

# I accept responsibility

by Gordon Stone  
Herald Staff

I accept responsibility. I was wrong and self-centred in blaming Mayor Schwartzman for my own failures as the manager of a social service.

I have learned something from this experience. I truly have. From now on, I will take

responsibility for my actions. I will no longer blame anyone else for my own failures.

I only wish I did not have severe money problems and that *The Herald* was not at risk because Mayor Schwartzman is so vindictive.

I never had many RRSPs before Mayor Schwartzman sicked his junkyard dog lawyers on me. Now I have none.

Nor do I have a car or hot lunches. What I do have already are several legal bills it will take months for me to pay.

I have apologized. But for snooty Mayor Schwartzman, that is not enough.

*Please see Dawn ain't breaking yet, Inside 3*



FREE

## The Winnipeg Weekly Herald

All the news that fits  
in six small pages

Issue 10, January 9, 2000

FREE

I can smell  
the passion

# Ruth v. Slothead

By Ruth Schwartzman  
Herald Staff



This reporter is a professional journalist, whose responsibility is to find the truth.

But she is also capable of making mistakes, big mistakes, even if on admittedly rare occasions.

This reporter handed in her story on Phillips deliberately late, so he could not see it before publication.

Why? Because she had a rock solid article exposing a man who represented everything sordid and vulgar a human being could possibly be. It was a great opportunity to screw the Slothead.

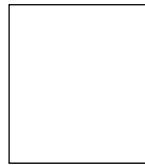
Now she feels ashamed.

She violated her trust with readers, her trust with herself.

This reporter is known for the accuracy of her stories. Normally she goes to second and third

*Please see Ruth Too Hard On Herself, Inside 3*

By Phillips Slothead  
Herald Staff



The Slothead is a reporter, first and foremost, dedicated to ferreting out the bad news.

T.S. is also capable of blowing it *major league style* my Slotophiles, even if on admittedly rare occasions.

The Slothead--no, I handed in my story *deliberately* late so Ruth could not see it before it was published.

Why the nasty trick? I had the truth and could have stopped her from looking foolish. But she is a woman who represents everything pretentious a human being could possibly be. And it was a great shot at nailing her.

Now The Slothead feels ashamed.

In screwing with Ruth, he screwed with readers, he screwed with himself.

One thing yours truly is renowned for: *accuracy*. Normally your ace reporter double and

*Please see Phillips Grows Up, Inside 3*

by Mike Hanchuk  
Herald Staff

## The Herald Worker's Collective

*The Herald* household was tense all week. Ruth and Phillips' war was out in the open, here and on the front pages of *The Herald*. Terry and Gordo were strained because he was pushing her to put up or shut up as a critic, while Gordo and Phillips were still angry over Phillips' bungled move-in. Terry is more sympathetic to Ruth. Normally she would be sarcastic to Phillips, but as the week progressed Terry softened her tongue about him.

It was all terrific watching. And the colour is better than on my tv.

Dan, as usual, was rarely around. That Rich Ludwick guy showed up once. He's nice, and it's too bad things are not working out for him here. We talked about what he might do, and perhaps the results will be in the next issue, or later, if ever. I mean, *sports?*

## Minutes of Our Lives

January 7, 2000

Of course, I knew before Friday's copy/layout meeting what was up--I'd read their articles. It was fascinating to type them, then read them side by side. Suddenly I saw Ruth and Phillips almost as two parts of the same person.

I went back to the first issue of the paper and reread their articles. Issue by issue I saw a pattern. Two sides of the same coin.

They mirror each other. More and more. For example, each handing in their story late so the other could not read it.

They have been busy stabbing each other, front and back, since joining the Collective. This has been building from the beginning. They have ignored each other, sabotaged each other, were always intense about each other.

So this Friday morning we all get together. They glance at each other pleasantly, very artificial, embarrassed really. Something is up! Gordo and Terry are there, keeping unusually quiet--they know something is up.

Dan comes in and leaves again. Even he knows.

I handed out draft copies of *The Herald*. This is the first time anyone but myself has seen the front page. Everyone reads quietly. Especially Ruth and Phillips.

