

**THE ADVENTURES OF GRUNTCAKE**  
 THE EXCHANGE STUDENT  
 IN OUR FIRST EPISODE YOU SAW HOW GRUNTCAKE, AT THE BIDDING OF HIS FATHER, TRAVELLED FROM THE FROZEN WASTES OF CIMMERIA TO THE FROZEN WASTES OF ALBERTA. WE NOW LOOK IN AS GRUNTCAKE'S ENDURES...



# Gateway

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## CIRCULATION

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## FOOTNOTES

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## LETTERS

Submit all letters, typed and double spaced to the Editor, who reserves the right to edit the copy. Regular copy deadlines apply. Editorial comments are the opinion of the writer, not necessarily that of The Gateway.

## GRAPHICS

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## COPY DEADLINES

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## TELEPHONES

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 432-5178  
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 432-3423

The Gateway is a member of the Intercollegiate Press and The Earth News Service.



Gateway should not be wasted with advertising of such poor efforts!

We recommend that in the future, members of the teams should be off milk for a longer period of time before they are allowed to drink beer.

Red Deer College  
 Beer Drinking Team

## Thanks

As a result of the Greenpeace Whale Show a couple of weeks ago, about twenty people got together last Monday to organize a local Greenpeace chapter. For those who are unaware, Greenpeace, a Vancouver based group, are presently protesting the mindless killing of the dwindling whale populations.

We hope to inform people in Edmonton about this issue, and peacefully protest to the appropriate authorities. We are having our next meeting Monday the 17 at 7:30, in Rm 140 SUB. Please come if you are interested, we need lots of help.

John Walker

## Back of the bus

In response to "Colored Student from U. of A..." (Re: Bus Rider, Reader Comment, Feb. 4, 1975). As I see it you, sir, have confused the issue of manners with that of overpopulation. Mrs. MacDonnell complains, rightly I believe, that younger adults do not offer seats to older women on crowded buses; that is, she notes the lack of respect for others. Certainly some may treat this act of understanding for others standing up for another on a bus as patronizing, chauvinistic or even foolish. But does criticism of this order justify complacency and ignorance? And more important, if one is ignorant of such a small courtesy for others, how will the more important issues, such as your overpopulation over be confronted?

Narrow down your vantage point, sir, and think of Mrs. MacDonnell's words in light of the above. Perhaps the person who sees the plight of another (even that of a woman standing on this crowded bus) will have a more responsible, compassionate attitude toward reproducing himself.

I note that you've signed yourself "Colored Student". Could it be that you have been at the back of the bus for so long you have missed what's going on up front? Your comments certainly make me wonder! And even more, it makes me realize that any person, regardless of color or race exhibiting such attitudes and weak arguments supporting such unthinking and selfish behavior, should be back there with you.

J.R. Wheeler  
 B. Comm.

## A fruit is a fruit is a fruit

Is thinking for yourself becoming too much for you? Do you learn to be told how to live rather than take the often worrisome chance of making your own decisions about life? Are you concerned that your energies and money are not being channeled properly in the karmic sense? Perhaps self-expression and being an individual is a little too much for you, and you're searching for a lifestyle that recognizes what a worthless little worm you and the rest of humanity really are (except, of course, for the select enlightened ones). Perhaps you've wanted to join a group with others like yourself to save you the trauma of being different, but fraternities and bowling clubs don't seem to have what you're looking for. Maybe you're a former member of the drug culture who has decided that he would like to salvage what's left of his central nervous system, but wants to maintain that thought and responsibility-free permanent daze without all that expense.

Well then, we have what you've been looking for. Become a sheep, a follower of the latest prophet to arise in the burgeoning religion field, Baba Black Sheep! Yes, for just a small 75% of your weekly earnings, you can be guaranteed a lifetime of happy oblivion with other sheep just like you! The money may seem like a lot at first, but remember, you don't get something for nothing, and like thy best life-insurance policy you ever took out, you are guaranteed security after your death, with a nice suburban home in the heaven of your choice, with direct access, at any time you choose, to God! (Money back if not satisfied with your afterlife).

How does Baba Black Sheep's plan differ from other paths to God? Read the following true story and you will see.

