

# Editorial

**Daily  
Nebraskan**

University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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## Fundraising supported Departments begin self-help

The small but growing numbers of declarations of financial independence are encouraging to see, and in the long run will boost the university's search to re-establish a quality school.

Recently the UNL College of Journalism voted to begin a major push toward developing its own sources of support so that the college need not cut back due to financial constraints. In other action, organizations supporting the renovation of Morrill Hall got together on Feb. 3 to coordinate lobbying efforts on legislation that would fund preservation of the museum.

These signs of independent financial life bode well for the future — if maintained and expanded. First, it shows that there's still some spunk left in the university's staff. NU administrators are forced by the respective positions to aggregate all university interests and, as a result, can never be, in fairness to other programs, really zealous about any programs.

In contrast, staff members need not temper their zeal for their programs by such considerations. Consequently, the strongest arguments in favor of funding are guaranteed to be presented to the public through independent attempts at funding.

It would actually be great to see more movement toward the development of private lines of support for specific departments and programs. All in all, department-specific searches for private donations may be more successful than the aggregated searches done by the administration and the NU Foundation. This claim is founded in the way people think. It's one thing to be asked to give money "to the university." It's quite another thing to be asked to save a specific program, chair or exhibit.

Perhaps working through the central administration and attempting to make people relate to the "best interests" of the entire system is the wrong way to motivate support. Perhaps there's something akin to Adam Smith's "invisible hand" principle in the process of seeking funds for the university: Through each department's seeking to advance its own interests, the welfare of the whole, though not directly intended, is promoted.

At any rate, such actions should not be discouraged, but encouraged. It should be made quite clear that the school supports attempts by beleaguered departments and programs to raise money and mitigate or reverse the effect of cuts. Self-help can become a fact of life at UNL, but it takes initiative and spunk.

## Miranda under assault by Justice Department

It is disgraceful that just after a parade of ex-Reagan aides piously invoke the Fifth Amendment, Reagan's attorney general is preparing an assault on the Miranda rules.

It is a disgrace because Miranda is quite properly known as the poor man's Fifth. Oliver North — and Claus von

matter of routine. It is not apparent to Justice that there are class differences in America, and that government should do something to ensure that they do not result in differential justice.

We revisit, then, the general Reagan philosophy that the disadvantaged deserve no special assistance to secure their rights. This administration will not tolerate discrimination: Ernesto Miranda, a penniless, barely literate immigrant, had the same right to call his lawyer as Ivan Boesky did.

Argues the Justice report, "It is not unfair to obtain and use a suspect's statements to convict him for a crime that he has in fact committed, just because more knowledgeable criminals are better able to exploit the rules of law to defeat justice." But wait. First of all, at the time the Miranda warnings are given, we don't yet know that the suspect is guilty. And second, what Justice calls "exploiting the rules of law" is what other people call invoking the right against self-incrimination, a privilege Englishmen and their cousins have been exploiting for over three centuries. Justice's line of argument betrays not just unconcern for the poor but contempt for the Fifth.

As does the somewhat ironic solution the report offers to bleeding hearts who worry about fairness: "Concerns over equity of this sort might be met equally well by holding that no one has a right to counsel in custodial police interrogation." A new fairness doctrine, the Meese doctrine for equalizing the rights of rich and poor: Deny them to everyone.

The Justice report suggests that instead of Miranda we might videotape police interviews to prevent interro-

See KRAUTHAMMER on 5



## Apocalypse none too soon

Dissatisfied student in search of the proverbial 1 percent

I just finished reading an above-average pulp detective novel called "Tourist Season," in which a notorious but ravenously read columnist for a fictional newspaper, the Miami Sun, comes up about three counts shy of a headline (journalists for three bricks shy of a load, three cards short of a deck, etc.) and begins writing columns portraying Southern Florida as a heat-seized complex of overpriced condominiums populated by neurotic, tasteless Valium widows retiring on pensions large enough to afford plastic flamingos, navel oranges and knickknacks to send to the grandkids in Cleveland for Christmas or Hanukkah.

Those who aren't paradise-homing retirees are Cuban flotsam, the pimps, the heavyweight gamblers, the unstable muscle of organized racketeering in pre-Castro Cuba, and the refuse of a Havana mythical for making rich Americans and globetrotters in general check their scruples and human decency at airport customs. Not only did the columnist paint modern Miami in these colors, he went about as a vigilante — feeding tourists to crocodiles and stuffing the Coppertone-doused remains into Samsonite luggage in an attempt to counterbalance the leverage of mindless real-estate development, the mangle of Kodak-clicking tourists, stark raving civic corruption and just plain cerebral dwarfism.

By now the question entering your mind is, and logically so, what in the name of the Bob Devaney Sports Center does any of this have to do with me? Well, I could go on to mention something the fictional columnist in "Tourist Season" doesn't mention — that every March and April, thousands of fraternity brothers and sorority sisters descend on Florida to perform drunken high-wire acts from the balconies of 20-story motels. Many of these potential circus stars hail from Nebraska U. But that isn't my point.

