

The F.Y.I.

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FREE
take one!



**We're back
from the
dead!**

That Vocab Lady

Don't be too **gambrinous**, folks!

By **Codie Wilson**

Here at The F.Y.I., we are firm believers that you should always be learning and expanding your horizons. Therefore, in each issue we'd like to offer you a few new words to add to your vocabulary. Go ahead; impress your friends, your boss, or even your mom!



This issue's words are:

filipendulous: suspended by a single thread

gambrinous: being full of beer

strikhedonia: the pleasure of being able to say "the hell of it"

recumbentibus: a knock out-blow, either verbally or physically

mytacism: incorrect or excessive use of the letter M

[WTF?] News

Alcohol was involved

Donald Wolfe, 55, was charged with public drunkenness in March in Brookeville, Pa., after neighbors spotted him giving, what he described, was mouth to mouth resuscitation to a road kill opossum.

Source: Pittsburgh Post Gazette

Dyslexics of the world, UNTIE!

A wrong number led police to make a drug bust at a motel in Wenatchee, Wash. The Wenatchee World reported a man staying in one room attempted to call another man staying in room 119, but dialed 911 instead.

Officers arrived, answering to the accidental 911 call, to see if there was a problem, and discovered there was an arrest warrant for the man that was actually in room 119. They arrested the 21-year-old man, seizing from him heroine and other drugs. Dyslexia, in this case, paid off.

Source: Wenatchee World

Are there no elevators? Oh, ok then.

In April, officials in Hudson, N.Y., proudly unveiled their state-of-the-art water fountain for the disabled in the county courthouse, a fixture whose installation was agreed to in a 2003 settlement with federal officials enforcing the Americans with Disabilities Act. However, the fountain was installed on the courthouse's second floor, which is accessible only by stairway. In

defense, county officials said the fountain had several features for handicapped people other than those in wheelchairs.

Source: Register-Star

At least Jesus goes the speed limit

Adam Disabato, who said he is "the Messiah," was arrested in Pittsburgh in April after he drove his car into the Poale Zedeck synagogue, causing about \$30,000 in damages.

"I'm not crazy, and I don't hear voices," he said. "I just got a feeling sent by God to drive real fast for some reason."

Source: Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Welcome back, little buddy!

A family on New York's Long Island is celebrating the return of a little white dog that went missing four years ago.

The fluffy dog is named Cooper. He was dropped off about a month ago at an animal shelter in Islip, 35 miles east of New York City. He'd been found on a street in Brentwood, about 15 miles from his home in Lloyd Harbor. He'd been reported missing in 2006.

Source: Stamford Advocate

Calendar of Events

Sunday, June 6

Yanney Park 7th Annual Heritage Days

Wednesday, June 9

.357 String Band, with special guest Bob Wayne @ The Garage. 9:30 p.m.

Thursday, June 10

Indigenous @ The Garage. 9:30 p.m.

Friday, June 11

Egypt Central @ The Garage. 9:00 p.m.

Sunday, June 13

Cash'd Out!!! (Johnny Cash tribute band) @ The Garage. 8:00 p.m.

Monday, June 14

Rotary Clubs of Kearney 3rd Annual Brats & Beer Night @ The Knights of Columbus Hall. 5-8 p.m. \$10 for all you can eat, all you can drink.

Wednesday, June 16

Scrabble Tournament @ Kearney Public Library. 1:30-3:30 p.m.

Thursday, June 17

Thalken Tesdall Thalken @ MONA Parking Lot. Free Admission.

Friday, June 18

Lorie Line and her Fab 5 @ Merryiman Performing Arts Center. \$44.00 per person, reserved seating.

Tuesday, June 22

Style Show: Hand crafted garments made by local artists @ Quality Sew & Vac, Grand Island. 7 - 8 p.m.

Wednesday, June 23

Local H w/ Left Brain Heart and the Range Maggots @ The Garage. 9:00 p.m.

