

Hekter McElliott's Burning Man 2007 Official Report A Tale Told in Four Installments, with plenty of random asides

Installment #1: First Day Home

An upwelling of emotion simmered down to one teardrop, soul-sauce reduction, slipped down my cheek as I gazed into the square screen of light sitting upon my desk. "ZZZCKKLT" ... suddenly, alien chilly air descends from the ceiling... oh what I would have given to have that ceiling on the playa, but now, it seems mundane, nippy and excessive. Physically, I am still for the first time in fourteen daze. Emotionally, I'm a bungee cord leashed to the collar of a Dalmatian. This teardrop is just the first leak in the dam; I gotta go now! Note to self: first workday back from the burn not so successful, well at least the work part.

Sleep deprivation is driving this caboose, been fucking with my mind ever since I fell in love with sunrises, when the morning orb of precision pinkcidity is friendly and translucent; the playa itself is taking a nap from it's dirty business. Absorb it now Hekter as I will be scampering about like a cockroach in high beams, cursing my sweaty-ass chaps come two hours.

Exhausted, as a word, seems to completely lack the umphh to characterize how I feel. Fucked', shallywaggered, distaldorfed, pitchangad, smasselltapped... yeah that's more like it! My inner sanctum has been pierced and I'm just trying to put back the pieces. Many of my old pieces have been exchanged for shiny new ones and the new ones, well the new ones don't fit into my reconfigured mental bucket and I apparently will have to wear them around as accessories. Good thing my mental secretary, Wanda (a lovely blow up giraffe with a poor patch job acquired at the final "Cheese" shows @ Horning's Hideout) will straighten this shit out later. Ironically, Wanda is a crucial slice of self-checkedness; she talked me into the burn this year when I had previously

thrown in the towel... her and a newfangled intercosmic GPS unit I ground scored next to the Cubitron.... at sunrise.

Last year, I didn't have my Wanda, but I did have a week to decompress down at Lake Tahoe. This year, I arrived home last night (Wednesday) at 9:00 pm, tweaking off those black starbucks double espresso sugar shit drinks (which I believe will invert my junk into a mangina if abused thoroughly), climbed into bed and dreamt of Neptune. Thought I would be greener and carpool this year... to get home required 3 cars, 4 states, 1 young, eager, possibly mormon, Oregon State trooper, a few lies and many moonless miles.... Twas' the path of butterfly and returning home completely cocooned my being.

I awoke to the faint taint of city air and the filtered roar of mechanization swooping through the skies. Get up Hekter, it's time to try a bit of work. I'm an ignorant idiot... wait, two fogs makes a clear (playa proven!)... I'm a stupid asshole for not realizing the importance of decompression from last year – it isn't a want, it's a need.

The deal is, I work for myself, or at least I'm self-employed with a team of cohorts. I'm on the verge of a certain certification, which will permit me to control my schedule and make some good money doing it. DEFAULT!!! The deal is, I have just had such an outpouring of creativity and influx of conceptuality that my soul is boiling to attain it's "highest and best use" (sorry, a term "we" use in "our" profession) which I truly feel is writing, photography, travel, sporting, exploring & adventure. Muddle all those up and make myself a lil' yak butter for my huckleberry pancakes. Whoa Hekter, Breatheeeee.e..e..

Don't know at which point Hekter, much more than my playa name (a state of mind), became to be known to me as 3rd person but he feels like my twin brother so I'm sticking to him!

Precisely, at what point did my chakras unfold like a morning lotus and allow my walls to break down in the desert gusts? Quite possibly during the first windstorm of 2007, right about when our camp's pyramid collapsed and threw in the tarp. Some say the wind blew our pyramid down, I say the "Party formerly known as Prince" softened the steel and left it chapless in the breeze. DJ Fundi did it with an I-Pod in the boogey room! Notice to burners! Boogie Universal (9:00 & Esplanade – the most astonishing, spirited, funky, collaborative, sexy crew I've been graciously granted access to from Bellingham, WA!!) is now an open-air stadium; the playa did what had to be done, gravity was its companion & Prince blue-balled our mast. Well, my chakras are exposed to the Loofa-like sandblasting, let's take em' to the Ashram Galactica for a rub down and frosty beverage from the most divine Diva's located in our solar system! Much love goes out to the fine folks at Ashram: a cream filled donut hole in the middle of the deep fryer. (Duncan – I never got to see you again but I've decided your playa name shall be Chief Stout – Sheaf Stouts' rowdy Aussie uncle),

