

Gargoyle's

SATURDAY NIGHT Special



WHERE THERES SMOKE THERES FIRE

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL STAFF

Too many cooks:

*Dorris Ann Smith
Bob Alway
Stephen Levinson
Mike Wilson
Tony Zaret
Joe Fusion
Heather Fusion*

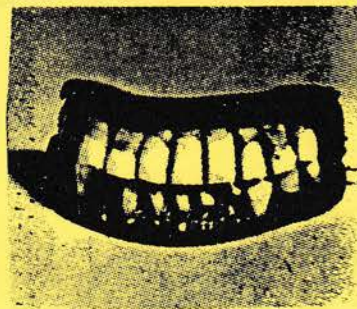
*John Wambaugh
Ray Howell
Carolyn Jones
David Guipe
and
Ryan Hughes*



Welcome to Gargoyle's Saturday Night Special. Recently acquired from the finest of area pawn shops, we're loaded with humor.

In this issue of the Gargoyle, we decided to get back to the "basics". With all the alumni lounging on our couch, we decided to do things The Old Fashioned Way. We decided we didn't need all this "new-fangled" "technology" getting between us and the "funniest fucking jokes ever".

So, we went through all the old drawers and rediscovered all the classic tools of humor magazine making: paint, magic markers, ink, rubber cement, glue, white-out, Lysol, Windex, beer, dope, and "good times." Oh, yeah.



WHATEVER IT TAKES....
CONSIDER IT DONE!

DAVID FRIEDO

Accu-Copy

Volume Discounts/Custom Bids

Digital Copies B/W & Color

Print From Disk

Color Laserprints

PC & Mac Rental Stations

Business Cards & Letterhead

- Ask About Free Pick Up & Delivery
- Corporate Accounts
- Major Credit Cards Accepted
- Full & Self-Serve Areas
- Internet Access

Ann Arbor
530 E Liberty 734-4333
FAX: 761-1416
2609 Plymouth Road 996-0887
FAX: 996-1427

Ypsilanti
1514 Washtenaw Avenue 487-2888
FAX: 487-0808

Call Store To Verify Services & Hours





Ameritech Publishing, Inc. 1998

...so good copying, we even copied this ad.

How many
Very short
People does
it take to
change a
light bulb?



Five

What About Me?

- Arthur Miller

I could have written "Shakespeare in Love". Like Tom Stoppard, I too am a popular American playwright. I could have written an Academy Award winning screenplay.

Other Gargoyle Staffers

have won Academy Awards -- it's not that much of a jump. I just happen to believe that great literature does not need to be softened into sickly-sweet love stories for the masses.

Yes, that's correct, I'm not at all jealous of Tom Stoppard. Nor of fellow GargAlum Lawrence Kasdan.

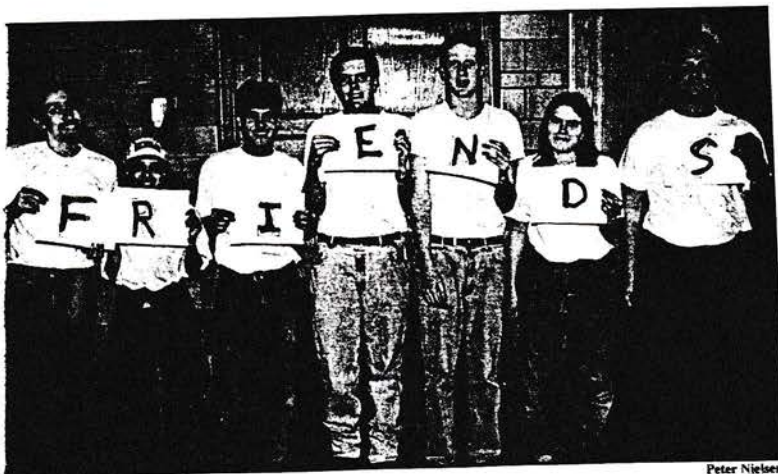
In fact, I'm so not upset that I

didn't come because I'm busy not sulking.

