

Brittany Gada

From: Bodo Marzineck <bodomarzineck@rocketmail.com>
Sent: Tuesday, December 27, 2022 12:25 PM
To: Brittany Gada
Subject: [EXTERNAL] Greenway Park Inequity Plan

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TO THE OBVIOUSLY UNCONCERNED:

This body has a plan before that will determine whether the garbage people win, or whether the people can be, at least, be left with the much diminished slice of hope they have left..

My Dad got out of the Army after Vietnam, and we settled in Tigard, where I always felt some thing missing from our former Army base life.. I graduated high school, and in the months before I was to be sworn in to my own Army service, I got a summer job with the THPRD. I drove my little 1972 Chevy Luv to the shop in the early mornings and loaded the sprinklers and irrigation repair equipment for my job watering parks. As the summer wore on I found my home packed sandwiches gone well before my half hour lunch each day. It came that I carried a basketball in my cab, and I'd take my lunches in the little pocket parks, shooting at lone baskets with the neighborhood kids, or most often solo. This is when I became acquainted with the meditative and therapeutic aspects of the sport, though my young soul could not have articulated the fact.

My time in the service gave me what I missing. That feeling of a community brought together by a grand purpose, finding our common humanity and mutual worth in the journey. Nowhere did I feel this community more than in the hot ass gyms and asphalt cages of Fort Hood, Texas, playing 21 with fifteen guys and no refs, all day and into the night. I fell in love with basketball, yes, but mainly with the men and women I connected with in the brotherhood of sport, and they helped sustain me. You will never find a more diverse population in any public park than on the basketball court, the only place by its nature designed for strangers to meet and shake hands. Public park basketball has been a lifeline for me ever since.

When I returned home a half decade later I found myself at low ebb. One day, out driving, I turned left onto Scholls Ferry Road from SW 121st. I then discovered the first road (124th?) cutting through from Scholls Ferry to Hall Blvd between Greenburg Road and Murray Bvd. As I drove down the beautiful new road I saw a few model homes clustered around a brand-spanking new 7-Eleven. Then, on the right, what to my glorious eyes should appear, but a ¾ basketball court, also band-spanking new. I pulled over and got some shots up, returning often after. It turns out that new courts are often a magnet for ballers, and that summer we saw the best in the Metro area, with Terrell Brandon and his friends running there a lot, along with all the westside hotshots.. I had to be there early or late to get in games, but it was thrilling watching those elite dudes up close! I was pretty proud of the THPRD, despite there being no water on site. We brought coolers, and barbeques, and music, and it was real good.

As the neighborhood began to slowly emerge, the tennis courts appeared, welcome, despite the fact that we apparently needed them to get a water fountain. That's when it began.

Penelope: Police? I was just walked through the park, and I'm now scared to death!

Police: Did you witness a crime, ma'am?

Penelope: I wasn't going to hang around until I did! The people down there, they are not from this neighborhood, I can tell. They are loud, dirty, and look like they are up to no good! Meke them go to protect us GOOD citizens.

Police: Well, ma'am, I do know exactly what you mean, and I sympathize. There is nothing we can do if you did not see illegal activity. I recommend you call Bruce Barbarash (or his progenitor of a similarly odious ilk) and express your concerns.

The first redesign eliminated the full court run, and now attracted only the neighborhood, not the big dogs. The good part was we now had an outdoor half court, and a covered half court with lights that stayed on as long as the noise ordinance, 10pm. Also, new walls for tennis practice, and a kids playground emerged. This was the golden age of Greenway Park diversity, and of basketball at this park. Any weekend could find 3on3 tournaments on the regularly striped and well maintained courts. Basketball is international, and there were identifiable local teams/families from the Phillipines, the Pacific Islands, Korea, even far flung Jamaica and Puerto Rico. Food, music, laughter, and sport brought us all together. But then.

Penelope: Police? Can't you do something about these gang takeovers of our parks?!? They just do what they want, and our children are exposed! I don't feel safe walking my Schnauser! I want them out of OUR park!

Police: I understand why you call all the time, Penny, and I'm on your side. But really the only way to make lasting change is to work within the system. Call Bruce Barbarash (or his progenitor of a similarly odious ilk), that is the most effective way to make the change we want.

I have to admit the next move was evil genius, and began in earnest the campaign against diversity and public accommodation in the park. The outdoor basket stanchion was moved backward about eight feet. The evidence is right on the ground to this day. To the uninitiated this may seem harmless, but a court with three feet of runout below the baseline, became a court where the baseline ran along the edge of the concrete, at the top of the slope. Just as anticipated by Bruce Barbarasch (or his similarly odious progenitor), a guy broke his ankle the next week driving the baseline. He was the first to suffer such a painful and lingering injury because of the decision, and the injuries have continued for decades. But poor people generally don't sue, do they?, they just go away. Bruce Barbarasch (or his similarly odious progenitor) counted on that, and competitive basketball ended at the park that day. Not another stripe has been painted, nor has the playing surface been refreshed or maintained regularly since that day decades ago. Bruce became a big hit with Penelope and her haute crowd, preaching birds and bikes and flowery whatnot, but, not done at all, he was just getting started on the ballers.

