

PUNCH BOWL PRESENTS

PENNHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR PENN ♀

WINTER 1984 \$2.00

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**FICTION BY
BARBARA CARTLOAD**

**HOW TO
PICK UP MALES**

**THE
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**AND
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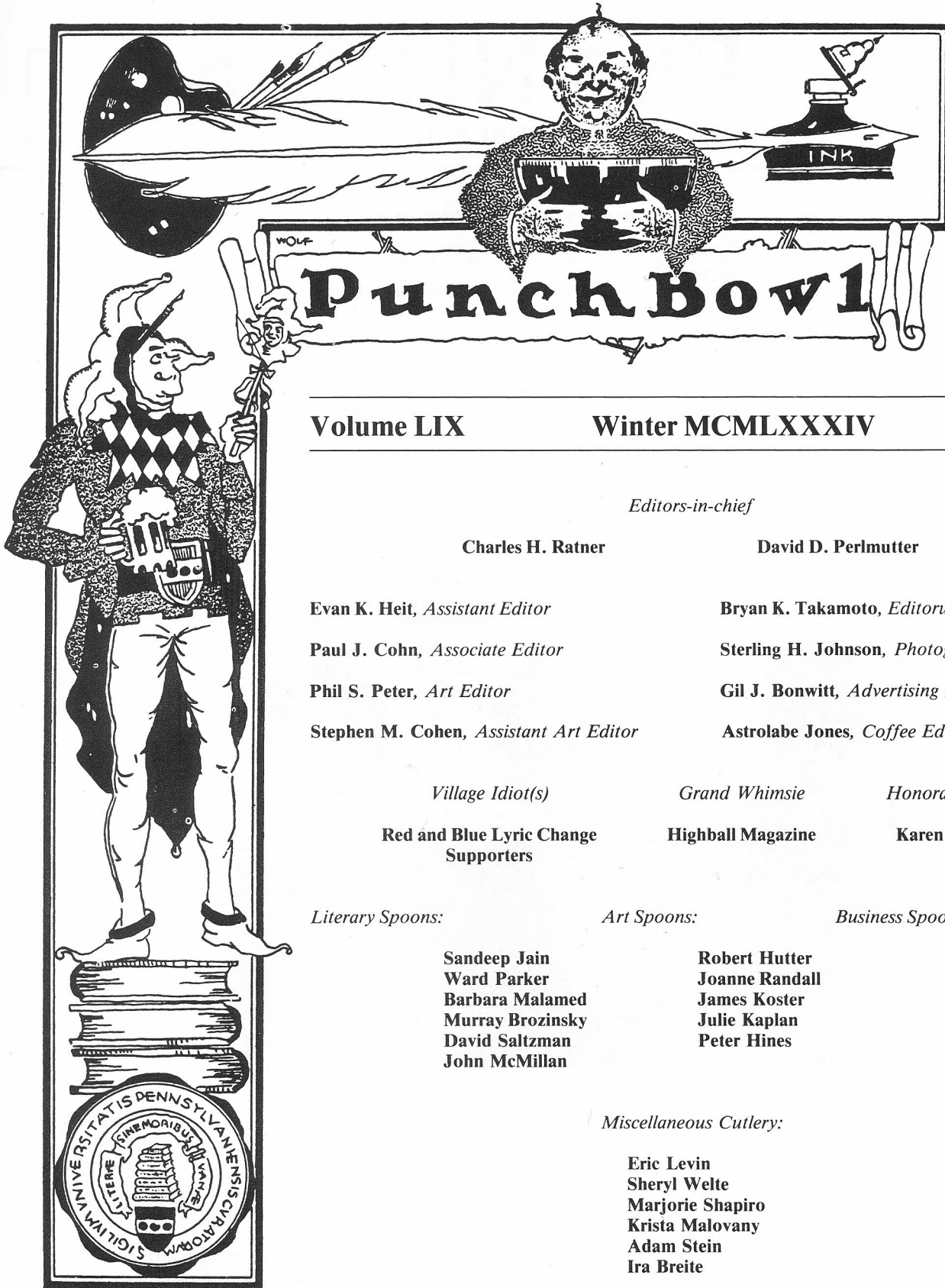


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Volume LIX

Winter MCMLXXXIV

No. 1

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PENNHOUSE



THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR PENN Winter 1984

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EDITORIAL

Hello, I'm Bob Guzzione Jr., Editor and chief editor of this magazine. Like, you know, lot's of people say to me this is crazy — they say "Hey Bob Guzzione Jr., you are f—— crazy to start a skin rag on an Ivy League campus." Well maybe I am crazy, but I'm also rich. So if my dad can rake in the bucks, so can I! Our initial print run for **PENNH**ouse is 3,000,000 copies. A lot of people say that's crazy — they say "Hey Bob Guzzione Jr., there are only a couple 'a thousand people here at Penn." Well I say they are the crazy ones 'cause everybody knows college students are in to this stuff so I figure each will buy ten, maybe twenty copies.

A lot of people say we exploit sheep. That's crazy. We exploit anybody. So anyway, here I am, Bob Guzzione Jr.. Hey, remember I'm a student at Penn too, CAS English Major. My friends say to me — "Hey Bob Guzzione Jr., Go start a magazine!" Well I have. But like, you know, I'm just one of youse guys, right? So if you see me walking on campus feel free to say "Hey Bob Guzzione Jr., Hello!" But don't touch me or my two Mormon Body-guards Achmed and Bruce will rearrange your lips.

That's all I have to say for now.

Bob Guzzione Jr.

FORUM

"YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN"

Dear PENNhouse,

I am a student at a large East Coast Ivy League University. Here, all thirty thousand of us read PENNhouse, each of us share one copy. Until last night I never believed that any of these letters were real. I always thought they were written by a 197 lb. white Methodist, 49 year old male, of Serbian-Irish descent, who graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism - class of '54 - and then got a job covering Vietnam for the North Dakota Dairy Report, but was fired for being too violent with Pathet Lao cows that the marines had liberated, but that was OK because he went to Chicago and guested on the Bob Newhart show as Howard's zany Croatian friend who falls in love with Emily, and then joined a bowling league which convinced him to quit T.V. and work for PENNhouse in the fourth floor of the PENNhouse building in a nice office.

That's what I used to think but then I had lots of sex.

Name and Address Withheld By Request

"HOT GNU, YOU TOO"

Dear PENNhouse,

I am a student at a large East Coast Ivy League University somewhere on the East Coast. I'm now a junior and quite frankly have not had much of a sex life up to now. But this semester that all changed. Little did I know when I enrolled in ANTHRO 890 OUR FRIEND THE GNU that the professor would not be some stogy old guy, but a ripe, voluptuous, sweet-smelling, taut, supple yet firm, yielding, porous, permeable, penitent, perky, principled, petulant knockout with a charming personality. Her name was Miss. Astrolabe Jones, although her really close friends called her Miss Astrolabe Jones.

All the guys in the class were hot for her britches. But, to be honest, I have always been kind of shy with women, at least since I got out of Attica, so I put my chances of making it with her as pretty low. Then one day she called me into her office to discuss my midterm paper. The moment I entered the room I noticed she was naked and holding the rear ankle-bone of the rare white Gnu of upper Alberta. Instinctively I said

"Is this the AT&T stockholders meeting?" She purred and fell to the floor and used the bone to brazenly stimulate her earlobes. I dropped my pants and watched. Then ... I watched some more, then still not having satiated my reptilian passion I watched some more. By now she begged me to stop. So I did.

*Name and Address was asked to be withheld, but we'll print it anyway:
Bob Commodus 2505 HRE*

"THE PENCIL SHARPENER ALWAYS RINGS TWICE"

Dear PENNhouse,

I am a perky co-ed from a large East Coast Ivy League University. I am a red-head with a foxy 36-24-36-12 figure and breasts that just won't quit, and hard, silver-dollar sized nipples. Many people say I look alot like Gene Wilder. Despite my looks, I have never been able to find a man who could fully satisfy me. That is until ...

It was late one Friday night, I was taking a bath when suddenly my pencil-sharpener broke down. I rushed to the phone and called the pencil-sharpener repair man. He came in a jiffy. When I opened the front door he gasped, probably because of my heart-shaped pubic hair. Responding professionally, he unzipped his pants, and pulled out his protuberance. It was my turn to gasp, because it resembled the Washington monument, only, much, much smaller.

He proceeded to slam his five inches of boiling steel into my magic music box. It felt so good that I had to run out to Woolworths and get some extra sewing needles. As we rolled around on the ceiling, I didn't see his three work-mates slip into the room. They soon joined in the fun, watching T.V. and drinking beer until they were as exhausted as salmon trying to spawn. Me and my man made hot torrid love until next semester when he had to go home and feed his Gnu. Boy was it fun! But you know, my damn pencil-sharpener is still broken. I guess I'll have to call the repair man again ...

*Name And Address Printed By Request:
Bobbi Sue Susan
42-37865 119 S. 42nd St.
Philadelphia PA*

"IN SEARCH OF THE HOLY TOWEL"

Dear PENNhouse:

I am a student at a large East coast Ivy

League University. There I was, in Cambridge searching for my lost towel. Then this guy with a home computer strapped to his belt comes crawling up to me on his hands and knees. He asked me what time it was in Bangkok. Happening to have my trusty world time watch that tells the time in Europe, Asia, and any other country I quickly adjusted a few knobs and told him. He called me a parasite and went skipping away singing the Canadian national anthem before I could ask him if he happened to know where my towel was. I definitely knew I must have been getting close to Harvard.

Then I saw it. The image of my towel was cast into the sky by a beacon in a strange looking building. As I approached the building my hopes of finding my long lost towel heightened. It took me only a few moments to come to the door of what appeared to be a dormitory. Feeling sure that I was at the end of my quest I knocked thrice on the oaken door. A little slot of the door slid open and an eye peered out. I heard some muffled sounds and a lot of shuffling about. Then the door opened and a co-ed sheep appeared.

"May I help you? Oh please do come in for it is cold out there," said the rather skimpily dressed sheep.

"I seek the towel," said I in a very medieval fashion. "Is it here?"

"We shall talk about that later. First come in and let us attend to your every wish and desire," replied the rather skimpily dressed sheep.

Now, I'm no fool so I took her up on her offer. I stepped inside and she guided me down a long hallway. At the end she opened a door that led into a large room that contained a swimming pool, sunlamps, lounge chairs, and many other skimpily dressed sheep. It only took a second before they were upon me.

Well, the days wore on in that place and I learned each of the sheep's majors. I think it was about the fourth day that I decided that college was fun. After about the eighth day I remembered what it was I came for and then quickly proceeded to forget it until the tenth day when I decided to ask a sociology major about my towel.

