

## The Russians are loving!

Why is it that I find myself turning on the TV with hopes of finding something insightful to watch when I know what I'm going to find?

For some reason, I seem to be plagued by tear-filled, soap-opera-like, it's-2 a.m.-and-there's-nothing-else-on movies about people falling in love.

There was one about a 12 year-old and a grad student, another about a couple of politicians, a particularly dramatic one with a married woman and an unmarried man... Flipping through the TV guide, you can find a little of everything: lawyers on the beach; painters kissing in the moonlight; basketball players bearing flowers, and so on, and so on.

All this leads me to believe that somewhere out there are writers coupling characters as scientifically as a biologist would breed rats.

"Do we have a golfer and a librarian yet?"

"Yep."

"A McDonald's clerk and the professor from Gilligan's island?"

"No, but good idea! Oh, check the cage with the beekeeper and the Rolling Stone reporter — their water's getting low."

But wait! There IS something missing. Where are the love-struck communists? Has anyone seen a Russian on the Love Boat? In fact, just about the only times Russians are mentioned on TV are:

1. In the news, behind the latest world disaster;
2. In cop shows, desperately trying to run over people in conspicuous black cars; and
3. In political speeches, usually accompanied by implicit nuclear gamesmanship.

It strikes me as odd that a continent can be love-hungry enough to sit through hours and hours of movies suggesting 'love is the most important thing on earth', and yet harbour such hatred towards 1/6 of the world's population at the same time.

Because we hear so little about the Russian people themselves, it's easy to forget they are individuals, to reduce them to stereotyped villains who say things like "Now vee must keef hyew comrade."

What a wonderful opportunity this presents television to dispel these myths and promote a little love of mankind! How about a series of teary, soapy films about Russians in the throes of passion? Siberian exiles suffering from broken hearts? If it is possible to forget political differences for a couple hours, perhaps the TV viewing public will begin to think of Russians as living, loving, suffering human beings much like themselves.

Actually, what I would really like to see is the plot of *Invasion USA* changed so that the Russians still sneak past the American defense, but instead of killing everyone, hand out boxes of chocolates, kiss and hug everyone within reaching distance, then leave discretely.

Sure, no one would believe it, but you don't usually wish total annihilation on someone who gives out chocolates, do you?

**Cindy Rozeboom**

## Political plague

A plague is sweeping through the corridors of power in Ottawa. Many have tried to pretend it does not exist in the hopes of mitigating its terrible effects on the lives of senior elected officials.

The name of the plague? PICS or Politically Incompetent Conservatives Syndrome.

We've seen the fatalities: Robert "Let's party baby!" Coates, John "Tuna anyone?" Fraser and Marcel "What do you mean, spending limits?" Masse.

We now see a victim approaching the final stages of the disease: Suzanne "How was I supposed to know I'm supposed to work during government-paid trips to Europe?" Blais-Grenier.

Perhaps the most shocking display, however, is the way Justice Minister John Crosbie seems to be desperately trying to infect himself with the disease but without success.

The surest way to catch a fatal case of the disease seems to be embarrassing Prime Minister Brian Mulroney.

Crosbie must be wondering what he has to do.

He flew on Air Canada during the strike when Mulroney refused to and told reporters, "Unlike the prime minister, I don't have a fleet of private aircraft at my beck and call."

When asked about the future of Canada's parliamentary system, he said, "We're moving toward a presidential system, a system with no checks and balances." What do you think, Brian?

Finally, when queried this week in an interview about whether people in the prime minister's office (PMO) were "dolts", he said, "Well, that's another possible interpretation," and said staffers in the PMO weren't as politically astute or intuitive as they should be.

If he wants to kill himself politically, why not join the Communist Party? Death would come a lot more swiftly than the masochistic self-immolation that he's currently putting himself through.

Although PICS should not be a laughing matter - after all, its victims tend to carry side effects, like inflation or unemployment - the whole affair is turning into a sick joke.

One that will undoubtedly cause many people to laugh and laugh and laugh... at least until the next election, when hopefully the joke will be over.

**Bill Doskoch**

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Terrorists just wanna have fun!  
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## Letters to the Editor

### Point of fact

The cost of the Gateway to the Students Union last year was \$598 according to the official auditors statement.

	Gateway and Photodirectorate	
	1985	1984
REVENUE		
Merchandise sales	\$ 1,283	\$ -
Advertising — external	111,892	105,987
— internal	52,231	57,115
Services	10,771	7,108
Grants	18,514	19,550
Miscellaneous	64	500
TOTAL REVENUE	194,755	190,260
EXPENDITURE		
Salaries and benefits	81,983	82,265
Maintenance and supplies	13,912	9,480
Office expenses	3,395	3,548
Printing and advertising	47,201	43,454
Travel and entertaining	7,027	4,006
Communications	3,098	2,859
Memberships	9,112	12,597
Programs	750	—
Rentals	5,346	336
Commissions	23,529	39,033
TOTAL EXPENDITURE	195,353	197,578
NET REVENUE (EXPENDITURE) \$	(598)	(7,318)

Suggestions of costs to the Students of \$130,000 are completely unfounded.

As for questions as to whether or not The Gateway should pay rent, The Students' Union does not charge rent to any other businesses, services or clubs including The Grind.

In reference to a 'Grind Referendum', I find it absurd that any club can consider itself better than the others by entrenching the support given it by council into the constitution.

If a comparison between The Grind and The Gateway is to be made the following figures should be discussed:

The Grind received a grant of over \$2,000 last year. Comparing this to the \$598 subsidization of the Gateway, The Grind receives 4 times the level of subsidization.

In the same issue of The Grind the Students' Unions projected surplus for '85-'86 is not \$587,000 but is in fact about \$300,000. I wish people at The Grind would at least attempt to place facts in their "news" items.

Rob Splane

Vice-President Finance & Administration

*Editor's note: When the above quoted figure is divided by 25,000 students on campus, the cost per student works out to two and one half cents each, twenty times less than the amount requested by The Grind. Oh well.*

### Funny ha-ha

Re: T. Czajka's 'rebuttal' to M. Spector's Oct. 1 editorial. Why do miserable people constantly fail to see through the surface of any given issue. Of course Mr. Spector was stretching his imagination to fulfill his editorial quota! So what? Let's give a person in his position (newspaper editor) the benefit of the doubt and assume he is fairly sensitive and knowledgeable about this mysterious "female phenomenon". I'm

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## The Gateway

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David Donnelly was going to fly, whether Blaine Ostapovich approved or not. Ashram Mustafa, James MacDonald and Rachel McKenzie glued on the feathers while Suzanne Lundrigan, Nate LaRoi, John Watson and Lutfulkabar Khan strapped on the jets. Hans Beckers and Gord Stech collected helium balloons and Janine McDade and Edna Landreville bought kite string. "Three, two, one take off" yelled Scott Fralick while Elaine Ostry and Roberta Franchuk cheered. Tim Hellum passed out cigars, but the great occasion was marred by jeers from Pernell Tarnowski, Leif Stout, Alex Miller, Ron Damant, Rob Schmidt and Greg McHarg, as well as the fact that because they had neglected to go outside, David was lodged in the ceiling.