

# The Dartmouth Review

Dartmouth's Only Independent Newspaper

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## The Freshman Issue



### WHAT'S INSIDE:

- Best and Worst Profs • Courses of Note • Greek Life •
- Etiquette Guide • Lost Songs • History of the College •



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*The Dartmouth Review* is Dartmouth's only independent newspaper, and the oldest and most renowned of over one hundred and twenty independent campus newspapers nationwide. Staff members of *The Dartmouth Review* have been published in the *Boston Globe*, *New York Times*, *Boston Herald*, *Washington Times*, *National Review*, *American Enterprise*, *The Wall Street Journal* and other publications. *The Review* provides an important voice on campus for free speech, student rights, and the Western tradition, and a forum for students and alumni who dissent from prevailing orthodoxy. We invite you to join us. Come steep yourself in campus culture and politics, Old Dartmouth, keen criticism and witticisms, iconoclasm, and the independence that comes with having your voice heard by more than 8,000 readers. We are seeking sharp minds and intelligent writers for reporters, columnists, cartoonists, photographers, advertising and sales representatives, fundraisers, business managers, layout and graphic designers, copyeditors, website designers, and anyone else who wants to learn from Dartmouth's only school of journalism.

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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 checked 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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*Hartman is dead to me.*

*Cover photograph courtesy of Dartmouth College Library.*

*Special Thanks to William F. Buckley, Jr.*

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## Editorials

### Lacessit Me: Operation Gadfly

The stupid party—that's us if we're to believe John Stuart Mill's take on conservatives. To a philosophy department chairman from Duke University, the so-called stupidity of conservatives explains their gapping absence from college campuses: "We try to hire the best, smartest people available.... If, as John Stuart Mill said, stupid people are generally conservative, then there are lots of conservatives we will never hire." We wonder if admissions committees employ similar reasoning to the students they admit.

But we don't need the Duke professor's loopy logic to know the academy is loaded with liberals. The good news is, Dartmouth tends to attract a rather moderate and pragmatic student body (the loons, as is their wont, are drawn to Brown and Columbia); the bad news is, as Yeats says, the most vocal students, professors, and administrators are full of passionate intensity raging on the fringes of their leftist ideologies, and they are the ones you hear and the ones who dominate the "public conversation" on this campus. These people, not easily contented, are certainly less than happy with Dartmouth and what they see as the College's infinite problems: Greek life and its "patriarchic issues," or the campus' "gender issues," or its "classist issues," or whatever the "issue" du jour is...the possibilities are endless.

When a paper like ours challenges the malcontents' incessant caterwauling and social engineering, they cry that our humble paper is either sexist, or homophobic, or racist—or something worse, because there is always something worse: that we tend conservative, for instance. Really, here at *The Review*, we just love the school they tolerate, and don't want them to change Dartmouth into...Harvard.

Though, to the regret of our detractors, *The Review* is neither sexist, homophobic nor racist, but we certainly do not suffer moping fools gladly. The problem is, a college campus is perhaps the greatest locus of bumbling and pretentious fools, the kind Socrates was constantly bitch-slapping, questioning, and exposing as hypocrites and idiots, often with hilarious results. We like to think we're following in his great tradition by playing the role of the gadfly. Of course, Socrates died for his efforts—and though we hope to have a happier end, we know it takes no small degree of courage to take on the morose crazies, especially when their hyperbolic cries of sexism, homophobia, racism, and what-have-you seem to drown ours out. In that case, we just talk among ourselves, crack a joke, and have a beer. This is college after all, not the Cold War Hanover-style—and

humor and fun will always win more arguments than strident rallies and protests.

But still, *The Dartmouth Review* has work to do, especially in the upcoming year, as the College searches for a new president to replace James Wright, Dartmouth's current "make Dartmouth a research university in all but name" president. If the administration and trustees, who are orchestrating the search, try to continue the legacy of President Wright in the new president, you can be sure we at *The Review* will take them on...again. The problem with President Wright, for the benefit of the freshmen who may not know, was that he sought to dilute, and in some cases eliminate, the qualities that make Dartmouth unique; in fact, the very things that make Dartmouth, Dartmouth.

Despite what you have heard from administrators, alums, or the DOC cabal that welcomed you to campus, *The Dartmouth Review* is not an organ of bigoted meanies—we are simply a group of student-writers that love this college and want to remind others why this place is so great. Granted, we step on some toes, but to quote a former *TDR* editor, "sometimes *The Review* has to go too far so that others will go far enough." That is our editorial motto in a nutshell.

Fleshed out, it means: we have a healthy skepticism of do-gooder authority, with college administrators and academic ideology ranking chief among such authority; we respect and adhere to the traditions that have defined the College, and make her what she is today, a place we all love; change and novelty, for the sake of change and novelty alone, are sources of anxiety to us; ideas that have been tested and refined by time are of more value to us than the flippant and ephemeral tantrums of trivial and angry college activists; we believe in a classical education, and we call political correctness out for what it is across campuses nationwide (see page 7); on a campus, where intellectual elitism and snobbery can solidify into the order of the day, we give space to the eternal voice crying in the wilderness. Above all, we are guided by our love of Dartmouth and her evergreen spirit—so we like to have a good time, and raise some eyebrows while we're at it.

If this sounds all right to you, freshmen, then we invite you to join our ranks. To the budding writers, reporters, thinkers, or those who want to stop by for some free food and a good time: we welcome you first to Dartmouth, and second to the voice of Dartmouth's past and future: *The Dartmouth Review*. Operation gadfly is underway.

## The Right Kind of Change

When I was a freshman, I was caught up playing the catch-up game. Many of my upperclassmen peers—at places like *The Dartmouth Review*—were not only older than me, but were smarter, better read and more informed than me. They could hold their alcohol, while discussing the intricacies of the College's alumni governance controversies. They could play pong on a Thursday night and test like champs the next Friday morning. In the meantime, my freshmen friends and I struggled to hold down half a can of Keystone Light. We just couldn't keep up.

But there were the freshmen who tried to keep up. Some did. Some drank four nights a week (Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays), played the social butterfly, or just played "social," hooked up with the older boys (if you were a freshman girl)—or alternately, played video games, if you were a freshman boy—and were above all happy, while managing to coast through classes shooting in the 3.0s, as far as grades go. But who thought about grades?

Those kids were the exceptions. There were the other freshmen, who drank and got caught. Who drank, and felt themselves carried away by Safety & Security, or, worse, in the back of an ambulance. Or the freshmen girls who, insecure and unhappy, quickly acquired eating disorders, or came to be called "slam pieces," as one frat derisively refers to them. The freshmen boys usually had funnier stories—involving urinating themselves, or "hosing," and nudity. Less funny

are the ones who are consumed by it (and I don't mean the wetting of the pants): one freshman boy, whose trouble with alcohol never ceased, told me, "my mother says she doesn't even know me anymore." Chaos—that is freshman year.

It's not just alcohol that changes you either, in a college there are also academics, and activities, and new friends, and, at some distant point, the job search, and on and on it goes. For many of you, being an overachieving smarty-pants is old news; being an overachieving smarty-pants who has the drinking habits of a medically-defined alcoholic, on the other hand, is new stuff. Putting it all together will no doubt cause you to change in ways you hadn't imagined. Some will change for the better, others for the worse. The trick is putting yourself in the first category. That requires work, though, as all good things do.

You'll no doubt receive an inordinate amount of advice in the next few days, advice that you won't take. Why not? It takes experience, more than anything, to learn how to navigate the seas of college. That's what college is, after all. Adjustment. Transition. Growth. Change. What's the catch-up game if not change, repeated, repeated, repeated—then revised, until you're caught-up? A fully mature adult. Or something like it.

This change, the one I describe, is not reinvention,

*Continued on page five...*



By  
**Emily  
Esfahani-  
Smith**

# The Week In Review

## Equal Opportunity Fornication (with consent)!

Your summer may have been hot, but chances are it wasn't as hot as consensual sex day; with t-shirts declaring "Consensual Sex is Hot," Dartmouth's Center for Women



—Pea Green in a beanie, a lost tradition—

and Genders Studies wants to "raise awareness" about sexual assault which is "not hot" as Paris Hilton would say. Every summer, the Center organizes activities like "Pin the Clit on the Vulva," "Consensual Twister," and "Condom Dart Throw" as part of the charade known as "Consent Day," held this year as a two-hour event on August 15, 2008. The event climaxed with students (consensually) signing a pledge "to respect consent," *The Daily Dartmouth* reports (August 19, 2008). Among the riveting issues addressed were: how frequently men contemplate sex, how rats like to get it on, and whether condom-fairies do in fact exist. Call us old fashioned, but we at *The Dartmouth Review* shy away from grouping "consensual sex" with "rats"; but in an age of equal opportunity fornication, we say: to each his own!

## Ratings Sleight-of-Hand at Forbes.com

Not only did somebody at Forbes.com think it would be a good idea to get into the college-rankings business, but apparently the committee in charge of this particular project decided to improve upon the virtually worthless tradition of numerical rankings by giving abysmal ratings to some of America's most prestigious universities, sending administrators into a tizzy all along the East coast. The College on the Hill fared particularly poorly, coming in at 127.

Other Ivy League schools performed poorly as well, but only Cornell approached the same special level as Dartmouth by pulling a 121. Mysteriously, Princeton had managed the first place in this new arbitrary algorithm as well. There was no immediate inquiry into the possibility that Princeton is simply held as the constant in the creation of new rankings systems, but a few interesting items about the formula have come to light. Forbes.com relied heavily on such illuminating details as the number of alumni and faculty receiving national awards and the amount of debt students accumulate during enrollment. These criteria seem questionable enough, but the crown jewel was the reliance on student evaluations from the site RateMyProfessors.com; Dartmouth has one of the lowest participation rates in the site, and anybody who has passed a basic statistics course might surmise that only the particularly whiney take the time to visit such obscure sites in the first place, adding a bit of bias to the already tremendously low sample size. The administration responded with a few statistics of its own, but they probably need not have. Most alumni, students, professors, (and probably a few administrators) know that Dartmouth has never quite been quantifiable. So take heart, concerned alumni; among meaningless numbers, this one seems to be especially useless.

## Treasury Taps Wilson '69

He went to Harvard Business School with President George W. Bush, so Goldman Sachs banker Ken Wilson was probably not surprised when his cell phone rang and a familiar Texas drawl told him that the United States of America needed his service. Ken Wilson agreed to retire to serve as advisor to former Goldman Sachs CEO Henry Paulson '69, a man he has known since his days at the College and who helped recruit Wilson to Goldman. The move marks an unusual departure from the usual federal practice of appointing unqualified people to high positions and then avoiding all responsibility after their inevitable failure; as it turns out, Wilson is widely regarded as one of Wall Street's go-to bankers, and has helped his own firm avoid the costly mistakes of Lehman Brothers and Merrill Lynch during the current crisis in the mortgage market.

Those of our readers who follow the financial news or the apocalyptic hysteria that is the evening news will by now have heard about the Treasury's takeover of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac, and will no doubt be relieved to hear that a man with at least a passing interest in, and talent for, the success of the free market has been chosen to give advice to the people who seem to feel government interference is only limited by their own imaginations.

## Trees Come Down, Hippies And All

It's not easy being in the business of enviro-justice these days—just ask the hippies at Berkeley, who were recently ejected from trees they climbed in protest. The hippies were aggrieved that paradise would be paved in favor of a newly-constructed football field. After twenty-one months sitting in the trees that UC Berkeley planted as part of a landscaping project in 1923, the final four protesters agreed to climb down from the last redwood tree. As if the hippies needed another reason to hate the football jocks...

The protest had been attracting fewer supporters and more arrests of late, and was drawing scorn from the majority of students, left, right and moderate alike. Some thought that Berkeley, which is famous for making a fuss over this war or that corporation, was made to look silly for protesting a construction project with such gusto, when presumably there are some legitimate environmental issues to be rallied for or protested against or whatever it is these people do. The few students who do not identify as violently left wing thought it a bit odd that this had not ended sooner, since in most areas of the country, throwing bags of feces at police officers, which the protesters did, results in arrest; the lone conservative on UC Berkeley's campus reportedly chuckled, then pointed out that the university had been barred from cutting the trees until recently because of an injunction; the protest had literally accomplished nothing. He then sighed, mumbled something about "safety school" and began to sob.

## Columbia Annexes Neighboring Blocks, May Reclaim Sudetenland

It seems eminent domain is not merely the last best hope of sleazy real estate developers in New London, CT; Columbia is getting into the game as well, threatening the procedure in an effort to obtain most of the Manhattanville section of Harlem. Of course, like most land grabbers in similar situations, it does not bother Columbia or the politicians in New York that the land would not be seized for public use, or that it was not a particularly blighted area until the university started letting its local holdings go to seed.

The students of Columbia are known for standing up to their administration when it comes to causes that are both abstract and of questionable social value; one hopes that they have the time and space in their new facilities to help out the locals that find themselves displaced.

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# The Week In Review

## An Emense Miscarriage of Justice

*The Review* has covered the travels, trials and tribulations of the Typo Eradication Advancement League on its world-famous webpage, [dartlog.net](http://dartlog.net). But some news is too awful in its ramifications to restrict to a single medium. Jeff Deck and Benjamin Herson, Dartmouth Class of 2002 both, have been banned from national parks for a year after accruing vandalism charges in relation to the attempted correction of a spelling mistake—"emense"—on a Grand Canyon sign. Deck and Herson met in a creative writing class at the College, but their nationwide crusade to improve collective literacy with permanent markers, correction fluid, and other tools of the trade did not get its start until after their graduation, when Mr. Deck reportedly had an epiphany in the shower. Since their beginnings, the duo has received ever-increasing attention through their website and coverage in newspapers across the country. Unfortunately, even their new celebrity was not enough to save the pair from a stern prosecutor and a court sympathetic to the eccentric spelling choices of architects from the 1930s. It probably did not help that the description of the "emense" rock formation was found on a sign that is a National Historic Landmark in its own right.

One hopes that a year-long proscription and \$3,045 fine will not be enough to keep two of Dartmouth's finest from their enduring mission indefinitely.

## Why Won't They Stay?

After a disagreement with the College, the head coach of Dartmouth's five-time national champion figure skating team, Loren McGean, resigned late in August. This follows quickly upon the heels of Andy Harvard's resignation. Har-

vard, who was the director of the Outdoor Programs Office, was much beloved by students, but allegedly forced out by the machinations of the administration. McGean also took issue with the administration, specifically and its treatment of the figure skating team. When McGean formally complained to the College about the lack of financial transparency in how funds donated to the figure skating team were actually being used, the administration did not address the problem. McGean tells the *Valley News*, "To date these requests have all been either ignored or denied" (August 27, 2008). As a result, McGean left the College's athletic program, taking her talented coaching with her.

## Dartmouth Churns Out Groundbreaking Research

Approximately 12.5% of the 22 million American children between the ages of 10 and 14 have seen a movie that has been rated R for violence. As if that were not bad enough, approximately 10 million of those little rascals have seen one particularly egregious film, *Scary Movie*. Luckily for the concerned families across the fruited plain, Dartmouth Medical School post-doctoral fellow Keilah A. Worth has awoken the nation to the systematic failure of the film ratings system to protect innocent youth, and the trail of destruction this portends. James Sargent, the senior scientist on the study, warns that "no expert in child development would advocate for subjecting children as young as 10 to this level of violence, yet the study shows that such exposure is commonplace in this country" (Office of Public Affairs Press Release, August 4, 2008). We at *The Review* were initially horrified and fearful about the potential problems that our younger siblings and cousins may cause, until we noticed that the study used data from a survey conducted in 2003, meaning that the age group in question included some staffers. We regret nothing.

*Editorial: continued from page three*

...though, nor is it a conversion. Rather, it is the subtle and deliberate, at times painstaking, movement from what you are to what you want to be. What you should be. Chances are, who you are will never be quite good enough, in the grand scheme of things.

When you wrote your college essay, your guidance counselor probably gave you the advice, "Be yourself."

Please. You've got to be better than that.

But that's not a call to arms; revolutionary change is damaging in big and small things; creating a war-zone inside yourself is a fools bargain filled with pain. Don't change like that: your mother should know you, recognize you, when you go home for Thanksgiving. Rather, "Nice and easy does it," as Frank Sinatra says. We agree.

And the big changes don't end with freshman year. Prepare yourselves for the D-plan, which is change on crack. The D-plan reduces life to three-month stints here, there, and everywhere. Sophomore fall, you might join a Greek house, make great new friends...and not see them again for six months, as you go abroad to Barcelona, then work for a term in New York.

Then there's Sophomore summer, a touching-point for your class. After the bliss that is Sophomore summer, maybe you've made your best friends, maybe you're dating someone, and then wham. You might not see them until Junior spring, or worse, Senior fall. Friendships dissolve, relationships dwindle. You work hard to counter the D-Plan's tendency toward entropy, but feel drained on those last blurry-eyed nights of each term, before you say goodbye—again—to a different set of friends.

But it is all worth it, you realize, by the time senior year rolls around. Like you freshmen, us seniors are here for the full year, and are about to embark on our own adventures soon. We will cherish our last year here as you cherish your first. And though none of us are fully-matured adults, we're beginning to resemble something like it (that'll be us running around in our suits this fall, trying to beat the job market)—and we wish you the best of luck playing your personal catch-up game, as we finish playing ours. ■

# Indian Fall Football Preview

By Maxwell L. Copello

After grueling two-a-day practices and countless hours of preparation during fall preseason camp, the Dartmouth Football Team is ready for an exciting 2008 season. The Indians are returning 47 letter-winners including seven starters on both offense and defense. Working to continue the trend of improvement, the Indians have built their base around tri-captains Alex Rapp (Offensive Tackle), Andrew Dete (Middle Linebacker), and Milan Williams (Running Back), and the strongest senior class in recent history. The class of 2009 was the first under Head Coach Buddy Teevens' reign and their final season marks the new beginning of Dartmouth football.

