PORTIONS

From Seminary to Soviet Union

by Dan Leahy

Table of Contents

Preface

Sometime in 2007, my GP at Group Health Cooperative told me I had high blood pressure. I concluded I would die soon from a stroke or something.

One of the things I wanted to do before I died was tell my sons, JD and Chad, about my life before they were born.

I knew virtually nothing about my own father's life other than the basics – Farm boy, WWI veteran, WSU graduate, Standard Oil employee in Culver City, California and gas station man in West Seattle when I was born in 1943.

I also wanted to tell my sons that life does not proceed in a linear, predetermined fashion. Life, at least mine, is made up of a series of coincidences, guesses and lucky moves.

Then, one day, this little ditty came into my head – "Dig that man with the crazy tan; he's our Dan from the Irish clan." It was my campaign slogan for President of my 8th grade class.

With that ditty in my head, I went down to my basement and started writing my memoirs. They turned out to be a series of vignettes in somewhat chronological order so I called them "Portions."

I stopped writing my memoirs about a year later in 2008. I'm not sure why. Maybe I realized I wasn't going to die, at least not yet.. Nevertheless, this memoir covers the time when I started St. Anne's Parish school in 1950 to my return from the Soviet Union in 1977.

Hope you enjoy some of the stories.

— Dan Leahy
November, 2022

The Seminary

"Dig that man with the crazy tan; he's our Dan from the Irish clan." Frankie Warner made that up. It was a poster of a big-eared, freckle-faced eighth -grader who was running for class president. It hung at the back of the class room in St. Anne's Parish school, Queen Anne Hill, Seattle.

The nuns, like today's electronic voting systems, never let us use paper ballots. We all put our heads down on the desk and raised our hands for our favorite candidate. It was hard for the nuns to choose so the elections were always very close, a one vote difference. I can't remember who won, me or Kip Toner, but the loser got to be Vice President.

Queen Anne Hill was my neighborhood from the 2nd grade on. We lived on Crockett Street (a grown up cricket, my Dad said) just below John Jay Elementary. John Jay was a public school, out of bounds for an Irish-Catholic kid like me, just like the public library. But, we hid our stash of cigarettes at John Jay in a cigar box underneath the portables, me and Johnnie Sweet who lived on Newton, my main buddy.

I'd ride my bicycle to school most days. Up past McCauliff's house, turn right and up the hill at Joe MacNamee's, past the park with the wading pool full of polio possibilities from peeing children, down the hill to Queen Anne Avenue, past Al's hamburger place where you could get a cheeseburger and a green river float for 75 cents, turn left, cross Lee street and put

Dan Leahy, 1950, 2nd grade: middle row, 3rd from left.

your bike in the back between the nuns' convent and the back of the school.

Sister Rachel Ann, my second grade teacher, said I had the hands of the priest so even though I was in love with her, she headed me in the opposite direction.

Then there was George Vanni, the Italian boy, son or nephew of Edo Vanni, who would always wear orange on St. Pat's day and even though he was kind and didn't want to fight me, I would have to challenge him leading to a few bruises and a "D" in deportment. Frankie Warner tried to give me hints about fighting but I was no good at it, despite my temper.

Yes, my temper, in the 7th grade, I was tripped by a girl on my way to my desk and I yelled out. The sister, whose name I can't remember, got mad at me! "When will you learn to control that temper, Danny?" she said. I thought she was talking to the wrong person. How about the person who tripped me? No, it was about my temper.

Temper or not, I headed for the Seminary right after the 8th grade. I mean, what else would one want to be but a priest. There were no professionals in our immediate family. My Dad ran a gas station up on Capitol Hill and he never let me be around cars or the gas station. I was not supposed to be him.

I guess I couldn't be my Mom. My Mom was a church lady, one of a cadre of women, like Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. Salladay, who ran the altar society and helped keep the priests happy and the church clean.

Plus, my Dad had a younger brother who was a priest. Pastor of Christ the King parish in Seattle, the largest in the diocese. Father Lester Leo Leahy. Father Les drove his V-8 Chevy sedan like a madman. He would pass long lines of cars on Stevens Pass while we winced in the back seat too frightened to even pray. He didn't like any car in front of him. I wanted to drive just like him.

I had cousins who were either priests or in the seminary, Terry, Whalen and Pat. They were all great skiers. Terry and Whalen

were even on ski patrol. They gave me my first pair of Head skis. And, who had the coolest car and could pitch a softball faster than anyone? Father Bill Slate, a tall red-headed young man, assistant pastor at St. Anne's. And, then of course, if a son becomes a priest, the mom gets a straight, no stops, passage direct to the pearly gates. Plus St. Edward's tuition was free. I only learned later that the parents had to pay tuition if their son left without becoming a priest.

So, off to St. Edward's seminary I went. It was a drive up to 145th street, the city limits of Seattle, curve to the right around the north end of Lake Washington and up to Kenmore. At Kenmore's one traffic light we'd grab a right, bump up and over the rail road track and head up the hill for about four miles. Turn right into the entrance to St. Edwards, a long single-lane road through the woods, past the soggy football field on the left, curve around the back of the main building and come around front at the circle drive with a statue in it.

There was this grayish, brick, three-story building, facing west, then an open space, then the woods and further down the hill Lake Washington. After four years here, I wanted to bulldoze it and salt the grounds – a plan, years later, I reserved for the Rockefeller estates in upstate New York.

Visiting Sunday at the Seminary, 1958.

The seminary was a place made to break all the rules. Our freshmen year we were in a barracks away from the main

building. Lights out at 9:00 pm. One kid would play taps through a nozzle he had found and then roll out the window and into the woods. Another young recruit knelt in front of his short dresser and slapped himself so hard with the sign of the cross I couldn't get to sleep.

By sophomore year we were in the main building. The mornings were harsh and, like the rest of my life, it was by the bell, obedience training, as my friend Rick Fellows would have said.

