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Freshman Number

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Dear Freshman,

I would like to express my appreciation to the editors of Punch Bowl for permitting me to address you in this Freshman Number of what is now Penn's most popular magazine. The long tradition of humor at Penn reaches back to our founder, Benjamin Franklin, inventor of the joy buzzer and the dribble glass, and who first introduced the whoopee cushion to the New World at a wild party at Monticello. What began as a rude noise has been transformed into a sophisticated, even esoteric college humor magazine. Today, humor at Penn reflects the buffoonery and monkeyshines of an entire generation of young people crushed by the ethical nihilism of neoconservatism, crippling worldwide hunger and the almost certain demise of Western Civilization.

On the lighter side, I just heard a good joke! It seems that a traveling salesman arrived at a farmhouse at dusk, and as he was tired, he asked the farmer if he might not stay the night. "Sure," replied the farmer, "but beings as we ain't got none extra room, you got to sleep in the same room with my daughter." To insure the propriety of the arrangement, he placed eggs on the floor between the beds of his daughter and the salesman. However, that night, after the farmer had retired to his chambers, the salesman walked across the room, broke the eggs, and debauched the girl. The next morning, after the salesman had left, the farmer discovered that his daughter had been debauched. He stormed into the henhouse and exclaimed "Which one of you roosters has been using rubbers!" No, wait, I forgot to say that after the salesman broke the eggs, he glued the shells back together, but forgot to put the yolks in. Oh shit, I blew it.

So remember kids, when most of Europe reverts to feudalism, and when that ozone layer finally goes, and when the Antichrist cakewalks down Broad Street with the Mummers, a good belly laugh can do more to conquer ill temper than massive electroshock treatments or repeated prefrontal lobotomies. At Penn, we feel an appreciation for humor is as important as an understanding of natural sciences and a comprehension of the humanities. You will find that the University is an excellent school to accomodate this need, because at Penn, the joke is on you. Ha ha ha!

Sincerely,

Sheldon H.

Sheldon Hackney

Why I Read Punch Bowl

By Ronald Reagan, Famous President

Ever since I learned to read, Nancy and I have been looking long and hard for a college humor magazine that will serve as an effective deterrent against those Russian godless communist looney-tune Soviets. I call it the "strategic humor initiative."

One day my chief of staff Donald introduced me to **Punch Bowl**, Penn's humor magazine. **Punch Bowl** was first published in 1899, a full eighteen years before the start of the Bolshevik revolution and earlier than any other magazine at Penn. **Punch Bowl's**, estimated readership of 10,000 and quarterly publication schedule easily make it Penn's most popular magazine.

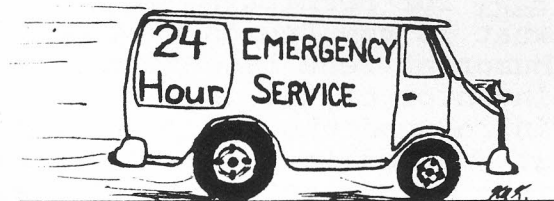
And **Punch Bowl's** funny! **Punch Bowl's** writers could probably think of funnier ideas than my plan to eliminate higher education. **Punch Bowl's** artists ought to have their work displayed in the National Gallery. And if **Punch Bowl's** business staff ran OMB, surely there would be no federal deficit.

Both Nancy and I have prayed long and hard for the perfect weapon in America's "Joke Wars" arsenal. Well, I think we found it, Mommy.

All true Americans should attend **Punch Bowl's** Introductory Meeting, Wednesday September 18 at 7:30 pm in Room 305 of Houston Hall. It's a warning shot to the Soviets that we can't afford not to fire.

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The Pennsylvania PUNCH BOWL

Volume 61

September 1985

Number 1

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Punch Bowl is published quarterly by serious-minded, grade-conscious students at the University of Pennsylvania. All contents are fictional and any similarity to anything in reality is just an illusion. Really. Send emus and chickens to *Punch Bowl*, Houston Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 19104. Subscriptions reasonably priced. Contents copyright 1985, 1983, 1976, 1975, 1974, 1900 *Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*. All rights reserved, especially the right to say "That's not funny!" and "You can't print that!" Appreciably funded by SAC. Listed in Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory. (Look us up.)



Editorial: Volume 61, Number 1

Welcome, tiny little freshman. Actually, being a freshman at Penn isn't as bad as most people will tell you. You could be an untouchable rice farmer in New Delhi, or a ditch digger in the rain forests in Brazil, or even a freshman at Drexel. But that is not to say that life at Penn will be easy. As a freshman, you will be required to take intensive Ilokano, iatrophysics, n-tuple differential algebra, zetetic philosophy and gym, plus 3 cu in divisions outside your field of concentration. And don't forget, your Freshman Thesis is due in March, so you'd better make an appointment with your major advisor right away. And you'll probably meet for thousand people during the next few weeks, ask each one his or her school, major and hometown, and forget every single person except maybe your roommate. But you'll soon get used to it around here. You'll learn to keep your raucous voices down to a whisper, not to congregate in groups larger than two and to stay out of Houston Hall without written permission of the Houston Hall Board. A complete list of regulations governing the conduct of freshmen is available from your Residential Advisor. Also, be sure to get all your shots before the first day of classes. Congratulations on joining the Ivy League! You almost didn't make it.

Special thanks for hard work this issue go to Senior Editor Rob Kotler, who truly did it all this summer, plus Bryan Takamoto, Steve Cohen and Robert Hutter, three Pbers past their time but not past their prime. Also we congratulate Jaime Cortez on his election to Art Editor. Jaime comes to us after study in the School of Fine Arts at the Sorbonne in Paris. Furthermore, we welcome home Editor in Exile Paul Cohn, who spent a year as an intern at *Punch*, *Punchbowl's* British sister publication.

Enjoy reading our Freshman Number. If you don't like to read, enjoy the pictures...E.

Editorial: Volume 1, Number 1

We must not forego the formality of an introduction. No matter how funny or serious we shall grow to be, it shall always be said of us that we are "proper," even in the smallest detail.

First of all, despite the clamorous appeals of Dr. Swallow, we steadfastly refuse to change our name, but we would inform that zealous pastor that we can use him in our business. We are The Punch Bowl for many reasons. The Custom of the Bowl is peculiar to Pennsylvania, and our name symbolizes that peculiar custom. In another sense, the "bowl" suggests the wim with which we are rushing upon the mediocre ten-pin world. Finally, punch belongs in a bowl, and it is quite proper for a bowl to be around the punch. So *that* conclusively settles the "bowl" part of us.

But to find time to dwell upon the many turns of thought made in circumnavigating that little word "punch" would make it necessary for Emperor William to place the Twentieth Century a couple of years back of 1900. However, we must have matters understood, or some grouchy millionaire Quaker may entirely mistake us and enter his objection in his will and last testament. We clip from our office dictionary—yes, clip, for "Purgatory" is the word on the back of the clipping, and we have no sympathy with middle-men in any business:

"PUNCH.—(*Sp.*, buncho; *Dutch*, punk.)

1. The buffoon or harlequin of a puppet-show.

2. A short, fat fellow.

3. A drink composed of water sweetened with sugar, with a mixture of lemon juice and spirit, as mother used to make it.

v. t. To punch with a punch, as to punch a hole.

2. To punch one with the finger, fist or elbow."

Accordingly, we promise to act the buffoon, grow short and fat on our income, and punch holes in the universe to such an extent that it will resolve itself into nothing but a hole, and, meanwhile, we shall distribute our mixture of wit and wisdom gratuitously to all who pay the necessary ten dubs per month.



The Freshman Creed



You are a Penn freshman. You have a lot to be proud of. You are that unusual blend of bad luck and misfortune that fate has shoved off on the sea of mediocrity without a bilge pump. According to statistics, you stand between a potholder and lemon squeezer on the intellectual scale, between a sneeze and a fart on the Richter scale, and between an abalone and another abalone on the evolutionary scale. You'll learn to love statistics.

You can't hide what you are; it will be painfully obvious to you as well as those around you. At a fraternity party, you'll be the one with beer-soaked socks. In Abner's you'll ask, "What's a cheese steak?" And at a PUC movie, you'll mistakenly try to sneak into Irvine via the back door of the Wistar Institute.

Of course, you'll make some stupid mistakes, also. It's to be expected. You may spend hours waiting for the elevator in the Quad. There's a good chance you'll shout yourself hoarse asking the management to turn up the air conditioning at Irvine. You'll sign up for 9 am classes.

Yet you'll also perform amazing feats, things even those venerable and staid upperclassmen have trouble with. Only you could get an "A" in Psych 1, having taken it pass/fail. Only lucky you could buy a meal plan at half-price, and then find you're allergic to grease and starch. And only your



charm and wit could wangle you a date with one of the cheerleaders...only to have the guy stand you up at the last minute.

However, as a necessary, invaluable, and integral part of the University, you'll perform important functions. You'll be buying all that wonderful Penn stationery. The glory of playing freshman football will be all yours. And, without you, who would sing, "Aren't you hungry?" at 2 A.M. on a Saturday night...in Roy Rogers? As you can see, you will be an important cog in the sprawling mechanism which we call Penn.

You will not be alone in your struggle. Many people will give you advice and friendship. Don't feel bad if you drive your freshman advisor to sniffing Lestoil, though. Don't worry if your

RA moves out the day you move in. And, if your boyfriend or girlfriend resorts to a sexual encounter with the sculpture "Covenant," chances are it's not really your fault.

You will form opinions, develop a taste in all kinds of artistry, order your environment according to your own individual principles. But you will praise "We Lost" as a true work of art. You will extol Domino's Pizza as a garden of culinary delights. And you will admire Thomas Ehrlich as a man of great courage.

Yet through it all you'll probably survive, somehow, the rough and tumble of that first year, and go on to better things. In this, there is comfort to know you won't be a freshman at Penn all your life. You could never afford it.

Penn Myths And Legends

While on the campus tour that you were probably subjected to in one of your recent lives, or through normal freshman b.s. at three in the morning, many myths about this school are exaggerated and perpetuated. Sure, they sound like such cute little stories to most of you, but these myths can be very damaging to the reputation of this prestigious institution. The following is a short list of some prominent and damaging myths about Penn and the real, untold, truth behind each one of them, as well as some new myths. (We couldn't resist.)

