

PUNCH

Art . Music . Stuff

May 2004

Greatest
Rock 'n' Roll Event

Punch
Drunk Love

Reel Big Deal

Body Language



Issue Eight

Punch is published on the First Friday of each month in Ellensburg, Washington.

Contributors, send information to: submit@punchzine.com.

Advertisers, request information at: ads@punchzine.com.

Justin Beckman - Publisher/Designer

Joanna Horowitz - Editor

Contributors:

Vic McNamara

Dan Handsome

Virginia Tonic

Jonathan Urlie

Punch

PO Box 555
Ellensburg, Washington
98926-0555

www.punchzine.com
mail@punchzine.com

Copyright © 2004



SUBMIT (at) PUNCHZINE.COM

Events

Photography

Reviews

Fashion

Opions

Politics

News

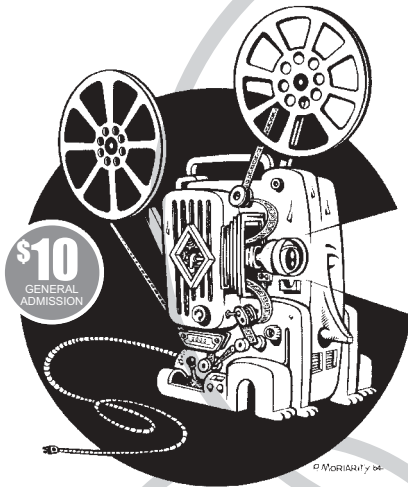
Fiction

Music

Art

artist || TRUST

Reel Big Deal



Artist Trust's Reel Big Deal will highlight the work of artists working in film and video. The 90-minute program will include self-contained shorts and excerpts from larger projects, representing a diverse collection of narrative, documentary, animated and experimental work.

Featured directors include Artist Trust grant recipients Iole Alessandrini, Aaron Bourget, Stefan Gruber, Beth Harrington, John Helde, Wes Kim, Pat Moriarity, Danielle Morgan, Heather Dew Oaken, Mark O'Connell, Matt Wilkins and Jim Woodring.

Friday May 14, 2004

8:00pm

Black Hall - Room 150

Central Washington University

\$10 General Admission

All proceeds will help fund Artist Trust programs and services for Washington state artists.

www.ArtistTrust.org

Reel Big Deal is presented by Joan CawleyCrane, a faculty member of CWU's Department of Art and a member of Artist Trust's board of trustees. Reel Big Deal was curated by Artist Trust board member Ken Rowe, dean of the School of Digital Arts at Henry Cogswell College and a multidisciplinary artist working in digital media, and David Miller, Artist Trust's director of individual gifts, a former Eastern Washington resident and a writer, actor and director.

The Greatest **ROCK 'N' ROLL** event of all time

Review

by **Dan Handsome**

Photos
by **Virginia Tonic**

We love Dan Handsome. With opinions like the Punch Bowl being "The Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Event of All Time," who wouldn't love him?

A big thanks to everyone who helped make the Punch Bowl a success!



Literally dozens of lucky rock 'n' roll fans were treated last month to what can only be referred to as The Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Event of All Time.

I speak, of course, of the Punch-sponsored "Punch Bowl," an evening of local music that could bring Mick Jagger to his knees and make the pope weep. Sadly neither Jagger nor the holy pontiff were able to attend. The pope, however, did send a congratulatory fruit basket, which concert organizers said had mangos and was very thoughtful indeed.

The April 16 show began with the Dreks, a two-piece experimental outfit that employed computer samples and a jacked-up Fisher Price Speak-N-Spell. The duo's sound defies description except to say it could work as the score for a David Lynch movie, set in some sort of post-apocalyptic industrial wasteland. In other words, it was totally awesome.

Cha Cha Galore, two young women faced with the unenviable task of playing folk music directly after the Dreks, acquitted themselves admirably. Having distributed T-shirts prior to their set, they were immediate fan favorites. Lifting vocals and

crowd-pleasing covers helped Cha Cha overcome some early technical problems. By the end of their set, the crowd was chanting "more Galore," and a local dog had donned one of the aforementioned T-shirts.

Another change of pace—in an evening seemingly designed around odd sonic juxtaposition—swept the stage in the form of Common Creature Catcher. It can be said that if the Dreks are a dry martini and Cha Cha Galore is a fine red wine, Common Creature Catcher is a stiff scotch and soda. A drum and bass duo with a decidedly tongue-in-cheek aesthetic, the band is no joke when it comes to ear-bending creativity. Even their version of "Milk, Milk, Lemonade" could come across as heartfelt if you didn't catch the wonderfully childish lyrics.

The highlight of the show for me, besides my smuggled whiskey, was the penultimate act, the Jesus Chords. Mixing honky-tonk with garage rock, the Olympia-based outfit hit just the right tone for an outdoor Ellensburg rock concert. A few old-timers from the Elks club even wandered over, fooled by the Jesus Chords' cowboy hats. This, however, was not music designed for fraternal lodge dwellers. It was crisp, spirited and just raw enough to seem entirely genuine. Jesus himself would have been proud of these namesakes. In fact, he would've said they were "kick-ass."

