

# **TheRedHerring**

**20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Issue**



## **The Many Faces of The Red Herring**

**IN THIS ISSUE:  
EXISTENTIAL SELF-REFLECTION**

- deep thoughts, honest feelings, penis jokes •
- self-reflection (read: deprecation) •
- Amish people •

**April 2008 • VOL. XIX No. 5  
[www.theredherring.net](http://www.theredherring.net)**

**President, Editor-in-Chief**

**Blake Gregory**

**Executive VP**

**David Groves**

**Financial VPs**

**Hannah Little**

**Chet Mohr**

**Editorial Board**

**Blake Gregory**

**David Groves**

**Leo Margul**

**Events Co-Ordinator**

**Zoe Daniels**

**Writing Staff**

**Zoe Daniels**

**David MacLean**

**Matt Brown**

**Eli Keshet**

**Rupert Common**

**Duncan Links**

**Kevin Greene**

**Asaf Gerchak**

**Katie Burrell**

**James Beveridge**

**Adam Ryan**

**Photo Modelling**

**Chris Hayes**

**(aka. 'The Herring Guy')**

**Photography (Back Cover)**

**Adam Stikuts**

**Blake's Goodbye Thanks**

**Daniel Oettl, RJ Kelford, Imad Barake, the AUS, anyone ever involved with The Suite, our sickly planet, friends & well-wishers, enemies & nay-sayers (to a lesser extent)**

**Editorial Office**

**3480 McTavish, Rm. 417**

**Montreal, Quebec**

**H3A 1X9**

**Contact**

**dmgroves@gmail.com**

**That's it, I'm out of here.**

That's right, team; after 3 debatably wasted years with the Herring, I'm finally stepping down from this debatably meaningless post to make way for the next era of debatably funny McGill comedy writing. Before I go, however, I would like to make just a few things clear.

First off, it is true that this year marks the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of The Red Herring! Happy fucking birthday! Who would've ever thought that the semi-deformed bastard baby of now middle-aged ex-McGillians could have survived into early adult-hood? What a scary thought. This means that half of our school's current undergrad populace was actually conceived around the very same time that the founders of this magazine were first sitting down in a hot, sweaty, cramped office where they were forced to work long hard hours together and... uh... nevermind.

In honour of this anniversary, the theme of this issue is an introspective on the comedy writing process itself: **existentialism**. Confusing? Difficult to understand? Dark, intense, and possibly even sinister? So was my childhood, so deal. Luckily our writers were able to grapple with this heady theme; the very fact that they were even able to make jokes about a lofty philosophical movement spurned from a syphilis-ridden 19<sup>th</sup> century brain gives me hope for the future of the Herring. For those of you who haven't bothered to take philosophy because you aren't much into masochism, the words "ontology," "introspection," "self-reflection," and "pretentiousness" are all applicable synonyms for the theme and should give you a good idea about just how miserable ol' Freddy's life really was. You guys get the gist.

Anyway, the last and possibly only matter of actual importance here is the fact that the issue you're currently holding in your greeby little hands is printed on 100% post-consumer recycled paper! (*Note: Post-consumer? What does that even mean?*) That's right, we actually kind of care about our quickly-debilitating world enough to use this more expensive (and arguably chic-er) paper for the printing of our issues. This decision has absolutely nothing to do with the fact that we were written a big fat cheque by SSMU to make the switch, and anybody who claims otherwise is just a big fat dirty liar. (*Note: Having no morals, we'll gladly switch back to the old planet-raping style for a higher bid*).

Finally, to next year's President, David: to be honest, I have doubted your capabilities ever since you lost that tall lanky white man contest at that party a few months back. If you're not truly the tallest lankiest whitest man around, then really, what *are* you good for? (*Note: David is reaaaaally tall, white, and lanky*). I suppose only time will tell, but if you're going to keep sliding D&D references subtly into your content (see pg. 11) thinking everyone will split their fuckin' guts about just how nerdy you really are, then I shudder for the future of the Herring. As long as you don't stop throwing those ballin' year-end staff parties, however, I guess everything will be fine. After all, those things are really the only true reason that we do this shit.

Well I guess that's it; much love, everyone - it's been fun to say the least. Above all else, never forget that [insert clever yet thoughtful closing remarks here].

**~ Blake Gregory  
President, Editor-in-Chief**

# SAME SHIT, DIFFERENT PAGE

---

---

## Being funny is hard, dear reader.

It requires a lot of planning and dedication. You may not know it, but a lot of serious shit goes down behind the scenes before anyone gets to hear me make a scathing yet hilarious remark about girls with big purses, or the weather channel, or a professor with a vaguely ethnic last name. That's why I break out in tears whenever unfunny people try to make jokes – they just aren't willing to put the work in.

Partly to keep myself from crying all the time, and partly (mostly) because Blake physically threatened me (“I swear to fucking God I will get high on PCP and eat your lungs, I shit you not,”) I have agreed to take on the thankless task of lording over everyone as dictator of The Red Herring next year. Many of my friends have congratulated me. This should not be so. They, apparently, have not seen what being Editor-in-Chief of the Herring can do to you. In the last 9 months,

Blake has gained 20 pounds (only in the thighs), lost his once majestic head of hair, and developed a crippling addiction to hentai porn (this may actually be unrelated).

Short of the hundreds of hours I will spend next year squirreled away in our oubliette of an office, the most unpleasant aspect of my new position will be trying to keep my ego from swelling up like a hot air balloon. Years of knowing myself fairly well have taught me that I don't respond well to power: without Blake here as my surly (yet lovable) mentor and guide, I anticipate that within weeks of taking the reins, I will have alienated every writer, sexually harassed at least one editor (I'm looking at yo, Zoe), and thrown up on the Snowboard Club's desk. Hopefully, between the megalomaniacal blackouts, I'll actually get an issue out.

~ David Groves

---

---

## This is it for me, folks.

The last stop. The end of the line. The proverbial octopus' tentacle, if you will. Many phrases have been used to describe me during my tenure at this venerable magazine of sophisticated comedy: “dashing lothario,” “Mexican haberdasher,” “frequent quotation marks user.” Surprisingly, these images of me do not speak of the wisdom I have garnered in my significant time with this here magazine (although you can test out my Mexican heritage for yourself, ladies). As I move on from this damning institution, attempting to find myself on some other continent in a clichéd manner, I have several words of wisdom to impart to you:

1. Do not frequent the library to the level where you get an honorary security guard uniform.

2. Make your room comfortable.

When I do occasionally venture home, in a drunken stupor or otherwise, it is to my unquestionably heterosexual room, festooned in only the most manly shade of Robin's Egg Blue. When I ensconce (that's right, I just used the thesaurus, what's up) myself in the “fortress of solitude,” I am truly at a state of peace.

