

Daily  
**Nebraskan**

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## Red Letter problem

Visitors warned; parking shortage exists

**G**ood morning seniors! (High school seniors, that is.) So you've come to UNL's Red Letter Day to check out the state's flagship institution of higher learning. You say you're thinking about joining the rest of us here in good ol' Huskerville. Looking for enlightenment? Independence? A good party?

You probably can find a lot of things you're looking for here -- with a few exceptions.

Say, did you have a problem finding a parking space this morning?

Probably not.

UNL officials kindly have made plenty of room for their potential customers today and every Red Letter Day.

Take advantage of this generosity -- it won't last long. Once you sign the check, move into a residence hall and start hunting for classes next fall, parking spaces might not be so easy to find.

See, UNL students who already have signed the checks have a significant problem on their hands. In addition to forking up major cash for tuition, books, housing and food, these students also have given UNL a lot of money to ensure themselves parking spaces on campus.

The problem is that even though these students have paid, they can't always find a space. UNL lots have been oversold; so when students need the spaces most, the lots often are filled. If students do manage to find parking spaces, often they are located in poorly lit areas, several blocks away from campus.

UNL officials say they are trying to address this problem as quickly as possible. But students who have been here a while aren't holding their breath. (Students tend to learn a great deal about bureaucracy at UNL -- whether they want to or not.)

Now, discouraging a potential classmate and fellow student-fee payer from coming here just because of a lousy parking problem would be silly and downright unneighborly.

But if you happen to have a car and are planning to join the rest of us, you might want to do yourself a favor and ask a friendly UNL administrator what he or she plans to do to ensure you a parking space.

It could prevent some major hassles down the line.

-- Lee Rood  
for the Daily Nebraskan

## Daily Nebraskan topics becoming boring

The other day I turned to the fifth page of the DN and guess what I saw? More opinions on the Florida rape case (surprise, surprise). The rapist had no right to act as he did, the woman should have dressed more responsibly, and the jury's decision was probably wrong. Everyone has their opinions. Everyone knows where they stand. Between this and the gripes (or compliments) on

"Jim's Journal," the Daily Nebraskan is getting a little monotonous. Somewhere I'm sure that a controversial decision on abortion is being made. Can we change the subject to that?

