

On chancellor search . . .

The Summer Nebraskan predicts that the next chancellor will be someone over 30. But that does not mean students will not be able to trust this person.

The three student representatives, one from each campus—in Lincoln, in Omaha and the medical school—give the students a voice at meetings of the Chancellor's Search Committee.

Those students who have an

opinion on what kind of person would make a good chancellor and those who make their opinions known will be heard.

Here, John Moseman, the student representing the two Lincoln campuses, reports on the activities of the search committee.

Another student, John Dvorak, outlines some of the problems which will be facing the new chancellor when he assumes the position.

A report . . .

Search group discusses list of possible candidates

By John Moseman

Since the initial meeting with the Board of Regents on June 23, the Chancellor Search Committee has had one meeting on July 8 at Omaha.

It is my feeling that the July 8th meeting was profitable in the sense that the committee reviewed and discussed a lengthy list of prospective candidates. On this list there were suggestions from nearly every committee member.

The names which have been submitted for review thus far include individuals from within the University community, but the majority of suggestions are men from outside this state. It is impossible for me to disclose particular names, since the committee's ability to function successfully depends in part on confidentiality.

The committee has also been concerned with discussing various criteria and abilities which will be needed in a chancellor.

The committee feels that a chancellor must be administratively competent to deal with such things as budgetary matters and with the administrative staffs of the campus. Also, the qualifications for chancellor must include communicative abilities with faculty (including the area of academic freedom), and with the student body (in areas such as black student feelings).

The chancellor also must possess a sense

of positive, progressive direction for furthering University expansion, and he must be able to relay this sense of direction to the University community.

These qualifications and criteria are generalized. Yet in evaluating the various candidates, the committee relates these concepts to the particular individual. Each candidate will be discussed on the basis of his personality (sincerity, genuineness, rationality, etc.) and on the basis of his past performance in his field.

The committee is open to any suggestions. The search is not limited to geography, nor to fields of work inside an academic setting.

As the student representative from Lincoln, I am writing to the National Student Association for suggestions, and I have submitted a list of candidates which was compiled at another university for a similar search. I am also writing to three individuals in government and foundation work, who, hopefully, will supply names.

It is necessary, though, that I have suggestions from the Lincoln students. Although students generally do not have contacts with prospective chancellor candidates, I believe that the students should verbalize their views regarding the qualifications, ability and philosophy of an acceptable chancellor.

I ask that students contact me if they have either names or ideas concerning the chancellor.

A student's view . . .

Super chancellor is needed for handling NU problems

by John Dvorak

The University's new chancellor had better be a remarkable man. In fact, he ought to be superhuman.

He won't have to worry about being physically accosted in his office for the time being. But in some ways NU's problems are enough to defeat even the finest of educators.

Even before the new chancellor can move into his mansion in the Knolls, he will discover that he is faced with an unparalleled and almost insuperable administrative bureaucracy.

He will have to deal with about 61 different levels, all doing their best to block decision making. Interwoven in the bureaucracy are the famous and well talked about committees for which NU is so famous.

The new chancellor must try to manage hundreds of so-called administrators on each of the three campuses—from the Supervisors for Water Fountains on the Omaha campus to the Director of Tractor Research on the Ag Campus.

Personalities

Worse yet will be the personalities. The new chancellor will enjoy working with some reliable and sound administrators—people like Joe, Soshnik and Peter Magrath.

But then he will encounter other administrators—people in the highest of places at one campus or another who don't understand what is happening, never did, never will and don't try. And what will he do with the deans and administrators who are so far out of touch with reality that they don't know SDS from ROTC?

Then the new chancellor will have to play politics—politics of the crummiest and most amateurish kind.

He will learn that the University is only a rubber ball to be bounced between the noses of petty Nebraska politicians. Trying to get a budget through the Unicameral is worse than guiding the income tax surcharge through Congress. The new chancellor must deal with 49 different legislators who fancy themselves as some kind of educators.

Flowery phrases

Of course the new chancellor will drown in the flowery phrases about the merger of Omaha University and NU.

Then he will discover that the merger was probably the biggest political ploy in Nebraska history. Omaha panned off their nearly bankrupt school on all the taxpayers of the state under the guise of improving higher education.

The new chancellor will learn that in reality the Omaha campus goes its own sweet merry way no matter how haphazardly, no matter how poorly planned, no matter how stupidly. But there is nothing stupid about the millions and millions of dollars it sucks from the state coffers.

The new chancellor will soon see that Omaha and only Omaha benefits from the merger. They will accept guidance or orders from no one. If the new chancellor doesn't watch out, he will soon be living in Omaha, not in Lincoln.

Don't forget that the new chancellor must deal with members of the Board of Regents who would rather hide under their desks than come out and meet the students, faculty and other citizens.

Be patient

The new chancellor will probably wonder why the Board of Regents made this or that decision. He may never find out. Few ever do.

The new chancellor had better be patient for he will have to deal with Regents who want

to do well but don't, Regents who want to keep the University shackled to the middle ages, Regents who talk out of all four sides of their mouths and Regents who just don't give a damn.

