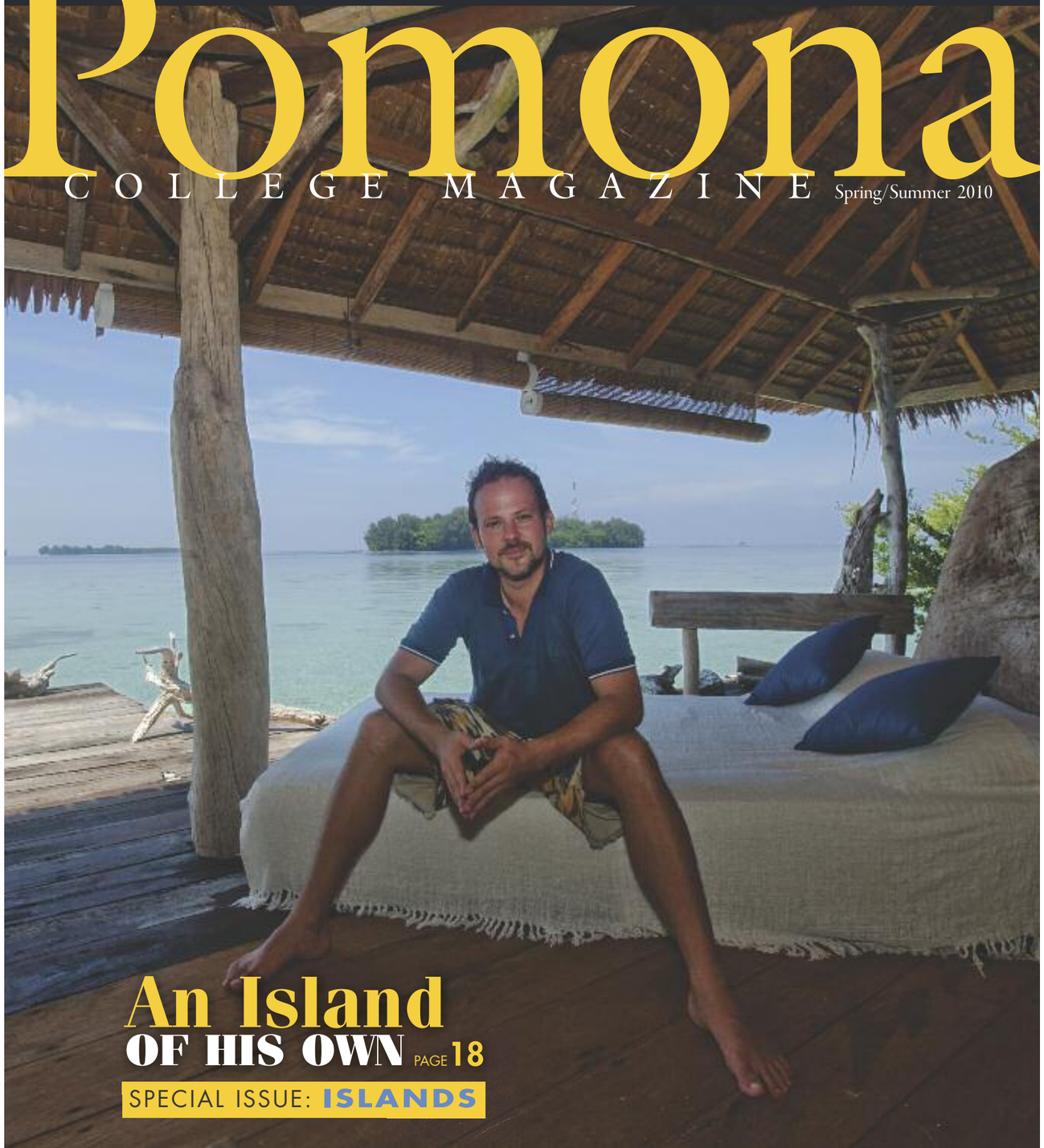
INSIDE: IRELAND, HAITI, HONG KONG AND TEXAS (YES, TEXAS...)

Pomona

COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Spring/Summer 2010



An Island OF HIS OWN

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SPECIAL ISSUE: ISLANDS

Pomona College

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Roderick des Tombe '01 at his island eco-resort of Pulau Macan, Indonesia.
—PHOTO BY ED WRAY

Island of the Mind

Kenny Rogers doesn't know this, but the country singer helped hold my life together for a good chunk of 2009. On a lark, one day I popped his ancient greatest-hits tape into the cassette player and in no time my 6-year-old daughter was entranced by the catchy tune of "The Gambler." Lauren has severe autism and can only summon a word or two once in a while. But it's easy to tell when she really likes a song because she'll urgently raise her arms for you to lift her up and sway her to the music or spin her around, almost like you're dancing for her.

Lauren's musical tastes range from Enya to Raffi, but Kenny Rogers really had her hooked. So we got the CD and Kenny became the go-to guy to restore calm whenever Lauren was upset and we weren't sure why, which is frequently the case. Kenny even came along on the car ride for our one-night-stay vacation to San Diego, a trip that, due to autistic issues ranging from dietary restrictions to diapering, required the sort of planning and precision normally reserved for a hostage-rescue raid on a booby-trapped building. Things went well enough that I floated the idea of staying another night, before my saner wife gave me a dose of reality. She knows when to fold 'em.

This is just a snippet of life on our little autistic island, and country-western isn't the only way to connect with Lauren. Still the formal "communication systems" used for kids with Lauren's disabilities have been hit-or-miss. A common method using drawings of objects and people proved too complicated. So now we've turned to a very literal approach. Lauren hands us a little plate when she wants more to eat, she tears a Velcro-attached toy shovel off the wall near the front door to tell us she wants to go out and play, and so on. More recently, my wife has been prototyping a pocketed vest that has Lauren's key objects on strings for her a pull out when needed—it's sort of a Girl-Scouts-meets-MacGyver look.

Even with the creative communication techniques, the shortcomings are still readily apparent. We can lay out choices for her, but how does she ask for a food that isn't in view? Like many kids with autism, Lauren has lots of gastrointestinal troubles and, also like many kids with autism, she often has trouble sleeping. When she's up late crying and restless, we can't know for sure whether her pain is physical or emotional, and that can make for some long and agonizing nights.

Another complication comes with the fact that Lauren often *does* seem to understand what other people are saying. Kids at the park have innocent questions—can she talk? Is she a baby? It's tougher when adults talk in front of her as if she weren't there, assuming that if she can't speak, she also can't hear.

But for all the communication challenges, Lauren certainly has found ways to make her will known. She'll smile and laugh when she's getting the attention and pout when her brother is. Offer her a food she doesn't want and she'll shove your hand away in a manner that would make Marie Antoinette proud. But she will stalk forbidden chocolates with eye-of-the-tiger determination. And music remains one of her prime ways to relate to the world around her. Kenny Rogers' once-magical sway has faded a bit, but putting Lauren to bed to the sounds of his greatest hits album still seems to help calm her. The only hitch is when the CD reaches Kenny's schmaltzy love song, "Lady," and Lauren invariably starts to cry and complain. It seems she just can't stand that sappy ballad. I completely understand. —*Mark Kendall*

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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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Original Omission

I would like to correct an error in the article titled "North & South" in the winter issue. Pomona College was not founded "on a mesa north of the actual city of Pomona," as described on page 18 of this issue, but in the heart of the city of Pomona. There is still standing an inscribed bronze and stone marker on the corner of Mission Avenue and White Avenue on the original site of the College. The bronze marker features a bas relief depiction of the original building "where the first session of Pomona College" was held, listing Sept. 12, 1888 as the date of this session. The marker was donated by the Historical Society of the Pomona Valley in the late 1930s.

Clearly, the College had long outgrown such a small building, but it is a part of Pomona College's history nonetheless. As a proud parent of a '03 Sagehen, and proud resident of the city of Pomona, I think it is important to recognize the role this city had in the beginning of Pomona College.

—*Joan McIntire P'03*
Pomona, Calif.

Editor's Note: *Thanks for helping to complete an incomplete bit of history. The College did hold its first classes at a temporary site, the Ayer cottage in Pomona, until construction could begin on the mesa. What the story says, however, isn't wrong—the College did plan to build its first permanent building on a mesa north of the city, laying a cornerstone and holding a ceremony before the project fell through, according to E. Wilson Lyon's* The History of Pomona College, 1887-1969.

Old Musicals, Fresh Passions

With regard to the winter issue's excerpts from Jon Bailey's class on musical theatre: When analyzing musicals of the post-war era, the idea that *The Music Man* does not address social issues is inaccurate. Meredith Wilson wrote the scathing indictment of life in small-town America highlighting the prejudiced, book-banning and perfectly dreadful citizens of River City in a manner we should all consider the next time a small-town mayor asserts that she "can see Russia from her house."

Other plays of the era were socially relevant, too. In 1947, *Finnian's Rainbow* attacked racism aggressively. In 1949, *South Pacific* dealt with similar issues. *Flower Drum Song*, *Most Happy Fella*, *Pipe Dream*, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and even *The King and I* dealt with serious social issues ranging from imperialism and slavery to poverty, child abuse, equal rights, immigration, feminism (slightly) and family relationships. There are plenty of serious issues that are not race-centric.

To dismiss this time period so lightly shows a lack of information and experience. It is easy to generalize, but it is important to remember that all of the advances of the 1960s sprang from the incredible courage and work done in the 1950s, building on the foundation of the dreams of social progress that began with the W.P.A. theatre projects.

I know it seems like "forever ago" but, as we are expected to know about Shakespeare and *Our American Cousin* in history, I think we could also learn a bit more about newer, seemingly "lightweight" decades—especially as we can rent the videos and see for ourselves.

—*Elizabeth McNally Pettus '80*
Santa Fe, N.M.

What a fascinating collection of letters I received after *PCM*'s feature about my class "Musical Theatre in America." The responses from alumni indicate that this genre is alive and well, not only on Broadway but in the hearts of many Pomona graduates. I want to assure those who felt Meredith Wilson's *The Music Man* was somehow slighted in a casual comment made by a student that, indeed, its social relevance is of such importance I've decided to include it in next year's line-up for the course!

—*Jon Bailey*
Professor of Music Emeritus

Piping Professor

The eulogy for Professor Donald B. McIntyre was deservedly impressive but didn't mention his bagpipes. He would wear his kilt and play the pipes at dances and other grand occasions, saying a few words in his Scottish burr. As a history major, I took his geology class in 1956 as one of my "seven pillars." It was my first encounter with a scientist, and it shocked me with a first-quarter "C." Apparently this thin, quiet and very young man assumed we were adults who would read the textbook without being given assignments! On exams, he wanted every single relevant fact—never mind writing a liberal-artsy essay! Second quarter, I caught up a few hundred pages and did much better. Meanwhile, some of us felt he needed a wife to feed him well and bring out his shy sense of humor. We were soon pleased to hear he'd brought one from Scotland, surely a rosy-cheeked and capable woman! I was not surprised that the eulogy described him as a loving husband and father. Certainly he was a fine person and professor—and a fine piper.

—*Lucy Dickinson Phillips '60*
Dover, Mass.

P.S. I wish *PCM* had more photo captions! Even in the text, photo subjects can remain mysterious, as in the winter issue's "Closer," about combined families.

Editor's Note: *Good point about the photo captions—we've added more in this issue.*

Website Reaction

I can only imagine how much time and effort must have gone into such a massive re-design of *pomona.edu*. While I applaud the effort, I am sad to see the outcome. Visually, this site looks like a step backward in time. I can't believe the prominent use of such a drab blue color for the background. The rotating banner images are too busy and draw my eyes in every direction. And please don't get me started on the graphic used for "Pomona" in the main banner/header image. What's up with all the curved lines intersecting?

Overall the site reminds me of a bad corporate PowerPoint template from the '90s. It's certainly not a website that accurately reflects the beautiful and cutting-edge educational institution that Pomona is.

—*Mark Kawano '00*

Time-Delay Photography

With regard to "Tank Man" by Terril Jones '80 in the Fall 2009 issue, the writer states: "The visceral responses that the photo has evoked make me wish I had come forward with it publicly much sooner."

No, no! Think about those born 20 or so years ago. Would they have been aware of this incident without the photo—or—its universal exposure made possible by today's electronic marvels? Not to mention those of us whose memories of the tragedy were renewed.
In my opinion, Mr. Jones' timing was appropriate for the greatest impact.

—Janice McNeilly P'79

Sontag Memories

A philosophy major at Pomona I was not, but I decided an early modern European history major should have some exposure to ancient philosophy. So, I took Professor Fred Sontag's introductory course on the subject. In class, he had a wondrous, if tortuous, way of suppressing yawns, provoked, no doubt in part, by clueless responses of non-philosophy majors like myself. Thereafter, whenever I encountered someone politely attempting to conceal their boredom or fatigue, I mentally identified the act as a "Sontag Yawn."

One day, however, I offered a response in class that, in retrospect, would have elicited the opposite reaction to a yawn from Dr. Sontag (had he only been there!), and I once embarrassingly wondered if it ever got back to him. You see, it was to be his first lecture on Plato for this class, but for some reason he was absent and left this onerous(?) task to his colleague Professor Jones, the personification of an Oxford don. To break the ice, I guess, he asked the class what immediately came to mind when they thought of Plato. Absolute silence followed. So, like a good history major, I volunteered, "Well, wasn't he a war baby?" (Yes, in broad terms, Plato was a displaced Athenian child of the Peloponnesian War.) Again, absolute silence followed, except for the muted sounds of rubbernecking in my direction.

Even the loquacious Dr. Jones was nonplussed.

I had the consolation of doing better in a later class political philosophy offered by Professor Barrett at Scripps (where I also met my future wife now going on 52 years.) But, then, even genteel Dr. Barrett never possessed anything approaching the gift of a "Sontag Yawn."

—Paul Christopher '58
Upper Ojai Valley, Calif

Faraway Café

While visiting Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkney Islands (part of Scotland), I spotted the Pomona Café on the main street. Its display cases held delicious looking "home bakes." I thought about Some Crust bakery in Claremont.

—Linda Whitson P'89
San Pedro, Calif.

Editor's Note: *A bit of web surfing reveals that Orkney's main island—usually known simply as The Mainland—is also sometimes called "Pomona." "Due to an early cartographic error the name still appears incorrectly on numerous maps as 'Pomona,'" says Orkney history website, orkneyjar.com. There also is a Pomona Island (named after the Orkney mainland) in Lake Manapouri in southern New Zealand, according to the Pomona Island Charitable Trust.*

47 Sighting

We are writing to report another "47" sighting. We are enthusiastic Minnesota Twins fans, and we were very excited to have tickets for their first series against the Boston Red Sox in this inaugural season at Target Field in downtown Minneapolis. During our initial walking tour of the new stadium, we were lured into a Pro Shop featuring vintage sports apparel. To our delight we saw the manufacturer's label on the clothes, hangars and signage—Banner '47.

Our son Dan Drehmel '10 is graduating in May and we are bringing him a '47 Minnesota Twins shirt.

—Sue and Bill Drehmel P'10
St Paul, Minnesota

Alumni and friends

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

Photo by Marie-Louise Avery

Student Film / *Ian Carr '10*

Cannes-Do Attitude

Ian Carr '10 and his friend Andrew Wesman grew up next door to each other, hopping the fence between their houses and making films. Their most recent film, *Shelley*, was chosen in April as an official selection for the Cannes Film Festival's Cinefondation competition, which features short films by students who are usually in graduate programs.

In *Shelley*, a 14-year-old girl commits a horrendous act, and the main story is the psychological aftermath for the girl and her boyfriend. "It's about how two people can share a single event and have completely different responses to it and how it can end up driving them apart," says Carr, who produced the film with director Wesman, who is graduating from Harvard.

Carr and Wesman shot the film over eight days last summer at a house in Cape Cod, Mass. Carr credits the problem-solving skills he has learned as a computer science major for helping him with his movie work: "films really are just a series of problems that you have to solve."

The day after graduation, Carr planned to drive back to his hometown of San Francisco to hop a plane for France to attend the festival. "It's ending college with something of a bang," says Carr.

—Laura Tiffany

Photo by Carlos Puma

Liberal Arts / *The Art of Biology*

HOW TO BUILD A MOBILE BIOLOGY LAB FROM SCRATCH (AND PEDAL IT TO L.A. AND BACK)

For art major Sam Starr '10, fiberglass and fungus came together in unique ways to help propel his quest to craft a bicycle-driven biology lab. Ride along as Starr builds his "Velolab" and takes science to the streets of Los Angeles.

1

Get seriously into cycling during your senior year of high school. Head off to Spain for a year to race on an amateur cycling team. Start at Pomona with an interest in philosophy. Switch course to an art major after taking a painting class.

2

Attend an environmental lecture by mycologist Paul Stamets on "Six Ways Mushrooms Can Save the World." Get inspired by his surprising fungal solutions to problems such as oil spills. Begin to ponder new ways to combine art and science.

3

Take a year off from Pomona to work with fungi in a lab at the University of Minnesota back in your home state. Dig it. Make it your mission to bring lab work out into the public realm. Hatch a plan to craft a mobile biology lab complete with laminar flow hood, autoclave and incubation chamber.

