

The F.Y.I.

Volume #02
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July 2, 2010



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FREE
take one!



"Do you want me to tell you something really subversive? Love is everything it's cracked up to be. That's why people are so cynical about it. It really is worth fighting for, being brave for, risking everything for. And the trouble is, if you don't risk anything, you risk even more." - Erica Jong

That Vocab Lady

These are not **somniferous** words

By **Codie Wilson**

Ah, summer! A time of relaxation and jovial celebration, but not a time to let our brains turn to mush! Be the brainiac at the BBQ with these verbal gems!

Postulate (pos-chu-late): to ask, claim, or demand



Mysophobia (my-sa-foe-bee-a): a fear of dirt or filth

Achromatopsia (a-crome-a-top-see-a): the technical term for color blindness

Somniferous (som-nif-er-ous): bringing or causing sleep

Heuristic (hue-ris-tic): encouraging one to seek out answers and learn on his or her own

Calendar of Events

Wednesday, July 7

Hunter Paye and Elam Blackman @ The Garage. Also featuring Elvis Houdini. 9:00 p.m. Enjoy some great song writing!

Thursday, July 8

Kevin Hervert @ TRU Cafe. 7:00 p.m. No cover charge, relaxing atmosphere.

Every Thursday

75 cent beers and DJ Bliss @ The Garage. (Other performances may be scheduled, but the cheap beer remains!)



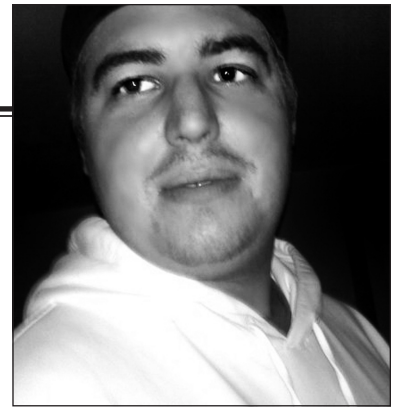
Photography

"She gazed into the sun"
Ashley Taylor Haack



Featured Artist: Eric Behrendt

“It has presented many challenges to the process of developing a piece of work.”



By Amy Markham

For Eric Behrendt, it all began at Ravenna High School. This is where art began to emerge into his life and where he truly began to get a grasp on art concepts. Under the influence of his high school art teacher, Paul Beranek, Eric learned about art elements, art principles and a touch of art history, which he says really captivated his artistic thinking and helped him develop his artistic talents. Under the influence of Eric's high school industrial technology teacher, Dom Reicks, Eric learned how to take conceptual drawings and turn them into finished products.



Eric is currently attending UNK with a double major in art education, K-12, and studio art with an emphasis in painting and drawing. When Eric began college at UNK, he found one art professor, Jack Karraker, to be especially intriguing. Karraker was passionate about art in general, and he spoke highly of the Greeks, the Romans, the Renaissance and the Impressionists.

During his duration with UNK, one class taught by Karraker was watercolor. Eric was lucky enough to be a watercolor student of Karraker's twice over. It is through Karraker that Eric really honed in on his watercolor skills.

He also greatly enjoys working with printmaking and drawing professor, Victoria Goro-Rapoport. As an art ed and studio art major, Eric holds great respect for Goro-Rapoport, both for her teaching and artistic abilities.

Eric is artistically inspired by sports themes, people, non-objectiveness and abstraction. His favorite techniques include drawing, painting and printmaking. Eric enjoys non-traditional forms of media as well.

“Currently, I work with a painting media which I developed; it is a gelatin-water-based medium. It has presented many challenges to the process of developing a piece of work. The media itself does not work on a canvas, wood board or piece of paper, but rather it works on a screen which allows more of a minimal chance of shrinking and deformity.

I'm now moving towards a lighted piece using this media because of its transparency qualities.”

In addition to his light box project, Eric is also in the process of painting a sports mural at the Big Apple Sports Bar.



