

Editorial

Lied Center must serve UNL first

The NU Board of Regents formally accepted the \$10 million gift from the Lied Foundation last week, making the Lied Center for Performing Arts a reality. With ground-breaking ceremonies set for May 1986, it is time for NU students and faculty to stop questioning the construction of the center and work together to make it a worthwhile benefit to the university and the state.

UNL Chancellor Martin Massengale already has appointed a faculty advisory committee to make recommendations for the policies and use of the center. A student advisory committee, representing 11 campus organizations will begin seeking student input for the project after Thanksgiving, said Sara Boatman, director of Campus Activities and Programs.

The two committee's first priority should be to ensure the Lied Center is used as a learning tool.

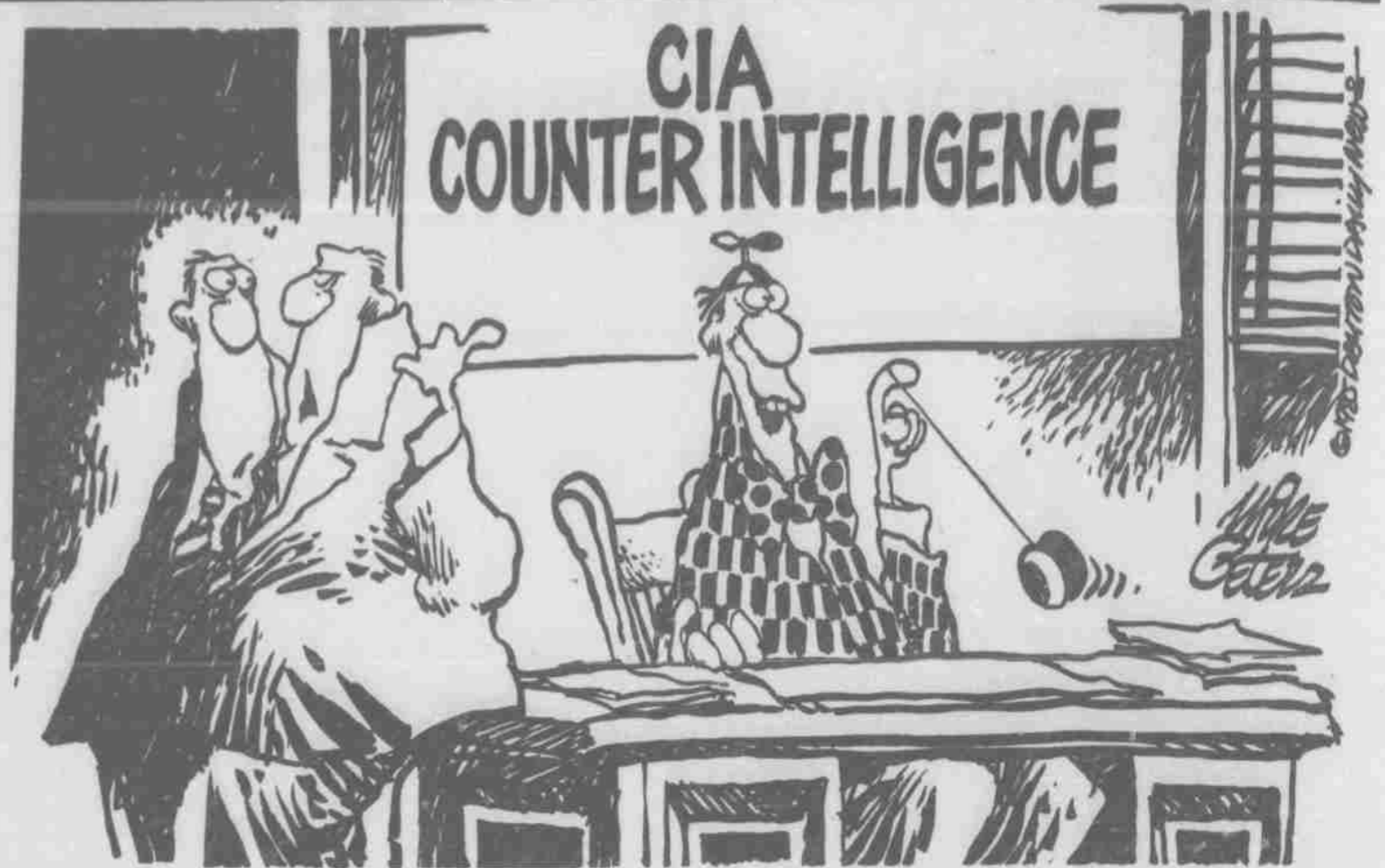
The center should be considered a classroom, in which dance, theater and music students should be given first priority to use the structure for their educational benefit. Like the Union, the coliseum and any other university classroom, students and campus organizations should be free to use the Lied Center whenever the space is available. Community organizations should be allowed to use the center as well, but only after the ends of the university are met.

The committees also should strive to eliminate any competition between the new center, Kimball Hall and Howell Theatre. Events for each hall need to be scheduled such that patrons won't be torn between attending a recital at Kimball, a ballet at Lied or a play at Howell. The halls should function as one showcase for the arts in Nebraska, complementing each other by providing flexibility in the amount of space offered to artists.

Subsequent parking planned for the Lied Center after its construction should benefit both the university and Lied Center patrons. The committees need to make plans for the parking space now, ensuring that students and faculty have use of the proposed parking garage by day, while Lied patrons use it at night.

It is up to the committees to keep their constituents abreast of what policies are being considered and how students and faculty can voice their concerns.

