IN MEMORY OF
DONALD G. HAGMAN

Don Hagman’s Philosophy

After the bitter fact of Don Hagman’s death, various people spent a lot of time in his office trying to sort out his papers. This was a big job. Don was a prodigious worker, so there were many materials to go through. His office probably seemed disorderly, since Don, like most especially well-organized people, had an idiosyncratic filing system that would not be readily apparent to anyone but himself. Moreover, Don was a paper saver (a conservationist to a fault, he commonly took the bus to work if he didn’t run there instead) given to writing fresh ideas on the backs of old memos, manuscripts, and the like. Figuring out the upside could be difficult.

Except for Don, who could find the upside to anything. He was one of the most persistently optimistic people I have ever known. This is a different thing from saying that he was blindly content; he was not. More than many of us, he was aware of waste and injustice. Far more than most of us, he wished for and promoted progressive social reforms without regard to the fact that they would usually disadvantage people precisely like himself. His motivation was not guilt. No one ever worked harder than Don to get where he did; no one deserved more the high standing—in profession, church, community, family—that Don achieved. His outlook, his activities, and his accomplishments were simply products of Don’s great hallmark: he was one of those rare people who lived quietly by his principles. He did this automatically, unconsciously, as though the values inculcated in him during his upbringing, and the values he developed for himself as an adult, had somehow slipped into his genes to lead a life of their own. It was a good life. As our colleague Ted Jones remarked at a memorial service, Don Hagman was a good man. He had a deep faith, built on religious foundations but secular in practice; it touched everything Don did. Don lived by the outrageous principles that if he worked and played hard and happily, saw to his duties, believed in good, kept an open mind, and remained tolerant but hopeful in
the face of human failings, his own included, then, in the long run, matters would work out as well as they could. He never articulated this philosophy, not to me, anyway, but I am confident that it was his philosophy. Unlike his principles of organizing an office, his principles of organizing a life were apparent.

The question is whether Don’s philosophy worked, and the evidence is that it did. Don was productive, supportive, successful, unassuming, just, honest, loving, . . . happy. Fill in whatever other good qualities you like. They all belong.

Don made the most of everything, not just of pieces of paper. It was important, of course, to straighten out his office, his professional affairs, during those sad days early last summer. It will be a fair blessing for Don’s fields of academic interest to bring to light the work he had virtually finished, and to bring to completion what he had to leave undone. But if the idea is to carry on Don’s work, then all of those files and binders and boxes and piles of paper found in his office represent the very last place to begin. Rather we should all hope to start living the way Don always did. Every day.

James E. Krier

Tribute to Donald G. Hagman

With the death of Don Hagman, a major voice for the enlightened management of environmental resources is gone. From accounts of his death, Don died while enjoying the environment he dedicated his life to improving. The void he leaves is witness to the prodigious amount of work he undertook and his many accomplishments. No doubt others will pick up the tasks he left, but it is difficult to imagine anyone dominating the fields of land use and planning quite the same way Don did. He was without peer!
Don once wrote that he would “rather pen a neat phrase than eat a good meal,” and his prolific writings attest to that commitment. His books were encyclopedias of information; his articles set the tone for subsequent discussions of the issues he addressed. Few topics in the field escaped his analysis and few controversies avoided an *ex cathedra* opinion from him. He was not one to take himself seriously, but communicated serious ideas with the objective of provoking serious debate. Don’s words had a verve that energized the reader and topic, a humor that ingratiated him, and a message that conveyed his common sense and evidenced his probing intellect.

Don was neither a one-dimensional nor a passive scholar. He would cross disciplinary and national boundaries to investigate theories and approaches. He was an activist who would promote and sell good ideas and go to great lengths to have them tested by experience. He served on public task forces, organized numerous professional and public programs, and contributed articles to a wide array of publications. Don tirelessly worked on a vast agenda of projects; but, when there was a need, he always seemed willing to assist and encourage. This Journal is but one of many testaments to his willingness to help and encourage research and critical analysis.

Losing a colleague and friend is always painful, and Don’s very untimely passing is poignant reminder of the fragility and tentativeness of life. But his life is also proof of the positive contribution to living one person can make. For those of us who attempt to continue Don’s efforts, there is some solace and incentive in his truly impressive legacy.

*Robert E. Lutz*

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Don Hagman

Don Hagman was one of my finest friends. A dedicated scholar who was constantly writing, organizing, teaching and reaching for more. This Journal is just one of his many creations. Clearly one of the most read writers on land-use matters, he informed not only his thousands of students over the years but also most of the California practitioners. Most important of all, he taught me a great deal about land use, teaching, law schools and students. I'll miss him.

Neal A. Roberts

James E. Krier, Robert E. Lutz, and Neal A. Roberts are members of the Journal’s Advisory Board, as was Donald G. Hagman.