

Daily Nebraskan
Editorial Board
University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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Message is bold

Officials lack proper respect for students

Are students not as important as other people? Judging from comments Saturday (Robert Allen) and Monday (Ron Fuller), students don't deserve the same standards as the rest of the population.

Allen, an NU regent from Hastings, showed his disrespect for students when he opposed a fine arts building for the University of Nebraska at Omaha at an NU Board of Regents meeting last weekend.

The building, projected to cost \$11.5 million, has a curved wall covered with red brick. Allen, who has opposed designed architecture in the past, challenged the need for the design on a university campus.

"It's very fancy for a student," he said.

So if the building were designed to accommodate the NU Board of Regents, it might be OK?

Fuller, staff assistant at the UNL Police Department, showed his lack of knowledge about students' lives when he raised opposition to a proposal introduced Monday by Parking Advisory Chairman Doug Oxley.

Oxley's proposal allows students to purchase the same parking permits as staff and faculty members and compete with them for close parking spaces.

Fuller opposed the plan because he thinks faculty spend more time at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

"These individuals are here all the time for years, while students are here only for four years and then they're gone," Fuller said. "Students aren't dealing with the real world as much."

Not dealing with the real world?

What about the large percentage of students who have full-time jobs, or more than one part-time job, while taking a full load of classes? What about those students who do that while supporting a family?

Fuller is the one not dealing with the real world. Many students spend their entire day on campus -- not just 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. -- and work downtown or have to rush to an evening job later.

Convenient, safe parking is a must for those students to allow them to work to pay for school.

The regents passed the building proposal and the parking advisory committee took some good action to make parking on campus safer, so Allen's and Fuller's comments at least did not halt some progress.

But they do send a message to students that they don't have the right people representing them and making decisions that affect them.

Officials, who supposedly are in positions to make educated decisions about the quality of education and life for students, should be people who realize that students deserve that quality education and life.

-- Amy Edwards
for the Daily Nebraskan

"GLORY" TOOK PLACE DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR WHEN ALL MEN WERE FINALLY ALLOWED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE ONE ANOTHER IN BATTLE...



I SAW MORE ACTION IN THAT MOVIE THAN I DID IN PANAMA.



Mind games are dangerous

Nightmares spring from subliminal late-night programming

Look, I have Bush waiting on line two. I have three Supreme Court Justices and Nelson Mandela on line three, I have to fly to Moscow in two minutes, and before I go, I have to write a book on the origins of the universe. I don't care if God is in the waiting room, you moron! I'm busy! Should I fire you?"

"No, please don't, sir. I realize how incredibly powerful and busy you are... but it's your mother."

"Oh. Send her in."

"Hi, Mom."

"Bob, you look thin."

"I've gained 30 pounds."

"Have you been eating?"

"Yes."

"Don't lie to me. I'm your mother."

"You're right."

"Here's a potato."

"Thank you."

"Eat it!"

"But Mom..."

"Do you want your eyes to cross?"

"What?"

"Did you take your medicine?"

"I don't have any medicine."

"I didn't ask if you had any medicine."

"You're right."

"Did you take your medicine?"

"I'm not sick."

"Well, of course you're not. You took your medicine."

"No, Mom, I mean I wasn't..."

"Take more!"

If I remember correctly, the nightmare took a weird twist there. Things started crawling out of things they shouldn't have, and my mother pulled a pill the size of Divine from her hip pocket. I woke up sweating from my eyeballs and screaming "I'M NOT SICK! I'M NOT SICK!" at which time my landlord (also a mother) pounded on the floor and screamed through the vent, "Are you sick?" I said no, and she said something about warm milk and turning down the television.

Childbirth, my mother likes to tell me, feels like pulling a bowling ball from your ear. She also has compared giving birth to pulling a bathtub from your nose, a dishwasher from your mouth and a Toyota Landcruiser from your navel.

Because of the physical torture of

childbirth, mothers take revenge on the child by becoming "concerned." With this "concern," the mother can justify stuffing a child with pills or pieces of food that are the same size as the child was at birth. The child will physically benefit from the mother's concern, but will be awakened in the middle of the night by nightmares when he or she is 22.

