

The Dartmouth Review

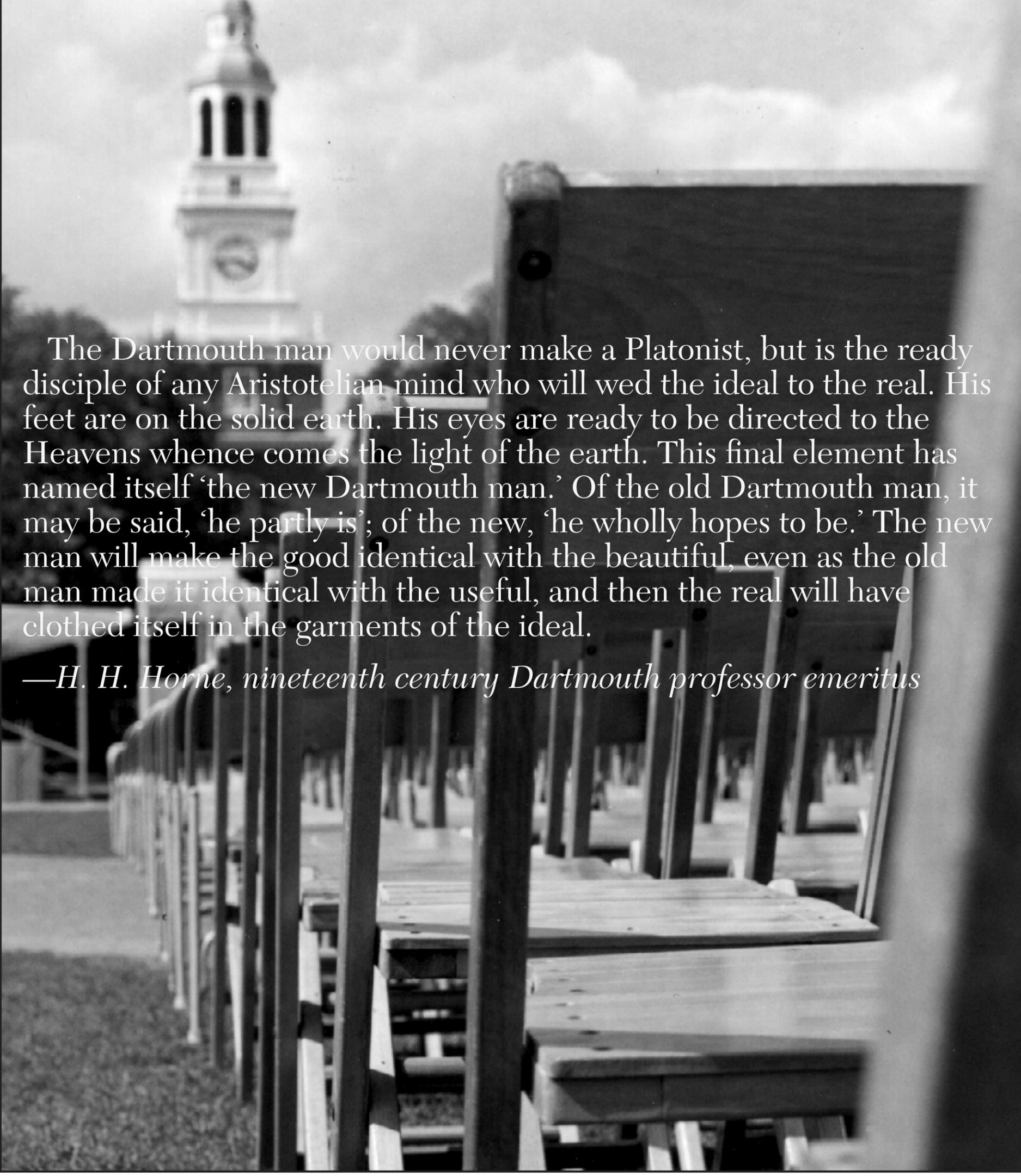
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Nemo me impune lacessit

Commencement 2008



The Dartmouth man would never make a Platonist, but is the ready disciple of any Aristotelian mind who will wed the ideal to the real. His feet are on the solid earth. His eyes are ready to be directed to the Heavens whence comes the light of the earth. This final element has named itself 'the new Dartmouth man.' Of the old Dartmouth man, it may be said, 'he partly is'; of the new, 'he wholly hopes to be.' The new man will make the good identical with the beautiful, even as the old man made it identical with the useful, and then the real will have clothed itself in the garments of the ideal.

—H. H. Horne, nineteenth century Dartmouth professor emeritus

The Grand Old Seniors

NICHOLAS S. DESAI

Though capping off his career with *The Dartmouth Review* as Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Desai was first and foremost a writer. He dissected the nuances of hipsterism [see TDR 1/9/06], plumbed the deep mind of Francis Fukuyama [see TDR 10/5/06], and wrote the definitive account of Budd Schulberg and F. Scott Fitzgerald's trip to Winter Carnival [see TDR 2/8/08]. Through it all his pieces have displayed a trademark blend of wit, dialectic, and knowing pop culture allusions. He also displayed a fine eye for talent, signing the fiery, urgent, and utterly sincere writer Cate Lunt to a regular column for the paper. Following graduation Mr. Desai will continue to write, having secured an internship with the *Wall Street Journal*.

THADDEUS E. OLCHOWSKI

Mr. Olchowski has been a *Review* stalwart since his freshman fall. By the end of his freshman year he had risen to the coveted position of soliciting Week In Review pieces, in concert with Mr. Ceto. From there he rose to the top, becoming president, the paper's top business officer, in the winter of 2007. A natural-born raconteur, Thaddeus Olchowski was never short for material. Whether he was getting reinforced by NYPD-posing Puerto Ricans or parsing the subtle differences between roasted and fried turkey, his tales always astounded. Most of his stories would have surely been deemed apocryphal had we not been there to witness many

of them. He wrapped up his harrowing Dartmouth career in true *Review* fashion: finishing with classes last fall, he has spent the last two terms skiing, golfing, and demonstrating to the pure of heart what exactly it means to "hang out." After graduation, Mr. Olchowski will ply his talents in New York, as an investment banker for Shattuck Hammond.

DOUGLAS C. CETO

A southern gentleman until the end, Mr. Ceto has been with the *Review* since his freshmen year, when he and Mr. Olchowski strolled into our offices from their freshmen year abode in the Choates, where they were roommates. In his friendships and in his capacity as *Review* publisher, Mr. Ceto was always the voice of reason, an anchor when reason drifted into madness, as it did on so many occasions. Mr. Ceto, for instance, on more than one occasion, not only saved *Review* staffers from the throes of danger, but ensured that the *Review* itself was not imperiled by distributing every issue across campus, door-to-door. We will miss Mr. Ceto's loyalty, but it will serve him well in New York City, where he will be working for the Bank of America as a financial analyst.

CHRISTOPHER J. RYAN JR.

A recreational expert, Christopher J. Ryan, more popularly known by as C.J., started his writing career at the *Review* by bringing his expansive knowledge of summer-time

tradition to the pages of the summer issue. Mr. Ryan came to the *Review* by way of the *Daily Dartmouth*, following in a long and proud tradition of sober and disgruntled talent at the *Daily D* finding a home in the inebriated arms of TDR. An English major with creative writing experience, Mr. Ryan has ghost-written numerous Barrett's Mixologies, proving both his comic wit and his delight in the more Dionysian elements of life. As a sometimes contributor to the paper but a constant contributor to the office, Mr. Ryan's presence will be sorely missed when he departs after commencement and heads to the University of Notre Dame for his masters degree with the Alliance for Catholic Education program.

SAMUEL F. FISHER

No fair-weather friend, Mr. Fisher has been a contributor to the *Review* since his freshman year. During his tenure Mr. Fisher's engaged in true investigative journalism, most notably his reporting on the efforts made on the part of Hanover and Norwich to do away with Tubestock. With Mr. Desai he also produced the hard-hitting review of the SEMP policy, calling it out for its disconnect with the reality of campus, and highlighting the broad-based dissatisfaction with the policy. A champion on the pitch, Mr. Fisher has made sure that the *Review's* attachment to the rugby team, and the old school, is never more than an arm's length. This fall, Mr. Fisher will be in New York City where he will be promoting his old school ways at the management consulting firm, Applied Value. ■

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The Dartmouth Review

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"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win great triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat."

—Theodore Roosevelt

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Remember the time...

The cover image is courtesy of the Dartmouth Library

Special Thanks to William F. Buckley, Jr.

The Editors of THE DARTMOUTH REVIEW welcome correspondence from readers concerning any subject, but prefer to publish letters that comment directly on material published previously in THE REVIEW. We reserve the right to edit all letters for clarity and length. Submit letters by mail, fax at (603) 643-1470, or e-mail: editor@dartreview.com

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Editorial

Earning Commencement

For many of you, Dartmouth College comes alive the day you enliven it freshman year. It is then ablaze for four years and burns out the day you leave. For many of you, that would be today. But what happens in those four years? Change? Do you change? What does college do to us, besides dropping a slip of paper on us, legitimizing us to the world? It prepares *us* for *them*, but how?

My senior year in high school, on the last day of classes before graduation, my classmates and I were told we were not ready to take the next step in our lives. One of the school's most renowned teachers, as these things go, ended class with these parting words: "I will wish you good luck," he said, "but I will not say congratulations: you have not earned it, after all." We didn't own the experience, the maturity, or the emotions requisite to the moment. We were half there, thinking about prom and college parties and leaving home. We were acting our age, not coming of age.

Now that 1,000 or so members of the Dartmouth community have officially come of age, today I remember my teacher's parting words.

Every year, one week into June—our first real summer month—Dartmouth seniors celebrate their departure from our college. Their departure is not so much a celebration as a matter of fact: the fact that many came here to graduate, to get a job, to make good in life, a to-do list that now has every item checked off. Congratulations—that's the word and the theme of the day, June 8, 2008, a day that has loomed over you all term—all year, all four years!—long. But have you earned it? Do you own it?

Every year, my sorority celebrates the outgoing seniors by reading what we call "Senior Recs," or recommendations written by friends of a given senior. The recs, read aloud during our weekly meetings, customarily begin with a list of what the senior is proud of, or what she has earned in these four years here. Then follows a laundry list of achievements, from writing this-or-that thesis, to leading this-or-that organization, to "growing as a person," to any other self-affirming accomplishment. The list is usually five to ten items long per girl, and seems to get longer with each rec that is read (I sometimes wonder if there is some underlying motive to one-up the pride-list from the week before, and then I chide myself for thinking such thoughts, and smile modestly as the recs are read).

Once, and only once, I can remember a girl listing a single bullet point: she was proud of her family and friends. I think my high school teacher would agree that she has earned something here, that she has earned a hearty congratulations today.

This expresses something common to twenty-some year olds at-large, not just select members of a certain sorority: our focus tends to be inward, to ourselves, and not outward, to life as a whole. The latter requires a security and comfort that the former lacks—in short, the latter requires maturation, or coming of age. Classes aside, this was what four years of college was for. That and a certificate of completion.

In his commencement address in 1955, Robert Frost

asks the class of '55 about their own maturation: "Have you enlarged a little bit? Have you broadened a little bit in these years, as you might have outside (I don't know, maybe more so in college than out.) Have you got where you can take care of yourself in conflicts of thought—in the stresses of thought. I'd rather hold my own *with* anybody than hold my own *against* anybody—*with* him."

This is important, this "with" business. By holding your own with people, not against them, you come through college relatively unchanged: the goal of coming of age is not to change yourself, but to complete yourself. Leave the conversions to Saint Paul, Frost winks.

For Frost, the height of maturity is accepting what other people have to say, or "the other man's premises," no matter how distasteful, without contradicting them. To contradict would be impolite. The point of college is to learn how to accept anything—any wayward blow or challenge or stress that life may throw your way—with perfect self-confidence; "you've been enlarged and broadened to where you can listen to anything without getting mad."

For Frost, maturation meant humility. A humility only achieved by shaking off the irritants of rage and fury; maturation meant something similar to the girl in my sorority who put the achievements of others beyond her own. This maturing thing is a lifelong ordeal, but great things seem to happen on a fresh branch, the wood greener, the blossoms brighter.

It is hard to imagine the shakedown the heart and mind must endure on a day like this. Thanks to the labyrinthine gyrations of the D-Plan, the last time the graduating class saw an entire year at Dartmouth in all its glory—from autumn, to winter, to spring—was freshmen year. And certainly freshman year and senior year bear many similarities, not least of which is the anxiety of a new day, and the attending self-doubt and self-absorption that inevitably rides along on such a singular journey.

I am not so bold as to offer you advice at this critical moment in your life, but I will rather refer you to the advice of one of our forbearers. In the late nineteenth century Dartmouth Professor H. H. Horne wrote about the differences between the Dartmouth man and the Harvard man. What he wrote in the nineteenth century is still relevant today.

He said that we at Dartmouth are practical students: that is our insignia. Though this world presents many challenges wholly different from the world of Horne's, it is not necessarily within the nature of a Dartmouth student to enter the world with the dull ambition to change the world, but rather, to change in the world. Change yourself, and let the world turn on its axis.

Professor Horne writes, "Of the old Dartmouth man, who is the prime subject of this sketch, it may be said, 'he partly is'; of the new, 'he wholly hopes to be.'" As the newest Dartmouth men and women, perhaps the class of 2008 can wholly hope to be that which Robert Frost has recommended for them to be—and by now you are certainly most ready to be that and more.

Congratulations. ■



By
Emily
Esfahani-
Smith

You Can Vote for Parity!

If you matriculated with the Class of 2008 or before (even if you have not graduated), you may vote in the crucial Association of Alumni election on June 10 at 1-2pm in 105 Dartmouth Hall.

"We urge you to vote for the Parity Slate. If we don't elect them, your vote will never matter again."

So say Mark Byrne '85 T'86 and Patrick Byrne '85 (Ph.D. Stanford), two of Dartmouth's largest benefactors. Why? By voting for the Parity Slate on June 10, you will oblige Dartmouth's Trustees to respect their promise to allow you to vote for half of the Board of Trustees. Or you can vote for the Undying Slate, which believes a five-person committee should choose most trustees. Vote to save your vote. Please vote for the Parity Slate.



J. Michael Murphy '61 Bert Boles '80 Paul Mirengoff '71 Marian Chambers '76 Frank Gado '58 Marjory Grant Ross '81 Zack Hafer '99 Richard Roberts '83 John Steel '54 Charles J. Urstadt '49 Alexander X. Mooney '93

The Year In Review

Rhetoric Returns

The study of rhetoric has had a long and eventful history at Dartmouth—that is, until its untimely death in 2005. The 1980s and 1990s saw Dartmouth's historic Department of Speech decline, having been downgraded to the Office of Speech in 1979, and then suffering numerous resignations and retirements. By 1995, the office consisted of only one man: Professor Jim Kuypers. A staunch advocate of rhetoric's centrality in a liberal education, Kuypers taught five classes a year and wrote five books over his decade at Dartmouth—but was never given tenure. Kuypers, along with support from faculty like future Provost Barry Scherr, consistently fought for recognition. Yet by 2005, the administration's continued neglect finally forced his resignation. In his controversial farewell, Kuypers voiced frustration over meetings with Dartmouth's higher-ups, labeling current Dean (and rumored Wright acolyte) Carol Folt "utterly ignorant of the role of rhetoric within a liberal arts tradition."

Less than three years later, the College has suddenly and emphatically changed its tune. On Wednesday, January 30th, officials unveiled the new Institute of Writing and Rhetoric, proclaiming, "the ability to communicate ideas clearly and persuasively is an essential feature of a liberal arts education." The Institute will eliminate exemptions from the Writing Requirement, ensuring that all future Dartmouth students take two courses. It will also "add two faculty positions in public speaking, introduce upper-level writing instruction in non-writing intensive disciplines, offer a wider array of [more sophisticated] writing courses...[and] expand student support services." Dean Folt stated the program will "provide Dartmouth students with an exceptional opportunity to develop vital skills that will last them a lifetime." Indeed, revitalizing rhetoric is an important step towards continuing Dartmouth's decorated history in the liberal arts. Ironically, Folt led the charge against Professor Kuypers in 2005, when she "resolutely stated that... were she to have extra [resources], she would not give any to speech." *The Dartmouth Review* is intrigued by Folt's and the administration's change of heart. But in the end, the Institute's classes on rhetoric will bring new hope to a dying Dartmouth legacy. That's good news for all of us.

American Council of Trustees Blasts Trustees

The President of the American Council of Trustees & Alumni, Anne D. Neal, issued a memo on July 30 in response to a request made by Frank Gado, Second Vice President of Dartmouth's Association of Alumni, for an evaluation of the governance review process, which had not at that point been completed. Neal concluded:

"The stated purpose of the Dartmouth Governance Review is to examine best practices in the field. However, the Dartmouth governance structure—and, particularly, the conduct of the review itself—would appear to constitute a case study in 'worst practices.'

"According to best practices, the President's prominent

role in the governance review process would be unacceptable at major corporations in America and most public universities. Moreover, the President's substantial involvement in the Committee appears to be in clear violation of Dartmouth's own conflict of interest policies.

"The direction of the current Governance Committee 'study' raises serious concerns. Already exerting de facto control over the appointment of Charter Trustees and the reappointment of all Trustees to a second term, the Governance Committee may now be considering eliminating the one source of independent oversight of the Board: the longstanding ability of the alumni to vote on half its membership. And far from being disinterested, the Governance Review is being sustained by the one person who stands to gain the most—the President—who will potentially hold the power to pick and choose every Trustee to whom he ostensibly reports.

"Far from modeling best practices, Dartmouth's possible interest in creating a self-perpetuating board runs counter to growing federal and regulatory calls for transparency and independence—not to mention the desires of the thousands of alumni who have voted for independent oversight in the last four elections."

The memo in its entirety is available online.

Association of Alumni Blasts Trustees

Immediately following the Board of Trustees' decision to pack the Board with charter (board-selected) members, to the detriment of alumni representation, the Dartmouth Alumni Association's Executive Committee issued a statement condemning the "trustee power-grab." The release echoed the sentiments of an alumni poll taken in August in which 92% favored maintaining the parity between charter and alumni-elected trustees. The Committee also emphasized that they had been on record "consistently urging the Board of Trustees to maintain this historic balance." The statement indicated the Executive Committee is consulting the law firm of Williams and Connolly about its legal options, as the Board's decision "effectively wipes out" an 1891 agreement between the trustees and the Association.

Beta Returns

The Trustees of the Omega Alpha chapter of Beta Theta Pi fraternity recently reached an agreement with the College stating that the organization, derecognized in 1996, will be reinstated on campus in the fall. The Trustees also announced their intent to return as a chapter of Beta national instead of as a local fraternity, despite the fact that the Beta national organization has yet to grant re-recognition to the chapter. In addition, the Beta national charter has prohibited alcohol at every Beta physical plant. This fact, should the chapter be re-recognized nationally, will profoundly impact the fraternity's social role on campus. Beta's announced return abruptly created profound implications for Alpha Xi Delta sorority, which has rented out Beta's Webster Ave.

mansion for the past decade. AZD has been ordered to vacate the house by June, and while the sisters are "exploring other housing options," the sorority potentially faces a autumn without a physical plant. Recent complaints bemoan the College's dearth of "female-controlled social spaces," a phrase so overused as to be a campus cliché. Nevertheless, the College must wait until the fall to accurately gauge Beta's impact on the battle between the sexes at Dartmouth.

Presidential search continues

Chairman of Dartmouth's Board Charles "Ed" Haldeman '69 recently appointed Trustee Al Mulley '70 to head the search for Dartmouth's seventeenth president. Those comprising Mulley's committee will be named in June, after which the trustees will garner community input and develop a statement of leadership criteria that the ideal president should display.

Haldeman stated he and Mulley will "be working together to ensure the search is as open and inclusive as possible while also taking the necessary steps to respect the confidentiality of candidates... The Board believes that it is critical that all Dartmouth constituencies have an opportunity to provide their input during this initial stage of the search. We will meet with community members on campus and in locations beyond Hanover and establish a web site to collect comments and suggestions for the committee's consideration." Haldeman went on to say, "A presidential search, once fully launched, normally takes six to nine months to complete a comprehensive identification process to attract top candidates." *The Dartmouth Review* waits with bated breath.

