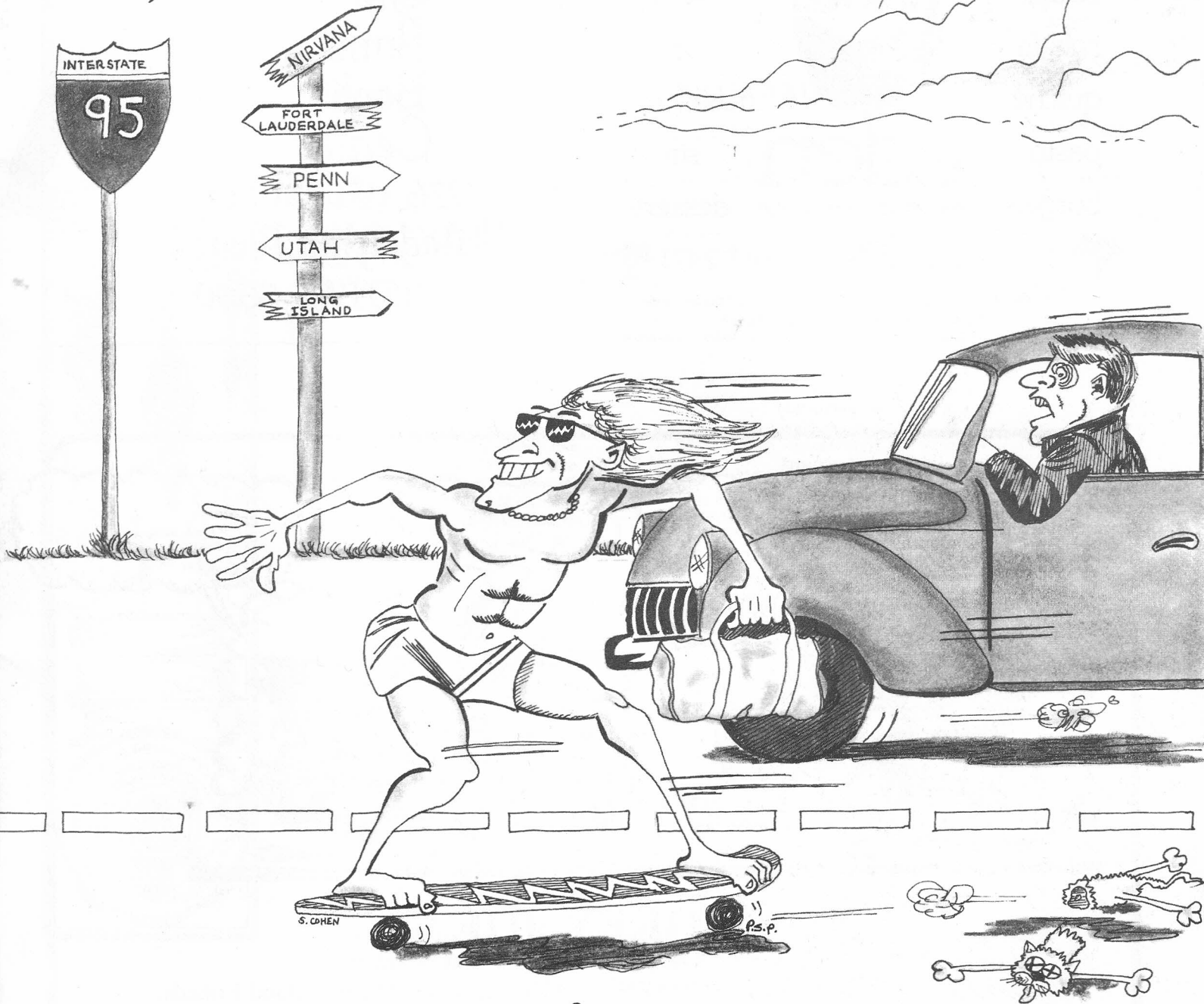


Punchbowl

85th anniversary issue

"penn's ONLY INTENTIONALLY HUMOROUS PUBLICATION"

Spring 1984



Travel Number

\$2.00

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either in door or out.*

— John Wilson

The
Pennsylvania
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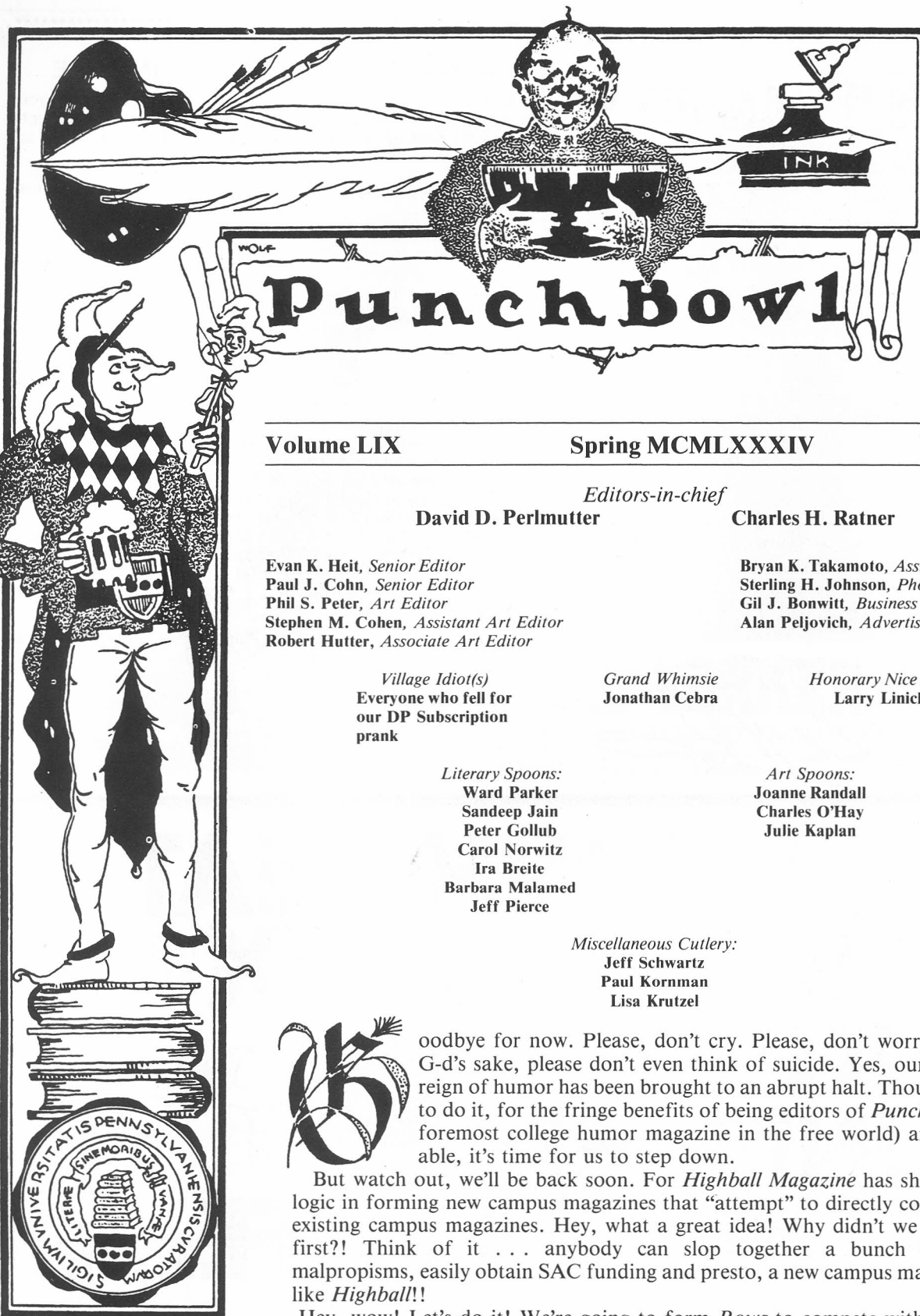
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WALNUT AT 40TH



Volume LIX

Spring MCMLXXXIV

No. 2

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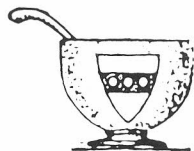


oodbye for now. Please, don't cry. Please, don't worry. And for G-d's sake, please don't even think of suicide. Yes, our 1,000 day reign of humor has been brought to an abrupt halt. Though we hate to do it, for the fringe benefits of being editors of *Punch Bowl* (the foremost college humor magazine in the free world) are incalculable, it's time for us to step down.

But watch out, we'll be back soon. For *Highball Magazine* has shown us the logic in forming new campus magazines that "attempt" to directly compete with existing campus magazines. Hey, what a great idea! Why didn't we think of it first?! Think of it . . . anybody can slop together a bunch of literary malpropisms, easily obtain SAC funding and presto, a new campus magazine just like *Highball*!!

Hey, wow! Let's do it! We're going to form *Rows* to compete with *Columns*, *Penn Parallelogram* to compete with *Penn Triangle*, *Wharton Fetal Pigs* (?) to compete with *Wharton Account*, and to provide alternative political commentaries

Cont'd next page



Punch Bowl, "The Only Intentionally Humorous Publication of the University of Pennsylvania", is published in various forms throughout the year. **Notice:** *Punch Bowl* does not contain the carcinogen EDB in any trace amounts whatsoever, nor do we intend to incorporate the use of EDB or any other hazardous fumigant in our format, unlike other Campus Publications. Address all communications to *Punch Bowl*, Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, PA 19104. Subscriptions: \$3.00/year. Single Copy \$2.00. Contents copyright 1984 *Punch Bowl*. *Punch Bowl*, the official Humor Magazine of the 1984 Nerf Olympics. Funded by SAC.



such as those found in *Penn Press*, we're going to form *Penn Bench Press*.

And you know, what the heck, while we're at it why not publish: *Library Update* — What's new and what's on loan! Who's overdue and who just paid their fine? Keeping the University community informed and up to date with weekly reports on the happenings in Van Pelt Library, 32 page format.

Penn Street Vendor — Who's selling what and where! Reviews, tips, menus, coupons. Don't miss this new bi-weekly tabloid featuring in depth interviews with the people you buy from every day.

The Daily Locust Walk — Upset about missing the latest leaflets? Now you'll be forwarned about the latest political, social, religious and radical groups who hand out stuff on Locust Walk each and every day.

Physical Plant Perspective on the News — Gus and Tony give you their views of recent articles featured in the *Daily Pennsylvanian* as well as insight into important world plumbing and religious carpentry affairs in a perspective that only Physical Plant employees can see.

Dining Service Recipe Magazine — a 32 page monthly magazine exclusively for off-campus students who want to bring the taste of Dining Service into their own kitchens.

So . . . look for our introductory meetings in the Fall. Here's your chance to really get involved! We leave *Punch Bowl* in the very capable hands of Bryan Takamoto who will take over our role of Editor-in-Chief, and Paul Cohn who has been assigned to our British office as European Editor. It's been fun. ♪

Aloha Means Goodbye,

David D. Perlmutter

Charles H. Rotter

ATYPICAL HOTEL QUESTIONNAIRE

Welcome to our hotel. By completing this questionnaire, you will help us to improve our services to the customer, although your complaints will be ignored. It should not take you long to fill out this form. Good luck.