Up, showered, dressed, with a coin flip on your bunk and off to mental prayer at 6:30 am followed by one and half masses depending on the speed of the priests. Then breakfast in the refectory with a rank of priests staring down at you from their raised table as they ate whatever the French nuns cooked up. We sat at tables of eight ranked from top to bottom by class. As a freshman, I sat at the end of the table and got the food last. I and my fellow fellow freshman inmate, who sat across from me, were at the mercy of the six unknowns further up the food chain. If they didn't like us, we got less. If I broke any of the real rules, the ones the seminarians made up and enforced, I'd get "starved out." Sometimes the ones higher up the food chain would be nice and send down chocolate ice cream laced with ex-lax.

One of the welcomes a freshman received was the flush or the Royal flush. As a freshman I could not go up to my room during the day which meant that if I wanted to pee I had to go down to the basement where the showers and bathrooms were. Down there was a phalanx of large sophomores whose job it was to introduce me to the urinal (the flush) or the toilet (the royal flush) depending upon what they thought of me. They would put a freshman's head in the urinal or upend you into the toilet and get flushed. Admittedly, all that would happen is that your hair would get wet, but I never went down there my freshman year. I peed outside.

The third Sunday of every month was visiting Sunday. My family could come to visit and my family always did. It was human contact and it was great. The whole area out front of the main

building would fill up with cars and families. Soon, of course, we were looking out for sisters, the real kind, the ones with breasts like Rufus the Reds' sisters who not only had breasts, but wore dresses with zippers right down the front! Always a main attraction if you could peek a direct look.

Returning to the building after visiting Sunday was hard, from a loving family to a cruel institution. My Dad, though, taught me a rule. Say your goodbyes once, walk toward the building and don't look back. I did it and still do.

There was another touch of home during those years. It was my laundry bag. My mom would do my laundry and drop it off at the seminary. I' d rush down to get it; it was not my fresh clothes that I was after. It was because my Mom was a rule breaker, a co-conspirator. She'd stash treats, date filled cookies and brownies in my laundry bag.

The seminary authorities did weird things. I had to leave my mail home unsealed so they could read it. Now I didn't say my confession on Friday to a screen with a priest behind it, but face to face in his office. One of the cruelest things they would do was "disappear" my friends. Where is Jimmy? He wasn't at early mass, not at breakfast, is he sick, let's find him. No luck. No explanation. Gone in the night. Gone. Never seen again. No word. No nothing.

I can't say I had a hard life at the seminary. We were boys. We went to class. Made jokes about our teachers. Played tricks on them. Played hard at six man, flag football, tennis, handball, basketball, said our rosaries, walked around the grounds, played in the woods, made friends, snuck out to Kenmore to read Playboy magazines, drank altar wine, hung wires out our windows to listen to banded music from Seattle, tormented those who broke our rules and learned Latin and Greek. But, by the 4th year, only 4 of 43 freshmen were still there, me, Don Werner, Kevin Hanley and Jean Chapman. Years later, they all became priests.

I wish I knew exactly why I left. Decisions never seem to be clear cut, certain, rational and well thought out. It was all mixed up.

Maybe it was Marilyn Dalton, Jimmy's sister, who I went water skiing with on summer breaks on Lake Washington. I didn't know what to do with Marilyn, but I liked being with her. This was a no-no for seminarians.

Maybe it was the Seminary's Rector Father O'Neil calling me on the carpet at the end of my junior year, telling me that I was a "rascal" and that he was going "to boot me out of here." I think Father O'Neil suspected me of having smoked-bombed all the priests cars and outfitted them with high pitched squealers before they took off for a Sunday mass, but it wasn't me. Either way, Father Les reportedly said, "No, you are not. Not my nephew."

Maybe it was seeing really great guys, my friends, disappeared over the years or not coming back and wondering why? Maybe it was coming to the conclusion that the only real criterion to priesthood was answering the bell.

Maybe it was that we all learned we were being taught by priests who could not be what we wanted to be. All the priests at the seminary were, for various reasons, priests who could not work in parishes.

What really did it, though, was a conversation I had with my Uncle. After I had told my mother I didn't want to go back, she told me I had to talk to Father Les before I made my final decision. I went to his big office in Christ the King parish in Seattle. He sat behind his big desk and I timidly said I didn't want to return to the seminary. He said, "Do you want to end up like your Father?"

What I ended up doing was hating Father Les for the rest of his life and leaving the seminary that summer. Being like my father was okay by me, even though he didn't have a new car, a big office or a prestigious job like Father Les. My Dad worked hard every day, often for 12 hours. He went to mass every morning and fell asleep every night saying his rosary. He did right by his family and never complained. I wasn't going to be my Dad but his brother had no business putting him down in front of his son.

My sister, Sister Daniel Maureen, a Holy Names nun, and fourteen months my senior, and her fellow conspirators at Seattle University's admission office got my late application to the top of the pile and I entered Seattle University as a freshman in the fall of 1961.

First mass with Father Pat Burke and Dan as alterboy.

Seattle University

Seattle University was a new environment after the seminary, but I soon gathered my buddies in the Chieftain cafeteria. My Dad would drive me to school from Queen Anne Hill on his way to work. We left early so he could attend mass at St. Joseph's before he went to work.

I ended up in the cafeteria drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes with my new friends, Bart Irwin, Shelton Chow, Terry Whaley and Ken Crowder. We were the townies and we all grew to love Al Camus and talk about existential stuff that we had not lived, as yet.

Bart was a good old boy. I think he had an older brother. He smoked Pall Malls, was always covered in smoke, but was bright and funny. I think he ended up in Port Townsend as the town attorney and local political boss. He'd be perfect for it.

Shelton was the 2nd son of Ruby Chow, the owner of Ruby Chow's restaurant which was close to campus. Ruby was also a leader of the Seattle area Chinese community and on the side of Chiang Kai-shek, the nationalist leader of Taiwan, who Mao kicked out of China. Shelton always seemed a bit out of favor with his Mom. Nevertheless, we could go into the restaurant's back kitchen with his father, Ping Chow, a former actor, and drink tall glasses of scotch while wolfing down large portions of great food.

