

Pomona

COLLEGE
MAGAZINE
SPRING 2012



FANCY
The Racing Issue
FOOTWORK

INSIDE:

A RACE ACROSS SPAIN THAT
SHAPED THE MAP OF AFRICA

WHITE-KNUCKLE RESEARCH:
THREE DAYS AT RACECAR SCHOOL

A SENIOR ART PROJECT
HITS THE ROAD TO VEGAS

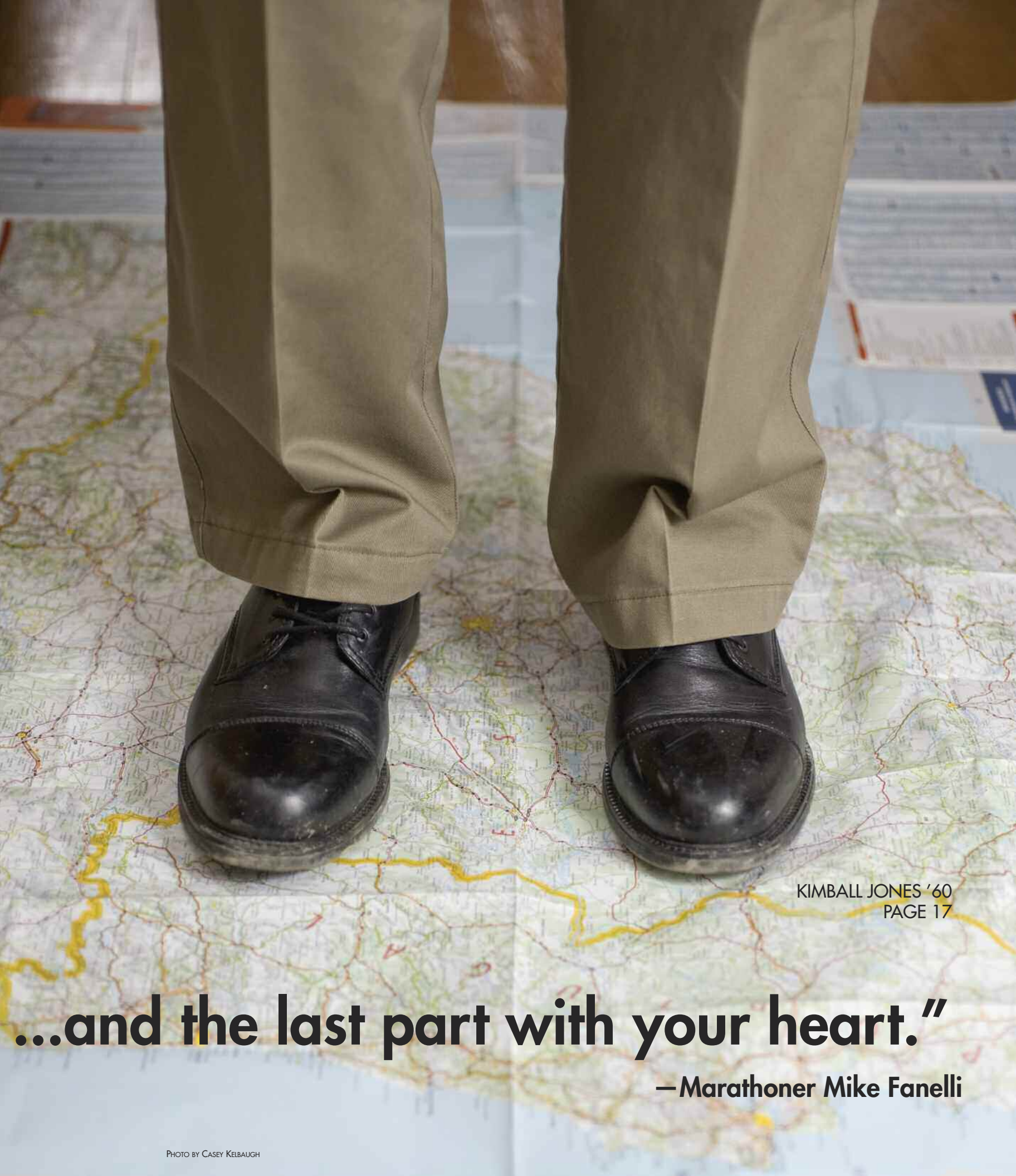


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“Run the first part with your head, the middle part with your personality...”



LUCY EMBICK KUNZ '78
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KIMBALL JONES '60
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...and the last part with your heart."

—Marathoner Mike Fanelli

Pomona

/THE RACING ISSUE/

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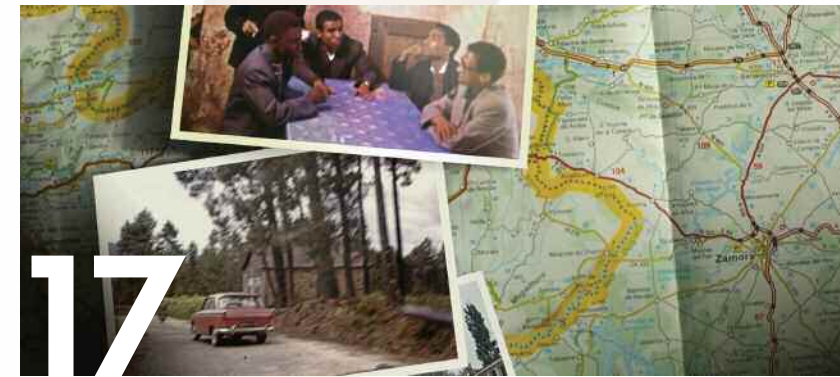
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The swift feet of Annie Lydens '13 (Story on page 13)—Photo by Jeanine Hill



www.pomona.edu/magazine

When Bad Things Happen

It's a famous truism that bad things happen to good people. What isn't so clear, sometimes, is that bad things also happen to good institutions.

This thought came to me recently as I contemplated the black-on-black cover of the latest issue of the Penn State alumni magazine—about the terrible scandal that has rocked that university to its core—and thought about another, very painful situation closer to home: the work authorization dilemma that in recent months has left many here at Pomona feeling saddened, disillusioned or angry. (If you aren't familiar with this situation, I suggest that you visit www.pomona.edu/work-documentation before reading on.) After a great deal of thought, we at PCM have decided not to try to cover these events hurriedly in this spring issue of the magazine, but to wait until the summer issue, which we plan to devote primarily to the issues surrounding immigration and borders here in the U.S. and around the world. However, as I was considering what I should do in this little introductory missive, my thoughts kept turning back to why bad things happen to good institutions.

Besides costing 17 longstanding Pomona employees their livelihoods, the chain of events unleashed by a complaint to the Board of Trustees last year has plunged us all into the midst of a divisive political issue, strained the College's relationships with important segments of the College community, generated a range of conspiracy theories, threatened the College's reputation for inclusivity, driven many to tears of sorrow or anger or frustration, and raised legal and moral questions to which there are no easy answers—or, at least, no answers that satisfy everyone. When must complaints be investigated? What do our immigration laws really require of us? Must we always obey those laws? Can anyone commit an entire institution to a path of civil disobedience? Who can we blame for the bad things that happen in our midst?

Few today take the Medieval view that bad things happen as a judgment from God. Still, when we hear about bad things happening to presumably good people, our sympathy is sometimes leavened with judgment. Lung cancer? Must have been a smoker. AIDS? Probably promiscuous. Auto accident? Careless driver. At heart, we may understand that sometimes bad things really do happen to people for no good reason, but it's more comforting to think that they somehow invited it. It's easier to sleep at night when you believe that character is synonymous with fate.

Maybe that's why, when bad things happen to good institutions, we're so quick to assume that maybe they weren't quite as good as we thought. Or even that there was something sinister going on behind the scenes. An assumption of ill will simplifies matters. It makes it easier to believe that if we had been there making those decisions, things would have turned out differently. We would have been wiser, better, braver, more perceptive, more compassionate—more something.

It's much less comfortable to imagine good, smart, caring, thoughtful people agonizing over intractable problems without the benefit of hindsight and making hard choices from a range of painful options, knowing full well that their actions will have a ripple of consequences only some of which they can predict but for which they will always be judged.

—Mark Wood

Reaction to "It Happened"

Re: "Pomona College Museum Curator Rebecca McGrew '85 and the Making of It Happened at Pomona": I was a student at Pomona from 1964–68 and lived in the area throughout the '70s. While I know nothing of the inner workings and politics of the Art Department in those years, I never had the sense that the College was ever artistically conservative, especially in terms of collaborative artistic efforts and multi-media events.

I remember quite vividly various campus performance art pieces, "happenings," midnight concerts and a heady artistic extravaganza in a deserted winery in Cucamonga. Art, dance, film, theatre and musical entertainment combined frequently and pushed cultural limits routinely.

I'll never forget performing in a piece by the philosopher/composer Pauline Oliveros: loud electronic music filled the air inside and outside Little Bridges, Ms. Oliveros worked furiously in the balcony projecting ever-changing colored lights throughout the hall, and I had to improvise on my bassoon while a film of a walking rhinoceros' armpit (leg pit?) was projected on me.

"MS. OLIVEROS WORKED FURIOUSLY IN THE BALCONY PROJECTING EVER-CHANGING COLORED LIGHTS THROUGHOUT THE HALL, AND I HAD TO IMPROVISE ON MY BASSOON WHILE A FILM OF A WALKING RHINOCEROS' ARMPIT (LEG PIT?) WAS PROJECTED ON ME."

I remember, too, when Tim Paradise '69 (subsequently the clarinetist of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra) and I, amongst others, sat around an electric popcorn popper and waited for the popping corn to become our musical notes: We wore glasses with staff lines drawn on them.

Vulgarity was not confined to urinary art, which now strikes me as nothing that would shock anyone who ever went to a keg in The Wash. I remember conducting in Little Bridges at a well-attended midnight concert a trumpet concerto for solo trumpet and men's chorus called Hum Job. As far as I experienced, the College encouraged experimentation in the arts. If there was any lash-

ing going on, it wasn't conservative back lashing. In the current world of tabloid historians, rapacious bankers and cult politicians, a little experimentation might be in order again.

—David Noon '68
New York, N.Y.



I read with great interest Suzanne Muchnic's excellent article about the Museum of Art and the "It Happened at Pomona" exhibitions. As one familiar with the museum and its history, I have a good sense of the challenges involved in this hugely ambitious undertaking and applaud the staff, which is richly deserving of the accolades

flowing their way. I also know how difficult it must have been to reconstruct a period for which only sparse records exist, and how important it is that this has now been accomplished.

The innovative art of the period in question, recollected now in relative tranquility, was understandably unsettling to the status quo—such is the nature of the cutting edge. Developing as it did during a period of widespread unrest on college campuses nationwide, it would have

represented an additional challenge to already beleaguered administrators. One can only imagine the conversations the activities of the Art Department and gallery must have occasioned with conservative members of the campus community, and we can be sure that President Alexander's skills at smoothing ruffled feathers were much in demand.

I didn't move to Claremont until 1981, some years after the events in question, but, having worked with David Alexander for nearly 30 years, I would suggest a different, somewhat more nuanced interpretation of his response to the art scene at Pomona in the late '60s and early

A Tragic Loss

As reported briefly in the fall issue of PCM, David A. Waring '03 died on Sept. 28, 2010. Twenty-nine years old, he had suffered for many years from an illness that continues to confound. Having been in touch with the Waring family, and having come to understand better both the challenges his life involved and the impact he had on friends and family, I offer here a bit more about David's life.

Classmates, friends and family held a memorial service in Claremont in May. According to Matt Leavitt '03, a roommate and friend, "He was absolutely intrigued by how people behaved, why we did what we did, why we were who we were. ... Dave's musical talent and ability were otherworldly. I used to tell him that while I played guitar, he was a guitarist. ... Perhaps one of the most tragic aspects of Dave's affliction was we'll never know what he could have accomplished with the world of music. ... It is in his thoughtful interpretations of art, music and life that Dave truly flourished both intellectually and spiritually."

Dave's mother, Pat Waring, said that "in his freshman year, Dave was 'beside-himself-excited' to find a seminar on mathematics and music. Professor Ami Radunskaya nurtured his love of ideas in music, and for her he wrote a paper on 'the relationship of set theory and improvisation in jazz.'" She also spoke of his love of sports, with baseball his favorite. At Pomona, he was a DJ at KSPC, a calculus grader, a psychology experiment designer and an assistant in a Claremont arts program for the disabled.

After graduating from Pomona and while in Osaka, where he was teaching English, he was stricken with myalgic encephalomyelitis/chronic fatigue syndrome (ME/CFS). Pat Waring noted, "Dave valiantly battled ME/CFS, a disease one expert pronounced 'monstrous' and 'subtle' in the same breath. ... In the end, he remembered others who suffered from ME/CFS. He requested that his organs be donated to medical science to be used for research to solve the biological questions swirling around his disease. But because of the decades-long medical politics—the titanic battle between those who view ME/CFS as a biological disease and those who see it as a psychiatric one—his contribution is yet to be determined."

Pat Waring is educating the public about ME/CFS, the diagnosis of which is currently undergoing reevaluation, and inspiring students to pursue research into this tragic and perplexing illness.

—Don Pattison
Past PCM editor

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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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► '70s. When Alexander interviewed me for the directorship, he told me about the gallery's history and mentioned, in particular, Wolfgang Stoerchle's performance and Michael Asher's installation. About the former, which incensed many and, at the very least, surprised others, he said only that it "raised some eyebrows," a classic understatement typical of him. Of the Asher, he painted so gloriously detailed a picture that I still remember the mental image I formed. He had clearly been captivated.

Working with David Alexander throughout the last decade of his administration and, subsequently, on the College's archives project, I gained great respect for his intellectual sophistication; his reluctance to dismiss any serious academic endeavor, however controversial; and his capacity to adjudicate the demands of conflicting constituencies. The last was, no doubt, a particularly onerous responsibility during the period chronicled by the museum's exhibitions—a challenge quite possibly as daunting as those facing the artists whose work at Pomona helped shift the way we define and understand works of art.

—Marjorie L. Harth

Emerita Professor and Director,
Pomona College Museum of Art

As someone who was there, I can't resist offering my own thoughts on the contention that "David Alexander was fed up with the Art Department because the artists were pushing boundaries and taking advantage. It was difficult for Pomona, fundamentally a traditional place, to really embrace that."

David Alexander was a most astute, perceptive and fair-minded person. However talented and inventive the student-faculty in the studio arts at Pomona may have been during those critical years, there were at the same time several unfortunate changes and departures in the art history faculty that helped make the department as a whole unbalanced and somewhat anarchic. We may be sure that the decisions and actions he took in the years after his arrival were in an effort to improve the stability and balance of the Art Department as a whole and to make it more responsive to the needs of its students.

As for the notion that Pomona was "traditional" and perhaps even conservative in its approach to the arts, I draw on my experience teaching in the Music Department from 1950 to 1994.

It is true we offered our students, both pre-professional and amateur, a rigorous traditional program of studies in music theory, history and performance (i.e., "applied music"). But our stu-

dents had ample opportunity to hear and to take part in what was new music, truly contemporary, "avant-garde," fresh and vibrant. For several decades, beginning in the '50s, Professors Russell, Briggs and Loucks regularly took students to concerts of "new" (and "old") music at the Monday Evening Concerts in Los Angeles (an internationally renowned series), as well as to events at USC and UCLA.

"OUR STUDENTS HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR AND TO TAKE PART IN WHAT WAS NEW MUSIC, TRULY CONTEMPORARY, 'AVANT-GARDE,' FRESH AND VIBRANT. ..."

In retrospect, the offerings of concerts and lectures by both our own faculty and by many distinguished guests seem quite remarkable, bringing to the campus and to Bridges Hall luminaries that included Pierre Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, John Cage '32, Luciano Berio, Severino Gazzeloni, Mauricio Kagel, Cornelius Cardew ...

We also attended, with some of our interested and devoted students, music-theater-performance-art events that were indeed "pushing boundaries and (perhaps) taking advantage." One such, at UCLA, I recall, involved the *Rachmaninoff Prelude in C sharp minor* played with great concentration by a young man totally oblivious to the six naked young women who rode their bicycles around the stage, circling him and the piano!

I believe firmly that many of our alumni (including my former students, some of whom are now in their 80s like me) will verify what I have said here, in my attempt to help clarify and to present an additional perspective on "what happened at Pomona."

—Karl Kohn

Professor of Music and
Composer in Residence, Emeritus

If only we had known! The raves say it all: "artistic feats ... avant-garde action ... creative energy ... mythic status ... flash of radical brilliance." Tossing lighted matches at a nude woman; getting naked and urinating in public; nothing short of pure genius.

When my cohort of surfers and beach bums did these things in the 1950s and 1960s, we were nothing but childish, antisocial, exhibitionistic idiots. If only we'd thought of calling it art—we, too, could have made history and joined the pantheon of Great Artists.

—Dave Rearwin '62

La Jolla, Calif.

Bedbug Background

I read with interest the "Bedbugs are Back!"

article by Sara Faye Lieber '03, learning that Stanford Chemistry Professor Emeritus Carl Djerassi founded a company that makes a chemical which battles these pests by sterilizing them. One coincidental bit of information not included in this article is that Dr. Djerassi's now deceased daughter, Pamela, was a member of the Pomona class of 1971.

—Steve Lansdowne '71

Austin, Texas

Out of the Box

I always enjoy the magazine. In reference to the photo spread in the fall "Time Travel" issue depicting the Pomona College Wedgwood China, I bought my Pomona plates in 1948. I got them out of their box once for a luncheon in 2003.

—Connie Fabula '48

La Jolla, Calif.



Tragedy at Sea

Regarding "The Pirate Trials" in the fall issue, Jean Hawkins Adam '66 was a dear friend, even when we only got together occasionally. She lived life to the fullest, and shared her enthusiasm with those around her. Her e-mails and website made me feel as if I was adventuring with her and Scott on their trips around the globe. They are sorely missed. I can only hope this tragedy will awaken more people to the serious problem of piracy and the need to address it. Nations must take the pirate attacks very seriously and work together to stop them.

—Diana Grover Barris '66

Long Beach, Calif.

Remembering Motts Thomas

As the proud 40-year wife of a Pomona

graduate, I am deeply grateful not only for the outstanding education Steve (Class of 1970) received at Pomona, but also for the continuing pleasure of reading your magazine. Thank you for the particularly thoughtful, poignant and provocative collection of articles in the summer 2011 issue. Like Dr. Elizabeth McPherson '71 ("Born Still"), Steve's future career in genetics research and teaching was set by his undergraduate work with Professor Larry Cohen.

As a proud graduate and trustee emerita of another outstanding liberal arts college, mine located "back east" in Wisconsin, I am also deeply saddened to learn of Dean Motts Thomas' passing. During his short time at my college, Motts engaged in the same kind of relationship-building and commitment to diversity that led your Professor Swartz to remember Motts' time at Pomona with such affection. But ... last time I checked, my college was careful not to refer to your college as Cal Poly in Pomona. Perhaps next time you refer to my college, you could get its name straight as well.

—Priscilla Peterson Weaver

Class of 1969, Lawrence University

[Editor's Note: Our apologies for the mix-up with St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y.]

Repartee and Regret

When I read the letters in the last issue, I realized that I, too, knew Leslie Farmer '72 ("The Bequest," summer 2011), and my memories also capture a distinctive person who walked a path of her own. I have two memories of her. First, Leslie wrote epigrams—short pithy sayings with deep implications. At that point in my life I thought all the epigrams had been written, and it was a complete surprise to realize someone could actually create these things.

The second memory concerns an exchange we had in the Sagehen. Leslie had written something critical of a situation on campus. I cannot recall what it was, but her piece was passionate in

an academic way—allusions to literature or references to history or such. I thought she was being overly dramatic and silly, and I wrote a poem in rebuttal. The poem was set as if written by Leslie. It began "Why, oh why, is the ivy dead on the halls of old PC?" From there I threw in a number of disconnected worrisome queries drawn from my still limited liberal arts education. I closed with

"LESLIE WROTE EPIGRAMS—SHORT PITHY SAYINGS WITH DEEP IMPLICATIONS. AT THAT POINT IN MY LIFE I THOUGHT ALL THE EPIGRAMS HAD BEEN WRITTEN, AND IT WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO REALIZE SOMEONE COULD ACTUALLY CREATE THESE THINGS."

the vengeful retort, "Stupid Leslie, it's winter." (Forty years before "It's the economy, stupid.") I was very proud of myself, and I assumed there was no possible retort to my sharp pen. However, I was wrong.

Leslie took up the challenge and responded with a longer, more complex and probably more informed response. Perhaps she was enjoying the engagement, but I knew I lacked the substance to continue the exchange, and I left the field of battle. If I'd had the wherewithal to respond, I might have come to know her better.

Even all these years later my encounter with Leslie stands out as a very formative event for me.

—Brian Stecher '68

Santa Monica, Calif.

[Alumni and friends are invited to email letters to pcm@pomona.edu or to send them by mail to Pomona College Magazine, 550 North College Ave., Claremont, CA 91711. Letters are selected for publication based on relevance and interest to our readers and may be edited for length, style and clarity.]

Lectures & Events

Feb. 22 Lecture: "Let Us Join Hands: Feminism, Social Justice and the Scholar/Activist" — 4:15 p.m., Hahn 101. Professor Bettina Aptheker (UC Santa Cruz), the Phebe Estelle Spalding Lecture.

Feb. 27 Oldenberg Lunch Colloquiums: "Queering International Marriages" — noon, Oldenberg Dining Hall. Sociologist Rhacel Parrenas (USC).

Feb. 28 Ena H. Thompson Lecture Series: The Origins of Islam, Revisited: "The Study of Islam's Origins: Old Problems, New Approaches" — 11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Historian Fred M. Donner (University of Chicago).

Feb. 28 Lecture: Native American Art—4:15 p.m., Smith Campus Center Room 208. Ruth Phillips (Carleton University). The talk will be followed by a walk-through and reception at the Native American Collection Study Room, Bridges Auditorium foyer.

Feb. 29 Anthropology Distinguished Lecture Series: Moshe Shokeid—4 p.m., Hahn 101. Moshe Shokeid of Tel Aviv University on "Concealments and Revelations in Ethnographic Research."

Feb. 29 Literary Series: Charles Bernstein—4:15 p.m., Crookshank 108. Bernstein's works include *Attack of the Difficult Poems: Essays and Invention* (2011) and *All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems* (2010).

Feb. 29 Distinguished Speaker Series: Anna Deavere Smith — 7 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. Anna Deavere Smith is an award-winning actor, teacher, playwright and creator of an acclaimed series of one-woman plays based on her interviews with diverse voices from communities in crisis. Free, ticketed event. Limit two tickets per person, available Feb. 6.

March 1 Ena H. Thompson Lecture Series: The Origins of Islam, Revisited: "Nascent Islam as an Ecumenical Movement" — 11 a.m., Rose Hills Theatre. Historian Fred M. Donner (University of Chicago).

March 1 Lecture: "The Daughter as Gypsy 'Other': George Sand's Narrative Revenge" — 4:15 p.m., Mason 220. Professor of French Katherine A. Jensen (Louisiana State University).

