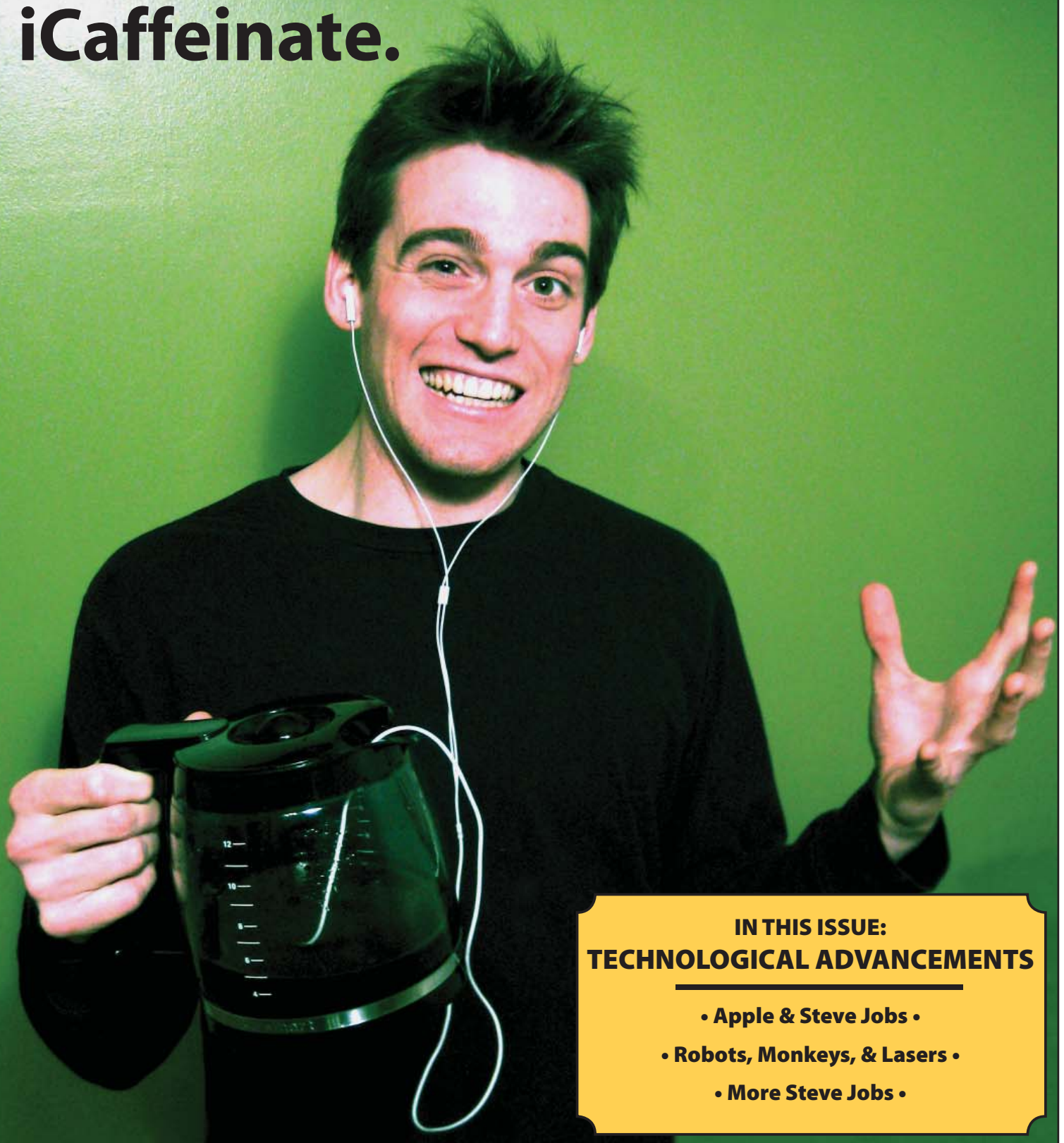


TheRedHerring

iCaffeinate.



**IN THIS ISSUE:
TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENTS**

- Apple & Steve Jobs •
- Robots, Monkeys, & Lasers •
- More Steve Jobs •

February 2008 • VOL. XIX No. 4
www.theRedherring.net

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Ahhhh snap!

We've digitised, bitches! After a year-and-a-half hiatus, the Herring is finally back on this contraption you dub the 'intar-web' with our own new über-chic website! That means this here issue and the last 4 years of Herring goodness are all available on said non-tactile venue, so go ahead and click your way to hilarity!

Now, technological prowess and I have never really been the best of friends. Once when I was a kid my brand new remote-controlled car got run over by a minivan ON CHRISTMAS MORNING and when I was in grade 8 a ski lift almost crushed my awkward pubescent body with indifferent mechanical cruelty. Suffice to say that fancy gadgets and new-fangled gizmos like "roll-on deodorant" don't really jive with my *au naturale* demeanour. Many of them wouldn't fit in my stanky-ass den anyway.

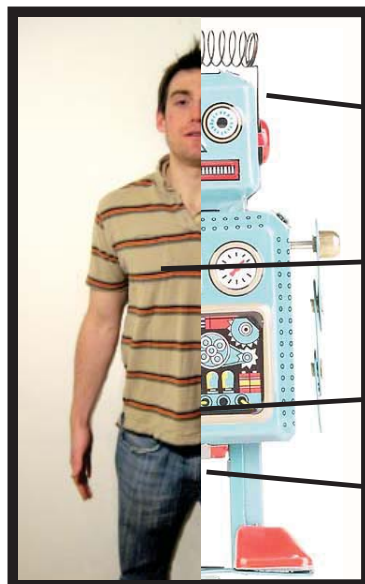
Because of this distain I hold for "modern conveniences," I applaud our crack writing team for the general deprecation they lave laid out before you here in their dealings with all things technological. Sure modern medicine may allow me to live decades and

decades longer than my malnourished grandparents did, but consider this: When I'm 105 years-old crapping into a tube and breathing through an iron lung, it will be a creepy monotone computer telling the doctor to fuck off right before he finally decides I'm not worth the electrical bills, not my cancer-ridden voice box. And that just ain't right; a man isn't truly a man unless he can bellow obscenities from the bottom of his own tar-lined, non-metallic lungs. Some may argue that the proverbial 'they' have, at long last, found a better use for silicon than just stuffing your girlfriend's otherwise flat chest. I say "better" is all relative.

~ Blake Gregory

What's that you say? It's both sad and ironic that we've only just got a website back online and are celebrating by releasing a 'technological advancement'-themed issue when the internet has been around for at least like 15 years? Well fuck you, too. We're having another real-life stand-up show on March 4th to prove we don't need digital venues to make you laugh, you cynical bastard. Details are on the back cover.

Is your roommate a robot?



