

Editorial

Daily
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University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Change permanent DN gets VDTs, plans more coverage

Heraclitus, the early Greek philosopher who thought the world was made of fire, once said that nothing is permanent except change.

And that's the philosophy of the Daily Nebraskan's staff this fall. Staffers have planned several changes to better inform University of Nebraska-Lincoln students, faculty and other readers about what's happening on campus.

The most noticeable change will be the new video display terminals in the newsroom. In the past, DN reporters wrote stories on typewriters and copy editors used fat, red pencils to edit them. The copy was then sent to a typesetter and later proofread. The process took almost 45 minutes.

With the new system, reporters and editors can move stories in a matter of seconds. Editors also will lay out pages, and redesign the paper once the system is completely installed in September.

The computers will be put to good use this fall as the paper has planned several special projects, including extensive coverage of the FarmAid III concert on Sept. 19 in Memorial Stadium.

The Sower, the paper's depth supplement, will explore the farm crisis on both a local and national level and will appear in the DN the week of the concert. Also, a supplement containing band profiles and other features will be distributed the day of the concert. Advances and coverage of the concert will appear in the daily news and arts and entertainment sections.

Other supplements also will run this fall, including issues on basketball and Christmas as well as other Sower topics.

Burgers, buildings and bricks: all part of changes at UNL

The world never stops changing and neither does the University of Nebraska-Lincoln campus.

Several changes have been made during the summer. One major eye-catcher is the "disco" Burger King in the Nebraska Union. The food tastes good, but the service just isn't the same without Dan Dolan, the friendly bus person who used to work in the Union Square. He was one of the most popular persons on campus and we don't understand why he wasn't hired back. Apparently he just didn't fit in with the new decor.

Progress in the form of construction and destruction have also taken place on campus.

The recreation center's skeleton has emerged from the rubble of the former Men's P.E. building. It should be finished in time to save the football players from freezing their tootsies this winter. For now, the structure reminds us of the Old Glory sculpture in Cather Gardens.

The Lied Center also is taking

But not all has changed at the DN. The paper's editorial policy will again be set by the DN Editorial Board. Its members are Mike Reilley, editor; Jeanne Bourne, editorial page editor; Jann Nyffeler, associate news editor; Scott Harrah, night news editor; Joan Rezac, copy desk chief; Linda Hartmann, wire editor; and Charles Lieurance, assistant arts and entertainment editor. The board meets weekly to discuss the paper's stand on timely issues. Editorials do not necessarily reflect the views of the university, its employees, the students or the NU Board of Regents.

The DN's publishers are the regents, who established the UNL Publications Board to supervise the daily production of the paper.

According to policy set by the regents, responsibility for the editorial content of the newspaper lies solely in the hands of its student editors.

The paper also 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 DN retains the right to edit all material submitted.

Readers are also welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether the material runs or not is left up to the editor's discretion.

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 will not be granted.

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

shape. The approximately \$20 million structure should be completed by April 1989. Since the piledriving stopped this summer the music departments have to come up with a pounding rhythm of their own.

If you didn't notice, the bricks have been torn out of most of the sidewalks around campus. Kudos to the grounds department. Those bricks were slippery during the winter.

Besides the Burger King, the union is sporting several other changes. A new set of phones adorn the wall near NBC. They are the open kind for those of us with claustrophobia, who couldn't stand to use the wooden phone booths down the hall. A new vending machine area has replaced the small meeting room near the women's lounge. The Colonial Dining Room has undergone renovation and reopened Wednesday.

Night bus service between City and East campuses is resuming, fulfilling ASUN President Andy Pollock's campaign promise.

Angelokataluophobia strikes Best of summer's worst news just what the doctor ordered

In this age when everything from chronic depression to bad table manners is labeled "disease," introduce my candidate into the widening field of psychosomatic obsessive-compulsive lifestyle maladies. I call it angelokataluophobia — the irrational fear of newspaper columnists that a terrific news story will go cold before they can get to print with pithy remarks about it (from Greek *angelia* — "news," and *kataluo* — to disintegrate).

