Pomona alumni from long ago hold on to more than memories. They keep stuff, too. And it’s not unusual for their Pomona paraphernalia, cherished mementos of their ties to the College, to eventually make its way back to campus.

This is the case with the treasure trove recently dropped off by Susan Lindquist of Oakland, Calif. Neatly packed into three cardboard storage boxes were items—ranging from Pomona basketball tickets to century-old publications to porcelain with campus scenes—saved by Lindquist’s mother, JoAnn (Hawkins) Hayward ’42, and by her two great-aunts, Vera Hawkins ’1909 and Georgia Hawkins ’1912. Lindquist reports that her mother, now 90, was very pleased to know the items had made it to Pomona.

Program and dance card for the Dove Ball, Jan. 26, 1907

One of eight dinner plates in a set of Pomona College Wedgwood china, produced and sold in the 1930s, depicting Bixby Fountain.

A December 1929 issue of Pomona College Magazine.

A tiny banner from 1910.

Another Pomona dinner plate depicting Sumner Hall.

Program for track meet against rival Occidental, for Feb. 27, 1909.

Another Pomona dinner plate depicting Bridges Hall of Music.

A Pomona College pocket calendar for 1938-39.

Packet of football and basketball tickets from 1941-42.
Time and Again

"What then is time? If no one asks me, I know what it is. If I wish to explain it to him who asks, I do not know." — Saint Augustine

We talk so casually about time that it’s easy to forget what a fundamentally mysterious and indescribable subject it really is. So, you may ask, what on earth do I have to do with the topic on the cover? The answer is not much. But a few other people have said things worth remembering.

"The only reason for time is that everything doesn’t happen at once." — (Albert Einstein)

For physicists, relativity has no meaning, that is to say, time has no meaning. Moments and concepts are guaranteed to make your head spin. A journalist once asked Sir Arthur Eddington if it was true that only three people in the world understood relativity. "Who’s the third?" "Me, Sir," he responded.

"Time is an illusion. Lunchtime doubly so." — (Douglas Adams)

For the rest of us, however, relativity is about the speed we speak in line at the DMV or the 30 minutes it takes for a vacation to become a memory. The speed of time also seems to be directly proportional to age: I’m convinced that time now passes at least five times faster than it did when I was 11. At that age, even summers seemed to last for cows. Now they pass in the blink of an eye.

"Nothing is so far away as one minute ago." — (Jim Bishop)

That’s why some part of me has come to dread vacations—even to equate them with the fleeting nature of life itself. Don’t get me wrong—I still get and I still have a good time, but in the back of my mind, I’m always aware that it will be over soon, and of course, it always is. And there’s something sad about that. It’s not just that time is racing—it’s that I’m so aware of its passage. It’s not just that time is racing—it’s that I’m so aware of its passage. The time now passes at least five times faster than it did when I was 11. At that age, even summers seemed to last for cows. Now they pass in the blink of an eye.

"Wowej! I see it all so fast I can’t believe it." — (Mark Wood)

I suppose, in a way, we’re all time travelers, gawking at all the strange scenery and trying to learn enough of the local customs to pass as natives. I rediscover myself sometimes that this is the most amazing kind of tourism of all. I remember that I was an achromatic observer, with blurring vision starting from the glacial 1980s to the trans-lunar 1980s—what a fantastic voyage that had to be. My journey and its origins are ongoing, who knows—when they’ll take us or what amazing sights we’ll see before we’re through.

"Time is but the stream I go a fishing in." — (Henry David Thoreau)

"Mark Wood"
I realize that I was a moment when I was not asleep that someone wasn’t asking me the provoking question: what is it like to be Black?"
**Lectures & Debates**

1. **16th Literature Forum: Nandoi Somai-Daul** — 4 p.m., Tishman Hall. A reading by Samuel Daul, the winner of the Interpreter of the Year Award at the "Pomona Today" Student Essay Contest.

2. **17th Center for Humanities and Social Sciences Colloquium** — 4:15 p.m., Millikan Auditorium. Richard McKinney, professor of history at the University of Illinois at Chicago.


4. **19th Center for Humanities and Social Sciences Colloquium** — 4:15 p.m., Millikan Auditorium. Mohammad Khaliq, associate professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan.

5. **20th Philosophy Week: "Confucianism and Self-Mastery in Ruh’s Medina” — 4:15 p.m., Tishman Hall. Pomona Alumni Professor Saeed Ahmad.


7. **22nd Mathematical Sciences Colloquium** — 4:15 p.m., Millikan Auditorium. Brian Spinka of the University of California, Santa Barbara.


9. **24th Mathematical Sciences Colloquium** — 4:15 p.m., Millikan Auditorium. Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Amy Miller, University of Washington.


**Music**


Cereal Thriller

Cold cereal is a hot topic for Sagehens who rely on General Mills for a fast fuel up before classes. Some 664 students responded to an online cereal survey conducted in the spring by the ASPC Food Committee. These favorite cereals, along with three others, will be served in Frank and Frary dining halls this semester.

It’s not part of her official job description, but P.E. Coordinator Lisa Beckett still puts plenty of gusto into her once-a-year hunt for the “weirdest-looking hen I can find at the cheapest possible price.” Scouring the clearance racks at retailers like Marshalls and Tuesday Morning, the former women’s tennis coach always comes up with perfectly kitschy clucking–caramel bobble chicken, anyone?—to serve as prizes for the competitions at the annual tennis events held during Alumni Weekend. Taking home the tawdy treasures this year were Brenda Fierro ’82, Robb Muhm ’81, and Constance Wu ’14, who, we are sure, now have their poultry prizes on proud and prominent display.

Weather Anomaly

Can Zombies Do Math?

Professor Hans Rindisbacher. “Zombies are not just for the living and death—but always also to the erotic and sex. It is an interdisciplinary field par excellence …”

Catching Up

Can Zombies Do Math? Professor Hans Rindisbacher. “We have all heard of the objective and universal nature of mathematics. Bertrand Russell talked about a beauty cold and austere. Are these perceptions of mathematics realistic? Accurate? Can anyone but the warm-blooded humans that we are do math? Does a zombie have what it takes to comprehend and appreciate the aesthetics of mathematics?”

—Mark Kendall, Laura Velasco ’12 and Cynthia Peters
Martin Crawford runs Pomona’s new Outdoor Education Center, which actively encourages students to explore the mountains, deserts and beaches of Southern California and beyond. At the College since 2009, Crawford started on the trail to this woodsy role decades ago…

1. Grow up in a piney little town just outside of Yosemite. Take annual school field trips to the top of Half Dome. Spend your free time digging for arrowheads with your teacher-anthropologist dad. Learn to love—and respect—the wilderness.

2. Take an aptitude test to determine the best college major for you. Get results recommending “tourism and recreation management.” Enroll as a tourism and recreation management major at Cal State Northridge.

3. After graduation, launch your own outdoor guide company. Lead backpacking trips in Costa Rica and Hawaii. Hold team-building events at mountain camps. Teach outdoor skills classes at your alma mater.


5. Land a part-time gig at Pomona overseeing Orientation Adventure and other outdoors programs. Train student trip leaders in wilderness safety and survival. Go full-time to run the College’s new Outdoor Education Center within the new Pomona Hall.

6. Enjoy having a spacious new launching point for students’ outdoor adventures. Walk to create a certification program for students seeking more wilderness training. Move with your family into campus housing in the new dorms. Hold on to that cabin in the mountains for the occasional weekend getaway.

—Mark Kendall

On Board

Two new members of Pomona’s Board of Trustees began their terms this summer.

Alison Rempel Brown ’80 has been chief of staff and chief financial officer at the California Academy of Sciences since 1999. Prior to that, she was chief financial officer at StayWell, a patient education publishing firm. She has been named three times to the San Francisco Business Times’ list of “Most Influential Women in Bay Area Business.” This publication also named her CFO of the Year. Brown comes from a long line of Pomona alumni, starting with her grandfather, William Rempel ’20. Her parents, Janie Pace Rempel ’50 and the late Robert C. Rempel ’48, brother, Steve Rempel ’76, aunt Dorothy Rempel Munroe ’49 and great-grand uncle Herb Rempel ’23 also attended Pomona. Brown’s three children followed their family’s path to Pomona: Aaron Brown ’11, Jacob Brown ’13 and Hannah Brown ’15.

As a student, Brown majored in economics with an emphasis in mathematics, and studied abroad in Athens. She was co-chair of her 30th reunion fund committee. Brown is also on the boards of San Francisco Botanical Gardens and Blood Centers of the Pacific. Brown received her M.B.A. from the University of Chicago.

Jennifer “Jenn” Marie Wilcox ’08, of New York City, works as an investment associate at Summit Rock Advisors, where she helps foundations, endowments and other clients invest their assets. Prior to joining Summit Rock, Wilcox worked in the Investment Banking Division of Goldman Sachs in San Francisco, where she focused on financing public sector and infrastructure projects. She serves on the board of directors for Spark, a nonprofit focused on investing in grassroots women’s organizations, and was the founding member of SparkNYC.

