art. Not that it'd be a big deal if you made a squawk about it anyways, since you have pretty much no say in the matter.

After completing the Insect Goddess's Mourning Quest, you have finished almost one eighteenth of your journey. Do not brag about this to other participants, as that would be unfair.

The next leg of your Hayseed Path is the Spiral of All Space, a beautiful labyrinth of

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## Pyramid-Shaped Camp To Offer 'Zone Of Solitude'

By Frankenstein Jones  
Sports Editor

Bill Rafferty looks over the work he has wrought with his own two hands and grins slyly. "People are going to love it or hate it," he laughs, "but they're certainly going to notice it."

The "it" in question is Rafferty's 12-foot-high tin and plywood "Pyramid of Contemplation," an outrageously avant garde achievement of construction that its creator informally dubs the "Eiffel Tower of Black Rock." The beer distributor-turned-artist knows his audacious creation will cause quite a stir on the playa: in fact, he's counting on it.

"First you have the whole issue of a pyramid," Rafferty says, "a rarity out here to be sure, but the kind of thing that when people travel around the world and see a pyramid, you can be damn sure they're going to take a picture of it!"

And not just any pyramid, indeed. The Pyramid of Contemplation represents a pitch black void of space, a canvas for others to project their own thoughts and aspirations. This is partially the reason Rafferty is supplying a futon and several hay bales inside the structure, so that visitors left breathless from the experience can spend a few quiet moments recharging their mental energy.

"We had a smaller version last year," Rafferty explains, "but we never finished that one save one side. We only got the frame up. People were intrigued, naturally, seeing



Photo By Daisy

Awe-inspiring Pyramid of Contemplation awaits first visitors.

a pyramid in the distance and wanting to climb up on it and touch it and such, but they were ultimately disappointed when they reached their destination."

Not this year. Rafferty, 41, took a year off from his business and began drawing up detailed plans for the new pyramid almost im-

mediately after the end of Burning Man 2001. He expects to create quite a stir with this version.

"We are already getting some flak for it. Other camps say it overwhelms the things they are doing, and I can understand their point of

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# Kids Korner



By Liquor Pig  
Staff Writer

Hi kids! Welcome to Burning Man. By now, you're probably wondering what all these adults are doing, and why they're not wearing any clothes. Don't worry, though, this is your chance to take advantage of the adults while they're at their most vulnerable.

You've probably caught your parents passing a joint on the couch on a Sunday night, while *Sex in the City* played on the big screen in the den. Doesn't it smell nice? No doubt you've noticed how your parents start to act like kindergartners and eat pizza. Wouldn't you like to eat a big pizza right now?

Of course, when you're at home it would be far too risky to try to smoke your parents' pot in the house. If they caught you it would probably mean a six week grounding. Or, if you're already in high school, a trip to the rehab facility. No fun!

Out here in the desert, though, it should be easy to raid your parents' tent, and I'm here to tell you how.

First of all, you might have been given "The Talk," where they pointed to a mysterious container and told you never to open it. This is a good place to start.

If all you found in the forbidden box was lube, dildos, and a Tickle-Me-Elmo doll, don't fret. It's easy to find lots of fun stuff. When Mommy and Daddy leave you with one of your campmates for a while, tell them you'd like to lie down in the tent.

While you're there, check wherever your parents have stored the medicine, shampoo, Preparation H and Wellbutrin. Don't take the Wellbutrin, though, that's for Mommy.

You'll be looking for any bottles that have a sleepy face icon along with a warning to not operate motor vehicles or heavy equipment. Take 2 pills out of the bottle and stash them in your socks for later tonight or tomorrow morning, whenever you start to feel pain.

In the meantime, check Daddy's socks. You'll be looking for a bottle of oval-shaped

blue pills. These are called "Viagra." Save a few of these to crush up and put in Daddy's drinks when he's not looking. What the hell, put some in Mommy's drink, too, around dinner time. By the time you're finished eating, Mommy and Daddy will be in the tent for the rest of the evening making strange noises, leaving you to search for Upside-Down Nitrous Hit Camp.

Now that you're prepared, look for a wooden box. It might be packed with Mommy's dresses, and it probably has a moon face painted on top. Congratulations, you've found your parents' weed stash! Grab about as much as you can fit in your fist, and wrap it up in a Ziploc baggie. Don't worry, they don't really pay attention to how much they smoke, so you won't get caught. Now, find some people with drums and ask them for a pipe and lighter.

