

B of G over-ruling condemned

The action of the U of A's Board of Governors in recently overruling the verdict of the U of A Faculty Appeals Committee is an open assault upon the due process agreements which are a part of every faculty member's contract. The Board recently refused to approve the Appeals Committee's judgment in favour of Dr. Anthony Vanek. The Committee reversed the negative verdict of the lower committee, after hearing the case in full, both as to procedure and to substance. The public is still largely unaware of how horrendous is the record in the Slavic Languages Dept. In one five-year period as chairman, four cases of

tenure dispute were generated. The two senior faculty went to court: one has won in the Supreme Court of Canada, and the University paid thousands of dollars in back salary and claims. The other senior staff member (Dr. Vanek) is slowly winning in the Alberta courts. The two junior faculty members simply changed jobs, apparently not feeling they had enough status to resist the university bureaucracy. And if that isn't enough, there was an attempt to fire a Ukrainian secretary. She put up a fight, and is still there.

The former chairperson, it seems, was Germanic. Did he see himself as a modern version of the medieval Teutonic Knights, whose self-appointed mission

was to exterminate Slavs? All the victims mentioned above were Slavs.

Unfortunate chair appointments are bound to turn up in any big university. What makes this case so odiferous another aspect, however: the university bureaucracy complacently and unjustly allowed this situation to develop, and even supported the chairperson, or rubber-stamped his decisions.

Now the Board of Governors has opened a new front. It has directly attacked the integrity of every faculty contract, by overruling the agreed-upon internal appeal procedures.

The national office of the Canadian Association of University Teachers has been called in

by the local faculty chapter. The Canadian Sociology and Anthropology Association is renewing its protest over the arbitrary procedures followed in the Vanek case. Censure of the University is now a real possibility.

Does anyone in Alberta want another Simon Fraser University fiasco? SFU was censured some six years ago for wrongfully firing eight faculty. That university has suffered severely, as a result of the censure. It has filled its posts, but not with the really first-class academics it wanted to attract.

The B of G has entered upon escalation. It cannot win. Before it is too late, however, let the board admit and reverse its error. Otherwise, the University and the faculty — and above all the people of Alberta and Canada who pay the shot for universities — all will lose, and lose unnecessarily — only because some up-tight bureaucrats couldn't recognize injustice, and couldn't rectify their own pig-headed blunders. There has to be a better way to run a university.

Prof. Arthur K. Davis
Dept of Sociology

One p.m. assault

RE: February 15th Issue of Gateway Anger At Sexual Assaults.

When we read in the Gateway, stories of sexual assault on our campus, our reaction is one of slight concern and perhaps curiosity. But when a woman finds herself eight feet away from a naked man masturbating into a condom with a nylon stocking over his face my reaction turned from concern to absolute terror. Yes, I too am writing a letter of frustration, anger and concern.

This shocking incident happened *not* at night, *not* outside behind the bushes and *not* in some obscure corner of the campus. This attack took place at 1:00 in the afternoon in the 2nd floor study area of the Education North Building.

I am at this moment, and will be for a long time to come, shocked, humiliated and "left with a feeling of overwhelming helplessness." The Campus Security Force were duly concerned but I question the amount of authority they have in pursuing these incidents. They were very reluctant in questioning a male suspect.

Perhaps the anger I feel is the result of a lack of empathy and concern for my state of well-being. The Campus Security Force as well as the Education Building Superintendent were

mainly concerned with why I was studying in this area alone (even though there were seminars being conducted in rooms close by). After all, don't we all know what an unsafe place our campus is?

What is being done to insure that we female *and* male students on campus are safe to pursue our studies? Are the University of Alberta vigilantes in operation yet? Do we have emergency telephones to put us in direct contact with campus security? Do we have to chase around hallways to locate a telephone or do we stop to look through our pocketbooks for dimes?

I am pleading with the University of Alberta to do *something constructive* to insure our total safety on this campus. Safety from physical abuse such as rape, and safety from the traumatic mental pain associated with indecent exposure.

I wish to extend my thanks to Student Help. They were there to lend a sympathetic ear. They listened to my angry complaints and my tears of frustration. Perhaps there really are some concerned people on this campus.

In closing, I wish to ask you, what would your reaction be if you were to find yourself in this terrifying situation? Concern?

Name withheld by request

Art not politics

Re: Alan Filewod's review of play "The Hostage" Gateway, 22.

Having read Filewod's article on the current Theatre 3 production of Behan's "The Hostage" I admit I was quite provoked for two reasons. First, I saw the play and thoroughly enjoyed it for the sheer dimensions of the undertaking and for the vibrant expressiveness that the production displayed. Filewod's review exaggerates the merits of the production and does not give credit where it is indeed deserved. It is true, I feel, that the range of acting abilities is great, as Filewod observes; but, his assertion, that the nineteen actors do not form an ensemble, I believe, unjust. The performance I saw had a theatrical intensity and a great deal of energy and verve that only a top of actor quite honestly and utterly dedicated to theatre in general and their own roles in particular can give.