At Pomona, Wilcox majored in economics, and studied abroad at Oxford. She served as vice president of the Pomona Student Union and played on the women’s tennis team, twice being named captain. As a senior, Wilcox worked on the Claremont Consulting Group project to bring Zipcar to campus. She enjoys volunteering as an alumni interviewer for the Admissions Office and serving as an alumni advisor to the economics senior seminar focused on corporate strategy.
BRAIN EATERS...

The Game

Created in 1966 by a trio of students at a New Jersey high school, Ultimate pits two seven-player teams against each other on a field similar to football. Players pass the flying disc down the field to teammates and score when one catches it in the end zone. Games are self-officiated under a tradition that emphasizes sportsmanship.

The Name

Founded in 1979 by Peace College students, the Braineaters draw their name from a 1950s B-movie. As the lore goes, the newly-formed team was heading into its first weekend and decided to choose their name by flipping a coin. The result was “Brains! Brains!” and a brain in formaldehyde was placed on the field. Forming parties were thrown.

As the camaraderie built, so did players’ commitment to the team. Weekend scrimmages plus extra time running on the track were added to their routine of twice-a-week practices. In games, their dramatic, go-long offense helped create a sense of excitement. But a bit of strategic caution also helped when it came to post-season play. After competing in Division III in the past, the Braineaters decided this time to focus on competing in Division III, leading to the newly formalized Div. III national tournament.

In April, the Braineaters won the regional championship held on their home turf in Claremont. The next month, it was on to nationals in Buffalo, N.Y., where the Braineaters crushed Colby, swatted aside Swarthmore and beat a slew of other teams on their way to the final game against the St. John’s Red Ass Monks. Confessedly behind, the Braineaters pulled off an 11-9 win to become national champions.

Best of all, they had a good time getting there. Lesson learned: “Frisbee is Frisbee,” says Li. “People play Frisbee because they want to have fun.”

—Mark Kendall

Sports Report / Spring 2011

Softball

(8-11, 3-7 SCIAC)

Competing against several nationally ranked teams, the Sagehens continued to improve throughout the season, highlighted by a home-game sweep of rival Chapman University, and a 10-7 road win over SCIAC foe Cal State Bakersfield. Soliman qualified for the NCAA Championship tournament in singles while Soliman and Wang competed in doubles. Soliman was named SCIAC West Region “Player to Watch,” and Assistant Coach Brian Pollock was named SCIAC West Regional Assistant Coach of the Year.

Men’s Tennis

(17-4 overall, 7-2 SCIAC)

The Sagehens finished second in the conference, third place in the West region and seventh in the nation. Soliman qualified for the NCAA Championship tournament in singles while Soliman and Wang competed in doubles. Soliman was named SCIAC West Region “Player to Watch,” and Assistant Coach Brian Pollock was named SCIAC West Regional Assistant Coach of the Year.

Women’s Golf

The women’s golf team completed its first season as a varsity sport, and recorded the program’s first win against Occidental. T’Kindt ’11 made the second team. Meyer and Allinson ’13 made the second team. The team was ranked second in the West region and seventh in the nation.

Men’s Lacrosse

(10-9 overall, 5-5 SCIAC)

The Sagehens had a formidable fourth in conference, but defeated SCIAC champion Redlands as well as nationally ranked Cal State Bakersfield. Tamaras Penas PI ’11 was named SCIAC Player of the Year for the second consecutive year. Pinto Hopper PI ’12 was named to the all-conference first team, while Annie Oxborough-Yankus PI ’12 was named to the second team.
LIKE OTHERS BEFORE HIM, AFGHANISTAN WAR VETERAN PHILLIP KANTOR ’12 SAYS HIS STINT IN THE SERVICE HELPED PREPARE HIM FOR POMONA.

Military Time
By Steven K. Wagman

A jackhammer blazed within cardboard of campus, Phillip Kantor ’12 froze. “It sounded like a machine gun,” says the Afghanistan War veteran, recalling the moment from his first year at Pomona. “It startled me.”

That little jolt was out of the ordinary, though, and Kantor says Pomona has been a good fit for him since he enrolled here in 2010. “I’ve had many students thank me for my service, and it’s very nice,” he says. “I’m happy to talk about the path I took to get where I am.”

The 26-year-old economics major attended Miami University in his home state of Ohio before enlisting in the Marines. He was seeking direction, something he found through his discipline instilled in the corps and in his military training, which included studying Korean at the Defense Language Institute on his way to becoming an intelligence analyst. That eventually led him to a combat tour in Afghanistan in 2009, where he was stationed in Helmand Province and attached to a reconnaissance battalion which came under fire numerous times.

After his discharge from the military in 2010, Kantor looked at several colleges in Southern California, where his long-time girlfriend (and now fiancée) Erika Jones lives. He picked Pomona because he wanted a small liberal arts school.

While older than most students, the youthful-looking Kantor fits in well. He has many friends, studies on campus with Sagehen Capital Management, a student-managed investment fund. “What I enjoyed about the Marines was the camaraderie,” Kantor says. “I get that same sense of camaraderie at Pomona College.”

He attends Pomona under the Post-9/11 GI Bill and the supplemental Yellow Ribbon GI Education Enhancement Program, in which participating schools help fund tuition expenses that go beyond what the GI Bill pays for. When Pomona signed on for the Yellow Ribbon program in 2009, shortly after the new GI Bill went into effect, President David Oxtoby noted that the experience of returning veterans “would add a great deal to the conversations on campus and would strengthen our community in important ways.”

Kantor, too, believes his life experiences can add to the conversation. “In my Foreign Policy class I may have an insight into the on-the-ground reality of a theoretical foreign policy piece we’re reading,” he says. “However, in Calculus II, we’re all in the same boat.”

He never discusses his Marine Corps experience unnecessarily. But it does come up, both in the classroom and outside it.

“I tend to assert myself when I believe my background is relevant,” Kantor says. “Professor Elliott, my Foreign Policy professor, called on me last year in those situations. One of the nice things about Pomona is that others also have an opportunity to bring their life experiences to the table.”

For Kantor, the “table” is all full time. He spends on campus at around 9 a.m., reviews class material, attends class with his friends in Frary Dining Hall, heads to class again in the afternoon, studies or attends group or club meetings from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., then remains on campus to participate in a group project or internship lecture—or, he heads home to Pasadena. He approaches school like a Marine Corps assignment or a full-time job, leaving only when the work is finished.

Kantor did an internship at Google’s Mountain View, Calif., headquarters this summer, and he plans to go into the business world after graduation, though his plans are still forming.

“The Marine Corps gave me some really good habits, including a strong work ethic,” he says. “Now, Pomona is giving me the intellectual tools to take advantage of those habits.”

GI Cecils

Sagacious of many generations have found a stint in the military helpful put on unpredictable path to Pomona:

Richard Gist ’49 was set on attending Cornell University, just like his father and grandfather before him. Raised in Pomona, he felt the namesake college was too close to home. But World War II was still raging when he turned 18 in 1943 and he soon found himself fighting as part of the Army’s 49th Infantry Division in Europe, where he was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. Coming home, Gist, like many of the friends he grew up with, eventually enrolled at Pomona College. They weren’t expecting to stay, but most all of them did. “After being away, Pomona seemed pretty good,” recalls Gist, now retired and living in Sacramento. “No one had the desire to get away for college and get away from home. We’d done that. It was just be back on familiar territo- ry again.”

Twenty-one years old and probably the only student on campus with a leg amputation, Gist was elected president of the freshman class, which consisted of a mix of 18-year-olds who had come along after the war and older students like Gist whose college entry had been delayed by the conflict. But he made friends with both groups and graduated a year early. “It was just so different,” he says of that time of post-war transi- tion on campus. “I don’t think it’s likely to ever be repeated.”

Growing up in East L.A. in the 1940s, Alex Gonzalez ’72 had little expectation of attending college. After high school, he and a buddy set off to enlist in the Navy. The Navy recruiter wasn’t in when they visited, though, and they wound up signing on for the Air Force. Gonzalez wouldn’t see his friend again for the next four years, but he saw the world while learning leadership skills and how to work within an organization. The mili- tary “exposed me to a much, much broader society,” he says. “What I learned was I could compete with anyone.” While stationed in the Philippines, he had plenty of time to read and consider his next move in life. Upon his discharge in 1967, Gonzalez enrolled at East L.A. College, where he met Edward Cisneros ’54, who told him about Pomona and en- couraged Gonzalez to apply. Arriving at the age of 23 as a rare veteran on campus, Gon- zalez was more seasoned than a typical straight-out-of-high-school student. “I was very clear on what my goals were,” he recalls. “I knew what I wanted to do and I really fo- cused on the education that I got there.” Gonzalez went on to attend Harvard Law School and then to earn his Ph.D. in psychology from UC Santa Cruz on the way to a long career in higher education. Today he is president of Cal State Sacramento and a member of Pomona’s Board of Trustees. He credits military service for helping set his life course and without it, he says, “I would have never gone to Pomona.”

