

# DEEP SPRINGS COLLEGE

## NEWSLETTER

'SPRING' 2023 / ISSUE No. 104





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1 - An Interview with Sue Darlington.....	Brian Hill
3 - Snowmageddon.....	Trey Longnecker
5 - Second-Year Farewells.....	Trey Longnecker
7 - An Interview with Andy Kim.....	Declan Allio
9 - From the Dairy Barn.....	Coley Asbury
10 - Deep Springs Ice Cream.....	Coley Asbury
11 - Courses on Offer.....	CurCom
13 - Shakespeare Week.....	Emma Bourne
14 - A Speech.....	Ben Samuels
15 - Five Poems.....	Norah Geiger
16 - Portraits at SB.....	Luke Suess
17 - Welcome to Andy Zink.....	Brian Hill
18 - Excerpts from Daily News.....	Gerrard Pook
19 - Remembrances.....	DS Community

“The abundance of heart may be evident in the blacksmith as well as in the great preacher or master surgeon. But wherever the heart is abundant there will be a leader no matter how great or how small the following. And the blacksmith or the teacher or the surgeon who fulfills in himself the Purpose of Deep Springs will be a good blacksmith, a good teacher, and a good surgeon, even as Christ must have been a good carpenter.”

- *L.L. Nunn*





# An Interview with Sue Darlington

by Natural Sciences Chair Brian Hill

*As President Darlington nears the end of her three-year term, she offered these thoughts.*

DSN: Deep Springs has had lots of ups and downs. What was the most enjoyable aspect of being at Deep Springs?

SD: Multiple things, depending on what aspect you want to think about. Obviously, the valley, in and of itself. It's stunning. It's beautiful here. In terms of the people, it's PubSpeak, where the whole community comes together and you really see the talent and the intellect of the students. I find PubSpeak to be amazing. To be honest, what I really love the most is teaching. That was fun. It gave me a very different perspective on the College.

DSN: Of your experiences prior to Deep Springs, what was the best preparation for being President?

SD: I'm not sure anything fully prepares you for being President at Deep Springs. I'd say the experiences I drew from the most were being Dean of Advising and then Dean of Critical Social Inquiry at Hampshire College. As the Dean of Advising, I interacted constantly with students, faculty, and parents, helping students with academic issues. I got to know how you must both be flexible and know when the tough decisions can be the right decisions.

DSN: What changes or improvements during your tenure have happened to the College that will be the most important or lasting?

SD: One that I was only partly responsible for was the BH construction project. Maybe I will get one meal in it [laughing]. Another is initiating the

mental health emergency response plan—putting together the task force that came up with the plan and beginning to implement it.

There have been many crises that have popped up. There was a lot of disruption from COVID. I worked with people to get through it and get Covid-Com off the ground. It is a good model for dealing with challenges where an ad hoc committee of students and staffuly come together to figure out how to handle difficult situations.

We've had a lot of staff turnover. I have tried to build redundancy where people share knowledge more and write down knowledge more so if somebody leaves, we're not starting from scratch. Another example is working with Ryan [the Dean and CFO] to streamline the budgeting process. I credit all these things to working with other people on campus.

DSN: What advice do you have for future Presidents of the College?

SD: What they need to do is listen—get to know individuals, get to know the SB, the faculty, the staff, and the alums. Get a good feel for what matters to people, how they approach things, where the tensions are, what people see for the future of the College. There are a lot of aspects of the job people don't see: legal issues, budget stuff, fund-raising, dealing with various off-campus constituencies. Those are all critical, but to be able to make good decisions for the campus requires really listening to those in the valley.

DSN: During students' two years here, what changes are the most marked and pleasing to see in them?

SD: I loved watching how much they

mature in two years. There is a general trend among our students realizing that they are part of something bigger and that their actions have broader implications. They learn not just to focus on what they need themselves or what they want themselves, but to understand the implications of what they want or what they think they need and how those connect to the college. An example is in the Curriculum Committee. It is astounding how fast the members grow in terms of understanding what the curriculum needs and how to assess and pick the right faculty. That's just one example. I am always impressed thinking back to where people were when they arrived and where they are when they graduate.

DSN: What do you hope for the Staffuly to take on or accomplish in the coming few years?

SD: Related to that idea of redundancy is watching the Staffuly becoming more of a team. I also hope the Staffuly can continue to build stronger supports for a more diverse campus. Our students from less-represented backgrounds often feel less supported or not fully understood. As mentors, Staffuly can make a difference for these students.

DSN: What are you looking forward to doing next?

SD: Relaxing! And being with my family—my mom is turning 99. Also, photography. I've got a photo trip to Antarctica planned for December. I used to be a photographer for the German Shepherd Rescue of New England. I plan to go back to doing that. I hope to find ways of using my photography along with anthropology

to educate people. People gain a lot by understanding different perspectives—different people's ways of life. I want to share the values of knowing about another group of people and the ways they live and what's meaningful for them.

DSN: If you had more time in each week to be President, what would you have spent it on?

SD: I would spend a lot more time one-on-one with people. Going back to an early question about enjoyable things, I forgot to mention going on walks with students and getting to know them as individuals. I wish I'd spent more time getting to know the different labor positions, spending more time on the ranch or in the garden.

There is a lot in terms of the fund-raising and travel that I wish I could spend more time on. Due to COVID, I couldn't travel for the first year and a half of my job. I would have liked to have spent more time on that, but it takes a lot of work to plan those events. The alums are amazing, and getting to know some alums has been a real high point for me. Learning what they have done and getting their perspectives on Deep Springs once they have some distance has helped me understand a lot about the College.

DSN: In closing, are there some subjects that I didn't ask about that I should have asked about, and if so, what are they?

SD: I feel there has been a lot of tension here recently and not enough genuine effort to try to resolve it. Tension is built into Deep Springs, but I hope the community can find more constructive and creative ways of dealing with it. Welcoming the new President, I hope that regardless of what people have envisioned for this position, that whoever it is, people step back and say okay, what are they bringing? How do we get the best out of this person and work with the best of each of us for moving the College forward? I genuine-

ly believe that people can do that.

DSN: I have noticed that even when I arrived in July of 2020 that there was cliquishness, which I think is what you are talking about when you're talking about tension, and it's been persistent. What do we do about cliquishness?

SD: One thing I really appreciated about Andy Kim's recent visit [DS00, this year's Withrow speaker] was that he talked about empathy and humility and how critical those are for building relationships. If people here can think about those, that is one way to move forward. It is human nature to think first, "what do I need, what do I want," and "which people are similar to me?" But in such a small community that can create tensions. People need to learn to be aware when they are doing that and make the effort to listen and have empathy and humility. It doesn't mean giving up your views, but it means

grounding your views in a greater understanding of how they fit with other people's views. That is a key aspect of learning. We're a college. We should all be learning. Not just the students. All of us. That's one of the things I appreciate so much about my time as President. It's been hard, but I feel I have learned so much about myself and about people. You know, I've made mistakes. I have also done some good things. I've really learned and that's what I hope everybody on the campus can do—to be very aware of oneself and the impact that holding onto a position very tightly can have. By stopping to listen, actively listen with empathy and humility, we can find more common ground. That's easy to say and hard to do.