Dartmouth opened up this season with a preseason game against bitter rivals Harvard down in Cambridge on September 12. This game was monumental for Dartmouth football as it put the Indians on a more even playing field with Colgate and other non-league opponents who will have played at least three games before the Ivy League begins play. Dartmouth starts regular season games on September

*Mr. Copello is a senior at the College, Sports Editor of The Dartmouth Review, and Nose Guard for the Indians.*

20 when the Indians will travel to Hamilton, NY to face Colgate University. The Indians are looking for revenge after blowing a 28 point lead just a year ago. The Indians open at home during the first week of classes on September 27 against in-state rivals University of New Hampshire in the annual playing of the Granite Bowl. UNH, a perennial I-AA powerhouse, will make the short trip up to Hanover with high expectations, but the Indians, who have improved in the last few meetings, are looking to switch the scales of power and regain bragging rights in our humble state. Home games this season include UNH (9/27), Yale (10/11), Holy Cross (Homecoming, 8/18), Harvard (11/1), and Brown (11/15).

The Indians will be televised both regionally and nationally in seven of their contests this season with two games on NESN and one on Versus, a national broadcast. This is very exciting for Dartmouth alumni around the country who will be able to watch their beloved Indians, and for students too hungover to make it out of their dormrooms for the three games that will be televised here in Hanover.

Dartmouth has high aspirations for this season and will capitalize on returning experience and a high level of incoming talent in the class of 2012. The freshman class

includes some of the best talent in the Ivy League and you can expect to see many of them on the field this fall.

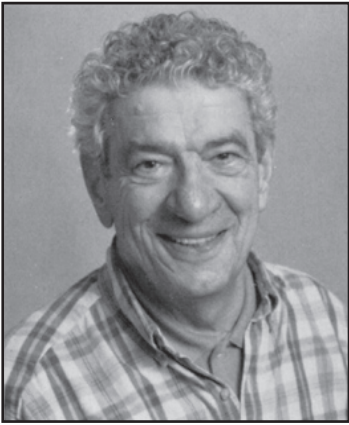
Key returners for the Indians on offense are wide receivers Eric Paul and Phil Galligan, quarterbacks Alex Jenny and Tim McManus, running back Milan Williams, and offensive lineman Alex Rapp, Alex Toth, and Alex Wodka. On defense, there are linebackers Joe Battaglia, Andrew Dete and Zech Glaize, defensive linemen Rehan Muttalib, Max Copello, Malcolm Freberg, and Charles Bay, and in the secondary safety, Ian Wilson.

Coach Teevens is entering his fourth year at Dartmouth and his strategic recruiting, hard work ethic, and solid coaching staff will begin to reap the benefits of the hard work that has been driven into this program. Dartmouth has a rich tradition in football and this year marks the twelfth year without an Ivy League championship; after being chosen seventh out of eight in this year's coaches poll, the Indians look to turn some heads and make some people wonder who these boys are from the backwoods of New Hampshire?

I suggest you all make it out to Memorial Field this fall and watch your Indians fight in the trenches with the best the Ivy League has to offer; you might just be pleasantly surprised. ■



# Dartmouth's Best Professors...



## John Rassias French

Rassias is perhaps Dartmouth's most famous professor. His innovative theories on the teaching of foreign languages led to Dartmouth's LSA programs, drill sessions, and language lab. His teaching style verges on the outrageous. In class, he dresses up as Montesquieu, throws raw meat around, breaks eggs on students' heads, and rips his shirt off—all in the line of teaching. Rassias's vivid instruction is something no Dartmouth student should forgo, though a Rassias-taught class is now a rare delicacy.



## Russell Hughes Chemistry

Hughes sings, dances, and blows things up in class—all in the name of teaching organic chemistry. It's obvious that Hughes loves teaching; he's always available for consultation and often stops by labs to help students. While orgo is often feared, Hughes's crisp (and often comic) explanations make the subject entertaining and fun. While he is notorious for using every X-hour and assigning a heavy workload, students often find themselves inspired to delve headlong into the intimidating material thanks to Hughes's obvious passion for the subject.



## P. David Lagomarsino History

Perhaps the best professor in a department full of gems, Lagomarsino has won practically every award the College offers for teaching. Imperial Spain is his forte, but he has a thorough knowledge of early modern Europe and doesn't hesitate to share it with his students. Not afraid to buck the trends of political correctness or conventional wisdom, he teaches that the Inquisition was more just than most judicial procedures of its time. Even if you're not a major, Lagomarsino is not to be missed.



## Lucas Swaine Government

A rockstar in an already strong department, Swaine's classes on political philosophy make the subject dynamic and relevant. His lectures take a class or two to get used to, as does Swaine's personality, which is, to say the least, eccentric, but one quickly converts to a fan. There's a certain mischievous character to his class that's greatly reinforced by his opening comments on topics like the latest episode of *Aqua Teen Hunger Force*. Beware though, Swaine makes heavy use of John Rawls in his Liberalism and Its Critics (a must take), and no one likes Rawls.



## Paul Christesen Classics

One of the most popular in the department, and a Dartmouth alumnus to boot, Professor Christesen is also the most popular adviser to classics majors. And his lectures provide compelling evidence for the importance of classics; he has a firm grasp on the value of understanding Western Civilization's development. Christesen is a wise choice for beginning or continuing your study of classics. Listening to his lectures, one gets the impression that Christesen has tailored his lectures for challenging and interesting the specifically undergraduate mind. (We mean that in a good way.)



## Marlene Heck Art History

Professor Heck is one of Dartmouth's most beloved professors. Her classes in the Art History department stand out for their ability to contextualize art, architecture, history, and culture in their time, weaving each together to give a complete picture. Her class on American Architecture is a must take, as is her Writing 5 class on the founding fathers. Professor Heck's passions for the American founding, Thomas Jefferson, and colonial architecture are infectious. A Fascinating individual both inside and outside the classroom, with classes and office hours always filled to capacity, Professor Heck and her art history classes will change the way you look at the world.

## James Tatum — Classics

Even if you can't fit a class with Professor Tatum into your schedule, *The Mourner's Song: War and Remembrance from the Iliad to Vietnam*—published by the University of Chicago Press—is a must-read. Tatum is an expert on Apuleius and a sophisticated teacher. He uses Greek call-and-response to keep his classes awake, attentive, and involved.

## Ehud Benor — Religion

Professor Benor takes the time and risk to question deeply held beliefs and assumptions about his very own discipline. And best of all, students are invited to challenge his own theories. He's better known for his Judaism classes. He's an encyclopedia of classical, medieval, and modern Judaism, and his lectures on the rabbinic revolution and mysticism are masterful.

## Donald Pease — English

Pease is a leading Americanist and a highly respected scholar in the field of American Studies. His dense lecture style takes some getting used to, but if you're able to get beneath his jargon there's something deep and profound to be had.

## Dale Eickelman — Anthropology

Eickelman's readings are carefully chosen, and classroom discussion borders on genius. Professor Eickelman squeezes the best work from his students; given the depth and breadth of the material he covers, asking any less would be a waste of his and students' time.

## Timothy Pulju — Linguistics

One of the best-reviewed profs at Dartmouth, Pulju combines an exceptional lecturing style with a genuine commitment to help individual undergraduates one-on-one. Known for his deadpan sense of humor and skill at engaging all the students even in large lecture classes through question-and-answer, Pulju turns what can occasionally be a dry subject into something thoroughly entertaining.

## Walter Simons — History

Professor Simons is the department's resident mediator, a man quietly passionate about a misunderstood

but essential period in Western history. He is amazingly accessible to students, even in his large lecture classes, and is very helpful and welcoming during office hours. He gives thoughtful, detailed feedback on papers and assignments, and is quick to refer students to appropriate sources and references on their assignments. Plus, he's a great lecturer with an obvious passion for his subject.

## Douglas Irwin — Economics

After the anti-WTO protests in Seattle, Irwin took to the pages of *The Wall Street Journal* to defend WTO trade policies and criticize President Clinton for "caving in to pressure from labor interests." Irwin is an unqualified expert and an excellent teacher.

## Samuel Velez — Biology

Velez is an outstanding professor in a department not always recognized for its teaching. His exams are onerous and require extremely thorough knowledge of the topic, but his animated lectures and easy accessibility to students make it all worthwhile. Velez explains the brain's foundations through analogy, story, case study—whatever is needed to transmit the information to his students. His "Crayfish Experience" in Biology 34 is not to be missed.

## Barbara Will — English

Unlike many of her colleagues in the English department, Professor Will provides a savvy, critical analysis of postmodern literature without getting bogged down in the jargon of literary theory. Her teaching style is refreshingly straightforward, and she has the rare talent of making dull-seeming topics interesting.

## Allen Koop — History

A gifted and witty lecturer, Professor Koop teaches modern European history and the history of the American health care system. At the beginning of his History 65: Modern Europe: The Twentieth Century, he says he aims to make it one of the three best courses you take at Dartmouth. You should take him up on that. Possessing a keen interest in cultural history, Koop is *sui generis* as a guide through history's bloodiest century.

## Meir Kohn — Economics

Something of a legend in the Dartmouth Econ Department (a commonly traded tale—of questionable veracity—notes that an "A" in Kohn's class translates into an instant job offer on Wall Street), Kohn is the maestro of Econ 26, a.k.a. "Money for Dummies." He is one of the most feared professors at Dartmouth, and his classes, conducted in an intense Socratic question-and-answer format, force students to analyze economic questions at a level above simply parroting back textbook information.

## Devin Balkcom — Computer Science

Balkcom, in addition to teaching undergraduate CS, directs the Dartmouth Robotics Lab and recently received a Faculty Early Career Development (CAREER) Award from the National Science Foundation. Balkcom epitomizes the balance between research and instruction that Dartmouth profs should strive for.

## Larry Crocker — Philosophy

A former lawyer and law school professor, Professor Crocker has one of the sharpest minds of any professor at Dartmouth. His Philosophy of Law and Ethical Theory classes are engaging, penetrating, and among the most intellectually rigorous courses you can take at Dartmouth.

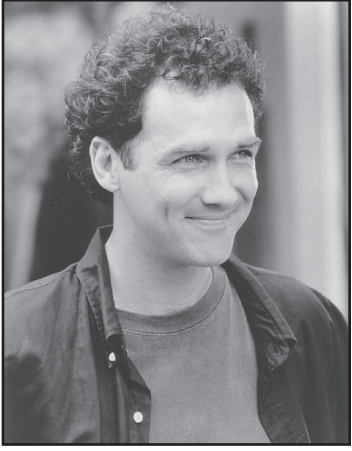
## Roger Ulrich — Classics

Professor Ulrich does not suffer fools gladly, so do not come to his course unprepared. But for the intellectually alert, the professor's summer-taught Classical Mythology class—or "storytelling for sophomores"—is a must take. His responsiveness to students and dry humor make his classes a delight.

## Amanda Loud — Latin

Professor Loud teaches Latin 1 and 3 at the College, and has a way of making a very difficult subject remarkably accessible. Dynamic, fun, and engaging, she not only teaches the fundamentals of Latin grammar clearly, but also inserts Roman history lessons into her syllabus to spice things up.

# ...and Dartmouth's Worst



## Jesse Giummo Economics

A relative new comer to Dartmouth, this professor has quickly established himself as the scourge of the Economics department. Incapable of handling anything except the introductory courses of Econ 1 and Econ 10, Giummo succeeds spectacularly at making dry material incoherent. Mind you he doesn't do this out of malice, but an inability to compose a lecture; he will frequently digress in a problem. He does post all of his past exams on Blackboard, but one shouldn't be confident that that will help, as he changes his testing style every term. Finally, it's almost impossible to avoid noticing his uncanny likeness to Norm Macdonald.



## Marysa Navarro History

A dubious distinction, this professor was featured in the very first issue of *The Dartmouth Review*—over twenty-five years ago. She is still causing problems on the Dartmouth campus today. She is perhaps the most notoriously biased grader in Dartmouth's history and a feminist reactionary to the bone.



## Roger Sloboda Biology

Professor Sloboda, who teaches in the biology department, "is so bad that I changed my major," one student reports. He's known for his meandering lectures, telling students the opposite of what he means, and emphasizing unimportant details in class; many leave his classroom dazed or frustrated. Talk about confusing; many students in his class learn the basics of Cell Biology by appealing to the class's TA rather than stopping by Professor Sloboda's office hours. His team taught Bio 11 class (The Science of Life) has been called the worst class at Dartmouth.



## Lynda Boose English

How Professor Boose managed to secure a position at Dartmouth is astounding. Nothing good can be said about this lady. She left her English 5 class to sit through more than four weeks of soap operas in place of class lectures. She frequently cancels class with little warning; she once missed class for a whole week because of a toothache. Avoid this nutty professor by any means necessary.



## Ellen Rockmore Writing

Writing 5 classes typically don't attract the most stellar of profs, and Ellen Rockmore is no exception. She grades papers arbitrarily, lackadaisically assigning a student the same grades throughout the term, whether they have improved their writing or not. But improving her students writing skills was never Professor Rockmore's goal; opining endlessly in class, rather, is her paramount objective. This woman is dangerously underqualified to teach, and literally pushes students out of her office hours when they press her about their writing skills and improvements.



## Susan Blader Chinese

A generation ago, when Mao ran China, it wasn't as necessary to have a qualified Chinese instructor—it was a more self-motivational department—this was when Dartmouth hired Blader. As a language instructor she's impossibly dense; any aspiring student should mind to take Chinese 1, 2, and 3 with Rudelson. Her Chinese 10 course, a prerequisite for the Beijing FSP, focuses mainly on ancient China and whatever esoteric subject she may be researching this term, as opposed to any relevant topic that may prepare students for their trip abroad. Take Rudelson.

—Circa 1970s—

## Brenda Silver — English

An avid feminist critic, Professor Silver reads literature with the firm belief that anything longer than it is round must be a phallus. Silver is addicted to anything anti-male and holds androgyny to be the human ideal. If you enjoy listening to the classics of Western culture being destroyed by feminist deconstruction, then you will love her lectures.

## Ronald Edsforth — MALS

Professor Edsforth ranks among Dartmouth's most notorious professors. He's managed to teach here for over a decade without getting tenure, hanging on to a job only through the much-maligned MALS program. It's little wonder why, really, considering that Edsforth's particular brand of scholarship is light on disinterested inquiry but heavy on rhetoric worthy of the *Daily Worker*. Students misfortunate enough to enroll in his War and Peace class last spring learned little about war; some about the evils of American car companies; much about about castle-in-the-sky theories for world government.

## Owen Dearthcott — Mathematics

Easily the most inarticulate and unhelpful member of the otherwise highly competent Mathematics department, Dearthcott makes already difficult topics (Multivariable Calculus, Linear Algebra, Differential Equations) absolutely incomprehensible. He invests little to no time in preparation for his classes, lectures straight from the book, and is extremely unapproachable outside of class. Avoid at all costs.

## Mathilde Sitbon — History

Madame Sitbon teaches the broadly-titled "French Language and Culture" class on the French FSP in Paris. An unapologetic socialist, she makes no effort to leave her opinions at the door when she comes into the classroom. Always quick to criticize American politics and culture, she subscribes to the popular opinion that "the French way is the right way" and isn't afraid to share it. Needless to say, Mme. Sitbon plays favorites like it's her job; men

and anyone she perceives to be privileged inevitably come out on the short end of this arrangement. Unfortunately, because Sitbon teaches on the FSP during all three terms, any student traveling to Paris must take her class.

## Tanalis Padilla — History

One tasty tidbit: Padilla made her students come to an x-hour once to watch a movie extolling the virtues of the Zapatista terrorists who were fighting against the global capitalist conspiracy and the evil Mexican central government. The video featured the profound commentary of the angry bandmembers from Rage Against the Machine, countless crackpot academics, and even featured the indomitable, cop-killing Mumia Abu-Jamal. Take her classes only if you want to hear rants against US imperialism in Latin America.

## Ann Bumpus — Philosophy

Bumpus is a case study on how not to use PowerPoint. Her "lecture" consists of progressing through slide after slide, each with a long quotation. At times it seems as if she hasn't prepared anything beforehand, as she pauses for minutes on end, combing through a pile of papers. She's a nice enough woman and gives very generous marks, but unless boredom is your bag, keep away.

## Evelyn Gick — Economics, Gender Studies

Professor Gick's Women and Genders Studies 30 class, Economics of the Fashion Industry, is one of the worst classes Dartmouth offers. Professor Gick lacks communication skills and manages to give students false information in classes which are difficult enough, like Introduction to Economics. Though an interesting scholar on F.A Hayek, her teaching abilities leave much to be desired.

## Ioana Chitoran — Linguistics

Though a nice woman, Professor Chitoran is a disorganized lecturer and is constantly late to either class or office hours. In her Introduction to Linguistics class, she makes no effort to make the material interesting, and students ultimately fail to take away anything meaningful from the

## Dartmouth's Worst Professor Shelby Grantham — English



A self-described "recovering racist" who makes her classes into an airing of grievances rather than a study of literature because she "can't read male authors anymore," Grantham injects her writing courses with dogmatic liberalism. Notorious for declaring Band-Aids "racist" because of their color, she terrorizes those who disagree with her and fills her class with rants that verge on insanity (the plight of the lobsters at the Co-Op apparently keeps her from sleeping at night). If you find yourself unlucky enough to be assigned to her Writing 5 section, bolt for the door.

class. For those looking to fulfill the QDS distrib requirement, look elsewhere.

