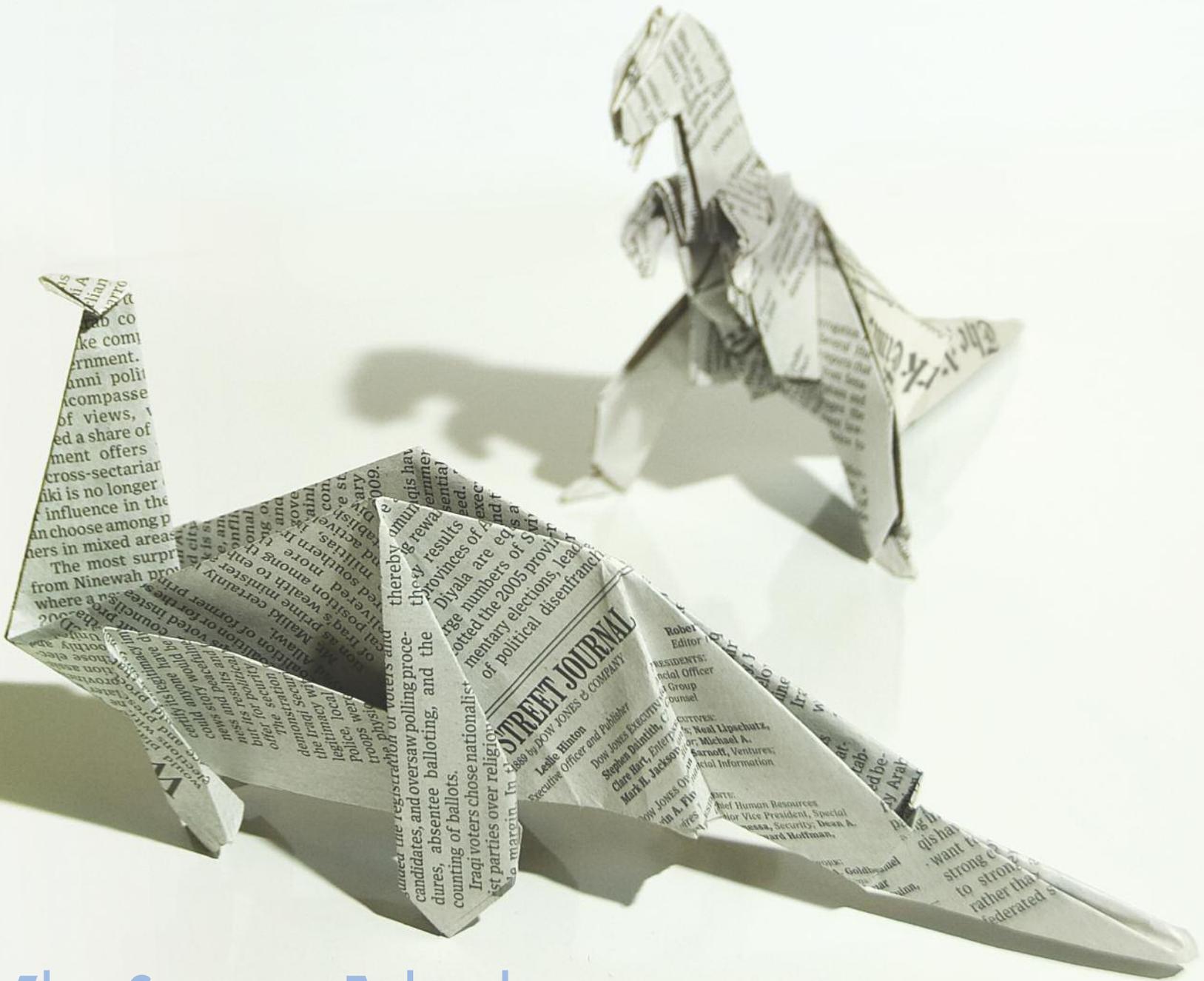


INSIDE: EL ESPECTADOR / SEARCH YOUR FEELINGS / GOSSIP GIRL

# Pomona

COLLEGE MAGAZINE Spring/Summer 2009



## The Coming Extinction

SPECIAL ISSUE: **THE NEWS**

# Pomona

/The News/



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Photo illustration by Mark Wood

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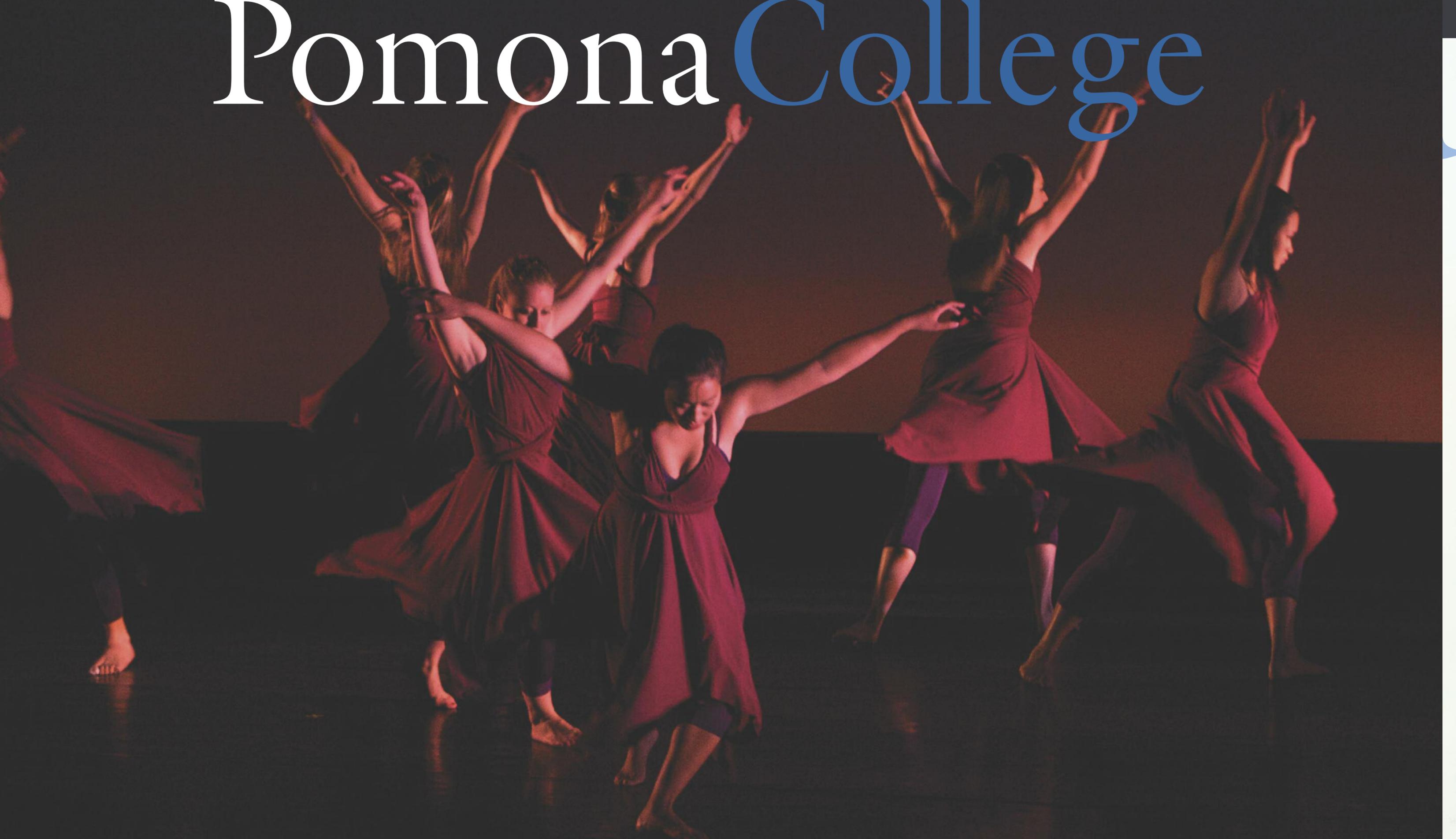
## Dance!

Students in Pomona's Dance Program perform "Las Mujeres de Santa Maria," set to vocal music of 15th- and 16th-century Spain, as part of the program's annual Spring Concert in April. The work was choreographed by Professor Laurie Cameron with costume design by Karen Weller and lighting design by Tantris Hernandez. The dancers are Lisa Kau (Scripps '12), Ellen McCormack '12, Alex Friedlander-Moore, Alison Noll '10, Caitlin Radcliffe (Scripps '12), Abby Taubman (Pitzer '12), Maggie Tietz (Scripps '12), Ingrid Vidal '10 and Whitney Yang '11.

—PHOTO BY KATE FEHLHABER



# Pomona College



# Burning News

**M**y career as a journalist was short-lived but intense. I would say “rich,” but that would be misleading. I spent those years hovering happily just above the poverty line. After marriage and a child, I probably dipped below.

But I’ve never enjoyed a job more than those five years at a small-town daily in rural Arkansas. I worked at various times as darkroom technician, photographer, editorial cartoonist, beat reporter, feature writer, sports writer, wire editor, lay-out designer and paste-up artist. There were days—lots of them, now that I think about it—when I was all of these things in rapid succession, juggling tasks with the energy of the young and dedicated.

Armed with reporter’s pad and camera, pockets bulging with pens and film packs, I sat through interminable city council and planning commission meetings, reporting on setback variances and airport fees. I dug through stacks of police reports and court filings like a 49er panning for gold. I schmoozed with city employees and petty politicians. I took pictures of schoolchildren holding awards and donors brandishing shovels. I wrote my stories on a green-screened computer terminal in the corner of a noisy newsroom and helped paste up the newspaper in a backroom redolent of hot wax. Then, while the day’s paper was rolling off the presses, I went back out in search of the day’s new happenings.

Of course, most of what we called journalism in Batesville, Ark., would probably strike you as pretty lightweight stuff—a feature about a woman turning 100 or a man who spent his weekends exploring caves, a story about the widening of a street or a fire at a local landfill—but not all of it was fluff and routine. Because of an agreement between the newspaper and the local police, I was, for several years, on call two nights a week as a police photographer. In that role, I saw a few things I’d rather forget. The worst, for some reason, was usually processing the film afterward. There was always something starkly real about those reversed images on a strip of negatives, hanging there in the ruddy twilight of a darkroom. But whether I was covering a school board meeting or a fatal plane crash, I never doubted for a moment that I was doing something meaningful. Something important.

One winter night after midnight, I was awakened by a call from our editor, got dressed, and went down to the office to shiver in the cold, along with the rest of the staff, and watch our newspaper building burn to the ground. Standing there among the flashing lights of the firetrucks, we made plans for the following day. The next morning, numb but defiant, we gathered around a folding table in the backroom of a local print shop, typed up our stories on a couple of borrowed typewriters and ferried everything to a neighboring town to be typeset and printed. We didn’t miss a single issue, something that is still a source of pride after all these years.

I’ve thought back to that night at times as I’ve watched the nation’s entire newspaper industry seem to burn slowly but inexorably to ashes. I don’t really think of myself as a journalist any more, but there are some loyalties that never fade, and the ethic of the journalist—the feeling of being part of a tradition that is honest, exacting and important—is something I still cherish. That tradition is why I have faith that this is only a transition. Newspapers may fade into history, but journalism as a profession and a positive force will endure. The alternative is simply impossible for me to imagine.

—Mark Wood

# Pomona

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**Pomona College** is an independent liberal arts college established in 1887. Located in Claremont, Calif., it is the founding member of The Claremont Colleges.

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Pomona College complies with all applicable state and federal civil rights laws prohibiting discrimination in education and the workplace. This policy of non-discrimination covers admission, access and service in Pomona College programs and activities, as well as hiring, promotion, compensation, benefits and all other terms and conditions of employment at Pomona College.



# Missing the Larger Story

I wonder what’s become of the college I attended in the ’60s. The Winter 2009 issue of what I still call *Pomona Today* has an article about Michael Hill ’64, a classmate of mine and best man at my wedding to Cheryl Overin ’65 in Kenya in 1965. I am proud that my friend has received the recognition for his work with HIV/AIDS victims in Malawi these last few years, and *Pomona College Magazine* has helpfully shared that work with a larger group of people. However, the article is only about Michael and his achievements as an individual. I think you missed the larger story—and better article—that would put Mike’s Malawi experience in the context of his relationship with us, his Pomona College age mates.

The article as published makes no mention of Mike’s connections to his classmates or of the rich network of relations that define us all together. His classmates had lost touch with Mike until about five years ago, when word of his work in Malawi spread on our class list-serv and some of us began sending money to support his program. In August 2007, 11 of us from the class of ’64 visited Mike in Malawi and reunited with him for the first time since the ’60s. Since that visit, two classmates have helped Mike’s program design a support system for the many preschools that the community organizations in Malawi have established; another is helping a young Malawian develop his movie-making skills; others have helped fund a scholarship for a Malawian college student. The support goes both ways. One classmate in the travel group has become terminally ill, and all of us, Mike included, are caring for her in thought and prayer. We were all changed by going to Pomona and then, together again, by our visit to Malawi. We grew up together, and the trip to Malawi and Kenya re-established the bonds that a Pomona education helped create.

I accepted that the magazine’s editors were serving the College’s best interests and that they knew better than me even after I read the article about Mike, which I of course did before looking at the rest of the magazine. Then I saw what’s in the rest of this issue. The article about Mike is stuck in the back in a column titled “Alumni Voices.” The issue’s three main articles, also about Pomona

graduates, are about “getting there.” The articles are about a Pomona grad in Buenos Aires eating out by herself, about another grad who photographs cars by himself, and about one who drives a truck by himself. They, like Mike, are depicted and celebrated for what they have done as individuals. This contradicts one of the most enduring, and endearing, things I learned at Pomona: I am not by myself.

—Ward Heneveld ’64  
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

# Torn Pages, Teary Eyes

By the time I finished reading the Winter 2009 copy of our daughter’s *Pomona College Magazine*, half of it was in pieces on the table in front of me. Bats, for my husband’s cousin? Check. Chickens on campus, for my sister who lives on a 600-bird “hobby” farm? Check. Ten favorite drives in America, for all

of the confirmed road-trippers in our family? Check. (But Steve Wilkinson apparently hasn’t driven the Seward and Sterling Highways in Alaska, with their oceans, eagles, and steaming volcanoes.) Malawi Peace Corps, for our friends in the Malawi Peace Corps administration? Check. And there were those I didn’t tear out—pretty much every other article in the magazine, but read avidly for

both the substance of the tales, and the excellent writing that went into them. We get several different alumni magazines, between the family’s undergrad and graduate schools, and Pomona’s is hands-down the best.

—Teri Carns P ’04  
Anchorage, Alaska

I just want to congratulate you and thank you all for another extraordinary issue. My gratitude might be influenced a bit by Steve Gettinger’s wonderful piece about Doug Johnston and other friends, which still sends tears coursing down my cheeks, but each of the articles was focused, interesting, to the point. I am so glad that I was able to share the Pomona experience with so many. As Steve confesses, I know that I learned much more from my mentors, colleagues, friends and lovers than I did from most of my classes (they were good too, except for that 8 a.m. Saturday morning government class—not that it inconvenienced me all that often ...)

—Jim McCallum ’70  
Bethesda, Md.

# The Debate Goes On

Not a day goes by without my experiencing deep gratitude for the wonderful education I received at Pomona. I was a history major who pursued the field in graduate school, but it was my four years at Pomona that taught me the importance of critical inquiry, of always seeking to examine primary documents and source materials, to check and double check all data and sources, and to revise a position as new facts are uncovered. I learned to recognize and adjust for bias, to establish an appropriate historical context for understanding, and to weigh hearsay and memory against unequivocal fact. I learned the necessity of adhering to rigid standards, based on intellectual integrity, which are the foundation of any investigation or decision-making process.

The research I conducted last summer on the origin of “Hail, Pomona, Hail” led to an 18-page report establishing the alma mater was in no way associated with any minstrel show. The facts in the report, based on contemporaneous documents, have never been disputed. My report, originally characterized as a “Skeptic’s Report” by the Committee on College Songs, was disregarded by them and was not distributed by the College to be read by students, faculty, staff or trustees. The committee simply chose to sideline my report, thus never having to address the undisputed facts that challenged their position. A conversation with me would have forced them to either present facts to prove their position or to disprove mine. No such “conversation” ever took place.

Instead of the kind of rigorous research that has been the hallmark of Pomona since its founding, the committee chose to exist in a parallel universe where such standards did not obtain. The committee’s final report, submitted to President Oxtoby for his decision in the matter, was riddled with errors of fact and analysis. I am left with one unanswered question: “What happened?”

—Rosemary Oelrich Choate ’63  
Pasadena, Calif.

The alma mater debate has been interesting and revealing. As everyone involved will know, the alma mater is very important for most older alums and hopefully many others. The comment by Cyrus Winston ’10 in “A Time to Sing” (Winter 2009 issue) was very interesting. I can appreciate that “Hail, Pomona, Hail” is “not really a very aesthetic song for someone in my generation.” I don’t imagine the “Star-Spangled Banner” is a very aesthetic song for him either. But that seems

to me to be irrelevant to a decision on the status of the alma mater. If he does speak for his generation, they are the poorer for it.

Unfortunately I think Professor Kim Bruce is exactly right—President Oxtoby’s decision effectively leaves Pomona without an alma mater. Perhaps he is craftier than I’d given him credit.

—Jerry Bowman '61  
Brisbane, Australia

When I was a Pomona student from 1958 to 1962, I attended the Plug Ugly shows on the Holmes Hall stage and the Spring Sings held in the Wash. The Plug Ugly was all humor and satire. If anyone asked me now, almost 50 years later, which songs were sung at those shows, I wouldn’t be able to say. The only Plug Ugly line I remember was from a spoof about cafeteria food—“Have you ever had a breaded pear?” I was in the Spring Sing one year, and do remember our “typewriter” skit, but not any of the others. No wonder some people question whether Richard Loucks could remember, nearly 50 years after his only semester at Pomona, which song he had written for which event. He may well have made a mistake.

A hymn such as “Hail, Pomona, Hail” would never have been written for shows like the Plug Ugly or the Spring Sing. I agree with Rosemary Choate that the song written for the baseball uniform fundraiser was probably the spunky “Blue and White,” not the alma mater.

When we were students, it would have been an exciting coup to tip over one of the school’s old sacred cows, especially if a scandal could be pinned to it. That would have really shown those stuffy old alumni. I truly hope that was not the intent when our alma mater’s background was challenged. But if this was all a mistake, it is truly a sad one.

—Bonnie Bennett Home '62  
San Jose, Calif.

The effort of Mark Kendall to explain the complexities of the alma mater controversy in the winter 2009 issue (“A Time To Sing”) was no doubt well-intended. It avoids the emotional rhetoric that often accompanies debates of this kind. Nevertheless, I find it inadequate to the requirement of factual clarity. It takes the conventional version of history as fact. Says Mr. Kendall: “According to his own accounts, Richard Loucks ... wrote the song as the finale to a blackface minstrel show held on campus in 1910. ...”

By contrast, the patient, diligent and scrupulous research of Rosemary Choate '63, using documents of the day, including *The Student Life*, has proven to the satisfaction of

many of us that Mr. Loucks’ memory was wrong.

“Blue and White” was written in 1910 and “Hail, Pomona, Hail” was written in 1911, a year after the minstrel show. In the report of the Committee on College Songs, her research is respectfully acknowledged, but acknowledged only as an opinion that may be counterbalanced by another opinion. The counterbalancing opinion appears in Mr. Kendall’s quotation from Professor Kim Bruce, chair of the Committee on College Songs: “The question is whether or not we trust Loucks’ own account.” That seems to me the wrong question. The better question is whether we trust Loucks’ memories from the 1950s or the historical evidence from 1910-1911.

If we may simply put aside for the moment the lesser issue of the quality and usefulness of “Hail, Pomona, Hail,” what concerns me deeply is that a college which is presumably dedicated to the pursuit of truth should appear to be so casual in that pursuit.

—Lee C. McDonald '48  
Emeritus Professor of Government  
Claremont, Calif.

## College Costs

A few years ago, my wife and I (both class of '73) found a letter to her father detailing her sophomore year expenses. In 1970, tuition, fees, room and board totaled \$3,350 or 86 times the consumer price index. In 2008, the same costs have risen to \$47,538 or 217 times the CPI, a relative increase of 2.5 fold. In annualized percentage terms, the CPI rose 4.6 percent a year, while Pomona costs went up 7.2 percent—an average yearly premium of 2.6 percent over inflation for 38 years.

I don’t dispute that costs have risen comparably at other private colleges, or that our facilities and equipment are greatly improved, or that Pomona’s endowment has performed enviously, allowing exceptional levels of scholarship support. However, the current economic crisis seems an apt time to ask how long any college can expect to continue raising costs at a rate substantially above inflation.

Several questions come to mind. Are indefinite increases in college costs relative to inflation possible? Necessary? Right? What fraction of U.S. families can afford a Pomona education today versus in 1970? Has the economic return on a private college education (measured as the expected increase in lifetime income) kept pace with the 2.5 fold relative increase in costs since 1970? In the last 38 years, were there years in which the cost of

Pomona increased less than inflation, and what can we learn from those years?

Questions like these need to be answered. It would make me proud if Pomona took a leading and visible role in addressing them.

—Dave Ring '73  
Palo Alto, Calif.

## Response from President Oxtoby:

Thank you for your letter concerning the rising cost of higher education in general, and of Pomona College in particular. This is an issue that is very much on my mind as we explore ways of reducing our costs in the light of the financial downturn experienced by our endowment and by the entire country and world.

Why has the cost risen much faster than the Consumer Price Index? The primary answer is that the education that a student receives now is very different from that of 35 years ago. For example, in the past a chemistry faculty member might have had a modest research program of his own in a small lab next to his office; now our students expect to take part in active research in collaboration with that faculty member. The space and equipment needs have expanded considerably. Far fewer classes now are taught as large lectures; most are discussion classes of 15–20 students; the faculty resources to teach in such a way are costly. So the “product” of higher education is a very different one; one can of course ask if it is “worth” it. There are many larger comprehensive universities that offer a much less expensive education, but also, in my view, one that prepares students less well for an uncertain future.

Another significant change has been in the amount of financial aid that is provided. The “sticker price” of higher education has gone up roughly in tandem with the income of those families who are paying full cost. The big change is that a much larger fraction of the population is eligible for financial aid, and for a much larger fraction of the college costs. This is a considerable factor in considering the affordability of education today.

