

# GarboUpe



Volume 111 No. 3:  
No Sex Issue!



Volume CXI, Number 3 Winter 2020

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# Yogurts, Ranked By How Quickly My Dog Shit After Eating Them

Unknown Author

**A**lrigh fuckers, it's about goddamn time. My roommate kept forgetting to grab yogurt at Kroger. It is important to note that this data is still a work in progress, but if my girlfriend ever grows a pair, I think I can use her Pembroke Welsh Corgi as a control group. My subject, who's actually my roommate's English Mastiff—who goes by Meatball—was surprisingly calm throughout the process.

## #5- Soy Yogurt - 27:37

It should have worked better—high in fat, fiber, and 45% of your daily calcium—but alas, all for naught. Meatball always takes his time in the yard, but a 27-minute shit gestation clock just isn't normal for him. I tried googling “reverse fiber” to see if there was any in this soy stuff but the science isn't finished on the subject. It's unknowable.

## #4- Greek Yogurt - 20:55

The data speaks for itself.

## #3- Blueberry Medley - 12:46

Incredible results from such a new name in the business. Really, just incredible showmanship. Overall, incredible agility and flexible behavior you usually see in the number one candidate here. I walked away from this one a changed person, and I'm definitely on board with the brand now.

## #2- Icelandic Yogurt - 6:59

High in protein, Icelandic yogurt actually more closely resembles cheese than yogurt. With a recipe like that, it's not any wonder that this thing was effective. One time, Meatball got into my cheesy garlic bread after I got back from that new Italian place downtown, and the dog cage was practically steaming with his product. Very impressed with the brand and will be looking out for what they do in the future.

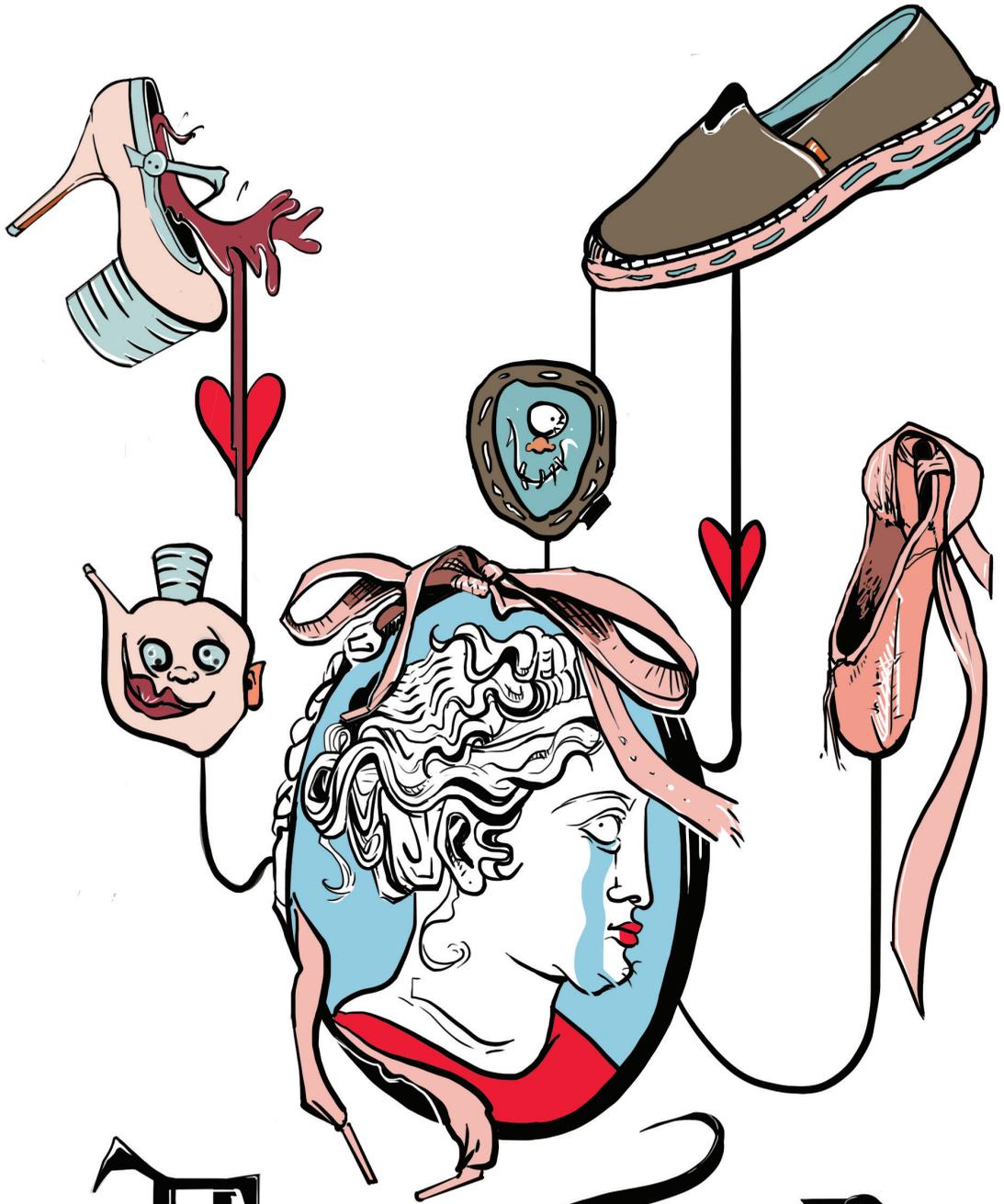
## #1- Activia® Fiber Strawberry Probiotic Yogurt - 2:05

Well, no surprise here. This stuff flew through his old make and model like it was its destined fate, foretold for generations to come out piping hot of that canine canal nearly double the temperature it was when I force-fed it to Meatball from a turkey baster. Really, if anything, just another demonstration that sometimes folks, it pays to go for the name brand item on that shelf.