3. Wear pants to class. Even if you think no one will notice, they will.

I can honestly say these lessons have helped me over the past four years. As for my time with this magazine, it has been too short, but extremely fun. If you have ever wanted to get involved in something at this school, I would recommend this. That way, talented, well-respected members of the community can mock your hard work, just like in the real world.

~ Leo Margul

# Table of Contents

---

## All this crap

Blake, Groves, & Leo

2-3

## Divine Comedy

Duncan Links

4

## Smoke Free or Die

Korki Grienwald

5

## Red The Herring

Matt Brown

6

## Best Day of the Week

Katie Burrell

7

## Existentialism Today

Asaf Gerchak

8-9

## Canadian Introspection

Adam Ryan

9

## Moustache Envy

Rupert Common

10-11

## How to be Funny

The Editors

11

## One in Every Crowd

Zoe Daniels

12

## Masturbation Jokes

Eli Keshet

13

## The Toppest of Guns

Dave MacLean

14

## Wiki-stentialism

James Beveridge

14-15



# This symbol cost SSMU \$700

This issue, printed on recycled paper, has been made possible in part by a generous donation from SSMU's 'Green Fund' for environmental sustainability

It may hurt the pocketbook, but it feels so good in my soul.



## In His Really Lame Image



Existentialism posits that it is individuals who are ultimately responsible for the quality of their own lives and not some distant, omniscient deity. This is my last semester here at McGill and accordingly my final chance to submit something to The Red Herring. Why, you ask, have I have only waited until now to write an article for the Herring when I could easily have done so at any earlier point during my undergraduate career? The answer is simple: God told me not to.

I am not a funny person in person. Those of you who have had contact with me have undoubtedly found me dull and fairly unpleasant to be around. I have absolutely no natural ability to make people laugh if you do not factor in my ordinary outward appearance. A popular misconception is that comedians are lazy and that they don't do anything all day. In my experience, the opposite is true; the best comedians are those who devote their entire days to the mining of comedy gold. They get up in front of a crowd as often as possible and they keep trying to perfect their craft even if they have a bad show. I do none of these things; I am simply a vessel for the Lord to try his hand at getting laughs. Case in point: I have been, as of late, shockingly accident prone, because God wants to practice his slapstick.

That's right, the Old Testament Lord talks to me.

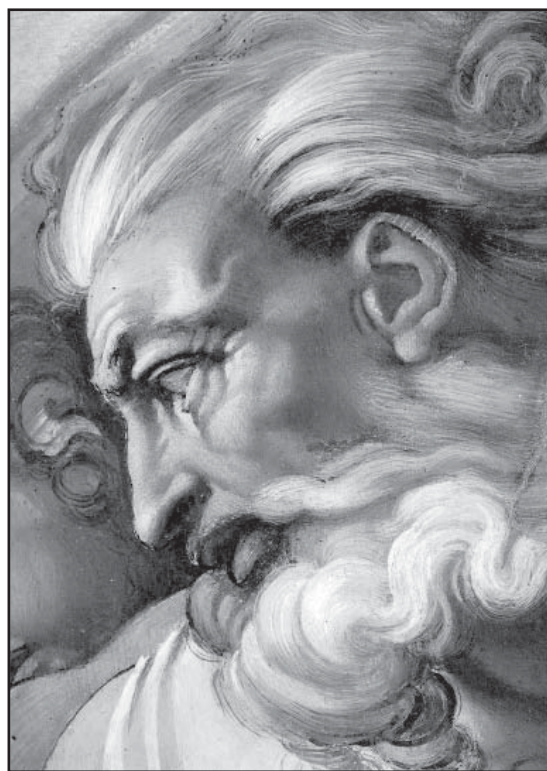
Truth be told, he never shuts up and is annoying as fuck. Have you ever talked to a bad stand-up comedian in person before? It's exactly like that, but more preachy. He is constantly practicing bits

and doing schtick in my ear. Generally speaking, His material is totally whack. He does a clean five minutes that is mainly about airplane food and the difference between the sexes. You would assume that our creator would have a little more insight into the human condition than a cruise ship comedian, but

you are sadly mistaken. Not only are his bits lame, but his premises are entirely unbelievable and difficult to relate to as well. "Threat of a giant flood forces one man to fill a boat with two of every species?" Unless it's an Airbus, I really don't see anybody putting that much effort into building one single vessel these days. Give me a fucking break! Secondly, his timing is horrendous. Sometimes he will create a joke and then just leave it alone for what seems like forever, never appearing again to nurture his creation or check to see that it hasn't destroyed itself yet. In addition, his material is hopelessly dated. I mean, no contemporary comedy fan knows what a 'cubit' is so give it up already Old Testament God! Divine comedy is ultimately best left to old Italian playwrights, and even then it's really not that funny.

Now I'm not too worried about receiving his signature wrath because I don't think he would ever hurt me personally, but he can get really nasty if a

crowd doesn't like the jokes he has prepared. He once plagued a Yuk Yuk's open mic in Moosejaw, Saskatchewan with locusts and rural Canadians because they didn't like his observations about bank lines. As a result, comedy for me is a constant struggle to take a bad act, ordained by God, and make it work. I apologize for the quality of this article, but now do you see what I have to work with? ■



**God, what's the meaning of life? What? To get to the other side? Oh... Heh.**



# Viva La Cigalucion!



In my exponentially expanding list of people/groups that do me great psychological disservice, there is one group that I have been unable to dismantle, destroy, or dismember through the use of my meager vocabulary and crippling condescension: *Cigots*. *Cigots*, (aka people against the smoking of tobacco products) have typically never tried whatever they are protesting, but have “done the research” to prove that whatever you are doing is “immoral” or “unethical,” or “bad” (i.e. doctors, fourteen year old girls, members of the ‘Church’ of Scientology). See, the real problem is that their minds have been twisted by the media and national government propaganda, and they now believe that the cigarette industry is, in actual fact, the “cancer industry.” Since when, in this great country of ours (and by ours I mean mine), have we described our industries by their potential consequences and not by some catchy nondescript title? We don’t call the fast food industry the “fat-ass industry” and we don’t call law school the “industry of crushed dreams.”

This being said, however, I must first admit that I really am not much of a smoker. I mostly whip it out at parties to impress the ladies (as I do my juggling skills), but having tasted the sweet tarry nectar of free will, I can certainly sympathise with those tried and true smokers. Last I checked these “smokers” made up an astounding demographic in Montreal, and those who oppose them hide behind things like laws, regulations, and surgeon-generals. I can understand not smoking in buildings, since the anti-cigarette industry (henceforth known as the “industry of intolerance”) has scared the public into believing that second-hand smoke can be detrimental to a person’s health, but my personal favourites (read: bane of my existence) are the signs outside various buildings demanding that all smokers be *at least* nine meters from a building if they wish to light up. Nine meters? Nine!?! Nine meters away and I’ll be in the “you will get hit by a bus zone.” I don’t even think it’s possible to be nine meters from a building in Montreal, unless of course you want to climb Mont Royal. The evidence clearly points towards the fact that this invisible minority is trying to kill off smokers one at a time, either by excruciating exercise or death by bus.