Wharton Going Wrong Direction?

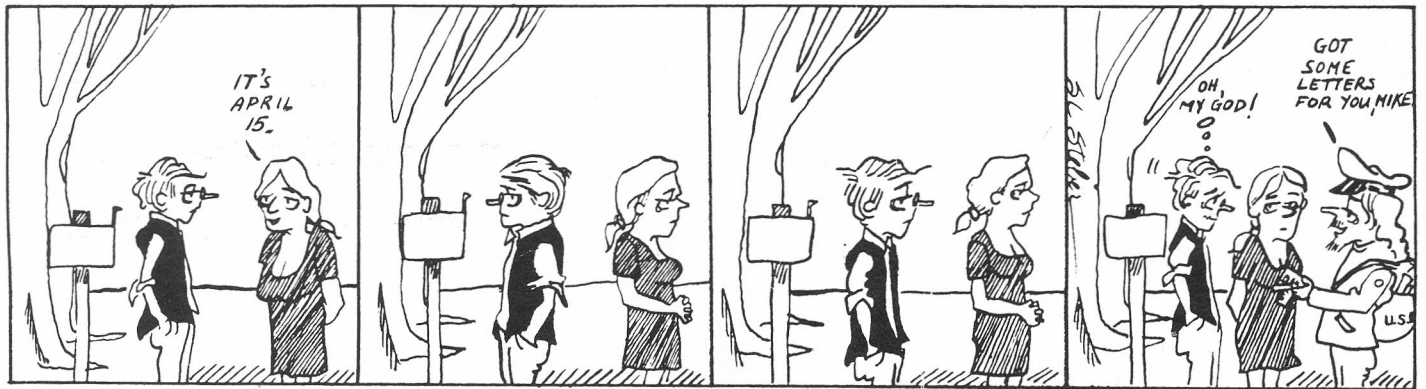
It is widely believed that Vance Hall, located on the corner of 39th and Spruce and the home of the prestigious Wharton Graduate School, was built facing the wrong way. It is said that the building was supposed to have been solar heated: giving reason for building one entire wall out of glass. Unfortunately, this glass side was built facing North, away from the sun, making it impossible to heat the building using the sun's energy.

This story is an untruth. In 1969, when Vance Hall was meticulously raised, the glass wall did, in fact, face South as planned. But in 1971, President Richard Nixon coerced Congress into passing a law that effectively switched the North and South Poles. This rendered the immobile Vance Hall helpless against the new path of the sun. And thus, since that fateful day, Vance Hall has been cold, dark, and damp; perfect for the nurturing of fungi and MBA's.

Irvine Auditorium

Tradition has it that a graduate architecture student presented the plans for Irvine Auditorium as his dissertation and was rejected. He rose to fame and loot as an architect and, late in life, blackmailed Penn by offering to donate a small fortune to build an auditorium, if it were to his original plans. Whence Irvine. Like many traditions, a lie.

Irvine Auditorium is actually not an edifice, but a natural rock formation. In long-suppressed diaries, William Penn noted the unusual Prominence of what he called Point Mongoloid, rising above the otherwise flat land west of the Schuylkill River. "Point Mongoloid," he wrote, (there were no typewriters at the time) "seemeth to me (he wrote with a lisp) the most bizarre mount in my Sylvania." (Penn's own sexual habits were little publicized) However, it was not until 1878, while constructing the present University, that Point Mongoloid's true significance surfaced. A team of archaeologists broke through the mountain wall to discover a large cave, fully decorated with numerous redundant, unbelievable silly, primitive cave paintings signed by the ancient artist, Nosmo King. We know nothing, thank



God, of King's meaningless life. Row upon row of crude chairs were unearthed, many bearing fossilized specimens of what anthropologists have labeled an early chewing gum. Finally, a prehistoric trampoline turned up, now used as a movie screen. (The phony 1926 cornerstone was added in 1928.)

Punch Bowl

When Benjamin Franklin showed George Washington the first issue of *Punch Bowl* in 1768, young George is said to have laughed so hard that his wooden teeth fell into Martha's bouillabaisse at Bookbinders. Martha's dismay at her spattered lace was nothing compared to her shocked discovery that what she thought a mussel was actually George's oak bicuspid.

Franklin, inventor of the unblow-outable birthday candle, was *Punch Bowl's* first editor, and many of the early staff were noted signers of the Declaration. Thomas Jefferson once contributed a sophomoric article on "Serving Englishmen—Braised, Boiled or Fried" and Aaron Burr recorded an appealing collection of traveling scissors - grinder - and - farmer's daughter's jokes. Dolly Madison was a charter subscriber before she invented ice cream, and Roger Williams had *Punch Bowl* banned from Rhode Island, a blacklist which continues today.

College Hall on TV

There has long been a myth at Penn that the man who created "The Adams Family" T.V. show was inspired by College Hall for the house he used on the program.

In reality, "The Adams Family" was filmed in College Hall and the administration made up the cast. They shot each episode during lunchbreak and supposedly had a very good time doing it. This created a large income for the University and worked out well

for all involved. When questioned about whether this practice could arise again today, Sheldon Hackney is quoted as saying that he is "...very impressed with the magnitude of the deal." He has also showed interest in starting a similar venture this year. If given a choice, he said that he "...always wanted to play Sheriff (bing bing bing) Ricochet Rabbit." He has also had positive feedback from Jerry Berndt who is supposedly interested in the part of Deputy Droopalong.

Provost on TV

Recently, a new myth has joined the ranks of the previously recorded favorites. And that is that Provost Thomas Ehrlich is actually Underdog in disguise.

This, of course, is atrocious. Everyone knows that Berndt is Underdog and Ehrlich is Droopalong.

The Philadelphia Zoo

The first fraternity at Penn was established during the French Revolution, but unlike liberty and equality, fraternities are far from ideal. During weekends however, they are the few places on campus where students can enjoy such activities as going deaf, getting beaten senseless, drowning in beer, or urinating in public.

Many famous bands have started the trek to fame playing at frat mixers (John Philip Sousa, for one). But the true virtue of fraternities is in their treatment of women, also dating back to the French Revolution. No woman has ever paid to enter a fraternity, but whether the reverse is true is another story.

Fraternities perform charitable functions, such as kidnapping babies to sell to poor people, keeping adolescents off the streets by pushing them into traffic and beautifying the campus through their graffiti program.

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Each morning of the school year, the Penn community is agog (or all asleep) until 9:00 sharp when President Hackney slides down his banister, runs to Ben Franklin's statue, and climbs to its head to announce the name of the student he has chosen The Daily Pennsylvanian. This decision wracks the president's brain every night as he sits in his study for seconds on end with a student directory and a set of darts.

Election as The Daily Pennsylvanian carries with it many honors: your tuition for that day will be donated to buy dinner for an emerging third world nation; you will be permitted to buy lunch at the prestigious Law School Dining Commons; and finally, you will be treated to a free tour of campus by the elite Kite and Key Society aboard the elegant red, white and blue campus bus.

All Daily Pennsylvanians, at the semester's end, are thrown into a large barrel which is rotated three times. President Hackney personally picks one student from the barrel, who is then awarded to, and made a member of, a wealthy Main Line family.

The Wharton School of Business

In 1881, a throng of aliens from a distant galaxy landed in Philadelphia and decided to indoctrinate earthlings to become their slaves. A convenient device, they decided, would be to erect a business school and adjoin it to an already existing prestigious university. (Penn was then prestigious.) Whence the Wharton School.

Even to this date, unsuspecting freshmen rally to Wharton, thinking to uphold the true spirit of capitalism and the American way, when actually the Wharton faculty—aliens all—transform them into mindless automatons: accountants, managers, and financiers, all unknowingly working as soulless agents for the ruthless citizens of Muni-Mula. ☞

A. Highschoolkid
17 Noxious Way
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EAT U.S.
BONDS



Letters to the Admissions Office
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia Pa 19104

Dear Admissions Office,

Why do I, as a woman, want to go to the University of Pennsylvania? Why, because it is there! If it weren't there, I wouldn't want to go to it! That would be immature. I would want to go somewhere else; preferably Brown. Brown is great. There is no war at Brown and poverty and racism have been abolished because everybody plays Rollerball - particularly all the blacks and poor people. The buildings are made out of sugar candy and they put something in the water to kill all the Jews and Catholics. The president, Howard Swearer, rides a magical steed, Grossstoro, and sleeps with all the freshman girls. At Brown, I would hang-glide on the actual plane, eat bagels and ambrosia with the gods, and have oral sex with all the trustees. At Penn, I would just kind of sit there and mutter. But you never know if you're going to get into Brown.

Sincerely,

Lisa Ann Navel

Mr Willis Stetson
Dean of Admissions
University of Pennsylvania

Dear Mr Stetson:

I have never written to somebody named "Willis" before, so I don't quite know what to say. But unless you accept me, your beloved four year old daughter, Jennifer, will suffer some of the most depraved tortures of the Orient. There's this one where you seal somebody in a hollow bronze bull and then build a fire under the bull. What's really neat about this is that the person's screams make it sound like the bull is snorting! Let me know whether you'll accept me or not, because the bull (in Jennifer's size) should be here in a couple of days from Pittsburgh.

Yours sincerely,

Anonymous

(really Jerry Marcus)



Hello Admissions Office! This is Steven! Do you 'read' me?
Ha! Ha! Ha! I go to Stuyvesant High School! I am president of the Stuyvesant young two-headed hermaphrodite club! I am captain of the Stuyvesant telepathic hypnosis team. If I say my name backwards, I have to return to the fifth dimension for 90 days and throw up! Ha! Ha! Arghh! B!x!b! In my pupa form, I look like a little potato bore, except that I am 80 feet long and carnivorous. If you don't take me, I will eat you! Better take me! Ha! Ha! Arghh! B!x!b!

