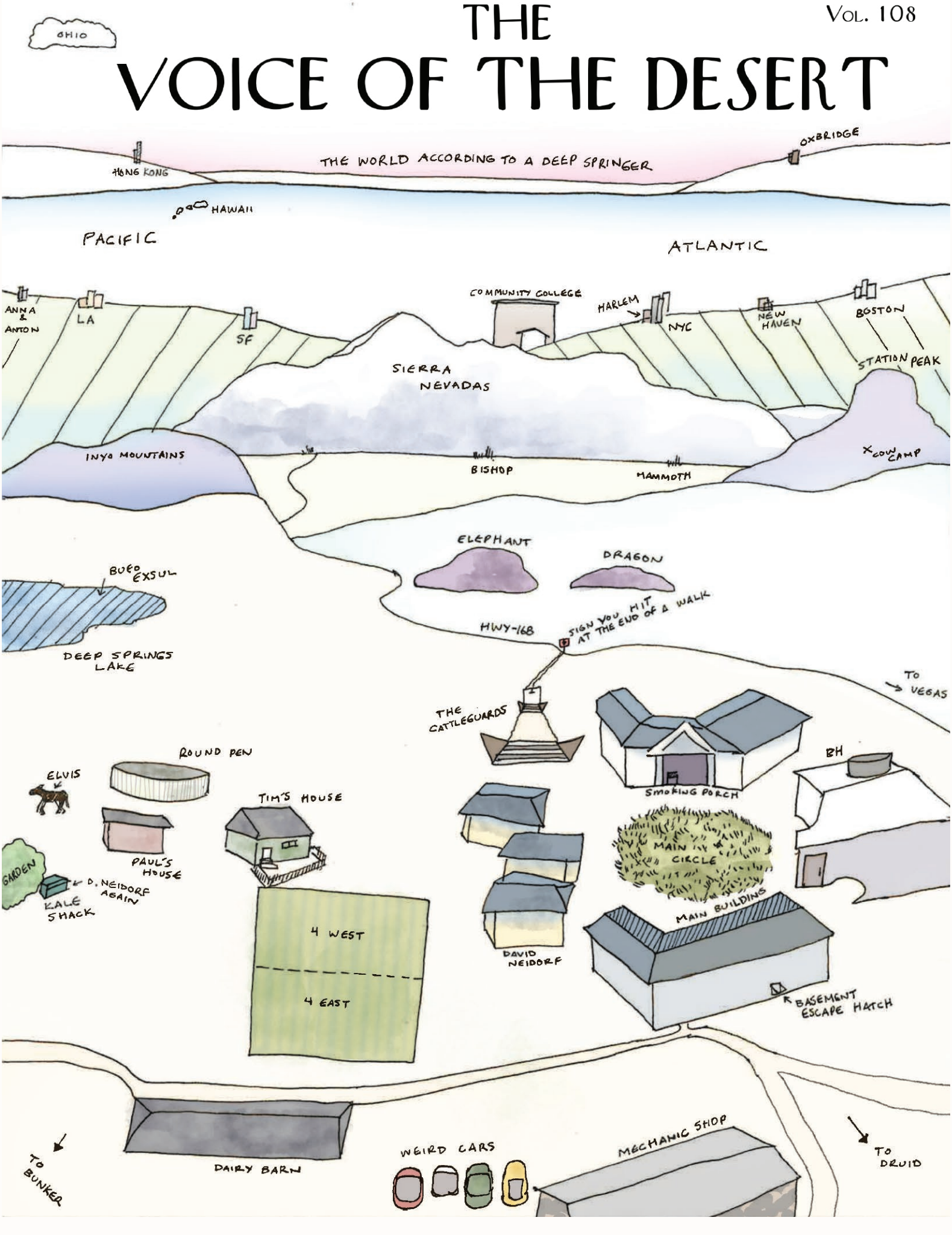
VOL. 108

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT



THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

SPRING 2025

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COMMUNITY PHOTO



From left to right...

Standing Row: Mary Mussman, Jack Gjaja, Will Xu, Harper Yonago, Ellyn Greene, Lucas Xie, Sasha Halperin, Katie Ippolito, Eden Knight, Brendan Symons, Lance Bell, Hexi Jin, Tahm Lloyd, Eli Lerner
Back Sitting Row: Brian Hill, Izzy Iatarola, Sarah Knight, Elias Lopez, Kel Weaver, Ada King, Jeremy Choy, Gideon Berrie, Makoto Kikuchi, Melania Espinal, Tosca Hegel-Cantarella, Anne Mishkind, Babka
Front Sitting Row: Jacob Harms, Oleanna Periera-Puerta, John Bechtold, David Neidorf, Justin Kim, Ruby LaRocca, L.L Nunn, Walker Harris

Not Pictured: Andy Zink, Tim Gipson, Paul Hough, Randi Hough, Kieran Mabey, Ren Franklin, Rebecca McMillin-Hastings, Rania Zaki

GOINGS ON

DEEP SPRINGERS KNIT FOR VICTORY

Domestic Arts Make a Comeback

BY TOSCA HEGEL-CANTARELLA DS23



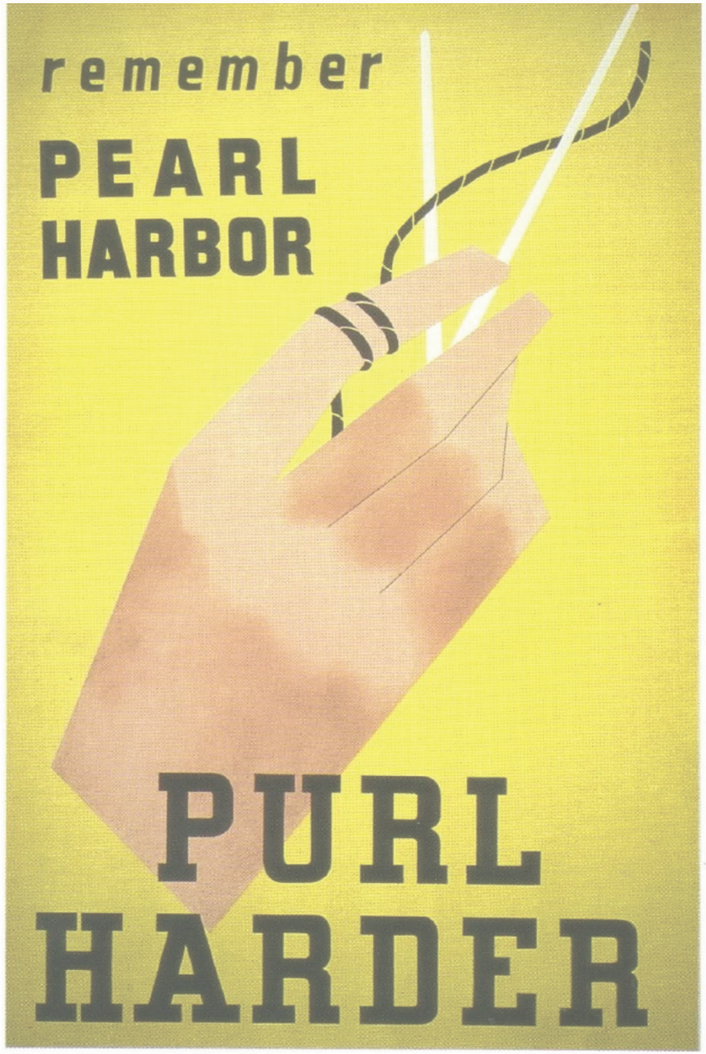
In typical Deep Springs fashion, Makoto Kikuchi is reading a theoretical text before learning a manual skill. The text in question? None other than *The Power of Knitting* by Loretta Napoleoni. Knitting, Napoleoni argues, has played a decisive role throughout human history — in the development of civilization, in the organization of women's rights movements, and in the allied success in WWII. While Makoto's methodological approach may be unsurprising, his choice of subject matter may be. Although knitting is certainly manual labor, it is done "with the hand" after all, it carries with it an association of domesticity and femininity that's often derided.

Throughout the years, Deep Springers have alternatingly embraced and rejected crafts such as knitting, as the overall tenor of the SB culture, and its politics, has similarly oscillated. Following such oscillations, about a year and half ago knitting, weaving, quilting, and embroidery became extremely popular hobbies for the average Deep Springer. Of all these activities, however, knitting reigns supreme. Now at 8pm on Fridays students arrive wearily at the threshold of the Rumpus Room with needles and balls of yarn in their hands, instead of the notebooks, knife sharpening tools, or gavels of the days of yore. Some knit without patterns, making never-ending scarves in myriad colors and yarn types. For these students, the craft is more about finding something to do with their hands to relieve stress than producing polished products. For others, mini-knitting trends shape their crafting habits, such as a pattern for a BalaBonnet (a balaclava and bonnet crossover design recently featured in the New York Times, though Deep Springers did it first) that resulted in four identical hats being produced and worn about campus. The complexity of the projects varies. Veteran knitters, such as Ren Franklin DS23, manufacture socks and sweaters at record speeds often with complex cabling and stranded color work techniques. Students new to the craft are readily instructed by others, beginning with introductory garter stitch projects and then moving onto stockinette stitch and ribbing.

Of course, the Deep Springs trend is not entirely divorced from the real one — a broader youth movement towards traditional crafts which is easy to observe in contemporary culture. This trend has its origins in the pandemic, a time when younger generations began gravitating towards hobbies like bread-baking and crocheting as a way to cope with feelings of isolation and loneliness. Crochet, in particular, saw a massive resurgence in popularity among young, often female, demographics. Interestingly, however, Deep Springers haven't garnered very much interest in crochet. While the differences between the two fiber arts may seem relatively minute to an outsider, there is real significance behind the student body's preference. Knitting is both calming and unpredictable. At any moment, stitches can be dropped, work can be lost, and one must undo everything — literally pulling out past work in order to retrieve a dropped stitch or mistaken increase — in order to fix the problem. With crochet, however, prior work is secured, meaning that it cannot be lost but it also cannot be changed. In this sense, knitting requires a complex balance of perfectionism and risk. A knitter must demonstrate a willingness to undo what has been done for the sake of the end result. There is risk in knitting, there is danger, one's heart beat often rises when a slippery needle comes loose, but there is also beauty and satisfaction. Knitting stimulates the mind, while crochet only deadens it. Deep Springers are particularly attuned to skills such as these, the kind which require intense patience, risk, guesswork, and tedium for the sake of an object that has both beauty and function. That knitting was, for far too long, considered an activity not rough or intellectual enough for a Deep Springer is certainly a shame, and a misunderstanding of the true nature of the craft. A person who knits is self-sufficient, resourceful, and industrious — necessary qualities for any young person wishing to live a life of service. As Napoleoni mentions, knitting was an essential skill during both World War II and World War I. Not only did the government encourage people to knit clothing for soldiers, but spies often used knitting as a way to encode messages that could pass through border checkpoints undetected.

Perhaps next year's ApCom will take the lessons of the current SB into account, looking not just for "intellectual vitality" and "academic rigor" but "fiber facilities" or "purling prowess."