Frost Transcribed

Robert Frost '96 lovers now have more text to pore over in their free time. From the late 40s until the 1966 Frost gave periodical lectures for Dartmouth students in the "Great Issues" series of classes. President Dickey instituted the classes, which focused on current world events. Seniors were required to take a "Great Issues" class in order to graduate. Twenty of Frost's lectures were captured on film and stored in the Rauner Special Collections Library. James Sitar '01, a graduate student at Boston University, has transcribed all twenty lectures as part of his dissertation. Sitar writes that in the lectures Frost "uses poems by other poets—ranging from Shakespeare and Christopher Smart to Coventry Patmore and Walt Whitman—as well as some of his own to illustrate poetry's unrivaled power to give voice to the human spirit." Yet Frost stayed true to the focus of the classes and used poetry to comment on politics and other current news including the end of the second world war, the space race, and McCarthyism, amongst other topics. The first lecture to be published is coming out in the journal *Literary Imagination* and is entitled "Sometimes It Seems as If." In the lecture Frost comments that there are two ways to take life: as a joke—or as poetry.



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The Year in Review

Gu Gone, Provost and Professor Reminisce

Baker Library is finally, happily bald again. After many months of having to navigate through a minefield of hair, bookish Dartmouth students can finally visit the stacks without fear of becoming entangled in mass of grim and questionably obtained human hair. Not everyone, however, is glad to see the exhibit go. Provost of the College Berry Scherr was saddened, to say the least, by the intolerance displayed by the Dartmouth community: "I continue to believe that the Dartmouth community can embrace art at the Hood Museum as well as in unexpected places on campus, be it in Baker Library, in front of McNutt, or near Sherman House. While I certainly don't expect everyone to like every piece, I do have confidence that the discourse around art will be informed and respectful." In addition, art history professor Mary Coffey was dismayed at the students' inability to 'get it,' informing us of the golden rule of public art: "Controversy is always the sign of good public art." If that is the case, you are holding the gold standard for public art at Dartmouth in your hands.

Gays and Blacks Fight Evil

Hoping to stimulate communications between the gay and black communities at Dartmouth, music professor Steve Swayne talked at Cutter-Shabazz during PRIDE week about his experiences as a gay, black, religious man. During his presentation, titled "Invisible Identities: Exploring Race and Sexuality," Swayne spoke about how gay and black communities should not oppose each other, striving to have their

voices heard in the greater community. Swayne suggested each group try to understand the other. Student reactions to Swayne's suggestions were positive, with many students agreeing he addressed the correct issues: an admittedly tough bar to clear given he chose the presentation himself.

The event, organized by the Office of Black Student Advising, the Afro-American Society and the organizers of PRIDE week, was a collaborative attempt to solidify the relationship between black and gay students. When we asked participants of PRIDE week if this "relationship" between the black and gay student groups on campus was homosexual or heterosexual, one participant responded "that's what she said." Professor Swayne's presentation was typical of the many others put on during PRIDE week, a week promoting gay awareness among students.

PRIDE week ended with the perfect flourish: a dance party at Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity. Where else?

New Dean of the College a Scholar of Hanging Out

Thomas M. Crady has been named the new Dean of the College. Dean Crady was formerly the vice president of student services at Grinnell College in Iowa. He will take over his post from Dean Nelson, who has been the Acting Dean of the College since 2006.

Crady was chosen from a shortlist of four candidates who were being considered for the position. After one of the candidates dropped out of the contest, Crady was given the job. The individual who dropped out was the College's first choice, and Crady was chosen only after that person turned down the job.

Crady received his doctorate from Iowa State. His doctoral dissertation was titled "Written and Unwritten

Rules: The Use of Alcohol by Fraternities: A Study of One College." Grinnell does not have a fraternity system, and Crady admits that the findings in his dissertation may not apply to Dartmouth. He does assert, however, that binge drinking is a problem on college campuses, and he plans to emphasize that view in his role as an administrator at Dartmouth.

Wright Calls on Sophomore Summer to Get Weird

In a recent address to Dartmouth Faculty, President James Wright outlined possible changes to a unique Dartmouth tradition: sophomore summer. Though no committee has been set up to explore changes, Wright outlined some possibilities in his speech: "for example, could we schedule classes differently, including three week intensive units? Could we provide for three course credit courses—providing for intensive work in a field of study? Could we take fuller advantage of professional school faculty teaching in summer courses? Could we include during the summer a focus on themes that address the great issues of the day and provide opportunities for students to consider how they can develop as leaders?" We might add: *Could we uncancel Tubestock?*

Col. James A. Donovan '39 Passes Away



Col. James Adam Donovan '39, whom *Review* readers have known for years as a contributor of cartoons and drawings to the paper, passed away on May 27, 2007 at his home in Sandy Springs, GA. A lifelong artist and cartoonist, Donovan was an Art major at the College where he participated in a myriad of activities. From his time at Dartmouth he demonstrated tremendous leadership ability, having served as president of Alpha Delta Phi, treasurer of the Green Key Society, and editor of the Jack-O-Lantern. He was also a member of the Inter-Fraternity Council and Casque and Gauntlet.

After Dartmouth, Donovan enlisted in the US Marine Corps to serve his country during World War II and served with the 2nd Marine Division in the South Pacific. He spent the war fighting in important battles throughout the Pacific, including the Battle of Guadalcanal in addition to numerous others, during which he was awarded the Bronze and Silver Stars. Starting as a platoon leader, Donovan advanced through the ranks, ending the war as executive officer of the 1st Battalion. Following the war Donovan became editor of *Leatherneck*, a magazine for members of the Marine Corps, before he returned to active service in Korea. After Korea he continued the rest of twenty three year service in various bases around the office before he retired in November 1963 as a full-bird colonel. Later he became publisher of the *Army, Navy, Air Force Journal* before moving to Atlanta where he became a research scientist and head of public relations at the Engineering Experiment Station at Georgia Tech until 1980.

A proud alumnus of Dartmouth College, Donovan '39 devoted his life to service, both to his college and his country. He is survived by his wife of fifty seven years, Kay, two daughters, two grandchildren, and his sister. *The Dartmouth Review* extends its condolences to the family of our inimitable cartoonist and supporter.

—Michael C. Russell

Right or Left?

By Joseph Asch

Little effort has been made to tie Dartmouth's alumni revolution to larger trends in higher education, but an attentive reader does not have to look far to find shared ideas.

Numerous recent books by university presidents and deans have echoed the Dartmouth petition trustees' central criticisms of the College: that institutions of higher learning are drifting away from their commitment to undergraduate education in favor of research and administration. Undergraduate students are the losers.

Frank Newman, director of Brown University's Futures Project and a former president of the University of Rhode Island, sounds a note familiar to Dartmouth readers when he writes that "colleges have been focusing their energies on a form of competition based not on improving graduates' skills and knowledge but on institutional prestige and revenues." He states: "It is time to elevate the status of teaching to that of research."

Harry Lewis, Harvard's former Dean of the College, gave his book on colleges the self-explanatory sub-title: "How a Great University Forgot Education." And books by Harvard's former President Derek Bok ("Our Underachieving Colleges") and Yale's former Law School Dean Tony Kronman ("Education's End") both explicitly opine that universities have moved away from their core responsibilities to undergraduates in favor of research.

Finally, Richard Hersh, formerly president of Trinity College, has compiled a collection of articles entitled "Declining by Degrees: Higher Education at Risk" in which his essayists argue that the overall effectiveness of higher education has diminished due to a loss of focus on undergrads.

As a first point, one might observe that none of the above commentators could possibly be described as "ultra-conservative" or members of a "radical minority cabal," to repeat the words used to describe Dartmouth's petition movement in columns in the *Dartmouth* by Shaun Stewart '10 and Peter Fahey '68. Yet these mainstream academics have come to the same conclusions about what ails higher education as Dartmouth's petition trustees (not to mention the thousands of alumni who voted them onto the Board).

Obviously these scholars do not have a "clear ideological agenda"—to quote from a recent, accusatory mass-mailing

Mr. Asch is a member of the class of 1979 and a friend of *The Dartmouth Review*.

to alumni by Dartmouth's non-petition trustees. Opponents of Dartmouth's petition trustees repeat this tired charge ad nauseam, but where is their evidence? Might the petition trustees actually be correct?

The independent Lumina Foundation's recent report on "The Growing Imbalance: Recent Trends in U.S. Post-secondary Education Finance" describes in detail the continuing disproportionate growth of colleges' "non-instruction related costs" (translation: bloated bureaucracies), though in fairness, it says that private institutions have done better in this area than state schools. Once again, the conclusions in this detailed report could not be described as "right wing"—even though the arguments in this study, too, are consistent with Dartmouth's petitioners' positions.

Regrettably, the concerns expressed in these books and reports have not led to a movement for change at other institutions. Unmerited self-congratulation seems to be the order of the day in academia, even in the face of decades-old complaints from business recruiters and other observers that students are graduating without a complete set of intellectual and practical skills.

So who will instigate reform in the future?

On a visit to Dartmouth in October, Harvard's Harry Lewis pointed to alumni as the only possible driver of innovation. Alumni, he said, were a college's sole, disinterested link to society. Like other commentators, he remarked that leaders throughout higher education were watching Dartmouth's trustee and governance controversies to see if the College would be the first school to change its strategy and tack away from our rudderless sister institutions.

Of course, the reasons that Dartmouth could take the lead lie with our passionately loyal alumni and our unique, open system of governance. No other institution has historically allowed alumni to vote directly for such a high percentage of the Board. And no other prestigious college has tried to keep a focus on undergrads for so long.

On June 10, the results of the Association of Alumni elections will be announced. On that day, we'll find out if the Administration's supporters will succeed in pushing Dartmouth down toward the mass of average institutions, or whether the College will lead the fight to restore higher education's focus on undergrads.

The whole of academia is watching. Personally, I'm betting on the wisdom of our alums to see beyond the name-calling. I expect that they'll vote to maintain parity by continuing to cast their ballots for the candidates in the vanguard of thinking about higher education. ■

Don't Get Converted. Stay.

By Robert Frost

Editor's note: Frost '96 delivered this commencement address in 1955. The Dartmouth Review offers the College's graduating seniors the wisdom of Frost's words as the seniors prepare for their departure into the real world.

This is a rounding out for you, and a rounding out is the main part of it. You're rounding out four years. I'm rounding out something like sixty-three, isn't it? But it is a real rounding out for me. I'm one of the original members of the Outing Club—me and Ledyard. You don't know it, and I shouldn't tell it perhaps, but I go every year, once a year, to touch Ledyard's monument down there, as the patron saint of freshmen who run away. And I ran away because I was more interested in education than anybody in the College at that time.

I thought I'd say to you just a few words about that, and so as to lead up to two or three poems of my own. I usually am permitted to say a poem or two—am expected to. I'll make them short and easy for you to listen to.

But you came to college bringing with you something to go on with—that was the idea from my point of view: something to go on with. And you brought it with an instinct, I hope, to keep it—not to have it taken away from you, not to have it taken away from you, not to be bamboozled out of it or scared out of it by any fancy teachers. I've known teachers with a real hanker for ravishing innocence. They like to tell you things that will disturb you.

Now, I think the College itself has given you one thing of importance I'd like to speak of. It's given you, slowly, gradually, the means to deal with that sort of thing, not only in college but the rest of your life. The formula would be something like this: always politely accept the other man's premises. Don't contradict anybody. It's contentious and ill-natured. Accept the premises—take it up where it's given you and then show 'em what you can make of it. You've been broadened and enlarged to where you can listen to almost anything without losing your temper or your self-confidence.

You came from the "Bible belt," let's say. You were confronted with the facts of evolution. It was supposed to disturb you about your God. But you found a way to say—either with presence of mind, wittily, or slowly with meditation—you found the way to say, "Sure, God probably didn't make man out of mud. But He made him out of *prepared mud*." You still had your God, you see.

You were a Bostonian and you had been brought up to worship the cod. To you the cod was sacred and her eggs precious. You were confronted with facts of waste in nature. One cod egg is all that survives of a million. And you said—what did you say? You found something to say, surely. You said, "Perhaps those other eggs were necessary in order to make the ocean a proper broth for the one to grow up in. No waste; just expense." And so on.

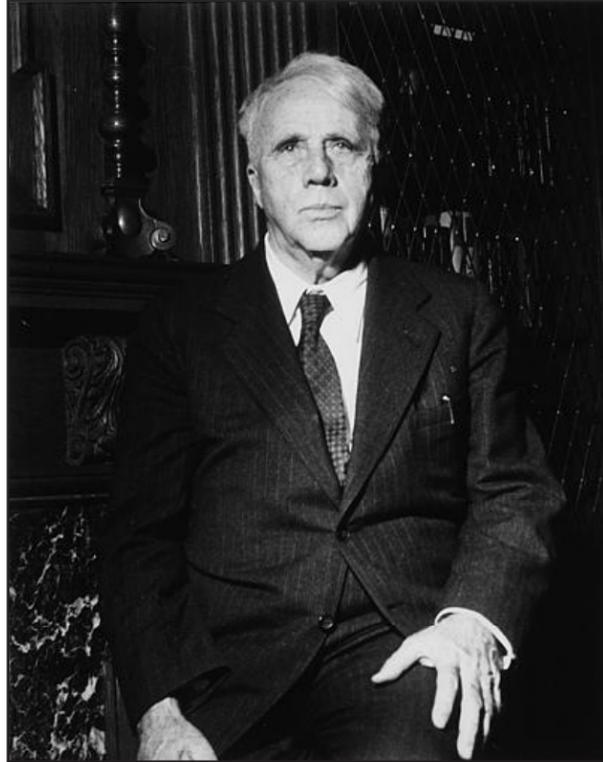
I myself have been bothered by certain things. I've been bothered by rapid reading. All my teaching days I've heard rapid reading advocated as if it were something to attain to. Yes, sure; accept the premises, always, as a gentleman. Rapid reading—I'm one of the rapidest of readers. I look on all the reading you do in college—ten times as much a year as I do in ten years, and I'm a reader—I look on it as simply *scansion*. You're simply looking the books over to see whether you want to read 'em, later. It comes to that; and accepting it that way. The word's gone forth, you happen to know probably, that the rapid reading is going to be played down in the educational world. But it can be regarded as simple *scansion*.

What you're doing as a rapid reader is saying, per paragraph, per paragraph, "Yeah, I know" (two words you see in it)—"Yeah, that about 'togetherness'" "Yeah." And, paragraph by paragraph you know that that's what it would say if you read it all. And you can do that by the chapter—the chapter titles. You say, "Yeah," you know, "I know what that chapter would be." You can go further than that: "I can tell by the spine of the book." Very rapid reader.

Always fall in with what you're asked to accept, you know; fall in with it—and turn it your way. Expression like "divine right."—Divine right? yes,—if you let me make what I want of it: the answerability of the ruler, of the leader; the first answerability to himself. That's his divine right. First answerability to his highest in himself, to his God.

Then one more that I'd just like to speak of—you run on to these things all the time. I live on them. I'm going to tell you that every single one of my poems is probably one of these adaptations that I've made. I've taken whatever you give me and made it what I want it to be. That's what

every one of the poems is. I look over them. They are no arguments. I've never contradicted anybody. My object in life has been to hold my own *with* whatever's going—not *against*, but *with*—to hold my own. To come through college holding my own so that I won't be made over beyond recognition by my family and my home town, if I ever go back to it. It's a poor sort of person, it seems to me, that delights in thinking, "I have had four years that have transformed me into somebody my own mother won't know." Saint Paul had one conversion. Let's leave it to Saint Paul. Don't get converted. Stay.



—*"I ran away because I was more interested in education than anybody in the College at that time."*—

This one turns up, too—another expression. They say, "If eventually, why not now?" I say, "Yeah," but also, "if eventually, why now?"

You've got to handle these things. You've got to have something to say to the Sphinx. You see, that's all. And you've been, I'm pretty sure—you've come more and more to value yourself on being able to handle whatever turns up.

What would you say to this one? (You probably haven't encountered it. I have lately.) We hired a Swede to come over here and pass an expert's opinion on our form of government. And after he passed his judgment on it, we invited him back and gave him another honorary degree, just like this. (Never mind his name—we won't go into names—maybe I've forgotten it.) But, anyway, did you hear what his judgment was? That our form of government is a conspiracy against the common man.

You've been enlarged and broadened to where you can listen to anything without getting mad. So have I. But I have to have something to say to that, sooner or later—on the spur of the moment, to show my wit, or at leisure, you know, to show my ability at reasoning, my reasoning powers. Well, the answer to that is that that's what it was intended to be. It was intended to be a conspiracy against the common man. Let him make himself *uncommon*. He wasn't to be put in the saddle. And so on. Now I conclude that.

This is an emotional occasion to me. Mr. Dickey has made it an emotional occasion, very much of an emotion, such as has seldom happened to me in my life. I've been in and out of Dartmouth all these many years and known

Have you enlarged a little bit? Have you broadened a little bit in these years, as you might have outside? (I don't know, maybe more so in college than out.)

the presidents—no one so intimately as I've known Mr. Dickey. Part of what I'm saying to you springs from what he's been saying. He spoke very sternly to you; splendidly, with splendid sternness.

What I ask of you is the same: Have you got enlarged a little bit? Have you broadened a little bit in these years, as you might have outside? (I don't know, maybe more so in college than out.) Have you got where you can take care of yourself in the conflicts of thought—in the stresses of thought, not conflicts, stresses. I'd rather hold my own *with* anybody than hold my own *against* anybody—with him. That makes a polite evening—and polite class, a better class than any other.

Shall I say you a poem or two? And you can maybe guess

what I was doing in the poems, after what I've said. Suppose I say to you one called "Mending Wall"—countrified poem. And shall I tell you beforehand what I was dealing with in it? I'd heard that life was cellular, in the body and outside the body. Nobody'd ever put it in so many words, but I kept hearing something that made me see that life was cellular. (Even the Communists have cells.) All life is cellular, that's all the poem says. It didn't say that when I was writing it; it didn't say it until long afterward. It's of the nature of mythology to be wiser than philosophy, because it says things in stories before it says them in abstractions. All mythology's like that. The Greeks' mythology covered everything we've ever thought in philosophy, but covered it in stories. And the abstraction emerges even with the man that makes the stories.

[Mr. Frost recites "Mending Walls."]

See, that all about life being cellular. I didn't think of that 'til years after I wrote it. And you may be sure it is—walls going down and walls coming up, between nations and inside your own body. In seven years, you know, you're a different person, though you don't notice it.

Then, little one—two more—little one, again. This is called "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."

[Mr. Frost recites "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening."]

Now everybody suspected that there was something in that line, "But I have promises to keep." You see. And they pursued me about that, and so I've decided to have a meaning for it. Finally, a committee waited on me about it. I said, "Promises may be divided into two kinds: those I make for myself, and those my ancestors made for me known as the social contract." See, that's a way out of that.

Then, two more—one another little one. I'd like to say one to you that I wrote when I was about your age—just about the time ('95 or '96 along there) just when I should have been graduating, you know, instead of now.

I saw you all I suppose, pretty much—'tis but yesterday, isn't it, we were in the G.I.—had you all where I could talk to you—about Tom Paine I talked about to you there. I didn't get any great answer out of you. You didn't get angry enough.

This one is called—it's better without the name. It's about our American Revolution. I've met *many* who thought the British were to blame, and I've met a *few* Americans who thought the Americans were to blame. Well, it doesn't matter. Accept the premises. Anybody's premise is all right. Nobody was to blame. All it was was the beginning of the end of colonialism. No animus on my part. "The land was ours before we were the land's." It's all summed up in that, you see.

[Mr. Frost recites "The Gift Outright."]

That poem's twenty-five or thirty or forty years old. It isn't just got up for the occasion of all this talk about the end of colonialism. Ours was the beginning of the end of colonialism, and that poem makes the point that ours was the beginning of the end of colonialism.

Then, one more. You know you hear about retreat and you hear about escape. When people talk about retreat, I want to talk about retreat. Just that way it's pretty near the same thing, but just my shade of difference. This is the last one. This is called "Birches."

[Extended applause after "Birches."]

