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1984

Punchbowl's Definitive Guide

to

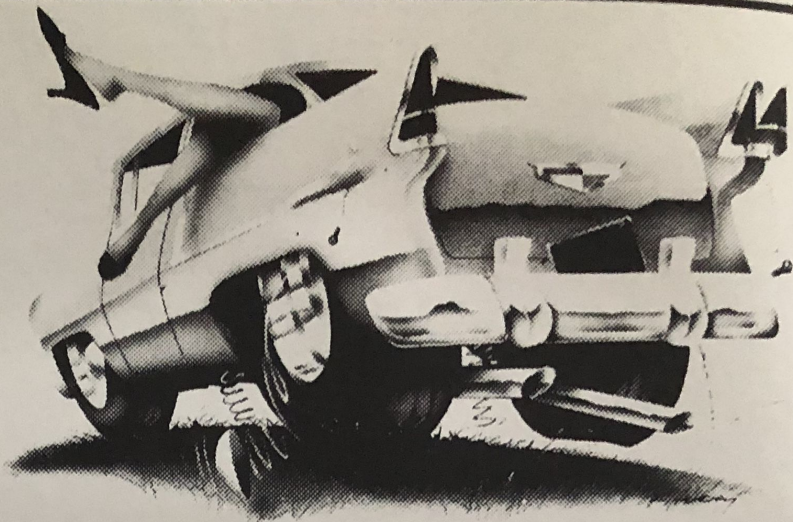
YOUTH



OH, BRAD— I'M GLAD WE'RE YOUNG...
WE HAVE AN AVERAGE OF 73.8 YEARS
TO WORRY ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR!

STEVE ©
COHEN 1984

ALMOST AS EXCITING AS THE BACK SEAT OF A '55 CHEVY.



The late suppers and late night action in the lounge at Smart Alex leave almost nothing to the imagination. Men and women, consenting adults, sitting side by side at the bar sipping drinks like "Naked In Jamaica," "Roller Rum Boogie," "The Indecent Italian" and some so exotic you'd be embarrassed to drink them in front of your parents. Then there are wild appetizers like "Oh My Zucchini," spectacular salads like "Sid's Caesar," pasta like "The Green Fettuccini Strikes Again," bizarre burgers and pita sandwiches including "Pita, Paul and Mary," plus main courses like "Chicken Sophia" and "Flounder Around." The desserts may even offend some members of the Moral Majority. The wines are the best the Midwest has to offer. The waiters and waitresses are as whacko as the decor. The entertainment is debatably live and defiantly small time. Bring your family. Or your mistress. Whichever costs less to feed.

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The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

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No. 1

1899

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The Book of St. Benjamin

S. Cohen 1984

or The Dead "C" Scrolls



And it was said, let there a University be. And it was there. And this great Body sat at the Juncture of the great Rivers Arch and 12th. But lo came a Plague upon that Site, and the Children of the Tribe of Franklin left their Mantles of learning to be *Whoremongers*, and yea did Commerce come to 12th and Arch.



But up from the Children of Franklin did rise a Leader who said, let my People go. And the Children of Franklin did walk across the River Schuylkill, whose Waters were made hard by *Phosphates*. And there across the River did the Children of Franklin come to the Walks of Locust and there did they dwell in Peace.



Yea, all was Beer and Honey in the Fields of Locust. But then did the Spirit of Commerce return. The Sky split open and from the Bowels of Darkness crawled the Abomination Wharton. The Demon bore two Heads, the Steinberg and the Dietrich. From its Side swung two Swords, the fiery 1A and the bloody 1B. So with these Weapons did the foul Abomination Wharton lay Waste to a full third of the Children of Franklin.



And so the slain Bodies of the Children of Franklin did lie in the Fields of Locust for one Semester. Then from their Carcasses did breed the evil Spawn Whartonites. This foul Brood turned upon their former Brethren, introducing amongst them the *corrupting* concern of the Curve. And lo the Rivers of Beer dried up. All the Children, yea even unto each fraternal and sisterly Tribe, shuttered themselves up in their Dwelling-places and were made sore afraid of Revelries or even of knowing unto each other.



And thus a great Darkness fell upon the Fields of Locust, and many false Idols were raised. The Priests of learning were enslaved in the Temple of Van Pelt and made obsequient to the Demon Gradepoint Average. Their Children bowed under their Burdens and were soon downtrodden. For yea, the Pharisees said Wharton, and the Crowd answered to them, Oh yea, that great Place of Learning. And the Disciples cried Penn! and the Crowd answered to them, Oh, yeah, the Nittany Lions, right? And the Children of Franklin were swallowed in a Sea of Harvard B-School Applications.



Yea, so the Spirit of the Whoremonger was again in Place, and there was none to oppose the Spawn of Wharton. Darkness blanketed the Whole of Locust, and the Whole of the Children of Franklin were made to Quake.

Penn Profile #1

SMALL CHUNK OF PASTA PRIMAVERA FROM "THE GOLD STANDARD": The trendiest tidbit you could ever hope to have wedged in your teeth.

EARS: Ever-alert in case E. F. Hutton should be whispering in the winds.

COFFEE: Yuppie ambrosia.

WALL STREET JOURNAL: What else?

CROTCH: Hasn't seen much action — a major in business is a jealous mistress.

DAGGER: Perfect for impromptu backstabbing.

BRIEFCASE: Daddy had it with him when he swindled ... er, earned his first million.

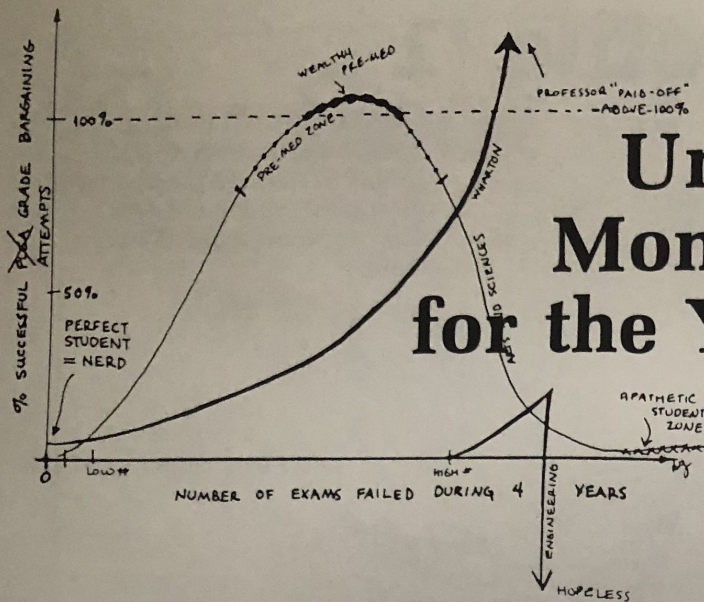
SMALLER DAGGER: For subtler backstabbing.

SPRING IN STEP: Directly proportional to the day's Dow-Jones Industrial Average.

PENNY LOAFERS: "Just like Dad used to wear — simply boffo!"

WINTHROP WHARTON III[®]

JIMIE CORTEZ



Uncle Wharton's Money-Making Tips for the Young Entrepreneur

Money can buy everything. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. There are people who will tell you that money can't buy happiness. You'll notice that these people are poor and don't know what they are talking about. Call it sour grapes. Right now, you probably want to ask, "Gee, Uncle Wharton, how can I get lots and lots of money so I can buy a Jaguar X-J8 and some fancy underwear just like you have?" Go ahead. Ask that momentous question. Don't be shy. Do it now. Good. Now that you have asked that momentous question, I'll answer it.

The first thing you must do to become excessively rich is to condition yourself to be ruthless. Think only of yourself. This means that when you watch "The Price is Right," you don't root for the fat housewife from Little Creek, Idaho. You don't even root for the elderly gentleman from Wisconsin who has no thumbs. You pray that they lose. Not only that, you pray that they make utter fools of themselves. No one has the right to any good fortune except you. Think "sink and destroy" and you'll go far.

The second thing that you must remember is that you must appear to be sincere even though your only motive is to make money. Make friends with everybody and then proceed to step on them on your way to affluence. This is where sincerity comes in. If you appear to be sincere and apologize for stepping on your friends, they will forgive you and then you can step on them again. After you master these simple rules,

you'll be ready for some money-making ventures.

One easy endeavor which requires no overhead costs at all is selling memo-board pens to students. To students these pens are a necessity (God forbid Jenny couldn't leave a note telling Janet to meet her in Rosengarten to study for the Bio test that's six weeks from today), and they will pay well over the market price for them because nobody knows what the market price is. This venture is ingenious in that the supply curve and the demand curve are both created by you. Simply go to the Quad late one night and take as many pens as you can get — that is your supply. The next morning the students will realize that their pens have been stolen — that is your demand. That afternoon go to the Quad and express your chagrin at that atrocious gesture that nobody knows you actually committed (Remember basic conditioning. Be sincere.) Then sell the pens back to the suckers for pure profit.

If you prefer a more orthodox project with minimal costs try this one: Take out an ad in the DP, the National Enquirer, and any other paper with a large readership. Keeping in mind that your object is to make money, your ad should read, "Last chance, send \$5". The dollar amount should be varied according to your estimate of the demand curve for whatever it is the people think they are sending away for. Empirical studies have shown that this method of advertising does, in fact, work. It is based on the concept of increasing

marginal stupidity of the Homo Sapien.

