

NEWSLETTER NO. 102

SUMMER 2022

DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE

an abundance of change

through the seasons of light

DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE NEWSLETTER

SUMMER 2022

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*Updates from
the Valley*



The Student Body

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Back: Emily Rivera DS21, Jesse Barker-Plotkin DS20, Haana Edenshaw DS21, Amelia Ding DS20, Carmen Simons DS20, Chenyi Zhao DS21, Mishel Jovanovska DS21, Declan Allio DS21, Zayd Vlach DS21, Declan Rexer DS20, Lucia Pizarro DS20, Hannah Duane DS20, Ainsley Leof DS21, Luke Seuss DS21

Middle: Ro Kelly DS20, Rita Ross DS21, Jacob Simmons DS20, Lana Mahbouba DS21, Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Front: Andre Williams DS21, Alice Owen DS20, Nathan Becker DS20, Norah Geiger DS21, Brandon Ipina DS21, Annie Kelley DS20, Jakub Laichter DS21, Aubryn Kaine DS20

Courses on Offer

Spring Semester 2022

Drawing In, On, and From the Landscape, taught by Christina Mesiti

From the peaks of the Sierra Nevada to the stark desert of Death Valley, Deep Springs exists in a landscape whose images have defined the idea of “wilderness” in imagination as well as practice, for better or worse. Situated between extremes of protected national park “museums” and sites of extractive capitalism, as well as functioning as a ranch itself, the college offers an ideal location to explore the cultural values influencing the way we see and make art about the land. Through drawing with dry and wet materials and those collected from the land itself, the course uses the practice of drawing to feel out what it means to make a landscape image within a complex history of art, politics and land use.

I’d like to spend the first half of the term practicing observational drawing outside, in the landscape. Alongside our drawing practice, we’ll discuss readings from indigenous writers, white colonists, and contemporary histories of the west, specifically those from the eastern California region. I’d like to explore how learning the complex history of the place complicates the habits and conventions we might bring to image making. We’d also explore creating materials from the land (ink, paper, charcoal, drawing tools, pigments etc.). For the second half of the term, each student will pick an area of focus in the land to dive into

more deeply (water issues, mining, displacement, etc.) producing images both rooted in place and informed by their area of inquiry. Although we will spend some time practicing observational drawing, certainly the idea of what constitutes “drawing” at all will be greatly complicated and expanded in the span of the course.

Wittgenstein’s “Philosophical Investigations,” taught by Nicholas Gooding

Wittgenstein’s *Philosophical Investigations* is a strange book, unlike any other work of philosophy ever written. It is composed of a series of 693 “philosophical remarks,” which range from simple observations to elusive parables, from the construction of “language games” to gnomic aphorisms. Wittgenstein adopts this method of indirection as an alternative to developing philosophical theories—in particular, theories concerning the nature of meaning or the mind. He believes that the desire for such a theory is itself the result of a philosophical mistake, due to philosophers’ tendency to examine philosophical questions in abstraction from the way in which they grow out of concrete, social human practices, or what he calls our “form of life.” Wittgenstein wants to bring our attention back to these practices themselves. He believes that only in this way can we illuminate questions about what it is to speak a language (rather than make noises); to perceive (rather than react

mechanically to stimuli); to act intentionally (rather than be caused to move); to experience an emotion; to know a fact, or how another person feels, or oneself; and, most generally, to have a mind or to be a person.

Heavenly Mathematics, taught by Brian Hill and Ryan Derby-Talbot

Thanks to GPS, and before that LORAN, nobody in the United States has had much need to determine their location by traditional methods for several decades. However, sailors and astronauts knew how to determine their positions using spherical trigonometry and the position of the stars up until the 1980s. This course will be an exploration of all the results of trigonometry and spherical trigonometry from the very first crafty results known to the ancients all the way to the methods of celestial navigation that were in use up until the 1950s.

We will follow *Heavenly Mathematics: The Forgotten Art of Spherical Trigonometry*, by Glen Van Brummelen, who was a colleague of Ryan’s at Quest University in British Columbia, Canada.

Modeling, Simulation, and Rendering, taught by Brian Hill

We gain a tremendous amount of intuition by putting the laws of physics (or other laws, such as the laws governing population dynamics) onto the computer and seeing what evolves. In other words, we model nature and simulate it. The output of the simulations becomes especially compelling when it is rendered graphically.

The *Nature of Code* by Daniel Shiffman is a text that uses the language of JavaScript to do modeling, simulation, and rendering. It cov-

ers the following subjects: vectors, forces, oscillations, particle systems, physical systems, flocking and cellular automata, fractals, genetic algorithms, and neural networks.

The text is designed to be covered in about the same amount of time as one of our 15-week semesters. However it presumes some knowledge of a JavaScript library (unimaginatively) called “Processing.” We will have to develop our knowledge of that library first, and so we might not be able to cover all of the above subjects.

Tocqueville’s “Democracy in America,” taught by Anna Feuer

“If Americans ever had a dictator, they’d call him Coach.” (William Gass)

Writing in the wake of the French Revolution of 1830, Alexis de Tocqueville saw the expansion of democracy as fated. “It is daily passing beyond human control,” he affirmed. “Whither, then, are we going?” *Democracy in America* reflects Tocqueville’s great enthusiasm for the new liberal order and his persistent anxiety about its homogenizing tendencies. On the one hand, he admires Americans’ participatory citizenship, the vitality of their local associations, and their rejection of European class prejudices. On the other, he worries that the progress of equality will intensify American predispositions toward bourgeois individualism, producing a stupefied, politically disinterested populace. American democracy, he explains, lends itself too easily to a soft despotism that reduces the electorate to a “a flock of timid and industrious animals, of which the government is the shepherd.” Tocqueville’s unsurpassed account of the dangers inherent in the egalitarian ideal, his playful ob-

servations about Americans’ peculiar customs and tastes, and his unsparing account of slavery makes *Democracy in America* the best text with which to think about the theory and practice of democracy. For those of you interested in getting a better handle on the liberal political tradition and the emerging logic of bureaucratic state control, this is the close-reading course for you.

Hannah Arendt’s “The Origins of Totalitarianism” and “Eichmann in Jerusalem,” taught by Anna Feuer

In 1951, Hannah Arendt wrote that the Holocaust could only be understood as a “radical evil,” an evil so absolute that it could not be explained by the human motives of greed, cowardice, or lust for power. Ten years later, she changed her mind. In a letter to the scholar Gerhard Scholem, Arendt admitted, “[I] no longer speak of ‘radical evil’...It is indeed my opinion now that evil is never ‘radical,’ that it is only extreme, and that it possesses neither depth nor any demonic dimension.” The evil committed by Nazi functionaries was banal, not radical; its perpetrators were not monsters but men whose crimes reflected an “inability to think.”

Thought-defying evil is the subject of Arendt’s magnum opus, *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951), and her classic and controversial report on the trial of the Nazi Adolf Eichmann, *Eichmann in Jerusalem* (1963). Divided into three sections—on antisemitism, imperialism, and totalitarianism—*Origins* is a ranging account of the unprecedented nature of twentieth-century authoritarian politics and the conditions that enable the previously unthinkable to

come about. It is, I believe, the single best text with which to confront the crises of our own political moment: the contradictions of liberal egalitarianism, the consequences of uninhibited wealth accumulation, the legacies of European imperialism, and the dangers of “post-truth” politics. In considering how a “terrifyingly normal” bureaucrat came to commit atrocities, Eichmann is a meditation on thinking as a moral responsibility and our only defense against subjugation. This course will entail close readings of these texts, two of the richest and most profound works of political analysis of the twentieth century.

Rivers of Life and Death, taught by Sue Darlington

Rivers are sites of contention in how they can best serve the people living along them and the nations through which they flow. For some, they provide cultural meanings and livelihoods; for others, they represent progress and development. We will critically examine a set of case studies to unpack the cultural, environmental, economic, and identity conflicts that arise worldwide as people’s concepts of rivers collide. Issues explored will include indigenous histories and concepts of nature and rivers; water rights in the U.S.; colonization, trade, and nationalism; economic development and dams; environmental debates; and transnationalism. Rivers we will look at include the Owens, the Mekong, the Yamuna, and the Nile, each holding different stories of cultural and spiritual meaning, conflict, development, and environmentalism. Theories from anthropology, history, economics, human rights, and agrarian studies will inform our explorations of these rivers and their controversies.

Goodbye and Thank You to the MacLeish Family

by Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Shelby and Padraic MacLeish DS99, the two longest standing staff members at Deep Springs, left the valley at the end of April, 2022. With them went their children, Elias, Ada, Willa, and Tess, as the whole family moved to the east coast in Cooperstown, New York to be near their extended family and begin a new adventure. The MacLeish family, consisting of just Shelby, Padraic, and Elias at the time, came to the valley on January 1, 2010. By that summer, Ada had joined them—the first of the three children born while the family lived at Deep Springs. Padraic had attended Deep Springs as a student, staying for a summer to work as a cowboy in the White Mountains. He began working as a facilities manager in 2010. Though the family had come for Padraic’s job, Shelby quickly grew involved in the community—beginning with alumni outreach, then expanding to ApCom. In the fall of 2011, long-time garden manager Karen Mitchell announced that she would be leaving so Shelby decided to apply for the position. She started the position two weeks before Willa was born—there are pictures of her as a newborn sitting in her bouncy chair in the glasshouse as Shelby learned the job and began to seed. The garden has changed and grown over the years. During her tenure as garden manager, Shelby added both hoop houses and the wash station in addition to all of the beds in the orchards. She is incredibly proud of this past summer, when the garden team was able to provide all of the produce for the community. In recent years, Shelby’s job expanded and she



became Assistant Dean—she worked in administration and student support. She helped all students cultivate a sense of place, enabled international students to get visas, managed data for ApCom, worked on accreditation, and served on several ad-hoc committees for everything from staff searches to fundraising.