James
Sennett



This malady strikes student columnists especially hard during those long summer months when there is no column to write, yet the world is insensitive enough to keep on turning. The summer invariably abounds with inane news stories just begging to be raked over the coals in that special way that only we clever editorial commentators can do.

As a service to the new and returning members of the student body and to alleviate many of the anxieties I developed watching good fuel escape my fire, I present in this inaugural edition of the 1987-88 Daily Nebraskan an overview of some of the best of this summer's worst news stories.

The Iran-Contra hearings. All summer long we endured inexcusable congressional showboating and inconceivable administrative high-roading in what was undoubtedly the leading and most tedious news story of the season. And somewhere in the midst of it all, we discovered a new national hero — Lt. Col. Oliver North.

North wooed Americans and infuriated committee members with his Oscar-caliber "Why am I in trouble for loving my country?" routine. While I gaged on the shallow sentimentalism

Confessions of Ollie:

Daytime dramas confusing

It's a Nixon thing.

The Iran-contra hearings broadcast by all major networks caught me off guard, flashing *dejavu* across my mind in pastel neon lights of Watergate warning.

In the early 1970s, during Watergate, Nixon's Waterloo, he reportedly told his top aids that when they testified before Congress they need simply say, "I don't remember. I don't recall."

Bill
Allen



There it is, then. A faulty memory has become the battle cry of the republic.

Ollie North has become America's newest hero, not because he did heroic deeds or starred in a blockbuster movie, but simply because he stood before Congress and had the guts to say, "I don't recall."

I get the impression that something isn't quite right about all this. Maybe it's just me, but two things immediately come to mind.

First, I wondered how long the American public was going to let something as important as national security interrupt the more important world of daytime drama. I missed three weeks of "Santa Barbara" and almost that much of "As The World Turns."

On the former, I missed the recovery of Eden, held captive by an insane Vietnam vet in a cabin in the mountains, while on the latter show I missed Craig's downed plane off the isles of Greece and Lilly's subsequent runaway.

that canonized this despicable bureaucrat, I could not help but enjoy watching the pompous and self-righteous members of Congress twist slowly in the wind during his testimony.

Of course, it only fits that North should be the new American hero. The heroes of the 1940s and '50s were military men. The heroes of the '60s were crooks (excuse me — "prisoners of conscience"). There were no heroes in the '70s, and in the '80s, our hero is a man who fits all three descriptions.

The search goes on for something decent to call this whole scandal. It seems that we have settled for "Iran-contra Affair," which has all the excitement of plain-label underwear. A national political magazine ran a "name the controversy" contest and labeled "Iranamok" the winner. I still like the suggestion of my ministry colleague Dennis Durst, who proffered "Contra-deception."

The reflagging of Kuwaiti oil tankers. Even the guy who first said that politics makes strange bedfellows would have flipped over this one. First Saudi Arabia, then Iran and now Kuwait comes under the umbrella of U.S. flip-flop diplomacy. We just have to decide: Do we hate the Arabs or not? Israel sure would like to know, and the Arabs would feel a lot better with a consistent policy one way or the other.

But Ronald Reagan and company are eager to cover up the foibles of the above-mentioned nameless scandal and prove that we really do still despise Iran. We now have decided to use Kuwaiti freighters and American warships to hunt for mines in the Persian Gulf. As an editorial columnist in the Christian Science Monitor quipped, "Our Middle East policy is simple — we will reflag Kuwaiti tankers so Iran won't blow them up with weapons we sold to them."

The demise of Gary Hart and the rise of Donna Rice. This has been the year of the adorable slut. While men of prominence have been taking nosedives in sex scandals, the

involved women have been splattered all over the front pages and offered six-figure contracts to show and tell all in national smut magazines. For years we have justifiably bemoaned the double standard imposed on participants in illicit sexual activity. While men who indulge are heroes, women who do are whores. Traditionally, only the woman "gets in trouble."