I never knew whether Shelton had a former life as a bad boy or not, but I suspected it. He was an unbelievable pool player, smooth and confident. I could believe he had been a hustler. He once took me down to Chinatown in Seattle's international section during a Chinese festival which included gambling activities. As we went from parlor to parlor, Shelton would point his long, delicate finger to the side of his head and tell me how his Mom was so smart. Last year many of these parlors had been raided. This year his Mom had hired off-duty cops for security. No raids. Smart.

One time Shelton and I were in San Francisco and we wandered into Chinatown. Shelton seemed in his element. We passed a group of Chinese toughs hassling an old street bum, a Caucasian. Shelton approached the group and told them to leave the old man alone. They told him to fuck off. Shelton ripped off his coat, placed himself in front of the old man, drew back in a karate stance and told them to come ahead. I was standing on the side wondering what I would do if they came after Shelton. They all backed off and left the scene. Shelton told me later he had studied with Bruce Lee when he was at the University of Washington. I never knew for sure and I often wondered whether it was the Chinese respect for an elder, i.e. Shelton, or Shelton's karate stance that got them to leave.

I connected up again with Shelton years later when I had returned to the West coast and was working at Evergreen. He was now working at Seattle City Light and living with a new wife, a Buddhist. I visited their home, but it was clear that I was someone from Shelton's previous life and I wouldn't be tolerated. So I left it alone.

Ken Crowder became my main buddy during my years at Seattle University. He was in the Honors Program at Seattle University. It was a program for the super bright. I wasn't in it, but for some reason Ken and I became buddies. We became "The Binity." I still have a beer stein with "The Binity" engraved on it. We dressed up in tails and top hats,

went to proms with our girlfriends. Ken, however, would have to come over to my house, call up the girl for me, and stand there as I asked her for a date.

We were BMOCs – Big Man On Campus. Seattle University didn't allow fraternities, like the University of Washington so we created a fraternity take-off. It might have been the creation of another classmate, Mick McHugh. The fraternity was called, "Tap a Tap a Keg." You could tell us. We wore white jeans, ironed and creased. We had white tennis shoes with white socks, white sweat shirts with cut off sleeves. We had keg parties, went as a group to Seattle University basketball games, spiked our oranges with vodka to get liquor into the arena and acted silly.

Somehow we connected up with a group from the SAMI fraternity at UW. They were Jewish kids who had their own fraternity although I would not have known a Jew from a Mick at that point in my life. We would meet at the west end of the Lake Washington floating bridge where there was a little parking lot on the right hand side. From there, we would car-caravan into a foreign rich land near Medina to the home of Foss Radford. Foss had a home on a point of land on Lake Washington. You had to cross a small private bridge to get to his home.

Foss would have parties that you couldn't believe. There would be a live band, all the beer you could drink and all these dark

Timmie Ruff, Nancy Flannery, Dan Leahy, 1965.

(Not our car)

little Jewish girls for a harmless and drunk Irish-Catholic boy to rub up against. It was great, but how I got home blind drunk and hung over I will never know. One way, though, was that I had a route to get home that kept me off the main streets. If I was anywhere near downtown I would drive up Western avenue which was almost a back street to the base of Queen Anne Hill, circle up the west side of the hill and then back across the top to Crockett Street.

I did get pulled over one time by a Medina cop after I laid a good deal of rubber peeling out from a stop side. I was roaring drunk and on my way to Foss' house. He gave me a wreckless driving ticket and sent me on my way. How times have changed.

I became Homecoming Chairman in charge of organizing all associated activities. I still have a photo of a bunch of us cleaning off Chief Seattle's statute in what's now known as Bell town. I also got Foss to let us come to his house to photograph all the Indian maidens, our homecoming court, getting into canoes on Foss' lakefront.

I don't know where my organizational notions came from, but I certainly had them at Seattle University. I was chair of University Day and Homecoming and delivered three ring binders full of assignments to all my sub-chairs. It seems to be the beginning of my life long association with three ring binders. I still

Dan Leahy and friends from Seattle University

remember Timmie Ruff looking up at me during one of those organizational meetings and wondering if I was completely nuts.

I also ran for ASSU Student body President against Mick McHugh. I remember AA Lemieux, the head Jesuit and President of Seattle University talking during the campaign about "our Mickey." Mick was from Capitol Hill and a friend, although we were competitors. Mick and I competed for the 5th seat on the Seattle U Tennis team. He had a yellow pick up truck and we'd drive out to Golden Gardens to have a brew and enjoy the beach. When we needed to know how close we were to empty, Mick would slam on the brakes and we'd count the ripples in the gas tank.

Mick was a magnificent hustler. He and Kip Toner somehow got possession of a place called 92 Yesler in Pioneer Square. We called it Pigeon Square. They opened up a pizza parlor, coffee house and live entertainment place that was a successful hang out for many years after Seattle's world's fair. Mick had lengths of extension cord that would allow us to go out the back door of this place and into underground Seattle passed front desks of old hotels long buried over by Seattle streets. When we would get back out of that hole or when we had had too much "cold coffee", we would stand there in those back streets and take a leak. Years later when Mick was a successful restaurateur I met Mick at his Jack O'Shauneseys joint and we drove down to old 92 just to take a ceremonial leak in the streets.

The last time I saw Mick was in Ireland. I was in the Aran Islands with my young son, JD Ross who was seven years old at the time. We were in this pub and who walks up the lane but Mick, looking as say hey as ever. Over for the horse races in Dublin, I think he said.

Mick beat me in the ASSU presidency race and Ken Crowder, my campaign manager, felt terrible, but not for long. Ken was now married to Trix Cosgriff, a great looking blond from Salt Lake City who drove a hot Ford convertible. They were living together in an apartment near campus and our lives started to separate. After graduation, Ken entered the Air Force Academy and he and

Trix started to have kids. Ken sent me a tape recorder all the way to Turkey to record my thoughts. Of course, I could barely pay for the customs import fee and there was no electricity in my village.

