

### The Daily Californian

Advanced literary experiments heaved up by the nascent Hemingways at work on the editorial pages of the illustrious *Daily Californian*, newspaper of the University of California at Berkeley:

*We have asked a random sample of Cal students—picked from among the staff writers of The Daily Californian—to record their memories of the first time they had sex.*

*The names have been changed to protect the innocent, and the not so innocent.*

Darleen

It was two summers after the Summer of Love. I was 19 and bored. It seemed I had always been bored. I was living with my boring parents, working at a boring clerical job, keeping desultory company with my boring friends from high school. I awoke each day at 6:15 a.m., got dressed, ate breakfast, and went to work in the thickening LA smog.

He at least was not boring, although he worked at the same place I did. He was an engineer—hardly thrilling—but he was Chicano (the only Chicano engineer there, and faintly exotic) and he confessed to me that he really wanted to be a writer. Salsa and sensitivity. He was also 25 and authentically cynical, unlike those college boys I'd known who affected cynicism in order not to appear naive.

Eventually, inevitably, we had our first real date. We were supposed to go to a movie, but the ticket line was too long, so we went back to his place and smoked dope and drank Liebfraumilch. I'd never before drunk anything but Red Mountain and Manischewitz. As a matter of fact, I'd never before been in a single man's apartment, alone. (Perhaps that explains why I'd been so bored.) He kissed superbly. I supposed I was seduced. He put on an Erik Satie record and took me to bed. I told him I was a virgin, trying not to sound coy. He was amused, paternal, knowing. He had condoms. I was amazed and relieved.

[February 25, 1977]

### Commonweal

During a puckish review of *The Taster's Guide to Beer*, *Commonweal's* associate editor, Mr. Raymond A. Schroth, offers reassurance to his readers of his fundamental commitment to high seriousness:

I won't buy the highly-touted Coors because I don't want my beer money supporting Coors family right-wing causes.

[September 16, 1977]

### The Greensboro [N.C.] Daily News

The sobering declamations of a thoughtful and courageous woman who in a saner world would doubtless head the National Endowment for the Humanities:

ALDERSON, W. Va. (AP)—Sara Jane Moore, convicted of trying to kill President Gerald Ford, claims she has been returned to her native state and a federal women's prison as a political prisoner.

"Of course it's safe to say if it weren't for my politics I wouldn't be here now," said the newest resident of the Federal Reformatory for Women.

"I think it's also safe to say I'm a student of Marxism and a socialist. Those are fog words that people immediately react to without understanding."

[July 20, 1977]

### Mother Jones

M. Jean De Savieu proudly relates his achievements and his insights to kindred spirits, manfully struggling against the terrors of the Mainstream:

Dear Mother:

I am an inmate in Statesville prison. I have been incarcerated for five years on a seven- to 12-year sentence for an armed robbery of the largest retail bookstore in Chicago on Christmas Eve. All I could carry was \$43,000 of their money.

I first got *Mother Jones* a few weeks ago from a brother who had gotten it from the library cart. He thought I would like to read your magazine because I am always saying that 90 per cent of books are written to make money (capitalism) and not to inform anyone.

However, I find *Mother Jones* to be relevant to surviving in the mainstream of American life. Y'all doing all right. Nonetheless, y'all still a bunch of white boys trying to clean up y'all's daddies' s--t!

Jean De Savieu  
Joliet, IL

[July 1977]

### Congressional Record

Another emotional moment on the floor of the United States House of Representatives, provided by the Rt. Hon. Richard Ottinger, Conscience of the House:

Mr. Speaker, it is nearly 30 years since the playwright Arthur Miller first shocked the American people with his "Death of a Salesman," a grim portrayal of the grueling life of a sales representative. Since that time, few advances have been made to improve the rights and working conditions of these important contributors to the American economy. They are in limbo between the powerful organizations of both labor and management. The salesman is not eligible for union membership; he has gained neither workmen's compensation nor unemployment insurance. The Willy Lomans of the United States still look to the Congress for the equitable working conditions they deserve. On their behalf, I urge my colleagues to lend their support to the Sales Representatives Protection Act.

[March 30, 1977]

### WomaNews

Ms. Flash Silvermoon lucubrating contagiously on the Church News page of *WomaNews*, the feminist paper from Gainesville, Florida:

As feminists, many of us have begun to unravel our way out of the man's web by rejecting his various priests and organized forms of male religions. But in the process, some of us have also rejected our own Spirituality; this is perhaps the greatest crime of all. They stole our religious concepts, gave them mastectomies, and tried to shove it back down our throats in a cellophane package complete with original sin and a one way ticket to hell if we didn't comply. Being women, we were in league with the devil anyway and have no souls to save.