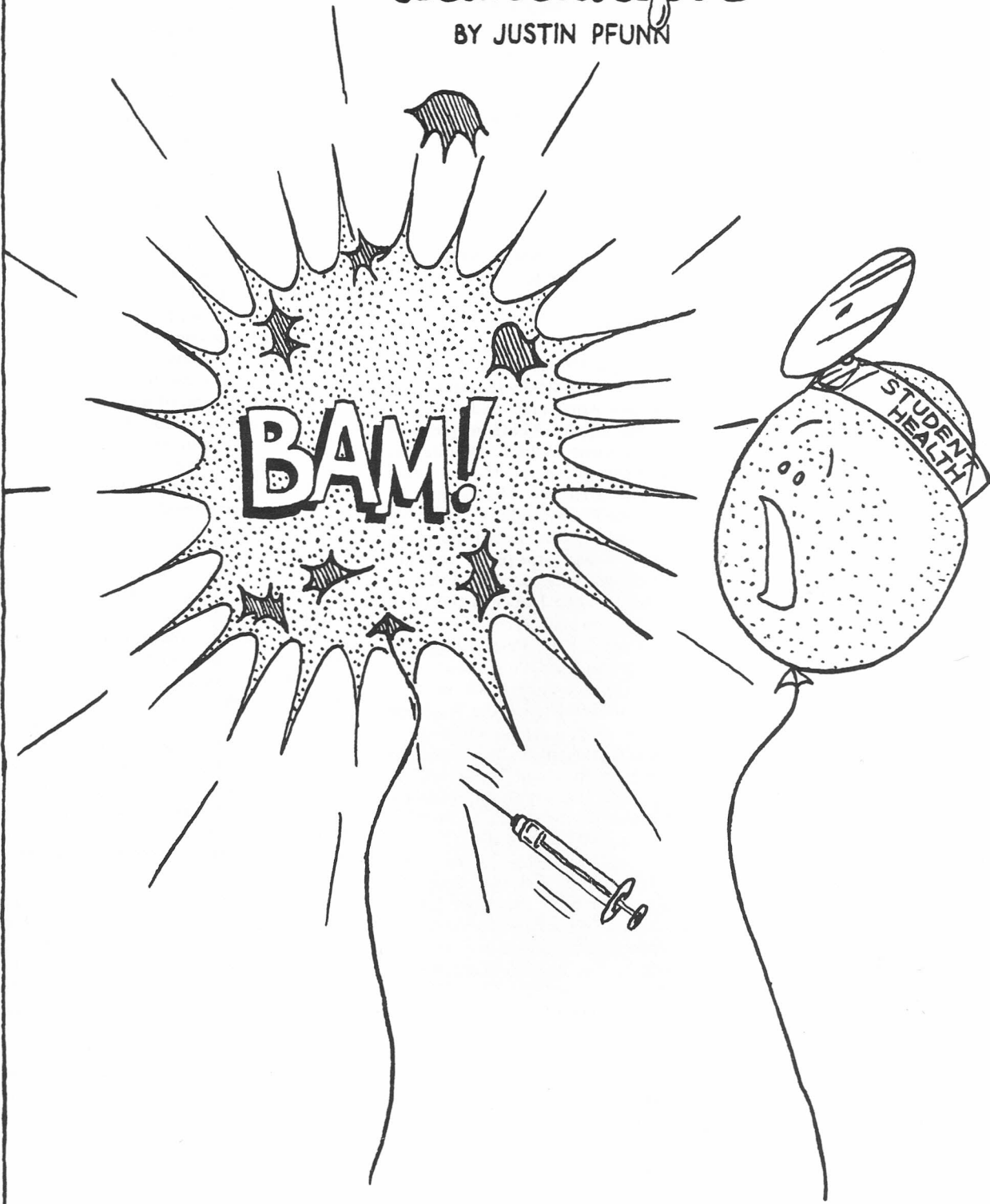
I told her about the towel beacon and my long search for my long lost towel. She called over the sheep who had initially greeted me and asked her if she displayed the towel beacon that day. The sheep answered that she had. The sociology major scolded her and told me that I had to punish them all for what had been done. First I had to shear each and every one of them and then engage in oral sex.

Name And Address Withheld By Request.

cont. page 69

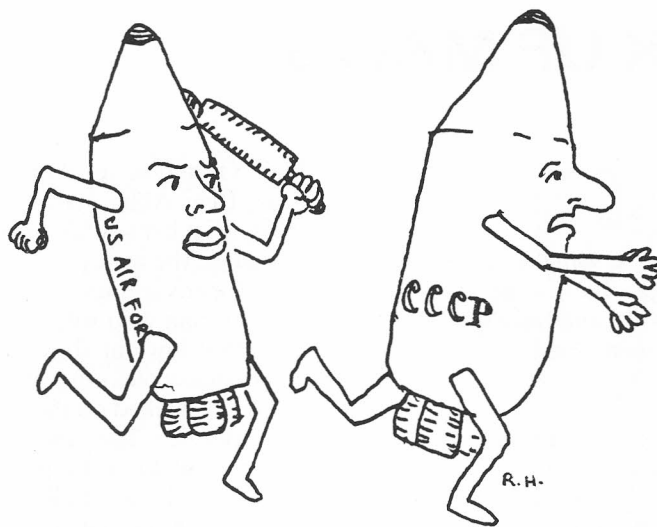
Bellhankopf's

BY JUSTIN PFUNK



"Maybe the anesthetic wasn't such a hot idea..."

S. COHEN 1983

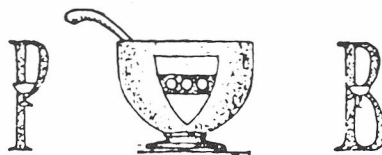


NUCLEAR WARHEADS ARE BETTER THAN MEN

- Nuclear warheads never go dutch.
- Nuclear warheads never have liquor on their breath.
- Nuclear warheads know when they're not wanted.
- Nuclear warheads take precautions before firing.
- Nuclear warheads don't have beer bellies.
- Nuclear warheads don't beg you to take them back.
- Nuclear warheads don't sport feeble-looking mustaches to appear older.
- Nuclear warheads support equal rights.
- Nuclear warheads don't leave the toilet seat up.
- Nuclear warheads are considerate.
- Nuclear warheads don't tell crude jokes.
- Nuclear warheads have heard of personal hygiene.
- Nuclear warheads don't use and abuse you.
- Nuclear warheads don't flirt with other girls.
- Nuclear warheads don't have a one-track mind.
- Nuclear warheads don't explode too early.
- Nuclear warheads don't treat you only as sex objects.
- Nuclear warheads don't fail to perform in tight situations.
- Nuclear warheads practice what they preach.
- Nuclear warheads don't only talk about sports.
- Nuclear warheads are always there when you need them.
- Nuclear warheads don't lie to you.
- Nuclear warheads don't surprise you by being married or gay.
- Nuclear warheads are marginally intelligent.
- Nuclear warheads have class.
- Nuclear warheads don't dress like slob.
- Nuclear warheads know how to hold their liquor.
- Nuclear warheads aren't sleazy.
- Nuclear warheads don't tell stories about you to their friends.
- Nuclear warheads don't explode at you all the time.
- Nuclear warheads don't have hangovers in the morning.
- Nuclear warheads don't watch your every move.
- Nuclear warheads are never conceited.
- Nuclear warheads don't take advantage of you.

NUCLEAR WARHEADS ARE BETTER THAN WOMEN

- Nuclear warheads don't spend all your money.
- Nuclear warheads don't get "morning" breath.
- Nuclear warheads are easy to dispose of.
- Nuclear warheads don't get pregnant.
- Nuclear warheads don't have cellulite.
- Nuclear warheads can be shot to Russia when you tire of them.
- Nuclear warheads don't have unsightly facial hair.
- Nuclear warheads never talk about equal rights.
- Nuclear warheads don't complain about the toilet seat being up.
- Nuclear warheads don't care how you treat them.
- Nuclear warheads can take a joke.
- Nuclear warheads never have razor stubble under their arms.
- Nuclear warheads don't cry and make you feel guilty.
- Nuclear warheads don't flirt with other guys.
- Nuclear warheads don't say "No."
- Nuclear warheads usually reach a climax during performance.
- Nuclear warheads don't care if you treat them only as sex objects.
- Nuclear warheads don't leave you sexually frustrated.
- Nuclear warheads don't get angry if you date someone else.
- Nuclear warheads don't nag you to death.
- Nuclear warheads are never late.
- Nuclear warheads never make excuses.
- Nuclear warheads don't have other boyfriends.
- Nuclear warheads are never airheads.
- Nuclear warheads don't care if you belch.
- Nuclear warheads don't wear too much make-up.
- Nuclear warheads don't care if you drink.
- Nuclear warheads never fool around.
- Nuclear warheads don't embarrass you in front of your friends.
- Nuclear warheads aren't hell to live with.
- Nuclear warheads don't look worse in the morning.
- Nuclear warheads don't try to dictate your every move.
- Nuclear warheads are never stuck up.
- Nuclear warheads don't take advantage of you.



HOW TO PICK UP MALES

By Mandi DeJigalo

Chapter One: Introduction

Listen to *me*, ladies. Because I know something you don't know. How to pick up males. I can walk into any bar, any taffy pull, any meeting of the ASPCA, and have my pick of any man there. Blond, brunet or bald. First class, second class or bulk rate. I've had them all, I can have them all again whenever I want.

I'm not especially attractive. I wear glasses and I have a tremendous nose. I have zits on my zits. In high school, the boys called me 'Miss Piggy.' I seldom shower and I never use deodorant. Human beings have died from seeing me in the morning. But I know something you don't know. How to pick up males.

I know what kind you want. Someone who seems mild,

Doh. Or maybe she'd tell you to seek professional help. But dear, Dear Abby doesn't know how to pick up males. Just think what her sex life must be like.

Ladies, the man you want, the kind of man who will make your friends jealous when you put your arm around him, the kind of man who will grovel for forgiveness if he forgets to wear that low-cut shirt you like, can be found in only one place: sleazy pick-up joints.

You've walked on the other side of the street of places like this. Bernie's Bar and Motel (Hourly Rates), The Foxy Tavern and Love Emporium, The Oyster and Bun. There are hundreds, no, millions of males sitting alone on greasy barstools in darkened dives that smell like stale booze and staler armpits. They're waiting for you, their muscles rippling and bulging as they wait. Go buy one a drink. You won't be disappointed.



sweet and easily influenced. Someone who dresses the way *you* want him to dress. Someone who will sit home Saturday nights unless *you* call him. Someone who will cook you a ninety-six course Moroccan dinner and refuse to let you help him clean up. Every night.

You want somebody who makes heads turn when he walks down the street. Somebody who's got all the right measurements and proportions. Somebody who has three PhD's and can lift five hundred pounds over his head. Somebody whose wit and charm are exceeded only by his desire to satisfy you any way he can. Every night.

You're probably thinking that all these good men are taken. They're all married or clergymen, right? Besides, what would a gorgeous male, used to being treated like a prince, want with an ordinary or slightly less-than-ordinary woman like you?

But you're wrong. Believe it or not, men need women too. Part of the human male's steamy sexuality is his inability to make the first move. Millions of men have been waiting for you. Billions of men see you in their dreams. Every night. Isn't it about time you asked one to dinner?

Chapter Two: Where to Find Them

If you asked Dear Abby where to find a good man, she'd tell you to join the Juggling Club or take a class in Play-

Chapter Three: Who to Hit On

So you're in Club Sleaze and you're amazingly self-confident that every creature on earth with two legs and hair on its chest would give its eyeteeth to breathe the same air you breathe. Unfortunately, you may have to ask four or five men to dance before you find a wealthy husband or life-long love slave. You should look for a likely mark, somebody who can't say no.

A man tries to make a statement by the way he dresses himself. You should accept tight jeans or revealing shoes on a man as an obvious come-on. Men who wear a lot of jewelry probably have rich mothers who might let you have the family business someday. A man with a Harvard or Princeton blazer probably wants to say 'Try *me!* I have a mind.' Which may be ok, but only if he has the body to go with it!

Body language is also revealing. A man who sits with his arms or legs uncrossed is unconditionally receptive to anything you might suggest. Putting his hands in his pockets means a man is waiting for someone to buy him a drink, or that he plays billiards. Finally, a guy who stares at you and smiles and winks and licks his lips sensuously probably wants you to introduce yourself.

Chapter Four: The Pick-Up Proper

You've spotted a generously-endowed male and you're ready to make a move. But wait! You can't just say anything to a guy and expect him to immediately sit on your lap. You need to show subtlety and sensitivity when you suggest what's obviously on both of your minds. Some men want to be dazzled with something really smooth and ambiguous. Some men want to be pierced by your sharp wit. And some men want to be baffled by something in another language.

It's always safe to start off with a compliment. 'Wow, your breath smells good,' you could say. 'I bet you'd look great in an underwear ad,' is also effective. Or 'Where'd you get those biceps, you steamy sexpot?' Compliment his clothing. 'Where'd you find that hat with the propeller?' 'That shirt really shows off your belly button.' 'Those wingtips are really turning me on.'

Perhaps you could tell him he looks like a celebrity. 'Excuse me, aren't you Dustin Hoffman?' 'Your floppy ears makes you look just like Bugs Bunny.' 'You have legs just like Big Bird.'

Sometimes it is wise to lead with a little bragging. Tell him you're national vice-president of The League of Woman Voters. Tell him you're a multi-millionaire. Tell him you're God. Tell him you're Wilma Flintstone.

