

# A womb of their own

>> Québécois Web site takes sacrilege to a whole new level

by **PATRICK LEJTENYI**

If Molière ever had Internet access, there's a good chance he wouldn't be too thrilled about [www.ciboire.com](http://www.ciboire.com). With a simple click, the insult-generating Web site, created by Sylvain Bélanger and Olivier Tremblay, spews out some of the most creative and bizarre curses ever to grace cyberspace. All in Québécois joul, meaning that non-francophones, and perhaps even some of the higher-brow ones, may need some kind of dictionary to translate them, should they so desire.



RACHEL GRAMOFISKY

INSULT GENERATOR

"Olivier and I started it because neither of us are really all that serious at work," says the 33-year-old Bélanger, who works as a network manager in an unrelated day job. "We like goofing around."

The pair got the idea to create the site back in 2001, when they discovered L'Insultron, a European insult-generating site. "There were only 10 or 15 choices of insults, and none of them were that funny," he says. "There were things like, 'espèce de lutins des bois,' things like that. So we started one but made it Québécois."

But bigger, with longer and much more vulgar curses. Ciboire.com's Insultatruc Virtuel has 13 windows, each with between 15 and 20 choice phrases, clauses and salutations. A click on the insult generating command banner at the top of the screen randomly samples the entries and produces a four-sentence, 70-odd word litany of abuse and contempt.

Many of the insults are sent in by the site's visitors. And while the entries range from fantastically bizarre to frat boy, with many butt sex and bodily fluid references thrown in, Bélanger does draw a line. "I won't accept anything that has to do with pedophilia," says Bélanger, the father of a seven-year-old daughter. "And they have to be funny. If someone sends in something like 'sale nègre,' I won't accept it. If I laugh, I'll add it, but if it's just pipi caca, I won't."

Not surprisingly, Bélanger swears a lot at home. "It was the way I was raised," he says. "I'll swear for almost anything. My daughter will scold me if I swear in front of her though, so she's keeping me in line. But I think the funniest thing I ever heard was her swear for the first time. She was four, and we were cleaning out cat litter and she said to me, 'Ça pu en crisse ça, papa!'"

Bélanger believes most of the contributors to the site are young, bored males. "They're usually either students or work in an office," he says. He updates the site in spurts, taking a few hours a night for a couple of weeks to go through the suggestions or work on the site's graphics. He is still finding interest in his hobby, he says.

"There are some suggestions that I would never have ever even thought about," he says. "Some of the entries are really surprising, and I'll say to myself, 'That doesn't make any sense.'"

## Sacrament d'ciboire!

Below are some randomly generated and edited samplings from [www.ciboire.com](http://www.ciboire.com), with an English translation. Due to the nature of the language, some of these translations are approximations.



**Ciboire.com:** Hey man, espèce de tabarnak de mongole de câlisse! Tu veux une mornifle su l'bord d'la yeule? Ben tiens! PAF! Tu ressembles à de la sécrétion de morpion macéré longtemps dans de la pisse d'ours polaire! C'est le party à chaque fois que je pense de t'écraser tes testicules devant toute ta sale famille après t'avoir fait frire le gland dans de l'huile de foie d'oursin.

**Mirror translation:** Hey man, you fuckin' goddam mongoloid! You want a smack upside the head? Here! WHACK! You look like a crab's secretion soaked in polar bear piss! Every time I think about crushing your testicles in front of your whole filthy family after making you fry your prick in bear cub liver oil is party time!

**Ciboire.com:** Hey ostie d'enfoiré, espèce de rectum suintant castré. Je me caresse l'entre-jambes juste à envisager de te voir pisser sur un rail de métro pis te voir te prendre 10 milles volts par la graine au festival western de St-Tite, espèce de face de rectum de moufette.

**Mirror translation:** Hey you fucking fuck-up, you oozing castrated rectum. I stroke my crotch when I picture you pissing on a metro rail and taking 10,000 volts through your dick at the St-Tite Western festival, skunk's-rectum-face. » **PL**