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## Ernie Bonner's planning journal

Ernest Bonner

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~~12/12/93~~ as of  
8/18/97

To: Ernie and Carly Houk  
From: Ernie Bonner  
Subject: Ernie Bonner's Planning Journal (1960-1997)

I am writing this for two reasons.

First, both my Grandfather on my Mother's side (Alex Rea) and my Grandfather on my Father's side (Ernest E. Bonner) led what I suspect were very interesting lives. I didn't get to know them very well, and they left little that would let me in on what they were doing and what they thought. If you ever get interested in what my life was like, this will help you understand. Because this is written strictly from my point of view, you may find it interesting to find other sources with different biases. (A bibliography is attached)

Second, I just finished an interesting book about Portland by Carl Abbott, a professor at Portland State University. He demonstrated considerable insight about issues and events with which he had no personal knowledge, over a considerable length of time in Portland history. But I was struck by the difference between his perspective on some of the important issues of the 70's and 80's around here, and mine. If nothing else, this can serve as another individual's interpretation of the things that were happening in my small corner of the world as I pursued my planning career.

#### **The discovery of urban planning: Univ. of Colorado, Final Term, 1960**

I spent a lot of time getting to college. I graduated from high school in 1950 from the only high school in a little town called Morrill, Nebraska. There were 15 of us in that graduation class. The Summer following graduation we moved to Scottsbluff, Nebraska--about 15 miles away. That Summer I visited Yellowstone Park with a few friends from Morrill. On the way, I learned how to smoke. (What a stupid mistake that was! Smoking gave me a real headache, in addition to making me dizzy. But it seemed real cool, then. Thank God some kids are now getting smart!) Then, that Fall I enrolled in Scottsbluff Junior College, where I learned to drink beer (God, how I hated the taste of beer--but that was what all of the guys were doing, so what I heck, I reasoned . . . What crazy things we do when we're young). I worked a full shift at night at the Scottsbluff paper and went to class at the Junior College during the day. I don't recall studying, nor do I recall any class or any instructor. Mostly I recall chasing girls, trying to get beer down and hanging out with some new friends in Scottsbluff. That first semester was a classic case of wasting time, big time.

I lasted only one semester there, and then (after several months of working full time at the local newspaper) decided to go (in the Fall of 1951) to Chadron State Teachers College in Chadron, Nebraska, about 100 miles north of Scottsbluff. I took my first foreign language class (Spanish) there (the teacher said I was expert at pronouncing the words). Again, I remember little about classes or teachers. A male friend and I tried out for cheerleader, and won. The only problem was, then we had to be cheerleaders. All the guys thought it was great to have guy cheerleaders; some of the girls hated the idea. I worked part-time at the local newspaper and went to school full-time. In addition, I worked in the student union--where I existed for one whole week on snickers bars and cokes (I was dead broke). I roomed with a basketball player who was later killed in a drunken driving accident. Lots of Montana guys there (Jurosek and Jurkovich were two names I remember) playing football. I lasted two years there, finally leaving in August of 1953 to go to the Army. I was in the Army from August 1953 to June 1955. I was Outstanding Trainee in our basic training company. I spent my 21st birthday on the recoilless rifle range in freezing weather. I was in Fort Riley, Kansas and Fort Carson, Colorado. I was a company clerk, I was a drill instructor, I was a radioman, I was mostly glad to get out of there early (by 2 months).

All of the foregoing is only to show that I was untainted by any interest in education prior to my enrollment in the University of Colorado where my formal college education began. I enrolled at Colorado because by the time I left the Army, Mom and Dad had moved to Sterling, Colorado to run the newspaper there. I left the Army and established residence in Sterling so that I could go to the University of Colorado as a resident of Colorado. I still remember the day in September of 1955 that I put everything I owned in the back of my 1946 Chevrolet and headed for Boulder to start college. What a wonderful, exciting feeling!

My plan on entering Colorado was to become an architect. By my second year, it was clear to me that my drawing and design skills would not be good enough to get me through as an architect. (Shows how little I knew about architecture). Instead I chose architectural engineering, where I was convinced that I could excel in the quantitative and technical things needed in the Engineering School, and where everybody said you could get good jobs when you graduated. Along about my second year, I also started taking business classes, with the idea of getting both an engineering and a business degree in 5 years--a special offering at Colorado. Again, everybody said I could really make a lot of money with both an engineering and business degree.

A lot of things happened to me at Colorado. I must have started paying attention, because I remember some of the classes, even some of the instructors. I got reasonable grades, just short of a B average if I remember correctly, and close to an A average in the last several years. I had my first experience with theater, and loved it. I was in a production of *Guys and Dolls* and a student-written production the name of which I don't recall. I remember seriously considering quitting school and heading for New York to pursue some fantasy notion of a stage career. In fact, I wasn't that good on stage, but it sure was exciting. I went 'steady' with a woman for the first time in my life--a woman who lived at the boarding house where I ate meals. Her name was Rene Gass, a Jewish woman from Denver. Her parents were not happy about me, and I'm sure they were elated when Rene and I (by mutual agreement) broke up, and Rene married a Jewish lawyer who worked in downtown Denver. I spent a lot of time drinking beer at the Sink, and occasionally at Tulagi's. Again, I went to school full time and worked part time--at the local newspaper (*The Boulder Camera*). I had the GI Bill, of course, which paid my tuition (about \$100/semester) and also gave me about \$150/month for living expenses. That was enough to provide me with a fairly decent living in those days. I lived in rooming houses mostly, moving to a basement apartment with Ralph (Rick) Accardo from New Jersey in my final year. In school, I was plugging along with my engineering and business degrees, when I got this opportunity to take a city planning class the first semester of my last year. This class was a real general look at city form and function, with a class model of a city as the final project. That really fascinated me, that people actually planned cities. (Since, I have learned that is hardly true, but it was quite exciting then). I also learned that there was such a thing as a profession of city planning. I had been studying building engineering and planning, and didn't know there could be something so grand as city engineering and planning. This is clearly what I wanted to do: design cities. What could be more exciting and fulfilling. I finished that first course and, before the end of the year, made application to MIT, Cornell and to the University of Washington graduate schools in urban planning. Along about this time I met Glenda Prosser (Nanny G to you). I met Glenda right about the first of the year in 1960. She worked at the *Boulder Daily Camera*, in the front office, when I was working in the back shop.

As it turned out, MIT didn't turn me down; I didn't hear at all from Cornell; but the University of Washington accepted me for graduate study and offered a small stipend. By that time Glenda and I were planning to marry. We did just that in April of 1960 and in May or June we headed for the University of Washington, planning to stop off in McCall Idaho for the Summer where I had a job helping Frank Brown--a classmate at Colorado--design a prefab A-frame cabin for sale by his father's lumber company (Brown Lumber) there in McCall.

