

The F.Y.I.

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FREE
take one!



Don't sell out
Support independent media

That Vocab Lady

Yes, I am a big fan of **zymurgy**

By **Codie Wilson**

Hello fellow FYI-ers!
Armed with my trusty dictionary, I thought I would share some of my recent favorite words with you. I tried to include an easy guide on pronunciation this week as well. See if you can work them into a conversation near you!



Derisory (de-rice-ery): laughable; ridiculous

Hercine (her-sign): of, pertaining to, or resembling a goat; having a goatish odor

Adulation (ad-u-lation): showing excessive admiration or affection; fawning

Zymurgy (zy-mer-je): a field of applied chemistry dealing with the fermentation process, as in brewing, winemaking and yeast goods

Calendar of Events

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).

[WTF?] News

Puppy thrown at Hells Angels, no one really knows why

A crazed/angry/confused 26-year-old college student created a massive traffic jam in Bavaria, Germany, after flipping off a group of Hells Angels motorcycle gang members, hurling a puppy at them and escaping on a stolen bulldozer.

After making his getaway, the man ditched the bulldozer in the middle of a busy street in the southern town of Allershausen, Germany, creating a massive 3-mile long traffic jam. He then ran to his home, where he was apprehended by local police.

"What motivated him to throw a puppy at the Hells Angels is currently unclear," said a spokesman for local police. He added that the puppy was now in safe hands and is doing fine.

Source: Reuters

Woman in desperate need of medical, psychological attention

A 41-year-old Michigan woman who recently lost her job needed treatment for a shoulder injury, but she was unable to see a specialist because she couldn't afford health insurance. To get into the hospital, she decided to shoot herself. It worked, and she was released a few hours later. However, she now may face criminal charges for firing a weapon within city limits.

The woman told local media she wouldn't do it again and, because

her shoulder still hurts, she is now searching for a specialist who will accept a payment plan she can afford.

Source: South Bend Tribune

Condiment crime spree ended

Police in Idaho may have finally solved a series of cases involving condiment crimes.

Joy Cassidy, a 74-year-old woman, was arrested after librarians caught her pouring mayonnaise in the library's book drop. According to authorities, there have been at least 10 other instances of condiments being poured into the book drop since May 2009, including corn syrup and ketchup.

Cassidy was released from jail and faces a misdemeanor charge of malicious injury to property.

Source: Idaho Statesman



Cats, cat lovers face down leash law

Cat fanciers crowded a city council meeting in Barre, Vt., where a clause in a city law requires cats to be on leashes. One woman brought three large homemade signs, one of which read, "Arrest criminals, not cats. Can Barre afford a jail for cats?"

Some residents in the city pushed for the clause, saying free-roaming cats have used their gardens as litter boxes and have killed off neighborhood birds and small mammals.

But opponents say not only is it nearly impossible to keep a cat on a leash, the city can't afford to have police chasing cats all day.

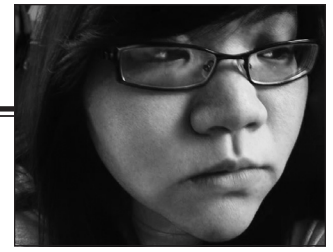
The city may end up compromising and only fining owners if their cats are considered to be a nuisance.

Other cities with cat leash laws include Akron, Ohio; Aurora, Colo.; Montgomery County, Md.; Palm Beach County, Fla.; and New Orleans.

Source: Times Argus



Featured Artist: Natalie Valalik



"I love art because I can express myself in a way that words can't."

By Amy Markham

Before attending college, Natalie Valalik was pressured to choose a major that would easily land her a high paying career. She intended to put art on the back burner, but eventually she decided to put her dream before practicality.



Natalie attends UNK as a studio art major with an emphasis in painting and a minor in graphic design. Natalie has been an artist since kindergarten. She is inspired by emotion, perspective, perception, dreams, and especially music.

Natalie's favorite form of media is digital

painting. She enjoys traditional painting, as well, and feels that mastering both will benefit her in the future. After she graduates from UNK, Natalie would like to become a professional illustrator; however, one of Natalie's true aspirations is to have a comic or a series published.

Along with the enjoyment that it brings, Natalie also uses art as a form of therapy. She copes with the stresses of life and the feelings of depression by literally drawing out her emotions. Natalie describes her digital painting, *Rise Above*, as follows:

"This is the third one I've done, and it's the least disturbing of the batch. It signifies a breakthrough, I think, or a realization that there's only one way to go once you've reached the very bottom. At this point, I was

starting to feel a little better. Only so many bad things can happen before they no longer affect me. Whether that was the case, or things were starting to look up, I don't really know.

