

NEWSLETTER NO. 99

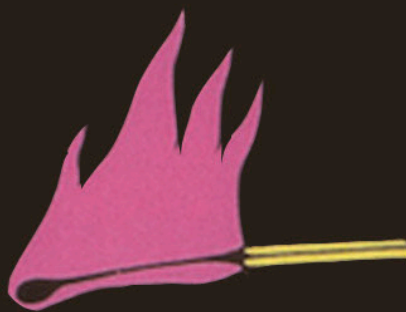
FALL 2020

DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE

SOCIAL DISTANCING SINCE 1917

"BUFO EXSUL"

FEAT. NEW STUDENT BIOS
GOODBYE TO DAVID AND AMITY
STUDENT WRITING &
ART



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Letters

Letter From The President

Sue Darlington

Greetings From Deep Springs



I began this note while planning my move from Massachusetts to Deep Springs. As the newsletter got delayed for so many of the same reasons everything this year has been upside down, I decided to keep this letter in two parts, before and after moving.

June 2020: Planning during a Pandemic

Life rarely runs according to plan, even in the best of times. We are all currently adjusting to living in a pandemic, keeping isolated, wearing masks, and constantly assessing every situation to balance the pros and cons of extra contact with people outside of our usual circles. I expected this spring to be unusual as I prepared to shift from living in Amherst, Massachusetts

to joining the community at Deep Springs late August. The spring began differently than others as I took a leave of absence from Hampshire College to teach for one semester in the Religion Department at Amherst College as a visiting professor.

Meanwhile, my plans continue for my move west. I will be leaving behind the Pioneer Valley for the Deep Springs Valley. Similarities stop with the name, except for both being centers of learning. I am playing in my garden, photographing all the flowers I will no longer see in DS. I am excited about the new flora and fauna that will fill my life soon. The dogs, Zoey (long-haired, black and silver) and Beau (tan and black), have no idea what's coming in their future.

As I begin sorting through belongings, figuring out paint colors for Aird, and laying out the route my

stepson, Travis, the dogs, and I will follow when we drive west, I can only imagine how the plans will go. I worry about the state of the country, between COVID-19, economic crisis, and racial strife. Now is a time for a strong liberal arts education, preparing young people to deal with the challenges we all face. I am grateful to be going to Deep Springs, to be part of its vibrant, critical, educational community.

October 2020: Living with a Pandemic

Four months later, I and the dogs have settled into our life at Deep Springs. My arrival was met with challenges from the beginning, as those in the community since the spring wrestled with the multiple difficulties of living in a global pandemic. Yet, I felt welcome right away. I enjoy meals, collecting food through a window in the museum as the old BH is gone and we wait for construction on the new BH to begin. We all wear masks and balance our paper plates on our laps as we sit on the ground to eat.

The community struggled with how to handle the up-coming winter with faulty heating systems, which recirculate inside air, in both the dorm and the MB. I learned quickly about the commitment, energy, and determination of the Student Body in the process, developing deep respect for how much they care for Deep Springs and how well they adapt to changing circumstances.

Currently, I write from quarantine in Aird as we enter Term 3. Isolation takes on new meaning in the age of COVID-19. My name is finally on the college bank account, the cost of which means two weeks of staying away from the rest of the community. Yet the old carpeting in the house has been torn out, replaced with laminate

Sue's dogs: Beau on the left; Zoey on the right.

wood, making it welcoming and homely. The house holds its character and the echoes of many gatherings and different residents, even as I make it my home. While I miss the brilliant New England fall colors, I have come to love the subtleties of the desert. Even more, I am grateful to be part of this amazing community. Watching as LL Nunn's pedagogy plays out, I give thanks for being here.

Best,

Sue Darlington **L**



Dear isolation gardeners of the Deep Springs community, are you longing to bring a bit of the Valley into your home lockdown? If so, contact milo@deepsprings.edu. We have a limited supply of kitchen herb (basil and fennel) seeds and a more bountiful cache of flower (marigold and hollyhock) seeds harvested for you this fall!

Remarks On Amity Wilczek By Brother Kenneth

I hesitate to speak about the real Amity Wilczek. Bartleby and Bobadil should, who knew her best. After all, she fed them daily, filled their water bowls, and emptied their litter boxes. And they spent their days, I assume, admiring their mistress. What I know is this: Amity was unusually and steadfastly even-tempered. She was always easy to be with. And frequently an education. Walk with Amity through a barren or flowering desert or mountain landscape and you would begin to doubt your ability to see. You stepped on without noticing a particularly beguiling young shoot of some particular Greek and Latin named sprout in the mustard family. You noticed if she mentioned it that the mix of trees was gradually changing as you trudged toward a 10,000-foot Sierra pass. How she came by her bio-tele-micro-scopic vision I never learned; but she was always happy to point out what I had missed and she had seen. She was big on tiny mustards. You could also learn words. If you were talking with Amity as you walked through the desert scrub, you would be introduced to rabbit bush, bitterbrush, rabbit brush, and who knows what else. She could truck up a mountain pass without huffing or even puffing. Carry a backpack stuffed with a couple of natural history guides, binoculars, packets of almond butter, figs, artisanal crackers, sardines (tins and tins of them), a high-tech tent, a solar-powered lantern, and a thick novel. On a day hike I wore myself

out pressing us onward to Gable Lakes, which were, I said, just around the corner. Once there, she jumped into the first lake and then, refreshed, dragged me up another half a thousand feet to a mine site strewn with glittering antimony crystals. And she filled her pack with chunks to carry back to the rock garden behind the Duplex. Back in civilization, who knew better than Amity the best brewpub on the East Side (Whiskey Creek, and then the Mountain Rambler), the best hamburger joint (Burger Barn), the best local hard stuff (Owens Valley Distillery in Bishop), the best martinis (The Restaurant at Convict Lake), the best cheese store (Bleu Market and Kitchen in Mammoth Lakes), the grungiest bar (Boonies), the weirdest desert hideaway (the Hard Luck Castle near Gold Point in Nevada), the best local bakery (Great Basin in Bishop), the best French restaurant on 395 (the Still Life Café in Independence), the best pies in the Sierra (Pie in the Sky café at Rock Creek), the best breakfast burritos (Mahogany Smoked Meats in Bishop), best introduction to the tedious processes of civil probate procedure (Inyo County Courthouse, Independence). Amity indoors: she invested herself in the transition to coed. She was amused to note that her first class at DS was all male; her last class, all female. She brought stability and enduring respectability to the college's science program. She was an internationally respected mathematical biologist with an ongoing research program into plant

flowering times. As a teacher, she was able to turn from taxonomy to mathematical modeling to meet student interest. She gathered books, read them, knew them, loved them—from Moomintroll to Middlemarch. She was a great host who poured generous amounts of Hendrick’s gin. In her side of the Duplex she offered imported crackers, extra-crispy Cheezits, homemade beer, cheeses, dishes of chocolate-covered this and that, and writhing heaps of gummi worms. She presided happily over late night post-mortems and rose early to ready her classes. She took on many specialty tasks aside from deanship—advisor to the lovelorn, friend of the birds and their watchers, consultant to the Arete Project, Princess of Projectors, Assistant Gandalf. As to the inner Amity, with Bartleby and Bombadil now gone, “of her choice virtues only gods should speak / or English poets who grew up on Geek.” (with apologies to T. R.)



Brother Kenneth **L**

A Poem

By An Anonymous Student

So blue, you blind me, you
Picasso-painted sky
who swallows the black dot
soaring, unmoving
into your infinite
horizon; eats
its croaks with cyan
silence: the raven undying.

Remarks On David Neidorf

By Ross Peterson



Twenty-four years ago last January, Kay and I made our way over Gilbert Pass into Deep Springs Valley. Geoff and Iris Pope showed us the way to Air Cottage and we visited about the school and the students. Ten minutes into the conversation, Iris mentioned a Summer Seminar teacher, David Neidorf. For the next few teaching visits it seemed like David had just left before we came. Students raved about the Summer Seminar and how Neidorf mystified them because they never got figured out what he, the professor, really believed. We finally met one summer when I returned to deliver a graduation message and I was immediately taken by the man's obvious commitment to the exercise of questioning, doubting, disturbing, and yes, mystifying.

David Neidorf

When we returned in 2004 to assume the presidency of Deep Springs, I was thrilled that he would be teaching Terms 2 and 3 that autumn. For me, it was an immediate friendship as he helped guide us through the transition. We were not leaving after four months as we had four times previously, but before that semester ended, I knew that David was the person Deep Springs and I needed to fill in the shoes of Gary Gossen as Dean. David was living in Vermont and I used as many persuasive powers and former students I could muster to convince him to join us for the next two years. It is the best decision I made as President.

Having David in the valley was like having a beloved bearded brother available to discuss everything imaginable. We walked out

the lane to the highway, down or up Highway 168 a bit, and returned for breakfast every morning. Our backgrounds and preparation differed immensely, however, Deep Springs and its mission bound us with common goals. For both of us, the students were the center of our intellectual and practical universe. He had been around academics for much of his life, but he had amazing practical experiences in Outward Bound and as a builder that served the college well. My farming background helped some at Deep Springs as did university experiences. From my perspective, we were a team. We shared the task of preparing students for a life of service through labor, academics, and self-governance. We believed in the mission and devoted our attention to the students, past and present. David taught me to trust the students and let them learn by mistakes. He also provided for me the freedom to do what we had to do to prepare the college for its second century. When we left to go seek assistance from alumni, foundations, or friends, I never worried about Deep Springs. Most importantly, we had fun and he tolerated some of my "off the wall" ideas for reunions, solar fields, and a few things left unmentioned.

One of David's other major contributions to Deep Springs throughout his tenure as Dean and President was his example as a father. His children had a home in the desert and he sacrificed considerably for their well being. Anyone that lived in the valley during his fifteen years on consistent service understood the depth of his passion for Joseph and Sonia. It is not easy to accomplish what David did from afar.

When I was asked to join the Board of Trustees and work on



a transition to COED, I was amazed at the thorough preparation and organization David exhibited. The college had a staff and faculty in place to make certain that the time for change was now. Throughout the stressful delayed period, David kept his eye and that of the staff and students on the decision to move forward. In retrospect, it was a huge sacrifice for him and Dave Hitz because they both were asked to remain and stay the course. They deserved to see an important and monumental change become a reality.

Most importantly for Kay and me is that we maintain this close friendship. He has included Kay in so many things, especially his hidden musical talents. and allowed us to maintain a room periodically in Aird Cottage, or the BH apartment, or the Withrows. Deep Springs is very lucky that David Neidorf cast his professional lot with this community. As his brother and friend, I can say without hesitation that he is loved. David deserves praise for his long service to all of those who know what is meant when we cross the cattle guard. **L**

The Man Required for Deep Springs

L. L. Nunn

“The man, therefore, for Deep Springs should be... a great student himself, finding much broadening society in the lives of men who have have done things worth while. He should be a teacher from the abundance of his learning and enthusiasm, obtained from his own studies... His aim should be to produce in students the highest type of ethical and religious character and to mature and stabilize in them the purpose for which Deep Springs stands, securing for God and mankind, men of service.”



Updates From The Valley

Courses On Offer

Fall 2020

Colonialism and Postcolonialism: An Introduction to Major Texts

Instructor: Anna Feuer

This course explores major questions in the study of European imperialism and anti-colonial politics through close readings of seminal texts. What is the historical relationship between modern political thought and European expansionism? How was liberal theory rooted in the universalist principles of liberty, equality, and individual rights used to justify imperial subjugation? How did anti-colonial leaders like Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Frantz Fanon interpret the contradictions of liberalism as evidenced in the colonies? Does the violence of imperialism necessitate a violent decolonial struggle in turn? How does colonial power rely on the production of a certain form of knowledge? Is postcolonial nationalism necessarily derivative of European ideals?

The Politics of Punishment

Instructor: Anna Feuer

“While society in the United States gives the example of the most extended liberty,” wrote Alexis de Tocqueville in 1833, “the prisons of the same country offer the spectacle of the most complete despotism.” Punishment in the form of incarceration is a persistent and troubling—if largely hidden—aspect of

American life: today there are more than 2 million Americans in prison or jail, accounting for 25 percent of the world’s prisoners.