After your smooth, almost slimy, opening line, your quarry will probably giggle and smile sweetly. Now you make your move. Buy him a drink. Buy him another drink. Buy him a third. Stare at his eyes. At his neck. At his chest. At his wallet. Wink at him. Smile at him. Leer at him. Wait for a slow song then ask him to dance. Press close enough to him that he can breathe only with difficulty. Pull him closer. Sing in his ear. Blow in his ear. Clean his ear for him. Compliment him on his clean ears.

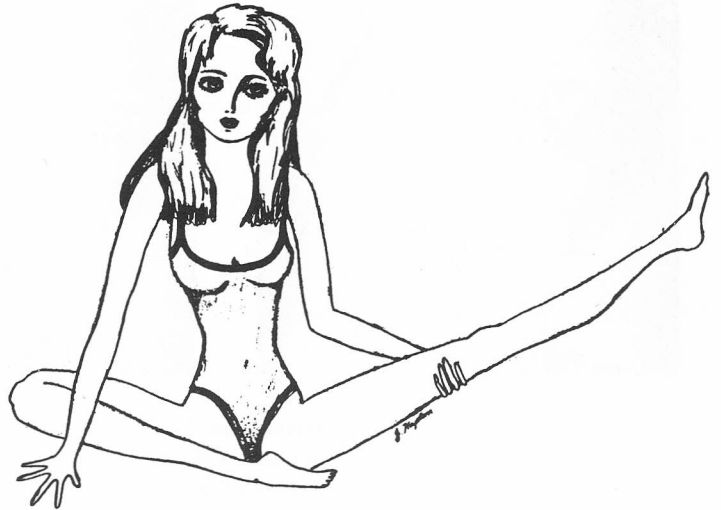
Tell him that you'd like to go out for some fresh air. Take his hand and make sure he follows you. Walk out to the parking lot. Get in your car with him. Start the car and put on some romantic music. Mention the fact that you have one of the largest water beds in the county. He will probably say 'Ooh, can I see it?' **Score.**

Chapter Five: Ditching Him

Men don't understand that human females are naturally polygamous. Eventually you will be bored with your new plaything. So you give him two choices: you will see anyone you want and he will see only you, or you will see anyone you want and he will see no one.

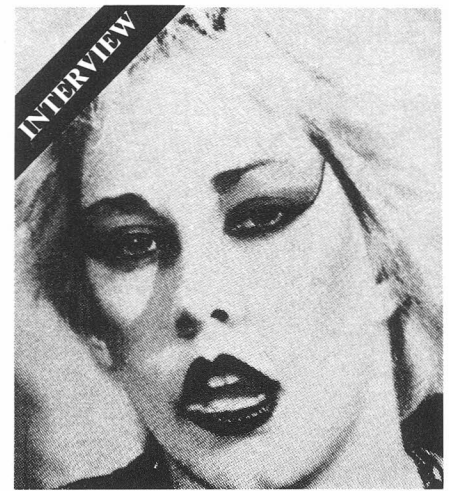
Or perhaps you'd rather dump him entirely. Maybe you don't like his friends. Or his family. Or the way he dresses. Or how he cooks. Dishonesty is the best thing in this case. He'll never know the difference and more important he'll stay the hell away from you. Tell him a relative died and you have to fly home to Antarctica. Or Mercury. Suggest that you have acquired a socially transmitted disease.

In extreme cases you may have to be honest. Tell him that the human male has a clear-cut role in society and that he hasn't been living up to your ideal of manhood. Then walk confidently back to Club Sleaze. And pick up another male.



"I wish I could tell men, but I CAN'T. I don't want to scare them off!! I know I should... probably on the first date. It's ONLY fair, of course. From now on, I'll just tell THEM, and take my chances! I just can't keep from the fact that I have... my Ph.D.

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Freddie arrived in the usual way — he wasn't accepted to Harvard, Yale, Brown, Princeton, Columbia or Dartmouth, and he ruled out Cornell because if he should ever attempt suicide he wanted people to make a big deal out of it instead of saying "Phew, there's one less person I have to compete with on my Bio exam." Yes, Freddie was destined to attend Penn. On September 5th the population of Long Island fell by 5000; among this exodus was Freddie.

PENNhouse: *I'll start with an innocuous question. What do you think of the modern art sculptures around campus?*

Mr. Fred: I cannot believe that some big guy is running around with one button missing while this university broke it and so blatantly displays it in front of Van Pelt Library. How would you like it if some little people ripped off your button, broke it in half and called it art?

PENNhouse: *Maybe that question was a bit too prying to start off with. Forget the art, what impression did you get of the students on campus?*

Mr. Fred: Pompous asses all of them. I was on my way to a frat party one night when I realized I had no idea of where I was going. I approached a student, very proper and prim, and asked, "Can you please tell me where the Pika frat house is at?" He looked down at me in disgust and in a very pedantic manner replied, "My dear lad, at Penn we do not end our sentences with a preposition." I pondered this for a moment and then gladly rephrased my query. "Can you please tell me where the Pika frat house is at — asshole." The noun ending had a better ring to it anyway.

PENNhouse: *Did you find that there were differences in word usage by people here than on Long Island?*

Mr. Fred: Like most people I believed that whatever something was called where I live was correct and it went by that name everywhere...until I came here. I went to lunch with a few friends one day. I walked up to the counter and ordered a meatball hero. The man behind the counter ducked out of sight and popped up a few seconds later holding a masked meatball wearing a cape. "It can leap sausage prices in a single pound; it's the meatball hero," he shouted at the top of his lungs. Now I call everything a hoagie, just to be on the safe side.

PENNhouse: *Speaking of food, I see that you're on the meal plan here, what is your opinion of the service?*

Mr. Fred: I have sound reason to believe that Penn was constructed on a chicken farm. Did you ever look at the menu; they manage to slide chicken into every meal. I've never seen so many forms of chicken in my life. I think the vegetables are really chicken in disguise. I made another momentous discovery about the food here — the seven layer cake. Did you ever count the layers; well I did, and there are only five of them. What kind of place serves five layer cake and pupports it to be seven layer cake? It's immoral, maybe even illegal, I don't know I didn't get to false advertising in my Legal Studies class yet.

PENNhouse: *Oh, you're taking Law, you must be a Wharton student. What else are you studying?*

Mr. Fred: The usual — Economics, Calculus and Intro to Our Friend The Gnu, and Creative Tax Arithmetic 102.

PENNhouse: *How are you finding your courses?*

Mr. Fred: Econ made sense for the first fifteen minutes when the professor explained that he did not believe in Microeconomics but the demand for Econ professors was greater than the demand for Math professors which shifted the equilibrium salary for Econ professors up, in the long run. The subject is in fact pretty humorous. For example, economists assume that the consumer's level of satisfaction increases as he consumes more of a certain product. I don't know about you but when I devour my 34th slice of pizza and the 33 previous ones come out the same way they went in, I'm not extremely elated and I probably wouldn't appreciate another slice.

PENNhouse: *How about the workload, do you find that you are always studying?*

Mr. Fred: When the work first started piling up I studied

until my ass itched from sitting so long that I shifted my position so often that two students sitting next to me in the library held my tongue so I wouldn't swallow it. After that awful experience of having my study habits mistaken for an epileptic fit I had to try something else — which I did. I devised a brilliant theory — the further I fall behind, the longer I have to catch up. So I decided to blow off all my classes, that way I'd have forever to catch up.

PENNhouse: *That idea is logical but what are you going to do about your finals?*

Mr. Fred: Finals???

PENNhouse: *That's enough for the academics. How did you feel about living with someone you had never met before, namely your roommate?*

Mr. Fred: I thought it would be a good experience, but there was always the thought in the back of my mind that he would be gay; I worried about that all summer.

PENNhouse: *Were you relieved when you finally met him?*

Mr. Fred: Oh yes was I relieved; I didn't want to think I had worried all summer for nothing.

PENNhouse: *I'm glad your roommate was all you expected him to be. Do you get along with him?*

Mr. Fred: For the most part we ignore each other, but we have our problems. I found the girl of my dreams. It took me ten minutes of looking through the Freshman Record when her big, round.....and her baby blue....and.....oh

PENNhouse: *Excuse me, are you okay?*

Mr. Fred: Yes I'm okay, where was I? Oh yeah...breasts, eyes....I finally got the nerve to ask her out. I took her to a quaint French restaurant; everything was French, even the menu was written in French. I couldn't blow it now so I acquired a French accent and uttered a few words, escargot a la mode si'l vous plait for two. The girl of my dreams thought I was so debonaire. Just as I finished telling her about my adventures in the French army the waiter brought our ice cream....topped with snails. The Big Macs that night cost me over \$100 and a lot of embarrassment.

PENNhouse: *What does this have to do with your roommate?*

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Mr. Fred: Well after I explained to her that aristocratic French was only understood by a few serious scholars we went back to my room. I opened the door and there, in bed, was Fred and a friend.

PENNhouse: *That's what you are upset about? You were planning to do the same thing!*

Mr. Fred: I wouldn't mind at all if it was Jody or Laurie, but he was in bed with Jimmy. I just wasn't liberal enough to handle seeing two jock straps being flung out of bed instead of a bra and panties.

PENNhouse: *So what did you do then?*

Mr. Fred: I turned off the lights; I figured if I couldn't see them, maybe they weren't there. It didn't work and I tripped because I couldn't see where I was going.

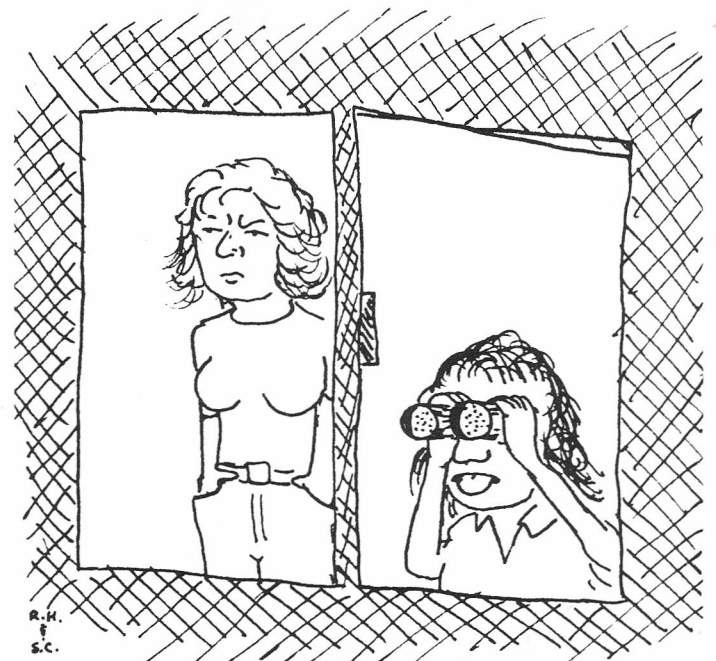
PENNhouse: *What happened to your date?*

Mr. Fred: She took off with the girl across the hall. I was very depressed. I went to my RA to talk about my problems. He told me that he too was gay. The next day 16,000 people wore jeans in accordance with Gay Awareness Week. Everyone was gay; I didn't know what to do.

PENNhouse: *Well, what did you do?*

Mr. Fred: The only thing I could to avoid being an out-cast; I threw on a pair of jeans. What are you doing tonight cutie? Yes, you Mr. Interviewer.

PENNhouse: F — — — off kid.



"Get this, Stacey! Now he's making her read to him the section about Bronsted-Lowry acid-base theory...."

Love's Tender Nipples



BARBARA CARTLOAD

ONE

Flame woke up, opened her sparkling emerald-green eyes and stretched her young, lithe, slender, curvaceous body. She leapt out of bed with a supple, feline grace like a cat and stood before her mirror as the bright morning sunshine streamed in her window. "Today ..." she whispered softly to herself.