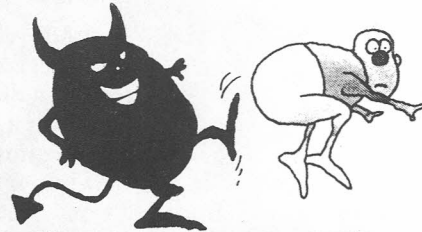
Average human's time to complete questionnaire: 2 minutes
Your time: _____

- 1) Was your stay enjoyable? If so, what did we do wrong?
- 2) How many towels did you steal?
- 3) How many pages a night did you read in the bible?
- 4) Was your bed too hard, too soft, or just right?
- 5) Was your porridge too hot, too cold, or just right?
- 6) If $f(x) = \ln 2e^x$ is a differentiable function, what is the family of lines orthogonal to $f(x)$ at the point (2,9)?
- 7) Was there hot water in the shower? If so, you are lying.
- 8) For the prices we charged, would you be able to buy _____ a 14-bedroom house, _____ a Porsche 9-some number, or _____ your congressman?
- 9) In words with 3 or more syllables, describe your journey from the hotel bar to the wrong room.
- 10) Did the Mercenaries Against Peace convention disturb you? If not, did you sleep through the fire?
- 11) When the toilet paper ran out, did you use duct tape?
- 12) Compliment our hotel in 3 to 5 pages. Make copies and mail them to your 500 closest friends.
- 13) Overall, would you say our hotel is _____ excellent, _____ superb, _____ terrific, or _____ more incredible than mere words could describe?

Thank you for your cooperation. Please leave this card on the bed with a \$20 tip for the maid.

—Sincerely
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Caesar and Mother Earth. Omelettes like Menage A Trois. Burgers like The Dracula Burger or The Burger Meister. Entrees like The Real Veal Deal and The Big Bust. Decadent drinks like The Erotic Melon and Naked in Jamaica. And desserts like Mortal Sin Cheese Cake.



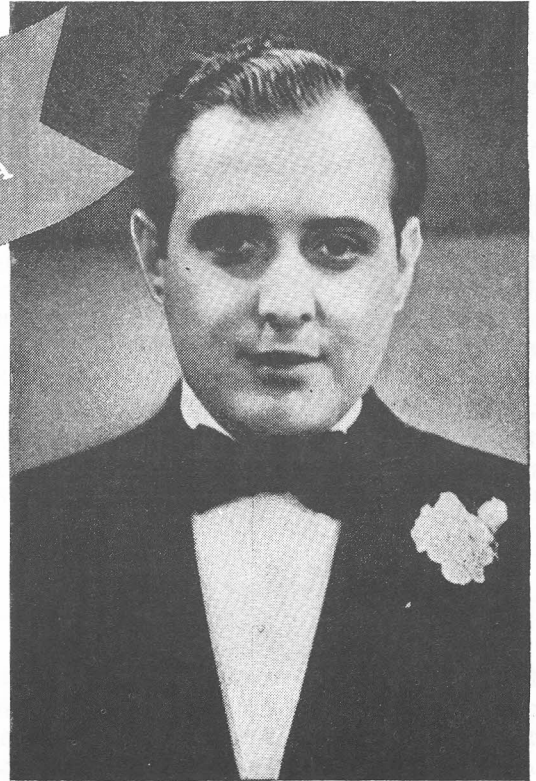
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You'd never guess, looking at Ted's fairly sober phiz in the picture here, that he's chief perpetrator of some of the most hilariously cockeyed orchestral novelties in all New York. But he is. Aided and abetted by "CANDY," Muzzy Marcellino, Stanley Hickman, and The Three Debutantes. In their saner moments, of course, Ted and his boys produce the sweetest rhythms you've ever tapped a toe to. Better come join the party, evenings or Saturday noons, next time you're in town. Dinners from \$1.75. Cover charge (after 10) 75c, on Saturdays and Holiday Eves, \$1.50.



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RITE OF PASSAGE

I DREAMT I WAS UP LATE ONE NIGHT TRYING TO GET STAR TREK--

BUT ON ONE OF THE UHF CHANNELS, I CAUGHT WILLIAM SHATNER HUMPING MERYL STREEP!

THE PSYCHOLOGIST AT MY JUNIOR HIGH COULD OFFER LITTLE EXPLANATION--



TRAVELING WITH PETS

It's vacation time and you're faced with the age-old dilemma... what to do with your pets while you're gone. Grandpa and Grandma are easy to take care of — just ship them off to Uncle Joe's. He has to take them but he sure as hell doesn't have to take Fido, and you know damn well he won't. So what are your options? Well, everyone and their mother knows that no pet is worth the price of a kennel. It's a lot easier to get that old chainsaw from the back of the garage, but that, of course, can get kind of messy. Besides, the wife and kids may not appreciate it very much. The best bet would be to take good old Rover to that new Vietnamese

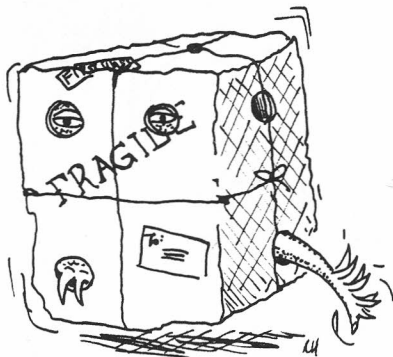
Restaurant that just opened up on the other side of town. The extra cash may come in handy for your fun-filled trip. If, by some odd chance, you're a sentimentalist at heart or if your pet also happens to be your spouse, you may not even want to get rid of it. In fact, you may even have the absurd intention of taking your pet with you on your trip. Bear in mind that you are in a minority. Most people actually hate pets. They despise them. They wouldn't consider owning them, let alone vacationing with them. But not you — you love animals, and that's why you need these helpful tips on traveling with pets.

Mailing

The best way to enjoy your pet on your vacation is to mail him to your destination. This way you don't have to worry about feeding and cleaning your pet or even getting him on a plane. You can relax all the way to your destination, and you don't have to look in your mutt's face for a while. After all, old Bowser is probably sick of your face too.

When mailing your pet, you may face a problem if it happens to be a Doberman or a sheep. This is due to the fact that the post office has regulations about size and weight. Make sure you check with your local post office about these regulations before mailing your pet. If your pet is too large to mail under postal rules, don't fret. Just hack it to pieces and mail it in little packages. Another problem you may face is making sure it gets to your destination alive. You'll feel pretty silly, after spending all that money on postage, if you open your package and find that Fluffy has kicked the bucket. Don't let that happen.

If you're going to send your pet by mail, the least you can do is punch a few holes in the box and throw in a few extra dog biscuits. Have some compassion. Also, if you're sending a lot of pets, don't forget to ask about bulk rates. Above all, don't forget to mail early, and if it absolutely, positively, has to get there the next day, you're out of luck. When you finally get to your destination, ask the hotel clerk for your package. Hopefully, it'll be waiting at the desk upon your arrival. If your package doesn't smell very good when you get it, don't even bother opening it. Give it to some brat kid in the lobby and chalk one up to experience.

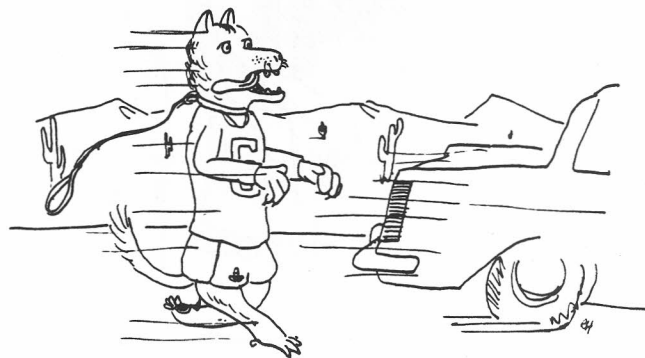


By Car

Traveling by car is never fun, but if you're low on dough and have a slew of kids, you may have no other choice. It's one thing having to sit in a mid-afternoon traffic jam with a bunch of crying kids and your mother-in-law, but having a pet along can make things infinitely worse. Not only will the family mutt take up valuable space in an already overcrowded car, but he'll howl, foul up the air, and urinate on your car's interior. Furthermore, he'll have fleas. Lots and lots of fleas. Only they won't be his anymore. They'll be yours, and they'll live in your car forever.

This is not to say that you shouldn't take your pet along when traveling by car. By all means, do so. Just don't let it in the car. You surely don't want the old fleabag stinking up the car. Just tie old Fido's leash to the rear fender and start the engine. He'll keep up. He's got no choice. You'll be real surprised at how fast domestic animals can run, given the proper motivation. Just don't go over seventy, unless, of course, you're on open highway. If your pet happens to be overweight or has a clubfoot, this may not be the best way to go, but too bad. If he can't keep up with you, that's too bad too — serves the bastard right for being out of shape.

If, by some chance, your kids insist on taking their goldfish on the trip, fear not. Just pour the fish into the gas tank and tell the kids that the fish like it in there. Kids are stupid. They'll buy the story. Then forget about it. No mess and no crying kids. Paradise. You may even get better mileage!



By Plane

Taking your pet aboard a commercial airliner can sometimes be a burdensome task. It seems that some carriers do not allow pets on board, and those that do assign them to little cages in the rear of the plane. This is not so bad, except that they actually expect you to pay extra to transport your pets. This is preposterous. There are, however, ways to get around this. You will find that hamsters and parakeets are easily packed into a suitcase or a pocket, and goldfish easily fit in your wallet. Larger animals are not so easy. Purses and other carry-on bags are not good places to hide your pets. This is because it is common airport practice to x-ray them, and cancerous pets are not fun pets. A good place to hide your pet is in the underwear of a female companion. Just make sure that she is wearing a full-length skirt since the bulges in her lower half may be somewhat unsightly. Body searches are rare, unless, of course, your companion is fairly

good looking. If you do happen to use this method, make sure that your pet is not in heat, or this may lead to an embarrassing situation for your lady companion.

Another method of getting your pet on board is to pretend that you are blind and need your pet as a guide. However, keep in mind that while this may work for certain large dogs, seeing-eye gerbils may arouse suspicion, even in foreign airports. Knocking your pet unconscious and drapping it around your neck is another possibility. But it takes a hell of a lot of gerbils to make a decent fur coat. If worst comes to worst and you still can't get your pet on the plane, you can dress it up and say that it is a friend with a bad hormone problem. However, then you would have to buy an extra ticket. At this point, it would be best to travel by other means.

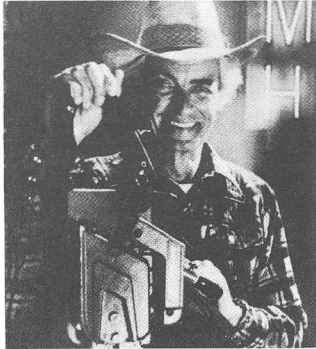


When traveling with pets, you may have a hard time getting your pet into a decent hotel or motel. This is because pets are not always sweet smelling and have fleas which transmit all types of diseases. Most people, motel owners included, have an aversion to stench and disease. The wise pet owner gets around this by knowing the right places to stay. Most any "adult" motel will accommodate you and your beloved pet. They don't ask a lot of questions. Just remember to check in as "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith." If you're traveling with kids, have them sleep in the car. Adult Motels are not places for young, impressionable minds. Besides, you and your pet probably want to be alone.