I do not mean to say that the issues you raise do not concern me. We cannot keep raising costs at the rate we have in the past, if only because families at every income level are seeing their earnings slow or decrease. That is why we are taking a tough look at our expenses and seeing how we can reduce them in the future.

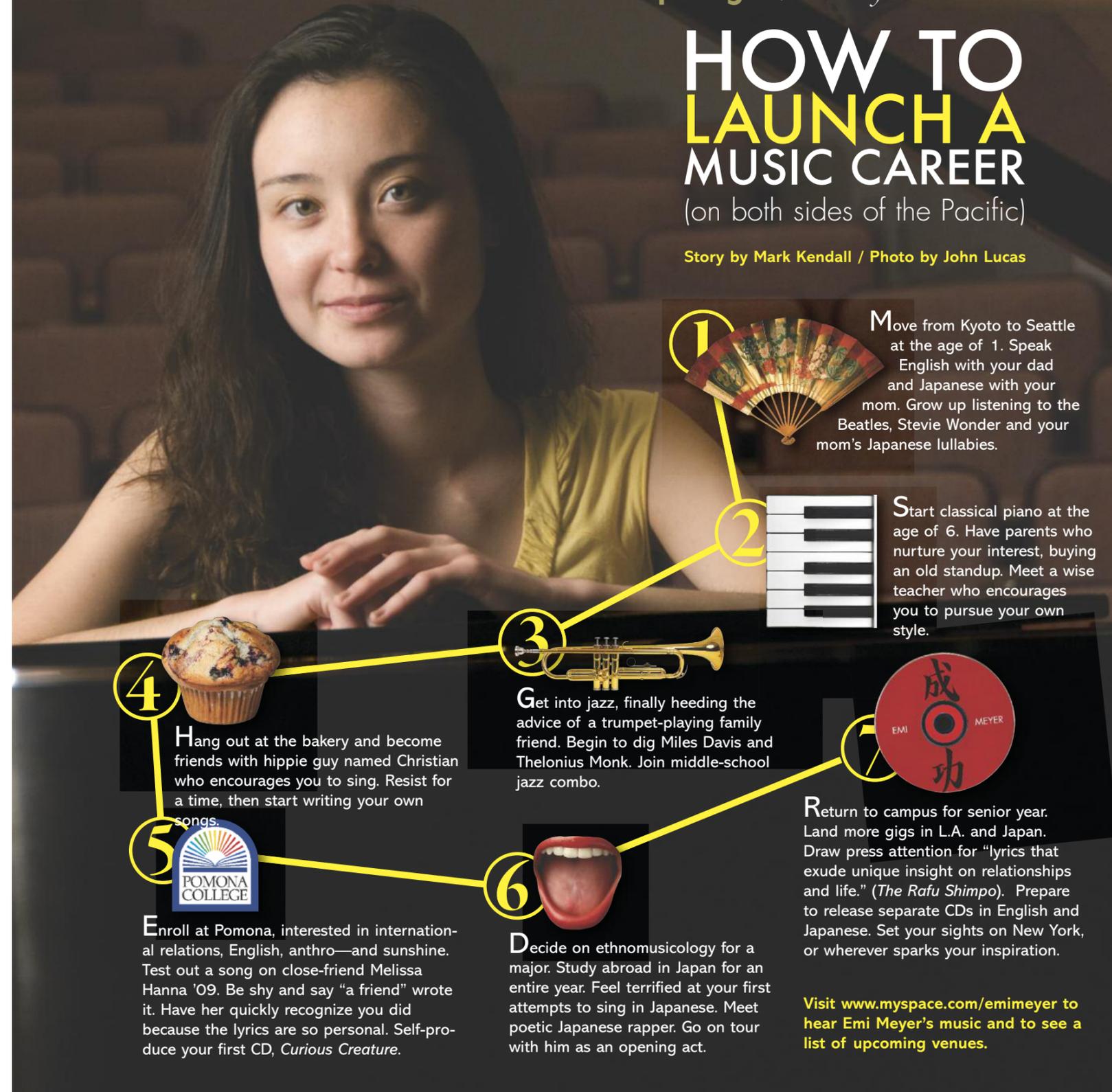
—David Oxtoby

Alumni and friends are invited to send us their letters by email to [pcm@pomona.edu](mailto:pcm@pomona.edu) or by mail to the address on page 2. Letters are selected for publication based on relevance and interest to our readers and may be edited for length, style and clarity.

Spotlight / Emi Meyer '09

## HOW TO LAUNCH A MUSIC CAREER (on both sides of the Pacific)

Story by Mark Kendall / Photo by John Lucas



1 **M**ove from Kyoto to Seattle at the age of 1. Speak English with your dad and Japanese with your mom. Grow up listening to the Beatles, Stevie Wonder and your mom’s Japanese lullabies.

2 **S**tart classical piano at the age of 6. Have parents who nurture your interest, buying an old standup. Meet a wise teacher who encourages you to pursue your own style.

3 **G**et into jazz, finally heeding the advice of a trumpet-playing family friend. Begin to dig Miles Davis and Thelonius Monk. Join middle-school jazz combo.

4 **H**ang out at the bakery and become friends with hippie guy named Christian who encourages you to sing. Resist for a time, then start writing your own songs.

5 **E**nroll at Pomona, interested in international relations, English, anthro—and sunshine. Test out a song on close-friend Melissa Hanna '09. Be shy and say “a friend” wrote it. Have her quickly recognize you did because the lyrics are so personal. Self-produce your first CD, *Curious Creature*.

6 **D**ecide on ethnomusicology for a major. Study abroad in Japan for an entire year. Feel terrified at your first attempts to sing in Japanese. Meet poetic Japanese rapper. Go on tour with him as an opening act.

Visit [www.myspace.com/emimeyer](http://www.myspace.com/emimeyer) to hear Emi Meyer’s music and to see a list of upcoming venues.



The Campus / Renovation

# THE NEW SEVER SOUTH

PHOTOS BY JOHN LUCAS

**S**tudents in Professor Rachel Levin's neuroethology class cluster around aquariums and computers in the lab on the second floor of the recently reopened Seaver South building. Some work with a software program that simulates swimming in virtual fish. Others analyze the electrical signals sent to laptop computers from aquariums of ghost fish, whose steady humming signifies sex, species and status. The new lab, which is part of a one-year, \$34 million renovation, is not only a state-of-the-art facility, but also an example of how much teaching and lab instruction have changed in 50 years.



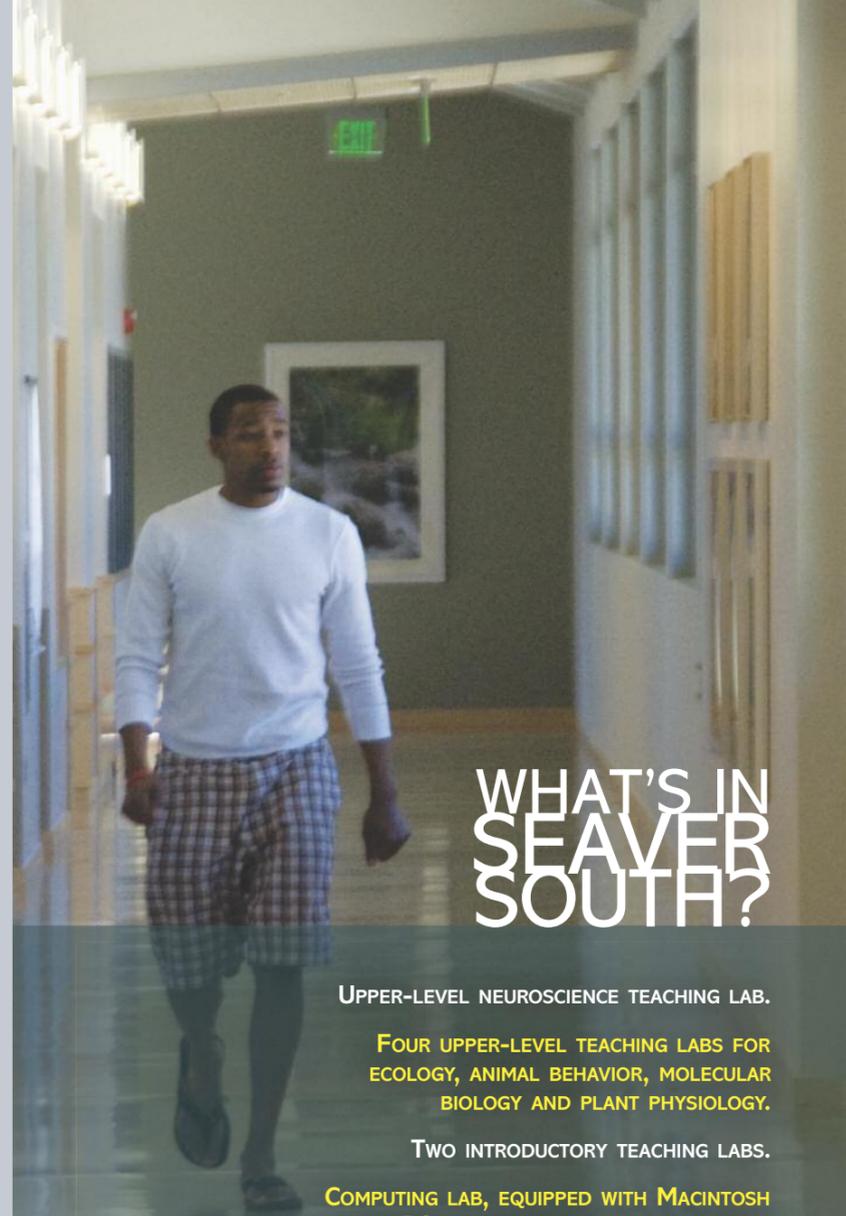
When the building opened as Seaver Laboratory in 1958, the design of the classrooms and laboratories suited the lectures and lab instruction in biology and geology. But, with the advent of collaborative learning and research and advances in technology, the building had become out-of-date. The benches weren't deep enough to hold computers, outlets were few and inconveniently located, and some professors had to go back and forth between two classrooms just to teach one introductory lab.

Renovation began in January 2008, when Seaver South was gutted, leaving only the exterior and load-bearing walls. The building, which reopened last winter as a home for some of the work of biology and neuroscience, was completely redesigned, with the hallways moved to the north side, and classrooms and labs enlarged and reconfigured to promote interaction with faculty and students. Octagonal workspaces, fitted with sinks for wet labs, replaced long lab benches, and the electrical, heating, ventilating and air conditioning systems were upgraded.

"One of the things that has changed in the past 20 years is labs are much more creative—a more faithful representation of what real research is like," says Jonathan Wright, professor of biology and one of the faculty members consulted on the redesign of Seaver South. "The redesign reflects that by allowing for more versatile space planning with larger and squarer teaching labs and a more centralized layout."

Another welcome change is that light from full-height windows floods the hallways, classrooms and labs. "The natural light now draws you in to the workspaces," says Wright. "I'm sure that it subconsciously promotes research, just because students and faculty enjoy being here."

—Mary Marvin



## WHAT'S IN SEAVER SOUTH?

UPPER-LEVEL NEUROSCIENCE TEACHING LAB.

FOUR UPPER-LEVEL TEACHING LABS FOR ECOLOGY, ANIMAL BEHAVIOR, MOLECULAR BIOLOGY AND PLANT PHYSIOLOGY.

TWO INTRODUCTORY TEACHING LABS.

COMPUTING LAB, EQUIPPED WITH MACINTOSH AND PC COMPUTERS, PRINTERS, SCANNERS AND A LARGE-FORMAT POSTER PRINTER.

TWO INTRODUCTORY CLASSROOMS.

WARM AND COLD AQUARIUM ROOMS WITH MOVEABLE TANKS AND RACKS.

TWO STAFF OFFICES.

OFFICES AND RESEARCH LABS FOR NEW NEUROSCIENCE FACULTY MEMBERS.

THREE INTRODUCTORY CLASSROOMS IN THE "COMMONS AREA," WHICH LINKS SEAVER SOUTH TO SEAVER NORTH (OPENING THIS SUMMER).

NORTH EXTERIOR WALKWAY WITH ACCESS FROM COLLEGE AVENUE TO THE NEW MAIN ENTRANCE AND TO THE RICHARD C. SEAVER BIOLOGY BUILDING.



### Campus Life / Dining

# Look, Ma! No Tray!

To save money and cut waste, Pomona will join many other educational institutions next year in ditching its cafeteria trays.

With an all-you-can-eat policy and range of menu options, students sometimes fill their plates with extra servings that go untouched. "Going trayless makes sense," says Stephanie Almeida '11, chair of the student-led Food Committee. "Not having trays will certainly be inconvenient for some students in that it will require an extra trip or two, however I expect that it will also make students more mindful of the quantity of food they are taking."

In an experiment conducted by the committee last year, it was estimated that removing trays reduced food waste by more than 16 percent. Also, dining hall workers will no longer have to spend time washing trays, and the measure will translate into big savings for the College on food costs. "Last year it was the environment impact that was the impetus, but this year it stems from budgetary concerns," says Sustainability Coordinator Bowen Patterson '06. "There are really important benefits."

Pomona is making the move with the four other undergraduate Claremont Colleges to ensure that dining halls are tray-less across the board, part of a national trend at colleges and universities.

—Travis Kaya '10



CARRIE ROSEMA



Join at zipcar.com



### By the Numbers / Car-Sharing

# ZIP

Since the fall of 2007, the Zipcar car-sharing program has been setting students free to roam. The low-cost rentals have put hundreds of students, faculty and staff behind the wheel, offering access to internships, grocery stores and off-campus events around Southern California. Drawing support from the Career Development Office, the Volunteer Center and sports clubs, Zipcar has grown into a campus mainstay. Here's a closer look at the program by the numbers.

**93,192** miles driven this academic year through winter 2009

**600** students, faculty and staff registered to use Zipcar

**47** new drivers registered each month

**9** vehicles available for rent

**560** individual reservations made in the month of February 2009

**60.3%** average vehicle utilization on weekends

Talk of the Campus / *The Financial Crisis*

“Everybody thought, ‘this time is different.’ In my view, those are the most frightening words in the English language. If you look at the crises that have infected the world, the term ‘this time, it’s different’ has almost always been the hubris that comes before nemesis.”

—Sir Andrew Crockett  
President of JPMorgan Chase International,  
speaking in April about the financial crisis.



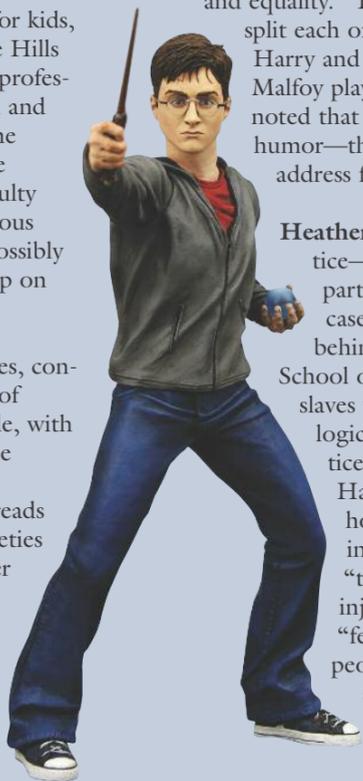
CARRIE ROSEMA

Talk of the Campus / *Harry Potter*

## The Truth About Harry

If you still think J.K. Rowling’s books are just for kids, you should have squeezed into the packed Rose Hills Theatre last semester as three Pomona College professors expounded on the tomes’ cultural, political and theological implications at the “Veritaserum: The Truth About Harry Potter” event put on by the Pomona Student Union. Mere Muggles the faculty members may have been, but they drew boisterous applause and more questions than they could possibly field from the audience of students who grew up on this stuff—and never let it go.

**Kathleen Fitzpatrick**, English and media studies, contrasted societal hand-wringing over the decline of leisure reading, particularly among young people, with the fact that more than 400 million books in the series have been sold worldwide. “Either Harry Potter gives the lie to the anxiety that nobody reads anymore or it actually reveals ... that these anxieties are ... more about a sort of cultural control over what it is that people are reading.” Citing the thousands upon thousands of fan fiction items found online, Fitzpatrick suggested the Harry Potter phenomenon provides more than passive entertainment, but a “two-way conversational process” that may transform readers into writers.



**Oona Eisenstadt**, Jewish studies and religious studies, found that the series, like many beloved children’s books, amounts to a retelling of the Christian story—albeit, she says, a liberal Protestant version—with a sacrificial death, rebirth, a new dispensation and the rise of “love and mercy and equality.” The twist is her theory that the author has split each of the key gospel roles into two, with both Harry and Dumbledore as Christ figures, Snape and Malfoy playing Judas, and so on. Eisenstadt also noted that Rowling uses a lighter touch—and more humor—than some other children’s writers who address faith and theology.

**Heather Williams**, politics, saw the theme of injustice—and how to confront it—as an important part of the Harry Potter narrative, making the case that the house elves who are key to the behind-the-scenes operation of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry are, in truth, slaves who are brutalized physically and psychologically. Of the main trio of friends, Ron practices “willful blindness” to the situation and Harry focuses on the personal cause of his house-elf ally Dobby, while only Hermione, in constantly pressing the issue, recognizes “the necessity of confronting widespread injustice with political action.” Hermione is “fearless in her quest, willing to annoy other people,” said Williams, who believes the author is trying to get across the message that “being a likeable person doesn’t make you a good citizen.”

—Mark Kendall

Talk of the Campus / *The Obama Campaign*

## How the White House Was Won

This spring, David Plouffe, campaign manager for Barack Obama, kicked off the College’s new distinguished speaker series with a behind-the-scenes look at how the White House was won.

Three of the “underappreciated reasons” Plouffe cited for the Obama victory were:

- Sticking to a well-defined message and electoral strategy from the beginning;
- Defying conventional wisdom and taking risks, such as concentrating on Iowa during the primaries and airing a 30-minute TV special last October; and
- The campaign’s powerful grassroots support.

Plouffe focused heavily on this last item, noting that volunteers were critical in providing early organization in states even before the primaries, giving the campaign a base to work with, and in expanding the electorate by targeting disaffected voters, young voters, Republicans and independents.

He also explained the high pressure put on volunteer coordinators who could be “fired” if they weren’t working up to standards; how data from volunteer efforts was more important than polls; and how the self-motivated gathering of supporters online was a crucial component in winning the primaries. Also vital was the movement of online messages sent directly to volunteers, a medium President Obama still employs as a way of helping people get around the “conflict-driven media.”

Finally, Plouffe pointed to the role of grassroots support in funding the campaign. Out of the four million donations the campaign received, Plouffe noted that students were the second largest donor group (by employment category) behind retirees.

Even during his audience Q&A session, Plouffe focused on the power of the people.

“One of the great things about our country and our politics is the unexpected can happen, and the people have a role in shaping it,” said Plouffe. “The people fueled this campaign.... In the general election, we got a lot of wonderful help from Democratic elected officials and interest groups. But they were the caboose, not the engine. The people were our engine.”

The new Pomona College distinguished lecture series, inaugurated by Plouffe, will bring to campus exciting, high profile speakers from public life—“men and women who have changed



“One of the great things about our country and our politics is the unexpected can happen, and the people have a role in shaping it.”

—David Plouffe,  
Campaign manager  
for Barack Obama

CARRIE ROSEMA

policies and institutions through their actions,” as Pomona College President David Oxtoby put it.

In addition to the public lectures, the speakers will engage small groups of the College community in more informal settings, as Plouffe did by meeting with a group of students before his talk in Bridges Auditorium. The series was established with a generous three-year commitment from the Broe family of Denver. ✚

—Laura Tiffany

Transitions / Finding a Job

# THRIVING in a Dire Job Market

**B**ack in March, the National Association of Colleges and Employers released a startling statistic: Employers surveyed indicated they would be hiring 22 percent fewer 2009 graduates than they did last year. The financial industry has imploded, the housing market crashed, and the only thing rising is the unemployment rate.

It is these dire circumstances that Pomona's seniors faced as they neared graduation, starting their lives and careers in the toughest job market in recent memory.

Yet, they're doing just fine.

"We have seen no change in success with employment or graduate/professional school plans for our students," says Carl Martellino, director of the Career Development Center. "There is no doubt that it's much harder to find employment, but our students seem to have taken all of the news media in stride and marched forward to follow their goals."

While students are finding jobs, they may not be receiving as many offers as seniors did in the past, and signing bonuses are minimal or nonexistent.

Aaron Hosansky, an international relations major from Pennsylvania, applied at about 20 companies, landed three interviews and two second-round interviews. He took his first offer with medical software manufacturer Epic Systems in Madison, Wis.

"With the economy the way it was, I didn't want to hold out too long for a better offer," says Hosansky, who found his

future position interesting and the salary satisfactory.

Other students found their foot in the door via internships. Sonia Sohali, a mathematical economics major, landed an analyst position with Analysis Group after a summer internship. After two summer internships in New York City, Citigroup offered Levon Balayan an investment banking analyst position in its London office, which Balayan says would have been "virtually impossible" to get without the internships, especially given his status as a foreign national.

While 82 percent of Pomona seniors have done internships, and more than 50 percent have completed multiple internships, they're just one tool in seniors' job-hunting arsenal. According to a survey of Pomona seniors conducted in May, seniors find the CDO's drop-in advising services, Route 47 online job site, library and Web site all crucial tools.

