

Another Notch in the Gun

by Sam Silva

It's been a few years since the second democratic election in Nicaragua's recent history catapulted a rather young and idealistic widow into the center of that country's political arena and into a surprising victory at the polls. When pollsters that the US government hired indicated a victory by Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega by a margin of about three percentage points, George Bush began intimating that the elections were a certain fraud; a political faux pas that the American people, true to their calling, ignored when it turned out that after the votes were counted Chamoro and her coalition had won.

A friend of mine with his own political bailiwick to defend called Chamoro a fascist. Then as now, publicly or otherwise, I begged to differ. I admitted that sooner or later no one other than an elitist dictator would satisfy the business interests of our country and intentions of our State Department, but I could not for the life of me believe that she was that person. And I still think I'm right. I told my friend that she wasn't the devil at all but an idiot, for all of her ludicrous comparisons of herself with Margaret Thatcher and a whole series of "of-the-age" euphemisms about decentralization which had nothing to do with any kind of Nicaragua other than the one she must have fantasized about at rich dinner parties she attended with her friends.

I said that for a year or two she would be immensely popular because a slew of bread and circus US foreign aid would be temporarily available as an interim part of our plans but that after that she would deal with a population which was, in spite of things such as rationing, used to thinking of itself under the Sandinistas as a population of citizens and not your typical tongue for the Patron's boot, and that because, in essence, her campaign promises were as ludicrous as those of one of our own politicians, when the aid dried up, they would be that much more annoyed.

In desperately trying to deal with a newly organized independent labor movement, Chamoro has begun to adopt a number of Contra style thug policies, breaking the heads of marching demonstrators and so on, and has even appointed a former Contra to head labor affairs at cabinet level.

The Sandinistas in the assembly have been rather critical of these tactics, but on most other levels have been cooperative in making the best of the president's bad policies, a fact which both Chamoro and the US State Department are willing to admit. I don't think that given their marginal level of activism these days the FSLN can conceivably be the people's choice, but whether it is them or someone else the next time around it will almost certainly be a socialist of some sort, and someone who our own dear government is not too likely to tolerate --- that is, assuming the elections are clean.

And this was, in essence, the basis of my prediction: while Chamoro is willing to bust the heads of a few union demonstrators, I don't believe that she would be in the business of stuffing ballots. Will she

DEMOCRATIC LOGIC AT WORK



Wild Kingdom

By Anthony Russo, Jr.



What to tell your professor when you blow off class	What NOT to tell your professor when you blow off class
1. "A distant relative died, and I had to go to the funeral." —GOOD (But, be sure you make up the relative, because if you use a real person and that person dies than you'll feel really bad.)	1. "I died." —BAD (Not only will this create immediate suspicion, but it is very difficult to prove.)
2. "I was very very ill." —GOOD	2. "I was very very ill because I washed down a bottle of tequila with a bottle of vodka, and spent most of the night projectile vomiting." —BAD (Too much detail.)
3. "While off campus visiting my sick grandmother, I got a flat tire." —GOOD	3. "Your lectures are so boring they make me want to run from your classroom, screaming, and slit my wrists." —BAD (Honest, but bad.)

run with a vice president who is some kind of Contra deputy? If so, there may be a solution to the puzzle. Perhaps he can claim a fraudulent electoral victory that leads to the glorious Somosista presidency for life . . . after putting a bullet in this naive woman's skull . . . and for good measure, why not blame it on the Communists.

EDITORIALS