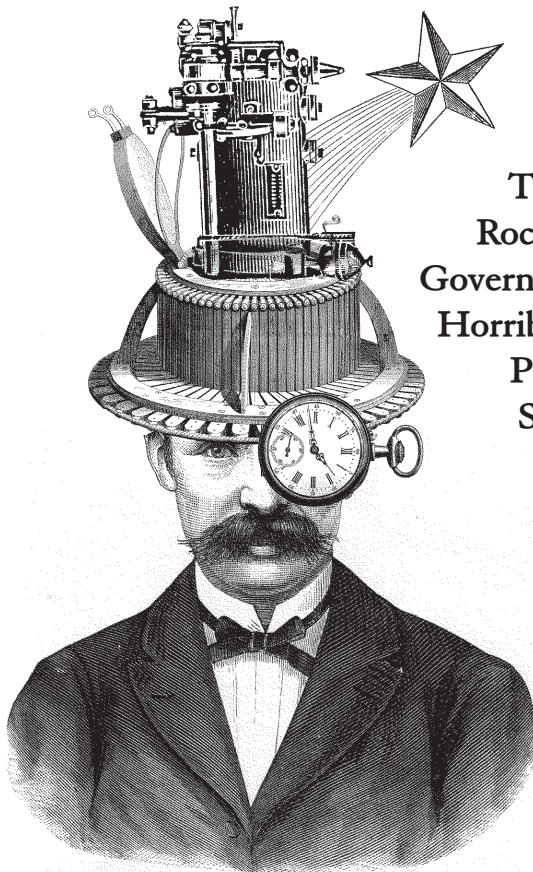


PUNCH

Art . Music . Stuff

November 2003



The Simulator®
Rock Your Turkey
Governor Mix-A-Lot?
Horrible Horoscopes
Puzzled at Glue
Scorpion Rising

Issue Two

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On The Cover

Logo design for The Simulator® taken from the book *Run Plant Fly* by Roslyn-based author Ellie Belew. A book launch party is scheduled for First Friday, November 7, from 5 to 8pm at 423 N. Main Street.

More information about The Simulator® and *Run Plant Fly* is available at www.TheSimulator.com.

Glue Gallery Equivalents

423 N. Main Street
GLUEGALLERY.COM

Puzzle Boxes by Joanna Thomas



Opening Reception
First Friday
November 7, 2003
5-8pm

#11, from Equivalents (Detail)
2002, puzzle box, puzzle pieces,
solvent transfer, 11" X 8.5"

Run Plant Fly

GALLERY 423
WILL HOST A
BOOK LAUNCH
PARTY FOR
ROSLYN-BASED
AUTHOR
ELLIE BELEW

NOVEMBER 7
5-8PM

423 N MAIN ST



Imagine this: an odd-looking woman past her prime. She shows up for track and field, every practice. And somehow, is allowed. Training for the pole vault. Focused in a way that would scare the rest of them except she's old, think the young ones; female, think the males; a novice, think those with experience.

Run plant vault, that's what the coach tells them. Sprint down the tar. Plant the pole tip far ahead and keep running into it, tension building. Then vault. Arc up, riding the pole, testing the laws of physics in slow slow high motion.

This woman trains. She practices, craving the hovering altitude. A faint smell of old piss, or maybe vinegar.

Then comes a day. At a windblown track chill shadows hang like curtains on the spring afternoon. It is her turn to vault at the sparsely attended, strictly amateur track meet. Other members head to the team bus. She runs. She plants the pole solid into the pocket. She vaults. The pole falls from her hands as she crests the bar. And she keeps rising. I wouldn't call it flight exactly. More like a helium balloon cut loose.

Run. Plant. Fly.

Voladores. They play their flutes and drums from a rickety bit of scaffolding lashed to the peak of a tall pole, the bottom of the pole buried in the earth. Voladores: six in number, for the directions; men, to fly. They step off the tippy top of what is barely a platform. Each steps into the air and twirls downward, together they spin like a maypole.

Flutes and drums from below as they circle, round and round, down and down. The miracle? Their return to earth, sometimes with a bounce as the streamers go tight at their ankles.

Have you ever stepped off into pure air, knowing you don't have wings?

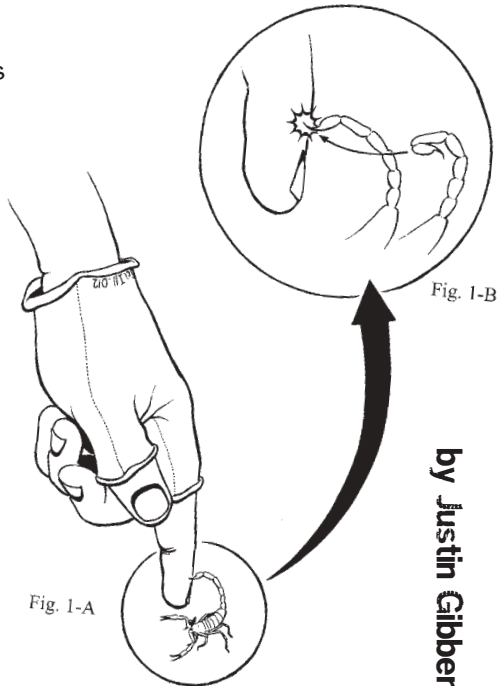
And is it flight, to take such a step? Do the birds and flying ones look down and wish and dream about those of us who are earthbound, those of us who crawl and walk and swim?