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*Sue climbing to a talc mine in Esmeralda County with White Mountains in the distance (Brian Hill).*



# Snowmageddon

by Trey Longnecker DS22

The snow started to fall on Friday, February 24th, as Shakespeare Week started to end, around Henry VI, around lunch, as term started to end, as break started to descend, term 4-5 break, which is considered the last break to not be crushed by the weight of departure and is thus crushed even more totally by its weight, a signal of the the beginning of the beginning of leaving, this weight coming in with the snow and my penultimate BH and the early sunset of the last day of term and the sparse-seeming end of term dinner, which was pierogis and fondue and Ethan's last meal as cook, which was sparse-seeming

because half of the staffulty was already gone because they knew that the snow might trap us in, I thought this was hypochondriac then, and because six of us went to go watch Max read the last act of Richard III in the main room, maybe everything was sparse-seeming in the same way everything here seems sparse when only a few are absent, and I remember a bit of chocolate on the pierogi and a bit of cheese on the strawberry as all the ghosts cursed Richard, told him to suffer and die, and then blessed Henry, and then my final BH, which took a while, because of all the big pots and because it was a meal

that necessitated both a plate and a bowl for every person, the end of my term of BH, which was supposed to be the last term where we ate in the Museum and cooked in the P-unit, because the new BH was finally finished being built and we would move everything over during this break, my final dish dunked, I brought it into the museum, we finished late (around 8:30) but Henry VIII was only half-way done, I went to the dorms to shower, the walk across the main circle took a while now, thinking if only there was no snow, etc, because there were no paths then, and you would try to stay in the footsteps of the last



person to walk across, this had been a long term, etc, using hot water for the last time for a while, then I sat for a while, now the crossing was difficult, even when it was cold it used to be you could go out shorts and no shoes and run, now you had to prepare to cross the main circle, I thought I would set myself up in the main building tomorrow and make a point of not doing any work, make a point of wasting my time in the most effective and effacing way I could, I would watch something on my laptop and eat the box of food I had received from my parents for my birthday, I had been nineteen for two weeks now, but the package had came a few days ago, I had already finished the cookies but this box would last me a while, I had hid it well, so I got a bag of barbecue chips and went up to the main barefoot to watch the end of Henry VIII trying to run through the snow up to the top of my thighs, my feet went numb, Henry VIII was finishing, now I can't remember a thing about it, apparently it is a mediocre

and forgotten play with a questionable authorship, but it ended and the constant Shakespeare event in the Main Room was over, and now we would have SB, but end of term SB, which was always truncated, this time very truncated, about thirty minutes, and finishing and dancing and the term was over.

I woke up late. There was three and a half feet of snow and the power was out. Someone got me to go shovel the flat roofs of Withrow. A fire was going and people put their socks out to dry. The main building was dark, the Main Room was still in disarray after Shakespeare, the couches were still in a circle and people were asleep on them. I went to the library for the first time in a while. Someone said we were going to run out of water soon. Feed needed people. Toes in boots were always wet. People made announcements. We would set up the Starlink WiFi for an hour after dinner, for necessary communications only. Everyone was in the main room then, it was dark like the inside of a

plane at night. We watched a movie, the first one in a while, that night by candles. It was dark and easy to fall asleep.

I woke up late. Now the water was out. We fought cooks for boilers and emptied snow into the big pots, then into Igloo coolers. It didn't need to be boiled. The cooks needed water and so did BH. We filled up three of the ten gallon coolers and set them out. The water tasted like the pots smelled. People said the water was dirty but no one got sick. Now you could charge your phones on the generators. Snow blindness is an ambient hazard. At night you would slip and ask who it was that was inside with you.

I woke up late. I cut firewood for an hour. SCE was here. A branch had fallen on the power-line. The roads were clear.

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# Second-Year Farewells

By Trey Longnecker DS22



Zayd was deeply influenced by the life of our Withrow Speaker Andy Kim and plans to follow in his footsteps. He came to Deep Springs after periods of obsession with basketball (from ages twelve to fifteen) and Marxism (from ages fifteen to eighteen) and left believing in the power of love. Served us and future classes dutifully as ApCom chair. He'll study political philosophy at Swarthmore next year.



Norah introduced DS22 with a flawless term 1-2 chairship. Was perennially concerned about being good in a way that set an example for all of us. She believes that "nonsense is the highest form of beauty." She served us as an abundant-hearted RCom Chair and stalwart Peer Counselor. Plans to take on the Big Apple next year.



Andre says, "Church is best when the cries of the babies drown out the voice of God." Andre was a veritable shepherd to the men of Deep Springs. In addition to being next year's Fish Lake cowboy, Andre plans to re-enroll in Columbia next year and study music. He'll continue to work on his dream of opening a jazz ranch and most likely continue stopping conversations to write down little phrases he likes.



Although Mishel began as the most intimidating second year, she soon revealed herself to be just like the rest of us, only more devout. She served wonderful stints as 3-4 chair and student trustee. She plans on traveling with her father and studying the history of science and medicine at Bard College Berlin next year.



Lana spoke with an unmitigable power, and with the feeling that she was far more powerful than you. She could only be hampered by her Achilles heel: an unrivaled injury proneness. She has indirectly trained all the future pruners of Deep Springs and will be the cause of years of fruit. She worked to enhance diversity in Deep Springs on ComCom and as chair of Land Acknowledgement Committee. Next year, she will study environmental studies at Williams.



Haana had a penchant for pranks and powerful seminar disagreements. Although Haana had an initially unassuming presence, she was perhaps the only member of DS 22 with a PR person, or to sue the Canadian government. She plans on studying linguistics next year. She worked ceaselessly to make Deep Springs a more equitable place as LandAck Chair.



Luke was the only genuinely Greek member of DS22., and constantly attempted to elevate Deep Springs to the polis that it could be. Luke was the sports star of DS22 due to his brute strength. This strength, though, was belied by his sophisticated, careful, comments, and his cute sneeze. He was our CurCom Chair and will be our summer mountain cowboy. Luke will be taking a gap year and working at an alternative middle school.



Ainsley was an all-star, all-around Deep Springer, in addition to a stunning conversationalist who could change your life with a lunch-time Would You Rather question. She was known to speak with such precision and clarity that was genuinely difficult to understand. As Parliamentarian, she kept our amendments germane, and as ApCom chair she served the future of Deep Springs. Ainsley will be the returning cowboy and is taking a gap year.



Declan continues to carry the aura of a presidential candidate around Deep Springs. Known for his prodigious ability to pull all nighters and leave no one the wiser - becoming all the more scintillating the longer and longer he stayed conscious. Declan should be admired for taking an overload of four classes in the era of two classes, and for his valiant efforts at veganism. Declan served us and the wider community as ComCom chair. He'll study Classics somewhere on the East Coast next year.



Chenyi's comments in class or SB were sparse, but they would undoubtedly stun the room into silence. As the horse that runs from story to story at will, Chenyi probably had a better time than anyone this year. Known for their penchant for taking the weird kid classes. They kept us safe as Safety Czar. Chenyi will study art at Cooper Union next year.



# An Interview with Andy Kim

by Declan Allio DS21

*Congressman Andy Kim DS00, who represents New Jersey's 3rd District, visited campus as Withrow Speaker this spring.*

DSN [Deep Springs Newsletter]: I was struck by the story you opened your address with – experiencing 9/11 at Deep Springs and feeling suddenly that you were escaping from duty to serve humanity, rather than preparing. “The mountains around the valley had become walls, closing me off from the world”--that’s a sentiment shared by some current members of the SB, too. But you still stayed here! Why?

AK: When September 11 happened, I did feel very isolated in the valley, unlike anything else I experienced here. A question emerged: What am I doing here? The rest of the country was in such immense pain in response to the tragedy... I thought about leaving, about what I’d do if I did. And that’s what helped me understand that there was still more training to do. Yes, I had an impatience to serve – service creates impatience. But the lesson that stuck with me came from the sense of community here – something I’d never had before.

When you look out over this valley – this inhospitable environment – you see a little green patch within it. It reminds you: the only way to survive in the desert is to work together, to form community. There’s an interconnectedness here that I’ve found in no other place in the world. It is this quality that has given longevity to my ability to serve. If I’d indulged that impulse and left, I think I would have flamed out. DS gave me a consistent path, one I’ve been on since.