This course will ask: What is punishment and what is it for? What right has a democratic state to inflict deprivation or even death upon its citizens? Why has the form that legal punishment takes—from the theater of public torture to the concealed space of the modern prison—changed so radically over time? What do our systems of punishment reveal about the relationship of the state to the individual? And how do they intersect with historical structures of racial and economic inequality?

Self-fashioning: the Rhetoric and Politics of Autobiography

Instructor: Jocelyn Saidenberg

In this course we will explore the genre of autobiography and memoir, questioning what it means to narrate the self and the role that memory plays in these projects of self-fashioning. In didactic, religious, political works, we will explore the assumptions about memory and language that these endeavors reveal. Beginning with Augustine’s *Confessions*, we will examine the genre’s relation to religious conversions, and we will proceed to investigate how the genre changes and adapts to include, for example, political treatise and sexual manifestoes. How does the language

of self-fashioning both document and obscure the self as it is being authored? How do these texts address and engage with their readers and to what ends? Why and for whom are we repeatedly compelled to tell the stories of our lives? How might a self-authored or authorized text exert forms of political power different than other forms of writing?

The Special Theory of Relativity

Instructor: Brian Hill

The fundamental paradox that the speed of light is constant (it is observed to be the same regardless of an observer’s velocity) is resolved by Einstein’s special theory of relativity. However the resolution brings us to even more puzzling confrontations to our intuition.

A one-semester course beginning with the evidence ruling out the ether theory, focusing on all of the consequences of special relativity, and culminating with a very brief introduction to Einstein’s even more profound general theory of relativity, leaps the student forward from the usual starting point in science of 17th century mechanics straight into 20th century results, and covers a scientific revolution even more unintuitive than the oft-studied Copernican revolution.



Illustration by Ginger Vidal DS18

History and Science of the Manhattan Project

Instructor: Brian Hill

The Manhattan project is a chance to look simultaneously at the almost unbelievable scientific and technological developments which came in rapid succession just before, during, and after WWII, and at their historic consequences.

A study of the Manhattan Project is not just an opportunity to study momentous scientific developments and past events. Its ongoing significance makes it nearly a duty to at some point contemplate what we have collectively created. Each person will have their own response to the events and the resulting situation. Perhaps the only response we can't afford given the high stakes of mutually assured destruction is complacency.

Land and Place Based Art

Instructors: Katherine Lee and Zane Fischer

Reflecting on place, history, identity and environment, we will examine how art is made within land and landscape, as well as what it means to make artwork intended for a specific place or site. We will survey place-based artmaking, including site specific projects, land art, time-, light- and sound-based art, found objects, readymades, arte povera, body-centric performance, dorodango, etc, and engage in producing a number of these. The course will also serve as an investigation of materials. Everything from consumer detritus to earth, stone and shadow may be used. In reading and discussion, artists from Michaelangelo Pistoletto and Fujiko Nakaya to Anne Hamil-

ton and Andy Goldworthy will be considered. The course will encompass drawing, sculpture, assemblage and other studio techniques. Students will consider the implications of intervention in both built and natural environments.

Kierkegaard's Enten-Eller

Instructor: Anton Barba-Kay

No one knew what to make of Either/Or when it appeared (under the pseudonym "Victor Eremita"—i.e. "Victor the Hermit") in 1843. It is at once a serious work of philosophy and a brilliant work of literary fiction in the form of an epistolary exchange between two characters who offer contrasting answers to the question of how to live. The first half (by an author known simply as "A") consists of a series of disconnected sketches about how to transform one's life into a work of art—how to lead a life full of interesting pathos, beautiful transience, and variety of experience. (The longest portion of this half, the "Seducer's Diary," is what early readers were greediest for.) The second half is written in the voice of Judge William, who, in his earnest attempt to save "A" from himself, responds to him with what is still the loveliest encomium of marriage ever written. But it is not clear who is in the right. Kierkegaard (like Plato) does not show his own hand, leaving it to the reader to work out for him or herself whether one or both of these positions ("aesthetic" and "ethical," respectively) can be the true one, and how, by extension, to judge the best life. **L**

SB Wishlist

- ▶ Socks
- ▶ Soccer ball
- ▶ DSLR
- ▶ Basketball
- ▶ Badminton Supplies
- ▶ Subscription to *First Things Magazine*
- ▶ Mop for the dorm
- ▶ Pinball Machine
- ▶ Air hockey table

Biographies

New Chairs

By Connie Jiang DS19



Our Julian Steward Chair of Social Sciences is occupied by no less than **Anna Feuer** (quasi-pun quasi-intended, as her last name is pronounced “fewer” and not “foyer” as much of the community mispronounces it, but she maintains that she does not care – Anna is chill like that). Her PhD (expected 2020) work is in Political Science at Yale. She has taught at both Yale and George Washington University (as well as Deep Springs as a visiting professor during the Spring 2020 semester!) before taking up her chairship this year.

For the Fall 2020 semester, Anna is teaching Politics of Punishment and Readings in Colonial and Postcolonial Studies. Anna’s dream pet is a Pembroke Welsh Corgi named Penny, whom she will take on walks and feed and love and adore. She already has adorable corgi socks, as does her husband, who is less enthused about the corgi. Did you know that her great-uncle was Amos Alonzo Stagg, who invented the huddle, the end-around play, and the reverse play in American football? And we haven’t seen Anna at a single Deep Springs football and American football game yet!



Our Herbert Reich Chair of Natural Science, **Brian Hill**, is also the mastermind behind cleaning the geodesic dome on the ridgeline southeast of campus. Nearby on this same ridgeline will be the future home of Deep Springs Observatory (see “Under the Spinning Sky”). He received his PhD in theoretical physics from Harvard and did postdocs at Fermilab and UCLA before doing many years of software in Silicon Valley. In 2015 he joined the Physics Department at Saint Mary’s College. He was an Assistant Professor there when he noticed our opening.

At Deep Springs for Fall 2020, Brian is teaching History and Science of the Manhattan Project and The Special Theory of Relativity. Ever the enthusiastic teacher, he is also the push behind Deep Springs’s acquisition of a large portable whiteboard and a 75-inch TV on a cart to support outdoor teaching on the front and rear porches of the main building. He brings two telescopes and a car named Slurp to the campus. His cowboy boot-prints with the huge star are unmistakably his in the road toward the upper reservoir. Last but not least, Brian quickly picked up the valley fashion with a couple of fine cowboy hats, and as the cold of fall sets in, he is heroically bringing back the turtleneck T.

Biographies

DS20

By Nathan Becker



When she's not reminding you she's on dairy, Deep Springs Feminist Icon **Hannah Duane** is probably doing dairy. Hailing from San Francisco, she is the knife wielder of our class. She will laugh, she will cry, she will bleed milk. Hannah is a former rock climber and published journalist, and future Philanthropist Extraordinaire. She speaks with vigor and precision. She is also the Dairy Woman.



With practice, **Jacob Simmons** could be the best at anything he sets his mind to. Or so he says. He hails from the land of Mormons and Mountains. You can find him attempting to set a FKT (Fastest Known Time) on any one of the surrounding mountains, or beating Connie in Ping-Pong (he won the Utah Country Club state championship). His other accomplishments include setting a Deep Springs College record: 35 days in quarantine during summer seminar.



It's not clear whether **Jesse Barker-Plotkin** is a member of DS20 or the Deep Springs enigma-in-residence, but either way, you can always count on him for poetry, giggles, and reverence. Jesse has managed to climb into the helm of most of the cottonwoods on campus. He dreams of repelling the stand-up-bass into the empty silo for a recording of his hit single, "Mountain Dirge."



Annie Kelley is disgusted by the enormity of her desire. But you shouldn't be. She just wants a hug. She gives good ones, too. Annie is from East Palo Alto, where she attended Jewish School for her whole life. At Deep Springs, she is a maker of Jokes and Sandwiches and composer of eloquent seminar comments. One day she will write a great work of fiction, and it will be mostly adjectives, but we will love it anyway.



Tashroom Ahsan is our soccer jock. He comes from the North Carolina School of Science and Mathematics in Durham where he broke many hearts. He is also our philosophy bro and resident sadboi. When he's not wondering the extent to which we can apply ethical categories to part 1 of Kierkegaard's Either/Or, he is spicing up the P-UNIT-5, our portable Boarding House, with substantial doses of cardamom.



Ro Kelly is tough. Born and raised in the fells (hills) of Northern England, Ro arrived at Deep Springs and immediately started moving wheel lines. She hasn't stopped since. In fact, she has made several moments of head contact with them. You can catch her carrying some spanners, stealing the ball on the soccer pitch, or blushing as we criticize the British Empire in Post/Colonial Studies. She only uses sheep-fat soap.



Declan (Dopey Skamandros) Rexer lives in a mountain of laundry in the Nunnery. A knuckleballer from the Big Apple as well as an employer of Political Rhetoric, you can always rely on Dex to speak on behalf of all the potential antivaxxers in a room, not because he is one, or anything. You can find him annotating The Economist or listening to the BBC podcasts at the top of a step ladder while he paints the awning of the dorm.



Carmen Simons, known as Yerbál Tortál, came to Deep Springs after attending the iSchool in New York and spending a summer at Outer Coast in Sitka, Alaska. Carmen is well versed in the writings of Gloria Anzaldúa, and has baked a cake every single day of Term 2, except on Yom Kippur. Carmen has run for every single elected position during SB, and has been crowned Frodo, Secretary and Withrow Commissioner.



Alice (Patricia) Owen is the youngest Deep Springer in age (17), but oldest in love of Christ. She is from Charlottesville, Virginia, where she toiled at a Gelato Shop, under a tyrant named P.K. Her triphasal sleep schedule is such that she is only witnessed in class and on BH. She lives in Agrabah under a tacky heart lamp, reading Dostoyevsky.



Lucia Pizarro grew up in New Jersey. She spent her high school years reading *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* and working on a farm. You can find her listening to country music and reggaetón, or rolling her eyes and saying “oh brother.” As a member of RCom, she has developed the skills of social and psychological analysis. One day she will run a business, and it will be spic and span.



Aubryn Kaine is a true duality: the temperance of a preschool teacher and the extreme discipline of an advanced martial artist. She came to Deep Springs from Iowa City High School, where she perfected the art of questioning authority and hating on the midwest. She can be found disagreeing with your point, karate chopping a cow skull, or putting a band-aid on your boo-boo.



Yinuo Ding just barely didn’t make it into the Singapore Army. She had the grades (and the brawns), but failed the background check. For Amelia, the DnA policy is a step down in intensity—as she reminds us, “in Singapore, two grams of drugs is the death penalty”. You can find her planning a hike, switching between 15 open tabs of websites advertising obscure herding dogs, and giving you exactly one slice of bacon at breakfast.



In a Deep Springs class with a record number of Ashkenazi women, **Nathan Becker** managed to quickly assert himself as the resident SB Jewish Mother. He comes from California, but the part of California with farms and republicans and stuff, we’ve been assured. He has the gumption of a rugged pioneer but the hair of a Bichon Frise. You can find him singing soulful ballads and singlehandedly preventing the Deep Springs alfalfa operation from succumbing to the entropy of the desert.

Under the Spinning Sky

A Telescope Dome Arrives at Deep Springs

After faithfully serving Robert Koff's Antelope Hills Observatory for 18 years, this 7-foot diameter fiberglass telescope dome finished the trip from Bennett, Colorado to Deep Springs, California late on October 1st. For its first night, the dome remained strapped to the back of the truck that transported it, with its clamshell wide open, watching Orion and his dogs drive Taurus west in the pre-dawn hours.

The next morning, the dome was carefully lowered to a parking space, where it spent another night before being moved by eight people to a level spot in the brush.

The dome's home for many years to come will be on the ridge-line about 1000 feet southeast and 300 feet above the main circle. Zane Fischer (Art), Katherine Lee (Art), and Brian Hill (the new Herbert Reich Chair of Natural Science) are designing and building the foundation

that will support and secure the dome. At present, the site is little more than a circular hole. A race is on to finish preparing the site before it is too cold for concrete to properly cure.