GOINGS ON

TERM 4 IN THE STYLE OF GERTRUDE STEIN

Happenings from a very busy seven weeks.

BY BRENDAN SYMONS DS24

The term was the fourth, and it was a full term. The term was the fourth in a repeating series of terms. Term Four was a busy term.
The term is full, the term is busy, the term is full of events. The events made the term busy.

There was repetition throughout the term. The term was busy because there was repetition. The term was full of repetition. The term was busy because it was full of repetition.

Deep Springs College is a college in a valley. Deep Springs is a valley with a college in it. Many things make up the valley, many events make up the college. The valley is busy because the college is busy. The college is busy because it is full of events. The students of the college are busy because they attend the college. The college which is full of events. The students of Deep Springs were busy because of the events.

The college is missing two department chairs, a garden manager, and many forks. A fork is a tool for eating. The students eat with forks. The forks have gone missing in the college. The students are eating with spoons. The students are missing the forks.

The students are missing Anna Feuer and Anton Barba-Kay. Anna Feur and Anton Barba-Kay were the chairs. The students are missing the chairs. The students are hiring the chairs.

The candidates come to the valley to be interviewed by the students. The college is in the valley, the interviews are in the college. The candidates are being interviewed by the students. The students are interviewing the candidates. The candidates sit on chairs as the candidates are interviewed. The entire process is conducted on chairs. These chairs are for sitting. The college has chairs for sitting. Many of these chairs are broken.

Next year the college will be missing our second years. There will be empty chairs. The college is interviewing applicants to fill the chairs of the students who will be missing. The first years will be second years. The second years will be the first years who are second years. This will be their second year.

The applicants will be students of the college. The applicants will be first years. The students will be in the valley for a year with students who were already in the valley for a year. The students will be busy.



Eli Lerner DS24 takes visiting applicants on a snowy hike to The Box.

The garden is missing a manager. The garden can grow many vegetables. The garden is not growing many vegetables. The garden is unmanaged. The garden is growing squash. The students are interviewing the garden managers. All of the candidates sit on chairs.



GOINGS ON

COURSES ON OFFER

Spring Semester seminars, lectures, and independent studies

BY KEL WEAVER DS24

Visiting faculty **John Bechtold**, an American Studies PhD from UNC Chapel Hill, can be found with a scattering of the SB in the main room teaching **Myth and History in American Memory.** What are they doing? Watching an old movie, eating a homemade brownie, and diligently taking notes about how insane the 1950s were. "Memory" asks how history becomes myth through its representation in various forms of media, and how in turn this has reified American values. Students will close-read various TV shows, movies, books, photographs, and more, and then contend with how memory is produced in the digital age as their final project.

Natural Sciences Chair **Brian Hill** was delighted to teach his wavy new course, **Oscillation and Waves in Mathematica**, this spring semester. Part physics, part programming, "Waves" covers the best of both disciplines. Physics-wise, students in Waves will cover the physics of single particles to two-dimensional waves. Programming-wise, they will cover the functional programming language of Mathematica. And the best part? The two are not kept separate. Instead, both disciplines are intertwined, complementing each other in a beautiful tiered sandwich kind of way.

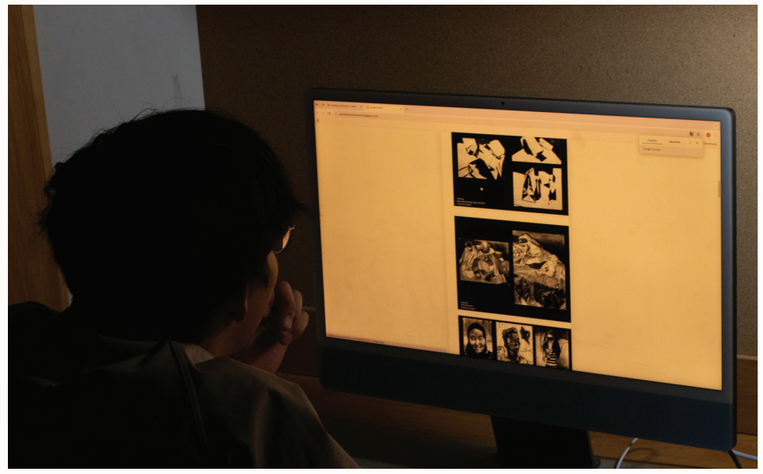
The math class of the term, **The Foundations of Calculus: Mathematical Analysis** is often called "Real Analysis." Why? Ask Natural Sciences Chair **Brian Hill.** Real Analysis was offered for those with "a lust for mathematical methods and proofs" according to the course proposal. A combination of mathematical reasoning and calculus, the class is about learning how to prove the theorems taken for granted in most calc classes. The students will walk (or run?) away with a rigorous and well-practiced understanding of mathematical proofs, and with an even more rigorous understanding of calculus.

Ancient Greece's **David Neidorf** of the wise eyes is teaching **Homer: Iliad and Odyssey in Translation** this semester. An SB favorite, the "Homer" classroom barely fits its explosive population of eleven. The class is what it sounds like: reading The Iliad over term III, and The Odyssey over term IV. Throughout this epic journey, the class will hone skills like how to talk, read, and write about literature. Students will write a handful of short and long essays, memorize bits of poetry, and reflect on what Homer's writing can teach us: how to host a great dinner party.



Berkeley PhD candidate **Mary Mussman** asks many questions in their **Pleasure Reading/Global Queer Fiction** course: Can the SB get enough of literature? Can the SB get enough of gender studies? And finally, can the SB have fun? The answer to all of these questions is, of course, an emphatic "no." With a reading list that Tahm Faraday Loyd describes as just *so beautiful*, "Pleasure Reading" focuses on short queer novels and stories written in the past century from around the world. These stories, with their eclectic forms and complex relations with sexual subcultures, provide for discussions on what it means to read for pleasure.

Taught by the ever reincarnating **Justin Kim**, **Introductory Drawing** has reintroduced art to the student body this term. Did half of the SB just clean all of the campus chimneys? No, that's just charcoal pencil all over their hands, clothes, and faces. "Drawing" covers all the fundamentals of drawing, from lines and contours to space and volume. More important than the technical skills of drawing, Drawing importantly teaches the skills of how to pay attention, how to value process over product, and how to talk about



Makoto Kikuchi DS24 studies image slides for drawing class

art. Oh, and about how everyone should be watching Project Runway.

Justin Kim is back again with **Space as Metaphor: Representation of Space in the History of Art** and is teaching the SB the much needed skill of how to have perspective. Colloquially dubbed "Art History," the class explores how we experience the world, and how in turn that experience shapes everything from scientific to political commitments of a given historical period. It covers artwork from the Early Christian to Contemporary era, making frequent stops in movements like Cubism and Cezanne.

Paul Hough, our new ranch mechanic and experienced long-range assassin (just kidding) is teaching **Marksmanship** aka "Gun" starting Term V. "Gun" will be covering the National Rifle Association's Basic Rifle and Basic Pistol Shooting courses. Students will learn the essentials of gun safety and function before heading out to the shooting range to learn how to actually aim. Did you know that there's a carpet out there under the range shack? I sure didn't!

Berklee College of Music graduate and guitar aficionado **Izzy Iatarola** is offering music lessons for students this Term V. At any given time every Wednesday, the main building echoes with the sound of do-re-mi (Eden Knight), the first chord of Wonderwall (Jeremy Choy), or the third plucked note of Amazing Grace (also Jeremy Choy). As all lessons are personalized there is no straightforward curriculum, but everyone is excited for the first Deep Springs Recital in late April, where the whole student body will play Riptide in harmony.

Although the SB usually just calls it "Hegel," **Historical Progress of Liberty and Equality: Philosophy of Right & Democracy in America** consists of an in-depth reading of both Hegel and the ever-neglected Tocqueville. Formidably led by McGill PhD **Kieran Maeby,** the course aims to read these two texts as a way to question concepts like community, social order, liberty, and equality. Student Walker Harris describes the class as "the indeterminate determining itself as a self-determinacy which exists internally for itself and is simultaneously externalized in itself." Alternatively, or in agreement, (I'm not sure), Lucas Xie describes the class as "learning a lot and feeling happy."





A sunny seminar in Mary's "Pleasure Reading" class

The first flies come in February
For the year
Or
For the morning
In the space between the
second and third cut

And the twitch of the cats' ears
Announce them
Faster
Than they did
The sound of a shot
That promised with a banner
Of streaked tissue
That

Seized like it
Summer heat was already here
A parade in eight halves,
Twelve hands,
Certainty
Four bloody paws.
And the light growing longer

By: Jacob Harms DS23



A fire to warm hands and coffee during the bitter cold of preg check

THE

VOICE OF THE DESERT



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

'HERD' ON THE STREETS OF DEEP SPRINGS

"I've told many people this but my dream era is 1928. You've got radio. You've got antibiotics. You've got women's suffrage."

"If the Hindus are right, I'm absolutely fucked."

"I listened to 'Between the Bars' by Elliot Smith on repeat for 10 days straight."

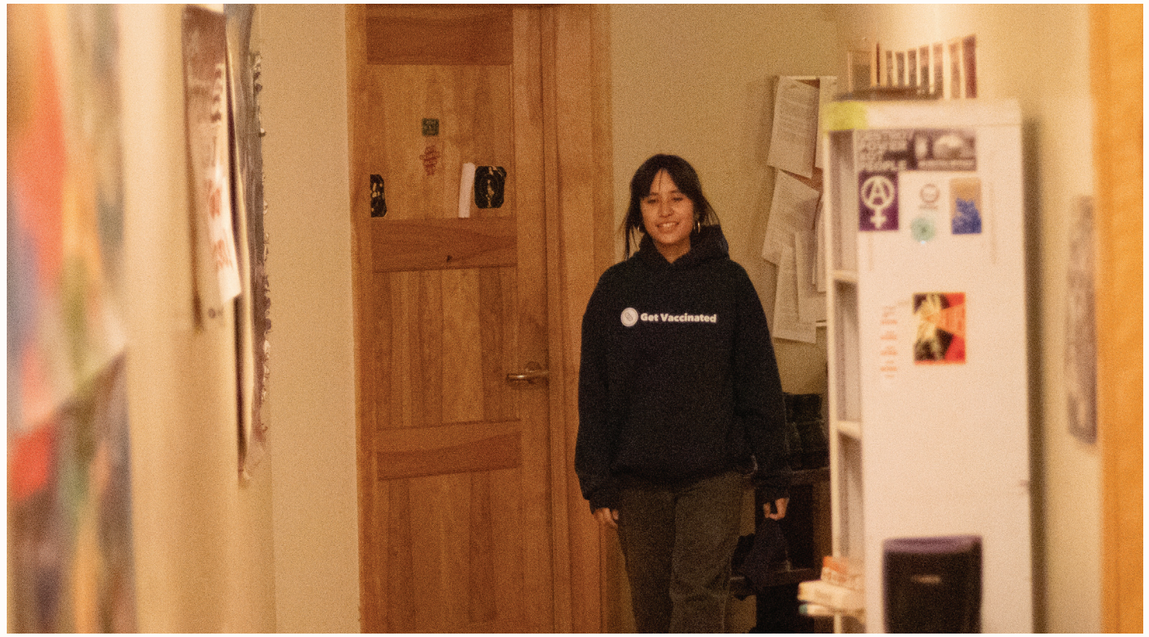
"I'm confused. Why is 'Being' a funny word?"