Getting to your destination with your pet was the hard part. Everything that follows will be much simpler. After

you've had your fun, sightseeing and staying out to the wee hours of the morning with your pet, you may find that it's time to head on home again. Don't worry about transporting your pet back home. Just pack up and leave. If your pet is marginally intelligent, it'll find its way back. You've heard about pets traveling hundreds of miles to return to their masters. Don't worry about it. If your pet doesn't show up at your door in a couple of months or so, just cash in the insurance and buy a new one. Just keep in mind the old saying, "If you love something, let it go. If it comes back, it is yours forever. If it doesn't come back, it's probably dead." Traveling with pets can be a rewarding experience, but just be sure to stay one step ahead of the S.P.C.A. ♀

Dr. Orville T. Handgun Jr.'s Guide to Shoozing Things



Dr. Handguns is founder and Publisher of Kill Magazine.

ANIMAL

COW

moous moous



The cow is certainly one of the most underrated wildgame animals in North America. Lightning fast reflexes, and razor sharp fangs, combine to make the Cow a tough opponent. In 1983, 36 hunters were milked to death by wild cows.

HUMMINGBIRD

dinkus dinkus flutterus



Little known fact: In World War II the Germans attached tiny bombs to these winged devils and sent them in waves of thousands against London. Recently nature freaks have tried to reform its image by portraying it on PBS documentaries as a friendly sap-sucking wonder of nature. It just ain't so. My close personal friend Peter Ustinov was almost blinded by one.

RONZONNI SPAGHETTI

pasta suprema



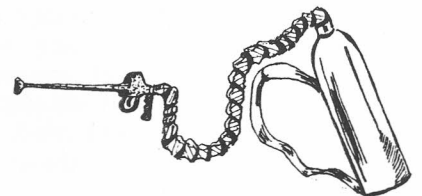
Strangely, this animal was imported from Asia, not Italy as is popularly thought. Vicious when boxed, but gentle when soaked thoroughly and lightly salted.

KILL IT WITH THIS

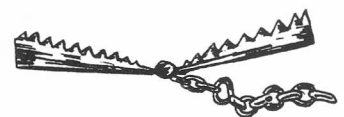
A-28 BACKFIRE BOMBER



FLAME THROWER

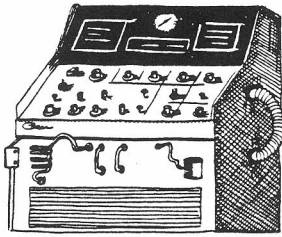


LEG TRAP



KIDNEY DIALYSIS MACHINE

bilus explodus



Not much of a tough quarry in itself, the machine is often guarded fanatically by hoards of nurses, doctors, parents and other miserable do-gooders who believe that this stinking vermin justifies its existence by "saving people's lives". What wimps!

ELECTROLUX SALESMAN

hommoo hooverus



Alas, not as numerous as in the days of the Old West when herds of thousands of these noble beasts roamed the suburbs. But the few who are left are still good sport. In 48 states maiming of electrical appliance salesmen is legally justifiable regardless of the circumstances.

LIBRARIAN

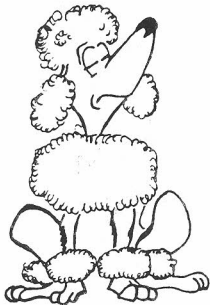
bookus virginus



Found in pockets throughout the Northeast. An expert in using camouflage, the Librarian is often found lurking behind a nest of Encyclopedia Britannicas. My favorite flushing technique is to set fire to the rare book collection section number six (Dewey Decimal 334.A56 - 4563.H8) (Library of Congress AA.89 - CD.67) Beware of her bifocals, which she will use for deadly effect when cornered.

BEVERLY HILLS POODLE

coiferus neuroticus



Poisonous fangs are this sprightly carnivore's best weapon. One drop is enough to stun an Elephant or kill six men. Found in the back seats of BMW 738i's in Rodeo Drive and greater Burbank. They often hunt in packs and have been known to eat small cats, rodents, insects, sanitation vehicles and Warren Beatty.

HIGHBALL EDITOR

humorus extinctus



Neolithic cave paintings prove conclusively that this is what humor magazine writers looked like before the invention of good taste around 3400 B.C. Believed extinct for that amount of time. Yet persistent rumors and bursers receipts point to a last relic of this animal living somewhere in West Philadelphia. ☹

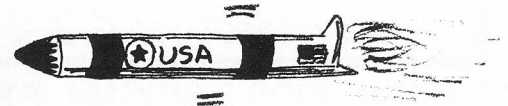
NUMCHUCKS



THOMPSON SUBMACHINE GUN



CRUISE MISSILE



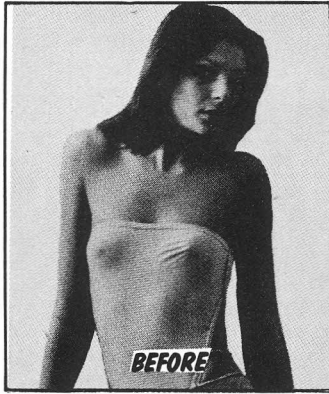
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MIRROR



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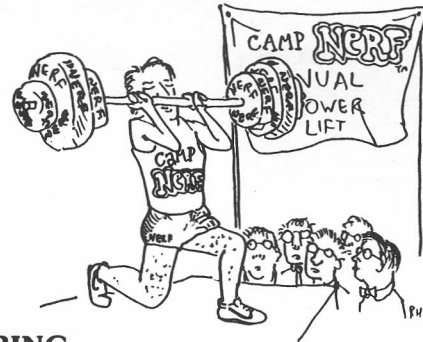
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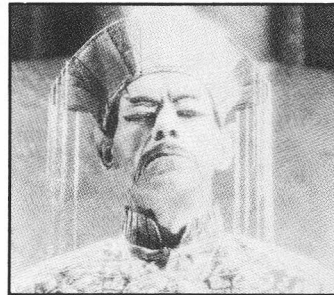
TRUST US! WE CARE! REALLY. WE PROMISE.
WE WON'T HURT THEM. IT'S TRUE. REALLY.

CAMP FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE, IN THE HEART OF
THE FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE MOUNTAINS.

"AT CAMP FIRST SEXUAL EXPERIENCE,
YOU LEAVE THE KIDDIES TO US"

CALL 1-800-555-PENN for more information.

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OUR FOUNDERS, DR. LOW CHOW PING, DDS
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TO YOU!!!

and . . .

YOUR CHILD'S TRAINING WILL FOLLOW HIM
EVEN AFTER THE SUMMER ABACUS FUN IS
OVER THROUGH OUR BI-MONTHLY NEWSLET-
TER. . .ABACUS BI-MONTHLY!!!

CAMP ABACUS, IN THE HEART OF THE
ABACUS MOUNTAINS

"AT CAMP ABACUS, WE USE THE ABACUS!"

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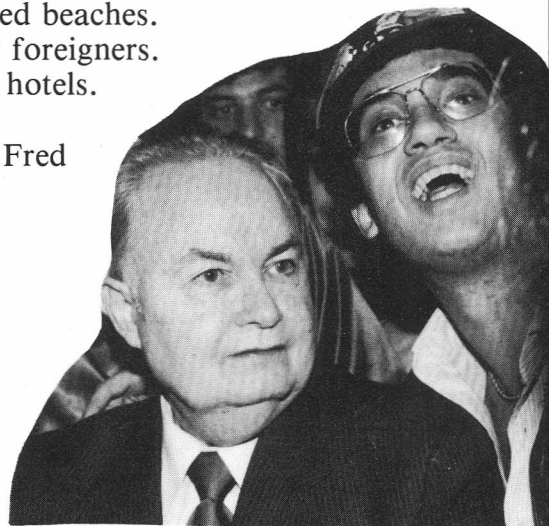
- air fare to Mt. St. Helens.
- parachute (pre-packed) and one jumping lesson, over the site.
- flame-retardant clothing and other incendiary gear.
- asbestos suit, hood, and boots.
- goggles.
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- gas mask
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- in the evenings, bask in the warmth of our concrete chalet

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Tired of the same dull vacation? Tired of getting ripped off and spat upon because you're a tourist? Visit Club Fred this year. Fred's friendly, earnest and eager to please. Just imagine yourself relaxing in Fred's spacious backyard, sitting in Fred's favorite lawn chair, and sipping a Pina Colada made just for you by Fred. Take a dip in Fred's inflatable pool. Fred will even loan you a pair of swimming trunks. Feeling athletic? Fred will let you mow his lawn. If you're the competitive type, Fred is always up for a game of checkers, chess, or crazy-eights, but be forewarned that Fred plays a mean game of Scrabble. Evenings are never dull with Fred. He's an excellent conversationalist, and over dinner Fred may fascinate you with stories about his gall bladder operation or about the time he almost met Cheryl Tiegs. Later on, you and Fred can watch TV together. The fun never stops with Fred. Take a Club Fred Vacation this year. Just ask your travel agent about Fred.

THE CLUB FRED VACATION

No crowded beaches.
No greasy foreigners.
No sleazy hotels.
Just Fred.
And only Fred



Fred and his Friends

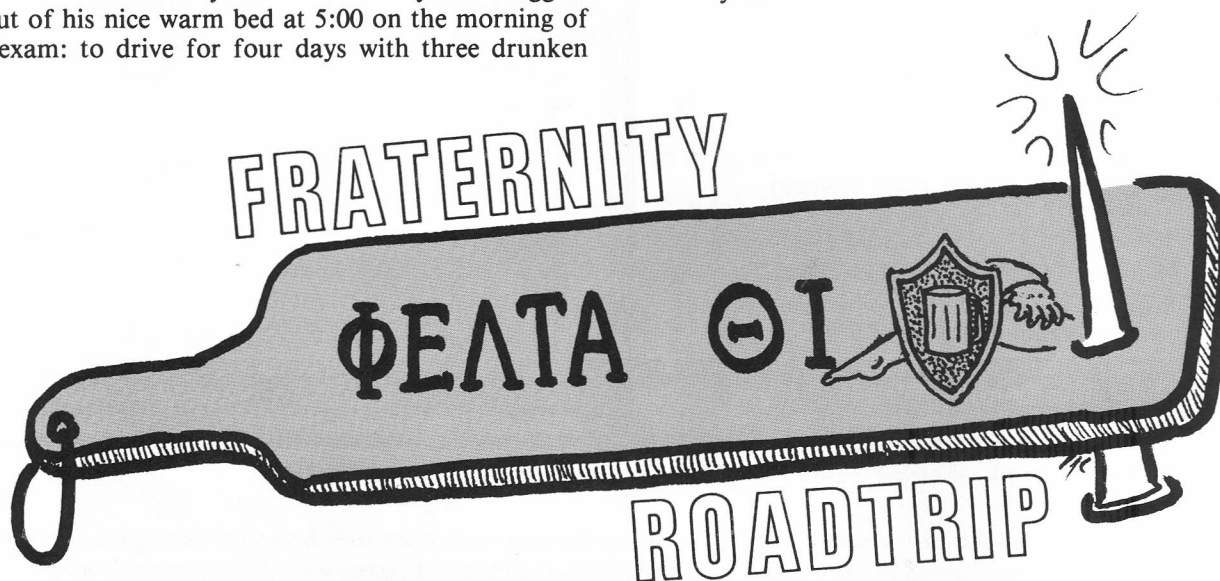
First of all, I'd like to say that I'm sorry about the way it turned out, even though it happened almost three years ago. But it seemed like a good idea at the time; as Dickens wrote, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times", and it was a cold grey morning when we stole Dickey the pledge out of his bed to join us in our search for the high exalted Alpha chapter of the Phelta Thi fraternity, hidden deep in the forests of South Carolina.