Matt Muller ’03 was “a classic smart but lazy high school student” before he surprised everyone by deciding to join the Marines. Muller knew he needed to gain matu- rity and discipline, and in the service he quickly shed pounds and his lackadaisical attitude. Stationed in Okinawa, Japan, he worked for an off-base newspaper and, playing trumpet in the Marine Corps Band, he visited nations as disparate as Australia and the United Arab Emirates. The experience, he says, “opened up my eyes.” Post-Marines, Muller returned home to Sacramento eager to put the sort of discipline required to scrub toilets with a toothbrush to work on more rewarding intellectual pursuits. First en- rolling in community college, he soon was set on pursuing a major in science, technol- ogy and society. It was available at Stanford, but he was looking for a smaller school and someone there pointed him to Pomona. Muller was skeptical about moving to Southern California, but he fell in love with the College upon visiting. Making the most of his time as a student, he helped organize Orientation Adventure trips and contributed to re- search on political campaign finance, among many other pursuits, on his way to grad- ing summa cum laude. “I was able to take advantage of a lot of things I wouldn’t have otherwise because I was willing to work like crazy,” says Muller, who went on to Harvard Law School and now is an attorney in the Bay Area focusing on immigration issues.

—Mark Kendall

FALL 2011

PHOTO BY JOHN LUCAS

Pomona Today

Alex Gonzalez ’72 had little expectation of attending college. After high school, he and a buddy set off to enlist in the Navy. The Navy recruiter wasn’t in when they visited, though, and they wound up signing on for the Air Force. Gonzalez wouldn’t see his friend again for the next four years, but he saw the world while learning leadership skills and how to work within an organization. The military “exposed me to a much, much broader society,” he says. “What I learned was I could compete with anyone.” While stationed in the Philippines, he had plenty of time to read and consider his next move in life. Upon his discharge in 1967, Gonzalez enrolled at East L.A. College, where he met Edward Cisneros ’54, who told him about Pomona and encouraged Gonzalez to apply. Arriving at the age of 23 as a rare veteran on campus, Gonzalez was more seasoned than a typical straight-out-of-high-school student. “I was very clear on what my goals were,” he recalls. “I knew what I wanted to do and I really focused on the education that I got there.” Gonzalez went on to attend Harvard Law School and then to earn his Ph.D. in psychology from UC Santa Cruz on the way to a long career in higher education. Today he is president of Cal State Sacramento and a member of Pomona’s Board of Trustees. He credits military service for helping set his life course and without it, he says, “I would have never gone to Pomona.”
John Stephens ’94 grew up reading fantasy literature, devouring both the classics such as J.R.R. Tolkien’s *The Hobbit* and just about any well-worn, paperback sci-fi novel he could find. He read them all and dreamed of writing one of his own someday. So when Stephens decided to delve into the genre, pulling double-duty with his daytime job as a television writer, he knew the tropes of fantasy literature better than most. And he was determined both to tweak them and bring his own voice to *The Emerald Atlas*, the first novel in what will eventually become a children’s fantasy trilogy.
Stephen’s editor at Knopf. “I couldn’t poke a hole in the career is still there when you get back.”

After John Stephen’s 94 finished the first draft of The Emerald Atlas, he handed it to his agent, who immediately asked: “So what do you choose of children’s fantasy—fiction or non-fiction using?" Stephen’s reply: “Well … uh … the one I’m making up.”

That answer didn’t pass muster, so Stephens began to research the different time travel theories frequently used in fantasy. He found three common models. In multi-verse travel, temporal flux, rewritten by more capable writers, in the mind-bending, sci-fi TV show Heroes, he’s packed the car and moved his head (and a lifelong love for movies and television one night, Stephens thought, “At a certain point, you can take a year off a show business for different audiences—domestic skit and less about the thrill of discovering the characters. “You can watch things change. And you get to feel like you’re in on a big cosmic joke. Like I remember making up.” Stephens’ reply: “Well … uh … the one I’m using?”

So for him to write in different forms—for different audiences—only makes sense. It wouldn’t surprise me if he wrote a Broadway musical, a true crime thriller or an epic poem someday.”

But while mutable timelines are the most fun, they’re also the most demanding on writers because of all the rippling changes. Since Stephens also the most demanding on writers because of all the rippling changes. Since Stephens spent four years writing The Emerald Atlas in the early mornings, when he feels more creative in writing for his television day job. “John has a deep love of writing,” Stephens’ editor at Knopf. “You could make things happen where I’m not up against the eight ball as the third one and have to fight my way through.”

When he finishes writing the third book next year, Stephens would like to return to his old job, believing there’s a “great, balanced career out there,” one in which he could also the most demanding on writers because of all the rippling changes. Since Stephens has always been the kind of reader who looked to see if the characters were behaving the rules of the worlds they created, he was scrupulous to ensure his characters held up, keeping elaborate flow charts and data base while writing Atlas.

“He was extremely meticulous about the time-travel elements of the story,” says Michelle Frey, Stephens’ editor at Knopf. “I couldn’t poke a hole in anything and believe me, I tried.”

“I really tried to get to a different level of emotional reality for the three main kids,” Stephens says. “If you read the Narnia books, the emotions of the kids are really flat. It’s not like the Pevensie children are all that fleshed out, at least not in the way we expect today. You don’t get inside their emotions or how they’re feeling. Kids reading today want to really identify with children’s charac-ters and we do that through the specificity of their emotions. That’s what I thought I could bring to the table.”

Stephen’s love for the otherworldly predates the decade he spent writing and producing television shows like Gilmore Girls, The O.C. and Gossip Girl, springing from the evenings when his father, The Hobbit creator J.R.R. Tolkien, would call, a luminous conversation on the front porch of his American Craftsman home in Hollywood’s Beachwood Canyon community, Stephens recalls later. Reading the book on his own when he was 12, calling it a formative experience that shaped the rest of his creative life.

“Tolkien creates the kind of reading experience I like, one that takes you on a grand adventure into another world,” Stephens says. It’s mid-afternoon and 39-year-old Stephens, trim and bowish, his face framed by rectangular glasses, sitting sipping a cup of fresh-brewed coffee, something of a necessity for a man who typically begins his work day at 4:30 in the morning. His 12-year-old son, Dashiel, is napping inside.

After graduating from Pomona, Stephens spent a year abroad and then went home to Virginia, earning his M.F.A. from the University of Virginia. But what he learned at graduate school didn’t feed his particular enthusiasm for the eternal skill set. “Nothing will teach you not to want to write like a literary M.F.A.,” Stephens jokes. Translation: His interest in writing grand adventure stories ran contrary to his program’s emphasis on focusing on life’s small epiphanies.

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“Tolkien creates the kind of reading experience I like, one
In November of 1718, the colonial governor of Virginia, Alexander Spotswood, received some disturbing news about an old nemesis.

The pirate known as Blackbeard was fortifying a beachhead in the Outer Banks of North Carolina. The governor there had granted Blackbeard a pardon on the promise of good behavior. But Spotswood smelted a rat. Without telling his neighbors, he personally bankrolled a flotilla of ships to root out the threat he saw to Virginia’s southern flank.

In the ensuing bloody and brutal battle, Blackbeard was killed. Fifteen of his crewmen were tried on piracy charges in Williamsburg, and most went to the gallows. On Spotswood’s orders, Blackbeard’s severed head was perched on a tall pole on a point at the confluence of the Hampton and James rivers, where it stood for years as a warning to would-be buccaneers and marauders.

The clash marked the beginning of the end of what was considered the golden age of piracy, when the real pirates of the Caribbean plundered the Atlantic coast and other points. The clash marked the beginning of the end of what was considered the golden age of piracy, when the real pirates of the Caribbean plundered the Atlantic coast and other points.

But the pirate era was back.

It’s July 2011. Three young men dressed in gray prison garb shuffled into a federal courtroom in Norfolk, Va. They stood accused of hijacking a U.S.-flag vessel a half a world away and summarily executing the four Americans aboard while the military was attempting to negotiate their release. The dead include Jean Hawkins Adam ’66 and three others, has America’s legal system scrambling to cope with a long-forgotten scourge.

The prosecution by the U.S. is a response to an eruption in modern day piracy in the Horn of Africa, where young Somali men have since the mid 2000s largely succeeded at holding the world at bay as they prey upon unarmed merchant ships and other vessels. In the lawlessness of Somalia, piracy has become an organized industry, institutionalized to the point where syndicates sell shares in planned attacks in exchange for a correspondent share of ransoms paid.

The real pirates of the 18th century, with Blackbeard’s severed head perched on a tall pole at the confluence of the Hampton and James rivers, where it stood for years as a warning to would-be buccaneers and marauders. In the ensuing bloody and brutal battle, Blackbeard was killed. Fifteen of his crewmen were tried on piracy charges in Williamsburg, and most went to the gallows. But the pirate era was back.

While international law and treaties give countries the right to try pirates they capture in their own domestic courts, they have shown little disposition to do so except in cases that involve their own citizens or ships.

A few have resorted to an old-style sort of summary justice. In a 2010 case, Russian authorities, after apprehending 10 Somali pirates who had seized an oil tanker, decided to cast the suspects adrift in the Indian Ocean, in an inflatable boat. Without navigational equipment, the men likely perished.

But in the vast majority of cases, captured pirates are returned home. Suffering few consequences, they try again and again, a cycle that the United States has until recently helped perpetuate.