DSN: A trending thought in DS intellectual life is that we ought to separate our community into two sides: the political, and the personal – a community of combat (politics), and a community of love. But it seems to me that you’ve found a way to let each fuel the other.

AK: For me, the relationship and connection between the two is vital. I see the point to separation, but for the work I do, the ability to connect with my constituents and colleagues is vitally important. The times in my life when I’ve felt detached from the humanity of my job are the times I’ve made the biggest mistakes – the times I most regret. It’s too easy to think about people as enemies, but we need to be careful about making anyone an “other.”

DSN: In your lecture you floated an idea that the reaction 9/11 evoked in you could not be possible today: that we’ve lost our ability to give attention, to experience shock.

AK: The pandemic killed over a million Americans, and required that we respond as a collective. We failed to do that. We further polarized, instead – accelerated the “otherization” and tribalism that has been ongoing for some time. It’s almost as if we’ve become acceptant of this level of disruption and chaos—that we now simply think of it as part of our lives. Personal identity has usurped our collective identity as Americans – that’s frightening. Some of my colleagues thrive on having an “other,” on someone to blame, someone to instrumentalize in the name of fear and divisiveness.

DSN: The response to 9/11 seems to have been an act of “othering,” too. The unity we felt was that we had a shared enemy. I wonder if perhaps we have not lost our sense of unity, but rather shifted scope in who we identify as “other.” Is it possible to have unity without an enemy? An “other”?

AK: I’d like to say yes. We can make the “other” a virus, for example. In this sense the “other” may be something that we can all stand up to, something we can act against together. I’d hope that we could say that inequality is the “other” that does not belong here—to create a society that finds hunger as despicable as terrorism. But I’m not sure. In practice, people respond differently: some deny climate change; they deny the existential threats that we face because they can’t wrap their heads around them. It’s true that it’s harder to conceptualize a virus or injustice as an enemy. But that’s what I’m trying to work against: to find a way to unify a people without “othering” another people. To bring us together fully, completely.

DSN: You mentioned in your talk that we are entering a new, strange era of politics and society. It seems to me that suddenly, now, not just the content of government/politics has become unsuitable to the world we live in, but also the form. To enter this new era, does politics need to restore the world to what it once was, or to evolve, shift, to fit the world we live in now?

AK: This era that we’re entering into does not have a defined catalyst—

there’s no singular starting point. It’s harder to pinpoint what’s driving the shift. There’s no big bang that created this moment. It was a gradual degradation. The goal here is not to rewind the clock – we can’t move forward that way. We need to figure out what we want to see done; what we want to see come about; what our definition of success is in this era. What do we want to see our country like in 30 years? What’s happening today is not just the decline of democracy but the decline of governance. That, suddenly, is very personal to me: that’s my sons’ future; the world in which they will come to live. We shouldn’t be approaching this moment with nostalgia for a past time. We should be figuring out how to find a sense of security and success during this fraught time.

DSN: It still seems to me, though, that your personal charge – to “heal America” – implies some sort of restoration, to an America that was once not ill.

AK: In order to cure a disease, we need procedures and technologies that don’t exist yet. We need new research, new analysis, new work to determine the roots of the problem, which may never have been encountered before. We’re not looking at things in terms of time, and we should. If you fall ill with cancer, and undergo several years of chemotherapy, when you recover you are still a very much different person than you were before you were sick. Your doctors are, too. To return to health as a country is to progress, to develop new solutions to new problems. To come together.

DSN: And that’s the challenge here—that the very sickness from which our country suffers is an inability to come together – to work collectively to heal ourselves.

AK: How do you treat a patient that doesn’t think they’re sick? We can’t even agree upon what is broken, what is sick, and that makes the ability to heal even more difficult. That’s precisely what I find so alarming about the state of our country.

DSN: And that’s unprecedented.

AK: The next five years will determine much of what occurs for the next five decades. The question is: What do we do about it? And that’s where DS comes in.

Deep Springs trains people to do things, to recognize their agency, to realize that there’s no problem so complex that it has no solution. Everything here has a solution, everyone here must come to understand that they are capable of coming to that answer. Here, you are taught to reject the assumption: “Someone else will deal with that.” The sense of agency acquired at DS is what makes it such a special place.

DSN: That’s helpful for me in thinking about another point you made in your lecture—that magnitude is not particularly relevant to service.

AK: Service isn’t like grade school to high school. It’s not about leveling up your impact—graduating to the next level. You have to find what satisfies you, where you find meaning, what drives you. The kind of impact-driven thinking leads too easily to ego, hubris, hierarchical thought that corrupts you. Each of us has to recognize we have our own personalities. Not every car is meant to be a racecar; not every car is meant to be a firetruck. What I hope is that the one takeaway from my visit to the valley is that being a congressman doesn’t make me more special or better than anyone else. I’m just an alum from the school; the moment I start to think of myself in other terms, as removed from others, that’s when I’ll go off the rails. To serve humanity well, humility is most important.



*Andy and family outside of the dairy barn.*



# From the Dairy Barn

by Coley Asbury DS22

Every morning at 4am, my alarm goes off. I angrily lay in bed for another 15 or so minutes before I make myself get out of my warm cocoon to go shake the cold off of the morning and head to the barn. Every day about halfway to the barn I decide that maybe mornings aren't so bad and then I forget this realization again every night.

Something that I never realized before doing dairy is how much better the stars are at the morning end of the night than they are when the night is closer to dusk. I've seen shooting stars I didn't know existed, only ever on my way to the dairy barn. It feels like a secret the sky tucks away and only shows to dairy boys – stars with blue tails streaking across the sky, ones that seem to spark off like a welder falling into oblivion as it flies, astral objects flying so close to earth that the whole sky turns bright green for a moment. Through a haze

of sleep and dark I swear the stars are some void meant to stare back at me, not unkindly, as Orion shimmers almost in reach. Sometimes on mornings where I'm delirious from lack of sleep, it seems as though the only reason we don't scoop the stars in our bare hands is because there's work to be done.

By the time we get to the barn at 4:30am, the cows are already mooing to be let in. We lovingly roll our eyes at their impatience while we gather our things and let them into the barn. Milking is largely uneventful. Sometimes, Euclid kicks a bucket over. Sometimes, Alice uses her horns to escape her headstall and get more snacks. Things have gotten a bit more eventful now with the addition of Mars – Juno's calf – since we did not separate them at birth we now have an extra four legs running around. But, Mars typically settles down in a corner or next to Juno for

the duration of milking, and Alice calms down with snacks. We settle back into the routine of business as usual. While milking is repetitive and uneventful, it's certainly warm and there's comfort in the routine. This is truly a blessing, especially when doing winter dairy, both during and previous to the blizzard.

What dairy gave me that no other labor position has is an almost absolute responsibility for the wellbeing of these animals. We were milking them and making dairy products, but we were also feeding them, filling their trough, teaching their babies how to nurse, and learning their behaviors well enough that it became clear if one was sick. I value this closeness to these cows more incredibly deeply, and I see the relationship I formed with them as one of the most valuable things I've done at Deep Springs. I still occasionally visit Euclid in the enclosure with the bulls now that she has cycled out of the barn.

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# Ice Cream Recipe

by Coley Asbury DS22

One of my favorite things about Deep Springs is how many small experiences like these remain nearly identical over time, whether it be in 1973 or 2023. I've written up our favorite ice cream recipe for any of you who want to reminisce, who want a taste of the sweeter parts of the valley, or for those of you who just want to make some ice cream.