With \$5 million in state funds going to the construction of the Lied Center, the committees need to make sure the building serves the best interests of the university.



SINCE THE YURCHENKO AFFAIR, THAT'S TAKEN ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING...

Miniseries preempts TV routine

Look — I lead a simple life, and I don't make too many demands on my environment. I can cope with just about anything, and I even enjoy a good healthy change every once in a while, just to keep life fresh and challenging. So I don't think I'm asking too much to request that the few pleasant traditions I seek to uphold go uninterrupted by the whims and fancies of those totally unaware of my existence.



James Sennett

One of the pleasures my family and I have enjoyed in recent years is our tradition known as SNEPITLAWTRM-DOTV (Sunday night eating pizza in the living room and watching "Trapper John, M.D." on television). Now, I admit this isn't quite on a par with family vacations in August or putting the tree top ornament on at Christmas time. But it does have its way of reminding my wife, daughter, and me that some things remain the same. No matter how hectic things get and no matter how our schedules may pull us apart during the week, we can count on one thing. Come Sunday night, we will all be gathered around the sausage and mushroom, laughing at Stanley Riverside and sympathizing with the latest

turns in Gonzo's love life.

But, it happened again this week. We settled down for our weekly rendezvous with stability only to discover that, for the umpteenth time in as many months, our family tradition was being preempted by that dreaded intruder, the miniseries. We turned on the telly expecting San Francisco Memorial and got the Smut and Slut Hilton.

I don't mind giving way in my private enjoyment for important news bulletins, or even surrendering one week a season to a special of historic or artistic import (a heading under which the recent "North and South" did not, alas, fall) But "Kane and Abel?" Give me a break.

However, the disruption of our sacred family gathering is not the real issue here (luckily, Shirley Temple was on another channel, and we devoured our Domino's delivery while cheering "The Little Princess" on in her unrelenting quest for her father). The whole miniseries phenomenon is a real thorn in my side.

In the first place, I don't like what it says about our willingness to be totally absorbed in the television escape hatch. A nice thing about regular programming is that you can miss a week or four as your schedule demands and still enjoy your favorite programs when you have the chance to take a break. Also, you can take a week to get productive things done before your favorite flight into fantasy returns.

But the miniseries is there every night. If you are to enjoy it, you must put your life on hold for three or four

consecutive evenings, drowning in eight to twelve hours of vapidness. What really disturbs me is that there are enough of us out there willing to do precisely that, so that the networks find it well worth their while to keep putting this trash on the air.

And it's not just the beer-guzzling, lower-middle-class working stiff who is indulging. I've been through the dorms and seen all those students with so much homework and so many important things to do just hanging on every new turn in the latest Harold Robbins psycho-sexual melodrama. I guess we can make time for what is really important.

Eight years ago I took time out from my graduate studies to watch one of the first miniseries, a three-night drama on the life of Martin Luther King. I was enlightened, educated, inspired and uplifted. I did not even mind that it preempted "Chips" and "James at Fifteen."

But this week I had to give up a special ritual to let fifteen million financially and sexually frustrated Americans bask in the voyeurism of yet another sordid tale about the exploits and adventures of fictional power brokers. So this is where those original experiments in quality television have led. As Dr. Frankenstein said to Igor after throwing the third switch, "I think we've created a monster." Anybody want to buy a Panasonic portable cheap?

Sennett is a UNL graduate student in philosophy and a campus minister of the College Career Christian Fellowship.

Avital Scharansky won't let East or West forget oppressed dissidents

The day started with a reading of the papers and the daily search for a column topic. There was much to choose from, lots of truly important events like the Geneva summit and even less cosmic stories like the suit brought by Rock Hudson's self-proclaimed last lover. I read it all, took notes, made some phone calls and then satisfied with the cornucopia of topics facing me, I set off for lunch. That's when I saw her.



Richard Cohen

First I noticed people staring in the direction of the Soviet Embassy. When I got closer, I saw a camera crew and then, across the street, three people sitting on chairs before an office building. The person in the middle was Avi-

tal Scharansky.

It has been years since I had seen her last, but she seemed no different — a face constantly updated by newspaper photos and television news and therefore, like family, too familiar to notice any change. Her head was covered in the style of ultra-Orthodox Jewish women, no hair showing, and her dress was extremely modest and plain. For all of that, she is the fiercest of accusers, a finger pointing always at a Soviet government that holds her husband, Anatoly, in a labor camp. On the most glorious of Indian summer days, she was a reminder that winter had come once again to Siberia.

Often there is a demonstration before the Soviet Embassy. Often, the reason is the refusal of the Soviet government to allow Jews to emigrate. Sometimes rabbis come to pray and sometimes people just come to stand on the street and stare at the embassy, which is old and crusty and all shut up like a closed mind. You may wonder if the people

inside pay any heed. There is no way to tell for sure, but I think they do.

Once, I was in the South African Embassy, waiting in the foyer for a visa, when five demonstrators came to protest apartheid. They rang the bell and stared straight at the mirrored door, not knowing they could be seen — and heard — through it. They were nervous about being arrested. They giggled and made weak jokes, and then the police came to take them away. They linked arms and sang "We Shall Overcome," and all the time some people inside the Embassy watched, listened and, of course, said nothing to one another. The demonstrators thought no one was watching, but someone was.

I crossed 16th Street, hesitated for a moment and then walked over to Avital Scharansky. I introduced myself because it has been a long time since we last met. "I think of you a lot," I said. I do, because she is often in the news,

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The Daily Nebraskan

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