

PUNCH

Art . Music . Stuff

June 2004

One Acts

Angry
Skeletons

World
Domination

Sex & Bugs



Issue Nine

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Events

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Art



Magical babies, cross dressers and fictional wars all get time in the spotlight this Friday and Saturday as part of the Betty Evans Original One-Act Play Festival. The festival is two nights of short plays written, directed and acted by students, starting at 8 pm in the Milo Smith Tower Theatre on the Central Washington University campus. Tickets are available at the Tower Theatre box office for \$5.

Each night boasts four different shows.

Acts

Friday Night

1. "Killer Script" by Alex Garnett, directed by Shayne McNeill
2. "5'8 and Extremely Desperate" by Brandy Burrows, directed by Lindsay Beckman
3. "When Life Hands You Yemen" by Mike Albert, directed by Brian Robinson
4. "Real Love" by Delondra Johnson, directed by Joanna Horowitz

Saturday Night

1. "Home" by Shayne McNeill, directed by Kristl Miller
2. "Bright Future #13" by Erin Westfall, directed by Brandon Lamb
3. "Always the Storm" by Bridé Schroeder-LaPlatney, directed by Kirk Bowers
4. "Hilarity Ensues" by Alex Garnett, directed by Mikki Kunz



Examining the Aftermath of a Jane Austen Evening

by Joanna Thomas

Women are sheep,
he tells me, weak
and stupid – bleating,
blaming, needing to be led.

I huddle deep
within myself, listening –
pull my wool about my ears,
for I *have* fear.

I know his shears
could cut this cozy blanket
from my body. Careless
nicks would bleed.

Thin skin would
stretch into despair.
He curses Mother's footsteps –
our emulating other ewes –

but he will flaunt me
as a felt fedora,
knit my worsted soul
into a three-piece suit,

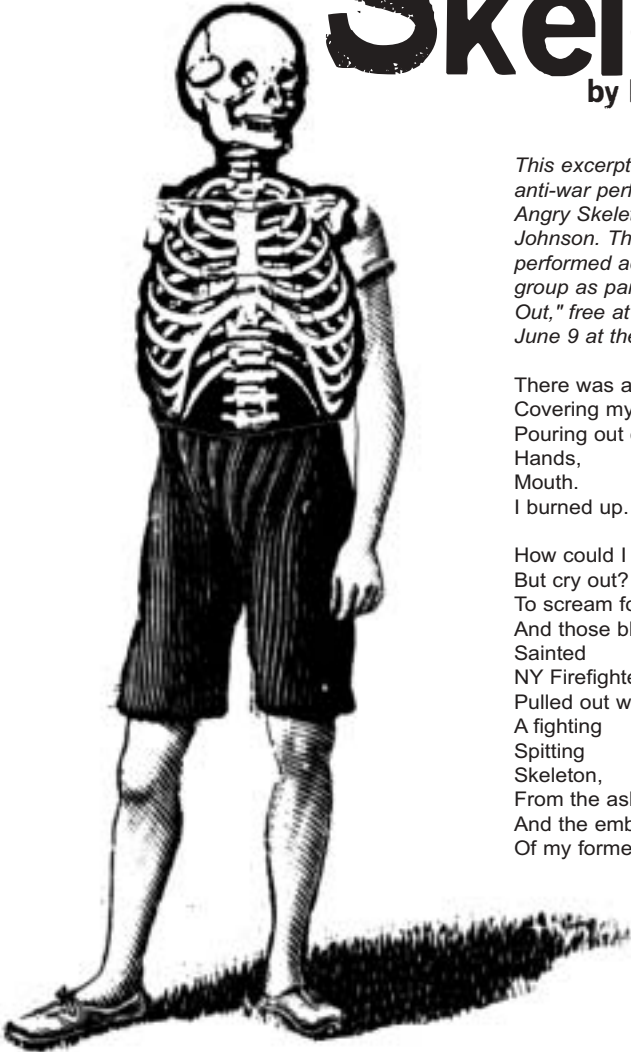
poke at my heart –
a fontina on a platter.
He will eat my lamb.
My coffee starts to cool.