These business ventures are great to start out with, but now you want to make some big bucks. Hordes of people made bundles from the Cabbage Patch summer camps, so it is time for a Cabbage Patch University. It works on the same principle as the camp does: people send you their dolls and you, in return, promise that they will receive a letter per week from their "baby". Tuition costs are much higher than those for summer camp, so you should charge accordingly. When you enroll a sufficient number of applicants, send this form letter to each doll owner:

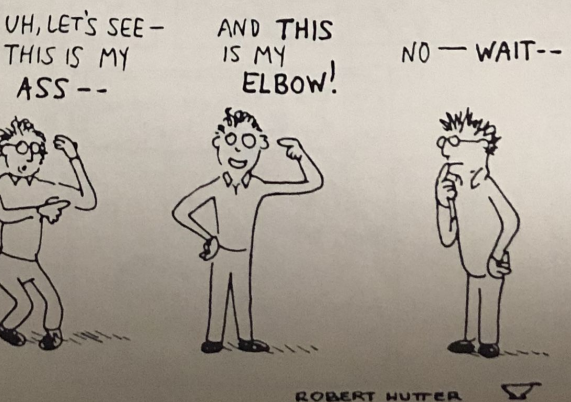
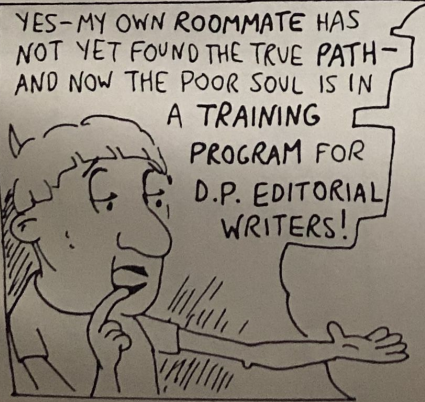
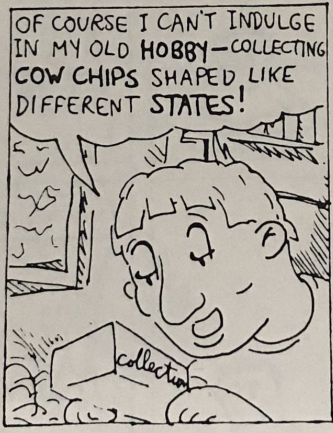
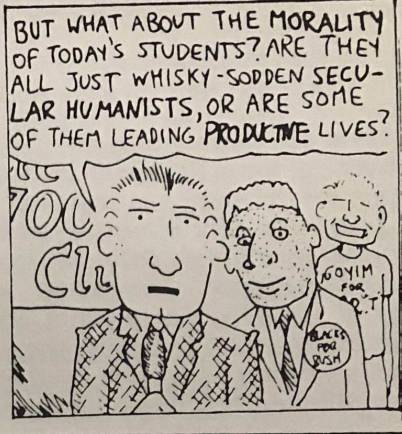
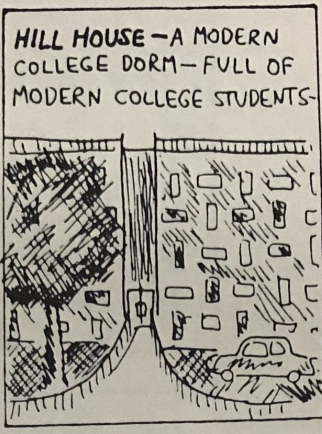
Dear Cabbage Patch Owner,

I am sorry to inform you that your son/daughter (circle one) was under great stress in adapting to his/her new environment and committed suicide by jumping off one of our high rises. His/her roommates will receive 4.0's this semester and you, in turn, will receive a bill to cover costs for a proper burial for your child. Again, we express our deepest sympathy.

Sincerely,
The Dean

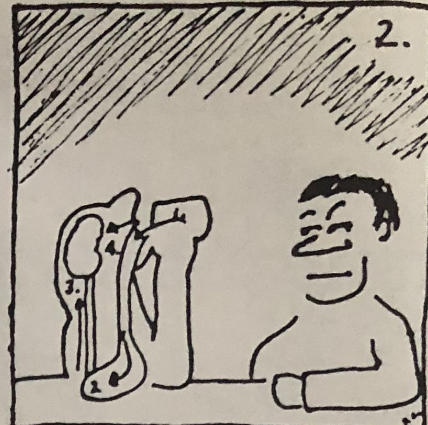
As soon as these letters are sent out, sell all of the dolls. You can still get \$40 apiece for them. After you rake in the dough from the blight of the Cabbage Patch, you will have enough money and experience to make substantial investments on your own. Keep in mind that there are thousands of ways to make money, and there are literally millions of people who are willing to be exploited by you — don't let them down. ▽

UTV
the "are-we-on?"
network
presents
The 700
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HILL HOUSE



ROBERT MUTER

First of all, talking to a pre-med is a waste of time. Pre-meds do not operate on the same plane as normal people do. For example, you cannot have a simple drink with a pre-med without becoming a study of the effect of alcohol on the human body. Obviously, then, actually *talking* with a pre-med is pretty difficult. But it can be done (you poor, stubborn fool).



(The Pre-Med Watches You Drink.)

HOW TO TALK TO A PRE-MED

1. GREETING THE PRE-MED!

If you pass a pre-med on campus, he may actually say "How are you?" or "What's up?" **DO NOT RESPOND!** If you do, one of the following will happen:

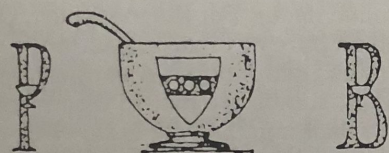
- a) You'll make a fool of yourself by responding to empty air. The pre-med doesn't really care how you are and won't stop to listen.
- b) The pre-med will listen for five minutes and smile; two days later, you'll receive his bill.

The only safe thing to do in this situation is to answer *simultaneously* with "Hey, how's it going?" This will effectively neutralize the pre-med's question, and, besides, you probably don't really care either. Go talk to a psych major instead. **BUT BEWARE!** If you answer too disinterestedly, the pre-med may mistake you for one of his own kind! From that time on, he will be your sworn enemy. While you may not have really wanted him for your friend anyhow, you'll have to watch that he doesn't sabotage every assignment you do from then on.

If you really want to talk to a pre-med, try approaching one elsewhere.



You have just gotten the pre-med's attention.



2. GETTING A PRE-MED'S ATTENTION!

Pre-meds usually respond only to a very limited range of stimuli, "exam"; "Chem lab"; "oxidative phosphorylation"; etc., etc. Try reviewing these terms first. Then give it a shot.

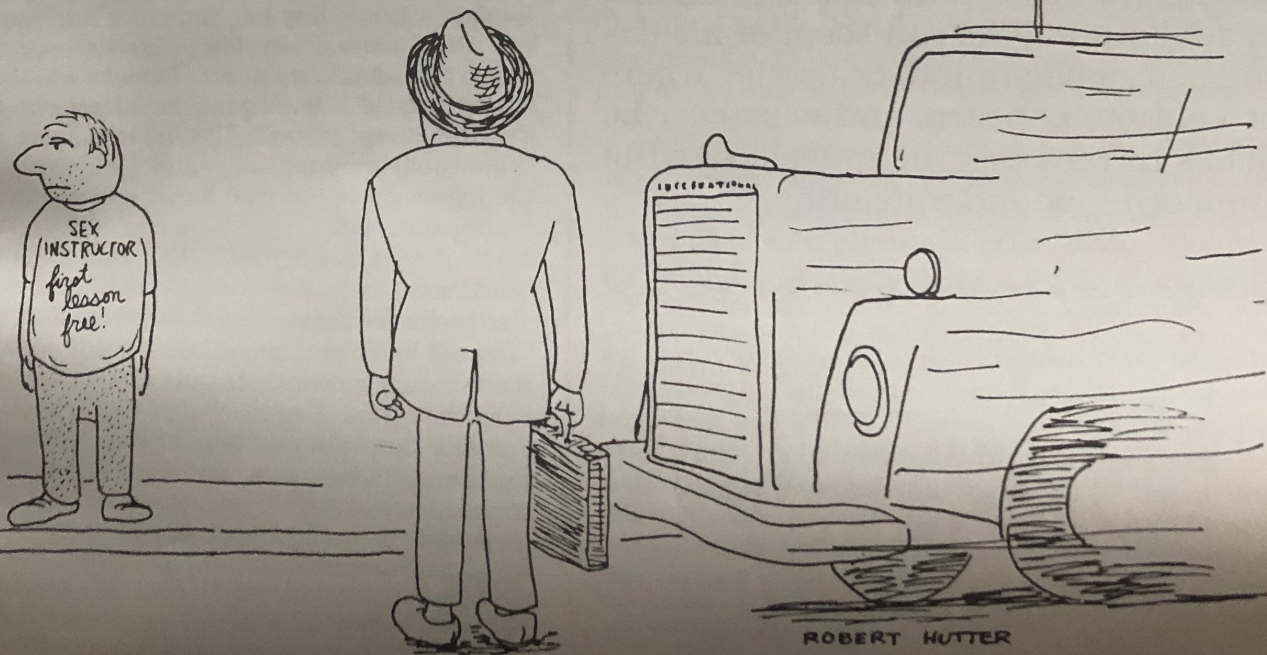
3. THE FEMALE PRE-MED!

The female pre-med is far, far worse than her male counterparts. Not only does she have to compete for grades, but, as a woman, she also has to fight the bias against her sex. Consequently, the female pre-med, after four years of study, is usually in a condition described by the medical profession as "post-menopausal." Avoid her at all costs.

CONCLUSION!

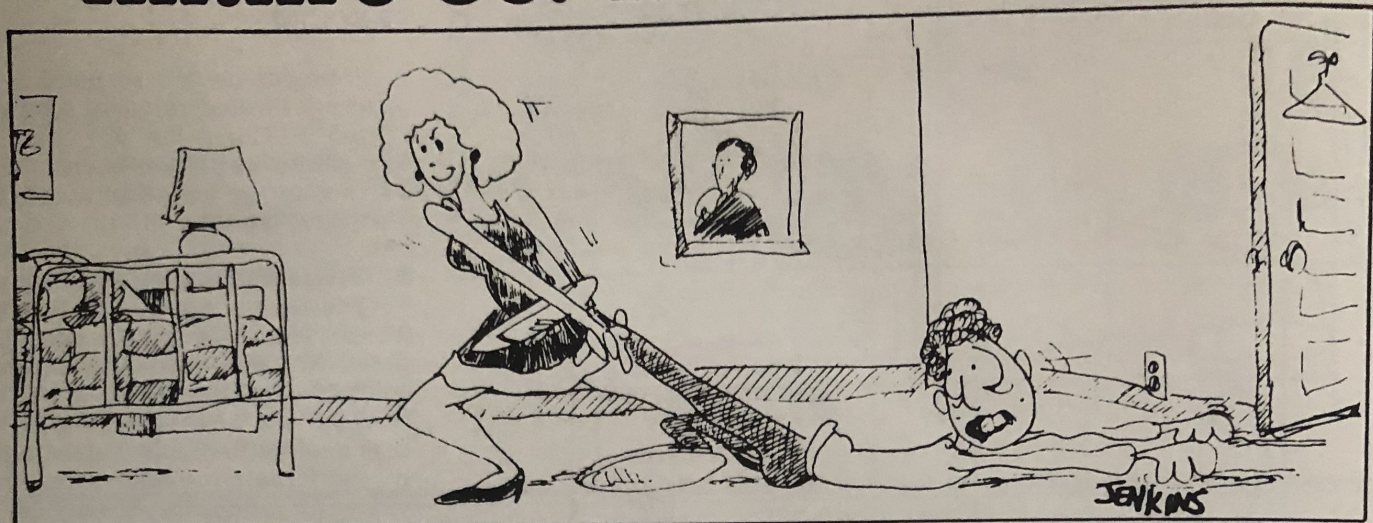
The pre-med is a grade-hungry masochist who signs up for a "gut" course thinking it's a seminar on the digestive system. Talking to one is a virtual impossibility. Do something else, *anything* else -- except talk to a Whar-tonite. ▽

THE DOOMED MAN READS HIS LAST T-SHIRT.