**Ingredients** (serving size: enough for most people in the valley):

- 8 cups of cream (preferably from Alice. Any dairy boy will tell you Alice has the creamiest milk on the ranch).
- 4 cups of milk (any cow will do).
- 2 2/3 cups of sugar (It's a fine line to toe between heart-attacks-in-the-BH and a delicious treat, but it's a line we walk).
- Pinch of salt
- 24 egg yolks

**Directions:**

1. Whisk together your yolks in a bowl.
2. Simmer every other ingredient together on the stove top until everything is dissolved. \*Whisk 1/3 to 1/2 of the cream into the egg yolks– and be sure that you whisk constantly unless you would like scrambled egg ice cream
3. Then, pour this new mixture back into the original pot with the rest of your hot cream (sticking to the same whisking strategy as in the previous step).
4. Keep on cooking until the ice cream base is about 170 degrees.
5. Pour the base through a strainer

into another container.

6. Chill overnight in the fridge, covering the top of the base with plastic wrap to avoid the top forming a film.
7. The next morning, churn in your ice cream churner! Ours works in about 45-50 minutes, but follow the discretion of your instruction manual.
8. Freeze to get a better texture for between 1-4 hours before serving.

**Adding Flavors:**

Here are some suggestions straight from the dairy boys. Also, we never measure the flavors. We speak directly to the cows and they tell us when to stop pouring things in. In other words– eyeball it!

- Orange-Vanilla– a summertime hit. Just add orange juice and vanilla extract to the base as a last step before straining.
- Cookies and cream – You can make sweet cream and add that to the churner with the base, or you can simply add vanilla extract to your base while on the stove top. Fold in oreo crumbles after churning is finished.
- Be creative! If it's liquid, add it to the base. If it's something extra like cookie dough or fruit, fold in after the fact.

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# SB Wishlist

- Socks of all sizes
- Sun hats
- Sun screen (SPF 30)
- Replica of the U.S. Constitution
- Pens
- Baseball bat
- A boombox
- Frosted Flakes
- Herb seedlings
- Art posters
- Book suggestions
- Tales of Deep Springs past
- Reflections on a life of service





# Courses on Offer

Term 6, 2023

**Tragedy and Politics** - Dan Schillinger

Reading Greek tragedy is unpleasant: you will not smile; you will shudder. Why should we read these plays about death, war, revenge, madness, impossible choices, calamitous errors, and the destruction of whole peoples? The premise of this course is that we need Greek tragedy as both a complement and corrective to philosophy and political theory. The canonical Greek tragedians—Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides—dramatize fundamental and discomfiting questions that are often sidelined by the philosophical tradition. Why are we cruel to others—and to ourselves? What is the role of luck in determining how our lives turn out? Do human beings encounter impossible situations in which wrongdoing is inevitable? Aeschylus,

Sophocles, and Euripides were also piercing observers of political life. No less than Plato and Aristotle, the Attic tragedians write to elicit reflection on the basic patterns of politics: democracy and tyranny, war and peace, the family and the city, the rule of law and violence. Finally, we will also approach Greek tragedy through its reception. Aristophanes, Plato, Aristotle, and Nietzsche: all these thinkers responded to tragedy.

**Capitalism: Theory and Practice** - Charles Petersen

After decades as a leftist byword, ‘capitalism’ has reentered the public sphere. Yet despite all the New York Times op-eds and Teen Vogue explainers, what exactly capitalism is — what distinguishes this economic and social system from what came before and what may come after — remains

difficult to say. Is capitalism defined by the market? By economic growth? By waged work? By relations of credit and debt? By some specific new kind of exploitation? What about the role of empire? Or of social difference, whether in terms of race, gender, nationality, or some other feature?

This course will attempt to answer these questions through a close reading of key sections from Karl Marx’s *Capital* together with texts that apply Marx’s analysis to specific historical questions. We will read Marx on commodification and William Cronon’s “sack of wheat” chapter from *Nature’s Metropolis*; Marx on colonialism and Eric Williams on *Capitalism and Slavery*; Marx on fetishism and Thorstein Veblen’s *Theory of the Leisure Class*; Marx on the labor process and Herbert Gutman on “Work, Culture, and Society in In-



dustrializing America.” For specific context on the writing of *Capital*, we will refer to William Roberts’s *Marx’s Inferno*.

The goal of this course is not to understand what capitalism is or what Marx thought in any abstract sense; the reason we will read *Capital* together with these texts is not for mere context. Rather, the goal is to understand capitalism as a dynamic practice and Marx’s *Capital* as a work that can only ever be understood in relation to specific social questions, whether historical or contemporary.

**Is This the Truth?: Documentary Filmmaking Styles and Approaches** - Alex Jablonski

Documentary filmmaking may be the most powerful medium ever invented. It has freed the innocent, put killers behind bars, spurred revolutions, led to dramatic legislative changes and continues to shape public opinion on a daily basis.

At the same time over the past 20 years documentary film has entered a new golden age that has left the investigative, agenda-driven style behind, for projects that are more personal, lyrical, and go after universal

truths previously dealt with only in fiction films. In this course through weekly exercises students will explore different documentary methods and styles all while interrogating questions of ethics and just what makes an image ‘true’.

The goal of this course is two-fold - First, to give students the hands-on technical skills of documentary filmmaking. This includes learning how to record field sound, shoot scenes with proper coverage and framing, and learning how to edit on Adobe Premiere Pro. The second goal is to give students a broader understanding of how to create a narrative structure within a nonfiction medium. This involves learning how to parcel out information, using footage to raise questions, create tension, and then diffuse it through providing answers.

**Discipline and Disenchantment: Reading Max Weber** - Anna Feuer

To speak of “modernity”—as a historical era, as a mode of experience, as a project to develop an objective science—is necessarily to evoke the ideas of the German sociologist

and historian Max Weber. Writing at the turn of the twentieth century, Weber methodically described the essential features of modern life: the irresistible pull of rationalization, which promises mastery of all things (law, economy, religion, art) by means of calculation; a relentlessly expanding bureaucracy; a growing secularism that “disenchants” the world, banishing religious belief to the realm of superstition; and the dissolution of any universal system of meaning into an “anarchy of values.” What is most remarkable and rewarding in Weber’s work is his careful attention to the metaphysical and spiritual consequences of modernization, along with the material conditions that enable it: he is ultimately concerned with the struggle to pursue one’s “vocation,” or calling, in the context of the “iron cage” that characterizes life under industrial capitalism. This course will entail close readings of Weber’s *Vocation Lectures*, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, and selections from *Economy and Society*. With Tocqueville, Marx, and Durkheim, Weber is considered one of the “fathers” of modern social science; we will pay special attention his methods of interpretation and his approach to causal analysis.



# Report on Shakespeare Week

by Emma Bourne DS22

While the tradition of Shakespeare Week has turned from a full five day event to a three day one, the spirit of intensity and rigor of performance has not come to a halt. This year, the Student Body elected to go with the most radical performance of Shakespeare first years Ben Samuels, Max Feigelson, and Will O'Hara had to offer: a thirty-six hour straight enactment of the histories. Ben, Max, and Will are all students of Will Ramsay's course on Shakespeare. Throughout the spring semester, the class read twenty of Shakespeare's plays, one for each class period. Inspired by the all-nighters they pull regularly to thoroughly read each play for class, the boys settled on proposing their Shakespeare marathon. However, unlike training for one's twenty six miles, there would be no rehearsal. All performances would be spontaneous. The SB was idealistic enough (or foolish enough) to support their vision

To commence, four staffulty members gave talks related to Shakespeare and performance on the last Wednesday of Term Four. Sue Darlington reflected on working for MIT's Shakespeare crew, even though she was a student at Wellesley, and the connections that she still maintains because of her time in the ensemble. David Egan, the visiting philosopher, gave a talk on how to best read Shakespeare aloud given line breaks and etymology. Annelyse Gelman, the visiting poet, gave a talk on acts of extreme performances (art or not). She spoke of a marathon performance of Erik Satie's "Vexations," which inspired the title of her second book of poetry published this March.