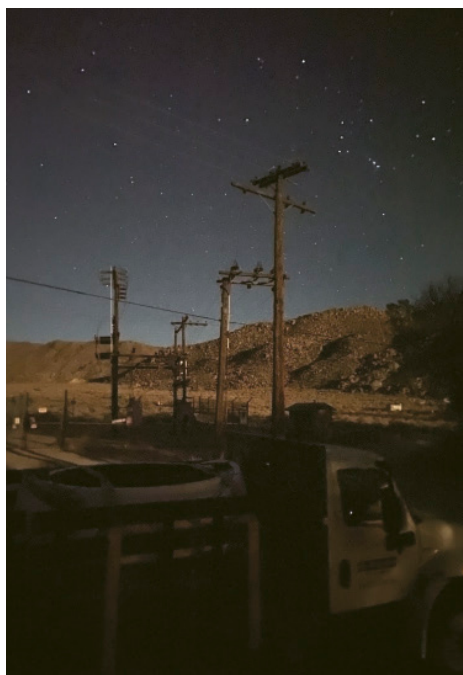
Once at the site, over a mile high, just east of the ridgeline, and under the wonderfully dry and dark skies of Deep Springs, the dome will be hidden from view and have no local light impinging on it.

The dome will protect a 250mm Ritchey-Chrétien reflector crafted by CFF Telescopes. The reflector will ride on a Paramount MYT telescope mount manufactured by Software Bisque. Assuming the installation goes well, in the spring on moonless nights, Brian and interested students will frequently be found ensconced in the dome and using the equipment to monitor variable star phenomena. **L**

Orion and the Deep Springs electrical substation peer over the dome, still strapped to the bed of the truck.

The ominous smoke of the Creek Fire continued far into October as the dome's foundation started to take shape.

The dome, on a wooden litter, being moved to a storage spot in the brush a little northeast of the duplex





Student Writing



A Word From The Fields

By Nathan Becker DS20

Farm. The allegedly archetyp-
ical Deep Springs labor posi-
tion. The mythology of this
place would be impossible without
it. Envision it: dramatic young men,
galloping shirtless through the alfal-
fa to smother a geyser. Hammering
a clamp into place. Fixing that PTO
shaft you poorly attached and coating
yourself in black tar. Working until
dark. Working twice as much as Gar-
den.

One of the greatest privileg-
es of Deep Springs is the ability to
engage meaningfully with agriculture
without bearing economic responsi-
bility for the consequences of your
actions. There are almost no other
opportunities I can think of for a
young person to take part-time own-
ership of a working operation that
has pedagogical value as its primary
purpose.

The farm is not just any operation—
it's a well-funded and resourced Deep
Springs tradition. Six farm-teamers,
with their hands on an apparatus that
can pump out 1600 gallons of water
per minute over 160 acres of
well-stewarded earth—access to ma-
chinery, amendments, a mechanic's
shop and a bunch of spare parts. Coming from a farm where each new
purchase of cardboard boxes was a
contentious question, the abundance
of resources at Deep Springs has
been very exciting to me.

It seems that the Labor Pil-
lar has often been misunderstood
as how we repay our “debt” to this
community. Although labor at Deep
Springs is in service to our commu-
nity, although the hay that I cut will
feed cows, although the deep green
fields make Deep Springs feel less
like a Sketchy Ranch near Death

Valley, we have to remember that it
is fundamentally a privilege, not a
debt-paying opportunity, to engage
in this work.

Farm team is often under-
stood as a sort of martyrdom to the
labor program at Deep Springs. And
yeah, farm is hard. Sometimes you
move too fast and make mistakes
and cost yourself a few hours. But
farm is not a chaotic operation for a
gnashing of teeth. Farm is not an ex-
hibit for dramatic expression. Pour-
ing yourself out on the fields is not a
fast-track to becoming a competent
laborer.

The pathology of Labor Mar-
tyrdom is based on the conflation of
effort and contribution. If, for exam-
ple, a farm teamer moves their wheel-
line without checking to make sure
that the chain is catching the gears,
it will result in an extra five hours of
re-alignment and chain replacement.
If, for example, that same individu-
al, in a stupor, forgets to clamp their
bucket to the riser, the middle of
field 2 will look like Old Faithful, and
they will sprint to the pump to turn
it off, and then begin the process of
turning off each of the nine operat-
ing wheel lines so that the system can
regain pressure, for the third time in
two weeks. But upon their return to
the community from the jowls of the
farm, they will be greasy and soaked,
and we will mistakenly enshrine them
for having worked hard for the com-
munity.

The explosions and breaks
on farm are often a result of the
hammer mentality. It makes perfect
sense that hammers are the histori-
cally preferred tool for Deep Springs
farm-teamers. They get things done
quick and dirty so you can go back to
reading Aristotle. But when you only
carry a hammer, everything looks like
a nail, and as such, everything starts
getting bent out of shape and in need

of replacement. I started an experiment, to never bring a hammer out onto my wheel line moves. The only consequence of this approach is that it forces me to do things more carefully. In a lot of ways, this takes the “fun” out of farm. If there are no blasting risers, if there are no bent-up-pipes to weld back together, how will somebody know that I worked hard? Will I get to brandish my soaking, filthy, greased-up-self at dinner? Will I get to be a part of the tradition of Grungy Cowboy Scholars?

My answer is that, in the spirit of Victor Ermita’s preface in Kierkegaard’s *Either/Or*, the inner is not the outer. My physical appearance of having worked hard does not correlate to what I have contributed. The best evidence of what I have contributed is the condition of the fields, the healthy, deep grass, a straight and well maintained wheel line. Farm team isn’t about hard work. It’s about good work. The overlap is not as clear as we often think.

The best advice I ever got from a farmer was, *Do Less, Better*. At Deep Springs, following this aphorism can seem impossible at times. I am leading the farm team without a farm-manager, I am trying to draft proposals so that we can stay here for Term 4 in the midst of this pandemic, I am trying to understand Søren Kierkegaard and Edmund Burke, and trying to be a super-good-friend to 27 people. And I’m not even in a formal leadership position yet, I’m not the chair of anything, I don’t have to even think about cooking, or where I might go if Term 4 doesn’t happen.

But *Do Less Better* is not about specialization. It’s about setting priorities for each responsibility that you take up, it’s about knowing which sorts of effort are contributions, and which sorts of effort are inimical to being a functional contributor to this community.

If it takes exploding wheel lines to learn this art, then God-Will-ing, let the students of Deep Springs

explode more wheel lines. But we’re only here for a little while. In our lives, there will not usually be immense resources to provide a playground for our pedagogy. Our mistakes will usually cost more than our time.

As farm teamers, we have to treat this land sacred, we have to treat our water sacred, and we have to treat the pipes, pumps, sprinklers that unite the land and water in the same way. There is a century of care put into these fields. And before that, many centuries of people who revered this valley, and the abundance of water that it collects.

I’ve heard it said, and I find it to be true, that the most satisfying thing for a farm teamer is the moment that a line pressurizes. The water glows in the golden light, and you walk away into the sunset, knowing that your hand has been a conduit for the life-giving power of water. **L**



Sprouting buckwheat on Field Three

A Speech

Arize Lazarus

By Sam Clark DS19



Tracks rattle and scaffolding shakes. An ephemeral, olive green subway car speeds down an elevated rail system. Caverns expand before and above you, receding into oblivion, the vast nothingness of tracks and cars and platforms. Your hand grips the pole as the subway car lurches, and you realize that you're staring at fur. Black and white fur.

The breathing hide fills the car, expanding like the cave, upward and outward. You zoom out, somehow, and the hide has become a cow. A three-story-tall cow, standing comically in the subway car, its massive legs squeezed into the carriage.

And then you catch a glimpse of pink and realize that you, yes, you, must milk the cow.

A foreign, metallic beeping penetrates the cave. The cow fades and the scene disappears. The alarm's red

dashes of 4:25 assault your eyes.

Your feet shift under the covers.

Arise Lazarus.

As we who watched the hit Harrison Ford movie "Witness" like to say, "4:30. Time for milking." The military efficiency of the early morning is mercifully brutal. The walk is quiet, the breath minty. You're always afraid that a creep is lurking behind the dairy door, ready to pounce before your fumbling hand finds the switch. Once there were cows let in by an unclosed latch, but the creep has never appeared. He will one day.

Your hands fumble for Anousha's speaker, but then you realize:

Music is a false choice. You never really remember it.

After setting out the bait (that is, the

feed) you open the door and the cows heave to their feet.

Arise Lazarus.

They fall for it every time. It's not exactly falling, though. There's an implicit agreement there, between you and the beast, a social contract of sorts: entrapment for illusory pleasure and relief of pain. The critics would go crazy with comparisons to neoliberalism.

Speaking of, there's something demonic in the animals who wake you up at 4:30. Their cloven hooves covered in shit, their horns, which, whether or not they exist, might as well, glinting in the milk-reflected light.

And the songs blare forth:

The final war,
The steel-eyed dinosaur,
Girl I miss you more,
Than I can say.

And Elsa Rose's:

How beautiful if nothing more,
Than to wait at Zion's door,
I've never been in love like this before.

And I guess you never have been in love like this before. Maybe music isn't a false choice. Maybe you do remember it.

The rest is all downhill, really. After the pail is halfway full, you forget that your fingers can't form a proper fist.

The walk back to the dorms is star-studded. Heads once angled towards shit and raw milk now crane towards the heavens. But that's too easy, I suppose. Sure, sometimes you

look at the stars, most of the time
you look towards your bed.

As they say,

Arise Lazarus.

And you do, don't you? To class, to
community meetings, to the bath-
room. Eventually, called by pagan de-
mands of the Cult of the Udder, you
rise again to placate the beasts.

As you walk down to the barn, the
Spring hits you. "Circadian rhythm,"
you think, but don't exactly know
why. I think you use the word to sym-
bolize the epic proportions of your
work: the primordial, intensely bio-
logical world you organize your life
around; the squelch of the teats, the
pawing of the hooves.

The way in which the sunlight pours
through the grimy windows, reflects
itself in the stagnant water, and il-
luminates the dairy barn is almost
Puritan. The echoing bellows of the
pagan beasts are constrained by the
barn's plain architecture; there's noth-
ing baroque here.

You open the door leading to the lot
and...

Arise Lazarus

The cows shuffle to their feet, pre-
pared to lay their milk upon the altar,
to give unselfishly. The udders, once
four shriveled orifices, are now boun-
teous cornucopias. And Paul Simon's
obvious child blares forth:

Well I'm accustomed to the smooth
ride,
Or maybe I'm a dog who's lost its
bite,
I don't expect to be treated like a fool
no more,

I don't expect to sleep through the
night.

Head resting against Lila's flank,
you're struck by the enormity of it
all. That you are merely an acolyte
of the Cult of the Udder—nay—you
are merely an acolyte of the Church
of the Udder. You were admitted
through grace alone: your place was
meant for another; this fate was not
destined to you. The long lineage
of dairymen and women hits you:
From Trinity, the great matriarch of
the line, to Xing Hao to Abie to Levi
to Elsa Rose to Connie and to you.
And before them, the names faintly
recorded in the much-paged dairy
binder: Issac, Brandon, Schuyler, T.J.,
Townes.

But the little Levi inside of my head
wants me to quantify these expe-
riences, to explain the stakes they
have for me as a person. So, I'll say
this: there's certain consistency in
the cows. Of course, they're part of
the Deep Springs mythos, but you
think that's because Deep Springs is
a ranch, after all. The religious icons
of the Church of the Udder will per-
sist: Justin Kim's painting will always
hang in the Main Room. And as you
prepare to praise the cows, if that is
indeed what you're doing, you realize
that mythology is mainly a pattern of
rising and falling, of creation and ca-
veats. The joy of mythologizing jus-
tifies the mythos. The green subway
car will rush onwards, the giant cow
will remain perched on the platform.
And yes, the broad narrative won't be
altered, for there you are, sitting in
the Main Room, ready to speak when
Chen calls your name, to

Arize Lazarus.

L



Photograph by Amin Stambuli DS19



Serious Business

By Xing Hao DS19

I must say,
That was a real brouhaha.
If it weren't for your impeccable track record,
HR would be handing you a cardboard box right now.
Next time,
Don't wear mixed fibers to a company event.

