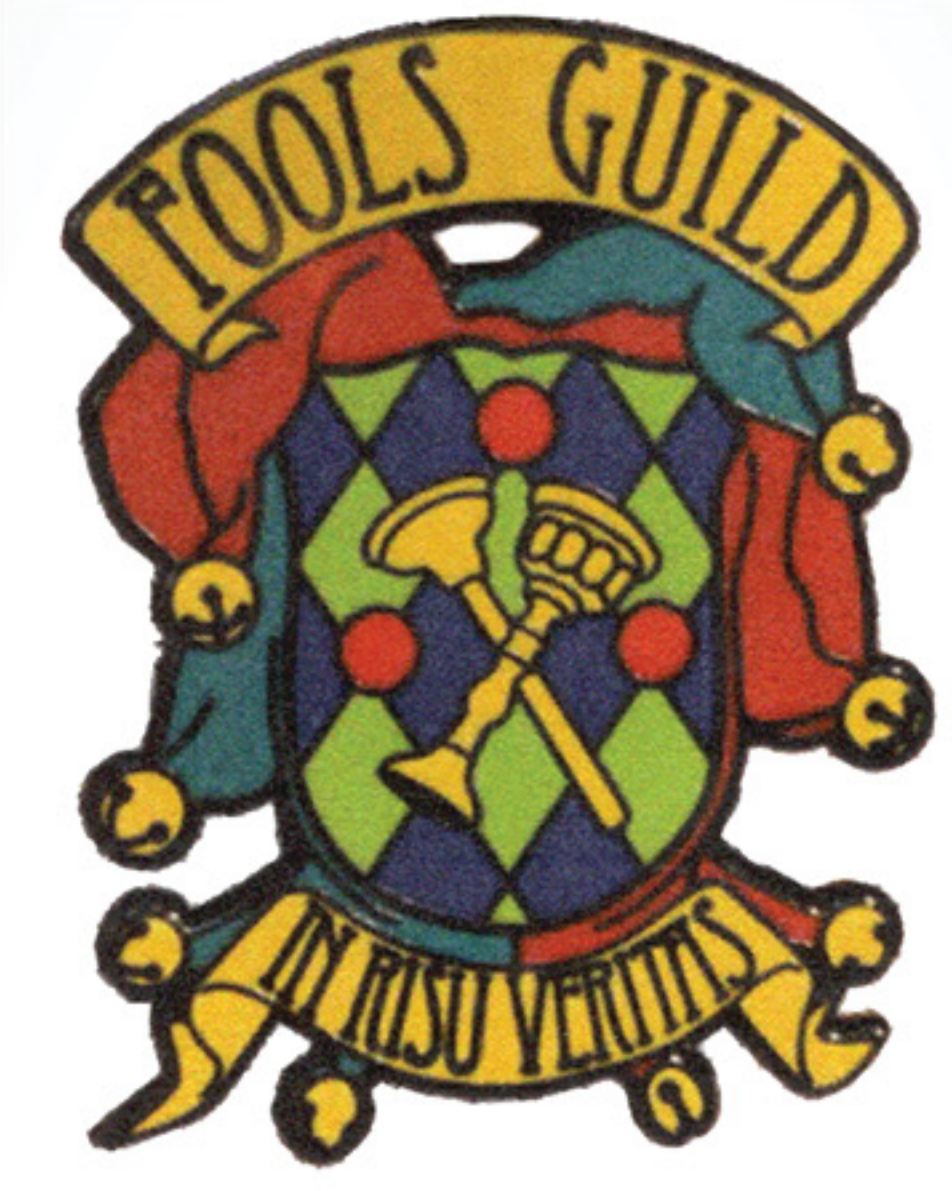


The
JOKER



What You Missed:
Mother Mom Cat's Foolish Rove to Paradise Cove
Putt Putt Golf Tournament
(Review on page 7)
Happening Soon:
LABYRINTH OF JARETH
GARAGE SALE
PUMPKIN PARTY

Own YOUR
VERY OWN



COLORFUL ENAMEL
FOOLS GUILD
COAT OF ARMS PIN
Contact:
QUINGLICKITYSPLIT@me.com
PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE GUILD



The Fools' Guild
12400 Ventura Blvd #510
Studio City, CA 91604

Hot? Bothered? Filthy? Contact:

◆ ART IS ANYTHING ◆
YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH

🔥
**J
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R**



*The
Burning
Issue*

Volume 42
No. 2
August 2022

🔥
**J
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R**
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As your King it is my honor, duty, and privilege to lead this Foolish Kingdom to new heights of **Mischief, Mayhem, Marvelous Shenanigans and Tomfoolery!**

Each King commemorates their reign by hosting celebrations, and roves, introducing their individual interests, and leading by example with their very own unique flavor, flair, and flourish. As your current King, I come to expose you to some of my favorite things that I am most passionate about, but may not have previously been part of the kingdom's collective consciousness. **To that end** I give you one of my favorite corners of the universe: **BURNING MAN!**

I believe that, in its way, the **Renaissance Faire** (specifically nighttime) is **Ground Zero** for Burning Man and all festivals like it. I have said many times, that Burning Man is what happens when **nighttime at Faire** has no theme, no customers, and no tomorrow morning. If you turned us loose for a week this is what we would create.

Phyllis Patterson started Faire in her Laurel Canyon backyard, and **Larry Harvey** started Burning Man on a beach in San Francisco, Baker Beach to be exact. Each blossomed into a place of radical self-expression where the lovely, lost, lonely, searching, misunderstood, wild, wacky, wonderful, wandering creatives could find their tribe and true selves.

For one week a year, the deserted portion of this desert hosts Burning Man, and becomes **Black Rock City**, the third largest city in Nevada with a population of 80,000 people. And at the end of the week it disappears as quickly as it materialized, leaving no trace.

Now, I know what you are thinking: What is a silly, pasty, Christian, solar phobic, redhead, prude, eccentric **Faire Brat** doing at a "Naked, pagan, desert, hippie, festival"? That's what I thought. It took many many many people a whole lot of years to convince me to brave the desert.

One of my favorite sayings came from a fellow **Believer** and longtime **Veteran Burner** who said to me, "You are going to see things out there that will defy reason, blow your mind and bring you joys you didn't know were even possible ... but there comes a moment every single **Burn** where you feel like God is going to come down from the mountain and say, "Okay, everybody out of the pool! " And he was right on all counts! This will be my 10th Burn

It's so hard to say what **Burning Man** means to one of us... But here goes. It's a place where you can stand on the shore of your imagination and see clear to the other side of another artist's horizon. It is **Hostile...** but it is also a **HUGE blank canvas** on which we can all create the greatest or least that has blossomed from the seed of creativity planted at the core of our souls.

