

INTRODUCING: DS21 & RYAN DERBY-TALBOT

FEATURING: MANY PHOTOGRAPHS

THINKING: CREATURES & PLACES

CONSIDERING: LIVES OF SERVICE

DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE



DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE
NEWSLETTER

FALL 2021

“Deep Springs enterprise was established for a definite purpose. Individual freedom of both thought and action is one of the cornerstones upon which it is founded, but individual freedom consists in ‘fore-stalling restraint by self-restraint.’”

-L.L. Nunn, *the Grey Book*

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Updates from
the Valley

Letter From The President

Sue Darlington

Greetings From Deep Springs

Life at Deep Springs has a rhythm that seems to manifest clearly in the fall. The cows return from summer on the mountain or in Fish Lake Valley. Students away for term 1 come back to meet the new first years. SumSem ended and new, semester-long courses – focusing on Latin American dictator novels, violence, time, and cryptography, among others – have begun.

As of this writing, the weather shifted as well. Snow fell in the Sierra over the past two days and the smoke from the California wildfires finally blew out, so the Sierra shine crisply beyond the Whites. At night, temperatures dip close to freezing, so Farm Team is working hard to winterize the wheel lines. ApCom is gearing up for assessing a new batch of applicants, and CurCom just advertised the long-term humanities chair position.

With the sense of rhythm comes a feeling of change alongside familiarity. Our new dean, Ryan Derby-Talbot, settled in quickly over the summer, is teaching a course on infinity and working with the second years to begin the transfer process. A new person in a familiar position, Ryan is impacting our academic pillar in good ways.

At the same time, new things prevent complacency. We are wrestling with a new variant of Covid, making every effort to keep things “normal” and the students safe on campus all year. These discussions raise the ever-present question of what community is at Deep Springs. The crew from 60 Minutes filmed on campus for eight days last May. The resulting



12-minute segment on Deep Springs will air tonight. Even as we feel awkward and self-conscious about the piece, we recognize the honor given to the college and the potential benefits that could come from it. Being under the scrutiny of the camera and the public eye again evokes questions of what makes Deep Springs work.

I have now been on campus for over a year. Deep Springs is home in more than name. I relish the sunsets across the Valley bathing the campus in an orange glow. Even more, I enjoy discussions with the Student Body as we work through various challenges and celebrate new courses and community members. L.L. Nunn’s legacy echoes across the desert in a myriad of ways even as the new students work hard to make the college their own. I continue to be amazed and impressed with the students who make up Deep Springs and the dialogues that emerge as they take on all the Valley throws at them.

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Alumni! If you'd like to help Deep Springs out, but can't donate, you can help us by giving us a minute to review Deep Springs on Niche.com. Visit this link:

<https://www.niche.com/colleges/survey/start/?t=uc&e=deep-springs-college>

Leaving us a review will aid us in recruiting student applicants by boosting our online profile to prospective students. It takes just a minute and could go a long way.

An Introduction to

Ryan Derby-Talbot

By Emily Rivera DS21

After a diligent search for a new dean, the College has found its match: Ryan Derby-Talbot.

Despite the fact that he has spent nearly his entire professional career overseas, he is the most local to the area of the staffulty members. Ryan grew up in Gardnerville, NV, about 150 miles from Deep Springs. His uncle, Tom Talbot, was the Deep Springs veterinarian for 50 years and has Ryan spent a lot of time in Bishop visiting family. He even grew up doing ranching work with his grandfather which, has made the transition to Deep Springs easier for him than for many.

Ryan also really likes shapes. He’s a mathematician whose specialty is in topology, the study of spatial configurations. He earned his PhD from The University of Texas at Austin and completed his undergraduate studies at Pomona.

His mission as an educator is to correct mathematical misconceptions learned in the K-12 curriculum (for example, the idea that you’re either a math person or not). He is deeply interested in understanding what conditions are most conducive to learning. This is precisely why Deep Springs attracted him: our unique combination of learning factors. Isolation, labor, and a rigorous liberal arts curriculum is unlike any learning environment he’s experienced.

Ryan has worked in similar capacities at Fulbright University in Vietnam, Quest University in Canada, and American University in Cairo. Ryan also has a consulting agency

called Redefining Higher Ed where he provides insights on educational techniques. He’s worked in international education for over 15 years and offers us an international perspective on education and unifies ideas central to the Deep Springs pedagogy.

His approach to a life of service is rooted in intentional listening. Ryan believes that a life of service is found when listening selflessly because it allows for an exchange of ideas that are seldom found in typical conversations. He considers himself to be more of a student than a teacher, and brings an invigorating energy to the classroom.

“I never set out to be a professor. I’m just a student, really. I love being in school and I went as far as I could and when I couldn’t go any farther I found a way to stay in it on the teaching side,” he said.

Ryan is teaching a fall course called Infinity, Certainty, Knowledge. ICK is not your typical math

class. The course is interdisciplinary, combining mathematics, logic, and philosophy. Some major points of inquiry are cardinality, undecidability, and blind spots. The course has no prerequisites and approaches Gödel’s proof, axiomatic geometry, and set theory with ease.

In his spare time, he hikes, reads, and writes. Currently, he’s reading the Electric Edge of Academe and Noise by Daniel Kahneman. As dean, Ryan is committed to dedicating his time to helping students as fully as possible, both in and outside of the academic pillar.

“I really like working with people through problems. When I can help serve as a facilitator of that, I feel like I’m living my life of service in some ways. As Dean, I get to do that here.”

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Ryan Derby-Talbot (right) enjoying a meal with Chenyi Zhao DS21



In Praise of Sweaters

A Speech by Annie Kelley DS20
(Annotated by the author)

Sonnet #1, Introduction

You've seen it coming sure, and strong, and fast
And from the steely dark condense the stars
The snow is soon a' powdering the pass
The coots stop swimming at the reservoirs

And in this time a strange procession comes
As men drag forth their mortal pile of bones
To toss their skimpy shirts and in great sums
Acquire garment fit for winter's tones

The student bodies clothed no more like babes
Who sport bare skin as soon as whim demands
Instead adapt to knitted, shambling ways
From which peek forth but eyes, and nose, and hands

There is a holy nature to this thing
I praise this choice and sweater's praise I'll sing

Sonnet #2, Temperature Regulation

Imagine trampling home in deepest cold
No birds fly forth to guide your dorm-wards trek
The desert dark has tamed the sun so bold
The ripping wind as teeth against your neck

Of hat, and gloves, and scarf you have a lot
Which gusts of bluster try to blow away
One secret source of warmth cruel wind sees not
Beneath your Carhartt, sweater's there to stay

And frostbite's foiled, pain is lessened too
by boon of clothing felt in hidden fold
In secret oath 'tween lovely yarn and you
The sweater brings great respite from the cold

Unseen 'neath jacket rests a snow proof love
How can great chill rob warmth the it knows not of?

Sonnet #3, Sex Sexuality and Consent

The lady's limbs and face are like the boy's
Just smaller and refined¹ in their part

¹ This is pronounced with three syllables because I decided it should be like that

The loins bring difference not for prudes and coys
Some fainting at the ways he forms depart²

A middling place we cloth in knitted way
For torso's not quite vile but not quite chaste
Dimorphic yes, unsightly who's to say
Though much of great import's tween neck and waste

So, tightly, in stretched type, a garment can
(And sweaters fuzz to touch brings great allure)
be slapped onto the best part of a man
Yet for its coveredness we call it pure!

The central truth to which I do allude
The sweated form is tempting but not crude

Sonnet #4, The Joys of Knitting

A fireside that roars contented songs
In waves, dark smoke doth splinter forth and clap
A friend holds marshmallows upon their prongs
The rain bears down, the tips of elm tree tap

How could this joy in truth be greater made?
For this but one sweet task is well equipped
A rhythmic sound well known and needle-made
As rhyme's recalled from mind without a script

it's true to knit brings calm without compare
And life's to seek at calm then to depart
Before our foibles melt back into air
I beg be wise take up this sacred art

It is, in terms of sweater, plain to see
The thing is sweet that sweetly comes to be

Sonnet #5, Winter

Any person pulling choking vines
Beholding rotting creature molding-topped
The endless beetles scurrying up pines
Has seen the lolling growth of life unstopped

That hunger's portrait truly is of bread³
This claim I think of, praising warmth so
This thing it is alleged a wise man said

² This is a reference to the fact that the student nurse, who last year tried to pass a "purity motion" banning lustful thoughts, recently fainted after being forced to teach sex-ed. It was extremely funny. (He's fine now)

³ "The best portrait of hunger is a portrait of bread" is a quote prominently cited in the public speaking course syllabus



But now I wish to paint both hot and snow

It's killing cold that makes machine from rust
And for this purpose, dry and cold are famed
We have no winter where I'm from and thus
Without this season growth goes on untamed⁴

It's not that sweater's good 'cause winters bad
It's that good clothes let winter to be had

Sonnet #6, The Limits of Human Connection

I've said (and all men surely know as much)
A hug in knitted garb is soft and warm
The sweater's gentle fuzz invites the touch
So, many men embrace in knitted form

Embracing, we find cloth not skin that's real
as sweaters stuff comes man-to-man betwixt
It asks us to seek touch we can't quite feel
And in this fact, true joy is not quite fixed

So too we're always guessing but not sure
When seeking friends, when wanting to be known
We can't feel others pain but just infer
We live life all together, oft alone

And thus it's all too human to beseech
And bring forth touch knowing the touch won't reach

Sonnet #7 Sonnet for Antón⁵

I have been told so many times of late
That speaking's master's also gimmick's foe
My rhyme's no jest, on this I rest my fate
And here's the thing I want Antón to know:

That firstly cloth itself 's a kind of poem
For poems are made in the constraint of word
With verse, sweet art, without vain follies roam
First Pound, then Glück, and ode to armpit third⁶

In Carhartt trampling rules for trampling's sake
In wrangler life is lived to bathe in filth
In cashmere though these risks we do not take

⁴ I am from Silicon Valley

⁵ Anón teaches public speaking. We love him.

⁶ This is a reference to the most recent edition of Poetry Magazine which contained a poem called "An Ode to Armpit Hair." This is the most prominent poetry magazine in the English-speaking world... What??

We'll lounge or read to save the sweaters wealth

Through knitted form we are as such constrained
And life's a poem when crudeness sweater tames

Sonnet # the Last, Conclusion

Go home and find the sweater that you own
For is there man without that any knows?
None lack some knitting, green or blue or roan
The sweater's cloth of all, but king of clothes

Oh sweater, clothing noble as mundane!
Have I truly told your glory hence?
And in its telling, thus increased your fame!
And in the fame, your charm made less immense!?⁷

Of course not, for there's sweaters everywhere
On chest, in room, and strewn in field and wood
Collecting moths, collecting dogses⁸ hair
No less mundane for being understood

What with this garb to do I will not tell
Just find one, and then love your sweater well

Thank you

⁷ The speech prompt I was responding to is "praise a mundane object"

⁸ Two syllables 'cause I said so

Courses on Offer

Fall 2021

On Time, taught by David McDonald

Time is central to experience. And as mediated by memory, it may be crucial to what it is to be a self—I am compounded of my own past time. In a personal context, time is quite elastic, and very much tied up with subjectivity and consciousness. But time has another aspect, inasmuch as we quantify it for scientific, economic, and social purposes. We find ourselves measuring time, selling our time, obliged to the clock and the calendar. What is the relation of time as subjective duration, to time as an external measure? Is there a way out of such a divided human relation to time? What does it mean to understand oneself through one's past? What does time have to do with consciousness? What is autobiography for?

Infinity, Certainty and Knowledge, taught by Ryan Derby-Talbot

The word “certain” comes from the Proto-Indo-European root *krei*, which means “to sieve, discriminate, distinguish.” Thus, one can be certain when one has effectively parsed a concept or situation into its constituent parts, and thus has a total understanding of how those parts relate and fit together to give rise to the whole. But how do you know that you have truly understood a situation all the way to its roots (and aren't missing something)? And what if those roots can be infinitely deep?

Interestingly, the word *krei* is also the root of the word “crisis” (in the sense of “turning point” or “judgment”). In this course, we explore three significant crises—one about counting, one about geometry, and one about logic—that have rocked the mathematical world over the past 150 years. These crises resulted from simple but overlooked questions about the nature of number and shape that ended up revealing significant blind spots in the bedrock of computational thinking itself. As we consider these crises, we also consider the larger question of just how humans attempt to build certainty in knowledge, and see how this question ultimately disperses into a cloud between the knowable and the undecidable.

Forms of Evidence and Argument, taught by Caroline Tracey

The course responds to a challenge that I felt as a student: that I struggled to make my assigned analytic writing feel necessary and urgent in the way that personal and narrative writing did. Thus, a secondary argument of the syllabus is that by studying texts from the perspective of their argument and evidence, rather than their “genre” or intended public, it becomes possible to make analytic writing personal and urgent, and personal writing argumentative and analytic. The presence of queer theory on the syllabus comes in response to this prerogative: early queer theory offers some particularly stunning models of the use of literature as the

evidence to better understand questions that emerge from living in the contemporary world.