Let's see, where was I? What the hell is happening to me? I am chap-strapped to the fence of (sur)reality and/or the lack/profusion thereof. I need sleep but the memories are fresh. Work tomorrow, hmmm, it's Friday and my Sandpoint crew has threatened to kidnap me cause they "have exactly what I need." I know their right but I haven't even unpacked my strapped chaps or scraped dirty sock off of can o' beans (spoon is AWOL). Suddenly, time is incremental, sub divided like a game of scrabble with limited vowels.

Random Thoughts:

***Had a vision of the entire burn being hooked up to a 2-Story light switch.... Wanted to jump on it with both feet and turn off the playa for 12 minutes; imagine if we could all organize for a 12 minute recess from electricity and feel the playa in it's virgin state – starlight, moonbeams and a moment of peace!?!

***Had to bum a band-aid for my rapidly deteriorating glue gun blister... Turned out to be a bacon band-aid... Fifteen minutes later I found myself at the Bacon & Bloody Mary camp. When in Dome! Think I ingested some playa boogs from my Porky the pig imitations... but I received, with great gratitude, one of the final slices of salty heaven. Hallelujah! Now my bacon band-aid is a scratch & sniff!

***It's time for an interplayable Chap-Off! Nut-snugglers optional. Nutter-butter is means for DQ!

***Let's mount frilly wings on all swing sets and call them wing sets.

*** "Home honey, I'm stoned!"

***Careful – the Cubitron may reprogram your reality protocols.

***Saw a dude in a T-Shirt that read: "DYKE REPAIR"

***Don't wear your bunny outfit into Carrot Camp – the carrots are censored for a reason.

*** "Are you playable?"

*** "Share the Selkirks" – this goes out to Ginger, Lioness & Mystery Diva(Artesia?) on the Jackson Hole Junk ship (thanks Jimmy, I'll groove that "plank" on any day that ends in "y")... I'm coming to Shambhalalala and bringing the cows glow stix & prayer flags!!! Glacier brewed, Kootenai fresh!

***And the Tetons, I bow to slinky couloirs, the mighty snake river sidewinding through the cow pastures and rock slides, the storm-ridden Death Canyon Extreme Frisbee golf course, lightning, chunder, powdered sugared feathered flakes and meaty rock bands that allow us to fly free-wheelie, then take it to the VC for durga-durga on the shotski!

***My clear & pure intention this year, was to meet fellow burners that I will live nearby back in the northern panhandle of Idaho, Washington State, southern B.C. and Pluto. Wyoming is the fourth star in my Orion belt. The main lesson that was ingrained/conjugated into my psyche at this burn: Ask and you shall receive.... Be careful what you ask for... it shall be delivered!!

Installment #2: Hekter Happens!

Scrap my theory of getting in Sunday without early arrival passes... this year the gatekeepers were relentless in their pursuit of upholding the law, well, seems they were able to hold us off till' about 11:00 pm or so. We arrived to the will call lot early Sunday afternoon after a solid 20-hour drive from the Methow, to a blustery, ornery, playa frappacino. Aaahhh, home again, crack a cold Mirror Pond, place thumb over portal, search for goggles deep in trailer, attach respirator, smile, dissolve with the sandblasting and wait for the rest of the "Overkill" crew to show up.

Deal is, I'm camping with the Boogie Universal this year... they are already inside setting up camp... on the verge of reuniting with Moontroll and E-dubious, and it feels so good!!

When Overkill shows up, all bets are off. Memories are heavily faded but I recall a plethora of Pacifiho's with lime, a handle of Jose Cuervo Black, the "Space Orgy" art car getting fired up for some hot laps and an abundance of uncontrolled exuberation. I have a theory on tequila; up to two shots = medicinal, more than two shots = loud mouth soup. I believe we evolved that theory on Sunday night to Hero Chowder. Problem is, the man isn't interested in Hero's or their loud mouth chowder!