As we cruised into the thick morning fog, we were all quiet. That is, all of us except Dickey. Dickey was a maggot, and he lay in the back seat whining quietly to himself. No one liked Dickey; we would never have pledged him except that his grandfather was a Phelta Thi from 'way back, and he sent his brat legacy to the house with a check for \$1000. Naturally, faced with such fraternal exuberance, we agreed to mold him into a fine, upstanding human. Two days later, the check bounced, but by then it was too late. We had given our word. And that's why we stole Dickey the maggot-pledge out of his nice warm bed at 5:00 on the morning of his calc exam: to drive for four days with three drunken

hours and twelve wrong turns later, we pulled up and the Phelt' house at the West Virginia State College of Intoxication. It was a pit. The windows were broken, the door was off its hinges, the whole plot was overgrown with weeds. Two brothers were in the yard, horse-whipping a pledge for losing his pin.

For the next twelve hours, we all sat, drinking, exchanging stories while we listened to muffled shrieks coming from the woods. We learned that there had been some sororities on campus, but the Alphas had sexually harassed them into leaving. When they told us that they'd done the same thing to the fraternities, though, I began to worry about Dickey. But soon enough, the brothers came out of the woods. "Where's our pledge?" I demanded.

The guys just held out a shred of cloth. There was a battered pin hooked into it. We all looked at each other awkwardly for a minute. Then Boog said, "You killed him, didn't you."



filthy fraternity brothers to be abused by our most prestigious members. That was the Roadtrip.

Yet despite our noble mission, Dickey hated us. He hated us, he hated Phelta Thi, and he hated his grandfather. So we hated him. Boog hated him the most. Boog was a legendary brother — he'd been kicked out of seven schools, had been a Phelta Thi at every one, and still hadn't graduated. He thought Dickey was a disgrace.

"You are a disgrace," he said to the fetal ball whimpering in the back seat of his Chevy. "I'm not taking you to the Alphas until we whip you into shape." We decided to take him to West Virginia first as a practice run. I volunteered to prep him by forcing twenty beer-bongs into him; we all agreed it was the thing to do. We ended the first day sleeping in the parking lot of Pete's Park-n-Eat (this place actually exists, by the way) in Virginia. We were only going to stop there for dinner, but Dickey had finally got into the spirit of things and had started to puke violently, so we let him lay in the parking lot until he regained consciousness; naturally, it took the maggot all night. But at least we didn't have to listen to him whine.

Finally, at 10:30 the next morning, the cops came by and threatened to bust us if we didn't leave, so we kicked Dickey awake and started for the West Virginia chapter. Seven

"F--kin' cool," Boog said. I thought so too, and went up to the brothers with two six-packs. We exchanged the Phelta Thi 12-ounce secret handshake, and told them we were on our way to the Alpha chapter. The bigger one spit out his wad of chewing tobacco onto his pledge's shoe and said "The Alpha? Shee-it, boy, they'll kill you down thar." For some reason, the whole thing began to remind me of *Apocalypse Now*, or maybe my cousin's bar-mitzvah, but I didn't have time to think about it long; the West Virginia boys had noticed Dickey's pledge pin, and they'd started after him with the whip. His yelps almost got to me, but then I thought, "Aw, hell, let him have fun," and I drank some beers.

But soon it was time to head onto South Carolina, so we stumbled after Dickey (we finally found him hiding in a tree stump) and got back into the car. After what seemed like hours (because it was), we were on the border of the great Alpha state. "This is it!" Boog yelled. "I hate you guys," Dickey groaned feverishly, so with that we cruised into the woods of South Carolina, searching for our mecca, the South Carolina School for Studies.

We made our way deeper into the woods, past what must have been campus buildings. Suddenly, four guys with shotguns stepped out from the trees and blew out our tires.

Frat. cont'd.

"Yup," answered their president.

"Oh...uh, isn't that against the hazing laws down here?"

"Nope," he answered.

Boog turned to me with a weird look on his face. "Well, what do you know...the lucky bastards."

Come next morning, we prepared to leave. Dickey had finally made something of himself; he would be a legend, like Hoss on Bonanza. But we realized that the Alphas had torched our car during the night, so we had to walk into town to a car rental. They only had a two-seater, so I had to sit on the stick shift all the way back, and I'll tell you, I'm still sore — I'm damn sorry it had to end that way. But, hell, it was the Roadtrip.

We skidded out in a patch of sand, got out of the car, and Boog said, "You the Phelts?"

"Yup," they said, "Whyn't y'all come up to the house?"

Well, we did, and their place was trememdous; it looked like Dresden after the war, and we loved it. They were pretty glad to see us, especially when we said, "Meet Dickey the maggot."

Their president looked him up and down. "Hey...y'all mind if we abuse him some?" "Go right ahead," Boog said as he quaffed a cup of moonshine. Dickey squealed, but his cry was cut short as one of the brothers clubbed him with a rifle butt. ♀



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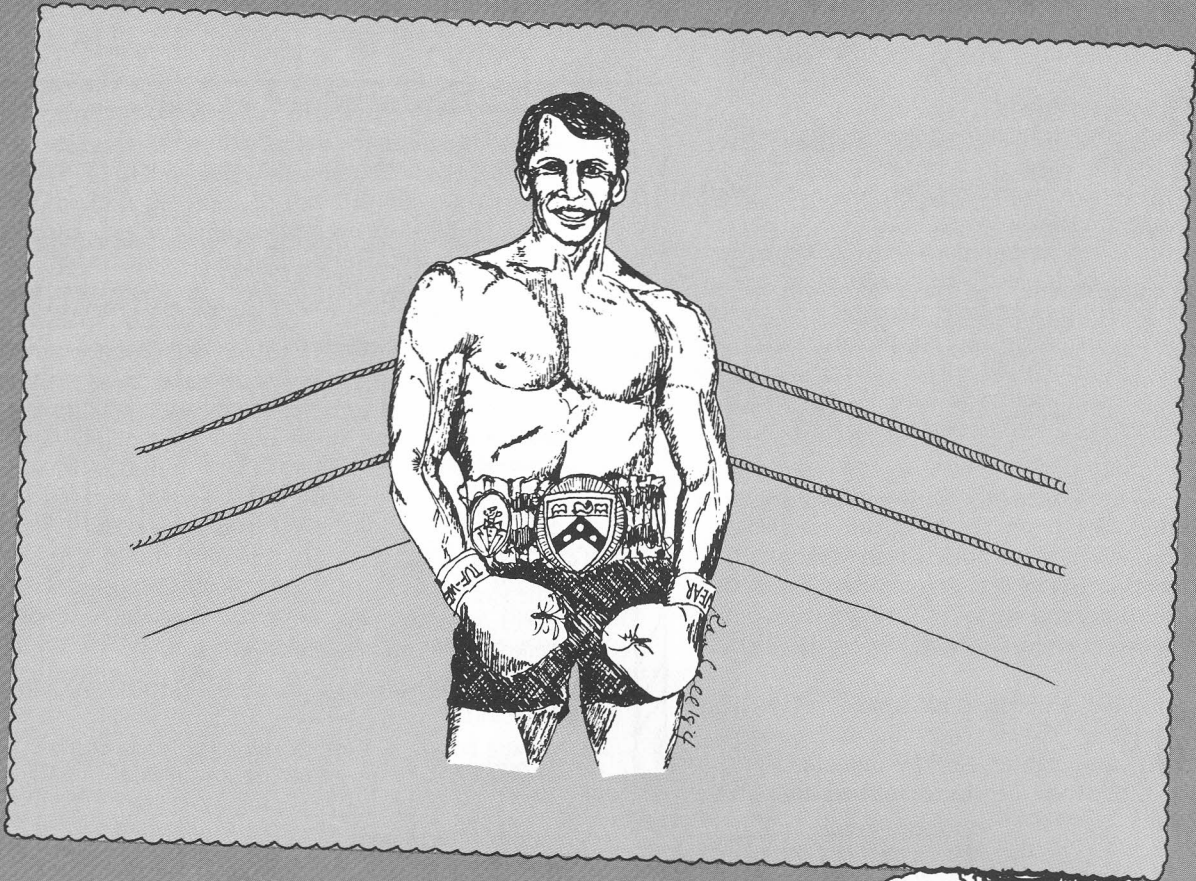
*Room service not included

IT'S THE FLYING
NUN!!

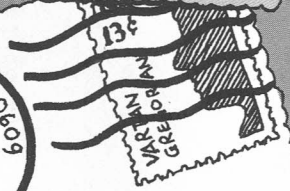
PLEASE, G-D,
DON'T LET ME
STRIKE OUT...

HEY, BATTER,
BATTER,
SWING!!





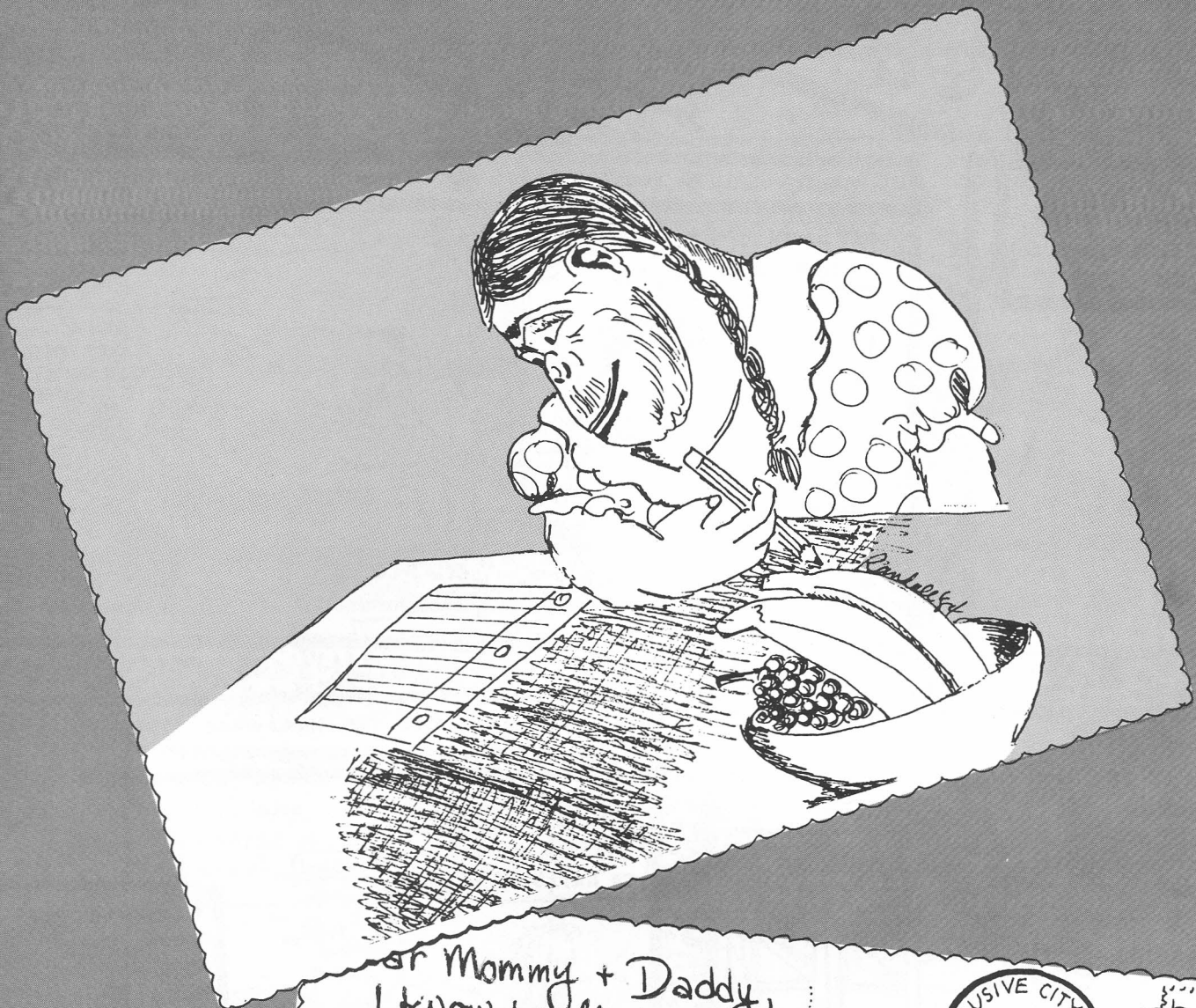
SPIEGEL, CHICAGO 60609
PM
19 APR
1984



Yo Lucy -
I did it!!!
Love youse,
- Shelly

Lucy Hackney
President's
House
Elsinore Hall
Univ. of Penn.
Phila., PA
19104

© SMC



or Mommy + Daddy,
 I know I yelled + screamed
 when you sent me off to this
 boarding school, but I think I
 like it here now. All the teachers
 are really neat + my roommate
 told me about this neat thing she
 did to this boy with her tongue,
 only she said it was really gross
 but Mr. Phips, my academic ad-
 visor, says that if I did it to him,
 it could really help my studying.
 Oh - please send my red sweater.
 Love, little Ruthie. ♡
 P.S. I think I want to be a doctor someday.

