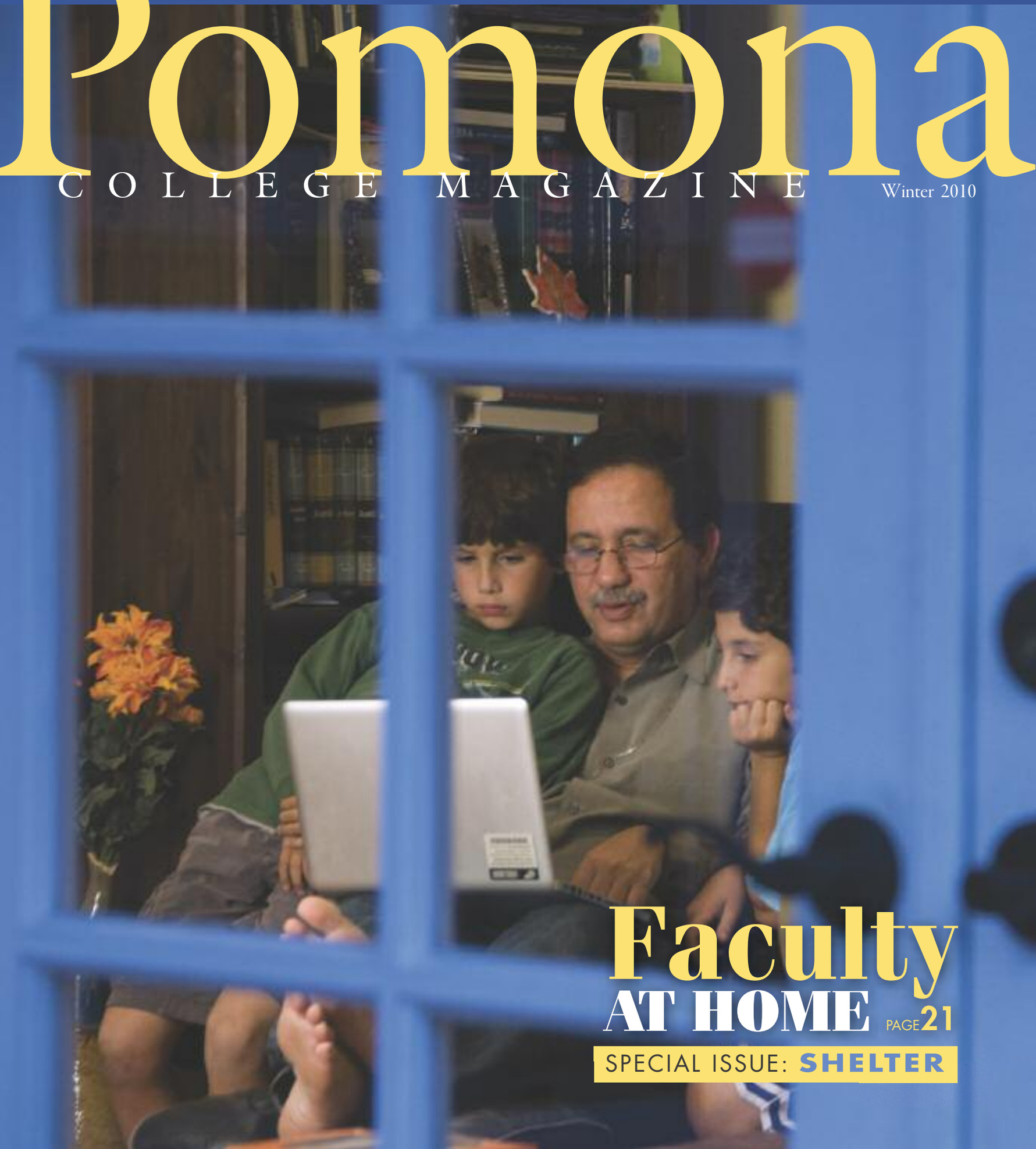
Pomona

COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Winter 2010



Faculty AT HOME

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SPECIAL ISSUE: **SHELTER**

Pomona College

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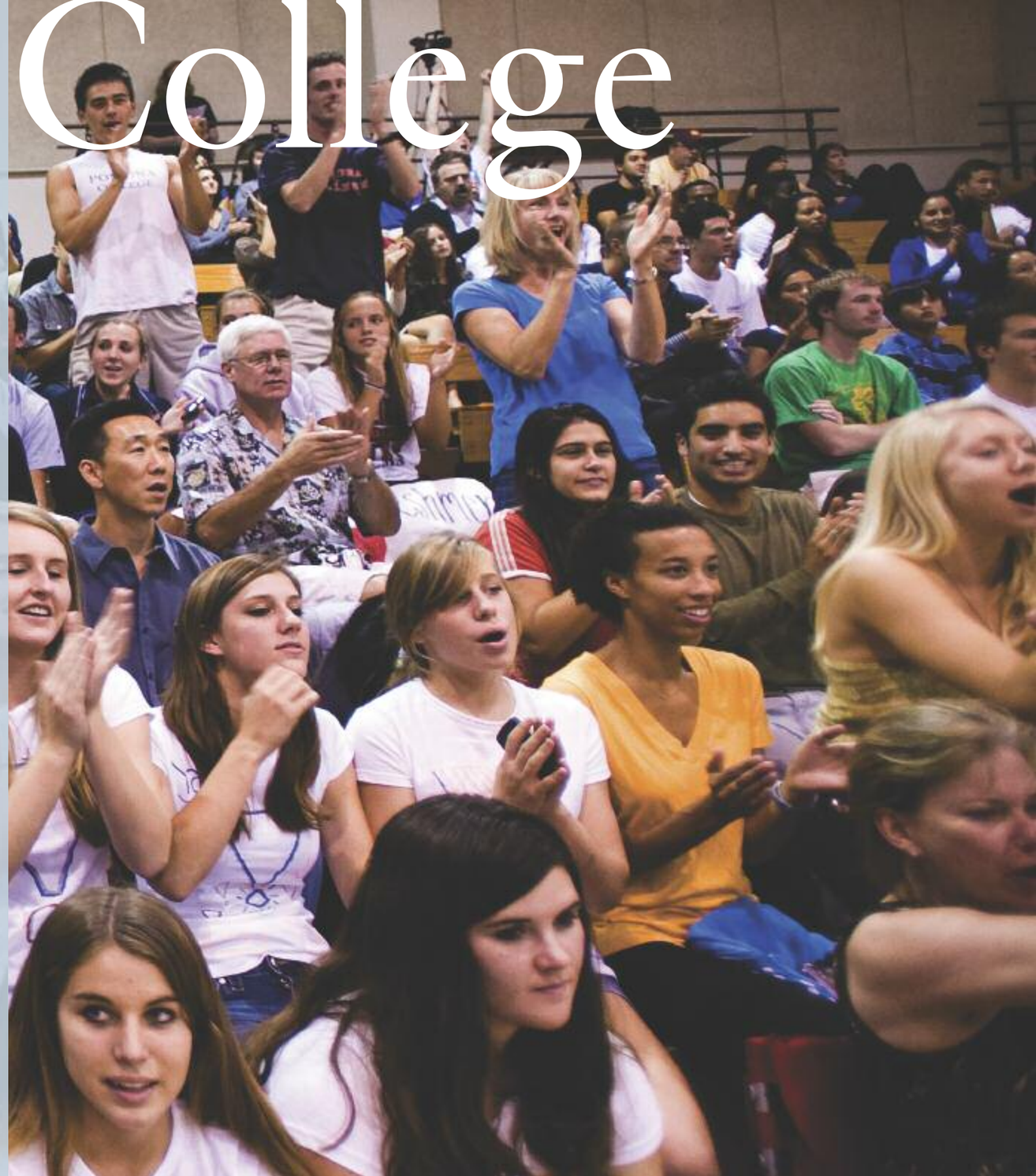
Professor Shahriar Shahriari at home with his sons Kiavash, 12 and Neema, 9.
—Photo by JOHN LUCAS



Hammering Home

I lived my first six years in a tiny, thin-walled breadbox my father not only built, but also wired, plumbed and roofed. It had two bedrooms, a bath, and a wide front porch with a couple of wooden porch swings. Though we moved away when I was six, we came back each summer, and after a couple of years, in a fit of ambition, my father decided to use the old house as a staging ground to build a bigger one next door.

So it must have been at the age of 9 or 10 that I made my first clumsy attempt to wield a hammer, dig a trench, and shovel sand and cement into a cement mixer with the right amount of water from the garden hose. I remember the rumble of the cement mixer with particular clarity, the gray dust that clung to clothes and coated nostrils, the grainy texture of the wet cement as it rolled through the turning barrel, the frustration when I got the mix wrong, the pride when I got it just right.

The other thing I remember with great clarity—painful clarity, in fact—is jumping off the foundation one day while the walls were still bare studs and landing with one foot on a board with a particularly wicked nail in it. What I remember even more clearly is stamping my other foot down in order to rescue the first and coming down on another nail that was just as wicked. I suppose I was lucky there wasn't a third nail when I plopped down and cried.

But in spite of that painful memory (I think home-duffers like me have the same sort of selective amnesia about old construction injuries that mothers are said to have about the pain of past labors), those years of living among construction projects left me reluctant ever to hire someone else to do a job around the house. My first instinct is always to say, "I can do that."

In that spirit, through the span of four houses, I have patched and refinished hardwood floors, put up drywall, tiled just about every surface except ceilings, installed bathroom fixtures, rewired electrical outlets, laid bricks, applied stucco, even sandblasted an old chimney that we had uncovered in our kitchen—a process that ended up with about a hundred pounds of sand all over the kitchen floor and maybe another pound our two inside my clothes.

I'm not alone in this insanity, I know—especially today, with financial pressures squeezing family budgets. Angie Hicks, the founder of Angie's List, an organization that helps homeowners find reliable contractors, said recently that 83 percent of the group's members are taking on do-it-yourself projects these days to save money, but about one in five have to bring in a professional to finish the job. That's a humiliation I've avoided so far—though I can think of a job or two where it might have been a good idea.

But the real reason I keep taking on projects isn't financial—and that's probably true of a lot of do-it-yourselfers. Part of it, I think, is the joy of old-fashioned craftmanship. Few of us have jobs that allow us to create something real and enduring with our hands or to have a tangible product that we can look at with pride—it's something I think we miss, deep in our bones.

Even more important, I suspect, is the sense of personal investment that comes with sweat equity. The bathroom I just remodeled may not be worthy of a pictorial in *House and Garden*, but I know every inch of it with utter intimacy, and it feels like it belongs to me in a way money cannot buy. I guess it's just the feeling of home—which is something you have to build, if not brick by brick or tile by tile, then at least memory by memory.

—Mark Wood

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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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Unforgettable

It was great to see the article by Terril Jones '80 about the "Man vs. Tank" photo from Tiananmen Square. Although at first the name didn't seem familiar, the story of hiding his film and cameras in the air vent in the bathroom ceiling reminded me that I had heard him give a brown-bag presentation at Pomona some months after the Tiananmen event. His father was my Japanese professor. I had always been interested in international affairs, but his talk did a lot to make me realize how much was out there that the casual U.S. newspaper reader wasn't necessarily aware of. It's amazing to think now that as he was speaking that day, Mr. Jones had such an incredible and moving photograph tucked quietly away.

—Carey McIntosh '92
Lusaka, Zambia

Neurotransmitters and Connections

The fall edition of *PCM*, for me, is a real keeper. Three reasons: Mark Wood's remarks on work and play; the marvelous history of Professor Fred Sontag, and some comfort derived from the obituary of my close friend who happened to be (an act of God) my brother-in-law, Cliff Schwarberg '50.

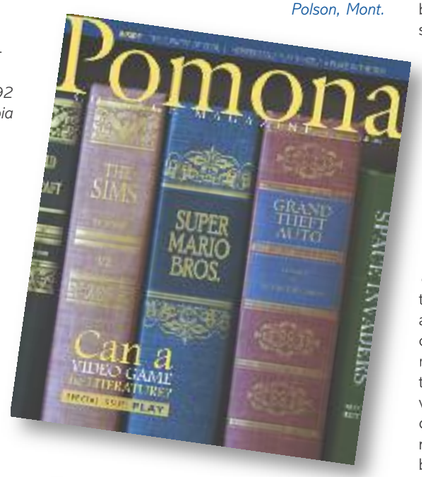
Like Mark, I am fascinated by the interrelationships of neurotransmitters and stress hormones. Throw in prostaglandins, and it really gets interesting. But the uplifting thing of his "homily" is his describing the benefits of enjoying one's work. The flip side being that disliking one's work can chew up the body as well as the mind.

Cliff's obituary reminded me of how he was not just an "achiever" nor a workaholic, but a guy who truly enjoyed what he did. We both owe Pomona a lot in that the intimate professor-student atmosphere enabled folks like Professor McCarthy to insightfully guide Cliff into hospital administration—he became a top gun in that field—and enabled me to be accepted into medical school.

How does this tie into Professor Sontag's story? For starters, he, Cliff and I all were born in Long Beach, Calif. Sontag and I both were married in 1950 and each of us immediately proceeded to New Haven, Conn., he to get a master's in philosophy; I on to medical school. The in-between step of achieving *magna cum laude* status and earning a Phi Beta Kappa accrued to only one of us.

Graduating in 1950, I obviously had no classes from him (although philosophy was one of my favorite non-premed requirement subjects). So my memory of Professor Sontag must be from his days of being active in the Claremont United Church of Christ after I started pediatric practice in Claremont. It was so encouraging to read how many lives were touched by this man, not just through intellectual stimulation, but by his modeling the true Christian life. He had a "presence" about him, and the article in the previous issue has told me what it was.

—Ralph Campbell '50
Polson, Mont.



Remembering Dick Barnes

I met Professor Barnes in 1975 during *Furkeisar on Turtle Island,* a "fire drama," or "sacramental olio" or "mystery play" he wrote and performed in an abandoned quarry in Upland, replete with giant puppets, a startling, weird, Beckett-like text, a jazz pit band led by Bobby Bradford (I played the guitar), a mountain of old shoes, Barry Crooks '78 reading Walt Whitman as the audience entered, a narrator, fireworks, jugglers and much else lost to memory. It was mystical or religious, or both, mostly incomprehensible to my unformed mind, enormously original, fun, surreal and deeply affecting in that it could happen at all. Who makes spectacles like this outdoors under a full moon in a quarry? Who is this man?

I then got to know Dick Barnes by becoming his student. Or I should say I tried to get to know him. He was kind and remote, gentlemanly and quizzical, and given to silence between sentences. I think I was a little afraid of him. Sometimes I was more curious about the man than about what he was teaching. Here was someone who was both deeply schooled and utterly informal and unpretentious, who could talk about Dante and Bukowski, Ornette Coleman, Spanish Renaissance songs and the Grateful Dead, Native American vision quests, Lao Tzu's philosophy, cheap whiskey or X-rated blues tunes, unconcerned with the false dichotomy between low and high art, between mysticism and daily bread. His poetry, then and now, is a beacon for me—each line stripped to essence, as spare, open, sacred and lovely as the desert terrain which he came from.

When I gave a recital at the end of my sophomore year, Barnes was the only professor in attendance. It wasn't because he needed to hear my music, God knows. He came, I think, because he liked me. He showed up to the post-concert party, over on Bonita Avenue, where a group of us gathered around a beer keg in my living room, singing some, drinking a lot, up till 5 a.m. and Barnes was one of the last to leave. That was the spring my mother died of cancer, not a week after the concert, and though he never knew about my mother, or much about my personal life, he showed me a kind of companionship that semester that stayed with me. Whatever he had me reading, whatever we talked about, whatever feelings I was able to vent in his writing classes, helped me veer from a deep kind of trouble that I was on the edge of—raw, terrified and confused in a way I could not begin to articulate except through art. Is there any salve greater than the company of friends? Is there any question that art, in its infinite welcome, its possibilities and forms, can literally save our lives?

It's a small thing, huddling with a professor around a keg after a show, but what you see as you grow older is that the small and quiet act of attention is an important teaching.

—Joel Harrison '79
Brooklyn, N.Y.

If you would like to read the long-form version of this remembrance, or share your own, please contact Joel Harrison at joel@joelharrison.com.

Alumni and friends are invited to send us their letters by email to *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 / *Bowen Close '06*

HOW TO BECOME POMONA'S GREEN CZAR

STORY BY MARK KENDALL / PHOTO BY WILL HUMMEL '12

Bowen Close '06 is Pomona's first director of sustainability integration, hired by the College in 2008 to focus existing environmental efforts and move forward with new ones. In a job that touches everything from light fixtures to land-use planning, Close might be meeting with Trustees one day and pitching in on a dorm refuse clear-out on another. Follow her path to becoming Pomona's green czar:

1 Leave Minnesota

for Pomona College without knowing what you want to do with your life. Find yourself drawn to the green scene before classes even begin. Become captivated by the piney-mountain views during your first-week Orientation Adventure trip. On that first backpacking trek of your life, learn about Pomona's student-led organic farm from your O.A. leader. Join the cause, and help write proposals to the College's administration regarding that fledgling farm.

2 Take your first

environmental analysis class with Professor Rick Hazlett. Decide by the end of your freshman year to major in E.A. Get asked by then-Dean of Students Ann Quinley to sign up for the environmental affairs commissioner spot in student government. Land the gig then—and again your senior year. Help plant the seeds for a more vocal environmental movement on campus. Cap your senior year by organizing an elaborate organic dinner complete with maps showing where all the foods came from.

3 After graduating,

pursue an urban planning master's at USC, focusing on land use and sustainable regional growth. Work part-time at Pomona compiling background on campus buildings for a new master land-use plan. Love it. Go on to land a full-time job with an urban-planning firm, working on a youth master plan for one local city and a downtown redevelopment plan for another. Enjoy the work and gain valuable experience in planning. Expect to stay in that job for a very long time.

4 Have a chance

encounter while visiting campus to reserve space for your wedding to Brett Close '06. Learn from then-campus planning director Jim Hansen that the College will be hiring its first sustainability coordinator—and listen as he encourages you to apply. Feel excited about the possibility, but also reel at the thought of a big shift in career direction. Talk it over with friends and decide to go for it. Get the job. Plunge right in, learning the nooks and crannies of the campus, from trash pickup schedules to long-range land plans.

