

ABOUT MARK HARRIS

As a faculty member of LCC since 1995, I would like to say a few words about a highly respected colleague, Mark Harris (see letters, 3/3).

During my early years, I taught health in Lane's High School program, serving an at-risk teen population. I was fortunate to have Mark as a guest presenter on substance abuse prevention, which always had a deep impact on all of us. Following his presentations, many students had openly expressed a need for support and counseling regarding drug and alcohol issues. I remember one in particular who could not wait another day and asked me to walk him to Mark's office. Mark has an extraordinary ability to be powerful, compassionate and patient.

Over the years, I have served on a few committees and collegewide activities with Mark and have consulted him at times for my continuing professional development. He is very honest, generous, kind and creative. At times when I have found myself to be less skillful or less experienced in certain matters, Mark has always communicated his expertise and knowledge in the most humble and diplomatic manner.

Most importantly, on issues of racism, freedom and separateness, I have benefited greatly from Mark's contributions in *Eugene Weekly* and *The Community College Moment*. His words have turned my mind and heart in many directions and I know many other people who strongly agree with me. I look forward to reading many more articles by Mark Harris.

Amy Gaudia
Eugene

BROUGHT TO LIFE

Last Saturday night a woman who is dead shared with me her love for her parents, her intense need that her non-violent presence in a war zone would make some impact and her growing anger at the pain and devastation about which she could do nothing. The woman who is dead was brought to vivid life by actor Nicole Trobaugh, who was Rachel Corrie in Lord Leebrick Theater's production of *My Name is Rachel Corrie* (which continues through March 12).

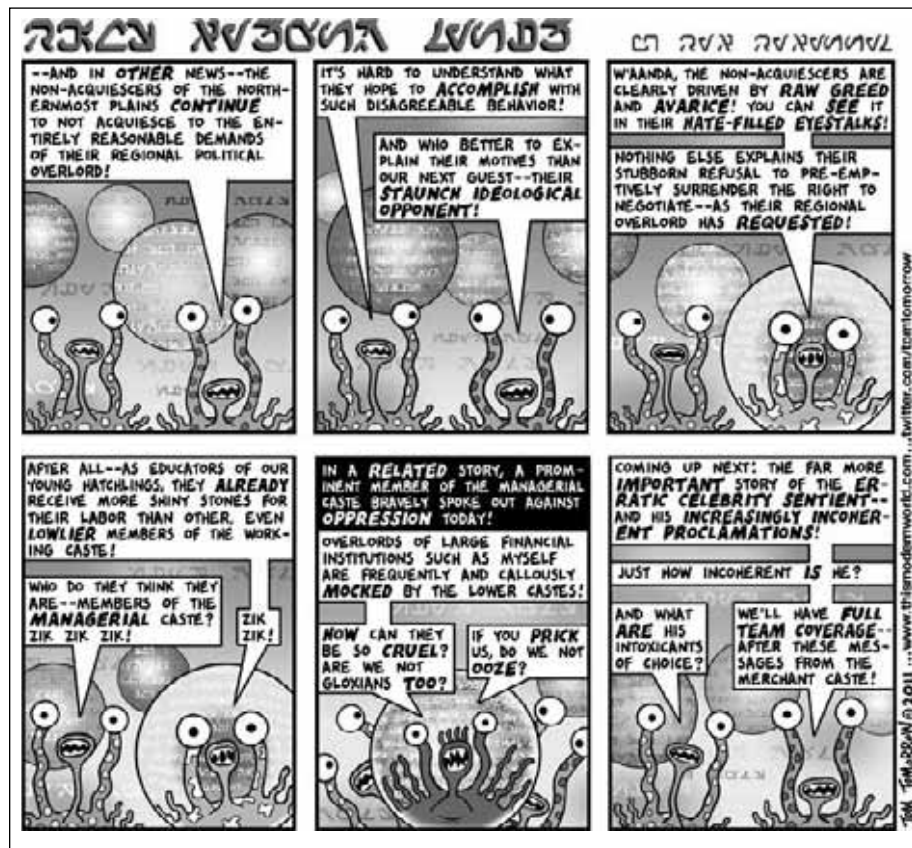
This play should be seen for Nicole Trobaugh's stunning performance; for Rachel Corrie's own words, used throughout the play; and for the insight this evening of theater gives us into why people risk their lives, because they "can do no other."