Worst of all is the overwhelming number of anti-smoking ads on television right now, and if there’s one thing that’s poisoning the minds of the youth (like cigarettes are

apparently poisoning my lungs) it’s television. I won’t even get started on the ads where a talking bear suggests that forest fires can be caused by smokers, but I will get started on ads for such products as Nicorette, which encourage smokers to curb their habit by chewing gum or sticking a patch to their arm. There are only two things I’d stick to my arm and both of them are temporary tattoos, preferably of people smoking. What these commercials do is portray those people trying to quit smoking as helpless and un-empowered members of society, thus ensuring that our children never want to become smokers themselves. The real shame is that our children learn to see smoking as a self-defeating process of degradation instead of a way of levelling off the buzz after a night of heavy drinking.

What I’m ultimately getting at is that we the smokers of Montreal, and Canada, and perhaps even North America, need to band together in order to defeat the hegemonic powers that are trying to turn our world into a smoke and smoker free environment (hopefully in a very *Ninja Turtle* vs. forces of intolerant evil type of way). If God didn’t want us to smoke he wouldn’t have made tobacco plants, and if you don’t believe in God, then how do you explain tobacco plants? This is how it always begins. First they ask us not to smoke indoors, thinking that something as shrug-off-able as extremes in temperature can scare us away and convince us that what we’re doing is wrong. Now they’re trying to kill us by not letting us smoke near any buildings (since it’s recently been proven that 2<sup>nd</sup> hand smoke, like that chick from the X-Men, can travel through walls...and read your mind). Before you know it they’ll have separate bathrooms for smokers and non-smokers and, if history is any indication, they’ll eventually cage us off in a separate portion of the city and deny we ever existed in the first place. Now, some people may think I’m being a little over dramatic, but let me assure you, these are the same people who are trying to get you to stop smoking (Mom, Dad, I’m looking at you). And if you don’t smoke and you don’t care if others smoke, then good for you. Tolerance is an important thing to have as a young person, since, in most every instance, level of tolerance is equivalent to level of commanded respect. So consider my respect commanded, by you. As for the rest of you *Cigots*, you better watch out, because as soon as the smokers of this fair city overcome their crippling addictions, we’re gonna kick your (collective) ass. Just don’t run too far, please. ☐



**The furrowed brow implies that this is not a real Cuban**

# Ha Ha Ha... No Seriously, Get a Job

Well, it's true; the Herring is indeed 20 years old and it really shows. He spends all of his time at University and is funded entirely by his pappy. Despite receiving the basic funds necessary to sustain himself, though, Mr. Herring (or H-Dizzle to his friends) consistently begs his progenitors for more cashmoneys that he can turn into booze and mid-rate college humour. And just go ahead and ask him what his major is. Ha. Doesn't The Red Herring know that if he was going to be discovered by Larry David or some other Hollywood fuck it would have been in the first 20 years of his existence? It breaks my heart, Herring, but you're over the hill. Accepting such facts can be especially difficult since Quarterlife crises are arguably even worse than their later counterparts. That is to say, it is simply just not that gratifying to dump your girlfriend of six months and buy a stolen mountain bike.

Alas, though, it's hard to break the news to someone that it's finally time to give up on their dream. This happened to me last year when I wanted to write for the Daily. After being rejected I at least told my Mom that the Herring is "pretty much just as good" so that the monthly stipends for 'legitimate career-building writing' kept on rollin' in. And that's what I told the Herring when its pages were cut down and all its writers started defecting to that most vaginal of C-words, "Compendium." Sometimes it is just better to aim low. But even aiming really low can be difficult when publications like *The McGill Reporter* manage to eke out a few more jokes than the Herring in their shockingly white pages. Dude, that's like losing a perforating contest to a weightless sphere.

Should I throw you an eye-catching bone, Mr. Herring? If I do it shouldn't be very funny because that would only encourage you. Instead I'll stick to the passive chuckle *Mad Magazine* level of humour that our dedicated readership has come to expect from us. I have made a helpful chart for you to better understand your place in the world, dear Herring. Hey don't look at me that way – at least *I'm* going places. In 20 more years I'll probably have some white-collar job and be gettin' paid while you will undoubtedly still be stuck here in the same shitty ol' school re-hashing template comedy that was already stale in 2008. That is, if you don't OD first. You don't have to be funny to be successful; fuck, I majored in Economics, which isn't very funny at all. And just look at Kofi Annan – the man couldn't make any jokes, and he was Captain of the Fucking World ear-deep in genocide-related gold!

Anyway, charts aren't that funny, but they sure are career-oriented. So, take a page from *The McGill Reporter's* really bright ones and have a gander at the helpful chart below in order to get a more accurate sense of yourself.

Now that was some tough love. Since you're 20, though, I thought it was time to be frank. Did you know that after age 21 you start losing brain cells? The good news is that means you are currently much smarter than the Daily, or *Scientific American*, or *Hustler*. But how long before some other upstart publication upstages you and puts you in some form of ailing-magazine home? First, you can fall back on that rallying cry of a fading print empire called "journalistic integrity." Once that fails, you can always make money by publishing that picture you stole of Kofi Annan's balls. 🍆

~ Matt Brown



20-Year-Old Douche	The Red Herring
Whines to Daddy for more money. Offers companionship in daddy's old age in return.	Whines to Jake Itzkowitz and his SSMU cronies for more money. Offers paper cuts and self-deprecating jokes in return.
Has hot-ish girlfriend.	Swore off women to "just focus on this writing shit for a while, bro."
About as far from serious journalism as Kofi Annan is from hooking up with Hannah Montana.	About as far from serious journalism as Kofi Annan is from selling the sex tape he made of himself hooking up with Hannah Montana.
Fails "The Terrestrial Planets."	Surprisingly adept at astronomy. Has yet to make the subject funny.





# Not Your Average Case of the Mondays



I don't really have sex, but Monday fucks me hard every single week. Unfortunately, it's not the passionate kind of hard that you see in movies such as *Braveheart*, where a firm, unshaven freedom fighter unleashes his manhood on you. Nor is it the kind of hard that your inner animal craves and that rap music is about. No, Monday bangs you like the techno music-loving, cocaine-snorting, party-clothed motherfuckers at Club Opera. He doesn't know your name and he has pubic hair on his chest. The only difference between that fuckbag and Monday is that Monday doesn't finish in five to ten minutes – it fucks you all day long.

fixing some shit he smokes Colts on the balcony and undresses you with his eyes until you decide that having a precariously-attached closet door is better than being the star of the porno in his head.