"I don't want to do Helm's Deep in front of the Dean candidate, it got so sticky last time."

"My two favorite non-Christian holidays are Ramadan and Dia de los Muertos."

"To me, you are just Kansas."

STUDENT BODY WISHLIST



Wool yarn

Slackline

Waffle maker

USB-C chargers

Candles

Mexican hot chocolate

Ceramics wheel

Pickleball stuff

Vitamin C

Folk Music Cds

Boxing gloves

Sunscreen

Lucky Iron Fish

Belt leather (because we have belt buckles but no belt)

Size 8 ½ men's dress shoes

Metal detector

Vintage dress patterns

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SECOND-YEAR EULOGIES

Farewells to our departing class of 2023

BY BRENDAN SYMONS DS24
and
LANCE MARVIN BELL DS24



Melania Espinal passed away from shock after learning that not everyone supports defunding the police. Melania's service on OutreachCom will not soon be forgotten, overtaken only by her Fanonian release Booj. Melania lived a luxurious life at Deep Springs, with an assortment of beverages and vegan "snacks" always in supply, and a one person room. She will be remembered for building a Trader Joes on indigenous land. Funeral services will be held in Catherine Malabou's sub-basement.



Gideon Berrie passed away on June 26th after being stung by a swarm of resentful zombie bees. Gideon will be remembered for serving as Term 1/2 SB chair, where he indoctrinated us all with his soft-rabbinical charm. Gideon pioneered the personal office, male apathy, the pronated ankle, and the Old Testament. Gideon's funeral services will be held at the point of lowest elevation in New York City.



Jacob Harms passed away on June 26th after free-associating in the wrong neighborhood. Jacob loved Black Country New Road, the distinction between form and content, and the possibility of a great American novel. Jacob will be remembered by Lance for his little turns of phrase. His farm leadership, along with the BikeCom he did not run, will not soon be forgotten. Funeral services will be held at the Guantanamo Bay Naval Facility.



Jack Gjaja died 250 years ago of natural causes after traveling back in time to hear Mozart perform live. He will be remembered for his excessively tight hugs and his successful career as a 19th century composer. Rumor has it that if you walk by his grave at night you can hear him sighing exasperatedly. Jack was known for his innovative use of food dye. Jack leaves behind his bag of apricots in the student area, In Search of Lost Time (in French), and his keyboard (but not the cord to charge it).



Island Gyal Oleanna Pereira Puerta passed away after one too many bad British jokes were directed towards her. Oleanna will be remembered for her overarching interest in systems therory stuff, her hatred of SB ideological stagnation, and her three terms as John's Assistant. She really loved the Grand Canyon. Everywhere she walked, a steady Chu Cha Cha Chucu Cha followed. Oleanna's funeral services will be held in her retirement home "The Nunnery." Hackney. North London. bruv.



Noah Silva passed away after suffering a fatal on-campus injury and having no one around who was as medically trained as him to save his life. Noah will be remembered for dressing spiffy and getting gussied up, orchestrating the revival of the Deep Springs volunteer fire department, and softly rejecting the teachings of Vatican II. Funeral services will be held in the Time Shack with a DS Choir performance.



Miles Segal passed away from an overdose after being coerced into taking a "healthy" microdose of meth by a fellow Silicon Valley bro in order to improve his productivity. Miles will be remembered for doing a lot of things with computers that we still don't understand and inviting digital democracy technocrat Glen Weyl to be our Withrow Speaker. Funeral Services will be held in the museum around the super computer where Miles has uploaded his consciousness.



Hexi Jin faked her own death on June 26th to run away with a beautiful man. Hexi Jin said yes to life. Hexi's mantras will live on forever in the SB. "I will learn French." "I am in my Russian Literature era." "My skin is glowing." Funeral services will not be held. Wedding services will be held in an undisclosed location. When asked for comment, Hexi Jin replied: "that is confidential information."



Tosca Hegel-Cantarella passed away from acute hypoxia after a 35 hour long SB comment. Tosca will be remembered for leading ComCom to its rightful place in the committee hierarchy. Tosca loved her continental-analytic divide reading group, Hildegard of Bingen, and Oleanna. Agnes Callard failed to show up to the funeral. Tosca will be resurrected on the third day as Returning Cowboy, to bring all of the sheep (our first years) to pasture. Remind you of anyone?



Ren Franklin passed away peacefully after having said what they really thought in a 50-page eval delivered to each and every member of the community. They will never be forgotten, known for their work as Cowboy, their Brooklyn apartment decor, and bringing back the Kristen Stewart tank top. Ren loved public speaking, podiums, and the lower reservoir. Funeral services will be held but I won't tell you where it is.



Rania Zaki passed away after turning her shock watch up too high. Rania also died from working too hard as ApCom Chair. Rania also died after watching too many reality TV shows. Rania also died from taking too many Brian Hill classes. Rania also died from too much home renovation. Rania also died because there are not enough Muslims here. Rania also died because Walker left her field of vision. Rania's services will be held in Disneyland.



Speaking of Walker, Walker Harris was executed by the state after attempting to overthrow the French Government and replace it with a Rawlsian utopia. Walker could be found in the Apcom room with a Diet Coke, watching White Lotus while knitting, or at the upper reservoir. Walker will be remembered for his service as cowboy, his love of Adam Smith, and his unfortunate sunburns. Walker's services will be held at a classy, cosmopolitan, fashionable location. Invite only.



Rebecca McMillin-Hastings passed away on June 26th in a blaze of glory fighting in the galactic war. Rebecca will be remembered for her stewardship of CurCom. Rebecca will also be remembered for her courage leading a band of unionized Greek space pirates to defeat the X'ka'th'kians. Funeral services will be held in Flosa City, at the intersection in time between dactylic hexameter and half-dragon block parties.

REPORTING AND ESSAYS

WATER: THE FOURTH PILLAR

The molecule making, or breaking, a DS education

BY ADA KING DS24



The Lower Reservoir

Even the name Deep Springs refers to what makes the project a possibility at all. In the early days of cattle ranching in the Owens Valley, the presence of water determined the viability of cattle operations. The earthquake of 1872 shifted the course of the Owens Valley River and left Bend City, a township 5 miles east of modern Independence, in a drought. It was subsequently abandoned and its wood was repurposed for other settlements closer to the source of water. At other times, drought caused settlements based on cattle operations to abandon their adobe buildings and move towards better feed. Some of those buildings still exist. It's why driving to Deep Springs is so confrontational. The remnants of previous inhabitants and the lack of any human activity in the surrounding area makes the college so potent, and its greenery all the more stark. During the reunion in the fall, I spoke to alums who had been here during the transition out of the barrack-style main building dorm to the dedicated dormitory built around the main grass. They told me that students were very resistant to moving into the building because of its perceived sterility. Students now feel generally comfortable in the dorm probably because it's been broken in with wall decorations, holes, and student-built lofts. Now students hyperfixate on the perceived artificiality of the BH and how "non-egalitarian" or "public facing" it feels. Part of this is because the construction of the building had little involvement with the students, as opposed to the cabin or sauna which were student-run projects. Students at Deep Springs tend to want ownership over their built environment. I believe this has its origins in the basic premise that Deep Springs only exists in the first place through the student organization of the necessities of life. If the power of the student body is to control the means through which we recreate the College at a most basic level, it's no wonder that those things which are more removed from our subsistence also feels endowed to us.

Arriving on campus, there is an immediate falling away of ignorance toward the work needed to secure one's basic resources, starting with the time honored tradition of Sludge Fest. The incoming class of students don the most water-resistant protective gear on campus (i.e. mud boots two feet too short for the water level) and start shovelling the goo into buckets to be hauled out of the upper reservoir. During this period, water needs to be drained from the reservoir, and it temporarily interferes with the irrigation of the central campus and the watering of cattle. Nonetheless, during the short period of mucking, the grass starts to noticeably wither and blanch, and the cattle can become dehydrated. There is a sense of the historical responsibility passed onto current students, from our forebears (second years waxing about how much worse the sludge fest was in their year) to maintain and protect what is the most important resource on campus: water.

From the garden to cowboy, maintenance, BH and cook, nearly every student position at Deep Springs is, even if indirectly, about water. The more obvious, like the farm team, wakes up before dawn to complete the Sisyphean task of pushing the wheel lines headlong from one end of the field to the other, then back again. The pressure needed to spray water from the wheel lines is created by the pump pushing surface water from Wyman Creek and down the cement channel, which spans a quarter mile and runs through central campus. That pump itself is serviced many times a week, needing to be checked for drops and increases in the amount of water coming in from Wyman. Cooks defrost meat by running the tap for hours on end, and wash the vegetables grown in the garden with multiple rounds of water to remove bugs and dirt. More than half the labor time spent in the garden is arranging and ripping out old irrigation or else attempting to investigate where main lines and water shut offs are located, and of course, uses the water pressurized by the generator. The BH crew fills and drains sinks hopefully more than once a shift, and cowboys have transported water in a tender out to the livestock for years. Students are the vestal virgins of water in the desert. It takes unending devotion to maintain those systems for future years.

Operations at Deep Springs are centered around a different three pillars than most students know: water, vehicles, and systems. Water being the most important, given it is one of the most important determining factors for how the ranch operates in a given year. Even the survival of the campus on a fiscal level is dependent on water. The ranch made $365,000 from cattle sales this year, but the most profitable part of the ranch at the moment is drought insurance payouts, which this year alone totaled $1.64 million, enough to cover the college's deficits last year. Despite that fact, the college doesn't have a perfect record of consciously conserving the watersheds we are so dependent on. The upper reservoir flows out to the desert when it frequently overflows, the cooks defrost meat by keeping the tap running for hours on end, and many of our fields were at one point outfitted for flood irrigation, one of the least water efficient methods for growing crops. John Martindale, our facilities keeper and lore guardian, recalled arriving to find the drinking well's lid astray—exposing its head to a contaminant that sullied the entire watershed. When something goes wrong it's usually students messing up. Although we don't know who left the lid off to the well, we do know that we were lucky enough to have a second one to tap, and we didn't have to move five miles closer to a water source.



The new well — drilled as a result of that mismanagement — is what we use for all the drinking water on campus. The tower it pumps water to sits on top of the hill closest to the mechanic shop. Before last term, when John and his assistants insulated it, during the summer months the tap water would run warm for the sun hitting its exposed walls. The ice cooler always bottomed out during these months. It's a sweet reminder, though, of the ways in which Deep Springs has adapted to its environment and built such hugely important infrastructure to continue existing here.

Perhaps that's why the location of Deep Springs in the desert is so important. As L.L Nunn said: "The desert speaks. Those who listen will hear the purpose, philosophy, and ethics of Deep Springs." And what do you hear? Among the sound of the wind sliding over the sandy plains, the skittering of bush-inhabiting critters, the flock of birds startled into flight, about a half mile off, is the drum of the hydro-electric.