4

Start work in your dad's garage, using foam insulation, fiberglass cloth and epoxy resin. Through Craigslist, get your creation on a moving truck to the West Coast in time for the start of fall semester. Resume work, this time in Pomona's art studio, getting some help from Professor Michael O'Malley. Prime and sand. Prime and sand. Prime and sand.

5

Land an invitation to UCLA's Outlaw Biology Symposium, devoted to public participation in science. Launch the Velolab for its maiden voyage, a 50-mile ride across Los Angeles to the event. Field questions from curious motorists along the way. Learn to shout out gaspy, one-sentence answers: "It's a mobile biology lab!"

6

Make it there in a breezy 3½ hours. Gather lots of ideas at the symposium on what to use the lab for. Endure the six-hour uphill ride back to Claremont hauling the 130-lb. lab. Finally make it home. Wolf down about four meals' worth of grub at Frary Dining Hall.

Photo by John Lucas

Theatre / *Shaking up Shakespeare*

As **We** Like It

Students in Pomona's Theatre for Young Audiences class spent spring semester spitting rhymes—in iambic pentameter. The class paired college students with middle-schoolers to create an original adaptation of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, intertwining scenes from their own lives.

In the process of creating *As We Like It!*, students learned about writing, acting in and producing a play. "It broke my shell," Fremont Middle School student Ann-Marie Castañeda said during a question-and-answer session following the final performance. "I do more stuff now and I'm not as afraid."

The program partners Fremont Middle School, located in a mostly low-income neighborhood in the city of Pomona, with the College's Theatre and Dance Department and the on-campus Draper Center for Community Partnerships. This year's class, composed of 23 seventh and eighth graders and 19 Claremont Colleges students, was the largest since the annual undertaking began three years ago.

The Fremont students met weekly with Claremont Colleges students and instructor Rose Portillo '75, a veteran actress. At the beginning of the year, they discussed stereotypes and shared personal stories about times of betrayal or family feuds.

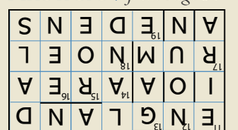
"First they would try to be proper, then [we would say] 'Really, what would you say to your mom? What would you say in front of her? What would you say behind her?'" says Portillo. "Then it becomes what every actor does: How do you personalize it? Have you ever been betrayed? They pull the scene apart and once there's some resonance, they can make it personal, which is the magic of theatre."

The program not only built students' confidence, but also created trust and rapport between the college and middle-school students. "They connect to us," says Fremont student Paula Osorio about the college mentors. "They understand us and we understand them."

"I share a commonality with them—," says LaFaye Garth '13, who served as a mentor in the spring semester, "the different emotions we go through in middle school: teachers, gossip, boyfriends, nervousness, worrying about stereotypes while trying to get to know who I am."

Performance day arrived in late March. Students put on the show twice, first for a theater full of Fremont students and, finally, for parents and members of the community. When it was all over, mentor Brian Coreas '11 was proud of how the middle-schoolers grew, noting he can "look back and say, 'this girl was shy at the beginning and now she's the loudest one in there.'" —*Lauri Valerio '12*

Answers / *from Page 54*



ACROSS
1. Movie (2 meanings)
8. Aver (anagram)
9. Lea (Hidden)
10. Date (2 meanings)
11. England (2 meanings)
14. Area (hidden)
17. Rum (2 meanings)
18. Noel (no + el)
19. Edens (anagram)

DOWN
1. Madeira (made + IRA)
2. Ova (homo. over/ovah)
3. Vet (1st letters)
4. Ireland (land + ire reversal)
5. Elba (anagram able)
6. Mean (anagram name)
7. Sandals (2 meanings)
12. Noun (1st letters)
13. Game (1st letters)
15. Roe (homo. row)
16. Een (keen minus k)

New Faces / *Jonathan Lethem*

A Reader's Guide to the Future Disney Professor

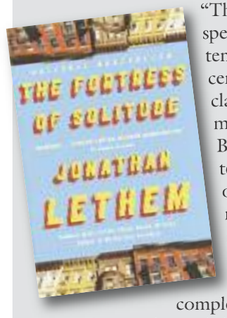
Brooklyn-born novelist Jonathan Lethem will be Pomona's next Roy Edward Disney Professor in Creative Writing.

Winner of a National Book Critics' Circle Award, Lethem is the author of eight novels and five short story collections, as well as a collection of essays and a novella. In 2009, Salon named *The Fortress of Solitude* one of the decade's 10 best fiction books, and *The New York Times* called *Chronic City* one of the 10 best books of the year.

Inaugurated in 2002, the Disney professorship was held by David Foster Wallace until the acclaimed author's death in 2008. The search for a replacement drew about 75 applicants, and three candidates were brought to Pomona to meet with students and faculty. Lethem earned raves for the writing workshop he gave on campus.

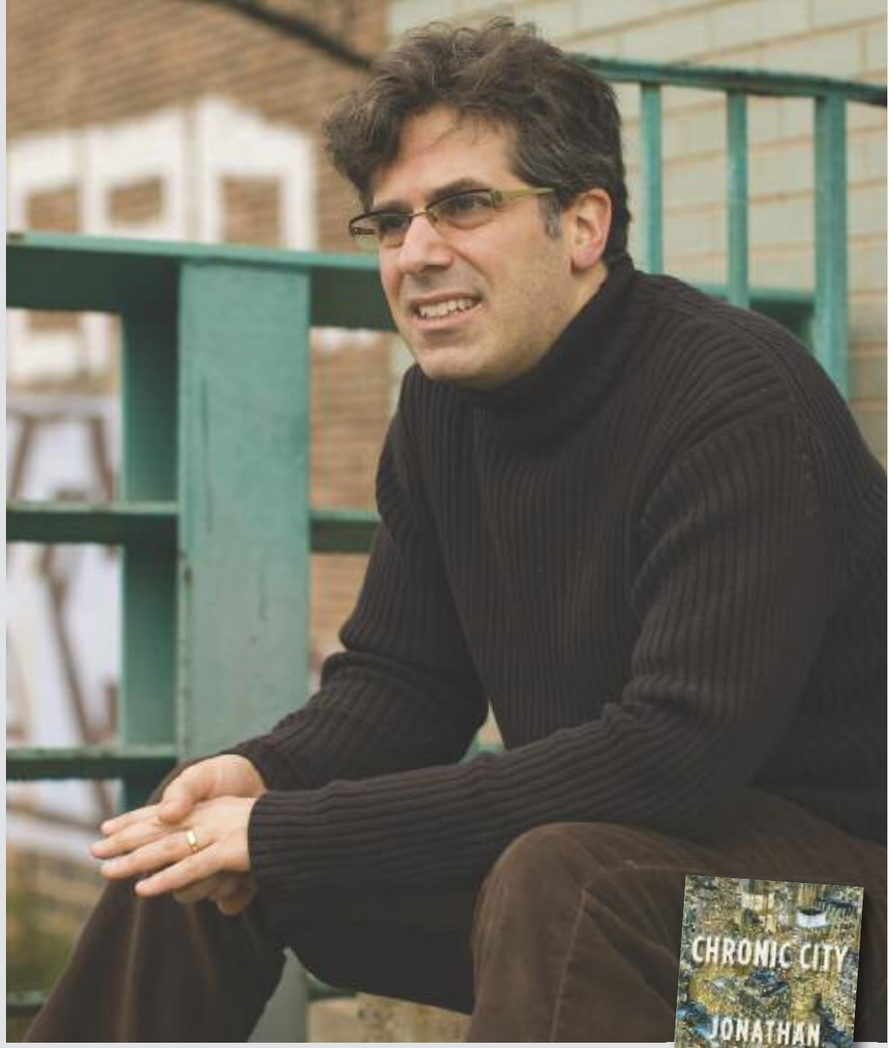
Lethem will begin teaching in spring of next year and we'll have more on the writer in a future issue of *PCM*. In the meantime, here's your Lethem reading list:

Fortress of Solitude

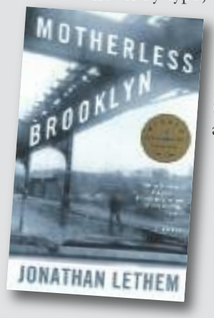


"The novel manages to speak to a host of contemporary American concerns, especially race and class as reflected in the microcosm of Lethem's Brooklyn. It is also, I'm tempted to say, one of our few great 9/11 novels … the story is resolutely set in a pre-9/11 Brooklyn. And yet its writing was completed in the wake of the terrorist attacks, and there's a quiet, almost elegiac, quality that speaks to our great national tragedy."

—Professor Kevin Dettmar, chair of Pomona's English Department, writing in his blog *www.fakechineserubberplant.com*



Motherless Brooklyn



"*Motherless Brooklyn* is a delightful and stylistically brilliant genre-bender. It is a detective novel by type, but a literary gem by force. Lethem's linguistic adventurousness gives the book an uncommon mix of intellectual playfulness and emotional power."

—Julius Taranto '12, a member of the selection committee that brought Lethem to Pomona

Chronic City

"A great New York novel should aim for the universal by way of the parochial. The Manhattanites in Lethem's near-future/alternative-now metropolis experience all the crises and travails of 21st-century life in a slightly more concentrated form. … What they—what all of us—yearn for in a world full of engineered appearances and emotions is the truly beautiful and the truly moving. … On this you can count: *Chronic City* is the real thing."

—Laura Miller in *Salon*

Photos by Fred Benenson

Liberal Arts / *The Chemistry of Art*

Entropy and Elves

Elves and entropy seem an unlikely duo, but Sarah Roh '12 and Professor Dan O'Leary brought the ideas together for the *Journal of Organic Chemistry*.

O'Leary and his co-authors had their paper accepted by the journal, but the editors asked for a better image. O'Leary recalled that Roh was a budding manga artist. "He just asked me, 'How lovable can you draw your elves?,'" says Roh, a classics major from Texas.

Roh stepped in with Entropy and Enthalpy, elves wearing the Pomona colors while mischievously playing with molecular models.

O'Leary and his students have been investigating spectroscopic methods for detecting the presence of hydrogen bonds in model compounds which are designed to mimic molecules like carbohydrates and nucleic acids. Their experimental method replaces certain hydrogen atoms with a heavier isotope, deuterium.

Dan Hickstein '07 determined accurate experimental estimates of the preference of deuterium in hydrogen bonds designed to model carbohydrates, and everyone wondered what caused the isotope to prefer certain sites.

After running quantum calculations and computer stimulations, they discovered the preference could be traced to an interplay of the thermodynamic properties of entropy and enthalpy, says O'Leary, who co-authored the paper with Hickstein, now at University of Colorado at Boulder, and Poul-Erik Hansen and Bjarke K.V. Hansen of Roskilde University in Denmark.

Campus / *The Organic Farm*

Door-Carving 101

Pomona's Organic Farm was transformed into an outdoor art studio this past semester, as students chipped away at a beautifully detailed door-making project. Day after day, visitors caught the site of figures bent over a six-foot piece of walnut wood, brows furrowed in concentration, a few nicks and cuts peppering their fingers, slowly peeling and chipping away layers of wood to reveal a design that celebrates the earth and harvest.

The door is for the dome, the rammed-earth structure that is the centerpiece of the farm. Farm Manager Juan Araya built the door and created an initial sketch for the carving, then local artisan Luis Ramirez was brought in to teach students how to carve the wood. He spent hours with students, teaching them the history of his work and how to properly use the carving tools. Ramirez, Araya and biology major Alison Rossman '10 collaborated on the final design for the door, which includes such Pomona-centric motifs as citrus trees, Mt. Baldy, a hidden 47 and the names of all the people who worked on the door.

Rossman became so involved in the art of woodcarving that she is staying in Claremont after graduation to continue carving with Ramirez and to teach lessons herself. "The project was invaluable—actually participating in an art form that may typically seem so far removed from a student's daily life can be a wonderfully calming escape," says Rossman. "I think students also learned that getting to know the earth is not just about farming, but can include finding inspiration from nature for art."

– Laura Tiffany

Far left: Alison Rossman '10, artist Luis Ramirez, Farm Manager Juan Araya, Lisa Heinlein PI '13 and Jesse Meisler-Abramson PI '10 each carve a section of the door inside the Farm's dome. **Top:** Araya carves a detail. **Above:** the finished product.

Photos by Carlos Puma

Talk of the Campus / *Sandra Day O'Connor*

SUPREME TIMING

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, 80, the first woman to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court, made judicious use of her time during her March visit to campus for this year's installment of the Pomona College Distinguished Speakers Series.

11 a.m.	Arrive at Ontario International Airport.
11:30 a.m.	Meet-and-greet with President David Oxtoby, other campus leaders and guests.
Noon	Share lunch and conversation with Pomona's Pre-Law Society and student judiciary.
1:30 p.m.	Field questions on topics ranging from redistricting to the role of women on the court during session with student media.
2 p.m.	Hold "master class" for 40 students in politics, philosophy and sociology.
3:30 p.m.	Skip scheduled break; opt for tour of campus instead.
4:15 p.m.	Speak before an audience of nearly 2,000 in Bridges Auditorium, stressing the need for better civics education and the importance of an independent judiciary.
5:30 p.m.	Give face time to students, faculty and community leaders at reception in your honor.
6:30 p.m.	Off to the airport and the 50-minute flight back to Phoenix.

SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR...

...ON MONEY AND JUSTICE

"The single greatest threat to judicial independence is the flood of money that's coming into our courtrooms by way of increasingly expensive and volatile judicial campaigns."

...ON CIVIC EDUCATION

"We have to bring meaningful civic education back into our classrooms. Knowledge of our system of government is not handed down through the gene pool. It has to be learned by every generation of Americans."

...ON THE COURT AND WOMEN

"When President Reagan decided to put the first woman on the U.S. Supreme Court ... that was a huge step; it opened doors for women that had previously been closed and it opened them in large numbers, not only in this country, but around the globe."

STUDENT REACTIONS

"I was just really impressed with her vitality and her willingness to engage us. She didn't talk down to us. She didn't sugar-coat things ... She was interested in what we were doing."

—Rachel Pelham '10, president of the Pre-Law Society, who sat with O'Connor at a luncheon

"It was really interesting to get an actual Supreme Court justice's view on some of the topics we've been discussing in our philosophy class ... to actually hear from her rather than reading a paper by her."

—Jamison Boissevain '10, who attended a special master class led by O'Connor

"I was nervous because she was so confident and straightforward with her answers. So you had to think on your feet – because she obviously does."

—Rebecca Golden '10, The Student Life *co-editor-in-chief who interviewed O'Connor with other student reporters*

PHOTO BY CARRIE ROSEMA

Sojourner Truth Lecture / *Edwidge Danticat*

Hope in Haiti

The Port-au-Prince that Haitian-American author Edwidge Danticat (*Brother, I'm Dying*) returned to in February was not the city of her childhood. Her grammar school was in rubble, the national cathedral had been razed and her cousin Maxo was dead. "It's this feeling of everything you know is destroyed," she said.

Danticat shared her story at this year's Sojourner Truth Lecture put on by the Intercollegiate Department of Africana Studies. Although she was invited to speak months before the quake, Danticat said she could not talk about Haiti without thinking of it as two distinct places—the before and the after.

In the immediate aftermath, Danticat did not know what her role as a writer was. Would there be poetry amongst the Haitian wounds? Was it too soon for art?

The answer came to her in Léogâne. In a sea of lean-tos, someone had painted a mural on a white sheet—a woman floating peacefully over the destruction. "Suddenly," Danticat said, "you got the sense that this is what will save us. It's this sense of creativity."

Danticat is careful not to underestimate the amount of work to be done. She's afraid the shantytowns will turn permanent as the international community turns away. But even amidst the destruction, Danticat found hope.

"I remember thinking how much like a birth it seemed to me when I watched those rescues on the news," she said. "First it was a head, then it was a shoulder. It was almost the way a mother gives birth ... a child emerges."

—Travis Kaya '10

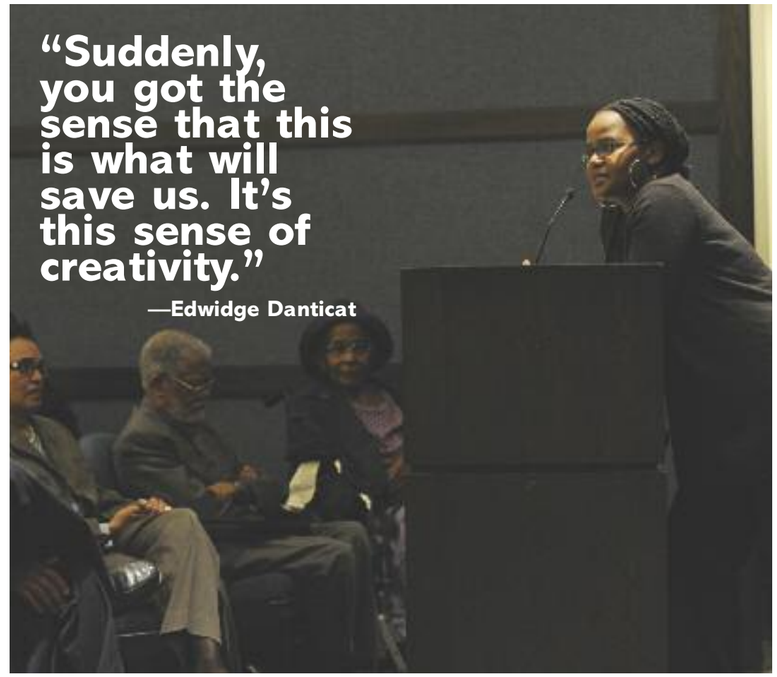


PHOTO BY WILL HUMMEL '12

Sagehens Reach SCIAC Finals

The Pomona-Pitzer men's basketball team made its way to the Southern California Intercollegiate Athletic Conference finals after a 55-54 victory over Occidental in the final regular season game. The victory pushed the Sagehens into a tie for second place heading into the SCIAC tournament. The team went on to beat Cal Lutheran 74-71 in double overtime in the semifinals before falling to Claremont-Mudd-Scripps 57-53 in the championship game. Seniors David Liss and Justin Sexton were named to the All-SCIAC first team, while senior Adam Chaimowitz was named to the second team. Landing in second place for the season, the team finished with a 14-13 record (9-5 SCIAC).

