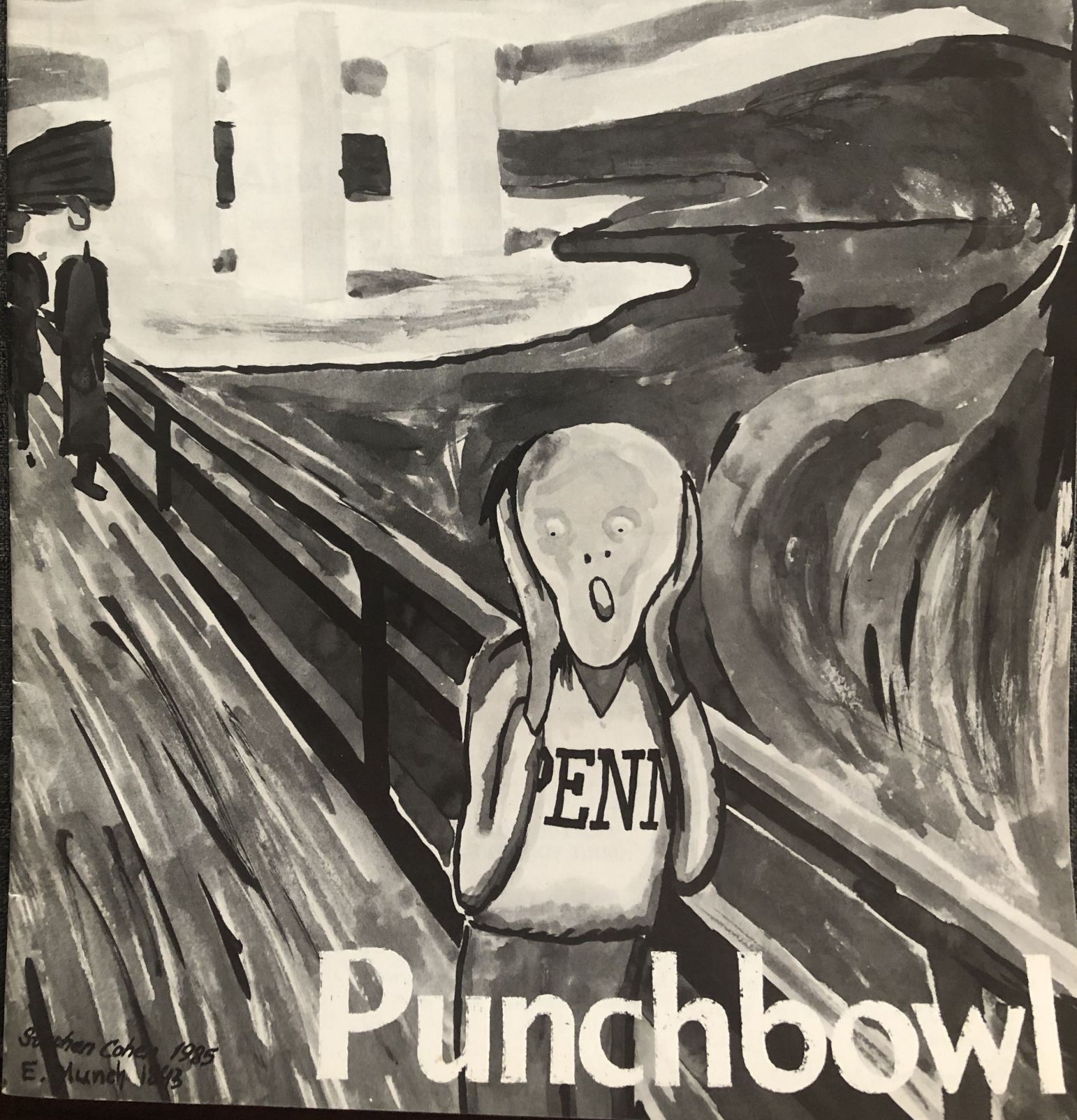


# FEAR and ANXIETY

APRIL 1985 \$2.00

← 3900  
LOCUST



# Punchbowl

Stephen Cohen 1985  
E. Munch 1843





## THE ONLY X-RATED OMELETTES IN PHILADELPHIA.

We have an omelette called "Menage A Trois," an immoral blend of 4 eggs with 3 kinds of cheeses, whipped into a sensuous, eating experience that would be banned in Boston. Other omelettes include "Name That Omelette," "Egg City," and "Eggs Popeye." Plus, we have Steaks, Ribs, Philly Chili, Shrimp Shogun and plain old American hamburgers gimmicked up to make you think you're eating in a fancy restaurant. Plus decadent drinks, immoral desserts, far-out decor and whacko waiters and waitresses who are hoping to be

discovered by a Hollywood producer. Come on in. Bring the family. Or at least your mistress.

**SMART ALEX**  
AN EATING AND DRINKING EMPORIUM

Hours: 7 a.m. till 2 a.m.  
36th & Chestnut - 386-5556.  
Bizarre breakfasts. Wild lunches. Outrageous dinners.  
Decadent drinks. And small time entertainment.  
We accept American Express,  
Diners Club, MasterCard,  
Visa, Carte Blanche  
and occasionally cash.  
Free parking. But no free lunch.



Wanna look like this  
absolutely free?

Come celebrate the Atomic Age with us. We are looking for a few good models to demonstrate our mushroom cut. Nuclear fallout version also available. Call (215) 555-NUKE for appointment. Ask for Ronnie.

**DO YOU THINK YOU'RE  
SEEING DOUBLE?**

This time, for once, you *are*. Get the hell over to an optometrist.

**ARE YOU WORRIED  
ABOUT YOUR FUTURE?**

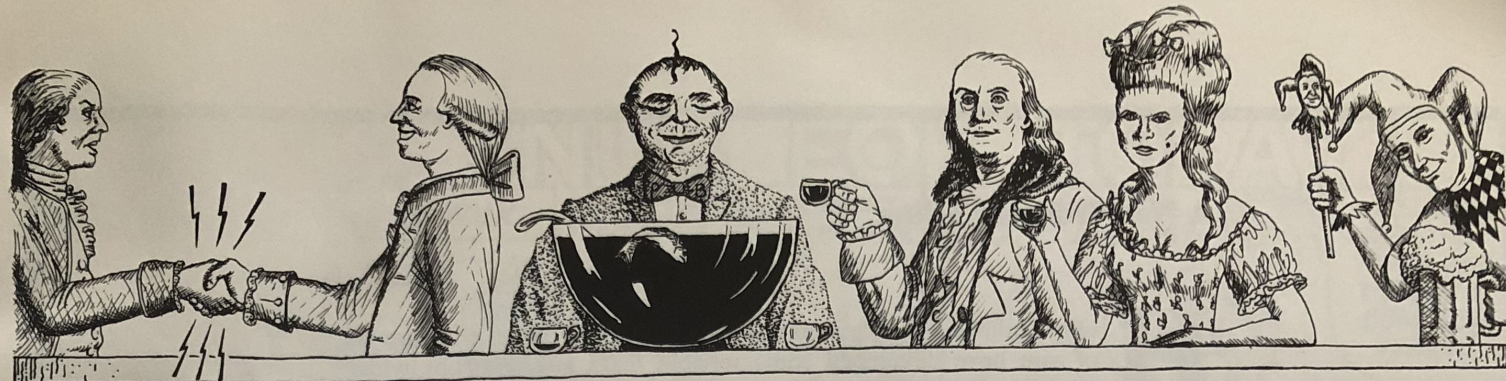
Well, jeez Louise, *everyone* is, for God's sake! Why the heck are you reading stupid little magazine ads like this? Do you *really* think they can help? Cripes, if you do, then you *surely* have something to worry about.

**Enders-of-sentences-with-  
prepositions Support Group**

Yes, we know there is a problem, but it's nothing about which to worry. Come and meet with others of your kind who will be glad to help out you. No longer is this a problem up with which you have to put. Meetings are held at 8 p.m. every Tuesday in Bennett Hall.

(If I was you, I'd also get help with the conditional.)





STEVE COHEN '85



# The Pennsylvania PUNCH BOWL

Volume 60

April 1985

No. 2



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## A Note from the Editor

**H**ello, children. Welcome to our fear and anxiety issue. I'm sure all of you have developed some terrible fears and anxieties while attending Penn. Some of you have probably even had all of your hopes and dreams crushed beyond recognition at this wonderful Ivy League institution. Others of you have probably developed countless neuroses which will plague you the rest of your insignificant lives. Even more of you are probably worrying about where you'll be and what you'll be doing if and when you ever graduate from Penn. And you know, I'd really like to empathize with each and every one of your fears and anxieties, but the truth of the matter is that I can't. And neither can anyone else on the Punchbowl staff. You see, people who write for Punchbowl have no fears or anxieties. We just never develop any. I mean, I'm a senior. I have a job. And I just don't care about anything anymore. Perhaps next year's staff won't be as well-adjusted and laid back as we were, but with Evan Heit as Editor-in-Chief, they'll probably be even more so. But don't worry, Punchbowl will remain as moral and as upstanding as it's ever been. I give my word.

*Bryan K. Takamoto*

Bryan K. Takamoto  
Editor-in-Chief

## Cartoon for Sadists.





# GOOD GNUS FOR TODAY!

ONE FINE DAY ON LACOSTE WALK...

GOSH, JUDY, ISN'T THAT DAVID OVER THERE?

DAVID... WE ALMOST DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU WITH YOUR NEW...ER...HAIRCUT!

HI, JUDY AND MIKE! TAKE A BROCHURE!

DAVE - WHAT THE HECK IS ALL THIS?

WELL, I'VE SEEN THE TRUTH, AND I'M NOW A COMPLETE PERSON!

IN FACT...

STEVE COHEN © 1985

...I'M WITH "GNUS FOR GREASERS"!

BUT... BUT... BUT...

NO BUTS!... ARE YOU TRYING TO GET MY GOAT? (HEH, HEH)... UM... THE BUCK STOPS HERE? NO? ... DAMN IT, COHEN, STOP TRYING TO RAM THESE STUPID VAUDEVILLE ONE-LINERS DOWN OUR THROATS! JUST LET ME GET ON WITH MY STORY! (AHEM)

"LAST SEMESTER, I WAS STROLLING DOWN LACOSTE WALK, WHEN..."

HEY, YOU! YEAH, YOU! THE GUY OGLING THE JAPS IN THEIR "GUESS?" JEAN OUTFITS!

YOU LOOK SPIRITUALLY EMPTY. WITH US, YOU CAN HAVE A CLOSE, PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD, FOR WE'RE "GNUS FOR GREASERS"!

THAT'S GNUS TO ME

THEY SHOWED ME THE TRUE PATH: THAT I CAN BELIEVE IN GREASERS AND BE GNU-ISH AT THE SAME TIME...

LET'S ALL PRAY TO JAMES DEAN... TURN TO THE HOLY VITALIS HYMN, PAGE 136!

SO YOU SEE, I'M A "GNU FOR GREASERS", CHOOSING THE MESSIANIC GNU-ISH ALTERNATIVE..."

NAUGAHYDE IS SATAN! POLYESTER IS THE DEVIL!!

PRAYSE THE FONZ!

AMEN!

AND NOW I ASK YOU TO JOIN OUR MORTAR-SICKLE CHAPTER OF THE "GNUS FOR GREASERS" FELLOWSHIP.

MORTARSICKLE CHAPTER? IT SOUNDS COMMIE TO ME. BUT WHY NOT? WHO NEEDS TO THINK INDEPENDENTLY?

OUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!

IF YOU TOO ARE INTERESTED IN "MESSIANIC GNUS" OR "GNUS FOR GREASERS" WRITE TO:

THE MOST REVEREND BILLY BOB ALI ROSENBLUM  
PROPHETIC VISION OF GNUS FOR GREASERS  
WILDBEEST, WYOMING 86402

IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL BE ETERNALLY DAMNED WHEN ARMAGEDDON ROLLS AROUND - IT WILL BE FOUGHT BETWEEN THE SUPERPOWERS, APPLE MacINTOSH AND IBM PCjr, IN THE "EMER HA-HOL" (VALLEY OF SILICON) AS PREDICTED IN THE NEW, IMPROVED TESTAMENT\*!

SO JOIN "GNUS FOR GREASERS"!

\*PLATITUDES 6:27-33

CLIP AND SAVE

- WE ARE ASSOCIATED WITH:
- CHRISTIANS FOR MUHAMMAD
  - MUSLIMS FOR BAHU'ULLAH
  - HINDUS FOR BUDDHA
  - BUDDHISTS FOR ZOROASTER
  - SOUTHERN BAPTISTS FOR THE BA'AL SHEM TOV
  - ANGLICANS FOR ZEUS
  - SIKHS FOR JOSEPH SMITH
  - RUSSIAN ORTHODOX FOR LAO-TZE
  - CONSERVATIVE JEWS FOR CONFUCIUS
  - REPUBLICANS FOR ENDING WORLD HUNGER

This Advertisement is sponsored by the Penn Gnuish-Christian Fellowship



# High Rise Anxiety

**P**erry Noya has a problem. He is a confused student wandering through the mazes of the Bookstore, Steinberg—Dietrich, Williams Hall and Locust Walk. His pulse rate doubles as he reaches the bridge, dodging the kaleidoscopic panorama of mohawks, army jackets and Guess? jeans. At the top, he breaks into a cold sweat. Up ahead, the phallic symbols loom. Perry is entering THE HIGH RISE ZONE!