The first time I ever came here all I could think was, "**Where there's a will, THIS is the way!**" The only rational explanation my first year was that my van had been transported to surface of **The Moon; Black Rock City...** When I close my eyes at the end of my life and someone asks me what my favorite part of life was I will say that I am grateful for the things my eyes have seen in this desert. They will be among my most cherished experiences. To have been a citizen of it, a co-creator, a caretaker of wonder.

Another way to look at it... Is the bumper sticker on the back of my favorite mutant vehicle art car, El Pulpo Mechanico, "My vacation is your worst nightmare! "

I dearly hope you will enjoy this, **The Burning Issue of The Joker a.k.a. Fools at Burning Man King Cock n' Bells, Master of Misrule Mirth and Mayhem**



~~~~~



# ? What's In A Playa Name ?

by Dusti RuffleCat and Tom Foolery

Like a Faire name, it's a name you use for a persona you create for yourself at **Burning Man**. It may be bestowed by another or chosen for yourself. It can be an alter ego or give you permission to do things you might not ordinarily be comfortable with.

*Dave* doesn't get naked, do drugs and isn't bi-curious, but *Shadow Raven Wolf* sure is!

So, Fools, choose a name from Column A and a name from Column B and add an animal if you like. Toss a coin on the page for each column and find your **Playa Name**.

| Column<br>A | Column<br>B | Add<br>Animal |
|-------------|-------------|---------------|
| Mythic      | Skittles    | Wolf          |
| Dusty       | God/dess    | Bear          |
| Sooty       | Baubles     | Bull          |
| Gritty      | Gremlin     | Cuckoo        |
| Silly       | Tempest     | Bat           |
| Dippy       | Pixie       | Frog          |
| Batty       | Sprite      | Sloth         |
| Snoopy      | Nymph       | Beaver        |
| Rowdy       | Prankster   | Hyena         |
| Campy       | Mummer      | Dragon        |
| Puckish     | Sandstorm   | Viper         |
| Moonstruck  | Pyro        | Coyote        |
| Flaming     | Blaze       | Monkey        |
| Freaky      | Voyager     | Cougar        |
| Daffy       | Playa       | Wolverine     |
| Enchanted   | Glow        | Cockatoo      |
| Sticky      | Funster     | Aardvark      |



Volume 42  
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Kevin Patterson, Rory Alden,  
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(Select *Send Money to friends or family*)  
linked here:



*What kind of man reads the Joker ?*  
He's so hot his corny jokes  
come out popped.  
He's really a hot shot.  
He's so hot his chickens  
lay hard-boiled eggs.  
Even all his fans can't  
cool him down.  
He can't stop thinking  
about his old flame.  
If this issue were any hotter,  
it would smell like bacon.  
So get this Burning Issue  
hot off the press before  
he goes up in flames.

Read current and past issues at  
[foolsguild.org/Joker.html](http://foolsguild.org/Joker.html)

### 1990, the start of something...

The first year in Gerlach there were about 80 of us, artists, builders, and NO Sparkle Ponies. My self-assigned role of Camp Engineer evolved into founding Public Works and establishing the first efficient Ticket Gate, where we stashed \$70,000 in a hot water heater tank buried under a tent. I didn't know it at the time, but our Quirky Little Art Event would thrive for a reason that none of us, especially "The Founders" understood. B-Man thrived because it spontaneously developed into a place where people received welcome and, more importantly, where people were free to openly welcome one another. A place where the art event Participants spontaneously developed a culture that liberated strangers from estrangement, where the simple goodness of being together became the emotional metabolism of the culture. Much like the best of "Occupy" 20 years later.

**Robert Rogers, aka "Harry Tuttle" Minister of Public Works 1996**

### Rory's Rituals

Many people commemorate the passing of time in different and creative ways, like Rory, the head carpenter of Dickens Faire and the Monaco mutant vehicle, on his Burnnitzva... His 13th Burn... He commemorated with the

ritualistic receiving of a brand... seriously, he lets someone heat up an iron in the shape of the Burning Man till it was white heat and seared into his flesh... I guess it's like the old saying goes, "tattoos are bought, scars are earned" Burn Bright My Friend



Robert Rogers & John Law 1996

**Rangers- Katherine Becvar, DanWill (former Shakespeare at Faire)**

The Rangers are the intermediary authority between the Burners and the actual police. These good men and women, who are usually veteran Burners, can generally be seen in khaki wandering the Playa as, what I call, "Men of the People". They are there to serve and protect, mostly to protect you from yourself and the real law enforcement.

