

## Make A Difference

When Geoff asked me to submit an article to the "Zine," I was honored. I had to think about when I would actually have time to write this. As many of you know, I am currently in Americorps, in Washington, DC, so as I see it, I have a few things to write about that may concern you, the reader.

I have been finding new ways to stay involved with a community that doesn't even know I am here. I tutor children who have fallen behind in their education. These children look at me as though I were a genius. I am currently helping low-income families recertify for Medicaid. The bottom line is that I have had to change my way of thinking from self-interested to group-oriented. There are 157 Americorps members here from all over the country living, eating, and breathing community service. One day we went to a food bank to sort cucumbers. There were ten five-foot by five-foot crates, and it looked as though it would take weeks for even a few people to sort them. Do you know how long it took us?

### Twenty minutes!

Before joining Americorps, I was a part of the PartySmart collaborative. I was not too involved, because I felt as though my education should take precedence before my social life. While this may be true, I have realized that we, as New Mexicans or even as Americans, have the right to fight for what is ours. Our scene is worth fighting for. I know that right now there is at least one person thinking, "What scene? The 'scene' is dead." But that is just the attitude you need to stay away from.

What I am trying to tell you is that if we all turn our energy outward, towards the cause, then we will all be a lot happier. So what can you do? I ask you this. How can you affect what is going on when you have so much homework, or so little time? I think that there are many things, small things that if we all take part in, will become easier than waking up in the morning. So get together for your cause or our scene, stay focused on your own interests if you must, but please if you have five minutes a day try and make a difference.

Corey Ponder

DJ Krush, "Messages At The Depth" (Red Ink) ★★★★★

DJ Krush shows himself, once again, to be a breakbeat master and top-notch producer. Plenty of driving beats and heavy bass lines. This album features the likes of Anti Pop Consortium, Sly and Robie, and Inden, the best Japanese MC I've heard.



PartySmart.org

A Zine For Our Scene

March 1, 2003

## Welcome

This is the first issue of Vibrancy, a quarterly zine published by PartySmart. The purpose of Vibrancy is:

- To highlight outstanding promoters, DJs, PartySmart volunteers, and everyone who contributes to the vibrancy of our culture.
- To encourage participants to take responsibility for the health of our community, including respect for our culture.
- To share news and opportunities relevant to youth culture.
- To provide a public medium for your creativity.
- To update our supporters on the work of PartySmart.



Photo:  
Kieran Foster  
Dopedesign.com

## Vibrancy

- Vibrancy 1** a news and arts magazine for the New Mexico Electronic Music Scene and for young people in the communities we represent.
- 2** the quality or state of being vibrant

- Vibrant 1 a** (1): oscillating or pulsating rapidly  
(2): pulsating with life, vigor, or activity <a vibrant personality>
- b** (1): readily set in vibration  
(2): RESPONSIVE, SENSITIVE
- 2** sounding as a result of vibration: RESONANT <a vibrant voice>
- 3** BRIGHT <a vibrant orange>



Vibrancy is published quarterly by PartySmart on the web, in print, and by email. The browsable version of each issue contains links to its printable and emailable versions, and links to all of the other issues, past and future.

## A "State Of The Scene" Address

Charles Johnson  
February 14, 2003  
Photo: Cliff Biniarz



As 2003 is underway, global pressure is surely mounting. The last few years have been intense, to say the least, which leaves all of us looking for a break. This brings me to the electronic music "scene."

Where is it? Where are people's heads at? Is the scene driven by music, by the DJ, by the promoters, by the producers, by the dancers, by the location? What is it that drives this scene of ours?

There are no easy answers, nor one definitive answer. If we look within, we might just find that there are a lot of different reasons and motivations that get us to the event and keep us there all night. What we can find is acceptance of difference, and accountability for the scene which we live. The scene is life, and where in life do we find that utopia, that island that is free of politics and free of judgment? We must learn to agree to disagree, and to find ourselves being respectful and perhaps teaching those who don't know. In this situation, let us be humble enough to grow and learn from those who do know. We all play the roles of teacher and student.