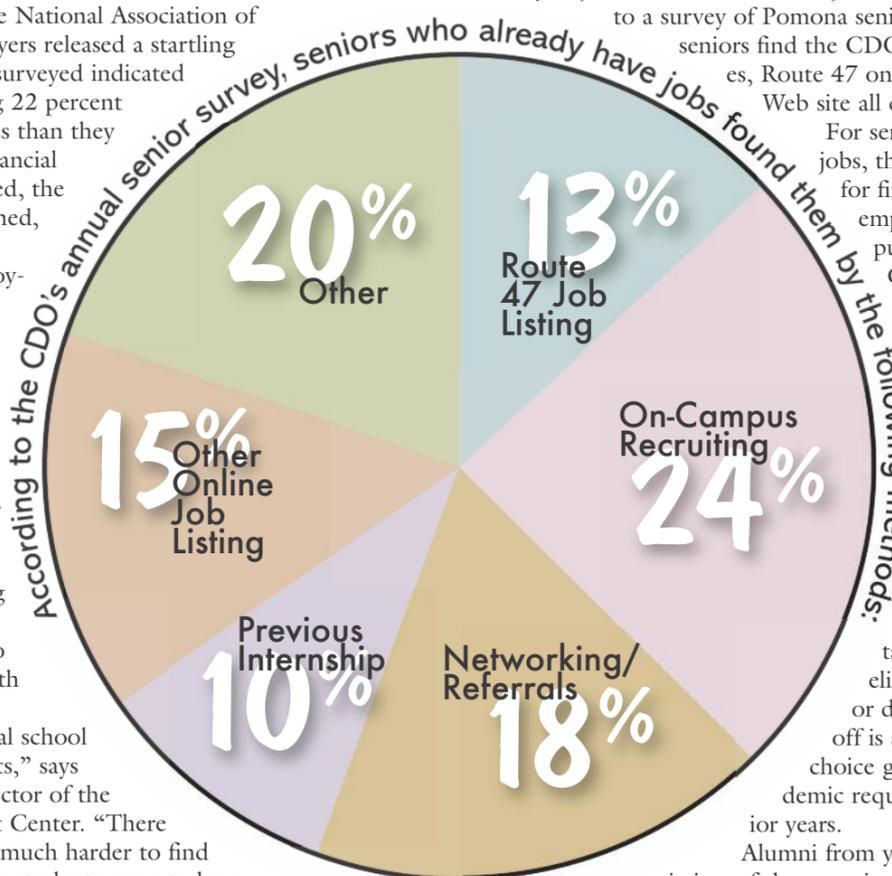
For seniors who already have jobs, the most popular method for finding employment was employer recruiting on campus. As part of the Claremont Colleges joint recruiting program, about 350 employers come to campus each year. This year, that number was down to about 250, but Martellino says that most of the "regulars" returned.

The CDO helps alumni with job searches as well. Some seniors look for a job after summer or take a gap year, spent traveling, interning, volunteering or doing research. Taking time off is an increasingly common choice given the strenuous academic requirements of students' senior years.

Alumni from years past have also become victims of the recession. Martellino says the CDO has seen more alumni seeking help, especially those who graduated in the past five years, and that many of those alums are willing to dial down their career dreams for positions that may provide opportunities and connections when the economy improves.

"Keep your head up," says Elspeth Hilton '08, who worked for a social networking startup that laid off all of its staff and is now working as a receptionist until she enters grad school next year. "The job market is tough right now, and you can't take it personally if you have trouble getting a job or you'll run out of steam."

—Laura Tiffany



Sports Roundup / Spring 2009

**Men's Basketball**

(14-13, 10-4 SCIAC) second place  
By defeating Whittier College 92-76 in the conference semifinals of the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Conference tournament, the Sagehens advanced to the championship for the second consecutive season. Junior David Liss '10 was named to the All-SCIAC first team, while juniors Adam Chaimowitz '10 and Justin Sexton '10 were named to the second team.

**Women's Basketball**

(8-16, 4-10 SCIAC) seventh place  
Victoria King '09 was named the Ed Baldwin Award recipient, presented by the conference to the player that demonstrates the highest level of sportsmanship during conference play. Deidre Chew '10 was named to the All-SCIAC second team.

**Men's Swimming & Diving, third place**  
**Women's Swimming & Diving, second place**

The men's and women's swim and dive teams combined for eight school records,

seven in individual events and one in a relay event. Kristin Lindbergh '12 set school records in the 50 and 100 freestyles. Also setting records, Naomi Laporte '11 bettered her own records in the 100 and 200 butterflies, Max Scholten '12 in the 200 backstroke, David Henderson '09 erased two 20-year-old records in the 500 and 1,000 freestyle, and the team of Kimi Ide-Foster '11, Kathleen Hall '12, Michelle Prokocki '12 and Janelle Gyorffy '12 set the mark in the 200 medley relay. At the NCAA championships at the University of Minnesota,

Study Break / Rome Reginelli '09

# HEROIC ROCK

No doubt you thought you were cool blaring eight-tracks on your hi-fi in Mudd-Blaisdell back in '75. But these days video games like Guitar Hero and Rock Band add a new riff to dorm music, as Rome Reginelli '09 explains:

**W**hen Rock Band came out, my suitemate Jesse started playing regularly, often with other members of our friendship suite, and sometimes with our friend Blake from CMC. Most of the time, Jesse claims guitar while I claim bass, though we also have tried the other instruments.

For a memorable experience, Jesse and I played the Endless Set list—all 50-plus songs from the original Rock Band—across the span of a few days. We did the Rock Band 2 equivalent, more than 80 songs, in even less time. I really feel like I'm rocking out when I play, though sometimes the urge to show off ends up being ill-advised. Still, when I can one-hand a difficult solo, I feel like a pro, even though my attempts at playing real guitar always end in frustration. I think I've also developed more appreciation for the different parts of an individual song after having played those instruments in Rock Band. Nowadays, I can't help but hear a good song and think, "This bass part would be a blast to play on Rock Band" or something similar.

I have several characters in Rock Band and I take pleasure in coming up with iconic styles for them while still changing their costumes, and straddling the line between cool and extravagant.

The No. 1 obstacle to playing has been broken instruments. Within our whole play group, I think we've broken three sets of drums, a microphone and a guitar. Replacing them tends to take a while, especially since Jesse's warranty is registered to his house on the other end of the state. ✚

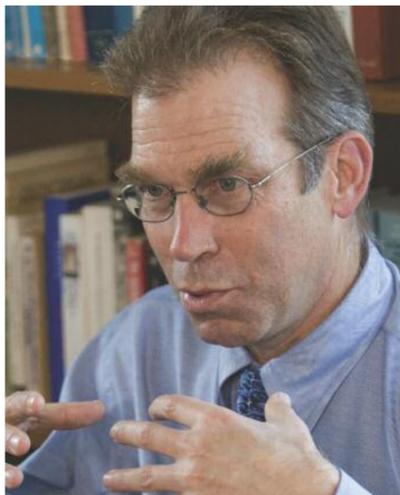


PHOTO BY CARRIE ROSEMA

Milestones / Dean Gary Kates

# What's Next for Dean Kates?

After serving eight years as vice president and dean of the college, Gary Kates will take a yearlong sabbatical before returning in 2010 to full-time teaching as a Pomona College history professor. A native of Los Angeles, he earned a B.A. from Pitzer College and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago and was a professor and dean at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas, for 20 years. Kates, who will be succeeded this summer by Cecilia (Cece) Conrad, recently sat down with PCM to talk about his student days, his years as dean and what he doesn't have planned for the future.



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### What small colleges do best

One of the things I learned at Pitzer is that good small colleges reach out to you. They get you out of your shell, out of the limited ways you think about who you are and what you want to be. I was not a particularly gifted student in high school; I was very social and into music. At Pitzer, I became a born-again intellectual. I discovered reading and books and was influenced by some key professors, including a history professor at CMC who encouraged me to go to graduate school.

### 10:30 on a Tuesday morning

Before I went to Pitzer, I was going to become either a lawyer or a rabbi. By the fall of my senior year, I had decided I wasn't going to rabbinical school. I had no idea what I wanted to do. I had applied to six graduate schools in history and seven law schools. I finally figured it out by asking this question: "What is a lawyer doing at 10:30 on a Tuesday morning, and what is a history professor doing at 10:30 on a Tuesday morning?" I figured whatever anybody does, they're doing it at 10:30 on a Tuesday morning. I thought about it and decided I'd rather be doing what a history professor does.

### Working under the hood

I was drawn to working in administration in the same way that a lot of people who drive cars want to go under the hood and find out how they work. It started in a first-year seminar on the politics of the university, taught by Pitzer College President Bob Atwell. A lot of the course was about the free speech movement in Berkeley and what was happening on other college campuses. That not only drove my interest in the 1960s and later led to my graduate school study of 18th-century Europe and the French Revolution, but it also seeded an interest in college administration.

### Inheriting luck and good fortune

I found out there is a lot of luck and good fortune that you inherit when you're in a place as good as Pomona. Part of Pomona's success is having a high percentage of students for whom the College is their first choice. I've come to realize that it is more important than SAT scores, more important than a lot of things. The students who come to Pomona have a lot of other choices, but they really want to be here and want to make the most of it. And that sets the tone for the whole College.

### Providing building blocks, strengthening relationships

I was blessed to be at the College during a time of fiscal health, and the two presidents I worked with, Peter Stanley and David Oxtoby, allowed me to put those resources into growing the tenured track faculty. We've added over 25 tenure track lines since I've been dean, and that's been a wonderful accomplishment. You really feel you're providing the building blocks for the College for the next 30 or 40 years.

I've also tried to do as much as I can to strengthen the relationships among the Claremont Colleges. I'm the first dean who has graduated from one college and become dean of another. As an administrator, I know that the consortium can sometimes be difficult and frustrating to manage. As a former student, I know what a gift the Claremont system is. Pomona benefits so much from being in the consortium; the relationships among the colleges are so close and interlocking that our fates really are tied together. There have been periods in the our history when we've turned away from the consortium or let our diplomacy slide a bit, so I feel a lot of pride that David Oxtoby and I have put those relationships on the front burner.

### One foot in the classroom

I've taught one course every semester, which is very unusual for someone in my profession. If Pomona needs to be about the students, someone sitting in my chair can't forget that. It probably drove my staff crazy, but I'm so glad I kept teaching. It's going to make the reentry into the classroom easier.

### The next stage

When you're lucky enough to become a dean of a college like Pomona in your 50s, you are naturally primed to be a college president. I've been approached by headhunters, so I've had to think about that. As interesting as being a college president would be, my ambitions and fantasies for the next stage of my life are much more in a Pomona classroom. It's a no-brainer because this is such a wonderful place to teach that you'd like to stay awhile and have that experience.

### Planning not to plan

I tend to plan too much too early and commit to different projects, so I keep telling myself I shouldn't have a plan for the sabbatical until I'm in it. I know I'm returning to the 18th century, but I don't want to lock myself in until I've read widely and let myself imagine

# 4

## POMONA JOURNALISTS DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF THE NEWS...

# Endangered SPECIES

ESSAY BY RICHARD PÉREZ-PEÑA '84 / PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK WOOD



### THE REPORTER:

RICHARD PÉREZ-PEÑA '84

"HI, RICHARD HERE, DEFENSIVE CROUCH REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES."

Richard Pérez-Peña '84, a reporter for *The New York Times*, covers the print journalism industry.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, I WENT TO ARLINGTON, VA., TO interview the guys who run Politico, a highly successful online news organization. Before founding Politico two years ago, these two men had been among the top journalists covering politics for *The Washington Post*, which made them a big deal in my world.

Now, their operation looks like the big, new thing that might supplant struggling newspapers. But at the time, I asked, didn't going from their exalted former status to a Web start-up look like a crazy leap? One of them replied, "Yes, but I didn't want to spend the rest of my career in a defensive crouch."

Defensive crouch, I thought. That could be the title of my job. As in, "Hi, Richard here, defensive crouch reporter for *The New York Times*. Could I get you off that ledge long enough to give me an interview?"

I write about my own industry, print journalism, for *The Times*, an assignment I accepted two years ago in innocence and ignorance. I knew that it would be unlike my previous beats in 15 years with the paper, like health care or politics, but I really had no idea what I was getting into.

An English professor in my days at Pomona used to say that writing about writing was like a bird flying up its own ... well, you get the idea. (I've always loved that mental picture.) So what does that make journalism about journalism? The editor who asked me to take on this assignment warned me that, yes, there's a lot of navel-gazing and you need to try to keep it under control. He also warned me, "All of your colleagues will think they know your job better than you do, and you have to be willing to piss off Bill and Arthur." (That would be Bill Keller '70, the executive editor of *The Times*, and Arthur Sulzberger, the publisher of the paper and chairman of the company.)

At last, I thought, my obnoxious readiness to butt heads will be seen as an asset! That editor was right on all counts. But what no one warned me, because no one knew, was that my new assignment would be primarily about the bottom falling out from under the newspaper business—my own livelihood—and, to a lesser degree, the magazine business, which I also cover.

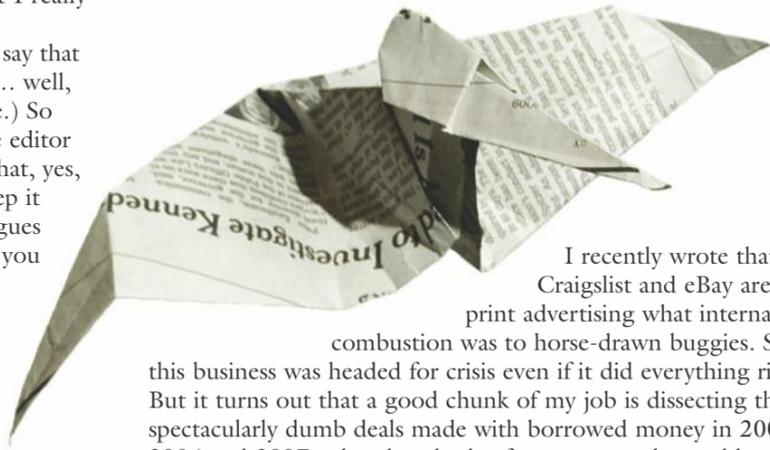
The *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Cincinnati Post* shut down, and *The Ann Arbor News* says it will soon. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* stopped printing, becoming a much smaller, all-digital operation. *The Christian Science Monitor* went from daily to weekly. The *San Francisco Chronicle* has been threatened with closure. Companies are trying to sell once-prized papers, like *The Miami Herald* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*, at bargain-basement prices, but there are no buyers.

Stocks in many newspaper companies have plunged more than 90 percent—more than 99 percent in some cases. When I wrote that the market value of one fairly large newspaper chain had fallen below \$1 million, an editor, thinking that was a typo, said I had left off some zeroes, right? Or I meant \$1 billion? I said "No, one million, with an 'm,'" and there was a long, painful silence as he tried to absorb this news. Wave upon wave of downsizing has left thousands of journalists, including some friends of mine, holding pink slips and wondering what the hell they're going to do with the rest of their lives.

I've covered all of it. Fun.

Readers and advertisers shifting to the Internet have squeezed newspapers hard, and the trend is accelerating.

"You can cry or laugh, so my colleagues and I lean heavily on gallows humor. Some of the people I work with call me the Grim Reaper. I tell them newspapers are trying the nonprofit model ... but not on purpose."



I recently wrote that Craigslist and eBay are to print advertising what internal combustion was to horse-drawn buggies. So this business was headed for crisis even if it did everything right. But it turns out that a good chunk of my job is dissecting the spectacularly dumb deals made with borrowed money in 2005, 2006 and 2007, when hundreds of newspapers changed hands.

This binge only made the industry's inevitable misery worse. The pattern was eerily similar to the mortgage meltdown: Buyers paid ridiculously high prices for assets they didn't need, they put down too little cash and took on far too much debt, and banks were inexplicably eager to lend mountains of money to people who had no realistic prospect of paying it back. And, as in the housing mess, many of the buyers were new to this particular sector, and didn't have a clue what they were doing.

I have also watched my own employer make some pretty desperate moves, like borrowing money at an interest rate that would make a credit card company proud, from Carlos Slim Helú, a bazillionaire who controls most of the cell phones between Tijuana and Tierra del Fuego.

You can cry or laugh, so my colleagues and I lean heavily on gallows humor. Some of the people I work with call me the Grim Reaper. I tell them newspapers are trying the nonprofit model ... but not on purpose. When people ask me for the latest news, I say, "Oh, didn't you hear? Clear out your desk."

My editors keep raving about what an amazing time it is to have my job. It's a great story, they say. Uh, yeah, I say, trying not to sound despondent, and reminding myself that I'm lucky to have this job.

The strangest part of my work, by far, is writing about my own paper and its owner, The New York Times Company.

My editor wisely told me that nothing we say about our own employer will be believed; people in the building will think we were too tough and revealed too much, and people outside will think we were too soft and hid things. At every layer above my head, editors feel compelled to weigh in, in a way they never did when I was writing about, say, diabetes or campaign finance. Our many critics would never believe this, but when I write about *The Times*, the problem my editors create is not a particular bias, it's the injection of more ideas (often conflicting ideas) than one story can hold.

Being *The Times*, we get an inordinate amount of attention, and much of what's said and written about us is wildly off the mark. It's not my job to respond to what appears elsewhere in the media. But I get a lot of reader email, and if the threats, obscenities and traitor-liar-tool epithets are kept to a minimum, I respond to that. I am especially vigilant about correcting one very common misconception.

Readers on the left and right (usually right) write me daily to say that newspapers are going out of business because they're awful, biased, trivial or wrong, and many of them add thoughtfully that they can't wait for the day *The Times* crashes and burns. As politely as I can, I reply that the problem isn't a shrinking audience. The demand for what we do is greater than ever. Thanks to the Internet, *vastly* more people read newspapers than ever before, and that is more true of *The Times* than

any other paper. Each month, about 20 million Americans read *The Times* online, several times as many as read it in print. Yes, there are fewer people buying dead-tree papers, and that's a problem for the industry, but not the major one. The real threat is plummeting revenue from advertising, which accounts for about 80 percent of newspaper revenue. The same thing has happened to the serious papers and the trivial ones, the careful ones and the sloppy ones, the left, right or center ones.

I think (I hope, I pray) that *The Times* will survive in some form, at least until 2028, when I turn 65. There will always be organizations collecting and telling the news, even after the word "paper" stops being part of the description. But most of established players are becoming smaller, poorer and weaker, less able to shed light in dark corners, and I worry about how long that will continue.

We cover the business of journalism a lot more than other industries of comparable size. It goes back to that weirdly self-referential aspect of the job. (Remember that bird and where it flew?) This is about a conviction, usually unstated, that what we do matters greatly. It feels weird to write those words, but there it is. Recently, in the company cafeteria, as soon as I sat down to lunch, the previous conversations around my table halted and my co-workers set about grilling me about the latest bad news. After a while, I pleaded with them to change the subject.

After lunch, I took a walk to clear my head, and in Times Square, I ran into an old friend.

"Hey, Rich," he said, with a look of concern. "What's going to happen to *The Times*?"

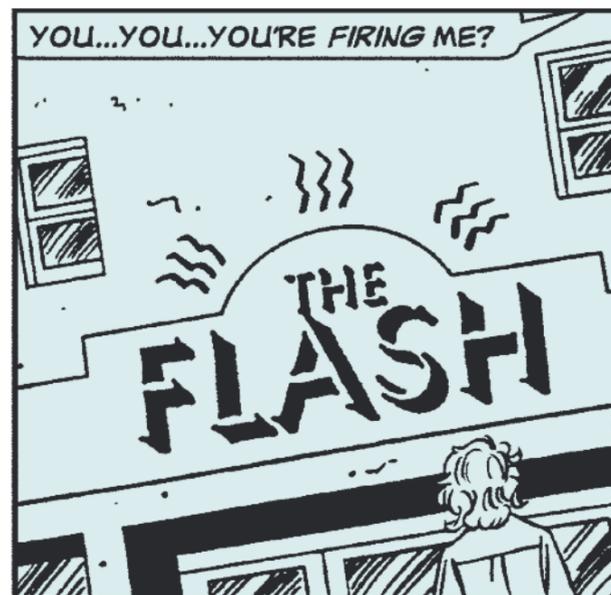
I smiled—and resisted the urge to get into a defensive crouch. ❖



# Revolution REDUX

ESSAY BY MARY SCHMICH '75 / ART BY JUNE BRIGMAN

BRENDA STARR



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3/28



I ENTERED JOURNALISM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST revolution. It was late winter, 1980. My journalism experience until that point could only barely be called journalism or experience, consisting as it did of one semester co-editing *The Student Life*, a job done with Exacto knives and rubber cement.

But on a winter afternoon 29 years ago, I'd graduated to the real deal, an internship at the *Los Angeles Times*, and I stood in the doorway of the old newsroom, awestruck and gawking.

Men, men and more men sat in shrouds of cigarette smoke, next to jangling telephones, hammering at typewriters. The clatter of the keys ricocheted off the hard floor and high ceiling. The hands of a big wall clock said 5:30.

"They're on deadline," said the middle-aged reporter assigned to explain the newsroom's mysteries to the interns. "Never interrupt the reporters when they're on deadline."

The *L.A. Times* was still preparing its first computer system, so I spent the next three months doing journalism the way I'd never do it again, the way it had been done for a century. On a typewriter.

I typed my stories on multi-colored sets of carbon paper called "books." I walked my cherished prose up to the city desk and put it in a basket. I covered as the scariest men I'd ever met squinted at what I'd written then defaced it with their pencils.

And I listened to a few of the older reporters who, for reasons that elude me now, warned that the coming computer age was doom.

A few months later, I took my first paid job, at a small newspaper in Palo Alto, Calif. It had computers. And in all the newspapering years that followed, I wouldn't see such change as I did in a few months in 1980. Until now.

Oh, sure, laptops arrived, and email and cell phones and digital wall clocks, and you could sooner keep a gun on your newsroom desk than a cigarette. But until lately newspapers have remained basically the same business they were when I signed up.

Not, of course, that most journalists thought of it as a business. We viewed our work as a mix of art and public service, an exciting and useful way to live. We didn't think much about money. We didn't have to. As long as there was money—enough

to pay decent salaries, finance good work, update our ergonomic chairs—we could act as if money didn't matter.

But then the business changed. News, classified ads and readers shifted to the Internet. Bloggers began competing for the audience. Big advertising in the paper shrank and almost nobody could figure out how to make money on the Web.

Those sirens in the distance? We heard them. But most journalists, I think, thought they were for someone else. As it turned out, no one was safe. And money mattered.

Consider Tribune Co., which owns the *Chicago Tribune*, where I've worked since 1985. In December, under its new owner, the company filed for bankruptcy. Meanwhile, in less than a year—while covering a presidential election, a governor's impeachment, an economic implosion and one of the most complex cities in the world—the newspaper has changed its top editors, lost scores of employees to buyouts and layoffs, redesigned its broadsheet, turned its newsstand edition into a tabloid and instructed the staff to think "Digital first."

"If you don't like change," says a big quote newly installed in the lobby of the 1925 neo-Gothic Tribune Tower, "you're going to like irrelevance even less."

That quote occasioned one of my colleagues, in her 30s, to lament, "I'm not resisting change. I'm just confused. What are we supposed to be doing now?"

What are we supposed to be doing now? It's the existential question of an entire industry.

Should newspapers continue to give away content for free? No way. Or absolutely.