March 1 Comedian Demetri Martin's 2012 Tour: "Telling Jokes in Cold Places" — 8 p.m., Bridges Auditorium. Tickets: \$27 (\$15 for students with a limit of two tickets per person).

March 5 Lecture: "The Rise and Fall of Diaspora Ties: Return-Migration and the Transformation of the Japanese-Peruvian Community in Lima, Peru" — 4:15 p.m., Hahn 108. Speaker: Sociologist Ayumi Takenaka (Bryn Mawr College and Tohoku University, Japan).

March 19 Lecture: "Global Inequities and Diasporic Return: Japanese American and Brazilian Encounters with the Ethnic Homeland" — 4:15 p.m., Hahn Building Room 108. Speaker: Anthropologist Takeyuki (Gaku) Tsuda (Arizona State).

March 24 Artist Conversation: Art at Pomona College, Then and Now—3 p.m., Rose Hills Theater. The Pomona College Museum of Art hosts a conversation between Chris Burden '69 and Thomas Crow '69.

March 24 Opening Reception: "It Happened at Pomona: Art at the Edge of Los Angeles 1969-1973" — "Part 3: At Pomona" — 5-7 p.m., Pomona College Museum of Art.

March 26 Literary Series: Jena Osman—4:15 p.m., Crookshank 108. Jena Osman's book of poems *The Net-work* was selected for the National Poetry Series in 2009, and *The Character* won the 1998 Barnard New Women Poets Prize. Her book *Public Figures* is forthcoming.

April 9 Lecture: "Asian Latin America: Tracing a Hemispheric Formation" — 4:15 p.m., Hahn 108. Anthropologist Lok Siu (University of Texas at Austin).

April 11 Literary Series: Lydia Millet—4:15 p.m., Crookshank 108. Millet's works include *Love in Infant Monkeys* (finalist for 2010 Pulitzer Prize) and *My Happy Life* (2003 PEN-USA Award for Fiction). Her most recent work is *Ghost Lights: A Novel* (2011).

Music

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

Feb. 26 Concert: Trans-Atlantic Steel: Appalachian Strings and Zimbabwean Keys — 3 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Jofi Rockwell and Tony Perman.

March 2 & 4 Pomona College Orchestra—8 p.m., Fri.; 3 p.m., Sun., Bridges Hall of Music. Eric Lindholm (conductor), the Pomona College Orchestra and piano soloist Roger Sheu '14, winner of the Pomona College Orchestra 2011 Concerto Competition.

March 3 Faculty Chamber Music—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Gary Boyver (clarinet); Sarah Thornblade, (violin); Roger Lebow (cello); Genevieve Feiwen Lee (piano).

March 7 Virginia Glee Club and Pomona College Men's Blue and White—8:15 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. The concert will feature a wide range of pieces, including folk songs, spirituals, glee club classics and more.

March 24 Concert: Music of Norway with Annabel Guaita, piano—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Annabel Guaita (piano) with Alfred Cramer (violin). Music of Fartein Valen, Schoenberg and Webern.

March 25 Concert: Organ Recital with William Peterson—3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. William Peterson, Pomona College organist.

March 30 Senior Recital: Soprano Carolyn Bacon '12—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building.

March 31 Concert: Notes on Water—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Gwendolyn Lytle, soprano; Gary Boyver, clarinet; Genevieve Feiwen Lee, piano.

April 1 Concert: Musekiwa Chingodza — 3 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music. Performance of the Zimbabwean mbira.

April 6 Senior Recital: Soprano Beth Nitzan '12—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. With pianist Linda Zoolalian.

April 7 Sophomore Recital: Pianist Roger Sheu '14—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building.

April 14 Senior Recital: Soprano Carrie Henderson '12—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. With pianist Linda Zoolalian.

April 15 Early Music Recital with Soprano Dame Emma Kirkby—7:30 p.m., Scripps College Garrison Theater. Dame Kirkby will be joined by Marcia Hadjimaros, fortepiano.

April 20 & 22 Pomona College Choir and Orchestra—8 p.m., Friday; 3 p.m., Sunday, Bridges Hall of Music. Borodin Polovisian Dances and Mozart Solemn Vespers of the Confessor, K.339.

April 23 Pomona College Mbira Ensemble—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Tony Perman, director.

April 26 & 28 Pomona College Glee Club—8 p.m., Thursday; 1:30 p.m., Saturday, Bridges Hall of Music.

April 27 A Jazz Tribute to Bobby Bradford—8 p.m., Lyman Hall, Thatcher Music Building. Pomona College Jazz Ensemble, with guest artists, perform music by Bradford and others.

April 28 & 29 Pomona College Band—11:15 a.m., Saturday; 8 p.m., Sunday, Bridges Hall of Music. Guest conductor Stephen Klein.

April 30 Giri Kusuma: Pomona College Balinese Gamelan—8 p.m., Bridges Hall of Music.

Theatre/Dance

March 31 Dance: 2nd Annual Balkan Fest—10 a.m.-11 p.m., Pendleton Dance Center. Six teachers from Southern California will teach dances from Croatia, Serbia, Greek Macedonia, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Oltenian Romania and Bukovinan Romania throughout the morning. The evening party begins at 7 p.m. The events are free to Claremont Colleges students; general admission is \$50 for the entire day; \$30 for classes; \$20 for evening party. (909) 621-8176.

Exhibitions

Pomona College Museum of Art hours: Tues.-Fri., 12-5 p.m.; Sat.-Sun., 1-5 p.m. Thursdays: Art After Hours 5-11 p.m. Contact (909) 621-8283 or museuminfo@pomona.edu or visit www.pomona.edu/museum.

Until Feb.19 It Happened at Pomona: Art at the Edge of Los Angeles 1969-1973 — "Part 2: Helene Winer at Pomona" — Pomona College Museum of Art. This exhibit chronicles an era of intense artistic ferment at Pomona College.

March 10--May 13 "It Happened at Pomona: Art at the Edge of Los Angeles 1969-1973" — "Part 3: At Pomona" — Pomona College Museum of Art. "Part 3: At Pomona" demonstrates how the College's extraordinary community, inspired by curators Hal Glicksman and Helene Winer, developed some of the most important aesthetic currents of the late 20th century.

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Frozen Moment

Roxana Garcia '13 and Zac Belok PI '15

hold their places at the Smith Campus Center courtyard fountain as part of a performance put on during Pomona's Founders Day festivities in October. The pair was among a larger group of students in full blue makeup sitting still for one hour and then slowly mirroring one another's movements.

"Blue Mirror" came out of the Site Specific Performance Class taught fall semester by guest artist Jessica Harris '11, who returned to Pomona last year to finish her degree after dancing professionally for nine years in New York. Other class performances included "Musical Stairs," in which students, wearing black, lined both sides of the Fray Dining Hall entrance stairs. Each student focused on a single stair and sang "what" in a soft voice as passersby stepped on the stair. Another event celebrated the symmetry and geometry of the Stanley Academic Quad, with students aligning their bodies with the natural lines in the space, creating tangents, parallels and other shapes.

"Everyone contributed and helped shape each project," says Garcia. "The best part was the creative process, where someone suggested an idea and after 15 minutes of discussion, the original idea had morphed into something bigger and better."



PHOTO BY AARAN PATEL '15



The Game That Must Not Be Written About

We knew it was coming. For years, we have happened across little items in other colleges' alumni magazines about students playing Harry Potter-inspired Quidditch matches. Competitors in "Muggle Quidditch" move the ball down the field while holding broomsticks between their legs in a gravity-bound version of the aerial competitions at Hogwarts. In the absence of real magic, the winged and evasive Golden Snitch (above) is replaced by a tennis ball stuffed in a sock and carried in the shorts of a player known as the snitch runner. The Muggle [that is, non-magic] version started at Middlebury in 2005. Now, via the Student Digester, we learn there is a newly-formed team for students of The Claremont Colleges. They call themselves the Dirigible Plums, and they will compete against UCLA, Oxy and others at the Western Cup tournament in March.

Mac Attack



Macintosh computers now outnumber Windows computers by nearly 2 to 1 among students, according to Pomona's IT Director Kenneth Pflueger. That's a complete reversal in the ratio in just five years. The count is based on student's registered laptops and desktop computers and doesn't include iPads or iPhones. Deborah Frempong '15 sounds mystical when she speaks of her Mac: "It just feels better to me, in a strange way."

Pet Project

This tidbit will be music to the ears of Sagehens of another age. Fall semester brought the launch of a monthly "Album Covers" event in which student musicians perform songs from a worthy record of yore. The idea, says Samuel Cheney '12, "came out of an obsession with the album as a musical form ... where every single song is going to be one that somebody is psyched to sign up for and learn to play." The Beach Boys' 1966 classic *Pet Sounds* was the first pick, and the show in Doms Social lounge featured 12 performances, ranging from solo artists to six-piece bands. "This event is no one-hit wonder," raved *The Student Life*.

Midnight Museum Moment

This fall, the art museum was open 24/7 as part of the first leg of the three-part "It Happened at Pomona" exhibitions. The wee hours made for some memorable encounters, including this one relayed by security guard Rebecca Vizcarra.

Just after midnight on a Saturday morning, three students had left Tom Eatherton's *Rise*, a recreation of his light environment that first appeared at the museum in 1970, when the artist himself showed up unannounced. Vizcarra let the visitors know, and they all went inside the glowing, room-sized installation. More visitors arrived, and Vizcarra clued them in, too. "Before I knew it there were 19 people, including Tom, in the exhibit," writes Vizcarra. "I walked in and saw everyone sitting down, looking at Tom as he answered their questions." Vizcarra returned to her post outside, but walked by a few minutes later and witnessed a beautiful moment: "Everyone including Tom was lying on the floor in complete silence."



[Not actual troll]

The Secret Role of the Lucky Troll at the College Bowl

Now it can be told. Fall marked the 50th anniversary of Pomona College's nationally-televised triumphs on the General Electric College Bowl. In 1961, Matthew Cartmill '64, Dallas Holmes '62, David Renaker '63 and Richard Wilsnack '64 jetted to New York each week and crushed competitors ranging from Amherst to T.C.U. for the maximum-allowed five appearances. This was a big deal for Pomona, and our "Fabulous Foursome" was hailed with great fanfare.

Or should it be the Fab Five? For the big anniversary, we went trolling through our voluminous historical files and discovered a ... troll. Buried near the end of five pages of handwritten notes team captain Holmes jotted down in 1961 came a bombshell revelation: There was a fifth member of the team. Each week during the broadcast from CBS Studio 52, Holmes kept near his buzzer a little Norwegian troll doll given to him by a good friend. "The last part of the last show, he moved to a better vantage point inside the silver bowl trophy which we could win," Holmes, a future Superior Court judge, wrote in near-perfect cursive on yellow legal paper. "I'm sure we would have gotten nowhere without him."

All these years later, Holmes has no idea what became of the good luck charm. But even if the nameless troll was left behind on the set, we doubt he could have survived unscathed through the '70s, when CBS Studio 52 became the infamous disco nightclub Studio 54.

Survivor, Pomona-style

The profs pulled out the props—and all the stops—as they traded barbs on stage to defend their fields of study in an interdisciplinary dustup organized by the Pomona Student Union last semester. Dubbed "Survivor: Pomona," the freewheeling event had nine Pomona faculty members from English to environmental analysis vying to "stay on the island" by drawing the most applause from the boisterous crowd in Edmunds Ballroom.

Professor Ken Wolf employed a picture of cute little lambs in making his quixotic case for late antique medieval studies (LAMS). Politics Professor Susan McWilliams donned devil horns and a halo. English Professor Colleen Rosenfeld read a 16th-century love sonnet. But it was the Music Department's Joti Rockwell who stole the show by taking out his guitar and singing the praises of musicology with his own new lyrics set to the music of Katy Perry's pop hit "California Gurls."

In the end, Rockwell, Wolf, Math Professor Ami Radunskaya and Neuroscience's Karl Johnson all got to stay on the imaginary academic island, leaving us hoping for a final-four sequel in the spring.



Elevate Your Game

Pomona's soccer and lacrosse players can now reach Quidditch-like heights without their cleats leaving the turf, thanks to the new rooftop athletic field atop the South Campus Parking Structure. The three-level structure set along First Street boasts more than 600 spaces, along with environmental features such as drought-resistant native landscaping and solar PV arrays. And win or lose, Sagehen sports' snazzy new roost may give our teams a psychological boost. "The turf is really soft," says lacrosse player Martha Marich '12. "Plus there is a great view of the mountains."

—Mark Kendall and Marisa Chery '15

LUKE SWEENEY '13

HOW TO BECOME THE NATION'S LEADING RUSHER

Running back **Luke Sweeney** '13 led all of NCAA Division III football in rushing this season, averaging 177.4 yards per game for Pomona-Pitzer and setting both single-game and single-season school records along the way. Featured in the *Los Angeles Times* and *USA Today* for his standout season, Sweeney's path to Sagehen sports stardom began half a continent away in the suburbs of Tulsa.

1

Grow up in Broken Arrow, Okla., in a sports-loving family. Look up to your dad who was a national champion in cross country and track during his college days at Occidental. Attend first football practice in seventh grade. Get hooked on the game so much that you decide to stick with football over other sports.

2

Dominate at the high school level at Holland Hall in Tulsa, despite being undersized for your position. Score six touchdowns in one game to earn the *Tulsa World* Player of the Week Award. Run for more than 1,000 yards as a senior to rank in the top 10 in the state.

3

Search for a college with good academics and that will allow you to continue to play football and not ride the bench. Remember the stories you've heard from your parents about their college days at Oxy in Southern California. Take a close look at schools on the West Coast. Decide that Pomona is the best fit after things click when you meet the football team.

4

Bide your time as a freshman behind senior running back Russell Oka PI '10. Play fullback and return kickoffs to get some game experience. Become the starting tailback as a sophomore. Take advantage of getting the ball more. Rush for 824 yards on the year while senior quarterback Jake Caron PI '11 and senior wide receiver R.J. Maki '11 set school records.

5

Rush 176 yards in the first game of the 2011 season. Prove yourself worthy of carrying the ball 30-40 times a game. Spend lots of time in the training room every week to recover. Set a single-game school record with 265 rushing yards against Oxy. Earn some family bragging rights.

6

Finish the season with a school-record 1,419 yards rushed. Earn postseason honors from SCIAC and D3football.com. Take a week or two to rest. Then hit the weight room to start preparing for senior year.

—Jeremy Kniffin

PHOTO BY CARLOS PUMA

Editing the Record Books

Fall 2011 brought some spectacular individual achievements for the Sagehens, and the record books needed some significant editing by the time the season was done.

[Football]

Along with the record-breaking performance of running back Luke Sweeney '13 (left), offensive lineman James Lambert '12 also earned a pair of prestigious honors in the fall. He was named a first-team Capital One Academic All-American by the College Sports Information Directors of America (CoSIDA). Lambert, an economics major with a 3.93 GPA, became the first Sagehen to earn CoSIDA Academic All-American honors since 1982. He was also honored by the SCIAC with the John Zinda Award for athletics, academics, leadership, integrity and sportsmanship. Wide receiver Ryan Randle '14 tied a school record with three touchdown receptions in a single game against Occidental.

Mark Hudnall '13



PHOTO BY JOHN LUCAS

[Men's Water Polo]

The team won the SCIAC Championship with a 9-1 mark against conference foes, including a 7-4 win over archrival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps in a dramatic championship match that came down to the final minute. Kyle Pokorny '12 and Jaron Moler '12 ▶

► closed their Sagehen careers in memorable fashion, as Pokorny had 13 saves and allowed only four goals in the SCIAM Championship match (including stopping all six shots he faced in the fourth quarter), while Moler scored the game-winning goal to break a 4-4 tie with just over five minutes to play. Mark Hudnall '13, Cody Moore '13 and Jason Cox PI '13 were all named first-team All-SCIAC, while Stephen Vint PI '15 was named the SCIAM Freshman of the Year.



Jordan Bryant '13

PHOTO BY AARAN PATEL '15

[Volleyball]

Ellen Yamasaki PI '15 was also named the SCIAM Freshman of the Year after a strong season for the Sagehens, which saw her notch more than 200 kills, 200 assists and 200 digs, and record a rare triple-double in those three categories in a three-set win over Redlands. Heidi Leonard '12 capped her career as Pomona-Pitzer's all-time career digs leader in a late-season match against Caltech, finishing with 1,896, while Kenzie

Aries PI '12 wrapped up her career second in assists (2,760) and Jordan Hammond '12 graduated ninth in career kills with 841.

[Men's and Women's Soccer]

It was a successful fall on the pitch, too, as both the men's and women's soccer programs each had 10-win seasons that resulted in SCIAM tournament berths. The men's team, with a starting lineup of six freshmen and no seniors, spent much of the season in second place in the SCIAM standings before ending tied for third. Danny Nasry '13, who carries a 3.87 GPA in philosophy, won the SCIAM Brine Award of Distinction for his contributions in athletics, academics and community service, while Erik Munzer PI '13 led a young defense and earned first-team All-SCIAC honors.

The women's soccer team tied for second in SCIAM and qualified for the conference tournament for the first time since 2006. The Sagehens were led by forwards Traci Lopez PI '12 and Allie Tao '14, while the defense was anchored by Jordan Bryant '13 and defensive midfielder Rachel Eckerlin PI '11, all of whom earned All-SCIAC honors. The team was ranked as high as fourth in the West Region by the National Soccer Coaches Association of America.

[Men's Cross Country]

The men's cross country team was ranked first in the West Region by its coaches association for four weeks. The Sagehens placed three runners—Alex Johnson PI '13, Anders Crabo '12 and Paul Balmer '12—on the All-Region team after they finished in the top 35 in the NCAA West Region Championships. Johnson and Crabo finished eighth and ninth, respectively, and qualified for the NCAA Division III National Championships, while Balmer finished 15th at the regionals and missed qualifying for nationals by one place.

—Jeremy Kniffin

The World at Her Feet

[Women's Cross Country]

As a high-school athlete

in Singapore, Annie Lydens '13 loved to run along the forested nature trails near MacRitchie Reservoir at the center of the urban island nation. The only drawback: monkeys. The place is full of them, and if the monkey-mobs think you are carrying food, "they'll chase you and jump on your back. You have to be on your guard."

There are no monkeys on her back here in Claremont: This fall, she won four straight individual races by wide margins. Lydens started the streak by winning the Pomona-Pitzer Invitational on Oct. 1 by nine seconds, the SCIAM Multi-Duals by 29 seconds, the SCIAM Championship by 25 seconds and finally the NCAA West Regionals by seven seconds.

In November, she went on to the NCAA Division III Women's Cross Country National Championships in Oshkosh, Wis. Her personal-best time of 21:02 earned her third place, the highest finish in Pomona-Pitzer cross country history, whether men's or women's. Along the way, Lydens earned the SCIAM Athlete of the Year and the NCAA West Region Runner of the Year honors.

Lydens has been on the move for much of her life. Born in Japan and raised in Singapore, Lydens has visited a different country every year since age 13. She lived with a



PHOTO BY JEREMY KNIFFIN

Annie Lydens '13

is set on smashing

Sagehen records.

"I'M A REALLY COMPETITIVE PERSON SO I LOVE RACING. I JUST GET A THRILL OUT OF CHASING PEOPLE DOWN."

Maori tribe in New Zealand, taught in a Bhutan village, sailed around Thailand and worked for a nonprofit in Cambodia. Attending Pomona is her first time living in the U.S.

Fittingly, she is interested in pursuing a career in international diplomacy. This past summer, she was an intern at NATO head-

quarters in Brussels, taking press inquiries, posting to social media and working long hours for meetings of NATO defense ministers. "Those days, I don't think I sat down more than 10 minutes, running back and forth, fielding calls," says Lydens, a philosophy, politics and economics (PPE) major.

Back on the running track, her athletic accomplishments are made all the more impressive by the fact that Lydens is relatively new to distance running. Already a soccer player at her Singapore high school, Lydens tried out running at the suggestion of the track coach, and she went on to compete in a variety of races, helping her team rack up points at meets.

It wasn't until she arrived at Pomona that she began running cross country, just to stay in shape for track season, and finished fifth on the team at the UC Riverside Invitational before shutting down for the fall with a foot injury. In the spring of freshman year, she settled on the 800 meters (leaving the distance events to senior All-American Alicia Freese '10), finishing fifth in the SCIAM Championships. But in her sophomore year, with Freese serving as a coach and helping to push her along in practice, she found her permanent niche in the distance events.

The pair became close friends, and started running together on weekends. Soon Lydens broke Freese's school record as fastest woman in the 6K. Now she has her sights set on breaking records in the 5K and 1,500 meters. "I'm a really competitive person so I love racing," she says. "I just get a thrill out of chasing people down."

—Jeremy Kniffin and Brenda Bolinger

PHOTO BY JEANNINE HILL

PERFORMANCE

SATURDAY,
JANUARY 21,
2012

On a blustery Saturday in January, more than 2,000 people gathered at the College for *Performance at Pomona*, part of the region-wide Pacific Standard Time initiative celebrating the art of post-war Los Angeles.

The crowd moved from Rains Center to Merritt Football Field and back to Marston Quad to witness recreations of seminal performance artworks from 1970 and 1971 by artists John M. White, Judy Chicago and James Turrell '65. Each of these artists is represented in the three segments of the ongoing Pomona College Museum of Art *It Happened at Pomona* exhibition.

The evening began with White's *Preparation F* in Memorial Gymnasium. The audience gathered around the center floor as Pomona-Pitzer football players, in street clothes, streamed in to the gym and grabbed chairs from an artfully arranged pile. The players disrobed and changed into their gear, as they would normally do in the locker room; scrimmaged for a few moments; and then began to



STORY BY LAURA TIFFANY / PHOTOS BY JOHN LUCAS

follow the choreographed movements of a coach (dancer Steve Nagler). White commanded the performance with a coach's whistle. After the movements, they put their street clothes back on.

Mark Swed of the *Los Angeles Times* noted in his review: "The physicality of the thudding of bodies in close proximity was compelling. The gym was crowded, but a sense of intimacy remained."

After *Preparation F*, the audience streamed outside into the brisk (but thankfully not rainy) air for Judy Chicago's *A Butterfly for Pomona* on Merritt Field. This new pyrotechnic performance was inspired by her 1970 *Atmosphere* environmental performance at Pomona College, for which she used flares and commercial fireworks to soften and feminize the environment. In this 2012 performance, flares were used to slowly light up a large butterfly on the field. Viewers watched as the butterfly shone and, periodically, more fireworks and smoke-emitting pyrotechnics would be set off to heighten the visual effect.

Closing the program, James Turrell recreated his 1971 performance *Burning Bridges*, a visual spectacle which used road flares to give Big Bridges the appearance of being lit on fire. (The original unannounced performance led a startled witness to call the fire department.) This time, with everyone (including the fire department) in on the joke, there was a crowd watching from Marston Quad as the flares, hidden behind Big Bridges' columns, enveloped the building's arcade in a brilliant orange glow and silence gave way to the rising sirens of approaching fire engines.