Friday, June 25

Ghost Hunting Classes @ Trails & Rails Museum. \$50.00 per person (includes 1 hour class, followed by investigating). Class meeting time will vary, depending on the time of sunset

Friday, June 25

Hello Dave, with special guest The Reverend Dead Eye @ The Garage. 9:00 p.m.

Featured Artist: Sarah Epping



“It’s about being part of a grand machine.”

By Amy Markham

Sarah Epping is a 19 year-old visual communications and design student at UNK. Sarah has been designing tattoos for Klein’s Tattoo in Holdrege and Palatial in Kearney for the past eight months. She volunteers part-time at the Museum of Nebraska Art and currently paints photography backgrounds for Chetsy Photography Studios.



Although Sarah is highly talented in many areas of art, her favorite medium is paint. She is especially fond of mural paintings, and she painted a mural for Washington Elementary School while she was a senior in high school and another for a local couple in her hometown of Holdrege. Sarah even painted a mural on her own bedroom wall. While in college, Sarah also became very enthralled with the process of print making and etching, especially.

The original drawing for this piece took two months of intravenous drawing. After the drawing was complete, it had to be transferred to a metal plate, which took far longer than the drawing process alone. This is Sarah’s first etching and is a work in progress.

Sarah describes “The Window” as follows: “The worlds of earth and heaven are interconnected. The figure of Christ is surrounded by Roman architecture that is swirling in chaos, creating a sense of stress throughout the piece. However, all of the heavenly figures in the piece show a sense of relaxation and present themselves demurely.

“On a day-to-day basis, people can become incredibly stressed by small or essentially meaningless matters. However, upon taking a moment to stop and relax, a person can picture themselves as a part of a grander scheme. It is not a piece about predestination, but more so about having a purpose in life and being part of a grand machine.”



“The Window,” 2010, 11 in. x 17 in, etching

Creative Writing

Mother Nature: Oh, how she loves and hates us all

By Trace Lewis

greens and browns and earth tones. dreams of girls in summer dresses. my mind wanders to running water, lakes, streams. the vast country i haven't seen enough of knocks on my door.

"come find green valleys and tall pines, come swim in me and breathe me in. come climb me and fall in love with me again."

i've got an oedipus complex with mother nature. she calls to me in my sleep. her fingers caress my face with a warm eastern

She calls to me in my sleep. her fingers caress my face with a warm eastern wind. her laughter is wind blowing through trees.

crudely. i cough up dirty air into her lungs. an infection with a penchant for destructive behavior. i rape her forests and gag her water ways. black tar covers her beautiful greens and browns and earth tones.

her anger is apparent. she releases her temper from mountain tops. her hate burns red and scorches pathetic attempts at creation. she twirls her fingers and turns us upside down. she screams at upwards of one hundred miles per hour. she cracks the sky in vain, her electricity is her pain.

4 we deserve her at her worst because we never appreciate her at her best.



The Fine Art of Flying

By Kevin Whetstone

My first bicycle was a hand-me-down bright green Huffly with torn handle-grips. When I rode it, the rusty chain would creak and snap like the hinges of an old screen door catching a gust of wind.



The front wheel wobbled when I would ride, and the first time I let go, the first time I held my arms out like wings and attempted to fly, I remember how that wheel turned sideways and the bike stopped.

Me, I went with gravity and landed about a yard in front of it on cold pavement.

Standing up and feeling the flush of warmth come over me that always precedes pain, I looked at that bike and knew that I was in love.

My mother always used to say to me, "Kevin, you just don't know when to quit, do you?"

One thing about my mother is that she always had a knack for being right, and luckily for me, when it came to bicycles anyway, she was absolutely correct...I didn't want to know when to quit.

By the age of twelve I was fearless. I mean, sure, I would get choked up when it came to talking to girls, and the thought of public speaking made my stomach turn like the industrial dryers they have at every laundromat in town, but when I had a seat-post and two pedals to support my weight, I was Clark Kent, and nothing in the entire universe could hurt me.