5 Help shape plans

for a slew of environmentally-friendly features for the new North Campus residence halls. Push along efforts for solar heating for the pool. Celebrate as the Trustees approve a new environmental policy requiring sustainability be considered from the start of any construction project. Engage student fellows in crafting the campus' Sustainability Action Plan for release later this year. Gain a reputation as an effective and persistent advocate for green efforts on campus.

6 Embrace your

position as a green role model, constantly fielding questions about everything from what can go in the recycling bins to which sorts of plants are best for re-landscaping a yard. Realize you can't do it all. Cringe a bit when you forget to bring your reusable bags to the Farmer's Market or find yourself driving the car around town—even though you drive a Prius. Back home, tell your husband you want either compost worms or backyard chickens for your birthday. Get the worms. Wait on the birds.

Rankings / *Kiplinger's*

Value Added

For the second year in a row, Pomona topped the list of "Best Values" among the nation's liberal arts colleges, as rated by *Kiplinger's Personal Finance Magazine*. In its December 2009 issue, the magazine listed the top 100 "Best Values in Private Colleges," ranking them according to academic quality and affordability—with quality accounting for two-thirds of the total. In the accompanying article, Pomona is noted as providing "its students with a top-quality education in a setting that snowbound Ivy Leaguers can only dream of." ✣

Campus Life / *Study Break*

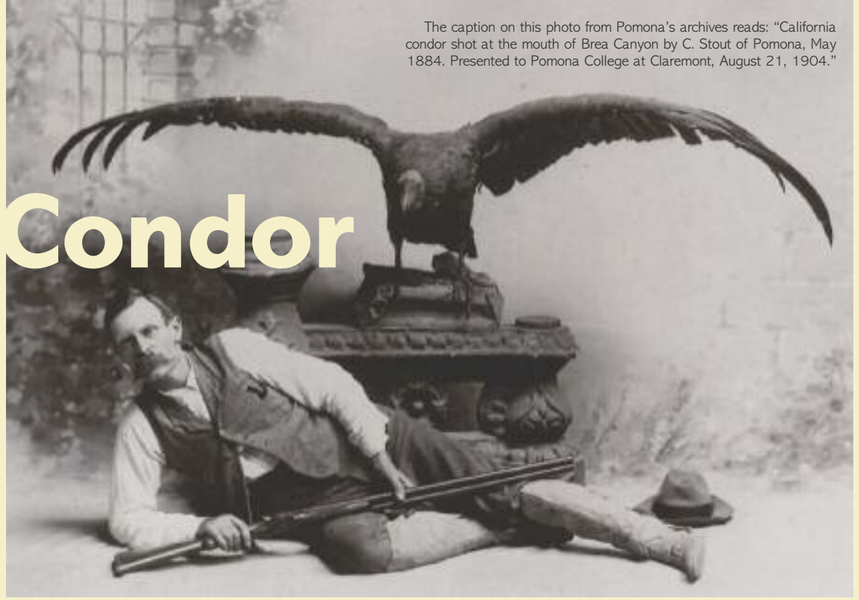
Scaly **Friends**

As students were preparing for finals at the end of the fall semester, the students' Committee for Campus

Life and Activities again arranged for a stress-relieving break from the books. Last year, it was puppies. This year, the featured animals were less cuddly than exotic, including a Burmese python and other reptiles, such as Juno the tegu lizard, pictured here. ✣

Transitions / *Feathered History*

Last **Drive** of the **Condor**



The caption on this photo from Pomona's archives reads: "California condor shot at the mouth of Brea Canyon by C. Stout of Pomona, May 1884. Presented to Pomona College at Claremont, August 21, 1904."

The old bird lay supine in the back of a Chevy Suburban, head resting upon a sweater-padded toolbox. If this trek was not exactly the kind of soaring travel the California condor was meant for, at least the SUV's rear seats had been removed to accommodate the bird's seven-foot-plus wingspan. Three of Professor Nina Karnovsky's students were on watch to make sure the nameless, gender-unknown bird had a smooth ride. "It was a little bit nerve-wracking because it's so old," says Eleanor Caves '11. Sparing the stern-looking specimen one last insult, traffic was light as the two-vehicle caravan of biology students crossed the Los Angeles basin on a fall afternoon to deliver the unusual creature to its new home at the Western Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology in Camarillo.

Shot by a hunter in 1884 and donated to the College more than a century ago, the bird had most recently been perched atop a cabinet in the specimen room of Seaver South. Over the years the imposing specimen had proved an intermittent attraction for Pomona students and touring school kids. But Professor Karnovsky had worried about the bird since she arrived at Pomona six years ago and volunteered to oversee the department's vertebrate collection. Sure, it was cool to have an extremely rare specimen (at one point there were only a couple dozen of these condors alive in the world and today their numbers are still fewer than 400). But she felt qualms about holding onto the bird when it might be put to more extensive scientific use elsewhere.

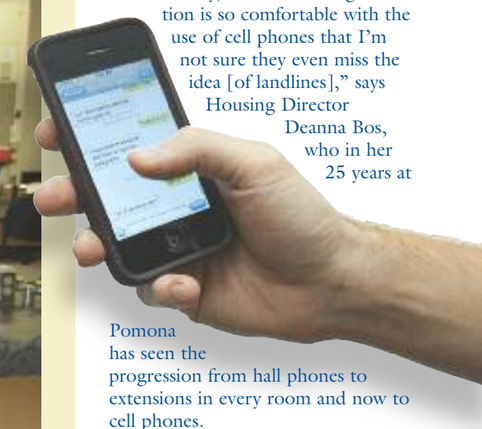
The Western Foundation of Vertebrate Zoology, which is open to the public and draws researchers from around the world, seemed just the right place for the condor. The museum crew was delighted to receive the gift; Collections Manager Rene Corado immediately set to the task of carefully cleaning up the bird. "I'm going very slowly," he says. "Like washing a baby. We're very excited." After weeks of deep freezing to kill any bugs, followed by DNA and pollution testing, the Pomona specimen, which had met its death while still young, will be put on display near a more mature condor. Karnovsky concedes she was sad to see the condor go. "I know it's a dead bird," she says. "But it's a special one." ✣

—Mark Kendall

Professor Nina Karnovsky (second from right) and her students pose with Pomona's centenarian condor before accompanying it to its new home.

Campus Life / *Communications*

Landline **Lost**



In the age of cell phones, iPhones, texting and apps galore, landlines are increasingly becoming obsolete—especially on college campuses. As cell phones weigh down virtually every student's pocket or purse, more Sagehens are cutting the line on traditional phones.

Only 175 of the 1,433 students living on campus for the fall semester requested the extension numbers needed to have an old-fashioned phone in their dorm rooms. Acknowledging the trend, the College this year started requiring students to request campus extensions instead of assigning extensions to all students.

"Honestly, I feel that this generation is so comfortable with the use of cell phones that I'm not sure they even miss the idea [of landlines]," says Housing Director Deanna Bos, who in her 25 years at Pomona has seen the progression from hall phones to extensions in every room and now to cell phones.

But with phones now serving as bankers, grade-calculators and mindless-gaming devices, would some students benefit from a few more hang-ups? "A lot of people seem so attached to their cell phones that their entire lives revolve around them," says Hsuanwei Fan '12. "It seems like a lot of authenticity in relationships has been lost because people have become so obsessed with these electronic devices." ✣

—Lauri Valerio '12

By the Numbers:

The Library

1,500,000
Number of print books and journals in the Library's collection (the largest liberal arts library collection in the U.S.)

120,000
Annual checkouts of books from the Library's collection

45,000
number of online journals available through the library.

2,400
number of print journals moved to off-site storage

100
average number of cups of coffee sold each day.

322
average number of cups of coffee sold each day during finals week.

24
hours per day the library is open during finals week.

Honnold/Mudd Library / *Moving In, Moving Out, Moving Online*

Books & Bagels

Food service is moving in—and some print materials are moving out. Honnold/Mudd Library, serving all of The Claremont Colleges, is undergoing a transformation as technological advances nudge college libraries nationwide into new roles.

With more and more material being moved online, Honnold/Mudd Library is repositioning itself as much more than a collection of tomes. The aim is to be a center for learning on campus, both on and offline. "We want the library to be an open, welcoming space," says Honnold/Mudd Director John McDonald. "We wanted to provide many more options for students to choose from."

Online resources have been ramped up substantially. In the age of print journals, the library held about 5,000 volumes on its shelves. Today, the library subscribes to more than 45,000 journals online. With so much information to sift through, more students require the help of librarians—a service that Honnold/Mudd is increasingly focusing on, according to McDonald.

Along with beefing up its online resources, the library is now serving food. The Honnold Café, which opened in mid-September, has already become a student mecca for late-night study breaks. Open until 1 a.m. most nights, the café serves all the coffee house standards as well as freshly prepared soups and sandwiches.

"I was so pleased that they had real food, not just cakes and bakery goods," says Rebecca Golden '10. "The coffee shop is well-designed, and the lighting, hardwoods and display case recall Starbucks, but in a slightly more unique way."

The library also has opened an offsite storage facility in nearby Upland to house displaced print journals from Honnold and the two science libraries, Sprague at Harvey Mudd and Seeley G. Mudd at Pomona, that were closed earlier this year due to budget cuts. Honnold/Mudd provides a shuttle service for students and faculty to the temporary facility, which is located about two miles from campus. ✤

—Travis Kaya '10

Photo by Mark Wood

Physical Education / *Playground Games*

Dodge This!

Recess is back on the schedule for a lucky group of Pomona students. Whether they're reliving dodge ball glory days or redeeming flag-football fiascos, students in P.E. Professor Jen Scanlon's popular Playground Games class get a chance to ditch the books and jump back into some of their favorite childhood memories.

The Red Rover revival began to take form when Scanlon read about adults who weren't ready to give up their childhood games just yet and hatched kickball and volleyball leagues across the country. Though the class has been around four years now, it has experienced a surge in popularity the past two semesters as students signed up to play games ranging from capture the flag to four square and duck-duck-goose to some of the bazillion variations of tag.

Like the adults in kickball leagues, students are proving there is no age limit to playground games. "I think that's what we've found, that it's just about getting exercise in a really fun way, and that can continue forever," Scanlon says. "There's no reason you can't do it when you're 20, 30, 40."

Scanlon wants playground gamers to relive all the good memories of recess and redefine any bad ones they might have experienced, from bullying to feelings of inadequacy.

"The people that do Playground Games are generally the people who at heart want to be an ideal little kid and at heart are there to have fun, so … you're a lot freer to do things because you don't have to worry about winning or losing a game," says Chad Horsford '11. "In Playground Games, it's a lot easier to be a kid and do stupid stuff that in high school, it would have just been too uncool to do." ✤

—Lauri Valerio '12

Photo by Carlos Puma

Trustees / *D. Scott Olivet '84*

On Board

D. Scott Olivet '84, executive chairman of RED Digital Cinema and chairman of Oakley, Inc., was elected to the Pomona College Board of Trustees in the fall.

A government and public policy major at Pomona, Olivet was director of the Student Union and active in student government, KSPC radio, athletics and the Lambda Chi fraternity. In 1982, he was named a Truman Scholar, and in his junior year, he studied at Oxford. As an alumnus, he has participated in the Career Development Volunteer Program and served as co-chair of his 20th class reunion committee and as a member of his 25th reunion committee.

Olivet earned an MBA from Stanford University and began more than two decades in business management with the consulting firm Bain & Company, rising to partner. He went on to become senior vice president with GAP, Inc., with responsibility for real estate, store design and construction across the Gap, Banana Republic and Old Navy brands. He later moved to Nike, Inc., as vice president for subsidiaries and new business development. In 2005, he was named CEO and director of Oakley, Inc., the innovative California-based firm where he is now chairman. In 2009, he also became executive chairman of RED Digital Cinema, which designs and creates state-of-the art-motion and still-capture cameras for professional use. A resident of Laguna Beach, Calif., he also serves as director and member of the Audit Committee of Collective Brands. ✤

Ross Douthat

Talk of the Campus / *The Great Debate*

Media **Bias**?

By Lauri Valerio '12 / Photos by Will Hummel '12

Gone are the days of penny-press newspapers and the yellow journalism of the 19th century—or are they? Though readers have come to expect objective, unbiased news in the past few decades, many are beginning to question just how unbiased news sources are and whether objectivity really is desirable. For this year's "great debate," Media Bias: Can We Trust The News?, the Pomona Student Union brought *New York Times* op-ed columnist Ross Douthat and *The Nation* blogger Eric Alterman to campus.

Douthat argued there is an "organized liberal media criticism operation that is pushing what remains of mainstream media back toward the left" after a long-term trajectory of fairness toward conservatives. Speaking about the influence of new media on journalism, Douthat said that although blogs are free of space constraints and "pseudo-phony objectivity," sensationalism is still what the public wants. Members of the media today "are acutely, acutely aware of the fact that they are involved in a business, and a business that is gradually failing in all kinds of ways," said Douthat.

After defining the media as "a herd of enormously different and unruly beasts," Alterman contended that though journalists tend to hold liberal views, they are "bending over backwards" to accommodate conservative views. He said blogs present news based on conversation rather than fact, but the danger is there is "an awful lot of nonsense" and no way to control it. But he's okay with the move away from unbiased news. "Objectivity is definitely dying, and I say 'Good. To hell with it.'"

"Objectivity is definitely dying, and I say 'Good. To hell with it.'"

Eric Alterman

Campus Life / *Green Bikes*

Bike Shop

The student-run Green Bikes program, which provides bikes and bike maintenance to students for free, moved into new digs in the basement of the Norton-Clark residence hall this fall. When students come in for bike repairs, they are always offered the opportunity to fix the bikes themselves, under employee guidance, of course. "We don't look for expertise; we look for enthusiasm," says manager of Green Bikes Cameron Windham '10. "We want students who are reliable, dedicated and genuinely want to learn. The rest we can teach." The program will eventually be housed in the new residence halls now under construction (see page 12).

Photo by Will Hummel '12

Sports Update / *Fall 2009*

Men's Soccer

(13-4-2 overall, 11-1-2 SCIAC) first place

The team captured the conference championship outright for the first time since 1980. Junior Eben Perkins was named SCIAC player of the year. Senior Wynn Sullivan and juniors Alec Larson and James Yong were named to the All-SCIAC first team.

Women's Soccer

(5-11-1 overall, 4-7-1 SCIAC) fifth place

Despite injuries, the team garnered wins over rivals Cal Lutheran and Redlands. Senior Elli Seo was named All-SCIAC first team; Senior Claire McGroder and sophomore Mackenzie Harrison were named second team.

Men's Water Polo

(15-17 overall, 6-4 SCIAC) tie for third place

The team was ranked No. 1 in Div. III much of the season, and had wins over rival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps and Div. 1 programs Fordham and Santa Clara. Junior Ben Hadley was named All-SCIAC first team and junior Ryan Balikian was named All-SCIAC second team.

Football

(4-5 overall, 2-4 SCIAC) fifth place

The team recorded key wins over Puget Sound, Lewis and Clark and SCIAC foes Whittier and La Verne. Junior R.J. Maki was named All-SCIAC first team, while quarterback Jake Caron, running back Russell Oka, tight end Bobby McNitt and defensive lineman Ross Tanaka—all juniors—were named to the All-SCIAC second team.

Men's Cross Country

(6-1 SCIAC) second place

Seniors Brian Gillis and John Mering, junior Charles Enscoe and freshman Alex Johnson were named All-SCIAC first team. Junior Tristan Roberts and sophomores Anders Crabo, Hale Shaw, and Paul Balmer were named All-SCIAC second team.

Women's Cross Country

(5-2 SCIAC) tie for second place

Senior Alicia Freese won the individual title at the SCIAC championship, helping her team finish second. The team took third in the regional. At the NCAA Championships, Freese earned All-American honors, finishing 16th in the women's race in the season-ending championship. She also was named back-to-back-to-back SCIAC athlete of the week, a first for this award.

Volleyball

(14-14 overall, 7-6 SCIAC) fourth place

The Sagehens notched wins over SCIAC foes La Verne and Cal Lutheran and swept the season series against rival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps. Senior Sarah Amos was named All-SCIAC second team.

Building a **Lifestyle**

Dozens of concrete and rebar columns mark the early stages of construction of two new residence halls and an underground parking garage on North Campus. Located at Sixth Street and Amherst Avenue, east of Frary Dining Hall, the residences will provide much-needed housing for 150 Pomona juniors and seniors and will set a new standard for sustainable building at the College.

With close to 98 percent of Pomona students now living on campus, the capacity of existing student residences is stretched to the limit. To prevent overcrowding in recent years, the College has reduced the size of its entering classes, resulting in a net decline in the number of students, despite the growing number of highly qualified applicants seeking admission. The new residence halls will help bring enrollment back to earlier levels.

One of the two residence halls will be named for the Sontag family, in recognition of its close ties to the College. The lead gift of $7.5 million for construction of Sontag Hall was made by Rick HMC '64 and Susan '64 Sontag, parents of Cindy Sontag Hudgins '95. Rick Sontag's uncle was the late Professor Frederick Sontag, a member of the Pomona faculty for 57 years and mentor to generations of students. A ceremonial groundbreaking was held in November.

Construction of the pair of three-story residence halls (the second, dubbed Building B for now, has yet to be named) and parking structure is expected to be completed by May 2011, at a cost of more than $50 million. The environmentally-friendly buildings, which were designed with the input of a task force of students, faculty and staff, will feature suite-style living and kitchen and lounge spaces on each floor. The halls will be built to meet or exceed Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) gold certification, with 20 percent recycled materials, photovoltaic roofs and solar-heated water and heating systems, among other green features.

The underground parking structure, which will provide space for 170 cars, will be topped by a redesigned Athearn Field, ensuring the preservation of green space.