## Clarification

In response to reaction from a letter by E. Harasymiw Feb. 6, Gateway should point out that Dr. Ustina is in no way connected with the unsigned article reprinted from the *Canadian Tribune*, nor has he, to the best of our information subscribed to that publication or even read many articles from it.

The allegations printed stating that Dr. Ustina is "a person who can hardly tear himself from his sacred copies of the *Canadian Tribune*," would be therefore somewhat unfounded.

Greg Neiman  
 News Editor

## READER COMMENT

### THE ART OF LIVING VEGETABLES

Timothy Alpert was once an individual very much like yourself, who was earning a lot of money, at an interesting job, but who was unsure about life and the direction his life was taking, having no one to tell him right from wrong. (His mother was dead, his father a politician). Growing tired of having to make decisions on his own and think creatively, he searched for an alternate lifestyle, and for a while overcame the rigours and dullness of manual labour with alcohol and drugs to give him security and mindless bliss. Eventually he decided that the eight to five routine was not for him (when he was fired from his job for smoking marijuana at work), and decided to devote his life fulltime to the search for God through numerous psychedelics. Feeling a restless urge to wander after some time (he had been evicted by the fascist landlord) he took to the countryside, walking in rags and hunger for days and weeks. He contemplated the living plants of the countryside, noting that they did not think or work to live, and thought on how good it would be to be a vegetable, without the painful efforts of thought and deed, and was minded of the words, "Consider the lilies of the field. They reap not, neither do they sow."

Wondering why man could not emulate them, he finally determined that man was a heterotrophic organism, being an animal, who had to fulfill his energy needs by consumption of the metabolized proteins, carbohydrates, and fats of other organisms, while plants were autotrophs, able to manufacture their own food by use of the sun's energy through photosynthesis. (This has since been verified by 'science'.

Soon after, he came upon a flock of sheep, grazing in a field. In a blinding flash, the revelation came to him that he was more like the sheep than the plants, and thus perhaps a lesson was to be learned here. He noticed that the sheep spent their lives eating and copulating, never making a decision, never researching nuclear physics, and being led about and protected by a shepherd, in return for whose services they yielded their worldly possessions, that is their wool.

"This is the life for me," thought Tim, and in his befuddled state, brought on by some weeks of near starvation, dropped to his hands and knees, and began grazing on the grass. "Is it after stealing some

sheep ye are, sorr?" asked the shepherd, having noticed the addition to his flock.

"I'm a sheep, and you are my shepherd," replied Tim.

"They ye be the blackest sheep I've laid eyes on iver" said the shepherd, "but come, man canna eat grass" and he took the grateful wretch into his house for some pie (The observation of this simple shepherd has also been verified.).

Here Baba Black Sheep was born. He realized that the shepherd had it better than the sheep, and deciding that God had meant him to be a shepherd, Tim went to India for some intensive training in propaganda, benevolent smiling, teaching people to chant themselves into happy delirium, and general fund raising.

In that holy land also was the sacred name of Baba conferred upon him, an honour granted only to those who had gained the special knowledge attainable only at a certain school high in the Himalayas (after a three year Divinity and Commerce course). Realizing that the much poorer Indians were in less need of saving, having fewer possessions to give up, kindly Baba returned to North America, where the sheep had much more wool to be shorn.

Since then he has shown thousands the right path, who had been disillusioned by a materialistic society, who were unable to play professional football, yet were not attracted by heroin, and who were looking for meaning in life. He divested them of the burdens of decision-making, of ambition and creativity, and of financial worries.

Like a comforting mother's hand that lets you know it's all right, Baba Black Sheep (whose coming was foretold hundreds of years ago in rhyme) can help you when you find out that life can be real, and challenging, and that there is no answer.

Be like a sheep. Go out and earn money in some simple job free of annoying thought, comfortable in the knowledge that everything is all right, Baba is watching you and your vegetable friends (Oh, you're no longer alone!). He can get you stoned without drugs, will do all your thinking for you, and reserve you a first class seat on the Heaven Express. Just make sure that all your worldly possessions go to Baba, (yes he will bear that burden for you too), so that when the call comes from God, "Baa-baa Black Sheep, have you any wool?", he can answer, "Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full." And Big G will answer, "Okay Baba, your sheep are all doing just what they should, and once they kick the ol' bucket I'll have the guest towels out and the beds made in the big pasture in the sky."

Grant Hurlburt