

Happy New Year? Maybe it is about me



by Gordon Stone
Herald Staff

The proceedings in the law suit have started in earnest, a new law suit is starting against Dan Quayle, Ruth and Phillips' relationship is taking the weirdest turn, Mike seems upset by their being together arguing all the time, while the

relationship between me and Terry is day by day.

I know it is New Year's, but who can think about it?

Next week I have to meet with Mayor Schwartzman's lawyers and give them a deposition. I have spent several hours with my own

lawyer, going meticulously over every false charge I have made in *The Herald*. Well, only one false charge: that Mayor Schwartzman is a drunk.

Mayor Schwartzman is *not* a drunk. But *I* am a failure as

Please see No Longer Deluded, Inside 2

FREE

The Winnipeg Weekly Herald

FREE

All the news that fits
in six small pages

Issue 9, January 2, 2000

To the year 2000:
hello to a bunch of zeroes!

Ruth hates me

by Phillips Slothead
Herald Staff

Yes, my friends, no one but The Slothead knows what it is like to be The Slothead.

Cliche? Correct. Truicism? Truly. But only T.S. knows what it is like to endure those special slings and arrows aimed at him, including from

even those friends/enemies he has known for years.

Yes, Slotophiles, arrows pierced this reporter's heart when we featured last week's article by Ruth. It was an article filled with hate. Why does Ruth hate T.S.? Was it because I got her fired? She should thank me. Her job

sucked, it was all wrong for her. She's too honest to do government flack work.

Let us take her allegations one by one. She wrote that the warning painted on my door (*Try writing more articles on AAA, smart guy!*) was only an

Please Kindly See Meat Head, Inside 1.

Year 2000 Is Here...

But none of the disasters predicted by the world's great religions have occurred. Why? Because other religions are baloney. We are the Only True Church.

The Church Of We're In For It Now, formerly The Committee To Drag You And Everyone Else Into The Age of Pseudoharmonic Convergence, has the answers you need for the next millennium.

Phone 555-1212 and we will explain. And then we will come to your house. More than once. And ask for money.

CASTING CALL Toxic Train Town

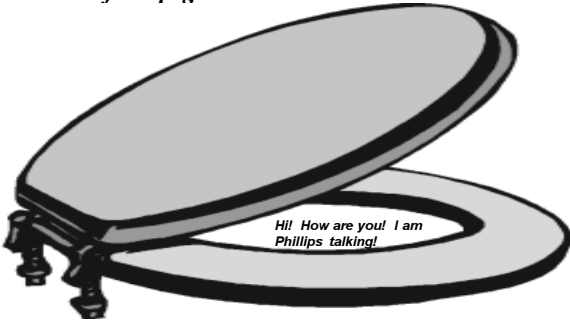
Winnipeg's Cradle Film Group is proceeding immediately with *Toxic Train Town*, the largely true story of the train wreck, contamination, evacuation, martial law, and glowing blue. This will be a major Canadian feature film, which means you will never see it in a theatre but we hope to get it on cable tv, since there are many story lines in an evacuation requiring nudity. We still have important roles to be filled, extras to cast, and body doubles. Phone 555-1221 today!

I Am

Quirk

MEATHEAD

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attempt by two young fans to support me. She implied T.S. had generated big time angst over nothing. However, T.S. found out who actually wrote the message, and why, *only after Ruth did--and she knew that when she wrote her article.*

My slashed car tires? Yes, T.S. knew his neighbours' tires were also slashed. *But no one else's tires were slashed four times--another fact Ruth ignored!*

My apartment break-in? The police still have not located the guilty one(s). If she is implying I burglarized myself, where is her evidence?

And yes, there was a court action about my debts. But she neglected to report that a new court order restored my credit *before* the ATM incident.

The Slothead submits his articles were honestly written and responsible, even if they were totally wrong. That's the nice thing about journalism: *when you get it wrong, you say you're sorry, publish a retraction, and forget about it.*

, Ruth deliberately twisted the facts to suit her vendetta against me, just as she pursued a vendetta against Dan Weston. Who has more to answer for? Me or Ruth?

Why does she hate me? What have I ever done to her? Well, recently?

Note: Ruth was supposed to be able to review this article and offer a rebuttal. But Phillips handed it in late, and I just wasn't able to get the copy to Ruth on time! Sorry Ruth--Mike

I Am BAD

by Ruth Schwartzman
Herald Staff

Dan Weston in a coma was front page news for *The Herald*. Pages of print were wasted on wild theories about his accident, while his waking up barely merits a few lines.

There is no excuse for such journalistic incompetence.

This reporter's reporting about Dan was completely wrong. Her facts were incomplete, her conclusions off base.

Dan has fully recovered his memory. Here are the facts:

He stood under the palette to get a sample of the blue goop for testing. He pulled a plank and the turkeys fell on top of him.