Recycling plastic, cardboard and glass

Not quite sure what happens to that Tide bottle you toss into the recyclable bin? It just might find its way to a laundry room in one of the new residence halls—but this time as part of a countertop. In fact, recycled plastic, cardboard and glass will be used to formulate all the countertops. Layers of recycled corrugated cardboard, pressed together and cast in resin, will create waterproof surfaces in the bathrooms and common areas and recycled glass will be used to form terrazzo-style countertops in the kitchen in the public lounge of Building B.

Monitoring energy use

From regulating the temperature in their rooms to monitoring energy usage, students will be integral to creating a sustainable environment. Flat-screen monitors in the lobbies of both buildings will provide real-time records of energy use, including electricity and water, and students will be encouraged to use the ceiling fans and operable windows in their rooms and drying racks in the laundry areas.

It never rains in California, but when it does...

Rainwater from the site will be recovered and redirected to an underground pond near the Pauley Tennis Complex. The pond connects to an aquifer, which supplies water to the campus as well as to the public through the Golden State Water Company.

The new front porch

The residence halls will provide a variety of spaces for interaction—from informal gatherings in the central corridors (the natural-light filled spaces are intended to be modern versions of the front porch) to meals shared in the great-room-style lounges and kitchens on each floor. Each 3- to 6- room suite will have its own living room, equipped with a refrigerator and microwave. A campus-wide lounge on the first floor of Building B will be available for club meetings and larger gatherings.

Students also will have plenty of outside space, ranging from a hammock garden and café area to a redesigned Athearn Field.

Field of play (and parking)

When construction is completed, Athearn will be reborn as a slightly smaller field. Beneath the grass will be 170 parking spaces, one of two new underground lots (the second will be located on South Campus). Landscaped with plantings and walkways, Athearn Field will be an open green space that can accommodate sunbathers, informal Frisbee games, picnic lunches and other recreational activities.

Up on the roof

The roof of Sontag Hall will double as space for a garden, a mini-version of the Farm found on South Campus. Planters will be available to students who want to test their green thumbs; seating for those who want to just hang out and take in the view of Athearn Field below and the San Gabriel Mountains in the distance. A bridge atop a glass breezeway (which connects the two buildings) will provide access to the rooftop garden and to a "field" of photovoltaic cells on the roof of Building B, which will include classroom space and an educational exhibit.

In all, seven rooftop areas will have photovoltaic tiles that will generate a portion of the energy used by both buildings, including all hot water needs.

Outdoor education starts here

The popular Claremont Colleges outdoor club On the Loose and the Pomona College first-year Orientation Adventure programs will move from their cramped spaces in Walker Lounge to the Outdoor Education Center on the first floor of Building B. With hundreds of students participating in both programs, the center will provide a welcome hub for meetings, equipment rentals, information about outdoor activities and a staging area for Orientation Adventure.

—Mary Marvin

Calendar / *Spring 2010*

Exhibitions

The Pomona College Museum of Art hours: Tues.-Fri., 12–5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun, 1–5 p.m. More information: (909) 621-8283 or www.pomona.edu/museum.

Jan. 23–April 11 **"Famous for 15: From Andy Warhol to Your Camera-Phone"**
A selection of Polaroids and prints by Warhol and a projection of student-submitted camera phone photographs examines the phenomena of photo-based fame through Warhol's practice and its modern parallel of camera-phone photography. Curated by Museum Intern Carrie Dedon '10, the exhibition features some of the 156 photographs given to the Museum of Art by the Andy Warhol Foundation.

Jan. 23–April 11 **"Project Series 40: Amanda Ross-Ho, *The Cheshire Cat Principle*"**
In her new site-specific installation dealing with the mutability and materiality of context, Ross-Ho creates paintings, sculpture and installation work that examine the boundaries of presentation space, the direct and indirect products of creative expression and the connectivity of the visual world.

Jan. 23–April 11

"Helen Pashgian: Working in Light"

This exhibit at the Pomona College Museum of Art presents a 40-year retrospective of the pioneer light and space movement artist. Helen Pashgian '56 is one of the small group of Southern California artists who came together in the 1960s around the shared interest in new materials, industrial processes and new modes of hypersensitive seeing. Technically innovative, Pashgian continues her rigorous exploration of the spatial qualities of color in light.

"Working in Light" brings together Pashgian's cast resin sculptures, small worlds of light and color, and current work in large-scale light columns. The early cast resin work of 1968 and 1969 introduced Pashgian as a sculptor of light and one of the L.A. light and space artists. The artists in the movement, including James Turrell '65, explored the perceptual effects of light in space, testing the limits of luminosity and the possibilities of immateriality with industrial materials such as cast acrylic, resin and glass.

The exhibition is accompanied by an illustrated catalog with foreword by Turrell and essay by Kathleen Stewart Howe, director of the Pomona College Museum of Art.

Film Festival: Food & Farming

Feb. 10 **"The Garden"**—7:30 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Scott Hamilton Kennedy's 2008 Academy Award nominee following the fight for a 14-acre community garden in South-Central L.A.

March 4 **"The Gleaners and I"**—7:30 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Agnès Varda's 2001 critically acclaimed portrait of modern day gleaners.

March 24 **To Be Determined**—7:30 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre.

Live Broadcast, Lectures and Debates

Feb. 10 **Lecture: "The Hyphenated Anthropologist: Transdisciplinary Teaching and Research in Health and Health Care"**—4 p.m., Hahn 101. Noel Chrisman, University of Washington School of Nursing, will discuss his development of cultural competence education for health care professionals and project evaluation research for multicultural public health projects in Seattle. Sponsored by the Anthropology Department and Pacific Basin Institute.

Feb. 11 **Avery Lecture: "Progress in Making Peace Across the Taiwan Straight: An American Perspective"**—8 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Former Ambassador to Vietnam Raymond Burghardt will discuss the progress made in reducing tension between Taipei and Beijing since the inauguration of Taiwan President Ma Ying-jeou in May 2008. Sponsored by PBI.

Feb. 11 **Lecture: "Medicalized Weapons and Modern War"**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre. A lecture with Professor Michael Gross, chair of the Department of International Relations, University of Haifa. Sponsored by The Hart Institute for American History.

Feb. 13 **Radio Show Taping: "Says You!" Live**—2 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. The National Public Radio game show with host Richard Sher, will tape a live program at Pomona. The program features a regular group of panelists, word games, language games, brainteasers, trivia and parlor games. Tickets are subject to availability visit the *"Says You!"* Website *http://www.saysyou.net/tapings/* for ticket information. (909) 621-8611 or *neil.gerard@pomona.edu*.

Feb. 16 **Debate: "Is California Governable?"**—8 p.m., location TBA. Former California Gov. Gray Davis, *Sacramento Bee* political columnist Dan Walters and UCSD Political Science Professor Thad Kousser will discuss issues surrounding the initiative system and the restraints placed on the legislature as well as the possibility of a Constitutional Convention to reform the state's governing structure. Hosted by Pomona Student Union. See *www.pomonasu.com* for more.

Feb. 16 **Lecture: "Factory Town: Life in a Chinese Development Zone,"**—4:15 p.m., Hahn 101. A lecture with Peter Hessler, *The New Yorker*'s China correspondent. Sponsored by the PBI.

Feb. 18 **Lecture: "'Champions of Justice': How 'Asian' Heroes Saved Japanese Imperialism,"**—4:15 p.m., Hahn 108. Leo Ching, chair of Japanese Cultural Studies in Duke University's Department of Asian and Middle Eastern Studies, offers an analysis of postwar Japanese popular culture, especially those of children's culture with its heroes and adventures. Sponsored by PBI and the Department of History.

Feb. 18 **25th Annual Sojourner Truth Lecture: Author Edwidge Danicat**—7:30 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. A lecture with acclaimed Haitian writer Edwidge Danticat, a MacArthur Fellow and an Oprah's Book Club author. Sponsored by the Intercollegiate Department of Africana Studies of The Claremont Colleges.

Feb. 25 **Debate: "The Ethics of Abortion"**—8 p.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Investigating moral and ethical perspectives, Professor of Bioethics Patrick Lee (Franciscan University) and Professor of Philosophy David Boonin (University of Colorado, Boulder) offer arguments from both sides of the divisive topic. Hosted by Pomona Student Union.

March 4 **Debate: "The Limits of National Security"**—8 p.m., Edmunds Ballroom. Attorney and human rights advocate, Scott Norton and Peter Berkowitz, senior fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution debate national security strategies. Hosted by Pomona Student Union.

March 10 **Lecture: "Close Encounters of a Disciplinary Kind: The Travels of a Cultural Anthropologist into Cross-Cultural Research, Sexuality and Business"**—4 p.m., Hahn 101. A lecture with Suzanne Frayser, a leading anthropologist of human sexuality. Sponsored by the Department of Anthropology.

March 11 **Lecture: "War and Liberty in the Age of Obama"**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre. A lecture with Professor Geoffrey Stone, the Edward H. Levi Distinguished Service Professor of Law at the University of Chicago. Sponsored by The Hart Institute for American History.

April 7 **Lecture: "Culture Leisure: In and Outside Anthropology"**—4 p.m., Hahn 101. 4 p.m., Hahn 101. A lecture with Garry Chick, professor and head of Penn State's Department of Recreation, Park and Tourism Management. Sponsored by the Department of Anthropology.

April 13 & 15 **Ena H. Thompson Lecture with Thomas Metcalf**—11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre.
April 13: "Indian Ocean World: Trade Empire and Migration," April 15: "From One Empire to Another: the British in India and the Americans in the Philippines." Lecture with distinguished historian of India and the Indian Ocean Thomas R. Metcalf, professor emeritus of history, UC Berkeley. Sponsored by the Department of History.

Theatre & Dance

Feb. 10 **Ten-Minute Play Festival: "How do contorted views of reality shape your future?"**—4:15 p.m., Dom's Lounge, Smith Campus Center. Original short plays by students, staff, faculty and alumni of The Claremont Colleges explore how dreams or contorted views of reality might work to shape and/or change the future.

March 4–7 **"The Notebook of Trigorin"**—Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 2 p.m., Seaver Theatre. Tennessee Williams' free adaption of Anton Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*; performance directed by Betty Bernard.

April 1–4 **"Crazymaking"**—Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 2 p.m., Allen Studio Theatre. Mamo Kim's play about empowerment, voice and Hawaiian sovereignty staged by Joyce Lu, Pomona College Mellon Postdoctoral Fellow 2008-10.

April 29–May 2 **Dance Concert**—Thurs.-Sat. 8 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 2 p.m., Pendleton Dance Studio. A joint Pomona and Scripps College dance concert, featuring student choreographers and senior dance majors.

Music

More information: (909) 607-2671 or concerts@pomona.edu.

Feb. 5 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Gwendolyn Lytle, soprano; Cynthia Fogg, viola; Tom Flaherty, cello; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Tom Flaherty.

Feb. 6 **Ussachevsky Memorial Festival**—8 p.m., Lyman Hall. Electronic and acoustic sounds in concert.

Feb. 12 **Bluegrass and Old-Time Music**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Richard Greene, fiddle; Peter Feldmann, mandolin; Joti Rockwell, guitar.

Feb. 13 **20th-Century Music on Two Pianos**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Karl and Margaret Kohn, pianos. Music by Adams, Reich, Ligeti and Karl Kohn.

Feb. 19 **Piano Trio**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Ming Tsu, piano; Lorenz Gamma, violin; Joon Sung Jun, cello. Music by Mozart, Alfred Schnittke, Arvo Pärt and Shostakovich.

Feb. 21 **Violin and Piano**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Todor Pelev, violin; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Stravinsky, Bach, Bartók and Schumann.

Feb. 24 **Student Recital**—8:15 p.m., Lyman Hall.

Feb. 26 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Sara Andon, flute; Kira Blumberg, viola; Mary Dropkin, harp. Music by Debussy and Eric Lindholm.

Feb. 26 **Voice and Piano**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Gwendolyn Lytle, soprano; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano. Music by Debussy, Schubert and others.

Feb. 28 **Cello and Piano**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Roger Lebow, cello; Gayle Blankenburg, piano. Music by Sibelius, Liszt, Villa-Lobos, Willem Pijper and others.

March 6 & 7 **Pomona College Orchestra**—Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Eric Lindholm, conductor; Anatolia Evarkiou-Kaku '13, flute, winner of the 2009 Concerto Competition. Falla: "Ritual Fire Dance" from El Amor Brujo; Karl Kohn: Return–Symphonic Essay (1990)—world premiere; Georges Hüe: Fantaisie for Flute and Orchestra (1923); Dvorák: Symphony No. 8 in G Major, Op. 88.

March 28 **Organ Music of J. S. Bach**—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. William Peterson, organ.

April 2 **Senior Recital**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Yoon-Chan Kim '10, flute; Gayle Blankenburg, piano. Music by Bach, Bolling and Ibert.

April 9

Afro-Puerto Rican Music with Los Pleneros de la 21

6 p.m., Edmunds Ballroom. Based in New York City, Los Pleneros have performed traditional Afro-Puerto Rican music and dance known as bomba and plena for 25 years. Co-sponsored by the Pomona College Latin American Studies Program.

April 7 **Student Recital**—8:15 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building.

April 9 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Rachel V. Huang, violin; Mark Menzies, viola; Roger Lebow, cello; Gayle Blankenburg, piano. Music by Brahms.

April 10 **Senior Recital**—8 p.m., Lyman Hall. Leanne Welds '10, soprano; Gayle Blankenburg, Eddie Sayles '11 and Vincent Chan '11, piano. Music by Argento, Debussy, Fauré, Mozart and others.

April 16 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Jack Sanders, guitar; Joti Rockwell, mandolin; Jason Yoshida, theorbo. Music by Karl Kohn and Domenico Scarlatti.

April 18 **Senior Recital**—3 p.m., Lyman Hall. Martha Preston '10, soprano; Kyungmi Kim, piano. Music by Granados, Mozart, Purcell, Satie and Herbert.

April 23 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Bundle of Sticks, bassoon quartet with Carolyn Beck, David Muller and friends. Bassoon quartets arranged by David Muller.

April 23 & 25 **Pomona College Choir and Orchestra**—Fri. 8 p.m., Sun. 3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Grazia and Eric Lindholm, conductors. Mozart's *Requiem* and Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*.

April 26 **Pomona College Afro-Cuban Drumming Ensemble**—8:15 p.m., Lyman Hall. Joe Addington, director.

April 27 **Pomona College Jazz Ensemble**—4:30 p.m., Lyman Hall. Bobby Bradford, director.

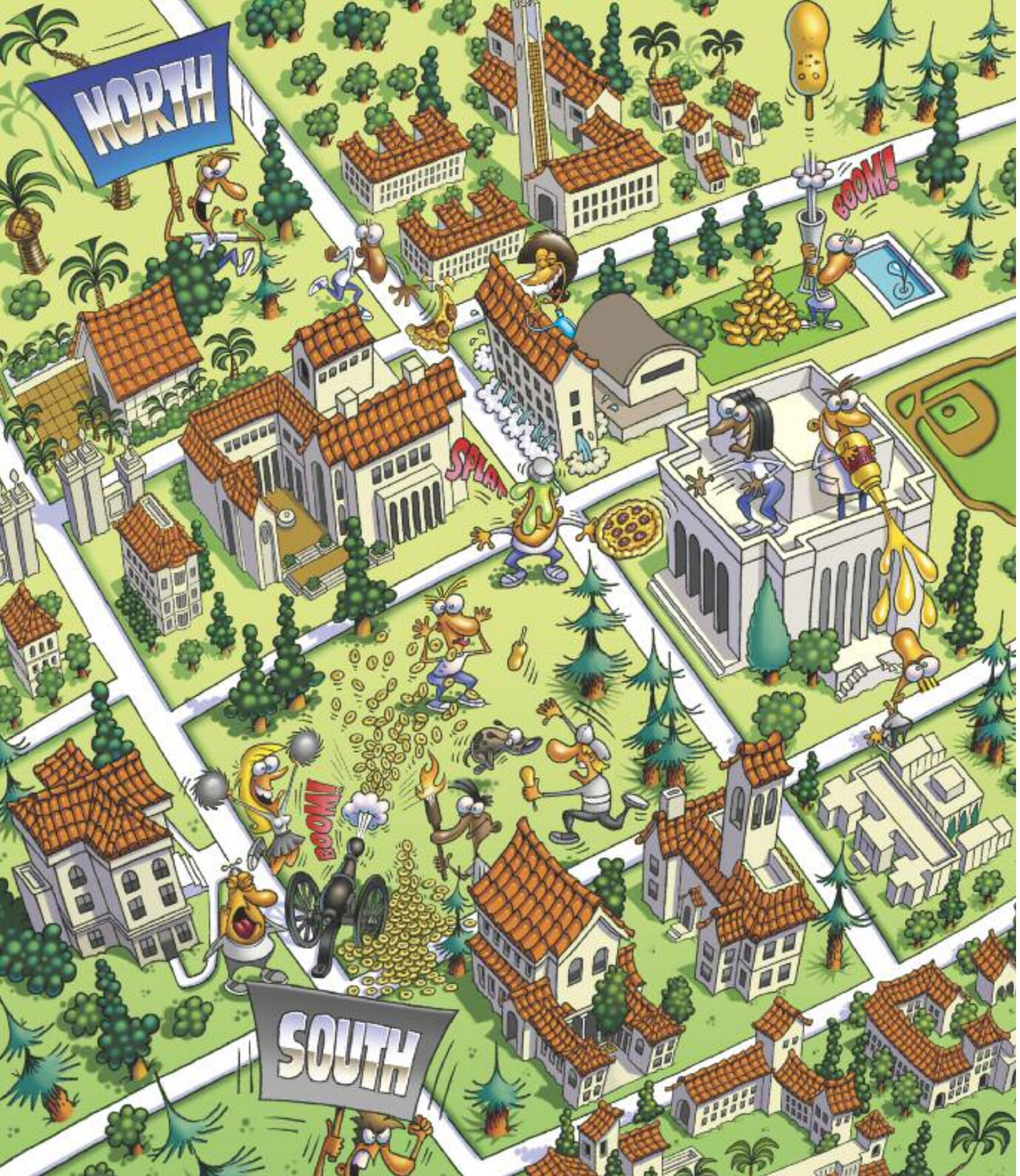
April 29 **Pomona College Glee Club**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Grazia, conductor. Choral music through the centuries.