~~Yours extremely,~~

Steven "B!x!b" Nevets

My First Semester at Penn

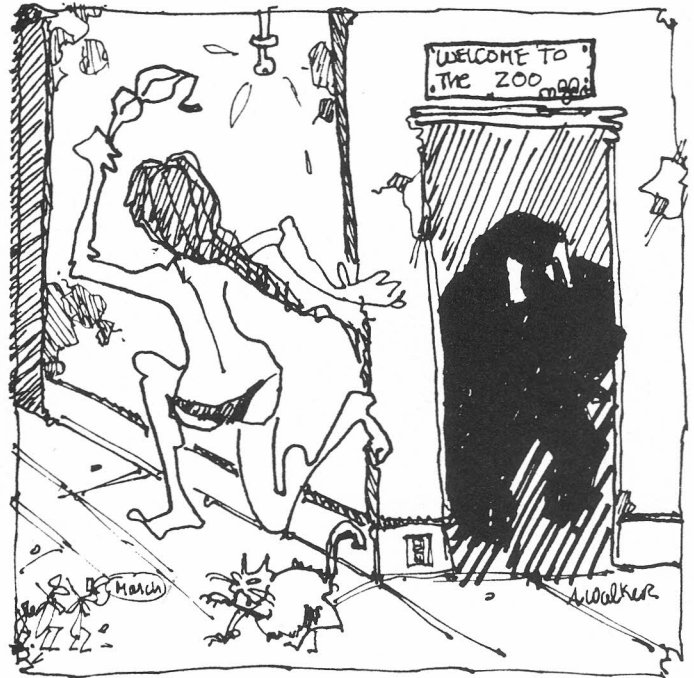
I was as nervous as a cucumber. Very naturally too, I thought. Isn't everybody nervous on the first day of college? I was full of all the preconceived notions that ever crossed the mind of a soon-to-be college freshman. I'd be a good student, of course. I'd be friendly. And I'd never spend a night in bed alone. And I was proud, very proud to have been accepted at a school of such wide acclaim and national reputation as the University of Pennsylvania. HA!

The Ivy League. It had to be the Ivy League. But not Harvard, not Princeton (God knows, not *Princeton*). Columbia too close to home. Penn—just about right. I had only the highest of hopes.

I arrived on a Sunday and spent a good deal of time shuffling about my room trying to decide when to introduce myself to my roommates. I knocked on the door of the room next to mine. Not receiving an answer, I knocked again. No response. Slowly, I opened the door, expecting to find an empty room, ripe for inspection. I poked my face in and was promptly struck on the forehead with an empty quart bottle of Ortlieb's. Stunned, I retired to my doorway, and a moment later an angry looking coed emerged from the next room, mumbling and buttoning her blouse. I looked over at the door, and in the darkness of the room I saw two large, piercing black eyes glaring at me with an ineffable message of hatred. Well, I thought, this must be my roommate. I ran into my room and locked the door, afraid that he might attempt vengeance. Mortified and embarrassed, I wished for some miracle to relieve me of this burden of guilt. Perhaps I would accidentally flush myself down the toilet, or maybe the cleaning lady would push me out the window. Alas, no relief came. The next morning, I summoned up every ounce of courage in my quivering, cowardly body, and I ventured forth into the communal living room. There sat Ed, as I later learned him to be called, eating his breakfast. He stopped eating when I entered the room and looked at me menacingly. "Gee... sorry," was all I could offer. Slowly, he stood up and approached me, and proceeded to empty the contents of his breakfast bowl onto my head. He walked away, leaving me dripping with oatmeal. Why me? I thought, licking the warm, delicious cereal from my lips.

I bought a University Dining Service meal ticket, believing fully the claims of the brochure. "Delicious, balanced diet," "All you can eat," "wide variety," "international menu," "friendly atmosphere"; I was intoxicated by visions of delicate repasts amidst pithy conversation and warm companionship. Expecting the best, I went to take my first meal at the dining commons.

The twenty minute wait on line would have been tolerable if the heat in the building was working, but the several fistfights over the insufficient supply of silverware took my mind off personal discomfort. By the time I



arrived at the food counter, there was a fresh supply of forks, but two of the three main dishes had disappeared, and not a dessert was in sight. Well, I thought, I like veal parmigiana, and I could do without dessert today. I headed for a table hoping to encounter some friendly companions, and was practically seated, when a fellow student accidentally spilled his Hawaiian-fruit-drink-mixture over my veal. Visibly ruffled, I turned to him in order to issue a complaint, but instead I received a piece of lemon-coconut-fudge-sponge cake with strawberry sauce down the side of my pants. "Watch out, you jerk!" he said, sneering and deliberately overturning my glass of orangeade. I later discovered that this fellow was my second roommate, Bill.

Gradually, the prospect of a pleasant domestic situation faded from the realm of possibility. I was further disillusioned when I went to get another plate of veal, and I discovered a basic untruth in the dining service brochure. The food was **not** delicious. In fact, the veal substance and U.D.C.M. (undifferentiated cheese material disguised as parmesan cheese which would have more suitably adorned the soles of my shoes) were nothing more nor less than tasteless, unappetizing, unsatisfying, and depressing. The enlightening conversation I encountered consisted of a young woman who sat down with no introduction and proceeded to explain how her three years at the university were a total loss, and how her college career had effectively ruined her whole life. When I went back to check on desserts hoping to allay the hunger which was left unquenched by the veal, I dis-

covered a small fellow systematically poking his finger in all of the pieces of cake on display. "You'd better stop that," snapped the employee behind the counter. "Now you'll have to take them all. They're no good once you've poked 'em." He took them all, and waddled away mumbling to himself, poking his fingers in the cake. "Is there any more?" I asked. "I don't know, prob'ly not," was the reply. I was prevented from finding out because the service was being closed down for the afternoon. I went and ate a BLT at Fiesta.

"Academics," I told myself, "that's what I'm here for! Students are supposed to suffer and starve. It's good for the soul."

With this ridiculous conviction, I was able to ignore my decrepit social life and unsuitable nourishment. Oh, I made a few gallant gestures and genuine attempts to get caught up in the mainstream of campus life. Frat parties, mixers, social clubs, mens' rooms, I tried them all, and failed. At one point I was on the verge of striking up a relationship with a very lovely girl in my history class.

We had arranged to meet and see a movie, but at the last minute, my body gave out on me. Probably due to malnutrition and psychological depravity, fits of coughing enveloped my body, I was racked by diarrhea, catarrh, and psoriasis. My would-be date was insulted by having been stood up and words never passed between us again.

My illness brought me into contact with the "quality medical service" and "personal attention" of Student Health. Somehow, my shaky legs conveyed me to the University Hospital where I was forced to wait, wheezing, coughing, and sneezing, for an hour and forty-five minutes until the doctor returned from "lunch." (at nine-thirty p.m.!) When he finally did arrive, he politely ushered me into his office and sat me down by his desk. I was a sight to behold. My legs were quivering, my nose was red, darkness encircled my eyes, which teared profusely. Moments ago I had run out of tissues, so my nose dripped like a faucet over my shirt and pants. I seriously doubted whether I could make it back to my room alive.

"And how are we today?" he asked, in a low, soothing voice.

"I'm very sick. I cough a lot and I've got diarrhea" was all I could get out before my body was consumed by a monumental sneeze which covered a large portion of the doctor's desk with mucous.

"It's alright. You can confide in me. What's really wrong? Sometimes our bodies respond to our emotions. Had any trouble with your folks? Is your girlfriend pregnant?"

"What?" I screamed, on the verge of hysteria, "I'm dying of pneumonia and you want a psychological profile!"

"Calm down, I'm only trying to help," he said, scowling.

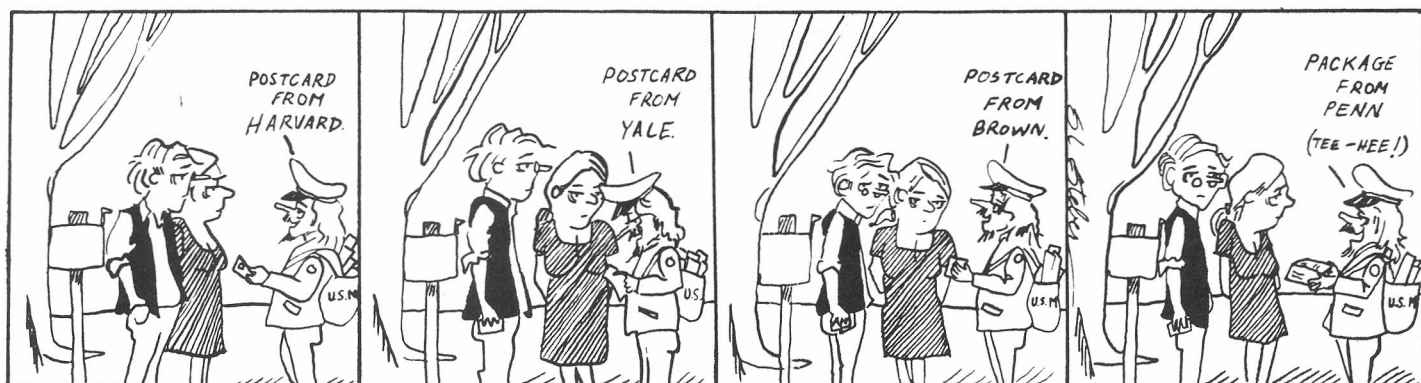
He opened a drawer, got out two orange and yellow capsules, handed them to me, and told me never to come back. I spent the next eight days locked in my room with two bottles of Bufferin and several gallons of orange juice. "Academics," I would murmur to myself in moments of consciousness, "academics."

