



## Inspiration Movement Action

### Issue of the Issue: Mental Health

Letters on the topic from Colorado Veterans Alliance, National Alliance on Mental Illness-CO, Professor Donald Krill, The Legal Center for People with Disabilities and Older People, and DU's Health and Counseling Center

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### No End Incite

**Gut Check:** The sky is not falling and Denver has a lot of great things happening. This part of this paper details the on-going success of grassroots organizations in Denver, and solicits community responses on ways to solve the pressing issues that face us.

Let this section incite you to join in!

# Not Your Parents' Bus



## Ride with The Basics Fund: Serving up Denver, Boulder and Fort Collins

By Laura Katers

Roughly 400 twenty-somethings are kicking up dirt in the lower parking lot of Red Rocks before a recent Sound Tribe Sector 9 concert. The colorful crew — in beads, bandanas, and other paraphernalia — paid thirty bucks each for a ride to the venue and arrived on one of ten buses. A few of the buses, provided by The Basics Fund, or TBF, came equipped with DJ's, couches, and half decent beer on tap (for those of age). But TBF is not just another party bus operation; it's also a 501(c)3 qualified charity whose mission is to help raise funds for artists without health insurance.

Dustin Huth began TBF in 2007 when he noticed a few artist friends without the means to pay for healthcare. As the initiator of the good vibes stewing in the parking lot — including local DJs Ryan Nelly and Fisk doing their best to spin everyone into a frenzy — Huth is dancing in the foray, his blue eyes lit but tired from driving the STS9 show the night before. As we talk, the last TBF bus pulls up and everyone cheers. For a brief instant, one can't help but wonder if many of those on board came explicitly to Red Rocks for this show.

**Laura Katers:** What led you to the role of advocate for artist's health insurance? Basically, why do you give a shit?

**Dustin Huth:** I give a shit because art is the reason we are here. Art transcends function and validates our existence on this planet. People who devote their lives to creating art should receive the same benefits from our society as those who take corporate jobs and are provided health insurance that way.

**LK:** As someone who has frequented many shows, I've never heard of The Basics Fund. Is word of mouth responsible for the huge turnout at some of these shows?

**DH:** Yeah. If kids are hearing about what we do from other kids, it means we're doing a good job. But one of the best things to also happen to us is our relationship with Euphonic Conceptions. They started using us last January to bring kids to parties after their Re:Creation events. They also threw info about us on STS9.com and we brought hundreds of kids to their after party and got them home safely.

**LK:** Many TBF riders are in their twenties and into having a good time. Have you had any "good times" gone awry, or any difficulties with such a young crowd?

**DH:** Kids are going to go to shows and get fucked up. Good luck changing that. What you can do is make it as safe as possible for them, and that's what we do. The people that ride our buses are not driving and drinking so I

think that shows a lot of maturity and social responsibility on their part.

**LK:** To add to their social responsibility, many riders are aware of the healthcare-driven concept of TBF. They are satisfied not only to get a safe ride but also in knowing that their money is headed somewhere positive. Is there a TBF synopsis delivered en route to the shows?

**DH:** All of our drivers have their own version of the announcement. Generally, it starts out with "Ladies and Gentleman!!! Everyone looks great tonight!!!" From there he or she will explain the TBF concept as well as thank everyone for contributing.

**LK:** The first bus you bought, the iconic Worland Warrior Bus, seems to be at the center of every party.

**DH:** It is! In 2007, my friend David Gray of Shades of Gray Productions wanted to get rid of the bus — acquired from Worland High School in Wyoming — and gave me a really good deal on it. I bought it thinking that I could use it to send artists on tour. We had taken the bus to Bonnaroo a few times before this decision was made and were able to pull off trips for so much cheaper than it would have been for everyone to drive himself or herself. People felt compelled to give me money for organizing it. That's when I realized that this was the perfect way

- to raise money for The Basics Fund.
- LK:** Was there any artist in particular who inspired you to take on this project?
- DH:** Jonson Kuhn is a perfect example of an artist who is so devoted to his work that he simply will never hold down a job that would provide him with insurance. And he shouldn't have to because he is always working and creating new and important writing. That is his contribution to society and we're going to make sure that if he gets sick or injured he can get medical attention.
- LK:** How many artists have you been able to help? And by help do you actually buy them insurance? Give them a stipend?
- DH:** We've been doing this for just over a year and are in the process of signing on our 4th artist. Basically, when we raise enough to pay for six months of health insurance, we'll add an artist from our waitlist. We have them apply for the insurance and then we pay the tab. Simple as that.
- LK:** How many others are involved with day-to-day operation of TBF?
- DH:** There is me, and Charlie Kern, who handles the reservations and bus parties. We also have a bunch of awesome drivers and a pretty solid volunteer promotions team. With Charlie having the bus thing under control, I can free up some time to work on the administrative side of things like building relationships with other non-profits, getting grants and donations, researching artists, and spending time developing the original concept.
- LK:** It seems you started this ride, literally, with very little save for a load of enthusiasm and a huge, empty bus. Where do you see TBF headed, besides another rowdy show or eclectic art destination?
- DH:** We are constantly thinking about how we can make The Basics Fund a company that benefits people and the planet on every level. We're doing the dirty work here. We're getting in there where shit is questionable, and trying to be a positive force. Anyone can have a goody-two-shoes charity that's sterile and politically correct and does its fund raising with \$1,000 a plate dinners. That's not our style. We came to keep it real. We found the main nerve, and for some reason it seems to like us. We're just going to continue to let this thing continue to become whatever it wants. —Incite

To sign up or to see a list of upcoming events: [www.thebasicsfund.org](http://www.thebasicsfund.org) or call Charlie at 303-931-1904.



