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Dana Copes and Hilary Penna

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.

Editors

News & Editorial	Geoff
Writing	Ian
Poetry	Kris
Art & Photo	Jaclyn
Design & Layout	Geoff

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Welcome

This is the second issue of Vibrancy, a quarterly zine published by PartySmart. We encourage you to submit news, reviews, interviews, original prose, poetry, photography, artwork, cartoons, and whatever else we can print. Please send materials for publication to Zine@PartySmart.org.



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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>



A Healthy Definition of Health

Geoff Chesshire, Aug. 22, 2003

PartySmart's mission is to **empower youth to take responsibility for health, safety, and respect, for themselves and for their communities.** It is therefore important to be clear about which definition of health we choose as our goal. Some would encourage us to take responsibility, while others would lead us delegate this to health professionals, agencies, and industries. Clearly we must choose from among the former, to be consistent with our mission. If we choose a definition that also subsumes safety and respect, so much the better; and better yet if our definition applies equally to individuals and communities. This is very important, because it helps us to understand our mission, and to choose program goals that support this mission.

The World Health Organization's definition of health is rather dated (1946), although it is still considered progressive for including a social dimension:

"Health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity."

This is somewhat circular, defining health in terms of its synonym, well-being. However, the main problem is that this definition implies that health requires the absence of disease. This might lead someone to blame their ill health on a disease, and delegate to someone else the responsibility for eradicating it. It might lead us to feel healthy while we sit like couch-potatoes in complete comfort, expecting others to serve our every need. Delegation of responsibility disempowers the individual, making the WHO

Health:

- The ability to manage or cope with physical, mental, emotional, social, spiritual, and other forms of stress.
- The ability to recover from disease, injury, insult, trauma, and other forms of strain.
- Health can be understood only in relation to foreseeable stressors and their consequent strains.
- Any living system has a state of health; e.g., a person, a family, a community, a society, the planet.

Related concepts:

- healthy ... unhealthy
- flexible ... rigid
- resilient ... fragile
- stable ... unstable
- vigorous ... lethargic

Hip Tunes

Noah Harmon is a very strange person who loves good music. You can hear him every Sunday night from 12-2 a.m. on 90.7 FM for the free-form extravaganza known as "Mixodelic."



Note on ratings: All opinions are subjective and this review is no different. Tastes may vary. Albums are rated by number of "good" tracks. An album that "sucks!" has no good tracks. An album rated "excellent" is more than just a series of good tracks; it is a listening experience in its entirety.

T-Spigot, "Experiments in the Hypnotic Production of a Crime" (Water Music) ★★★★★

This album is fairly evenly divided between dark IDM, up-tempo electro, and creepy breaks. The track "In the Isolation Tank" lives up to its name, with a desperate claustrophobic feeling; while "Power Age" is much more danceable, with a hard D&B backbone. Other tracks like "Pass the Ammo" would fit well with, say, DJ Shadow's work. Humorous and skilled use of voice samples throughout.

DAT, "Politics" (Chicks on Speed Recs) ★

Bad retro 80s electro. It's 2003, why can't we get past Soft Cell?

Burnt Freidman and the Nu Dub Players, "Can't Cool Dubbin'" (EFA/Nonplace) ★★★

As you may have guessed from the title, this album has a solid reggae dub sound. The lyrics are conscious and well sung. The beat is slightly off-kilter and may be difficult to mix. While not the finest effort from German native Burnt Freidman, he always produces interesting material.

I-Wolf Presents "Soul Strata" (Klein Records) ★★★

This is the first solo effort from former Sofa Surfer I-Wolf. If you are familiar with the Sofa Surfers, then you will recognize these bass-heavy yet downtempo beats. The biggest change is the strange style of west-coast soul that is added to the mix. While I normally don't like soul, I found these tracks provocative and entertaining.

Hint, "Portakabin Fever" (Hombre/Ninjatune) ★★

Very downtempo beats using guitar and classical samples. Many of the tracks have catchy melodies and use interesting sounds but lack complexity. Can work as background and in the mix, but boring as an album.

Club Zia

Kit Sebastian-Evans, May 27, 2003

Greetings, music lovers and supporters. My name is Kit, and I'm writing this contribution to Vibrancy in support of my friends over at the Zia.