Women's Basketball

(5-19, 1-13 SCIAC, eighth place)
The team had a huge overtime win over conference rival Whittier College, 64-61. Senior Deirdre Chew finished second in SCIAC in scoring an average of 16.2 points per game and third in steals, averaging 2.3 per game. Junior Ashpa Gipson finished third in the conference in rebounding, averaging 8.4 per game.

Women's Swimming & Diving

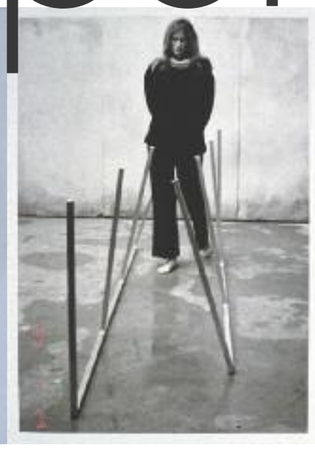
(second place)
Junior Kristin Lindbergh set school records in the 50 and 100 freestyles. Sophomore Naomi Laporte bettered her own records in the 100 and 200 butterflies, and the team of sophomore Kimi Ide-Foster and juniors Kathleen Hall, Michelle Prokocki and Janelle Gyorffy set the mark in the 200 medley relay. At the NCAA men's and women's championships at the University of Minnesota, Laporte set two school records.

Men's Swimming & Diving

(third place)
Junior Max Scholten set a record in the 200 backstroke, and senior David Henderson erased two 20-year-old records in the 500 and 1,000 freestyle.

At left, the Sagehens prepare to take the court for their final regular season game, a 55-54 victory over Occidental. (Photo by Will Hummel '12)

it happened at Pomona...



From left: then-student Chris Burden '69 reflected in his own 1966 work, titled "Bronze Casting" (photo by Chris Burden); a1969 work in aluminum, titled "K Walk," by Mowry Baden '58; Lloyd Hamrol's 1969 work, using balloons, lead wire, water and colored light, titled "Situational Construction for Pomona College"; and a 1972 photo of art faculty members—left to right, back row: Hap Tivey '69, James Turrell '65, Gus Blaisdell, Lewis Baltz; left to right, front row: Mowry Baden '58, Guy Williams (photo by Marcy Goodwin).

Curator Rebecca McGrew has a mystery to unravel. It's a *Rashomon*-style tale about a four-year period in the life of the Pomona College Museum of Art. From the late 1960s to the early '70s, the museum—then called the Pomona College Art Gallery—was home to some of the most pioneering and provocative exhibitions of contemporary art in Southern California. That ended in 1973 after a controversial appearance by a groundbreaking performance artist and the departure of the art faculty.

Until now, there has been little written about this time in the museum's life. Because of the lack of information available, the history *Art at Pomona*, jumps from 1968 to 1973, with nothing—not even a footnote—about this pivotal era.

McGrew began to fill in that gap when she was awarded a Getty fellowship in 2007 to do research and interview artists, curators, students and professors. Three years later, the museum is in the planning stages for "It Happened at Pomona: Art at Pomona College 1969-1973," a series of rolling exhibitions that will include work by more than 30 artists, re-creations of installations and a timeline of events from the period.

Set to open Aug. 30, 2011, and run through May 13, 2012, "It Happened at Pomona" will be part of the Getty's "Pacific Standard Time: Art in L.A. 1945-1980," a series of concurrent exhibitions at more than 40 institutions throughout Southern California. In addition to funding the fellowship, the Getty has awarded the museum grants of $190,000 for research and planning and $220,000 for some of the exhibition-related costs and the production of the catalog.

The Getty Foundation wants to get the history of the region's vibrant art scene written, "not in the form of occasional reminiscences but real scholarship," says Museum Director Kathleen Howe. "People will be surprised, and I hope delighted, about how important Pomona was as an incubator for art and artists."

McGrew's interest in the period began when she worked on an exhibit in 2001 with Mowry Baden '58, who was a professor in the Art Department in the 1960s and had fascinating stories to tell about that time. McGrew went on to have conversations with other alums, including Barbara Smith '53, James Turrell '65 and Peter Shelton '73. "It started as a mystery about what happened at Pomona—and the differing recollections of why the art faculty suddenly left—but has evolved into a project about documenting an era," says McGrew, who has researchers and curators from around the U.S. contributing to the project.

"It Happened at Pomona" will be presented as three exhibitions. The first two will showcase the tenures of directors/curators Hal Glicksman (fall 1969 through June 1970) and Helene Winer (1970 to 1972), who exhibited the work of many young conceptual, light and space, and performance artists, who are now prominent in the art world. That list includes alums Turrell, Shelton and Chris Burden '69, as well as Michael Asher, Judy Chicago, Ed Moses, Allen Ruppersberg, William Wegman and Wolfgang Stoerchle, who inadvertently helped bring about the conclusion of this extraordinary period with his notorious nude performance.

"As I learned more about Stoerchle, I found out he had a serious career, but at the time, his performance was difficult for the Claremont community to assimilate," says McGrew, who is still gathering the nuances of the role his performance and the reaction to it played in the departure of the art faculty.

Works by Pomona faculty, students and alumni will be shown in the third exhibition, "At Pomona," which opens March 10, 2012. Framing all three exhibitions will be an illustrated timeline, documenting what was happening at Pomona and in the larger art world from 1969 to 1973, as well as the political and cultural events of that turbulent time. The catalog will provide an in-depth scholarly record of this previously unrecognized period.

"The museum was a crucible of experimental artistic practices, where some of the most avant-garde art in the world was happening," says McGrew, "here in sleepy Claremont."

—Mary Marvin

If you have a story to share about art at Pomona from 1969 to 1973, please contact Rebecca McGrew at rebecca.mcgrew@pomona.edu.

ISLAND LIVES

Roderick des Tombe '01 offers a different way of life on his eco-resort island of Pulau Macan.

THE SIGHT OF SNOOZING STRANGERS IS ALWAYS good news to Roderick des Tombe '01. He gets a kick out of how, within 30 minutes of arriving on his eco-resort island off Indonesia, people who've never met before feel comfortable enough to just conk out on the various couches under the thatched roof of the Pulau Macan sundeck hut.

No rest for Roderick, though. He would be busy enough trying to juggle the demands of hosting up to 30 people for the weekend on a 2.5-acre island. There are staff members to manage, snorkeling trips to arrange and menu queries to field from guests. But des Tombe is hoping to do more than create a pleasurable weekend respite from the crazy, crowded Jakarta megalopolis that lies about 90 minutes away by boat.

With the island's solar power, organic garden, rain catchment and back-to-nature housing arrangements, he has visions of Pulau Macan becoming a model for a different way of life, one with environmentally sustainable practices that some visitors may choose to bring back to their homes. "Part of our aim is to show people you don't need big cement walls, you don't need flat-screen TVs, you don't need air conditioning," says des Tombe, who was born in Indonesia to Dutch-American parents.

Survivor: Pulau Macan this is not. When he took over management of the island in 2008, des Tombe added eco-friendly touches, but he also upgraded the resort, ditching the squat toilets and bring-your-own bed sheets policy. Des Tombe says most of his guests are quite content with the overall back-to-nature vibe, but he does keep two small air conditioners for visitors for whom the breeze will not do. With his background studying economics and politics at Pomona, des Tombe knows there will be tradeoffs between comfort and eco-consciousness.

Out of college, des Tombe went to work in the realm of business suits and conference rooms, not swim trunks and hammocks. He had returned to Southeast Asia to do consulting and analysis for targeting foreign investments into developing countries such as Indonesia. He decided environmentally friendly tourism was the most practical way to bring economic development to the region. So des Tombe quit his job and started his own tourism firm—with plenty of fits and starts—until he met the owners of Pulau Macan ("Tiger Island") through a friend and wound up creating an eco-resort on the island.

One early challenge was lining up reliable boat passage to the little island, one of more than 100 in a chain off the coast near Jakarta. He had to put down hefty advance deposits for boat travelers, only to see people cancel at the last minute. "It was scary at the beginning," he says, recalling the desperate, "So, what are you doing this weekend?" calls to friends. "We'd have to run the trips with a big smile on our face knowing we had just lost $200 to $300 that weekend."

Since then, des Tombe has worked out the transportation issue, the resort's finances have been righted and his ambitions have grown. He recently took majority ownership of a café in Jakarta that he hopes will become a gathering place for that city's green movement. And maybe, he says, Pulau Macan will become the first in a chain of eco-resorts. So after working on the island all weekend, des Tombe spends weekdays in bustling Jakarta building the business, fielding inquiries from potential guests and talking up the resort as a spot for weekend getaways and business retreats. Every so often, though, des Tombe does manage to steal away to the quiet island for a mid-week retreat. Then he can finally snooze, too. ✣

—Mark Kendall

Pulau Macan, Indonesia

Pulau Macan is part of an extensive chain of small islands off the much larger Indonesian island of Java (www.pulaumacan.com).

Photo by Ed Wray

ISLANDLIVES:

Bernard Chan '88

helps lead Hong Kong through its identity crisis.

Hong Kong, China

Much of Hong Kong's land lies on a pennisula, but Hong Kong Island remains the population and financial center.

PAST MIDNIGHT, BERNARD CHAN '88 IS SPEAKING on his cell phone from Shanghai, where he has jetted in from Beijing on a quick business trip. Then it's back to the capital to continue with the annual meeting of the National People's Congress, in which he is one of 36 deputies representing the special administrative region of Hong Kong.

This trip is not quite routine for Chan, a prominent civic leader who spends the vast majority of his time in Hong Kong, where he grew up and is now raising a family of his own. But these days neither Chan nor the urban island he loves can ignore the booming mainland to the north. With interests in finance, insurance and healthcare, Chan is shifting more business to the mainland and finding time to learn the Mandarin Chinese dialect spoken there—while pondering the future of the city-region he calls home.

"We are going through this identity crisis and asking ourselves who we are now," says Chan.

Chan was raised on Hong Kong Island, the population center of the former British colony, much of which lies on a peninsula of the Chinese mainland. When Chan was a boy, it was a big deal simply to cross the harbor to the rest of Hong Kong by ferry. Today, though, an ever-expanding network of tunnels allows car or subway trips with ease.

In the same manner, Hong Kong's connections to the mainland grow ever more intricate. In the years leading up to the 1997 British handover of Hong Kong to China, the concern in the colony was to preserve the Western-style freedoms of expression and commerce. People there didn't foresee how quickly China would boom and what that would mean for Hong Kong, according to Chan.

A turning point came when the 2003 SARS outbreak brought Hong Kong's economy to a near-standstill, and, Chan notes, the Chinese government's decision to allow more visitors from the mainland rescued the region's commerce. From 2001 to 2008, tourism from the rest of China nearly quadrupled to 16.9 million visitors, according to the CIA World Factbook, which notes that "they outnumbered visitors from all other countries combined." Now Hong Kong stores cater to wealthy mainland shoppers, who also have been snapping up high-end housing, and Hong Kong's stock market is increasingly dominated by mainland enterprises.

In this fast-changing environment, Chan finds Hong Kong natives, particularly the young, are discovering an interest in their region's past. Recently appointed to head a committee on revitalizing historic buildings, Chan has to face the reality that most of Hong Kong's prime historic spots are long gone, leaving spots in less attractive locations that pose the challenge of preserving the past while ensuring the sites are economically self-sustaining. "We can't just turn them into museums," says Chan.

Nor can Hong Kong itself afford to become a quaint relic. At the moment, Chan says, Hong Kong's greater freedom of expression and legal protections for commerce still help attract companies' regional headquarters. Ex-pats also are drawn to the cleaner air and better schools: "They might be working Monday to Friday in China but … many of them would still prefer to keep their families in Hong Kong."

Chan, though, knows the gap is narrowing. Just recently, he was looking over a list of Pomona alumni in China and discovered nearly as many were living in Shanghai or Beijing as in Hong Kong, a dramatic shift from past decades. "I was shocked," he says.

—Mark Kendall

Photo by Marcus Oleniuk

ISLANDLIVES:

JULIE TRESCOTT '08
stays in touch with 1,512 of her closest friends...

Dublin's revived Docklands has attracted many new developments, including Grand Canal Square pictured here.

JULIE TRESCOTT '08 HAS A LOT OF FRIENDS. One thousand five hundred and twelve, to be precise. But with a job at Facebook, at the company's European headquarters in Dublin, Ireland, social networks are key to her anything-but-isolated island life.

The Emerald Isle's geography, defined by mountainous coastlines and the cold waters of the surrounding Atlantic Ocean and Irish Sea, historically contributed to an insular mentality. Now, thanks to a booming tech industry, Ireland has become a hub for global connectivity. Over the last few years, companies such as Google, Yahoo, eBay and Facebook have set up shop in Dublin, attracted by favorable business tax laws, an English-speaking workforce and the proximity to mainland Europe.

"It's like a mini Silicon Valley over here," says Trescott, who trains new hires in user operations. Except for one big difference: "My co-workers are Spanish, French, Irish, Turkish, Swedish, Italian and German." This multi-lingual team is key for interacting with the 280 million Facebook users living outside the United States.

Trescott is happy to be among them. She went to work at Facebook's Palo Alto, Calif. headquarters after earning a degree in sociology, but having studied abroad in Madrid, she was looking for "another excuse to get back to Europe and to travel." As luck of the Irish would have it, the website's Dublin office, which opened in 2008, was rapidly expanding. After a successful job application and several weeks of "running around like a crazy person" to prepare for the transatlantic move, she became a Dubliner last November.

The coastal city, packed with pubs and literary lore, has proved urban yet approachable. Trescott lives 5 minutes from her office, sharing a flat with two women who work for Google. The daily walk to work takes her through the recently revitalized Docklands, an area along the River Liffey near Dublin Bay boasting trendy restaurants, public art (such as a corridor of 8-meter-tall, red, glowing poles) and the brand new Grand Canal Theatre, designed by world-renowned architect Daniel Libeskind. For a scenic escape, every week she runs along Sandymount Strand, a beach famous from James Joyce's fiction.

But no matter where Trescott goes—a weekend jaunt to Budapest, a return trip to Spain—she's well-connected. Through status updates, comments and messages, she has kept in touch with family and friends in the U.S., learned of other Pomona grads living in Europe, solicited travel tips, and made plans for her freshman year roommate, a British exchange student, to visit Dublin this spring. "You would think that I would not check Facebook when I came home from work," Trescott says with a laugh, "but it's still the last thing I do before I go to bed."

—Anne Shulock '08

Photo by Neil Warner

ISLANDLIVES:

JIM KELLEY '63
has explored the geology of hundreds of islands.

Angel Island, San Francisco Bay

Called the "Ellis Island of the West," Angel Island was once the processing center for thousands of Asian immigrants.

WITH HIS SALT-OVER-THE SHOULDER RESPECT for seafaring tradition, Jim Kelley '63 figures he has visited a couple hundred oceanic islands over the course of his career. In the Atlantic, he has covered pretty much all of them, from the Faroe Islands to the Falkland Islands, with only a few exceptions such as an unoccupied archipelago off Brazil.

The Pacific was Kelley's starting point. A surfer dude before anyone called them that, Kelley worked summers as a lifeguard at Laguna Beach while studying geology under the sway of the late, legendary Professor Donald McIntyre. But after Pomona, the current swept Kelley into the related field of oceanography, and for a few years Kelley lived on the Canary Islands while doing research off the coast of Africa.

He then dropped anchor in the Bay Area, where he served a long stint as a dean at San Francisco State and in leadership roles with the California Academy of Sciences. For aquatic recreation, Angel Island, seen here, served as a peaceful anchorage while he sailed on San Francisco Bay.

All the while, Kelley held on to his oceanic aspirations. His work with the academy brought him in contact with Lindblad Expeditions, and Kelley wound up as a crew leader and lecturer on vessels taking nature-minded tourists to locales ranging from Iceland to Easter Island, from the windswept Shetlands to balmy Pitcairn in the South Pacific.

His favorite island destination is tiny, volcanic Tristan de Cunha, billed as the "world's remotest island," an all-alone outpost in the Atlantic between South Africa and South America. Kelley had first heard of the island with no airstrip and only 280 residents while still in college, and he was eager to visit. He wouldn't get there until 40 years later on a Lindblad expedition.