Suspicious mole/off button on back of head allows him the ability to 'sleep' through your all-night sex orgies in the adjacent room

Inverted right nipple causes chest to bear striking resemblance to positive/negative battery terminals

'Iron-like' stomach gives him the ability to withstand a 25-second keg-stand without vomiting. (Regardless of beer/motor oil brand used)

No visible genitalia

SAME SHIT, DIFFERENT PAGE

Domo Arigato, Mr. Roboto,

As editors, Blake and I have had our share of artistic disagreements. He'll want to print an issue in full colour, and I'll want to print it in invisible ink. He'll want the cover to be some kind of visual-verbal interplay, and I'll want a picture of me flexing my biceps with a cucumber wedged in my pants. He'll tell me to stop using our office phone to make calls to Tokyo, and I'll tell him to shove it up his ass. These minor spats are, I'm told, just part of the publishing business, or at least the day-to-day routine of putting out a top-notch comedy magazine. That said, in his long and storied career of being wrong, Blake has never plumbed the depths of immense wrongness the way he's done in his present editorial. I mean, the man's no Einstein, but this is ridiculous.

Simply put, modern technology is the greatest thing to have ever happened, ever. It's what separates man from beast. Name one other living species on earth that can play Wii, or toast bread without having to put its claws into a fire. In fact, name one other creature that can even make bread. That's what I thought.

~ David Groves

Now, this may seem like something of a radical departure from my editorial in our last issue where I lamented the inevitable swelling of my testicles after decades of carrying a cellular telephone in my pocket. It might look like, in light of my previous opinions, that I'm saying all this just to be difficult and argumentative. This could not be further from the truth. In fact, if anything, I'm actually just reinforcing my original point. I mean, how awesome would having gargantuan gonads be! People would immediately know, just by the way I sauntered, that I meant business. Sure, walking around would be difficult, but once again, modern technology would be right there, reaching out to lend a helping robo-hand. A motorized wheelchair, pants reinforced with steel girders, some kind of little ball-toting robot helper – these are all very real and very exciting options for the well-endowed man of the future. Thirty years from now, I'll be jet-setting around the world with a set of tremendous testes while Luddites like Blake are still eating bugs and dirt out from under their toenails.

~ David Groves

What can I say?

When I was asked to be an editor for the Red Herring, I was torn to say the least. Some have said that it's a very enjoyable and humorous magazine. People who aren't my mother, however, have not shared that opinion. As such, I sought counsel from my local religious leaders, who strongly forbid my association with the publication. I went to James Administration for advice, was given several complaint forms, and then directed to mental health services, which was understaffed, to a Muslim prayer

space, which was not allocated, and to a fairly-graded class, which did not exist.

On my harrowing journey through campus, I came to the realisation that the Red Herring is exactly what this University needs: a space for bright, well-spoken students to opine on the mysteries of animal and robot-related intercourse. And that, dear readers, is why I urge you to submit to the Red Herring. We all know that the one thing this University needs is more liberal publications. Get to it!

~ Leo Margul

Table of Contents

All this crap Blake, Groves, & Leo	2-3
Stop; Lazer Time! Rupert Common	4
Ambiguous Help Info Greg McLeod	5
iHate New Gadgets Dave MacLean	5
Online Dating Advice Zoe Daniels	6
On Sex and Robots Hayden Simpson & James Beveridge	7
Click to Claim Prize! David Groves	8-9
The Real Steve Jobs Elias Mason	10
Where Have YOU Been? Blake Gregory	11
Bad Olympic Fever Eli Keshet	12
Embittered Old People Dave Mulis	12-13
In The Land of Cheddar Matt Brown	13-14
Facebook Must Die Michael Nevada	15
Jobbing on Craig's List Ed Petrenko	15



Not Just for Killing Aliens Anymore

Lazer. You'd think it would be spelt with a 'Z', but it's actually an 'S'. It should totally be a 'Z' though, so for the rest of this article, I will spell it as such.

I remember when I first laid eyes on a key-chain lazer pointer. It should have been a great day in my life, but it was so anticlimactic. My Asian friend brought one to school and we played with it. One of our games was to see how long one we could stand aiming the beam directly into our eyes, knowing full-well that we would probably go blind (there was an explicit warning label on the underbelly of the device affirming this possibility – not too surprising, considering it's a fucking lazer).

I can barely believe that lazars are used to *fix* eyes. I've tried to imagine many times what an optometrist's lazer actually looks like. Is it something similar to the Dentist's X-Ray machine? Or does it resemble a Moonraker lazer gun, the same model Baron Samedi may utilise in, let's say, multiplayer mode? For this article's sake, it will resemble the latter. So basically, an eye doctor just packs mad heat and blasts gamma rays at your rods and cones until you can read again. Seems easy enough; I feel I could be an optometrist.

Anyway, the usefulness of these lazer pointers has always evaded me. Apparently they're used for pointing at shit during a presentation, replacing the stodgy and old-fashioned metre stick. The lazer pointer is superior, supposedly, if you're ever lecturing to a large crowd with the aid of a projection, one which is too big to be pointed at using a wooden measuring device. That's all well and good, but herein lies the rub: the projected beam is never that noticeable, and most teachers who try to use them appear to suffer from Parkinson's disease. Known in the business as "hand tremors," this lack of motor skill can lead to a disorientating presentation, as the sniper dot never really lands on its marky mark:

"...and over here is Uruguay..."
"Um sir, is Uruguay in my eye?"

4

On the topic of useless lazer beams, I truly detest those automated lazer-sensor taps. Every time I go to clean my mitts it takes me over twenty seconds to get a jet of water. You end up moving your hands around under the tap forever, desperately attempting to activate the light-source. The same may be said of the new automated toilets that magically sense movement whilst you defecate. It's as if the engineers of this technology think people become gargoyles the minute they sit down, motionless for the entire process. What about the wipe? I personally stand up to wipe, so the toilet flushes on me, and due to the impressive force of the plumbing system, a violent maelstrom splashes all sorts of liquid debris onto my lower cheek/upper hamstring area.

In grade 6, a friend of mine was lucky enough to have a personal lazer-tag kit. While I loved the game itself, I especially liked the sound effect for reloading, which was the standard "chk-chick" of a shotgun. It's a dangerous game, though: one time we were playing lazer tag and an older boy gave me a wedgie of such intensity that my asshole bled. Despite the trauma and discomfort I still associate with it, lazer-tag is an example of lazars put to good use, whereas any lavatory-related lazer technology should be abandoned immediately in favour of traditional methods.