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How many of us know the history of the scene? How many of us know the difference between underground and commercial? Is there a difference? The scene is as sophisticated as the people who make it and live in it. We can no longer blame the scene for our unhappiness; we can blame only ourselves. Some of us who were fortunate enough to have known the scene long

and collective unification. Lying in the unconscious, from the depths of human experience, are the rites of passage. Expansion of consciousness, visions, trance dancing, and ecstasy are the timeless tools of our current awakening. The music, dj's, and dancers are ever evolving. We are co-creators in a sudden and spontaneous movement of energy. The love that extends to all individuals is itself the ecstasy. In certain moments, we catch a glimpse of one another, in the realization of the one collective being, the organism on the dance floor. *We* are the ones we've been waiting for. In the attainment of ecstasy, beyond the chemical, barriers that create separation dissolve; the true peace of unification is revealed.

Initiation into the sacred dance society is perhaps an essential step, not only to liberate ourselves from the oppression of laws that are born out of fear, but also to create an intention as to why we gather, dance, and expand consciousness. This realization is the very reason, the perceived threat, that causes such creations as the "Rave Act." It is therefore more reason for us to dance and evolve. Also, to redefine what it is that we're doing, the "raves" and their connotations may end, but the sacred dances will continue.

## Hip Tunes

Noah Harmon

★ Sucks!

★★ Worth a listen

★★★ OK

★★★★ Very good

★★★★★ Excellent

Amon Tobin, "Out From Out Where" (Ninja Tune) ★★★★★

While not as good as his last album, Supermodified, Amon Tobin's latest is still on the front lines of techno innovation. Tracks range from the futuristic hip-hop of "Verbal" to the mideastern space dub of "Proper Hoodidge," with plenty of good beats in between.

Add N to X, "As Loud As Nature" (Mute Corporation) ★★★★★

With much of the sensibilities of indie rock, and so experimental, Add N to X still manages to come up with an interesting and innovative sound, mostly a bit on the hard side.

Funki Porcini, "Fast Asleep" (Ninja Tunes) ★★

The dark, mellow ambient soundscapes of this album never develop into the beats they seem to be made for. The DVD this album comes with is more interesting than the album. It lives up to its name.

## The Sacred Dance Society

Steve Harkless  
 harkless.org/steve  
 February 25, 2003



The Fusion Fest is an annual festival that takes place in the forest near San Francisco, fueled by the sounds of nu-school breaks and psychedelic trance. This time, in August, 2002, it included an essential step for the liberation and focus of the dance movement. There were rumors in "the city" that the Fusion Fest had been busted and cancelled. In determination, we journeyed out to the site. On the way there, we saw an electronic sign that the sheriff had put on the road saying, "Fusion Fest Cancelled." When we arrived at the site, we learned that the sheriff had threatened to confiscate the sound system if the music was turned on. Apparently, the cultural events permit that Eyephunk Distribution had obtained was not sufficient. It wasn't seen as a cultural event. They needed a permit for amplified sound, even though we were on Indian reservation land. No music happened that night.

The following day, we bathed in the creek, drank coconuts and chai, and teased ourselves with small stereos. That evening we gathered at the main sound system for an announcement. One of the promoters, Adam, announced, "The Fusion Fest has been cancelled, a new event will take place, and we'll explain that." Julia, from the Eulyses Project came to the microphone. She is an ordained minister for the "Sacred Dance Society." She read to us the legal agreement that had been written up by Eyephunk's lawyer. It included that we would be dancing to amplified music, repetitive beats, shamanic type music, etc. After this, we all walked off of the land to end the Fusion Fest. Joining hands in a great circle, we gave a powerful OM and a cry to the universe. The unity and understanding was most alive. As we came back on the land, each one of us signed the legal document. In doing so, we were initiated into the sacred dance society by our minister Julia. The opening dance ritual was to begin at midnight. Had the sheriff returned, we would have argued our right to "freedom of religion."

This was not merely a legal maneuver, but the acknowledgement that the dance is sacred; dance is our religion, if you will. However, this religion requires no dogma and is simply the practice of free individual expression

before all the controversy and societal pressure are thankful to have known something so incredible. We have a responsibility to everyone who didn't get to be there, whatever the circumstances or reason. We have a responsibility to represent the way things used to be, by being understanding and supportive of the art and music that we are all experiencing. Now is all we have anyway. If we don't like what we see, we must find healthy ways to change it. How do we represent ourselves to our brothers and sisters in the scene? How do we represent the scene to our parents, our teachers, and the people who run things? The scene is not just the night of the event, but all the time. This is a full-time, year-round situation.