The Foods of Deep Springs College

Circa 2020 A.D.

By Annie Kelley DS20

What would France be without its baguettes, Japan without its sushi, America without its cheeseburgers? Foods define a civilization. Here too, at our little civilization of Deep Springs College, certain foods define the zeitgeist of the current student body.

-

When it comes to summer produce at Deep Springs, one squash stands above all. To say that Deep Springers are physically sustained by the zucchini is too little. As Romulus and Remus suckled at the teat of the she-wolf- nursing the inception of great Roman civilization- so the great minds of the Deep Springs College suckle at the teat of the zucchini. This summer, Deep Springers basked in the glory of roasted zucchini, fried zucchini, zucchini soup, zucchini fries, zucchini bread, zucchini noodles and so much more. On one notable occasion the chefs undertook the noble task of creating an all zucchini meal: “Zucchini Five Ways” featuring spiced pan roasted zucchini, deep fried zucchini fries, egg teriyaki zoodles, zucchini garlic sauce, and, of course, zucchini cake (normal cake with raw zucchini on top). Our thanks to Shelby and everyone on garden team for making this glorious reign of the zucchini possible every summer.

-

For as long as Deep Springs has been in existence, drugs and alcohol have been strictly banned from campus. However, with the entrance of the class of 2020, one substance has become even more elicited, even more taboo, even more tantalizing than even the most exotic and intoxicating hallucinogen. Namely: peanut butter. The forbidden fruit, this delectable spread holds within its endless nutty viscosity the power to kill but also, paradoxically, the power to spiritually sustain. Of course, Students must ultimately weigh which they value more: tree nuts, or the life of their fellow deep springer Carmen. The jury is still out. As one student put it: “Carmen is for two years, peanut butter is for life”

-

With the entrance of Tashroom into his role as student cook, one food instantly leapt forth to encompass much of the Deep Springs culinary ecosystem. Whether you call them lentils, da'al or prefer the increasingly common pronunciation of “Oh god, not this god forsaken legume again. Please. Please, God, no. I've had lentils for five weeks straight. I need something other than wretched, wretched lentils. I need this. My family needs this”, everyone can agree that this brave new protein source is quite a dish! It has been noted that at Deep Spring lentils always have a signature smoky flavor. When questioned about this pungent and reoccurring taste Deep Springs reporters were directed to a press release which just turned out to be the words “Mind your own business. Maybe we put smoked paprika in it. Yeah, maybe we put smoked paprika in it- you ever consider that, news boy?” printed on a sheet of paper in EB Garamond. In the distance chefs could be heard crying, their sobs muffled by the walls of the punit “Why can't we break out of this vicious cycle of always making lentils? Why do we always burn the lentils?”

L



Student Cooks Tashroom DS20, Annie DS20, and Francesca DS19

A Speech Dad

By Amin Stambuli DS19

“Lydgate paused; but Rosamand turned her neck and looked at a vase on the mantelpiece.” -

My dad has learned to incorporate his wants in the shape of worms. He’s deathly ill if you’ll believe him, but I don’t, and choose instead to take offense to his pout and pant over FaceTime. My childhood has taught me to make a point of being as un-receptive an audience as possible. I have seen too many images of toilet bowls crowded with crap, popping with parasites; I have been witness to too many “near deaths” on account of these invertebrate fictions; I have learned to turn my neck pronouncedly.

My dad is a desirous dud. He knows his wants, but has only ineffectual means of getting them. My dad is also intensely affectionate. He has, and has shown, intense affection for my brother and I. It is only when his wants are frustrated—only by dint of dented ambition that his means are laid bare. These means have taken various shapes throughout the years; besides them, I have hastily resolved, his character remains unchanged—it is only they who have been various.

I was young and chubby. At the age of ten, my fat had an irritated quality to it; I was more swollen, as of a sting, than I was heavy. It was my dad’s fault, and I loved him over my mom for it. At the age of ten, “good air” smelled like adhesive and Star-



bucks. I was young and chubby; the ideational and lofty had not yet wrought themselves into my aims. “Good air” smelled like my dad’s rental car. That smell was my juvenile notion of freedom. It meant that the world would be living under the compulsion of my will. For about a year my dad had been coming to Los Angeles in intervals of 3 months: I loved him, and that love was considerably punctuated by my feeling “free”—by the explicit version of Akon’s hit single Smack That and a diet that consisted strictly of chocolate chip cookies.

My dad, like the rest of us, sates his ego by means of semantic adjustment. At the age of eleven or twelve, I wore a tight manchester united jersey,

and had something of a homoerotic obsession with Cristiano Ronaldo. I was developing a consciousness of myself as a sexual being, and bore a vigorous sense of irritation. My dad made a habit of referring to my burgeoning annoyance as “Americanization” or “Brainwashing.” I was becoming acute of myself as sexual, and certain of my dad’s mannerisms grew repulsive to me: his grabbing my thigh, or staring at me with those those proverbial “longing eyes” appropriate only to star-crossed lovers—the memory of his kissing my lips. I was becoming americanized. I no longer understood his performance of affection.

I took interest in my parents’ divorce at a young age. My father would defer to his father, my Jiddo, when asked, who told me, in an excellent piece of accented witticism: “Baba, immak, that hollywood bitch, left your father because she is a hollywood bitch!” This is funny. I know the type, I really do: Kim Kardashian, Kourtney Kardashian, Khloe Kardashian. In recasting my mother as the TV Drama, “Keeping up with the Kardashians,” incarnate, I was proud to understand something deep about my father’s plight.

But my dad’s means became meaner. I also eventually realized, perhaps by tenuous consequence of this, that my mother’s being was not so aptly by summarized by the aforementioned, critically acclaimed, highly decorated TV series. At the age of 14 I wanted my ribs to show. My dad convinced me I was sick, and pointed to the sad fact that I had some egregious love-handles going. At the age of 14 my dad’s opinions were totalizing. I participated in what my witty Jiddo called “the starvation program.” Under the compulsion of my dad’s

speeches, I took herbs and didn't eat. My dad's means became meaner: trumped ambition was now met with shoving, grabbing, and the occasional choke.

Most of our willing life takes place without our noticing it. My dad didn't teach me about health, or my mother, or frustration. He taught me that. Our will is furtive, sneaky. Our desires incorporate themselves into us as convictions blind to themselves as desires. I've learned to consider this in thinking about my dad, in thinking about his motivations. It would be too easy to say, for instance, that he convinced me I was sick—that only he could heal me—so as to foster dependence. My dad only did and does what he is conscious of as being best.

But this is the problem. People in the grip of this kind of thinking or non-thinking are what we psychiatrists call crazy, what we philosophers call deluded. My dad's latest conviction is that he is sick, that parasites are eating his insides. Last year, he water-fasted for three months to get rid of them. I had never seen a body so overburdened by its own weight; never seen the word "weak" clutch a character so thoroughly. It was pathetic. My dad only healed when my brother spent the summer with him alone: a reportedly hot and claustrophobic summer. When my brother left he got sick again: he was hospitalized after a few weeks of juice-fasting, and 4 or 5 enemas a day.

My dad wants our attention. He has faked his death too many times for me not to believe it. His convictions are utterly blind to themselves as desires—they have invested his body in the shape of worms, they live beneath his skin, hidden from his critical glare.

Over 4-5 break I went to Cancun with my Dad. His face had a grey tint to it. His lips a bit dry. His cheeks were hollow, though I could tell he was posing in a way. He looked sad not sick, and asked me if his skin looked yellow. I told him it looked purple. I'm witty like that. I attended to his dramatic prolix, I'm a good son! "All the food the parasites were making him eat, his rock hard gut, his imminent death." You see, I can summarize! I'm attentive!

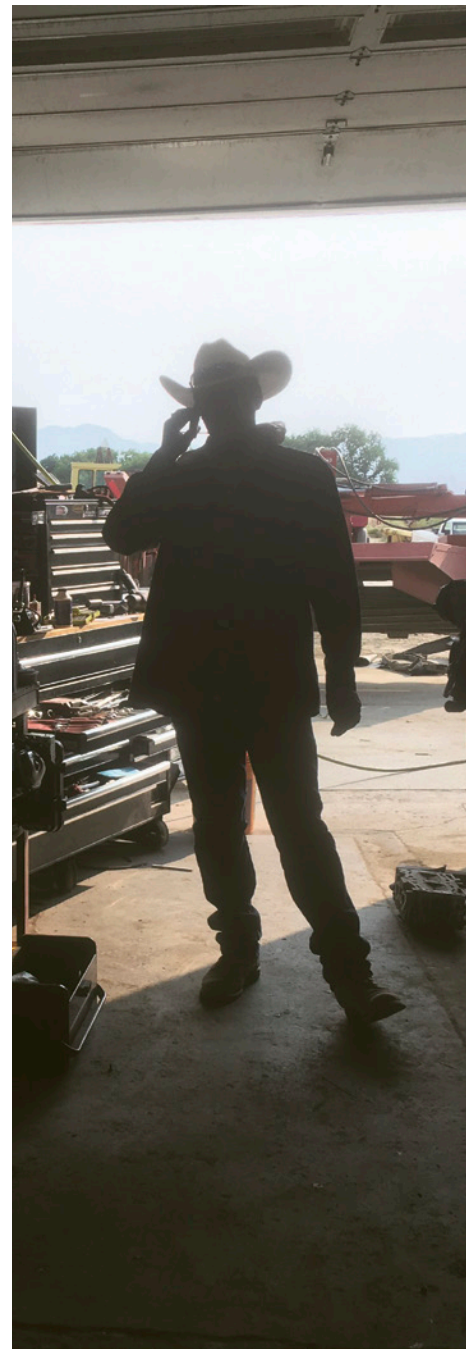
Over dinner one night—I eating ravioli, he eating vegetables—he told me only I could heal him. He said the cause of his sickness was being separated from his children. He said that if I'd drop out of school and live with him he'd be better, but that as it stands he is dying. I mumbled something verbose about how cause and effect doesn't work like that, its not always invertible you know. I made a show of cold and disinterested intellectualism to spite him, and he visibly didn't like it. "I don't need your dissertation." "You're killing me" he said, brimming with desperation, and paused; but I "turned my neck and looked at a vase on the mantelpiece."

L

A Poem

By Jesse Barker Plotkin DS20

The best thoughts are all superficial
Never making their way into words
But I never did learn how to whistle
So I'd be a terrible bird



An Investigative Report

The Russia Connection

By Yinuo Ding DS20

I would like to express my gratitude to Sergei Garrison (DS'07), who helped to translate the posters.

On the first night of my application visit, I was jet lagged and couldn't sleep, so I decided to take a walk. I wandered around the dorm, contemplating paintings on the wall. Besides sketches of mountains and horses, I was rather surprised to find that a vast majority of the artworks seems to be Russian propaganda.



Top left: Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic

Top right: "proletariats of the world, unite!"

Bottom: "Kazak, who are you with? With us or with them?" (soviet patriots in red asking the center Kazak whether he is with them or with the imperialist evils represented by the tan men)

I could read a little bit of Russian, but not well enough. For the rest of the night, I was making trips between the main building and the dorm, trying to figure out what the posters said.

Before moving to Singapore, I studied Russian for five years. I grew up around Manchuria, with post-cultural revolution Russian nostalgia. We speak a northern Chinese dialect, with occasional Russian words mingled into it - dresses, bread, soup - most basic forms of sustenance, most basic components of life.

Everyone in my family speaks a little Russian. My grandpa has a shelf full of Russian books. We have a culture of wilderness, like Russia, like Texas. Our people have big voices and big hearts. We have a collective memory of gangs fighting in the Russian-Japanese War, of smugglers of bearskin hats from the border, of howling wind coming straight from Siberia, of furry winter coats, of rice fields that harvest once a year, which I would argue produce the best rice in the world.

So when I discovered the Russian artworks at Deep Springs, I felt as much surprise as nostalgia. I was immediately intrigued, and I was eager to find out what these posters said and where they came from.

David N told me the artworks are most likely donated by Dr. Norton Dodge (DS'43),



Top: "Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic", "proletariats of the world, unite!"