Principles of the Scientific Illustration:

Drawing Glove #012 Doesn't Make You Impervious to Scorpion Attacks

By now you've realized the benefits of **Drawing Glove #012**, used for scientific illustrations. The comfort, convenience and style of this particular drawing glove is unmatched by any other products on the market. Now comes the time for some precautionary advice:

PRECAUTIONARY ADVICE:
The user should not get too taken away by the 100% cotton weave of this glove. The confidence that the glove can illicit by allowing one to achieve a higher quality of unmarred work doesn't transfer over into intimate interactions with certain creatures of the animal kingdom.



by Justin Gibbens

Take for example *Uroctonus mordax*, a seemingly benign and elusive scorpion of the Pacific Northwest. This cute, unassuming little guy (length: circa 1.4 in.) can really pack a punch! (Fig. 1)

Now, as a Certified Scientific Illustrator, your interest in the natural world is probably insatiable. This appetite for wanting to investigate the world around you should be tempered with some good old-fashioned common sense:

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED COMMON SENSE: *If you find something beneath a rock that is slightly pale yellow, has two claws and a long, segmented tail culminating with a needle-sharp point and basically resembles a lobster, DON'T TOUCH IT.*

Remember: **The Drawing Glove #012** is for your paper's protection, not your own.



2004

SIR MIX-A-LOT

FOR GOVERNOR

A dream by
Jock Sultry

Punch Capital Reporter

OLYMPIA—In a move he said was inspired by the recent political success of Calif. Gov.-elect Arnold Schwarzenegger, Seattle-based rapper and MC Sir Mix-A-Lot announced today he will run for governor in 2004 as a Democrat, joining a swelling field of candidates chasing party front-runner State Attorney General Christine Gregoire.

Mr. A-Lot's candidacy, a surprise to many in state politics, promises to shake

up what was thought to be a one-horse race.

"At the very least, my run for office will put the funk back in functional, efficient government," Mr. A-Lot said amid cheers and early '90s Arsenio-style "woofs" as he made his announcement today on the Capitol steps.

Mr. A-Lot, 40, was born Anthony Ray in Seattle. He rose to fame with his platinum-selling 1987 debut "Swass," but it was his

Grammy-winning 1992 song "Baby Got Back" that gained him lasting notoriety. Playing on the lyrics of that song today, Mr. A-Lot promised to rebuild Washington's slumping economy:

"Those other candidates can't deny.

When a mack walks in with a solid economic-development package

And fiscal responsibility in the public's face
He gets votes!"

It is clear he plans to rely on his musical accomplishments to draw interest, but Mr. A-Lot is not without public-policy experience. From 1996 to 1998 he served on two separate governor-appointed legislative oversight committees. Following Mr. A-Lot's terms, Gov. Gary Locke did not reappoint him. Many believe the slight was a result of the Locke-A-Lot rift that began after Mr. A-Lot sponsored the controversial "Ho-Lympia" initiative in 1997.

Always the diplomat, Mr. Locke said he holds no political grudges and may even endorse Mr. A-Lot in the rapper's bid to succeed him.

"Changing the name of Washington's capital to Ho-Lympia was a stupid idea in 1997 and it's stupid now," Mr. Locke said. "That doesn't mean Sir Mix-A-Lot can't be a wonderful governor. Fo shizzle. Holla."

Other big names in Washington politics also embraced Mr. A-Lot's announcement. Sen. Maria Cantwell, in a Washington, D.C. media conference call, referred to Mr. A-Lot as "a master of economic policy, fiscal policy and rump-shaking beats."

"I owe much of my political career to Sir Mix-A-Lot," Ms. Cantwell said. "My body image and self-esteem were at all-time lows before 'Baby Got Back' came out. Realizing many people *like* big butts gave me the confidence I needed for holding an elected office."

Reaction among Republicans was predictably lukewarm by comparison. State Sen. Joyce Mulliken, a former public school teacher, said she has



never considered rap, "or anything urban for that matter," to be a viable means of governance.

"This is a joke," Ms. Mulliken said. "I've seen it in the youth of today—'Whassup' this, and 'In da house' that. I don't care if you're Snoopy Dog Dog, it doesn't translate to sound public policy."

Mr. A-Lot said he will not be deterred by his critics—particularly Mulliken.

"See why I wanted to change it to Ho-Lympia?" he said. "Mulliken can do side bends or situps, but Gary Locke's got my back."

The sound of the male falsetto conjures images of classic '70s rock and '80s big-hair metal. But, to the detriment of the music industry, contemporary artists have taken a turn downwards on the scale. Here are five newly released albums with singers who stretch their ranges and do so with hilariously rock 'n' roll results.

