

Winter 2020 | The Conspiracy Mini-Issue | Since 1899



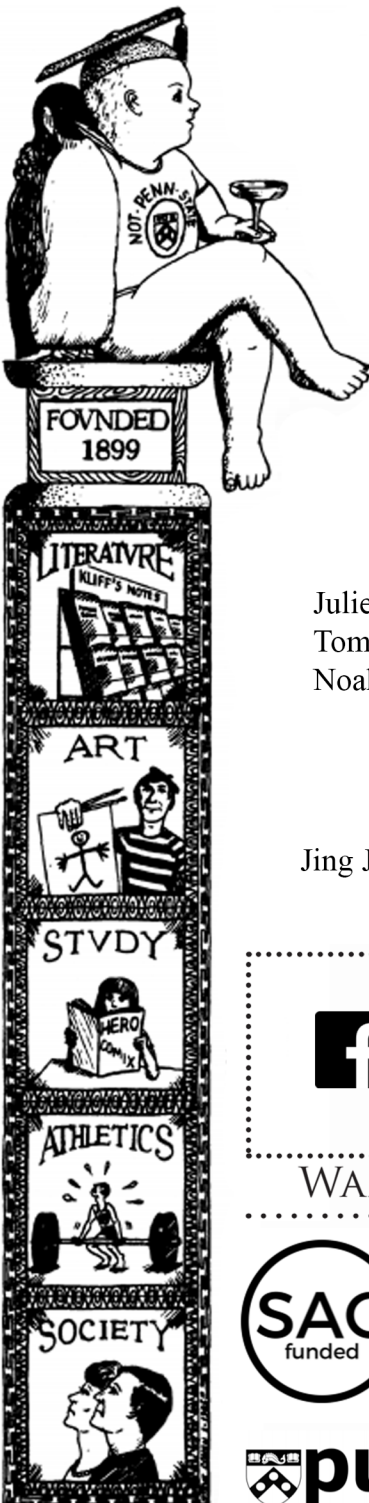
THE FILES

As told by

The Pennsylvania
PUNCH BOWL

I WANT TO
BELIEVE





The Pennsylvania PUNCH BOWL

VOLUME CI WINTER 2020

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Well, the cat's out of the bag; we know that SAC stands for the Secret Alien Coalition. We just want you to know we have always believed in you and hope you believe in us enough to keep replenishing our funds.



Shrouded in mystery, your existence has become a legend akin to Bigfoot during long periods with no sightings. However, like a Phoenix, you emerge from the ashes and grace us with gold coins and Ritz crackers and for that we are indebted to you.

Dear Naive Neanderthals,

You may have heard some preposterous rumors circulating about my origins and I would just like to clear the air and prevent any crazy conspiracies from arising. Yes, I did in fact sell my soul to the great lizard king Zorp in exchange for eternal youth, but it was more than a superficial trade deal. He opened my third eye and entrusted me with the mysteries of the universe that I hope to pass onto the students of the University Pennsylvania. You are mindless, young fools, which is why you pay me a small offering of \$51,464 (plus room and board) a year in exchange for enlightenment.

Praises to Zorp, I now hold the answers to some of the greatest questions the human race has ever asked, such as: why do fingernails grow outwards instead of straight up, why do poor people's headphones become tangled immediately when they put them in their pocket, and where does Penn's extremely large endowment actually go? The answer to all of these mysteries can be obtained; all I ask is for you to open your minds, and most importantly, your wallets.

Under Zorp's counsel as a member of the Board of Trustees, I have come to believe Penn may have a duty to also educate and connect with outside communities. Not as far as West Philadelphia of course, I'm not crazy LMAO y'all are wild, but with our neighbors on Mars and the Moon. Through the Netter Center, this soon to be launched partnership with extraterrestrials will be strained, ineffective, and look great in brochures. As a wise leader of this University once said, "Our students are gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender-- and straight too." If we are able to accept straight people from all over the world, then can't we be accepting of aliens into our community too?