“Girl Underwater.” Water color. 18" x 24"



“8 Days a Week.” Gelatin water-based medium, shown in hand-built screen while in the process of drying. 4' x 4'

Creative Writing: What is love?

Love is the raging storm

By Trace Lewis

there was a storm raging just outside your second story window, and i caught glimpses of your face whenever the lightning flashed. you whispered things you knew you meant, and i knew that i was in deep. the rain was batting against the panes, and i could smell your hair. i remember our fingers interlocking and i'm sure my palms were sweating. you were a silhouette between the flashes, we were the storm raging just outside your second story window.



Love is a soul that understands her most

By Sara Birchard

She looks into his eyes. She can't decide if the look he gives back is love or like. She wants to tell him her feelings. But something stops her. What is that something? Could it be the universe telling her to relax? Any hesitation means something. What does she really like about him? Could she find that trait in another person? It's hard to stay on a path. What if everything she ever wanted is wrapped up in him? Maybe not. Maybe she just likes the idea of it. The thoughts in her head make up a labyrinth of possibilities. Could she live without him? Screaming the thoughts in her head at him. Hoping by some intergalactic effort he will read her thoughts.

What is real and what is a dream? Could I have thought most of these experiences rather than live them? Why does it really matter as long as it felt good? His presence helps her feel loved. Even if the lack of love is so maddening. The pain of his absence cuts her deep. She can not imagine life without the soul that understands her most. They, the spiritual guiders, say to continue on your path of awakening. Whatever is meant to be will find you. Could it be him? Could it be someone like him? She can think of nothing but him.



Love is just a word until someone comes along and gives it meaning

By Kevin Whetstone

The first time my heart touched the sky was during recess on the playground at Saint Joseph's elementary school in York, Neb. We were in third grade, and she could play kickball better than any of the other girls in our class. When she wasn't playing kickball, she was methodically putting colored pencil to paper, drawing out the most beautiful rainbow horses my eyes had ever seen.

I remember how, when the final bell rang, I raced home as fast as my size three sneakers would carry me with a smile on my face, excited to tell my mother all about my newfound crush.

After revealing to my mother with the confidence of a child that I was, in fact, *in love*, she gave me one of those smiles as if to say, "How cute," and proceeded to ask me that question all mothers seem to ask: "Have you told her yet?"

My heart sank and my face reddened. I had no idea how to tell her I *loved* her! My mother suggested I find a way to show her how I felt, and I did just that. Returning to school the next day, I did what every third grader does to his crush: I bullied her.

I pushed her at recess, called her "horse girl" continuously, and I informed every boy in my class that she had the worst case of cooties the school had ever recorded.

My efforts ended in a waterfall of tears and a promise from her that she would never talk to me again ... and she didn't.

I was crushed, and I swore to myself that I would never fall in love again, thus reserving my heart for more practi-



cal things, like soccer, video games, my mother's home-cooked chili and sitting on the seat of my 10-speed hand-me-down bicycle.

I was sure I could depend on these things to keep my heart happy for the rest of my life, but as sure as my Ninja Turtles watch ticked away the seconds on my wrist, time passed quickly and, before I knew it, I was in Kearney, Neb., where puberty was rearing its horny little head into my everyday life.

Middle school was like a moshpit of hormones, and I loved a different girl almost every week. It did not matter who she was. If she smiled at me or talked to me, I was ready to give her my heart in a box. I was what society calls incompetent when it came to love, but then again, who isn't at that age?

From middle school on through high school, heartbreak was an everyday occurrence. I could count on it just as easily as I could be sure that lunch would be repulsive.

By the midway point of junior year, I had given up, thus reverting back to my mother's home-cooked chili for comfort, along with

a whole new arsenal of tools to kill the lonesomeness that derived in my heart and filled my whole body. These included beer, cigarettes and whiskey from my parents' hidden stash (which I replaced with water). I'm not saying this is a route anyone should take to get past the cold shivers, but it sure kept me warm.