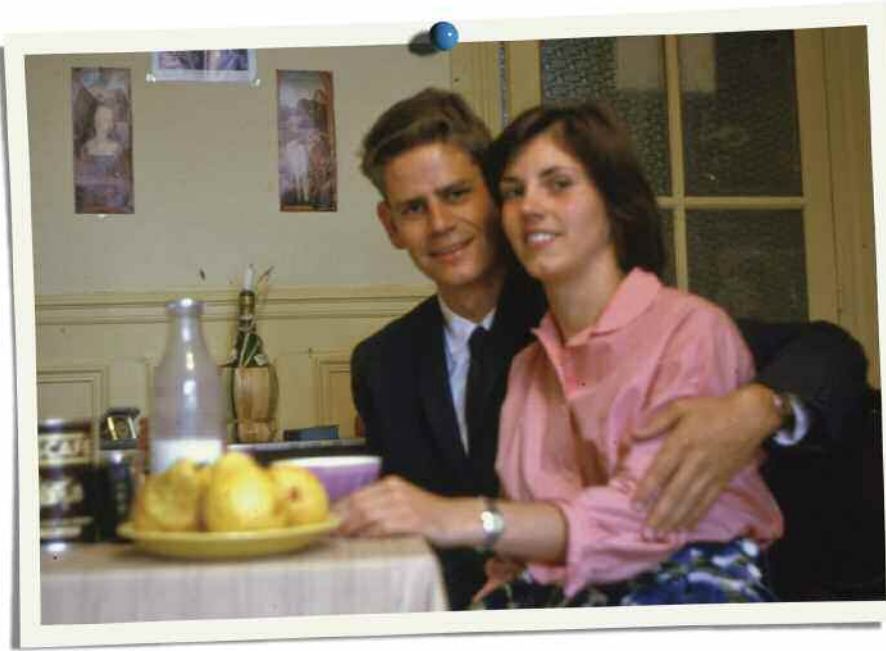
IN 1961, A KNOCK ON THE
DOOR DREW KIMBALL JONES
'60 INTO A RACE ACROSS
NORTHERN SPAIN WITH—AS WE
NOW KNOW—THE END OF AN
EMPIRE IN THE BALANCE.

FLIGHT TOWARD THE FIGHT

(A Fuga Rumo à Luta)

STORY BY SALLY ANN FLECKER

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK WOOD
BASED ON PHOTOS BY KIMBALL JONES '60



Our story begins with a long-ago knock on a door on a balmy June evening.

The door is in France, at the apartment of a very young Kimball Jones, just a year out of Pomona where he was known as a nice guy who could often be found playing the grand piano in the lounge at Walker Hall or performing with his small jazz group for school dances.

But at this moment, Jones is simply an American in Paris. He is living the continental life thanks to the largesse of the French government, which awarded him a scholarship for this year following his 1960 college graduation. In return, three days a week he teaches conversational English at a lycée in suburban Paris. Much of the rest of his time he spends sitting on the iconic green chairs in the Jardin des Tuileries outside the Louvre. There, during an unusually warm February, he reads the entire works of Camus and Gide in French. In the evenings he goes to the cafés to drink good beer and better wine. He is living the life.

As befitting a young man living in the most romantic city in the world, he has fallen in love with a Swiss woman, Margrith. On this particular night in June, it is 10 o'clock. Jones and Margrith are engaged in the most ordinary of activities—cleaning the kitchen in his apartment from top to bottom. They have no way of imagining that, in a moment, the knock on the door will come, drawing Jones into a cascade of events that will change the balance of power in Africa.

Fifty years later, Jones is recounting this tale, sitting at the table of his sunny New York apartment with newspaper clippings and 8-by-10 black-and-white photographs spread out in front of him. Margrith brings in the worn brown leather diary he carried with him those many years ago and in which he kept an account of his remarkable experience that began on this one early-summer evening in Paris.

Down on the street in the Place d'Italie is a fellow by the name of Bill Nottingham whom Jones has met only once before, in an interview at the French refugee organization Cimade. Nottingham doesn't know Jones' exact address, so he stops people on the street, asking if they know where the tall American lives. Eventually, someone waves him in the direction of Jones' apartment, where he interrupts their cleaning that night—along with their lives for a time.

Nottingham can't discuss the urgent matter that has brought him there in front of Margrith, so he asks Jones to come down and talk to him in his car. Much later that night, Jones describes their conversation in his journal, crowding the words onto the pocket-sized pages:

I am almost hesitating to write this down, as it is very important and must be kept secret. Bill asked me if I could leave Paris tomorrow for a week. The story is as follows: There has been much trouble in Angola (Africa) recently. Out of 16 Methodist missionaries, 13 are dead or missing. There are many Angolese students in Lisbon, Portugal. The Portuguese government has taken their passports, immobilizing them. There is a good chance that a follow-up of the Angolese affair could occur in Lisbon, directed against these students. In fact, the possibility of a mass slaughter is not an exaggeration. These students are in hot water!

Before the month is over, Jones will end up in his own hot water, in the confines of a Spanish prison. But he's not thinking about the possibility. Perhaps when Nottingham asks him to drive a car across Spain and back to clandestinely transport these fugitive students, he might have been wise to mull it over for a moment or two. But he is swept up in the drama and intrigue of it all. He answers in less time than it would have taken him to pick out a shirt to wear. He doesn't think of himself as a hero. He doesn't see himself playing a role in a historic moment. Truth be told, he sees it as an adventure, a great story to tell in years to come.

Clinging To Empire

Portugal had been a presence along the coast of Africa since the late 15th century as the first European nation to establish settlements and trading posts. The European colonization of Africa's interior would begin in earnest at the grandiose behest of Belgium's King Leopold II, who sat down with other European leaders in 1884 and blithely divvied up the continent not unlike the way the modern-day game of Risk begins. But while one after another African colony claimed its independence in the aftermath of World War II, Portugal, under the dictatorship of António Salazar, had held tightly to its holdings in Africa, including Angola, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Cape Verde, and São Tomé and Príncipe.

Long-simmering tensions in Angola, on the western coast of Africa, had come to a head six months earlier when peasants who worked in the cotton fields protested their low wages and deplorable working conditions. The protest turned into a revolt. Portuguese traders were attacked. A month later in retaliation,



OPPOSITE:
"This picture of Margrith and me was in my apartment at 11 rue Edouard Manet, at Place d'Italie—the very apartment where Margrith and I were cleaning when Bill Nottingham arrived and knocked on the door that eventful evening. I can't believe how young we look there! (I was 23, she was 21)."

LEFT:
"This picture is of me with the Chevy I drove on the first trip through Spain (it was the private car of the owner of the Hertz agency, who rented it to us because he had run out of rental cars). I am in front of the Hotel du Fronton in Bidart. We spent that first night in that hotel. This photo was taken just before we began our trip into Spain."

RIGHT:
"A typical street scene, woman with ox. This road is typical of the kind of roads we drove most of the time (600 miles each way)."

the Portuguese military bombed villages, killing many thousands of the indigenous population.

The African students believed to be at risk in Portugal were among the first to complete a university education there. Salazar, fearing the political and intellectual leadership they might contribute to their homelands, had not only detained them by taking away their papers, but also had them tailed by his secret police, the PIDE (pronounced *pee-day*).

The leaders of the Methodist Board of Missions and World Council of Churches (WCC) had decided to secure false papers for these students and smuggle as many of them as they could across Spain—which had its own dictator—and into France where they would be given political asylum. Because of Cimade's experience with this kind of endeavor, the WCC asked that organization to plan and carry out what would later become known as "the Fuga" (meaning escape or flight in Portuguese).

Jones will leave Paris in 24 hours. The first thing in the morning he procures his international driver's license. It happens to be the final week of the school where he teaches, but under Nottingham's advisement, Jones simply doesn't show up. Later he is too embarrassed to go back and explain. For all the head of the lycée ever knew, he had fallen off the face of the earth.

To Margrith he confides only that he is going on a secret mission for Cimade. If anyone asks, he says, tell them I've gone off to Geneva for a conference. That cover story is so convincing that when he tells Mrs. Hauser, for whom he has been doing some house painting, she pulls out a Swiss watch that wasn't

working and asks him to get it repaired while he is there. He pockets it, not knowing what to do with it. Like so many other things, he'll figure it out later.

Paris, France - June 14, 1961

The "big adventure," as Jones calls it in his diary, gets underway that evening. Jones and two of the other drivers meet up for a relaxing dinner in the Latin Quarter. Dick Wyborg and Dave Pomeroy are students from Union Theological Seminary in New York who just happened to visit Cimade the day before and were pounced on by Bill Nottingham when he found out they had driver's licenses and some free time.

That night, they all board an overnight train from Paris to Bayonne, a town north of the waistline border between France and Spain. Almost immediately, they get behind schedule. There are two trains to Bayonne that night—the express they are supposed to be on that arrives around 6 a.m. and another one that takes a more leisurely route, arriving at 11. When they disembark some five hours late, they find the gentleman from Hertz International who has waited for them the entire time.

During the next several days, Jones' journal seems like something of a travelogue, as the drivers meander their way along the French coast. (Each of the four have their own rental cars, but they travel the route in tandem.) They are looking for a border crossing into Spain with few checkpoints, but not so small that they will stand out when they return with the African students. They settle on Hendaye, a resort town on France's Atlantic ▶

coast. Then they begin their trek following secondary roads primarily along the Spanish coastline.

The rendezvous near the Spain-Portugal border is 600 long and bumpy miles away. Cimade has encouraged them to look the part of tourists by staying at good hotels and eating fine meals. (In Spain, they can get an excellent meal for the equivalent of \$2.) Jones, relishing the opportunity provided, has no trouble complying. He has a new 35 mm camera and enjoys taking photographs of the picturesque towns and sweeping coastline views. He buys some souvenirs as well—a leather bag for himself and a purse for Margrith—marveling at the inexpensive prices.

Towns along this route later become a litany to them—a tick for another leg of an endless journey. But on that first passage, when his heart isn't pounding from moments like a near head-on with a truck on one of the hairpin curves through the mountains and his bottom isn't aching from the long stretches of tremendous ruts on unpaved roads, Jones marvels at the sights, including the elaborately ornate cathedral in the city of Santiago, shown to them by a young Spanish hitchhiker. It doesn't occur to them until later that picking up hitchhikers—they even picked up soldiers along the road—could compromise them. "They say that ignorance is bliss," says Jones these many years later, as he speculates that his political naïveté may have kept him from a nervousness that might have given him away.

No matter how long the day behind the wheel, Jones still takes time every night to record observations:

Though today was a fatiguing day filled with much tension from trying to drive "as fast as possible," it was also an enjoyable day—for we drove through some beautiful countryside. The people along the road are also very interesting. There were many places where we wanted to stop and take pictures or to watch something that was going on, but we couldn't take the time. On one spot we saw a traditional funeral procession—women in black robes and veils, men with the casket on their shoulders, marching to the slow chimes of the little church.

After three days of traveling, and a final push of 60 miles, they arrive at their destination of Pontevedra, a town north of the Portuguese border. The next day their covert work will begin in earnest.

Spain-Portugal Border - June 18, 1961

While Jones and his fellow drivers have enjoyed something of a sojourn as they make that first run across Spain, the Portugal side of the operation has been fraught with tension and intrigue. Cimade officials Jacques Beaumont and Chuck Harper are coordinating that part of the escape, slipping African students out of Portugal, hopefully before the PIDE catches on. In one case, they spirit two young men away from a bar right under the noses of plainclothes PIDE, who have been tailing them for days. The men innocently get up to use the restroom where they jump out a small window, and are whisked away while the PIDE enjoy their wine.



LEFT

"Here our cars are parked at the border in Irún. We are waiting while our spokesman, Bill Nottingham is meeting with the Commissariat of Police to get clearance for us to cross the border into France. (He did get the clearance)."

RIGHT

"This is me with the first group I transported, together in France, having just successfully crossed the border."

Nineteen Africans are brought to the banks of the Minho River, which marks part of the northern border between Portugal and Spain. There, a notorious coffee smuggler with land on both sides of the border and family connections to Portuguese and Spanish customs police runs his well-oiled operation. The Fuga crew gave him the nickname "Edward G." because of his gruff, no-nonsense manner, which reminded them of the gangsters portrayed by American actor, Edward G. Robinson. Beaumont and Harper wait with the students in the tall brush above the river until the first light when they slip and slide their way down to the water and clamber into a small rowboat three or four at a time.

The river has a treacherous current. At any time, it could have carried them around a bend and into view of the border patrol on either side. But the crossings turn out to be blessedly uneventful. Up above the steep riverbank on the Spanish side is a windowless barn where they will wait in stifling heat and in complete silence until the arranged pick-up at mid-day. "During that Spanish siesta time when ordinary Galicians, guards, dogs, every living thing and time stopped," Harper wrote in a recollection, "four spacious automobiles, one after another, came to a stop in front of the barn door facing the dirt road, with their American drivers."

Jones and Pomeroy get their first taste of the cloak-and-dagger maneuver when they pull up alongside the barn where the fugitives are hidden and five figures dart out, eyes blinking as they adjust from the radical darkness to full sunlight, faces filled with trepidation. As soon as they jump into the car, Jones gives them the papers with their false identities that have been supplied

by the Senegalese and Congolese embassies in Paris. They are to immediately memorize the information in case they are stopped somewhere along the way.

The tension in the car is palpable. Jones drives many hours with barely a word uttered. Even had there been, he wouldn't have understood much. The students, for the most part, speak Portuguese, Spanish and their native African languages. A few know a little French. They don't plan to stop much as they hasten back towards San Sebastian, 600 miles away near the French border. But late that afternoon, the right rear axle slips out of joint on Jones' car. It is a Sunday. They are in the mountains. Two of the students who know Spanish hitch a ride into the next town and, miracle of miracles, find mechanics—two brothers—who know how to fix Chevys. But to everyone's consternation, when the students arrive back with the mechanics, they are accompanied by two guards ominously armed with machine guns—Franco's men, says Jones in his diary, referring to Spain's autocratic head of state, General Francisco Franco. To make matters worse, a student has left one of his documents where it can be seen through the window—and where it is duly noticed. "Oh," says the mechanic off-handedly. "These are Angolese students from Portugal. You never know what these Americans will do for a thrill." The comment is enough to raise the hairs on the back of everyone's necks. But the policemen say nothing. They don't even ask to see passports.

In the end, Jones saw this delay as a bonding moment. The mechanics fix the car enough to get it to town where they have to work on it for a few more hours. Meanwhile, they lead the

group to a dirty stucco building across from the garage where they can get some dinner while they wait:

There we encountered "Pepita" who served us a wonderful meal of some wild bird. We had great time talking and laughing, kidding Pepita. For the first time, everyone really seemed to relax—and it was at this point that I really developed a warm feeling toward these fellows.

Pepita's place was like something out of the middle ages, yet we wouldn't have found Maxim's to be half so enjoyable. Outside her place was a little "place" where three pigs were running around loose, oinking. A little old lady was sitting there watching over them.

This incident proved to be more a blessing than a hindrance for it served to loosen up everyone. We wouldn't have missed this evening in Mondoñedo for anything.

Shortly before midnight, they get back on the road. In one of the sweeter moments, the students sing Angolese freedom songs. One in particular catches Jones' fancy—the haunting *Muxima*, which is the name of an Angolan town. It means heart in Kimbundu, one of the native languages of Angola. Fifty years later, Jones can still sing it.

Northern Spain - June 19, 1961

The drive becomes a punishing exercise for an exhausted Jones, who nonetheless plows on through the night. In the mountains outside of Oviedo in northern Spain, they run into thick fog. By then, Jones is almost dreaming as he drives, he is so tired. On one curve he doesn't leave enough room. When he slams on the brakes, the car spins around, nearly smashing into the side of the mountain. That is a wake-up call, so to speak. As soon as there is a place to stop, he pulls over and sleeps for an hour-and-a-half.

By now, dawn is almost breaking. The nap doesn't do much for his fatigue, though. He stops to get some coffee, but he is still dangerously groggy. Further down the road, he starts seeing things. It is the only time in his life, he says now, that he ever hallucinated. Giant, animated rabbits hop across the road in front of him. He can't think clearly. When he stops the car and gets out for a breath of fresh air, he can hardly stand up. He feels drunk. But still he continues the marathon. One hour fades indistinguishably into the next, until they finally arrive in San Sebastian. By then, another day has passed. It is 5 o'clock in the evening.

The next day the group approaches the Spanish border crossing. Bill Nottingham has to meet with the commissariat of police and explains that the group has been on a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela and is now returning to France. The Spanish official is nervous and suspicious, sensing that things are not what they seem. However, he allows them to cross.

Jubilation! The Africans will board the next train to Paris. As for the four chauffeurs, they return to their hotel for a celebratory meal and a good night's rest before their own return to Paris the next day.

But that is not to be. While they are still enjoying their dinner, Nottingham is called to the phone. It is Jacques Beaumont in ▶

Portugal. He speaks in code, saying that the “picnic” went so well he wants them to return the next day. They are going to do it again.

This is not what Jones has expected. By now, the tedium of driving has replaced some, although not all, of the romance of the adventure. But he is more familiar with the roads, and has the greater wisdom to stop and sleep in the car for longer than a cat-nap when he gets tired. Still, it’s no picnic for him.

Spain-France Border – June 30, 1961

Two more trips across Spain and back deliver 41 additional Africans from the troubles in Portugal to the Spanish side of the border crossing with France. Because the original group had gotten over the border into France with no real trouble, Nottingham decides to expedite matters and take this much larger group of “pilgrims” across en masse. This time, though, things don’t go as hoped.

First of all, everyone, including, apparently, the commissariat, is celebrating at a huge festival. The streets are filled with music, parades and dancing. The anxious group sits at a café, watching the revelry and biding their time until Nottingham comes back with permission to cross the border. They wait through most of the day.

When the commissariat returns, it is a different official than the first one. The new commissariat wants to talk with each student individually, so he has them arrested and taken to the governor’s palace in San Sebastian. The students are searched and interrogated. Everyone manages to hide the papers from Cimade allowing them to seek political asylum in France—with the exception of one individual. That’s all it takes. The guard who is questioning this unfortunate soul runs out into the hallway, waving the paper and calling loudly to his comrades. Soon the students are all handcuffed and everyone, including Nottingham and Jones, are put in military vehicles and taken to the prison in San Sebastian. Amazingly, despite the exhausting reality of the past three weeks, Jones savors even this moment, which he records later:

I’ll never forget that ride, under armed guard, across San Sebastian in the back of a Land Rover.

My attitude was perhaps a bit of a stupid one, for I was carried away (as was Dave) by the romantic conception of spending a night in a foreign prison.

... Our cell had bars on the windows and door, a small crucifix on one wall. There was a room with several wash-basins on the right-hand side of the door, and a room with several “Turkish-style” toilets on the left-handed side. Looking out the door you could see an enclosure which stretched around a square, with a long hall extending from the other side, and at the commencement of this hall was a statue of Mary, lit by candles. Our mattresses were very smelly (of sweat and dirt, probably hadn’t been washed for months!).

He manages to hang onto the feeling he is on an adventure even when dinner is served—a half loaf of thick bread with smelly cheese and unidentifiable brown glop. It is only when other pris-

oners come in the next morning with instructions to assemble 44 beds that Jones began to appreciate the serious ramifications of the circumstances in which he found himself.

The night before, the students had sung the Angolese freedom songs until well after midnight. But now spirits are so low that many of them simply lie back down and go to sleep to try to keep from worrying about what will come next.

For Jones, it is a moment of reckoning. Margrith and the plans he was making for the future loom large. Now he feels pinned in place while everyone else in his life is free to move forward. His three weeks on the road seem less the romantic adventure, and more the serious matter that it has always been. Would he have chosen to get involved had he known it would land him in prison in a foreign country? Probably, but that is little consolation at this moment.

And then, miracle of miracles, they are awakened late in the afternoon by a guard telling them to get their things and get out. They are leaving. Don’t ask questions. Don’t look back. Just get out of here, get out of Spain, and don’t come back.

Over the Years

Kimball Jones never has. He never returned as a tourist to the lovely coastal towns that had enchanted him. But several years after the operation—after Jones had married Margrith, attended Union Theological Seminary and become pastor of a church in Antwerp, Belgium—he was visited by a minister with ties to Africa. Melvin Blake, who oversaw the Methodist Church’s missionary work in Angola, had been the one to get the ball rolling on the Fuga. Blake let Jones in on the secret of how they were all sprung from prison, as reported to him in a debriefing from the CIA. When Portugal’s Salazar learned that 60 of his political de-

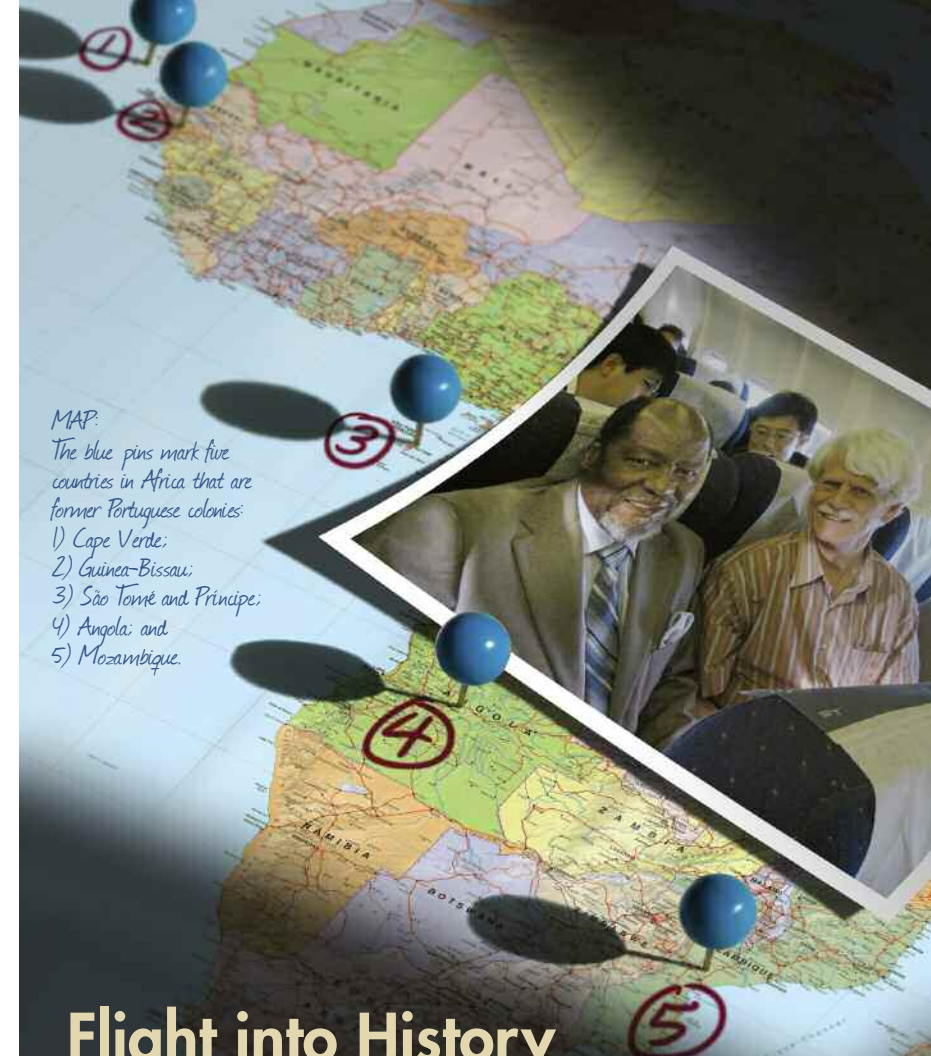
tainees had slipped out of the country without the PIDE noticing, and that 41 of them were now being held in a Spanish prison, he demanded them returned immediately. Spain’s ruler, Francisco Franco, took offense at the request. Thus it was that after a few exchanges between the two countries, Franco settled it all by opening the prison gates and letting them all go.

