



Who are the editors of The Dartmouth Review?  
Just your basic fun-loving undergraduates, looking for a country to run.

# HEY, KIDS!

Let's publish a college paper! Make friends! Drink beer!  
Influence foreign policy! Sounds great, huh?

By John Sedgwick

Photographs by John Goodman

**T**HE DARTMOUTH REVIEW may not be the most famous college newspaper in the country, as it would have you believe, but it probably is the most notorious. In its five-year existence the conservative weekly has managed to outrage nearly everyone on this Hanover, New Hampshire, campus, known principally for its Winter Carnival, sports teams, and beer-chugging frat parties. One dean refers to the *Review* as an "outlaw group."

It was the *Dartmouth Review* that, last January, took it upon itself to "beautify" the college green by attacking four ramshackle shanties built as a symbol of oppression in South Africa by an anti-apartheid student group. In one of many memorable incidents from the paper's past, a Dartmouth administrator named Samuel Smith became so irked by an article written in black slang attacking affirmative action (the piece was titled "Dis Sho Ain't No Jive, Bro") that he bit one

of the students distributing the newspaper. Smith lost three teeth and, once the story spread, a good deal of his self-respect in the process.

Upon graduation, *Review* editors have compounded the community's agony with envy as they have traipsed off to run the country from the White House, from right-wing think tanks, national magazines, and Wall Street investment firms. The most prominent *Review* alumnus is Gregory Fossedal, a founder of the paper who went on to advise Ronald Reagan, to coauthor a book on the Strategic Defense Initiative, and to editorialize for *The Wall Street Journal* before settling down at age twenty-six as a syndicated columnist and media fellow of the Hoover Institution at Stanford.

**I**PAID the staff members of the *Review* a visit for a few subzero days in January, a week before the epochal assault on the shanties. In an effort to distance itself from the

paper the college has required the *Review* to rent its own office space, which it has secured over a hardware store on South Main Street, a short walk from campus. The office is a mess: four desks crammed into two rooms and stacked high with papers. Above the clutter stand three computers, which the dozen staff members are always grappling for in their eagerness to punch out another diatribe against affirmative action, homosexuals, the Soviet Union, minorities, welfare assistance, and other standards of liberalism they believe have taken over country and campus.

The walls are festooned with political posters the way teenagers' rooms are papered with images of rock stars. There's a photograph of Russian troops parading through Red Square with the slogan "The Soviet Union Needs You — Support a US Freeze"; a picture of an aristocrat leaning back contentedly against his Rolls-Royce with the caption "Poverty Sucks"; glossies of the Air Force's new F-15 Eagle and the Statue of Liberty; a picture of Pope John Paul II; several photos of Ronald and Nancy Reagan; yellowing covers of old *Reviews*; and an expanding collection of pieces from the national press about the *Review* on a bulletin board under the heading WE MAKE A DIFFERENCE. A six-pack of beer, an item never very far from any Dartmouth student, is stashed under one desk — no refrigeration necessary.

The *Dartmouth Review* began in 1980 when Gregory Fossedal was removed from *The Daily Dartmouth*, the official student newspaper, for supporting Dr. John F. Steel's renegade candidacy for a spot on the Dartmouth board of trustees. A staunchly conservative Dartmouth alumnus, Steel maintains a second home in Hanover. He regularly attends Dartmouth football games with his wife, who wears a green sweater emblazoned with the Dartmouth Indian symbol — the emblem has long been banned from campus as insensitive to Native Americans. According to Fossedal, who spoke from his *Wall Street Journal* office, the *Review* took advantage of a unique link to the alumni — generally more conservative than the current students, administration, and faculty — who lent their financial and ideological support to the fledgling enterprise. According to the paper's editors, between seventy percent and ninety percent of the *Review's* funding currently comes from alumni donations. (Although it has not contributed for the past several years, the conservative Institute for Educational Affairs, which has had a hand in funding most of the country's conservative student papers, assisted the *Review* in its early years.) It was this alumni support, says Fossedal, that frightened the administration into many of its extreme initial reactions to the paper — fighting over the use of the Dartmouth name in the title, banning *Review* reporters from its press conferences, and challenging the paper's use of alumni mailing lists — and that inadvertently gave the paper much of its early legitimacy. "If you can reach the alumni," says Fossedal, "then you have this tremendous wedge, and that's what worried the administration so badly."