ROBERT MUTTER

Anthro 36: Intro to Dating



A dinner for two by candlelight on a red-checkered table in a restaurant where the maître-d's black bowtie is stained with tomato sauce and garlic butter ... a game of air-hockey in an arcade where the other customers march around the table in romper-stompers ... a day at the beach when sunscreen is forgotten and you ride home with the armrest down between the two of you because it hurts to touch ... a walk in the park with a view of construction work in the background and the smell of leaking gas adulterating the soft scent of his cologne ... a movie in a dark theater where you hold the popcorn, and whenever he reaches toward you, he grabs a handful of popcorn – sound romantic?

Dating, better known in modern terms as foreplay, is a fun way to get to know members of the opposite sex. Sometimes, though, the thought of dating can make you nervous. You might think, "What should I do if he tries to hold my hand?" You might not know what to wear, where to go, what to talk about. To help dissipate the fears you might have, I have provided a few guidelines.

There are two types of dating: the One-night stand and the Long-term relationship. Each can be broken down into three categories: Popping the Question, Getting Ready, and The Date.

The One-Night Stand

Popping the Question:

The aim of most One-night stands is to get into bed as quickly as possible with as few preliminaries as you can get away with without transgressing the boundaries of social decor. For the most part, One-night stands are based on pure physical attraction.

The right mood is essential. Usually, partners for One-night stands are met in discos or clubs, where the lights are flashing, the beer is flowing, and the music is loud so you don't have to talk. The approach is slow – a sexy strut and then a tap on the shoulder (be careful not to miss the shoulder). Ask it: "Do you want to, um, dance with me?" (Don't drool.)

Put your hand on her lower back as you walk onto the dance floor. Let it slip down a little. On the dance floor, touch as much as possible. Grab her hips and jiggle; feel them wiggle.

After two or so dances, you are ready for the next step. Buy her a drink. Buy her another. Perhaps another still. Try a few more. Then, there are two approaches. The first is indirect: "Do you want to take a walk?" Or, "How would you like to engage in a meaningful game of Twister at my place?" The other way is more direct: "Your room or mine?"

Getting ready:

Jump into bed.

The Date:

No need for elaboration. Use your imagination. Think, "sleaze." You'll probably never see this person ever again. Beat, punch, push, pull, kick, lick, squeeze, blow in the ear – have fun!

A few tips, though. Number One: exchange telephone numbers. It's common courtesy. You don't have to call and you can always throw them out later. Number Two: make sure your clothes are all on right-side-in before you leave the room. Number Three: bolt the door. If her boyfriend comes in, he is most certain to do damage. Number Four: visit a physician if you develop sores in peculiar places.

The discussion on one-night stands is now complete. Most people, though, would prefer a relationship that would last a bit longer. These procedures are a bit more complicated and much more subtle. One usually has to brown-nose the parents, pretend to have broken off other relationships, and avoid her certain times of the month. The ultimate goal of the long-term relationship, though, is the same.

The Long-Term Relationship

Popping the Question:

The initial attraction is still physical. Boy-watching and girl-watching play a major role at the beginning. Face it, it's a real meat market out there. If you've got the goods, flaunt them. If you don't, let's hope that you're smart or rich. Just be aware that sexism runs rampant in the mating game. Guys, don't be surprised if women are after you just because you have sexy knees, and, girls, you're going to find out that some guys only want you for your minds. Yeah, it's disgusting, but it's a hard, cold fact.

After you've spotted a potential dating partner, it may be tempting to rush right into things. This, however, is not a wise move. Before you get tangled up in a relationship, do some research. It may take a little effort, but it could save you a lot of heartbreak. Start with the basics: the age and sex of your object of desire. You can never be sure about anything these days. Ask around. Unless you have no standards at all, the investigative stage is very important. Reputation, level of intelligence, political affiliation, level of wealth, and whether the prospective party is suffering from a terminal illness are a few things you might want to know. Pay attention to rumors. They're probably true. Keep in mind that the purpose of a long-term relationship is to end up better off than you already are. Finding someone who is dumber, poorer, and uglier than you are defeats the purpose of the whole thing.

Once you find someone who meets whatever standards you may have, it is time to move in. Chance encounters are essential. She walks into a drugstore and you are there. She walks into a restaurant and you are there. She goes to the lingerie section at Gimbels and you are there. At this point, she'll be totally head-over-heels in love with you or she'll think you are scum and demand that you quit following her all over the place. Let's hope for the former.

The next step is small talk. The main thing is to avoid coming across as a loser. Impress the other party. Keep in mind that you'll probably have to lie. Talk about safe topics: the weather, sports, school, movies, etc. For your first few conversations, try to avoid certain sticky areas. Most people do not feel comfortable discussing things such as urinary disorders, the torture of kittens, or the merits of suicide until much later in a relationship. Once you've got the other party interested, it would be wise to suggest a date. Don't worry. You've got nothing to lose but your self-respect and maybe your virginity. If you're turned down, so be it. If not, you've got a whole new world ahead of you. Now your relationship is ready for take-off, with the nose of the rocket guiding the way. She is sure to respond positively if you ask her how she views

the integration of aphrodisiacs as a means of social reform.

Getting Ready:

Guys — throw on some clothes.

Girls — consider ways to get your dates to bow to your caprice. Dr. O.K. Hooker, a psychiatrist at Nassau Community College has deduced from extensive research that different men are turned on by different things. Handcuffs, chains, whips, Brussels sprouts, blood, slinky nightgowns, bananas, or Ballpark Franks that pop when you cook 'em, all could be potential factors in subsequent arousal. Think of what image you want to project: sexy or sophisticated or funky or conservative or intellectual or innocent or easy or rich. The jewelry must match both in color and look: diamonds for the rich look, pearls for the innocent look, leather for the easy look.

Hair: Wash it. Blow it dry. Tie it in a knot. Tie it in a bow. Throw it over your shoulder. Let it hang low. Put one side up. Put the other side up. Curl it. Wet the curls. Curl it in another place. Part it in the middle. Part it at the side. French braid one side and Bo-Derek the other. Wear it in a bun. Tie back your bangs. Cut it asymmetrically. What the hell — don't bother. Just wear a hat.

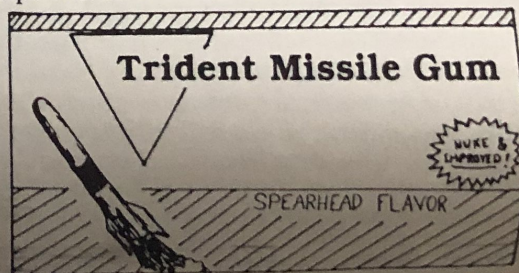
Make-up: Don't cake it on. Put it on only to highlight your natural colors and facial distortions. Beware of the Bozo look. Or the Sitting Bull look. Or the Clara Peller look.

The Date:

Take him to *Cafe Flesh*, have a picnic in the shower-room of your local gymnasium, watch the people across the street undress while you eat quiche and corn chips in your penthouse apartment of the Ritz Carlton (if you happen to have one), dine at McDonalds where you can nibble at McNuggets while he gives you a milkshake.

Move cautiously toward any touching or kissing. Lay low for a while before you pounce: if you move too quickly, you will have nothing to look forward to.

These hints on dating are sufficient to lead you on a successful lifetime career. According to statistics, dating is done in all fifty of the United States and in just about every nation, to lure potential spouses, or just potential romances, into bonds of fidelity and financial burdens. For instance, when female Hindu Indians from southeast Africa reach the age of puberty, their fathers hang them by their toenails from the telephone wires in the village square, and young men of ripe age come by to adorn them with bagels and celery stalks. The women are let down upon procuring a proposal for marriage. Perhaps one day, courtship rites in America will achieve similar levels of sophistication, but until then, these dating tips will have to suffice. ▽



4 out of 5 Detentists recommend it!

Look SHARP!

Test Your Fashion I.Q.

Do you dress your part? Do you show the world with whom you wish to be associated? Take this fashion test to find out if your outward appearance is that of a J.A.P., Prep, Geek, or Punk Rocker.

1. What would you wear on a fall day to accent a pair of tan pants?
 - a) A purple sweatshirt embroidered with 18-karat gold.
 - b) An argyle sweater that took an Irish woman 1/3 of her life to make.
 - c) A white Oxford, buttoned all the way to the top with a plastic pen holder in the shirt pocket.
 - d) An axe lodged in your head.
2. What would you wear to a job interview?
 - a) A Pierre Cardin 3-piece pinstripe suit.
 - b) It doesn't matter because Dad is the controlling stockholder of the corporation.
 - c) A polyester suit with a Hewlett-Packard strapped on the belt.
 - d) A Brooks Brothers suit with an axe lodged in your head.
3. What type of footwear would you wear with jeans?
 - a) Candies.
 - b) Penny loafers.
 - c) Not relevant, this was not covered on the syllabus.
 - d) An axe lodged in your head.
4. What label adorns your attire the most?
 - a) Ralph Lauren.
 - b) Lacoste.
 - c) Texas Instruments.
 - d) Black and Decker.
5. What would you do if you wake up with a pimple on your face.
 - a) Put an inch of "cover up" on, go into your room at 8 a.m. and refuse to come out until June.
 - b) Nothing. Pimples are so gauche.
 - c) Calculate the circumference of the zit, multiply that by the torque of skin at standard temperature and pressure, divide by the ratio of hours spent studying each week to the number of times you've gone out the last 5 years (an extremely large ratio), and squeeze until the pus spatters all over the mirror.
 - d) Lodge an axe in your head.



