

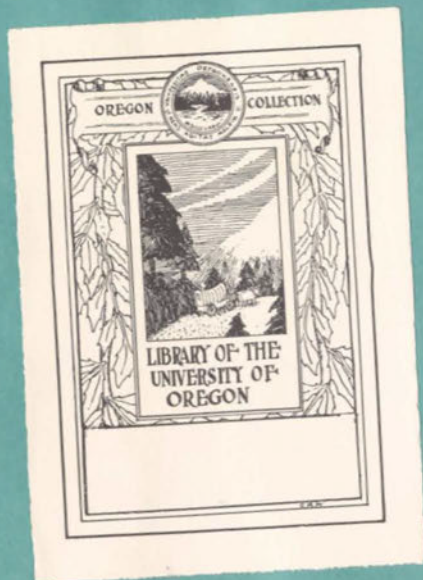
THESES

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THE IMPACT OF THE SAND AND GRAVEL
INDUSTRY UPON LANE COUNTY, OREGON

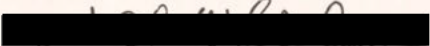
AND OTHER POEMS & ESSAYS

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June 5, 1973



Approved


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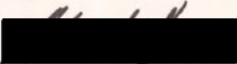

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POETRY AND PLANNING

It is impossible to use rational argument to convince anyone of the existence of a relationship between poetry and planning. This is because the relationship exists as a feeling, rather than as a rational connection, and it is a feeling which one experiences almost intuitively. Rational arguments can, however, be constructed to support this intuitive feeling, after the fact. (In this sense, it resembles the process by which we formulate and defend most of our political opinions.) The following rational arguments were constructed after already having experienced the simple feeling that poetry is related to planning:

Both are processes which involve:

- a) organizing one's mind
- b) thinking creatively
- c) being sensitive to people's needs and desires
- d) communicating effectively with the public
- e) attempting to influence the public in some way.

In addition to the above similarities in the processes of poetry and planning, there also exist content similarities to the extent that both are concerned with:

- a) quality of life
- b) relationships among people
- c) problems of residents of urban areas
- d) reflection upon the past

e) concern for the future

Furthermore, any person who would write poetry for his thesis in urban planning is probably exhibiting the following qualities required of effective poets and planners:

a) an ability to develop new ideas

b) a desire to carry through new ideas

c) a willingness to defend those ideas against criticism.

No doubt one could specify the limits of the planning profession and then prove that poetry is not related, in terms of that definition of planning. What I have done is to point out common elements of the two fields, and thereby show that there exist rational arguments in support of the intuitive view that poetry is, in many ways, related to planning.

NEW YORK MACHINE

You are one hunk of iron --
In your Manhattan buildings, in your
Elevated trains.
You are loud metallic!
Screeching of commuters
Squashed by all that iron.
I walk your ferric streets and my
Teeth feel strange.

I COULDN'T HEAR HIM ALL THE TIME

I COULDN'T WALKING ON TIPTOES

Walking on tiptoes,

Connected by rainbows,

Ever closer, but ever far;

Do I know who you really are?

Do I know who you really are?

Do I know who you really are?

Do I know who you really are?

I COULDN'T HEAR HIM ALL THE TIME

I couldn't hear him all the time, but
Nodded my head just the same.
We both began to talk at the same time, or
Didn't talk at all.
He didn't laugh at the right
Moments. No understandings remained.
He was an old friend, who I
Didn't know anymore.

WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN GOING?

WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN GOING?
OCTOBER NIGHT

Why don't I see the fallow and snow white

Rain-swept and windblown; one of the loveliest

We watched the flickering streetlight,

As the leaves fell one of the last autumn

On that New England evening in Oregon.

My wife has been stolen away

In the quiet of the frightful night.

WHERE ARE ALL THE WOMEN HIDING?