Shall I say one absurd one in parting? Somebody congratulated me the other night on getting through an occasion without ever reciting this one. It's hard—it's a sort of temptation to sort of break it up, you know, break up the meeting. One of the things that you suspect the academic world of is overpowering, overwhelming departmentalism, you know—passing-the-buckism, whatever you call it. But now I've never suffered from that at all. That's why I ran away and all that. I've just kept dodging round—just the same as I ran away, I dodged—and I've never got caught at the departmentalism, never suffered from it. But you'd think I had from this poem. This is an agony. Shows where agonies come from, you know, from nowhere. The less there is to them, the stronger they can be.

I'll emphasize the rhyme and meter in this for the fun of it. Of course you've heard me do it, some of you have. This is about an ant I met in Key West. It's not a New England poem at all, I like to say that disclaimer. It's got nothing to do with college or my having suffered from departmentalism, but it's just very objective.

[Mr. Frost then recites "Departmental."]

And remember for me, will you, the one thing, that you've reached the place where you can listen to what anybody says and, you know, just pull it your way with one little, nice pull. That's what makes life. ■

The Impresario: WFB Jr.

By Jeffrey Hart

Bill Buckley was many things but centrally he was one of the great American journalists, for many years a columnist, to be sure, but his historic

Achievement was the creation of *National Review*. Historians will go to that when they seek to explain much that has happened to the America of our time. Walter Lippman during the 1930s was an important journalist, and like Buckley wrote many useful books. But whereas Lippman explained and defended something that already existed, the reformist Progressive movement and the New Deal, Buckley brought into being something new, something that had no existence before, the modern conservative movement.

Through his public personality, and his distinctive prose style, he also gave conservatism a new public face, no longer Senator Robert Taft, a man of integrity and intellect, but who made Herbert Hoover look like Rudolph Valentino.

Buckley saw that the weekly *The New Republic* and *The Nation* were explaining and defending liberalism for an educated and influential public, and that conservatism needed something comparable. Beginning in late 1955 he put together a remarkably heterogeneous senior staff at his new *National Review*. James Burnham, a professional philosopher and analytical realist, was “indispensable,” as Buckley put it, not at all exaggerating. Burnham had been for a while a Trotskyist, had taught philosophy at NYU, and served in the CIA. He was a strategist of power, Realpolitik, the world as it is, analysis not emotion. “Fact-and-analysis” was his mantra. At *National Review* he mostly seemed above the storm, a ghost of a smile expressing his opinion of foolishness.

“The storm,” because the editors were often personally and intellectually at swords’ point. Buckley as the impresario enjoyed their arguments, which indeed enlivened the magazine, and in fact constituted the various elements of conservatism as it then existed. Russell Kirk had published the influential *The Conservative Mind*

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in 1952 and brought a traditionalism based on Burke into the mixture. Frank Meyer, reacting against years as a Communist theoretician, was a libertarian. Meyer had reviewed *The Conservative Mind* dismissively as crypto-socialism. Kirk had reviewed Meyer’s libertarian *What Is Conservatism?* contemptuously as nothing but an ideological tract. To put it mildly, they hated each other. But both contributed valuably to *National Review* and Buckley kept them aboard as contributors with his magnanimity and his pleasure at being the impresario of a good show.

Willmoore Kendall, a brilliant political philosopher, interpreter of our constitutional tradition, and disciple of Leo Strauss, had been an influential professor for Buckley at Yale. He was so difficult a personality that Yale—amazing fact—had bought out his tenure contract for thousands of dollars.

James Burnham quarreled politically with William Rusher. In domestic politics, Burnham saw Nelson Rockefeller as compatible with conservative anticommunism. Rockefeller was strong on national defense, and certainly anticommunist. Burnham did not loathe, as Rusher did, the Eastern Republican establishment (Rockefeller-Eisenhower), and would have been content to be on its conservative edge. Rusher wanted to displace the Eastern establishment and in 1963-4 was a principal architect of the Goldwater movement. When Goldwater defeated Rockefeller in California in 1964 and became the nominee, the fate of the Republican party was set. Goldwater carried only six states in the deep South, but the party looked since Goldwater to the South for its core support. Rusher had prevailed over Burnham for the foreseeable future. And it would be a different party, entirely without, for example, a libertarian leaven, and with an evangelical base with its greatest strength in the South. Goldwater had accomplished this in 1964, ironically to be sure, because Goldwater himself was a Western individualist who leaned libertarian, and later spoke of the Rev. Jerry Falwell in terms suitable to a barracks.

Without Buckley it never could have happened. As Boswell said at the end of his *Life of Johnson*, he has left a gap which nothing can fill up. ■

WFB, RIP

By Nicholas S. Desai

William F. Buckley, Jr. died on Wednesday, February 27 in his study at Stamford, Connecticut. No one could accuse him of not wringing out every milliliter of his well-heeled background: all of his energy, it seemed, went to staving off boredom and helping others do the same. This newspaper was fortunate to have had him as an ally during its turbulent incipient years and beyond. On behalf of all past and current staff members, I would like to express this newspaper’s gratitude for his guidance and mentorship over the years. *The Dartmouth Review* also extends its sincere condolences to Christopher Buckley, his son.

Though he famously wrote that his magazine, *National Review*, would “stand athwart history yelling Stop,” in his commentary on the Dartmouth scene, he was on the right side of history. He stood up in the national press for free speech, for fraternities, and for democracy in alumni elections when such things seemed on the wane. As it did in so many other political venues, his view of things prevailed at the College on the Hill.

His friend Jeffrey Hart sketches a bigger picture to the left, discussing how he skillfully fused different strands of right-of-center thinking into a viable conservative magazine. This led to Goldwater, to Reagan, and perhaps most consequentially of all, helped crumble the Berlin Wall.

He went about his life with infectious cheer, as demonstrated by a *Wall Street Journal* interview written by *Review* editor emeritus Joseph Rago: “There’s nothing I hoped for that wasn’t reasonably achieved,” declares Mr. Buckley, who will turn 80 later this month. “Now, I’m going to have a cocktail,” he announces, flashing his oblique grin. “Will you join me?”

What better tribute to a man whose greatest work of art may have been his own personality than to report one of his jokes? He once sent a copy of a book to Norman Mailer. In the index, next to “Mailer, Norman,” he wrote, “Hi, Norman! I knew you would look here first. Bill.” That was good, but what about the time when Allen Ginsberg recited some of his poetry on *Firing Line*? When Ginsberg had finished, Buckley let a beat elapse and then said to the camera, “Rubbish.” Who blends the serious and the entertaining as beautifully, now that he’s left? ■

Goodbye, My Friend... Larry

By Joseph Rago

Any institution, in my view, is only as good as its habits. By that standard, Larry James was a first-order Dartmouth institution, if only because his habits were so unvarying. Every



—The author and Larry James in culinary disputation—day at the Food Court, when Larry was working the register, it was always the same. He would take your inventory, swipe your card, and then, peering back at you through windshield glasses, announce: “Thank you my friend”—pause two beats—“Joseph.” Or, in your case, your proper first name.

That pause allowed Larry to inspect your I.D., and to figure out who you were. He can be forgiven for not always recognizing his friends, given the volume of friends he serviced each day. And though his pause foreclosed from him the achievements of Mitzi, another Food Court cashier, whose speed and efficiency in ringing you up was never less than spectacular, Larry’s slow draw had its charms. For example, he was affable. (Not exactly Mitzi’s forte.)

Larry James died in June, and his preferred honorific—“my friend”—may as well be his epitaph. He was a friend

Mr. Rago is a member of the class of 2005 and Editor-in-Chief emeritus of The Dartmouth Review.

to Dartmouth, and, in his way, a friend to everyone.

It was fitting that Larry managed Food Court, because it is the only genuinely democratic eating place on campus. Each of the others caters to specialized tastes: Collis and Home Plate allow the health- and organically-minded to forage; the Hop has its gifts in line orders and the deep fry; the Pavilion attends to confessional diets; the Lone Pine Tavern is geared toward those who prefer their “fun” kid-untasted but mother-approved; and so forth. Everyone is of course free to choose any or none of them. Yet neither do any of them attempt to satisfy everyone. By contrast, Food Court contains multitudes.

Attempting to satisfy everyone generally results in mediocrity, and the food at Food Court, to be honest, was often mediocre. Or rather, it was ordinary, like the food at most other college cafeterias—never *haute* cuisine, rarely gutter scraps, but a square enough meal. Still, Larry was able to elevate the place above the quality, flavor, or runniness of its fare. He did so, I think, by accenting Food Court’s democratic culture.

His talents were social. Though he had his eccentricities, these made him a character; and above all Larry was a regular guy, and he made you feel, too, like a regular. Note the indefinite article: Drinkers will know instantly what I mean. Though one can regularly patronize most any establishment, and be “a regular customer,” there is just one meaning in being “a regular.” A regular is someone who so prefers a place to drink, and props up the bar with such predictable frequency, that the bartender no longer needs to ask what he’ll be having.

Regulars, virtually fused to their favored spots, confer character (and business) on a bar. In turn, they are treated with a level of familiarity, a mutual fondness and sometimes friendship, unavailable to transient or stop-by drinkers. At the College, students are most often “regulars” in this or that cellar, which, for many reasons, isn’t quite the same thing.

It wasn’t quite the same thing at Food Court, either. Everyone ate there regularly. Larry’s genius was to make everyone feel like a regular. ■

His other genius, I suppose, was for silly costumes and hats. The nearby photograph was taken in the summer of 2003 during a joint fraternity-sorority “cook off.” Larry had done a kindness in agreeing to adjudicate the winner. That word, kindness, is not chosen lightly. As I remember it, our group had put together a “Hawaiian” menu—meaning, low-grade chicken left soaking in fruit juice, then skewered with pineapples and undercooked. To call the final product “not poisonous” would be charitable.

In fairness, my appreciation of the culinary arts is not particularly sophisticated, and, on the day in question, I had spent most of the afternoon being a regular in my fraternity basement. My palate, and faculties, thus degraded, the pictured altercation followed our team’s last place finish in

It is hard to imagine any other College Administrator, and Larry James was definitely one of those, and one of the most competent besides, who would have put up with the hassle and potential toxicity of the whole event—or, for that matter, with the hassle of running a College cafeteria without becoming a jerk.

a five-way contest. I was insisting to Larry, likely somewhat incoherently, that he had badly misjudged the merits of our entry. It became clear that he had not. Later that evening, several, including myself, became violently ill.

At this point, the details don’t much matter. Nevertheless, it is hard to imagine any other College administrator, and Larry James was definitely one of those, and one of the most competent besides, who would have put up with the hassle and potential toxicity of the whole event—or, for that matter, with the hassle of running a College cafeteria without becoming a jerk. In the end, his were not only unvarying but the best kind of habits. So thanks, my friend ...Larry. ■

TDR Interview: Professor Venkatesan

By Tyler R. Brace

Editor's Note: The following are excerpts from our interview with Professor Priya Venkatesan '90. For the full interview, see our website at www.dartreview.com.

The Dartmouth Review: Could you comment on Tom Cormen [Chair of the Writing Program]?

Prof. Priya Venkatesan: Sure, I am like, I really have a lot of work right now, I have two book manuscripts to work on, that doesn't even include the manuscript about my life in higher education, I have two grants to work on, I have an article to work on, I have three articles to work on, I really have so much work to do and you would not even believe, I really have a lot of work to do. I am not the kind of person who wants to make a big fuss about petty or trivial things. So, I have a lot of things to do that I could be focusing my attention on in very productive ways.

Yeah, and the training which you receive, it's very much slanted toward a particular political point of view. And it's almost unstated—I'm not saying that this is good or bad, I'm just saying that this is the case—but certainly political framework is absorbed into academic material, and you must be aware of that by reading, you know, arguments by academics.

TDR: I can understand that. If you like, I can just ask you a different question.

PV: To your question, Tom Cormen was consistently rude to me, and he was very unsupportive of my teaching in the Writing Program. I am perplexed as to why he would give me an offer to teach four sections in the Writing Program and then show absolutely no support, no professional support, and I wasn't even looking for personal support, no professional support or guidance, and trying to do my best job to be a writing instructor.

Now to give you the background, I taught writing in my graduate school at the University of California San Diego. I was what they call a teaching assistant. The students get graded by teaching assistants in the research universities, not like Dartmouth where the professors grade the students. I was a teaching assistant at the University of San Diego, and I have three teaching evaluations. They were all spectacular. They were all spectacular. They were all positive. I could fax them to you. I don't mind, I could honestly fax them to you, but no professional support or guidance from the beginning. But, I was confident in my ability to teach expository writing, so I went about it with very little support or direction from the department. That is, in itself, very unusual to have a writing program that does not have a structured orientation program for its new writing staff. Very, very extraordinary. Very out of the ordinary. Very unusual. . . . It raises flags about the quality of the writing program.

I did approach some administrator saying "where's the orientation?" She gave me this blank, actually it was a phone conversation, so I can't see a blank face, but it was like a blank expression over the phone, like I don't know what you're talking about. There was no orientation.

So Tom, when the students started complaining about me to Tom, Tom did bring me to his office a couple of times and said, "Tell me how things are going." But what is unusual about what Tom did as a professor, as a writing program director, is that he did not side with the colleague. That is also very, very strange. That is odd. . . . He used very strong language in telling me what I needed to do to meet the needs of the students. I think yeah, you need to meet the needs of the students.

But sometimes students have a different agenda than just learning. Who knows what the agenda of the students are? I can't read their minds. That is very strange because when I talked to my colleagues in California, they came back to me and they said, "Why isn't your boss supporting you?" And I said, "I don't know." . . . Why is someone who is in computer science [Tom Cormen] given the directive to promote the interests of writing at Dartmouth? My first

response is what is someone who has a computer science background going to know about teaching writing? What are they going to know? They haven't been trained in literature or composition rhetoric. They have no training in that.

I'm not even going to give you the rumors that were circulating about Tom, that's just gossip. I'm not going to get unprofessional. I'm just going to give you my personal assessment of Tom Cormen as my supervisor and as director of the Writing Program. I'm not going to go in to rumors.

TDR: You mentioned how your students maybe expected someone who was white, in talking to them and reading their evaluations, you don't really see anything referencing race. What do you have to say about that whole aspect?

PV: I think that's a really good question, and I kind of have to step back and say that I think, and this is really the only comment that I'm going to make, is that I think that discrimination is very hard to prove, and I think that my claim is going to be very hard to prove because I think that discrimination is very subtle. I think that right now because there are so many laws out there, slavery is outlawed, we have the Civil Rights Act, we have all these laws in place to protect minorities, to protect women, to protect the elderly, so we have these laws in place. No one made a comment about my ethnicity. That did not happen, and I have to say that it did not happen. So what is the basis of my claim? I think that the basis of my claim is that the behavior, like I said in which the tables were turned around, was partially motivated by race.

TDR: So with regards to the racism allegation, would you say this is more of a general feeling than any specific event?

PV: There were a couple of events. There were a couple of events.

TDR: Could you elaborate for us?

PV: I think at one point when I was reading a paper during the writing workshop, there were two students, they were actually the more obnoxious students in the class, they were the impolite ones, who would have a little conversation about how geeky or how socially inept an Indian student was. You could tell that it was an Indian because the name they mentioned was South Asian, and I know that, because I can recognize South Asian names. That was one example. In terms of any other specific incidences, it may be more difficult to prove. To say that that behavior, that type of disrespect is because I'm an East Indian female is a little bit, maybe it's a leap, but I don't think it's an irrational belief. I think it could be based on reality.

TDR: Is the book definitely going to happen?

PV: Books always happen. They always happen. I'm [working] with a literary agent right now, I'm waiting to get more responses from them. Dartmouth is just going to be one chapter in the book. But I think like the things I'm telling you right now are going to be in the book.

TDR: You mentioned how the students were bullying

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you, saying certain things, were there any incidences when you might have done that? Several students told me that once you came in the room and were calling them fascist demagogues. Do you deny that?

PV: Not true. I never name-called any student in that class. I never name-called any student in that class. What happened was that I went into class after that whole clapping incident, and I said, "What you did was horrific. What you did was really bad." Not bad, I didn't accuse them of being bad, I said what you did was unacceptable. They started arguing with me. I said fine. You think you know everything. You think you know everything without the knowledge base to

boot, without the training, you think you have a command of all the knowledge in the world at this stage in your life, then I'm sorry, that is fascism and that is demagoguery. When I made the two words fascism and demagoguery I looked at the picture on the wall.

I made sure that I did not look at the students, and that I did not make any personal attacks on them. The fact of the matter is that by being so arrogant about their command of knowledge about arguing with me about every point that I was making and that's really arrogant. That's very arrogant because frankly, and I'm not trying to be an academic elitist, but frankly, they don't even have a B.A. They're freshmen. They're freshmen.

TDR: In one of the many course reviews of your classes, and through talking to some of your students, I've heard them say you're not open to other opinions. For example, you banned questions in class. I was told you said something about them not having their Ph.D., B.A., Master's, etc.

PV: This is a total misrepresentation. I don't know what is motivating their behavior. I am not out to get them. I gave them mostly very good grades. I don't know what the issue is to why this absolute, demonification of me, I don't understand that. Rarely have I encountered this. The sense that I'm being demonized by a community that I had nothing against and with good intentions of joining, anyway that's an aside, what I did was for the majority of my two sections between fall and winter before this incident, I permitted questions during lecture.

But I noticed that many students were dissatisfied with that because some of them really did want to learn from me and hear my lecture out but that these questions were

This was the kind of question she was asking, "how many T's are in Gattaca?," and I was about to answer her and Tom Cormen pre-empted me, "two T's." I'll leave you to interpret it.

de-railing the lecture, so I basically said to the students after this incident that I was not going to permit questions during lecture but right after lecture we would have a discussion section or if we have a class that is more discussion oriented then you're permitted to ask questions. One of my colleagues from San Diego told me, and I'm not sure I agree with it, but she told me, and please don't quote me with saying that I agree with this, don't take it out of context, but she said the classroom is not a democracy and the way she runs her classroom is with an iron fist.

I'm not like that. I'm not the iron fist, but I think my genuine attempt to teach them—I think they tried to take advantage of some of my ability not to be this iron fist. I think a lot of professors are like, I'm the boss of the classroom and you listen to me, and that's probably the norm. I'm a little more lenient. I'm a little more liberal, and I think this was kind of taken advantage of. I think also that many times when I was lecturing, many of the students would take over the class. While they took over the class, the students that were questioning me would not question the student, but they would consistently question me. In other words, in that setting, the student had more authority than me. Usually the student that questioned me was a white male. When this white male spoke he was given more authority of knowledge, more respect than I was given. I think that was an example of racism. So this kind of thing was going on. It made me feel very uncomfortable.

But I did not ban questions. I just said leave them for the lecture, because what was happening was that people were asking questions that would just derail the lecture, and a lot of people did not like that, so I said questions after lecture. This demonification, this criminalization of very rational behavior, is very disturbing that it takes place. I don't know if it's just endemic to Dartmouth. Dartmouth is the only place I experienced it.

TDR: There is one specific incident where I heard from one of the girls in your class who was pretty outspoken. One day she hadn't spoken for a while and you said, "Could we have a round of applause for this girl, she hasn't spoken in ten minutes?"

PV: She was probably the most abrasive, the most offensive, the most disruptive student. She ruined that class. She ruined it. She ruined it. That class actually had a lot of potential, there were some really bright kids there, but

In Her Own Words

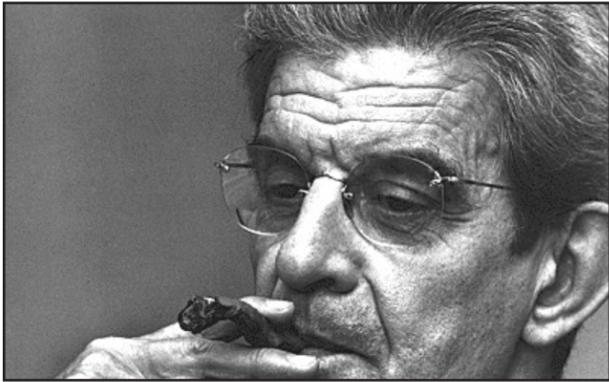
every time she would do a number of things that were very inappropriate. For instance, I had basically gotten a hold of Blackboard technology, but I was making some mistakes too because I was new to the system, and every time that some link was wrong or some link wasn't set up right, [girl x]

It was a very humiliating moment to my life; it was extremely humiliating, that my students would clap against me, when all I was trying to do was talk to them about arguments and argumentation, in the light of what I had been trained with.

in the beginning of class would point this out to everybody. Then what happened was—I was lecturing on morals and ethics, and she just gave me this horrible look, and I was pretty disturbed. I just said, “what is going on here?”