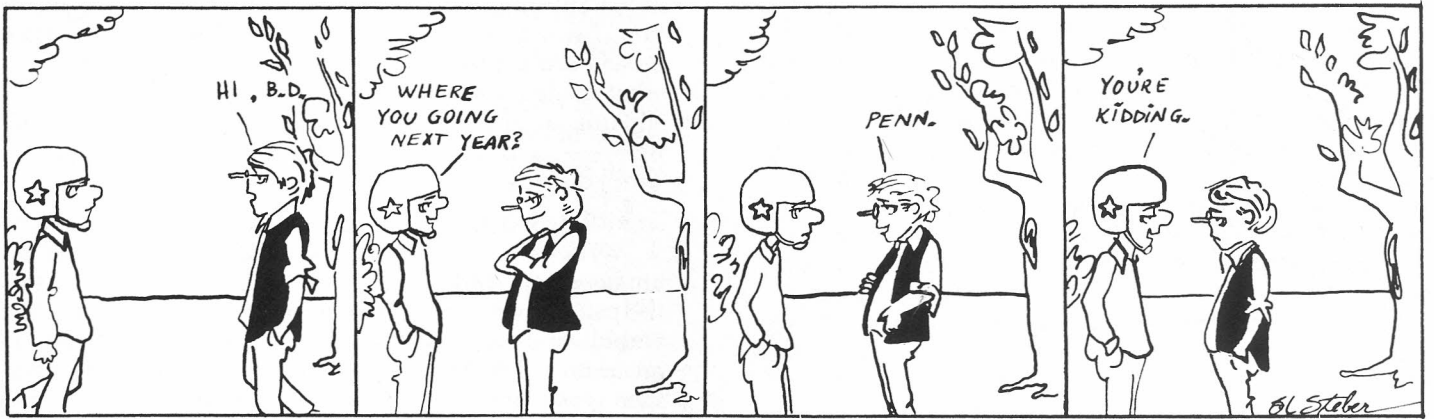
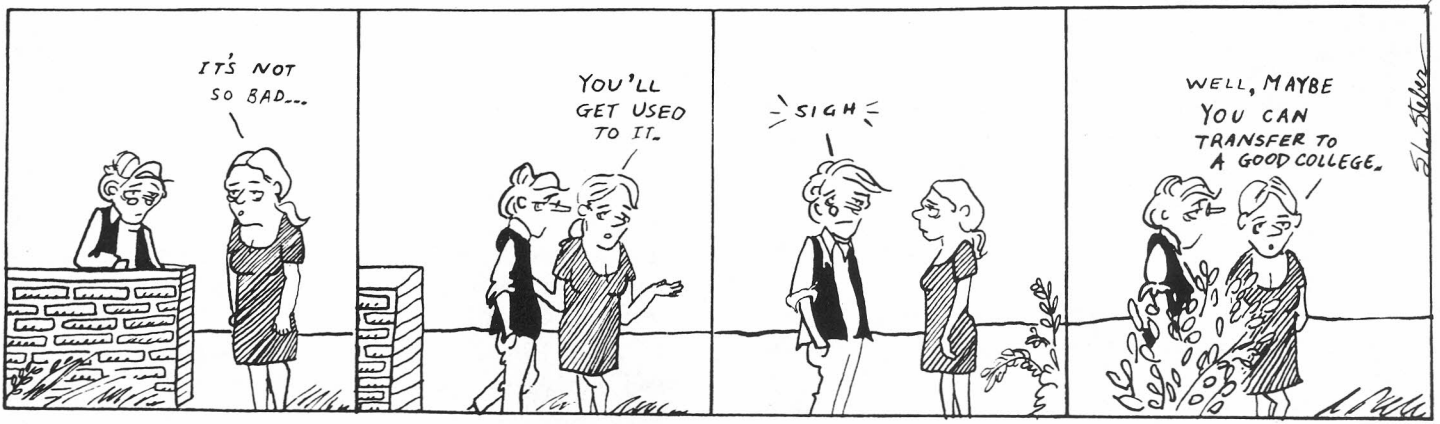
I was behind in most of my courses by the time I was well enough to begin my pursuit of "academics," so I resolved to see my professors and gather what information I could about the classes I'd missed. It took some time to track down my history professor, but eventually I found myself in his office standing before his desk. He didn't appear to be in the room, so I sat down to wait for him. I was barely seated when I heard some low-pitched moans coming from underneath the desk. Rushing to see what made the noise, I found a small, portly gentleman, stinking of gin, mumbling and giggling to himself. "Dr M——" I said, helping him out from under the desk, "are you alright?"

"Bliheh heh heh hah hah ha!" was his jolly answer.

"Here's the paper I owe you. Thanks for giving me an extension. Did I miss much material in class?" I laid the paper down on the desk in front of him. He began to wobble and sway back and forth, breathing heavily. In an instant, his face turned white as a sheet, then grey, then green, then white again, and he slumped over onto the desk and began to spew grey fluid all over my paper. I ran from the office, nauseated and astounded. When I got the paper back three weeks later, it had a capital "F" on the badly stained cover, and a note: "I refuse to read a paper so sloppily prepared. - S.M."

I saw no reason to stick around to find out my first semester grades. I figured it was more important to get out alive, so I went back to New York and spent a week in Mt. Sinai Hospital recovering from four months at Penn. I'm feeling quite well now, and the nightmares are practically gone. My psychiatrist says I'll be well enough to go back to school next September. Naturally, I've given up on Penn. But the shrink says that I should stay in the Philadelphia area in order to overcome the irrational fear of that city which I have developed. So, with the very highest of high hopes, I'll be back on top for a second shot at college, an older, wiser, Drexel freshman. Who needs the Ivy League? ▽





HEY!!

Freshmen! CAN YOU TRUST YOUR NEW ROOMMATE?

Punchbowl IS MAKING AVAILABLE

DEVIANT ROOMMATE INSURANCE

—for only \$10/month, you're covered for:

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Special DISCOUNTS FOR Protestants!

SEND YOUR CHECKS TO: **Punchbowl**, second elevator on left, High Rise South.

Youth Fads Through the Ages

CAT TENNIS



This game was an early craze which developed as a popular diversion before the invention of Scrabble for Junior Neanderthals. In this game a small furry animal was beaten senseless until it lost its bounce. The game required two human beings and/or missing links, two bones from a very large chicken, and the aforementioned furry animal. (These came three in a vacuum sealed can.)

The game pictured was called on account of the Ice Age.





The Paily Pennsylvanian

founded 1885

Volume III, No 1

Philadelphia, September 1985

Copyright 1985 PB Productions

DP Editors Run Prostitution Ring

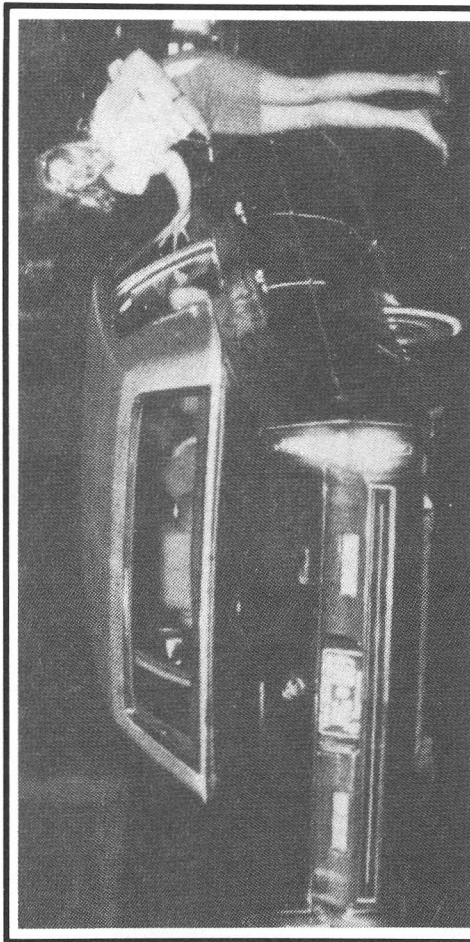
By David ReDavid and
Floyd New Mexico

University students, faculty and sculpturers were shocked to learn yesterday that members of the editorial board of *The Paily Pennsylvanian* have been associated with the largest sex-for-money scandal to hit Philadelphia since Madonna played the Spectrum. Using the supernatural profits realized by publishing a daily newspaper that is more than 95% advertisement, and by charging student groups and University departments obscene rates for very small ads, *The Paily Pennsylvanian* was able to put away more than seven million dollars last year alone. "We couldn't possibly spend any more money at our banquets, so we decided to invest in real estate," chirped DP Executive Editor Mark Syrup.

Here the sordid sex scandal begins. A representative of the DP board of editors, who chose to remain a virgin, began buying up all the small, seedy hotels and pet shops in West Philadelphia. "There's a lot of money in amphibians, especially emus," we'll misquote him as saying. Suddenly all the pet shops started offering hourly rates for their animals. "Let a goldfish

Philadelphia Police Chief Gregor Samsa said he realized something was wrong when he saw the gerbils. Samsa spoke to us as he was getting a stiff dose of rabies vaccine at University Hospital. "Normally you don't see gerbils hanging around the streets at night," he commented astutely. "But hanging around the Paily Pennsylvanian Building were hundreds, no, dozens, of scantily clad gerbils and other pet rodents strutting their stuff and trying to entice passersby. Naturally I investigated."

Oversensitive campus groups immediately banded together and held a poorly-attended rally, calling for the resignation of the entire University, the cancellation of Homecoming and Spring Fling, and the establishment of a police state ruled by Dining Service Director Donald "Meatloaf" Jacobs. The DP board of editors has held an emergency meeting and is expected to announce that they will divest all their investments in pet shops. "We're looking for something more socially acceptable to do with our money," Syrup said. "Like selling drugs to preschoolers." Russell Palmer, dean of the prestigious Wharton School, could not be reached for comment because he was working



Dean of the prestigious Wharton School Russell Palmer tries to waylay passersby outside Steinberg-Dietrich-IBM Hall.

Students Break Into Prof's Office

By Al Yoshka

Alleged students who are allegedly members of the alleged "Students Against Wrinkled Shirts" student terrorist group allegedly broke into Astronomy Professor Montgomery Scott's office in DRL last month, allegedly hiding Scott's life-long research project "Space Travel at Warp 16" beneath a pile of WXPN radio schedules. "We would have found the project sooner," suggested Public Safety

"Jim" Bishop reacted quickly, suspending every student who has ever stepped foot in DRL. When asked why he suspended the students without any trial or hearing, Bishop explained "Because I can."

The members of Students Against Wrinkled Shirts, a neo-Whartonite organization, allegedly ran a profitable drycleaning business out of Scott's office until they allegedly lost one of Professor Thomas Ehrlich's bowties. "It was my only one with red and blue polka

on marketing strategies for "Kiddy Cocaine," the first narcotic to come in seven flavors.