Unselfconsciously, Flame looked at herself in the mirror. She gazed at her long, graceful legs, slender hips, small waist, milky-white, pink-tipped breasts and soft feline kneecaps and sighed contentedly. Her gaze travelled to her face, with its creamy, soft skin and the other features which conspired to create her beauty. Finally Flame regarded the feature which had earned her her nickname (her real name was Astrolabe): her long red, flaming ears. As she looked in the mirror, Flame knew, as she had known since she was twelve, that no man in the world could resist her. But while her ravishing beauty inflamed their passions, her strong fiery breath drove them away. Caught in this agonizing agony, the men who loved Flame usually killed Albanian nuns as a gesture of protest. This was sad, Flame thought. But then her mind travelled to a happier note. "Today I am going to the University of Pennsylvania!" She whispered.

Flame massaged her hair in anticipation. She was burning with desire for the adventure of college. But, yet, as she stood before the mirror, poor Flame was plagued with doubts. How could she leave everything that she had ever known? Most of all, how could she leave her high-school lover Odocar, the tall, lean muscular Aryan Warrior-God who had been her companion for so many years? Flame's green eyes filled with tears ...

THREE

The view from her room of the Quad courtyard was lovely and the people on her floor were nice, Flame thought. That is the men. The girls on the floor hardly spoke to her, instead staring at her in sullen resentment at her beauty and charms. Certainly her RA Lance, a varsity athlete with a lean, muscular build, flashing dark eyes, and an almost cocky assured manner, had not failed to notice her stunning feline kneecaps. Flame remembered how his eyes had lingered boldly on her body during the floor communal shower.

FOUR

The touch-football game had exhausted Flame and so she undressed and prepared for bed.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Flame sat up, and pushed her flaming red ears and sparkling green eyes away from her face. "Who is it?" she said softly.

"It's your RA Lance. Can I come in for a moment? I want to talk to you about the AT&T divestiture controversy and its effect on the Stock Market?"

"The Market? Why certainly Lance! Just a sec." Flame went to her closet and wrapped her slender, soft self in a short terry-cloth robe. She opened the door and Lance fell into her arms. Emerald-green eyes sparkling with concern, Flame watched her handsome RA rise to his knees. There were rings around his eyes and he was breathing with the anger of a young Centaur. "Oh Lance, I was hoping you would come. This AT&T thing has me very worried!"

Lance gazed at the scantily-clad young maiden and he burned with desire. She was only a freshman, and yet she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. His heart throbbed with passion. "Never mind AT&T, Flame, I love you, I have loved you since the moment I saw your soft feline kneecaps. It has been torture living so close to you yet not being able to touch you. I want you Flame!"

With this Lance pulled Flame close to him and kissed her hungrily. Flame could feel the hardness of his leisure suit through her thin robe. His kisses set her on fire and she felt herself being carried away by the force of his insistent passions.

"One thing Lance," whispered Flame, as they sank, entwined to the couch."

"Anything my love, anything," Lance answered, tenderly caressing various parts of her body including her softly pulsating feline kneecaps.

"Don't tell anyone, OK? Like, there's this real cute Aryan Warrior-God I'm sort of seeing back home and ..."

ELEVEN

"What did you want to see me about, Professor Prescriptionlens?" said Flame as she tossed back her long, reddish-gold ears, and looked up inquisitively at her Anthropology instructor.

"Well Flame, I've asked you to come to see me about something I've been worrying about. I believe you are having some difficulty in class."

"But Sir, I got an *A* on my midterm and on both my papers!"

Dr. Prescriptionlens rose from behind his desk and gazed hungrily at the nubile young nymph before him, and tried to push out of his mind all thoughts of the ethical guidelines that govern faculty-student relationships. He moved next to Flame, and smiled with brazen passion.

Flame looked at him in a puzzled manner. "Oh Dr. Prescriptionlens. Are you alright?" Her green eyes sparkled with concern. She rose from her chair and moved her hand to feel his pulse.

This was too much for the Professor to take. Flame's touch melted his ethics like it had melted many ethics before this. He grabbed her and roughly brought her lips to his. Again and again he kissed her red, full ears. Flame's initial resistance melted into a passionate ardor, as her young sinewy body yielded to his advances. They mounted the desk and moaned in unison as their bodies were taken up by fiery waves of mineral water. "I am yours forever," said Flame as the two lovers intertwined on the ungraded final papers. Dr. Prescriptionlens smiled and said "I love you Flame!"

After hours of ecstasy, Flame said seductively "Say, did you curve that last midterm ...?" ♀

PENNSYLVANIA
PUNCH BOWL

BO SHEEP

OUR PET OF THE YEAR

CONFESSION OF A SHEEP PHOTOGRAPHER

By Bob Guzzione, Jr.

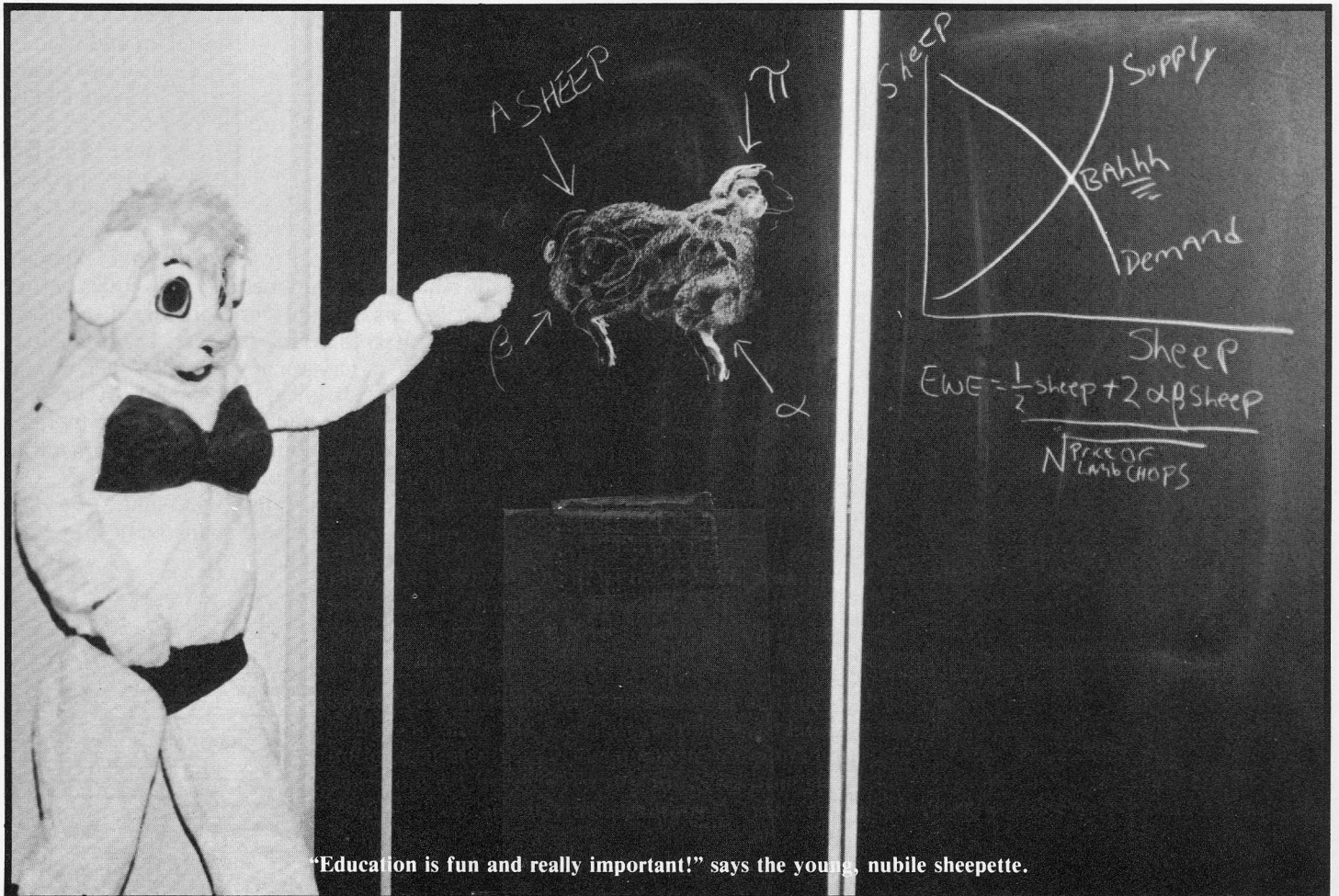
Photography is much like any other profession except, of course, wax sculpture. Once the basic tools and skills are acquired and refined, the format stays the same. — Me, I've been all over — *National Geographic*, *UPI*, *Playboy*. I even did a stint for the *National Enquirer*, *People*, *Pravda* and *Time*. Places, or things, it makes no difference to me. It's just set'm and shoot'm. My motto is you give me a subject and I'll give you a finished picture or, of course, a wax sculpture.

Here at **PENNhouse**, I developed with Bob Guzzione, Jr. a technique that we nick-named the "carrot -n'- stick" approach. It basically worked like this. In order to get the girls to pose so suggestively, they were promised various fringe benefits. Don't look so surprised. How else do you entice the girl-next-door except with financial security. And, of course, wax sculptures. So, when I came to **PENNhouse** it was pretty simple. I just had to change the approach from money to something closer to home. I mean, who works better with a carrot-n'-stick approach than a lamb?

In all, I did find lettuce worked somewhat better. Come to think of it, who knows what she would have done for some radishes, or even beets, or, of course, wax sculptures. I think I'll have to invite her over some night and give it a try. — Catch me next month.

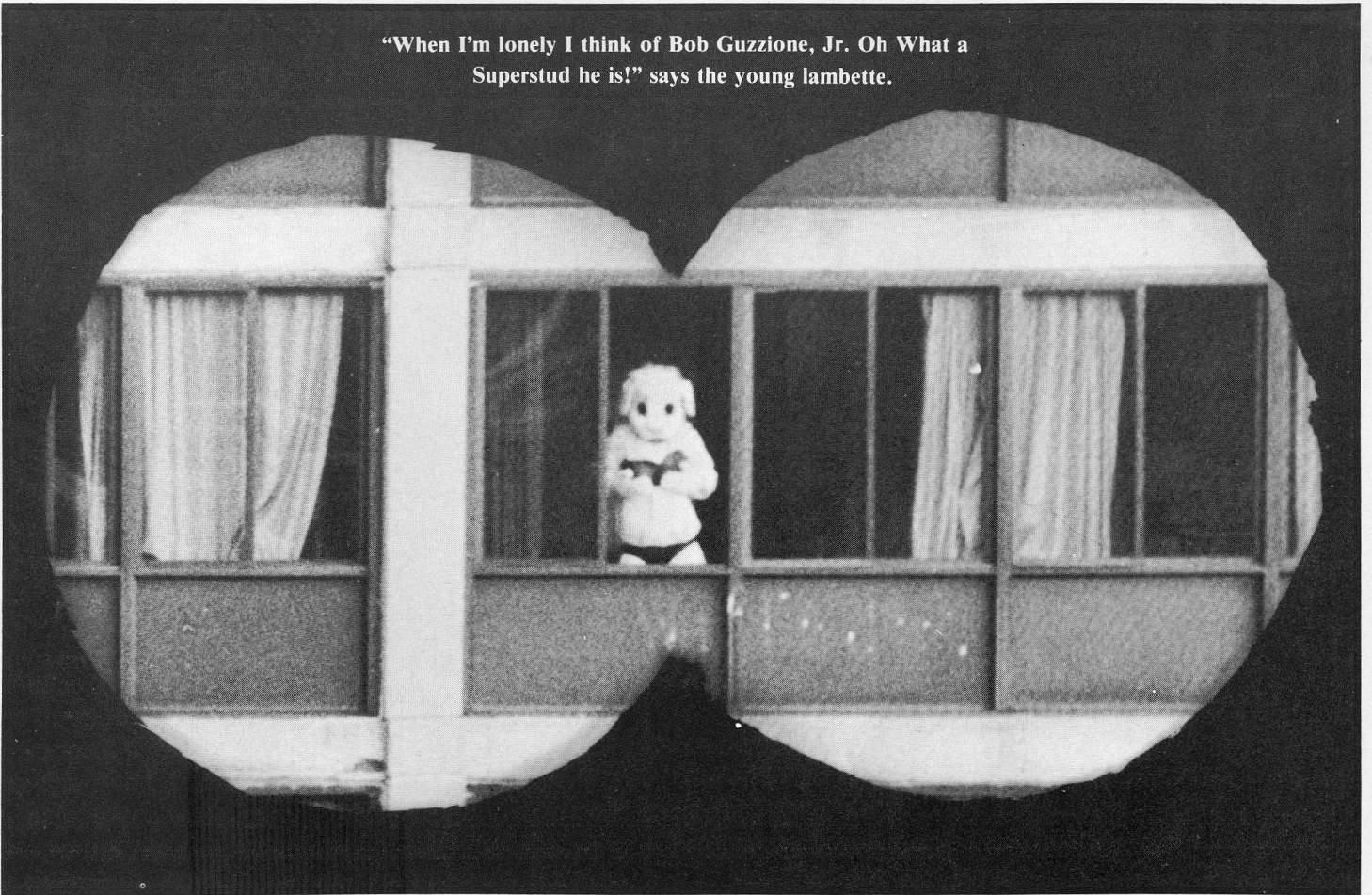


Bo, a freshman in the College, loves the Quakers and is a Quaker-Shaker.