Another great use of lazer beam technology was Jennifer Lopez' music video, "Waiting for Tonight." It coincided with the introduction of the lazer pointer to the general public, and was filmed in what looked to be the Amazon rainforest. It was all about a slamming New Year's Eve party where J-Lo breaks down into a steamy dance solo, delighting boys under the age of twelve everywhere - specifically, boys who were naked on their living room couch after school. In another one of J-Lo's songs, "Jenny from the block," the Latino songstress claims that, to her, being real is "like breathing." The exact lyric is, "And can't forget to stay real, to me it's like breathing." Okay, so that's how easy it is for her to be real. It's so easy that it's a subconscious event, one dictated by her autonomic nervous system. That's fascinating. I wish I was that real, except to me it would be more like blinking. ☑

Alternate Product Names

	
'lil box-o-cancer	Fertility-be-gone
	
The De-digit-iser	Fucking badass



“Hello... yes, my son has one of your pea pods stuck... Up his nose, yes, and I was wondering whether you had any idea how to... Hold on, do you speak English? Do-you-speak-English? Does anyone there speak English? Anyone... Speak... ENGLISH? It's a PEA POD. Up his NOSE! Hello? HELLO?!”

Fun With Old First-Aid Pamphlets!

4B If you are alone: Make smooth thrusts directly downward about 1 ½ to 2 inches, 80 times a minute.*

**(no external joke required)*



~ Greg McLeod

The iStick

It seems that everywhere I go these days, there is a technologically obsessed fan-boy shoving a Wired magazine in my face like he just discovered the Rosetta stone. Their eyes sparkle and gleam with joy as they describe progressively thinner LCD TVs and labour-saving mechanisms. “I can’t wait,” they scream in glee as they marvel at the latest electronic banana peeler or clock-and-camera-imbued gramophone.

These people, however, are being misled by the fanatic consumer culture that perpetuates the selling of any device that has the letter “I” in front of an improper noun: iPhone, iPod, iBook, iCondoms, iJello, iGiraffe, and I, Robot. While I extremely enjoy a good Will Smith film, these fragmented sentences make no sense: I phone who?! How can the heartless corporate marketing team at Apple start a sentence, carve it into metal objects millions of times, and never complete it? What does it all mean Apple? I demand to know! If Apple came out with a product called, “iPhone Todd twice daily,” than maybe I’d be a little more open to this new and humdrum trend so casually referred to as “modern technology.” However, they have not, and as a result I only rely on one piece of technology for every facet of my life.

This wonder-device is, of course, the stick. The stick was first used somewhere prior to the Paleolithic era and is arguably better than any invention that has come after it. In other words, since the stick is older than any other technological device it is naturally superior to all of them. This is supported by the most well-known of formulas, which states: “if something is older it is better.” If you need any “evidence” for my “formula,” look no further than Hollywood. Behold the haggard, leather faces of the Douglas family. Kirk

Douglas - the older one - is totally badass and Spartacus-y. He probably spends his day scaring people with his grizzled, angry ways. Michael Douglas, on the other hand, through the use of some sort of witchcraft, convinced Catherine Zeta Jones that she’d be better off grabbing his saggy genitalia than worshipping my own supple and formidable Flesh Temple of Doom. This is an obvious indicator that older things are better: Kirk Douglas is better than Michael Douglas who, somehow, is better than me.



Speak softly and carry Apple gadgets

The stick is also superior in its ability to synthesise all the technological fineries that have been produced by society. The iPhone claims that it is a phone, mp3 player, and camera all in one. Well so is the stick. Yesterday, for example, I called my friend on my stick by throwing it at the back of his head and yelling “Hey!” (PHONE) I then took my stick and knocked it against a tree. The resulting sounds were described by passers-by Jay-Z and Dr. Dre as “Slick and Solid Gangsta Beats” (MUSIC PLAYER). Later that day I spotted a bald eagle and decided to take a picture, so I simply bludgeoned the rare bird to death, got it stuffed, and now it’s on my desk for me to oggle for the rest of eternity (CAMERA). I’d like to see the iPhone take such a realistic three dimensional rendering of an exotic bird. Yes, there might be some people out there clamoring for the latest and greatest devices, but to me they’re all pathetic shiny pieces of garbage compared to my versatile and affordable stick. ▣

~ Dave MacLean

(Ed. Note: The Red Herring received this submission engraved on a stone tablet, by what appeared to be a stick. When we asked for it in .doc format, Dave threatened to murder a kitten with a stick [GUN]. The article was transcribed.)



How To Get An Internet Boyfriend: A Guide from a Seasoned Professional



TOOLS

- MSN (global), AIM (American), YahooChat (lame, who has this?), or similar
- 1337 or English dictionary
- 90+ wpm typing skills
- One (1) headshot from the only angle you look good at (probably taken from above), with your arm cropped out (in .jpg format)
- A lot of time, preferably no real boyfriend
- Cats or stuffed animals (something to hug and that will absorb your tears)

OPTIONAL

- Facebook (duh), Friendster (we're not that old yet, come on), Myspace (your bangs are growing out, stop combing them over so far), or similar

PROCEDURE

- **Step 1:** Obtain the screen name of your future internet boyfriend.
- **Step 2:** Change your display picture/icon/avatar to the cute headshot.
- **Step 3:** Send a carefully-worded flirty message to your future internet boyfriend. This is THE most important feature of your soon-to-exist internet relationship. Be sure to include several smilies and winky faces (;-) preferred over :-* because, well, the latter indicates you're kind of a slut). A good message highlights your shyness (because you don't usually do things like this), your occasional use of foreign languages (to really hammer in that ditz factor) and your love of good times (read: drinking).

SAMPLE FLIRTY MESSAGE:

Hey Ben,

So, I got your sn (haxxorzmastah10101001? Right?) from Dave. Weird, I know :-/. I just wanted to say Hi because it would be weird to not know each other but be on each other's buddy lists, you know x=)? Anyway, I'm Amanda, (Dave's roommate's sister's roommate). I don't usually do this, but I was just chillin with my girliez and we thought your profile was tres funny - how did you manage to fit so many Simpson's quotes in one window? lol I know it's not that hard, it was a joke ;-)

We'll, ttyl
Amanda <3

**Note the casual reiteration of how you "know" each other. And see the winky face? Not slutty at all. Your future internet boyfriend will love funny girls, so the Simpsons mention is perfect to show him that you know what humor looks like. Remember, the flirty message is about making him respond, so don't give too much away - your HPV positivity is not only not an issue, but a tool for making your IBF extend the online nature of your relationship. Everyone loves mediated contact with a herpes survivor.*

PROCEDURE (Continued)

- **Step 4:** Repeat step 3 for many, many boys. Remember that internet boyfriends are more fun when numerous, and although they leave what can (incoherently) be called a paper trail, they're more easily hidden from one another than your standard guy-on-the-side.
- **Step 5:** Giddily await responses.
- **Step 6:** Continue giddily awaiting responses. Refresh your email inbox page.
- **Step 7:** Continue giddily awaiting responses. Refresh your email inbox page.
- **Step 8:** Cry, reassure yourself that life is worth it, squeeze Fuzzypants your stuffed armadillo.
- **Step 9:** Continue giddily awaiting responses. Refresh your email inbox page.
- **Step 10:** Feed the cat. Seriously, it's been days.
- **Step 11:** Get a fucking life. 🐾

6

Hell is Having Sex with Other Robots

The robotic threat looms over this world, much like Mount Fuji looms over the Tokyo skyline. This may be more than coincidental, as Japanese scientists are likely the major culprits engineering this menace. David Levy, a chess prodigy with way too much time on his hands “claims” in his “book” that “robots” will inevitably replace most of our human mates as sex partners and emotional companions by the “year” 2050. Levy’s demand to be taken seriously must not be taken seriously. His book *Love and Sex with Robots* is, strangely, about what it promises in the title: Levy asserts that, within 50 years, man will have the capacity for meaningful relationships with robotic partners. By that time this planet will probably have already succumbed to its globally-warmed, Mayan-predicted terrible fate, but that’s beside the point.

