

Alumni Newsletter Fall 2015



DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE

Welcome

to the Fall 2015 Deep Springs College Alumni Newsletter!

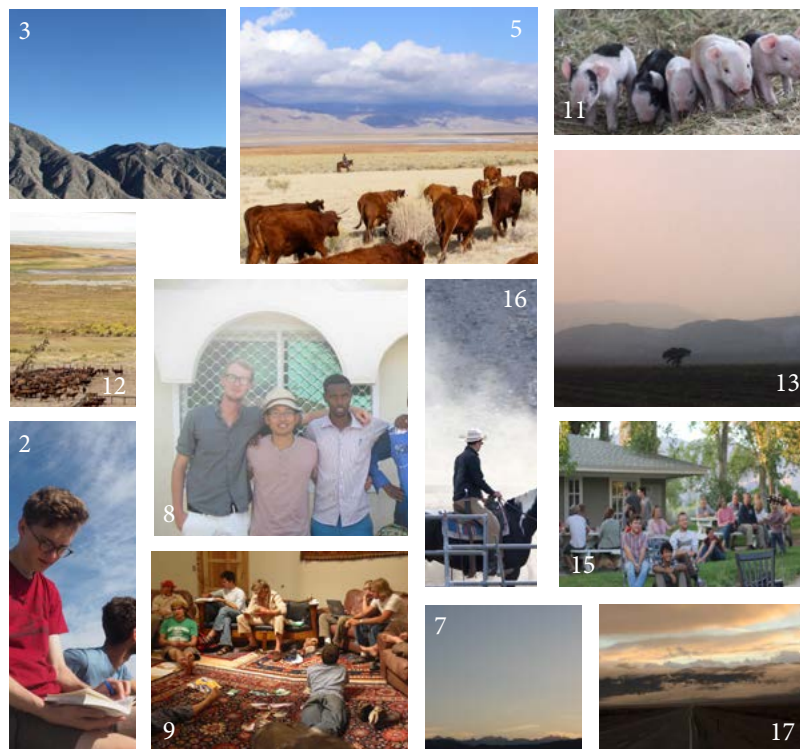
This newsletter is brought to you by the Deep Springs community, with the hope of sharing what is going on in the valley with those outside of it. If you have any comments or stories of your own, send me an email at bmsnyder@deepsprings.edu.

Enjoy,
Bryce Snyder DS'14, Editor

PS: Look out for excerpts from DS alum and former president Jack Newell's new book, *The Electric Edge of Academe*. The book examines Nunn's radical educational ideals, their implementation at Deep Springs, and their relevance today.

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Academic Update

Fall Semester

David McNeill offers two courses during his first semester as the Aird Humanities Chair. The first is Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, a course that consists of a meticulous reading of Aristotle's masterwork. In the class students engage with considerations of the question of a good life, hoping to come away with answers of their own.

David's second course is titled *Shakespeare's Poets*. The class covers four of Shakespeare's most compelling dramas: *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *The Tempest*, and *Measure for Measure*, with an eye for metacommentary on the power and limitations of poetic construction. The class will culminate in a 20 page paper and a performance,

Jenny Smith, our long term Social Sciences professor, brings to the table two courses: *Marx, Weber, Durkheim* and *War and Peace*. The former delves into the writings of three seminal figures in the field of sociology and covers works such as *Das Capital*, *The Protestant Work Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, and *The Division of Labor in Society*.

The latter course is an empirical exploration of the phenomenon of international conflict. Students read theories of how wars start, how they are resolved, and whether they can ever be just, taking cues from the fields of political science, psychology, and international relations, among others. As part of their exploration, the class will visit the Manzanar National Historic Site, where over 11,000 Japanese Americans were incarcerated.

Michele Lanan is the returning Herbert Reich Chair of the Natural Sciences. Her first class is titled *Collective Behavior of Complex Systems: The Formation of Patterns in Nature*. Although the name is a mouthful, the class's goal is concise: to address self-similarity and how it manifests in the world. The course looks at ant colonies, sand dunes, beehives, among other things, to develop a broad understanding of patterns and their function in nature. Michele's second class, *Animal Behavior*, addresses the

cognitive functions of a diverse array of animals and their implications on understandings of consciousness and behavior.

Dean **Amity Wilczek** leads a course this semester titled *the Future and History of Infectious Disease*. The class investigates how disease biology affects disease transmission and treatment, and how this in turn influences public health decisions.

Justin Kim returns to Deep Springs again to teach his famous crash course: *Introductory Painting*. This class covers the basic materials and techniques, and then moves on to form, the figure, abstraction, and anti-painting.

Steve Berg returns to the valley for the first time since his 2005 Summer Seminar, this time with a hellish offering: *Dante's Divine Comedy*. The class works canto by canto through the trilogy, using philosophical lenses to understand Dante's vision of the best soul.

Labor
Position: *Creamer*

The abundance of milk produced by our dairy cow Sarah (~90 lbs per day) a new labor position has been created to provide the college with cheese, yogurt, and other fresh dairy products. Pictured to the right is a wheel of DS Brie.



New to the Valley:

David McNeill

By Jack Spira DS'15

Earlier this fall, the Deep Springs community welcomed David McNeill into his role as Robert B. Aird Chair in the Humanities. A member of the American Philosophical Association, David specializes in ancient philosophy and 19th to early 20th century German philosophy.

He is particularly interested in the relationships between the two schools of thought in their treatment of ethics, moral psychology, and metaphysics. His latest book is called *An Image of the Soul in Speech: Plato and the Problem of Socrates*, and he is currently working on a publication concerning the role that perplexity plays in the ethical deliberations of Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics.

David enjoys teaching literature alongside philosophy, and especially values the ways in which dramatic representation of character can augment philosophical work, as exemplified in Plato's dialogues. In the future, he hopes to offer classes on Aristotle's rhetoric (and its influences on the Western tradition) and 20th century Irish poetry and fiction.

David studied for his Bachelors at St. John's College in Annapolis, during which time he took six months off to work as a carpenter's apprentice in Antarctica. He completed his PhD through the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago, working briefly as a visiting scholar at University of California-Berkeley and a Bradley Fellow at California State University-Humboldt. After two years as a post-doctoral fellow at Grinnell College and one year at Hofstra University, David most recently served as a faculty member for eleven years at the University of Essex.

Having known about Deep Springs College for a number of years, he initially considered the possibility of

teaching on sabbatical here, though his return to the United States happily coincided with an opening in the position of humanities chair. Motivated in his teaching by a vision of what a liberal education can be, David sees Deep Springs as a place where students are unhampered by the constraints so often found at other universities, which often treat students as clients. Drawn by the idea

of working with students already dedicated to the deliberate orientation of a community and the centrality of labor to the student experience, he eagerly looks forward to joining our community in his new position, and has thus far greatly enjoyed the luxury of working with impassioned students.