Should newspapers become nonprofits? No way. Or absolutely.

Should newspapers go all-digital? No way. Or it's inevitable.

Hey, look over there—it's

Facebook, Digg and Twitter! Social networks will save us.

Arguments abound. Answers elude. But I believe some things will hold constant:

People will still want news, analysis and a well-told story. They'll still want organizations that have the resources to investigate, explore, explain, check the facts and help them weed through the information clutter. They'll want some of those organizations to be big enough to exert clout for the welfare of the community. And where there's a demand, there's a market.

We're at the threshold of something new and not fully imagined. It's scary. It's thrilling. And in that way it's not different from how I felt during the last revolution, standing in a threshold listening to the typewriters. ✦

"People will still want news, analysis and a well-told story. ... And where there's a demand, there's a market."

Mary Schmich '75 is a columnist for the *Chicago Tribune* and the long-time author of the Brenda Starr comic strip.

## THE EDITOR

BILL KELLER '70

"I BELIEVE THE PRINTED NEW YORK TIMES, THAT OLD-FASHIONED BUNDLE OF INK AND CELLULOSE, HAS A LOT OF LIFE IN IT."

In March, Bill Keller '70, executive editor of *The New York Times*, addresses the newsroom about pending salary cuts.



# Not With A BANG

ESSAY BY BILL KELLER '70

THERE IS NO END OF FAITH-BASED polemics on the subject of newspapers' survival. Print is dead! Online readers must pay for content! Online readers will never pay for content! We should be a little suspicious of ironclad certainty. The fact is, we don't really know yet how the behavior of readers and advertisers will evolve. We don't really know how to separate the consequences of a calamitous economic crisis from the enduring changes in behavior provoked by new technologies.

Perhaps it reflects a lack of imagination on my part, but my best guess is that there will be no Big Bang, no magic bullet, no commercial *deus ex machina*. The remaking of newspapers will come in stages, and it will involve some trial and error. For the midterm future our business will probably continue to be a mix of print and online journalism, advertising and payments from consumers.

I'm often asked how soon *The Times* will go all-digital. I believe the printed *New York Times*, that old-fashioned bundle of ink and cellulose, has a lot of life in it. As *The Times* design director, Tom Bodkin, likes to say: print is portable, shareable and disposable (which means you don't have a heart attack if you suddenly realize you left it on the subway). It is recyclable, convenient and durable (which means it will not break if you fold it and put it in your coat pocket.) And it has an elusive quality Tom calls "thingness"—a weight and substance and tactile presence.

We sell about a million copies a day—and included in that number is a large pool of loyal subscribers who stick with us

through controversy and price increases. Even if we fail to grow a new young audience of print newspaper readers, our median age is still under 50. I expect they will tide us over until the digital revenues rise enough to keep us afloat.

One way or another, though, we need to make our journalism pay better online. Our online display advertising revenue is substantial, and growing—though not as fast as it was before the recession. We hope and expect that growth to pick up when businesses crawl out of their recession bunkers.

Beyond that, we're closely studying the experience of others who have erected pay turnstiles at their Web sites—and we are recalling the lessons of our own Times Select experiment, which charged for access to our marquee columnists.

The best known paid news Web sites are *The Wall Street Journal* and the *Financial Times*, which sell specialized business information to consumers who think they need it to make a living. But there is invariably some degree of tradeoff. Charging for content tends to reduce traffic, which in turn diminishes advertising revenues.

I'm pretty sure that if the *NYT* and the *WSJ* Web sites opened their books, you'd learn that we make considerably more money with our advertising model than they make with their subscription model. I'm not saying we won't find a paid model that works for us. I believe we will. I'm just saying it's more complicated than it looks at first blush.

The same is true of the various proposals for voluntary contributions to our well-being.

When you think about it, an awful lot of the best journalism is subsidized in one way or another. BBC gets government support. NPR raises foundation money and listener donations. *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Post* are propped

“This is what real revolutions are like. The old stuff gets broken faster than the new stuff is put in its place.”

—NYU Professor Clay Shirky

up by other ventures of their parent corporations. (*The Journal* is underwritten by News Corp.’s TV assets and *The Post* by the company’s profitable Kaplan test prep business.)

We should give seri-

ous study to anything that holds promise, but there are serious downsides to a not-for-profit model. For one thing, charity, however well intentioned, can come with strings attached. For another, endowments are no insulation against economic hard times. (Just ask universities.) And marketplace competition is, mostly, good for journalism. True, the scramble for readers’ attention may contribute to tabloid sensationalism. But it also serves as a goad to aggressive reporting—and a check on the accuracy of our facts and analysis.

I’m not saying I’d turn down a \$5 billion endowment—though at the moment my position on that subject is, alas, entirely academic.

When it comes to online journalism, my confidence in the future has less to do with the allure of any grand solution than with the versatility of the people in my company.

At *The New York Times* we are now doing things that would have seemed inconceivable 10 years ago, and improbable five years ago. We break news constantly through the day—something we used to dismiss as the work of wire services. We assemble topics pages—essentially living news archives—that once felt more like the work of a librarian. We invite our readers to our Web site, and we engage them, which is a cultural sea change for an institution that used to deliver the news from a lofty height.

Even in times like these, when anxiety is large and budgets are tight, we keep launching new things: This week it’s a college admissions blog.

Where does this end?

An NYU professor named Clay Shirky writes about this subject with considerable common sense, although he is more pessimistic than I am about newspapers. His analogy for the disruptive power of the Web is the Gutenberg printing press, invented in the 15th century. Gutenberg’s press is credited with being an important factor in the spread of literacy that produced the Renaissance. But in the years immediately after the invention, Shirky points out, there was chaos. All the accepted philosophers, faiths and accounts of history were open to challenge, and nobody quite knew whom to trust.

“As novelty spread,” Shirky writes, “old institutions seemed exhausted while new ones seemed untrustworthy; as a result, people almost literally didn’t know what to think. ...This is what real revolutions are like. The old stuff gets broken faster than the new stuff is put in its place.”

So how will things work when the Internet finishes shaking our world?

“I don’t know,” Shirky replies. “Nobody knows.” Now is the time for experiments, “lots of experiments, each of which will seem as minor at launch as Craigslist did, as Wikipedia did. ... For the next few decades, journalism will be made up of overlapping special cases...No one experiment is going to replace what we are now losing with the demise of news on paper, but over time the collection of new experiments that do work might give us the journalism we need.”

On that uncomfortable truth, I agree. ✚

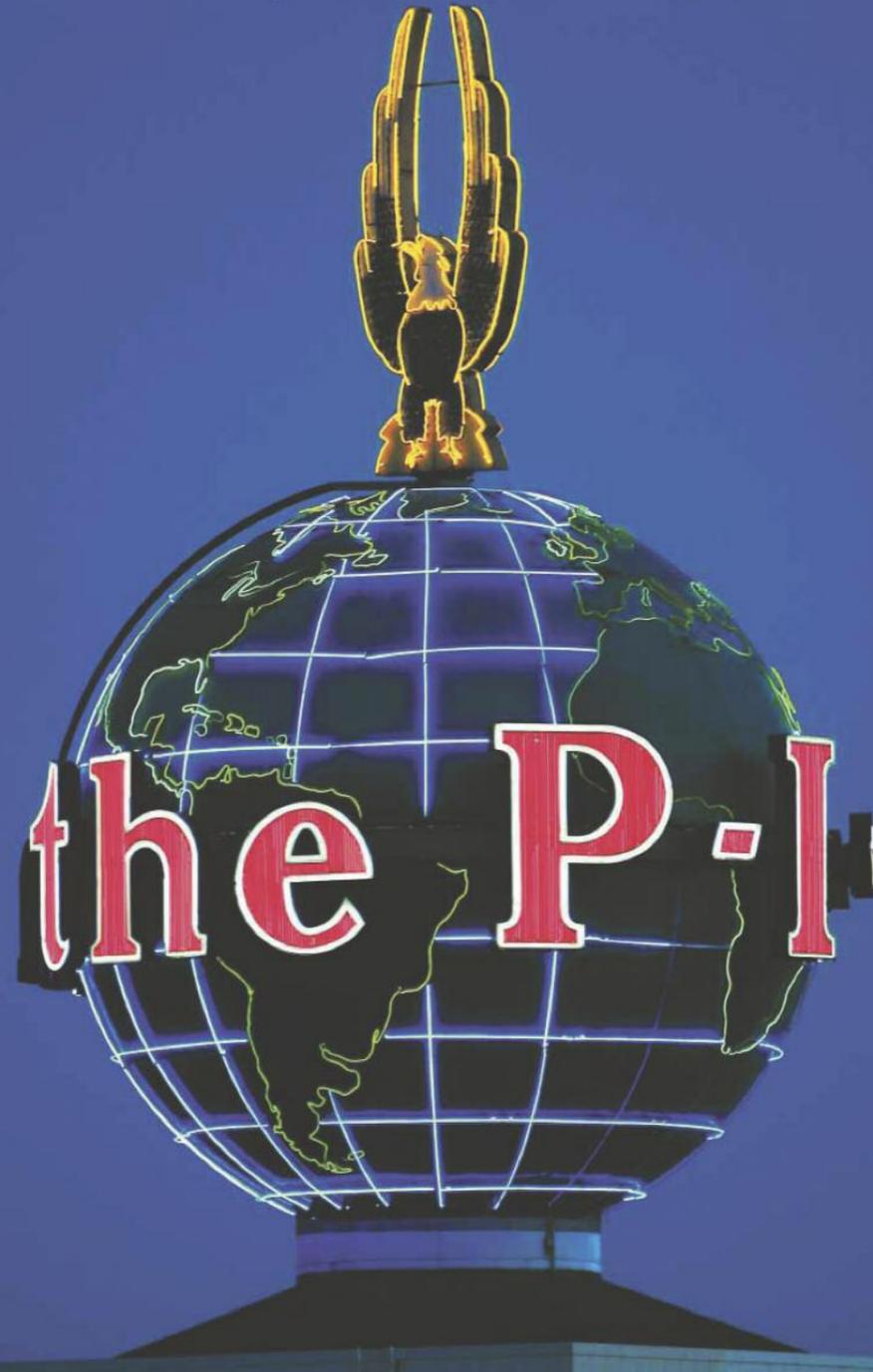
*This article is adapted from a speech Bill Keller ’70 delivered at Stanford University in April 2009.*

## THE BLOGGER

TERESA VALDEZ KLEIN '05  
“I HAD NO SIBLINGS TO SHARE MY ADVENTURE IN JOINT CUSTODY, BUT THE P-I WAS THERE NO MATTER WHERE I SLEPT EACH NIGHT.”

Teresa Valdez Klein '05 works as a social technology strategist on the Product Development team at T-Mobile, USA, and blogs at *TeresaCentric.com*. At right, the farewell issue of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, which ended its 145-year run earlier this year.

# Seattle Post-Intelligencer



## You've meant the world to us

For more than 145 years, the P-I has covered the news that has shaped this community. Join us on a journey through the decades. Our history is your history.

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# HOLDING ON & Letting Go

ESSAY BY TERESA VALDEZ KLEIN '05

THE SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER IS so tangled up with my childhood, my time at Pomona and my adult life in Seattle that to talk about the paper properly I have to talk about all the rest of it. About Mariners baseball, and the smell of newsprint and freshly mown grass in the Seattle spring. About my parents’ divorce, my freshman year of college and my life as a blogger.

We were a *P-I* family. After my parents divorced, the paper would land on both doorsteps each morning. I had no siblings to share my adventures in joint custody, but the *P-I* was there no matter where I slept each night.

At nine, I clipped out articles from the front page for Tuesday’s current events discussion in Mrs. Loeb’s class. As an angsty teenager, I avoided parental eye contact by reading the paper and sipping a latte until the Geohegans came to pick me up for school.

The summer before I left for Pomona, excitement was building on the sports page. For the first time in their history, my beloved Mariners looked unbeatable. The day I left for Claremont, their record was a stunning 98-39.

Desperately homesick, I spent much of my first semester at Pomona glued to the *P-I*’s Web site and driving my sponsor group completely nuts by recounting play after play. The M’s went on to win 116 games that season, only to fall short of the World Series in an inglorious post-season loss to the Yankees.

I flew home to Seattle for that last game—even though it was being played in New York—and watched with my dad as Andy Pettitte shut down our flagging lineup. I brought in the morning *P-I* when I came home at sunrise the next day, exhausted from staying up all night to meet the team when their charter landed at Boeing Field.





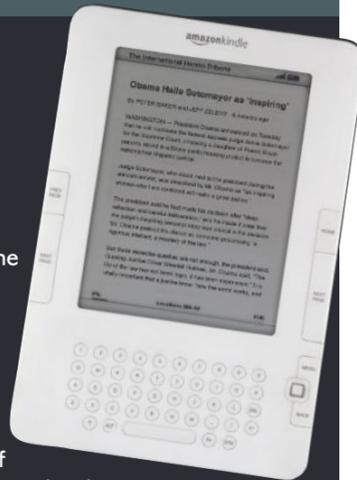
Other newspapers that printed farewell editions during the past year include the *Cincinnati Post*, which stopped publication after 126 years, and the *Rocky Mountain News*, which printed its last issue 55 days short of

## ONLINE EXTRA: Digital Futures

Tom Redburn '72, managing editor of the *International Herald Tribune*, explains why newspaper-style journalism will survive: "No matter how many metropolitan newspapers go out of business and no matter what happens over the next few years as the media world migrates further onto the Web and other digital platforms, I'm convinced that there will be great demand and a willingness to pay for what good newspapers do." ...

More at  
**PCM**  
ONLINE

For more, go to *PCM* Online at [www.pomona.edu/magazine](http://www.pomona.edu/magazine).



I was a sophomore when *P-I* editorial cartoonist David Horsey won the Pulitzer for the second time. As a Horsey fanatic from the tender age of 9, I was terribly excited about the award and proceeded to tell anyone who would listen that my hometown paper had the best editorial cartoonist in the country. Needless to say, I was not cool in college.

Over the next few years, the *P-I*'s Web site kept me connected to my rain-soaked hometown, and so it's no surprise that I moved back to Seattle after graduation. I muddled about in several jobs before hitting my stride as a blogger for hire. It was in that context that I first noticed a young *P-I* columnist named Mónica Guzmán.

Mónica's columns on what the Internet meant to her life as a 20-something in the city resonated with me. She'd mentioned her obsession with Facebook in more than one column, and so on one particularly bold Tuesday I sent her a message asking her to meet me for lunch near the *P-I* building.

We quickly discovered that we're both geeky, music-loving Latinas with degrees from small, private liberal arts colleges and a tendency to act like 5-year-olds when we're having fun.

In subsequent months, I introduced Mónica to her boyfriend, and she invited me to jam sessions with sports reporter Mike "Big City" McLaughlin and

nightlife reporter Angelo "Realnews" Bruscas—two of the finest guitarists I've ever worked with. At the *P-I*'s annual "Battle of the Bands"—where our band came in last—Mónica introduced me, tongue-tied, to David Horsey.

It was from Mónica that I first learned of the *P-I*'s closing. I came back to my desk one day after a meeting to find a new post on her Twitter feed, "Whatever happens to the *P-I*," she wrote, "I hope the people who work here are OK. Please, let us be OK."

I knew that the *P-I* was in trouble, but I was still stunned. The *P-I* was a

constant, a given. Suddenly, I was 6 again, staring at the front page of the unopened *P-I* on our living room floor as my parents told me my dad was moving out. It wasn't until I heard that the presses would stop for the last time that I remembered that devastating detail.

I've made my living in technology. By the time the *P-I* went under, I wasn't even subscribing to it on paper—though I checked the Web site at least six times a day. I feel a little guilty, but not as much as you might expect.

Industries change, awful things happen to incredible people, and life somehow careens onward. I believe that the online *P-I* will change the way we consume news, especially here in the wired Pacific Northwest.

I know this because the remaining *P-I* staff won't let the venture fail. They care too much about hometown newspapers that serve as a backdrop for the unnewsworthy stories of millions of people. And so do I. ✚

"Industries change, awful things happen to incredible people, and life somehow careens onward. I believe that the online *P-I* will change the way we consume news, especially here in the wired Pacific Northwest."

# HONEY, I SHRUNK THE *TIMES*...

A recent copy of the Sunday *Los Angeles Times*, dated April 26, 2009, weighed in at 1.4 kilograms, or about 3.1 pounds.

A copy of the Sunday *Los Angeles Times*, from five years ago, dated June 6, 2004, weighed in at 2.3 kilograms, or about 5 pounds.



Thanks to the Pomona College Chemistry Department for use of their vintage scale.  
—Photo by Mark Wood

Professor Sara Sood's cyberquest for the heart of the blogosphere.

# SEARCH YOUR FEELINGS

Story by Lori Kido Lopez '06 / Photo by John Lucas

ften banal and sometimes brutal, the blogosphere does have a heart. Computer Science Professor Sara Sood finds blogging's best lies in the emotional stories—tales of breakups and breakdowns, crushing woes and spectacular joys, stories that resonate with readers on a deep level because we've all been there before.

If only they could be found amid the millions upon millions of entries that populate the blogosphere. Sood's quest is to help people find these gems, and maybe, to teach the computer a thing or two about human emotions.

"What we found was that the stories that rang true to everyone were things like dreams, confessions, nightmares, fights, fears, things like that," says Sood of the research she began six years ago. Using this information, she began to develop a

search engine that seeks out stories that are strongly motivated by one of the six basic emotions—happiness, fear, sadness, surprise, disgust and anger.

This is vastly different from a typical search engine. If you put the words "happy" and "Obama" into Google, the sites that pop up include information about Obama's White House happy hours and a mix tape called "Obama's Happy Ending"—neither of which have distinct emotional content. Sood's goal is to be able to search for content about "Obama" but also to be able to specify that the stories are emotionally "happy"—and actually be able to come up with a list of articles where the writer is feeling joyous about the topic of Obama. These stories might include topics like the euphoria and love surrounding Obama's family, or excitement toward his message of change.

Finding value in the messy human emotions expressed in blogs may seem an unusual project for a computer scientist to take on, particularly given that Sood only enters the blogosphere for research. She doesn't read blogs on her own time, and she is too afraid of their public nature to ever write one of her own. "If your work was to read a thousand blogs a day you probably wouldn't read them at home," she admits, somewhat sheepishly. Nevertheless, her passion for stories and curiosity about the way they work keeps her coming back to blogs in project after project. >>



Sood and student researcher Lucy Vasserman '10 will present a paper on the "Emotional-State Search Engine" at an international conference in May and, by the end of summer, Sood hopes to have the engine up and running for public use.

She first began examining blogs after being assigned to create a team of digital improv performers during her doctoral program at Northwestern University—an assignment given to her by a graduate school advisor who himself was an improv comedian. The task, which she considered "kind of daunting," led her straight to the emotionally rich database of the blogosphere, where countless stories were just waiting to be discovered.

Hidden amongst the thousands of Web sites such as Blogger, Livejournal and Xanga are these sprawling networks mapping the minutiae of one person's life. Everything from big events, like landing a new job or getting married, to the smallest of moments, like the creepy person standing behind you at the checkout counter or what you cooked for dinner last night, can all make their way into blog entries.

"My husband and I got into a fight on Saturday night; he was drinking and neglectful, and I was feeling tired and pregnant and needy. It's easy to understand how that combination could escalate, and it ended with hugs and sorries, but now I'm feeling fragile," reads one of the blogs that Sood tapped for the project. It's an intensely personal story soaked with a variety of emotions—desperation and worry, anger and exhaustion—and it's a prime example of the kind of thing that people are writing about every day for the whole world to see.

As April Wensel '08, one of Sood's mentees, has discovered, one of the most interesting and satisfying things about blogs is that they provide a way to get deep into people's heads. "Going up to people on the street and asking them how they felt when their grandma died or when they got dumped doesn't really work," she says. "And yet for some reason, people divulge exactly this kind of emotional and personal information online in their blogs every day."

Sood's quest is to find the most compelling of those emotional voices and let them be heard.

That goal might seem simple as Sood tells it—one gets the feeling from talking to her that she could make even the most complicated programming languages sound easy—but getting there has been part of a long journey. First, she had to train the computer to recognize entries that were stories, as opposed to entries that were mere catalogues or exposition. This work comprised the bulk of her dissertation project, and involved putting each entry through a series of filters to see if it had qualities of a story, such as the right length, focus on just one topic, and uses phrases common to storytelling, such

as "I had a dream last night."

After figuring out which entries were stories, she needed to find out which stories were the most emotional and compelling. To do this, she gave the computer 100,000 reviews of movies that had been awarded between one and five stars. Since the one-star reviews were damning and the five-star reviews were glowing, this produced a database of positive language and negative language for the computer to track. If a story contained a lot of positive words (loved, excited, thrilling) or a lot of negative words (frustrated, stupid, resentful), it was probably emotionally charged. If the words were somewhat neutral, the program would cast the story aside.

Through this process, Sood began to see a glimmer of her ultimate goal to teach computers how to detect a complex array of emotions within stories. One of her most involved attempts to integrate this technology, called Buzz, began with these questions of how to seek out emotional blog entries, but ended up

as an acclaimed digital theatre art installation. For an entire year, audience members at the Second City Theater in Chicago could see four digital avatars telling stories in the theatre's lobby. Although Sood's computer programming background helped her to write the code for the project, it was her artistic sensibilities that inspired her to take extra time to make sure that the avatars' voices didn't sound like monotone robots. She fiddled with the pitch, volume, and speed of the recording until the voices actually conveyed the

emotions within the stories. Additionally, she designed it so that when one avatar speaks, the others look toward him or her, like a blog-reading *Brady Bunch* family. It's a cute effect, but it conveys the importance of Sood's goal—that we listen to each other when an important story is being told.

Beyond humans listening to each other, Sood also wants computers to be able to listen and to detect the emotions that are present. If she could do this, it would signal one of the most important achievements in the effort toward artificial intelligence, since Sood and others believe that computers need to be able to understand feelings as well as facts and figures in order to demonstrate human-like intelligence.

"If machines are so much a part of our lives, our interactions with them should be compelling and enjoyable," she says. "If we're building these machines that we want to be intelligent, then they have to be emotionally intelligent."

But dreams of artificial intelligence are a long way off, and for now, the most important thing for Sood is to find and establish strong connections through stories—whether those connections are between people in person, people on the Internet or people and their machines. ❖

"If we're building these machines that we want to be INTELLIGENT then they have to be EMOTIONALLY intelligent."