## Peter Tse — Psychology

Professor Tse began one of his classes, "this material will be painful and boring." Not a promising start. Beyond his antipathy to the material he teaches, Professor Tse makes no effort to make the subject he teaches clear or interesting to the students taking his class. If you take Psychology 10 (Statistics) with Professor Tse, make sure to read the textbook, which is your best bet to learn the material.

# Courses of Note

**Editor's Note:** None of the following courses has a prerequisite. We provide here course reviews of a few of the introductory courses you are likely to consider, and a few smaller, upper-level courses that have met with consistently excellent reviews over the past few years. They are truly some of Dartmouth's best.

## Introductory Courses

### ART HISTORY 1: Intro. to History of Art I

### ART HISTORY 2: Intro. to History of Art II

Together these courses survey the entire history of art, from ancient Egyptian and Greek artwork through the post-modernists Georgia O'Keefe and Salvador Dali. Architecture, sculpture, the graphic arts, and painting are all studied. While the two courses sometimes include dry lectures and innumerable slides to memorize, they foster an appreciation of Western civilization's artistic legacy and its relation to our history.

### CHEMISTRY 5: General Chemistry

### CHEMISTRY 6: General Chemistry

Overzealous pre-meds will likely leap into these courses freshman fall; their professional aspirations will be crushed in a quagmire of slow-moving, tedious lectures and labs. The classes have a tendency to go too slowly when reviewing high school chemistry topics, then too quickly when introducing new material. The professoriate is a revolving door of the chemistry staff. If you're not a biology or chemistry major, avoid these classes.

### CLASSICS 1:

#### Antiquity Today: An Introduction to Classical Studies

Essentially an anthropological survey of the ancient world, this course will introduce you to the literature, history, art, and culture of the two major, pagan currents flowing into Western culture: Greece and Rome. In the hands of Paul Christesen, with whom you should take it, this course feels much smaller than it is due to his careful attention to individual student needs.

### CLASSICS 5:

#### The Heroic Vision: Epics of Greece & Rome

This course is a survey of some of the "best known and most influential works to survive from the ancient world." Students study Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil's *Aeneid*, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as well as Lucretius's *De Rarum Natura*. These works serve as the fountainhead from which our culture's works of literature have emerged. Students will find knowledge of the classics essential toward understanding the broad span of Western literature and the ultimate question of life: "How should I live?"

### GOVT 3: The American Political System

### GOVT 4: Comparative Gov't and Politics

### GOVT 6: Political Ideas

Together, these three courses serve as prerequisites for the Government major, the most popular major at Dartmouth. Yet non-majors can take these introductory courses as well. Few students pass through freshman year without taking at least one, and that's the only problem. They tend to be basic, and the classes are large.

Government 3 (American Government) often reads like a digest of the last year's worth of *Newsweek*—it's hopelessly simple. Winters in particular should be avoided. Government 5 can be very good or very bad—take it with Brooks.

Government 4 is generally a dreadful class. If taught by Professor Sa'adah—who has a disturbing penchant for seeing plagiarism wherever she turns—the class is difficult and boring.

Government 6 is an important class in which you read all the fundamentals of political philosophy. Though it is a lot of work, the class can be satisfying if you have a good professor.

### HISTORY 1: The United States, 1763-1877

### HISTORY 2: The United States since 1877

This is another set of courses that you should not take unless you are required to do so for your major. American History is simply too complex a subject to breeze through

in ten weeks. The teaching reminds you of a tenth-grade social studies course.

That said, if you do end up taking these courses, try taking History 2 with Butler, who is one of Dartmouth's best young professors.

### HISTORY 3: Europe to 1715

### HISTORY 4: Europe since 1715

Although the professors who generally teach European History classes tend to be very good, these, too, are courses to be avoided. They move too fast and don't allow for any real depth of study.

### HUMANITIES 1 & 2: The Classical Tradition

For anyone interested in receiving a jump-start course in Western civilization, look no further. Humanities presents the great literature and philosophy of the ages as a coherent whole. The courses trace the evolution of human



thought from classical times (Plato, Virgil, Homer) to the Renaissance (Dante, Milton) through to the modern era (Mann, Faulkner). No other "Great Books" course exists at Dartmouth. Take advantage of these courses if you can. The English 5 requirement sometimes precludes its availability to freshmen.

### PHILOSOPHY 1: Introduction to Philosophy

This class is a poor introduction to philosophy. Philosophy is a discipline that demands involved study of the central authors; a survey class like this one simply can't provide it. Philosophy 3 is a more interesting introductory course, because its topic (Logic) is demonstrably more narrow.

Walter Sinnott-Armstrong, Bernard Gert, and James Moor are among the very best scholars in their fields, and among Dartmouth's best professors in any field. Any class with any of them is a tremendous experience.

### RELIGION 1: Patterns of Religious Experience

The introduction to the intellectual study of religion teaches the major tenets of five religions: Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, Islam, and Buddhism.

In this class, as in most others at Dartmouth, thorough reading and class attendance are the ways to succeed. Although it is an introductory course, many senior and junior majors enroll and can make the class an intimidating atmosphere for freshmen.

The Religion Department has a group of inspired and thoughtfully reflective scholars. Kevin Reinhardt stands out even in this group.

## Recommended Upper-Level Courses

### ENGLISH 24: Shakespeare I

This class studies ten of his plays, spanning comedies, tragedies, histories, and romances. Since the retirement of Professor Saccio, Dartmouth has been without an endowed chair in Shakespeare studies.

### ENGLISH 28: Milton

While Professor Luxon sometimes allows his political leanings to get in the way of his scholarship, he's extremely knowledgeable, and the subject matter makes the course indispensable.

### GERMAN 42: Topics in German Civilization

This class is one of the best at Dartmouth. The readings are generally interesting and the professors are almost always exceptional. The German department as a whole is one of the best departments here.

### GERMAN 44: The Faust Tradition

Take this course with Professor Shookman, the department's Goethe expert who won a prize a few years ago for the best teacher at Dartmouth. This survey in translation will cover works by Marlowe, Goethe, Mann, and Bulgakov.

### HISTORY 43: European Cultural and Intellectual History, 400-1300

Medieval history isn't usually most people's cup of tea, but it's not hard to maintain interest in the subject when Professor Simons is teaching. Besides, reading Augustine, Abelard, and St. Thomas of Aquinas makes the class worthwhile, regardless of the professor.

### HISTORY 65: Modern Europe: The Twentieth Century

Koop is more of a storyteller than a lecturer, and in History 65 he tells one of history's most interesting stories. Most people know the general history that this class covers, but Koop humanizes much of it and has a deep understanding for the characters and, more importantly, ideologies of the time.

Don't take this class if you want a professor who solicits much input, Koop has his formula down and he sticks to it. However if you have to take one History class, this is the one.

### ITALIAN IN TRANSLATION 33: Dante

Since most of us cannot read *The Divine Comedy* in its original Italian, this course is a must for anyone who wishes to be exposed to one of the most astounding and thought-provoking poets of all time.

### MUSIC 6: History of Western Art Music

This course, "An Introduction to Western Art Music," emphasizes music of the past 300 years in an examination of selected masterworks. Like Art History, this fascinating course provides students with an excellent view of our culture through the lens of an art. "No previous knowledge of music is assumed," says the ORC.

### MUSIC 37: Opera

Opera is a crucial element of Western culture, and Professor Swayne traces its history from Monteverdi to modernism in an engaging fashion. Most professors butcher technology in the classroom, but Swayne uses it *par excellence* to enrich his course. Don't expect to breeze through this course, though—Swayne's courses demand a detailed knowledge of scores and libretti. No prerequisites are required, however.

### RUSSIAN 36: Tolstoy and the Problem of Death

Loseff is an acclaimed biographer of his late friend Joseph Brodsky and an excellent guide to the major novels of Leo Tolstoy, one of the most fascinating novelists of modern times. Often taught during the summer, this is an enthralling course.



# A Western Culture Primer

By Chien Wen Kung

Notwithstanding Philip Larkin's remark in "A Study of Reading Habits" that "books are a load of crap," reading can in fact be something "worth ruining my eyes" for, to quote the same poem again. (Okay, maybe not—that argument is for another time.) But while not all books are a load of crap—Larkin's protagonist directs his ire at cheap bestsellers—some books are certainly better than others. You'd expect to read such books here at Dartmouth, and indeed you probably will. Yet a great number of very good books, non-fiction in particular, do not find their way into college syllabi. They simply do not square with the reigning ideologies of the day, and indeed may be downright hostile to them (as many of the books listed here in fact are). For that reason alone they are worth reading. These books are more than just a critique of contemporary pieties, and it is this other side of them we address.

The focus of this article will be on the affirmative value of three books—*The Closing of the American Mind*, *The Western Canon*, and *From Dawn to Decadence*—to liberal education.

The late Allan Bloom subtitled his 1987 bestseller, *The Closing of the American Mind: How Higher Learning Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students*. Like his mentor Leo Strauss, Bloom believed that liberal democracy, far from being self-perpetuating, was in fact a precious and fragile thing, subject to dangers within and without.

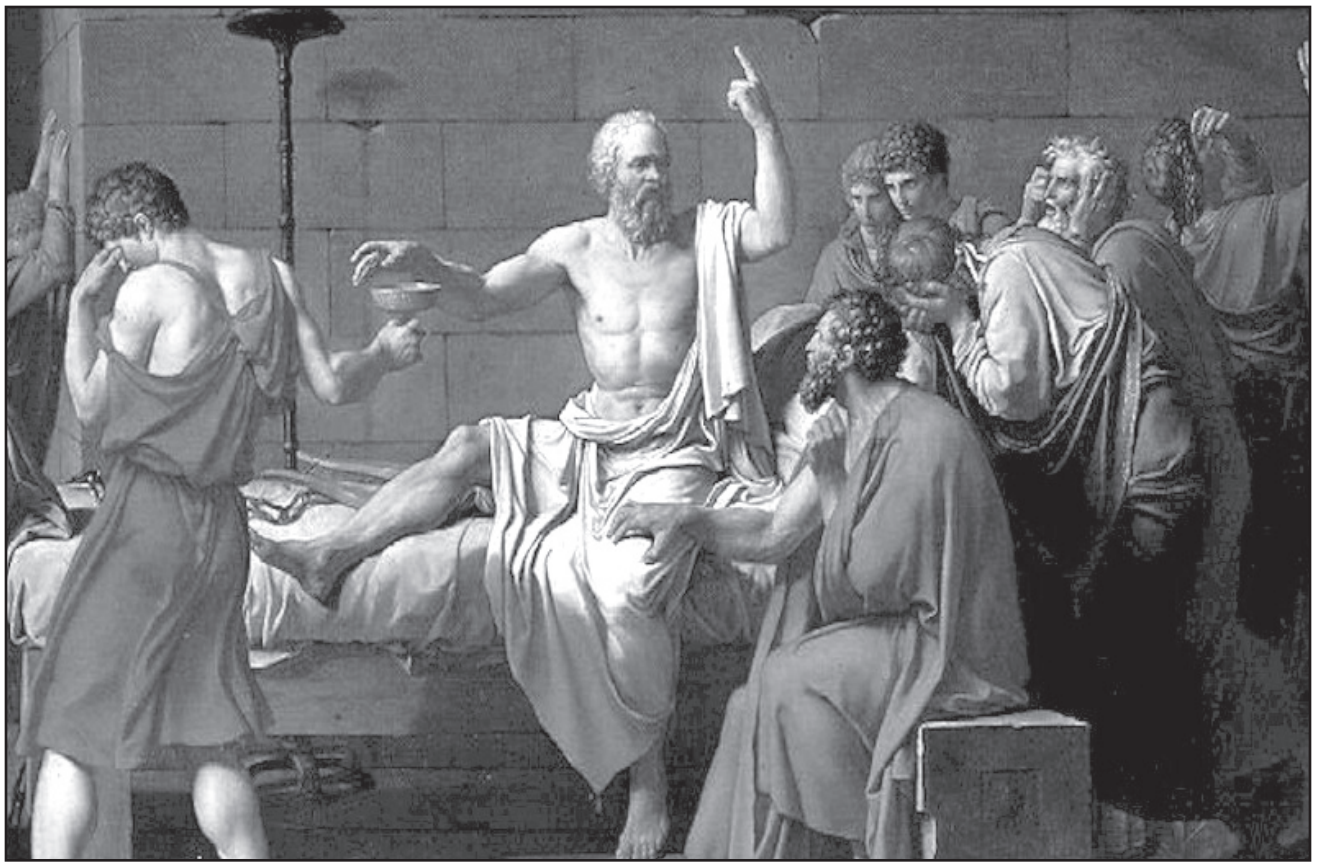
Accordingly, the purpose of liberal education in Bloom's view was to make the individual aware of the dangers to democracy, mostly internal, but—as we are finding out lately—also external. Chief among the former was, according to Bloom, quoting Alexis de Tocqueville, enslavement to public opinion. The claim of democracy, writes Bloom, "is that every man decides for himself" and that all men are somehow equal. But this "makes it difficult to resist the collectivity of equal men. If all opinions are equal, then the majority of opinions, on the psychological analogy of politics, should hold sway." This, as Socrates is wont to point out in Book VIII of *The Republic*, is nothing less than a prescription for tyranny. Accordingly, the aim of liberal education is to "free oneself from public guidance and find resources for guidance from within," such that "the student's whole life be radically changed by it, that what he learns may affect his action, his tastes, his choices, that no previous attachment be immune to examination and hence re-evaluation." So much for the view that Bloom was a reactionary. ("Radical conservative" is perhaps a more appropriate, paradoxical epithet.)

Bloom did not mean that we should trust our instincts and celebrate the self, for that would be an invitation to narcissism. What he meant was that liberal education should seek, in the Platonic sense, to turn the soul, intrinsically good, from that which is "mingled with darkness, that which is coming into being and passing away," to "that on which truth and being are shining." In practice, this involves coming to terms with matters of permanent concern. Socrates's discourses on justice, free will, human nature, truth, and the good, in other words, must be pursued—passionately—above and beyond the academic disciplines, even as they are pursued within them. Otherwise the "democracy of the disciplines" (as Bloom calls the bewildering array of courses available to college students today), lacking metaphysical glue, becomes anarchical.

So, philosophy matters; what else does? We must descend from metaphysics for the time being. Bloom mentions in passing that "the only serious solution is the one that is almost universally rejected: the good old Great Books approach, in which a liberal education means reading certain generally recognized classic texts." Yet for some reason, Bloom endorses this approach with a great deal of equivocation. On the one hand, he acknowledges that the Great Books excite and satisfy students like nothing else by raising the sort of big questions liberal education demands of us. On the other hand, he warns that the Great Books are easily fetishized and turned into a cult that "encourages an autodidact's self-assurance without competence." We don't want to end up like Elizabeth Bennet's younger sister Mary after all.

No such restraint informs the pages of Harold Bloom's *Western Canon*, perhaps the foremost apologia for the Western literary tradition today. Going from one Bloom

to another (the two are not related, as Harold is wont to point out) might initially seem a natural progression, given that both excoriate in their books those who shun the Great Books in favor of obtuse postmodern theories. However, besides sharing a contempt for Deconstruction, academic feminism, Cultural Studies, New Historicism, et al., the two Blooms are actually quite dissimilar. Allan Bloom, as we've noted, saw the Great Books as possessing a culturally-useful function, which is the ability to educate students in the ways of democracy. Harold Bloom would accuse his namesake of "Platonic moralism." Reading deeply in the Canon, he believes, "will not make one a better or a worse person, a more useful or more harmful citizen." Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Tolstoy, Austen, and Joyce (a few of the authors he discusses) are ends in themselves, aesthetic objects to be marveled at for their "mastery of figurative language, originality, cognitive power, knowledge, exuberance of diction." We read them solely to "augment one's own growing inner self." Self, not soul, is the byword here,



—David's "The Death of Socrates"—

the latter having to do with Platonic metaphysics, the former referring to what makes us individuals.

Contrary to Oblonsky's quip in *Anna Karenina* that "The aim of civilization is to enable us to get enjoyment out of everything," enlightened hedonism cannot be the be all and end all of liberal education. This is not to disparage reading for enjoyment's sake—who can deny the pleasures of curling up in bed with a volume of Proust?—merely to note, pragmatically, the difficulties that would arise if we made Harold Bloom's idea of reading central to liberal education. Objective standards do not exist for us to estimate the value of Shakespeare—Bloom's favorite author—to one's "inner self." And is Bloom right in asserting that only the aesthetic value of literature matters? What would he make then of a book like Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, or for that matter, Plato's *Republic*? (Both are on the recommended reading list at the back of the book). Sure, you can read Gibbon and Plato only for their beautiful prose, but then you'd miss out on their historical and philosophical concerns.

Because he spends all his time attacking postmodern theorists for their "flight from the aesthetic," Harold Bloom in the end does not really say why he regards Allan Bloom's approach to the Great Books as flawed. He can't. The latter Bloom isn't hostile towards the aesthetic just because he mentions Shakespeare in relation to the demands of liberal democracy. We might even see them as sharing similar metaphysics. Both after all posit that values—philosophical or literary—exist beyond time and space, as Plato would have it. Here is where their weakness lies. Absent from each book is an awareness of history. When I say this, I don't mean that Plato's or Shakespeare's concerns aren't our concerns because they lived in the past, nor that individual genius is merely the product of social forces. I mean that studying the past strengthens rather than weakens literature and philosophy by reminding us that ideas have causes and conditions—as well as consequences.