To develop our own skills of argument, evidentiality, and expression, In this course we will read texts that engage with a variety of forms of evidence, a variety of forms of argument, and a variety of forms of relationship to the personal. This will include writing that was initially directed at both “academic” and “general” audience (ideas and publics whose nature we will interrogate as we read). Students will leave this course with a clear sense of how to identify an argument, and the tools to develop and sustain their own using evidence (whether it is given, as in analysis of an assigned book, or of their own choosing).

Technological MacGyvering with the Arduino Microprocessor, taught by Brian Hill

This course will utilize the Arduino Starter Kit. The starter kit includes a project book that will serve as the textbook. Assuming we can be on pace during the first 11-12 weeks of the course to develop and run a wide variety of cookbook projects, for the last few weeks of the course, I would have students develop their own projects, for example to solve campus problems, like opening vents or taps. Heck, maybe someone will try to re-program the baler!

We will be working with real circuitry (not just software to be downloaded onto the microprocessor). Therefore I will be teaching you some of the basics of electricity (voltage, current, power) and circuit elements (resistors, capacitors, diodes). The brains at the center of each circuit is the Arduino microprocessor which has to be programmed to do whatever you want it to do.

Cryptography: Algorithms and History, taught by Brian Hill

Flabbergastingly, it is possible for two people to talk to each other while another listens, and for those two people to have a conversation that the third person cannot understand or even hope to understand with all the computer power in the world, and—now we get to the flabbergasting part—to do this with no prearranged code or secrets. The method is called public-key cryptography. It is at the heart of every modern messaging system that has (or claims to have) privacy as one of its features. Interestingly, the method is defeatable, but only if the third person not only can listen in, but can actually intercept and substitute their own messages into the communications channel. This is known as the man-in-the-middle attack. Public key cryptography will be one of our final topics in the course, but only after we have progressed through many much-less-advanced schemes. We will proceed in our study of cryptography in three ways: By learning about the long and steadily advancing history of cryptography. By studying cryptographic algorithms. By writing Python code for encryption and decryption.

The Latin American Dictator Novel, taught by Antón Barba-Kay

Art sometimes thrives to perfection under extremely hostile conditions. Latin America's authoritarian regimes have miraculously afforded the occasion for some of its best writing: the “dictator novel” is a genre that, while based on particular historical figures, investigates authoritarianism as such by adopting or scrutinizing the perspective of the dictator himself. The novels thematically radiate out into broader questions about the nature

of power, authority over language, the conditions of violence, and narratives of social reality—they describe the destructive desire for imposing perfect order and its failures. The main novels I propose to read are Asturias' *El Señor Presidente* (1946), Roa Bastos' *I, the Supreme* (1974), Carpentier's *Reasons of State* (1974), García Márquez' *Autumn of the Patriarch* (1975), and Vargas Llosa's *Feast of the Goat* (2000).

By Any Means Necessary: Politics and Violence, taught by Anna Feuer

Simone Weil defines violence (or “force,” in her terms) as that which turns anyone who is subjected to it into a thing. Violence dehumanizes its agents as much as its victims; human nature, in the presence of violence, is “swept away, blinded, by the very force it imagined it could handle.” For Frantz Fanon, by contrast, violence rehumanizes. Violent resistance is the inevitable response to the brutalizing violence inherent in colonial domination. “The colonized man,” he insists, “liberates himself in and through violence.”

Can political violence be justified? Is violence always in conflict with political freedom, or is it the only or best means of achieving freedom under conditions of oppression? Do violent means necessarily overwhelm peaceful political ends, or can violence be abandoned once it has been used to bring about a new and more just society? What is the power of nonviolent resistance? To what extent can the concept of violence be expanded beyond physical force to capture social, economic, and linguistic practices? In this course, we will examine these questions through close readings of major texts that attempt to theorize the relationship between politics and violence, primarily

from the mid-twentieth century.

States of Exception: American Foreign and Security Policy after 9/11, taught by Anna Feuer

Following the attacks of September 11, 2001, the George W. Bush administration argued that the United States was at war with a “new kind of enemy.” Al Qaeda is a transnational terrorist organization, not a sovereign state with the political authority to wage war. Accordingly, U.S. officials maintained that al Qaeda detainees would be treated neither as POWs nor as civilians—both categories that enjoy the protections of the Geneva Conventions—but as “unlawful enemy combatants.” The provisions of international law regulating interrogation techniques and the duration of detention would not apply in the context of this unprecedented “war on terror.”

The American response to 9/11 introduced a host of new legal and ethical dilemmas. What does it mean to be “at war” with a globalized non-state terrorist network? Is the war on terror justified in accordance with traditional standards of just cause? Are armed drones capable of adhering to legal standards of discrimination and proportionality in the conduct of war? This course will explore three areas of international law and political ethics in relation to post-9/11 policy: the jurisprudence of emergency in liberal states, the just war tradition (i.e., the moral and legal justifications for declaring war and the requirements of permissible conduct during combat), and the meaning and aims of terrorism and insurgency.

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County Fair Swept by the MacLeish Family

by Brian Hill

Five members of the MacLeish family entered into the Eastern Sierra Tri-County Fair. Also entering in the beer category was our new Dean, Ryan Derby-Talbot. Out of all these entries, Shelby, Elias, and Ada MacLeish walked away with four best-of-show awards.

The winning entry from Shelby representing the garden team was a warty pumpkin. The pumpkin is about a foot in diameter and is thoroughly warty on all sides.

Elias had two winning entries, a cutting board and a catapult. The catapult is pictured with a tomato loaded into its bucket. The cutting board has dramatic mixed hardwoods. The cat-

apult was a kit from Grandpa “Pop Pop” Snyder. With the catapult Elias has been launching small fireworks that explode on impact.

Ada won with her numismatic collection. She collected all 50 of the state coins and 36 of the 112 national park coins. She also included a Mercury dime that she found near the barn, and wheat pennies that she found on the campus roads. The Mercury dime features the profile of a winged goddess.

Tess entered a 4-foot high older-style scarecrow, but was beaten out of first place by an astronaut scarecrow that won best-of-show.

Willia entered with chocolate-crin-



kle brownies and a photograph of a rabbit. Both of these won first prizes but did not advance to best-in-show. Meanwhile Ryan’s beer entry was sadly not judged due to lack of competition. Expect more from the youngest MacLeishes when they enter again next year. With luck Ryan will have some competition too.



First Year

Student Biographies

By Declan Allio DS21



Although she once served Bill Gates an unsatisfactory bun, **Haana Edenshaw** has fully redeemed herself as Student Chef this term. She often sleeps in a tree, and is the undercover Princess of Haida Gwaii. She’s a mother to all, but holds co-custody of Boo (newborn calf of Lila) and Rhubarb (duck night light of Agrabah). As the air chills and we bundle up, Haana stands stoic, resiliently bare-foot — a model to us all.



Rita Ross—Lady Bird then Joni Mitchell, Fashion Connoisseur then Feminist Icon—hails from the union of Cooper in NYC, where she engaged in squirrel preservation protest art. Perpetually pajama-clad, she has the smile of a synchronized swimmer (once, she was one), and the half bob of a 2013 Miley. In seminar, she’ll coolly ask for clarification, especially when you have no idea what you’ve just said. She bikes, she runs, she paints, she gardens: Rita is the jock of Deep Springs.



Lana Mahboub, self-proclaimed Cali sad girl (with a z), has the most coveted water on campus and she’ll probably share it with you. She reigns over FashCom with a ring on every finger but despite all the rings, her fingers are invariably covered in bandages from her escapades in trying to make you a delicious dinner. You can find her busy being a punctual essay writer, going on a walk, listening to Lana del Rey, or giving a speech à la Ocean Vuong. With flowers tucked in her overalls, she’s conquering the written word and reminding you about situational empathy.



Future president of the United States (but unpaid of course), **Declan Allio** has a few programs: one for diligence, one for kindness, one for seriousness. The tallest and youngest of the SB, Declan is the humored center of the group, garnering a cult-like following and doubling backwards to figure out how to become the most hardcore member of the SB. You can find him replacing his signature fist bump with a handshake (program of seriousness), sleeping in the archives, and “Loving that.”



Emily Rivera is a woman of contradictions. When she isn't cruising through Miami in her antique Mercedes, she's a fierce car abolitionist. When she isn't Robin Hood-ing at the Gap or drinking up Marx in SumSem, she's leading the High School Democrats toward liberal paradise. When she isn't boosting SB literacy through community spelling bees, she's giving all our books away to the Inyo County Jail.



Wise, elegant **Chenyi Zhao** comes from gauche USC. As a summer gardener, they meticulously planted arugula and carrots at a rate of six seeds per hour. As MechAss, they are slowly merging body and soul with powerhouse Padraic Macleish. They wield a ferocious one-liner with ease. They'll someday have twelve children and a cult following. Perhaps they already do.



Andre Williams, the fastest Division V cross country runner in the state of California, loves goats. In fact, after an exhaustive lobbying effort, he's one drive away from securing two of the finest Nigerian Dwarf Goats that Inyo County has to offer. He brandishes trumpet, piano, and spoken word with a smooth swing. He's ascended to Champion of the Tractor, and Warrior of the Weed-Wacker. After a year at Columbia, he traded the Big Apple for the Big Bishop.



Beautiful, bearded **Zayd Vlach** has yet to complete a full rotation through his four pairs of overalls, although his favorites now resemble a kilt. By day, he makes daring claims and ravishing eye-contact; by night, he sleep-murmurs tales of Nietzsche to roommate/part-time lover Kuba. Find Zayd on 8, caressing the third love of his life: the majestic wheel-line. Feel his euphoric laugh pour down hallways, across fields, into your heart.



Norah Geiger splits her days evenly: she sprunks; she smokes; she sleeps. There's a 40% chance she secured Mononucleosis for three days this term... There's a 60% chance it was just a brain tumor. She dreams of goat shepherding with an anti-racist Flannery O'Connor. She comes from Texas and Tennessee, and occasionally retrieves a Southern twang. She is strong (and also small).



Brandon Ipina hails from Wisconsin's Thoreau College, where he planted sheep horns in soil and became a man. Now, he spends his afternoons frolicking with the MacLeishian daughters and/or Caroline Tracey's pup, Lazaro. As Treasurer and newly minted Frodo, Brandon's emerged as a compelling SBER and intimidating political machine. He takes excellent care of his boots.



Ainsley Leof gets 13 hours of sleep every night. Her seminar comments could be pint-sized PhD theses. She's a beast in the garden and on the North Porch workout station. She'll eagerly ask if you're okay, every chance she gets. Find her dancing through the dorm hallway in a silk dress, reciting poetry or Taylor Swift lyrics (she'll say they're the same thing). Quick quips equipped by a childhood in Portland, OR, and many many brothers.



