INTO THE WOODS

view
The Evergreen State College
EDITOR'S NOTE

One of the meanings of "magazine" is "storehouse." That definition applies to our hopes for this publication: to serve as a storehouse of information and ideas about Evergreen and its graduates. We're not only stressing the importance of development and innovations on campus, but also capturing the lives and important work of alumni in the arts, social sciences, sciences, business, politics and other fields.

Every good magazine is also a storehouse of diverse perspectives. We're very excited about featuring articles by as many different people as possible. For example, this issue features an article by Ray Kelleher '78, an essay by Carolyn Servait '71, and a poem by Evergreen staffer John Crosby.

Let us know what you think.

Keith Eisner '80

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The Evergreen State College
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Who's New?

Evergreen's new admissions policy works as planned, and the first class of freshmen and transfer students admitted following the guidelines of the policy are on campus this quarter.

A major focus of the new policy is to ensure that more people of color and other underrepresented populations who apply will be admitted, and, "essentially, more people of color are being admitted to the college," says Doug Scrima, assistant to the dean of Enrollment Services for Admissions.

Established to meet the state's Higher Education Coordinating Board guidelines, Evergreen's admission policy uses GPA and standardized test scores to select freshmen. From there, diversity becomes a factor. The policy also discourages the rolling admission process that forced Evergreen to close its doors to applicants unless they applied a year before they planned to attend. Now, March 1 is the annual deadline to apply.

Statistics give a good idea of how the policy works to encourage the enrollment of people of color. Students aged 25 and older, Vietnam veterans, the sensory and physically challenged, and first generation college students. Historical data below shows the policy's effect on enrollments of people of color.

Evergreen's overall program of recruitment and the new admissions policy are credited with increased enrollment from these populations. "We are certainly putting ourselves out front when it comes to recruiting in higher education by saying we want a diverse student body and backing it up with such a policy," says Araldo Rodriguez, Evergreen's assistant vice president. "We didn't admit a student because he's a student of color, we admit her because she is qualified and became her personal representative for the college community. The same goes for older students, Vietnam veterans, physically and sensorially challenged, and first generation college students."

### People of Color Who Applied for Full Time Admission:

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Purce Named Interim President

Evergreen's Board of Trustees selected T. L. "Les" Purce as interim president during their October 10 meeting. Purce, who served as acting president since September 6, thanked the trustees for their support and said, "I would like to say to my colleagues that I understand the hard work we have to do. Much of my energy and time will be spent working with faculty, students, staff and trustees to meet the challenges ahead."

The board's appointment followed a month of intense consultation. The trustees solicited written as well as verbal recommendations from students, staff and faculty. Others considered for the position were: Faculty Members Rudy Martin and Charles McCarrn, Academic Dean Carolyn Dobbs and former Vice President Ken Winkley.

The search for a permanent president, which trustees say will begin after the summer, will include an active participant in the Strategic Planning process and other institutional activities.

Purce's first contact with the college came in 1972 when he worked with former Faculty Members Willi Unsoeld and LeRoi Smith. Purce, then a counseling psychologist at Washington State University, facilitated an evaluation process for Unsoeld's and Smith's first Evergreen academic program. "I was deeply impressed with the college and its mission, and that impression always stayed with me."

Before coming to Evergreen, Purce served as the special assistant to the president and director of Research Park and Economic Development at Idaho State University. He also directed the Department of Health and Welfare for the state of Idaho, where he was responsible for a $200 million annual budget and a statewide staff of 2,400.

Did Bureaucracy Kill the Pharaohs?

Faculty Member Mark Papworth spent April and June in Egypt's Valley of the Kings, where he helped excavate an archeological dig from an international team of unknown government bureaucrats.

"I will put the Egyptian bureaucracy up against any two bureaucracies in the world, including China's, Russia's and the CIA, and Egypt will bury them," says Papworth.

Although there's no proud bureaucracy played a role in the decline of the Pharaohs, Egyptian bureaucracy dates back much farther than the 3,000 year-old tombs Papworth dug into this summer.

Last fall's Review featured Papworth's summer of '89 excavation of Tomb 60 in the Valley of the Kings, where King Tut's tomb and dozens of others have been discovered. In the tomb Papworth and his partner, Don Ryan of Pacific Lutheran University, found a 3,000-year-old mummified female whose remains and tomb were ravished by grave-robbers and 19th Century European tourists.

Papworth speculated she was a favorite nun to royalty. Ryan thinks she was the famous queen Het Shep Hut.

This summer Expreza, a Parisian magazine, quoted Ryan saying the resident of Tomb 60 was known as "Het Shep Hut. A British newspaper amplified the statement, saying Ryan "suggested" the remains were the queen's. From there, the Egyptian press picked it up.