In exchange for their support, the alumni receive a paper that must warm their hearts. "The *Review* has a fairly romantic view of what the institution was," says President McLaughlin, himself a Dartmouth football star from the class of '54 and an occasional target of the *Review*. "It takes the college back to those wonderful days when people were wearing white seersucker blazers and pants, and there was a much simpler life on campus."

Fossedal took the paper's name and format from his favorite publication, the *National Review*, and he ran a little credit, "Special thanks to William F. Buckley, Jr.," just below the masthead, where it still appears. The paper also adopted something of Buckley's stretch-limo style. Early staff members marked the occasion of a Veterans Day antinuclear protest by meeting for cocktails and brandy, draping American flags about as John Philip Sousa marches played triumphantly in the background. The bond continues: the *Review* Rolodex lists not only Buckley's home, office, and country-house phone numbers, but his limousine line as well.

When the *Review's* board of trustees convened recently to choose a new editor for the paper, the meeting took place in the conference room of the *National Review* in New York. To see that the *Review* adheres to its agenda, the entire editorial board is selected by the trustees, consisting of former editors and wealthy Dartmouth alumni, rather than being elected by the staff, as on most student papers. "The *Review* is not just any student newspaper," argues Fossedal. "It is a student-alumni paper, and it stands for something philosophical. Unlike the usual student newspaper, the *Review* has an agenda, and the board makes sure the paper sticks to it."

The combination of alumni support and high style might not have proved so potent had it not been for a third ingredient, professor Jeffrey Hart. A dapper, well-spoken, ruddy-cheeked English teacher who could have been the inspiration for John Houseman's character in *The Paper Chase*, Hart has served as foster parent to the paper since its birth. His son Ben was one of the founders, and he has taught many of the other editors in his English classes, especially in his seminar on satire. Hart has also published several books and written speeches for Richard Nixon. He is a senior editor of the *National Review* and writes a syndicated column that often appears in the *Dartmouth Review*.

Hart helped put the *Review* editors in touch with important alumni and was instrumental in lining up such conservative dignitaries as Reagan communications director Patrick Buchanan, media critic Edwin Diamond, and theoretician George Gilder to serve on the *Review's* star-studded advisory board. Insisting that the various special studies programs on campus are no more than "victims studies," Hart has also supplied much of the animus that powers the *Review*. "The liberal ethos specializes in victims," he says heatedly. "Blacks, Hispanics, gays. The *Review* has been iconoclastically going after the victims who constitute the core emotional elements

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of liberalism." Such attitudes have never endeared Hart to his peers on the faculty.

**R**IGHT NOW, editor Roland Reynolds is trying to write an editorial about a report that has just been released by the faculty all but calling for the resignation of President McLaughlin for failing to consult it more fully on executive decisions. "They've been waiting to do this since McLaughlin let ROTC back in," Reynolds says. But other matters keep vying for his attention. He has to fiddle with the dot matrix printer for an underling who is trying to send a letter to Mayor Edward Koch requesting an interview. "We usually get whoever we go after," notes Reynolds when I commend him for his chutzpah. The case to Koch will be firmed up by a "Dear Ed" note at the bottom from Professor Hart. And a package from the group Accuracy in Academia has arrived in the mail. Reynolds unwraps it tenderly and finds a dozen copies of a tabloid filled with stories of liberalism gone rampant in academe. "Fired Professor Too Catholic," reads one headline. "I think I'll distribute these to the faculty," says Reynolds with a smirk. "That ought to fire 'em up a little."