The problem with [girl x] is that she can't take criticism. She can't take the fact that there is something wrong with her work. Now, some people are like that, a lot of people are like that, unable to take criticism, but the fact of the matter is that I have the Ph.D. in literature; I make the assessment if someone has talent for philosophy, literary theory, and literary criticism. . . .

One of the things that she did, this is also really interesting, was that she would always ask me how to spell things. That was her thing. She would say how to do you spell this? How to you spell that? I mean—what am I supposed to do?—so I would tell her. One time Tom Cormen was sitting in the class, and she asked me, how many t's are in Gattaca. This was the kind of question she was asking, “how many T's are in Gattaca?,” and I was about to answer her and Tom Cormen pre-empted me, “two T's.” I'll leave you to interpret it.



—Jacques Lacan—

TDR: Um, no. No, I don't understand that.

PV: I have to tell you. It means tenure track.

TDR: Oh, okay.

PV: Because I wasn't tenured track.

TDR: Oh, okay, yeah.

PV: He was trying to intimate that I wasn't ready for tenure track.

TDR: Yeah, okay, I didn't realize that's what that meant.

PV: I'm kind of making this leap because this is the kind of subversiveness that was going on in that environment. That [girl x] would ask how many t's are in Gattaca and that Tom Cormen would respond, “two t's” as if I had no grasp on tenure track. . . .but with [girl x], something's going on with her. I'm not a doctor, but she's not all there—

[Editor's Note: At this point, Mr. Brace's ran out of tape. What follows is from a second interview conducted the next day.]

PV: I've decided not to pursue any litigation with regard to my grievances at this point, and I have also decided that if sources outside of Dartmouth approach me, that I will respond by saying that this is, you know, what I've said, and not prefer to comment on this matter. I know that right now that I don't want my family to suffer, and I don't want

people to work with in this community to be affected by what I'm doing, so it is as much in my interest as it is theirs to withdraw pursuing a legal avenue.

TDR: So, are you still going to be pursuing the book?

PV: Definitely. Probably the way to go—you know, I think, I just don't feel like the courts are the way to address this issue. I feel like by getting my narrative out there about my experiences, and then leaving the interpretation open to the reading public, that would be great. If people are interested in my story, you know, then I would be more than delighted to share it with them. But right now, the legal road is probably causing more harm than good.

TDR: I have a few questions about your educational background and how it relates to the courses you teach, and some other specific questions. Yesterday in a lot of the interviews you granted, you referred to “the clapping incident”, and I was just wondering if you could explain to me what exactly that was.

PV: Sure. It's basically we were talking about *The Death of Nature* by Carolyn Merchant. I believe I talked about how the scientific revolution—what effect it had on women of the period. In the context I brought up the witch trials of the Renaissance, and I was trying to make to make the claim—it was kind of a paraphrasing of Merchant's argument, it's not necessarily. . . . I made the argument that in many cases science and technology did not benefit women, and if women were benefiting from science and technology, it was an after-effect. It was not the goal of science and technology. It was a very feminist claim, and you may not agree with it. But that was Merchant's argument; it wasn't my argument, and I'm not a feminist scholar, so I was really making an argument that wasn't mine and paraphrasing.

But there was one student who really took issue with this—and he took issue with this, and he made a very—I'd call it a diatribe, and it was sort of like, well—science and technology, women really did benefit from it, and to criticize patriarchal authority on the basis that science and technology benefited patriarchy or men, was not sufficient grounds for this type of feminist claim. And he did this with great rhetorical flourish; it was very invective, it was a very invective sort of tone. And I think what happened afterwards was that some people—I can't name them, and I don't know how many there were, but it was a significant number—started clapping for his statements.

It was a very humiliating moment to my life; it was extremely humiliating, that my students would clap against me, when all I was trying to do was talk to them about arguments and argumentation, in the light of what I had been trained with. In other words, it's kind of interesting that when you are trained in graduate school, it's sort of like, you know, you're trained in this kind of—I don't want to say it's political—you must be aware that most college campuses are very liberal, right?

TDR: Oh yes, certainly.

PV: Yeah, and the training which you receive, it's very much slanted toward a particular political point of view. And it's almost unstated—I'm not saying that this is good or bad, I'm just saying that this is the case—but certainly political framework is absorbed into academic material, and you must be aware of that by reading, you know, arguments by academics. You know, they talk about things such as Marxism—that's just the intellectual way of thinking about it. But maybe to the general public, these are issues that are not considered objects of general discussion. You know what I mean?

TDR: Okay. Tell me if I'm wrong, but after the incident, you didn't attend class for the next week. Why was that?

PV: I was on doctor's orders.

TDR: What did the doctor say?

PV: I went to the doctor because over the weekend I had

basically been—I don't know how to put it—I had basically been crying to my husband, and he said “Why don't you go to the doctor, see what she can do for you. Maybe this is something you could talk to the doctor about, get some advice.” So I did, and what she recommended was not to attend class for—she recommended not to go back for a full week, and I said no, I wanted to go back on Friday. . . . I scheduled class on Friday, and I got a lot of complaints that said “This is Winter Carnival weekend, you can't hold class on Friday.” And I said “Okay, I'll schedule class on Monday.” And this is how the thing went, back and forth, it was like any time I was trying to enforce any kind of goodwill or good-naturedness or anything like that with the students, they were just so like, um, demanding, they just demanded more.

TDR: Couldn't it be said that an important part of the educational process is this kind of back-and-forth questioning of ideas, and many would argue that that's very important, and that professors' ideas should be questioned. What do you think?

PV: Yeah, I think professors are not immune from being questioned. I'm not saying that these scholars I've studied should not be questioned, but the comments I was getting on my papers were like “Oh, this thinker is like, the worst writer in the whole wide world,” or “This thinker thinks

She was probably the most abrasive, the most offensive, the most disruptive student. She ruined that class. She ruined it. She ruined it.

they know everything,” and I would be getting irrational things from them. These weren't thoughtful statements; they were irrational.

TDR: One thing I heard today from several students was that during one class when you got frustrated that you said something along the lines of that the students weren't fit to be Ivy League students.

PV: No, I never said that. On what grounds would I say something like that? I'm not on the Admissions Committee, all right? I can't say that.

TDR: So you deny that?

PV: Yeah, of course! I never said that.

TDR: And just one more question—and now that you're withdrawing your suit [she is now pursuing legal action], would you like to take this time to apologize to the set of students that you named?

PV: Absolutely not. Absolutely not. This is not to absolve them of the wrongdoing that they did—they did a real number on me. They did a real number on me. I can talk at length about postmodernism and stuff, but they should treat me

I went to the doctor because over the weekend I had basically been—I don't know how to put it—I had basically been crying to my husband, and he said “Why don't you go to the doctor, see what she can do for you.”

as a human being; if they can't realize that at this stage in their life, then that's really disturbing. I'm not apologizing to any member of the Dartmouth community; I still have the same grievances. I am showing the same indifference to the Dartmouth community as they showed to me. It's like, what comes around goes around. And it's not vindictive, but that's rather just the way it is. You show indifference, then that indifference gets returned. And this is because I don't want my family to suffer. I don't want my family to get dragged into this, and I don't want any other place that I go to get dragged into this. ■

The Wright Retrospective

By A.S. Erickson

Editor's Note: James Wright recently announced his intention to step down as President of the College. The following is a short retrospective of the major events and controversies of his presidency.

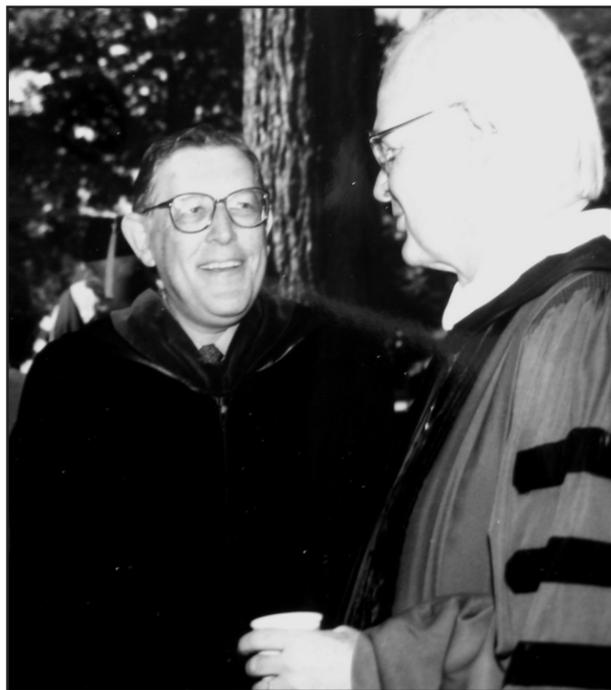
Freedman Before Dartmouth

Any retrospective of the Wright Presidency must begin with a look back at the tenure of his predecessor, James Freedman. Freedman was raised in Manchester, New Hampshire. His father was a high school English teacher; his mother was a self-hating Jew. Freedman's mother was a wildly ambitious woman who drummed her own ambition into her son from early on in his childhood; this included an almost cult-like worship of Harvard. From Manchester, Freedman graduated from Harvard College and Yale Law School. After a clerkship with Thurgood Marshall he settled into a professorial appointment at Penn Law School, where he remained for eighteen years.

At Penn, Freedman regularly taught classes and published extensively as he climbed up through the ranks of the school's administration. By the end of his stay at the University of Pennsylvania, he had been made the Dean of the law school. He left Penn for the Presidency of the University of Iowa, where he oversaw the expansion of that school's graduate programs. He left Iowa for Dartmouth in 1987. Shortly before he left, however, he convinced the Iowa legislature to finance a laser center that he claimed would bring 12,000 jobs to the state. Iowa legislators subsequently claimed that Freedman purposely misled them, but by that time he was gone.

Freedman at Dartmouth

When Freedman telephoned his mother with the news that he had been named the President of Dartmouth, his mother consoled him by saying, "That's okay, next time it will be Harvard." It is in this vein that Freedman oversaw Dartmouth during his tenure: it was a poor imitation of its southerly sister, Harvard. His disdain for Dartmouth tradition was palpable.



—Freedman and Wright—

It was Freedman's emphasis on campus expansion, however, that engendered most of the alumni antipathy he encountered. For instance, the size of the administration grew from 400 administrators to 650 between 1985 and 1995. In addition, a matrix was uncovered in the early nineties that examined three sizes in campus capacity and enrollment: undergraduate levels at 5,500 students, 7,900 students, and 9,000 students.

Furthermore, Freedman's vision for the College ran in direct opposition to the course the College traditionally took. This became clear in his inaugural address:

We must strengthen our attraction for those singular students whose greatest pleasures may come not from the camaraderie of classmates, but from the lonely acts of writing poetry or mastering the cello or solving mathematical riddles or translating

Mr. Erickson is a sophomore at the College and Executive Editor of The Dartmouth Review. Photographs are courtesy of the Dartmouth College Library.

Catullus. We must make Dartmouth a hospitable environment for students who march to a different drummer—for those creative loners and daring dreamers whose commitment to the intellectual and artistic life is so compelling that they appreciate, as Prospero reminded Shakespeare's audiences, that for certain persons a library is 'dukedom large enough.

Unsurprisingly, the kind of peace and solace Freedman sought out for his students was not found in the basement of the College's notorious fraternities: like his successor James Wright, Freedman would lose the support of alumni and students by instituting measures that made the daily operations of Greek organizations very difficult. An unprecedented number of fraternities were placed under probation during Freedman's tenure as president; he pushed rush back to sophomore fall; and, for a time, he banned kegs at fraternities altogether.

Freedman's aspirations for career advancement were dashed, in part, by this newspaper. Two events in particular attracted national media attention. The first was Freedman's continual denunciations of *The Dartmouth Review* in 1988. That spring, the paper had printed a transcript of Professor Bill Cole's music class, in which it was revealed that Cole talked about many things (often using expletive-laced descriptions)—but that he spoke very little about music. The *Wall Street Journal* called Freedman the Bull Conner of academia when Freedman came to the defense of Cole by labeling the *Review* a "racist" publication (Cole was black) and by suspending three editors and placing a fourth on probation.

The second event was the sabotage of the *Review's* masthead quote—traditionally a quote from Theodore Roosevelt, it had been replaced with a quote from *Mein Kampf* by a disgruntled staffer. The paper was cleared of any wrongdoing by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. It was largely rumored at the time that Freedman's pitiless hectoring of his own students in these two incidents persuaded the Corporation of Harvard not to hire him to fill the recently vacated President's office there.

Wright Under Freedman

James Wright has been at Dartmouth since 1969, when he was hired as an assistant professor in the History Department. He came to the College straight from the University of Wisconsin where he earned his Ph.D. Wright had close professional ties to Freedman; it was Freedman who made him Dean of the Faculty in 1987. When Freedman took a sabbatical in 1995, it was Wright who was acting president. Later on, when Freedman promoted Wright to Provost without a formal search committee, the faculty rebelled, forcing Wright to tender a letter of resignation.

The controversy had more to do with Freedman than objections to Wright as the new provost. In the late eighties, the Provost's Office was redefined by Freedman so that the Dean of the Faculty as well as the deans of the professional schools reported to it. In exchange for the increased power placed in the provost position, the faculty required Freedman to establish a formal search committee for each new provost. Faculty members would compose a majority of the committee.

The debacle included an interdepartmental clash as different departments either pushed for Wright's resignation or protested with a petition for his reinstatement. The History and hard science departments were particularly vocal in their support for Wright—who had earlier chaired the curriculum committee that changed the core requirements to allegedly favor the hard and social sciences. For instance, tenured professors in the Chemistry and Biology departments sent letters to the untenured professors; the letters strongly 'urged' junior faculty to sign the petition for Wright's reinstatement.

A Research University in All but Name

The professional trust Freedman placed in Wright was significant, and when it came time to find a replacement for Freedman, Wright was the natural choice. The selection of Wright was announced on April 6, 1998. On that day he addressed the Dartmouth community in Alumni Hall, in which he made clear his initial priorities. He announced that his "vision of Dartmouth is of a research community that is committed to attracting and retaining the very best faculty and recruiting and engaging the very best students." He went on to say, "Dartmouth is a research university in

all but name, and we are not going to be deflected from our purposes."

In a short interview Wright told the *New York Times* that he expected "to continue to expand Dartmouth's strengths as a research institution."

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During the spring he repeatedly emphasized increasing the graduate programs without sacrificing the quality of undergraduate education. A favorite line of argument he deployed was pointing to the existence of the professional schools, while brushing over differences between Ph.D. programs—which utilize the same professors that teach undergraduates—and professional schools, which have separate pools of educators. Over that summer, alumni roundly criticized him for moving Dartmouth away from a liberal arts college tradition. Sensitive to the controversy, Wright attempted in his inaugural address to put his position into context:

When I spoke to the Dartmouth community last spring upon the announcement of my election as president, I reiterated what my predecessors in the Wheelock Succession had earlier acknowledged: that Dartmouth College is a university in all but name. What was true in President Dickey's day is even more true today. If neither of the descriptive labels—college or university—fits us easily, that is eminently acceptable, because we are comfortable with what we are and with what we aspire to be. Typically, colleges are primarily concerned with undergraduate education and teaching. Universities are primarily engaged in graduate education and also place a greater emphasis on faculty research. We at Dartmouth are proud to call ourselves a College, recognizing that Dartmouth is a college that has many of the best characteristics of a university. We are a university in terms of our activities and our programs, but one that remains a college in name and in its basic values and purposes. In this paradox, in this tension, lies our identity and our strength.

[...]

What does it mean for us as faculty members that Dartmouth is both a college and a university? It means that we share institutional obligations, even as we remain active participants in the worldwide community of scholars within our disciplines. It means that our small size can be an advantage, because of the flexibility it affords. Cooperative endeavors and shared ambitions often bear more and better fruit than can result from individuals working alone. Cross-disciplinary collaborations in many fields not only enhance the teaching and research enterprises, but they also contribute to personal and professional satisfactions. Being a faculty member at Dartmouth provides the opportunity to teach and to work closely with some of the finest undergraduate students in the country, in a residential community that encourages and supports research.

What does it mean for you as undergraduate students that Dartmouth is both a college and a university? It means a size and scale and aspiration sufficient to afford a rich curriculum, but within a community that one can stroll across in 10 minutes and meet friends along the way. It means an unsurpassed range of off-campus opportunities second to none and arts programs that are incredibly rich and accessible. It means the opportunity to study with faculty who are committed both to teaching and to scholarship. Perhaps most important, being a student at Dartmouth means being encouraged to take one's self seriously as a young scholar—a person of promise who has a rare and valuable opportunity to learn and grow. It means that here students are not merely passive recipients of information, but are active participants in their own learning process.

Wright and his Mentor

It means also that the out-of-classroom experience complements and supports the central mission of the College. Whether it is in athletic competition or recreational sports or artistic pursuits, or in conversations at the residence halls or dining tables, we recognize that learning here has never been—nor should it be—limited to the classroom.

The most significant move Wright has made during his time as President in this direction is in campus buildings. Many have focused on the residential buildings: in Fahey/McLane and the McLaughlin Cluster, the campus has eight new dorms with hundreds of beds, and a significant part of Wright's northward expansion away from the Green is wrapped up in the McLaughlin Cluster. More understated is the College's choice of which departments to give new buildings to. Of the three most prominent new academic buildings (Moore, Haldeman, and Kemeny), two are for departments that have graduate programs: Psychological and Brain Sciences, and Mathematics.

Student Life Initiative

Wright's emphasis on graduate education was quickly overshadowed by a statement he issued in conjunction with the Board of Trustees on February 9, 1999. In the statement he announced the creation of the "Student Life Initiative" (S.L.I.). The Initiative was to be guided by the following five principles: (1) "There should be greater choice and continuity in residential living and improved residential space." (2) "There should be additional and improved social spaces controlled by students." (3) "The system should be substantially coeducational and provide opportunities for greater interaction among all Dartmouth students." (4) "The number of students living off campus should be reduced." (5) "The abuse and unsafe use of alcohol should be eliminated."

Though the principles were rather vague, Wright made the focus of the S.L.I. eminently clear in an interview with the *Daily Dartmouth*: the Greek system. In the interview he stated that the Initiative would put an end to the Greek system "as we know it." An editorial in the *Valley News* stated, "College President James Wright has unequivocally stated that single-sex Greek organizations are doomed." We know now, of course, that some of the less controversial principles were accomplished (i.e. the new dormitories), while the most controversial principle—making fraternity and sorority houses coeducational—was less successfully implemented.

It is difficult in today's campus climate to imagine the outrage. When the *Review* ran its controversial "Natives" issue in the fall of 2006, about three hundred people gathered in front of Dartmouth Hall to either protest or watch

the protest. In comparison, after the S.L.I. was announced over one thousand students marched to the President's mansion, where they sang the Alma Mater three times before dispersing. Not content with marches, the students also cancelled that year's Winter Carnival in protest. The S.L.I., a broad reform initiative, had instantly become a narrow referendum on the Greek System.

The S.L.I., then, was mostly a public relations disaster. Yes, it did spawn other smaller disasters like the college funded "Kick @\$\$ Party" in 2002, but it also provided the initial impetus toward things like better residential buildings, more campus dining areas, 24-hour study areas, and other things. Wright has probably shouldered an unfair amount of blame for the S.L.I., whose roots reach back to the late '80s and Freedman; but, if nothing else, it was his job to sell the Initiative to the Dartmouth Community. On that account he failed. In the winter of 1999 two thousand undergraduates were surveyed: eighty-three percent favored single-sex Greek houses.