While Shelby took care of ApCom and the garden, Padraic took care of almost everything else about the college. He began as a facilities manager, but over the years, his responsibilities expanded to Mechanic, CFO, Director of Operations, and finally, Vice President of the College just before he left. He also intermittently worked as the boardinghouse manager (as did Shelby, at times), public speaking instructor, farm manager, ranch manager, and office manager.

For more than the past decade, the MacLeish family has operated as the heart of the Deep Springs community. The children brought warmth and energy to every meal, showing other kids how to live here and inviting the students to revisit their childhood selves. Padraic himself has been

a pillar—a bastion of institutional stewardship, ensuring everything went well behind the scenes. He gave Deep Springs the ability to see itself as a whole, a vision which is easily lost in everyday life. Shelby offered the community a rhythm. She carried conversations from the garden to the rest of the valley, helping students find their home at Deep Springs. Her continual service—be it produce or smiles—to the community has kept it going strongly for years. The whole family will be missed in the valley, though their spirit will remain. These following notes of appreciation paint a portrait of how important the family was to the community and how they continue to live on in the valley.

Notes of Appreciation:

Padraic and Shelby

I was fortunate to be living on campus when Shelby and Padraic first moved to Deep Springs with little Elias in 2009, and I was even more fortunate to work with them for over ten years following as their family grew.

I have never known more conscientious, versatile, and diligent members of the Deep Springs staff. Padraic and Shelby served tirelessly in a remarkable number of roles at the college, as mentors, committee members, mechanic, gardener; in small animal management, ranch work, administration, safety, and finance - all with thoroughness and grace. Over the years, they became the glue that helped hold the community together, and they did so all while raising four rambunctious, smart, and charming children.

There was nothing so enjoyable as sharing a table as meals in the BH with the MacLeish clan. I will be forever grateful to have been their colleague and thankful to call them friends. I believe they both epitomize the DS ideal of service and the college is a better place as a result of their presence. The whole family will be sorely missed, but I’m wishing them all the very best. - David Welle DS80

The MacLeish family perfected the Irish good-bye when all six of them crossed the cattle-guard for the final time before dawn’s red-rose fingers shone once more, and the bell did not ring. And how could they not depart in the supposedly-Irish way, when their cult leader has a name like “Padraic?” The excuse was that they had at least twelve hours of driving ahead of them before their first stop, but I think the actual reason is that nothing about a goodbye can actually prevent the fallout of the departure. As I prepare to leave for British Columbia for three months, I find myself also considering slipping out with no long goodbyes to the second-years who I will likely only see digitally ever again. We can hope that we will cross paths in the future. We may or we may not. What is said in the final few hours of months or

years of living, working, and studying together is unlikely to change it. Perhaps Padraic and Shelby thought we would quickly fall apart (somewhat like the Donner party), once their stewardship was removed. But one mark of good stewardship is that you have put in place people and processes such that your departure can be survived, and so far, we have. I wish all the MacLeishes well. They are one of the most cohesive if not the most cohesive family unit I have had any interaction with, and it is lovely to watch them grow older together. I hope they will keep in touch and stop in, whenever our vehicles happen to pass within a few hundred miles of each other. Slán, - Brian Hill

Shelby

Shelby provided me with great support as I was adjusting to life at DS. I went on a 2 hour long walk with Shelby across the fields in socks. I had rebelled against wearing shoes term 1, as most 1st years students do. After that, I started wearing shoes again. - Lana Mahbouba DS21

It’s daunting to imagine the 2022-2023 applications season without Shelby’s guidance. Those of us on ApCom are so grateful for the devotion, insight, and integrity she brought to the committee. -Anna

Gracious, knowledgeable, compassionate, thoughtful, insightful. The list of adjectives I could create for Shelby is long. Besides all she did for the college through her expansive job, from creating our beautiful garden to getting our international students visas to juggling ApCom paperwork, Shelby’s true gift was her deep care for the students. - Sue Darlington

Shelby is one of the most competent people I know. Her modesty covers over just how remarkably effective she is at handling tasks across domains, and sorting out issues without them being otherwise noticed. - Ryan

Padraic

Padraic helped me with so much when I was labor commissioner, from supervising labor parties to coordinating with other staff to giving me funny looks when I had a bad idea. I am so grateful to have had a chance to work with him, and so grateful for everything he added onto his day to help me with. - Jesse Barker-Plotkin DS20

One thing I appreciated about Padraic was his seasoned Deep Springs stoicism. He never reacted too strongly to either great news or



A family photo in the Sierras! Left to right: Willa, Shelby, Tess, Elias, Ada, and Padraic.

terrible events. This served as a reminder to me to stay even-keeled through Deep Springs’ communal vicissitudes, that might otherwise bend one’s composure toward drama. - Ryan Derby-Talbot

Once, while learning to drive stick, I twisted the key for the farm truck too hard and it snapped in half. I went to tell Padraic, fully expecting to be in huge trouble. When I explained myself, he laughed, called me wonder woman, and seemed to marvel in the moment’s absurdity for a second, before quickly going to get the remaining key and making a copy. Once there was another back-up key, the farm truck was up and running and I was much more careful. Over the years, Padraic seemed to develop a comfort with the entropy of Deep Springs, keeping him calm when students came to him with mistakes, like I did. While it felt bad to add another item to his massive to-do list, Padraic’s clarity, calm, and humor helped the college run smoothly on many levels. - Ainsley Leof DS21

Padraic was invaluable. As soon as I arrived at Deep Springs, he was helping me out: teaching me how things worked, giving advice, getting things done. He kept things in balance, listening when needed and showing me when I was taking things too seriously. I miss his laugh at meals. Whenever late to lunch or dinner, I would know if Padraic was there as his laugh would boom across the circle. His deep knowledge of Deep Springs, from its history to how literally everything worked, kept the college alive for many years and set the groundwork for its future. - Sue Darlington

Elias

Elias!! I miss laughing with him

at breakfast, hearing stories of his latest mine exploits or seeing the most recent knife he made. He enjoyed everyone and everything and never stopped creating. His tall tales revealed his imagination of what the broader world must be like, always with himself as saving the day. And then he would save the day by never hesitating to lend a hand when someone on campus needed help. Elias has a generous, genuine nature. - Sue Darlington

Best WFR scenario actor ever. - Ryan Derby-Talbot

There is nobody quite like Elias. His interests seem to have overtaken his bloodstream, like the way kudzu crawls up a tree. Every morning, I would go to breakfast and listen to him and Tim banter about whatever interest Elias had on his mind that morning, be it knives, meat (and tofu hatred,) or mines. Listening to him talk about the fascinating discoveries he’d made that week had me thinking about what I do with my own time. Elias’s wit and joy will bring him far along in New York. I miss him dearly. He was, as Shelby continuously said, like the little brother I never had. - Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Ada

Gardening with Ada will always hold a special place in my heart. When her chickens were youngsters, we would find worms to feed them. On Tuesday mornings, Ada and I tackled the cucumber house: each coming out triumphant having collected more cucumbers than our body weight. - Lana Mahbouba DS21

Ada was always willing to help me feed and take care of the chickens, and taught me a whole lot about them. I was always glad to walk into

the coop and find her chasing the birds, and always happy after our conversations. - Jesse Barker-Plotkin DS20

Ada was always ready to help out on the lower ranch. Her love for the animals was infectious, and she showed us all how to be kinder and more caring to chickens. Ada showed me consistent kindness, and was always willing to help me figure things out. She laughed with me, and showed the students silliness which made all our days better. I am really grateful for Ada’s excitement and tenacity throughout my time here. - Ainsley Leof DS21

My heart was touched by Ada’s love for animals. I treasure the drawing she made for me after Honey was put down, of Honey and Bob nose to nose. From her beloved chickens, especially Badger, to Jed and Sonny, to the monarch butterflies that she released into Andre’s hair, Ada’s creatures defined her compassion and dedication to nature. She is smart, sharp, and tough. - Sue Darlington

Once Ada and I spent several hours poring through a chicken catalog. This was a great couple of hours. She always helped me take care of chickens and chicks, especially when I had injured ones and freaked out. Her composure helped me be a better caretaker of animals. But beyond the animals, I enjoyed all the time I got to spend talking to Ada. She was hilarious, lightening every meal time conversation I had with her. Her smile is sorely missed. - Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Willa

I loved playing frisbee with Willa after dinner. She has got a real knack



for it, and a sly sense of humor. - Jesse Barker-Plotkin DS20

Willa was at times overshadowed by her outgoing siblings, but she was never overwhelmed. She instigated tricks, jumped into games, and shone in her own quiet light. I see Willa cuddling her bunny or helping Ada with the chickens, strong, steady, and supportive. - Sue Darlington

I often ate lunch with Willa, and she would make me laugh with a face, joke or story. - Ryan Derby-Talbot

Willa was the best dog-catcher player I’ve ever encountered. I’ve never had so much difficulty chasing after anyone. She was sneaky, quick, and incredibly cunning. I miss her plotting to get as many students as she could to play with her and her sisters after dinner. - Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Tess

Every time I made Tess eggs, she would exclaim that they are not good, but DELICIOUS! Tess asked me to go riding with her—just the two of us since her sisters are too bossy because she is the youngest. She assures me that the two of us can catch Mick.

I express my doubt, but she tells me that Mick obviously trusts little girls. - Lana Mahbouba DS21

Tess lit up the campus with her infectious laugh, the speed with which she raced around the circle, and her ability to rope people into a wide range of games. Tess’s hair ranged as far as she did. Her face, covered in dirt, rarely lacked a huge, mischievous smile and twinkling eyes. - Sue Darlington

Tess is a genius. She was a beacon of energy, joy, and sound (certainly sound) which glittered throughout the entire campus. She would run through the “BH” (Museum) chasing students around, ensnaring anyone in her vicinity into the world of her games. Her gift, making everyone feel special, made her a treasure to spend time with. - Tashroom Ahsan DS20

The Four Children

We read Macbeth for Shakespeare Week (2020), for which Tess, Willa, and Ada gave a very memorable performance of the “DS Weird Sisters.” (The text is appended below.) I will also fondly remember Ada’s performances with her rooster Raccoon (who did some “tricks”): she cheered us up during a bewilder-

ing time, when we first shut down for COVID. And the M. sisters’ valediction to the community--a poem they read and recited at end of term dinner--was very moving; I doubt there was a dry eye in the house.