Reynolds is a lanky six-footer with blond hair and perfect skin that was still rosy from a Christmas vacation he spent at home in San Juan Capistrano. For Christmas, his parents gave him a set of golf clubs and, in his stocking, a tiny wind-up jet fighter. While he does admit to having put in a few hours at the beach over Christmas, he also spent some time giving a lecture to his mother's Women's Republican Club about the liberals infesting the University of California system. And he visited a colleague at UC San Diego's *California Review* — one of the *Dartmouth Review's* many imitators — and had a nice time grousing with him about the difficulty of getting good office space. "We all know each other," he says of his peers in conservatism. Also during the holiday break, his girlfriend from Mount Holyoke broke up with him, a fact that seemed to cause Reynolds only a little sorrow. "She was a liberal," he says.

They call him Rolo at the paper, and the nickname is apt. There is a sleepy casualness about him that is at odds with the militant conservatism of his beliefs. He terms homosexuality "perverted"; he refers to abortion as "baby-killing"; and he says he likes to run occasional interviews with left-wingers to present their views "straight from the ass's mouth." Yet he lazily rounds off his words (almost unintelligibly sometimes: the name Howard came out "Hi"), sometimes gapes open-mouthed during conversations, and rolls his eyes to convey disagreement. Some people think that this is in conscious imitation of his hero, William Buckley, but more likely he's simply being Rolo. His managing editor, Debbie Stone, says she gets the giggles over some of his mannerisms, such as the way he sometimes sits at his desk absentmindedly mumbling "doo-doo-doo."

*Review* editors have a reputation for being socially, as well

as politically, conservative, and I ask Reynolds if he is square. He squirms at the idea. "I drink beer," he says insistently. "I live in an environment where a lot of people drink a lot. I don't have time to do that, to party every night. But I'm sure I'll sow my wild oats."

"How?" I persist.

"Hopefully without committing a mortal sin," he replies, without cracking a smile.

**U**NDER A SIGN that reads "Work harder — millions on welfare depend on you," Reynolds peers into the video screen on his desk with his cohorts slouched in chairs swapping jokes around him. Demographically, the staffers are typical Dartmouth students. They are mostly white and mostly well-to-do, many of them prep school graduates. The males are all loyal frat men, good drinkers, given to raunchy conversations (I overheard one detailed discussion of a scene from *Behind the Green Door*, the Marilyn Chambers porno epic), raucous laughter, and doing no more studying than is absolutely required. They're the sort of people who don't feel completely comfortable with you until they know your nickname — or have given you one.

"C'mon, Koobs," says contributing editor Jerry Hughes into the wall phone, "everyone's got stuff he's got to do. And you have *got* to play basketball." Jerry is pleading with Koobs to round out the Kappa Kappa Kappa fraternity team for an intramural contest. Hughes would play himself, except that he has got to do an interview with Charles Murray, author of *Losing Ground*, about the purported failure of sixties antipov-erty programs. "That book is something that basically I agree with," he says.

Tall and gangly, Hughes has dark hair clipped short in the fifties style fashionable at the *Review* and a gentle, slightly befuddled expression. He is dedicated to Tri-Kap, where he is social chairman, in charge of organizing parties, and proud of its history as the oldest independent fraternity in the nation. The fraternity went into decline two years ago, says Hughes sadly, when some homosexuals were admitted, and they started bringing in some of their friends for loud parties. "It damaged the image of the house," he says. "They were a lot more liberal and a lot more sixties-ish." The fraternity expelled them, and when some members complained about the action, they, too, had to leave. Tri-Kap was "killed" in the next year's rush, but Hughes is happy to report that the frat came back strong a year later.

He wrote a spirited defense of drinking in the *Review's* November 13 issue. He did his research back at the frat. "At Tri-Kap, the prime drink is the martini," he says authoritatively. "Unfortunately, it is not on tap downstairs, so mostly I drink beer. We have Busch in kegs down there. Meister Bräu is cheaper, but we feel there is a significant difference in taste. We have 'tails once a week when everyone tries to get smooth."

Hughes is known for his work on the *Review's* cover illus-

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tration for a story on Gay Awareness Week, which featured a pear, an apple, and two bananas, all with little faces and tiny arms bearing the signs HOMO POWER and HOMOS FOR CHILD REARING. But for the most part, he tries to leave his politics at the office. He finds that girls aren't usually interested.