Jones’ brief career as a secret operative was over—and not a moment too soon.

Over the years, Jones wondered what had become of the students. He got his answer last summer when, out of the blue, he was invited to a 50th reunion of the Fuga as guests of Pedro Pires, the president of Cape Verde, who had been in the Fuga.

Some of those students settled in France, others in Switzerland and Russia. They were physicians and engineers and, as Salazar had worried, political leaders who played roles in the liberation of Angola, Mozambique, Cape Verde and other nations. The reunion, Jones says, was a veritable Who’s Who of Portuguese-speaking Africa. Among the 60 African students that Cimade helped to rescue were three who would go on to be presidents of their newly independent countries, four prime ministers, five ministers of defense, a minister of health and a Methodist bishop.

Jones himself has spent close to 40 years as a pastoral psychotherapist with the Psychotherapy and Spirituality Institute in New York City. On the side, he is a gifted jazz pianist who has performed with his group at Birdland and other jazz clubs in New York. But one of his most recent gigs may stand out as the highlight of his career. At a nightclub one of the evenings in Praia, the capital of Cape Verde, he took a turn as a guest musician, playing an original jazz composition, which he renamed, in honor of the occasion, “Bossa de Fuga”—the music of the flight.



MAP:
The blue pins mark five countries in Africa that are former Portuguese colonies:
1) Cape Verde;
2) Guinea-Bissau;
3) São Tomé and Príncipe;
4) Angola; and
5) Mozambique.

Flight into History

Last summer, Kimball Jones ‘60 found himself on a plane heading for Africa—and 50 years into the past—after President Pedro Pires of the island nation of Cape Verde called a reunion of people who took part of the 1961 Fuga. The theme for the event was “The Flight toward the Fight” (“A Fuga Rumo à Luta”) in recognition of how many of the African students who escaped went on to be leaders in their countries’ struggles for independence from colonial rule.

On the flight from Lisbon to Praia, capital of Cape Verde, Jones was reunited with Joaquim Chissano, who was part of the Fuga and served as president of Mozambique from 1986 to 2005. Chissano, in first class, learned of Jones’ presence and came back to find him.

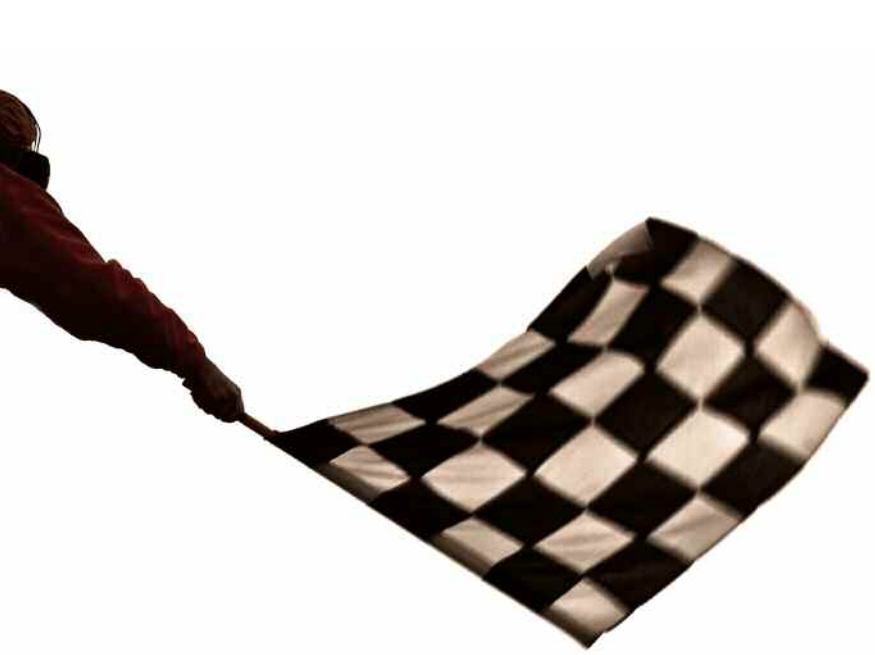
“Margrith and I were napping,” Jones remembers, “when Chissano suddenly took my hands in his and said, ‘Kim, Kim, do you realize what we achieved together, my friend?’” Reminded of the Angolese freedom songs they had sung together during the drive, Chissano began to sing a favorite, called “Muxima,” and Jones joined in. The photo above was taken right after they finished singing.

In all, three of the six original rescuers—Jones, Chuck Harper and Bill Nottingham—along with 16 of the original 60 escapees were able to attend. Among those were Pascoal Mocumbi, a medical doctor who was prime minister of Mozambique from 1994 to 2004; Manuel Boal, who led the World Health Organization in Africa; along with three others who served as prime minister of Angola. Along with sharing memories, participants reported to the group on the political development of their nations since the Fuga. The conference was well covered by African news media and drew film crews from Angola and Portugal, each working on documentaries about the Fuga.



LEFT
“Here you see the bus on which 20+ students were transported on the 3rd and final trip. They are waiting at the border in Iran while Bill Nottingham is trying to get permission for us to cross. This time we didn’t get it, and we were arrested and taken to the Governor’s Palace in Bilbao and then to the Bilbao prison.”

RIGHT
“This is me with the 2nd and 3rd groups that I had transported, waiting for clearance at the border in Iran. The man at the far left is Henrique Carreira, who went on to become Minister of Defense in Angola. The man in front of me is Zacarias Cardozo, who became the Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Angola. The man kneeling in front on whose shoulder I have my hand is Joaquim Chissano, who became President of Mozambique from 1986 to 2005.”



TAMMY KAEHLER '92 JUST WANTED TO WRITE ABOUT A RACECAR-DRIVING SLEUTH, BUT BEFORE WEAVING HER TALE, SHE KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO GET BEHIND THE WHEEL.

WHITE KNUCKLES

STORY BY TAMMY KAEHLER '92 / PHOTOS BY JOHN LUCAS

I realized my mistake

as I sat sweating and gasping for breath, knees trembling, body strapped into a bare-bones racecar with more horsepower than I wanted.

At the twirl of the instructor's hand in the air, I flipped two of the six switches that comprised the entirety of the racecar's dash controls. The vehicle rumbled to life, shaking and coughing at idle in a way that let you know it would only be happy going fast.

I hadn't wanted to go to racing school. I'd rather not go fast, and I'm not the physically adventurous type. The only boundaries I like to push are how many books I can read in a week.

But I'd had the idea to write a mystery series set in the car racing world after working in corporate marketing for a racing series sponsor. The fact that I'd never written a mystery—that I'd written fiction for the first time in my life only a few months prior—hadn't stopped me from pitching my nascent idea to a published author. She encouraged me, with one caveat: My sleuth, who I'd seen as a woman in corporate marketing, *had* to be the racecar driver.

I needed the knowledge I'd get from being behind the wheel, and I wanted to have done it, even if doing it scared me to death. So there I was in the car at Road Atlanta, a road course in Georgia. Panicking.

We'd started the three-day course with classroom work, which is the kind of thing I'm good at, even if the topic was tire contact patches and the forces involved in cornering and braking. But then they put me in a car, and told me to forget everything I thought I knew about driving.

The first hands-on exercise was learning to brake, which should have been a no-brainer. What's different about braking on the track, however, is that you don't ease onto the brake and ease off, as you would in a street car rolling to a stop at a light. In broad strokes, racecar drivers want to be 100 percent on the throttle until they're 100 percent on the brakes.

That meant barreling toward the brake markers at full acceleration—and then standing on the brake pedal with all my might, hoping to God I didn't run into the gravel trap or, worse, the wall at the outer edge of the turn. Every fiber in my body screamed at me to brake sooner while my brain countered with "they said not to brake until the next marker."

After braking, we learned how to heel-and-toe downshift. That's using the right foot on two pedals at once, to both brake and blip the throttle (press the accelerator), which raises the engine revs so the car doesn't lurch when I release the clutch. The point is to be as smooth as possible—"smooth is fast," one driver told me—and maintain the connection of the tires to the ground at all times. ▶



TAMMY KAEHLER '92

fell into the world of auto racing—and landed in the VIP suites.

Kaepler had a freelance gig writing marketing copy for a mortgage lender during the housing boom of the early 2000s. When the lender decided to help sponsor the American Le Mans racing series, Kaepler saw a chance to travel and look inside another world, so she signed on to help with corporate hospitality work at the races.

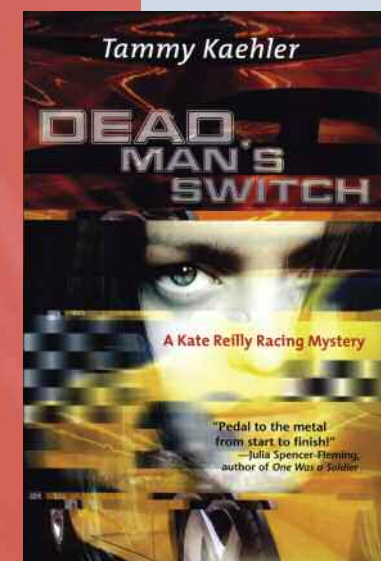
Since she was working for the company putting up the cash, Kaepler got inside access at the track, riding in top-of-the-line Porsches and meeting "everyone and their uncle." She became fascinated with auto racing: the money, the violence, the rock-star drivers.

Soon she was at work on a racing-themed murder-mystery book featuring a female racecar driver, Kate Reilly. After the mortgage company went bust, she kept at her writing and kept her toes in the motorsports world, volunteering at races. When *Dead Man's Switch* finally published last year, she launched the book at the American Le Mans Series at Connecticut's Lime Rock Park, where the story is set.

Since then, her author events have continued to zigzag between conventional mystery book venues, where the racing aspect of the book stands out,

and book-signings at racing events, where the mystery aspect is unique. "At each, people are totally fluent with one aspect of what I'm writing about," she says.

Following this unusual course, Kaepler has found her audience. *Publishers Weekly* and *Library Journal* both praised the debut, and the second Kate Reilly mystery will be published next year.



I kept telling myself that if I could tap dance (which I can), I could heel-and-toe downshift too, even if tap dancing doesn't usually happen at 80 mph. I managed it only once the first day.

At this point in the instruction, I should have taken comfort in the fact that the other students were in the same boat, all beginners, all learning—except that they weren't, because three of them were NASCAR drivers, young guns recently hired by one of the top NASCAR bosses through a televised reality show. They were there to brush up on their road-racing skills, since their experience mostly ran to ovals. I'm sure intimidating an already scared writer was all in a day's work for them.

Unlike me, the NASCAR boys had no trouble putting all the pieces together when it came time for a lead-follow around the

short stints, punctuated by feedback from instructors stationed at different corners, I slowly began to enjoy myself. To find myself grinning under my helmet because I enjoyed the section of the track that curves left and right like the letter "S." To think more about doing every corner right the next lap, not just three of 12. I got comfortable enough to relax, process more information and handle the speeds. I still wasn't fast, relative to other students in the school. But I was doing 90 mph before braking for one corner, going 75-80 *through* another corner, and hitting 117 on the back straight. Best of all, by the start of the third day, the instructors were telling me I was doing everything right. That even if I wasn't fast, I had the right skills. Going fast just takes more seat time, they assured me. I'll take their word for it.

"I SAT WAITING IN THE RUMBLING CAR, SWEATING AND TERRIFIED, HOPING MY SHAKING LEGS WOULD BE ABLE TO WORK THE CLUTCH AND THROTTLE."



track with an instructor showing us the correct line and braking points. They performed well; I floundered. It was the second day, and we were in groups of three cars (one student per car) following an instructor who was a professional driver. We were supposed to hit each apex correctly, upshift to the gearing they'd told us was correct, brake where they told us to brake and heel-and-toe downshift.

Another attendee was frustrated with my pace and dogged my back bumper, which didn't improve my skill. But I simply wasn't ready to go as fast as the other two drivers in my group, and I stuck to my own comfort level, trying not to be peer-pressured into a speed I wasn't ready for. A good friend and professional driver had counseled me to take things at my own pace, and I repeated her words to myself as I struggled through our sessions.

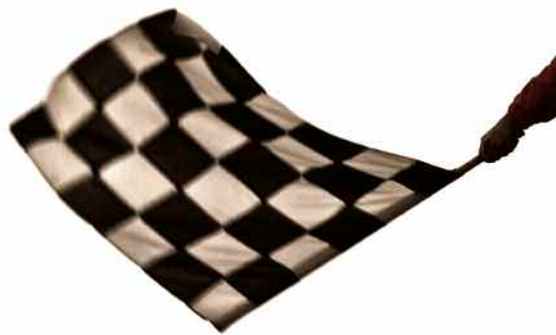
Sooner than I wanted it to, the moment of truth arrived: my first solo laps. I sat waiting in the rumbling car, sweating and terrified, hoping my shaking legs would be able to work the clutch and throttle. I wondered again why I was doing this and why I hadn't chosen something more normal and less violent to write about besides racing. Tea parties and embroidery, perhaps. And then they waved me out.

The change didn't happen right away. As I lapped the track in

In the end, I learned enough to make my racecar driver sleuth, Kate Reilly, credible in the eyes of the racing world. Even if I can't drive the way Kate can, I understand how she does it, and I can make her a character that the racing world believes in—in part, thanks to one of the instructors who later reviewed and blessed the driving scenes in my novel. I also faced down my fears and made it through one of the toughest challenges in my life.

But the truly eye-opening moment came near the end of the three-day course, when I rode in the racecar I'd been driving, with an instructor at the wheel. That's when I understood how much more potential there was in the car and the track, and how much farther away the edge was. That two-lap ride gave me a glimpse of a different world, one of extreme speed and control and daring.

I know I'll never personally inhabit that world, but at least now I can write about it.



FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING

EVERYONE WANTS TO RIDE IT, BUT NO ONE KNOWS QUITE WHAT TO DO WITH IT. THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL AFTERLIFE OF A SENIOR ART PROJECT.

BY MARK KENDALL



"...and the ring of power has a will of its own."
—Prologue to the 2001 *Lord of the Rings* film

TOILING DAY AND NIGHT

at the end of his senior year, Sam Starr '10 set out to forge his own 50-foot-wide mini-velodrome, a seductive ring of ready-to-race-on wood he called Circulus. Fueled by artistic vision and caffeine, he machine-cut board after board, tightened bolts and sanded away rough spots until the 39 portable sections were ready to be connected with help from a crew of friends. ▶

Finally, the senior art project would come to life in the cavernous emptiness of the decommissioned Seeley-Mudd Science Library. As Sam pictured it, the contrast of the sterile, silent location with the blur of motion on the track would make an artistic statement. But first there had to be a test ride to see if his creation actually worked. “A leap of faith,” Sam calls that initial spin. “I had no idea if it would even hold up.”

Sam had faced doubts early on, as some faculty members were concerned that there just wasn’t enough time for him to pull off a project of this scale. But Sam had a habit of making his own path. Before coming to Pomona, he spent a year racing on an amateur cycling team in Spain, building his confidence and riding ability. At Pomona, the art major became fascinated with fungi—yes, fungi—after attending an environmental talk, and he took a year off to work in a science lab at the University of Minnesota back home. He returned to Pomona determined to meld art and science by crafting his own bike-driven mobile biology lab, which he did, eventually riding the 130-lb. “Velolab” to Los Angeles and back in a 50-mile trek. Simply put: Sam can. “We live for teaching Sam Starrs,” says Art Professor Michael O’Malley, who helped guide Sam along the way.

But Circulus was bigger and more ambitious than any of his previous undertakings. While Sam was fairly certain he could get the velodrome built in time, he worried over whether it would actually be rideable in the tight circle required for it to fit in Seeley-Mudd. His 3-D computer design and scale model would help reduce the risk of failure, but this was no sure thing until he put tire rubber to wood. So there was joy and relief as he made the inaugural ride with friends gathered around to watch. Thanks to centrifugal force—or was it something more?—he had no trouble taking a spin on Circulus without taking a spill. “I just rode around yelling and screaming and everyone was dancing around the side of it,” recalls Sam, speaking in his halting, soft-spoken manner that suggests that even as he talks a portion of his mental RAM is still devoted to making plans or poring over diagrams.

Circulus took off, attracting attention far beyond Pomona’s greenery-and-sunshine campus after a video of the mini-velodrome went viral on the web. The unusual project had obvious appeal for bikers, who were itching to ride it, and Sam suspects the do-it-yourself aspect added to the interest, as people found a certain “romance about such a big ... project undertaken by one person.” All the attention was fun, but Sam had his own plans. After graduation, he was off to France for a gig helping with up-scale cycling tours for American recreational bikers. Circulus found a temporary home, protected with tarps, in the back yard of a friend’s place in Upland, with a section going for a time to Riverside for a museum exhibition on bike culture. “I was worried that it was going to end up going to the landfill eventually,” says Sam. “There was just no way for me to really be able to do anything with it.”



A bicycle race on Circulus in the warehouse of Portland Design Works.

PHOTO BY JEFF SWIDER

Sam knew he couldn’t hold onto Circulus. And when he decided to give up the ring, its power only grew.

DAN POWELL SPENT A CHUNK of his childhood amidst metal coffee cans full of bearings and axles as he worked on bikes with his old man. His dad had made a hobby of pulling jalopy bikes from the garbage and fixing them up. “No one stole your bike,” Powell recalls of those days. “Because they looked horrible.”

But Powell caught the bike bug and went on to work at a series of bike shops and then at Planet Bike, a well-known bike accessories brand. For a time he lived out of his 1964 Ford Econoline van while working as an intern for *Bike* magazine in San Juan Capistrano, Calif. In 2008, he and business partner Erik Olson started their own bike-accessories business, Portland Design Works, in the cycling-crazed Oregon city.

Powell dates his fascination with velodromes back to around

1995, when a couple of guys he knew who had been bicycle messengers told him about an event in Toronto with an insane figure-eight velodrome, complete with elevated flyover, called the Human-Powered Roller Coaster. Powell was transfixed by the blurry video. “As a very impressionable 19 to 20-year-old cycling kid, it seemed like the most badass thing ever,” he says. From then on, Powell recalls, he carried hopes of having his own velodrome. ▶

Fifteen years later, in 2010, he read in the Urban Velo blog that Sam Starr was trying to sell Circulus. Here was his chance. When Powell didn't hear back from Sam, he figured someone had already swooped in and bought it. But Sam was still in France and just hard to reach, and Circulus remained in storage. When they finally connected, Powell recalled that Sam had mentioned online that he would be happy to get back half of the \$3,000 that had gone into the project. Powell offered \$1,600, which he had to borrow from friends, and the deal was sealed. In time, he boarded a plane for Southern California and rented a truck to bring Circulus to Oregon.

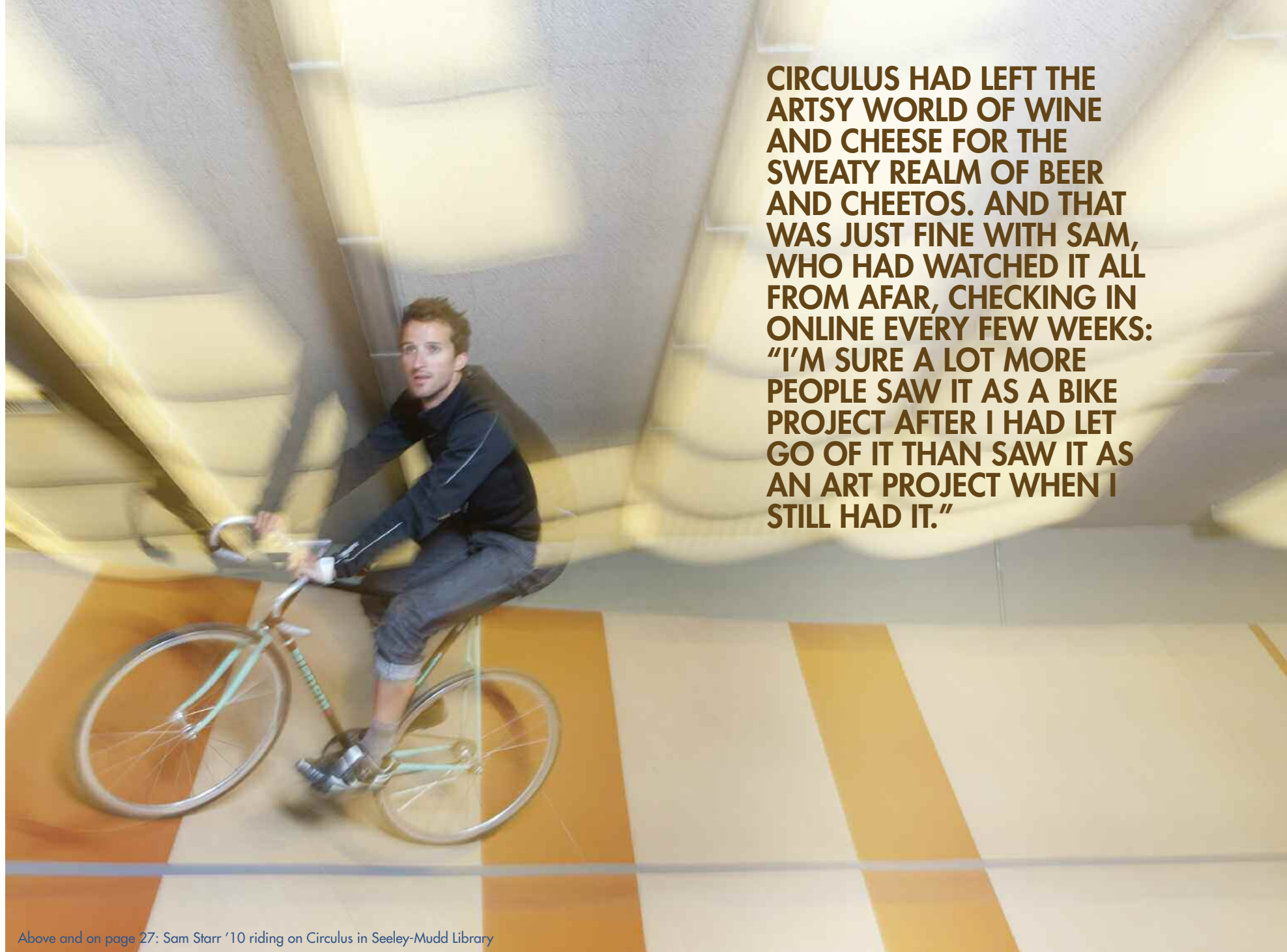
Buzz about the velodrome's arrival built quickly in Portland, and Powell and company invited friends to ride at a gathering that fell on April Fool's Day 2011. They planned for a bigger unveiling, with a big party set for summer. They shored up the track,—which, after all, had been intended as an art piece—adding bolts and wood reinforcement. But they tinkered too much by brushing on a coating of basketball court varnish, leaving the track too slippery to ride just before the party. “We were panicked,” recalls Powell. Some skateboarders saved the day by letting them in on a trick: coating the track with a solution of watered down Coca-Cola would give it more stick and less slick. On went the show, which included a deejay and drew about 400 people, a cross-section of the biking community— “road cyclists, track guys, BMX kids.” The success of the event “kind of validated buying it,” says Powell.