...If you have succeeded in rejecting male religions, the next step, or perhaps it is the first step, is to bounce that god off his cloud. Male god-heads are a product of and breed self-hate in women. A spiritual gestapo can only create a fascist planet.

[January 1977]

### The Progressive

The simple wisdom of an astonished reader of *The Progressive* displayed in the correspondence section of that great organ of enlightened opinion:

I was astonished to read your statement in the April issue Comment, "President Carter deserves praise for his recent assertion that the United States 'will not back down' in its criticism of human rights violations in the Soviet Union and other nations of the Soviet bloc."

*Pravda* has warned: "Detente and the normal conduct of talks presuppose the establishment of trust between the negotiating parties and respect for the laws and traditions of each other, while attempts to exert pressure on us and to bargain for concessions of principles are bringing about an atmosphere of distrust."

I voted for President Carter, but I'm sure he is wrong in giving priority to Soviet dissidents rather than to detente and disarmament. Many thousands of our American dissidents in Canada and Sweden are not even free to come into the United States to visit their parents. And the conditions in which many of our more than 200,000 prisoners live are shocking.

President Carter's present priority on Soviet civil rights suggests to me that he has not learned much from Korea and Indochina. But he is capable, extremely intelligent—and he is listening. Let us express ourselves to him.

Alice Franklin Bryant, Seattle, Washington  
[June 1977]

### The New York Review of Books

From the salon intellectuals, still more scowls:

[T]he protests of the Sixties...did not cut deep enough: the major problems of the Fifties are still with us, and the Sixties' zeal for betterment has gone the way of all flesh, having dwindled into the activities of sober Naderites, ecologists, and careful lawyers. With the war over, the draft repealed, circumstances straitened, and lots of blacks in television commercials, most of the young have given up radical politics; they may be more pessimistic and skeptical than the young of the Fifties, but they are not much more politically inclined. If social improvement and political overhaul depend on rousing the young against the old, then we are surely lost. The cities are dying, the air and water are filthy, the corporations ride the economy, and we are no further from nuclear annihilation than we ever were.

[August 4, 1977]

### Forbes

The charm of an American business genius, displayed by Mr. Paul Charlap, chairman of Savin Business Machines Corp., in an interview for a leading business publication:

"You don't smoke, do you?" Charlap barks at his visitor. "I don't allow smoking in my house. Even my mother must smoke outside in the garden." Charlap doesn't drink liquor, either. At 52, small, bald and trim, he glows with physical fitness—testimony to daily, hour-long workouts in his basement gym. Then, as if he's explaining everything, Charlap says, "See those skateboards? They're mine, not my grandson's. I'm not the passive type. I have a tremendous energy level. I want to build a great, big company full of people with smiling faces."

[September 1, 1977]

archipelago of camps have simply disappeared from the public prints. The period is filled with industrial construction. The only explanation for this is that the leaders are psychologically unable to countenance truth, or to abandon the idea that the past is freely to be manipulated at their behest.

Unofficial memories must exist, although what one reads about young Germans' memories of Hitler gives some indication of what a puny political force private recollection may be.

For all this it would be incorrect to assume that the dominant impression that will be left with the readers of this book will be one of a machine gun uncovered. After all, we knew most of what this book could tell us all along. It is all in the newspapers and the public record. We just forgot, although to put it as flatly as that does not do justice to the energy and activity that must have gone into forgetting facts of this size. Two examples. Before Jimmy Carter advanced his proposals for deep cuts in the offensive forces of both sides in Moscow this year, the perennial cry of the left, and of Paul Warnke, was that the 1972 SALT agreement was worse than no agreement at all, that it did not reduce force levels but did increase the pressures for qualitative improvements. What was really

needed was a big reduction in the nuclear arsenals of the superpowers. Many of those same people now condemn the Carter proposals as rash and unfair to the Soviet Union, and there are very few people around to remind them of what they were saying two or three years ago.

After Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn emerged from the Soviet Union, both the gloomiest conservatives and the happiest liberals hoped for a regeneration of the moral strength of the West through his inspiration. Solzhenitsyn is all but forgotten now. In retrospect, the Soviet danger of which he warned appears to have existed in the public mind only as one in a succession of fashionable terrors that tingled peoples' spines. It was something to worry about after endangered species had become boring, but before we discovered the depletion of the ozone layer.