College came shortly thereafter and brought with it the promise of new beginnings for me. Although I didn't change who I was, I did rethink the opinion I held for the L word. I decided it was time to give it another go, which led me to my best friend's doorstep ... I'd started

Local art, Local artist

Untitled

Ink drawing by Karl Hammond



“Have you ever been in love? **Horrible, isn’t it?** It makes you so vulnerable. It opens your chest and it opens up your heart and it means that someone can get inside you and mess you up.

“You build up all these defenses, you build up a whole suit of armor, so that nothing can hurt you, then one stupid person, no different from any other stupid person, wanders into your stupid life... You give them a piece of you. They didn’t ask for it. They did something dumb one day, like kiss you or smile at you, and then your life isn’t your own anymore.

“Love takes hostages. It gets inside you. It eats at you and leaves you crying in the darkness... It hurts. Not just in the imagination. Not just in the mind. It’s a soul-hurt, a real gets-inside-you-and-rips-you-apart pain. I hate love.”

Neil Gaiman

Movie Review

Classic story line for a classic game

By Kara Flaherty

Following the journey of Steve Wiebe, this documentary captures the inner workings of what it takes to be a video game record holder. In the beginning, Wiebe is described by friends and family as “a tragic figure” who has never won anything in his life and who always seems to get the short end of the stick, which becomes apparent with Wiebe’s layoff as a Boeing engineer.



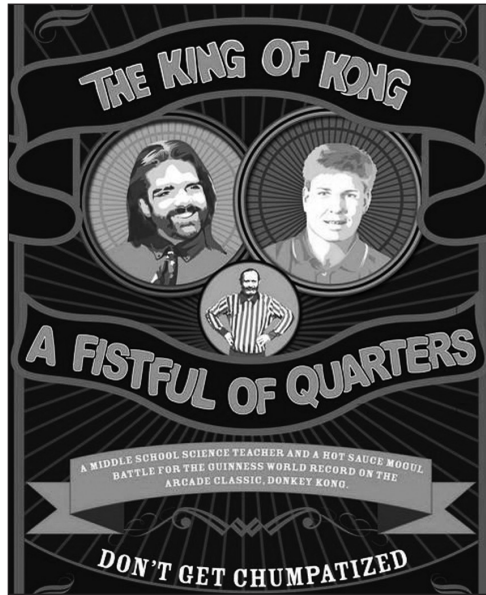
Although he holds down a job as a science teacher, Wiebe begins going to night school for a masters degree while playing an old arcade game, Donkey Kong, in his garage during his free time. After doing some research about the game on the internet, he becomes dead set on beating the record high score: 874,300. Fortunately, his wife is supportive of this goal, so Wiebe begins throwing his hours and days into the game.

Because he is highly skilled in engineering and math, he eventually works out the many patterns in the game and is able to reach a score of 1,006,600. At this point, the movie shows how happy Wiebe is to have finally won something as he celebrates with his wife and young son. But when news of this gets to Billy Mitchell, the former world record holder, the story really begins to get interesting.

In a world where Billy Mitchell is God with his own arch nemesis, and the group responsible for deciding who the world record holder is, Twin Galaxies, is a clique of its own, Wiebe becomes somewhat like a wrench thrown into the gears. How this changes everything the classic gaming community and Donkey Kong lovers have known becomes the plot of the documentary.

Like any good film, this one makes you root with all of your heart for Wiebe to get the title of world record holder, as well as make you hate with a passion all those who tear him down. Mitchell, in particular, becomes the classic villain, fighting viciously against Wiebe’s heroic journey to the top.

In all fairness, the film was edited to bring out these character traits, as it fails to show the many times Mitchell greeted and talked with Wiebe. Instead, Mitchell appears in the film to



The King of Kong



be much like a mobster who sends his minions out to do his dirty work, all the while avoiding Wiebe like the plague.

However, the idea that Mitchell might be so cruel is not entirely unbelievable. He had set the high score for Donkey Kong in 1982 when he was only 17 years old, and no one had challenged it since then. After having been named one of the top 10 most influential video gamers of all time and the top gamer of the twentieth century, as well as having top scores in Donkey Kong and Centipede and a perfect score in Pac Man, Mitchell claims his scores are the greatest achievements of his life besides his own family.