As a result, piracy continues to escalate. Attacks on the world’s seas rose 35 percent in the first half of 2011 compared with a year earlier, with Somali pirates accounting for the majority of incidents, according to the London-based International Maritime Bureau. At mid-year, Somali pirates were holding 20 vessels and 420 crew members from around the world, demanding ransoms in the millions, the bureau said.

“There is this race between the pirates and the international community, and progressively that race is being won by the pirates,” said Jack Lang, United Nations Special Adviser on Somali Piracy, in an address to the U.N. Security Council last January.

Eleven of their shipmates have already pleaded guilty to piracy, which carries a mandatory sentence of life in prison. If convicted, the three alleged triggermen could face the death penalty.

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Despite heightened international awareness, and patrols from navies across the globe, the scourge has continued, largely unabated. While international law and treaties give countries the right to try pirates they capture in their own domestic courts, they have shown little disposition to do so except in cases that involve their own citizens or ships.

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some of the first cases related to the 9/11 attacks. The district is also
familiar with the 2010 attack on the
U.S.S. Cole in Yemen, where 17 sailors were killed. It was
argued that the情景 was too
serious to handle locally, and the case was brought to a
federal court in Virginia. The district
is one of the few in the country that has
jurisdiction over cases involving the National
Security Act of 1947, which gives the federal government
power to try cases related to national security.

The ADAMS—she is a dentist, a film
and TV producer in Hollywood—had
retired and embarked on a multi-year
circumnavigation with her husband. They were both highly skilful
and experienced sailors, as well as people of
courage and determination. Savage remembers
time as a student at UCLA, establishing a distance
and attention in class,” recalls Savage.

The couple were married in 1965. While Savage
made his M.B.A. at The Wharton School
at the University of Pennsylvania, Jean
took on an internship with the American Dental Association
and the California State Board of Dental Examiners, for
which she served as president for two terms.

In 1969, the Adams joined the new group in Thailand, and took
part in an organized rally of ships for a leg of their journey from
southeast Asia to the Mediterranean. Together, they
began to plan for the trek through the pirate-infested Gulf of
Aden.

Savage

The day before she died at the hands of Somali pirates, Jean Hawkins Adams
began to plan for the trek through the pirate-infested Gulf of Aden.

After two days at sea, he and his mates found one, hijacking a
Yemeni fishing trawler.

The ex-cop had approached a pirate boss in Somalia for a loan,
poor health, according to his lawyer, Jon Babineau of Norfolk.

The suspects were jailed in a brig aboard the aircraft carrier
Enterprise, another Norfolk-based vessel, where they were inter-
rogated by FBI agents and housed for two weeks while a decision
was made where to send them and what to charge them with.

The court documents alleged the two pirates who had boarded the Sterett
to negotiate. An eruption of
small-arms fire from the yacht followed the rocket-propelled
grenade. In response, a party of 15 Navy SEALs raided the Quest.
Navy said the move was unprovoked and a surprise, since two of
the pirates had boarded the ship to negotiate. An American,
abroad two kindred spirits, Phyllis Macoy and Bob Riggle of Seattle, who
had been on another boat. Together, they passed
galley, Sri Lanka and Cochind, India, making a brief relin-
quishing the ship to the pirates. The U.S. Navy was soon on the case; news
outlets around the world broke the story. A four-day, prime-time drama
at sea began. Four warships from the Navy’s Fifth Fleet were
sent to meet with the pirates and try to negotiate the
release of the hostages. According to court documents, the
pirates insisted they would negotiate only when they had returned
with the hostages.

According to the Navy, on the morning of Feb. 22, a pirate
leader was killed as “Bashir” fired a rocket-propelled grenade in the
vicinity of the U.S.S. Sterett, the lead ship trailing the Quest. The
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One of the suspects, a juvenile, was returned to his family. The bodies of Jean, Scott, Phyllis and Bob were brought to POMONA COLLEGE MAGAZINE in 1861 during the Civil War. The jury deadlocked.

The prosecutors agree to put off further proceedings until April. Among other things, the government needs to go through a process before the Justice Department decides whether to pursue the death penalty for the men who are convicted. The chances are considered remote.

The defense lawyers—who will have the right to appear before the court in Norfolk, says in a court filing, has the power “to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas,” Congress adopted a version of the British statute and the U.S. version was modeled on it. The law was on the books until 1914.

In 1819, relying on language in the Constitution that gave the power “to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas,” Congress adopted a version of the British statute and the U.S. version was modeled on it. The law was on the books until 1914.

True to the Court’s” rocket-docket” reputation, the government secures agreements with 11 of the defendants in the Quest case to plead guilty to piracy and hostage-taking, barely two months after they land in the United States.

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The strangest store in Los Angeles was born of a brainstorming session between two Sagehen smart guys.

Just two years out of school, Mac Barnett ’04 was the executive director of 826LA, the Los Angeles chapter of a national nonprofit that runs tutoring centers fronted by quirkily-themed retail shops that help pay the rent. Put in charge of opening a new 826 center in L.A.’s Echo Park neighborhood, Barnett needed a clever concept, and he knew just the man to call.

Jon Korn ’02 and Barnett had met while both were performing in Without a Box, Claremont’s beloved five-college improv comedy troupe. Kindred comedic spirits, the two shared an offbeat intellectual humor that Barnett sensed would be perfect for his new venture.

So he asked Korn, who was working as a programmer of independent film festivals, if he’d help toss around some ideas, just like in the good old days.

“The answer was immediately ‘yes,’” says Korn, who laughs almost as easily as Barnett does.

After throwing out a few wacky ideas, such as a detective store and a submarine supply outlet, the pair settled on a truly bizarre concept: a Time Travel Mart. The “mart” aspect was meant as an homage to L.A.’s strip mall culture. The time travel theme simply tickled their mutual funny bone.

Story by Jason Mandell ’01 / Illustration by Mark Wood / Photos by Iris Schneider, Pro Photography Network
This was in keeping with the 826 shopping schtick. Founded a decade ago by respected author Dave Eggers, the organization’s first tutoring center at 826 Valencia St. in San Francisco had added on a “pizza store” to meet the locale’s retail zoning requirements. The format stack as 826 opened new centers, bringing a spy store to Chicago and a superhero supply shop to Brooklyn, to name a few.

For the Echo Park Time Travel Mart, Barnett and Korn decided that, rather than sell genuine artifacts from other eras (an expensive and uninspiring undertaking), they would create their own humorous and cleverly produced versions of historical and futuristic relics to sell the store’s shoppers.

A plastic bottle of water was rechristened as “Anti-Robot Fluid.” A single white glow was boxed and labeled a “Duel Starter Kit.” Dog food became “Caveman Candy.” A ball of steel wool was “Robot Toupee.”

For the lawyer who has everything, Barnett and Korn decided to sell “dead languages,” such as Latin, in amber medical bottles. A favorite Father’s Day gift is a “ton” in a bottle—there’s Reaganism, Socialism, Optimism (bottled in 1967), Romanticism and, of course, Antidisestablishmentarianism.

With the help of the highly sought-after designer Stefan G. Bucher, these simple oddities became lovely, meticulously crafted objects that appeal to aesthetes, hipsters and history buffs alike. Korn says the products’ quirks did present some vexing questions, such as: What should a bottle of elixir of eternal life cost? (Answer: $8.)

Barnett credits their training in Without a Box for fueling their freewheeling imaginations. “A big part of improv is saying ‘yes,’” he explains. “That whole theory is drilled into you. If somebody puts out an idea, you agree with it and build on it. That’s the way we worked on this.”

In the end, the duo’s unorthodox approach to retail development worked. Three years after opening on Sunset Boulevard, smack in the heart of one of L.A.’s most up-and-coming neighborhoods, the Echo Park Time Travel Mart is a hit. The store has sold out of almost every product at least once, and each month a new item hits the shelves.

The mart’s quirky, ’70s-style aesthetic has made it an unlikely local landmark. Its burnt orange signage and brightly lit interior bring a kind of strip mall chic to an otherwise ordinary block. It’s not too uncommon to see passersby stop in their tracks as they gaze up at the store and its dizzying slogan: “Wherever you are, we’re already there.”

Most importantly, the mart yields an idea, enough revenue to pay the rent, which keeps the backroom tutoring center running. As many as 100 students show up every day after school, and a roster of thousands of volunteers rotate in and out of the center, helping students complete their homework and school projects, write stories, and even publish books.

“Some of the best work I’ve ever had is going to the publishing parties,” says Korn. “Thirteen-year-olds do a book signing, their parents come, everyone eats cake.”

Thanks in part to the connections of 826 founder Dave Eggers, the Echo Park tutoring center has scored major support from celebrities including comedy kingpin Judd Apatow, ex-Lakers coach Phil Jackson and writer-director J. J. Abrams, whose production crew designed the caveman meets robot display in the storefront window.

But the Time Travel Mart’s customer base remains as diverse as the neighborhood itself. The other day, a priest who works at the church down the street stopped in and bought “Elixir of Eternal Life.” When Losorelli, the store’s manager, told Korn about the sale, he jokingly chided her: “You should have tried to upsell him on Latin.”
POMONA COLLEGE MUSEUM CURATOR REBECCA MCGREW ’85 AND THE MAKING OF IT HAPPENED AT POMONA…

how it happened again

Story by Suzanne Muchnic / Photos by John Lucas
The hotbed of avant-garde formed Pomona College’s museum of Art, said Rebecca McGrew ’85, senior curator of the Pomona College Museum of Art, could only listen to so many recollections before investigating a chapter of college history that had acquired mythic status in the minds of alumni artists. If nothing else, she had to sort out the facts.