Then the headliners, longtime local favorites Log Hog, closed the show with a rambunctious half hour of Beastie-style hip-hop. They were, in fact, outrageous enough that they drew the night's first police visit, always a feather in a band's collective knit cap. Before being shut down, though, Log Hog duly funkified the scene, providing a fitting exclamation point to the Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Event of All Time.

Log Hog



The Jesus Chords



Common Creature Catcher



Cha Cha Galore



The Dreks





Seeing is Believing, Natalie Niblack

Body Language

(at) Gallery One
408 N. Pearl Street

Three regional artists will come together to display their work at Gallery One for the exhibition "Body Language" May 7-31. Kim Newall, Kathy Ross and Natalie Niblack will explore the human form and its mythologies and psychologies using bronze sculpture, massive paintings and intimately tiny mezzotints.

A Vashon Island artist, Newall received her bachelor's degree in fine art in sculpture from the University of Washington in 1983 and has been an artist-in-residence with Washington State Arts Commission since 1992. Her work is included in many public collections including ones at the University of Washington, Stanford University, Ohio University and in the Metro/King County Public Art Program.

Ross, a Seattle artist, has shown her work throughout the state and has won awards in a number of juried shows. Her work is in collec-



Forest Exchange, Kim Newall

tions at the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington, DC, and at the University of Washington Medical Center. Her work was featured in Ellensburg's Sarah Spurgeon Gallery for the



Bird Watching World, Kathy Ross

"What A Doll" community-wide exhibition in 2002.

Niblack, a Mount Vernon artist, attended the University of Montana and the School of Visual Concepts in Seattle and received her master's degree in fine art from Edinburgh College of Art in Scotland. She has had her work in solo and group exhibitions throughout Washington and Scotland. Niblack is the gallery director at Shoreline Community College. Her work was featured during Ellensburg's "What A Doll" show at Sarah Spurgeon Gallery on the Central Washington University campus.

An opening reception is planned for the First Friday Art Walk from 5 to 7pm May 7. The artists will be present to discuss their work with the public.

Prime Time

new photographs by Justin Beckman



4
2
3

423 N. Main Street • 509-925-4278

Liquored-Up Love: Singing the Sweet Melodies of Drinking and Dating

Since 1995

by Virginia Tonic

Musicians—Goddamn I love them. My mom calls them my fatal flaw, I call them my forté. Formally trained jazz phenoms, pop/folk bal-ladeers, "the amateur," experimental, hip-hop, punk rock...makes no difference to me. It's like an American music history class where you get to sleep with the teacher.

I had my first musician at 17 and never looked back.

That first one and I would drink cheap beer and boxed wine his mom would buy for us. He played—taught himself by ear—piano, guitar, clarinet, sitar and pretty much anything else he could get his hands on. The same went for booze.

One night we lay in bed and drank strawberry Boone's while he read me his poetry—it sounds like a horribly cliché Cameron Crowe film, but it was romantic.

He resembled Christian Slater with acne and wore a denim suit. I begged him not to. But when he wore his symphony tux and a pair of red-lensed, black-framed glasses, I forgave the suit.

And he only whet my appetite for the distant drunkards who will ditch you to play guitar but call you to drive them to a gig. (I was on guitar guy No. 3 the first time I dated a musician with his own car—a Volkswagen bus at that.)

They know how to knock 'em back, though, and so do I. That night—the Boone's night—I started off by drinking flaming Dr. Peppers. I drank half standing up and the rest on the kitchen floor. Another time we drank our weight in malt liquor and he puked in the Christmas trees bundled together outside Albertson's.

There's an old joke: "What do you call a musician without a girlfriend?" "Homeless."

But musicians are fun and wild and passionate and stay up late and are semi-crazy and know about the best parties. For all those reasons and many more I keep falling for them. In a play I wrote—that was even performed up yonder in the Tower Theatre—I said through a character unabashedly based on me that I make the best rock 'n' roll girlfriend because I love music and I love to drink.

I shouldn't blame it all on guitar guys, I have my own issues—mostly with tequila.

I suppose the real reason I date musicians is because secretly, subconsciously, I want a song about me. I want there to be an interview in some sold-out rock mag where guitar player No. 2, the one that will actually "make it," says, "Yeah, track four, that's about this girl I dated in high school."

I did get a jazz song once, from musician No. 2, an instrumental. It's a nice sentiment but no lyrics, so what am I suppose to do with that? Decipher that the crazy bebop sax solo is about the time we did it in his parents' bed?

I also got a poem once, a beautiful beat poem written on the inside jacket of the collected letters of Kerouac.

"... words fall
leafless in Eden
I apologize"

That's another thing musicians are good at, apologizing.

That one, the leafless one, moved to Colorado, got his degree in Allen Ginsberg Buddhism and married a Christian girl.