I'm having tons of fun somewhere other than my dark bedroom, alone in my mansion.

I don't need Gargoyle Reunions to lighten my day.

Dot.dot.comic?



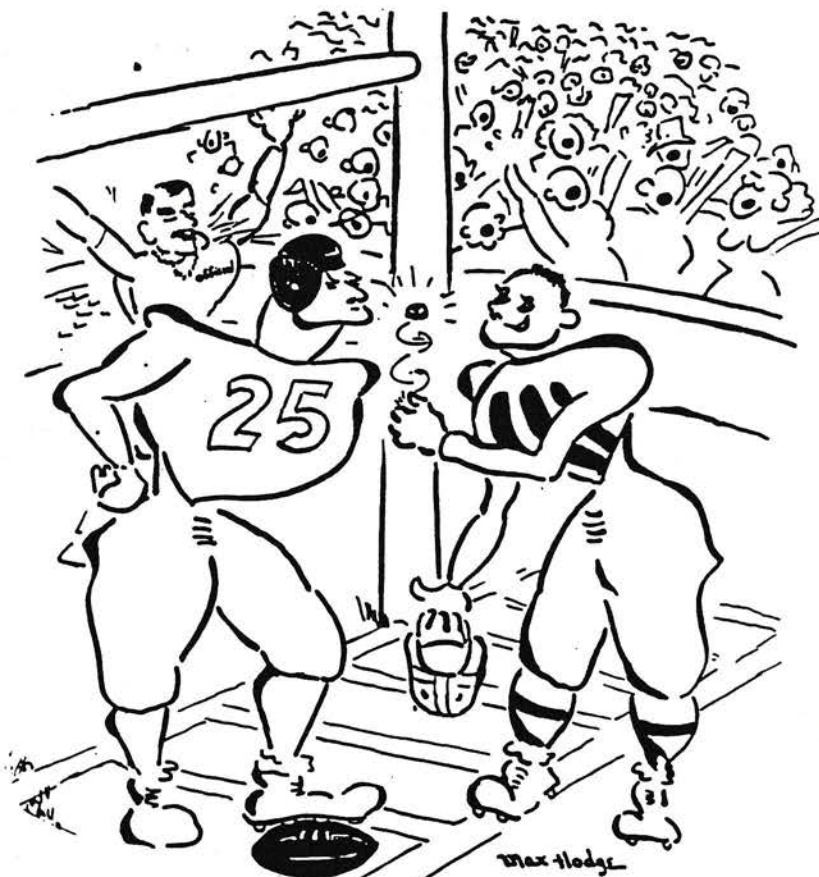
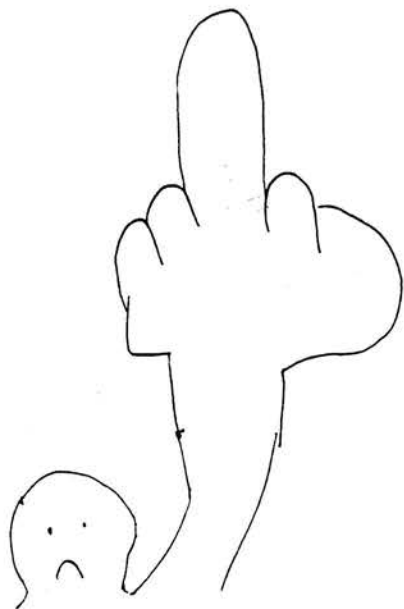
Peter Nielsen

In a year of reorganization and reconstruction, the staff of the Gargoyle managed to maintain humor and creativity. A small group of writers and cartoonists worked to publish a magazine that could make their readers as well as themselves, laugh. Anthony Zaret, LSA sophomore, said, "Gargoyle Magazine, more than anything, was all about people. Every year dozens of students join, 'The Garg,' and bring together 'The Friendship Connection.'" He stressed that the magazine thrived on an enthusiastic relationship between staffers. "Some say the unofficial slogan of the Gargoyle is F+HW = Magazine," said Zaret, "Friendship plus Hard Work = Magazine." ♦

—Kristin Long

GARGOYLE REVEALS

"One-Fingered discount"



"Flipya for it—double or nothing!"