That's OK about the wait. Kelley has worked with sailors from all over the world, and they all seem to have some sort of saying along the lines of "little by little." "If you force things in the ocean, it usually turns out to be catastrophic," he says.

—Mark Kendall

Photo by Robert Durell

ISLANDLIVES:

REANNE HEMINGWAY-DOUGLASS '63

and her husband Don turn island pleasure into business...

ON HER FIRST DATE WITH DON, Réanne Hemingway-Douglass '63 remembers, her future husband asked her what she most wanted in life. Love and adventure, she answered.

She might have added islands.

Because Réanne has seen plenty of them since she married Don in 1967. Almost all of them, in fact, from San Diego up the Pacific Coast to British Columbia and into Alaska's Inside Passage, where a huge splatter of islands guards the coast and creates a labyrinth of fjords and channels. Réanne and Don have covered 170,000 miles in various boats, explored thousands of coves and rocky isles in kayaks, published maps of those places and written seven cruising guides for other sailors.

Before the islands, though, there was the cape. After partial agreement with Réanne on love and adventure—he listed them in reverse order—Don asked if she'd be willing to sail around the world in the Southern Hemisphere. That led to Cape Horn, where a mighty wave flipped their boat end to end. They survived that harrowing 1974 experience, and Réanne wrote a book about it, *Cape Horn: One Man's Dream, One Woman's Nightmare.*

They came north to Washington state in 1993 looking for a publisher for *Cape Horn,* and the one they found was also interested in printing a guide to the west side of Vancouver Island, the large piece of land off the British Columbia coast. Réanne and Don had spent two summers kayaking along that island coast and had taken many notes.

"Don tends to turn everything he does for pleasure into a business," Réanne says.

For the next six years they split their time between the Bishop-Mammoth Lakes area in California, where Don had an outdoor-equipment and guide business, and the waters of the Pacific Northwest.

By 1999 when they decided to make Fidalgo Island in Washington state their year-round home, they had published four guidebooks. Three more guidebooks, maps, articles, seminars on cruising, their own publishing company and a website (*www.insidepassage-news.com*) would follow.

Right now they are boatless, having sold the trawler they used for exploring, but they are certainly not rudderless. They are headed to France where Réanne will be researching a book about the French Resistance's successful rescue of a downed Allied airman in World War II. Réanne studied French at Pomona and taught the language for 18 years.

Then Réanne wants to write a book about a 1984 bike trip she took with another woman across the Tierra del Fuego in South America. Plus, their eighth guidebook is headed to press, this one covering the Gulf of Alaska from Glacier Bay out to Dutch Harbor.

After that, Réanne will turn her attention to a third edition of Cape Horn.

And their boatless period will only last until they can find the object of Don's latest dream: A vessel better suited to high latitude sailing—high latitudes as in arctic waters. Réanne says she loves sailing there because she does not do well in hot weather and because she loves wilderness, which is most often found these days at those higher reaches of the globe.

Given their ages—Réanne is 76 and Don 78—they would be excused if they settled into lazy trips visiting children and grandchildren scattered across the United States. But that's unlikely: "Usually when Don has a dream, he makes it a reality."

So their life of love and adventure—or adventure and love, as Don might say—sails on. ✣

—John B. Saul

Inside Passage, Alaska

Pristine islands and fjords mark the Inside Passage running hundreds of miles along the Alaskan Panhandle.

Photo by David Shuler

Professor Jennifer Perry studies a time thousands of years ago when the Channel Islands served as Southern California's financial center. Today, the islands are valued for their isolation from the crowded mainland, leaving the ancient currency-making sites Perry explores in mint condition.

OFFSHORE TREASURES

By Scott Martelle

Jennifer Perry leads the way up a winding path from the ocean's edge to a bluff high enough to reveal the currents in the sparkling-blue Santa Barbara Channel. It's distracting for a newcomer, the brown Santa Monica Mountains looming across the water to the east, Ventura perched on the shore further up the coast, and a scattering of freighters and small boats moving slowly in between, their wakes leaving long "v"s in the water.

Perry, who has spent more time than she can tally on Santa Cruz Island, barely stops to absorb the view. Something else has caught her attention—a new and unsanctioned hiking trail along the bluff's edge. "This isn't supposed to be here," Perry says as she hurries along the illicit path, which takes her where she feared it might—directly past the cliff-top remains of an ancient native Chumash settlement and midden, a site Perry thought was known only to herself and a few other anthropologists.

Such is the risk of opening the past to the present.

Perry, associate professor and chair of Pomona College's Anthropology Department, has devoted more than a decade to finding and exploring ancient settlements on the Channel Islands, the string of eight mostly uninhabited pearls off the California coast. Five of those pearls form the Channel Islands National Park, established in 1981 after decades of efforts by preservationists and naturalists to spare Santa Cruz and her sister islands from developers keen to build vacationers' subdivisions, condos and golf courses. Since then, the national park has expanded—the eastern end of Santa Cruz was finally acquired in 1996—and that island has become the most-visited of the five in the park, a function primarily of accessibility. In 2009, Santa Cruz had 91,000 visitors, more than traveled the other four islands combined.

Perry, who studies a time thousands of years ago when the islands were home to a complex civilization of hunter-gatherers, today works in an atmosphere in which the islands are flourishing in a new way, valued for the absence of the crowded civilization on the mainland. The creation and expansion of the national park have opened the way to a new wave of preservation and restoration efforts—and made it easier for researchers such as Perry to explore ancient sites on the islands. But the changes also bring the inevitable struggle to restore the islands while also making them accessible to the public.

Photo by Steve Osman, Pro Photography Network

The influx of visitors has led to "impacts," Perry says, such as well-meaning explorers carrying relics from their finding spot to the ranger station, which destroys archeologists' ability to process the relics properly. But concerns over looting, she says, have actually decreased. When the land was privately owned, there were no safeguards in place.

"At least now we can argue that there's some kind of management policy, and that there's a way to enforce it," Perry says. "Now if somebody were to loot, they'd be subject to federal laws relating to archeological resources, and be prosecuted."

PERRY MOVES ALONG the bluff-top, with the sure-footedness of someone who knows the terrain intimately. She follows the illicit path to within a few feet of the midden, and to see whether the site has been looted she leans precariously over the cliff edge, hundreds of feet above crashing waves. It is not a task for those prone to vertigo. Perry is pleased to find the site intact, and unmolested, and makes a mental note to let the park superintendent know so the path could be sealed off.

She moves on to another bluff overlooking a small secondary island, where cormorants and other sea birds sunned themselves. Then she cuts inland, talking all the time about the nature of the Chumashes' lives here on Santa Cruz, and about the efforts to restore the island to native species, both plants and animals.

Taking her research on an inland path has brought Perry to places archeologists had written off as unlikely spots to find relics of people who depended on the sea for food and transport. Working on the eastern end of Santa Cruz Island, Perry has been exploring "how the terrestrial resources of the island were being used and more generally why people were living at interior sites," says Michael Glassow, professor emeritus from UC Santa Barbara. Perry discovered archeological sites dating back 8,000 years—far earlier than others had anticipated, and her work is helping to change the way archeologists view how the Chumash lived. More than simple seafarers, they formed a complex society that became, in effect, the hub of a pre-Columbian regional economy.

"She is the first one to clearly recognize this temporal pattern, and I'm beginning to see the same pattern where I work in the western sector of the island," says Glassow, who himself is an expert on island cultures and served as Perry's dissertation advisor.

In the process, Perry, 37, has added to contemporary understanding of the role the Chumash played as pre-Columbian merchants, using the chert—a flintlike substance—on Santa Cruz to make tools used to carve currency from olivella shells gathered from a beach on the far side of the island. In a sense, she says, the Chumash turned Santa Cruz into a mint.

Perry believes the Chumash evolved into a complex society of hunter-gatherers who also traded with other tribes. Over time they used their access to chert to develop primitive micro drills, and then used the drills to mark olivella shells as the basis of a primitive monetary system that, among other things, allowed the most powerful of the Chumash to amass wealth.

It was Glassow who steered Perry, then a student at UC Santa Barbara, to the Chumash and their past on the northern Channel Islands. But it was her own upbringing in a small desert town that propelled her, improbably, to the sea.

Perry grew up in Borrego Springs, a small northern San Diego County town surrounded by the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, which she likens to Santa Cruz Island.

"You can have these land-locked islands, and I grew up essentially on an island in the middle of the state park," Perry says. "Really it's all part of the same thing to me because they're both islands. I feel similarly about them. … In both cases there's just a tremendous amount of endemic species and endangered or threatened species, and you can learn a lot about these really interesting and dynamic ecosystems that characterize Southern California."

As an undergraduate at the University of San Diego in 1982 she took a field class on San Clemente Island, which is controlled by the U.S. Navy and has scant visitors.

"I was hooked," she says. "This resonates with me so much, as far as the landscape being remote, the ability to really know that landscape and know its resources and just really feeling like I fit in."

AFTER A PACKED LUNCH in a stand of pines, Perry walks to a series of mounds of loose rocks, packed so thick that grass has trouble taking root. These are ancient mine tailings, she says, history hidden in plain view. She picks up shards of chert, the remnants, she believes, of the ancient tool making—the bit of rock chipped away to make sharp edge and sharp points on knives, arrowheads and other objects ancient artisans carried off with them. And round, fist-sized stones with scars are makeshift hammers from thousands of years ago.

Every item, it seems, has a story behind it. "If you look on this edge," she says, turning a mottled-gray stone over in her hand, "you'll see it's battered and then this right here is a piece of this rock flaked off. So this is a little hammer stone." She talks about the process of chipping chert, a skill she learned herself from craftsmen to better understand the flakes she finds in the quarries. She picks up slivers of stone. "They probably were going after maybe a bigger flake to make a small point out of," Perry says.

But it's the hammer stones she finds most intriguing. "You find them in every single one of these mine pits," she says. "You know it happened right here. That's one of the most beautiful moments of archeology, when you pick up something and you know you're the next person to pick it up" after the original artisan.

Yet the growing accessibility of the islands creates more opportunities to disrupt those millennium-crossing moments between archeologist and artisan. The first year Santa Cruz was open to visitors, Perry says, there would only be two or three people using the main campground on a Saturday night. "If you come out today anytime between Memorial Day and Labor Day on a Saturday night, the campground is going to be full with over 200 people, and there will probably be an additional 200 people exploring," Perry says. "So that's a dramatic increase."

Photo by Steve Osman

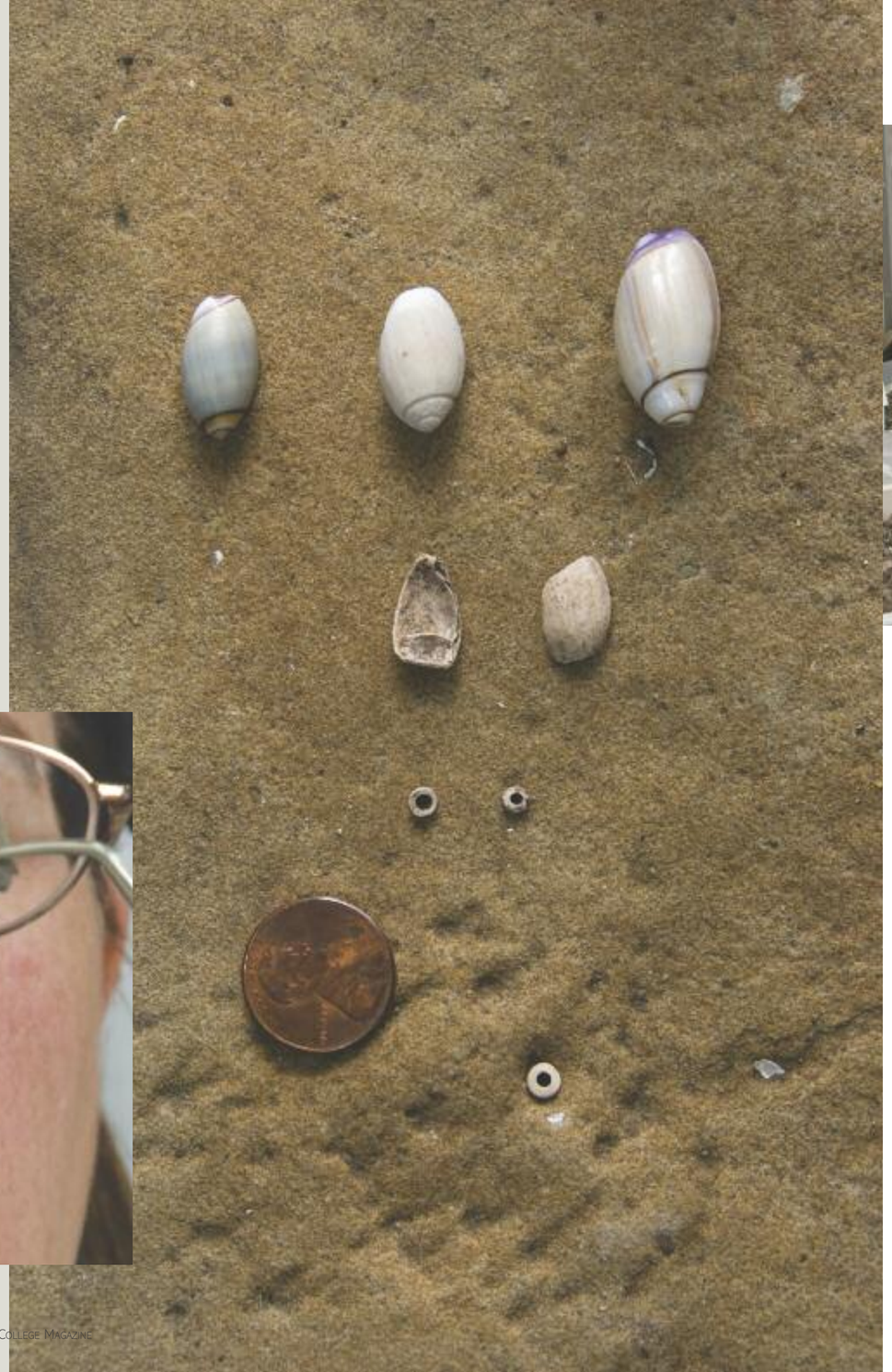
The Channel Islands

For modern Californians, the Channel Islands can be the stuff of daydreams, a chance to get away from the choking sprawl of Southern California and touch the past. From the mainland, the islands seem to float on the horizon, brown ridges obscuring the vastness of the Pacific Ocean beyond.

The Channel Islands National Park covers all or portions of Santa Barbara Island, the smallest at one square mile; Santa Rosa; San Miguel; Anacapa and Santa Cruz, the largest of the islands at 98 square miles. It also has the highest point in the islands, Devils Peak, at 2,450 feet. But only a quarter of the island lies in the park; the rest is controlled by the Nature Conservancy.

Three of the Channel Islands are not part of the national park. San Clemente, the southernmost off San Diego, and San Nicholas, the most remote, are controlled by the U.S. Navy. Catalina is the best-known, with its party village of Avalon, though nearly all of the rest of the island is controlled by the Catalina Island Conservancy.

Some 1,000 years ago, the Channel Islands were an important center for making the shell-bead currency used in much of Southern California at the time. From the storeroom in Pomona's Hahn Building, Anthropology Professor Jennifer Perry shows the evidence of the different stages the Chumash Indians used to make olivella shell beads on Santa Cruz Island. The top row in the photo at right shows the shells before work begins. Then the Chumash used stone tools to break the shells into more workable fragments, as seen in the second row from the top. Next they drilled and abraded the shells until the exterior was perfect, as seen in the bead at the bottom.



Perry acknowledges the island "could be loved to death," citing the overcrowding at popular national parks on the mainland. But more visitors could, counter-intuitively as it may seem, lead to greater protections.

"The more people who are aware of it, and appreciate the islands, the greater concern there is for the natural environment," Perry says. "It's something tangible to them.... It's worth taking that risk to communicate to people the importance of these kinds of endeavors."

And, truth to be told, Santa Cruz will never be Yosemite. The National Park Service limits the number of visitors on the islands, which are accessible only by boat, another limiting factor. The trip from Ventura takes about an hour, and blustery days can make for a rough passage. Unlike Catalina, the most populated and best known of the Channel Islands, there are limited services on Santa Cruz—outhouses and campsites are about it. It's not as remote as the Sierra backcountry, but with a couple of dozen miles of water separating visitors from the mainland, it might as well be.

"The size of the island makes it easy to escape even a busy weekend crowd by hiking into the back country, and the lack of amenities and the need for a boat trip will always limit the visitors to those who are serious about the outdoors," says Peter Warden, a British-born computer programmer now living in Los Angeles, who has camped on Santa Cruz. "Having said that, I was camping overnight a few years ago when the rangers had to confiscate a video karaoke system and generator from some fellow campers."

Rangers try to mitigate the effects of visitors on the park, beginning with a mandatory briefing on park policies as visitors alight from the boat, says Yvonne Menard, spokesperson for the Channel Islands National Park. Among the no-nos: Removing items from the island, and leaving trash behind. Bulletin boards and information displays on the island reinforce the message.

But it's not as though the islands are pristine paradises. Humans have lived here, and used the islands, for thousands of years. In recent decades, Santa Cruz was over-run by wild pigs and sheep (former farm animals), which caused deep damage to archeological sites and native species. Meanwhile, golden eagles moved into the islands after DDT eradicated the bald eagles. It was the difference between life and death for the native island fox species. Golden eagles eat the isolated relatives of the mainland gray foxes; bald eagles did not.

