

astounding fact that human spirits reside for a while in his body before being reincarnated.' Incidentally, Reverend Martin Luther King's spirit was also in My body for a short time after his death. I only remember a few of his words which were: "Mmmm, here I am in a white man's body. Mmm." He repeated the words over and over, then he was gone.'

Theology is just full of surprises!

Let's all be nice now!

It is amazing to see how low Students' Union politics can descend.

Over the past few weeks, student government has effectively ground to a halt while we SU politicians compete in such varied activities as mud-slinging, financial finagling, and character assassination (not to be confused with the Assassins Club—they at least had a set of rules and a sense of decorum).

Meanwhile, the line-ups outside DIE Board have continued to grow as candidates and self-proclaimed defenders of the Public Safety turn what used to be a respected judicial board into a forum for political mud-wrestling. Despite the best efforts of those who sit on the board, its reputation is beginning to sink as low as the intentions of those who have so abused it.

I am not trying to excuse myself, nor am I accusing the other slates for being solely responsible for what has happened over the last couple of weeks. The simple fact is that, at present, our student government is in sorry shape.

It works well most of the time, but at election time, or when it encounters a controversial issue, our present system seems unable to cope with the strain.

It is essential that we in the SU change our attitude towards one another. Generally, SU politics is a very reactive, negative business. Instead of doing much themselves, many student politicians make a career out of criticising others.

Rather than attacking one another, we in the SU should examine what it is that we are here for, namely helping students, and then work together to achieve that goal.

In an attempt to bury the hatchet, the Greenhill Team has decided to drop all its charges against the Therrien Slate. No doubt this will be misconstrued and there will be a number of letters by political hacks accusing us of expedience, underhandedness, and all the other attributes associated with SU politics by SU politicians.

So be it. The dropping of the charges is a step towards a more respectable, responsible Students Union.

Robert Greenhill, Arts IV

Let's downplay sex

In Jim Miller's well-written editorial of the March 3rd Gateway, he makes reference to the story of an Indian "woman bandit" for whom (he felt) sympathy was aroused, by description of her brutal treatment at the hands of men. On reading the same story (in Time magazine several weeks ago), I was bothered by quite a different question: what on earth are the details of this woman's sex life (almost twice as many seductions as murders, announced

"one Indian official" with relish) doing in an article on her criminal activities? Profiles of many men grace the pages of Time magazine — political men, businessmen, criminals — and many of these individuals are no doubt highly promiscuous; but we are not provided with the details of their legal sexual activities, and quite rightly so. Promiscuity is not exactly news these days (was it ever?) — at least not when it's practised by men.

I look forward to the day when the media consistently recognize women, as they do men, for our achievements in the realms of politics, arts, science — and not for our sexuality alone.

Lynne Shalom, Rehab Med IV
P.S. I enjoyed Mr. Miller's editorial and hope that he will share with the Gateway readership his impressions of the Dinner Party.

Parking dos and don'ts

Re: **Traffic Control - University Parking Zones.**

For many reasons parking congestion during late afternoon and evening hours has increased considerably. Both casual parkers and permit holders appear to be ignoring signs positioned at zone entries, informing that lots are full. In spite of this, motorists, usually permit holders, will drive in anyway and park illegally. This results in violation notices being issued.

Permit holders are reminded that their parking permits entitle them to park in their assigned zone only until 4:00 p.m. After that time they may park in their assigned zone only when there is space available, otherwise they must park in another zone. Motorists should not enter parking zones when the green and white sign reads "Sorry Lot Full - Use Stadium or Windsor Car Park" is in place.

Re: **Altering of Parking Permits.**

Recently it has come to our attention that some persons have been endeavoring to duplicate University parking permits.

Since such action amounts to forgery, uttering or fraud, serious consequences can result. Already some prosecutions have been entered. Persons are cautioned that such acts will be severely dealt with, probably resulting in the offender receiving a criminal record.

W.F.G. Perry, Director, Parking Services

Siobhan Avery misplaced

In the Gateway of Thursday, March 3rd I incorrectly referred to Siobhan Avery as the Vice-President (Academic) of the Education Students' Association (ESA). Ms. Avery is, in fact, the Vice-President (Publicity) of the ESA. I regret any inconvenience or confusion this error may have caused.