Dialogue between all opposite positions is necessary, if we want to experience peace. Communication is a strong avenue that can lead us to a better understanding of our world. We can make a difference, and it all starts with each and every one of us. We must *wake up* if we are to experience that which we all know ourselves to be. Not only must we forgive those who have wronged us, but we must also forgive ourselves.

The scene and the world are shifting astronomically and there is no safety net, but there are people out there, scattered around the global communities, who have the same concerns, questions, and longing for the happiness and clarity that we have. Let us not underestimate the importance of knowledge and the power of heart. Read, research, study, write, share, explore and create wisely. Love, and of course, *play!* We are the future, bless it! There is no reason why we should not start to or continue to expand and mature into adults who haven't forgotten what it is like to be young. We don't make policy yet, but we will someday. And to all those people who do, please hold in your heart the largest, most diverse picture of the world that you can imagine.

I pray we all remember what it was like to find a temporary liberation on a temporary dance floor, dancing to a nameless DJ whose selection was nothing but divine. I pray we remember the unity that we felt, if only for a moment. I pray we give thanks. I pray we all share our feelings and thoughts respectfully and intelligently about this scene and this world of ours. I pray that we all continue to find music and dance in our lives. Build, support, and create the scene you want to live in.

To all free individuals everywhere ... OM



## Challenges and Opportunities



Geoff Chesshire, February 24, 2003

Photo: Jessica Carey

The past year has been a challenging one for the electronic music and dance community, here in New Mexico and all over the U.S. The intense stigmatization of raves by the media and law enforcement in many parts of the country has made it difficult to gather all night to enjoy the music, the dancing, and the feeling of community that raves make possible. In New

Vibrancy is published quarterly by PartySmart, a non-profit corporation serving the Northern New Mexico rave scene and empowering youth to take responsibility for the health of their communities.

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Vibrancy is funded by you, or not at all. Please print copies from our web site at [PartySmart.org/zine](http://PartySmart.org/zine) to share with your friends.

taken a step back, organizing fewer events than they did in previous years. In turn, thousands of the people who form our community either have stayed home, waiting for the high-quality events they pine for, or have attended the remaining events in smaller numbers, hoping in any case to recreate the "vibe" that they fondly remember. Some who are old enough

Mexico, we are thankful that our culture has been shown more respect than elsewhere.

However, the effects of this nationwide pressure have been strongly felt even here. Many venue managers have shown reluctance to provide space for our gatherings, and even some of the most conscientious rave promoters have

It really wasn't different from any other car crash Death had witnessed before. They all were the same in Death's mind, all blended together into one endless gruesome memory. Death could recall the smells of burnt rubber and gasoline, the sounds of soft people colliding with hard pavement, the feel of blood-soaked vinyl seat covers. The driver's collarbone was smashed into bits and pieces. The impact on the solid metal sent his body into an awkward rotation, like a helicopter that had its tail removed by enemy gunfire. The driver's body was parallel to the ground spinning head over heels. He had completed only one and a half rotations when the rock tower slowed him down. He bounced off the stone like a pinball. Death could faintly hear the sounds made by a game in the arcades and convenience stores when the last ball falls into the void near the paddles. The driver skidded into sloppy green grass. He was going to die. His vital functions began leisurely to slow to a halt. The liver, which was in bad condition anyway, stopped functioning immediately, but that wasn't of too much concern. His heart, which would normally be pumping blood to his brain, decided to make a detour and send the blood to the pavement. A broken rib jutted through the right lung and halfway out the tissue of his back. What was left of his skin started to become flaky and blistered from the air leaking from the ruptured lung. His skin was like an old party balloon, growing crusty and as easy to tear as a wet cocktail napkin. His brain, although damaged beyond repair, still functioned in the sense that he could see his surroundings, but not react. His eyes were fixed in place. That's something Death saw a lot. His body lay in the road, his neck trained at an impossible angle, facing the car. The headlights shone into his unblinking eyes. The driver could almost feel the warmth from the lights, like two miniature suns that bring life to all of earth's creatures, staring right back at him. The ancient Egyptians believed that when the Pharaoh died, his soul would travel on a chariot of fire to the sun, where he would rest on high for all of eternity. Death didn't know what happened to the people he took, he just did his job. The driver could only stare. He wanted to speak, to cry out for help, but he couldn't, and even if he could have, no one was there to hear him. The headlights of the wrecked car began to attract moths and other insects. The driver watched the bugs flutter around, casting shadows onto his drained face. The illuminations emanating from the front end of the car began to fade for the driver. He hoped help would come soon. He thought that he had been lying there for hours. To Death it seemed like only a few minutes. The driver's vision was slowly fading to lightlessness. Gloom crept across his field of vision like the shadow of a lunar eclipse. All that was left was the body, resting on the ground, bordered by the phosphorescent glow.