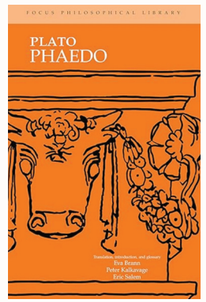
BRIEFLY NOTED

Books from our current reading groups



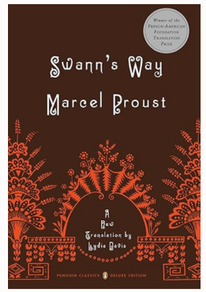
Waiting On God, *by Simone Weil.*

Readers
Makoto
Tosca
Kel
Jack
Gideon



The Phaedo, *by Plato .*

Readers
David
Gideon
Ruby
Rebecca
Harper
Sasha
Kel



In Search of Lost Time, *by Marcel Proust*

Readers
Mary
Eli
Jack



The Torah, *by Moses.*

Readers
Gideon
Ruby
Kieran
Eli
Anne

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF DEEP SPRINGS

A few geological tidbits from our resident enthusiast

BY ELI LERNER DS24

A few months ago, as I was walking down the lake road, I spotted two large white vans in the distance. I waved awkwardly as they crawled by, packed with students who peered out at me, evidently unsure of whether or not to wave back. The green logo printed on the vans read: "Dartmouth College." A few miles later, I caught up to the (parked) vans. The students had gotten out and were placing long poles at the base of one of the mountains rimming the east side of the valley. Other students were scribbling in notebooks. Still others were standing back, hands on their hips, and offering directions to their peers. I went up to say hi to them, and to initiate the typical exchange of facts that happens between two strangers. They were Dartmouth's Earth Sciences students, executing their annual road trip across the country, studying important geological and ecological landmarks. One of those unique landmarks: Deep Springs Valley. When I met them, the students were measuring the most recent fault scarp in the valley.

As random as the encounter seemed at the time, it repeated itself on several occasions. Walking along the highway, I was met by geology students from the University of Washington. Geology students from Sonoma State University, University of Hawaii at Hilo, and others all make the trek out to Deep Springs Valley. UC Santa Cruz's professor emeritus Arthur Sylvester said of Deep Springs Valley: "Probably 10,000 geology students have cut their teeth learning how to make a geologic map here. Sometimes I've been out there when as many as 14 different schools are there all at once."

But what actually makes this valley such a tourist attraction for budding geologists? To answer this question thoroughly would require more words than this newsletter has accomodated me, and much more expertise than I currently have, but I can point out a few of the most relevant landmarks and facts of our valley's fascinating natural history.

The Poleta Folds

Without question, the most attractive feature to budding geology students is the Poleta Folds, which are located at the Southwest end of the valley. Deep Springs students rarely see these folds, beyond a passing glimpse at what looks like a backwards "c" shape in the mountain as they drive up to Westgard Pass. But, for those who take the time to stop their car and wander out into the hills, they will see sweeping strokes of blues, greys, beiges and browns curling through the landscape which resemble a collection of marbled cakes more than mountains. For aesthetic reasons alone, the Poleta folds are an amazing place to visit. Unfortunately, they are a horrendous place to map, which is why geology professors like taking their students there so much. One mapper identified nine different strata of rock, extending from the Cambrian period to the Quaternary period. The folds formed due to crustal compression in an area with exceptionally high faulting. The result was a beautifully messy mashup of rocks up to about five million years old, in some places flipped completely upside down so that the younger rock is below, and in other places flipped again.

The Faults

Speaking of faults, Deep Springs Valley is also notable for its almost pristine representation of Basin-and-Range faulting (this is what attracted the Dartmouth students I met). To put it lightly, Deep Springs faulting is intense. We have multiple multi-mile faults running along the sides of our valley, transferring energy between the massively active (and massively huge) Fish Lake Valley fault zone and Owen's Valley fault zone. In one of the earliest published and surviving geological accounts of Deep Springs Valley, UCLA's William J. Miller remarked on the Deep Springs Fault, which runs along the east end of the valley from Soldier's Pass to the lake: "For a distance of seven or eight miles along its southern one-half, the fault scarp is the most wonderfully preserved large-scale phenomenon of its kind ever observed by the writer. Great, triangular, precipitous facets, separated by short, very steep canyons, and rising hundreds of feet above the valley floor, in the vicinity of Deep Spring Lake, represent almost exactly the actual fault face very little affected by the weather." The fault scarp that Miller describes, which created the entire eastern ridge of the valley, is only three million years old. At least according to Jeffrey Knott's theory, it is thanks to this fault that we have the black toads here in the valley. As he explains it, when the Deep Springs fault offset, it disrupted a broader hydrologic channel, causing the toads to become physically (and, as a consequence, genetically) isolated from their closest neighbors.

The Lake

Maybe of more personal interest to our readership is the salt lake at the end of Deep Springs Valley. Salt lakes like these are dotted all around the Great Basin — vestiges of the last ice age. The science is simple: During the ice age the glaciated north deflected the jet stream southward, effectively causing Southern California to have a similarly wet and rainy climate to Washington state. Deep Springs Valley, being shaped like a bathtub, filled with water. The lake water would have cascaded down out of Soldier's Pass and into Eureka Valley (indicating that it must have reached at least 500 feet deep). It's a beautiful image: green pine trees creeping down the mountain slopes and towards the water, and the elephant standing like an island showing its back just above the pallid surface of the water. The Deep Springs of just a few thousand years ago was almost an unrecognizable place. Eventually, the water evaporated and the lake subsided to the southern end of the valley, leaving behind a mosaic of salt in its path. You can still see its bones in the carven river bed — and popular hike — that is Soldier's Pass, as well as in the layers of sediment deposited around the valley. You can even find the tiny shells that once belonged to snails in the lake, and the muddy imprints of algae that once grew there.

If I had the time, I would talk about the lava at the top of Chocolate Mountain, and I would talk about the fossils and the crystals and the petroglyphs and the many hours that I have spent with students, staffulty, and guests, rooting around in the dirt for crystals and other small pieces of the past. But I began this article by talking about how other college students have experienced this valley, and it would be a shame not to add Deep Springs College into this calculation. Most of the tidbits I wrote about here were acquired during a Term 2 course on Natural History. Next term, we will have a geologist leading a class here. Deep Springs students and staffulty are immensely privileged in that one of the greatest natural laboratories is the place we get to live. Throughout our time here, we will have many walks, gallavants, rambles and treks. One of my classmates recently compared the valley to a giant sandbox that we get to play in for two years. I think she's right. Seeing the hugeness and the oldness of this valley can make one feel especially small and especially young.



Poleta Folds observed from the foothills above Antelope Spring



Mineral deposits at the Deep Springs Lake


Susan Sontag
Against Interpretation
Psychological Types
Jung, C.G.
Veblen, Thorstein
The theory of the leisure class
Frank, Philipp
Philosophy of Science
Freud, Sigmund.
The complete introductory lectures on psychoanalysis.
FINNEGANS WAKE
James Joyce
Joyce, James
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Plato
(Jowett, trans.)
The dialogues of Plato vol. I
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Lawrence D. H.
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Hemingway, Ernest
Death in the Afternoon
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Tolkien, J.R.R.
The return of the king.
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To Have and Have Not
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Russell, Bertrand
Philosophy
West, Nathanael
The Complete Works of Nathanael West
Inquisitions
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Jorge Luis Borges
Borges, Jorges Luis.
Other Inquisitions 1937-1952.
Upjohn, Everard M.
History of world art
Susan Sontag
Against Interpretation
John Cheever
The Stories of John Cheever
Chaucer, Geoffrey
Complete Works, vol. 5
Dostoevsky, Fyodor
The Short Stories
Hume, David
A treatise of human nature
NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR
Orwell, George
Nineteen eighty-four
THE HIDDEN STORY OF SCIENTOLOGY
The First Full Length Presentation of the Case FOR Scientology by a Distinguished Writer Who is a Non-Scientologist
Garrison, Omar.
The hidden story of Scientology.

DAVID NEIDORF

David on the Ivy League, the "college experience", and coolness

BY BRENDAN SYMONS DS24



Taped on the glass panel in the center of David Neidorf's door is a piece of paper announcing, in a large arial font, "DEAN'S OFFICE." Of all the faculty, he is probably the most averse toward the main building. His living room functions as a classroom space, mentorship arena, and the site of this interview. The furniture in the space is arranged in a very characteristically "Deep Springs" style, the seats arranged tightly around the table still leave the residual feeling of a Homer seminar.

Lately, David has been assisting students here with college transfer applications, something which has felt like an especially arduous process for many here. What follows is an edited version of our discussion.

Brendan
Is it even a necessarily good thing that Deep Springs are transferring to prestigious institutions?

David
I think it's confusing to think of it as either good or bad. It's good for some people, and it's bad or just neutral for others. It's definitely a bad thing — not to mention an ignorant thing — if people think the quality or success of their education depends upon getting an undergraduate degree from an Ivy-plus university. There are plenty of low-quality colleges, but there are also many colleges as good, especially for undergraduates, as the traditionally high-status colleges that so many people aspire to attend in a fairly mindless way. People often assume you'll increase lifetime earnings with, say, a Harvard degree, but the data show that to be true for only a few limited categories of students. Sure, there are a few professions (although less all the time), a few financial services firms and government departments, that are mostly staffed with club members. If those professions are your calling, and you don't plan to pursue a graduate degree, then it's in your interest to attend a high-status college. And some of them – although not all – offer more generous financial aid to some students, and if you need it, then it also makes sense to apply.
The Ivy-plus colleges educate just under 1% of American undergraduates, and they could double or triple in size next year without too much of an impact on their endowments and financial stability. But if they did, then they'd no longer offer the thing they are really selling to undergraduates (on the graduate level it's a different, more complicated story); a membership card for a putative "meritocracy" that somehow, as the data keeps showing year after year, turns out to be mostly a club for undergraduates from the wealthiest families. We can talk all day long about "expanding access," but to have this social function, enrollments have to stay small. If you expanded Ivy League opportunities, then the superficial status conferred by scarcity would just retreat somewhere else, to certain departments or programs, for instance. This has remained true even as wealth in America and the Ivy League have become more diverse. It's the same reason galleries issue prints in limited editions instead of refreshing the plates – scarcity drives up market price. No one who appreciates art, let alone loves it, would confuse market price with artistic value. The same goes for those of us who love education.
In my experience, some families encourage their kids to apply to the more famous and exclusive colleges because they think this indicates success, or even because they crave boasting rights around the workplace water cooler or at the local golf course. This attitude is very much a bad influence at Deep Springs, because the college exists to serve a different and less quantifiable educational ideal. Nothing could be worse for this community than attracting students who see us as a doorway to the Ivy League. I can almost quote L.L. Nunn from memory on this: "Deep Springs does not conduct a conventional school…It is not endeavoring to prepare its students for commercial pursuits…It teaches and believes that…our educational institutions too often prepare their most brilliant students to be the ill-paid hirelings of the avaricious." Today, by contrast, we might say that graduates of high-status colleges will probably become well-paid hirelings instead, but the salaries don't change a damn thing. If Deep Springs isn't substantively counter-cultural, in the sense of cultivating an authentic sense of value and character that can liberate the mind from the values embedded in wealthy elites, mainstream fashion, and conventional wisdom, then it has no reason to exist.