"Through gross sensationalism, they said the mummy from Tomb 60 was Het Shep Hut for sure," says Papworth. "The Egyptian Antiquities service read this and exploded."

The Egyptian Antiquities Organization (EAO) oversees all excavations and strictly monitors the right of archeologists to dig on Egyptian land. The EAO couldn't find the report filed by Papworth and Ryan after their '89 dig which included their explanation of what was found in Tomb 60.

"This delighted the press who charged the EAO with incompetence," says Papworth. "Ryan had to close the dig for a week, go to Cairo and put out the fire."

The archeologists had to prove they met their reporting obligations to Egyptian bureaucrats. Things have been lost before. Often.

The Egyptians invented the paper chase. Much of the discovered ancient papyri contains bureaucratic writings. "They've had approximately 5,000 years to perfect this delicate art," says Papworth.

The walls of one revealed the natural history of seven flood episodes in the Valley. Papworth's hope that geological clues would lead to a hidden, untouched tomb were dashed. The clues were simply natural features. The team also continued their excavation of Tomb 21. They found the burial site was definitely for royalty, and was much larger and more complicated than believed when opened last summer.

"Although it was carefully built to royal specifications, it looks like they simply threw a couple of mummies into the tomb and sealed it," says Papworth. "It suggests some kind of interruption, like a change of Pharaohs or a death in the family."

After two trips to dig in the Valley of the Kings, what fascinates Papworth most is the incredible artifacts found by the ancient Egyptians.

"The similarity is astounding when you consider we're talking about 1,000 years between the early tombs and the later one, but in important ways they are identical," says Papworth.

Greener Bonus for Boeing Teacher

If you think teaching college students at Evergreen for a year would offer a relaxed hiatus for a computer software whiz from Boeing, think again.

Ann O'Ryan is re-adjusting to work at Boeing, tackling complex software challenges, communicat- ing and negotiating with clients and colleagues, and working a regular week — without the extended hours needed to prepare her teaching curriculum and read books.

O'Ryan, a 12-year Boeing veteran, is back to work using the skills and knowledge she taught to 13 eager students last year. She also brought back some philosophical perspectives inspired from the liberal arts readings she incorporated into her courses.

"Teaching was hard, hard work," says O'Ryan. "But it's incredibly rewarding work. You can really feel you're making a better world."

Teaching paid off for Boeing, too. Two of seven students who graduated after completing O'Ryan's program were snapped up by Boeing Computer Services because they were so well suited for the work.

Partnerships between education and industry, like the one that brought O'Ryan to Evergreen, are becoming more common in the U.S.

"To keep schools of the arts we need to stay close to industry, especially in areas like computer science where change occurs so quickly," says O'Ryan.

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Ann O'Ryan is back to Boeing with the best bonus she's ever had: A stack of rave evaluations of her teaching written by her students, and the knowledge she's made a major contribution to their lives.
Evergreen welcomes new Trustees Christina Meserve '71 and John Terrey. Meserve, an Olympia lawyer specializing in family law, is a member of Evergreen's first four-year graduating class. She's served as an Alumni Association president and member of the college's Foundation Board of Governors. Terrey, a Seattle resident, has served as director for the State Board of Education for Community College, and executive assistant to the president and dean of Administration at Central Washington University. He also taught at Tacoma Community College and was a high school English teacher for 15 years. Meserve and Terrey replace former Trustees Kay Boyd '76, who resigned on October 1, and Richard Page whose term expired this fall.

Rainey led a group of faculty and students to study two Soviet nature preserves on the Volga this summer. They found that protected areas on the Volga aren't immune to upriver pollution. However, the Soviet word for nature preserve means "Forbidden Area," and generally, that description is accurate.

"There is no hunting and no economic exploitation of forest lands. They are protected — nature in the raw," says Rainey. "The preserves are designed to be ecological models for study, and one preserve is found in each vegetational zone, or major bioregion, across the Soviet Union." Rainey, Faculty Members Oscar Soule and Dave Milne and 10 students were the first Americans ever to set foot on a Soviet nature preserve to study the environment, according to their host, Marat Khabibullov of Kazan State University. Not even Soviet tourists are allowed into the areas. They are, literally, forbidden areas, except for study.

However, a major threat to the preserves are the "marauding Soviet economic ministries," says Rainey. "They are protected — nature in the raw," says Rainey. Worse than American corporations that are checked by protectionist forces, the Soviet ministries have little to stop them when they set sights on exploiting minerals or forest lands. If they want something in the preserves, they'll go and get it, ignoring local laws, or paying fines that are minimal. Those in Moscow, far away, care little about the environment.

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From the preserves, we went to nearby areas that were seriously damaged by industrial pollution, farming and improper forest practices," says Rainey. Cities still have improper treatment of human waste, which often isn't treated before being dumped into the Volga. Fish suffer from many diseases typical of a stressed situation.