Bus drivers for The Basics Fund. Dustin Huth on bottom left.





## Why I Do Not Trust People

Wanderings of a Double-Crossed Mind

By Jessica Gabriel



There are about a thousand and one reasons the citizens of the modern world are justified in withholding their trust of the populace at large. Identity theft, theft, scam artists, postmodern artists. There are a great number of people, things, organizations, bagged vegetables, fury animals, cell phone providers, and Saturday morning cartoons not to trust. Most of us lose this innocence of believed integrity, oh, around the time puberty sets in, I would imagine.

Remember this, if you will. You bestowed your trust in Janey and Mitch (I assure you, these names have been chosen at random to protect the lying, dirty nimrods you once believed to be your friend and love interest, respectively, the bastards) to behave themselves as they worked together on the newspaper back in the eighth grade. You rushed into the press room to deliver the photos of the field hockey team before deadline, only to find Janey and Mitch much more interested in their own competitive game of *hockey de tonsil*. Tonsil hockey, for those not up to par on their foreign languages.

In this instant, you learned to never trust another living, breathing soul, and to guard your heart with a mental device — something in the fashion of a chastity belt for your emotions. Only your medieval father doesn't hold the key, as you caught him snooping around your room, and now you don't trust him either.

I think this is how most people lose their confidence in *Homo sapiens* and become more familiar with *Homo falsus*: false man.

My disillusionment came at the merry wee age of three, a decade or so

before the snarls of puberty trapped me.

Once upon the 1980's, my very young family decided it would all be great fun to take the three year-old of the family camping. In what would later become known as the infamous "Camping Trip from Hell," everyone packed up, buckled in, and waved to the lucky chuckles that got to stay behind. It wasn't the torrential downpours, the marshmallow-burned fingers, the bloodsucking vampire mosquitoes, the splinters, or even the varied and intense grumpy feelings that most ruined my trust of humanity, no. It all came down to one moment, at the beginning of the trip when bluebirds still sat on our shoulders, that caused me to abandon all faith.

First pit stop of the trek: Grandparents get out first; Grams buys cigarettes. Pop pumps gas. Mom goes to retrieve the photos of the field hockey team before deadline, only to find Janey and Mitch much more interested in their own competitive game of *hockey de tonsil*. Tonsil hockey, for those not up to par on their foreign languages. Suddenly between my gaze and my mother's back, I see a small girl walking towards me. My age! My size! Same three-year old mode of dress and saunter! Mind you, as an only child, other kids are holy grails, God himself if they happen to be even remotely close to your age. With a smile I start walking towards little Janey (we'll keep the name of betrayal consistent here for literary effect) and to the happiest of my happy surprise, she extends her arms forward in the grandest gesture of a hug from one lonely traveler to another.

## NOT CATHY



-MAR BENNETT-



Glory be! What divine providence! A hug! I start towards little Janey with the quickness only a three year-old can possess, my arms outstretched and ready to meet this gas station embrace. We collided there, between our brown Mazda 626 and the convenience mart, with the gas pumps as our witness and the hug that ensued was of a stature never before or after matched in sincerity.

Or at least that's how the story went in my small brain; how the event should have happened. Alas, I was not met with two welcoming arms around my midsection in glee; instead I was affronted with two hands sticky from little kid filth locked around my throat. My arms waving goofily at my sides, little Janey proceeded to choke the living daylights out of me with a blank stare and, what I'm sure to be exaggerating in my memory, an evil little smirk.

Speechless from first, my stunned state of mind, and second, my lack of airflow, I could think of nothing to say or do. Looking just over my assailant's head, I saw my mom rush towards me and swoop in like the cavalry. Salvation! Mom: 1, Little Janey Devil Pants: 0.

I don't remember much after that, other than of course the horrendous camping trip that ensued in much the same fashion as this gas station trauma.

I do know that when my mom tells the story, it all comes to a quiet close with the recollection that after prying me away from the clutches of Beelzebub's only offspring, little Janey's human parental female gave my mother a Medusa stare, as if she was the one who had had congress with the beast and spawned Satan Jr. Ah, the characters of life.

The story I have relayed to you, my friends, is the reason I do not, cannot, trust the stranger at the gas station, the late-night infomercial, the weekly advice column, anyone looking for a free hug, really.

Reader take heed: Sometimes an honest hug is a toddler strangulation in sheep's clothing. —Insight

## "Whatever?" by: Joseph Smith



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