Since then, basketball found a way. Local kids with nowhere to go after school, on weekend mornings, evenings, many with good reason to seek refuge in the healthy socialization, exercise, and joy the game provides. None of the kids are going to get a scholarship, they need a diversion that is free and public. I see mothers coaching up sons, fathers helping daughters, and brothers, sisters and friends sharing time.

I've met and shot ball with youngsters for several African countries, several central american countries, more than a few Mormon missionary youth, and once lost badly to a Buster's BBQ employee in her 40s who played on the Dominican national team as a youth. This court, this meeting place, remained the most diverse rectangle of concrete in your system. But some of the kids were hanging, out of the rain, being kid ballers, with the lights on until 10pm when the noise ordinance kicked in and out went the big caged lights.

Penelope: Police! Those kids are not from around here! What are they doing in the park at night making noise and acting wild?!? I infer numberless nefarious acts from their mere presence. Get them out of OUR park!

Police: I agree PenPen, same. Bruce Barbarash (or his progenitor of a similarly odious ilk) will come up with a plan, he's never let us down!

Bruce Barbarash started small. First they quit pressure washing the covered court altogether, allowing a varnish of grime to build up, making running and jumping dangerous, particularly to groin muscles. This rendered the covered court useless for games to this day, you can only play horse at best. They also ceased routinely replacing the bulbs that lit the area. Still the young ballers hung, safe on the court together. Now there are signs telling the kids to leave by dusk or risk HOA retribution, the sign itself dripping with, and redolent of, the stinking past. There had not been working lights in years, and the fixtures have since been removed.

Its been death by a thousand cuts, but Bruce Barbarash was sooo tired of them, he absolutely committed to scheme a final solution.

But first the final insult, which brought me into awareness of Bruce Barbarash's plan. It was the end of March 2020. I went to the park to get some shots up. As I approached the baskets, I saw the boards. There were two boards on each basket, effectively making a lid. Also there were signs on the backboard, warning basketball was now illegal in the park. I looked around me. The tennis courts were open, and people were safely playing. There were dog walkers, and a mom pushing a swing. I was flummoxed. About then three young men pulled up and walked up with basketballs. We discussed the situation and I presented my first impression theory. I figured some local chapter of the Proud Boys (or a group of a similarly odious ilk) had decided to take aggressive action to keep this park white. I could see no other explanation based on the evidence before me, no other class of people were affected. The boys got fired up by my theory, and ran home and got a ladder. We joyously tore down the cheesy 1"x 6" boards, celebrating for our common humanity, and when they told me the signs had THPRD logos on them I thought the Proud Boys sly. We had a great time using the hoops for their intended divine purpose that day.

The next trip to the park made me aware that the logos were real, the barbarity the work of the odious Bruce Barbarash. Imagine my astonishment, or lack thereof. I did some research, and made phone calls. I spent a fair bit of time talking to the THPRD communications director and she listened kindly and sympathetically to my concerns. In fact she passed my concerns on to board members and a letter was drafted to the governor concerning disparate impacts on communities of color. Nothing about the treatment of the courts changed, in fact...

I read deeply of Bruce Barbarash's vision for this park, publicly published for all to see. Being sly, Bruce hid it in the footnotes, as they do. He stated the baskets were anecdotally underutilized (simply false, but indeed sly). AND GEE, I WONDER WHY?!? He further made note that any displacement would only affect those living in the close by low income apartment complexes. He made allusions designed for the reader to infer this change would lessen crime. He saw a hoop in an apartment parking lot and stated that THOSE PEOPLE could just play there, away from the park, showing ignorance of both parking lot design and basketball, what a creep. His plan is that this tiny oasis of diversity and inclusion must now be wiped out completely, to maintain the monotone, his vision for his world (bet his momma is PROUD of her BOY). Bathrooms and bike parking, that's what Bruce's neighborhood needs, he will tear down those attractive nuisances that bring the wrong people to his park. This signoff will conclude a small, disgusting arc in Beaverton history, with the festering past the winner. I personally think that since it is so well documented, by y'all yerselves!, that it would make an excellent case study for a graduate level CRT course. But really, I gave up expecting equitable outcomes from this body years ago, as I've documented above.

I object to this evil garbage plan in the strongest terms possible, poor kids matter. Any board member who votes for this plan deserves impeachment.

Truly,

Bodo M. Marzineck

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