

Our Two Cents

To boldly go where no Journal has gone before

Calm, cautious, considered reason is useful in any situation. Far too much of our decision making process at the International, Federal, Provincial and Civic levels of politics is characterized by a headlong rush into the comforting arms of self interest and rigid ideology.

But such comforts are as short-lived as the short-sighted reasoning that produced them. Even in our personal lives we have all suffered the disappointment that follows the deluded hopes of easy thinking. Thought; directed, trained thought, by people who are willing to take the large perspective of the global problems of our age is the only resource we really have.

Such rational reasoning has long been discredited by people who would use it as an excuse not to do anything. When one promises to think over a situation and get back to another person, the first person should not take their statement as an empty phrase, a convenient way to hurry through their day, but as a sacred vow to not only answer a query, but to give it their best possible answer.

Only in a world where people take seriously their responsibility to think, is progress toward social justice possible. As important as it is to take a stand on an issue, it is equally important that that stand be well reasoned and well presented. In that way, we best serve our selves and our society.

And that, simply put, is the Yellow Journal editorial policy.

Let's be reasonable With Jean Chretien

Jean Chretien (pun intended) now wants to renegotiate national pricing policies for oil and gas.

Well tough shit. Just because world prices are going down, he wants us to lose all that wonderful moolah we're raking in now. Well hell! The way I figure it, we should have let those eastern bastards freeze in the dark before, and we should do it now before it's too late. In fact, once we separate, they can freeze their asses alone and see if they like that. So there. Nyahh!

Basic opinions in a massive dose

Perhaps you may wonder why the *Yellow Journal* runs only unsigned editorials. And perhaps, if you read the *Journal* regularly you have probably read one of the many pitiful rationalizations for this pitiful state of affairs, probably in the pitiful Ombudsman column.

The claim is that the editorials are written by consensus (the lowest common denominator prevails), and this is why there are no signatures. In fact, this is false. Nor are the editorials unsigned because the writers are ashamed of them, as you might suspect. The real reason is that I, Nino, a nice Timex Sinclair 1000 computer, write them.

The jerk at the terminal doesn't do anything except punch in a topic (say, Peter Pocklington), select a stance (for, against, or uncommitted), and select an intensity (professorial calm, viewing with alarm, indignant outrage, foaming at the mouth, or *Edmonton Sun*). Then, presto, I crank out the editorial.

Personally I think this is a pretty simple-minded way to write editorials, but what can you expect from the *Journal*? And I guess I can't complain; it's a pretty soft job — I only use about 10 per cent of my circuitry and a few minutes every day to write the editorials. The rest of the time I spend inserting typographical errors into copy, rewriting Ron Collister's column to make him look like an imbecile (often he will beat me to the punch), or, if someone gives me a hard time, retaliating with a massive dose of X-rays.

Come to think of it, next time that wing-nut Steve Exhume sizzles my wires with one of his "poems" I'll hit him with a few rems through my video screen.



Man

An excerpt from an impromptu poetry reading by Yellow Journal Editor Steve Exhume at the Garrison Lounge April 9, 12:45

Oil aboil through the sweat and toil
of strong bold men
with tight cute asses
down in the capital town,
Lougheed men frown
unable to raise the price
at the wellhead
or outside the Ambassador
packers, no slackers, out from the
bush trackers
head to the hockey game
Gretzky, Coffey, Linseman and
Messier
raise their sticks when they score a
goal
In the big city, girls so pretty; soft,
flitty
not off their nuts
or Sunshine sluts
Edmonton, Alberta ya gotta love
ya
proud and strong, happy and gay
reading the Journal every day.

New, incredible, shrinking Journal

Today we launch our new look for the '80s: the new, incredible, shrinking *Yellow Journal*. As you've probably already noticed, your *Yellow Journal* looks different from any other you've ever seen.

The paper is even smaller than before, making it much easier to handle, especially for the busy reader of the '80s. What you see now is the result of the efforts of many dedicated individuals.

We changed the paper to reflect the times we live in. The banner floats around the front page to proudly display our versatility and flexibility. You'll notice the *Yellow Journal* is more accessible in terms of content. We believe the reader must be listened to. And we've created sections based on your needs.

Each page offers an explosive package of events: World news, Canaduh news, Trendies, Our Two Cents, or Fluff,



Steve Exhume

just to name a few. And each page is now labelled because we realize that you, the reader, shouldn't have to slip through endless pages that don't interest you.

Admittedly, our newspaper is a business. But it is unique in that we have an obligation to speak out to the community much like a monarch speaks to his subjects. In other words, a newspaper must be responsive to reader

needs or face bankruptcy.

