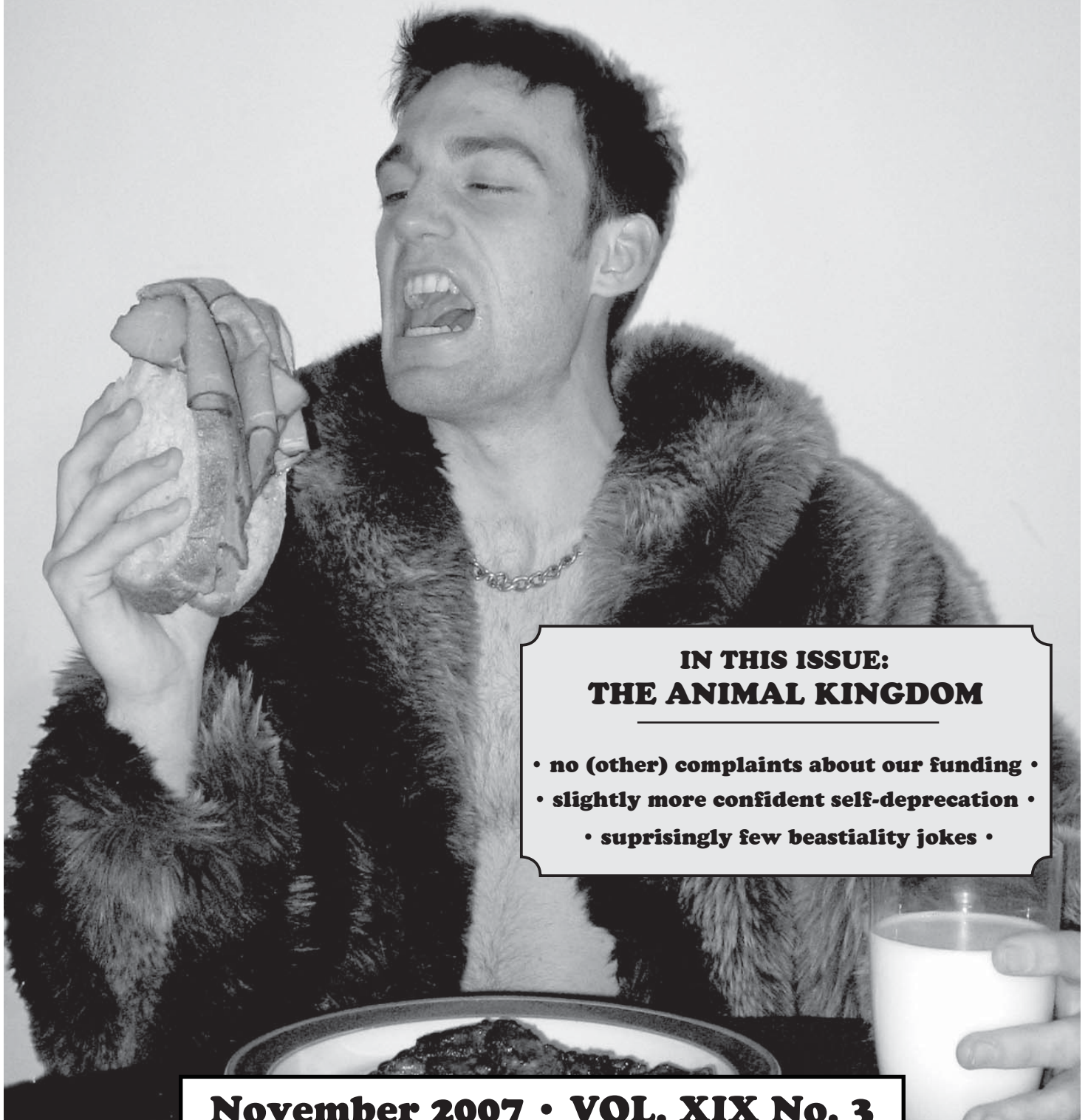


TheRedHerring

THE RED HERRING CARES ABOUT ANIMAL RIGHTS

Most importantly, the right to taste delicious



IN THIS ISSUE: THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

- **no (other) complaints about our funding •**
- **slightly more confident self-deprecation •**
- **surprisingly few bestiality jokes •**

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bureaucratic shortcomings,
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My fellow naked apes,

Remember how cool those raptors were in *Jurassic Park*? Coordinating their attacks from the sides and slicing your stomach open with their one giant claw and shit? When we first started working on the animals issue I thought it'd be choc-full of articles giving our beastly cousins all sorts of similar props: koala bears are cuddly, giraffes look silly because their necks are really long, your fat smelly uncle resembles a hippopotamus, etc. etc.

Then I remembered that animals actually suck. Not suck like "a cute little foal suckling on his mother's teat" suck, more suck like "brain-eating parasite that will leave you a dribbling, paralyzed vegetable but only after years and years of excruciating mental deterioration" suck. There's a reason that [insert favourite deity's name here] gave us humans unquestioned dominance over [his/her/its] pristine kingdom and all that it entails – including all other, more diminutively neocortex-ed animals. (Am I right, neurology students, or am I right?)

As you'll see, pretty much everyone who contributed to this here issue felt the same way as I did. *My* species allows me to own a muthafuckin' cell phone and live in a 30-story high-

rise. *My* species has developed microwave energy technology that allows me to enjoy a piping hot bowl of *Easy Mac* in less than 4 minutes. Mr. Stupid Chimp Head over there has only just figured out how to stop flinging feces from his diaper-less bottom long enough to crack a nut open with a rock!

I'm sorry, naysayers, but considering the above evidence, there is just straight-up no arguing that humans shouldn't have unquestioned authority over all other species on the planet. Animals are the scourge of Earth and, unless we can teach them all to wear Diesel jeans and become accustomed to drinking their Evian from shiny plastic bottles like the rest of us, should be unarguably removed from our otherwise pristine and pavement-covered world. I'm sure you agree.

- Blake Gregory

P.S. If you're reading this, you clearly like comedy. Why don't you further get your comedic rocks off at our **stand-up comedy show**? It'll be so [deleted expletive]ing funny you will [deleted expletive] your [deleted expletive]ing pants. Details are on the back cover. Oh, I'm also trying to clean up my filthy fucking language.