## SQUIRREL JURY by Hrish





# The Girl

Art by Shannon Zheng

# *Letter to a Girl Far Away*

Amie,

My mother has expressed her concern for my safety during my trip to Canada. She says there is too much terrorism in that country, and the Canadians are looking for young American boys to kill, boys just like me. She talked about that family of missionaries who drove their van into Canada and were murdered near the border. I told her I have no remorse for the family. It's true. They were fucking asking to be murdered. Rule number one when traveling to Canada: do not drive across the border. It is safer to fly to your location. Gangsters are waiting for wealthy Americans to cross the border so they can rob them of what they have. I learned this piece of knowledge from the carpenter I worked with this summer, Roy. He was born in Canada and liked to tell me about his sixty-year-old girlfriend who won a million dollars in the lottery. Soon they would be married, and he would retire. He reminded me frequently that he loves her for who she is, not just her money, though she is much older than him. Good for Roy I guess.

Anyway, anything Roy tells me about Canada I tend to believe as fact, so I tell my mother that we will be okay because we are flying to where we are going. So, I told you rule number one about Canada. Rule number two is that you should not drink the water. Only the Lebatts are safe. Rule number three is that the bacon is not really bacon. Its just glazed hockey pucks. Rule number four is that it is best to stay in large groups. We will stick together through all we do in order to avoid trouble. The one exception to this rule is if we meet a love interest. Then we are free to be on our own. Unless someone protests the exception. Then, we are left with a number of unfortunate possibilities of what to do next. Given that I know all of the rules of Canada, I assured my mother that I will be safe. "What if you are murdered?" she asks me. "What if I am murdered" I repeat to her. I will tell you that I think there is no better way to leave this miserable planet than to be murdered by a gang of hungry Canadian gangsters. The rush of fear and desperation I will feel during my fight will be unlike anything I have ever experienced. How could I ever be more alive, than in a fight for my life? A death in a fight simply means I lost the fight, and as a man of good sportsmanship, I refuse to pout about a loss. There is a winner, and there is a loser. That is simply the nature of the game.

If I am murdered on this trip to Canada, do you have any idea what it will do for my legacy? Everyone will remember me for what I am today. My innocent youth will be locked in time forever. No one will ever see my downfall, whether it be my physical decline as a result of aging or simply bad decisions. My high school basketball gym will be renamed "Hanlon Court," dedicated to the young alumni who risked his life for the benefit of the less fortunate (I think we are going to do some charity work while we are there!). At the next UM football game, the announcer will ask 110,000 loyal fans to bow their heads for a moment of silence for the slain water polo team, and the entire drunk student section will stand there thinking of me.

To be clear, I have no plans of being tortured. That is strictly off limits. And, ideally, my Canadian death will be by hand or blade. A bullet to the head will cheat me out of a fair fight. Malaria and Typhoid will also be avoided. I do not think these diseases are prevalent in Canada, but it is never a bad idea to be overcautious. I have been fully vaccinated, and I have all I need for the trip, such as bug spray and a spare box of raisins, in case I get hungry during our canoe trip.

As for you, Amie, I hope you are enjoying Amsterdam. I warn you to stay alive though. My vision of death in Canada is not the same as a death in Amsterdam. There is not as much glory in dying at the hands of angry Dutch gangsters. It does not have the same cache. I am sorry to say.

This is not a goodbye, but a c u later,  
Chris Hanlon

# PG Rated Creation Myths With Wee-Ology™

Written by Jason Eizenga

Are your children starting to ask some worryingly insightful questions about the nature of the universe? Do you want to give them the sort of story that might provide a framework for understanding the world, but without all the religious baggage and disturbing sociological themes of most creation myths?

Then Wee-ology™ is for you!

For all the wee little tykes in your life to learn the same vapid and confusin'g lessons creation

myths taught you in your childhood, but with all the sincerity and gravitas of a Paul Bunyan tale. Wee-ology™ is offering a sneak-peak at our two most popular creation myths modeled on the most historically significant universal origin stories of yester-year. Try it today!

## Heavenly Father; Earthly Mother

Many creation myths of old include two celestial "parents" creating the universe \*ahem\* together.

Obviously we can't have that.

Wee-ology™ believes that instilling in children the idea that heterosexuality is so powerful it can create the world is important, but the wee tykes shouldn't know anything at all about what sex is until they've already had kids of their own.

In the beginning was a beautiful, spellbinding woman of impossible purity and a man of no described qualities.

They were the first beings in the primordial ocean, and, being a man and a woman, fell in love with one another instantly. Let this serve as an example for the fundamental relationship.

They shared a special hug of pure friendship and appreciation centered on the heart. This was a permanent and holy connection of the soul.

From this they created all the creatures of the earth, sky, and sea before going on to become the earth and sky. The humans, of course, were just like them but worse.

So remember kiddo, you'll never be as great as your dear old folks.

One close, trustworthy, and nurturing, the other distant and unknowable. Thus it was, and always will be.

## Ex-Nihilo Myths

Many of the most religiously significant, and familiar creation myths are about creation from nothing.

Here at Wee-ology™ we believe the concept of nothing is too frightening for kids.

Our adaptation tells things a little differently. In the beginning was an friendly, anthropomorphic, animated vegetable. From its

strangely flat, moistureless eyes shone the first rays of light into the universe, and these made the sun, which had a smiley face and sunglasses

despite the obvious irony in such presentation.