The plank had been partly sawn through by a carpenter working on the palettes, who had left on vacation. He did not know anything would be put on the palettes. When he returned a few days ago, he confirmed the facts.

It was a case of Dan being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

TOWN

Dan agrees he was depressed and considering resigning. His so-called suicide note was only the draft for a resignation letter.

The only valid remaining question is whether the AAA turkeys are safe to eat, and what steps AAA took, if any, to ensure they were safe.

This reporter admits her research was lacking. She jumped to easy, erroneous conclusions. Regarding her



journalism, this reporter has a lot of thinking to do. She will not look for excuses nor remind readers of the difficult life of a single parent, a divorced mother of two young children.

At least she knows that her article in our *last* issue about Phillips is an example of the very best journalism *The Herald* can offer, and has no mistakes. At least she can hold her head up high based on her article about Phillips.

I Am Not DELUDED

continued from page 1

a manager. My botching our routine funding proposal was not the Mayor's problem. But our funding was not cut because of Mayor Schwartzman. It was my fault.

Yes, our funding was cut because I had, again, failed. For the past three years, we had fewer and fewer clients. There were and are plenty of unemployed and/or under-employed people. but either I was not publicizing the Help Centre properly or I was targetting the wrong people. Either way, my responsibility, not Mayor Schwartzman's. I failed, not him.

I had budgetted for problems, I did work with my Board. Some staff were laid off, but not all.

What I have never admitted

Classified Ads

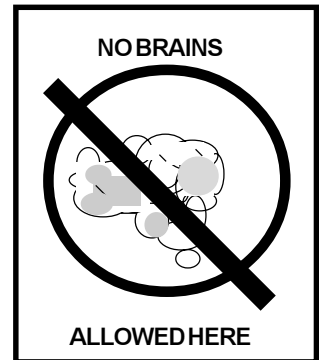
Counsellor
Counsellor/therapist sought for a couple in trouble! Please contact Terry, at The Herald. Hurry!

Millenium Souveniers
Herald 2000 souveniers. Not official, no news article about the Millenium, no special front page, no special section. The Herald's celebration of 2000 is a blank piece of paper. Free. Write Mike, The Herald.

publicly is that three months after being hired the new Help Centre Director secured additional funding and rehired the staff I laid off.

Maybe it was a lot easier to blame Mayor Schwartzman than myself.

Terry has been very helpful in pushing me. I have not been very nice at times, so this is a public apology.



The Winnipeg Weakly Herald

Workers' Collective

**Minutes of Meeting
December 31, 1999**

by Mike Hanchuk
Herald Staff



I get in at nine. Nobody else is around. Then Dan comes in, says hello, and immediately goes to make coffee.

Ruth shows up a few minutes later, looking worn. The article in this issue tells her story. Phillips shows up, full of something, as ever, at least until he sees her.

Gordo and Terry traipse down to our level after four toilet flushes and some curious sounds from the kitchen. Sounds like the kitchen table may never be the same again.

1. Agenda

Last week's Rear End. Disasters in journalism: virtually every news article The Herald has published! Mayor's Law Suit. Living space issues--Phillips, Gordon wants less about toilet flushes in the minutes. Terry's column, which trashed a

tv show without her actually reviewing it. I mention the millennium, since no one but ol' Gordo seems to have noticed. Gordo: Readership poll, business plan, journalistic standards. Okay!

1. Dan's Rear End

Last week's contest required a form, but no form was printed. At the time I brought this to Dan's attention. He replied he was curious about how well contest entrants would follow the exact rules. Since no one who sent in money could have used the required but non-existent form, their entries were void.

Dan promises to give the money back, and we call a truce: he will have simpler design requirements, and I will stop sniping.

2. Lunch

Dan prepares lunch. We all

eat without talking, apparently transfixed by the Weather Channel.

3. Journalism Disasters

Ruth apologises to the Collective for how the Dan Weston articles turned out. *She is too good a woman.*

Gordo apologises for getting us into a law suit. He has hired a lawyer.

Then Phillips said he didn't care about Gordo's brainless actions, he wanted to know why Ruth was out to get him. Why, *really*.

And about then was when the shouting started. By the time Dan came in with the mid-morning coffee, no one was left. Ruth ran out in tears and so, for that matter, did Phillips. Gordo and Terry went upstairs.

Dan and I drank the coffee, which was good. Again, no talk about the law suit.

Sorry, but it is a stinker



Loving the Flatness of Blind Alleys
Directed by James McElroy

Reviewed by Terry Bird

Cluck cluck cluck. You were all right. I was chicken.

In the last *Herald* I truly intended to write a review of *Loving the Flatness of Blind Alleys*, a half hour tv drama written and directed by local filmmaker James McElroy.