It's a complex matter of informing you of World events versus entertaining you with Fluff. Such a dilemma may seem impossible to deal with, but we at the *Yellow Journal* believe Fluff is not necessarily condescending. It can be interpreted as a conscious effort to patronize the public without pandering to them.

Information shouldn't be received in a vacuum. What's wrong with being entertained while you read about a plane crash? Indeed, plain stories are boring and would be an insult to your intelligence.

And I think you would agree that you are intelligent and don't like to be insulted. Which is why we know you'll like the *Yellow Journal*. It's the look of the '80s and as long as you read it, it's here to stay.

Snot, snot, who shot the snot?

By ALLAN SNOTTERANHAM

Golly gee, Dr. Snot, I would just become filled with idyllatry and gratification if you would titillate my delectation with your excretions on Canada's political histrionics.

What, in exactitude, do you want me to project my catty, womanish vitriol at this time?

Well, Dr. Snot, I would be eternally in unity with the cosmos if you would illuminate some of the intricacies of what is happening in Ottawa.

There are in fact no intricacies even worth unravelling. The Regressive Comfortables are in the middle of a self-destructive leadership race in which they will effectively kill any chance for them to ever form an effective political party.

The Gliberals on the other hand are so effective that they never have to worry about coming up with any efficacious or intelligent policies to put into effect after their magnificent PR team has won them

the election.

Hmmmm... You don't hold much hope for an empauzerized uninformed voter such as myself. How about the other party in Canada?

The Pure Automatic Party?

Something like that... I think.

Well they are standard response liberals who in a minority government situation will never side with the Comfortables no matter what. If they become irritated at the Gliberals they will simply whine and bleat a lot. In addition they are too too totally useless to ever form a government.

Anything else?

Oh yeah, the Queen sucks the big one too. No matter how much sense a constitutional monarchy makes, the idea of a hereditary monarch just pisses me off totally.

Wow, the political future of this country sounds kinda bleak.

It is. Bloody country is going straight to the proverbial dogs.

Well what are you going to do?

Me? Well as the highest paid reporter in the whole of Canada I can afford to move back to B.C. and enjoy the most gentle climate this country has to offer. From there I'll just lie around sneering at the rest of the country that has to shovel driveways, perspire like crazy during the summer and try to find a job in this depression.

That sounds like a pretty good deal. Maybe I'll join you.

Oh, you too, too naive buffoon. The absurdity of your last remark overwhelms me. Did I not say that there is a depression right now? Did I not mention the fact that I am the highest paid reporter in the country? I can afford

to move back to Vancouver and relax amidst the beauty of the mountains, the Pacific Ocean and Stanley Park. If you move there you will probably be unable to find gainful employment, and even if you could Vancouver has the highest rents in Canada so you'll probably end up living in some dismal hovel.

Well what can I do!??

That, my imaginary sycophant, is your problem. As one of the Canadian voting public you are probably far too dim-witted to ever make an enlightened choice in the ballot box, so there is little hope for commonplace plebs like you.

But aren't you as a journalist supposed to provide me with some sort of information so's I can make an intelligent choice in an election?

Who me? C'mon simpleton, get wise. It's easier and more fun to hate eve.yonc. And besides, I'm on to a good thing here. Why would I want to give up being an outrageously over-paid iconoclast in this nation's history?

Gee Dr. Snot you're really an asshole.

Hey look at my countenance son, and ask me if I give a shit. Wait a minute, what are you doing with that projective-propelling blunderbuss...

It's a gun Dr. Snot, not a project propellant whatever you called it. And I'm going to blow a hole in that smart-ass head of yours.

But my phantasmagorical perspicacity...

Your big words can't save you now cocksucker. I'm just sick of listening to you, got it... BANG!

(Dying sigh)

Smart-mouthed bastard was probably queer too.

The Yellow Journal
... helping ourselves

Published by the proprietor, those smartasses in Rm. 282 SUB (that's Gateway for you slow types).

Publisher: William Newbugger
Editor: Stephen Exhume
Assistant Editor: William Thoftsell

Learn to read

From the PLAIN TRUTH, May 1983

This world's evils are often attributed to human nature - the potential for hostility, deceit and hatred inside virtually every person. But are human beings born with this selfish and destructive nature? The origin of human nature is made plain in the Scripture. There we read of Satan, who is called the "prince of the power of the air." Just as television and radio waves travel through the airwaves, Satan broadcasts his evil attitudes through the air into unsuspecting human minds.