New video from Portland only added to Circulus' reputation, drawing more views and blog posts on the web. Powell notes the contrasts in the “peaceful and contemplative” video of Sam riding Circulus in placid Seeley-Mudd with the “devil-may-care” footage from the kick-off party. Circulus had left the artsy world of wine and cheese for the sweaty realm of beer and Cheetos. And that was just fine with Sam, who had watched it all from afar, checking in online every few weeks: “I'm sure a lot more people saw it as a bike project after I had let go of it than saw it as an art project when I still had it.”

“It was an art installation because of its context in the library,” he says. “You're taking something and putting it ... where it doesn't really belong.” Then he turns a tad mystical: When Circulus became part of the bike world, Sam says, “in a way it was going home again.” But Circulus wouldn't find a permanent home in that Portland warehouse. The velodrome was going on the road.

Next stop: Las Vegas.

EACH FALL, INTERBIKE International Trade Expo pulls in thousands of visitors for what is billed as the largest bicycle trade show in the U.S. With so many big-name vendors attending, Powell and his partner's company would be small-fry, able to af-



Above and on page 27: Sam Starr '10 riding on Circulus in Seeley-Mudd Library

PHOTO BY LISA ANNE AUERBACH

ford only a slim space at the Sands Convention Center. But with crowd-drawing Circulus in their possession, they would get a sweet deal for more room—and plenty of attention. On the first day of the show, an apparel brand had arranged for Jeremy Powers and Tim Johnson, big names in the cycling world, to race each other on Circulus. “They promoted it like a heavyweight boxing match,” says Powell. “The guys came out wearing robes. They weighed in. ... They talked smack to each other.”

Their first two races in the best-of-three event went just fine. Then came the final showdown, and near-disaster. Someone in the crowd surrounding Circulus held out a \$20 bill and Powers reached out to grab the cash, missed and nearly wiped out. “He came within 10 inches of leaving the surface of the track. You could smell the burning rubber,” says Powell. “This is 40 minutes into the first day of the show where we were going to turn

CIRCULUS HAD LEFT THE ARTSY WORLD OF WINE AND CHEESE FOR THE SWEATY REALM OF BEER AND CHEETOS. AND THAT WAS JUST FINE WITH SAM, WHO HAD WATCHED IT ALL FROM AFAR, CHECKING IN ONLINE EVERY FEW WEEKS: “I'M SURE A LOT MORE PEOPLE SAW IT AS A BIKE PROJECT AFTER I HAD LET GO OF IT THAN SAW IT AS AN ART PROJECT WHEN I STILL HAD IT.”

people loose on this thing. I was scared.”

The show went on and so did the races, sometimes strangely. One was between riders in Gumby and Pokey costumes, another costumed race pitted a hot dog against a squirrel. All in all, Circulus was a crowd-pleaser as expected. (Sam Starr had tried to make it back to the states to see Circulus in Vegas, but he just couldn't pull it off.) Still, Powell, glad there were no mishaps, was relieved when the time came to disassemble Circulus.

The ring, in some ways, had become a burden. Sure, it had brought lots of publicity to his enterprise in Portland, but he and his partner also didn't want to be known just as the guys with the velodrome. Practically speaking, Circulus took up a lot of space they needed in their warehouse, and set-up and tear-down to take it on the road took hours of crew work—six hours to put it together, four to take it apart.

“My wife was like, ‘It's time for it to go.’ My partner was like, ‘It's time for it to go.’ I knew it was time for it to go,” recalls Powell.

So Circulus would be passed along once again. Powell had a good sense of who the ring should go to next.

POWELL HAD CRASHED at his buddy Jeff Frane's place last year when he came to Minneapolis for the Frostbike trade show. Frane was one of the first people Powell told about buying the velodrome, and Frane had fanned interest by unveiling the news in his Bike Jerks blog and posting the original video. “That was the spark in the proverbial dry grass,” says Powell. Frane has organized a slew of races in Minneapolis, another bike-crazy metropolis, including the annual All City Championship. “In short,” Frane writes online of his cycling interest, “I am way into it.” Like Powell, Frane also lived out of his van for a time. That was after college, where he'd studied comparative religion and public relations. “Super useful,” Frane says.

Once again like Powell, Frane found a way to make his living in the bike business, in his case as the sales and marketing manager for All-City Cycles. The difference is that little All-City is owned by industry powerhouse Quality Bicycle Products. Circulus was handed off in hopes that a big enterprise would be able to do more with the bulky attraction. Frane talks of bringing Circulus to Midwestern cities such as Chicago or Milwaukee this summer. He'd like to take it back to Vegas for Interbike in the fall, and maybe add a twist, throwing out the idea of a circus tent or a fog machine: “I think there's a number of ways we could take it.” But there are logistics to be worked out and expenses to be calculated, and, at the moment, Circulus is safely stowed away at QBP's massive warehouse in Ogden, Utah. Says Frane: “It's sitting there while we decide what the heck to do with the thing.” The ring rests—for now.

Its maker, though, is hard at work. Sam Starr finally made his way back to the states, landing in little Hudson, New York. With some inspiration from art professor O'Malley, he took up another audacious industrial undertaking. Sam set to work on building a brick pizza oven ... in the back of a truck. “To a large extent it's just another excuse to get myself wrapped up in another crazy fabrication project,” he says. He recently started selling pizza out of the oven-bearing behemoth. But Sam remains an avid cyclist. He is still fascinated with velodromes and continues to field inquiries from would-be imitators requesting copies of the 3-D design he used for Circulus, though nobody ever seems to follow through and build one. “Maybe I should go into the mini-velodrome business one day,” he muses. Yes, Sam is tempted by the thought of forging another ring. “It's in the back of my mind for sure,” he says.

FACING AGGRESSIVE
CANCER AND FAMILY
TRAGEDY, LUCY EMBICK
KUNZ '78 TOOK HER
FIGHT UNDERWATER.

SWIMMING FOR HER LIFE

STORY BY RHEA WESSEL
PHOTOS BY JENS IHNKEN

Lucy Embick Kunz '78

climbs onto the arm of the sofa, squats in her white sock feet and throws her whole body into the tale of her recent near-gold experience at the German Life Saving Championships.

The small-framed swimmer grabs below the arm of the sofa and demonstrates how she was perched on the block—one that was more slanted than usual—and ready to dive in.

Just then, Lucy recounts, she tipped forwards off the block, starting before the gun fired, disqualifying her from the second discipline, the combined swimming event. Lucy had already finished 12 meters ahead in the 50-meter freestyle, the first event of the three-part competition. She knew gold in her age category was within easy reach. “I would have won,” she says, squinting her blue eyes, clearly still furious with herself. ▶



"I HAVE TO BE LIKE THE POP-UP FIGURES IN COMICS. I'M SHOT DOWN AND HAVE TO GET UP AGAIN. IF I GIVE UP SWIMMING, I'LL GIVE UP MY HEALTH AND MY LIFE."

Lucy's intensity serves her well because she is racing for more than medals: She swims for her own survival. Lucy has been fighting aggressive ovarian cancer since 2003, and she has done it, in large part, by throwing herself into competitive swimming. In a sense, every lap, every moment in the pool is a victory. As a medical physicist who knows her case confides: "The doctors say Lucy Kunz should have been dead seven years ago."

Lucy has endured 157 days of chemotherapy, three months of radiation and 13 operations on what was once a near-perfect body. She has demonstrated pure mind over matter—winning dozens of golds and breaking an International Life Saving Organization world record in obstacle swimming with a body pumped full of toxic chemicals designed to fight off tumors. She says her greatest achievement may have been when she won the German Masters gold for the 200-meter backstroke in April 2010, about a week after her 118th day of chemotherapy.

She has done all this while grieving an unfathomable family tragedy. Her older brother, Dr. Andy Embick '72, the one she followed to Pomona, the brilliant and restless Rhodes Scholar she had always looked up to, committed suicide just months before she was diagnosed with cancer eight years ago.

The combination of the two events launched Lucy on a journey of survival. "I never did give up. I never ever ever did," says Lucy. "I have to be like the pop-up figures in comics. I'm shot down and have to get up again. If I give up swimming, I'll give up my health and my life."

LUCY'S LOVE AFFAIR with swimming started in kindergarten at her local YMCA in Salem, Ore., where she grew up as the third of four children. Her mother is a lawyer, and Lucy's late father worked as an orthopedist. Lucy says the Embick children weren't pushed to achieve. But excellence was in the air at home.

She and Andy were always close, and he swam too, even though swimming was not something they shared in a big way. Andy learned to love gymnastics as a teenager and later preferred the thrill of pursuits such as rock climbing and whitewater paddling. Lucy remembers the time, when she was a kid, that Andy embarrassed her at the pool by walking around the deck on his hands, as if in a gym. That was Andy.

Still, Lucy looked up to her big brother, the firstborn, to the point that he was nearly infallible in her mind. "He was always my example of doing everything right," Lucy says, adding, "I had absolute trust in him. Andy took me climbing. He got me to rappel. I didn't even think about it twice. Most people wouldn't even go over the edge. Andy said 'go' and I went."

Lucy followed Andy to Pomona after he told her she'd like it better than the other schools she'd applied to. Somehow, Andy was always right.

At Pomona, Lucy still went to the pool to keep fit, but she gave up swimming competitively to concentrate on her studies. Burdette Poland, a Pomona professor of history emeritus who taught Lucy in three courses, recalls Lucy as competitive, honest and determined. He remembers how she "broke loose" in her

comprehensive exams in history, doing better work than she had ever done before and ranking third among history majors that year.

Andy, for his part, did compete on the swim and water polo teams, but was better-known for his mountaineering exploits, including eight days spent on Yosemite's El Capitan. Richard Preston '76, today a bestselling writer (*The Hot Zone*, *The Cobra Event*), recalls a conversation in which he reminded Andy that a single mistake during his solo ice-climbing expeditions could lead to his death. "Andy looked at me with this little smile and said, 'Of course, I know that.' I said, 'Why do you do it?' Andy said, 'Because I don't make mistakes.'"

Lucy and Preston dated steadily for two years when Lucy was a sophomore and junior. The pair would lose themselves in conversation about archeology and art history. Looking back, Preston recalls Lucy being in her prime during her Pomona years, except for having to live in the shadow of the monumental reputation of her brother, who had routinely scaled the side of Smiley Hall to get to his room instead of taking the stairs.

Andy and Lucy both were accepted at Harvard in their post-Pomona years, and Andy did go on to Harvard Medical School after his time at Oxford on the Rhodes Scholarship. But Lucy, after earning a master's degree in art history at the University of Oregon and going on a Rotary Foundation scholarship to Munich, chose to attend the University of Pittsburgh for her doctorate because of the financial aid package.

The siblings maintained a close relationship despite the thousands of miles between them. Andy, a physician, made his home in Valdez, Alaska, and Lucy settled in southern Germany, raising three sons with her husband Roland, who works in banking. Lucy met Andy regularly for ski trips in the Alps, followed his expeditions with interest and consulted him for medical advice regarding her children.

All along, Lucy would find time for brief swims, but only when her children joined a team did Lucy return to competitive swimming. Within no time, Lucy began racking up the medals at swim competitions across Germany, pleased that she had found a way to combine her love for swimming with her responsibilities to her family. In 2002, Lucy won three gold medals at the Life Saving World Championships in Florida and was named athlete of the year in Schweinfurt, where she practices swimming and teaches everyone from toddlers to triathletes.

Then came the news that Andy had rowed his skiff out onto Prince William Sound and killed himself.

Why Andy made this choice remains a mystery to Lucy. She confesses, "It's a tragedy which, in its profoundness, is incomparable to anything else in terms of being an incalculable shock to me and to our whole family." Lucy believes the shock compromised her immune system.

AFTER THE CANCER DIAGNOSIS, Lucy at first focused on the pain, the suffering and the fear she felt in the face of cancer and the treatments.

But she intuitively understood that she had to turn negative feelings into positive emotions in order to survive, so Lucy began swimming in even more competitions, just when most people would have believed that impossible. The initial diagnosis of cancer and the ensuing treatments only kept Lucy away from swim meets briefly. To her doctors' amazement, she won four gold medals at the Bavarian long-distance championship in March 2004, less than four months after her first operation.

Lucy began to develop a personal philosophy about living with the disease. She had seen how other cancer patients had given up quality of life during treatment, and she resolved to follow a different path. And, as the years went by, Lucy says Andy's death increased her determination to survive. "He gave me even more reason never to give up," she says.

Lucy's medical advisers say her attitude has been a key part of her survival. "Frau Kunz keeps fighting ... Such illnesses do not have to be accompanied with weakness and low performance, if patients are willing to actively do something about it and fight their way through," says biochemist Ulrike Kämmerer, who Lucy consults on her diet.

Kämmerer and a colleague at the University of Würzburg, medical physicist Rainer Klement, were co-authors on a recent paper about the benefits of a high-fat, low-carb diet for those diagnosed with cancer, the diet Lucy keeps and one she calls the "Atkins diet" for cancer patients. In the paper, titled "Is There a Role for Carbohydrate Restriction in the Treatment and Prevention of Cancer?" published in October in the journal *Nutrition and Metabolism*, the two explore the effect of glucose on tumor cell proliferation. ▶

The diet is not widely recommended by doctors because many don't know about it, and there have been too few tests of the diet, Klement says. But the researchers say the sugars in a high-carb diet actually feed tumor cells. By lowering the amount of sugar in the blood, a cancer patient can "starve" a tumor of the nutrition it seeks.

"Several factors play a role in Lucy's survival," Klement says. "One is the swimming, which gives her lots of strength because she loves it, and she swims with abandon. The swimming helps to detoxify her body. Doing sports in some sense is like reducing carbohydrates—both work together well, and both are helping Lucy. And then she's strong psychologically and has an extremely strong will. That surely also plays a part."

Lucy herself says having strong and supple muscles has helped her recover quickly from numerous surgeries to remove tumor growth from different parts of her body. Her rigorous swim training has reduced her pain substantially and become her best physical therapy. "After all that radiation, if I hadn't really pushed myself, I wouldn't be able to move today much at all," Lucy says.

Still, from a medical point of view, Lucy's swimming ability defies explanation, given her metastatic condition and the large number of chemotherapy treatments she has undergone. Kämmerer says, "Lucy is swimming times that hardly any healthy (and younger) person could. It's extremely exceptional."

IT'S TUESDAY, THE DAY when Lucy devotes herself to her students at the pool. She is conducting a class with nine small children. As she helps the little ones with their backstroke, Lucy's strongest stroke, she holds their small heads in her palm like a healer.

On this particular afternoon, Lucy skips the nap she usually takes poolside. Typically, she lies down on the tiled stadium bench for a doze. Lucy has organized her chemotherapy treatments and her schedule around her coaching commitments and her own swimming routine. She even manages her available energy throughout the week so that she can be at her best on Tuesdays.

Dealing with her lack of energy is just one side effect that Lucy has had to learn to live with. She says it took her years to come to terms with the limitations that the disease brings with it. Lucy has hit multiple physical low points but, she says, the thought of giving up doesn't enter her mind. In 2010, while on holiday in Michigan, she says she experienced pain at a level of 13 on a scale of one to 10 after two months of thoracic radiation. "I basically lay on the floor of the summer house all vacation," Lucy recalls.

Lucy says her unusually well-tested pain threshold allows her to keep going. "I am able to transfer the tolerance of pain and suffering I have had to develop to survive the treatments for my cancer to my competitions in the pool. ... I can let swimming hurt. I can go beyond my limit."

Professor Poland compares her fight with cancer to the story of Persephone from Greek mythology, since Lucy is forced to live another life in a different realm when she's undergoing cancer treatments. "Lucy has the good fortune to be able to come back

but always with the limitation that she has to return to the underworld before the end of the year," says Poland, who has been corresponding with Lucy in recent years.

He adds, "When I was a kid, I would get a fever and go to bed, waiting for deliverance. I would lie back and let nature take its course. Lucy is the extreme opposite of that. ... She is indefatigable."

Lucy's story of courage also helped Richard Preston as he recovered from a shattered pelvis after a ski accident in 2010. A few years earlier, the author had taken up tree-climbing while researching his 2007 book, *The Wild Trees*, about the people who climb some of the world's tallest. After the ski mishap, he feared he "would never climb a tree again," Preston says. "I thought a lot about Lucy during that time. If Lucy Embick Kunz can break the world record in swimming with ovarian cancer, then climbing trees with a shattered pelvis ought to be doable." Preston has now increased the vertical distance he can climb to that of a redwood tree. He did it in honor of Lucy.

"I see her as a breathtaking athlete—but her accomplishments are not just physical," says Preston. "They're spiritual at the same time. People who have seen this deeply admire it."

EIGHT YEARS INTO THE FIGHT, Lucy hardly seems battle-weary. Just recently, she received news that her tumors had not shown medically relevant growth, which meant she could extend the pause in her chemotherapy for another three to four months. "I feel like I have been saved from a burning airplane," she says.

Amid her cancer treatments and swimming meets, Lucy still grieves the loss of Andy: "There is never a day when I do not miss him." Resolving the tragedy isn't possible, but she is no longer trying to find answers about why Andy did what he did. "Andy was always absolute in his decisions. I have accepted it," Lucy says.

It's not just the swimming that helps her cope, but the people she meets in occasional competitions for people with disabilities.

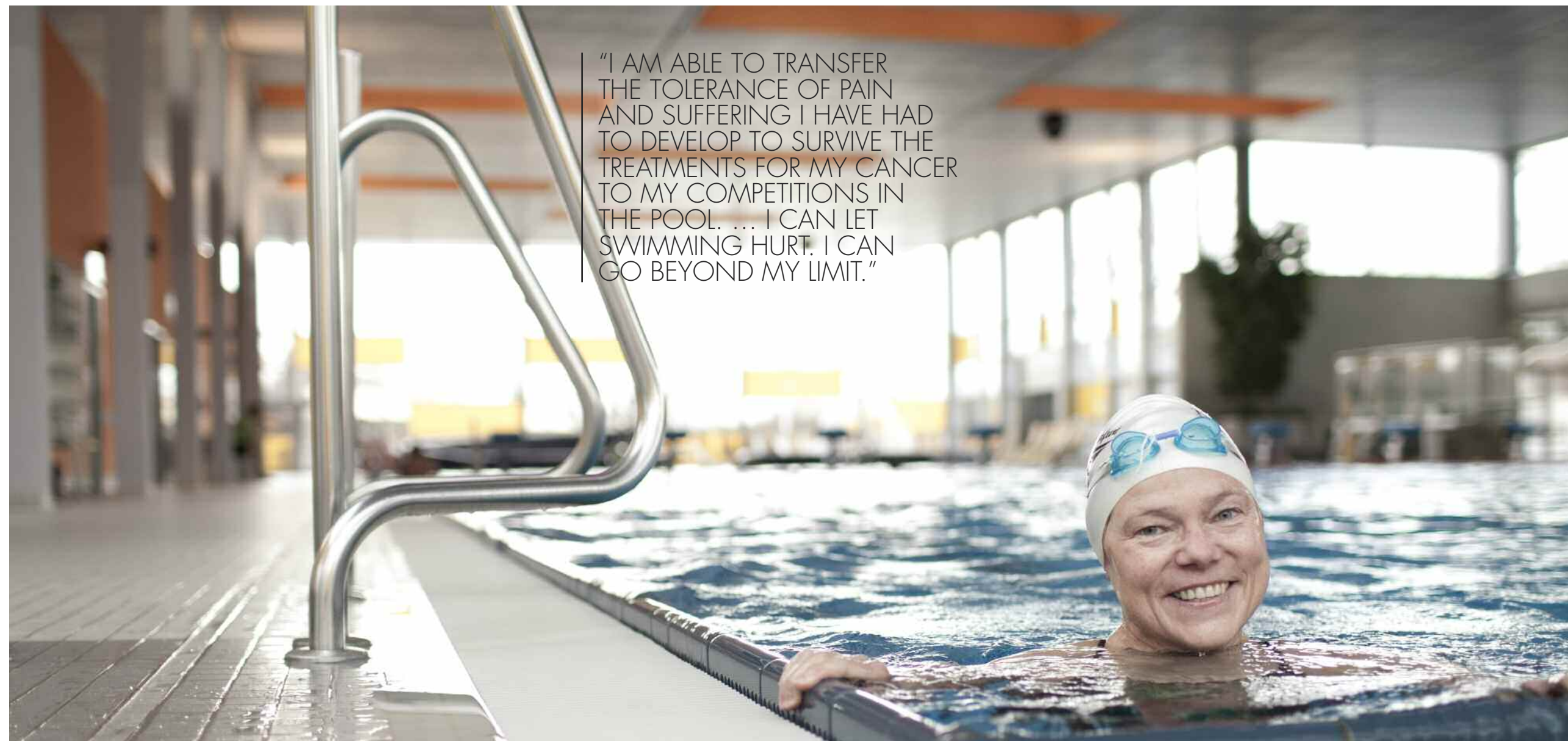
At these meets, Lucy swims with people who are blind, deaf, paralyzed or have limbs missing. (She is categorized as "generally" handicapped.)

Lucy's eyes well up as she describes a swimmer who has no arms and legs: The swimmer bites on a cord with his teeth to hold him at the edge of the pool (any body part counts). When the starting gun fires, the swimmer releases the cord and begins to propel himself through the water with sinuous short dolphin motions.

"You watch people who swim 50 meters without arms and legs, and everything becomes quite relative," Lucy says, adding, "I don't think it's fair for me to complain about my health."

Nor does she complain. Andreas Moser, who coaches triathletes with Lucy at the Silvana pool in Schweinfurt, notes that Lucy doesn't talk much of her cancer. She will just occasionally mention in a neutral way that she's going to lose her hair again, something that makes her bathing cap the perfect accessory.

"I don't look for excuses," says Lucy. "I just swim."



"I AM ABLE TO TRANSFER THE TOLERANCE OF PAIN AND SUFFERING I HAVE HAD TO DEVELOP TO SURVIVE THE TREATMENTS FOR MY CANCER TO MY COMPETITIONS IN THE POOL. ... I CAN LET SWIMMING HURT. I CAN GO BEYOND MY LIMIT."

The motto

of the Tahoe Rim Trail Endurance Run is “A Glimpse of Heaven, A Taste of Hell,” and it’s not hard to recognize why. Taking place smack-dab in the middle of the sweltering summer, the race encompasses two states, three national forests, six counties and a 10,000-foot summit in Nevada.