While in McCall, we got notice from Cornell that not only had I been accepted for graduate work, I would get a tuition scholarship, and I would get a job as a research assistant in a project looking at housing finance in New York State. I was elated. We changed our plans, and set off to Colorado, and then to Ithaca, New York.

### **Practice in Ithaca and Theory at Cornell.**

The students at Cornell were SMART!

Meeting Mary and Alfred Manaster.

The research I was assisting was on financing of homes by Upstate New York banks. It was pretty boring, but it did give me an early opportunity to work with one of those new-fangled machines called a sorter and a statistical machine which, when programmed right, would perform simple statistical tasks like tables--a precursor of the computers you use today.

Both your mother, Kathleen, and your aunt, Christine, were born in Ithaca while I was going to school there. Kathleen was born while we were living in a 1-bedroom basement apartment in a nice residential area in Ithaca. Christine was born while we were living in an upstairs 2-bedroom apartment above a complex of stores (including a barbershop) on the 'flats' of Ithaca near the head of Cayuga Lake.

We couldn't make it financially with only the tuition paid, and the research assistantship, so I got a job with the Planning Office in Ithaca full-time and dropped back to part-time study. That was a good move, for it gave me a solid grounding in the reality of city planning while I was studying the theory at Cornell. I remember doing a study of the water needs for Ithaca, and being able to prove (on paper) that Ithaca was going to run out of water in the next ten or twenty years! (I don't think they did, and I don't think they increased their supply of water, either). Tom Niederkorn was my boss there, and he was a great contributor to my life and profession. He still lives in Ithaca, but is no longer the City Planner. I believe he has a consulting practice. Ithaca was doing an urban renewal plan at that time, and I remember meeting Rai Okamoto as one of their consultants. Rai was to be the San Francisco Planning Director in later years--and a consultant to the City of Portland in their fight against the PGE building in downtown Portland. Small World!

It was always a mystery to me how a city plan could be intelligently prepared without a decent understanding of the future--specifically a prediction of the amount of land used for the various land uses, and their exact location. In other words, if the plan proposes the way in which a city or region will look in ten or twenty years, how will you know how many acres of each of the land uses would be located where? (Today, of course, I know that you can't know that. But then, I certainly thought it would be possible) Population forecasts were then at a relatively advanced stage, but it was still unclear as to how the forecasted population would locate on the landscape and where the shops and workplaces would be. If you knew what should be, you could then safely go about achieving that end using the ordinary tools of the planner--the capital budget of the jurisdiction being planned, and public regulations (zoning, building codes, etc.) on development on private land. At Cornell, I thought I found the answer to that problem in input-output analysis. This analysis shows how a predicted amount of final spending and export sales will affect your community, given all the interdependent activities that go on to produce the final products and export sales. (If you can't understand that, look it up in an encyclopedia--or an economics text book). One of the professors at Cornell taught a class on economic analyses in planning, and covered that subject. Most of the planners there thought that kind of analysis was just too much--and they hated the math, to boot. So most of the Cornell planners did not fall into the trap I did of ascribing all kinds of magnificent powers to that black box called input-output analysis. But my interest in that subject did set me up for a job back in Boulder, Colorado where they were doing such an analysis of inputs and outputs of the University of Colorado, and how these interrelated transactions would affect the city of Boulder. When I found out about that study, I wrote

to ask if there might be a job for a trained urban planner on the study team, and surprised myself when they hired me, sight unseen.

**Pursuing the black box of economics (people have choices, you know) at the Univ. of Colorado and at the University of Pittsburgh.**

The research job was only half-time. The other half-time I was to spend teaching at the School of Architecture at the University of Colorado. This, of course, was the place I had just graduated from, with a degree in architectural engineering. They had me teach a beginning course in planning and a survey course in Building Materials. I wasn't that crazy about the course in building materials, as I had no experience whatsoever in the subject matter.

We were extremely fortunate in getting one of the faculty apartments, just below campus along the creek. This was a great place for our young family. The units were in two-story buildings arranged around a central grass court. There was no traffic. There was little noise. The kids had free reign within the inner court, and a playground just outside our door. Glenda and I developed a close friendship during those days with Russ and Carol Olin, who lived just across the hall. Russ was the editor of the Alumni paper, and Carol was an official of some kind with the dramatic department. Russ and I went to Montgomery Alabama to join the Selma marchers with about a hundred other people from Colorado--in a chartered jet. And Carol graciously allowed me to play one of the cockneys in a production of My Fair Lady which she directed. (I was a good dancer, but a lousy singer.) And we developed other friends, too, in the units. (My Dad took some 8mm film footage of Kathleen and Christine there, playing in the snow; and I got it transferred to VHS tape.)

I had an uncertain role in the research project in the early days, but I think I earned my stripes when I prepared a draft introductory chapter for the report, with graphics and basic demographic and other analyses that they felt was quite good. A great deal of the early activities of the research were devoted to the collection of data on the inputs and outputs of individual enterprises and households in Boulder. Later, there were long sessions given over to intense discussions about the specific assumptions that would have to be made, and the analytical techniques that might be used to render the data useful. I think, in the end, everybody felt that a fair representation of the Boulder economy had been accomplished. Probably the most important result of the research: job and income multipliers that were typically assumed in these kind of analyses were probably quite a bit overstated. We found a multiplier of about 2, and admitted that it could be less. Usually, enthusiastic supporters of growth in regional economies predict a multiplier of 3 or 4: in other words, they assumed that every new job brought to the region would create another 3 or 4 jobs in total. This always made new growth seem quite powerful, and worth the expenditure of a lot of public money. And, of course, our study seemed to me to have little impact on that kind of hucksterism. Damn the facts, let's get going.

While I was there, we had two major consultants, Charlie Levin of the University of Pittsburgh at that time, and Charles \_\_\_\_\_, of the University of Washington in Seattle. Both were national leaders in local income accounts and input-output analyses. Charlie Levin and I became good friends; we used to have him over for dinner when he visited Boulder. And when the project was just about over, Charlie offered to support me for a National Defense Education Fellowship at the University of Pittsburgh in Economics. I did get a fellowship, and in the Summer of 1965 we were on the road again to Pittsburgh to attend graduate school in Economics.

Our first shock upon arrival in Pittsburgh was the interior colors picked for our new apartment. This apartment was in public housing in a complex close to the University on

the Hill in Pittsburgh. We had been offered public housing (at a good price) by the University and accepted it with gratitude. Our budget was going to be pretty tight anyway. And a fellow student at the Economics Department was also living there, in a unit right next door. Well, when we got there, the walls had just been newly painted the most hideous glossy, bright yellow and green, that I flipped. I asked if we could paint them over, and they said no. So we asked for another unit, and we were given one--down the hill at the bottom of the complex. The other student was aghast. We were turning down an apartment at the top of the hill (which was mostly white) for a unit at the bottom of the hill (which was mostly black), just because we didn't like the color. Yes, we were. I don't think I would do that today, but we did it then.