Well, please do not let the irony of Gary and Donna, Jim Bakker and Jessica Hahn, and all the others escape you. It is the men who are taking the fall, while the women are enjoying the spoils. Pause from your head-shaking for just a minute to savor one of the truly wonderful human oxymorons of all time. If only Donna could act...

The departure of "A Prairie Home Companion." This one didn't get nearly the press that any of the others did, but it perhaps has the most long-term historical significance. Politicians come and go, and current issues desolve into "Trivial Pursuit" stumblers. But for 14 years Garrison Keillor and his beloved friends from Lake Wobegon brought to the American scene a cultural phenomenon that will not soon be forgotten.

From the Sidetrack Tap to Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery to the Our Lady of Perpetual Responsibility Catholic Church, this fictitious Minnesota hamlet was the address of an America vanishing too fast and remembered by too few. The unforgettable sponsors — Powdermilk Biscuits, Bertha's Kitty Boutique, the Fearmongers Shop and all the rest — reminded us of what is, and perhaps what should not be, important to us.

Keillor has moved to Denmark with a new wife and family and new dreams to pursue. He has, in his words, returned to "the life of a shy person." He will continue to write, and we will continue to benefit from his gifts. But an era has passed.

Sennett is a graduate student in philosophy and campus minister with College-Career Christian Fellowship.

Just who are these people trying to kid?

Nobody remembers what happened in these top-level meetings dealing with national security. Nobody even keeps notes.

Comforting, huh?

It's nice to know that top-level administrators in the U.S. government have meetings they can't remember. Ronald Reagan, of course, has an excuse. He was probably asleep.

I just don't buy it. Sure, I understand not remembering some minor things, like shipping some unauthorized arms to Israel or El Salvador. Maybe some things happen so often that people can't be expected to remember it all.

I can't remember what I had for breakfast on a certain day in December 1985, but I know it wasn't a nuclear warhead.

Ollie North seems to be the only one who knows anything, and he has immunity from criminal prosecution.

How convenient. Ollie takes the fall, but doesn't really, and the rest don't remember.

So what happened. From North we know the United States, one of her many undercover forms, sold arms to Iran for a huge profit.

Yes, this is the same Iran that held so many Americans hostage during the Carter administration. National security, I guess, makes strange bedfellows.

Next, these huge profits were used to send economic and military aid to the contras, even though Congress had earlier decided that the United States had sent enough aid to the contras.

Where there's a will there's a way.

Congress, according to my high-school civics teacher, is the governing body that makes the law. The executive branch, headed by Bonzo and his merry

minstrels of destruction, carries out and enforces these laws.

Now we see the formation of yet another branch, which we call the covert branch. This can loosely be compared to Freud's id. If things in Congress don't go the way the executive branch wants, it turns to the covert branch of the government, which goes ahead and does things anyway.

And to prove just how covert the whole branch is, when something goes wrong, no one can remember that anything went on in the first place.

Except Ollie North. And he has immunity.

He's a hero.

I hear there's even talk of making a movie about him.

In the meantime, all the American people can do is trust in their country and the man who supposedly runs it.

Reagan said that as far as he knows, no laws were broken and no one has done anything wrong.

And I believe him, as far as he knows.

Two things come to mind: First, what if every man in America starts running his life according to top-level administrators in the United States government.

"Where were you last night?"

"I don't remember."

"Where did that lipstick come from?"

"I don't recall."

"Whose phone number is on this slip of paper?"

"Hold on, let me shred that."

And second, will Eden and Cruise ever get back together, and why is "As the World Turns" using the same storyline they used four years ago?

Do they think we're stupid, or what?

Allen is a graduate student and Daily Nebraskan entertainment editor.