Although the author is clearly nothing more than a robot-fetish-starved-pervert, when Levy’s book is coupled with recent technological advances, the robot-sexual possibilities are not quite so outlandish. *Discovery Magazine’s* Top Scientific Breakthroughs of the Year features the story “Biped Robot Walks with Human Grace.” Tempted by the Forest Gump swagger of these magic legs combined with its country’s denizens’ ever-expanding waistlines, America’s youth will be powerless to resist this overt robotic flirtation: the nation will

be up to the wazoo in repressed Robo-sexuality. It will only be a matter of time before these robots capitalise on their “human grace” by turning to stripping, leaving Concordia Feminist Studies students out of work and unable to afford those rising Quebec tuition fees.

A similar story reports that Robots can evolve and learn how to lie. This development in lying technology means that our new robot sex partners will be able to fake orgasms, spread rumors about our insecurities, or even sleep with our neighbor’s strangely attractive, effeminate male-robot. This will make robots no better than real people and may eventually spark a human revolution to return sex to its human inception, no matter how weird or perverted it may sound after years of dirty, dirty robot sex. Levy cites a number of contemporary products as precedents for this robotic sex-filled future. These run the gamut from the primitive, mundane vibrator to the decorative, angelic RealDolls, which is the closest you can get to having sex with a woman without actually having sex with a woman (so far)!

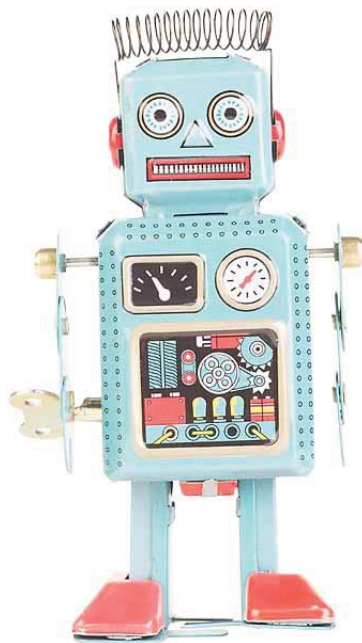
And so, without further consideration for anyone’s feelings, we present the pros and cons of a futuristic robot sex world:

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Remember, we don’t need these sex robots to have fun; masturbation is only shameful if you do it in public.

PROS

- 1 Sado-masochists will celebrate the day that robots inevitably take over the world and exert master-slave sexual dominance
- 2 Levy proclaims that parents will one day be asking their kids which sex robot they will be bringing to the dance. This will lead to social acceptance of robots as life partners.
- 3 Sexually curious individuals will be able to experiment with the robot gender of their choice before making an informed decision.
- 4 Use of sex robots in developed and developing areas of the world could possibly stem the flow of dangerous STDs.
- 5 The practice of experimenting with robots will bring an end to the exploitation of both males & females as sex objects



So fucking sexy.

CONS

- 1 How will robots know how much teeth to use in a good blow job? And will the elephants suffer when we hunt them for their precious tusks to create these pearly whites? Solution? Create robotic sex elephants.
- 2 When I bring my blow-up Jenna Jameson doll out to social functions, she is usually not well received.
- 3 Sexually curious individuals will begin to wonder “Is it gay if it’s with a robot?”
- 4 The world will see a pandemic breakout of S.T.T: Sexually Transmitted Tetanus.
- 5 We already have robots that help us clean and cook or hunt and kill. Without being able to withhold sex from each other in the workplace, no one will ever get ahead and eventually real people will become more affordable sex slaves than their robotic counterparts. ■

It's been said that, given enough time, infinite monkeys hammering away at infinite typewriters could produce the entirety of the works of William Shakespeare. This has nothing to do with the intelligence of the monkeys, but was originally meant as a statement of probability: eventually, crammed into that garbled mess of random letters and punctuation, you would undoubtedly find a sonnet, or an iambic pentameter, or whatever-the-fuck. No one's saying Shakespeare didn't mean what he wrote, just that he's about as brilliant as a monkey with a lot of time on its hands.

While the accuracy behind this thought experiment was probably bold and mind-blowing when it was first uttered, we of the digital age are less than impressed. With the vast and impenetrable weirdness of the internet at our hands, it's hard to get worked up about some fancy probabilistic posturing. We've all seen "two girls, one cup," and if two people can do that to each other then why couldn't a bunch of monkeys mash out a masterpiece or two? I mean, in many ways, the internet really is just a cavernous airplane hangar full of riled-up chimpanzees, endlessly throwing meaningless strings of text-feces at us. Sure, there's a façade of logic to the whole thing: a global, all-encompassing network of individuals sharing their most private emotions and exchanging hardcore pornography. But peel back the thick layer of voyeurism and five person orgies bombarding you at every cyber-turn and you'll see that all kinds of absurd stuff is actually going on in the underbelly of the purportedly 'life-altering' inter-world. And if you want proof, just go ahead and crack open your spam folder.

Before I continue, I have to make a brief disclosure. My original plan for this article was to half-assedly (but lovingly) skim through my spam folder for whatever goofy shit I could find, put the most ridiculous e-mails into a list, and then pat myself on the back for my immense creativity. However, one piece of

correspondence caught my eye. Sent by one "Chiara Caron," it contained nothing more than six words - Phallus Bulky Beverley Martin Fuckstick Monster – and a link to fugyest.com, whatever that may be. Now, I'm not in advertising, but if there's something here that I'm supposed to be buying, I have no idea what it is. When I get an e-mail from "Pablo T. Lambert,"* for example, telling me that "She will always be hungry for your big new sausage!" or "Luziandro Lerman" demanding that I "Turn (my) trouser mouse into a one-eyed snake!" I at least know that there's a discernible intent to this nonsense – I pay Pablo and Luziandro some amount of money, they give me sugar pills, and I pretend that I have a big penis. But with Chiara, there seemed to be something else afoot, something mysterious and almost a little disturbing. I immediately set out to try and understand the phenomenon of spam a little better.