So the door decides it has had enough of relying on only one hinge bolted to the doorframe and dislodges itself, blockading the entrance to your room. You are really in a rage at this point, and the impromptu nude closet door removal isn't helping. One of your roommates and her boyfriend are 'snuggling' in the room next to yours and hear the thrashing and crashing, but they figure it must be the roommate across the hall falling out of her loft-bed. (Her boyfriend is visiting from out of town and performing in six-foot high single beds can be difficult). Basically, nobody comes to help; you suddenly realise that you are very, very alone, and - once you finally break into your room - discover that you also have no clean underwear.

Monday plays mind games with you for the rest of the afternoon: you have the most uncontrollable existential crisis since the first time you had a hangover. There is major inward reflection and self-doubt, and you decide that you're a dirty slut and a fuck-up in general. You somehow make it through the day, reminding yourself that there is *one* good thing about Mondays: the 10% discount at Provigo for students! So you load up your cart and proceed to the register to miss the discount cut-off price by three dollars and fifty cents, and before you can throw a few chocolate bars at the girl behind the till (to eat later in your bed in the dark), the bitch swipes your credit card and closes the deal at full price.

Mondays have been ravaging humankind since the dawn of time: Edward III's army fought a battle on a Monday in 1360 and got fucking annihilated by hailstorms, lightning, and panic. For the record, everyone died. Once, in a logical attempt to avoid Monday entirely, I cowered in bed until 9pm and left the house only briefly to get some delicious treats. Monday was not impressed that I gave it blue balls, called up Tuesday, and Tuesday railed me harder than Monday ever has, refused to cuddle afterwards, and put the video of it online.

By Humpday, I'm usually not in the mood. ☑

- Katie Burrell



**Looks like there are going to be three Mondays this week**

It might start with something you forgot that you had to have done for early Monday morning. So you stay up far too late on Sunday night finishing it and sleep through handing it in anyway. Then your shower usually breaks, so that you have to get down on all fours, ass naked, and spend forty-five minutes cupping your hands under the tub faucet and splashing yourself with water like a fucking caveman. And because the caveman splash is such an effective rinsing technique, you end up filmy and pissed off because you're fucking cold. Right around now you drop something unnecessarily heavy on your foot, like a closet door. You might be thinking: stupid girl, closet doors don't fall on feet. Well fuck yes they do if your landlord sends his cousin's wife's brother who just arrived from Romania yesterday to do building maintenance! When you ask him if he wouldn't mind

# Existentialism: The State of Formerly Having Been an Istential

I was excited to write an article for the Herring, but then I was told the topic: existentialism. I think it goes without saying that existentialism is a difficult subject for anybody to write about. This is particularly true for me, because it runs in my family. My grandmother died of an existential overdose one day when considering whether to eat a second hot dog at a lunch barbeque. Her father suffered an even more gruesome fate. He was caught by the Nazis and sent to one of their philosophical camps, where he and almost 200 other rationalists and empiricists were forced into a crowded room and simultaneously had their belief in an ordered universe shattered.

Hell, just last week a cousin of mine was committed after being found disemboweling his cat, Kierkegaard, and screaming, "WELL, FUCKER!?! HOW CAN THERE POSSIBLY BE A GOD?!? NIETZSCHE FIGURED IT OUT, WHY THE FUCK CAN'T YOU!?"

Before anyone gets worried, though, I have already made the appropriate calls, and Heather Munroe Blum's poodle, Friedrich, is fine. Thank goodness for that poodle's quick philosophical judgment.

Because of my family's unfortunate history, I've always been too nervous to learn much about existentialism. I know some of the basics, like that existentialists believe that humans create their own meaning in existence, but that's about it. For the sake of this article, though, I decided that it was time to get serious about existentialism. Then I changed my mind, because this is meant to be a comedy article. Then I tried to be funny. Then I wrote some self-referential stuff and explained myself too much. Then I got lost as to where I was going with this paragraph. Well, it's too late to change anything now: I haven't used the backspace key in 7 years, and I'll be damned if I'm going to start today! I am not going down that path.

That key is a slippery slope if I've ever seen one. One second you're correcting a simple spelling error, and then the next thing you know you're using square brackets and actually understand what that vertical line character is for. I fucking hate that line, it has no purpose. It needs to stop waiting for things to happen for it,



**The stay-at-home, overweight, WoW-playing internet-addicted super-nerd: A modern-day Nietzsche**

and start... constructing its own meaning! Ha! Didn't think I could pull that one back to the topic, did you, you bunch of backspace-using shit-heads? Looks like I didn't need to delete this paragraph after all. Me: 1, Normal Methods of Editing: 0.

It seems to me that the internet should be the perfect place to find out about existentialism. The internet is all about people creating meaning. Blog entries let us construct and reflect on our existence. YouTube videos let us watch our existence. MySpace pages let us misspell our existence, or maybe put our existence to mediocre music because our parents don't understand us. Facebook profiles let us make

sure that our friends can't forget our existence, no matter how hard those fucking bastards try. It just doesn't get much more existentialist than the internet. The internet can even make you into an existentialist yourself. Like yesterday, I googled "scat" without my safe-search on, and now I'm fully certain that there is no god. In other news, I forget what it feels like to be aroused and not feel like a deviant at the same time.

So, the internet is all about people creating meaning, and existentialists claim this meaning is the only real truth. If so, then based on my research in several web forums, I am some combination of a "communist," "Hitler," and a "faggot." Thanks existentialists! What? Oh, no, don't worry. I didn't need all that self esteem anyways! Hahahaha OH GOD NO ONE UNDERSTANDS MY PAIN; TIME TO UPDATE MY MYSPACE PAGE ROFL.\*

The most obvious example of people creating meaning on the internet is Wikipedia. It's an existentialist's dream (*See pg. 16*), a massive online community of people constructing our world as human ideas. Plus, we all know how much Sartre loved spending 9 hours a day arguing over an insignificant 5-character edit, and Camus was a fiend for disambiguation pages.

To better understand how Wikipedia is the very height of existentialism, I looked up existentialism on Wikipedia. Oh man, I just meta-ed so hard that I almost broke my pretentious-bone. Yeah, I don't think this last paragraph was worth it just for that joke either, but there's nothing I can do it about it now, remember? Suck it up.