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 14 SEP
 1946



Mr. & Mrs.
 Westheimer
 1217 Therapy Rd.
 New York,
 New York

©SMC

Utah Express

YOUNG BILLY HAYES IS VACATIONING IN UTAH, WHERE HE IS ENGAGED IN... SMUGGLING!

GEEZ... I HOPE I CAN GET THIS DUCT TAPE INTO ARIZONA!



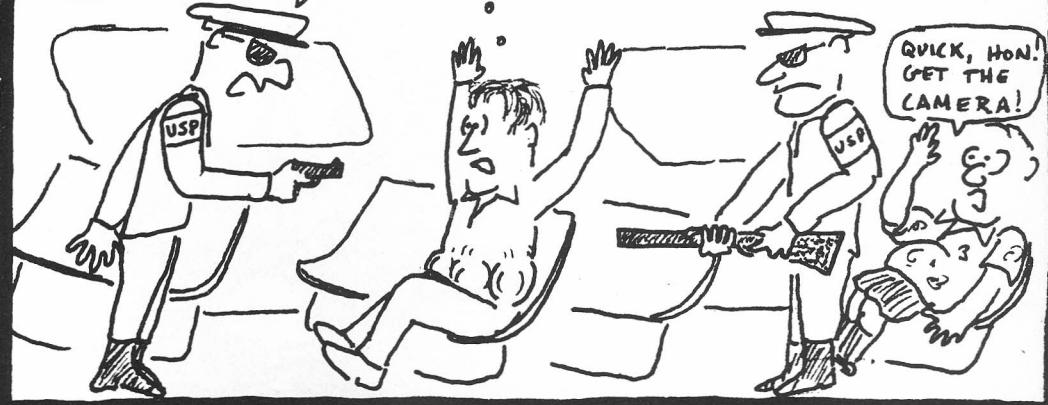
HE MAKES IT ONTO THE TOUR BUS, BUT THEN...

NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

DAMN!

WE'RE UTAH STATE POLICE!

QUICK, HON! GET THE CAMERA!



ALRIGHT, PUNK! WE'LL LET YOU GO IF YOU TELL US WHERE YOU GOT THE TAPE!

I BOUGHT IT HERE.

HARDWARE

SPECIAL TODAY!
ADHESIVES



THE U.S.P. RUN INTO THE HARDWARE STORE; BILLY TAKES THIS CHANCE TO ESCAPE! *

I GOTTA GET TO ARIZONA!

CHARGE!



*TO MAKE THIS SCENE EXCITING, HUM THE "CHASE THEME" FROM MIDNIGHT EXPRESS WHILE YOU LOOK AT THIS PANEL. EXCITING... ISNT IT...

WHAT A STUPID SPECIAL EFFECT THAT WAS! I GOT CAUGHT! REAL "EXCITING"!

HELL, BOY, DON'T WORRY! I'VE GOT AN ESCAPE PLAN!

HEY, MAN, YOU SELLING ANY DUCT TAPE?

NO, ALL I HAVE IS CASSETTES!



THE PLAN FOR ESCAPE IS QUICKLY LAID, AS IS ONE OF THE LESS-FORTUNATE PRISONERS, BUT THE PRISON RAT LEARNS OF IT AND REPORTS THE PLOT!

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE ONE!

ALRIGHT, YOU'LL BE LISTENING TO THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR FOR A LONG TIME!

NO! BEAT ME INSTEAD!



BILLY IS FURIOUS!

YOU \$#@#!!

YAH!

GET 'IM!

HELP!

WHAM WHAM WHAM KICK!



IN HIS FURY, BILLY MAKES SURE THAT THE RAT WILL NEVER TALK AGAIN!

GLUG!
GLUG!

RRRIP!

CHOMP!

CENSORED
By Punchbowl + PNC



YES, THIS IS THE INFAMOUS TONGUE SCENE THAT EVERYONE TALKED ABOUT FOR A WEEK AFTER THEY SAW THE MOVIE IN JUNIOR HIGH.

OH, GROSS!

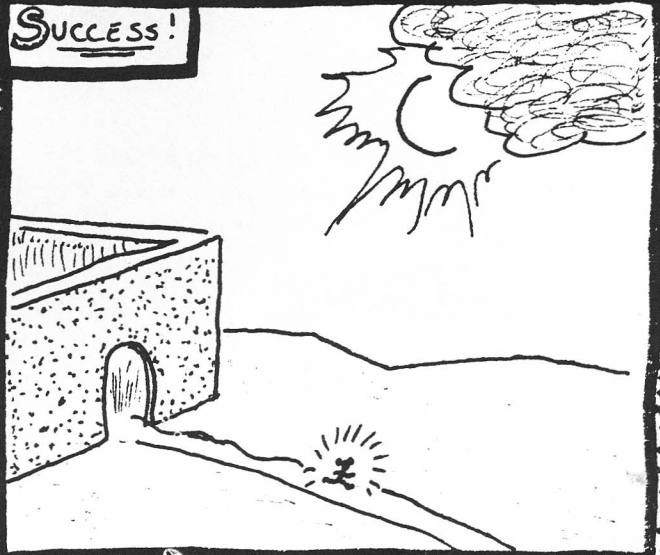
REALIZING THAT HE AGAIN HAS A CHANCE TO ESCAPE, BILLY DONS THE RAT EARS IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SNEAK BY THE GUARD!

HI, UH... I'M, UH, GONNA GO OUT FOR... UH, SOME CHEESE OR SOMETHING!

YEH, SURE!



SUCCESS!



OH, HURRAY! BILLY HAYES IS SAFE AT THE ARIZONA BUS TERMINAL! HOW WONDERFUL HE IS CAUGHT SMUGGLING DANGEROUS NARCOTIC ADHESIVES, AND BECOMES A HERO FOR ESCAPING JUSTICE!

MOM! DAD!

SON!



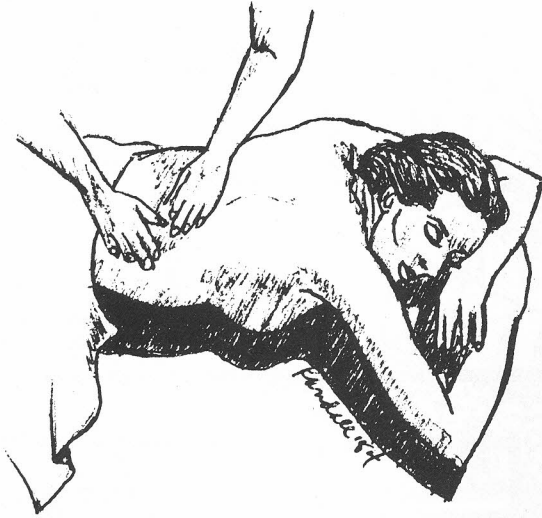
OR DOES HE?

NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR WEARING MOUSE EARS INTO ARIZONA!



END

REFLECTIONS by Bambi



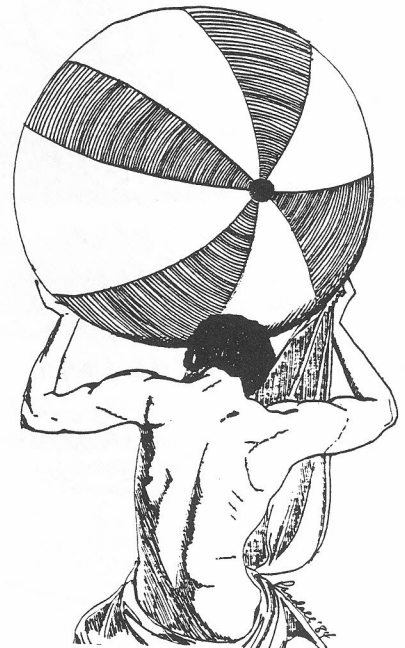
To Sharon's surprise, the bellboy at the hotel just happened to be an experienced masseur.



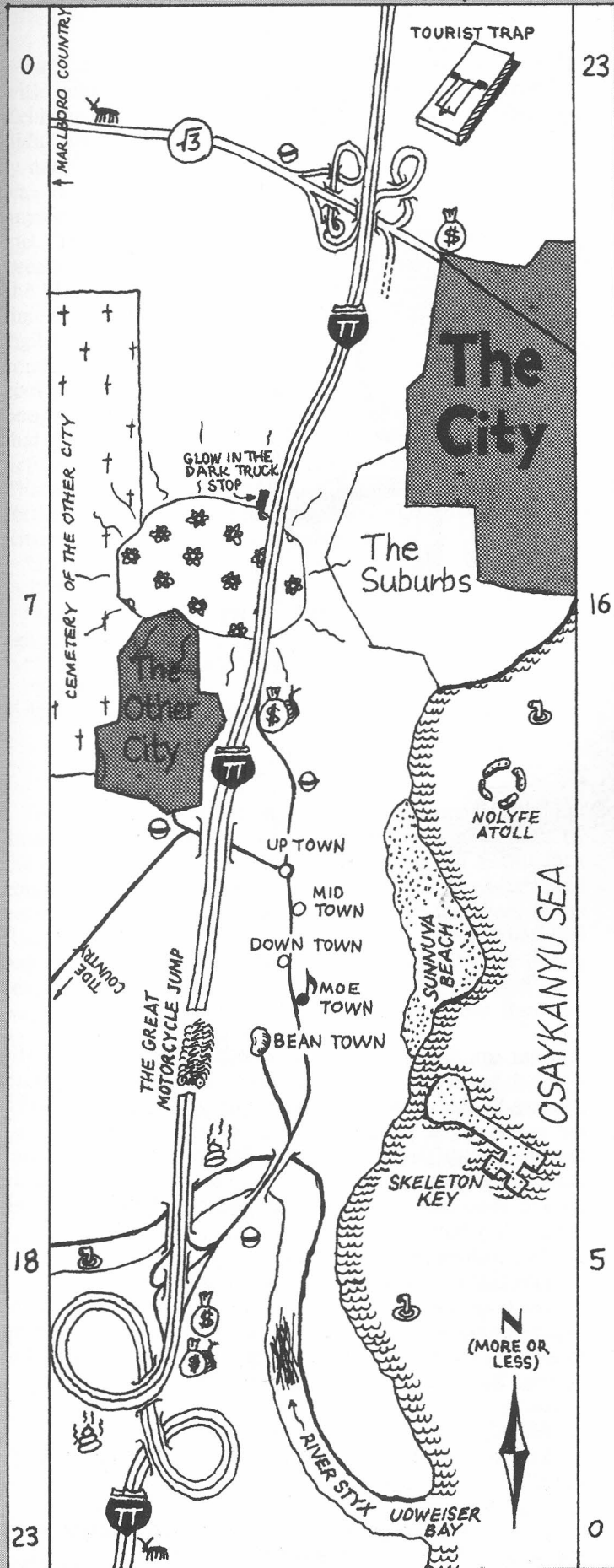
Even though Karen was 3 months P. G., she still fit into her designer bathing suit.