Its a letter from the
Michigan Alumni Association



Editorial by Stephen Levinson



Recently, the university of was honored to hold "Alumni Week" a time when Michiganders from days gone by return to Ann Arbor to share memories and reminiscences.

The reunion gave us that deep sense of pain you gain when attending a museum of the natural histories, gazing at the dioramas of primitive mankind. Scantly clad, superstitious and utterly ignorant of the world around them, they miraculously managed to form simple, crude tools and bludgeon their way to survival. How they would scamper into their dark caves and cry out to their imaginary gods if they somehow caught a glimpse of modern society—sophisticated, elegant and bipedal. And yet, in a way, they have played a part in the creation of today's world. For how could we have developed lightning-quick fiberoptic communication technology if our prognathic faced ancestors

hadn't dared to vocalize their horror, with ape-like grunts and ear piercing howls, as Giant Sloth made off their young. Yes, the debt we owed our past was never more clear as that brisk Ann Arbor day, when our ferrets hobbled back to our twenty first century campus. They are still a part of us, like the roots of a white rose—gnarled and ugly, burrowing into the filth below—so that we, the delicate and beautiful flower can spread our lovely petals into the sun.

Counterpoint by Elizabeth Ferret

Recently, the university of was honored to hold "Ferret Week" a time when Michiganders from days gone by return to Ann Arbor to share memories and reminiscences.

The reunion gave us that deep sense of pain you gain when attending a museum of the natural histories, gazing at the dioramas of primitive mankind. Scantly iron-clad, superstitious and utterly ignorant of the world around them, they miraculously managed to form simple, crude tools and bludgeon their way to survival. How they would scamper into their dark caves and cry out to their imaginary gods if they somehow caught a glimpse of modern society--sophisticated, elegant and bipedal. And yet, in a way, they have played a part in the creation of today's FERRET. For how could we have developed lightning-quick ferrets fiberoptic communication technology if our prognathic faced ancestors hadn't dared to vocalize their horror, with ape-like grunts and ear piercing howls, as Giant Sloth made off their young. Yes, the debt we owed our past was never more clear as that brisk Ann Arbor day, when our ferrets hobbled back to our twenty first century campus. They are still a part of us, like the roots of a white rose--gnarled and ugly, burrowing into the filth below--so that we, the delicate and beautiful flower can spread our lovely ferrets into the sun.

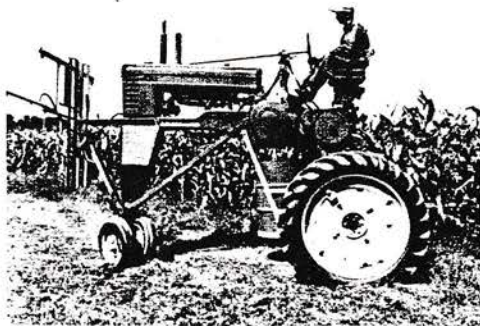




HIGH FIVES

TO
ALL WHO HELPED WITH
Scholarships for
Garg Editors

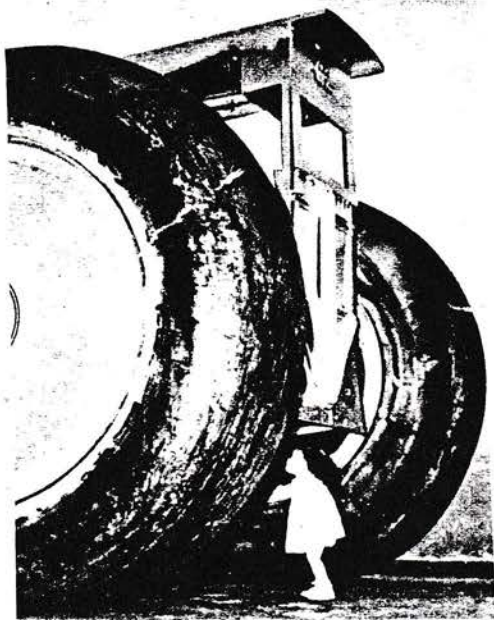
Gargoyle reveals latest research
on tractor reproduction



Aroused tractors in mating dance



Schematic drawing
of tractor sperm



Never before published
photo micrograph of
sperm entering
tractor egg.