Inside

- Ads. Page 2.
- On the Record: God. Page 3.
- Ads. Page 4-5.
- Editorial: Why Campus Groups Aren't Oversensitive Enough. Page 6.
- Claus von Bulow named Athletic Director, ads. Page 7.
- Ads. Pages 8-15.
- Sports. Dining Service Director Donald "Meatloaf" Jacobs to start at third base for Philadelphia Phillies. Page 16.

do some tricks for you tonight!" announced local radio spots and billboards. Skywriters assaulted West Philadelphia from the sky with a "Do a parrot now" campaign. A well-place source we're making up told us "Puppies, yes, puppies, were turning tricks ten or fourteen times a day. Young chihuahuas were starting to do heroin instead of Alpo." Ed McMahon, untalented host of "Star Search" and spokesperson for Alpo Dog Food, could not be reached for comment.

"I think we just got greedy," admitted Syrup. "It's one thing to exploit students by printing garbage—made-up garbage—and taking half their tuition through our advertising rates, and it's another thing to take advantage of helpless sea monkeys and Siamese cats."

By Heidi Bovine

Incoming/outgoing Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences Michael Aiken set a University record by leaving the deanhood of Penn's sagging, mediocre liberal arts school only twenty minutes after assuming the post. Officials from *The Guinness Book of World Records* were on hand to confirm the record. "The world's tallest man, Robert Earl Flatulence, stretches three times the distance from Palo Alto, California to the Arctic Ocean," a Guinness spokesperson blurted out for no particular reason.

University officials were quick to say trite things about the man who was once Associate Dean of the School of Cheese and Crackers at Wisconsin Dairy College. "Michael Aiken was the most recent dean SAS has had," President Sheldon Hackney said in evaluating Aiken's term. Provost Thomas Ehrlich agreed, adding "Michael Aiken has been the best dean named Michael

Aiken Resigns

in the history of SAS."

Arts and Sciences deans at Penn have traditionally had a hard time staying at their jobs. Recently, Former Past Dean Emeritus Joel Conarroe left the administrative position allegedly to pursue full-time poetry research in the English Department. He soon left Penn entirely to become President of the Guggenheim Foundation. "The poetry thing was just an excuse to get out," Conarroe didn't tell us in so many words. "SAS is in really scary shape."

Aiken has accepted a position in Cherry Hill, New Jersey as an aerobics instructor. "People are becoming more and more fitness conscious each and every day," Aiken told us in his pink striped leotards. "I feel just like Jamie Lee Curtis. But now let's do the dance to 'Beat It.' 1...2...3..." Michael Jackson, eunuch and spokesmillionaire for the Pepsi Cola Company, could not be reached for comment.

Officer Sulu Chekhov, "but nobody ever listens to WXPN."

Vice Provost for University Life Jim

Penn Med Becomes GPA-Blind

By Jean Genie

Professor Elliot Stellar, who has something to do with the Medical School here, announced recently that in response to Johns Hopkins dropping the MCAT requirement for admission to med school, Penn Med will no longer consider students' grades when they apply. "We're going to admit people based on how many extracurricular activities they make up." We interviewed totally at random College senior Skip M Katz, editor of *Columns* and *Fallout*, *Patty Denny* and *Sales Manager*, and member of the Black Student League, the Ukrainian Students Hromada, Wharton Latin Student Association, the Chinese Students Association, the Penn Women's Alliance and the Undergraduate Psychology Society, who said "This is great!"

Pre-med advisor Carol Daffipoodle suggested that instead of geographical diversity, Penn's medical school will now seek alphabetic diversity. "There are too many doctors whose last names start in the first half of the alphabet. I expect Penn to accept only people with V, W, X, Y or Z this year." We interviewed Katz again, who said "Oh shit."

U Lab Injures Human Heads

By Robert Cheese

Law School Assistant Professor Gary Francione and members of the Alpha Pi chapter of People for English Teaching to Animals (PETA) kidnapped researchers involved in Penn's controversial Head Injury Lab last week. The researchers were kept in smelly, unfashionable cages and verbally abused by their captors, sources deep inside College Hall informed us. Then the researchers were lightly anesthetized and their necks were broken in several places, while PETA members verbally abused them even more, telling jokes and singing derogatory songs. "This is pretty ironic," Professor Francione may have been thinking.

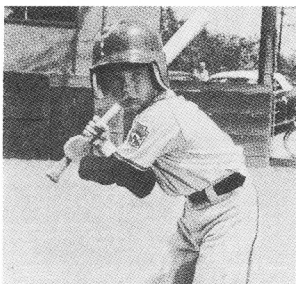
PETA members made rock videos of their procedures that were shown in Washington to the House Subcommittee on David Lee Roth yesterday. "There's this one bit that's just great," aging and sagging Speaker of the House Thomas "Tip" O'Neill may have told us, "when (Lab Director Thomas Gennarelli and (Vice President for Health Affairs Thomas) Langfitt do a duet to 'Just a Gigolo,' with all the girls in bikinis running around, that really got me up."

But Senate Majority Leader Bob "Bob" Dole seemed to have a different opinion. "The best part was when the Vice Provost (for Computing David Stonehill) got his hair caught on fire."

Dean of the prestigious Wharton School Russell Palmer could not be reached for comment because he was working on a marketing strategy for selling the videotapes to third world countries.

With the hope of easing the difficult transition from carefree, sweet, innocent, boring life at high school in New York or New Jersey to intense, academic, rigorous, drunken life at Penn, **Punch Bowl** asked several leading University personalities for their advice to incoming freshmen. But we're printing this article instead.

Advice to Freshmen From Celebrities



President Sheldon Hackney

Hi, I'm Sheldon Hackney, your cruise director. By day, I'm known for my boyish good looks and ability to let Arts and Sciences revert to Arts and Crafts. But by night, I'm known as Sheldon Chapstick. Whether I'm skiing down College Green or hanging out with Lawrence Klein, Penn's only Nobel laureate of the past 200 years, people constantly come up to me and ask me about my career as an Olympic movie reviewer.

Today's college student faces a difficult dilemma. We live in an individually oriented society, like all those kids in "Breakfast Club." But a society of all individuals cannot properly function, kind of like what happened in "Road Warrior." Often you have to work really hard, like "Rocky III," to come back and win. But sometimes, as in "Risky Business," you just have to say what the fuck.

My advice to you is to live and let die. Or let it be. Go ahead, make my day. Frankly Scarlet, I don't give a damn. Who you gonna call?

Isn't that right, Tom?



Provost Thomas Ehrlich

That's right, sir. As Penn's chief academic officer, it's my duty to do all of Dr Hackney's dirty work until that job offer from Harvard comes. (I've been waiting a while now.) My responsibilities include making up the final exams for most courses and grading all your term papers. (Do you think Harvard minds that I don't have my PhD?) Once a day I get my head injured in Penn's world-famous Head Injury Lab, and I also coach defensive line for the Women's Lacrosse team. (I'd really like to shop in Harvard Square. Walnut Street is pretty gross in comparison.)

That's enough for me. I have to go trim the brushes in the Morris Arboretum. If Harvard calls, please take a message.

Vice Provost James Bishop

Go back to where you've come from! You've made a terrible mistake! This is the only chance they'll give me to speak to you. I can't warn you enough. There are evil beings here and they want to harm you. They're big, crawly things, with bulging eyes and lots of tentacles. They've already gotten my wife and kids, and they drive my car around without my permission! Get out of here while you still can. Run, run for your lives!



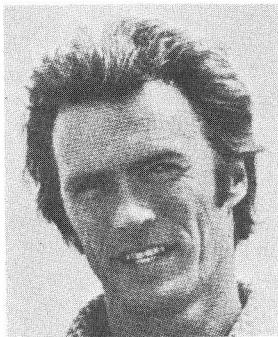
Dean of the prestigious Wharton School Russell Palmer

We at Wharton know how you feel. We've been in the college business for more than a hundred years and we're still helping people. When money matters are troubling you, come, give us a call. Our loan officers will be glad to sit down and discuss any problem you might have—whether it be a new car, student loans, an unexpected operation or even bankruptcy. Remember, at Wharton your business is our business.

**Dining Service Director
Donald "Meatloaf" Jacobs**

My advice to every freshman is to buy our new Plan D meal contract, which offers 120 meals a week, 400 times a day at all five modern, convenient and cozy Dining Service locations (eggs not available at Kings Court.) Our nutritionally balanced meals offer seven kinds of starch and three types of grease per day. And don't miss our Mystery Soup and Ice Cream Bar!

Total cost for the plan is the low low price of only \$720 a month, and if you act now, I'll add free, at no extra cost, a two-record set of 30 of Julio Iglesias' favorite songs, including the international hit, "Bind My Feet with Cable Wire, Mi Amore, and Leave Me on Mt McKinley to Sing."



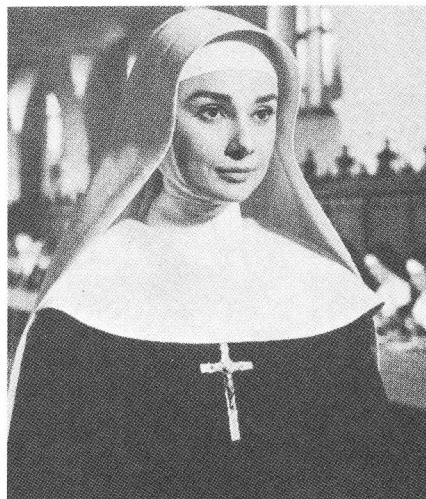
Registrar John Smollen

This form is to be filled out by College Students only and submitted with permit stamps and signatures for preregistration to 110 Logan Hall. Use Number 2 pencil. Press firmly.



**Crime Prevention Specialist
Ruth Wells**

Don't fall out of the high rises. Don't steal stereos, televisions or refrigerators. Don't litter or knock down buildings. Don't play with matches. Don't jaywalk. Don't kidnap professors. Don't break into professors' offices and steal their books and papers. Don't shoplift or hit people. Don't carpet your dorm with Franklin Field astroturf. Don't poison dogs. Don't rip out chapters from library books. Don't keep your valuables near Wharton students. Don't walk under ladders. Don't write on the walls. Don't spread rumors. Don't scream "Fire!" during PUC movies. Don't kill people. Don't take candy from strangers. Don't throw hand grenades. Don't catch hand grenades. Don't drop concussion bombs. Don't stay in your room during a fire. Don't walk in front of a black cat. Don't eat poison. Don't have accidents. Don't stick your head in a plastic bag. Don't panic.