SAME SHIT, DIFFERENT PAGE

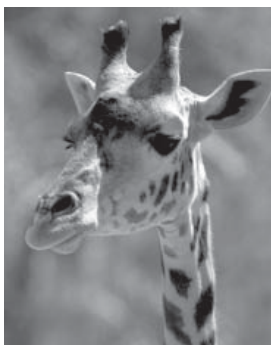
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Au contraire,

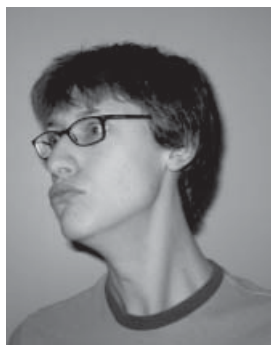
Blake, I'm going to have to disagree with you here and give my endorsement to animals instead of

humans. You know why? Because an animal has never, ever, ever walked into the Herring office while I was working and asked me if I knew how

much the Snowboard Club's latest trip is going to cost, or when some club's office hours are, or how to rent a snowboard, or if I have a stapler, or whatever-the-fuck. Look, I don't leave the door open cause I want every ass-hat who thinks I can help them with something to come in and take up my time; I do it because this office is small, and cramped, and depressing, and I need to know I have a connection to the outside world. I don't



even look particularly helpful, but for some reason people just keep coming in and drowning me in their inane queries.



Unlike humans, animals don't give two shits about office hours, or staplers, or updating email lists. All they care about is eating and keeping their genes going. So what if I have

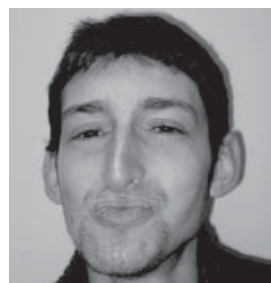
a cell phone and my dog doesn't? If anything, keeping that radioactive motherfucker in my pocket 24/7 is hurting my chances of reproducing. Ten years from now, when my swollen, cancer-ridden testicles prevent me from putting on a pair of pants, I'll probably wish I had spent less time strutting around like Mr. Best-Species-Ever and had spent a little more time snacking and sleeping in a tree.

~ David Groves

Fare thee well, good friends,

Well McGill, this is it for me, I'm graduating (hopefully). "All things must come to an end," as they say. But before I go, a few shout-outs if you please: here's

to the McGill Ultimate Team, Tim Horton's double doubles, free wine and cheese events, and... that's about it. We've had some good



times, right? Remember? Funny stuff. Anyway, I'm the editor who is always trying to degrade this publication. I've always pushed for more incest, bestiality, and all manner of filth. If it were up to me every second word of this publication

would be diarrhea. Blake! What are you going to do without my voice of reason? Recently though, I learned that many people at McGill consider themselves to

be decent human beings who don't like reading stories about two goats menaging a donkey. And to them I say: good for you people! Way to get up everyday and constantly find

things to be offended over. I really cannot empathise with your views. I mean, getting offended all day must be a lot of work. But I admire your conviction. Scrotum.

~ Ezra Black

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The Red Herring would like to take issue with the phrase “the naked ape.” As humans, we are in fact the only ape who ambles around with clothes on, and as such should be the last primate deemed “naked.” If the term “naked” is referring to the fact that we have much less body hair than our hominid cousins, wouldn’t “bald” be much more appropriate? I know we call animals’ body hair “coats,” but the logistics of the naked/bald, clothes/hair divisions here are extremely confusing, at best. Terminologists really need to sit down and start actually thinking about the shit they’re pumping out, because as of now “naked ape” is a horrible misnomer that would be really misleading to any of our mysteriously-English-speaking-yet-knowing-nothing-else-about-our-world alien friends. Honestly.



Animals, Sex, and *Planet Earth*



Everyone seems to love the show *Planet Earth*. Sure, it’s a masterpiece, and yeah, it shows the beauty of all the world’s ecosystems, but no one seems to realise that this interactive journey around the planet pays little attention to what animals do best: humping each other.

If the BBC is usually to nature programming what *Showcase: Friday Without Borders* is to pornography, then *Planet Earth* should by all rights be the *Red Shoe Diaries* of nature documentaries. My point being, why watch David Duchovny read sensual perfumed letters when you can witness Peter North administering savage facials? The omission of animal sex (not including soft core “pseudo-penetration”) from this critically acclaimed eleven-part series is nothing short of blasphemous. We’re letting these prudish Englishmen deny us some of the best intercourse kingdom animalia has to offer! When I found out that deer had threesomes with each other, I was in grade 8 art class. My peers and I were looking through a stack of national geographic magazines for things to draw when I stumbled across the classic photo of the deer sandwich. One doe, two dudes... absolutely amazing.

The thing that makes me so angry about this whole *Planet Earth* thing is that you just know they had footage of animals having sex and edited it out. They followed these animals for years and filmed all day. You’re telling me that for the months they followed the humpback whales in *Shallow Seas* those free Willies didn’t once get frisky with any other leviathans? Give me a break. How good would whale sex look? They’re mammals for god’s sake! We know they make love. I can only imagine the golden shower projected from the dorsal spout of such a magnificent beast.

Cheetahs have sex too. I know this because I eat Cheetos, and Chester is a ladies’ man for sure. He rocks shades! The only animal on the Serengeti with a pair of Oakleys must get mad action. Or



Above: quite possibly the worst picture ever to have graced the pages of The Red Herring

wait... aviators – those are cool right? Or is it wraparounds that are in now? I don’t wear sunglasses and consequently don’t get with girls, so I don’t know. In any event, it can’t be simply the Cheetos that make Chester cool. Just look at little white dogs – they eat a tonne of Cheetos and are among the lamest of all animals! You know these useless shih tzu cross-breeds must eat a lot of Cheetos because the region around their mouth is always stained with some sort of disgusting orange smegma. Either that or they really enjoy warm bowls of chilli. I fucking hate little white dogs. Anyway, what was I saying about cheetahs? Whatever, on to the next hump-tastic creature!

Giraffes would definitely be another amazing creature to see getting it on. Those long necks can’t *just* be for picking the leaves from the tops of trees. Darwin’s theory of evolution may generously be applied here, as I am confident that the choice of a female giraffe for its spouse is in direct correlation to the mate’s head-giving abilities. With such deep throats, giraffe fellatio is absolutely unrivalled in the animal

Design skills exponentially better than anything you'll ever see in The Red Herring

world. Except maybe by those groups of Burmese people who elongate their necks with tribal rings. If those ladies used phones, I would definitely be giving them my number.

