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The Wtopiam

Vol. 1, No. 4

A Journal of Anti-Jacobin Opinion

February 1972

The Whole Truth, And Nothing But

An Interview, of sorts
by Ira Toledo

One evening last week I was wondering just how any individual who runs a place like Drab College thinks about things. I was specifically interested in the opinions such a notable character might hold in relation to issues and policies which swirl about the Drab dust bowl. As I was quietly enjoying a few minutes of relief on my own bowl, the inspiration struck me to do a little research on that subject. And so, I decided to pay a visit to Dr. Carl Kotschlinger, Dean of Drab.

A glance at the man's credentials will tell you why he is the Dean of such a prestigious and burgeoning school as Drab College. He received a B. A. in sociology and a B. S. in astronomy from Grambling University. He was one of the first white, middle-class anglo-saxons to graduate from the school, a fact from which he takes great pride. Despite his occupation, he mentioned to me that he has found his B. S. extremely useful.

He received his M. A. and Ph. D. from Columbia, in the field of Urban Affairs. He served as an assistant to Mayor John Lindsay for three years, who called him "an exceptional man." He resigned quite unexpectedly from the Mayor's office for "reasons of health," a tremendous loss for the Lindsay administration indeed.

"The greatest trick of the devil is to convince you that he doesn't exist."

Baudelaire

* * *

Since coming to Drab, Dr. Kotschlinger has been a driving force in campus affairs. He was an influential figure for the inception of the independent study program at Drab, the Organic College, and was the innovator of the independent off-campus program, L. W. L. (Learning Without Limits.)

It's an invigorating climb down the winding concrete stairway to Dr. Kotschlinger's modestly furnished office in the basement of the Loduvit Hall.

The crape-framed portraits of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King which adorn the walls provide a simple testament to Dr. Kotschlinger's political devotion. In 1968 he was, of course, clean for Gene.

Courteously ushering me into his realm of influence, Dr. Kotschlinger was pleased as punch to answer my questions. He began by explaining the rapidly-changing nature of admission policies at Drab.

"Well, I would describe our admission policy here as, well, as sort of, what you might call 'Catch as Catch Can.' We assess the possibilities and make the best of what opportunities present themselves. Never look a gift horse.... I always say.

"Being a small, private institution with the natural financial difficulties which we encounter, we cannot be as selective as we would like."

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Eric Hoffer: Perceptive Contemporary Thinker
by Richard Harding

It is a misfortune when one dismisses whatever a prominent thinker has to say just because he expresses one or two opinions with which one disagrees. This is especially evident in the case of Eric Hoffer. It is difficult to deny that he has provided penetrating insights into one of the more ominous phenomena of modern times, that of the social, political, or nationalistic movement that demands absolute dedication and obedience of its followers. Also, however, he has made some rather critical remarks about student protest, and he endorsed the American policies in Vietnam which developed under the Johnson administration. Now one can find weaknesses in the former position, and it is difficult even to tolerate the latter. If, however, one decides for these reasons to give Eric Hoffer no further hearing, he will miss out on some really immense insights.

For example, he has perceived that one who joins a movement ostensibly dedicated to reforming a nation or social order is probably not motivated by selflessness or a love of humanity. Rather, he is using identification with this movement to escape a self which he despises, and which is ridden with guilt feelings. On the basis of this observation one readily understands the allure of such a movement to American college students. To begin with, the dominant social philosophy of American culture is liberalism. Historically speaking, this developed out of the Calvinist ethic. Its advocates therefore are prone to regard feelings of guilt and self-contempt as conducive to proper moral and social action. Now numerous American college students were brought up by liberal parents. It is practically inevitable that in a certain number of these upbringings inordinately strong self-deprecatory feelings should be inculcated in the child. When he begins to attend

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(cont. from p. 1, col. 2)

"You mean, we need the money, Dr. Kotschlinger?"

"Yes, in capitalistic terms, that's what I mean."

"Is that the reason for the large increase in the freshman enrollment?"

"Yes, to some extent. Strictly off the record, let me explain:

"You see, there is a very large dropout rate here at Drab. So the solution we've struck upon is the most economically feasible. We admit a large freshman class, with the knowledge that most of those freshman will not return after the first year. But, the important thing is that we receive their tuition for the year.

"We have other subtle points of strategy which ensure a decreasing enrollment, and thus, less pressure on the faculty and little necessity to improve facilities.

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"You've seen Stoned Rowe, haven't you Ira? You try living there for a year, and see if you'd come back."

