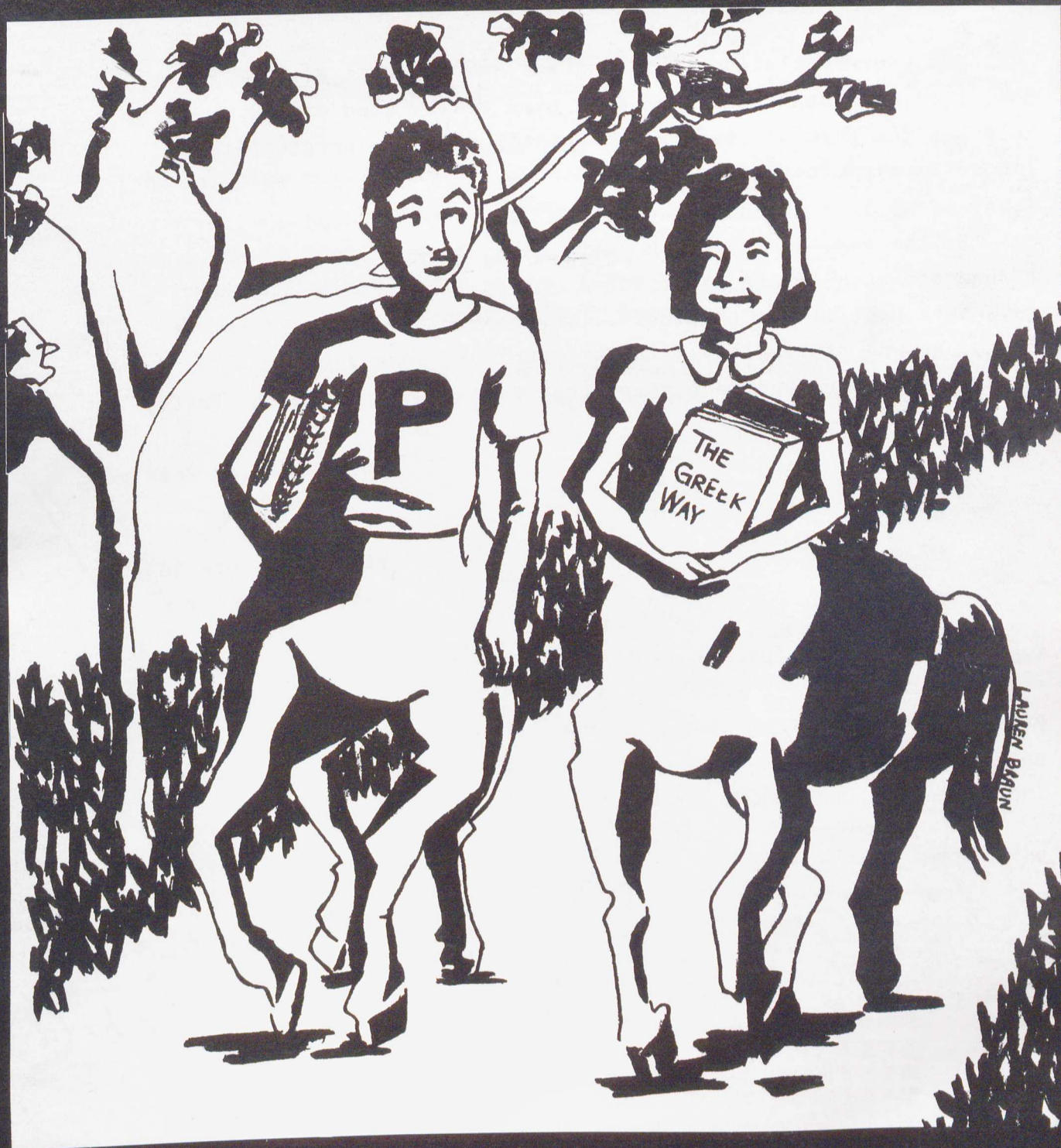


Punch Bowl

75¢



Myths and Legends Number



founded 1885

The Daily Pennsylvanian.

The Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

4015 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19104
BUSINESS: 243-6581 • NEWS: 243-6585

De-ar Mike and John:

Hey, congratulations! Last issue was the best copy of Punch Bowl I've ever seen (and I've seen some really good ones)! I don't know how you guys do it. The verve, the wit, the originality-- I'd se-ll my mother to write half as well. I couldn't be that funny if my life depended on it. Ha ha. Just kidding.

By the way, do you think there's any room on your staff... I mean on Punch Bowl's staff for a nobody like me? I know you guys have "got it all together"...you wear blue jeans and eat at the C. A. and stuff...but I think I can "dig your scene." I'd sweep t-he floors and keep your desks neat and everything. Pretty please with sugar on top?

Yours (if you want me),

Seth

~~Seth~~ Seth Rosen
Editor-In-Chief

P.S. I have a joke for you...It seems this guy was walking through a forest one day--no, make that a guy is cleaning out his closet, and see, he finds this lamp...or was it lamb? Well, anyway, he gets three wishes...I think...and suddenly before him is a twelve-inch pianist...no, wait, I left something out...oh, screw it.

SCR:otum

John: If we ever have a telethon,
this guy is definitely our poster-child!

Mike

Punch Bowl

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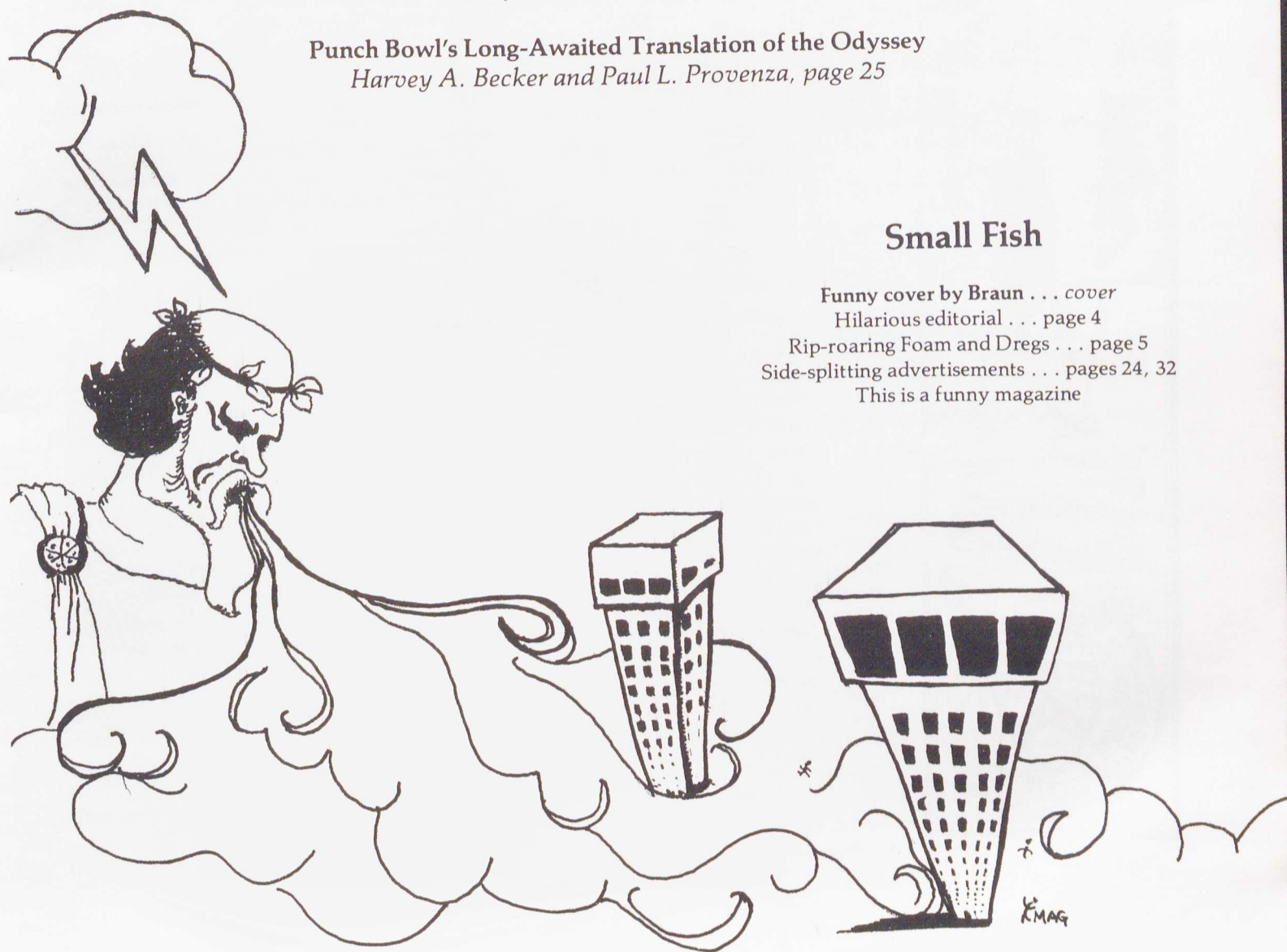
Funny cover by Braun . . . cover

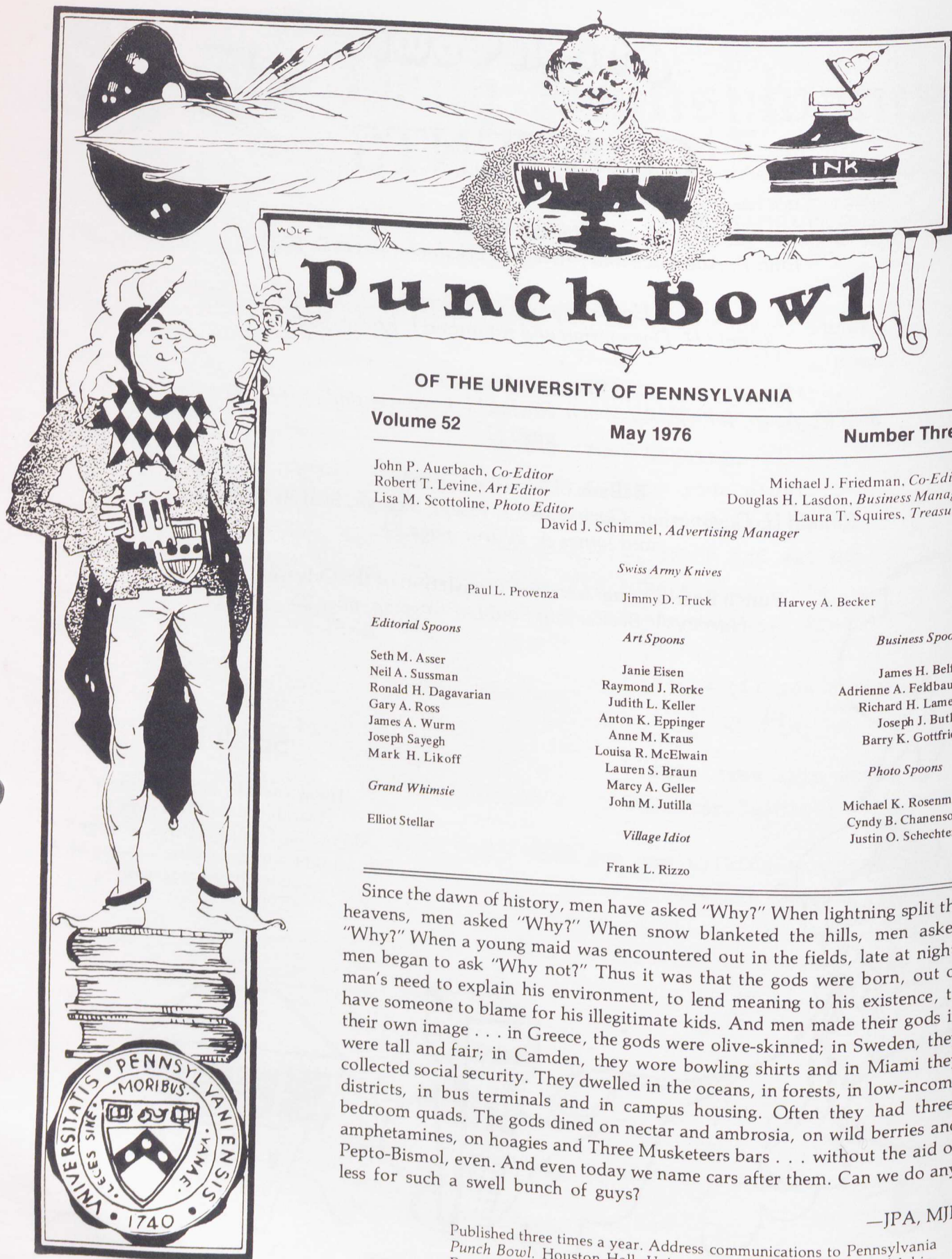
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This is a funny magazine