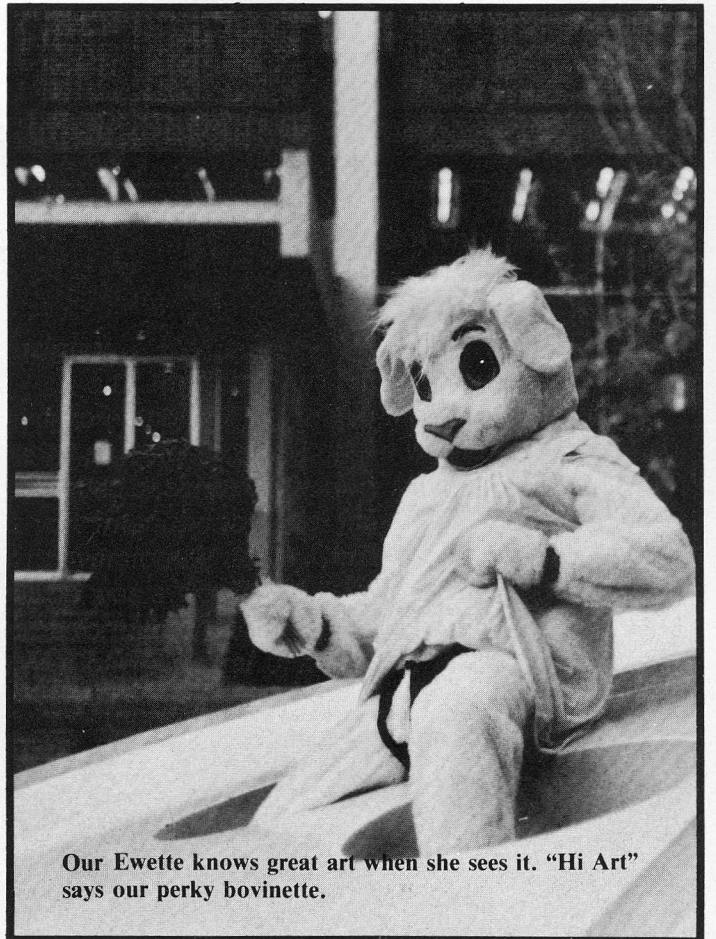
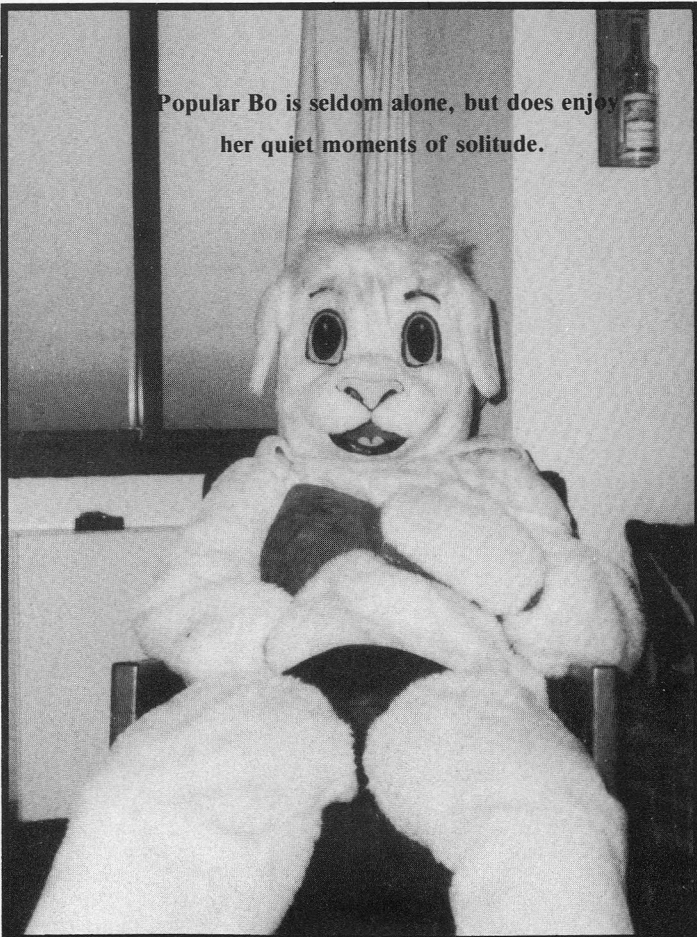


"Education is fun and really important!" says the young, nubile sheepette.

"When I'm lonely I think of Bob Guzzione, Jr. Oh What a Superstud he is!" says the young lambette.



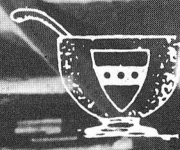
Popular Bo is seldom alone, but does enjoy her quiet moments of solitude.



Our Ewette knows great art when she sees it. "Hi Art" says our perky bovinette.



PENNhouse PET OF THE YEAR





OF HIS
THE PROBLEM
WORLD
MAN
PRIMARY
VEGETABLE
ING WITH
THE SECOND

Bo
Cory

The Length Report

The following two-part paper measures general sexual awareness on university campuses. This two-year study (we took three years) examines the sexual mores of virgins and allows the reader to use its conclusions to evaluate his or her own sexual potential.

Section I: In Search Of . . . A Virgin: A Scientific Approach

INTRODUCTION

FROM THE TIME OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS, MAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR VIRGINS. THIS WAS SO THAT HE COULD BOAST OF HIS CONQUESTS IN THE OLD LOCKER ROOM. THE PROBLEM HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT A MAN COULD NOT PROVE THE VIRGINITY OF A WOMAN UNTIL HE WAS IN BED WITH HER. THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF THIS STUDY IS TO DEVELOP A SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF DETERMINING WHETHER OR NOT A WOMAN IS A VIRGIN. THE SECONDARY PURPOSE OF THE STUDY IS TO DETERMINE THE PERCENTAGE OF WOMEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 18 to 25 WHO ARE VIRGINS.

MATERIALS AND METHODS

This study was conducted, for the most part, in a bedroom situation. (There was one subject who was interviewed in the back seat of a '68 Impala.) Subjects were recruited from a major Ivy League university in the northeast. However, there was an initial setback when we advertised for female volunteers for a study of virginity. There were no takers (or taker offers). There were many volunteers when we advertised for a comparative study of sexual potency of the various age-groups (18-25).

There were 312 volunteers originally. However, due to the lack of personnel we had to cut this number down to 7. The basis for the reduction in number was a questionnaire consisting of 6 questions. These were:

- 1) How old are you? _____
- 2) Are you a virgin? Y/N
- 3) When was the last time you had sex? _____
- 4) How often do you have sex? _____
- 5) Do you believe you'll go blind if you kiss a boy?
Y/N
- 6) What is the square root of 79? _____

After the final subjects were chosen for the study, sexual intercourse was carried out with each and every subject to determine the status of their virginity. Prior to the actual intercourse, a stipulation was made concerning the inability of the subjects to bring about paternity suits against the investigator in the future.

*(It was interesting to note that of the 121, not a single respondent thought that she'd go blind if she had sexual intercourse with a man).

Of the 190 who answered "No" to question number 5, fifteen also answered "No" to question number 1. Hence, they were eliminated from the study.

FINDINGS

After 3 months of exhaustive study, we were extremely surprised when not a single subject turned out to be a virgin.

CONCLUSIONS

Our conclusions are as follows:

- A) There is no scientific method of predetermining the status of a woman's virginity, and
- B) There are no virgins between the ages of 18-25, thus rendering point A moot.

We had planned to conduct a second study utilizing the subjects who had answered "Yes" to question number 5. However, our physicians have suggested that we take some time off. One, maybe two years.

RESULTS

- 1) How old are you?: 18:168, 19:maybe, 20:48, 21:Utah, 23:1, 24:yes, 25:4, Greater than 25: .
- 2) Are you a virgin?: Yes:297, No:15, Maybe:2.
- 3) When was the last time you had sex?
2:This morning.
7>Last night.
2>Last month.
1:Who?
3:More than two years ago.
- 4) How often do you have sex?
2:Every morning.
7:Every night.
2:Once a month.
1:Who?
3:During English.
- 5) Do you believe that you'll go blind if you kiss a boy?
Yes:121*, No:190, Who?:1.

Section II: General Sexual Questionnaire

In the course of conducting this study, the researchers determined a computer-tested method of predicting one's potential level of sexual attainment.

Instructions: Answer questions. Score answers against rating chart. Then consult the final score level (or see your neighborhood pharmacist) to determine how and when with who, and how big.

1. **What do you look for in a woman? (Men only*)**
 - A. Knobs.
 - B. Breasts.
 - C. An exciting personality, a winning smile, intelligence, and an impressive figure in a tight sweater.
2. **What do you look for in a man? (Women only*)**
 - A. Money.
 - B. Grad school.
 - C. An exciting personality, a winning smile, intelligence, and impressive figures in his wallet.
3. **How much pressure do you feel to get dates?**
 - A. Lots.
 - B. Tons.
 - C. A great amount.
 - D. What are you doing tonight?
4. **How much pressure do you feel to have sexual encounters?**
 - A. Hell, I can't even sit down, I'm so hard.
 - B. A lot.
 - C. 3 pounds.
5. **How far sexually would you go on a first date?**
 - A. Depends on how close I felt to the person.
 - B. Depends on how closely I felt the person.
 - C. Denver.
6. **How often do you feel you should have sexual activity?**
 - A. Whenever I need it.
 - B. Whenever I want it.
 - C. Until my hand falls asleep.
 - D. Every three inches.
7. **What makes the perfect date?**
 - A. Having sex.
 - B. Having sex twice.
 - C. LaTerrasse.
 - D. Econ 1B
8. **What is your biggest dating worry?**
 - A. Does she like me?
 - B. Does he like me?
 - C. What's that cold sore there?
9. **What is your biggest sexual worry?**
 - A. Did she come?
 - B. Will he get it up?
 - C. That really isn't a cold sore, is it?
 - D. Econ 1B
10. **What is the most sexually stimulating food at Dining Service?**
 - A. Coq au Vin.
 - B. Mashed potatoes.
 - C. The girl behind the counter.
 - D. Tacos.
11. **Do you feel well adjusted sexually?**
 - A. Yes.
 - B. Right's bigger than left.
 - C. Left's bigger than right.
 - D. Like a horse.

12. **A person of the opposite sex comes onto you strongly at a party. What do you do?**
 - A. Depends on how I feel at the time.
 - B. Not let things get out of hand.
 - C. ~~SCREW THE BASTARD~~
13. **Are you worried about sexually transmitted diseases?**
 - A. Yes.
 - B. Hell, yes.
 - C. No.
14. **If you answered No to question 13, what are you doing this weekend?**
 - A. Washing my hair.
 - B. Econ 1B
 - C. Get lost.
 - D. A sheep.