In the 1980s and 1990s, those invasive animals were systematically removed—some of the wild pigs by professional riflemen firing from helicopters—and the island has been recovering at a much faster pace than experts anticipated, Perry says. Bald eagles have been re-established, too, and they have pushed out many of the golden eagles, helping the island foxes recover.

Despite the relative fragility of the recovery, Perry, for one, is encouraged, and thinks the right balance has been struck among restoration, preservation and public access. She compares Santa Cruz and the other islands with park sites on the mainland—and thinks the islands win.

"These islands are far more protected and I think the greater the awareness is of the islands being here, the greater concern there is for ongoing protection," Perry says.

THE DAY'S END HELPS make her point about the island's relative protection.

After tromping around the northeast corner of the island for four hours—the basic range for day-trippers—Perry has to leave the chert quarry to begin making her way to the boat landing for the trip back to the mainland. You can't wander too deeply into the island for fear of missing the return boat—and there is no late boat. If you're not on the afternoon departure, you're suddenly camping overnight, without food or gear.

On the way back, Perry detours to a spot where she led an archeological dig a few years ago. At first she can't find the site, which is as it should be. The idea is to explore and learn about the past with minimal disruption.

As she walks, Perry talks more about the history of the islands, about Santa Cruz specifically, about the lifestyles of the Chumash. She stops suddenly as a small furry head pops up from the grassland about 50 feet ahead. It's an island fox, and it eyes her warily for a few seconds before moving on, gliding through the grass then disappearing over a small ridge, safe in its moment.

And that, too, is at it should be. ✣

PHOTOS BY JOHN LUCAS

Mike Cruz '06
finds success with
a low-budget movie,
a cast of teenage novices
and a tropical island setting...

MARSHALL ARTS

By Vanessa Hua

When Mike Cruz '06 arrived at the theatre for the premiere of the movie he co-directed, no seats were left for him and his crew. Tickets had sold out after hundreds of people lined up to see the first feature film produced in the Marshall Islands.

Only one showing of *Morning Comes So Soon* had been scheduled at the one movie theatre in the islands' capital city, Majuro. The frantic ticket taker called the theatre owner, who instructed her to keep showing the movie until everyone waiting had seen it. Three more screenings were added that night—and all day, every day for another three weeks.

That night, Cruz and his cast did eventually manage to talk their way into the theatre. They stood in the back row as the audience cheered and shouted warnings to the characters on-screen—the theatre crowd identifying strongly with the movie's contemporary *Romeo and Juliet* love story about a Marshallese boy who falls in love with a Chinese immigrant girl.

Interviews with a Hong Kong newspaper and a New Zealand radio station, screenings with the president of the Marshall Islands and at the prestigious Louis Vuitton Hawaii International Film Festival and a nomination for an Asia Pacific Screen Award followed—astounding success for a movie made by teenagers assisted by a pair of volunteer high school teachers. Along the way, the 2008 movie opened up conversations between parents and children about teen suicide and racism against Chinese immigrants in the remote nation of islands and atolls.

In the Pacific Ocean between Hawaii and Guam, the Republic of the Marshall Islands is made up of more than 1,000 islets and islands, but much of the population lives here on Majuro Atoll.
—Photo by Greg Vaughn

"People talked about the characters as if they were people," says the gregarious Cruz, speaking from a coffeehouse near Chapman University, where he's now in film school. He was in the midst of casting a short movie that he would direct in a couple weeks. "Church groups talked about it because of all the issues."

Cruz and co-director Aaron Condon deserve credit for taking on two big social problems at the same time, says Jack Niedenthal, who has lived on the islands since 1981 and has been inspired by the movie to make local films of his own. "It was a very bold idea. When I watched the film in a packed theatre, it gave me chicken skin."

Pirated DVDs of the movie popped up for sale, business picked up at stores featured in the movie and a stranger posted clips of *Morning Comes So Soon* online. Jokes related to the movie also began circulating. "We're a part of Marshallese pop culture," Cruz says. "Everyone knows what it is."

Yet he had known very little about the Marshall Islands two years earlier, when the Jesuit Volunteer Corps called Cruz a week before his graduation from Pomona and offered him a teaching position in the Marshalls.

Were they in the Caribbean? The Indian Ocean? He quickly searched online to discover that the United States had conducted nuclear bomb tests there in the 1940s and '50s. Cruz also discovered the island nation of 65,000 people between Guam and Hawaii had high rates of teen pregnancy and some parts were among the most densely populated in the Pacific.

He turned down a gig with Teach for America and instead found himself on the other end of a 14-hour plane ride. Cruz wound up living in a cinderblock house with a tin roof that leaked so badly in storms that he and his fellow volunteers had to keep moving the dinner table.

It was about as far as possible from Nepal, the country where Cruz had requested to go with the Jesuits after graduating with a major in theatre and media studies. Spring semester of his junior year at Pomona, he had studied mask carving and Buddhist cham dancing just over the border in India (to avoid trouble from the Maoist insurgency in Nepal). The following winter, he returned on a grant from Pomona to make his first film—a 7-minute documentary about Darjeeling tea plantations.

It was even farther from his goals freshman year, when the New York native planned to pursue physics and math and become an astronaut. He found himself taking many classes in the theatre arts—all of which led him to ask Professors Sherry Linnell and James Taylor whether such interest in directing could lead to a "real job."

"You'll find ways to do it, because that's who you are," Cruz says they told him. Their advice sounded very "Zen and New Age-y," so the son of a cab driver continued to question his choice. His parents urged him to become a lawyer, doctor, a college professor. They asked him if he was sure he'd be happy, if he knew the risks, Cruz says, but ultimately they supported him.

Cruz never suspected that his two-year stint in the Marshall Islands would launch his film career. After the privilege of a liberal arts education, focused on his personal development, he wanted to serve others. The Jesuit corps appealed to him because of its values, which state that volunteers are not going abroad to help, but to learn from and accompany locals. "It bothers me when people feel entitled and think others should learn from them because they're American or from a four-year college."

He taught at Assumption Schools in Majuro, where he and the other four corps volunteers nearly doubled the size of the faculty of the Jesuit school. He co-directed the variety show, served as a college and guidance counselor and taught science and English among other duties. Cruz, who is of Colombian descent, says his ethnicity helped students understand that Americans were of many backgrounds. "They thought they would be rejected in America. They thought all Americans were white people."

While spending time with his students at a church youth group, he and another volunteer, Aaron Condon, proposed a talk show that would enable the students to work for social justice and educate the community. The students built a studio in the basement of the church, and got to work with a digital camera and a Mac laptop loaded with video editing software. The talk show *Soap Box* was born in 2007, with two teenage hosts inviting guests to talk about such issues as the environment and students dropping out of school.

The island's sole local television station had no news program and aired little beyond variety shows and slide-shows of events at local resorts. The talk show was a hit. In the fall, Julia Alfred, director of the non-profit organization, Youth to Youth for Health, asked one of the show's hosts, Bob Balos, if he had any ideas on how to spend an arts grant from UNESCO. Balos suggested that teens make a movie, and Cruz and Condon agreed to help because of the opportunities in teamwork, problem-solving and education that the project afforded.

The teens' first attempt at a storyline imperiled the main character with every social issue in the Marshalls. The girl disobeyed her parents, became pregnant, was raped, miscarried because of the lingering effects of radiation poisoning and then became addicted to drugs and alcohol. The co-directors advised the students to come up with a story that focused on one or two issues. The group of 10 or so teens decided on racism and teen suicide after Balos mentioned a couple that committed suicide after their parents forbid the relationship because they were too closely related. From that idea, the co-directors helped the students—who had big concepts—develop an outline. The teens proposed the boy commit suicide by jumping from an airplane and getting eaten by sharks. Or perhaps the movie could be set during World War II, with Japanese invaders. Or include a rap video.

"Their notes were crazy," Cruz says with a chuckle. The volunteers wrote a 30-page script in English, but the scenes in Marshallese and Chinese would have to be improvised.

Casting was another challenge. The Asian families, some of which had experienced racist vandalism to their shops, were hesitant to participate. (In the movie, the Marshallese character, Leban, falls in love with the Chinese girl, Mei-Ling, who works in her family's store.) Eventually, Cruz convinced his student Lin Ting-yu, who hails from Taiwan, to take the part of Mei-Ling. And a beloved Chinese shopkeeper agreed to allow filming at his market, located beside the high school.

With the cast in place, filming began on Cruz's first effort at producing and directing a film. Looking back, he ruefully says that footage was often shaky—"mesmerizingly dizzy"—and the waves muffled dialogue during beach scenes. By that spring, though, they had enough to put together a short educational video, intended to be shown in classrooms. But then, the filmmakers added scenes of the island life and scenery to provide context for Americans, Fijians and other non-Marshallese until the movie clocked in at 1 hour and 20 minutes.

Mike Cruz '06 is now attending film school at Chapman University. —Photo by John Lucas

The movie premiere and unexpected success followed.

Morning Comes So Soon "rings true and is worthy of fest attention," wrote *Variety. Filmmaker* magazine praised the film: "Part island tragedy and part youth documentary, *Morning* also succeeds as a portrait of teenage life on the Marshall Islands with its everyday rhythms and ordinary sights. … There's a quiet, serene rhythm to many of the shots, but a just-as-present lingering tension; it may be 'paradise,' but something's not quite right."

The actors and crew, when invited to a screening for Marshallese senators, held their own, Cruz says with pride. They became comfortable speaking professionally and making presentations, important skills for work and school.

James Bing III, who played the male lead, says he became widely recognized around the Marshalls and in expatriate communities in Seattle and Eastern Washington, where he now studies business administration and marketing at a community college. "The Marshallese language is not well known, and I want it to shine throughout the world," says Bing, 20, adding that he wanted people to know more about his homeland beyond the U.S. testing of nuclear bombs.

Since *Morning Comes So Soon*, two more films have been made starring locals. Jack Niedenthal, who wrote and directed *Ña Noniep (I Am the Good Fairy)* and *Yokwe Bartowe (Poor Bartowe)*, says he was inspired by Cruz and Condon's movie. "I can honestly say that *Morning Comes So Soon* changed my life and, in turn, has changed the lives of thousands of people here in the Marshall Islands," says Niedenthal, a Pennsylvania-born transplant who runs the trust for the people of former nuclear test site Bikini Atoll. "Marshallese people, especially young people and children, can now see that their lives are worthy of exploration in film. That is huge when you talk about both personal and national identities."

And more movies may be on the way, according to Cruz, who left the islands in July 2008 and shortly after began his film studies at Chapman. Last year, he and Condon wrote another script set in the Marshall Islands and he hopes to someday return there to direct again. "I can't escape myself," Cruz says, recalling the advice of his Pomona professors. "They were right."

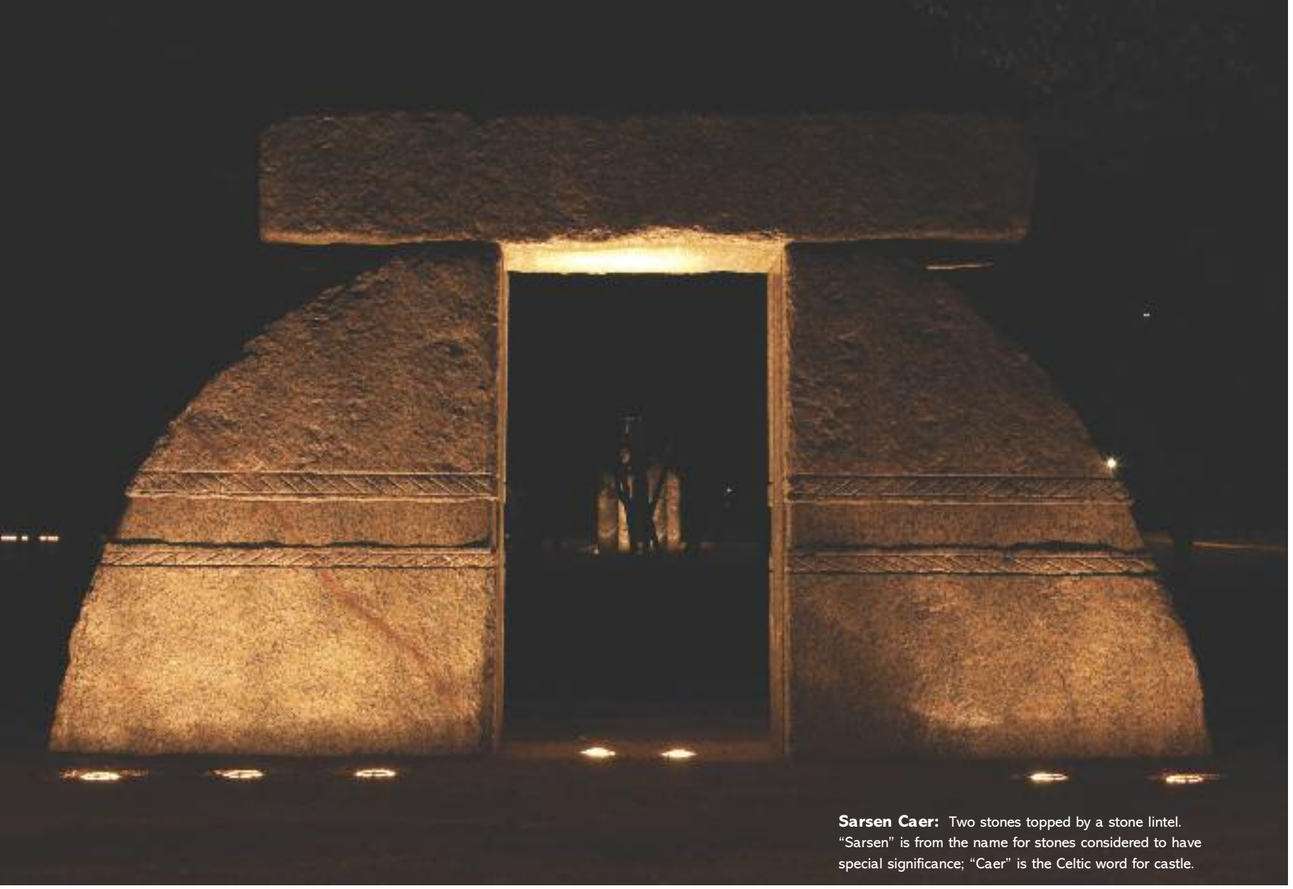
A controversial set of granite monuments by Norm Hines '61 finds a new home as an island of art in a sea of Texas sports...

The Rebirth of CAELUM MOOR

Story by Don Pattison / Photos by Irwin Thompson

Uprooted

for a shopping center and relegated to storage for 12 years, a group of towering granite monuments created by Norm Hines '61 has found a new home near the heart of Texas sports country. The re-installation of Hines's environmental sculpture, Caelum Moor, in a park between the Dallas Cowboys stadium and Texas Rangers ballpark has created an oasis of fine art in the high-traffic Arlington Entertainment District. »



Sarsen Caer: Two stones topped by a stone lintel. "Sarsen" is from the name for stones considered to have special significance; "Caer" is the Celtic word for castle.

Befitting its evocative name, Caelum Moor was re-dedicated on a blustery, rainy evening last fall as 200 guests gathered to celebrate an improbable artistic event. Hines looked on smiling as one civic leader after another hailed the sculpture whose rebirth is unusual, if not unique, in the history of art in public places.

"I've wondered more than once during the past 12 years whether this day would ever come," Hines noted in his remarks that evening.

Hines began work on Caelum Moor in 1984, commissioned by development magnate Jane Mathes Kelton, who was seeking a signature work of art for a planned business park to be called The Highlands. Kelton, who died three years ago, was of Scottish descent. She had always been drawn to the megalithic sites found throughout the British Isles and, in offering Hines the commission, had asked only that the work reflect this history in some way. Hines, then professor of art at Pomona College, proposed a 5-acre environmental sculpture that would include five groups of "Texas pink" granite monuments (measuring 15 to 34 feet in height and weighing 540 tons) set within a landscaped park, including a lake and natural amphitheatre, which he would also design.

For two years, Hines worked in a quarry in Marble Falls, about 200 miles from Arlington. He directed the removal-by-dynamite of a huge wall of granite and the cutting of the 22 individual stones that would make up the sculptural groups. Then he flame-cut their surfaces, carving and polishing designs on each. Eventually, the stones were transported to Arlington by a 16-truck convoy, and Caelum Moor was installed at The Highlands and dedicated with considerable fanfare in 1986. There the work remained for 11 years, serving as a public park frequented by individuals, families and other small groups, and the site of such large-scale events as the Highland Games.

In 1987, *Los Angeles Times* art critic Suzanne Muchnic wrote that Caelum Moor "not only holds its own in terms of evocative power," but has "found a place in the community's heart." At the time, Hines noted that his concern was not only for the work's aesthetic quality but also for the way it was experienced. "The forms had to be powerful enough for people to want to explore them, and I tried to make the carved details alluring—everyone loves to touch polished stone, to connect directly with that ancient material. I wanted to provide opportunities for discovery so that visitors would linger, would find something new each time they returned."