Punch Bowl

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Volume 52

May 1976

Number Three

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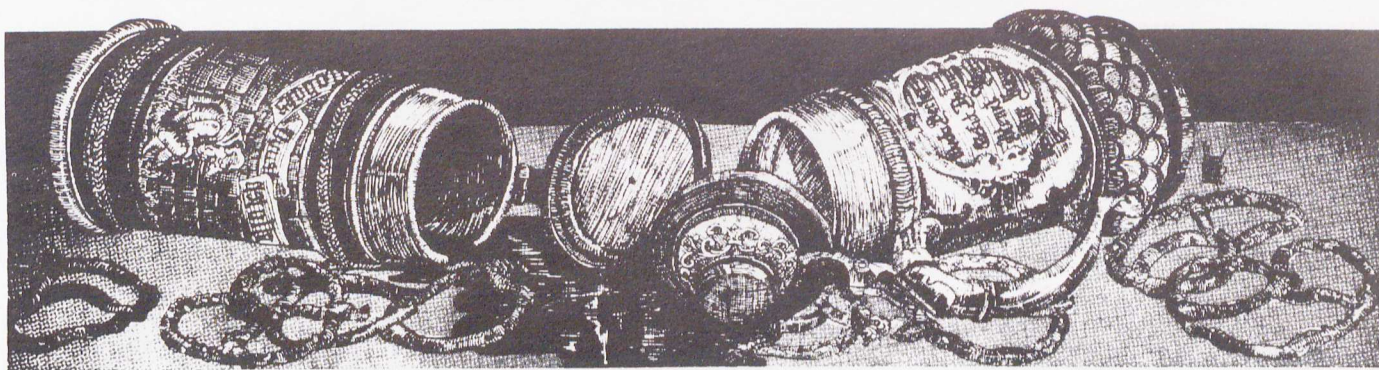
Village Idiot

Frank L. Rizzo

Since the dawn of history, men have asked "Why?" When lightning split the heavens, men asked "Why?" When snow blanketed the hills, men asked "Why?" When a young maid was encountered out in the fields, late at night, men began to ask "Why not?" Thus it was that the gods were born, out of man's need to explain his environment, to lend meaning to his existence, to have someone to blame for his illegitimate kids. And men made their gods in their own image . . . in Greece, the gods were olive-skinned; in Sweden, they were tall and fair; in Camden, they wore bowling shirts and in Miami they collected social security. They dwelled in the oceans, in forests, in low-income bedroom quads. The gods dined on nectar and ambrosia, on wild berries and Pepto-Bismol, even. And even today we name cars after them. Can we do any less for such a swell bunch of guys?

—JPA, MJF

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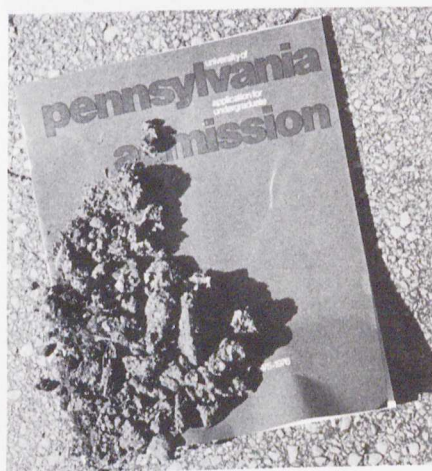


F O A M a n d D R E G S

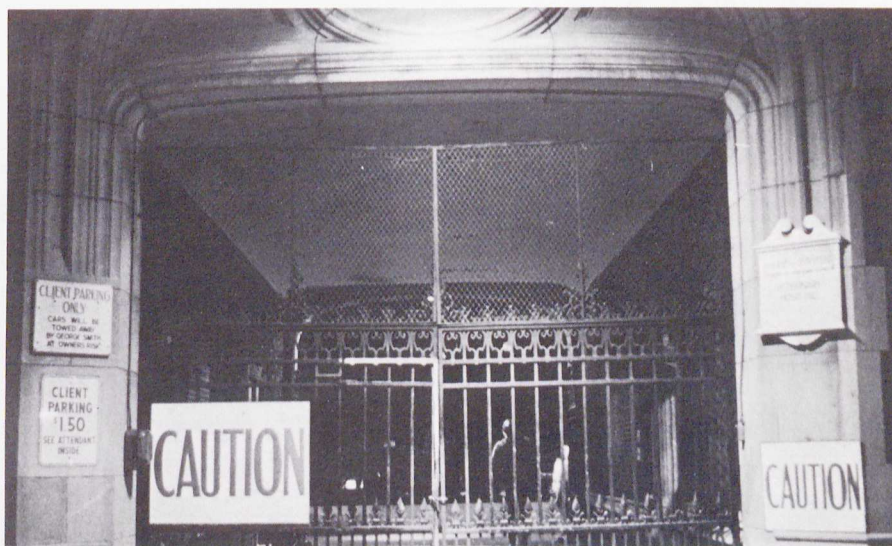


A lump of primeval muck was found on the steps of College Hall yesterday, and was immediately admitted into next year's freshman class. The lump registered little reaction to its admission, and it is suspected that it only applied to Penn as a safety school, which it would attend in the event it was rejected by Harvard and Yale.

Dean of Admissions Stanley Johnson explained the move. "You see, diversity is the keynote of the Class of 1980. We feel that the lump is, potentially, as bright as any. Err, any lump, that is."



Rumor has it that the lump was recruited by one of the athletic teams, but Johnson assured us that lumps can't move. "I mean, they can't really move," said Johnson. "Not like Nancy Siegel." The Dean also disclaimed the possibility that the lump was an alumni child. "I



It was recently learned by a probing Punch Bowl reporter that the body of Howard Hughes, millionaire mystery-man and former living person, is being maintained in the Dog and Cat School of the university, where Hughes' brain is being placed in the body of a young, healthy cocker spaniel. Security has been stepped up to prevent any attempted kidnappings of the brain.

don't remember any lumps graduating from Penn lately . . . a couple of protuberances, but no lumps."



A rumor has been circulating around campus, that Mitchell " " Berger, a blatant loser, is dead and buried in Grant's Tomb. This, unfortunately, is not true. However, it soon will be, as we at Punch Bowl, with Grant's

permission, have contracted with a certain non-existent Italian organization to stop his breathing. A spokesman for this organization indicated that Mr. Berger deserved more than just the "kiss" of death—instead he would receive the "heavy petting" of death; or at least a good ream job.

This is the first in a series of Punch Bowl exterminations for the good of the university community. Coming next month: the rest of Mitchell's family.

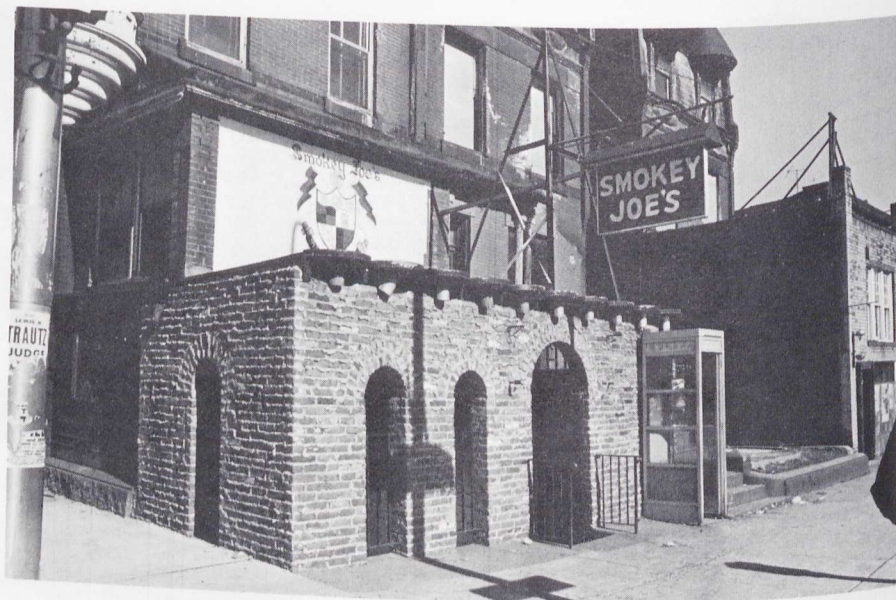


Things I Think Are Funny
by Frank L. Rizzo,
Cretinous Government Official

Well, it's certainly great to be back here in the Bicentennial City. I mean, take my city. Please. It's the only city I know where a home run is the sprint back from the grocery store. I don't want to say Philadelphia is tough, but nobody here asks for the time—they just take your watch. And are the police here corrupt—why, when I became police chief my first job was to arrest my predecessor. But seriously, folks, I'm a self-made man . . . I was really poor as a kid. We were so poor, we didn't have a bathroom in the neighborhood. And speaking of the presidential candidates this year, I would vote for the best man but I'm not running. You know what they say—give a politician a free hand and he'll put it in your pocket. Well, that's about all for now—don't take any wooden nickels or tickets to the policeman's ball.



The sound of hammering this past week signalled the long-awaited construction of the Pre-Med gallows. Located behind the Chemistry Building, these tall timbers will mean the end of many drooling pre-meds in the months to come. A spokesman for the pre-med



SMOKEY JOE'S EXPOSED. In the course of a Saturday night raid, an underground study hall was discovered below this well-known campus bar. Books, pens, slide-rules and other study materials were confiscated by the Philadelphia Police.