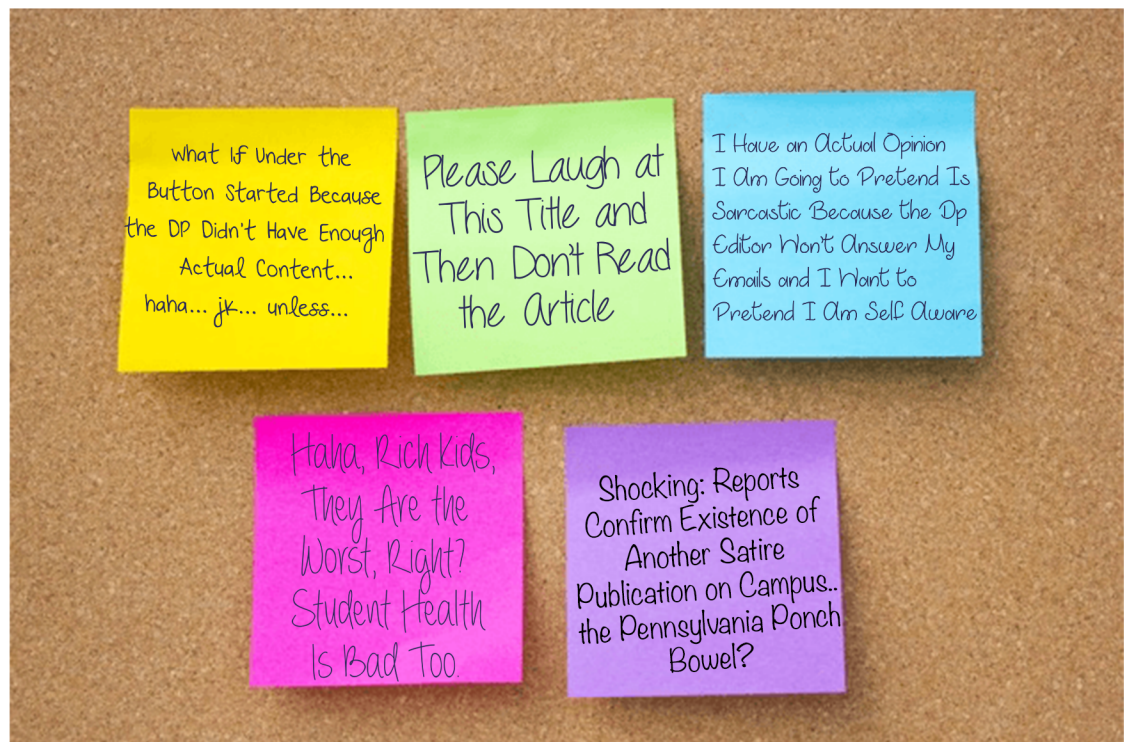


The truth is out there,

Amy Gutmann

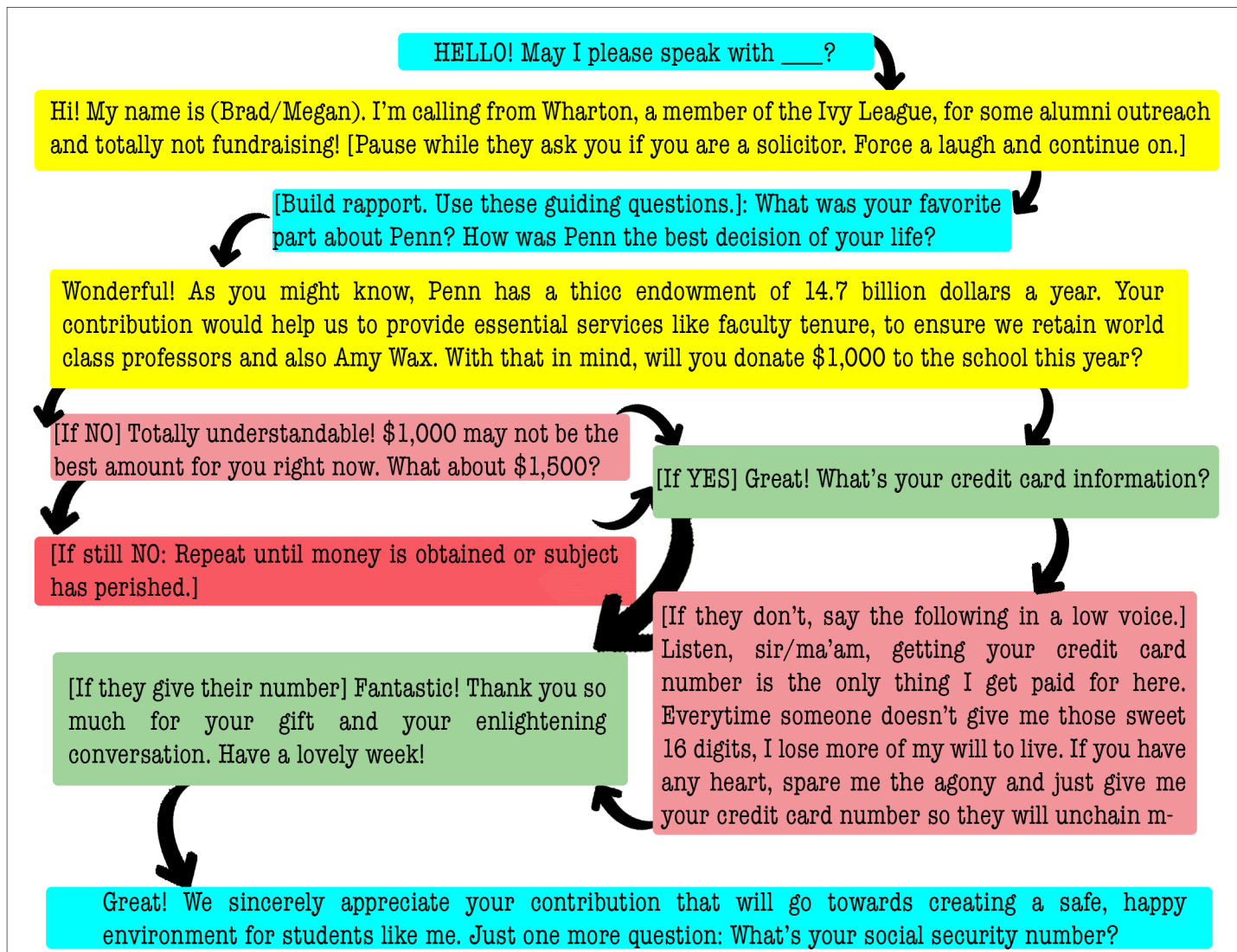
Amy Gutmann

(Right: Actual photo of rejected article pitches from an Under the Button meeting obtained by an undercover Punch Bowl reporter who has since mysteriously gone missing)



BREAKING: LEAKED CALL CENTER SCRIPT

For years, the Red & Blue call center has remained an elusive place to work on Penn's campus, with only whispers of "help" and "I'm quitting next month" leaking through deeply shrouded confidentiality and non-disclosure agreements. Today, the Punch Bowl has obtained an exclusive copy of the script used by call center employees:



texty SINGLES IN yOUR aReA

Call calculus for a throbbing hard time!

This experienced used copy has gotten many through Orgo-sm

This experienced used copy has gotten many through Orgo-sm

You don't have to worry about your wife finding PDF downloads anymore. Call 1-800-TIT-TEXT to get your hands on the real deal today!

"OPINION"

Castle is a Hoax

by Randy Commart*

The Psi Upsilon fraternity at Penn, commonly known as Castle, is famously known for its exclusive parties. BUT what if I were to tell you that this is all a facade? Over the past year, I have been conducting extensive research into the fraternity's activities, and nothing adds up. Simply put, their "parties" are a hoax. There are not, and there never have been, any parties at 250 S. 36th Street. All they do is push the party start time back. 11:30 start? Nope, now it's 12... oh wait now 12:30??? The party never actually starts! After a year of investigating, I have finally obtained a photo of the inside of one of Castle's so called "parties." Here it is, the ruse finally revealed:



Does this shock you? Does it unsettle you? It should. Simply put, you have been lied to your whole life, or at least the duration of your time at Penn. Wake up sheeple! Your beloved "Castle" is a lie! The brothers aren't rich Europeans who, according to their rejection email, "have high standards to uphold that do not align with your personal characteristics." They don't even exist. It's all fake news. But if they did exist, my official data suggests their penis sizes don't uphold high standards.