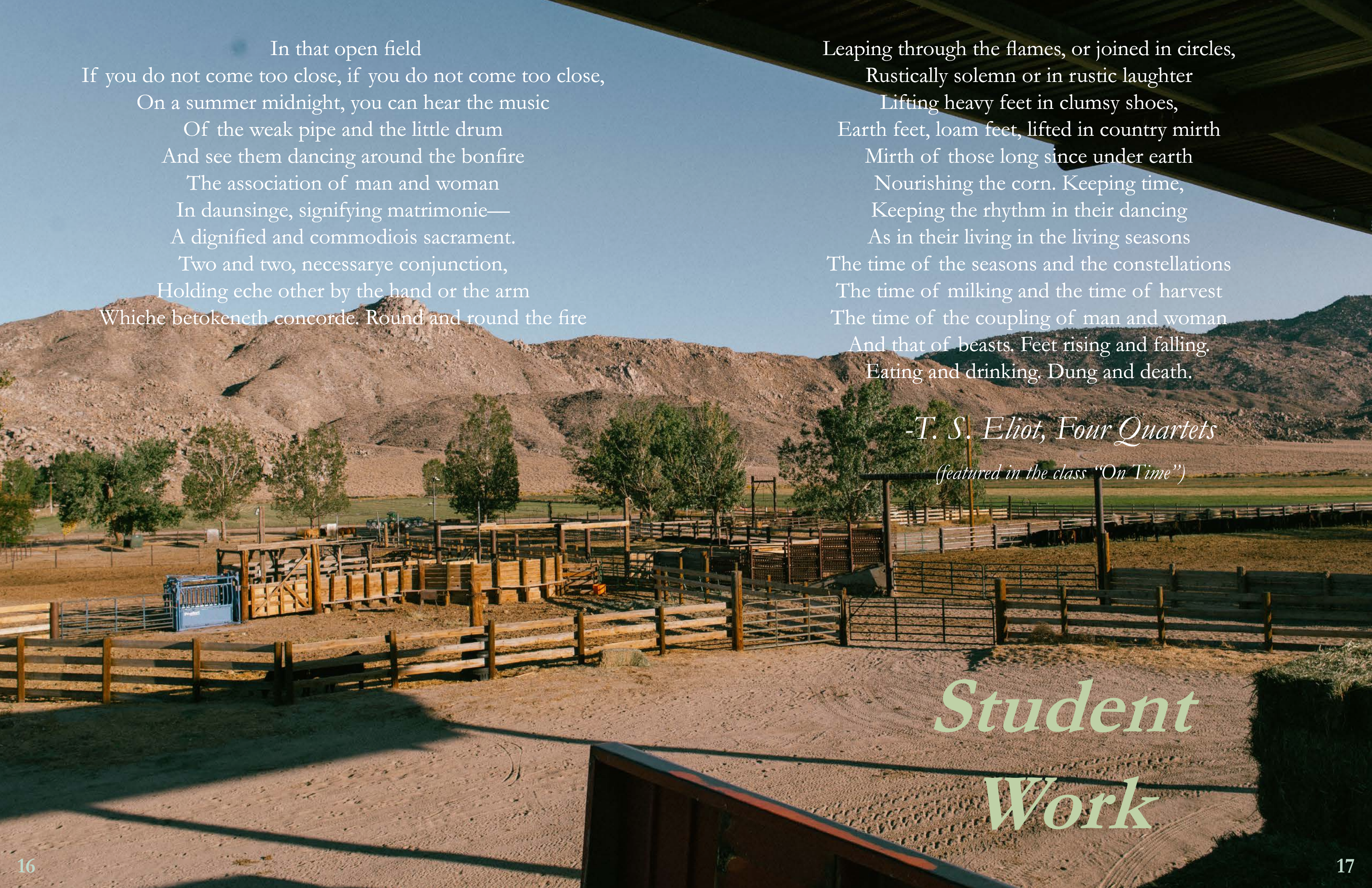
Picture it: Irresistibly charming **Jakub Laichter** basks on the SmoPo, blowing rings out of the end of a sprinkler plucked fresh from the fields. From a small house with a beautiful garden, Kuba spent the months before Deep Springs in a circus at the Ukrainian war-zone (now, he juggles eggs in the Museum). When not artistically thrashing to Italian Heist music, he's in the P-Unit, crafting his fourth shot of espresso with precision.



Beard-stroking, toe-wiggling, Queer theorist **Luke "Sedgwick" Seuss** knows a thing or two, because he's seen a thing or two. He knows that Aristotle was onto something. He knows that it's time to replace the BH with a massive, periodically stirred pot. He knows that fire isn't really hot—so we made him our Fire Squire. Luke originated in Virginia, but he comes from St. John's, where he metamorphosed into Seminar Stud.



Don't cross **Mishel Jovanovska (Yö-VAH-nòv-skuh)**. She's got a razor-sharp wit, and God's on her side. The holiest member of the SB (especially when Zayd isn't wearing Overall #2), Mishel takes L. L. 's word as law—someday, she'll lead a seminar on the Grey Book. Until then, she's content to argue the merits of bullies and dictators with enough conviction to get you nodding. If she hasn't told you yet, she is from North Macedonia.



In that open field
If you do not come too close, if you do not come too close,
On a summer midnight, you can hear the music
Of the weak pipe and the little drum
And see them dancing around the bonfire
The association of man and woman
In daunsinge, signifying matrimonie—
A dignified and commodious sacrament.
Two and two, necessarye conjunction,
Holding eche other by the hand or the arm
Whiche betokeneth concorde. Round and round the fire

Leaping through the flames, or joined in circles,
Rustically solemn or in rustic laughter
Lifting heavy feet in clumsy shoes,
Earth feet, loam feet, lifted in country mirth
Mirth of those long since under earth
Nourishing the corn. Keeping time,
Keeping the rhythm in their dancing
As in their living in the living seasons
The time of the seasons and the constellations
The time of milking and the time of harvest
The time of the coupling of man and woman
And that of beasts. Feet rising and falling.
Eating and drinking. Dung and death.

-T. S. Eliot, Four Quartets

(featured in the class "On Time")

*Student
Work*

Documenting Feed

by Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Incessantly idyllic, the labor pillar seems to stick with pretty much every Deep Springer. The Trustees visited campus for the first time in a few years; my one bonding point with three of them was that we each did feed. Mark Taylor (DS62) told me that, in his day, he did feed with two burros and a wagon pulling hay. We don't have any burros anymore. I drive a glorified golf cart. Regardless, Mark's comments got me interested in the genealogy of labor positions and how the content of jobs has shifted throughout time, but I then realized that we have little beyond passovers (which only reflect the last year) and oral tradition to carry portraits of each labor position. Rather than trace a genealogical tree, I seek to offer a mere leaf. These are my meager observations and reflections from two terms of listening to the buzzing animals of the desert. By no means do I know animals. I only hear.

The desert is full of death. Land holds back its warmth as it beckons me to the start of the day. I put the same work clothes on for the fifth day straight; it's too dark, too cold, too lifeless to think about things like clothing. I have to do my job, do it well—can't let animals starve, can't have Tim yell at me (though he will regardless). Once I make it out of my room, I'm encountered by a deafening silence. It's still dark, so there's little to see. Touch overwhelms me. The air slices the surface of my face. The tingle drags me out of sleep; now I'm awake. It feels like I might be the only one.

I hop in the feed buggy. It takes some coaxing to start, some more to get moving, but it goes. The feed buggy is the icon of every feedman. I don't notice it much as I use it, but the vehicle quickly reflects who the feedman is. The red cart tells any passerby where I am. It's littered with random

things of mine; torn gloves, a Hemingway book (for when I fill up water tanks), headlamps, knives, bones, feathers, beans. The buggy and I melt into one another as we zip to the museum to grab pig slop. It only has one gear which roars from beneath the backseat, bare and agonized. It makes everyone think I go much faster than the 20 miles-per-hour which caps my gas pedal. We stop under the handicapped parking sign by the PUNIT, next to where the milk cart should be. I scour the museum's leftovers fridge for food that nobody's touched in a few days. There's plenty: cornbread, slaw, beans, failed attempts at baked goods, and some old roast beef for good measure. I mix it in with food scraps left from the night before, melt back into my buggy. Off to the pigs.

At the rumble of the buggy, the pigs dash from their morning slumber puddle to the feed trough. I don't feel special; they think every vehicle that drives by signifies food, but in reality I'm the only ice cream truck for them. I hop out and turn on a hose to wet their wallow, since mud is their sweat and heat will eventually come, and dump their slop as evenly as possible. All eight pigs (Sam, Amin, Han-



nah, Martin, Anna, Antón, Connie, and Francesca) jump right into the trough. They lap up whatever stays in their mouth. Their lips are awfully inefficient; Amin drops a half-eaten piece of stale bread and Hannah pounces on it, only to drop another half for Martin to clean up. Antón, uninterested in the antics of others, hops out of the trough and goes to the Pork Maker™ to get his breakfast of pellets. The pigs honk at me. I'm not sure what they strive to communicate; they seem to snort only when I'm nearby, regardless of whether or not they have food. They are louder when hungry, I figure, but I don't understand the sounds that emerge when they eat. I throw in bedding, which Sam and Amin think is food. They bite the old rye for a minute until they realize that, once more, I'm insulating their napping spot with food. They dash back to the trough. On to the haystacks.

I make it to the lower ranch, where hay waits for the sun to dry the outside just a bit more. The recent cuts are still green. They graduate to the southernmost stack of Field 3's winter rye, which shines a muted gold. I grab what I need for the bulls. The Herefords love rye and

the Anguses love alfalfa, and luckily I need to finish both of those stacks. I stack the four bales on the buggy, the most I can put on the back when I load from the ground. The bed is too small to carry anything meaningful. Eight bulls only eat four bales anyway, so it works. I drive off from the haystacks to the horse barn, where true challenges await me.

Water trough. Horses need some water; I turn it on and set a timer. Can't flood a trough—the guilt would be too much. The sun seems to be creeping up. I can turn off my headlights. I walk through the two doors of the horse barn, where chirping greets me. Starlings flee upon my first step. First non-pig-or-machine sounds I've heard all day. The chirping changes pitch. I pray, as I walk to the stall where my chicks are, that none are dead this morning. The cloud of chirping is a good sign; many mornings ago, I walked in and there was no chirping. All the chicks vanished. I found two decapitated about a day later. I stick my head into the cloud. They seem a bit cold, but the day will only get warmer, so I leave their heat lamps for now and make a mental note to come back soon to turn one off. I step in to

scatter them. The cloud disperses; some float over to food, while others flock to water. One seems to be getting trampled. I pick her up. Her head is turned around, like she's been punched in the face so hard she can't turn back. She can walk, which is good, but she seems uninterested in drinking. I build her an isolated pen to protect her from trampling. I can't take losing another bird. Timer goes off—the chicks freak out—but their food and water is fine, and they'll be warm. Off goes the trough; on I go to the horses.

Badger awaits food; like a cow, his stomach is a ceaseless pit. He fears no human or fence. His head sticks two feet out from the top of the top bar, as if his mere presence there will cause hay to fall from the sky. Mick and Starbuck see me coming and skip to the closest feeder, near enough that I can throw them hay, but far enough to flee me if I tried to touch them. I cut the two bales I left there yesterday afternoon and toss them some grass. Lefty runs to eat beside Mick. Maybe he thinks Mick will protect him from acquiring more bite marks; poor Lefty is littered. Tex shoves Tuscarora out of the way to alfalfa, but Tusc fights back and they go on





a minor run together. A bit romantic. Pancho waits alone at the last trough, knowing he needs to get the bite in first or he'll never eat. I hop in and give Gus a hug. He looks lonely; his buddy Utah's out this morning. He offers his neck. Human over food. The calves start mooing, though, and I have to get going. The haytuation awaits.

We make it to the large pen where the weaning calves loiter. Half are in the back chewing cud. Half offer me a death stare. Luke's here to help. I inspect the trough. I can't have any calves eating alfalfa dust and bloating themselves, and I don't want to fill their trough up with inedible weeds. There are crests and valleys, corresponding to the quality of the round bale that each trough section is filled with. Mountains of weeds occupy one spot where calves stand longingly. I clear out the bad troughs and the sun breaks over the Inyos. Its harsh yellow beams end the slicing of my skin. I drop two jackets off. The dust mirrors the sun into my eyes. Its golden glimmer grows blinding. I cough as I clean, a true janitor. Luke and I finish clearing and we each take a side to begin loading up the trough with fresh hay. The cows,

magnetized, begin to cluster around the forkfuls of food. I comb my bale, coaxing as much hay onto a scoop, I stack. Their stomachs are Tartarus, truly; even when I fill a section, I look back and half of it is gone. I fill it up again. They have to get warm for winter. The calves have no notion of personal space. They poop on each other and desire only what my hands move. The hay is right in front of them, and still they snuff the ground. It's almost disrespectful. Luke and I eventually feel like we've done our job, so we call it a morning and head out. Off to the next job.

Feed is a series of many small tasks. One task feels like an eternity if it takes longer than twenty minutes, like feeding calves or changing chick bedding. I'm leaving out a great deal; chickens, bulls, other horses, other calves, other cows—but each task offers its own meditations. Feed juxtaposes the life-spirit of the desert against the backdrop of daily death. I got to roleplay that spirit, just like many before me.

L

The SB Wishlist

The Student Body is both cold and unentertained. We request the following items, to varying degrees of desire:

- Winter Hats
- Work Gloves (!!)
- Tan Carhartt Jackets
- Socks, especially wool ones
- Rubber Boots of various sizes (!!)
- Crocs of various sizes
- Nerf Guns
- Spikeball
- Soccer Nets
- Beyblades
- JBL speakers (!!)
- Electric Driving Toy Car
- Dentures
- More Ants



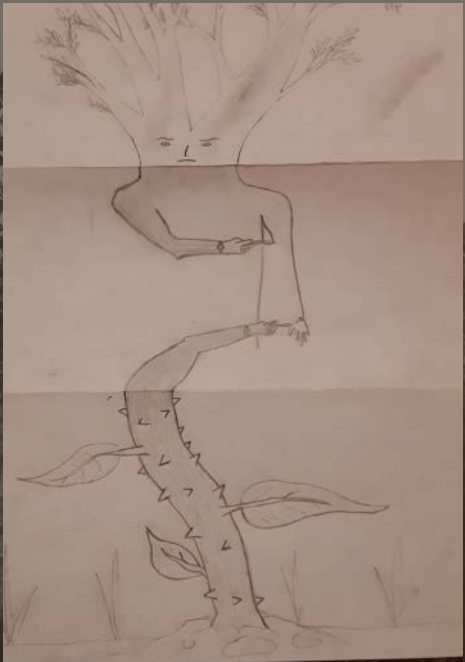
An Aesthetic Speech Exquisite Corpse By Jesse Barker-Plotkin DS21

I want to introduce you to the drawing game exquisite corpse. In it three friends fold three sheets of paper into thirds so they can only see one third at a time. They each draw a head, fold it over, and pass it to the next friend. They then each draw a body, and pass again. They draw legs, and unfold the sheet to find the masterpiece. I drew this image with two of my friends, Luka and James, on December 30th, 2019. It is about three things. It is about a plant, another plant, and some weird self-referential MC Escher body. Speeches should also be about three things. Well, actually two things, because the third thing it's about should always be itself. Plant, plant, self.

