PUNCH BOWL
Things That Matter
Spring 2006
Letters From the Editors

Esteemed Henchmen,

Sentimentality aside, there’s a lot to miss here at the Bowl. I’ve spent four years pasting heads of things onto the bodies of other things. Two of those years were spent with the sublime appendages of one Amy Gutmann, whose grace and clear skin make even the deadliest robot-bodies seem harmlessly presidential.

Most of all, however, I’ll miss publishing a magazine for people who have spent their whole lives in academia. Sure, they’re neurotic, hypersensitive and blissfully unaware of the outside world, but what better fodder could a humor writer ask for? The Daily Pennsylvanian.

When I’m sitting on Franklin Field in my cap and gown, my thoughts will focus, like this issue, on the Things That Matter. Those things, in a list, are as follows:

1) The love of family and friends
2) Grade inflation

Thanks for reading. Off you go!

Will Smythe

Readers,

Before I leave forever, there’s something I need to get off my chest: I was deferred. The word sounds exactly like the experience felt, “de-furred.” It was as if Franklin himself came to my house with a small envelope filled with hot wax and pulled me clean, leaving my bikini line immaculate but my dreams crushed.

I was naked for five months, a college man without a college. But soon the stubble of regular decision grew in and I was again hopeful. Then, on April 3rd 2002 I got in! I was the opposite of de-furred, I was furred! Locks of hair exploded from former president Judith Rodin’s armpits and embraced me with the love I still feel today.

It makes me sad to leave such a great place, but I wish it all the best. In the coming years I hope that Amy reaches her target weight, the nursing students move on to solid food, and the Punch Bowl staff catches that elusive cheetah covered in Vaseline.

I’ll miss you all,

Dave Kornfeld

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At Smoke’s...

There is no black, white, brown or yellow, just red and blue.

There are no Christians, Jews, Muslims or Hindus, just Quakers.

There is no left wing or right wing, just hot wings.

There are no weapons or violence, just Jäger Bombs.

There is no upper, middle, or lower class, just those with class.

Simplicity is beautiful.

Smoke’s
We admit we’re SAC, why do you fund us so?

SPOONS

Matthew Fox  Jon Weinblatt
Constance Mietus  Christine Weller
David Reinecke  Colleen Wilson
Rahul Sharodi
Andrew Thomas
Justin Van Etten

Punch Bowl would like to thank $AC, Smoke’s, Abner’s, Greek Lady and Saladworks. Punch Bowl is not responsible for any anger, confusion, bowel irritation or horse gagging suffered as a result of consumption of this magazine. It’s not our fault you don’t have a sense of humor, loser.

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Student Activities Council
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Agenda

Student Activities Council
General Body Meeting

I. Lord's Prayer/Joke of the Day
II. New Business
III. Executive Report

CONTINGENCY/RECOGNITION REQUESTS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL 2006

GROUP
Pennvelopes
Society of Women Engineers
RAPLine
Freaks of the Beat
Musicians Against Homelessness
West Philly Swingers
Buddhist Club
Toy Box Social
Japanese Student Association
Alternate Spring Break
Stimulus Children's Theatre
Dining Philosophers
Brazilian Club
Punch Bowl

REQUEST
Envelopes
Romance
Put your back into it
Acceptance of the beat
Supplies for soup kitchen
A big push

RECOMMENDATION
Disapprove
Particle accelerator
Put your ass into it
Continue ostracizing the beat
Do Freebird!
Ok here we go, wheeeeeee!

GROUPS THAT HAVE LOST SAC RECOGNITION

GROUP
Campus Crusade for Christ
Mr. Freeze Fan Club
Academic Demolition Team
Model Congress
German, Japanese, and Italian Clubs

REASON FOR FROZEN BUDGET
Missed Meeting: 12/25/05
His ray gun
Devastated every pencil we bought them
Glued little Joe Biden to little Trent Lott
Attacked ALLIES

Hey "STUDENT NURSES AT PENN" (SNAP),
COME OUT WITH US THIS WEEKEND.
CHECK ONE: YES □
NO □

Please stop doing this.