Nick Rhodes  
advertising  
junior

## UNL needs lobbying group

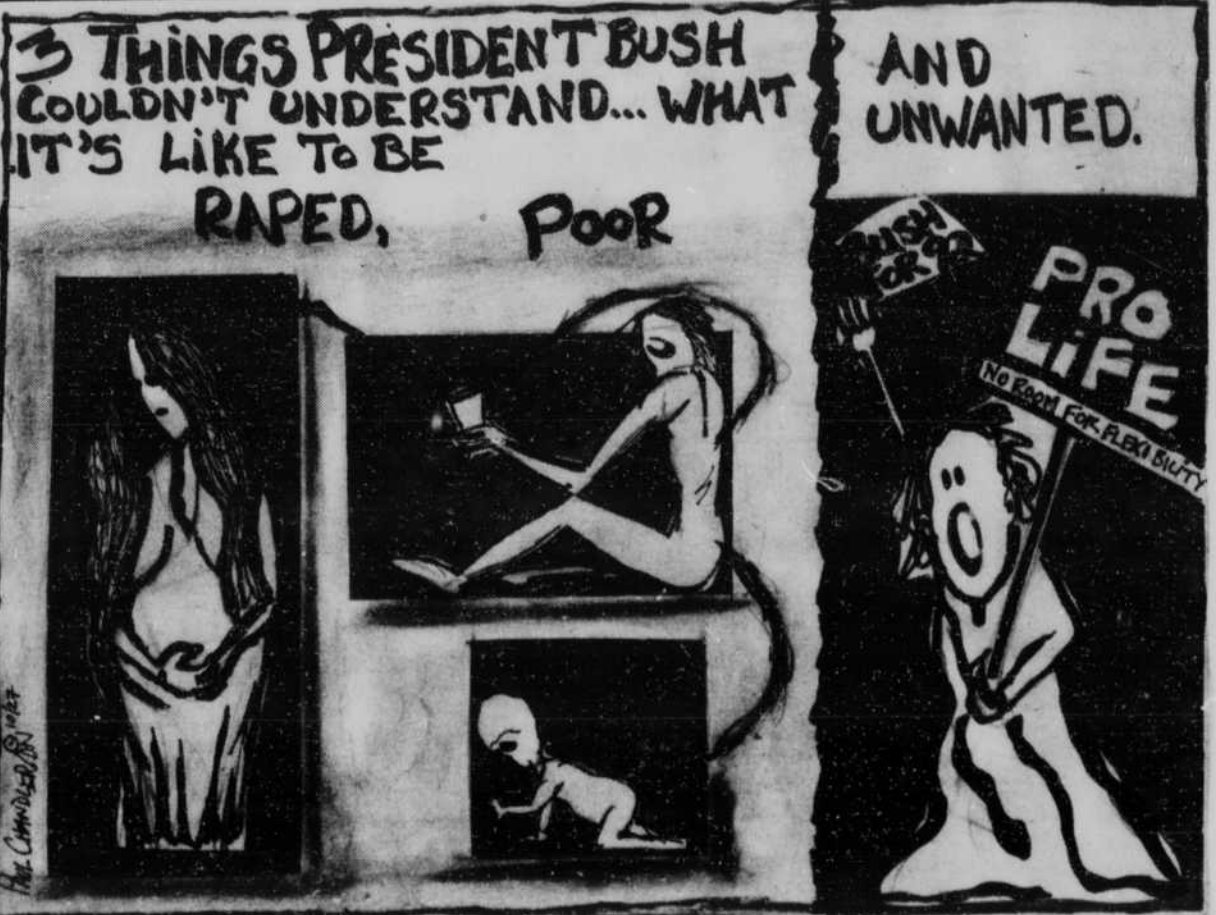
Having a student voice that can influence the NU Board of Regents is an important concern, but can we approach the problem another way? To give a student regent a vote on the board presents a problem. For those of us who are residents of the state of Nebraska we would be able to vote once for a regent in our home districts, then we would be able to vote again for a student regent. "One man, one vote" is one of the basic principles of our government. Unless we could discover some way in which to vote once for a student regent alone, we would be overrepresented; however, the sentiment on campus seems to be that we are not being represented well enough.

Is there a way to solve this problem without a student regent? I think so, one only has to look at another fundamental principle of our government: The will of the people. If we could turn the student populations of

the University of Nebraska system into a powerful political force, we could become an important lobbying group at the regents' board, the capitol and in elections. If we had a central organization to coordinate campaigns in our students' home districts, perhaps we could sway an election to a candidate of our choice, a candidate with the backing of a Nebraska University Students' Lobby. And if our candidates fail to be responsive, we vote them out.

It's a thought to consider, and I leave it in the laps of those with the resources available to organize such an effort. And if such an organization were to come to life, I have two willing hands to offer as a volunteer and I hope other students feel the same way.

Eric Kaldahl  
anthropology  
freshman



## Need for sleep hurts grades

Turning off the alarm seems like the right decision at the time

**H**ere I am in my fourth year at the university and I still haven't decided if I'm fit for the college experience. It's not as though I've been experiencing one long, festering period of self-doubt. It comes in waves, sometimes triggered by specific events.

This time, it's seasonal. Once again, I'm finding myself in the middle of a mediocre semester, and I'm digging myself in deeper. It's nothing new. I've done it before, but this time the feelings are complicated by the desire to make a... (gasp)... career move. For the first time, I want to get the hell out of here, and by that I mean graduate.

There are many ways to leave a university. I could buy a cheap van, paint flowers all over it (though fractals would be more my style) and head out to California to find myself. I could get married and have children (or vice versa) and spend a decade or so living from paycheck to paycheck. I could even run home to Podunk, Nebraska and cower in the security of the familiar home town.