To wrap up the lectures, Will Ramsay, the year long literature professor, spoke on historical perspectives about the goodness of Shakespeare. The Shakespeare wheels of the community began to turn.

On Thursday morning, when people walked into the main building, they witnessed hundreds of photos taped to the walls of the mail room and corridor to enter the main room of marathon runners, scenes from favorite movies, and even Will Ramsay on a hike. A giant clock made from masking tape was on the floor. In the main room, the couches were placed facing the main circle, but the view was obstructed by hanging sheets that formed the stage. Clothes from the Bone Pile littered the floor, ready to be picked up for a quick costume. Energy was abuzz; everyone was ready for action.

Students and staffulty alike read from huge red-covered Complete Works of Shakespeare. If someone wasn't there to play their part, a member of the audience would aban-

don their Wilderness First Responder training or sonnet assignment to play a part. King John and the first half of Richard II were on Thursday morning before lunch, then a short break to eat, followed by a jump right back into the action. The actors sat on rocking chairs reading and performing, or pacing about the room during their soliloquies.

By this time, it was two AM. Spirits were low as students slipped off to bed, while some slept in the main room in sleeping bags. The people who were performing began to take on multiple roles to accommodate the lack of actors. Things got even worse during 1 and 2 Henry VI. All of the couches were filled with people who had fallen asleep waiting for their cue. A few committed members kept the show going by staying awake, sitting in a circle rotating parts. Even if the theatricality had come to a standstill, the iambs continued to beat. Outside, the snow had begun to fall.



# A Speech

by Ben Samuels DS22

In 2017, when I was twelve, the Yankees traded for a right fielder named Giancarlo Stanton. That year Giancarlo had hit fifty-nine home runs, which is almost 61, which was the home run record set by Roger Maris. And he did it for the Miami Marlins, which is a real backwater team, on which he had been let's say a perfectly capable but not outstanding player. People in Miami knew about him. But then that season something clicked and he hit fifty-nine home runs, which was very nearly the most home runs ever hit, and everyone in the country knew about him. And the Yankees immediately got him for nothing off of the Marlins, because he could charge the Yankees hundreds of millions of dollars which the Marlins don't have.

But I didn't hear about the trade for a few days, even though it was pretty momentous. And I learned about it from my friend Noah, who I used to play baseball with. Noah had got a fantastic score on some juvenile IQ test when he was three or four and got put in kindergarten a year early. He also had this streak which I've never seen in anyone else, this ability to explode on command into a blind rage. I think that every year in middle school he got voted the most likely to be president.

Anyway you're taught to keep your stance wide, like this. Because the theory is that you're going to have to kick your leg out to hit the ball anyway, to make use of your hips. So you start with your leg out and your bat back. But Giancarlo Stanton, part of what was so freaky was that he just stood there with his bat on his shoulder. And I was pitching

to Noah and he stood there like that with his bat on his shoulder. And he had this look in his eyes. This insane rage like he was trying to hit the ball right between my eyes. I didn't know what he was doing so I pitched it to him and he just smoked it, right at my face, and I sort of anticipated it, on a deep level, so I threw myself at the ground, but I swear if it didn't it would have killed me.

They were heady days. There was hope. I went to school with thirty other kids. All of their parents had all grown up poor and very religious. Now they were secular and very rich. But all the anger—class hatred, religious hatred—was still there. There was a feeling of progress but there was an immense reservoir of hate that was untapped. I imagined us like bullets right when they leave the barrel of the gun.

I met Noah when I went back to New York over the past break. He goes to school at the Abraham Joshua Heschel Academy, which is right by Central Park, so he and I went for a walk after he got out of school. He was kind of quiet so I asked him if he'd thought at all about becoming president since middle school. And he explained to me that the odds of becoming president were microscopic, as in not one person in a million gets to become president. Even of the politicians, even of the people who run for president, the odds are so small. And then he got completely turned around and started freaking out because he thought we'd gotten lost in the park.

And the home run record actually did get broken last year by Aaron Judge, the charming, six foot seven,

homegrown Yankees outfielder, who comes out early before games to sign balls for kids. He's a genuine guy but there's something missing in his eyes. There's a darkness missing. There's an epic, childlike wisdom about fate and death which I saw in Giancarlo Stanton's eyes when I watched him come out and decided to hit fifty nine home runs or in Noah's eyes when he was trying to break my head in. I'm sure it's for the best that Noah matures and gets peacefully absorbed back into society. But I think it means the collapse of the most important link we have back to childhood, ambition, but also insanity, this crazy kind of arson, this horror at the world, this determination to scratch at it until it turns into what you want it to be. It's psychotic a little bit, but at the same time it's deeply vulnerable and honest. I miss it. It wasn't that they wanted to be perfect, it's that they wanted to be better than you. It was hate like they wanted to murder you. Excellence was not involved. And it's the thing that strings together most of what I remember from my first fifteen or sixteen years of life. And I'm nervous, too, because I don't know how I'm supposed to hold together the memories I have from my first sixteen years of life if I stop understanding how to hate someone like that. It's hard to explain it but I swear to god there was a whole moment when everyone I knew was going to be Roger Federer or Bill Gates or the president. When I was in New York with Norah we walked for four hours on the lower east side and I didn't see a single one, because they'd all died.



# Five Poems

by Norah Geiger DS21

On the same bench, bare feet  
Curl from underneath the piano.  
Feet, dusty and caked with small stones.  
When the sky turns, I hear you whistling.      They  
Say you were a good singer, Michael. Cut from  
Steel, they say. Like the best strings.

In the throes of profligacy,  
For a moment there is nothing but  
The coolness of sweat.  
Head pound, case of flesh.  
A fine oily pig-woman. A  
Wise justice.  
At a table, all the  
Nerves consult each other,  
Then again, begin  
To tango.

Everyone is secret two.  
I think I'm meant to feel it, eating  
From my own little grapefruit dish.  
Only the endings are made of flesh:  
To take two cleaves with toothy spoons,  
And gulp the pulp in one fell swallow.  
I wake with the bitter entrails  
Trailing from between the  
Tooth and gum, where the glove was,  
When the dentist called me good  
For refusing the needle.

buried in clean sheets  
wrapping quiet, rocking breath.  
the cocoon is like a bowl of salt  
sealed off with us, in silence.  
perhaps you'll never outgrow them—  
perhaps, beneath us (inside of you)  
the sound of their hooves will rest.

Have you painted the bull today.  
Tomorrow is too late.  
He is mangy and  
The lice bring him anguish.  
If you have enough colors for a sunrise,  
Cover him with portaits of all these boys.  
If you forget, he will moan  
And rub his body raw.



*Portraits at SB - Luke Sness DS21*



## Welcome to New President Andy Zink by Natural Sciences Chair Brian Hill

After a thorough search, the Board of Trustees of Deep Springs (TDS) is pleased to announce that Dr. Andrew “Andy” Zink will be the next President of the College.

Andy comes to Deep Springs from San Francisco State University (SFSU), where he is Professor and Chair of Hiring, Retention, Tenure, and Promotion in the Biology Department. His Ph.D. from Cornell University is in Ecology and Evolution. In addition to teaching a range of courses and holding several SFSU leadership positions, he has received

numerous research grants and awards.