## 20 Interesting Facts About Canadians

- 1) Canadians have over a hundred words for snow.
- 2) Canadians hunt in packs.
- 3) Canadian children as young as ten or eleven will have a glass of maple syrup with dinner.
- 4) It is forbidden for a Canadian to sing the national anthem in fewer than two languages.
- 5) Canadian food, while culturally distinctive and startlingly original, does not exist.
- 6) Canadians employ a variety of ingenious devices to ward off the cold, among which are sealskin coats, igloos, and a steady consumption of both beer and marijuana.
- 7) Canadian winters last much longer than they actually do.
- 8) Most English Canadians make a concerted effort to learn French in the eventuality that they are one day transferred to Paris to work as an attaché or something. Or maybe Nice. Nice would be good too.
- 9) "Le vote ethnique" and "l'argent" are often cited by Quebec sovereigntists as the only 2 reasons they can't get laid.
- 10) Locals affectionately abridge the word "Canada" to "Toronto."
- 11) Interestingly, Toronto is the only city on earth completely devoid of any meaning or purpose.
- 12) Most historians trace the moment of Canada's true inception not to the confederation of 1868 or even to the battle of Vimy Ridge in World War I, but rather to the first time Jim Carrey hit the \$20 million-per-picture mark.
- 13) A major contribution to engineering, the Canadarm is a source of national pride for its artful integration of the word "Canada" and the word "arm". You know, because they both have an "a."
- 14) Ottawa is the second-coldest capital city, just behind that rebel base in *The Empire Strikes Back*.
- 15) Yes, Ottawa is the capitol of the country. We're not proud of it, but, well, there you are.
- 16) All major Canadian newspapers are controlled by one very polite media conglomerate.
- 17) Canadian national identity has been created entirely by Molson advertising campaigns.
- 18) Canadians have a number of words for aboriginal peoples, including "Indians," "Natives," and "First Nations." None of these terms changes the fact that Europeans took all their shit and raped their land.
- 19) Most famous Canadians do not in fact live in Canada.
- 20) Overall, Canadians are kind of like Russians, just with more money and less invasions by the Tartars. 🗡️

Wikipedia says that existentialism is a cable cooking show that started in November 1997. At least, it has since I vandalised the article a few minutes ago. Apparently, the most successful episode to date was "Heidegger's Quick-N-Tasty Lasagna!" Fascinating! While I was at it, I also vandalised the article about "The Other Boleyn Girl," and let me tell you, I really find that Quentin Tarantino's work has gone downhill since Grindhouse.

There was a time, somewhere around the 23<sup>rd</sup> Wikipedia account I managed to get permanently banned, that I decided to try to look for greener pastures. My parents' old copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica seemed like a good bet, and no one seemed to notice when I flipped to Book 14, page 429, and wrote "COCK MUNCHER" in red pen under every picture of William Taft. It seemed like something that would make people at least a bit angry, but I guess I don't really know anything about him except that he was president of the U.S. at some point. Maybe when he wasn't in office his actual job was literally sitting around eating penises. I would hate to think that my vandalism could actually increase an encyclopedia's accuracy, but it's a possibility I have to consider. Especially given that some parts of the United States have economies that are almost 75% penis-eating-based. It's true! I read it on Wikipedia.

So, what now? We're looking for some closure, right? Somewhere at the end of all this there must be some insight into the meaning of existentialism. Well, there was. You never saw it though. It came about 3 paragraphs from now, after some pretty sharp jokes and a beautifully rounded off conclusion. Sadly, all that is gone. You see, I made a spelling error at the very end of my perfect conclusion. I couldn't write my way out of it, as it was the end of the piece. I buckled. I began using the backspace key, and it is indeed a horrible pit of doom. 1 letter gone, 2 letters gone... suddenly, paragraphs! Three paragraphs gone, never to return. I know what existentialism is, but you will never find out, for the back-lust has me! True, this might just be a bullshit *deus ex machina* talk to get out of the article because I'm stuck, but for now, I'll just claim that the backspace is a slippery slope and that now I am addic 🗡️

~ Asaf Gerchak

*\*Ed. note: Asaf has absolutely no idea how to use internet acronyms.*

# Of Moustaches and Men



All I know about existentialism is that people in Cultural Studies throw it around like a Frisbee on the first day of spring. Pffft, Cultural Studies: get over yourselves guys, and stop telling me who directs the movies I watch. Anyway, I've been told that this stuffy sounding word has something to do with life, and God, and being self-reflective, so I've decided to write about whatever I want.

I recently decided to grow a moustache. It was intended to allow for a more realistic portrayal of my part in a play, but it wasn't really that effective because in terms of hair-growing ability my face is 9. In order to thicken it up, I applied hefty dosages of mascara to my whiskers. I felt alive.

Although people scoffed at me once the play was finished, I didn't want to shave. I spent the ensuing Christmas break in Mexico, surrounded by pre-teens with thicker moustaches than me. The embarrassment only fueled my desire.

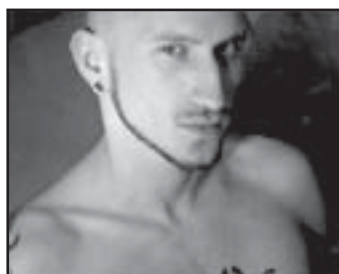
Upon returning to school I was in another play. This gave me a backup reason to keep the moustache going, as I could still claim that it was for my "character." This all came to a halt when the director of the play, a mean-spirited, bandana-clad diva, told me the night before our first performance that I looked disgusting and that I had to shave.

This director was not the only person who took offence to my moustache. The young lady who worked at the ticket booth of a concert I once attended told me straight up that I "needed to shave." This stroppy bitch is an example of a "naysayer," one who stands in the path of a man in the stages of moustache development and attempts to dissuade them from further growth. The fact is that facial hair is provocative, and people respond to it in a passionate way.

For the most part, women don't like a man with facial hair. This is why lame-ass, clean-shaven guys with normal haircuts always have girlfriends and the ones with long hair and a beard are homeless. Of course, The Y in this group of vowels is Tom Selleck, who is the Sampson of moustaches. You cut that thing off and he's toast. In any case, I will now list some types of facial hair and comment upon them:

## CHINSTRAPS:

They require far too much attention and are usually sported by UFC enthusiasts or people from Iran. A lot of guys who have chinstraps also have one of their ears pierced and seem to wear way too much lip gloss.



10



## SIDE-BURNS:

There are many types of side-burns, but I will only address two: the curly dark kind that are rectangular and tend to make you look British and really okay with imperialism, and the ones that girls have. Those sideburns are seriously discomforting and confusing. Please ladies, just get some *Nair*, spread that shit on your burns, and watch them melt away.

## NECK BEARDS:

Usually make the person look Amish. Usually the person is blonde. Usually their cheeks are hella rosy. I find neck beards to be the antithesis of chin straps, as they typically reflect a complete lack of care as opposed to meticulous primping, and also because people with rosy cheeks do not dig ultimate wrestling. If you have permanently rosy cheeks it means that you can't fight and probably smell like whatever brand of laundry detergent your mother buys.



**Ezekiel decided to dress in semi-formal wear to the annual rave. It was a bold decision.**

Speaking of laughable cultural practices, life as a single polygamist must be hard. It's already tough enough being alone in a monogamous culture, but if you can't get a date in a fundamentalist Mormon community then it must be harsh. We all know that the king pins of these polygamist communities roll with multiple females, but what about good ol' Joe Mormon? All I can think about is how internet chat rooms could revolutionise the game for these lowly, single polygamists:

*polygaMYSTIC69 says:* hey, JayHova, in the mood for some of my shepard's pie??