I stare across the
table into the snarled
teeth of Rin Tin Tin
and see my shepherd.



The Angry Skeleton

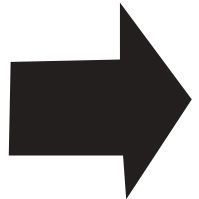
by Delondra Johnson



This excerpt was adapted from the anti-war performance piece "The Angry Skeleton" by Delondra Johnson. This piece and others will be performed accompanied by a drum group as part of "Skeletons Speaking Out," free at 7 pm, Wednesday, June 9 at the Peace Café.

There was a fire,
Covering my body,
Pouring out of my eyes,
Hands,
Mouth.
I burned up.

How could I help
But cry out?
To scream for my rescuers?
And those blessed
Sainted
NY Firefighters
Pulled out what was left of me...
A fighting
Spitting
Skeleton,
From the ashes
And the embers
Of my former self.



No longer the me
That refused to see.
Now all I see.
Through hollow eye-sockets,
Surrounded by bone,
Polished white as stone.

Starting in my ribcage,
Up my collarbone,
And out the space between my teeth,
My voice is louder,
Sharper
Than it could have been
Encased in apathetic skin.

Hmmmmmm....
Out of my bone throat,
And into these cement
Prison walls.
My voice reverberates,
Louder than if I was free!

I strain
My skeleton voice
To keep my brother's skin intact.
To keep my mother's eyes clear.
My father's voice strong.

Find your voice!
Think I'm wrong?
Speak up!
Think I'm right?
Speak up!
Use your voice
To argue
Or agree
Or excuse
Or condemn!
Just speak up!
Find your voice.

Now that I'm a skeleton,
I know,
That the only real prison,
The only real death,
Is in being silenced.

So scream!

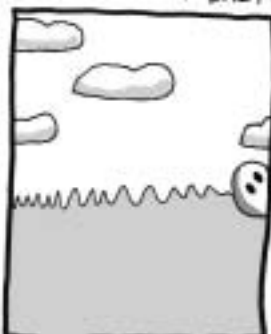
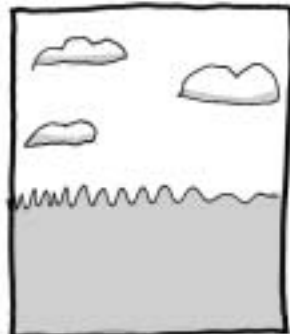
5 steps for World Domination

by Lexie Blessing

1. Adopt as many third-world-country kids as possible by subscribing to all those "save the children" foundations where you write to starving children.
2. Start sending the kids sugar – a little at first – Pixie Stix, sugar packets, whatever. Send it along with your letters urging them to become part of your army.
3. Gain forces – have the kids you're writing tell other kids. Promise them more candy the more kids they get.
4. Attack! When you have a good number of kids in as many third-world countries as you can, pick a date and begin the revolution.
5. Now that the hard work is over, just sit back and wait for another country to offer you some weapons and you're ready to start taking over more countries. But always remember to start small.

Editor's note: Isn't America already losing enough of its sugar to overseas markets? Should the "sweet toothes" of American youth continue to be deprived? Although Lexie Blessing has gone international in her approach to "world domination," we believe the same techniques could be applied on a more local level. Support America's working youth!

AND NOW... WACKY TIME! (ALSO KNOWN AS "LAZY TIME") BY CHRIS FURNISS



MUNCH!



SECRET MINI-COMIC! →

→ THAT WAY!

I'M NOT GOING TO SHOW YOU, IT'S A SECRET! END.

Horoscopes

by Vic McNamara

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

If somebody asks you to carry a mysterious package on an airplane, do it. Don't look inside. Just do it. Trust me.

Cancer (June 21 - July 21)

People like you because of your compassion. They're getting sick of your stupid, fat face, though. Get out of here ugly. You heard me, scram.