To further this discussion of ritual mating habits, one cannot forget about the majestic and deadly polar bear. For the most part, I imagine polar bear sex to be quite tender and involving much cuddling. Mauling baby seals and British explorers can be tiresome, and their habitat's climate is rather harsh, so I would expect that the great white bear wouldn't have much energy left by the end of the day. You know, like in that sleeping bag shag in *Enemy at the Gates* where Jude Law lays pipe with that brunette from *The Mummy*. Unlike in that accent-shifting Hollywood blockbuster, however, real drama can unfold in the Great White North. If a female polar bear were to cheat on her spouse and the cuckolded husband happened to walk into their snow cave only to witness some



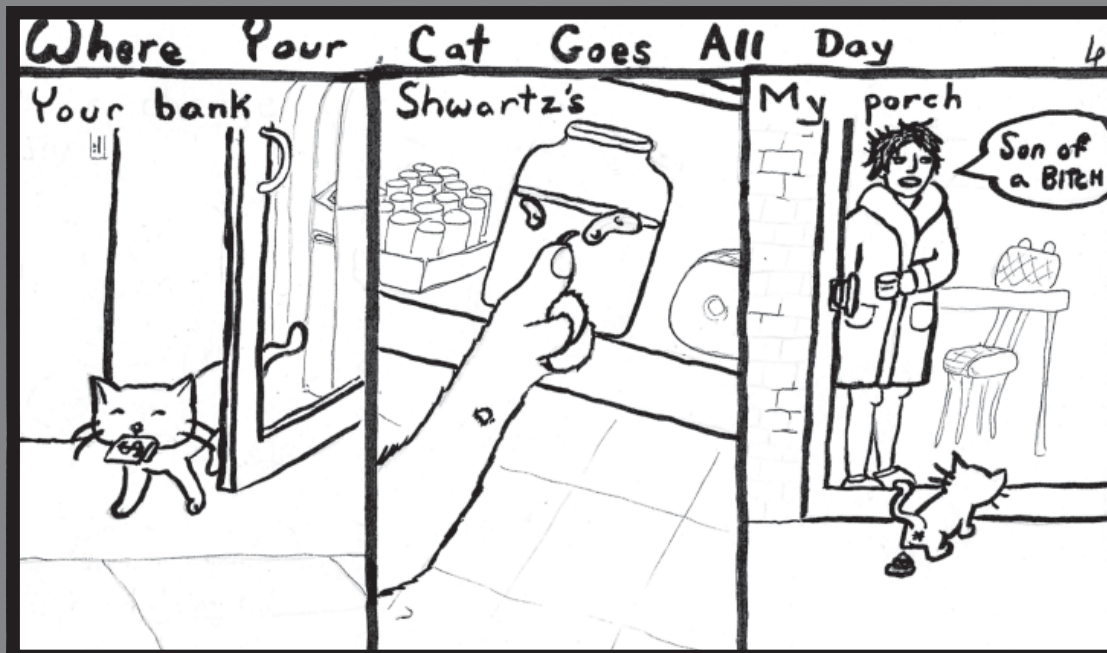
Back squats are an essential stage of metamorphosis

spirit-bear impostor pulling a Brendan Fraser on his honey, you just know blood would be spilled.

Frogs are pretty hilarious in the sack too. Much like their boreal companions, they're totally down for Roman-bath inspired orgies. And on lily pads to boot! What a terrific location for group sex. Now we all know that tadpoles look like sperm. In grade school, we did a project which involved rearing tadpoles and watching them grow into frogs. In some stages, these reptiles resemble stout-legged semen. I wish that was the final stage; that way, we'd have hilarious-looking frogs hanging around in swamps everywhere. Man, that would be funny,

Now, I could go on forever about some other animals "doing it," like swans. But I won't. I just think that David Attenborough and his stuffy limey compatriots have deprived the world of some beautiful mating scenes. And it could be so awesome! Just imagine his voice narrating the bonding of two dolphins: *"And here, above Western Australia's most vibrantly colourful coral reef, these two bottle nose dolphins engage in the ancient act of stimulating the peduncle."* Shame on you David, shame on you.

~ Rupert Common





What Kind of Animal are You?

Take this quiz to find out which animal you most resemble, what aspects of Eysenck's Big Five Personality Model you most exhibit, and which dream mate you're most compatible with!!

1. When confronted by an obstacle, you...

- bark and wag your tail
- listen to the Dead and blaze
- migrate to the ocean then return to fresh water to reproduce
- spray your genital juice everywhere

2. Your dream guy is totally making eye contact with you! You...

- shed all over the fucking couch
- pass the bong bro!!!!
- lay your roe using your tail to excavate a shallow depression called a redd
- can be considered a huge asshole

3. Your friends most often describe you as...

- canine
- dude I'm so stoned right now
- scaly and high in Omega-3 fatty acids
- the worst investment they ever made

4. Sitting alone in your mother's car, you anxiously await her arrival. Your hands are sweaty and your heart rate is well above baseline. You can't recall the last time you felt like this. You...

- dogs don't have hands!
- yo check this out Steve, this quiz rules!
- can be enjoyed as a entrée, or as an hors d'œuvre served with an aperitif
- frantically circle the room numerous times, then stop to lick your anus

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The English Language

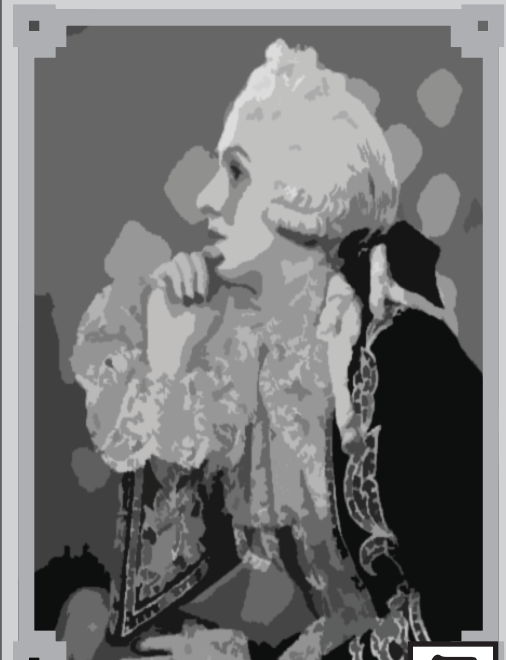
You can be 'un-' and 'well-', but can you be simply 'kempt'?