And as Ruth reads she touches her fingers lightly to her lips, her mouth in a little

"oh". Phillips reads, intense, lips tight but not so tight as to prevent a growing smile.

She sat on the couch, next to me. Phillips sat in an arm-chair by himself. He looked over at her from across the room. I wished I was somewhere else.

Phillips finally grinned at her and said, almost sheepishly, "Maybe we should write some articles together."

She laughed a little, fingers still unconsciously at her lips. She wanted to take her eyes away, but could not.

"I'm so ashamed of what I did," she blurted out. I could see her wanting to take the words back because she was too proud, but she meant them too much to take them back.

"We did the same thing," Phillips responded, which I thought was generous (for Phillips).

They did not say anything else during the meeting, but they kept looking at each other when they thought the other was not looking at them, which was never. When the meeting broke up, they left separately, Phillips first. He hung around outside, waiting for her and they walked away together.

What I have written here is the minutes of life this week at *The Herald*, instead of the minutes of yet another stupid meeting. I've wanted to do this for a while. And I have. Although I doubt they will let me get away with it again.

by Terry Bird  
Herald Cultural Editor

Readers of this column will know I have an avoidance problem about reviewing James McElroy's first tv drama.

For two issues I've written headlines saying the half hour drama sucks, but have not managed to actually review the show. That is because McElroy is a friend, colleague and former lover.

He represents everything I do *not* want to deal with when writing hard-hitting criticism. I do *not* want to hurt friends, colleagues or former lovers. That is why I have avoided criticizing *anyone* local, and instead concentrated on Hollywood movies.

A couple of issues ago I finally confronted the problem when McElroy confronted me and demanded a review. But it appeared my reluctance got the better of me.

*Herald* readers deserve better. Gordon told me he knew it was hard, but if I intend to be a critic, I'd have to write criticisms. Also, McElroy may sue.

So here goes.

Judge for yourself, starting with *The Plot*: A man in his twenties works in a video arcade in a mall. He dropped out of high school and is in a dead-end job.

And loves it.

The title comes from his loving flatness--the lack of choices, of angles--in his life, and his life being a blind alley where he has no choice but to face the wall and wait for

whatever fate plans for him.

So he spends the entirety of the show waiting for fate and playing video arcade games, or watching various other people play games.

Occasionally there is a little fun in watching each player's different reactions to wins or losses. There is one almost clever sequence, where he competes with a thirteen year old, and the kid wins.

## ***McElroy's TV Show A Flat, Blind Alley***

### ***Loving the Flatness of Blind Alleys Directed by James McElroy***

But he does not react, so the impact is ruined. He does not react because overall there is no plot. Nothing happens.

So what do we learn from this? That if you don't try, nothing will happen?

McElroy has talent. In the scene where the man competes with the kid half his age, and loses, the drama suddenly almost comes alive.

The film was professionally shot. The sound could be heard. The actors, were.

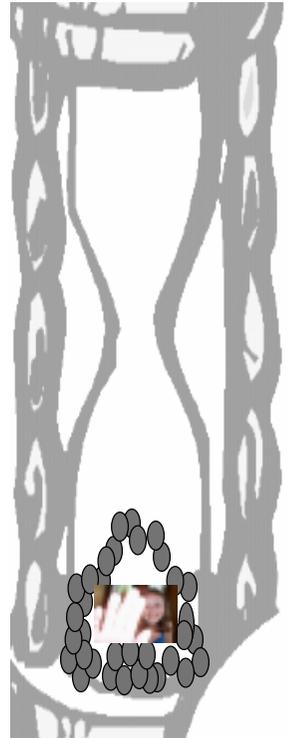
Just one of the plot holes in the drama is that although the main character talks about waiting for fate to guide him, he dropped out of high school. That is not waiting, is it? And why he dropped out is never explained.

It is okay to do allegories.

But drama is still entertainment. Thrill us, scare us, make us laugh. Make us react somehow. Boredom is fatal.

I know McElroy worked a long time on this mercifully short drama, first to cobble together the financing, then to shoot it, and finally to finish it in post production. It is a very good first effort.