I fell in love with Biff, a senior from UCLA. But he was gay. Too bad, maybe next Spring Break.

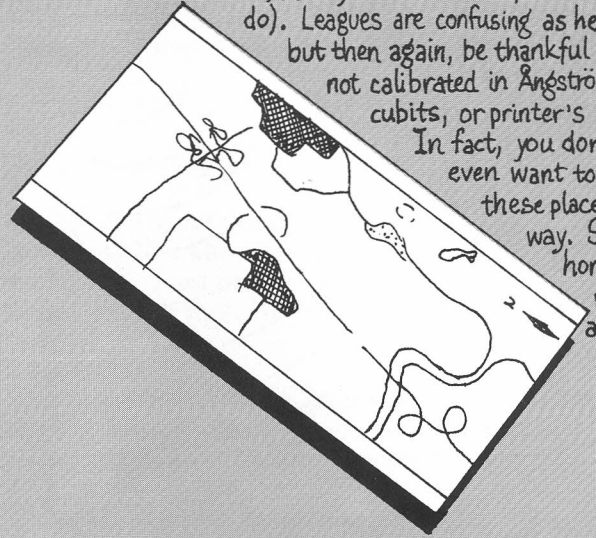


Biff was sooo strong. Look at those Pex! But like I said, he was gay. Oh well, maybe next Spring Break. ♀



HOW TO COMPUTE YOUR MILEAGE

Basically, do as we did, and hire a naive college student with one of those little devices which you roll along the ground and click off the feet and inches; i.e., DON'T USE THIS MAP. It is calibrated in leagues (not in miles, as any sane American person would do). Leagues are confusing as hell, but then again, be thankful it is not calibrated in Angstroms, cubits, or printer's picas. In fact, you don't even want to visit these places anyway. Stay home and read a good book.



KEY TO SPECIAL SYMBOLS

- First Class Hotel
- Second Class Hotel
- Third Class Hotel
- Souvenir Shop
- Soviet Submarine
- Radioactive Waste Dump
- Cemeteries; Parks Being Strip-Mined
- Burger Place



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Travel Service ☞

THROUGH THE BROWN HILLS OF UTAH WITHOUT WOMEN

By Ernest Phlegmingway
(i.e. Mariel Phlegmingway's grandfather)



"We wouldn't have to argue if it wasn't for *it*," she said. She jingled her bracelets. The train jolted.

"Don't bring *it* up again," said Jack. The wine was giving him more indigestion.

"You have to face *it*."

"No."

"Yes."

He shifted in his seat. "Maybe."

"It's all your fault."

"No."

"Yes."

"Maybe." He downed another glass of wine. His stomach hurt.

"You have to find a way to solve *it*. If you don't, I'll leave you."

He farted. He liked to fart. It made him feel good. Just like the old days of the Iowan Civil War.

"You're always so scatological. Can't you emit anything more expressive? Can't you at least burp from time to time? It's just like *it* — why can't you control your body like a *man*?" She played with her diamond earrings. "You'd better not fart in the hotel elevator in Geneva like you did in

Paris."

"Shut up, bitch." He drank another glass of wine. His stomach burned. Then he saw Death. He knew it was Death because he had seen him once before when he fought with the rebels in El Salvador. But this time it was different. Death looks different every time. This time he was the conductor. He was collecting tickets, moving down the aisle toward their seat. He saw Jack and they looked at each other. They both knew.

"Your tickets please, Monsieur."

"You filthy bastard! You're not getting me now!"

Jack lunged at the conductor and bit his ear off. It fell onto an elderly lady's lap. It reminded Jack of the time he fought the German sailor in Hong Kong in an alley by the harbor. But Jack's teeth were sharper then.

"Jack!"

"What?"

"You bit his ear off! How could you do such a tacky thing?"

"It doesn't matter. We're riding first-class."

"That's easy for you to say. It's Daddy's money we're spending. If he only knew about *it*..."

Jack drank some more wine and felt his stomach throb with pain. He wished he could be with someone besides Zelda on this trip. He knew this trip was to be his last and he didn't want to die with Zelda along. She was a bitch. He only married her because she was rich and because her back was double-jointed. But things in bed were not good anymore. Not like they were back in college when they first met. They were both in the Liberal Club together, Jack because he was a Marxist revolutionary and Zelda because she liked to wear trendy clothes. He remembered the first time they slept together. It was the night of the candlelight vigil for the prohibition of duct tape and diet soft drinks containing saccharin. He remembered how the night was cool and the air tasted sweet and how there was a little booger in her right nostril that she never knew about. But that was long ago when they were both innocent. That was before she started inviting the pole vaulters over every night. That was before he started dying, before his stomach began rotting away from drinking too many of Zelda's Diet-Tabs with Nutra-Sweet.® That was before *it*.

"Jack."

"What?"

"Maybe when we get to Geneva things will be good again."

"Maybe." He drank another glass of wine.

"Maybe?"

"I don't want to talk about *it*," he said.

Geneva was the same. The same fresh breeze at night along the clean streets of the clean city. They sat at night by the Rhone and drank and they never mentioned *it*. But Jack could sense that things were different now. There was a wall between them. For one thing, there were the three Swiss firemen that were always in the bed with them. They had hairy legs and uncut toenails. Jack hated long toenails. They reminded him of the time he fought with the rebels in Norway. They had shared a bed back then, too, but they had never made him change the sheets.

Jack knew Zelda only stayed with him because he was dying. But Jack didn't want to die this way. He wanted to die in the field like a true man. In the field nobody cared if you lost control of your sphincter muscle when you died. No one cared if you soiled your trousers. Jack liked to soil his trousers. It made him feel good. But Zelda always screamed. The field was where a true man could soil his trousers when he died and no woman would scream.

Jack missed the field. He remembered El Salvador. It came back to him now, a vision of sitting one cloudy afternoon in the outdoor cafe in Las Mierdas drinking absinthe. The town was under siege by the government troops and Jack was wasted. He wanted beer but the waiters were all dead. So he drank absinthe and diet Tab. He could hear the artillery like thunder in the distance. It was coming closer. That was when he saw Death for the first time. Death was an IBM computer systems analyst, stepping over the dead bodies and glancing at his watch. Jack was sure it was Death. Only Death would wear a fluorescent tie with a three-piece suit in El Salvador. They looked at each other. They both knew. Jack drew out his pistol and — —

"Jack!"

"What?"

"You're drooling again."

"Am not." He took a shot of whiskey. His stomach hurt. The breeze, coming up the river from Lake Geneva, was cool.

"You're not thinking about *it*, are you?"

"No."

"If you wouldn't think so much, maybe *it* wouldn't happen."

"I'm thinking about death," he said.

"Must you? You know that upsets me. I don't want to be upset tonight — I just put my eye make-up on."

He took another shot. His stomach hurt.

"Jack!"

"What?"

"I can't bear this anymore. You must explain to me what you've been hiding from me. If you don't I'll leave you." The moonlight glinted from her pearl necklace. "Why must there be *it*?"

Jack farted. It felt good. Farting was for true men.

Zelda rose, her face twitching with anger. She stared at him in the eyes, saying nothing. Suddenly Jack's heart shuddered. Now he knew, finally it was clear. *She* was Death and he could not escape. His chest tightened. He could not breathe. A slow trickle of snot ran down his lip. So now he was to die, and Death had come through her. No wonder there was *it*, he thought. No wonder Zelda's body felt so cold in bed. How could she have expected him to perform? Death is not a good lay. He was glad he missed the post-coital depression.

He was not so ashamed anymore. But he was still dying. Zelda's face began to blur and darkness spread over him. So this is what it's like to die, he thought. Then he saw the angel. It hovered over him trying to say something but it stuttered badly. Organ music began to play. It had a catchy beat. Nice dance tune, he thought. Suddenly the angel came closer and opened its mouth to speak.

"Th-th-th-that's all, folks!"

Jack didn't know what to think. Heaven was a rip-off after all. But a true man didn't need heaven. A true man — —

"Jack!"

"What?"

"Wake up you dolt! Your head's in the cheez-whiz. I don't see why you have to go on with all this melodramatic — —"

"Shut up, bitch."

THE END ♀

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HACKNEY TO CHANGE SEX

University President F. Sheldon Hackney will undergo a series of operations at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania that will effectively 'make him a woman' anonymous spokespeople at College Hall revealed to us. Earlier this month Hackney pledged to increase the number of women in upper-level administration.

Our well-paid spokespeople also leaked to us that rich Wharton alum Yussel Solarstein has funded this renovation and that President Hackney will be renamed President Solarstein-Hackney in a lavish ceremony next semester. A first name for Ms. Solarstein-Hackney has not yet been determined, but 'Boy Sheldon' has been suggested.

[In an unrelated story, Provost Thomas Ehrlich denied reports that he is seeking adoption by a family from Utah to promote geographic diversity.]

UA ACCIDENTALLY CONDEMNS ITSELF

At an emotional meeting last week the Undergraduate Assembly approved a statement condemning "University organizations comprised of pompous, mentally inferior would-be dictators who do nothing but sit on their asses, bitch a lot about everything, cause meaningless controversies and waste paper." Then one representative woke up and, after hearing the motion, pointed out that the UA had effectively condemned itself. UA leaders quickly introduced another motion condemning themselves for lack of self-consultation in the condemnation process. Another motion was brought up which condemned the UA for avoiding relevant issues, but it was tabled indefinitely. Then the Steering Committee got upset and threatened to withdraw its own funding if it didn't shape up.



FRESHMEN TO BUY FOOD PROCESSORS

Following the University's successful deal getting Apple computers at one-third price and selling them to students at half price, Dr. James Westinghouse, the Vice Provost for Small Appliances, has announced a multi-million dollar deal with Hamilton-Beach/Scovill. Freshmen, starting with the Class of '88, will be required to buy food processors from the University at substantial discounts. Dr. Westinghouse told us that there's been a revolution in American food preparation, "with more students chopping their own veggies, kneading their own dough and liquefying traditionally solid foods." The Vice Provost has also approved a "Cole Slaw Across the University" program, modeled after the popular Writing Across the University Program, in which students will shred cabbage and other leafy vegetables for coursework in Political Science, Folklore, and Systems Engineering. But Westinghouse denied speculation that the food processing requirement is just a "me-too" response to Dartmouth's toaster-oven requirement for new students.