Just recently, the Reporter wrote an update on our little town's nightlife scene. This included an article referring to the happenings over at the Zia Diner lately. Now, before I continue, I'd like to take a moment to remind everyone that this is a restaurant, not a nightclub. However, it seems as if a lot of folks may have been under the wrong impression about this whole deal, thus having high expectations that might not have been met, and as a result they are disappointed. I'm not quite sure what to say to those of you who fit into this category.

I will say this, though: we live in a town that squashes the voice of its youth — not to state the obvious or anything! I feel that we're lucky to get our hands on anything we can, recently. And a lot of people do not seem to notice or appreciate this. I'm nineteen years old, and I can assure you that the youth in this town are starving! I've lived in Santa Fe for eight or nine years, and I have always tried to help and support my local scene as much as I can, although there's only so much I can do, considering I'm not 21. That's right, I love art, I love music, and I love having a good time. But I, along with so many others, am being deprived of this privilege because I can't supply our local clubs and venues with alcohol profits. Sometimes I wonder, is it even about the music anymore? Was it ever about the music to begin with? Maybe not; maybe it's about getting your audience good and wasted for a nice long drive home.

Since our "peeps" at the Reporter are obviously comparing our friendly little establishment, the Zia, to places such as the Paramount and Swig, I'd like to run my little reminder by you one more time: this is a restaurant, not a nightclub. I know good people who take time out of their day to make this happen for those of us who still do this for the love. It's a mellow spot where you can go to meet people, throw a late-night munch, and enjoy some good music. It also allows local and out-of-town performers to come and display their talents when places like the Paramount won't give them a chance. I say it's time to stop hating and start supporting! Let's make use of what we have before it's gone.

The Zia will be holding a series of events over the summertime, including sound sessions and live performances, 11 pm to 2 am. Come check it out.

Synonyms:

- health: well-being
- flexible: adaptable, elastic, limber, pliable, supple, yielding
- rigid: impliable, inelastic, inflexible, stiff, unyielding
- resilient: durable, firm, solid, stout, strong, sturdy, tenacious, tough
- fragile: decrepit, delicate, feeble, flimsy, frail, infirm, weak
- stable: secure, stalwart, sure
- unstable: insecure, shaky, unsure
- vigorous: dynamic, energetic, vital
- lethargic: sluggish, stupid, torpid

Concepts related to stress and strain, and not to health:

- discomfort ... comfort
- disease ... ease
- disorder ... order
- imbalance ... equilibrium
- strain ... repose
- tension ... relaxation

definition inconsistent with our mission. In addition, this definition applies to individuals and populations, but not to communities, making it even less suitable to our purpose. The American Journal of Health Promotion definition is somewhat more progressive, including more dimensions of health:

"Optimal health is defined as a balance of physical, emotional, social, spiritual, and intellectual health."

However, this is completely circular; it might as well say, "You're healthy if we say so," or "You're healthy if your lifestyle is like ours." This, once again, disempowers the individual.

Clearly we need a definition that empowers individuals to take responsibility for their health. The one I like best so far comes from UBC professor James Frankish, quoted in "Health Impact Assessment As A Tool For Population Health Promotion And Public Policy," who defines health as

"the capacity of people to adapt to, respond to, or control life's challenges and changes."

This definition is completely consistent with our mission, insofar as it addresses individual and population health. However, it fails to address the issue of community health. A healthy community is not the same thing as a community of healthy individuals. In fact, such a community is probably not healthy at all, because it forgets how to help those in need. A healthy community thrives

while accommodating diversity among the individuals comprising it, including diversity of individual health. The definition of community health that I like best so far comes from UC Berkeley professor Leonard Duhl in his book, *The Social Entrepreneurship of Change*:

"A Healthy City/Community is one that is continually creating and improving those physical and social environments and expanding those community resources which enable people to mutually support each other in performing all the functions of life and in developing to their maximum potential."

I propose to synthesize from these a simple, yet powerful, definition such as:

Health is the ability of a living system to manage or cope with stress and to recover from strain.