Aron Fischer, Chair of the TDS Presidential Search Committee, writes: “Some people fall in love with Deep Springs at first sight. Our imaginations are immediately captured by the idea of combining rigorous academics, labor, and self-government in an isolated desert valley to prepare for a life of service to humanity. Andy is one of those people.” Andy will assume leadership of the College beginning July 1, 2023.



## Congratulations to Jefferson Cowie By Declan Allio

On May 8th, Columbia University announced the 2023 Pulitzer Prizes. The Prize in History was awarded to Deep Springs Trustee Jefferson Cowie, Prof. of History at Vanderbilt University. As described by the Pulitzer Prize Board, Cowie’s book, *Freedom’s Dominion: A Saga of White Resistance to Federal Power*, “radically shifts our understanding of what freedom means in America.”

Through a singular focus on Barbour County, Alabama and its historic development, Cowie offers “a riveting history of the long-running clash between white people and federal authority.”

Jeff relays his own aspiration for the book: “I hope readers will understand some of the violence and themes of domination that often lie at the heart of American freedom... Although this is only the story of one county, there is much to learn about an entire country’s need for a vigorous commitment to our democratic institutions.”

From the entire Deep Springs Community, a massive congratulations to Jeff and his book!

**I**

## Two Excerpts from Daily News

A Series by Gerrard Pook DS48

### 1. *Amphitryon* 38

Saturday, not an ordinary day, an end of August morning, bright and clear. Festive...the ranch routine broken, a new undertaking.

There were two of them, silos, that is, behind the dairy barn, derelict concrete block cylinders, maybe thirty feet high and fourteen feet in diameter. Without roofs, they showed no signs of having been used. Silos make corn ensilage for dairy cattle on middle-western farms. We grew alfalfa on a beef cattle ranch in the eastern desert of California. Why here? No one had a clue. No one meant the twenty-odd of us, all city kids, Si, the Dean, Vernon and Mary Nash, and Jean Sabine. Si had disappeared into Lord Keynes while his wife’s cello fell apart in the arid desert heat, Vernon and Mary were most of what then amounted to the praesidium for a One World, and Jean, PhD biochemist and MD, was there to recover from polio. She taught astronomy.

And certainly not Gordon Marshall Peterson, or Alice and Kurt Bergel, or the ranch cook, Mme. Fair. Gordon lived somewhere in the wilds of the differential calculus and although Kurt and Alice had managed to get out of Berlin, they’d lost their piano and the rest of their belongings in Amsterdam, but for few books and a Deutsche Grammophon 78 rpm recording of Die Forelle, while Madame Fair, the cook, spoke to no one. She worked here. Charley Uhlmeier, the ranch manager, might have but his wife was having female problems and besides, why would a beset cattle rancher with 500 head up on the summer range and only one wartime, gimpy cowboy to help care about a dozen dairy cows?

Here, meant a mile high desert valley the size and shape of Manhattan Island but with only the sparse few of us in it. Surrounded by ten-thousand-foot mountains, at the end of the summer of 1943 – the second, austere summer of WW II – this was Deep Springs College. The College had been meant to gather a few precocious young men, instruct them

in the classics and discipline them with physical work – all in complete isolation from the corruption of city life and . . . Presto, the world would have Leaders.

Isolation there was. Only a telephone and a power line strung across the mountains (that deflected radio waves) and a broken-down blacktop road with its mail truck connected us to the outside world 30 miles away. But education we did have. A decent library, and thanks to the Bergels, monthly packages of paperbound French classics published by the French Resistance...Proust, Camus, Sartre.

With a bumper crop of alfalfa all mown, baled, hauled and stacked, Bush-Brown, the Labor Commissioner, had taken it into his young Main-Line-Philadelphia head to fill a silo with another cutting, still in the fields. He’d found a rusty ensilage machine in the implement shed, hauled it down to the dairy yard and belted it to the capstan of our 1923 Fordson tractor, now roaring along in its unthrottled way. The festivities amounted to taking turns at pitching the green alfalfa with its tiny grape-purple clusters of bean blossoms into the machine or climbing into the silo to tramp the fodder down. The machine chopped and blew up a galvanized pipe, to rain this green ensilage into the silo...and onto us.

Pete MacDonald and I were new men, Al Votaw, an old man. We’d arrived in June, were 16. One didn’t ask, but Al had surely been there for at least a year, must be going on 17. Tall, gangly, and of insuppressible good spirits, he was immensely competent, the first meteor in my adolescent sky. Pete and I just trudged in the raining green sludge. Al took the morning as a lark. This summer he’d been reading Proust and Camus’ Sisyphus with Alice. This morning he’d picked up for a bit of relief – I suppose – Giraudoux’s comedy *Amphitryon* 38. And there he was, marching around with us in the green rain, a paperback Giraudoux in hand. We circled, sludge poured, we circled, sludge poured. Al read Giraudoux’s charmed verses, shouting above the general uproar. The lift of swinging up fresh wreathes of green alfalfa into the machine with long-handled four-tined pitch forks in the desert bright sunlit morning was transcended by our theater of the absurd inside ... French poetry in our gray-walled green-sludged college, our absolute College.

### California log #2: A desert mountain basin and *Ephedra Nevadensis*

We stopped. At our feet, on an abandoned desert road, slim rods branch to make a delicate, shadow-less, green half-globe – fourteen, maybe sixteen inches high. A plant, in this arid waste?

Before, 53 years before, when I had walked alone where now this road is, it had been the mountains surrounding me I’d seen, their devolution I’d thought of. Now, for the first time, I see this rooted thing.

Green? The palest celadon, it has no leaves, no flower. It disappears as a fibrous lace threaded into a pavement of frost-split rock – tumbled to pebble by gravity and wind, wind-driven grit.

Shadow-less? The noon light is so intense, the glare reflected from the desert pavement is so sorrel-bright, there is no surface not sun-blasted.

But there is a leaf! A flower!

Now – I’m kneeling – I stare at an upper stem, see what must be a leaf and a pale whisper of a husk that must have been its flower. Leaf? It’s the size and shape, altogether, of a sunflower seed, but one that is divided, symmetrically its length, into a binary opposition of three pairs of leaves, paired along a central, hair-fine line that joins it to the plant.

And each barley-berry sized tributary leaf? Each has a symmetry of paired veins to support paired billows of the leaf’s now sere, once green membrane. Having greened to drive this flower to seed, its year is done. Or that’s my guess. And me? I suddenly feel I’m David as he painted Napoleon’s golden cuff. Napoleon’s cuff? This composite leaf – these leaves – are that intricate. David? Were he to have painted through a microscope. I am that stunned, my awareness so heightened in this (its?) light, my vision reaches down into this tiny part of life – a barren basin plant, its leaf.

### California Epilogue: An oddity

Desert light from a leaf mixed in my head with David’s Napoleon’s cuff: dynastic loot re-traced, re-stitched, re-painted – brilliant pattern prized from nature to claim his imperial agency. *Ephedra* ruled here.



# Remembering Linda Newell

by Natural Sciences Chair Brian Hill

Linda King Newell came to Deep Springs on July 1, 1995 with L. Jackson “Jack” Newell who was assuming the College Presidency at a time when the College required a major and contentious overhaul. She and Jack served the College together from 1995 to 2004. She died on Feb. 12, 2023 in Salt Lake City. Linda’s many roles at Deep Springs included being coordinator of special projects, coordinator for official guests, overseeing the student orderlies, and chairing the Community Needs Committee.

A large project at the College for years was the design, rebuild, and furnishing of the Main Building, which was torn down almost all the way to the foundation. When it was rebuilt, Linda took on the primary responsibility for furnishing it: the couches, the lamps, the hangings, and the rugs. Geoff Pope, Ranch Manager, relates that she worked with Jerry Fendon, the founder in 1949 of what is now Fendon’s Furniture in Bishop. Jerry

built his business by traveling on-site to assess and rebuild furniture. One of Linda’s and Jerry’s projects was refinishing and reupholstering L.L. Nunn’s reclining couch. The choice of Stickley hardwood furniture was intended to harken back to the old-time Deep Springs.