At 14, I found myself in a hospital after going face-first down a gravel mountain bike path. Even then, lying there with gauze covering the whole right side of my face, I remember asking, "Is my bike okay?"

Now sitting in my mid-20s, I am currently recovering from an injury to my collar bone that left me restricted to sidewalks and my new slip-on canvas shoes for almost a month, and let me tell you, that month was a tough one to make it through.

The bond a person makes with their first set of wheels is something that, in my mind, falls somewhere near magical. It's like the first time you hear about Santa Clause or the Easter Bunny.



When I was younger, the simple thought of riding my bike brought a feeling of happiness and excitement that could only be rivaled by the feeling in my stomach on Christmas Eve...the joyful anticipation of good things to come.

But as the world turns and we all grow older, it is an assurance that someday we will learn the truth about Santa and the Easter Bunny, and we will let go of these childish thoughts, disposing of our imaginations with them.

The same can be said for bicycles. For many of us, the day we turn 16 is also the day in which our bikes are put in storage or forced to brave the elements in the fenced-in lot behind the Salvation Army.

I have chosen a different path than this, which may be influenced by the fact that I don't actually own a driver's license at this current stage in my life, but it's also because of my deep residing love for the act of riding a bike.

Rather than abandon my inner-child, I have chosen to embrace it with the whole of my heart, and not only is this embrace saving me lots of money and helping me escape from the guilt of those late night trips to McDonald's, it is also bringing me something that some of us spend lifetimes in search of.

My bike, it brings an honest smile to my face.

Happiness is definable in a million different ways by a million different people, but to me, happiness is pedaling down an empty street at the dead of night in the middle of summer with my arms stretched out and my head turned up to the sky. It is the warm breeze blanketing my face as I fly down a hill at breakneck speeds.

To me, happiness is the fine art of flying.

Happy Drinking!



Wine of the Week: Gold

By April Headley

Wine. The word itself instills thoughts of comfort, wonder and old-world class. I am a wine lover. I am also a lover of sharing my love for wine with others. I would like to take a moment to tell you, the reader, about the "Wine of the Week" column that will appear in each issue of The F.Y.I., wherein a different wine will be featured, along with a different wine tip to help anyone develop a rounded sense and, more importantly, a deep love and respect for all wine. I thank you for the opportunity to share my love of wine with you, and wish you all the happy wine drinking we all deserve. *Nel Vino ci Fidiamo ... In Wine We Trust.*

This being the first returning issue of The F.Y.I., I chose a very special wine to chat about. This issue's featured wine is Gold. Gold is one of the most interesting wines I have had in a long while. The particular bottle I enjoyed was introduced to me by a



good friend of mine and was a vintage 2006 from Gold Vineyards. It is a pale blush wine that has a high color density when held up to a light. It makes for a wonderful sweet table wine with flavors of peach, apricot, citrus, freshwater and lemongrass, along with hinted notes of lime, sugared-syrup and a tickle of salted cashews.

The most interesting feature of this vino is that it contains real 24 carat gold flecks that float throughout. No joke, a bottle of Gold mirrors the appearance of a bottle of Goldschlager liqueur, which answers the question behind the name of this wine.

Best drank at a cool, refrigerated temperature, Gold will pair beautifully with chicken or white seafood dishes, or pastas with white cream or pesto sauces. Also, it makes for perfect sipping on a warm summer night. If anything, Gold makes for a great conversation piece.

If you enjoy Rieslings or White Zinfandels, I highly recommend Gold, due to its crisp, complex tastes, citrus aroma, and how the unique gold flecks seem to make the wine illuminated from within. *Nel Vino ci Fidiamo*, and as always, happy drinking!

The Shot Fairy

"Barbie Girl"

1 oz coconut rum
1 oz vodka
1 oz cranberry juice
1 oz orange juice

Makes for a light, bright pink, fruity shot. Perfect for celebrating with your girl friends!