Generally speaking the Rangers step in when a situation has become unruly and explain to the offender, in no uncertain terms, "Look, you can deal with me, calm the fuck down, be cool, and walk away. Or you can be an asshole and I'm gonna give you to them (the sheriffs)". Rangers are our people. **(Overheard being said by a Ranger going off shift) I'm**

**off to be part of the problem.**

**The term De-Laminated** refers to getting kicked out of the Black Rock Rangers

**10 PRINCIPLES**

**RADICAL INCLUSION**

**GIFTING**

*RADICAL SELF-RELIANCE*

**DECOMMODIFICATION**

*Radical Self-Expression*

**COMMUNAL EFFORT**

*Civic Responsibility*

**LEAVING NO TRACE**

**PARTICIPATION**

**IMMEDIACY**

**CONSENT**

*The 11th Principal*



## THE MAN HE DOTHT BURN! By Rover 2022

Burning Man, the annual weeklong arts festival north of Reno NV, is a Mecca for alternative types: artists, hippies, ravers, queers of all distinctions... so of course Cal and I had to go check it out. Actually it was Roger Wilson, King Jolly One, who insisted we prioritize it in our lives, because we are EVERYTHING on that list I just rattled off!

We've gone thrice, in 2003, 2005 and 2007, but if it was easier to do, we'd go consistently and religiously. We love the spirit, the philosophy, and the intensity of it all. Thousands of "burners" come from around the world, bringing art and music and outrageous clothing... You basically ride around the desert on a bike in your underwear all day and encounter massive, mind-blowingly creative installations and fantastic people. And at night, everything becomes magically illuminated with flame and colored lighting and dancing and... it's more than a little surreal.

On one of our first nights there, I fell asleep early. The next morning I apologized to Cal and said I hoped he hadn't been disappointed that I hadn't gone out to party. "Oh I had a fun night anyway," he replied. "I was kidnapped by a band of drunken satyrs on a truck decorated like a huge golden lion that was spitting a stream of sangria. They forced me to drink sangria and eat raw oysters as fire-spinners danced around me." "Wait a second," I stammered. "You did WHAT now?" From that point on I slept more during the day so I wouldn't miss the nighttime shenanigans.

You'll see things you won't see anywhere else on Earth. You'll be caked with layers of sweat, sunscreen, and dust and you'll give up caring about it. You'll wait an hour in a line for ICE. You'll believe, briefly, that humans are loving and compassionate, that ART is more important than anything, and that money is unnecessary. You'll bond with amazing souls who've all made the long, difficult pilgrimage to be there. It's a glorious and fragile village that feels like a dream and at its end, disappears like a mirage.

Highly recommended, but not for the faint of heart. **Piss Clear and Leave No Trace, my Burner Sisters and Brothers (and everybody in-between).** —Rover Canine I

**Foolish and Faire Burners of Note: Ex Rexes:** Heidi Moon, Justeen Ward, Jim Kelly, Rover, Roger, Gary Morgan, Bonnie Morgan, Tuba Heatherton **Rangers:** Katherine Becvar, and former Renaissance Faire Shakespeare DanWill **Mutant Vehicle Ship Builders & Captains:** Shannon O'Hare, Greg & Rory (Dickens) Ray Griswold, Rope Joe, Big Mike Schmitt, Zad, Dawn, Mikey Goodglick, Wendy Wow **Our Trolls:** Bevin & Brandon (Who is now the head rigger of Burning Man)



# Overheard at BURNING MAN

Oh, that's our backup Disco Ball!

That Guy is a cop... Look at how he dances... Definitely a cop

Opinions are always more valid at 7am... through a megaphone

I'm off to be part of the problem

And THATS why I stole that persons Monkey Suit

Because those aren't eyedrops and I don't want to babysit you again

Stop Chatting People up and Let's go! These are Porta Potty's not Tinder

We caught you Blue Handed! Now, What did you drop in the Porta Potty's?

Do you have a license for that Bullhorn?

I was so fucked up

I asked a mannequin for directions

Hey, What happened to my smokes?

Sorry, they were destroyed in a series of small fires

Hey! Wait! WAIT! STOP!

I think I lost my boundaries

No, I already have enough friends

A Buzzed Doctor is better Than no Doctor at all

Hi I'm Mom...and I'm on a shit ton of cocaine

If theres one thing I've learned this evening It's don't fart in a onsie

That pink unicorn just gave me a Newspaper

Look we knew they were sparkle ponies when we brought them we can't neglect their needs

WHEN DOES RADICAL SELF EXPRESSION BECOME TOO RADICAL???

I haven't had any Drugs today...Just Mushrooms...And Cocaine