The result was a four-year project that was culminated in the exhibit “Time: Art in L.A. 1945-1980” at Pomona: Art at the Edge of Los Angeles 1969-1973, the most ambitious exhibition ever undertaken by the museum. The three-part show, organized by McGrew and Glenn Phillips, a contemporary art specialist at the Getty Research Institute, will fill the museum throughout the entire 2011-12 academic year. Developed as part of Pacific Standard Time: Art in L.A. 1945-1980—an enormous collaborative exploration of Southern California art history initiated by the Getty Foundation—Pomona’s exhibition will be enhanced by an authoritative catalog and a performance series.

Viewed from the mountain of research done by McGrew and her colleagues, Pomona’s flash of radical brilliance is astonishing. In the catalog, scholar and critic Thomas Crow ’69 writes that the art created and presented at the College from 1969 to 1973 may have been “as salient to art history as any being made and shown anywhere else in the world at that time. Then a quiet, socially conservative college... the Pomona campus attracted some of the most distinctive artists working anywhere in the world. It also gave them, for that brief historical moment, an exceptionally intriguing; I thought I would dig into the studio art faculty to resign in protest. The event was said to have cost Winer her job, provoking frequently—and variously—told tale concerned Wolfgang Stoerchle, an emigrant artist, chaired the Art Department, and two forward-thinking curators, Hal Glicksman followed by Helene Winer, organized exhibitions by young local artists who bridged the gap between Post-Minimalist and Conceptual art.

As creative forces in the art world, they were more interested in ideas, performances and experiments with light, space and sound than static objects. The work of luminaries such as Michael Asher, Lewis Balz, Jack Goldstein, Joe Goode, Hirokazu Kosaka, William Leavitt, Hap Tivey ’69, James Turrell and William Wegman could only listen to so many recollections before investigating a chapter of college history that had acquired mythic status in the minds of alumni artists. If nothing else, she had to sort out the facts.

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"I was going to proceed with this project regardless," McGrew says, “but Pacific Standard Time allowed us to expand. It gave us fresh research tools, work with Hal and Helene, travel for interviews with artists, buy digital recorders and have the interviews transcribed. We talked to everyone we could. The catalog includes all art and artists in the exhibition. Some of the interviews were 20,000 words. They had to be cut down to 3,000 or 4,000 words for publication, but we kept some of the more anecdotal stories because they are just fascinating.”

Hap Tivey ’69, for example, says that he “wanted to be an artist who didn’t make something that would be commodified. The whole idea that art was not a thing was an experience. His Fire Arch, made with Turrell for a theatrical night-time event at Pomona in 1974, was a huge structure in the quarry east of the campus, was an enormous structure illum- inated by red phosphorous flares and blue arc argon search-light. “The real challenge was the red light and heard and the amplified sound of all those flares hissing,” Tivey recalls. “It was like walking through the entrance of hell. Two thousand people wandered through. I remember someone seeing the red light with this huge blue bar behind it, which was Jim’s two carbon arc search- lights, facing each other. Tivey added that half a mile of balloon across the top of the piece.”

Another artist, Tom Eatherston, muses about Raé, his meditation light environment consisting of incandescent bulbs, two layers of nylon diffusion material and a wood support structure, inaugurated at Pomona in 1979 and reconstructed for the first segment of the exhibition. “All we needed was a little negative air pressure behind where the lights were,” he says. “The air goes through the cloth front surface, which is this beautiful nylon, but it does not go through the plastic behind. It makes a big balloon, a big tube. It makes a big balloon, a big tube. It makes a big balloon, a big tube.”

Throughout the project, McGrew often felt like a detective—digging up facts, comparing stories and finding art works. And it wasn’t easy. John Glicksman shared his rich archive of photographs and documentation of his year at Pomona, 1969-70. But his Winer concentrated on artists who adapted from Wisconsin, was still living in town,” McGrew says. “She had a 12 by 16-inch sculpture, made around 1971, that had been in their garden for decades. It was completely rusted, with holes in it. But we found a conservator to refinish it. It’s just beautiful.”

Looking at the first segment, by another festival, McGrew says, “we went from conceptual art, sculpture to performance art, video and conceptual photography. It was a fantastic way to start the project. We were so excited because people recounted different versions of the peeling thing,” she says. “John White remembers Wolfgang shooting diamonds in his foreskin. Other people said he was standing there try- ing to get an erection. They were conflating different per- formances. We thought we had found this wonderful thing that would show us what happened. All there was on the video was footage of him urinating, but we are going to show that on a little moni- tor because it was such a pivotal thing.”

Phillips, the contemporary art specialist, provides a more complete account in the catalog. Stoerchle started his five-part performance at Pomona in 1972 with an illusion of levitation, thanks to a strategically placed mirror. Then an assistant pulled a rug out from under him, causing the artist to fall on the floor, where he shed his clothes and stuck a toothpick up his nose to pro- voke a sneezing attack. “With each sneeze, he moved closer to a vertical position,” Phillips writes. “Finally, he moved back to the edge of the carpet, and urinated on the carpet in a se- ries of art excreta.”

McGrew discovered that tales of Winer’s dismissal was an im- mediate consequence of the performance were untrue. But at the end of the academic year, her contract was not renewed. Stoer- chel’s night at the museum was one of several issues—including her refusal to pose at a faculty tea—“that caused the administra- tion some discomfort,” as Winer puts it.

In a catalog essay, McGrew writes that “one of the common outcomes of the turmoil of the late 60’s was the desire to return to conservative and traditional values in the arts, as well as in the wider social context.” David Alexander became the College’s president in 1969, in a tumultuous cultural climate. “Almost be- cause of the turmoil at the time, the Art Department could dip through and do a lot of things,” McGrew says. “I think David Alexander was fed up with the Art Department because the artists were finding boundaries and it was just so difficult for Pomona, fundamentally a traditional place, to really em- brace that.”

The challenge of crafting a coherent exhibition on such a complex topic was probably greater than doing the research. After considering many possibilities, McGrew’s team came up with a three-part show: the first focusing on Glicksman’s pro- gram of artists’ residences and projects; the second, on exhibi- tions during Winer’s curatorial tenure; and the third, on the exhibition program, “This is a tiny museum,” McGrew says. “If we had the space we’d have a Margaret Tice, a day or two a week.”

In terms of installation, the first segment of the exhibition was most difficult because Glicksman worked with artists who produced phenom- enologically-oriented abstract sculpture and environments. Initially, McGrew hoped that Asher would help with his piece, which would have occupied a large portion of the gallery space, but he decided to do a new, conceptually related work, which takes up no space at all. The untitled piece consists of leaving the museum open con- tinuously until Nov. 6, when the first show closes. That called for additional security and ad- justing light levels to avoid damaging works on display. But McGrew, who has been working with Balloon and wire, plastic sheeting, water and colored light, was probably better at organizing the exhibition. Artists, gallerists and collectors have been so helpful and generous in terms of installation of both the Pomona and Los Angeles County Museum of Art, we would do this on a big show. It would probably be better that way, but we didn’t want to cram it in. With a staff of six, it’s been a huge, huge project for us, figuring out what works to show and where they would go.”

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BEDBUGS ARE BACK!

Lumberjacks, convicts, exiles, housewives, soldiers, sailors, concentration camp prisoners, Anna Karenina and the Ancient Egyptians all had bedbugs. The parasitic insects have pestered resters long enough for Americans to blame them on the British, for the Brits to blame them on the Americans, Asians and Africans, for cowboys to blame them on Indians, and vice versa. The Old World claimed bedbugs came from the New World, and the New World insisted they were brought over in boats from the old one.

By Sara Faye Lieber '03
In their travels, bedbugs acquired countless nicknames: wallflower, nighttrinker, red rover, red coat, bed goblin and crimson rambler, to name a few, with many of the names referring to the color bedbugs turn when they have just fed and are full of blood. Hungry or newly hatched, the wee vampires are translucent, flat and colorless, deflated like a microscopic used condom. Their knack for biologically changing costumes inspired early victims to believe bedbugs had the power to magically transform themselves, the better to disappear into cracks and crevices and surprise their hosts.

People tried just about everything they could think of to get rid of bedbugs in the past. Mattress springs were “candied” with a candle or a blowltorch. Bodies were rubbed with tobacco, pepper or cedar leaves; beds were coated with sperm whale blubber, lard or whiskey. Pure mercury was poured straight into cracks in the floor, or kerosene was poured over the bed and in- rected into cracks and crevices around the bed (which significantly increased the number of house fires in America and England). So many dangerous poisons were used in houses and tene- ments infested with bedbugs that it was often impossible to tell if someone who died from overexposure to the remedies had been killed ac- cidentally or on purpose.