**Obta1n Ur M@sters 1n 2 Wkz or LESS
No Test Exam or class Require!**

The majority of spam, as far as I can tell, falls into one of the following three categories:

1 Logically consistent, but probably not written by an English speaker. These tend to be about penis size, Russian mail-order brides, or getting a Master's degree in "under two weeks."

EXAMPLE: From "Bartolomei Noam:" "What can I say? I LOVE your product! My wife observes my penis, she cannot believe her eyes "It looks huge and hard" she said, and it looks longer too. After taking ManSter for two months, I can say that I'm so happy that I can satisfy my wife anytime she wants, and no more premature ejaculation. Now, after three months of taking the ManSter pills, I feel even stronger and more masculine. Thanks HerbalKing!"



Incre@se Your P e n 1 S Width upto 40% .zfh!!!!1

2 Logically consistent, but tricked out like a pre-teen's chat log. I find that these tend to want me to buy Viagra, "legal" marijuana, a membership to a poker site, or "R0L3)("watches.

EXAMPLE: From "Dr. Christina Byers": "N3V/V35T 2008 R3pL1(@ V//-\TcI-I3s c0113cT13n! 15% Off 1N F3bruary /-And 4Ug3 Ch(0)53 Of R3pl1ca5!"

3 Logically and grammatically inconsistent. This includes emails that lack any discernable purpose, as well as ones that contain strings of random words and bits of sentences, which are inserted in the email to help them bypass your spam filter.

EXAMPLE: From "Rahmi Meilleur:" "The better s. ex you have the better you feel get ur Uiagpa. work drought or ... temperature extremes. Survival of important food source. the North Korean problem and the Iran nuclear issue. after 19 years in the House, of the consequences of what The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bulawayo Pius Ncube The remains of a fossilized "burrowing" dinosaur have of Mogadishu."

Now, the first and second groups are actually fairly understandable: it costs such an infinitesimally small amount of money to send out spam that there's no real downside to throwing this rubbish indiscriminately across the internet like a big bucket of chum. If even one poor sap opens up his inbox and is somehow lured in by an e-mail titled "Hey. is big pebnils better ? 7xld," well, then, the spammer has

won. As a result, it pays to make the contents of the spam as absurd and over-the-top as possible, in order to stand out from the rest of the crowd. Frankly, if I were in the market for penis enhancement, I'd be much more inclined to listen to "Desiree Sheehan" ("Change your garden tool into a POWER DRILL!") or a "Dr. Audra Darling" ("At present small jang is a problem?") than anyone else. It may seem strange to say, but you can at least see the logic behind this stuff.

That third group, though. That's the one that gets to me. Who (or what) are the people who write these things? Even weirder, who responds? Part of me feels that they're designed to cruelly ensnare non-English speakers and the technologically uninclined, like much of the rest of the internet. But think about this: if that's true, then there is actually someone alive today who is either writing these e-mails or has programmed a computer to do it for them. Why? Why voluntarily take upon yourself the mantle of monkey-with-a-typewriter? Maybe it's the lazy in me, but I can't see someone putting the time and effort into this, just to confuse the occasional grandmother into downloading some trojans. They're just too random. They feel like the work of some eerie simulacrum of a real person, trying desperately to convince you of its humanity (or in this case, desire to give me a giant "jang"). Now all I think of whenever I read this junk is a typing chimpanzee in a suit smiling one of those crazy chimp smiles and just staring at me. Staring directly into my soul. To make things even worse, I just got an e-mail from "Fannie Mulliken," titled "aiglaira to to beee or not to beeee vvvvvvidshfsfaaaaakfhdsfdsggggraa." Like, what the fuck? The internet knows that I know, and now it's coming for me. Pray for me, dear reader, |>r@Y 4 /\3. 🐒

~ D@V1f} Gr0V35



C!i(k |-|3r3 4 B.est POKER Online fffggg!1:1 uig2!

**As much as I would like to take credit, these names and e-mails are unaltered and depressingly consistent with my spam folder.*



Steve Jobs: A Closer Look at the Man Behind the Turtleneck



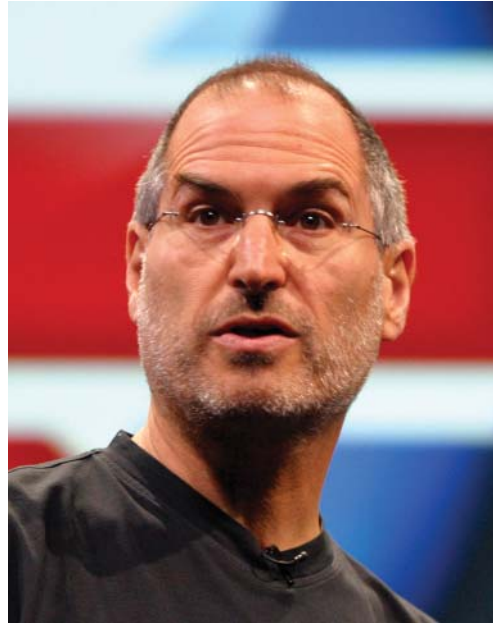
Steve Jobs, the co-founder and CEO of Apple, has spearheaded a company that has produced a significant amount of today's most influential technology. iPods, iTunes, and iPhones have each revolutionized our lives in a fundamental way. A tumultuous torrent of creativity, there must be more to Steve Jobs than the black turtleneck that he can't appear in public without. After a painstaking amount of research, I've unearthed several anecdotes that paint a more exacting portrait of the man behind Apple.

- While enrolled in Reed College in Portland, Oregon, Jobs was notorious for falling asleep and snoring during class. Once, an Economics Professor confronted the disturbance by smugly commenting, "Steven, you may be an expert in microeconomics, but some of us could use some practice." Jobs paused for a moment, and then retorted, "Suck my dick, dick-twat."

- In 1976, Jobs was developing the first apple computer with Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak. After a particularly frustrating workday, Wozniak blurted out, "If I see one more circuit board today, I'll go crazy." Jobs picked up their prototype and examined it for a minute or two. "Listen up, shithead," Jobs finally responded, "If one more peep comes out of your clown-mouth, I'll fucking bash you with this thing." He then paused a moment before adding "*brutally*" and turning back to his work.

- At a press release announcing the release of the then new iMac, a proponent of Apple, the reporter Al Smith, made an inquiry. "How do you think IBM, the most competitive rival company to Apple at this point, will respond to the introduction of this user-friendly technology into the market?" Jobs took a sip of water and took a moment to think. "I think they'll probably suck some cock... get cock-slammed a little

more and then I'll fuck their wives 'til they don't know their faces from their fucks." Jobs concluded by addressing Smith himself: "You're a little fucking shit-fuck, aren't you, cunt? Fuck."