Ken flew A-6 intruders off air craft carriers on bombing runs into North Vietnam. After a bit of that, he said he didn't want to do it anymore. He left the service, went to law school and became an attorney who investigates plane crashes. I lost track of him after that. I hope he is still with Trix and remains that fast talking, ever confident, man about town.

I got into the Seattle University ROTC Drill Team. I would go to the gym every morning at 7:00 am and march around the floor with old Springfield rifles. I did this for two years and we entered a lot of festivals and parades around Washington State where we would show off our precision marching with those rifles. We were in uniform, of course, with spit shined shoes and white, paper thin gloves. If you didn't wet those gloves before you started marching, the rifles would get so slippery you could hardly handle them.

I became the guide-on, the person who marched out front of the squad and carried a long pole that carried our colors. It had a sharp spike at the end. It was fun marching toward a crowd of people with that pole with its sharp spike held straight out pointing at their guts and then just before contact snapping it up and smartly shifting directions. I was on my way to becoming a first lieutenant in the US Army. After two years with the drill team, you would enter the real ROTC for your junior and senior year and end up a commissioned officer.

One morning we were all standing in the gym waiting for inspection, careful not to move in our spit shined shoes. There was a new large paper mache figure of a man in front of us. All of a sudden our drill sergeant came crashing through that paper mache figure with a rifle

and fixed bayonet. He came up to each one of us, pointed his bayonet toward our gut and screamed, "The job of the soldier is to kill, kill, kill!" I walked out of the gym. That was the end of my army career. Our drill sergeant was thrilled, however. He had received his orders to go to Vietnam where he could do his job.

I became a serious student my senior year. I had lost the election and wasn't the chairman of anything. I got into a Senior Honors Seminar that took up half my time each quarter of my senior year. It was run by a former British army officer turned Jesuit. His name was Father Bussey. I liked him even though he was a Brit. He told me once what the stiff side of your hand could do to a man's Adam's apple if you were ever in real trouble.

We started with the Upanishads and got to the post WWII existentialists in one year. It should have been a four year program. I still have many of the books with their careful under linings and "nota benes" in the margins.

Plato's Euthyphro, Apology, Crito; Henri Pirenne's The Economic and Social History of Medieval Europe; Leibniz Sections, edited by Philip P. Wiener; Locke's The Second Treatise of Government; Hume's An Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding; William James' Pragmatism; Thorstein Veblen's the Theory of the Leisure Class; Hegel on Tragedy, edited by Anne and Henry Paolucci; A Kierkegaard Anthology edited by Robert Bretall; The Thought and Art of Albert Camus by Thomas Hanna; The Fall by Al himself and many more.

I got 4 points those three quarters and boosted myself up to a cum laude grade point average. I got academic and merit scholarships and won the Bill Bates trophy for public service. It was studying with the nurses that did it. Nancy Flannery, Betsy Lawler, Timmie Ruff and others. These women were serious students who did their work in the library and remained great friends throughout college.

I didn't know what to do, though. My army career was in shatters. I took accounting, but flunked it, almost. I was supposed to be a lawyer like my Uncle Lawrence Leahy or my cousin Bernie Burke,

but I couldn't face law school. I definitely was not interested in going to Vietnam like many of my classmates and buddies from ROTC.

JFK was still in our minds. In fact, we were all sitting in the cafeteria one day when we heard the news that he was shot in Dallas. Ask not what the country should do for you, but ask what you can do for your country. I applied for the Peace Corps, but where? There was a professor at Seattle University. Her name was Mary Margaret Davies. She came from West Seattle, always wore shades and supposedly was an "alkie burner," a term we used to describe limited hydros and alcoholics. She gave me books on economics that I didn't read until years later in graduate school. It was then that I noticed the books were all from International Publishers, the Communist Party's publishing arm.

Mary Margaret asked me what I wanted to be, one of many specialists in a big country like India or one of a few specialists in a small country like Afghanistan. I said Afghanistan and applied for a spot there.

2/08/07.

Family Ties

My Dad died in 1964. He had gone to Group Health Hospital up on 15th street to pass a gallstone. I saw him after it had passed. It was very odd to see my Dad in a hospital bed. He was a big man, strong, a worker. He was not meant to lie in a hospital bed. When I left his room, I told him that I loved him. It was something we didn't do much in our family. Love is as love does, says Bethany, and our family had plenty of love, but we rarely said it. I said it and I was very glad that I did.

At 2:00 am that next morning I got a call at home. They said my Dad had died of a coronary occlusion. He was 65 years old. My Mom started pacing the living room in a trance praying my Dad

Family portrait

through judgment time with God. Luckily Seal Toner, Kip's Mom, came in the front door that morning with a horde of Church ladies to take over. We had the funeral at St. Anne's and took Dad out to the Catholic cemetery in north Seattle. I have never gone back.

My Dad was born James Edwin Leahy in Huntingdon, Quebec, the son of Michael Richard Leahy and Vienna Mary Fortin. His grandfather and grandmother were James Leahy and Catherine Barrett. James was from Cork and Catherine from Quebec.

Dad came out to Leahy, Washington, with his parents. He talked about driving stage out of Leahy. He also took me back to Leahy when I was a young man and showed me Jim Leahy's farm house and buildings and also his parents farm house which was still standing.

Dad went to World War I. He enlisted under age and shipped to France in a cattle boat out of New York harbor. He also changed his name to Edwin James Leahy. I don't know why. He was an artilleryman and said the only Purple Heart he got was from being hit by the recoil of an artillery piece. He said the war was so casual that you could take a taxi out of Paris to the front lines. Other than that, he didn't say much and I was too dumb to ask him. I always carry his postcard from Paris in my travel wallet.

Dad came back whole, but probably wounded in ways we didn't see. None of his three younger brothers, who all became "successful", went to war. Later on, when Mom and I would find him sitting in his car drunk on wine, I heard it was about people asking what happened to him, a gas station man, as they pointed to his brother the priest or his brother the Judge.