With stakes this high (or low, depending on how you might feel about video games), it’s no wonder the conflict between Mitchell and Wiebe gets dirty, and this film does a great job of capturing and magnifying that drama. It’s a world you may not have been familiar with before, but you’ll be pulled into it almost as chaotically as Wiebe himself.

Overall, I give “King of Kong: A Fistful of Quarters” five stars for its originality and moving story. I would take off one star for its inaccurate portrayal of Mitchell, but I chose not to because I thoroughly enjoyed his character as the ultimate bad guy of gaming. Anyone who enjoys the classic good guy vs. bad guy story line will certainly enjoy this documentary.

Another web site you should totally check out

.....
www.snopes.com

The world is full of rumors, urban legends and news that seems either too good or too horrible to be true. How do we know what to believe anymore?

Luckily, Snopes makes it simple. They have an entire database dedicated to finding the truth to everything from political scandals to leprechauns. Below are some entries from the web site. See if you can guess which are true!

1. A phallus was drawn on the video cover of *The Little Mermaid* by a disgruntled artist.
2. Coca-Cola used to contain cocaine.
3. A frog placed in water brought to a gradual boil will make no attempt to escape.
4. Eating carrots improves vision.
5. The middle name of President Harry Truman was just the letter “S.”
6. An abused goat killed its owner.
7. *The Blair Witch Project* is based on documentary footage shot by three student film makers who mysteriously disappeared.
8. Hair grows back darker or thicker after it has been shaved.
9. Water boiled in a microwave oven can suddenly explode.

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 8

Diary of a Madman

There's too much chaos on which to comment, but I'll give it a try

By Derrick Masters

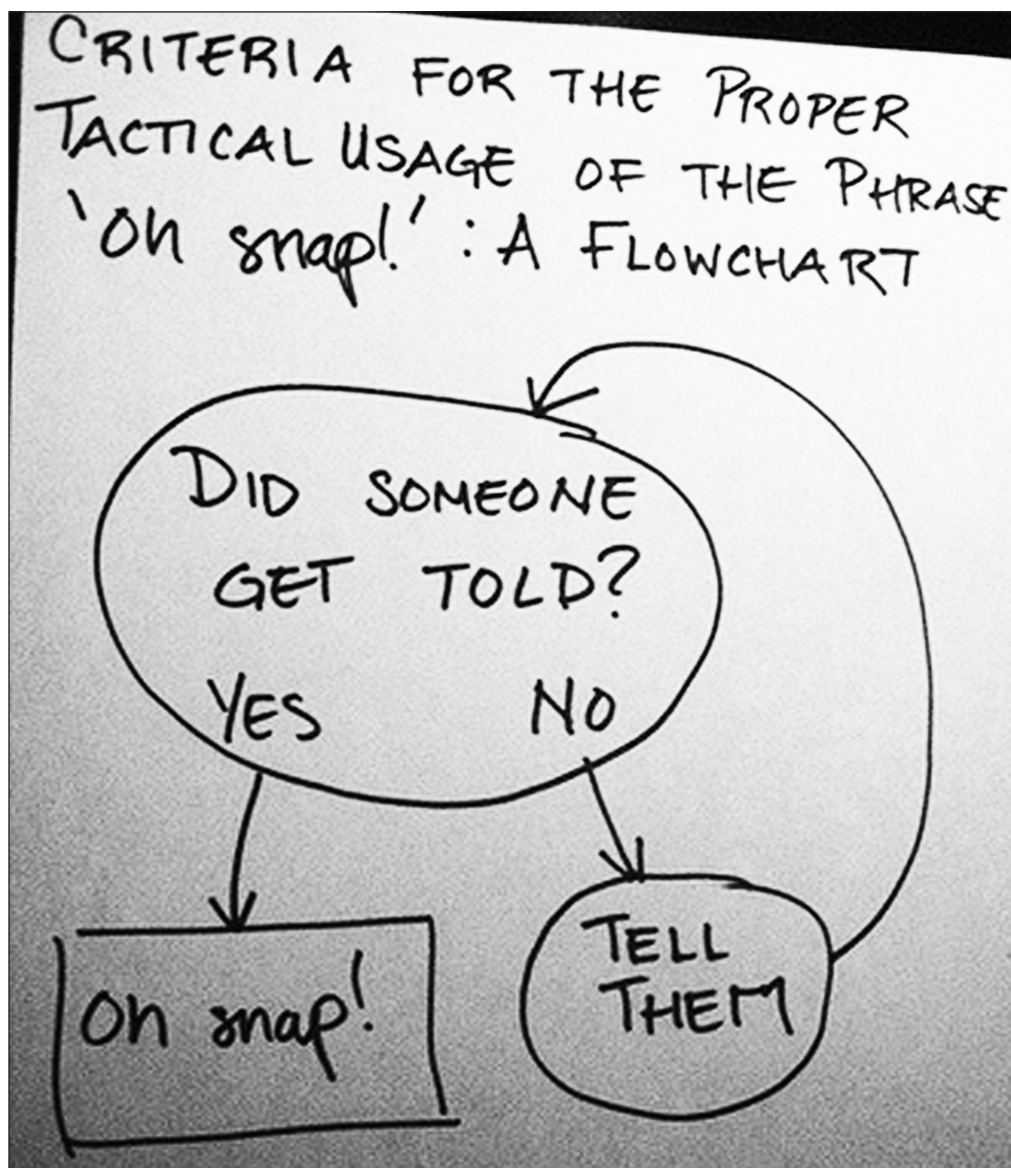
Evening, kids! The ranting leprechaun here with another installment of Diary of a Madman. I've been racking my brain the last few weeks to try to figure out a topic to comment on for this issue, and let me tell you, it hasn't been easy. I now know what Robin Williams and Lewis Black are talking about when they say that there are WAY too many insane things going on in our world to be able to keep up with all of it.