At the slaughter, I hear the steer groan as its throat is cut. See it twitch for hours on the gambrills. It was dead ever since Padraic's bullet hit its brain, but everyone who calls themselves an artist knows that death isn't final. O, exquisite corpse.

I drew the eyes of my tree-man troubled, because that's how I felt that night. I had been anticipating something for months. James drew a plant, because he was feeling clever. Luka made a drawing to draw his drawing. He drew himself, because he is the genius of the group. He always did this kind of thing. He can win a game of Monopoly in 45 minutes. He can make art from anything. That evening he created life from the lifeless page, created life drawing itself. I tried to do the same later that night, and failed.

I drive the 6400 up the steep road



to the dead animal dump, carrying the steer's organs. A coyote follows me, and watches as I tip the bucket into the pit. I stop. I climb out and pick up an old shin bone, stare at it for a while.

We biked back to my house after drawing this image. We left James behind. He is the rooted base of our friendship. We always meet at his house, eat his food, and he is the one who starts the conversation. He is the only one who can get Luka to talk. Without him we had weightless silence. I felt in my pockets. I carried this image in one, and in the other I had a note. I had written the note for Luka back in October, when I biked fifty miles to his house in Vermont. I hadn't delivered it.

I make my way back to my room at five in the morning. I smell of the dead animal dump, and my hands shake. O, my exquisite corpse. This is the problem of writing. There is no

life; the body I draw will be a winter tree, wind-whipped, lost to the cold.

On the way home, we climbed the water tower in UMass. The campus spread out below us and the winter wind made our perch sway. Luka was silent. So was I. We saw a cop car drive past and hurried down laughing. It wouldn't catch us. Not us together.

In Luka's drawing, there are two watches. The hands draw a third. This is time triangulation. It takes two times, two stories, to create a third. To create the specific feeling, out of time and throughout time. To not only remember but create that smell that takes you back to then. The smell of this night is washing dishes while cookies bake for New Year's Eve the next day.

I steal the steer skull from the front of the dorms as the moon sets. I am almost finished. My arms ache as I carry it down the lake road, but soon I will be done. I feel in my pocket. The note is still there. Luka left it on my couch when he drove back to Vermont on December 31st, 2019.

I left the note on the couch next to Luka and ran upstairs to blow up an inflatable mattress for him. The note read, in so many words: "Whenever we are together we can climb crazy trees. I think you are a genius. It would make me very happy to be your boyfriend. If you don't want to do this, read this note as the measure of incredible respect I have for you." I tripped on the way up the stairs. My legs felt like flimsy vines, and my head sprouted outwards as I hit it on the landing. My stomach was undrawing

itself, unwinding inside me.

I step past the dead animal dump, into the wash that leads to the Dino-saur Rock and the Toast Rock. The bovine skeleton stands there. Its ribs pieced together from a dozen cattle, vertebrae crooked, skull hollow, held together by fence wire and wood glue. It is almost ready.

Email. From Brian Shulse. To Community. This morning I went into the green shed and found bags and meat scattered everywhere. The beef freezer is almost empty. Whoever did this, clean up after yourself and return the missing meat. This is not stewardship.

Look at the hands drawing. The head and legs are dead, mere corpses. The body is the exquisite one. It takes two artists to create life. Triangulation of creator, creator, creation. Luka looked up from his book as I came down the stairs. My head lifted

up, up, skull empty, sprouting woody branches, into the winter wind.

Email. From Padraic MacLeish. To Community. Whoever last took the jumpstarter booster pack from the shop, please return it immediately.

The first time I knew I loved him, we were at James's house, of course. We were sitting on the couch watching stupid TV, and out of nowhere I had the urge to take Luka's hand. His right hand in my left hand. We could make art together. More than just exquisite corpses, our hands could make life. He said no, thanks. O, O, O my exquisite corpse.

The coyotes cry as I make my way to the dead animal dump. I go by the stars, parallel to the Milky Way, then perpendicular. I carry the booster pack in my hands. The coyotes scatter when I round into the wash and turn on my headlamp. The skel-

eton looms, fuller than before. Briskets hang from its neck, sirloins near its rump, racks of ribs wrap its torso. Each cut carefully stacked in place. I throw the hide on top and begin to sew it up. I leave a final hole in the chest. The booster pack's light glows green, fully charged. I clip the positive node to the corpse's heart, and the negative to my left hand. I reach my right hand into the cavity, and take a deep breath before touching the heart and completing the circuit. My left hand, my right hand. James, the ground wire. My head, hair sticking straight on end, singeing black. O, O, O, O my exquisite corpse. I know it's not going to work; O the failure of writing. Luka does not come back.

L

The Box

By Declan Allio DS21

Several days ago, I took a walk to the Druid. My sense of direction isn't great, so I ended up at the Box instead. It's a white, asymmetrical half of a house, which holds eight (ish) window frames through which to see the valley. A long rectangular frame cradles a field; a fat, triangular frame steals a piece of the lake—eight separate ways of looking at the basin and mountains are crammed into the Box's two walls.

The Box is built for the beholder. It juts up against the lines and slopes of the valley, interrupting the rolls and shadows of the landscape. It segments; its frames break the land into eight bite-sized chunks. It allows the basin to be small, consumable, pas-

sive, beheld.

Through the lenses of the Box, the valley can be seen—even appreciated. But it's separated, from itself, and from us.

We sit atop the valley and try to piece together the eight glimpses we can catch of it. We sit above it, and strain to hear the voice of the desert.

In September, a fierce bout of wind stole our power for a day and a night. During that stretch, a brutal, black smell began to fill the Museum (where we serve food). A few minutes of investigation—and a yank of a gray curtain—yielded a forgotten refrigerator, tucked behind boxes, dust, and a mouse's nest. Inside the newly warm fridge: a crumpled fetal calf

and several pieces of a bald eagle. We loaded the duo into the glass-crust-ed back of the GL van. I climbed in, too, and held the calf in a loose bag as we drove to the dead animal grave/dump. We tossed the eagle in first. He beckoned, and so we poured out the calf as well. She landed against his wings, caught in the rough shadows of the pit. It took us an afternoon to spread the triumphant story through all of Deep Springs. But (and maybe I just haven't listened carefully enough) no one has claimed responsibility for eagle or calf. No one can explain how they ended up there, or how long they waited—together, alone, in the back of a forgotten Museum fridge.

One Friday night, maybe four



weeks ago, the BH Squad embarked on a social experiment. We made a few unconvincing scratches and indents in a sheet of brownie, and then brought it to SB. We offered the brownies up readily, but with a caveat: we claimed to have found a rat, nibbling and strolling across the sheet. A few leaned in to inspect the rat-induced creases on the brownie. One took a sniff. They unanimously affirmed: a rat had traversed the dessert. A blink, and a pause. Then, everyone took a slice. Many took another. And the brownies vanished in record speed. The meeting stretched on past two, and I dozed off on the couch above the crumbs of the brownies. I heard a rustling through my sleep, but rolled over. When I woke up the next morning, I looked down to the brownies. A mouse—the rat?—sat next to the crumbs, filled, content, still.

One Wednesday this summer, I overslept. It took me three minutes to realize and hit the road—by 5:19, I was running through alfalfa to the garden. The grass was high enough, and my mind was numb enough, that I knew the movement of my legs and

feet (khakis and brown boots) only by the movement of alfalfa against them. It rushed and swerved around me like wind and so I coursed forward. In the same field—perhaps as little as a few dozen feet away—a coyote rolled alongside me. Although he kept my pace, he wasn't running. Instead, he leapt—up and down; up and down. As I grew closer to the garden, I woke up and the alfalfa began to pull against my legs, rather than guide them. It became a coat of hair, clogging my shoes and gait. But the coyote—unfazed by my clunky surges and stumbles—kept diving forward. I arrived at the garden, and hopped over the fence to join Shelby in the weeds. He glanced my way, then plunged into the alfalfa once more, continuing the line we'd traced through the field.

This term, fourteen people wrote me evaluations. One piece of advice has stuck with me. I'll break the rules and give it to you:

Start another movie in your head. There's no need to replace the main one—where you're the metamorphosing protagonist, who carries the world on his shoulders, or runs through it

with a spotlight on his back. But, if only for a moment, turn away from that movie, and start another one. In this story, be a side character. Be an extra, who crosses through in the back of the frame. Or a recurring constant—a persistent fragment of the plot. Or something else. Just step to the side. And watch what happens.

I think there's a second purpose to the Box. When it's not a palace for the beholder, or an interruption of the land, it's a shrine to it. It's a quiet push to remember the power and immensity of the earth on which Deep Springs sits—on which we stand. It's a gentle reframing of the small scale and close perspective we fall into on the Main Circle. It's a movie frame that we're not in, or at least one in which we stand off to the side.

What happens when you let the diving coyote, or the imaginary rat, or the eagle/calf duo take center stage?

L

An Aesthetic Speech

The Last Black Man in Lake County

By Andre Williams DS21

On any given Tuesday I'm sitting in the coffee shop. I'm sitting with some book or notebook in front of me when the clock strikes 11, and wrinkly old Billy comes strolling through the door. I smile, and he smiles, and I say, "Hey how's it going?" and he begins his 15 minute rant on Waldorf education, conflict mediation, and spiritual anthropology, just like he does every day. Eventually, some other wrinkle catches his eye, and, as he makes his way across the room to rattle their ear off, wrinkly old Don the motorcycle guy walks in. I smile, and he smiles, and I say, "Hey, how's it goin'?" and he says he needs a burrito. So I warm up a bacon, egg, and cheese burrito in the microwave while he tells me about his new Jeep, his old rockband, and his growing fear of growing old. The microwave dings and I put his burrito on his plate, garnishing it with his favorite red hot hot sauce, when he says a curt, "Thanks as always" slides a few scraggly bills over the counter, and goes outside to lean against his motorcycle and eat his burrito.

There's a certain type of irony that I feel when reading Baldwin, Malcolm X, and other critical race theorists. Within the narratives of their written worlds, to be black is to exist as a being with vast, and usually violent, social and political implications. To live in a Harlem ghetto is to be a product of this country's long-practiced racist-tendencies. To be black in traditionally white spaces is a sort of revolutionary act, contradicting conventional social norms. To be black



in Kelseyville, though, bears no resemblance to the lived experience of blackness in Baldwin's world.

I took the picture on the screen to use as a cover for a Spotify playlist I titled, "The Last Black Man in Lake County," an homage to some movie that I like. I am not and was not the last black person in Lake County, but

at the time I took this picture, I liked to believe that I was.

It all began with some lady with a purse. I was sitting in the coffee shop on some given Tuesday, Billy and Don sharing a couch, when my mom told me to go water the flowers outside. I filled up the water and made my way to the flowerbed, when I be-

gan to hear some lady shit-talk the entire town. She hated the ho-dunkity of Kelseyville. She called our bare-bones shopping center a piece of trash. She insulted my mom and her coffee shop. Here was this lady, just sitting there with a big empty purse, trashing on the very streets that I grew up on without ever getting to know them herself. I eyed her fashion bag, her blonde hair, her perfect fluency of the "I'm from the city"-dialect. I took her insults as personal ones, which manifested into a sort of hate. The attitude that this lady held seemed to be a modern embodiment of what Malcolm X was talking about, and, in my own insecurity, I couldn't stand for it.

When we call suffering solitude, that suffering takes on an air of purpose. Like Thoreau's prolonged stay at Walden pond, or Walt Whitman's strolls through the countryside, solitude gives the impression that one is cultivating their mind for some grand purpose and pedagogy. The location of this picture was the angsty site of my solitude. After living mostly alone at home for a year, the walls of my house and the lines that divided my county from the rest of the world felt like a prison. Rilke likes to go on and on about how you need to look inside of yourself to find things to write about during times of solitude, and in myself, out of an insecurity about my presence in my white county, I felt a need to own the color of my skin.

