There Is A Zombie Behind You Right Now
Volume One, Issue Two Monday, August 26, 2002

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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BM 2003 Theme: First Peek

‘Hillbilly Spirit Quest’ Highlights Busy Schedule

By Mr. Bad City Editor

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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-tall 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 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 immediately 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 view.

Awe-inspiring Pyramid of Contemplation awaits first visitors.

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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 much easier to win 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-Elimo 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’re going 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 them.

You’ll be looking for any bottles that have a sleepy face icon along with a warning to be taken “as directed.” These are called tranquilizers, and they’re good to take while sipping Daddy’s Jack Daniel’s.

If all you found in the forbidden box was pills hidden in Mommy’s tampon box (these are called tranquilizers, and they’re 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!

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