The disaster in the Gulf and how BP is dragging their feet and acting like it's a minor inconvenience instead of an ecological disaster was going to be my topic. I recently read about the schmuck in Texas who actually APOLOGIZED to BP for them being held RESPONSIBLE for the situation in the Gulf. You call making them pay for the damages done to those people a "shake down?!" ARE YOU FREAKING KIDDING ME?!?! Gotta love those Texas oil men. Oh wait, wasn't it a Texas oil man that took advantage of our country and its people for eight friggin' years?

Now, after doing some thinking, I figured people had already heard PLENTY about BP. So much that they probably wanted to spew about 50 million gallons worth of a crude, black substance into a major water system themselves, so I went back to shopping around for ideas. Gary Coleman died recently. I thought about it, but figured my column would be too short....What, too soon? COME ON. I also thought about writing about the life of the late Dennis Hopper, but my last column was a tribute already. I'm trying to write an opinion column here, not the obituaries!

Finally, the clouds opened up, and God sent me a headline that gave me hope: "N.M. candidate suggests land mines on border." ARE YOU INSANE?!?! Now, don't get me wrong folks, illegal immigration is a huge problem in our country today and it does need to be solved, but blow them up? Is that what we've really come to? Artillery?! That's just plain LAZY. It's bad enough that we're letting law enforcement in Arizona racial profile Hispanics and ask to "see their papers" (which if you repeat that sentence out loud in a German accent, it sounds oddly familiar...) and certain members of congress



are trying to do away with the "Anchor Baby Amendment."