Brendan
What often sells undergraduates at universities is something like "the college experience," but in my mind dorms have started to resemble four star hotels or cruise ships. Do you think that has degraded the quality of education?

David
Well, can you get a decent education if you have a really nice dorm room, upscale meal plan, and fancy gym equipment? Sure, why not? But if you're surrounded by people who have come to college because they prioritize those things, then your education is in trouble.
So-called elite colleges are in a tricky position, because they know that the quality of their education isn't really related to how many vegan and ethnic options there are in the dining hall and how radical the climbing wall scene is. But they also know that if they don't provide those things, then wealthy, tuition-paying students will go elsewhere. And since there's nowhere near enough public support for education in the U.S., they feel like they need those students, (along with the exclusivity rates that also attract them). The small size of Deep Springs, and the fact that we don't charge tuition, shields the college from these pressures almost completely.

Brendan
I'm curious about the idea of safety embedded within that. It seems like every university has those sort of like big blue totem poles with the button on it that says, "call the police now for help." But in some ways there's also sort of a desire for intellectual safety in two veins: from the outside, criticizing the "campus intifada," and from inside, self-critique for not being woken up enough. And speech in a lot of ways becomes sort of tied with safety. I'm curious how you see those sorts of things presented, especially in contrast with Deep Springs, where we don't necessarily have any guarantee of physical or intellectual safety.

David
I think a real education is, in an intellectual and moral sense, dangerous – at least in the sense of potentially upsetting and disorienting. And there's an understandable desire to be shielded from that and thus remain uneducated – especially if you're paying a lot of money. For several years I used to talk to the UPS driver who delivered to Deep Springs about his college choices for his daughters; he was very worried that going off to college would disrupt the cultural, ethical, and especially religious values he had dedicated himself to teaching them. And I had to say, yeah, you're right. That's a danger. That possibility is part of what happens in education. And in a broader way the deepest kinds of education, the kinds that prepare young people to think independently of conventional wisdom, also appear to be risky investments for the immediate needs of a society. There are other burdens on higher education besides those for which Deep Springs sets aside a mere two years. Higher education is relied on to create an employable citizenry, and that's a serious matter. I mean, we do live in a mass industrial society. If all the liberal arts professors were to be taken up next week in some humanist rapture, there would be no immediate repercussions. But if you took away all the computer programmers and systems engineers and technicians of all sorts, we'd be back in the literal dark ages, and thousands of people would die. No society can afford not to take that risk seriously – and that gives it a motive to control the degree of iconoclasm among the educated members of the next generation. And just as society as a whole has to use its educational investment to maintain the possibility of mass industrial life, the more politically engaged members of the society want to use education to pursue their political aims, by teaching young people the cultural critiques appropriate to their aims both right and the left. But none of those social needs and correlative dangers go to the core of what I think of as liberal education, which is not devoted to how you're going to make a living, but is devoted to how your mind is going to be formed for a curious and capable ongoing human experience of the world in all its variety. It's asking a lot for the same institutions to do all of those things at the same time, plus also provide all the necessary research for technological advancement. This is yet another way Deep Springs is protected by its small size and counter-cultural mission from the pressures that fragment so many educational "communities." Getting back to individual students, there's no question that some upbringings are much harder than others, and that one way a hard youth can manifest itself is in increased vulnerability. The broader your enrollment, you bring people who are genuinely vulnerable, who legitimately need protection from practical and intellectual experiences that are painful and upsetting as well as real components

of the world. If the entire structure of the institution was like a parent trying to protect students from things that might upset or even traumatize them, then education would be incredibly truncated. But no one wants to live in a community that denies or ignores real vulnerabilities. Negotiating the fine lines this problem sets up is difficult; that's why in the past, many colleges avoided that difficulty by refusing to take it seriously. And sure, it's always possible, even inevitable, that sometimes you will insult your students by being overprotective.

Brendan
As much as we train and work with the staff, there's no perfect guarantee of safety when you're welding or when you're riding a horse. I'm curious what impact you see that having on the way our learning operates here.

David
It takes, on the whole, a certain and unusual kind of student to work well. Sometimes you can't tell from an application process, but ideally nobody comes to Deep Springs if they want their college experience to be easy, right? You'd really be confused if you did that. People who come here want to take on more responsibility than they have to take on other places. They want to see where their food comes from by slaughtering a cow, and they want to take responsibility for being able to do things like welding projects without burning their retinas out.

I think those are usually people who have a robustness or resilience that has internalized protection from things that, as junior high school students, the adults around them in their schools would have quite properly wanted to protect them from. And on the other extreme, if you created a society where everybody was perfectly well protected, that would be a society where everybody was, in some awful sense, a junior high school student.

Brendan
Do you think that Deep Springs is still cool? Were we ever cool? Will we remain cool?

David
There's no point in seeming cool to the broader world. I think it's cool in the sense that its virtues can only be appreciated by having been a part of it for an extended period of time. When people hear it described from the outside and agree that it sounds cool, they don't actually know what's cool about it. One sign of this is the manifest inadequacy of every journalistic depiction of Deep Springs. I think the way each new article is a fresh disappointment is a source of pride. What it tells you is there's something going on here which cannot be reduced to the common coin of what everybody recognizes as cool. If that wasn't the case, it probably wouldn't be worth doing.



Tosca carrying coffee at Preg Check



Deep Springers recreate famous paintings for the 2025 calendar

PROFILES

MASHA GESSEN

Masha on the Parallel Polis, Institutional Memory, and Service

BY TOSCA HEGEL-CANTARELLA DS23



Masha Gessen, the college's inaugural Fukushima Fellow, is an acclaimed Russian-American journalist and author of eleven books. Most recently, ***Surviving Autocracy*** *and* ***The Future is History: How Totalitarianism Reclaimed Russia****. Thanks to the generosity of Glen and Sakie Fukushima, Gessen joined us in the valley at the start of April for a highly fruitful week of talks, walks, readings, and discussions.*

Tosca
I have to be honest, I'm a little intimidated. You must conduct a lot of interviews.

Masha
Yes. . . but I also get interviewed a lot.

Tosca
How did you first get involved with journalism and the political scene in Russia?

Masha
I mean, the flippant answer is that I'm a sort of fifth generation journalist. I wasn't planning to be a journalist, but then it kind of happened to me. Between high school and college, I worked at a gay newspaper in Boston, and I just found it utterly addictive. I mean, addictive in almost like the literal sense. Journalism is a very quickly rewarding profession. You write something and it goes out there almost immediately. And you can see people's reactions. Then also very soon after that the AIDS crisis started. I was among the many reporters in the gay press who were writing about AIDS treatment and AIDS politics. That's when you really understand that you're affecting people's lives and that information is inherently political, that getting and giving information is a political act.

Tosca
Was there censorship around AIDS reporting at that time?

Masha
I wouldn't say that there was censorship. But this was before the internet and this was a new disease. At first there was very little to say on AIDS treatment. A lot of what was happening was happening locally. There were local physicians who were working with larger populations of gay men figuring stuff out. And then when clinical trials started, there was this guy in San Francisco who started reading medical journals and publishing this newsletter called AIDS Treatment News. It cost $100 a month to subscribe, so gay newspapers would pay and then write stories on the basis of AIDS treatment news because it was still not quite accessible to the general public. Once the AIDS activist movement started, there was also a lot of guerrilla treatment, scholarship and information dissemination. So it wasn't really so much about censorship as about an institutional lack of access to information that you needed to break through as a journalist.

Tosca
Your examples about early AIDS activism seem connected to another idea that's come up in our discussion groups recently — Vaclav Benda's notion of the Parallel Polis, which is something we've also considered as a way to describe Deep Springs. Have you been thinking about the Parallel Polis as a strategy for educational institutions, especially considering the recent attacks on those institutions by the Trump administration? Will there be a time when programs like Deep Springs should go underground, so to speak, as Benda's programs did in the Soviet Czech Republic?

Masha
So, it's definitely too early to go underground. I mean nobody should go underground until it's necessary. But also nobody should obey until it's absolutely necessary. To that point, what has happened at Columbia is tragic. The most dangerous thing that Columbia did in the first response was appointing a Vice Provost in consultation with the administration to oversee its programmatic, supposedly problematic areas. And then the second thing Columbia did was replace its president with the co-chair of the Board of Trustees, which actually violates the university's own constitution. So Columbia staged a self-coup. This is a useful lesson for any college, even as small as Deep Springs. It points to a real problem in the way that we think about universities. We think about universities as being run by presidents in some kind of cooperation with faculty governance and serving students. In reality, universities are run by Boards of Trustees who don't necessarily see students as their audience. And the other thing that's very important to understand about the predicament of Columbia and other universities is that they're in competition. The reason I was actually thinking about it in such detail was that I was asked to write a column about the situation at Columbia as a kind of Prisoner's Dilemma. And I sat down to think about it and I was like, oh, maybe that's not such a great analogy because in a Prisoner's Dilemma the optimal outcome is to go back to status quo and just be free, so the prisoner's are not naturally in competition. Universities see themselves as being in competition. They don't want to go back to the status quo because they want to keep growing. So I think that these two things have to be radically taken off the table. Competition has to be taken off the table, and growth has to be taken off the table. And that opens the way for cooperation among universities. I think that's the first thing that I would say prescriptively about what universities should do during this time. I suspect it has some relevance to to Deep Springs, at least in the sense of understanding how governance works and what the priorities are of the college are. And the other thing that is useful from the Parallel Polis experience is not the part about going underground, but about dissemination of knowledge. You know the underground universities in Poland were called the Flying Universities, and they called them that because they could be anywhere, while they were still quite academically rigorous. So if the job of universities is not to make money and not to get the absolute best students but to disseminate knowledge, then maybe universities have to think beyond the campus and beyond the four year program.

Tosca
I think that Deep Springs does look beyond the four year program to a certain degree, but it seems to have its own special limitations. Are there observations you've made during your visit that you think could clarify the Deep Springs politics, both in the sense of our internal politics and in our relationship to what's happening in the outside world?

Masha
So my observation about Deep Springs, and I could be 100% off about everything because I've been here for, what, six days, is that it bears some hallmarks of other intentional communities that I've been to that are very old. I think that for intentional communities time is a really interesting issue. For example, there's this intentional community in Denmark that has very clearly evolved socially slower than the society in which it's embedded. They used to be super progressive, and now they're kind of conservative compared to the rest of Denmark. I mean, I'm obviously simplifying, but I think I see some signs of that at Deep Springs. I think there's some hallmarks of stuckness. I wonder if some basic assumptions need questioning, like the assumption that things are decided by majority vote or the assumption that the best way to approach conflict is through punitive discipline. So to be even more prescriptive (laughs) I think you should just ask my wife to come here and train you in restorative justice!

Tosca
Yes, that might be helpful. It's ironic because — and I'm not sure if you know anything about Telluride — but there's also the Telluride Association which is just as old but much more progressive than us.