David expects to once again pick up rock climbing, an old hobby, as he returns to the landscape of the American West, and hopes to relearn riding and practice some carpentry as well. He also has brought with him another

member to the canine community of the valley.



From Jack Newell's

The Electric Edge of Academe

Nunn did not want the confines of the classroom or the ranch to limit the students' education. Acting on his suggestion, they organized their first motor trip to Death Valley in 1918. Herb Reich described their hair-raising adventure: "The truck went only a few feet until both left wheels sank up to their hubs in mud. We spent the night only a short distance beyond the mud hole"

The Mungers

By Ikhzaan Saleem DS'15

The Deep Springs community extends a heartfelt welcome to Ben and Laurie Munger, who moved to the valley this June. Originally from Ynez Valley, California, the Mungers have spent much of their working lives prior to Deep Springs at the Midland School in Los Olivos, California. Having worked and lived at Midland, a boarding school with its own

farm and garden operation as well as an explicit mission to provide its students with experiential learning opportunities, the Mungers have much experience in navigating the life of a community that seeks to combine intellectual and physical endeavors.

Their prior experience at Midland might explain the grace with which Ben and Laurie have adapted to life at Deep Springs. In his new role as Farm Manager, Ben has been working with diligence and success. He can almost always be spotted driving around in

his Kubota, assisting farm team members with their daily work, or in the tractor, cutting, raking, and baling our alfalfa fields. As a community member, he has shown equal involvement — without exception he has made himself available to students for various conversations ranging from organic farming to the nature of essay writing and language. An avid lover of nature and trained archaeologist, he almost never misses an opportunity to point out and explain the beauty of our valley.

Laurie, too, has become an essential part of the communal life at Deep Springs. On many occasions, she has graciously provided the community with a diverse array of her delicious baked goods, often taking the time to work with students who are interested in learning more about her baking techniques.

At meal-times, she is a careful listener and a valuable contributor to conversations that flow into the Munger living room in the evenings, her experience as an airline mechanic, a college counselor, and as a geology teacher serving her well in conversations. To share her vast knowledge on geology, an always-relevant topic around the valley, Laurie has also orga-

nized field-trips to cultivate a familiarity with the natural environment of the valley. Both Laurie and Ben will serve on ApCom this year.

It is clear when speaking to Ben and Laurie about their time at Deep Springs so far that it has been quite meaningful to them. The challenges of learning how to work with the unique set of resources and students that Deep Springs has to offer is a large reason for why they came here.

"I would like not only to teach people to be responsible and effective

laborers, but also to translate the labor scenarios of Deep Springs as well as problem solving and critical thinking into the lives they will lead here at the college and after leaving the valley," says Ben of his work as Farm Manager.

It also becomes clear that both are fully committed to life in the valley with all its complexity. In Ben's case, this means learning the intricacies of the college's alfalfa operation and its equipment, as well as understanding how to work with student laborers. For both of them, it means being available to students as mentors and as friends. As difficult as this might be, Ben and Laurie seem fully ready. As Ben points out: "We have been preparing for Deep Springs all our lives."



The First Years–DS'15

Often found lurking in the waters of the upper res, or possibly reading up on Wicken in the garden, **Tenzin Jamchen** comes from India, but is a native of Tibet. His presence here brings a perspective that is truly appreciated, especially at times that call for meditation, silence of the mind, and careful consideration of how to walk the path of peace.

Indian soccer player and broheme supreme, **Kieran Driskell** hails from the harsh winters of Mangalore, India, the towering mountains of Ithaca, NY, and the tropical monsoons of Boulder, CO. A towering figure of 7' 3" (ish), you might engage with him over the philosophical treatises he races through with break-neck speed or the green tea he so enjoys.

Known for his insightful, lightning-quick contribution to discussion as much as for his dry Canadian wit and fun-loving personality, **Elliot Setzer** came to us from verdant Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada. It was here he studied at Pearson College, a United World College. At Pearson he honed the razor sharp intellect that has made him a favorite in the classroom as in SB or on the smoking porch.

Ikhzaan Hassan Saleem has an agenda: milk cows, ride horses, read Dante. These may seem like simple goals for such a cosmopolitan man (coming from the Maldives, then United World College in Montezuma, then a cattle ranch in New Mexico), but press him on the subject and he will vehemently defend the importance of each of these passions.

Born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, **Caleb Stevens** has become a dear member of our community. His vision of a life of service has deeply influenced his character, and that is why, after spending two years at West Point, he sailed to Mali to do humanitarian work. By showing warm affection to members of the Deeps Springs' community, Caleb is a promising member of DS15.

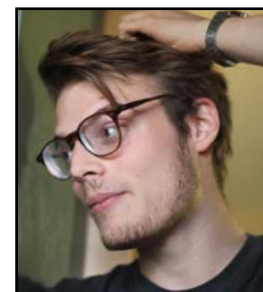
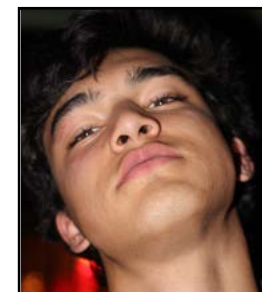
Although **Jack Spira** calls the Bay Area his hometown, he is a transfer from a tech school outside of Boston. At M.I.T. he explored economics and joined Theta Chi, a reputable fraternity. Taking advantage of the pristine outdoors of the northeast, Jack also became an avid hiker and called nature his home. Leaving behind his brothers, Jack looked for truth in the humanities and gained a taste for the high desert of his home state.

Tom Sullivan likes to sit. He likes to sit by the upper res in the blue desert pre-dawn. He likes to sit shirtless and meditative in SB. He likes to sit in class and dole out frighteningly well constructed analyses of the text at hand. Coming from the small town of Ipswich, Mass, the bracing presence he brings to the valley is much appreciated.

Carter Wilkinson is the latest delivery in a long and proud line of Deep Springs hippies, and comes complete with long hair and an anti-shower agenda. His return address says Bozeman, Montana, but he came to us through the Tufts Regional Postal Depot. If you would like to reclaim this lost package, look for him in the kitchen, where he can be found cooking incredible food, or in his room, where he may be poring over Aristotle or Nietzsche.

Nikolaj Gavrilov is a graduate of UWC Costa Rica who came to Deep Springs to seek a greater understanding of both himself and the world. He is one of the most sincere members of DS'15; just a couple words and a smile from him is usually more than enough to comfort even the most troubled of his friends. He takes great joy in listening to good music and studying Soviet era socialist theory.