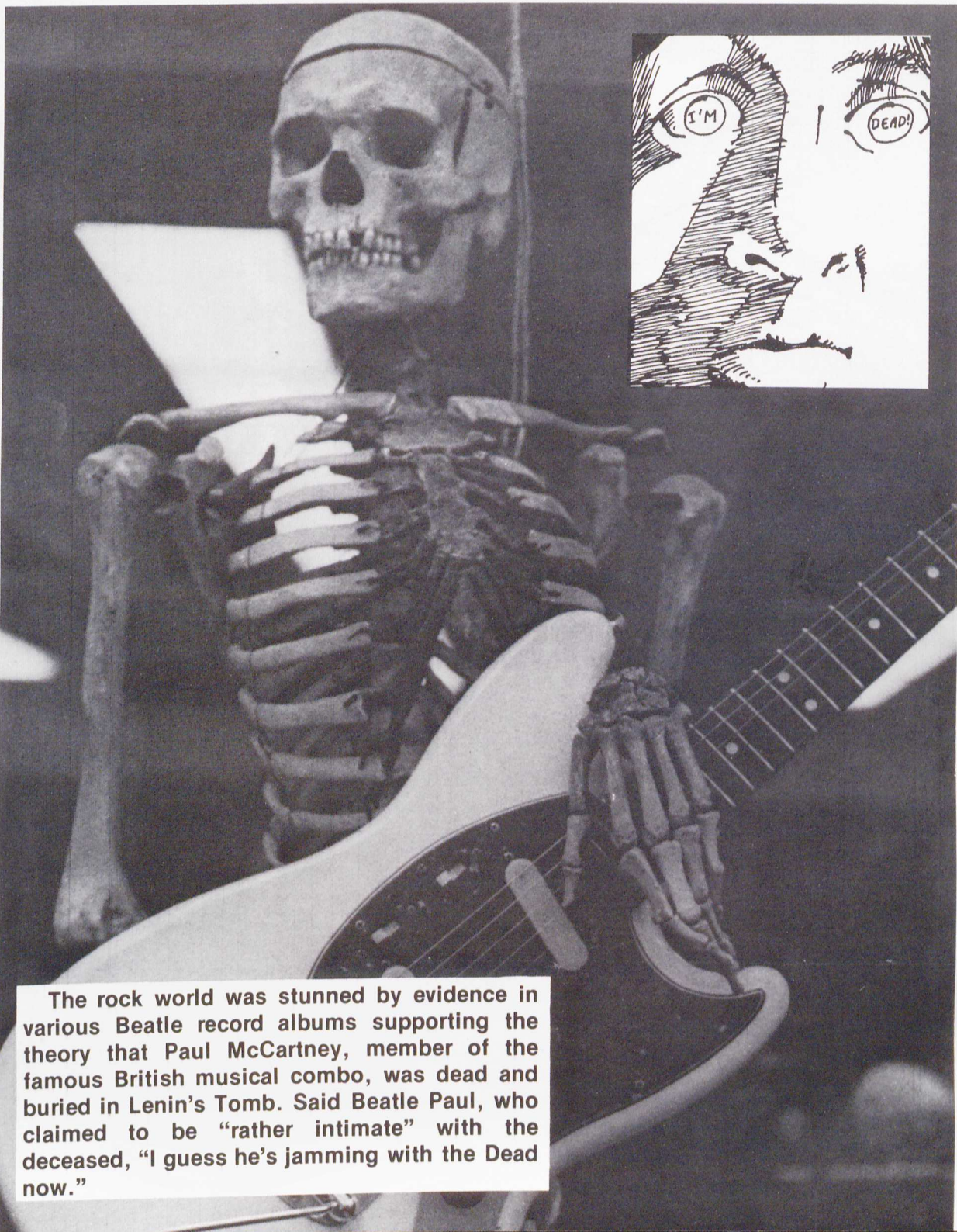
advising office said, "We're trying to phase pre-meds out at Penn. Perhaps it was a mistake to teach Biology here in the first place. Now, these gallows represent a new innovation in cutthroat competition. The bottom third of the class in any given test will be invited to a little necktie party, if you catch my meaning. Let's see them cram for this."

One particularly diseased pre-med commented, "I truly believe that I can serve as a boon to mankind through medicine. If we fail to help those less fortunate than ourselves, of what good is our advanced technology? I assure you, money has nothing to do with it."



MODERN MYTHS

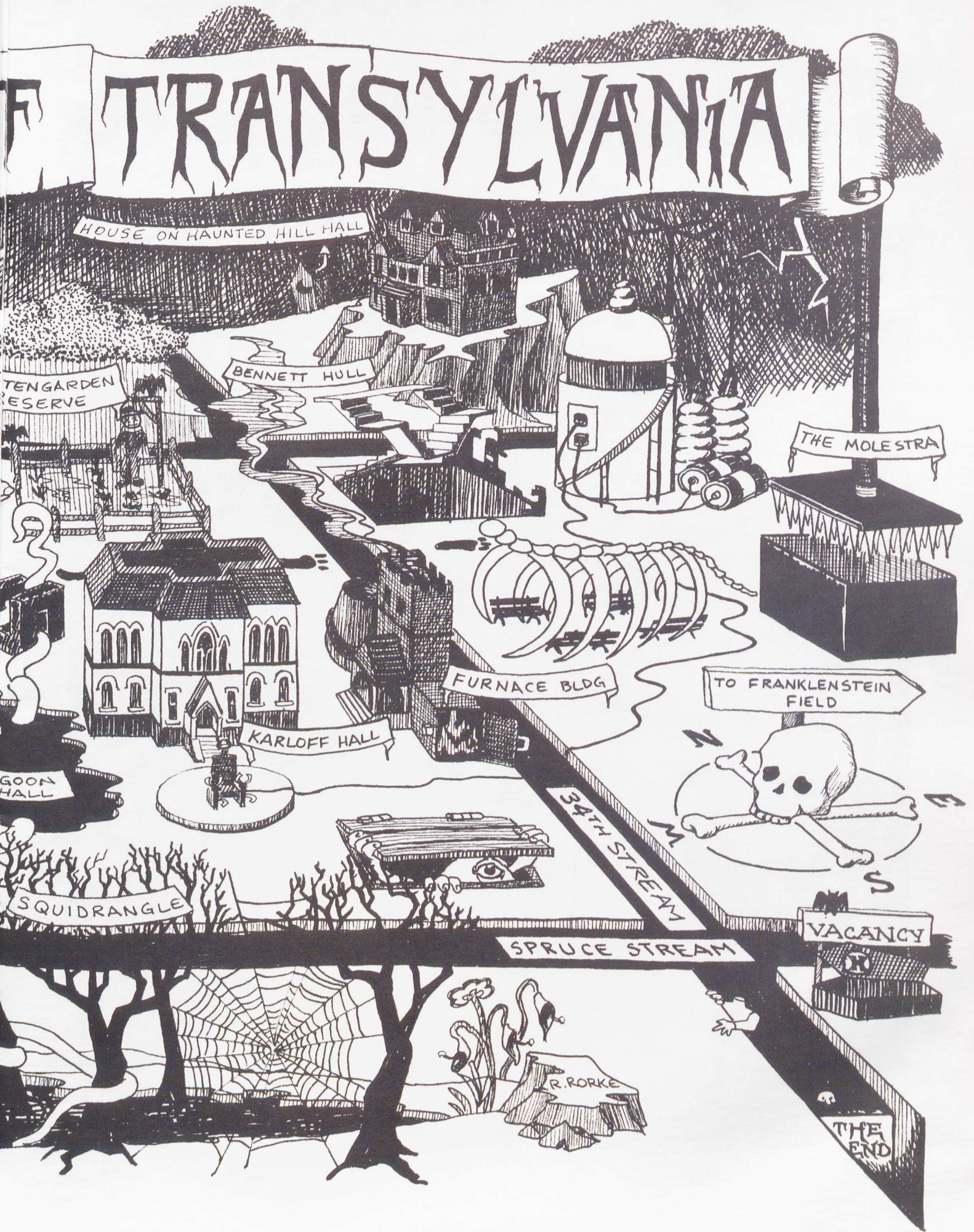
Paul McCartney Is Dead!



The rock world was stunned by evidence in various Beatle record albums supporting the theory that Paul McCartney, member of the famous British musical combo, was dead and buried in Lenin's Tomb. Said Beatle Paul, who claimed to be "rather intimate" with the deceased, "I guess he's jamming with the Dead now."

THE UNIVERSITY OF





THE UNIVERSITY OF TRANSYLVANIA



MODERN MYTHS

Coca-Cola And Aspirin

Get You High!



A world-renowned physician, Doktor R.C. Pepper, in a report to the Surgeon General, linked "hallucinatory euphoria and horniness" to the consumption of Coca-Cola and aspirin. Said Doktor Pepper, "Why do you sink zey call it Coke, dumpkopkf?"

ENTERTAINMENT FOR IMMORTALS

PLAYGOD

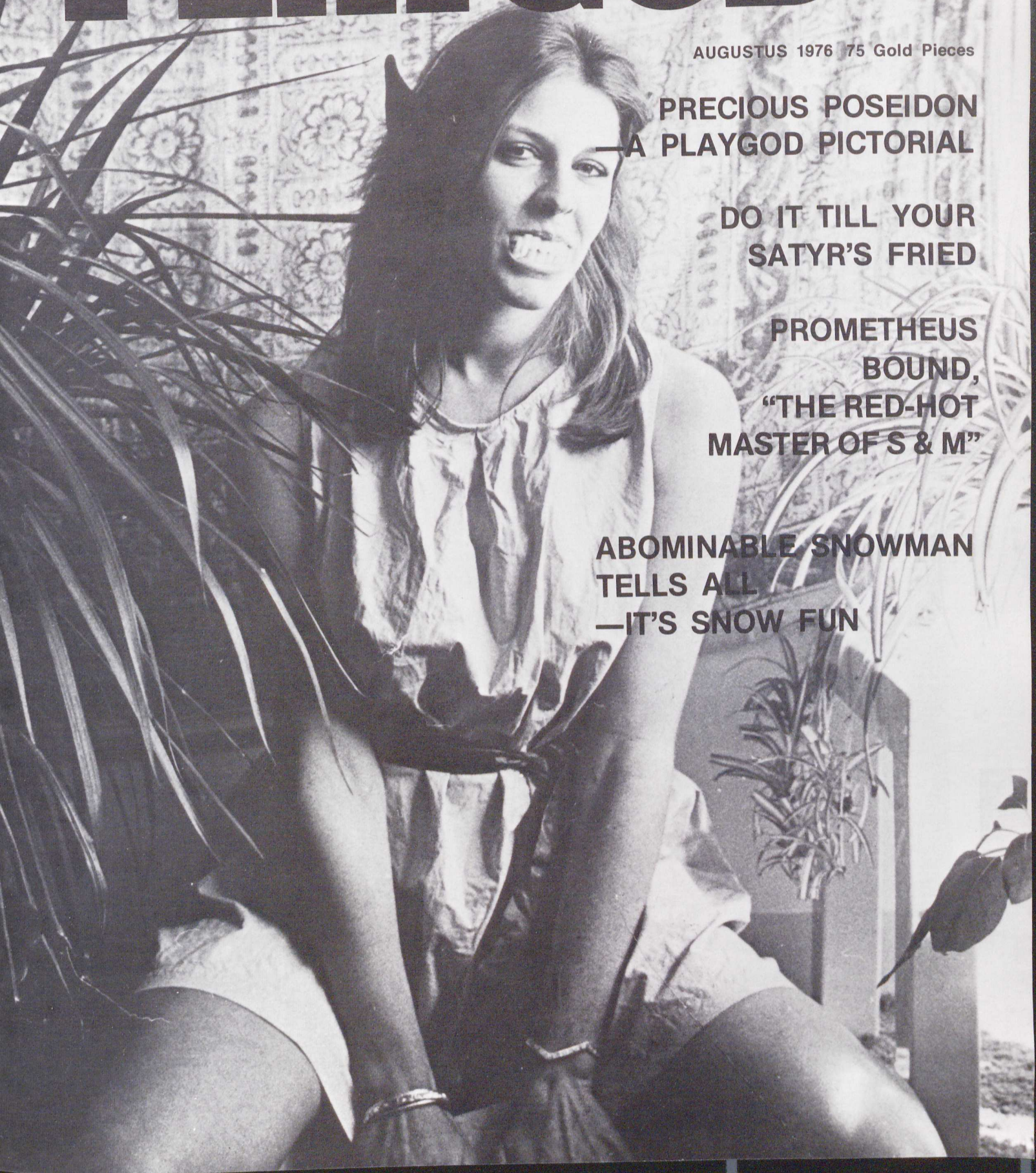
AUGUSTUS 1976 75 Gold Pieces

PRECIOUS POSEIDON
—A PLAYGOD PICTORIAL

DO IT TILL YOUR
SATYR'S FRIED

PROMETHEUS
BOUND,
"THE RED-HOT
MASTER OF S & M"

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN
TELLS ALL
—IT'S SNOW FUN



What kind of mythical creature reads Playgod?



The kind of creature who lusts for your blood. The kind that would like to tear you limb from limb and eat you for breakfast. A no-nonsense creature, that knows what it wants and how to sniff it out. Yes, also a sophisticated creature, one who has read every tombstone this side of Transylvania;

a discriminating creature, who doesn't go ape over every victim that comes his way. Above all, he is a lady-killer, a connoisseur of quivering flesh and tender loins.