Ian Benjamin

The driver, drawing a bottle of bargain-basement brandy from under the seat, finished it with a gasp of relaxation and disgust and heaved the bottle out the opened window. Death watched as the glass shattered, catching the light of the moon. It looked like a miniature big bang on the black asphalt. A million stars, born in a millisecond, settled in their respective places as the car kept on moving. It was a late night in northern Colorado and no one else was on the road. The driver reached into his breast pocket and removed a cardboard packet containing some cigarettes. He pulled one out and lit it with the dashboard lighter. Wisps of venomous smoke filled the driver's lungs as he inhaled. A smile tiptoed across his sun-baked lips. Death thought to himself that perhaps this person had never seen someone dying of emphysema, or black lung. Perhaps he was unaware of how horrible cigarette smoke was. Death had seen millions of smokers, usually sitting in a hospital wheezing and coughing. Other animals don't do things like this; they don't recklessly risk their lives for kicks. Death remembered a time when he had seen a small mouse who was so hungry it tried to steal food from the bowl of some pet dog. The mouse, knowing quite well that the beast was lying there in wait, scampered to the bowl and was instantly snatched up by the dog. It did it for the food, not for the thrill. Animals will explore and play, but never with such risky behavior, or at least not without knowing the risk.

A minivan passed dangerously close to the El Camino. Both Death and the driver saw the pair of frightened faces at the wheel. The driver just quietly laughed as he tossed the butt of the cigarette and lit another almost as soon as the embers from the first hit the ground flying by. Death had had his fill of watching this man. Death had other people to "visit." His cloaked arm, wrapped in the blackest cloth, rose. He drew the skeletal remains of an index finger from the sleeve and slowly inched towards the exposed skin of the driver's neck. The slightest touch grazed the neck-hairs. The driver felt a tingle in his spine where Death met flesh. The right, front tire exploded with a mass of sound. The driver, so startled the lit cigarette fell into his lap, turned the wheel rapidly left, then right. The car impacted the metal guardrail first. Sparks flew from the point where the recently-painted metal of the El Camino ground its blue shine into the steel. What was going through the driver's mind, Death couldn't guess. Death just sat in the back seat, watching the predicament unfold in slow motion. (Death watched everything slowly; it was the only way he could make sure everything he planned worked out). The still-speeding vehicle swam from one extreme side of the road to the other, then into some large granite rocks perched on top of each other. The car that had been travelling about sixty miles an hour stopped suddenly, almost instantaneously, as it smashed head-on into the massive natural rock tower. Death thought that this specific rock formation looked a bit like the north tower of Briston Castle, long ago. The driver, who carelessly forgot to buckle his seatbelt, flew headfirst into the windshield. His left shoulder blade clipped the corner of the car frame as his body continued to travel through the shattered safety glass.

have taken to attending nightclub events more often than raves, even though the alcohol-based economy of nightclubs profoundly alters the experience. This trend tends to segregate and fracture our community along the lines of age, resulting in further disrespect for our youth and stigmatization of our culture. This pressure on our community has even led some to question their participation. Our challenge is to learn from these experiences, and work together to create a healthy and strong community.

