

by Jim Jordan

So I made it to Olympia, the land of Evergreen and State government. Of course, I'm here, part of the "us," and I guess the government lives downtown. I've been busy at my school work and up-keep on a beater of a house I scored so I don't really get over the other way there much. But I've got lots of time to be near campus, and to read this, this journal of ours, here out on Cooper Point I guess.

It's wild! I had no idea how deep the intrigue is in this place. Since I've been here I've seen Defense Department shining stars relaxing in the library, have been invited to join in a black shirted protest directed at pointedly angry police officers, have seen flyers for Simpsons potluck dinners in the dorm lands, have seen seething articles about political discussion voicing any number of staunchly held positions so tightly refined, one would expect that individuals would be having a stronger debate club presence, or a wrestling team or something to defend their views. While at the same time, I have spoken to a beautiful young woman with a feather tied in her hair who spoke eloquently about how she's found a great niche here to study environmental science and other specialized active processes so as to help build a more sustainable ecosystem; and I have spoken to impassioned, new professors who hold fruits of new dreams they hope to share and help foster the re-growth of similar, but next generation Greeners who are structurally sound and are able both in mind and tool, to make a more positive future. I mean, here we are perched on the crux of a new millennium for god's sake, our time will be studied as to what we were doing. We're all part of it, and so many here realize it. It leads to a lot of passion amongst the participants. It's nice to see. Daunting, but manageable.

I'm grateful to have made it to the campus that inspired Matt Groening and Rachel Corrie, two individuals who in their own way stand above most mortal beings. Matt with his poignant comedy and Rachel with her beautiful conviction that being nice, and being helpful can go hand in hand. God knows she died thinking a thought of pity for the driver of the machine that killed her; she must have thought it while the treads of that obscene machine took her life. Her steadfastness is second to none, and utterly inspiring.

Just this week, the United Nations General Council voted 144-4 with twelve abstentions against the progress of the building of the wall that she stood in front of the building on. The only nations that stood with us and Sharon's Israel were the Martial Islands, and Micronesia! Two US protectorates in South East Asia that were conquered by the American Empire in the time of the Second World War for defensive reasons against the Empire of Japan; who at the time was fiercely dangerous to us, but so now these are the only two voting members of the world's council who support the Wall alongside Israel and our government's support? This is about the place where Rachel died. The world remembers her.

Friends of hers who knew her well are still here on this campus, and their grief is not lost. The love that is felt, the compassion that grows from being here is touching and still inspiring. There is so much passion here. That's why I came. Oh, don't expect me to make a name for myself while I'm here. I've already figured that out, that's why there's no student government, because around here, plastering one's own name is a true - some sort of sacrilege - as Solon of the ancient Greeks who sat underneath the first Mount Olympia would say, "The greatest are only known to be that after they are dead." And, as we're of the Old School, one could say, that that is maybe why we have no said governance today.

Tangent: The other day I was talking to the woman who chairs the council for Provost selection. I don't know if you know what the Provost is, I didn't. It is a very high post in the administration of this school. Currently the position is open, so if you have serious concerns for what direction this school is going, you might want to do some research into what is going on there. There's a bit of intrigue for you. She explained to me that the reason that Evergreen has no student government per se, is that upon the inception of this institution, there was a bit of an "understood camaraderie" between the staff and the students, whereas there was open dialogue, such as has been made obsolete in style on account of all following events, though not as completely as many would understand to be the case. There is, throughout the make up of the counsels of the administrative processes, within the workings of this school, a system across the board of including students in paid positions upon those decision making councils. This to me is new. I've been to a few schools before, and never before have I seen a reality of that. So, if you want to be involved see about those posts. On hearsay, I understand one Mr. T. Mercado is the man to talk to about that kind of participation.

Back to the Soupy stuff. So this place is totally bizarre, but I'm having a great time in it, and I am glad to have finally landed in this oh so academic land of creativity, one thing after yelling "CarniValle!" (You know there's a group that's being started by that name that should be a breath of fresh air for many.)

Don't forget to Art Everything.

That's what I can say to you. I can mention the idea of artification. I can hope out loud that you will consider the aesthetic of your life, that you find a Zen-like perch in this freaky industrialized world that is somehow helpful or nice. May our creativity be sound.

With love,

1 october 30, 2003