Entering Deep Springs from his beloved city Los Angeles, **Jesus Muñoz** is a cowboy scholar who can be described as the new age American-- freedom seeking, socially aware, and in pursuit of enlightenment. Besides being an inspiring and insightful orator, he contributes greatly to our community through his passion for demanding labor under the blue sky, which is the same color as his Chevrolet truck.



First Year Bios are listed left to right, then top to bottom.

Grayson Scott comes to the valley from Nashville, Tennessee. His extensive experience in all things coffee has led him to becoming the chief brewer for the college, enabling many a late night endeavor. You might find him holed up in a corner of the library reading Jacobin, doing cups at previously unheard of speeds, or enjoying a cup of his own special brew on the SmoPo.

Jacob Sorkin is not so much a man as a performative entity attuned to an esoteric exit from late capitalism through the potentiality of technological singularity/emancipatory narcissism. The self-described queen of the Rhode Island School of Design has left behind aesthetics in favor of the ascetic, though he still finds time between poetry, meditation and BH to return to a frenzy of artistic expression.

Sam Shzu comes to Deep Springs with a heart so big it could only be from Texas. A spirited member of the SB, fresh outta high school, he brings unbounded energy to our desert valley. He plays the violin, and brings the

same focus and mastery to his position on farm team, selflessly spending nine hours out on the fields without even mentioning it. He's a hard laboring fiddle-star, and his presence shines bright on cold valley mornings.

Martin Dolsky originally hails from the Czech Republic but spent his last two years studying at the United World College in Pearson, Canada. With a love of board games and working, Martin can be found on most days playing Settlers of Catan in the Rumpus room or benching twice his weight in the dorm gym.

Henry Gonzalez has been a transient with a vision having come of age variously in the Dominican Republic, New York City, and suburban Virginia. A prolific reader, when he is not working his magic banging on hand lines with his wrench and bucket in the alfalfa fields, he can be found curled up on a sofa in the library reading Toni Morrison or (somewhat like Socrates) walking barefoot around the main circle discussing Black Aesthetics or the next step in the anti-capitalist revolution.

A Changing Valley

By Thomas Thongmee DS'14

A complete night sky, stars and planets and heavens filtered only by the pollutions of my own disbelief. A sunrise viewed in negative, the golden wash of day illuminating the mountains to my west in a rush. These are two images that remain stark in my memory from my applicant visit to Deep Springs. They speak to a crucial truth about this place, which is that it is in a very unusual place indeed.

Our home is Deep Springs Valley, which is not really a valley but more of a depression, a literal hole in the middle of nowhere. Our road is State Route 168, a shortcut for travelers trekking between Las Vegas and Yosemite, two places which are not so different these days. Our biome is the High Desert, the desolate home of the oldest trees in the world and the highest peak in the lower forty-eight states. Our community is the Eastern Sierra, home to neo-hippie climbing bums and decisive Native American tribes alike. Our address is lodged between two states, a California struggling to come to terms with its unsustainable consumption of a false West and a Nevada holding desperately on to its old West. It is an unusual setting for any school, but for better or for worse, it is a crucial part of the Deep Springs experience.

Term 1 of my first year, for example, was one of agonizing heat. Triple-digit temperatures are one thing; digging trenches at altitude in said heat is another entirely. For the first time in my life, I sunburned, an experience equal parts painful and confusing for a Thai boy who had never needed sunscreen in his life. Twice a day, I would make the walk from the main circle to the lower ranch to begin work at the garden – first with the sun just beginning to rise, again with the sun at its apex. Shadows around the rock piles at the base of the mountains across the valley would come in and out of relief

with the movements of the sun, as if the rocks were constantly fighting for bits and pieces of shade. I understood the sentiment.

My second summer, however, has been colored by factors entirely different. The West is always on fire, it seems, but this season has been especially bad, with wildfires raging up and down the length of the John Muir Trail. My home state of Washington saw one million acres burn, causing President Obama to declare a state of emergency, and less than 100 miles from our valley, Fresno burns as well. These fires, or the smoke they throw into the air, have the curious effect of casting pink and orange hues across the sunsets, as daylight sharply fades into indigo night. The sight is breathtaking, to be sure, but their origin in destruction turns magnificent beauty into disconcerting sublimity.

El Niño, the Pacific-wide weather phenomenon promising buckets of rain to a parched state, sets the fires in contrast. Where we received maybe one thunderstorm over the course of last summer, this summer brought perhaps three or four a month, the Inyos and Whites flickering like a lightbulb with every faraway strike. (Our Summer Seminar professors enjoyed making jokes about Zeus' anger as we read the Iliad.) The valley itself took on a green tint: not, of course, the vivid green of a South American rainforest, but a softer olive, full of sage, flowering brush, and cheatgrass. The flora brought with it fauna, too, with the rabbits and field mice flourishing, to great delight from the coyotes and bobcats.

We are isolated in this valley, a fragile patch of green in a timeless desert, the voice of which is formed not by heat, sun, and sand, but by a uniting oppression which they bring to us. Perhaps, then, the conceit of this place is that even separated from the rest of the world by miles of desolation we still are subject to the same sky.

Summer in Somaliland

An Interview with the Dugsi Scholars

During Term 1, Hamza Hassan DS'14, Harry Choe DS'14, Rango Peng DS'14, and Koerner Gray-Buchta DS'13, traveled to Somaliland to lead the first summer seminar of their educational project, Dugsi Scholars. Upon returning to Deep Springs, I interviewed Hamza (H) and Harry (C) about their experiences. Here's what they had to say. This interview has been edited for length and clarity.

Who are you guys?

C: My name is Harry Choe, and I am currently based out of New Hampshire. I have been interested in education for a few years now, ever since working for a non profit under AmeriCorps called CityYear.

H: My name is Hamza Hassan, and I am from Somaliland. Before Deep Springs I went to the African Leadership Academy where I studied leadership and social entrepreneurship. My interest in education comes from the fact that I am quite privileged when it comes to education. The chances that I have gotten are not common for most where I am coming from.

What is Dugsi Scholars?

C: It is officially a college counseling program that counsels Somali high school students to be able to get access to institutions that exist outside of Somaliland. I imagine Dugsi Scholars to be like a footbridge, connecting students to opportunities outside of Somaliland. The way in which we do that involves ideas of service and community building and asking questions of what it means to be aware of others that you are living with.

Where did the idea for Dugsi Scholars come from?

H: When I went to the African Leadership Academy I was the only Somali student there. Upon doing a bit more research I realized that Somali students just don't get these opportunities; I was the only Somali student who went there in the history of the school. But I know that there are some individuals in So-

maliland who go above and beyond, and these students would just need a little bit of help along they way, showing them the path and motivating them a little bit more. That's where Dugsi Scholars comes in.

