

# PUNCH

Art . Music . Stuff

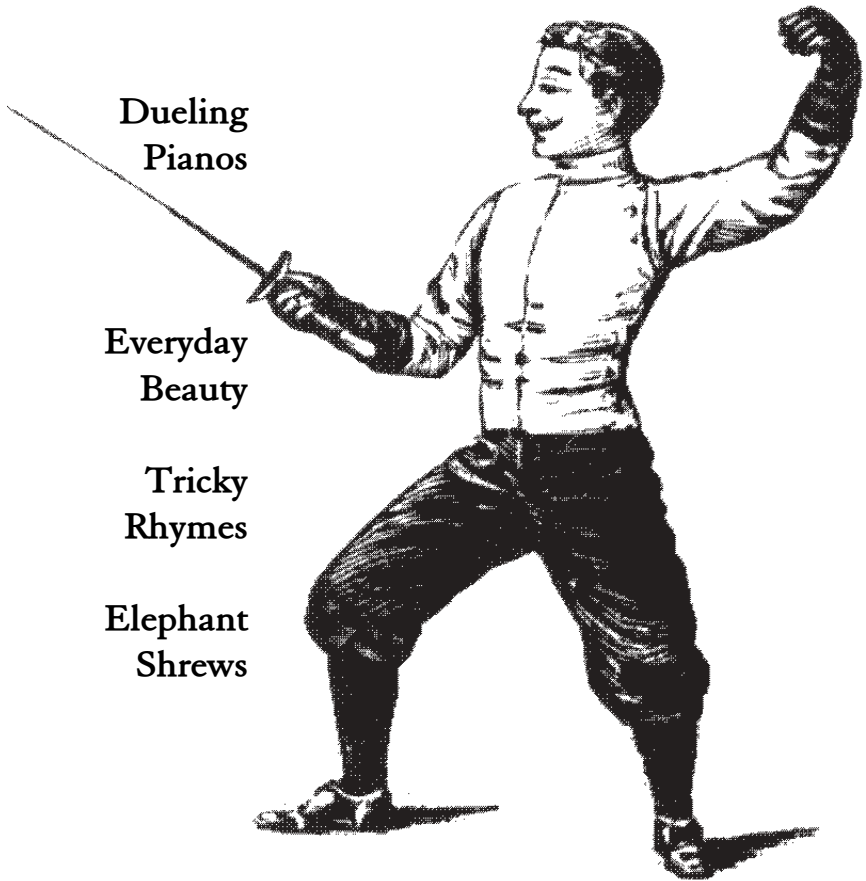
July 2004

Dueling  
Pianos

Everyday  
Beauty

Tricky  
Rhymes

Elephant  
Shrews



# Issue Ten

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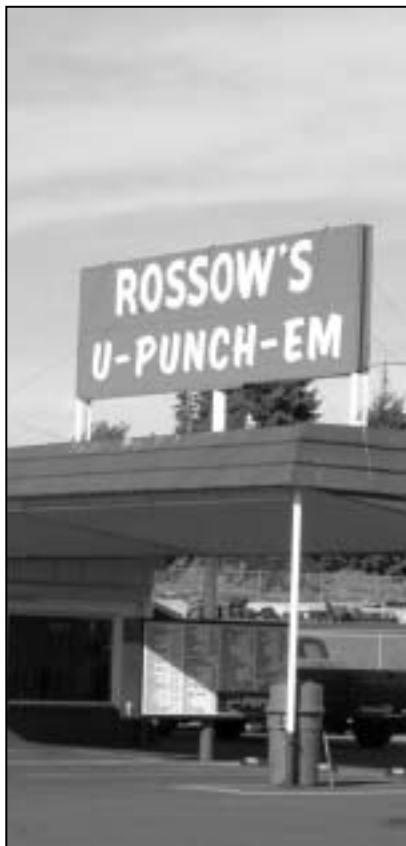
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## Punch

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Pam Ingalls, *Retro*, 48" x 60"

# Beauty in Everyday Life

Pam Ingalls **(at)** Gallery One

Whether it's a table with chairs, a diner counter top, rubber boots standing by a kitchen door, even a bowl of cherries – the paintings of Pam Ingalls evoke a sense of humanity and presence, as if someone is either about to enter the frame or has just left it.

Her work will be on display at Gallery One July 2-31 along with the Annual Shhhhh! Silent Auction. The artist reception will be July 9 from 5-8pm.

**July 2-31, 2004**

Opening Reception  
July 9, 5-8pm

401 N. Pearl Street  
Ellensburg, WA 98926

# Liquored-Up Love:

## Dueling pianos strike the right chord

### by Virginia Tonic for a ladies night out



**Come On Boys—  
Let's Hear You Play!**

Ladies, 'tis the season of summer weddings.

And for many of us that means a fancy new dress, painful shoes, hot accessories, expensive gifts and the almighty – though sometimes regretful – bachelorette party.