He went to Washington State University and graduated, they say, with a 4 point in Electrical Engineering. He got a job with Standard Oil and went to live in Culver City, California while waiting to marry Margaret Burke. They say he didn't move up the ladder in Standard Oil because he was Catholic. I never went into a Standard gas station once I started driving.

My Mom survived my Dad's death. Margaret Anastasia Burke. She was a survivor, one of 13 Burke kids, born to a farm family, who homesteaded near Mansfield all the way from Iowa. My Mom was born in Jefferson City, Iowa and came out west when she was quite young. Her parents were Bernard Burke and Mary Flanagan. Mary died after her 13th child and Mom, who was 16 years old at the time, took over as "Mom" while the older kids, like John and Nellie, went to work. Grandad Bernie Burke was a drunk and didn't have much to do with the kids after his wife died. Mom raised 9 younger ones living in Mansfield and Waterville and working as elected Treasurer of Douglas County.

Mom and Dad were married at the St. Joseph's Church in Waterville, Washington. Allan and Evelyn Leahy were there, so were Lawrence and Pat Leahy, Father Leahy. Cecilia Lou Burke, Uncle John's daughter, was the flower girl. It made for a proud picture. They moved to Seattle and lived at 2626 26th Street just off Admiral Way. Dad had a Texaco gas station just past the corner of California and Admiral. He had made a good living during WWII. He told me once that the men who got a job during the Great Depression were ones that didn't know there weren't any.

They lived there until I was in the first grade, just after the 1949 earthquake. Then, Dad had a heart attack and they moved to Queen Anne Hill where they opened up a laundry on Queen Anne Avenue, just a bit south of Boston and bought the home

at 308 Crockett Street for $18,000 at 3% interest and a $60 per month payment.

Kathleen and I were now old enough to help fold curtains, but even with our help, I think Mom and Dad went broke at that laundry. Dad went back to running a Signal gas station right across the street from the Broadway park on Capitol Hill. Johnnie and Eddie O'Brien used to hit baseballs into his driveway. It was a Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise by the time I went to Seattle University. A few years later, he got a Shell Station at 19th and Mercer up near St. Joseph Catholic church. He worked there until he died.

My sister, real name Kathleen Fortin Leahy, although removed for 20 years of my life by the cloister walls, was always right there for me, even though I didn't see her much. Fortin was our grandmother's name, the mother of our father, Edwin James Leahy. Her name was Mary Vienna Fortin. She was born and educated in Huntingdon, Quebec, married Michael Richard Leahy and came west to settle in Leahy, Washington, along with Michael's three other brothers, Dan, Denny and Jim, who had preceded him.

My sister and I really grew up separately. I went to the seminary for four years – the equivalent of my high school years – and rarely saw my sister except during the summers. By the time I returned home to go to Seattle University in 1961, my sister had entered the Marylhurst novitiate south of Portland to become a nun in the Holy Names Society. This was an order of Catholic nuns who taught in Catholic schools. She was gone at least in a physical way for many years after that. Yes, we got to visit once in a while, but by the time her life was a bit more public as a teacher in Holy Names Academy in Seattle or as Principal of Immaculate Conception High School in Seattle, I was gone to Turkey in the Peace Corps, gone to graduate school at New York University or gone to work at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York.

Nevertheless, she was there when I got married in San Francisco to Margaret Anne Passanisi, there with advice and counsel when I was refusing induction into the army, there when I left my first wife, there when I fell in love with Bethany Weidner and got married at Leahy, there when I said let's go to San Patricio and find the Battalion. My sister is straightforward, determined and loyal.

I knew most of my Burke Aunts and Uncles. I didn't know Ralph who committed suicide after WWII or Philip who was electrocuted lifting a wire over a hay wagon. But, I knew all the rest.

Nellie was the oldest girl. She worked as a postmistress in the Mansfield post office and later married Bert Schmitz who was the sheriff. Bert had a petrified wood collection in his house which was just on the left as you came into Waterville. John was the oldest boy and ran a Chevron gas station in Waterville; later he was the Deputy Sheriff. His wife was Cecil and she could make lemon pies to die for. Paul was married to Jenny. Paul drove an oil supply truck to farmers. Jenny was beautiful. They had a daughter, Monica.

Keigher was a railroad man married to Aunt Ann. I only saw him in a rocking chair in his home in Wenatchee dying from a work injury. Uncle Dick was married to Aunt Nell. Dick was a Chevy dealer and later worked for the UTC. He had a car with a siren on it and sometimes worked at weigh stations where trucks had to stop for inspection. More importantly, he was Chelan County's Democratic Party ward boss. They lived in Wenatchee too. Katie and Eddie also lived in Wenatchee. Katie was a redhead, a Democratic Party workhorse, married to Martin Keith. They had two boys, Mike and Sean. Katie died early from cancer with my Mom sitting at her bedside.

My Uncle Eddie and his wife Irma were probably my closest Burkes. He got me my first real job working as a union laborer out of Local 1017 for his company, Graves and Burke. They were dirt contractors, digging reservoirs and ditches and building

roads for power lines. It was big money for me. It was $3.10/ hour and up to $4.00 if you were blowing rock. If you worked in Seattle, non-union, you were pulling down a big 75 cents or maybe $1.10/hour.

I worked summers for Eddie. Irma put me in her home for room and board. I could earn enough to pay my tuition at Seattle University which was $800/year and still have some money left over for clothes. I learned that work was social and it was up to the workers, not the boss, to set the speed of the work crew. The lead man on our crew was a giant. His name was Jim Sanford. He was from Cashmere. Jim wasn't worth shit in the mornings, but once he got warmed up you couldn't keep up with him. He told me, "when that boss man comes up along the ditch to talk to us, I want you to stand on your shovel and stay there until he leaves." Jim said, "we'll talk to him all day, but we're the ones who say when and how fast we work." I never forgot that, even though it was my uncle who was the "boss man."

I also never forgot the Laborers Union. When I came back to Wenatchee 15 years later, I went down to the hall and thanked them for my college education. And, twenty years after that, when I ran for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Laborers union locals in Washington state gave me more money and support than they did to any other candidate who ran for statewide office that primary. I was very proud of that, even though I could not win that race for them.