## The Kings Favorite Art Cars

### The Neverwas Haul

The Neverwas Haul is a three-story, self-propelled mobile art 'mutant vehicle' built to resemble a Victorian house on wheels. Inspired by the fantastical stories of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells. Our very own Shannon O'Hare (brother of Kevin O'Hare from Fellowship Foundry) designed the Haul. The Neverwas Haul consists of three major sections. The command deck is dominated by a full size ship's wheel for steering. The parlor is well appointed: it has a bar, library, veranda, vintage stuffed chairs, and a camera obscura. There are stairs to the "widows walk" which has a rooftop view.



### El Pulpo Mecanico

El Pulpo Mecanico is a 25-foot-tall mechanical octopus mutant vehicle made from found objects and scrap iron that spews fire from its mechanical tentacles while the eight eyes pop in and out of its four faced head. El Pulpo Mecanico was Designed and built by Duane Flatmo along with his friend Jerry Kunkel. I call El Pulpo Mecanico my old flame... he is my Playa crush



### The Monaco

The great land frigate of Burning Man is a fully rigged, three masted, 40 foot long art car that can be propelled up to 17 knots by the wind in her sails. The Monaco is built by our very own Greg Barron and Rory Alden (Dickens Faire). Those spectacular wild men have allowed me to "topmast" Monaco! Very few individuals have been allowed to laugh in the face of danger, seek adventure, ride the wind, and stand high above the Playa at the center top mast of that otherworldly frigate



### The Kings Ride

### The Trike Of Epic Awesomeness

Aahhhh yes! The Kings sweet ride! The Trike of Epic Awesomeness is a black and white striped tricycle with a circus tent for a shade structure, and Hypno disks for wheels, giant googly eyes and a blinking red nose. It has been seen marauding the Playa spreading Mirth, Merriment, Mischief, and Mayhem! It was featured on the cover of the Burning Man publication, The Jackrabbit Speaks. I am hoping my trike becomes a personal vehicle of legendary iconic proportions. But mostly I get to feature it here because It's Good To Be The King



## Review of The Fools Guild Putt Putt Mini Golf Party by Justeen Ward

**Bonnie Morgan, King Cock n' Bells, Master of Misrule**

**Mirth and Mayhem** brought us together for a frivolous event at Sherman Oaks Castle Park Mini Golf. The party pavilion we rented could accommodate 80 people and it was bursting at the seams.

We had about that number all told and it was a rollicking good time. The King had her own set of



fancy golf clubs that replaced a niblick and a putter with a flamingo, a pool cue and a mallet. And all of them came in handy. **Mother Mom Cat Catherine St Claire** created a gorgeous spread with gourmet sandwiches and a veggie platter. I brought hot dogs, potato chips and deviled eggs and lots of condiments for everyone. **Tuba and Andy** added to Bonnie's three stooges cut out decor with colorful tablecloths and a 'big top ring' with streamers in the pavilion. We only had an hour to set up and less than that to pack up and go but we did it. When it comes to having a good time the Fools Guild Motto is "I got this I'm a professional" and each helper and golfer did the work of two men,

**Laurel and Hardy.**

### A word from the King: It

took serious Balls to Par-Tee as hard as we did

Thank you, each and every one of you fore par-taking of the First Fools Guild Open Putt Putt Tournament!

The Tomfoolery and Shenanigans

were reminiscent of the days of old. Special gratitude must be lavished upon those who made it possible: My



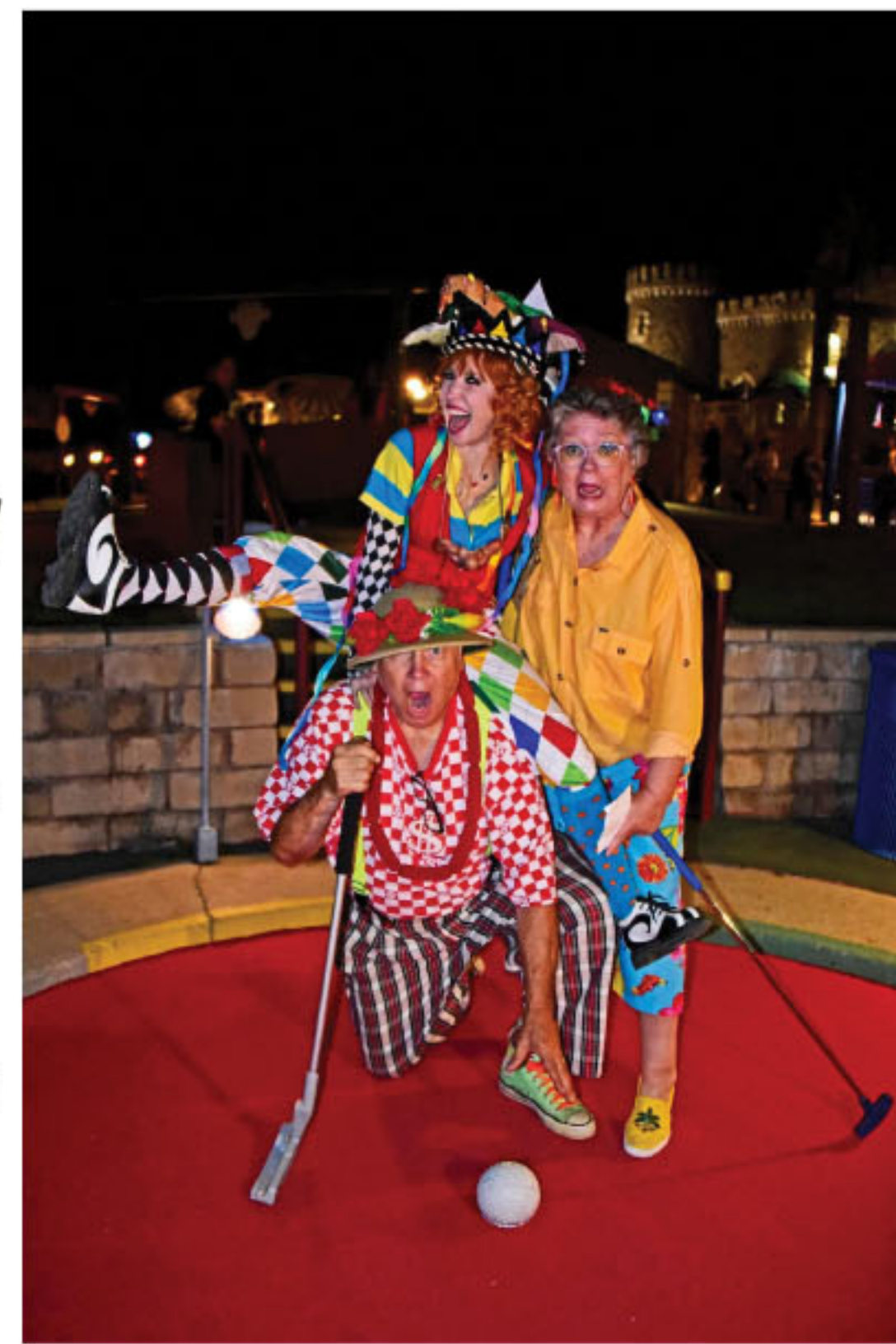
fabulous father **Gary Morgan** fore making all impossible magic a reality, **Mother Folly MomCat Catherine StClaire** for feeding us, **Justeen Ward** for Beverages, snacks and minding us all, **Breezy Dae** for being my right hand in all things artistic and bringing to fruition the incredible invitation and spectacular score cards,

**Andrew Davis and Tuba Heatherton** on the decor,

**Joseph F. Pimentel**

for early arrival and being all hands on deck, **Michael Kember** for manning the welcome table, being the hander outer of clubs and faithfully serving the Foolish Kingdom as our

official adult, **Richard Michael Johnson** for being the official photographer to the guild, and finally my surprise guest and faithful **Caddy Brandon D. Nilles** for his serious commitment to the schtick and keeping the kings cup filled. Those who went above and beyond the call to silliness **Jimmy Graham, JJ Moore, Breezy, Christina Linhardt, Bobby Love...**To ALL who came, played, partied, ate, stayed, laughed, danced, dressed up, and celebrated this our return to foolish gatherings, I thank you from the depths of my Foolish heart **Your King Cock n' Bells**