On this particular day in July 2009, Zach Landman ’08 was one of more than 100 runners jogging the route. Until the spring of his senior year, Landman—then a beefy linebacker on the Pomona-Pitzer football team—had never run more than five miles in a row. Barely more than a year later, he was competing in this 100-mile “ultramarathon.”

Just past the halfway point, he was settling into a nice pace. But as any ultra runner can tell you, there’s always time for things to head south, and at mile 60, they did. Landman’s stomach shut down, his muscles started cramping and he began throwing up every few steps in the dry afternoon heat. He was underfed and dehydrated, but couldn’t keep down food or water. For several hours he groggily stumbled along the dusty trail, dragging his feet and feeling on the verge of collapse.

“I was ready to quit,” he says simply.

As the sun set across the horizon of the Sierra Nevadas, Landman was losing hope and growing delirious with exhaustion. But with a bright array of constellations scattered across the sky and the piercing silence of the desert surrounding him, his mood slowly shifted and adrenaline started coursing through his veins again. After reaching the very edge of his ability to go on, he had somehow emerged in a strange, transcendent, almost blissful state of being.

He sped up for the final 20 miles of the race, and blew through the last seven to 10 miles of the course at a blistering seven-minute-mile pace.

“Getting past that threshold of pain you thought you could withstand, you get to a new level of lightness and feel as though you could run forever,” he says. “You break through and it becomes almost utopia.”

Pause.

“Almost.”

CERTAIN ATHLETIC GOALS are understandable, practical and even downright enjoyable, like honing a tennis serve or perfecting your downward dog. But what, exactly, possesses someone to want to run 100 miles without stopping?



OVER MOUNTAINS AND DESERTS, ULTRAMARATHON RACER ZACH LANDMAN '08 RUNS AND RUNS UNTIL IT HURTS—AND THEN HE RUNS SOME MORE.

THE 100 MILE MAN

STORY BY ADAM CONNER-SIMONS '08 / PHOTOS BY ROBERT DURELL

“I read about it flipping through a *Runner's World* magazine, and thought it sounded like just about the hardest thing I could possibly do,” Landman recalls with a hearty laugh.

The Orinda, Calif., native has a history of taking on tough challenges. In high school, he made a documentary about gay marriage that surprised his football teammates and won national film awards. At Pomona, he majored in science, technology and society, and was known as a fierce competitor on the gridiron. “Zach’s only happy when he’s being challenged,” says Robert Peple ’08, a close friend and former teammate. “If something’s too easy for him over the long run, he gets bored. He loves the process itself—reaching a goal and then progressing to the next one.”

That same fire in the belly has further revealed itself at the University of California at San Francisco, where Landman is a fourth-year student of orthopedic surgery who, when he finds the time, publishes papers in major orthopedic journals. (He also fit in getting married this past summer.) All the same Type A personality traits of ultra runners figure prominently in medicine, among

them intensity, focus, stamina and a drive to better understand the limits of the human body. “We are an ambitious, self-motivated bunch,” says ultra regular Mark Tanaka, an E.R. doctor and friend of Landman’s. “This isn’t a pastime for the lazy.”

LANDMAN'S ULTRA CAREER almost didn’t make it beyond the first race. Even with that joyous last-minute sprint, when he crossed the finish line at Tahoe—with a time of just under 24 hours—he vowed never to run another ultra again. In the ensuing days, though, he couldn’t get the experience out of his head. “Whenever I closed my eyes, I was on the trails,” he says. Within two weeks, he was online researching his next competition.

Landman won four of his first six races, even setting a course record at the Big Basin 50K (4 hours, 39 minutes). In 2010, he tackled the sport’s Holy Grail at the Western States Endurance Run, which climbs more than 18,000 feet, descends nearly 23,000, and traverses snowcaps, riverbeds and a seemingly unending series of sun-baked canyons with such names as “The

Bake Oven” and “Devil’s Thumb.” Typically, as much as a quarter of the more than 400 participants don’t finish. The then-23-year-old, in only his second 100-miler, placed 16th.

Mark Gilligan, a long-time runner who founded the website UltraSignUp, had already heard about Landman after two races. “When you’re in a sport where everyone’s pretty gangly and the average age is 45, a young, muscular guy like Zach sticks out,” Gilligan says. “I could tell he was talented and that it was only a matter of time before he started winning races.”

That’s not to say success has come easily. In the early days, Landman spent hours painstakingly poring over topographical route maps and picking the brains of his peers. He quickly learned that the advice about how “it’s not a sprint, it’s a marathon” becomes exponentially more valuable in ultras, which runners train themselves to separate into 10- or 20-mile mini-goals to conquer.

“Rough patches in marathons may last a few minutes,” he says. “In ultras they feel like an eternity.” ▶

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In preparation for those eternal runs, Landman's weekdays begin with 3:30 a.m. "easy runs" of 10 to 12 miles through San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. On weekends, he embarks on 50-mile excursions in which he equips himself with nothing more than a water bottle and a salt tab. When he and his wife Geri take hiking trips into the mountains, she will often drop him off at a trailhead and meet up with him 50 miles later in time for dinner.

During races he subsists on one-ounce energy gels that he knocks back like shots. At Western States, while others rested at aid stations and chowed on PB&Js and Red Bulls, he guzzled a couple gallons of water, sucked down 52 gels and stopped for nothing. (Nope, not even nature's call. "I guess it's one of those skills you pick up along the way," he says nonchalantly.)

To motivate himself the night before each competition, Landman writes out a list of reasons that he's running and hands it out to his crew to read back to him during the race. "I know I'll want to come up with reasons to quit," he says, "but I've grown to anticipate those moments and almost look forward to them."

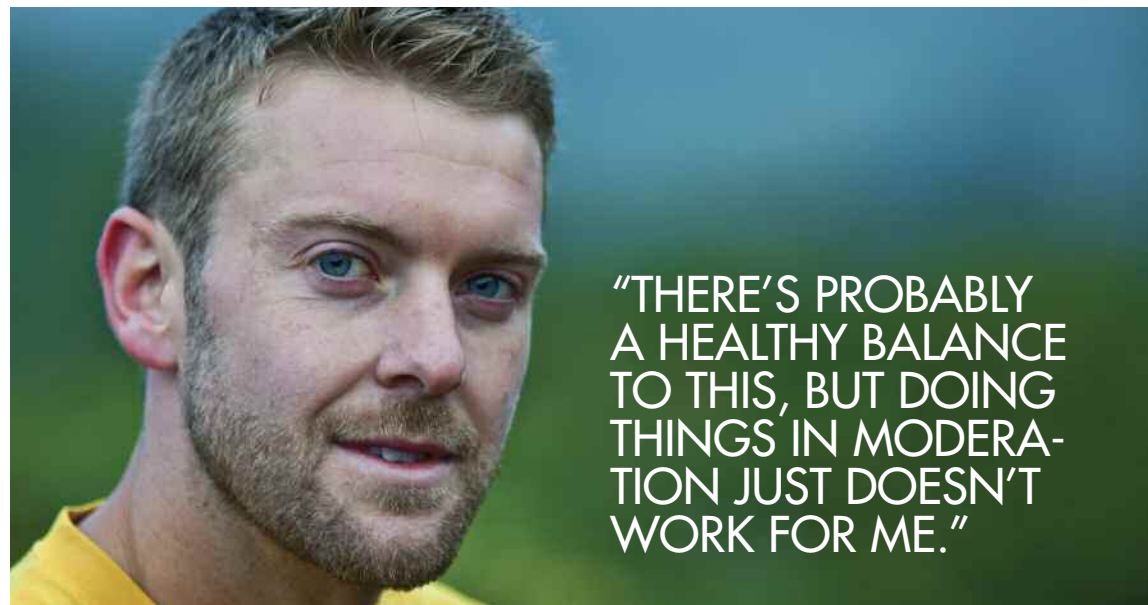
So what's the payoff? Ultramarathoners aren't looking for money or fame or glory; the prize for finishing Western States in under 24 hours was a silver belt buckle. For an over-scheduled guy like Landman, the ritual centers him and lets him shut down his mind—which, somewhat paradoxically, often results in fresh perspectives and new research ideas.

"Every time I do an ultra, rather than feeling bigger and stronger and better about myself, above all I feel humbled," he says. "Running up mountains and through nature, you can't help but be in awe of what's going on around you."

LANDMAN'S HOBBY, while closely related to his career in orthopedic surgery, might also seem somewhat at odds with it. His UCSF colleagues tease him about how he's "just trying to build a network of patients," and caution him, only half-jokingly, about subjecting his feet to an activity that could result in the debilitating injuries described in his textbooks.

"There's probably a healthy balance to this, but doing things in moderation just doesn't work for me," admits Landman, who cut a quarter of the weight off of his 225-lb. football frame in his first year of training. After Western States, he exhibited symptoms of rhabdomyolysis, a muscle-breakdown condition that can cause severe kidney damage. While he understands the risk of developing early osteoarthritis or hypoglycemia, he says that the joy he gets from the sport, for the moment, outweighs the potential repercussions 30 years down the road.

His research at UCSF could provide insight into what damage will be done: This spring, the *Clinical Journal of Sport Medicine* is publishing an article he co-authored that looks at physiological changes runners experience during races. Bucking conventional wisdom, he found that runners who hydrated less—and, therefore, lost more weight—were actually more likely to succeed. He argues that the "drink plenty of water" mantra that's been drilled into our heads vastly oversimplifies matters for ultra runners, and that factors such as electrolyte balance and blood pressure may be better benchmarks for good health than weight loss. In many cases, runners are disqualified from races if their weight drops by more than 5 percent. Landman hopes his article might inspire the entire community to rethink the rule that has been followed for more than three decades.



"THERE'S PROBABLY A HEALTHY BALANCE TO THIS, BUT DOING THINGS IN MODERATION JUST DOESN'T WORK FOR ME."

AS MUCH AS IT IS a physical achievement, ultra running is ultimately bigger than the body. Some of the most experienced marathoners view a 50- or 100-mile race as beyond the realm of possibility, but ultra veterans would argue that it's all in their heads. "If you can get past the mental roadblocks, you can get past the physical ones," Gilligan says. Or, as one of Landman's mentors told him: "The first 50 miles are run with the legs, and the second 50 miles with the mind."

Landman wasn't surprised to discover through his research that ultramarathons attract a disproportionate number of recovering addicts. The sport is, if nothing else, rooted in extremes—that mix of heaven and hell, of unbearable hurt interspersed with intense physical euphoria.

Speaking of hell, still remaining on his bucket list is the 135-mile Badwater Ultramarathon in Death Valley, where temperatures get so high that runners keep their feet on the road's white lane markers to prevent the soles of their sneakers from melting off.

"Sure, some people don't understand all of this and think I'm crazy," Landman says. "But it works for me."

/ book · shelf /

HOW RICHARD PRESTON '76 CAME TO THE RESCUE OF MICHAEL CRICHTON'S UNFINISHED TECHNO-THRILLER.

MicroWorld

BY JOHN B. SAUL

Richard Preston's friendship with Michael Crichton is a strange one—mostly because the two writers never met.

It developed as Preston '76 finished writing Crichton's 17th novel, a thriller that finds seven grad students lured to Hawaii for a research project that turns out to be run by a sociopath scientist. The students are plunged into the insect world of Oahu and must struggle to survive.

"At first I thought I would be intimidated," says Preston, "but I became entranced by Michael's materials. It became an act of friendship, and I developed a feeling of affection for Michael even though I had never met him."

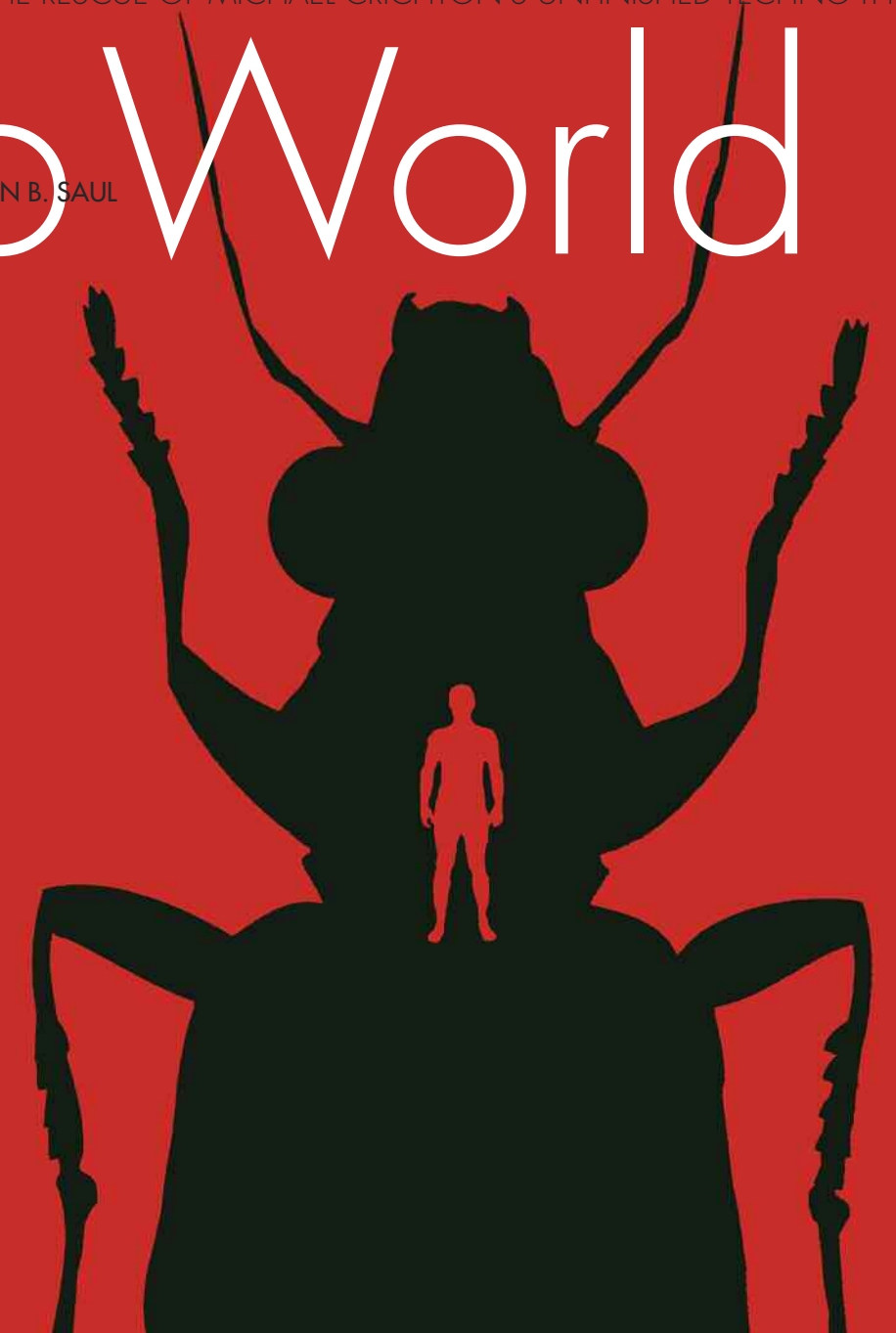
Crichton (*The Andromeda Strain*, *Jurassic Park*) died of cancer in 2008 at the age of 66. He left behind an unfinished manuscript and the Michael Crichton Trust, which went looking for someone to complete the novel.

Lynn Nesbit, Crichton's literary agent, called Preston in 2009 to let him know about the search. Preston, author of several best sellers himself, was at work on a novel, but the Crichton project sounded "extremely tempting," and he let Nesbit know he was interested.

He was given the manuscript of the third of the book that Crichton had completed.

"There was a poignancy in it. Crichton was working at high speed as if he didn't know if he had time left to finish it," Preston says.

Preston (*The Hot Zone*, *The Cobra Event*) ▶



wrote a proposal of what he thought Crichton's plan was for the book and supplied an ending (Crichton had not) and a working title: *Micro World*, a technical term from biology basically referring to organisms the size of insects.

He got word that Sherri, Crichton's widow, wanted to meet him, and he traveled to Santa Monica, Calif., where he met with her and Bonnie Jordan, Crichton's longtime personal assistant, in Crichton's writing space, a nondescript home where Crichton worked in a spare, upstairs bedroom.

"Sherri was so taken that I had come so close to predicting the secret title of the book—*Micro*—that she thought I should see these notes, and she brought out notebooks and jottings on hotel notepads and told me no one had seen these, not even Nesbit."

Preston started an outline for the book, which became a 25,000 word "story bible." The three of them—Preston, Sherri and Jordan—all worked on the book with the two women making suggestions based on their knowledge of Crichton and his discussions with them about the book.

"Michael was obsessed with the literary trope of shrunken humans and watched movies like *Fantastic Voyage* with Sherri to get it right."

Preston began the actual writing in the spring of 2010. August of that year found

him in Hawaii, down on his hands and knees with a magnifying glass examining the floor of an Oahu rain forest for detail to use in the book.

According to Preston, Crichton "was concerned that young people today don't have the chance to experience the wonder of nature. So I tried to take readers on an odyssey through the micro world."

Preston thought part of the task was to recover the lost voice of the author Michael Crichton. He studied videotapes of Crichton for speech patterns, read all of Crichton's books

and did a technical study of Crichton's writing—how he went about his narratives, how he developed characters, etc.

"It was definitely a project where you had to check your ego at the door," says Preston, whose book *The Hot Zone* has sold more than 2.5 million copies.

"At one point, Bonnie handed back some of my work and she had crossed out the word 'meanwhile.' She told me that Michael never used the word in any of his books, that his narrative scenes were slam-bam and there was no meanwhile in them."

Sherri insisted that Preston keep the part that Crichton had written, which meant Preston had to adopt Crichton's style and tone. (Preston won't say where the transition is in the book).

In going through Crichton's notes, Preston came upon the words "to JR" jotted in them. Crichton mostly did not dedicate his books to anyone, but those words looked like a dedication to Preston, and he asked Bonnie who J.R. might be. A friend? Family? And then it came to them: Junior. When Michael died, Sherri had been pregnant with their child.

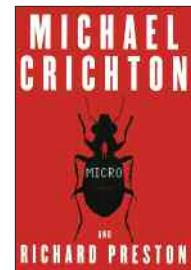
Preston put a photo of John Michael Crichton, Jr., then 3 years old, above his writing space, a way of remembering "the person I was writing for."

Micro was published in November, and Preston has resumed his own project, which he describes as a departure from his previous books, which were rooted in contemporary scientific discoveries. The coming book creates an imaginary world with non-human characters but "not aliens; it's not science fiction."

He hopes to have a first draft done by April and publication before 2014.

About *Micro*, he says he is happy how it turned out and "I like to think Michael would be, too."

"BONNIE HANDED BACK SOME OF MY WORK AND SHE HAD CROSSED OUT THE WORD 'MEANWHILE.' SHE TOLD ME THAT MICHAEL NEVER USED THE WORD IN ANY OF HIS BOOKS, THAT HIS NARRATIVE SCENES WERE SLAM-BAM AND THERE WAS NO MEANWHILE IN THEM."



MICRO

By Michael Crichton and Richard Preston '76

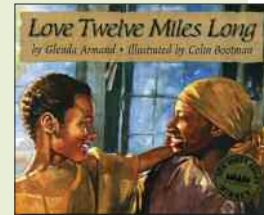
Harper, 2011 / 448 pages / \$28.99

LOVE TWELVE MILES LONG

Glenda Armand '75 and Colin Bootman

(illustrations) craft a heart-warming tale about the young Frederick Douglass and his mother, who tells Frederick the significance of every mile of her journey to visit him from another plantation.

Lee & Low Books, 2011 / 32 pages / \$17.95

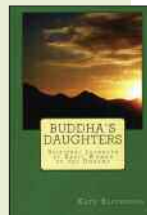


BUDDHA'S DAUGHTERS

Spiritual Journeys of Early Women of the Dharma

Kate Blickhahn '56 brings the stories of 50 important early Buddhist women to the forefront.

Peacock Titles, 2011 / 364 pages / \$15



THE PLEASURING OF MEN

Clifford Browder '50 weaves

the tale, set in the gay underworld of 1860s New York, of a young man who becomes a male prostitute for the elite, then falls in love with a client.

Gival Press, 2011 / 225 pages / \$20

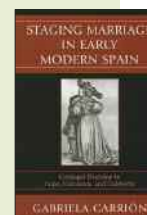


STAGING MARRIAGE IN EARLY MODERN SPAIN

Conjugal Doctrine in Lope, Cervantes, and Calderón

Gabriella Carrion '85, assistant professor at Bard College, examines the marriage in the Spanish comedia "in light of the intense debates raging over the 'seventh sacrament' in early modern Europe."

Bucknell University Press, 2011 / 136 pages / \$60



LOVE Unveiled

BY SNEHA ABRAHAM

Nura Maznavi '00 was tired of hearing everyone talk about Muslim women, without ever stopping to listen to Muslim women themselves.

"Nowhere in the public discourse did we see a reflection of the funny, independent and opinionated Muslim women we knew," says Maznavi, who, with co-editor Ayesha Mattu, thought an anthology could help fill the void. "We decided to compile our faith community's love stories as a celebration of our identity and heritage, and a way of amplifying our diverse voices, practice and perspectives."

In *Love, InshAllah: The Secret Love Lives of American Muslim Women*, 25 women chronicle their experiences of romance, dating, love and sex in the context of their varied relationships to their Muslim faith. ("InshAllah" means "God-willing.") For the anthology's co-editors, this was an opportunity to contribute something that subverts popular perceptions and stereotypes of Muslim women and also remind readers of the universality and complexity of the search for love.

The project began nearly five years ago. Maznavi and Mattu, who met through mutual friends, circulated a nationwide call for submissions and received more than 200 submissions. The criteria for the final selections? The writers had to be both American and Muslim and collectively represent

the spectrum of both identities. The contributors to *Love, InshAllah* are blonde or black; South Asian or Southern; divorced, single or polygynous; straight or lesbian. "It was very important to us that the final contributors reflect the ethnic, racial and religious—orthodox to cultural to secular—diversity of the American Muslim community," says Maznavi, who works as a civil rights attorney in Los Angeles.

Authenticity was key. Maznavi and Mattu had to build trust with their writers so that they felt comfortable exploring the parts of themselves that were sometimes difficult to write about. There were fears that they would be quoted out of context or tokenized,

LOVE, INSHALLAH

The Secret Love Lives of American Muslim Women
Edited by Nura Maznavi '00 and Ayesha Mattu

Soft Skull Press, 2012 / 256 pages / \$15.95



"FOR MANY OF OUR WRITERS, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THEY WERE SHARING THE PERSONAL AND INTIMATE DETAILS OF THEIR LOVE LIVES—NOT ONLY WITH THE PUBLIC, BUT SOMETIMES WITH THEIR FAMILY AND FRIENDS."

says Maznavi. But from the outset, the contributors were assured that none of their stories would be sent to print without their final approval.

"For many of our writers, it was the first time they were sharing the personal and intimate details of their love lives—not only with the public, but sometimes with their family and friends," she says.

Each of the editors contributed a chapter as well. Maznavi wrote about her crush on a Sri Lankan Catholic model and the dilemma of whether to kiss him or not. Mattu told the story of finding her soul mate in an Albanian agnostic—after 9/11 and before his conversion to Islam.

