

Editorial

U.S. role in Nicaragua hypocritical

Every time the embassy in Lebanon has been attacked by terrorists President Reagan condemned the act and promised retribution. Terrorism is a barbaric, uncivilized and un-Christian way to go about achieving one's goals, Reagan has said.

The same man has staunchly defended the covert war against Nicaragua. The latest U.S. contribution to the resistance is a CIA manual provided to the FDN, or Nicaraguan Democratic Force. It contains instructions on how to terrorize. It's titled "Psychological Operations in Guerrilla War."

The manual was distributed to the FDN last year, according to an Associated Press story in Monday's Lincoln Star.

FDN's president denied the manual was from the CIA, but AP verified its origin "independently by U.S. intelligence sources."

The book counsels against "explicit terror," but endorses the "selective use of violence" against Nicaraguan judges, police and other officials. The story says the book does not use the words "assassinate" or "kill," but the language used indicates physical force is intended.

"If possible, professional criminals should be hired to carry out specific, selective jobs," it says. The manual also advises rebels to lead "demonstrators into clashes with the authorities, to provoke riots or shootings, which lead to the killing of one or more persons, who will be

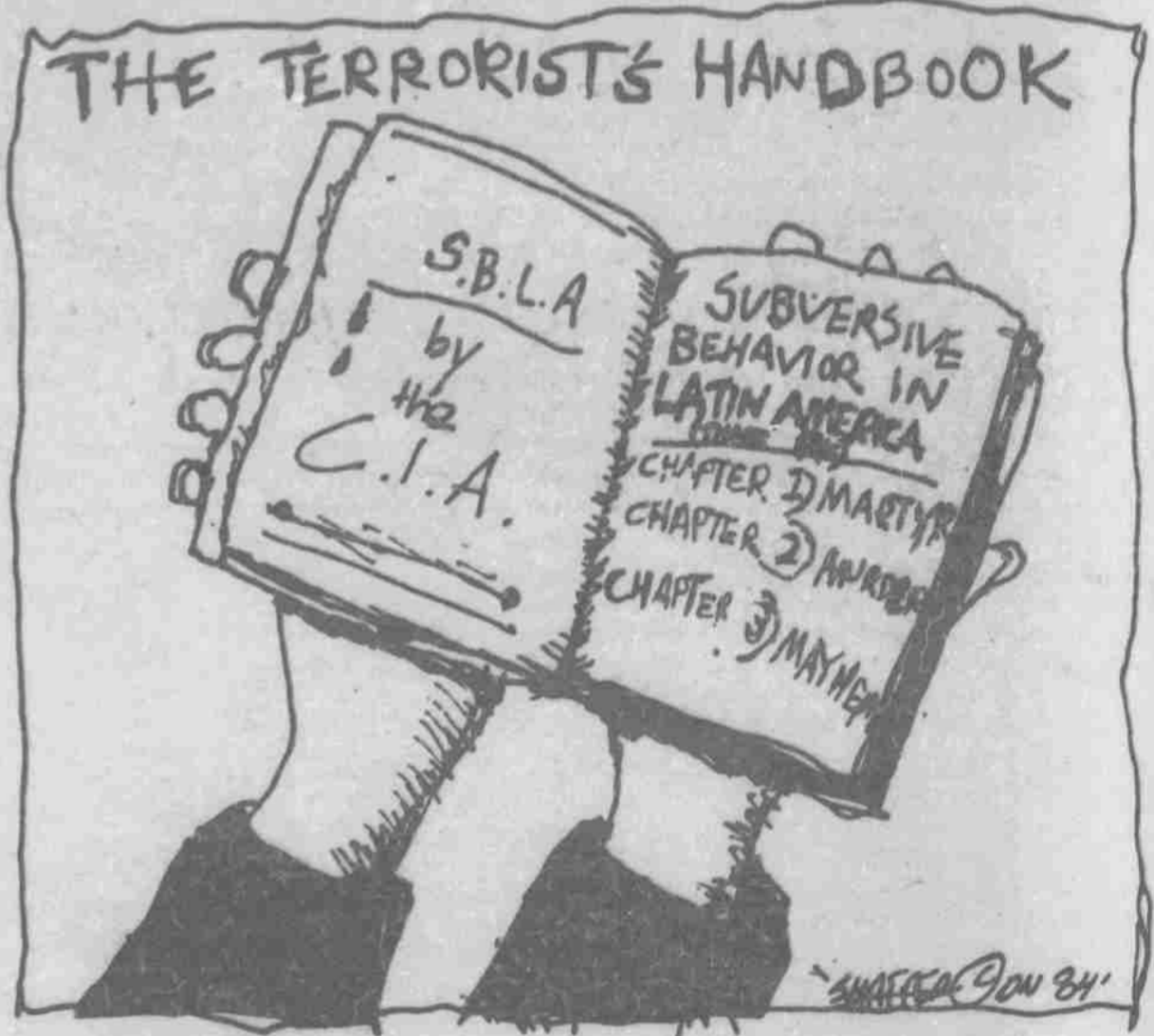
seen as the martyrs; this situation should be taken advantage of immediately against the government to create even bigger conflicts." That's called inciting a riot and it is illegal in the United States.