Jay-H.O.V.A.'s Witness has sent PolygaMYSTIC69 a "nudge"

*Jay-H.O.V.A.'s witness says:* fuck yeah MoreManThanYou has entered the chat room

*MoreManThanYou has sent PolygaMYSTIC69 a personal message:* hey I know ur a dude so get the hell out of this chat room or ill burn down ur farm



## SOUL PATCH:

I saw this guy the other day with a soul patch, but it could be more appropriately labelled a soul grow-op. This thing was huge, dominating most of the surface area of his face. The point is, things with soul don't encroach on spaces, they chill. I felt like a S.W.A.T. team needed to storm onto his chin and hack it all away, then get a bunch of press photos with the mayor next to the seized contraband.



**This guy's got soul but he's not a soldier**

In conclusion, I would like to personally thank old Asian guys that do Tai-chi and don't bother to clip the hairs sprouting from their huge mole. Why does this happen? I feel like moles are more fertile. The mole on my upper lip is insane like that, just shooting out hair at an alarming rate. Maybe *I'm* the one that needs Collin Farrell, Michelle Rodriguez, and the rest of the cast of *S.W.A.T.* to repel down my jaw with an electric Braun razor and just buzz it all off. ▣

~ Rupert Common

### ADVICE FROM THE EDITORS:

## How to Tell a Joke

Not funny? Well, you don't have to be! Thanks to our crack team of joke experts here at The Red Herring, we've been able to put together a foolproof, easy-to-use joke generator that anyone with a basic grasp of English can employ to their benefit. All you have to do is cut out the individual verbs, nouns, lead-ins and what-have-yous that you see below, arrange them as you would any sentence, and voila! Instant humour. Think of it like that magnetic poetry for your fridge, but magnetic poetry that might someday increase your chances of getting laid. And not magnetic.

The Culinary Worker's Union member of parliament (genitals) heard that and I Bush (bush) saw in the news that was eating that's what she said! schwanz Bob Marley and a Lion velociraptor violated my stamp collection gave her the ol' "covered wagon" ...the width of her vagina? dude sandwich Dick Pound Phil Collins A series of crudely-drawn phalluses in my notebook Oedipus stroked juiced up on True Story with got his/her foot wedged in quixotic(ally) and that's when she/he him/her is/are/was/were Benjamin Disraeli in the nude, but sporting a bold new porkpie hat when hemoglobin dances like a 14-year old girl "goosed" failed a saving throw S-Club 7 Dr. Broom Dr. Mario Dickensian! grabbed a handful of well, went "birdwatching" with such an asshole and you wouldn't believe what but get this: but here's the funny thing schlong ham radio strumpet

### EXAMPLE:

I heard that member of parliament Dr. Mario went "birdwatching" with S-Club 7. True Story. But get this: he was eating a dude sandwich! Ha-Ha!



# The Funny One



Every group has one. At The Red Herring, we've culled them together and created a monster. We are, collectively, The Funny One.

*To break it down SAT-styles:*

The Red Herring: McGill-sanctioned publications :: My buddy Michael, man, he's fucking hilarious : Your group of friends.

Now, The Funny One (hereafter referred to as Teefo) is a social position often looked upon with admiration by other members of the group (e.g. the Hot One, the Smart One, the Fat One, the One No One Really Likes, etc.), but I'm here to tell you that it's no cake walk. A Teefo must obscure their personal faults, protect their status in the group, and constantly perform mundane funny-making tasks to keep their title.

Every funny person you will ever meet is making up for some deep-seated flaw. Editor David Groves, for instance, had to develop a shield against people mocking his tall, thin earnestness. Editor Blake Gregory had to defend that sleazy necklace he always wears. I am actually too good looking and therefore have to be funny to put people at ease. Jim Carrey had an abusive and sad childhood and is now dating "actress/model" Jenny McCarthy. Everyone's making up for something, and it's imperative that the Teefo camouflages their inherent insecurity in a smug blanket of hyperbole and deflection. And that blanket, friends, is The Funny.

This may make you think of The Red Herring as some bastion of good-humoured hilarity, much as McGill is a beacon to Torontonians private school graduates. Well, yes and no. Red Herring meetings, as every other instance where Teefos collect, are some of the most brutally pragmatic assemblies ever held. You may be confused - why is the funny not exponential? Why aren't we the most raucous group in Gert's, spilling our beer while performing sweeping pantomimes and spitting Pythonesque witticisms? I'll tell you why: because Teefos are judgemental and used to being singled out for their skill. In a group of Teefos, everyone is trying their best to hilariously one-up the next guy. The best

rejoinder. Why that other girl's joke sucked, and how to skewer her for it. How their timing's going. If that hottie in the corner is vibing to it. In the name of social stability, silence and repressed guffaws abound at all Teefo meetings - inadvertent or planned.

Accidental Teefo encounters are like confrontations between angry mountain goats. "Oh, Tracy, you have to meet my friend Patrick, you'll love him! He's funny, just like you!"

**CLANG.**

*That's the bell and the gloves are up.*

Once Patrick or Tracy manages to make the other stop telling jokes and laugh, the true Teefo has been crowned and the pugilists go back to their corners. The loser may attempt a rematch, but usually to no great effect. The hierarchy has been set. This exchange will happen at a gathering as many times as a Teefo is challenged, until every Teefo in the situation has secured a rank.

The Teefo has many duties to fulfill within its social group, such as friendly deprecation, othering, movie commentating, and birthday-card making. These responsibilities can only be relegated to other friends (most often The Nice One) when the Teefo is extremely busy. Remember that completely unfunny birthday card you got with the balloons on it that said "Happy birthday, we love you and you're awesome!?" Yep. Teefo was busy that week. Remember when your friend Allison said "Move it, Fatass!" during *The Nutty Professor*, and no one laughed? That hurt, Allison. I was really busy that week, but I could have handled that one myself.

In summary, your Teefo may be lame, or smarmy, or unkempt, or even brutally, brutally ugly. (**Ed. Note:** Remember ex-Herring editor Ezra)? But love them anyway, for they guard their position as YOUR Teefo like the bitchy, well-coiffed assistant on every lipstick-and-powersuit sitcom you've ever seen. And who knows, they might even lay off the skank jokes next time you tell them the story of how you slept with that skater guy with the Phillies tattoo on his only marginally defined abdomen. ☑

~ Zoe Daniels



**Sunday Sunday SUNDAY:  
Iron Mike Tyson VS Billy the Kid**

## !HELP! The Red Herring has a massive head wound and is quickly bleeding to death!

Well, that's just like, a metaphor or whatever, but we seriously do need help. Because of staff turnovers, the Herring is in desperate need of competent individuals to fill the following positions: writers, financial executives, photographer, photography director, photo editor, photo models, cartoonists, and sugar daddy.

**12**

To get involved, email [dmgroves@gmail.com](mailto:dmgroves@gmail.com)





## Just Beat It



Masturbation. No pleas for cuddling, no requests for child support, no awkward questions like “Do you love me?” or “How am I going to get this out of my hair?” Has mankind yet discovered anything quite so fantastic? Today, class, this is the subject at hand.

