

HELLO! THIS IS THE

Gargoyle

2011

SATURDAY
NIGHT
SPECIAL



Aww MAN,
I thought this
was the **FEVER!**



Gargoyle

BRAND

MAGAZINE



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Saturday Night Special, November, 2011

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GET A VANITY PLATE!



Things That Piss Me Off

(now that I am an “adult”)

by: Mohammed Elghoul



1

Children old enough to walk being pushed around in a stroller. What are you doing being pushed around the mall like some little Pharaoh? Your prescription drugged up and ineffective parents have you in a soccer league but now you are too good to walk. When I see you-- I crouch down and whisper into your little chariot- “you can walk”. Your secret isn’t safe with me.

Bosses who get special birthday presents at work. You make four times my salary yet you have your minions walk around “collecting money for your celebration”. Well, you know what I will be celebrating? Coming up with evidence that you are embezzling from the office and getting your ass taken out of here in handcuffs. I don’t make enough to hold my dick with (literally -- prostitutes won’t touch me) and this is adding insult to injury.

2

3

Rich Rodriguez. No explanation needed.

Department stores that collect money for charity. My bleeding heart is all for charity- but I will not give donate to “Save the Kities” in JC Penny’s name. You attempt to socially guilt me but whenever asked I reply with “is the store matching my donation”? That always seems to perplex the clerk but what perplexes me is how it is acceptable for a multi-million dollar corporation to take PR credit for my money without spending a dime. (I also suspect that a percentage of that money doesn’t find its way to the charity.)

4

5

Paying bills and being a grown up. When I was a kid I was told if I studied hard and listened to my teachers I would have a nice job and have a happy life. I’ve done all that but only now realize that it was ruse by adults to rob me of the 10 happiest years of my life. I can’t wait to have kids in order to pull this shit on them. I want to go play with my train set now.

Lonely Phil Collins

It was Paris, 1985. Into the smoke-filled restaurant I went, sans jacket, and sat with my bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape, loaf of bread, and plate of cracklins.

Everyone stared at me. Some approached me, asked for autographs. I was the focus of the room, but I sat, utterly alone. I gulped the red liquid in disgust, grabbed the bottle, and moved to the streets like a liquid shadow.

Through the wet, fog-filled streets of Paris, I looked for a way to ease my isolation, to forget my solitary pain. I stumbled across an absinthe bar. A girl with long legs, blonde hair, and a black top hat poured glass upon green glass and I drank deeply. Time turned to memory, and all faded into black.

Dozens of foam-shrouded figures surrounded me. A President. A First Lady. A Vulcan. They danced around me, pointing and laughing, poking into me from all sides.

Famous Phil! Famous Phil! They mocked me with their exaggerated features and their wire-clad hands.

I tried to run, but they surrounded me. Closer and closer they moved. The smell of molded polyurethane infused my nostrils, choking me. I tried to scream but their soft yet skeletal hands probed my mouth, my lips, grabbed my tongue and snaked their way down to the back of my throat.

I awoke, and wretched violently. I was in a hotel room—mine? Beside me on the bed, no trace of the woman, the absinthe, the Muppets. I scabbled to the nightstand. A pen and paper. The words were my only friends. I had known this all along.

After *Invisible Touch*, there was no turning back.



CENTENARIAN?

or

UNSCENTED

ARYAN?



GARG NEWS

Gagalums Protest

Gargoyle Alumni descended on Maynard street Saturday to protest the vast profits made by the current Gargoyle staff. The movement, called Occupy Maynard street Gargoyle (OMG), is totally disorganized. Reasons given for the protest were, "They're making us look bad", and "We've had a long tradition of losing money that's being destroyed by the current staff". The protest was expelled from the sidewalk by the cold weather. The Gargalums were philosophic about the expulsion, "We've been kicked off campus before but we always come back".

The Gargalum John's could not be reached for comment because they were at the football game.

New App Defies the Laws of space and time

Toast Time 360, a mobile application developed by computer scientists at UC Berkeley allows the user to summon perfectly crisped toast in an adjacent room. (Users are cautioned to prevent children from using this app after beta testing resulted in the crush-deaths of several testers.) The technology was developed following a series of experiments designed to determine where single socks disappear to in the laundry.

"It was pretty surprising, we have to admit," commented UC Berkeley scientist Dr. Nathan Marmalade, "but evidently, the same dimension that steals our socks produces toast in observance of the Law of Conservation of Matter... that we could mediate the exchange through a computer algorithm was even more confusing."

Dr. Marmalade has cautioned against excessive use of the app and even suggested that it could have military applications: "Oh yeah, it's incredibly dangerous; I can't imagine why Apple thought it was a good idea to make this publicly available. We nearly killed our Swiss janitor Kevin before we realized what the program was doing. Thank God we had a segmentation fault before his face was covered with breakfast."

Other Apps:

- Frank Zappa Breath Mint matcher – assigns a Frank Zappa song to the smell of your breath
- The Discourager – opening the app plays one of fifteen hundred discouraging comments as spoken by Angela Lansbury
- Gin Minder – reminds you to buy more gin. You always need more gin.
- The French Erection – applies cartoon moustache and beret to all penis pictures on your phone
- The Wicker Man – bees swarm from your iPhone. You will not escape.
- Faggot Mansion – sends the link lemonparty.com to all elderly female relatives in your contacts list.
- Licorice Tits – a text-based adventure game.
- King Bun – King Bun deeply disapproves of your behavior.