INTRO CHEM LAB TO BE REFORMED

Bucking the trend to introduce more thinking and understanding in introductory lab courses, the Chemistry Department has announced that its half-credit laboratory courses will be expanded from three hours a week to three hours a day. Students will be required to memorize lab procedures verbatim, will have to submit calculations notarized in triplicate and will be forced to learn the 19th-century lab techniques blindfolded with one arm behind their backs. Grading will be based on good penmanship, how well information is copied from the lab manual onto lab reports, and volume of paper handed in. The lab final will be an essay test: points will be given for each paragraph that contains absolutely no new information.

In response to the Chem Department's innovations, the Physics Department will double the number of graphs it requires for its labs.

NO MORE G'ISLANDERS

Dean of Admissions Lee Stetson has announced that Penn's campaign for geographic diversity in the student body has been completely successful. Stetson told us the Class of '88 "will not contain one stinking, slimy, shitty little wise-ass from New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania." "What's more," he added, "they're all from Utah. Clean, honest youths with no vices, speech problems or obnoxious parents."

NOTICE...THE PALELY DENNSYLVANIAN does not intend to charge students for delivery, contrary to a satirical notice distributed recently. We're going to raise advertising rates for student groups instead. ♀

AIRLINE SAFETY CARD



For your comfort:

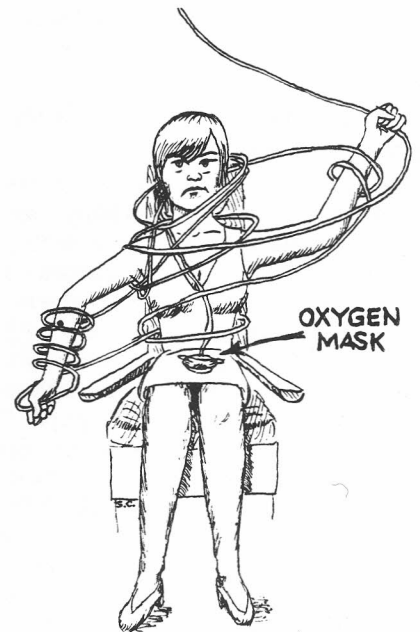
1. If you desire anything from our stewardesses, refer to the console above your seat. There is a button which probably doesn't work. Press it. Someone may come to take your order. But don't count on it.
2. While you are waiting, and you will be, play with the light. Turn it on. Turn it off. Turn it on. Turn it off. Turn it on, try to read by it, and go functionally blind.
3. The cabin has been air-conditioned for your comfort. The air nozzle cannot be turned off, however, so bundle up.
4. Don't open the window.



UPRIGHT POSITION



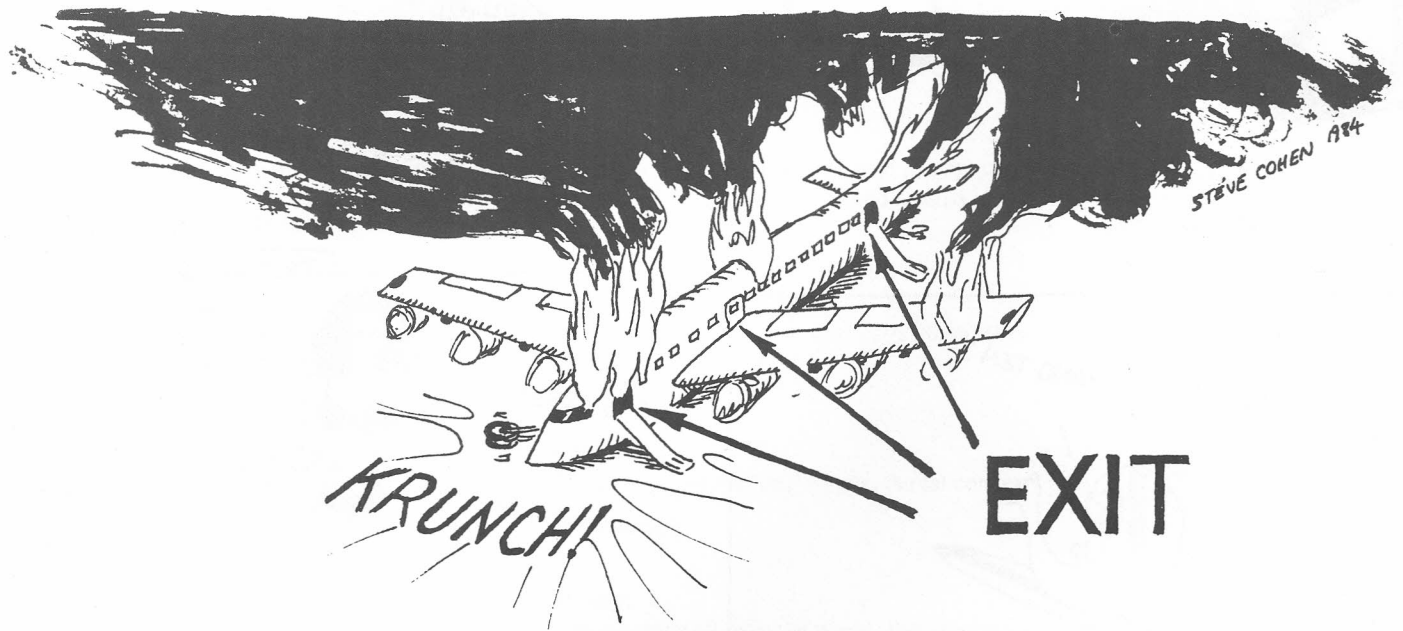
CRASH POSITION



5. The cabin has also been pressurized so it doesn't implode. In case of emergency, an oxygen mask will drop down from above your seat. To activate it, put the mask around your mouth and nose and stretch the cord. Or use the cord to garrot yourself, because if the cabin is depressurized, it means the pilot left the door open when he jumped, and the plane's going down any minute.

In case of emergency:

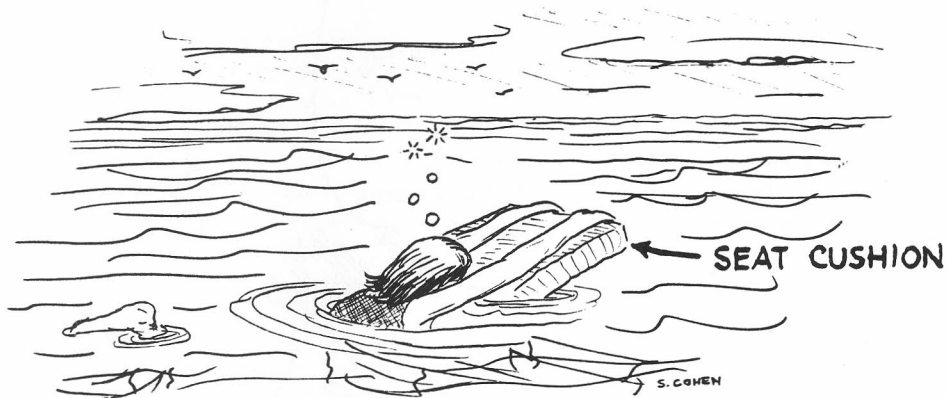
1. There are emergency exits located at the front and back of the cabin and over the wings, but airplane personnel get first dibs, and they carry guns.



2. Having just dropped 20,000 feet into either the ocean or hard cement, if you are still able to crawl to the exits, lift the safety latch and climb out.

Emergency slides have been known to inflate, after also having fallen 20,000 feet, right, and you can slide down them into the water or onto the hard cement. Please remember to remove your shoes first.

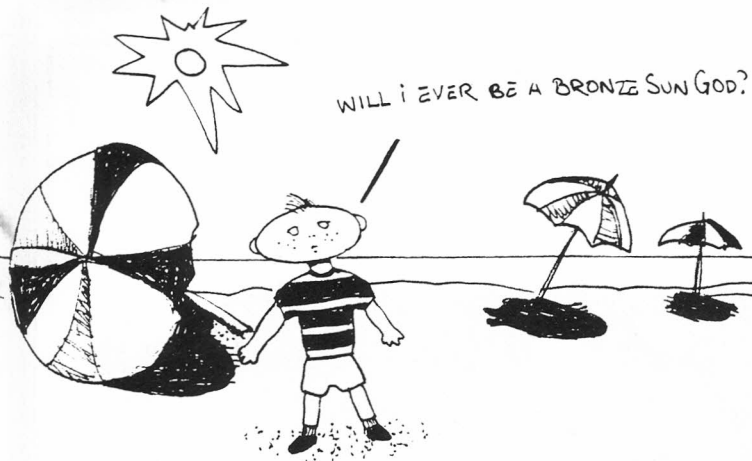
3. Your cushion can be used as a flotation device, if you are so inclined or have no appreciable body-weight.



4. Did you hear the one about the stewardess and the two great danes?

ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT. SERIOUSLY. AND REMEMBER TO FLY TRANS-SOVIET AIRSPACE AIRLINE AGAIN. ☹

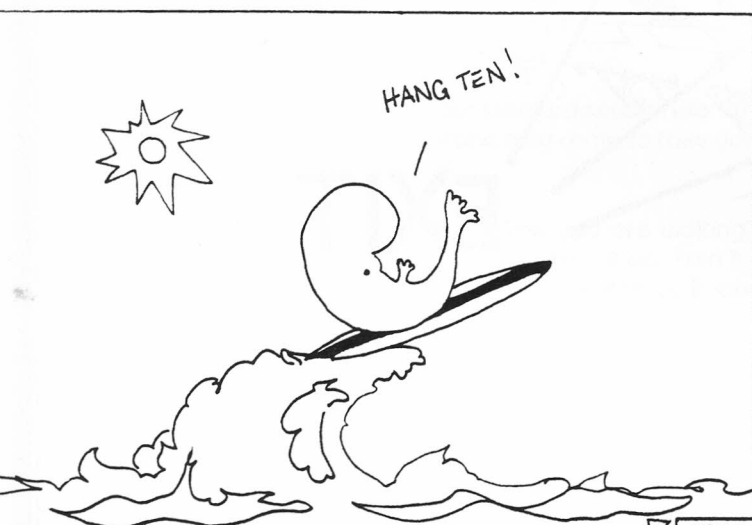
FUN AT THE BEACH!



WILL I EVER BE A BRONZE SUN GOD?



TOO MUCH BEER AT THE BEACH



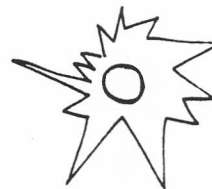
HANG TEN!

WOW!
THIS IS GREAT!
... BUT
DO I HAVE
ENOUGH INSURANCE?



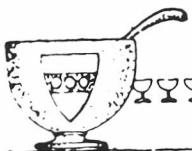
FREDDIE THE FETUS GOES SURFING

DID I PUT ON ENOUGH SUNTAN LOTION?
WHERE'S MY LUGGAGE?
WHAT ARE SAND-FLEAS, ANYWAY?
IS THAT RICARDO MONTALBAN?
IS SURFING A THREAT TO THE
AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE?...
OR IS IT JUST A BUNCH OF KIDS
HAVING GOOD CLEAN FUN?



THE MAN WHO IS ALWAYS CONFUSED GOES ON VACATION

C.O'HAY '84



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NOW, DO ALL YOUR SOUVENIR SHOPPING THROUGH THE MAIL!

some samples from our catalog . . .

1. Hollywood, CA – Celebrity ash trays.

The photographs of your favorite stars embedded in these fine quality ash trays. Farrah Fawcett, Rich Little, John Wayne, Lassie, and more. 3½" in diameter.