"When I started this drawing, I had intended the hands to be pulling this person down, but taking a second glance, they are almost embracing or lifting him. To me, it says that even though these obstacles are holding me down, they serve as a life experience that will hopefully help me in the long run.

"I named it *Rise Above* because that just instantly came to mind, it seems appropriate. Almost all of my art stems from an emotion I'm having. Somehow they all come out a little depressing. But even if the image is dark and macabre, it may have a happier meaning to it."



"Rise Above." Digital painting.

Creative Writing

Making connections: How are you, really?

By Trace Lewis

i feel good. right.
do you feel good? do you
feel right?

i love you, i don't know
you. i'm here, too, i have lungs
that breathe. why do you just
pass me like autumn leaves
blowing down vacant streets?

i can hold conversation, i can tell you about
my experiences. why don't you tell me yours?

i think about dogs. dogs know what dogs are.
every time a dog sees another dog in passing,
they immediately interact. they don't have ANY
apprehension towards each other in the ways
of curiosity. they see one of their own and say,
"HEY, i'm one of those. HEY YOU! i'm a dog
as well!"

why don't people do that? "HEY YOU! i'm
a human, i've got emotions and thumbs. i feel!
let's stop and chat!" let's interact. let's break
social constructs. just talk to me.

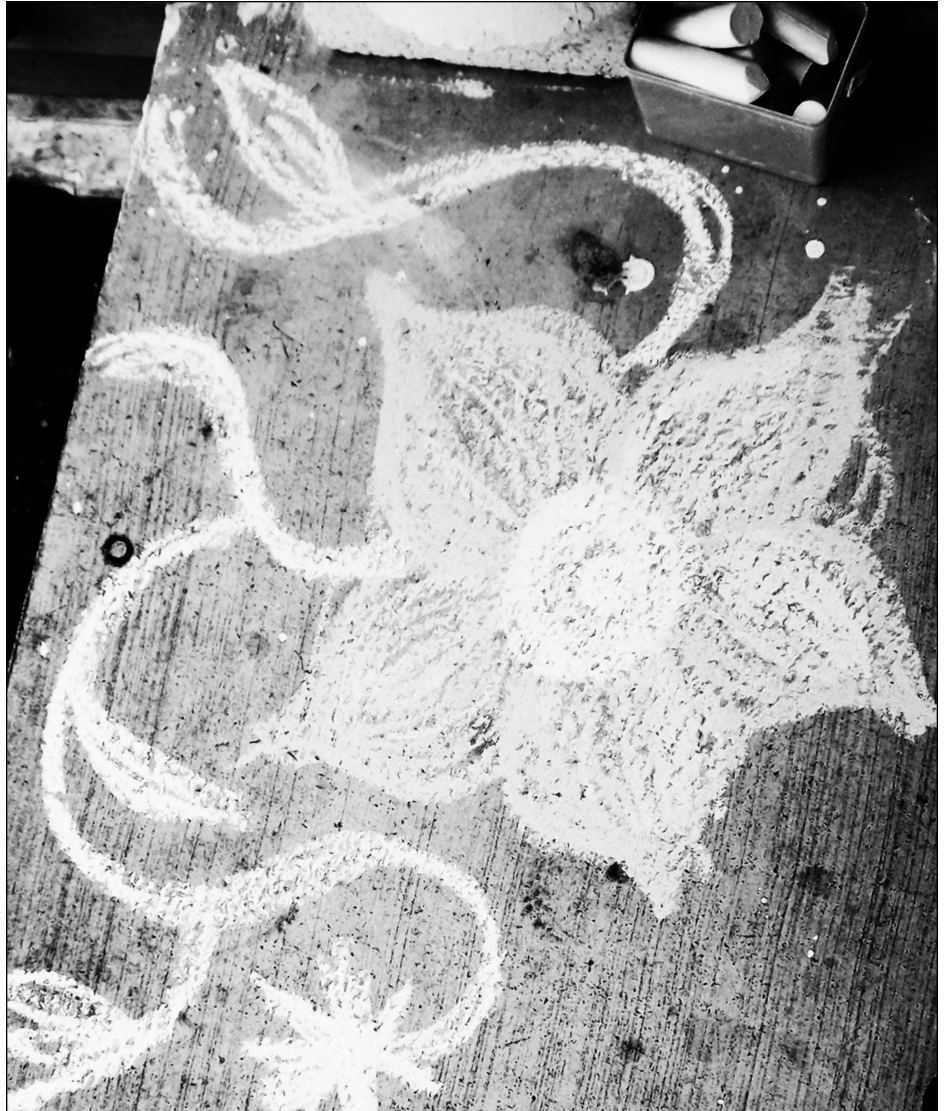
lady at the check out counter, don't just look
at me strangely when i sincerely ask you how
you are. don't just expect me to feed you the
same line you've heard all day. how are you,
really? i'm sorry you've had to stand here for the
last 4 hours.