The three sisters and Elias were the life of the college--a welcome reminder to all of us that there is more to life than teen (and middle-aged) angst. We all feel their absence keenly.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a gopher snake
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Ear of Ruger, snout of Jed,
Wool of Smudge, and lizard dead;
Rocky Mountain oyster fry,
Molly’s leg and Naco’s eye;
Comb of rooster called Raccoon,
Tripod’s howl by light of moon.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Tooth of Bob and starling’s nest,
Mister Brother Kenneth’s vest;
Fuzz of chick that’s Cheetah named,

Beard of Neidorf grown untamed;

Laugh of Sarah, tongue of Gabe,
Psycho cow who left her babe.

‘Stache of Sam and Honey’s hoof,
Xing Hao’s rap that raised the roof;

Toe of Lukas, Ginger’s hand,
Abie’s pigtail, red-hot brand
with swinging T that marks the calf,

L.L. Nunn and all his staff;
Izzy’s nose ring, Anna’s hat,
Mixed together in this vat.

Quick, put Saatchi on the leash,
All now hail to Thane MacLeish!
- Anton Barba-Kay

Willa, Ro DS20, Tess, and Ada playing on the Main Building porch, while Shelby and Padraic sit at the picnic tables.

Welcoming our New Mechanic

Tim Winkler

by Brian Hill

Tim brings the unique and varied background that being in charge of everything that can break on the main campus requires. He was raised on a farm in rural Indiana. He is a Journeyman Machinist / Plastic Injection Mold Maker, with former experience in search and rescue, and law enforcement, and he is a veteran of the US Marines. Bishop has been his home for over twenty years. His partner, Donna Bird, is the Manager of Mule Days, an international event which has attracted more than 30,000 attendees for five days. Tim's son Dakota is an EMT in Lake Isabella. His daughter, Summer, is a social worker in Flagstaff, Arizona. Tim's youngest son, River, is a graduating senior at Bishop Union High School.

Tim has taken on a mammoth to-do list while inventorying and re-organizing the shop. A sampler of the things Tim has taken on since arriving are restocking the EMT supplies, installing new satellite backup communication, tracking down performance problems in propane systems, inventorying all of the tools in the main shop and the wood shop, repacking bearings at the hydroelectric generator, and understanding and enhancing myriad safety and process issues in concert with the Farm & Ranch Manager, Tim Gipson.

His most recent initiative was to arrange for outside expertise to review our fire-fighting strategies. For more on that, turn to the article on the Bishop Fire Department's March visit and consultation. He also has a love of keeping cutting tools of all



kinds sharp and ready, and this intersected with his interest in the Fire Team when he found several Pulkaskis, which are fire-fighting axes, in need of rehabilitation after neglect. He will re-hang the handles, sharpen the blades, and re-paint them in fire red.

Tim enjoys and is adept at instructing and supervising students in general maintenance, welding, wood-working, and repair of vehicles and equipment.



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

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

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

An Introduction to

Ben Holgate

By Brian Hill

Ben's family came to the area about 100 years ago. He was born and raised in Independence, California. His great-grandfather was an electrician for the U.S. Borax company in Boron, California. In the 1930s he bought a summer home in the Owens Valley as a place to rest away from Death Valley. His grandfather designed the original conveyor system in Boron. His dad was born in Red Mountain, about 30 miles north of there. Ben says, "those roots inform who I am."

Ben went into the U.S. Army when he graduated from high school. He served during the operation in Panama in 1989-1990 that deposed Manuel Noriega, and at the beginning of the Gulf War in 1990-1991. He enjoyed a brief academic career at Southern Oregon State after getting out of the Army. He worked with children in the mid-1990s, and after that did labor union work, as an organizer, as an executive on the board of a union local, and as a field representative for a total of almost a decade. He met his wife Jane McDonald doing union work. Ben says, Jane and he "have a partnership around gardening and food that is unique. She is an accomplished native plant observer, an outdoors person, and a land steward."

In 2008 Ben and Jane made a decision to move back to the Eastern Sierra. Jane organized county workers and hospital workers while Ben got interested and involved in community gardening and agricul-

ture. He had a farm lease and did production gardening for farmers' markets and local sales. That got him into soil work and composting, especially thermophilic composting. He heard about our opening via a former Deep Springs professor.

Ben says that it is a lot different to come into an organized system with a long history than to work solo or with his wife, so he is playing it by ear to figure out what works best. Except for some aggressive Siberian Elm suckers in the vicinity of the garden that he would like to take out before they get any larger, he is just absorbing information. He says, "one of the first principles in permaculture is that you should sit on a place for a year and observe and watch before you make any decisions. That is the minimum requirement."

Ben closes with why this position

is so unique: "Deep Springs is the only significant, organized food production in Inyo county. There is a myth of scarcity in this county; that this is just not good land to grow food on." Actually, "it is silted in in a way that provides a substantial amount of mineral nutrients, including potash, and it is really excellent for all kinds of food production. All you have to do is remove the rocks. There is evidence that indigenous people near Bishop have been doing that for thousands of years." As he waves at the garden around him and speaks about the land, you can sense the passion for land stewardship and food production that makes Ben so well-suited to be the Deep Springs Garden Manager. Welcome spring and Ben to the garden.

L



Ben Holgate (right) showcasing baby tomatoe plants alongside student gardener Annie Kelley DS20.

An Interview with Antón Barba-Kay

by Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Antón Barba-Kay is our new Robert B. Aird Chair of the Humanities. He earned a B.A. from St. John's College (Annapolis), a B.A. (in Classics) from the University of Cambridge, and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought, with a dissertation on Hegel's Phenomenology of Spirit. The bulk of his research has concentrated on the subjects of recognition and aesthetics in nineteenth-century German philosophy. He is writing a "moderate critique of the internet" as a book, and has written about vampires and boredom recently. He's also decent at foosball.

TA: What drew you to Deep Springs and what keeps you here?

ABK: Anna (my wife and Chair of Social Science) and I first arrived for a one semester stint; Sarah Stickney talked us into it. We were immediately arrested by the seriousness and ambition of the institution--the "moral beauty" of Nunn's project (as David McDonald put it). I think it made me realize that much of what I regarded as "education" actually happens in spite of the colleges and universities in which it takes place. Most institutions of higher learning are not actually in the business of education at all (or rather: they are *merely* in the business of it). Deep Springs hooked me and reeled me in because the institution as a whole is set up to educate, to offer students a "formation:" it elicits, tempers, and shapes students' practical wisdom through steep demands. I confess that I was never that interested in education as

such until arriving at Deep Springs. It now has my full attention because I see that is possible and therefore necessary.

TA: Could you elaborate on what you mean by the necessity of education? Why do you now think that it matters?

ABK: One way to describe the work of Deep Springs is that it forms our imagination of what is possible. Having this kind of imagination is much harder than it sounds, because we can only really imagine possibilities that are directly connected to our own agency. I couldn't really imagine how education could be meaningfully and completely otherwise before coming here. But Deep Springs teaches us all, for a concentrated span of time, that it is really possible to act, that human beings are alive to higher possibilities, and that we have the future in hand whether we choose to or not. So if education is really possible--if we can "act into the future" and the future is at stake--then we *must* work at it. The hard part is seeing that the obligation is already yours.

TA: How would you characterize the Deep Springs student?

ABK: It's hard to usefully generalize--Deep Springs is good at accentuating awareness of people's crazy peculiarity. But I think it's fair to say that many or most students are "seekers" of some sort--they are looking for something more than what's usually on the menu of college options, and they are trying

to take the measure of their lives by some higher ethical purpose. Deep Springs gives students a window onto fuller and more concrete ways of participating and intervening in the world--a sense that mattering is in reach. I would recognize a Deep Springs student as the person at a party who takes it upon themselves to fix the screen door, rather than just walking by it or leaving it for the super. This sense of responsibility is in fact a heightened sense of possibility: the sense that it is in my power to do something about this and that therefore I ought to (i.e. the opposite of "entitlement"). This is an extremely rare and fine character trait, especially in young, highly educated people.

TA: What do the liberal arts mean to you? What constitutes a liberal arts education?

ABK: It's a scandal that the phrase "liberal arts" has become a sort of educational shibboleth; almost no one really takes care to mean it. (Before arriving at Deep Springs, I confess that my eyes glazed over with boredom whenever I heard anyone drone on about it: it is usually discussed as something completely unobjectionable and therefore completely irrelevant.) The original aristocratic meaning of the term has been grafted onto the American ethos of self-government in different versions. But its basic shape--the principle that your freedom is a task, that self-possession is hard won, that having a mind of your own is an extraordinary accomplishment--is as alive and pressing as it ever has been. At Deep Springs this looks like: helping students see that their thinking can become solid enough to sympathetically entertain notions that they don't already agree with, introducing them to the possibility of reasonable deliberation and to some of the ideas that are sedi-



mented in their own thinking, giving them a glimpse of actual political life (in contrast to the video-game simulacrum of it we have at a national level), training them to exercise a practical judgment that will liberate them from abject dependence on technical expertise, directing them to clarify and refine their thinking so as to realize that moral simplification is the greatest source of evil and stupidity in the world. I could go on. But what's beautiful about Deep Springs is that this education is only occurring through the heave and strain of the three pillars in conjunction. An education for the brain alone is either no education at all or (often enough) something worse than nothing.