Under the terms of the fellowship I got tuition and books and a certain amount of money each month, for which I had to do nothing but attend school full time. This was the first time I had ever gone to school without working since Junior High for me. It was great.

### **Thinking I knew enough about it to teach at the Univ. of Wisconsin Dept. of Urban and Regional Planning.**

### **Leaving academe for the mean streets of Cleveland.**

The Summer of 1969 was a watershed moment in my life. I had gotten a job for the Summer with the Poverty Research Center writing two chapters in a book they were preparing at the time called Income Maintenance. My responsibility was a chapter on the likelihood that migration of the poor from one state to another would be reduced by a national income maintenance program and another on the direct and indirect effects of an income maintenance program on metropolitan economies. I liked the work. It was good pay. And summers in Madison are pretty nice. The kids were old enough to swim and sail. So it was a little of a shock when Glenda told me she was in love with another man. I left the house soon after to live with Larry Lundy, a student of mine at the University. I also started thinking about what to do with the rest of my life. I didn't like teaching very much; I just never did feel like I was smart enough to teach. Also, my latest meeting with my PhD committee at the University of Pittsburgh had ended with the head of my committee wanting a good deal more out of my thesis than he could see at that time, and I had just about given up being able to satisfy those requirements, even if I wanted to. I had a friend in graduate school in Pitt who had returned to Chile and he wanted me to join him there in some kind of research institute associated with the University at Santiago, Chile. That sounded real interesting to me, and I had followed up with preliminary plans to go there. But I had been involved with other faculty in planning a new kind of graduate course at Madison in the Spring, and didn't want to move before I had a chance to participate in that.

I guess I have to admit that (aside from missing the kids a lot, and some moments of loneliness and sadness) I rather enjoyed being single. I left the car with Glenda so that she and the kids could get around. I got a bike, and I spent a lot of time on that. It was a strange feeling after almost 10 years of marriage. And it was clear that I had led a real sheltered existence. The kids and I spent some time together, but it was hard to make any but superficial connections with them. Someday I will ask them how they felt during this time.

As I remember it, I was generally expecting to go to Chile at the conclusion of another term or two at Madison. In fact, during the Labor Day holiday, I went to New York to spend a glorious weekend with Susan Fahle, a woman Glenda and I had known in Pittsburgh. She

had separated from a classmate of mine, Vernon Fahle, and was working in New York. We talked about going to Chile together. Only trouble was, she was engaged to a doctor in Boston, and was getting married in a month! But we still had a lot of fun in a brief period of time! It was her swan song, before getting married.

When Fall rolled around, we got a fresh batch of students in Madison and ventured forth with our new class, called the Omnibus Course. There were no formal classes, no grades. Each member of the faculty covered certain areas of content, and we spent a lot of time in the field--in Milwaukee and on the Menominee Indian Reservation north of Madison. The students really got into the Omnibus Course and soon had nicknamed it OmniBull. They even had a cute little bull for a logo--and, of course, we had t-shirts and buttons (I still have mine). I presented material on planning practice and statistics and economics. I think everyone especially appreciated a lecture or two I gave called Bull Stat--an introductory set of lessons on statistics for those who can't stand statistics. But the major discussions were of the great issues of war and peace, poverty and social justice. Somehow we found it hard to find time for drill on the development of skills or techniques. That was, of course, back when everyone had the fervent hope that all the wrongs and injustices that were so easy to see all around us could be righted--not by individual struggle and achievement, but by changes in the corrupt system we lived under. The students and the omnibus faculty were close.

This was a perfect class for the sixties, but an uncertain fit for the University of Wisconsin at that time. I remember some students and some faculty being quite excited about it in the beginning. Coleman Woodbury (the senior member of the faculty) and one or two others were nervous about such a new kind of graduate teaching. I remember Coleman during the evaluation of this new kind of curriculum wanting to know why the university should continue the Omnibus Course. I answered him simply: why not? It was easy for me to say. And it was, I am sure, a shocking thing for Coleman to hear. I was soon to leave for the (relative) safety of the City of Cleveland. I am not now proud of my wise crack back to him, but it provides a good description of the split in the faculty at that time. We saw ourselves, of course, as the wave of the future. Coleman saw himself as a protector of academic excellence against the marauders of the progressive left. And, as it turned out, neither of us was entirely correct. Judging just from my own experience, the practice of planning in the real world was not terribly improved by the kind of discussions we had in the Omnibus. Rather, it was the analytical, writing and people skills that made planners successful. Yet, during those years we were all secure that we could become skilled. Some of us already were. The point of it was: how are you going to use those skills, for good or for evil! And, of course, anything old or establishment was evil.

The leader of the Omnibus was Prof. Leo Jakobsen. He had the vision, and he had the persistence that finally pulled it off. Also involved was David Ranney and myself. Ved Prakash was the chairman of the Department at the time. There were other faculty at the time, but they did not participate full time. I was very angry when David Ranney didn't get tenure at Wisconsin--clearly because his beliefs and actions were too radical for the ruling establishment at the university. Ved Prakash and Leo Jakobsen were good friends, and remain so to this day. Janice Cogger, once a Wisconsin student, and now a community development planner in Cleveland, was one of the second-year students who helped plan and conduct the Omnibus. Will Hardee, now in San Francisco (at PG&E) was a student. In fact, Will taught me about White Russians, a drink of unknown (to me) contents, but considerable wallop! He remains a good friend to this day.

Norm Krumholz called me, probably in December of 1969, from Pittsburgh. He had just been offered the job of Planning Director for Cleveland by Mayor Carl Stokes, the first black Mayor of a major American city. He wanted to know if I could come to work with him there. By that time, it was clear to me that I would not continue a career in academia. I

was not at all comfortable with a university community. And I had already pretty much given up on ever finishing a PhD thesis. I was ready to try something new. Also, Chile did not appeal to me because it was really a university appointment, and it was a long way from Kathleen and Christine. So I visited Cleveland to see what was going on. I showed up late at night at Norm's hotel apartment in Cleveland with a woman and no place to stay, so Norm fixed us up with some blankets over in the corner of his room. I know he was absolutely appalled. We all laughed (years later) about the headlines he would have gotten in Cleveland (and Pittsburgh) if anybody had known. In fact, it was all very much on the up and up, but it looked awful. I'm surprised that Norm still wanted me to come to Cleveland.