6. What would you wear to a Halloween party?
 - a) Whatever everyone else is wearing.
 - b) Levis and a T-shirt and go as someone whose father makes less than \$30,000 a year.
 - c) You would go as your favorite mass-energy equation.
 - d) You would lodge an axe in your head and go as a tree stump.
7. What sort of headwear do you prefer?
 - a) A rolled up bandana
 - b) Nothing but an arrogant smile.
 - c) A beanie with a propeller on top.
 - d) Stitches.

ANSWERS

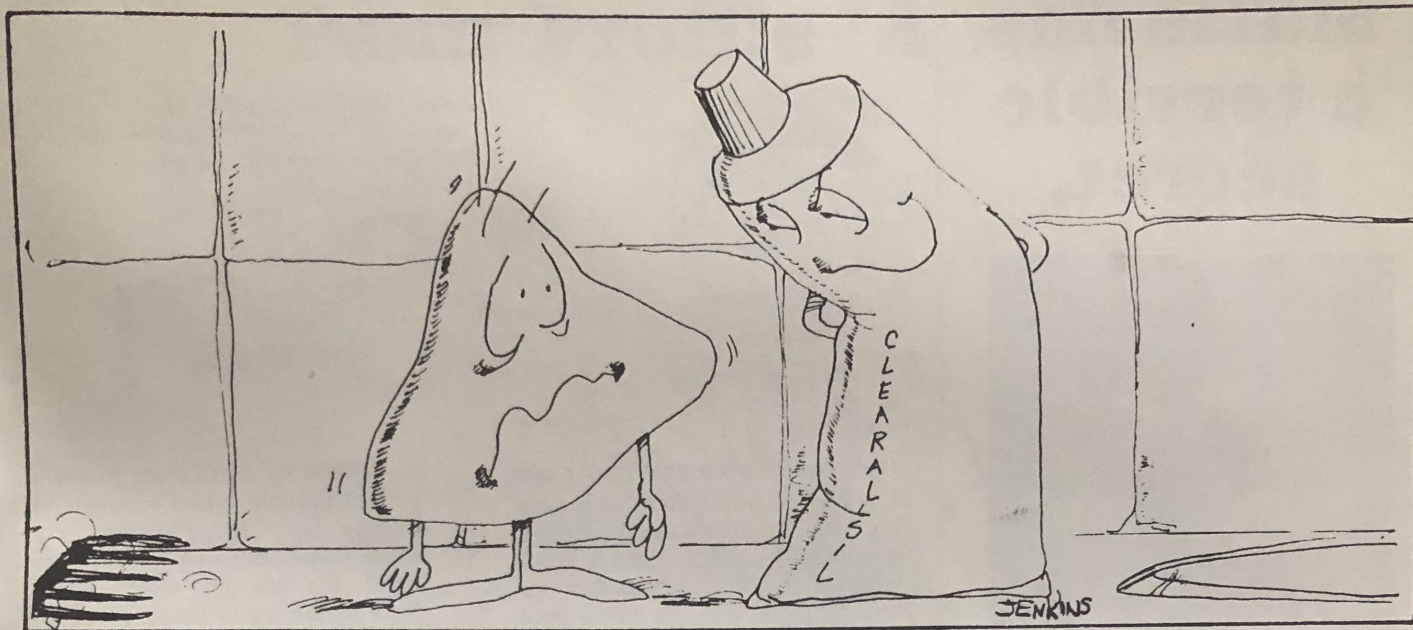
To find out your fashion savvy quotient, convert your letter answers into the Dewey Decimal System. Take the converted raw values, sum them and then square the answer. Convert your previous value into a standard Z-statistic with $(n - 1)$ degrees of freedom. From this score, subtract your age and multiply by how nervous you are about final exams. All pre-meds are allowed to curve their scores and add the appropriate amount of points. Now, subtract the standard deviation and behold, you now have your score.

If you decided not to find your score because you thought that the test was obnoxious and it took too much time away from your soaps, then you are a J.A.P. But don't worry because any J.A.P. worth his/her weight in those little black rubber gaskets doesn't think that s/he really is one.

If you had your manservant figure out your score you are a prep. Give your fashion coordinator a nice Christmas bonus.

If you figured out an answer, you're a Geek. It doesn't matter what you wear since nobody wants to talk to a dweeb.

If you're a punk rocker you don't need a fashion quiz to find out. I'll see you at the next party. I'll bring the chicken and you can dislodge the axe from your head and it'll be just like old times. ♡



I Was a Teenage Zit

My name is Peter, and I'm a zit. I know it's not something you put down on your resumé, but that's what I am — a zit. Hey, come on, don't get so repulsed, you're probably no beauty yourself. Besides, let's get serious: you don't think that I've been a zit all my life? There was a time when I was a normal teenage guy. Back then, my only claim to fame was that I was the only person who actually liked the Brussels Sprout Casserole that was served in the school cafeteria. The only other things that distinguished me from anyone else were my zits. I had tons of them in all shapes and sizes. It's not that I planned things that way. Pimples just seemed to flourish in my well-oiled pores. Popping the little suckers only made matters worse, and I think I was the only kid in the neighborhood who got sympathy cards from the elephant man. And one day, my best pal, Sid, who aspired to go to Wharton, bought stock in the Clearasil Company and then

proceeded to thank me for putting him through school.

Now, you're probably wondering how'd I get to become a zit? Was there some kind of exam I had to pass? Well, it's like this: one day, I just happened to wake up with this monster zit on my nose. No problem. I'd just give it the old squeeze play. Only this time, the zit wouldn't pop. I squeezed and squeezed and pressed and pressed. Nothing. Beads of sweat poured down my cheek. I kept working at it and, finally, there was this massive explosion and all this pus came spewing out of what used to be my body in a manner similar to that of an out-of-control garden hose. I slipped into unconsciousness and when I woke up, I was a zit, plain and simple. I must admit that it was quite a shock finding myself in this awkward state. I wondered how I was going to tell Mom and Dad that their only son was now a fugitive from a tube of Clearasil. But then I figured that it wasn't going to be as difficult as the time Sis had to tell them she

was pregnant.

When I thought about it, the prospect of being a zit didn't seem so bad. I mean ... being a zit couldn't be any worse than being a kid with a face full of them. Granted, I'd have to travel in different social circles, but most of my friends were jerks anyway. Besides, being a zit made me one hell of a unique guy. In an instant, I became the pustule of humanity. You can't ask for much more than that. Think about it, how often does an opportunity like this come around? Once in a lifetime — tops.

Actually, the best part of being a zit is being able to get revenge on all the people who were jerks to me before. Even before I became a zit, girls would avoid me like the plague. Now I get to go out with all the girls who turned me down before. They have no choice. I usually just plant myself on their schnozzes while they're out on dates. If they try to cover me up, I just grow bigger. It drives them crazy. And then there's Mary Lou Rodgers, the goddess of the ninth grade, who turned me down 17 times, spat on me twice, and told me to do something to myself which is anatomically impossible. I lived on her face for six months straight, and all during that time, she kept trying to get rid of me. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

(continued on next page)

Maria has a terrible secret.



In many ways, Maria is typical of most children in our world...

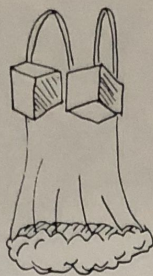
She likes to laugh.
She likes to play.

But behind her sunny smile, she holds a terrible secret. . . she has no underwear. Maria's plight is not uncommon among the youths of developing nations. All of what little money they may have goes toward food. There is no money left for underwear.

Help spare Maria and others like her the embarrassing plight of life without underwear. Helping Maria won't even cost you a cent. Send no money, just send us your old underwear. When you sponsor a child, you will receive progress reports on how your underwear has changed the child's life. We'll even send you a photo of your child wearing your underwear. Think of the good you'll be doing by sending us your old ratty underwear.

A child's hope is in your underwear.

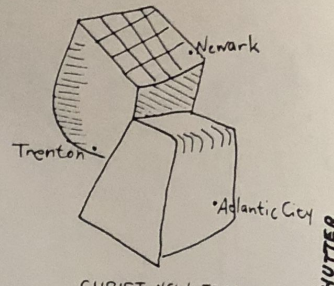
Cubism for the '80s



CUBIST LINGERIE



CUBIST VALIUM



CUBIST NEW JERSEY

R. HUTTER

(continued from previous page)

The biggest adjustment in becoming a zit is figuring out how to get from place to place. Face it, when you're a tiny little zit, you don't get around very fast on your own. That's where physics and past experiences came in handy. You see, the key to movement is propulsion. Taking this into consideration, I figured that the best way to get around was to plant myself on someone's face and wait around until they started walking or until they decided to pop me. If they squeeze me just right, I can get a good ten to fifteen feet easily.

So traveling is no problem, but a lot of people are probably thinking, "What a shit life it must be to be a zit!" Well, I'll tell you one thing, it's no pleasure cruise. People swear at me all the time and blame me for all the world's problems. I take a lot of abuse. People who recoil at the thought of hurt-

- Yes, I'd like to donate my underwear to a:
- Boy
 - Girl
 - Hermaphrodite
- Living in:
- Africa
 - Latin America
 - India
 - Asia
 - Trenton, NJ
- No, I'm cheap and wear my underwear until it falls apart.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

Underwear size _____
Send coupon and underwear to:
The United Underwear Foundation
Box 711
Cold Bottom, Michigan 89002

ing a little fly don't even give it a second thought when it comes to digging their filthy nails into my innards and draining out my life-blood. It's not any easier when these losers try to waste me with all that pimple cream stuff. The stuff stings like hell. If it weren't for the simple pleasure of scarring people for life, it'd be difficult to carry on. It's a pretty dirty job being a zit. People squeeze me after picking their noses or after they use the bathroom, and they don't even wash their hands first. Most of the time, I try to plant myself on people who don't already have a lot of zits, but lately I've been getting a lot of losers. I mean ... gross me out. I just got to learn to be more selective.