If I am feeling generally contented, can I consider myself to be 'gruntled'?

Why is 'abbreviation' 12 letters long and difficult to spell?

If those disgusting chunks of fat hanging off the sides of my body are called 'love handles,' shouldn't 'pig tails' be called 'love reins'?

If a 'glove' is a condom and a 'box' is a vagina... ?



7

5. **Your boss hands you a huge project due the next day. You...**

- growl angrily and let out noiseless reeky farts in indignation
- you guys wanna zap some burritos?
- should not be confused with *Salmonella*, a bacteria commonly responsible for food poisoning
- are a big prick

6. **Your hot date invites you back to their place for coffee (sex); you...**

- would die of theobromine poisoning if you actually consumed the cacao beans contained in Moccaccino
- get me a fuckin RED BULL or I'm gonna crash hard
- wish you could be "part of that world," but alas you have no legs
- end up taking the morning after pill and never hearing from him again

7. **Your favourite song is...**

- Who Let the Dogs Out
- well, it's actually from a bootleg, and I'm not sure if it counts as a song because it's like 40 minutes long and really just an extended solo... but you gotta hear the baseline man, it's legendary
- anything by Yo La Tengo
- I usually just listen to the Top 40 on Hit 95.6, but I kinda like that Bloodhound Gang song about the Discovery Channel... yeah, I'd have to go with that one

8. **The glass is always...**

- full of bones!
- dude, did you just say "boner??"
- comprised of both salt and fresh water
- you lack the introspective capacity to understand the symbolic aspect of this question, opting instead to spend your few waking hours staring blankly into space. Come to think of it, animals can't even talk... ?

SCORE SHEET

If you chose mostly **A**, you're a **DOG!** Dogs are great with children and enjoy being left in the car while you shop for groceries in mid-summer. The dog as we know it today comes from the species *Canis lupus familiaris* and frequently lives up to the age of 100 (divided by 7).

If you chose mostly **B**, you're a **SLOTH!** Sloths can frequently be found living in their parents' basements and buying ugly hemp-based clothing. As a result of the large amount of foliage they consume, sloths spend most of their time sleeping and quoting Will Ferrell films.

If you chose mostly **C**, you're a **SALMON!** You are delicious with a dijonnaise sauce and can be commended for your tremendous ability to swim upstream to spawn. Finding your exact birthplace in an entire ocean full of water is quite a feat; congratulations!

If you chose mostly **D**, you're a **CAT!** Cats are solitary animals that commonly sleep 12-16 hours a day and enjoy the sound of can openers. Expect to struggle with your self-esteem throughout your entire life, and, if you're still itching for that dream date, don't hold your breath – dream dates don't have sex with animals!

~ Michael Tau



Animals That Deserve to Die



There are inevitably going to be a few of you out there wearing flannel shirts, "save the dolphin" tees, bark-threaded G strings, and hemp galoshes who are going to spit out their green-tea flavoured granola bars in indignation at the above title.

"David, all the animals of this Earth are wonderful and precious and help sustain the beautiful, fragile ecosystem so important to our lives. Have you no soul?!"

Well argued, you lovable leftenant of the forgotten art of Hippyism you! Quite frankly, though, I think that Mother Nature was just looking the other way when she let some of the world's "under-regulation height" little beasties onto the Ferris wheel of sustainable evolution. So here I present to you a list of creatures that have somehow survived through the ages, in spite of their general lameness, (the Keanu Reeves of the animal world if you will).



The Sloth

Yes, the only animal in the world ranked slightly less mobile than a tree and slightly more useful than a spork. At first glance the sloth may seem like a fairly decent animal: it



breathes, it eats, it even responds to stimuli (on occasion).

However, besides this, the sloth basically does nothing. Now, for aesthetic purposes the sloth might seem useful. Who doesn't love furry balls of crap hanging limp and motionless from giant

trees? However, this is a task better accomplished by the sloth's much more mobile, charming, and downright sexy cousin the lemur, whose appearance on lame/incredible television shows like Zaboomafoo have made the sloth's presence in this world almost completely devoid of meaning. If only that giant variant was still kicking around! That thing would be fucking *sweet/possibly delicious*.

The Badger

I don't know if you've read *The Wind in the Willows*, but if you haven't, you should. Once finished, you'll instantly recognize why we must all hate the badger and his condescending pessimistic ways.



Apart from constantly raining on Mr. Toad's parade, badgers are also totally ripping off the stylistic offerings of the skunk, raccoon, and zebra, forming an ugly hodgepodge of what is otherwise a totally vogue rendering of black and white stripped fur. Also, I recently (5 minutes ago) read on Wikipedia that badgers are fierce creatures that "are capable of fighting off much larger animals such as wolves, coyotes, and bears." This would indicate, based on poor and controversial logic, that not only are badgers total assholes but they also



pose a greater threat to your life than WOLVES, COYOTES, and BEARS combined! Thanks, anonymous author of the badger article!

The Emu



"Oh cool, an ostrich! Oh, wait, I'm sorry that's just its pathetic Oceanic twin the emu." This is a phrase often prefacing sighs of disappointment all over the Australian continent.

The Guinea Pig

Have you ever owned a guinea pig? If you have you'll be 100% with me on this one. I mean, who could possibly support the existence of an animal that's trying soooo hard to embrace extinction? The practice of eating their own young is obviously just a cry for help. This is also an animal trying its hardest to jump onto another animal's bandwagon in hopes of surviving the onslaught of evolution. The pig, our noblest and most valiant creature, should be insulted to be placed in the same lexical category as the guinea pig. In reality, this disgusting rodent is nothing more than an arrogant pillow with organs and a stupid, albeit adorable, little nose.



Dragons

Alright, despite what numerous psychiatrists have told me, I still believe that these creatures are the single greatest threat to humanity (next to artificial sweeteners, which really don't taste like sugar so can we all stop pretending. This means you Coke Zero!) Dragons are the scourge of humanity: eating our knights, capturing our damsels, and generally fucking things up for Harry Potter and his gang in at least one of seven delightfully whimsical books. We should follow the totally badass/shockingly illogical leads of Christian Bale and Mathew McConaughey in the classic film *Reign of Fire* and have these things destroyed once and for all.