## The King's Burn Box is going to the Temple

The Temple burns Sunday night after Burning the Man on Saturday. People write the words they never got to say on the plywood walls of the temple. Burners fill the temple with letters they never wrote or never got to send to people who are now lost to them. They leave mementos, photos, eulogies and all kinds of memorials. If you have something you would like our King Bonnie to take to Burning Man to be burnt in the temple, contribute it to the King's Burn Box.

### From King Cock n' Bells:

The Temple is the Spiritual center for a place with no denomination but an undoubted connection to the great vast Hereafter. It is a giant structure of incredible engineering and unprecedented beauty built originally in 2000 by David Best with many different artists contributing in all the years since. It is the only place of reverent respect on Playa. A place to leave what burdens our minds, hearts, souls... lives.

It's incredible to see every inch of reachable timber lovingly and unabashedly scrawled in sharpee. Written here are tearful goodbyes, unsaid words, confessions, declarations of love...to others and self, letting go of hurts, wounds, hates; there are farewells and absolutions... people leave ashes, photos, wedding dresses... There is love and understanding, there's misunderstandings exposed to light; all of this outpouring of love, passion, gratitude, hurt, self EVERYTHING.

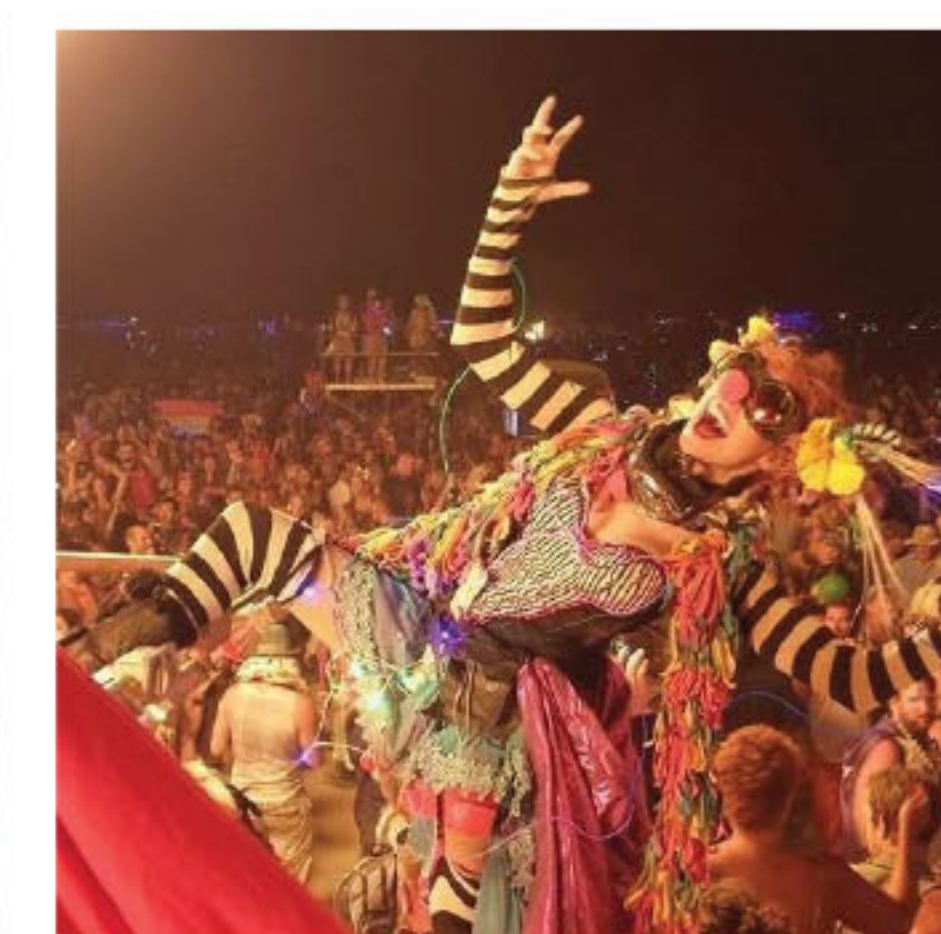
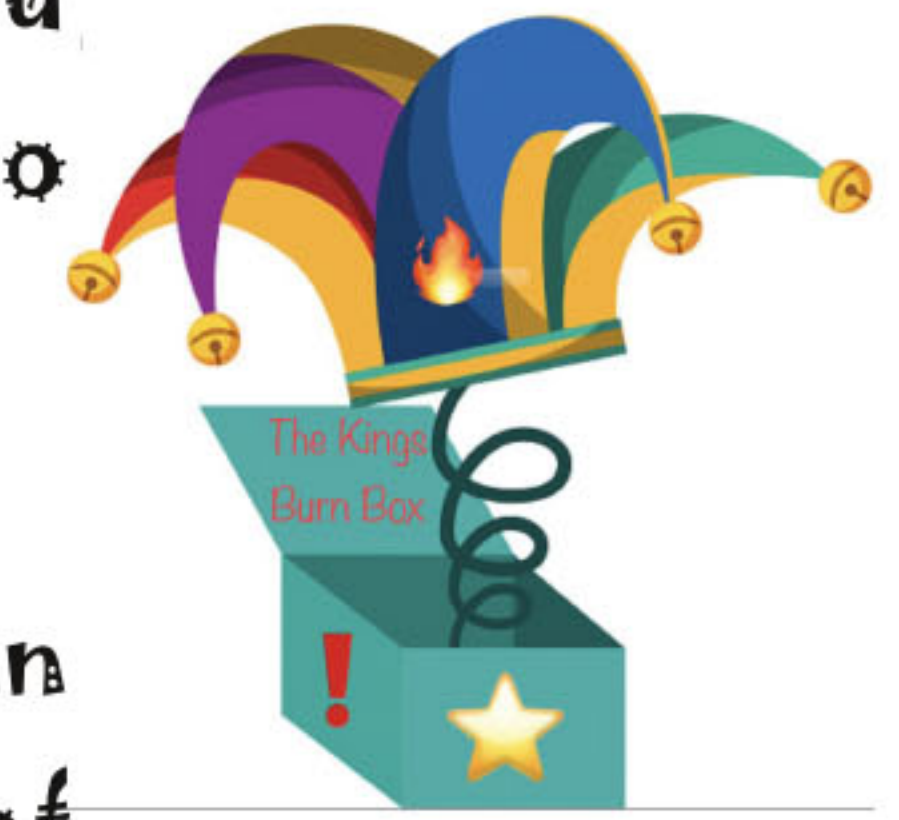
And each person leaves their material, emotional and spiritual burdens knowing that it will all burn at the end of the week. People willing to love, laugh, weep, and at the end, let go... will watch as the smoke of all of these things rises to what we hope will be a better place for us all

The Temple is the last thing burned on Sunday night. It is burned in silence as 50,000 people stand at the end of our week of madness, Ready to turn around, walk from the smoldering ashes, and face the World again.

And to this end, I as your king will you be bringing the Fools Royal Burn Box!

If anyone would like to send anything to the playa for the King to place in the Temple to be consumed by flame and sent heavenward,

Contact the King before August 19 Email: [bendybonnie@gmail.com](mailto:bendybonnie@gmail.com)



## The Awesome Burning Man by Justeenie Wahine

There is a snapshot of a tall handsome man, completely nude, painted green from his hair to his feet. He is standing in a crowd of people and no one is looking at him, they are each focused in different directions on something else out of the frame. That defines the strange art overload of Burning Man.

Nearby, on a barren expanse of sand a man sits on a 6 foot high lifeguard chair in red swim trunks holding a buoy and shouting "You, out of the gene pool" randomly. Later that night Dr Megavolt will be shooting 20 foot bolts of artificial lightning from a million volt Tesla coil 20 ft over our heads.

Art at Burning Man is performance, sculpture, conceptual and interactive. It is surreal. The art experience is given freely and for free to participants who are expected to contribute what they can. People give each other food, drink, dance space, massage and even haircuts on the Playa. I went to a discussion by physics students about string theory under an umbrella near the man. They were kind to an old hippie who joined us and seemed to have physics and metaphysics confused.

People get 'married' for the week and go back to being friends or acquaintances in 'real life'. There is nothing to buy but coffee and ice, the rest is a gift economy. There is a highly secretive crew of pyrotechnicians who set up the spectacular fireworks that go along with the burning of the man. Food is an effort or a gift. Burning Man is a ticket out of my comfort zone and an amazing experience I've enjoyed ten times.



# Playa Drug Guide returns!

by **WHAT THE WHAT, SHUTTERSLUT, ENTYME, NICK S, TIPSYPXIES, MYSTERIOUS D**

**S**ure, some people come to Burning Man to practice yoga, go to workshops, find spiritual enlightenment, and worship at the altar of the 10 Principles. **But then there are the other 69,000 of us who are here to have a great time and push some boundaries.** What you need to do is push those boundaries without being too stupid, which, face facts, can be tricky when you're drunk and on a pile of pills by noon.

## DRUGS

The following completely unscientific list is to help guide you in your chemical choices, and has been compiled with the help of some playa experts. **As always, please remember not to share your party fun with anyone you don't know** – the undercover cops have been here longer than you, they dress better than you, their art car is cooler than you can ever hope for, and, most importantly, they don't ever have to tell you that they're police officers (why do stupid fucks keep believing that?)

