



hot flashes

music

CBC Radio presents NEXUS, a band which works through a vast repertoire of instruments and material at the Citadel Theatre Wed. March 23. Tickets at the Citadel Box Office phone 425-1820.

The U of A Stage Band presents *Big Band Jazz* on Wed. March 23. Concert starts at 8 p.m. and will be held in SUB Theatre.

Hovel notes—Pontiac will play Thursdays' beer night. Famed guitarist Les Paul is featured this weekend.

The free concerts at the Edmonton Art Gallery this week feature classical flute and piano duo Jonathan Bailey and Reinhard Berg, at 8 p.m. Thurs. March 24, and the Rick Garn septet's jazz, on Sat. March 26 at 2 p.m.

Canadian folk-rocker Dan Hill will play in concert on March 26 and 27 at SUB Theatre. Both concerts start at 8 p.m., tickets at Mike's, HUB, Woodward's and the door.

art

The Edmonton Art Gallery features *Aspects of Realism* until the end of the month and *Children Should Be Seen*, an international, historical and contemporary look at children, until the end of next month.

The Foyer Gallery at the Central Library features *The Printmaker's Show* until the end of March.

The Students' Union Art Gallery features *Sculpture 77*, a look at undergrad sculpture by U of A students.

The U of A Art Gallery, Ringhouse No. 1, features *Creative Clothing Exhibit*, a selection of winning entries to the Creative Clothing Contest organized by the gallery, along with *Rex Calhoun—Batiks and 2Hooked Rugs—A Canadian Tradition*. The exhibitions continue until April 22.

theatre

The National Shakespeare Company presents *A Comedy of Errors* Fri. March 25 at 8 p.m. at SUB Theatre. The Company performs the farcical production in a contemporary setting, but with dialogue and staging faithful to the Shakespeare work.

The Citadel's production of *The Komagata Maru Incident* opened last night. Tickets for the Sharon Pollock play are available at the Citadel Box Office.

Theatre 3's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* runs till March 27. Tickets are available at the Bay and at the Theatre 3 Box Office phone 426-6870.

Studio Theatre's final production of the year, *The Rimers of Ediritch*, opens Tues. March 29 and continues until April 6. Performances are at 8:30 nightly with a Saturday matinee at 2:30 and no performances on Sunday.

cinema

The Academy Cinema Association is a new, non-profit film society to appear on the Edmonton scene. Featuring two showings each Monday night (with a rate given on the second film for viewers of the first) the ACA works out of the Hovel, 10907 Jasper Ave. Featured on Monday March 28 at 7 p.m. is *Shoot the Piano Player* (France 1960) Directed by Truffaut. English subtitles, at 8:40 p.m. and *Summer with Monika* (Sweden 1952) Directed by Bergman. Prices \$2.50 for the first film, \$1.50 for the second (coincident with purchase of a ticket for the first).

Dillard's darn good

by Milfred Campbell

Last Thursday Thrumbo and me left the Thorsby 'Class of '72 reunion party for the Dillard's concert at SUB that Thrumbo'd heard about on the radio.

I didn't give too much of a hoot about leaving the party since Irma Lizotte (my girl who left me for a Fine Arts major) wasn't talking to me, and since there was only seven or eight people from Thorsby. All the rest were the type Irma hangs around with, who talk about Fellini, Bertolucci, Pinter and other foreign rock stars I never heard about before. Besides, I didn't care for the Luxomberg Pernot they were passing around—although Thrumbo's dope gave it a fine edge.

We met Elmgrin and Alice at the concert so we sat with them. Alice is my Remedial English prof. and that's why I'm doing this review, and Elmgrin's an English major tryin to get in good with Alice.

The warm-up guy before the Dillard's was about as down home as Los Angeles. He figured he could do fancy tricks on the guitar but Faust, my room-mate, can do better with his eyes closed.

The Dillard's were a different story. Those guys were cookin right from the start. I guess it must be the hootch they got down in the Ozarks. They got a mandolin player and a banjo player who done some of the finest bluegrass pickin I ever heard since we got old Ed Tompalski (a banjo player from back home) drunk on Elmgrin's old man's hootch at the graduation dance.