I read about Malcolm's horrific experiences of racism, and his fiery drive to deliver to his people the freedom that was their birthright. This attitude, coupled with the revolutionary music and works of John Coltrane and Langhston Hughes, amongst others, seemed to be the essence of what it meant to be black. I needed to look upon the color of my skin as a necessary burden, a source

of bittersweet pride. I needed to indoctrinate myself into the canon of black musicians, writers, artists, and revolutionaries that made my very existence a possibility. I needed to inhabit an identity that seemed to be my own lost birthright.

This project of self-improvement was doomed from the start. The thought that I could superimpose the realities of Harlem in the 1960s and 70s onto the realities of my hometown, whose population consists of wrinkly retired folk, is comical. The one social place I frequented, my mom's coffee shop, was a site not of intense racial tension but one of intense newspaper-flipping and classic rock listening. I felt like a great pretender. Not only did my own blackness not have any root in its own historical significance, but the color of my skin seemed to have no significance at all beyond its mere aesthetic value.

And so the grand narrative of myself that I had set out to create began to crumble in my hands like soggy chunks of sand-- individual pieces of artificial truths falling into the insatiable stomach of the ocean. Rather than a clear understanding of how to relate to the contradiction between myself and my county, my skin and its history, all that I had left to my name was a borrowed bike, my brown skin, and a bag of books telling someone else's story.

What is notable here, though, beyond the implicit racial crisis going on in the background of this picture, is the explicit fact that I'm not wearing my own pants. Those pants are Nathan's pants. That jacket is Nathan's jacket, and those boots are Nathan's boots. Even the camping chair is a gift from Nathan's mom.

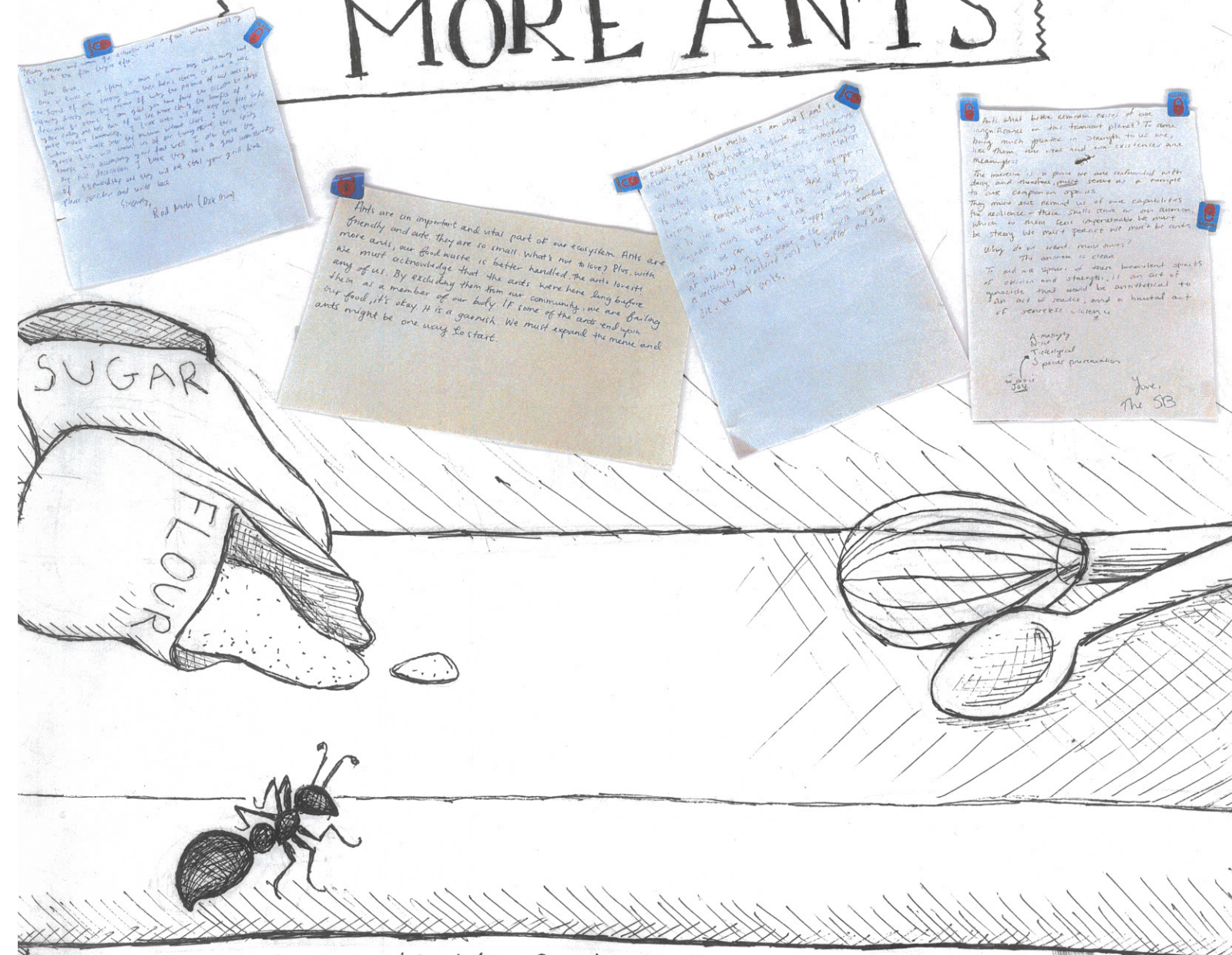
What is much more interesting than the surface level of a person's skin color is how all of the small

aspects of a person's life culminate into one artful mosaic. The mountain I used to run up for cross country practice. The lake I used to swim in as a kid. The road that used to lead to my home. We are all ultimately just borrowed people-- borrowing the clothes and faces of each other until death do us part.

I don't know the extent to which a person should reckon with the color of their own skin. Equating "white" with "privilege" has never felt like a fair universal truth to me. Though in the wake of Trustee weekend it's easy for me to feel angry with the ways some people use their wealth and power, and even easier to root that anger in a person's whiteness or white privilege, I wonder if there's some way that we could conceive of our identities outside the realm of deductive binaries and biases, and instead root ourselves in what is local and familiar: our hometowns, our friendships, our geographies, our passions, and our internal lives. Though in some ways this image reeks of some "Boy Against the World" archetype, perhaps it can also stand as an argument against holding stereotyped, unserving views of the world in favor of expanding our sense of self to something more nuanced, more authentic, and more real.

L

WHY the SB WANTS MORE ANTS



* artist's Rendering

Explanation and Transliteration (of the Ants)

by Annie Kelley DS20

Those outside of the valley will surely be happy to learn that new BH manager, Brian Shulse, has taken to crafting epic roasts, not just in the kitchen, but also against the SB. Using nothing but a piece of tape and a sharpie, Brian has landed such sick burns as “Your poor brain to leave this here,” “What do you not understand about non-stick pans and metal?” and, most famously among students, “Why do you want more ants?”

One fateful SB during edutainment, however, the student body decided to retaliate in kind. 27 of the greatest minds of our generation (give or take) decided to write short essays stating exactly why they wanted ants and then to post them beside the offending piece of tape above the still uncleaned bakers station. Some of this writing is transliterated on the next page.

We live in a political community that requires a certain kind of symbiosis with the natural world. Our floor is their floor. Our fridge, their fridge. After considering your note, the SB moved to make ants official members of the SB.

Ants are social creatures. So are we. Ants dance, so do we, Ants are our friends. We are ants in the hand of God. We want more ants, the truth is, we want ourselves. Ants. What better reminder of our insignificance on this transient planet? To some being much greater in strength to us, we, like them, are weak and our existences are meaningless. The museum is a place we are confused with daily, and therefore, must serve as a temple to our companion species. They must also remind us of our capabilities for resilience—their shells serve as armor, which to them feels impenetrable. We must be strong, we must persist. We must be ants. Why do we want ants? The answer is clear. To rid our spaces of these benevolent spirits of oblivion and strength is an act of genocide that would be antithetical to an act of service, and a brutal act of senseless violence.

Because they are kind and enrich our community. I like feeling their presence. They are a clear reminder of entropy, and in that sense, they mark a clear yet hollow response to the human conditions. Though they say “here is the consequence of your subsistence, here is what happens when you care for yourself, and provide for nature though inaction” Usually, I don’t. But sometimes, under special circumstances, they could be cute. But only the little ones. And in few number. Other than that, I am usually not a fan. I just don’t understand it: why are they always

running? From what? I hope they find what they’re looking for and gain some peace.

Have YOU ever killed ant? Have YOU ever had to suffer the aftermath of its death, the potent, polluting smell that injects itself into our precious nostrils? It never goes away. Sure, there are a lot of ants, but the only way to eradicate that is murder, and do you really want to torture yourself and others? LIVE ants are an inconvenience. They contaminate and permanently compromise precious foods; I’ll be the first to acknowledge and apologize for that. However, imagine them dead! There are a lot of unpleasant, emanating odors on this campus. We don’t have to look past our memories of the health inspectors face to know that. Let’s not add to the problem. Let the ants be. I want MORE ants because ants are a measure of decent quality food. They’re one of the few species that can carry more than twice their weight. Just because we’re bigger doesn’t mean we’re better. In fact, relatively speaking (taking size and scale into consideration) humans are much, much lamer. Lest we forget! I want to be reassured that these are purchases are worthy of theft. Plus, ants won’t go away if we try to “fix” the problem. They’ll just be back next summer. The SB needs a new spectacle: one full of extensive, elaborate networks and frantic contamination. Why deprive us of that?!? That’s surveillance! Bad stuff, bad stuff.

“Many men and women go a huntin’ and a fishin’ without realizing it’s not the fish they’re after”
Dear Brian,
Once or twice in a lifetime a man or woman may choose, having heard the sound of ants creeping across

their baker’s station, to leave a note inquiring directly into the essence of why the presence of said ants is desirable to others. I am glad to have found the occasion to indulge your calling and help each of us see more clearly the benefits of a more inclusive community. I think ants will help keep our feet safe when we walk into the museum without shoes; their spicy smell will accompany your food well. I also think they are nice decoration. I think they have a good understanding of stewardship and will not steal your grill brush. Please consider and write back. Sincerely,
Rod North

It’s the protein for me. How will I become a strong girl with big muscles without the extra protein? If ants don’t crawl into the bread I won’t be able to fight the mafia and if the mafia occupy Deep Springs, I won’t be able to protect us. Oh no.

Why do I want more ants?
My ant Maria is an inspirational woman in my life. She works in public health in central Africa, and combats HIV and AIDs by increasing access to contraceptives. I admire her work. Unfortunately, my father has only one sister and my mother has but a brother, so I have only one ant. There is one other woman who, though not related by blood, I call ant: Clarissa, my Antie Cris. She & her husband Haroun work in agriculture in Virginia, and are currently fighting for their son Medo who was unjustly imprisoned more than two years ago. With these two courageous women as my ants, who wouldn’t want more?

L

A few seconds ago Ro got up, announcing “Tomorrow is Sunday.”

Today is Wednesday. This exchange captures my mood.

I cannot get over this weather. It’s gorgeous. Sunlight stops my eye. Spritzes of water beam, crispy in brisk air. Moody leaves leave half green, half squash yellow color combinations. A farmer returns in Carhartts and a grey shirt, clapping and tucking squeaky gloves away. Dappled shadows delight and distract: a half-commitment, rocking mesmerization. Their uncertainty has yet to assuage my confusion.

She chuckles to herself about herself, her past, her journal, until those snapshots of memory and acquaintance erupt in laughter... projected, as they say around here. Potent. Pages’ rustles match the ambiance, outdoors (uncontrollable), but possibly better. “The realm of possibilities”...another beaten horse. Trucks pull up and give up, their motors aching for experienced companions while virgin feet shove them into themselves, into further cracks and bends and creaks. Safety policies urge people not to speed, but most sprint anyway, reorienting the absurdity with more chaos: trees in the desert, the clackety clack of rusted metal against plastic crap within mountains that constrain, items of age. Little care for maintenance.

Chilly but not cold, shuffling boots that kill soles.

Souls.

- Lucia Pizarro DS20

Words from Alumni

An Interview with Glen S. Fukushima DS67

By Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Glen S. Fukushima DS67 is a Senior Fellow at the public policy think tank Center for American Progress, where he focuses on U.S.-East Asia relations. He is one of the first students of color to attend Deep Springs. After leaving Deep Springs, he attended Stanford University and attended law and business school at Harvard University. Glen went on to work in academia, law, and government for nearly two decades. He then turned to business, working as an executive and director in several multinational companies in a commerce career spanning several decades. In both trade and commerce, he has served as a liaison between the United States and Japan. As a lover of art, Glen also serves as a commissioner for the Smithsonian Institution's National Portrait Gallery and on the board of the Mori Art Museum. Outside of service and work, Glen enjoys music, art, wine, reading, and travelling. On October 14, President Joe Biden nominated Glen to the Securities Investor Protection Corporation (SIPC). If confirmed by the Senate, Glen will serve as the Vice Chair of SIPC, which was established in 1970 to protect the interests of investors.