Bruce Pollock

Israel the corrupt

RE: L: Geo-Political Realities In The Middle East.
On Monday, Dan Scheufan - a professor in Haifa University - claimed, in his speech, that the Arab countries are unstable and corrupt. However his argument was totally erroneous because of the following:

continued on next page

adrenalin and endorphins in the body, or possibly some secretion of the mysterious pineal gland.

The same effect can be had by other means: falling in love, reading Joseph Conrad's *Youth*, or the Book of Job or Ecclesiastes in the Bible, or getting out of the city, away from any artificial lighting, and gazing at the great dome of stars on a clear night.

It would be interesting to hook up monitoring equipment to persons undergoing the above experiences to find out the exact physiological reactions which occur. Monitoring would be difficult (I can just see some delirious rock fan at a concert ripping out all the electrode wires implanted in his body as he exults to the music). But if it were possible, as I say, the results would be most intriguing. One of the first results I see from such research (looking in my crystal ball) is the discovery that the physical processes which go on inside the average person in attendance at a revival meeting are about the same as that of a person attending a rock concert. I also predict that this discovery will scandalize the fundamentalists.

In fact I predict that the physical processes are much the same in all the above-mentioned situations, and any other situations where there is some sort of cosmic orgasm produced (or "oceanic feeling" as it is sometimes called). The quantities and proportions of chemical secretion(s) may vary somewhat, but I suspect the basic reaction is the same in all cases.

But I am straying a bit from my original intention, which was to eloquently hymn certain pieces of music which spark the cosmic feeling. Some of these are religious in the conventional sense of the word, like Monteverdi's "Domine ad Adjuvandum," done in an excellent rendition on Walter Carlos' *The Well-Tempered Synthesizer*, and "The Bells of St. Mary's" from *The Phil Spector Christmas Album*, also a stunner.

Others are non-denominational numbers, like the Rolling Stones' "Gimme Shelter," whose wild pagan voodoo sens chill up and down the spine, the Byrd's "Natural Harmony" and "Change is Now," the original Dylan/Band version of "I Shall Be Released" (much better than the version that has been aired recently), and "Seasons" by the old Steve Miller Band. Love songs of the more intense sort also fit the bill: "I Put a Spell on You" by Van Morrison and Them, "The Chain" by Fleetwood Mac, "Somebody to Love" by Jefferson Airplane, "Love is the Closest Thing" by the Holy Modal Rounders, "The Air That I Breathe" by the Hollies, and "We'll Sweep Out the Ashes in the Morning" by Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris.

These are among the most profound works of art produced by mere mortals.

CHOPPING BLOCK



by Jens Andersen

It has been a rough weekend. After a week of fighting a cold I still feel lethargic and irritable, and can't seem to catch up on any of the million and one things that need to be done.

So Sunday night I retire downstairs to my stereo, put on the headphones and slip in a cassette labelled "Heavy and Cosmic." After a few seconds of silence there issues forth a sinuous electric guitar line — measured and ominous, the notes sharp, twangy and distorted — followed by the crashing entry of bass and drums. It is the Who launching into "Put the Money Down."

The rest of the song lives up to the promise of the introduction; it is a thundering affirmation of rock music as a transcendental experience:

Take a drink of the nut brown ale
and a purple pill

if the ale don't get you to
sure as hell the pill will

Oh mommy, mommy - please may I go downtown

He's gonna walk on the WATER!
Put the money down

A magnificent song, indeed! It could well be the best thing the Who have ever done. But it is not music for toe-tapping or dancing or humming along absent-mindedly. It is a song whose relentless emotional intensity demands one's full attention. It is a song to rouse one's sense of awe and wonder. It is religious music.

Here a definition is in order. I call "Put the Money Down" religious music not because it borrows its imagery from Christian myths, or because it may perhaps embody Peter Townshend's personal theology. Rather, it is religious because of the euphoric effects it has on the listener.

I don't know if any research has been done on the subject, but the euphoric effects must be chemical in nature, even if the listener is not employing recreational drugs. No doubt the sensory stimulation of the music triggers the release of

rockabilly
March 10, 11, 12

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