~ David MacLean





...and the List Goes On



I completely agree with David on this one. Nature, by its very, uh... essence, is a cruel, savage, merciless, last-cookie-stealing bastard. Nature, in the span of one conversation, once managed to insult my mother, dismiss Darfur, and repeat my own joke as if it was its own. Nature, this one time, even tried to slip this girl at this party GHB but luckily my buddy Josh found out about it and totally laid a whompdown on Nature's ass. No bones about it, Nature is a total wad.

So, when I say that the following animals deserve complete and total annihilation, it's not to say that it's me who hates their guts. I mean that they simply don't have the chops to hack it in this uncaring, libertarian-voting world. Also, I may, in some vague, roundabout way, personally hate some of them. In any case, after repeated viewings of Planet Earth, I've got a pretty balanced view of all life forms on this angry, angry globe, and would accordingly like to add a few more deplorable species this list of natural rejects...



Tiny Dogs

Whose idea were these things? I guess it makes sense as a guard dog, in that a small dog gives you all the barking, alarm-raising ability of a big dog, but with half the poop. But, at the same time, any intruder who is stopped by a Chihuahua is not destined to be an intruder for very long. Also, people who own small dogs tend to be the human equivalents of these tiny breeds, completely incapable of opening a pickle jar, let alone interrupting a burglary in any meaningful way. You know what, people who own small dogs? You just got added to the list.



Flies That Constantly Bump Into the Venetian Blinds



God, shut up already! Fly somewhere else – what, are you eating the blinds or something? Jesus! I can't sleep 'cause your wings keep hitting the blinds, amplifying your buzz, like some pretentious noise rock band. Seriously – who loves noise rock so much that they need to make a band devoted to it? It's not a style, it's a joke on everyone involved – audience, band, and society included. I can't wait for forty years from now, when your eardrums all wither up like sundried fruit, and your shitty musical tastes keep you from hearing any music at all. Noise rock bands, you deserve extinction.

Panda Bears

Panda bears have evolved to eat only the shittiest bamboo shoots, which grow only in the shittiest part of China, and provide the shittiest milk to raise their shitty babies, which are the laziest, weakest things in the animal kingdom. Yet, because they're pretty, they always get the most attention from conservationists. They're like the absolutely wretched girl who's popular because her tits always point true north. You know the type – pretty since kindergarten, so they never had to learn any social skills or talents? This one, Julia, god, what a bitch. No joy anywhere except in manipulation, and you know she never had a pimple. I hope you're still into Sylvia Plath, Julia, because you're on the list.



Brad

I forget your last name, but fuck it – you don't deserve one. We were best friends all through grade seven – why'd you start to pick on me? Was it your chain-smoking parents? Did your green hair dye poison your mind some? Oh, wait, that's right, you're just an asshole. Who yells out (in grade 7, no less) that their tiny best friend has a crush on the popular girl in school? Fuck, I barely had pubes – I couldn't have dealt with it even if she liked me, which she never would've. I'm glad I shoved you down that time in music class. Remember that volcano we built for science class? I hope nature sends, like, a bigger one to end your stupid jerk butt.



~ Ed Petrenko

The Red Herring's
GREAT PERSON OF THE MONTH
J.K. Rowling/Gay Dumbledore

J.K. Rowling, author of the omnipresent “Harry Potter” series (and the now thankfully out-of-print “Quimmy the Magic Clam” erotic comic book series,) has recently come out with news that famed wizard Dumbledore, WHO WAS KILLED BY SNAPE IN BOOK SIX, is, in fact, gay. During a Q&A, an innocent young fan asked whether Ol’ Dumby had ever found true love. Rowling responded back that yeah, he had, and that it was with ANOTHER DUDE! Well, you know what? Whoop-dee-fucking-doo. It’s not like it’s the first time an assassinated leader was rumored to be gay after death (JFK: I’m looking at you, sailor), nor is it something we should just be accepting uncritically.

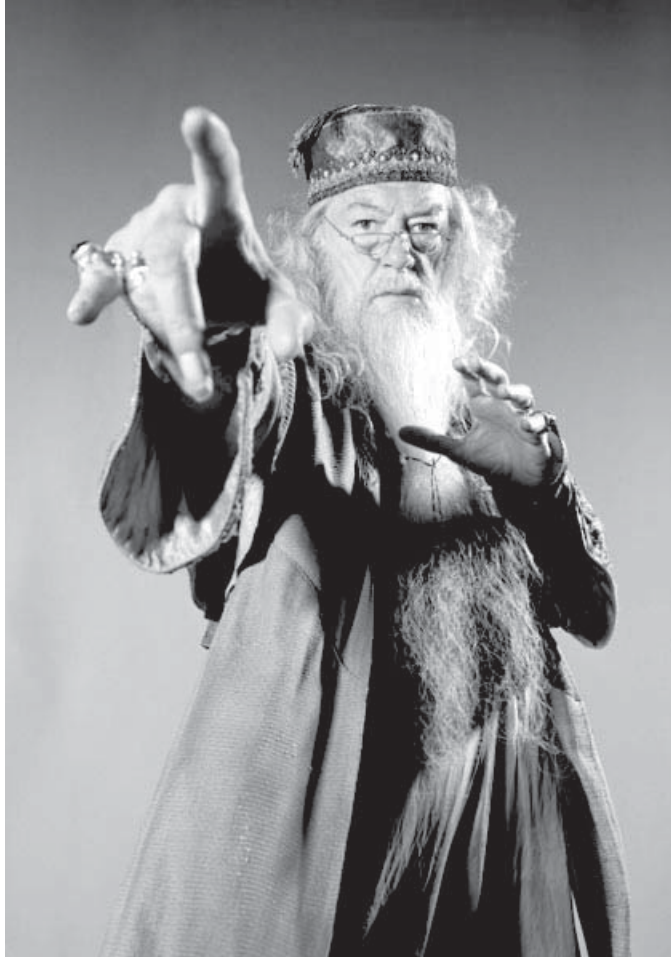
First of all, is this right? Can Rowling even create stories outside the text? This meta-textual, postmodern storytelling technique smacks of laziness, and really feels like cheating. She’s able to add or subtract new information at will. I mean, she could easily explain away any inconsistency with the tried and true “a wizard did it” technique, and it would all make sense within the framework of the story. But instead, she decides to expand her literary canon through random chats, info sessions, and whatever else she can use to keep herself in the public spotlight after concluding the most financially successful book series in history. So what qualifies as canon? If she, awaking from a feverish dream, tells us that Hogwarts was nothing but an

illusion, and their entire schooling had been some sort of Danger Room-style simulation, what can we do about it? I know it’s all a bunch of worrying about some meaningless books, but people get real hyped up about this kind of shit.