Perry steadies himself, takes off his glasses and wipes the sweat from his face. He draws a deep breath and heads westward. HRE greets him coldly as he walks by, hugging the fraternities on the right in order to avoid falling debris. (Perry has a recurring nightmare of making the front page of the DP as the first Penn undergrad killed by a falling couch.) Suddenly, the mighty West Wind God rears its ugly head, blowing out its warning. Perry knows he's not wanted here and yells, "Leave me alone! I didn't want to be here — I wanted a single in the Quad, dammit!" Trudging on, he mentally counts the days left in the term when he can escape this horror. That is, if he survives.

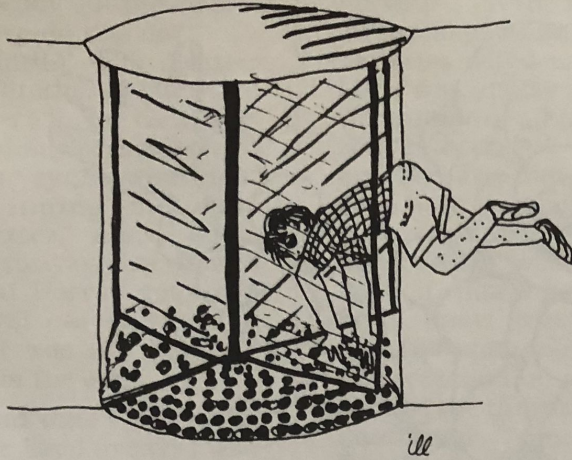
He makes it to the steps of HRN, and avoids the revolving door. To his horror, the other doors are locked. He studies the door, mesmerized by its motion as people move in and out. He has to time it right so that he doesn't get his knapsack — or a random limb —



caught in the motion. He closes his eyes and jumps in, is stuck for a moment, then gets spit out into the lobby. As he walks past the desk — did that girl look at him as if he showed her a fake ID? — he debates: elevator or stairs? Feeling especially brave, he opts for the elevator; he isn't in the mood to walk to the thirteenth floor. He gingerly reaches for the button, but he shrieks when a bloody hand appears in front of him. No,

wait! That's not blood — it's fire-engine red nail polish! He steps back to get the whole horrible picture: blood-colored sweater and socks, and black pants, shoes, and hair. His eyes involuntarily go back to the hideous hand. The fingers hit the button. Then they hit it again. And again. Perry shrinks back toward the wall as the monster hits the button feverishly as if to make the elevator arrive faster.





Due to an unfortunate childhood accident, Bernie had developed "Revolva-phobia"

Then it happens. With a hideous noise, the jaws of the great machine open wide. As others file in, his mind races. "What if the cable snaps? What if it gets stuck? What if it doesn't stop at my floor? What if it does, but the number doesn't light up and I don't know it? What if I push the wrong button, realize my mistake and push the right one, but everyone knows it's my fault when the elevator stops at the other floor and nobody gets off? What if the express elevator is broken today and they decided to make this one express and I'm the only one who doesn't know it? ..." He is snapped out of his hysteria when another elevator

opens up behind him and he almost falls in. Quivering, he runs to the upper lobby and into the stairwell. Calming himself, he sees how foolish it was for him to even think of using the elevator. Not after Harvey. Harvey was the guy last semester with the ingrown toenail. He rode the elevator to the third floor for a week until hate mail and death threats forced him to leave the University. No, better take the stairs. They're harmless.

Or are they? He listens. The stairwell is quiet. It's too quiet. Then he hears a noise from above. Somehow he is sure it is the Physics majors on the twenty-fourth floor; he's heard rumors

that they drop pennies between the stairs to see if they chip the cement floor when they hit the basement. Or, worse yet, they could be spitting to see if it will travel all the way down. The only thing worse than getting hit with pennies traveling at the speed of sound is getting hit with warm spit. He begins to run, counting off the floors: 10... 11... 12... 13. Finally, the safety of his own floor! He goes straight to his own room, paying no attention to his slovenly roommates. He collapses on his bed, shaking. It's only eight o'clock, but he is exhausted. Within minutes, he is asleep.

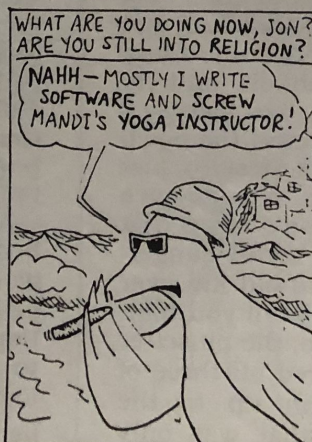
He is jarred by the noise of the fire alarm. He gets out of bed and gets dressed, putting on clean underwear. (His mother always warned him about being caught in a crisis with dirty underwear.) He combs his hair, brushes his teeth, and walks into the stairwell, trying to act casual as he greets his floormates. His coolness fades when they all break into laughter. He follows their gaze and sees the horror — his fly is gaping open and his red and pink heart-spotted boxers are hanging out.

Portrait of a Paranoid Man. He leads a life of fear, living a thousand melodramas in the course of a single day. He tries everything to safeguard himself but all it takes is one slip — one tiny slip into the realm of humiliation and ridicule. One slip and you are forever a prisoner of . . .

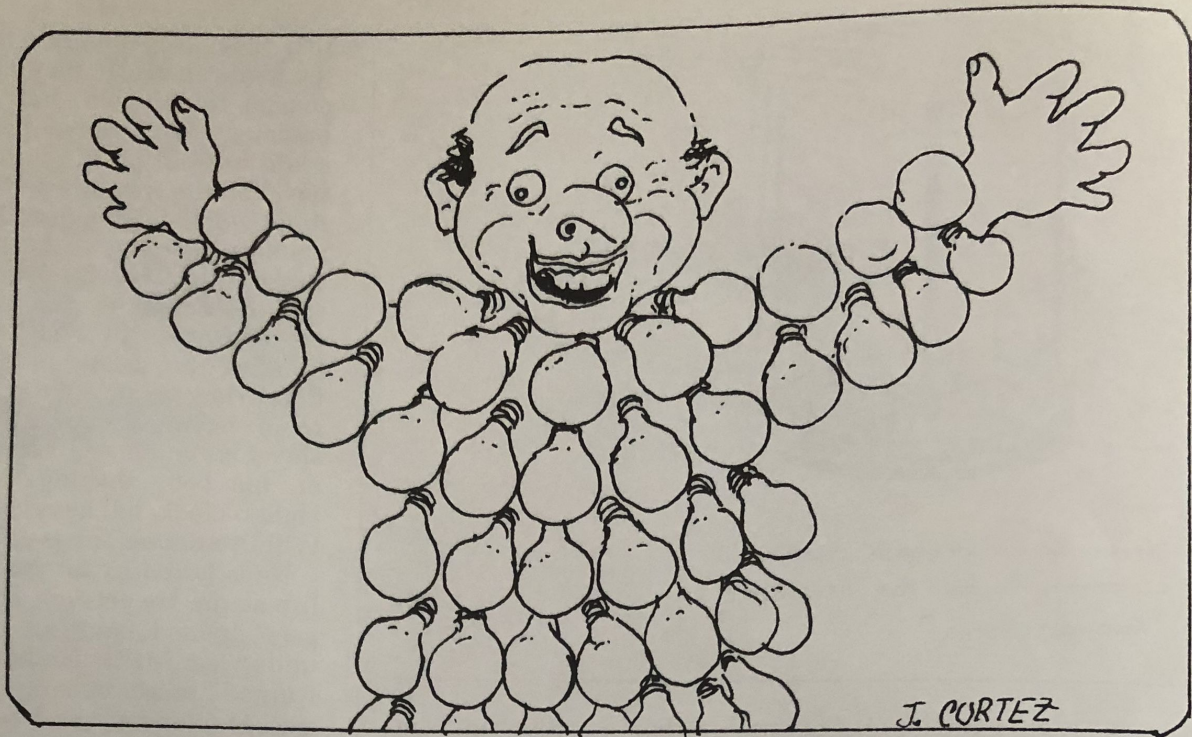
THE HIGH RISE ZONE

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL - "85"

by J.S. Bach







## The Human Flashbulb: A Portrait of a Fearless Man

**H**arvey Sheetz has always been sort of a celebrity in Frederick County. Most everybody knows him in one way or another. The guys down at the fire hall know him because he used to like to come by on warm nights and play cards with the boys. These days, they play Trivial Pursuit and Harvey doesn't stop by too much. Over at the bowling alley, they all know Harvey because he always comes out around front and hangs out at the snack bar. (Nobody outside of the Thursday Night league ever really knew what a good bowler Harvey was. Then he rolled that 684 series a couple of years back and got his picture in the paper. Now everybody knows.) Harvey's real

claim to fame comes, rightly so, from his exploits as the Human Flashbulb. But to me, Harvey Sheetz is simply the bravest man I've ever known.

Actually, fearless is more the word for him -- absolutely fearless. All you have to do is look at his job to tell that he's not afraid of anything. Sure, those pinsetters are almost entirely automatic now, but Harvey's been working over at the bowling alley for years. Besides, just because those things are mechanized doesn't mean that they aren't still awful dangerous. That 18-year-old kid over in Boonsboro will tell you that. About a year ago, the pinsetter over there sheared off three of his fingers clean up to the knuckles. And that was only

duckpin.

Running the pinsetters at the bowling alley is dangerous, but it's nothing compared to what Harvey faces when he's the Human Flashbulb. The Human Flashbulb is really one of those things that you have to see live to fully appreciate, although the pictures in the paper were pretty spectacular. It was a pretty big deal in town when Harvey did the flashbulb thing for the first time. If you ask me, that's because it got him in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. I'm not sure which record he broke, but they said it was one of them. I thought it was pretty neat when Mel took the magnetic letters and spelled out "FREDERICK LANES SALUTES HARVEY SHEETZ -- THE HUMAN FLASHBULB" on the big sign out in front of the bowling alley. You could tell that meant a lot to Harvey.

After the first time, everybody was sure that Harvey would never try it again. It was just too dangerous. Everyone, that is, except Harvey. I swear to God, that man must have icewater in his veins.

"Don't do it," they pleaded.



"You've already got the award. What good could this do?"

"You're flirtin' with disaster here," his brother-in-law Herb told him. Herb knew; he was an electrician. None of this seemed to reach Harvey. He went right ahead, planning his next bigger, better, more DANGEROUS extravaganza. It was obvious that Harvey got some strange thrill out of cheating death. That was his style. He was living on the edge.

The second time Harvey "lit it up," as he liked to say, I was ready. I'd missed seeing him the first time, but I was there for the second. The whole town had been talking about it. There was even a rumor that Cathy Lee Crosby would be there with "That's Incredible." She wasn't, but the UHF channel from Hagerstown was. I got to Harvey's house out behind the fairgrounds just in time. By the time I joined the crowd in the back yard, Harvey was coming out the back door of his garage to a healthy round of applause. He waved to the crowd and walked over to Herb, who plugged in the "specially designed suit." Actually, it was a rain slicker that Harvey had bought at a garage sale and wrapped with aluminum foil. There was an extension cord running across the yard from the suit to a row of twelve car batteries, wired in series. Behind the batteries stood Harvey's better half, the lovely Dolores Sheetz, all set to throw the switch. As Harvey got himself mentally prepared, Herb explained to us what was supposed to happen. According to Herb, when Dolores threw the switch, a powerful stream of electricity would be unleashed from the batteries. The current would be strong enough, he said, to simultaneously overload each of the hundreds of lightbulbs that Harvey had wired or duct-taped to his suit. This would produce a single, brilliant, instantaneous flash.

Understandably, we were all

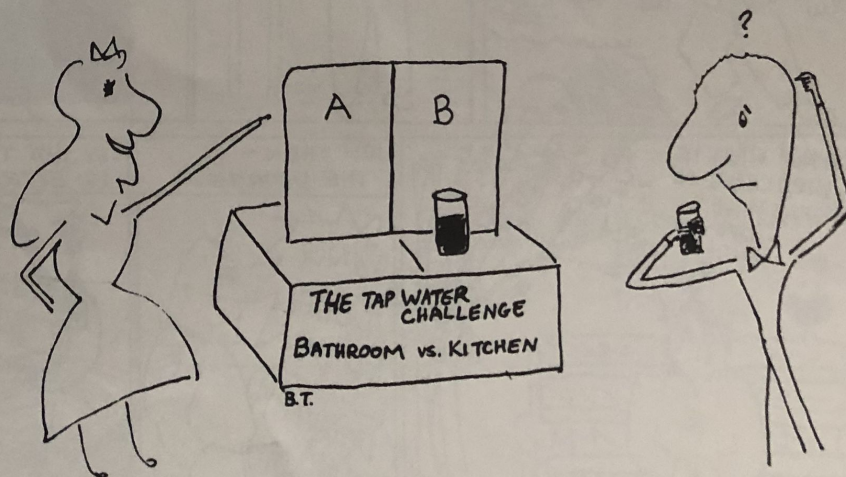
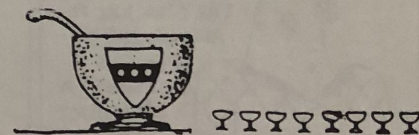
nervous, given the awesome electrical potential of twelve car batteries wired in series. Even Herb was visibly jittery. But in the middle of all this, there was Harvey, cool as a damn cucumber. The man was about to have over eleven volts of deadly current go shooting around his body, and he was never calmer. Boy, if that's not fearless, I don't know what is. Sensing that the excitement in the yard had reached a peak, Harvey flashed the thumbs-up sign and donned his "special protective headgear" (a ski mask with pieces of innertube glued to it). Herb scrambled for safe ground and Dolores flipped the switch.