Hughes is a good friend of Werner Meyer, another contributing editor. Meyer is also tall and lean, with dark hair that juts out over his forehead, and he walks in the imposing fashion of an athlete. Together, the two form what Meyer calls "the dynamic duo" on the paper. Meyer helped Hughes out with the fruits cover. Meyer is also a dedicated Tri-Kap brother, which occasionally runs him afoul of his obligations as a practicing Roman Catholic. He aims for the 7:30 P.M. mass on Sunday, he says, because he can't be sure of getting up much earlier. Asked when he last got drunk, he pauses dramatically while he searches his soul. "Well, in all honesty, you could probably say . . . last weekend. I wasn't on the floor, but things were spinning. Still, I did not boot."

Meyer says his perfect evening consists of some beer pong and foosball down in the Tri-Kap basement, just to head into the night well lubricated, then going out to a party at another frat for some dancing and some more drinking, then back to Tri-Kap to renew the "basement rage," then home to his dorm to crash at around three or four. "That's barring some involvement with the opposite sex," he says.

It's hard to know how to take Meyer. He has some of the earnestness that Eddie Haskell used on Mrs. Cleaver in *Leave It to Beaver*. Occasionally, as he framed his response to a question, a little half-smile would tug at the corners of his mouth, as if he had just thought of something *hilarious*. But then he would respond completely drily, often with the most convoluted, polysyllabic bureaucratese. Meyer is either straight as an arrow or a master of deadpan irony.

"As for my distaste for homosexuality," he says, "I could cop out and say it's against my religion. But more to the point, I find that it has no biological use, and it violates normal sexual practices. I just oppose it on the grounds that it is very unnatural. Its sole purpose is for hedonism. But I can understand that, living on this campus. It's just unpalatable to me" (for some reason he pronounces the word "unpalatable").

The last major *Review* ruckus (before this year's shanty raid) occurred in the fall of 1984, when contributing editor Teresa Polenz taped a gay students' meeting and printed a transcript in the paper. As usual, the tabloid played the story on the cover in a hyperbolic style more in keeping with the *New York Post* than with a conservative journal of opinion. Billing the article an "Exclusive Report on the G.S.A." [Gay Student Alliance], the editors displayed a large staged photograph of a young man peeking over the top of a public toilet stall to spy on the occupant. After such a buildup, the article itself, merely a transcript of the predictable ramblings of an encounter group, may have been disappointing.

The outraged GSA appealed to the dean of the college,

Edward Shanahan, who convened the college's Committee on Standards to review Polenz's actions. The state attorney general also agreed to look into the invasion-of-privacy angle. To defend itself, the *Review* turned to one of the conservative heavyweights that surround the paper like celebrity bodyguards. Laurence Silberman, a Dartmouth alumnus and former U.S. deputy attorney general, flew to Hanover and started issuing broadsides against his alma mater's harassment of a student reporter. With each development, of course, the story of the "Exclusive Report" grew.

After several months' deliberation, the state attorney general, relying on a decision of the state Supreme Court, found no evidence of wrongdoing on the part of the *Review*, since the meeting was public and Polenz was a party to the conversation she taped. According to James Breeden, dean of Dartmouth's Tucker Foundation, which offers students moral guidance and is a frequent object of the *Review's* wrath, "One can use a lot of words to describe the *Review's* taping of the GSA meeting, but *illegal* is not one of them." With the decision, the Committee on Standards dropped the case, but Dean Shanahan fired off a letter to all students, calling on them to "censure" the *Review* for its "insensitivity." As the *Review* tells it, one student passed out a flyer urging students to "f— the *Dartmouth Review* over." The *Review* responded by suggesting that "poor, poor Richie" get "professional help." With that, the college settled back into an uneasy truce with the *Dartmouth Review*.

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there in the limousine,"  
Debbie Stone remembers.  
"I whispered to myself,  
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I SPOKE WITH Teresa Polenz one afternoon after her aerobics class. She was "supermotivated" to lose some weight because her mother had promised her a whole new wardrobe if she could slim down.