—Wright on a fundraising trip to Japan in 1997—

Wright and Governance

Disgruntled alumni began to voice their discontent through the petition mechanism in trustee elections. T.J. Rodgers '70 became the second petition candidate to successfully run for the Board of Trustees in 2004; the first since John Steel '54 won in 1980. Rodgers' campaign focused on free speech, criticizing a letter of President Wright's in the wake of Zeta Psi's derecognition that stated, "[I]t is hard to understand why some want still to insist that their 'right' to do what they want trumps the rights, feelings, and considerations of others. We need to recognize that speech has consequences for which we must account." Zeta was derecognized for printing a lewd pamphlet.

Peter Robinson '79 and Todd Zywicki '88 followed in Rodgers' footsteps, when they successfully ran as petition candidates in 2005. The College responded by attempting to change the constitution that governed the trustee elections. In favor of the changes were President Wright, the Alumni

Council, and the Dartmouth Alumni for Common Sense, which was headed by Susan Dentzer '77, a former trustee and co-chair of the S.L.I. committee. Various machinations were used to increase the likelihood of the constitution's success—including a dubious vote that lowered the threshold needed for approval from three-quarters to two-thirds—yet a majority of alumni voted down the constitution in the fall of 2006. That next spring Stephen Smith '88 was elected, the fourth petition candidate in a row.

Realizing that alumni did not want a radical change in the College's character, the Board and Wright decided that it would be impossible to achieve the changes they wanted democratically. In the fall of 2007 they announced that they were adding eight additional charter (appointed) trustee seats on the Board and zero alumni (elected) trustee seats. If allowed to proceed, the Board's plan would significantly change the balance of power: from a fifty-fifty split between charter and alumni trustees to a two-thirds majority in favor of the charter trustees, minus *ex officio* trustees (the President of the College, and Governor of New Hampshire). The governance changes on the Board have brought about protest from alumni, a lawsuit, and meddling from the New Hampshire House of Representatives within the last year.

After the lawsuit was brought to New Hampshire's Grafton County Court, Wright and the Board attempted to get the motion dismissed. The motion to dismiss was denied in court on February 1, 2008. On the morning of February 4, Wright declared his intentions to resign in June 2009.

Wright and the Marines

President Wright's support of wounded veterans has been the most distinctive mark of his tenure. Wright, himself a Marine, conceived of and helped gather \$300,000 in seed money for an educational counseling service for wounded soldiers returning from the conflicts in Iraq and Afghanistan. In the last year the program has worked with about 250 veterans. Dartmouth has since accepted veterans as new students both through the counseling program and separate from it. Wright has also lobbied for increased government financial aid for returning veterans.

Wright's legacy is a mixed bag. Those who wish to remember the good will look to the impressive number of new buildings and programs like the veteran counseling service. Critics will undoubtedly remember him mostly for his assault on the Greek system and alumni governance. The truth is President Wright has made some massive miscalculations, but he has also been an impressive fundraiser and a president who competently kept Dartmouth competitive with the greatest schools in the country. If Freedman's disastrous vision for the College nearly took the College and its traditions down, then Wright's lack of vision at least kept the College afloat. ■

The New President of Dartmouth

Editor's Note: The following is a reprint of an editorial about the then new President Wright. It was published on September 30, 1998 by The Dartmouth Review.

The *Dartmouth Review* greets the ascendance of James Wright as the 16th President of Dartmouth College with tempered optimism, despite our vehement disagreement with his plan to convert Dartmouth into a research university.

The real problem with the last President lay in his attitude. He took his post as a pulpit for a particular brand of ideological zeal that rendered all questions of institutional direction into a horridly simple formula—all those people, institutions, and events which advocated, represented, or evolved from Dartmouth's tradition were bad; zealous reform was good, nay unquestionably so. Freedman was clearly a figure external to the College, and this only fueled the nasty stridence of his chosen mission.

Wright, of course, is a career-long Dartmouth man. He has a personal stake in the College while Freedman had a personal stake only in his own agenda. He has the necessary understanding of the College's traditions and uniqueness, and, it seems, at least an abstract appreciation of them.

Nearly as significant is the tone of Wright's rhetoric. The new President does not come across as a crusader. He is an academic, not an absolutist politician (like Freedman). His stated mission is not Freedman's purposeful commitment to social reform (attempting to close fraternities and change Dartmouth's values) but improving Dartmouth's academic quality.

Wright's thirty years in Dartmouth's History depart-

ment bode well for another reason: his consequent ties to the faculty are strong. Wright is extremely well-liked by most professors at Dartmouth. While David McLaughlin failed to gain the respect of the faculty and it cost him his post, Wright will have no such problems.

All of this promise, however, will mean little if Wright continues in his present plan to turn Dartmouth into a research university.

The Carnegie Foundation, an influential academic watchdog organization based in Pittsburgh, released a study this Spring that found American Higher Education was being converted into a system built around a research university

Dartmouth College, he said, can become a research university without sacrificing the undergraduate. The two aspects of the modern university can happily coexist. The problem is that they can't.

that cheats the undergraduate. The Carnegie Foundation found an inevitable and inescapable connection between increased concentration on graduate research and declining quality of undergraduate teaching.

What was remarkable about Wright's speech was that he ignored this trade-off, trying to cover himself with empty affirmation. Dartmouth College, he said, can become a research university without sacrificing the undergraduate. The two aspects of the modern university can happily coexist.

The problem is that they can't.

Economists who have studied the modern research

university, perhaps most significantly Stanford's Roger Noll, concede that there is a necessary tradeoff, that expanding research programs does cost the university—professors are necessarily unable to devote as much time to undergraduates. (Worth noting is that Noll supports the research university, yet still concedes that teaching suffers). This conclusion supports the Carnegie Foundation's research.

A favorite rhetorical tack of Wright's has been to argue that the existence of the Tuck Business School, the Thayer Engineering School, and the Dartmouth Medical School means that graduate education is firmly entrenched in Dartmouth's history, and that, consequently, the research expansion is in harmless keeping with traditional institutional values.

This line of reasoning ignores an important distinction between 'graduate programs' and 'professional schools.' Tuck, Thayer, and the Medical School are fairly innocuous add-ons to the undergraduate college because they are professional schools.

The medical school does not strip resources from undergraduates because the staff is entirely separate from the undergraduate staff.

If Dartmouth were to add a graduate English department, however, it would keep professors from concentrating on teaching, because they would be necessarily involved in the graduate programs.

Wright's insistence on the research university, then, threatens to mar what would otherwise be a promising Presidency. Hopefully, he will realize the error of his policies. Whether or not he does, he is certainly an improvement over his predecessor. ■

Fitzgerald's Last Hoorah:

By Nicholas S. Desai

The story of F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1939 trip to Dartmouth for Winter Carnival is proverbial, even if the best known version has it simply that the novelist got very drunk in Hanover. Even this condensed form has appeal: the man of letters who does not uphold the supposed dignity of his profession is both comic and tragic. Yet an investigation of the Budd Schulberg papers, recently acquired by Dartmouth

recalled, "But it was good money; it was 250 bucks a week, a lot of money—there's no denying it. I'd been married young. Also it was about my own place, my own college."

Schulberg later described the Carnival as "jumping off point in time for the ski craze that was eventually to sweep America from Maine to California. But somehow in the 20's, it had gotten all mixed up with the election of a Carnival Queen. And by the time I was an undergraduate, I mean a Dartmouth man, the Carnival had developed into a hyped-

up beauty contest, winter fashion show and fancy dress ball, complete with an 'Outdoor Evening' ski-and-ice extravaganza that would have made Busby Berkeley green with envy.

"In 1929 the Carnival Queen was a fledgling movie star, Florence Rice, daughter of the illustrious Grantland.... In 1937 the Dartmouth band led five thousand to Occom Pond in a torchlight parade to cheer the coronation of a gorgeous blonde with full red lips. The Dartmouth ski team swooped down from the hills with flaming torches in tribute to their Queen of the Snow. Champion skaters twirled on the ice in front of her throne and sky rockets lit the winter night. It had begun to look more like a snowbound Hollywood supercolossal starring Sonja Henie and a chorus of

the Great Novelist Past who had sprung to early fame with *This Side of Paradise*, capped his early promise at age 29 with what many critics hailed as the great American novel, *The Great Gatsby*, and then had taken nine years to write and publish the book most of the same critics condemned as 'disappointing,' *Tender is the Night*."

Fitzgerald finished reading the forty-eight-odd pages of the *Winter Carnival* script and said, "Well, it's not very good," to which Schulberg replied, "Oh, I know, I know, I know it's not good." They went to lunch at the Brown Derby.

Schulberg and Fitzgerald soon discovered that they knew "everybody in common; it was a small town.... We talked about so many writers. We talked about the dilemma of the Eastern writer coming West and writing movies for a living, always with the dream of that one more chance, one more chance to go back and write that novel, write that play that would re-establish him—mostly him, a few hers—once again."

When he returned to the room, he found an unpunctuated note that read, from Schulberg's memory, "Pal you shouldn't have left me pal because I got lonely pal and I went down to the bar pal and I came up and looked for you pal and now I'm back down at the bar and I'll be waiting for you pal."

Schulberg told him how much he admired *Gatsby*, and how much it meant to him, along with the short stories and *Tender is the Night*.

"I'm really amazed that you know anything about me," said Fitzgerald, "I've had the feeling that nobody in your generation would read me anymore."

"I have a lot of friends that do." ("That was only partly true," he said later, "Most of my radical, communist-oriented peers looked on him as a relic.")

"Last year my royalties were \$13," said Fitzgerald.

They discussed politics, literature, and gossip. "Scott was tuned into everything we talked about—everything except *Winter Carnival*. Everything. We went through those things, I think, all afternoon. We decided to meet the next day at the studio at ten, and we did but we got talking about everything but *Winter Carnival*.... and we tried we really tried. But *Winter Carnival* was the kind of movie that is very hard to get your mind on, especially when you have the excitement of so many other things that are really more interesting."

It was, in other words, a pleasant time, though they were not doing the work for which they were being paid. "After about four or five days, it reminded me of sitting

around a campus dormitory room in one of those bull sessions, talking about all the things we both shared and enjoyed." An additional danger loomed: though they drew salaries, they had not signed contracts and could be fired at any time.

After a week, Wanger called them into his office to check on their progress. Having done hardly any work, they nevertheless managed not to let on that they had been ignoring the script. Wanger said that they'd better create a central storyline soon, since the entire crew was traveling to Hanover to shoot "backgrounds." ("In those days, they would shoot the backgrounds based on what the scenes were and then in the studio have the actors behaving as if they were at the ski-lift, on the porch of the Inn, and so forth.")

As to whether they should accompany the crew, Fitzgerald was resistant. "Well, Walter, I hadn't planned to go to Dartmouth. I've seen enough college parties, I think, to write a college movie without having to go to the Winter Carnival."

His resistance was perhaps more understandable if you understand that flying in those days required a goodly chunk of time. "People today don't realize what flying was. It was just one step away from the *Santa Fe Chief*. You got on, and you stopped for refueling several times, and it took about sixteen hours."



—The cover of a mock issue of the Dartmouth used during the filming of *Winter Carnival*—

College Library, reveals a tale that, fleshed out, gains still more gravity and comic appeal.

It's a yarn that Schulberg '36 related many times in publications, at conferences, and in fictional form in his 1950 novel *The Disenchanted*. Like any drinking story, it seems to alter with each telling to provide maximum entertainment, usually through emphasis but occasionally in presentation of facts. (Did Schulberg really take Fitzgerald to Psi U or simply feint in that direction?) But Schulberg, the acclaimed author of *What Makes Sammy Run?* and Academy Award-winning screenwriter of *On the Waterfront*, tells it well each time. What follows is the '39 bender according to Schulberg, which is drawn from several accounts and rendered using a combination of quotation and paraphrase. His is the controlling view, since he stuck by Fitzgerald more closely than anyone else during their brief excursion.

Schulberg was something of a Hollywood prince, the son of a movie mogul who had known only Hollywood, Deerfield Academy, and Dartmouth by the time he had reached his twenty-fourth year. He had graduated from

When Wanger said, "F. Scott Fitzgerald," I said, "Scott Fitzgerald—isn't he dead?" And Wanger made some crack like, "Well, I doubt that your script is that bad."

Dartmouth three years before and was working for David O. Selznick, a family friend and the legendary producer who made *Gone with the Wind*. This would have led to a career in production, like his father's, but Schulberg aspired to write. After extricating himself from Selznick, he received a call from the producer Walter Wanger '15 who proposed making a picture about Dartmouth's Winter Carnival.

"I always thought of Hollywood like a principality of its own," Schulberg reflected years later. "It was like a sort of a Luxembourg, or something like that, or Liechtenstein. And the people who ran it really had that attitude. They weren't only running a studio, they were running a whole little world.... They could cover up murder.... You could literally have somebody killed, and it wouldn't be in the papers."

"It was not something on my own I would sit down and be fascinated by, the *Winter Carnival* movie," Schulberg

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Images courtesy of Dartmouth College Library.

Goldwyn Girls than the homespun college event Fred Harris had fathered a quarter of a century before. One could hardly blame a movie tycoon-alumnus like Walter Wanger for wanting to bring it to the screen.

"Wanger was a very dapper man; he prided himself on being dapper in a Hollywood setting among gauche Hollywood producers. Walter was Ivy League, and he played that role of the Ivy League producer. He had the right threads on for the Ivy League: he was Brooks Brothers. And he had books—real books!—in the bookcase behind him. The only thing that bothered me—well, a number of things bothered me about Walter—but the only detail that bothered me was that he had a large photo of Mussolini framed there on the wall, inscribed 'To Walter, with the best wishes of his friend, Benito.' By the end of the year that disappeared into the bathroom."

Wanger told Schulberg that the script he'd written solo was "lousy," ("I didn't see *War and Peace* in *Winter Carnival*," Schulberg said), and that he would need to bring in another writer. Schulberg said later that no matter how famous or accomplished a writer was in those days, he could be hired for a few days before being summarily fired. So he felt lucky merely to have hung on to the job and asked who his collaborator would be.

"It's F. Scott Fitzgerald," said Wanger.

"I looked at him; I honestly thought he was pulling my leg." Schulberg had seen Fitzgerald some years back downtown at the Biltmore Theatre as he came out of a play with Dorothy Parker and looking "ghostly white and frail and pail." But that was some years back, and when Wanger said, 'F. Scott Fitzgerald,' I said, 'Scott Fitzgerald—isn't he dead?' And Wanger made some crack like, 'Well, I doubt that your script is that bad.' He perhaps said, 'Maybe bored him to death,' or something like that. But Wanger said, 'No, he's in the next room, and he's reading your script now.'" Schulberg went to meet him.

"My God, he's so old," he thought then.

"His complexion," he said later, "was manuscript white and, though there was still a light brown tint to his hair, the first impression he made on me was of a ghost—the ghost of



—Budd Schulberg '36—

A Sort of Creative Brood

To stay employed, Fitzgerald gave in. "While I felt sorry for Scott, I have to admit that I was looking forward to going back to Dartmouth with Scott Fitzgerald."

detection and were encouraged to keep working.

As they got up, Wanger asked in passing, "Oh, by the way, did you meet anybody on the plane?"

Schulberg mentioned that they had seen Sheila Graham, a movie columnist. "And Walter's face darkened, and he looked at Scott and said, 'Scott, you son of a bitch.'"

It turned out that Fitzgerald had secretly arranged to have his girlfriend accompany him on the trip, though it might be more correct to say that she was the one who insisted on it. Fitzgerald, in addition to his alcoholism, simply had very poor health. But, in Schulberg's presence, Fitzgerald and Graham pretended to have met by chance on the plane. Schulberg apologized to Fitzgerald for mentioning it in the Waldorf.

"Well, Budd, it's my fault. I should have told you."

Despite this delay, they managed to make the Carnival Special, the train conveying crowds of females to Dartmouth for the weekend. "They were really like a thousand Scott Fitzgerald heroines, they were....

The entire train given over to Winter Carnival."

In 1974, Schulberg revisited Dartmouth and wrote an open letter to Fitzgerald, reminiscing about their little brother. The Carnival Special was apparently the most noticeable absence from the 1970s version. "Can you hear me right, Scott? No more Carnival Special! No more train loads of breathless dates, doll-faced blondes and saucy brunettes, the prettiest and flashiest from Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith. Plus the hometown knockouts in form-fitting ski suits, dressed to their sparkling white teeth for what we used to call 'The Mardi Gras of the North.' Of course there were some plain faces among them, homespun true loves, as befits any female invasion."

Though Schulberg had told himself he would keep an eye on Fitzgerald's drinking, the man had nevertheless managed to procure a pint of gin, which he kept in his overcoat pocket. "One thing that [writers are] able to do, they are like magicians in their ability to hide and then suddenly produce bottles." Wanger took Schulberg aside and asked him if Fitzgerald had been drinking, to which he answered no, in a sort of writers' solidarity against producers.

"Another thing I should mention in passing is that Scott may have looked as if he was falling down drunk but his mind never stopped," Schulberg recalled.

The train trip didn't improve the script either as they continued to talk about anything but the film. There was literally no story. Fitzgerald offered a story about a "waitress with a baby and the baby on an ice floe and the ski captain saves the baby.... it was awful, it was awful. And we were getting a little like, 'Jesus, Scott. That's terrible!' and 'Well, if you think that's bad, then you—'" They became a bit edgy.

Schulberg's idea, he later claimed, was mostly to do with a "rebel college editor" (Schulberg had edited the *Daily Dartmouth* as an undergraduate), and Fitzgerald centered on the story of "an old love rekindled for a moment in the Carnival fires and then forever lost."

"What Dartmouth Winter Carnival represented—and remember how we tried to analyze this, Scott, in our futile pursuit of a suitable Winter Carnival theme—was a tribal fertility rite," Schulberg wrote in his 1974 letter, "That was the essence of Carnival, we decided, taking its character from the self-enforced isolation of thousands of young males living together on by far the most isolated campus in the Ivy League."

When they arrived, the extremely enthusiastic second unit director, Otto Lovering, better known as Lovey, met them on the platform, bright and eager. "Just tell us where to go, boys," he said to them, "We're ready, we got the crew.... we're ready to go!" They stalled and asked to go to the Hanover Inn, where they supposed they might think up a story within an hour or so.

When they got to the Hanover Inn, the entire film crew was already there, "twenty people—more, two dozen—everybody had a room at the Inn."

"Sir, we don't seem to have a reservation for you," said the desk clerk to Fitzgerald, and as a result Schulberg and Fitzgerald ended up in the attic of the Inn. "It was not really a room meant for people to live in," remembered Schulberg, "It was sort of an auxiliary room where things were stored." The room contained a single two-level wire bed, a table, and no chair.

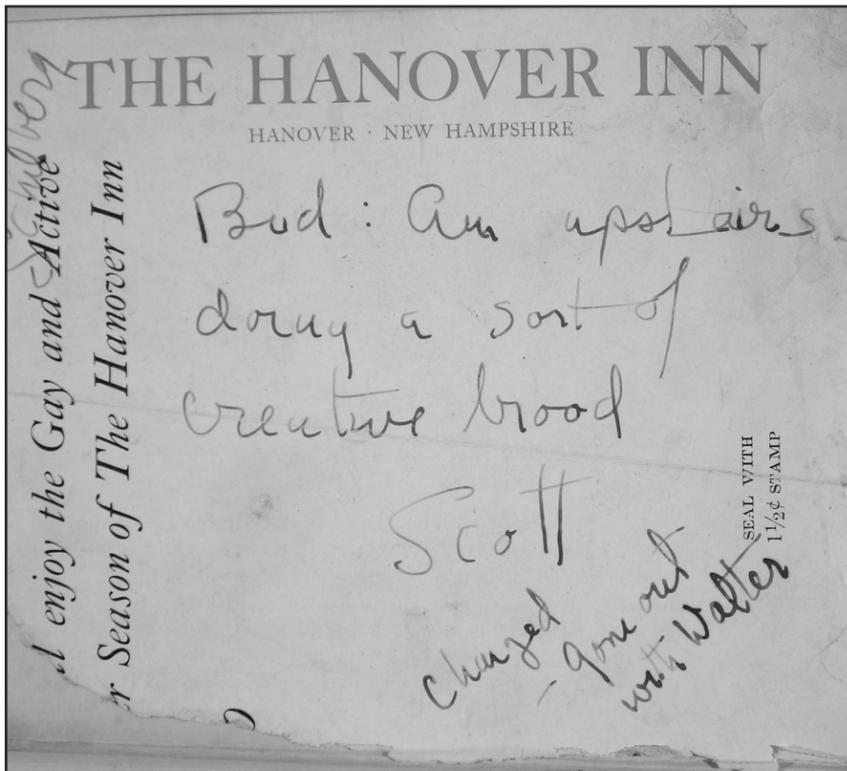
They told him on a whim to shoot at the Outing Club: "Well, we have a scene of the two of them as they come down the steps and they look at the frozen pond, and we'll play that scene there." They didn't, in fact, have a scene. Lovey enthusiastically dispatched these fool's errands: "Great, you've done it awfully well."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Scott, but it's hard to believe they've forgotten to get a room for us," said Schulberg.