Rainey's work didn't stop there. In late August he went back, not to the Volga, but to Lake Baikal, a major focus of his academic study and personal affection.

With a group of 24 American and 28 Soviet scientists, the joint-U.S./U.S.S.R. delegation headed for Northeastern Siberia for the world's largest lake: 365 miles long, 56 miles across at its widest point, Baikal holds 20 percent of the globe's fresh water.

Of 365 rivers that flow in, only the Angara flows out. The lake is celebrated locally and in Russian legend as a symbol of purity in a corrupt world," says Rainey. "The railroad to Severobaikalsk was to be one of the great projects of the century for the Soviets, touted as a second trans-Siberian railroad designed to open Northeastern Siberia to economic exploitation of timber and minerals," says Rainey. The scientists performed field studies and reached a common conclusion that the lake was threatened. They drew up 300 recommendations to correct the situation. One major initiative was to promote "environmentally safe" industry like tourism.

Rainey began. As co-chair, he plans to inform the American public of environmental threats to a world-class treasure, and raise money to start sending scientists to help Soviets understand and protect the lake. Rainey is also American co-chair of the Baikal Fund, with Soviet counterpart Andrey Kapitsa, a professor of geography at the prestigious Moscow State University. Their purpose is to continue joint U.S./U.S.S.R. study and preservation efforts.

Rainey now counts 11 trips to the Soviet Union, three to Lake Baikal.

"This was quite the most extraordinary summer I've ever spent," he says.
BOTANIST

by Keith Eisner '80

Let's start small. Consider 3.5 million board feet. That's the estimated amount of timber that would be removed from the sale of 100 or so acres of old growth forest in Washington's Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest.

Three-and-a-half million of anything is tough to conceive. But let's put it this way: 3.5 million board feet would cover every inch of Evergreen's Red Square (from CAB to Lecture Hall, Clocktower to knoll) to a height of over 13 feet. It's enough lumber to frame at least 270 three-bedroom houses. Stumpage value for that amount rings in at about $1,500,000. Add several million more dollars generated in processing, truckers' wages, millwork, retail sales and other support industries. Anyway you cut it, it's a lot of lumber packing a huge economic wallop that affects hundreds if not thousands of lives.

Yet 3.5 million board feet is only a fourth of the amount of timber that the Darrington District is required to sell this year. The Darrington District, 60 miles northeast of Seattle, is only one of five districts in the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest which as a whole is mandated to sell 45 million board feet of timber this year. The Mt. Baker Forest is one of six national forests in Oregon and Washington. Altogether nearly 4 billion board feet of old growth timber on federal lands is slated to be cut in Oregon and Washington next year.

Consider now the Botrychium montanum, also known as the grape fern or moonwort. "It looks like something Bart Simpson would draw," says Forest Service botanist Laura Potash '78. She sketches a bony, angular-looking stalk, a warty thing one could well imagine growing on the moon. The particular specimens Potash found were one-half-inch tall. A hundred would fit in the palm of your hand, and a child's breath would blow them away.

Puny and abstract as the moonwort, bog orchid, sedges and other such plants may seem against the million dollar stacks of lumber, they are of great importance to the U.S. Forest Service which recently hired Potash to develop a system of study, identification and inventory for the Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest. She is the first federal botanist hired for that area.

Before anyone—logger or Earth Firster!—raises fears or hopes about a botanist sidetracking a timber sale, Potash is quick and emphatic about her impartiality. "I wouldn't last two seconds in the Forest Service if I acted in a manner to favor one side or the other of the old growth issue. I don't have the authority to say this should or shouldn't be cut.

My job is to say this is the plantlife that exists in a certain area. This is what those plants need to survive."

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Walk into the Olympia office of the National Audubon Society and
the first thing you notice is how hectic an operation it is these days.
Reports and stacks of data fill the reception area chairs. A fax
machine pours a stream of paper into a widening pool on the floor.
Staff members swoop in and out of offices, jumping from telephone
to computer terminal and back to the phone. There are no visible
signs of hierarchy: no receptionist chained to an eight-line phone, no
closed, name-plated door at the end of the hall, and no neckties.
Everybody seems to be doing everything.

Another thing that’s missing is the tension you might expect to
find at this level of controlled chaos. When you look into the faces
here you see enthusiasm, you get the feeling this place is on a roll.

In fact, the whole environmental movement is on a roll these
days. Issues of conservation that would have had trouble making the
inside pages of the Sunday paper 10 years ago are front-page news
today. The major story in the Pacific Northwest for the past two
years has been the spotted owl controversy. Waste reduction and
preservation of habitat are vital issues in every community. Being
Good to the Earth has even become a popular advertising hook.
America is thinking Green.