"Oh no, I don't get tired of talking about the GSA incident," says Polenz. "It's a great conversation starter." Although she does admit to "one very bad evening when I was on the verge of tears," she says her most lasting disappointment was her failure to get on television. "That would have been fun," she says. "But still, I don't know anyone who has made so many nationally syndicated radio shows and magazines and newspapers as I have. There's something to be said for infamy, no doubt about it. If you want to have your name spread around campus, get in a scandal. What more can you do to energize your social life? I haven't lost any friends, and I have probably gained many admirers."

She says that one member of the GSA says "Hello, Teresa," with exaggerated politeness whenever they meet on campus. Teresa smiles and says hello back. But otherwise she has suffered no ill effects. She was deeply touched when the president of her sorority came up to her after her name first made the papers and said, "I don't know what happened, but we want you to know that, whatever it is, Tri-Delta is behind you."

Tri-Delta is important to Teresa. "It's very classy, one of the strongest, most respected sororities on campus," she says,



“We make a difference.” Staffers from left:  
 Werner Meyer, Debbie Stone, Roland Reynolds, Teresa Polenz, Jerry Hughes

— speaking with complete objectivity, of course.” She is equally positive about the *Review*. “I like to be involved with something that is exciting, well known,” she says. “It’s nice.” And as for Tri-Delta, “I couldn’t be happier. They give excellent parties. They dress up more at Tri-Delta. There’s less jeans and more heels. Sometimes girls even curl their hair. I myself have sometimes been known to resort to a curling iron on occasion.”

I could believe it. Even in her sweatclothes and Reebok sneakers, her blond hair done up with a rubber band, Polenz had a fashion-conscious air. She doesn’t keep up with politics too well. Now that her subscription to *U.S. News and World Report* has run out, she doesn’t get any newsmagazines or political journals, and she only on occasion sees a newspaper. She has a favorite song. “It’s ‘And She Was.’ I don’t know who sings it,” she says, “but it’s very danceable. And the lyrics are very flattering.” The song is by the Talking Heads. The refrain goes: “The world was moving, she was right there with it (and she was)/The world was moving, she was floating above it (and she was).”

ONE MIGHT WONDER how the *Review* staffers come by their conservative views on a liberal, Ivy League campus. The answer is that they brought them to Dartmouth, along with their plaid sweater-vests and tweed coats. Almost all of the staff members come from pockets of conservatism around the country — Phoenix, Arizona, or Orange County, California — or they inherited their political beliefs from their parents, or both. A freshman contributor named Chris Baldwin recounts that his father once sat him down and said that Baldwins had voted Republican since 1860, and “I hope you won’t let me down.”

Only Werner Meyer had made any significant break with his parents. He calls his father a Democrat, “but not an oppressive Democrat.” And his mother must be fairly liberal too. After Meyer had made a particularly savage assault on affirmative action in the *Review*, he received a stern letter from her telling him that wasn’t what his parents had brought him up to believe. “I explained to her that she was erroneous in her judgment,” says Meyer. “I didn’t say ‘I’ll never write that kind of article again, Mother.’”

It is a standard joke about Dartmouth that the school was founded in 1769 to educate savages and has been doing so ever since. Way off in the hills, in a town dubbed “Hangover” by generations of Dartmouth men, far removed from any city culture, Dartmouth has bred its own society, made of sports teams, fraternities, and clubs. It’s a school for joiners, and the partisanship can be fierce. Many members of the lacrosse team wear Mohawk haircuts during the season. If the fraternity scene is rarely as wild as the one depicted in *Animal House* (written by a Dartmouth alum), its basement rages can get pretty uproarious. One fellow apparently used to take off around campus with a chain saw to rip through the dorm-room doors of startled lovers and catch them in the act.

Seen in this light, the politics and activities of the *Review* assume a different aspect. Take shanty-bashing: sure, the staffers may get carried away at times, but basically they’re just acting like Dartmouth kids.