What did you learn this summer in Somaliland?

H: It made me think about labor at Deep Springs and how in labor you don't necessarily get philosophical epiphanies in every moment. It might seem as though what you are doing doesn't have much value but still you have to do it because it needs to get done. Doing service is like that in that the rewards are subtle and sometimes almost invisible. But, looking back, it was a different kind of pleasure. It felt like I had a purpose.

C: It struck me how messy and how much of a battle service really is. We had been thinking about Dugsi Scholars all year, working pretty much every week, and when we had finally laid out the general plan and curriculum, we went to Somaliland and immediately ran into all these obstacles. We dealt with them and I left really inspired by some of the people I met in Somaliland and how earnestly they approached the question of education and community. That's one thing I really want to see more of in the world.



For more information on Dugsi Scholars, visit their webpage at DugsiScholars.org



The Internet At Deep Springs: The Conversation Goes Viral

By Henry Gonzalez DS'15 (Anti Wifi Regulation)

There are many arguments made for why internet access should be determined by the individual student as opposed to legislated by the Student Body. These days, the most popular arguments for liberal internet use tend to frame the internet issue in one of two ways: as encroachment on individual freedoms or as a matter of commitment to the lives that we live outside of the valley.

The first argument comes up frequently. There are no explicit limits on what the Student Body can legislate. When thought of in these terms, this is an immense and slightly absurd amount of power for a group of young people to have. However, how do we define the limits of our power here? What are we uncomfortable legislating and demanding each other to do?

There are differing answers to this question, but currently it seems as though most people believe it is within the reasonable power of the Student Body to tell each other how, when, and where individuals should use the internet. The argument used here evokes a particular vision of what Deep Springs should be and what proper engagement with the spirit and aims of this college looks like. In large part, self-governance is about crafting and perpetuating a shared vision of this college. There are some issues though, where consensus has become im-

possible to reach, with large segments of the student body having different positions. How is something like this to be mediated when the group is split? It is impossible to ask students not to bring their vision for Deep Springs into legislative space, but it seems reasonable to ask 'Isolationists' that they respect a sizable portion of the student body's perspective to engage with the policy differently.

Ultimately though, there is one argument regarding liberal internet use at Deep Springs which I believe in above all others. We all come to Deep Springs with different amounts of dedication and obligation to family, friends, communities, and organizations which exist outside of the valley. Some of us come here with the ability or desire to drop away from the rest of world. Some of us come here entangled in webs of intimate and professional relationships which enrich our lives. For me, Deep Springs is about learning how to be a better member of a community, but my community is large, diasporic, and requires figuring out to mediate love and responsibility between the people immediately around me and those I have made promises to. And for that reason I will fight anti-internet motions until they cut the ethernet, smash my iphone, and feed my macbook to the hogs.

By Pranav Bhatnagar DS'14 (Pro Wifi Regulation)

I believe that we should limit internet access at Deep Springs. I believe this to be the case because it ensures greater intentionality with the internet's use.

I think the first thing you have to acknowledge when you consider the internet is that to some extent, isolation, as Nunn conceived of it, is not possible anymore. There is the expectation that I exist on the internet, both for those inside and outside of the valley. It's simply a matter of accountability.

But considering this expectation, the Student Body still must wrestle with the fact of isolation as an important tenet of the Deep Springs education. I could have been a 1917 Deep Springer, with Nunn calling me out on my love of 'kid excitement'. Instead, I have to conceive of why Nunn felt so strongly about isolation; why did Nunn want this world to exist?

Deep Springs is an all-consuming experience. I cannot recall the last occasion in the past two weeks where I have had over an hour of free time. People expect me to be *here*, and I am accountable to a community. Isolation in this sense is not a turning inward away from the world, so much as a turning inward towards a community.

This being said, there is also the way in which contacting the outside world can hugely inform my experience here.

I speak to others about what I am doing here, and a different viewpoint can entirely change my thoughts on a particular issue that is insular to the valley. While this can be a bad thing, 9 times out of 10 it is good.

This is not an easy thing to do on the internet. Web-pages are not designed for sustained engagement, but rather for satisfying an urge for frivolous distraction. I do not go on twitter to read one feed, but to read 10. When I go on facebook my screen is flooded with a live feed of all of my friends, not just the one I want to talk to.

If we were to maintain internet throughout campus, it would be easy to fall into the trap that this creates. The desire-creation and gratification of the internet is a slippery path, that can easily orient a person both directly and indirectly away from being present in the valley. Although I do not believe that getting rid of the internet is a universal good, for the reasons I have stated above, I believe it is up to the Student Body to dictate the intentionality with which we use the internet. Will we make the active choice to use the internet, limiting the space in which we use it, or simply allow the internet to passively seep into our lives?

Small Animals

By Noah Beyeler DS'03

I imagine when most people think about the farm and ranch at Deep Springs, they think of wheel lines and alfalfa fields, or riding horseback on a cattle drive. And for good reason; when I spent 2 terms as winter feedman a decade ago, I cared for a multitude of cows and horses, but only a small flock of laying hens and one hog. Over the past year, however, we have worked on increasing both the size and scope of this sometimes forgotten corner of the farm.

Most of the changes to the small animal operations have focused on increasing production as well as adding to the types of animals we are producing. Throughout all of these operations, our goal is to not only ensure that raising our own animal products is relatively economical, but to ensure we are doing so in an environment which is healthy and pleasant both for the animals and for us.

We are interested in increasing animal product production because it increases the opportunities for students to deal directly with animals. It means more varied work for the butchers and feedman, and more chances for students other than the feedman to help with daily animal chores. It also ensures that we in the valley can consume high-quality products that we know the origin of. The cost of high-quality meat and eggs is usually well out of the range of the BH budget, but raising these products on farm makes them attainable.

While the laying hens have in the past always provided a portion of the eggs the BH uses, this summer has been the first time since the 1960s that the BH has not had to buy eggs. After increasing the size of our flock to 150, and beginning to cull birds as they become unproductive, our flock has finally been able to keep up with the needs of the kitchen.