TA: How do you see the three pillars coming together, beyond the political/academic unity? I often struggle to understand the unity between labor and academics (beyond vague allusions to the 'mind/body' or 'theory/practice;' I'm wondering if you see more here than I do.

ABK: I agree that the unity of pillars is not usually well articulated--such that it sometimes seems as if we need more classes that directly discuss animals or the environment or democratic government or whatever. They are threefold according to

the tri-part philosophical distinction between theory (academics), practice (labor), and judgment (self-governance). And so, in one sense, the pillars can only be completely unified in an artificial way (just as no full human life is completely unified). What they do have in common--the source of their resonance--is what I'd call "incorporation": the sense of being each embedded, characteristic, student-generated practices at this College. This touches on the mind/body issue, but that's too generic, as you say. The larger point is that we live in an age that's obsessed with the separation of information from context, and that none of the pillars is detachable either from each other or from the way it is practiced now at Deep Springs. It's partly that what a student does in one pillar bears on how they are judged in other pillars, it's partly that students have a much richer basis of shared experience to draw on, it's partly that attitudes of deliberation and judgment carry over from one pillar into another. But the main point is that nothing we do at Deep Springs is entirely generalizable, compartmented, depersonalized, and portable. It is an actual place that only exists here and now in practice; therefore the pillars shed light on each other as partial aspects of one raveled, complex form of life. It's attention to this whole that's the education. The College is the text we are all trying to read together.

TA: How do the humanities speak to the individual?

ABK: I've been reading Buber's *I and Thou* this term with a group of students (as you, Tashroom, well know). He distinguishes between our experience of a world governed by technical and instrumental rationality--the "It-world" of administrative process, utilitarian calculation, and

rule by algorithm--and our experience of the "You-world" in which we enter into a creative relationship with the otherness of another you in particular. I say this because I think the humanities' highest goal is precisely to invoke each student as a you--you, who are answerable for your limited time on earth, you, who are at stake now and bound to care for others, you, who should work to come to light as a whole. It's only when the letters on the page awaken response in kind with us as a "you" that they come alive--and we along with and through this contact. This doesn't happen every single class. But it's why conversation and discussion of texts must remain essential to the practice of the humanities in particular--not just because that's a better way of conveying information, but because that is itself part what we're up to. No book has anything to say to us unless we can read it as a message in a bottle meant for you in particular. And this is a hard discipline and rough magic; it's only by achieving you in practice that we're freed from the narcissistic and self-evident certainties that make the "It-world" so terrific.

TA: Could you prescribe everyone a book?

ABK: I've said it before and will repeat it here: everyone should read *Democracy in America*. One of the strangest features of contemporary politics is that we are all committed to equality as our single most important social good (it's really hard not to be, in some form or other), but that no one really knows what it means. It's a social project without a theory--an aspiration that feels like it can dispense with any particular account of itself or of its historical dimensions. We have no widely shared sense of what it would mean to achieve equality, or why it's so im-

portant, or or what it's for, or why it's true and good—it just is, we're very canny at pointing out its absences, but most of our political life runs on autopilot. Tocqueville is brilliant at reanimating equality as a concept; he shows us what the most powerful historical alternative looked like, and what it's like to have your soul shaped by the desire for equality in particular.

T4: Do you think that the pursuit of equality infiltrates Deep Springs life—or do we try to avoid it?

ABK: It utterly pervades Deep Springs life—we are as modern as anyone else here (much as we would like to think otherwise). What's a little different is that discussions of equality at the College have to account for one's specific knowledge of others' character and practical accomplishments. Most of our national discussions of equality are and can't but remain categorical, but no one can remain a pure identity-bearer very long at Deep Springs. This doesn't

mean that we transcend categories—we don't—but that we are forced to elaborate and humanize them in specific situations. It also means that Deep Springs can occasionally show traces of a better world: one in which people who may hate each other's guts or views can respect each other on the basis of shared criteria of practical excellence. It's not your categorical identity, but what you do that joins you up to others here. The work is the bond.

L

Observational Astronomy and DS Stars

by Declan Allio DS21

This past term (V), I had the distinct pleasure of taking Natural Science Chair Brian Hill's Observational Astronomy course. The class marked the end of an Odyssey: finally, after months of blood, sweat, and tears, the observatory and accompanying work shed are complete and in full use.

We split our time—spending a morning in the classroom, and an evening at the observatory every week. In the classroom, we studied theory: the patterns behind counter-intuitive star motion; a history of astronomical revelations and advances; the mathematics of star-mapping and the geometry of space. At the observatory, perched high above the gentle bustle of a late-night main circle, we looked up.

We made sense of stars brighter and denser than we may ever encounter again in our lives. We tracked and photographed; we discreetly snoozed as the telescope and computers did their work. Slowly, subtly, an overwhelming mass of light points gave way to a collection of maps; a catalog of cryptic drawings; an ever-changing,



ever-observed counterpoint to our lives on the ground.

Over Term 6, the Deep Springs Community welcomed three more members: Berkeley astronomers Raul, Ricardo and Mauricio. Over the course of several weeks, they chronicled our sky, presented their findings, joined us in after-dinner soccer, and served as a vital reminder of the seventh wonder of Deep Springs: our starry ceiling. Certainly, the stars and planets and moon of this place—not to mention Brian's enthusiasm, diligence and creativity in construction and acquisition of our excellent astronomy technology—are gifts that will not be forgotten for a long, long

time.

L



The Weather

By Hannah Duane DS20



One of my second years, Sam Clark DS19, observed around this time last year that summer is the only season one really gets to live through three times at Deep Springs. We arrive in the Summer, we become second years, and we leave. Things change most at Deep Springs when it is so brutal to be outside that Deep Springs masochism makes it delightful again. When labor is a race against dehydration and we wonder why we've let another year pass without switching class to the afternoon.

It is perhaps in the Winter months that life here grinds in a monotony of days and grey desert that we do much of the internal work. In Winter that we learn to be consistent. We learn to struggle through. But Summer! There's much too full of commotion, heartbreak, and building something new. So now it's thoroughly hot again in the valley, we all know we are hurtling toward the close of this year and the start of a new one.

In typical high desert fashion, we

had our one week of Spring on the precipice between Winter and Summer. In April, wheel lines were freezing each morning, we had a freak snow storm, and then five days later it was over eighty degrees. Around the same time, the new class, DS22, signed their infamous contacts. The Grey Books were sent out. They are now not just an abstract potential,



but a real group of people waiting to arrive. As the Summer broils onwards, we look forward to sharing dehydration, early morning labor and late morning class, Chocolate mountain, and all the rest as we welcome them to the valley.

L



Fire Team Update

by Brian Hill

A high point of this year's Fire Team activities occurred on March 23, 2022, when three members of the Bishop Fire Department came out to campus and looked over many aspects of the Deep Springs operation, especially the condition and use of the fire truck. The Fire Team discovered it had a personal connection to the Bishop Fire Department as soon as Tim Winkler arrived on campus in January (see "Introducing Tim Winkler"). Tim contacted Pat O'Neil who was part of the team that built the truck and is now the Department's Assistant Fire Chief. More than 10 years ago, the Bishop Fire Department donated the truck to Deep Springs, and it was Tim's father-in-law that drove it out.

Rosemary "Ro" Kelly DS20 is the second-year Dragon Slayer. Ro has been giving more and more responsibility to Luke Suess DS21, who is the first-year Fire Squire, especially while Ro was doubling as Labor Commissioner during Terms 3 and 4. Luke jumped at the chance to organize an event where the Fire Team could learn how to operate the truck better, get critiques of the team's preparation, and gain understanding of what types of situations the team should be prepared for.

Luke's interest in the fire team blazed higher when he read *Working Fire* by alumnus Zac Unger DS91. The book chronicles Zac's career as a firefighter with the Oakland Fire Department. Luke learned about the mentality of the firefighter, which is often a contradictory mix of both

bravado and humility. Zac begins as an outsider to the fire-fighting world, and over time he learns to deeply appreciate the mission of doing whatever it takes to keep the community safe.

When Pat visited, he brought two experienced volunteer firefighters: Mandi Grisham and Dominic Jahn. After answering many questions from the fire team, the three of them split up to give individuals and small groups training on many things, including the myriad capabilities of the truck, hose handling, and vegetation conditions and fuel reduction strategies, especially around buildings. They also helped the Fire Team understand what it could expect should a wildland fire occur, and contrasted the hazards of that type of fire with structure fires. Follow-ups with the US Forest Service and with Southern California Edison would be avenues for further consultation.

In the long run, Luke has the straightforward yet challenging goal of having the fire team being predict-

ably and confidently able to respond. The foundation of this project has been a complete overhaul of the Fire Team Passover, so that at some point down the line if there is a temporary loss of institutional memory, it can be readily and completely recovered. Overhauling the document has given Luke an overview of the program and allowed him to see where its holes are. One specific thing Luke is looking for is a more informed wildlands fire response, since that is such a big threat in this area, as was underlined by the 4,000-acre Bishop "Airport" fire that expanded through terrain much like the Deep Springs Valley in just a couple of days of high winds in February.

Tim says, "it was great to have the years of expertise in the firefighting field present on the campus for a day to familiarize us with a range of training scenarios." Ro adds, "it is exciting to see how much work and effort Luke is putting into preparing for next year and for future fire teams." Luke concludes, "being a firefighter is a great, practical, and clear way to live a life of service. Fire-fighting is one of the most pure ways to help people. It is very physical and very real."

L



Second Year Student Obituaries

By Annie Kelley DS20



Tashroom Ahsan passed away peacefully on June 25th after wandering too far into Eureka Valley and eating a deadly bush "just to spice things up." He enjoyed soccer, long rides on the (salt-bed) beach, and spicy takes. He is survived by the skulls he left scattered around campus. Funeral services will be held in the Archives, over which he presided, and impeccably seasoned daal will be served.



