The Herman Herald

October 2025

I Spent 8 Hours Blind And Drunk

So last weekend was halloween, which naturally comes with the social responsibility of showing up to parties and abusing substances, with the added caveat that you are also supposed to dress up like something scary (though this last criteria seems to be optional in the modern day).

Like so many of my ideas, my idea for my halloween costume this year came from spending Friday night alone, drunk and browsing 4chan. In the thread I was browsing someone had posted an image of the sitewide self insert character Anon making love to a horse. This is not relevant, the horse part that is. But enough about horse parts, this is about Anon. Anon is a green man, usually depicted wearing a suit and a red tie. I have access to a suit and a red tie, I thought. I decided to order a green morph suit from the finest Asian shithole country that would do it for cheap, and that was my costume for this year.

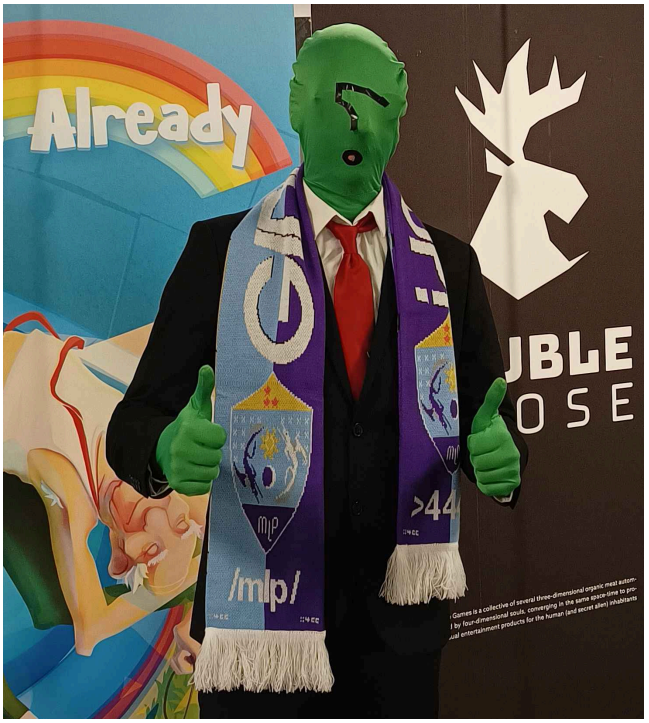
Come halloween, I made a question mark on the face of the morph suit using black tape, and made a small hole by the mouth that could fit a straw. I put on the suit, realized it was way too fucking hot and that I could not see anything, but by that time it was too late anyways. Getting to the halloween party was kind of crazy, fortunately I had a friend with me to guide me. Unfortunately, he forgot he was supposed to be guiding me and I walked into a sign.

Ended up getting piss drunk by drinking beer through a straw. When the night was over I actually managed to make it back home which is really quite incredible considering my limited vision.

The next day was another halloween party, this time through my second job (please subscribe). I rummaged around an office packed with at least 100 people, being able to see even less than the night before. Fortunately, my colleagues were very patient with me and guided me around the party and kept me supplied with beer. During this party I actually met the only person out of like 150+ people that had seen my costume that understood what it was. It was a guy from /f/. Honestly thought they were extinct but you live you learn I guess.

Overall, Halloween was a success. I talked to a non zero number of women, one guy knew what my costume was and I killed it at the karaoke.

This experience left me with a severe hangover and a newfound respect for the visually impaired.



Anon. E. Doublemoose, a.k.a green gimp man

Song Of The Month

In the spirit of (my idea) of halloween:

Generic Incelcore Song - EDGEMASTER42
Listen to it on Youtube!