As a scholar, Linda is widely known for her critical historical analysis of the second-class status of women in the Mormon church. According to the New York Times, her scholarship “frequently put her at odds with church leaders, but her mastery of the archives and persuasive writing style won her admirers among Mormons and non-Mormons alike.”

She is the co-author, with Valeen Tippetts Avery, of *Mormon Enigma: Emma Hale Smith, Prophet’s Wife, Elect Lady, Polygamy’s Foe*, Doubleday Publishing, 1984. Before the unfavorable light that the book shed on Mormonism’s founder, Jo-

seph Smith, made it controversial, it racked up several awards including the Best Book award from both the Mormon History Association and the John Whitmer Historical Association, as well as the \$10,000 Evans Biography Award.

Perhaps influencing her critique was her own professional career and personal trajectory. Jack describes their marriage in 1963 and lasting 59 ½ years as one that began in the traditional order, and successfully transitioned to the new. Part of what allowed Linda to become a professional woman while she and Jack raised four children was Jack’s academic career and Linda’s scholarly career. While both of them were fully-engaged with their work, they also had considerable flexibility that 9-to-5 jobs would not have allowed. Their marriage was a strong and life-long partnership, but which also supported independent work and independent circles of friends and colleagues.

At Deep Springs, over the course of years, Linda and Jack turned the laissez-faire, bordering-on-disastrous situation they inherited completely around. In *The Electric Edge of Academe*, Jack quotes anthropologist and trustee Clare Wolfowitz: “The difference the two of you have made in the atmosphere at Deep Springs is so dramatic that I would have liked to discuss it with you from an anthropological point of view. A change in culture doesn’t happen without some effort. I am not the only visitor to notice the change.”

On a less serious note, contemporary Iris Pope relates a rare break in calmness and propriety: “Iris claims to have been one person who

could get Linda mad. During a trip back from Bishop over Westgard, Iris was back-seat driving so bad that Linda said, ‘Iris, if you don’t shut up I’m going to put a sock in your mouth.’ Iris said she was shocked and a bit delighted.”

John Dewis and Matthew Kwatinetz were second-year students when Linda and Jack arrived. John was grateful for Linda’s service: “She was a kind, calm, and loving presence in Deep Springs Valley. When life in the Valley gets tough, as it inevitably does, those few who quietly abide with kindness, calmness, and love evince the truest and best life of service.”

Matthew recalls that “Linda took it upon herself to be a mother to all of us boys out in the desert. And while it was a big job, her enormous heart was more than up to the task. I recall many nights sitting with her and Jack, cooking up some popcorn, and hearing her speak of topics far-ranging from the peculiarities of desert blooms to the idiosyncrasies of the essential moral truths of our time, as we would sit soaking it all in. The north star of her integrity was matched only by the deep warmth of her presence. She helped guide many of us through our emergence into our selves and realizing our individual life’s mission. She will be deeply missed.”

Linda is survived by her husband, L. Jackson Newell, their four children, Christine Louise, Jennifer Ellen, Eric Jackson, and Heather Ann, and twelve grandchildren.



19 Linda with new hat, DS Holiday Party 2003. Staff Member Debbie Smith and Cowboy Luis Azevedo on left.

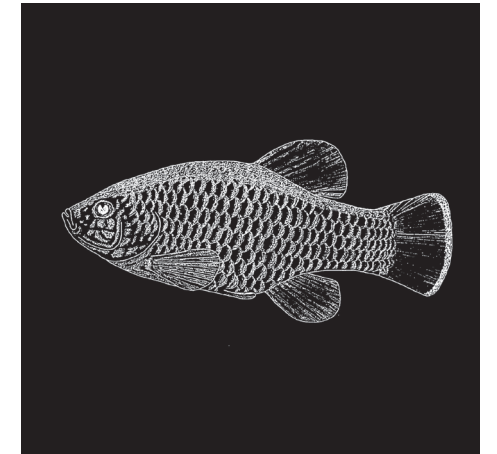
# Remembering Phil Pister

by President Sue Darlington

Phil Pister (b. 1/15/1929, d. 1/17/2023), a fishery biologist who worked for the California Department of Fish and Game in the Owens River Valley, was a true friend of Deep Springs. Phil was described by Geoff and Iris Pope as a truly nice guy who got very excited about the college at all times and was a giant personality in the Eastern Sierra. Jack Newell invited Phil to speak at the college in 1966, and Phil immediately bonded with Deep Springs and its philosophy.

Fifty-five years later, Phil gave a lively talk in Sue Darlington’s Rivers of Life and Death course as the class researched the Owen River. His talk fit how Iris described him as having “a great sense of humor and a penetrating wit, all the way into his 90s.” A famous story (reported in the New York Times) recounts how, as a pioneer of desert fish conservation, Phil literally saved the Owens pupfish by carrying two buckets full of fish from a pond that was drying up to a better location, from which the current population of pupfish survived and expanded.

Jack recalled that Phil, ever devoted to the Eastern Sierra, “chose nev-



er to ski because he wanted to hike the Sierras to the end of his days, and he did! He simply didn’t want to mess up a knee or ankle by skiing.” Phil reached out to Sue the week she arrived at Deep Springs in 2020 to welcome her to the area and invite her to lunch. A week later, a key to his house arrived in Sue’s mailbox with a note that she was welcome to stop by whenever she needed a place to rest in Bishop. A generous, kind, and enterprising person throughout his life, Phil will be remembered fondly by friends throughout the Owens Valley and certainly by many Deep Springers whom he inspired and befriended.



Phil Pister, bottom, and an Owens Pufffish, top



# Remembering Gerard Pook

by Barbara and Polly, his daughters

Pook, Gerrard The Architect, Artist and Poet, was born on October 2, 1926 in Chicago and passed away on October 4, 2022 in Cambridge, MA. Gerrard celebrated his 96th birthday with his daughters Polly and Barbara and, by video chat, his beloved grandson Nic.

Gerrard attended Deep Springs College from 1943-44, a rigorous academic institution set on an isolated cattle ranch in California's Deep Spring Valley. Gerrard entered the Navy in 1944 and, after the war, enrolled at Cornell University as a member of the Telluride House, earning his B. Arch. in 1951. He set sail to Italy as a Fulbright Scholar in the fall of 1951.

On return, Gerrard joined the Chicago architectural firm of Holabird & Root, later becoming a partner. With his wife Helen, he designed their home in Barrington IL. Helen died in 1977. The crowning achievement of his career was the acclaimed

renovation of the Chicago Public Library Cultural Center in 1977. He retired from Holabird & Root in 1979, though he continued to design building renovations for friends and family late into his eighties.

Gerrard was Fellow Emeritus of the AIA. Gerrard moved to Chicago to live with his partner John Paoletti and immersed himself in art and poetry and the support of HIV/AIDS research. After John's death, Gerrard spent his life between Chicago and Toronto with his partner Alex. Both were active in local arts and culture and Gerrard lent his support to many young and emerging artists. He moved to Youville House in Cambridge in 2013 after being diagnosed with a rare blood cancer.

Gerrard soon made his mark on Cambridge and became a fixture at the Harvard Art Museum with weekly forays to view and discuss their remarkable collection with the engaging and knowledgeable staff.

He was also a denizen of the Cambridge Public Library and enjoyed their friendly and insightful research staff. He deeply appreciated the care he received at Youville House, developing close attachments with both staff and residents. Gerrard was well-loved by many. He is survived by daughters, Barbara Pook and Polly Pook; grandson Nicolas Rappo and partner Alex Liros.