To this day, no one is quite sure exactly what went wrong that evening, but something definitely did. Herb still claims that there was a short circuit. Harvey says that moths ate through his protective headgear. It really doesn't matter. Human Flashbulbing is a dangerous thing. There are a million things that could have caused Harvey's hair to catch fire. Herb summed it up best when he said, "It makes no difference how it happened. Just thank the Lord that Dolores had the presence of mind to run over and pour her beer on his head." Thank the Lord, too, that there wasn't much permanent damage. Sure Harvey forgets things sometimes and uses the restroom a



The other girls made fun of Eloise, because she wore glasses.

lot, but when he wears a hat, you can hardly even tell that anything ever happened. What's more, I saw in the paper the other day that he's going to try it again. Man, that guy is unbelievable. ▽



WARREN TAKES THE ULTIMATE TASTE TEST



# BED TO WORSE

ONE NIGHT I DREAMT THAT MY OLD PHYSICS TA CAME BACK TO GIVE BACK TESTS I'D FORGOT I EVER TOOK.

YOU GOT A 53-THE MEDIAN'S 61-HA HA HA! THEN ON THE QUIZ-

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT HE HAD ALSO GRADED THINGS I'D DONE, GOING BACK AS FAR AS KINDERGARTEN!

B-MINUS ON THIS ONE! HOW TH'HELL DID YOU GET INTO COLLEGE?!

got Mommy

AND OLD LETTERS TO GIRLS I'D WRITTEN-RESTAURANT CHECKS FROM DATES I'D BEEN ON- HE HAD THOSE GRADED, TOO!!

DOES YOUR ADVISOR KNOW ABOUT THIS?!

ANXIOUS TO FORGET, I IMMEDIATELY WENT OUT FOR A BITE-

LOVE IS GONE, BUT HOAGIES REMAIN--

## THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID TO LEAVE THE HOUSE by CHARLIE O'HAY & AEON SKOBLE

LARRY IS FIFTY YEARS OLD AND LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER

I LOVE MOM'S TOLL HOUSE COOKIES!

HE SPENDS HOURS STARING OUT THE WINDOW BUT HE IS AFRAID TO GO OUTSIDE.

TERRIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING OUT THERE. I KNOW IT!

LARRY, DEAR, COULD YOU TAKE THE BUS DOWNTOWN TO THE STORE AND PICK UP SOME BREAD?

OH NO! THE BUS?! WHAT IF I LOSE CONTROL OF MY BOWELS

HALFWAY TO THE STORE?! WHAT IF THERE'S AN ACCIDENT AND SHARDS OF GLASS AND TWISTED METAL PIERCE MY SKULL?! WHAT IF.

AS LARRY RUNS FOR THE CLOSET, THE PHONE RINGS. IT'S LARRY'S LOUD FRIEND RALF

HEY DUDE! GREAT PARTY TONITE! WANNA GO?

A PARTY?! WHAT IF I FORGET TO ZIP MY FLY BEFORE I LEAVE? I'LL BE DANCING AROUND EXPOSING MYSELF!

NOBODY WILL TELL ME MY ZIPPER'S DOWN! THEY'LL JUST POINT AND LAUGH! I'LL BE BRANDED A PERVERT FOR LIFE!

AS LARRY HANGS UP HE REMEMBERS-

2PM-HAIRCUT!

WHAT D'YA THINK? HA HA HA HA!

WHAT IF THE BARBER IS REALLY A MANIAC AND HE CUTS OFF MY EAR?!

I CAN'T GO TO THE BARBER! MAYBE JUST A STROLL THRU THE PARK. IT'S ONLY A BLOCK AWAY BUT...

WHAT A LOSER!

OH NO! WHAT IF A BIRD CRAPS ON MY HEAD?! GET OFF MY HEAD!

HA HA!

JUST THEN - THE DOORBELL

DING DONG

DELIVERY: DOMINO'S PIZZA!

... BUT TREACHERY IS EVERYWHERE!

HA HA

TICK TICK

WILL OUR LITTLE LOSER BE BLOWN TO BITS?

OH - WHO CARES!



CLINT ON CAMPUS

DIRTY HARRY IS AT PENN THIS SEMESTER—GOING FOR HIS MASTERS'—IN SOCIOLOGY—I WANNABE SOMEBODY!

R.H.

YES—YOU DID MEET HIM AT THE KAPPA ALPHA "MEET TOM COLLINS" PARTY LAST OCTOBER—

YOU PLAY THE "MOODY BLUES" ONCE MORE AND I'LL BLOW YOUR NUTS OFF! GOT ANY "KISS" ALBUMS?

NOWADAYS YOU'LL FIND HIM WITH HIS NEW PALS OVER AT HILLEL—

DO YOU DO PALESTINIANS? OY-VAY! I ATE SO MUCH I COULD PLOTZ!

--ALTHOUGH HE HAS SOMETHING TO SETTLE WITH THE BURSAR—

GO AHEAD--MAKE ME PAY!!

UNIVERSITY OF PENN. STUDENT BURSAR INCREASE

GERALD FORD—"85"

SINCE HIS FALL FROM THE PUBLIC EYE BACK IN '76, JERRY'S HAD AN UP-AND-DOWN CAREER IN HIGH FASHION—

WHADDAYA MEAN, "MOOD-RINGS HAVE BEEN 'OUT' FOR TEN YEARS"?

R.H.

MOST OF HIS INCOME COMES FROM THE OCCASIONAL TV OR SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT—

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—

I'LL PAY YOU \$50 FOR THAT! CUT!!

FOR FUN JERRY MUST RELY ON HIS TOUPEE AND HIS CAMARO—

HEY, DOLL! WHAT'S YOUR SIGN? I WENT TO YALE! REALLY, I DID! HEY! COMON, HONEY! --- HEY -- honey -- uhh.

by George Bush.

BUT OF COURSE THERE WAS LAST SUMMER, WHEN JERRY STUNNED THE NATION!

—AND THE ACTUAL RETAIL PRICE—

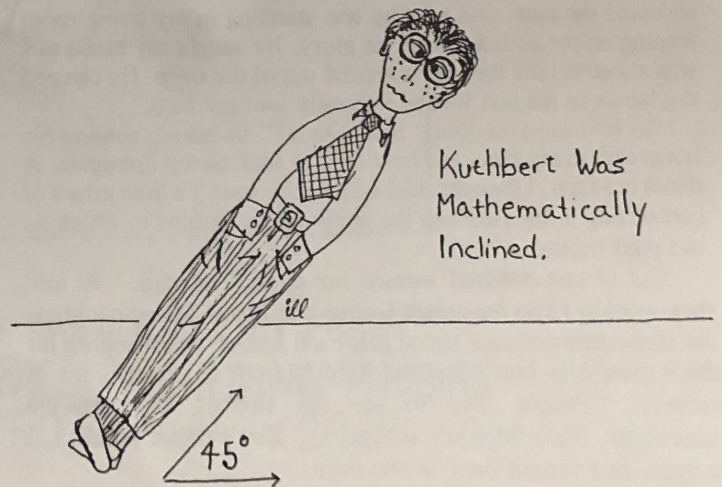
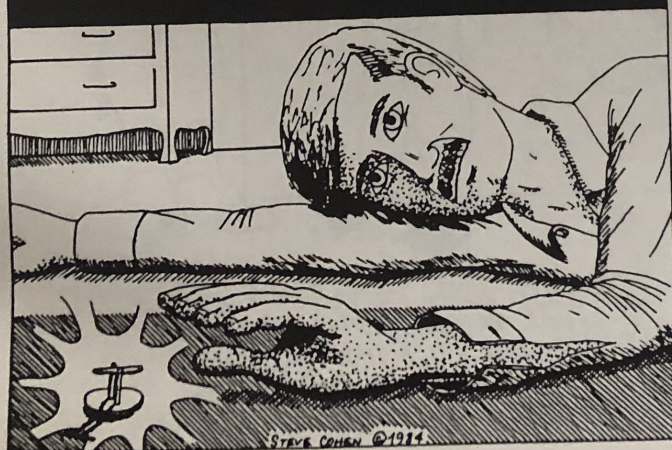
Price is right!

JERRY 12000

R.H.

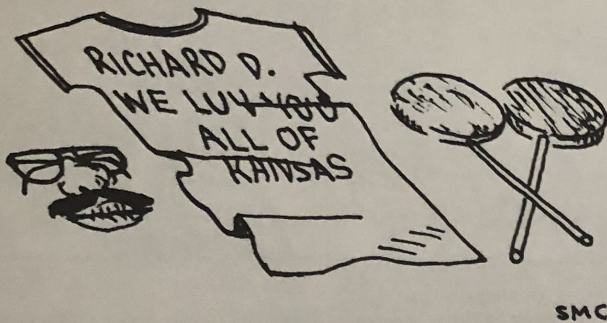
BRIAN DISCOVERS THE MISSING LINK

—Thanks to Brian Nugent, Ewing, NJ





# THE SURVEY SAYS ...



He stood in the doorway, a present under his arm, dapper and thin-lipped, and sporting a rather bowlsh haircut. He wore a lavender suit with a red carnation at his breast, and his suntan made him glow in the candlelit room.

"You look lovely," he said in his affected British accent. He looked past me into the apartment. "Where are your lovely daughters?" he asked.

"Out," I replied.

"Good answer," he said, and bent over to give me an over-moist kiss. I could already feel the cold sores erupting. "This is for you," he said and handed me the gift from under his arm. I ripped off the gift wrap. Oh God, it was a box inscribed with Tiffany's letterhead. Gold, gold, gold, I thought, what a catch. I threw open the box and lifted up a green tee-shirt and read the iron-on lettering. "Richard D. We luv you. All of Kansas."

"What a sweet idea," I said and gave him a peck on the cheek, and turned toward the kitchen grimacing.

I had never had the good fortune of dating a real celebrity. Richard and I met at a gun banquet which I was covering for the newspaper. He said I looked lovely, I thought he looked gay, and he invited himself over for dinner. He seemed sleek and wealthy, and I heard he was friends with Ed McMahon. So I accepted the date, and now he was standing in my living room leaning on the counter in all his glory. He caught my hands as I was about to take the carrot soufflé out of the oven. He clasped my hands in his and looked earnestly into my face.

"So how are you doing, lovely lady?" he asked, venting his hot breath in my face, and bent over to suck on my lips again. A damn tee-shirt, I thought, and asked if he wasn't a little afraid of contracting a disease from the multitude of mouths to which he had paid tribute.

"Out of one hundred women surveyed," he said, "99 said they wouldn't kiss me unless I wore wax lips." Then he told me the contestant contract stated that each female appearing on his show must kiss him good and hard in front of the millions of viewers. "People love to see me slobber all over the contestants. They think it's soft porn." Don't flatter yourself, I thought, as I turned back to the oven.

He grabbed the back of my dress. "Forget dinner," he lulled, "let's get on to dessert." He pulled a bunch of candy from his pocket. "Pick a lollipop," he hissed in my ear. I picked a red one, and he started clapping. "You picked the lucky lolly," he said all smiles, "That's good for one ticket to my show." Oh lucky day.

Thinking he was now in my good graces, he reached up to stroke my hair. "Hands by your sides," I snapped at him, and he slammed his palm down on the counter in disgust. In a few moments he settled down. "I won't rush you," he reassured me, "you have 15 seconds to prove your womanhood." He put his hand on my back. "Good luck."

I turned away shamed by his foolish behavior. This was not what I expected from a celebrity. Noticing my discomfort he said, "I know what we need. A little soft music to put us in the mood." He pulled a cassette out of his pocket and put it in the tape deck. The theme song from his show blasted from the speakers, and I lost the carrot soufflé all over the linoleum.