There were two other uncles, Uncle Frank and Uncle Joe, both of whom lived in Spokane. Uncle Frank was a meat cutter and married to Aunt Vivian, a nurse he met in Hawaii during the War. Aunt Vivian taught us all to swim by throwing us in Liberty Lake, outside of Spokane, and saying swim!

Uncle Joe was the Burke family success story. He was married to Polly with two kids, Kevin and Susan. He survived WWII as a Lieutenant Colonel and never forgot the Sergeant who continually saved his ass. Joe came back home and traveled eastern Washington selling insurance to farmers and saving

every penny. He became middle class and active in things like the Spokane Club. I loved Uncle Joe. He called me Daniel Boone and wanted me to be an Insurance Agent and work for him. I just couldn't get into it and, after one summer working for him, I went back to work for Uncle Eddie digging ditches.

Aunt Mary, Mom's maiden sister, was always with us. She lived on Admiral Way in West Seattle when I was little, but she moved in with us when we moved to Queen Anne Hill. I don't know why. She lived with us until Mom died. She died a few months after Mom. She worked down at the Navy shipyards. I never knew exactly what she did. She once told me to do something when I was little and I called her a "big chocolate pie," my best swear word, and told her that she "was not the boss of me." Aunt Mary lived a quiet, perhaps desperate life. I wish I knew. She had a great library which I had hoped to inherit, but, as it turned out, I did not receive one thing from her estate even though it was me, my sister and our family who shared our home with Aunt Mary for twenty plus years. Extended families can be vindictive and petty.

We did have a true extended family on the Burke side. It was kept together by a history that none of them would talk about, whether during holiday visits, funerals, weddings and the famous Burke Reunions. We were always going "east of the mountains" for some family event, up and over Stevens Pass, regardless of the weather, the snow or the required chains.

My Mom would drive and my Dad would constantly be saying, "pass em, Margaret, pass em." My Mom was actually an amazing driver. The old '50 Ford had a vacuum seal that worked the windshield wipers. This meant that when you were climbing up Stevens pass in a blizzard, you had to let your foot off the gas so your windshield wipers would get the snow off your windows and let you see where you were going.

There were many secrets that us 1st cousins would try and unlock when we met at Family reunions. We first met at Sun Lakes State Park over near Dry Falls, but then we settled in

for years at Camp Field, a CYO camp on the Icicle River near Leavenworth. I jumped in that river once when Uncle Eddie and I were in Leavenworth and it took my breath away as I lunged for the shore. "Why do you think they call it the Icicle?," an incredulous Uncle Eddie asked me.

The reunions at Camp Field were three day affairs. It would take you that long to get to know who was who and to see if you could find out the answers to any secrets. Like did Uncle Eddie really wear purple underwear? Who was it that shot that old mule, Doc? Eddie or Joe or who? Why was that female cousin really in Montana for all that time? Did Uncle Ralph really die of asphyxiation or was it suicide? If it was suicide, how did he get buried by the Church? Is that woman with our cousin the nun, just another nun or are they, you know, together? Why wasn't that Uncle in mass this morning? And, do they have to hide their Crown Royal liquor from their wives? Will that engaged couple get to have a cabin of their own or will the Aunts keep them separate?

We would all be there, checking each other out, telling stories and saying, "now, who's that?" The Uncles would drink their liquor, the first cousins their beer, and second cousins would be down near the Icicle river smoking dope. In the mornings the Aunts would make breakfast and the Uncles would serve it. There was plenty of food and, of course, pies like you wouldn't believe. Every Aunt had her specialty. They would line them up and we would devour them.

There were other traditions at the Reunion. We'd have family pictures taken with the "originals" sitting in lawn chairs in front, then the first cousins (the grandchildren of Bernie Burke and Mary Flanagan), then the second cousins, then the "outlaws" who were the in-laws. Mike Burke, the son of Bernard and Mona, was our family's official photographer. He lives in Selah with Joy.

We also had the baseball game out in the back field. I have pictures of both JD and Chad up for bat. Burke Crossley made sure they didn't get hurt. We'd have three legged races too, JD

and Tralee were in one of them. One time JoAnne, who was married to Jim McNew, brought a survival suit. Lots of us would get in it and jump off the bridge going across the Icicle River and AJ or Dorothy would throw us a line downstream and pull us in. It was great fun. Those three sisters, Janice, Dorothy (Bush) and JoAnn (Graham and then McNew) were daughters of Keigher and Ann. Their brother was Bernard Burke who was always a stalwart of reunions and the Burke family. They had another sister named Mary. She was married to Jim Crossley. Jim and Mary lived in Wenatchee when I was working for Uncle Eddie. I had my first bottle of beer there. Mary died way too early, but she gave birth to a great bunch of kids before she did. A lot of the Crossley family live in the Tri-Cities area.

Of course, we went to mass on Sunday morning in the chapel. Usually it was Father Pat Burke who said mass for us. Pat was the son of Uncle Dick and Aunt Nell, and brother of Terry and Whalen and sister of Maureen (Cox). Reunions got harder for me in the late 60s or early 70s. I wanted to attend a community event, a sharing as the Mass is supposed to be, but by then I was not a "practicing Catholic", as my Mom would say. I had "fallen away." I no longer did any of the sacraments, no mass, no confession, no Church on Sunday. The Church's support for the Vietnam War had pretty much eliminated my interest in it. But, by then, there were lots of us at that reunion who didn't go up to "swallow the leader", as we used to say in the Seminary.

Maybe if we hadn't lost the CYO camp or had it taken from us, the reunions would have imploded anyway. There were also secrets about why one whole branch of the family was not coming to the reunion anymore. Of course, no one was really sure since no one would ask them straight out. This led to more secrets, but fewer people to find out the answers.

I heard once that it had to do with whether the reunion was canceled when one of the originals had died. I guess this happened once, but not another time so when it wasn't canceled that branch felt insulted. Then, as some branches got older they

started having their own reunions. That was good but the main reunion got smaller.