The challenges facing our community are opportunities for PartySmart to increase our impact. PartySmart's mission is to help our youth to create a healthy and strong community, through respect, responsibility, and active participation. By working together as a community, we will overcome these challenges. PartySmart has expanded beyond setting up information booths at raves; we have three major programs underway. Our Rave & Nightclub Health & Safety project has been our bread and butter; we have provided information booths with peer counselors at over 120 raves over the past three years. We are working steadily on our School, College & Community Outreach project, developing materials for classroom presentations, responding to requests for help with drug education from schools all over Northern New Mexico, and participating in statewide school health conferences. For our Youth Advocacy, Law & Policy Reform project, we participate in the New Mexico Alliance for Drug Policy Reform, working closely with the American Civil Liberties Union and the Drug Policy Alliance, and educating voters and legislators about law and policy issues facing youth and our community. In support of DanceSafe nationally, we have helped many other DanceSafe chapters to get started, including one in Southern New Mexico, and we have helped to develop new drug information cards. We hosted the national meeting of DanceSafe chapters in 2001.

PartySmart recently became a non-profit corporation, thanks to the support of our Board of Directors, Geoff Cheshire, Miles Conway, and Victoria Scott. DanceSafe and PartySmart both need your financial support in order to sustain our efforts. For our success, we need your participation in support of our community. We welcome collaborations with other youth-service organizations. Please visit our website, [PartySmart.org](http://PartySmart.org), for ideas on how you can participate.



Photo: Amber Ervin

## Redemption in Racine

Anjani Ziznewski, January 31, 2003

On November 2 of last year, the Haunted Theater of Southeastern Wisconsin held an electronic music event as a fundraiser for its business. The party turned out a little different than expected. I'd like to share with you my personal account of the evening. I have no doubt that you will find it interesting.

We arrived at the venue at around 11:30 pm. Great music, great people, and an awesome vibe. I hadn't been to a rave since I moved to the Midwest, and was getting down about it, so I was really excited when I got a hold of the flyer for this specific evening. Everyone was having a good time, and I was so stoked that I had *finally* stumbled upon the scene I had been missing for three months. It was turning into a really great night, but it was all short-lived.

Not more than an hour later, the music was shut down and the word of cops soon spread amongst the crowds. "No big deal," I thought, "raves got busted back home in Santa Fe. They'll just kick us out of the building." However, my assumptions couldn't have been more wrong. "Everybody on the ground!" a voice yelled out. Hmmm. The occurrence was already taking a new shape than I was used to. Between ten and twenty cops invaded the area, hands hovering over their gun holsters, ready to "take charge." Over 400 party kids were there that night, so it was a tight squeeze for us, but we obeyed their orders. From my position I could see up the stairway to one of the exits. There were two officers standing by the doorway, preventing anyone from walking out. The next ten minutes or so were a little chaotic; no one really knew what was going on. A girl next to me asked a female officer if she could use the restroom; she was denied that privilege. A few individuals stood up in the crowd, shouting words of encouragement and support for the large mass. "We all have the right to remain silent!" one older man shouted out. He was immediately handcuffed and taken to jail. Another younger fella was actually slammed against the wall, roughed up by a few cops, then hauled off to the station as well. Needless to say, these actions put a bit of fear into us.

I spent the next hour or so calling my friends back home on my cell, hoping they could give me some kind of advice. I knew the actions the cops were taking were unjust, but I didn't have any legal knowledge to back me up. Apparently, no one else did either. I made a few attempts to contact ACLU - the American Civil Liberties Union, but with no luck. I also made several calls to the local news broadcasting systems, to see if some media coverage was possible, but once again my attempts were unsuccessful. Here we were, being held against our will, and no one even knew about it. But what were we to do?



### Desert Sun

Sometimes, heavy of heart  
as love guides me  
i might be standing  
on the edge of the earth, about  
to fall.  
the winds lap my body like hounds so  
i'm blinded  
around me fair  
roses, moons, suns dance,  
creation undone?  
there's still the light that binds me.  
i am one.