My point, and I apologize for the roundabout way I got here, is a number that continually pops up in conversation around UNL. It pops up at Daily Nebraskan luncheons with Martin Massengale and Ronald Roskens. It pops up when people gather to argue over the Lied Center. It pops up when anyone makes an attempt to implement something at this university that might transform the Stepford kids of the business school or the Young Americans for separate restrooms for black students/for women at home/for Holden Caulfield in the bonfire/for separate toilets for gay students/for Stryper more often from the bell tower into reasonable facsimiles of open-minded, creatively thinking college students.

The number is 1 percent. When fellow columnist Chris McCubbin wrote a piece of fire and brimstone on the DN editorial page pronouncing the university a degraded ruin from which everyone with any flickering hope of receiving an education must flee before the clematis-veined pillars topple around their empty heads, he received a letter from a graduate student who estimated that only 1 percent of the university population were anything more than overstuffed seat cushions for the classrooms they occupied.

### Charles Lieurance



An anonymous ASUN official told me only 1 percent of the UNL student body was gay and that's why gay students shouldn't receive money for programming under the auspices of the University Program Council. According to those who are against the Lied Center, only 1 percent of university students would actually go see a major production of an opera or symphony if it were offered them. The remainder look at opera as a forum for an elephantine woman wearing Swiss Miss Cocoa braid and Hagar the Horrible armor caterwauling while she hoists a broadsword above her head. Once my editor told me that only 1 percent of the student population had any idea what my friends and I who work on the Thursday magazine Diversions were talking about.

Like the columnist in the novel "Tourist Season," sometimes I sit and watch this place move. I hear blank-eyed English majors who read in Cosmo that retail management suddenly likes English majors tell me they're really into grammar, and when I mention Joyce or Shelley they ask me if they did any-

thing cool with grammar. I hear professors name whole classes after bad Hollywood B-movies from the '50s and '60s like "The Night of the Ghouls" and "The Slime People." I read papers by fellow English majors with no punctuation, papers where "ain't" is spelled "anit." I actually met a girl at a party who told me the American Revolutionary War was fought by the North and the South and that the Civil War was fought by the Germans and Japanese. She then asked if I'd accepted Christ as my personal savior.

Where is this 1 percent? Like the columnist in "Tourist Season," I'm beginning to see the character of this place — a wasteland of bake sales, absolute conformity, dreadful music, the mindless raising of hands in classrooms where professors look at their students as hideous creatures spawned from nuclear accidents, people who've come to school to be channeled into large machines, who need jobs that won't question their Bibles, who are in pursuit of really cool grammar. It wasn't always this way, just as Florida wasn't always "Newark with palm trees." Things might change, but for now I'd like to write the column that nearly got the columnist in "Tourist Season" fired.

I'd like to write a column wishing the worst of natural disasters on the whole neritic mess. For the sun to stand still, for the rules of grammar to be suspended, for God to come down in the form of Clarabell the clown and for everyone to have to ask "Why is this happening?" and "Will we still get cable in the dorms?"

Those in the 1 percent, well, afterward we'll know who you are. The ones at home behind typewriters trying to sort out the world, the ones attempting to make sense of the senseless, and to make time for the timeless.

When it's over maybe I'll meet you all.

Lieurance is an English, philosophy and art major and Daily Nebraskan senior reporter.

## Letter Policy

The Daily Nebraskan welcomes brief letters to the editor from all readers and interested others.

Letters will be selected for publication on the basis of clarity, originality, timeliness and space available. The Daily Nebraskan retains the right to edit all material submitted.

Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not run, is left to the editor's discretion.

Letters and guest opinions sent to the newspaper become property of the Daily Nebraskan and cannot be returned.

Anonymous submissions will not be considered for publication. Letters should include the author's name, year in school, major and group affiliation, if any. Requests to withhold names from publication will not be granted.

Submit material to the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.

### Charles Krauthammer



Bulow and Anthony (Fat Tony) Salerno — do not need Miranda. They know they have the right to remain silent, the right to counsel, etc. They do not need to be warned that what they say may be used against them. It is the indigent and the ignorant who need the Miranda warnings. Ed Meese is promising a crusade to see that they no longer get them.

The basis of assault is a Justice Department staff report completed last February, just released, and soon to be shaped into a major law-review article. The report does not flinch from the issue: "While as suspect might believe that he is under a legal obligation to respond to incriminating questions if not told otherwise, it is not apparent why the government should go out of its way to disabuse him of that notion."

"It is not apparent" is a preface you use when you disbelieve something but cannot explain why, when you want a bias to pose as an argument. It is not apparent to Justice, you see, that the poor should be enabled to exercise rights that the rich exercise as a