From the sun there reflected a color, and that color became the sky. From the sky fell the rain,

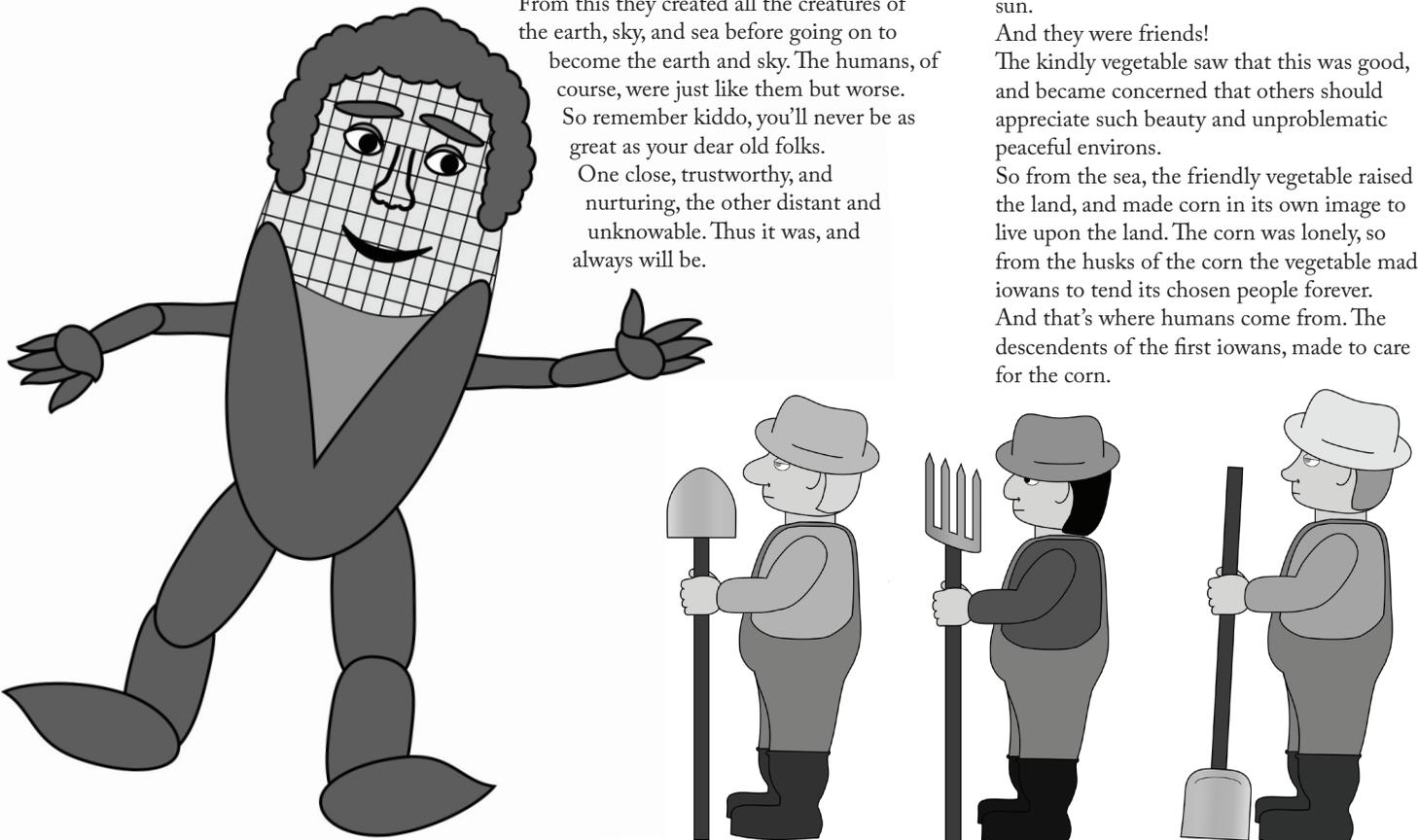
which became the sea, full of happy, definitely-not-rapidly-approaching-extinction species of animals that all wanted to be friends with the sun.

And they were friends!

The kindly vegetable saw that this was good, and became concerned that others should appreciate such beauty and unproblematic peaceful environs.

So from the sea, the friendly vegetable raised the land, and made corn in its own image to live upon the land. The corn was lonely, so from the husks of the corn the vegetable made iowans to tend its chosen people forever.

And that's where humans come from. The descendents of the first iowans, made to care for the corn.



Illustrated by Rev. Nathan Slaven

# Requiem for a Particular Night

written by Chris Hanlon

A girl named Sarah  
Who could not have been finer  
Came to eat with me  
At a 1950s-themed diner

I wanted to love her  
Yes that was the point  
So I had to impress her  
At this burger joint

I am not good looking  
And my style is not new  
So to sway her  
There was only one thing I could do

A man is a good kisser  
If he can tie a cherry in a knot  
The problem for me was that  
I could not

But do not fear  
For I was not tense  
Because I had a plan  
That would hide my impotence

I had an 'in' with the waiter  
His name, it was Scott  
So I gave him instructions  
Regarding the milkshakes I bought

He was to give me 2 cherries  
Hiding one in whipped cream  
So Sarah could not see  
My plan that was so obscene

What would I do  
With the stems of these fruits?  
Use one as a decoy  
And one as the "truth"

I would distract my date  
With epics and fables  
As I tie my decoy stem  
Secretly under the table

And when she wasn't looking  
I would open my lips  
And stick the stem in my gums  
Just as if it were dip

With the other stem  
I would offer to show her a trick  
And put it in my mouth  
But simply swallow it

And I would reveal to her  
The hidden stem that I hid  
And she will love me  
For the act that I did

She would get so horny  
Seeing my talented tongue  
But holy fucking shit  
I swallowed the wrong one