Much like the post-Management Carnival spread of herpes across the student population, this announcement quickly made its rounds through the media universe, from the blogosphere to that bastion of journalistic integrity, Fox News.

Unsurprisingly, this “revelation” has drawn the ire of Bill O’Reilly. Captain Falafel claims that the presence of a completely closeted gay character is somehow “indoctrinating” youths into some kind of gay subculture. Just some regular O’Reilly-grade stupidity, although Rowling’s announcement does give new meaning to any Harry Potter passage wherein the old wizard grabs the young one’s wand forcefully and without consent (“...that’s just how wizards roll, Dumbledore later told Harry”). O’Reilly goes on to claim that this validates everything that former God-interpreter Jerry Falwell ever said about the death of American heterosexual culture, up to and including his anti-Teletubby crusade.

Of course, O’Reilly and his fellow political blowhards fail to recognize the real benefit Rowling’s declaration is to two of the lowest rungs on the social ladder: comedy writers (which I attempt to be), and fan fiction writers (which I am occasionally, but only to pay the bills). With a gay Dumbledore, fan fiction writers may plunder the deepest, moistest depths of their twisted imaginations. Of course, those deviants would have



Step off sister! Dumbledore don't pay top dollar for his Gucci Quidditch robes just to have some JC Penny-wearing mudblood get her disgusting little fingers all over 'em!

“The brain of Charles Darwin was intelligently designed.”

-- Discuss --

10



done so anyway, but now a queer Dumbledore seems almost... required. Unfortunately, a hetero-Dumbledore/McGonagall romp through the nursing home would now constitute as “against the norm,” which I frankly think is unfair. If I can’t read or write pornographic literature based on the naked adventures of two elderly wizards, then the terrorists have already won. God help them if anyone messes with Hagrid and Hermione, my favorite pairing.

If fan fiction of this nature did not exist, we would lose such choice pickup lines as “Hey little girl, meet my friend Buckbeak!” or “Yeah, I guess it’s some form of animal husbandry...” And don’t tell me that Rowling wasn’t thinking about the sensual stuff – just read Book Seven’s epilogue. It’s 19 years after the fall of Voldemort, and everyone has settled in with their high school sweethearts. Ginny and Harry have like a million fucking kids, all named after their parents’ friends. Their marriage is kept alive by Ginny’s mastery of the “Tighteno Vagina” spell. Hermione and Ron (not Hagrid, alas) also have a similar number of brats, and they all suck. And apparently, some of Harry’s friends are teachers or some shit. Basically, the set-up is perfect for fan-fiction about the kids’

botany teacher shitting himself at the sight of a Dementor, or a Quidditch team orgy, or whatever.

But my point still stands: this sudden outing is not only damaging to the minds of our children, it probably isn’t anything that hasn’t been written about before. There is a time-tested rule about the internet, Rule #34, that states that if a certain intellectual property exists, porn about characters in said property exists. Everything from Thomas the Tank Engine getting fisted by George Carlin (the show’s narrator, FYI), to depictions of a naked, furry Jesus. I’m sure even worse things exist out there in the void, but I’m not sure that I want to know about them. Keep one thing in mind, dear reader: everyone reacts differently to different stimuli. You may watch reruns of “Leave It To Beaver” and marvel at the idyllic vision of 1950s suburbia, while others think, “Man, it’d be so HOT if June and one of the neighbor kids got it on.” Other people: just another reason not to walk out your front door without a Hefty bag full of antidepressants, should you choose to do so at all.

~ Jim Martin

Moby Chick

September the 1st, 1541

Call me Ishmael, bro. The royal land of Sausagefestia is in bad shape. Our great King, Brother Mikey IV, born of the Phi Sigma province, has commissioned our noble quest to locate and capture the elusive “woman,” of which we have only heard jiggly and D-sized tales. They will be our guests of honour at our annual feast of mutton and mead, which we have lovingly titled “Sick Kegger Brah.” We have loaded ourselves into my father’s majestic ship, the S.S. Dodge Taurus. The waters were choppy, the winds were untrustworthy, and Frankie ate all the chips.

October the 3rd, 1541

We have truly reached the land of milk, honey, and sweet, sweet estrogen. We are currently observing these “womans,” making this diary difficult to write with only one hand. They seem to fail at basic subsistence. Instead of spearing the plentiful bison roaming their land, they cry and talk about their feelings. They use shiny shoes as currency. For entertainment they all sit in front of an elaborately decorated fire - which they could not figure out how to light - while several of them don green doctor’s robes and engage in conversation of complicated love affairs. This ritual made the entire Sausagefestian expedition fall asleep. We must capture these creatures before they attempt to mate with each other because that would, uh... totally rock.

October the 24th, 1542

It seems that these women-on-women rituals were designed to capture us (This diary has more twists than an M. Night Shyamalan movie). They have entranced my men with their delegates, including Madame Chastity Jones, Veronica Slutsky, and Barbara Steinberg. Their sultry dancing keeps my bros in a state of high-fiving wonder. They force us to hunt for their food, build them shelter, and open all their pickle jars. They call this ungodly hell a “relationship.” Our Sausagefestian kegs shall go untapped, our beards shall always be clean-shaven, and every night we dine on low-calorie food. What a sad, pathetic, sexually-satisfied world we have stumbled upon.