Now he should shelve it, and come up with something worthy of his talent.



## Inside 3

# Ruth

*continued*

level sources to verify a story. In her rush to get her story into print, and not wanting to alert Phillips, she did not do her usual checking. This reporter saw a chance to nail a man who actually calls himself The Slothead, and she rushed in with knives in each hand.

Everything this reporter wrote was accurate. However, if she had waited a little longer, this reporter would have learned Phillips had not yet been informed about his door, so he did not know, but I did not know he did not know. Did that last sentence make sense?

Yes, the Credit Union quote was accurate. But later information shows a court order *was* in place restoring Phillips' financial situation. If this reporter had not been so vindictive, she would have found that out. But she did not check, because she wanted to nail him.

Now, because she sank to his level--*not* his level, that is the point, *beneath* his level--she feels ashamed yet again.

Revenge may feel sweet at the time. What is bitter is its effect. Look at Dan Weston, who became profoundly despondent after my nasty article about him. That her article had nothing to do with his accident was small consolation.

Perhaps she will learn a little this time.

# Phillips

*continued*

triple checks on any hot article with The Slothead's by-line. This time, Ruth directly attacked me and I had to fight back. I was pushed into it and it did not taking much pushing, my friends, and soon I was in there with my own knives out, ready for blood.

Everything I wrote in my articles was true. But if I had waited a little longer, my police source would have gotten back to me and explained Ruth would not have known I did not know who had painted the message on my door. Did that last sentence make sense?

And the Credit Union? Apparently the court decision finding I was blameless got lost in the shuffle. The Credit Union did not know my accounts were all ordered restored. I knew Ruth was working on a story, but I did not tell her any of this. I wanted to nail her.

Now, because I sank to her level--*not* her level, that is the point, *beneath* her level--I feel ashamed yet again.

It may seem great getting back at somebody. But when it backfires, maybe Witherspoon dies. I feel terrible about his death. That he died two days *before* the article was published does not make the hard rock any softer for me.

Perhaps I will learn a little this time.

# Dawn?

*continued*

Terry has been a lot of help with budgetting. She's had to watch every penny, every minute, as did her mom. I won so much money, and now she must use her single parent single low income skills to keep us going.

Just like I have taken responsibility for my actions, it is great to get help from Terry in organizing my budget (I give my biweekly investment interest cheque to her). She also is very good at planning out our meals and organizing who does the house keeping.

If it was not for Mayor Schwartzman being unwilling to accept a genuine apology, my problems would be over, and life would be great!

What is it with that man?

The preparation for the deposition was long and involved, and then it was postponed a week. I will admit what was in *The Herald*, but of course it was in print, in public. I will admit I have no proof Mayor Schwartzman can not handle liquor, drinks an unusual amount, or has ever been intoxicated in public. I will admit I was wrong about all that, and he already knows.

You try and try and try to do the right thing, but there is always someone ready to stand in your way, and that man is not me because I have learned, I have changed.

*Unlike Mayor Collins.*

# Inside 4

## Letters to the Collective

**Dear Collective:**

I am writing this letter because my dad said it would be good to thank people.

Readers of your newspaper read about Dan Quayle buying from me the best of my dad's collector's comics, but he never gave me the money.

Up to today, your readers have sent me over \$7500. That has been enough money to buy other comics for my dad, and start a lawsuit. Funny thing is I don't need all that money because the lawyer, Mel Myers, is working for free!

Thank you again for helping me raise the money to sue you.

Yours truly,  
Jimmy Benson

**Dear Collective:**

Terry & Gordon. Who's next? Mike and Dan, perhaps?

Sincerely,  
Allison Dewar

*In your dreams, Allison! More likely Dan and Super Herald Man!*

**Dear Collective:**

I would like to write to you about the news articles you publish, but you don't, so I can't.

If you do start publishing news articles, there seems to be plenty happening around Winnipeg these days to write about!

Sincerely,  
Clark Kent

**Dear Herald:**

If Terry Heron does not properly review my drama in the next issue of *The Herald*, I will sue.