Early on in his life, the historian Jacques Barzun came to a similar realization as the one above. History, he realized,

could be conceived of as cultural: everything from music to religion to sport might be used to depict the past. Nowhere is this idea more vividly illustrated than in Barzun's latest book, *From Dawn to Decadence*, an 800-page survey of "art and thought, manners, morals, and religion" from the Reformation to the present day. Within it you will encounter Charles V of Spain but also Christina of Sweden; Goethe and Shakespeare, but also Dorothy Sayers and George Bernard Shaw; Montaigne and Bacon, but also Walter Bagehot and Robert Burton. Find out why Luther and not Leonardo was more of a "Renaissance Man"; why Rousseau neither invented nor idealized the noble savage; why the term "Man" is not just politically incorrect but historically accurate; how the Romantics invented Shakespeare; and just what is meant by that loaded word, "decadence." Walt Whitman said of himself, "I am large. I contain multitudes." The same might be said of this book.

Yes, the Romantics invented Shakespeare. Harold Bloom may see him as a kind of secular god, "a spirit that

permeates everywhere, that cannot be confined," but as Barzun points out, not everyone at every point in time held the Bard in such esteem. There are, Barzun notes, two Shakespeares. One is the 16th-century playwright whom Ben Jonson admired and criticized in equal measure. The other is the Shakespeare apotheosized two centuries after his death by German and English Romantics, and who remains exalted today by the likes of Harold Bloom (whose specialty happens to be Romanticism). A man acutely aware of "the whirligig of taste"—to modify a phrase from *Twelfth Night*—cannot allow Bardolatry to pass without mentioning that men like Pepys, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Tolstoy, T. S. Eliot, and Yeats all considered Shakespeare far less than superhuman.

The point of this example is not to diminish Shakespeare's greatness—Barzun is very much an admirer of Shakespeare—but to point out how our notions of the way things are may not be as secure as they seem. Allan Bloom advocated philosophy as the means towards freeing the self from public guidance and enabling it to find guidance from within. Such freedom cannot come from philosophy alone. How do we explain the fatuousness of the slogan "Bush = Hitler" without knowing about the past? History in this manner supplies material against which we compare present situations and judge them relatively. To do so is not to succumb to postmodern nihilism. A wise and learned man once said, "The complexity of things, the plurality of minds and wills, and the uncertainty of outcomes form the grounds for keeping one's outcomes ever subject to revision." (The words are those of Montaigne.)

We needn't agree with Allan Bloom's Platonism or Harold Bloom's Bardolatry to appreciate the influence Plato and Shakespeare have on Western thought. We needn't trust Jacques Barzun's unorthodox pronouncements on Rousseau and Luther to enlarge our understanding of how ideas and individuals interact. Challenging conventional wisdom, as their books do, is valuable. But perhaps there is even greater value in becoming one who can challenge conventional wisdom, as these books teach. ■

Mr. Kung graduated *summa cum laude* from the College in 2004 and majored in History and English.

# The Greeks Shall Inherit the Earth:

**Editor's Note:** Presented here for your consideration and enjoyment are brief pen-portraits of Dartmouth's venerable fraternities and sororities. Some might accuse us of trafficking in generalities; to our defense, we hope that these sketches will serve as fine, humorous introductions to the true hardword of the College.

## Alpha Chi Alpha



Rich in character and steeped in tradition, Alpha Chi allegedly popularized the vogue phrase, 'Nobody rages anymore.' The house underwent major renovations a few years ago that transformed a modest cottage into a sprawling *palazzo*. A house pledge, like Hester Prynne, can be identified by his scarlet cap.

## Alpha Delta



It's something of a cardinal sin to be ignorant of that fact that the capers of AD brothers were the basis for the classic picture *Animal House*; as the brothers are apt to remind you. Whether the depiction is still accurate is open to debate; they do claim, however, what is undoubtedly the grimmest basement on campus—it usually doubles as an open sewer. Soccer and rugby players make up a good portion of the brotherhood. Devoted to maintaining a good "scene," most girls will end their night nextdoor.

## Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity, Inc.



Alpha Phi Alpha is a historically black fraternity. As our photo suggests, they meet out of 103 Channing Cox.

## Bones Gate



Chill, relaxed, and laid back, BG enjoys a good time, which probably accounts for their at-times tempestuous relationship with the administration. Until recently, they evinced extreme enthusiasm for mind expansion and reality alteration, but this scene has of late toned down. They're known for their live bands, usually jam, jazz, or funk.

## Chi Gamma Epsilon



All in all, these are solid guys, many of them athletes. They come as they are. But we'd be remiss if we didn't mention that a Chi Gam party generally entails (a) D.J.s manning the ones-and-twos, (b) kegs, (c) flashing lights, and (d) gyrating brothers. The recent addition of strip poles on their dance floor was done as tastefully as possible.

## Chi Heorot



When Heorot's not on probation, freshmen girls crowd the benches to watch hockey players play pong.

## Gamma Delta Chi



Might as well be Memorial Field. The football house tries to keep it medium-rare, but sometimes things fall through. The pit in the basement was originally designed as a swimming pool, but for safety reasons was soon converted to a raquetball court. That didn't work out either; now it's primarily used for more bibulous basement activities. Unfortunately, these guys are going dry this term so as to optimize their sports performance.

## La Unidad Latina Lambda Upsilon Lambda Fraternity, Inc. Et Cetera

LULLULFIET is a latino affinity organization. Like Alpha Phi Alpha their presence on campus is limited as they do not have social events or a physical plant.

## Kappa Kappa Kappa



Tri Kap is probably the most diverse brotherhood on campus and the oldest local fraternity, dating to 1842. Intense pong is played here under ancient legalistic house rules from the Orient. Call next at your own risk. They're also fond of dance parties (bring your glow-sticks). Head here on Monday for slushy potatoes.

## Phi Delta Alpha



The Rig. The Ziggly. The Big White Fun House. A bunch of boozers, brawlers, burners, and social outcasts—in the best senses of the terms. That notwithstanding, brothers are always excited to return to their fortes: hanging out, and doing nothing. If in conversation your confabulator liberally peppers his discourse with words like 'rig,' 'grim,' 'soil,' 'shackle,' or 'scene,' you're probably talking to a Phi Delt.

## President's Residence



While not really a 'fraternity' in the traditional sense of the word, 14 Webster Avenue is legendary for its debaucherous partying, loose morals, and out-of-control, anything-goes behavior. We hear Susan Wright is a real dinner party animal; if you've got the stuff, try to score an invite to her annual 'Administrators Gone Wild' gala ball. Former President James O. Freedman had a grotto installed in the backyard, which we hear can be quite sensuous in the right company.

## Psi Upsilon



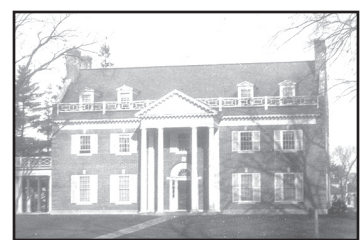
Creator and former host of the Winter Carnival Keg Jump, once arguably Dartmouth's most notorious event but long since banned by the administration, Psi U still turns their front yard into a skating rink in the wintertime anyways. There are dozens of small handles on the low-hanging ceiling in part of the basement, presumably so that brothers can swing about from place to place without sulling their feet on the atrociously grim floor. Quite a few brothers play country club sports like squash, sailing, and golf.

## Sigma Nu



Mathletic and freshman friendly, Sig Nu was until recently affiliated with the marching band or Lord of the Rings society. But don't let that discourage you. They're a group of gregarious, genuine, and friendly guys who are prepared to chug, boot, and die, as their oft-repeated slogan suggests. Their termly Early 80s party is always well-attended, and likely more than half of the student body played their first pong game in their basement.

## Sigma Alpha Epsilon



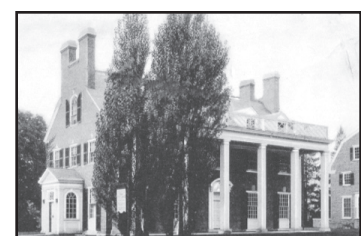
Cleaner than most dorms, SAE inspired Omega in "Animal House." They are well-heeled, to say the least, and are known to throw champagne parties and sport egregiously preppy clothing, always with the collars popped forth and often with crustacean emblems on their shorts. SAE's winter beach party entices hordes of scantily clad youths to trudge through the snow and frolic in the tons of sand they import for the event.

## Theta Delta Chi



Since Robert Frost was involved in this organization in the 1890s, the literary reputation of 'Sweeta Delt' has been in steady decline.

## Zeta Psi



Currently closed, Zete will be returning to campus next year, with a devoted alumni base to return it to better standing with the college.

# Pen-Portraits of College Social Life

## Delta Delta Delta



The Sisters of the House of the Three Delts can be prim and proper, but they're also warm and welcoming. And they don't just know how to have a good time—they know how to bake. The kind of girls you can take home to the parents.

## Epsilon Kappa Theta



Formerly the Harold Parmington Foundation (HPF), these brassy ladies are tip-top starlets. Theta boasts a very strong and diverse sisterhood.

## Sigma Delta



A handful of sisters started a streaking club a few summers ago. Since then, they have targeted basements, study areas, and even the open air, so keep your eyes peeled. These solid co-eds are fun and fond of drink. A popular destination for fratboys on probation seeking a familiar ambience.

## Alpha Xi Delta



Recently booted from their former house by the resurrected Betas, AZD has had a rough past year. Though they've lost one house, the college has promised to build them another, which these sisters are looking forward to. High-achieving in the classroom and in the basement, AZD boasts a vibrant sisterhood.

## Alpha Theta



Alpha Thetas used to be a more rambunctious lot—in the late seventies they used to get juiced up and drive their cars relentlessly around Phi Tau until they were apprehended by the authorities or the thrill was gone, whichever came first. These days, as with most of the College's more reckless traditions, the Phi Tau 500 is no more. Alpha Theta has mellowed out as well. Today, they are known more for their capes and top hats than their antics behind the wheel.

## Kappa Delta Epsilon



A local sorority, KDE boasts an outgoing sisterhood. When spring rolls around, look for guys in seersucker and girls in sun hats walking up Webster Avenue to KDE's Derby Days party. As it enjoys the most spacious basement of any house on campus, KDE, along with Sigma Delt, is one of the few sororities to play host to frat-style partying.

## Kappa Kappa Gamma



Located down past the gym, Kappa rarely plays host to any notable social functions, but they do enjoy dieting. These gals are a staple on the Greek circuit.

## Alpha Phi



The first new Greek house in a decade, Alpha Phi has an eclectic mix of girls who are determined to succeed. Little stigma lingers about this vibrant house.

## Phi Tau



If one were charitable, he might characterize Phi Tau as eccentric; were he more acrimonious, the description would probably be flat-out weird. At the same time, they embrace their oddity and aren't ashamed to demonstrate it. If you've got it, flaunt it. Their termly bash, Milque and Cookies, features thousands of diverse cookies and a thick dairy beverage brewed in cauldrons. Sadly, it is non-alcoholic.

## The Tabard



Resentment and disco dance parties are on the menu at this progressive, co-ed house. In a strange trend, Tabard attracts some fratboys later in their Dartmouth career because they want to appear deep.

## Sigma Phi Epsilon



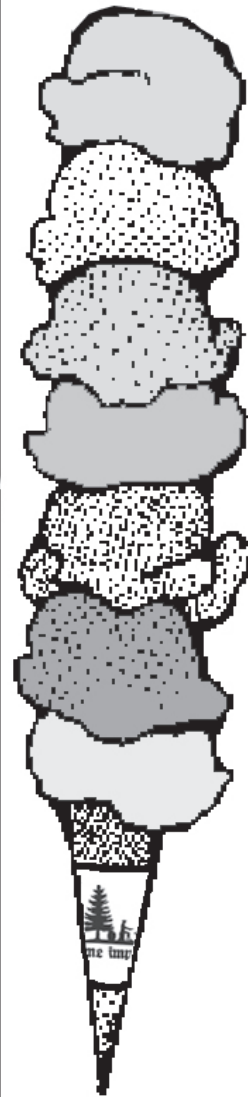
If Sig Ep were a processed food, it would definitely come in 'family size.' They have a brotherhood so large it contains cliques. Known as 'nice guys,' Sig Eps pride themselves on moderation. The house's pledge term (a misnomer: it's nonexistent, really) is organized around a 'Balanced Man' program that emphasizes love, service, and character.

## Panarchy



Formerly Phi Sigma Psi, Panarchy today isn't quite a fraternity or a sorority—it's a co-educational undergraduate society. The house broke away from the Greek system in 1994 and now hosts postmodern social events featuring striking architecture and clothing made of duct tape. They host a popular "Gatsby" party once a term. A destination for 'free spirits.'

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# Greek Life: A Freshman Girl's Take

By Katherine J. Murray

"Are you going out tonight?"

God knows I was.



My fridge was loaded with Jell-O shots and an oversized bottle of Malibu Rum. Wearing our very deadliest outfits, my new floor-mates and I assembled in my room to pre-game to the tune of "I Kissed a Girl."

"Let's go to AD," said Girlfriend A, who was staring into her black-lined eyes in the mirror while she meticulously straightened her hair. "They blitzed out earlier, we're like totally invited and everyone says it's like the coolest house."

"Yeah... if it sucks, we can go to Sig Ep, a lot of people I know are going there and I think they're having margaritas or something."

Some shots later, we were ready to go, exuding an "Asian glow" and the flimsy confidence of anxious freshmen women who have no idea what they are getting themselves into. Our UGA's dramatic warnings regarding alcohol abuse, getting picked up by S&S, date rape, and whatever that Good Sam thing was were not totally forgotten, though. All these dire risks only heightened the excitement.

AD, however, proved a disappointment. First of all, we could barely get inside the basement, filled as it was by dozens of nubile young freshmen girls just like us, our shunned male classmates (sorry freshmen boys), and, here and there, an inebriated brother. Second, the basement smelled as though every hospital in America sent their bedpans here to be emptied. Brothers appeared to be peeing everywhere. Topsy as we were, we weren't having a particularly good time—with the exception of Girlfriend B, who in no time had latched onto an enormous football player, who later would turn out to be quite stuck on her as well. From afar, Girlfriend B looked superhumanly winsome. Damn her.



Next door, Chi Heorot was pretty sweet. A lot of the brothers seemed to be skiers or hockey players (read: hot) and the music was totally awesome. In fact, everyone

*Ms. Murray is a freshman at the College, a contributor to The Dartmouth Review, and social columnist of the scene.*

here was so cool that some of my friends ended up staying. But I wasn't about to pass up Webster Avenue, whether hemorrhaging with friends or not.

On the way we stopped by SAE. The lions outside were a nice touch, though their intended stateliness

came off as somewhat silly. In a way, they foreshadowed the brothers' appearances—they all looked like the portly president of a yacht club who had developed a single minded, and crippling obsession with pong. My friends and I were clad in polo shirts like the brothers, though, and fit into the basement scene, which seemed to be

channeling the good old boy, even though I didn't meet any brothers from the South. After having our fill of refreshments, I managed to get out after some brothers bumped me from table to finish that series they had started at 11:30. I could see why people grumbled about them, but SAE wasn't so bad.

Sig Ep was packed—with annoying freshman guys, that is, all of whom friended me on Facebook the next day. After several margaritas and many awkward conversations, I moved on down the street to Chi Gam. "Sketchy" was the most common word I'd heard used to describe this house. Judging from the interior, the term seemed apt enough. The air emanating from inside was swamp-like, humid and thick with the stench of body odor. Lil Wayne blasted to the point where I could feel "Money on My Mind" invading my very skull, which by this time was pounding.

Once inside, we were trapped on the dance floor. I somehow managed to get caught inside the gyrating, grinding mass of drunk and sweaty guys like a banana caught between the gears of a vicious machine. Too much groping; too much "Superman dat ho." I felt like I was quite literally going to puke.

And puke I did, during the rendez-vous in Novack—the restrooms there have seen a lot, I'm sure. We also ended up seeing some guy friends—freshmen frustrated by the fact they weren't getting any beer. Though I was getting some queer looks from the scrawny, yet-to-gain-their-beer-bellies boys, in my own drunk judgment, I still looked fine. Except for some smudged eyeliner. And I felt fine. Besides a mild case of the spins. Still a hot freshman girl, that was me. Boot and rally, I told myself with gritted teeth. Boot and rally.

We reeled back to Webster Avenue, deciding to go to the big white house in the middle of the street. The

contrast between this house and Chi Gam was stark. Sweat and pheromones had been replaced by the increasingly familiar scent of Keystone Light and urine; amid the comfortable gloom, Lou Reed's lazy voice softened the furious staccato of pong games. The Phi Delt brothers, some shirtless, on the whole treated our presence with a grand indifference—perhaps explaining why there weren't that many girls around. Well, maybe it was the spitting tobacco juice all over the floor; or the fact that everyone wanted to drink out of a huge trash can (they found something very attractive about alcohol diluted with a lot of urine); or maybe it was that some brothers later appeared to be throwing the trash drink up. Gross—excuse me, "grim," a brother corrected me. The girls who were in the basement, and there weren't many, were mostly being instructed in the inscrutable game known as dice. These women's metallic giggles and slurred speech gave them away to be, like us, impressionable young freshmen. Meanwhile, two upperclasswomen were holding their own during a pong game. Judging by their behavior, they had been on table for quite some time, having had dozens of beers in the process. Judging by the muffin tops at their waists, such a night was for these two a matter of routine.

Although I didn't envy their figure, I did admire their game.

"Do you want to go?" Girlfriend C's voice called me back to reality, straining over the blare of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "That Smell"—an appropriate song for the evening. Yes, Phi Delt had proved too grim for us, I suppose. We left without anyone taking the slightest notice. Bones Gate, across the street, was our next stop.