What, oh what will the new chancellor do with Terry Carpenter?

He will wonder what makes Terrible Terry click, but no one knows. The new chancellor had better be prepared for a lot of scathing, back-knifing, ambiguous, unintelligible bull from the Scottsbluff senator, who seems to think he knows something about universities.

Unfortunately the new chancellor will find that he has the least time for his most important duty—the students.

Without the thousands of students paying tuition and fees, the politicians would be unable to play their little games and the administrators would have no power.

For 100 years the students paid their money and closed their mouths. And then last year a handful of black students finally had the guts to do something about a couple of the hundreds of student-related problems on campus.

They could have taken over the administration building, but they settled for far less. This fall could be different. Perhaps a few hundred white students will forget beer and girls for a while and do something too.

Student problems

The new chancellor will be faced with every conceivable type of student problem.

Segregated dormitories operating on 1948 standards. The rape of student automobile operators who pay a week's salary each semester for a parking place halfway across town. The football ticket scandal, where the students who are supposed to be the essence of the game are seated on the four-yard line and the end zone corners. The sly hiking of tuition and fees without prior warning while students are away for the summer.

More importantly there is the outmoded curriculum, which should be burned.

The new chancellor will have to deal with the mammoth lecture sections that turn off freshmen and sophomores, perhaps cooling them on college forever. He should deal with professors who would rather do research than learn the name of a student. What about the upperclassmen and graduate students who are teaching classes for a pittance?

The new chancellor ought to do something about the long-time adage that professors must write a million words of nothing for this journal or that review if they want to be promoted. It would be nice if the new chancellor could really promote some educational experiments like pass-fail.

Watch out

The new chancellor probably won't face any mass student unrest for a while. But watch out.

If the new chancellor is a doer and shows initiative and concern for the students, he will succeed. In fact he is in a position to become a great man. Otherwise, he will be existing on borrowed time.

Worst of all, the above difficulties are only a fraction of the problems that the new chancellor must face. Space precludes mentioning more of them. Lack of knowledge precludes mentioning all of them.

Oh somewhere, someplace, there must be a Super-Chancellor. Where are you Mr. Super-Chancellor? We need you.

On the Howell stage . . .

Half of twin-bill succeeds

by Kenneth Pellow
Instructor in English

Admittedly, the middle of its season is a strange time to be reviewing a play; owing, however, to many circumstances better forgotten, I was not able to see anything in this summer's repertory season at University Theatre until this last weekend.

The production in question is the two-part entertainment being billed as "An Evening of Comedy," and consisting of two plays written by Joe Baldwin of the University's Department of Speech and Theatre: *The Chekhov List* a one-act play, and *The House Within the House Within*, which is in two acts.

In my judgment and, I thought, in that of most of the audience last Saturday night, one of these plays makes it, the other does not.

The Chekhov List is sometimes insane, trite and tedious. In this case, that's excellent, as it is supposed to be, at times, inane, trite and tedious. When it gets tiresome, it gets tiresome in the same way that Chekhov is apt to: being preachy, platitudinously optimistic, and trivial.

There are times when this short play becomes overworked. Some of the gimmicks that are delightful like Chekhov (or Russian drama generally) the first time around, start to lose a little of their delight by the third or fourth time we've seen them.

But the characters are all there. Right out of *Uncle Vanya* or *The Cherry Orchard* comes the 85-year-old maid with an artificial leg; the once-promising Doctor who has deteriorated in the "stifling" atmosphere of rural Russian life; the actress who just missed the opportunity to be Russia's "greatest ever," and the Schoolmaster who was once on his way to "the University at Moscow" where he would certainly have won honors.

Now, the Schoolmaster has to content himself with sitting around finding "deep" sociological cause-and-effect relationships which he never explains. An example is the fact that this whole town's future was determined years ago by the placing of the railroad station five miles outside of town.

And the action, when it does not involve praising that great Russian institution, the samovar, or chatting "secretly" in half-hearted seduction attempts, consists mainly of rushing to the window—the inevitable, huge, center-stage window—to look out upon the "new day dawning" for Russia.

But instead of a cherry orchard outside, there is a bog, which keeps swallowing workers, peasants, soldiers, machinery, and finally the Czar himself. It is all very Chekhovian, including the large painting of a sea gull on the rear wall.

And the actors obviously love it—or at least so it seemed.

One of the most Chekhovian things about this parody is that it is a field-day for scene stealers! In fact, like many parodies, it is a great vehicle for the ham that lurks in most actors. (Do not linger, please, upon the metaphor—it won't take it.)

Consequently, each actor has a "bit" or two which is great fun, even if it does cover someone else's line. Who cares, anyway? After the first speech by each character, the lines are predictable.

One of the best scene-stealing sequences is the by-play, over a piece of crocheting, that takes place between Denny Calandra and Susan Vosik.