The hard-to-kill bugs flourished in spite of it all, their populations increasing with the Indus- trial Revolution and the global shifts to cities that accompanied transoceanic travel. It wasn’t until the discovery of the insecticidal properties of DDT in the 1940s and its widespread use in the 1950s that the problem was largely (if only temporarily) eliminated in the majority of the United States. Paul Hermann Muller, who made the discovery, was awarded the Nobel Prize be- cause of DDT’s potential to control insect- spread diseases such as typhus and malaria on other parts of the planet.

In the 1960s, the publication of Rachel Carson’s landmark anti-pesticide manifesto Silent Spring catalyzed a paradigm shift in the way the world dealt with pests, beginning with the ban- ning of DDT, continuing with exterminators slowly switching the tools of their trade to be less toxic and more local, and culmin- ning with the green-friendly, chemical-free products many of us use to clean our homes today. This predominantly positive detox- ification of the American home and environment has had one unanticipated side effect—it has created a loophole that bedbugs have been able to creep through, steadily multiply inside of and recently explode out of. Gone just long enough for us to be caught completely unaware by their comeback tour, bedbugs have proliferated enough to bring major infestations to New York and Toronto, and are rapidly spreading to other urban areas in the United States like bumps on a freshly-bitten victim.

Unfortunately, there is a personal reason for all of this re- search into bedbugs. Four years ago, when the parasitic insects invaded my home, fed off my flesh and infested my texts, I was working 60 hours a week in the New York office of Oxford Uni- versity Press, editing online reference products that, not so long ago, were known as encyclopedias. I brought heavy boxes of manuscripts to happy hour after work in the evenings, and fell asleep in bed at night surrounded by the innards of some once-multivolume, soon-to-be-searchable-electronic-database, the cor- ners of the tall piles of alphabetical entries forming jagged islands in my oasis of comforters and quilts.

The inkling that my private library had be- come a breeding ground for another species began with a series of small scarlet welts clus- tered around my wrists, neck and ankles. The arthropods living in my apartment were wing- less and lazy, I would later learn, and thus at- tack areas on the body with the most pronounced veins. Once they have found one they will continue biting until their small bodies cannot hold a drop more, skulking slowly back to their hiding places amidst (in most cases) the seams of a mattress or (in my case) the pages of books, supposedly leaving rusty trails in the sheets after they arrive at their sixth and final life phase and have grown large enough to waste such precious food. “Breakfast, lunch and dinner” is the way this bite pattern is tagged in urban legend and among which my at- tackers were listed as I searched for confirma- tion of what was biting me from a more reputable source and found none.

Meanwhile, in the absence of an authoritative reference on bedbugs, I dredged the Internet hoping for clues on how to finally find one in my apartment and feel like I had earned the right to call an exterminator. The physician, der- matologist and, eventually, psychiatrist I’d con- sulted were convinced that my “chronic hives” were psychosomatic, and these professionals used their misinformation about bedbugs living only in old, dirty mattresses to advise me against what I later learned would have been the most reasonable, affordable and healthy thing to do. I should have contacted a reputable bedbug exter- minator, if only for an inspection, which costs a mere $125. But I was convinced I had to find a bug before I could call an exterminator, which is like waiting until you can actually feel a tumor before having a mammogram.

Alfred Biedula, the exterminator I later fol- lowed on his route around New York, would not be the first or the last person I spoke with to liken a bedbug infestation to cancer. Sanga, the exterminator who finally took care of my problem, and Les Sorin, the bed- bug specialist at The American Museum of Natural History, agree that once the bugs have become big and dark enough to match the photos of them available online and pictured in news- papers as repellent as The New York Times, they have reached their final adult phase and are laying eggs all over the place, like a tumor left to metastasize. Sanga was a delicate Trinidadian man with an accent that sounded British to my ears, aquiline features, two long French braids and a prison record he openly listed as one of the reasons he chose extermination as his profession. It didn’t matter to me however, after he came to my apartment and effectively gave me my nights and life back. After three months of constant...
searching for information, Sanga was the only person I’d talked to who had anything to say about bedbugs that made any sense or had any practical use. As a thank-you gift, I offered to send Sanga any reference book he would like. He thought for a moment and then requested a famous book in his profession called Rodent Killer: He said it was a classic. He also said he wished there was such a tome about bedbugs, so that he could recommend it to his clients who bombarded him with more questions than he could answer as soon as he showed up at their door with his spray can. It was then, and in the months that followed, that the idea and need for a print reference on bedbugs started to form in my mind. I wrote an essay about the epidemic in New York for Guernica Magazine, and, in the year since it was published, I’ve talked about five friends of friends per week, counseling them on what to do when they have bedbugs or other pests, how to insist their landlords operate within their legal obligations to exterminate, what to do when they refuse, and the answers to a million other questions fresher victims have when bitten by the foot soldiers of a global pandemic that keeps them up at night.

In 2010, The New York Daily News reported that one in 10 New Yorkers had dealt with bedbugs in their residence, and the number of bedbug complaints made by 311 callers in the Big Apple has increased from 327 in 2004 to more than 31,719 in 2010, according to the New York City Department of Housing Preservation and Development. This year in Atlanta, the main pest control company, Orkin, reported a 500 percent increase in bedbug complaints in Florida and Georgia. The National Pest Management Association reports that Americans spent $258 million of their own money in 2010 to exterminate bedbugs, three times as much as in 2008. However, in light of just how much of the sensationalist coverage of the epidemic would have you believe, the nationwide spread of bedbugs is not inevitable and bedbug victims are not doomed to an uncertain, unending future of sleepless, itchy nights. Most modern-day exterminators who specialize in bedbugs use a cocktail of three relatively safe chemicals that when correctly applied to a properly prepped home is effective in ending an infestation. The first two are pyrethrins and pyrethroids. Before the discovery of DDT as an insecticide, the most successful treatment for bedbugs was the use of a powdered form of pyrethrin and fumigation. Since the banning of DDT and other harsh chemicals in the United States, Carson never at¬
tended against their use anywhere else, and her critics who say she is responsible for the spread of malaria in other parts of the world are overreaching.

But my weekly conversations consulting friends of friends and other victims of bedbugs have turned me into something of an unlikely activist. Though cities such as New York have recently passed laws requiring landlords and building management companies to pay for the extermination of bedbugs, these laws are not enforced and so not followed. Landlords and building management companies must be forced to pay for safe and effective chemical extermination by trained professionals before bedbugs (and all pest problems, for that matter) reach a point at which a home or apartment becomes uninhabitable and the infestation begins spreading to neighbors. We should know better by now. Insects that live primarily indoors, have very few natural predators, feed exclusively on human blood, and infest our belongings, spread rapidly and indiscriminately, are able to live for 18 months without food and can lay up to 500 eggs in a matter of weeks should be exterminated as swiftly and safely as possible. It is an investment that makes sense for anyone who is at all future-minded, not just the unfortunate souls whose sweet dreams bedbugs happen to be stealing in the present.

Gentrol is crucial in controlling a bedbug population because it keeps them from reproducing. The founder of Zoëcon, the company that makes Gentrol and other hormonal insecticides that battle hard-to-kill pests by sterilizing them, is a scientist named Dr. Carl Djerassi. He is also one of the chemists credited with synthesizing the modern birth control pill.

Pesticide can be contraception as well as poison. In Silent Spring, Rachel Carson argued for a reactionary approach to pests as opposed to a preventative one, writing with extreme conviction that it was immoral to spray chemicals where we live. While quite reasonably and necessarily fighting for the protection of outdoor spaces (which at the time were being indiscriminately sprayed with DDT from airplanes without the consent of the people who lived in or near them so wantonly that public swimming pools had to be closed because of contamination), Carson neglected to discuss the use of relatively safe pesticides such as pyrethrins in urban environments such as New York City, where they are most needed and least likely to affect the harmony she prized so highly in the outdoors. To be clear, this is not in any way an attack on Carson, who is a heroine in my book, both liter¬ally and figuratively. Nor is it an argument for the return of DDT and other harsh chemicals in the United States. (Carson never at¬
tended against their use anywhere else, and her critics who say she is responsible for the spread of malaria in other parts of the world are overreaching.)

THE NUMBER OF BEDBUG COMPLAINTS MADE BY 311 CALLERS IN THE BIG APPLE HAS INCREASED FROM 327 IN 2003 TO MORE THAN 31,719 IN 2010, ACCORDING TO THE NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF HOUSING PRESERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT.
As a sentient human living in a major American city, you are caught up in the daily annoyances of everyday life. Whether it's the guy sitting next to you on the subway, or the traffic on your commute to work, annoyances are a fact of life for most of us. In his new book, "What Bugs Us, with Flora Lichtman," Joe Palca '74 explores the nature of these annoyances and why they persist.

In his book, Palca delves into the psychology of annoyance, examining how it affects our daily lives and why we find certain behaviors particularly frustrating. He discusses the biological and psychological factors that contribute to the experience of annoyance, and how they can lead to negative emotions and behavior.

Palca also explores the role of technology in our lives, and how it can contribute to annoyance. He discusses how the constant presence of technology in our lives can lead to feelings of frustration and anxiety, and how we can learn to manage these feelings more effectively.

