

opinion/editorial



Political unrest shaking Somoza

Nicaragua's embattled dictator, Anastasio Somoza, is hanging onto his job by the fingernails. His military subordinates are talking openly about a coup to depose him, and parts of Nicaragua have been paralyzed by a general strike.

The resentment against the Somoza family has been simmering for years. It openly erupted last January after the assassination of Pedro Joaquin Chamorro. Chamorro was a brave journalist who had dared to criticize the dictatorship. His murder was the last straw for many political and business leaders.

jack anderson

United States playing wrong side of the field in foreign policy games

Heavy fighting continued in Nicaragua Thursday as Sandinista guerrillas held three northwestern Nicaraguan cities, and reinforced manned barricades on the Pan American highway against President Anastasio Somoza's National Guard.

Fighting was reported in Rivas, 80 miles south of the country's capital, Managua, and 15 miles from the Costa Rican border. The Sandinista guerrillas also were reported regrouping for an attack on Masaya, 18 miles southeast of the capital.

In Masaya, the dictator has imposed martial law and his troops have carried out house-to-house searches of Masaya to arrest or shoot any men they find.

The American people must help force this barbaric dictator from office.

His troops are fighting children and killing people with American-made guns.

How long must the economic gains of American business rule in Third World countries?

We are supplying weapons to monsters such as Iran's Shah and Nicaragua's dictator.

Yet, the weapons are now working against Somoza. The Sandinistas have been acquiring more U.S.-made weapons, which questions the supposed upper hand of Somoza's troops.

Somoza has attacked the press, something which must be free. Pedro Joaquin Chamorro, a Nicaraguan journalist was assassinated, and all fingers point to Somoza.

We can only reinforce UNL Prof. Roberto Esquenazi-Mayo's opinion which says the dictator's regime represents "power to the ultimate."

The journalism professor also said, "It's a tyrannical power without respect for any opposition. The regime of Somoza is an insult to the human race."

Americans must take a closer look at U.S. foreign policy and not only express care for other people, but demonstrate support for them.

We had worked closely through intermediaries with Chamorro. He helped us to document stories about Somoza. For example, we reported that the Somoza family had its fingers in virtually every business enterprise in the country. This was denied by Somoza's spokesmen in Managua and Washington.

We now have obtained classified State Department documents to back the story. One describes the Somozas as fabulously wealthy. It is "highly unlikely," said the document, that the Somozas "pay taxes proportionate with their wealth." Another document charges that Somoza has used his dictatorial power "to advance his own business interest."

We also reported that the terrible earthquake in Managua offered Somoza yet another opportunity to stuff his pockets. This too was vigorously denied by his spokesman.

Another classified cable, however, states that many Somoza enterprises were damaged by the earthquake but that "many will prosper from the reconstruction."

The cable points out, for instance, that Somoza owned a company that makes construction materials. This was expected to profit on the reconstruction of Managua. The classified document also declares that Somoza's cement plant "should hit full capacity."

According to the cable, the dictator's transportation, banking, real estate and farm equipment companies could expect "a banner year" in rebuilding Managua. Despite the earthquake, the U.S. diplomats concluded, "we believe that 1973 will be a good year for the Somozas in general, and the General in particular."

Somoza survived the 1972 earthquake. But he may be brought down by the political earthquake that is now rocking Nicaragua. (Copyright), 1978, United Features, Syndicate, Inc.

For those who have found 'truth': keep it to yourselves

Pythagoras, the sixth century philosopher who gave western civilization mathematical religion, supposedly said, "Life is like a festival; just as some come to the festival to compete, some to ply their trade, but the best people come as spectators, so in life the slavish men go hunting for fame or gain, the philosopher for truth."

His observance seems born of a bit of self-conceit, but then to live with yourself you can't go around condemning your profession.

kate gaul

And his rhetoric is buttressed by other classics that urge the earth-bound mortal to hunt for truth. Eastern religions abound with truth-hunting formulas and good old Christian dogma urges God-fearing individuals to traverse the path of goodness. Supposedly the traveler will find a pot (a pan?) of truth at the end of her quest.

Looking for truth

So here I am in Lincoln, Nebraska, peeking about the nooks and crannies, gleaning O St. for a nebulous thing called truth.

It's not all that easy.

How do I know it when I find it?

I spend a lot of time seated quietly in the union, eyes scanning the kaleidoscope of sights and sounds, not a book spread on the table before me. Sometimes I sit for hours spectating. I go home and sit idly before my typewriter, sigh, and watch *Starsky and Hutch*. It's all vaguely unsettling.

I don't think about truth very much, actually, because if I did, I'd have to define it. Is truth universal or is it different for me than for you? Does it involve that hazy social formula for behavior called morals? Is it hot or cold?

There is one thing I see, read, hear a lot of in my spectator's seat. Evidently a lot of folks think they've found truth, or something akin. Their insistence annoys me. If it's so real, why can't I find it for myself?

There seems to be a lot of individuals and a lot of dogma, floating about, most

of which I've scrutinized and rejected (some accepted and modified). But they're still panhandling it, on the streets, in shopping centers, in churches. They seem to follow the cliché that if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for you. Hey, maybe it's good, but it's not right for me.

In college I'm getting caught in a vacuum as young people—some out from under the parental thumb for the first time, others just somewhat confused by youth—rush headlong to grab themselves a lifestyle. Presumably a lifestyle patterned on what is right for them, but all too often prefabricated on what was someone else's niche.

Lifestyle peddlers

There's all sorts of lifestyle peddlers on campus; several religiously oriented groups had booths set up in the union during the first week of classes. I guess they're all promising truth, too.

In the larger scope of beasts and things, there are several movements that vie for control of my being: Phyllis Schaffly wants to curtail my potential; she knows the Equal Rights Amendment will actually abridge my human rights. Anita Bryant wants to tell me who I can love. Belief groups who frown on abortion feel that their disapproval should be written into the constitution.

There are right-wingers, there are left-wingers; there are Moonies, there are Baptists. My head swims with all the truth they've found. I wish they'd shut up and let me sit in the union and at my typewriter and let me revel in my own uncertainty.

Hey, there's an ad in the Village Voice Bulletin Board which runs continuously, issue after issue. It says, "Learn to leave your body," and gives a phone number. Wow!