"Well," Fitzgerald quipped, "I guess that really does say something about where the film writer stands in the Hollywood society." ("And he seemed to see it completely in symbols," Schulberg remembered later.)

They stayed in their attic room the entire day, drinking and trying to write. "Scott stretched out on his back in the lower [bunk], and I in the upper, according to our rank, and we tried to ad-lib a story... But the prospect of still another college musical was hardly inspiring, and soon we were comparing the Princeton of his generation with the Dartmouth of mine."

"Well, maybe this is good," thought Schulberg, "The



—A note by Fitzgerald: "Bud: Am upstairs doing a sort of creative brood. Scott. Changed—gone out with Walter [Wanger]—"

Schulberg regarded his father, the head of Paramount, as one of the more literary producers in town, and this trait made him proud that his son was working with such a figure as Fitzgerald. Therefore, the elder Schulberg brought them two bottles of champagne for the trip.

"As we got on the plane, we were still talking," Schulberg recalled, "We were talking about Edmund Wilson, we were talking about communism, we were talking about the people we knew in common, like Upton Sinclair and Lincoln Steffens. All of this was going on and on. And it would have been great fun if we didn't have this enormous monkey—more like a gorilla—of *Winter Carnival* on our backs. We got to sipping champagne through the next hour

What Dartmouth Winter Carnival represented—and remember how we tried to analyze this, Scott, in our futile pursuit of a suitable Winter Carnival theme—was a tribal fertility rite. That was the essence of Carnival, we decided, taking its character from the self-enforced isolation of thousands of young males living together on by far the most isolated campus in the Ivy League.

or so; it was very congenial. It was really fun, I thought, and then we cracked the second bottle of champagne. We went on merrily talking and drinking. Every once in a while we would say, 'You know, by the time we get to Manhattan we'd better have some kind of a line on this Winter Carnival.' And we tried all kinds of things; we really did try."

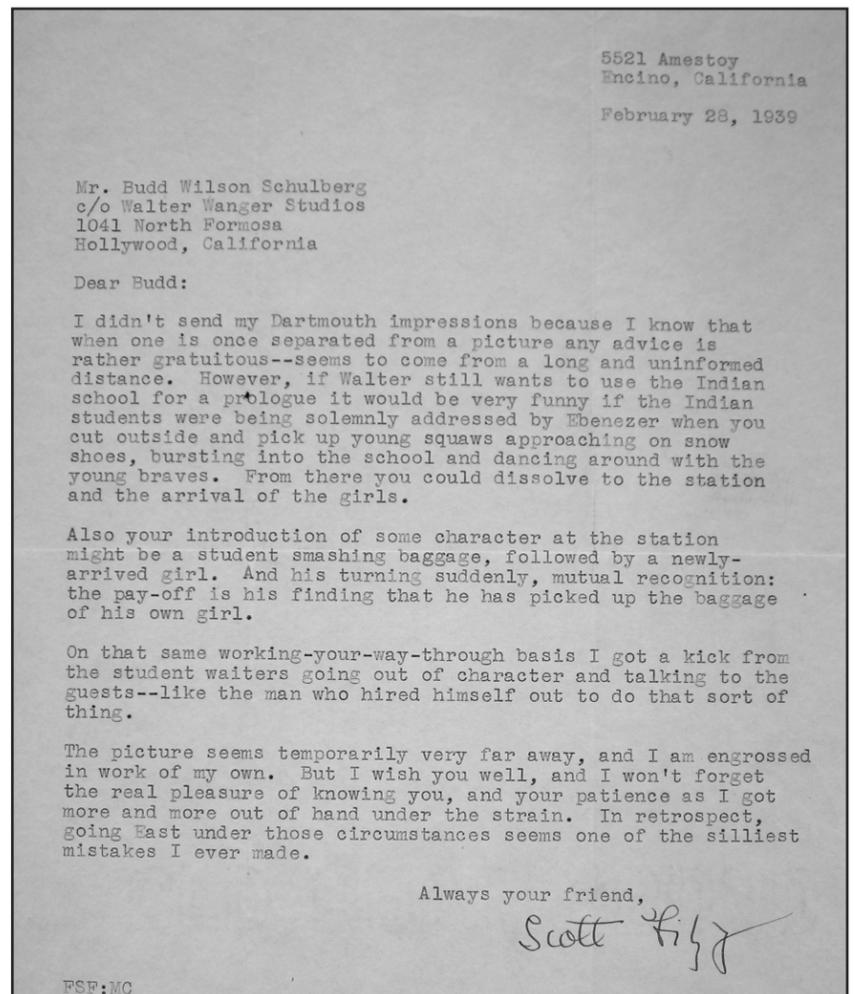
In Manhattan, they stayed at the Warwick Hotel, where they worked for a bit on the story, to no real end. "Scott," he said, "You've written a hundred short stories, and I've written a few: I mean between the two of us we should be able to knock out a damn outline for this story."

"Yes, we will, we will. Don't worry, pal. We will, we will," said Fitzgerald.

A few college friends called Schulberg, and it turned out they were staying only a few blocks away.

"So I told Scott that I would go and see them; I'd be back in one hour. That was one of my mistakes." When he returned to the room, he found an unpunctuated note that read, from Schulberg's memory, "Pal you shouldn't have left me pal because I got lonely pal and I went down to the bar pal and I came up and looked for you pal and now I'm back down at the bar and I'll be waiting for you pal."

Schulberg found Fitzgerald in a hotel bar a few blocks away and saw that he was in bad shape, not having eaten anything. Nevertheless, they continued to drink and work on the script back in their room in preparation for the nine a.m. meeting with Wanger at the Waldorf Astoria in the morning. Despite the drink, the lack of sleep, and the fact that they had no story, they successfully evaded Wanger's



—Schulberg said he was touched to receive such advice from Fitzgerald, even after he was fired. "Ebenezer" is of course meant to be Eleazar Wheelock—

booze will sort of run out. We're up in the attic; there's no phone; there's nothing. And maybe if Scott takes a nap, and we take a deep breath, we'll just start all over again."

Periodically, Lovey popped his eager-beaver head into the room. "Where do we go? What's the first set-up?" Schulberg and Fitzgerald simply pulled locations out of thin air with no relation to any extant plot.

They told him on a whim to shoot at the Outing Club: "Well, we have a scene of the two of them as they come

Drinking, Humiliation, Death...

When I was leaving for New York a few months ago I said good-bye to Scott and asked him how his novel was coming. It was the end of the day and he looked weary, for the writing didn't come so easy anymore, it was a page a day now, but a good page, no matter what the fortunately anonymous Times and Tribune reporters and the unfortunately by-lined Westbrook Pegler think. ²¹⁵ *End 1*

"Oh, slowly," said Scott. "But I'm having a good time with it. The first draft will be finished by the time you get back. You can read it then, if you'd like." ²⁴⁷

That was late in November. Two weeks later I was having a drink at Hanover, New Hampshire with a Dartmouth professor who suddenly but terribly casually looked up from his glass and said, "Isn't it too bad about Scott Fitzgerald?" ²⁸⁷

And I thought of the time exactly two years before, when Scott was talking to me in that same towny, up in the attic of the Hanover Inn. ³¹⁵

—From Budd Schulberg's undated letter to Edmund Wilson—

down the steps and they look at the frozen pond, and we'll play that scene there." They didn't, in fact, have a scene. Lovey enthusiastically dispatched these fool's errands: "Great, you've done it awfully well."

And just when it seemed that they'd drunk all the alcohol, the "ruddy-faced, ex-athlete" Professor Red Merrill came into their attic chamber, bearing a bottle of whiskey. Schulberg had been introduced to Fitzgerald's work in Merrill's class "Sociology and the American Novel," and Merrill was a rare Fitzgerald fan. The three of them proceeded to kill this bottle in a few hours while discussing literature. After Merrill left, Lovey ducked in and asked for another set-up, which he received.

Fitzgerald was then supposed to attend a reception with the dean (there was at that time only one dean, according to Schulberg) and several other literature-minded faculty members. The idea was that Wanger would present him and Fitzgerald would describe the plot of the film they were shooting. "It was a disaster since it was pretty obvious that not only was Scott drunk, but when I tried to fill in for him, anyone could see that we had no story.

"One Professor Macdonald (I remember him well; he was a very dapper man, very well-dressed, very feisty) made me feel bad because I thought he was enjoying Scott's

Having more or less survived the faculty ordeal, the pair proceeded back to the Inn, where Schulberg encouraged Fitzgerald to take an invigorating nap. He lay down on the bottom bunk, and Schulberg, believing Fitzgerald asleep, snuck off to visit some fraternity chums. Sitting at the fraternity bar not long after this escape, Schulberg felt a tap on his shoulder. It was Fitzgerald.

appearance and Scott's defeat. He said, 'He's really a total wreck, isn't he? He's a total wreck.' But he didn't say it in a nice way to me. At the same time Scott looked as if he was absolutely *non compus*, but his mind was going fast and well, and he made observations about these people that were much sharper, I think, than anything that Professor MacDonald or anybody else could say."

Then Schulberg realized why Wanger had insisted so strongly on Fitzgerald's coming to Dartmouth. He had hoped that the college might confer Wanger an honorary degree if he paraded around a writer. "He thought that showing off Scott Fitzgerald, even a faded Scott Fitzgerald, would help him along that road. And now he'd been embarrassed and, in a way, humiliated."

In the *Daily Dartmouth's* February 11, 1939 issue, John D. Hess wrote up an interview with Wanger and Fitzgerald:

"The public personality of Walter Wanger '15 is a disturbing blend of abruptness and charm. At this particular interview, he sat quietly in a chair exuding power and authority in easy breaths, seemingly indifferent to anything I said, but quickly, suddenly, sharply catching a phrase, questioning it, commenting upon it, grinding it into me, smiling, and then apparently forgetting all about me again.

"In a chair directly across from Mr. Wanger was Mr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, who looked and talked as if he had long since become tired of being known as the spokesman of that unfortunate lost generation of the 1920's. Mr. Fitzgerald is working on the script of Mr. Wanger's picture, 'Winter Carnival.'"

We now know, of course, that Fitzgerald was not tired but three sheets to the wind.

Having more or less survived the faculty ordeal, the pair proceeded back to the Inn, where Schulberg encouraged Fitzgerald to take an invigorating nap. He lay down on the bottom bunk, and Schulberg, believing Fitzgerald asleep, snuck off to visit some fra-

ternity chums. Sitting at the fraternity bar not long after this escape, Schulberg felt a tap on his shoulder. It was Fitzgerald.

"I don't know how he got there or found me, but he did. And he looked so totally out of place. He had on his fedora and his overcoat. He was not in any way prepared either in his clothing or his mind for this Winter Carnival weekend."

Supporting him by the arm, Schulberg walked Fitzgerald out of the house and down Wheelock street. He seemed suddenly to regain his energy and suggested having a drink at Psi U.

"And when we got to the Inn.... I tried to fool Scott. I was trying to get him back in the room. I said, 'O.K., Scott, here we are,' and he realized what I was doing and got very mad at me. We had sort of a tussle and we fell down in the

Having finished the coffee, they proceeded back to the Hanover Inn, on whose steps loomed—"as in a bad movie—or maybe in the movie we were trying to write"—none other than Walter Wanger, dressed in a white tie and top hat "like Fred Astaire.... He was not a tall man, but standing a step or two above us and with a top hat, he really looked like a Hollywood god staring down at us."

snow, kind of rolled in the snow." After this was resolved, they decided to visit a coffee shop.

"[At the coffee shop] it was humorous in a way because there were all those kids enjoying Winter Carnival, and everybody was so up, and we were so bedraggled, so down, worried, in despair." Suddenly, Fitzgerald went into his element, and told "this marvelous detailed, romantic story of a girl in an open touring car (he described how she was dressed). Over the top of the hill is this skier coming down, and she stops the car and looks at him. Scott described it immaculately well."

Having finished the coffee, they proceeded back to the Hanover Inn, on whose steps loomed—"as in a bad movie—or maybe in the movie we were trying to write"—none other than Walter Wanger, dressed in a white tie and top hat "like Fred Astaire.... He was not a tall man, but standing a step or two above us and with a top hat, he really

For Victoria Schulberg
in memory of a
stora day mountain-climbing
trip with her illustrious
father — who pulled me
out of crevices into which
I sank and away from
avalanches —
with affection to you
both
of Scott Fitzgerald
Beverly Hills
1940

—Fitzgerald's inscription of the copy of *Tender is the Night* brought to him by Schulberg on his very last visit—

...and Artistic Redemption.

Despite the twin ironies that the best book Scott wrote in the Twenties had nothing to do with flaming youth, while his most profound (if not his most perfect) work appeared toward the middle of the Thirties, my generation thought of F. Scott Fitzgerald as an Age rather than as a writer. And when the Economic Stroke of 1929 began to change the shieks and flappers into unemployed boys or underpaid girls, we consciously and a little belligerently turned our back on Fitzgerald. We turned our backs in many ways: --

- 1) Some protested they could not read him. I remember arguing with a well-read, intelligent Dartmouth footballer who refused to see anything in *Gatsby*. Being serious minded and a little self-righteous, he seemed to be transferring his contempt for frivolous waste of the Twenties

(MORE)

—Another passage from Budd Schulberg's undated letter to Edmund Wilson—

looked like a Hollywood god staring down at us."

"I don't know what the next train out of here is," Wanger intoned, "but you two are going to be on it."

"They put us on the train about one o'clock in the morning with no luggage," Schulberg remembers, "They just threw us on the train."

At dawn they pulled into New York, and Schulberg with the porter had to rouse Fitzgerald and drag him into a cab. They returned to the Warwick they had just left, and apparently experiencing a motif, were greeted with the news that there was no room. Perhaps, Schulberg thought later, their appearance and lack of luggage dissuaded the staff. "Somehow the days had run together and we hadn't changed. We both looked like what you look like when you haven't done some of the things that one needs to do to keep yourself together."

"Have you got a reservation?" the desk staff asked.

"Well, we just left," they responded, although, Schulberg recalled, "It seemed like a year, an eternity.... As I look back we had no luggage, and the two of us looked like God knows what. I don't think we'd changed our clothes from the time we'd left Hollywood. I'm sure we'd hardly gone to bed, maybe an hour or so, half-dressed, in the Warwick."

Several unreceptive hotels later, Fitzgerald said, "Budd, take me to the Doctors' Hospital. They'll take me in there

He had great dreams about Hollywood," Schulberg said, "It was not just the money. Most of the writers I knew—Faulkner and the others—just wanted to get the money and get out. Scott was different. He believed in the movies.... He went to films all the time and he kept a card file of the plots. He'd go back and write out the plot of every film he saw."

at the Doctors' Hospital." This worked, and a week later Sheila Graham took Fitzgerald back west. He was of course fired. Schulberg was fired and re-hired.

"After *Winter Carnival*, he was in major trouble," remembers Schulberg, "You know what a small town it is. Everybody knows everybody else's business, and Scott was extremely damaged." Yet, touchingly for Schulberg, Fitzgerald continued to send him notes about the film.

"He had great dreams about Hollywood," Schulberg said, "It was not just the money. Most of the writers I knew—Faulkner and the others—just wanted to get the money and get out. Scott was different. He believed in the movies.... He went to films all the time and he kept a card file of the plots. He'd go back and write out the plot of every film he saw."

Still, the picture itself couldn't have worked, he said, "For by the end of the 30's, when we haunted the Carnival, it had become a show in itself. And back-stage stories are notoriously resistant to quality."

Schulberg and Fitzgerald remained good friends after-

wards, continuing to discuss what they'd always wished to discuss without the burden of Wanger or his film. Schulberg remained struck by Fitzgerald's irrepressible, almost boyish enthusiasm for ideas. "One evening, in West Los Angeles," Schulberg wrote, "I was dashing off, late for a dinner party, when Scott burst in. 'I've just been rereading Spengler's *Decline of the West*.' That was for openers from the playboy of the western world. How did he maintain this incredible sophomore enthusiasm that all the agonies could not dampen? I told him I just didn't have time to go into Spengler now. I was notoriously late and had to run. Scott accepted this with his usual Minneapolis-cum-Princeton-cum-Southern good manners. 'All right. But we have to talk about it. In the light of what Hitler is doing in Europe. Spengler saw it coming. I could feel it. But did nothing about it. Typical—of the decline of the west.'

"Maybe it was to make up for the years frittered away at Princeton, and in the playgrounds of the rich, but, drunk or sober (and except for the Dartmouth trip and one other occasion, I only saw him sober), he never stopped learning,



—A still from *Winter Carnival*—

never stopped inquiring."

Schulberg remembers the day he saw Fitzgerald for the last time. "I remember very well it was on the first day of December in 1940, and I was going East; I'd been working on my first novel, I went to say goodbye to Scott, and was in bed. He lived in a sort of simple, fairly plain apartment right in pretty much the heart of old Hollywood off of Sunset

Boulevard right around the corner from Schwab's Drugstore, which was the hangout for everyone in the neighborhood. Scott had this desk built for him to fit around him in the bed, as he was pretty frail and feeling weak and at the same time found he could write in bed for two-three hours every day."

He brought a copy of *Tender is the Night*, which he had Fitzgerald inscribe to his daughter Vicky. The inscription read in part referred to her, "illustrious father pulled me out of snowdrifts and away from avalanches." (Dartmouth has this inscribed copy in its special collections.)

Schulberg asked how his novel, which turned out to be *The Last Tycoon*, was progressing. Though Schulberg didn't know the novel's exact subject matter, he guessed it was Hollywood since Fitzgerald had barraged him with questions about the film industry, and what it had been like growing up around it.

Later, Schulberg was mildly disappointed to read in the first pages of *The Last Tycoon* an insight that he had given Fitzgerald during one of these interviews. It was the idea that Hollywood was an industry town like any other, except that it made movies instead of tires or steel. Yet, it did not sting too badly: "I've known writers (I was raised with them), and I've known them from one end of my life to the other. And he was one of the most gentle, kindest, most sympathetic and generous writers I've ever met. At the same time, of course, he couldn't stop lifting something you said because that's the profession he was in."

In late December 1940, Schulberg had a drink with a Dartmouth professor, Herb West, at the Hanover Inn. West "suddenly but terribly casually looked up from his glass and said, 'Isn't it too bad about Scott Fitzgerald?'" This was the first that Schulberg had heard of Fitzgerald's death of a heart attack in Sheila Graham's apartment.

The obituaries portrayed Fitzgerald as a mere mascot of the Jazz Age, a man unfit for the age of political commitment. Disgusted, Schulberg, John O'Hara, and Edmund Wilson, *inter alia*, approached *The New Republic* in 1941 with the idea of a Fitzgerald memorial issue, which the magazine ran.

Wanger went on to lead the Association of Alumni and the Motion Picture Academy, while continuing to produce movies. Schulberg testified voluntarily before the House Un-American Activities Committee, explaining that he broke with communism when they tried to interfere with his literary work. He won the Academy Award for the screenplay for *On the Waterfront* several years later. In 1951, Wanger shot his actress wife's agent in the groin with a .38 pistol. "I

shot him because he broke up my home," he told the police. The incident was well-covered in the papers. He served four months in prison. Schulberg's *The Disenchanted*, published in 1950, was widely seen as a roman-à-clef about Fitzgerald and became a bestseller. It renewed interest in Fitzgerald and his novels, which were reprinted. Today, his critical reputation is unassailable. ■

Our History Across the Landscape

By Michael C. Russell

Dartmouth ranks among the oldest colleges in America, and the deep sense of history and loyalty shared by alumni for their College over the centuries reflects this. Yet in terms of physical buildings, little remains that connects the students of today with Eleazar Wheelock's wooden college. Much of the College's architecture is divided into distinct phases that align not so much with contemporaneous work at other colleges, but rather with the tenor of particular architects whom the College employed and who, together with the President of the College, produced a body of work that shows an evolution in the design of Dartmouth. Indeed, for anyone who has spent four years at the College, the fact that Dartmouth wasn't built in a day is clearly obvious. It is our goal here to present a segmented chronology of construction at Dartmouth in a way that shows the evolution of the College in several key aspects.