(That's right fellas, you may get drunk with strippers, but we women also know how to send the soon-to-be ball and chain off in humiliating style.)

Now, when my friend and ex-roommate Lori got engaged, we did her right with an Ellensburg beer-fueled bachelorette party. We dressed her up in ridiculous clothes, pasted a couple phallus-shaped temporary tattoos to her chest, kept the celebratory drinks flowing and, of course, took lots of pictures.

Now that was nice for college. But we Wildcat alumni are now all grown up with semi-professional jobs. So when another of my ex-roomies was about to tie the knot, we moved the party over to the big Emerald City.

Here the possibilities are endless – strip clubs, drag shows, dance clubs and the Castle Super Store. But my old college chums decided to pick the lamest locale of them all – a dueling piano bar.

I kicked, I screamed, I threatened to request Billy Joel's "Piano Man" 500 times. Alas, the reservations were made and I reluctantly laid down a \$7 cover charge for what would be, as it turns out, one of the most fun ladies nights ever.

The fabulously talented men of Seattle's *Chopstix* dueling piano bar didn't just tinkle the ivories of the Siamese-twin organs, they wailed and rocked and slammed piano lids as our table slammed down the drinks.

If you're not familiar with piano bars – as I was not – here's how it works: You get there early – reservations on a weekend are a must – and savor a good dinner and get a jump on your drinking. Then, around 8pm, the piano men – there were three who rotated – come out and give a little demo of their talent. After that, all night you fill out little slips of paper with your requests.

Attaching \$30 to your request will get the bride-to-be up on the piano and a dirty song sung in her honor. Attaching \$1 will not get you anything.

Letting the pianist pluck a couple of bills from between your breasts will get you any tune you want. Slipping the cash-strapped musicians \$100 will stop a rousing rendition of "Jack and Diane" mid-song for your aching James Brown needs.

Now, don't waste your money on the standards, they will eventually be played. There's going to be Billy Joel, Elton John, Queen, showtunes and Neil Diamond. But don't be scared to make these guys work for their chord-changing cash.

This particular night, the multi-genred guys busted out Outkast, the Ramones and AC/DC. If you haven't heard "You Shook Me All Night Long" piano-bar style, you haven't lived my friend.

However, another classic rock tune proved to be too complicated as the ebony and ivory aficionados refused to play "Take the Money and Run."

I thought this would be the perfect song, because everybody knows the words and there's that fun clapping part. However, I was told the song contains difficult chord changes.

As the night wore on, and I had moved from gin and tonics to shots of tequila and Coors Light, my polite requests degraded into full-blown heckling.

A sure-fire way to NOT get your song played is to yell, "How do you not know the chord changes? It's the Steve Miller Band, not fucking Mozart." (I have since sent my sincerest apologies attached to the sheet music.)

The only thing that made up for the Steve Miller-less evening was seeing one of the sexy girls who did get her song played by bribing the piano players with her plastic boobies, puke her guts out in the bathroom sink.

OK, here's how you too, can have a night of drunken debauchery with its own soundtrack, visit [www.choptixpiano.com](http://www.choptixpiano.com) or call 206-270-4444.



# Zebra Mussels and Justin Gibbens <sup>(at)</sup> 423 Barnacle Dogs

Twenty-some-odd years ago when Justin first began moving graphite on paper, he concerned himself with the childhood standards: dinosaurs, creepy-crawlers, monsters, aliens and other freakish fauna. Twenty-some-odd years later, he's still pretty much doing the same. Referencing 18th and 19th century natural history illustration, these drawings offer us peculiar and improbable glimpses of our unimaginable world, while alluding to evolution, biological diversity and the origin of species.



**Opening Reception  
July 2, 2004 • 5-8pm**

423 N. Main Street • Ellensburg, WA



# The Breakup

by Karl Righteous

A Smoking Story

Look, baby, we've got to talk. You know I love you. It's not that I don't love you, I mean we've been together for 12 years now.

But this relationship just isn't good for me anymore. Frankly, I don't think it ever was. Yeah, I know we've had some good times since we met at that Spindoctors concert in '92, but you've hurt me too much.

Look, I know you're satisfying. I know you can be really hot. And I know you've gotten me through some rough times. But that's not enough to make me forget what a controlling little devil you are.



I'm sorry, baby. It's just that you're killing me. Literally. Every time I see you, you fill me with dozens of carcinogens. No, no! Don't tell me to remember the good times! I know I'm going to miss you, but I have to be strong.

Sure you've got a great butt. That isn't the issue. The issue is how since day one you've done everything you can to tear me down. Remember how I was when we first met? I was just a kid, and you'd been around the block a few times. I was healthy, strong, nice-smelling. Look at me now! You've nearly ruined me altogether.