... CHECK ONE: YES □
NO □
In the past, my actions have been both emotionally and physically destructive. But I am not ashamed. I have a disease, a disease that takes control of my body and makes me start parties. I’ve been told the process of healing can only begin once I am able confess my wrongdoing. So, I have decided to share my journal with you. Please don’t judge.

January 27th, 2006
Grabbed dinner at Tony Luke’s when it happened again. I was about to pay when the jukebox loaded “I like to Move It Move It.” I looked around but no one was moving it. No one had even thought about moving it. I peered across the counter and underneath the cashier’s headscarf…did I see a little party? Maybe. Whatever it was, it was enough to break the dam: I grabbed that Tony-Luke’s lady and started a vicious bump & grind. People were confused until the kitchen staff began to groove along, and finally the whole place gave in. When the song was over I got my cheesesteak and walked home and cried.

February 7th, 2006
I’d been clean for a week when I got a call that my grandfather had died. My family flew out to Santa Barbara for the service. In the middle of the eulogy a car drove by blasting C & C Music Factory’s “Gonna Make You Sweat.” Before I could stop myself, I was crip-walking on the casket demanding that everybody “dance now.” I am so sorry, Grampy.

February 31st, 2006
Volunteered at the CHOP burn unit tonight. The nurses had a portable radio nearby. I would have asked them to turn it off, but Christian rock was playing and I thought I was safe. Without warning, Christian funk erupted from the speakers. I grabbed Nurse Brenda and a four-year-old without a face and started a booty train with no brakes. I ran home and listened to the Lord of the Rings soundtrack until I could stop thinking about getting down.

March 22nd, 2006
Ran over a guinea pig today. He was just a flash of brown and two thuds. I got out of my Ford F-150 to check on the little guy. A toddler ran out of his house, hysterical over his erstwhile “best friend.” As I tried to console the kid, my car stereo played the fateful opening notes of the greatest party song in history: Kool and the Gang’s “Celebration.” “I’m sorry...” I sputtered, and picked up the lifeless animal. We danced and danced. The boy was aghast at first, but even he, shocked and in mourning, succumbed to the party. Our private event turned into a street festival that lasted four days and nights. It was awful. This needs to stop.
Penn’s Planned Eastward Expansion

1. POD restaurant
2. Backup POD restaurant
3. The Ugg Road
4. Higher rises
5. Swim-up KFC
6. Diversity factory
7. Super Block!
8. Mr. & Ms. Penn’s Homestead
9. 898-MONSTERTRUCK
10. Recreation fields
11. Zerg Base

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VAN PELT SAYS:
Study!

and RAISE YOUR HAND in class!
The History of Penn

1740
Penn is founded

1790
Ben Franklin heads west to find gold. Since he is a fat-ass, he stops at a bench on 37th where he reads the paper, communes with a bird, and dies.

1857
Penn graduates high school and is voted most likely to develop ENIAC

1862
Penn Glee Club is founded. Glee nearly doubles.

1893
Penn leaves dirty, Irish-ridden Center City for idyllic West Philadelphia

1894
Irish move to West Philadelphia

1880
Penn's first themed frat party, "Whining Pro's and Eski-hu's"

1933
Women first admitted to Penn. Taking notice, Mask & Wig fixes costumes to be anatomically correct.

1945
Penn students return tanned from Summer Abroad in Nagasaki.

1946
Penn President Martin Meyerson embezzles alumni donations to buy a pet rock. The rock goes on to become that year's Ivy Day stone and the Vietnam War ends.

2005
Penn School of Dentistry gets 3rd in US News and World Report, but a 9 on ratemyprof.com

2006 (predicted)
In the best commencement address ever, Jodie Foster advises graduates that "The [Penn] School of Dentistry... has very nice poo."