Everything was peachy until the Space Orgy decided to go out through the in door... beyond will call and technically the "default" world... about a half-mile up stream of the incoming

traffic, we had Rangers all over our scene. Chaos ensued, random folks were peeling off the Space Orgy like water droplets off fresh Gore-Tex (now drunkards were mixed with auto traffic, inclining the Rangers to get the “man” involved), lots of dysfunctional communication and an eventual private escort back to the will call lot.

Finally, the gates are open, the cheers rise - Insidus has begun, moving as slow as Exodus last year. Not for Overkillers though, details needed ironing. Rangers called in BLM, BLM called in Sheriffs, Sheriffs called in “Mystery Man” and suddenly, were having a legal pow wow. Andrea & Hekter dilly-dallied where necessary, intermediated crucial information to our fuckered up friends (i.e.- swallow your pride, they just want an apology and attempted promise to be safe) and somehow got the Space Orgy the green light to get in the burn. To the Ranger dude (from Minnesota?) who wanted me to throw my buddies under the bus – lick my middle rear you power hungry bitch!!

Hekter’s had enough, too much “man” before we even get in! My intent was for “the 3 broke dudes” to unite. Traffic is molasses, I’ve already lost my Smith shades and visor I’ve had for over 15 years (ragged, orangeish visor with a Snowbird patch stitched on – never hurts to ask!), Jose is kicking like a diabetic donkey in my gut, I’m jumping ship and getting the fuck inside.... NOW!

It’s Green man right? Figured since it’s Green Man & I’ve carpooled myself this far, I should be able to ride my bike into the burn. So I pedaled up to the main gate, find the hottest gatekeeper in eye contact range, wink her on over and ask “How do I get me, my bike and I inside this joint right now?” Confusion blanketed her face; she was going to have to go higher up the chain for this odd request. Hottie retrieves dude who seems to know what he’s doing, dude approaches Hekter with a “you better not” expression on his face. At first Hekter is denied riding in with auto’s, fair nuff”, “What’s plan B?” This is respectful Hekter... he has learned honey takes one

places where spice is denied. Dude says “well I spose’ you could find someone to take you in their car.” Bam, done deal, an uprising of possibilic synergy floods my interior capsule; Jose is quelled!

Slow motion moment:

Looked up, saw a cute couple in a pickup truck – the bed completely over bulging and tarped down, no canopy – wa na da na wa na da (million dollar man sound effects!) over the 5’orange fence (camel-toe free move... for the record), inform aforementioned couple that they are being commandeered for the sake of the three broke dudes imminent intersection, toss bike on mangled tarp, open passenger door and squeeze in next to driver’s girl... tight space – what the hell am I doing? “Really folks, I’m a good guy that you are helping beyond your wildest imaginations!” (I must have smelled like a dirty margarita left out in the open sun, after being processed through Joses’ donkey GI tract?) Ticket-taker was a bit concerned on the whole scenario but I proffered up my shiny green ticket and they accepted it graciously.

Hekter Happens!

Wait – too tight, I best get on the back of your pickup for this adventure! Little did I know that I was involved in a 5-car caravan, a tribe armed with Natty Ice and instantly ecstatic on their newfangled Hekter hitchhiker. I can think of no better way to roll into the burn; open air cruising, Natty Ice in one hand, voice stik in the other, reclined like a lazy amoeba with my heels dug in as I did have a few moments of possible ejection. “Where you freaks headed?... 7:30 & Funk... sweet! I’m heading for 9:00... perfect!” Arriving at BM in the middle of the night is strangely corrosive to solid memories; I remember lots of circular driving motions, excessive Natty Ice’s, my first impression of the true “Man” being a thousand foot glow stick, and lots of pedestrians cheering “Welcome Home!!”

Truck stopped, Hekter jumped out, 360-style, tugged knickers out of plumbing apparatus, grabbed bike, threw it on playa, exchanged hugs with new tribesmen, mounted bike, two honks on the bike horn, mini-wheelie & I'm IN! Hot damn, I'm IN! Now where the hell am I?