Tracy

Photo: Geoff Chesshire

round & round

contemplating life  
sometimes drifting  
glancing backwards  
sometimes tripping  
looking forward  
sometimes falling  
steady focus  
sometimes blurring  
loving true  
sometimes fearing  
running strong  
sometimes walking  
being still  
always dancing

Christopher Boyer



Photo Kieran Foster

## El Camino

The blue El Camino roared along swiftly, taking turn after turn. The driver was enticing Death with every rotation of the black Goodyears on the asphalt. No real reason for going that fast, nothing pursuing the man, nowhere he needed to be. Death was sitting in the back seat, his crooked, bony finger inches from the back of the driver's neck. The El Camino slammed around a right turn at sixty-five miles an hour, kicking up dust and smoke, tires crying. Death was intrigued. He wanted to see how long this man, intoxicated with brandy and speed, could keep his vehicle on the road. Death sat back in his seat, humming a hymn that never was written. The car made too much noise for the driver to hear. They just kept going along the deserted mountain road. This was a new experience for Death. He had been at every battle of every war, picking and choosing those he would spare and those he would take. Death never just sat back trying to see what people enjoyed about risking their lives. Another hairpin turn sent the back of the El Camino within inches of the bare rock wall, but the ton of metal stuck to the road.

## Featured Volunteer: Antonia Montoya

Heather Cowan,  
February 25, 2003

Antonia Montoya has been volunteering with PartySmart since October, 2002. Even before beginning with PartySmart, she has been active and dedicated to the harm-reduction philosophy. She believes strongly in harm reduction, the philosophy that everyone does something that puts them at risk, and it is up to each individual to decide what's best for themselves. Since volunteering for PartySmart, she has graciously hosted trainings for other volunteers. She has organized meetings for the development of new drug information cards. She has written the new Heroin information card. She has been active in developing other drug cards through her participation online. She has offered to maintain and store a PartySmart booth here in Albuquerque so that Geoff doesn't have to drive down *every* time! She is coordinating the collaboration of PartySmart and New Mexico AIDS Services to increase the education and harm reduction available at raves and other settings. She has attended PartySmart meetings and is vocal about what she thinks needs to happen. She does what she can for PartySmart with limited time and resources and is



happy to be a part of the organization that keeps our community safe!

**Please visit our website: [PartySmart.org](http://PartySmart.org)**

**About Us: Mission, Vision, Affiliation, History**

**Programs: Rave Safety, School, Advocacy, Coalition**

**Contact: Supporters, Promoters, Volunteers, etc.**

**News: Politics, DanceSafe, New Mexico, Vibrancy**

**Youth Resources: Albuquerque, Santa Fe, etc.**

**Web Links: HR Groups, Drug Info, Education, Policy**

As time slowly passed, a few kids started making their way through the crowds of hot, tired and irritable ravers, waving little pink slips in their hands. "900 dollars!" I heard someone exclaim. "We're each getting fined 900 dollars tonight!!!" We were all very happy to hear that one ... as if anyone has an extra grand just lying about to hand over to some egotistical, power-crazed police officer whose priorities are harassing party kids instead of fighting some of the real crime that goes on in the world. AND SO, for the next few hours, one by one we received our \$968.00 tickets. The charge? To quote directly from my citation, "Inmate of Disorderly House - Controlled Substance."

Needless to say, the proceeding month was filled with much confusion, as the majority of kids who attended the party felt innocent of the charges. I'm glad some of us are still aware of our right to assemble peaceably! I spent a lot of time talking with others through online message boards and email. We had our court dates ahead of us, specifically the 2nd, 9th and 16th of December, and we were unsure of how this little episode would unfold. Many filed a complaint with the Racine Police Department, and filled out a form requesting assistance from the ACLU, who decided to take up the case. Well, this drew some attention from the "crime busters" in the Racine Police Department. Now a respectable organization was standing behind us, acknowledging the police department's wrong doings that night.

On December 9, I made the two-hour drive to the City Hall Annex Municipal Court, to find out that the Racine city attorney had offered to reduce the fine on the tickets for the alleged violation to \$100.00 for those willing to plead no contest. Unfortunately for them, no one bought into it. We knew better than to take the easy way out, and to admit guilt to a crime we didn't commit. Out of 442 people given a citation, there were roughly 40 people who actually pleaded "no contest."