"Feed Fluid!" by NeB 10. Paint on couch cushion.

Local Art, Local Artist

Album Review

Like weird concepts? Then you'll love this

By Shawn Bohlender

I am so excited about this album, even though it was released in March 2009. "Crack the Sky" is the latest metal masterpiece from the group Mastodon. Few albums have really grabbed me by the ear and refused to let go. My first exposure to the band was just hearing a few songs here and there, one of them off a Tony Hawk game. I decided to check them out and see what their music is all about, and these men are straight-up musicians. Both Brent Hinds (guitarist/vocalist) and Bill Kelliher (guitarist) have won the Metal Hammer Golden Gods award for best shredders, if that says anything. But these guys seemed to have mellowed it out, just a little bit, for this album.



"Crack the Sky" by Mastodon



The first track, "Oblivion" (with its own single EP), starts off a little slow, then bursts in to a full-on metal verse that gives an introduction to the concept behind the album. The concept of the album is actually pretty interesting. In an interview with Billboard, Bill Kelliher said this about the concept:

"It's about a crippled young man who experiments with astral travel. He goes up into outer space, goes too close to the sun, gets his golden umbilical cord burned off, flies into a wormhole, is thrust into the spirit real, has conversations with spirits about the fact that he's not really dead, and they decide to help him. They put him into a divination that's being performed by an early 20th-century Russian Orthodox sect called the Klisti, which Rasputin is part of. Knowing Rasputin is about to be murdered, they put the young boy's spirit inside of Rasputin. Rasputin goes to usurp the throne of the czar and is murdered by the Yusupovs, and the boy and Rasputin fly out of Rasputin's body up through the crack in the sky and head back. Rasputin gets him safely back into his body."

The album has many ups and downs in both tempo and feel. There are time signature changes all over the place, and when seeing this band live, it's kind of hard to bang your head unless you are very familiar with songs.

This leads me to my next point: If you listen to these guys and like them enough to see them live, DO IT! I can't stress enough how awesome their live performance is. Everything from an epic stage presence, to an awesome visual display with an LED screen that guides you through the journey of the album.

The last time I saw them, May 15 in Omaha with fellow progressive-metal artists Baroness and Between the Buried and Me, they played for nearly two hours. They played all of "Crack The Sky" straight through, then went on to play most of the tracks from their 2004 release, "Leviathan" (which I bought for my younger brother as his first metal album, he got hooked instantly), and a few songs from their other works. I left with hearing damage for the next four hours, yet I couldn't stop talking about how awesome their set was.

If you are to go and buy a new vinyl or CD to add to your collection, "Crack The Sky" is a must have. It comes in a few different forms, including CD, CD/DVD, the Royal edition (full album, full album instrumental, digital downloads of two live tracks, a lithograph, and pages of gold foil and black album artwork from Paul Ramano), a red and gold colored vinyl LP, and a plain black vinyl. Whichever format you decide to purchase, you won't be disappointed.

Another web site you should totally check out

www.latfh.com

"Look At This F*ing Hipster" is a blog that documents everything so outlandishly hipster, it's hard not to laugh out loud. Being snarky is the point, after all. You know, hipster is the new thing to hate these days. So ironic, amiright!?

You do have to wonder where these people come from, though. I mean, seriously, look at this guy:



LATFH also takes time to link to hipsters in the news, however rarely that might happen. For example, a link posted April 12 and titled "Hipsters don't believe in the census" goes straight to an NPR story explaining how the hipster enclave of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, has the lowest rate of census return in all of New York City. Apparently, people are taking apathy very seriously. Damn you, hipsters!

Note: Some images may be NSFW and inappropriate for children. View at your own risk.

Diary of a Madman

Well hello, there! Let me introduce myself to you...

By Derrick Masters

Ladies and gentlemen!!! Boys and girls!!! Welcome to the Diary of a Madman. This is your captain here, (formerly known as the random drunk guy asleep on your couch).