My camp is at 9:00; my stuff is en-route to 2:30 (next to Oppulent Temple)... how convenient! Exuberant pedaling brought me to the "pyramid," an entity only previously known to me through digital means, email and such. What the pyramid did signify is that I was home; where is moontroll & dub? Camp was eerily quiet, not a soul was to be seen upright. I meander under the giant parachute to find a colony of tent matter... no one left the light on ☹.

I quietly called out "Hekter?"... a response from the nether regions of campdom replied "Hekters not here".... Fish On!! "That's what you think sucka!" and wah-lah, Moontroll and Dubious flop out of tentston estates and the 3 broke dudes are united!! It's all about the burn now! Let the madness begin, please! I had roused them only five minutes after they took their manginas to bed, legal behavior in any galaxy!

Find out post mortem, the Boogie Universal crew was a bit concerned about Hekter's exuberance; apparently his "quietly" was far from and my joy knows no containment. Being contagious, everything worked out just fine in the end.

Slept on a fuzzy playa-tech bench that night... woke up to find someone had kindly blanketed me.... Yep, I'm home all right.

Installment #3: RANTS IN THE PANTS

Did I fail to mention that I have been taken hostage by an alien rash? At first it was easily put off to the tone of "just a lil' heat rash with some playa clogging the pores" but now the truth prevails; this rash is born of stress and career based in form, it flourished after scrubbing out the playa and rolling off to work. I've experienced this same phenomenon before when

I was invoking a career change back in Seattle. Western medicine was befuddled so I took my itchy-ass self to the fine naturopathic doctors at Bastyr. Case study #420: actual documentation of mystery rashes rooted deep in the change of career cycles of our feeble human minds. Apparently if I'm not happy with what I'm doing, my body has an amazing ability to speak out in denial! Sleep was sketchy at best last night, but I'm listening...no work today.

"Are you playable?" Why yes I am, but more so after a quick trip to the store for some calendula and coffee.

It has been challenging to discern between sleep deprivation and emotional volatility these first days home. Now that I have a couple nights of certified sleep under my wings my emotions are certainly less sporadic, but that deep, scalding flame still torches my inner oven. Imbalance, compromise and false hope have waited patiently for my return to work; often compromising NOW for the allure of a better future, what is that? Retirement? The game no longer rings true, time to update my protocols. What did that lunar eclipse do to me - and who can I thank?

"Have a good one." Can't tell you how many times I've heard this canned phrase since Exodus. Why does it bother me? Everything about it is mundanely average... Have = a sloppy, indecisive verb. Good = standard issue, don't aim too high or too low. One = one what? So self-limiting - why not ten, a million, point four? Still working on my standard response for this recent nuisance uprising... hmmm... let's see.... How bout' "Take a great two, keep the change!"

Saw a moment of road rage today - for a man to get sooo angry (usually it's men), to the point of cussing spitlets out of his mouth while flipping the bird and smoking his tires... all at the same time! - just because a minivan didn't use the turn lane. Freaking multi-tasker that one! From playa love to that scene is a giant leap of insanity... at first it's the playa that seems surreal, the people too kind to be real... now the default world

seems surreal, the anger some mirage out of a bad comic book. Reality is relative - relative is reality. That guy needs to burn something other than his tires!

Somehow I never made time to climb around in the Treehouse or Big Rig Jig (my limited patience wouldn't outlast the lines). So contorted on the outside, what was happening on the inside? Please write to me what the insides were like if you had a chance to get in.

RAVES IN A DAZE

Crude Awakening, however, was the bright light to my inner moth – an M.C. Esher stairway to heaven with a crow's nest view of our bright and undulating sea of city. How did the artists replicate such sinewy human form through steel cogs and random shrapnel? Those flaming sculptures tickled my inner child and the language of their poses spoke far beyond words. Powerful imagery still permeates my mental matter. Much love to Torsten and the rest of the San Fran crew for putting that experience together, and then blowing it the fuck up!!