WE LOOKED AT EMBROIDERED TOWELS

Where are all the women hiding?
Why don't I see the fathers and sons seated
In evening laughter on the stoops of the houses?
This feeling that comes with the dusk!
I listen for street sounds of the late shoppers,
But hear only the rattling of iron gates;
My city has been stolen away
In the quiet of the frightful night.

WE LOOKED AT SUNSETS TOGETHER

We looked at sunsets together.

We drank tea from the same pot at a small table.

We had twelve thousand different kinds of

glances for each other;

They were fun to throw, and

They did keep us guessing.

SUMMER ISLAND

The sunrays comfort me.

My mind is with the boats sailing

Slowly, on their way to Summer Island.

Tall trees falling in the forest

Tall trees falling in the forest

Mountain setting, shaken by earthquakes.

YOU MIGHT LAUGH AT MY ACCENT TODAY

The angry clash of nations preparing for war,

You might laugh at my accent today; follows,

But one morning you will wake up and find

That what you have been drinking all the time

Is really caw-fee, after all, people of the earth,

As whole nations are born and extinguished,

All be selected in brutal captivity

By warlike nations of the earth.

Who only believe, that they are human

On whom nations of the earth

THE DAY THE GAME WAS OVER
TALL TREES FALLING IN THE FOREST

Anticipation
Tall trees falling in the forest.
Mountains moving, shaken by earthquakes.
The Russian Revolution.
The angry clash of nations preparing for war,
And the potlatch of bodies that always follows.
Avalanches of religions sweeping up millions,
Each one promising a better trip to the dustpan.
The daily birth and death of the people of the earth,
As whole cultures are born and extinguished.
All is watched in brutal empathy
By Vesuvius
Who only belches.
My hands turned to ice.

THE DAY THE GAME WAS OVER

Anticipation

Came to an end yesterday.

No more waiting

For it to happen;

No more thinking

How nice it would be;

Because right then and there

It was going to happen!

Right then and there

And it would have been nice!

Right then and there

I began to feel rotten

And right then and there

My hands turned to ice.

IRONIC FANTASY #1

They survived the swamps and cities of New Jersey;
Conquered the boredom of the straight highways westward;
Remained undefeated by the smiles of the natives
 when they reached their destination.
All this struggle, all this sweet victory,
Only to be trampled to death late one night
In the kitchens of Oregon by a herd of angry slugs.

LOOKING OUT AT THE CITY FROM ABOVE

Looking out at the city from above,
Almost alone;
Feeling watched as well as watching.
Wanting to leave at every minute,
Yet always wanting to stay.
Finally after descending,
A cold sorrow at having gone there;
But more than that, warm sorrow
For not having
Stayed forever.

I WAS BORN ON AN ISLAND

I was born on an island.

Every day I sailed my boat

And brought home

Fish for my family.

Today an old professor writes scholarly papers,

Reads countless journals and books,

And sails his boat each night with

Tiller pointed toward morning.

IN THE GRIMNESS OF EVENING

In the grimness of evening
Never to share a pot of tea again?
In the brilliance of morning
Never to exchange sunshine faces?
No more crystal thoughts each day?
No more wondering moments?
And no more feelings of feeling?

BLOODSHOT IN THE MORNING

We found her,

Lost her;

Found her once again.

Those eyes were always

Bloodshot in the morning.

REMEMBERED THINGS

WHEN IT WAS OVER

When it was over

(Though ready for more)

We lay lightly, gently;

Softly in sleep on the floor.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

Electrical engineer -- hadn't worked for a year.
On mounting the rail of the bridge,
He lit his last cigarette.
Without a blindfold, he was able to read
The block letters on matchbook cover
Urging him to het his high school diploma.
He crumpled the coupon into his shirt
And laughed his guts out all the way home.

DRUM, DRUM, DRUM

drum, drum, drum,
we threw him away,
we threw him away,
drum, drum, drum,
drum, drum, drum,
he was no good
so we threw him away.
drum, drum, drum,
drum, drum, drum,
drum, drum, drum, drum, drum, drum.