Overall, "What Bugs Us, with Flora Lichtman" is a fascinating exploration of the nature of annoyance, and how we can learn to manage it more effectively. It's a must-read for anyone interested in the psychology of everyday life.
In Class

With Professor Nicole Weekes

For today’s lecture on The Human Brain, Professor Nicole Weekes is focusing on the prefrontal cortex and what happens to higher level cognitive functioning when it is damaged. She also talks about the age-old debate between Cartesian dualists, who argue that the mind and body are one. “Witness the prefrontal lobe,” says Weekes in this abridged and adapted snippet of discussion, “and mind and body are one. “That’s pretty high-level cognitive functioning.

WEEKES: Dualists and monists don’t disagree about how we move around; dualists and monists don’t disagree about how we learn signed language. That’s pretty high-level cognitive functioning.

WEEKES: I don’t know that much about that particular study but I think there was some debate about whether the monkey was signing at the level of creativity and complexity that you would see in humans or whether it was just mimicking humans. It’s a good question. Maybe dualists would say that monkey has a little bit of spirit. We know that lower level animals are capable of some level of cognitive functioning. But what about personality? What is it that makes us human and what is it that makes us so different from one another?

A number of researchers have done studies looking at people with brain damage. In 1923, Feuchtwanger studied 200 individuals who had frontal lobe gunshot wounds and 200 with non-frontal lobe gunshot wounds. One of the interesting points he made was that, unlike individuals with non-frontal lobe damage to the cortex, those with damage actually showed less deficit in intellectual function—basic motor and sensory and even in basic memory and language functions that we think of as being higher level cognitive functioning. Frontal lobe-damaged individuals had far fewer of those deficits.

What was fascinating, even back in 1923, is we had some understanding that the frontal cortex seemed to affect more dramatically people’s attitudes, their moral functioning, even people’s personality. I can’t think of higher-level functioning than that.

If you have damage to the most anterior parts of the brain, you’re going to have problems making those decisions you usually can make. “That looks fun, but maybe that’s dangerous,” or “that looks fun, but I have an exam in three weeks.” That’s what your prefrontal cortex gives you, the ability to say, “No, thank you; I think I’ll just pass on this.”

WEEKES: The types of deficits we see following damage are partly dependent on what part of the frontal lobe we’re talking about. You can imagine that there is going to be heterogeneity in the symptoms that result from damage to different parts of the frontal cortex. If everyone is talking to the frontal cortex, presumably it has a role in all sorts of functions. You can think about the complexity of these functions and we can talk about the fact that the frontal cortex is so connected to other parts of the brain and how the pathways from other parts of the brain and back again may be responsible for giving rise to this level of complexity.

Neuroscientists have also made the argument that dualists assume the brains of humans are the same as the brains of other beasts. Maybe the brains of a beast can’t do these higher-level functions. Humans don’t have the brains of the beasts; humans have evolved to have more complex tissue, particularly witnessed in the prefrontal cortex.

And that the higher level of structure, mostly of the prefrontal cortex, is capable of higher-level functioning. You don’t need a spirit, you don’t need a soul in order to explain why you have personality, why you make the decisions you do. No, you just need part of the frontal lobe called the prefrontal cortex.
A fish that can be found in almost any pet store may hold the key to therapies for humans. Like other species of non-mammalian vertebrates, the zebrafish (Danio rerio) has the ability to regenerate sensory hair cells, which are the source for new sensory hair cells. For Matsui, “this raises the question of whether there is a redundancy between sensory systems.”

“If the role of supporting cells in the ear is comparable to that of the ciliary marginal zone in the retina, do these mutant fish have defects in their sensory hair cell development and/or regenerative abilities?” asks Matsui. “Preliminary data indicates that these mutants have fewer hair cells. Funds from the grant will help us further characterize these fish and identify the genes causing the small eye phenotype.” Understanding the genetics of cell proliferation in non-mammalian vertebrates could ultimately lead to therapies that can restore damaged vision and hearing. Diminished eyesight or blindness is due to reduced cellular proliferation in the retina that produces precursor cells, which can become all of the other types of cells found in the growing retina. Similarly, the inner ear of the fish has “supporting cells,” which are the source for new sensory hair cells. For Matsui, “this raises the question of whether there is a redundancy between sensory systems.”

Matsui developed more than a research interest at Harvard. As the faculty advisor for students majoring in neurobiology, he discovered he enjoyed working with undergraduates, which he says is the main reason he chose to teach at Pomona. In his lab at Seaver South, he works with a cohort of students during the summer and throughout the academic year. This past summer, two students focused on research funded by the NIH grant, while another four students did related research on topics that included the effects of ethanol on the development of sensory systems (fetal alcohol syndrome) and genetic causes of degeneration of vision and hearing.

“What made the students’ enthusiasm,” says Matsui, “and seeing that spark when they discovered it was possible for chickens to regenerate sensory hair cells in the inner ear. During his postdoctoral fellowship at Harvard University, Matsui began to focus on zebrafish to see if he could find commonalities between vision and hearing.

Matsui also believed there are commonalities between sensory systems. “One of the reasons for this is that we do not have the ability to regenerate sensory hair cells. Cells in the human retina have no way to regenerate these sensory receptors. We do, however, share certain similarities with the zebrafish, which makes it an ideal model for research on degeneration and regeneration of sensory systems, says Matsui. Although the fish doesn’t have a cochlea, which is the auditory portion of our inner ear, they do have a vestibular (balance) system which is almost identical to humans. The retina is also almost the same as in the zebrafish.

The NIH grant funds research into the gene that researchers Alexander Groth ’12 and Matthew Stroble ’13 worked on as part of their senior research projects at the University of Washington, where he continued his research as an undergraduate at Pomona. In their anonymously written nomination comments, students offered high praise for the six professors who were honored at Commencement in May:

About Rhonda Eisenstadt, the Fred Krinsky Professor of Jewish Studies and associate professor of religious studies: “When she’s translating obscure ancient Hebrew texts on the fly or having dinner with students, the level of her intellect and the fluency with which she speaks of her areas of expertise never ceases to amaze.”

About Richard Lewis, professor of psychology and neuroscience: “His lectures are well researched and tell an interesting story. His classroom style uses a combination of insightful commentary, wit and an eclecticism that make the material more accessible and interesting.”

About Nicole Weekes, professor of neuroscience: “Her lectures are engaging and thought-provoking, and she is always so welcoming of questions, whether silly or mundane. She has also been impossibly accessible outside of class, and I have felt respected and understood.”

About Samuel Yamashita, the Harry E. Shaddix Professor of History: “He is so knowledgeable and imparts it in an even, measured and considered pace, keeping the class engaged. It’s not just the way in which he works with the students that’s so remarkable—he chooses his outside reading material so that each class day would bring nominally interested students into the fold.”

About Richard Hazlett, the Stephen M. Paulay M.D. ’62 Professor of Environmental Science and professor of geology: “Most interesting, knowledgeable, passionate, approachable and amicable professor ever. He has also inspired me to do something meaningful in this world, to make a change, to take on the world’s environmental issues with hope and courage.”

About Mary Marvin, professor of politics: “There are very few professors who are able to make a three-hour-long stats seminar that begins at 7 p.m. interesting and educational, and Englebardt is one of those few.”
It’s just the scenery: “Part of what I enjoy about OUL is the community because it brings together so many people who are excited about outdoor stuff like this. It’s easy to feel safe if you’re doing an outdoor-able and OUL trip is a great way to get out and have a completely different experience.”

Just outside the bubble: “Joshua Tree, which is only two hours away, is a great destination for rock climbing. Another place that’s a director of On the Loose (OTL), has led nine OTL trips and participated in the Baldy Speedo Hike, which is an experience every Pomona student should have. We like to the top warning Sespe, lump backs and kneel socks and board over the strange looks we get from people.

Reaching the top: “It can take weeks to figure out how to do a climb you try climbing and you dive you come at it from a different angle, and you finally jump the top. Sometimes you find yourself, like ‘Necessary Evil’ in Apple Valley, that is a beautiful setting, and the long you have to climb a certain distance and keep pushing through the dehydration and heat. And it’s exhilarating when you reach the top.”

The Outdoor Education Center: “The great thing about it is it provides a lot of formal opportunities to be educated and gain wilderness skills and it provides certification. If you’re not experienced, planning an outdoors trip can be a very daunting task, and OEC can provide that kind of expertise professors need to integrate field trips into their curriculum.”

Daring Minds: “One of the OUL commandments is ‘Find the right moment and push hard. You do a go out and try something like the Mr. Badly, which is about 1,000 feet long and 3,950 feet of elevation gain. Most students would say ‘no way,’ but when you’re trying to push something, you know they’re doing it and know how to do it safely, you can push your boundaries and accomplish things that you never would have done on your own.”

American climber who happened to be a recent Pomona graduate and told them about the heavy interest in outdoor activities among today’s students. “I wanted to help encourage that interest,” says Arango. “After many conversations with President Oxtoby, I was convinced that Pomona could create a first-class Outdoor Education Center.”

With almost 500 students participating in OTL trips each year, and the entire incoming class of first-year students taking part in outdoor recreation and learning, the demand for storage and meeting space. In its location in Pomona Hall, one of the College’s new residence halls, it will serve as an organizational center for OA, the student-led On the Loose outdoors club, and other campus groups and faculty who want to arrange field trips. It also is an educational center with workshops, new opportunities for Physical Education classes and a new three-level Outdoor Leadership Series certification program.