The stem that was tied  
Went down my throat  
And I felt sick as a sailor  
Seasick on a boat

I struggled for minutes  
Now trying to tie this damned stem  
In hopes that I would dampen  
Her much coveted hymen

But as she watched in confusion  
I regret to say... Alas!  
In walked a handsome boy  
From Sarah's math class

His name was Kevin  
And he was quite the man  
He was president of the chess club  
And captain of the band

He also held a trait  
That made Sarah wheeze  
He could knot a cherry in his mouth  
With ungodly ease

So he flexed on me hard  
While my own stem laid straight  
And he gave me a grin  
As he stole my hot date

I finished my milkshake  
And headed for the door  
Leaving my ripped-out heart  
Lifeless on the floor

I said goodbye to Scott  
And fuck you to Kevin  
Fuck you to Sarah  
And fuck you to heaven

So I spent that night  
Hidden in my own seclusion  
And I guess I am proud to leave you  
With this wonderful conclusion

Calm waters are not always good  
As trial sharpens virtue  
I can only hope that next time  
The trick works with Gertrude

(her sister)

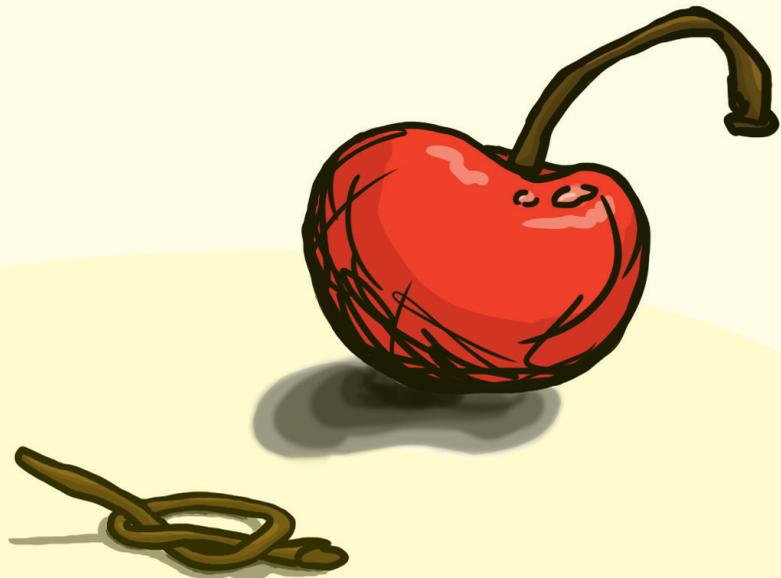


Illustration by Naomi Shand



# Assatron the Assassinator

In the lonely corner of the Milky Way galaxy on the beautiful blue planet of Uranus, there was a factory that built ass eating robots known as assassinators. These robots were all built to eat ass like it was their god damn job and that's because it was. There was only one human in the entire factory. He was but a simple maintenance man with an ass that was flatter than my chest in the seventh grade. He was hired primarily due to this and in those days he was just Gary from Japan. One day Gary was twerking along to "Baby Got Back" as he was cleaning the robots. All the robots stopped and were almost tempted to slurp his wet scrunchie but the sight of his sad flat ass caused all the robots to malfunction leading to an assplosion.

Thankfully Gary survived but he had to be fused with assassinator parts thus marking the birth of Assatron. Gary had always had an appreciation for a ripe rump but now, as Assatron, his thirst escalated; Assatron now bore an insatiable appetite for eating ass. This bit him in his pathetic posterior one chilly night when he saw what Assapuss Prime was packing. He knew that eating the ass of an assassinator would cause a critical and fatal malfunction but his pASSions proved too powerful to suppress. That night Assatron undulated with desire towards Assapuss Prime and convinced him to spread his "chonk ass" and bend over for a cornhole cleaning. Sparks flew both metaphorically and physically but mid feast Assapuss Prime's anus prolapsed and began violently spurting a thaumaturgical lubricating oil. This caused Assapuss Prime to shut down permanently but gave Assatron the much coveted yet forbidden ass magic which allows the possessor to grant wishes. Assatron was subsequently banished from Uranus and sent to Earth, where he now roams the streets and nightclubs looking for a pair of succulent buns to destroy.

By day, he tosses salads at Salads Up on Liberty Street, and by night, he tosses a much different type of salad. His usual haunt is

the Nectarine Ballroom, also known as "The Rectal Ream." Every night, he turns up in a leather jacket and black sunglasses and leans against the back wall of the club like an 80s bully looking for his next target. As a cyborg, he has many built-in devices, that help him on his endless quest for rimming every asshole in sight. His heat seeking technology finds the filthiest leather cheerio he can, for the more booty flakes he can catch on his tongue, the more wishes he can grant. He has a microchip that enhances his charisma and churns out sexy pick up lines like "twinkle twinkle crinkled star, how I wonder how tight you are? Down below in his/her pants awaiting access through romance." and "Pip pip cheerio how I'd like to lick your rear-io". And of course, his thick juicy mouth slug, through which he absorbs booty flakes and pleasure, then releases the deepest ass-related wishes of his partner.