For Argon Steel ’86, Washington State coordinator for the
Audubon Society, this is no time to be complacent. “We’re like ants
compared to the forces we’re up against,” he said, referring to big
business interests and timber lobbyists. A recent proposal by the
Bush administration to implement a spotted owl plan that would
reduce next year’s timber harvest by only 20% seems to bear him
out. In any case, Steel is giving no quarter in the fight to save what
little ancient forest remains.

Steel’s primary organizing tool is the Adopt A Forest Program
which enlists volunteers to work directly with the National Forest
Service monitoring sales proposals and logging practices in national
forests near their homes. Steel maintains there’s a contrived myth
that the conservationists are all in the cities. “We have Adopt A
Forest representatives in every Forest Service district in Western
Washington.” he says. “If I’ve been smart, it’s in knowing that I
needed to work with the people who live out there. That’s why it’s
working.”

The largest room at the Audubon Society is used for cataloging
and updating maps. The map room bears an unmistakable resem-
bance to a World War II Operations Bunker. Maps hang from the
walls. A large conference table is covered with maps of different
forest districts. Each map has two or three transparent overlays
defining various tree communities and showing the changes that
occur with harvests. Steel pulls an especially large map of the

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By Keith Eisner

"So then what happened?" asks the man.

The boy pauses. It's just after seven in the morning. We're in his father's pickup on the way to Trevor's before-school daycare.

"Remember Saturn had a prophecy..." the man prompts.

"Oh, yeah," the boy goes on excitedly, "he heard that one of his kids would kill him—no, wait—not kill him, but overthrow him. So he eats them as soon as they're born. Except when Jupiter was born, they dressed up a rock like a baby and gave that to Saturn to eat. Then Jupiter chased his father and made him throw up his brothers—Pluto and Neptune."

Trevor turns to me and says proudly, "Dad and I read about 'em last night."

This conversation is not an exchange one would associate with the popular, media-generated image of a logger. But Doug Roberts, who graduated from Evergreen in 1979, is not your typical logger.

He says, for example, "It's more and more difficult for the forestry industry to make a legitimate argument for cutting old growth forests."

Most importantly, what sets Roberts off from many loggers is his steadfast confidence in the face of a dwindling timber supply. The Big Shakeout—he talks about it in the same capital letters that Californians talk about the eventual Big One—"will ultimately be good for the industry. We'll learn to be more efficient, less wasteful, more creative."

Roberts does not look like someone who's spent most of his working life in the woods. His serious, thoughtful face and thick, dark-framed glasses are more suggestive of a professor of history or mathematics. But you see the workman in him when he moves, striding with a surefooted, rolling gait, swinging in or out of the pickup with an efficiency of movement.

His optimism isn't based on wishful thinking, but on over 20 years of good times and bad in the logging business. "The industry has been cyclical for years," he says after we drop off his son, "but nothing since the Depression hit logging as hard as the slump of the early 80s."

Ironically, it was during that slump that the company Roberts works for was founded. "Production had to be doubled," he says, "because the price was halved. People who remained had to be ambitious, resourceful."

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Although it is within the realm of possibility that a timber sale could be delayed or cancelled because of some rare or endangered species. The Potash Forest Service has to point out that most forestry issues are not black-and-white or cut-and-dry situations.

"Say we find moonworts," she says, "or any other sensitive or endangered species on a proposed timber site. It's not a matter of 'Well there's a moonwort, so no sale.' The first thing we do is determine the number of the species, then write about how changes in the climate and technology and road conditions affect it.

"Then we try to work with the various crews, engineers and other people in the Forest Service. For example, perhaps the road crew could change the spacing between logging trees to lessen changes in the hydrology, or maybe the species can withstand flooding if a certain amount of the canopy is left intact or maybe..."

Two million acres is another tough concept to grasp. Think of it this way: imagine covering the Evergreen campus on foot, or soccer fields to Organic Farm and then onward to Godbeach Glade, not missing a square foot. Now imagine 2,000 Evergrians, all walking together with no easy trials, mown laws or predominantly gentle slopes. Imagine miles of devil's club, wetlands, tall trees, rivers, boulders, diversity and more.

Those 2 million acres are Potash's venue, a roughly 30-mile-wide corridor of forest in the Mt. Rainier area to central Washington, extending from the Olympic Peninsula to the Idaho border. It's a place where the Evergreen student in course, no human or conceptually workable group of humans could cover that area in depth in a lifetime. What that will take is to produce a reasonable profile of plants in the forest is nothing less than a fairly complex thinking, planning and teamworking.

And there's the rub. Nothing manmade is as complex and mysterious as the biodiversity of an old growth forest. But the machinery of bureaucracy comes close. Forest issues involve bugs, birdwatching, interrelated, interlocking government entities: Congress, the USDA, the Forest Service, Fish and Wildlife, Department of Natural Resources and state forestry, just to name a few. Bear in mind that each agency consists of hundreds of people who are dedicated to setting the ready to do their job, authority and jurisdiction.