What About Those Monkeys?!? Certainly, one of the stoniest, uber-interactive, incognito art installations on the free range playa this year. Burners over there pedaling, freaks up there drumming... more pedalers! ...pick a beat!....more pedalers! And then wwwwoooooOOOOHHHHSSH, strobe lights spark up and the monkeyship took off and blew some minds, mine included. Still wondering if the bikes were powering a battery bank to a certain load before waking up the monkeys?

And then there was the "Purple Palace," the double decker accordion bus that was the king daddy Blue whale in our evaporated sea, with a kinky little secret. Never rode too many mutant vehicles last year, as I was pretty much velcro'd into the Space Orgy/Allure scene, and now I know what I was missing, and what I had gained? So the Palace is a popular mobile party... upon our (random roaming Boogie clan) first

arrival to the heavenly gates, we realized folks were waiting in line to get on... Damn, that's not going to cut it! Then I glimpse a ray of light above the stragglers, blocking the entrance to the fun bus; tall, hot & lean decorated in a rainbow of fruity dreads elevated in ponytails and a smile that perfectly framed her essence!

"This hard working diva needs a break" I say out loud and approach her with the grin of hope, the grin a "nice" child proffers up to Santa Claus when it wants a weapon for Christmas. Our eyes meet, we share a silent moment, "I already love you," she declares and I can palpably feel my heart flutter a backflip. "You've been working too hard... come with me!" We slid to the front of the bus and Hekter had a hinkering for some swing dancing... under my arm, around the horn, dip, waggle, slide... other side, double spin, my turn, rotate, hand across my belly, slide.... A moment of spinning bliss passes and I ask, "what's your name sweetie?" Giddy smile replies "Dizzy"... But of course!

"So how many you have with you? Were Six-ish." I turn around to find my crew had split the scene, before their attention spans caught up to them. "Well, I have me... You're just going to leave your friends? Oh yes, their in good hands" and I'm IN, I retain my straggler free status!

Back to that kinky secret; greet busdriver, start my stroll to the rear and oohhhhhh, a fan just blasted me from the side, sweet cool air, I must turn and get a full fronta... whoa!! Precisely balanced above the fan, hung a television broadcasting a filthy rim-job in progress. Soft air... hard porn... quite an interesting combination of input, I'm not sure which one was making my nipples hard? Then the cherry on top, the hydraulic brakes vented and swirled up a funky dustdevil of playa particles...Soft air and sandy hard porn... what planet am I on?

INSTALLMENT #4: Tutus and Lunahooping

Next amazing moment on the Purple Porn Palace was early Tuesday morning, the lunacy eclipse. Slow, bulbous shadow creeping across our night mother, something eerie and special, an astral indicator; BRC dropped a beat in awe. Our moon in full eclipse – I couldn't believe how deliciously round, rotund & third dimensional she was... pretty sure I caught a glimpse of a cheese crater... fact or fiction? Edible myth?

Thirty-Four Years; how long it has taken me to break my hula-hooping barrier but I figured out the secret a few months ago at JerryFest. I used to just dry hump the damn thing and watch it wobble to my toes... too much gusto, not enough groove. The secret to my success was my Alta coffee mug (safety lid secured) filled with fine tequila (two ice cubes and a squeeze of lime), a giant, fuzzy hula-hoop and losing myself in the live music. All the sudden, I look down and I'm hula hoopin'.

Naturally, about the start of the eclipse, hula-hoops magically appeared from backcamp and what better way to bring in the filtered moonbeams... Luna Hoopin.' That meant giant, heavy, fuzz-free hula that ground my hipbones into bruised mush but it didn't matter, it was a celebration of all things round & I had some Arnica somewhere in my tent dune. At the exact point of maximum eclipsage, luna-hoop grooving up high in the pain free zone, a shadow with curly hair speed walks in front of me and suddenly declares "The Man's on Fire!! The Man's on Fire!!" I look over my left shoulder, yeah, something's on fire but it can't be the... uhh-whaaa... The Man's on Fire!!