## The Walnut Grove: An Almost Sonnet

by Gerard Pook

I turned from the curving warmth of my sleeping man, got up, went down to walk the early morning walnut grove that sheltered our motel. I rose a question and walked to think. How complete his tenderness, his sleeping silken softness barely touching as I wake? Can there be lack in night's of love, and days and afternoons? What is complete? Do I need instruction? Is there?

Silent rising from their sea of lawn, the trees rose high to bend their branches out, then doubling down, and doubling down again, sent down cascading fleets. Each twig branched down a jet of stems, each stem branched down six, seven pairs of leaves; each pair, a pair of curving keels to turn their greenness down into the waiting day. Above me, barely touching, tree and light and green and air completed each the other. Will our light, our greening now and always barely touching so complete the

morning air? Full complete, this moment is not closure, and we know it, leafing out, stripped winter bare.

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# Remembering John Cunningham

by Development Director Koll Jensen

John Cunningham and his late wife, Evanne Jardine, moved to the Eastern Sierra nearly three decades ago. They split their time between Bishop and Mammoth Lakes. Even through retirement, John and his wife remained deeply curious about the world and spiritedly adventurous throughout it... It didn't take long for them to find Deep Springs.

Jack Newell, then-President of the college, remembers John's first arrival on campus - the year was 1999, and John drove onto the Main Circle in a Volkswagen bus.

He was intrigued in particular by the educational structure of the College and had decided to come have a look for himself. Jack and John became fast friends, and John paid visits to the College over the next few decades, getting to know many students and alumni. He and Evanne became

a part of many timeless DS traditions - they regularly attended Public Speaking and other campus events.

John attended the Deep Springs Centennial Celebration in 2017. David Welle, DS80, who was a friend of John's and a lead organizer of the event, recalls: "One of the main things that drew him to Deep Springs was the role that student responsibility played in the management of the college - both in terms of labor and governance." Welle adds, "He was a maverick businessman and enjoyed the idea of Deep Springs. He probably would have gotten on well with L.L. Nunn."

Jack Lunch, based in Mammoth Lakes, publishes "The Sheet - News, Views and Culture of the Eastern Sierra." In the November 5, 2022 issue he remembers that John "ran intellectual circles around whomever

was in his orbit. He did not suffer fools easily." Lunch continues, "In his retirement, he was generous and gave lavishly to a number of local nonprofits." Deep Springs was fortunate to be one of those local nonprofits.

From his first visit until the time of his passing late last year, John was also one of the College's largest financial supporters. We remain endlessly grateful for John's longstanding role as a champion of the college, and his substantial generosity has helped secure a vibrant future for DS.

John's son, Mike Cunningham, writes, "He truly loved living in the Eastern Sierra/Owens Valley/White Mountains area, and he told me often of his respect for Deep Springs College." The respect was mutual, and John will be missed.

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# Remembering Juraj Slavik

by Declan Allio DS21

Juraj Ludevit Jan Slavik, an alumnus and long-time supporter of the college, passed away on June 10th, 2022, at the age of 92, in Alexandria, VA.

Juraj was born in October of 1929 in Prague. Due to his father's career in diplomacy and early WWII unsettlement in Europe, he quickly became a 'global citizen.' He spent his early childhood in Prague, then moved with his father to Poland, then attended school in Switzerland, then Belgium, France, and Great Britain. Over these years, Juraj picked up eight European languages.

After the conclusion of World War II, Juraj and his family migrated to the US. He concluded his secondary studies at the Woodrow Wilson Senior High School in DC, then landed at Deep Springs. He graduated in 1950, as a member of DS48, and completed his undergraduate degree in philosophy at Dartmouth.

Juraj then served in the US military for three years. As a hyper-polyglot, he served in the 532nd Military Intelligence Battalion in Munich as a liaison between the US and the many European refugees crossing into West Germany.

After the conclusion of his service, Juraj returned to school, obtaining a second undergraduate degree (this time from Georgetown in Foreign Service). Then he began a 40-year, illustrious life of service to humanity under the US Information Agency and the Department of State—working primarily for the government's cultural exchange programs.

Juraj's life after retirement proved no less busy, no less humanitarian. He worked tirelessly for—and bolstered substantially—a collection of NGO's that provide material and intellectual benefit to Eastern Europe (Friends of Slovakia, CSCA, SVU etc.).



Friends, family, and colleagues unanimously remember Juraj for his "boundless energy," ceaseless appetite for life, and insatiable drive to do good for those around him.

Juraj was a devoted father, husband, grandfather, and gardener throughout his life. He also remained distinctly devoted to Deep Springs. He's offered the college a substantial annual gift for over thirty years straight (Juraj's generosity extends further back than our fiscal records!).

At DS and beyond, Juraj cultivated an abundance of heart with spirit and determination. As so many whose lives have been touched by Juraj's tireless work and compassionate spirit, we're immeasurably thankful for his support, and greatly saddened by his passing.

**I**



23 Bottom: Juraj (bottom row, second to left) with his SB in the summer of 1949. Top: Portrait of Juraj (US State Dep.).

# Remembering Dick Dawson

by Declan Allio DS21

Richard "Dick" Frank Dawson, a dear friend of the college and iconic fixture of decades of SB's, passed away earlier this year.

Since 1956, he's been a cornerstone of DS and Eastern Sierra Life. Writes a correspondent for The Sheet News, "if you had a piano and you needed it to be tuned, there was one man to call: Dick Dawson."

Before settling into the region, Dick graduated from Victorville High School, then served in the Air Force during the Korean War. He returned to civilian life and promptly fell in love with music, while studying at college in San Bernardino.

Then Dick moved to Mammoth Lakes. He met his wife, Carolyn, and fell in love, then promptly became a father. The young family, and Dick's new Steinway Grand, survived a house fire, a severe rye-grass allergy,

and remote, electric-free life together. Eventually, Dick's career as a piano tuner and teacher took off. Word travelled and Deep Springs caught wind: soon Dick was on campus, resurrecting the perennially out-of-tune pianos of the college.

Thus begun a multi-decade long relationship between Dick and the students and staff of DS: for years and years, he returned to campus to teach Deep Springers music, -to fill the desert air with sounds of light and soul. In 2006, DS named our music room after Dick; his spirit lives on.

I never got the chance to meet Dick - he finally gave up teaching at the college the year before I arrived. But I too have felt the effect of his many years of service to the school and surrounding community. A member of DS11 worked with Dick during his time at DS, and left the col-

lege with a burning passion for music. He studied it at Brown, and also made the time to teach music theory at a local high school, where he had two students (one of whom went on to be a concert pianist himself). I was the other student--the lesser half, by all means--but nonetheless enraptured by the spirit of Dick (who seemed to epitomize the best parts of DS) as retold by his student, my teacher. I decided then to apply to the college; now, every night, I play one of the pianos that Dick sustained through the years.

There's a certain special kind of person who can truly enchant and inspire the people he is closest to - rare, but not unheard of. Then, there is another type altogether, who makes that first sort seem common by comparison: he who can captivate our souls from any distance.

The distance from the Dick Dawson Music Room at Deep Springs to a high school classroom in Providence, RI is a far one. I remain forever grateful that Dick's magic could make the leap. He'll be missed by all.

**I**



Dick and Carolyn (The Sheet News).



*The Deep Springs Communications Committee is:*

*Benjamin Samuels, Declan Allio, Lana Mabbouba, Trey Longnecker, Emma Bourne, Coley Asbury, Koll Jensen (Development Director), Brian Hill (Herbert Reich Chair of the Natural Sciences), and Sue Darlington (President).*

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

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