April 30 **Friday Noon Concert**—12:15 p.m., Balch Auditorium. Quartet Euphoria: Rachel V. Huang, violin; Jonathan Wright, violin; Cynthia Fogg, viola; Tom Flaherty, cello. Music of Mozart.

May 1 **Pomona College Glee Club**—1:30 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Donna M. Di Grazia, conductor. Choral music through the centuries.

May 1 & 2 **Pomona College Band**—Sat. 11:15 a.m., Sun. 8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Graydon Beeks, conductor; Karl Kohn, piano. Music by Arnold, Cowell, Ives, Klein and others.

May 3 **Giri Kusuma**—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Pomona College Balinese Gamelan. Nyoman Wenten, music director. Nanik Wenten, dance director.



EVEN ON SO SMALL A CAMPUS AS POMONA'S, WHICH SIDE OF CAMPUS YOU LIVED ON

NORTH & SOUTH

STORY BY ADAM ROGERS '92 / ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE GRAY

DEFINED YOUR EXPERIENCE. NORTH CAMPUS OR SOUTH CAMPUS? LOCATION IS DESTINY.

From a tactical perspective,

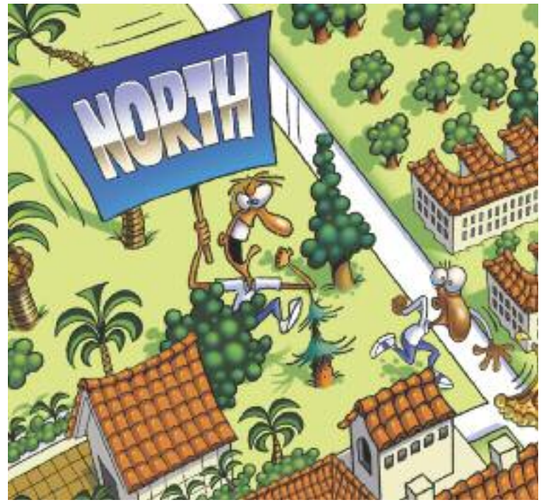
the couple dozen Pomona students lined up on the grass didn't have a chance. Calling them "ragtag" would have been an insult to rags. And tags. They were mostly wearing blue shirts, carrying stuff meant to be construed as weapons—squirt guns, sticks and toy lightsabers. They were playing soldiers of the Union Army during what had been billed as "Claremont's First Civil War Reenactment," and on this cloudy December day the park-like expanse outside Walker Lounge was standing in for Cemetery Hill in Gettysburg. Which meant that the Pomona kids in blue were surrounded on three sides by Pomona students wearing grey, waiting to grind the blueshirts into meat.

With the kind of eardrum-piercing screams you usually only hear at a five-college party, the forces of the South charged. They ran up the steps that separate Walker Beach from Bixby Plaza, and closed in from the west and the east. It was going to be an ersatz slaughter.

Now, in general, modern Sagehens eschew bombs for bon mots. And yet: when North and South come to blows at Pomona, something resonates. Again and again, throughout Pomona's history, North has opposed South. Conflicts of ideology—some less serious than others—have played out geographically. Even on so small a campus as Pomona's, which side of campus you lived on defined your experience. North Campus or South Campus? Location is destiny. *Where* equals *who*.

IN 1887 THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA land boom went bust, and funding for Pomona's first building stalled. Left with nothing more than a foundation and a cornerstone on a mesa north of the actual city of Pomona, the trustees hastily found space in one of the pop-up towns the boom had created, the mostly-empty village of Claremont.

Specifically, the College took ownership of a hotel that no one was staying in, and converted it to…well, everything. The Claremont Hotel—on the site of Marston Quadrangle today—became dining hall, classrooms, reception rooms, president's suite, even a new preparatory high school. Women lived on the south end of the building; men lived to the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years.



As Pomona's enrollment grew, the north end of the campus was reserved for what became known as the "men's campus." Smiley came first, and then the Clark dorms and Frary Dining Hall. As recently as the 1950s, the women's dorms, just 1,500 feet south, might as well have been on a different planet.

In women's country, a certain gentility reigned. Blaisdell Residence Hall was "decorated and furnished with the primary idea of combining an atmosphere of femininity with a residential background," according to a contemporary press account. The reception rooms were in the 18th-century English style, in terra cotta and pink. The windows were dressed with "hand-blocked linen draperies of pink roses and blue delphinium." Women were expected to be inside by 10 p.m. except on special occasions, their behavior moderated by live-in proctors. Men waiting for a date would hang out in a "beau parlor" downstairs, ostensibly never seeing how that other half lived.

North Campus, meanwhile, was "a little more rough and ready," says Bruce Prestwich '55. "They were serious about it, protecting our ladies." That's not to say no one ever found ways to connect—Prestwich met his future wife Carolyn '54 while waiting tables in Harwood's dining hall.

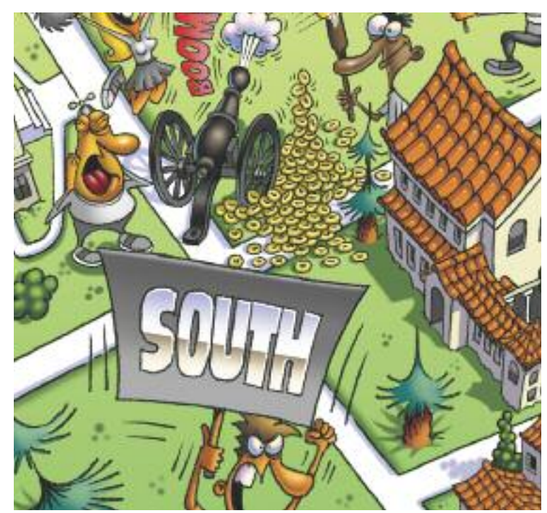
Once a year, every dorm had an open house. It was the only (sanctioned) time anyone saw the rooms of members of the opposite sex. The men, says Prestwich, decorated their rooms with crepe paper and flowers. They weren't always quite so domesticated. Carolyn recalled a women's banquet in Frary that ended with the North Campus men forming a double line at the dining hall door, funneling the women—all dressed in formalwear—from the dining hall all the way to Smiley and then trapping them inside. "That was supposed to be really funny," Carolyn says. "So a few of the women went upstairs and turned on the water to flood the place. They let us out."

What I'm saying is, architectural differences between the two sides of the campus refracted and amplified the cultural ones.

"Women lived on the south end of the building; men lived in the north. It was a precedent that would last 80 years…"

Obviously, when you segregate people by sex, the two environments are going to diverge. But more than that, the women's dorms, with their stylish décor and hotel-style corridors, were meant to convey—and impart—a ladylike comportment, a set of manners. The men's campus, on the other hand, combined Mediterranean red roof tiles, cloisters and white concrete walls with private entrances, fireplaces and built-in bookshelves. It was macho and clubby, and it implied responsibility and maturity. These were the ideals Pomona was trying to inculcate in its students. (James Blaisdell, then president of Pomona, wanted the men's campus to have the feel of gentlemen's rooms at an Oxford College—which goes a long way toward explaining why Frary looks like the Great Hall at Hogwarts.)

Colleges are supposed to operate this way. Architecture and landscape should, ideally, reflect the educational intent and philosophy. When it works, students can't help but fall for it. "It's a combination of general human placedness, where you try to come up with a myth or narrative for the place where you live," says Geoff Manaugh, editor of the speculative urban theory blog Bldgblog. "Then you wed it with that time of life. You're away from home and looking for an identity." Fully 98 percent of Pomona students live on campus any given year—those kids are a full-time audience for everything the College can show them.



BY 1966, SEX SEGREGATION WAS falling apart at colleges across the country. Pomona opened Oldenborg—roughly equidistant between north and south campus and the first co-ed dorm on campus. A student commission pled for further integration, pointing out in a report that everyone was behaving. "We see how well the sexual exchange works at Oldenborg," a senior named Lorrie Santillo, an author of the housing report, told the *Los Angeles Times* in 1968. "The men will talk about something other than sports and the women will discuss news rather than dress."

Slowly, over the next three decades, a new campus division coalesced. It seemed that *everybody* preferred the classiness and open design of the Clark dorms to the more typical—and more contained—South Campus buildings. Since they had first pick in room draw, older students filled North Campus. First-year sponsor groups were mostly placed on South Campus, with a few exceptions. When I was at Pomona in the late '80s and early '90s, there were sponsor groups in Norton-Clark and in Walker, and as a Smiley first-year I have to admit those "North-Campus freshmen" seemed exotic and sophisticated to me for some reason, even though they weren't any older. It was probably that I didn't really know where Norton-Clark was.

In any case, "Norton wasn't particularly successful as a first-year residence hall," says Deanna Bos, who has worked in Pomona's housing office since 1986. "The students who lived on North Campus thought it was kind of cool, but they didn't ever really connect with their classmates." The Office of Campus Life determined that it'd be a better idea to cluster all the sponsor groups on one area. South Campus and Frank Dining Hall became a neighborhood of first-year students and their sponsors. Everything from Smiley north filled with mostly juniors and seniors.

Moreover, residence halls were coming to be seen as the places where the College could intervene as students built their identities as adults. "I think that when I first came here it was more the attitude of, 'we're here to provide you a bed and three square meals a day and a safe place to live and work and study,'" says Bos. "Now the amount of in-residence hall programming, trying to create more connections and intersections of viewpoints and communities, is more deliberate."

The result? Different worlds again. "The first-year dorms have a strong, palpable sense of community," Zach Barnett '11, a head sponsor who lives in Harwood, tells me as he tours me around the campus. "Doors'll be open. There'll be people in the hallways talking. Any other hall, you won't get it at all. It'll just be kind of sad."

"Pomona is built, literally and metaphorically, to force students to choose those sides, to build that identity..."

Talking to a bunch of seniors over soda pop (and one root beer float) in the Smith Campus Center, though, brings a whole different perspective. "I didn't really see what was so great about living on North Campus," says Kerry Belodoff, who lives in a newly renovated Norton-Clark single. "Until I lived there."

I ask for more specifics.

"North Campus is prettier," Belodoff says.

"It's also a lot closer to the other colleges," says Andrew Halladay. He had the float.

"There are better parties on North Campus—" adds Marlies Talay.

"—because there's a lot less common space on South Campus," Belodoff says, finishing Talay's thought. They've been friends for four years, after all.

But I'm still not getting it. "So the first-years just come up, right?" I ask. The table goes quiet.

"They can, yeah," Halladay says, in a tone suggesting more of a hypothetical than I'd meant.

Talay explains: "It's a little weird if they do."

Now, it's also the case that the location of a student's sponsor group can act as a whole other sort of identity. Different dorms, even different hallways in dorms, come with their own reputations and mythologies. "You are identified with where you lived as a freshman for all four years," Talay says, and I can't argue—for a few of my friends I'm still, at heart, someone who lived in the "Buffer Zone," the all-male, all-nerdy first floor of Smiley. I'm pretty sure my room still had water damage from Carolyn Prestwich's attempt to flood the place.

Nevertheless, North Campus and South Campus exist in separate social milieus. North Campus, with its balconies and courtyards, is where the grown-ups are, a place where hard alcohol is still permitted in dorm rooms. South Campus is...not.

A DECADE AGO, THE CONTRAST spilled onto the pages of student newspapers and became the central issue for candidates for student government. At the heart of the conflict: corn dogs. Also pizza, coffee and other late-night grazing foods that comprise Snack, a fourth meal served in Frary Dining Hall from 10:30 to 11:30 most weeknights.

When the Frary kitchen underwent a remodel in 2002, Snack moved to Frank Dining Hall. When Frary was done, Snack moved back—but a few students prevailed on then-Dean of Students Ann Quinley to keep it in Frank once a week.

The machinery of political activism at Pomona cranked into action. "We were apathetic when they forced the lower classes south. We were apathetic when they turned our social venue (Walton Commons) into an R.A. desk," said an editorial in *The Student Life*. "Thursday night snack up north seems like a cruel joke." Petitions circulated. Some students argued that Snack was environmentally unsustainable, what with all the extra dishwashing. Others argued that it treated kitchen workers unfairly, foisting unwanted extra hours on them. Members of student government expressed shock that Pomona administrators might make decisions without informing them.

It's easy to scoff at the entitlement implied by a class war fought over late-night munchies. Really, though, it's all part of the plan. The particular controversy might have been unpredictable, but the fact that Pomona students chose sides in a battle and argued a point of view based on where they lived was not. "They get here and there's a four-year process to test whatever ideas they have about their sexuality, their politics, their religion," says Ricardo Townes, associate dean of students and dean of campus life. "This is my 33rd year in higher education administration, and I've seen nothing other than that arc." Pomona is built, literally and metaphorically, to force students to choose those sides, to build that identity.

When I was a sophomore I lived in Oldenborg, and Fridays at 12:30 a.m. the woman who I'd later marry would meet me in the TV lounge to watch *The Prisoner*, a 1960s British series about an ex-spy called Number Six who gets confined to a surreal town called the Village. Every week Six's captors would try to trick or torture him into telling them why he quit, and he'd resist. I've watched *The Prisoner* a few times since then, and now I realize that Claremont—our Village—has always been the inverse of Number Six's. Both are architecturally and sociologically constrained environments. But his was built to extract information; ours was built to inject it.

POMONA COLLEGE'S FIRST-EVER Civil War reenactment ended pretty much the way you'd expect. The Southern forces' pincer move would have worked perfectly, if anyone had played right. "It turned into a sort of free-for-all really early on," says Jordan Cohen '12, the film major who organized the battle. "You can see in the video, people were dying and getting back up and dying again."

That's the beauty of a simulation like a battle reenactment, or a college. You can try different approaches, again and again, taking different sides, testing for different outcomes. And if you fall, you're safe. You get back up, grab your squirt gun and take another shot.

FACULTY AT HOME

No bathrobes or bunny slippers—we promise—as *PCM* drops in on six Pomona professors at home to get a glimpse of how faculty lives unfold off-campus. You've lapped up their lectures, gotten to know them over lunch and maybe even feel you've gotten a peek inside your favorite professors' heads. Still, seeing how faculty members hunker down at home is another way of getting at their interests and personalities. We think you'll find their dwellings are telling, even if the professors did frantically tidy up before we arrived.

Lisa Anne Auerbach

assistant professor of art

Bicycling between her then-home in South Pasadena and her future husband Louis's place in Venice, Lisa Anne Auerbach happened upon a cool little neighborhood that eventually became her home. Jefferson Park is in the West Adams district, one of the oldest neighborhoods of Los Angeles. House-hunting there during L.A.'s heated 2003 market, the couple cruised past a 1906 Craftsman—not found in the Multiple Listing Service—with a yellow vinyl plastic "for sale" banner outside. Bingo.

1 **These high-piled books** range from *No Idle Hands: The Social History of American Knitting* to *Anarchist Modernism*, but there's more structure here than you might imagine: the tomes are held by bookcases with steel beams in back.

2 **Auerbach created her sweater** for a Robin Hood-influenced exhibition of knitwear shown in Nottingham, England, last fall. "Strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest" is a quote from 18th-century French philosopher Denis Diderot (who, Auerbach says, took the words from an earlier source). Known for her knitwear bearing provocative political statements, Auerbach creates sweater patterns in her backyard studio and knits them together in her home.

3 **The "DH" banners** in the windows refer to the Dixie Highway, which Auerbach traveled in 2007 on a photography project. When the highway first opened in the 1920s, it was lined with white signs or painted areas of trees that were marked with the letters "DH" in red. Auerbach made the banners to wrap around trees when she was traveling, but never actually used them.

4 **The living room** featured white paint and flowered wallpaper when they bought the house. The couple had it painted orange and red after Louis read an article in *The Craftsman* about the vibrant colors originally used in the arts and craft movement.

PHOTO BY IRIS SCHNEIDER, PRO PHOTOGRAPHY NETWORK

Shahriar Shahriari
professor of mathematics

The family room is the center of action at Professor Shahriar Shahriari's Claremont home, serving as a place to sit and read and also hold lively discussions, in more than one language. Shahriari often speaks to his sons Kiavash, 12, and Neema, 9, in Farsi to keep up their skills, but they typically reply in English, their first language. Then "I will lapse into English, just to make sure they know what I'm talking about." The kids even prefer to do their homework here instead of in their rooms. "This is where we spend most of our time," says Shahriari.

1. **Over the fireplace** hang replicas of carved scenes from Persepolis, the ancient capital of the Persian Empire
2. **A traditional coffeehouse** scene is depicted in this painting Shahriari and his wife, Nanaz Fathpour, bought in Iran.
3. **Shahriari's laptop** awaits him near the fireplace. After the kids are in bed, he grades papers and prepares lectures here.
4. **The TV remote** sits unused on the table until weekend since TV and video games are forbidden on weekdays.

Photo by John Lucas

Ami Radunskaya
professor of mathematics

Professor Ami Radunskaya and her husband Dan Pulvers banished the TV and couch to another room of their Claremont house to encourage conversation in their living room. And if anyone runs out of things to say, they won't get bored staring at these walls bedecked with items from around the world.

1. **The wood, painted masks** come from Bali, Guatemala, Java and Poland.
2. **The colorful yarn-woven** pictures were given by a friend. They come from Tepehuana, Mexico, and depict mythical stories.
3. **Radunskaya's musical** tastes are eclectic as well, running from Beethoven's cello sonatas to Bob Marley's reggae.

Photo by Annie Wells, Pro Photography Network

Lynne Miyake

professor of Asian languages and literatures

Before Professor Lynne Miyake and her future husband, Dennis Eggleston, got married, she warned him they would be hosting their share of student events. "We bought this house," she says of her 1929 Pasadena home in the Spanish colonial revival style, "because it was appropriate for student parties." After two decades of hosting end-of-semester bashes for 30 to 40 students, Miyake has it "down to a science," with written instructions at the ready for the small contingent of students who always come early to help prepare the food.