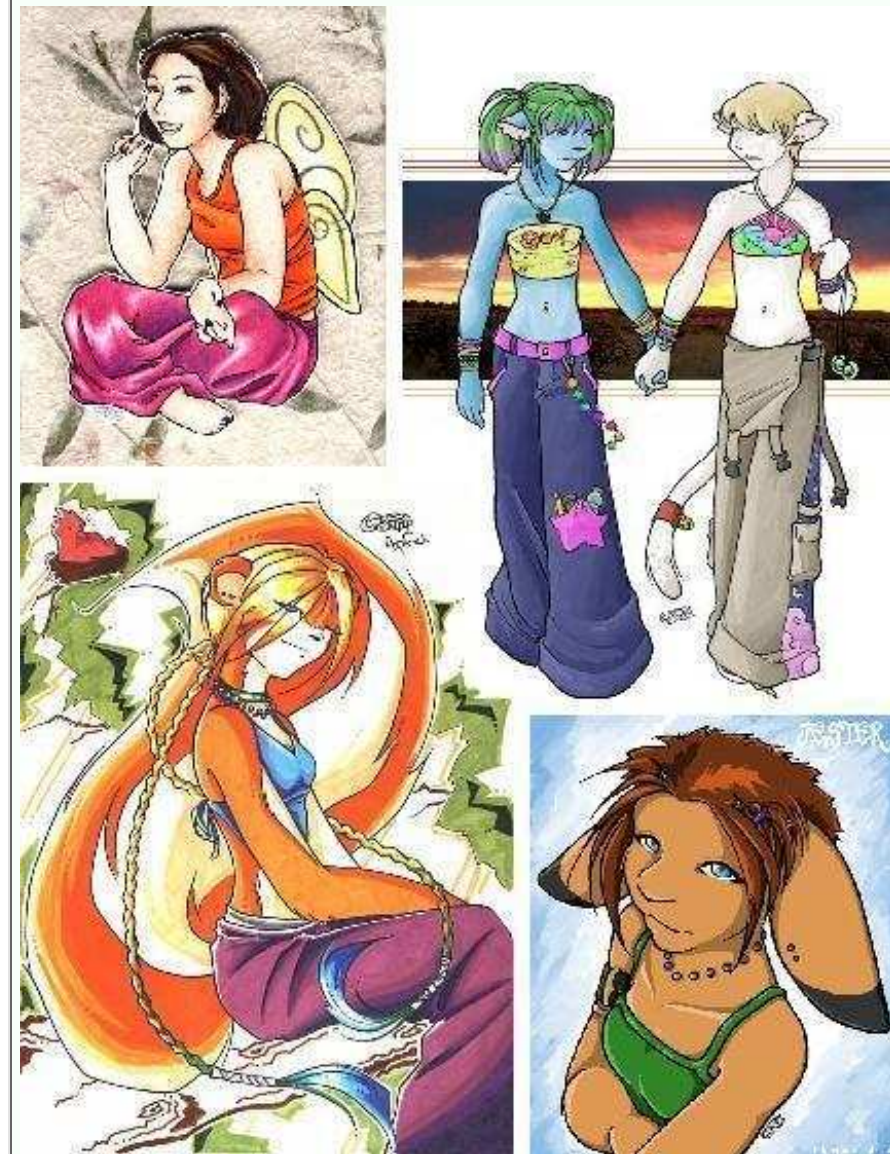
Surprise, surprise!

After two months of dealing with mixed feelings of anger, oppression, strength and confidence, our battle was finally over. On January 16, the press announced that the City of Racine had agreed to drop all charges against anyone who was cited while attending the event at the Tradewinds Banquet Hall. The dismissal resulted from a settlement between the City Attorney's Office and the lawyers from the ACLU of Wisconsin. It was a day of victory for those present at the Haunted House Party, but also a great day for the global community of ravers, and anyone who refuses to be anything other than themselves. My hope is that the events which occurred on November 2 will remind those in authoritative positions that we *are* in a free country, and that we haven't forgotten our basic rights. Our minds have not yet been so diluted that we can no longer think for ourselves.



Jaclyn Threadgill / Pyrobunny.com

If you have been waiting for the chance to share your art with a group of people who appreciate everything it has to offer, then here is your chance. Vibrancy is looking for innovative artists who appreciate music and life, and create high-quality art that other people can connect with and enjoy. What we love to see are artists who push the boundaries of their style and



medium, whether it be photography, graffiti or freehand, illustration or collage. If you feel your art is something that changes the world, shakes up the foundations of ideals, promotes a better habitat or is even just really fantastic eye candy, we have a spot for it. Our goal is to celebrate the creativity of our many scene members and their love for the scene itself. Share your work by publishing it in Vibrancy!