In this new column, I plan on bringing up all of those lovely topics that some people consider to be rude to bring up in casual conversation. I will be giving my insights on philosophy, religion, popular culture, politics and frozen pizza. (If you don't believe frozen pizza can be a dicey subject, you need to have more conversations.)

First off this month, a small warning label of sorts that will probably preface my column from here on out. I am a VERY opinionated person. Ask anyone that knows me, and they will be sure to warn you.

Now, while this is for a public forum and

I want people to disagree with me as much as they agree with me, simply because it causes people to think.

I have been told by my editor that I will be unable to use those wonderful four letter expletives that I love to pepper most of my sentences with, I have no intention on holding back. I plan to offend. I plan to anger. I want people to disagree with me as much as they agree with me, simply because it causes people to think. I want to smell lean tissue burning and hear the electricity crackle as you form a thought that may or may not coincide with my stance, and I don't care if I have to attach jumper cables to your facial jewelry to get it done.

Our generation is quickly becoming very switched off. I overhear more conversations about "American Idol" than I do about the recession or the war. People care more about

fancy cell phones than they do health care. Six-hundred channels and nothing thought provoking is on. The Learning Channel is full of reality TV for God's sake! They don't even play MUSIC on MTV anymore!!! So I have to ask, "Who's driving the car here?! Ray Charles?!"

We used to be the land of the free and the home of the brave. We're soon becoming the land addicted to commerce and oil. It currently says on the Statue of Liberty, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." And yet I just heard the state of Arizona's trying to get it changed to "No Vacancy." Flush. Swirl. And a miss.

So as I go back to my breakfast of SpaghettiO's and beer, I will leave this quote from a modern madman in his own right, Maynard James Keaton:

"Learn Chinese."

Next issue in the Diary of a Madman, let a few musicians remind you what life is really all about.

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And now you know ...

Interesting moment in art history: Pompeii, murals and one survivor

By April Headley

Almost everyone knows the story of the tragic city of Pompeii. The legendary city was buried by ash from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The city lay perfectly preserved beneath a tremendous layer of volcanic ash for nearly 1,700 years before it was discovered by a team of archaeologists. The most memorable images are those of mothers shielding their children, people seeming to be stopped instantly while running for their lives, or dinner still sitting on the tables. All of these objects and people seemed to be frozen instantly, and left to silently wait until they were discovered over a thousand years later.

Along with each shock and awe that came with the unearthing of Pompeii, we must also realize the importance of the art history aspect that ties to it. When archaeologists and historians began excavations to remove the volcanic debris from the city walls itself, they discovered that not only were the images of people and their lives preserved, but so was the paint that was on the very walls.

Entire murals were preserved. Paintings that were almost 2,000 years old were seen as if they were painted last week. As most of us know, paint does not do well in standing the test of time when constantly exposed to

outdoor weather elements. Almost all paint will deteriorate completely over time. For example, you are not allowed to touch or even take flash bulb pictures of the Mona Lisa because historians wish to maintain the painting as long as possible. So, for the excavators at Pompeii to discover paint on walls that were over 2,000 years old, it is something quite extraordinary indeed. This was one of the first times in history that paint upon stone this old was seen by the eyes of present day people, and this gave us a better understanding of how ancient civilizations utilized art and how they decorated their buildings.

Another interesting tid bit about Pompeii was that there was one survivor. The soul survivor was a prisoner that was being held captive in a prison cell at the time of the explosion. The cell had four stone walls, measured about 8 feet long by 7 feet wide, and had a small 4 inch by 4 inch hole toward the top designed to let in fresh air. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius was so violent and intense, that even with this amount of protection around the prisoner, he still received third degree burns on his back through that tiny hole three feet above his head. However, the man did manage to survive, along with the rich artistic culture of Pompeii.

Although that man is long gone and cannot tell his story, the preserved murals and paintings just might be able to. After all, a picture is worth a thousand words.



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