But more fundamentally, the organization encourages extreme positions — and discourages second thoughts. From

the board of trustees down to the lowliest contributor, the *Review* is a remarkably tight unit that, for the loyalty it inspires, would be the envy of Alabama’s Crimson Tide. Long after graduation, old editors, like aging gridiron stars, continue to hang around the office, scene of their greatest glory. One former editor, Gordon Haff, continues to produce a weekly column for the paper. Greg Fossedal loyally used the pages of *The Wall Street Journal* to complain about injustices he believes have been suffered by the *Review*. The plenipotentiaries on the right are ready to hand out rewards to *Review* graduates no matter how outlandish their on-campus demeanor.

Only at *Review* headquarters, surrounded by their posters and their political friends, can the staffers really feel comfy. It is a moral enclave, and it’s cozy. When staff members arrive at the office, it is often with a real feeling of relief, as if their oxygen supply had been just about to expire. And one of the first topics of conversation is how weird the liberals have been acting today. It is a nasty world out there, and the *Review* staffers have to stick together.

MANAGING EDITOR Debbie Stone blows in the door after attending a faculty meeting. “Rolo,” she says, “the faculty are such crybabies. I can’t believe it.” Then she and Reynolds laugh about the faculty’s latest complaints against President McLaughlin. She did have a bad moment at the meeting, though. As she was looking around the room to see who was there, she caught the gaze of William Cole, the black professor of music who brought one of the two libel suits against the *Review* after a series of articles in the paper questioned his professional competence. “He was staring at me open-mouthed, like this,” she glowers at me, eyes wide. “It’s weird, scary.” Stone has never written anything about Cole, but as occasional staff photographer she had taken his picture once as he drove away in his car, and that was apparently enough to rouse his ire. She says Cole once shouted at her when they met on the Green that he was “going to f—ing blow her up.” Another time, she claims, he swerved his car toward her as she was riding her bike down the street. She reported the incident to the police, who, she says, advised her to stop riding her bike alone.

Cole indignantly denies the charges. “Those are both lies, total lies. *They are total lies*. The woman is a liar.” Pressed to explain, he adds, “As a black man in America, don’t you see how vulnerable I’d be if I said something like that or did something like that to a sweet little white girl? But I’d never do that to anyone. The *Dartmouth Review*’s hatred goes too far, and it’s too ingrained. They have vilified women, blacks, Native Americans. Everything they do is destructive.”

It’s hard to think of Stone as a rabble-rouser. She has been called Duke ever since she showed up at tennis camp as a teenager wearing a Duke University sweatshirt. She has long brown hair and eyebrows that run straight across her forehead. She is from Keene, New Hampshire, the daughter of conservative parents. Her older sister worked on the *Review* when she was at Dartmouth. In contrast to the smooth talkers on the staff, Stone is down-home and speaks with a flat New Hampshire accent. She wears ancient work boots, loves to quilt, and her favorite wall-hanging is a quilt she and her mother sewed before she came to (continued on page 111)

## DARTMOUTH

(continued from page 48) Dartmouth.

She is the kind of person who, once she's your friend, will do *anything* for you. And this may apply to the *Review*. She started working for the paper as a freshman, and one of her first projects was to sew thirty bedsheets together and paint them with the Indian symbol to display at a football game. She notes that Dartmouth won the game.

The *Review* has been good to Stone. She recently completed a trip to El Salvador with a former editor named Laura Ingraham, with half her expenses paid by the *Review*. Ingraham arranged it through an unnamed Salvadoran she met last spring at an international youth conference in Jamaica. He arranged for the two of them to ride a Salvadoran Army helicopter to witness the routing of a guerrilla stronghold in the countryside and set up an interview with ARENA party leader Robert d'Aubisson, various Salvadoran officials, and a number of farmers who spoke little English. "They looked at us and said, 'Freedom, freedom, freedom,'" says Stone. "That was the only English word they knew."

Last fall, Stone took the term off to work in New York City for a right-wing organization that is even further cloaked in mystery. She was hired to identify "enemies" of the Strategic Defense Initiative, but she won't name her employer or the enemies she identified. She did say that she was paid enough to live "well."