TA: Why did you come to Deep Springs?

GSF: As a high school student in Los Angeles in the mid-1960s, I was dissatisfied with traditional education and was seeking something new and different for college. My parents, who had not attended college, wanted me to apply to Stanford, so I did. I also applied to Reed, Pomona, and New College, an experimental three-year college in Sarasota, Florida based on

the University of Oxford. I learned about DS from Richard Cody, my high school guidance counselor, and from the brochure I received from DS based on my PSAT scores. I was accepted by all the colleges I applied to, but I chose DS primarily because I was attracted by Lucien Nunn's philosophy of education and the opportunity to combine theory (academic study) with practice (labor program and student governance). When I visited DS in early 1967 for my interview by Barney Childs and Jack Newell, I was asked, "Does history make great men, or do great men make history?" This question has remained in my memory ever since.

TA: What was it like being a student of color at Deep Springs in the 1960s?

GSF: I didn't feel overt discrimination, but I was highly conscious of being the only nonwhite in the community, and there were certain occasions when I felt condescension toward me. I think I was only the third person of color to be a DS student (there may have been some in the TASP summer program), following John Aoki (DS '30; his father was Japanese American and his mother was white) and Danny Ihara (DS '64). Both of them are deceased, so I have the distinction of being the oldest living DS alumnus of color. My impression is that it wasn't until the 1980s or 1990s that DS started to welcome diversity. Because I had grown up as an Army brat, ac-

customed to diversity in the schools I attended in the US and Japan (US military dependents' schools), DS was my first experience to be in an entirely white environment.

TA: What did you enjoy most about Deep Springs? What frustrated you the most?

GSF: I enjoyed the intellectual stimulation, strong sense of community, and "voice of the desert." DS was where I first came to appreciate WB Yeats, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Robert Creeley, Gary Snyder, Susan Sontag, and George Steiner—who remain among my favorite poets and writers—and I gained exposure (through 78 RPM records) to Dennis Brain's performance in 1953 (with Herbert von Karajan) of Mozart's Horn Concertos, Pablo Casals' performance in 1938 (with George Szell) of Dvorak's Cello Concerto, and David Oistrakh's performance in 1958 (with Kirill Kondrashin) of the Beethoven violin concerto. It was also when the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Cream, Kinks, and Velvet Underground were releasing their iconic albums. The frustration was that there was so much that needed to be done at DS and not enough time to do a perfect job at any of them (I grew up as a perfectionist). Another source of frustration was the isolation policy that cut us off from the momentous social and political changes taking place in the US and globally in the late 1960s (with no radio, TV, or Internet).



TA: How did you move from attorney work to working in DC, and from there to business?

GSF: As a graduate student at Harvard, I studied in four programs: MA program in Regional Studies—East Asia; PhD program in Sociology, MBA program in the Business School, and JD program in the Law School. I was also a Fulbright Fellow at the University of Tokyo, after which I was in law practice in Los Angeles. One day in January 1985, I received a phone call from USTR (Office of the US Trade Representative) inviting me to DC to interview for a job as Director for Japanese Affairs. I started working at USTR in April 1985 and was promoted to Deputy Assistant USTR for Japan and China in February 1988. When I was ready to leave USTR in early

1990, I wanted to work in high tech. I received offers from AT&T, Intel, and Motorola, and chose AT&T. After eight years as vice president of AT&T Japan, I was recruited in 1998 to head the Japan operations of the consulting firm Arthur D. Little, then in 2000 the software company Cadence Design Systems, in 2004 the IT firm NCR Corp., and finally in 2005 the European aircraft company Airbus. I was also elected to serve two terms (1998-1999) as president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan.

TA: How did your experiences between Japan and the United States construct how you view the world, or the work that you do?

GSF: Growing up as an Army brat, I was not happy to move so often (on average, once a year). By the time I

applied to college, I had attended 12 schools. But in retrospect, moving so often taught me to be flexible, adaptable, and curious. And moving so frequently between the US and Japan taught me to be comfortable with ambiguity and uncertainty, as well as to appreciate diversity. I grew up bilingual and bicultural, so am always analyzing Japan from an American perspective and analyzing the US from a Japanese perspective. Japan and the US are the polar opposites among the G7 countries on many measures: the US values individuals, Japan values groups and organizations; the US diversity, Japan uniformity; the US transactions, Japan relationships; the US short-term, Japan long-term; the US competition, Japan cooperation; the US disruption, Japan stability; the US shareholders, Japan stakeholders; etc. Whether in gun control, immigration, or health insurance, the US and Japan are polar opposites—the US extreme capitalism, Japan extreme socialism. Seeing the US and Japan organized in such different ways made it easier for me to understand other societies, since other G7 countries—Canada, Britain, Germany, France, and Italy—lie somewhere between the US and Japan on most of these dimensions. And being bilingual allows me to the opportunity to participate in and appreciate two completely different psychologies, cultures, and societies.

TA: You've worked extensively in commerce, particularly between the US and Japan. What lessons have you learned through this work?

GSF: With five years at USTR and 22 years in business, I spent 27 years engaged in commerce. My most intense experience was between the US and Japan, but I also had regional responsibilities in Asia so gained famil-

ilarity with 20 or so Asian countries, including China, South Korea, Singapore, Australia, etc. And because of my eight years leading Airbus in Japan, I also had intensive experience with France, Germany, Britain, Spain, and Belgium (the EU Commission in Brussels). My 27 years in commerce taught me that, in addition to business and commercial acumen, knowledge of government policy and culture are extremely important in achieving business outcomes. I feel fortunate that my bilingual and bicultural upbringing provided me “cultural IQ” and that my five years at USTR gave me the understanding of government policy to inform my subsequent business judgments, decisions and activities.

TA: What has your career in business revealed to you? What have you learned from these experiences that academia overlooked, or perhaps predicted?

GSF: To me, academia is the world of theory, methodology, description, analysis, and explanation. Business is the world of grasping reality, setting and implementing strategy, and producing results. In the real world, no matter how beautiful or elegant a theory or strategy, it is meaningless unless it produces results. So my favorite axioms include “Strategy is execution,” “The best is enemy of the good,” and “Expect the unexpected.” To me, the beauty of DS is that it teaches the importance of both academic learning and practical skills to produce results in the real world.

TA: How have you learned to become a good leader? What are some tips you have for leadership?

GSF: Leadership has been an interest of mine ever since I attended the

Harvard Business School in the late 1970s. Few people are born leaders; most people learn to become leaders. In my case, it was studying leadership through books and case studies, closely observing leaders in action, applying leadership lessons, learning through experience, and creating my own vision of leadership that is sensitive to the particular organization and culture I am in a position to lead. The notion of leadership needs to adjust to the question: What is the mission, purpose, and expected results of the particular organization one is leading? Of course, having integrity and vision; being strategic, decisive, action-oriented; and communicating effectively are important for all leaders, but the optimal combination will depend on the particular context in which the leader works.

TA: Aside from your work, what are your hobbies and personal avocations?

GSF: Music, art, wine, books, and travel are among my hobbies. (1) Having played the violin for several years as a child, I love music of all kinds and have more than 10,000 CDs and LPs ranging from classical, rock, folk, jazz, country, to Japanese music. (2) I have visited over 100 museums around the world and have served on the boards of the Smithsonian Institution’s National Portrait Gallery and Mori Art Museum (Tokyo), and on the Director’s Circle of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Lexus Circle of the Asian Art Museum in San Francisco. (3) I developed an interest in wine in 1990, when I joined AT&T, and have visited over 150 wineries in California and France and look forward to visiting wineries in many other places, including other American states, Italy, Spain, Australia, New Zealand,

South America, etc. (4) I have a personal library of 25,000 books covering a wide range of subjects, from fiction to philosophy and social science to natural science. (5) At last count, I have traveled to about 30 countries, but the majority of them north of the equator. I hope to visit many more countries, especially in the southern hemisphere.

TA: How has Deep Springs affected your life and career?

GSF: DS has played a central role in my philosophy of education and approach to life. In the 1980s, I came upon the work of Robert Sternberg, then professor of psychology at Yale (now at Cornell). He developed a theory of the “triarchic mind” and “successful intelligence” that posited the importance of three intelligences: analytic/logical, creative, and practical. My experience over the past 50 years has validated to me Sternberg’s theory. I came to realize the importance of balancing between my ability to analyze, create, and act to produce results in the real world. And when I form a project team, I consciously try to include members who are analytical and logical (represented by JDs), those who are creative and innovative (represented by artists), and those who have the street smarts to get things done (represented by MBAs). For me, DS’s strength is that it develops these three intelligences: the academic program develops analytical and logical abilities, and the labor program and student governance develop creative and practical abilities. With Sternberg, I believe that developing skills in these three domains (logical analysis, creativity, and practical ability) will hopefully, with experience, produce leaders with perspective, balance, and wisdom. These are the leaders I hope

DS will produce.

TA: Having lived a life of service, what do you hope to do next?

GSF: After graduating from Stanford in 1972, I have engaged in academia (10 years), journalism (1 year), law (3 years), government (5 years), business (22 years), and think tanks (9 years). By engaging in so many fields, some would accuse me of being a dilettante. But I have learned a tremendous amount over the past 50 years, especially about the relationship between the US and Japan, the two largest democratic economies in the world. In my remaining years before retiring, I hope to apply what I’ve learned to promoting understanding, collaboration, and cooperation between the US and Asia generally, and between the US and Japan in particular.

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An Interview with Abie Rohrig DS18

by John Dewis DS94 Development Director

JD: Abie, what is a life of service and did Deep Springs help you prepare for it?

AR: I’ll try to tease out what lessons were Deep Springs specific and which I might also have gotten in a counterfactual world where I didn’t go to Deep Springs. So I’ll start with current thoughts on service itself then on Deep Springs as preparation for a life of service.

I had a utilitarian approach before Deep Springs, but Deep Springs added complexity and richness to it. In my own life I want to help in the most material ways to improve people’s lives in a globalized world. These have mostly been healthcare related and making sure people live healthy lives. Whatever a good life might be for you, if you’re involuntarily sick, it’s going to be hard to access it.

Last year testing vaccines in response to the pandemic presented a big ethical conundrum: can we just deliberately give people the sickness to test the vaccine in a human challenge trial? We can be deliberate about the personal risk of exposure because we understand the global risk. Every day we don’t have a vaccine means losing thousands of lives. I was already familiar with this reasoning because I made a risk calculation in a medical context donating my kidney. Short run and long run risks were studied, and I was on board with the Covid challenge trial. I worked for a nonprofit that advocated for the trials.

In the case of donating my kidney,

it’s simply about making sure someone who doesn’t have a kidney gets one.

All the objections to utilitarianism-- it’s draining, ruinous, and so on-- don’t indict the impulse to give a kidney. That’s been a through line with what I’ve focused on over the last year or two. The utilitarian aspect is, I’m one among many, so that adds moral weight to actions. I see myself-- and maybe Deep Springs did give me this vision-- as having the capacity to make a difference and in ways so others can live better lives.

The kidney donation was asking if I could take on a small risk for a much greater benefit to someone else. I never actually got to take part in the risky Covid trial, I just advocated for it.

JD: How did the Covid trial work?

AR: Normally you have two groups in a vaccine trial, one placebo and one that receives the experimental vaccine, and then you wait weeks or months until people in the groups encounter the virus in their lives and see how they fare. In a challenge trial, you can speed it up by deliberately exposing both groups to the virus in controlled lab conditions. They only ran these trials in the UK, so I wasn’t eligible, but having one kidney might also have made me ineligible. Interestingly, the risk of death-by-Covid in the trial is very similar to death-by-kidney-donation. I know people who took part, and they are doing well and were of course happy

to take part.

JD: You credit Deep Spring with giving you clarity of vision about your value to others. Can you point to any specific experience?

AR: Two things come to mind. The first is that the mere size of the school has a large effect. I know everyone says Deep Springs is so small and that this limits your social experience. In fact, I interacted with a larger swath of humanity at Deep Springs because I had to interact with everyone. At Swarthmore, where I am now a student, I've started going to Jewish Friday night services because I was looking for somewhere to meet people. Which means at Swarthmore I suddenly have a feeling I never had at Deep Springs: "Oh, we are Jewish people from the Upper West Side." Of course, at Deep Springs you do get some social segregation, but you also get all walks of life all at once. In the Valley, I took part in types of conversation I wouldn't have had at Swarthmore because here it's far easier to spend time with people who are more like me. Deep Springs gives

an expanded sense of the world— a deep intimate understanding and real sense of other people's perspectives on important political and social issues— and I'm pretty sure I would not have gotten that anywhere else.

JD: This is the best articulation I've heard yet of the "small-big" aspect of Deep Springs— how a small sample of humanity in the right context provides an expanded scope of it. You said there was a second experience?