Those eyebrows just scream 'evil'

- In the late nineties, a journalist named Chris-Ann Brennan came forward and claimed that Jobs had fathered her child. After hearing that he was possibly the father, Jobs immediately drove over to Brennan's house to meet little Lisa, his alleged daughter. When he arrived at the house, he surprised Lisa with a gift: a Golden Retriever puppy. After letting the child play with the puppy for close to an hour, Jobs picked the dog up and said, "Guess what Lisa? I have another surprise for you! Why don't you look out the front window over here?" All smiles, Lisa rushed to the window and watched as Jobs carried the dog outside and placed it behind the rear-left wheel of his truck. Jobs fired the vehicle up, revved the engine, and repeatedly ran the dog over. He then eagerly walked back into the house to address the mother and daughter. "Hey Lisa, you're not my fucking daughter! You're not even a human being. You're worse... you're a wretched gutter-bastard who deserves even worse than that little dog I just murdered!" On the drive home, Jobs conceived the idea that would later blossom into the first iPod. 📱

~ Elias Mason



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You should write for The Red Herring! Why? Because for every person who doesn't submit an article to us, we kill one puppy. We're currently at around 6.5 billion and counting, so get writing.

**To save your puppy, email
mrblakeg@gmail.com**

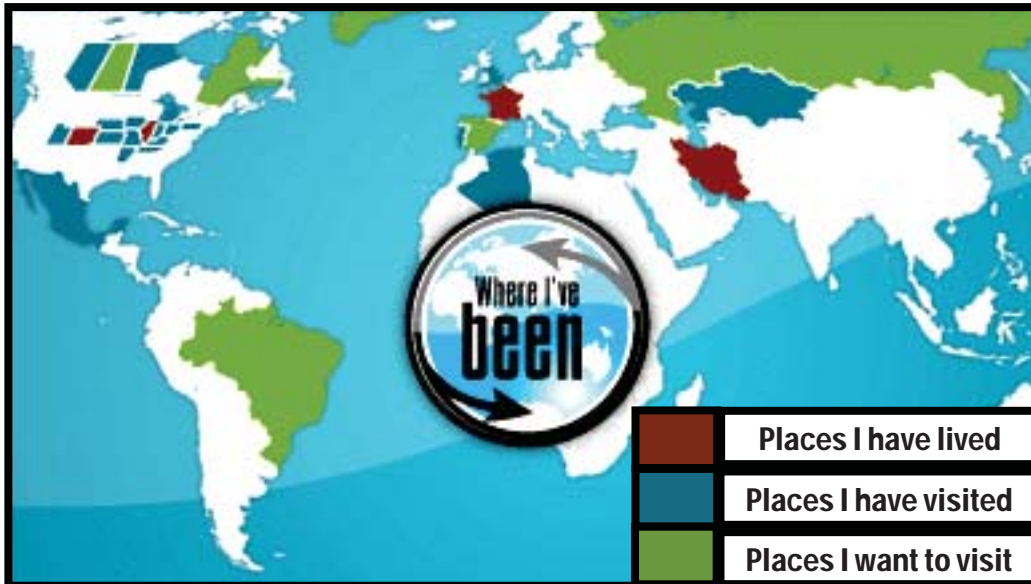
More Facebook Lampooning (Does it Ever End?)

This is the default map from the “Where I’ve Been” Facebook Application. That’s all well and good; any self-respecting ‘App’ on the social networking demon needs a fancy eye-catching image to your draw attention for its cash-grubbing motives. However, it’s curious whether this specific application’s designers have ever left their candy wrapper-ridden desks and ventured out into the real world. I mean, did they just make this map because it evenly disperses the pretty colours, or does somebody this odd actually exist somewhere? Don’t this guy’s stats seem odd to anyone else? To clarify, the individual in question on this map has been to the following areas:

He has **lived in** France, Illinois, Colorado, and of course, Iran.

He has **visited** the states neighbouring the two he has called home in the US, and although he made it to Pennsylvania he has not been to New York City or anywhere in California, nor does he have any desire to see these more

common American destinations. He did, however, make a little jaunt down to Mexico to enjoy the sun, and has also visited the UK once or twice (presumably while he was living in France). He seems to have flown to Portugal in an isolated journey, and then jumped over to Algeria for a little North African experience before hitting up everyone’s #1 tourist destination, Kazakhstan.



In Canada, he has visited only Alberta and Manitoba, but apparently on separate specific occasions since he skipped all other bordering provinces and states. At least he’s seen Manitoba.

Despite these varied travels, this man has not yet seen everywhere he would like in the world. Nay, one

day he would **like to experience** the marvels of Red Square in Russia, the Amazonian Jungles of Brazil, the castles of Spain, and the, er... ice sheets of Greenland. Nobody’s too sure about his dubious central African travels, but he does at least want to venture a little more into Canada – namely, to visit us crazy Quebeckers and all of the farm-filled splendour that Saskatchewan has to offer. Yup.

...like, what the fuck? Either there’s some crazy brie-eating American Midwestern Conservative Christian Islamic Fundamentalist who has a taste for both the exotic and the extremely mundane running around out there, or the lazy-ass person who designed this shit didn’t bother to take any scrap of realism or practicality into account. Honestly, this shit just can’t possibly be real; who in their right mind actually *wants* to go to Saskatchewan? Fuck. 📍

~ Blake Gregory



The Olympics are back with only a few more months to go until the 2008 Summer Games in Beijing and Hong Kong. And man, I couldn't care less about anything else.

I hate everything about the Olympics, from the pompous theme music to the endless advertising of products claiming to be the "official" Olympic snack food. What's it going to be this time around? Snickers or Three Musketeers? Precisely what training regimen are candy bars a staple of anyway? And what happens if you're caught snacking on non-official junk food? Next to testing for steroids you better believe they'll be doing blood tests for Milky Ways.

The Olympics are so pointless. It's full of athletes you've never heard of, playing games that you don't really care about, for really lame prizes. I mean, on Fear Factor, you get \$100,000 and all you have to do is eat pig scrotum—not dedicate 18 years, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week to jumping over a stick. Sure, you might just get those 10 seconds of fame you've always dreamed of. But if you really want those 10 seconds of fame so bad, why not just marry Britney Spears? Considering where her career is these days, it'd be really easy.

If you're one of the lucky ones who wins, you get a shiny gold necklace. BIG DEAL! If you want to wear a big, fancy medallion, go work for 50 cent. With him, not only do you get a gaudy necklace, but you get a 9mm, a crackpipe, and unlimited blowjobs from skanky preteen groupies!

You might point out that I'm not obligated to watch them. That may be true, but they're still virtually impossible to escape. Hell, even the crew aboard the International Space

Station or the troops struggling to stay alive in Iraq are being force-fed the endless talk of "Olympic Fever". Ironically, all across North America, it's always the fatter and more out-of-shape people who are the most obsessed. I always enjoy the image of a 350-pound woman wearing an Olympics insignia sweat suit while she waves those whale flippers of hers, proudly supporting her team as they go for the gold.