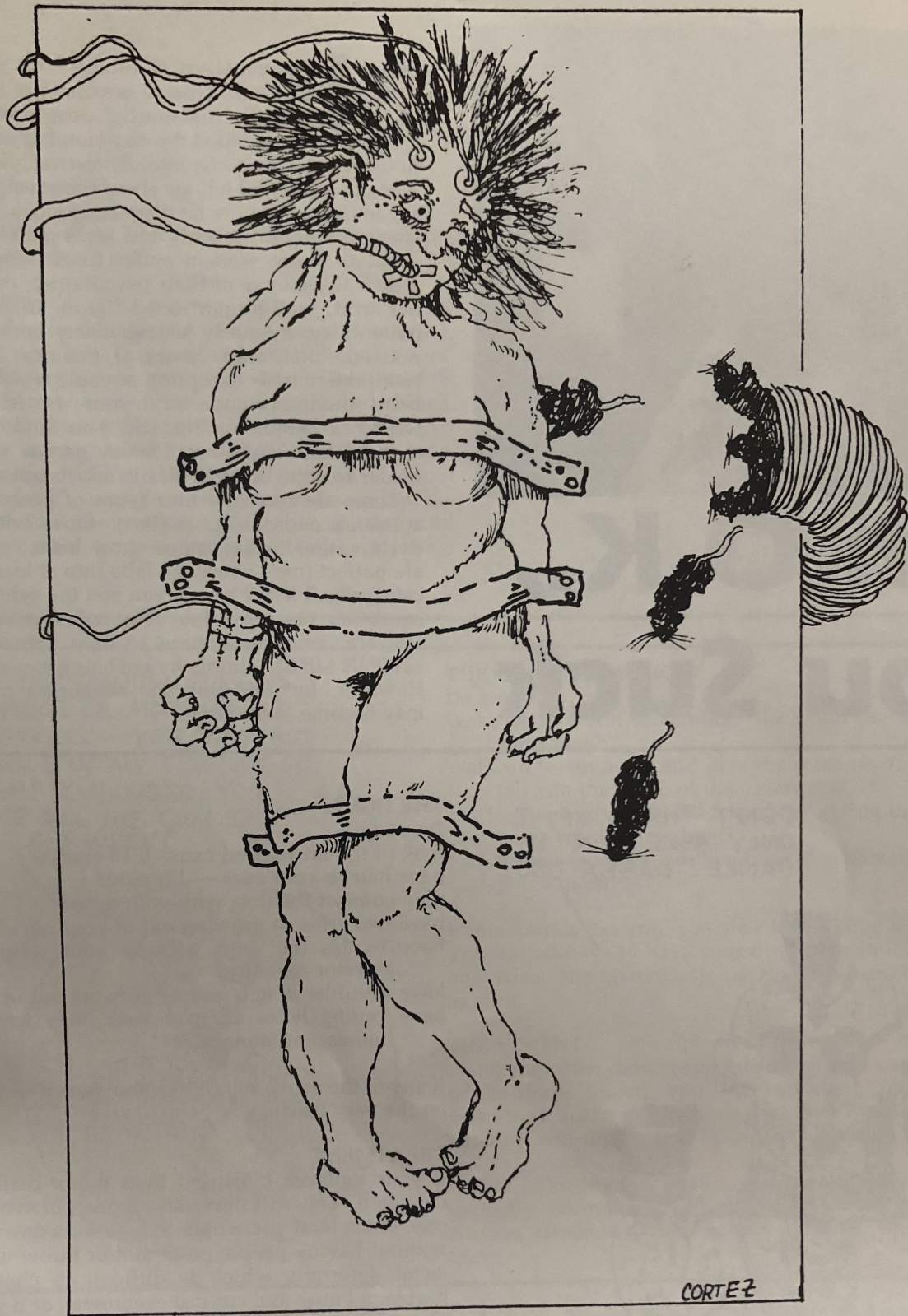
"Well," he said, "are you ready to play?" and flashed me an eager smile. I picked some wet soufflé off the floor and threw it at him. He flicked it off his lavender trousers and breathed a heavy sigh. He collected his tee-shirt and the lucky lolly, and headed for the door.

"Luv ya," he said, with his hand on the doorknob, "see you next time. . . and maybe we won't feud." ☹



HELP.. YOU WANT HELP? DAMMIT, WILLY,  
I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES  
THAT IF YOU KEPT MAKING THAT FACE  
IT WOULD STAY! NOW YOU WANT HELP?!





WANTED: UNDERGRADS TO TAKE PART IN FAST-  
PACED PSYCH. EXPERIMENT REGARDING PHOBIAS  
\$3.25/hour. CALL DR. ROZZIN AT X2969. ▽





# I'm O.K., You Suck

**M**y patients come to me with a multitude of anxieties. One is surprised at just how many mentally unbalanced people there are in the world. I am appalled by the number of middle-aged housewives who come into my tastefully decorated Park Avenue office and tell me about their weight problems. I say to them, "You're fat disgusting slobs, all of you! Just stop eating continuously and leave me alone!"

All of these women suffer from "psychoenviatis," which is jealousy of their psychiatrist, or, in this case, her trim, well-proportioned figure. In fact, all of my patients are intensely jealous of my perfect life. I have noticed, after many years of practice, that everyone (with the notable exception of yours truly) is a loser. To help you losers cope with your wasted lives, I have written a new book: *I'm OK, You Suck*. I am positive that this work of sheer literary genius will help each reader to cope better with his/her/its abysmal life.

There are basically four types of people: those with appearance problems (uglies), those with personality dysfunctions (jerks), game show hosts, and those who are perfect (me). Everyone falls into at least one of these categories. First, I have given you the symptoms of each condition. Once you have established what kind of loser you are, you can attempt to treat yourself. ALWAYS KEEP IN MIND: simply by not being me, you are a loser! However, by following the suggested treatment, you may become less of one.

DON'T THROW UP; I ONLY ASKED YOU TO DANCE! DABBA DOO!



## THE UGLY:

- Do you . . .
- look in the mirror and cause it to crack?
- have hair in your eyes — literally?
- play connect-the-dots with your acne?
- have two arms — growing out of your neck?
- have to use the stairs because your weight exceeds elevator capacity?
- have shoulder length hair — growing out of your ears?
- have gaping holes all over your body which ooze a fluorescent orange gas?

If any of the above sound like you, face it — you're ugly (at the very least).

## TREATMENT

If your ugliness is caused by a minor disfigurement, change it. You will never be a model, or even look like one, but at least you will be able to walk down the street without having people point and/or throw up. If it is a facial deformity which is difficult to change (i.e. a horizontal nose and vertical eyebrows), or if you are just plain ugly, wear a paper bag over your head. People will think you are a drunk celebrity and ask you for your autograph. If the disfigurement is more noticeable (e.g., no head), get a few friends (or hire people) to simulate your deformity and follow you around. People will think it's a trend, and pretty soon everyone will look like you.



### THE JERK

Do you. . .  
 find that people would rather talk to a chair than to you?  
 wear obnoxious T-shirts (e.g., "Here's the beef!")  
 pick your nose during dinner?  
 pick someone else's nose during dinner?  
 buy baseball cards for the gum?  
 read self-help books?

If you checked off at least one of the above, you, my inferior reader, are a jerk.

### TREATMENT

As Freud, whose theories are almost as valid as mine, says: most sick behavior begins in childhood. Yours, however, began before you were born. Treatment is difficult. Since you are prone to saying stupid things, simply do not say anything at all. People will think that you are the strong, silent type, deep in thought, or a monk. When you have the urge to commit a stupid action, handcuff yourself to your bed and swallow the key. That should keep you out of trouble, at least until the feeling passes, or you starve to death, whichever comes first.

HI! WHAT'S UP? YOUR ZIPPER ISN'T - HEH, HEH. NICE SHIRT... DID WOOL-WORTH HAVE A SALE? SO, D'YOU WANNA HAVE SEX, OR WHAT?



WHAT'S THE MANUFACTURER'S RETAIL PRICE OF MOP 'N GLO?  
 \$1.29? ERRRRR—YOU LOSE. BUT SINCE NONE OF MY FRIENDS GO HOME EMPTY-HANDED, YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE GUM I CHEWED LAST WEEK!



### THE GAME SHOW HOST

Do you. . .  
 Wake up at 4 AM screaming, "Jack, tell the lady what she's won?"  
 Walk up to strangers and give them money if they can tell you the name of the oldest Beatle?  
 Try to cheer up depressed friends by giving them three years worth of cat food?  
 Tick for ten seconds and then buzz after somebody asks you a question?

If this sounds like you, you are a latent game show host. You do not have to have your own show in order to be one. Also called passwordnoia, this is the most difficult to cure.

### TREATMENT

Get your own show. Schedule it opposite a soap opera or the Brady Bunch. You'll be cancelled. You'll get a new show. Insist on the same time slot. Eventually, the network will urge you to retire early. Groovy, Marcia.

If after following this advice, you are still a loser, that's perfectly normal. Just think, you used to be worse! Always remember, there's only one me, and I'm it. Sorry.

### OTHER BOOKS BY SELF-HELP INDUSTRIES of TAHITI

*I'm OK, You're KO* — Advice for paranoid boxers.  
by Rocko

*Why am I OK?* — Advice for philosophy majors.  
by Jean-Paul Skeptique

*I'm OK, You're Dead* — Tips for mass murderers.  
by Charles Manson

*I'm OK, We're Not OK* — Advice for borderline schizophrenicism.  
by Sylvia, Napoleon, George Washington,  
and Lucky the Dog Smith



# The Daily Denzylvanian

The Independent Newspaper of the University of Denzylvania  
2nd Year of Publication

PAGE 99

Tuesday, April 32

## Tastes Great, Less Filling

Welcome to our humble newspaper. This semester we're trying something different. We're giving you less useful information, less constructive investigation and less news. And we're giving you more excitement, more titillation, more scandal and more ads.

We want to be a newspaper for well-educated blithering idiots. Like an Ivy League *New York Post*.

Once a week we'll pick a random administrator or member of the faculty. And force him to resign. But first we'll make him look really silly. And if that's not enough, we'll really invent really scary things. Like "Asbestos found in Dining Service Food — A Twenty Part Series." Or

"Escort Service Driver Caught Telling Dirty Jokes." Or "Fiery Protest Rally Draws Six Students and a Ventman." Or "UA Chairman Leaves Meeting After It's Over." Or "Antichrist to Speak at Ivy Day."

And that's just Phase One. Next semester we start a series on "The Sex Lives of Astro Professors." Don't miss our article on "Sheldon Hackney to Join Van Halen." Or "Provost Ehrlich: 'Space Aliens Made Me Pregnant!'" Look for "Pre-med Kills Prof for Curving Down." And "The Assistant Dean is My Love Slave!" "Brooks Harris Gets Mad."

*The Paily Denzylvanian*. Because we think you're dumb.

### Send Us Mail

*The Paily Denzylvanian* welcomes comment or tribute from the University community. It really swells our heads.

Signed columns, letters and ink smudges appear on this page to fulfill our agenda. Let's say we're against "X.D." or "M.B." or the entire concept of "f." We get twenty positive letters a day for each and two or three

negative. We print the negative ones and soon it looks like the whole campus agrees with us. It's pretty exciting, actually.

Send all material that will help us with our power trip to Robert Cheese, Editorial Page Editor, *The Paily Denzylvanian*, The Paily Denzylvanian Building, Philadelphia, PA 19104.

## CHEESE WISDOM/ Peter Berkowitz

### Lifestyles of the Poor and Meaningless

The trouble with NutraSweet is that it can stay with you for a really long time. If you drink a Diet Coke today, in say five years you could step off a curb and have this incredible sweet sensation overwhelm your mouth and tongue.

\* \* \*

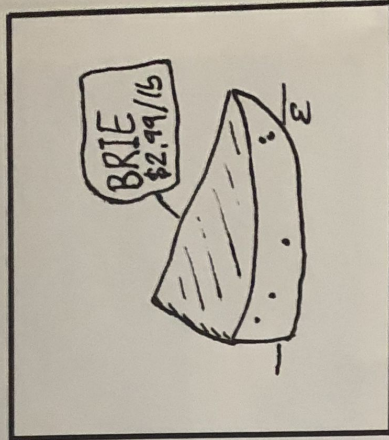
When I was in high school there was a kid we called The Vulture. Not because he preyed on dead things or because he made bird noises, but because he had a pointed beak and black feathers. Nobody ever talked to him until 12th grade, when we invited him to the New Year's party. He got really trashed and he told us what it was like to live as a scavenger. The next day he flew away. We never saw him again.

\* \* \*

In junior high the kids who were bad in the lunchroom were put on cleanup duty. Being a quiet child back then, I was never offered the privilege. Until one day they screwed up. I was mistakenly assigned to cleanup and being docile, I didn't complain. After I filled a trash bag with randomized spaghetti ends, the head teacher realized the mistake and told me to leave. I felt that I was 'owed' some crime for my punishment, so I chucked a strawberry yogurt at him. He put me on cleanup for the rest of the year.

NutraSweet is a lot like life.

*Peter Berkowitz, Executive Editor, is a College Junior but (potential employers note) takes a lot of Wharton courses. He appears on alternate Thursdays in drag.*



\* \* \*

I do my best work in a flotation tank. I go to Tankage City (one of our advertisers, a really nice place) and climb into a soundproof tub with "Abbey Road," my Accounting homework, some Diet Coke and a thousand pounds of Epsom salts. I emerge from the tank relaxed, refreshed, caught up on my work and very salty. Sometimes I spread mustard on myself and pretend I'm a soft pretzel.

\* \* \*

## DP Good, Wharton Evil

by Jeff Somebody

Life is good here at the DP. We DP staffers and Wharton students make five figure salaries, we have ex-Sure we're all greedy preprofes-



# Letters to the Editor

## Supervision Needed Off-Campus

To the Editor:

Because they would otherwise harm themselves and others, Penn students living in campus dorms are strictly supervised by Resident Advisors, Head Residents, Graduate Fellows and Faculty Masters. The Department of Residential living maintains surveillance cameras in all rooms and lounges, and hides tape recorders in potted plants. There are bed checks at 11 every night and you have to raise your hand for permission to go to the bathroom.

Therefore it is unwise that off-campus students, who are probably at least as helpless as on-campus students, do not have Real Adults to Advise, Supervise and Master them. I propose that every undergraduate not living in a school

residence be required to live with and support an administrator or member of the faculty. And we should strongly consider requiring grad students to live with senior citizens.