At this point my hazy memories cease entirely. BG was serving cutters, and I was apparently knocking them



back. I had had enough to drink, apparently. Enough not to make it to Theta Delt—"sweet"—Psi U—preppy—and GDX—steaky—and enough to be knocked out until 3:37 pm the next day, when I woke up face down on my bed, ready and quite willing to die. Afternoon sunlight flooded the room. My crisp pink Polo shirt of the day before was now unrecognizable, still damp with beer (all houses), and the assorted mistakes that I had made and drank from the night. That was just the front: the back was covered with the muddy skid marks of a full-length fall down the BG basement stairs. My mouth was bone-dry and my contact lenses stuck to my retinas, though I didn't dare open my eyes again to peel them off. My breath smelled like a reopened grave. My cell phone vibrated near my head, causing a renewed wave of nausea to flood my body. An hours-old text message from Girlfriend C.

Girlfriend C: "Hey girl u were lookin pretty bad last nite so the guy i was talking to at bg and i brought you back to the river i hope youre ok!! we ended up hooking up though—it was SO amazing! crazy night.. i blitzed u about it but yeah... anyway were going to lous at 12 if u want to come, just blitz me."

And another:

Girlfriend C: "and you BETTER be coming out tonight! love ya girl!"

# TDR's Guide to Freshman Etiquette

By Weston Sager

Pea-green freshmen: you're about to embark on a four-year journey of embarrassing hookups, inopportune booting, and debilitating hangovers. The following tips will help to minimize your stupid decisions at Dartmouth. However, it's inevitable that you'll ignore this advice and make a fool of yourself anyway. After all, you *are* freshmen.

## 1) Food

For whatever reason, the concepts of "ordering" and "paying" are often too complex for you pea-greens. Before you reach the front of the line at Foco, make sure you know *exactly* what your expanding stomach desires. When ordering, remember to specify whether you want to eat "here" (with other bumbling 'shmen in the dining hall) or "to-go" (so you can take your food back to your cell in the Choates). When paying for your meal, have your Dartmouth identification handy. Delaying the check-out process because your ID is at the bottom of your designer handbag is a cardinal sin.

You'll learn through happenstance that there are a number of specialty sandwiches at the Foco grill. Don't ask the DDS staff what these are; make your order prompt and don't ask questions. Upperclassmen get very hungry, and they don't like it when pea-green freshmen hold up the line by asking what goes on a "Joyo."

Finally, don't overcook popcorn. The odor from a burnt bag of Pop Secret Light will fill up your entire dorm and earn you the ire of all your freshmen 'friends.' Hint: there's a button for it right on the microwave.

## 2) Pong

The most critical errors freshmen make usually involve pong. There are typically two types of pea-greens who perturb upperclassmen: drunken lightweights and ultra competitors.

Lightweights are usually easy fodder for more Keystone-

*Mr. Sager is President of The Dartmouth Review, and has made mistakes unsuitable to be published.*

savvy upperclassmen, but occasionally a lightweight will get too drunk to hit/pickup/see the ball. This creates overextended, mediocre games of pong that are not satisfying for either side. To combat this issue, refrain from pre-gaming if you're planning to play pong for the night.

As for the ultra competitors, be wary of your pong behavior in a fraternity basement. Yes, winning at pong can be exciting, particularly if you do so against a brother. And yes, losing a game can be dejecting, especially if you've waited

## 4) Class

Go to class. It might seem "cool" to skip class because you got "so wasted" the night before, but really, no one cares how "cutting-edge" you think you are. Your parents did not pay tens of thousands of dollars for you to sit around all week nursing hangovers and looking at Photoshopped pictures of Sarah Palin.

Also remember that class isn't a venue for you to speak.

Upperclassmen attend lectures to hear what the *professor* has to say. The occasional raised pea-green hand is acceptable, even encouraged, but repeatedly delivering naïve orations about Immanuel Kant in Philosophy 1 isn't going to do you any favors. Reserve your self-important babble for your freshman seminar; this way, upperclassmen won't have to hear you talk.

## 5) High school

Most of you know that you're not in high school anymore, but there will be a few of you who will hold on to the "glory days" when you thought you were important and special. Truth be told, none of it matters. The only thing

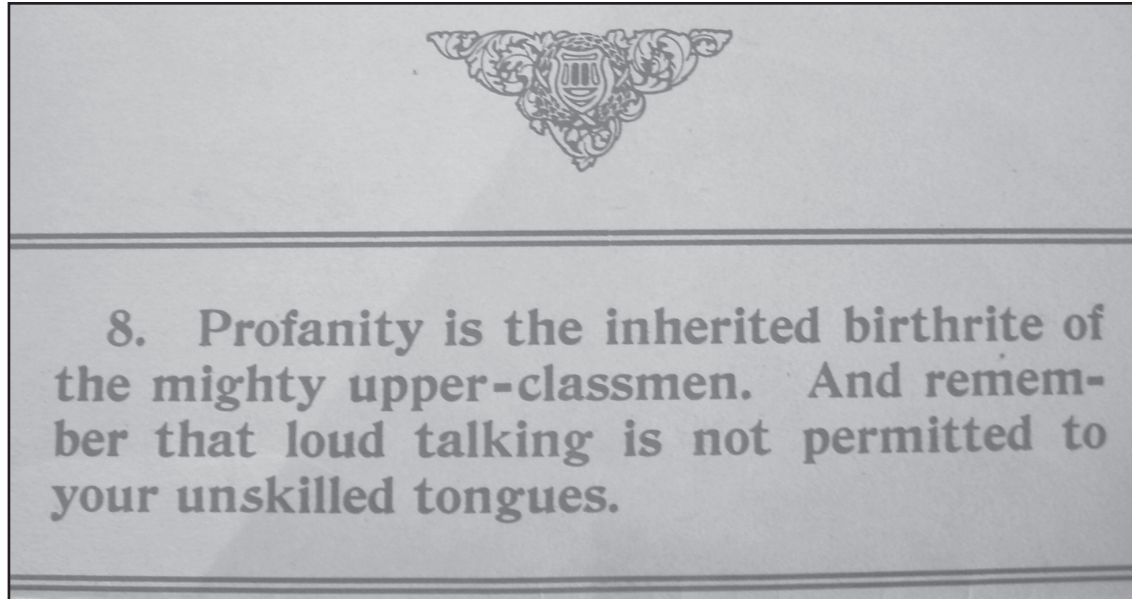
that matters now is that you're here. Dartmouth College provides the most rewarding undergraduate experience in the world. Enjoy it, and stop reminiscing about the past.

Similarly, bragging about test scores and other conceited tidbits will only hurt your reputation. Self-deprecation, rather than self-aggrandizing, will win you friends among pea-greens and upperclassmen alike.

## 6) "Freshmen mistakes"

Even if you follow all of the above, be open to the fact that you're still going to make a lot of mistakes. That's what college is about. You're almost guaranteed to wake up several times over the next few months with a pounding headache accompanied by regrettable flashbacks from the night before.

But in all honesty, if you don't screw up the first year, then you're doing something wrong. Embrace the embarrassment of being a freshman. Next year, you'll be the ones laughing. ■



—From 1922, rule number eight for incoming freshman—

an hour to get on table. However, pong is a *drinking* game. The point isn't to win—it's to drink. Always remember the adage, "Everybody wins at pong."

## 3) Blitz terminals

These are meant for quick checks of Blitz and maybe—MAYBE—composing a brief message or two. Opening every single one of your emails at one of these stations not only makes you an inconsiderate boar, it compromises your privacy: each potentially embarrassing email is being read by the idle person peering over your shoulder. Checking Facebook or MySpace on a Blitz terminal is always unacceptable. It's called a "*Blitz* terminal" for a reason.

Try and resist the urge to drunkenly use one of the Novak computers on your way to frat row at one in the morning. Drunken blitzes are never a wise choice. A night of merriment can be quickly erased by a poorly composed email sent to the wrong person. A good rule of thumb, "If you've had a fifth, don't send a blitz."

# The Real Dartmouth Seven

By Preston Q. R. Primrose

Ahh, the illustrious "Dartmouth Seven"...No, not that "Seven." Any schmuck leaving a Sig Ep dance party with a hot and bothered girl on his arm can finagle his way into a late night romp on Jimmy Wright's lawn with a carefully timed: "I don't think you won't. I know you won't." I'm talking about the *real* Dartmouth Seven (although I suppose it's the Dartmouth 15 for the fairer sex)—a licentious visit to the seven sororities. An intrepid young man can pull off the laudable feat in his first year with the appropriate determination. For the less confident, it can take an entire undergraduate experience or, possibly, forever to accomplish. But, when you're as sweet as I so happen to be, you can help yourself to this smorgasbord of collegiate female delight in just one literally draining night. Allow me to recount:

**8:00pm**—My bros and I are getting the night started right with some shirts-off-pong in the basement. I'm sinking fulls and dropping liquid courage like it's my job.

**9:30pm**—A KDE '09 texts me that she's pissed at her boyfriend and waiting for me in her room.

**9:38pm**—One down, six to go. There's an old maxim that goes: "Hang out" with KDEs, but wed a Tri Delt. I can't speak for the latter half, but the first is certainly true. This girl was carnally adventurous *and* she dropped a quick six

*Mr. Primrose is a senior lacrosse player as well as a charlatan and a rube. He is also available Friday at 10 for pong.*

before I left her room for no reason. Awesome. I head back to my room.

**9:40-10:53**—Shit, Shower, Shave.

**11:00pm**—Getting my sweaty fist pump on at Chi Gam's dance party: I kiss a girl and I like it, to paraphrase the song blaring on the dance floor at the time. I take her upstairs to an empty room claiming it's my own and try to seal the deal. She "doesn't feel comfortable hooking up in a fraternity," so I politely follow her to Tri Delt. Things do not progress as planned. Whatever, I was in her bed, and I'm counting it. On the upside, she does offer me a delicious cupcake as a parting gift. I guess it's true after all...

**11:48pm**—Off to the "Heaven and Hell" party at Sigma Delt. I get on table with an attractive '10 sister and ask her if she plays softball or water polo. She doesn't play either, and she doesn't look particularly dykey either, so I figure we're good to go. I'm right. We barely finish our game before "going" all over a pong table in a locked back room. I'm just a renaissance man like that.

**12:32am**—I find myself at AD and since I still need a Kappa "friend" this is the place to find one. I make a few off-the-cuff jokes about the naked bartenders to the girl waiting for beer next to me. She's dressed in lazy-rich-hipster-chic. *Definitely* a Kappa, so I discreetly slide my Ray Ban Wayfarers out of my pocket and slip them on. After much pleading, I let her wear them...all the way back to her room.

**1:45am**—Wake up from my refueling nap and slam three Envigas.

**1:52am**—Wandering across the Green towards Frat Row, I strike up a conversation with a Theta '10 all by her lonesome. I ask to see her house because "I've never seen it before and am sure it doesn't exist." Yeah, it worked...

**2:29am**—I stroll into Phi Delt hoping to locate an AZD or two waxing nostalgic about how they used to live across the street before Beta recaptured their house. There happens to be two blond '09s sitting along the back wall watching pong, silently. The Phi Delt in the basement are clearly too drunk and/or into their game to make moves, so I step in and ask them if they would actually like to play pong at my house (the girls, not the Phi Delt). They would like to, so we head out.

**3:05am**—Turns out I didn't stumble upon two AZD sisters, but two previous freshman year roommates—an AZD and an Alpha Phi, both sisters at two houseless sororities. Looks like this little endeavor of mine could come to a close earlier than expected.

**3:20am**—My bro that's playing pong with us passes out in a pile of empty cans and cups in the basement and I knock out the last two birds with one...err...stone. After which, one of them thanks me profusely.

**3:34am**—Fall asleep with a big ol' grin on my face. ■

# Lost Songs of Old Dartmouth

**Editor's Note:** Presented here for your consideration and enjoyment is a selection of the songs of which the present administration does not approve but which were sung by generations of Dartmouth students. Many of these songs were prohibited or altered because they were deemed offensive, tawdry, or insensitive. Still, these songs recall a different time and a different caliber of College spirit.

## Men of Dartmouth

Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse  
For the College on the hill  
For the Lone Pine above her  
And the loyal sons who love her  
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will  
For the sons of old Dartmouth  
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth  
Tho' 'round the girdled earth they roam  
Her spell on them remains  
They have the still North in their hearts  
The hill winds in their veins  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
In their muscles and their brains  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
In their muscles and their brains

They were mighty men of old  
That she nurtured at her side  
Till like Vikings they went forth  
From the lone and silent North  
And they strove and wrought and they died  
But the sons of old Dartmouth  
The laurelled sons of Dartmouth  
The Mother keeps them in her heart  
And guides their altar flame  
The still North remembers them  
The hill winds know their name  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Keeps the record of their fame  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Keeps the record of their fame

Men of Dartmouth, set a watch  
Lest the old traditions fail  
Stand as brother stands by brother  
Dare a deed for the old Mother  
Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail  
For the sons of Old Dartmouth  
The loyal sons of Dartmouth  
Around the world they keep for her  
Their old chivalric faith  
They have the still North in their souls  
The hill winds in their breath  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Is made part of them till death  
And the granite of New Hampshire  
Is made part of them till death

## Eleazar Wheelock

Oh, Eleazar Wheelock was a  
very pious man; He went into the  
wilderness to teach the Indian,  
With a gradus and a Parnassum, a Bible, and a drum,  
And five hundred gallons of New England rum.

Fill the bowl up!  
Fill the bowl up! Drink to Eleazar  
And his primitive Alcazar  
Where he mixed drinks for the heathen,  
In the goodness of his soul.  
The big chief that met him was the  
sachem of the Wah-hoo-wahs.  
If he was not the big chief,  
there was never one you saw who was;  
He had tobacco by the cord,  
ten squaws, and more to come,  
But he never yet had tasted  
of New England rum.

Eleazar and the chief harangued and gesticulated;  
They founded Dartmouth College  
and the big chief matriculated.  
Eleazar was the faculty  
and the whole curriculum  
Was five hundred gallons of New England rum.

## Dear Old Dartmouth

We will shout Wah-hoo-wah  
We will shout for old Dartmouth  
Once again at her feet  
We another vict'ry lay  
We will shout Wah-hoo-wah  
Strong her fame we are building

For it's Dartmouth's Day  
Dear old Dartmouth  
Dear old Dartmouth  
Bless her name

Whether in defeat or vict'ry  
We are loyal just the same  
Then we'll sing to dear old Dartmouth  
'Tis for her we fight for fame  
And we'll shout her praises loud in ev'ry land  
Dear old Dartmouth bless her name



## Pea-Green Freshmen

Where, O where are the  
pea-green freshmen? (3 times)  
Safe at last in the soph'more class.  
They've gone out from  
Pollard's smut class. (3 times)  
Safe at last in the soph'more class.

Where, O where are the  
gay young soph'mores? (3 times)  
Safe at last in the junior class.  
They've gone out from  
Fergie's physics. (3 times)  
Safe at last in the junior class.

Where, O where are the  
drunken juniors? (3 times)  
Safe at last in the senior class.  
They've gone out from  
Foley's hist'ry. (3 times)  
Safe at last in the senior class.

Where, O where are  
the Grand Old Seniors? (3 times)  
Safe at last in the wide, wide world.  
They've gone out from  
their Alma Mater. (3 times)  
Safe at last in the wide, wide world.

Where, O where are  
the funny, funny faculty? (3 times)  
Safe at last in their trundle beds.  
They've come back from  
Leb and the Junction. (3 times)  
Safe at last in their trundle beds.

## A Son of a Gun

I wish I had a barrel of rum and  
sugar, three hundred pound;  
I'd put it in the College bell  
and stir it 'round and 'round,  
Let ev'ry honest fellow drink  
his glass of hearty cheer,  
For I'm a student of old  
Dartmouth and a son of a gun for beer.

(Chorus)

I'm a son of a, son  
of a, son of a, son of a,  
son of a gun for beer.  
I'm a son of a, son of a,  
son of a, son of a, son of a gun  
for beer.  
Like ev'ry honest fellow I  
like my whiskey clear,  
For I'm a student of old  
Dartmouth and a son of a gun for beer.

And if I had a daughter, sir,  
I'd dress her up in green;  
And put her on the campus to  
coach the freshman team.  
And if I had a son, sir, I'll  
tell you what he'd do.  
He would yell "to Hell with Harvard"  
like his daddy used to do.

(Chorus)

## As the Backs Go Tearing By

As the backs go tearing by  
On their way to do or die  
Many sighs and many tears,  
Mingle with the Harvard cheers,  
As the backs go tearing by  
Making gain on steady gain  
Echo swells the sweet refrain  
Dartmouth's going to win today  
Dartmouth's going to win today  
As the backs go tearing by.

## Dartmouth's in Town Again

Dartmouth's in town again,  
Team, Team, Team,  
Echo the old refrain,  
Team, Team, Team.  
Dartmouth for you we sing,  
Dartmouth the echoes ring,  
Dartmouth we cheer you.  
Wah Who Wah Who Wah!  
Down where the men in Green,  
Play on play,  
Are fighting like Dartmouth men;  
We have the Dartmouth team,  
And say, Dartmouth's in town again.

## Eleazar Wheelock Must Be Turning In His Grave

Eleazar Wheelock must be turning in his grave  
Oh, Eleazar Wheelock must be turning in his grave  
Oh, Eleazar Wheelock must be turning in his grave  
As we go marching on

Glory, glory to old Dartmouth  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth  
Glory, glory to old Dartmouth  
For this is Dartmouth's day

## Dartmouth Undying

Dartmouth, there is no music for our singing  
No words to bear the burden of our praise  
Yet how can we be silent and remember  
The splendor and fullness of her days  
Who can forget her soft September sunsets  
Who can forget those hours that passed like dreams?  
The long cool shadows floating on the campus  
The drifting beauty where the twilight streams?