Masha
No, I don't know anything about this.

Tosca
The Telluride Association was founded by Nunn around the same time as Deep Springs. It has a residential program at Cornell and the University of Michigan, as well as summer programs. Like Deep Springs, students also commit themselves to service and a rough "three pillars" structure, although their labor pillar is a bit different from ours as the physical plant of their programs are located at Cornell and University of Michigan. Therefore, Telluride students have less manual labor, making the emphasis of the program slightly different. Telluride is also significantly more wealthy than Deep Springs presently, although both programs were founded with similar endowments. In my opinion, what's interesting about the difference between them is that Deep Springs is kind of structurally progressive, but often tends ideologically towards a latent conservatism, and the kind of stuckness you mentioned. And Telluride, on the other hand, has structural elements that could be classed as conservative, but the values they pronounce, especially



Masha at the Deep Springs podium while giving a talk about the state of the war in Ukraine

could be classed as conservative, but the values they pronounce, especially in recent years, are more explicitly progressive than Deep Springs.

Masha
What you're describing is basically a separated at birth twins experiment, right? I mean, there are the obvious differences that you pointed out: isolation and the initial structure. But I also wonder if there's something about how the institutional memory is being passed on which is different. There's this experiment I like which is a pretty great metaphor for how this kind of memory works. So, the experiment is supposedly that a bunch of monkeys are in a cage and they're fed through a window in the cage. But they can also cooperate and climb up to a trapdoor on the top of the cage and if they pull it they'll be, like endless bananas…

Tosca
Which is a monkey's dream...

Masha
Yeah, totally. So very quickly they learned to stand on each other's shoulders and pull down this little trapdoor. Then they started changing out the monkeys and at a certain point they stopped giving them the bananas. Yet they continued to climb up to the trapdoor and pull it down, waiting for bananas to come, even though they had changed out many generations of monkeys. So one way to read it is as a ritual. Like maybe they were putting some meaning into it that had transformed over time. But another way to read it is as a metaphor for institutional memory, that we keep doing things a certain way because there was once a pragmatic purpose to it which later disappears.

Tosca
That's fascinating, especially because that story has this aspect, which we discussed earlier today with Eric Fromm's dictinction between hope and faith, of the monkey's hope. Or rather, their blind faith. Once you have the generations who've never actually seen the bananas they're just imagining the banana as, like, an almost mythical thing.

Masha
Right? It's like it's the messianic cult of the trapdoor.

Tosca
Absolutely. But of course what's remained consistent, and hopefully tangible, for both Deep Springs and Telluride is this idea of service. Do you think of journalism as a life of service?

Masha
I don't know that I've ever, before coming here, thought about journalism as service. I have certainly thought about journalism as having the potential to make the world a better place. Which is maybe the way that I would interpret the very broad concept of a life of service. I think that the bigger the outlet that I work for, the harder I have to work to prove that my journalism is actually making the world a better place. Disseminating AIDS treatment information was a no brainer. And that's always true of community media. It informs people about things that they wouldn't otherwise know about that have a direct impact on their lives, whether it's a food kitchen opportunity or news about your neighbor. The definition of news that I like the best is what happens in your community when you're in a network. It's very clear that what you're doing is providing a service. But with a huge outlet like the New York Times the burden of proof is higher because you have to define your community much more broadly. But beyond journalism, a Deep Springs education seems to obligate you to keep asking yourself difficult questions, which is practically the Platonic ideal of education. So if you have some guidelines but they're not too rigid, then you'll keep asking questions, and that's the optimal outcome.

Tosca
That's a very optimistic view of it, which I think is good. Deep Springs needs more optimism. I guess we should probably wrap this up, but I do have one last question for you which is just for fun. Are you reading anything that you'd recommend?

Masha
What recommendation could actually have value! I'll give you three. So there's a book that probably not a lot of people have read that I love. It's called *Hannah Arendt and the Jewish Question* by Richard Bernstein. He was one of the last surviving philosophers to actually work with her. It's a very readable book and I think it is completely eye-opening. The book that I was working with just before we met up is also great. It's pretty old. It's called *The Seventh Million; The Israelis and the Holocaust* by Tom Segev. It's a history of the role of both Holocaust survivors and Holocaust memory in the construction of Israel. And the book I was listening to on the drive here is Pankaj Mishra's new book called *The World After Gaza*, which I would also recommend.

Tosca
Thanks, Masha!

FICTION

WHO KILLED THE BOOJ?

A story of a small town murder; in other words; a story of America

BY GIDEON BERRIE DS23

Who killed the booj? Here's what we know so far. Weapon of choice: "Abracadabra" by Lady Gaga. Time of day: 9:42 pm (late enough for the essay-writers, early enough for the dairy boys). Location: the library stacks, between Kel's quilt box and the French Lit section. Beyond these cursory clues the case remains open.

But in absence of the booj we have the opportunity to reflect. What does it really mean to booj? What is the true nature of the booj? Ony at its funeral do we realize that the booj is a living thing, since only living things can be murdered. And, we realize, that since living things have component parts, the booj is made up of component boojers. We realize that each boojer who joins the booj solidifies it and prolongs its lifespan. Dieting culture and retirement homes all point to the fact that length of life increases and quality of life decreases in the same stroke. It is no different with a booj. As more people join a booj, its heart – raw boogie – wanes. And as people leave, raw boogie increases, until there are three, two boojers left with a vast reserve of raw boogie.

What is raw boogie? Often too busy getting up in the morning to get down at night, Deep Springers still have more spunk than spaz when it comes to boojing. But the source of our steez is elusive. It can't be our clothes, our sobriety, or any of our wide-ranging conceits. It must be something deeper. So long as the booj has been around, Deep Springers have inquired into the mystical sources of raw boogie.

In the Manifeste sur acte de Booj (2021), three boojeriticians claimed that to booj was an act of subversion. These radicals believed that boojing was a cathartic, carnivalesque release. Their ideal booj required both individuation and absolute anonymity, religious fervor and nonchalance. Their ideal booj required fear. While throwing off the burdens of history may have felt necessary then, in retrospect we see their radicalism as another step in a long line of boojers pushing the envelope of partying within the ground rules. Even the word "booj" has evolved over the years.

While today we "booj," originally, they "bouged" (bouge meaning "to move" in French), while at other points they've boojie'd, boujee'd, or beauged. "Boojie," the bastardization of boogie, was pronounced with a soft G, most likely to poke fun at Deep Springers' pretensions. Perhaps they also "boojied" in the French lit. section. Their boojie is characterized well by the famous 2009 Vanity Fair article: The last boojie—entitled "Questions Concerning Technology" after a Heidegger essay—was accompanied by some of Cyrus's impressive avant-garde synthesizer compositions. For good measure, he also performed some improvisation with a robot he and Josh built which has a cannon for a penis. In Deep Springs antiquity these "prime movers" towed the line between self-conscious irony, desire, and unabashed intellectualism. But with the rise of the anxious generation (and the 2017 Migos song "Bad and Boujee") "boojie-ing" became boojing, just as avant-garde synth compositions became Azealia Banks, Beyonce, Elvis, 2Hollis, and "that horse song." Gone is the tongue-in-cheek, gone is the intellectualism; today, the booj is honest about its stakes. One boojes because sweating helps them study. One boojes because they think it's religious. One boojes because they just like the music. With the modern booj, the stakes are higher. To not booj is to feel shame, but to booj out of fear of shame is similarly shameful. One boojes so as to reject the shamed–unshamed continuum. One boojes because, with the booj, it quickly becomes clear who is waiting for their heart to reveal itself. As a friend once wrote, only a fool would seriously claim this is how the heart has ever functioned.

As the boojers dwindle in number, and the library or the rumpus room begins to feel more like the library or rumpus room, each member who leaves takes on more responsibility for the booj's ultimate collapse. Raw boogie and culpability increase exponentially. But to be "culpable" here is not to be guilty. In fact, the murder of a booj is a fairly innocuous and common thing. Every booj must end, and thus every booj must be murdered. To be truly guilty one must flee the scene. So instead of asking "who killed the booj?" we'd be better off asking "why did they flee the scene?" As the boojeriticians (2021) say, "Those who neglect the booj are prone to store judgment directly within their a******, making them uptight, poor at rhetoric and inward-facing in all pillars and spheres." Perhaps the radicals were right in saying that the booj is a state of exception where shame has no place. One only flees the scene because they feel shame. And what is shame if not presupposed guilt? Our case is solved by a tautology: the killer is the one who fled the scene.



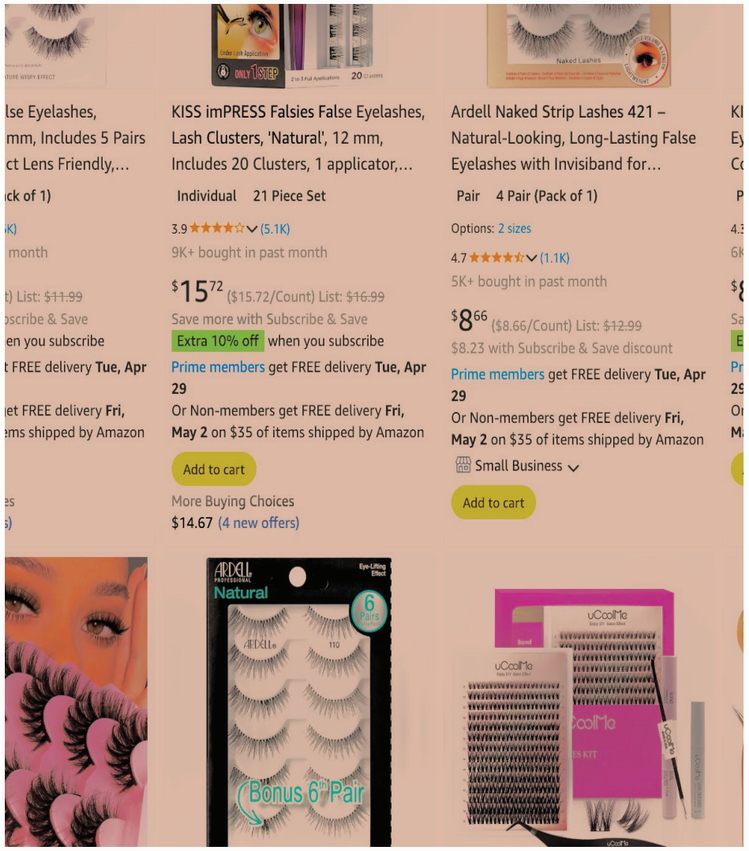
Students Booj at Prom

FICTION

LASH GLUE

A prompted response from Mary Mussman's Queer Pleasure Reading class

BY LANCE MARVIN BELL DS24



"Honey, are you okay?" Sarah called, leaning softly against the bathroom door.