But in 1997, the development project for which Caelum Moor was designed went under, and the land occupied by the sculpture was sold to another developer who intended to bulldoze the site to make way for a Lowe's home improvement store. Texas had not, at the time, enacted legislation protecting art in public places. Ultimately, the developer was persuaded to donate the stones to the city, and they were de-installed and stored.

The City of Arlington planned to relocate the work, but it would take another decade to identify an appropriate public site. The succession of delays resulted from the changing membership of the city council, financial constraints, and, most dramatic, the objections of certain conservative Christian ministers to Caelum Moor, which, because of its reference to ancient megalithic sites, they believed to have pagan, and therefore anti-Christian (if not also Satanic) associations. The ministers threatened legal action if Arlington persisted in plans to install a "religious" sculpture on public land. The accusations (one of which purported to "prove" that Hines had designed the work with Satanic intent) were groundless, ignoring the work's contemporary nature and intent, which stood in clear distinction from megalithic monuments. Nonetheless, the controversy endured, effectively preventing reinstallation.

Hines points out that much public art generates controversy as soon as it is erected. "Art in public places, almost by design, disrupts the natural flow of things, and the way the public responds makes it successful or not. Historically, there is often a period during which the public feels uncomfortable with a new installation, a new presence they have to deal with. But just as frequently, public art that initially takes people out of their comfort zone—intellectually or aesthetically—eventually comes to be seen as an enhancement and no longer disruptive."

Over time, church-based opposition faded, and in 2008 the city announced plans to spend more than $1 million of entertainment tax revenue to re-install Caelum Moor. "It's magnificent work that we're very lucky … to have," council member Sheri Capehart told the *Dallas Morning News*. Twelve years after the Caelum Moor stones were moved and the original park destroyed, and after innumerable false starts, the sculpture was re-dedicated in Richard Greene Linear Park, an existing public space and part of the Johnson Creek Reclamation Project, between (and within close range of) the two stadiums.

Hines, who retired from teaching in 2000, has grown philosophical and reflective about Caelum Moor's long exile from public view. "I had mixed emotions about seeing Caelum Moor finally up again," says Hines, "because the plan from the beginning was that it was to be a permanent installation, one that, in part because of its scale, would be in place for a very long time. But when we finally did get it back up, after years of hassling and scheming to find a way to do it, it was exciting and wonderfully rewarding." There was also, according to Hines, "a

Morna Linn: Standing in the center of the river, the pair of pillars borrows the Celtic term for beloved ("Morna") and for water rushing over stones ("Linn").

De'Danann: Detail of one of three towering monoliths representing a Celtic family, arranged in a triangle. Right: new Cowboys Stadium.

great sense of relief, because it had been, for so long, a major, unfinished part of my life."

Hines's excitement and relief have not been diminished by the distinct differences between the two sites. The first—The Highlands—was, initially, no more than a five-acre field surrounded by 20 empty acres. Hines was able to design not only the sculptural elements of the stones, but also the contours of the land and the placement of the lake—even "which trees, what types of wildflowers would be planted," he says. "I designed Caelum Moor to be an oasis, a place of respite in the middle of what was to become an industrial and commercial area, and I had a say in every aspect of it."

The relocation to Richard Greene Linear Park required Hines to redesign the sculpture—essentially to transform a site-specific work of art, which had lost its site, in a manner specific to a new locale that Hines had not designed. This meant changing the relationships among the stone groups, which had to be installed in deference to what was already there. "I didn't have the freedom to change the contours of the land or to alter the landscape, because this is an established park with mature trees and a river."

Was there a moment when Hines figured re-installation was a lost cause? "Absolutely. For most of the last 12 years," he says. The turning point was the unanimous vote of the Arlington City Council to relocate Caelum Moor in the park, a location far more accessible than the original. Although the earlier site bordered a freeway, foot access was limited. Today, millions of people will experience Caelum Moor, on foot as well as in automobiles, as they move around and between the two stadiums and, eventually, through a mixed-use development slated for the future.

The recreation of Caelum Moor as a public monument marks both the culmination of years of effort and a new chapter in the story—indeed, a new life for the work of art. Will people respond? Will the park be taken to heart by the public as was the original Caelum Moor? Will walkers and joggers stop along Johnson Creek Trail to contemplate the stones? Will fans on their way to and from baseball and football games do the same? How will the stones look in a park bearing little resemblance to a moor? How will their enormous scale be perceived against the backdrop of one of the largest stadiums ever built? Hines believes there will be patterns of use that can't yet be anticipated, that the sculpture will always be to some extent a work in progress. "I think that's part of the exciting future of the site," he says, "I see this as a new beginning for Caelum Moor, not as the end of anything."

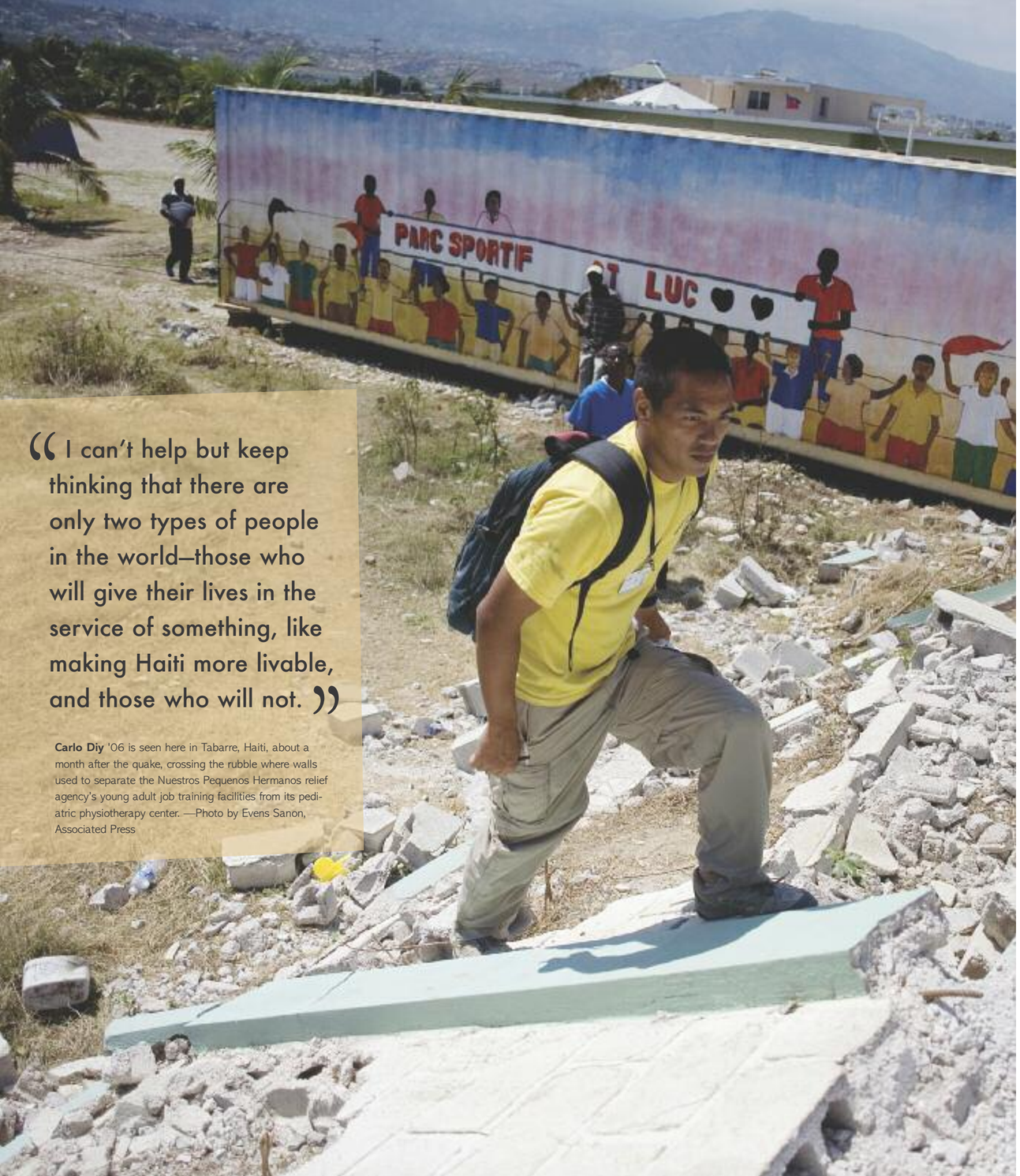
CARLO DIY '06 WAS HAUNTED BY THE TERRIBLE SUFFERING HE WITNESSED IN HAITI. AND THAT WAS A YEAR BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE THAT COMPELLED HIM TO RETURN...

HAITI BEFORE & AFTER

By Agustin Gurza

THE WORDS CARLO DIY '06 POURED OUT in his Haiti diary more than a year before the earthquake sound today like eerily prescient metaphors. He likened all the injustices and diseases and inhumane conditions to "very heavy rocks." He described Haiti as a country "whose people were nearly all being crushed to death by boulders … like cancer or resistant TB or starvation or despair."

AP Photo/Ramon Espinosa



“I can’t help but keep thinking that there are only two types of people in the world—those who will give their lives in the service of something, like making Haiti more livable, and those who will not.”

Carlo Diy ’06 is seen here in Tabarre, Haiti, about a month after the quake, crossing the rubble where walls used to separate the Nuestros Pequenos Hermanos relief agency’s young adult job training facilities from its pediatric physiotherapy center. —Photo by Evens Sanon, Associated Press

The suffering Diy witnessed as a volunteer at a Roman Catholic hospital and orphanage made no sense to him during his first 18 months in Haiti, starting the year after he graduated. And when he rushed back to help after the recent quake, of course, the misery was even more unfathomable.

The worse the problems got in Haiti, the deeper his doubts. What good could he do there, one individual in the face of so much tragedy? Why did he lead such a charmed life while so many wallowed in misfortune? What duty did he have to be there to begin with? And where should he draw the line between the call to service and his own self-interest, between sacrifice and selfishness?

In some ways, Diy (pronounced “Dee”) has been struggling with those questions since long before he even knew about Haiti’s chronic, catastrophic problems, back when he was an aimless undergraduate English major trying to decide what to do with his life. Today, he’s no closer to finding answers that satisfy his reason, or his morals. In fact, he’s less sure now than ever.

Diy, who calls himself a “complicated Catholic,” grappled with these existential questions recently during a long lunch interview in Los Angeles’ fashionable Encino neighborhood where he now works. He was deep into the weighty topics, and his meaty lasagna, before he realized he had forgotten to say grace, as he normally does. He poked the food with his fork and smiled nervously, like he couldn’t believe he had let himself forget his mealtime ritual.

“Even now, I’m so confused and torn up a lot of the time,” he said. “I don’t doubt there is a God. But I just don’t get the guy, sometimes. … You just have to somehow hold two very seemingly contradictory facts together: There is a God and God is for people, but then there are all these things happening that are just terrible, horrific. You either go insane or you just learn to be OK with both of them.”

DIY, WHO GOES BY HIS MIDDLE NAME Carlo, is the middle of three children born to a “deeply spiritual” family, immigrants from the Philippines. His father is a successful electrical engineer; his mother, a pre-school teacher. Growing up in the city of El Segundo, located on the coast near LAX, afforded him and his surfing buddies a sheltered upbringing. “You can’t ask for a softer, easier, really ideal place to grow up,” he says.

But he could tough it out at sports. As a kid, he was never big enough to play the field in water polo, but he made a great goalie. “I think the reason they put me in there is they found out that I wasn’t afraid to just take one to the face, which happens a lot,” says Diy, who stands a lean 5-foot-11. “They saw that I just wouldn’t flinch.”

In 2002, Diy entered Pomona College, considering a career in journalism or creative writing. It was here during his sophomore year that he first started to seriously reflect on his “perfect” life and consider his social obligations to the less fortunate.

On one carefree afternoon, with Claremont temperatures in the 90s, Diy decided to leave his overly air-conditioned dorm room and go out for an ice cream. At that unlikely moment—“How could it get any more comfortable?”—he was struck by a strange sense of discomfort.

His life was too good he thought, “ridiculously good.” He had a great family, great friends. Now he was at an elite college where his only concerns were his own procrastination and the fact that the air conditioning in the dorm worked better than it should. Sitting there by himself that day, he felt what he would later describe as survivor’s guilt.

“I was like, what did I do that I get to have all this?” he recalled. “And by the luck of the draw, or the lack of luck, other people in other situations will never ever know a moment like that?”

The question wouldn’t go away. Finding answers would take two more years of soul-searching, intensified by the break-up of his first serious relationship. She was a Pomona student too, a year older, in pre-med. Like him, she was very religious, yet it was religion that drove them apart. She believed Christianity was the only true path. Diy was not so sure. It was a crisis of love and faith that made him search even deeper for what he truly believed.

In the end, he decided the answers he was looking for could not be found in books or in church. He needed to take action in the real world.

He had to give something back for all his blessings. Not just in words, not with donations, not even with a few volunteer hours at a soup kitchen. He had to say ‘thank you’ in a physical way, with his whole being.

“If it wasn’t a thank you with my body, then it didn’t mean anything to me,” Diy recalls. “To say, ‘This is so good, thank you,’ and stay here was not enough. It’s one of those things I knew I had to go somewhere. I was more sure of that than anything I had ever been.”

UNTIL THEN, DIY KNEW SO LITTLE about Haiti he could not have placed it on a map. The large island—called Hispaniola and now shared by the Dominican Republic—was the first place in the Americas where Christopher Columbus set foot in 1492. By the 1700s, it had become a French colony, one of the richest in the hemisphere, thanks to the lucrative sugar and coffee trade, and the brutal benefits of slavery.

During his research on potential places to volunteer, Diy picked Haiti partly because he could use the French he had learned in his studies abroad. But he was also drawn to the work of a group called Nuestros Pequenos Hermanos (Our Little Brothers), an international Catholic agency founded by the Passionist order of priests in Mexico City. In Haiti, the group operates a 120-bed pediatric hospital for critically ill children and an orphanage for over 450, along with street schools, water distribution and other projects. It all comes under the leadership of Father Rick Frechette, the American priest and doctor who heads the Haiti branch of the charity.

Diy was well aware of the dangers he faced. The island nation is the poorest place in the Americas, and one of the most violent. In 2006, the year he originally signed up to serve in the chaotic capital of Port-au-Prince, the incidence of

kidnappings in Haiti hit a peak, with 60 Americans abducted by vicious criminal gangs. Only two years earlier, food riots had forced aid organizations to evacuate the island, prompting this moral challenge from Father Rick: "What kind of shepherd runs when the wolves come out?"

Things were better by the time Diy arrived in Haiti for the first time, in January of 2007. He was assigned as a volunteer coordinator but also wrote for the charity's website and taught English to the medical staff. His day-to-day duties ranged from the mundane to the grotesque. He helped unload large containers of supplies and picked up people at the airport. But he also washed the lifeless bodies of children who died at the hospital at a rate of one per day. And he picked up the decomposing bodies of unclaimed dead at the city morgue, their rotting limbs sometimes pulling apart in his hands as he tried to lift them into cardboard coffins made by the agency's orphans.

Before too long, Father Rick's words would haunt him. At one point, Diy himself was tempted to flee from Haiti and leave behind the people he was trying to help.

The crisis came in April 2008, when riots again broke out in the capital, this time over soaring food prices. Monitoring the unrest became a part of Diy's daily routine at Pediatric Hospital St. Damien Chateaublond, located in a compound near the airport, northeast of downtown, relatively removed from the turmoil. Every afternoon, he'd run up to the roof scanning the skies for columns of black smoke, the signals that vandalism, looting and violence may be getting closer. From his provisional watchtower, the nervous lookout fashioned a pragmatic defense for any scared shepherd who puts self-preservation above saving his flock.

He's "the kind of shepherd who wants to see his family again. And surf El Porto in Manhattan Beach again. And learn to drive stick-shift. And maybe have kids someday," wrote Diy in a blog under the title "Brutally Honest Corner" posted on his Haiti website, *www.onewritething.com*. "I'd love to be a hero, but I've made promises to the people I love. I'm not dying here."

Diy completed his full 18 months before returning safely to Southern California two months later, in June 2008. But the suffering he had seen still assaulted his senses. The repugnant smell of death, the wail of a grieving mother, the heart-rending routine of lifting the spirits of sick children only to watch them die. He had trouble reconciling two realities, one of comfort and excess, one of constant misery. There were days back home in the peaceful L.A. suburb of El Segundo when he found it hard to get out of bed, and all he could do was cry.

Then the massive quake struck Haiti on Jan. 12. As the disaster unfolded, Diy started receiving news that some of his friends had died or been injured in the collapse of the charity's former hospital building. He felt so useless sitting at home so far away. When he heard from fellow volunteers around the world who were rushing back to help in the recovery, he knew he had to join them. "You can't claim to be any kind of a friend when something like that happens, if you don't go and do something, at least to show up and show solidarity."

The entries in his daily diaries after the quake are filled with the horror of the destruction, and an intensified, trembling anguish over the near-hopelessness of the situation. On Feb. 6 he wrote: "I can't help but keep thinking that there are only two types of people in the world—those who will give their lives in the service of something, like making Haiti more livable, and those who will not."