AR: Yes, and this one is more commonly pointed out but equally as true: there are so many things at Deep Springs in each pillar that I was so clueless about when I entered. And in addition to academic, labor, and self-governance, there was the overwhelming social engagement— the constant experience of climbing and failing at learning curves and then ultimately by my second year getting the hang of certain things. And the exaggerated process of getting the hang of things that I once thought bewildering and mystical. Things are never as mystifying to me after Deep

Springs, and if something seems otherworldly or impossible, I have a better sense of "Oh there is another side of this where I will get it." I am a person who is normally anxious in new social environments— so Deep Springs was almost like shock therapy to make me less intimidated when I encounter something new.

JD: What's the biggest academic difference for you at Swarthmore?

AR: The kids at Swarthmore are very academically focused, but the agency and ownership to deploy yourself to make a bad discussion good or a bad reading good is totally unmatched at Deep Springs, and the enthusiasm is unmatched. They just don't care about shaping good discussions in the same way; they blame the discussion as if it were this abstract thing instead of understanding it's just you and other people talking. Each student is responsible for making a discussion good and as a fraction is at least one over the size of the class. If the discussion isn't going somewhere, that makes it my problem.

JD: Any best examples of the steep learning curve at Deep Springs?

AR: I'm bad at tractoring. So bad that I drove a tractor three times and twice crashed into risers and created geysers where all the water had to be shut off. For this one I just stopped driving tractors. It made me not enjoy being on the farm team for a while. I was sad and thought "This is not for me" but by the end I really enjoyed the process.

JD: Process of what?

AR: Well, the second time I broke a riser I spent eleven hours the next day including class and mealtime with Tim McGinnis (DS09) who was Farm Manager at the time. I don't mean to exaggerate, but the process is the feeling that whatever breaks, we can just put this back together. We have the tools or can make them if we don't have them, which is a nice feeling. "I broke this and I'm also going to fix it." Every hour is not letting down the team.

I had never driven a car before, so when my first time driving something resulted in a twenty-foot-high water blasting into the sky, I felt deep dread and thought to myself "Wow, they are going to need to close the college." But later when chains break on the irrigation line, my attitude was more "This is just four hours of life, it'll be ok."

The other process was social, self-governance stuff. I don't know if I can explain it completely. I ran for president my second year for terms three and four and beforehand had several discussions with other people running. This was really hard, but hearing why other people were running and thinking about my own reasons was very, very formative. It gave me a deeper sense for how peo-

ple and myself were narrativizing our time. Now, looking back, I just know that unless I take the agency to have those easily avoidable uncomfortable conversations, I simply won't. Especially conversations with people from very different backgrounds.

JD: Like which people?

AR: International students, for one— people raised with different cultural perspectives on things like power, the role of friendship, and the role of the Student Body. There's more diversity of thought as a consequence of more material aspects of life like nationality, race, gender. Mine was the first co-ed year. I remember hard-hitting conversations with Izzy [Germany], Michael [Kenya], and Lucas [Slovenia]. These were genuinely new conversations to me as a New Yorker.

JD: Was your high school diverse?

AR: My high school (Stuyvesant) was diverse in that there were many people from South and East Asian countries. I understood an immigrant mindset— my family is eastern European Hungarian Jewish— but also was exposed to an interesting hustle mindset at Stuyvesant. I gave a speech on this at DS. Deep Springs isn't as pre-professional, there aren't many students becoming software engineers to support their parents and achieve a tenuous foothold on bourgeois society for the first time in their lineage. DS is not really a professional school— most people at DS could go to a pre-professional school but choose not to.

JD: Did your own ambitions change at Deep Springs?

AR: I'm not sure, but I do know I would be much worse at realizing my

ambitions if I hadn't gone to Deep Springs. I would be small-minded. I knew I wanted to do the most good for the most people. That was what I wanted to do. During my applicant visit, the two people I spoke with most were Austin Smith (DS17) and Akash Mehta (DS16). They considered themselves roughly utilitarian and wanted to go into policy and make change. So I thought, "ok, utilitarians in the desert who want to think a lot before doing good." But then as a student— well, we began by reading Freud, and I didn't see the circuitous path between Freud and service to humanity. Eventually, I just ended up loving Freud and St. Augustine and Wittgenstein and became less of a philistine and started to see all the ways life can be enjoyable and beautiful and got a less blinkered perspective. Whatever ends I aim for I'll be better able to do it because of DS.

JD: Was your utilitarianism ever challenged at Deep Springs?

AR: Yes. Taking really good philosophy classes. A class on Euclid, for instance, challenged my view of ethical axioms and nature and the necessity of axioms. It's an axiomatic work, but if you relax the first five then you create other geometric systems that are just as viable. So arguably if no ethical axiom is necessary they can all be relaxed. When I started reading St. Augustine, I was very much an atheist, and I wouldn't call myself an atheist anymore. The rug was pulled from under me through literary intoxication and it opened my mind more than any other class I took. The core precept of utilitarianism— I want to make the world as good a place as possible— broadly construed, resonates before, during, and after DS— but there were so many critical junctures, just taking lots of classes



and knowing different people. I am less doctrinaire.

JD: Does believing in God a little bit more (or disbelieving in God a little bit less) make you a different kind of ethical actor?

AR: That's quite a question. After Euclid the weaknesses became apparent in making axiomatic arguments, and Hume actually argues directly against deriving ethics from fact-based axioms, so how do I? What's the use of philosophical bootstrapping and where can I find solid ground? In Wittgenstein, no matter how deep you dig there is no place where the spade turns, which is disturbing. I'd had a "ground-up" way of thinking about ethics, but that changed. The Confessions begin with Augustine, praying and asking questions to God—how can I invoke you without knowing you, or even speak of you without a sense of who you are—and that requires an awareness of rational tension. The biography of life is so deeply emotional: going from a Manichaen hating Christianity to ultimately craving it. I certainly despaired at DS and Augustine despaired even more, so to have this lovable rich thinker go through the process and ultimately find solid ground even though he didn't start with Cartesian doubts and conclusions, made me think, "Well this great world historical thinker did it, who has been through the ringer and found solid ground, so maybe I can, too." I have firm ethical convictions, but if you asked "why" after each reason I gave, I would crumble and not know what to say, but this bothers me less now.

JD: What about leadership?

AR: I remember a conversation with David Neidorf term six, a tumultu-

ous time between the Student Body and Staffluty when we lost our driving privileges. I was so concerned with it happening again the next year, and he said—David was famously indirect and hard to decipher and he didn't often let his guard down—he was never not Socratic in conversation and he rarely gave concrete advice or showed his cards—but the thing I remember he said that there is no other way to lead except by example, so do the right thing and then hope and trust people are watching. I don't remember in my second year ever instructing someone or... a lot of it just came down to people. The first years look up to second years because of knowhow and knowledge and also the famous DS look, so there is purchase and buy-in right off the bat. I never thought of leadership in abstracted terms apart from what it means to be a good Deep Springer. The incidental outcome is that you are a leader because people are already looking at you, so if you simply do right that's best.

Of course DS is a terrible place to be a functional utilitarian because you can only ever affect forty or so people, but second years play an important role in sharpening first-year's teeth—demonstrating critical thinking skills, having conversations about how to be quieter in Student Body meetings and ApCom meetings to leave space for first years, and increasingly let up a bit and let them take control. The most interesting leadership times are passing over from term 6 to term 1.

JD: What's a good Deep Springer?

AR: I'm not sure. Enthusiasm and curiosity, though not necessarily in the chipper sense. It's easy to get jaded because Deep Springs is so weird and intense... you're not going to do two years and not hear criticism,

so you can't cut yourself off from it. You can consider reshaping parts of your personality. It's a great place to fail and grow as a result. It can take a thousand forms. It's an excellent environment for experimenting with ways of being—if I were to go back I'd go back and remind myself of that—outside of Deep Springs you can't just try something out and get real feedback.

JD: What would you try out?

AR: I never leaned into labor by becoming an amazing cook. I'll never be able to do that again. Labor always got the short end of the stick for me personally—I'd go harder.

JD: I'd like your take—as a utilitarian—on something that occupies my own mind, if that's okay. Deep Springs has a huge impact on each person who attends, but it's hard to measure this impact on humanity at large. Does Deep Springs deserve to exist?

AR: I do think it deserves to exist—I did give a speech arguing that there should be in addition to RCom and ApCom and so on that every alum, after 5 years, 10 years, 15 years, should come back and make the case to some committee: how are you living a life of service? If you fail to convince the Deep Springs Committee that you are living a life of service, then you should pay back your tuition. Townes DS16 often said in SB meetings that we are getting a full ride scholarship for which we incur a debt to live a life of service, which I agree with, but that I would hate for that to be the reason someone leads a life of service. Deep Springers have this natural desire. I do think that the response to "it's just forty people in the Valley" is "but yes forty people who are—who will—Nunn took it in



an elitist direction—occupy positions of influence, who will therefore be per capita more influential people—and giving them an unparalleled experience and preparation is a good thing."

There's a reason finance and tech firms spend hundreds of millions on campus recruiting at top schools—these are going to be people of influence who might make a bargain to spend their lives making people richer. Deep Springs provides something for people with the glimmer of idealism, puts them through the ringer, then spits them out with a different kind of idealism and a greater means

of solving big problems. Of course this justification puts it all on the ends that graduates achieve rather than the effect Deep Springs has on the graduates themselves. If the data showed graduates of Deep Springs were all selling out, then I think it should be shut down. Ultimately the impact of Deep Springs is measured through the actual outsized impact graduates are having on the world.

Thank you, Abie, for your time, your insight, your leadership by example, and your life of service.

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*In
Memoriam*

Remembering Allen Whiting DS44

By David Brown DS80

The Deep Springs community found out two years too late of the quiet passing of Allen Whiting (DS44, CB46, TA48) in January 2018. Whiting was a brilliant China scholar and (for a time) a high-ranking US defense intellectual. He played a crucial role in two chapters of US history, both a half a century ago. Whiting was arguably the leading and most consistent proponent in the US government for the United States' rapprochement with China. He also provided the most substantive exculpatory testimony offered at the trial of Daniel Ellsberg, the Julian Assange of his day.

The early years

Raised in New Jersey, Whiting enrolled in Cornell University, but took a leave of absence from Cornell attend Deep Springs from 1944 to 1946. By all accounts, the bookish Whiting benefited from the time in the outdoors afforded to him by Deep Springs. An occasion of which he spoke frequently to friends and family was when he and a classmate packed their camping gear onto the back of a burro and attempted to summit White Mountain (14,252 feet). The trio were caught in blinding snowstorm. Whiting and his companion became snow blind. Death from exposure seemed imminent. Fortunately, the burro knew the way down the mountain, and Whiting and his companion followed the animal to safety.

After Deep Springs, Whiting went on to study history at Cornell, living at Cornell Branch of the Telluride Association from 1946 to 1948. He

went on to earn a Masters at Columbia (1948 to 1950), at which time he married fellow graduate student Alice Marie Conroy. Whiting took a job teaching at Northwestern in 1951, “but soon confronted major suspicions from faculty members about his interest in the Soviet Union and China. A senior professor (and future president of the American Political Science Association) deemed Allen’s scholarly pursuits prima facie evidence of pro-Communist sympathies, and Allen’s contract was not renewed. He was unemployed for nine months, and he and Alice had to rely on friends who opened their homes to them,” according to Whiting’s December, 2018 obituary in The China Quarterly.

In 1953, Whiting landed a stable teaching job at the University of Michigan, where he retained an affiliation until 1982. In Taiwan in 1955, Whiting contracted polio, “immobilizing both legs and suffering additional muscular infirmities. Through sheer will, a long and painful recovery, and disciplined exercise, he regained use of his legs. However, he was afflicted with severe back problems for much of his life, and when fatigued would walk with a discernible limp” (China Quarterly).

A brilliant analyst

In 1957, Whiting joined the Social Science Department of the RAND Corporation, a think tank in Santa Monica. “With an ample budget from the US Air Force, RAND re-

cruited an exceptional array of interdisciplinary talent, amassing research capacities on the Soviet Union and China and related fields that no university could match” (China Quarterly).

In 1961, Whiting accepted a position in the State Department’s Bureau of Intelligence and Research (INR), and in 1962 assumed the Directorship for Far East Analysis. He proved to be an exceptional analyst. He correctly predicted that border clashes between India and China would escalate into the Sino-Indian War. His assessment of the Gulf of Tonkin incident of August 1964 was deeply skeptical about the earliest reports of a Vietnamese attack on the USS Maddox. The date for the first Chinese nuclear test (1 October 1964) occurred only two weeks later than Whiting predicted, many months in advance of estimates from the Atomic Energy Commission and the CIA. His intelligence assessments also repeatedly challenged highly optimistic reports about the Vietnam War emanating from the military command in Saigon as well as from the Department of Defense. Many of his judgments proved uncannily accurate, and were valuable ammunition for the few sceptics within the US government who dissented from Vietnam orthodoxy.