We are supporting terrorism in Nicaragua with our tax dollars. We support it through propaganda like the aforementioned manual and we support it with weapons and officers for training.

Reagan maintains Nicaragua is trying to export communism and rebellion to other Central American countries. That is his justification.

One can't export revolution like bananas. Nor can communism be exported like a produce. Nicaraguan officials maintain that they are not "exporting" their government. Right now, they're busy with the FDN and CIA. Even if Nicaraguans sought to ship communism to other countries, the conditions have to be ripe within the country. If the people are desperate, they may rebel — but it will come from inside the country. A content population, communist or capitalist, will not take up a new government for no reason.

Even if communism and revolution could be exported, the CIA's attempts to overthrow the Sandinista regime are hypocritical. The Reagan Administration decries and supports terrorism at the same time. Communist or capitalist, Moslem or Christian people die because of terrorist acts. It's barbaric and uncivilized no matter who is behind it.



Mid-life beauty cults

For those of you who missed it, Sophia Loren turned 50. We are told that she celebrated her birthday publicly in a shopping mall in Atlanta. What glamorous errand had brought the Italian movie star to the mall? Had she run out of candles or pantyhose?

No, Sophia Loren had joined the bustling ranks of certifiably older women promoting beauty. By now it appears that nearly all the women who are pumping

and priming, selling their shapes and their books on the circuit, are more than halfway through the average life expectancy.

Ellen Goodman

Only last year Joan Collins, 50, wrapped her body in nothing but boas for Playboy. Before that Jane Fonda, 46, began bumping and posing as a 44-year-old yoga pinup queen and Sophia Loren hustling for Coty and a book of beauty tips. Middle age is so popular that soon a younger woman may have to lie to get a publisher, or endorse a face cream.

It was hard enough trying to look like a model in Seventeen when you were a teenager. How many of us suspected that we would be compared to Linda Evans at 40? Indeed, think of the women who have spent five decades being measured against Sophia Loren. Is it any wonder that they are fans of Elizabeth Taylor?

The central notion of the middle-aged, show-and-sell routine is that if SHE can look that good at 50, so can you. Just follow the directions on the package or

the book. This is a bit like saying that if Shirley MacLaine can dance at 50, you can dance at 50. (Dear Diary: Can I look like Catherine Deneuve at 41? Dear Writer: Did you look like Catherine Deneuve at 20?)

The sales pitch of beautydom is generally accompanied by a charming disclaimer of youth. Loren, for example, writes in her new book, that "this mature approach to beauty... does not depend on possessing the dewy cheeks of a teenager...." The secret in this advice is that Sophia Loren apparently had "dewy cheeks" as a teen-ager. The rest of us had zits. A few of us may have had muscles in youth; the rest had premature cellulite.

The new role models of mid-life assure us that they, too, were really awkward and unattractive in their youth. "I wasn't always considered beautiful," writes Loren. "When I was 13, my nickname was Toothpick...." Raquel Welch goes a bit further saying, "For the most part I see myself as a well-proportioned wimp."

But if you really think of Loren as a

toothpick and of Welch as a wimp, then I have some books, a line or two of beauty products and a lot of exercising just waiting for you.

As far as I can tell, not one of the new breed of mid-life beauties is going to make their peers feel good about themselves. It's Rosemary Clooney in a muumuu who makes them feel good.