**Tommy Irresponsible**  
CGS '86

## Penn Women's Alliance Statement

To the Editor:

There is something that we really feel like condemning. Jokes like this do not belong in a community of caring, tolerance and taking things too seriously. Here it is.

He: Did you here the joke about the feminist?

She: *That's not funny!*  
So immature.

**The Penn Women's Alliance**

## Quotation of the Day

"I'd rather be at Harvard."

—Provost Thomas Ehrlich

## BLOOM COUNTRY/ Berked Breathe



Life is good here at the DP. We make five figure salaries, we have expensive banquets at places like the Bellevue Strat (one of our advertisers, a very nice place), and we get all the sex with professional cheerleaders we want. Life isn't nearly as good at other student groups (also our advertisers, a very good source of income). They don't have salaries, they have their banquets at High Rise Pizza (one of our advertisers, a very nice place), and can't even get dances at fraternity parties.

But with privilege comes responsibility. The responsibility to bludgeon our readers with the distinction between good and evil.

Now, there are too many people thinking about the similarities between

DP staffers and Wharton students. Sure we're all greedy preprofessionals. Sure, our morals vary as the width of our tied. Sure, we'd all sell our mothers if it'd get us 40 thou jobs on Wall Street. Sure, we're all "coffee achievers." But there's a difference.

The DP is good. Wharton is evil. God is on our side. Donald Trump is on theirs.

Stop the spreading of evil. Read the DP. Believe the DP. Patronize our advertisers. By the way, DP Graphics offers great resumes at great prices. God bless us, every one.

*Jeff Somebody is a Bio major in the College and a frequent contributor to the spread of disease.*

# The Daily Demoghamian

ROB STUDENZ, BUSINESS MANAGER  
PETER BERKOWITZ, EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
ROBERT CHEESE, EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR

H JOHNSON RIGHT-REALLY  
MAKE UP THE NEWS EDITOR

DAVID REDAVID  
MAKE US SOME MONEY EDITOR

HARRY BANANA  
35TH STREET EDITOR

JEAN GENIE  
INVESTMENT EDITOR

PETRONIOUS PENINI  
SPORTS MEDICINE EDITOR

ID BEEF  
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LAURA DENDRITE  
BEAUTY EDITOR

ORVILLE BLAND  
FAKE CONTROVERSY EDITOR

JILL ST GARLIC  
BIAS EDITOR

FLOYD EARWAX  
DISTORTION EDITOR

BOLIVIA NEWTON JOHN  
FILL UP 14 PAGES WITH ADS EDITOR

RICHARD RICHARD  
A FRIEND

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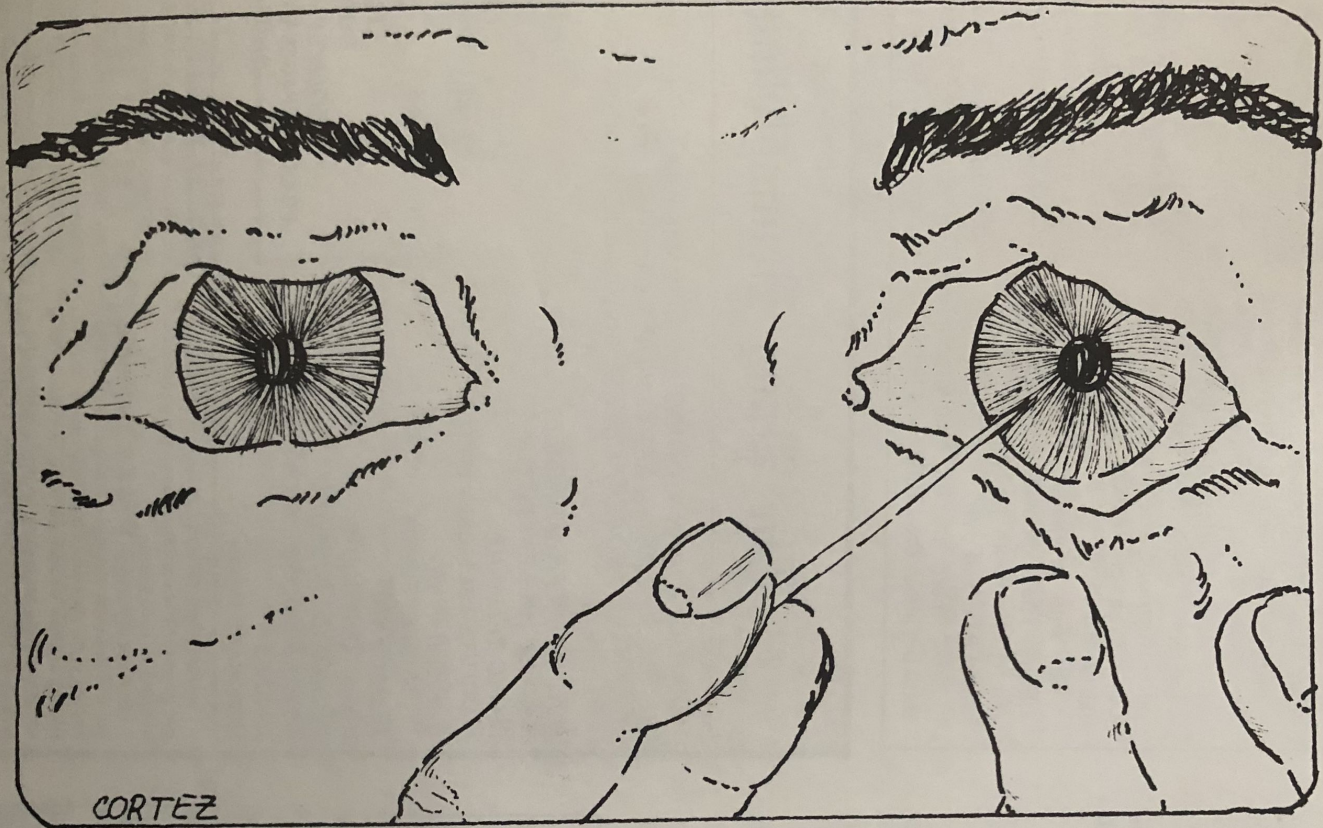
The Board of Managers of *The Daily Demoghamian* gets paid thousands of dollars a year and for what? For bitching at the administration, bitching at the faculty, bitching at fellow students and being very nice to our advertisers. And for making up news. Nothing that happens here is really too exciting. Until we splash it across our front page and drag it over our editorials.

Then people get really scared. It's a lot of fun. People actually say to each other "We can't do that. What if the DP finds out?" Pretty funny.

*The Daily Demoghamian* is published daily at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania whenever it's worth our while. There's no subscription fee yet for students, but just wait. Besides every student pays a General Fee that funds the SAC that funds student groups that advertise here. So either way you pay. Tough luck.



# Cross My Heart, Hope to Die,



## Poke a Needle in My Eye

**E**dward P. Rex had a blind obsession. As far back as he could remember, he wanted to gouge out his eyes. He fantasized about plucking them out and feeding them to the wallabies at the zoo. It didn't matter that wallabies weren't carnivorous. At least he'd be rid of the damned things.

Eddie hated his eyes. There wasn't anything physically wrong with his eyes. In fact, he had perfect 20/20 vision. But being able to see never brought him happiness. In kindergarten, they forced him to look both ways before crossing the street. In the first grade, they forced him to read. In the second grade, he stumbled into his parents' bedroom and saw them wrestling each other. He tried to break them up. They yelled at him and cracked him on the head.

Things like that never happened to blind people. Blind people are loved and appreciated. They don't have to worry about color-coordinating their clothes. They don't have to serve in the military, and they even get to use the handicapped parking spaces at shopping centers. They get to take their pet dogs everywhere. Even to the bathroom. Furthermore, blind people get to run in the Special Olympics where everyone else is slow. And blind people are always smiling and grinning. And why not? They have it made.

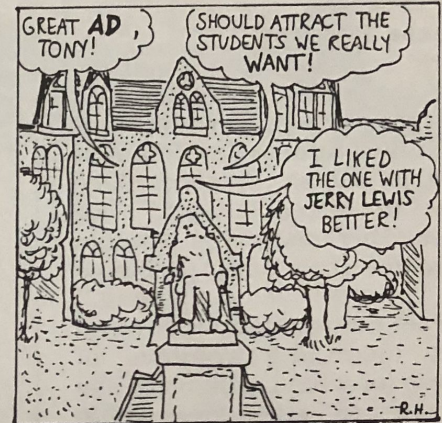
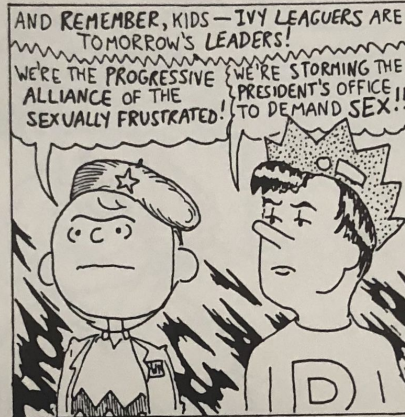
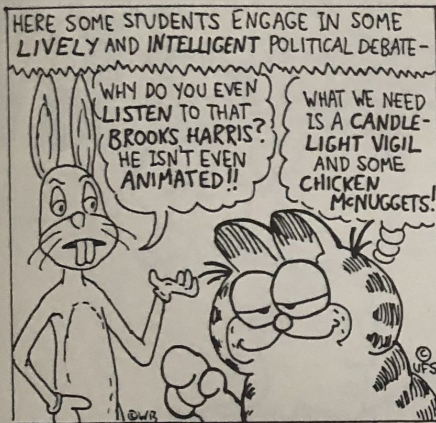
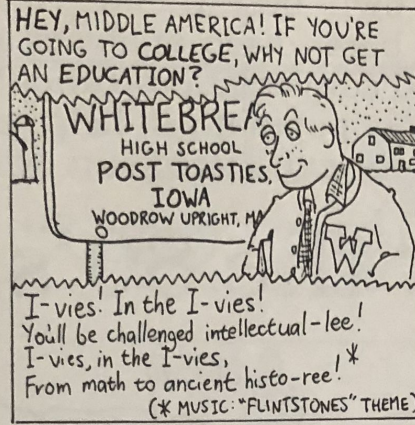
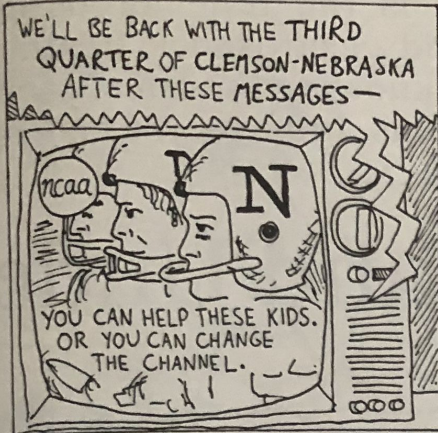
The thing that appealed the most to Eddie was the instant celebrity status that came with blindness. Eddie wanted hit records. He wanted to do a duet with Paul McCartney, and more than anything, he wanted rhythm. But Eddie knew you had

to be blind to get these things. Even if you were blind in just one eye, you could do okay. Sammy Davis, Jr. and Sandy Duncan aren't hurting for cash. But Eddie had a problem. He had two good eyes. And if he was ever going to amount to anything, he knew he'd have to do something about those two bulbous things sticking out of his face.

During his childhood "retinal" stage, Eddie stared at the sun in opposition to what his mother would tell him, hoping to burn off his corneas. He read in the dark. He sat inches away from the television set, hoping the radiation would make his eyes fall out. He even saved up his pennies to hire Moe of the Three Stooges to come over and poke out his eyes. But he found out that Moe was dead. So he used the money to buy himself a BB gun. But due to



AND NOW- A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR



poor motor coordination, he created a third nostril instead of losing one eye.

By age thirteen, life got even more miserable for Eddie. He still wasn't blind, and being the only non-Jewish kid on his block, he suffered from Bar Mitzvah Envy. The only path out of his tormented life was to find a way to cause total destruction to his eyesight. If he could get rid of his eyes, he'd probably get out of P.E. for life. The thought thrilled him. Life would be bliss, and he'd be bopping away with Paul McCartney. It wasn't long before Eddie put his finger on the solution to his problem. Masturbation. He heard rumors that it led to blindness. It was too simple. And, alas, it, too, proved to be a fallacy. All he got out of the experience was some acne, a little hair growing out of his palms, and a touch of insanity. His vision remained perfect.

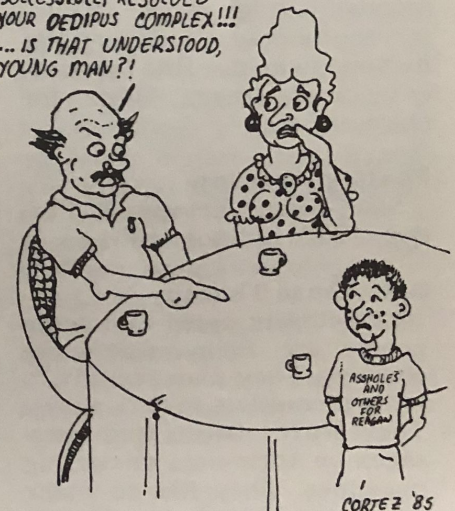
Eddie's condition deteriorated. He ran out of eye-gouging ideas

and began to feign blindness. He wore dark glasses and began to date unattractive people. In desperation, he began to insert contact lens after contact lens into his eyes, hoping they'd lodge in the back of his eyeball, severing his nerves, and robbing him of his sight forever. But he was not so lucky.