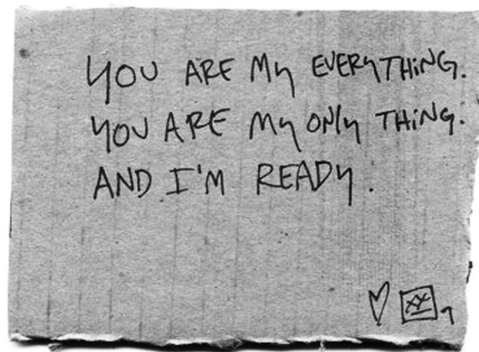
Why do these lawmakers feel the need to go after the children? By the constitution, these kids have just as much right as any other citizen in this country to fight and die for the freedoms that we used to have, as well as to enjoy the colossal failure of most of our civil and social programs that were put forth to help struggling Americans. It just doesn't make any sense.

Now, of course when I get the idea to write a column about defending the people coming into our country, I see a headline like this: "Arizona mom arrested after telling cops she was leaving kids to be a stripper." The woman was arrested only after PUNCHING HER CHILD IN FRONT OF POLICE. This is what I'm

talking about! Its impossible to keep up with all this crazy news! If I were to try to comment on every insane piece of something I come across, I'd be here all week! Now don't get me wrong, dear readers, I love you guys, but I've got stuff to do! I'm running out of space here, so if you want more info on these stories, I suggest you "plug in" and Google the headlines.

Shock and awe are the only things to feel when it comes to the insanity that is plaguing our world today. We really have found a way to turn the news into reality television. As for now, I will leave you all with a little food for thought in this month's Fellow Madman Quote:

"In the summer of '84, you just couldn't escape the Born in the USA record." - Henry Rollins.



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Editor

Kara Flaherty

The F.Y.I. is an alternative biweekly independent publication focused on spreading the talent of writers, artists and musicians in the Midwest to a wider audience, as well as promoting local cultural events.

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dating his sister, and once again, I'd thought I'd stumbled upon love. But I never took into account the fact that we had nothing in common until she cheated on me with an ex-boyfriend of hers. It's times like that when one really steps back and looks at the whole picture.

After this and one more failed attempt, I realized that I would never find what I was searching for, so I cleaned off my glasses and gave the idea of love a parting glance.

It's funny, but you never really find what you're looking for until you give up the hunt. It's like when you can't find your favorite hat, but once you give in and put on another one, just before you're ready to leave the house, you see it sitting there in plain sight.

This happened to me in the form of a beautiful girl sitting in front of a picture window with me. My picture window. She was at my house thanks to a common acquaintance, and we sat there sharing stories and watching the world move outside until the sunrise splashed across the sky.

I had never wanted to kiss someone so badly in my entire life as I wanted to kiss her that night. After she left early in the morning, I couldn't do anything to get her off my mind.

We began seeing more of each other in a friendship setting, and when the time came that our lips finally met, her kiss came like a sucker punch to my stomach. It left me breathless with stars in my eyes, my knees actually almost gave out, and I knew this was

a kiss that would define all kisses of my life. It was a kiss I knew I wanted every single day.

I fell for her. We fell for each other, and I simultaneously realized that for one, I loved her, I truly loved her, and also that until she came into my life, everything I had ever associated with the word love was purely speculation based on pop culture representations.

With her, it was like the god I rarely paid any attention to was looking down and saying to me, "Listen, Kevin. You know all those songs you hear, those movies you see and those books you read based on the idea of love? Well, they don't have anything compared to what you've got with that blonde-haired angel I've sent your way."

Since we've been together, my only complaint is that there aren't enough hours in a day for me to spend with her. She makes my heart race every time I so much as see her or hear her voice, and I know that after 24 years on this earth, I finally understand the meaning of the word love.

Truthfully, the way I see it, we all have our own definitions for the word love, compiled with the numerous ideas and emotions we associate with it, but you can never fully understand love until it hits you square in the stomach and leaves you gasping for air.

Me, I've yet to catch my breath, and I doubt I ever will. And you know what else? I'll bet she draws a damned good rainbow horse.

.....
"And if a ten-ton truck kills the both of us, to die by your side, well, the pleasure, the privilege, is mine."

-The Smiths
.....

[published ad removed]

Answers from Snopes.com, pg 6:

1. false; 2. true; 3. false; 4. false; 5. true; 6. true; 7. false; 8. false; 9. true