### ADDERALL

A socially acceptable way to do amphetamines. Do not share with people who already talk too much. This is a good choice for building your camp fast and accurately.

### ALCOHOL

The only legal drug on the playa, this is the socially acceptable way to make questionable choices. Don't be stupid with this – you'll get dehydrated quicker than fuck just drinking booze. Pour some water down your throat between drinks, even at night.

### AMPHETAMINES (METH)

Can be useful if you find yourself needing to peel a large bowl of grapes, or if you want to discover the joy of being really really paranoid. Hint: yes, people are staring at you, because you're twitching like you're getting electrocuted.

### COCAINE

White, fluffy, and delicious. It's only anti-social if you're too greedy

to share, and it's great to balance out when the other drugs are knocking you down. Can be crap during the day though. Or after doing it for seven days straight.

### DMT

The spirit molecule. You will end up talking to elves and seeing the whole universe condensed into a single point, while weird things dance around you. Small doses are probably best out here – you're already on another planet. Too much may be ... *too much.*

### ECSTASY / MOLLY / MOON ROCKS

Ecstasy is the cocktail, molly is the shot, moon rocks are a shot of the top shelf stuff: X is always mixed with something, molly will be more pure, moon rocks are pharmaceutical grade MDMA. Don't take any of these if you don't want to love everybody, as they all may result in large cuddle puddles or delusions you're a good dancer.

### GHB

Tastes like robot semen. Weird, sleepy, and amazing when mixed with sex ... hours of intense fun. Just remember to clean the playa dust off before the sex. Do not mix with alcohol.

### HEROIN

If you do heroin, you're not reading this because you're sitting at home alone right now staring at a wall.

### KETAMINE

It's like being in wobble land, inside the music. Like INSIDE the music! This is THAT drug. Tons of fun for dancing at Robot Heart at sunrise – but don't mix this drug with alcohol. THAT will ruin your day!

### LSD (ACID)

Can be used to build your entire camp with your mind. Warning: camp

may suddenly deconstruct once the effects wear off. Write your name and camp address in Sharpie on your hand if you have good stuff. It might come in handy when you get lost.

### MARIJUANA

This is perfect for the playa, but we're on federal land. Feds don't like pot, and it's illegal, regardless of state laws. If cops smell it near your camp, it gives them the right to search your entire camp for drugs. **Don't be stupid – don't smoke it.** Anywhere. Edibles and vape pens are the best methods on the playa.

### MUSHROOMS

Think of shrooms as short-term acid. You get a nice trippy high, but you're not on it for 14 hours. This is great to watch the big Burn on Saturday night. Tastes like shit. Stay near the porta-potties for the first hour. It can have some ... side effects.

### 2C – B/C/E/I

There are a pile of drugs in the "2C" family, and they all pretty much kick ass. 2C-B is like taking acid but retaining full control of your body and senses, 2C-C is more intense, 2C-E will melt your brain then give it back to you, and 2C-I is basically a little slice of heaven.

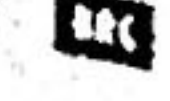
### SEX

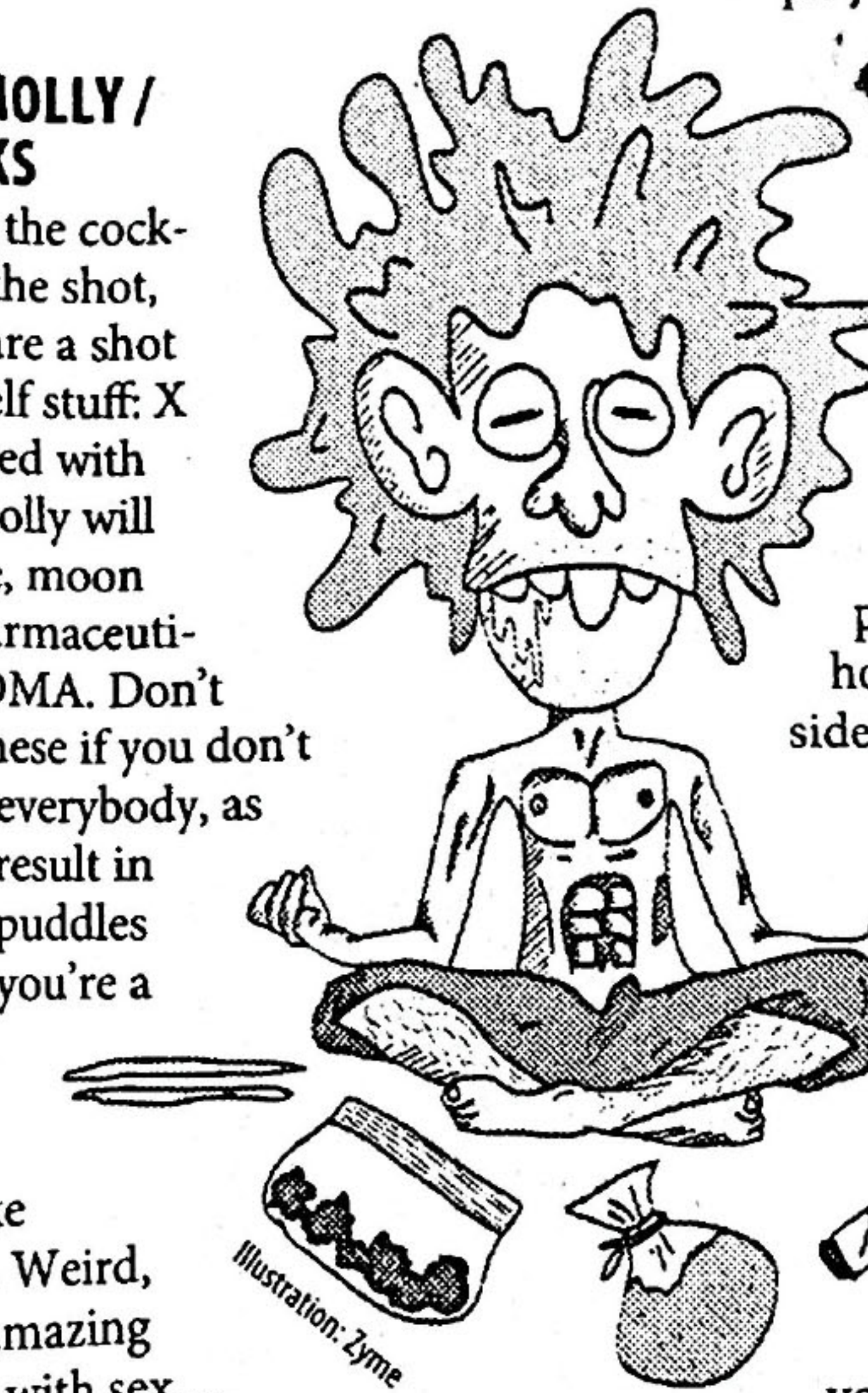
It's great on drugs. Do it.

### VIAGRA

Necessary if you plan on doing more than one of the above drugs. If you're doing cocaine, meth, or molly, you'll need it without a second drug.

### WHIP-ITS (NITROUS OXIDE)

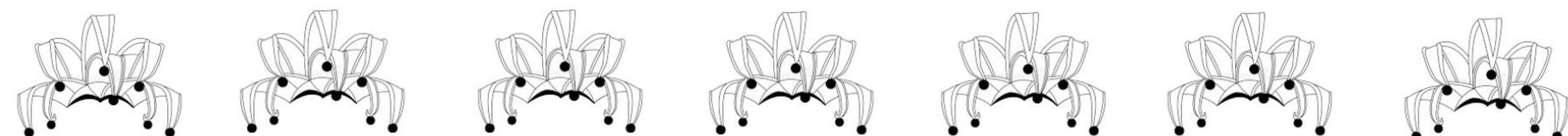
These make you look like a drooling idiot, and the cartridges are MOOP. Pick them up, and get your ass out of your RV and experience the Burn. Besides, do you really need a headache that bad in the heat? 



**A practical joke at burning man.** While working at the artery in 2019 we had an idea to play a joke on my friend Gary who was back in Santa Rosa. The artery has a rotating white paper wall for artist to draw on, and every day they roll it to a new sheet so people can keep drawing. My friend Steven and I decided to put a notice on the wall which said for the Wi-Fi password call Gary and we put his phone number up on the wall. He still gets calls to this day late at night from strangers asking for the Wi-Fi password . there is no Wi-Fi available for the public attending burning man. So the joke was also on those that made the call. Memory by Ropejoe

For more laughs, play **BURNER BINGO**