Individuals, communities, and all living systems encounter stress and strain in a wide variety of forms, so this definition applies as well to communities as to individuals. We need to distinguish between stress and strain: stress causes strain, and strain is a consequence and indicator of stress. We can sometimes manage stress, but we cannot rely on prevention. Part of growing up is testing ourselves under stress, taking risks and learning from our challenges and mistakes; we cannot otherwise become healthy adults. We can reduce strain to the extent that we learn to cope with the stresses that cause it, using our resources of confidence, strength, and vitality; and in the case of communities, our caring, sharing, and solidarity. However, sometimes we can recover from strain better using our adaptability and flexibility, yielding like the reed in a storm that may uproot the oak. All of these abilities contribute to our health. Disease and injury are examples of strain, which may be exacerbated by ill health. Even a healthy person may become injured or suffer disease, or a healthy community may suffer a disaster. However, a measure of health is the ability to recover from these and other strains.

Any definition of health must take into account the range of anticipated stressors. In an otherwise healthy system, when unanticipated stressors are discovered that are beyond the ability of the system to cope, the system becomes unhealthy. For example, the dinosaurs were healthy until their environment changed. Some stressors actually contribute to health, such as physical exercise (taking into account the risk of injury) and learning from our mistakes (nothing ventured, nothing gained). The distinction between internal stressors (our personal choices) and external (environmental) stressors is somewhat arbitrary, and depends on the extent of our understanding of and influence over them. For a stressor to be considered internal, we must have both understanding and influence. This gets into the somewhat anthropocentric philosophical difficulties of

I have to give **MAD PROPS** to Phillip. You did a fantastic job for a Sunday night, and I thought. Security was done quite well. Thank you, Phillip, for a great night. That said though, I have to admit also that I am disappointed that Miss Lisa was in fact all hype, even though you assured me she was not. In the future, I would spend less money on limos and more on decorations, aesthetic, a real chill area; you know, focus more on the people that make this great culture what it is. In my opinion, the party is much more than just the DJ; the Rave is a multifaceted experience that takes lots of effort from lots of people. Placing so much focus on the DJ takes away from the sense of community, the sense that we each are equally as important as the other, because without each other, there is nothing.

Again, to be clear, I'm not dissing on anyone, I am simply stating my opinions on how I saw the night go down, and where I would improve, if I were in charge. In the end, I know I cannot stop this whole "hot girl DJ fad," but I'm not going to agree with it. Being a DJ has never been about gender, race, or religion. It's about the music and the people. DJs are conduits for love, freindship, community, and awareness.

Oh, and the face-painting lady was really dope.

Dropping Lyrics At The Frontier

Joveone, June 18, 2003

I was so thrilled by this, that I had to share it.

So last night I went out to the Anodyne for pool and beer. Left a little before last call and went up to the Frontier for a burger (I'm a simple man). As I'm standing in line, one cat starts beat boxing, right, so naturally another starts dropping lines. Next thing you know, I'm eating my burger and the same cat starts beat boxing, then a couple more kids started rhyiming. Well naturally I started rhyiming, kind of under my breath. Next thing I know some cats sitting near me are like, "Speak up!" so I start dropping seriously without a beat anymore. So this cat who was beat boxing hears rhymes coming from behind him and turns around, starts laying a beat down. Next thing I know, we have a five-way battle going down in the middle of the Frontier at like 2:45 am! It was SO hype! So then me and like three other cats go outside and drop more lines in the parking lot for another ten minutes or so, and then split. **I LOVE HIP HOP!** I didn't know a single one of these cats, and we all just kicked back and flipped rhymes in the early am, in the middle of a resturaunt. It's so good to see, because hip hop gets a bad rep due to thugs always trying to have beef and throw down. This shit was straight peaceful.

That's my story. I hope you enjoyed it. Hip hop, you are the love of my life!

Magnetism - DJ Miss Lisa

Donovan Livingston, August. 11, 2003

Before I say anything, I want it to be clear that, after talking with Phillip from Kayotic Productions, I was going to give Miss Lisa a chance; I was going to go in with a completely open mind. That said, here is my take on **Magnetism** (DJ Miss Lisa CD Release Tour, Albuquerque, August 10).

The first thing I see is a big black limo sitting out in front of the party, which obviously contained Lisa, but she didn't get out of the car until two minutes before her set. A limo? Come on, I thought we were trying to stay away from the hype.

So, she gets on the decks, and of course the whole crowd suddenly rushes to the floor. She proceeds to let the Reverend's (or Brandon's) last record end, then after a couple seconds of silence, starts her set. Now, anybody who knows me knows that I **HATE** that shit. To me, a good DJ will always mix out of the last DJ's record, no matter what. After you have mixed into your own record, then you can stop the music all you want, but stopping the last DJ's record is disrespectful, in my lame view.