Apart from size, the biggest change the laying hens have seen is in their housing. Having taken down the old chicken coop, the layers were housed over winter



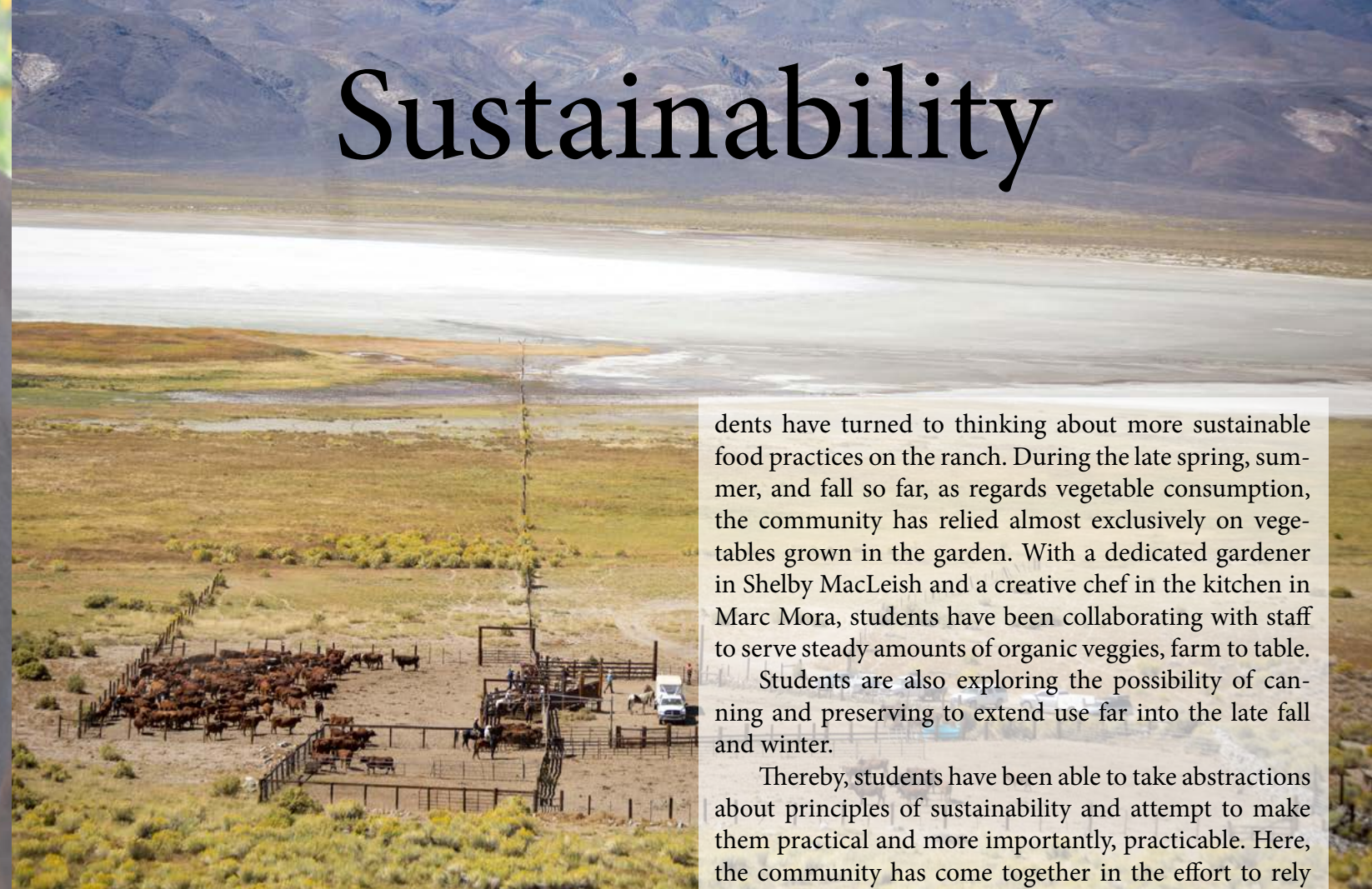
in a new hoop house in the garden. In spring they were moved outside into a portable chicken coop, and have spent the spring and summer moving from field to field. This not only gets the birds outside and gives them room to roam, but also deposits their fertilizer directly onto the fields.

Currently, the pig pens are ruled over by Caesar, a 600 pound behemoth of a boar generously donated to Deep Springs by the Bishop FFA last fall. Several of the feeder pigs we bought last fall are old enough to breed, and we are hoping the 2 gilts and 2 sows we currently have are now all pregnant. We should be seeing several litters of piglets within the next couple months. Maintaining 2-4 sows and a boar on site will mean we won't have to buy feeder pigs, and will provide us with a surplus of piglets to sell.

One of the limits in the past to the hog operation at Deep Springs has been a lack of space; pigs had been confined to the few small pens available across from the dairy. Over winter we installed a two-strand electric fence around a small irrigated patch near the dairy, as well as fencing in a larger section of desert for the pigs to make use of. This allowed for us to grow a plot of mixed forage that the sows were able to enjoy (and destroy) this summer, and will allow us to rotate the pigs between the desert, pasture, and pens in order to let certain areas rest and rejuvenate. We are hoping to further expand the areas of pasture available to the pigs over the next year.

Finally, this summer we raised a small batch of turkeys, as well as several hundred broilers (meat birds). All of the birds were raised on the alfalfa fields, the turkeys in a large electrified net which made the rounds on field 3, and the broilers in floorless pens moved daily along the edges of field 2. We started on a small-scale with both of these this summer, but raised enough to make a significant dent in the amount of poultry the BH has needed to buy, and we're looking forward to having DS turkey for Thanksgiving this year.

Sustainability



dents have turned to thinking about more sustainable food practices on the ranch. During the late spring, summer, and fall so far, as regards vegetable consumption, the community has relied almost exclusively on vegetables grown in the garden. With a dedicated gardener in Shelby MacLeish and a creative chef in the kitchen in Marc Mora, students have been collaborating with staff to serve steady amounts of organic veggies, farm to table.

Students are also exploring the possibility of canning and preserving to extend use far into the late fall and winter.

Thereby, students have been able to take abstractions about principles of sustainability and attempt to make them practical and more importantly, practicable. Here, the community has come together in the effort to rely more heavily on DS produce.

Further, with recent expansions in the small animal component of the farm, Deep Springs has come to a unique position regarding meat consumption at the college. Nearly every student opted into a motion to eat meat exclusively raised and slaughtered at Deep Springs. Given variability in when animals can be slaughtered, limited freezer space and uncertainty as to the future of available DS meat, the commitment is an interesting one for the student body.

This action has prompted a profusion of conversations about the ethical, environmental, and fiscal dimensions of meat consumption and thoughtful questions about what it means to sustain ourselves with animals raised by our own hands on the ranch.

In this way, nearly every aspect of the farm and ranch—from animal husbandry to our alfalfa operation in some way comes back to the BH.

As Term 2 marches on and SusCom begins to brainstorm about other aspects of sustainability at Deep Springs, we continue to look forward to cold showers and wonderful meals prepared with local ingredients.

SusCom and a Sustainable Deep Springs

By Carter Wilkinson DS'15

In light of global conversations about sustainable living and impending environmental shifts related to climate change, students at Deep Springs have begun to discuss what sustainability might look like for our own little desert community.