HIYA DOIN'?

I write you tender messages
On bits of crumpled paper
And you think that I am strange.
When we say to each other,
"Hiya doin', hiya doin',"
You smile all over,
Relieved at my apparent sanity.
And we never get any deeper.
Hiya doin'?

WHENEVER I VISIT

DREAM PARADE

My old home,

My dreams parade before me.

Holding empty nets,

I stand unmoving. long days

They mock me in their playful passing;

I watch them all with fire eyes!

Counting my feet

To twitches,

WHENEVER I VISIT

Whenever I visit
My old home,
I ask myself
Why I went away.
In two or three days
The answer always comes as
A feathery tickle,
Causing my feet
To twitch.

THE AFTERNOON RAINDROPS

The afternoon raindrops roll down my window,

With my eyes I feel the wetness of the pavement.

I think of all the things that come from London

Smooth sidewalks that were along the sidewalk,

The skies deepen;

The hour from London
Blossoms fall.

Across the sky from London
Soon blackberries

Each trip, the
From island bushes.

Against night
I'll stroke your face with

Summer grass.
Summer grass, summer grass, summer grass.

The hour from London from London in search of parking.

I want some apples, some said at night.

My words will come from dollar bills at Municipal Court.

It is a rainy day at home

With nothing else to do

I want the words for home,

And never more from in my coffee.

THE AFTERNOON RAINDROPS

The afternoon raindrops roll down my window.
With my eyes I feel the wetness of the pavement.
I think of all the citizens hanging from handles
Beneath umbrellas that move along the sidewalk.

The beer truck driver delivers
Across the street at the all-night grocery.
Each trip, he turns the lock tight
Against neighborhood bandits in raggedy blue jeans.

Dripping fire hydrants and rotting utility poles.
The same car passes four times in search of parking.
I watch Mona Appleseed, meter maid at work;
Her seeds will soon sprout dollar bills at Municipal Court.

On a rainy day at home
With nothing else to do
I watch the scene for hours,
And never once yawn in my coffee.

THE IMPACT OF THE SAND AND GRAVEL
INDUSTRY UPON LANE COUNTY, OREGON

Crunch, crunch,

Grind, grind,

Scoop, scoop,

Crunch.

ONE DAY IN THAT GREAT HOUSE

One day in that great house, while standing
On the carpeted stair under the unlit crystal chandelier,
I stole a kiss from the dark and quiet air.

SHE TOLD ME HE DIED TONIGHT

She told me he died tonight
And I can smell the cigar juice on his shirt
As I sit on his lap
And think of pony rides.
For a long while there was
Numbness.

BY MORTIMER' THE DAY AFTER

As Douglas' TOO BUSY TO SEE ME hundred times
and stuffed the life of love on his plate.

Too busy to see me each day that I ask you,
Your reasons I've already heard;
So I'd like to reserve us some time in advance:
Check off March first ☐ or August
Or August the third ☐

As Douglas,
Street people.

AT GOOGIES' SHE SAT ALONE

At Googies' she sat alone for a hundred years
And shuffled the bits of food on her plate.
Near midnight I saw her
Guarding the stand of the bootblack
Who was taking a leak
By the service door of the Biltmore.
No headbands,
No choices.
Street people.

YOUR ASHES COLLECT

Your ashes collect
In a pile on the floor
Beside the chair where you sit.
Your silent face
Rests upon your open hand
As you read your book of modern poems.

I met you once, a year ago -- we talked.
And now you won't nod your head
Until I nod mine.
I sit across from you
And think, "How have you been?
Is your mother still dying?
Did you ever make it to California?"

BROWN IS THE COLOR OF SOFTNESS TODAY

Brown is the color of softness today

The meaning to me is soothing and comfortable;

It's the way that I feel this morning.