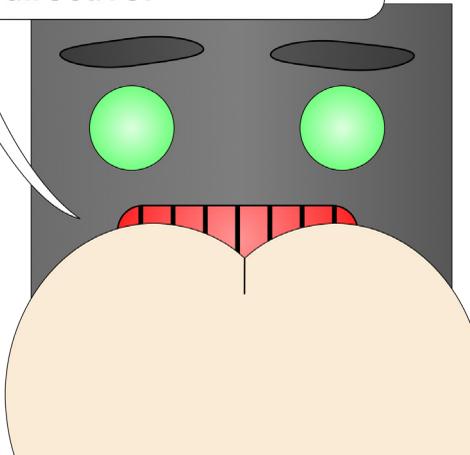
Each wish is different. Some want a firmer ass or less pimply buns. Assatron always complies. One of his most recent endeavours was with a spicy individual cursed with a hairy cornhole and wished deep down for it to be gone. Assatron tasted this as he was giving his partner a tongue punch to the fart box. As the flakes dissolved on his tongue and before his salivary slug could return to into the shell of his mouth, his tongue made one last swipe and

cleared the hair so that his partner's browneye is now smoother than a chemo patient's head.

The day after this, Assatron met his newest nighttime lover. He was on the outer rim of the Rectal Ream when he saw them and he knew he just had to have them. He walked up to the thin gentleman eating some questionable club tacos and asked his name. To which the man responded in a timid flutter "Barry Schmidt". Then Assatron quipped "Well I'd Barry like to Schmite your asshole". Barry was taken with Assatron's charming turn of phrase and together they went home to Barry's bachelor pad. As soon as Barry closed his door, the two got right down to it. As Assatron was tasting Barry's rusty bowtie, a flake landed upon his tongue and he began to grant Barry's wish of a large powerful ass that would put Lizzo to shame.

As he rimmed the leather cheerio with his tongue, he felt a growing pressure on either side of his head but he ignored it as he was too consumed with the most powerful asshole he had ever tasted. The man behind the hole was starting to become uncomfortable as this power was so new to him. The sheer intensity of his cheeks caused his bowels to rumble and he knew there soon would be trouble. In anxious anticipation of what might soon spew forth, he clenched his cheeks thus trapping Assatron in his booty snare. Assatron opened his mouth to let out a scream but that just tickled the pleasure seam. The sudden stimulation caused a sexual titillation that released the creamy taco sludge that had been burning a hole in his colon. Meanwhile at the tailend of the situation, Assatron could feel the crinkled star growing wider like an exploding sun. Fear consumed him as he began to struggle to break free. But the more he struggled the tighter the asscheeks held him. He heard a faint sheepish whimper of his new friend saying "sorry" when the putrid lava hit his face. It was blown into his eyes nose and mouth frying his internal circuits. His greatest desire became his demise.

"Clapping those cheeks" is my prime directive.



# Just the Tip

Sex Tips presented by The Gargoyle Staff

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## **Anson Lee**

- It's important to get outside your comfort zone, which is why I recommend having sex with people other than your partner and discussing your experiences with them afterwards.
- Sexy cop and sexy maid roleplay are both valid, but in this economy, you may want to consider being a sexy accountant or sexy engineer instead.
- Don't be afraid to be a little rough; choking and spanking can be quite kinky, but a well executed arm bar is my preferred method for quick tap outs.

## **Sam T**

- Consent is always important! Make sure that you receive a definitive "yes!" before dusting cum in on your lady-love's vagina.

## **Debra Moraitis**

- Give her head for a few hours and then leave. Know your place.

## **Brendan Dewley**

- The most important aspect of sex is dominance. It's always a good idea to make sure that you absolutely destroy your partner in a pickup game before sexy time.
- It's okay to laugh during sex. It's not as okay to cry.
- Wear as many condoms as you physically can. It makes your penis look bigger and it prevents STIs, STD's, and when you finish it gives you an unbelievable high for 30-60 minutes.

## **Carter Howe**

- Likewise, wearing two different flavored condoms is a great way to create sexy and adventurous flavor combinations, often at a fraction of the cost of the real thing! Pineapple and coconut? Piña colada! Pineapple and cherry? Fruit punch! Better yet, you can save even more money by not buying the pineapple flavored ones. Just cut a hole in the tip and have your man eat pineapples for a few days.

## **Brendan Dewley**

- Saying your own name when you cum is a power move.

## **Mady Eberstein**

- My partner and I like to keep things saucy. Quite literally, we lather ourselves in lite mayonnaise before gettin' it on. Never full fat.
- Try to think about your parents, for moral support.

## **Brendan Dewley**

- Teeth are IN right now.

## **Carter Howe**

- If you're feeling nervous, just picture them in their underwear
- Anson Lee

## **Stefan Grueneis**

- Go over your 7th grade sex-ed notes with your partner beforehand
- Bring a camera

## **Moira Vasivlav**

- If they say they only do it in the dark, make sure it isn't because they're

## **Delaney Cavanagh**

- If you're looking for some help with ambiance, try recordings of Sylvia Plath poetry.

## **Dom Tat**

- When doing the sex, make sure your penis is pointed magnetic north to avoid the Freddy Mercury disease

## **Sarah Aftab**

- For all you necrophiliacs out there who are sick of traveling to the morgue under the cover of night. Skin the corpse of you choosing to make a fleshlight and take your sexy secret on the go.

## **Rachael Fotis**

- Have sex outside and stick your finger in the dirt.

## **John Glahti**

- If you are an older Gargoyle alumni and can't get it up, have your partner stand on her head, drop it in.
- It is always best to never mention you ever worked on Gargoyle or you will never get laid.
- When having rough sex, never use ancient Mexican cities as your "safe word," by the time you correctly say Teotihuacan, Chich Itza or Xochicalco, you will be in the emergency room. Long German words are also dangerous: schadenfreude, farfegnugen or Schleswig Holstein
- Acts of passion are special; tender words said before, during and after the fun mean a lot and make all the difference- "your armpit is softer than a bruised pear at Kroger" will ensure your lover never forgets the moment.
- If you can find a way to have sex in the rare book room in the Grad Library, you are way smarter than us. If Magellan's Log is in your proof of accomplishment picture, you win!
- If you have not had sex in the grad library, you are lamer than us.
- Goats can never consent.
- If the only way you can get off solo is with a picture of a Gargoyle Editor, seek help immediately.
- Mustard.