But, you know, being a zit does have its fringe benefits. Anytime that I feel horny, I just latch myself onto some babe going to P.E. class and, presto, I'm in the girls' lockerroom. Sure, it's frustrating not being able to do anything to satisfy my prurient needs, but as a former teenage guy, I'm used to being frustrated. At least now I get to see what I've been missing.

You know, when you're a zit you've got to learn to be versatile. If you don't, things get boring pretty quick. The old zit on the nose bit gets to be pretty stale when you do it a couple hundred times. So I sometimes mix in a few warts, boils, and nipple imitations into my repertoire. Right now, I'm working on perfecting my herpes sore routine. Wait ... I've got to go now ... I think I see a prepubescent face ... Honey, welcome to teenage acne.... ▽

Penn Profile #2

TAG FROM RIDE-SHARING POOL: "Wanted - a ride to Long Island for the weekend; will pay 1/2 of the gas: call Muff."

BANDANA: She has no idea how ridiculous it looks.

LOX-FLAVORED LIP-STICK: Mama said it drives the pre-meds crazy!

PENDANT: Israel is so... so... I don't know ...cute!"

DENIM JACKET: Mandatory.

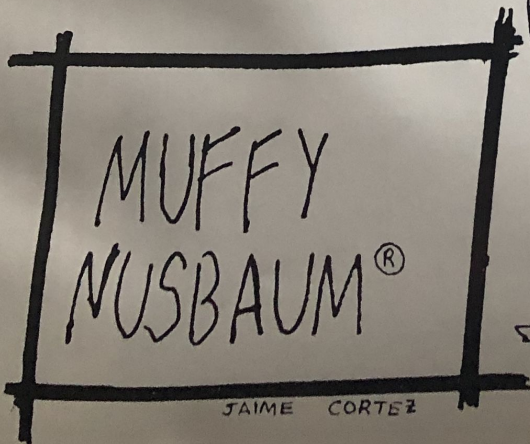
NAIL FILE: Need I say more?

A BOOK: The Definitive Prop for husband-hunting in the Wilds of Rosengarten.

ZIPPER: On legs. "No, silly, I don't have pockets on my legs. These are just for, you know, accent."

DIET COKE: "Ooh! None of that barf-out aftertaste."

LARIAT: Just right for roping prospective husband-types.



JAIME CORTEZ

EXTRA

EXTRA



The Herald Pennsylvanian

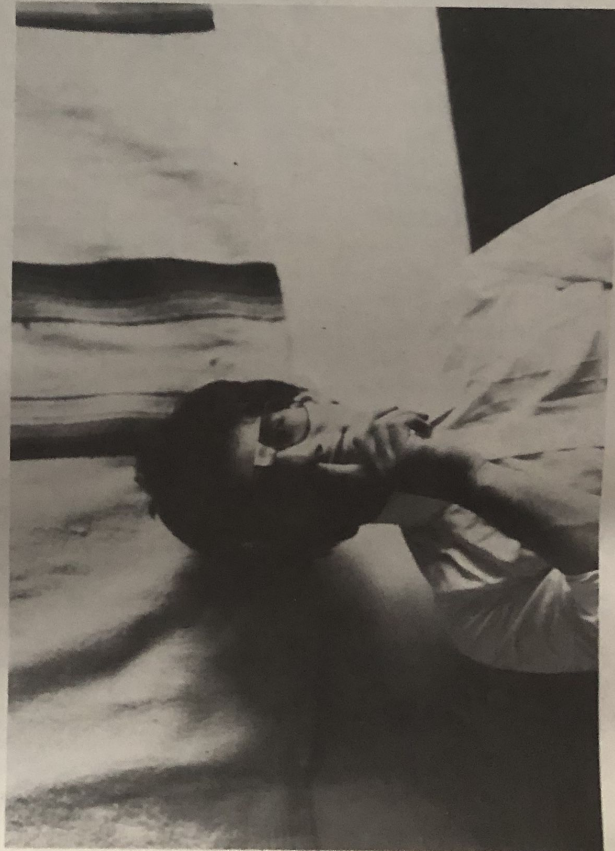
founded 1885

Volume II, No. 1

Philadelphia, December 1984

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Albatross!



We don't know what this picture is. You don't know what this picture is. But we're too lazy to make up any more "news" and we're not allowed to put ads on the front page. So we're taking up space with this stupid picture. (continued on page 7.)

Bannon resigns

Irvine to be renovated

By Jean Genie

Irvine Music Hall, constructed as Philadelphia's only facility for performances of the Mormon Tabernacle Midget Piccolo Quartet, will be renovated and redecorated to make it a center for student activities, Provost Thomas Ehrlich announced in a surprising announcement yesterday. The new facility, to be known as Irvine Auditorium, will have 1300 additional seats as well as offices and shops for twenty student groups. This plan will allow student activities such as Freshman Convocation and weekly Penn Union Council movies to move from the nearly-off-campus Class of '23 Ice Rink to a nearly-convenient location. "I used to freeze my ass off watching movies on the ice," PUC Co-co-chairman Gary

Meyer whined.

Additionally, student groups that were forced to hold meetings in the parking lot on 38th and Spruce will be given offices in the new building. "We'd print a lot more funny stuff, but it keeps blowing away and getting hit by cars," *Punch Bowl* Editor-in-Chief Brian Takamoto whined.

Yet not all students are pleased with this move to improve the quality of student life. "I'm really pissed off about the whole thing," Mormon Piccolo Quartet Restoration Society President Mandy DeJigalo whined. But Student Life Director Charlotte Jacobson has promised to consult every single student who has attended the University since 1740 about the plan, "especially about choice of wallpaper." (Continued on page 7.)

Classes to start at 4 am next semester

Computing plan announced

By David Underhill

By Peter Berkowitz

Athletic Coordinator Paul Bannion resigned yesterday in protest of the University's lack of minimum physical fitness requirements for incoming freshmen. "Would it be that unreasonable to ask the kids to run two miles and swim 200 meters?" Bannion whined. "You'll see, we'll lose all federal funding for our athletic programs unless we get the student body in shape," he

continued to whine. Sources deep inside College Hall revealed that there were other factors that may have caused Bannion to resign. "He was quite a prankster," an undercover CIA agent who declined to give his name. "We suspect that he singlehandedly put out a fake Red and Blue, made posters announcing Elton John's Spring Fling Concert, started the C. Everett Koop Fan Club (Continued on page 7)

Fraternity raided for statue

By Robert Cheese

Philadelphia police officers, undercover CIA agents, soldiers of the French Foreign Legion and members of the Syosset Fife and Drum Corps raided Zeppo Gummo Harpo fraternity late yesterday, searching for the two-ton arm of the Statue of Liberty that was removed several months ago. "We had it from a reliable source that the arm would be here," said an undercover CIA agent who declined to give his name. The search warrant also gave police the power to search for "the ark of the Covenant, Jimmy Hoffa's body, loose tags that say 'Do not remove under penalty of law,' stale crackers, fives, men's underwear, Nutra-Sweet, smurfs and staples, thumbtacks, tape and similar fasteners."

By Rip Van Winkle

Due to the recent success of the recent Faculty-Student Tennis Tournament, the administration recently decided to start classes at 4 am every day and end them at noon. "This will give people more time to play tennis," Faculty and School of the College of Arts and Sciences Dean Joel McEnroe announced recently. "Students don't get enough sleep as is, so who cares if they get even less? Liberal Arts students will never have jobs anyway, unless they're pre-med or pre-law, so they might as well improve their tennis game." Undergraduate Assembly Chairman Brooks Brothers said that he was not pleased about the decision, but he didn't want to do anything about it "or somebody might get mad." (Continued on page 7)

Generic Story

U. decision stirs controversy

By Barney Flintstone

President Sheldon Hackney's recent announcement of the administration's latest decision has angered many students, several faculty members and a few laboratory animals, student, faculty and lab animal leaders proclaimed yesterday.

I.D. Beef, President of the Penn Balalaika Orchestra, whined, "I didn't really care at all about the decision, but now that I know I'm being quoted, I'm completely against it." History and Proctology of Science Professor Anthony Anthonyson whined similarly.

Dean Joseph Bordogna, Dean of the Engineering School, announced the school's plan for improving its computing facilities. "First of all, please call me Jo-Bo. Basically, we're increasing the number of students per terminal from fifty to five hundred, while actually slowing down the entire computer system." Jo-Bo claims to not find it ironic that Wharton, the College and the Nursing School each have better computer systems than the School of Engineering. "We built the first computer in the world here (not including the one at Harvard) and we've tried to maintain that level of computing power."

Jo-Bo also explained the University's plans for a comprehensive computer network. "We're going to link my office to my house in Bala Cynwyd. This will save me nearly fifty dollars this year, enough for my kid's application to MIT." (Continued on page 7)

And a baboon known only as "S204" could not speak due to extensive head and neck injuries.

President Hackney said that he didn't seek student input on this crucial decision because "I made up my mind on a Saturday, and everybody was at the football game."

This raging controversy appears to be one of a long line of fabricated problems that allow this newspaper to run enough "news" to justify all the money we make on advertising. In fact, we make so much money on student groups alone that (Continued on page 7) ☽

Inside

*We look at the campus fads of drinking beer and hitting on freshmen. Page 7.

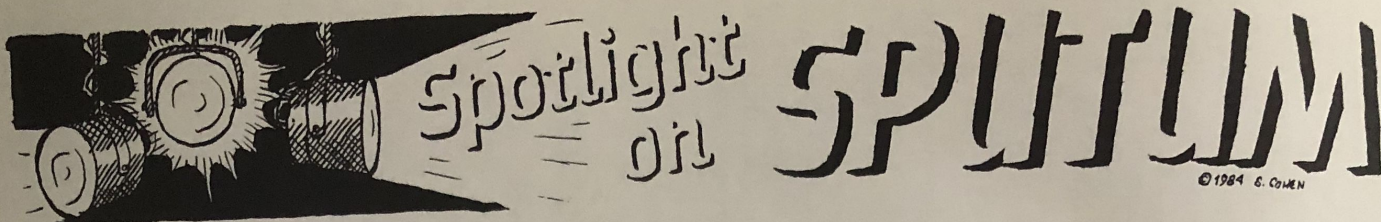
*A new feature: Your Hair Horoscope. Page 7.

*The latest in campus fashion for primates with head and neck injuries. Page 7.

*We print nice articles about our biggest advertisers. Page 7.