Bottom: "1 st of May", "all-Russian Subbotnik" (portmanteau-ish word meaning Saturday, but a "volunteer" day of work, tied to patriotism, increasing productivity, etc.)

although he's not too sure. Dodge was an economist who owns the largest collection of Russian Nonconformist art outside the Soviet Union. *The Ransom of Russian Art*, a biographical work by John McPhee about Dodge, offers a detailed account of Dodge's covert operations. It is no exaggeration to say that he single handedly rescued a whole genre of Russian dissent art.

The more I read about Dodge and his nonconformist artwork collection, however, the less certain I feel about making the inferential leap that it is indeed Dr. Dodge who donated the paintings to Deep Springs. All of these artworks resemble more of socialist realism, rather than non-conformist. Most of them have provocative messages. There are call-to-actions: "Have [you] registered as a volunteer?" There



"Everyone to the elections of soviets/councils" (a call to participate)

are portrayals of historical events, such as the Bloody Sunday. There are conventional wisdoms: "An illiterate [man]—same as (might as well be) a blind [man]. Everywhere, bad luck and misfortune await him." There are also idealisations of leaders: "Comrade Lenin cleans the world of filth." The artworks are colourful, realistic, and in many cases read like propaganda. Their messages also correspond to the Socialist Realism Movement championed by Stalin. From 1920 to 1960, Stalin restricted artwork to the sole purpose of exemplifying and glorifying a reality of "true proletarian culture", and instilling hope in communist values. Under the totalitarian dictatorship, all art at that time had to show "party mindedness", and artists who failed to comply were sent to the Gulag or killed in the great terror. Even after the "thaw" following Stalin's death, the artist scene in Russia remained heavily state-sanctioned. Artists who took the risk to create underground works usually hid their artwork in

secretive places, and were supported by their spouses.

Having met a few underground artists, Dodge developed a keen interest in the Non-Conformist artworks of Russia. He then navigated himself through the different artist circles, bought these dissent artworks, and smuggled them back to America, rolling small works inside propaganda posters and larger works into carpets. The period of Russian non-conformism in art history is now represented by Dodge's collection; and in smuggling the artworks out of Russia, he preserved a part of history that was almost purposefully erased.



*Top header: "Who is an anti-semit?"
Text directly below each picture column is hard to read—we can get into the details with better resolution images if necessary.
Bottom footer: "These people, with beastly malice, turn the ignorant against the Jews." (it's a rhyme)*

With that, I still do not have an answer to the mystery surrounding these artworks — whether they are the more conservative pieces in Dodge's extraordinarily extensive collec-



*Blurry, but top corners are probably RSFSR and the "unite" slogan again
Header: "The enemy wants to capture Moscow, the heart of Soviet Russia. The enemy must be annihilated. Forward, comrades!"*

- tion, whether they are the propaganda posters used to disguise the dissent artworks, or if they indeed came from somewhere else. On the other hand, it seems that besides Russian Thistle (also known as Tumbleweed), Russian culture has found another way into Deep Springs. To me, our Russian Art Collection gives me a glimpse of history: both the history of artworks in 20th century Russia, and the legendary history of Norton Dodge. Occasionally, when I look up from my laptop while writing an essay on Dostoevsky for my *Politics of Punishment* class, the artworks serve as a nice reminder of real experiences and adventure, which force me to consider that the experiential foundations of texts, and not just the theoretical. **L**

A Photo Essay

The Student Body and the Pandemic

By Milo Vella DS19

ENTRY 1: May 22, 2020
Written in Philadelphia, PA

Is Deep Springs positioned to be uniquely pandemic-resistant? This hypothesis has arisen several times. At first glance, it does seem possible that our traditions of isolation and “critical remove” from and society at large might also insulate us from the vagaries of nature. But over the course of this semester, it has become increasingly obvious that for a variety of other reasons, Deep Springs is, in fact, uniquely vulnerable to pandemics such as this one.

Our isolation, it turns out, is largely a matter of attention and orientation. While many of us living in the valley choose to focus largely on the community that immediately surrounds us, our tendency to imagine neat bounds around ourselves is an ideational project. We are not self-sufficient, and never have been. Those of us living in the Deep Springs Valley are by no means independent, materially, or socially. Our many interactions with the “outside world” — deliveries, errands to town, periodic breaks and visits home, and of course the annual turnover of students and faculty, as well as the contributions of alumni community and board members — all enable the continued existence and excellence of Deep Springs College. These enriching entanglements create many opportunities for infection.

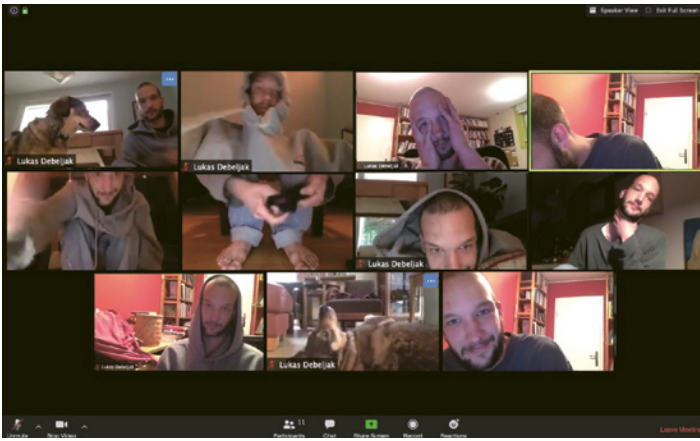
In some senses, Deep Springs students have more at stake in questions of campus closure than do our peers at other colleges. Deep Springs is not merely an idea or a disembodied institution, but also a physical place. It is a specific location and a living, breathing community. Under “normal” operations, we live and interact closely with each other and with other residents of the valley. Although we enjoy the possibility of periodic escape into unattenuated desert expanses, our lives center inward around the Main Circle and the intimacies of seminar and mealtime gatherings. The attempt at a “remote” Deep Springs education makes little sense —

there can be no Deep Springs College without the Deep Springs Valley. Distance-learning in the context of our already-isolated education has the effect of a double negative. The Deep Springs part of Deep Springs is lost. Instead, most of us have been working from bedrooms in our families’ homes, coming together digitally, over Zoom, as if in a surreal Japanese capsule hotel.

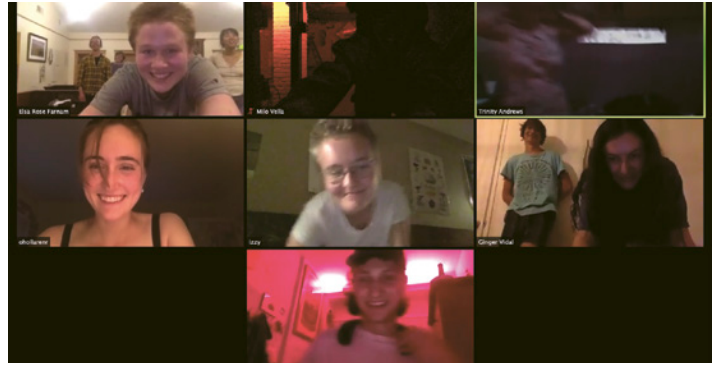
In this pandemic, as the current Student Body has been partitioned and stretched across continents, the basic idea of self-governance has been troubled. Should the group which remains now in the valley be autonomous of the rest of us? To what extent? From the get-go, the high-stakes community safety decisions have had to rely on expertise and higher authorities in a way that reveals the limitations of our typical participatory decision-making mechanisms. Important meetings and conversations have continued over zoom and email, WhatsApp, text, FaceTime, and Skype, but the texture of our collective experience has been indelibly altered.



A feeling of SB coherence has slowly broken down as second-years begin preparing themselves for self-extraction and turn their attention to the world beyond the valley, and as family life takes on more importance for many of us. Even among those of us who feel confident we’ll be going back to the valley for another year, a radical disintegration is palpable. It seems that a few of us have essentially withdrawn into society already. Others — particularly Lukas, Tamar, and Francesca — have managed to proliferate in the new digital medium:



We've continued onward as together as possible — even going so far as holding an online booj.

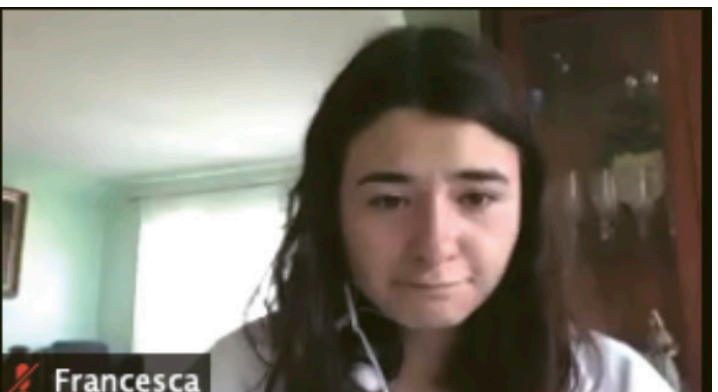
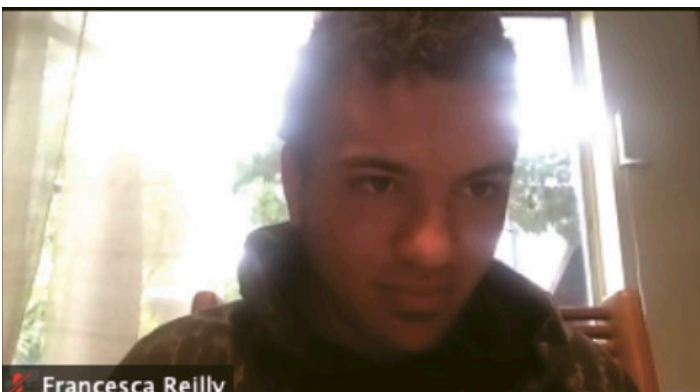


Even more concerning are the sanitary implications of our face-touching tendencies, which have now been laid bare.

As a whole, we have been fortunate, resilient and adaptive. As Ziani and Trinity let us know, “Everything is Fine”...

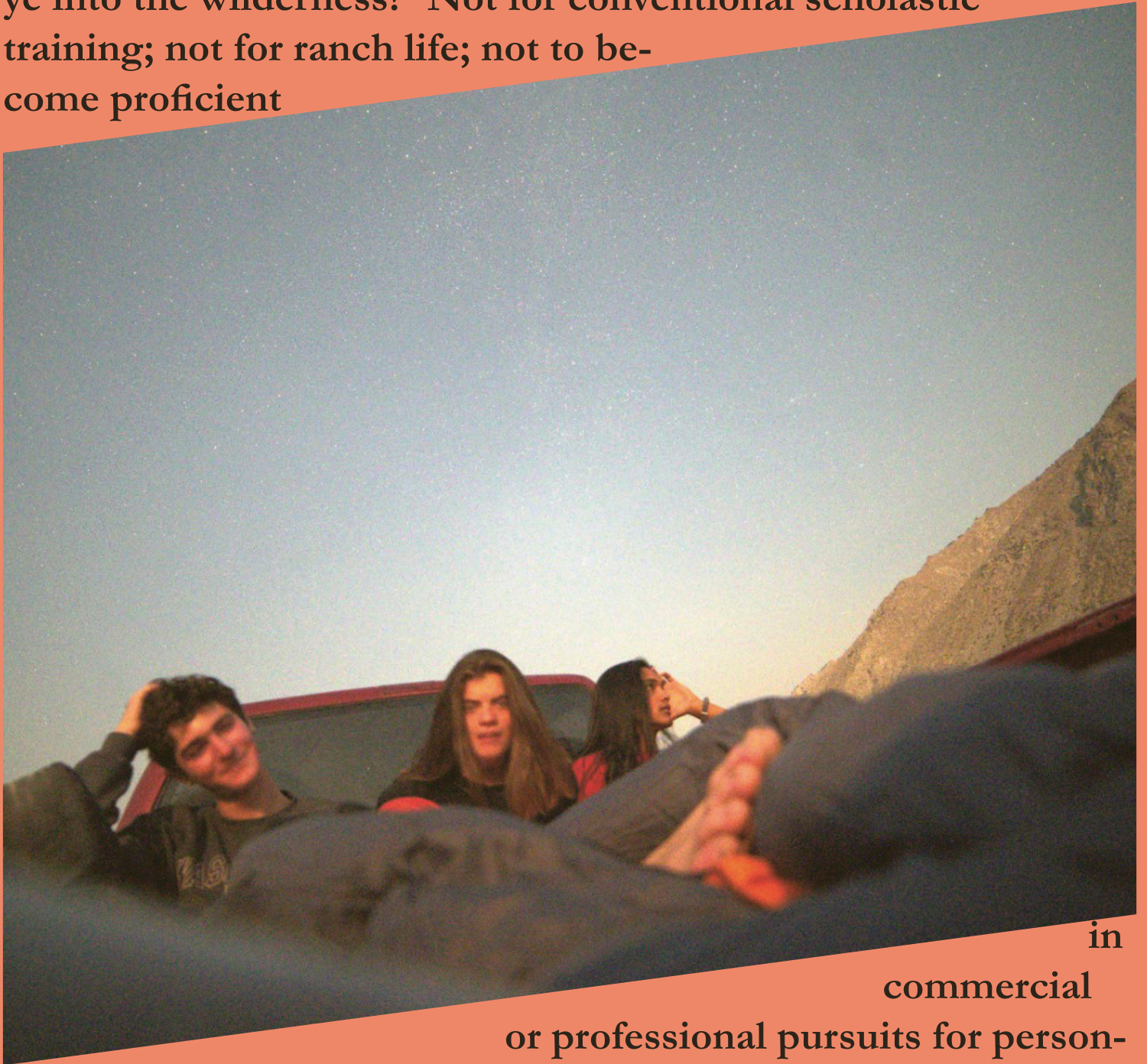


The panopticon that is Zoom has demonstrated our entrenched habits of pensive chin-stroking—and book-kissing—which leave us particularly prone. **L**