Then, we either lost the camp or the Church decided to sell it to rich people. This beautiful camp which had been available to working class and poor kids and their families is now owned by the Bullitt family from Seattle who turned it into "Sleeping Lady" where everything is mauve, textured and perfect. But, that's the Burke family and it was great and is great to be a part of them even if the Reunion is now gone pretty much. I feel a great loss for my own sons – the protection and guidance they could have received from that great family seems lost.

We tried to keep those family ties. We did bring our sons to the reunions when they were at the Columbia River park, organized by Dorothy Bush and up to the Waterville Fairgrounds organized by Julie Daling. I tried to send in funds whenever there was a call.

We also kept our sons aware of Leahy, Washington, even though there were no buildings remaining, except the abandoned church. They have both been there and that's good.

Place is an important marker. To be from a place. "I am Dan Leahy from Leahy, Washington." Sounds good. I said it when I was lost or under attack. You have to come to some agreement with yourself about what identity to choose. You need to hold firm to that identity, especially when your enemies try to give you an identity you don't like.

2/09/07

The Peace Corps

In June, 1965, I had my first plane trip. It was on a new Boeing 727. The short range jet that took off so fast it had to make a steep climb just to slow down. In my case, this was particularly helpful otherwise the plane might have overshot its landing site, Portland, Oregon. It was basically up, level off, and down.

I was going to my one month Peace Corps training in Portland, Oregon. We were housed on the Portland State University campus which is right in the center of Portland and located along a broad avenue with a park between the streets.

We went to Turkish classes most of the time. They were taught by upper class Turkish women with extremely high voices – something a few months later we would never hear in a Turkish village and I was headed for a Turkish village. We were in the Community Development Group, whatever that was.

When I was first there I was sitting in a reading space reading Pascal's Pensee. A guy walked up to me and said, "Do you really read that stuff?". His name was Guy Gattis. He was from the south, Memphis I think. He asked me if I had heard of Bob Dylan. I said no. I'm sure he wondered where I had been for most of my young life. Nevertheless, two years later, he was the best man in my wedding to Marge Passassini.

The routine was mainly Turkish lessons, physical exercises like climbing ropes to the ceiling and tight-rope walking long planks, and being tested. I think it was here that I took the MMPI, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory Test. I mean, "Is the band around your head tightening?"

We also learned a couple of rules. Don't talk about politics or religion with locals once we got to Turkey. We learned little about what "community development" was, but I was told not to worry about that because our mere presence in the Turkish village would be beneficial to them.

There were kids from all around the country. Lots of these kids were from the East coast and they crossed against the light

which we, of course, would never do. What amazed them was that they got tickets from cops and had to go to street crossing training school. There was a girl from Princeton or one of those eastern Ivy league schools we held in contempt on the west coast, who smoked a cigar. I didn't know it at the time, but she was headed for DE-SELECTION. Yes, this was the Peace Corps term for failure, getting kicked out, not making the cut, de-selection.

I was semi de-selected. They told me in Portland that I could not go with my community development group to Ankara for two more months of training, but I could go to Istanbul's Roberts College to be a teacher. I wasn't the only one who got semi de-selected for Roberts College so at least I had some buddies from Portland.

The plane ride to Turkey was something. We left Portland on a four engine TWA prop plane which landed in Kansas city. The rumor was that we needed to land in order to pick up more beer. NYC and JFK were next and then on to Istanbul's Yesil koy airport. There's a picture of us arriving there. I was skinny as a rail and about to get skinnier.

Robert College was situated high on a hill overlooking the Bosporus. It was a private college, replete with beautiful old buildings, clay tennis courts, hot and cold running water, all the conveniences of modern life. What was I doing here? I didn't join the Peace Corps for this. Meanwhile my community development colleagues were in some god-forsaken former village on the outskirts of Ankara putting up with out-houses, well water and cold showers.

After a couple of weeks, I told the Peace Corps authorities to send me home or send me to Ankara. One day I was called to an office at Roberts College. There was a guy there with an open file on his desk. He told me my life story beginning with the FBI background checks from my neighborhood in Queen Anne. The problem was, he said, the Peace Corps didn't think I could stick out village life for two years. They thought I was a quitter

because I had quit the Seminary. Christ, I said, most kids quit. You go to the seminary to see if you have a vocation. I didn't. I left. Send me to Yalincak, the name of the village outside of Ankara, or send me home.

I took the train from Istanbul to Ankara. The Peace Corps Director, Dave Berlew, picked me up in his car and took me to his home where I stayed the night. The next morning I had bacon and eggs for breakfast and then I went to Yalincak.

Yalincak was a side of a hill with small adobe-like houses on it. I had a corner of one of them with four others, including one couple Jim and Wing Barefoot. Down the hill was our "çay bahçesi" or tea garden when we had social events. There was, of course, no running water, no electricity, not much of anything, except lots of bottles of Kavalidere wine. We went to Turkish classes at the Middle East Technical University, a modern new concrete series of buildings and we also ate there.

At one point, we had a week-long trial run at living in a Turkish village. Paul Kuzman and I were teamed up and we went to live in a village near Denizli. Deniz means the sea and "li" means with. At one point the Mediterranean was next to this village so it was Denizli. We watched the farmer go round and round on a wooden sled pulling draft animals and we watched them harvest melons and ate plenty of them.

The big excitement was when Paul "wizzed." Our host was a crusty old farmer who liked Paul. We'd be sitting on the floor of his home eating food out of a common dish with plenty of yufka and the farmer would point to Paul periodically and say, "Paul wizzed." Finally we got it and with all the male related humor about farting we rolled in laughter and kept laughing about it for the rest of our trip.

Paul was a funny guy, independent and marching to his own drum which led us to leave our assignment a bit early and go traveling. We headed to the Greek city state of Ephesus, known as Efes in Turkey. It was just an open ruin like so many of Turkey's great historical treasures. Paul and I just walked through it. It had

a huge amphitheater and as I sat on the top row I could hear Paul's low whisper at the bottom. We explored the caves that were supposedly the houses of prostitution.