### **Trying to save the world from a cubicle in the attic of Cleveland City Hall.**

In a way, Cleveland was made to order for me after Wisconsin. There we had concentrated a lot of attention on the non-physical aspects of planning: poverty, crime, education, etc. We had visited Milwaukie and the Menominee Indian reservation on our field trips, to view with alarm the poverty and despair of those communities. I don't now remember spending any time whatsoever on things like zoning and subdivision regulations and official maps--the usual tools physical planners use to guide new development and rehabilitation. And in Cleveland, these tools could equally be ignored. Zoning basically excludes undesirable uses from zones--particularly undesirable uses from single-family residential areas. It works well where solid, well-kept single family residential neighborhoods want to exclude apartments, rest homes, retail outlets, etc. It does not work well in producing these kind of neighborhoods, it works well in protecting those which already exist, from the encroachment of non-residential uses. In Cleveland it was, of course, a useless tool. We didn't have good neighborhoods which wanted protection from non-residential development, we had neighborhoods full of vacant and vandalized buildings, neighborhoods where any kind of development would have been welcomed, but where no developer would venture. There were a few plats of vacant land to be subdivided, but they were few and far between.

In short, Cleveland did not seem to me to be the right place to practice mainline city planning. Norm wanted a comprehensive plan. (I think he envisioned one like the Philadelphia Plan, by Ed Bacon. It was mainly physical, stressing the layout of neighborhoods and streets, with a heavy dose of downtown planning). [See Clavel book and Krumholz book and others for help here.]

[Don't forget the story about Norm being so scared about our progress that he asked others to do the comprehensive plan].

### **Go West, Young Man!**

Sometime close after the first of 1973, a friend of mine who taught at Cleveland State University (Cleveland) mentioned to me that his aunt in Milwaukie, Oregon had told him that there was a new Mayor in Portland, Oregon who was looking for a planning director. I was interested. I wrote to the Mayor, told him I was interested, and eventually forgot about it. Several weeks later, I get a letter from the Mayor's office, asking if it would be possible for one of the Mayor's assistants, Bill Scott, to meet with me at the Planners' conference in Los Angeles. As it turned out, I was going, and I agreed to meet him. In fact, both Doug Wright and myself were there, along with Norm Krumholz. Doug and I met with Bill Scott in the bar of the hotel. He talked about the job. It was obvious that they were looking across the country for someone to help them get Portland moving in a different direction. Bill



encouraged me to apply. I did. But not before Doug and I made a fabulous trip to Mexico. (But those stories can wait for another time).

I did apply for the Portland job. It must have been in mid-Summer of 73. It turned out that I was one of 5 individuals selected for a civil service interview in Portland. So I headed for Portland.

This was the first time I had ever been in Portland. On the plane trip in, I struck up a conversation with a soldier heading home on leave about what Portland was like. I asked him lots of questions about the geography of the town, including where the poor lived. He told me in the Northeast section of town. When I got to Portland, I rented a car and struck out to explore Portland. When I got into the Northeast I looked around, and was surprised (being familiar with Cleveland) to see virtually nothing of the deterioration and dilapidation that the poorer sections of Cleveland exhibited. *Furthermore, everywhere I looked, everything seemed so clean and new, and the people (even bus drivers) were polite. This was obviously some kind of foreign land!*

At the civil service interview, there were 6 or 7 people asking questions. I remember Marjorie Gustafson (then on the Planning Commission), Ogden Beeman (soon to be on the Planning Commission), and Howard McKee (SOM). Gary Stout (the person who would be my boss, may have been there as well.) I guess I made quite a favorable impression among many with my blunt statement that building freeways will not reduce congestion (*I didn't know that they were then fighting an interstate freeway expansion*). *Now that I look back on pictures of myself (with real long hair and a beard) taken during that time, I am absolutely amazed that I lasted more than half an hour at the interview.*

As I recall, that interview was the only thing on the agenda for my first day. And I think we found out who were the top three at the end of the day: myself, Sheldon Lynn (the Assistant Director in Baltimore) and a guy from Houston (I just can't remember his name). The following day the three of us who had made it through the first day of interviews were scheduled to interview Neil. As it turned out, I was the last one scheduled, at 11:00 am. Well, the Mayor got so far behind in his schedule that morning that he finally came out and said, Look, I've got to pick up my wife and family and go to a picnic (you're invited), why don't we just drive out together and we can talk along the way. I don't remember a lot about that conversation. He wasn't that interested in a comprehensive plan. I think he had a lot of projects he was interested in. I told him I would give him a letter of resignation before I took the job if that would make him less nervous about me. I also have the impression that he wasn't altogether that interested in talking. (But that would be so much unlike Neil) When we got to his house (on Alameda), his wife was obviously angry. It seems they were about an hour late to the picnic. Well, we all jumped into the car--Neil and Margie in the front, and Rebecca and Joshua and I in the back. We hadn't gone more than about 2 blocks when Neil turned to Margie and said, You don't mind if Ernie and I continue our conversation, do you? And Margie, visibly upset, said No, of course not, why should she mind? Please continue your conversation with Ernie. Forget I'm even here! *Well, you can imagine. Here I am trying to get a job, and I get stuck in the middle of a family squabble. Not good positioning, at all.*

At the picnic, I continued my winning ways by hitting Charlotte Beeman (who was pitching) right in the stomach with a line drive. *I thought I had really blown it. First I get in the middle of the Mayor and his wife; then I hit one of the Mayor's respected campaign workers in the stomach. I talked to Charlotte recently. She didn't even remember pitching that day. In other ways, the picnic was probably a success. I pulled in a long drive to right field, and I got several good hits. All in all, it was a decent day on the diamond for me--which also, I think, ingratiated me with the young, athletic Mayor's staff.* I left Portland not knowing which of the three finalists had been selected.

After my return to Cleveland, I was informed that the three of us would be considered further. Part of this closer review included a visit to Cleveland by Gary Stout to check on me, a visit to Houston, TX by Bill Scott to check on my leading competition. *It's my impression that Stout didn't want me, and Scott didn't want the Houston man. I guess they*

were sent either to confirm their fears or to get their concerns met. Both must have come back even more convinced, for Stout continued to champion the Houston guy and Scott continued to champion me. I'm not sure that anyone made a trip to Baltimore, MD to check on Sheldon Lynn, the third candidate. I don't remember seeing Stout in Cleveland. It was clear that there was disagreement in the Mayor's Office about who should get the nod. I guess they must have decided that the choice was too close, and that another interview was needed. So we flew into Portland again (this time Lynn accompanied me), probably in late August or early September. Close upon our arrival in Portland, I got a note that another of the contestants for the position, Sheldon Lynn, the Ass't Director of Planning in Baltimore, wanted to see me. He talked to Lynn and I at the Red Lion (where we stayed), and we went to dinner at Bennyhana's. He had concluded that the choice was between myself and the competitor from Houston, and that he, Sheldon, didn't really have a chance. But Sheldon definitely thought I would be a much better director than the other person (can't remember his name). Further, he reasoned that the real problem the Mayor and others were having with me is that they distrusted my ability to manage the department. They thought I had good planning credentials and great vision, but the other guy had great management ability. And, besides that, I was so definitely a hippy! (I was glad I had the reputation I had, and not the one he had!) So Sheldon proposed that I go into a meeting set up for the next day with the Mayor's staff and propose a complete reorganization of the planning staff, to prove that I knew what I was doing as far as management and administration was concerned. And then he proceeded to sketch out some options for that reorganization with me on a napkin in the bar at Bennyhana's. Well, we spent the rest of the night working out the main points of the presentation. Sheldon was one of those rare individuals who was smart and competent and a nice guy as well. The next day I made the presentation to the Mayor's staff. I never heard any feedback from that meeting, but I think that made a difference to the Mayor's staff. That same day I got a call to be at the Red Lion (Lloyd Center) bar at 5:30 to meet with Neil. When I got there, Neil had brought along Gary Stout, and a list of requirements.