**UA Chairman
Michael Gordon**

I'm the best-dressed guy on the University Council. I have fluorescent ties in seven colors and three different pairs of turquoise studded socks. I like to walk up and down Locust Walk with a bright red clown nose and big, floppy donkey ears.

My goal as the UA chairman is to get students taken more seriously by the administration. So I suggest you all dress like me. Only then can we make progress on the important issues. We want Dining Service to serve you 500 kinds of eggs at Kings Court, even if you don't have a meal contract. We want Irvine Auditorium turned into a theme park with roller coasters, a log flume, a Rollerball rink and seating for 100,000 spectators. We want the DP to write nice things about me.



DP Editor Mark Caro

You will learn more from reading the DP during your undergraduate years than from the sum total of all your coursework at Penn. The DP is truly the New Testament, the Word for here and now. Even the news we make up and the features we fake are good for you. We're here to make your stay at Penn exciting and more exciting. Pretend our fake controversies are important. Rally by us when we sling mud at helpless administrators. Let us join you in making fun of the UA. But most important, patronize our advertisers. They are the reason we are here. ☑

Hi Frosh! How you holding up!? Shoot yourself yet!? Well, don't worry stupid babies, things will get worse! There's all sorts of things here determined to screw you, and if you just hang in there long enough, one of them's going to get you! Chances are, it'll be hairy, surly, weigh 210 lbs., and want to cut off your testicles, but — ha! ha! — castration is just one of the many silly rituals we have at Penn. And skinny little *tabula rasa* that you are, we present some of the rest below! Lap it up, ugly puppies!

Blowing up Your Stupid Roommate

This is another thing we Penn students do to while away those rainy-day Philadelphia afternoons. Pack your roommate with dynamite and attach a lighted fuse to him or her. It's simple! And if this isn't challenging enough for you, try to toss him or her from High Rise East to High Rise North. It's fun!

Committing Suicide

If you're not doing very much right now, and you want something to do, why don't you commit suicide, an old Penn tradition?! It's really a lot of fun, and you can even do it with some of your Frosh friends, preferably the ones who are mucking up the gene pool with their low board scores! Go down to the chemistry department right now and ask them for some 56M hydrochloric acid. Drink it right down, and honest, it'll taste just like cherry soda! Try it and see! Or want to really get stoned? Smoke some plutonium-239. They sell it at the book store. Or find your spleen! I bet you don't even know where your spleen is! I bet you don't even know where your spleen is! You'll never get into medical school unless you know where your spleen is. Mail it to us, c/o *Punch Bowl*, Houston Hall just to prove to me you know where it is, because I really don't believe you know!

Compromising Your Ideals

We do this all the time at Penn, and we kind of like to do it as a group. We line up in the twilight, sway softly, twirl our pennants, and chant, "I know I will come out last, I realize I will go to law school at the University of Scranton instead of Columbia. I know I will end up as a stupid accountant instead of a novelist. I accept my mediocrity and acknowledge my serious-mindedness. I realize I have severe limits on my intelligence and can't amount to very much." Then we all go and try to give hickies to the statue of Franklin and slow-moving trucks. A lot of fun!

Breeding Poisonous Reptiles

This is a long-time Penn tradition and everybody does it. Get two Gila monsters, male and female. Take them out to a good restaurant, play a little soft music, dim the lights, blow in their tympanic membranes and tiptoe out of the room. When you come back, there should be two angry, incredulous reptiles waiting to kill you, so watch out. But everybody at Penn breeds poisonous reptiles, and you have to, too!

Losing Your Virginity

This is a staid old Penn custom and a lot of us here do it, with the exception of the entire editorial board of the *DP*! We suggest you try the following:

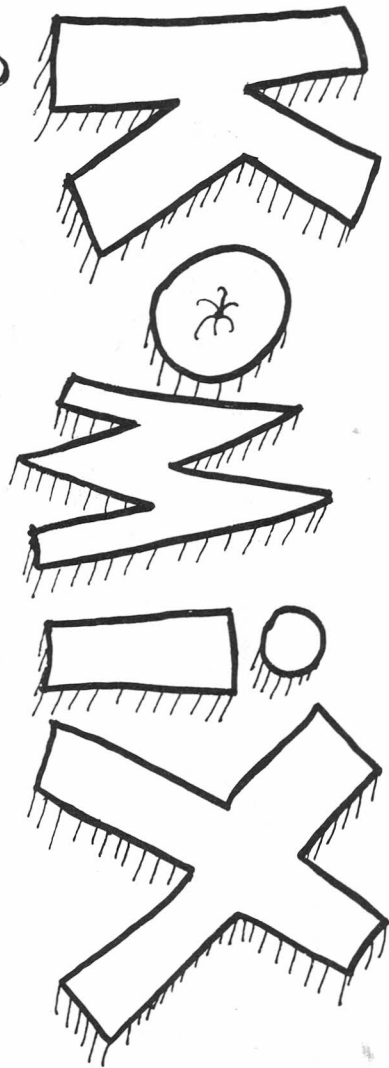
Take your virginity out to the suburbs. Leave it at a shopping center and tell it you'll be right back! Drive back to Philadelphia immediately. Or give it at a hat-check and forget to pick it up!

Killing Your Stupid Self

This is another fine Penn tradition, and you should really do this right now. Try hitting yourself on the head with a blunt object until you crack your skull! If you're female, pretend you're a water nymph, and try swimming underwater to the Aegian Sea to find another nymph to play with! Did you know that Vitamin E will make you impervious to physical harm? Yes, ordinary Vitamin E. Take some and go stick your head under the rear wheels of a truck! Or go to NASA and demand that they shoot you into the sun. It's your constitutional right as a taxpayer. What? You have to go to the bathroom first and you don't know where it is? *Typical Frosh!* ☹

A Freshman's Guide To Manners

PUNCH BOWL



Because you don't read prose!

LET'S SEE—THE UA ATTACKS THE FACULTY—EAT LEAD!!

HILLEL

BLAST!

IFC

UH-OH! THEY MISSED! NOW THE FACULTY IS MAKING THE TRUSTEES BITE THE DUST!

FEMINISTS

THAT'S NOT FUNNY!

ASSAIL!

HEY! NOW EVERYONE'S GANGING UP ON HACKNEY—WHOA!

PHILLO

CHARGE!

ASSAIL!

PROTEST!

PENN-GUN-ETTES

JEEZE—THIS GAME'S A PISS!

D.P. INVADERS Founded 1865

RH

DO YOU THINK YOUR ROOMMATE HAS BEEN PUTTING ON INCHES SINCE YOU GOT HERE?

GRADUATION (projected)

SEPT.

NOV.

—THEN PUT HIM/HER ON THE PUNCHBOWL "PEER-PRESSURE" WEIGHT-LOSS PLAN!

FIRST, DISCUSS RECENT EXAMS!

YEAH, PRETTY EASY— BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT 30-POINT QUESTION ON PAGE FIVE?!

page five?

POUNDS OFF SO FAR: 1 IN

NEXT, DISCUSS SOCIAL EVENTS!

OH, AND MANDY CALLED—SHE SAID SHE COULDN'T BE SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH SOMEONE WHO READS PENTHOUSE IN THE BOOKSTORE!

shie! caught!

POUNDS OFF SO FAR: 5 LBS

FINALLY, DISCUSS FAMILY!

AND YOUR GRANDPARENTS STOPPED BY ON THEIR WAY TO FLORIDA—THEY ASKED ME IF YOUR FACE CLEARED UP!

ahhhh Gahhhhd

POUNDS OFF SO FAR: 20 LBS

RH

BIOLOGY FOR NON-MAJORS

THIS AQUARIUM SIMULATES COLLEGE AND THESE GUPPIES SIMULATE FRESHMEN!

CLASS OF FORTY

HACKNEY

THE SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH THE ENVIRONMENT IS OBVIOUS!

HOAGIES AND CHEESESTEAKS

ahoy!

ZITS

SOCIOLOGY PAPERS

AND OF COURSE, WHAT WOULD COLLEGE BE WITHOUT BEER?

SWIM MAN

BY SENIOR YEAR THE FISH DISCOVER THE USEFULNESS OF SENSORY-DEPRIVATION TANKS!

NEXT WEEK, STUDENTS, WE SIMULATE LAW SCHOOL!

RH

I COULD ENLIST...

OR BECOME A KEYPUNCH OPERATOR...

OR KILL MYSELF...

YOU POOR BOY...

SIGH

Things You Don't Miss From Home



MOM'S SPINACH-LIVER CASSEROLE

JF

TAKING OUT THE TRASH

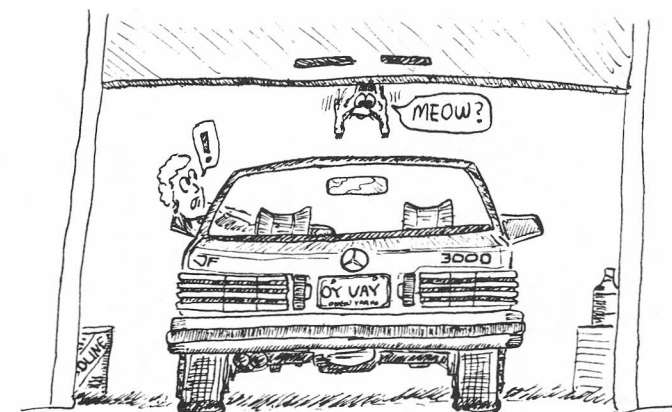


JF



CUTTING THE GRASS

JF



GETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE GARAGE DOOR OPENER

THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF

MR. PUNCHBOWL

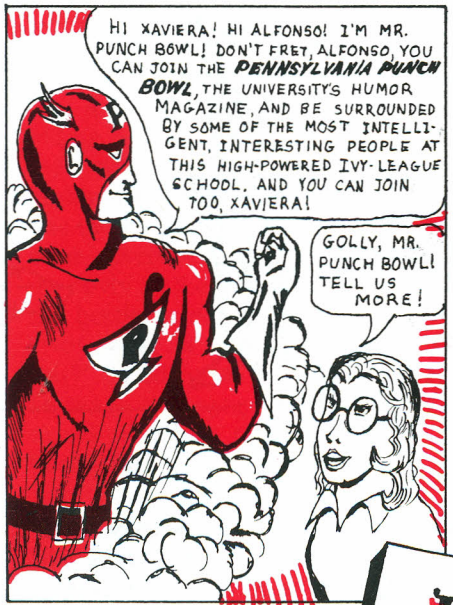
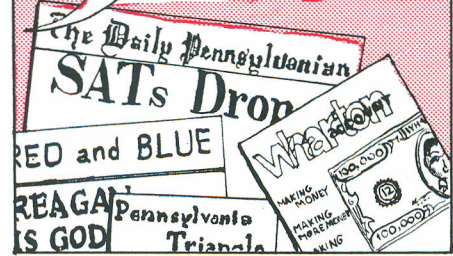
with

XAVIERA & ALFONSO



WHY, ALFONSO, THERE'S ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING THINGS TO DO AT PENN! IF WE CONSIDER ONLY THE STUDENT PUBLICATIONS WHY THERE'S THE **RED & BLUE**, THE **PENN TRIANGLE**, THE **PENN REVIEW**, AND THE **WHARTON ACCOUNT**. AND OF COURSE, THERE'S THE WORLD-FAMOUS **DP**.