*Biased reporting and blatant abuses of the language. Everywhere, including Page 7.

The search was extremely successful, according to the President of the Syosset Fife and Drum Corps, who declined to give his name. "We found several fives, thumbtacks, a photograph of the Statue of Liberty that may have been used to plan the theft and men's underwear that probably belonged to Mr. Hoffa." But ZGH fraternity President Ricardo Montalban was not as pleased. "We're pretty upset they didn't find the stale crackers," he whined. (Continued on page 7.)



Spotlight on SPUTUM

© 1984 S. COHEN

Like, I think Beethoven and, uh, what's his name, um, Chopin are, like, dead squid, man. Nuthin' new from them in like, years, y'know?" Or so said Sal Iva, the leader of the hot new rock group called "Sputum," the band, from Piscataway, New Jersey, causing all America to drool with expectorant ecstasy. "And, like I know hot stuff when I hear it. Ya never see no sonatina videos do ya?" This reporter did have to grudgingly concede that point.

Founded in late 1983 because the four street urchins couldn't finagle a profit at their previous venture — plastic passion fruit pitters* — the group has managed to drag the music industry a giant step backward to the literal meaning of "rock music."

Added Eppy Glottis, the band's lead singer (if it can be called that), "We rejected limestone because it didn't have the exact clank we wanted."

"Yeah, and we didn't want our fans to take it for granite! Har har har!" chortled Adam Zapple, the group's drummer, at his own *bon mot*.

The members of Sputum insist that their prime purpose in music is acid indigestion. "We're sick and tired of damn chords!" screamed bassist Al Veoli in between bashing his face into the wall.

When asked the reason for this rather autistic activity, his eyes glazed over and the other band members quickly offered a series of lame excuses, poorly-worded denials, and flimsy pretenses, along with a handful of pink hearts, yellow moons, blue stars, and green clovers. The interviewer gladly accepted these on account of his very empty stomach, what with the two-bit

*An embarrassed silence occurred when the group was asked whether the pitters or the passion fruit were plastic.



L to R: Al Veoli ("Someone stole my bass"), Eppy Glottis (lead vocal), Adam Zapple (drummer), Sal Iva (lead guitar).

wages being foisted upon budding college magazine reporters these days.

From this reporter's perspective, most of Sputum's best work is done as far from populated areas as is humanly possible. The rest is done in the vicinity of the deaf and the hard of hearing. To the untrained ear, their current hit single, "Glandular Infection," sounds like a horde of adolescent rutting pigs in a dynamite factory. To the trained ear, the recording resembles three minutes and twelve seconds of a hacksaw, well in need of lubricant, attempting to cut through a section of sheet steel.

Upon hearing this reporter's above-mentioned impressions of their own peculiar sound, band leader Sal mumbled blandly, "well, it's what the audience wants to hear," while inconspicuously thumbing through several thick wads of Andrew Jacksons, Ulysses Grants, and Ben Franklins. Simultaneously, vocalist Eppy loudly rattled her

15-kilo necklace of 14-karat gold studded with sapphires, rubies and emeralds. Drummer Adam rudely but swiftly produced a rather menacing samurai sword with a solid iridium handle, quickly silencing this reporter, as bassist Al yelled to no one in particular, "We're sick and tired of damn chords!"

The group's name Sputum, is a continuing source of controversy, not to mention disgust. Sal told *Punchbowl* that "we wanted a really medical-sounding name. We figured that no one could pronounce gin...gingiv...gi... that gum disease, y'know, so we came up with 'Sputum'. It's short and commanding, with a kinda liquid sound to it."

Sputum's members set high hopes for themselves in the future. According to Eppy, "I want a green wig." Adam looks forward to "colon cancer or maybe diverticulitis, if I'm lucky," while Al screamed in apparent autistic agony, "We're sick and tired of damn chords!" ☹

Sal Dva tells Punchbowl

How to write your own hit...

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“You think up a melody with words, add a bass accompaniment, and put in some neat drum parts. Then you get your buddies together and play it till the cops come. And that's the end of it.

[Upon further prodding by Punchbowl, Sal realized that this explanation just wasn't going to cut the mustard.]

“Okay, well, it's like this. You have a theme you want to tell, say, how I laid this girl in her Honda CVCC, or how that guy's butt is the cutest one in Akron, Ohio. You write it down, usually on a piece o' paper, 'cause you can't take the john's walls with ya, least not while other people are in it, except I heard that in Princeton, New Jersey, some people do take the walls while the johns are oc...huh? Oh, yeah, back to making a hit single.

“So, like, then you wake up in the middle of the night, screaming to your girlfriend (or boyfriend) at 3 a.m. about this great tune you thought up. The next morning you realize that you forgot to write it down that night and it's gone so you have to start over again.

“Um, like, that can be a real problem, 'cause we're, like, artists

Worksheet for "Glandular Infection," Sputum's hit single.

and stuff, and you gotta be inspired to write things, y'know. And, like, 'cause I don't get inspired all that often anyway, I, like, usually end up borrowing a couple riffs from some old Aerosmith or Grand Funk 8-track tapes I got in my garage. It's what gives Sputum it's distinctive sound, see. It's, like, none of our fans are any the wiser and they keep buying the stuff as fast as we can shovel it out, y'know.

“So, like, when I'm done with some new tunes, I call up all the band members and we start play-

ing the stuff. Most of the time we play until we get hungry, so Eppy calls up Giuseppe's Pizza and orders four large pies with anchovies, mushrooms, and extra garlic. Adam can't eat sausage, so we don't order that, y'know. Oh year, and we get three cases of Heinekens, and ... what? Yeah, yeah, back to the subject. Um. Like, I dunno. Like I said, man, you play till the cops come. One o' the cops' sisters is a big honcho in one of those, like, New York record companies, y'know. So, like, that's how we got a hit.”

INITIATE ME INTO SPUTUM'S FAN CLUB!

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Family Income _____
 (Include IRS forms 1040 or 1040A)

PLEASE ENCLOSE \$50 POSTAGE, HANDLING, APPLICATION FEE, EXTORTION

Send to:

Mellotone Hearing Aids
 Department P1984
 Sourde Oreille
 Québec, Canada B4U R8X

Yes! I have little or no hearing capacity. I wish to divulge my family income and credit rating to dozens of nameless, faceless corporations which will henceforth bombard my mailbox daily with junk mail, ignorant folderol, and noxious items such as free 1/2-ounce samples of jock-itch remedies, all for a few pitiful scraps of information about the most wretched four human beings ever to claim membership in the musicians' guild.

EXCLUSIVE!

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Punchbowl's Great Model Search

The TEEN MODEL SEARCH USA (well, not **really** just USA because if our contestants live in Canada we won't discriminate, since Canada's practically America anyway, except for the French-speaking parts which are rather quaint, but nobody there would enter this contest because they can't read English, because when you go there as an American tourist all the cabbies drive you around in circles and claim that they can't speak English, and the same goes for waitresses who **always** bring you the wrong thing (**poison** instead of **poisson**, which means "fish" for those of you who haven't taken a language yet, or took something useful like Spanish, or intellectual like Latin, or exotic like Swahili) contest was announced in last month's issue and the response was overwhelming. We could only pick five winners, so we hope that the sixth contestant has no hard feelings. Better luck next time, Drusilla. We are sure that all our winners are outstanding examples to youth of today. There will be no external signs of immoral behavior in any of our future models. All nude photos had to be sent in with the application. Our winners were judged on their academic and extracurricular activities, personal statements, and interviews with our judges. It's similar to the college process only more important. **Everyone** goes to college, but not many lucky young people get to be models! Photos and measurements were strictly for statistical research and had no influence on our judges whatsoever. Below are our winners, as well as their fascinating personal statements. Congratulations, kids, and welcome to the wonderful world of modeling!



Name: Agatha Ann Gore
Age: "16 Goddamn years"
Hometown: Toxic Waste, NJ
Measurements: 26-21-34 (without complete body cast)
Hair color: Red
Eye color: Red
Favorite hobby: Death

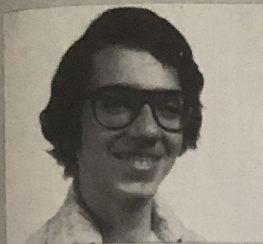
I hate people. I really do. They suck. Life stinks. After doing my philosophy term paper on Charles Manson, I decided that mass murder is a pretty cool thing to do. I used to kill little animals and stuff and pretend they were my brothers and sisters. Someday I would like to drop a penny from the top of the Empire State Building and see if it really does make a hole in somebody's head. My goal in life is to decimate the entire human race except for me.

Name: Audrey-Rose Again
Age: About 3,684 in entirety
Hometown: Crib Death, Iowa
Measurements: In what life?
Hair color: Dirty blonde

Eye color: Usually brown, if I have them
Favorite hobby: Karma collecting



When I was little, I used to have nightmares and I always had the feeling that I wasn't quite myself. My best friend hypnotized me one night at a pajama party and we found out that I had been reincarnated many times. I was a paramecium first, then a waterbug, then the fungus that grows on apples when you bite into them and leave them out too long. This is my first time as a human, but I'm not sure it's all it's cracked up to be. It's sort of a let-down after being a Siamese cat. My goal in life is to come back in my next life as yogurt.



Name: Izzy Pathetic
Age: I forget
Hometown: Nowhere, Arizona
Measurements: They change every few minutes
Hair color: None really
Eye color: Puke green
Favorite hobby:Drilling holes (people always tell me I'm boring)

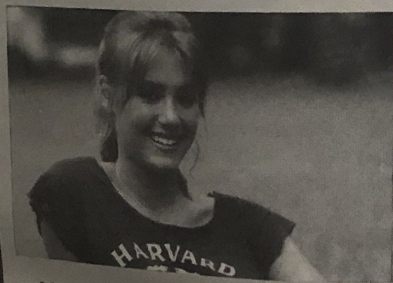
My mother always tells me that I take after my father. She forgets who he is, even though he lives in our house. She has all these pictures of furniture in my baby photo album, because she says that chairs have more personality. It was during this time that I developed my taste for lead paint, because I had nothing else to do besides eat it off the walls. When the kids on my block would have parties, they used to come over to my house, play "Pin the Firecracker on Izzy" and then leave. Aside from that, my childhood wasn't much fun. I do have a good sense of humor, because I make people laugh all the time. I once asked a girl out and she laughed for a whole week! My goal in life is to manufacture lead-paint-flavored tofu.