1 **Emily Ujifusa '13** (far left) enjoys spam musubi, the meat and rice wrapped up with seaweed, while Joshua Rodriguez '13 digs into chirashi-zushi, a vinegar-flavored sushi mix of eggs, rice, bean, carrots and red ginger.

2 **The colorful, Hawaiian-style** print "tablecloth" is a sarong-like Samoan garment.

3 **A traditional Japanese** decorative plaque of horses hangs in the smaller wall nook. Out of sight is a collection of Japanese dolls.

4 **With no attic,** the home's high, mission-like wood ceiling makes the living room feel spacious and always surprises visitors as they enter through the home's low-profile exterior.

Photo by Iris Schneider, Pro Photography Network

Joti Rockwell

assistant professor of music

On the weekend before Christmas, Professor Joti Rockwell and his wife Claire moved into a century-old Craftsman home—the first home they've owned—near the Claremont Village. Though Rockwell plays the guitar, mandolin and piano, he chose this home more for the location than the acoustics. Joti can walk to campus and Claire can bike or hike to the train station to get to work in Los Angeles.

1 **The mini-drum set** from the Folk Music Center in Claremont is a big hit with his 3-year-old son Simon.

2 **Rockwell's 11-year-old** custom guitar was the 134th made by Huss & Dalton, a small outfit in Central Virginia. It's loud for a steel-string, which makes it good for bluegrass. The guitar also has a slightly larger soundhole, another "bluegrassy" touch.

3 **The 1914 Steinway** piano is an heirloom from his grandmother. Today he mostly uses it for academic purposes such as trying out student compositions.

4 **Though Rockwell still uses** plenty of dead-tree sheet music, pulling up music on a laptop (like the one on the piano) is an increasingly handy alternative.

Photo by Carlos Puma

Jim Likens
professor of economics

With the College for four decades, Economics Professor Jim Likens is on his fourth home in Claremont. But he has definitely settled in, particularly to this family room, where he starts the day browsing through three print newspapers—*The New York Times, Los Angeles Times* and *Wall Street Journal*—in no preordained order. "I spend more time in this room than any room in the house, outside of sleeping." Actually, he has been known to nod off on the couch here as well.

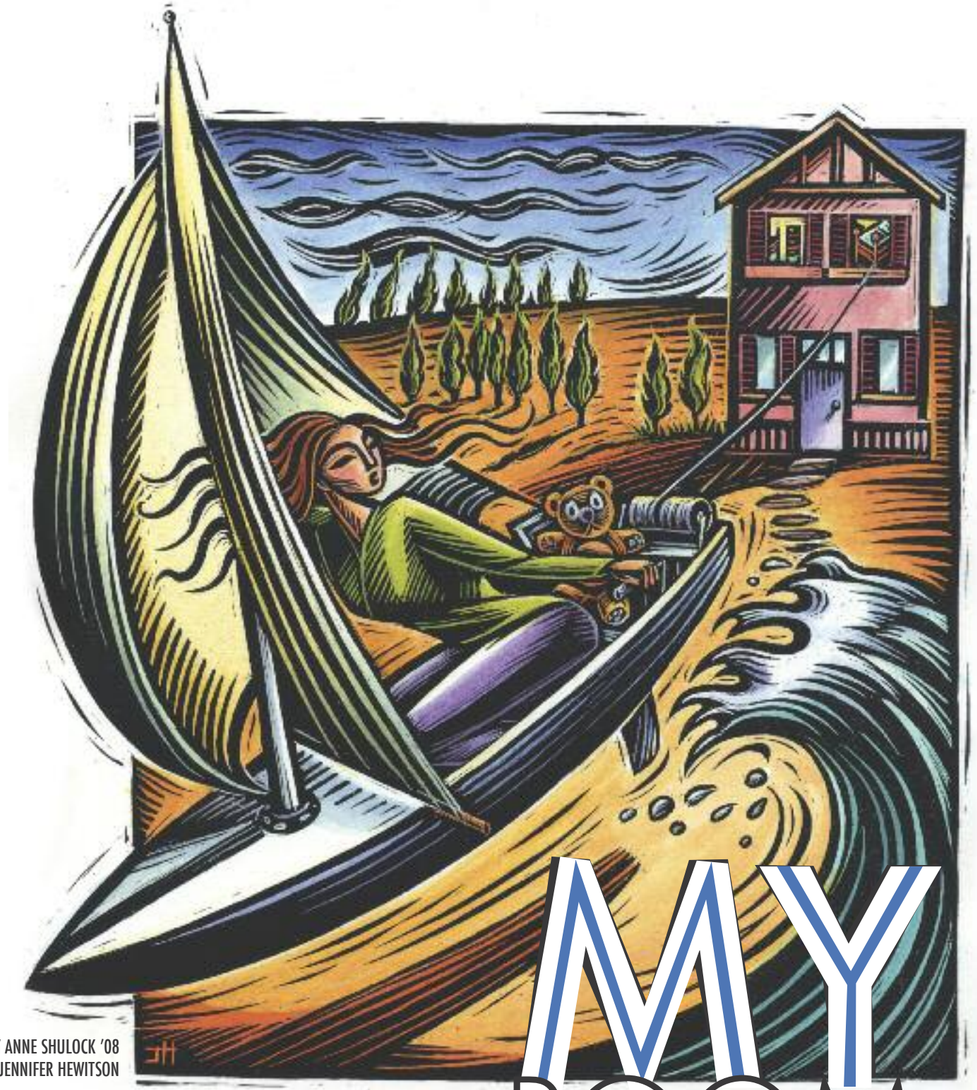
1. **Likens' shelves are** heavy with American history, arranged from the top down, starting with the Colonial period and descending into the Clinton years. Historian Gordon Woods' books are favorites. The second set of shelves holds tomes on international topics.

2. **The shelves also** hold Likens' stereo sub-woofers. His taste in music ranges from Miles Davis to Merle Haggard to Frank Sinatra, but classical is his favorite.

3. **On the TV,** which is hidden away, Likens is a fan of PBS's *NewsHour with Jim Lehrer,* Charlie Rose, anything by Ken Burns and Dodgers baseball

4. **Inside the table** is the latest issue of *Pomona College Magazine* (we didn't plant it there—honest).

5. **The print on the wall** depicts the work of prominent painter and Pomona College Professor Emeritus Karl Benjamin.



MY ROOM

STORY BY ANNE SHULOCK '08
ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER HEWITSON

My dad loves The Beach Boys. When I was young, he taught my sister and me how to harmonize to the high, pure melodies that celebrated surfer girls and little deuce coupes. We also sang "In My Room," a paean to the private world within a bedroom, and to the importance of a place to call your own.

Photo by John Lucas

"MY CEILING COLLAPSED AND NOBODY NOTICED FOR DAYS!"

Upstairs at my parents' house in Sacramento, Calif., on the door at the end of the hallway, is a blue-painted sign with wobbly carved letters. The product of a seventh-grade woodshop class, it declares "Anne's Room."

That bedroom is one of nine I have had in my life. It's not hard to give up a college dorm with standard-issue furniture and cold linoleum floors, or a room in Madrid belonging to a host family who ate dinner in near silence across a long glass table, or one without A/C rented from a young couple during a sweltering summer in New York. But I'm not nearly ready to close the door on my childhood room.

This reluctance knows no age limits: Last year, 85-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and a designer recreated the room she lived in at 16 for a decorator's show house. Hers had silver leaf wallpaper and a 19th-century grandfather clock. Mine has softball trophies and cardboard-framed pictures from a Hawaiian-themed school dance, a desk with a pile of 104 movie ticket stubs and a mini trampoline that I would respectfully never bring to my second-story apartment, even though the downstairs neighbors throw parties that devolve into freestyle rap competitions at 2 in the morning.

I live in Sacramento, 10 miles from where I grew up. I love having my own place, but spend many Saturday mornings at my parents' house. As we drink coffee and chat, I slide into home life so easily that sometimes I feel like there's a part of me that never left my old room. My shadow self puts on the worn zebra print slippers, curls up on the bed and grabs the February 2004 *Vogue* from the nightstand drawer. Maybe she goes out on weekends carrying the vintage clutches and metallic purses that dangle on hangers in the back of the closet. Because if she's not using my stuff, why do I need it?

When I was three my parents threw out all my pacifiers on the advice of a buck-teeth-fearing dentist, and I cried until my dad retrieved them from the garbage. I didn't need braces anyway, so I trust that I can make it to adulthood well-aligned and well-adjusted even with satin-skirted Madame Alexander dolls crowding my bookshelf. It feels childish and even selfish to still want that room and those things, especially against a backdrop of foreclosed houses and rising homelessness. But if my parents asked me to clear out I'd be an infant again, wailing because my anchor had been yanked away.

"It was horrible," my friend Evan Pardo '08 told me of giving up his room when his mom moved during senior year. As they packed up Lego models and unearthed childhood memories—some apparently better than others—he and his mom had their single biggest fight. He lost a second room, at his dad and stepmom's house, when they turned it into an office the very day he moved out after college. "It's totally a fair thing to do," he said, "but the abruptness of the whole thing meant there was no mourning period."

Still, seeing your old room converted may be better than finding out it's been forgotten. "My ceiling collapsed and nobody noticed for days!" exclaimed Brittney Andres '08, my freshman year roommate, when I asked the state of her room in Illinois. Her parents had shut off the room, and after a bad storm last winter the attic floor broke through, spilling boxes of cat toys and other junk onto her bed. "It was all wet and smelled funny," she recalled.

For those who haven't been flooded or "officed" out of our rooms, how long do we hold on? Is there a helpful equation to set an end date, like [(age + salary) x miles from home] ÷ square feet of current apartment? Some people, like Ramsay Edwards-McNear '08, simply take things bit by bit. "Whenever I come home, my mom asks me to remove something or clean out somewhere," he said. "At this rate, I will be totally moved out by 2024."

Many recent grads occupy this vague space of in-betweenness and transition. We've gotten jobs and apartments and navigated the frustrating waters of non-family-plan health insurance, but haven't cut the rope to float untethered into an uncertain, frankly kind of scary future.

So my old room is not just a storage space, or something I've been too lazy to deal with while I clutter up a new location: it's tangible proof that I can come home again. There's a tricky balance between a safety net and a restraint—it's hard to apply for jobs in New York or move to Buenos Aires when you're still rooted in family—but ultimately I hope I treat my room as a license to take risks. Dreaming big, traveling far and chasing challenges could pay off, or might leave me broke and bruised. I'm lucky to know that if I need a room—a world to "lock out all my worries and my fears," as The Beach Boys sang—there's one with my name on it.

NICK FRIEDMAN '04 AND HIS COLLEGE HUNKS HAULING JUNK GET A CLOSE LOOK AT A NOT-SO-PRETTY SIDE OF AMERICAN LIFE—OUR PROPENSITY FOR PACKING OUR HOMES FULL OF TOO MUCH STUFF. EVEN DURING A HOUSING CRISIS, THE JUNK-REMOVAL BIZ IS BOOMING.

HUNKS OF JUNK

Story by David Roth '00

Photos by Paul Morse
Pro Photography Network

IN A STRIP MALL ON A HIGH-VACANCY STRETCH OF GEORGIA AVENUE at the border between Washington, D.C., and Silver Spring, Md., Nick Friedman '04 maneuvers his white pickup—the license plate reads "WNDSRF"—into a not-exactly-legal parking spot. It's 10:30 in the morning and Friedman's BlackBerry is ringing, as it generally does several times per hour. "Hello, this is Nick," Friedman says.

A middle-aged man's voice responds through the speaker, tinny and eager. "Mr. Friedman?" Friedman picks a pen from the dozen or so in a repurposed foam coozy in the cupholder and borrows a piece of notebook paper. As Friedman and the man—CEO of a Midwestern company specializing in helping elderly people relocate—discuss the terms of a national partnership, Friedman draws a small geometric doodle. While listening, Friedman

points across a busy intersection at a truck parked next to a gas station. The truck—white cab, oversized orange garbage-truck style bin—bears the logo of College Hunks Hauling Junk, the fast-growing junk-hauling company that Friedman founded and runs with his high school friend, Omar Soliman. Friedman shrugs at the coincidence and returns to the conversation.

Minutes later, he and the CEO have established a payment schedule, although it's tough to tell as much from looking at the sheet of paper Friedman borrowed—his geometric doodle is marooned amid an expanse of unfilled lines. "Copious notes," Friedman says, and smiles. He smiles a lot, which makes sense. As long as Americans keep filling their homes with junk, College Hunks Hauling Junk will give Friedman plenty to smile about.

"We make stupendous amounts of garbage, then we react to it, not only technologically but in our hearts and minds," Jesse Detwiler says in Don DeLillo's novel *Underworld*. Detwiler is a "waste hustler," a 1960s radical turned academic who drags his classes of undergraduates through dumps. "We let it shape us … Garbage comes first, then we build a system to deal with it."

Yet the systems we build can't always keep up with the rampant accumulation that necessitates them. And so while we have municipal garbage trucks and dumps and recycling centers and scrap yards, we also have homes full of junk—decades of rainy-day sorting projects, broken stuff, works-sometimes stuff, functioning-but-replaced stuff and could-maybe-be-valuable stuff, all of it hard to throw out for a myriad of reasons.

Commercial trash haulers are the system we have for that. The Vancouver, B.C.,-based company 1-800-GOT-JUNK dominates the junk-hauling game and does over $100 million in business every year. "Got-Junk is like the McDonald's of the industry; we're like the Burger King," Friedman says. "But there is plenty of junk to go around. Our goal is to stand out as the most fun, environmentally conscious and community-oriented hauling company." His company's efforts to that end are laudable—a portion of revenue is donated to the college scholarship program College Bound, and 60 percent of the junk the College Hunks collect is diverted from landfills, either by being recycled or donated, according to Friedman. At certain franchises, employees are allowed to keep whatever treasures they can rescue from the trash. "Some of our guys have a little side hustle selling stuff on eBay," Friedman says, but others choose to bring home the stuff they bring out of others' homes. Tim Perkins, the new manager at the Washington, D.C. College Hunks Hauling Junk, proudly displayed a mint condition *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* LP he'd pulled from a recent haul. And then there are the five crates of LPs by the office that belong to the outgoing manager, who is also CHHJ's newest franchisee. One College Hunk rescued an original Grant Wood painting, later appraised at $20,000, from a job.

The still-young company is growing fast. College Hunks Hauling Junk had $550,000 in revenues in 2005, and did over $3 million in business in 2008; there are now more than 25 CHHJ franchises, and the company projects $20 million in annual business by 2011. Of course, that catchy name hasn't hurt. "People ask us, 'are they all really in college, are they really all hunks?'" Friedman says. The answer: about 80 percent are in college, generally at two-year schools; their relative hunkiness is of course in the eyes of the beholder. But those details are less important than how memorable the name is. Friedman speaks often of the brand, and much of CHHJ's growth comes from an ambitious marketing and branding strategy (the truck Friedman pointed out earlier is one of several parked around D.C. for advertising purposes) that has that catchy name at its center. The company's expansion is all the more impressive considering how recently Friedman and Soliman got started. The two buddies from D.C.'s Sidwell Friends School cleaned out basements and garages as a summer gig in 2003, then turned the business into an escape from post-college desk jobs.

Today Friedman and Soliman spend most of their time in College Hunks Hauling Junk's adopted home of Tampa, Fla., and the company's early days are ancient corporate history at this point. But the partners' first Chevy van still slumps, exhausted and dirt-colored, in a corner of CHHJ's warehouse in Rockville, Md. The van is directly adjacent to the weight machine, to the left of the foosball table, and maybe 10 yards from the portable basketball hoop; all are reclaimed "junk" from various CHHJ jobs. One of CHHJ's many marketing awards, a trophy reading "PMA Marketing and Advertising Excellence Award First Place," sits on a table next to the van; a doll's boot rests, upturned, over the trophy's golden head. "I've been telling Omar we need to get rid of it," Friedman says of the van. "But he's like, 'Would Babe Ruth get rid of his first bat?'" It's one of those sentimental things, the old van. Something you know you should get rid of, but just for whatever reason can't.

His phone conversation with the Midwestern CEO concluded, Friedman points the pickup out towards D.C.'s affluent suburbs. The destination is a College Hunks Hauling Junk job in Silver Spring, but distracted by a ringing phone, he misses his turnoff and we overshoot into Montgomery County's vast fields of sprawl. There are new condos and large, rectangular retail stores, deserted construction sites and non-deserted ones, a car dealership with a banner proclaiming, "We Are Still Servicing Detroit Brand Cars Like Always." Then, finally, there are acres of lawn interrupted by rambling white houses. Though the landscape bears the scars of the economic crash, these are still some of the wealthiest suburbs in the United States—with a per capita income of just under $94,000 per year, Montgomery County is the nation's 12th-richest county. In other words, it's primo junk country.

"There needs to be some suburban component to a [successful College Hunks Hauling Junk franchise] market," Friedman says. "Metropolitan markets that have an upscale suburban community tend to produce a lot of junk. But the bottom line is that everyone has junk." The equation looks something like this: Wherewithal to Buy + Place to Put = Junk. There are CHHJ franchises in Somerset County, N.J., and York County, Pa., but none in Boston, Philadelphia or New York City; greater Baltimore (three franchises) and Los Angeles (two) have multiple franchises. The company is targeting 50 franchises by the end of 2010. If all goes as planned, College Hunks Hauling Junk will continue to expand at roughly the same rate—and in roughly the same places—as suburban sprawl.

THE EQUATION LOOKS **SOMETHING** LIKE THIS:

WHEREWITHAL **TO** BUY
+ PLACE **TO** PUT
= JUNK

The housing crisis has brought an uptick in foreclosure-related work for the College Hunks. This can mean maintaining foreclosed properties or emptying them out—"Our Detroit franchisees have been very busy," Friedman says—but the company's regular retail business has stayed strong even in a weak economy. "Our primary customer is still the female household decision maker: 40-plus, married with kids, annual household income of $100,000 or greater," Friedman says. "An upper-middle-class family whose garage just started filling up."