He had a point there. Stoned Rowe, one of the freshman residential facilities, is not a bad place to live if you don't mind a rather high-priced tenement with rats in the rooms and sewage backing up in the shower stalls. It's exciting.

"With the admission policy being dictated by financial necessity, Dr. Kotschlinger, how and why does Drab maintain its Higher Education Opportunity Program?"

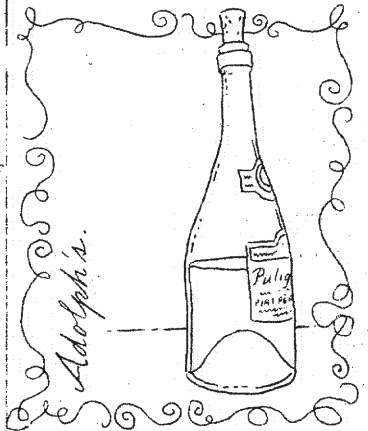
"Well, being a liberal-progressive-avant-gardeish school, Drab has to do something to keep its image up. If we didn't admit a few tokens, where would Drab's image be? We aspire to make the program more substantial, but right now, we're in what we call the Facade Phase."

"The admission policy in this program is quite selective then?"

"Yes, we try to make sure that most of these coloreds have some sense of morals and personal hygiene."

The conversation then turned to other matters of policy, specifically, the administration policy governing the addition of new courses to the Drab curriculum. Last semester Dr. Kotschlinger served as the instructor of a course in the Government Department, "Black Political Consciousness: Panthers vs. Pigs." The enrollment for the course was high and the attendance was, as one would expect for a high-interest course at Drab College, consistently sparse.

Dr. Kotschlinger enumerated the policy concerning new courses:



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"We like to offer courses that the average Drab student would appreciate. We realize this necessitates a lack of substance and quality in the material of this sort of course but that's the kind of thing that appeals to the Drab sensibility.

"Courses dealing with ecology, fascism, revolution, and sexual identity stimulate the freaks and keep them coming back for more. Without these courses, nobody would stay at Drab."

Suddenly, a loud snap issued forth from beneath Dr. Kotschlinger's desk. He nonchalantly reached down and produced a

(cont. on p. 4, col. 2)

(cont. from p. 2, col. 1)

college, any movement that offers the hope of expiation of these feelings will be welcomed by him. In recent years it has often been remarked that members of extremist political groups in colleges most frequently come from liberal homes. One who has read and understood Eric Hoffer will not be surprised by this fact.

Furthermore, he has observed that feelings of isolation and atomization motivates a person to long for the close-knit, intimate social fabric offered by the type of movement which he discusses. Apparently extremist political groups are also aware of this, for in their rhetoric one notices frequent exhortations to their followers to evince feelings of brotherhood and solidarity. It is also interesting to note in this connection the present propensity of certain students to idealize the life of tribal societies. This is a less active, but nonetheless effective means of palliating the negative effects of competitive, socially mobile contemporary society.

Eric Hoffer has further notices the peculiar attitude of these movements toward whatever group they regard as their mortal enemy. This consists of the apparently contradictory position that the enemy is totally depraved and therefore incapable of being reformed, but he is so clever that his influence is omnipresent and it will take an immense effort to prevent him from totally prevailing. An obvious example of this is the attitude of the left toward capitalists. On the one hand, these elements believe, their system offers no hope of justice or a decent living to the great majority of people; they are too inordinately dumb to allow these ends to be brought about. On the other hand, though, capitalists are supposedly so brilliant that they can direct the policies of a given country in their favor down to the minutest detail for years in succession.

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mousetrap, tossing a small, lifeless gray form into his wastebasket.

"Care for some cheese?" he said, indicating the morsel on the board of the trap, "It's swiss, I think."

"Thanks just the same," said I, declining the offer. I took the opportunity to excuse myself, saying that I had some rather urgent business to attend to.

"Alright, Ira, come back any time. It's a pleasure to answer your questions--off the record, of course." He attempted a sly wink, as an obscene little chortle issued from his twisted mouth. He gingerly popped the cheese into his mouth and I left the room without comment, shutting off the tape recorder under my coat when I had gone a few steps down the musty corridor.