We no longer look forward to letting go at 30. There is no thought of aging gracefully at 40. At 50, we are faced with a prospect of daily regimens to soften our skin and tighten our thighs. The end result of all this is that those of us who failed to look like Brooke Shields at 17 can now fail to look like Victoria Principal at 33 and Linda Evans at 41 and like Sophia Loren at 50.

When Gloria Steinem turned 50 this year, she updated her famous line from 40. She said, "This is what 50 looks like." With due apologies to the cult of mid-life beauty, allow me two words: "Not necessarily."

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Bloom County comic strip satisfies addiction to Doonesbury

Gary Trudeau and his comic strip Doonesbury have made their much heralded return to America's newspapers. The accolades are, however, inappropriate to say the least.

As far as I'm concerned, Trudeau shares the same moral plane as that of a sadistic heroin supplier. Recalling why I feel this way is painful. But if my story can prevent just one person from undergoing the same utter agony that I went through, then the pain of remembering will be well worth the cost. I'll start at the beginning,

Jim Rogers

in the words of Julie Andrews in The Sound of Music, "a very good place to start." The curtain opens back in my more tender years during the early seventies...

As a youngster, I perused comics daily. In fact, as youth is wont to do, it was the only portion of the newspaper I read. One momentous day the bane of the serious serial comic strip reader struck... Steve Canyon was replaced right in the middle of one of his exciting adventures. Sadly, not only were Steve's park ranger days not to entertain my youthful fancy any longer, but it was replaced by a comic strip with characters that had funny-



shaped noses and a weird title: Doonesbury. However, being the dedicated comic strip reader that I was, I began reading the strip. At first I liked it. After only a short while, I liked it a lot.

Time passed happily during that early period. My happiness was short-lived, however, for I discovered something which propelled me down the doomed road of Doonesbury addiction: I discovered that I could buy entire collections of Doonesbury strips at the bookstore for 75 cents. Not having to wait for a meager four-squared daily diet of the strip unleashed a ravenous Doonesbury desire within me.

I soon discovered that the more I read, the more I craved. My appetite was not muted by my indulgence, rather it was enlarged all the more. I eagerly awaited the shipment of the most recent comic

reprints. But whenever they arrived, I had to speed through the book in an hour just to stop the quaking of my hands. Only afterwards did I go back to relish each and every square, always hoping that I would not tire of the book before the next set of reprints. I was hooked and hooked good.

Just as any clever and perverse drug pusher does when he supplies goods to an addict, so too did Trudeau, and the price of the necessary goodie began to rise — 95 cents... \$1.25... \$1.75. I was desperate and began to sell my other books to support my Doonesbury habit.

My mother started to worry quite a bit after I overdosed on the huge four-color deluxe anniversary Doonesbury edition. I was bleary-eyed for days afterward. Only when I came to did I realize that in my craze I sold the family's Curtis Mathis for the last 43 cents I needed to pay for the book. But deep down I had no regrets. All I knew was that I wanted more and more. I was lost.

Then the fateful announcement, like a thunderbolt from the blue: no more goodies from Trudeau after the end of the year. I was horrified. How dare he do this? I wrote him, called him, cajoled and threatened him, but to no avail. I counted the passing days like a condemned man.

The day arrived. With my pallid, clammy hands I turned to the editorial page (where it appropriately had been moved

some time in the past). My mother heard my half-choked shriek from the kitchen and ran into my room finding me slumped over my desk. The Lincoln Journal had replaced Doonesbury with, of all things, Tank McNamara. That's like offering a watery gruel to the starving man who ordered a T-bone.

I continued in an excited, feverish state for I don't know how long. Days, weeks, months all ran together as grief exacerbated withdrawal symptoms. My eyes were bloodshot because of my continual weeping. The healthy, naturally rosy hue of my cheeks turned ashy white and only bones showed through my skin where once muscle had been.

During my rather lengthy convalescence, one day on a whim, I picked up the Lincoln Star and read the comics. Like the first small sip of cool, crystal clear water to the desert wanderer or the application of a cool, wet washcloth to a fevered brow, I read it with abundant delight; I had discovered the methadone of my Doonesbury addiction: Bloom County.

Sure Bloom County is addicting also, but like the methadone addiction which replaces the heroin addiction, the cravings are less intense and I can even go a few days without a strip-fix.

Well, that's my story. I no longer crave Doonesbury, but I cannot forget what Trudeau did to me.