I used the word "disaster" in that issue's headline, which is a tip-off about what I thought. Only, I never got around to writing the review. Instead, I wrote about the stresses of publicly criticising the work of former colleagues, friends and lovers. All of which included James McElroy.

The day the paper came out, James phoned up Gordon, angry about my non-review, and rightly so. He threatened to sue if I did not write a proper

review.

Gordon and I had quite the discussion afterwards.

A lot of it was whether I should even be a critic. Gordon's got a point: maybe it was just a little self-destructive to ask to be put into a no-win position: be honest and lose friends, or be kind and go unread and uninformative.

I am going to give being a critic of local cultural industries (*ugh!*) a fair shot. Honest and direct and hard-hitting. I want to do this. I need to do this.

It is, in small part I suppose, a career thing. I acknowledge that although I have options in a couple of galleries across Canada, no one's breaking my door down. I must succeed at

this. I can and will do it!

A newspaper review is a wonderful tool, at least when the critic gets around to writing it.

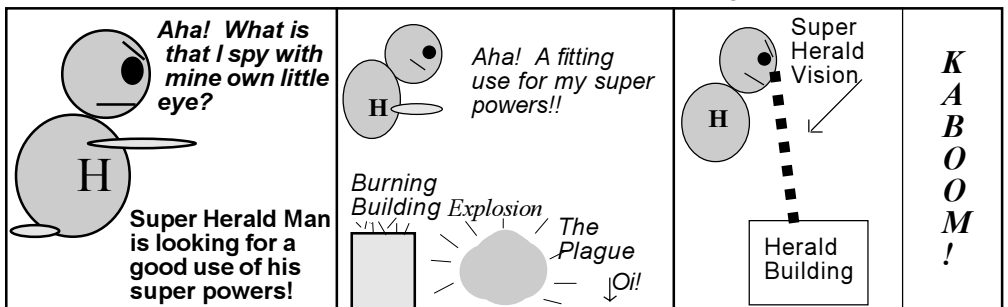
You can make people aware of new artists, encourage them to go to plays and exhibitions they normally might avoid, even encourage not-so-good artists to improve.

This is what I pledge to do. With this, my first real review. Except I've run out of space.

If I had the space left, I would write the actual review. But there really is not enough space left to do it justice. Not that I am postponing anything, but the actual review will appear for sure in next week's *Herald*.

I am really going to do it!

The Adventures of Super Herald Man by Mike Hanchuk



Rear End



Dan *and* Mike present

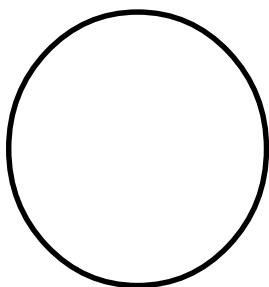


The World's Greatest *Finish The Face Contest*

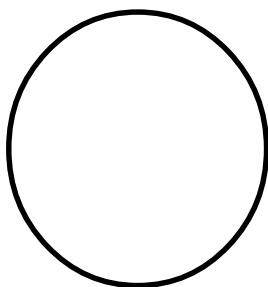
For this week's puzzle, Mike joins forces with Dan, or anyway calls a truce. Here is this week's puzzle, courtesy of Mike:

What Does The Slothead Look Like?

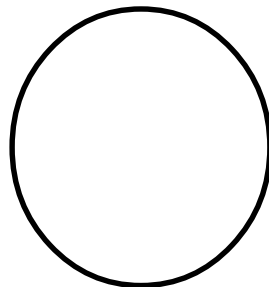
Give us your best examples of:



Phillips looking into a mirror, when he is alone



Phillips one hour after hearing Witherspoon was dead



Phillips thinking about Ruth and the love-hate thing

Hi there, fellow puzzlers! Dan Quayle here, this time not alone! This Rear End is a collaboration with Mike. I had asked her after the last meeting if we could resolve our differences. Readers know Mike has not been comfortable with my Rear End.

So today's puzzle page is a nice compromise. It was easy for to layout, and Mike got to determine the content. Mike is completely responsible for the above content.

I myself don't have any position on Phillips. Yes, Phillips may have jumped to some conclusions, but who hasn't? Do you know anyone who pretends to be more courageous than he is? Do you know anyone who lets fear govern her life? Do you know yourself?

Well my goodness! Far be it from Dan Quayle to wring a few tears from his readers. Oh, and speaking of wringing, some of you wanted to wring my neck for last week's puzzle. Entering the contest specifically required a form, but as so many of you pointed out, including Mike when she laid it out, there was no form. I insisted it run that way anyway. I am pleased to inform all those who sent in money without the form that their money will be returned to them, although there will be a small fee for processing, handling and return mail, after which there won't be enough left for an actual refund so I'm giving you all coupons, good for my next contest!

Of course, it goes without really want their money back saying that those entrants who will get it, eventually.

The Winnipeg Weekly Herald
by Victor Schwartzman
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This is a work of fiction.