Leo (July 23 - Aug 22)

This could be your month, Leo. All you have to worry about now is your own attitude, so stay positive. Oh, and typhoid; your own attitude and typhoid are all you have to worry about. And dying alone and unloved. But that's all. Stay positive.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sept 22)

It could be fun to take up a new hobby this month, Virgo. I mean for Chrissakes, how many Beanie Babies does a 38-year-old woman fucking need? Here's an idea: Your new hobby can be leaving the house every once in a damn while.

Libra (Sept 23 - Oct 23)

The weather's warming up, so get outside and enjoy it, Libra. Just remember, not all berries are edible. If you're not sure, have a companion eat one first. Bring neighborhood kids if you can. They'll eat anything you give them and they react quicker to poison, so you won't be stuck waiting around to find out.

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22)

You will convince your boyfriend to write you another nice horoscope this month, gorgeous. He will take a lot of shit from his friends, but that's OK.

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21)

The onset of summer will restore your

creative ambitions this month. Either that or you'll just do your drinking outdoors. Whichever happens, the end result will be the same: a pile of puke.

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)

Your good deeds will be rewarded this month, Capricorn. I guess that means maybe you should finally stop being such an asshole.

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 19)

If only there were more people like you, the world would be a better place. You are a brilliant diamond surrounded by lumps of coal.

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20)

Don't let family problems get you down this month, Pisces. Remember those are stuffed animals, not your real family. Your real family abandoned you years ago, and those stuffed animals don't mean any harm. Sure they hit you, but it's because they love you.

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

With summer just around the corner, it's time for you to get a new outlook, Aries. Also, it might be a good idea to start shooting smack between your toes. It's hard to hide those pesky track marks in a T-shirt.

Taurus (April 20 - May 20)

It's natural to think of Dad with Father's Day just around the corner. Maybe you should call him. Or maybe that prick should have been there for you when you were a kid. Call him? Call him what? A deadbeat, life-ruining sack of shit?



The Mating & Waiting Series

...a photographic comparison
of insects and virgins.



Krista Hect

Opening Reception

June 4, 2004

5 - 8 pm



Four-Two-Three

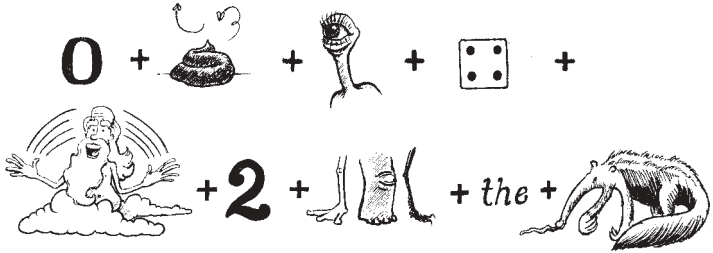
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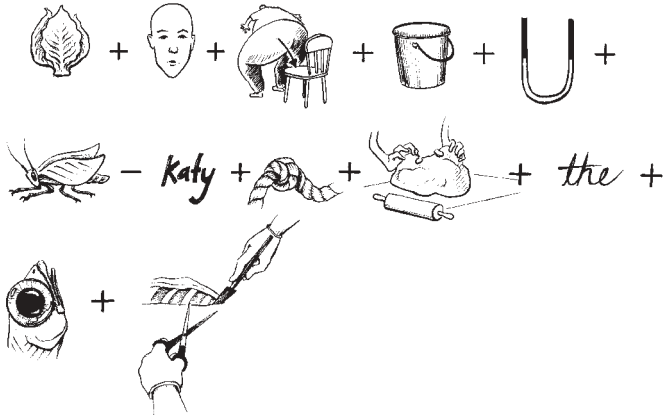
Picture Puzzlers

by Justin Gibbens

1



2



1. Oh shit, I forgot to feed the aardark.
2. Let's face it pal, you did not need the
eye surgery.

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