U.S. President Ronald Reagan declares the Soviet Union an "Evil Empire." Penn President Sheldon Hackney declares Soviet Union a "good place to find math professors"

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Sneak Peak at Quake’s Next Issue

Never heard of Quake, Penn’s first literary erotica magazine? You must not be erotic enough. We are though. We’re so erotic that we broke into their offices and grabbed whatever we could, including a nipple filer and their yet-to-be published next issue. One of our staffers even slipped and broke her arm on the way out. How erotic!

I lay on the bed, tense and expectant, as my boyfriend entered my personal space. He sat down next to me and pulled off his shirt. “You know what I want,” I murmured. Without a word, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his big hardcover copy of Herman Melville’s posthumously published classic, “Billy Budd, Sailor.”

I sat quivering as he read the first sentence, emphasizing the second syllables of words that were two or more syllables. “In the time before steamSHIPS, or then more frequently than now, a stroller along the docks of any considerable sea-port would…”

“Oh God!” I couldn’t contain myself any longer. “Wait, there’s more” he said, chewing the soft part of my knee, driving me wild.

I’ve been burned twice before…”

Sophomore in College
I publish erotic
Spank me with Quake please

Haiku 2

I hope you don’t mind
My pet parrot likes to watch
Now take off my leg

Her Eye Was Watching God

Those dark eyes, dark like extra dark chocolate. The right: alert and engaged in dinner chat. The left: spunky and independent, frolicking hither and thither. As her indiscriminate gaze momentarily transfixes you, you realize you’re staring again and duck back down into your cold gnocchi. Soon your two strong, functional eyes drift towards her once again. Your potato balls are tasteless in comparison to the bile marinara of contempt as you glare at the guy she may or may not be looking at.
Commons/Starbucks. Quizzno’s/CVS. One restaurant per retail space is inefficient. We live in a two or more world, baby. If you want to survive, you gotta combine.

The chairs are amazing.

Eating well in the neighborhood.

You probably thought pizza couldn’t be faxed.

If the jeans are too big we can make your ass bigger

Eat next to a cervical sponge signed by Roseanne Barr
While it’s more common to choose classes based on how attractive you find your classmates, some people have genuine interests which cause them to take courses other than Oceanography. It is for these people that we present a list of Penn’s newest offerings:

**BBB-203: Biological Basis of Babies**
How can we determine the origin of babies? Although the symptoms and final development of baby are well known, its pathology remains shrouded in wive’s tales. This course examines the three most popular theories of baby creation: hugging, adoption and parts glued together from incomplete babies. Finally, students will attempt to discover the source of babies by interviewing them over the course of the semester. All I’m saying is that it could have been anyone’s.

**PHYS-401: Bop-It™ Exteeeeme ®2**
Twist it, bop it, pull it, flick it, spin it, spin it, flick it, bop it, pull it, twist it, twist it…

**BFS-120: Perspectives In Fact**
Do dogs have legs? Are you reading right now? This course aims to explain the so-called self-explanatory and jolt the average Penn student out of society’s conformist conclusions about what is deemed “obvious.” Starting with Descarte’s “I think therefore I think” and other texts, our class will determine, using a mid-term essay as a starting point for a longer 15-25 page research paper, whether bears do, in fact, shit in the woods. Empirical evidence gathering is encouraged.

**COMM-562: We Need To Communicate Better**
Prerequisites:
- COMM-555: Don’t leave that wet towel on the bed
- COMM-556: Do I look like the fucking maid?
- COMM-557: Oh that’s what this is about, me fucking the maid? Fine, I fucked the maid. Whoopdefreaking do.
- COMM-558: That’s not what I said.
- COMM-559:
- COMM-560: You fucked the maid?
- COMM-561: …No…?

**SOCI-221: Offline Social Networks**
This semester we will explore the burgeoning world of offline social networks. Exciting new public spaces - bars, parties, and dormrooms - are rapidly supplanting archaic digital forums like Facebook as the best way to get to know people who have similar interests. Over drinks, students will attempt to distinguish between on-line and off-line “poking” by testing which is more giggle inducing. Hoo-hoo!

Check out www.pennpunchbowl.com for past issues and stuff that didn’t make it into the magazine
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