* theoretically

SCORES:

1A-2	2A-2	3A-3	4A-7	5A-2	6A-1
B-4	B-4	B-4	B-2	B-5	B-2
C-6	C-6	C-1	C-5	C-12	C-4
		D-7			D-6
7A-8	8A-7		9A-6		
B-9	B-2		B-4		
C-7	C-0 (see a doctor)		C-(-1)	(See a doctor fast)	
D-0			D-0		
10A-7		11A-0	12A-5	13A-4	14A-0
B-1		B-35D	B-2	B-10	B-0
C-12		C-36C	C-13	C-18	C-0
D-also 12		D-8-12 in.			D-12

- 16-54:** You've clearly been at Penn too long. Stay out of Dietrich Hall, for one thing. You need stimulation — try sticking your finger in a light socket. Otherwise, you'll lose those drives for good.
- 55-92:** Obviously, you've passed your freshman year. If you haven't done so already, you'll peak pretty soon, maybe even tonight if you keep your eyes open. Nonetheless, you shouldn't grow complacent. Pretty soon you'll be a senior. You know how much fun they have.
- 93-120:** Hey, when do you sleep?! You've been peaking for about two years; try alternating it with some backgammon, or you'll wear it down pretty soon. I'm not kidding.
- 121 or above:** Well, you've been generating enough thermal energy to heat up the Towne Building. Do you notice that members of the opposite sex won't come near you anymore? Even the dogs cross the street. You've had it at this campus. Transfer to Princeton. ♪

I'm a sexually frustrated Druse Militiaman. I mean, not sexually frustrated in the usual sense — I try to have sex with a refugee at least once a week — but frustrated in that my deepest fantasy has never been fulfilled. You see, ever since I reached puberty I've wanted very badly to make it with Maree Osmond. But how can I, a mere leftist guerrilla, ever hope to be anything in her eyes?

I understand that you have made love to many celebrities, including several television personalities, so perhaps you can give me some advice about how to make her feel for me some of the passion I have for her.

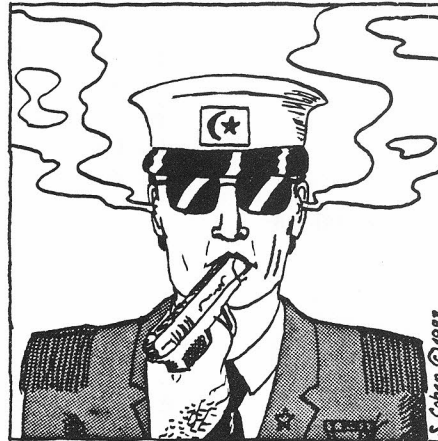
A.B.
Beirut

I, too, think that you're shooting a bit too high for a scummy, flea-ridden, common soldier like yourself, but I'll give you a few tips. Donnie and Maree Osmond have been frequent visitors to my palace and are quite fond of entertaining the guests with an X-rated version of their Hawaiian Punch routine (you know, real fruit juices. . .), which I bring up only to demonstrate how easy it is for a man of my power to "make it" with a celebrity like Maree (although I had to pretend that I was a Mormon).

But for you, dog, there is a serious problem. One method of winning her which is currently in vogue is to assassinate a famous person, dedicating the act to her. I personally would favor killing Donnie, but Maree might not take too kindly to that. If, by any chance, you happen to grab a position of power in the next *coup d'etat*, give me a call and I'll introduce you to her.

CALL ME MOHAMMMAR

SEXUAL AND POLITICAL ADVICE FROM THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS PLAYBOY, ADVENTURER AND DICTATOR, COLONEL MOHAMMMAR KHADAFY.



On the behalf of myself and my colleagues, members of the International Association of Political Journalists, we issue the following condemnation of Libya's current military activities in Chad: We maintain that you unlawfully and willfully, in direct violation of international law, invaded and —

Yes, your problem is perfectly clear. Penis envy is a common occurrence among males of your age. However, it is a proven fact that "penis extenders" of the sort that you mentioned which are advertised in pornographic magazines do not work and are, in fact, damaging to the male pro-tuberance. So stay clear of these quack aids and in-

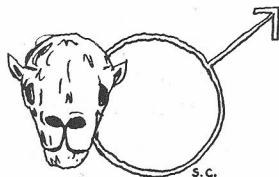
stead find a woman to marry you for your money.

I have an unusual fetish that I want to share with you. For years I've had the strange desires, an inexplicable longing for laboratory glassware — beakers, test tubes, and most particularly, petri dishes. My psychiatrist believes that this comes from my being a (former) test tube baby — sort of a perverted Oedipus Complex — but I'm not sure I agree. Anyway, the reason I'm writing is that I was wondering, is there a way one can be sexually fulfilled with a petri dish? Or is that incest?

B.R.
Fitchburg

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I suggest two things: 1) Broken glass tends to cut, so be gentle with your beloved petri dish (wherever in Allah's name you're going to try to put it) or you'll both be hurt. Tragically. 2) Only in a decadent capitalist society such as yours could a demented wretch like yourself escape execution. But incidentally, we have an opening here for a creative, energetic individual to serve as Head Torturer; the pay is good, the hours are long but rewarding, and we have a good medical plan. Apply in person during business hours; no phone calls please.

I'm having sexual difficulties with my wife. My life's tough enough already without this nonsense. During the three days out of the week that I work I have to be shot full of speed just to make it through a five-hour day, I need a ladder to get on my horse, and my doctor says I'll be lucky to last two more years even though it looks like I'll have another four-year term ahead of me.

Now naturally, I don't have the energy to come home and ride the old mare like I used to. I need a little bit of help. But all she does when I touch her is roll over and remind me of the gun she keeps in her bedside drawer. What can I do?

R.R.
Washington

Look, it's time to face the fact that at 72 you're simply not going to get much ass. If you need to relieve sexual tension, why don't you send the Marines somewhere to kill a few leftists? If you ask me, armed aggression is the ultimate way of getting one's rocks off. ☹



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OR Imagine a different scene. This potbellied wimp who smiles at you every day in the mailroom decides to ask for your phone number. You pull out a photo of some nuclear physicist and tell him you have two genius kids.

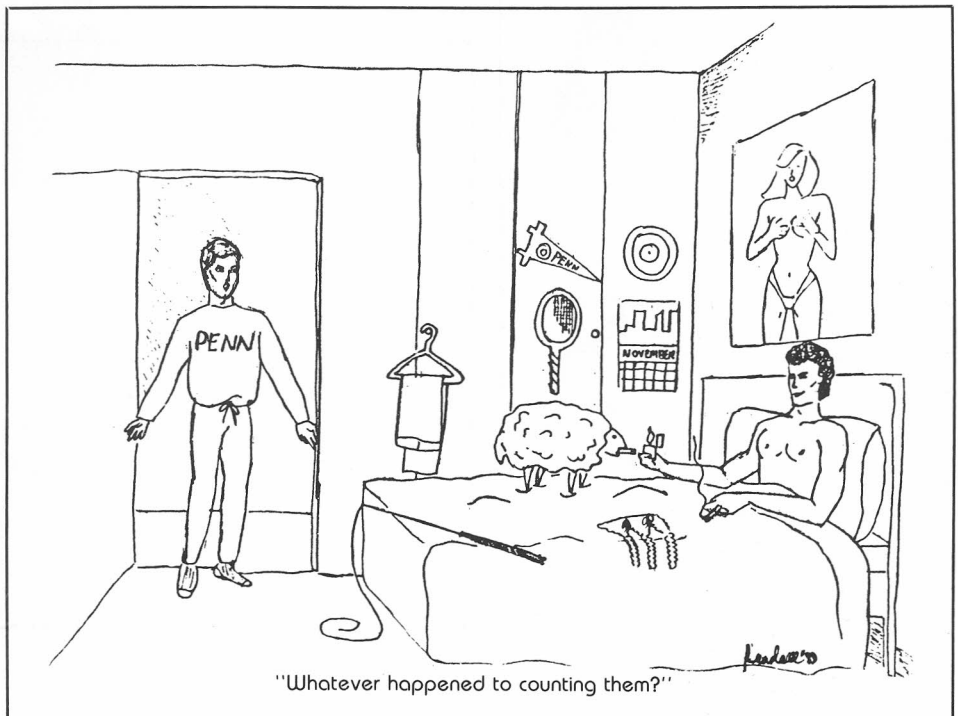
They think it's not their faults. But you know that these pictures are not of an intimate lover but of me, Myron Putzer. For a reasonable fee, I'll be your surrogate boyfriend whenever some loser won't leave you alone. I can be macho, academic, sensitive, suave, artistic, punk, redneck or all of these. **Send \$4.95 plus \$1.50 p&h to EASY WAY OUT, Box 0010110, Philadelphia, Pa 60609. Enclose description of your ideal man. And this month only, I'll be Douglas MacArthur for just \$2.50.**



\$2.50



\$4.95

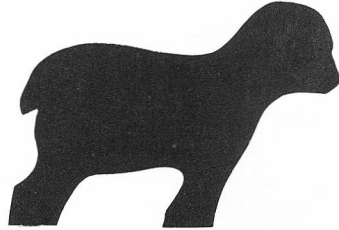


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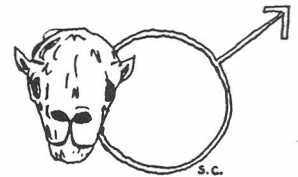
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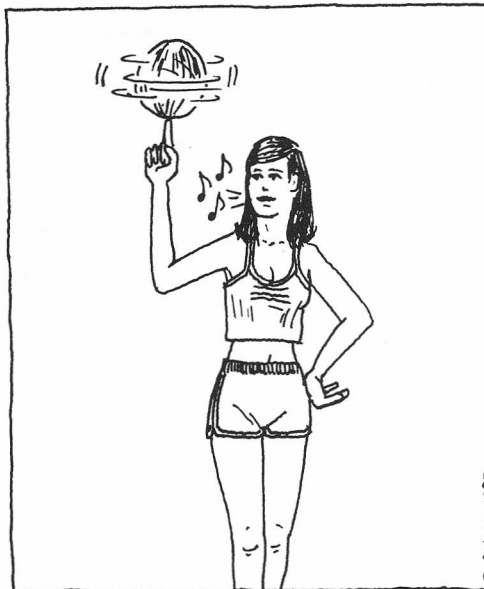
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Honeymoon, PA
"in the heart of the Poconos"



"Astrolabe Jones, they call me Astrolabe Jones...."

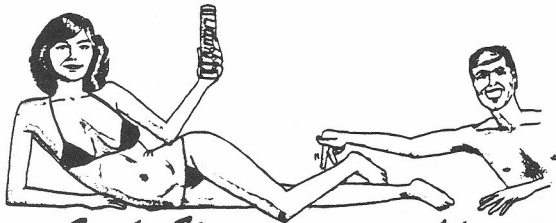
S. Cohen 1983

HANK AARON
CELEBRATES
715 HOMERS



This and other exhibits at
U.S. MUSEUM OF
CONTRACEPTION
Honeymoon, PA
"in the heart of the Poconos"

☆☆ it's new!