Jesse Barker-Plotkin passed away peacefully on June 25th of an aneurysm after attending one too many seminar style classes. Mr. Barker Plotkin was not born but rather crawled out of a tree somewhere in the woods of western Massachusetts at an unknown point in time. He enjoyed poetry, ultimate Frisbee, and Quakerism. Services will be held in the bike shop.



Carmen Miriam Chandelier del Simons passed away peacefully on June 25th after someone ate a peanut within a five-mile radius of her. She enjoyed butchering hogs, wearing dangly earrings, and obscure languages. She is survived by the dorm cat Bob, who will outlive all of his caretakers. Funeral services will be held and, as to attire, drag will be mandatory.



Hannah Weil Duane passed away peacefully on June 25th after working too hard due to her extreme commitment to the Deep Springs project. She was born in San Francisco to a long lineage of writers/climbers. She enjoyed red hair-bandanas, embracing the ideals of Jewish womanhood, and the cowboy lifestyle. Service will be held at the Chabad of mammoth lakes and officiated by the rabbi's wife.



William Declan Steven Brennan Rexer III passed away peacefully on June 25th of tetanus after refusing the vaccine “just to hear out both sides.” He was born in New York City to Beyoncé’s videographer. He enjoyed movies, “political thought,” and traditional masculinity (but in a dad way). Services will be held somewhere rural and officiated by an old man with a banjo. He is survived by a fleet of self-moving wheel-lines, created during his 6 terms of farm.



Aubryn Dylan Dunnington Kaine passed away peacefully on June 25th after driving 3 miles per hour above the speed limit. Aubryn was grown in a test tube at the University of Iowa. She enjoyed dogs, martial arts, and extreme verbal precision. She is survived by several hundred children grown from her stem cells at the University of Iowa. Services will be held on horseback and passages will be read from her personal copy of the Lego bible.



Amelia “Hazel” “Yinuo” Ding passed away peacefully on June 25th after shrugging and smiling in response to every question posed to her by a grand jury and subsequently being indicted for murder. She was born in Singapore in 2001 (and don’t let anybody tell you otherwise). She enjoyed scarfs, radishes, and containment. Services will be held inside of a very large clay pot in the heart of a large city.



Alice Marguerite Owen passed away peacefully on June 25th after being gored by a rogue cow. Alice enjoyed joyous casual singing, God, and watching YouTube videos of horses. She is survived by numerous haircuts which she gave to members of the student body with varying success. Services will be held in the cowboy shack. Her body will be preserved so that her spirit and “mind” may pervade it once more.



Rosemary Sarah Morgan Kelly passed away peacefully on June 25th of a major heart attack which she failed to report after for fear of upsetting someone. She enjoyed cultivation, hiking to the “Druid,” and fire safety. She is survived by her godson Boo, the dairy calf who she midwived and cared for in his early days. Services will be held in the lower reservoir.



Lucia Pizarro passed away peacefully on June 25th after becoming riled up about a trivial matter she had unusually strong opinions about. Lucia was born in Peru (in a Latin American dictator novel way). She enjoyed vigorous hand gestures, friendship and well-loved baseball caps. Services will be held on a picnic blanket beneath the Hawk Tree and the color scheme will be strictly eggplant purple and coral.



Nathan George Becker passed away peacefully on June 25th while doing pull ups off a cliff. He enjoyed agriculture, doing impressions, and wearing snazzy belts. He is survived by his luscious head of hair which will henceforth be preserved in the Library of Congress. Services will be held on a baseball field in his hometown of Sebastopol California, where passages will be recited from the ethical parts of Kierkegaard.



Annie Michelle Kelley passed away peacefully on June 25th after being startled by a loud noise. She enjoyed sweaters, crafting personal theories, and making snacks. She is survived by numerous pieces of public art such as the art studio paper mache rafters dinosaur, and her magnum opus the Neidorf memorial kale shack. Services will be held in the orderly closet, in which she spent much of her time.



Jacob Simmons passed away peacefully on June 25th after a long (long) battle with mononucleosis. He enjoyed making lists, articulation, and competition. He is survived by his well-preserved Nissan Pathfinder. His posthumous memoir/joke-book/drama/tragedy is soon forthcoming, compiled from recordings of his late-night conversations. Services will be held in Utah on top of the tallest mountain they can find.

Student Work



The Midrash

by Hannah Duane DS20

Two weeks ago I told you a story from the Midrash, a collection of texts in which Rabbis respond to the Bible. Genesis doesn't tell us Cain's reason. Alone, the faithful are left to wonder. But Rabbi Joshua, son of Levi does, in conversation with Rabbi Mana. Cain did not offer with an abundance of heart, Rabbi Joshua teaches, he did not offer his best because he lacked devotion, and so the flax blew in the wind.

I told you this story not because I thought you didn't know it, but because like everyone else at this school, I've been thinking about what it means to do right at Deep Springs. Because figuring out how to live here is half the project. And in the Midrash, right is determined in the dialectic between Rabbis.

In the year 5781, our own Midrash says, Rabbi Stambuli said to the congregants "I relieved all the damned stakes in my last speech and I felt that a lot of y'all didn't like that speech very much, so while I'm allowed your time, I'll continue to use it in the way that I please, and elaborate my idea until y'all are forced to agree

that it's a good one."

And then last week Rabbi Barker-Plotkin responded with the claim that we do not know how to speak. We will never know if Rabbi Stambuli's idea was a good one. And so Rabbi Barker-Plotkin elucidated his thesis: we must learn to distinguish between written and spoken language. In a word, our speech must be adapted to the medium.

But I think that we should understand our speech surrounding Deep Springs and its purpose as not essentially written or spoken, embodied or analytic, but rather as religious. When we talk to each other in an attempt to understand, we are participating in the creation of a Midrash, and we should treat it as such. It is my hope that in this speech, I am not talking to you like a book, but neither am I talking to you like a person in the general sense. Rather, I am speaking to you as a fellow congregant.

This religious language will never be clear. This religious language takes the form of mimicking each other, exists in "I'm interested in" and "there's a way in which." In the wav-

ing of hands that conjure a particular moment, alludes to what is beyond speech. It exists in listening to and borrowing from each other, making sense in using each other's language. Because in living and speaking in this web of words and understandings, in Rabbi Stambuli's diatribe against clarity and Rabbi Barker-Plotkin's unclear diatribe in favor of it, it congeals to form our Midrash, our conversation that is in itself a form of prayer.

For contrary to Rabbi Owen's claim that Deep Springs is your mother, I say that Deep Springs is your temple. With austere mountains for walls and a roof that opens up to the heavens. For the duration of your stay you must be devoted to its teachings.

What is important about these speeches is each one of them references another speech, is about Deep Springs, and has been remembered vividly. They float in this room reminding me that I am to honor this altar, this physical podium built by Nunn, which contains nearly every speech ever given at Deep Springs, which reminds me to continue to try and prove myself worthy, to continue to pray and eat from the sweat of my brow, so that I may understand, I may grow, and so one day, when I cross that cattle guard for the last time, I will go into the world changed, go into the world prepared to lead a life of service to humanity.

But this will only happen if I believe. I remember these speeches when I feel lost. When I want to come home.

This body of work is our Midrash, religious in its own right, it is integral to our devotion. When we speak into it, we are speaking in our temple. Your words will hang here in this room, in the minds of your fellows. Your words will shape my expe-

rience here as mine will shape yours. Your SB comments and speeches should be treated as sermon. I will ask that you refrain from becoming a heretic.

A faithful life is not without doubt, but as Rabbi Stambuli said, we should not try to logically justify our devotion. It does not make sense. I continually fail to explain why I care so much about Deep Springs. I would guess you do too. I have given my body and mind, two years of my life, and the structural integrity of my sanity on the faith that Deep Springs is important. On the faith that it will change me. On the faith that the project is good. This speech is an attempt to tell you why. But it will fail to, it must fail to. My words and ideas come from yours, from my understanding of this place and this

history, but they remain incomplete without the commentary of the student body.

Cain's offering is not accepted because he didn't believe. He acted not according to devotion to God, but because his brother acted. This is not in Gensis. It takes the Midrash, it takes dialogue for us to understand why. For a further understanding of devotion to emerge. But this too is not the Midrash's only interception. It is just the tread that spoke to me a few weeks ago. We are all just trying to understand.

So when you sign the contract, you are saying I will be devoted. I will follow the will of the student body, I will give my body, mind and soul. I will be uncomfortable and I will love. This is the first, personal act of devotion. But to take up Deep Springs

fully, one cannot go at it alone. We must believe and make sense of together.

On Chocolate Mountain, the class solidifies in communal determination. They are asked, for the first time together, to reach towards an ideal. From the highest point in the Piper Mountain Wilderness, they see their newfound temple below, and head for it. It is beautiful in the blank landscape. In this reaching, this striving, this dialogue, this devotion, that Deep Springs makes its impact. If Cain had believed, his sacrifice too would have been accepted.

Seeking Help: An Advice Q&A

By Rita Ross DS21

Hey Babes,

Another day, another dawn. At Deep Springs students encounter a variety of problems and obviously sometimes you just need something a little bit juicer than the gray book. That's where I come in- Rita Ross, resident giver of the greatest advice in Deep Springs history. L.L. Nunn's letters to the SB walked so I could run.

My friend Carmen has ordered a lamb and wants to slaughter it. I think she shouldn't do it, what should I do?

Easy. First, take the GL van. It looks weak and unstable for highway travel, but that is untrue. The conception of GL van as a weak vehicle is a conspiracy designed to hinder a

caring student like yourself. Once you have secured your vehicle, drive to Bishop. Go to Vons and buy a small dog's weight in chicken. Obviously, avoiding the lamb slaughter can't be about avoiding an animal death- just alienating yourself from it. Take your chicken back to the valley and kind of stick it together with toothpicks into a kind of dogish shape. Whence you have sculpted this form together, go to the Bloomendoor bathroom and grab the many bags of cotton balls. Take these and stick them all over your chicken sculpture. Once you have perfected the lamb look, draw on two eyes with a sharpie and load it up in the back of the van. Drive out the sheep pen in the dead of night and swap one lamb for the other. Carmen will never know. The community will get fed and you will

have a new pet. Only I will know the true origin of your new collective of home spun wool sweaters.