I ONCE LAID DOWN A BAG OF DAYDREAM

I once laid down a bag of daydreams on your doorstep
And you never saw it.

I built you sandcastles that

Always melted in the rain.

Yesterday I tried to reach you by

Talking and stroking your hair.

Today I sang three songs for you

And you never heard.

FIFTY POUNDS OF COLA

My job
Was to lift the cases
Off the conveyer belt
And stack them on a wooden pallet,
Fifty pounds of root beer,
Fifty pounds of cola,
Fifty pounds of sparkling orange.
Lift and stack,
Lift and stack,
Cheese sandwich for lunch;
Chew and chew and chew.
One o'clock bell and back to work,
Lift and stack,
One, two, one, two.

At five o'clock a whistle screamed
And blew me out of the plant!
Up the sidewalk I tumbled,
Knocking over garbage cans,
Sending letterboxes into airmail orbit.

continued....

....continued

I pulverized fire hydrants,
Leaving seven dogs to stand alone.
After one chop from my elbow
I watched the collapse of the
Westchester Avenue El.
I was propelled right through my front door,
Landed on the kitchen table,
Stood like Samson amid the ruins
And roared in a voice that sounded almost human,
"I'll have Meat and Po-ta-toes!"

STRANGERS TALK WITH EYES AND MIRRORS
THE GIRL SADLY

STRANGERS TALK WITH EYES AND MIRRORS
The girl sadly
Finds my favorite flavor,
Trades chocolate for silver,
And smiles at me.
AND THEY ONLY SAY, PLEASE, SWEET,

STRANGERS TALK WITH EYES AND WORDS

I SAT BESIDE THE GREAT SUN

Strangers talk with eyes and words

That oft bring them together;

But "No" means no ~~and you~~

And "No" means no ~~and~~

And "No, no, no," means never.

I SAT BENEATH THE QUIET SUN

I sat beneath the quiet sun

And thought I heard you

Softly say my name.

YOUNG SUMMER STOLEN

Young summer stolen--

We ran by the backs of the houses;

Green and sour apples,

And peaches with texture of stone.

LIKE FLOWERS STRUNG

Like flowers strung

Around her willow waist--

Leather belt, your blue and yellow stars.

THE RIME OF THE OLD MAN DOWN BY THE DOCKS

Walking along the street by the docks;
The smell of fish and salt everywhere.
The cold of the air tensing the hairs in my nose,
The sight of rotting wood, and an old man talking to himself.
He was perched on the cathedral steps, fraying rope in hand,
Looking out into vacant space. I heard his voice

through his whiskers:

"Take a chance!

Don't read novels!

Live 'till you die!

I used to be a crazy man when I was younger.

Daughters warned their mothers to stay away from me.

I had fire in my eyes in those days;

Now I sit here by the sea, that I might ignite

my pupils again!"

He fell silent.

I begged him to go on. He looked back at the sea.

I sat down beside him and looked where he looked.

For over an hour I thought to myself:

"Teacher...buffoon.....liar...prophet?"

No, I decided,

Just an old man.

continued....

....continued

My path home took me away from the docks.

Day by day, his whiskers faded from my mind.

Until one evening, after loosening the salt shaker caps

in the Horn & Hardart Cafeteria,

And trying to make it with the lonely cashier

I looked in the mirror and saw the fire in my eyes.

Thoughts of sea air, adventure, and tough, white whiskers
warmed my memory.

He was just an old man talking to himself,

And to me.

THE IMAGE OF PLANNING

Much of the public has a misconceived and oversimplified impression of planning. The profession tends to be either overly romanticized or unfairly denigrated. Some recurrent themes of conversations I have had with laymen are illustrated as follows:

a) Friend: What are you studying?

Me: Urban planning.

Friend: That sounds great! It's the coming thing!

By the way, just what do planners do--plan cities?

Me: Not exactly.

Friend: Well, it sounds exciting!

b) Friend: What are you studying?