i wonder what they do when they're alone. do
they think like i think when they're by them-
selves? do they get so wrapped up in their own
thoughts that it's enough to drive them crazy? do
they still get chills?

maybe it's too much to think that i can really
affect people's lives on a day-to-day basis. i
mean, how many of those random faces have
affected mine today? i would let them, if they'd
only let me.

four fingers broken from fighting myself.
cliff sides beckoned with long blades of green.
my nest egg was city gutters and asphyxiating
stoplights. at the apex of my apathy i looked
over the bend. below was all my self-condem-
nation, i damned myself and the roots under me
turned to snakes with crimson eyes. we were
scratching at the coffins called our bodies. i was

wooden legs in quicksand. she was
fire spelled out in cursive. over the
influence. her hair was braided, the
way her mom taught her.



Intertwined at the roots

By Kevin Whetstone

Long nights under
cloudless skies and I was
a ticking time bomb,
ready to blow at a mo-
ment's notice until you
clipped the red wire and
set me off. My heart burst
like a water balloon on pavement, and I
was sweating bullets.

The sky never looked so beautiful as
it did that night, there in my flatscreen
picture window playing the same show
over and over again as cars passed by at a
snail's pace. We sat there long and hard,
with nothing to separate us but a patch-
work pillow of earth tones and all of my



I've had a green thumb ever
since that night, playing gar-
dener and planting our seeds
in the soil, watering them,
nurturing them so that we can
grow together, intertwined at
the roots.

insecurities, choking me up and leaving
me breathless.

I've had a green thumb ever since that
night, playing gardener and planting our
seeds in the soil, watering them, nurturing
them so that we can grow together, inter-
twined at the roots.

Happy Drinking!



Wine of the Week: Hob Nob Pinot Noir

By April Headley

Pinot Noir is probably my favorite type of wine. It has a complex yet comforting taste. The particular wine I will be talking about is Hob Nob Pinot Noir, vintage 2008. Not only does this wine have certain sentimental value to myself and the handsome man in my life, but it is also one of the best Pinot Noirs you can purchase and still keep your wallet heavy. Hob Nob is produced and bottled by Hob Nob vineyards. It has a taste that any red wine drinker will be sure to enjoy.

Hob Nob can be enjoyed at a nice room temperature as a simple sipping wine, or can pair beautifully with most dishes. It has a very deep, dense red color. When held against light, the rim of the



wine offers a clean line with slight color dissipation. Hob Nob's aromas consist of black cherry, black pepper and a slight woodiness (which I absolutely love).

Even without a sip, you could smell this wine for hours and not notice the time go by. This wine offers an excellent flavoring of cherry, chocolate, earthiness and a slight hint of currant. There is very little dryness, and the taste remains on the palate for some time before subsiding. As I said, Hob Nob pairs well with most dishes. It is absolutely sinful, though, to pair with dark chocolates, smoked gouda, or a hearty steak.