That's the kind of mythical creature that reads Playgod.

PLAYGOD INTERVIEW : THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

a famous introvert comes out of the icebox to talk about broads, booze, whooppee cushions, the fifties, and the new transcendentalism . . . thereby exploding a few myths

2,000 years ago, a Tibetan peasant who had freaked out on a bowl of yellow snow spied a strange apparition. There before his humble eyes, standing at least eight feet tall and covered with a Johnny Carson, double-knit leisure suit, loomed a creature out of man's most terrifying nightmares . . . he ran for his life, swearing off yellow snow forever. In his village, the wild-eyed peasant spread the fantastic story, and called the monster Yeti, which means, in Tibetan, "He-whose-ass-is-doomed-to-eternal-wandering-in-the-frozen-wastes-without-a-down-vest-even."

Expeditions were launched to locate this strangest of beings. Two of these expeditions found Shangri-La; five or six found the Elephant's Burial Ground; a few found the Secret of Life, and one even discovered an unmarked Fortress of Solitude with a little, bottled city in it. So more expeditions were

launched, and it was only recently that the search was abandoned. The Quest for he who had come to be called The Abominable Snowman had been deemed futile . . . and stupid.

It was then that the Snowman came out of hiding, wondering where all the expeditions had gone.

PLAYGOD: Sir, I might as well get to the crux of the matter. You've been called an aberration of nature, a freak, and a figment of some fool explorer's warped imagination. What I really want to know is this: Do you, in fact, exist?

SNOWMAN: Exist? Exist, you say? Well, now we're entering into a metaphysical problem, quite apart from the limitations and constrictions of physical reality.

PLAYGOD: I see. Tell me, then . . . are you bigger than a breadbox?

SNOWMAN: Yes, as a matter of fact I am.

PLAYGOD: Ummm . . . are you animal, vegetable or mineral?

SNOWMAN: Mostly frozen water, actually. Which, interestingly enough, has contributed quite a bit to my

popularity at cocktail parties. Why, just the other . . .

PLAYGOD: That's . . . that's very intriguing. I take it, then, that you like cocktails?

SNOWMAN: Sure, tell me a few. Hah! Just kidding, son.

PLAYGOD: Well, I'm getting tired of this subject. Why don't you talk about how you received the title "Abominable?"

SNOWMAN: All right. I received the title from the Queen, to be quite truthful. She'd already given out all the lordships and dukedoms and such when I saved her from frost-bite. I guess you would say she wasn't exactly enamored with my looks, so she dubbed me "Abominable." You see, I'm a Knight of the Living Dead.

PLAYGOD: This subject is starting to bore me also. What about snow tires? Got any stories about snow tires?

SNOWMAN: I wish you would pry open your eyes while I'm talking to you. Now, where were we . . . ah, yes, snow tires . . . of course, snow tires, and so would you if you had fallen so far in the middle of the winter.

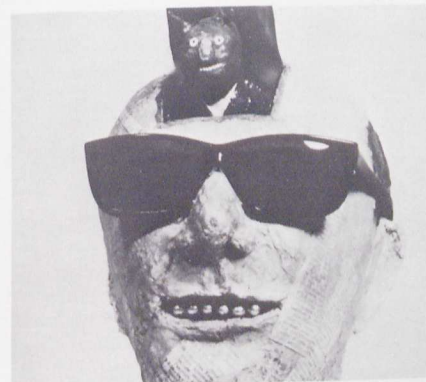
PLAYGOD: (dozing off)
ZZZZZZZZZZ



"There's nothing quite like a mountain ram for good, staunch companionship. Up there in the mountains, when the winds howl and the mountains freeze, we play cards . . . parchesi, sometimes . . ."



"I just don't understand why kids these days are so wrapped up in drugs. When I was a youngster, we got off on things like pillaging and raping. If Attila the Hun were alive today, he'd back me up on this."



"I don't really think there's a viable presidential candidate in the whole bunch. We're caught, I think, in the throes of a moral and philosophical conflict in this country . . . I think I'll eat them all."



*He may be the king of the sea, but
ask any nymph—he's a whale of a
guy.*





PRECIOUS POSEIDON

This month's playgod comes straight to us from Davy Jones' Locker. His hobbies are as diverse as copulating with seahorses, copulating with seaweed, and copulating with other things. He's been called the Earth-Quaker, the Wave-Maker, and the Beach-Breaker . . . but to us he's just a Salt-Shaker. Poseidon has delighted T.V. audiences with

his performances as a tidal wave in "Seahunt," as high tide in "Flipper," as an undertow in "Diver Dan;" and who can forget his cameo role as the pivotal glass of water in "The Courtship of Eddie's Father"? On the physical side, this bearded beauty also boasts quite a trident—if you don't believe us, see for yourself . . .



POSEIDON

PLAYGOD'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



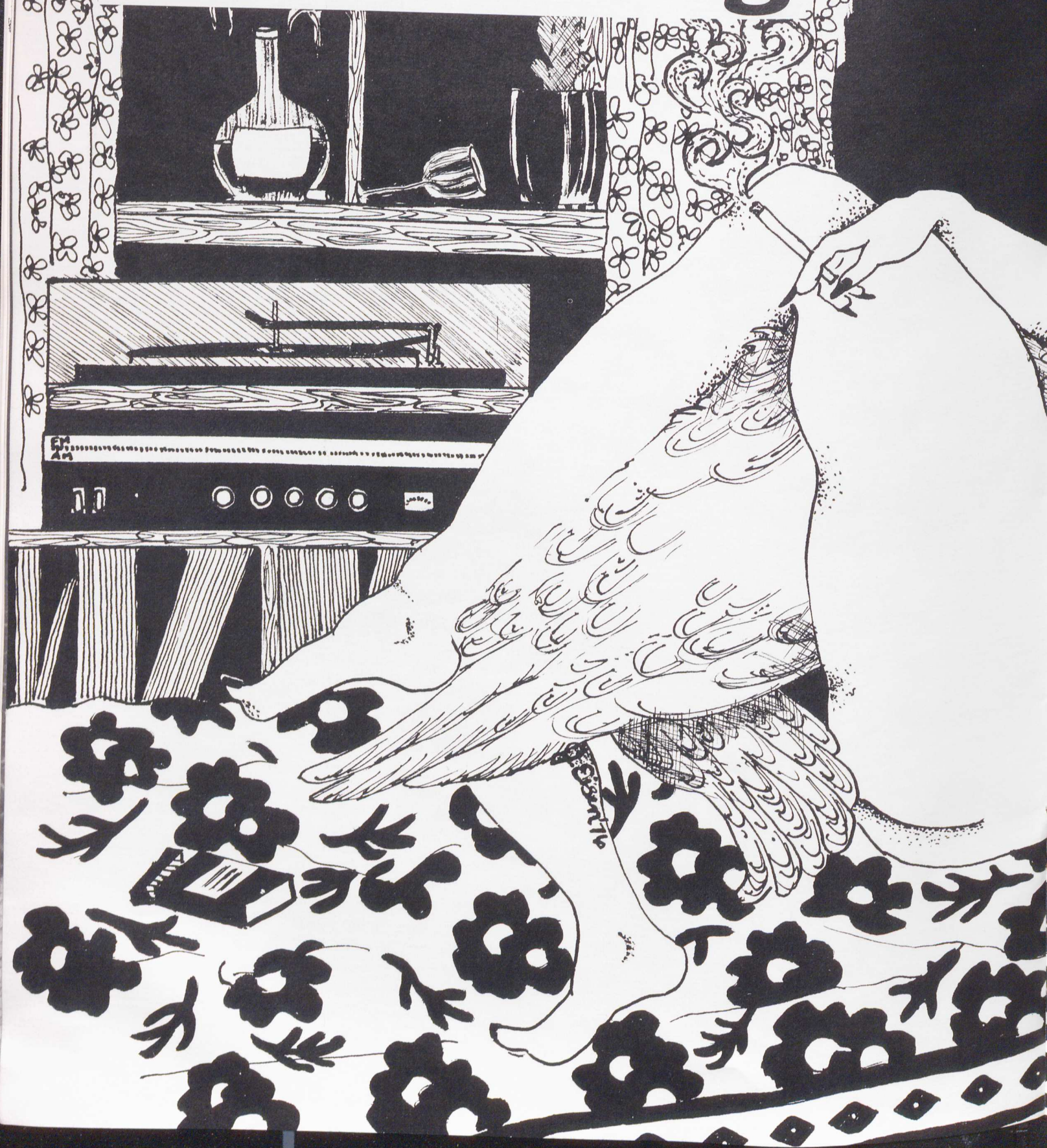


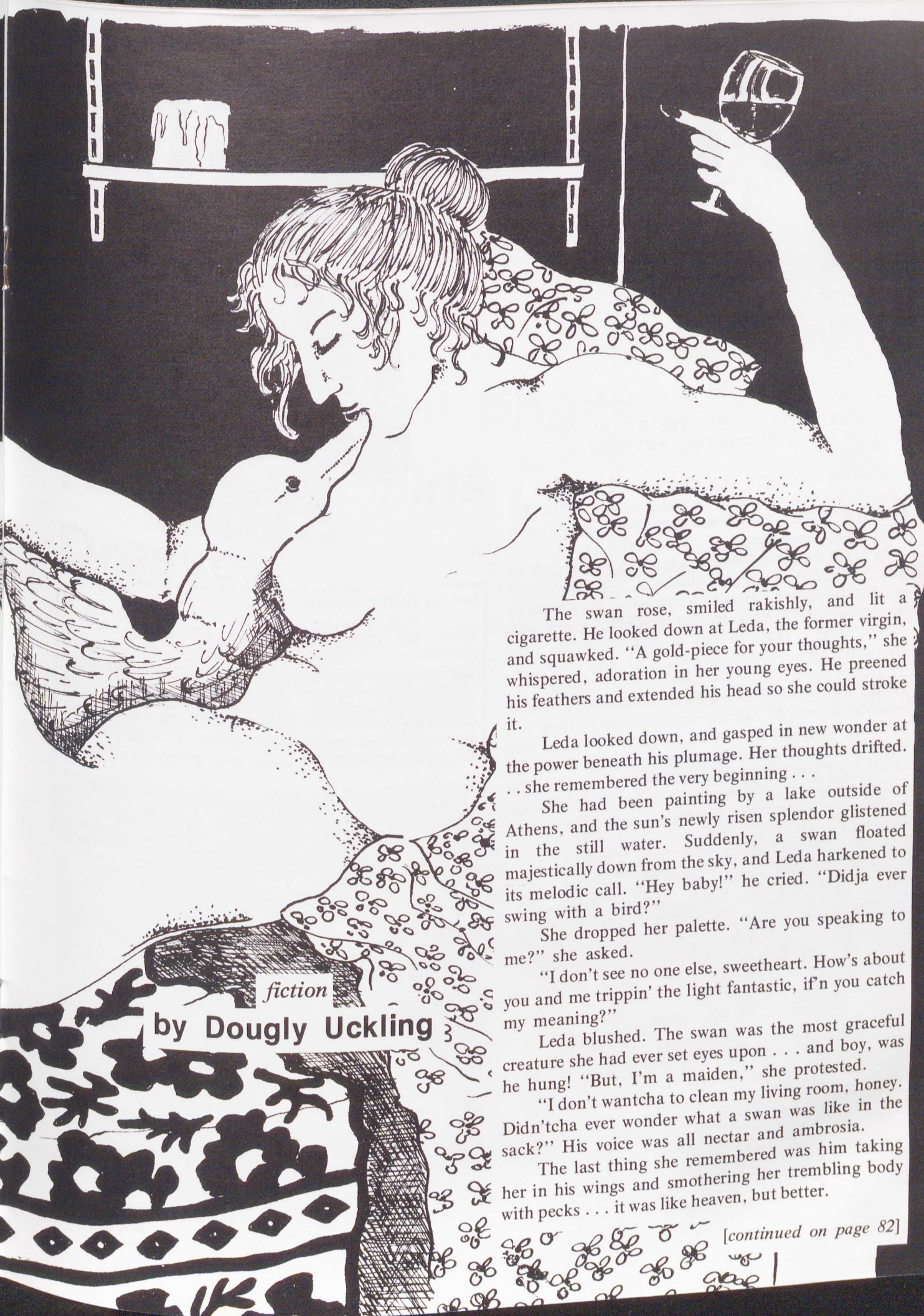
POSEIDON

PLAYGOD'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Swan Song





The swan rose, smiled rakishly, and lit a cigarette. He looked down at Leda, the former virgin, and squawked. "A gold-piece for your thoughts," she whispered, adoration in her young eyes. He preened his feathers and extended his head so she could stroke it.