Well, I'm quite a ways into my 22nd year, so I'm used to these kind of nightmares. In fact, I kind of like them.

But for some reason, this one was different. It was kind of disturbing.

So I crawled out of bed, grabbed a glass of milk, turned down the volume on my Zenith and began watching a 30-minute commercial that was already in progress.



Bob Nelson

I'm sure you've seen these commercials. Some rabid businessman rants and raves in front of a heavily-paid studio audience about his \$89.95 cassette collection that, if purchased, will make you a millionaire or at least really popular with the ladies. Then, after a few minutes of raving, the commercial breaks to a commercial for the cassette tapes.

Yeah. A commercial within a commercial. It's like those really horrible nightmares you have in which you wake up only to find out that you didn't actually wake up. They're horrible because after you wake up again, you spend most of the following day wondering if you're still asleep in bed.

But it's a brilliant scam. A human parasite and a big promise preying on downwardly-mobile insomniacs who see themselves at broadcast time two eternities from substantial human interaction or self-actualization.

More or less, it's television at its filthiest, stripped of the glamour and subtleties, and aimed point-blank at the pocketbook of the naturally re-

jected. Loneliness and failure are gold mines in all advertising, but late at night, nobody has the time or money for the sheep's clothing.

The commercial I watched had an ex-sitcom star (who I had thought died some years back) and Fran Tarkington helping some guy sell his tapes. All three men said that if I bought the tapes, I would be so successful that George Bush, three Supreme Court Justices and Nelson Mandela would call me and let me put them on hold.

I'm not sure if they were joking. One of the tapes these guys were selling was a "subliminal message tape." They said if you play the tape while you sleep, you'll wake up believing that you have the capability to be successful.

If you've ever seen "A Clockwork Orange," you realize the potential dangers of "improving" people by manipulating their subconscious. Now add the fact that twisted money-grubbing human parasites are "improving" depressed insomniacs, and I think you'll realize that we have a problem.

I've had dreams related to television before. I've woken from riding the range while a cowboy movie was on my television. I've dozed-off just before "MASH" and dreamt about Vaudeville.

But this was the first time I've woken from a dream that related to a commercial in which tapes were being sold that could improve me while I slept. I don't know what it all means. It just seems kind of sinister and pathetic.

I think I'm just used to having my subconscious shaped by someone who is doing it in my best interest. Parents do all the horrible things they do out of love, which beats the hell out of someone doing it for money.

Making human beings is a touchy business and a power that should be kept from unconcerned individuals. Maybe subliminal, tape-recorded messages should be outlawed.

Or maybe I should just turn off the television before I fall asleep. Mom always said I would burn out the picture tube.

Nelson is an editorial columnist, the Daily Nebraskan editorial page editor and a senior news-editorial major.

opinion READER

Deeds' babbling annoys reader

Michael Deeds is babbling again. In his Feb. 19 article, he criticizes Michael Stipe, Sting, Morrissey and other musicians for jumping on the "cause" bandwagon. Apparently, he believes they are doing this so their records will sell. If he is ignorant enough to think that the music these people make is not solid enough to sell on its own, he should not be writing about music.

"Change," Deeds tells us, "will come when enough people think the same thoughts." Yes, Michael, you are correct. Tom Petty and Michael Stipe are both working to encourage the same thoughts and force the same changes. Calling Stipe and others

hypocrites or liars because their methods are more straight forward and outspoken is an incredible injustice to them.

Deeds encourages artists to "use their art forms" to make some good out of the cause movement and then backhands MTV for doing their part. There are people who are with the cause because it is in vogue, and MTV may be among those, but if it will get people to think about what we are doing to our planet then it has some worth to it.

Malcom Miles
senior
criminal justice

editorial

Signed staff editorials represent the official policy of the spring 1990 Daily Nebraskan. Policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board.

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

letter

Readers also are welcome to submit material as guest opinions. Whether material should run as a letter or guest opinion, or not to run, is left 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 Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.