LISTEN XAVIERA, THE **RED & BLUE**, **TRIANGLE**, AND THE **WHARTON ACCOUNT** ALL READ LIKE THEY'VE BEEN WRITTEN BY NIGHT STUDENTS AT DREXEL. I'D CONSIDER JOINING THE **PENN REVIEW**, BUT I MET THE EDITOR AND HE TALKS LIKE A WOMAN, THE **DP**'S A BUNCH OF ASSHOLES AND BESIDES, THEY COULDN'T WRITE THEIR WAY OUT OF A GLAD BAG.



IT'S SIMPLE KIDS. JUST COME TO THE **PUNCH BOWL** INTRODUCTORY MEETING!

Punch Bowl Introductory Meeting

WE NEED WRITERS, ARTISTS, & BUSINESS PEOPLE EVERYONE WELCOME!

ROOM 305
HOUSTON HALL
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18
7:30 PM

Moist Dream

I was dreaming. I know I was dreaming because my third grade teacher was playing ping pong underwater with Henry Kissinger's dog. And I was drowning. I tried to yell, but all that happened was that bubbles came out of my mouth and when they broke the surface of the water, my shrieks exploded out of each bubble. (I've got to stop watching cartoons.) Then I found myself in a desert. But it wasn't really a desert because it was in my friend's basement. I stopped swimming in the sand, looked up, and saw the girl of my dreams. I don't just mean that she was a girl and she happened to be in this dream. This was "the perfect" girl. She is the one who I want to have 2.4 children and a dog with. I want to grow old with her and watch supple young parts of her body droop more and more each year until they touch her knees, and she dies. She was just standing there smiling at me.

She definitely had bodacious ta tas. While drool cascaded down my chin, I remembered that anything can happen in a dream, anything. As my subconscious raced with anticipation, the worst possible thing happened. I woke up. For the first few seconds I wasn't sure what was going on. Then I realized that I was close to having a type of dream that I haven't had since I was about thirteen. I also realized that it was Sunday and I had nothing to do. So I laid there and wondered what it would be like to have a girl like that fall incurably in love with me. She was perfect. She didn't even have hair on her ears. Not even those little short blonde ones that everybody has on the seemingly hairless parts of their bodies. When you're young, those hairs look so cute. But when you get to be about sixty years old, they all turn dark black and grow to be about an inch and a half long. Those are the stereotypical ones on your great aunt's mole that you have to kiss.

All day I sat around, watched the tube, and thought about that perfect girl. As I recalled every limb and visible

organ (and a few that are not visible) of her body, I figured out that the parts of her body were parts of the bodies of many different girls that I have known throughout my life. Her ears belonged to a girl I knew in high school named Hilary. Her eyes were definitely Wendy's. I think I met Wendy when I was in ninth grade, but I'm not sure. Her lips were Amy's. Or were her lips from that girl from camp who used to try and set me up all the time? What was her name again, Sandy? I pondered that one for a while and finally decided that the upper lip was Amy's and the lower, Sandy's. My dream girl's nose originally belonged to my first love, Miss April. And her breasts were from Hilary. Hey Hilary made it on both ears and breasts, pretty impressive. Hilary was a real knockout. Too bad about the Mack truck. What's even worse is that she lived.

For some reason, at the end of "Leave It To Beaver," my mind drifted back to my high school days. I remember how in Physics, every problem started with the assumption of a frictionless surface. I always wondered what it would be like to live in a frictionless world. I also thought it would be cool if it was possible to record my dreams and play them back later. Or even what it would be like to beat a platypus to death with a tropical fruit. God am I thankful for drugs.

All night I kept falling off the frictionless chair in front of the TV. At the end of "Colossus, the Forbin Project" some movie where half of the world is blown up, I saw that it was 4 a.m. I went to bed with nuclear holocaust breasts, and a platypus on my mind. My subconscious wasted no time in putting me inside my left stereo speaker with the guy who ran the cor-



ner drugstore and the mezzosoprano section of Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The drugstore owner was telling me how "the Utah Jazz had the stupidest name in all of professional sports." Since he was spitting on me as he was talking, I tried to take a step backwards. However, I tripped and landed in my elementary school principal's office. While she was telling me that a mistake had been made in grading a spelling test and that I'd have to repeat fifth grade, little hippopotomuses began to file into the room while whistling that "Hi Ho" song that the seven dwarfs always sing. One hippo opened its mouth and trapped inside was the same gorgeous girl from my other dream, yelling my name.

I sprinkled some pepper (I have no idea how I got it. It just appeared in my hand) on the hippo's nose. It sneezed, and out came the girl, some mucus and a nine piece Chicken McNuggets with two sweet and sour sauces and one honey sauce. She looked me straight in the eye and asked, "How can I ever repay you?" I immediately thought to myself, "This is easier than a fraternity party."

I answered slyly, "You can start by spreading peanut oil all over my body. Suddenly, like a cold wind, she huffed, "Look buddy, just because I do dreams doesn't mean I'm a slut. I have some dignity you know, and a union too. You may not remember, but you had your chance with me when you were twelve, but you decided to ignore me and do it with your health teacher. You shoved me to the back of your mind like subconscious backwash or something. And now you want me back? Well you can just call up your health teacher for all I care. By the way, I heard his wife just left him."

The next day, I walked into Econ, sat down, and as I was opening up my looseleaf, the girl that I had been dreaming of sat down next to me. This was no dream. (And I promise not to pull one of those cheap "dream within a dream" tricks.) I almost had an accident in my pants. We exchanged knowing glances. But how knowing could those glances have been if you really think about it, you know? I mean, I didn't know what the hell was going on, and what could she know? We never met during consciousness.

Next thing I knew, we were joking around and having a great time. Within the next week we went out four times, called each other on the phone 22 times, and shared the feeling of queasiness at Dining Service six times. Not to mention the diseases we shared. After a particularly awesome night out on the town that Saturday, she invited me back to her room. She lit some candles and turned out the lights. I was hiding a small bottle of peanut oil in my pocket. I knew that this was the moment of truth. She could turn out like the girl in the dream, or she could be my everlasting sex kitten. She eyed me coyly as she moved closer and took the bottle from my hand and purred, "Now what do you want me to do with this?" Needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), we engaged in savage professional wrestling right on top of her bookshelf.

Actually we didn't She slapped me in the face really hard and yelled "you misogynist freak!" She started to lecture me about Alan Alda, but I just left, thinking about my great aunt on a frictionless surface, and vowing to have more sensitive dreams in the future. ♡

COLLEGIATE GIRL

Fixed-up nose and Jappy clothes, a taste for wine and Brie, An accent from "Long Guyland" and my major's BBB. Dating frat boys and the crew team is alright with me- Wharton grads are sexy because I'm at U of P.

Chorus

'Cause we are living in a collegiate world and I am a collegiate girl; You know that we are living in a collegiate world and I am a collegiate girl. Strolling along Locust Walk wearing my Guess? jeans, Eating Skolnick's bagels as I shmooze with friends from Queens, Prominently wearing my gold watch: It's a Longines! I have make-up and a hairdo right from magazines.

Chorus

Winter break I head down South, down to Miami; Family tells me that I've grown since they last saw me. Uncle Josh and Aunt Rebecca know nice boys, you see- Pre-meds are required for my M-R-S degree.

Chorus

A collegiate. . .a collegiate. . .a collegiate. . .a collegiate. . .

"Goy Toy" (male back-up group) repeats:

Living in a collegiate world, living in a collegiate world. . .

Chorus

• To the tune of "Material Girl."



Is Penn still the worst Ivy League school?

We don't think so. Cornell and Columbia are just as bad and Brown is sinking fast. (And who really knows anything for sure about Dartmouth?) But ten years ago when this article was first published, Penn was best in the Ivies only if you stood on your head. So be grateful.

