

# PUNCH

Art . Music . Stuff

January 2004

New Year's  
Resolutions

Advanced  
Yoga Postures



Poetry Fit  
for The Pickin'

Knit Wits  
and Slipknots

# Issue Four

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# America: Of Love or Hate

by JS Ruze

Dichotomies are so delicious and comfortable—right or wrong, good or evil, black or white. That's why we enjoy a long soak in the silky bath of monochrome.

While a world of power differentials, diverse social configurations and unfulfilled dreams grows more complex, we seem to choose ignorance. In that decision is the negation of both the past and of the expanding interdependencies to come. Blinded to how ying suddenly becomes yang and how far the spectrum of possibilities stretches, we mindlessly paste on bumper stickers to stay close to what is familiar and acceptable.

The messages are so easy: If we stay on the surface and eliminate THE OTHER, we become protected and saved. And why are WE worthy of the bright light? Because we are wealthy, powerful, in control and can choose to be periodically generous. We SHOULD be loved. Love us, and you too are painted with the glow. There are no gradations on the arc—just the other, the unblessed, the feared.

Accept no easy answers: resolve to think differently, twist the mind-body into some unimagined shape, weave the fragmented elements of your life into something more coherent. It is never too late to scrape the platitudes off your car window or wash the dung off your boots. One by one, the shades of meaning may appear.



## Casey Wagner *Remixed*

When we asked Casey Wagner to give us a few of his photos for this month's Punch, he probably wasn't expecting us to start screwing around with them. But we did.

There were parts of the photos that really drew us in, so that's what we printed—our favorite parts of the greater whole.

To see the full shots as Casey intended, go to [www.punchzine.com/casey](http://www.punchzine.com/casey).

# Pickers

by Mary Frances

## 1. In the City

Standing in line  
on shiny concrete floors  
in a Seattle grocery store  
I am impatient and flabbergasted  
with a shopper who complains  
about a feather  
found on an egg in her carton of 12.  
“How disgusting. I want a new egg.”

## 2. I know where they come from

The last batch of eggs from Upper Badger Pocket  
had straw on them  
and a little bit of poop.  
The eggplant,  
a residue of sunshine and muddy earth.  
The fuzzy peaches,  
leaves attached. And a spider.  
My mouth waters for the magenta plums  
that fall from the tree on Sprague Street  
with a haze of frosty white humidity.  
I race the crows  
picking from the ground  
fruit  
at the same time grabbing grass blades and morning dew,  
mixed and glistening.

## 3. Winter Tomatoes

I have just learned  
that the beautiful tomatoes which I am about to eat  
were picked in Florida by Mexican slaves.  
Standing in line at my local grocery store  
I did not see or smell  
the sweat, the exploitation.  
I saw an inexpensive red tomato.

# Scarf it up.

*...a year in the life of a knitting novice*

*Armed with a couple of sticks and some gumption, Joanna Horowitz set off more than a year ago on her first knitting project. She's not alone in her desire to reclaim a craft once only associated with grandmothers. According to the new knitting book *Stitch 'n Bitch* by Bust Magazine's Debbie Stoller, over 38 million people in the U.S. knit, and the percentage of women under 45 who knit or crochet has doubled since 1996.*

## **Nov. 2002**

I pick up knitting needles for the first time with the intention of making a pair of mittens. I know nothing about knitting, let alone purling, casting, binding or anything else. My roommate shows me a very complicated way to make a slipknot and how to make a knit stitch. I fake the rest and it takes me a month to make the cuff. I give up when I can't decipher the rest of the pattern.

## **Dec. 2002**

I decide to try something easier and buy some cheap, thin, black and white yarn at Fred Meyer. I think perhaps I will crank out a scarf and give it as a Christmas present, but with my roommate gone for Christmas, it takes me a whole day to figure out how to redo the slipknot and cast on (get the first stitches on the needle).

## **Jan. 2003**

My New Year's resolution is to finish the scarf before the end of winter and maybe give it as a Valentine's present. I finish a black stripe and switch to white—a major accomplishment!

## **Feb. 2003**

It becomes clear I will not finish for Valentine's Day. I am a little discouraged. The scarf is only 12 inches long and I still have about 40 to go—I probably won't be done until Summer. At this rate, I should have knit a bikini.

## **March 2003**

The scarf sits tucked in a corner of my couch. It taunts me. I knit a few more rows, but I'm too impatient. I put the scarf in my closet so it will stop looking at me.

### **April 2003**

Out of sight, out of mind. I have forgotten about the scarf.

### **May 2003**

A friend mentions the possibility of starting a knitting group. I remember the scarf and pull it out of the closet, full of guilt. I feel compelled to finish it to prove that I can successfully knit something. I knit six more inches, but then become disheartened that it is almost summer.