PHOTO PAGE



The first in our line of Serpent Sipper flavors, Python Pepper, is soon to be followed by Anise Anaconda, Samoa Boa, and Constrictor Cumen.



The negotiations were getting intense between the pro and anti sandal forces.



Luke Silvershoes and his robot R-Tin D-Tin.



Undercover study of the relativistic properties of flying monkeys.



Happy vampire bandage.



THE FOUNDING FATHERS

Many have heard of the Founding Fathers, the edgy boy band that burst out of the east coast hipster/philosopher farmer scene in the mid 17's, but few have taken the time to consider the shocking scope of their career.

With roots in the coffee house circuit, George Washington first met with young poet and eye-liner enthusiast Thomas Jefferson after they both performed competing versions of When the King Enjoys His Own Again. They developed an innovative form of rap-folk fusion which they called "fapping." The addition of John Adams and John Hancock to the band fleshed out the vocal line up, and provided a Bostonian twang to the group.

Lightning struck at their first show together when the group met producer-hedonist B. Franklin. During their rousing finale, We Thee People, Franklin – an amateur musician – leapt onto the stage and performed a six-hour jam using the modulated feedback from his printing press. After the show, the band was signed in a revolutionary deal.

Under Franklin's tutelage, the group was reorganized. Washington took the role of leader and lead Rapper. Adams adopted a bad boy persona; Jefferson worked to cultivate his role as the sensitive one. And, Hancock, in part because of his flamboyant signature, took the role of the gay one.

Following the success of their first album Declaration of My Independence, which included the killer tracks Valley Forge 2 and Baby, I'm a Revolutionary, the band found expectations shockingly high. To the surprise of critics, their sophomore effort The Midnight Ride of My Rear was also well received, partly from their collaboration with popular rap group the Boston Tea Posse.

The band went through a dark period during which renegade Andrew Jackson joined the band. Their first album with Jackson, Manifest Bestiny, was a tremendous success. However, their success came with grave consequences: their follow-up album Trail of Tears alienated hundreds of thousands of fans west of the Mississippi.

A Letter from Berkeley, CA

From Zack Beauvais, California Resident

My dearest Gargs,

I am a proud, Gargoyle alumnus. Note the placement of the comma. For several reasons, I was unable to attend this year's Garg-vementer. As a staff member, my favorite part of Garg-vementers past was writing for the Saturday Morning Special. This letter is meant to justify my absence. In it you will find a timeline of the activities that kept me from traveling to my homeland. Although I am not in Ann Arbor, I am very glad to have the opportunity to take part in this wonderful tradition.

17:00 PST Friday, 18 November, 2011

Cuss loudly at the homeless man next to the Wells Fargo bank. This is how I release my anger. He does not seem to notice or care. Today's conference call with Los Alamos was a bust. I am wearing a sweater I like. It is red, white and blue.

20:00 – 20:30 PST

Cook dinner. Today I attempt to eat two boxes of pasta, to see if I can. The answer is no. It was not even close.

20:30 – 23:30 PST

Chain watch season one of "Men Behaving Badly," the mid-nineties NBC sitcom featuring Rob Schneider. It was broadcast in the 22:00, Must-See-TV slot after "The Single Guy" featuring Jonathon Silverman. I did not confirm this fact with Wikipedia. I remember it from my childhood. Check it. I am pretty sure I am right.

23:30 – 02:30 PST Saturday, 19 November, 2011

Chin-ups. Chin-ups and season two of "Men Behaving Badly" with Rob Schneider. I did not count how many chin-ups I performed. It was several.

02:30 – 03:45 PST

I engage in my daily bedtime routine. I strip down to only my poncho and put the song "Ride Captain Ride" by Blues Image on a continuous loop. Because the yuppie Berkeley liquor stores do not sell my favorite brands (Old Crow and Rebel Yell), I open today's bottle of Maker's Mark. With elbows at 90o, I furiously alternate left and right, raising and lowering my arms in dance. I proceed in this manner until the bottle is empty and I am asleep under the rug.

05:30 – 06:45 PST

Well rested, I awake from my deep slumber. I scratch my loins for a good 15 minutes and then proceed to the roof of my building where I smash tennis balls at my neighbors' windows. This has been my Saturday morning tradition for years. You may be surprised how many free tennis balls you can get if you rob a high school.

06:45 – 09:30 PST

Engineering. I am currently doing research on a new, nuclear reactor design conceived here at Berkeley. It is kind of tough to explain. I guess, it is like, have you ever been camping? Well, it's kind of like that.

09:30 – 14:00 PST

Head off to the early morning bar. The fellers will be waiting for me.

14:00 -19:30 PST

Engineering. I meet with my research team. Things go south, and our meeting erupts into a loud, raucous argument. We are all equally skilled technically, thus it is difficult to settle disputes. We have recently adopted a technique for such situations. The team member who can hold his or her hand over a candle for the longest period of time is deemed the argument's winner. Today, I almost beat my personal best: eight minutes, 32 seconds. I did not win but was proud of my performance.

19:30 – 20:00 PST

Long for the days of being a Gargoyle staff-writer.

I love and miss you all. Best wishes from California.

-Zack



BLESS THIS MESS