Asbestos Gloves
for HOT Jobs

Steel-Grip
INDUSTRIAL
Safety Apparel



**Do You STILL
CHANGE
MOTOR OIL??**

Toilet training
for young tractors
remains a trying
ordeal.

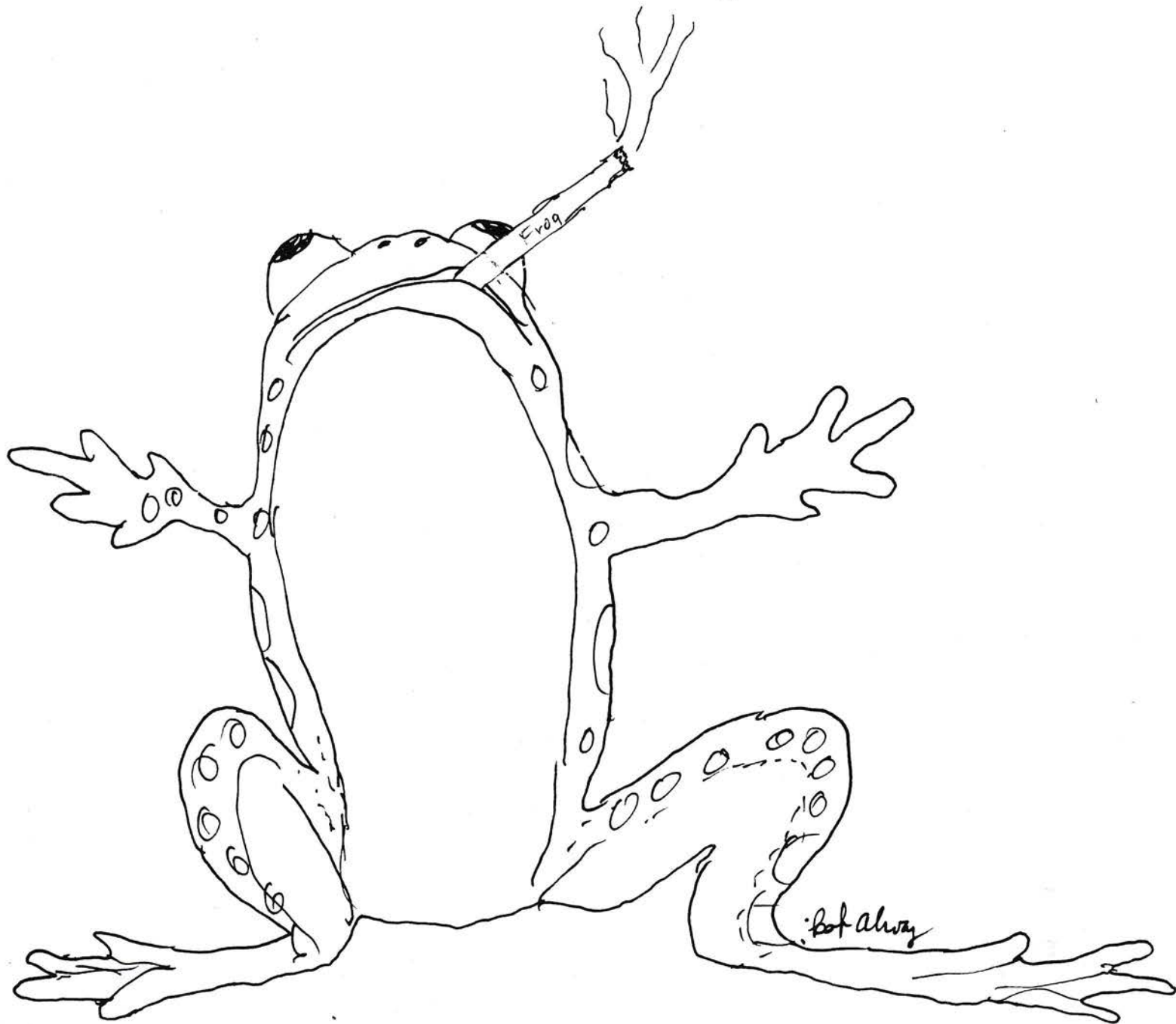
*IT'S A GRAND FEELING, TOO,
WHEN YOUR CAR IS
CUSHIONED WITH MARFAK
CHASSIS LUBRICATION*