1. I had to sign the letter of resignation which I had promised I would. I'm sure Gary Stout wanted that letter if the Mayor didn't. I signed.

2. I had to hire David Kish, one of Neil's hot shot young soldiers then working at the City's Human Resources Bureau staff. I agreed, and have been a fast friend of Dave's ever since. He is at once a damn good administrator, a creative promoter and developer, and an honest and decent man. Dave has since then informed me that he was called by Neil only an hour or so before the meeting and told to meet us at the Red Lion. He knew nothing about the agreement—only that he was to meet Gary Stout and me. In fact, I thought I was hiring Dave as my assistant. I think Gary Stout thought he was hiring Dave to watch over me in the Planning Bureau.

3. I was to hire Sheldon Lynn as my Deputy Director. This did not seem a requirement to me. I was delighted that Sheldon would agree to such a position, and obviously happy to have such a competent guy on the team.

4. Fourth, I had to serve and obey (I don't remember the exact words, but they meant that he was the boss!) Gary Stout. Those who know Gary would probably agree with my hunch that these words were his, not Neil's. I agreed to do that, but (eventually) only did part of it.

Then Lynn and I returned to Cleveland to get ready for the pilgrimage west. This was a very exciting time in my life. I was off to a new playing field. For the first time in my life, I was going to be the boss. (Or so I thought). We packed up our worldly goods and sent them to storage in Portland; then caught the Canadian National for a wonderful train ride through southern Canada to Vancouver, British Columbia; then south to Portland in our car.

At first, being the Director only meant being the guy who led the spear carriers behind Neil's charge. I remember three immediate fire drills in Portland: developing a park plan for what was then the city's St. Johns landfill; resolving a land use planning dispute occasioned by requests to expand industrial land in an area of North Portland between the Portland Slough and the Columbia River; and trying to push through City Council a plan by some of the Mayor's backers (Harold Pollin and Hal Saltzman) for City assistance in their development of a large parcel of land on the Willamette River (where the Alexis Hotel now stands). The Mayor really pushed for this project, but didn't have the horses against the opposition of Frank Ivancie, Mildred Schwab and Connie McCready (not to mention John Platt, then of the Northwest Environmental Defense Center). The plan for the 'greening' of the old City Dump was a success: it didn't get accepted right away, but the landfill area today looks a lot like the plan drawn up in late 1973. The Gertz-Schmeer plan was a very carefully crafted compromise between industrial, single-family residential and agricultural interests. It wasn't pretty, but it has met the test of time pretty well. It was the first application of a farm and forest zone in the city. The Mayor's plan for the downtown waterfront got nowhere--in the way he proposed it on behalf of the Davidson Co. (And in the years ahead before anything got going on the waterfront Neil used to wish out loud that he could 'just tear down that old pier,' or 'remodel that old brewery' on the site.' The City probably should have taken Neil and the Davidson Co. up on their offer. Today the area looks a lot like what they were proposing--after millions of dollars of public tax increment money and two decades of effort.

And, of course, there was the downtown plan. The Citizens had spoken, downtown goals had been forged out of a citizens' committee, and adopted by the Planning Commission and City Council. Harbor Drive was about to be closed. Now it was necessary to make those concepts real with statutory rules and regulations. And when the plan got more and more specific, the conflicts got more and more heated.

You can imagine my shock, just arriving from Cleveland where zone changes were sold for \$2,500 a pop, and where it was hard to get two citizens interested in the downtown. And we spent all of our time on federal policy, regional housing policy and basic municipal services. Now here I was standing up there in front of people talking about park design, zoning policy and theory, and citizen involvement (all physical planning kinds of efforts). I felt like a fish out of water much of the time. I had to count on those around me and that was a hard thing for me to do. In fact, I'm still not much good at that, even today.

My main challenge immediately was staff. There were some good people at the Bureau when I got there, but Neil's agenda required more and different people. David Kish, who Neil required I hire, came on immediately as did Sheldon Lynn, the Assistant Director. Both of those guys were great. They were smart, they knew how to get things organized. They knew about the cost and management controls you needed to run such a place. In addition, Sheldon was an experienced city planner. I leaned on both of those early appointments a lot. The next priority was to hire the 4 or 5 Section Chiefs in the Organization. The first was Doug Wright, who I had persuaded to come to Cleveland with me from Iowa, where he studied under Dave Ranney--an old friend from Univ. of Wisconsin in Madison. Doug was one of the staff at Cleveland that I trusted to be able to do anything. I asked him to come out to Portland. He agreed immediately. We initially had a Comprehensive Planning Section. I made him the Chief of that group. But, of course, his talents were turned almost immediately to transportation, where he built the foundation upon which Portland sprang to world class city status in the transportation arena. His right hand man was Ernie Munch, who had come from the architectural firm of Skidmore Owings and Merrill, where he worked for Howard McKee on the Environmental Impact Statement for the Mount Hood Freeway. Soon after I got to Portland, Alan Webber (one of the people in the Mayor's Office who I really respected) asked me to take a look at Ernie, with a view

to hiring him. I did. Ernie is/was impressive. I hired him right away; it was one of the best hires I ever made. Ernie is one of those individuals that I can safely say made a big difference in Portland. Dennis Wilde of the Model Cities staff was recommended to me. He had an architectural background and a lot of recent experience working in Portland's neighborhoods. Finally, I asked Don Mazziotti, then an instructor at the University of Iowa Planning School to join us. He did. His legal background was used to get him hired, but his main interest at the Bureau was policy.