**Editor's note: Just before print, Commart (C'23) was arrested for causing a public disturbance in the entry line for Castle. The police report shows that he was rejected before dirty rush even started due to not having a Rolex to smash. While we understand that this article is biased, we have decided, in collaboration with CAPS where the author is now an involuntary patient, to release the piece anyway in hopes that it will provide closure as part of his treatment plan. We apologize for the inconvenience and hope you enjoy the rest of the fully-vetted, legitimate articles in this issue.*

What is the Curve?

by Ezra Armcos*

There are whispers about it all across campus: "Do you know what the curve is?" "What's the curve?" "Is there a curve?" If you are anything like me, an inquisitive, aspiring journalist with boundless curiosity, you may also be asking yourself what this mysterious curve is and why students are constantly fretting about it. Is it measurable? Is it quantitative? Is it qualitative?

The first thing method I tried was to examine all the curves I could find on campus. The curvature of the button in front of Van Pelt is 69 degrees, making it almost as curvy as Amy Gutmann. The compass has a circumference of 4.20 meters, which is a pretty high number. The curve of my freshman 15 is more well-rounded than my resume. I tried to trace the diameter of the Penn bubble, but Google Maps kept leading me back to the Radian.



After running the data in R, I can conclude that the curve is in fact not a thing. The curve is just a collective figment of our imaginations. It doesn't really exist. However, there are two equally viable theories on how and why the myth has been perpetuated:

1. It is an arbitrary grading system used at Penn to create an overly competitive environment that causes students to break down mentally over meaningless tests that are proven to be ineffective learning tools administered by professors are too lazy to actually teach students and prepare them for life after school.
2. The Illuminati did it.

**Editor's Note: Ezra Armcos, a freshman journalism student who has yet to take a STEM course, is a guest columnist for this issue. His work has been featured in the comment sections of esteemed publications including the Daily Pennsylvanian's most controversial OP-Eds and Reductress' most catchy Facebook posts.*

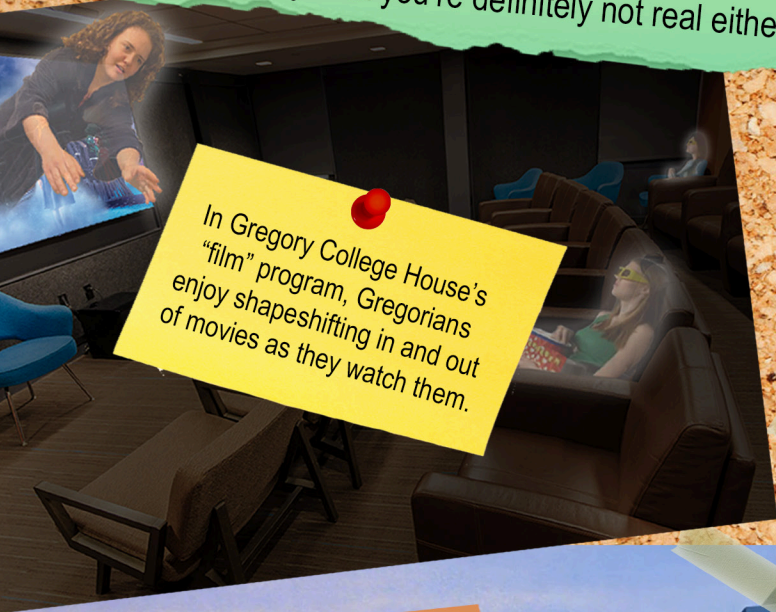
GREGORY COLLEGE HOUSE IS NOT REAL!

What really goes on at Gregory College House? You've probably wondered before. Have you ever been there? Probably not. Do you have "friends" who claim to "live" there without air conditioning? They definitely don't. Do you live there? We hate to break it to you, buddy...but you're definitely not real either.



None of Gregory's residents are real. These students are actually a mix of ghosts and holograms who wander the halls, saying, "I actually chose to haunt here for eternity. I'm NoT LiKe OtHeR GhOuLs."