(cont. on p. 5, col. 2)

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(cont. from p. 4, col. 1)

One more insight of Eric Hoffer merits attention here. It is often claimed that movements to overthrow a given established order originate in the desire of the downtrodden to rid themselves of its oppressiveness. Eric Hoffer, however, perceives that this notion originates in the rhetoric of the intellectuals who found these movements. His reasoning behind this conclusion is that these movements, and the social orders which they propose, invariably offer less freedom to the individual than the established order which they oppose. What these intellectuals fail to perceive, Eric Hoffer further relates, is that those who follow these movements desire, not freedom, but an escape from freedom. This is evident from the observations of Eric Hoffer previously cited here.

The sad thing ^{about} these movements as they touch campus life is not that they pose much of a threat to anyone; in American culture there are available too many palliatives for the feelings on which they thrive; as has happened with similar movements in the past, when the initial enthusiasm which they generate among their followers subsides, they will probably disperse and their one-time adherents will direct their energies into less conspicuous activities. Rather, it is that they deprive the individual whom they lure into the fold of an immense opportunity available to them in college. In this environment, where one is momentarily free of many of the demands of ordinary American life, one can look deeply into himself and whatever he studies and develop a level of insight and sense of perspective far deeper than the ordinary. Identifying oneself with ideological fantasies, however, will indefinitely postpone if not prevent altogether, the realization of this end. If reading Eric Hoffer helps one to see through the false promises of the type of movement discussed here, then the opinions which he offers are of inestimable value.

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(cont. from p. 4, col. 2)

When I got outside, I ran into Joe Boomer, a friend of mine from the building and grounds department on campus. I told him what I had just been doing.

"Sheeit! You been wastin' yore time on that horse's arse!" he replied. "Why don't ya go talk to the feller who really makes all the decisions 'round this place about admission and courses, and such like?"

"You mean President Klein?"

"Hell, no. I'm talkin' 'bout the feller in charge of security, Fat DePile. Who else do ya think runs this piss palace?"

Live and learn.

#

A hand-drawn advertisement for "Charlie B's". The word "CHARLIE" is written in large, bubbly, outlined letters at the top. Below it, "B'S" is written in a similar bubbly style. The text "OPEN 7 AM TO 11 P.M." is written in a curved path, followed by "7 DAYS A WEEK" and "SERVING FINE FOOD...". Below that, "GREAT VARIETY OF BEERS" is written in bubbly letters. At the bottom, there is a handwritten note in parentheses: "(...ye durrus, barons!...)".

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Passage to Peking

by Rich Tedesco

Television makes the politician's dream come true; with it, he can seize the voter directly by the ears, show him his smile, his gravity, the way the muscle bunches with patriotic determination there under the jaw when he is really on his mettle, and all this right in the voter's living room, or bedroom, or cellar.

Russell Baker

"Mr. Mayor... what would you consider your outstanding accomplishment as Mayor of New York?"

John Lindsay fields the question with a courageous smile and replies, "Survival," as his jaw muscle bunches with the patriotic determination of a man on the prow of the Titanic. He is a man wise enough to

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realize that New York City has been no friend to him and he is a politician wise enough to recognize a friend when he sees a television camera. But the thrust of the joke is not so funny when one stops to consider that the problem in New York is no longer improvement but rather endurance. Lindsay is engaged in a most unhappy marriage with a bitch who would evoke nightmares from the minds of the sanest men. Gregor Samsa never had it so bad. And it might be speculated with some assurance of certainty that John Lindsay would much prefer to wake up tomorrow morning as anything but mayor of New York.

It is well nigh impossible to comprehend the logic Mayor Lindsay employed in pronouncing New York a "fun city." Fun for who? Muggers, rapists and mayors who devote more time to the Bahamas and Florida primaries than to their idyllic solutions to the staggering perplexities of urban life. If, like Lindsay, you occupy yourself with theatre openings, New York becomes tolerable. And if, again like Lindsay, you spend most of your time out of New York, it becomes "fun city" indeed.

But can we, in good conscience, blame the poor man? More and more people are moving out of New York City, or desperately making the attempt. It's quite bad enough to have to live in New York, but what would you do if you were Mayor of the Godforsaken place? Answer: you would still attempt a permanent change of residence, which is precisely the reason that motivates John V. Lindsay, Sodom's top banana, to make a run for the Presidency of the United States.

Garbage may pile up and three-inch snowfalls may paralyze Fun City, but Lindsay keeps smiling because he, unlike his welfare constituents, is not stuck with all this fun. He has found a way to escape, and he's going while the going's good. His chances to be elected are not wonderful; Lindsay's entrance in the race does not

(cont. on p. 7, col. 1)

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fluster Jimmy the Greek in the least. However, in New York, anytime is the best time to leave.