Life would always be hell for Eddie. Fame, fortune, and the world of blindness were never meant for Edward P. Rex. Because he didn't have the nerve to just dig his eyes out of their sockets with his fingernails, he'd never get to meet Paul McCartney nor would he ever have two empty sockets in the middle of his face which would be ideal for storing keys while jogging.

Instead, Eddie eventually became an optometrist and married a woman old enough to be his mother. Life continued to be hellish, and whenever the blind obsessions intensified, he would take a walk to the zoo.

AND YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE YOUR ROOM TILL YOU'VE SUCCESSFULLY RESOLVED YOUR OEDIPUS COMPLEX!!! ... IS THAT UNDERSTOOD, YOUNG MAN?!



WILLY COULD ONLY WONDER WHY GOD HAD CHOSEN HIM TO BE A PSYCHO-ANALYST'S SON.

There, he'd hold an ice pick nervously in his hand, humming a few bars from "Ebony and Ivory," watching the wallabies hop by.



Gone are the simpler days of Freudian therapy, behavior mod, electroshock treatment and being your own best friend. Now is the time for designer therapies, psychology/sushi bars, disco analysts and electroshock treatment. It's difficult to hold a cultured conversation without knowing the latest pseudo-scientific theories and the most popular self-help scams. Impress your enemies and tickle your friends with our exhausted survey of

# Therapy for the 80's and Under

## Cheese Therapy

Eric Erickson often remarked that the single dairy product that mangles and warps and confounds human development most is cheese. (Second place went to frozen yogurt.) The cheese therapist helps patients overcome their dairy problems by "progressive deepening." The offending patient is covered with increasing volumes of cheese (or whey) until he or she is able to rest comfortably beneath a herd of dairy cattle. Carl Jung ("Psychoanalysis and the Farm," 1948) recommended cottage cheese to cure severe anxiety, Jarlsberg for nervous twitches, Brie for penis envy and Cheez Whiz for cheesesteaks.

## Poultry Therapy

See Cheese Therapy. (F. Purdue, 1980; E. Koch, 1984.)

## Self Abuse Therapy

Carl Rogers noted that some people are their own worst enemies. They plan secretly to jump themselves in dark alleys. They leave threatening messages on their own answering machines. They like to make themselves bleed. In extreme cases, they eat parts of their own bodies. The patient is strongly encouraged to beat himself up until he is too tired to do anything else. At this point, Purdue (1980) suggests covering the patient in Oven-Stuffer Roasters.

## Learned Cluelessness

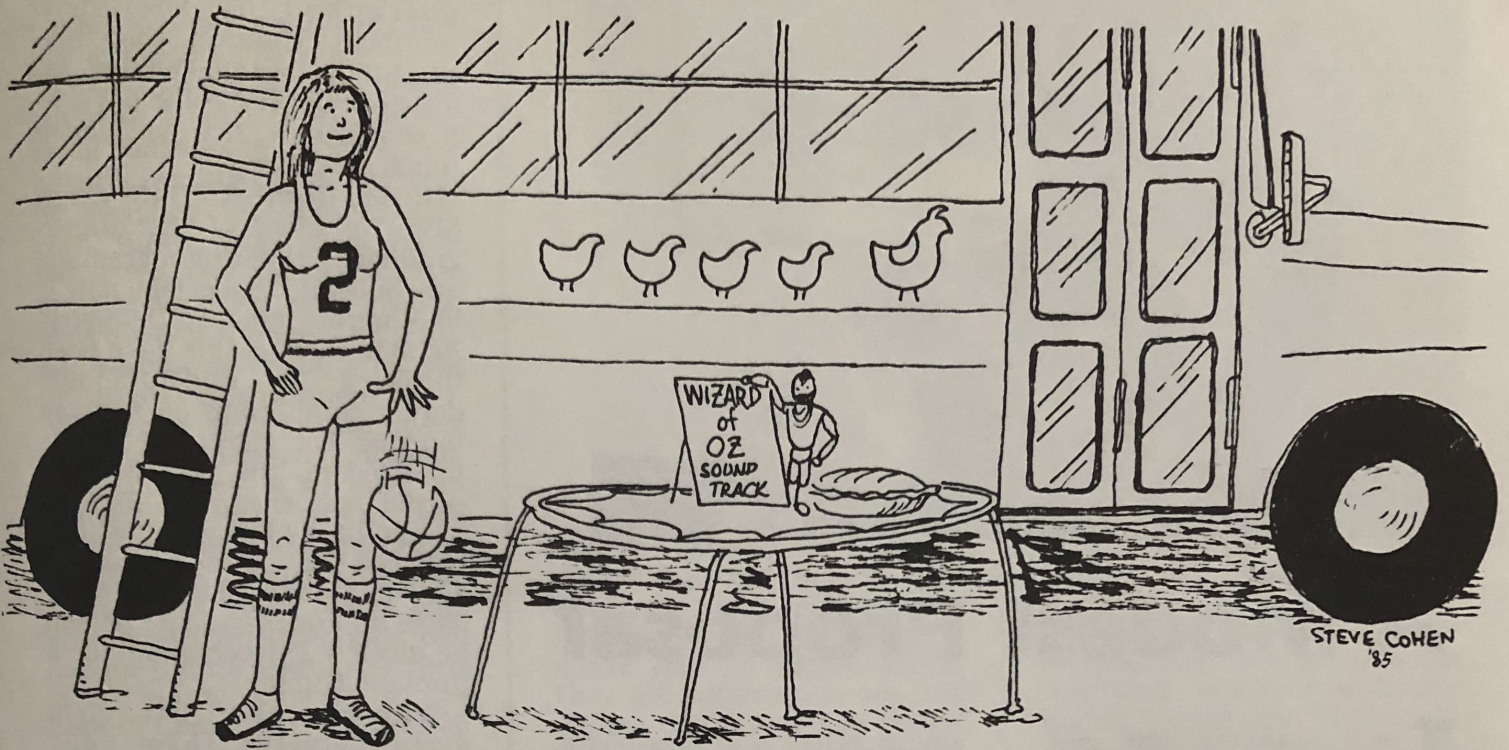
Dr Marty Seligman of Penn State University studied college students who are smart enough to get A's in Math 240 and Computer Science 371 but aren't smart enough to walk on a public sidewalk without knocking into others. These clueless students were valedictorians in high school; they all forgot to shampoo last semester. They got 1480's on the SAT; they

want to know if Geraldine Ferraro is still Vice-President. They speak French and Russian fluently; they pee on their feet in restrooms.

A victim of learned cluelessness, perhaps best marked by his tendency to swallow his tongue or entire face during extended conversation (or during parades), was probably thrown out of a moving car as a small child. Possible therapies in-







clude putting the victim in a box and mailing him home, teaching the afflicted to lead a useful life as a potted plant, and repeatedly hitting the poor guy on the side of the head.

### Silly Walk Therapy

Perhaps you know somebody who walks like she has a sack of potatoes in her pants. Or somebody who extends his arms and feet outward at 90° angles from his body as he pretends to walk. Or somebody who walks like an orangutan. Or a chicken. Or an emu. Or a wedge of cheese.

Francis Electric Blanket, Freud's next door neighbor, often claimed that a man's walk is the window to his psyche. Nobody ever listened to him because he lived with a pair of sheep and had really bad breath. Also, he walked like he lacked appreciable knees or ankles. Blanket recommended sheep as a cure for a silly walk (but see Jung, "Psychoanalysis and the Farm").

### Self-Parody Therapy

Noted psychologist E. B. Avian theorized that people become what others make fun of them for. Let's say a cheese farmer is a very conservative dresser. He gets a loud purple shirt as a gift and wears it as a joke to a dairy convention. People talk, and soon this dumb farmer is known as "the guy who wears loud purple shirts." Not willing to disappoint fellow farmers, he buys fifty more loud purple shirts and wears them all the time, even in the shower.

Unlike most psychological theories, this has practical value. For example, sex change operations can be performed effortlessly and painlessly. Say Chris wants to be a woman. He tells all his friends to make fun of him as if he were Christie Brinkley. They say "Nice tata's, Christie!" and "I bet Billy Joel's a devil in bed!" to him constantly. Soon enough, Chris loses facial hair, alters the morphology of some crucial body parts, and becomes Christie.

### Fantasy Therapy

Professor Roy Hinkley postulated, then washed himself, then proposed that people who lack the objects of their desires should spend as much time as possible pretending that they have them. Let's say that a lonely college student is missing some certain social experiences. Hinkley would suggest the following ingredients for a fantasy, taken four times a day after meals, or as needed:

*A ladder*

*An all-girls high school basketball team*

*A lemon meringue pie (shaken, not stirred)*

*A trampoline*

*A Mr. T doll*

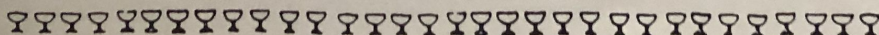
*The "Wizard of Oz" soundtrack*

*A yellow summer squash*

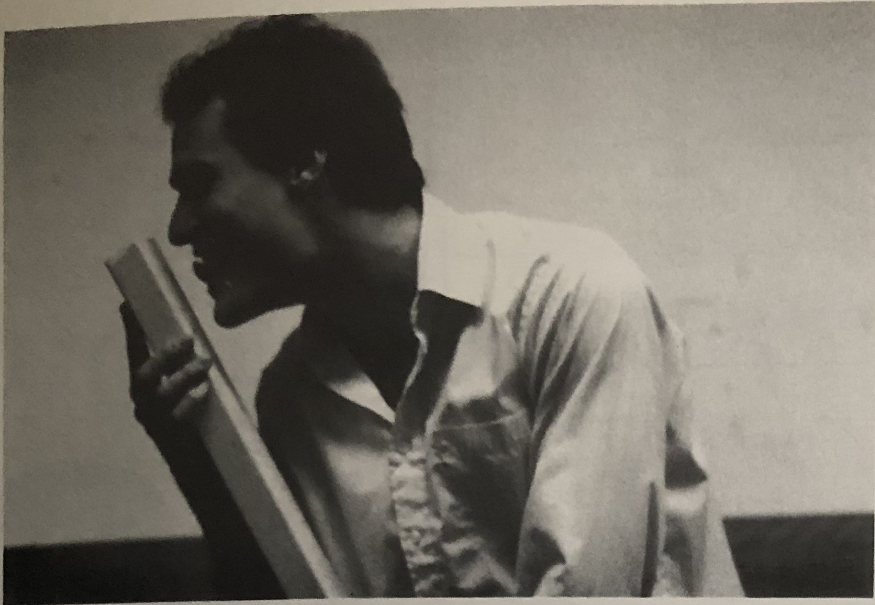
*Two turtle doves*

*and a picture of the Partridge Family*

F. Purdue at this point recommends covering the patient in Prime Parts (but see B. Crocker, "Psychology in the Kitchen," 1973, and F. E. Blanket, "Therapy and Ewe," 1965). ▽







## A Modest Proposal

I was studying late one Saturday night and on the way back to my room I noticed that there was nobody around. So I quietly slipped on both straps of my bookbag over my respective shoulders. Then, out of nowhere, three girls came from the opposite direction, saw me with my bookbag on like that, and started to giggle. It's not just that three girls laughed at me, but they were ugly girls. What business do ugly girls have laughing at me? This brings me to my worst fear. And that is being rejected by a girl who is worse-looking than I am. It's no big deal to make a play for a gorgeous piece of womanflesh and be spat upon; but where I go to school, almost all of the girls are extremely grody. The problem is that they don't seem to know their place. They are not supposed to have the right of refusal over good-looking guys, and they're not supposed to be able to have any coercive power over these guys. But for some mysterious reason, they do. This injustice has gone on long enough. Ergo, I have a solution.

All girls will be required to

appear before a ratings board. The board, which will be made up of a diverse sampling of guys, will rate each girl's outward appearance on a scale of 1 to 10. After the judging process is over, every girl will have her right ear tagged with her respective number. But don't get me wrong: the system will be fair. The guys will be graded on their looks too. The only difference is that they will be rated by the people who can judge them best: their mothers. The boys must carry a card that attests to their number in their wallet, and both sexes will face the severe punishment of deportation to Camden if caught without their number.

After the tagging procedure has been completed, new rules will be established. First of all, no girl can reject a guy's advancements if her number is lower than his. Ties, of course, go to the guy. This concrete set of rules should straighten out a lot of the mistakes the girls unwittingly have been making. There will be a special area (at this moment Smoke's is the prospective site) where the guys' cards will be wild cards or

"trump" if you will. At Smoke's, the guys cannot be outranked by the girls' numbers whatever they may be. In this establishment, the girls will not reject the boys. As it stands now, this will not be much of a change.

Rule number 349--OTA/8B: "No more of this undergraduate girl dating a graduate guy bullshit." Especially if he is in Wharton grad or Dentistry. Actions such as this have been throwing the undergraduate dating equilibrium off for way too long. For a girl to be eligible to execute the above-stated sordid act, she must first be passed up by every guy who is between her and the graduate's age. If a man older than 24 dates an undergraduate he will be given a gift certificate for a frontal lobotomy.