In a word, lawmen, media, and advocacy groups from timber and environmental camps you have a red tape of personal and political cross-purpose.

Daming: "This is the job," says Potash, "that I've always wanted. I love the enthressment that the job is true and genuine. At her desk and in the woods it is her chance to test for and discover if things work.

Her desk in Seattle is a testament to the double life of forest biologist and administrator. It is a personal museum; phone and roadsides; a thick-as-a-Bible volume entitled Final Environmental Impact Statement; a plastered field guide to flora of the Pacific Northwest on a coffee table; a military-style (ALL CAPS) from the Department of Agriculture a forest ranger; an organization chart; a metric ruler; two sizes of binoculars; a magnifying glass, and two ziplock plastic bags containing green and swampy-looking plants.

"Those are sedges," she says. "It's odd to sit here at a desk, forest biologist and examine plants. It's a lot harder identifying things in the field. You can't rely on sensitive or endangered plants. Usually I'm squishing down in the rain, crawling under devil's club to look at them.

The phone rings and she engages in a lively conversation about swamp conifer. "It's a sexy project," she says, "people love bugs. I'd like to do that.

She's talking with a Forest Service employee responsible for the plants project at the North Bend station. He and she are discussing the pros and cons of recruiting members of private conservation groups to help the agency maintain the national forest.

"On the other hand," she says, "you don't want to take a lot of people out there. It's a delicate situation, socially and ecologically.

After the call Potash explains it's an all-new game with plants in the Forest Service. Some districts are very interested, others don't have the time, are too busy to want to be bothered. Creating a network of people who are knowledgeable about landscape and have the expertise to identify them is one of Potash's top priorities.

Hopefully we'll train timber cruisers and other Forest Service people to be on the lookout for rare species.

The image is captivating: everyone from engineers and survivalists to recreationists and loggers paying as much attention to what's on the ground as we're working to protect it.

The image is therefore more than a pretty picture. It's an attempt to grasp the concept that we are dealing with a viable species. It's an attempt to determine just how many species there are that might be endangered or threatened.

Most of the talk is over my head: windthrow, blowdown, corridors, surficial, soil, shrubs, birds, insects, fragmentation, overstory, understory, growing older, dead. I'm saying that Eskimos have over 100 words for ice and snow. Likewise, of us on the periphery of forests think generally in two words, "bug" and "trees," while people like Potash and her co-workers have developed a whole lexicon to deal with the complexity of forest life.

One phrase that continually surfaces is "New Perspectives." It's the new thinking that recognizes a forest as a community rather than just a woodlot. Recognizing the biodiversity of a forest is one thing. Removing another 400-year-old, twenty-ton trees and recognizing that diversity is another.

It's all new territory. What trees and how many do we leave? How do we cut little of some sections or several huge stands? What actually have happened? Will it happen in 80, 100, 300 years? Will we have recreated a forest or a forest that is possible? It's like giving a pocket watch to a five-year-old and asking her to take it apart and put it together again.

But there's hope in knowledge. A year ago there was no botanist for this forest. Now she's up ahead with a 10-pound sledge and picking up the back pack of her rain park. It's also safe to say that she'll never train a single tribe who probably wouldn't have been a hydrologist, a biologist, an ecologist. But now, a forest biologist and her co-workers are giving us knowledge as precious as water.

There's hope, yes, in communication. A fair amount of networking takes place on the boundary. Potash and the hydrologist discuss what constitutes wetlands; the wildlife specialist the shade and seedling growth with the silviculturist; a timber cruiser and an environmentalist discuss the effects of blowdown on the edge of the proposed cut.

Even her exchange of knowledge and resources contributes a tiny piece to the puzzle of a forest.

Later, I ask Potash about her piece of the puzzle. We're driving back to Seattle and I drop my Greenener Environmental concentrated advocating philosophy. "Okay, really, Laura, job responsibilities and correct policies aside, why all this fuss about moonworts and other weeds?"

Her response is calm but impassioned. "We don't know the long-term effects of our actions. It's presumptive in one case we assume we do. Take the fungus they've discovered on the roots of trees. They've found out that fungus helps trees grow.

"Who knows? Maybe the moss is important in this. We haven't dropped into the forests for 80, 100, 300 years. Will we have recreated a forest or a forest that is possible? It's like giving a pocket watch to a five-year-old and asking her to take it apart and put it together again.""
“Hey, there you go,” he says, interrupting himself and pointing to a hillside, “that’s what I was talking about before.”

“Yeah, that’s beautiful,” says Roberts, reflecting on the theme of growth. “We’re farmers, really. You know the media depiction of farmers—down on their knees, working. It’s not always the case, but it seems to describe the situation.”