Okay, so now the floor is hopping, as she is playing this really straightforward, hard techno (or that's what I call it). Very typical L.A. techno, I thought. Oh, and she did all this lip-syncing to the 80's techno remixes she played (yes, the violent femmes remix was dope). So I ask Phil if I can go behind the decks to observe. My first thought was that she was in fact mixing and not on some DAT or something. After watching her, I saw that she did nothing more than play records. That is, she would put a record on, let it play to the near end, then do a one phrase mix out into the next record, which 99% of the time built to a "drop" break, then back up into some more in-your-face techno. When the beat-mixing would start to fall off, she simply took out the bass, then the mids, then highs. In between these "mixes," she would do this very pretty thing with her arms, as if she were a model on "The Price Is Right." Oh, and lots of touching the frequency isolators, but never actually tweaking them.

So ... my guess is that this girl hasn't been spinning for more than 2 years. I'm also guessing that at each stop of her tour, she played the same records in the same sequence. I'm guessing that if you listen to her CD, it will sound exactly the same as her set. I'm guessing that because she is "hot" and we are such a consumerist society, that she can wiggle and vogue her way to success, as long as she keeps playing that in-your-face techno (I thought the music was actually good, for the most part).

free will, good and evil. For example, is body piercing to be considered creativity or self-mutilation, and who decides this? Who chooses which drugs are beneficial, and under what circumstances? In general, who decides which physical, mental, spiritual, or other ways of being are desirable or permissible, and by what means accessible? In order to be healthy, it is important for us to take responsibility for our own health to the extent that we have influence, and to seek and accept help from others when we need it.

In our society, we experience daily the extremes of conservative and liberal notions of community health. An extremely conservative notion might be that we can make a community healthy if we exclude, remove, or segregate unhealthy or otherwise different individuals. This leads to severe discrimination, as successively stricter definitions of normal or healthy individuals are applied, destroying communities in order to save them. This is externalization of internal stresses, denying responsibility for coping with them. On the other hand, an extremely liberal notion of community health might be that we can make a community healthy by expending massive resources to guarantee individual health, and by preparing for all worst-case scenarios, no matter how unlikely they are. This approach weakens the system to the point where its coping mechanisms become ineffective. This is internalization of external stresses, taking responsibility beyond the ability to influence. Both of these extremes are examples of unhealthy communities. Oddly enough, when it comes to the use of some drugs, our society takes both extreme approaches at the same time: we incarcerate thousands whose drug use we don't like, and we spend millions on ineffective prevention schemes. Somewhere in between the extremes,

there must be a balance between individual responsibility for individual health, and confidence in the compassion, goodwill, and preparedness of others in the community to care for the individual in need. In order to be healthy, a community must be capable of caring and must practice this response to individuals in need.

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Junebug 2003

Ian Benjamin,
June 22, 2003



Photo: Christalyn Concha

Well, to start off, I have to admit I haven't been to nearly enough parties this year, but I knew from the first day I heard the word "spring," that Junebug was on its way. This is one that I could not miss. I started that day waking up with a moderate hangover, far from my own bed. After getting a ride home, I spent the day burning CDs, packing my bag with water, chips and some warm clothes (forgetting the clean socks, as I do with every outdoor) and pacing my room waiting for four o'clock, at which time my ride would arrive. She came, and off we went in her blue Astro van. After stopping at that gas station on the way to Albuquerque, we luckily met up with some friends whom I hadn't seen in quite a while. It was a funny scene there: about fifty kids obviously off to Junebug were meandering about. When we finally got out to the site, it was probably around 8 o'clock, the sun was setting and the mountains had a mysterious glow to 'em. It was nice because it felt like they were always just ten feet away. I saw lots of people I knew, and many I didn't expect to find. I spent the first two hours just walking back and forth talking to people, and I most likely missed many people. The music wasn't exactly to my taste, but I spent a good time wailing my arms and stomping my feet to the beat. I definitely enjoyed Justin's set, especially the Coldplay Heaven and Earth remix towards the end of the set; I really think he rocked it right quick. Also, Donovan's early morning set was great. Most of the other time, I just sat on my blanket enjoying the scene and nacho-flavored Doritos. There was one point in the night when you could see cars going on for what looked like a mile and a half, and I was just simply amazed at the turnout.

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there were
 some fights,
 but I didn't
 see that. All
 I saw was
 smiling
 faces,
 dancing
 bodies and
 good friends.