# EL ESPECTADOR

The muckraking, Spanish-language newspaper founded in the '30s by Ignacio Lutero Lopez '31 to serve the invisible communities of the Pomona Valley still shows the way for today's burgeoning ethnic media.

By Agustin Gurza

# Week after week

For almost three decades, through the Great Depression and World War II to the eve of the Great Society, a scrappy, crusading newspaper was delivered to barrios all across the Pomona Valley. The passage of time brought some dramatic changes to the masthead of *El Espectador del Valle*, or *The Valley Observer*. The typeface, the logo and the slogan all evolved, and English crept into the nameplate as the paper tried to broaden its appeal beyond its immigrant readership base. In its second decade, a new post-war slogan suggested Latinos were here to stay: “An American Publication Written in Spanish.”

But one thing remained constant during the paper’s long run—the name of its editor and publisher, Ignacio Lutero Lopez ’31, an erudite and intrepid Mexican immigrant who edited the eight-page broadsheet out of his home. And from the time the paper was launched in 1933 until it folded in 1960, Lopez stuck to a guiding principle which, though never stated overtly, might as well have been engraved next to his name: All News Is Local.

Lopez’s readership base, and his constituency, were the invisible communities of working-class Mexicans scattered along the railroad tracks or hidden amongst the citrus orchards. At times, it seems the editor was determined to include every resident—and potential subscriber—by name in his newspaper. In the Feb. 5, 1937, edition, under the heading “Hospitalizations,” we learn that “the popular young man” Gabriel Quezada was recovering from appendicitis at San Antonio Hospital in Upland. And in the column headed “De Viaje” (On The Road), we’re informed of the pending trip to New Mexico by Luis Marujo, “the active and much appreciated employee of Rebello Grocery.”

Yet, not all local news was trivial. Whenever Lopez encountered issues of social justice and civil rights in his backyard, the journalist jumped in with all the passion and outrage he could pack into the pages of his paper. In that first week of February 72 years ago, his front page bristled with this two-deck headline in large type: “A Mexican Youth From Ontario Was Beaten by Three Policemen.” The victim, the paper recounted, had been mistaken by police for someone else. Inside, in an editorial titled “We Ask For Justice,” Lopez called for an investigation into the case and an end to police beatings, in the name of “the



only Mexican organ in this district and the defender of the Mexican people.”

The sheer sustained energy of his fight is evident from a review of three decades of *El Espectador*, kept on microfilm at the Ontario Public Library. Scrolling through year after year, I found a record of weighty travails and small triumphs. Lopez expressed outrage on behalf of the soldier refused service at a restaurant after returning from World War II and righteously denounced the killing of braceros by criminals in his own community. But he also ran pictures of students who graduated from high school and, in one of his last editions, hailed Judge Carlos Teran as the first Latino appointed to the state Supreme Court.

**LOPEZ, THE SON OF** a Congregationalist pastor, is part of a little known but historically important tradition of Mexican-American journalism in California, one that dates to the first half of the 19th century when the area was still part of Mexico. For

more than two centuries, hundreds of papers have flourished both in the Southwest and beyond, starting in 1808 with what scholars consider the first U.S. newspaper published in Spanish, *El Misisipi*, based in New Orleans.

Lopez’s crusading spirit also has historic precedents. In New Mexico, *El Crepúsculo* championed the rights of Indians, while in Los Angeles, the influential *El Clamor Público* (1855-59), which scholar and literary critic Luis Leal calls the precursor of the Chicano militant press, denounced a series of Mexican lynchings by Anglo mobs, while also chiding Mexicans for not standing up to the abuses. In displaying the courage to be both the scourge of the powerful and the conscience of the community, the paper set an editorial model that Lopez would follow 100 years later.

Very much a man of his era, Ignacio “Nacho” Lopez was a strict disciplinarian with old-fashioned values who opposed drug use and delinquency as much as discrimination. The twin values of personal success and public service were bred into the family by his father, the Rev. Ignacio Máximo Lopez. That upbringing explains his choice of journalism as a profession, says Luz Jaramillo ’49, Lopez’s niece and godchild.

“The philosophy was, you choose a profession or occupation that provides for you but which also is a blessing for those that come into contact with you,” explained Jaramillo, who preserves the family history and heritage at her modest home in Alta Loma. “That’s the way we were brought up.”

The publisher’s later role as a political mediator and social conciliator may also have roots in his family upbringing. Lopez was a middle child, the only boy in a family of five, a sibling position known to nurture skills of negotiating, peace-making and compromise.

“Operating between the white world and the Mexican colonia, Lopez attempted to shape both communities into compatible entities within a pluralistic society,” writes Brown University Professor Matt Garcia in his book *A World of Its Own: Race, Labor and Citrus in the Making of Greater Los Angeles 1900-1970*. “Lopez simultaneously promoted integration and resistance.”

**TODAY, IN THE PRESUMED** post-racial environment symbolized by the election of the country’s first Black president, skeptics may question the need for ethnic media such as *El Espectador*. Newspapers that once served as a bridge between the barrio and the broader world should be obsolete in a society that has supposedly bridged its racial gaps and settled all its ethnic grievances.

Indeed, analysts foresee troubled times ahead for some ethnic newspapers and magazines, pointing to the recent closing of Chinese and Spanish-language newspapers in New York. The forces that threaten the survival of the general newspaper industry, undermined by competition from the Internet, have finally caught up to the ethnic press. The recession has now forced many ethnic papers to cut staff, reduce the frequency of publication or convert entirely to online editions.

Yet, not everyone is pessimistic. The continuous influx of

immigrants from around the world virtually guarantees the need for new ethnic media to address those communities in their own languages.

“Man, almost on a monthly basis you find a new Arab-American magazine or newspaper in Detroit, New York or Los Angeles,” says Jalal Sayed, marketing strategist for Allied Media Corp., a Virginia-based multicultural marketing firm. “We’ve got to be careful not to bulk all ethnic media in one pocket.”

Sayed, who comes from Egypt, says he specializes in hard-to-reach markets, including Arab-, Russian- and Polish-speaking communities. Since Sept. 11, authorities have intensified efforts to reach out to these newcomers through ethnic media, making the government one of Allied Media’s major clients. Demand is also driven by a human need that’s as old as migration itself. “People want to get their news from a trusted voice, a familiar face,” says Sayed. “These communities like to read in their own language.”

They also like to read about themselves. That’s why the shrinkage of major urban newspapers can be a hidden boon for ethnic media. “When it comes to readers finding that article about something relevant to their culture, that’s where I think these [ethnic] papers hold an upper hand, especially as dailies like the *L.A. Times* get smaller and smaller,” says Kirk Whisler, president of Hispanic Print Network, a marketing and advertising firm that works with more than 550 Hispanic publications in the U.S. with a combined circulation over 17 million. “It’s certainly rough times for Hispanic print, but they’re going to come back a lot faster than the mainstream press.”

A recovery could be fueled by the general industry trend towards specialized publications aimed at targeted groups—what USC journalism professor Félix F. Gutiérrez calls the move “from mass media to class media”—that spells growth for this sector, though not necessarily in traditional forms.

“To understand the importance of the growth today, you have to look at papers like *El Espectador* and others, and the role they played,” says Gutierrez, an expert on ethnic diversity in the news media. “Their role has now been taken on by other media, other technology, but the needs are just as great. The population is larger and the general audience still has trouble understanding who we are and how to address us.”

**THINGS HAVE RADICALLY** changed since the days Lopez cranked out *El Espectador* from his home office on Chester Place in Pomona, sharing a large add-on space that doubled as his son’s bedroom. For one, competition in the Latino media market has vastly intensified. In those days, for example, Spanish-language radio was limited to brief broadcast segments on a smattering of stations across the country. Today, there are more than 700 stations broadcasting fulltime in Spanish. Since 1970, Latino newspapers and magazines in the U.S. have grown almost fivefold, from 284 to 1,348, according to a survey conducted annually by Whisler’s firm. In Southern California there are now 158 Hispanic newspapers and magazines with a circulation of more than six million, according to the agency’s 2008 count.

But the role that Lopez played in print, as advocate and intermediary, is currently being fulfilled on a much more massive scale by Spanish-language television and radio, which were still in their infancy when *El Espectador* went out of business. Ample proof of their emerging—nay, maturing—importance came in 2006 when Univision radio host El Piolín and other Latino celebrities helped organize a massive pro-immigrant demonstration in downtown Los Angeles. It's considered the largest demonstration in the city's history, drawing more than half a million people, and it's credited with helping halt a congressional drive for new anti-immigrant legislation. Lopez could not have dreamed of this kind of power.

For the children of those immigrants, those who read and write primarily in English, the media landscape is rapidly evolving. There's a whole raft of Latino bloggers who no longer need the imprimatur of old media to express themselves. And digital pioneers such as *LatinoLA.com* are tirelessly exploring ways to make the Internet a profitable platform for Latinos by keeping it local.

For the print media, the struggle to stay in business will require adaptations. Many Spanish-only publications are switching to bilingual formats, notes Whisler, in an effort to keep up with the pace of assimilation.

**EVEN THAT STRATEGY**, however, is not new. Lopez tried it 70 years ago with the Nov. 4, 1938, launch of his "sección en ingles," dedicated to Mexican youth. As guest columnist, he recruited a young student and DJ named Candelario J. Mendoza, whose first contribution reminds us of the axiom *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Writing on the eve of World War II, when "el nuevo Chevrolet" was selling for \$796, Mendoza addressed the issue of youth rebelling against "the old folks," as he put it. "Our parents grew up on a time when everything moved at a slow pace, when things were done in a leisurely manner," he wrote. "Today, we live in the streamlined age, when things are done in rapid speed." Appropriately titled "And So It Goes," the column goes on to advise young readers to weigh the experience

But the breakthrough Obama represents is also bittersweet. Just days before his election, I was laid off after 10 years with the *Los Angeles Times*, along with several other journalists of color. I cried during Obama's inauguration because the hope he symbolized only seemed to exacerbate my loss. For even as the paper celebrated the nation's first minority president with the sale of a wildly popular special edition, minority journalists in its own ranks had hit a ceiling in the newsroom, no more represented than they were 10 years earlier when I started there. Last year, the *Times* editorial staff was still more than 80 percent white, and only 7 percent Latino (presumably still counting me), according to the most recent newsroom survey by the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

In the industry's current climate of crisis, with falling circulation and revenues, affirmative action naturally takes a back seat. Who cares about racial quotas when layoffs hit everybody indiscriminately? It would be like striving for ethnic parity in lifeboats lowered from the *Titanic*. Survival of the fittest means nobody gets any special breaks any more.

Yet, how can a newspaper survive in a city like Los Angeles if it loses touch with the ethnic communities that surround its own urban core? Ten years ago, being Latino was still an asset because management desperately wanted to reach the group that was fast becoming half the city's population. As part of its ballyhooed Latino Initiative, the *Times* assembled specialists for its cultural coverage, with beats from Latino radio and television to film and the arts. But that was three owners and five editors ago. Today, there is not a single Latino assignment editor, critic or columnist in the Calendar section.

The *Times* may as well have a cultural moat around the building. In covering ethnic communities, reporters often seem

of their elders, "but use your own sane judgment" as a guide.

Many years later, as a Pomona Unified school board member, Mendoza would move to name a school after the man who had inspired his newspaper career. In September of 2007, the Ignacio Lutero Lopez Elementary School was dedicated on South White Avenue, directly across the street from the Pomona Mexican Church founded by Lopez' father almost 80 years earlier.

The program for the school ribbon-cutting ceremony lists all the members of the school board and district administrators, a routine formality for such public works project. But the multi-

cultural district roster also serves as a silent tribute to Lopez' lifelong drive to help his fellow Mexican-Americans take their rightful place as leaders in American society.

"He was way ahead of his time," says the publisher's son, Jaime Lopez, 68, who worked as a paperboy for his father's weekly, delivering to barrio homes on his bike. "The community wouldn't be what it is if it hadn't been for the newspaper. He was a fighter for other people's rights. Through the newspaper, he had the ability to get changes done, which as an individual you cannot do." ✚

# A Bittersweet Breakthrough

**F**OR ME, IT WAS A HEALING EXERCISE TO LOOK back on the work of Ignacio Lopez, and through him reconnect with my own roots in ethnic journalism. I felt an affinity for his fighting spirit, his literary interests and his struggle to keep his paper alive by wearing two hats as editor and ad salesman. I also found hope in his legacy, despite the hardships faced by newspapers in general and my recent job loss in particular. For the mission he pursued so passionately in print has not outlived its usefulness, but rather has evolved along with the times and the revolutionary changes in media.

The enduring role of ethnic media has been recently underscored by the historic election of Barack Obama as the nation's first Black president. In his press conferences, Obama has cast a new spotlight on this often overlooked segment of the White House press corps by taking questions from Black and Latino reporters, at times even ahead of the mainstream press, upending the media's Beltway pecking order. The president astutely uses the most popular minority media outlets, from Univision to al-Arabiya, to directly target minority audiences.



Journalist Agustin Gurza examines microfilm of copies of *El Espectador del Valle*.

like foreign correspondents in a foreign land. Twice in recent weeks, the paper has misidentified Puerto Rican percussionist Tito Puente, one of the most famous Caribbean artists of all time. One writer called him Cuban. Another called him "Tia" Puente.

"The loss of people of color from our newsrooms is especially disturbing because our future depends on our ability to serve multicultural audiences," said Charlotte Hall, editor of the *Orlando Sentinel* and immediate past president of ASNE, in a press release last month announcing results of the annual ethnic survey of the nation's newsrooms. "ASNE is committed to keeping newsroom diversity on the front burner even in tough times."

Good luck. Being color-blind in a post-racial society apparently means nobody notices, or cares, when people of color go

missing. When I started out in this business, making our presence felt was the whole point. I was an aimless Berkeley student majoring in sociology when I was drafted as editor of *La Voz del Pueblo*, published by Frente, a Chicano group led by a former San Bernardino gang member turned law student, Manuel Delgado. In those days, there were scores of Chicano publications across the Southwest, all inspired by the social and political movement of the 1960s. Inspired equally by the crusades of César Chávez and the muckraking of Woodward and Bernstein, Latinos took up the pen for its power to change society and its instant ability to give voice to the voiceless.

Like Lopez and other Latino publishers before us, we didn't wait for the mainstream media to give us a job. We made our own way. Maybe it's time to open paths for ourselves again. ✚

—Agustin Gurza

BEN SPARKS '91 EXPLAINS THE CHINA CONNECTION OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPER RECYCLING.

# PAPER ROUTE

Story by Ellen Alperstein / Photo by Robert Durell

In this digital world, newsprint, curiously, thrives. Yesterday's newspaper expires, but then it's reincarnated.

No one appreciates the irony of the Buddhistic proclivities of a dying medium more than Ben Sparks '91, who grew up collecting newspapers for his father's recycling business. Today, as president of Green Planet Consulting Group, Sparks says the recycling side of his own Oakland, Calif.-based enterprise is booming thanks to the convergence of population growth in developing countries; a world disposed toward global trade and resource reuse; and the cost-effectiveness of transoceanic transport.

China consumes 60 percent of the world's recovered paper, Sparks says. People in developing countries are digital media consumers, but population growth fuels hard-copy consumption as well. Manufacturing powers such as China render the U.S. a net importer of goods, and because ships delivering stereos and T-shirts to American shores must return, otherwise empty shipping containers prove ideal for transporting the raw material of recyclables.

Ten of the 20 largest U.S. exporters are recyclers, Sparks says, and 50 percent of all American exports are recycling and scrap metal. In a video posted on YouTube, Sparks explains that the carbon emissions produced by one diesel truck hauling a load of newspapers to a mill are more than that produced by a ship ferrying 7,500 containers across the ocean. And it's cheap: It costs \$4,000 per container to send stereos to the U.S., but only \$350 to ship dead news to China.



**1** Somebody tosses a used copy of the *Los Angeles Times* into a recycling bin, the contents of which are collected by municipal workers.

**2** Trucks deliver the yield to a recycling center where the paper is separated from other recyclables, and sorted by white, brown (cardboard) and gray (newsprint), and baled. The bales are taken by truck or rail to the port, where they're loaded into shipping containers and stacked by crane onto ships that move 7,000-7,500 such bins across the Pacific Ocean.

**3** In China, the bales are off-loaded and moved by truck or rail to a gray paper mill where they are placed onto a conveyor. Baling wire is cut and the papers are tipped into an 8,000-gallon pulp vat. The material is soaked and CO<sub>2</sub> gas is added to remove ink, which bubbles to the surface and is skimmed off.

**4** After about 15 minutes, the brew is dissolved into a pulp of 90 percent water and 10 percent paper fiber. A centrifuge cleaner separates out any remaining paper clips or staples. Then the pulp is sprayed by a series of small jets onto a conveyor belt, rendering a thick, wet sheet of new paper.

**5** It moves through a series of 200 pairs of rollers to expel the water, and is wound around a cardboard center into rolls of clean newsprint measuring 10 feet wide, 8 feet in diameter and weighing 4,500 lbs.

**6** The mill ships these rolls to a large publisher—say, China's *People's Daily* or the *Los Angeles Times*—or to a middleman who cuts the rolls for smaller newspapers. The newspaper mounts the rolls onto its presses, where they're printed, cut, folded and stacked for pickup by circulation trucks. The news lives anew.

# TSL

BY VANESSA HUA

## Campus

news arrives at golf-cart speed early on a Friday morning, as a staffer drives from building to building dropping off bundles of *The Student Life*.

By lunchtime, the paper's broad-sheet pages are spread across the sturdy tables of Frary Dining Hall while students indulge in what has become an increasingly rare pastime beyond campus: reading the print newspaper.

Under a mellow light shining in from high windows, students chuckle at the humorously-written security briefs (which chalk up the loss of unlocked bikes to "natural selection") and groan over the headline for a story on Professor Justin Crowe leaving for Williams ("Say It Ain't Crowe"). Laughs aside, these readers seem to appreciate *TSL* most for the hard-news reporting.

CARRIE ROSENA



JOHN LUCAS

"Someone has to ask the questions. And [*TSL*] asks good questions," says Christopher Wienberg '10, a computer science major, pointing to a story about the Neuroscience Program's struggle to become a department.

With this weekly scene, old-fashioned, wait-for-the-paper-to-arrive journalism carries on at Pomona, even as newspapers in the wider world watch their profits shrink and print editions wither. It helps, of course, that *TSL*, billed as Southern California's oldest college paper, gets most of its funding through Pomona sources such as student fees, insulating it from



some—but not all—real-world financial pressures. And, until deep into the spring semester, *TSL*'s online presence had been limited to posting PDF files of each issue the same day they arrive in print, the consequence of a system crash last year that forced the paper to patch together a temporary Web.

Although the new site soft-launched in April—along with an editor's blog—the online version still primarily consists of Friday-midnight postings of stories that will arrive in the print edition later that morning. But the new site also allows *TSL* to move more quickly. When the Pomona-Pitzer baseball team beat Cal Lutheran for the conference championship on a Saturday in April, *TSL* was able to post a story that very day instead of waiting an entire week to deliver the news in print.

Reporters “already have their plates full with a few days to produce articles,” says Trevor Hunnicutt '10, the spring semester editor-in-chief. “That said, I think this is going to have to change, and we're going to need to better differentiate between breaking news content and analytical, second-day stories.”

The paper has plans to further upgrade its online content by fall, with the addition of the newly-created position of Web editor to oversee more frequent updates.

For now, though, Pomona news coverage unfolds much the same way it did in decades past. *TSL*'s student editors must consider the Web-based future while still carrying out the time-consuming work of getting the paper out each week, and all the attendant concerns: assigning and editing stories and photos, laying out and printing and delivering.

At their last weekly story meeting of the fall semester, a circle of editors sits on battered couches and loveseats, part of the office's tag-sale, 1970s décor, which contrasts with the brand-new flat-screen monitors recently purchased by the College, along with layout and editing software.

“Any big stories?” asks Rylan Stewart '10, the paper's editor-in-chief for that semester. Editors ticked off an article about California's same-sex marriage ban, another about the Obama Administration, and a professor running for a planning commission. There's also a review of a LACMA show and the latest from the sex columnist.

They toss around story ideas. Winter sport training exercise? Something about the signing of Manny Ramirez to the Dodgers? Photos, what about photos? The moon, Jupiter and Venus in close alignment? Or students celebrating Thanksgiving dinner together?

Stewart and his two managing editors stay afterward to discuss whether they could write a story about a faculty hiring decision. They had information off-the-record, but the department wouldn't confirm the news, probably not until after *TSL* went to press. If editors ran with what they knew, they risked angering sources.

“It's hard. It's six degrees of separation, or less than that, in a school so small,” says Andrea Kretchmer '09, a managing editor for fall semester. “Especially when there's a controversy and you have to talk to both sides.”

But that sometimes awkward proximity to their audience

gives college papers some advantages over real-world ones. For the most part, campus newspapers remain insulated from economic woes because of their local coverage and loyal readership base, says Carlo DiMarco, vice president of University Relations for mtvU, whose College Media Network hosts more than 600 college publications online.

And love it or hate it, people on campus pay attention to *TSL*. Emily Aamodt '09 criticizes its attempts to cover world affairs instead of sticking to school issues: “They take themselves too seriously.” Still, she reads the paper regularly.

“I'm on the softball team, and I want to see what they wrote about me,” says Aamodt, a philosophy, politics and economics major.

Even so, many college newspapers are struggling to remake themselves, just like “real-world” newspapers, magazines, and television stations. At UC Davis and the University of Minnesota, the daily student newspapers ceased publication on Fridays to save money. “We need to help our students and advisors be better prepared for what's going on out there,” says Ron Spielberg, executive director of College Media Advisers, which has begun offering multimedia classes at its annual student conventions. “It's easier now that the technology has changed.”

At Pomona, after *TSL* goes back fully online, the staff plans to experiment with multimedia features such as photo slide shows and podcasts (Internet radio segments), map mashups, audio slideshows, video, interactive graphics, databases, podcasts, and real-time feedback. “We need to fully invest ourselves in developing online,” says Hunnicutt. “Doing so will liberate us from the artificial weekly deadline, allowing us to produce news on demand.”

Maribel Gonzalez '10, who was reading newspapers during Friday lunch in Frary Hall, says that's the only day she reads print editions. The rest of the week she is “scrambling” with work, and takes in her news in bites and snatches, from feeds such as Reddit and Digg—news aggregators—which cull stories from around the Web.