“This organized approach to outdoor exploration and learning also will assist faculty with planning field trips and providing trained student guides. Astronomy Professor Bryan Penprase has gone on several trips in the past with professors and classes in other disciplines and is planning another for November, now with the OEC and Crawford involved. In a trip to the Mojave National Preserve, Penprase will bring his Earth’s Cosmic Origins class and lead a ‘star party’ at night. Anthropology Professor Jennifer Perry will discuss the geological landscape and Crawford will lead a trip into a lava tube. “It’s an amazing thing to mix classes of students and subjects, and take people out of the box a little bit and get them out of their usual classroom mode,” says Penprase. “I think both the professors and students find that refreshing, and the outdoor settings around here are so amazing.”

~Laura Tiffany

See page 10 for a feature on Morton Chestnut, head of the Outdoor Education Center.

Campaign Pomona: Building Local and Global Connections

Arango/Aramont Gift Supports Outdoor Education

Pomona College students quickly learn the wilderness is within easy reach and it’s full of experiential learning opportunities. For years, freshmen in Orientation’s Adventure class add to their list of experiences a book called “On the Loose,” a guide to rock climbing, and faculty members from both Pomona’s OTL and various field trip-oriented faculty members have taken advantage of these opportunities.

Now, Pomona’s new Outdoor Education Center (OEC) will be the organizing force behind what recreation and learning in the College’s environs. The center, which has been in the planning stages for about two years, is a part of an initiative to “build local and global connections” in Pomona’s Daring Minds. It has received a generous $600,000 gift from Lucia Arango ‘88 and the Aramont Foundation to help fund the startup costs of the center and provide annual support.

“I came to Pomona from a high school with an active outdoor program and, as an undergrad, missed having that as part of my college experience,” says Arango, an avid hiker, climber and hiker who has summited Mt. Whitney and Mt. Kilimanjaro.

On a recent rock-climbing trip to France, Arango and her husband had a chance meeting with another professor who was planning an adventure trip to France. “It turns out that professor is also planning a trip to Kilimanjaro,” Arango said. “This organized approach to outdoor exploration and learning also will assist faculty with planning field trips and providing trained student guides.”

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~Laura Tiffany

www.pomona.edu/daringminds
I rarely worry enough lipstick and mascara. They’re wearing it. Their clothes that every customer at the cosmetics counter—intimidatingly dence is only surpassed by my ignorance. own clothes and shoes, my dismal lack of confi-
shape grasses, not enough lime green. If
I study the borders, monitoring
Forterly their knees are baggy. I
britches or have settled in so com-
much too big for their
I shop for plants, I survey
I can see I was shopping
By Lee C. Neff
PHOTO -ILLUSTRATION BY M ARK W OOD
Iträively worry about what I am going to wear. I usually have comfortable slacks and a jacket to wear out to dinner and, with a modification or two, they can go to a memorial service. The same pair of REI Merrell slip-on shoes is adequate for both occasions. Everything else I own is for gardening: stained t-shirts, comfortable sweat pants or jeans, worn sweatshirts, piles of dirty sneakers and boots. And, most important, the smartest work socks to keep my toes dry. Please
But a few years ago I accompanied my husband John to his 50th Pomona College reunion and, preferring not to embarrass him in front of his best and longest friendships, I went out shopping for a brand new wardrobe and saw that it was, indeed, until. Reluctantly, I went shopping. The wardrobe survey had re-
vealed a pair of good black slacks and a blue-green linen suit worn once, 10 or 12 years when my own college’s president visited Seattle. A color
pot, of sorts. But no shoes, short of the worst Merrells or mud-stained sneakers.
To prepare myself for the coming ordeal, I tried to imagine I was shop-
ping for plants. Before I shop for plants, I sur-
the garden, looking for areas where plants are too many too big for their
But when it comes to shopping for my own clothes and shoes, my dismal lack of confidence is only surpassed by my ignorance.
Other shoppers are better prepared. It seems to me that every customer at the cosmetics counter—intimidatingly placed at the entrance of the department store—already owns enough lipstick and mascara. They’re wearing it. Their clothes

Corwin H. Hansch
Professor of Chemistry Emeritus
1918–2011
Corwin H. Hansch, professor of chemistry at Pomona College from 1946 to 1988, died May 8, 2011, after a long bout with pneumonia. He had served on the Pomona College faculty from 1946 until 1988, and even after retiring from teaching he had continued with his research in the Chemistry Department until 2010. He was 92.
Hansch, the founder of Quantitative Structure Activity Relationships (QSAR), received his B.S. in chemistry from the University of Illinois and his Ph.D. from New York University. He became a post-doctoral stint at the University of Illinois, Chicago, he worked on the Manhattan Project at University of Chicago and at DuPont Nemours in Richards, Wash. After World War II ended, he took a position as research chemist at Du Pont Nemours, but left soon thereafter, coming to Pomona College in 1946. During his tenure, he completed two sabbaticals, one at the Swiss Federal Institute of Technol-
ization in Zurich and the other in Roll Hugelmann’s laboratory at the University of Munich. Shortly after arriving at Pomona, he met Pomona botany professor, Robert Muir, and their mutual interest in understanding the workings of plant hormones led to his pioneering work in QSAR. Hansch soon changed the direction of his research from the study of high temperature dehydrogenations to the correlation of biological activity with chemical struc-
ture; this led to the publication of his early, seminal works in QSAR, ably aided by Toshio Fu-
ita. The founder of QSAR, Hansch came to be recognized as the “father of computer-assisted molecular design,” and the methodology he spawned is now utilized in most pharmaceuticals and biotechnology companies.
The author of numerous books running the gamut from organic chemistry texts to medic-
chemistry to QSAR treatises, he also wrote or co-authored more than 400 publications in all. During the period of 1965 to 1978, he was one of the 300 most cited scientists in the world. He also received many awards, including two Pomona College Wig Awards for excel-
lence in teaching, two Guggenheim Fellowships and numerous accolades from the American, Italian and Japanese Chemical Societies. He was the first recipient of the American Chemical Society (ACS) Award for Research at an Undergraduate Institution (1996), as well as the first recipient of the Smiseman-Bristow Myers-Squibb Award from the ACS’s Division of Medicinal Chem-
istry (1975). In 1990, he was elected to the Royal Society of Chemistry and in 2007, he was inducted into the ACS’s Medicinal Chemistry Hall of Fame.
Mentor to a large number of undergraduate students and more than 40 visiting scientists and postdoctoral scholars from the U.S. and around the world, Hansch helped raise the profile of research at primarily undergraduate institutions and was instrumental in the Robert J. Robbins Lectureship in Chemistry which helps to bring scientists of eminence to Pomona’s college calendar.
In recent years, he devoted his time and effort to develop-
ing and organizing QSAR equations based on data gen-
erated internally and from global literature. His electronic database CQSAR, now contains more than 22,000 mathe-
matical models. He was especially interested in comparing chemical QSAR with biological QSAR to gain insight into how chemicals interact with biological receptors. Hansch was a voracious reader, his reading tastes ranging from scientific literature and politics to
and passed those lessons on to subsequent generations.
—Gary Nye ’61, MD

Hansch (right) with Robbins Lecturer Francis Crick in 1965

This page from the Fall 2011 issue of Pomona College Magazine contains an article titled “In Memoriam,” which features tributes to Corwin H. Hansch, professor of chemistry emeritus at Pomona College from 1918 to 2011. The text provides an overview of Hansch’s career, including his contributions to the field of QSAR and his academic achievements. The article also includes a personal reflection from a student who remembers Hansch as a mentor and role model. The page is dedicated to Hansch, who passed away in 2011, and highlights his legacy and impact on the scientific community. The page also contains a tribute to Hansch’s mentorship, as well as a call for remembrance and enduring inspiration. The page is a touching tribute to Hansch’s life and work, and a reminder of his lasting influence on the field of chemistry and beyond.
As a rainy morning gave way to sunshine, approximately 200 students received their diplomas during the College’s 118th Commencement ceremony on May 15 on Marston Quad. Speakers included President David Oxtoby, Senior Class President Meredith Willis ’11 and Senior Class Speaker Leah Steuer ’11. Honorary degrees were conferred upon Judy Burton, president and chief executive officer of the Alliance for College-Ready Public Schools; Edwin Krupp ’66, director of the Griffith Observatory; author Douglas Preston ’78; and U.S. Secretary of Energy Steven Chu, who delivered the commencement address.

CRYPTIC WORDOKUS

Answers on Page 56
by Lynne Willems Zold ’67 and Angela Zold

This puzzle is a type of Sudoku in which letters replace the numbers 1 through 9. The letters to be entered in the grid are written in a scrambled order below the puzzle. When you solve the puzzle in the usual way, a word will be formed in the shaded boxes of the grid reading left to right in the columns. There’s also a cryptic for each puzzle, which, when solved, will also give you the answer to the scrambled 9-letter word.

Cryptic clue: Faulty rig exploded and then patched together: cheapness.

Cryptic clue: X-rated pieces make good investments.

YPH FTALR
EPLISBULHC
GUCRL

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