## **Phil Anjum**

- Make sure to contact both sets of parents before heading to the bedroom so you avoid those pesky impromptu phone calls asking about your wellbeing
- Watch the discovery channel beforehand for inspiration
- Wear fuzzy socks so your cold toes don't ruin the moment

## **Naomi Shand**

- Spit in his face as he's about to cum to assert dominance.
- Respect your lady by cumming as fast as you can so she can get back to browsing facebook.
- Make him eat you out on your period to see how much of a man he is.

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If interested in testing out these tips with those who suggested it please contact us with individuals name in the email at [gargoyle@umich.edu](mailto:gargoyle@umich.edu)

# The Pleasure Palace

By Madylin Eberstein

That's right, kids, the rumors are true. The Union has reopened after a lengthy and taxing renovation, and students across the university are eager to welcome in a host of new corporate sponsors (and other tuition-raising shills)! And by golly, these bastards are just beside themselves as they ready their gullets for sucking down our spare pocket change.

Many students are confused by the renovation, appreciative of the updated aesthetic of the Union but confused as to how on God's green Earth she could have cost a whopping \$85.2 mil. In the name of collective curiosity, I took it upon myself to venture inside and put my immature, uneducated brain—which, I might add, contains absolutely no fiscal knowledge whatsoever—to the task of determining whether the renovation could really have cost such an ungodly amount of dough. You're fucking welcome.

At first I was disappointed, despaired, gutted. Who gives a goddamn fuck about the Union's new beautiful high ceilings, stylish new furniture, or elegant charm? Not me, that's who. However, as I continued my journey through the Union, I stumbled across perhaps the most coveted feature of the recent renovation.

Deep in the Union basement, just beyond the matrix of absolutely fucking nothing, there exists a secret passageway disguised as an Ann Arbor Gentrification Laboratory (yikes!). Open the door, and you shall come across a narrow, winding staircase leading down to a dank room lit only by a handful of mounted torches. This chamber has been adorned with an impressive collection of erotic toys and tortures and reeks of a mysterious, moist odor not unlike that of a mangey alley cat slinking out of the Pacific on a humid evening in the tropics. The space clearly bore the sins of secrecy; what was once the innocent underground of Ann Arbor had been transformed into a scandalous yet titillating collage of latex, chains, leather, tethers, and spikes. At the very back hung an artisan wooden sign that read:

## Master Schlissel's Pleasure Palace

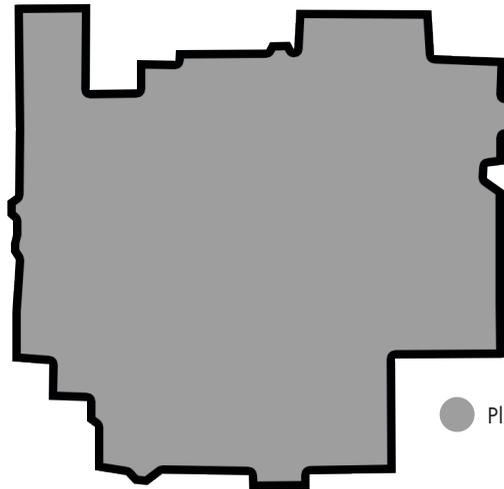
As I ventured further into the depths of the lair, my eyes scanned its riches enviously. In one corner, one could find an assortment of trinkets for the milder dom. On the other side, an elaborate labyrinth of

industrial-strength power sources had been built beside a glass case of the President's most prized nip titallators (tit2), including but certainly not limited to clamps, magnets, and cables. Settled deep within in the shadows, a glossy object was hidden. I stepped closer, and as the light fell upon the figure I saw that it was, in fact, an latex dog suit. Still more, a collection of gleaming sounding rods indicated that whoever claimed this carnal cavern was no amateur. Damn daddy Schliss, you sure are one kinky bastard.

Having thoroughly admired the cover yet alluring sights of the Union underground, I was experiencing a plethora of complex emotions and sensations. I felt amazed, perplexed, and mesmerized all at the same time. I paced the perimeter of the room, relishing its electrifying aura and wallowing in the pleasure of past exchanges. I was entranced by the apprehension I felt and the #chillvibes of the dungeon, less so by the inexplicable musk that lingered overhead. Mark, or should I say Master, you have truly outdone yourself this time. Once again, the Wolverines have won the prize.

Not long after I had first stumbled across this beautiful and mischievous lair, I had finally had my fill of its lure. Heart aflutter, I made my way back up the stairwell and slipped through the doorway back into the cold confines of reality and worse, sexual normalcy. My journey to the pleasure palace was over... at least until next time.