Artificial
insemination
is more & more
an acceptable
alternative.

Frog Cigarettes

Highest nicotine levels of any national brand.

- Kills mosquitoes as soon as they bite.
- Insures bleeding gums discust your dentist into leaving your mouth.
- Keeps you addicted for a lifetime of lung disease.
- King size available by kissing them.





G A R G O Y L E

Glory Days: **When smoking wasn't bad for you!**

**IT WASN'T ETHER
NEITHER!**



IT was the paralyzing combination of rank tobacco in a pipe that needed a major cleaning operation. For wide-awake smoking happiness we prescribe regular pipe cleaning and a diet of mild Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. Sir Walter is a most remarkable combination of sunshiny Kentucky Burleys. So cool and slow-burning it heals scorched tongues and nurses grouches into grins; so delightfully fragrant it will make you and your pipe welcome in any ward or living-room. Try a 1 5¢ tin—see why it's become a national favorite.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA

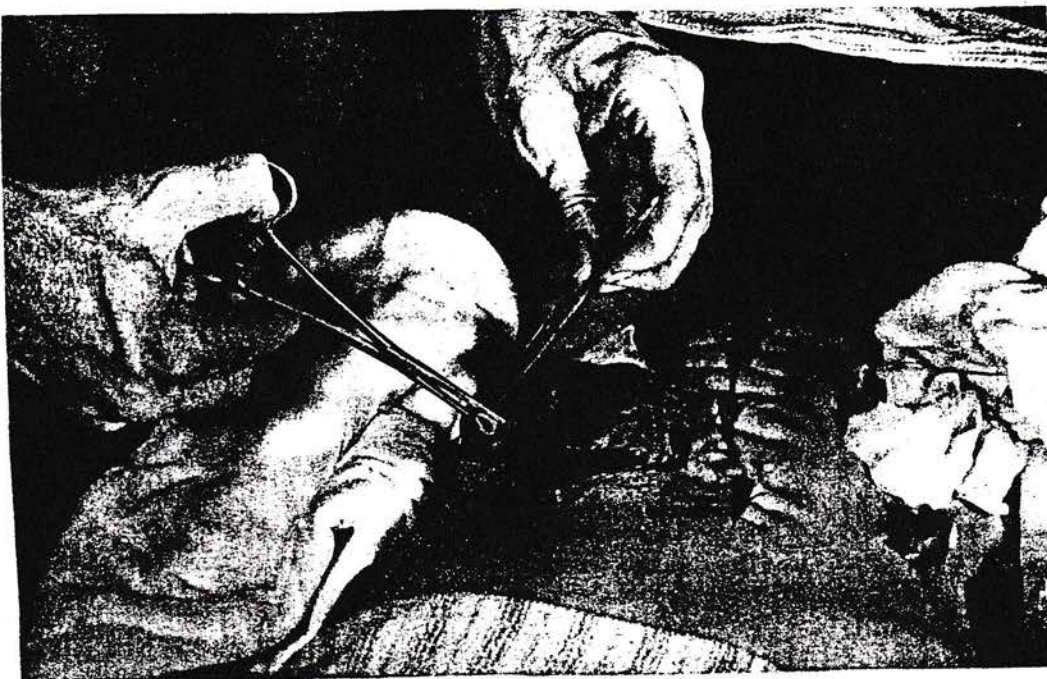


SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL STAFF
Cartoon by **Bob Ahronheim** in 1968 "Return to the Womb Issue" of Gargoyle.