In the aftermath of the assassination of President Kennedy, and disheartened and exhausted by President Johnson’s expansion of the war effort, Whiting accepted the position of US Deputy Consul General

in Hong Kong. The year was 1966, and China’s Cultural Revolution was underway. Whiting “subsequently recounted how he and consular officers tracked the violence in the mainland by the number of headless bodies floating down the Pearl River” (China Quarterly).

Rapprochement with China

Whiting was offered a follow-up posting in Jakarta, Indonesia, but chose instead to resign from the State Department in 1968, returning to University of Michigan and, a year later in 1969, to the RAND Corporation. At RAND, he followed the growing hostilities between the Soviet Union and China. Whiting “recommended American steps to deter a Soviet attack on China, including the possibility that Moscow might use nuclear weapons against Chinese targets.” Whiting “foresaw how the acute hostility between the Soviet Union and China might open doors with the Chinese” (China Quarterly). He authored an article in the New York Times Magazine, urging major changes in US China policy.

Whiting began to undertake a crucial consulting role with Henry Kissinger, newly installed as National Security Adviser to President Nixon. Kissinger was a neophyte on China. The headquarters of the RAND Corporation were less than a two-hour drive to San Clemente, President Nixon’s California home, where Whiting briefed Henry Kissinger. Decades later, Kissinger “credited Allen with greater foresight than his own in grasping the depth of Sino-Soviet hostility and the potential for a Sino-American opening. Allen thus played an important, but largely unacknowledged, role in the US-China rapprochement.” (China Quarterly)



The Pentagon Papers

In 1973, Whiting was approached by attorneys for Daniel Ellsberg, a former colleague from RAND, now standing trial for his theft from RAND of the Pentagon Papers, the 47 volume, 7,000-page classified history of US involvement in Vietnam commissioned by former Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. The Pentagon Papers were not a part of RAND’s regular top-secret security system, enabling Ellsberg to photocopy them and share them with the New York Times, which began to publish excerpts.

The Pentagon Papers were an embarrassment to the Nixon Administration because they showed that it (and previous administrations) had received a steady stream of advice from their own experts cautioning against deeper involvement in Vietnam. One of these experts was Allen Whiting, who had authored many of the memoranda included in the Pentagon Papers. Smarting from these revelations, the Nixon administration charged Ellsberg with six counts of espionage. Prosecutors sought to imprison Ellsberg for 115 years. Kissinger declared Ellsberg

“the most dangerous man in America.” Whiting was approached by Ellsberg’s defense team and asked to testify. Whiting’s wife warned him, “You testify and you’ll be in Ann Arbor forever. They’ll take away your security clearance. We have four kids to put through college.”

In spite of the risks of testifying and the discord it caused at home, Whiting agreed to appear at the trial. Although Whiting abhorred Ellsberg’s breach of protocol, he did not believe Ellsberg’s actions had harmed US national security, nor that they merited life imprisonment. Whiting testified that, “I cannot see any way in which [the Pentagon Papers] would be of any advantage to a foreign national operating against the United States.” Whiting’s reasoning was that the Pentagon Papers were dated by the time the material was released, and that intelligence gathering techniques change as quickly as technology. He added, “It’s only when you can identify the source material – when and where it was collected – only then can a foreign analyst assess the capacity of the United States’ intelligence.” According to the New York Times, Whiting maintained that, “The material in the Pentagon papers



was dated by 1969” because starting in that year “the United states was using infrared devices ‘capable of detecting the body heat’ of an enemy, and its airborne intelligence gathering had become much more sophisticated.”

The facts presented by Whiting were sufficiently damaging to the case of the government that Kissinger sent in General Alexander Haig to attempt to discredit Whiting. Haig described himself on the stand as Kissinger’s “alter ego.” The New York Times reported that “Haig was the first military man to enter this courtroom in full uniform during the 78 days of the trial – the four silver stars glittering on his shoulders, the eight rows of campaign and honor ribbons providing a colorful splash over his heart. And he was also the fist military witness not to testify on the six espionage counts against Dr. Ellsberg and [his co-conspirator]. In all, he was on the witness stand for only 35 minutes and for the purpose of impeaching the expertise of [Whiting].”

As the trial dragged on, prosecutors engineered a nine-month recess to keep Ellsberg off the witness stand and out of the news. Then news broke that a group of burglars, authorized by Nixon’s White House Counsel John Ehrlichman, and led by former spy E. Howard Hunt (both of Watergate infamy), had broken into the office of Ellsberg’s psychoanalyst, in an unsuccessful effort to find damaging information about Ellsberg’s mental state and undermine his credibility at the trial. (The burgled filing cabinet is on display in the Smithsonian’s National Museum of American History in Washington, DC.) Citing government misconduct, the judge declared a mistrial, and charges against Ellsberg were dismissed. Whiting’s clearances were revoked immediately after the trial. China Quarterly observes, “Though the prospect of Allen returning to a government assignment already seemed increasingly slim, the revocation of his clearances rendered any such possibilities virtually nil.”

Whiting’s son David confirms that, as his mother had feared, there were tangible financial consequences to the family from his father’s loss of consulting work with the government. But the greatest harm was the disappointment felt by his father and mother from their permanent exclusion from certain professional circles and opportunities in Washington, DC.

Understanding China

Whiting continued to teach at Michigan and, from 1982, at the University of Arizona. Throughout his career, Whiting continually offered up crystal-clear ideas on how China projects power in the world. In *China Crosses the Yalu*, published in 1960, Whiting argued that China’s decision to enter

the Korean War had been signalled clearly and was a rational act to protect the country and the new regime. In 1975, in *The Chinese Calculus of Deterrence*, Whiting explained that China could be counted upon to rigorously follow a systematic “ladder of escalation,” a careful calibration of secret diplomatic communications, media statements, public warnings, and military movements, which Whiting termed a “rhythm of signals.” A quarter century later in 2001, however, Whiting warned that “China’s leadership was more risk prone than risk averse, but in a rational and carefully calculated manner.”

In California on 11 January 2018, Whiting succumbed to the flu, a malady whose lethality is now better understood viewed in hindsight from the SARS 2 Pandemic. Predeceased by his wife Carol in 2016, Whiting is survived by four children, Jennifer (a federal lawyer in Oregon), Deborah (a therapist in California), Jeffrey (a teacher in Georgia), and David (a columnist and editor in California). Whiting’s scholarship remains prescient and relevant. Perhaps no single action of Whiting’s was more memorable than his decision to testify at the Ellsberg trial. One is hard pressed to provide a better example in recent American history of an individual acting purely on a matter of principle, and solely in the defense of the truth.

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A Speech About Bill vanden Heuvel DS46

By Rory O’Hollaren DS18

*Staffulty Public Speaking Night
Wednesday, June 23, 2021*

Tonight, I wish to speak about the life of William J. vanden Heuvel, Deep Springs class of 1946. Many of you know him as the enigmatic alumn who, together with his two daughters Wendy and Katrina, gave us a million dollars to build the faculty triplex.

To the world beyond Deep Springs, vanden Heuvel was known for his service as an adviser of Robert Kennedy and as US ambassador to the United Nations. He played a central role in the Prince Edward county school decisions, one of the key legal battles contributing to the desegregation of the American School system. He shed public light on the atrocities of New York City’s criminal justice system in the 1970s and championed the beginning of the system’s reform. In 2006, he was awarded the Deep Springs medal for his selfless service to humanity.

Over my term off in May 2019, I had the honor of meeting Mr. vanden Heuvel at a party for his book release in New York City. The grandmother of one of my Deep Springs classmates knew Bill personally and got me into a talk about his new book, *Hope and History*. Vanden Heuvel was introduced by his daughter Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor of *The Nation*. She made witty remarks comparing her father to the Forest Gump of late twentieth century American politics—he somehow always managed to be present at major global events.

Mr. vanden Heuvel spoke of his childhood in Rochester, New York, where he grew up as the son of two Belgian immigrants who came through Ellis Island in the dawn of the twentieth century.

He spoke of how, as a young boy of twelve years old, he went up and introduced himself to Eleanor Roosevelt at a political event—the start of a lasting relationship with Eleanor and Franklin D. Roosevelt. This relationship led to vanden Heuvel’s founding of the Roosevelt institute, of which Deep Springs trustee Felicia Wong is the current president and CEO.

He spoke about his new book, *Hope and History*. In the introduction he writes, “Deep Springs College was the most important intellectual experience of my life.”

He spoke of his time at Deep Springs. Have you heard the legend of his first week here? Feeling homesick and wanting to take on extra labor, young Bill went to a labor party to slaughter a pig. Somehow while processing the animal he fell into a vat of boiling water and submerged

his entire left leg. He spent two weeks in the hospital in Bishop, where, due to adherence to the isolation policy, his only visitor was Deep Springs president Simon Whitney. He shared a ward with four other patients in turn, and all of them died.

After the talk, my classmates’s grandmother took me by the arm and led me over to Mr. vanden Heuvel. He wrapped up the conversation he was having and turned to face me.

“This is her, Bill. This is the Deep Springer.” Immediately his face lit up and he gave me a kind, grandfatherly hug. We chatted about Deep Springs, he asking me questions about where I was from and I asking him about his book and political career. I was floundering conversationally—how do you get to know someone who’s done so much?

He led me through the crowd over to the table where copies of his book were being sold. He asked me how to correctly spell my full name while writing an inscription. When I retrieved my wallet to purchase the book, Bill reached into his own pocket and pulled out a credit card. The



Gathering to award Deep Springs medal to Bill vanden Heuvel DS46 (2nd from left) 43



woman at the sales table laughed and asked Mr. vanden Heuvel if he was sure he wanted to buy his own book. He insisted.

Mr. vanden Heuvel died in his home in Manhattan last Tuesday, June fifteenth. He is survived by his wife, Melinda, and his daughters, Katrina and Wendy.

There is a story that has been meandering through conversations in the valley the past few days. It is a story from the Iliad. When Patroklos dies, the women gather around him weeping publicly for their own private sorrows. I do not condemn these women. It seems like death's deepest affect on the world springs from how we chose to mourn. These past few days, weeks, and months, the Deep Springs community has been drifting on the ripples of death. We mourn publicly for our private sorrows.

Bill vanden Heuvel demonstrated a type of mourning—mourning for the pain and suffering in humankind—that became a gift to the world. Through his life's work, he demonstrated the rare capacity to serve those he did not know. To many of us, this attitude espouses the highest ideal of service to humanity. Not only did he take mourning to the plane of action in his efforts for social equality, I also find it notable how Bill mourned his personal heroes, mentors, and friends. Douglass Brinkley, in his preface to *Hope and History*, highlights that Bill wrote both eulogies and letters of recommendation beautifully and prolifically. He wanted to prepare young people to serve the humanity he has been serving all his life, and he wanted the legacy of those who came before him to

continue to serve the improvement of this nation and this world. In vanden Heuvel's treatment of youth and death, hope and history rise and rhyme through honest reflection and dedication to humanity.

In his eulogy for Bill Donovan, one of vanden Heuvel's heroes he profiles in *Hope and History*, vanden Heuvel tells stories of World War One's 69th regiment which Donovan commanded. He doesn't skimp on names or details of the men of this regiment, coloring the eulogy with vivid stories of their courage in battle. Eventually he reveals the words that the General himself spoke to vanden Heuvel over a quiet dinner in Donovan's library. "Bill," Donovan says, "if you ever have an opportunity to remind an audience of the extraordinary lives of these young men, please do it." Vanden Heuvel concludes the eulogy by saying to his audience, "I thank you for that opportunity."

In his eulogies, Bill transforms private grief into service to the deceased as well as to the world they left behind.

Bill's inscription for me on the title page of *hope and history* reads, "To Rory O'Hollaren—so pleased to meet you—so proud of your accomplishments—stay in touch—Bill Vanden Heuvel."

Regrettably, I did not stay in touch with Mr. vanden Heuvel.

I am grateful to have met him briefly, grateful for his kind note, and grateful to have learned about his life. I am grateful for his support of Deep Springs.

Tonight, I offer gratitude for the occasion to speak of the extraordinary life of William J. vanden Heuvel to a group of extraordinary people gathered in a place that meant so much to him.

Thank you.


“And if someone will say, ‘But what have you done?’, there will be no pointing with the material finger to a fortune achieved or to a mechanistic invention. There will be the witness of

the fruits of the Spirit, for as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so out of the knowledge of life the soul beareth fruit.”

- L.L. Nunn, *The Grey Book*

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Special thanks to all who agreed to be interviewed and to those who contributed their own poems, speeches, and thoughts. Very special thanks to David McDonald (visiting faculty) for his fantastic black and white images of the valley.

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