You also want to keep your eye out for the following:

- Pills hidden in Mommy's tampon box (these are called tranquilizers, and they're good to take while sipping Daddy's Jack Daniel's).
- Ziploc bags with pills (these are probably "E," which turn you into a Teletubby. Take one and head over to the Snuggle Dome).
- Little white bags with fine white powder (called "coke." This is better used to barter for liquid acid, or given to chicks to make them take their tops off).

You can always ask a stranger for water, but tell them that your parents are close by so they don't try to take you back to camp. If you get lost, ask an adult to take you to the "Med Tent," where you will be given water and a groovy IV that will make you go to sleep. When you get back to camp, make sure to tell your parents that you were looking for them: that way they'll feel bad and you won't get in trouble.

Remember: have fun!

## Hillbilly Spirit Quest

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enrichment and discovery, engraved on the desert floor with an artistic shovel. On entering the labyrinth, you will be asked by the Guardian of the Spiral of All Space to submit your Bracelet +1 of Power, to symbolize that with all gain comes eventual loss, and also because we only bought so many bracelets, so we have to reuse them. There better not be no chew marks on your bracelet, either, or you're gonna really get it.

As you walk along the Spiral, treading the steps of meditation, you are allowed to think of several things space-related. You may think about how hillbillies and space are two concepts that are fairly difficult to connect, even with the most tenuous of links. Or you can think about the space that art fills in our lives, or the space that we all live in as a community. You may also think about Inner Space, the ride at Disneyland where you get shrunk down to the size of an atom, or Space Ghost Coast to Coast, and how much funnier it used to be.

Things you may not think about in this sacred spiral of hillbilly meditation are how you haven't taken a poop in like 3 days or maybe even 4, and how that can't possibly be good for you. Or about how you really hope that guy is going to split his

X with you like he said he would but which he hasn't really mentioned since then, which it would suck if he didn't because then you'd have to go through the Burn sober, and how lame would that be. Or about what's all this bullshit about Burning Man being this big sex-fest, anyways, like you've barely even talked to a girl this whole time, and you can't even beat off because there's so many people around all the time, night and day, and it'd just be way too embarrassing to whack off in your tent and then hear everybody laughing at you outside, oh, man, you'd just die of embarrassment, and like your only option at this point is being a big weird creep and going up to Bianca's at like 4AM and masturbating in public to some ancient and dusty 80s biker tattoo mag, which like fuck that.

You may also think about the spiritual journeys that we all make in our everyday lives, which is a kind of space.

After exiting the Spiral of All Space, you will have your hand marked with a big black X on the back with a Sharpie, which will prove that you are a spiritual being of immense renown. Under no circumstances are you to sell your mark, as it is a commemorative collectible and wholly owned property of Burning Man, LLC.

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## Pyramid

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view. But look, I'm just one man and I built this, and there's no reason anyone else can't do the same thing." It is this sort of attention that leaves Rafferty loath to disclose the exact location of his pyramid. "Off to one side of the playa," is the only clue he will grant. Plus, of course: "Just look for the pyramid."

Rafferty is already thinking about next year. "I was considering a water misting system," he says, "but I was pressed for time and had to drop it. Plus, I think the impact of such a system might be even more overwhelming for people newly exposed to the majesty and might of the pyramid itself. I didn't want to freak people out. Next year maybe."

"And maybe a DJ inside," he adds with a wink.

## Playa Living

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can be put to many uses, so don't casually discard it. I find it the perfect solution to that uncomfortable 200 yard dash to the port-a-potties in the morning, which, if you've been properly hydrating or just plain guzzling beer, will have your bladder in a near-bursting state. Just bring a freshly emptied bottle into your tent when you retire for the evening, and it will be there for you to fill up first thing in the morning. The wide mouth of a Gatorade bottle makes it easy for even the most hungover fool (women, not usually being fools, can get a pee funnel at the Pee Funnel camp) to hit the target (just snuggle it up close boys); and the 64-oz capacity is able to handle all the undisposed liquids from your previous night's binge while you avoid the damaging rays of the morning sun — which are murder on headaches.

Not only that, but "using" the Gatorade bottle throughout the day will allow you to avoid running to the port-a-potties every five minutes or dealing with big puddles of "yellow water" all over the place. Or establishing a camp piss trench. Just make sure that you take the bottle with you to the port-a-potties when you conduct your more serious business there.

Normally we here at SMRL label our "special" Gatorade bottles to avoid any confusion, but if your campmates are lazy, to avoid any unhappy surprises you just might want to make a camp rule: "Don't drink the yellow Gatorade."

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