Dana Mills gets a lot of mileage out of a newspaper. The night I saw the play I suspect he got at least one laugh with it that was unplanned, when the paper tore off neatly, and maybe a bit unexpectedly. Put it into the script! It's that kind of a play.

But if the actors have fun with this piece of fluff, it's a different story with the second half of the twin-bill.

In *The House Within the House Within*, nobody, audience included, seems to enjoy himself much. The plot is predictable, the characters even more so.

The "message" is based upon a flimsy gimmick that takes more time to set up—much more—than it is worth. Just the prelude to the changes-of-identity upon which the play is shakily built, took about 35 minutes.

In that same amount of time, we had been thoroughly entertained by the Chekhov parody, and it had ended. Such, I guess, are the fortunes of playwrighting: win some, lose some.

And when this play does settle into its "great ideas" segments, one almost wishes it would go back to some of its slapstick gangster routines. Such pithy exchanges as the following ensue:

HE: A man and woman coupled may be close to the essence of things.

SHE: Like a ram and a ewe!

HE: Yes, in that situation, one is necessarily reminded of being part of the unity of all things.

That's a pretty poor paraphrase, but obviously it doesn't matter much: the lines had little to lose.

There might be more to *The House Within the House Within*, in terms of thematic content, than I have implied. I admit to having been too bored by the literal subject-matter to have given much concern to what it might have symbolized.

There is one qualification to that: there are some collages of various educational films, home movies, old newsreels, travelogues, training films, etc., which precede the scenes of the play.

These were poorly integrated with the play, as far as production was concerned. The pauses while the projector was turned off and the curtain lifted were too long. But the flicks themselves were interesting, perhaps unfortunately so. By-and-large, they were more enjoyable than the play.

So, the "Evening of Comedy" is an evening of two plays that are inane, trite, and tedious: the one deliberately so, the other—I presume—not. Fortunately, however, the Chekhov parody is funny enough and polished enough that it makes the evening worthwhile, in spite of its companion piece.



In Washington, D.C. . . .

All of slag settled in Capital, and it shifts every four years

By Kent Cockson

If New York is the "melting pot" of the nation, then Washington, D.C. must be made of the slag.

It's one big metropolis. But there is no simple way to describe all of the different people who live here. In fact, it's hard to find a Washington "native," unless you go watch the Redskins work out. Only a limited number of people can call Washington "home" for more than four years.

FOR THAT REASON alone, not even considering the 160 million tourists who yearly come to the nation's capital to play havoc with the population turn-over rate, there really isn't an average Washingtonian. The best I can do is describe a few components among the multitudes.

To begin with, the District of Columbia is one of the few metropolitan areas where you will not see "Please Don't Sit On The Grass", signs.

You can park your carcass on just about any lawn. For the White House lawn, though, you either have to have clearance or be able to jump the 10-foot fence.

During the noon hour, hundreds of bureaucrats cluster to brown-bag it in the small, triangular parks created by streets that converge on each other from all directions.

In spite of their \$100 suits or chic mini dresses, some government employees prefer to eat inexpensive sack lunches while lounging on the

grass so they can buy more \$100 suits or mini dresses with the money they save avoiding cafeterias. Some day there will be a big market for the designer who can create fashions elegantly tailored with ready-made grass stains.

AT NIGHT these same parks are taken over by the opposite end of Washington society—the people you never read about in *The Post*.

The pigeons are the only friends these bums and winos have besides the tourists who part with 10 and 25-cent "coffee" money. I get tapped by the same guy every morning as I leave my apartment for work.

Even though I wear a suit and tie, the fellow doesn't realize that I am just as poor as he is. As a beggar, he probably makes more money every day than I do because he doesn't pay income tax and he operates on a 100 per cent commission.

Some of the people here are great sign-makers. An example, is the announcement I see every day above the city's trash baskets, "Pedestrian Litter Only."

The message must have a hidden meaning. How many other kinds of litter are there besides the stuff that humans throw? Unless of course the signs are asking people not to take it out on the streets and sidewalks for the shortage of public restroom facilities in the downtown area.

AND THEN there is my neighbor. Almost immediately, and not of my own choosing, after I had arrived in

the land of the giants, I was involved in the Great Parking Place War.

To avoid driving to work and paying 22 bits a day to park in one of the hot automobile jungles scattered throughout downtown, I found an apartment within walking distance of the agency where I work. I thought that I would leave my power-lax lemon in the building's parking lot all week.

Only after I had gotten settled did I discover that the lots in the alley behind the apartment building were not the property of the landlord who owns my apartment house. Thus I was embittered in my own private battle with one of my neighbors for a single, off-street public parking place in one corner of the alley.

I have never seen my foe. We have never spoken an ill word to each other.

In fact, the battle has really developed into an unnegotiated gentleman's agreement. Whoever gets home first on Saturday night gets the place for the remainder of the week. The first week of the summer, my neighbor was first to get home. The second week I was, the third week he was again. And so it has progressed.

I'm going to confront him at the end of the summer before I return to the University. I can't wait to see the expression on his face when I tell him that although he's lost some of the battles, he has at last won the war.