I haven't showered in 20 days but I have an important meeting in five minutes with Anna Feuer- what do I do?

A classic conundrum. In the five minute time span, 2 minutes of which must likely be allocated for transit, there is little you can do without preplanning. This is why I advise that every Deep Springer purchase my limited edition Clean and Shiny Kit™ to have on hand at all times. The kit is designed for conundrums just like yours. The kit contains one 5 foot tall bottle of extra strength full body perfume. Step into the full body perfume (the first of its kind in doc-



umented history) and go from rank to roses in seconds. Once the sent problem has been addressed, spend one minute in the hair dome (a plastic cone which takes your locks from disgusting to rugged in 30 seconds). While you have your hair dome on, scan your face on the clean magnet to have your countenance reconstituted into cleanliness. Once all is done, grab the kits complementary clean

toga for smart students- and run!

My friend thinks I love Kierkegaard, but really I like Gossip Girl. The dissonance causes me distress! What should I do?

Oh my dear closeted Gossip Girl lover, what to do! Have no fear, obviously, Gossip Girl has a close textual relationship to the project rivaled

only by the gray book. Your friends will understand. Kierkegaard is for schmucks. Gossip Girl is for intellectuals. Service to humanity can be a close analytical relationship to the upper east side. Keep reading. Take notes. Bring your GG copy to SB and remember to use ample quotes to argue for and against people's motions.

Levin to Deep Springs

By Declan Rexer DS20

Stefan Zweig writes that when he arrived in Russia, he felt as though he'd been there before. The old things embraced as new, the intense and infective sense of fraternity, the distinctly Russian pride of the cab driver, university student, and aristocrat alike—they were all characters and scenes that felt... familiar, strangers that somehow felt like old friends, the details of who they were since forgotten but nevertheless, remaining attached to some familiar place, some moment from long ago.

It wasn't until arriving in the countryside, standing under the shade of a beautiful, swaying birch tree that Zweig realized why: Tolstoy had introduced them.

That Tolstoy's writing "comes to life," that his descriptions "feel real," is perhaps too common a response, over-said. But, when his characters blend into your mind in such a way, as they do, that there are moments when you wonder whether they are perhaps part of a memory, when the people around you morph into his characters, small trifles into his allegories—the feeling of Tolstoy's realness becomes inescapable.

I say all this because Tolstoy's Anna Karenina was the first book I ever

really read, the first that ever really meant something, that ever really started to appear everywhere the way so many do today. Around the same time, a friend of a friend told me of this place, of Deep Springs College. And I remember almost immediately fantasizing.

Anna Kerenina has these long passages on farming. Tolstoy's semi autobiographical character Levin abandons the aristocratic life expected of him, choosing instead to work alongside his Serfs, and is there, armed with a scythe, with calloused hands working dawn to dusk, for what must be 70 pages.

These were the skip-over pages everyone else in the English class declared. The teacher, conceding with a laugh, agreed: "Nobody needs that much 19th century farming. But he get to his point in the chapter after so let's skip to there". But I loved those 70 pages and liked to secretly think that it was they that contained the point.

Nobody here would understand, but Deep Springs would.

It was a stupid fantasy, I know.

I realized this on my App Visit. It suddenly dawned on me, after 12 essays, that Levin's farming was a fa-

cade, that his run away to the fields was one of Tolstoy's self-deprecating jokes. The aristocrat who doesn't know his place. The aristocrat who thinks that if he works for a day, labors to the point where he builds up a sweat, eats some of his serf's scarce bread, he can think himself a moral, hard working servant of a man—making it all the easier for him to fall asleep in his warm dressed bed, in his warm big house overlooking the fields his serfs will tend to the next day.

He doesn't realize he's the worst laborer out there. He doesn't realize that they don't need him. He doesn't realize that he's slowing things down. And he doesn't realize that he's mocking it, this life, and that they, in turn, are mocking him.

When I got here, I wavered between my own internalized bouts of being Levin, strutting in the fields until dark, tractoring, moving wheel lines, even scything—and this other bout of existential

torture: the nothing is real, the what am I doing here? The who the hell am I pretending to be?—all questions, I found, best curable by moving more wheel lines.

It wouldn't be so biting, this

doubt, if it didn't have a point. Our multi-million dollar endowment, our labor hour maximums, our Trustees ready to swoop in and unspool the safety net is surely something of a shining warm house lying ready as soon as our romantic anti-intellectual fantasy becomes too real and we need a break. And my rejection of expectations was just as comedic, as was my nobly standing there as Gabriel teaches me, one of ApCom's chosen few, future servant of humanity, how to use a socket wrench.

Perhaps we are a home for the alienated post-moderns who unlike everyone else our age have found a better, more noble way of exerting our angst and resolving our tensions than anti-capitalist Instagram bios and and voting for Bernie Sanders—No, we are an elite so enlightened it has learned how to use the ratchet, an elite that has gone as far to even, with sufficient training and supervision, drive a stick shift vehicle, perhaps even to jump it. Ah, the wonders of pedagogy!

No doubt, the cynic is compelling.

But after two years here, I think that he is wrong.

I pulled a calf today, meaning, I was there when a cow went into labor. The cowboys, recognizing that something was wrong, attached a little metal chain to the little hooves sticking out of his mother, and asked for me to pull. And, after pulling with all my might, I watched this little creature climb into the world, its little eyes open, its little ears twitch, and as it hit the ground, I was there to hear it give a sneeze—its first breath of the air of the world, the Deep Springs air, the air that it was only breathing because we had pulled it.

This little creature now exists, will exist here. And at the moment that I was pulling its hoof, it didn't or at least didn't the way we do,

didn't in this world.

Indeed, all of these little calves jogging about have served as a crazy affirmation of life, of stakes, or of what those words really mean: meaning.

Those cows in particular only exist the way they do because we, you, I are here working on the farm, working on the feed buggy, working in the community, working beyond ourselves. It's simple but devastatingly clear. Surrounded by birth and death, we learn that we are born and we die. That we too were once like this calf and that we too, one day will ... No! Wrong!

We don't learn that we were born.



Knowing "that we were born" didn't require the calf. Instead, we learn that we open our eyes and twitch our ears and sneeze. We learn that our mother lies on the ground in agony and then gets up immediately to lick us clean. And we learn all the beauty of all this, all that these little twitches of the muscles contain. And we stand back, jumping in only when really needed, and do the best we can to enable it, to preserve this beauty.

At Deep Springs, we learn that we live. And that this living, an activity with content, a form beyond empiricism. We learn what it means for another to really exist, and are confronted with the all too easily missed reality that they do.

Killing, the sweat of our brow,

scything and eating stale bread over a campfire—to some these may appear the adventures of a tourist, events one wants to participate in, experience, learn.

But that's not what Deep Springs gives one, and that's not what I should have expected from it. Fuck pedagogy, that is the lowest of words to describe what amounts to coming to be, coming to see, coming to know that which things contain, that which I contain.

Happy families are alike and Anna dying under the wheels of a train. This is the Anna Karenina of the tourist, of the biopolitical subject, of the man who has never experienced

labor and the high school Declan Rexer who has spent too much time reading his silly books and thinking he knows things.

The real lesson, the real pedagogy, the seeing, of the Deep Springer, in the words of Tolstoy,

"This new feeling has not changed me, has not made me happy and enlightened all of a sudden, as I had dreamed, just like the feeling for my child. There was no surprise in this either. Faith—or not faith—I don't know what it is—but this feeling has come just as imperceptibly and has taken firm root in my soul.

"No, I'd better not speak of it. It is a secret for me alone, of vital importance for me, and not to be put into words."

Charcoal of the Dairy Barn

Day and Night

By Declan Allio DS21



Words from Alumni



An Interview with Hannah Baer DS06

By Carmen Simons DS20

Hannah Baer is an alumna of the class of 2006. She is a doctoral student of clinical psychology in New York City. She published her first book, "Trans Girl Suicide Museum" (Hesse Press), in 2019 and runs the Instagram account @malefragility. Interviewer: Carmen Simons DS20.

CS: Hey Hannah, could you introduce yourself a little bit? Share a bit of what you are doing?

HB: Hi, my name is Hannah Baer. I'm in graduate school studying clinical psychology. I'm writing my dissertation on the therapeutic alliance as a non-linear dynamic system. The non-linear part is about non-linear change, the kind of "tipping point" change popularized by Malcolm Gladwell. Nothing will change, and nothing will change, and then at a certain point everything changes. It's how a lot of change happens in different kinds of complex systems. A lot of people think this is what is happening with climate change—there will be a tipping point past which we will not recover. It also happens in psychotherapy. A patient will be doing badly and having a hard time, and they'll be going to therapy and nothing will happen. And one day they will walk in and be remarkably better. That change is non-linear. And a dynamic system is one without single causality for non-linear changes. Change is caused by a confluence of different attractors or pulls. It's important because a lot of sciences, but especially psychotherapy research are based on the idea that "A" linear-

ly causes "B"—that more drugs or therapy equals greater remission of depression. Lots of hypotheses in therapy research are tested with linear models, but most things in the world don't work like that. I'm trying to figure out how to look at it in a different way. Aside from that, I have also been writing about Judaism and psychoanalysis, and also Buddhism and interconnection and capitalism.

CS: It's been a bit more than a year since you published your book. How has the reception to it been?