Various Zoom Screenshots

The desert has a deep personality; it has a voice. Great leaders in all ages have sought the desert and heard its voice. You can hear it if you listen, but you cannot hear it while in the midst of uproar and strife for material things. 'Gentlemen, for what came ye into the wilderness?' Not for conventional scholastic training; not for ranch life; not to become proficient



in commercial or professional pursuits for personal gain. You came to prepare for a life of service, with the understanding that superior ability and generous purpose would be expected of you.

Interviews

An Interview With *Izzy Pisarsky DS18 By Sean Coomey DS19

Sean: I understand that you played a big part in the new addition to the library. What can you tell me about it and how it came to be?

Izzy: Before I came to Deep Springs I was really interested in feminism and gender studies. I took some classes on it at Bard College, where I attended before DS. I wanted to continue reading and thinking about that, especially because we were talking so much about coeducation and women.

It was term one of my first year, I think, and as I looked up books that I wanted to read I found that we didn't have a lot of them. Our selection on feminism and gender studies was pretty bare. There was just very little there and I was pretty bummed about it to be honest. I thought it would be pretty important to have that at Deep Springs because a lot of the texts aren't easily accessible on the internet.

So I started talking to faculty about it. First I talked to David Niedorf and he was very supportive of the idea. Then on TDS weekend I talked to John Dewis DS94 about it and he immediately mentioned Hal Sedgwick, who had attended Deep Springs. Hal was married to Eve Sedgwick, who was super famous in the fields of feminism, gender studies, and queer theory. Eve basically founded the branch of academic gender studies. And, funnily enough, she

was one of the first female members of Telluride Association. She's dead now, unfortunately.

John said that I should email Hal about the library, and I did. I included a copy of the proposal that I had been working on and sent him a photo of Dixie, which was, at the time, the room that all the female students would meet once a week in. He ended up sending the college some of Eve Sedgwick's books, which was amazing because many contain her notes and annotations. He also wrote the College a check to buy the other books that were on the proposal.

Sean: That's incredible. Thank you for sharing this information with the community.

Izzy: My pleasure.

* Hannah Duane (DS'20) has nobly taken up the position of feminist icon; she has finished adding this collection to our library.

I



An Interview With Justin Kim

By Trinity Addison-Andrews DS18

T: How did you begin teaching at Deep Springs?

J: I found out about teaching at Deep Springs through a friend of mine who was getting her MFA in Painting at Yale. She was applying for teaching positions – I can't remember if she only interviewed to teach or was actually offered a position. Either way, she researched more about the college and decided it wasn't for her. A few years later when I got my MFA I decided to apply. This was 1997 and it was one of my first teaching gigs. That first group – in fact the entire experience of being at Deep Springs – really put me through my paces. I learned a lot.

T: What is the most memorable sound from your time at DS?

J: The most memorable sound was actually not a sound at all, but the silence of the desert (maybe in the same way that water has no flavor). I was walking one afternoon about a mile past the metal dump when I stopped and stood still. There was absolute silence; no wildlife scurrying away, not even any wind. I'd never experienced anything like it before.

T: What artists influence your own work? What teachers influence your teaching?

Probably the most influential artist for me has been David Hockney.

The irony is that I interned for him over two summers when I was in college. At the time I would never have predicted the impact his work would have on me years later. He's the most talented draftsman I've ever seen. His work speaks to a contemporary audience: Los Angeles cityscapes, iPad drawings, manipulated photos. But he's also steeped in the tradition of the Old Masters. I'm committed to bridging traditional and contemporary worlds, so the influence is pretty direct. He also has a wicked sense of humor. The most influential teacher I've had was named Robert Reed. At Yale he was kind of a legend. I didn't realize it at the time, but he was teaching Painting as a process and something to be experienced (as opposed to merely technical skills). One time he took our entire class to a Chinese restaurant. Later we made paintings from memories of that dinner. Another time he had us build a huge installation based on the theme "Circus." We painted from that installation for weeks and the paintings we made were good. You could see the DNA of each student in the work even if the results weren't exhibition-worthy. The experience of working with him was wild, intense, vivid, and struck a deep chord. I would like to think that I've incorporated the spirit of his approach in my own teaching.

T: How have you seen your students combine art and a life of service? How do you?

One thing I find fascinating about Deep Springs is the latitude with which individuals are asked to dedicate themselves to some form of service. On the one hand it provides a lot of freedom to choose. On the other hand, there's a lot of responsibility involved in finding something meaningful. When I teach Painting I emphasize the medium as a vehicle for exploration; a space to gain some degree of self-awareness through making art. I've taught students who have pursued careers including architecture, law, auto mechanics, graphic design, nursing, ranching, managing nonprofits. No matter what the field, I would like to think their work is informed – in direct or indirect ways – by the experience of those Painting courses. In terms of my own work, painting is such a solitary practice it's often difficult to gauge the overall impact of what I'm producing. This is part of the reason I'm committed to teaching. Any opportunity to contribute to the intellectual and emotional growth of another person feels like a huge responsibility. I mean this in the best sense of the word. When Stephen Sondheim describes teaching as a sacred profession I understand what he means. One other thing: teaching painting and making art aren't the only options for someone with an MFA. I spent a year setting up an arts program for people with disabilities and it was hands-down the most satisfying work I've ever done.

T: What artists are you excited about right now?

J: Kerry James Marshall. His work is the most beautiful and interesting I've seen in the last few years. He makes the act of painting feel as natural and essential as breathing. I went to a retrospective at The Met Breuer and it



Top: *Zabriskie Point*
 Middle left: *Ada in the Garden*
 Middle right: *Buddha Shed*
 Bottom left: *Yosemite Meadows*
 Bottom right: *Walking Path**

**All paintings and the rights to them are Justin Kim's*

floored me. The quantity and quality of the work he's produced in the last two decades is staggering. I mean quality in the real sense; not pretentious and not precious. Look up School of Beauty, School of Culture and see for yourself (the anamorphic shape in the center is a reference to Holbein's *The Ambassadors*).

T: How do painting and teaching interact for you?

J: The main way they interact is through the imagination. I don't mean imagination in some completely amorphous, nebulous way. I mean it in terms of imagining, as specifically as possible, what it is like for other people to experience the world. Here's an example with respect to teaching: At the beginning of each semester of Drawing, it's remarkable how many students' drawings depict a stylized version of how the world is "supposed to look." I try to put myself in their place and ask why this is. What are they relying on instead of using perception to look at what's actually in front of them? What specifically is making it difficult for them to see? What kinds of assignments will clear away any baggage while also helping them build some useful skills? In painting I'm also asking how people experience the world, but the focus is different. There's no imperative to teach or instruct and the questions are more open-ended: What is a body? What is space? How do we engage with our surroundings? The focus is on making work that embodies these questions. When I say "making" I mean just that: mixing colors, washing brushes, spending hours in the studio. There's very little room to intellectualize. I usually listen to podcasts; nothing too serious or weighty. It keeps my mind occupied so the rest of me can get to work. **L**



La Petite Mort

By An Anonymous Student

I die to find and in dying find you
 Of life of love without glamour, unbloomed.
 I touch to feel and in touching feel smooth.
 No words help me forget my own desire.
 To ask for truth is to welcome sweet gloom.
 I die to find and in dying find you.
 Figures of speech tend to burn in our fire.
 The smoke of another man fills our small room.
 I touch to feel and in touching feel smooth.
 Mind you the light told me of this prior
 And of lovers silent inside their tomb.
 I die to find and in dying find you.
 I am outside hearing words sound dire.
 I am an elder causing garden swoon.
 I touch to feel and in touching feel smooth.
 After the end is the end, desire,
 For flowers of my love are just short bloomed.
 I die to find and in dying find you.
 I touch to feel and in touching feel smooth.

An Interview With Jane and Karl Steidel

By Milo Vella DS19



January this year saw the untimely passing of beloved David “Farmer Dave” Steidel. The following is an interview of Dave’s wife Jane and their son, Karl, who lived at Deep Springs for the first three years of his life and now, thirty years later, is married and expecting a child of his own. Jane actually shared the Farm Manager position with Dave until her role shifted to mother of Karl. The Steidel family’s many significant contributions to Deep Springs in the late ‘80s and early ‘90s included: organic certification; expansion of the community’s produce self-sufficiency; increasing yields of famous potatoes which were marked in town and even featured on a Chez Panisse menu; revitalization of a greenhouse; refurbishment of tractors given up as lost; and much more.

Jane and Karl Steidel interviewed
Milo Vella
Sunday, May 24, 2020

Milo: One reason why this is an exciting conversation to me is that I got to interview Gabriel Delgado about his farming philosophy for last fall’s newsletter. Would you like to talk about Dave’s farming philosophy? We could begin with what ideas shaped his relationship with Deep Springs? What were his central interests and influences and priorities? Where did he find beauty and inspiration?

Jane: Prior to coming to Deep Springs, Dave had been working for the East Bay Regional Park District for 10+ years and his last position before we moved away was as the Farm Manager at the Tilden Little Farm in the East Bay. He loved farming and gardening and geology, which was how he first was taken to the desert, to Death Valley. He loved

the desert and gardening. He was always interested in everything there, right up from the intricate workings of the chemistry of it all. But also, just the beauty. So just like Gabriel talks about the beauty, Dave saw beauty in being able to grow something from seed and have it come to fruition and grace our table.

I think those two things were most influential in our choice to take this job when it was brought to our attention. And then he was also involved through the East Bay Regional Parks District in one of the first years that the sustainable agriculture conference happened down in Monterey or Carmel. And so he went to that very first one, which was very small. This first conference brought together a small group of movers and shakers in the beginning of the organic movement, including Amigo Bob Cantisano who later visited Deep Springs on Earth Day while we were working there. Dave was very inspired by Amigo and led us to go through all the stringent work to have Deep Springs become a certified CCOF farm (California Certified Organic Farmers). And so he came to Deep Springs with the intention of making it a sustainable farming endeavor.