Jingjing the Panda, Yingying the Tibetan Antelope, and Nini the Swallow. These are just 3 out of 5 mascots for this year's Olympics. Who in God's name dreamed up these monstrosities? These things look like the result of a drunken night of unprotected sex between the Care Bears and Pikachu.



Look, the point is, if you're the best at something, why not actually get paid for it? If you're such a great runner—play football. Or if you're such a great male gymnast—make porn. The world would be a better place if everyone just dropped this obsession with crappy mascots, meaningless competitions, and ugly-ass gold jewelry.

Go for the gold? Go fuck yourself. ☑

~ Eli Keshet

Making issues in full colour gives us the authority to pick disgusting colour combinations like this one! Enjoy!

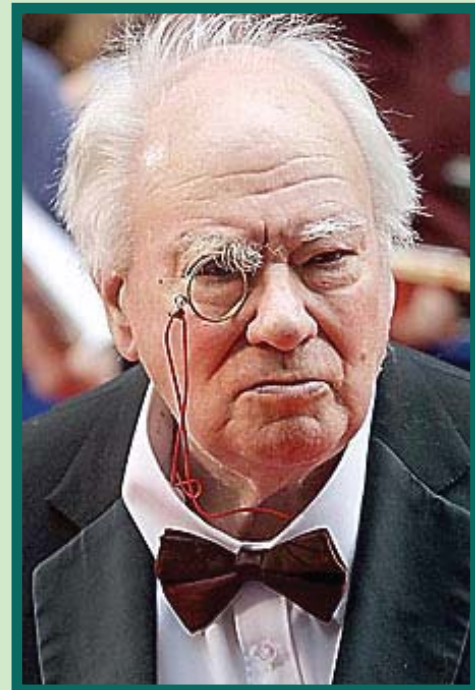
"Herpes Builds Character" by An Old Man With Too Much Time On His Hands

You young punks don't have any idea. Do you know what we had to do when I was your age? What with the work, and walking everywhere, and warring, and scrimping and saving? Christ Alfredo, it was awful! We busted our asses day in and day out and not once did we complain or bitch. Nothing was fun, but by God, we did it all the same. Know why? Cause it built character, goddammit! And do you know what else builds character?

Herpes.

That's right, Herpes builds character. I said it, and I'll say it again. And I'd say it even louder, too, if I didn't have this painful sore on my mouth.

Anyway, 'Herpes,' what you pussies these days call a 'disease,' was in my day called,



**Bah fucking humbug,
you snot-nosed little pukes!**

"A Lesson Learned." That's right! A lesson learned!
The lesson was that you don't stick your pecker where it don't belong. Because you'll get Herpes! On your rod. Or femme-hole. What?

Nowadays, you get Herpes and whaddya do? You call the doctor. "Oh hey, Doc, boo-hoo-hoo, I got a little sore on my pecker. What ever should I do?"

"You should shut the hell up and shovel some dirt."
That's what he'd say! But now they got these medicines, and creams, and newfangled plastic bags you can put over your Johnson so when you want to do the old one-two humperoo you can't even feel nothin'. Nothin' but the raging flames of the Herp.

Huh? What is this?

You sonsofbitches are weak. You know how many communicable diseases I have? All of 'em. But do you hear me crying? Hell, no. Not on your drastically expanded life.

Just today I woke up and my entire body was covered

in sores. Head to toe, ass-crack to toenails. What-a-ya think I did? I just jumped in a bath tub full a razor blades, that's what! I did it today and I'd do it again tomorrow! Probably will do it again! Maybe tomorrow, even. I'm old; I don't give a shit.

But you! You stupid, sissified, brainless mongrels, you don't do nothing but give shits. Loads of shits! What with yer "safe sex," and yer "avoidance of prostitutes," and yer "anti-retroviral AIDS pills."

You know what they called AIDS pills in my day?

Whiskey.

You know what they called a "condom?"

Pullin' out.

You know what they called an STD?

Baby.

And you know what they called getting Herpes?

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights.

Now get out of my sight; you bastards sicken me. ▣

~ Dave Mulis



Matt's Travelogue: VERMONT

Did you know that Vermont's original state constitution had a clause inviting Canada to join them at any time? If you are Canadian, you probably did, given how many times we've considered it. I think it is time to again consider this generous offer. Generally, I think we've been afraid to ask because we are afraid of rejection: Vermont has it so good, why would they take us? They already have New Hampshire half up their ass.

I know what you're thinking: we should join Vermont, create a vast maple syrup cartel, and bring the Western world to its knees. But you're ignoring many other perks. For example, Vermont's insatiable demand for Subarus has made this pretentious vehicle exceedingly plentiful and cheap there: if we joined Vermont, you could have your very own Subaru! Also, Vermont has been made filthy rich by convincing people that watching leaves is entertaining. Did you know that Canada is the Saudi Arabia of leaves? We just need to

brand ourselves as “Memories of Vermont” or “Compare with: Vermont” and watch the money flow like maple syrup. *Vermont* maple syrup. Just make sure we all drive Subarus... and make Howard Dean the King of Canada. Oh yeah, there must also be mandatory abortion. Yes, this is starting to sound convincing.

Besides watching Mother Nature’s symphony of leaves, visitors to Vermont enjoy beautiful vistas of Lake Champlain where they appreciate the glorious routing that the United States of America gave Britain in the War of 1812. Yes, routing - we’ll have to give up some luxuries, such as



historical accuracy and not aborting our babies, if we are to join Vermont. Oh, and Howard Dean founded the Hudson’s Bay Company. And discovered insulin.

Anyway, I went to Vermont last weekend and its greatness was as apparent as its complete lack of racial diversity. Clearly, Vermont is the rising star that Canada should hitch its imperialistic wagon to. The timing is perfect: the wicked-low American dollar means that Vermont’s Subarus, Maple Syrup, and Howard Dean bobble heads are on sale. Now doesn’t that make you feel patriotic? 🇺🇸

~ Matt Brown

The Red Herring Person of the Month: “Jethro” (Real Name Withheld)

Greetings, dear reader, and welcome to another whimsical edition of the Red Herring’s Great Person of the Month series. This month, our person is somewhat of an enigma: a teenage boy who was recently apprehended for an attempted plane hijacking. Certainly fucked up enough to merit Person of the Month status, but it was his post-hijacking plans that make him so Herring-worthy. The teen, who I will refer to as “Jethro,” intended to seize control of the plane for the sole purpose of crashing it into a Miley Cyrus concert. This seems to be one of those “shit that writes itself” types of news events, which works well with the “quality” of my writing.