None of these are methods for finding happiness. I never could feel comfortable in my home town, not even when I lived there. Living from paycheck to paycheck sounds a lot like stagnation. Furthermore, I'm convinced that finding myself lies in getting an education.

But that doesn't mean that I'm looking very hard. Sure, I'd love to find myself, and I love to learn. Thinking is my favorite pastime, and being scholarly is a real rush. I give myself pep-talks nightly before I crash, but when morning rears its ugly head, nothing is more precious than sleep.

Oh, sleep! That evil drug! My fellow classmates are climbing the mountain of success while I'm feeding my addiction. How easy it is to turn off the alarm and go back to hugging the mattress. It always seems like the right decision at the time, but without fail, I regret it later.

Apparently, I'm not the only person with this affliction. If the subject has been the focus of a "Jim's Journal" (sorry to bring Jim into this, for those of you who have short attention

spans), then it is phenomena shared by millions. That much is certain. It's because Jim is an ordinary guy. He lives a boring life, and he thinks mundane thoughts. For weeks I've

Pohl  
Longsine



been faithfully following the tales of Jim and his pop-tart eating, game-show viewing friends, and I've felt above it all.

I hear people say things like, "God, I mean, I find myself doing that, like, sooo often," and I sit back smugly and praise myself for not really being a part of it all. I used to think that anybody who identified with Jim was in really sad shape.

But Thursday morning -- I mean, afternoon -- I grabbed a copy of the Daily Nebraskan and saw my miserable existence distilled down to a handy, bite-sized comic strip. Jim cut me down to size, and I spent the rest of the day feeling like a boring person.

Feeling boring hurts. I try very hard to make myself an interesting, literate person. I quote lines from Godel, Escher and Bach like some people quote Monty Python. I could talk your ear off about fractal geometry. I follow current events, and I can hold my own in a conversation about almost anything. I can play both the piano and the guitar. I even have a fine sense of humor.

Here, let me show you: This duck walked into a pharmacy. He said, "Give me some ChapStick, put it on my bill" (budump-chink).

Not bad, huh? I've got a million of 'em. But all of this means nothing to me now, for all that I am has been encapsulated by four panels of Jim. I couldn't feel more worthless.

As luck would have it, my future is bound by my biology. My need for sleep is the only obstacle standing between myself and graduation. Sleep is a beautiful, seductive and

sometimes coy mistress at night. She is insatiable in the hours before noon, but she leaves with cold suddenness, taking everything but the faint echoes of nonsensical dreams.

And the realization that I've missed class again. I've gotta quit you, babe. My grades are suffering.

But, as I've said before, I'm obviously not the only one who has this addiction. The symptoms are similar to the symptoms of alcoholism: threatened self-image, the inability to "say when," and the "morning regrets." It is obviously a problem when it starts to interfere with other areas of your life. Is help available to those who suffer from this?

Of course not. Society scorns oversleeping. Its victims are swept under the rug. A hostile finger might be shaken at them, but for the most part this problem has gone unnoticed. I think that it is time that this forgotten segment of society be recognized.

But, alas, this will probably not happen. At least not until it becomes the disease-of-the-week on the nightly news. Or until there is a made-for-television movie about it. Ed Asner and Goldie Hahn star in "The Yearning Bed?" Nah, it'll never happen.

In my quest for graduation, I will suffer the consequences of my own actions. Any class that I miss is my own responsibility. It stems from my inability to just say no. Considering the situation -- a mid-semester slump and the desire to move on with my life -- I cannot afford to let this continue any longer. My future, and my happiness, are at stake.

If I am fortunate, and if I become the captain of my own destiny, then I eventually will earn a degree. I will find a truly rewarding job and, perhaps, myself. My feelings of inadequacy and UNL both will be far behind me; the treasures of the future will unfold before me. That would be the only way to leave the university with class.

Provided I don't sleep through it all.

Longsine is a senior computer science and mathematics major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

## editorial

Signed staff editorials represent the official policy of the fall 1988 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. Its members are Amy Edwards, editor; Lee Rood, editorial page editor; Jane

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