So you think you're some kind of pro? Do you really think no one knows that you have *Girls Vs. Porpoises Vol. IV* safely hidden away in that computer folder you titled ‘School Documents’? Well, I've got news for you: your roommates, your significant other, heck, even your mom - they're all on to you. They check your history folder, they look at your cookies, and they've even held a black light over your laptop. Your old excuse about deleting your history every night to conserve disk space isn't fooling anyone, an unsurprising fact considering how many episodes of *7<sup>th</sup> Heaven* you've got stored away in there.

The point is, you need to start thinking outside of the box (no pun intended). (*Ed note: She's lying; that pun was definitely intended*). The regular routine is old hat: it's time to try something new—no more of that boring, amateur crap. The best place to masturbate, besides standing outside the Ellen Degeneres show, is the kitchen. Yes, the kitchen, with its endless supply of lubricants and easy-to-clean surfaces, a place where you can beat your meat *and* make a sandwich at the same time. Here are just a few of the benefits to ‘kitchturbating’:

### GREASING UP:

It's the mother load - from cooking sprays to chunky peanut butter to Tabasco to Cool Whip. Extra virgin olive oil is terrific, (*Ed note: now that pun was unintended*)! but if you've got a fast hand, it may start to smoke. If that's the case, you may want to try something

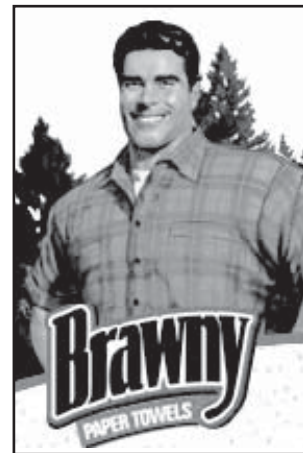


**The whip-smackin' lip-smackin' one**

that can withstand higher temperatures, like peanut oil or Crisco. Do not be tempted to use Drano. I know it says it will clean your pipes but this is not a euphemism.

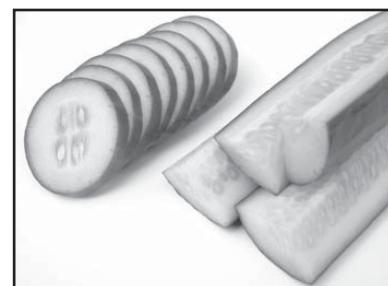
### INSPIRATION:

For the ladies there's the guy on the Brawny paper towels, the Jolly Green Giant, and Mr. Clean. For the fellas you've got Mrs. Buttersworth, Betty Crocker, and Aunt Jemima - all of whom are hotties. If you're a freak there's Tony the Tiger and the Keebler elves, and if you're extremely narcissistic and really into irony, there's the dancing hand from the boxes of Hamburger Helper.



### BONUS ITEMS:

Cucumbers, carrots, and wine bottles; oh my! Rinse them when you're done or use them for a great coleslaw recipe with your own special tang.



**Be sure not to lose any of the pieces**

### CLEAN UP:

Again, it's a snap. If you're real lazy you can do it straight into the dishwasher, but you're also welcome to take advantage of the sink, trashcan, and oven mitts.

So enjoy yourself, and until next time, *Bon Appétit!* 🍴

~ Eli Keshet

The Red Herring has finally matured to the ripe old age of 20. Finally, our dearly beloved satirical rag is old enough to have sex on film, for fun or profit, in nearly every country on earth. This means that if the market for "man-on-magazine" porn is really about to explode in the way experts (read: my weird neighbour) have been predicting for years, our little magazine's funding problems will finally be over.

In honour of the magazine turning 20, I decided to provide the readers of The Red Herring with a 20-year retrospective on my life entitled: "David MacLean: Who the fuck is he and why is he touching himself there?" However, after gathering data (ie. thinking for five minutes about why I totally rock the shit), I realized that my life is filled with a hopelessly small amount of shit-rocking. This is probably due in part to my being raised, 'til the age of 17, in a small, poorly-decorated tool-shed on the outskirts of an Eastern Siberian dust village. Therefore, instead of a 20-year retrospective on my own life, I've decided to hand down a retrospective bestowed upon me, for exclusive use in this issue only, by one Mr. Tom Cruise. You may know him better as "Fuck, not that guy again," "That giant douche bag," or simply, "Thom." The retrospective is in the form of a transcript of a recorded monologue as Tom Cruise is, of course, unable to either read or write.

*\*Tape starts\**

*(Five minutes of fumbling as Tom attempts to figure out how to operate the tape recorder)*

"Hello, Hello. Darn, this thing, is... Maybe if I... Oh, it's on, okay. Yeah, so this is Tom. Tom Cruise the actor. No No No No! Let me-let me, rephrase... THAT! Tom Cruise The Scientologist.

*(Tom pauses here waiting for a response; we can only assume he's forgotten that he's speaking to an inanimate object)*

...hahahahahaha

*(Tom laughs for no discernible reason)*

I love peanut butter and I love acting so I'm like why not act like...like...like peanut butter!?

*(Tom starts clapping his hands together)*

I mean let's...let's think about this. You and me... YOU AND ME! You're a tape recorder so what am I? I mean, I know I'm Tom and you're you, but what is that? Right? RIGHT?

*(We have no idea what Tom is talking about)*

Man...MAN!! Oprah, she's great...great Oprah. I love Kate. Hahahahaha

*(More laughter; his forehead vein is undoubtedly popping out like one of those big worms in Tremors)*

I love her... like seriously.

*(The laughter stops and Tom adopts a serious tone)*

Listen, I'm going to lay something down, something real, something above all this actor bullshit, like, think of it as a monologue I'd give in *Born on the Fourth of July*, or *Jerry McGuire*, or *Losin' It*, or no, no, no, *Cocktail*.

*(Tom takes a deep breath)*

Don't take prescribed medication. I read this book once, or well...I saw some pictures and...and...

*(Incoherent babbling)*

Listen, bottom line, if you don't take meds you'll be as real and cool, and, and, and, and HAHAHAHA normal as me, Tom Cruise. I'm a scientologist."

*(More fragmented clapping)*

*(The rest of the tape goes on to describe Tom's life from beginning to end. However, while fact-checking, the editors at The Red Herring realized that Tom was simply reiterating the plot of the film Top Gun). ■*

~ Dave MacLean

## Existentialism: Failed Wikipedia Entries

### Submission March 10<sup>th</sup> 2008:

Existentialism describes a cult following which arose in the wake of the 2001 film *I Heart Huckabees*. Dustin Hoffman is God, and Jason Schwartzman is Jesus...or is Mark Wahlberg Jesus? So cool! Man, that movie simply won't stop blowing my mind. Just when you think you've got it figured out, it gets deeper and more insightful. It's like when I read the *Da Vinci Code* for the first time. Excellent film! Excellent! I loved Huckabees!