"I'm fine", her husband called, the sound of her choking sobs rising over the gentle pounding of the shower.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, just fine," she replied. Sarah opened the door anyway. The scene before her was chaotic. The floor was strewn with a variety of clothes–dresses, skirts, pantyhose, in every shape and color. Feminine products covered the counter, liquid foundation spilling across the floor, lipstick staining the mirror, a bottle of lash glue on its side, dripping slowly into the sink. On the towel hook rested a blonde wig, and in the trash sat a pink pack of false lashes–14mm Faux 3D Mink Lashes Natural Look Fluffy Cat Eye Wispy Lashes Pack by Kiromiro for Women, 14 Pairs. In the middle of the chaos was her husband, Anthony. She sat in the standing shower, head in hands while attempting to hold back tears.

Water washed down her face, ruining her crude makeup, giving her a clownlike appearance. A fake septum circumvented her nose, while dangly magnetic earrings hung from her ears. Her hands were adorned with long press on nails–24 Pcs Pink French Tip Press on Nails Cute Acrylic Fake Nails with 3D Bow Pearl Almond False Nails for Women Girls.

"I'm sorry," said Anthony through heaving cries, "You shouldn't have to see me like this." Sarah quickly undressed and climbed into the shower, lowering herself down to Anthony, putting her arm around her shoulder.

"It's ok baby, I'm here," Sarah said gently, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"I don't know," Anthony replied, lifting her eyes to look at Sarah. They sat in silence. Eventually she continued. "Well, it's just so hard. I mean, this is stupid, we've talked about this before, you know what's wrong with me."

"Nothings wrong with you Ant, you know that."

"I know we say that, it's just, well, this all feels so wrong. I haven't felt the spirit, in days, weeks, not since I started doing this. I feel distant from God. I haven't been able to bring myself to read the scriptures. I go to church and feel empty, putting on a mask of joy. And then sometimes, sometimes, I feel this overwhelming sense of purpose, this overwhelming rejection of these tendencies, and I feel close to God again. Like in a moment of clarity I see that all these things I've been doing are wrong, and I swear to never do them again, and I throw out my makeup and I donate my skirts, and everything will be great for a few days. But then, inevitably, the urges will come back, and I'll buy a whole new wardrobe and be back to where I started. And so I think, 'Well surely this must be a sign. When I reject these feelings I feel aligned with the divine, and when I embrace them I feel distant. These urgings must be of the devil, and I should put them aside for good.'"

"But then I recall that euphoria of first twirling in a skirt, the freedom, the unmasked joy. And I wonder, 'Does the scripture not say that all that is good is of God, and is not this feeling good?' And so then I think I must be right, that these feelings cannot be of evil. But then I think again, "Does not the scripture also warn against secret combination, and is it not a secret act one kept hidden shamefully in the house. Is it not true that all that is Godly is in the light, and all that is not is darkness? And isn't it also true that there are bad emotions, bad urges, that we must overcome to become like unto Christ? To not kill, not lie, not judge, not be angered. And so just as one may take pleasure in one of those acts but it still be wrong, one may take pleasure in transness and it still be wrong?'"

"And then there I go, using that word. Trans. But are these feelings I feel even ones of transness? Everyone online says that trans people hate their bodies, that they see their penises and wish they weren't there, that they've been having these feelings since they were a child. But that's not true for me. I have no problem with my body, except for being a little overweight. And besides, the more I think about it the more I realize I don't really want to be a woman, the mere thought of that is somewhat repulsive to me. No, it's more that I want to be feminine. That the roles we assign gender in society are all fake, and there should be no gender at all. That there is no reason a woman can wear a dress and be a woman but a man can't wear a dress while still being a man. But then again I think to myself 'Is it not true that gender is divine, eternal beyond the world's standards, that something about gender existed before this life and will exist in the next one? But is it not also true that God brings people into this world with also sorts of disabilities and issues, trials which are meant to challenge us on this earth and will be perfected in the next life? Why could the same thing not happen with transness, that God put individuals in sexual bodies conflicting with their spiritual gender to give us trials? But isn't that mode of thinking ableist? Will disabilities even be cured in the next life?'"

"And then I start getting all woke and the whole thing falls apart. And the whole time I am crossdressing, feeling this incredible joy and incredible shame, and I can't feel God, all while struggling to learn these things girls are taught practically since birth. And the damn eyelashes, I can never get the damn eyelashes." At this, Anthony was brought fully to tears. Big, ugly, snot-filled tears. The water in the shower had grown cold. Sarah hugged her.

"Come, follow me" Sarah said, grabbing Ant's hand, leading her out of the shower. Sarah walked over to the trash can and removed the false lashes. She brought her husband over to the mirror, and carefully applied lash glue to each of the lashes, placing them on her.

"There," she said, stepping back, "How do you feel?"
Tears streaking down her cheeks, Antony looked at the mirror.

"Beautiful."



TRENDS OF DEEP SPRINGS

BY BRENDAN SYMONS DS24



"Did you guys see what happened with Dua Lipa? Yeah, me neither."

As the sun sets over the valley, the smell of irrigated fields, sagebrush, and a decomposing cow head fill the noses of Deep Springers. It is safe to say that spring is in full bloom. I went out investigating to uncover the scent of the newest trends among these hip youths, and in the spirit of the review and reevaluations committee, offer some critiques of the culture.

The institution has given way to a somewhat more wellness-oriented ethos. There's been a palpable embrace of RFK Jr. style health crazes—Teflon pans are out, the kombucha is flowing, and the student body is taking all sorts of supplements (Alpha GPC-3). It's almost charming—until someone is convinced that the scent of patchouli and natural "deodorant" is enough to outweigh their pungent body odor.

Lately, a lot of students here have been talking about getting internships. Pre-professionalism has really taken off here — because nothing says, "I've totally rejected capitalism" like using your quirky trad-lifestyle to get into a venture capital-funded startup. Is this what the college has become? A group of Quant trading drones looking to add an impressive line to their LinkedIn profiles? Probably. Let's hope we all start blueberry farming.

Say goodbye Judith Butler, the Old Testament has started making a comeback at Deep Springs. I hear that shellfish will soon be banned from the BH. Good. I never liked shrimp anyways. I've never trusted those arthropodic misfires. Shrimp—what a hideous, freakish fusion of an exoskeletal monstrosity! The leg structure, the grotesque arch of their segmented bodies—it's all out this season. In lieu of a postmodern valueless kaleidoscopic nightmare, it seems people here are clinging to moral consensus more than ever. Old Testament? Just wait until we start reading the new one.

Justin Kim, the visiting art professor, has become sort of a conversational nexus of the student body. Justin is known to capture a crowd at a dinner table with his interrogative style and snippy, yet mostly true, remarks. (Do you know what I mean?) No one is safe, least of all our delusions of intellectual grandeur.

Popularized during Summer Seminar, Muji stationary seems to have garnered a cult-like following at Deep Springs. You see, the Muji pen, in its understated elegance, promises a kind of intellectual rigor that non-Muji pens could never. The smooth gliding lines, along with minimalist design, make them, in a word, essential. The Muji notebook? It's more than just a place to jot down a few notes during a seminar. It is a statement: "I am efficient, I am uncluttered, my pages are flat, and I am superior."

"*The first Deep Springer who, having enclosed a piece of orange tape with his name on his espresso grounds, took it into his head of saying: 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of the student body.*"

The espresso machine is the symbol of our failures as a community. The uncollected cups in the Main Building, the broken vacuums, all of our collective shame can be found collected in the crusted unwashed milk on the foaming spigot. The espresso grounds, none collective, are all claimed by various members of the SB. Here, Deep Springs has become completely privatized. In Trump's America, Deep Springs has gone anti-woke in the circadian, uncaffeinated sense.

Rebecca's Dairy Products have taken on mythic status. Her yogurt is velvety, tangy, perfect in every way. Her ice cream is gone at meal time before the bell has even rung. It is, quite simply, the trend of the year; everything else is just noise. Forget kombucha. Forget yoga. If you haven't experienced Rebecca's lactose you will never achieve paripurna-brahmanubhava

On a final note, guns are a big thing right now. After a long discussion in SB, we decided that guns are actually cool and people who don't like them are lame. Under Paul's tutelage, guns have become the latest academic hit, and soon we'll be spraying freedom seeds on field seven to clear out the last of gopher-kind.





A COMMITTEE QUIZ

A Deep Springs Committee Sorting Hat

BY KEL WEAVER DS24

This year, in order to streamline our bureaucratic processes and get right down to business, the Student Body has decided that committee assignments will not take the form of OracleCom in preference of this short and surefire quiz. Simply answer the following six questions and keep track of which numbers you choose. Whichever number you choose most frequently will be the committee that is right for you!

When you're not in class or labor, you can be found . . .

1. Reading Plato
2. Reading Fanon
3. Reading Discipline & Punish
4. Painting pictures of DS with mud and sticks
5. On LinkedIn in the Reading Room

I came to Deep Springs to escape from . . .

1. Parties and having fun
2. The complicated nature of the Chinese/El Salvadoran/ Ohio government
3. Myself...
4. Employment
5. Others telling me what to do

A fellow student tells you that they're failing all of their classes, including horsemanship, because they've been playing too much Mario Kart. You feel...

1. Angry
2. Supportive
3. Angry
4. Completely ambivalent
5. Let down

Who is your Mario Kart main?

1. Baby Mario
2. Yoshi
3. Donkey Kong
4. Daisy
5. Baby Peach

How many friends did you have as a child?

1. One, but they bullied me
2. Zero
3. One, but I bullied them
4. Twenty six
5. Two

In what way are you a hip Deep Springer, circa the 1998 DS website quiz?

1. I take myself too seriously
2. I will not answer this question. I refuse the refusal.
3. I hate myself
4. I indulge in verbal self-flagellation
5. I am cynical

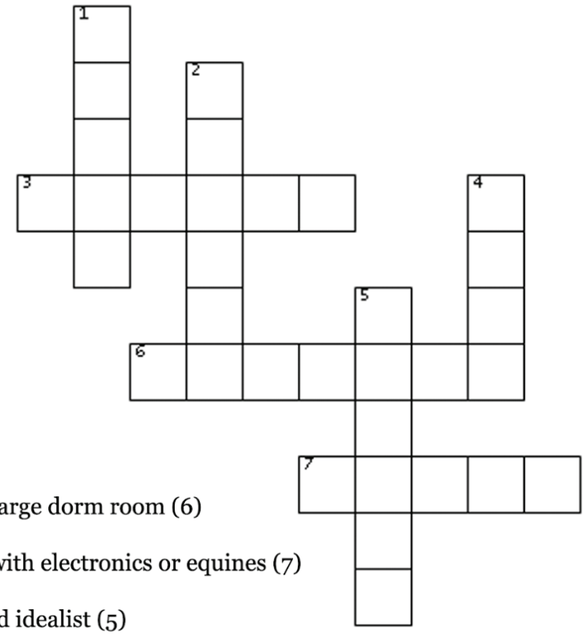
If you have mostly 1s... you're on CurCom!
If you have mostly 2s... you're on OutreachCom!
If you have mostly 3s... you're on RCom!
If you have mostly 4s... you're on ComCom!
If you have mostly 5s... you're on ApCom!

THE CROSSWORD

Monday style, with a few Sunday questions

BY JEREMY CHOY DS24

A humble crossword.