During term one, students voted to establish Sustainability Committee (you guessed it, "SusCom") to examine energy efficiency, student recycling, food waste, and food consumption on the ranch.

Because Deep Springs uses primarily propane water heaters and the majority of electricity use at Deep Springs relates to the hydraulics of alfalfa irrigation, it has become clear that questions of energy efficiency and student electricity consumption are important but relatively ineffectual. Nonetheless, many students have discussed shorter, colder showers, leaving lights off, keeping the thermostat low, unplugging lamps, and the like.

In addition, and perhaps more substantially, stu-

A Novel Deep Springs

The current Deep Springs Student Body is writing a novel. It arose out of **Jack Spira's DS'15** historian project, which dictates that each student contribute a chapter to a novel written collectively by the SB. With twenty chapters completed, it has developed into an epic with Deep Springs as a bastion of hope defending itself from the terrors of a post-apocalyptic world. Here is an excerpt, edited for length and content.

Chapter I: Tom the Younger

Tom Sullivan DS'15

My name is Tom. My world is fire and blood.

Once, I was a student, a truth warrior searching for a righteous cause.

Now, I keep watch over our oasis, a shattered jade left in this wasteland, to keep a fire burning against the darkness. My brothers, too, are here with me... they are bound as I am bound. Our vigil ends with death alone. The books, let them be eternal. The water, let it flow. May the Deep Springs well forth always, even if we must all go down into death for their sake.

El Nunn guard us.

That morning, the White Mountains sang red music.

The dream farmers were all dead by the time that Kieran leapt from his car with his pistol, roaring curses. Just one of the Agents was still there, picking through stiffening corpses like a raven at the slaughtering grounds. The Agent only had time to turn his head and reach for his hip before his left eye disappeared and a red mist haloed him. The rest of his pack had disappeared into the wilderness, only tire-tracks left.

A few embers still glowed, all that remained of the Dream Farmers' crop. Even the rich smoke was dissipating from the hillside now, a faint haze spreading over the valley sky before the western wind. I looked down

in the dust and saw a fleck of bone, blown from a man's skull twenty yards away by the force of Agency guns. We should have known. The Agency had been through here only a month before, driving the cowboys down into the oasis, speaking with a razor's edge about their hunt for the farm. Will professed ignorance of it, and the Agents left in their black caravan, emblazoned with the sigils of a dead empire. We fools thought that they would never find their way to this refuge.

Elliot squinted through his binoculars. "They went back to the highway. Their dust cloud's in Gilbert Pass."

I heard a scuffling sound, and turned to see Caleb already digging graves, his scarred back bare in the sun of late summer. We all joined in the shoveling, and Elliot found a broad, flat stone. Picking a worn, rusty knife from the back of the Posturban, he scratched a few dusty words. "HERE LIE INNOCENT MEN." We shovelled there in the still-cool morning air, nothing left to say. When we had a hole deep enough, we laid the wood-rigid corpses there, Elliot and I carrying them over, Caleb and Kieran in the hole to lower them to the bottom. We cast in what pieces of their heads we could carry, and threw earth back over them.

The sun high overhead now, like hammerblows every ray, the air shimmering and swirling in heat-patterns. Far off, the cry of a hawk, the fierce shriek of killing ecstasy. We knew where the Agency had gone... out to the ruins at Dyer, to sell their bounty to that warlord who ruled everything from there to Lake Tahoe, the Cyclops. Then they'd double back, cut across our road through the valley and towards the Westgaard Pass. I knew what dwelt in the hearts of my brothers, what they longed to do... it would not be the first trap we laid across that highway.

"We will call council," Caleb said, his eyes gazing out far across the desolation of the valley as we loaded up the Posturban again and got into the seats. "The Agency would not have done this under their own will... the Cyclops aims to bring us under his hand."

We rode in silence. The sky as blue as cobalt, the smoke gone... and no longer any haze higher up, as the cities out west had finally stopped burning earlier that year.

The winding trails almost made me sick, as they always do, but we peeled out onto the valley floor, Kieran slamming on the accelerator, Elliot loading up his rifle. We had to get back to the Springs and rouse everyone there before the Agency slipped by us.

The Posturban roared down the highway and barely slowed to make the turn. I knew enough now to keep from slamming my head against the window as I once did. Ahead of us, the walls of Deep Springs were before us, crowned with barbed wire—five years' work, and many a ravening highwayman who had sought to attack us there as the world fell was buried beneath the stones and cement. Ikhzaan had laid their skulls underground and time had washed their blood away, but I felt the gaze of their hungry ghosts in my heart as we drew near. "They're all dead up there! We'll pull the bell, you get your gun ready!" And then the Posturban's engine bellowed again as we shot down the road, before Kieran slammed on the brakes. A shriek of metal and I was thrown forward against my still-functioning seat belt...then we were still, and a cloud of dust around us.

We threw open the doors and I charged into the BH, Carter yelling, "What's going on in here?" as I darted by him and he almost dropped his knife. I seized the bell and started pulling it again, again, and again.

Ten years had not dimmed Kieran's voice, and I heard him crying out to Aaron across the main circle as our L.C. dashed from the main building. I looked out the window. Aaron had paused in the middle of the green of the main circle, his face almost like a child's for his astonishment... then came his call, "WAR PARTY!"

As the world fell, each of us in our own way was broken. The first year, some of us just left, disappearing north and south to discover the fates of their families or their friends. By some miracle, they all came back again, each bearing his wounds. They told us about cities that resounded with gunfire, of highways strewn with burnt-out husks and unburied bodies.

The second year, poachers tried to steal our herds, and for the first time, we hurled a man down into the

house of Hades with our guns. Some of us wept; some of us puked; some of us were silent as the desert in winter.

The third year, the smoke from the burning cities almost killed our gardens for the lack of clear sunlight. Every one of us ate meat that year, principles giving way to animal necessity. The mule deer were harder to find now... but we knew where to find them nonetheless.

The fourth year, we had our first War Party, and the cannibals that had been hunting us by night were scattered upon the ground like reaped grain. We began building the walls, every night raising the stones, sleeping by day to protect us from the tyranny of the sun.

The fifth year was a time of troubles, such that I will not speak of it here.

The sixth year the walls were raised high enough that we slackened somewhat in our work. We called down Dionysus upon us, and danced and sang across the main circle for the sheer joy of life, not mere survival.

The seventh year was the last time we saw a soldier going along our road. He was alone and in a Jeep, his camouflage torn and burnt, but his proud, wild grin told me that he had embraced the wasteland and become one of its children.