Cindy Bergmann, a ringer for the actress Frances McDormand who contacted College Hunks Hauling Junk about the job in Silver Spring, was one such person. College Hunks cleared what she calls "22 years of junk" from her home. "I love the name," she said. "I said, 'shoot, if I have to do it, I might as well have some college hunks do it for me.'" Now she has hired them to clear junk at her workplace. At the job—in a law office whose tangle of spiral staircases and narrow rooms were seemingly designed to frustrate junk haulers—College Hunks Kevin Augustine (Montgomery College, sophomore) and Sean Driscoll (ditto, taking the semester off) have been tasked with moving some desks and removing some others. Attorney Luiz Simmons wanders out of his office and stands sadly over a desk. "I don't know why they're getting rid of it," he says to no one in particular. "I always liked it." Driscoll tells Simmons that they can donate it. Simmons brightens. "Good, good," he says, nodding.

At the next job, Driscoll and Augustine are confronted with a pile of disintegrating books, outdated appliances and loose metal in the basement of the Cathedral of St. Matthew in Washington, D.C. "A priest mentioned [College Hunks Hauling Junk]," says Pam Erwin, the cathedral's business manager. "I don't know how he knew about them." A cold, early-December rain is falling. The basement contains more junk than their truck—capable of carrying "eight couches or 10 refrigerators," in Friedman's words—can hold. Another CHHJ crew may or may not swing by to help. "This is one of those jobs," Driscoll sighs.

There will be more jobs for Driscoll and Augustine, though. Driscoll worked 90 hours during his last two-week pay period; Augustine estimates that, over the previous month, he entered 100 or so different residences and offices, as well as the occasional cathedral basement. "It can be enjoyable," Driscoll says. "It can also be unimaginably difficult. But I like the hours." Neither he nor Augustine foresees a drop-off in work anytime soon.

Friedman doesn't, either. "The simplest way I can put it is that people like to buy stuff," he says. "And it makes them happy, until they get bored and have to buy more." Whether or not it's "the American Way," as Friedman posits, or something else is a matter of perspective, but it's hard to argue his point. Or this one: "Eventually," Friedman says, "they run out of space."

Sheltering STARS

A tent provided by the five-college outdoors club known as On the Loose stands its ground under the starry night sky at Utah's Zion National Park during a fall break trip led by Chase Olsson '12. Safely stowed at Pomona's Walker Lounge until they see action, OTL's more than 20 loaner tents—along with a slew of sleeping bags and other gear—serve in scenery ranging from Sierra snowpack to sandy SoCal beaches. OTL's goal is to help students get out on trips throughout the Southwest "because the outdoors are such a good place for reflecting on things, beyond what you'd see at school," says the club's gear-master Ross Brennan '11, speaking from the packed On the Loose storage room, but sounding as if he's out under the sky at Zion.

Photo by Will Hummel '12

SOME SAGEHENS ARE DISCOVERING COMMUNAL WAYS OF LIVING BEYOND THE GO-IT-ALONE, SINGLE-FAMILY HOME, BUT CAN THEY MAKE THEM WORK IN REAL LIFE?

CLOSER

BY ELLEN ALPERSTEIN

IT'S clear upon entering the Los Angeles home of Tania Collas and her husband Bekir Gurdil that somebody else lives here, somebody small. Tot toys, tot books and tot-size furniture claim primacy in the living room. Moments later, tiny Safiye appears, and climbs up on a chair at the dining table where dad places a hard-boiled egg.

What's not immediately apparent is that Safiye's grandmother lives here too. Sort of. Judy Collas '60 is not inclined to leave her furnishings strewn about the living room not only because she's tidier than a 4-year-old, but because this isn't her living room. That would be across the outdoor deck, and on the other side of the dining room wall. Three generations of Collas/Gurdils live in this house, but they are two families inhabiting separate quarters.

PHOTO BY JACK LIU

Whether to save money, help the environment, tighten family bonds or live closer to people who share their interests, a number of Pomona alumni are rejecting the go-it-alone norm and seeking out communal life. In the case of Judy Collas, that means sharing a roof with her grown daughter and grandchild. For others, it's a question of relative proximity and common ideals. If their choices don't exactly represent a social groundswell, there is reason to believe they might be drawing a roadmap to the future.

Judy's residence, representing about 650 of the structure's 1,917 square feet, is a living area and kitchen featuring a diminutive spiral staircase up to the bedroom and bathroom. Her main entrance on the side of the property is a mullioned, California Craftsman-style front door that promises more of that motif within.

In fact, the opportunity to remodel the home she and her then-husband Peter had bought in 1971 on a single assistant professor's salary was part of the appeal of sharing space with her daughter's family. So identified had Judy become with her "stuff," that when she proposed the communal living idea, Tania replied, "I think you should clean out the garage first. … If you can manage to do that we can talk about the house."

"I had lots of stuff, my own and things from my mother, and I didn't want to pass on the possessions problem," Judy concedes, looking around the kid-cluttered room with a look of resignation that seems to say, "We're a work in progress."

"I never did manage to clean the garage," Judy says, but the family's other accomplishments, practical and intangible, have consigned that task to the trivial bin.

Despite having advanced degrees and meaningful work, Tania and Bekir had found the insanity of the L.A. real estate market rendered their respectable but relatively modest incomes unable to qualify them for a home loan in a Westside neighborhood. Tania is head of conservation at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County and Bekir is a scientist at USC's West Semitic Research Project facilitating the study of ancient texts.

The three crunched numbers and realized that by pooling resources they could expand the house (modestly), remodel with discrete space for each household and, by sharing equity and expenses, all come out ahead financially. Combining households had the added value of raising a child in close proximity to both maternal grandparents. They agreed from the get-go that space would be separate and that the arrangement was unburdened by obligations of child care, shared activities or other familial expectations. "From an economic perspective, the advantages are obvious," Tania says. "We knew intellectually that (living together) would be useful." Less clear at the time was the emotional satisfaction of what Bekir calls "a cohabiting extended family."

Having grown up in Turkey, a culture where several generations of a family routinely share space, Bekir immediately liked the idea. "I grew up with my grandmother, and I think it was a better way. … This is right for Safi's future, not just for our own sakes."

Before the idea became the reality, Tania recalls being "concerned about the separation of space, about feeling obliged to see each other. But this feels natural; I don't feel we have to be on our best behavior. It's not a source of tension."

Photo by Lori Shepler, Pro Photography Network

Judy Collas savors her second chance. Paring possessions, remodeling and being grandkid-adjacent gave her a renewed sense of freedom. "This place is more aesthetically pleasing," says Judy, who retired 11 years ago as head of the Tutorial Services Department at UCLA, "*and* as an adult I can spend more time with Safiye, time that as an employed person I couldn't do with Tania; I'm privileged to be able to re-enact my life as a mother without the 24-hour responsibilities."

That life is social in the evenings, but largely familial during the day. By choice. "I don't feel like a babysitter," Judy says. "They don't impose." She minds Safiye three afternoons a week, a responsibility Safiye's maternal grandfather Peter, who lives within walking distance, assumes one day a week. The two families share spontaneous meals and the backyard garden replete with fruit trees and small pond.

But it isn't the Garden of Eden. It's real life, and with change came compromise. Judy's concession was refraining from practicing the flute at night, because the younger folk turn in early. For Tania and Bekir, it was accepting that, thanks to their steeply sloped property and building code complications, they weren't able to add a third bedroom. "This is not a complaint," Bekir is quick to note. "We're happy, but it would be nice to have a little bit larger house." Still, the pros outweight the cons, a point on which Tania is categoric: "Our quality of life has improved."

The Collas family living arrangement pushes back against—or perhaps reaches a best-of-both-worlds accommodation with—the decades-long trend toward people living on their own. "When families and individuals can afford to, they live independently but close by" relatives and friends, says Pomona College Sociology Professor Jill Grigsby, citing the phenomenon researchers call "intimacy at a distance."

Paul Nagai '88 and Tori Beyer '89 may have found a set-up that perfectly fits that close-but-independent paradigm. In 2004, the couple, who lived in the Bay Area city of Alameda, was en route with their toddler to spend Christmas with Paul's sister Diana and her husband Chris at their home in Rocklin, about 90 minutes away, near Sacramento. "After three hours on the road," Paul recalls, "we still weren't halfway there because of traffic. We turned around."

Although Paul's parents and sibling's family all lived in or near the Bay Area, "We didn't see each other often, even when we wanted to," he says, and that holiday frustration was the "aha" moment that kicked them from regret to resolution. By 2007, Paul and Tori's family, Diana's family, their parents and Tori's parents, who had moved from Wyoming, all lived within 10 minutes of each other. Of common mind and purpose—congestion fatigue and access to the extended family—the family scouted locations throughout the Pacific Northwest, settling on Eugene, Ore., for its affordability, climate and topography.

"GREW UP WITH MY GRANDMOTHER, AND I THINK IT WAS A BETTER WAY. … THIS IS RIGHT FOR SAFI'S FUTURE, NOT JUST FOR OUR OWN SAKES."

"It has exceeded what I had hoped," concludes Paul, whose harmonic convergence was enabled by the flexibility of parents who were retired or ready to retire and the portability of jobs held by the families' primary breadwinners. Proficient telecommuters, Paul and Chris both moved to Oregon with their jobs intact. Paul works for Visa, Chris as a software engineer.

Tori acknowledges initial concern that because nobody in the family knew anybody in town there might be an obligation to share every new relationship. "We had conversations about child care … we were strong that it wasn't part of the move, to create obligations, but that the move provided an opportunity for (the grandparents) to have as much interaction as they wanted. (It's) a fantastic benefit, and they keep saying how happy they are." And, she adds, "everyone has established lives outside of the family."

She's surprised at "how overall happy I can feel because I'm in a place I love, with the people I love. It feels like home. I didn't realize how deeply satisfying a dramatic life change can be."

Perhaps the biggest surprise for Paul Nagai was that, "I became a joiner." He's active in Cub Scouts (son Casey is 7, daughter Teiya, 4), a hiking group, a softball league. "In all previous phases of my life I was sort of a contrarian—'don't label me, don't box me in.' I've flipped that over—now I'm part of the community."

That's the overarching impetus behind what some people call the intentional communities movement. The term, according to the Website *www.ic.org*, encompasses ecovillages, co-housing communities, residential land trusts, communes, student co-ops, urban housing cooperatives and other forms of communal habitat where residents embrace a common vision. It's a rather utopian concept more difficult to develop and sustain than to conceive.

That described the experience of Nancy Ostergaard '70, who lives in the single-family house in Kennewick, Wash., that she and her ex-husband purchased in the late 1970s. Retired from teaching full-time, she tutors secondary students part time for the local school district. Her interest in a co-housing situation stems from the fact that she's "not real crazy about living alone. I've always liked the idea of community. But not necessarily other people living in my house."

Several years ago at a local folk music festival she was given a flier printed by a couple living nearby who were interested in turning their 1.75 acres into a co-housing community. They had conceived a compound accommodating 18 families where, Ostergaard recalls, "The old farmhouse would be turned into a common house where people could enjoy meals together, take turns cooking…" Each family would have its own quarters, there would be visitor accommodations, grounds maintained and enjoyed in common and peripheral parking so that, "You would see people coming and going from your house, to contribute to the sense of community."

Ostergaard began attending weekly potluck dinners, the last of an interested group whose other members had contributed a few thousand dollars each, formed an LLC under the direction of a co-housing expert and begun zoning clearance for the project. There were couples, families of two and three generations, single parents with children and two single parties, including Ostergaard. "It was a great group of people," she says. "We had a lot in common."

Perhaps not enough. Several months later, the project fizzled, Ostergaard says, because, "It was a lot of work, financially, to hire builders and make all the decisions about the structures. I've never wanted to build a house from the ground up, and we all had jobs. It was uncharted territory."

Although she was disappointed and still supports the co-housing ideal, she did not attempt to locate another group, explaining that her intentional community would be rooted in the tri-city area where she lives. "I like the idea of living with people from the region."

Whitney Stubbs '04 is a beginning seeker of her community. From a childhood in Houston as the offspring of attorney parents who, she says, expected nothing of her "but to go to school and think," she had never lived outside of a city. She ascribes her interest in communal living, perhaps, to her college experience. "I never quite got over living in the dorms at Pomona. We had a tight sponsor group; we were an instant family, we bonded." Since graduation, she says, she has been "obsessed" with the idea of her favorite people being in one place, part of her fascination with communities of people who are "intellectually interested in creating."

A writer whose work examines how communities must evolve and live off the land to outlast apocalyptic events, her research, she says, has huge personal resonance, as if she has been "waiting my whole life for it to happen to me." Communal living, she seems to suggest, can offer a rudimentary sense of human behavior under pressure.

Stubbs is careful to separate the cultish, hippie connotation of communal life from the shared home of people who aren't biologically related. She has visited several such communities for reasons both professional and personal, ranging from urban co-ops to rural outposts. "What they have in common isn't genes," she explains, "but something else, whether it's religion, politics … they're not random social rejects hanging out in a house as idealists, opportunists or people engaged in uneven power dynamics. They are equal members of the community."

Her ideal is to live in a rural setting, to "live off the land on which multiple families have multiple houses and there's a communal great house for meals, celebrations." She wants to live with a group of motivated people whom "you choose; Why don't we have a place for that?"

She has yet to find her peers. She understands that successful intentional communities, those that are sustainable and functioning, invariably are financially viable. "We don't know how to do that," she offers. "We have no role model."

We might be moving toward one, suggests Tom Princen '75 but not for the reasons Whitney Stubbs expresses. A professor in the School of Natural Resources and Environment at the University of Michigan, Princen studies social and ecological sustainability, what drives over-consumption and the conditions for restrained resource use.

Although his work doesn't focus on co-housing specifically, he knows it's far more difficult to sustain than envision. Residents of these communities, he surmises, "commit far more energy and time to self-managing than they ever imagined. It's hard to self-govern. … All utopian communities find that it's one thing to imagine and another to carry it out and sustain it for more than one or two generations." Even so, he expects co-housing will be seen as a viable choice for residential living. Today, the desire or need for communal shelter, he says, might be "a personal discontent with conventional single housing, an atavistic suburban [response] to spending time in the car not talking to people." But climate change and the investment to cope with its effects, the end of cheap oil and the enormous cost of infrastructure, he suggests, will pressure us to reconsider and adjust how we live.

And if that turns out to be the case, four-year-old Safiye Gurdil, already growing up with grandma under the same roof, may face fewer adjustments than the rest of us.

After Disaster

Two perspectives on helping Haiti and beyond...

10% Solution

By Brian Tucker '67

The death and injury of thousands of innocent people as a result of the 7.0-magnitude earthquake that struck Haiti in January and the economic hardship that will follow is absolutely tragic, in the sense that these people are not responsible for their suffering. But this suffering is not due to an "act of God" that no one could foresee. While earthquakes are not as frequent as hurricanes in the Caribbean, they are common. Also, it is well known that poor design and construction practice results in buildings that collapse during earthquakes. Japan and California have improved their building codes and construction practices and as a result, the lethality of earthquakes in both places has been reduced over the last century by an order of magnitude.

In Haiti, it is not enough to "build back better," and it is not enough to focus only on Port au Prince. After the victims have been treated, we should quickly focus attention and resources on reducing the consequences of the earthquakes that we know will hit Haiti in the future. Any foreign investments in infrastructure development should account for the risk of natural disasters. Any construction funded by foreign sources should involve local masons, who should be trained to build structures that can resist the effects of natural disasters. A school earthquake safety program, similar to California's, should be launched. Laws should be passed that establish earthquake safety standards for hospital construction.

To pay for these programs, I propose that agencies soliciting funds for the response to and recovery from the Haitian earthquake commit 10 percent of the amount that they collect to mitigating future earthquakes: to preparedness and prevention activities like mason training, public awareness programs, improved engineering curricula in local universities, geologic hazards mapping and developing effective earthquake safety public policies. Why 10 percent? Because the rule of thumb is that each $1 invested in preventing natural disasters saves $10 in future damage.

If we fail to learn from this earthquake to do all that we can to prevent such losses in the future, that will be a second tragedy.

As president of Geohazards International based in Palo Alto, Calif., Brian Tucker '67 focuses on preventing avoidable earthquake disasters in the world's poorest countries by using affordable civil engineering practices. A longer version of this article appeared in The Guardian.

Web of Assistance

By Tahir Andrabi and Asim Ijaz Khwaja

The world is witnessing an oft-repeated, tragic scene in Haiti: chaos in the aftermath of disaster. While technology increasingly helps predict natural disasters, it remains glaringly absent in the aftermath of calamity. But technology can be part of the solution to getting supplies and aid to victims following a disaster.

As soon as a disaster hits—not the next day or in the next few hours, but minutes later—a Web-portal of the affected regions could go live. The portal would display geo-referenced village maps overlaid with demographic information, physical and infrastructure facilities, the latest satellite imagery and message boards that allow for coordination and real-time information exchange between relief agents at all levels, and for affected individuals to provide real-time accountability. Within minutes of a disaster, the world could know where it hit, how many people are affected, where they are and how to get to them. Within hours, governments and relief agencies could know what is needed, who is helping, who is being helped and who is not.

An open-access Web-based portal for the entire globe can be established—all that is needed is the will and vision to do so. Such portals were thought of after the 2004 Indian Ocean tsunami, but their use in real time has been limited. However, recent examples like healthmap.org (displaying global disease alert maps) and risepak.com (a portal that provided village-level information to coordinate relief after the 2005 Pakistan earthquake) are small but significant testaments to the viability and value of this concept.

We need not rely on a centralized coordinator and a limited set of experts to provide real-time information. A network of actors—individuals and organizations—can even more effectively, rapidly and reliably exchange information and coordinate efforts to aid afflicted countries.

Given population growth and settlement patterns, large-scale disasters such as the one in Haiti will increasingly affect larger, poorer and more vulnerable populations across the world. A Web-based data portal that combines the global knowledge network with local and community information and which is activated the minute a disaster hits can be of immense value. The payoff directly translates into lives saved for a bargain price.

Tahir Andrabi is an economics professor at Pomona College. Asim Ijaz Khwaja is a public policy professor at Harvard University. Both helped develop the RISEPAK portal. A longer version of this article appeared in The Boston Globe.