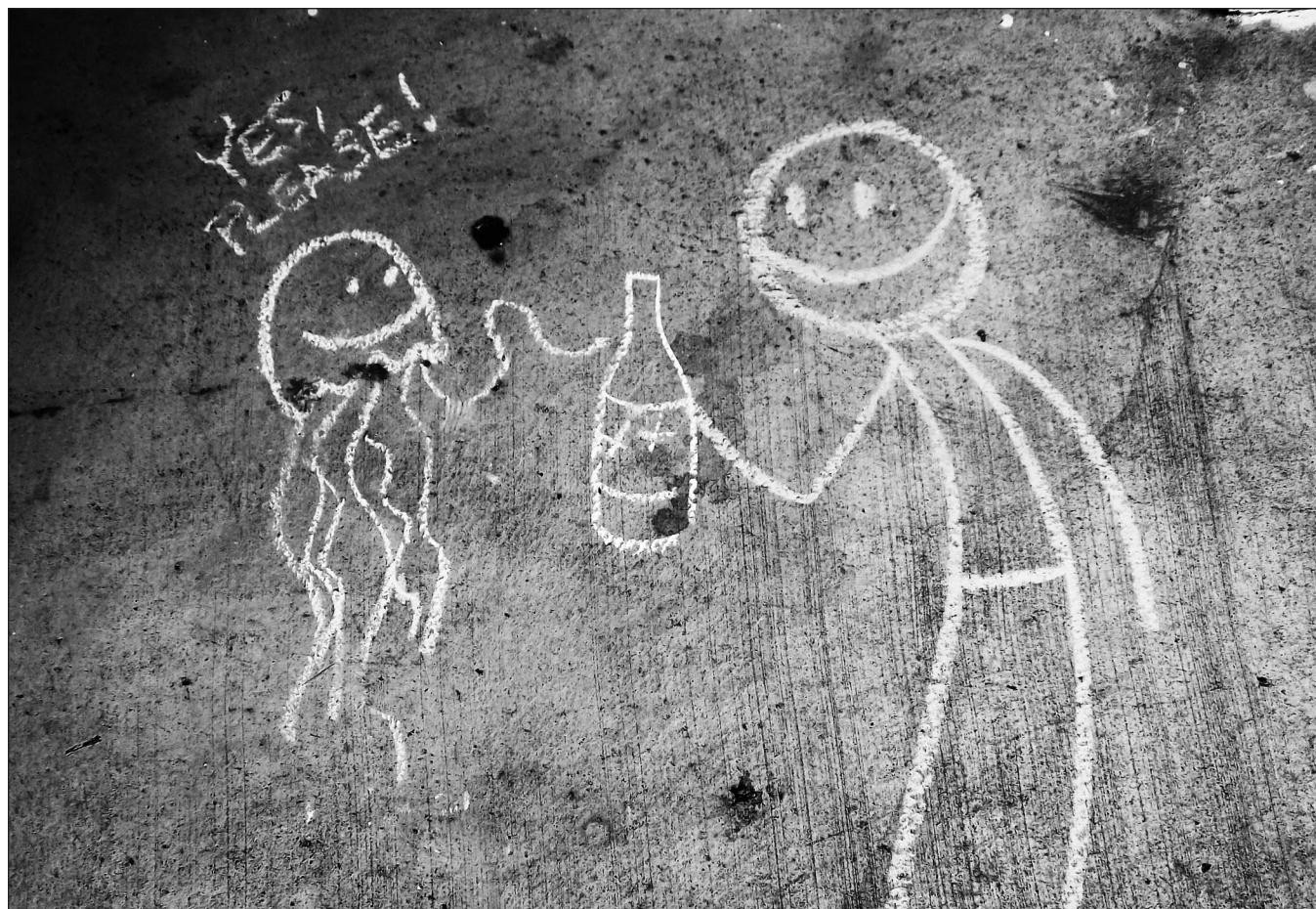
I highly recommend Hob Nob Pinot Noir. Even if your tastes lean more toward the sweeter side of wines like Reislings or White Zinfandels, if you ever wish to walk on the wild side of red, Hob Nob is a perfect starting point. Nel Vino ci Fidiama, and as always, happy drinking!

The Shot Fairy

"Fairy Fruit"

1/2 oz midori
melon liqueur
1/2 oz peach
schnapps
1/2 oz grenadine
syrup

Shake the melon and peach liquers with ice and pour into shot glasses, then top with grenadine for a layered look. Also try adding some Bacardi 151 and setting the shot ablaze!



You call that art?

"A sip of wine, sir Jellyfish?"
Kara Flaherty. Sidewalk chalk.



Album Review

One nothing built out of everything

By Holden Armstrong

So I'm sitting in my dad's basement listening to "The Fare to Get There," cinder block walls beating gray and a single light hanging from the center of the ceiling, rocking slowly. My mind is marbled from the gas, twisting in colors solidified, and white paper trails down the walls, dripping in lines of too-thick, too-wet, too-much paint.

The cave is pulsing and echoing even though the speakers are half blown, dainty fabric rolling with the punches of sound, and as I tremble there, weak in the moment of uncertainty, the snare and hat, a familiar tempo—like any—grab me by the stem and carry me upward, eyes closed, mind back to the white and colors in front of me.