Getting the book to print was a hurdle. "Many of the first publishers we approached loved it, but were reluctant to publish a book by unknown writers meant for an untested market," Maznavi says.

An independent publishing house, Soft Skull Press, an imprint of Counterpoint, was won over.

This collection of stories dealing with everything from arranged marriage to Internet romance is vulnerable and intimate, as writing about matters of the heart requires. The hope of the book, says Maznavi, is that "we will discover that one of the things we all have in common is the desire to love and be loved for who we are."

JUDGING STATE-SPONSORED VIOLENCE, IMAGINING POLITICAL CHANGE

Drawing on the Nuremberg Trials and South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission, **Bronwyn Leebaw '94** of UC Riverside considers the question:

"How should state-sponsored atrocities be judged and remembered?"

Cambridge University Press, 2011 / 222 pages / \$32.99

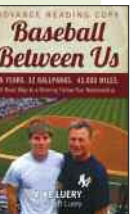


BASEBALL BETWEEN US

16 Years. 32 Ballparks. 43,000 Miles: A Road Map to a Winning Father/Son Relationship

Mike Luery '77 and his son Matt trace their road trips to visit ballparks across the U.S. and describe the bonding moments they experienced along the way.

Sleuth Publishing, 2011 / 314 pages / \$17.95

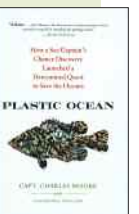


PLASTIC OCEAN

How a Sea Captain's Chance Discovery Launched a Determined Quest to Save the Oceans

Capt. Charles Moore and **Cassandra Phillips '72** open readers' eyes to the garbage that litters our oceans with a narrative blending scientific research and an inspiring call to action.

Avery, 2011 / 372 pages / \$26



TOO YOUNG TO RUN?

A Proposal for an Age Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

Politics Professor **John E. Seery** makes the case for lowering the age requirement for the presidency from 35 to 18.

Penn State University Press, 2011 / 200 pages / \$44.95



Stellar Vision

BY MARISA CHERRY '15

Tucked away in the basement of the Andrew Science Building, Room 58 carries a light-hearted vibe as students trickle in after lunch, chatting and cracking jokes as music blares in the background.

Then, back to work. Alongside Astrophysics Professor Philip Choi, the students turn to the tiny instruments that are deliberately arranged on a large table in the center of the astrophysics lab. This has been their calling for the past two years.

In January 2010, Choi and his research team received a four-year, \$637,138 National Science Foundation grant to build a groundbreaking adaptive optics system for the College's Table Mountain Observatory one-meter telescope in Wrightwood, about a 45-minute drive from Claremont in the San Gabriel Mountains. The optics will correct for the distortion in the atmosphere that is manifested in the twinkle of stars. The result? Image quality rivaling that produced by the Hubble Space Telescope.

Choi explains that the turbulence in the atmosphere—a result of clashes in air density and temperature—causes the distortion of stars, planets and other astronomical bodies viewed through telescopes. This is analogous to ripples in a swimming pool blurring the image of a penny at the bottom of the pool. Adaptive optics systems solve this problem with deformable mirrors that bend beams of light back on track based on how much distortion has altered their paths.

First, wave front sensors measure the distortion of light from a reference star. The sensors then send signals via high-powered computers to flexible mirrors that compensate for the distortion by deforming ever so slightly, as though there are little fingers pushing and pulling them from behind. This must occur every 1,000th of a second to keep up with the ever-changing atmosphere. If the system has done its job, stars that are

blurred due to the turbulent atmosphere instantly come to a sharp focus, with a factor of 10 improvement in image resolution.

The adaptive optics system is set to be integrated into the Table Mountain telescope by the end of 2013. Although the opacity of the atmosphere in some wavelengths will prevent adaptive optics telescopes from rendering space telescopes like the Hubble obsolete, Choi says that adaptive optics will allow scientists to "tailor the space missions to complement what we're doing from the ground."

Interestingly enough, Dr. Choi went into his undergraduate years planning on majoring in philosophy. A poor freshman enrollment time locked him out of philosophy seminars and opened up a slot for Astronomy 101. He came to realize that the natural sciences in general and astrophysics in particular would be the perfect avenue to allow him to continue exploring "the big questions...of why we're here, how we got here, where we're going."

Choi's research team includes Pomona Astronomy Professor Bryan Penprase, along with additional co-investigators and collaborators from Caltech, Harvey Mudd and Sonoma State. Add to that a crew of Pomona undergrads; among the most recent are Daniel Contreras '13, Claire Dickey '14, Anne Hedlund '14, Lorcan McGonigle '13, Will Morrison '12 and Alex Rudy '11.

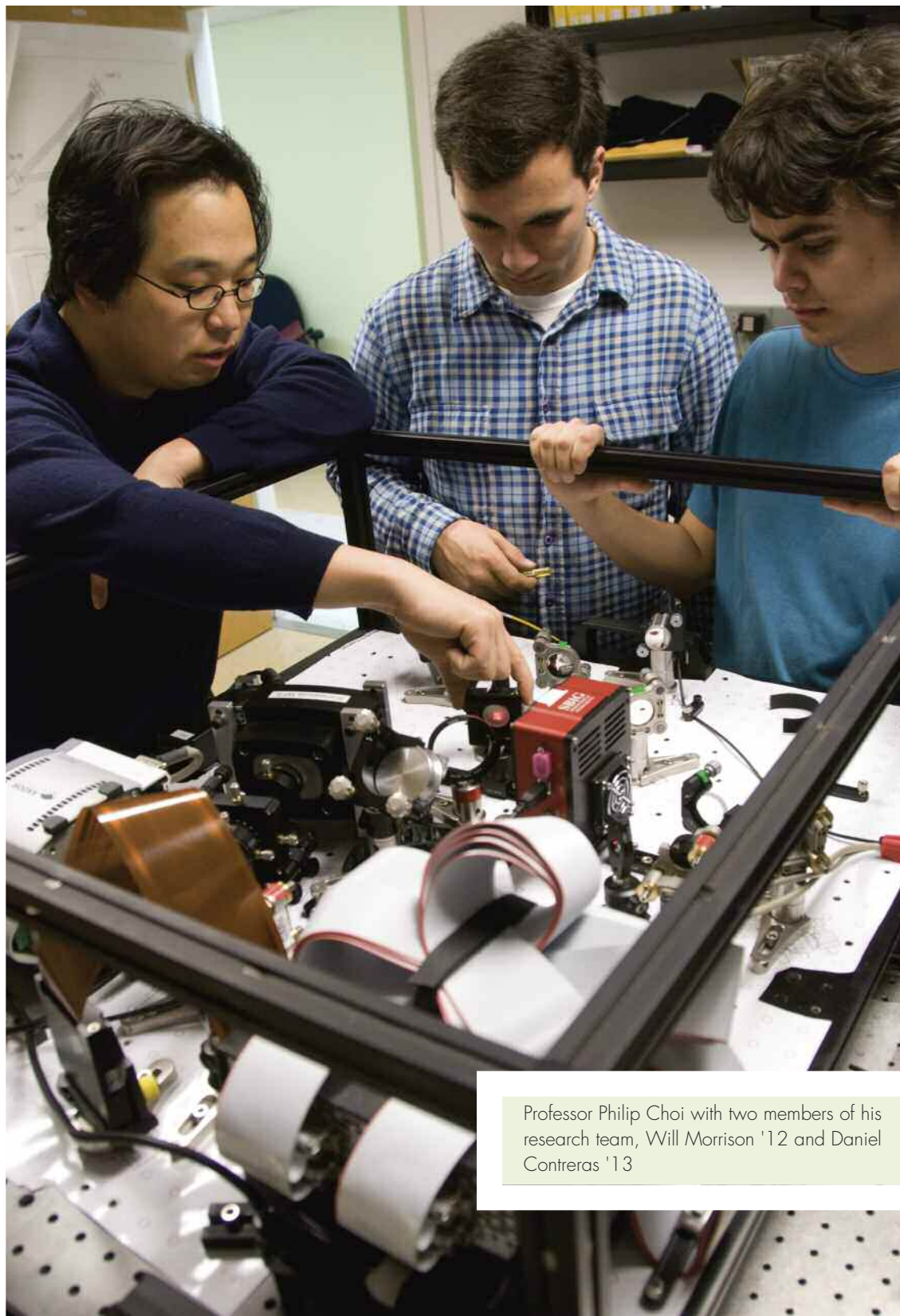
Choi enjoys doing research with undergraduate students because they are "not jaded. They're doing it for the enjoyment and for the love of it. ... To be in that exploratory mode is the most exciting part of science, I think. And so to be working with students who are all in that mode is inspiring."

For their part, the students like working on so many different aspects of the project, from software and programming to optical alignment and machining. Contreras notes the feeling of being "in the lab working on the code behind our instrument and just seeing everything work and everything just fit together so nicely. It's really awesome."

The research team also fits together well, with occasional In-N-Out runs when their work is done. As Morrison puts it, Professor Choi is "a fun person to be locked in a lab downstairs with for eight hours."

"TO BE IN THAT EXPLORATORY MODE IS THE MOST EXCITING PART OF SCIENCE, I THINK. AND SO TO BE WORKING WITH STUDENTS WHO ARE ALL IN THAT MODE IS INSPIRING."

As the day draws to a close, the students in Room 58 are still tinkering around with their model. They are quiet, concentrating on their work. The only noise is music playing in the background, a sort of soundtrack to their progress.



Professor Philip Choi with two members of his research team, Will Morrison '12 and Daniel Contreras '13

Memories of War

Students in Professor Tomás Summers Sandoval's Latino Oral Histories class spent the fall semester interviewing Chicano Vietnam veterans as part of a project that will live on for posterity.

The histories will be added to the Veterans History Project at the Library of Congress, which compiles first-hand accounts from U.S. veterans so that future generations may "better understand the realities of war."

The number of histories in the collection from Vietnam veterans is growing, but Summers Sandoval notes that only a small minority of those histories are from Chicanos. Contrast that with estimates that Chicanos, who often served on the front lines in Vietnam, accounted for a disproportionately high percentage of U.S. casualties in comparison to their proportion of the U.S. population.

To Summers Sandoval, who grew up in Southern California, the stories he's collecting hit close to home—his father, uncle, and "pretty much every male I knew growing up" were Vietnam veterans. "I approach it as a historian, but it also has a very personal connection for me," he says. "It's an endeavor to retrieve and start to analyze what is part of larger [Chicano] history."

The project involves recruiting volunteers, recording their oral interviews and compiling the interviews in a digital format to eventually be posted online. To find participants, Summers Sandoval and his students first targeted alumni networks of 1960s grad classes from East Los Angeles high schools, and have collected about 25 oral histories so far—in a year, he hopes to have 100.

"They're not just interviews about Vietnam, they're life stories," says Summers Sandoval, assistant professor of history and Chicano/Latino studies. "There's a strong sense of the entire process of surviving—adapting and learning to be a veteran of this war, learning to be one of the ones who survived, learning to live



with post-traumatic stress disorder. It's a culture of survival."

The interview process isn't always easy, dealing with subjects that can be hard to talk about, not to mention events that occurred 40 years in the past.

A Vietnamese American, Eryn Le Espiritu '13 noted in her final reflection piece for the class that she had initially felt some wariness about how the veterans might view her. But her fears were not realized and the interviews were "intimate but not threatening."

"I felt honored that the veterans shared their stories with me," she wrote. "I was struck by their intimate association with death, by the fragile miracle of their survival, by the lasting effects of war on their psyche and well-being. I realized that there was a way to feel heartfelt respect and admiration for these veterans as individuals, without compromising my pacifist politics."

Professor Summers Sandoval notes that after plenty of preparation, the students as a whole have been doing "very well."

"It's a very humbling thing to hear someone's life story—I'm always very grateful that a stranger is willing to share that with another stranger," says Summers Sandoval.

He has noticed a common thread among the veterans. "For a lot of them," the professor says, "at times ... it seems like they've found some kind of peace with the past."

—Anna Miller '13

Rockin' History

In Class with Professor Kevin Dettmar

PHOTOS BY CARRIE ROSEMA

In today's session of Flashpoints in Rock 'n' Roll History, Professor Kevin Dettmar recounts the 1980s rise of Irish rock band U2 to peak popularity with *The Joshua Tree*. The band becomes known for its sincerity and social consciousness, but Dettmar notes questions to consider regarding how U2 goes about promoting its causes.

The professor plays U.S. concert footage from U2's 1988 *Rattle and Hum* documentary in which the band performs an extended version of its early anthem "Sunday Bloody Sunday," about the conflict in Northern Ireland. Lead singer Bono interrupts the song with a fiery speech: "Irish Americans who haven't been back to their country in 20 or 30 years come up to me and talk about the resistance, the revolution. ... What's the glory in taking a man from his bed and gunning him down in front of his wife and his children? ... No more!"

That sets off the classroom discussion, abridged and edited here. Does the mid-song monologue undermine the music—and the message? Can Bono's American concert audience even grasp what he's talking about?

DETTMAR: So tell me what you saw ...

WILLIE: Bono was very emotional throughout. That's part of what makes him such a good performer. He was becoming really close with his audience, talking about the terrorism in his country.

LEE: The monologue in the middle just seems kind of over the top. If I had gone to see a band I really like I would mostly be going there to listen to their music, not to have them tell me about how I should change the world.



The Professor: Kevin Dettmar

At Pomona since 2008, Kevin Dettmar is the W.M. Keck Professor of English and chair of the English Department. He splits his research and teaching between British and Irish modernism, with an emphasis on James Joyce, and contemporary popular music. He is the author of *Is Rock Dead?*, editor for Oxford University Press of the book series *Modernist Literature & Culture* and general editor of the *Longman Anthology of British Literature*.

The Class: Flashpoints in Rock 'n' Roll History

Rock 'n' roll has both endured and enjoyed a rocky public reception since its earliest days: Bill Haley & the Comets' "Rock Around the Clock" (1954) provoked riots across the country. We will trace the "scandalous" history of rock 'n' roll through its public controversies. In such moments, we learn a great deal about what rock hopes to be, about its intrinsic contradictions and structural instability, and about the resistance it meets from its own fans.

DETTMAR: I think that the band and Bono, they have the best of intentions. ... But you can question their strategy. Part of the problem with these sermons in the middle of songs is they are implicitly saying the songs aren't powerful enough to do the work that we want them to do: We don't trust the song to carry the message.

SHERIDAN: The song keeps losing its momentum. All of a sudden Bono starts talking and preaching for two minutes. Then the song ends. Then they start playing again. They're trading off the actual musical quality for the preachiness and the message.



SARAH: Maybe they don't trust their songs to carry the message, but people in America do have a really big problem with not knowing what's happening outside of the U.S. I think this is one of the ways, maybe, that they can get people's attention.

DETTMAR: The problem is that if you don't understand the political situation—if you don't understand that they're from Ireland and that the violence is actually in Ulster, for instance—then what he says is too telegraphic. You're never going to understand it.

BEN: I find it interesting that people react against Bono being "preachy." Without that preachy nature, what is U2?

—Mark Kendall

Sam Holden '12 ACTING GLOBALLY

As a high school exchange student in Japan, Sam Holden '12 developed a strong interest in international relations and Asian studies. At Pomona, he has twice conducted summer research in Japan, studied abroad in Germany and lived in Oldenborg's language halls. He speaks four languages and is a mentor to two international students from Asia. A native of Colorado, Holden plans to pursue graduate study in Japan, with a focus on how that country's shrinking population and economy inform new approaches to sustainable urbanism.

Digging Beneath the Surface: "The summer after my freshman year, I went to Japan to make a documentary about Brazilian immigrants. I taught myself some rudimentary Portuguese and made contacts with both Brazilian and Japanese organizations. Japan appears to be a homogenous and equal society, so it was a very eye-opening experience to go to a community where the majority of the people are foreigners and don't speak Japanese, and to see the struggles they were going through."

"I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY I'VE HAD TO DISCOVER WHO IT IS I WANT TO BE AND WHAT I WANT TO PURSUE. AND TO BE ABLE TO DO THAT FREE OF FINANCIAL CONCERNS AND THE STRESS ASSOCIATED WITH STUDENT LOANS IS EXTRAORDINARILY IMPORTANT."

A New Frontier: "I've become very interested in the idea of post-economic growth society. In a country like Japan, where the population is declining and the economy has been stagnant, the question is: what does a society do when it can no longer count on growth to sustain the social

systems we rely on? Post-economic growth theory is about the need to move from competitive to cooperative economies, to think creatively about building robust communities that use fewer resources."

Community of Learners: "Oldenborg Center has been essential in helping me develop my language skills. I lived in Japanese Hall my sophomore year and in German Hall for a semester, and I still go to the language tables in the dining hall. Any time you're in a community of learners like that—and this goes for Pomona College as a whole—it helps to reinforce what you're doing in class."

Pray for Japan: "I had the opportunity to translate a collection of Twitter messages that were sent after the March earthquake and tsunami. In the immediate aftermath of the disaster, a 20-year-old Japanese college student created a website cataloging some of those messages. The site went viral in the first week, and about 70 of the messages, along with photos of support from around the world, were turned into a book, with parallel pages in Japanese and English. *Pray for Japan* has sold 100,000 copies, with all the money going to disaster relief."

Financial Aid: "It's a gift that I think about every day. I'm grateful for the opportunity I've had to discover who it is I want to be and what I want to pursue. And to be able to do that free of financial concerns and the stress associated with student loans is extraordinarily important. I want to make the most of the opportunities I've had here, and then use my education to give something back to the community."

SUPPORTED BY

- ▶ Research Assistantships
- ▶ Oldenborg Center
- ▶ Pacific Basin Institute
- ▶ Financial Aid



Daring Minds in Asia

President David Oxtoby and his wife, Claire, traveled to Asia last fall for an eight-day visit to Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand and Singapore. Accompanied by Chris Ponce, vice president of advancement, and Catherine Okereke, regional director of major gifts, they attended campaign events hosted by alumni, including Pomona trustee Bernie Chan '88 in Hong Kong, and brothers Yasuyuki '57 and Kenji '61 Igarashi in Tokyo. The group also visited schools in Hong Kong, Shenzhen, China, and Bangkok, and met with officials from the Ministry of Education and universities in Thailand to discuss liberal arts education.



President Oxtoby laughs at a joke from Bernie Chan '88 in Hong Kong.



Kenji Igarashi '61 offers a toast in Tokyo.



President Oxtoby greets Pomona parent Suren Dutt in Singapore.

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CRUZ REYNOSO '53:

NO TIME TO LOOK BACK



Cruz Reynoso '53 during his time on the California Supreme Court

BY MARY MARVIN

Since the 2010 release of an award-winning documentary about his life, Cruz Reynoso '53 has been appearing with producer-director Abby Ginzberg at high school, college and law school screenings around the country. But the 80-year-old, who led a ground-breaking fight in the '60s for the rights of farm workers and served as the first Latino justice on the California Supreme Court, has not stopped for long to look back.

An emeritus law professor at UC Davis who still teaches one semester each year, Reynoso is spearheading two investigations—one into the death of a young farm worker shot by police and another into the pepper-spraying of students at UC Davis during a peaceful protest last fall.

"I'm too active," says Reynoso with a laugh. "I'm also a member of the board of California Forward, a group that is trying to reform our dysfunctional state government. One of the things we are trying to do is get an initiative on the ballot this year to reform how the budget is put together. We realize how difficult it is to do anything, and we're prepared for failure. But we have to try."

That persistence is illustrated in the new documentary about his life. Shown on PBS stations nationwide and recently released on DVD, *Cruz Reynoso: Sowing the Seeds of Justice* (www.reynosofilm.org) combines archival footage and interviews with Reynoso and his contemporaries to tell the story of a turbulent time in California and

U.S. history. "What makes biographies interesting to me is the historical period in which a person lived," says Ginzberg, a former attorney who has been making documentary films for almost 20 years.

One of 11 children, Reynoso grew up in Southern California, working in the orange groves alongside his parents. At 16, he made what Ginzberg describes as the most pivotal decision in his life, when he chose to pursue an education, despite his mother's wishes that he continue working. A scholarship brought him to Pomona College and, after serving in the military, he went to law school on the G.I. Bill at UC Berkeley, where he was the only Latino in his class.

After graduating, he started a small law practice and joined the Community Service Organization, where he met Cesar Chavez. It would be the first step in a life devoted to public service. "One needed to do something beyond simply having a job just to support your family," says Reynoso in the film. "That was important. But the community and what was happening around you was always important to me."

In 1966, he was named director of California Rural Legal Assistance, Inc. (CRLA), the first legal aid program aimed at helping the rural poor. The success of CRLA drew the ire of agribusiness and Gov. Ronald Reagan, who vetoed funding for the program and accused it of undermining democracy. Reynoso led a successful three-year court battle to overturn Reagan's veto and is credited for helping to save the organization. "I think the fact there is an institution still there defending workers is a testimony to the ability of people like Cruz to navigate the shoals when you have enemies like Gov. Reagan," says Jerry Cohen, a former general counsel to the United Farm Workers Union who was interviewed for the documentary.

Ginzberg calls Reynoso an unsung hero of the legal profession and describes him as calm, focused and vigilant, even during the most trying periods of his career. "He could rise to the temperature of the moment, but he never raised the temperature, and that really made a difference," says Ginzberg.

Appointed by Gov. Jerry Brown to the state Supreme Court in 1981, Reynoso again became a political target, when supporters of the death penalty and business interests mounted a campaign for a statewide

retention vote that ousted Chief Justice Rose Bird, Justice Joseph Grodin and Reynoso.

"With respect to the attacks on the court, I never took it personally because I knew the attacks were false," says Reynoso. "Sad to say, those who were attacking the courts were very vigorous, and those defending the court had never been involved in that type of issue before, so they were in disarray. Most of what voters heard were attacks on the courts, particularly that we were not following the law. I told people if I believed what was being said, I'd vote against me."

"Cruz was the first Latino on the California Supreme Court, which was one of the biggest honors you could have, and then he suffered one of the biggest defeats four years later," says Ginzberg. "Neither one defined him. His attitude was: what can I do next? He didn't sit around licking his wounds."

In 2000, Reynoso was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Bill Clinton. The following year, as vice chair of the Civil Rights Commission, he led the only official investigation into voting irregularities in Florida in the Bush-Gore presidential election.

As a professor, Reynoso has become a role model to a new generation of idealistic young attorneys, says Ginzberg, who admits she too has been influenced by the subject of her film. "I've sort of adopted his view. He told me, 'I'm an incurable optimist. If I weren't, I wouldn't be able to do half the things I've done in my life.' Cruz also says that you can't think something is going to be easy, or because you win one battle you're not going to have to fight another. Justice is a constant struggle and we have to keep fighting."

Reynoso says he sees that same need to keep fighting reflected in the students he's met as a professor and during his travels with Ginzberg. "My life is simply a continuum in terms of the many hundreds and thousands of people who've come before me, who have been struggling for human rights, for social justice," he says. "I see it in the faces of those young people who will continue the struggle. It confirms my notion that things are never still; they're always moving, and we have to be there to protect those who don't have economic or political power."