AP Photo/Ricardo Arduengo

Music / *Musical Theatre in America*

IN CLASS *with Professor Jon Bailey*

Professor Emeritus Jon Bailey's survey of the development of musical theatre in 20th century America, covering shows ranging from *Oklahoma!* to *Rent*, is popular year after year, not only with Pomona students but also with senior citizens from the local community who are able to audit the class as part of a special program. Bailey finds their input enriches the classroom experience for students who were born years after many of these plays were originally staged. The following is edited and adapted from one day's discussion of *Fiddler on the Roof*:

BAILEY: I proposed in the last class that many social issues of the 20th century have been dealt with in musicals at some time or other. Let's take a moment and think about that. As we move in the 1950s, what were some of the things we were facing? Most of you weren't alive then; I'll talk to those of you who were.

BATYA: It was the end of World War II and the beginning of the Cold War.

JUDY: It was the McCarthy era. There were writers and filmmakers who were accused of communism who never worked again.

MIKE: The '50s were painted as an escapist generation and social issues were not addressed. You have one musical—*West Side Story*—that does that, but I think that the winner of the Tony Awards that year was *The Music Man*, and that didn't deal with social issues.

BAILEY: What about musicals addressing Black issues? There were some Black musicals from the late '50s and early '60s, and they were almost all, interestingly enough, flops. There was *Tambourines to Glory*. Another one called *Hallelujah Baby* depicted African Americans in this country as a soulful, gospel-y, ghettoized group of people, which is also true of *Porgy and Bess* in its own way. But I consider *Porgy and Bess* to be an opera as opposed to a musical. It's a powerful experience of the African-American community.

There was a real shift at this time. Between 1961 and 1964, there were five Jewish musicals that opened. Think about that. Why would Jews replace Black people in musicals?

BATYA: It might have had something to do with getting farther away from the Holocaust.

BAILEY: And the acknowledgement that it had happened.

KERRY: When Israel became a state it was an opportunity for Jews to change the way people saw them.

BAILEY: 1948. There was a legitimization of a people. They had a place. This revelation of the Holocaust, the founding of Israel—I think you're absolutely right—gave Jews a kind of presence on the world stage. We're still dealing with that presence and what it means, but it also gave Jews a sense of pride and an ability to speak out and come out and be who they were. Also, Americans tended to begin to become much more interested in the Jewish story. There was a real sense that we were becoming a people together.

MIKE: OK. Who was writing the musicals?

BAILEY: Thank you! Point No. 2! I couldn't have planted you for that any better. Since the 1920s, fully 90 percent of the writers of books, lyricists and composers on Broadway were Jewish. They were interested in writing about Jews but were only ready to do that once it became acceptable in the culture.

There was a whole set of Jewish musicals between 1955 and 1965. There was one called *Milk and Honey* that opened in 1961. It had 543 performances and really showed that Jewish musicals might have a place on Broadway. Another musical was *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. It was the Broadway debut of an unknown 19-year-old performer named Barbra Streisand, and, as they say, worth the price of the ticket. In 1964, you had a musical about Fanny Brice, the story of a Jewish girl moving away from her own roots and trying to become assimilated culturally, in this case, into the show business world.

What's happening in the '60s is about assimilation, a tribe moving out and becoming part of the culture. So, what goes up on Broadway but *Fiddler on the Roof*. *Fiddler* opened on Sept. 22, 1964, and played 3,242 performances. It broke *Oklahoma*'s record of longest running show, won nine Tony Awards, and had four revivals. There was a 1971 film and even a *Fiddler on the Roof* junior for middle schools.

Following 'Jon Bailey's rule,' what are some of the social issues that get looked at in this musical?

QUINN: Young people coming into their own and changing tradition and deciding they don't want to follow the same rules and guidelines their parents did, much to the displeasure of said parents.

BAILEY: The generation gap, which is what I was talking about a few minutes ago—Jews were going through their own generation gap and, as they were trying to become assimilated into the culture, it becomes a musical. Imagine that.

LIBBY: It was about a community trying to adapt to the changes of the outside world, trying to maintain itself, not only its traditions, but keeping itself together.

BAILEY: Which is a further extension of the generation gap. What happens is the generation gap in the family gets magnified as these people try to figure out, 'Who am I in the midst of this new culture and how do I hang on to what is important and yet still become a part of this culture?'

It seems we have identified three issues. One is the generation gap; we've talked about prejudice and tolerance; and we've identified the issue of survival of a community. If you had to choose two characters in this show where these issues reside, who would they be?

MEGAN: Tevye. And the teacher, Perchik. I feel he stirs things up.

BAILEY: Who else?

MIKE: You have to consider his three daughters; his three daughters represent the difference in degree to which you can break with tradition. Each daughter goes a little further in the break with tradition

BAILEY: That's true. I hadn't thought of it in those terms. Is there any Shakespearean character who comes to mind?

EFÉ: King Lear.

BAILEY: King Lear and his daughters. They're trying to establish who they are apart from him. One of the major tests for all of us and one of life's biggest challenges is differentiation from our parents. Tevye becomes the point around which all this revolves. Is he tragic in any way like Lear is tragic?

LIBBY: He would need a tragic flaw but I don't know if his adherence to tradition and his commitment to his faith is really a flaw. In that sense, I'm not sure he's tragic. Didn't it say in the reading that, if this was a real tragedy, the end would make more sense? If you have a tragedy, the whole situation is supposed to be laid out much more deliberately so you see the seeds of tragedy in the beginning.

BAILEY: What do you think of the ending?

GREG: The fiddler is still there, so they're holding on to something. There's a strong metaphor there that no matter what comes, no matter where we get pushed off to, we still have these beliefs and traditions that we can hold on to.

BATYA: You go back to the Passover story of having to escape. It is tragic in a lot of ways, but it is essential to the story of the Jewish people—the idea that we're always trying to bring back all these things that we've had to leave behind.

MIKE: The fiddler is still following them and still playing; tradition goes on in a different form.

BAILEY: And the wandering continues at the end of the musical. ❖

Photos by Carrie Rosema

POMONA AUTHORS EXPLORE THE NEW RULES OF VIRTUAL BOOK PROMOTION.

Of Books & Blogs

By Pauline Amell Nash

PHOTO BY CARRIE ROSEMA

Selling a book these days can be a matter of making friends—a lot of friends. Some alumni authors are finding social networking sites—blogs, Facebook, Goodreads—to be a perfect path to connecting with loyal readers and cultivating new ones.

After her first book, *Nefertiti*, hit the *Los Angeles Times* bestsellers list in 2007, Michelle Moran '00 landed a two-book deal for her historical fiction set in ancient Egypt. Her third book shared a publishing date with a couple of heavy hitters—Jon Krakauer and Dan Brown—so Moran decided to ratchet up the tech tools last summer. "The publishing house helped promote my first book," says Moran. "But an ad in *The New York Times* can run $10,000. Now that I'm doing my own promotion, I have to focus my energy."

Moran focused on establishing a campaign that added an energetic virtual book tour and playful e-contests to her schedule of traditional signing events at brick-and-mortar retailers.

But the social-media necessities of posting a steady stream of updates and responses to fans are labor-intensive. In the months before *Cleopatra's Daughter* debuted in September, Moran found herself working longer and longer days. Even with an assistant, a former student of hers, Moran was working 17 hours a day maintaining her Website (*http://michellemoran.com*) and blog, preparing a treasure hunt contest to coincide with the book's launch date and scheduling a blog tour. She made 150 virtual stops over three days on her tour of bookworm blogs where she answered questions from the host, wrote guest posts, rolled out book giveaways and responded to readers' posts.

"I blogged about my first and second book—maybe 20 posts. This time, I went all out," says Moran. "I was trying to blanket the Internet—road blocking. For one week, I wanted people to see the book everywhere they turned. I think it worked, sales were really good!"

Dealing with current events, the writing of William Perez '97 is in a very different realm than Moran's. But he, too, found social media was a key tool to reach new audiences with last summer's release of his book, *We ARE Americans*, which addresses the educational plight of undocumented youth in the U.S.

"After I completed this project, I wanted to get the word out right away," says Perez, an applied developmental psychologist and assistant professor of education at Claremont Graduate University.

Using social networking sites helped him connect with the groups he felt would be well-served with this type of research. "It offers scientific research to civil rights groups and allows them to say 'Here is what we've found.' This research can make a difference *now*. And the only way I could effectively get it out there is with new media."

"The old method was to put the research findings on the school Website and hope someone sees it," says Perez. But now his YouTube channel and Facebook pages, along with his personal Website (*http://www.williamperezphd.com*), are helping the author connect directly to his audience.

Perez got his foot in the social media door after seeing the potential of grassroots mobilization through sites like MySpace. And in the wake of the 2006 nationwide public marches protesting federal legislation affecting undocumented immigrants, he established his MySpace account. Later he added Facebook group and fan pages and a YouTube channel that fuses the L.A. indie-rock scene and social justice issues.

With so many outlets to promote work, the only real limitation is time. Perez, wary of being stretched too thin, hasn't started a Twitter account, yet. But says he may pick that up during the semester break. ✣

Cleopatra's Daughter:

A Novel

By Michelle Moran '00

CROWN PUBLISHERS, 2009
431 PAGES/ $25

We ARE Americans:

Undocumented Students Pursuing the American Dream

By William Perez '97

STYLUS PUBLISHING, 2009
161 PAGES/ $22.50

PHOTO BY WILL HUMMEL '12

Bookmarks / *Alumni and Faculty Authors and Artists*

(Re)Negotiating East and Southeast Asia

Region, Regionalism, and the Association of Southeast Asian Nations

Tracing four decades of debate, Professor **Alica D. Ba '90** (University of Delaware) highlights forces in the construction of regions and regionalisms in Southeast Asia and East Asia.

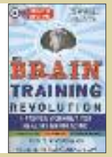
Stanford University Press, 2009 / 344 pages / $75; $29.95 paperback

The Brain Training Revolution

A Proven Workout for Healthy Brain Aging

Neurologist **Paul E. Bendheim '71** wrote this step-by-step guide (with illustrations by **Rebecca E. Durnin '06**) to combat age-associated memory loss.

Sourcebooks, Inc., 2009 / 352 pages / $24.99



La Vida Familiar en Comunidades Andinas

(Family Life in Andean Communities)

Professor of Anthropology **Ralph L. Bolton '61** presents his research on marriage, family relationships and childhood experience in the series *Anthropological Studies*.

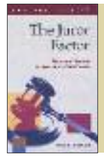
Editorial Horizonte, 2009 / 279 pages / 30 nuevo soles

English Renaissance Drama and the Specter of Spain

Ethnopoetics and Empire

Professor **Eric J. Griffin '89** (Millsaps College) tracks the discourse of "otherness" of imperial Spain by English dramatists.

University of Pennsylvania Press, 2009 / 304 pages / $59.95



The Juror Factor

Race and Gender in America's Civil Courts

Trial consultant **Sean G. Overland '95** explains the functions of the civil jury, the nature of jury deliberations and examines the link between juror characteristics and their verdict decisions.

LFB Scholarly Publishers, 2008 / 190 pages / $62

Stanley Meltzoff

Picture Maker

Historian **Mike Rivkin '78** co-authored the coffee-table book of the life and work of saltwater game fish painter Stanley Meltzoff.

Silverfish Press, 2009 / 182 pages / $89

Small Footsteps in the Land of the Dragon

Growing Up in China

Barbara Brooks Wallace '45 recreates Pre-World War II China in *Small Footsteps*, a memoir of her childhood in eastern China.

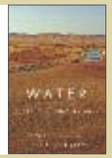
Scofield O'Leary, 2009 / 150 pages / $12.95

Water: In the 21st Century West

A High Country News Reader

Char Miller, W.M. Keck Professor of Environmental Analysis, organized and edited articles collected from *High Country News* that assess and map the water issues facing the contemporary American West.

Oregon State University Press, 2009 / 320 pages / $24.95



Sports / *Chris Ballard '95*

A Beautiful **Mind**Game

The magazine world doesn't always lend itself to an abundance of "aha" moments. You do your research, churn out some copy and, before you even get to see your words in print, you're on to the next assignment. For *Sports Illustrated* basketball writer Chris Ballard '95, however, a journalistic revelation snuck up on him just a few years ago during a conversation with Detroit Pistons forward Ben Wallace. Rebounding was the topic.

"Wallace is not known as an especially talkative guy, but when we got to discussing specific techniques, he started opening up about all these emotional attachments he had," Ballard says. "A light went on for me as a writer—I realized that talking to players in this way could spur them to reach a whole new level of eloquence."

This editorial epiphany helped spawn Ballard's new book, *The Art of a Beautiful Game: The Thinking Fan's Tour of the NBA*, in which he conducts in-depth interviews with players about their craft. Among the author's adventures include shooting free throws with a guru who once hit a world-record 2,750 in a row, and sitting in on drills with Idan Ravin, a former lawyer with no college basketball experience now known for the torturous training sessions he runs for NBA all-stars. During one memorable episode chronicled in the book, Ballard even found himself drag-racing across suburban Phoenix with a 7-foot, leather-clad motorcyclist he soon recognized to be Shaquille O'Neal.

Where other journalists might pester players about contract negotiations or off-court distractions, Ballard takes a different tack in *Beautiful Game*, asking his subjects nuanced questions concerning everything from their shooting form to conditioning routines. "Players typically haven't been asked these kinds of questions before," he says. "When they figure out that you actually care about the little details, they talk to you differently."

One reason Ballard cares is that he's still working on his own skills: the 36-year-old, who played ball at Pomona for a year, regularly participates in rec leagues and pick-up games. (His first book, 1998's *Hoops Nation*, involved him, his brother, and Pomona friends Eric Kneedler '95 and Craig Harley '95 visiting and rating more than a thousand basketball courts across the country). While the author harbors no illusions about his abilities—one chapter of *Beautiful Game* features sharp-shooter Steve Kerr flat-out manhandling him in a game of horse—Ballard concedes that his familiarity with the sport might give him an extra edge in interviews. "The fact that I've kept playing means that I'm thinking about this stuff from a functional standpoint," he says. "When Yao [Ming] explains something to me, I understand it in the context of a real game."

And now, more than a decade after breaking into basketball writing, he says that he has developed a renewed respect for cerebral stars like LeBron James and Kobe Bryant who shatter the unfounded stereotype of athletes as physically-gifted airheads. "Looking inside the action and understanding the process made watching basketball even more interesting for me," Ballard says. "It sort of replenished my love of the sport and helped me once again appreciate the beauty of the game."

—Adam Conner-Simons '08

The Art of a Beautiful Game:
The Thinking Fan's Tour of the NBA
By Chris Ballard '95
SIMON & SCHUSTER, 2009
240 PAGES/ $26

AP PHOTO/KEVORK DJANSEZIAN

English Literature / *Susannah Carson '97*

The **Jane** Addiction

Her writing has been debated and dissected for nearly two centuries, serving as the basis for countless popular movies and developing a rabid fan base that earned a nickname long before Deadheads and Trekkies even existed. But for one observer, there's a question that has always loomed in the back of her mind: Why do we read Jane Austen?

Susannah Carson '97, a doctoral candidate in French at Yale University and life-long Austen reader, sought to learn the answer, and her quest resulted in the recently-released *A Truth Universally Acknowledged: 33 Great Writers on Why We Read Jane Austen,* a volume for which she served as editor. Assembling a diverse mix of contributors ranging from literary scholars and philosophers to psychoanalysts and filmmakers, Carson says that she wants the collection to serve as a breezy, engaging exploration of what makes the author's works so beloved. "There are lots of [Austen] essays out there about the 'how'—explaining the historical background, narrative technique, and so on," Carson says. "The essays in this collection address these issues too, but they come at them through the 'why' filter: why these issues matter."

A Truth is a mix of classic essays from the likes of Virginia Woolf and C.S. Lewis, as well as new pieces by contemporary writers such as Anna Quindlen and Martin Amis. The anthology's tone is surprisingly intimate, with many contributors examining the impact Austen has had on their professional and personal lives. Jay McInerney confesses to serial crushes on the author's heroines and reflects on how these fictional women influenced his own romances; Screenwriter Amy Heckerling talks about her connection with *Emma*, which spurred her to borrow its plot for the teen comedy *Clueless.* Carson says that the highly collaborative process of *A Truth*, which often involved lengthy conversations with the writers, further deepened her appreciation of Austen's work. "For me, the experience of reading [her writing] is at once personal—just me and a good book—but also communal in all sorts of ways," she says. "One of the rewards of putting this together is that I get to know lots and lots of other Janeites."

It seems as though there's never been a hotter time to be a "Janeite," with successful film adaptations like 2005's *Pride and Prejudice*, as well as a plethora of less conventional literary offerings (*Sense and Sensibility and Sea Monsters*, anyone?). Carson admits that her intrigue with tenuously-linked mash-ups like *Sea Monsters* was what largely inspired her to pursue the anthology. "Wouldn't it be nice if all these people who love Jane Austen had access to some of the great classical essays?" Carson remembers asking herself. "Then, instead of reading and watching all these rather mediocre Austen-esque stories to get their fix, they could go back to the originals and really enjoy them."

Carson describes her own reasons for loving Austen as far-ranging, but ultimately stemming from the author's ability to create self-contained worlds that simultaneously encourage readers' own reflection and creativity. "I've often wondered about what makes a book a 'good read'; what makes us turn over the pages with such eagerness?" she says. "After reading these essays, I think it has to do with a work of literature being wholly and completely itself, and yet allowing just the right amount of room for our imaginative involvement."