I am Jesus. Part Two. And the layers grow and push me into it. It crescendos and the drums intensify. I am beaming the radiance of my soul into the air of the room around me, and it takes control, filtering the fumes until they dissipate. I dissipate and am the vapor of a dozen spent canisters. Exhale, and complete.

It's plastic and carpet remnants on the floor, tailored to the bleak cement—ruined cement, so much of it. I can imagine, or feel, my arms flailing, completing whatever this project is. These walls of paint: they will be the product when I pull the paper down. They are what is left and what has always been there.

Seventeen minutes in the flute starts, and my soul is as tired as my pulse, yet still driving. Hard. It heaves me cloudless from the bow of the ship and it's over. I go back to 1978, to the start of things.

It's a gondola ride, calm when it's just the sky above us, cloudless and starless, and as we pass the tunnels and bridges, the calm becomes calamity—not to mention the horns—and then it's back to the channel, the persistently, naively quiet waters.

Down in the basement, phasers are set to skull and I'm fragmenting. It's wavy and obliterate-



Do Make Say Think

ing. Luckily there's space in the room for the sound to bounce through. Headphones and I might transcend. My cortex might snap as the flanger peaks, rolling straight into my open ears, resonance full.

I open my eye to the results of my madness. It's vacant spirals and typical yellows. It's rolled sticky nonsense and a lot of this and that. Most of it's gray, the gray of overlapping, overdoing, overmelting, and it's nothing against the cinder of the walls. A match and this might be Art. A stack and this might be Art.

I stand, or I am standing, weightless either way, and scan the room. Toppled liquid destiny, I think. What I want to express isn't there, isn't possible, isn't real, and cannot be trapped within the confines of reality. The chaos doesn't come across. Each turn and moment has spiraled into one nothing built out of everything, but here it is anyway.

The stereo starts skipping and the light burns out. Nothing wants me to succeed. It catches itself: "Onions." This is a little too trippy for me to Do. Make. Say. Think.

Do Make Say Think is a post-rock band from Toronto signed with Constellation Records. This article is based on their first, self-titled album.

And now you know ...

Interesting person in art history: Salvador Dali

By April Headley

A great Spanish surrealist of the 20th century, Salvador Dali was one of the most interesting, eccentric and down-right crazy men to ever walk this earth. The story of his life may be visually captured within his paintings, but the true darkness of his existence lives well beyond them.

Salvador Dali was born into a seemingly normal family of Spain. Even at a very early age, he was a very intelligent and peculiar child. His mother encouraged his artistic abilities, but his father did not. Throughout his life, he was often ridiculed by his father and sometimes suffered terrible acts of cruelty from him. Dali also had an older brother who was also named Salvador. Dali's brother died nine months before he was born. When he was five years old, Dali's parents took him to the grave of his older brother and told him, "You are the reincarnation of your brother."

Dali always felt as if his older brother was the son that his parents really wanted, and that he was a constant reminder of their first born child's death. Dali recalled that on several occasions, his father would talk to him as if he was talking to his first son, and not Dali himself. Salvador Dali is quoted as saying, "[We] resembled each other like two drops of water, but we had different reflections. He was probably a first version of myself, but conceived too much in the absolute." In this, Dali is stating that he feels his brother was the perfect version of what his parents wanted, thus too perfect to be left a part of this world.

Although his past was undoubtedly troubled, he will forever be engraved upon the infinite future. Within the twisted past of a seemingly innocent man, there laid hidden seeds of fascination that even the darkest depths of minds could not possibly be prepared for. Salvador Dali, we salute you.



Diary of a Madman

In memory of lost legends, and what we can learn from their lives

By Derrick Masters

Good evening kiddies! Your resident madman here for another installment. As many of you are very well familiar, music is pretty much my life. I've been a fan as far back as I can remember. I've always believed that music is the most universal and sacred language that we have at our disposal. The simple power of a few notes can transcend any race or religious creed.

The main riff from the song "Black Sabbath" only contains three notes, but it managed to scare the living crap out of an entire population of people!

For those of us in the music community, this year has certainly been a tough one. I started this installment on May 16 when metal legend Ronnie James Dio lost his battle with stomach cancer at the age of 67. Since then, we've also lost Paul Grey



of Slipknot. This issue's column will be a tribute to a few of my personal fallen heroes that we've lost this past year.