# Freshman Year Made Simple

**Editor's Note:** What follows is an article penned by Theodore Cooperstein '84 that appeared in the 1982 freshman issue. Much of Mr. Cooperstein's advice remains as pertinent today as it was twenty-six years ago. Minor adaptations have been made by Daniel F. Linsalata '07 to remove anachronisms.

Freshmen are always easy to pick out; a little dazed and always looking hungry for advice. Nonetheless, freshman year is full of discoveries, akin to your first naughty experience, in which the littlest things must come as a surprise.

All this is spoiled when some pompous upperclassman sits you down to explain things, unravel the universe, simplify the collegiate paradigm. It is as though a married man came into your window on your wedding night and said, "I'll show you how."

With that disclaimer, and the hope that even if this piece doesn't help you avoid any of those particularly pea-green travails it will at least give you a chuckle or two, here it goes.

Welcome to Dartmouth!

So you've returned from your freshman trip, blisters and all, relieved to have completed your exhilarating experience in the vast New Hampshire wilderness. You're ready now to jump feet first into the big world of college life; you're back on campus; you're in the mainstream of the Ivy League academe; you are—in the New Hampshire woods?

First of all, DON'T PANIC. Relax. Go outside. Take a walk around Hanover, get to know the place. Now that you've wasted ten minutes, it's time to panic. Go ahead, ask, "What the hell am I doing here?" Well, as the man said, (and you will hear so many times while you're here), "It's a small college, and yet there are those who love her." Don't worry, you will. If you didn't, you wouldn't stay.

Nonetheless, to aid you in a safe and speedy transition to college life, here are some brief explanations and advice for problems commonly encountered during acclimatization.

First and foremost, remember the First Law of Traveling and Relocation: never trust brochures, pamphlets and all such propaganda. Sure it all looked great, and it convinced you to come here. Now it's time to face the reality. (Of course, there will be those who disagree with this and our other opinions; they're wrong.)

**Dorms:** For the most part, you should be satisfied with your lodgings. You will appreciate them all the more after visiting your friends at other colleges. Unless, of course, you live in the River Cluster (née "the Wigwams"). Somebody has to do it—namely freshmen. And they do say Vermont is lovely in the winter. If you live in a single, please be sure to check in with your neighbors now and again, to let them know you're alive. If you were to suddenly expire it might take some time for the College to notice—and that makes it difficult for them to collect tuition. If you have one or more roommates, please remember that the laws of the State of New Hampshire and the federal government concerning homicide, assault, battery, and manslaughter do apply.

**Thayer:** Thayer Dining Hall is a much maligned institution. If you had to serve 4,000 people a variety of foods three meals a day, year round, you would have trouble keeping it

*Mr. Cooperstein '84 is a graduate of the College and served on The Dartmouth Review's Board.*

palatable, too. When possible, it's not a bad idea to supplement Thayer fare, whether with pizza or a five course meal at the Hanover Inn. On the whole, Thayer can and has been known to adequately sustain human life. But if they start serving creamed chipped beef or salmonella salad, it's time to turn in your meal card.

**'Shmen:** A term of derisive endearment, just as the Czar referred to "my beloved peasants." Bear with it; you'll get to use it next year. See also, 'Shmob.

**The Dartmouth Review:** The renowned college periodical you are presently reading. Ninety percent of Dartmouth reads *The Review*; the other ten percent complain about it. By now, some upperclassman, perhaps a director of the Upper Valley Eastern Bloc Alliance to Propagate the Snail Darter, the Dartmouth Hangnail Awareness Group, or any other serious, college-recognized organization, will notice you reading this paper.

He (she) will decry it and seek to incontrovertibly bias you against our publication. Such a person may even go so far as to proclaim *The Review* or its staff 'fascist.' Ninety-nine percent of these accusers will not be able to accurately define or properly use the term.

Confront them with this. If it's a history professor, let alone a department chairwoman, avoid his classes. (No, that's not a solecism, it's the proper use of the masculine case to refer to the singular indefinite.)

At the very least, you and your friends will have something to discuss/argue/bemoan every two weeks, and everybody can find something they like in *The Last Word* or, failing that, Barrett's *Mixology*. You might even find yourself agreeing with the paper on an issue—but for heaven's sake don't tell anyone! That destroys our credibility.

**Classes:** A minor nuisance. (For pre-meds, a full time labor.) Choosing a good course is similar to betting on a horse race. A winner is greatly influenced by the jockey; in this case, the professor. A good one will guide you expertly through the course to a triumphant finish. A bad one will just weigh you down. Many upperclassmen will tell you of supposed "gut" courses. Here too the First Law applies. Beware.

**The Dartmouth or 'D' Plan:** The system of year round operation, ten week seasonal terms. Adopted along with coeducation, it permits increased enrollment with minimal increase in the plant size of the College. Like most temporary measures (Exhibits A and B: The Chocates and the River Dorms), it has become permanent. In your freshman spring you will contort the system as you devise your own mix-and-match patterns of attendance. Enrollment patterns are like fingerprints; each person's is different. The common denominator is Sophomore Summer, which, depending on whom you ask, you will never forget or be unable to remember. Some laud the system as highly flexible. Others condemn the divisive effect on friendships and social life. Either way, it can be confusing.

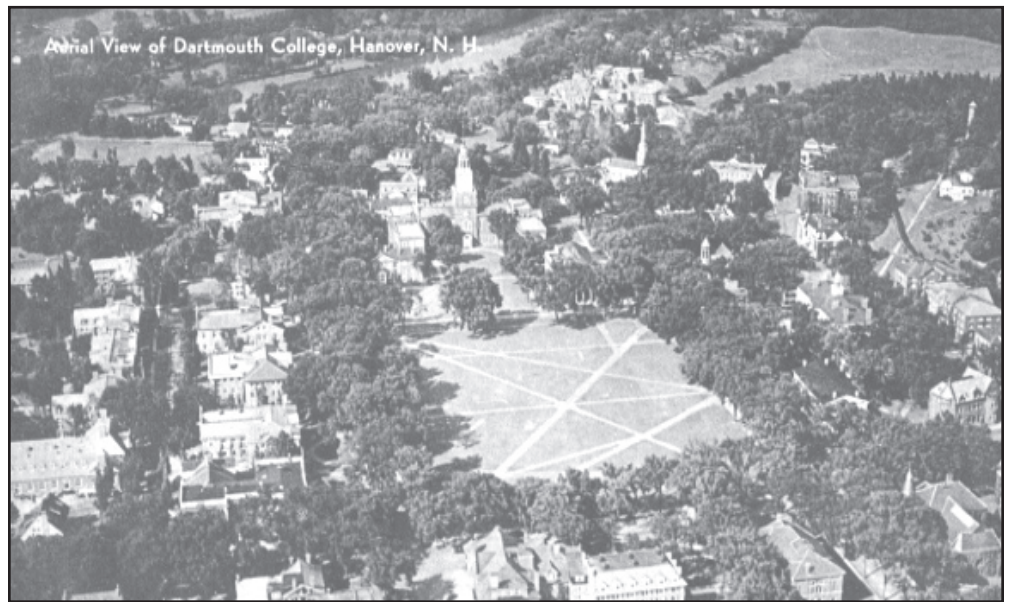
**James E. Wright:** Rumored to have once been quite a fine history professor.

**The Collis Center:** Collis is an acronym for Communists, Orotund Liberals and Leftists, Insurrectionaries and Subversives. As such it caters to a wide variety of people, ranging from those earnestly committed to saving the whales to the avid granola eaters. The basement houses Lone Pine Tavern and the Fuel Dance

Club—a sad remnant of the College's failed effort to combat the Greek houses as a social outlet.

**The Hopkins Center:** The primary residence of the cultural and fine arts at Dartmouth. It's a worthwhile diversion; you have to check your HB, anyway. Here you will also find the Film Society presentations and Courtyard Café, home of the 16 oz, artery-clogging "Big Bad Burger."

**HB:** HB is the oft-used acronym for Hinman Box. In other words, in the unlikely event you get mail, that's where you'll find it. Proper maintenance of the HB requires a change of air every day or two—you don't want it to get too stuffy and stale. At times the College will disseminate through the HB's a campus-wide mailing; it is up to you to



dispose of it properly.

**Fraternal Organizations:** Fraternal organizations are the mainstay of Dartmouth social life. Members can there find a permanent social base and many good friendships to sustain them through the confusion of the Dartmouth Plan. The College often encourages freshmen to steer clear of Greek houses so that they might find "viable social alternatives" such as Australian tribal dances in Fuel or sitting in their room alone. While these activities may indeed be fascinating, they merely serve to isolate you from the social mainstream and delay your familiarity with fraternities, upperclassmen, and alcohol. So as to enable you to maximize the enjoyment derived from visiting these gulags of grimness, we offer the following pointers:

1. Don't wear your '12 t-shirt into any basement. Don't wear open-toed shoes.
2. Avoid immoderate, wildly insane behavior. This is reserved for seniors.
3. Don't limit yourself to any one frat. Get to know them all. This also makes you harder to catch.
4. Be nice. You may want to someday join one of these venerable institutions. Remember, you're only a lowly freshman, not even a pledge.

**Pong:** Not "beer pong," and certainly not "Beirut." Just "pong." The primary, nay, only activity to be found in the basement of any given frat. Learn the rules. Get good at it. Quickly. Just don't bother upperclassmen in the process of doing so.

**Dartmouth Indian:** If you object to the Indian, please remember the freedom and rights of the individual. You, as an individual, are free to arbitrarily pre-judge a supporter of the symbol and irrevocably characterize him. It is your right to obstreperously foist your loud-mouthed, second-hand opinion upon all you encounter. But don't be surprised when those insensitive, racist, sexist, fascist, chauvinist and perverted people insist on keeping the Indian. Some people just aren't open-minded.

**Alumni:** People who at one time or another went through this place, like us. Many contribute freely to Dartmouth. If you should see one, say hi. Thank him. Tell him you love it here. Thank him again. Obssequiousness never hurts.

I hope you have found this column to be of immense help and are now prepared to delve into the wide wonderful world of Dartmouth. If not, please address all complaints, problems and obscene letters to: [The.Dartmouth@dartmouth.edu](mailto:The.Dartmouth@dartmouth.edu)

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# The Storied History of Dartmouth College

**Editor's note:** Among the writers who have contributed to this history are Aziz George B. Sayigh '07, Boris V. Vabson '09, and A. S. Erickson '10.

Dartmouth represents the ninth oldest of America's Colonial Colleges. Established in 1769, she was the last to receive her charter from England's Crown. Dartmouth's founding has since become a matter of legend, at the center of which lies one man's unlikely vision, for a small school among New England's wilderness. In the ensuing decades, Eleazar Wheelock, Samson Occom, and Daniel Webster, Dartmouth's favorite son, have all emerged as larger-than-life figures. Learning about their journeys is as integral a part to the Dartmouth experience as DOC Trips, Winter Carnival, or the Green itself. We present their stories here, among others, in a fundamental overview of our College's celebrated history.

## Eleazar Wheelock and Samson Occom

A sense of divine mission, which guided Wheelock to found Dartmouth, drove his life's many other pursuits. Born in Windham, Connecticut in 1711, Wheelock graduated from Yale in 1733, and was subsequently ordained as a preacher. Soon afterwards, he became seized by the Great Awakening, a religious fever spreading throughout New England. The Awakening particularly influenced Wheelock's sermons, which regularly reduced audiences to tears.

One of Wheelock's first pupils was Samson Occom, a young Connecticut Mohegan who was converted in the Awakening's very heat. Wheelock helped him prepare for college until Occom's weak eyes forced an abandonment of study. Occom established himself as a schoolteacher in New London, later becoming a preacher and schoolmaster to the Montauk tribe of Long Island. The manufacture and sale of wooden spoons, cedar pails, churns, and leather books, as well as fishing and hunting, sustained Occom's large family, as well as his missionary work.

His efforts led Wheelock to conceive of a language and missionary school, for Indian as well as white students, in the Colonies' heart. After receiving a £500 bequest from two young Delawares, and an equivalent donation of land and buildings from Colonel Joshua More, Wheelock set up More's (later Moor's) Indian Charity School, in 1754. The charity school was a pioneering enterprise, and received support from such luminaries as George Whitefield, the famed Connecticut Revivalist, who donated a bell.

As a well-received novelty in England, Wheelock was convinced the Indian minister would be successful in raising funds. Wheelock's inklings were confirmed when, along with Nathaniel Whitaker, Occom collected approximately eleven thousand pounds.

A decade after the school's inauguration, Colonel More died, leaving the institution without its primary benefactor. Furthermore, interest in educating Indians was declining, as consequence of the French and Indian War of the late 1750s. Wheelock also proved unable to obtain a charter for the institution, either from the King or the Connecticut legislature. Financial hardship, meanwhile, only increased in severity.

## The Royal Charter and The Earl of Dartmouth

Wheelock sent his former pupil, Samson Occom, to England in 1764. As a well-received novelty in England, Wheelock was convinced the Indian minister would be suc-

cessful in raising funds. Wheelock's inklings were confirmed when, along with Nathaniel Whitaker, Occom collected approximately eleven thousand pounds. It was an impressive figure for the time, especially given deteriorating relations between England and the Colonies.

A number of prominent Englishmen contributed to Occom's cause. Among them was William Legge, Second Earl of Dartmouth, and Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was an admirer of George Whitefield, and, by extension, of Wheelock and Occom. Becoming president of the London Board for Moor's School, he eventually secured a £200 gift from the King.

John Wentworth, an American residing in England was also a key player in Dartmouth's founding. Recently appointed as Royal Governor of New Hampshire, he was eager to have the school relocate from Connecticut. His uncle, former Governor Benning Wentworth, had offered Wheelock 500 acres of land, to which John added the grant of an entire township. Wheelock accepted, and a new charter was finalized in December 1769. Wheelock chose Hanover as the school's domicile shortly thereafter.

Wheelock and Occom parted ways in 1768, allegedly over the expenditures of Occom's family. It is also likely that Occom anticipated the character of Wheelock's new college, as one primarily for whites, given the failure of Moor's Charity School. Occom's affiliation with a cause he had served so well had come to an end.

Wheelock originally intended to name the college Wentworth, but the Governor persuaded him to designate it Dartmouth, to gain England's favor. Ironically, The Earl of Dartmouth, William Legge, lost interest shortly thereafter. He considered Wheelock's new plan a perversion of the original.

The first building was a temporary log hut "without stone, brick, glass, or nails," which served as a classroom and dormitory. In 1770, Wheelock constituted the college's sole faculty member. John W. Ripley, Bezaleel Woodward, and John Smith joined him as tutors the following year. In 1771, Levi Frisbie, Samuel Gray, Sylvanus Ripley, and John Wheelock all became graduates of the College. Dartmouth has produced a class every year since, the only American college to do so, as the Revolution, the War of 1812, and other skirmishes periodically disrupted studies at other institutions.

## Daniel Webster and The Supreme Court

Wheelock appointed his son, John Wheelock, to succeed him upon the older Wheelock's death in 1779. John was only twenty-five, and seemed insufficiently qualified for the presidential office. Hesitant to approve his posting, the trustees eventually relented, due in part to Wheelock's willingness to serve without salary.

Eager to cultivate respect and support, the younger Wheelock proved too fervent in such attempts, alienating students and the trustees. By 1809, Wheelock's opposition took hold of the board's majority, and slowly converted a majority of the professors to their point of view. Impeaching Wheelock in 1815, the trustees elected Reverend Francis Brown as successor.

Wheelock, having no desire to yield, convinced New Hampshire's Democrats to join him in his struggle against the trustees, whom he accused of various offenses against the College. New Hampshire Democrats, led by then-Governor William Plumer, at first condemned the Dartmouth charter as one "emanating from royalty," and one thus unsuitable for a republic like the United States. In 1816, these Democrats then, by means of the state legislature, changed the name of Dartmouth College to "Dartmouth University" (calling the College a "University" has been a grave offence ever since), increased the number of trustees from twelve to twenty one, and created a board of overseers with veto power over trustee decisions. Dartmouth was effectively transformed from a private college to a state university. The resulting controversy would outlive Wheelock himself, who died in 1817.

Daniel Webster, a young Dartmouth graduate (Class of 1801) of growing repute, had been courted by both parties to the dispute, to serve as legal counsel. Some of the college community's older members recalled Webster's Dartmouth arrival, in 1797. Webster was then dressed in homespun clothing, dyed by his mother, whose colors had bled upon contact with rain. Such was the humble begin-

ning of a future Senator and Secretary of State.

Webster lodged his support behind the College's original trustees. He suggested they file suit against William H. Woodward, former treasurer of Dartmouth, demanding return of the charter, seal, records, and account books seized by him. The trustees were defeated in the Superior Court of New Hampshire, but had their grievances elevated to the national scene. The trustees could appeal to the Supreme Court, though their prospects in that body were uncertain. Furthermore, additional funds were in need, as the college's endowment at the time amounted to only \$1,500. Webster, for a fee of \$1,000, agreed to represent the Board of Trustees of the College in the Supreme Court's chambers. He would argue that New Hampshire's actions, in impairing the "obligation of contracts," were unconstitutional.

Webster testified on March 10, 1818, in the case of Woodward vs. the Board of Trustees, before Chief Justice John Marshall and the U.S. Supreme Court. Webster's four-hour oration stands one of the most memorable in U.S. history. At the end of his argument, he famously concluded:

"This, sir, is my case. It is the case not merely of that humble institution; it is the case of every college in our land. ... It is more. It is, in some sense, the case of every man who

Webster's lip quivered and his voice choked as he delivered the final words. Justice Marshall's eyes were reportedly moist with tears. A decision was postponed for a year as some of the justices pondered the case. During the interim, Webster, aware of public sentiment's influence on court decisions, circulated widely the printed copies of his argument.