### **June, July, Aug. 2003**

Too hot to knit.

### **Sept. 2003**

I open an issue of Glamour and see a black and white scarf almost identical to what is tucked away in my closet. With renewed effort I begin knitting again with my eye on Christmas.

### **Oct., Nov. 2003**

Slowly but surely it grows.

### **Dec. 2003**

I knit constantly. I develop a callous on my left index finger. My wrists ache. Finally, two days before Christmas I teach myself to bind off (end the stitches) and tuck the loose ends away. The scarf isn't the prettiest thing in the world—one end is considerably wider than the other—but it's finished and it's warm. I think maybe I'll never knit again, but a few days later I find my fingers itching for the comfortable twist and pull of the yarn, and I miss the constant click click of the needles.

I've started another scarf with renewed determination. It's amazing what a little confidence will do.



# New Year's *Resolutions*

How many times have you vowed at the onset of another New Year's clean slate to shape up your life, start to diet, improve your love life or stop smoking? And how many times, come February, have you found yourself still fucked up, fat, lonely and one month closer to lung cancer? But don't despair, here are some resolutions just about anybody can keep, guaranteed to make your year a little brighter.



- Water your plants enough to keep them upright.
- Collect the change in your sofa and buy yourself a Slurpee.
- Call your mom.



- Trim your nose hair and/or cut your toenails.
- Find a better job or at least daydream about one.
- Get only sort of completely drunk every weekend.



- Buy more music from Rodeo Records.
- Stop buying on QVC.
- Try to touch your toes every morning.
- Visit [punchzine.com](http://punchzine.com) regularly.



# The Notebook Series

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# Advanced

by Justin Gibbens

# Yoga Postures



## Flying Squirrel

### Mainutsaraykināsana

Lie prostrated on your belly with your head facing down on the ground and your arms at your side.

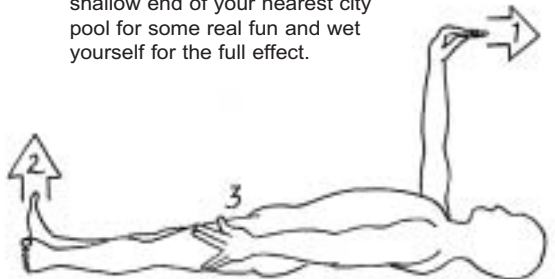
1. Spread your legs apart and out to the side while pointing your toes away from your body. Keep your legs straight and extended if you are able.
2. Press your pubic bone downward so that the "jewels" maintain contact with the ground.
3. With your palms facing downward, extend your arms out and away from your body. Consider the imaginary flaps of skin that would connect your arms to your legs if you were a flying squirrel gliding from tree to tree (indicated by dotted lines in schematic drawing).
4. Press the crown of your head away from your shoulders. Allow the pressing to elongate your spine.

## The Yellow Submarine

### Wēyalivonthayelōsubāsana

Lie on your back with your legs together. Raise your right arm straight up in the air.

1. With your fingers together, turn your raised hand so that it faces forward. This is your periscope.
  2. Point your right toes upward and allow your left foot to fall to the side. Your feet have become the rudders of your submersible.
  3. While keeping your left arm at your side, flash the Vulcan sign by spreading your ring and middle fingers apart. We're not sure as to what part of a sub's anatomy this evokes, but it sure does look sweet.
- Now, take this posture to the shallow end of your nearest city pool for some real fun and wet yourself for the full effect.





## Wind-Releasing Devil Hūfahtedāsana

Standing upright with your legs spread slightly apart, make two fists and raise them up to the sides of your head, thumbs facing inward.

1. Lift your tailbone and allow the lifting to extend your torso forward.
2. Press your heels downward and allow your legs to lengthen ever so slightly.
3. Point your index fingers upward while maintaining clenched fists with remaining fingers.
4. Fire away, baby. Relax that sphincter muscle of yours and witness the spectacle and pageantry. Pent-up demons, be gone.

## Sharpshooter

### Pudahkapenyōhassāsana

From locust position, continue to press the tops of your heels upward until your legs drop down in front of you and your toes make contact with the ground.

1. Bring up the squeeze and press the pubic bone upward.
2. Expand your chest by pressing out through your chest points. We realize that according to the schematic drawing, it may appear that your belly should be doing the pressing here rather than your head. Well, never mind the drawing. The drawing is wrong.
3. Reach your arms out in front of you by sliding them between your legs. Create a gun with your hands by interlacing your fingers with the exception of your index fingers, which should point away from you as if they were the barrel of your Colt .45.
4. Arch your feet and press, forcing your knees upward and allowing you to maximize your accuracy and aiming potential.
5. Fire off a few rounds just for shits and giggles.





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