Leda looked down, and gasped in new wonder at the power beneath his plumage. Her thoughts drifted. . . she remembered the very beginning . . .

She had been painting by a lake outside of Athens, and the sun's newly risen splendor glistened in the still water. Suddenly, a swan floated majestically down from the sky, and Leda harkened to its melodic call. "Hey baby!" he cried. "Didja ever swing with a bird?"

She dropped her palette. "Are you speaking to me?" she asked.

"I don't see no one else, sweetheart. How's about you and me trippin' the light fantastic, if'n you catch my meaning?"

Leda blushed. The swan was the most graceful creature she had ever set eyes upon . . . and boy, was he hung! "But, I'm a maiden," she protested.

"I don't wantcha to clean my living room, honey. Didn'tcha ever wonder what a swan was like in the sack?" His voice was all nectar and ambrosia.

The last thing she remembered was him taking her in his wings and smothering her trembling body with pecks . . . it was like heaven, but better.

[continued on page 82]

fiction
by Dougly Uckling

Swan Song



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by Dougly Uckling

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[continued on page 82]

HOW TO PICK UP GODS!

THIS FANTASTIC SCROLL TELLS YOU HOW TO PICK UP GODS ANYWHERE, ANYTIME!

This scroll will show you that picking up gods is easier than you've ever dreamed possible. **HOW TO PICK UP GODS** will teach you 1000 guaranteed techniques, including:

.100 great opening prayers . How to get a god to pity you with a single glance . 50 tantalizing sacrificial recipes . How to know when they want to be prayed to . How to get gods to grant you immortality . How to get a god to father your children .

HOW TO PICK UP GODS contains in-depth interviews with 25 spectacular divinities. They tell you why gods are just dying to be worshipped and exactly what it takes to worship them. Send for **HOW TO PICK UP GODS** today. It's yours for only twelve ewes and a well-wrought shield, plus postage and handling. It makes picking up gods easier than narcissism.



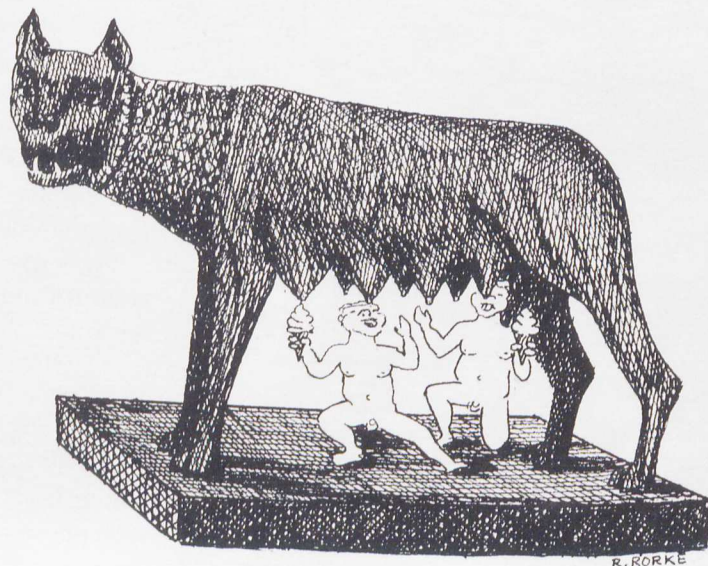
Mail to: **DEITY PRESS**
P.O. Box ∞
Mt. Olympus, N.J. 00001

Yes, I have a terrific craving for nectar and ambrosia and a home in Mount Olympus. It's true—I want a god for my very own, to cuddle and invoke. I want to be the envy of all my friends as they watch me get raped by Zeus in the form of a bull. So, please send me my copy of **HOW TO PICK UP GODS** immediately!

I enclose the ewes, the shield, plus my virginal daughter to cover postage and handling.

Name

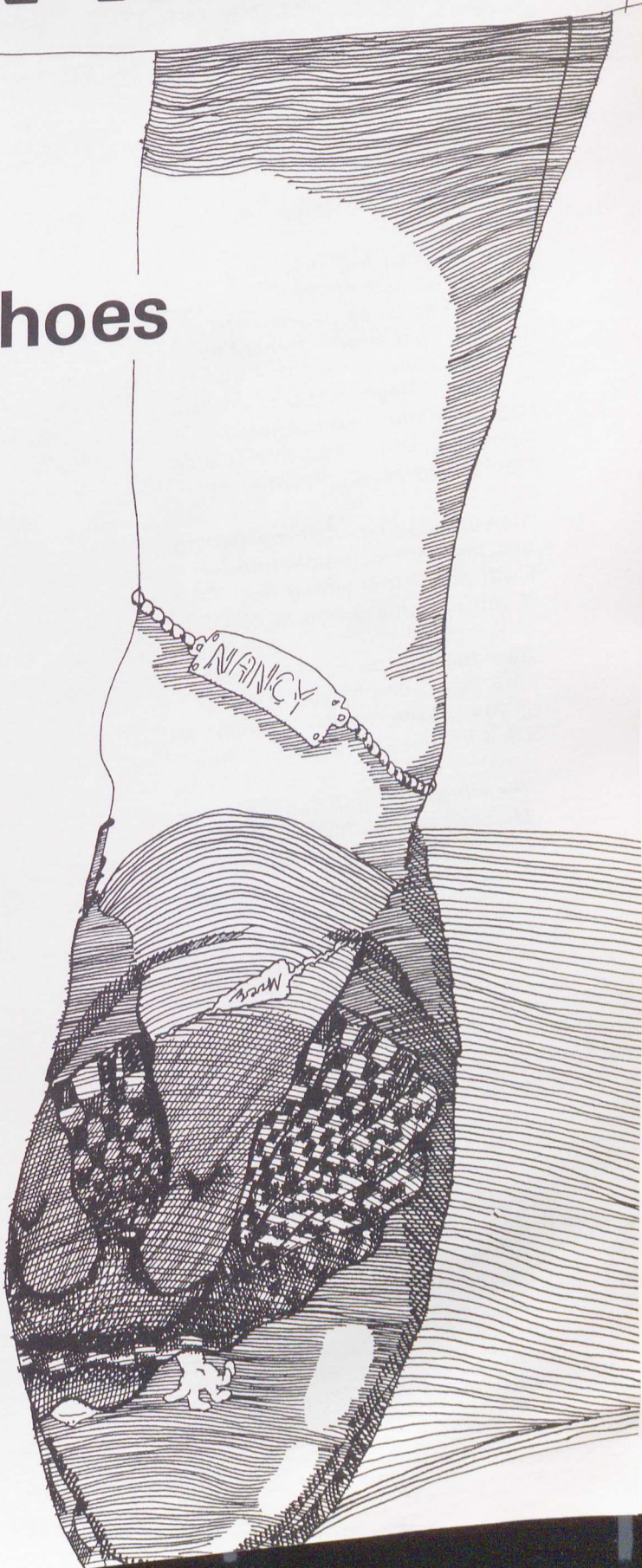
Address



MODERN MYTHS

Patent Leather Shoes Reflect Up Girls Dresses!

The National Association of Parochial Schools has released a mandate prohibiting patent leather shoes as suitable apparel for young ladies, deeming them "improper, lascivious, and the shoes of the Devil." Said one little girl, "I know they want to see my underwear, but I fool them—I don't wear any."



Ballads of Mo

My Darling Serpentine

[to the tune of "Clementine"]

In the town of Sigbihsburg,
Near the waters of the Rhine,
Lived a free-lance paperhanger,
And his sweetheart, Serpentine.

Shoulders broad as Leroy Jordan,
Had the darling Serpentine.
Turned up nose like Jerry Quarry,
Lips as red as Ripple wine.

"Ach my darling, Ach my darling,
Ach my darling, Serpentine,
I will get you anything if
It will only make you mine."

Said the lady to her boyfriend,
"My dear Adolph, you're divine.
If you please, I'd like a country,
I'll wait here so take your time."

Then brave Adolph formed an army,
Marched across the borderline,
Brought back sev'ral smaller nations,
None of which pleased Serpentine.

"Ach my darling, Ach my darling,
Ach my darling Serpentine,
I will even bring you Poland,
If you promise to be mine."

Serpentine said to her sweetheart,
"Adolph please don't waste my time,
Words will never satisfy me,
I don't buy your "Siegfried" line."

France and Holland, Spain and Belgium,
Adolph gave to Serpentine,
To discover if she loved him,
But she gave him not a sign.

"Ach my darling, Ach my darling,
Ach my darling, Serpentine,
I have nothing left to give you,
But the land of Lichtenstein."

"That's a pretty lousy offer,"
Said the haughty Serpentine.
"All it has are snow-capped mountains,
Postage stamps, and balls of twine."

Adolph said, "If I can't have you,
No one else will, Serpentine."
Then he shot her with his luger,
Dumped her body in the Rhine.

"Ach my darling, Ach my darling,
Ach my darling Serpentine,
You are lost and gone forever,
What the hell, that suits me fine."



The Shah of Iran

[to the tune of "The Beverly Hillbillies"]

Come and listen to a story 'bout the Shah of Iran,
Poor little ruler in a little barren land,
Then one day he was shootin' at a Jew,
And up from the ground come a-bubblin' crude
[Oil, that is . . . Arab octane . . . Jordan juice]

Well, the first thing you know the Shah's a
millionaire,
He bought up all the land and he bought up all the
air.

He bought hotels and diamond rings
And you're givin' him your money when you eat at
Burger King.

[Hold the pickles, that is . . . hold the lettuce]

Now the Shah drives a Cadillac, he's really had some
luck,

His son's up at Harvard learnin' how to turn a buck.
They're all as American as Joe DiMaggio,
'Cept they're givin' all their money to the P.L.O.
[Arafat, that is . . . terrorism . . . sneak attacks]



Modern Legends

The Streets Down in Frisco

[sung to the tune of The Streets of Laredo]

As I was out walking the streets down in Frisco,
I passed by a courthouse and heard quite a stir.
I entered its portals and saw with amazement,
That pretty young rebel, I'm sure it was her.

Her wrists were encircled with shiny new bracelets,
She raised up her fists in a powerful clench.
An old man beside her said, "Dear, please don't do
that."

The young girl replied, "Daddy, don't be a mensch."

I slowly approached her and noticed another,
His temples were gray, but his eyes were of steel,
"I know he's a lawyer, but where have I seen him?"
Oh yes, on that T.V. show, Let's Make A Deal."

"I see by your diamonds that you are an heiress,
I don't understand why you plunder and rob."
"Not so, fascist insect," she said to me brashly,
"An urban guerilla is my present job."

"My new name is Tania, it's one that I'll cherish,
I feel that it matches my new image well.
Some think I was drafted, but others know better,
That living with walrus-mouth really was hell."

"But what has this got you?" I asked her to tell me.
"To prison you'll go for your terrible crimes."
"I doubt that," she said and then added, "I'm
famous,
My picture has made the front page of the Times."

"You seem rather certain that you'll get your
freedom,
I really think they'll throw the whole book at you."
She answered, "We'll use all of my daddy's money,
To buy off my freedom and happiness, too."