Don't give me that you-came-to-me shit either. I remember how we met. But you know damn well I never meant to get serious. You just wouldn't let me go. You started showing up


everywhere I went, like some kind of stalker. Before I knew it we were seeing each other every day – sometimes as many as 20 or 30 times.

Well, I've had enough. For real this time. I'm not coming back, so forget about it. And stop looking at me like that. I've fallen for you come-hither look before, but now I really hate you.

And stop acting like you're taking this so hard. You know you'll find someone else to latch onto. I see you with other guys all the time, and they still find you very appealing.

As for me, I'm turning my back on you. It'll be hard at first, I know. But I'm stronger than you. I don't need you. I hate you.

You lousy bitch.

A decorative border of intricate floral and vine patterns runs along the top and right sides of the page.

# Women enjoy being envied

DONT  
WORRY  
ABOUT THE  
BOY,  
YOU ARE IN  
CONTROL

by Jennifer L. Miller





# E PLURIBUS UNUM

by Matthew Trickey

Alone in the Council of Voices Many, Conscience sits and prays.  
A devout and loyal member, he is often dismissed these days.  
Once upon a time he was known to speak at noble length,  
But now it seems that some of the others have a newfound strength.  
The sound of popping corks and caps echoes all around  
And soon the feet are no longer sure of where to find the ground.  
Libido, Ego, and their merry brothers hear their favorite song  
While the disabled tongue of Conscience is forced to sing along.  
Surrounding sources of stimuli are reduced to a dizzy swirl.  
Reality is tipped-up on its end and all reason is set a-twirl.  
Conscience sifts between the wild, wishing battle against the din.  
Rejection soon finds abandoned Conscience on the outside looking in.  
But when morning comes and the others clasp their throbbing heads in pain  
They're quick to agree that Conscience should never be ignored again.  
For an adjacent body, naked and nameless, appears from beyond the haze  
And now the Council of Voices Many collectively sits and prays.



# Horoscopes

by Vic McNamara

## **Cancer (June 21 - July 22)**

It's July and it's getting hotter. And that sulfur smell is getting stronger too. It's because you've died and gone to hell. Enjoy the lake of fire and don't be late for the 5pm buffet ... of misery.

## **Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)**

Swimsuit season is here, and as usual you aren't in shape yet. Don't worry; stop eating now and you'll be there by August!

## **Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 22)**

Violence is never the answer ... except sometimes. So go ahead, cut that drifter up. If you don't get him, he's going to get you.

## **Libra (Sept 23 - Oct 23)**

July will be a rough month for you, Libra. First you'll lock your keys in your car. Then you'll lose your wallet. And then you'll get pinned under a big rock in the desert where insects and buzzards will slowly eat away your flesh.

## **Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)**

Thanks for picking me up at the airport, sweetheart. This month will bring you good fortune because you are clever and really hot.

## **Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)**

Vermin! You are not fit for life on this earth. Your day is near, Sagittarius. Wait, this is July? You'll be fine this month. I was giving you August.

## **Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)**

With Independence Day this month, it's time to declare yourself free ... from pants. Let it all hang out, Capricorn. It's your right as an American.

## **Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 19)**

Take some risks in July, Aquarius. You'll succeed in whatever you try, because you are the smartest, most handsome person in Ellensburg.

## **Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)**

You'll have a highly successful Fourth of July barbeque. Beware on the Fifth, though, because that potato salad you bought was swimming in salmonella-laced mayo.

## **Aries (March 21 - April 19)**

Make sure you wear a full-body swimsuit this summer – not to protect yourself from the sun, but to protect others from the trauma of seeing your sickly pale skin and abundant body hair. Ugly.

## **Taurus (April 20 - May 20)**

Something bad will happen. You're horrible. Yada, yada, yada. Damn it's getting hard to write 12 of these every fucking month.

## **Gemini (May 21 - June 20)**

See Taurus.



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## Call for Kittitas County Artists

The Gallery One Annual Juried Art Exhibition will be held August 6-28 and is open to all Kittitas County Artists. Cash prizes will be awarded.

Entries must be dropped off at Gallery One July 22-24 & 26, 11-5pm There is an entry fee of \$5 per piece for members and \$7 per piece for non-members.

The juror is Esther Luttkhuizen. Luttkhuizen, co-founder of Esther Claypool Gallery, is presently working with Grover/Thurston Gallery, Seattle. She was juror for CoCA's 2003 Northwest Annual. Esther is a member of ArtTable, a national nonprofit organization for professional women in the visual arts. She has been associated with the Francine Seders Gallery, the Henry Art Gallery, and the Urban Institute for Contemporary Arts. As a studio artist, she was recipient of a New Jersey State Council for the Arts Individual Fellowship and a Ludwig Vogelstein Foundation Fellowship. She received a Master of Fine Arts from the University of Washington School of Art in 1993.

For a prospectus please call Gallery One at 509-925-2670.

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