And I think the other piece that goes into your question about Dave’s sort of philosophy is that he really was a believer in being part of a team. From the time he was young, he was always involved in team sports; and about the importance of learning to work together and be accountable for one’s actions. He called it “touchy-feely farmers.” You know, you got to talk to us, you got to tell us what the deal was. And you know, if you stayed up all night last night working on a paper, then there’ll be no driving the bale

wagon, 'cause you might drive it into a post (and this did happen, lesson learned too late). We're going to sit down and we're going to talk about how we're going to get this done. Or if this mishap happened, then we got to figure that out. Actually, from these letters I was just looking through, from students who wrote things to us as we were leaving, they show that that was one of the things that a lot of them came to appreciate about Dave; he set everyone on the farm staff to a high bar. He really did want the students to think of this as a team endeavor. And if you screw up, it's gonna affect all of us down the line. We really encouraged everybody to think of consequences. People really appreciated that team effort and the fact that Dave cared how things worked. And people discovered the same passion for growing things, doing it right, being sustainable, leaving a good legacy—

Karl: And hard work.

Jane: And hard work. Yeah, exactly.

Milo: Do you have a sense that Deep Springs had a lasting impact on him and on your family?

Jane: Yes. There are many lifelong friendships that made our time at DS so rich and deep; especially Geoff and Iris Pope. They were our rock and continue to be solid friends. Also the amazing impacts of all the people we met and socialized with at and after our 5 years at that remarkable institution, including (but not limited to): the late Stéphane Hessel (French Ambassador to the UN) and his wife Christiane, Peter Rolnick, Richard Mahon, Robert Gay, Bill, Joan and Raffie from N.Y./CUNY, and every student, instructor and

administrator who passed through the Valley for a short or longer stay. Being at the college broadened and enriched our lives in multitudes of ways through knowing these people. I was actually just reading Dave's resignation letter and you know, by the time we'd been there five years, we were pretty wiped out. Becoming parents, managing the farm program and all the in's and outs was pretty tiring. There was a lot of turnover when we were there. In terms of the president, Sherwin Howard was the last president that was there, but I think there were like three, or four changes of leadership. And one thing, which was difficult for Dave was that we lost the mechanic position when Wendell and Jenny—Jenny was the cook and Wendell was the mechanic—left. He was a character and we missed his skills when his position was taken away. . But anyway, when, when we lost that position Dave was pretty upset about that. He had to be the mechanic and the farmer and he really didn't love working on equipment. He was very good maintenance of the equipment, but fixing things that would break that wasn't up his alley.

Karl: But he needed the equipment.

Jane: But, yeah, he needed the equipment. And so he had to get resourceful; he worked with and befriended several of the alfalfa growers that lived around Bishop and that area. And sometimes he would, you know, use their resources or their expertise to help solve problems. But it was, it was a little patchwork to try to get things in working order to his standards which were, by all accounts, not unreasonable. So that became difficult. I was just reading his letter and it says, "we found that the termination of the mechanics position has compromised our time at Deep Springs and we feel we can no longer continue doing the work there." But parallel to that, of course, was that Karl was going to be three, and we had to make a decision about school. You know, we didn't have the opportunity to fly his plane to town like Jeff Pope did to take his daughters to school.

Milo: Oh my gosh!



Jane: So several things kind of mixed together to make it important to go.

Milo: Did you continue to farm where you are now? In Quincy?

Jane: Well we had intention to, but as it happens, Dave moved into being the coach within our small rural community; there were only a handful of parents who could/would do that. And Karl became involved in sports at a young age. Dave coached all his teams: recreational baseball, soccer, basketball, and Dave coached all of those sports for these young kids. (except downhill skiing which Karl also did). Basically, he was the head or assistant coach for almost every team that Karl was on all the way up into and through high school. He became the assistant coach for high school men's soccer and baseball; continuing to stress his team player philosophy efforts and impressing fair play and good sportsmanship.



He did an excellent job with skill and hard work and also being compassionate and supportive and yeah. Karl's nodding his head. Yes. Yeah, he was a great coach. Many of the kids he coached through the years have thanked him for all he taught them.

He did that for a while as a volunteer. And then about 10 years ago,

he got a job with the U.S. Forest Service after Karl went off to college. Dave became a recreational technician and he managed the campgrounds, the concessions for all the campgrounds here in this district of Plumas National Forest; serving as the liaison with the campground hosts. And again, that was a job that on one hand appeared to be one thing and ended up being a whole lot more than that; he was a temporary seasonal employee with automatic rehire rights, and was responsible for doing work that was really for full time permanent employees. He did a remarkable job and was lauded for his dedication. He left the seasonal position in August 2019 so we could do some bucket list trips; camping and visiting friends and going back to the desert in early November with friends and with Karl and Jessica for Karl's 30th birthday. So he had just retired and had a few more months where we did a few trips, and then and then, sadly, he passed away suddenly in January.

So no, we didn't farm commercially. We did have a big, huge garden at our house here. But it's a pretty short growing season since we're nearly 3,500 feet here. We continued to travel to the desert and go camping once or twice a year with friends out in Death Valley and we traveled to Arizona, New Mexico camping the whole time.

Milo: I think it was really neat actually, that it wasn't so much the farming that Dave carried on with him but the team-leadership.

Jane: Yup. Yeah, yeah, yeah. That was, that was really important to him. He was a man with very strong values, you know. He was always intentional and concerned with doing things right and following the rules, and yet he liked to have a really good time. So, he was always a big entertainer. We had, and still have actually, lots of friends here where we live now, and we were known as the place that people came to have a special time—when Dave would throw a party, it was a big, big deal—and he did it often: Mardi Gras, Winter Solstice, New Years, food themed parties. It was done very creatively and was a party people remembered for a long, long time.. He put a lot of effort into it; he put a lot of effort into just about everything he did. Yeah. So, he liked to entertain, loved to cook, really loved to cook from his garden. Loved to barbecue. Oh, and music for God's sake.

Yeah. So, the Farmer Dave Farm hour was a show that began at Deep Springs. It was a 5 or 10 watt transmitter that somebody, Scott Fybush, maybe? I think one of the students put together that transmitter from a kit. It was a radio station broadcast from a student's room at the College that I think people jokingly said was "heard throughout the wider Deep Springs Valley." Yeah. And Dave put all kinds of music, Deep Springs "news" and banter together once a week or so. He had a very eclectic love of all different kinds of music from country to jazz to rock and roll, Americana, blues. He

worked for Bill Graham Presents in San Francisco and the East Bay as a security guard for them in the early seventies and he was what they call a “blue coat” at the Fillmore West and the Cow Palace in SF and Berkeley Community Theater, Oakland Civic Auditorium. So, he had a long history with rock and roll in the backstage kind of lifestyle. Karl and I are left with a gigantic LP and CD collection. Dave was a musicologist and knew an unbelievable amount about musical history as it related to all kinds of music. When we moved to Quincy, he picked back up doing the Farmer Dave Farm Hour ... and a Half on our little local station. He did an hour and a half, twice a week. Lots of people in our community still call him “Farmer Dave”. And we are hoping to be able to get some archived music from his shows on our little radio station here in town to honor him at some point. Yeah. So, he did that for, gosh, I don’t know, 10 years. I think he tried to keep that up and that was again, a labor of love because it took a lot of prep time to do it the way he wanted to do it, which was yeah, no money and just kind of putting it out there with a lot of skill, knowledge, love and creativity.

So yeah. Music, sports, cooking, gardening, the desert. Yeah, I guess that kind of touches all the bases.

Milo: Fantastic. Thank you. Karl, is there anything you want to add?

Karl: Well, I feel like that my choice of career was definitely influenced by my dad. I work for United Natural Foods Industry which is the largest natural food distributor in the country. And you know, I’ve, I’ve worked at little natural food stores and mom didn’t mention but he



also worked at the local co-op here in Quincy for a number of years as the produce manager. So, growing up with that and the obvious love of food and, and then going and working in grocery stores in Santa Cruz, Eureka, Santa Rosa which I did for a number of years seemed to make sense. And that knowledge from him led me to be able to move forward in my career faster than a lot of people. I mean, I’m definitely the youngest person in my group doing, doing what I do. He definitely gave me that opportunity. And I mean, I love to cook too, so that’s, that’s what I mean with my job. I get lots of great food. So I wanted to learn how to cook, like my dad, which was not the easiest... man he was good!

Jane: And Karl and his wife Jessica are having their first child, a boy, at the end of September. So this joyful news came to me after Dave had passed—these two life changes happening in the same year! I’ll be a grandmother! They’re buying their first house down in Concord in the East Bay. And Karl’s wife works with service dogs, well...

Karl: She is a licensed service dog trainer, but currently works at a school for kids with autism.

And so she hopes to bring service dogs into the autism community with kids. Yeah.

Milo: Well that, that’s great. Thank you so much for sharing. I imagine that the alums who got to meet you as a newborn and little kid will be excited to hear where you are now! Thank you both so much for your time. It’s so exciting to hear about Dave Steidel and his spirit, and your family’s presence at Deep Springs. And it’s beautiful to see the way that it continues, and the resonances with the work that Gabriel does now.

Jane: Oh, you’re so welcome. So you’re thinking you have an interest in agriculture as well, Milo, are you?

Milo: Yes, definitely. Yeah. And in the desert.

Jane: And the desert? I know. Once you get there, you get the bug. It pretty much sticks. Some do get it and some don’t. Thank goodness not everybody does! That’s what we always say.

Yeah. Well, good luck to you and you’re so welcome. Okay, thank you.

Bye! **I**



In Memoriam

Remembrances Of

Ulric S. Haynes, Jr. (1931-2020)

By Chris Nicholson DS95 and Graeme Wood DS97



Ulric S. Haynes, Jr., a former Trustee of Deep Springs and Withrow lecturer, died of COVID-19 in August at the age of 89. He had retired to Florida after a long career as a diplomat, public servant, businessman, educator, and advisor and friend to people of all ages. He served on the National Security Council staff during the Johnson administration; taught in a Freedom School in Mississippi during the Civil Rights movement; represented the Cummins Engine Company in Tehran under the Shah; and was the United States Ambassador to Algeria from 1977 to 1981. In the last capacity he was on the team that negotiated the freedom of American hostages in Tehran. (Algeria mediated the negotiations.)

Rick spent the back half of his career in education, as president of SUNY-Old Westbury and later dean at Hofstra. His transition to academia was a stroke of luck for many young people, with whom he interacted without pretense or condescension. If you wanted to know about the world, but knew noth

ing of it, meeting Rick could yield reading suggestions, introductions, jokes, anecdotes, frank assessments of politicians foreign and domestic, and the friendship of a man whose generosity was overwhelming and instinctive. A conversation with Rick could end with his arranging your meeting with the leader of the resistance to French rule in the Casbah of Algiers, or telling you how the Black Panther fundraiser in Tom Wolfe's essay "Radical Chic" (1970) really went down. (Rick was there, and Wolfe quoted him pungently.)

Rick came to Deep Springs in April 1998 as a guest speaker, at the introduction of his friends William vanden Heuvel DS4TK, Robert F. Gatje DS4TK, and Ed Wesely DS4TK. He lectured on Algeria and foreign relations to an SB that was -- like many SBs before it -- not previously engaged in discussion of international affairs, at least not of the modern era. (The Peloponnesian War, maybe, but not the policies of the Carter administration.) He connected students with opportunities abroad and introduced them to acquaintances who could nurture their interests. The Trustees invited him, with student encouragement, to join the board, and he accepted. He served until 2004, devoting himself to the internationalization and the diversification of the SB.

His contributions to Deep Springs came 50 years late. That was not his fault. Rick had wanted to apply as a

student in 1948, but he was black, and Deep Springs did not admit black students. His contributions are noted with affection, and with sadness and embarrassment that they could not have come earlier.

Graeme Wood

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Rick Haynes pronounced my full name -- 'Christian Von Nicholson?' -- with a voice for radio and a diplomat's formality. When I first heard him over the receiver in a phone booth at the SF Zen Center, I thought I was in trouble. It was actually the opposite of trouble. Rick was a Dickensian benefactor *ex machina*, and he had taken an interest in me.

I had dropped out of Deep Springs after my first year and spent the next two clinically depressed. When the call came through in September 1998, I was wearing dark sweats and flip flops, a kind of pre-monk studying meditation and considering a career as a bodhisattva. Rick was a Deep Springs trustee, and he had a way of rescuing strays.

For several years he played a crucial part in my life, leading me from the zen center through Guatemala to the American University of Paris, where he had ties as a Hofstra dean. He did the same, using different paths, for many others.

There were few places where Rick did not know someone.