|                                                                                                                           |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <br><b>Instagram Model Photo Shoot</b>   | <br><b>Ugly Homemade Burning Man Necklace</b>  | <br><b>Fire Spinning</b>              | <br><b>Clean Porta-Potty</b>                   | <br><b>DJ Spinning For Zero People</b> |
| <br><b>Noisy Generator</b>               | <br><b>Someone You Don't Want To See Naked</b> | <br><b>Tutu Tuesday</b>               | <br><b>Asshole On A Megaphone</b>              | <br><b>Burning Art Piece</b>           |
| <br><b>2nd Degree Sunburn</b>           | <br><b>Water Bottle Covered in Stickers</b>   | <br><b>Shirtcocker</b>               | <br><b>Billionaire Turnkey Camp</b>           | <br><b>Cuddle Puddle</b>              |
| <br><b>Utilikilt with Actual Tools</b> | <br><b>Total Whiteout</b>                    | <br><b>Super Pimped-Out Bicycle</b> | <br><b>Playa Wedding</b>                     | <br><b>Fake Fur Boot Covers</b>      |
| <br><b>Sunrise Over The Mountains</b>  | <br><b>Sparkle Pony</b>                      | <br><b>Skydiver Landing</b>         | <br><b>Native American Feather Headdress</b> | <br><b>BRC Weekly Headquarters</b>   |



## Burning Man Lingo: The Kings Favorites

**FAFFing:** Fucking Around For Fucking Forever. What you and your camp mates do whenever trying to leave camp. (As king I have dubbed my father Gary Morgan Lord FAFF-A-LOT)

**FOMO:** Fear Of Missing Out... many many of us suffer this terrible affliction

Also: **FOMOOP-** Fear Of Missing Out On Playa

**MOOP:** Matter Out Of Place Trash, Garbage. Leave No Trace, Pick Up Your Shit, pick up MOOP... It might be drugs

**Tutu Tuesday:** On Tuesdays we all wear tutus... It's a good thing

**White Wednesday:** On Wednesdays we wear white... This is another good thing

**Fancy Friday:** Friday before we Burn The Man, Get all dressed up in your fanciest bestest and step out to kick off the weekend...this is not an actual sanctioned day, but I have been trying to instigate this institution and get it to catch on... I'm making some headway

**Shirt Cocker/Tutu Cocker:** A man who wears a T-shirt or tutu with nothing under it with his dangly bit hanging out for all to see... whether they want to or not...This is not necessarily a good thing

**Burnmitzvah:** Your 13th time at Burning Man

**Virgin:** A first time Burner

**Sparkle Pony:** Someone who takes Radical Self-Reliance and tosses it out the window. Who expects to be able to use the community as a crutch, and there be nothing wrong with that (when there most definitely is) A high maintenance person who is unprepared for the harsh camping environment and becomes a burden to their camp-mates. The "hot chick" who is very expensively dressed and almost never pays for their own ticket or anything else associated with contributing anything but their hotness and self interest. Usually after a day of social climbing and discomfort they get bored and leave

**Goblins:** The name I have given to Sparkle Ponies ... Because Goblin' designer drugs and any other fancy thing they can get their glossed lips on is all they want to do

**Darkwad/Darktard:** One who refuses to wear lights on their person or bike at night thereby making themselves a dangerous obstacle to be avoided or straight up mowed down... Because we can't fucking see them

**De-Laminated:** Refers to getting kicked out of the Black Rock Rangers

**Gayborhood:** area around the 7:30 plaza is home to many gay theme camps and a fabulous place to dance and drink

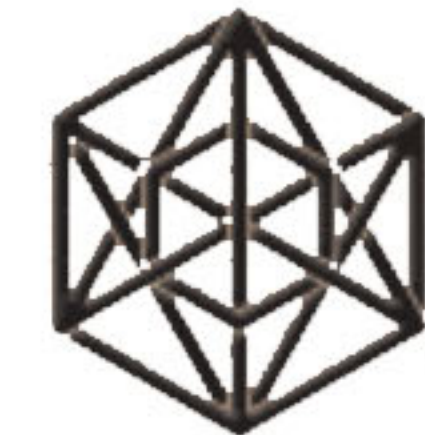
**Jackpotty:** porta potty that has toilet paper, doesn't smell, and not full of stinky Poo, it's like winning the Porta potty jackpot



## Children's Camp in Ukraine



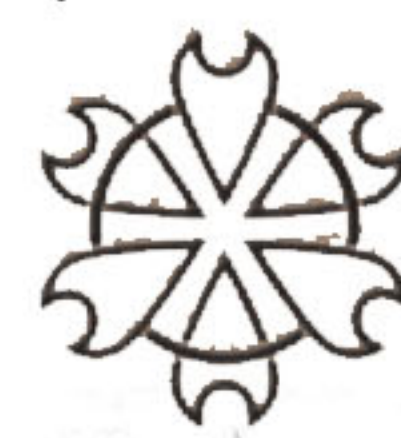
In 2017 a camp of Ukrainian artists, musicians and DJs found their way to Burning Man. They called themselves Kurenivka Camp and they were planning to attend Burning Man in 2022 until they woke up on February 24 to the sound of air raid sirens as their country endured a brutal Russian invasion. Men can't leave the country and Ukrainian Burners from Kurenivka Camp are using radical self expression to oppose the invasion and defend the country. Many traded day glow fur for military camouflage. Children are having a very hard time with families separated, homes destroyed and their lives disrupted. Kurenivka Camp withdrew its application for participation in Black Rock City 2022. But their Burner-spirit is alive! They decided to organize the Kurenivka Kids Camp in the Carpathian Mountains this summer. It's a non-commercial, free-for-kids and moms, Burning Man-style camp with a lot of activities for kids affected by the war. They are gratefully accepting any help from the global Burning Man community. For more information and how to donate, go to <http://kurenivka.ua>