Roberts offers two kinds of advice to those who are interested. He suggests that protecting endangered species means making economic choices that are going to hurt people. When asked if he feels uncomfortable to live and work in a community that is polarized over the forest issue, his reply is unhesitating. “I never apologize,” he says, “I’d rather deal with hostility than apathy any day.”

He empathizes deeply with those who are caught in the middle. At the same time he believes that environmental degradation has gone too far for painless solutions. “We can’t continue with the same assumption that is the bottom line. The burden of proof in this discussion, I think, is that Argon Steel has no empathy for are cyces. We’re on a campaign that is winning and I will not tolerate pessimism. I mean, what’s the point? People need to be empowered. You need to point out solutions or there’s no use for you,” he says. “No one would do the work for you if something was going to be lost for good.”

The company that Roberts works for employs about 50 people - more or less, depending on the availability of work. Dive and his crew are the key to the company’s survival. Several years ago 90% of the company’s revenue came from clear-cutting; now it’s around 60%. The rest of the revenue comes from construction and road-building, land development and two logging supply stores. On the way to the office, located about 20 miles west of Evergreen, Roberts elaborates on the theme of diversification.

“We used to log items such as roads and pipelines, but that’s not feasible for us to log at the level of intensity it takes to sustain federal lands. If we have economic options, such as developing real estate, we certainly need to look to old growth to

A few miles later, we take a two-track into the woods outside of Montesano. The first thing that catches your eye is a sign on the ridge that says "farmer's market". The sign is on the side of the road, and it's clear that we're on the right track. We drive for a few miles, and then we're surrounded by tall, dark trees. The trees are so tall that the sky is barely visible.

As we continue driving, we see signs all over the place for "farmer's markets" and "local produce". We stop at a small stand and buy fresh vegetables and herbs. The vendors are friendly and knowledgeable, and they're happy to answer any questions we might have.

We continue driving, and soon we come to a small town called "Monty". The town is surrounded by tall, dark trees, and it seems to be a quiet, peaceful place. We drive into the town and park our truck in front of a small shop that says "farmer's market". We look around, and we see a lot of fresh produce and other items for sale.

We ask a man inside the store about the town and the people. He tells us that the town is called "Monty" because it was named after a famous logger who lived here many years ago. He also tells us that the people here are very friendly and welcoming, and that they love their community.

We spend the rest of the day exploring "Monty" and the surrounding area. We visit a small museum that tells the history of the town and the logging industry, and we also stop by a small church to see the beautiful stained glass windows.

As we leave "Monty", we can't help but be impressed by the beauty of the natural world. We're excited to see what other locations we'll visit, and we're grateful for the opportunity to explore such a peaceful and serene place.
Notes from the President
By Steve Salmi, Alumni Association President

One of Evergreen's most important innovations is its attempt to create a true learning community. That approach contrasts markedly with most traditional universities, which seem content to function as thinly disguised degree factories.

To a laudable degree, Evergreen has succeeded up to its ambitious mission. But there is one crucial area where our college fails just as miserably as any other—Evergreen continues to encourage the ghettoization of succeeding generations of students.

That manifests itself most obviously in the relative isolation of alumni. True, like virtually every other college, we TESC alumni are sent impassioned fundraising appeals. True, we are invited to mingle with the rest of the Evergreen community at such events as Super Saturday. And true, Evergreen, like other colleges, gives us the chance to find out what our former student colleagues are doing in an Alumni Notes section of the ReView.

It doesn't take a whole lot of imagination, however, to realize that much more could be done. Indeed, not a year has passed without the Alumni Association directly or indirectly coming up with some innovative project that could build bridges between alumni and the college.

Yet after a decade of existence, what does the Alumni Association really have to show for it's efforts beside a handful of relatively minor events like a few tear drop-shaped barbecued chicken sold at Super Saturday? Many of our most significant ideas sit like abandoned cars rusting at the side of a deserted highway.

A volunteer network that pulls alumni into worthy campus projects, i.e., acting as mentors for fledgling student programs; an international travel/work survival kit; alumni seminars targeted for alumni; a WashPIRG-style political-action arm that plays an effective role in helping shape Evergreen's future.

We have many excuses for our failures, not the least of which is a lack of resources provided to alumni programs. But this inability is a symptom of a much deeper problem that isn't a very good excuse. If we learned anything at Evergreen, it is that you got out of this college what you put in. If we have not managed to convince administrators that, say, we actually deserve a slice of the funding pie, this is as much because of our own lack of savvy and follow-through as it is the indifference of a campus bureaucracy too busy dealing with seemingly more pressing issues.

This year we’re taking these lessons very seriously as we redouble our efforts to build an organization—no, a movement—that plays a vital role in building the groundwork for the rest of the Evergreen community. The most visible example of that is the recent introduction of an alumni magazine called Mud Bay Quarterly.