The eighth year, we began bolstering the walls, and the garden flourished. Tenzin made the fruit and nut trees blossom as they never had before, and planted them all around the oasis, by some art that I know not. That was a year of rain.

The ninth year, the wall was completed. That was the year that I realized that I had no dreams now, and that only by the grace of El Nunn did I go on living. The Deep Springs, I knew, was the very seat and fountain of my spirit, and all beyond it was death and darkness.

And this year was the tenth since that darkness first came.

End of Chapter One

Want to read more or purchase a physical copy? Send an email to: bmsnyder@deepsprings.edu

Reunion Recaps

Twenty alumni from the 1980s (covering seven of the ten classes) visited Deep Springs over the Memorial Day weekend for a reunion. Several attendees pitched in with **Tom Hudgens DS'88** and **Dan Fulwiler DS'85** to cook Sunday brunch for the community. **Jack Newell DS'56** led a lively discussion of DS history from the decade. While most attendees camped on the upper ranch and near the dairy barn, unusually heavy rains (two inches during the weekend) forced many to relive their student days by spreading sleeping bags in the library or on the front porch. Several of the group also participated in a special Public Speaking event just for alumni. Post-mortems were tough but brief. Participants received an extensive tour of the ranch from Ranch Manager Janice Hunter and **John Stuart DS'12**, and also heard current reports from the SB, Amity Wilzcek and David Neidorf.

Early this September thirty alumni returned to the valley for our fall alumni reunion. Vehicles pulled up to the main circle Friday afternoon, full of Deep Springers from the 1970s and 2003. The weekend started off with a gathering and campfire behind president David Neidorf's house. The weekend included a labor party in the garden, a hike to the Druid, a presentation by **Brad Edmondson DS'76** on his new book *Ice Cream Social* about socially conscious capitalism, and a reading by **Sharon Schuman**, from her most recent book, *Freedom and Dialogue on a Polarized World*. Sharon visited with her husband **Dave Schuman**, both of whom were humanities faculty through much of the 1970s. On Saturday evening the community got together for a barbeque cookout with live music by **Steve Brooks DS'76**. The barbeque, along with the other delicious meals were provided by Chef Marc Mora and the student cooks **Carter Wilkenson DS'15** and **William Ehlers DS'14**. Over the weekend many old stories from the valley were recounted, along with new experiences gathered since leaving and if one thing was apparent, it was that memories from Deep Springs are hard to erase.

The next reunion at Deep Springs will be the Centennial Reunion, June 30 – July 3, 2017. This will be a very special occasion for alumni, former faculty and staff, family and friends. Save the dates and watch for announcements and availability of reservations in the coming year.



From Jack Newell's

The Electric Edge of Academe

"The sun seems to rise in the West at Deep Springs, not because time runs backwards here but as a function of the unique morphology of the valley. The modern ranch and college sit tight against the mountains on the eastern edge of the valley, keeping it in the morning shadows until the day is well along. At dawn, however, the sun bursts brilliantly against the snow capped 14,000 ft Sierra Nevada peaks that fringe skyline over Westgard Pass and gradually creeps down their faces before bathing the west side of Deep Springs Valley in morning light. The long shadows from the steep escarpment behind the college then shrink as sunshine gradually approaches the alfalfa fields and finally illuminates the ranch and college buildings. Now, as in the distant past, all eyes are drawn to the west in the morning and return there in the evening when dramatic sunsets and lenticular clouds frequently loom over the Sierras."

Alumni News

Gabriel Culbert DS'92 completed a postdoctoral fellowship in Infectious Diseases at Yale University School of Medicine and is now an assistant professor in Health Systems Science at the University of Illinois at Chicago, College of Nursing. Gabe's research focuses on developing interventions for HIV and addiction in prisons in Southeast Asia - most recently in Indonesia where he spent the last 2 years. Gabe lives in Oak Park, Illinois with his wife, Cecilia, and three children, Lucas, Calla, and Joseph. He's taken up longboarding and carpentry in his free time.

David Cole DS'45 is the "presenter" or the "David Attenborough" in a 4-part, 4 hour documentary on the development of the South Korean economy since 1945, entitled "Korean Economy: 100 Years of Drama." This documentary was produced by the Korean Broadcasting System for the 70th anniversary of Korean independence in August, 2015. David spent four weeks in Korea visiting many industries and interviewing people who have played important roles in Korea's development. The documentary for Korean audiences has been well-received, and an English version is due to be available in October. It can be accessed at ondemand-korea.com or on David's Facebook page.

Phil Hanawalt, DS'49 still teaches biology at Stanford at age 84, but plans to retire in a few years. He will receive the Wilbur Lucius Cross Medal of the Yale Graduate School Alumni Association this October 27th, for "extraordinary intellectual achievements and lifelong contributions to human understanding". (The medal is awarded to several alumni each year and the winners are chosen from all fields.) In November he will have a Fulbright Specialist Fellowship to teach a course in genetic toxicology in La Paz, Bolivia, for several weeks.

Lawrence Lee, DS'05 just started a Masters of Public Health in Global Health Epidemiology at the University of Michigan. He is also chairing the Summer Program Applications and Recruitment Committee (SPARC) for the Telluride Association.

Lee Talbot DS'48 has been working in Laos this year, making visits to Costa Rica, Galapagos and Peru, including Machu Picchu; hiking and climbing in the High Sierra; and travelling for talks and board meetings. Lee continues to serve on the faculty of the Environmental Science and Policy Department at Virginia's George Mason University, giving graduate courses and advising MS and Ph.D. students. As he has for the past 67 years, he continues to drive race cars and still wins over drivers a quarter his age (e.g. with two first places at a big international event in Canada this summer). He also continues to spend several months a year, here and overseas, as environmental advisor to the World Bank, UN and other governments.

Nathan Leamy DS'02 left Seattle in June to start working on a Masters of Public Policy at Harvard, focusing on international development issues.

Student Body Wish List

Climbing gear
Soccer Balls
Musical Instruments
Double Stuffed Oreos
Your old vinyl (and a turntable cartridge)
Speakers
Art Supplies (Brushes are expensive!)
Magazine Subscriptions (Jacobin, Jezebel, Foreign Policy Magazine)
Work Gloves

In Memoriam

Dr. Benjamin Crue DS'42 passed away on February 2nd, 2015. He was born in 1925 and first became interested in Deep Springs when he was just thirteen years old. As a seventh grader in Hightstown, New Jersey, he wrote Chancellor E.M. Johnson inquiring about attending the college. During high school he was a wrestler and editor of the school newspaper. In letters, he described Deep Springs as “the opportunity of a lifetime.” After several years of correspondence and an interview in Philadelphia, Benjamin Crue came to the valley in September of 1942.