HB: It's been pretty amazing. The book is very personal and messy in a way, and I wrote it thinking that maybe one teenager would read it in her bedroom and it would be nice for her. A lot of people have asked me to write stuff and participate in different things because they were moved by the book, including this interview! It meant something to them, and that means a lot to me. It's complicated, too, to feel known in that way and to have something so personal out in the world. It's a strange situation. It makes me really happy that it means something to people, that they like it and like me. It has really pushed me to ask the question "what can writing do for people" more deeply. Especially life writing, memoir, and writing about queer experience. Trying to take seriously that writing means something, because I often worry that it's pointless or a petty exercise—a kind of navel-gazing. But I think it is that, and it also means

something. The really positive reception to the book, and the intensity with which people have responded to it has pushed me to ask what it really means and what I really want to do with my voice.

CS: Are there any parts of your book that you think owe their existence to Deep Springs? You don't mention the school at all, but as I read your book I couldn't help but wonder if it lived inside any of the writing.

HB: The first place I ever read queer theory was in a feminism class that Katie Peterson taught in 2008. It was hugely important to me, intellectually and in my identity. I gave a speech my second year in, and when I re-read it four or five years ago I thought "oh, I was trying something. I was at the edge of gender and my own gender, and the way in which masculinity felt like a simulacrum I wanted to shed." I was at the point where I knew I didn't like this despite being told I was supposed to. I remember giving that speech, and I was so nervous. I tended to be a pretty engaging public speaker, but after I gave that speech my classmates all told me I read it too fast for any of them to understand me. I was hiding something, because I kind of came out in that speech but I couldn't say it directly. At that time, I was very femme in my presentation. I have a memory of leading a student body meeting in a dress, wearing really tight clothes and makeup sometimes. I had a "femme" thing that I



did. But when I left Deep Springs it was hard to know where that lived in the world. Outside the school, I was so intensely rewarded for being masculine. It was, in a funny way, easier to carve out a trans subject experience in the space of the valley. But when I left it was farther away than ever before. Have you felt a similar thing?

CS: Definitely, the experience of gender at Deep Springs is a strange thing. In most of the world it's a heuristic used by everyone around you, especially those you don't know. But when your gender is on a fifty-person basis, creating a space for "your thing" is easier.

HB: Definitely! There's a way in which having to identify yourself as a gendered subject is some kind of alienation. In NYC, gender is an extremely important part of my day-to-

day life. My experience as a gendered subject walking down the street, or at a nightclub, or my workplace. People are constantly trying to decode you and understand you. But at Deep Springs people just know you. When I was there and my gender presentation moved around or flickered in different directions, people still knew me in the real way you know people in community. It was easier to experiment with my gender because it was not the headline of who I was.

CS: Are there any other classes or books from Deep Springs which have influenced you?

HB: The first thing we read in summer seminar my first year was Civilization and its Discontents. I'm currently working on an essay about Freud and his relation to Kabala, and how the roots of psychoanalytic

thought can be connected to Jewish mysticism. It has some implications for psychoanalysis and antisemitism. A lot of my early interest in Freud came from that summer seminar, and the feminism class I mentioned where we spent four or five weeks of the class just reading Freud. The professor thought that in order to understand feminism we needed to understand sexism, and in order to understand sexism we needed to read a ton of Freud. I was really taken with him then, and when I finished at Deep Springs, I took another seminar on Freud in a literature department. That really shaped my thinking. When I was at Deep Springs, there was this really big focus on ancient Greece. And in a very practical way, the values of the ancient Greek stuff we read still live in my heart. I think it's an acute pleasure to spend time around half-naked beautiful young men. It's one of the most beautiful things—and a lot of that comes from reading Plato as a seventeen-year-old. That being said, I don't feel so intellectually connected to that subject. More of a social connection. Sometimes I think about Aristotle's great-souled man when I'm at a particularly excellent house party. It's part of my social experience more than my critical mind.

CS: It's interesting how things bleed across, and whatever is in intellectual vogue at Deep Springs affects our social lives as well as our classes.

HB: Hannah Arendt definitely made me think it was cool to smoke cigarettes. We just had all these pictures of her smoking, and that was like my equivalent of a fashion magazine. I just thought it was the coolest thing in the world. And there's a kind of subtext to these things—I was radicalized in certain ways after I

left Deep Springs. I was aware when I lived in the valley of the debate over the merit of the western canon, but I lacked perspective on it from my experience at Deep Springs. It was only after I transitioned and started doing community organizing about policing and read a lot of writing by Black women, that I realized how much of the thinking at Deep Springs was about whiteness without naming whiteness. There's a lot of moralizing which could be done about that, but I think the most plain thing to say is that it was pretty limited. In the feminism class, we read one book by bell hooks, and I think that was the only writing by a Black woman I was assigned at Deep Springs. I was assigned Donna Haraway for an anthropology class, but otherwise we did not read many women. Despite the acknowledgment of post-modernism—we read a lot of Foucault and Derrida—we didn't read a lot of women or trans or non-white authors. And that's really specific. Lately, I've been reading Fanon and learning about the artist Adrian Piper it's so amazing and I wish I had been introduced to more work like this as a young person.

CS: At different points, I have felt more and less “in phase” with that specific academic focus, since it's both a deep and narrow one. Sometimes it feels super valuable and natural to the place, and sometimes I feel super cynical and critical of our curricular norms.

HB: I think that is one of the limitations of self-governance. The students are there long enough to start to answer the question “what are we supposed to be doing here” and then they leave. The framing of that question needs to be sorted by the people who are there longer than

the students. I don't know the current politics of who decides the culture of the school, but I think it was less contested in general when I was there. The coeducation question had begun to surface for the final time, and now at this moment, there seems to be a more overt questioning of the culture of the school. In my time, we talked about whether we should have more or fewer science classes, but we didn't exactly care about the politics of what we read. Without leadership that can offer direction on the questions of culture, I suspect the school reverts to a sense of its history. I'm an unreliable narrator of that history, I only have the two years I was there and about five years after. But that is the feeling I have. I remember in the grey book, Nunn talks about great leaders. And when he was speaking about them he has a certain image. And it's a specific image.

CS: What are your thoughts on living a life of service? Are you living one, or do you know anyone else who is?

HB: That's such a nice question! What's funny about Nunn's legacy in my mind is that I left Deep Springs with the belief that living a life of service and aligning yourself with power were the same. In order to serve humanity, you had to be impressive and go to fancy schools and wield your credentials. You had to be excellent. It's the Greek idea that being excellent is a magnanimous act. For many years after I got radicalized, I felt very critical of Deep Springs because I had decided that aligning yourself with power would just reinforce that power. I wrote about this in my book, that it's one of these difficult questions for academics and theoreticians who want to decolonize or queer or disrupt or... do other for disruption.

Trying to do so in academia is kind of a barren enterprise. My father was a university professor and a Marxist. He had this joke: in 1968 he would give lectures on Marx to packed auditoriums, and he would speak with the students afterward about what they were going to do when they graduated and they all said they were going to Harvard law school. The question of serving humanity without having to be opposed to the real mechanics of power is a big idea to me now, in my current political orientation. It's not that I don't think people can infiltrate power and be truly radical doctors, lawyers, or professors. But the edge of that was not pushed that hard in my thinking at Deep Springs. It wasn't until I entered social movement spaces, starting with the Occupy movement, and later movements around policing, gentrification, prison abolition, and wealth redistribution, that I began to see academic credentials as something which could make you less credible in liberation work. The other answer to the question of a life of service connects to my spirituality. Part of how I think about serving humanity as a therapist, activist, and a Jewish person, and a somewhat Buddhist is about feelings and diminishing people's alienation from one another. That's a part of really good organizing: helping people collectively build a shared reality and act together in that reality. And some modalities of psychotherapy are tied into that. I know lots of people who, in various ways, are working on those questions. There's this idea from Thich Nhat Hanh that a lot of other Buddhists have expressed: one Buddha isn't enough; We all have to be Buddha's for everyone to get free. One's Buddha nature is the part of them that can serve humanity and help liberate others.

CS: Do you have a favorite memory of Deep Springs? A favorite speech or experience?

HB: My favorite moments at Deep Springs were the times when what I felt like I did really mattered. Part of what it means to live in alienated capitalism is that it doesn't really matter what you do. Whether you show up to work, or hold the door for someone, or feed yourself. On some level, nobody especially cares if you go on living. The moments where it seemed like it really mattered often came in SB meetings where lots of people changed each other's minds in the heat of an argument. While I was a student we fired the president and R-Commed someone out. The SB's role in those things—spending late nights in discussions with staff and the president and each other—our attempts to make decisions about how to live together and restore the community were the times I felt like a whole subject through a network of shared meaning. I think it's an unusual feeling, and it has drawn me towards lots of other collaborative work. In my current life, those are psychotherapy process groups, community organizing meetings, or popular education spaces. The depth and intricacy of the deliberative work at Deep Springs was unusual and charged and special.

CS: In your book, you think about whether or not trans identity can be imagined backward in time and history despite the different forms gender variance has taken. Have you ever considered that idea in the context of Deep Springs?