In the Beginning

In late eighteenth century Hanover, local craftsmen were toiling hard to construct the original Dartmouth Hall. Eleazar Wheelock, who nearly copied Dartmouth's Charter from Princeton's verbatim, also found inspiration in Princeton's Nassau Hall when he drew up the plan for Dartmouth Hall. At the time, Wheelock was concerned about attracting elite students to a college located in the wilderness. To offset the primitive surroundings, Wheelock refined Dartmouth's character by erecting the stately and Georgian Dartmouth Hall. At the time, Dartmouth Hall contained the entire college within its walls, from classrooms, to professors' offices, to sleeping quarters.

Dormitories

As the College grew throughout the nineteenth century, the first additions to Dartmouth's architectural landscape were two more dorms: Wentworth Hall and Thornton Hall, originally unpainted brick. Then, in 1838, the more elegant Reed Hall was put up. These three buildings were designed by Ammi B. Young, the College's first official architect or professional designer.

Of all the facilities on campus, the dormitories exemplify the slow and methodical changes that architects and administrators implemented over a long course of trial-and-error. Barely any examples of nineteenth-century dormitories survive, besides the significantly remodeled Dartmouth, Thornton and Wentworth Halls, whose roles have changed entirely since their original completion. Perhaps the most important reason for the lack of more historic dorms is that they never existed in the first place. Prior to Reverend William J. Tucker's administration many students, if not most, lived "off campus" in Hanover apartments, which exacerbated already obvious economic divides between students.

Thus, the founding theme for the design of Dartmouth's dormitories was "democracy"—a theme central to Scott Meacham '95's seminal thesis on Dartmouth architecture: democracy as an attempt to ensure a proper mingling of students to ensure cliques did not arise on the basis of wealth and background, but rather upon mutual interests and goals. In his spare time, Meacham '95 maintains the website www.Dartmo.com. The site is the most comprehensive catalog of Dartmouth's buildings, both historical and contemporary, currently available.

The dormitory aesthetic, as well as much of Dartmouth's aesthetic, can be attributed to Charles Alonzo Rich '1875, who, as Rev. Tucker said, "refounded" the College and gave that new College a distinct look.

Back to the Roots: the Colonial Revival

During this period in American history, the nation was also "refounding" itself, and this was reflected in the

architecture of the time. When Rich was working to give the College a new look, the nation was just emerging from the very divisive civil war. In 1876, however, the north and south put the memory of the war behind them and celebrated the nation's centennial. As the nation looked back to 1776 and the inception of the nation, a celebration of the founding ideals led to a revival of colonial architecture. During the eighteenth century, the colonial style of architecture, also known as Georgian architecture, emphasized heavy moldings, a boxy design, and classical details and flourishes—like columns and pediments.

Dartmouth Hall, originally erected between 1784-1791, is quintessentially Georgian. Like many architects of the post-Civil War era, Rich, in his designs for Dartmouth buildings, looked back to the Georgian era for his architectural cues. Late nineteenth century America was celebrating a colonial revival in architecture, and the celebration is still evident today on Dartmouth's campus.

Rich's first building was also his first dormitory, Richardson Hall. Richardson, completed in 1898, actually represents more of an aberration from Rich's later work than a new standard as it combines many quintessentially New England styles and materials in a manner that foreshadows the colonial style, but does not represent it. The heavy use of limestone, the circular front portico, and even the large scale of Richardson all serve to separate it from later dormitories. The dorm's importance is not only evident in its thick moldings and rich design, but also in its positioning; it is located atop a little hill, so that its inhabitants overlook those below them.

Fayerweather Hall followed the next year and was strategically set back from Dartmouth Hall while mimicking it in style, though switching to red brick from the white plaster, in order to parallel the main building and to be hidden from view from any visitor on the Green. Certain key changes were made in Fayerweather, most crucial of which was the beginning of the change from majority-single rooms to doubles and triples. This was an effort to further integrate students who lived in the dormitories.

Rich would follow Fayerweather with its North and South additions, with Massachusetts Hall, which was modeled on the colonial dorms at Yale and Harvard, Wheeler Hall, New Hampshire Hall, and Hitchcock Hall. Other additions in subsequent Rich buildings include lounges that the administration intended to be centers of intellectual

Gold Coast, making the buildings complementary.

The East Wheelock Travesty

The most serious attempt at rethinking dormitories came in the late 1980s in the form of the East Wheelock Cluster. Intended as modern interpretations of the residential colleges at Harvard and Yale, which fostered intense community loyalty and both facilitated and un-facilitated intellectual discussion, the three buildings of East Wheelock—Andres, Zimmerman, and Morton—all failed to live up to the administration's expectations. In form, they fostered too much of "the lonely acts of writing poetry... or translating Catullus," because of a lack of communal space on the floors and the failure of Brace Commons, the underground meeting area connected to each of the dorms, to foster student interaction.

In style, East Wheelock adopted a post-modern design whose saving grace is that they were placed far enough from the center of campus as to prevent one from drawing immediate and disdainful comparisons. The design of the cluster takes the basics of the Dartmouth aesthetic and bastardizes it in a way that makes the elements seem foreign, not familiar; take, for example, the windows, which are large and modern, echoed later in buildings like Berry, as opposed to the traditional colonial-style windows of the rest of campus.

The construction of McCulloch fifteen years later attempted to repair many of the design flaws of East Wheelock, by opening up bathroom space to facilitate interaction and removing spring hinges on doors to make closing oneself into one's dorm a conscious anti-social decision. Though superior in many aspects to the rest of the cluster, McCulloch has still fallen far short of its expectations to create an intellectual community at Dartmouth, while continuing to foster a world apart from the rest of campus.

Administrative Row

At the turn of the last century, none of the row of buildings from Collis to Parkhurst had yet been built, and the west side of the Green was private property dominated by several Victorian mansions. In a decade's time, the boulevard, then known as North Main Street, would be reborn as the administrative heart of Dartmouth. This reflected the trend, under President Tucker, away from a college that could be run from a few administrative offices scattered around the campus in different buildings, and into a modern university-style school that required central offices for students and administrators. In short, this represented the spawning of the university-as-bureaucracy.

The first building to be erected was College Hall (1901)—today Collis—that was designed to function as a new center for campus life. College Hall included several things that helped make it a new center of campus, such as a dining hall, dormitories on the upper levels, "the Commons", and various office spaces for students. Over the years College Hall would change substantially with the renovation of the top floors from dormitory space into more office space, the conversion of the lower level from a kitchen to include space for a bar, and the redesign that incorporates the atrium most students and alumni are familiar with today. College Hall and Collis Center have largely been seen as a success on the part of the college to create a common space for students from different parts of campus to have meetings, hold events, and meet publicly.

Tuck Hall (1902-1904), original home of the Tuck School of Business, now named McNutt Hall, came a year later and followed the design of College Hall. Tuck (McNutt) did not incorporate wood along its corners as College Hall (Collis) did; also, Tuck (McNutt) lacked the classical portico that has come to define College Hall (Collis). Tuck would set the standard for the rest of administrative row. The original design had several interesting aspects that are no longer present, such as the attic level that had been left vacant, which the school filled with a commercial museum of different artifacts it garnered from alumni and donors. The façade was updated in 1920 and the building fully renovated in 1930 when the Tuck School moved to the western



—The Postmodern East Wheelock Disaster—

conversation that would create a space for the co-mingling of students. This idea of creating a shared learning and intellectual space would become another key goal in dormitory construction and would continue to have mixed results.

Hopkins elected to appoint Jens Frederick Larson to replace Rich as overseer of campus expansion and Larson went on to define much of the inter-World War period architecture. The great achievement during this period was the 1928 Gold Coast cluster, which earned its name thanks to the expense it took to build during the depths of the Great Depression. Ripley-Woodward-Smith, named for three of the earliest tutors at the College, was also erected during this era and represents an attempt at integrating separate dormitories and also creating a common space in front. Russell Sage Hall represents an experiment with a larger type of dormitory, this time with a full-fledged fourth floor, but maintains much of the style and materials as the

The Architecture of Dartmouth

edge of campus and the College turned the building into McNutt.

Lewis Parkhurst's gift would make possible the construction of the first building dedicated to the administration at the northeast corner of the Green, Parkhurst Hall. The incorporation of gothic elements into the building's design and the twin Doric columns suspended on either side of the door reflect the formality of the building and the importance of the work that was intended to go on within it.

Parkhurst, more so than the other buildings of administrative row, represents a marker in the growth of Dartmouth and its evolution into more than a small regional college. Though it has long since been replaced, the old faculty meeting room in the basement of Parkhurst was designed to imitate the British House of Commons. Even decades after the American Revolution, Americans could not fully shake the influence of England from their architecture or culture: foreign influences, like Parkhurst's pseudo-House of Commons, were nimbly adapted for the College.

Student Administrators Too

The final addition that brought the row together came from an unsolicited gift by Wallace Fullam Robinson, who wanted a building to house student offices to create, "a strong counterpoise to athleticism on one hand, and to social cliques on the other. In order to ensure the continued democracy of the College, I have stipulated that no organization shall make use of the building except those in which the qualifications for membership are proved by ability only." Thus in 1914, Robinson Hall was constructed, following the form and style of McNutt—not College Hall—repeating the first office space for students on campus. Though several interior changes have occurred, mostly as a result of the changing nature of student groups, the greatest change came with the removal of the original theater, which had for a significant time remained the only such space on campus.

Administrative row is one of the most architecturally consistent regions of the College. Rich designed each building, and taken together these buildings share many features in common, like the Classical Revival style that make them cohesive and aesthetically pleasing. The buildings are all set back from the road at the same distance, and except for Collis, they have similar flat facades all produced with similar materials. The scale of the buildings was decided very consciously, and they were designed to be similar in size, which caused even Parkhurst to be expanded significantly from its original plan; otherwise, it would not have been in keeping with the other buildings on administrative row.

The First Libraries

Upon its completion, Dartmouth Hall "housed nearly the entire College for four decades," including the small but perennially growing library that had first begun in the homes of Eleazar Wheelock and College Librarian Belazeel Woodward. This would remain the case until the campus began to expand in the nineteenth century, during which the library moved to Reed Hall (1840), another multi-purpose building that adequately stored the entire collection with room to spare for classrooms and dormitories.

Berry breaks most of the governing rules of architecture: aside from the red brick it is built with, it retains none of the features of the Dartmouth architectural aesthetic. This shows an inability or laziness on the part of the architect to incorporate it into either the campus or the library it was intended to adjoin.

Wilson Hall, a gift from George F. Wilson of Providence, was the first purposefully built library at Dartmouth. Frederick Langzettal designed the building. Along with Bartlett Hall and the neo-Romanesque Rollins Chapel, the construction of Wilson Hall marks a period of architectural indirection at the College, where the initiative for construction came from wealthy New England donors and not from the administration. That being said, the impetus for Wilson Hall came from the fact that as the scope of studies increased at the College, so too did the volume of works it had in its library, quickly exceeding the space available at Reed Hall. Wilson would remain the College's library until 1928, when it was renovated and turned into the college museum and home to the Anthropology department. In 1984, Wilson

Hall was renovated again to accommodate the Film Studies department. In that year, the Hood Museum of Art was established, and Wilson Hall was no longer needed as the College's museum.

1928: The Fisher Ames Baker Library

The grandest addition to the College, after Dartmouth Hall, is assuredly the Fisher Ames Baker Memorial Library, built in 1928. Larson designed a building that had to replace



—Baker and Berry Libraries: a side-by-side comparison—

the aging and inadequately sized Wilson Hall and form a powerful addition to the north end of the Green. In so doing, he drew upon a popular style of the time: the Neo-Colonial emulation of Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Baker fit perfectly into the College's landscape—Gold Coast, Russell Sage, and Silsby Hall were all erected around this time—with its use of a copper roof, red brick, white molding, and three-piece design that hugs its surroundings, which was common to many buildings at Dartmouth at the time. In Baker's case, the library stretches its arms out onto the Green. By placing Baker at the head of the Green, overlooking the rest of the campus, the College was creating a culture that placed the library at the center of everything that it did.

As Baker was going up, Sanborn House and Carpenter Hall were built alongside Baker and gave new homes to the English and Art History Departments, in addition to the much needed space for the volumes in their collections. The addition of this new library complex increased not only the space devoted to learning on campus, but also the size of the campus itself, marking the first large-scale attempt at moving north of the Green.

And Yet Another Travesty: Berry

The most recent addition to the library system at Dartmouth came in the form of the big brown box that is Berry Library. It became obvious in the eighties and nineties that Baker alone could no longer sufficiently meet the requirements of a college library either in terms of space or the new tasks—study spaces, computer labs, etc.—that libraries had taken on since its construction in the twenties. Rather than constructing an entirely new building, the College expanded out from the rear of Baker and attached onto Berry.

Though no longer plagued by the constant stream of harsh criticism as during its initial planning and unveiling stage, Berry still represents an eyesore, if somewhat of a preparation for the buildings that followed it north of campus. Its greatest crime is that it breaks most of the governing rules of architecture: aside from the red brick it is built with, it retains none of the features of the Dartmouth architectural aesthetic. This shows an inability or laziness on the part of the architect to incorporate it into either the campus or the library it was intended to adjoin.

Notable Additions of the Modern Period

Some of the most architecturally significant pieces at Dartmouth came during John Sloan Dickey's presidency and though they clashed, and still do clash, with their surroundings, they also elicit images of a constellation of buildings

to which each belongs that make them desirable.

The Hopkins Center for the Arts (1962) came about from an old desire of the College's to create a space for a theater department and the other performing arts, which simply lacked space before the construction of the Hop. Wallace K. Harrison, architect to the Rockefellers, designed the entire building before he did his similar, but far more famous, Metropolitan Opera at Lincoln Center. He would also go on to design the United Nation's Headquarters, LaGuardia Airport, and the various buildings of Rockefeller

Center in New York City.

First under President Dickey and then later under President Kemeny, architect Pier Luigi Nervi was brought in to design the Leverone Field House and the Rupert C. Thompson Arena, respectively. The concrete ice arena, though not in keeping with any preceding style at Dartmouth, sticks with the common theme of Nervi's own work, which was far more common in Europe. His other significant works include the Olympic Stadium and Palazetto dello Sport for the 1960 Olympic games in Rome. The reinforced concrete work he used in Thompson Arena, in addition to being a defining characteristic of his work, was also an engineering marvel for its time.

The building of an arts center and athletic centers shows the shifting emphasis the College was placing on the experience of being a Dartmouth student. In the 1960s, being a student meant more than mere academics—the Dartmouth student was also an athlete and a performer, well rounded and well adjusted.

Final Words

Some of the most recent additions to the College, like some of their predecessors, are buildings not in keeping with the Dartmouth aesthetic. In addition, a quick look at the most recent additions to the College will give us insight into what values and ideals the College is promoting today. For instance, Kemeny Hall (2006) houses the research-oriented Mathematics department, and includes ample lab space. The Haldeman Center (2006) is also research focused, and is the home of the Dickey Center for International Understanding, the Ethics Institute and the Leslie Center for the Humanities.

New dorm clusters have also been erected to meet the growing needs to students: the Fahey-McLane and McLaughlin dorms (2006). These dorms lack the character of their older counterparts along the Gold Coast or Massachusetts row: rather, much like the East Wheelock cluster, they feel sterile and more reminiscent of a hotel than college dorm. The new dorms, however, do have many lounges and social spaces to develop community intimacy.

Thomas Jefferson, the first American to emphasize the importance of architecture to a country, knew that the architecture of a nation is a reflection of that nation's character. Similarly, the architecture of a college campus reflects the ideas and ideals that the college most cherishes, and as students at this college, we can see the history of Dartmouth stretched out before us in its buildings. As those buildings have changed, we can put the pieces of the puzzles together and determine what ideas and cultural movements inspired such changes. ■

Mike Gerson, You're My Hero!

By William D. Aubin

By anybody's account, the past eight years represent a crossroads for several aspects of the melodrama commonly known as American politics. Almost a decade of the Bush Administration has resulted in an obvious partisan divide between Democrats and Republicans, but perhaps even more striking is the schism that has grown within the Republican party itself. Evangelicals, fiscal conservatives, and proponents of military intervention have coexisted with no small amount of trepidation since Ronald Reagan and Jerry Falwell left their unique, and not necessarily complementary, impacts on the Grand Old Party. After two terms of an ambitious Republican president, a squabble has erupted among presidential candidates and pundits alike as to the definition of a 'conservative,' and what path the Republicans will take in upcoming years. Michael Gerson has opted to enter this discussion both with the unique perspective he

Book Review

HEROIC CONSERVATISM

Michael Gerson
HarperOne, 2007

gained as the head speechwriter for President Bush, and with his firm belief that the only way for the party of Lincoln and Teddy Roosevelt to survive is to "Embrace America's Ideals"—in short, to unequivocally become the party of Michael Gerson.

Forgive, for a moment, the tendency towards populism, "compassionate conservatism," and the flowery rhetoric of a man who made a career out of highly calculated sentence structures; *Heroic Conservatism* is valuable because of the narrative at its core. It is the story of the major initiatives and policy decisions of George W. Bush, told by a man who was there for a large part of the process, and whose words were used by the president to relay the information to the American people. The man who brought them into existence explains the intention behind phrases that have become punch lines on late night television. It is unarguably a spin job that is more than a little self-serving, but Gerson succeeds in humanizing the tribulations of George W. Bush Jr. in both triumph and failure. Gerson and Bush both consider themselves conservatives and evangelicals, but the record of the past years shows that the latter influence won against the former in any conflict that arose. To read the justification for increased domestic spending and Bush's immigration proposals is as intriguing as Gerson's explanation for the intended meaning of the term "axis of evil."

The tone and style of *Heroic Conservatism* make obvious the personality of the author. Michael Gerson is enamored of both the policies he claims to have been key in creating and the words with which President Bush announced them—his own. Repeatedly, Gerson offers an olive branch to liberals, pointing out, rightly, that both the humanitarian necessity of success in Iraq and the escalating expenditures Bush has encouraged in the name of making government 'work' instead of cutting expenses across the

board are more in tune with the liberal agenda than that of conservatives, and that the president is not deserving of the unprecedented partisan animosity presently evident. In contrast, he comes off dismissively arrogant when referring to the "noble pessimism of traditional conservatism." Gerson does not go out of his way to explain which of these supposed shortcomings he considers to be the worse influence on American politics. As such, a traditionally pessimistic and narrow-minded ideologue reading along is often lulled into a state of quiescence when well-reasoned arguments against isolationism and tax hikes turn into sanctimonious contempt for the type of Republican who dislikes amnesty for illegal immigrants as much as he dislikes programs that aim to 'fix' social problems with new spending.

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Mr. Aubin is a freshman at the College and an Associate Editor of The Dartmouth Review.

For the first eight chapters, Gerson's book is a methodical tale of the events that he witnessed augmented by the words of the speeches he wrote and occasionally complimented by his occasional lapses into preaching. It is important to note that this assessment is not a condemnation of Gerson's faith or of Christianity *per se*—rather, the way in which he attempts to chastise *all* men of faith, that if they have not



—Achilles. Beowulf. Siegfried. Gerson—

reached the same conclusion as he on the specific method for dealing with things of concern to a Christian, they are not demonstrating concern or moral conviction. Republicans hesitant to support any spending measure of the past seven years suffer from a lack of "idealism," or are marked by a "libertarian indifference to the poor." Dartmouth's very own Jeffrey Hart catches criticism for his concerns about the impact of Evangelism co-opted for liberal economic measures and class-divide campaigning:

Professor Jeffrey Hart of Dartmouth notes with dismay that Bush has 'brought religion into politics in a way unknown to recent memory.' He calls that influence 'populist and radical.' And he wonders: 'What exactly was conservative about this form of religious expression, with its roots in the camp revivals?'