But in his journal he also turns to his faith: "Mass was all about Calvary. Jesus took the worst possible torturous death and opened up to us everlasting life. … Father said that's why you go to Jean Joseph's crushed house where you can smell the stench of his unfound, decaying brothers and sisters … and say a Mass. That's what we do as Christians, to stand at Calvary and try to redeem a terrible situation."

DIY RECKONS THAT the people who go to places like Haiti to do charitable work can generally be broken down into three categories. There are the volunteers, who go out of a sincere impulse to help others. The voyeurs, who go for the adventure and for bragging rights. And the lifers, who go and decide they're never coming back.

Diy knows he's not a lifer. People like Father Rick are built differently, he says. They just keep going in the face of danger and deprivation without losing an ounce of faith or energy. During his month-long stay after the earthquake, Diy lost 12 pounds.

Today, though, Diy shows no outward signs of the physical and spiritual struggles he's been through these past three years. He's back home, literally, living with his parents in El Segundo. He does volunteer work, leading a youth group at his church on L.A.'s Westside and teaching Haitian Creole to students online through another website he started, *HaitiHub.com*. During the week, he commutes to his full-time job as a fund-raiser for the Sisters of Social Service, an international order that advocates for social justice. His office is located at the Holy Spirit Retreat Center, the order's beautifully landscaped escape in the pastoral hills of Encino.

This peaceful retreat is far from Haiti in every way. But now, Diy has turned his survivor's guilt into a sense of purpose. He's certain he'll return to Haiti someday and he's determined to devote his life in some capacity working "directly with and for Haitians." At the same time, he has come to believe people don't have to put their bodies on the line to make a difference. They can start by making changes in their own lives, overcoming the excesses and indulgence of our modern lives full of "plasma-screened, touch-sensitive everything," as he explains in his last blog from the island.

"At some point during that year and a half in Haiti, it became clear that nothing really had purpose if it wasn't contributing to addressing some of the inequities in society," he concludes during the interview. "I guess that's as close as I'll come to knowing the meaning of life myself. The world is not how it could be. Certainly, we could be better to each other. And if what I'm doing is not contributing to that, then what's the point?"

Economics / *Professor Ludwig Chincarini*

Marketing the Weather

When bad weather threatens to slash profits, firms turn to the national weather market to hedge their losses. Expecting a warm winter in Chicago? An oil company can buy weather futures that would compensate the firm for lost profits if the mercury rises too high. Afraid drought will ravage wheat crops near Kansas City? Farmers can buy futures to cover their losses, too.

It's an unusual market, but it turns out to be an efficient one. According to Assistant Professor of Economics Ludwig Chincarini, who has been studying weather trading with the help of students, the market price has consistently predicted weather patterns better than even the most complex meteorological forecasts.

"Markets do not overreact, and they do not underreact to unexpected weather patterns," Chincarini says. "It's an indication of what people think weather will be."

Weather trading has been around since 1999 and is primarily centered in the Chicago Mercantile Exchange (CME). Weather shares currently can be purchased for 46 cities in the U.S., Australia, Canada and Europe. In 2005, the market was worth more than $22 billion with 630,000 contracts traded over the course of the year.

Chincarini, who has worked as a hedge fund manager and has an extensive knowl edge of derivative markets, was fascinated by the efficiency of the small, quirky market—and what lessons could be taken from it and applied to similar markets. "I was talking to students about trading weather, and I thought it was so weird," he says. "None of the standard derivative models could be used to price weather. So I thought, 'how do you do it?'"

The weather market is comprised of futures contracts that pay off in the event of atypical temperature patterns. Differences between the normal temperature and aberrant temperatures that go too high above or too far below the historical norm are summed up at the end of each month. If that sum total exceeds an agreed upon number set down in the contract, then companies receive a payout. If not, then the firms get no returns.

Unlike stock market speculators, most participants in the weather market are not looking to turn a profit. Weather traders instead use the market as an insurance policy to smooth out profit over the course of the year. If the weather was as bad for business as expected, the contract payouts can help them recoup those losses. Even if a firm does not receive a payoff from their contract because weather turned out to be more normal than expected, the weather should have helped them drum up enough business to cover the contract costs. "As a business, you want to take away from surprises," Chincarini says.

Although they haven't yet been able to predict the weather, firms that enter into the market have almost always been successful at removing weather-related risk. Despite being quite small and having very low liquidity, the weather market has been much better than most larger markets at ensuring that the price of futures does not stray from fair market value.

Market convention says that the more liquid a market is—that is, the easier it is for investors to buy and sell shares—the more efficient it will be. In his study, however, Chincarini found the opposite was true for the low-liquidity weather market.

So why is the weather market so efficient? Chincarini suggests the impossibility of having and using insider information plays a part. When someone is trading shares of a company, they can cheat the system by gaining insider information on the company's future earnings. In addition, non-insiders may look at movements in prices as an indication that other traders have inside information and trade accordingly. Getting privileged information on next month's average temperature in New York, however, is a bit trickier. "Maybe it's not liquidity that matters so much as the potential for insider information," the professor says.

—Travis Kaya '10

Politics / *The United States Congress*

IN CLASS
with Professor David Menefee-Libey

Taught each spring by Professor David Menefee-Libey, The United States Congress has been a staple of the Politics Department for 30 years. The class culminates with a simulation in which students take on the roles of actual senators in four lively legislative sessions. The following is edited and adapted from a March discussion, shortly before the passage of health care reform.

DAVID MENEFEE-LIBEY: We've been talking about budget reconciliation a lot recently and having a collective freak-out about it and whether it's unconstitutional or illegal or not normal. In the book we're reading, Charles Cushman writes about where reconciliation comes from and why it exists. What is budget reconciliation?

JOE: It's a process where House and Senate can negotiate directly on the budget.

DML: What does it reconcile?

NATHAN: The two chambers, the two versions of the bill.

DML: Which two versions?

LESLIE: The goals of the budget committees versus the final bills.

DML: Exactly. At the start of the process, the House and Senate pass a budget resolution that comes out of their budget committees. The budget resolution has three main things in it—what overall spending is going to look like, broken into 13 big categories of appropriations; what taxes are going to look like and what the resulting debt will be.

The resolution comes out of the budget committees in the House and Senate, then the authorization and appropriation committees do their work and, at the end, they try to reconcile the differences between the budget resolution and what those committees did.

We've been talking about the overall organizing logic of the place—parties push it together and committees pull it apart. There is this centrifugal force from the committees; they bring their own legislation to the floor and pull the place apart, and the leadership tries to find things that will pull it back together. Reconciliation is one thing the majority party can use to pull it back together again.

If the committees ignore the budget resolution, reconciliation has the force of law. It goes to the floor on an expedited calendar. It can't be filibustered in the Senate and has priority in the House. It can roll back anything the committees did, or it can override the original budget resolution. Members get to choose which version they want by voting it up or down.

NATHAN: What if there is a difference between the House and Senate?

DML: They go to a conference.

The reconciliation resolution has been done 21 times since the Omnibus Budget Reconciliation Act was created in 1974. In 1986, there was the Comprehensive Omnibus Budget Reconciliation or COBRA. One of the things that got thrown into it was the ability to purchase the extension of health insurance beyond the expiration of your current health insurance. It's very common that major health care legislation is done through reconciliation.

RACHEL: Isn't there tension between the authorizing and appropriating committees?

DML: There are tensions all over. They're always stepping on each other and they fight like crazy.

You have the Senate Appropriations Committee and it has an armed services subcommittee that deals with defense budgets, and the same thing is true in the House. You also have the House Armed Services Committee and the Senate Armed Services Committee. When the secretary of defense goes before Congress to argue for his budget, he testifies four times in front of four different committees. Talk about centrifugal forces. Each of these committees has its own questions and own priorities and own preferences about what good defense policy is. One of these committees might start funding the F-22 again. The secretary of defense comes in and says we don't want any F-22s; they cost too much and we don't have any use for them.

Someone on the House Armed Services Defense Appropriations Subcommittee says, "But the wings are built in my district and I want them." The reconciliation stage is where it gets all cleaned up.

There are exceptions. In the case of a single bill like the Medicare prescription drug benefit, how did that make it through the budget reconciliation process? How did the Iraq War make it through? It's cost us a trillion dollars. One of the problems is there are things that they exempt from the budget resolution and reconciliation process. They do it in omnibus legislation that deals with the whole problem all at once.

Martin Luther talked about this—that human beings in their ingenuity are able to create instruments for preventing themselves from doing bad things, but, because they're human beings, they can always find ways around what they created.

LESLIE: How does this process figure into deficit or surplus spending? Do congresses think about that during the initial budget resolution?

DML: Absolutely. They're supposed to set what their deficit target is for that year; it's supposed to be helpful. This morning I looked at the CBO (Congressional Budget Office) record of taxing and spending from 1970 to now. In most years there were deficits; there was a period of surpluses during the Clinton Administration. If you look at averages over a period of time, the percent of GDP that's spent by the federal government is about 19 and one-half percent of GDP.

The average percent of the GDP that's taxed over this 40-year period is 18 percent; so basically over that whole period of time, the average deficit is one and a half percent of the GDP over 40 years, which adds up. That is supposed to be regulated by the budget process but it turns out they keep on doing stuff like the Medicare prescription drug benefit or the Iraq War outside the budget.

LESLIE: Besides that, Congress passes tax cuts. Why is it they do that when we're already in deficit spending?

DML: You tell me.

ARIEL: They want votes.

DML: Dick Cheney famously said in 2003—when they were getting ready for the reelection, and people asked, "Aren't you worried about deficits?—that no one has ever been penalized in an election for deficits.

Everybody wants to go to Heaven, but nobody wants to die. There are lots of clichés about this in our culture.

This is an endemic problem, and they've tried to fix it a couple of times, once late in the Reagan Administration, after the '86 midterm election. The lame-duck Congress passed comprehensive tax reform that dramatically reformed the system, simplified it and raised taxes, especially on upper-income people. Reagan supported one of the largest tax increases in American history to try to get some control over the deficit and that helped a lot.

The second time was when deficits ballooned again in the George H.W. Bush Administration. Bush signed a big tax increase and a budget reform that put stricter limits on the process. Then, in 1993, under Clinton, Congress passed big tax increases that led to surpluses and the longest period of economic growth in American history without a recession.

There hasn't been a reform of the budget process since then. But there are efforts, Congress keeps trying. They try to fix this, but they keep on blowing it up. And one reason it's so hard to fix is because of the pressures from home.

Why else is it so hard to fix?

JOE: From the game theory aspect, if you create a deficit, it's not something you are on record voting for, whereas if you vote for tax increases you're on the record for that.

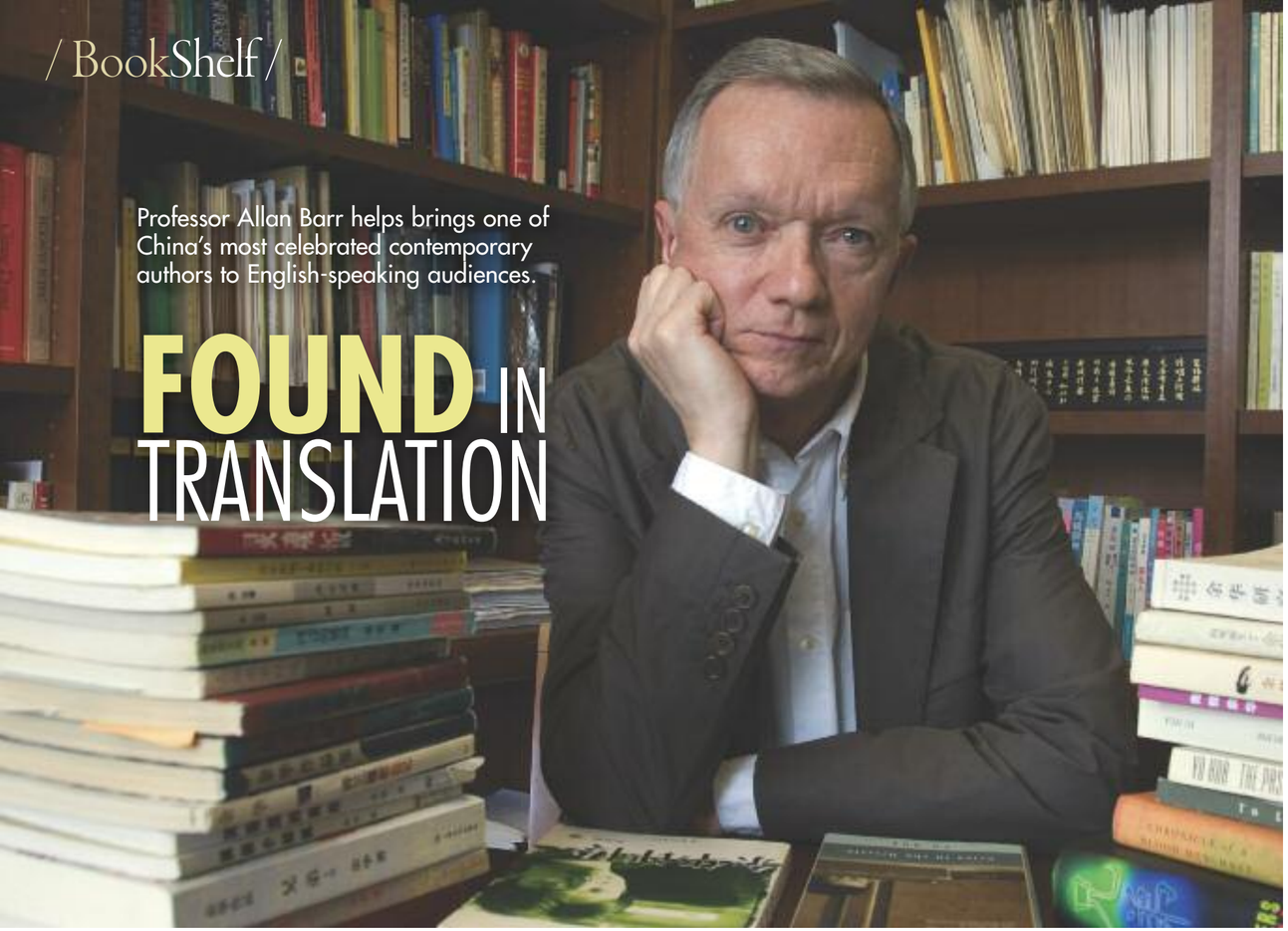
DML: That's well put. That's right. Deficits result from a series of accumulated actions, none of which are deficit-creating actions in and of themselves.

LESLIE: It's also about the way Republicans view taxes and Democrats view taxes; things that come through Congress will be voted for primarily by the party.

DML: So it gets filtered through these partisan lenses. Democrats tell themselves that it's all about income inequality and if we had the courage to tax wealthy people, this would all go away. And the Republicans say Democrats believe in big government and we need to starve the beast and cut taxes and eventually that will force reductions in spending. Both those are wrong, but they are deeply embedded in people's partisan consciousness.

— Compiled by Mary Marvin

Photos by Carrie Rosema



Professor Allan Barr helps brings one of China's most celebrated contemporary authors to English-speaking audiences.

FOUND IN TRANSLATION

While on sabbatical in 2001, Professor Allan Barr was looking to take a break from his usual research in classical Chinese literature when he came across the most recent book by contemporary author Yu Hua. Despite Yu's celebrity status in China, this slim volume of short stories had not yet been translated into English. Barr, who had become a fan of Yu's work, thought he could be of some assistance.

"I felt that there was value in translating something a little more contemporary that deals with the texture of life in the Reform Era," Barr says.

Barr got a hold of Yu's email address, and the two met over dinner in Beijing a few months later. Until that meeting, all of Yu's Western translators were scholars of contemporary literature. Barr, in contrast, specializes in the literature of the Ming and Qing dynasties, spanning the period from 1368 to 1911. "For him to be approached by somebody whose main interest is in the 16th to 18th centuries struck him as an intriguing thing," Barr says. "I think he was tickled by the idea of me translating his work."

Barr finds that his background in traditional Chinese literature allows him to place contemporary works in a broader historical context. His expertise is especially useful when translating passages of classical Chinese poetry that occasionally pop up in Yu's work. "I'm not sure a classical training is necessary to translate a contemporary author, but it's certainly not a handicap to have that kind of broader historical knowledge," he says.

For Barr, translation is as much a creative endeavor as it is a linguistic one. Chinese translators often take so long to gain a proficiency of the language, Barr says, that they neglect to pay attention to the artistry of the prose in English: "The most essential element is your command of English."

This is especially critical when working within the confines of Yu's spare, almost Hemingway-esque prose. Yu shies away from the long-winded rhetoric of some of his contemporaries in favor of understated, colloquial language. Barr says the terse prose makes for a more natural-feeling translation, but leaves little room for error. "You've got to use just the right word to capture the tone and the vitality of the original," Barr says. "You can't afford to relax your vigilance."

Since his first novel *Cries in the Drizzle*—which Barr later translated into English—was published in 1991, Yu's work has propelled him to literary fame in China. Born in 1960 under the Mao regime, Yu was greatly influenced by the Cultural Revolution and the youth protests of the 1980s. A number of his books reflect on everyday life in China during the tumultuous second half of the 20th century. His latest novel, *Brothers*, in the words of *The New York Times Magazine*, "traces the fortunes of two stepbrothers from the Cultural Revolution to China's no-less-frenzied Consumer Revolution."