Of course, much of my problem was with some of those who were still there from the old Planning Bureau. Chief among those was Lloyd Keefe, the Planning Director who was there before me. Lloyd's tenure at the Planning Bureau was long and tortured. He had worked for many years under the thumb of Commissioner William Bowes; he came to Portland in the middle fifties, I think, and spent about a decade developing a new zoning code for Portland, adopted in 1959. Lloyd was angry and obstinate and opinionated; which wouldn't have been that bad except that his opinions were definitely not those of the Mayor or Lloyd Anderson (at that time, a Commissioner with a lot of say in planning matters). In fact, it was my impression that Neil, Lloyd Anderson and Frank Ivancie all thought Lloyd Keefe should be fired. *(In fact, Lloyd Anderson once told me that he had gotten Ivancie to agree to fire Keefe, but Frank chickened out)*. No one had the guts to fire him. So when I came around, guess who was sitting right down the hall? I give Lloyd one thing: he didn't pull punches. He didn't like the way we were doing things. He told us so. But mostly he just didn't do anything useful to the Planning Bureau or the Mayor's office. I eventually had to fire him--and I had to explain to Frank Ivancie why!

In addition to Lloyd Keefe, another long time Bureau employee was there--Dale Cannady. Dale was not the problem that Keefe was. He worked hard, he didn't quarrel with the party line out of City Hall, he helped out a lot with the administration of the Bureau. And, in fact, he served the City with honor in that way until his retirement sometime later. I think of Dale once in a while--now that I am in a similar position at BPA. I have had a lot of experience. I bring some skills and a bit of wisdom born of hard experience to the enterprise. But I am not one of the hot shots at BPA. The younger people are in there spinning their wheels and huffing and puffing at the importance of it all, and I am viewed as kind of an eccentric, I guess. I guess it's what you call being put out to pasture. Dale must have had a few chuckles at us during that time, just like I do now.

Frank Frost was head of the Land Use Controls Section. Here is another man who made a difference in Portland. His calm, informed judgements at the counter and among the management at the Bureau were a major factor in whatever success we had in those days. And his earlier work on Land for Schools, a report prepared in the sixties, was truly outstanding. Another jewel on the staff was Bev Nelson, my secretary. I have still to find her match. She was hard-working. She had a good attitude. And she was supremely competent.

The Downtown Plan: It all started with the Planning Commission's denial of a conditional use permit for a parking garage on the Pioneer Courthouse Square block--then a two-story parking garage for Meier and Frank.

The Northwest District Plan: The Balkans of Portland, where the blue collars and the industrialists met the hippies, the yuppies and the elderly. After all that work, all that Bill Scott had to say was that the staff work on the plan had been 'shitty.'

I-405: Lloyd Keefe left the city to work with a group of downtown owners and businesses to get the Highway Department to locate the I-405 freeway closer to the downtown core than it now stands. When Lloyd failed to convince the Highway Department, the downtown

powers lost faith in him. He returned to the City to work with Bowes, and tried to get a downtown planning effort going, but Dick Ivey and CH2M/Hill beat him to the punch.

The Comprehensive Plan: Close after I arrived in Portland, the State Legislature passed a landmark planning bill establishing a set of state-wide planning goals, a deadline for all cities and counties of the state to adopt a local plan meeting those goals and a Land Conservation and Development Commission to oversee locality progress in meeting the requirements of the state law. Neil had then been Commissioner for 2 years and Mayor for another 2 years. We had enough to do already: a regional transportation system to develop, several neighborhood plans to complete and many more to start, a downtown plan to implement and probably 2 dozen other assorted projects. And even if we had time, there were several reasons why a comprehensive plan was bound to fall flat.

First, there was going to be no strong leadership from city hall for such a plan. Even though Neil thought comprehensively about anything he ever got involved in--no matter how small and insignificant--Neil wasn't a comprehensive land use planner. He was much more at home with a project than with a plan, as most of us are. Furthermore, he knew that it meant years of political capital would have to be spent getting the money for it, getting it done right and then suffering the fallout from the disaffected and harassed. And it simply could not be controlled. If it was done right, with lots of citizen and property owner involvement, it would take forever and the product could not be predicted. And if Neil didn't lead that planning effort, who would?

Second, the Mayor's office already had a comprehensive plan underway. I would have called it a policy plan. Actually, I don't think they called it a plan. I think they just thought of it as a set of policies that would guide the Goldschmidt administration. These policies were, in a lot of ways, the Goldschmidt campaign. *"A successful city is a city full of successful neighborhoods: where people felt safe on the streets, where parents in every neighborhood sent their children to good schools and where citizens contributed selflessly to their neighborhood. If you allow citizens a say in the way their neighborhood is planned and developed, and then support them in their own decisions, they will build you a better neighborhood and from that will come a better city."* I remember efforts to develop a housing policy and a schools policy. I thought there was a lot of good work going on, but that There may have been other efforts. I was involved earlier with these, but soon delegated the work to Don Mazziotti, who at that time was leading the policy analysis section of the Bureau. Soon, the policies became the property of the policy analysts in Mazziotti's shop and the Mayor's office. Again, with their own important policy work going on, the policy types didn't spend any time on the comprehensive land use planning effort and in any event, felt a comprehensive plan would detract from their efforts.

*[It's instructive, I think, to remember that a 'comprehensive plan' for a city, if done right, is a long-term, difficult effort to gain a kind of agreement among sometimes violently disagreeing parties. Forging political consensus out of that kind of process usually results in a kind of mushy, imprecise set of statements which have the characteristics of being something everybody can agree with, but nobody can get direction out of. And political leaders don't always want to forge consensus; they sometimes want to champion one or the other side of that consensus. If you want to get into the paper, take a controversial position on any issue. If you want to get lost, forge a consensus over months and years between warring parties, ending up with a complicated compromise which nobody really likes, but which can get 3 votes at City Council. The Mayor's 'policy' staff, and Mazziotti, weren't after an adopted policy, because they understood that much of their proposed policies were deemed quite radical by the City Council. They were interested in staking out a position on issues, and in getting the finding some way to get the City Council to adopt the policy they wanted.]*

In fact, many felt the comprehensive plan required by the state should be no more than a land use plan. And, of course, that's what most communities were producing to meet the state guidelines. Yet, it needn't have been. Portland could have had a meaningful policy plan with the widest dimensions. But it wasn't to be. To make it a bigger thing than the land use plan would have invited the antagonism of all those plying policies in individual areas of concern, and make the job even more difficult than the Mayor already feared it would be.

Third, and finally, if the comprehensive plan was going to be limited to land use, it would finally result only in a zoning map showing the land use and development regulations for every square inch of land in the city. That is, at once, an impressive accomplishment and a trivial matter. If you've ever tried that, you will realize how impressive it is to get a political judgment about the use and development of each and every parcel in the city. And if you are a city commissioner, you will realize how few of your big decisions are informed by that plan, how trivial in the overall scheme of things are the questions answered by that mapping of rights and regulations. Comprehensive land use planning, with a zoning map and ordinance as its only result, is a long and arduous task with mediocre returns. Now, if you add to the map and ordinance a capital budget . . .