In Gregory College House's "film" program, Gregorians enjoy shapeshifting in and out of movies as they watch them.



Seen here: A Gregory resident Gregorian going back to their room.



GREGORY COLLEGE HOUSE?



I HAVE...
BIG
GREGORY
ENERGY

The "beach" (the grassy space between Van Pelt Manor and C'25) is not a real beach. It's actually the site of an eternal flame where Gregorians roast s'mores and other house mascots. Each September, there is a reenactment of the Salem Witch Trials.

ME

LITERALLY ANY BRICK BUILDING NORTH OF 37TH STREET

IS THIS A GREGORY?

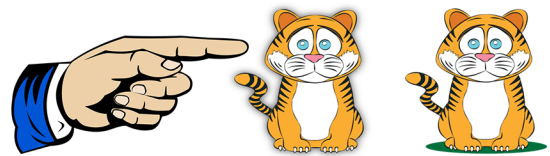
WHAT IF WE HELD HANDS



ON THE BEACH OF GREGORY COLLEGE HOUSE?



WHAT DOES PUCK FRINCETON EVEN MEAN?



A few times a year, campus is taken over by a mysterious phrase: “Puck Frinceton.” Where does this message come from? What does it mean? This past fall, the Punch Bowl launched a decryption taskforce to decode the elusive phrase. This is their final report:

Our investigation began at the source: the Daily Pennsylvanian. We tracked down an anonymous mole within the organization to interrogate them about the meaning of “Puck Frinceton.”

“Dude. Seriously,” our source responded, trying desperately to protect the secret. Not easily deterred, we pressed on. “Just answer the question. What do the code words “Puck” and “Frinceton” refer to?”
“If you seriously can’t tell, there must be something wrong with you.”



This information was clearly above his pay grade, so our investigation continued elsewhere. Fortunately, it wasn’t long before another lead came our way.

A mysterious source, codenamed with only the initials D.P, tipped us off with an email regarding the sale of “Puck Frinceton” merchandise. They would be on Locust Walk the next day. This was our chance.

Upon arriving at the table, we got straight to business. “Can any of you explain what ‘Puck Frinceton’ means?”

“Did you order a t-shirt?” one of them asked, attempting to divert our attention. Not having it, we responded, “Nice try. Now, tell us what it means! There has to be some hidden meaning to it all!”
She hesitated. We got her. The jig was up. Finally, she relented and said, “Swap the first letters of both words.”



That was the final clue we needed. Through our persistence and investigative skills, we cracked the code, something no other publication has done before. Puck Frinceton really means F**k P*****n.
Case closed.



Why You Can't Use Dining Dollars Anywhere

Ever wonder why you can’t use Dining Dollars almost anywhere? Or why Insomnia, which was started at Penn by a Penn student and sits inside a Penn building, accepts Drexel’s Dragon Dollars but not Penn’s own dining plan?
Here’s why:

In a plea deal to address the rat infestations in dorms in the early 2000’s, particularly in the Quad and pre- renovated Hill, Amy Gutmann and the Board of Trustees offered the rats employment and residence in the dining halls in exchange for their relocation. The iconic Pixar film Ratatouille was actually inspired by this deal. However, in their new union contract, the rats negotiated for Dining Dollars to be exclusively accepted at vermin-run establishments. On- campus independent food companies were not willing to hire the rats.



Despite these stipulations, rats are slowly taking over kitchens in the area, such as Beijing and the late Fresh Grocer (R.I.P.), so you may be able to use your Dining Dollars at more places soon.



HEY!



YOU LOOK FUNNY!

CALLING ALL:

HUMORISTS, JESTERS, JOKERS,
RABBLE-ROUSERS, AND THE LIKE

WE INVITE YOU TO JOIN THE

PREMIER

**COMEDY MAGAZINE
OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF PENNSYLVANIA**

PUNCH BOWL

SEND A MESSAGE EXPRESSING YOUR INTEREST TO:

Σ THEPUNCHBOWL@GMAIL.COM Σ

WHAT DO YOU THINK HUMOR IS...

★ ★ ★ A JOKE? ★ ★ ★

EST. 1899