Mostly Greek to Us

BY THE BLACK ROCK RECON

This year’s street names pretty much lead directly to stories from Ovid’s Metamorphoses. We hit the books to scope them out. Most of the characters appear under their Roman names rather than the Greek cognates.

ANDROMEDA — Daughter of King Cepheus and Cassiopeia. Her mother foolishly said she and her kid were better looking than 50 sea goddesses hanging out with Poseidon. Next thing you know, daughter was chained up to a seaside rock as a sacrifice to get Poseidon’s killer whale, from ravaging their kingdom. Because there’s nothing like 50 angry sea goddesses hanging up a guy to make him want to lose the. Knocken. Fortunately for Andromeda, the hero Perseus happened to be flying by with Medusa’s head in a bag, so before you could say “turned to stone” Cetus was metamorphosed into a turtle and Aquila lived happily ever after that good keeper Medusa’s head mostly in the bag.

BACCHUS — This guy should be the patron saint of Burning Man. He’s the god of grapes, wine, and fertility, which if you put them all together explains the origin of the word Bacchamol. Ovid tells of him, appearing as an androgynous ho, being captured by pirates, who think him a princeeling he can hold to ransom. Bacchus magically wrests control of the boat and as the pirates relay to ransom. Bacchus magically wrests control of the boat and as the pirates relay

CURPUS — You know him as the chubby little cherub who gets busy with his bow in February, but Ovid pits him against sinister archers Diana and Apollo. Diana, the snooty huntress, doesn’t have time to scope them out. Most of the characters appear under their Roman names rather than the Greek cognates.

FORTUNA — Fortuna was the goddess of fortune, who appears only in passing in Metamorphoses. But we suspect a sly reference to Ovid’s own fortune. In a later book, the Tristia (lamentations), the poet writes from exile, bewailing his sly reference to Ovid’s own fortune. In a later book, the Tristia (lamentations), the poet writes from exile, bewailing his

ICARUS — This one is a little tough; you probably know the story. Icarus’ inventor father, conveniently named Daedalus, wants to ditch Crete, so he makes two sets of wings out of wax and feathers, and father and son fly to flee. Daedalus warned his kid not to go too close to the sun because melting wax, but did he listen? No, they never listen. Wax melts, wings go, knees plated to blinding doom. The thing is, there’s no real metamorphosis in this story, at least one that you don’t have to go through a maze of tortured logic to find, and no gods or magic. Some academics say Daedalus metamorphosed himself into a godlike creature because he gave flight to humans, and you can go with that or, that son and former father metamorphosed into birds, but that seems far-fetched, they were just wearing bird costumes that worked. Of course, the kid did turn himself into flash-fried fish food.

JOVE — What non-Greek people call Jupiter who they’re in a hurry. He does a lot of metamorphosis, himself and others, mostly in connection with his little gothical ejection from Rome for reasons yet to be determined. He refers to the narcissistic prediction of his own eternal fortune that he made at the end of Metamorphoses. “Wherever Rome’s influence extends, over the lands it has civilized, I will be spoken, on people’s lips and famous through all the ages, if there is truth in poet’s prophecies, I shall live.” In the Tristia, the poet says, “Tell them the face of my own fortunes can be recon on among those Metamorphoses. Now that face is suddenly altered from before, a cause of weeping now, though, once, of joy.”

GANYMEDE — A comely boy from Troy. He catches the attention of Jupiter, who metamorphoses his apparently bisexual self into an eagle, snatches the lad, and brings him to Olympus to be cupbearer of the gods. Note: Juno was pissed.

HYACINTH — Boyfriend of Apollo, died in a tragic firebe accident. Apollo metamorphosed him into a flower.
BY BETH VANDERWERKEN

Perhaps some of the crusty Burners have happened upon the side smiling, break dancing down of the Red Nose District in years past, or shared hunkered wine with the long haired “Ghali” of the outer rings’ Doppin Dorm. But if by chance your pla- yi experiences didn’t hold for you that pleasure, “Bobo” Do’s name will soon become one of familiarity. For me, Bobo was the Godfather to my Burning Man career, taking me under his dusty wing at the ripe age of twenty-three and welcoming me into a camp of complete strangers that now are my chosen family. Unfortunately, early morning on Thanksgiving Day, 2018 while en route to the airport, my friend and the love of his life ended up in a car accident that would change not only their lives, their families’ world, but would deeply affect many within the Burner community. Born January 10, 1979 under the name Dang Cheiu Dai Do, meaning the “Bringer of Light,” yet Bobo always believed to see a more diverse, colorful, gentler vi-sion of humanity. Bobo always believed in the potential of people to change and be more than how they see themselves, brother Gino Do, and campmate Laura Fournier recall. For that reason, the other two sides of the Do Bro trifecta, as well as a band of council members, including his fiancé and friends, formed a plan to make his legacy live on by establishing an Art Grant Founda-tion in his memory, www.bobobs.org aims to fund future art projects, just as this year Bamber vetern, 3D animator and chuckle master would have wanted. The money will be raised through private donations as well as from profits from events held at the newest burner retreat P.U.R.R. (Prancing Unicornos Resort and Recreation) in Shelton, Washington. The revenue from this year’s campaign went to fund a me-morial project for “Our Man.” Look out for the mobile, futuristic riff on a Tibet-ian prayer wheel, edged with images of this “late and great” and glowing as bright as he did, give this psychedelic love project a spin, offering up blessings to the ones you have loved and lost, and give thanksgiving to another source of artist funding.

RIP our friend, brother, son, camp mas-t er and so much more, Bobo.