While in New York she had the experience of her life when she was walking to work just as a motorcade passed. It was Ronald Reagan, with Nancy, on his way to the airport after his address to the UN. "He was right there in a limousine," says Stone. "I just whispered to myself, 'Awesome, awesome, awesome.' I said it about ten times before I realized what I was saying. Then I just started crying. Isn't that funny? I was so excited! I just think Reagan is so great."

"Do you cry often?" she is asked.

"I don't cry too much when I'm sad or upset, but I do when I'm touched. I cry at musicals. I was in an English museum with my mother once, and I cried when I saw a picture of Saint Fran-

cis. My friends all say I'm very sensitive. I think I probably am. But I am also strong. I have a very strong will."

DEBBIE STONE, Teresa Polenz, Jerry Hughes, and Werner Meyer were among the party that attacked the anti-apartheid shanties in January. The group drove to the green in a rented flatbed truck at 3 A.M. and hacked at three of the shanties until the Hanover police intervened. They had left a fourth alone when they discovered that two young women were sleeping inside as part of their protest. One *Review* participant explained, "Ours wasn't intended as a violent act." It was the night of Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday.

In the outcry that followed, two hundred students jammed President David McLaughlin's office to insist that the perpetrators be punished. Acceding to another of their demands, the administration canceled classes the next day so the Dartmouth community could better reflect on the situation. That calmed things down a bit. In mid-February, the Committee on Standards, a campus tribunal, handed down its judgment, and it reflected the administration's growing frustration with the *Review*. Twelve students were suspended, four of them for two years. In one stroke nearly the entire editorial board had been banished from campus. It was a harsh response, and it is quite plausible that it sprang from the liberal bias the *Review* has long alleged. In late March the sentences were appealed and substantially reduced, to a maximum of one academic year.

The only major *Review* figure remaining at Dartmouth was Roland Reynolds, who had stayed out of the shanty raid, although he did make himself available to reporters for comments afterward. Speaking to *The Boston Globe*, he likened the students' action to that of Bernhard Goetz, the man who shot four black teenagers in a New York City subway train. "It was a self-defense mechanism," he said, "against a college paralyzed by the hysterical screams from the left." For its part, the *Review* has not been paralyzed by the near-total wipeout of its editorial board; it has continued to appear each week. Roland Reynold this spring moved into a new role as chairman of the board; Debbie

Stone took over as editor. She pointed out to *The New York Times* that now that she didn't have to attend classes, she had more time than ever to work for the *Review*.

WITH THEIR clannishness and their fierce need to assert themselves, the *Review* staffers are only exhibiting many of the adolescent traits that a college education is intended to rectify. As the college has demonstrated, it is easy to overreact to their extremism. College kids have been acting out their pre-adult traumas for some time now, and the republic has yet to fall.

The one element that may be a little disconcerting, though, is the encouragement these youngsters are receiving from their elders on the right. If *Review* staffers have strayed, I suspect it is at least partly in following the breadcrumbs dropped by Republican movers in Washington and New York. Indeed, the vision of themselves someday holding power remains a dazzling enticement throughout the staffers' undergraduate careers. For the rest of Dartmouth's students, the thought of a future employer, say Goldman Sachs, reading about their campus high jinks is undoubtedly sobering; it must keep down the number of guys willing to go for it in the manner of the chain-saw-toting frat man.

For these young Republicans, however, the notion that their future employers are watching only spurs them to greater heights of self-indulgence. The crew at the *Review* can honestly imagine themselves tooting off to the White House or *The Wall Street Journal* upon graduation; there are precedents. The *Review* regards its connections in the larger world as some of its greatest *raison d'être*. Its come-on poster for freshmen, headlined "It's Your Future," recounts the post-*Review* success stories of eight former staffers. Not so surprisingly, this has gone to the current editors' heads.

"I look ahead," says Werner Meyer, "and I see graduating in eighty-eight, the year of the presidential election. Now, I have a friend in the administration in the form of Kemp. I mean, something may happen."

John Sedgwick is the author of *Rich Kids*.