But we are also attempting to move forward in less visible ways. In a major break with the past, our board is now meeting monthly rather than quarterly so that, say, a summer seminar series for alumni deserves a slice of the funding pie, breaking down the ghettoization between alumni and the rest of the Evergreen community.

Although our immediate objectives may seem modest, our mission remains lofty: to bring about the day when graduating isn't the end of one's intimate involvement with the “Evergreen community,” but the beginning of a lifelong learning experience enriched by strong ties with fellow alumni, faculty and current students.

In earthy language, this means that alumni can play a crucial role in keeping the spirit of Evergreen vibrant in the decades to come. If this sounds exciting to you, please show your support by joining our Alumni Association information network and participating in Association activities that strike your fancy.

Evergreen Fossil Speaks Out

I came to Olympia in 1975 to attend Evergreen. In the early days I remember walking around the downtown area and having people yell Greener in a not-too-friendly way as they drove by. Evergreen has been surrounded by controversy ever since.

Washington legislators presenting bills to close the college every year. I still have my historic “Evergreening State Crisis” T-shirt advertising kits that can kick our doors in when the college decided to have the first Super Saturday, those of us in the “Country Music” program were sent out on a flatbed truck performing bluegrass music on the rooftops all over town. At Capital High School they threw rocks at us and we quickly departed.

It was not until Dan Evans became the second president of the college that things began to change. A sudden rash of articles appeared in the New York Times, U.S. News & World Report and other publications calling Evergreen the “hidden gem” of higher education. I was involved, however, in a group calling itself “Greener for Evans” organized to support his bid for the U.S. Senate. In those days I believed the real Greenerers had been suppressed by the political machine and the times.

In retrospect, Dan Evans did a lot of good things for the college. He helped get all that national recognition which shut up some legislators at the capitol. He convinced local school officials that Evergreen was definitely moving up in the world and then we ran into a problem. As Thurston County by purchasing food, clothing, gasoline and opening bank accounts.

Things started to look a lot better for Greenerers during the last decade. Dan’s successor, Steve Salmi, announced our concerts, an Evergreen degree became an asset when applying for a state job, and people stopped yelling Greener when I walked around downtown.

Many conservative Olympia residents believe that Evergreeners should be disturbed or removed. They have found out that a large percentage of the legislative staff, the Department of Ecology, and the Evergreen Office are Evergreen alumni. Evergreeners are now up in the world. In the recent year-and-a-half controversy regarding the presidency that hopefully has ended with the resignation of Joe Olander and Board of Trustees Chair Dan Evans.

This year Evergreen has lost more administrative staff than at any time I can remember. Morale seems to be at an all-time low. People are just getting through their own lives, leaving us a group that is not only a coincidence, perhaps not. For my part, I feel that alumni need to assist in the process of rebuilding what has been torn apart. There is more fascination with the Greybeard than there is with the reformer, but we are also attempting to move forward in less visible ways. In a major break with the past, our board is now meeting monthly rather than quarterly so that, say, a summer seminar series for alumni deserves a slice of the funding pie, breaking down the ghettoization between alumni and the rest of the Evergreen community.

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Televised images are big money in international sports, where issues of gender, diversity and art are usually overshadowed by the hype of gold medals, upsets, steroid controversies and patriotic fervor.

Amid the competition of this summer's Goodwill Games in Seattle, a crew of alumni and faculty captured images and sounds surrounding the athletic events, and put them on display with a sculptural installation in the heart of downtown Seattle. The project was called "Shared Site," and it ran the duration of the Goodwill Games.

The group's camera crew wasn't shooting for Nielsen ratings.

"We wanted to capture the excitement of an international multi-sport extravaganza," said Merideth Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., who joined the faculty in 1986 after working with the Northwest Logging Family. "We wanted the viewers to feel like they were sitting in the stands, watching巩 almost eight hours of athletic events." The crew worked night and day in a small apartment to make five tapes in 17 days. Out of their window, they could see Seattle's Space Needle in the distance, draped with a giant Goodwill Games gold medal.

Cloninger and Lisa Farinhart '84 co-produced the video tapes, working closely with Faculty Member Peter Randeltte who recorded soundtracks with voice and original music. Beliz Brecher created the installation. Krista Paulson '90 logged tapes, shot Super-8 film and provided some support. Some scenes were shot on film.

Inside the installation, the screens surround you with a pure, watery blue that frames a muscular calf at the instant the diver's knee slides underwater in slow motion. The striking beauty of a woman's face is replaced by a wild man's face. The screens fill with a man's face framed in Bo Derek braids. He's a musician from "Gorky Park," the Soviet rock band. He says "Politicians kept...the world in fear. The most important thing we discovered was that people here shared Site" was a circular installation across the screen. The woman is a diver, the man a performer from Circus "Shared Site", a sculpture installation at the Goodwill Games.