First suit against The Herald is Mayor Collins'. Then there is the joint lawsuit against Dan Quayle. So my legal action will be the third.

I can hear someone behind me now, yelling: *Fore!!*

Sincerely,  
James McElroy.

### Lawsuit Warning for The Herald:

I represent thirteen complainants in a forthcoming joint litigation suit against *The Herald* and Dan Quayle.

The complainants all entered "contests" from the "Rear End" of your newspaper. They have seen no indication in subsequent issues of your newspaper that any prizes were ever awarded.

We have spoken with Gordon Stone briefly about this matter on the phone, and are following up with this letter of record. We want an accounting of the money acquired, what is available and what has been spent. Our understanding is that Gordon shall respond in one week. If the response is satisfactory, the law suit will be dropped. If not, see you in court.

Sincerely, Lous Offsink

--I thought readers should see this--Mike

### Classified Ads

**Supercomputer!**

*Never upgrade again! Will do all your adding and subtracting. Super light, less than a pound. Easy to use keyboard called an abacus! Cost: \$1.98. Write Box 27, The Herald.*

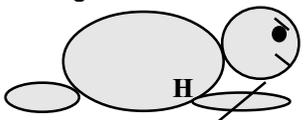
**Publish Yourself**

*Obviously, no one else will, if you are reading this ad. Send us your stuff and money, and we will make it into a book and advertise it once in a magazine no one reads. You can at least tell people legitimately you are a published author, just like we pretend we are publishers! Box 98, The Herald.*

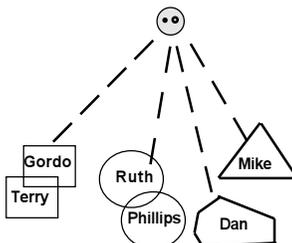
### The Adventures of Super Herald Man

by Mike Hanchuk

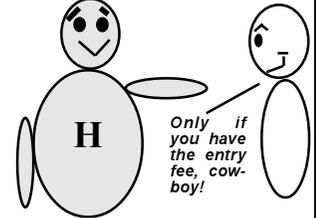
**Super Herald Man is looking for romance!**



*Where is the love of my life? Maybe Super Herald Vision will help me spot my love!*



**Hey Dan! Want to go for coffee? How about a date?**



*Only if you have the entry fee, cow-boy!*

# The World's Greatest Anagram or Whatever

by Dan Quayle  
Entertainment Editor



**jg zpv hjwf npofz up ebo,  
if xjmm sftqfdu zpv upnpsspx**

Hello again, puzzle fans!

First, thanks to all of you for *not* writing in and asking for your entry fees back to the contest a couple of weeks ago. You remember, that was the one where we did not print the entry form. You are certainly loyal Quaylites! And to those few of you who did ask for their money back, don't worry, you will get it back, probably soon.

But onwards to this week's puzzle, The World's Greatest Anagram or Whatever it is!

For those of you who have never done an anagram before, it is simple. The sentence in bold big letters is in code. The letters of the words have been transposed, according to the code. All you have to do is figure out what the code is, transpose the letters back, and the sentence will suddenly appear before you like magic! It is that simple! And the code is easy to break, so even if you're not good at codes, you can still enter the contest!

Did I mention there is a contest? Once you have discovered the real sentence, fill out the form below, include your entry fee of \$25, and mail it to me at *The Herald*. The prize winner will be drawn from the entries. The prize itself will be fabulous, just wait!

.....

• Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Address: \_\_\_\_\_ •

• Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Credit Card: \_\_\_\_\_ •

• Bank/Credit Union Account: \_\_\_\_\_ \$25 Enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_ •

• Pledge to pay additional fee if required: \_\_\_\_\_ •

• Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Witness: \_\_\_\_\_ •

.....

*Dan Quayle requires a lawyer. Are you a good lawyer? The case involves a lawsuit against me by a boy from whom I bought some comic books. Can you work on commission? Contact me at The Herald.*

*The Winnipeg Weekly Herald  
by Victor Schwartzman  
Copyright, 2006  
This is a work of fiction.*