ACROSS

3. Extra large dorm room (6)

6. Place with electronics or equines (7)

7. Spirited idealist (5)

DOWN

1. Our telehealth provider (5)

2. Horse, short but easily excitable (6)

4. Garden critters (4)

5. Being there in Freiburg (6)

IN MEMORIAM

STEPHEN DOW DS52

BY KOLL JENSEN DS89



Stephen Dow DS52, left, with Brandt Kehoe DS51

Stephen D. Dow, MD passed away, at home in Glenbrook, Nevada on Sunday afternoon, December 29, 2024, surrounded by his loving family.

Born March 18, 1934 in Sidney, Ohio, Stephen's family moved to Washington, D.C., when he was 6. At the age of 10, Stephen attended the funeral of President Franklin D. Roosevelt with his mother and brother. After getting lost in the crowd, he was able to navigate the bus system himself to get back home to his family. The family returned to Ohio in 1944, and Stephen and his brother Richard spent time together trapping muskrats, fishing on the banks of Wolf Creek. It was during this time that Stephen became friends with another future Deep Springer, Brandt Kehoe DS'51. Brandt recalls that Stephen's Boy Scout troop was "more frivolous and fun than his own troop in Dayton so Brandt joined Stephen in the Troutwood troop. As Scouts, Brandt remembers BB gun fights with Stephen and Richard, "guarding" the Fourth of July fireworks before they were lit off, and the friendship between their respective parents.

Stephen enrolled at Deep Springs College in 1952. His widow, Martha Dow, remarked, "Stephen always talked about Deep Springs to anyone he met, it was so memorable for him. He always spoke about the College with immense gratitude for the influence of its overall philosophy on his future accomplishments."

After finishing his medical school training and orthopaedic residency at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor in 1965, Stephen became the fifth member of the Reno Orthopaedic Clinic (ROC) and he was the last surviving member of the original five doctors. An active marathon runner, Stephen helped establish the Silver State Marathon and chaired the Board of Directors of the Nevada Heart Fitness Institute. He was very proud of completing many marathons including, the Boston Marathon, the Honolulu Marathon, and of course many Silver State Marathons. He wrote bi-weekly columns focusing on the importance of exercise and fitness for the Reno Gazette Journal for over five years. Stephen was the author of dozens of publications, scientific papers, and talks over the span of five decades and established and received numerous other professional affiliations and appointments of distinction.

Brandt and Stephen reconnected yet again when Brandt's son, then a student at Chico State, was involved in a serious car accident along Lake Tahoe. Stephen was able to visit Brandt and his family often at the medical center. "Stephen provided a lot of assistance and friendship during that difficult time," said Brandt. Late in his life, Stephen's final commitment to deliver quality, orthopaedic care involved a 660-mile round trip on "the loneliest road in America" to insure that critically needed surgeries could be available to those living in Ely, Nevada, and surrounding rural areas. Joined by other Reno physician friends, Stephen ensured that Ely residents had access to full time medical treatment, and continued his practice until finally retiring at age 82.

Stephen's personal interests and pursuits included his affection for the writings of Mark Twain. Around 1990, Stephen began entertaining family and friends at various celebrations with live oral performances of Twain's writings, delivered from memory and in authentic costume. He performed at historic venues including Piper's Opera House in Virginia City and the Lakeshore House in Glenbrook, both locations Mark Twain himself visited. Stephen also had a true love of the ocean, with a passion for sailing and SCUBA diving that took him to places around the globe.

Stephen cherished the tight-knit community of Glenbrook, Nevada, where he lived starting in 1978. Above all else, Stephen was a man of deep faith. His humility, quiet compassion, and unrelenting willingness to help others throughout his life were the sincerest and purest expressions of his belief in God and his spirituality. Stephen will be forever missed and remembered by those who had the privilege of knowing him.

Many thanks to Martha Dow and Brandt Kehoe for help with this article.

IN MEMORIAM

RANDOM TURNER~JONES DS85

BY DAN FULWILER DS85, TDS CHAIR



Deep Springs Class of '85 at the dump. As always, Random is leading

Early in the morning of October 20, 2024, Random Daniel Turner-Jones, DS '85, passed after a year's long tangle with cardiovascular disease. He had spent his final years in the consummately liminal cities of Cusco, New Orleans, and Mexico City, living without apology and finding meaning in the everyday and the transcendent.

If we can use an anachronistic term that the young queer folk use nowadays, Random was iconic. A singular presence of the Deep Springs of the mid-80s, he stood out in every way imaginable: he was among the first out gay men at Deep Springs; he styled himself an anarcho-feminist; he was a formidable student cook; and perhaps most of all, he was a connector of human beings.

When his Deep Springs classmates and friends gathered to remember him in mid-November, many stories were shared, and though there were certainly many memorable occasions, one that stood out among the others was Random's whirlwind introduction of himself to the valley. It was a warm summer evening in 1985, and the community was gathered on the porch of the Main Building for the weekly ritual of Public Speaking. The prompt was simply to give an introductory speech, and 13 first year students, seven TASPers, and assorted second- and third-year students, faculty and staff were gathered to hear what the newcomers had to say for themselves. Random walked to the front of the crowd with his fringe-topped suede moccasins laced all the way up to his knees over 501s, a black t-shirt, and long, wavy brown hair reaching halfway down his back. He launched into a speech that would make clear where his convictions lay. He had left the Midwest behind (at least partially), and was out and proud as a gay man and an anarchist. He announced how many men he had slept with and shocked the audience, including most especially the terrified/thrilled closeted gay boys and the straight boys whose closed minds were about to be blown wide open. The speech was a stemwinder in which he made sure that we all knew that he was willing to tear anything down. The simple Danny Turner from Springfield, Illinois, had morphed into something much more regal. His newfound first name was a reminder of his anarchism, and his maternal grandmother's surname had been appended in honor of his feminist leanings. Random Daniel Turner-Jones.

He finished the speech by exclaiming "Danny is dead. Random is here." The anger came through loud and clear in the speech, and Random was angry at a lot of things: the patriarchy, heteronormative culture, Deep Springs and Deep Springers, SB meetings, Ronald Reagan, HIV, bad BH crews, Bertie the dog, the Ground Rules, and the strictures we put upon one another as an SB and in the larger society. But Random was also kind. This came through in so many ways. In his second year at the College, he abandoned the dorms and built a very cozy nest in the Green Shed, second door from the left. There he would invite you to talk, to connect, in ways that may have been surprising if you had ever had a run-in with him.

It's maybe not surprising then that Random became a nurse after leaving Deep Springs and spent decades caring for others, including many years in perhaps the hardest nursing jobs: burn units and psychiatric wards. He may chafe at the idea, but his carapace couldn't hide his caring soul from those who knew him. To many of us who did know him and remain behind, we will remember Random as a connector. For the past 40 years, he held together the Deep Springs Class of '85 and various and sundry other Deep Springers, calling us, house sitting for us, living with us for extended periods of time.

Always kvetching, always kind, always connecting. He will be missed.

REMEMBERING SHARON SCHUMAN

Beloved Deep Springs former professor and mentor Sharon Shuman recently died after being hit by a car near her home in Eugene, Oregon. Due to the close time frame between her passing and the publication of this newsletter, we are delaying the writing of a formal *In Memoriam* until the Fall 2025 publication. In the meanwhile, we send our heartfelt condolences to Sharon's family along with our gratitude for all that she contributed to this community

PRESIDENTIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

A Message from TDS Board Chair Dan Fulwiler Concerning President Andy Zink's Departure in Summer 2026

I am writing to announce that Andy Zink has informed the Board that he will not renew his contract past the end of his first term, ending in summer of 2026. The isolation at Deep Springs is always a blessing as well as a challenge, and Andy feels that he needs to be closer to family in the coming years. In addition, Andy took a three year leave from his position at San Francisco State University to serve at Deep Springs; given the current turmoil in higher education it seems wise now for him to plan to return.

We look forward to celebrating Andy's many accomplishments closer to the time of his departure, which is still more than a year away! In the meantime, the Board has named a search committee and we look forward to posting the position in the next few weeks. You should be able to find the posting soon on the Deep Springs website. Inquiries can be directed to me at dfulwiler@deepsprings.edu.

In service,
Dan Fulwiler DS85

WE STAND CORRECTED

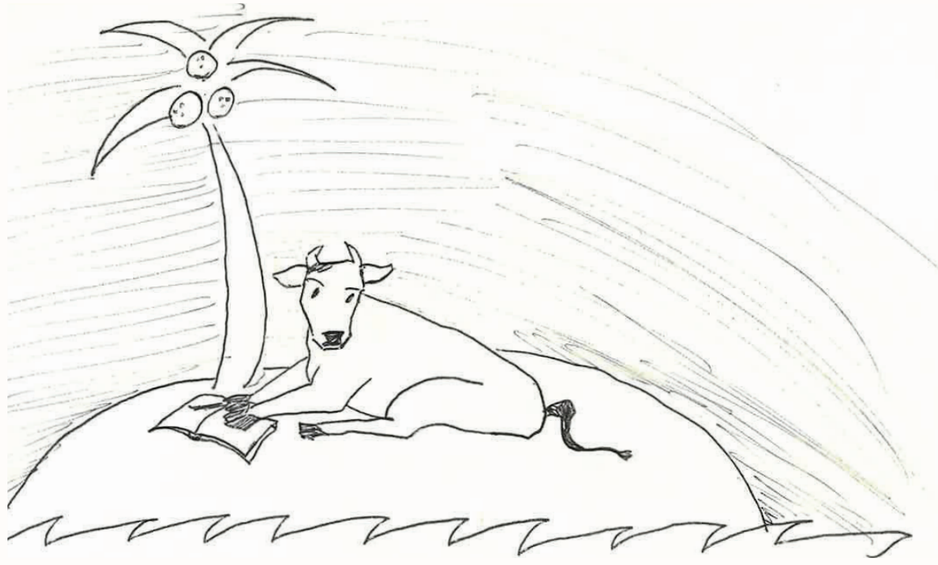
Paul Starrs, DS 75 notes that the Bose speakers documented in "Life at Deep Springs: 50 Years Ago" "were `knock-offs' of BOSE speakers that Chris Campbell (DS 73) built from authentic BOSE parts (but with plywood cabinets, so assuredly rough-hewn, yet they sure generated a lot of high-quality noise)." While beyond the scope of a correction, he adds that "the end of SB meetings to my mind invariably closed with dropping the needle on Janis Joplin (and Big Brother & the Holding Company's) opening track, six glorious minutes from the Cheap Thrills album, `Combination of the Two.' That was liberating, always."

With attention to detail as always,
Brian Hill, Herb Reich Natural Sciences Chair

CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Here we will provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, our reader, may submit a caption, the deadline for submissions being July 1st. The winning caption will be voted on by the student body and published in the Fall 2025 newsletter.
Send captions to comcom@deepsprings.edu

THIS VOLUME'S CONTEST



"....."

If you enjoyed this newsletter, or you have feedback to give, please don't hesitate to email the communications committee at comcom@deepsprings.edu

Furthermore, if you have any announcements or life updates — big or small — you'd like to inform the Deep Springs community of, please also email us. We'd absolutely love to hear from you.

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