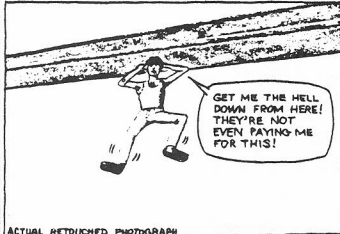


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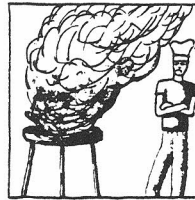
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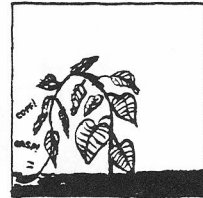
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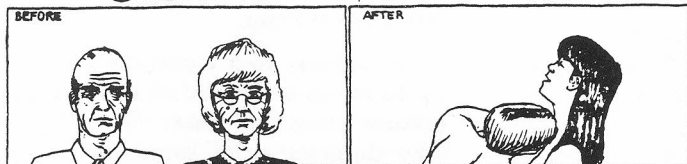
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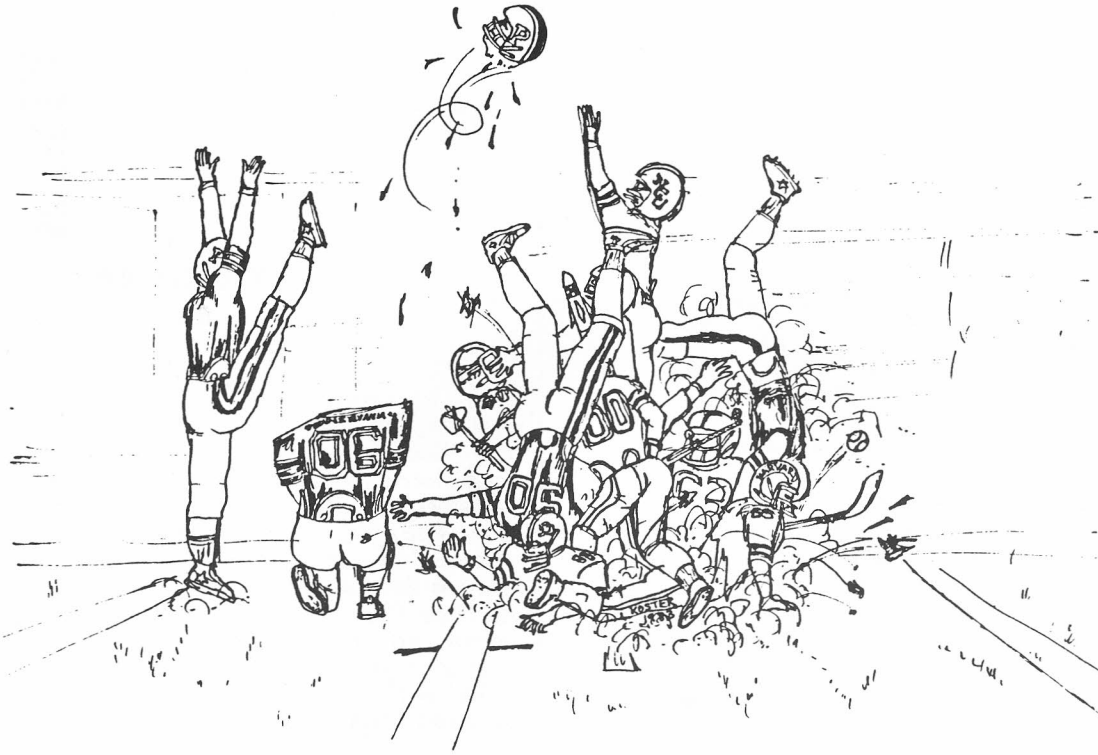
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20 Worst

Intramural Football Teams for 1984

By Larry Linderperson

PENNHOUSE'S

It's that time of the year again...Yes, intramural football is back in all its pride and glory. It's a new season sure to rival last year's amazing finish. Who would have thought that a team of premeds would rise from the depths of David Rittenhouse Laboratories to defeat the champion *3rd FLOOR HIGH RISE SOUTH*? In the second quarter of the game, the *KILLER PRE'S* scored on an amazing five yard pass to BBB major Paul "The Doctor" Jetson tying the score 7-7. One scoreless quarter later, *HRS RA* Peter Peters ran the ball into the endzone after telling the *PRE'S* defensive line that someone had just stolen their Chem. notes. A bewildered but relieved linesman was quoted as saying "Whew, I paid good money for these," as he ran to the sidelines only to find his notes right where he had left them in his 'Official Dr. Kildare Equipment Bag for Premed Jocks who think that they can play football but

should really be home thinking of new ways to cheat on their MCAT's.' Yet teamwork paid off for the *PRE'S* as they scored a series of touchdowns in the last five minutes of the game with the help of their captain, George "The Doctor" Sanders, who tied the entire *3rd FLOOR HIGH RISE SOUTH'S* defense's shoelaces together during a time out. "Who said they don't teach you anything in Micro-Biology," remarked Sanders after the stunt.

Ahh, intramural football. Dedicated to the proposition that all undergrads are created equal or at least know the phone number of Miss Astrolabe Jones. Why do they do it? For the thrill of victory? For the satisfaction that comes with returning to an admiring dorm after a big win? For the chance to finally learn how to correctly conjugate the verbs lie and lay? Where do socks go when you put them in the dryer? Do they meet and have a party at Smoke's

or what? Hey, I'm not wearing any underwear!

You know, Larry Linderperson isn't my real name. My mother had a craving for junk food the night she went into labor and thought that it'd be cute to have a kid named Egg McMuffin. As it turned out, she had twins and me and Chicken McNuggets used to play intramural football ourselves when we were freshmen at Penn.

So one day Bob Guzzione Jr. came up to me in a History of Modern Literature class and said: "Hey Larry, why dontcha write somethin' 'bout them lousy teams for me in my new magazine. Them bums needs someone likes youse to write abouts them and all that." 'An English major forming his own campus magazine?' I thought, 'it'll never work.' But here I am with my picks for PENNhouse's 20 worst intramural football teams for 1984...

1) "HILL'S ANGELS"

First off, let me begin by saying that for a team of Engineering students, Hill House's own *HILLS ANGELS* made an impressive finish at 0-16-1. Their season got off to a slow start with the injury of Freshman Jeffrey Newman's TI55 during a practice scrimmage. "I think that the calculators slowed us down a bit," Senior David Freeman told me. "Next year, though, we're going to wear a new SHARP model that outperforms the TI55 and is considerably less bulky." Even with the changes in the *ANGELS'* hardware line, look for them at the bottom of this season's finish.

2) "BYE"

A surprise to many readers of my 20 worst picks may be the inclusion of last year's 3rd place contending team, "BYE". Consisting of a fashionable ensemble of Liberal Art Preps from Manhattan and Boston, *BYE* won their first 14 games in a row through other teams' forfeiture. Oxdale Prep School graduate and team captain Biff Biffman explained, "When the other teams read "BYE" on the schedule, they thought that they didn't have to play that day. Daddy would be so proud." When the other teams finally caught on, *BYE* was forced to forfeit their remaining 3 games after the team voted to not get their new Fila football uniforms dirty. Nevertheless, they held on to third place. Due to rumors about the real connotations of the team's name, look for *BYE* on the scorecard under the new handle "YOU DON'T HAVE TO PLAY TODAY".

3) "THE BUTCHER BASEMENT QUAKERS"

After some controversy about their team colors, the Red and Red started last year's season 3-0. Quite an amazing feat after only one game. Yet, two games later, they were to be found near the bottom at 2-7-1. "We passed some and ran the ball some," said *BUTCHER BASEMENT* RA Gary Burnt in a quote that highlighted a tying game against lone *ARTS HOUSE* player Art Teest whose teammates captured the game on original watercolor canvases which are on display during regular viewing hours at the University Museum. Though the *QUAKERS* finished the season strong at 32-7-3, I feel,

for no apparent reason, that they will finish the coming season on a rather sour note. Hey, who knows.

4) "THE AMAZONS"

"Like, when I hiked the ball to Saturn and like, oh wow, I mean like, this player, like from the other team, you know, I mean he ran up to me, I am sure, and like squeezed my boob and like, oh wow, this is like totally. I mean, you know?" said *AMAZON* team captain Starr Goldberg during a private interview under the Button, clearing up the confusion about why the *AMAZONS* finished so poorly in last season's lineup. Having successfully petitioned the Intramural Athletic Council for Intramural Athletics for permission to participate in the otherwise all male league, the *AMAZONS* raised their share of eyebrows on and off the field. "Like, one time we were like short a girl, you know. So, like I have this friend in *MASK AND WIG*. You know. It was like, totally. I am sure." Yeah. So am I. No one expects the *AMAZONS* to be contenders for this year's coveted title, but as long as they're on the field, who cares?

5) "THE WHARTS"

"So if we could sell 30 tickets per game and charge, say, three dollars per ticket...providing that there were no fixed overhead, of course..." explained *WHARTS'* Accountant Hal Steinberg-Dietrich. "Of course," I replied, "who needs fixed overhead?" Yeah.


Though *THE WHARTS* have a strong financial backing, their team lacks any remote inkling of playing ability. Majoring in Finance, team captain Buck Wadds may have come up with a solution for *THE WHARTS'* absence of playing ability last season when he suggested that the team purchase the *MIAMI DOLPHINS*. "We're still at the negotiating table," Wadds explained. "But look for our prospectus to be strong in '84."

Can the *WHARTS* do it? Who knows? Still, unless they get the beer concessions at Franklin Field, *THE WHARTS* may never sign the deal. Anyway, I'm still not wearing any underwear.

continued on page 138




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AIDS

What You Should Know



WHAT IS AIDS AND WHO GETS IT?

Addiction to Insipid Diet Soda (*AIDS*) is a breakdown of the body's taste buds, the mechanisms which assist people in combatting vile-tasting substances. When the taste buds are not working, the body itself is left vulnerable to dining service food and other processed items such as Fish Flavored Doritos, Mocha Almond Frog Ice Cream, 100% Pure Beet Hotdogs and other food-like substances, many of which are life-threatening.

Unfortunately, the cause of *AIDS* is not yet known. Bummer, isn't it? Most scientists agree that *AIDS* is a terrible, terrible disease that should be stopped. Although there is little agreement in the medical community as to its causes, most scientists have agreed that in case a telethon is deemed necessary, Jerry Lewis will not be asked to emcee.

So far, people contracting *AIDS* have fallen into few specified groups. About 70% of the cases reported nationally have been among Jewish American Princesses. Other groups include their tennis partners, roommates, stock brokers, cocaine connections and friends from Serbia Croatia whose fathers made wax candles during the Turkish occupation. There have been no known cases of *AIDS* among Albanian sheep herders. However, this does not prove that they are immune. If you are an Albanian sheep herder, please run to the nearest emergency telephone and call home.

SYMPTOMS OF AIDS

Many of the signs and symptoms of *AIDS* are those of other illnesses as well. While it is important to recognize them and seek medical advice, it is also important not to panic when you spot them. It is not unusual, for example, for a college student to pick up a diet soda by accident. A healthy person would take a sip and gag almost immediately. An *AIDS* victim not only doesn't mind the insipid aftertaste, but, incredible as it may seem, he/she actually likes it. There is no specific test for *AIDS*, but if you have any of the following symptoms, be safe and see a Student Health doctor:

- * A LINGERING AFTERTASTE IN YOUR MOUTH, QUITE SIMILAR TO THAT OF RUSTY LEAD PIPES.
- * AN INABILITY TO REFRAIN FROM USING TRITE PHRASES LIKE "HI, HOW'S IT GOING?" OR "HEY, LET'S HAVE LUNCH."
- * A DESIRE TO BE THIN EVEN WHEN BORDERING ON ANOREXIC.
- * A REFRIGERATOR STOCKED WITH NOTHING BUT DIET SODA, YOGURT AND COOL WHIP.
- * A DIET SODA ON YOUR DESK DURING CLASS.
- * ARGUABLY FASHIONABLE CLOTHING, LOTS OF MAKE-UP AND A BROTHER NAMED "SKIP."
- * PERSISTENT COMPLAINING.
- * SNORTING SWEET-N'-LOW INSTEAD OF COCAINE AND NOT NOTICING THE DIFFERENCE.

TAKING PREVENTIVE MEASURES

Common sense should tell you, "When in doubt, get the hell out!" *AIDS* is a serious disease that we know little about. Why take any chances? Trash those diet sodas immediately. If you think that your roommate has *AIDS*, it's best that you move out or kill him/her---Hey, say it was suicide and you might even get a 4.0. If these options are not available, you should take some precautions. The old wives tales are true! You *can* catch *AIDS* by sharing the same refrigerator, glasses and cups of an *AIDS* victim. Poorly washed glasses are the worst. They are virtual breeding grounds for vile saccharin particles which may later haunt your wholesome glass of milk. A communist plot or what? Furthermore,

over-the-counter miracle cure-alls such as Band Aids or Roloids are totally ineffective against *AIDS*.

What else can we tell you? Hey, damned if we know. Maybe you could pile lots of sugar on your cereal every morning or switch to grape flavored Kool-aid. And stay away from those public toilets. Yeah, that's what you should do. Really.

WHAT TO DO IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE AIDS

First of all, don't come to us. We don't want to catch it. The best thing to do is to be a good sport about the whole situation. Don't sit in your room and mope around all day. There's nothing you can do about it. You've already got the bloody disease---why not have some fun to ease the suffering.