**The Gargoyle is Born!
1909**



**The Gargoyle is Reborn!
5 or 6 more times
1909-1999**



Now, Now, Kids . . .

Play Nice in the Stadium

Here's an example of how the fine Ann Arbor police officers manage to keep the peace in the hotbed of crime (ready to EXPLODE!) that is our fair city: Standing in the student section at today's game, drizzle sneaking down the back of my "Go Blue" sweatshirt, I felt unsafe because of the dearth of uniformed police officers in sight. I warily eyed the shady looking fan standing beside me, worried about his intentions. "What if he were to erupt in a frenzy of violence at the referees' poor calls?" I wondered. Then, suddenly, there was a flash of motion on my left. I turned around just in time to see my neighbor hurl a marshmallow down into the stands. He giggled childishly, though his aim was a bit off, and no one was harmed by the projectile. Barely 15 seconds later, two (2) Ann Arbor police officers in full rain gear swooped down upon the marshmallow-tosser and ushered him out of the stadium. This marshmallow-menace started his day at The Big House amongst Michigan fans, but would end up in the Big House amongst rapists, murderers, and jaywalkers. "I didn't do anything!" he proclaimed vainly as they dragged him away. The policeman responded with a surreptitious slug to the criminal's

gut. As the marshmallow-thrower's cries faded into the distance, I imagined his imminent torture at the hands of the AAPD. He would be beaten for his indiscretion, of course, but I wondered if he would be anally penetrated with a toilet plunger as well. Nevertheless, his Marshmello-In-Possession charge would not be nearly as great a punishment as his sound thrashing.

Calm at last, I relaxed and watched the conclusion of the game, confident that the Ann Arbor police would protect me from the dangerous marshmallow-terrorists lurking in the stands.

(Note: Fill this space with a poop and/or sex joke.

- Ed.)

Gargoyle

SUBSCRIPTION CARD

Name: _____

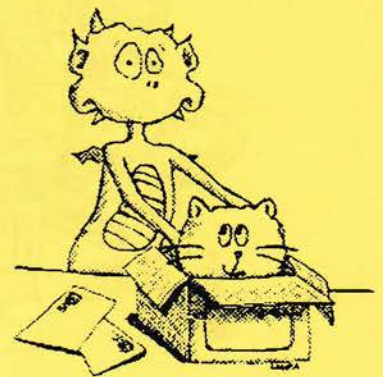
Address: _____

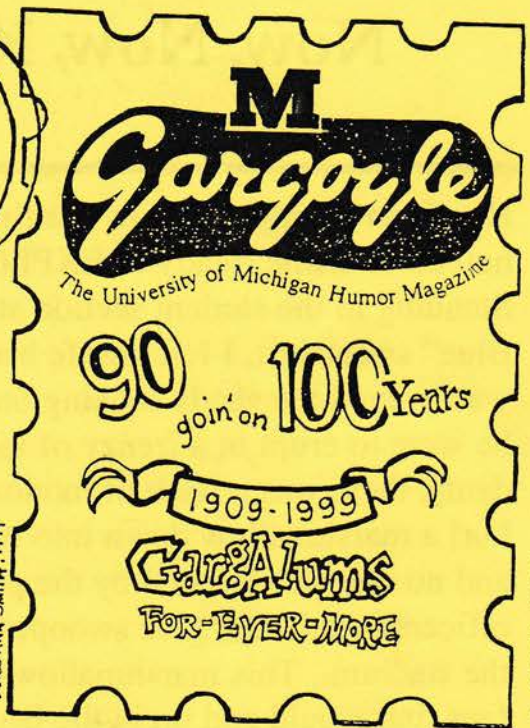
A year's subscription for only \$7 !!

Just send this card
and a check for \$7
to:

Gargoyle Magazine
420 Maynard St.
Ann Arbor, MI,
48109.

A year's subscription
includes the next 4
issues.





"I'm proud to be a part of something that has so much history behind it"

Carolyn Jones

1st Meeting of YOUR REUNION committee



at an IN-FA-MOUS **M** LANDMARK

DAVID F.