The Dillard's at SUB

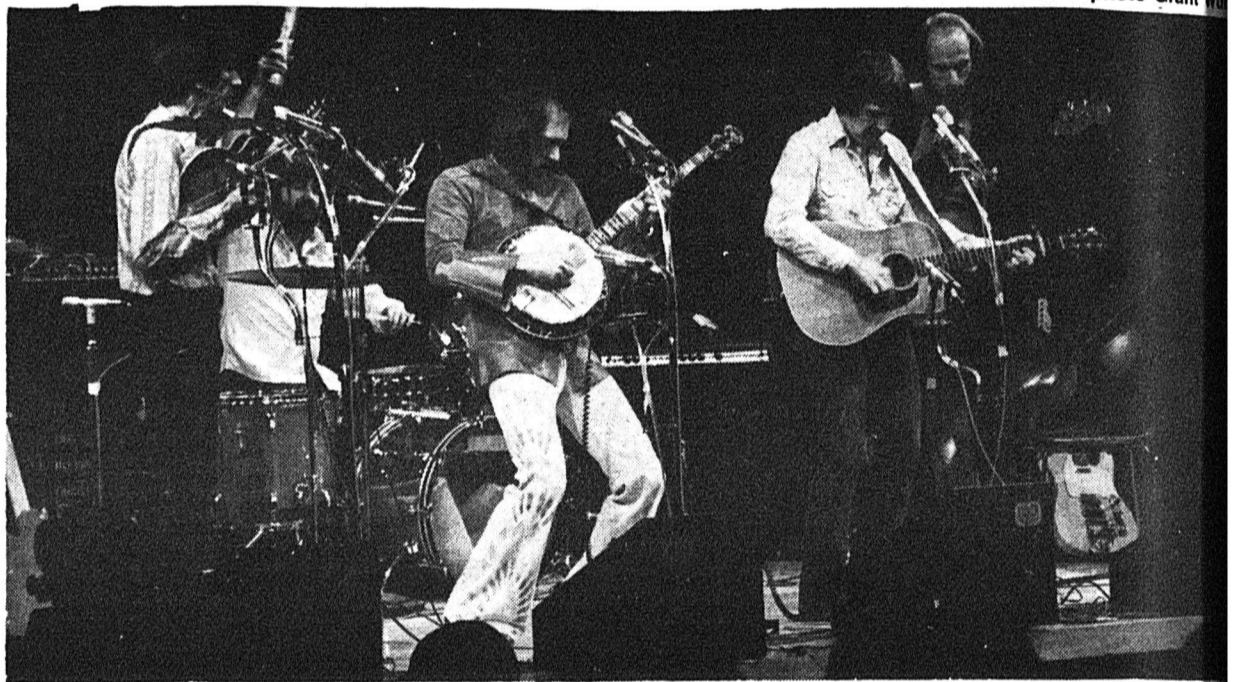


photo Grant W.

Tenure's tacit conspiracy

book review by Dirk L. Schaeffer

Dixon, Marlene. *Things which are done in secret*. (Montreal: Black Rose Books), 290 pp.

It used to be that, if you wanted a career as an academic, you applied for a job, kept your nose clean, and ultimately got tenure. In the last decade, however, the possibilities for unjust and prejudicial treatment contained in the phrase "kept your nose clean" have become increasingly apparent; academics have "unionized" to prevent things like sexual discrimination and similar injustices, and to attempt to enforce reasonable standards of hiring and firing. Things have improved, but, according to Marlene Dixon, not all that much.

Dixon was one of the two "Marxist" faculty hired in Sociology and Political Science at McGill University in the late 60's. Apparently her brand of Marxism, which included behaviors as reprehensible as supporting students in their requests for a voice in departmental matters, was more than that university could take: several attempts to terminate her contract and that of Pauline Vaillancourt were made in the years following. All failed, but the program of repression and prejudice which underlay those attempts ultimately succeeded, of course; both women, as well as most of their supporters, have since resigned from McGill. *Things which are done in secret* tell that story. More importantly, it documents that story by drawing on "confidential" letters and memos, many of which testify heavily to the childish conviction of omnipotence that characterizes the "old boy" attitudes in McGill's Social Sciences faculties.

"Confidentiality" assures that the things which are done in secret, the things people are ashamed even to speak of, never become exposed to the light. This book is one long breach of confidentiality in order that the things exposed to the light will be illuminated, which is another way of expressing protest in the name of truth.

Amen to that. Granted that injustice is daily being done (and this book amply documents that, if only for McGill) such exposure to light would seem to be the only honest way to combat it: any other approach

means implicitly adopting the tactics of the oppressor whose programs rest primarily on the confidentiality (of letters of reference, of memos, of gossip and slander) which Dixon wants to expose.

Fortunately, too, she is in a good position to do this since her affair with McGill was, apparently, widely publicized in the Montreal press every step of the way. Others, who could tell stories as gruesome as hers, have not had this public forum open to them.

Given then, that the university presents at the very least an opportunity for limitless hypocrisy and slander in the name of "standards," and given that it is what Dixon wishes to expose, how well does she succeed in this book? She only barely passes, I think.

It's hard for me to tell — partially because I've been too close to it throughout my academic career — but it seems to me that she, and the documents she cites, manage to make that primary case clearly, directly, with a slight touch of horror. Whether things are "worse" in academia than in any other self-seeking profit and convenience oriented business is a moot point: clearly, they should not be, that bad universities. My gut response to this was both dismay that things were this bad all over; and cheer — somebody was still trying to do something about it.

But the rest is less fortunate. Black Rose Books, for example, appears to be a small Marxist publishing house in Montreal, which probably cannot provide wider distribution than that breach of confidentiality quires if it is to be meaningful. And Dixon's Marxist jargon (heavy on terms like "purge" and "repression") is likely to scare off readers not committed to politics, even if they agree with the principles. These too are finally cast into doubt: Dixon is not reporting, but pleading a case, and often her arguments become as one-sided as those of the persons she criticises.

But the worst indictment, I'm afraid, is that this book chronicles — injustice as close to the truth as it can get, documenting prejudice and self-serving stupidity in the last place one would hope to find it. Describing with almost scientific precision the abuse of power that university administrators have at their disposal even after the injured victims "win" their case — for all that, I'm afraid that most people will respond as usual, with "who cares?"