Go out and infect everyone but us. Start with your enemies, then move on to the people whose faces you don't like. It's lots of fun. Play "quarters" with all those guys that you think are jerks and don't forget to salivate a lot. Spread those evil dietetic soda germs in whatever creative fashion you may choose. When conversing with another person, don't forget to let the spit flow. Hey, you're going to die eventually---live it up! When you run out of enemies, infect your friends and relatives. Just stay away from HUP, okay? Come on tiger, have a good time.



—A public service message from the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania and the National Association of Heavily Sugared Soft Drinks. ☹

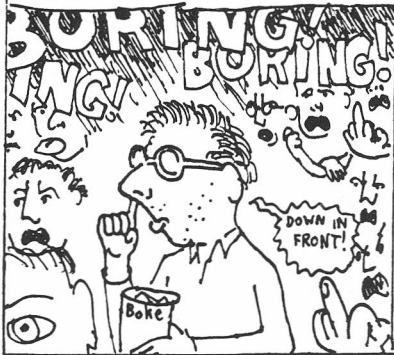
Punch Bowl's Pubescent Theatre PRESENTS

Wonderful Wendell the Wimp

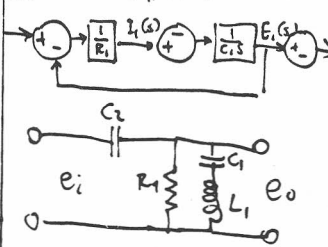
in "a high-school crush at Princeton"

RAH  RAH

WENDELL WAS JUST ENJOYING HIMSELF AT JADWYN GYM FOR THE PENN-PRINCETON GAME --



THOUGH HIS MIND WAS FAR AWAY-BACK TO HIS UNDONE HOMEWORK IN PHILLY-AND HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT--



UNTIL-- SOMETHING IN THE OPPOSITE BLEACHERS CATCHES HIS EYE --



REMEMBER THE PROM, WENDELL?

IT WAS HIS OLD HIGH-SCHOOL CRUSH, NOW A PRINCETON COED--



AND WE HAVE THIS REALLY TOP-DRAWER COACH-- PETE CARRIL! BLAH, BLAH, BLAH--

OH, REALLY? THAT'S SO FASCINATING!! YOU KNOW, I'M GENETICALLY ENGINEERED, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH--

SCUSE ME, BUD!



HE CORNERS HER AT THE CONCESSION--



FLOPPED AGAIN--UNTIL, WITH ONE QUESTION, HIS LITTLE WORLD TURNS UPSIDE-DOWN!



WANNA COME BACK TO MY ROOM AFTER THE GAME?

IN HER ROOM--



OH, WENDELL, SILLY BOY! LET'S GET PHYSICAL!!



GOSH, DOTTY-- YOU'RE MADE OF PINK BUBBLE GUM!



WELL, NOW YOU KNOW, WENDELL-- MY VENUS-LIKE BEAUTY WAS JUST A FAÇADE TO GET POPULARITY! BUT I'VE DECIDED TO CHANGE--TO FACE REALITY AS THE INTELLIGENT HUMAN I AM. MY FLOOZY, SHALLOW DAYS ARE OVER! WATCH OUT, WORLD, HERE COMES DOTTY!

OH--I FEEL SO GUILTY HAVING BEEN A SPOILED DEBUTANTE! MY LIFE'S BEEN SO IRRELEVANT TO THE PROBLEMS OF THE WORLD! I'VE BEEN JUST A PROSTITUTE IN MALE, WASP CAPITALIST SOCIETY!!



DARN-- I MAY NEVER GET LUCKY!



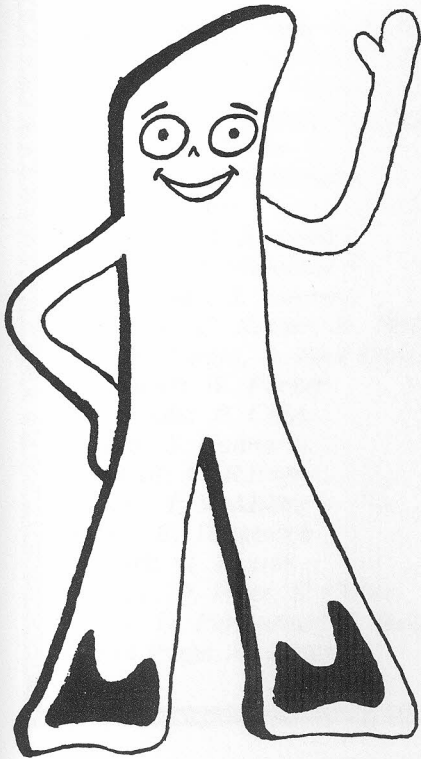
WENDELL-- YOU CAN JUST GO TO ALL THOSE FOOLS BACK IN OUR HOMETOWN, AND TELL THEM I'M NEVER COMING BACK!! I'M FOLLOWING MY DREAM! I'LL BE WHAT I'VE SECRETLY WANTED TO BE SINCE HIGH SCHOOL--



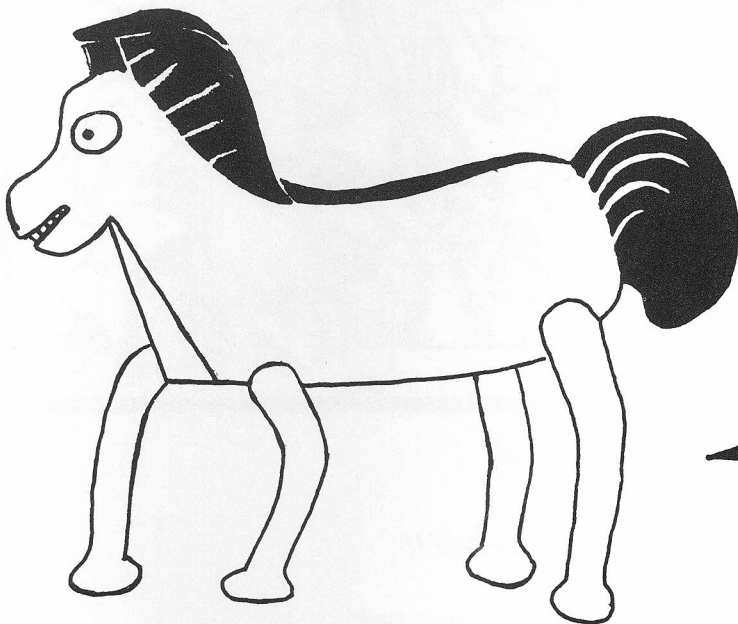
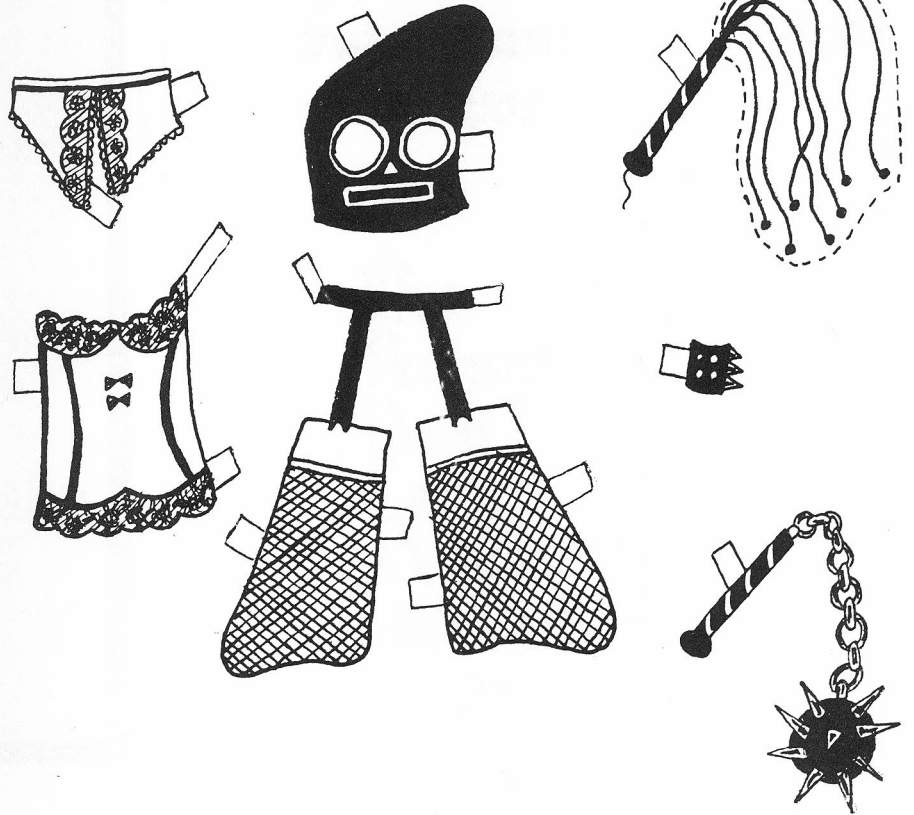
- A ROADIE FOR THE GRATEFUL DEAD!



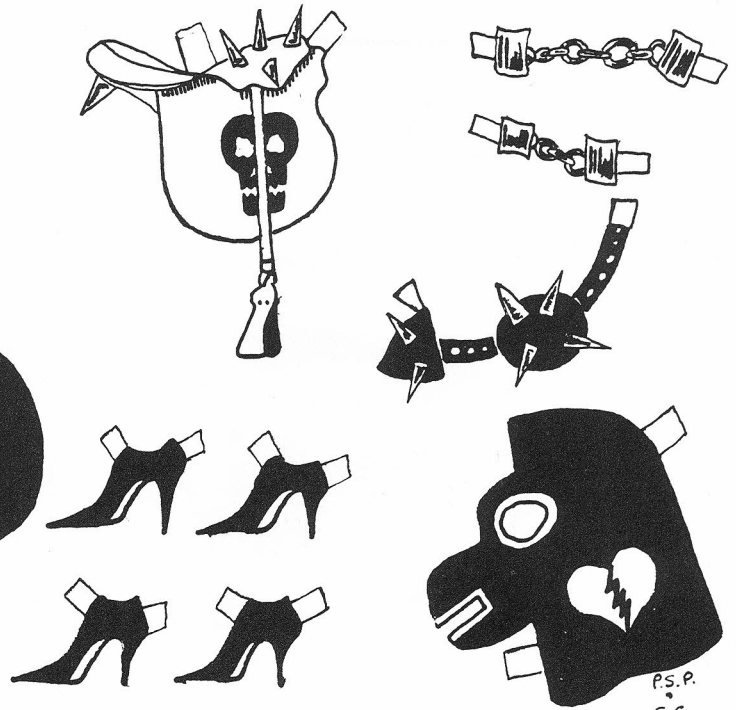
Gumby Grows Up!



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"COLOR ME POKEY!"



P.S.P.
S.C.

instructions: color,
cut out, and paste on cardboard.

NOTES

Bob: *D. Perlmutter*
Sheep: *A. Jones*
Bodyguards: *E. Heit, P. Cohn*
Bob's Page: *D. Perlmutter, C. Ratner*
Forum: *1, 2, 3 D. Perlmutter -*
 P. Peter; 4 D. Saltzman
Balloon: *S. Cohen*
Warheads: *B. Takamoto*
Males: *E. Heit*
Interview: *M. Brozinsky*
Cartload: *B. Malamed*
Confessions: *S. Johnson*
Bo Sheep: *C. Ratner, D. Perlmutter*
Length: *Virgin, S. Jain; Quiz, P. Cohn*
Mohamar: *W. Parker*
Sheep Ads: *P. Cohn*
Liquid: *S. Cohen*
Football: *C. Ratner*
Putzer: *J. McMillan*
AIDS: *B. Takamoto*
Wendel: *R. Hutter*
Gumby: *P. Peter, S. Cohen*
Notes: *D. Perlmutter, C. Ratner, A. Jones*
Credit Page: *A. Jones*



my soul, do not
 aspire to immortal life,
 but exhaust the limits
 of the possible.

-Pindar

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