And so to the courtroom they took the young rebel,
The jury, her lawyer tried often to sway,
He said she was brainwashed, but they didn't buy
that,
"She's guilty," they said, and they locked her away.

And now for the moral of Tania's sad story:
For building up fame in our nation today,
Use kickbacks or bribes, but don't shoot up the
country,
That simply is not the American Way.



The Manson Family

[to the tune of "The Adams Family"]

Out west they tell this tale,
It never gets too stale,
It just may make you pale,
The Manson Family!

This household group was ooky,
Mysterious and spooky,
And also kind of kooky,
The Manson Family!

Now Charlie was real sneaky,
Roomed with a girl named Squeaky,
His live-in friends were freaky,
The Manson Family!

His friends say he was kind,
To someone in a bind,
He'd always blow their mind,
The Manson Family!

Once Charlie had a date,
With actress Sharon Tate,
He packed her in a crate,
The Manson Family!

Yes, Charlie was a winner,
If you had him to dinner,
He'd take your wife and skin her,
The Manson Family!

But Charlie's ways were mended,
His freaky group was ended,
They say his cell is splendid,
The Manson Family!



Why would anyone
want to come to

ER. Yokum?
and company

4002 Chestnut Street
A swell place for some food and drink.

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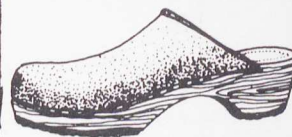
pages 6, 12 Michael Rosenman

page 20 Cyndy Chanenson

page 5 Justin Schechter

CLOGS!

*"Olof Daughters
of Sweden"*



NAVY

BROWN

WHITE

TAN

BLACK

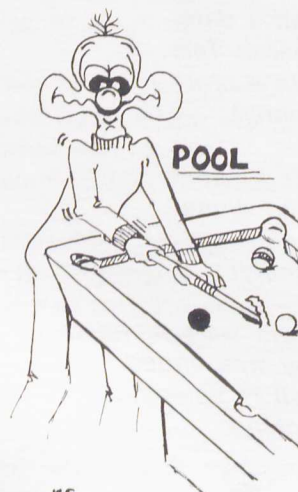
LEATHER/SUEDE

SIZES 5 to 10

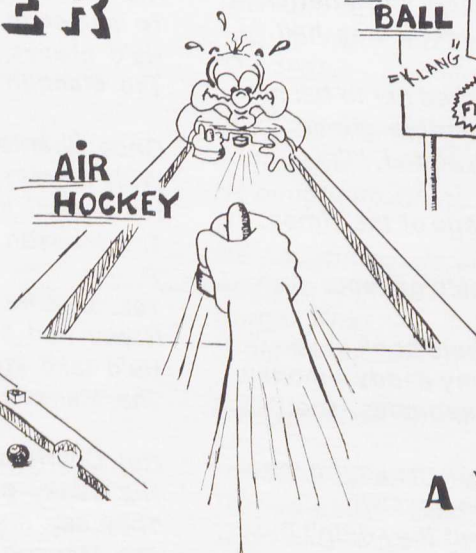
martins WALK EASY shoes

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CENTER**



POOL



AIR
HOCKEY



"BING"
"BOING"
"FLANG"
PIN
BALL

OPEN
7 DAYS
A WEEK!

KS

*Punch Bowl's
Long -Awaited Translation of
The Odyssey*



HOMER'S ODYSSEY

BOOK I: Homer's prayer to the gods

Sing in me, Muse, O daughter of Zeus, and through me tell the story of that man Odysseus the wanderer, whose many perils and voyages nobody really cares about, because, O Muse, they are exceptionally boring. But aid me in telling these adventures of incredible stupidity, for I am the blind and itinerant Homer. Blind, because I cannot see; Itinerant, because I am a door to door salesman for goods made by the handicapped of Lighthouse Industries.

BOOK II: Athena advises Telemachus

In the bright hall of Zeus upon Olympos, the gods were all watching Kojak and eating souvlaki, and Zeus, the father of the gods and countless illegitimate children, made conversation. He had meditated upon the deaths of Agamemnon and Aigisthos and Jack Benny, and pondered the story of the downfall of Troy at the hands of the king of Ithaca, a graduate student of Cornell's School of Hotel Management.

"I remember how Aigisthos stole Agamemnon's wife and killed the soldier on his homcoming day, and how Cher divorced Sonny to wed Gregg, and how the war was won by Odysseus' soldiers who cleverly built the infamous Trojan horse, a rubberized stallion which eliminated the entire population of Troy by preventing childbirth in Trojan women. It slipped easily through the city's gates due to its KY Jelly lubrication, bringing the city to the heights of sensual ecstasy as the thousands of soldiers urged the city to let go."

And the grey eyed, large busted goddess Athena interrupted Zeus: "O Majesty, O father of us all, my heart is broken for Odysseus, who still remains a castaway upon an uncharted island, along with the professor, Mary Ann, Ginger, and the rest—it is the island of the nympho Calypso and her crew, Jacques and Philippe Cousteau.

"Calypso, daughter of Atlas, the god of road maps and the AAA, will not let Odysseus go free. She keeps coaxing him with promises of sex and orgies and wild fantasies to turn his mind from returning home to Ithaca. He will not give in to her, for his loyalty and impotence keep him from indulging. Are you not moved by this, Lord of Olympos?"

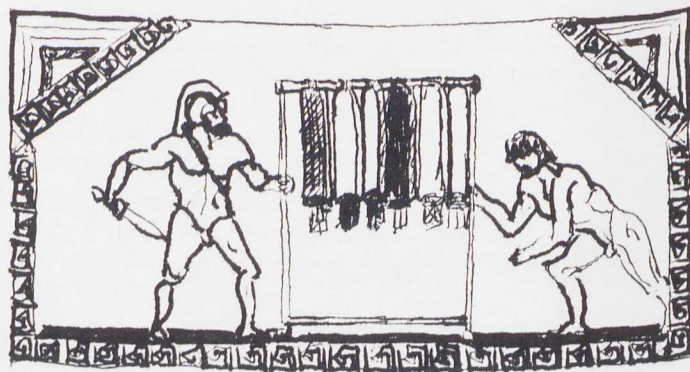
To this the almighty Zeus replied: "Huh?"

The grey busted, large eyed goddess Athena answered him: "O Father, Lord of the Flies, if it now please the gods that Odysseus reach his home again, let Hermes, the messenger of the gods and FTD florists, convey our intent to the nympho Calypso and let the wandering Odysseus

depart for home and stop all that dancing of the limbo. For my part, I shall visit Ithaca to send the son of Odysseus to find news of his father. I will send him from Ithaca to Troy, and up to Buffalo. He'll leave the hot, noisy city, and sail up the Hudson to scenic West Point, where some of his passengers can leave the ship. The rest will continue on to Bear Mountain and Poughkeepsie and back down to West Point to pick up other passengers. They will return to N.Y. Harbor at the end of the Day Line cruise."

Dressing as a grey eyed, large busted warrior, Athena flashed down from Olympos to Ithaca, the home of Odysseus. Before her eyes she found hundreds of suitors squandering the wealth of Odysseus. They made her nauseous, for all their slovenly behavior. They ate and feasted all day, these suitors, only stopping to make some suits. They had no regard for Odysseus' hard earned property, and often made the pants too long, and this disgusted Athena. The prince, and son of Odysseus, whose name was Telemachus and difficult to pronounce, invited Athena into his home, hoping she could take in a few pairs of pants and some jackets, and have them ready for a week from Tuesday, for he had a wedding to go to.

Telemachus now spoke to Athena: "Dear guest, have you come as a suitor to court my mother, Penelope, as do the others, who squander the wealth of my long lost father, eating his cattle and raping the female servants, and sometimes vice versa, or have you come to buy a cheap suit? I've got something in a three-piece corduroy, if you're interested."



Athena answered, lying through her teeth: "I am Mentos, a friend of your father Odysseus . . ."

And Telemachus spoke again: "Well, I'm sure I can arrange a special deal on the corduroy number, but only for a friend of the family, you know."

"I have come to bring you news of your father, Odysseus. The gods delay him, but he is not dead. He is detained somewhere on the wide sea, and you must search for him to make sure he reaches his homeland safely. If he should be dead, you must face your responsibilities and help your mother, Penelope, pick out a new husband and punish these suitors. If you are killed or captured, the secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Good luck."

And Athena left the home of Odysseus with a great deal on a double breasted herring bone sport coat.

BOOK III: Telemachus searches for Odysseus

As the rosy fingers of Dawn smeared her pink light on the eastern sky, Telemachus prepared to sail from Ithaca to Pylos to ask Nestor for some news of his father, as Nestor had fought side by side with Odysseus against the Trojans and returned safely to Pylos when he chickened out of the battle, and must know of the whereabouts of Odysseus. Athena, disguised as Mentos, accompanied Telemachus on the voyage, and looked ridiculous with a herring bone sport coat over her armor.

When they reached Pylos, they were greeted by old Nestor, who made an offering of nine bulls to the gods. The gods thought this was stupid, but agreed it was the thought that counts. Old Nestor rambled on and on to Telemachus about Odysseus' voyages and this made everyone fall asleep, because it was very boring. But this mattered not to Nestor, who continued his story of Agamemnon, which had nothing to do with Odysseus, but Nestor liked to hear himself tell the story anyway, and he told it to Telemachus and Mentos, who finally realized they were dealing with a very old cretin. Nestor was senile, and they laughed at him, as he made a fool of himself, saying things like, "Blerrrgh" and spitting up a lot. Telemachus decided to go to Menelaus' mansion and seek news of his father there. Before his leaving, Nestor made another sacrifice to the gods, this time of 200 sheep. This pissed the gods off, for they could really have used a Waring blender instead.

As Dawn's fingers of rose smooshed redness over the sky, Telemachus and Mentos arrived at the great palace of the red haired Menelaus. There they found him preparing a double wedding feast for son and daughter. As it was improper to question a guest before he has dined, Menelaus invited Telemachus to partake of the feast without asking him who he was and why he had come to the palace. Telemachus felt out of place, as he was dressed improperly, because the suitors were slow in making the alterations on his dress suit, and it was not ready for the wedding. He envied Mentos, who looked spiffy in her sport coat. They had to wait until the wedding feast ended before they could speak with Menelaus, and were forced to sit through the ancient ritual called, "bride opening her gifts." Telemachus grew weary, as each gift turned out to be another piece of an 18,000 piece set of Tupperware, except for the gift sent by Old Nestor, which was 200 sheep and 9 bulls. The bride regretted this, saying how she could have used a Waring blender instead.

The guests at the wedding spoke freely, and talked of the Trojan War. The name of Odysseus was mentioned, and at the thought of his father, Telemachus began to weep. Menelaus realized at once who Telemachus was, as he had also wet his pants, and Menelaus recognized the family resemblance, remembering how Odysseus frequently wet his pants during the war.

The fiery-haired Menelaus spoke: "Welcome, oh Prince of Ithaca, son of Odysseus; Try the chicken livers, it's a family recipe . . ."

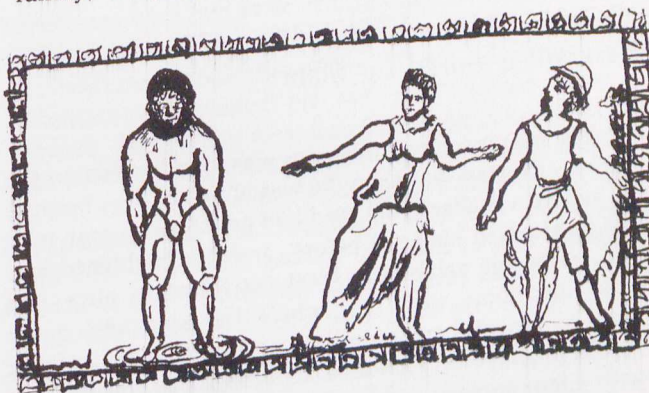
Telemachus interrupted: "Can you tell me any news of my father, oh rusty headed one?"