The Herman Herald Think Tank

As you know, the goal of The Herman Herald is to impose our philosophy on unsuspecting victims through the means of shitposting. Our goal is to form a sort of intellectual fight club, where taking out any individual cell of the organism does not affect the operation of the movement. As such, it is with great but careful optimism that I would like to present our first guest contribution to the news letter, an article written by a writer who goes by the alias *Jupiler Corépère du Plux.* (see next page)

What Exactly Does Tom Want with Jerry? A Political-Cartoon Hermeneutics

In the Swedish cultural canon, cartoon figures tend to be disarmingly simple. Bamse wishes to be strong and kind, essentially a pedagogical morality-machine powered by honey steroids. Skalman desires nothing more than to eat and sleep on schedule, a reptilian caricature of Swedish public administration. Lille Skutt merely wants to avoid discomfort, the rabbit embodiment of the middle class. Even Donald Duck at Christmas pursues a singular objective: to reproduce a predictable ritual for exactly seventy-five minutes and thereby uphold national identity. Enter Tom and Jerry.

Unlike their Scandinavian cousins, they resist teleological explanation. They are not about kindness, or schedules, or ritualised national television. Their relationship is, to put it mildly, deranged. Tom, the cat, appears committed to capturing Jerry, the mouse. Yet empirical observation shows otherwise: Tom never succeeds, Jerry never dies, and the show never ends. This demands analysis.

Hypothesis 1: The Gastronomic Theory

At first glance, Tom wishes to eat Jerry. But this hypothesis collapses immediately. Tom has constant access to alternative food sources: milk, sardines, entire roasts conveniently placed on window sills. And yet he rejects them in favour of his mouse obsession. Hunger cannot explain the phenomenon.

Hypothesis 2: The Identity Theory

Tom is not chasing Jerry for nutrition, but for ontological survival. Without Jerry, Tom ceases to be a cat. He becomes decorative upholstery. Jerry's scurrying is not a nuisance but a semiotic necessity: the sign that Tom still has purpose.

Hypothesis 3: The Performative Theory

Here we arrive at the crux. The Tom–Jerry conflict is not teleological (no end-point, no "victory"), it is performative. The chase is the meaning. The failure is the function. Their struggle is not the road to anything; it is the road itself. This is why Tom never truly wins, and Jerry never truly loses. It is, in effect, an allegory for the Common Agricultural Policy (CAP): everyone despises it, no one can live without it.

The most direct political expression of this logic today can be observed in Hungary under Prime Minister Viktor Orbán. Like Tom, Orbán is locked into an endless pursuit: he defines himself through his struggle with the European Union, yet cannot survive outside it. His Hungary has become the stage upon which the cartoon logic of permanent conflict is translated into politics, the chase itself transformed into governance.

Orbán as Cat: Conflict as an End in Itself

Orbán performs the same ritual drama as Tom. He prowls, he hisses, he scratches at Brussels with grandiloquent declarations of sovereignty. He insists, daily, that the European Union is his mortal enemy. And yet, much like Tom confronted with a full refrigerator, Orbán has no intention of resolving this conflict.

To leave the EU would be, for Orbán, what killing Jerry would be for Tom: an irreversible act that ends the performance. Imagine Tom, alone on the sofa, belly full of mouse, confronted with the abyss of purposelessness. Imagine Orbán outside the Union, bereft of funds, deprived of his favourite antagonist. Neither scenario is narratively sustainable.

Thus Orbán continues the chase. A veto here, a cultural panic there, an ever-repeated denunciation of "Brussels elites." The theatre endures, precisely because it must. And in the meantime, the bowls are filled: cohesion funds, recovery plans, agricultural subsidies. Orbán receives from Brussels the very cheese he insists he despises.

This is the paradox: Orbán does not want to leave the European Union. He wants to want to leave the European Union. The conflict itself is the point. The drama is his identity. The fight is the function.

Conclusion

Tom and Jerry, then, are not merely slapstick animals for children's amusement. They are a philosophical apparatus. They demonstrate how conflict can be self-sustaining, how antagonists require each other, how meaning is generated not in resolution but in repetition.

And so we return to the Hungarian case: Orbán is not a statesman, he is a cartoon cat with cohesion funds in his food bowl. Or, to paraphrase Derrida (who of course never said this): Il n'y a pas de chat sans souris.