Please kill us,

Kroq The Impaler Kevin the Whipped



~ Leo Margul

11



A Portrait of the Artist as a Female Elephant



It should come as no surprise to faithful readers of *The Red Herring* that nothing pleases us more than fine, abstract, exceedingly crappy expressionist artwork. When I think over all the nights I've spent locked alone in my room, lovingly fondling my Jackson Pollock print the way a slow-witted man-child fondles a bunny rabbit, my only regret is that I could never actually enjoy the company of the artist himself. It's understandable, then, that I leapt at the opportunity to interview one of the most prolific abstract expressionists alive - an artist who has redefined the genre and continues to do so with every new piece. Her name is Kamala, and she is a 30-year old Asian elephant who lives and paints at the Calgary Zoo. This is her story:



The Red Herring: Kamala, thank you so much for agreeing to do this interview. I can't tell you how much this means to us as an organization.

Kamala: FRRRRROOOOOOMMMMFFFF.

Dr. Nancy Tobey, Calgary Zoo Staff: Kamala thanks you for coming, and hopes that you're having an excellent day at the Calgary Zoo!

RH: Really? Why, yes, yes I am! Thanks for asking!
(Kamala stares uninterestedly at Dr. Tobey)

Dr. T: She says you're welcome.

RH: ... Uh, well, let's get started then. So Kamala, you're certainly one of the most interesting artists around today. As far as I know, you're the only elephant/abstract expressionist out there. How does that make you feel? Does that fact ever filter into your artwork?

(Kamala picks up some hay with her trunk and chews it slowly)

Dr. T: Kamala says that it's impossible to detach one's art from their subjective experience, and so her paintings will always reflect the fact that she is an elephant. However, she also stresses that one of her goals in making art is to eliminate the false human-elephant dichotomy that exists in society today, and thereby tries to present a vision of elephant subjectivity that is accessible to anyone.

RH: Really? She said that?

(Kamala keeps chewing)

Dr. T: Yes. Yes she did.

RH: How do you know? I can't even tell if she's playing attention.

Dr. T: Look, she doesn't like the tone this interview is taking. If you don't get back on track here, we're going to have to wrap this up.

RH: Alright... Kamala, can you tell us anything about your latest piece?

(Two zookeepers walk in with sponges and buckets. Kamala instantly walks over to them; they start to wash her)

RH: Oh for fuck's sake -

Dr. T: She says that her latest piece is going to explore the question of authorship in the production of semiotic meaning.



Above: Kamala, hard at work in her studio

RH: I really, really don't think that she said that. I don't think she said anything.

Dr. T: Look, do you have a degree in art history? I didn't go to Vassar for 12 years just to get hassled by some punk asshole who thinks he knows everything about animals!

RH: You don't have a degree in zoology? What the fuck are you doing here!?

(Kamala's son, Chanda, enters the enclosure from a separate pen. He is wearing a large beret and smoking clove cigarettes)

Chanda: Nancy, who is this?

Dr. T: No one Chanda, go back to the feeding chamber.

Chanda: You didn't tell me we were having visitors, Nancy. I would've cleaned up around here a little bit.

Dr. T: Actually, he's just leaving. He *was* here to see your mother's artwork, but he clearly can't appreciate true talent when he sees it.

(Kamala defecates and shakes her head to get rid of the flies that have grouped around her eye)

C: Well, Nancy, maybe he just doesn't share your taste. I've got some of my pieces right here if you're interested.

RH: A talking, beret-wearing elephant that paints? Hell yes I am!



Dr. T: Look, I really don't think interviewing Chanda is a good direction to go here.

RH: Wait. Why? He seems a lot more talkative than his mother.

Dr. T: I don't want you to get a false impression about the nature of elephant art. What he does is *not* art. It's kitsch.

C: Nancy, how could you! You know I pour my heart and soul into my work.

Dr. T, ignoring Chanda: Compared to his mother, he's a two-bit motel-decoration-peddling hack.

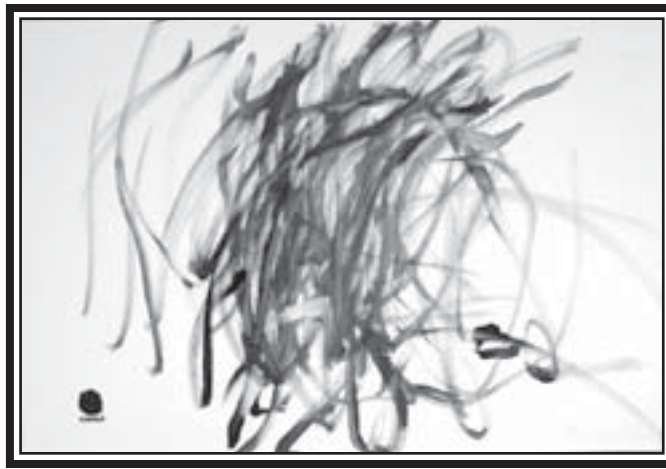
C: Nancy!

Dr. T: You know it as much as I do, Chanda! You're a disgrace to your mother and what she's trying to do with her art! *(Kamala starts coughing)*

Zookeeper: Oh no! Kamala ate the sponge again!

RH: Okay, that elephant is clearly not the one I want to interview.

Dr. T: You're making a mistake! His pieces are pure pap; they don't speak to the universal condition the way Kamala's do! Look at her confident brush-strokes, or her dedication to the aesthetics of high art!



Above: Prairie Fire, a completed piece. Absolutely breath-taking.

RH: Wait, is that a picture of the baby Jesus playing cards with a bunch of dogs?!

C, holding up his painting: Yes, yes it is. I call it "Baby Jesus and the Doghouse Gang". What do you think?

RH: It's amazing!

C: This piece was actually inspired by a dream I had where, get this, Baby Jesus played cards with a bunch of dogs. I know it's cliché and all, but it really did come to me in a dream.

RH: Truly, truly inspiring.

Dr. T: Are you serious?

C: And I have this other piece where all the original members of Genesis are playing beach volleyball, but instead of a beach, they're on the moon.

RH: Wow. I'll bet Peter Gabriel looks spooky attractive in a Speedo.

(Kamala lets out a loud, satisfying elephant fart. Doctor Tobey's hair waves gently in the ensuing breeze)

RH: I-I think I'm going to be sick.