Luna-hoop in hand, magnetic forces took hold and a short stroll from camp brought me to the... Purple Porn Palace. That giant radar dish attached to the back of the bus is really a luna-hoop magnetic device. Well then, "Hey Dizzy, going up!" Took some fenangling to get the hoop through the dusty porn zone, up the stairway and out onto the party plank. Fellow freaks were mighty accommodating, a luna-hoop is as intrusive to a burner as a joint to a ski-bum.

On the stroll to the early burn, spectators were placing their bets as we all sped towards the action – “This is planned, for the eclipse... Do you think it was an accident?... Arson?” I knew within a minute of the early burn that this was not planned (at least by the coordinators), when the man burns, sparklers explode and rockets burst in the air. This burn was a pyro-techno free, simple, oversized campfire... just the way I like it! It was about 3 am and an intimate show, many burners with the fresh look of sleep in their eyes. Hayduke lives, the Man is wearing flaming chaps without his fireproof belt, the moon grins in minor amusement, the beat goes on.

Anti-corporate message in a torch, even though its green technology. I can understand Haydukes reasoning but for me any green energy is better than our petroleum standard even if it's coming from a corporation. Doesn't mean I got all playa political, I enjoyed the early burn thoroughly! No one got hurt, point was made, culprit captured (wish he would of got away – think of the mystery it would have left in all our minds), it's only Tuesday... the Man can be rebuilt, full moon lunar eclipse... now that I'm thinking about it, it was the PERFECT time to torch the man.

One of my finest friends and fellow “broke dude”, E-dub, celebrated his first visit to the playa this year and let me tell you, E-Dub's got power! E-Dub is a beautiful black man – curiosity of a Raccoon, body of a Cheetah, mind of an Elephant and spirit of the Raven – half warrior, half teddy bear. I believe that the “Green Man” felt the power of all the “Burnt Man” energy on the playa... rose up... rose up & sparked. Follow me on this... the Green Man was facing directly into the fully eclipsed moon, the blackened moon, Africa's reflection from the other side of our spaceball called earth. E-Dub's smile is absolutely contagious, first he infected the moon who then relayed the message to the Man and spontaneous combustion ensued, the triangle completed. Twas' the year of the black man, at least for a day, and Hallelujah. Now I have hope for the upcoming presidential election.

Had a mini-burner moment the other day in my hometown of Spokane, WA of all places. Potluck with friends lead to a trip to the tequila store which lead to one of my favorite grocery stores to hate which lead to limes and a shot of hope. Oh yeah, we need some salt if were going to be shootin' the Hornitos! Produce guy, completely tuned into our cosmic radio waves, left his cabbage to give us a personal tour to the natural foods section and pointed out his favorite sea salt. Hmmmm, it comes from an ancient, evaporated seabed somewhere in the hinterlands of Utah. Minute, discolored minerals reflect the fluorescent ceiling in a strobe like manner, Mars flakes, Saturn ring dust and Plutonic kelp particles. This is playa salt, oh my god, this is it! Always remember to buy limes in 3's and then you have some juggling practice on the way to checkout.

Upon arrival to the checkout, suddenly it is clear that a line has formed. Breath, think positively on how I don't want to wait in this line, visualize a solution... "Would you like to go in front of me?" says the lady in front of us, secret field agent disguised as a South Hill homemaker. "Why yes, I'd love that and thank you." Visualization is energy, energy is reality; the heart drives this show. As were getting into our car, the mystery lady strolls in front of our car, I have some BRC inspiration and ask Katie "Do we have anything that I can give to this lady?" Katie mysteriously and instantly proffered up a small soldier plastic guy and he is an unnatural green, a black light reflective green... the green man.

I pull out to see where this fine field agent has gone and whoa, of course, she is parked directly next to us. "Excuse me, do you have any children? Uhh, yes I do have a daughter... and a grandson." Something just feels right and I explain, "Well I would love to gift you this little green man for being such a wonderful delight!" She accepts that explanation, strolls over to my outreached hand and accepts the gift with full smile certification. "I am going to be seeing my grandson tomorrow, he will be thrilled." "What is his name?" I respond. "Elliot."

“That is my middle name, how perfect!” and I left that parking lot knowing that I will meet this other Elliot someday and he will have remembered his mysterious green man.