Hunnicutt also acknowledges that “a number of readers have clearly expressed a preference for the print edition.” Consider the cautionary tale of *Asclepius*—a health journal funded by the College's Office of the President. It started out online, then received funding for print because there was virtually no online readership, according to Neil Gerard, associate dean of students.

Print is pricey, though, and *TSL* recently added a mail subscription program for alumni and parents in an effort to boost revenues. Ad sales cover roughly 10 percent of the paper's budget, and Business Manager David Apfel '09 has tried to make *TSL* more visible by going door-to-door with retailers in Claremont, presenting at the chamber of commerce and being more responsive to advertisers and national media buyers. But, he says, advertisers can be slow to pay.

With printing bills accounting for more than 90 percent of non-payroll costs, *TSL* editors say they might consider going online-only someday. “It's amazing that real newspapers exist at all,” says Apfel. ❖

Whether blogging from the Oscars or jetting with the Jonas Brothers, Molly Goodson '04 feeds the endless cycle of online celebrity news—and millions of Web users eat it up.



# Gossip Girl

STORY BY ADAM ROGERS '92 / PHOTOS BY ROBERT DURELL

After the Oscars, Molly Goodson '04 thought about hitting a few parties, maybe catching a few movie stars with a drink or two in them. Her press credential would have gotten her inside. But the idea didn't catch. She'd spent hours in a room deep inside the Kodak Theatre, listening to dozens of Academy Awards winners tell a crowd of her fellow reporters how their victories made them feel. She was whipped. >>>

Plus, she still had notes to turn into articles for the Web site she edits, PopSugar. So she made her way back to her hotel, on Sunset Boulevard. “From the hotel I could see the red carpet for the *Vanity Fair* party,” Goodson says. Recession be damned; every year, that magazine throws one of the most opulent post-Oscar parties in town. “It just amazed me,” she says of the throngs gathered to see celebs. “There were hundreds of people there, and they would just sit there until, like, 2 in the morning, just screaming.”

Still, to Goodson, that’s not so weird. As the editor of a Web site dedicated to celebrities—gossip, let’s say—Goodson is responsible for generating a near- ceaseless flow of information for the kind of people who know where the *Vanity Fair* party is and want to see who is attending, even if they themselves are not.

Put it this way: Millions of people want to know what Molly Goodson thinks about the Oscars, and movie stars, and the clothes of famous singers. “Obviously in some ways I’m catering to people who really love this stuff,” she says. “But it’s always interesting to see someone who, when she sees Kate Winslet, just screams as loud as she possibly can.”

Goodson herself is no screamer—but she understands the impulse. Growing up in Newton, Mass., near Boston, Goodson cared about celebrities and show business about as much as any Gen-Yer, which is to say, more than a little. But as a political science major at Pomona, she assumed her future was on Capitol Hill, working in a congressional office. You know—something serious.

She almost got there. After graduating, Goodson spent two summers interning in Sen. Ted Kennedy’s office, and then headed for a New York-based nonprofit. “I had a lot of free time, and a computer,” Goodson says. “It was 2004, and the Internet gossip world was really blowing up, so I started reading these sites as they were becoming more and more popular.”

The world she’s talking about—Gawker, TMZ, Perez Hilton, Daily Candy, and so on—is a thriving, gossip-fed ecology. Take the movie *Sweet Smell of Success*, add the *New York Post*’s Page Six, and multiply that by the speed of the Internet. Then factor in an audience that loves its celebrity icons more than ever but simultaneously wants to see more of their flaws, peccadilloes and cellulite.

Goodson loved all that stuff. She blogged on her own for a while, on a gossip-oriented site she named Mollygood. She honed her trademark sly sarcasm—but rarely aimed it at the people she wrote about. “At that point there were a lot of nasty sites and a lot of sites written by men, which were basically just babes in bikinis,” she says. “So I was able to have my own voice that was different than anything else out there. I mean, I’m a sarcastic person, but I never wanted to be mean.”

After about a year of that, she followed her husband, Kjell Jorgenson ’02, to San Francisco, where he was entering a residency program at California Pacific Medical Center. Goodson kept blogging—she was working from home, alone, keeping odd East Coast hours, with most of her human contact taking place digitally. In 2006, at just about the moment that the solitude was starting to get to her, Goodson got an email from an

online acquaintance, Lisa Sugar, editor of a suite of Web sites aimed primarily at younger women. As her Web empire grew, Sugar had come to realize that she needed someone to take the lead role on the flagship, PopSugar. Now that Goodson had moved to San Francisco, she seemed like a good recruit.

Goodson took the job—and kept her voice. Of the 80 or so people posting articles on the Sugar network, up to 15 posts a day on 16 different sites, Goodson is the only one who gets a byline. It went so well that she soon added a new title: editorial creative director. She now has oversight over everything on the Sugar sites. “Molly is like this superwoman. She consumes so much information so quickly,” says Sugar. “Just keeping up with the Sugar sites every day is a lot, but Molly has this amazing grasp of everything that’s going on outside of our world, too.”

She has to, of course. The world Goodson writes for doesn’t look like classic, fast-paced daily journalism. It’s even faster, for one thing, and that accelerated pace comes with an expectation that news items will be interspersed with lists, jokes, polls, photo galleries, and opinion pieces. It also means that more mistakes will be made—but they’ll be corrected more quickly, as well. And readers online expect a certain level of interaction with their news providers and each other. “You can email Molly, and Molly will write you back,” says Sugar. “It’s great to read *Vogue*, but there’s no engagement with Anna Wintour,” its editor.

Even the notion of competing for scoops has been inverted. Online, cooperation is almost as valuable as beating the other guy. “If we have a story I think is going to be good, I will individually email every editor at sites that I know and tell them it’s coming up,” says Goodson. It works because “traffic”—the number of readers looking at your site (and the advertisements that support it) is the defining metric. “If someone gets a scoop, you can link to it and get some of that traffic and reputation for being fast,” says Brian Lam, assistant managing editor at one of Sugar’s competitors, Gawker Media. “The source gets credit, too, because the traffic flows in their direction, like a tax.”

Does it work? According to Web statistics site Quantcast, almost 2 million people a month read PopSugar. (Over 3 million people read Gawker.) And if all this seems super-weird to you, you’re in a shrinking category. According to the latest study of the state of the news media from the Pew Project for Excellence in Journalism, nearly four in 10 Americans use the Internet as their main source of news, up from two in 10 the year before. Among young people, that number is even higher.

Sugar Inc.’s headquarters, on the 15th floor of a building in San Francisco’s financial district, is made up of square-pillared, open-plan spaces decorated in muted pinks and grays and populated mostly by women in their 20s. Opposite the front door hangs a series of vaguely anime-styled cartoon portraits, each one representing the editorial personality behind a Sugar site. One of them has medium-length brown hair, a fresh-and-open face, and a stylish top. “That’s me,” Goodson says, tapping the picture and smiling slyly. In person she is less coy and less coiffed.

The Oscars are behind her, but this sunny afternoon sees Goodson in a typical rush. “I’m online at 7 a.m.,” she says. “I commute in at 9, leave at about 5, and I’m online again from about 8 p.m. to midnight every night, either posting or getting

ready for the next morning. On weekends I’m never too far from the Web. I just like to be connected all the time.” In addition to writing for PopSugar, Goodson blogs, maintains an active social network presence on Facebook, and regularly posts sub-140-character updates on the microblogging site Twitter.

The specific rush today is aimed at some very special access. Goodson is going to share a private plane ride down to Los Angeles with the Jonas Brothers, who...well, look, if you don’t

Twitter, and a few posts for PopSugar—feeding the beast. But even though she has a byline, Goodson holds pieces of herself back from the blogs she runs. “In the beginning, a blog was a place where you really liked someone’s take on things, and you read them every day. You got to feel like you knew them,” Goodson says. “More and more actual news stories are now broken on the ‘net. But you can’t share your entire life. You choose the bits that you share, so you still have your privacy.”



**“More and more actual news stories are now broken on the ‘net. But you can’t share your entire life. You choose the bits that you share, so you still have your privacy.”**

know who the Jonas Brothers are, you a) have no contact with teeny-bopper music and b) should just Google them. The plane ride is, to be honest, the sort of quality access you get if your stated editorial position is “be nice,” and the Brothers will turn out to be three exhausted, bored kids, wiped out from an 11-city tour, depressed from crummy returns on their first movie. “The girls in this situation act out. This generation of boys don’t,” Goodson says. “They just play their clean virgin selves.”

Nevertheless, the experience yields a few bursts of text on

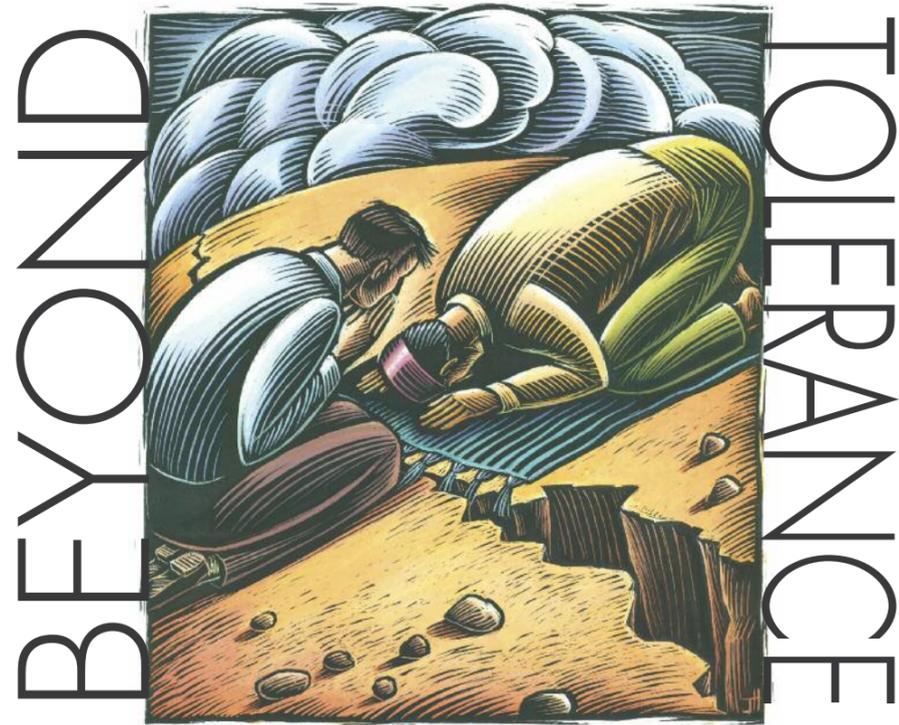
So maybe new and old media aren’t so dissimilar after all. There’s still a line between reporter and audience, even when that reporter is a blogger. “I’m young, and I’ll have a lot of chances in my life to do different kinds of journalism,” Goodson says. “Like, do I want to write a book? Maybe I don’t need to. It’s not going to be my big break. I have worked 24 hours a day for the past three years so that when I send someone an email, they’ll know who I am.”

“And,” she adds, “I get to go to the Oscars. It’s very cool.” ✚

Religion / *Gustav Niebuhr '77*

*Beyond Tolerance: Searching for Interfaith Understanding in America*

By Gustav Niebuhr '77  
Viking, 2008 / 218 pages / \$25.95



Review by Jerry Irish / Illustration by Jennifer Hewitson

Here in Claremont in the wake of 9/11, there was a flurry of community outreach across religious boundaries. My Muslim colleague, Professor Zayn Kassam, received calls from administrators and teachers at El Roble Middle School and Claremont High School asking if her children had arrived home safely. Claremont community members she didn't even know phoned to inquire if she was okay. The United Church of Christ Congregational held an interfaith service, and the Islamic Center of Claremont held an open house that has become an annual event. Community members organized to provide a daily presence around the City of Knowledge School, a local

Muslim institution, to ensure the safety of its staff and students in the weeks following 9/11. Claremont Presbyterian Church, in consultation with Professor Kassam, organized a guest speaker series on various aspects of Islam. And Claremont United Methodist Church developed a relationship with local Muslims that continued for five years and included potluck suppers, shared worship experiences and discussions on a wide range of issues.

All this activity and more went on beneath the mainstream media radar. Newspaper headlines and news reports called our attention to isolated acts of vengeful violence against Muslims (or people imagined to be Muslim) and amplified the government's drumbeat for war against "evil" nations. But who knew that the citizen-to-citizen outreach we were witnessing in Claremont was happening all across the nation? Gustav Niebuhr '77 gives us an eye-opening account of this phenomenon in his book *Beyond Tolerance*. Having spent 15 years as a religion reporter, Niebuhr was working for *The New York Times* on 9/11. He was in a perfect position to write about terrorist manipulation of religion or fundamentalist reactions to religious pluralism, two prevalent themes in post-9/11 reporting on religion. Instead, he focused on people who wanted to make constructive use of religious diversity. What interested Niebuhr was the idea that "some people choose to build networks that deliberately cross boundaries in an era in which religious differences are so explosive." Such people seek to build community rather than divide it.

Through Niebuhr's writing we discover that the religious pluralism we take for granted in the Los Angeles Basin is not unique, and that post-9/11 interreligious activities akin to those in Claremont took place in cities as different from one another as Nashville, Seattle, Denver and New Brunswick. Perhaps more surprising, in 2005, according to the Hartford Institute for Religion Research, 22 percent of American congregations had participated in interreligious worship, while 38 percent had joined with other religions to do community service. Niebuhr introduces us to numerous clergy and lay persons—Buddhists, Christians, Hindus, Jews, Muslims—who have reached beyond their own religions to interact with others. *Beyond Tolerance* would be worth reading if only for its accounts of such activity. But Niebuhr, who is an associate professor of religion and director of the Religion and Society Program at Syracuse University,

brings to his narrative a historical and psychological perspective that gives it far greater significance.

Niebuhr reminds us that religious diversity and its positive employment has been a distinguishing feature of our nation since its founding. When James Madison wrote that "Freedom arises from a multiplicity of sects ... which is the best and only security for religious liberty in any society," he had in mind the vast diversity among Christian congregations. As wave after wave of immigrants have added other religions to the mix, Madison's words have become all the more relevant. Niebuhr makes clear that the freedom intended here is not a function of *toleration* but of *respect*. Thomas Paine viewed toleration as a counterfeit form of intolerance that could be extended or withheld at the whim of the powerful. Even earlier in our national history, George Washington wrote to assure the Jewish congregation in Newport, R.I., then our nation's smallest minority of free citizens, that religious liberty prevailed over toleration, the latter being the mere indulgence of one class of people by another. More than a century and a half later, Franklin Roosevelt articulated four freedoms that distinguish democracy from tyranny: freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want and freedom from fear. In his analysis of interreligious activity, Niebuhr makes insightful connections between freedom of worship and freedom from fear.

Two factors seemed to fuel the post 9/11 interreligious activity Niebuhr describes: a civic responsibility to protect fellow citizens who might be in jeopardy and a hunger to learn more about Islam. Both factors entail personal dialogue with the other and, thus, a recognition of the other's humanity. There is no stronger witness that fear needn't be the only response to difference. Indeed, it gives one hope that at a time when fear was the dominant rhetorical tool employed by our government, so much interreligious activity with Islam emerged. The aim of such boundary-crossing engagement is neither compromise nor conversion, but understanding. The result is a clearer grasp of one's own beliefs and a keener sense of our common humanity. The Claremont Methodists and Muslims cited above regularly expressed the view that all they wanted was for the Christians to be the best possible Christians they could be and for the Muslims to be the best possible Muslims they could be. It was their distinct religious traditions that sustained their ongoing relationship.

As someone who teaches in the Religious Studies Department at Pomona, I obviously have a personal and professional stake in the importance of understanding religions and the role they play locally and internationally. *Beyond Tolerance* is a powerful testament to the value of studying religion at every level of our educational system. By extension, Niebuhr is making a case for what has long been a guiding assumption at Pomona, namely that difference is to be celebrated as a strength, that mutual understanding across ethnicity, religion and sexual preference enriches the individual and vitalizes the community. I suppose it should come as no surprise that a graduate of the College writes so well and wisely about living *beyond tolerance*. ❖

## Mythology &amp; History / David Alexander

## The Goddess Pomona

Never one to settle for low-hanging fruit, former Pomona College President David Alexander has reached deep into the tangled branches of history and mythology to stock a delightful tome about the little-known Roman goddess whose name the College bears. Conceived by and for the Class of '57 and published in a limited edition by 1957 graduate Andrew Hoyem's Arion Press, *The Goddess Pomona: A Harvest of Digressions* begins with the founding of the College and its naming. Pomona, the city, owed its appellation to an 1875 contest won by a classically-minded (and apparently hopeful) citrus grower. The city was the College's first home, and the founders' naming decision reflected their gratitude for its support.

Classically trained and broadly knowledgeable, Alexander then takes us further into the past to search for references to our eponymous deity, "an obscure rural Italo-Roman goddess of *poma*, or fruit . . . whose cult was absorbed into the Roman religion," and who, despite the importance of fruit to life, did not rank high among divinities (Robigus, god of mildew, was, for example, deemed more worthy of propitiation). Through the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid (first century C.E.) whose version of Pomona's lineage has prevailed, we learn that she was courted by Vertumnus, god of the changing year. The union is significant—combining Pomona's orchard with Vertumnus's "ripening" seasonal influence. We learn that Pomona's name can be found attached to books, an opera, a ballet, and a butterfly, as well as to place names throughout the United States, abroad, and even in space—the asteroid "32 Pomona" was discovered in 1854.

One beautifully illustrated chapter details "sightings" of Pomona in works of art from Versailles and New York to Claremont. On campus, a bronze relief of the goddess, modeled on one in the Uffizi, surveys Marston Quadrangle from the west foyer of the Smith Campus Center, and a rather more muscular version attributed to 19th-century French painter Thomas Couture can be found in the Pomona College Museum of Art.

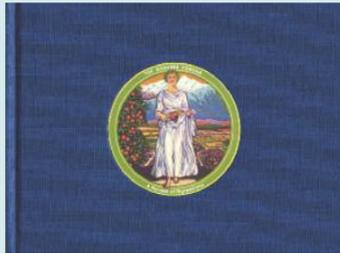
In the final chapter, Alexander makes clear that for true Pomona-philosophers, there is much left to discover. At the same time, he wonders whether this "profusion of allusion" will continue in our day when knowledge of classical mythology is no longer common currency. At the very least, he writes, "We can be thankful that a classically minded contest winner chose the name of Pomona for the town where the little college in its little cottage had its promising start." ✦

—Marjorie L. Harth

*The Goddess Pomona: A Harvest of Digressions*

By David Alexander

Pomona College/Arion Press, 2007 / 84 pages, 18 color plates  
(Special limited edition, not available for sale)

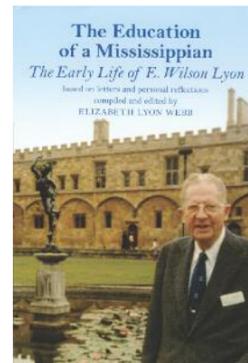


## Biography / Elizabeth Lyon Webb

The Education of  
of E. Wilson Lyon

Elizabeth Lyon Webb spent nearly two decades researching her new book, *The Education of a Mississippian: The Early Life of E. Wilson Lyon*, which chronicles her father's journey from rural Mississippi to his inauguration as president of Pomona College in 1941. Drawing on his letters and personal reflections, Webb seeks to illuminate the young man who would help shape the blueprint for the modern Pomona. Presiding over the College between World War II and the Vietnam War, Lyon's visionary leadership was shaped by his early experiences as a student and world traveler. During his tenure, which spanned nearly three decades, Pomona emerged as a top-ranked college known for student and faculty scholarship.

Webb spoke with *PCM* about transatlantic voyages, transcribing letters and writing her father's biography.

**How do you think your father's early educational experiences shaped his views on higher education?**

One of the things that was striking was how early my father developed his ideas on education. Because Heidelberg, Miss., the rural cotton-growing community where he grew up, had no accredited school past the eighth grade, he attended Jones County Agricultural High School, a three-year boarding high school in Ellisville, Miss. Students dined nightly with faculty, allowing [Lyon] to benefit from significant mentoring. As a result, very early on he recognized the importance of participating in a "community of learners." It also began to shape his view of supporting student learning through a strong faculty.

At 17, he entered the University of Mississippi. There he developed lasting bonds with his teachers, including Professor Alexander Bondurant, who suggested during his freshman year he had the potential to be a Rhodes Scholar. As editor of the student newspaper, *The Mississippian*, he wrote several editorials on the importance of fully participating in campus life and activities.

During his three years as a Rhodes Scholar, he came to appreciate the "Oxford model"—students studying individually with tutors while living in small residential colleges. In Claremont, he worked to create the feeling of community among students and faculty he had known at Oxford. While in England, he followed the activities at Ole Miss and was highly critical of Gov. Bilbo's interference with the university's management. He wrote to family, friends and state legislators about his concern that colleges

and universities must be free of political influence. His ideas about the importance of the educational community, supportive faculty and freedom of speech remained central to his thinking and guided his leadership at Pomona.

**What did you learn about Wilson Lyon in this process?**

[Lyon] was a self-determined man; he didn't believe his fate was preordained. Once he was told he had the ability to become a Rhodes Scholar, he put everything into achieving that goal. He loved being at Pomona—all 28 years. One reason was its size; he was able to put his ideas about higher education into practice.

**What was your research process like?**

Long. I found my father's letters from his years as a Rhodes Scholar tucked away in an old desk drawer in 1992. They inspired the book. His autobiographical sketch and articles he wrote for Mississippi newspapers during his first year at Oxford were also discovered. A memorial tribute of my father as an undergraduate written in 1989 by Girault Jones, his roommate at the University of Mississippi, as well as personal reflections and reminiscences of Heidelberg residents about community life in the 1920s and earlier supplemented my research too. In 2001, David Alexander, president emeritus of Pomona College, reviewed an early draft, but I set the manuscript aside for a couple years before picking it up again in 2006. It was published in early 2009 thanks to the support of printer-publisher Andrew Hoyem '57 and Arion Press.

**Did you have a favorite letter in the book?**

One of my favorites is his first letter on board the ship *Lancastria* destined for England in the fall of 1925. It is so descriptive. He describes the New York City harbor and people waving goodbye to loved ones. You hear a bit of nostalgia when he says he "took it all rather quietly." But his excitement about this important step is clear. He had traveled some, but he had been a resident of Mississippi his entire life. His innocence as a traveler is evident in the letter's wonderful details about the ship's hospitality or the bustling of New York City.