It's a worldwide language
 it can make you smile
 it could make you cry
 it relaxes you
 it puts you to sleep
 it moves your body and soul
 It is music
 it lifts you up
 and pulls you down
 it sends chills over your body
 it helps you learn yourself
 it teaches you about others
 It is music
 It loves you to love it

Music is constantly
 running thru my head
 like a freight train
 shouting its melodic spell
 calming, soothing
 crying my story out loud
 Beats stomp through my head
 like the running of bulls
 making me tap my feet
 the words of others
 show me their emotions
 their stories
 their pieces of time
 You run thru my head
 like the tunes I hear

I see the faces
 each as different as the next
 each its own melody
 Yet we all dance to the same beat
 the same drummer the same time
 our notes scattered amongst the scale
 with the same beat leading us

Amy Bunner





Illusion

I'm searching for a heart — a heart of gold
 Something going deeper than the ebb and flow
 of stagnant water — trapped in a tide pool
 or that crap they taught me in class at school
 You want truth? — then stop and pause
 Take a look — look again — and think on what you just saw
 Illusion — shocking ain't it?
 Beauty on the surface is often tainted
 We need to quit playing off this attitude
 As we front and act foolish God observes and disapproves
 Now contemplate — Now what have we learned —
 A big pan of brownies and the sugar's burned
 You can take book-knowledge — merely stealing material —
 Another broken toy from the bottom of my cereal
 All in — out — sit and meditate and think about
 who is lost and who could really win —
 without accepting their humanity as kin
 So can you dig it?

C-minor



Pseudo Manitou

sometimes...

in a fit of artistry,
 in my very own personality,
 I forget to breathe.

I drown in this sensitivity to light,
 this play of color on your hands.

This ... way with words.

Love is such a beautiful ground
 to grow contempt.

Ideals flounder, fish from water,
 we're all desperately seeking
 the same thing ...

I forget sometimes,
 I must breathe to survive.

I'm lost in one of your pictures,
 a vast cavernous room,
 looming in its emptiness.

It lacks color, like my eyes,
 it lacks color like my lines.

Only the poet or the saint can water
 an asphalt pavement in the confident
 anticipation that lilies will reward his labour.

Kris Montoya



Nicolas Medina



Interesting Madness

Chrystal Axtell, 2003

Spiraling out of control. Deceiving those around me. Becoming what I hate. Pouring my heart out into an empty glass that now looks only half full. Where did the rest go? I possibly got thirsty and drank some, then offered my heart to some poor fool on the street. Knowing they didn't deserve it, I gave it anyway. I now sit looking at my half-empty glass and wonder how I'm alive when my soul is on the table. It sits and looks at me in disbelief. It didn't think I had the strength to extract it from my body. Feeling like I've won the battle, I realize the war has just begun. My soul sits and smiles, as it sees the changing in my eyes. It mocks my defeated mouth and laughs outrageously at me. It knows the path but will not tell me the secret. How do I get my heart back? Obviously, when I drank it, nothing happened. It didn't even quench my thirst. I move, ever so slowly; it watches me. Contentedly, with my plan I try and love again, but the full glass sits at home and waits. I return unlucky. It still sits on the table thinking to itself, "she gave up sooner than I thought." It is nothing, as nothing is to everything. The glass is half empty in a world that is so full. Bury it; yes, give it a nice headstone that reads "Rest in Peace." No, wrong word: "Pieces," yes, that's it.



Sad Man, by Rob Nakai

Down a twisted path. If there's a light, I can't see it, just a flash every once in a while. I breathe deeply now, trying to calm myself, realizing I am all I have left. I stop for a moment, look around. I'm surrounded by mirrors, each one showing a different side to my emotions. All of my split personalities in one room. They don't seem to like each other; their eyes all squint and roll. I begin to wonder if this is why I poured it out in the first place. It wanted to leave. I had just too much pride to let it leave on its own. It had to trick me into thinking it belonged in that yellow-flower chipped glass on the table. It smirks at me and the rest of them. I see in one reflection the glass is still full. I go to grab the glass, but hit the wall instead. I knew it couldn't be that easy; it never is. Contorting my mind to figure a way to get my heart back, my final solution is to sit and watch it. Nothing happens. Maybe it will miss me or want me. I'll wait for you, my dear love, forever, my soul.