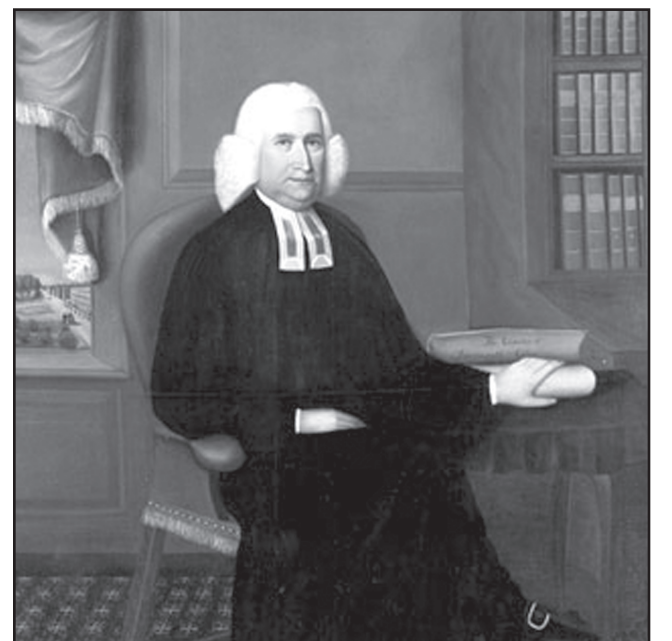
has property of which he may be stripped,—for the question is simply this: Shall our state legislature be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit? ...

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution. It is weak. It is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of the country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work. You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land.

"It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet, there are those who love it..."

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In February of 1819, the Supreme Court ruled in favor of the Trustees and the College. Only one dissenting vote was



—Rev. Eleazar Wheelock—

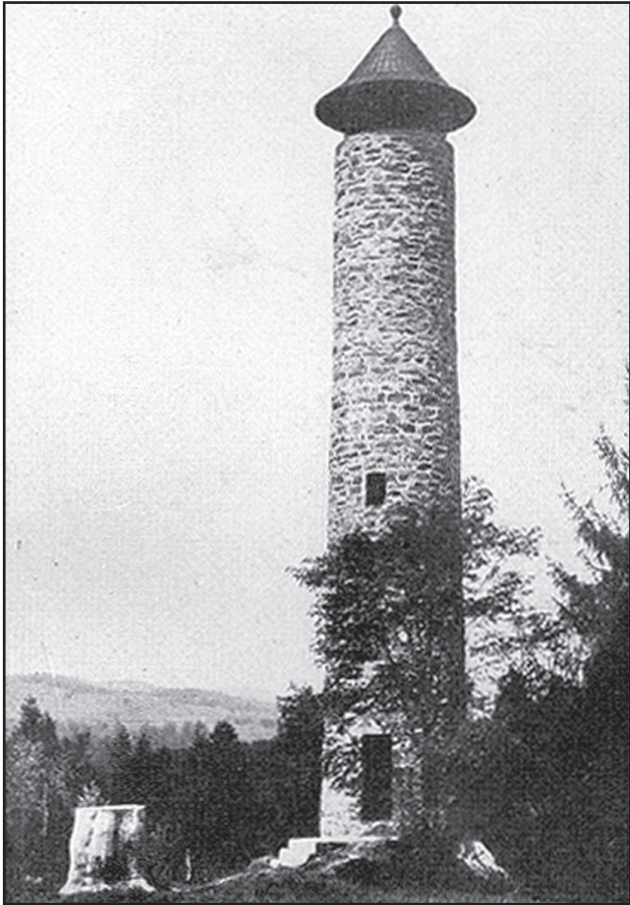
cast. In his magisterial opinion, Marshall remarked, "Perhaps no judicial proceedings in this country ever involved more important consequences." Indeed, the case had extended national power at the expense of the state's, confirmed the charter right of all private colleges of the land, protected business and non-profit organizations, and furthermore encouraged their very establishment.



# The Wheelock Succession

## Wheelock's Early Successors

Webster's fiery orations brought renewed calm to Hanover. The College, its very character once endangered, entered into a period of normalcy. A pair of short, inconsequential presidencies was followed by Nathan Lord's ascension to the Presidency. Serving for 35 consecutive years, Lord expanded enrollment, in addition to constructing Thornton and Wentworth, the buildings flanking Dartmouth Hall. Lord's open endorsement of slavery, however, provoked a rising tide against him. In 1863, faced with the prospect of removal, Lord opted to resign his office. Rev. Asa Dodge Smith was appointed as replacement. The College's previous annexation of the Chandler Scientific School (America's first specialized scientific institution) was complemented,



—Bartlett Tower and the remains of the Old Pine.—

under Smith's mantle, by the creation of the Thayer School of Engineering. This period was also marked by the establishment, in Hanover, of an agricultural college. Wallowing away for twenty years south of East Wheelock Street, the institution subsequently relocated to Durham, later becoming the University of New Hampshire. Asa Dodge Smith's

**A**lienating legions of faculty, students, and alumni, Bartlett found his position in serious jeopardy. Unlike future leaders, however, Bartlett also possessed a magical touch, almost seamlessly repairing the rifts he had sown. His critics were left speechless.

Successor, Samuel Bartlett, established a pattern frequently imitated by administrators to follow. Alienating legions of faculty, students, and alumni, Bartlett found his position in serious jeopardy. Unlike future leaders, however, Bartlett also possessed a magical touch, almost seamlessly repairing the rifts he had sown. His critics were left speechless. Serving until 1893, Bartlett would oversee Rollins Chapel's construction, in addition to pushing the endowment past the million dollar mark.

Safeguarding Dartmouth's continued survival, in the face of unforgiving wilderness, was the great triumph of early college leaders. Yet, succeeding leaders would facilitate equally lofty achievements. Under their guidance, Dartmouth would not merely endure, but rise to the very pinnacle of education in the New World.

## The 20th Century

It was throughout the early 20th century, when stakes were highest, that the greatest of Dartmouth presidents came to power. The College, at that juncture, constituted little more than a finishing school. Its student body numbered 300, with serious scholarship in short supply, and facilities antiquated. While contemporaries fared little better, Dartmouth's leaders understood the direction the future

necessitated. Assuming the presidential office in 1893, William Jewett Tucker was the first seeking to bring Dartmouth into "the modern era." His storied accomplishments included an overhaul of the physical campus. Construction of over 20 buildings was undertaken, and the steam plant was erected. Wood stoves on campus thus became relics of

**T**hough previously an attorney and high ranking State Department official, Dickey. Dickey was a man of breadth, to be found not only in Parkhurst, but also in full exertion among New Hampshire's wilderness. He sought to hone the mind, body, and spirit, and made the same demands of every Dartmouth student.

the past. The curriculum also was targeted for change, as it was "broadened" and somewhat secularized. The student body's size expanded to 1,100. Tucker, like his contemporary Charles Eliot at Harvard, was a persistent advocate for progress in American education. He wished for America's academic institutions, particularly Dartmouth, to befit the country's greatness.

In 1909, Ernest Fox Nichols entered the presidency in Tucker's stead. The first since John Wheelock not to belong to the clergy, Nichols affected further secularization at Dartmouth. His tenure was also notable for the founding of the Dartmouth Outing Club and Winter Carnival. In particular, The Carnival became the stuff of lore, often termed "Mardi Gras of the North." The setting of a 1939 motion picture and the scene of countless depravities, it also served host to a drunken F. Scott Fitzgerald. 1916 saw Ernest Martin Hopkins appointed as president. In addition to developing the physical plant, Hopkins introduced selective admissions in the early 1920s.

After almost 30 years at the helm, Ernest Hopkins was succeeded by John Sloan Dickey. Though previously an attorney and high ranking State Department official, Dickey was a man of breadth, to be found not only in Parkhurst, but also in full exertion among New Hampshire's wilderness. He sought to hone the mind, body, and spirit, and made the same demands of every Dartmouth student. Under his watch, the ideal of the Dartmouth Man, as a well-formed, balanced, and vigorous being, reached its fruition. Dickey furthermore wished the Dartmouth man to be outward gazing, and cognizant of the world at large. In this vein, Dickey strived to develop a curriculum international in scope, establishing numerous foreign study programs. As Dickey told a Dartmouth audience, while the horrors of the Second World War were still fresh in memory, "The world's problems are your problems...and there is nothing wrong with the world that better human beings cannot fix." When Dickey departed from Dartmouth in 1970, his was a towering shadow. He left Dartmouth the strongest it ever was. Dickey instilled great love among Dartmouth alumni for their alma mater. Almost 70% gave funds to the College in any given year of his tenure, a percentage since unequalled.

Replacing Dickey as Dartmouth president was John Kemeny. Co-creator of the BASIC computer language, Kemeny brought technology to the forefront of the College, as well as gave students access to it. Now, he would preside over co-education's controversial beginning, with 1972 marking the first year of female admittance. To meet

**T**o meet the needs of this expansion of the student body, Kemeny instituted the D-Plan, a year round schedule of operations existing to this day. It was, in the words of some, a means by which to fit 4000 students into 3000 beds.

the needs of this expansion of the student body, Kemeny instituted the D-Plan, a year-round schedule of operations existing to this day. It was, in the words of some, a means by which to fit 4000 students into 3000 beds. Yet, even into the 1980s, men filled as many as 80% of those beds.

## The Modern Era

David T. McLaughlin succeeded Kemeny and was himself followed by James O. Freedman. These fellows were

rooted at opposite poles of the spectrum. McLaughlin, a businessman by occupation, proved unable to adapt to the world of the academy, and eventually tendered his resignation. Freedman, meanwhile, was an academic, fixated only on the life of the mind, and wishing others at Dartmouth to follow his example. His inaugural address demanded greater representation of the "creative loner" at Dartmouth, and of "students who march to a different drummer...for whom a library is dukedom large enough." With these words, Freedman set out to cultivate a student body that was a far cry from Dickey's ideal, substituting balance for lopsidedness. The raising of SAT scores' importance in admissions was one consequence of Freedman's quest. The East Wheelock Cluster, that glorious den of failed social engineering, stands as another monument to his efforts. In the end, Freedman's legacy was one of the superficial academic. This was best exemplified a few years ago at commencement as a student speaker mentioned the "Greek" poet Catallus. (See TDR 5/14/07)

James Wright, Dartmouth's current head, is most notable for his efforts to abolish single-sex Greek houses and effectively do away with the College's Greek System. This proposal, announced in 1999 as the Student Life Initiative, met fierce opposition from both students and alumni. This opposition has led the proposal to die away, unlikely to figure prominently in the near future. Wright has also faced controversy for fiscal mismanagement, for presiding over a bloated bureaucracy, and for ineffectively addressing overcrowded classes in certain departments (notably Economics and Government).

Such were the grievances aired by four different petition candidates, vying for spots on the Board of Trustees. T. J. Rodgers, Peter Robinson, Todd Zywicki, and Stephen Smith by name, these petitioners bemoaned Dartmouth's abandonment of the ideals of breadth, well roundedness, and balance. Each of these petitioners was subsequently elected, Rodgers in 2004, Robinson and Zywicki in 2005, and Smith in 2007 by alumni to the Board. Their significant margin of victory has served as a repudiation of Wright's



—John Kemeny and some of his friends.—

tenure. Wright has taken notice. In the last trustee election he threw the College's whole weight behind every candidate—except Smith, going so far as to set up a new website designed solely to discredit Smith and abusing his office by mass mailing the alumni body in regards to the upcoming election. Long seen as more tactful than his immediate predecessor, President Wright has used his power more openly as of late. The fate of Dartmouth, that enduring institution, has not only been engineered from the past. Rather, it is also being shaped in the present, by all who attend or associate with her.

You too, coming '12s, will add your own contributions to this storied institution's history, an institution counting among its alumni a former Vice President, a Chief Justice, and Robert Frost.

As even James Wright will tell you at your convocation, you shall become a part of Dartmouth, just as Dartmouth shall become a part of you. ■

# Freshman Group Think

By A.S. Erickson

**Editor's Note:** The following book was assigned to be read by the class of 2012 by the First-Year Office. Dean Lacey, Professor of Government, chose the book and will give an address on it to the '12s upon their arrival.

*The Wisdom of Crowds* revolves around one idea and one idea only: crowds are better at making decisions than individuals. A startling claim at first. The author James Surowiecki waters his thesis down with a set of conditions that the group must meet in order for it to be intelligent—but

## Book Review

THE WISDOM OF CROWDS

James Surowiecki  
Doubleday, 2004

more on those later.

Surowiecki, who pens the *New Yorker's* business column as a day job, begins his book with a story from the life of the nineteenth century polymath Francis Galton. In his old age Galton was preoccupied with genetics, and, for that reason, found himself at a country fair one day looking at the effects that breeding can have on livestock. Surowiecki writes, "Breeding mattered to Galton because he believed that only a very few people had the characteristics necessary to keep societies healthy. He had devoted much of his career to measuring those characteristics, in fact, in order to prove that the vast majority of people did not have them." In short, he was a eugenicist, and he was always on the lookout for more examples that would support his theory.

As he was wandering through the fair, he came upon a contest for the fairgoers: an ox was placed on display, and (for sixpence) passersby could guess how much the ox would weigh after it had been slaughtered and dressed. The closest guesses would receive prizes. Clearly, many of the guessers were experts: that is, farmers or butchers, but many were also non-experts, or laypeople out enjoying the fair. In his later paper about the incident, published in *Nature*, Galton indicated the parallels between the contest and democratic elections: "The average competitor was probably as well fitted for making a just estimate of the dressed weight of the ox, as an average voter is of judging the merits of most political issues on which he votes." At the end of his book

800 of them) it came out at 1,198 pounds: the ox weighed 1,197 pounds. The average guess was closer than the best guess. Galton was flummoxed, and Surowiecki found the foundation for his book.

The insight behind Galton's initial experiment drives *The Wisdom of Crowds*. "What Francis Galton stumbled on that day in Plymouth was the simple, but powerful, truth that is at the heart of this book: under the right circumstances, groups are remarkably intelligent, and are often smarter than the smartest people in them." It is true that, in experiments like the ox contest or a 'guess the number of jelly beans in a jar contest,' one or several people will often guess better than the average. Yet, Surowiecki contends, the chances that a single person can consistently outperform the average are slim to none. The idea

that the masses can outperform the 'experts' most of the time is so utterly counterintuitive that it makes for a fascinating argument, and Surowiecki pulls it off well.

Part of what makes Surowiecki's claim seem so counterintuitive is the many examples society has seen of a mob mentality, where the whole group takes on the character of its most extreme (and in the example of mobs, most violent) members. So what is it, exactly, that makes a mass of people a 'crowd' and not a 'mob.' The author outlines three criteria that a group must meet in order for it to have the 'wisdom of crowds': independence, diversity, and decentralization.

All three are closely intertwined with one another. There must be independent and overlapping sources of information; without it groups fall prey to groupthink. The best way to guarantee this is to have diversity in the group—not diversity in the Dartmouth sense of the word, but diversity in backgrounds, assumptions, intellects, and beliefs. The best way to maintain this diversity and independence is by keeping its constituents decentralized.

Surowiecki focuses on the types of problems that collective intelligence can help to solve, and to make things simple, there are three of these as well: cognition problems, coordination problems, and cooperation problems. Cognition problems have definite and defined right answers. Sometimes there is no single right answer but better answers than others; these, too, are cognition problems. The ox contest, for example, was a cognition problem because the right answer was 1,197 pounds, and the best answer was whichever guess was closest to that number. Another example of a cognition problem is in sports gambling; at the end of the game there is a clear winner. Bookies are constantly fine-tuning their spreads based on the bets that are placed—at least, they are if they want to stay in business. The bookie is unconsciously listening to the wisdom of crowds when he does so. Corporations face these kinds of questions all the time: 'How many SUVs will we sell next quarter?' or 'Will the FDA approve our new drug, if so, when?'

The group dimension to cognition problems is not immediately obvious; indeed, oftentimes questions about corporate strategy are answered by one man alone, the CEO. Coordination problems are quite clearly group problems; they are the problems that focus on how a group can coordinate their behavior with one another. For example, how buyers and sellers in a market are able to find each other and trade at a price that both agree on, or how the dynamics of traffic on a busy highway work.

The last problem, the cooperation problem, is often called the 'free-rider' problem in philosophy and other disciplines. How is it that most people pay taxes even though on an individual basis it makes more sense not to? this question asks. In other words, why do most people cooperate

rather than free-ride off of others? The shortest answer is that if everyone free-ride than the system would collapse. These kinds of problems include not only tax paying, but also pollution control and wage-setting.



—Alone, idiots; together, genius—

Throughout the book Surowiecki generously attributes some of his ideas to Friedrich Hayek, and any close reader of Hayek will already be familiar with many of the arguments in this book: that, for example, the aggregate of all the individualized and particular knowledge in a situation is more accurate than a central power's knowledge could ever be. But while Hayek is focused primarily on markets, Surowiecki is interested in extending this insight as far as it will go.