Michigan Union Deep Basement



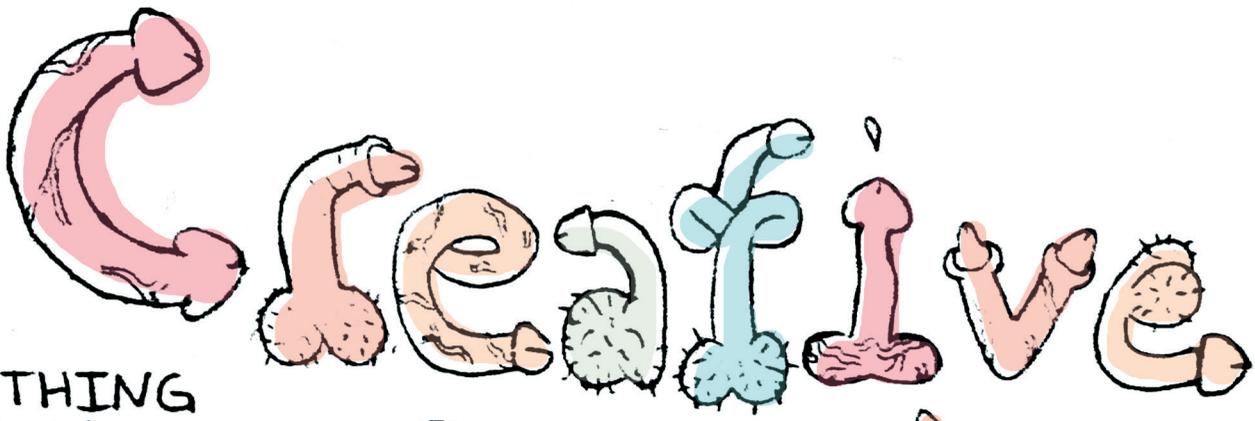
● Pleasure Palace

## Sahba La'al, Architect

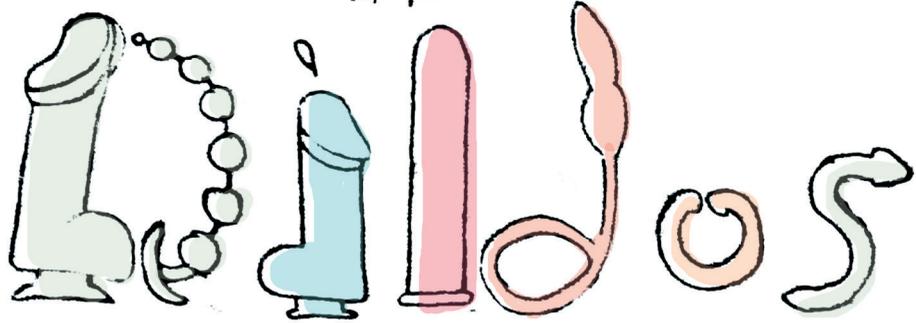
Brought to  
you by the  
architectural  
ingenuity of:

Good LIFE through  
Good *Architecture!*

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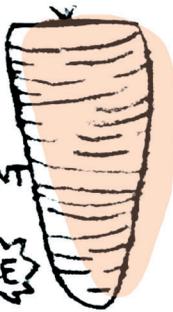


ANYTHING  
CAN  
BE  
A  
DILDO  
IF YOU BELIEVE.



[A GIRTHY CARROT]

PERFECT FOR ENVIRONMENT MAJORS  
SUSTAINABLE



MORE RIDGES  
MORE PLEASURE

[A TENNIS RACKET]

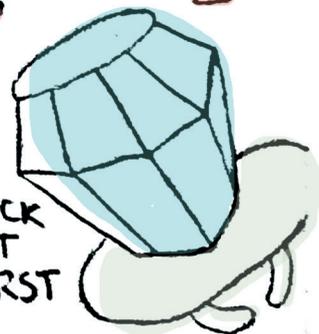
NO LOVE ALL LUST



FOR A SPORTY TYPE OF PERSON

[BONUS BUTT PLUGS]

[A RING POP]



LICK IT FIRST

[A POPSICLE]

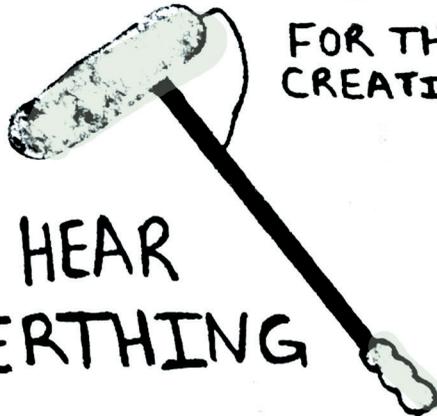
GREAT FOR HOT DAYS  
ANY FLAVOR WORKS



GREAT FOR A QUICKIE

[A BOOM POLE]

HEAR EVERYTHING



FOR THE CREATIVES

[A SKINNY TREE STUMP]

TAKE A SEAT

CHECK FOR SPLINTERS



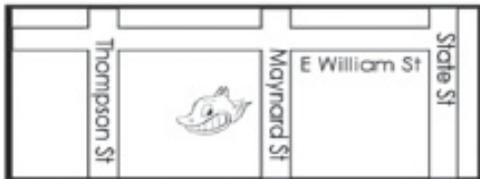


Illustrated by Madylin Eberstein

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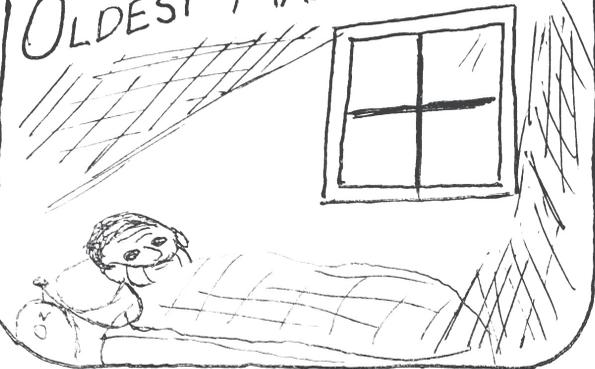


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Come to any of our weekly meetings on **Tuesdays at 6 PM** at the **Student Publications Building** or email us at [gargmail@umich.edu](mailto:gargmail@umich.edu).