"Almost 80 to 90 percent of the audience watch the whole thing," says Doug Bennett, Los Angeles, Ca., who's been a volunteer for the last four & 1/2 minute-long artistic video, complete with soundtracks, that won together themes of diversity, gender, race, music, art, media, and more. The video provided a different perspective on the Goodwill Games.

"Goodwill Games from 'Shared Site' was a circular installation built smack in the center of the main-floor atrium of Rainier Square, a ritz, multi-level shopping center in Seattle. We worked night and day in a small apartment to make five tapes in 17 days. Out of their window, they could see Seattle's Space Needle in the distance, draped with a giant Goodwill Games gold medal.

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By Carolyn Servid '75

The following excerpt is from "Soundings" which appears in this fall's issue of "North Dakota Quarterly." The author lives, writes, works and watches whales in Sitka, Alaska.

**SOUNDINGS**

It is seven o'clock on a summer morning. The sun has been up for hours and my eyes have had time to adjust to daylight as I reach over to turn off the alarm. No sooner does the ringing stop than I hear the explosion. My mind flips through the possibilities and in seconds I know it is whales. I am instantly at the window, watching three dark hulks sinking below the water's surface. They are closer to shore than I have ever seen them, just beyond some rocks that are fifty yards from the beach. The moment my eyes lose them to the water, I find my way downstairs to the porch outside.

The water is a sheet of glass, mirroring the light of the morning. The air is cool. If there are sounds, I don't hear them. My attention is fixed on that spot just beyond the rocks. The conditions are perfect for watching what I know is to come. I stand silent, arms crossed for a bit of warmth, determined to be a witness. I don't have to wait more than a few minutes before the bubbles begin to ripple to the surface. They move clockwise in an arc away from shore, then back toward the point where they began. The circle completes itself and in seconds the water explodes in what appears to be mass confusion: the gaping mouths, warty heads, thrashing flippers and spouting blowholes of hundreds of whales. A rush of noise echoes through the bay.

What I am witnessing is not confusion at all but the final movement of an intricate dance humpback whales sometimes engage in when they feed. The technique is called bubble net feeding. Diagrams show a whale diving underwater a school of krill or small fish, then blowing bubbles as it swims gradually upward in a spiral. The rising bubbles form a cylindrical net around the krill or fish, effectively herding them into a confined area. The whale then lunges to the surface inside the circumference of that cylinder, mouth open, engulfing anything in its way. These are not rooked whales; instead, they have long tapered plates of baleen hanging from their top jaws, arranged like teeth on a comb. The baleen is pliable when wet and frayed along one edge. The hundreds of plates along each side of the mouth act like a sieve, trapping food and letting water pour back out. As the whales take part in the process together, the bubbles are fifty yards from the beach. The moment my eyes lose them to the water, I find my way downstairs to the porch outside.

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Once I am free to move again, I ease back into the rhythm of rowing and head in the same direction the whale seemed to be going when it went down. With each stroke of the oars, my imagination pulls at the truth about the whale's song. Why and how? Why didn't I hear it from the porch that morning? Having no answers only fuels my urge to encounter the whale completely and directly. I want a constant reminder that this whale is an integral part of the world. I have rowed some distance now and have seen no sign of the whale. Any assumption about where it might surface would simply be a guess. I stop rowing. I drift and wait. I am in the middle of a wide channel, a mile from either shore. The canoe has been modified for rowing, a miniscule advantage in the battle against water. Its accordion jaw balloons out to hold everything it took in on its way up, and water begins to pour out through its baleen plates. The slap of a warty flipper keeps it at the surface where it rolls about lazily. If it is aware of my presence, it is unconcerned and matter-of-factly goes about its routine. I watch it blow and surface twice, see and hear the air burst from its blowhole, run my eyes over its back gleaming in summer light. It blows a third time, arches its body sharply and raises its flukes in the grand motion of the deep dive. White underneath, bordered in black, they slide silently into the water.

I sit a moment then reach forward with the oars and realize my whole body is trembling. The day has been filled. I steady myself with each stroke and head home.
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John Crosby, Evergreen's hand bookbinder, is just what every bureaucracy needs. Finding one of his poems on love, physics, youth and just-about-everything-else in your in box is a sanity-saving break from memos and reports. This poem was written as an explanation of Heisenberg's law for Crosby's daughter.

**A Poet Encounters Heisenberg**

By John Crosby

I know where I am but not where I go
Know where I am
But not where I am

I go, not where I go
But I where not

I know where I go but not where I am

"Either the position or velocity of a particle can be known at any time, but not both."

_Werner Heisenberg_

*From the Log of The Grey Goose*

_January MCMXC_