Yes, to (cries of "Yes!" and "The man who ruined New York City!", Lindsay has opened his campaign as the Candidate of the People. There is nothing in the way of evidence to support his claim. But the handsome figure Lindsay cuts makes him the Camera's Choice, if no one else's. And these days, that's what counts.

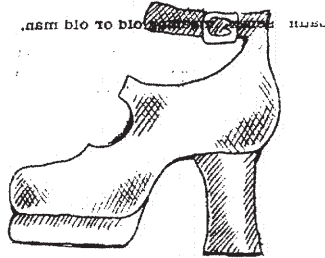
Ideologically, it is safe to assume that Lindsay is a liberal, but one can't be too careful. After all, not long ago, it used to be safe to assume that he was a Republican, until he saw fit to release New York from the yoke of G. O. P. oppression.

The point is, that it really doesn't matter what Lindsay says or thinks; he looks good. Literally. Yes, of course you say, but the American electorate would never elect an unproven pretty face. But you don't have to look very far to find the precedent of the 1960 election. John Kennedy was elected President after establishing a Congressional attendance record which would make Lindsay look good. He spent 16 years in Washington and didn't know what to do with Congress once he was elected.

But America will not learn. John Lindsay will be elected President of the United States, perhaps not this year but most assuredly at some time in the future. And he should be. He is the media-man, the Man from Glad who knows nothing but does his best to keep everyone happy.

He can't solve the traffic problem, but he closes down Fifth Avenue and lets everybody have a good time, strolling down Manhattan's busiest thoroughfare, in a temporary release from the reality of New York.

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In short, I endorse John Lindsay because he makes me laugh. We do not need a man of experience and fortitude in the White House; we need a comedian. The man in the White House should be an entertainer, evoking humor, not concerned over the difficulties confronting our nation.

Nixon has realized the value of entertainment, thus we see him preparing what will be one of the biggest shows of the last few years: the trip to China. The fact that we have seen less of China in the last decade than we have of the surface of the moon generates a tremendous amount of interest in this venture and good press for Tricky Dick, even if he loses his pants to Chou En-Lai. Marco Dixon may leave China with egg on his face, but he'll leave smiling in any case, with the knowledge that his extravagance has sewn up the election for him.

Even a good media man like Big John Lindsay won't drive Millhouse out of the White House this time around. And odds are he won't get the chance. Too many other Democrats are holding too many political I. O. U.'s. And with the concluding stages foregone, this Democratic campaign becomes an exercise in futility.

They could give Humphrey the nomination just/shut him up. Or they could give the nomination to McGovern, just to stop his crying and wailing about poverty and the war. A national defeat would render McGovern's political life meaningless. McCarthy is too dull, and poets don't make very good Presidential candidates anyway. George Wallace would be a fine choice for their sheer excitement he would create.

The likelihood, however, is that the Democrats will choose to go with Muskie, on the basis of his resemblance to a clean-shaven version of Abraham Lincoln. He possesses that backwoods Americana quality which would assure him of victory in every small town in New England, which from the Democrats' perspective, is better than nothing.

Look Out Below

The Senatorial Conspiracy to Teach Elephants How to Fly

by James Garner

A prophet does not fully comprehend that of which he only catches a glimpse, but in his rantings are guesses that will bewilder historians why we the people never seem to understand. So Walt Disney foresaw that even from the heavens would it be slung, significantly naming his apocalyptic Bohemoth-Dumbo.

The word "Senator" has the same origin as its necessary condition "Senility"; the Latin "senex" meaning old or old man,

So when that fellow with the old nose invades the privacy of your living room in March, hitting easy and leaving jovially at you from the steps of Air Force One in Peking, and you hear Eric Sevareid and Walter Cronkite speak admiringly of the weather and the President's diplomatic acrobatics and the fact that you are witnessing the calling of the President, 1972, it is because they show and this show alone that you will be seeing that same old familiar face on the cover of Newsweek and the front page of the Times for the next four years. Understand this well and come back at the vice man as you sit, V. J. speak and enjoy the show with Wally and Eric and Alice Seitzinger with on TV. Who can't Nixon?

Yes, we are in the age of Prime Time. But enjoy it while you can, for the worst is not yet over. John Lindsay's day is coming, so beat the apocalyptic rush and learn to laugh while there's still time.

Now if Lindsay could just get his hands on a press pass to Peking...