Me: Urban planning.

Friend: Oh. Is that like urban renewal?

Planning students themselves were originally members of the same public that holds an oversimplified view of planning. Presumably, those with a cynical attitude toward the profession do not pursue an education in planning. Thus, we are left with the romantic faction, who become less and less idealistic with the passage of time as they (a) grow older, and (b) learn more and more about planning. In a sense, these students are almost programmed to complete their education at a lower emotional pitch than when they began.

(Perhaps it would be a good idea to draft cynics into MCP programs so that exposures to reality might have a relatively uplifting effect on at least some of the students.) In any event, graduating planning students do appear to be quite realistic in their attitudes toward the profession.

of their position in life. First of all, they have been in college school for too long a time. The remaining frustration is heightened by the fact that planning is an applied field, while planning education is anything but applied. There is a group of students who want to actively help solve other people's problems, but whose training consists mainly of reading books, writing papers, and discussing problems and policies. These are not some things they have been doing in school for the previous 12 years! Doubtless, it is desirable to be proficient at all these things, but there is also a need to try out one's ideas in the real world. To be hooked from doing so is to create frustration. It may be that one way to decrease frustration is to increase the opportunities for applied experience as a regular component of planning education.

A NOTE ON THE GRUMBLING OF PLANNING STUDENTS

There seems to be a high level of grumbling and griping among planning students at universities around the country. Much of the students' grumbling results from certain aspects of their position in life. First of all, they have been in full-time school for too long a time. The resulting frustration is heightened by the fact that planning is an applied field, while planning education is anything but applied. Here is a group of students who want to actively help solve urban problems, but whose training consists mainly of reading books, writing papers, and discussing problems and policies. These are the same things they have been doing in school for the previous 17 years! Granted, it is desirable to be proficient at all these things, but there is also a need to try out one's ideas in the real world. To be blocked from doing so is to create frustration. It may be that one way to decrease frustration is to increase the opportunities for applied experience as a regular component of planning education.

The urban planning department could duplicate planning-related courses which are known to be poorly taught in other departments, then planning students could enroll and would gain the benefits of the courses, assuming that the planning department is able to teach the courses satisfactorily.

Substitutions in the independent planning professors could be avoided by assigning a different teaching title to

A PROPOSAL FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF PLANNING EDUCATION

Planning education can be improved by taking advantage of the commonalities between planning and other disciplines. Ideally, departments of planning could teach classes of interest to planners which are either absent or poorly taught in other parts of the university. Of course, there is no guarantee that the planning department could teach these courses well, but it would, at least, improve the students' chances of enrolling in interesting classes. Let us take the following example to illustrate this point: Assume that approximately $1/3$ of all professors are incompetent (this estimate is, no doubt, unrealistically low, but it will serve the purposes of this hypothetical example). A student who enrolls in, say an urban affairs class taught in the geography department, has a $1/3$ chance of picking a real loser. If he should find himself in one of these unfortunate classes he must either remain and suffer, or exclude himself from contact with the subject matter by dropping out of the class. If, however, the urban planning department would duplicate planning-related courses which are known to be poorly taught in other departments, then planning students could enroll and would gain the benefits of the courses, assuming that the planning department is able to teach the course satisfactorily.

Embarrassment to the incompetent nonplanning professors could be avoided by assigning a different sounding title to

the replacement course. This could be easily accomplished, since anybody who has gone to college knows that a course title seldom reflects very much about the content of a course.

A further revolutionary step could be accomplished by reversing the process. That is, courses that are poorly taught in the urban planning department could be duplicated by professors in other departments. A small committee of student emissaries could be sent out to contact other departments, and diplomatically suggest that if "such and such" class were offered, x number of planning students would enroll. Departments which have been embarrassed by the thinly veiled practice of the planners in offering courses identical to their own would, no doubt, jump at the chance to stab the Urban Planning Department in the back by offering their own version of planning classes. Thus, we have set in motion a system of reciprocal animosity, resulting in a better education for all.