Who decided that girls mature faster than boys anyway? O.K., this may be true when we were 13 or 14, but after that it's just a mound of meadow muffins. The whole thing is one big vicious cycle. For billions of years, everybody dated people the same age as them. Then, about a million years ago, some stuck-up cave woman who lived in a national park decided that she would only go out with guys who were a year older than her. This left one guy the same age as her with no one to go to the hunting-and-gathering party with. Thus, he had to stoop down and ask out a cave girl who was a year younger than he. This chain kept going and going until today. But my new system will de-evolutionize the campus.

One of the worst possible "pre-game" situations has been that of a guy spending his own valuable time flirting with a girl of the antigender just to find out some many wasted minutes later that she is already "taken." The embarrassment and inefficiency are way too gross. Therefore, from now on, all girls who are presently "seeing" someone must carry

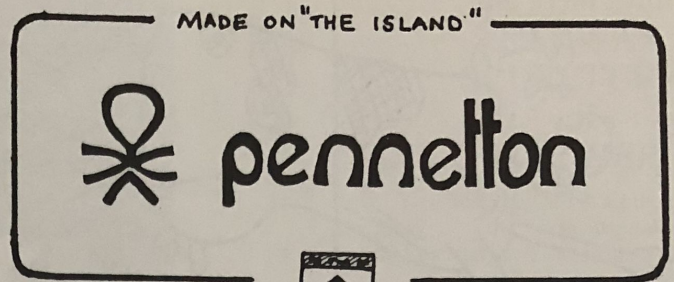


"dating papers" at all times. To see if he should even consider talking to a girl, a guy only has to check a girl's papers.

Once a guy is officially going out with a girl, or to use the slang "authors her papers," he has full trading rights. She can be swapped for another girl, cash, future draft picks, baseball cards, and old exams. The draft takes place each year in March when the guys help the admissions office in selecting prospective freshwomen.

This new system also opens up new fund-raising possibilities. One idea is to have an instant lottery where you scratch off nine shaded boxes, and if a girl's name shows up twice, she's yours. Guys who are bored with their girls can donate the ownership of their girls' dating papers to the Lottery Committee, who will in turn print up the tickets. This could be a great way to lower tuition costs. Each ticket could easily be sold for a buck or two. Another idea on the drawing board is "Let's Make a Deal." I can hear Shelley, our benevolent dictator now: "Would you like who is behind the curtain, or Carol Marol?"

Besides creating fun and games, the new system can solve a presently very serious problem. The men here some-

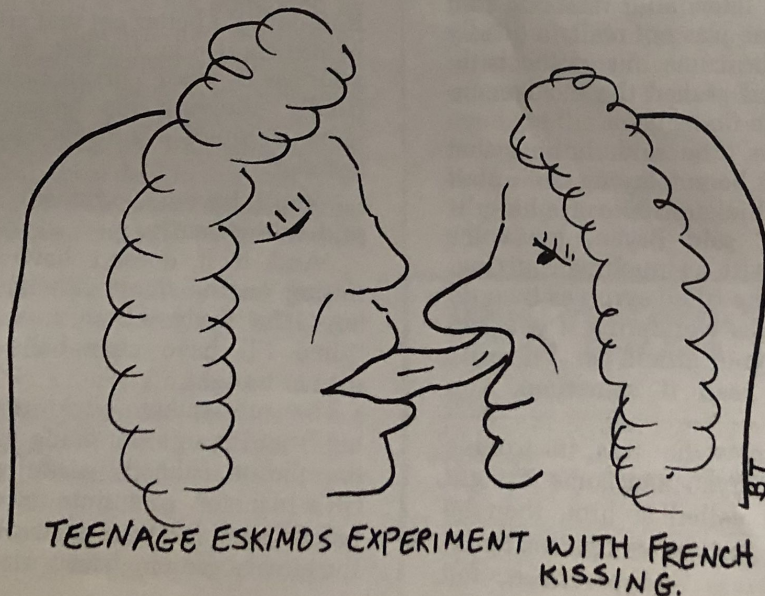


FOR THE INDIVIDUALS  
LOOK ON CAMPUS!!

how get used to the way the women at this school look. When the guys go home for vacation, they experience a severe case of culture shock. They are surprised to see that women can actually be attractive. This problem, however, does not exist for the guys from Long Island because the girls from their home towns are no different anyway. To remedy this unfortunate situation, women from other colleges shall be paid to walk around campus and sign autographs twice every semester.

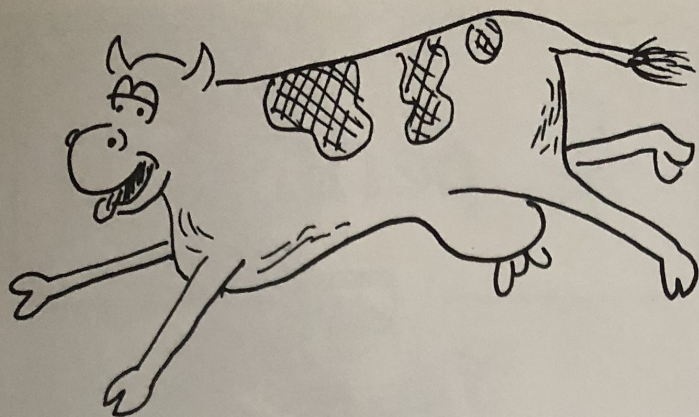
To tie up some loose ends I'd like to mention a few final rules. First of all, no harems. This is college and there is homework

to be done. Second of all, all females are barred from pretending to have an orgasm. Girls will always achieve climax. And the rule, when instituted, will become immediately retroactive. This could make things pretty interesting for a while. Last of all, girls will be banned from smoking. If you see a girl smoking, be careful. She's probably on fire. Stay close to the floor, squirt her with a fire extinguisher, and use the stairwells, not the elevators. If you have any doubts about this new system, please don't worry. This is not as experimental as it sounds. It has already been proven to work at many state schools. ☺



This issue is dedicated  
to  
the memory of  
**Thomas Rainbow**  
Co-Editor, 1975





# A SUCKING CHEST WOUND

**T**he irresponsible young writer was not happy. His article was already nine days overdue, and it was still not finished. In fact, it was only in its third sentence. Perhaps, if the writer had had a plausible excuse for the lateness of his story, he would have felt less nervous, but such was not the case. He'd had two and a half months to get the damned thing written and he was only starting it now, a week and a half after the "final" deadline. He wasn't even sure if his editor would take the story so late. But he knew it would be worse for him if he didn't turn it in at all. Beads of sweat streamed off his brow as he finished his first paragraph.

The phone rang. He had a worried feeling in the pit of his stomach that it was Bryan, his editor, calling to find out where his story was. So he let his roommate, Jeff, answer the phone, while asking him to say that he was not in if it was Bryan calling. He overheard Jeff say, "Hello. . . . Yes, he's here. Just a second, please. . . . Gil, it's Bryan."

"Damnit!" Gil muttered under

his breath, "I'm only starting my third paragraph. Bryan is going to have my balls for supper tonight." Then he said, in an only slightly louder voice to his roomie, "I thought I told you to tell him I wasn't here."

"You did," came the reply, "but you've got to learn to deal with your responsibilities in a more mature manner," and he handed Gil the phone, which Gil accepted as if someone had forced a live cobra on him. A few seconds later, after realizing that the phone was not really a deadly snake, he came out of the bathroom and picked the receiver up off of the floor.

"Hello," he said, hoping that Jeff had been playing an unfair practical joke on him. He hadn't.

"Gil," said Bryan, his voice loaded with as much patronizing, saccharine-filled syrup as it could be, "I was wondering if you had written your article yet. I'd really like to read it sometime, you know."

Gil knew he was in trouble now. If Bryan had come straight out and yelled at him, then he would have known that his delinquency was unappreciated, but

not a heinous offense. But Bryan had passed that stage and was now in the "I'm-so-mad-I-had-to-try-and-be-nice-or-else-I'll-kill-you" phase. Summoning up all the humility he could muster, Gil said, through the large lump in his throat, "To tell you the truth, Bryan, it's not quite done yet, but I am working on it."

"Are you now?" the editor queried, "And just how far have you gotten?"

"Well, I just started the ninth paragraph, but it's far from over," Gil said hopefully.

"Far from over'? What's that supposed to mean? Never mind. I'm not so sure I want to know. Let me ask you this: Is it funny?"

This was the question Gil had been dreading most of all. To say "yes" put pressure on him to make it hilarious if he wanted to save his ass, but to say "no" invited the full wrath of the six-four, two hundred and fifty pound editor to be brought to bear on Gil's thin and fragile shell of a body. Gil could feel his heart start to fibrillate, his breathing became labored, and his palms starting to sweat. Noticing this last fact, Gil silently resolved to turn down the humidifier in his tropical greenhouse a bit, and then answered his editor's query.

"Well, it is amusing, in its own particular style," Gil responded, "though I'm not sure it's exactly what you were expecting."

"Meaning it's not funny. Look, Rodman, I'd better get that article before eight p.m. tonight, or else your ass is grass," Bryan snarled, finally allowing his temper to show through his sugary-sweet manner.

"You'll have it, I promise," Gil said subserviently.

"And if it doesn't have me rolling on the floor with laughter," the burly editor growled, "then I'll have your balls for supper tonight."

The subsequent 'click' resulting from Bryan's slamming down the phone echoed painfully in Gil's ear for a minute or two before he went back to work on the slowly growing story. Having



Much to his embarrassment, Hermie had been caught playing with himself.



continued the writing process while talking with Bryan, Gil was already deep into the seventeenth paragraph, somewhere near the top of his third typed page. He knew he could get the story to Bryan "on time," if nine days late could be called on time, but he wasn't sure if it was funny enough to save his gonads from being the main course for his editor's evening meal. Gil knew that Bryan's threat was meant to be taken literally. Bryan never spoke metaphorically; the last writer who had thought that Bryan had threatened him figuratively was still in intensive care and would forevermore have to go to the bathroom with a straw.


His fears were not alleviated by the fact that Jeff had reappeared and started to read the unfinished manuscript while Gil was still grovelling before his editor. Gil looked over at him and asked, "Well, what do you think so far?"

"There's a run-on in the second sentence," he said with a straight face.

"That's it?!? You don't find it even mildly amusing?" Gil said incredulously.

"No, I don't. As a matter of fact, it's pretty damned silly, writing a story about being worried that your editor will kill you because your story is late. The old self-referential 'story-about-writing-the-story' bit is rather hackneyed.

Not to mention that it's totally unrealistic. For one thing, clicks don't echo painfully. For another, I would never say anything as stupid as 'you've got to learn to deal with your responsibilities in a more mature manner.' It's just a dumb thing to say. Not to mention the fact that Bryan is neither six-four, nor does he weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. And the most unrealistic bit of all is this ridiculous dialogue you're attributing to me now. If you're reading this now, whoever you are, I just want you to know that I never said a word of it," Jeff replied rather breathlessly and then stalked off angrily.

"Well, I guess that shoots that idea to hell and back," I said, finally abandoning the device of writing about myself in the third person. "And I probably won't even get the satisfaction of having Bryan so much as yell at me, to boot. And since there's no point in going on with this silly thing, I'll just sto—" 

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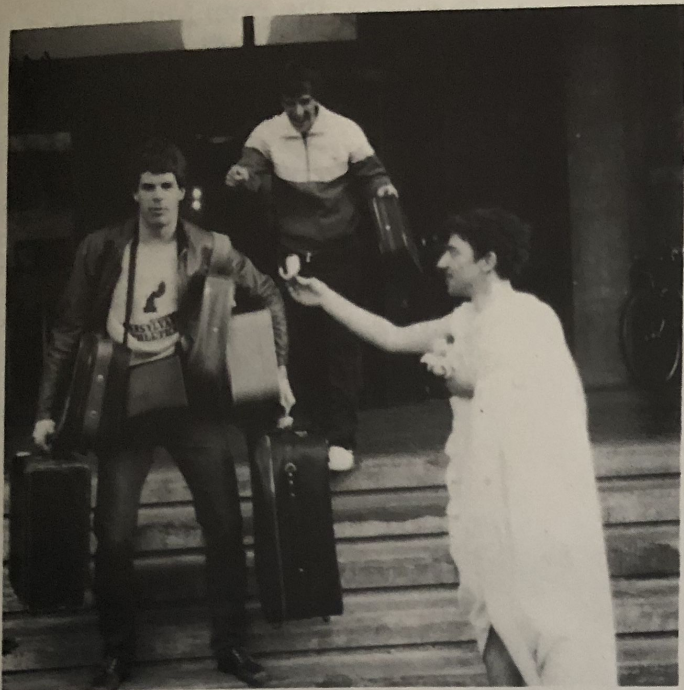
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## Travel Anxieties?

### How to avoid the trainride from Hell

You **HAVE** to go home. It's vacation, your big brother is getting married, and your kid sister just had twins. But, if the word **AMTRAK** strikes a fear in your heart and makes you shake in your shoes, read on and relax — these handy tips will assure that you will have a safe and pleasant trip.

#### Preparation:

**DO** pack light; 5 or 6 bags should suffice.

**DO** bring a walkman, reading materials, and other forms of amusement.

**DO NOT** drink 8 shots of tequila the night before the trip. Train bathrooms are unpleasant and unstable. Throwing up on your shoes is not good.

**DO** arrive at the station exactly ten minutes before departure. Any earlier and you will be stuck talking to the station bum. Any later and you will miss your train.