Dina Wills
Eugene

BIKE PLAN LACKING

The Fern Ridge bike path was constructed around 1970. The underpasses below Chambers, Garfield, Acorn Park, W. 11th, Bertelsen, and Danebo are helpful in providing safe, efficient bike transportation to and from West Eugene and downtown. Crossings are still needed at Polk and City View. After 40 years, it's time for a few more! These are dangerous crossings, where riders must zigzag across busy streets to continue on the bike trail. I suggest diagonal overpasses at these two locations, spanning both the creek and the roads.

At present, cars have the right-of-way at these and other at-grade street crossings (e.g., Bailey Hill and Oak Patch). The streets are posted with yellow signs warning motorists of a pedestrian crossing, and bicyclists are warned to yield to cars. I



suggest a different system of street posting: Place yellow cones in the middle of the streets at bike path crossings with a sign that reads something like: "State Law: Must stop for pedestrians and bicycles." (This is similar language to what appears on cones in the San Francisco Bay Area where the bike trail along the BART tracks crosses city streets in the East Bay.)

The Fern Ridge path provides reasonably good transportation from west Eugene east to Jefferson Street. After that, bicyclists are essentially on their own. Improved safety is need for bikes traversing the downtown area. One way to pro-

vide safer passage for bikes is to separate bikes from cars with a line of parked cars approximately 8 to 12 feet from the curb, with a bike lane along the curb where cars currently park. If extra space is needed for bikes, a street like 10th or 12th could be made into a one-way street.

A north-south bike path, with overpasses or underpasses, is needed in the vicinity of the streets named after Presidents (i.e., between Lincoln and Polk). Bicycles going north or south in this area must cross 6th, 7th, and 11th avenues — streets with extremely heavy traffic. There are stoplights at Polk and Monroe, but the wait times at

LIVING OUT BY SALLY SHEKLOW

Lights Out

Technology leads to grave robbing

My domestic partner isn't cheating, but she is, shall we say, *involved*. A tempting opportunity arose and she took it.

She got an iPhone.

I'm jealous. It's with her constantly, she can't keep her hands off of it, and she consults it for things she used to ask of me — Where did we get that great guacamole? When's the first night of Passover? What's a four-letter word for *single*?

The other day my car's brake lights wouldn't turn off. Wifey consulted her iPhone. In an instant she was reading posts from people with the same problem. A dime-sized blue stopper keeps the brake pedal mechanism from pressing the brake light switch. When that stopper falls out, the lights stay on. Quoth the iPhone.

I searched around and whaddaya know, a blue rubber tiddly-wink lay broken on the floormat. The iPhone was right.

Replace this little gizmo and I'd be set. Wifey took iPhone into the house, the two of them having completed their contribution.

The woman at the dealership counter printed out a schematic showing the part. She couldn't get it

until Tuesday. My car battery would be dead by Tuesday.

"Try the wrecking yard," Partswoman suggested.

I drove to B&R Auto Wrecking and parked, brake lights aglow. A burly clerk looked at my schematic and gave me a list of cars of my year, make, a n d model. He also handed me a neon-green safety vest, required out on the lot (*Ooh la la!*).

Rack after rack of palletted engines lined a gravel path to the massive car cemetery, grave robbing encouraged. I tromped through acres of mangled car carcasses, already picked clean of steering wheels, seats, dashboards, whatever was needed. Finally I found my donor car.

I wedged past a crumpled fender and pulled open the door. This wreck, like all the others, was on risers, allowing easy access. Sure enough, up behind the dash was a little blue stopper. Just like iPhone said.

I pressed the brake pedal to open the gap, pulled the part, and trotted back to the office. I showed Burlyman my find.



"No charge," he said, hanging my green vest back on the hook (*sigh*).

I thanked him and returned to my car, its brake lights still shining. To install the replacement part I had to sit on the asphalt and arch backwards over the threshold to reach into the magic spot. I was on my back, half of me sticking out, while I pressed the pedal, aimed my flashlight and maneuvered the part into place. Burlyman and his co-worker were probably enjoying the show on their security cameras, but too bad. I scooped in further and wrangled that rubber jobbie until at last . . . YESSS!

I slithered out, straightened my back, and dusted off my butt.

Behind my car a magnificent sight — brake lights off. Cue *Rocky* theme, shoot fists into air, do end zone dance.

I drove home, parked, and took one more look — yep, lights off. I gave my customary call, "Hi honey, I'm homo!"

"Any luck?" Wifey asked, iPhone in hand.

I grinned, just a tad smug.

Wifey embraced me and said she was impressed and proud.

There's no app for that.

Award-winning writer Sally Sheklow has been tackling tough problems in Eugene since 1972.