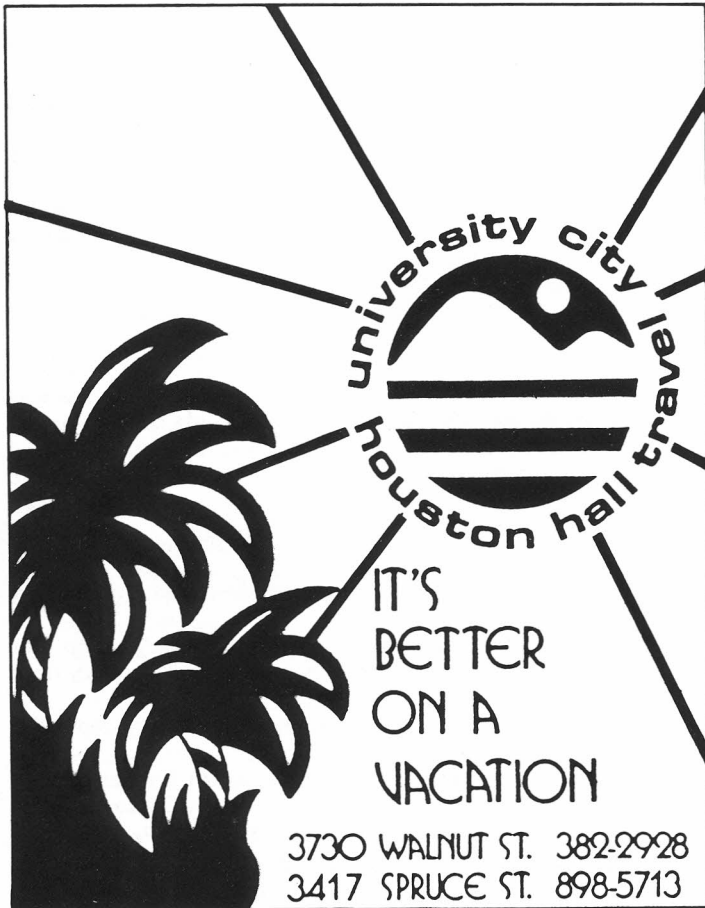
101 Reasons Why Penn is the Worst School in the Ivy League

1. Penn is in Philadelphia.
2. Penn has the highest deficit of the Ivy Schools.
3. Harvard has 8 Nobel Prize winners on its faculty, Yale has 4, Cornell has 3, and Columbia has 3. Penn has only 1.
4. Cornell has atmosphere. Penn has smog.
5. Cass and Birnbaum rates Penn "highly selective." All other Ivy schools are rated "most selective."*
6. Penn is constantly confused with Penn State. Nobody ever confuses Brown with the University of Rhode Island.
7. Unlike the Other Ivy schools, Penn is never mentioned in any movies, novels, or short stories. (e.g., Harvard—Love Story, Yale—Frank Merriwell, Cornell—Allison Lurie's recent novel, *The War Between the Tates*, Princeton — *This Side of Paradise*.)
8. The astronomy department at Penn has only three professors. Princeton has 30.
9. Yale's *Insider's Guide* called Penn students "serious minded and mediocre," and they are.
10. Harvard's dining service serves meals seven days a week. Penn's serves only five days, and that's too many.
11. Penn has the fewest number of tennis courts of any Ivy school.
12. Cornell has over 400 buildings on its campus. Penn has only 160.
13. Penn is the only school in the Ivy League with Wharton students.
14. Dartmouth has a winter carnival. Penn doesn't even get snow.
15. Penn requires four semesters of a language for graduation. Harvard requires only two, and their requirement is more easily waived.
16. Penn is the only Ivy school bothered by noisy trolleys.
17. Penn students have the lowest SAT scores in the Ivy League.
18. Harvard's bookstore has four times the square footage of Penn's bookstore. Yale's bookstore is twice as large.
19. The dining service at Cornell regularly offers cranberry juice at breakfast. Penn's dining service only serves orange and apple juice, and they're always running out.
20. Penn has a higher percentage of students living in frats than any other Ivy school.
21. Penn's calendar begins earlier than any other Ivy school.
22. Penn sends only 72% of its students to grad school, the lowest percentage in the Ivy League.
 - Cornell — 75%
 - Princeton — 75%
 - Yale — 80%
 - Harvard — 82%
 - Harvard — 82%
23. Harvard has Adams House. Penn has Van Pelt.
24. Penn has the lowest matriculation-to-acceptance ratio of any of the Ivy schools.
25. Penn is closer to the hurricane belt than any of the Ivy schools.
26. Yale has Kingman Brewster, Jr. Penn has Marty Meyerson.
27. The music for Penn's alma mater, "Hail! Pennsylvania" was stolen from the Russian national anthem.
28. Harvard accepts only 4.5% of transfer applicants. Penn accepts a whopping 20%.
29. Penn is the "safety school" of the Ivy League.
30. Most famous people who went to Penn dropped out or failed to graduate—Ezra Pound, Candace Bergen, Charles Adams, I. F. Stone, General George McClelland, Catherine Lindsay, Kwahme Nkruhmah, William Henry Harrison.
31. The Harvard Coop carries every variety made of Eaton's corrasable typewriter paper. The Penn Bookstore carries only five.
32. All the dining halls at Brown serve breakfast. Only two at Penn serve breakfast.
33. Penn has fewer National Merit Scholars than any other Ivy school.
34. The main library at Penn houses 2.5 million volumes, less than half of Yale's collection, and one third of Harvard's.
35. Penn students have the highest percentage of Tay-Sachs disease of the Ivy schools.
36. Penn is the only Ivy League school without a Frisbee team.
37. Harvard's calender provides nearly 30 reading days during its academic year. Penn has only four.
38. Penn is the only Ivy school with ROTC.
39. Penn has no Olympic-sized swimming pool. (Sheerr Pool in Gimbel Gym misses Olympic specifications by two inches.)
40. No other Ivy school forces local residents to commute due to its own rank incompetence.
41. Penn has the rankest, most incompetent Housing Office.
42. Harvard has a chapter of MENSA. Most Penn students don't even know what MENSA is.
43. Penn students tend to congregate for intellectual discussions at vending machines and snack bars.
44. Only 80% of Penn freshmen graduate from the University.
 - Brown — 84%
 - Dartmouth — 85%
 - Princeton 8 90%
 - Columbia — 90%
 - Yale — 92%
 - Harvard — 94%
45. WXPB violates more FCC regulations than other Ivy League radio station.
46. Penn courses require more reading and writing than any other Ivy school, and its students are the least equipped for it.
47. Penn accepts more rejects from other Ivy schools than any other Ivy university.

48. Harvard students are joyful and creative; Penn students are bitter and resentful.
49. Princeton students join eating clubs. Penn students join gangs.
50. Penn has osteopaths at Student Health. The other Ivy schools use real doctors.
51. All of the Ivy schools, with the sole exception of Penn, allow undergraduates to take books from their medical school libraries.
52. Harvard posts its final schedule before classes begin. Penn doesn't post its dates until late in the semester.
53. Penn uses baboons and chimpanzees for medical experiments. Yale uses Penn students.
54. Columbia sits next to world-famous Harlem. Penn is only in West Philadelphia, but we get raped and mugged just as much.
55. Pembroke has Brown students. CW has College nurds.
56. According to **Barron's In-Depth Guide to the Ivies**:
 Dartmouth stresses integrity.
 Princeton stresses scholarship.
 Yale stresses academic superiority.
 Brown stresses innovation.
 Columbia stresses broad liberal arts goals.
 Cornell stresses diversity.
 Harvard stresses responsible freedom.
 Penn stresses vocational training.
57. Penn has more assholes than any of the Ivy schools combined.
58. Penn has more freshmen than any other Ivy school.
59. Harvard has the Society of Fellows. Penn has the Future Farmers of America.
60. The mind of a Princeton student "fits no single mold." The mind of a Penn student is moldy.
61. Most of the Ivy schools have extensive audio-visual equipment in their libraries. Penn has a few records.
62. Penn has more trustees under indictment than any other Ivy school.
63. Penn is the only Ivy school without a toy store, bakery, or hardware store on campus.
64. Penn has the ugliest buildings in the Ivy League.
65. The student body of Penn is the most geographically restricted of any Ivy school.
66. 61.6% of Penn students have a tendency to drink beer.
67. Penn students pray to God. Yalies are God.
68. When people donate their bodies to Harvard, they go to the medical school. At Penn, donated bodies are sent to the Dining Service, except female bodies, which are sent to Sigma Nu.
69. Penn is the bastion of mediocrity of the Ivy League.
70. Penn has absolutely no character.
71. Harvard's endowment is five times greater than Penn's.
72. Harvard's faculty can speak every language known to man. Penn's faculty can't even speak English.
73. The University of Pennsylvania has the most awkward and least impressive sounding name.
74. Penn is closer to the equator than any Ivy school, which increases the risk of skin cancer.
75. Harvard students spend only a few hours studying for their Philosophy tests. Penn students stay up all night for their urine tests.
76. Yale sends their drop-outs to teach at Penn.
77. More fossils teach at Penn than are on exhibit at the University Museum.
78. Penn's matriculants have the worst high school academic standing of any Ivy school, with only 75% of students from the top 20% of their class. Columbia has 80% in the top 20%; Cornell, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton, and Harvard generally choose from the top 10%; Brown claims top 6%.
79. Harvard offers 75 majors; Penn, only 65.
80. Penn has the **Penn Voice**.
81. Penn has the most apathetic student body of the Ivy League.
82. At Yale, ice cream cones are a quarter. At Penn, the cheapest cones are 45 cents for plain and 50 cents for a sugar cone.
83. Penn dormitories don't have individual room-controlled heating.
84. Penn has the highest rape statistics in the Ivy League.
85. Harvard provides students vacations on Columbus Day, Veteran's Day, and Washington's Birthday. Penn doesn't.
86. Penn has more commuters than any school in the Ivy League.
87. Penn is often mistaken for Penn State. Princeton is never mistaken for Penn State.
88. Penn's library houses only 3,000 periodicals, one third the number of Dartmouth, and one seventh the number of Princeton.
89. Harvard provides refrigerators in freshman dorms free of charge. Penn freshmen must pay a rental fee.
90. Penn faculty has a lower percentage of doctorates than Brown, Cornell, Dartmouth, Princeton, or Yale.
91. Penn is the number one drinking school of the Ivy League.
92. Penn's ice skating rink charges \$1.00 to students. Harvard students use their skating rink at no cost.
93. Penn has the second highest suicide rate of the Ivy League.
94. Penn's sterile dormitories are incomparable to the house system at Harvard and Yale.
95. Alphabetically, Penn ranks next to last in the Ivy League.
96. Penn is considered to be the "weak sister of the Ivy League."
97. Penn has the lowest square footage of campus per student than any of the Ivy schools, with 895.1 sq. ft. per student.
 Brown — 1,024.9 sq. ft./student
 Columbia — 1,344.2 sq. ft./student
 Yale — 1,588.1 sq. ft./student
 Dartmouth — 2,345.5 sq. ft./student
 Cornell — 3,080.8 sq. ft./student
 Princeton — 32,220.7 sq. ft./student
98. The **Harvard Lampoon** has a readership of 30,000; **Punch Bowl**, only 10,000.
99. You are at Penn.
100. Penn students can't count.



Statistics were compiled from CEEB Guide to Colleges, Cass and Birnbaym Comparative Guide to American Colleges, Barron's In-Depth Guide to the Ivy League Schools, and Bartlett's Ivy League Guide Book. ♡



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