"I sent him an invitation, but I didn't even get a yes or a no."

And Telemachus got fed up and sailed to Jamaica.

BOOK IV: Odysseus leaves the Island of Calypso

Dawn took her rose colored fingers and gooshed a glob of red stuff across the sky, as Athena spoke before the master of heaven and high thunder, Zeus, to tell of Odysseus' woes. Zeus quickly dispatched Hermes to make it known to the nympho Calypso that Odysseus need be set free to see his family. Hermes, wasting no time, bent to tie on his beautiful ambrosial, golden winged sandals that carry him swiftly in a swish of wind, and cause much trouble in all night truck stops, but not as much trouble as when he wears his clogs. He left quickly, as he had two bouquets and a floral centerpiece to drop off on the way. Hermes arrived at the island of Calypso the nympho, and found Odysseus sitting on the shore yearning for his family, weeping, and wetting his pants.



"O Hermes, with your golden wand and faggy shoes, what brings you here?"

"I have come to bring you joyouth newth, thilly!" he said. "The nympho Calyptho will help you to leave the island and return to your family, as Zeuth, the king of the godth and a real hunk bethideth, hath commanded."

And so, as Dawn fingered the rosy sky, the nympho Calypso and Odysseus built a small craft for him to sail away on, but it was too small, so they built a bigger one, and Odysseus set sail over the wine dark sea. But now, Poseidon, the god of earthquake and disaster movies and the master of the oceans sighted him far away, and muttered to himself in Sensurround: "Is this Odysseus, the king of Ithaca, I see before me? Have the gods decided to aid him without consulting me, the great and powerful Poseidon? I've never been so insulted!" And with this, he raised a mighty trident high in the air. Odysseus seeing this, asked: "Why do you raise your trident, all powerful god?"

And Poseidon answered: "It's the only stick my Mom lets me raise."

Odysseus did not get it, and this angered Poseidon, who ran out of one-liners and vowed to prevent Odysseus from returning home to his loved ones, as an act of punishment for his lack of a sense of humor.

And the rosy fingers of Dawn were covered with a glove of clouds as lightning and thunder rocked Odysseus' small craft. The mighty sea began to puke into Odysseus' face, and the waves crushed his tiny boat to many tinier pieces, leaving Odysseus lost in the sea. But Hermes took pity on him because he was a cute guy, and threw him a clog to cling to. Odysseus was saved, and drifted to the shore of a nearby island.

It was the island of Smegma, home of the Phallusians. With clothes tattered, our wet hero dragged himself wearily upon the sandy shores, saying to himself: "What more can I suffer? What comes now? Shall I get no peace? I am fatigued, I am cold, and what's more, I have only one clog!" And Hermes took pity once again, and threw him the other clog. But Hermes had a limp wrist, and his aim was poor, and the clog struck Odysseus upon the head, causing him to be unconscious.

BOOK V: Odysseus tells of his adventures and everyone is bored by them

The next morning, Odysseus was found asleep on the beach by Princess Nausea, who was afraid of him, because she had led a sheltered life, and had never seen a man with a shoe stuck in his head before, and this frightened her. But, seeing his value as a great conversation piece, she took him home with her, where the king and queen received him with great kindness and generosity, realizing that he might be very irritable. Odysseus was grateful, and with minor surgery, was well again. The king and queen held a banquet for him, and they invited everyone on the island, and hired a disco band for entertainment. At the banquet, Odysseus revealed to them his true identity as king of Ithaca, but he did not impress them, for he could not do the hustle. He told them all of his adventures, but no one was listening, so he talked to the village idiot, with whom Odysseus found he had much in common, for he too kept a shoe on his head.

And Odysseus told some bullshit, saying, "Here is my incredible tale: I have been wandering for 19 years, trying to find my way back home. I have encountered many perils and strange lands since the Trojan War. It was a long journey from Troy to Ithaca, and we had been sailing for months before the crew persuaded me to make an unscheduled stop along the way. I scolded them, saying they should have gone to the bathroom before we set sail, but we stopped anyway, for health purposes.

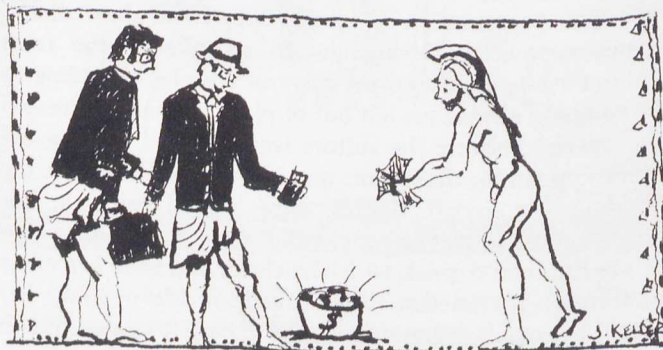
"We soon came upon the coastline of the Lettuce Eaters, a friendly race that offered lettuce to us all. However, the lettuce had a strange effect on the seamen, and each one who ate of it lost all memory of home and

believed he was Cesar Chavez. For the rest of the voyage, they shouted "Huelga!" and wouldn't let me eat grapes.

"We then sailed to an even stranger land, called Wharton. There we encountered horrible creatures called Accountaurs. These beasts—half man, half accounting major—were the bookkeepers of the gods. Part of the crew was lost in Wharton, for the land enticed them to remain, with promises of a minimum starting salary of \$12,000 per annum and tax shelters. We had a debit of 22 seamen when we left.

"Sailing further Westward, we encountered the island of Psychlops, a huge one-eyed monster who could explain his own lack of depth perception in terms of gestalt psychology. This giant, named Polybergen, held us captive in his cave, forcing us to lie on a tremendous couch while he mercilessly analyzed us. Polybergen would smash one of the crew members against the cave wall, then, splattering his victim's body, and demand that I tell him what I saw in the Rorschach Sailor Blot. This savage treatment gave the men claustrophobia, and they planned an escape. As the Psychlops slept, they played frisbee with his contact lens and lost it in the bushes. We were thus able to escape unnoticed.

"Drifting further and further, we landed on an unknown island of imaginary beasts. There lived the infamous LaCoste Alligator, hunted by man for centuries and prized for its ability to raise one's social status simply by sewing it onto your shirt. While pursuing this creature, we were attacked by those mystical flying beasts, the Herpes—half woman, half chancre sore—whose screeching cries of "Vee Dee, Vee Deel" caused some of the men to go blind and others to go insane.



"It was on this isle that we discovered the fabled Jimmy the Truck. At first, this beast appeared to be an ordinary tractor-trailer, but close inspection revealed a wheel-to-axle ratio never before witnessed by any mortal. Spying us, Jimmy the Truck fell upon us, with shouts of 'By golly, we got us a convoy!' emanating from his C.B. radio, as he skipped tolls and exceeded the speed limit in an effort to run us down. By the gods' power he was caught in a speed trap, however, and we were saved.

"Also on this island dwelled Pigasus, the flying swine, who desecrated statues and did much to upset those among the crew who liked to keep a kosher ship.

"Sailing even further off course, we reached the island

of Whoosh, the home of the goddess Certs. Certs lured my men into a lavish villa in the center of the isle, where she waved her magic wand with retsyn—thereby transforming half the crew into candy mints, and the other half into breath mints. We left as soon as possible, my crew of mints and I, and soon after passed by the land of the Sirens, unusual creatures who were given to singing atop police cars. This being unpleasant, we kept on going.

"We continued off course. When we came upon the land of Lilliput, we realized just how far off-course we really were, because that was an entirely different book. After long, arduous months of nothing but sea and sky, we landed at the island of the nympho Calypso. There I was held captive for eight years, while Calypso begged me to be her husband. I refused, but offered to stay on as a gardener. She was not satisfied with that, so she kept me there until I gave in. With the help of the gods, I escaped, but bad luck caused me to lose my way and brought me here to Smegma."

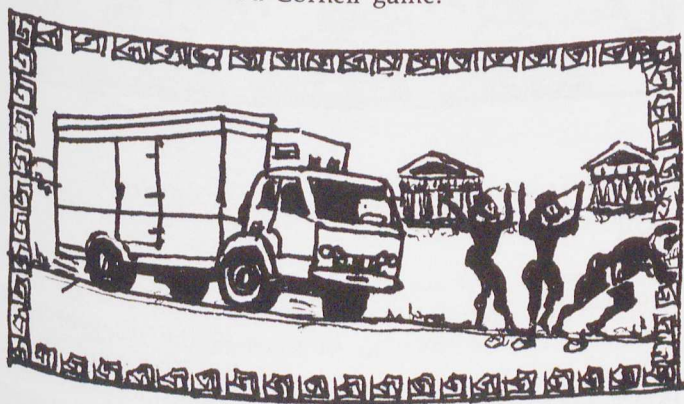
Odysseus awakened the village idiot to whom he was speaking and asked: "Did you comprehend my incredible tale, old dope?"

To which the village idiot replied: "Everything except one part; the one after 'Here is my incredible tale . . .'"

BOOK VI: *Odysseus returns to Ithaca*

As Odysseus began his story again, the grey eyed, large busted goddess Athena appeared before him and said: "Odysseus the wanderer, I will get you back to Ithaca, for I am kind, I am warm hearted, and I can't bear to hear that story again."

And she gave Odysseus the secret to returning home: "Just click your heels together three times and say, 'There's no place like home.' " And Odysseus did this, and, with the speed of Hermes, soon found himself back in Ithaca in time for the Harvard-Cornell game.



As Dawn's fingers of rose placed rose-colored glasses on the sky, the weary Odysseus disguised himself as a beggar, to learn of the situation at his home without announcing his return. He sighted his loyal servant Murrae high atop a hill, and went up to greet him. He wrapped his arms around Murrae with tears of joy streaming down his face, and urine streaming down his leg, for he was weeping

and wetting his pants once again. Murrae, not recognizing his old master, pushed him away and gave the old beggar some spare change. Odysseus was shocked at the behavior of his faithful servant, and said unto him: "Do you not recognize me? I am your master and king of Ithaca, Odysseus." Realizing the beggar's true identity, Murrae was embarrassed, and gave him a few extra dollars, feeling it was the least he could do.

Over the hill, the two men sighted Telemachus coming towards them. Telemachus greeted Murrae and ignored Odysseus. He proceeded to tell Murrae about his trip to Jamaica, and gave him a pair of maracas he picked up in a gift shop before they left the island. Murrae thanked Telemachus, and Telemachus was about to begin showing slides when Murrae brought his attention to Odysseus. Telemachus apologized for overlooking the old beggar, and gave him a pair of maracas too. He suddenly realized that the damp spots on Odysseus' tattered pants meant that he was his dear long lost father, who was home at last. He wept as he hugged and kissed his father, who left before Telemachus was born 19 years ago. Odysseus thought this guy was a homo, until he saw the damp spots on Telemachus' pants, at which point Odysseus was overcome with joy as he realized he was finally reunited with his own flesh and blood and urine.

Odysseus told the others of his adventures, and Telemachus displayed his tan and showed slides of Jamaica, and Murrae went into a coma from boredom, but was soon revived, when he told Odysseus of the situation at his home. The suitors had grown in number since Telemachus left, and their home was now overstocked with three piece suits, causing the place to be a shambles. Odysseus and Telemachus agreed it was necessary to do something to get rid of these suitors and get revenge for the way they ignored the latest styles. They decided it was time for a clearance sale.

BOOK VII: *Mr. Odysseus goes to town*

As Dawn sang back up vocals for Tony Orlando, she spread her fingers of rose over the sky, and Odysseus and Telemachus arrived at their home in Ithaca. Odysseus was careful not to reveal his true identity, and refrained from carrying their bags, for everyone knew he was a graduate of Cornell's School of Hotel Management. When Telemachus saw his beautiful mother Penelope, he ran to greet her.

And the beautiful Penelope spoke: "Some son! Not even a postcard I get? And who's the beggar you bring home? It figures—you would bring home a bum!"