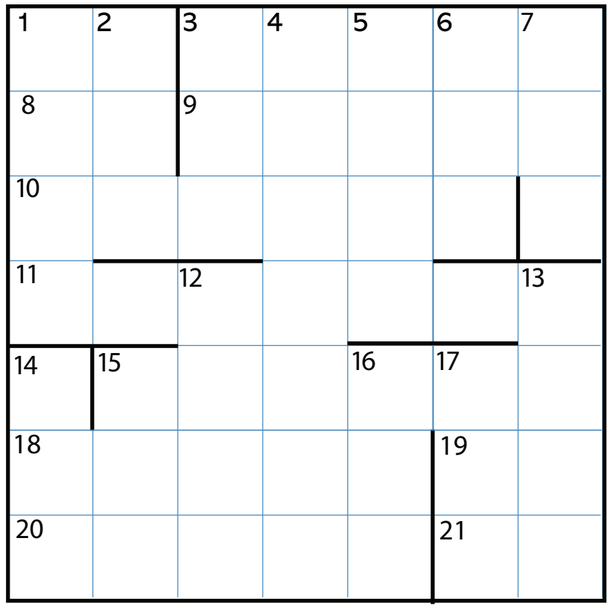
—Adam Conner-Simons '08

A Truth Universally Acknowledged:
33 Great Writers on Why We Read Jane Austen
Edited by Susannah Carson '97
RANDOM HOUSE, 2009
295 PAGES/ $25

Cryptic Crossword / *by Lynne Willems Zold '67*

Shelter

Answers on Page 53



Directions:

Cryptic puzzle clues have two parts—a simple definition and a "cryptic" clue 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 Begin to play ancient Chinese game. (2)
3 Queried masked man--no! (5)
8 Over the half moon. (2)
9 With a little assistance deliver a litter of puppies. (5)
10 Pruned large thoroughfares and ended up where the trials were held. (6)
11 Tabernacle shaft can anchor pavilion backwards. (4,3)
15 The second sound of little feet? (6)
18 Greek epic poet hit one out of the park. (5)
19 Sun god of heliopolis symbolized radium. (2)
20 Sever your tart: remove all. (5)
21 Advice: strike down sin but show off briefly. (2)

Down

1 Generally older voters try at first to limit the administration. (4)
2 Single unit. (3)
3 Our lawns have a bristlelike appendage. (3)
4 A kind of bug to cover the window. (7)
5 Have a quick look backward. (4)
6 Annexes letters. (3)
7 Defeat personal tragedy initially and get a small injection. (3)
12 First, last or middle: mean mess. (4)
13 Drag around alum. (4)
14 Secretive washer woman. (3)
15 Jump over part of your little car. (3)
16 Arbitrate endeavor. (3)
17 Baseball statistic for a generation. (3)

SCAMFEST

PHOTOS BY WILL HUMMEL '12

The 14th Annual Southern California A Cappella Music Festival, known as SCAMfest and hosted by The Claremont Shades, drew more than 2,000 people to Bridges Auditorium in November, reflecting the growing popularity of college a cappella.

"Each group selected songs that brought out their strengths and styles," wrote Vivian Chou '13 in *The Student Life*. "Choosing a favorite was nearly impossible..."

Group names clockwise from top-left: USC's Reverse Osmosis, Claremont's After School Specials, Women's Blue and White, The Claremont Shades, Men's Blue and White, USC's Reverse Osmosis, Men's Blue and White.

Zach Berne '07 (foreground) leaves the C-17 that brought him to McMurdo Station in Antarctica.

The Polar Life

BY ZACH BERNE '07

My sanctuary at the South Pole consists of 48 square feet within the half-circle of a Korean War-era barracks, sectioned off into living quarters with plywood scraps and draped military surplus blankets. The amenities of Jamesway 3, room 4 (a.k.a. J3-4) include a creaking bed, suspended plywood desk, a chair likely salvaged from a polar junkyard, a grey metal bureau complete with broken mirror precariously fastened with painter's tape, and wall-to-wall carpeting of patchwork foam rubber. Capping the room's industrial chic décor is a 64-ounce salsa can chamber pot, the traditional South Pole compensation for the lack of *en suite* accommodations.

Wearing clothes reeking of diesel fuel, with arms itching with Fiberglas dust and accompanied by visions of trees and food that doesn't come in a can, I retreat here for sleep or solitude after my work shift on the heavy carpenter crew. Further highlighting the South Pole quality of life is the absence of personal hygiene, a frequent topic of whispered and crass discussion. With the lack of liquid water limiting showers to biweekly two-minute spritzes, it is nearly lethal to stand in the wake of a passerby. Worse yet, the Jamesways' close quarters and confined spaces allow a nauseating potpourri to accumulate at night.

Still, in other ways, life at the Pole is a breath of fresh air. The nothingness of vast ice flats and empty skies provides a blank canvas, a clean break from life back in the real world. I do not commute through traffic or joust shopping carts in grocery store aisles. Room and board, along with all other bills, comes as part of the all-inclusive package deal. And, for better or worse, news of the outside world's more grave and demanding chaos is sporadic at best. This is a stark contrast to my life a few months prior as a "fine wines and spirits" store clerk and disheveled Capitol Hill intern in Washington, D.C., with apparently few prospects in politics. My "requisite adventurer's beard," courtesy of Tim Cahill, and aversion to neck ties may have been the limiting factors. As I shuffled emails in a haze of legislative monotony, a job link from a friend and quick Internet application led to employment as a carpenter's helper for Raytheon Polar Services.

By November 2008, aboard lumbering C-17 and LC-130 aircraft, I'd made the dubious pilgrimage to the newly-rebuilt Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station with 250 other vagabonds, outcasts, loners and prodigal sons playing the parts of researchers, cooks and construction workers. With the wind-chill bringing the temperature down to 75 below zero, we touched down on an ice runway and slid into a sprawling compound of research facilities and living quarters located around the capital E-shaped main station. After a frenzied introduction and having just learned our assignments for the next three months, we separated into our motley work crews.

"THE NOTHINGNESS OF VAST ICE FLATS AND EMPTY SKIES PROVIDES A BLANK CANVAS, A CLEAN BREAK FROM LIFE BACK IN THE REAL WORLD."

Berne pauses during an Antarctic ski trip.

Among my co-workers are an Alaskan dog-musher hermit who was featured in a "treehouse-living" book, an itinerant welder and a post-Katrina salvage crew boss—an accurate cross-section of the South Pole as a whole. Of the 250-odd "Polies," a good half must be kinfolk of Grizzly Adams—chins seem to sport more hair than heads. It's difficult not to appear gruff in worn Carhartt overalls and coats, army green long underwear, and specially insulated Sasquatch-sized "bunny boots." But Pole nicknames such as Shaggy, Cupcake, Muppet and Mittens, my personal sobriquet, are far more revealing than the mountain-man façades.

Stateside, carpentry might denote framing, cabinetry, hammers and the smell of fresh sawdust, but a defining characteristic of the South Pole is the necessity of adaptability and innovation. Hence, when I find myself on a "heavy carpenter" crew, wood morphed into steel and my hammer transformed into a metal cutting torch. In no time, I am using an oxy-acetylene torch burning at over 6,200 degrees to modify a massive structural steel I-beam. The spraying sparks and oozing molten metal are a welcome change from the previous two months of endurance steel drilling and mind-numbing tightening of thousands of radar dome bolts.

The hard work is fueled by food that is best described as the lovechild of Hungry Jack and the Land O'Lakes girl. Fresh fruits and vegetables are rationed with war-time urgency and, when available, accompanied by signs limiting portions and forbidding hoarding. For swing shifters, the absence of fresh food is compounded by noon-time breakfast menus populated by one of six weekly servings of pork and the even more ubiquitous frozen peas and carrots. Evidence that pork has a long tradition as a Pole consumable surfaced when a crew drilling to install an icebound neutrino telescope stumbled upon a decades-old case of pork loins. And, yes, one loin was consumed by an especially intrepid soul.

In order to work off second, or fifth, helpings of the swing shift's stuffed French toast midnight brunch and to stave of a cabin fever worthy of *The Shining*, exercise options abound: working out in weight and aerobics rooms, jogging the ice airstrip or cross-country skiing to nowhere and back on the Antarctic ice plains. But, plodding away on a treadmill after work one day, I question the therapy of stationary running while staring through a Plexiglas window into a flat, white wasteland. Between the machine's hum and the catatonic effects of sleep deprivation, I begin to feel like Alice chasing the white rabbit.

One night after the hamster wheel routine, I fall into the smoking lounge's trailer park couches patched with duct tape and sinking on broken frames. In this dark and cramped barrack wallpapered by graffiti, there is already a small group engaging in the more popular reprieves of drinking and dancing. New Orleans brass band music trumpets from the stereo as the handful of us not depleted from the 54-hour, six-day work weeks dance with a reckless abandon magnified by our isolation.

With such an eclectic group of people packed into cramped, cold quarters, conflicts are bound to happen. Tensions breached the levies one season ago and cascaded into a holiday fight that ended with two Polies on a "plane of shame" home, one with a broken jaw. But this year, the holidays offered a chance to release pressure on the dams.

At once a beautiful symphony and chaos on ice, the annual "Race around the World" is a Christmas-day three-mile slog around the ceremonial and geographic Poles. As a pedestrian, I run on the outside track with 50 other masochists. The 9,301-foot elevation, chunky snow surface, and remnants of Merlot—from the previous night's bottomless wine dinner—mixed with

Berne '07 stands on Observation Hill at McMurdo Station with Mt. Erebus in the background.

a granola breakfast make this one of the more difficult runs I've faced. I manage to finish a respectable sixth but, despite bearded insulation, suffering a case of facial frost-nip. On the inside track, rumbling past the runners, is a cumbersome parade of snowcats, snowmobiles and other Frankenstein vehicles. Their garishly decorated exteriors and tails of sleds overfilling with riders make for a mind-boggling scene.

Less than a week later, the Pole again erupts for a one-of-a-kind celebration of the New Year. I started the night of Dec. 31 rummaging through boxes and closets of discarded clothes. Wearing khaki jeans and a '70s-era orange polyester women's zip-down shirt, I accompany my friend in his baby blue plaid vest and pants in our rendition of the opening dance to *West Side Story*, complete with somersaults and twirls. Following our short-lived ballet career, the station ushered in the New Year dancing on the gym's rainbow-colored floor of plastic composite tiles to live folk and rock music. Soon after, most of the dancers endure a half-mile trek to the site of a science project where an innovative team installed a bizarre spectacle. An ice excavation reveals a pit the size of a large swimming pool sloshing with hot tub temperature water. Although the fog prevents seeing beyond two feet, the tub was as tightly packed as an egg carton.

But after enjoying a season high temperature nearing zero and the reprieves of Christmas and New Years, it is back to work and back to watching the mercury plummet. This time, I report for duty in the ominously dark and claustrophobic ice tunnels. Snaking through the roughly half-mile network of tunnels are plumbing and electrical pipes whose purpose I still cannot fully define. Regardless, a coworker and I spend three frigid days in the tunnels' 65 below zero temperatures installing a plywood wall and door to protect the station's water supply.

Our toil in the tunnels brings us face-to-face with a frozen pig's head, which along with a martini glass, was left in a wall niche to mark the 2003 opening of the new station. In an off-shoot from the main tunnel, the only explanation for a frozen bottle of Crown Royal is a small plaque reading "Thanks for the memories, Always, L & M." Further along, a rock-solid sturgeon and can of caviar rest as long forgotten gifts from a group of Russians who stayed at a U.S. Antarctic Program coastal base over a decade ago.

As three and a half months at the Pole wind to a close, I leave nothing behind but take with me a tempered steel "cold chisel"—broken during an epic half-hour sledgehammer battle against a stubbornly welded steel plate—and countless strange memories that stay etched in my brain. Finally boarding an Air Force cargo plane bound for Christchurch, New Zealand, I am ambivalent towards the return to civilization; on one hand are showers, food and warmth while the Pole's camaraderie, experiences and euphoric nothingness rest on the other. Then I remember the sting of freezer burn on my tongue from holding nails in my mouth and the scales tip slightly towards civilization. ✣

Expert Advice / *Chelsea Hodge '09*

Right to Dry

Chelsea Hodge '09, a double-major in economics and environmental analysis, studied architecture during her Italian semester abroad in fall 2007. But it was the freshly washed sheets and shirts line-drying outside the buildings in Florence that really grabbed her attention.

She was astonished to find that only about 5 percent of Italian families own an electric or gas tumble dryer. "The Italians are the most fashionable people in the world. If they can line-dry their clothes, anyone can," Hodge says she concluded.

When she returned to Pomona in spring 2008, she initiated a sustainability program that installed drying racks in campus laundry rooms and for checkout to individual dorm rooms. Her efforts have attracted attention from *The New York Times*, and the Los Angeles affiliate of Fox News.

Today Hodge works as a research analyst for Colorado-based E Source, which advises gas and utility companies on energy-efficiency programs. Post-Pomona, she still avoids gas or electric dryers, having installed an indoor clothes drying rack in the house she rents in Boulder. And she offers these tips for how you, too, can dry your clothes without a dryer:

The Benefits are Cut and Dry

Why line-dry? The bottom line is that air and sun dry your clothes for free, whereas the average clothes dryer costs approximately $1,530 to operate over its expected 18-year lifetime. You also conserve energy: About 5.8 percent of residential electricity use goes to the clothes dryer. There are aesthetic benefits, too: Drying clothes indoors can increase humidity levels in the winter. And your clothes last longer if they're dried on the line; the lint trap of your dryer pulls fibers out of your clothes and can shorten their useful lives.

Don't Skimp on Equipment

You'll need 30 feet of laundry line to dry one medium-to-large load of clothes. Australian and European equipment is sturdier than American-made and there are many products available online. Don't get sticker shock: You'll have to spend $100 to $150 for a rack to dry clothes for two people and $150 to $200 to dry clothes for a family. There are lots of options, from basic clotheslines that can be stretched across a yard to drying racks that can be pulled down from the ceiling or folded out from the wall. Some places to start: *www.tiptheplanet.com*, *www.eco-huddle.com* or *www.breezedryer.com*.

Don't Let It All Hang Out

Clothes flapping on the line isn't necessarily the goal, particularly in wet climates. Direct sun can fade dyes and wind can blow away items or kick dust onto your clean things. Consider hanging clothes indoors, in a basement, laundry room or in any other room you won't use for 24 hours. In places prone to indoor mold, try drying a few experimental rags before putting in a laundry line or drying rack. If you want to hang clothes outdoors, consider a covered space where they'll be protected from the elements.

A Few Tricks Avoid Problems

For clothes that get stretched out over time if they are line dried, use the tumble dryer on every fourth washing. If wrinkles become a problem, "snap" clothes (shake them out) before you hang them. Don't worry about crease marks from clothespins: Hang shirts upside down or on hangers, or dry indoors. Put a tensioning device on your clothesline or it will sag over time.

Fight for Your Right to Dry

Some communities have outlawed line-drying. But recently, several states have passed "right-to-dry" legislation. If your neighbors protest, hang laundry indoors, buy a clothesline cover that folds over your drying rack, or put your underclothes on the inside of a rotary rack and your outerwear on the outside. Find out more about the right-to-dry movement at *www.laundrylist.org*. ✣

—Karen E. Klein

Travel-Study / *Alumni*

Trips for 2010

Walking Tour of Southern France

With Professor Ken Wolf
April 26-May 8, 2010

Trek from Albi through Foix, Montsegur, Puylaurens, Corbieres and Fitou. concluding in the famous walled city of Carcassonne. Each day will include walking and sumptuous meals featuring local cuisine. Professor Wolf will be joined by Peter Watson, who has led other walking tours for Pomona over the years. Cost is $6,885 per person based on double occupancy.

For additional information, contact the Alumni Office at (909) 621-8110, or by email at *alumni@pomona.edu*.

Answers / *from Page 48*

ACROSS
1. Go (2 meanings)
3. Asked (deletion m-asked)
8. On (deletion mo-on)
9. Whelp (w+help)
11. Tent peg (2 meanings)
15. Patter (pitter patter)
18. Homer (2 meanings)
19. Ra (2 meanings)
20. Every (deletion (s-every-our)
21. Ad (deletion ad-vice)

DOWN
1. Govt (1st letters)
2. One (2 meanings)
3. Awn (Hidden)
4. Shutter (2 meanings)
5. Keep (reversal–peek)
6. Els (2 meanings)
7. d.p.t. (1st letters)
12. Name (Anagram)
13. Grad (Anagram)
14. She (Hidden(
15. POV (Hidden)
16. Try (2 meanings)
17. Era (2 meanings)

Bulletin Board / *Alumni News*

Alumni Weekend 2010

Pomona College will celebrate reunions for all classes ending with '5' and '0' from April 30-May 2, 2010. In addition to the more than 100 events and activities planned for that weekend, we will be launching a new faculty lecture series, "Classes Without Quizzes," featuring some of the professors voted the best by current students. The hotels are filling quickly, so please don't delay in making your reservation at the Sheraton Ontario Airport (909-937-8000) or the Doubletree Ontario Airport (909-937-0900). You must mention Pomona College Alumni Weekend when booking your room. Both hotels offer complimentary transportation from Ontario Airport and will be providing shuttle service to and from campus from Friday morning through Sunday at noon.

Reunion for female athletes

Pomona and Pitzer colleges would like to hold a reunion in honor of all female athletes who competed for the colleges prior to 1977. We are in the process of compiling a list of all female athletes who competed in team and individuals sports prior to the advent of the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Association. If you are part of that group, please email contact information to Professor Ann Lebedeff at *alebedeff@pomona.edu*, or by mail to Ann Lebedeff, Pomona College, The Rains Center, 220 E. Sixth St., Claremont, CA 91711.

Save the date

If your class year ends in '6' or '1', mark your calendar for April 29-May 1, 2011, for Alumni Weekend. We hope you will make plans now to come back to campus to celebrate with your classmates.

Tribute to Parents and Grandparents: The Pomona tradition carries on strong in many Sagehen families. Among the members of the Class of 2013 having alumni parents, grandaparents or both are: (front row) Jenessa Irvine, Brendan Folan, Ricky Normington, Thomas Mooney-Myers, Jacob Brown, (second row) Katherine "Katie" Feller, Evelyn Saylor, Anatolia Evarkiou-Kaku, (third row) Becky Loeb, Cici Cyr, Edie Harris, (fourth row) Phoebe Maddox, Steven Sander, Lucas Wrench, (back row) Wiley Cole, Campbell Patterson and Erica Storm.