HB: It's a very mysterious question. Someone very important to me has taught me a lot about Shintoism, and the idea that objects and places can

be animate and that people can leave trails of energy in those places. At Deep Springs, it's true in a funny way. The school was founded by a closeted man and a feminized man who was obsessed with gorgeous young men. There's something inherently queer about the place. There have been, dare I say, thousands of men—and people who were being called men but may have also been something else—who have had different kinds of queer and trans experiences at Deep Springs, and largely unspoken, especially before a certain time. It's absolutely part of the magic of the place, but it's a magic that is hard to talk about or tap into. It's imaginary, and it lives on in our imaginations. Maybe you could write a book on it, but the epiphenomenon is so mercurial. In the early coeducation debate, students argued that “coeducation will change Deep Springs because it will introduce sex” and it was curious, because the premise of that idea was that sex was not happening. In fact, sex was always happening there. Often in strange, difficult, and secret ways. I thought of it as childlike, but it was also an exploration of nascent adult queer sexuality without calling it such. The experiences of the trans people who came through Deep Springs is something I have a lot of curiosity about, and a lot of tenderness about. The flip side of fantasizing about a secret queer world is that the real world is a profoundly lonely one. I experienced that loneliness a lot at Deep Springs, and I wonder about other people's queer loneliness there. Those who thought “nobody here knows my gender, or my desire.” It's a funny part of small communities in general—it almost feels especially designed to draw that feeling out of people. I wrote about this in my book as well. It's an ambiguous loss that we take as queer people

in this time where labels are increasingly the norm. Where identity and desire belong on dating profiles and social media accounts. Categorizing and hyper-taxonomy are a deep part of queer culture which I associate in large part with millennials. And some members of Gen Z are pushing back against this, saying they can be queer or trans without a menu of modifiers. But people in my generation are interested in the difference between genderqueer and gender fluid. I think a lot about what it would be like to be transfeminine in a time when passing or being out was not an option. There are all these real, strange, and vivid queer lives people had which are not recognizable in the lenses we now use to demarcate queer life. And the history of Deep Springs, the secret queer history of Deep Springs, is an unspoken and nonetheless vivid repository of that queer reality.



In Memoriam



In Memory of Melvin L. Kohn DS44

By Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Melvin L. Kohn DS44 died in his home on March 19, 2021. He was 92 years old. He was a Professor Emeritus in Sociology at Johns Hopkins University and an academy Professor at the Academy at Johns Hopkins. An accomplished man, he served as the 77th president of the American Sociological Association in 1985. He received several international honors throughout his life, being a Fellow of the Polish Sociological Association and a Fellow of the Japan Society for the Promotion of Science, as well as being granted an honorary doctorate in Ukraine's National University of Kyiv-Mohyla Academy. He was also the President of the Eastern Sociological Society and the Sociological Research Association, a former member of the executive committee of the International Sociological Association, and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Guggenheim Foundation.

Kohn was a cross-national scholar, conducting comparative studies between nations to understand the effect of social structure on the development of the human personality. His classic text *Class and Conformity: A Study of Values* (1969) culminates this work, uniting research from Italy and the United States to show how labor conditions affect parental values and the socialization of their children. In his 1987 Presidential Address to the American Sociological Association, Kohn advocated for the vitality of cross-national sociological research. He said that cross-national research

is to “use these countries [being studied] as the vehicle for investigating the contexts in which social institutions operate” in order to gain a full understanding of both sociological theories and of cultural differences. Without contextual comparative analysis, either theories or differences grow too large in scope, failing to grasp at truths about human behavior.

First arriving at Deep Springs in 1944, as a Jewish student from New York, Kohn landed in the west with more baggage than most. In his memoir, *Adventures in Sociology*, Kohn wrote, “as my mother often put it, education was one thing that ‘they’ couldn’t take away from us.” His education held a unique weight from his family. The College itself added more. He arrived under the College’s newly enacted quota of 2 admitted Jewish students per class, as a way of transitioning from having no Jewish students to having no quota on Jewish students. Once he arrived at Deep Springs, Kohn encountered three figures who would shape his career: Simon Whitney DS19, Kurt Bergel, and Alice Bergel.

He carried with him a care for labor relations, a topic he would often argue with the Deep Springs director, economist Simon Whitney, about. Kohn wrote that “most of our arguments were about trade unions, with me always taking the side of unions...and Si being critical of unions, from the stance of a true conservative. Si was a marvelous teacher, in that he argued with his students at length, never

to convince us that we were wrong and he was right, but always to get us to sharpen our arguments.” Kurt and Alice Bergel, two German Jewish scholars who fled Nazi Germany on “the last train out of Berlin that accepted Jewish passengers” were instructors that Kohn adored. “Not until I became a graduate student did I again encounter such marvelous teachers,” wrote Kohn.

Kohn left Deep Springs and transferred to Cornell, where his budding for sociology began. When he applied for graduate school at Cornell, Ed Suchman, a Cornell sociologist, convinced him to study sociology rather than labor relations. Ed ad-



vised him to study basic fields for his Ph. D. and told him that he could get a paid teaching assistantship to study

sociology at Cornell. Before beginning his Ph. D., Kohn worked in the Budd factory in Philadelphia making railway cars. There, he encountered labor-relations from the ground, observing interactions between workers and the often-absent management.

After getting his Cornell Ph.D., Kohn moved to Hagerstown, Maryland. Here, he began his relationship with the NIMH. He would work with them for over 35 years, serving to comparatively understand mental illnesses and their social influences. In Hagerstown, he studied the onset of schizophrenia and its relation to social conditions. Continuing to work with the NIMH, he studied class relationships in Italy, comparing them with the United States. His work examined how parental values shape childhood development. His passion for cross-national study budded with this first cross-national study.

He served the NIMH for 35 years before joining Johns Hopkins's So-

ciology department. He would stay there for 25 more years—the rest of his academic career—and truly flourish in his cross-national study. He conducted comparative analyses of Poland, Japan, Ukraine, and other nations, examining how class interacted with the personality. After the collapse of Soviet communism, he seized the opportunity to study how the class-personality relation changed in the context of radical social transformation from state socialism to market capitalism in 1990s Poland and Ukraine. In the 2000s, he launched the five-city study in China to study social psychological change amidst rapid urban transformation. He retired from Johns Hopkins in 2012, only to continue writing about sociology. His last book, *The Development of a Theory of Social Structure and Personality*, was published in 2019 and reflects on his lifetime of research.

Kohn was predeceased in 2004 by

his wife, Janet Goldrich Kohn and is survived by his partner, Edna Small. His colleagues, and the Deep Springs community, will remember him dearly as a kind, passionate, and humorous gentleman. As a student, I will remember him through his books lining the Rumpus Room shelves, which he offered to ‘his successors’ with warm wishes. They continue to draw me into their fascinating studies, leaving me to wonder how this valley helped develop the brilliant eyes he had.

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Remembering Frank Young DS45

By Tashroom Ahsan DS20

Frank Young DS45 passed away in his home in Ithaca on April 26, 2021. He was 92 years old. He was a Professor Emeritus of Rural Sociology at Cornell University. He explored issues of social differentiation and structure in rural communities, died April 26 at his home in Ithaca. In an interview with colleague Professor Emeritus Gene Erickson, Young describes his classic book, *Studies in Structural Sociology*, as a history of efforts to find a truly sociological paradigm, theory, and methodology.

Young came to Deep Springs in 1945 from Seattle. He first grew in-

terested in the social sciences while in Seattle and figured Deep Springs could help him push that on. He arrived in the desert with a life of service already in mind. His son, Douglas, stated that “[Frank]’s father lost his job in the Great Depression and basically had to sell vegetables and fruit to survive. It created a really personal view of what it means for people who were disadvantaged.” Young wanted to make the world a better place. At Deep Springs, he began the journey.

Deep Springs drew Young in part because of Julian Steward DS17,

who created a legacy of great Deep Springs social scientists. In the remote desert he discovered his intellectual home in rural sociology. From there he went to the University of Washington where he obtained his B.A. degree in anthropology.

He went on to serve in the U.S. Army, stationed in Monterrey, California. During that time, he visited nearby Pentecostal churches which led to a study on the day-to-day functioning of a fundamentalist church. When Young left the army to attend Cornell’s graduate school, inspired by Steward, the Telluride House,



and Cornell's applied anthropology work, he carried his writings from California to Ithaca. They became his M.A. thesis entitled, "Sociocultural Analysis of a California Pentecostal Church." It reflects his early interest in religion and social movements.

Entering his Ph.D., Young wanted to make a difference—a genuine difference—in the world. He stayed at Cornell to work on applied anthropology, traveling to Mexico to do ethnographies of Native villages. He did similar field work in Puerto Rico and Tunisia. He then traveled to Nova Scotia, where he studied community integration and urban influence on two fishing villages, the subject of his Ph. D. dissertation in Social Anthropology.

Cornell drew him back to Ithaca to

work on rural sociology. He found a home in the College of Agriculture and Life Sciences in a department committed to "international sociology." The university had gotten a grant to work on development in Latin America, where Young already had experience working and studying. He got the job, endowed by the Ford Foundation, and became one of the first sociologists at Cornell to do overseas research. He began doing comparative analyses of villages all across the world using new statistical methods.

All of Young's work in sociology was inspired by a desire to aid international development. He wanted sociologists to be more than "native scouts about technology," and to instead assess development work

beyond the reductive terms of agricultural economists. He created new quantitative research designs to better understand rural communities. His work was successful, informing approaches to international development. In *Studies in Structural Sociology*, a collection of 19 articles written over 20 years, he expands the role of rural sociology in international development.

Young spent the rest of his academic career at Cornell. In his career Young twice served as acting department chair for rural sociology, from 1971-72 and again in 1985. He received the Distinguished Rural Sociologist award from the Rural Sociological Society in 1995.

Frank was interested in art, folk art, and music. He loved interacting with people. His colleagues regret losing his voice in current events, and he got on well with those he disagreed with. He brought people together in his neighborhood, meeting with friends and colleagues every three weeks for a meal. His wife, Lorrie, recalls how much he loved the outdoors, canoeing in the Adirondacks, and identifying birds. He is survived by his wife, Lorrie Young; Christopher and Douglas Young, sons of his deceased wife, Ruth Young; and two grandsons, Alex and Andrew.

To get a deeper grasp of Frank's work, we have an unpublished paper by Frank following this obituary. This paper has never been seen by the public until now. We hope that it helps us each grasp the contemporary gravity of his work, analyzing confusing demographic trends with statistical methods. Frank wrote the text of the paper, while Marie Joy Arguillas (University of the Philippines) and Florio Arguillas (Cornell University) worked on the tables.



“Character does not grow in a night. It may be quickly inspired but it matures slowly.

The mind must have time to season and take permanent set.”

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

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