As a consequence of planning education is that, by giving the student direct exposure to the planning profession, he is able to decide whether he really wants to be a planner before his commitment becomes too great for him to switch out of the program. The public school classrooms of this country are staffed by hundreds of teachers who didn't find out that they would rather be in another field until they served as student teachers in their senior year of college (what else can you do with an education degree, but teach?). Hopefully, this phenomenon can be avoided in planning.

THE NEED FOR APPLIED EXPERIENCE AS A COMPONENT OF
PLANNING EDUCATION

Planning education could be made more satisfying and useful if it included an element of applied experience. This experience should involve an active role for the student, rather than being limited to observation. For example, the student might work directly with planners and/or community groups. It is true that such experience will come later--when one is employed, but direct exposure to community planning while still in school will tend to make one's academic pursuits more meaningful, assuming that the student is able to relate the two. Ideally, the experience should help him to both generate ideas in the classroom and evaluate concepts to which he is exposed.

An additional argument in favor of applied experience as a component of planning education is that, by giving the student direct exposure to the planning profession, he is able to decide whether he really wants to be a planner before his commitment becomes too great for him to switch out of the program. The public school classrooms of this country are staffed by numbers of teachers who didn't find out that they would rather be in another field until they served as student teachers in their senior year of college (what else can you do with an education degree, but teach?). Hopefully, this phenomenon can be avoided in planning.

A QUESTIONING OF THE CONTINUED EXISTENCE OF

GRADUATE PLANNING PROGRAMS

Planning education has been in a continuing state of confusion and turmoil for a number of years. The AIP Journal (July, 1970) and Planning: The ASPO Magazine (Sept., 1972) have both devoted considerable space to discussions of planning education. The articles addressed themselves to the questions of how to teach, and what to teach in graduate planning programs. The "how to teach" question is common to other fields of study, and is a sign of health, vigor, and a desire for improvement. However, the "what to teach" question, as presented in the two journals, appears to be more a sign of a chronic state of nonproductive floundering within the field. Many of the authors point out that planning is very broad in its concerns and that there is a need for a greater focus upon specific subject matter. They go on to suggest subject areas which could serve as focal points for education in planning. Suggestions include the determinants of spatial structure, policy design, organization of urban governments, housing, land use and transportation, budgetary processes, planning law and administration, etc.

Thus we have a large number of planners who agree that planning needs to focus upon a limited number of subject areas, but who differ greatly in their opinion of what these focal points should be. Under these conditions the study of planning will remain very broad and will continue to lack

a focus upon a specific, unique subject area. One is left with the image of a field of study searching for a subject area. This seems absurd--shouldn't it be the other way around?

Amid all the discussion about improving planning education, no one dares to ask the question of whether graduate planning programs are justified in continuing their existence. The arguments favoring termination are impressive. As an academic field, planning lacks a body of unique knowledge and research on which to draw. A very large proportion of the literature which is of concern to planners and planning students has been written by individuals outside the field. Planning students typically perform much of their classwork outside the planning department. Furthermore, most classes of interest to planners are either taught or are capable of being taught in other departments of the university. Taking into account the current turmoil, lack of research, lack of substance, and lack of uniqueness in planning education, coupled with the ability of other academic departments to accomodate the subject areas of planning, a cogent argument exists for the dismantling of graduate planning departments. Resources thus conserved could be applied to other areas of the university which address themselves to the study of the dynamics of urban areas.

There is certainly a need for the integrative, coordinative function which other disciplines often look to planners to provide. However, thus far, graduate planning departments

have failed to fulfill this role, and support for them is largely based on the hope that eventually things will improve. It may be that more time is needed for planning to find a focus and/or become integrative of other disciplines, but at some point in time, if progress is not made, it will become necessary to confront graduate planning programs with the prospect of dismantlement.



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