## First Year Experiences by Bonnie Morgan, King Cock n' Bells

I was standing in deep Playa around 4 am staring at what I considered to be an object out of place; a **large tree hung with laundry gently fluttering** in the breeze. It was so strange and serene to see it all by itself out there, when suddenly a **40' rubber ducky** with a flaming mohawk art car drove by. Hanging off the back of this mutant vehicle was a **pirate wearing half a rabbit suit** who put out his hand and asked, "You want to ride?" I stared at him for a moment, bewildered, and then nodded my head and said, "Yes. Yes I do" and climbed aboard and sailed off into the night on yet another adventure.

Then there was the time that Dad and I got caught in a massive dust storm deep Playa around 3am. As the storm lifted, just ahead, was a familiar shape that I couldn't quite put my finger on yet. Then I realized it was a **Two Lane Bowling Alley!** And there at the top of the lane was a large street lamp with four chairs and a **scorecard monitor**. My dad and I dragged ourselves to the seats to rest our weary bones when our eyes focused on the score monitor to see the last scene of **the Big Lebowski** playing. We sat in baffled delight as Sam Elliott delivered the final monologue of our favorite bowling movie, sitting at a bowling alley, in the middle of the desert! It was the most surreal and spectacular thing! In my addled state, I wondered if Sam Elliott had any idea of the impact he had on me in the desert that night.



## Ron Patterson Rolls The Burn in the Ronshaw

Fittingly, 2000 was the 'Year of the Greenman' at Burning Man. Ron reclines in his souped-up authentic Hong Kong rickshaw, dubbed the 'Ronshaw' as soon as he donned his red silks and climbed aboard. I am cooling it on my mountain bike, rigged to run the Playa as the Ronshaw's little engine that could, also in colorful comfy silks we purchased in Oakland's Chinatown a few weeks before.

It is 2 or 3 or 4 in the morning – no idea, then or now. The mile-wide circular center of the Burn is psychedelic; splashed with bits of moving color from the decorative lights of hundreds of personal vehicles, and the dozens of rolling dance clubs and bars. On our way from the fantastical to the simply indescribable, we pause to take it all in. I turn to my father – his face glowing with the electrified edges of the Ronshaw and the red & blue & yellow light strings around his neck – and I hear myself saying, "It's like a cross between the dance of luminous sea creatures in the deepest darkest place in the ocean, and the Agoura Faire site at full tilt boogie on a Saturday night."

He yelled, guffawed, and ah-haah-ed his agreement in a single high-pitched sound and trailing convulsive laughter, known well to all who spent more than 5 minutes with the man. The founder of the feast, the Pharaoh of Fabulousness (as Paula dubbed him), Phyllis' Phycilitator, father of the Faire, ...my brother and I, ...and countless magical moments! Well, here he was in the Black Rock desert, with his son, in the middle of the night, sipping bubbles from a long tube, and grooving on the vibe of the best party in the world. One that he very likely helped manifest in the cauldron of creative possibilities that was the Sixties in LA.

Ron was 77 in '07, and had recovered nicely from a triple fusion of his L2, 3 & 4 a few years earlier. His party planners – er, care managers – (Jenn, Jolie, and Melissa) were experienced Burners and aids-de-camp. They helped outfit the giant RV he rented, while I refitted the funky red Hong Kong Rickshaw he and I had found in a barn in Sonoma County. We added new upholstery, a seat belt, a welded swivel mount for the mountain bike, and fresh green canvas to the retractable sunshade, ...and that tubular sipping device with built-in ice chest, that delivered chilled bubbles by simply biting down on the nipple. He taught me well. He taught us all well.

Morning in the RV was as quiet and peaceful as the Playa was rockin' and outrageous at night. The AC was not needed yet, and our camp mates were brewing magical potions and finding moments to cuddle and reflect... like you do. Ron's muses, and friends, and family. The Man at the Burn. Soon he wandered out from his repose, wearing Dye Spot jammies and his little blue Hakim hat, blinking at the beauty all around us.

Ron's eyes were big and his smile wide: "The scenic route. What a concept!"  
~ Recalled by Royal Decree from King Bonnie, and shared with love by Kevin