Then she spoke to Odysseus: "Excuse me. You're no bum. My son is a bum, that's who's a bum!"

Odysseus barely recognized the palace he owned, for it was filled with racks of suits, some of which were double breasted, and this disgusted him, for they would not sell.

Some of the suits were even nehru, and Odysseus was appalled at the sight of them as he wondered what deranged and thoughtless men these suitors must be. Playing the role of the beggar, Odysseus mingled among the suitors, doing very well, for he had grubbed \$12.50 on one box of pencils.

After some time had passed, the local soothsayer, Jimmy the Greek, spoke to Penelope. Jimmy the Greek predicted that Odysseus was still alive and would return home soon, and that the Bay City Rollers would win the Super Bowl. Penelope mistrusted him, however, for it was this same soothsayer who predicted the Christians would beat the Lions with a seven point spread, and Penelope had lost a bundle on that one.

Odysseus continued mingling among the suitors to devise an expedient plan to overthrow them. His disguise as a beggar aided him greatly, allowing him to get to know each suitor and make a few bucks on the side. They took him into their trust, for they liked the old beggar, except for Auntillie, the leader of the suitors, who repeatedly threw a footstool at him for no apparent reason.

Odysseus and Telemachus joined the suitors at dinner that evening, as the suitors had asked them to stay, and it was their own house anyway. Many of the suitors became drunk, and began to taunt the old beggar, saying things like: "Your mother wears army boots" and "You're a bum," and they began flinging not only footstools, but other more dangerous objects like sofas, chaise lounges, a Waring blender, 9 bulls, and 200 sheep. Finally, Telemachus became enraged at the behavior of the suitors and unleashed a verbal assault on the men who had occupied his house since his youth, enumerating all their vices and misdeeds:

"For 19 years you have stayed in my father's house. Not only have you squandered his wealth, but you have caused great stress in my mother. You are evil, wicked men! You eat, drink, and sleep in my father's palace, yet not one of you thought to bring cake! You eat your salad with the wrong fork, you never say 'please' or 'thank you', and your room is a mess!"

Odysseus, delighted at the sight of his son following in his footsteps as a great leader, told Telemachus how proud he was of him, and told him to take his elbows off the table.

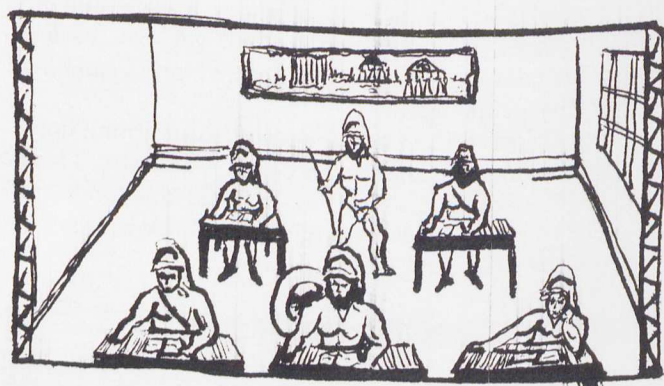
Soon, the pulchritudinous and callipygian Penelope came before the suitors announcing her decision to choose a new husband, for she was finally convinced that her beloved husband was dead, and had just found the key to her chastity belt. To decide which of the suitors should become her new husband, Penelope devised a task to choose the one most like her beloved Odysseus, who had amazing strength, when it came to writing. The suitors would each have to hand in a 500 word essay on "Why I Want to Marry Penelope" and the best author would win Penelope's hand and a \$100 savings bond. All entries must be postmarked no later than MCMLXVII.

The suitors, each eager to become her new husband, put down their needles and thread, and began to work on

their essays, except for Auntillie, who first threw a footstool at Odysseus, then began his essay. But none of the suitors could get past the first paragraph, no matter how hard they tried. They worked for days, but none could come close to the verbose and insightful literary triumphs of the king of Ithaca, whose essays were so magnificent, he was accepted into Cornell despite his 1060 board scores. Even Auntillie became frustrated at his own lack of verbal talent, compounded by his pen running out of ink, appeased himself by chucking a footstool at Odysseus.

Despite the steady barrage of footstools, Odysseus carefully crafted his own essay, and when all the others had failed to submit anything, he came forth and handed in his paper, which he called "The King and I." It wasn't too good, but the music was catchy and Penelope read it aloud to the throng.

As she spoke the words he had written, the suitors were amazed, as they realized it could only be the work of the mighty Odysseus because of its distinctive style and lack of coherence. Suddenly, Odysseus stripped off the clothes of the beggar, but forgot he had nothing on underneath, and was embarrassed. He dressed quickly, and, with Telemachus by his side, appeared triumphantly before the suitors. They stared in wonderment and amazement, as his pants clashed with his toga.



BOOK VIII: Odysseus kills everybody

Odysseus' first act of vengeance was to force feed a footstool to Auntillie. He then tortured the rest of the suitors by forcing them to sit through the story of his voyages and Telemachus' slides of Jamaica, until they begged for mercy. Odysseus obliged by putting the suitors out of their misery. He revelled in their cries of pain as he proceeded to make alterations on their bodies. He plundered them, taking in chests a few inches and shortening their inseams as they begged for forgiveness. The mighty Odysseus refused to heed their cries, for he had sworn his revenge. Telemachus aided him by basting their internal organs as his father let out their circulatory systems. The remaining suitors pleaded with him to spare

them, and pointed out that he was in violation of the Amalgamated Garment Workers Union contract, which prohibits any shop master to mutilate union workers without paying time and a half. Odysseus ignored them and continued his retaliation, steam pressing spleens and hemming faces, satisfied at last, as he had completed his job, and he was at last rid of the evil suitors. He could now live peacefully in his home, safe from the fear that as his family slept, they would suddenly be attacked and fitted for a seersucker.

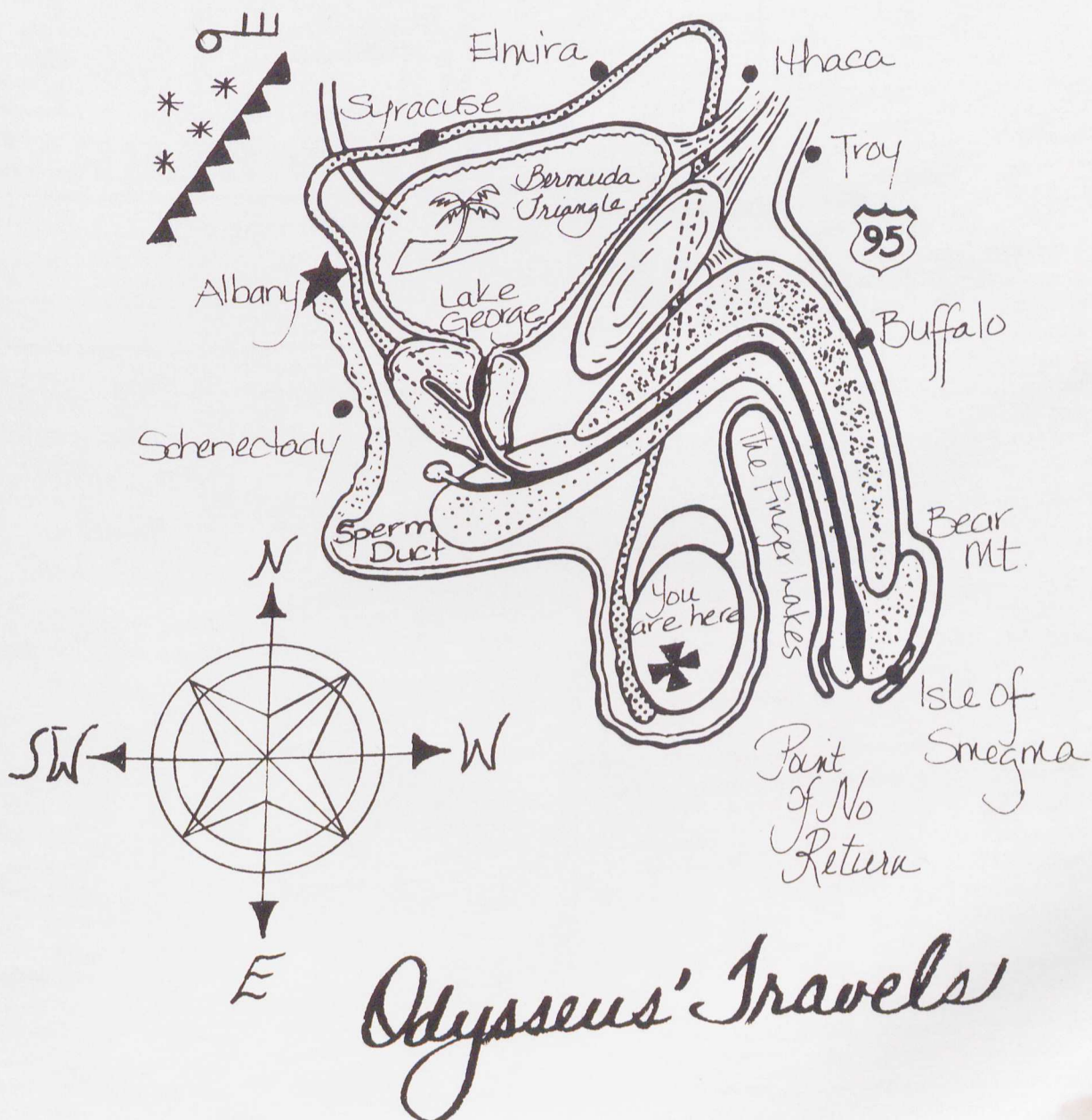
BOOK IX: Hubba Hubba

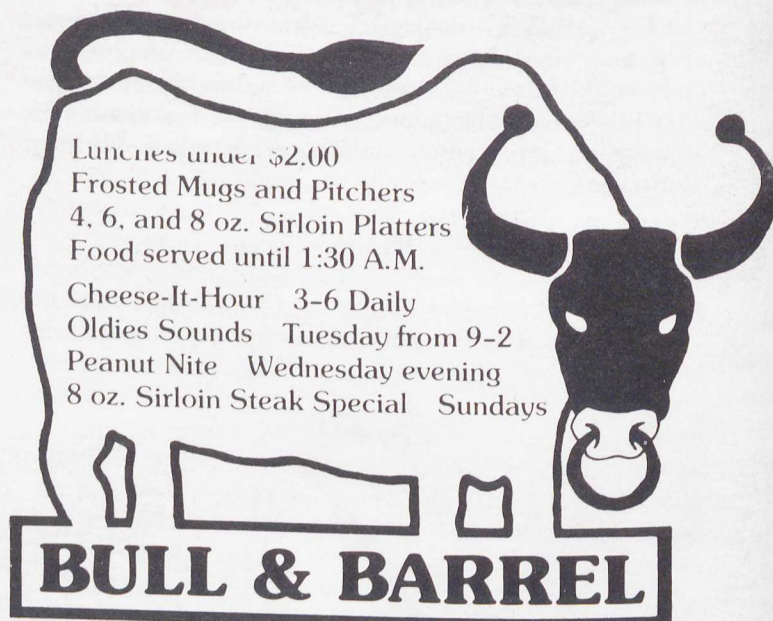
As the chocolaty fingers of Dusk melted into the hands of the sky, Odysseus was at last reunited with his

faithful and beloved wife Penelope, sweeping her into his mighty, macho arms as they went to their bedchamber. It had been 19 years since Odysseus had made love to his wife, and he was eager to be lain.

From her beach house high atop Mount Olympus, the grey eyed, large busted goddess Athena gazed upon them, and was touched by the love and affection between the king of Ithaca and his fair wife. Being so moved, she made use of her powers to delay the coming of Dawn to give them more time to make love together, for, after all, she thought, it had been 19 years, and Odysseus needed time to get it right.

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campus are sex for the students,
athletics for the alumni and
parking for the faculty.*

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