His network extended to Bangladesh, where I had gone to study microfinance at Grameen Bank and was traveling from village to village to see its system of social pressure and support in action. Rick wanted

to open my eyes to the possibilities of the place, and suggested I meet an old friend. This friend led a group that sang ragas late into the night, sitting on the floor of a small room with white-washed walls. They invited singers from the Indian state of West Bengal to come back and teach Bangladeshis their techniques, since many musicians in east Bengal had been killed in the war of independence.

Rick had a high tolerance for that mixture of ambition, curiosity and naïveté that marks a certain type of Deep Springer in their 20s. He listened well, and made you feel like you were in on whatever joke he was weaving.

His stories made subtle points -- about how the world works, or could be made to work, when things fall apart and the skills of diplomats are tested. They were parables of particular interest to Deep Springers, who train in acrimony during SB meetings, and to whom Rick could offer lessons in resolution.

When Rick was ambassador in Algiers, he and his wife turned the canteen of the US Embassy into the place to gather, even as his deft, welcoming manner made him a magnet for human intelligence. During that time, the US had no official ties to the PLO. But Rick maintained contact by attending diplomatic soirees. He and an accomplice would face one another in conversation, while drifting toward a pair of Palestinian officials doing the same dance, until finally he and his counterpart could speak directly back to back, while seeming to speak with someone else entirely.

His goal was to break an impasse with a group that mattered to US interests, and he did so with a suave flexibility

toward the rules.

With his death, the country has lost a public servant, Deep Springs a friend, and younger generations a mentor. He will be sorely missed.

Chris Nicholson

I

In Memory Of Gregory Votaw (1928-2020)

By David Cole DS45

*The following is an excerpt from The Washington Post:**

Gregory B. Votaw, 92 years old, an economist who dedicated his life to world economic development, alleviation of world hunger, and peace activism, died Friday night August 28 2020. He passed peacefully with his three children at his side in a retirement community in Adamstown, MD. He was a resident of Bethesda, MD for more than 55 years and enjoyed spending summers with his daughter and her family in Steamboat Springs, CO. He was born in Chester, PA in 1928. He is survived by three children and six grandchildren: Stephen Gregory Votaw of Arlington, VA, and his son Daniel G.J. Votaw of Santa Fe, NM; Michael Albert Votaw and his wife Elizabeth S. Votaw of Potomac, MD and their children Alexandra Votaw, Anna Votaw, and Michael Todd Votaw; and Lisa Votaw Olson and her husband Brian Olson of Steamboat Springs, CO and their children

Taylor Delgado Olson and Abby Marie Olson. His wife of many years, Carmen Delgado Votaw, a prominent Puerto Rican women's equal rights and civil rights activist and lobbyist from Yabucoa, PR, died of breast cancer in February 2017. In the Quaker tradition of his father, Ernest N. Votaw, and after seeing several high school classmates at Westtown School in Chester, PA perish in World War II, he became a peace activist, pacifist, and conscientious objector. Never running away from a moral fight or responsibility, he was active in the peace movement in Chicago in the 1950's. As a conscientious objector, rather than leave the country or risk being jailed for refusing to fight, he volunteered to serve in Korea in the Christian Missionary Service supporting the civilian corps of the U.S. Army for two years during the Korean War. He graduated from Deep Springs College in California, earned a master's degree in Economics from the University of Chicago, and completed the equivalent of a PhD in economics at Lincoln College at Oxford in England. He was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Honor Society

His professional career began as an economic consultant for the Government Development Bank of Puerto Rico in San Juan, PR. There he met his wife Carmen, and they married in 1960. The Votaws moved to Tehran, Iran where Greg served as an economic development consultant with the Harvard Advisory Group in the early 1960's. Their first child, Stephen G. Votaw, was born overseas in 1962.



They moved to Bethesda, MD in 1963 when Greg began working at the World Bank. They lived in Bethesda, MD for more than 55 years and were active in the community, the Montgomery County Democratic Party, and their church- St. Luke's Episcopal of Bethesda, MD. Greg and Carmen were very involved with St Luke's Church since its early years in the 1960's. They were devoted to St. Luke's open, progressive, and socially conscious mission. Greg served on the church's Vestry leadership and was involved in numerous programs. Their son, Michael Albert Votaw, was born in 1964 and their daughter, Lisa Votaw Olson, was born in 1967. Dedicated to economic development and improvement of the world and the lives and livelihoods of its people, he worked for the World Bank from 1963 to 1978 as an economist, coun-

try director, regional director- Africa, and regional director- East Asia and Pacific. There he managed financing and planning for major infrastructure and industry development projects in India, Bangladesh, Korea, the Philippines, Japan, and Sub-Saharan Africa. Each of his three children, in turn, were able to accompany him on trips while he performed his work with the World Bank.

Thus, they were given a firsthand taste of his wide-ranging world travels- through Africa, East Asia, Australia, and Europe. Always thoughtful and generous, he took time to lead and support many progressive causes including The Hunger Project, Christian Missionary Service (during the Korea War), Samaritan Ministry, the 1818 Society (for World Bank retirees), and the Gala Hispanic Theater. He was a dedicated fan attending hundreds of his grandchildren's lacrosse, basketball, softball, baseball, and soccer games, and dozens of their musical and theater performances. Mr. Votaw lost his older brother, Albert N. Votaw, in the terrorist bombing of the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, Lebanon in 1983. He had followed in Albert's footsteps attending high school at the Westtown School in Chester, PA and then Deep Springs College in Cali-

fornia. After his brother's death, he was like a father and grandfather to Albert's four children- Claire Votaw, Susan Votaw West, Cathy Votaw, and Mrzy Votaw- and their families. Greg was loved by everyone he met. He was kind and caring and sought the best in everyone he met. In many ways, he was a silent hero who led by the example of his deeds. He will be missed by all who knew him. In his later years, he was thankful for those who cared for him, completing a life full of grace, while rarely complaining despite physical ailments that accumulated over time, including total blindness from glaucoma and chronic back pain. He worked to complete crossword puzzles into the last week of his life (with help from his children due to his blindness). Earlier in retirement, he enjoyed spending summers in Steamboat Springs, CO where he loved attending outdoor concerts and enjoying the beautiful mountains and scenery of Colorado with his daughter and her family. In his honor, he would be grateful for everyone to look for ways to lend a helping hand, to be generous with your smiles, to be open and willing to understand another person's point of view, and to seek the best in everyone you meet. He believed that in the end what is most important is not your accomplishments and what you do with your life, but rather how you make others feel. He will certainly be missed for the many ways he filled our lives with love and light. In a final act of service, he donated his body to the Maryland State Anatomy Board to support medical students and scientific research. A memorial service will be conducted through St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Bethesda, MD at a later date. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to The Heifer Project, Deep Springs College, Gala Hispanic Theater, or St. Luke's

Episcopal Church in Bethesda, MD. In a final act of service, he donated his body to the Maryland State Anatomy Board to support medical students and scientific research. A memorial service will be conducted through St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Bethesda, MD at a later date. In lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to The Heifer Project, Deep Springs College, Gala Hispanic Theater, or St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Bethesda, MD.

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To add further to the Bayard Rustin story, yes, he was already an important activist for civil rights and black equality. I imagine that Greg Votaw had met him through his Quaker connections. I was in China with the Brethren Service Committee and UNRRA training Chinese how to operate and maintain tractors during the academic year 1946-47 so was not at Deep Springs when this took place, so I am only guessing on some aspects. My hunch is that the Student Body had, on Greg's recommendation, invited Bayard Rustin to come and give a lecture. Si Whitney was the Director at that time and he may well have been informed and approved of this invitation. But, somehow the Trustees got wind of this and voted to reject the invitation over ruling the Student Body. For those who aren't aware, the Board of Trustees at that time was dominated by three extraordinarily conservative members: Judge Carroll Whitman (the ring leader) and his two followers, Frank Noon and Harold Waldo. There were two liberal members, Jack Laylin and one other, who were always outvoted. My father, who was a charter member of Teluride Assoc. knew Whitman, Noon and Waldo well and did not regard them highly. At this time they had im-

posed a quota on Jewish students of a maximum of 2 and, as I understand it, this was one of the issues that led to Si Whitney's departure as Director. The Bayard Rustin rejection might also have been an additional factor in his decision. Si was a very honest and honorable man as well as a great teacher and he was always struggling with the Board. Also, the Student Body Representative on the Board must have strongly objected to this interference in Student Body autonomy.

As for the letter from Bob Albright to Mr. Rustin, my guess is that he may have been the President of the Student Body at that time or the chair of some committee and thus wrote the letter on behalf of the Student Body. I believe that Bob Albright was actually class of '45 as were Votaw and I. Both Albright and Votaw went from Deep Springs to the Univ. of Chicago to complete their undergraduate studies. I remember visiting them in Chicago probably in January 1948 on my way back from my home in Michigan to Deep Springs for the spring semester. They were close friends and, as I said, room mates.

Best wishes and fond remembrances to all.

David Cole

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*Letter from Bayard Rustin to Robert Albright (DS'44)**

(Bob had advised Bayard that the Trustees of Deep Springs College had overruled the student body's invitation to Rustin.)

January 10, 1947

Dear Robert Albright,

I wish to thank the student body for the stand which they took and to let you know that I am convinced that we have a great deal to be thankful for in the situation when students are seeing as clearly and behaving as creatively as many groups are today.

I am very sorry that the board did not see fit to extend the invitation, but we ought not to be discouraged, for the racial problem, like most other problems which we face in our time, springs from an emotional rather than a basically intellectual source.

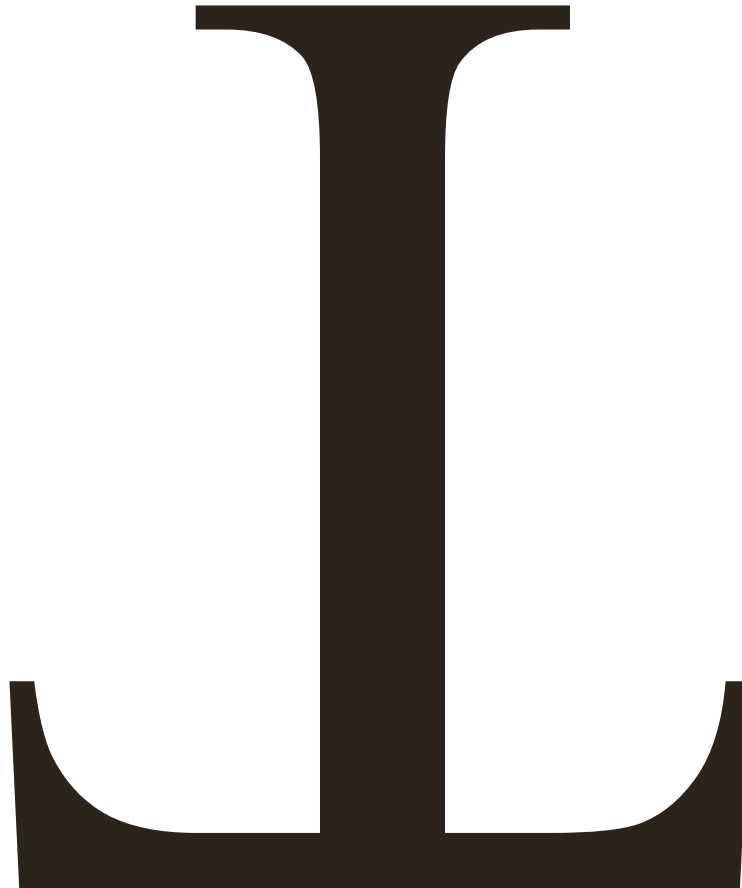
When one is dealing with human attitudes, longsuffering, perseverance, and consideration for those who disagree with you is a very necessary step. Our aim must be to place ourselves in the position of others and to see that if we had had their experiences we would be very much as they are. Once we have faced this fact we can then struggle against injustice with that spirit which in the long run takes away the occasion for injustice.

Again, I wish to express to you what an inspiration it has been to receive your letter.

Yours sincerely,

Bayard Rustin

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Special Thanks to all who agreed to be interviewed and to those who contributed their own poems, speeches, and thoughts.

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