(Latin was a language widely popular during the Roman Empire and the word "Latin" refers to it to this very day as well as pertaining to the culture of South America.) The Senate was an exclusively Patrician institution, the class most opposed to popular rule and to that extent, the enrichment of the populace, and at first to the Emperor (although they soon worked this to their advantage as these worms always do) for the emperorship arose on a plebiscite with roots in the Gracchi conspiracy. (The word plebiscite also comes from Latin, plebes, short for plebeians, that is the people who eat gold fish in order to be admitted into a fraternity). The origin of the word Patrician (cont. on p. 9)

is also revealing. It comes from the Latin (there's that language again) for father. Your father, it will be recalled, was sort of like Big Brother, only older. He was the one who used to knock the hell out of you because he knew what was in your own best interest better than you did. After all, you were only 25. Hence we have what is called governmental paternalism alias your Senate.

Gathering data for his senior project thesis "Does a nice guy always come in last?", Sol Siegel worked his head off trying to ascertain the will of the people, that is, the great beast, as to what kind of swill they want crammed in their ears to accompany the swill shoved down their throats. Sol discovered that 2/3 of the populace wanted some kind of noise and then from there on your will was "kind of a mixed bag." Now the question of silence was separated from the one of choice of kind of music. 300 people had responded, which is significant for a population of this size and apathy. I saw definite flaws in the questionnaire, the most obvious being that the senators had not read it, or having read it did not comprehend it. The second flaw is that they did not initiate it nor was it digested through their collective stomach. Of course, there were other flaws. However, a more elaborate questionnaire would still have flaws, which will be seen. Despite your wish for music, the Senate nearly ignored the sole indication it had of your wishes. Fortunately, Senator Herman saved the dry by suggesting that the record concession alert us to "the latest sounds." Michael Flaherty gently pointed out to Sol that Latin music was not included among the choices. Now, of course, Hebraic or other music pertaining to the Jewish ethos was also not included in the questionnaire. Do you hate us Sol? For admit it, dear reader, you probably do. Beaside the fact that I know of a sizable desire for such stuff, it is true that most of us haven't twiddled a timbrel for many a year. However, if the new left, including many Jewish

members, which is par for the course, has its way many of us might just get our vacation in that imperialist canker sore in the egalitarian middle-east. However, since even Bob Dylan has put on tiffilin, perhaps this will change. When Senator Levine proposed that discussion commence on the Judiciary committee, this same Mr. Flaherty burst out "Jew-diciary ha ha ha Jew-diciary ha ha ha." A budding young etymologist just like myself. He found this very funny. I don't pretend to know exactly why. I wonder if he does. Anyway, Sol agreed to prepare another questionnaire with the aid of our faculty. Sol doesn't care. It is all for his senior project's concluding chapter "Never give a sucker an even break." His single illustration will be to get crucified to prove that Jesus could have staged it all. Meanwhile the problem of sound has been resolved by whoever changed the station.

Senator Levine asked for an accounting of the newspaper's expenditures. Dana Semel then asked that Jobian question, why us in particular. The answer to that lies somewhere in the fact that for the largest item on the Senate's budget I have not met one student who did not dislike it who was not working for it or was not in some queer manner conjoined with it. (By the way, since our rag has become red, the administration has seen fit not to distribute it to our parents. This, however, merely demonstrates good taste.) Later Levine proposed a newspaper somewhat on the lines of the Princetonian. Senator Levine had forgotten of course that this is not Princeton. Margaret Mead does not speak here and even if she did somehow it would be different. I suggested that the editorship be thrown open to a binding referendum or vote instead of passing this position from one member of the clique to another. The idea was to allow the student body to affect a change of management. I was quickly and universally informed that only people with experience

(cont. on reverse side)

could handle it, thus those who do handle it. The students could not be allowed nor trusted to determine who these elect few should be. In a rather futile stage whisper I muttered "so there are golden, silver, and bronze people and only the golden, e.g. yourselves are fit to rule." Bob Morgen then informed me that Bard College had indeed attained the dream of Plato. Some of you may wonder what Plato, that is that goo with which children make imitation cakes, pies, and other things, has to do with politics. It's alright, you're only undergraduates. The ~~et~~ymology of Republic is also revealing. Res Publica, the public thing. The concept (in our Senate) has lately been truncated a bit and is now called "Cosa nostra." Loosely translated "our thing." (Truncation is an operation performed by a blindfolded moyle).

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