Anyway, we didn't have a choice. We had to do a comprehensive plan. In fact, there was some disappointment among other planners, especially at the state level, that Portland wasn't a leader in preparing its comprehensive plan. But I was having a lot of trouble even getting my own planning staff to get interested in it. Doug Wright, who was the obvious choice because of his experience at Cleveland, just didn't want to get involved in it, and didn't think it was worthwhile to do. He was busy, anyway, helping Neil turn in the Mt. Hood Freeway money for MAX. And Mazziotti, who was another possibility, agreed with Doug that the plan wasn't worthwhile to do and he had his own policy work anyway. In fact, I think he felt he was doing more important work with the Mayor's office on policies than the comprehensive plan could ever be. And I didn't exactly disagree with them. I just didn't have any choice but to get the city prepared to meet the state law. Again, it looked like a lot more fun to develop policies to fit Neil's position on the great issues of Portland than to hack out agreements with all the conflicting personalities and institutions to get a comprehensive land use plan. But that's what I got the big bucks for, right?

There were several immediate things to do. We had to get somebody assigned to work on the comprehensive plan, and quick. And here's where I made a big mistake in hiring. After a nationwide advertising campaign, we got two candidates: Tracy Watson fresh from a comprehensive planning effort in Austin, Texas; and a guy whose name I don't remember from Fort Collins, Colorado. Tracy, partly because of his recent assignment and partly because of his glowing references, was everybody's first choice--except Alan Webber's. Alan wanted the guy from Fort Collins and, I have to admit, I certainly liked him better than I liked Tracy. He was a little quiet, and he was soft-spoken, but he seemed real down to earth, solid. I wondered if he could hold the respect of the many individuals who were closely watching us then. Tracy seemed more polished, but a little too glib, a little more powerful. I picked Tracy on the basis of his experience, but I was soon to regret it. He proved incapable of the job in almost every respect, including the fundamental task of engendering some respect among those with whom he worked every day--in the Bureau, at the Mayor's office and at City Council. And thus he made it even more difficult to get any interest in the development of the comprehensive plan. I often wonder how things might have been different if I had picked the guy from Fort Collins. I should have listened to Alan Webber. He was certainly right about Ernie Munch. *Michael Harrison was assigned to help Tracy with the comprehensive plan early on. Thank God. I don't think Tracy lasted at the Bureau until the plan was adopted. Michael continued it through the planning*

*commission and the city council, doing a very professional job. Ask him how impressive the task was to get the city council to agree on that comprehensive plan. And, of course, where were all of us by then? Neil was back in Oregon at Nike, Doug Wright was in San Francisco, Don Mazziotti was in Pennsylvania, Alan Webber was in Harvard, I had turned to private consulting in Portland. Who was there to join in the celebration when it passed? Only Michael. Neil was right. Those things take just too much time for someone on the go, and for someone who wanted clear product.*

The next thing to do was crucial. How were we going to approach the development of the plan? This was no small matter. The state had adopted certain guidelines for procedures. They were not difficult, but they had to be met. A bigger problem, as it turns out, was the expectation of the neighborhoods. By the time we started serious discussion about the comprehensive plan, we had basically completed 3 neighborhood plans and had several more scheduled for completion. Just about each neighborhood in the city was harboring expectations about the time when they would get their neighborhood plan, just like the first neighborhoods already had. They were nervous about two things: what will happen to the plans already adopted, and would their neighborhood be able to affect the comprehensive plan? In fact, some neighborhoods felt that each neighborhood should do its own plan and that the comprehensive plan should then be a composite of those neighborhood-approved plans. I didn't take these concerns too seriously because it seemed to me that to have each neighborhood prepare its own plan and then put them all together into a comprehensive plan was a ridiculous idea. I was wrong again. We proposed a planning process, and it got a lot of heat from the neighborhoods. They never did fully agree that the process should seek out city-wide goals and objectives, then work on smaller geographic units within the city. The city council agreed with our proposal, and adopted such a process, as I recall, unanimously. But the toll on the neighborhood's view of the process was real and significant.

There was also the matter of how to set city-wide goals and objectives. I was fresh from the downtown plan experience and did not want to re-create the kind of goals adopted there--where about 100 goals in different areas of concern, all generally articulated and many inconsistent with others, gave no real guidance in the eventual formulation and adoption of development regulations. I felt that we needed a set of goals that actually directed the city one way or the other, not a set of generally worded goals with which everybody could agree, but from which no direction is provided. So we set out to develop some alternative goal sets, with the consequences of choosing particular goals spelled out.

It's not enough just to state alternative goals, or objectives. In order for an intelligent choice to be made between alternatives, the ramifications of each choice should be clear. What would a community designed to achieve that goal or objective look like, how would it work? And how would that change with a different set of guiding goals or objectives? It's easy to say that we want good neighborhoods. It's not so easy to agree on what a good neighborhood is, nor to pay what it takes to get such a neighborhood. When we set our destination, we should know how we're going to get there, how long it will take and how much it will cost--as well, maybe, as where else we could be doing. This is not done very often because it is so difficult to know. But it is exactly the kind of thing a thoughtful decision-maker like a city commissioner must know (or at least estimate) before voting to head down the road. And if the citizens of Portland were to be brought meaningfully into this planning process, they should know, as well.

Finally, I didn't think that our regular channels of citizen communication and participation were altogether that good. The neighborhood associations by that time were pretty much in place. When the city ventured into any one particular neighborhood with this project or that, pretty much the same individuals showed up to comment. And, to a large extent, we

knew what a particular individual would say about any particular proposal. We also knew that the individuals we saw at hearings or meetings were a tiny percentage of the interested individuals. So we wanted to invite more than the usual participants in the planning process, and we worked hard to find ways to interest these 'outside' participants in the issues.

All of these points led me to produce a publication which I am proud of to this day. I remember Julie Nelson lending a lot of energy to this effort. We had the talented assistance of a graphics design group and a public opinion sampling firm. We developed three alternative goal sets, then provided a vision of what the community would look like if it had followed each course, and we presented all of these in an easy-to-understand mailer. Then we surveyed Portland citizens randomly to get their opinion. And, of course, we made this mailer available to all of our usual neighborhood and other contacts. I left the Bureau just about that time, so don't know how that material entered into the process. Probably did not.

**Miscellaneous inserts for eventual introduction into text above:**

12/22/93

Gertz-Schmeer Sewer: State required City to put sewer into low-density relatively undeveloped area. Question: what kind of development would the sewer be designed for? Sewer people and absentee landowners wanted to design for high density housing or industrial. Neighborhood wanted single-family housing or agricultural zoning. Port wanted agricultural zoning because of the airport landing zone. Typical array of interests. Typical results: an array of zoning classifications. This was the first project that I got real involved in, and had the help of the entire staff of the Bureau.