The Very Best

Known best for his solo work, along with his times spent in both Black Sabbath and Rainbow, Dio was considered THE voice of heavy metal by myself and many others. To quote a Facebook post I read, "Today is the day that the man of metal became a god." He was the one to give birth to the horns that so many of us metal heads throw up in adoration of our modern metal gods. I remember many times blaring "Rainbow in the Dark" while cruising through town or screaming my lungs out to the lyrics of "HolyDiver." I always loved hearing the many "Run and hide, an evil woman is in your town tonight" type songs that he wrote, and I was always trying to figure out what in the world he was talking about when he sang "You can see his stripes but you know he's clean." We truly lost an amazing personality.

I recently read on Blabbermouth.com that our favorite inbred nutbag family from

Kansas, The Westboro Baptist

Church, was planning on picketing Dio's public memorial in L.A., and I have to say, I think it's a great idea! Can you imagine a better way to get rid of these hate mongers than to allow them to preach their hatred and to show complete disrespect to a beloved icon in the presence of millions of his fans, a few of which who wouldn't see any harm in cracking someone's skull Practically FedExing the lambs to the slaughter. I'm sure you'll read more about my opinion of Mr.Phelps and his coven in the coming months. In the mean time, Rock In Peace, Ronnie.

Love You to Death

Another personality that was lost recently was the abominable Peter Steele of Type-O-Negative. He stood 6'8" and was built like a brick house. Who would have thought something as simple as heart failure would cut the giant down?

I first heard Steele when I was 16. I

————— See **Madman**, page 8

[published ad removed]



Josh Keaten

Madman from page 7

was in Job Corps and someone had loaned me a copy of Bloody Kisses. I listened to that album nonstop for at least a week. His voice was incredible. He literally shook the ground when he sang, but there was also a depth there that you wouldn't think to find from the Brooklyn native. Not to mention a very twisted sense of humor with song titles like "My Girlfriend's Girlfriend," a cover of the 70's pop hit "Summer Breeze," and lyrics such as "Jesus Christ looks like me." (Google his name and you can easily see that JC would not have been crucified had he possessed Pete's Goliath-like stature.)

I was lucky enough to be able to see him live in concert three years earlier to the day before he died. Type-O completely blew metal legends Celtic Frost off the stage, even finding time to make a heart-felt tribute to another lost hero, the late Dimebag Darrel of Pantera. As always, the show ended with Peter committing his usual Herculean act: ripping his strings off his bass guitar. It was one of the greatest shows I have ever seen.

A World Left Cold and Grey

Considering this issue will be published a few days before the one year anniversary of his death, this memorial would really be missing something if I didn't say something about our own local legend and good friend, Josh Keaten, or SicBoy as I liked to call him. Josh left us last year after fighting a hellish war with cancer. He won many battles, but in the end the disease won the war. Considering, though, that he's no longer in pain and that he made it to the party upstairs before the rest of us, who really lost in this scenario?

Josh was a guitarist and was one of the few people I know that played first and foremost because of his love for the music.

It was, honestly, the only thing he really ever talked about -- sometimes to the point where some considered it a personality flaw! He was a pure soul and a good friend. He taught me to live my life as I see fit, no matter what. He is also one of the bravest people I've ever known, fighting unimaginable amounts of pain and sickness on his death bed to let his mother know he was ready to go.

I have many fond memories of the two of us talking music until the sun came up at Perkins, or the many nights at the Hive when we would wrestle with each other after drinking too much rum. He bruised easily and always wound up looking like someone had beat the crap out of him, but he laughed it off every time.

We buried him with his guitar, a Schecter five-string

Baritone. He was the only one to get anything to sound good out of that thing, so it was appropriate that it went with him. I stand very firm in my belief that neither he nor the guitar are in that box we placed them in and then buried six feet underground. I wouldn't be surprised if he were forming a supergroup on the other side with Dime and Pete and Dio rocking the Vox.

So I will leave you with this, dear readers: Take the lives of these three and use them as a template for your own lives. Be sure to make it a life worth living. Don't let fear stop you from enjoying every breath that enters your lungs. All three of these men have had a huge impact on not only my music, but my life in general. I will spend my entire life trying to pay back the gifts and insights that they granted me with. I should only be so lucky to have such a cross to bear.

Until next time,
D.

Contact The F.Y.I.

thefyi.biweekly@gmail.com

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Editor

Kara Flaherty

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