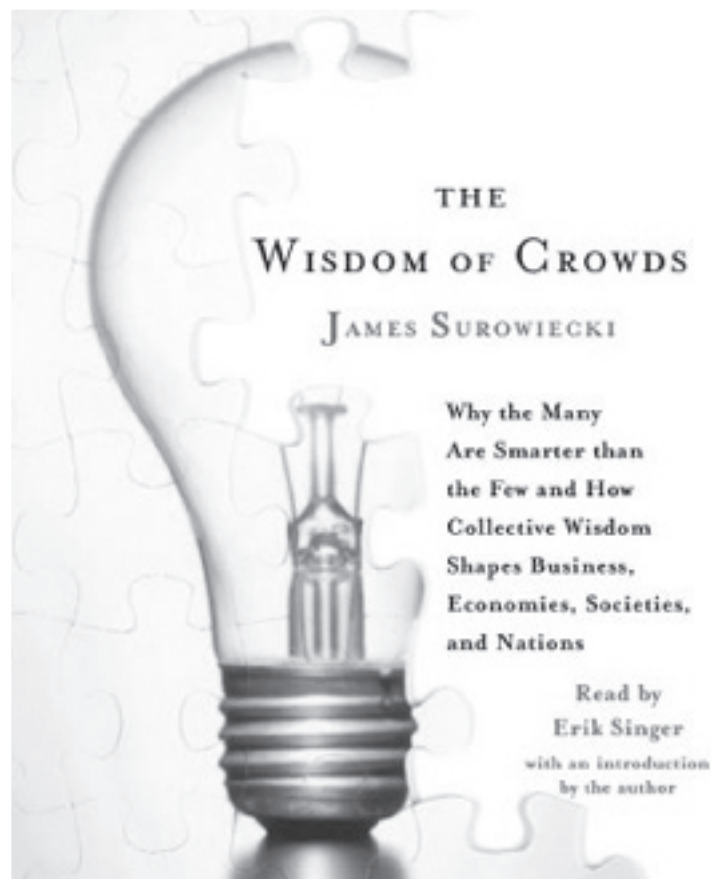
His crusade could not be aimed at a more interesting subject; Surowiecki's book is illuminated with countless engrossing case studies that either confirm his thesis or point out a situation in which the 'wisdom of crowds' would be of use. As to the latter examples, his most intriguing and exciting suggestion has to do with the use of internal markets for traditionally non-market-oriented decision-making.

One of the better-known examples of this is the Iowa Electronic Markets (IEM), which allows one, with a modest sum of money, to buy and sell futures on any presidential, congressional, or gubernatorial election in the U.S. The IEM outperforms the major national polls about seventy-five percent of the time. Taking into account the future's volatile nature, markets tend to outperform other methods when it comes to predicting how the future will look.

Similar results have been documented when corporations turn to artificial markets for forecasting. In the 1990s, for example, Hewlett-Packard had a market set up to forecast printer sales. The market was small (only twenty to thirty people) but diverse: each of its members were taken from throughout the company. Each member would buy or sell shares according to how he thought printer sales would be next month, or next quarter. These markets ran for three years, and over that time they outperformed the company's internal predictions three quarters of the time.

The government itself, recognizing the power of these decision markets, tried to install a two-tiered decision making market within the Department of Defense. The first part would have, like Hewlett-Packard, consisted of a small number of insiders from diverse parts of the DoD and other agencies. The second would have allowed the public at large to trade shares based on what they believe the future holds. Unfortunately this interesting project never got off the ground thanks to low-brow, populist extraordinaire Byron Dorgan, the senator from North Dakota. His understanding of the basics of supply and demand leaves much to be desired. As the nation moves forward, it will be interesting to see who chooses to harness the power of decision markets.

The author claims the book is divided in two, theory in the first half and case studies in the second. In reality, the book is one long string of interesting case studies after another—much to its benefit. Surowiecki writes briskly and clearly, conveying his thesis with the proper amount of verve. The class of 2012 should feel blessed for not being burdened with something tedious or fantastical this summer, as has been the case with the required reading of the past—but with something that is genuinely interesting: the wisdom of crowds. ■



Surowiecki, too, attempts to tie his findings to politics.

After the contest was over and the winners announced, Galton collected all of the guesses in order to prove his theory; namely, that the average voter was genetically capable of very little when compared to the experts. The results stunned him. When Galton averaged all of the votes (nearly

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# What is a College Education?

Who are you?

If you are part of Western civilization, your cultural ancestors are a tiny monotheistic desert tribe of Israelites and a small city-state in what we now call Greece. Even if you are unaware of this dual heritage, it influences your life every day. The political philosopher Leo Strauss discussed Western civilization's foundations in his important essay "Jerusalem and Athens" contained in his collection *Studies in Platonic Political Philosophy*.



By  
**Jeffrey  
Hart**

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. 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. The scriptures, like Homer's works, 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.

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."

I had never heard of the Athens-Jerusalem paradigm in 1956 when I got out of the Navy and returned to Columbia for my PhD. I had graduated from Columbia College in 1952. I was wandering around in Hamilton Hall getting my course cards signed when Lionel Trilling emerged from his office and asked if I would like to teach freshman English. I said



—Athens—

yes, and soon had three sections of freshman composition and a section of Humanities 1-2, required of all freshmen, and consistently voted by Columbia alumni as the most valuable course they had taken at the College.

But that Fall, in 1956, I faced an emergency. I had transferred to Columbia in 1950 and had never taken Humanities 1-2. Even worse, the semester had already begun, and my section of Humanities I had begun without me (such was the disorganization of the English Department). I had never read the first book assigned, Homer's *Iliad*. Thinking fast, I met the class, said hello, outlined Aristotle's description of tragedy as set forth in his *Poetics*, and survived

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by discussing the nature and goals of tragedy and comedy, not acknowledging that this class right now was a perfect example of both.

Teaching the two-semester Humanities 1-2 from 1956 to 1963, when I accepted a position at Dartmouth, led to the publication of my *Smiling Through the Cultural Catastrophe*, a trip through the Columbia Humanities 1-2 syllabus, with analysis and commentary. This book about Western Civilization came soon after 9/11, so Osama bin Laden became my promoter, and he turned out to be a very good one in fact. Everyone wanted to talk about Western civilization, which was under attack, and I did on CNN's "Book Notes," from its TV studio in Washington, D.C. The show was taped in the midst of the anthrax scare. From the studio I could see the dome of the Capitol building, where anthrax had been found in the offices of Senators Tom Daschle and Patrick Leahy. If Osama would send me the address of his cave I'd make sure he got the commission he's earned.

The title *Smiling Through the Cultural Catastrophe* means that we have all the necessary books, but also that they are not read. As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has said, "A people that no longer remembers has lost its soul." The ORC, Dartmouth's course book, has the necessary ingredients to avert such a crisis.

I will now move through the necessary syllabus with some sparse commentary.

**1. Athens: the Heroic Phase**—In the *Iliad*, with the central character being Achilles, we have not only a compelling narrative, but a form of scripture from which Athenian school boys learned the goal of Arete: excellence of character and nobility of action. Athenian school boys would have discussed Arete in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and analyzed how characters in each embodied or fell short of Arete. Aristotle provided the winning essay on this in his *Ethics* with its portrait of the magnanimous man.

**2. Athens: Philosophers**—Plato wanted to be a "better teacher than Homer," and in the *Republic* and the Socratic dialogues he proposed the heroic philosopher Socrates as the new ideal. In a sense Socrates "internalizes" Arete, the heroic pursuit of philosophical truth. If you want to read one Platonic dialogue at Dartmouth, the brief and beautiful *Symposium* should be the one, setting form the basis of platonic philosophical idealism

Aristotle was a long-term student at Plato's Academy, the first university, and left to form his own school, the Lyceum. Dartmouth was founded by Eleazar Wheelock but its ancestors were the Academy and the Lyceum. Socrates was a heretic in the opinion of the Athenian judges in the Areopagus, who sentenced him to death. There are analogies here with Jesus (Yeshua), who spiritualized Moses' Ten Commandments and who, for his heresies, also was sentenced to death.

**3. Jerusalem: The Heroic Phase**—The five books of Moses—*Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Leviticus*, *Numbers*, *Deuteronomy*—represent the epic of Jerusalem, Moses both general and law-giver on Mount Sinai, dying in that magnificent final scene: Moses on Mount Nebo sees the Promised Land in the distance but never crosses the Jordan to reach it. The best place to go for the epic of Jerusalem is Robert Alter, *The Five Books of Moses*, an excellent translation with definitive footnotes. The epic hero Moses lived around 1250 BC, the approximate date of the siege of King Priam's Troy, where Achilles was the epic hero.

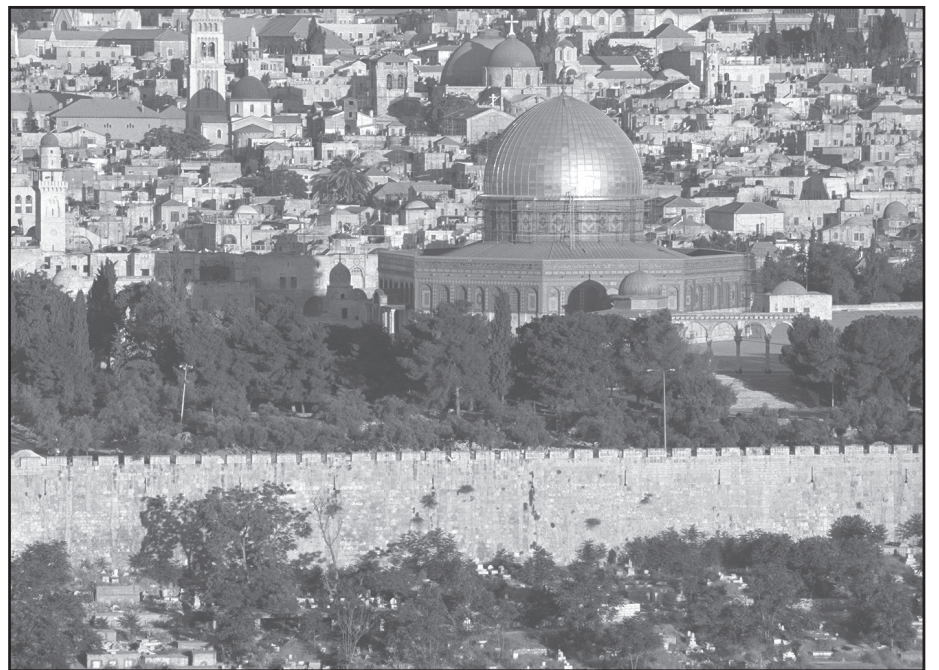
**4. Jerusalem: Jesus**—Jesus is a complex figure. Notably, in the Sermon on the Mount, he speaks back over 1200 years to Moses on that other mount, Sinai, and Jesus internalizes or spiritualizes Moses' Ten Commandments. Jesus explains that we are not to be white-washed tombs, white outside and corrupt within, but we must be pure all the way through—holiness, or the purified soul. Jesus structures his teachings "It has been said . . . but I say." For example, "You have heard it said 'do not commit adultery.'

But I tell you that anyone who looks at a woman with lust has already committed adultery in his heart." Hmmm. But holiness is a "pearl of infinite price," and when Jesus says, "if your eye offend you, pluck it out," I think he means it. In practical terms, that might mean secluding oneself in a monastery.

I remember reading the gospels with serious attention for the first time in the Columbia Humanities course along with some serious scholarship, and thinking that either this guy was nuts or else he was what he said he was. With Athens and Jerusalem now in place, we can proceed in a more summary manner:

**5. Virgil's Aeneid**—Drawing on both the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, Virgil tells of the voyage of the Trojan Aeneas from the ruined city of Troy to Latium, where he becomes the founder of Rome, and, derivatively, of Europe. The concepts of citizenship and duty emerge as themes in this beautiful work.

**6. Dante**—His *Divine Comedy* is the great epic of medieval Christianity, synthesizing Athens, Jerusalem and Amor, the religion of ideal love invented by the medieval



—Jerusalem—

troubadours. In his *Allegory of Love*, C.S. Lewis said that Amor represented the greatest change in human nature since Christianity.

**7. Shakespeare**—In *Smiling Through Cultural Catastrophe*, I discuss *Hamlet* as representative of man. Eliot judged Dante to be the greatest post-classical poet for his concentration, Shakespeare the greatest for extension and variety.

**8. Reason: The Enlightenment**—For the great works of the Enlightenment, read: Moliere's *The Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe*. Superb comedies. We read Voltaire's *Candide* in the Humanities class, but that was a mistake. *Candide* is merely amusing.

We should have read Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*. As Jacob Burckhardt said, Voltaire's rationalism "becomes poetic, even mythic" as it challenges orthodoxies in that work. I would add "luminous." Much needed to be challenged. We also read Hume's *Dialogues*, which attacked revealed religion with probability theory. I myself think that faith is intellectually illegitimate unless it acknowledges doubt. And the necessity for doubt means tolerance.

**9. Spiritual Exile**—As the final work in Humanities 2, we read Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, a powerful novel, a gateway to the modern world, and also the perfect Columbia novel. It's hero, Raskolnikov, lives in dirty room in St. Petersburg, thinks he is a genius, and commits a gratuitous murder to prove his superiority to mediocrity. The poet Allen Ginsberg and other Beats around Columbia in fact were involved in a murder when I was teaching there. Ginsberg got off with a mental plea, but Mark Van Doren told him that he needed to hear "the clang of iron behind him."

In *Smiling Through Cultural Catastrophe*, I added "Faust in Great Neck," or *The Great Gatsby* to the core books of the Western canon. James Gatz pushes towards American possibility, re-invents himself as Jay Gatsby, and tries to defeat the ultimate reality: time.

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 and are often surrounded by nonessentials and even outright garbage. Dartmouth will not tell you what the right courses are to get a college education, but then that doesn't matter—because I have just done so. ■

*Without education we are in a horrible and deadly danger of taking educated people seriously.*

—G. K. Chesterton

*Going to college offered me the chance to play football for four more years.*

—Ronald Reagan

*Pencey was full of crooks. Quite a few guys came from these wealthy families, but it was full of crooks anyway. The more expensive a school is, the more crooks it has—I'm not kidding.*

—J. D. Salinger

*A lot of fellows nowadays have a B.A., M.D., or Ph.D. Unfortunately, they don't have a J.O.B.*

—Fats Domino

*If you tell folks you're a college student, folks are so impressed. You can be a student in anything and not have to know anything. Just say toxicology or marine biokinesis, and the person you're talking to will change the subject to himself. If this doesn't work, mention the neural synapses of embryonic pigeons.*

—Chuck Palahniuk

*A university is a college with a stadium seating over 40,000.*

—Leonard Levinson

*All in all Beatrice O'Hara had absorbed the sort of education that will be quite impossible ever again; a tutelage measured by the number of things and people one could be contemptuous of and charming about...*

—F. Scott Fitzgerald

*Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not.*

—Walter Bagehot

*Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to go through life.*

—Animal House (written by Chris Miller)

**gordon haff's**

## the last word.

Compiled by Christine Tian

*She was bored with simply being straight-A's Claudia Kincaid. She was tired of arguing about whose turn it was to choose the Sunday night seven-thirty television show, of injustice, and of the monotony of everything.*

—E. L. Konigsburg

*Dublin university contains the cream of Ireland: Rich and thick.*

—Samuel Beckett

*We must not believe the many, who say that only free people ought to be educated, but we should rather believe the philosophers who say that only the educated are free.*

—Epictetus

*Experience teaches sense. You can't learn it in a college course. Have you learned anything at Redmond except dead languages and geometry and such trash?*

—L. M. Montgomery

*A poor surgeon hurts 1 person at a time. A poor teacher hurts 130.*

—Ernest Leroy Boyer

*Oh, sweetheart, you don't need law school. Law school is for people who are boring and ugly and serious.*

—Legally Blonde

*He was so learned that he could name a horse in nine languages; so ignorant that he bought a cow to ride on.*

—Benjamin Franklin

*There is less flogging in our great schools than formerly—but then less is learned there; so what the boys get at one end they lose at the other.*

—Samuel Johnson

*Looking back, I think we were all quite mature, surprisingly responsible. In earlier wars, boys of our age had just gone off to raise hell or enlist or both, but we stayed dutifully at our desks doing tomorrow's homework.*

—John Knowles

*Education seems to be in America the only commodity of which the customer tries to get as little he can for his money.*

—Max Forman

*The advantage of a classical education is that it enables you to despise the wealth which it prevents you from achieving.*

—Russell Green

## Barrett's Mixology

By Paul "P-Laz" Lazarus

### The (Sweet) Orientation

One rack of 'Stones

Serving Suggestions: Pound them too fast; too furious



*It was the first official night of orientation and I had just gotten back to my room from lax practice and was chilling out to some Fall Out Boy. Out of nowhere, some of my floor-mates blitzed me to say they were skipping our floor meeting and drinking some beers in their room, so I decided to join them. Before I could sit down on one of the many bean bags, they asked me if I wanted to "shotgun a brew." Since they were fresh off their trips and I had been around a while for pre-season and had already been to all the frats worth going to (Theta Delt, AD and Heorot) at least once, I politely corrected their mistake. "Boys," I said, "we're at Dartmouth now. We don't 'shotgun' beers anymore. We 'drop' them. Got any cups?" They all looked at me, totally puzzled. So I grabbed a Solo cup off the top of one of the dressers and poured a Keystone into it. No foam. "Watch and learn," I instructed them. Gripping the cup like I would a large salami, I tilted my head back like a sword-swallower, opened my throat like Jenna Haze and dumped the yellow liquid down my throat with minimal gulping. As shock and awe filled the room, I let out a tremendous belch.*

*After a moment of widespread shock and awe, one of the guys who lived in the room said, "dude, Paul, you gotta teach us how to do that shit!"*

*"Sure," I said, "but first, it's P-Laz"—one of the seniors on the lax team's named Preston Primrose, but everyone on the team calls him P-Rose. And on the first day of pre-season he dubbed me P-Laz. The other freshmen laxers think it means I'm totally getting a bid to Theta Delt, but I think it's too early to tell. It would be sweet though; Theta Delt is obviously the best frat, but back to the story—"and, second, not just anyone can drop a beer like me. I've got natural ability, so they tell me..."*

*I spent the next hour teaching my new Bros how to drop a beer Dartmouth-style. Then, when we decided we had all sufficiently mastered it to impress an upperclass girl or two, we went out. Where did we go? Where do you think...*

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