~ David Groves

Ed. note: *What the fuck? This painting elephant thing is real?*

Colonel Meowpants' Delicious Revenge

Yesterday, I put feline excrement into my mouth. I did so thinking it was a bit of almond that had fallen from the bowl of almonds I enjoyed last night on this very futon. The very futon where the cat was lounging for the duration of my almond snack. I masticated it for lengthly seconds before wondering if I should not have more closely inspected the piece of brown detritus which was now crumbling apart, very un-almondlike, in my mouth. It contaminated my front two teeth, the bottom four, and the tongue betwixt. I can safely say, however, that cat shit



isn't sweet - that tongue-tip bit of sweet-alarm tastebudditry was not awakened at all. Realising frantically that I had just possibly CONSUMED a bit of kitty waste, I flew to the bathroom and vigorously attempted to sanitise the entire area. But did I just contaminate more? How good is Colgate at killing boutlism? I rinsed with Listerene just to be sure. So here I sit, a girl who will forevermore feel the painful glow of an even worse secret when someone says "Eat cat food? That'd be so gross!"

~ Zoe Daniels

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Your Red Herring Horoscope

Scorpio (Oct. 24- Nov. 21): You may or may not imbibe illegal and potent narcotics this week and may or may not have a magical trip of self-discovery. There is an average to decent chance that you will probably wake up feeling like garbage, and there is a slight chance you'll feel remorse for calling your ex at 4am pledging your undying love.



Taurus (April 20- May 2): This Tuesday you will finally get to realize your long-time dream of skydiving. It's really quite sad, though, that you won't listen to your gut instinct and double-check the parachute that that evil garden gnome packed. I guess we all knew he'd get you eventually, but why today? Why today, indeed.



Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): This coming Friday you will find yourself stuck in traffic. Upon hearing the TLC song 'Unpretty' on the radio, you will realise many things about yourself that you hadn't previously. I agree; you might as well end it now. I mean, things aren't going to get any better.



Gemini (May 21-June 21): Oh shit! I knew I fucked up somewhere. Taurus, you're fine to make the jump. Gemini, what can I say? The garden gnome has a deep-seeded dislike for you. Watch your back, man, watch your back.



Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): I am sorry to have to tell you this, Capricorn, but Karma is real. I guess you shouldn't have made fun of your friend when he told you about his herpes.



Cancer (June. 22-July. 22): Cancer, you will get crabs this week in some way. Maybe you'll go to Red Lobster, maybe to the fish market or maybe you'll head to Jean Coutu for crab cream and a friend.



Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18): No matter how you try to rationalise it, you know in your heart that what you did was wrong. The stars agree; matricide is rarely justifiable.



Leo (July. 23-Aug. 22): Be wary the next time you go for a drive in your car. Don't tell me you've forgotten about the time you testified against Don Giovanni-Sofrazza! Sometimes the Witness Protection Program just doesn't even try.



Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20): Try to take quitting smoking seriously this week, Pisces. No, really; your teeth are offensively yellow.



Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Your dreams of following in the footsteps of your father will come crashing down on you when you realize that he has failed at everything he has tried.



Aries (March 21- April 19): After years of wondering, you'll finally find out this week who wrote the book of love. Unfortunately, he died 30 years ago, and didn't leave you a cent.



Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23): You might wake up and find an oozing, nasty and painful zit on your forehead. Leave it alone! Because I predict a catastrophic backfire if you try and pop said zit and your face will explode.



Svetlana's Sex Column

Dear Svetlana,

I am really into snuff porn but it's been difficult finding anyone in the Montreal community willing to try it with me. I've been to Toronto but surprisingly there was nothing there either. Then I went stateside – all the way to the Holy Grail of liberal sexuality, San Francisco – but even they didn't have what I was looking for! I want to make it clear that snuff porn is just like regular porn, except that in snuff porn somebody is ritualistically murdered, preferably just when he or she is about to climax. Whatever happened to the government having no place in the bedrooms of the nation? Liberal thinking indeed.

- Snuff Porn Guy

Dear Svetlana,

I am writing to you because I recently got the Fleshlight™. It's an artificial vagina/flashlight sextoy. I love my Fleshlight™; not only do I have amazing sex with her/it, but I'm always well prepared for blackouts and it's great on camping trips. But problems soon

plagued our happy union. For the first month it was marital bliss; I quit school and my job and took a nice long honeymoon. Just me and Gloria and my couch (yes her name is Gloria). Then the problems started. Gloria is always giving me the silent treatment. Then, when we make love, I'm always the one who has to do all the work, unless I tape her to the bed. Then, the other day I took her to the park for a romantic evening and out of nowhere the cops showed up and threw me in the clink! My friends say I have to end it, but the fact is I've fallen for her. I just love her low-maintenance attitude and lifetime guarantee. What should I do?

- In love with my sex toy

Dear SPG,

For Svetlana there is no doubt: you are sick son of bitch. But I like this so I will help. Luckily for you, I come from the land that invented snuff porn. As little girl, my papa used to take me to the great snuff theatres of Krakow, where I saw such classics as Flower of Flesh and Blood and Cannibal Holocaust. To do this you will need 50, 000 U.S. dollars and a plane ticket to Chechnya. Once you arrive, simply post ads in local newsprints that you are looking for a snuff partner. One is sure to emerge. If you wish to save yourself the ticket and the cash, however, maybe you could call Svetlana's good friend Karla H. She just finished stint in Eastern Quebec and is now residing on Island of Montreal somewhere.

Dear Mr. Sex Toy,

I empathize with plight. I had a similar relationship last year; it was me, my Magic Wand™, and my futon for three glorious weeks. But extenuating circumstances ended our love. My pimp Peter Popovich entered my apartment and went up side my head for I too had quit my job as prostitute. Then he made me put my lovely boychik back in drawer and put on clothes again. Sad fact is, Mr. Sex

Toy: society is not ready for our kind of relationship. Why is world so cruel to lovers!? Who can say? Take Gloria, take out batteries, put her in cupboard and don't feel too bad. You will love again my friend.

Svetlana is a well-traveled Cold War Beauty who once swallowed an entire shveinzengrubber all by herself. To ask her for advice that just might get published in the next issue of The Red Herring, send her an email at: svetlanamaholovich@hotmail.com. Seriously.

OUT OF SOLIDARITY WITH THE WRITER'S GUILD OF AMERICA WHO ARE CURRENTLY ON STRIKE, THIS TINY SPACE AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE 15 WILL REMAIN EMPTY. KEEP FIGHTING THE GOOD FIGHT.
(BY THE WAY, WE'RE DOING THIS SHIT FOR FREE)





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