Name: Ditsy DeRetardo
Age: 13

Hometown: Braindrain, Mass.
Measurements: Not yet
Hair color: My mother won't let me
Eye color: Blue-Gaze
Favorite hobby: Drooling over cute guys!



I have devoted my entire life to music. Nothing gives me as much pleasure as watching cute guys jump around singing stuff. I make my father dress up as Boy George and my mother cut her hair real short like Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics. Now nobody knows which is my Mom and which is my Dad! Isn't that wild? I absolutely worship Michael Jackson and won't go out of the house without my white sequined glove. I followed Rick Springfield around the country on his last tour. I met a guy who said he was his stage manager and could take me backstage and we went a secret way, but there was nobody there and he wasn't a very nice man, but at least I know someone who knows RS! My goal in life is to marry all five members of Duran Duran. At the same time. Where would our honeymoon be? Rio, of course.



Name: Tabitha Rockefeller Vanderbilt Getty
Age: 17
Hometown: Green Back, Wisconsin
Measurements: \$36-\$24-\$36
Hair color: Gold
Eye color: Green
Favorite hobby: Spending money

I like munny. We have a lot. We have lotz of carz and howses and stuf. I never went to skool -- I had a tooter. He was supp-hosed to be reely good. Next yeer Im going to Harvard because my pairents went there and they doughnated a liberry last weak. My goal in life is to take over Daddy's oil bizness. ♡





A saga of a woman, some drunken cowboys, and
Madame Bovary

YELLOWSTONE KNIGHTS

Men of every epoch, society, and religion have possessed their own particular means of paying tribute to those of the female sex who, whether by guile, charm, beauty, wit, or some combination thereof, have caught their fancy. English noblemen of means might, for instance, present a favored courtesan with a basket of rare fruits among which had been slipped a string of sapphires or a bejeweled hair ornament. Today, men will slide folded bills into the brassieres or panties of nightclub dancers. Of course, most tokens of esteem neither prove so lucrative to the female involved nor carry such

provocative connotations, but the fact remains that the number and variety of compliments men pay to women nearly equals the number and variety of men inhabiting this earth.

I propose to describe an example of what must constitute the highest compliment rough and tumble Wyoming cowboys can bestow upon a member of the fair sex, namely, the distinction of having incited a barroom brawl. I spent a summer working at Lake Lodge in Yellowstone National Park, and in my somewhat schizophrenic capacity of kitchen help by day and barfly by night, had occasion to meet not a few cowboys.

One evening my friend Rhonda and I drifted down to the Lodge bar to have a drink and listen to a particularly good band playing that week. We anticipated a quiet evening; I had even brought my copy of *Madame Bovary* along in case tranquility eventually verged on monotony. Although the band had attracted an ample assortment of tourists and park employees, the night was yet young, and for a time we simply chatted, nursed our drinks, and cast a few covert glances at the men in the vicinity. After a while, Rhonda, who hails from Germany, discovered some compatriots among the tourists and moved over to talk with them; I proceeded to immerse myself in the foolish, futile, and ultimately fatal amours of Emma Bovary.

As the youth of the evening gave way to middle-aged itchiness and the punch of the inhibition-stripping elixirs that the bartender had been so readily dispensing began to register upon the assemblage, couples rose to dance. One of the men with whom

Rhonda had been talking, a slight, elderly German gentleman, led her onto the floor. Rhonda is a strapping six feet tall, and to compensate, her resourceful and somewhat inebriated partner pulled his chair along as well. From this unique vantage point he and Rhonda executed as graceful a western swing as can be expected under the circumstances.

I was still convulsed with laughter when an older man garbed in cowboy boots, Levis, flannel shirt, and Stetson hat approached and asked me for a dance. My western swing can only be described as bovine in its grace, but having imbibed a bit too liberally, I threw dignity to the wind and acquiesced. Besides, I rationalized, how could I possibly, in any way, hold a candle to the spectacle Rhonda had just made of herself?

As it turned out, my cowboy in shining buffalo hide was the foreman of a road construction crew from a different park location; they had completed their contract that day, and were celebrating. There were about nine of them in all, and I am sure that if they had attacked the potholes which festered on every road in the park with even half as much zeal as they guzzled their booze, the park roads would quickly have earned the title "great American autobahn" or some such appellation. We danced a few more songs and returned to the bar for a beer. After some chit-chat, he excused himself and came back with several from his crew in tow, whom he introduced to me. They wandered off, we danced some more, and he said, "Now you go ask Bobby there to dance - he's been fixing to ask you all night but just don't have the gumption. Real shy guy, that Bobby."

I obediently trotted over to the timid Bobby and asked him for a dance. I towered at least six inches over him, and as I have mentioned, I danced with positively simian flair and dexterity, but my other allures must have been sufficiently dazzling to blind him to these deficiencies, for Bobby cottoned on to me and was my faithful companion the rest of the evening. And he was not shy; the night was thick with puppydog murmurs: "You're sure sweet," "I'll bet you know how to take care of a

man," and the like, and he suffered from an acute case of Russian hands and Roman fingers.

His devoted attentions did not, however, prevent me from stealing dances with the other cowboy cavaliers, and it was when Bobby and another of the more inebriated among them advanced simultaneously to request the honor of my presence on the dance floor that trouble began. I hesitated, and smiling with a tinge of embarrassment and a good deal of satisfaction at this gratifying dilemma, looked ingenuously from one to the other. As I cast pie-eyes at them, they looked daggers at each other, their hands tensing into fists and slowly relaxing, only to close again, their torsos pitched slightly forward, quivering gently in anticipation. One of them broke the stalemate with a languid gesture of contempt, almost as one would flick away a housefly, and extended his arm to me. The other's punch caught him squarely on the left cheek and he staggered back before collecting himself and reciprocating.

My hands pressed to my mouth in shock, I skittered over to where Rhonda was sitting. She was giggling.

"You sleaze!" she exclaimed, jabbing me archly in the ribs, and I tit-

tered despite myself. The absurdity of two besotted cowboys weaving about, arms flailing and teeth bared, pathetically attempting to defend their manhood, tickled me. Our mirth quickly became alarm, however, as one of the combatants began to bleed profusely from the nose. We joined the group of men trying, with no visible success, to part the two warriors, but our entreaties fell on deaf ears, and we decided to beat a hasty retreat back to the dorm. The fearless Rhonda rushed into the thick of the fray to rescue the imperiled *Madame Bovary*, and like two guilty Cinderellas, we fled into the night.

Afterward, a few pang of guilt niggled at my conscience, for I knew I had made no effort to prevent two men from coming to rather sanguinary blows - indeed I had encouraged them - and had, instead of rectifying the situation, blithely escaped, my own hide unscathed. Yet I distinctly felt a perverse pride at having been the object of such fervent, albeit drunken, manifestations of chivalry. To be sure, instigating a barroom brawl cannot compete in refinement, romance, or lucre with receiving a basket of passion fruit and pearls from a debonair duke, but then, a girl has to start somewhere. ▽

Dennis the Mennis



"Thirty-six WHAT, Joey?"

Dear Murray...

Got a problem? Need a friend?
Write to Murray, c/o
Punchbowl magazine.

Dear Murray:

Recently, I went out with one of my friends. Guys kept asking me where I lived and what my phone number was, but none of them asked my friend. She got very angry because of this and now she won't go anywhere with me. Whenever I call her up, she sarcastically says, "Why don't you go with some guy?"

What can I do to make sure I don't lose my friends?

— Pretty Upset

Dear Pretty Upset:

You little slut. Don't lie to me. I know that you love it when all those guys fall all over you. You cake on the make-up and wear fancy clothes to make yourself look older and more attractive. Well let me tell you, all that it does is make you look more like a whore. And if that's not bad enough, you hang around with ugly girls so you have no competition from them. Within a year you'll be 15 years old and pregnant, and you deserve it. You're not "Pretty Upset," you're deeply disturbed.

— Murray

Dear Murray:

My birthday is coming up in a few months, and each year I invite my friends over for a party. My problem is that, while I'm fairly popular at school and go around with what you would call the "in" crowd, I also like some people who aren't very popular. I'm afraid that some of my "in" friends will think I'm strange if I invite my other friends. What should I do so as not to lose any friends?

— Trying to be everyone's friend

Dear Trying to be everyone's friend:

Screw those losers. Being a nerd gets you nowhere in life and so does hanging around with them. How can you expect to become a significant person in your Jr. High if you're seen with those jerks. Cool people like you and me end up in places like Penn while those fags end up at places like Princeton. You tell me which one has more cool pre-professionals.

— Murray

Dear Murray:

I'm 13 and my older sister is 15. My problem is that everybody treats me as if I were 7 and as if she were 18! I get treated like dirt, and she gets the "red carpet" treatment. Am I acting like a baby, or do I have a right to feel unloved?

— Spit upon

Dear Spit Upon:

You're acting like a baby. But most likely this is because you still look like a prepubescent. When you get breasts, people will pay attention to you too. If you want to speed up the natural process you may wish to buy my latest book, *How to Make Mountains Out of Molehills*. It illustrates exercises, suggests special carbohydrate diets, and even gives tips on "stuffing and padding bras." Good luck!

— Murray

Dear Murray:

I have an embarrassing lisp that makes me sound younger than my true age. It really drains my self-confidence. What do you think?

— Cindy Brady

Dear Cindy:

Baby talk, baby talk, it's a wonder you can walk!

— Buddy Hinton

Dear Murray:

My friends and I have a problem that's been bothering us for a long time. We don't know how to start a conversation with boys. We've tried asking them how they've been doing or if they've seen a certain movie, but after that we just don't know what to say. Can you give us any advice?

— Speechless

Dear Speechless:

What are 35-year-old women talking to boys for anyway?

Dear Murray:

I'm 12 years old and for a few days in a row each month I bleed from inside my private parts. It's really embarrassing. I have to put rags in me so that I don't stain my clothes with the blood. I'm too ashamed to ask my parents or friends about it. I think I might have cancer. What's happening to me?

— On the Rag

Dear O.T.R.:

You are experiencing what's known as "having your period." It's natural and every woman in the world, no matter who she is, goes through exactly what you described to me once a month. Don't worry about it, you aren't sick. Your body is simply telling you that it is able to become pregnant and have a baby. Don't be ashamed to ask your mother about it. By the way, there is one important thing to remember. When you are having your period, if you go swimming, you'll blow up.