CRUZ REYNOSO ON:

THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT: "I have really been pleased to see the Occupy Movement because it came at just the right time to balance the political scene. The reality of the last 20 to 30 years is that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer and the middle class is disappearing, and that is not a good thing for a democracy."

EDUCATION: "Education is a key to doing well in society. I hate to use harsh terms, but we've practically become immoral by placing the financial burden for education on the people least able to pay—the students—instead of having us as taxpayers, who are working or who have retirement pay, carry that burden. It's so different from what we've done in the past."

JUSTICE: "As a youngster I had what I called my justice bone. When I saw something that was really unfair or unjust it hurt, and so I felt compelled to do something about it to relieve that hurt. And I think that is still true today. So in some ways, what I do is a selfish effort to not hurt by taking on some of those issues."

GOVERNMENT: "We're now having a debate about whether the government should be big or small. I've always thought in a democracy that government should do what people want it to do irrespective of those descriptions of large and big. In some instances, big programs might be good, in others, small programs might work."

THE GOOD FIGHT: "I have always felt that even if you lose a good fight, you have gained something by helping educate people about the issue. So, hopefully, you win a number of the battles you're in, but even when you lose, you've done some good. Those of us who feel strongly about those issues have a duty to continue fighting, and I find that invigorating."

Taking the Baton

Sharon Paul '78 may never have launched her career in choral conducting if the late William F. Russell, Pomona's music director from 1951-82, hadn't been tardy to choir practice. Paul serendipitously took the baton in his stead, unaware of her professor's arrival.

"I think he watched from the back and thought, 'Oh! That's what Sharon should do with her life,'" Paul says. "He saw my abilities, felt I had strengths and nurtured them. I don't think I would have found conducting if I went to any other school."

Since then, Paul has carved out an illustrious career in choral conducting and, in February, will return to the Pomona campus as clinician of the 2012 Pacific Southwest Intercollegiate Choral Association (PSICA) Festival. Pomona, a founding member of the association in 1922, is hosting the festival for the first time in the College's recorded history. Per tradition, the host school's choral director selects the festival's clinician. Donna Di Grazia, Pomona's choral director and music professor, knew exactly who she wanted.

Di Grazia, who is coordinating the festival, points not only to Paul's talent as a musician and choral conductor, but also to the fact that her "professional work serves as a terrific example of how a liberal arts education can set a foundation that can lead to a significant career in the performing arts."

Paul, who entered Pomona at age 16, is equally pleased. "I'm so excited, I feel silly. I'm so happy to be coming back," says Paul, who lives in Oregon with her husband of 16 years and their seventh-grade son. "I'm feeling very nostalgic about my time at Pomona, and the further I get in my career, the more I realize how seminal that time was. I can't wait to walk the campus, be in the music building, just remember."

Paul has directed choirs around the globe—Berlin, Estonia, Finland, Germany, Italy, Latvia, Russia, Singapore and elsewhere. Holding an M.F.A. from UCLA and a D.M.A. in choral conducting from Stanford University,

Paul currently serves as professor of music, chair of vocal and choral studies and director of choral activities at the University of Oregon. For eight years prior, she was the artistic director of the San Francisco Girls Chorus (SFGC) and conductor of the organization's acclaimed ensembles, Chorissima and Virtuose. Paul joined the SFGC following what she called a "quirky career move," having left a tenured professor position at Chico State to do so.

As clinician of the 2012 festival, which will bring together about a dozen Southern California collegiate choirs to perform for each other, Paul will provide expert critiques of each choir's performance, lead a two-hour master class comprised of eight singers from each ensemble and conduct these top vocalists in a performance. She also will coach student conductors during the master class. Visiting performers will find in Paul an engaging conductor and teacher, enduringly influenced by her former instructor, Leonard Pronko, a Pomona professor since 1957. "He was the most engaging educator I'd ever seen, and that stuck with me," Paul says.

The PSICA festival will be held Feb. 25. Information: www.psicafest.org.

—Brenda Bolinger



Sharon Paul '78

Save the Date for Alumni Weekend 2012

Alumni Weekend 2012 is set for April 26-29. Although the class dinners are specifically for classes ending in 2 or 7, anyone is welcome to come back and enjoy the festivities. Two new Thursday evening events have been added—the Pomona Student Union dinner where alumni can discuss their Pomona memories with current students, and Physics in the Arts night in the Sontag Greek Theatre. The theme for the weekend will be "The Arts," and Daring Minds lectures will be held throughout the day on Friday. Other highlights include a preview presentation with drawings of the new studio arts building, as well as tours of the new North Campus residence halls, Sontag Hall and Pomona Hall.

See www.pomona.edu/alumniweekend for more information.

Glee Club to Europe

The Pomona College Glee Club, under the direction of Professor Donna M. Di Grazia, will be performing in Europe this spring:

St. James' Church, Piccadilly (London)
7:30 p.m., Friday, May 18

St. Mary's Church (Chesham, England)
Saturday, May 19 (Time TBA)

Centrum Kultury (Grodzisku Mazowieckim, outside of Warsaw, Poland)
7 p.m., Tuesday, May 22

St. Catherine's Church (Krakow, Poland)
7 p.m., Friday, May 25

The Evangelical Church (Wroclaw, Poland)
6 p.m., Sunday, May 27

The Evangelical Church (Weissensee, outside of Berlin, Germany)
7:30 p.m., Wednesday, May 30

The schedule is subject to change. For updates or more information, visit www.pomona.edu/alumniweekend.

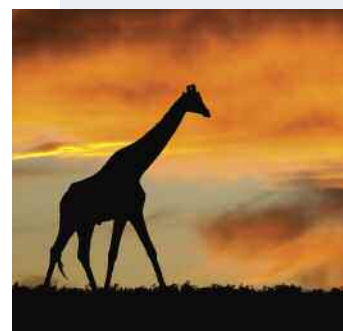
Call for Nominations

The Alumni Association is always seeking nominations for the Blaisdell Distinguished Achievement Award, the Alumni Distinguished Service Award and the Inspirational Young Alumni Award. See our website at www.pomona.edu/alumni/awards/nominations.aspx or email alumni@pomona.edu for more information.

Family Safari to South Africa

With Assistant Professor of Biology **Nina Karnovsky**
July 22 to Aug. 2, 2012

Visit private game reserves and experience up-close encounters with African wildlife. Participate in a junior ranger program. Explore



spectacular Cape Town and the Cape of Good Hope and witness the beauty of the Garden Route. Meet local families, play soccer with local kids and learn dances and

songs and how to play traditional African drums. For more information about this or any of our other study-travel experiences, contact the Alumni Office at 909-621-8110, or by email at alumni@pomona.edu.

ANSWERS from Page 64

1	C	A	B	D	R	I	V	E	R
10	A	L	A	I	I	R	A	N	O
12	M	E	R	E	V	I	S	T	A
14	S	E	G	U	E	S	E	E	D
16	E	V	E	S	R	H	E	R	S
21	L	O	O	T	B	A	N	E	D
27	V	I	D	E	O	P	E	R	I
29	E	L	I	R	A	E	M	I	R
31	R	A	C	E	T	R	A	C	K

Top of Mind

Pomona Provides Successive Leaders in Neuroscience

In an impressive feat for Pomona, a pair of alumni will helm the nation's 40,000-plus neuroscientists in back-to-back presidencies of the prestigious Society for Neuroscience.

Moses Chao '73 has been in the lead since November 2011, and in October, President-elect Larry Swanson '68 will take over. Both began their scientific careers in Claremont as the study of the brain and nervous system came of age.

Moses Chao majored in biochemistry at Pomona, where he did research with Professor Corwin Hansch. After a break from academics, working as a counselor in New York City, he returned to Southern California to earn a Ph.D. in biochemistry at UCLA. It was not until he started his own laboratory at the Cornell University Medical College in New York in 1984, that Chao turned his attention to something brain-related: a molecule called nerve growth factor, or NGF. He sought to identify the receptor that nerves use to grab onto NGF, like catching a baseball in a mitt.

Today, in his laboratory at New York University, Chao still works on growth factors including NGF and brain-derived neurotrophic factor (BDNF). As their names suggest, these proteins promote nerve survival and growth, so they are crucial during early child development. But they continue to work in the adult brain, maintaining the connections between nerve cells. With aging, these growth factors often start to disappear, and the nerve connections begin to disintegrate. Too little BDNF, for example, might lead to Alzheimer's disease, Chao says.

Therefore, it's no surprise that scientists have tried providing growth factors as treatments for diseases of the nervous system such as Alzheimer's or Lou Gehrig's disease. But they have had little luck; the problem, Chao

says, is that growth factors are large, sticky proteins that do not cross the blood-brain barrier and penetrate to the right location.

What if there was a better way? In 2001, Chao and colleagues reported, in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, on another option: a small molecule, adenosine, which mimicked the effects of growth factors on cells living in a dish. Adenosine has side effects in many tissues, such as the heart—but Chao says the paper proved that it should be possible to find small molecules that move through the body to the brain cells that need them. A decade later, his hunt goes on:

"We're still plugging away and trying to identify drugs that have protective effects," Chao says.

With the Society for Neuroscience, Chao served on various committees, as secretary, and as an editor of the Society's *Journal of Neuroscience* before his presidency. In his current role, Chao is focused on science funding. "Everybody's anxious about funding because of the gridlock in Washington," he says.

Larry Swanson discovered his love for neuroscience before it was called "neuroscience." While studying chemistry at Pomona, he took a course with Professor Clinton Trafton in what was then referred to as

"physiological psychology." Hooked on the study of the brain, he furthered his studies with a Ph.D. in neurobiology, from one of the nation's first programs at Washington University in St. Louis. There, he was wowed by scientists studying how different chemicals controlled the appetites of rats: one treatment made the animals hungry, another made them thirsty. How did the nerves in the brain control these desires? Swanson is still trying to figure that out today as a professor at the University of Southern California.

Although neuroscientists have a good handle on the interactions between one nerve ▶



Moses Chao '73



Larry Swanson '68

cell and another, they don't have an overall picture of the brain's circuitry, Swanson says. The brain has between 500 and 1,000 regions, and they talk to each other via a myriad of mostly-unknown connections.

Swanson is part of an effort to map how all the different parts of the brain interact. This unified wiring diagram is the "connectome," so-called in a nod to the sum of all genetic codes called the genome. It's the nervous system equivalent of the old skeleton song—"the leg-bone connected to the knee-bone," and so on—but with an estimated 100,000 connections, the brain's interactions are unlikely to be summarized with a simple ditty. Swanson's team is developing computer programs to keep track of all the interactions.

The current lack of a brain map is stonewalling researchers trying to develop medicines for conditions like schizophrenia. "We're almost at a dead end in terms of trying to get effective cures," Swanson says. "We need to know how the brain works in order to fix it." For example, he wants to suss out the parts of the brain that connect together to control appetite. If he knew which part of that circuit goes wrong in someone who is obese, for example, he might be able to repair the wiring, shutting down hunger.

Swanson attended the first Society for Neuroscience meeting in 1971 and has come back every year since. Like Chao, he served on committees, as secretary and as editor for the *Journal of Neuroscience*. During his tenure as president, Swanson hopes to boost international collaboration among neuroscientists.

—Amber Dance



Tributes of the Class of 2015

The Pomona tradition carries on in many Sagehen families. Pictured from left to right: Hannah Wayment-Steele, Bryn Launer, Lila Hawkinson, Ella Taranto, Miranda Starr, Daniel Choi and Hannah Brown. Not pictured: Nicholas Browne, Kenton Freemuth, Mary Kamitaki, Sam Kaplan, Eric Pasewark and Aaran Patel.

/in·memoriam/

Edward W. Malan

Emeritus Professor **Edward W. Malan '48**, one of the most influential members in the history of the Pomona College Physical Education Department, died Sept. 6, 2011, at age 88.

Malan came to Pomona as a student in the early 1940s and was already active in athletics, playing football and earning a letter as a running tackle, when, in May 1943, he was among a contingent of men who left campus for the U.S. Army. After serving with distinction in Europe, he returned to Pomona, graduating in 1948 and joining the faculty as an instructor two years later. He went on to earn a master's at the Claremont



Graduate School as well as an Ed.D. from UCLA, and in 1960 was promoted to professor of physical education and named director of athletics, a role he filled through 1978. During this time the challenging yet rewarding process of equalizing men's and women's athletics was begun, and the number of intercollegiate competitive sports rose from seven to 17.

In addition to coaching several years of both varsity and frosh football (including an 8-0 season with the 1950 frosh football team in his first year), Professor Malan coached track and field until 1966 and golf later on in his career. He founded the department's Athletic Hall of Fame in 1958, oversaw its induction ceremonies for 42 years and in 1989 was himself awarded an honorary induction. That same year, he also received the SCIAC Distinguished Service Award. Along with serving as the College's NCAA representative, he was very active in the NCAA Council and was elected to the presidency for Division III.

As a resident of Claremont, he was elected to the City Council twice, for the 1962-66 term and again for 1968-72, during which time he was mayor from 1970-72. He retired from Pomona in 1989 but remained active with the College and, in 2001, received its Alumni Distinguished Service Award.

"Coach Malan was a class act and a wonderful person," says Athletics Director Charles Katsiaficas. "We all looked up to him; he was a great role model and mentor to so many of us through the years. We are blessed for the many years he shared with us here at Pomona."

Richard M. Sheirich

Richard M. Sheirich, emeritus professor of German, died from cardiac arrest at his home in Claremont on Dec. 11, 2011. He was 84 years old.

He was born in 1927 in Erie, Penn., and attended local schools through high school. As his parents felt 16 was too young to go to college, he spent an extra year at Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts, graduating in 1945. He attended Colgate University in Hamilton, N.Y., for part of his freshman year before enlisting in the U.S. Navy. After a year's service at Williamsburg, Va., he was discharged and returned to Colgate to complete his undergraduate degree in 1949.

He earned a master's degree in German from Northwestern University, and a Ph.D. in German from Harvard University in 1965. He also held a DAAD Fellowship at Universität Ham-



burg in 1957-58. After teaching at Colgate and UC Berkeley, he joined the Pomona faculty in 1965, and for 31 years taught courses in German language, literature and culture ranging from early tribal migrations to the Cold War and reunification. He also conducted research on Viennese poet, novelist and playwright Richard Beer-Hofmann, producing a number of articles

as well as an edition of Beer-Hofmann's correspondence, *Der Briefwechsel mit Paula, 1896-1937*. Most summers, Professor Sheirich spent time in Vienna, doing research.

In the 1990s he led a major grant-funded project, "German across the Curriculum," to better integrate the study of German into non-language courses in the humanities and social sciences. The goal of the project, funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, was to improve foreign-language skills and to promote, among both faculty and students, a greater understanding of the complexities inherent in a foreign culture and of the relationship between language and other disciplines in the humanities and social sciences.

He also served on the Alumni Council and, more recently, on the Emeriti Committee. Many in the college community will miss seeing him walk with his wife of 49 years, Perdita, class notes editor for *PCM*, to and from campus in the early evening.

Upon retiring, Professor Sheirich expressed his gratitude for the fact that "one becomes a part of college life, yes, but it works the other way, too. The College, and a surprising number of students, also become a part of our lives."

Memorial contributions to a fund supporting research and travel for students in German may be made to Pomona College, in care of Don Pattison, Donor Relations, 550 N. College Ave., Claremont, CA 91711.

Herbert B. Smith

Herbert B. Smith, emeritus professor of history, died Sept. 28, 2011, at his home in Mount San Antonio Gardens, Claremont, where he had lived since 1985. He was 93.

After obtaining his B.A. from the University of Iowa in 1940, he taught social studies for a year before he enlisted in the U.S. Army and was sent to Officer Candidate School. After graduation, he became the post chemical officer at Camp Butner, N.C., where, among other duties, he conducted countless drills against chemical attack for the units stationed there. He later was assigned to the information and education headquarters in Paris, helping to establish a post-hostilities education program for soldiers awaiting their return home.

After earning his M.A. degree in history at the University of Iowa and a Ph.D. in history at UC Berkeley, Professor Smith



came to Pomona College in 1952. He was hired to teach French history, which he did for many years, regularly offering such courses as Absolutism and the Enlightenment in Europe, The French Revolution and the European Response and the History of Russia, in addition to Western Civilization. Smith also served as associate director of admissions and director of financial aid

during the 1960s, and it was on his watch that Pomona established a policy of "need-blind" admissions.

After a one-year, Fulbright-funded sabbatical at Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok, he returned to full-time teaching at Pomona in 1969. Besides offering a new course on Southeast Asia, Smith was one of the creators of the two-semester introductory Asian history sequence—Asian Traditions and Revolution and Social Change in Modern Asia—that is still taught today.

He loved to travel, and he and his wife Dorothy traveled in the way that adventurous people did in the 1950s and early 1960s—by freighter and local trains and buses—to countries in Central Asia, the Middle East and Africa that did not see many American tourists in those days.

Smith retired in 1983 as the John Sutter Miner Professor of History after 31 years of teaching at Pomona. At the time, the College reported that he confessed to having had three serious loves in his life: his late wife, Dorothy, formerly a psychologist at Monsour Counseling Center; Clio, the muse of history; and the goddess Pomona. Shortly before he died, his fellow residents at Mount San Antonio Gardens made him the poet laureate of the Gardens.

—Don Pattison and Sam Yamashita

2012 – 1887 = 125

Cryptic Crossword Answers on Page 59

Racing Around by Lynne Willems Zold '67

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.”])

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
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27					28			
	29				30			
31								

- ACROSS**
- Taxi chauffeur is a common job in big cities. (9)
 - A Latin athlete is initially part of the game. (4)
 - Eye dripped: heard about it in the Near East. (4)
 - Barely bald. (4)
 - Avis takes a little time to reassess the long view. (5)
 - Short segment due, not an extra day for a smooth transition. (5)
 - Type of money can be planted. (4)
 - First ladies just before Christmas and New Year's. (4)
 - That woman's seen on a towel. (4)
 - Tool returned; stolen goods. (4)
 - Poisoned boy and never even detained at first. (5)
 - Not audio-visual. (5)
 - Misguided ripe Persian fairy. (4)
 - Rail travel earns you money. (4)
 - Semi-royal held captive a Near East ruler. (4)
 - Tear crack apart at Ascot. (2 words, 4,5)

- DOWN**
- Rotating pieces of machinery can also make sense at the outset. (4)
 - A Confederate general was sheltered. (4)
 - Rush in boat. (5)
 - Heard about unsettled God in France. (4)
 - Confused beaver riot sapped energy on Mark Twain's vessel. (9)
 - Types of coffee and Abie's Rose. (5)
 - Half of Vaseline container. (4)
 - Go into renter's housing (5)
 - Broads lopped off short brother's arteries. (5)
 - Lever used to create young eel. (5)
 - Volvo or impala lackluster automotive leaders: just look here! (5)
 - Steer alternate unit of volume. (5)
 - Melodic finalists relate to lyric poems. (4)
 - Papers hide mime. (4)
 - The red rice mixture. (4)
 - Dangerous instruments, radical knowledge leads to a weapon. (4)

Founders Day 2012 will mark the 125th anniversary of Pomona College's incorporation. Like all such milestones, this will be a moment for both celebration and reflection.

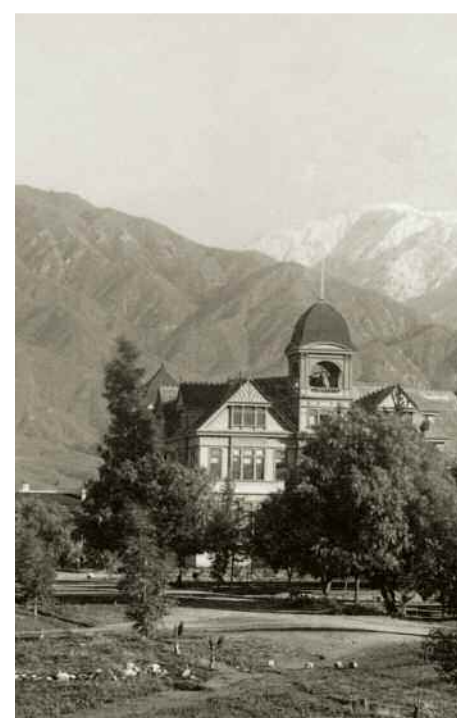
The observance of Pomona College's Quasquicentennial—the awkward but proper term I feel obliged to use just once before returning to the more agreeable 125th—will be focused around Founders Day in October. There will be a variety of events and activities on campus—performances, open houses, a campus-wide party—involving not only Pomona students, faculty, staff, alumni and parents, but also the College's extended community in Claremont and beyond. But while the October event will be the focal point, other initiatives, beginning in coming months and extending into 2013, will commemorate our history, celebrate our present, and project our future. That the 125th falls during the College's Campaign Pomona: Daring Minds is auspicious, allowing us to set our future goals in their proper context, as a continuation of the long trajectory of our history.



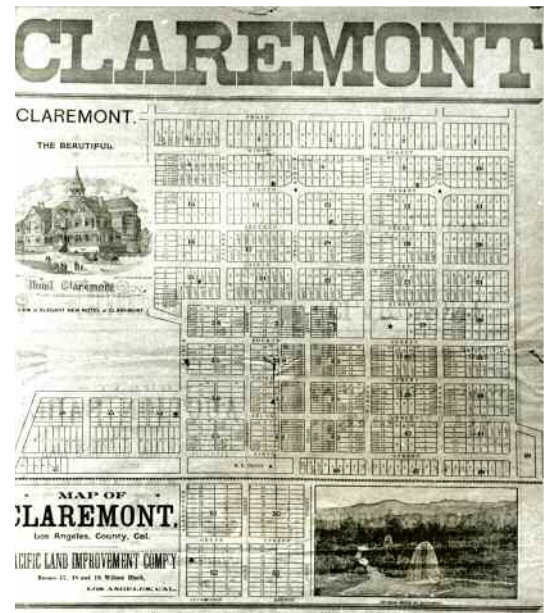
The celebration of anniversaries is a near-universal human activity, one that answers a deeply felt need to mark the rhythms of our collective lives. For institutions, as for families, anniversaries remind us of the commonality of past and future. This anniversary offers us an opportunity to rededicate ourselves to the principles upon which this institution was founded; to recognize the progress made over the past 125 years; and to think about our future—about how to build on the College's extraordinary accomplishments in the most productive ways for the benefit of future generations of Pomona students and the wider communities they will serve.

You will hear more about this subject both from me and from others in the months to come as planning continues for celebrating this milestone in Pomona College history.

David Oxtoby
President



Photos on this page, from above: the Pomona College campus circa 1893, with Holmes and Sumner Halls; Ayers Cottage, where the first Pomona classes were held in 1888; the graduating class of 1894; Bridges Hall of Music circa 1950; and a map of Claremont, circa 1888, the year before the College moved into the former Claremont Hotel.



Pomona's new 125th anniversary logo is a fusion of two pieces of Pomona's historical iconography. The rounded lozenge shape (like a football standing on end) is taken from the Pomona College Founders' Seal, Pomona's oldest visual icon. The outline of the central image, which has been described as a column transmuting into a flame or a banner, is taken from Pomona's centennial logo, created in 1987. Expect to see this logo on the magazine and many other publications throughout the 125th-anniversary year.