**You wrote "history intersected" life and community for Wilson Lyon; can you expand?**

The social and political worlds of his youth were swept away. By 1940, Europe was engulfed in World War II and the Europe he had known as a Rhodes Scholar disappeared. The upheavals of the American Civil Rights Movement transformed the American South. What did not disappear, however, were the values that he took from his education. These remained with him as he worked to build educational excellence at Pomona. ✦

—Interview by Pauline Nash

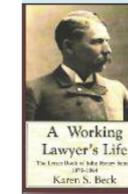
*The Education of a Mississippian: the Early Life of E. Wilson Lyon*

By Elizabeth Lyon Webb

Pomona College/Arion Press, 2009 / 262 pages / \$45

(Available from the Coop Store: [www.pomona.edu/coopstore](http://www.pomona.edu/coopstore))

## Bookmarks / Alumni and Faculty Authors

**A Working Lawyer's Life**

*The Letter Book of John Henry Senter, 1879-1884*

Karen S. Beck '83 provides a biography of John Senter and a history of his small-town Vermont practice along with 326 of the lawyer's richly detailed and often frank letters.

*The Lawbook Exchange, Ltd.* • 281 pages • \$64.95

**Art for a Modern India, 1947-1980**

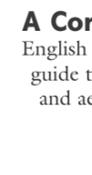
Rebecca M. Brown '93 explores Indian modernism in painting, drawing, sculpture, film and photography, following India's independence. Her analysis of specific works includes the architecture of Charles Correa, the cinema of Satyajit Ray and Bollywood.

*Duke University Press* • 224 pages • \$22.95

**Carta Marina: A Poem in Three Parts**

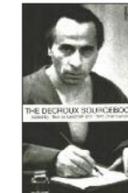
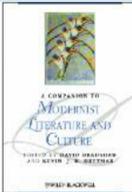
Inspired by a medieval map of the same name, Ann Fisher-Wirth '68 tells a tale through poetry of love, grief, melancholy, reconnection and how the heart can negotiate various forms of love.

*Wings Press* • 81 pages • \$16

**A Companion to Modernist Literature & Culture**

English Professor Kevin Dettmar co-edits, with David Bradshaw, this guide to American and British modernism, contemporary intellectual and aesthetic movements, and modernist writing and art. It features 25 essays on the signal texts of modernist literature.

*Wiley Blackwell* • 616 pages • \$49.95

**The Decroux Sourcebook**

Theatre Professor Thomas Leabhart and Franc Chamberlain gather a wealth of material on mime artist Etienne Decroux and his pioneering work in physical theatre. Included are previously unpublished articles by Decroux from France's Bibliotheque Nationale.

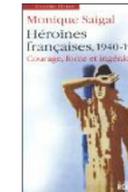
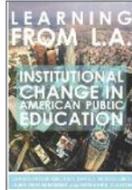
*Routledge* • 198 pages • \$33.95

**Learning from L.A.**

*Institutional Change in American Public Education*

Politics Professor David Menefee-Libey coauthored this look at the colorful characters, dramatic encounters and political battles that have transformed the Los Angeles Unified School District since the 1960s.

*Harvard Education Press* • 290 pages • \$54.95

**Héroïnes françaises 1940-1945**

*Courage, force et ingénuité*

French Professor Monique Saïgal tells the stories of 17 women who participated in the French Resistance during World War II. (Available only in French from [www.amazon.fr](http://www.amazon.fr).)

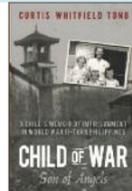
*Editions du Rocher* • 220 pages • EURO 17

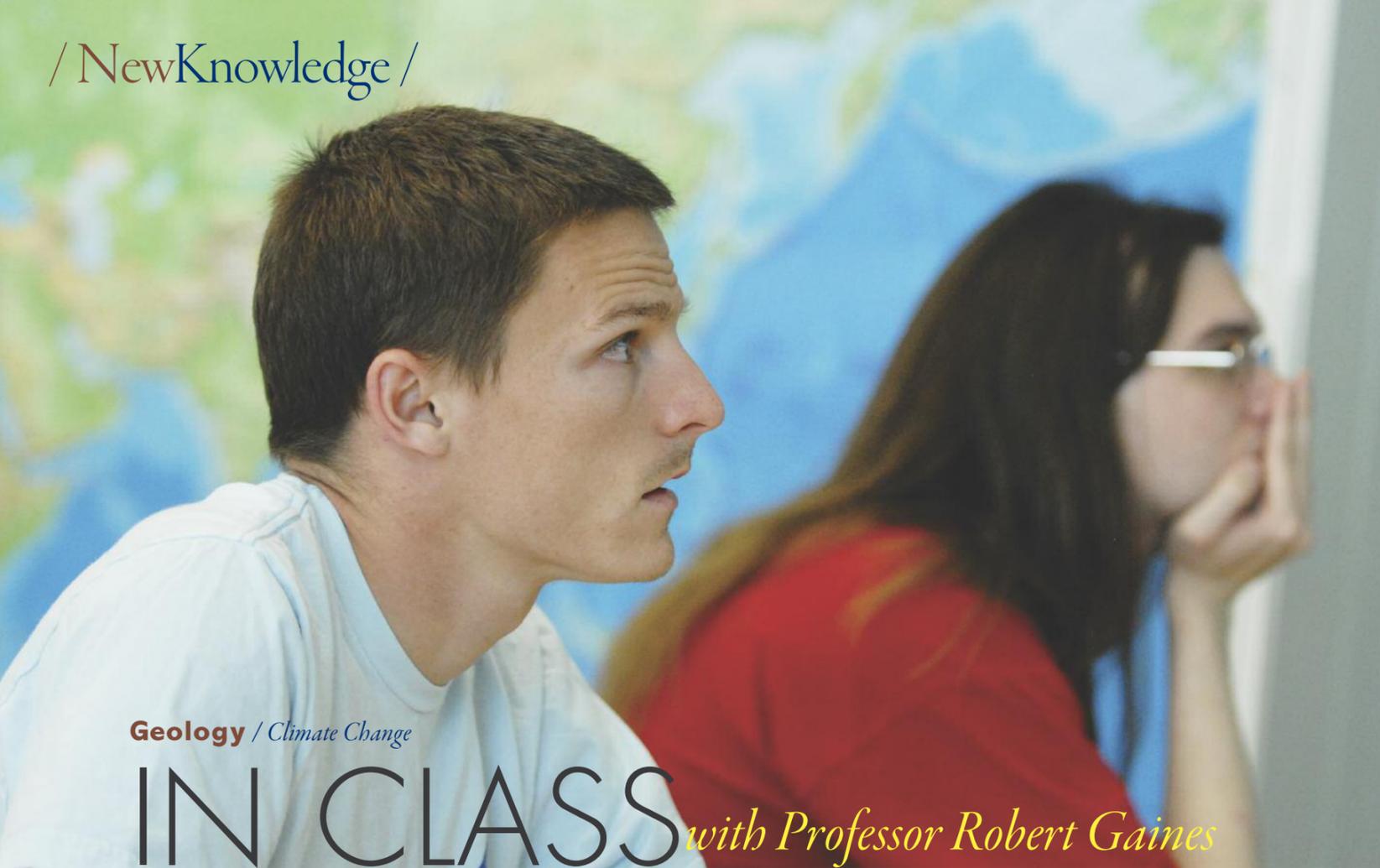
**Child of War: Son of Angels**

*A Child's Memoir of Horror and Reconciliation While Imprisoned in World War II-torn Philippines*

Former Director of Athletics Curtis Whitfield Tong recounts his three years as a child prisoner of the Japanese Imperial Army during WWII.

*iUniverse.com* • 348 pages • \$23.95





Geology / Climate Change

# IN CLASS *with Professor Robert Gaines*

*The following is an edited excerpt from a classroom discussion in the Climate Change course taught by Assistant Professor of Geology Robert Gaines during the spring semester of 2009.*

**Gaines:** ... We shifted gears on Monday, and we're moving away from talking about CO<sub>2</sub> changes over long periods of time—tens to hundreds of millions of years—resulting in icehouse-greenhouse cycles. Now it's time to look at the influence of solar radiation on climate. We have a very good record of recent changes in global ice volume back to four million and perhaps longer. Over long-time scales, one orbital parameter has varied. What is that?

**Andrew:** Speed of the earth's rotation.

**G:** How has that changed through time?

**Andrew:** It's slowed down.

**G:** How do we know that?

**Andrew:** From the coral record.

**G:** Coral has this particular quality of adding daily growth bands. It grows calcium carbonate skeletons with the aid of photosynthetic bacteria, called zooxanthellae that live inside the coral. The bacteria photosynthesize and take up carbon dioxide from the immediate environment, which allows the coral to precipitate calcium carbonate. We can place this record of growth bands we see in coral onto the seasonal sine wave of diminishing radiation in the winter and increasing radiation in the summer. We know the earth spun 11 percent faster 440 million years ago.

When we get back after spring break, we're going to walk through how these changes in insolation affect ice sheet dynamics, how ice sheets grow in

response to solar forcing. Do you think that ice sheets are going to map precisely onto forcing—that the growth of ice sheets will correspond with insolation maxima and minima and vice versa? Do you think the ice sheets respond immediately?

**Mark:** No. There are other factors involved as well. It just takes time for things like the ocean or the air to warm up and cool down. Just because it's hotter doesn't mean the ice sheets will respond immediately.

**G:** That's exactly right. What do we call the delay between forcing and response?

**Sam:** The lag time.

**G:** There is a significant lag time and, in the case of ice sheets, there is a particular feedback that becomes important to their development. It was first mathematically described by Milankovitch and is called the

ice albedo feedback. Fresh snow and ice are extremely reflective—the most reflective material found on the surface of the earth. Water, on the other hand, is the least reflective material found on the surface of the earth. When ice and snow are formed, they begin to reflect radiation back into the atmosphere. The larger the ice sheets grow, the more enhanced this effect becomes and that can buffer the ice sheets against changes.

One of the test systems that your book focuses on is the monsoonal cycle. Would someone walk through how monsoon circulation works in the summertime and how it's different than in winter?

**Ben:** It's different in the summer because precipitation occurs over land. In the summer the atmosphere is rising because of the water's effect.

**G:** The land loses its heat quickly and heats up quickly, whereas the temperature of the ocean is much more buffered by its high heat capacity and is more constant than temperatures over the land. Strong summer heating, as Ben pointed out, drives the atmosphere upward and that creates precipitation. It also sucks moist air off the adjacent oceans in areas where monsoon circulation is prevalent and continues to drive that air upwards, so it's a conveyor belt of moist air over the land that is driven up in the

atmosphere, cools and rains out as precipitation. The opposite is true in the wintertime. Radiation decreases and the ocean is warmer than the land surface.

Unlike the monsoonal circulation in Southern California or around the Himalayas, which are topographically driven, the North African monsoon results simply from the blunt force of summer heating. If Milankovitch is right, we should see a response in the monsoon system to any change in seasonal temperature, and indeed, that is exactly what we see in the geologic record.

When summer radiation is increased, the monsoons become stronger, and the big lakes in the Sahara fill with water. During times when the monsoons are suppressed because the differences in seasonality are suppressed, the lakes become dry and the sediments in those lakes blow out into the ocean. Diatoms, the microfossils that are dominant in the oceans today, also live in freshwater lakes and provide a marker in the geologic record. They have tiny shells, and when the lakes dry out, they're blown away from Africa and out into the Atlantic Ocean.

It's actually our plankton record from the oceans that tells us a huge amount about oceanic cooling and warming—in this case, the oceanic record contains both the plankton that live in the ocean and also the intermittent presence of species that lived on land in aqueous environments and were blown away to the oceans, deflated, essentially, by changes in climate.

## A Brief Glossary of Terms

**Insolation:** The term climate scientists used to describe the fixed amount of energy that is received per square meter at the surface of the atmosphere from the sun.

**Milankovitch Cycles:** Cyclic variations in the Earth's orbit that influence the amount of solar radiation striking different parts of the Earth at different times of year. They are named after a Serbian mathematician, Milutin Milankovitch, who explained how these orbital cycles cause the advance and retreat of continental ice sheets.

**Albedo:** a measurement of a surface's ability to reflect incoming radiation. The albedo effect, sometimes referred to as the albedo feedback effect, refers to positive feedback loops acting on the surface of the Earth (increased snow cover promotes cooling and the development of new snow cover).

**Diatoms:** Single-celled phytoplanktons that are the primary producers in today's oceans. Their cells are enclosed in minute shells made of silica.



# Taming the *Tres Tigres*

Professor Nivia Montenegro, a specialist in 20th-century Latin American narrative, is completing the first critical edition of the original, Spanish-language novel *Tres Tristes Tigres* (*Three Trapped Tigers*) with the help of three Pomona students.

Bohemian nightlife in the city's vibrant Vedado neighborhood of nightclubs, bars and hotels in the 1950s. "I felt a moral debt to him because he gave me a way to get a glimpse of the world I never got to know," Montenegro says.



JOHN LUCAS

The critical edition of the novel by Cuban exile Guillermo Cabrera Infante is scheduled to be released in September by Spanish publisher Cátedra.

Montenegro, a long-time faculty member in the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures, and her husband, Enrico Mario Santi of the University of Kentucky, began researching the book in 2004. They visited the author at his home near London and collaborated with his widow, Miriam Gómez, after Infante's death in 2005.

Montenegro first read Infante's book as an undergraduate at the University of Miami in 1973. She and her parents were among the 265,000 Cuban exiles who came to the United States between 1965 and 1973 as part of the U.S.-government sponsored "Freedom Flights." She was 17 when they landed in Miami.

Infante's novel set in Havana's famous Tropicana cabaret offers a snapshot of the

In turn, Montenegro offered three of her students a glimpse of her world, the difficult realm of literary research.

Jazmin López '09 was a freshman when Montenegro asked her to work on the project over the summer. "She wanted a non-Cuban Spanish speaker to find words, phrases and references that I didn't understand," says Lopez, who will graduate this year with majors in Spanish and international relations.

The book, which has been compared to James Joyce's *Ulysses* because of its cultural, linguistic and narrative complexities, contains a lot of Cuban slang and references to Cuban literature, films and music that might be unfamiliar to non-Cuban readers. Lopez compiled lists of unfamiliar words and transcribed all of the footnotes. Even though she is a native Spanish speaker, Lopez found the text very challenging: "I learned that research is really hard to do."

Last fall, Montenegro asked Savina Velkova '12 and Marian Williams '12 to join the project.

Velkova, was charged with reading two versions of the novel simultaneously: the censored version published in 1967 in Spain under Francisco Franco and the 1991 uncensored edition. Working from photocopies, she would read a sentence or two in one edition and then compare it with the other.

The primary difference, she found, was that the uncensored edition had a lot of sexual scenes and imagery and coarser, more graphic language. "Whole paragraphs and scenes were very coherent in the uncensored version and very graphic, but in the censored version there would just be a missing chunk," Velkova says. "It wouldn't have made sense to read it."

While Velkova was comparing two editions of the Infante book, Williams was working from a photocopy of the bound manuscript, which is in the Princeton University library. The manuscript contained many words and phrases circled by the author to indicate that they should be published as written even if they were misspelled or ungrammatical.

Williams would search the manuscript for circled words and phrases and then mark them with asterisks in the critical edition, which had been scanned into a computer. "I really loved being part of this big, long process," says Williams, a philosophy major who is considering double-majoring in Spanish.

Along the way, she made an exciting discovery. She found three passages in the bound manuscript that were not included in the critical edition. Initially, Williams thought she had made a mistake, but when she realized that she had uncovered unpublished passages she was very excited. The longest passage was a page; the shortest, a paragraph.

The passages will be included as an appendix to the critical edition, says Montenegro, who adds that she has never worked so closely with a group of students. "For me it was very exciting and gratifying to see them learning and to see them excited about the difficulty and the challenge." ❖

—Elaine Regus

# Eager, Thoughtful & Chafed



Peter Pitsker '81 on the road in Oregon.

By John Boutelle '81

**Sagehens Peter Pitsker and John Boutelle (both '81) have pedaled their way across some of the most stunning—and some of the nastiest—landscapes in the United States, all part of Boutelle's quest to ride across each of the 50 states. Here Boutelle explains why, after 6,000 miles of headwinds, roadside repairs, rain and hazards, he still finds it so compelling to see the U.S. by bicycle...**

**I've been alive** almost 50 years and haven't made a lot of progress toward unveiling eternal truths or attaining profound wisdom, but I have learned one thing from bike-riding: a whole bunch of small adventures can be more fulfilling than a few big adventures. I've jumped out of an airplane, tracked mountain gorillas in the Congo, and run from police on a couple of occasions; but I'd trade in those escapades for the little unexpected stuff that happens on bike rides.

The difference is that you have to earn your adventure on a bike. When you go skydiving you know what you're getting into and surprises are a very bad thing. On a bike you have no idea what form your adventure will take, and the surprises are the good stuff (even though you may not see it that way at the time).

You might make a wrong turn and drift 35 miles off course on a 90-degree day and get an unexpected test of your endurance (happened). Or you might

stop for a Gatorade break and see a cactus get caught in a dust devil and blast 200 yards straight up in the air (happened). Or you might suddenly be forced to dodge snakes of all types and sizes as you ride across a bog after a rainstorm (happened). Small surprises, small adventures. But they change the way you see things in a big way.

Take Florida, for example. If you've flown or even driven across it you probably conjure flat, swampy, somewhat monotonous landscapes punctuated by scrubby palm trees and maybe the occasional armadillo.

My route took me from Fort Lauderdale to Fort Meyers, across "alligator alley." I'd been having a miserable first day: 90-plus degrees, huge trucks whizzing past at 80 m.p.h., broken glass and potholes on the shoulder. By the time I got to Lake Okeechobee I was ready for a break, so I walked my bike up the steep bank of the levee to get a look at the lake. To my surprise there was a freshly paved walkway at the top of the levee. I decided to ride it as far as I could.

As I pedaled along I'd startle small birds that had been resting in the grass. Birds of this particular species apparently were hard-wired to respond to approaching bike riders in a very specific way: they'd explode into the air with panicky flapping, then continue to fly straight ahead of the oncoming rider. A small cloud of these birds began to form ahead of me—dozens, then a hundred, then several hundred. Suddenly, my front tire hit a pothole—clank! The birds scattered in all directions like a bomb had been detonated. This became a game for me. I let them accumulate again, then yelled "hey!" at the top of my lungs. Chaos. Birds everywhere.

Florida was no longer just a hot, congested, man-made hell-hole; it was part of the natural world again—something to interact with, to see, smell, hear and enjoy.

As for the rules of my 50-state quest, generally, riding "across" a state means no cutting corners. Whenever possible, you must ride from east to west or north to south (or vice versa), though riding across at the widest point is not required. For states that are not rectangular, like South Carolina, use your judgment. My plan for Hawaii is to circumnavigate each of the major islands to the extent possible. And remember, none of this is for the Guinness Book of World Records.

I do most of these rides with someone else. My dad came with me on the ill-fated Minnesota ride (ask me for a copy of *Weapons of Ass Destruction*, the authoritative account). Peter Pitsker and his dad accompanied me in California and Arizona, with his wife Marilou Quini '85 and his mother Polly Dubose Pitsker, '56 handling sag-wagon duties. And the ride across Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine was a circus, with a total of seven riders.

A bike tour helps you see and experience people differently too. And again, it's about the little stuff, the new idiosyncrasies you discover in people you've known for decades.

Case in point: I learned that my dad's well-documented frugality takes on new dimensions when it comes to bike-riding. He insists on riding that \$200 Trek he bought 18 years ago, with its slow, fat tires, heavy steel frame, upright handlebars, and

big wide pedals with no toe clips. And he'd rather get saddle sores than spring for those "fancy-schmancy" bike shorts with the padded seats.

You see how your closest friends and family handle new forms of adversity: hills, heat, rain, wind, cold, cramps, dehydration, flat tires.

Peter and I were tested in Oregon last summer. We had planned our five-day tour along the coast from north to south—because in August there are always strong winds from the north and rainfall averages only one inch for the whole month. Reality turned out to be quite different. Oregon's weather actually made national news ("Freak Storms Pound Oregon's Coast").

On the morning of the third day we woke up tired and irritable. It didn't help to hear the forecast for 30-40-m.p.h. winds out of the south and torrential rain. We hit the road, planning to ride 85 miles from Waldport to North Bend. An hour and a half later we had covered nine miles. We stopped for breakfast, thoroughly demoralized. But neither of us said a word. This was why we were out here. We weren't stopping at any stinking nine miles. We'd see if we had it in us to go 85 in this hurricane. And it turned out we did. It took us 12 hours, and the last few miles of it required us to walk our bikes across a two-mile-long bridge spanning Coos Bay, 200 feet in the air and exposed to a pummeling, 50-degree wind, but we made it. And both of us know, as a result, what we can expect of the other when the going gets rough.

On the more contemplative side, pedaling along the open pavement also affords plenty of time to let the mind drift. I'd like to say that I use the time to contemplate philosophical questions or develop my views on political issues or reflect on the historical parallels of current events. The sad fact is that I mostly think about how far it is to the next coffee shop or motel, calculating the arrival time based on the terrain and current wind speeds.

I suspect all riders spend a great deal of time thinking about the stuff we see on the side of the road. Just on the rides I've done with Peter and his dad we've seen enough truck parts to construct a fleet of Peterbilt, a girdle and many other interesting clothing items, dozens of discarded CDs, an open suitcase with all of its contents still inside, and much more. Every item is a story that each rider is free to speculate about, providing endless amusement.

Finally, and I don't know how to say this without sounding corny (but I'll just say it anyway), on a bike you will find proof positive that there is such a thing as magic. Each trip involves suffering and exhaustion, but somehow all the memories are good. It's a transcendent experience that satisfies the basic human nomadic imperative: to explore, to understand, and to triumph over adversity. ✚

*Want to come along on the next adventure? Just send me an email at [jboutelle@earthlink.net](mailto:jboutelle@earthlink.net). All Sagehens welcome. Many thanks to Peter D. Pitsker and his extended family for their many contributions.*

## Award for Humility

Lee '48 and Claire '47 Kingman McDonald are the 2009 recipients of the Alumni Distinguished Service Award. But there might be another award in order—in honor of their humility. When asked about their service to Pomona College and the recognition, the couple seems genuinely bewildered, responding with I-don't-know-ask-them.