Barr made his first translation of Yu's work, the short story collection *Boy in the Twilight*, in 2001. The professor of Chinese says that he has been impressed with Yu's knack for committing human interactions to paper. And he's not alone. In 2002, Yu became the first Chinese author to receive the James Joyce Award, given periodically to luminaries in a variety of fields. Yu Hua also was on the short list for the Man Asian Prize in 2008, and, according to the *Times,* is frequently mentioned as a possible candidate for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

After achieving success in China, Yu has become an in-demand lecturer both in his home country and around the globe. According to Barr, he has especially become popular on college campuses, where he has earned a reputation for candor and wit.

Despite Yu's tendency to shine the spotlight on the more unsavory features of Chinese society, Barr says his work has generally been left alone by government censors in Beijing. Publishers are also more willing to take a risk on his work because of his stature on the Chinese and international literary scene. "All of his books have been published in China even though they deal with events or phenomena that reflect poorly on the Chinese Communist Party," Barr says.

Yu is not, however, immune to government interference. According to Barr, Yu's current project is a critical nonfiction volume that he does not plan to release in China, in part because he knows that some of the issues raised will be too sensitive for the censors.

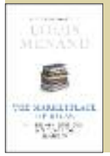
The work, tentatively titled *China in Ten Words*, was inspired by a speech that Yu wrote—and Barr translated—for a visit to Pomona College in March 2009. As the title suggests, Yu is attempting to describe contemporary China through the filter of 10 common expressions in the Chinese vocabulary.

Nearly a decade after their first meeting, Yu and Barr remain in close contact. Last May, Barr was the translator for a New York Times op-ed piece Yu wrote about the 20th anniversary of the Tiananmen Square massacre. Yu continues to send chapters of his latest book to Barr, and Barr continues his efforts to bring Yu's work to English-speaking audiences. "His work tends to go to the heart of the Chinese experience," Barr says. "He doesn't shy away from painful truths about China."

—Travis Kaya '10

Photo by John Lucas

Bookmarks / *Alumni and Faculty Authors*

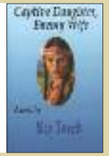


The Marketplace of Ideas
Reform and Resistance in the American University
Louis Menand '73 lays out the philosophical and historical ideas that created the modern university, and argues that these institutions have "changed very little structurally since the time of the First World War."
W.W. Norton & Co., 2010 / 174 pages / $24.95

Mansfield Park and Mummies
Monster Mayhem, Matrimony, Ancient Curses, True Love, and Other Dire Delights
Vera Nazarian '88 has Ancient Egypt infiltrating Regency England in this monster-laden parody of Jane Austen's classic novel.
Norilana Books, 2009/ 555 pages / $16.95

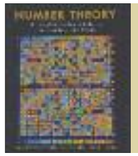
Women of Color and Feminism
Mathee Rojas '92 "encourages a broad conversation about race, class and gender and creates a discourse that brings together feminism and racial justice movements."
Seal Press, 2009 / 200 pages / $14.95

Captive Daughter, Enemy Wife
Mary Tweedy '81 weaves the tale of a young Indian woman who is captured by another tribe, adopted into that tribe and becomes the wife of one of the braves.
Chonicler Publishing, 2010 / 278 pages / $19.95



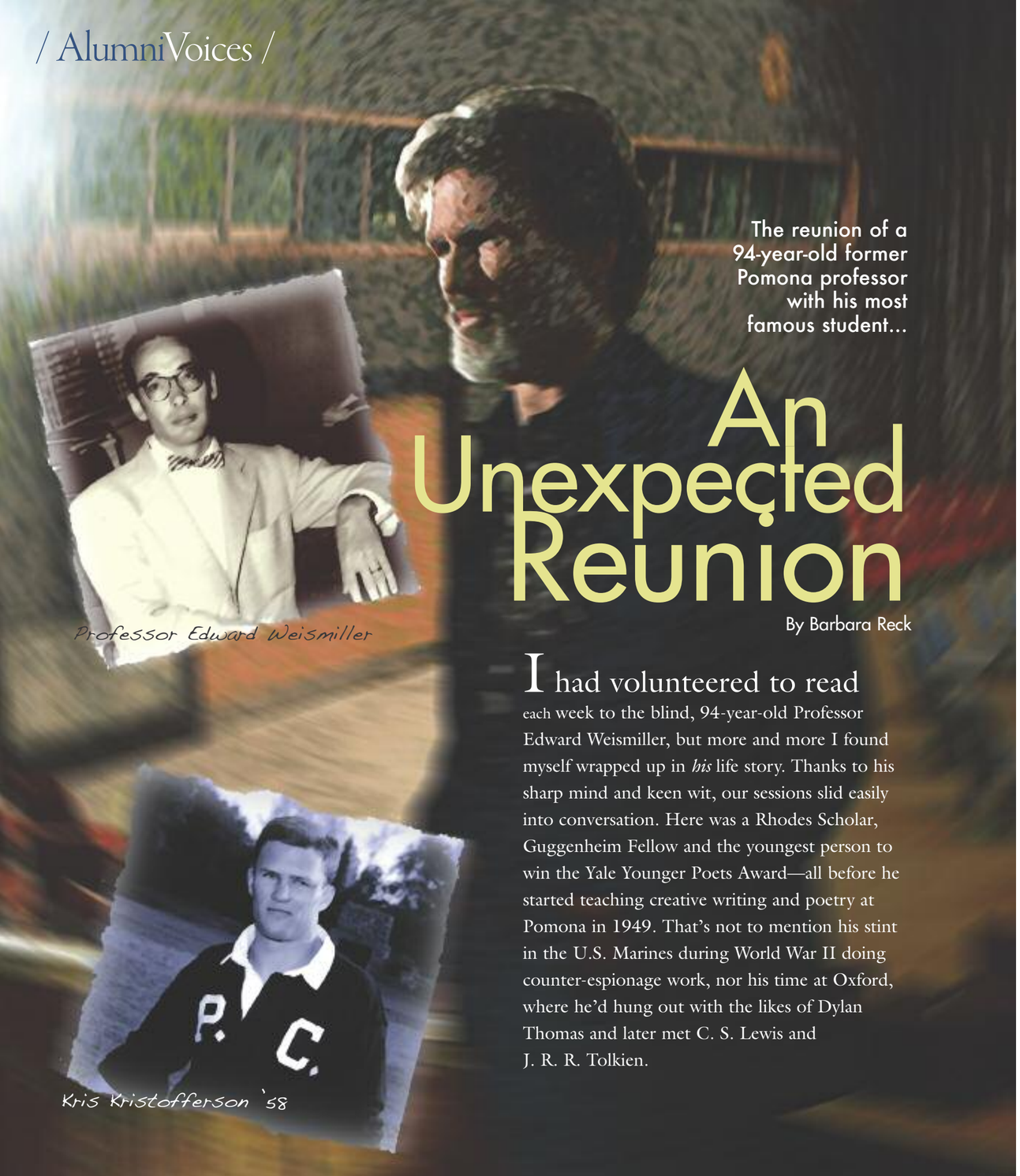
Anastacia, Florence Nightingale and I
A Nurse's Story
Barbara Brooks Wallace '45 tells the story of her own mother, Nicia Brooks, a "born nurse" who grew up in czarist Russia and studied nursing at the Harvard Medical School of China.
An imprint of Scofield O'Leary, 2009 / 146 pages / $12.95

Cuyes, camiones y cuentos en los Andes
Estudios Antropologicos de la Cultura Expresiva
Anthropology Professor **Ralph Bolton '61** writes the first of four books presenting his research in the Andean region, delving into topics such as the macho ethos of Peruvian truckers.
Editorial Horizonte, 2009 / 233 pages



Number Theory
A Lively Introduction with Proofs, Applications and Stories
Mathematics Professor **Erica Flapan** is one of three co-authors of this textbook that introduces elementary number theory and helps develop students' proof-writing skills.
John Wiley & Sons, 2010 / 763 pages / $122.95

River Basins of the American West
A High Country News *Reader*
Environmental Analysis Professor **Char Miller** edits this collection of writings on the West's watersheds, from the Colorado River to the Rio Grande, delving into battles over water rights that mark the region.
Oregon State University Press, 2009 / 288 pages / $24.95



Professor Edward Weismiller

Kris Kristofferson '58

The reunion of a 94-year-old former Pomona professor with his most famous student...

An Unexpected Reunion

By Barbara Reck

I had volunteered to read each week to the blind, 94-year-old Professor Edward Weismiller, but more and more I found myself wrapped up in *his* life story. Thanks to his sharp mind and keen wit, our sessions slid easily into conversation. Here was a Rhodes Scholar, Guggenheim Fellow and the youngest person to win the Yale Younger Poets Award—all before he started teaching creative writing and poetry at Pomona in 1949. That's not to mention his stint in the U.S. Marines during World War II doing counter-espionage work, nor his time at Oxford, where he'd hung out with the likes of Dylan Thomas and later met C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien.

But the real kicker, at least for me, came when I casually asked him to name one or two particularly talented students he had taught. His answer took my breath away as it was my favorite singer/songwriter, Kris Kristofferson '58. Edward elaborated on how Kristofferson was the only student who took an A-grade paper home and, using all of the professor's suggestions and edits, re-submitted the story to see if he'd captured the essence of the comments, to see if he had improved the story.

At Pomona, the professor took the initiative to work with Kristofferson and to submit some of the student's writing assignments to contests in such publications as *The Atlantic Monthly*. Every bio of Kristofferson mentions the fact that he is a Rhodes Scholar. It was Edward who initially encouraged Kristofferson to apply, who shepherded him through the process and who wrote a compelling letter of recommendation. Yet, through the years that followed, they lost touch. Edward tried intermittently to connect with the now famous student of his. On one occasion, he arranged for a note to be sent back stage to Kristofferson, who was on tour, letting him know that his old professor was in the audience. Nothing came of it that evening many years ago and this saddened him greatly. He did not know at the time that the note never reached Kristofferson.

Fast forward to 2009: Weismiller lives on. Kristofferson still tours. I am still a fan. I live in Washington, D.C. as does Edward and my chance comes as I see that Kristofferson's tour is coming to our area. My mission: reconnect the star student with the aging professor. (I must not tell Edward anything in advance for fear of disappointing him.) I quickly craft a plan:

1. Purchase tickets and find a date, as this may need to be a two-person operation.
2. Prepare a large envelope containing Edward's bio, books, reviews, personal data and a picture of the dashing Edward-the-younger taped on the front.
3. Pre-check venue site a day ahead of time and make myself known to the on-site security staff.
4. If required, be prepared to be arrested for harassment or some form of disorderly conduct. Bring driver's license, business card and cash for bribes.

My envelope must be delivered by me into the hands of Kris Kristofferson.

When the day of the concert finally rolls around, I am at the venue early, my date serving as a place-holder in line while I go about my task. A bit of exploration confirms that Kristofferson has chosen not to use the traditional "ready room" but prefers to remain in his deluxe tour van until show time. It's a very big bus, so I find it easily enough. My polite knocking yields no response. I escalate to pounding with my fists, first on the door, later on every single window—keeping an eye out for police lest I get arrested before completing the mission. I do this a lot—three, four, five times around the bus, pounding harder each time—when finally the door opens about three inches and a beautiful, 40ish woman asks: "What *do* you want?!"

Figuring that I have 12 to 15 seconds to get this out, I quickly state my name; show her my envelope and inform her that it contains information about Professor Edward Weismiller, Kristofferson's creative writing teacher back at Pomona College. Amazingly, she instantly recognizes his name. Lisa is Kristofferson's wife and has heard him speak of his teacher many, many times over the years. She immediately invites me into the van, introduces me to Kristofferson and I hand him the envelope. The very first words out of his mouth: "Professor Weismiller is still alive?"

I explain that after teaching at Pomona, Harvard and other prestigious schools, his final teaching position was at George Washington University and that he still resides here in Washington, D.C. but he is in fragile health. With only 35 minutes to show time, Kristofferson asks for Edward's phone number, dials it on his cell phone and Edward answers. (When old and blind, you are always home on a Saturday night.) I am standing there as Kristofferson says into the phone: "Professor Weismiller, this is Kris Kristofferson!"

They talk for about 10 minutes as Lisa, the crew and I listen to the conversation. We can tell that Edward has inquired if a visit is possible but Kristofferson hesitates, explaining that the road tour must proceed on schedule and they must be in New York the very next day… so it is probably not possible. Their conversation sweetly concludes. After many "thank-you"s all around, it's time for me to exit and for Kristofferson to perform. I leave my cell phone number with them just in case.

I find my friend, our seats and I excitedly explain all that has transpired. My date is impressed—so is the entire row of concert-goers within hearing range of my story. The venue is completely sold out thanks to a combination of aging baby boomers and just pure country music fans. A huge ovation welcomes Kristofferson to the stage as he begins his initial song set. But just a few songs into it, he pauses to explain that he's making a special dedication of the next song, "Casey's Last Ride," to his old Pomona writing professor. A captivated audience learns of the impact of Professor Weismiller in Kristofferson's singing and songwriting career. I'm crying now, and everyone in the row is handing me Kleenex.

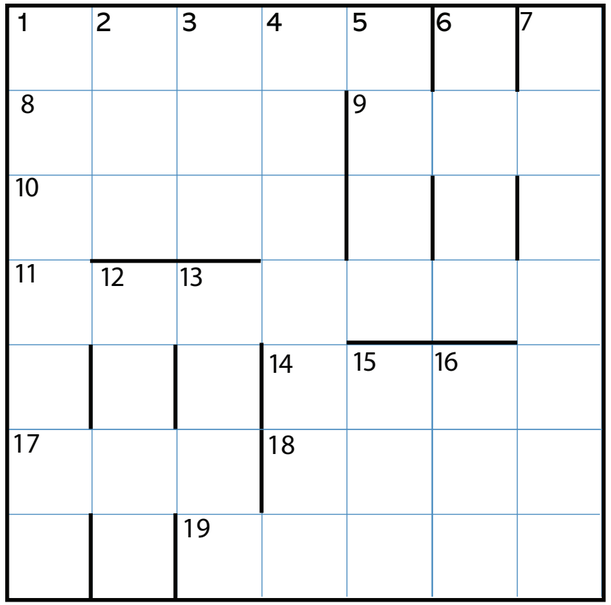
The evening concludes, but I can't sleep, which is good because my cell phone rings at around midnight. It's Lisa asking for directions to Edward's apartment as there is an outside possibility they can awake early and visit him. Twelve hours later my cell phone rings again. Lisa calls to tell me they have just completed a remarkable, emotional visit with Edward lasting over an hour. She tells me about the exchange of autographed CDs and books between the professor and singer, including Edward giving Kristofferson a copy of *Walking Toward the Sun*, his last collection of poetry done just as he was going blind. In the months since their reunion, many of our conversations drift back to that day. From time to time we play some of Kristofferson's music, listening carefully to the words. Among our favorites is a song which includes this line: *"... I was so glad I was close to you for a moment of forever."*

Barbara K. Reck is the director of membership for the American Public Health Association in Washington, D.C.

Cryptic Crossword / *by Lynne Willems Zold '67*

...in the Stream

Answers on Page 8



Directions:

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

Across

1. Film "Blue Hawaii". (5)
8. Rave about and swear. (4)
9. Tucked away in the interior of beautiful Easter Island is a meadow. (3)
10. See middle eastern fruit? (4)
11. Victoria's home island. (7)
14. Far east has a special code. (4)
17. Strange Caribbean liquor. (3)
18. Carol to vote against a small Chicago train. (4)
19. Needs to be tossed into gardens. (5)

Down

1. Balmy island put together a capital retirement fund. (7)
2. Eggs reportedly badly done in Boston. (3)
3. Doc leads valiant emergency treatment. (3)
4. Erin to come down after anger. (7)
5. Can remodel famous Mediterranean island. (4)
6. Intend to title inappropriately. (4)
7. Skimpy shoes for romantic island. (7)
12. Subject: top Nantucket "odes" urge nastiness. (4)
13. Introduced by Greece and Macedonia: early sport. (4)
15. I heard you can move a boat to find fish eggs. (3)
16. Really keen ending for poetic twilight. (3)

Alumni Weekend 2010

More than 1,400 alumni and friends visited campus from April 29 to May 2 for Pomona College's annual Alumni Weekend, celebrating reunion classes covering a span of 70 years from 1935 to 2005. Over the four-day schedule, more than 140 events took place, including the traditional class parade; an alumni vintner wine tasting; various concerts; receptions and presentations; and a new program called "Classes Without Quizzes," featuring lectures on a range of interesting topics by Pomona faculty. —Photos by Iris Schneider, Pro Photography Network

Clockwise from left: The Black Alumni meeting at Smith Campus Center; Cecil greeting alumni on Marston Quad; an impromptu alumni serenade in the 1990 class tent; a future Sagehen leads the Class of 1990 in the Parade of Classes; alumni singing during the Through the Gates program at Sontag Greek Theatre; a game of Frisbee on the Quad; the Parade of Classes again, including Alumni President Frank Albinder '80, wearing his "volcano hat" (repre- senting the 1980 class name, the "St. Helensians"); alumni and guests relaxing on the Quad; and a future Sagehen at play on a sprawling sycamore in front of Bridges Auditorium.