\$4.95

2. (Madison) Wisconsin – Butter dispenser

Slices up to four perfect, even pats of butter at a time. Gauge settings of 1/16" to 1/2". Has automatic butter-advancing mechanism.. Wooden base, Ceramic cover, handpainted with, "Wisconsin, the Dairyland of Wisconsin". A great gift!



\$12.95

3. Saudi Arabia – Miniature barrels of oil.

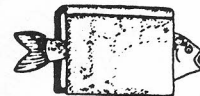
Your stake in a Saudi oil field! Pure Saudi crude in replica of drum, 4" high, 2½' diam. Protect yourself from the next embargo.



\$6.94

4. Copenhagen, Denmark – herring bookmark.

Mark your place in Hamlet with this real herring, fished from the local waters. A real conversation piece.



16.43

5. Atlantic City, New Jersey – Seashell money.

These lovely colorful shells are readily accepted as currency all over the world. But they're so pretty, you just might not want to spend them!



\$10.95

6. Niagara Falls – Falls replica toilet bowl ornament

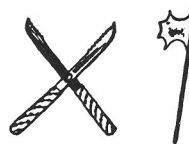
Realistic scale model of (North side) of Falls. Easy to install - just hook onto rear wall of toilet bowl. Creates realistic reproduction of the Falls as water whooshes and rushes over it every time toilet is flushed! What a novelty! Great incentive for toilet-training toddlers!



\$24.95

7. Poland – rotary nose-hair clippers.

For that oft-neglected personal grooming need.



\$64.50

8. Madrid, Spain.

You'll say, "That's bullshit, man!" And it is!! Authentic bullshit from the arenas of Madrid, encased in a sterile glass vial. Comes with certificate of authenticity and "gold" mounting stand.



64¢

9. Boise, Idaho

French Fry serving tray and set of of 15 French Fry picks. Finally! – an elegant way to serve French Fries. Platter has 'potato' handles. Company will love it! Make our potatoes the focal point of your next party!



\$8.93

10. Russia – refrigerator magnets.

(tractor, thresher; crane, steam shovel) A must for any home, these cute refrigerator magnets reflect the theme(s) of everyday Russian life, and the Russian commitment to industrial machinery. Comes in red only.



\$1,248.50

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DOTTY

HOW CUTE!

Bourgeois

in
"Cotillion
Crisis"

WELL, IT'S A BIG DAY AT THE BOURGEOIS HOUSEHOLD -- THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, SUKEY, IS MAKING HER DEBUT AT THE ARMORY BALL!

OH, DOTTY! JUST THINK -- I GET THE FIRST DANCE WITH THE GUEST OF HONOR -- BUZZ ALDRIN!

NOW TAKE OFF THOSE GLASSES! UNDO THOSE BRAIDS! ACT MORE LIKE NANCY REAGAN!

MEANWHILE -- THEIR FATHER IS DOWN AND OUT COMING HOME FROM A BUSINESS TRIP IN LONDON --

I-I FEEL SO UN-FULFILLED! LIKE I'M NOT REALIZING MY FULL HUMAN POTENTIAL! LIKE I HAVEN'T STOPPED TO SMELL THE ROSES! LIKE ALL I'VE PRODUCED IS TWO STUCK-UP, UGLY DAUGHTERS!

AT KENNEDY, HOWEVER, HE IS CONFRONTED WITH AN ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE!

HI! MY NAME'S FREE!

OH! BUZZ'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- WHERE'S DAD?

AS GEORGE BUSH WAS SAYING IN THE LAST READERS' DIGEST --

NATIONAL REVIEW! MORE SHERRY!

I GOTTA PUKE!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE LIMOUSINE --

OH MY GOD!! ANOTHER MID-LIFE CRISIS!!

Hate kreesshna!

IS THE COTILLION KAPUT?? QUICKLY, DOTTY ENLISTS HER LATEST FLAME, CLINT CAMPBELL, A SOPHOMORE PSYCH MAJOR FROM YALE!!

CAN YOU DEPROGRAM HIM?

SURE, HONEY! MY GPA IS 2.6!!

THEY DRAG DAD UP TO AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM --

GO EASY ON HIM, O.K.?

NATCH! WE DO THIS TO OUR DEKE PLEDGES ALL TIME! -- NOW C'MON, FELLA -- WANNA SWIG?

BUT DAD IS ON ANOTHER PLANE!

ON THAT FLIGHT I SAW LUST, SIN, AND DECADENCE!!

I HATE FLYING, BUT I NEED THIS JOB -- I GOT A WIFE AND TWO LARVA AT HOME!

CHILDREN! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE WAY!

ABOUT THIS AMERICAN TOUR -- WILL THEY MAKE ME SHAVE MY ARMPITS?

DRNSKL VBBL KRAY B'VRST GNZG WMLN! *

OPUS DOLLS! OPUS LUNCHBOXES! MOVIE RIGHTS! I'M GONNA SCREW SNOOPY INTO THE GROUND!

*transl: I'M GLAD I'M TRANSFERRING TO PENN -- FINALLY, A PLACE WHERE I CAN UNDERSTAND THE TA'S!

-- SO I'VE DECIDED TO DONATE ALL MY MONEY TO THE CHURCH OF SUN LYUNG-LOON!

BUT DADDY! THINK OF MY TUIT -- ER, YOUR REPUTATION!

MY OWN FATHER -- A TRAITOR

OH, DON'T WORRY -- HE'LL SNAP OUT OF IT EVENTUALLY.

HERE -- LET ME FEEL -- ER, CHEER YOU UP!

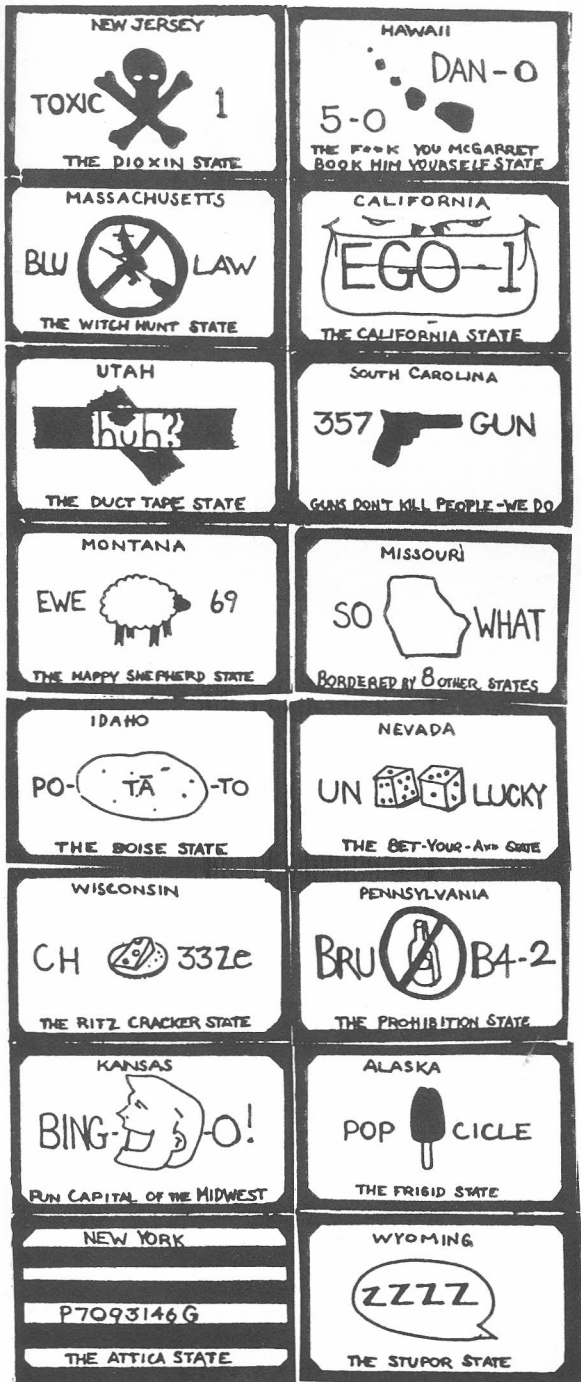
WHAT'LL MY ROOM-MATES THINK?

BUT THE COTILLION GOES ON! SEEMS BUZZ ALDRIN MET SOME NEW FRIENDS AT THE AIRPORT, TOO!

MA-MEEEE!

EY, WHITE GIRL! PASS THE DOOTCHIE!

ONE SHOT FOR THE SOCIAL PAGE!



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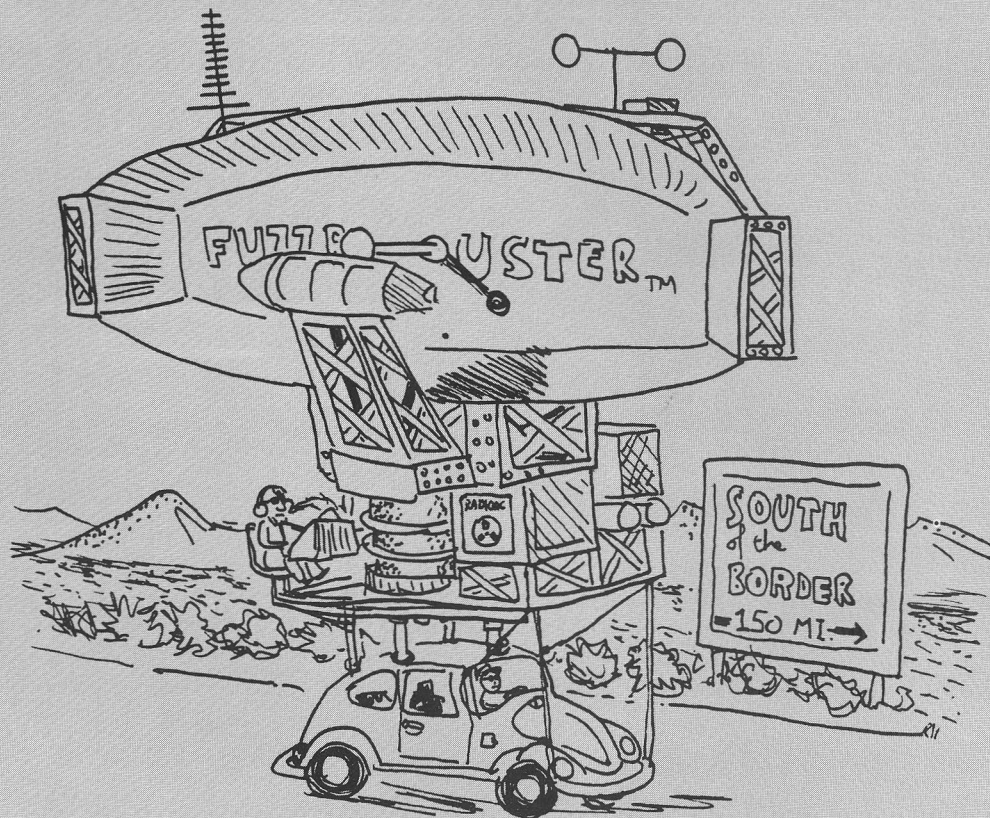
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- Amana radaranges within 600 miles
- Automatic Garage-door openers within 125 miles
- Alien Spacecraft at 250 light years

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- ★ Lights cigarettes
- ★ Complete instructions supplied

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**FUZZBUSTER
Attica State Prison
New York
Attn: "Snort" DeLorean ☞**

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