The Northwest Natural Gas Street Vacation: In exchange for a street vacation recommendation, NW Natural Gas contributed to the rehabilitation of the Foster Hotel at NW 3rd and Davis. This was the first rehab of a downtown hotel. John Parsons of the NW Natural Gas Co. was the company's rep. He was fair and honest. He knew that we didn't have a leg to stand on; that the City could not require that the Gas Company help with the Foster in exchange for the street vacation. Yet he went along with the City's request. Fred Rosenbaum and Lyndon Musolf worked with the Housing Authority on the project. I still have the room key holder from the old Foster Hotel that Fred gave me for participating. This was one of the few times that working in Portland was like working in Cleveland.

The Downtown Plan Goals: I remember them being very general, not that useful for implementation. Most of the written material on the Downtown Plan stops with the 1972-adopted goals and objectives. Yet, the implementation of those goals would be three more years in the making. It continues to amaze me that the citizen commission for downtown goals gets a lot of credit for the Downtown Plan when, in fact, the long process of making those goals real was far the more difficult task. The goals of the downtown plan were fairly radical because they were so general. Two individuals with widely differing opinions as to what the goal meant could still both agree on the goal. When it came time for the regulations to be written and the public improvement projects to be built, that tenuous alliance around the goals fell apart.

What was the process? How was the Planning Commission involved? The major public investments called for: Morrison St. with Pioneer Square, the transit mall and Waterfront Park proceeded with Neil's urging and support. Downtown housing was the toughest part to implement--taking until the middle eighties before a single new unit was available. The Civic Center is finally now being completed with the construction of the new federal



courthouse on Chapman-Lownsdale Square. (The axis of this center is 90 degrees off the axis of the center proposed in the 40's by Moses and others).

Implementation of the Land Use Regulations

Land Use Zoning

Historic Districts

Housing Districts

Implementation of the Traffic and Circulation Plan

The Parking lid

The Transit Mall

The Planning Bureau before October 1973

Lloyd Keefe left the Planning Bureau in the late sixties to work for Portland Improvement Committee. With Keefe gone, Bowes considered hiring Lloyd Anderson, but went instead with Charles Woodward from Oakland. Woodward proved to be unsuitable, according to Bowes and was fired. Keefe (who was no longer wanted by the Portland Improvement Committee: some say he was fired by the Committee) asked Bowes for his old job back, and he was granted it. Several years later, when Lloyd Anderson was appointed to the Council, he suggested to Ivancie (then the Commissioner in charge of planning) that Frank fire Lloyd at that time so that Frank could control who was the new director. Frank appeared to agree, and asked Lloyd to fire Keefe. Lloyd and Earl Bradfish did meet with Lloyd Keefe and asked him to resign, but Lloyd did not want to leave until his retirement package was improved, so the deal was not consummated before Neil came in as Mayor. At that time Neil took over Planning, and by the time I got here had demoted Keefe and installed Dale Cannady as the Acting Planning Director. (Lloyd was still working at the Bureau, but he was no longer in charge). Eventually I had to fire Lloyd as he was unwilling to accept assignments of work. When I did, Frank Ivancie fought it. I guess it depends on who asked him.

New, Live Music and Strong Spirits in McElroy's Ballroom

The Northwest District Plan

The Corbett-Terwilliger-Lair Hill Plan

The Mount Hood Freeway and MAX

The Arterial Streets Plan

Buckman Downzoning

The Comprehensive Plan: This was an area where I felt I had had some experience, and where I felt most comfortable. But this was not to endure. In the first place, Mazziotti argued a lot about keeping 'his issues' in his bailiwick. Thus, the important issues of housing, energy and economic development could be addressed in the comprehensive plan, but only with his involvement. In fact, because of the antipathy between Mazziotti and Tracy Watson, the comprehensive plan Chief, the comprehensive plan was eventually to include nothing but zoning--the regulation of the use of private land. Because Neil was not in the least interested in the comprehensive plan, because the leadership in the Bureau was not able to draw staff together, the comprehensive plan really never took off to become anything but a glorified zoning map. But, of course, that's exactly what the State land use statutes required, and no more.

We tried to make something out of it at the beginning. The major issue to me in framing the comprehensive plan was how to get the elaborate network of community and

neighborhood activists interested in the city as a whole, rather than just with their own neighborhood. Our scheme: Draw up some options for how the City could look in the future with different overall development goals, develop a 'picture' of how the City would look and work with those goals, and use the comparison as a springboard for discussion around the City. We had T-shirts emblazoned with "Official City Planner" and we prepared what I thought was an outstanding graphic comparison of the three different cities you would get by pursuing three different goals. And we made a lot of visits to neighborhoods and other citizen groups.

It didn't work. Nobody wanted to talk about the city as a whole. Everybody wanted to talk about their little piece of it. In fact, many felt that it was wrong for any group to make comments about the 'turf' of another group. Marcie Window (now Marcia Moskowitz) and I had a big fight about the relationship between the comprehensive planning effort and the neighborhood planning efforts then underway.

In fact, the neighborhood furor over the process of the comprehensive plan was probably the straw that finally broke the camel's back for me. A comprehensive plan (dealing with a variety of interrelated issues) is hard enough. When it's also supposed to be an agreement among widely positioned interests, it's impossible. Together with Neil's great disinterest in this kind of planning exercise, I had had enough.

If I had it to do over again, I would propose not a land use plan nor even a comprehensive plan, but a policy plan--an integrated set of policies establishing the City's policy position with respect to a variety of land use, transportation and economic development matters. When policies are being considered for adoption or for amendment, I would review the current policies for consistency; when the policy is adopted, I would place the new policy among the existing ones. I would not stretch the imagination nor the energy of the populace by posing all of the policies for review or amendment at once. Neither would I pose an alternative set of policies for adoption. That way, the City's policy plan would be established over a period of time, one (or a few) policy(ies) at a time. At any point in time, the City has a complete set of policies. And no political leader, with a host of other matters on the table, need dedicate a full term to its adoption.

Unfortunately, the combination of Mazziotti at the Planning Bureau (refusing to share any of the policy analysis function with anyone else) and the Policy Group in the Mayor's Office thwarted that possibility in Portland in 1977. The 'comprehensive plan' which was eventually completed had only the elements of zoning-- the regulation of the private use of land. Portland--at great expense of time and money--finally had its updated zoning plan.

Tracy \_\_\_\_\_

Housing, Energy and Economic Development Policy

Laila Cully (economics) and Bruce \_\_\_\_ (housing)

This was a function which the Mayor's Office found more interesting than the comprehensive plan, and certainly the day-to-day land use regulation and traffic matters. In fact, in some ways the Mayor's Office had set up a competing entity (I think at Alan Webber's insistence) to the one in the Bureau. That would have been easy to understand. Mazz was boisterous, overpowering and belligerent. He insisted that he control everything in his domain. Eventually he attached himself to the Office of Planning and Development, which was closer to the Mayor.

**From rabble-rouser to Director: City Council Politics, Urban Design and Meeting the Folks**