As with so many of his generation, his time at Deep Springs was cut to only nine months due to the war. He went to DePauw University under the Navy V-12 training program and transferred a year later to University of Chicago where he received his B.S. and M.D. at just 22 years old. He then completed a year of general residency in Oakland, California before the Navy sent him to Pasadena for a neurosurgical residency. He served 13 years on active duty with the Navy (and another 20 in the Reserves.) He married Beverly Maylon in 1943 and they lived happily together until her death in 1997.

He completed a fellowship at Yale University and the Lahey Clinic, and entered into private practice in 1960, back in Pasadena. He served on the faculty of the USC School of Medicine, where he was made an Emeritus Clinical Professor of Neurological Surgery in 1985. During his medical career he was active in the treatment of patients with chronic pain and served as Director of the Neurosurgery Department and Chairman of the Neurology Division at the City of Hope Medical Center for over twenty years. He started the City of Hope Pain Center and the New Hope Pain Center. He was a founding member of the International Association for the Study of Pain and a founding member and first president of the American Academy of Pain Medicine.

In 1985, Ben moved to Durango, Colorado where he practiced neurosurgery and was medical director of the Durango Pain Rehabilitation Center until he retired in 1993. He was an active member of the Mormon Church and also an avid outdoorsman –

he loved to be sitting around a campfire with family and friends sharing stories of adventure.

Christian Rondestvedt DS'38 passed away on March 9, 2012 in Wilmington, Delaware. Chris was a native of Minnesota where he graduated from University High School in Minneapolis. He attended Deep Springs for three years, focusing his studies in mathematics and physics, then transferred to University of Minnesota where he completed a BS in Chemistry. In 1948, Chris received his PhD in Chemistry from Northwestern University. While at the University of Minnesota, he met Estelle Sloman in a lab working on antimalarial drugs. The two were married in 1944 and remained together until Estelle's death in 1999. Chris served on the faculty at the University of Michigan 1947-1956. He then spent a year as a Guggenheim Fellow at the University of Munich. In 1957 he moved with his family to Wilmington, where he worked as a research chemist for the DuPont Chemical Company until retiring in 1985. During his time at DuPont he became very active with the Delaware Section of the American Chemical Society. He served that organization as an elected councilor for 20 years, traveling to many national and international meetings in that capacity.

In addition to travel, Chris was passionately interested in music. He played chamber music (cello) with local musicians and in workshops up and down the East Coast. He also promoted chamber music with the Delaware Chamber Music Festival. He was an active member of First Unitarian Church in Wilmington for many years. After retirement he enjoyed attending and teaching courses at the University of Delaware's Academy of Lifelong Learning. *[Editor's note: we regret that we failed to include this obituary in the 2012 editions of the newsletter]*

Martynas Yčas

By Eric Swanson, DS65, BBTA68, TA69

Martynas Yčas, who died in April, experienced every stage of the Nunnian enterprise. Starting as a TASPer in 1965, he was the only four-year resident of Berkeley Branch (BBTA), including a summer spent

at Deep Springs. Joining the Association in 1968, he went on to serve on innumerable committees, and as custodian, president, and, after graduating, treasurer. For almost fifty years he maintained a durable commitment to Telluride's purpose and plan without ever sacrificing his critical, ironic, and sometimes skeptical faculties.

Martynas and the other residents of BBTA, including a number of Deep Springers, inhabited a Berkeley community in ferment. The Free Speech Movement had inalterably changed the relationships of students to university, and of university to town and state. He founded the Anarchist Free Association, a student political party centered on BBTA, running a candidate slate for ASUC offices, and maintaining one or two members on the ASUC Senate for several years. The Anarchists handed out flyers and bananas with rubber-stamped slogans as campaign propaganda. There was no particular program, given that the University had largely taken over the administration of the so-called “student funds.”

During summer 1967, Martynas and two other Berkeley Branchers attended the Deep Springs summer arts program, a precursor to the Deep Springs TASP, and was granted membership in the DS student body. Martynas retained a lifelong affection for Deep Springs, although, by his own account, he was more impressed by the work program than by the course work. (He put his own twist on his bequest to Deep Springs, stipulating only that the Student Body vote to determine how the college should use the funds.)

After completing his PhD at McGill University, Martynas moved to Washington, DC, where he worked for the Social Security Administration. In 1982 he married Anne Griffith. Anne and their daughter, Eliza, survive him.

Over the years Martynas's views of the Nunnian enterprise remained remarkably consistent. He saw Telluride as a place of refuge for people who might have found their intelligence unappreciated or even disadvantageous in the larger world. From his original preferment application: “Tellu-

ride was to me a novel discovery that there were people whom it was possible to get along with en masse.” He valued the freedom and responsibility that life in the Branch conferred on a young student; he also valued the contact with older members. It is somewhat harder to say what maintained his interest for most of 50 years. As a custodian, he wanted to ensure its future. As a self-made archivist, he tried to preserve the past. And, perhaps, it was still a refuge, a place where a now senior member enjoyed the opportunity to match wits and share ideas with younger people just finding their place in the Association's work.

We learned over the summer that **Richard Stone DS'51** died on December 7, 2014 in Boston, where he had lived for nearly fifty years. Richard grew up in Washington D.C. during the Great Depression and WWII years. Following his time at Deep Springs, he transferred to U.C. Berkeley where he received his A.B. Phi Beta Kappa in Classics. While in the Bay Area, he became friends with the circle of San Francisco Renaissance poets including Jack Spicer, Robert Duncan, Robin Blaser, Charles Olson, Landis Everson and John Wieners.

He moved to Boston to attend Harvard in pursuit of an M.A. and was subsequently hired by Robin Blaser to work in the Harvard library system, first at Widener 1957-1961, then at the Acquisitions desk of the Music Library 1961-1974, which dispatched him on numerous buying trips to Europe. He subsequently divided his time working in book and music stores, and freelancing as a translator of French art scholarship.

Richard maintained close friendships in the theater world of New York and Boston, and superannuated some of them in their declining years. He was an ardent supporter of the Harvard Film Archive as he believed that cinema is the art of our time. He leaves his life partner of forty years and spouse since 2011, Steven Browne, a retired photographer and bookseller, as well as three siblings and numerous nieces and nephews. Richard maintained his unique humor, erudition and enthusiasm for life intact to the very end.

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Below: The Common Ground Dove

Despite its misleading name, the Common Ground Dove (*Columbina passerina*) is actually one of the rarest birds in the Inyo Ornithology Index. It has been sighted less than 5 times in Inyo's recorded history. This one happened to grace the DS alfalfa fields just last weekend.



A big thanks to Grayson Scott DS'15, Bryce Snyder DS'14, and Michelle Lanan for the photographs used in this edition of the newsletter