More Random Thoughts:

***Asking mystery hot blonde to strip on Allure, and she gave me more than I could of ever imagined. My beads went off to her.

***Sunday morning sunrise, opulent temple, space orgy, Spider, Andrea, Ramona, Ashley, St. Paddies bar, following angel with ribbed white wings into the pre-dawn, two polar bears waving, stamps, stickers, tattoos, glow-fur, sculpture lighting match off of ground all squatted like and very alien,

***Critical tits, bartending with Chronic, superstorm, double rainbow, Allure.

***Grocery cart haulin ass down the playa, full of groceries and driver's head was hanging by a thread inbetween the shoulder blades, off elevated, ergonomic cough w/ Duncan and friends.

***Fairies with wings and colorful eyelashes, short shorts and tall boots.

***Aluminum deep sea fish art bike, right after burn, Fundi, Dub and I saw it going in tight little circles and the driver would grab a bar over his shoulder and thrust the head out like Hungry, Hungry Hippo. Best art bike on scene!

***Ladies waiting in single file line for the art car that was a plethora of adult entertainment poles.

***Art bus that had horses and hotties on it, slow motion sex show on girating horses. Fundi can't work now, look over there Hekter.

***First night in Tutu, going up ladder on Crude Awakening. Half mast tutu lifter. Following slice of heaven but whoever was below me was probably not as pleased.

***Channeling Carla's borrowed bike to come home when it was done burning.

Random quotes from the field note voice stik:

"Who's driving this party?"

To my freshly single bro, Chronic - "Now that you're a cocktail with no straw... Are you going to be one of those spitter clams, or ya gonna' be one them digger clams out there on the playa seashore?"

"soul investment"

"sometimes our attention spans catch up to us, but only if we let them"

"girls gone normal"

Seeking out Bass Nectar for my first time "Hekter needs his Nectar"

"cuddle puddles in the cupcakes"

"Just leave a trail of breadclumps, I'll find ya later"

"Charlie can have more than 3 angels can't he?... No.... Damn! We'll work on that"

Drinking random shots next to a random jar of nuts w/ "PIP" @ the Costco Soulmate Trading Company "Annapurrrrrna's soulmate has a giant cock and great reading ability" I drew a soulmate out of the misc. box and wahlah "My Peters got a kiteboard." (Sorry Peter, the bed swing sidetracked ole' Hekter from our imminent kite date☺) While choosing aforementioned mystery shot: "I'm going to take the one that's clear; it looks like Russia but hits like Tasmania." "Let's work on our soulmate productivity."

"I definitely had too much sand in my mangina last night... I got cranky and had to take it to bed... I told her (Ramona

Pandemonium) to kick me in the dick because I was being such a pussy, so she totally dick-tapped me and I had a cigarette - then I was fine.”

While interviewing the bed swing maker “Jaxx” on her motivation for building such a lovely unit, she relayed a 14th century Persian poem “I believe you carry all the ingredients to turn your world into a nightmare... Don’t mix them!” Hekter responded “Then I’d like a side of bliss, cup o’ fun and a surreal noodle.”

Fresh wanderings after the burn with Fundi & Dubious – “All right here we are again, we’ve got a 4-story bag of women’s underwear coming at us.”

Hekter’s interpretive aboriginal playa dance as witnessed by Moon troll and E-dub: “sidewinding dusty chap shuffle!”

Look for another round of Huckleberry Mojito’s @ Hekter’s Hideout next year ;) For those burners who haven’t savored the best of the Northwest, a huckleberry is a blueberry on X. The mint - handpicked pre-sunrise, deep in the cleavage of the Methow Valley. Uummmhmm!

My pillow just fluffed itself and my sheets are lonely, for I, Hekter shall sleep like a burner on Monday and see if I’ve saved a tear for tomorrow.

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www.destinationburningman.com is orgiastic (I meant orga(sm)nic), shrewd, at times lewd, always construed & a bit skewed. View at your own risk and be aware of Johnny Buckskin in his tamarack chaps!! Brewed & Grewed in the great Northwest!
Ode’ to kindling!!!!