Pretty as a

by Joanna Horowitz

Songbird



Ima Robot

Comprised of some of Beck's backup musicians, this California electro-synth-pop outfit is not only musically tight, lead singer Alex Ebert has that analog new wave yelp down to a science. High Note Highlight: "Black Jettas" (*Ima Robot*, 2003); Ebert mimics the screech of tires then deadpans, "Was it a different haircut or did she get fat?"

The White Stripes

What's a gritty garage duo without the wail of raw rock 'n' roll? Meg White pounds out brash beats and Jack sings like a possessed choirboy. High Note Highlight: "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself" (*Elephant*, 2003); Jack sings, "I need your sweet love" with a force that would rival Linda Rondstadt's version of this Burt Bacharach cover.

The Darkness

Where there's a unitard, there must be big hair, big guitar solos and octave-busting singing. Evoking the spirit of Kiss and Queen, this U.K. band has adopted a huge U.S. following thanks to the soaring castrato of Justin Hawkins, who declares his right to love and his right to punch anyone who gets in the way. High Note Highlight: "Love on the Rocks With No Ice" (*Permission to Land*, 2003); Hawkins hits a note on the word "love" higher than most of his prospective dates could.

Electric Six

Part disco, part metal, this Detroit sextet bring Tenacious-D-type humor to songs about dancing, gay bars and Taco Bell. High Note Highlight: "Danger! High Voltage!" (*Fire*, 2003); Jack White joins singer Dick Valentine for some back-up vocals on this summer's hit. "Don't you wanna know how we keep starting fires? It's my desire, it's my desire," they sing like there is a fire in their pants.

The Rapture

New York's current "it" group picks up where The Cure left off. The foursome combines jerky post punk with danceable beats while singer/guitarist Luke Jenner sounds like he's being strangled. High Note Highlight: "House of Jealous Lovers" (*Echoes*, 2003); Jenner screams "Shake dooooooooooown!"

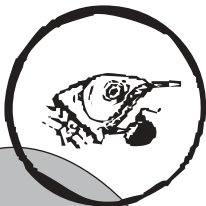


by Joanna Horowitz

10 Ways to a rock 'n' roll Thanksgiving

1. Leather pilgrim outfit. Bonus for stiletto penny loafers.
2. Get a camera crew and make a reality show of your family dinner. Say f**k a lot.
3. Make those cut-out paper hand turkeys, but trace only your middle finger.
4. Convince Grandma she'd enjoy dinner a lot more in Kiss make-up.
5. Insist that the turkey is served raw.
6. Refuse to call the holiday by its official title. Instead, only refer to it as "spanxxx-giving"
7. When asked what you'd like to drink, answer, "Love on the rocks with no ice." (See **The Darkness**, next page).
8. Call mashed potatoes by their true name: mosh potatoes. Put your head in the bowl.
9. Overdose on stuffing. Pass out on the floor. Refuse to move until there is an intervention and you are forcibly taken to rehab.
10. Two words: Turkey baster.





Scorpio (Oct 24 – Nov 22)

November is a time for Scorpio to examine himself inside and out. Thanksgiving is a good opportunity to tell the whole family you're gay.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 – Dec 21)

The cold weather brings you warmth this month as you find love in an unexpected place...the state prison pen pal program. I see conjugal visits by Christmas. Use protection—no matter how Icepick says it "affects the sensation."

Horoscopes

by Vic McNamara

Capricorn (Dec 22 – Jan 19)
You will have a chance this month to use your intellect as well as your charm. Just remember, though, Roofers are expensive so you need to make the most of each one. Try using just a half pill at first.

Aquarius (Jan 20 – Feb 19)
Trust your gut feelings this month, gorgeous. You could be in for a financial windfall.

Pisces (Feb 20 – Mar 20)
You will feast this month on the entrails of the damned. May the fires of hell consume the infidels. Also, is that a promotion at work I see on the horizon?

Aries (March 21 – April 19)

The stars say this is a promising time for you. The rest of us know better, you are a kin' loser.

Taurus (April 20 – May 20)

If the world gets you down this month, think of *The Great Gatsby*. Gatsby never gave up—until he was shot to death...as you will be. Right around Thanksgiving.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20)

Don't even bother getting out of bed this month. Except to see a doctor, which you should do immediately. That itching isn't going to "just go away" no matter what your boyfriend/girlfriend told you.

**Cancer
(June 21 – July 22)**

Everybody knows what you did to that hitchhiker. And look, man, it's cool by me. One fewer longhair, am I right?



Leo (July 23 – Aug 22)

Take a chance this month. You will be lucky in love and at work. For you, of course, that just means you'll find a nearly unsoiled porn mag in the dumpster when you take out the Burger King trash.

Virgo (Aug 23 – Sept 22)

Bitch, what I tell you 'bout my money? Damn straight! I don't care 'bout no slumpin' economy. Getcho ass out there and turn some tricks or I'll cut yo ass. Bitch.

Libra (Sept 23 – Oct 23)

You will accomplish important goals this month. Just remember, though, you're still not thin enough. If you insist on binging, you've got to remember to purge.



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