I dated his bass player.

My third and most tumultuous guitar guy never wrote me a song, but he would dedicate to me songs he'd written about

his ex-girlfriend. At open mic nights he'd say, "This is for Virginia," and play this sappy folk/pop ballad about his and Suzanne's first kiss.

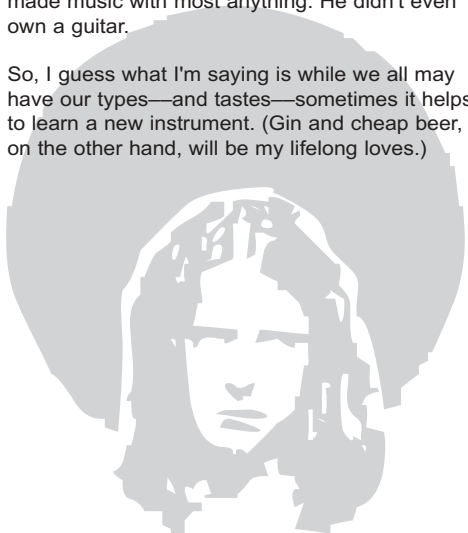
But then he'd go into a wild Pixies cover of "Where is My Mind" and it was all I could do to not drag him into the bathroom and have my way with him. (Which I once did at The Mint with another musician, but not because of the Pixies, it was the gin.)

The Pixies guy also married a Christian girl after getting a bad case of the Jesus...and knocking her up. He didn't drink that much, but he smoked a lot of pot. At the time I was drinking gin and Pabst.

Of course there have been non-musicians in-between: an artist/philosopher, an engineer, a writer and most recently a scientist. Which breaks down to vodka, McMenamins Terminator Stout, PBR and scotch, respectively.

But the one that lasted the longest was the experimental musician, the double-gin-and-tonic-drinkin', techno-driven sampler. The soddering fool who made music with most anything. He didn't even own a guitar.

So, I guess what I'm saying is while we all may have our types—and tastes—sometimes it helps to learn a new instrument. (Gin and cheap beer, on the other hand, will be my lifelong loves.)





Look it up
Dictionary Thesaurus
Premium Sign up
Login

AFRICA AERIGA AERICA
Dictionary - Thesaurus
Get the Top 10 Most Popular Sites for jewelry.
Pronunciation Key (j-l-r)

Ornaments, such as bracelets, necklaces, or rings, made of precious metals set with gems or imitation gems.

Jonathan Urlic

Photos from Ghana and Mali

New! 2. Jewelry, collectively, as a brides' jewelry.

Source: Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary, © 1996, 1978 MICA, Inc.

Ghana and Mali
n: an adornment (as a bracelet or ring or necklace) made of precious metals and set with gem jewelry

Source: WordNet © 1996 © 2004 Princeton University



Perform a new search, or try your search for jewelry at AERICA.com. AskJewels.com - Get the and more

Horoscopes

by Vic McNamara



Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

You will forget Mother's Day this year...again. It's OK, though, because your mother never loved you.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

Spring is your season, Gemini. I see a run of luck in store for you. Don't get carried away, though, because summer's on its way. And all the sunblock in the world can't save you from me, motherfucker.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

They say April showers bring May flowers, and that's true. What they never mention is the crippling May loneliness and depression. Good luck, loser.

Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)

This could be your month, Leo. Just one word of advice: Whatever those guys tell you, they are NOT Jehovah's Witnesses. They've come to kill you. You have to kill them first. Buy a gun.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 22)

You have a very special Mother's Day in store for you this year. "Mom" is finally going to tell you you're adopted. It's not true, of course; she's just that ashamed of you.

Libra (Sept 23 - Oct 23)

Look, Libra, someone has to tell you: You have a serious gambling problem. Also, word to the wise, the Detroit Pistons are a lock for the Eastern Conference. Hey, it's not gambling if it's a sure thing, right?

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)

You are well-liked socially and professionally. Your charm and wit will bring good fortune this month. Have some ice cream.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)

Remember that dream you used to have where you showed up for high school naked? That was no dream. I saw photos on the Internet. Nice ass.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)

If something's worth doing this month, it's worth doing right, Capricorn. You may as well take the month off, because you never do anything right.

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 19)

Rely on your intelligence this month, Aquarius. You will go far. You are the best.

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)

Hey Pisces, you think you're so cool. We'll see how cool you really are later this month when you get leprosy. Nobody's cool when his skin's rotting off.

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

Bad news, Aries. The month will start just fine, but around May 15 you'll fall into a vat of beans at a food-processing plant. On the plus side, customers will agree that you taste delicious.

Editor's note: After months of consistently positive horoscopes for Aquarius, it's pretty obvious what Vic McNamara's sign is. But now that things are looking up for Scorpio, we have to wonder...is Vic gettin' some—from a Scorpion? Let's hope it doesn't last.

EburgAds.com

JOBS, HOMES, CARS & MORE



free Online Classifieds