"Lee and Claire McDonald have been in service to Pomona for 60 years. That's so obvious to anyone around them—but when I



called them to notify them of the award, they humbly asked why they would get it," said Tom Minar '85, president of the Alumni Association.

The couple have a long history with the College. Both attended Pomona, as did their daughters Mary Alexander '71, Alison McDonald

'74 and Julia McDonald '74. Lee, an emeritus professor of government, taught here for 38 years, served as dean of the college for five years, and received an honorary degree in 1998.

Lee and Claire's continued involvement at the College makes for a long list of contributions of every kind. Both are former members of the Alumni Council, and faithfully support the Annual Fund. They're active volunteers at reunions: Claire has chaired and co-chaired Class of '47 reunion activities committees, and Lee co-chaired the last two class of '48 reunion fund committees. They've picked up phones and jumped in to help fundraise via Pomona-thon, and given their time and energy to events planning. Claire wrote an article on World War II experiences of the Class of '47 for *Pomona College Magazine* on the occasion of the class's 40th reunion, and the couple has chaired various committees, such as the one on social life on campus, which Lee led in the 1990s. Not surprisingly, they're also regular attendees at lectures and concerts on campus.

The McDonalds' generous spirit extends even further, to their church, the Claremont community at large and even abroad. In the 1960s, Lee was the advisor to students for the Crossroads Africa program at the College, an organization similar to the Peace Corps, sending volunteers to Africa to work with counterparts in building programs.

"They have always quietly flown under the radar," says Carlos Garcia '73, past president of the Alumni Association and member of the award selection committee.

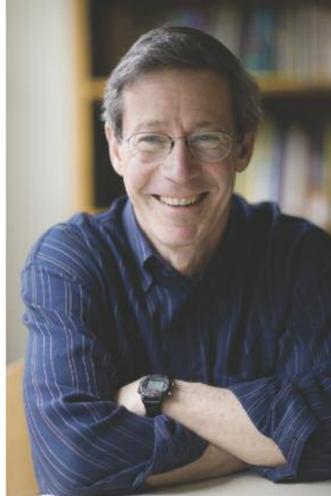
"By and large, we have done what people asked us to do." From Lee and Claire's modest perspective their service is instinctual not exceptional, and no more remarkable than what other alumni have done.

—Sneha Abraham

## Class Notes available only in print

**Distiniguished Alumnus** / *Bill Block '71*

# Negotiator, Mediator and Cat Herder



Even while negotiating high-profile property deals for Amazon, Starbucks and Pike Place Market in Seattle, attorney Bill Block '71 always had one foot in the social justice arena, serving on boards for such organizations as the Seattle Housing Authority and AIDS Housing of Washington. So it was of little surprise to his family and close friends when Block gave up his prominent legal career to head the Committee to End Homelessness in King County, an ambitious 10-year plan begun in 2005.

Block is Pomona College's inaugural Blaisdell Distinguished Alumni Award, which recognizes alumni for their high achievement in professions of community service.

For Block, social justice is in his genes. His father was an attorney who also did *pro bono* work. Block grew up on the south side of Chicago, and while his neighborhood was stable, extreme poverty and troubled public housing projects were nearby. "Housing has always been an interest and, in some ways, a passion of mine," says Block. "It just always stuck with me as one of those basic human needs we weren't doing a good job of facing."

After receiving his history degree from Pomona and law degree from the University of Chicago, Block clerked for a few years for U.S. Supreme Court Justice Harry Blackmun and later made his name as a prominent real estate attorney in Seattle. It was his con-

nections from his legal career and community service activity that made his Committee to End Homelessness position as "negotiator, mediator and cat herder" such an appropriate fit.

The Seattle plan for ending homelessness, which culminates in 2014, has the ambitious goal of preventing homelessness by getting institutions such as foster care, prisons and mental hospitals to stop releasing people into homelessness, and creating 9,500 units of long-term housing, with adjunct services to help people stabilize and improve their lives. The units won't be transitory, but rather provide a home for people as long as they need it.

"It's called 'transition in place.' You want to be able to say to a mom who's had case management and job training and now has daycare, a job and an apartment, 'OK, the services are pulling back, the rent subsidy is pulling back, but you don't all of a sudden have to move to a different city, find a new daycare and a new job,'" says Block. Permanent housing is also essential for the severely disabled homeless, who may need long-term support.

In the program's first four years, 3,300 units of the 9,500 planned have been built or are in the pipeline. By comparison, Portland, Ore., has a goal of 2,200 units, Denver's 10-year plan calls for 4,000 units, and New York City's calls for 10,000 units.

"We're doing things that are national models. We get visitors every week from around the country," says Block. "We're not building units as fast as our goals, [but] we're building them faster per capita than, I think, any other city."

Block says that after the 10-year plan is complete, he doesn't imagine he'll go back to a life of law, but instead continue full-time with social justice work. ❖

—Laura Tiffany



(A related story appeared in the Spring 2007 PCM at [www.pomona.edu/Magazine/PCMsp07/FShomeless.shtml](http://www.pomona.edu/Magazine/PCMsp07/FShomeless.shtml))

## Class Notes available only in print

**Bulletin Board** / *News for Alumni*

# Updating Email

In an effort to be more sustainable and cost efficient, the Alumni Office will soon begin sending announcements and event invitations by email only if we have your email address on file. Hard copy invitations will still be sent to those who do not have an email address on file, but many alumni events have limited space and sell out by email before the hardcopy invitation is printed. If you need to provide us an email or update the one we have for you, please drop us a line at [alumni@pomona.edu](mailto:alumni@pomona.edu). Please note: Even with email, we still need your physical mailing address because we generate all email and postal mailing lists by ZIP code so you receive information relevant to your particular area.



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Join the Pomona College Alumni group on [Facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com). You can also become a fan of Pomona College, the Pomona College Museum of Art, or the Career Development Office. Some classes have also set up individual pages, so do a general search for Pomona College to see what comes up. If your class doesn't have a page, please feel free to start one! We're also on Twitter at: [www.twitter.com/pomonacollege](https://www.twitter.com/pomonacollege).



## Share Your Expertise

Do you have an expertise or experience to share with your fellow alumni? Let us know! We are seeking alumni who are interested in giving a short talk about their expertise—be it professional or hobby—to alumni groups. We can't promise to use all the suggestions, but we would like to hear from you. Dr. Jonathan Scheffer '89 recently spoke to a Seattle alumni group about his experiences with Doctors Without Borders in Burma and it was very well received. If you are interested in doing something similar, please contact [holly.duncan@pomona.edu](mailto:holly.duncan@pomona.edu) for more details.

Expert Advice / Lisa Braithwaite '87

# Speaking 101

Lisa Braithwaite '87 believes the greatest thing any professor did for her was to say no.

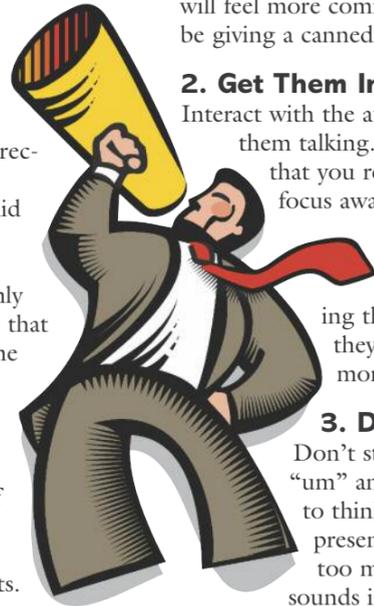
Two years after graduating from Pomona, Braithwaite set her sights on studying theatre at the graduate level, then received a call from Professor Betty Bernhard, who had decided not to write her a letter of recommendation. A mentor for Braithwaite at Pomona, Bernhard did not believe Braithwaite's heart was really in theatre. "I was just mortified," Braithwaite recalls. "But it only took me about three days to realize that she was absolutely right. So I got the grad school catalog out again, and that's when I found the education program that completely changed my life."

After completing her master's of education degree at UC Santa Barbara, Braithwaite went on to work for women-oriented nonprofits. Along the way, she created Santa Barbara County's first full-time program aimed at preventing and ending violence in teen relationships, and later established a grant program to provide computers and Internet access to children in poor communities and developing countries.

During her 16 years in the nonprofit sector, Braithwaite spent a lot of time in classrooms and at the podium. "I just really grew to love training and public speaking," she says. Mixing a love of writing, coaching and public speaking, she founded a private coaching practice in 2005, and has been helping her clients excel in the art of speechmaking ever since.

Although Braithwaite says that the fear of public speaking isn't as widespread as some national studies suggest, she works to help her clients reduce their anxiety so that they can get their points across effectively. According to Braithwaite, being nervous is normal, it's what you do with that anxiety that can make or break your speech. "An elite athlete will tell you that if they don't feel nervous beforehand, they don't do their best," she says. "It's not a bad thing as long as you're in control of it."

Braithwaite offers five more tips to get your message across:



## 1. Get to Know Your Audience.

Learn about your audience and venue in advance. This allows you to adjust the presentation to the needs of that particular audience. If you're speaking to an organized group, send out a questionnaire to the organizer beforehand to find out exactly what the audience wants to learn about. When you ask the audience to contribute to the presentation, they are more engaged. Plus, you will feel more comfortable because you will not be giving a canned presentation.

## 2. Get Them Involved.

Interact with the audience, and find ways to get them talking. Not only does this show them that you respect them, it also takes the focus away from you, which can reduce nervousness. If you sense that the audience is sleepy or uninterested, start them off by having them talk to a neighbor. After they've warmed up, they will be more likely to share with you.

## 3. Don't Sweat the Fillers.

Don't stress out about fillers like "um" and "uh." With so many things to think about when delivering a presentation, fillers are given way too much significance. We use those sounds in casual conversation, and as a presenter you are having a conversation with the audience. Memorization is not recommended because it can come out mechanical and robotic. If you allow these fillers into your presentations, it makes you more human. Fillers only become a problem when you are unprepared and overuse them.

## 4. Be True to Yourself.

Don't try to be Tony Robbins or Oprah. Your audience can tell when you're faking it, and it puts up a barrier. When you feel free to be who you are and embrace all of your quirks, it's a weight off your shoulders. It humanizes you to your audience and helps them relate to you. Being comfortable with who you are makes you feel and look more confident to your audience.

## 5. Focus on the Audience.

Ask yourself, "What's in it for them?" What you should care about is giving the audience something practical and relevant, something they can actually walk away and use. It's not about you trying to show everyone how smart or funny you are. The needs of the audience should always come before your own concerns about yourself.

—Travis Kaya '10

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## Class Notes available only in print

### Answers / from Page 64

R	E	T	A	L	E	S	O	P	O
E	N	A	M	L	R	F	C	O	H
T	E	M	E	S	E	N	I	H	C
I	C	N	E	A	T	S	I	A	P
R	S	N	E	D	E	I	N	I	M
W	G	N	I	N	E	T	S	H	S
S	N	A	M	A	R	O	C	S	E
T	G	L	W	C	E	D	E	I	T
E	L	V	O	I	A	N	I	V	I
I	A	P	H	M	C	D	I	O	D
E	D	S	A	I	S	A	L	I	M

#### ACROSS

- Media (a dime—  
anagram)
- Issued (2 meanings)
- Odic (hidden)
- Vine (deletion:  
o-vine-s)
- Violate (anagram)
- Ted (2 meanings)
- Git (first letters)
- Score (2 meanings)
- Mans (deletion)
- Hastening  
(hang+Stein—  
anagram)
- Mini (deletion)
- Edens (anagram)
- Apt (2 meanings)
- Enc. (1st letters)
- Chinese (anagram)
- Meet (1st letters)
- Mane (hom: main  
and mane)
- Oppose (2 mean-  
ings)
- Later (anagram)

#### DOWN

- Movies (anagram—  
mov[i]es)
- Edits (hom.)
- Dine (hom.)
- Iced (hidden)
- Advertisers (anagram)
- Show and Tell (2  
meanings)
- Sell (hom: cell)
- Eating (deletion)
- Diets (1st letters)
- Mice (1st letters)
- Pagan (deletion)
- Mi (deletion: Mimi)
- Hip Hop (2 meanings)
- Antic (hidden)
- Si (hom.)
- Writer (2 meanings)
- Macho (hidden)
- East (alternate letters)
- Scene (hom.)
- Info (1st 2 letters)
- Emma (hidden)
- Neat (aten anagram)

### Inspirational Alumnus / Melvin Yee '00

## Making the Law Work

**A**fter working 60 hours a week for less than minimum wage, an exploited garment worker named Laura filed a claim and received a \$28,000 judgment for unpaid wages and penalties. But when the owners dissolved their corporation, she couldn't collect.

Eventually, she found her way to the Wage Justice Center, a unique nonprofit started by Melvin Yee '00 and his partner Matthew Sirolly. The Center found the factory's owners had brazenly opened a new shop on the same site. They filed a civil suit, and the defendants finally paid up.

Yee's approach is a unique one that assists an underserved group—low-income workers unable to collect their owed wages after a judgment has been made. It's his devotion to this cause that cemented Yee's place as winner of the 2009 Inspirational Young Alumni Award, a recognition of his dedication in following the inscription on the College Gates: "They only are loyal to this college who departing bear their added riches in trust for mankind."



"I also work in public interest, and I am inspired by Melvin and the extraordinary level of his commitment to advocating for the rights of low-income communities and some of the most vulnerable members of society," says Deborah Lee '00, a staff attorney with the Legal Aid Society of Orange County. "I know the workers he represents appreciate his work since they otherwise would have no recourse to enforce their legal rights."

During his time at USC Law School, Yee and his classmate, Sirolly, volunteered at a legal clinic that helps underpaid workers understand their rights. "Oftentimes, we would have workers come back with a judgment, which is basically a piece of paper saying you're owed X amount of dollars. But there was no one out there to turn the pieces of paper into money," says Yee.

After graduation, Yee and Sirolly began studying this legal area.

"It's not just getting money for the workers. We're trying to take areas of law which have never been used in public interest or for low-income communities—laws like corporations, remedies, wills and trusts, creditor/debtor laws—and flip them around and start making them actually mean something to enhance workers rights, to make things better."

They received a grant from Echoing Green, a seed funding organization for social entrepreneurship projects, and began The Wage Justice Center in 2007. In their first year of operation, they established a 25-person volunteer clinic and they were able to return \$250,000 in wages to the workers they represent.

As pioneers in this field, Yee's goal is to create a model for attorneys and legal clinics across the nation. "A lot of what we've learned translates across the board," says Yee. "So for us, part of what we're doing in addition to our overall direct [client] services and assisting campaigns in the community, is creating a model for enforcement."

—Laura Tiffany

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**Cryptic Crossword** / by Lynne Willems Zold '67

# Media Blitz

Answers on Page 56

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12			13	
14				15					
	16							17	
	18						19		
	20	21	22						23
24					25				26
27			28				29	30	
31							32		
							33		
34									35

**Directions:**

Cryptic puzzle clues have two parts—a simple definition and a “cryptic” hint such as an anagram, a homophone, two definitions, a word with added or deleted letters, or an answer hidden in the clue or in the initial capitals. (Example—Clue: “Tree got mixed up in mess. Period.” Answer: “semester” [Definition: “Period”; Cryptic clue: anagram, signaled by “mixed up,” combining “tree” and “mess.”])

**Across**

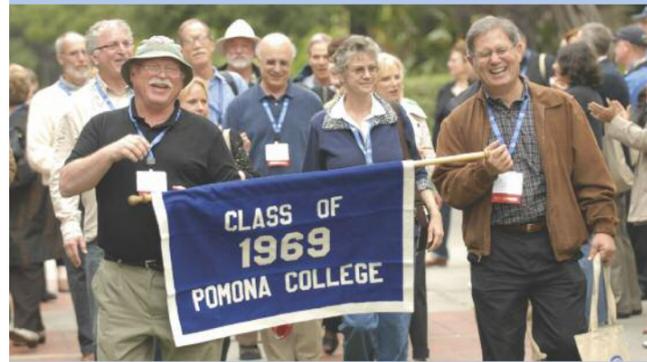
- 1 One dime redeposited to get newspapers. (5)
- 6 Flowed out and oozed. (6)
- 11 Melodic piece relating to musical poem. (4)
- 14 Ovines not so good for growing grapes. (4)
- 15 Improper: love tea and abuse. (7)
- 16 Kennedy spread hay for drying. (3)
- 17 Start to go into town, scam! (3)
- 18 To get some make a touchdown. (5)
- 19 Le Mans drops the French but provides another crew. (4)
- 20 Moving quickly, deviously lynch Gertrude. (9)
- 24 Mrs. Miniver chops off both sides of her skirt. (4)
- 25 Needs extraordinary Elysian Fields. (4)
- 27 Small flat is likely. (3)
- 29 Every new clerk faces an abbreviated business insert. (3)
- 31 Chi seen in wild eastern group. (7)
- 32 From the start the manuscript editor easily trumped the sporting event. (4)
- 33 We discussed the head and the horse's hair. (4)
- 34 Defy and resist! (6)

**Down**

- 1 I am gripped by the actions in films. (6)
- 2 Revises and makes changes. (5)
- 3 Use silverware to explain a unit of force. (4)
- 4 Manic editor imprisoned and killed. (4)
- 5 Exhibitors for fantastically diverse arts. (11)
- 7 Grade school event to display and inform. (4,3,4)
- 8 Promote loudly a small enclosure. (4)
- 9 Eroding away the front row of seating. (6)
- 10 Doesn't ingest even the salt and loses weight. (5)
- 12 Three blind ones first met in chance encounter. (4)
- 13 Spa ganja sliced for the heathen. (5)
- 19 The opera with only one note. (2)
- 20 Type of music for trendy dance. (3,3)
- 21 Frantically holds the clue to mischief. (5)
- 22 Yes, Spanish sea can be heard. (2)
- 23 Drafter and composer. (6)
- 24 Virile dude will enter mach one. (5)
- 25 Direction, oddly enough, will elapse tomorrow. (4)
- 26 They said we had witnessed a spectacle. (5)
- 28 Two pairs of intrepid foreigners gave us a little news. (4)
- 29 Harem master enthralled by a Jane Austen novel. (4)

# Alumni Weekend 2009

About 1,400 alumni and friends visited campus from April 30 to May 3 for Pomona's annual Alumni Weekend, celebrating reunion classes ranging from 1929 to 2004. The more than 150 events and programs included concert performances, the class parade, wine tasting and the 20th annual Alumni Symposium, focused this year on the theme: “On Reading: Practice, Prohibition, Possibility.” —PHOTOS BY CARRIE ROSEMA

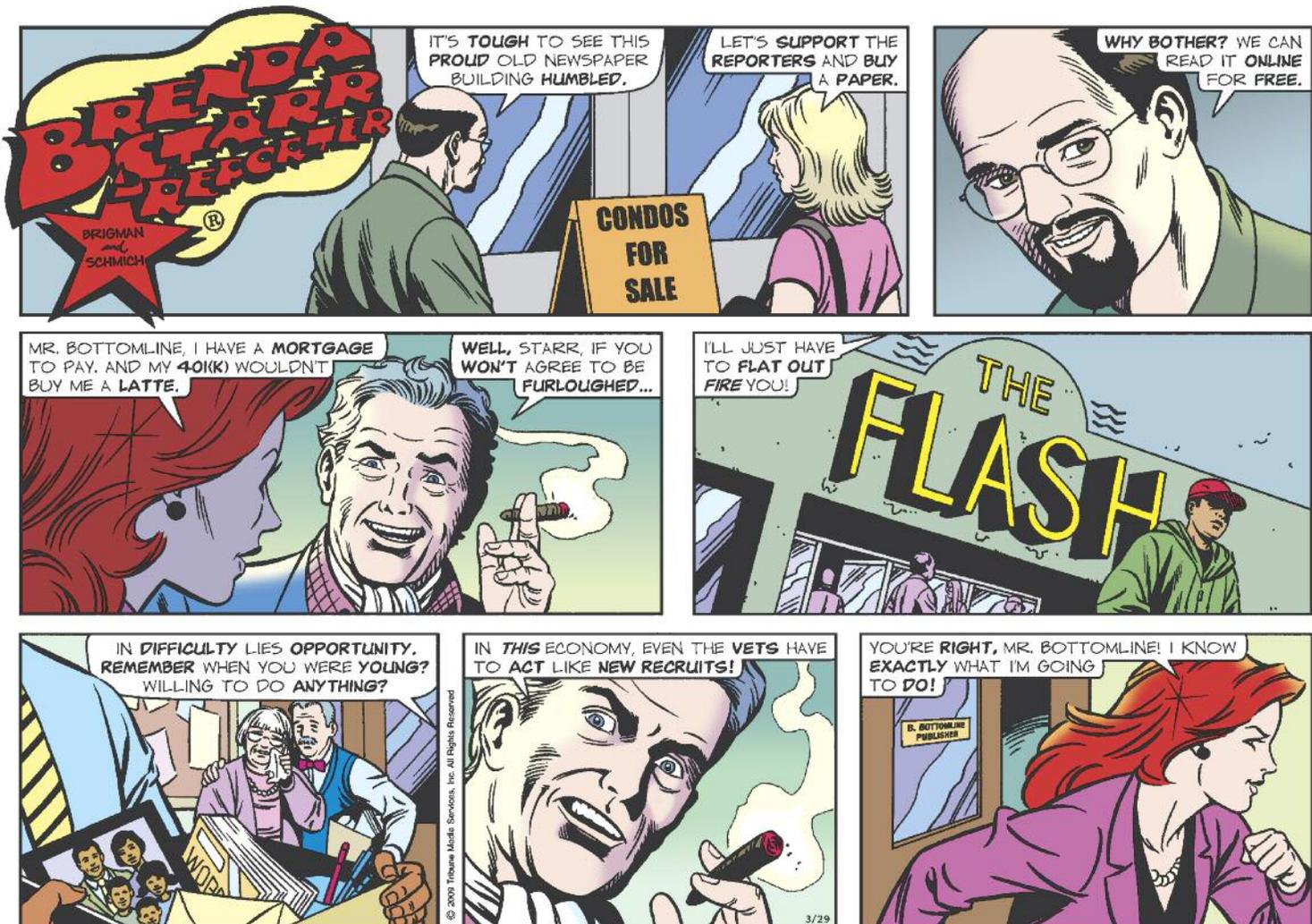




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