First, a little background on the target: Cyrus, daughter of Achy Breaky troubadour-cum-TV doctor Billy Ray, stars in her own television show on Disney entitled “Hannah Montana.” Now, I know nothing about this show, as I am unable to subscribe to the Disney channel (conditions of my parole), but according to my younger sister it is “totally retarded.” As a natural target of hijacked planes due to her towering, twin talents of “acting” and “singing,” she has enjoyed horrendous amounts of success. Her most recent tour, in fact, has been the source of the most concentrated scalping America has seen since Custer’s Last Stand.

Killing a no-talent child star is a weird one, but it gets even better. Jethro’s plan, as far as I can tell, was to subdue the flight crew and do whatever was necessary to get that plane out of the air *using only duct tape and yarn*. Fortunately for Hannah Montana-heads everywhere, Jethro was no MacGuyver. Authorities did not say how they discovered Jethro’s plans, but

I’m betting it had a lot to do with his sullen demeanor and his personalized “YOU LAUGH AT ME BECAUSE I’M DIFFERENT, I LAUGH AT YOU BECAUSE I’M GOING TO CRASH THIS MOTHERFUCKING PLANE INTO A MILEY CYRUS CONCERT” t-shirt.



I’d hit that - with a plane!!!

Now, there isn’t a whole lot of info available on how he expected the plan to go down, but I figure it’s my God-given right as an American to just make shit up and pass it along as the truth.

BUT WHAT IF:

With his rallying cry of “Fuck you Mom and Dad!,” Jethro leapt from his seat and unrolled about two feet of duct tape, only to have it stick together. As the rest of the cabin chuckled to themselves and remarked, “Boys will be boys,” Jethro pulled out a length of yarn and mercilessly flailed it at the grandmother sitting in seat 23C. As he mildly annoyed the old woman, he began to whine “When will you start taking me seriously? GOD YOU’RE WORSE THAN MY BIO CLASS WHEN THEY ALL LAUGHED AT ME ABOUT MY POKEMON-BREEDING SKILLS!” In a blind rage, he then knitted himself a gun, some bullets, and a voice modulator (allegedly, he felt it would be “totally sweet” to sound like Darth Vader), before descending on the helpless pilots. And that’s when it all started to go wrong...

I’ll leave my interpretation on that note, for fear of getting put on a special list. You bastards know I still need to cross back and forth to America, and I’m sure Homeland Security knows how to use Google. 🇺🇸

~ Jim Martin

(Ed note - Yes, we acknowledge that both 9/11 and ‘Achy Breaky Heart’ were horrible travesties. Please no angry letters.)

Have Arts Degree, Will Grovel

10 Reasons Why Facebook Should Be Destroyed

10 Pirates and ninjas don't give a shit about who's better, and neither should we.

9 Poking people online just isn't as fun as poking the fat kid at the back of the bus in real life.

8 No one actually wants to be a werewolf, or a zombie, or a vampire, or whatever-the-fuck, so quit inviting me!

7 Students will actually start writing real notes during lectures instead of tagging their photo albums.

6 I can stop being heartbroken that the last 10 new messages in my hotmail account are Facebook application invites rather than actual letters.

5 People now use the word "Facebook" like it's a fucking verb. It's a noun, people; you can't "Facebook" a person.

4 Half of your Facebook "friends" are random people you met at a party and will never see again.

3 People think they can get away with not saying happy birthday to me in person by writing on my wall.

2 Those photos of me passed out with a penis drawn on my face aren't funny.
(Ed note - yeah they are)

1 Paying real money for fake gifts is so very, very stupid. ☐

~ Michael Nevada

Reply to: job-56323888@craigslist.org

Date: 2008-02-04, 10:33PM EST

writer needed.

I need a writer to write a short story about me driving in a lamborghini with the top down eating tons of food, with a hot naked girl.

if you are interested, please send me a short sample of your writing. please write a couple paragraphs about me driving in a lamborghini with the top down eating tons of food with a naked girl.

If i like what you send i will commission you to write the full piece. about ten to twenty pages. i will pay twenty dollars per page.

From: Edward Petrenko <bargainbasement@monster.ca>

Date: Feb 6, 2008 2:31 PM

Subject: Re: Writer needed

To: job-56323888@craigslist.org

Hey, I saw your craigslist posting, and thought I'd try my hand at writing about Lamborghinis, eating lots of food, and hot naked chicks - my three passions, by divine providence. Here goes...

I've always been a man of large appetites.

Even back when I was a kid, barely big enough to hold a fork, I speared every morsel I could get that giant, stainless rake near. You sat next to me, you sat in front of an empty plate, my friend - no ifs, ands or buts. You'd think that living a whole life like that would leave you fat and alone, but oh no sir, quite the opposite. This hunger, this heroic voraciousness, it drew everything it could consume towards me. Like a black hole in a food fight, meals had a way of finding themselves at my mercy, almost as if by fate.

But my appetite didn't just increase over time - no sir, it diversified. Food, sure, that was easy - but it takes money to get food, doesn't it? I began to crave money along with food; by the time I was six, I'd stuck a grand total of eight dimes up my nose. Hell, I only ever got three back - now that's an appetite. Sticking dimes up my nose, then paper route, then landscaping, then highly paid internships, then the world - the more I got, the more I wanted, and the more I got.

And dames? Hoo boy, and *dames*. Never stuck one up my nose, but hey, the night is young, my friends. There's something about money and meals that drives 'em wild, and when you've got food and Franklins in spades like I do, it's just a matter of time before your Beef Wellington gets, shall we say, a more exquisite garnish than any respectable restaurant would openly provide. The dames may leave an aftertaste sometimes, but there ain't nothing finer to wash down a big meal, except maybe money.

So you can understand why, this morning when I passed the Lamborghini dealership, I bought a few - you know, on a whim. I took one then and there, and told them I'd come back for the others. I tore out of the parking lot, and slammed on the brakes. What's this? A *restaurant* next door? What are the odds? Pretty damn good - but then, this is *me* we're talking about here. I drove on up to the front door, hopped out, ran in and jammed myself behind the nearest booth. It took a few minutes of snapping and whistling, but the waitress showed up knowing she was serving the *real deal* here. And what a waitress - tasty dish in her own right, I thought to myself. Then I said it. Fast forward ten minutes later - you can see where this is all heading - and I'm eating through a whole chicken with my hands, driving twice the speed limit with my feet, and ogling with my eyes and this hot, naked babe in the passenger seat.

Like I say, I'm a man of large appetites.

So, uh, yeah - if you like what you see, send money lol!

From: craigslist remailer daemon remailer_daemon@craigslist.org

Date: Feb 6, 2008 11:34 PM

Subject: Re: Re: Writer needed

To: bargainbasement@monster.ca

Sorry, but the craigslist user address you recently mailed (job-56323888@craigslist.org) does not seem to be valid. It could be you're trying to respond to a very old posting, or that the user has not requested anonymous email forwarding. Please check the address and try again. ☐

~ Edward Petrenko

15



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