People do not like to remember uncomfortable facts, and this book, if it is read, will not be remembered. It is itself only a reminder of what we know already, and like most reminders, it will strike us as being tiresome and petty. The relentless and apodictic air of most of the essays will not help matters much. It is likely, therefore, that this book will earn only curt dismissals as "one more tirade on the Red menace."

But it should be read. And reread. ☐

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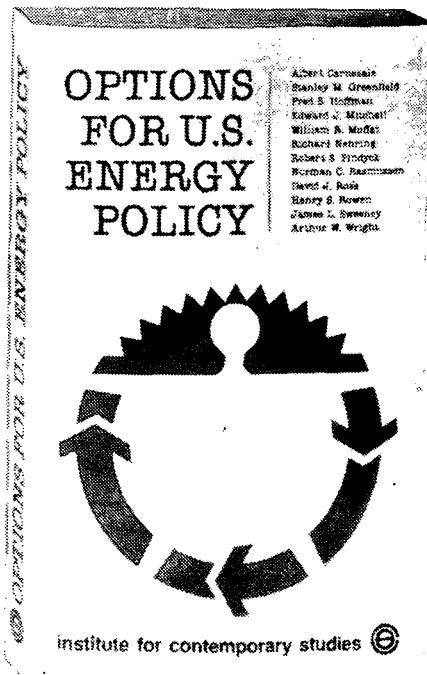
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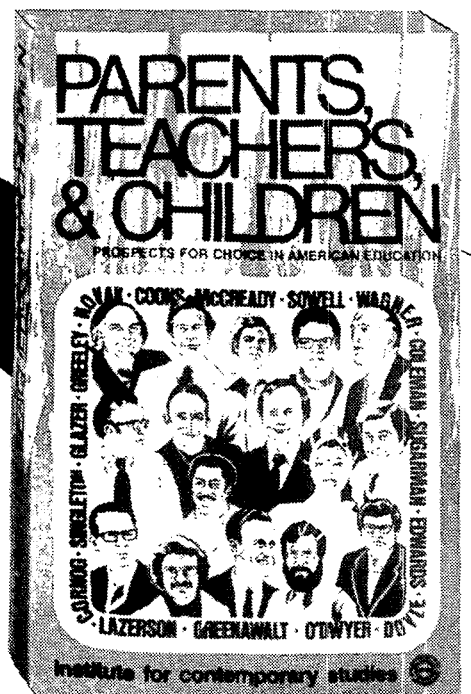
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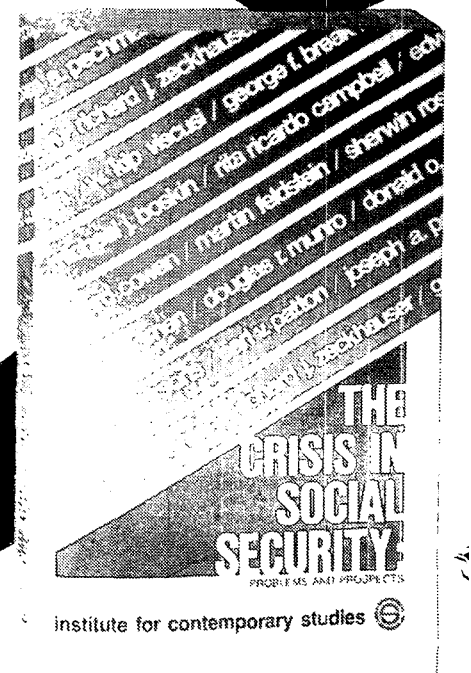
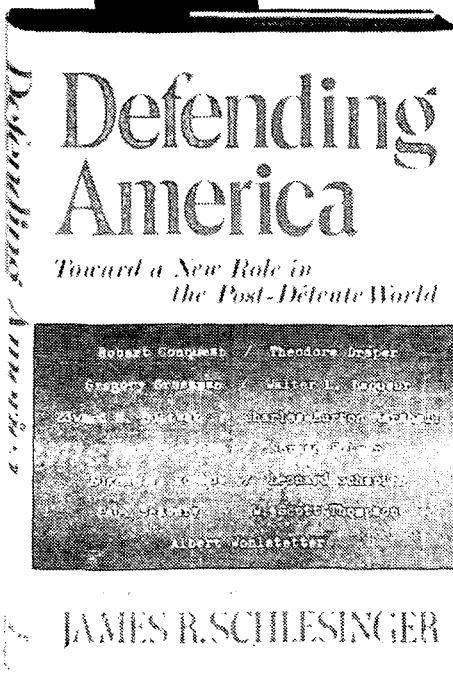
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