Secondly, Filewod's article gives the distinct impression

that the songs, lusty humour, and broad interpretation of the Irish bawdy trade that Schoenberg's production emphasizes displays a levity that is quite inappropriate with the subject of the play — life amidst the sectarian war in Ireland. That the subject is dealt with in an unconventional manner is true but would Alan Filewod rather have an artistic expression of the problem in Ireland take on only the morbid sobriety and seriousness that exists indeed in real life. Behan's statement must not, can not be criticized because the theme of anguish and dilemma is not supported with a similar mood and tone of desperate seriousness. It is this very discrepancy between mood and subject — a discrepancy effected by a dramatic irony — which is indeed the very point of the play — the play which Alan Filewod says "exposed nothing and argued nothing."

The final affront in Filewod's article is the assertion that the

actors should themselves burn with the same political zeal which motivates the Irish patriots in the situation today — that they too should express "the obscene reality" of sectarian war. This idea, I feel, is quite wrong-headed. It is simply outrageous to assert that one's criteria for good theatre is based upon an actor's political commitment. Is it not true that art remains, after all, an illusion, and that the value of the illusion, which is indeed the subject of this review, can only be assessed by the extent to which the actors themselves participate, not only in the reality of the performed situation, wherever that may exist, but in the illusion of that situation?

For these reasons I question the approach of the Filewod article and in response place my support behind what I feel is an enjoyable and valuable theatrical experience.

David S. Scorgie
Graduate student in English

FRANK MUTTON

THE WAY
I SEE IT



I could hardly wait to get back from my week's vacation in Westlock to tell you about a new contest that the Alberta Hospital is running.

It seems morale among some of the more deprived patients was at an all-time low until Dr. D.L. Cornish, the hospital's medical director, agreed to sponsor the **How Far Can You Go?** contest.

First prize of a seat on the hospital's **Parole Review Board** goes to the entrant who can wreak the most havoc on \$500 and bus fare into Edmonton.

Second prize is a membership in the **Canadian Association of Psychiatrists and Psychologists**, and five runners-up will receive an honorarium allowing them to teach **second-phase students** at the U of A's **Faculty of Medicine**.

There'll be even more fun next year when convicted **murderers** at Drumheller Penitentiary will be given a loaded rifle and the keys to the **prison bus** ... I can hardly wait.

The comments by Vegreville MLA **John Batiuk** last week, concerning his feelings towards the Indians, have certainly raised the dander of a lot of people.

Premier Lougheed is on the verge of having Batiuk **shot** and Sacred Leader Bob Clark would like to see him tied to a tree in **Hobbema**, all because John commented that if we had left things up to the "ignorant red man," we'd all be "sitting in a teepee chewing at the pemican."

Mr. Batiuk has apologized for the grossly bigoted spiel but some people feel that the statements are roughly equivalent to a fireside chat with Adolf Hitler.

Harold Cardinal, now regional director for Indian Affairs and a prominent Indian spokesman, commented that Mr. Batiuk's slur didn't surprise him in the least.

Cardinal has passed through Vegreville many times and knows that people there enjoy **sponging** grain payments from the government, chewing on day-old pyrogies and squatting in their dayglo orange and green bungalows watching **The Bobby Vinton Show**. He feels that we should stop catering to the Ukrainians — allowing them to wander up and down Whyte Avenue, hang out at the **Army and Navy** and throw stale holopchi at passing motorists.

Mr. Cardinal also feels that eastern Alberta has remained an endless string of **hicktowns** only because Ukrainian immigrants decided at the turn of the century that the area would never amount to much, and turned their attention to designing giant **eggs and chickens**.

I couldn't agree with Harold more. These handouts to immigrants have got to stop. Why, when I was deported from the Dominion of Newfoundland in 1933 ... (but that's another story).

The **Canadian Association of Tire Retailers and Retreaders** (no kidding, folks) held their annual

convention at the Plaza last week, and I was invited to speak at the closing banquet.

I was all ready to deliver a speech on **Inflation in the Retread Market**, but at the last minute some dirty sneak in the newsroom slipped me a copy of the **Mark Eden Bust Developing Program**, and before I knew it I had those tire dealers rolling in the aisles.

Westgate will be the lucky recipient of a steel-belted boot where it hurts if I find him.

Mayor Terry Cavanagh received an interesting telegram last week. It ran to 14,000 words in length and came from the whiz kid of African politics, **Idi Amin**.

Amin just wrote to say that he'd be delighted to act as **Supreme Grand Poobah** for the 1978 Commonwealth Games, and would be arriving in Edmonton next month with 20,000 of his **festivity advisors** to help Mayor Cavanagh plan all the events.

In his reply the mayor pointed out to Amin that every alderman on council had criticized Ugandan affairs, and he hoped that Idi would have a talk with them and make them realize the error of their ways.

Alderman Ed Leger has already announced that he plans to move to Western Australia immediately.

In closing, remember the words of Pierre Trudeau in Washington — "Don't worry, Jim-bob. If that referendum goes through, we'll just casually mention the activated missile silos in Pointe Claire and Trois Riviere."