**DO** wear clean underwear. **NEVER** risk being caught in a train wreck with dirty underwear.

#### Getting on the train:

**DO** try to get a seat alone. If you cannot, be cautious about who you sit with.

**DO** avoid the following people:

—Anyone who looks like they are hiding something. They are.

—Children, especially those with chocolate and/or runny noses.

—Hostile-looking women in their 30's. No doubt they will tell you about their adulterous ex-husbands and their depleted sex life.

—Hostile-looking men in their 40's. (see above)

—Jesus freaks, Moonies, Hare Krishnas and the like, unless you are one.

—Harmless-looking advanced-middle-aged ladies smiling and humming to themselves. They too are religious fanatics and will try to save you as the train roars through Secaucus, New Jersey.

#### The ride:

**DO** read, turn on your walkman, and resist all attempts by other passengers to converse.

**DO** go to the snackbar at least 5 or 6 times. The food is not very good, but they will sell you beer without asking for proof of age.

**DO** hide your beer when the conductor comes by. Even if you are old enough to have it. Conductors love to lecture about the evils of drinking. They will tell you not to drink and drive and they will not listen when you try to explain that that is why you've taken the train.

**DO NOT** drink too much. Train bathrooms are unpleasant and unstable. Throwing up on your shoes is not good.

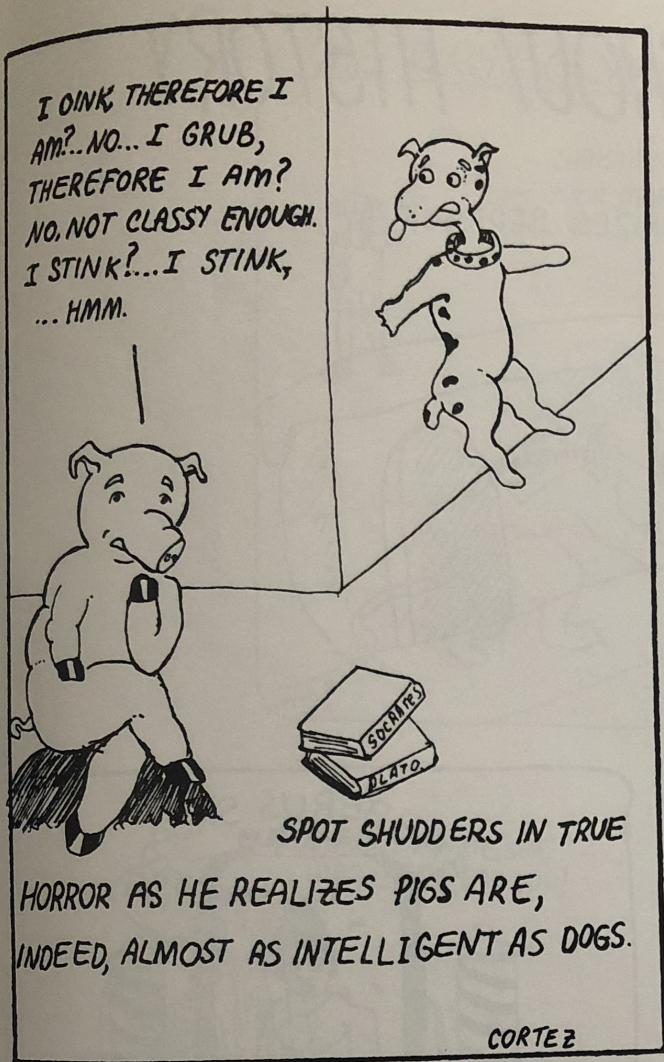
#### Leaving the train:

**DO NOT** get up when your arrival is announced. They always announce it too far in advance and you will be stuck standing in the aisle with a terrific buzz and forty pounds of luggage.

**DO** hit at least three or four people with your bags as you move toward the doors. These are the very same people who would have made your ride miserable if you had given them the chance. They deserve it.

**DO** allow the conductor to help you step off the train. Keep in mind that even though he treats you like a drunk, he is getting paid to do this. ✓





Bruce woke up one morning to find that teabags have feelings.



MORE

## DUELLING SAGES

A WISE MAN PROPORTIONS HIS BELIEF TO THE EMPIRICAL TRUTH.

THE ANALOGY OF THE SENTIMENT ARISES FROM THE RELATION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THERE ARE NO EFFICIENT CAUSES OF THE THINGS WHICH COME TO PASS EXCEPT VOLUNTARY CAUSES.

COMPARED TO THE REALITY OF EVERYDAY LIFE, OTHER REALITIES APPEAR AS FINITE PROVINCES OF MEANING.

ENCLAVES WITHIN THE PARAMOUNT REALITY, MARKED BY CIRCUMSCRIBED MEANING AND MODES OF EXPERIENCE, ARE TRANSITORY.

A TRUE POLITY BEARS THE SAME RELATION TO SIGHT AND VISIBLE OBJECTS IN THE VISIBLE REALM THAT THE GOOD BEARS TO INTELLIGENCE AND INTELLIGIBLE OBJECTS IN THE INTELLIGIBLE REALM.

AH, BUT WHAT IS THE GOOD?

THE GOOD ... IS CLEAN BEDDING AND TOWELS.

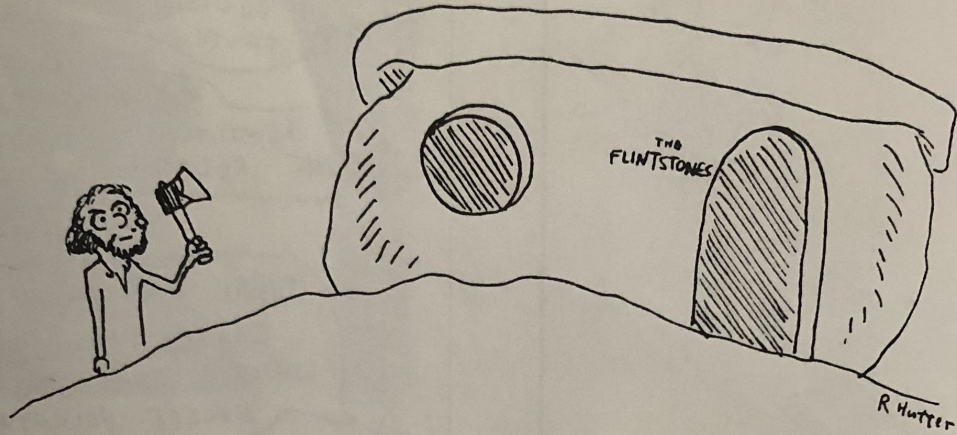
LOVE - 30!

ASS



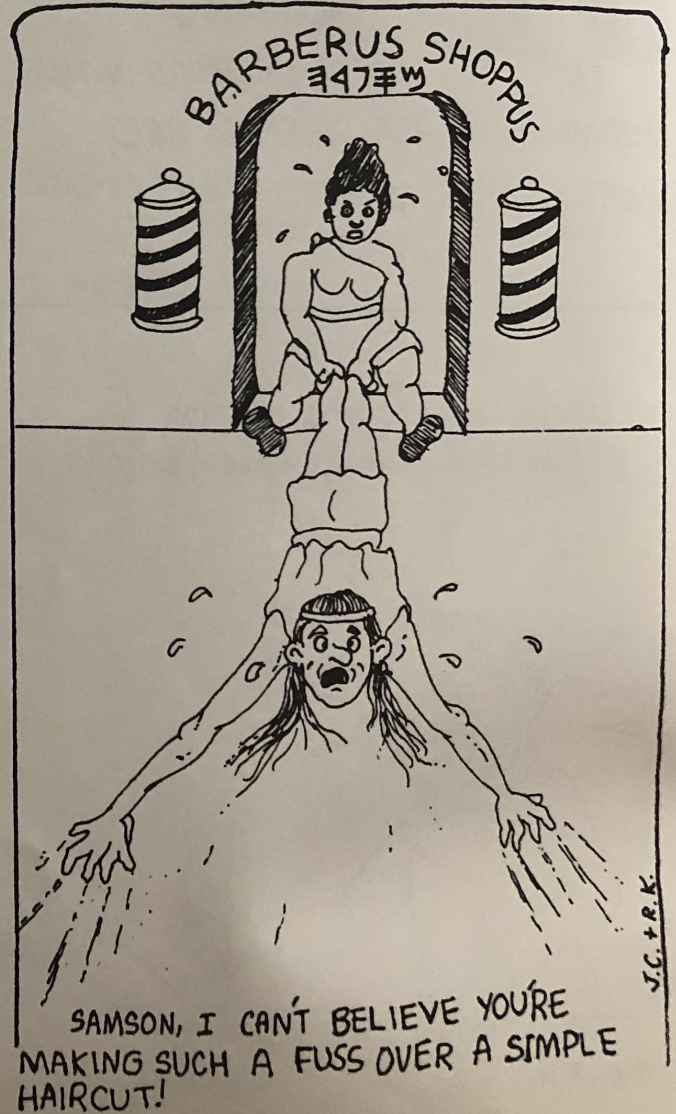
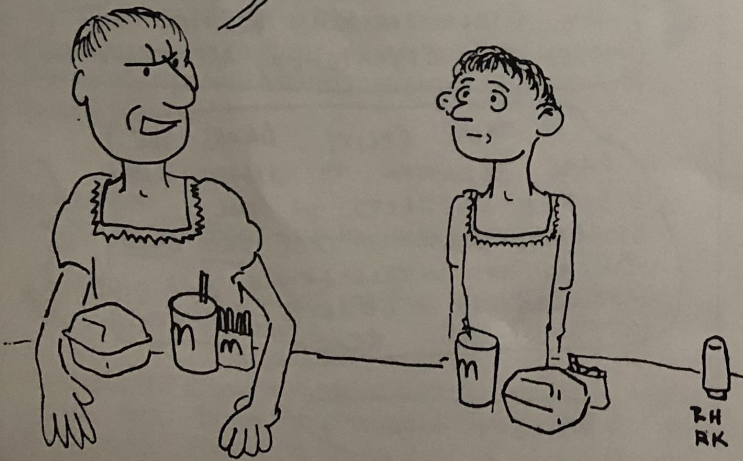
# FEAR THROUGHOUT HISTORY

THE MANSON FAMILY TERRORIZES BEDROCK




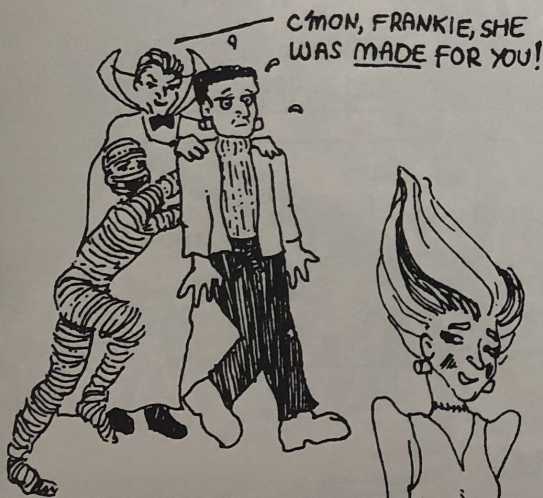
AT THE BABYLON McDONALD'S

HEY, LOT! PASS THE MISSUS!





THE FIRST OLYMPICS. 

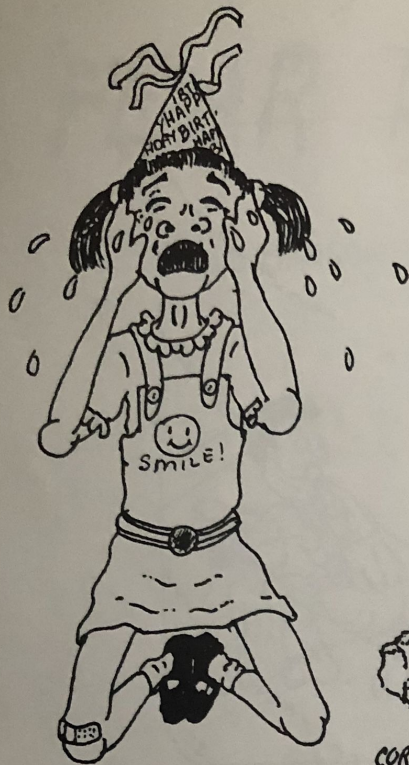


JC & RK



RH  
RK





CORTEZ 2/85

NINE YEAR OLD GIRL COMES TO GRIPS WITH HER MORTALITY AS SHE REALIZES SHE HAS "USED UP"  $\frac{1}{8}$  OF HER EXPECTED LIFE SPAN.

university city travel  
houston hall travel

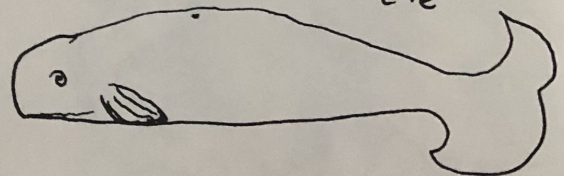
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- Masthead: S. Cohen
- Gnus: S. Cohen
- High Rise: N. Wagner
- Flashbulb: C. Olson
- Survey: M. Ammirati
- You Suck: J. Sellner
- PD: E. Heit
- Poke a Needle: B. Takamoto
- Therapy: E. Heit
- Proposal: R. Kotler
- Sucking Chest: G. Rodman
- Travel: N. Wagner
- Sages: A. Skoble
- Earwax: S. Cohen
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