Perhaps Gerson should have been wary that the party that has stood for fiscal responsibility and a realistic foreign policy based on both diplomacy and military might be so easily caricatured as the party of those who deny evolution, bomb abortion clinics, and can't accomplish meaningful immigration reform, instead of denouncing Hart as someone who would probably have supported slavery and child labor.

As the recounting of history reaches the conclusion of Gerson's time working for the president, he dedicates the final chapter to the persuasion of Republicans. Filled with a sense of eleventh hour urgency akin to that of Al Gore, Gerson details the many historical examples of idealism and moral conviction triumphing over the status quo. He presents thorough descriptions of relativism and historicism, the philosophies in competition with idealism for the minds of conservatives, but makes rather easy arguments against Nazism and fascism instead of addressing the specifics of the modern debate on the direction of the Republican Party and the conservative movement. To listen to Gerson, it would seem as though the majority of the dissenting voices amongst conservatives are godless relativists with no regard for the poor and suffering and a worldview that hasn't seen optimism in recent memory. It is only at the end of nearly ten pages explaining the ways idealism is superior to fascism that Gerson makes the following rather telling concession:

Most modern and mainstream American conservatives are not skeptical about the existence of moral law. They respect the Declaration, and believe in religious values. But many are deeply skeptical about the ability of government to pursue those ideals.

What Gerson seems unable to understand is that this is not a failure of faith that corrupts otherwise good conservatives, it is considered by the majority to be the valid basis for their political philosophy. The way he writes this off is condescending and represents a failure of understanding for someone who professes to be a Christian:

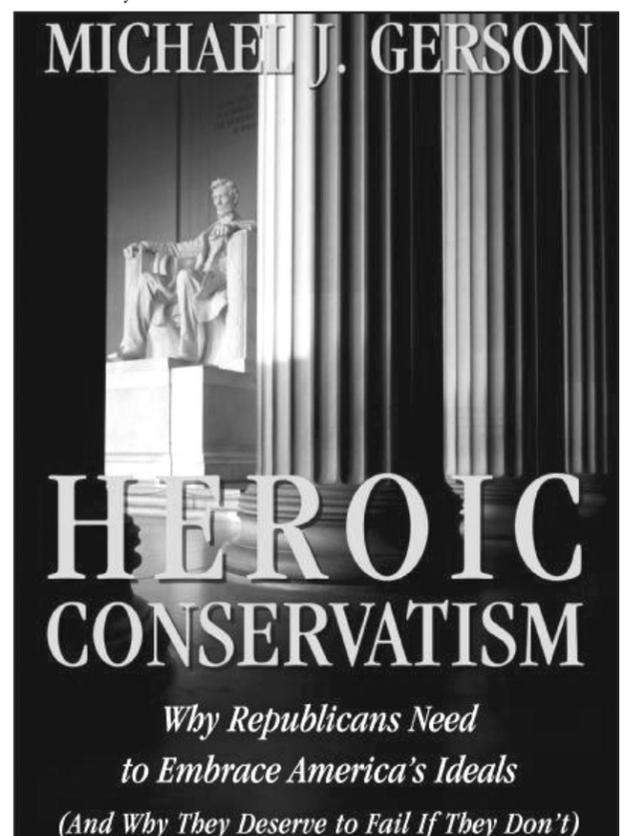
Since, in this view, all policy is crippled by unintended consequences, since government is a blunt and ineffective instrument, the best course of action is generally inaction. Conservatives should stand athwart history and yell stop. Don't just stand there; do nothing.

The truth is not as simple as Gerson attempts to portray. "Compassionate conservatives" underestimate the humanity of mainstream conservatives, writing them off as ideologues and elitists. However, Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan, and the other conservative leaders of modern history have aimed to solve the same problems that Gerson does, with a different method. The argument that a lack of support for government programs to help the poor or the sick shows a lack of compassion is simply wrong, because a conservative uses the free market and privately run initiatives to push for the same change. Unlike Gerson, conservatives also have the realistic notion to check, when faced with a shortcoming or failure that needs attention, and determine whether or not the problem was caused by mismanagement on the part of a bureaucracy in the first place; more often than not, this is the case.

Several conservative writers and pundits have speculated that Michael Gerson's *Heroic Conservatism* is best viewed as a primer on the future of the Republican Party, because of the rise in popularity of class struggle rhetoric and populism and a divide between Evangelicals and fiscal conservatives that grows seemingly by the minute. It is interesting as well because of the remarkable success of Mike Huckabee, a populist Evangelical who tells us that it is more important for government to 'work' than for it to be small and that the elites of the party need to give up their ideology and reach out to the working class. Sound familiar?

Dartmouth's very own Jeffrey Hart catches criticism for his concerns about the impact of Evangelism.

This review has focused on the problems of populism, 'compassionate conservatism,' and what can best be described as Michael Gerson's solipsism, but *Heroic Conservatism* is also a tale of a much maligned president who, despite the current mood, may yet be remembered as more good than bad. If Gerson's factual recountings are to be believed, George W. Bush Jr. is neither evil nor stupid but a man who has run a nation the way he saw fit and based on a specific set of moral guidelines and political ideology. There is much conviction for a conservative to support, just as there are policies that a liberal would have to love if they came from any other source, at any other time. Michael Gerson does not encapsulate conservatism, but the President Bush revealed in this book is one that should not be written off so easily.



What is a College Education?

Editor's note: The Dartmouth Review presents the following article for graduating seniors to consider: did you receive a good college education while at Dartmouth?

There's good news and bad news. The good news is that it is possible, yes possible, to get a college education at Dartmouth. The bad news is that the institutional Dartmouth will not tell you how to go about it.



By
**Jeffrey
Hart**

It's as if she were the Mona Lisa, smiling faintly at her secret, her smile inviting you to guess the secret. Or maybe she, alma mater, is smiling because she has forgotten what her secret is.

Several years ago I found myself in Providence, Rhode Island to debate someone about something at Brown University and had the pleasure of dinner with Brown's president Vartan Gregorian, an almost supernaturally charming man. He had been a notable success as head of the New York Public Library, America's leading institution of higher learning.

I knew that Brown had absolutely no course requirements for its B.A. degree and that for this dubious reason had become something of an "in" college among hip students like Amy Carter.

So I asked President Gregorian about this. Wasn't the situation really sort of crazy? To ask an eighteen year-old to design his own program de novo? After all, some of these eighteen year-olds have probably spent the last four years in high school majoring in the Nuclear Freeze or the History of Racism.

Now a man like President Gregorian had undoubtedly been asked just that question perhaps 25,000 times, by alumni, reporters, professors, parents, whatever, and, of course he had an answer. He said something like:

"You might well wonder about that. But we have made a study, and we find that our students do select patterns of courses that make sense. And, especially the best students, they tend to choose the most difficult courses. Nor do they neglect languages. The absence of requirements no doubt sounds strange, but our study shows that the approach works."

Waaaaa, I dunno. Isn't this sort of Black Box theory of education?

The courses you need are right there in the ORC, often surrounded by nonessentials and even outright garbage. Dartmouth will not tell you what the right courses are, but then that doesn't matter—because I have just done so.

What's in the Black Box causes the "system" to work, though we won't tell you what's in the Black Box. (And, shhh, there's nothing in the Black Box.)

Now the system at Dartmouth isn't exactly like the one at Brown, but it's a lot more like it than would appear at first glance. You do have to have some competence in a foreign language, sort of. And there are those "distributive" requirements.

Yet the term "distributive requirements" really amounts to an oxymoron. In practice the "requirements" are so broadly drawn that you can satisfy them with just about anything at all.

Oh, I'm sure that official Dartmouth will point with pride at the "advisor" system. A professor will help you shape your program so that something decent comes out of

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it all. But we're back at the Black Box. It's an open secret that, once again, there's nothing in the Black Box. These advisors don't have any more of a theory about education than does the new Freshman. He can find the space where he's supposed to sign your card.

So the entering Freshman is left with the ORC, which is about the size of a telephone directory for a smallish city. The ORC will not tell him what an education is. In effect, you just put your \$30,000 on the red or the black and let the big wheel spin for four years. But, in fact, there is an answer, and for a long time the answer was anything but a secret. With a little help, and like Diogenes with his lamp, you yourself can, so to speak, reinvent the wheel.

A notable Professor of Philosophy at Dartmouth, Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy often expressed the matter succinctly, "The goal of education," he would say, "is to form the Citizen. And the Citizen is a person who, if need be, can re-found his civilization."

He meant that in quite large a sense. He did not mean that you had to master all the specialties you can think of.

He meant that you need to be familiar with the large and indispensable components of your — this — civilization.

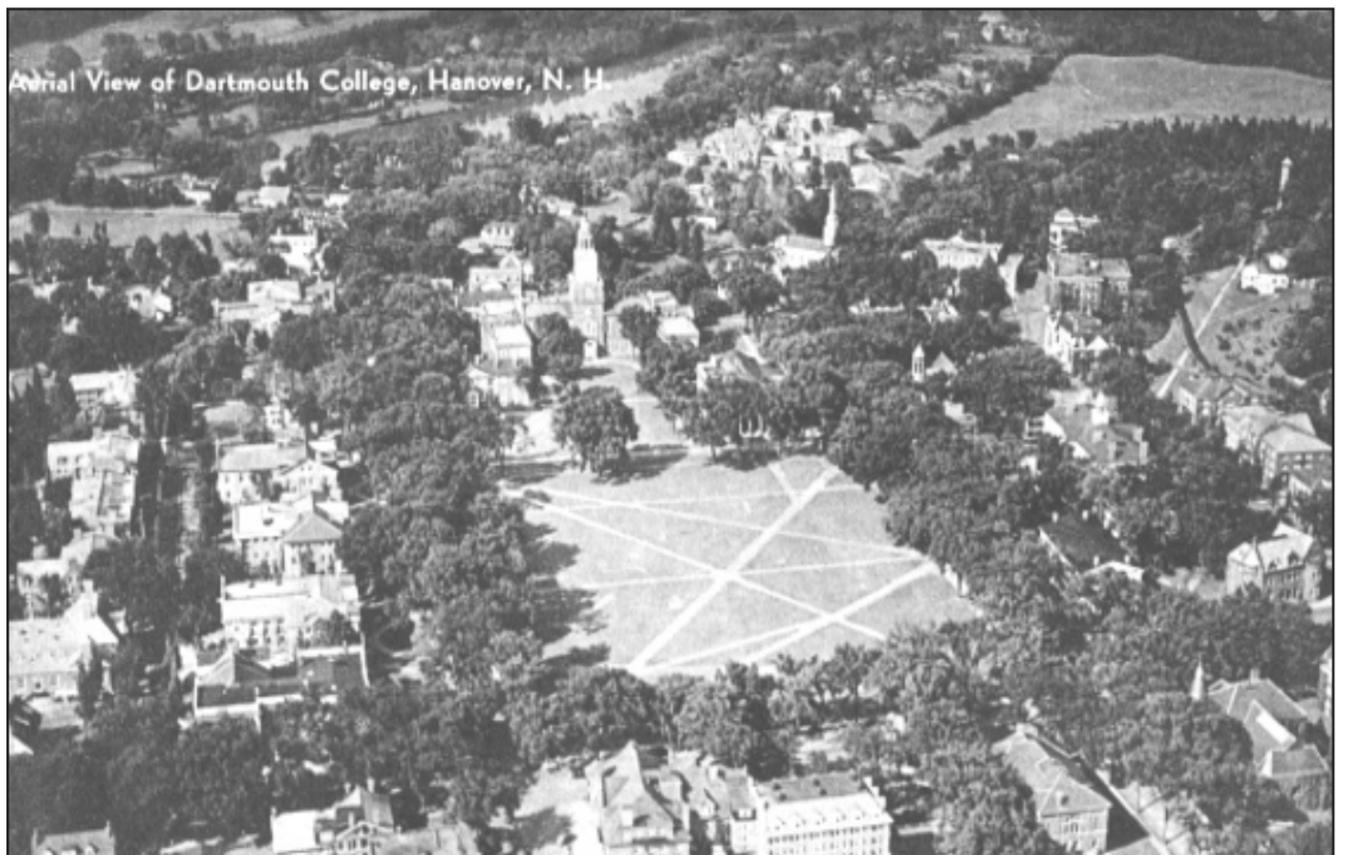
This certainly does not mean that you should not study other cultures and civilizations. It does mean that to be a

The scriptures like Homer, have their epic heroes, and, like the Greek tradition in some ways they refine and internalize the epic virtues. "Athens" and "Jerusalem" interact and much flows from the interaction.

There's good news and bad news. The good news is that it is possible, yes possible, to get a college education at Dartmouth. The bad news is that the institutional Dartmouth will not tell you how to go about it.

You will follow all of this down through the centuries, through Virgil and Augustine, and Dante, in Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Montaigne, Moliere, Voltaire, Goethe and on to modernity. "The best that has been thought and said," as Matthew Arnold called it. The mind of Europe as T.S. Eliot put it, "from Homer to the present."

Of course many things can be added to the basic "Athens" and "Jerusalem" paradigm. You will want to select decent courses in American and European history. And courses in the history of art, of music, of philosophy.



Citizen of this one you should be aware of what it is and where it came from.

It can scarcely be challenged that the United States is part of the narrative of European history. It owes little or nothing to Confucius or Laotse or to Chief Shaka or to the Aztecs. At the margin it owes a bit to the American Indians, but not a great deal — corn, tobacco, some legendary material. But Europe is overwhelmingly the source. And some parts of Europe more than others: Our language, legal tradition, political arrangements derive, and demonstrably so, from England.

There have been many ways of answering the question, "What is Europe?" But a handy way to think of the matter is the paradigm of "Athens" and "Jerusalem." In this paradigm, those terms designate both the two cities we have all heard of, and also two kinds of mind.

The tradition designated "Athens" is associated with philosophy and with critical exercise of mind. The tradition associated with "Jerusalem" is associated with monotheism.

The two traditions interact, sometimes fuse, and there exists a dynamic tension between them. Many have argued that it is just this tension that has rendered Western civilization so dynamic down through the centuries.

So, with this paradigm before you, and with the countless questions it might raise, you can begin to fathom the secrets of the ORC.

On the side of "Athens" you will want to learn something about Homer, who in many ways laid the basis of Greek philosophy, and you will need to meet Plato, Aristotle, the Greek dramatists, historians, architects and sculptors.

Over in "Jerusalem" you will find the epic account of the career of monotheism as it worked its way out in history.

Down the road, you might become a student of comparative civilizations. China, of course, represents the other great civilization, with, to be sure, apparently a different agenda.

Why did the Chinese, though advanced in science, in effect remain behind their Great Wall, why did the Europeans take to the seas in their frail ships?

Or why is Homer's Odysseus such an enormous figure in Western literature, most recently reincarnated by Joyce, Pound, and Derek Walcott?

You might well develop an interest in barbarism and primitivism, and study even the peoples who have no consequential history at all, strictly speaking, but interesting customs, rites, etc. Anthropology surely has a place in the house of intellect.

Down the road, you might become a student of comparative civilizations. China, of course, represents the other great civilization, with, to be sure, apparently a different agenda.

But the main job in getting a college education is to make sure the large essential parts are firmly in place, after which you can build upon them.

The courses you need are right there in the ORC, often surrounded by nonessentials and even outright garbage. Dartmouth will not tell you what the right courses are, but then that doesn't matter—because I have just done so. ■

All Germans are liars. They lie, they lie, they lie.

—V. S. Naipaul

Women may show some discrimination about whom they sleep with, but they'll marry anybody.

—Anthony Powell

Posterity will ne'er survey

A nobler grave than this:

Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:

Stop, traveller, and piss.

—George Gordon Byron, the sixth Baron Byron

Fathers and teachers, I ask myself: 'What is hell?'
And I answer thus: 'The suffering of being no longer able to love.'

—The Elder Zosima

I can imagine that an ugly woman who looks in the mirror is convinced that it is her mirror image, and not she, that is ugly. Thus society sees the mirror image of its meanness and is stupid enough to believe that I am the mean fellow.

—Karl Kraus

If this is the world, I live somewhere else.

—Ian Robinson

Calculation and justice tell me that electricity and steam show more love for humanity than chastity and vegetarianism.

—Anton Chekhov

The worst readers are those who proceed like plundering soldiers: the pick up a few things they can use, soil and confuse the rest, and blaspheme the whole.

—Friedrich Nietzsche

Women should be obscene and not heard.

—Groucho Marx

The world in which youth culture predominates and precocity is the highest achievement is one in which all tenderness is absent.

—Theodore Dalrymple

Man differs more from man, than man from beast.

—John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester

'Meretricious?' Meretricious to you, and a happy new year.

—Gore Vidal

point of view. To himself he would suggest that he tried to think in the style of Marx in order to attain certain values suggested by Edmund Burke...

—Norman Mailer

Everyone suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues.

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

The Bible tells us to love our neighbors, and also to love our enemies, probably because they are generally the same people.

—G. K. Chesterton

The individual cannot think and communicate his thought, the governor and legislator cannot act effectively or frame his laws without words, and the solidity and validity of these words is in the care of the damned and despised litterati...when their very medium, the very essence of their work, the application of word to thing goes rotten, i.e. becomes slushy and inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot.

—Ezra Pound

In history as in human life, regret does not bring back a lost moment and a thousand years will not recover something lost in a single hour.

—Stefan Zweig

At the same moment he suddenly remembered being asked once before, at some point: 'Why do you hate so-and-so so much?' And he had replied then, in a fit of buffoonish impudence: 'I'll tell you why: he never did anything to me, it's true, but I once played a most shameless nasty trick on him, and the moment I did it, I immediately hated him for it.'

—Fyodor Dostoevsky

gordon haff's
the last word.
Compiled by Nicholas S. Desai

If you can deploy the term 'working class' to your own career advantage, you are no longer covered by the term.

—John Dolan

Anyone who has stammered will know what agony it is, especially at school. It means you never take the lead in anything or do anything but try to efface yourself. I often wonder if I was shy because I stammered, or vice versa.

—Philip Larkin

Mailer was a Left Conservative. So he had his own

Barrett's Mixology

By Nan W. Johnson '64

Old Fashioned

- 2 oz bourbon whiskey
- 2 dashes Angostura® bitters
- 1 splash water
- 1 tsp sugar
- 1 piece lemon-peel



Dissolve a small lump of sugar with a little water in a whiskey-glass; add two dashes Angostura bitters, a small piece of ice, a piece lemon-peel, one jigger whiskey. Mix with small bar-spoon and serve, leaving spoon in glass.

Staring out across the fields while sitting on the wide platform of the main house's wrap-around porch, it suddenly hit me: fall had fallen. The leaves of the Oaks covering my property had almost completely changed from lush shades of green to striking ochers and ambers—the type of colors one so readily associates with the fall season—and thus, the fruity concoction I held in my hand (my wife had a habit of mixing up large sugary pitchers of these types of drink on warm summer days) would simply not do. In a quick flick-of-the-wrist I flung the remaining contents of my cup into the yard and headed inside to scour the liquor cabinet for a more suitable libation. No sooner had my eyes drifted across the label of a good bottle of bourbon, I knew of only one cocktail that could possibly suffice.

I had first been introduced to the drink while visiting an old college chum in Louisville, Kentucky. He had taken me to the ever exclusive Pendennis Club, instructing me to let the bartender make me an "Old-Fashioned." Acquiescing, I watched as the barkeep adroitly mixed the ingredients in a rocks glass, garnished with a lemon peel, and slid the drink gingerly into my awaiting hands. The self-assured look on his face told me I was going to enjoy it. And the man's face didn't lie; the drink was the perfect balance of sweet and bitter, mellow yet biting.

So now I stood at my own bar, trying my best to recreate the very same cocktail. And I'll be damned if I didn't get it right, even down to the spoon. I returned to my seat on the porch, Old-Fashioned in hand, to enjoy the last hour of daylight while watching my newest mare acquaint herself with the boundaries of her stable. I couldn't help but notice the last rays of sunlight filtering through the tawny liquid in my glass, so perfectly reflecting the leaves that were just beginning to fall on the yard.

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EBAS (proper noun):
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