Submitted for consideration by: Neo2121

### Editor's Response:

*Although it may be "cool" to you, Dustin Hoffman is most certainly not God, proven by his performance in Meet the Fockers. Your alias, "Neo2121" suggests that you base your life around the Matrix trilogy and model yourself on Keanu Reeves; this worries me. It is also quite apparent that you have watched I Heart Huckabees in its entirety; I grow more worried.*

**Submission March 14<sup>th</sup> 2008:**

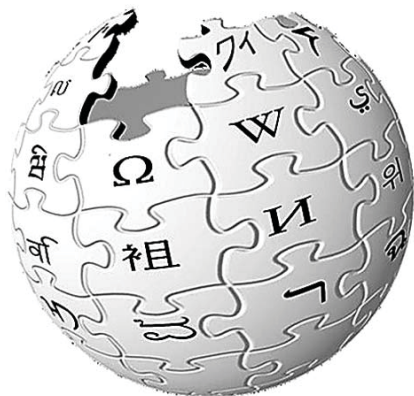
The existence of the self serves to only make our surroundings more beautiful, like “the rose that grows from concrete” is made only more beautiful by its ability to simply be. As we come unknowingly into existence and our surroundings, let us leave them better than when we arrived. Participating in model UN or saving the whales can give us an excellent outlet to fully express our being. Hopefully we can all put our existence to good use.

**Submitted for consideration by:**

Elizabeth Chestingham, 2<sup>nd</sup> year Political Science & English Double Major, Concordia University

**Editor's Response:**

*It's clear that you're a relatively young, idealistic individual, but this submission is neither factual nor did you reference your Tupac Shakur quote. To suggest that you and your existence make everything in my world more beautiful is to suggest that Cindy Crawford is made more beautiful by that hideous collection of melanocytes on her face. If you're really looking to exercise your quiddity with a cause, I hear robotic sex elephants always need saving.*



**Submission March 13<sup>th</sup> 2008:**

The freedom of being, is free only to the self, if that self has come into itself being free by simply being.

**Submitted for consideration by:**

Patrick Devogue, 4<sup>th</sup> year Philosophy & Theatre Studies Double Major, McGill University

**Editor's Response:**

*Looks like you're gearing up for an extensive and very arduous career as a graduate student. I suggest you vote Liberal.*

**Original Submission and current Explanation:**

Existentialism is a movement in philosophy which rejects the role of deities or fixed destiny in the lives of individuals, replacing them with an emphasis on the self to create its own meaning and essence. The movement was developed by a number of leading intellectuals including Nietzsche, Sartre and Kierkegaard. It is currently the number two cause of impotence in the Greater Yugoslavia Region.

**Editor's Response:**

*Poorly written.*

~ James Beveridge

LIMITED EXCLUSIVE ONE-TIME SPECIAL OFFER:

Four Year Subscription to The Red Herring at 100% Discount!

**TO REDEEM THIS COUPON:**

1. Cut this coupon out
2. Go to your “Personal Computer” and “Turn it on”
3. Access your favourite “internet” and go to **www.theredherring.net**
4. Explore our archives, read our content, and feel like a decent chap (or chappess)!



GOOD SHOW!

THERE'S EVEN WEB-ONLY CONTENT FOR THE GENTLEPERSON WHO CRAVES A RAUCOUS BELLYLAUGH OR TWO!

15

# "The Red Herring Goes Green"

**1** Ok guys, so in an effort to become more environmentally sustainable, The Red Herring is going to be "going green" for this upcoming issue.



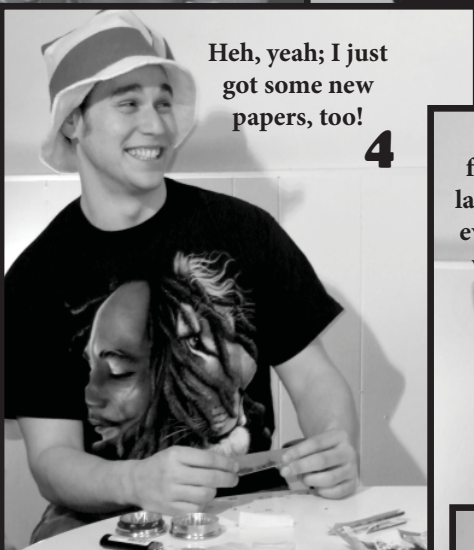
**2** Yeah, brah, I hear that! I'm "going green" right now!



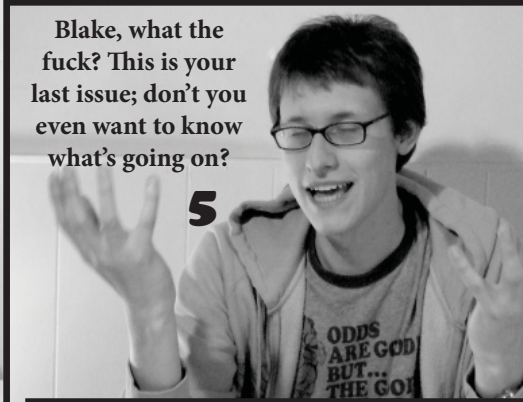
**3** Riiiiight, but I'm referring more to the fact that we're going to be printing on a new type of recycled paper.



**4** Heh, yeah; I just got some new papers, too!



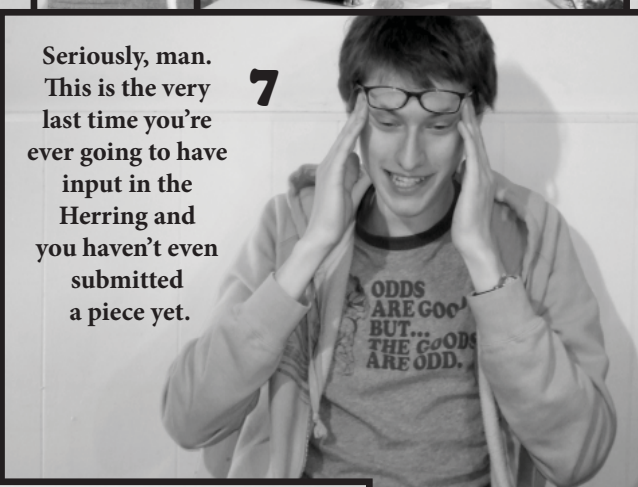
**5** Blake, what the fuck? This is your last issue; don't you even want to know what's going on?



**6** Hell yeah I wanna hit this bong!!



**7** Seriously, man. This is the very last time you're ever going to have input in the Herring and you haven't even submitted a piece yet.



**8** What're you talking about, bro? I got my piece right here!



**9** Wait, Blake, is that even a pipe? Isn't that, like, just a big plastic penis?



**10**



**Blake Gregory**  
President, Editor-in-Chief • 2007-2008