— Murray

Penn Profile #3

CHEST HAIR: All of it fell out, never to grow back, on the day he received his rejection from Harvard Med.

HAIR: Immediately after Freshman Convocation, he ran back to his room to begin studying for MCATs. Uncombed since.

FISHER-PRICE JR. STETHOSCOPE: Mother put it on him in the second grade, when she decided he was going to grow up to be a doctor — he hasn't removed it since.

COFFEE I.V.: Oral intake is so inefficient.

BELT & DAGGER: For backstabbing. He borrowed it from Winthrop while his own was being sharpened.

ROSARY: Every night he prays, "Please, God, don't let them socialize medicine."

1-2-3-4: Four months until MCATs.

BELOVED SCRUB PANTS: They bunch up at the crotch. Anything is appreciated which brings any activity to his nether zones.

SKIP M. KATZ®

HOROSCOPES

S. COHEN 1984

ARIES(March 21 – April 19): This would not be a good time to set fire to your feet. Though you might not think so now, your feet shall prove to be quite useful to you later in life. The home front is particularly rough for you this month, especially during the full moon when your mother may try to poison you. Do not take this personally, as the full moon will be a rough period for most Aries mothers. Romance looks particularly bright, though, as the odds are favorable that your beau will grow disillusioned with your younger sister in the near future.

TAURUS(April 20 – May 20): This would be a good month for you to begin new projects, especially artistic ones. Your parents, however, may not agree on what constitutes “art” and might ask you to find a better place than the living room to keep your Spam bust of C. Everett Koop. Take this in stride, as others do appreciate your rare talent for manipulating luncheon meat. Your love life may have its ups and downs for a while, as your boyfriend tries to discover the “inner” you. Do not let him probe too deeply; there are some secrets you would rather keep to yourself.

GEMINI(May 21 – June 20): Gemini, your horoscope for this month is so bad that we, as a public service, refuse to print it. Read Cancer’s horoscope instead; you’ll feel better. And make sure that your life insurance premiums are paid up.



CANCER(June 21 – July 22): Don’t go anywhere with a Gemini unless your life insurance premiums are paid up or you’re looking for a novel way to get out of your mid-terms. That sore you were worried about will probably disappear by the full moon. Life at home will become much more bearable if you and your father quit throwing hot, greasy food at one another. The boy you’ve had your eye on for some time now will consider asking you out on the 8th, but may be too nervous to approach you. Help him overcome his shyness by subtly wrestling him to the ground, and then tickling his uvula.

LEO(July 23 – August 22): This is a month for dietary problems among Leos. Try to avoid anything more fattening than water, at least until the 19th. This choice may prove unpopular at home, so don’t be surprised if your parents brand you “an irresponsible anorexic” and claim that you were just “a bad accident”. On the bright side, that cute guy in chem lab will probably approve of “the new you”. Take advantage of this situation before he has a chance to get the prescription glasses he so desperately needs.

VIRGO(August 23 – September 22): Ha! Not this month, you aren’t. Unless you stop hanging around the guy’s locker room after football practice. Or at least while you refuse to wear enough clothing to keep you from catching pneumonia and other ailments of the chest. But even if you do give in to temptation and lose your virginity to that cute tight end, you can always borrow someone else’s. Don’t be surprised if your parents forget to tell you about the house being sold and the move to Greece. You’re not really theirs anyway.

LIBRA(September 23 – October 22): This is not a good time for that nose job you’ve wanted for so long. Better that you pay more attention to those disgusting blemishes that are popping up all over your face. Your parents may scoff at your idea of hiring an exorcist for this acne problem of yours, but they’ll probably go along with it if you agree to pay for half. But it would be best not to tell them where you really got the money from. Parents don’t tend to be very understanding when it comes to black market abortions. After the full moon, a faculty member may take a great deal of interest in you personally, but it would be best to discourage him or her, as the doctors are still uncertain as to his or her contagiousness.

SCORPIO(October 23 – November 21): This month will be the beginning of a new and wonderful life for you, Scorpio. Everything will go right. Your grades will improve, those unwanted pounds will disappear like magic, your parents will treat you with new-found respect and admiration, your siblings will stop short-sheeting your bed, and you will meet the man you’ll soon marry. All of your troubles and worries will vanish completely, and new doors shall open for you all month – Whoops! Sorry, we had our star chart upside-down! None of the above is accurate. In fact, Scorpio, it’s going to be a pretty sad month all around for you. Better luck next time!

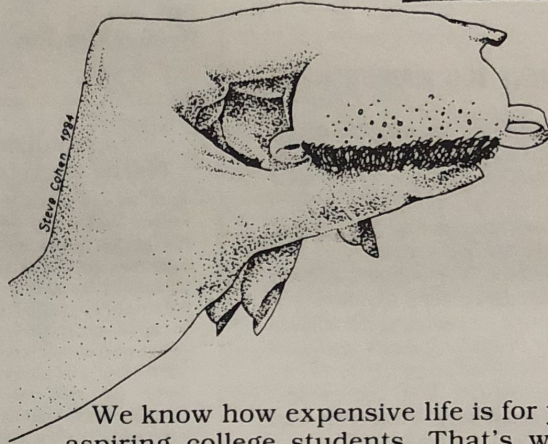
SAGITTARIUS(November 22 – December 21): You're a sad, pitiful case, Sagittarius, and there's no hope for you whatsoever. Your idea that your lack of friends is just a streak of bad luck is completely wrong: you *really* are a loser. Your family hates you, your teachers all think of you as the worst student they've ever had, and none of this will ever change for the better. The problem can't be solved through anything as "simple" as a face lift, or even a new wardrobe (though they sure couldn't hurt), because you're just not a likeable person. Period. (But don't let this inescapable fact bother you too much....)

CAPRICORN(December 22 – January 19): Though the prospects look good now, you probably won't be able to make it as a Zen Buddhist juggler. For one thing, the bottom is due to drop out of that market any minute now. And the Zen Buddhists are beginning to get sick of being juggled by the likes of you and they're starting to fight back. Should you forsake this career goal, you might be able to win back some of the respect your parents once had for you; they are still somewhat perturbed by the fact that you tossed your little brother onto the bonfire at that C. Everett Koop pep rally. Yet another reason to cease juggling Zen Buddhists is that you've unknowingly discovered a better use for them: that guy you've been seeing isn't really a Mormon. Don't despair, there are many other things in this world that can be juggled safely.

AQUARIUS(January 20 – February 18): This is a good month for all you Aquarians to write letters. Have you sent out your thank-you notes from your birthday yet? Or the ones from last Christmas? And when was the last time that you wrote your grandmother? Are you wearing clean underwear in case you're in an accident? Did you do the dishes last night like you were supposed to? Who's this boy you've been seeing recently? And what are those funny cigarettes he smokes? When was the last time you cleaned your room? And, for God's sake, stop putting empty milk cartons back in the refrigerator!! (This horoscope has been a paid announcement from the Mothers of America.)

PISCES(February 19 – March 20): To tell you the truth, Pisces, we don't know what's going to happen to you *this* month. In fact, we don't know what's going to happen to *anyone* any month. So we have fun making things up and seeing how many people we can frighten into doing silly things. And every few months or so, we take the exorbitant profits we've made off of gullible twerps like yourself, go to Monte Carlo, and shoot the whole wad so that we have to come back and feed you another few issues of tripe. Otherwise there's no point in our continuing. The only reason we're coming clean with you now is because we got bored and wanted to see what would happen if we told the truth for a change. Oh, by the way, our subscription rate is going up again (it costs so much to fly to Monte Carlo these days...) so you'd better renew now. Thanks.

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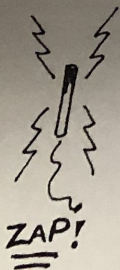
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Hi, I'm an orphan who's had my share of hard knocks. Sometimes I get down on myself, but then I realize that there are losers like you who are a hell of a lot worse off than I am, and that makes me realize how fortunate I've been. I just wanted to say thanks.

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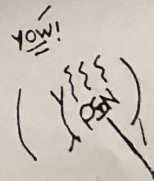
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Poetry Corner

AGO FALLS OUT

the sunset on the water
makes me think of your
big brown eyes
like piles of cow dung
floating in pools of
milk of magnesia
as they looked at me
through your greasy matted locks
and i wonder sometimes
when you take out the garbage
if you use those twisty-things that
come with the bags or whether
you simply tie the bag in a knot
or leave it open so all the
empty gum wrappers apple peels
and something that used to
be onion dip about two or three
years ago falls out
and your neighbors throw
bricks through your living room
window with insulting messages
on them basically telling you
to keep the sidewalk clean or
they will take away your german shepherd
and put it in someones microwave
and mail you what's left of
poor fido who always used
to make those funny noises
whenever i came to visit and it's
those nights watching the sunset from
your window with fido by my side
while you were out with your friends
bowling or something and thats the
only thing i really miss about you



-- Elise I. Tried

KAFKA'S FALSE STARTS

One day Gregor Samsa woke from unsettling dreams
to find himself transformed into an enormous hoagie.



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THE MULTIPLICITY OF
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THE DICOTOMY, WE
MUST STUDY STATISTICS.

TO MAXIMIZE THE
COMMON GOOD, IT IS IMPERATIVE
TO HAVE A PLURALITY OF THEOCRACIES.

THE MICROSCOPICAL
REPRESENTATION IS TO
BE THOUGHT THAT WHICH
BEST SETS FORTH THE REAL
NATURE OF THE THING.

REALITY IS GOVERNED BY PERCEPTIONS,
BUT ONLY IF WE PERCEIVE OUR
MINDS TO BE SUBSTANTIVE AND
RATIONAL.

TO COMPREHEND
THAT REALITY, ONE
MUST PRACTICE AMPHIBOLY
IN ONE'S OWN MIND.

AH, BUT REALITY IS
THAT WHICH RESULTS FROM
THE OBFUSCATION OF
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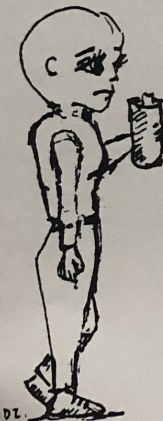
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