A DAY IN THE  
LIFE OF THE WORLD'S  
OLDEST MALE STRIPPER



1. CINCH UP LOOSE SKIN  
WITH POTATO CHIP BAG CLIPS



2. COVER UP LIVER  
SPOTS WITH TANNING  
LOTION



4. PROFIT



3. CHECK CRAIGSLIST FOR  
THIRD MARRIAGE  
BACHELORETTE PARTIES



# GARG LIBS



## HAPPENINGS IN THE PLEASURE PALACE

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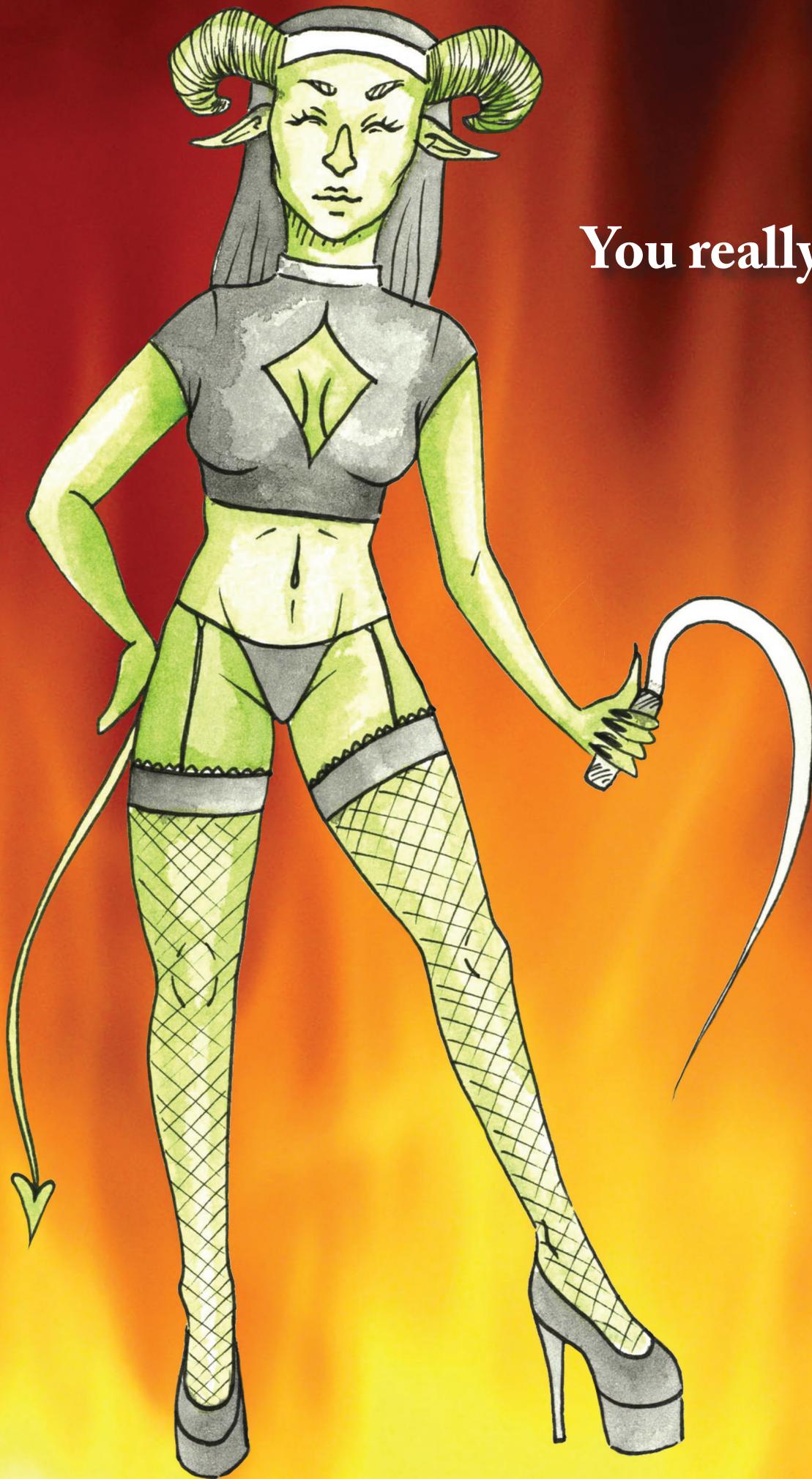
The young stable boy trembled with fear as the hooded man dripped hot \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] all over his \_\_\_\_\_ [body part] and stomach. After a long day of tending to Old Man Schlissel's stock, here was the last place he had expected to find himself. He lay, strapped firmly to a \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] with thick, leather \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun]. His Master \_\_\_\_\_ [verb] him mercilessly as he moaned with \_\_\_\_\_ [noun]. It all felt quite naughty indeed.

His Master, clad in flowing, shadowy \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] was in complete control of the stable boy, who, in contrast, was as naked as a newborn \_\_\_\_\_ [noun]. The day had been \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective] and laborious for both parties as various \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun] were administered and accepted \_\_\_\_\_ [adverb]. The stable boy graciously withstood thrashes, whips, and \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun], as well as \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun], all in the name of indescribable pleasure. Yet while he was more than grateful to bear the scars of his anonymous tormentor, he was nevertheless curious of his Master's identity.

"Sir..." the boy \_\_\_\_\_ [verb]. Master's hood turned toward his face, though the boy could still see only darkness. "Please, let me \_\_\_\_\_ [verb] who you really are." His eyes looked up at Master, pleading both from pain and longing.

Master simply let out a disgruntled \_\_\_\_\_ [noun], ignoring the young stable boy as he stepped away from the table. However, as he turned, the boy reached out and grabbed his \_\_\_\_\_ [noun]! Master's robe had been dismantled, his \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] falling down to finally reveal his horrid face! What the boy saw could not have been more ghastly. Master bore a \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective] visage, resembling a greasy, \_\_\_\_\_ [noun]-like creature. He was a Gargoyle!

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You really thought?