Next we went to the Virgin Mary's tomb. Supposedly the Apostle John laid her to rest here. It was a modest place for the Mother of God, but then the Muslims felt that was the Christian mistake. Yes, Jesus was a great prophet and his mother, Mary, was someone to be honored, but making Jesus into God was a mistake.

We went into Izmir, a big city and a NATO headquarters. We sinfully stayed at the Buyuk Efes, (the Big Ephesus), the fanciest hotel in town. My room cost me $10/night and it had a three channel radio transmitter in the room with music from an American channel. Years later, I would bring Bethany to this same hotel and we'd have a drink and some great Turkish meze at this classic place now hidden by a bustling, crowded city, full of Western hotels, cars and pollution.

We got back to Ankara a little late, but in time to learn of our village selections and to have a short break before we went to our assignments. I decided to go to eastern Turkey since my assignment was in the southwest. I left by train to Elazig. There was a girl there who I knew for some reason or other. I think she was a teacher. I'm sure I had some notions of a romantic possibility, but I was far from capable of pulling that off. I did stay with her for a couple of days and still have the key to her house since it was the first time I stayed with a girl, even though nothing happened but sleep.

I left there with her and we took the train east to Tat Van where the train ended late in the night and we got on a small cattle boat and headed across Lake Van. She, being blond and speaking Turkish, got to ride with the captain in his cabin and I got to ride outside with the animals.

We were headed into Kurdish Turkey and by now I could speak a little bit with them on trains and on the boat. Their women

were more open, less covered and seemed freer. We got off the boat in Van and about all I remember is scampering up a high hill in back of the city and then going down inside the carved out mountain to see some ancient assembly hall.

I took the bus out of Van to Erzurum, the city near Mount Ararat, where Moses' boat landed in the flood. Erzurum's women wore burlap covering them from head to toe and I was glad to leave. I got on a train and it crept across central Turkey on its way to Ankara. Something was wrong with the engine and the heating system. It was plenty warm in my car but if you wanted some fresh air you had to open your window. If you opened your window, however, all the soot from the engine's smoke stack would cover you in grit. This train trip lasted for three days and I was tired, dirty and very late getting back to Ankara, but I made it.

All of us were by now staying at the Berlin hotel in Ulus section of Ankara and the Peace Corps hired all these small passenger vans to take us to our various assignments all over Turkey.There were three of us headed to the Antalya province, me, Anne Boylon and Jim Wolf. We piled our stuff into and on top of that small Volkswagen-like van and headed down the road.

Antalya was a beautiful, street lined city, with a small harbor full of fishing dories. We stayed in a hotel for a few days and then headed up into the mountains to see our villages. Antalya would become our refuge from village life, a place to come and act like American kids, drink, dance and listen to live music played by Armenian hippies from Istanbul.

First stop after Antlaya was Korkuteli, county seat, where we met Emrullah Zebec, the Vice governor. He was going to be a part of our lives for the next two years, as was Zeki Ozbas, the head of Adult Education and technically our boss. We also met Ibrahim Dokutkan, the agricultural extension agent for the county. Ibrahim was to be our true savior. Jim and Annie's assignment was Caykenari and my assignment was Comakli, two villages in generally the same direction, but not within walking distance of each other.

The Kaymakan had an English Land Rover with a chauffeur and we transferred my belongings and headed out to Comakli. We passed through Bozava, a bit more than a crossroads. Here, if you turned right you went to Caykenari. But we kept going straight for a couple more miles and then turned left and up this straight, single lane road that I was to walk many times in the next two years.

I wonder if I had any clue of what I was doing or where I was. I don't think so. The villagers greeted me politely and the Kaymakan must have said something to them about what I was doing here, but I would not have understood any of it. I remember when the Kaymakan got back into his Land Rover, turned it around and headed back down that straight, single lane. I can still see him. I watched until he turned right on the road to Bozova and then I had to turn around and face the Turks and all my luggage in the middle of the village square. Jesus, I was lonely already. I couldn't speak Turkish. No one here sounded like those high pitched Turkish ladies who gave us our Turkish lessons. I might have had a vague idea what I doing there and I kept saying "toplum kalkinmasi" or community development hoping it might mean something.

I was immediately ushered to my home by Mehmet, a young boy of about 12 and another young man who ran a barber shop on the first floor of my home. My home was on the village square along with three village coffee houses, a village store and a posthane (postoffice). The well where I was to get my water was just in front of the post office.

My home was just like other Turkish homes in the village. The first floor was for animals and wagons. In my home, that floor was empty. You pulled a string on the front door to open it and then walked directly upstairs. I had two big rooms facing the square, split by the stairwell and a back porch walkway that led to a little house on the end which was my toilet. Both rooms were empty, but Mehmet and the other young men soon installed a bed, a wood stove for heat and a standing closet for my clothes. And, there I was. Now what?

I'd been briefed on the village. It was in fact a small city, a belediye, run by a progressive mayor named Apti Bey. He was a short, busy man and ran the village council which met on the second floor of the city hall directly across from me. He supposedly hated goats and called them devil animals that eat everything. They were a threat to Apti Bey's main village development project, a new terrace of almond trees on a hill just to the left of my home overlooking the road out of town.

I think it was Walter Salmen who told me all this. Walter worked for CARE and was a surrogate Peace Corps representative to me and probably many other kids who were trying to figure out what they were doing in these villages. Walter told me that Apti Bey was a good politician. The proposed almond grove was near a burial site and sacred ground for the local Imans, village religious leaders. Apti had persuaded them that this grove would be a way to honor the dead and they had agreed.

One of my first activities was to climb up that hill and see what the villagers were up to. The hill was steep and the villagers did not use animals to terrace the hill. Instead they pulled each other, one man acting like an animal and the other guiding the hoe. Of course, no one would let me work or lift a thing. Once I brought out my camera, I became the official photographer. I still have all those pictures including ones with a hat given to me by my friends which looks like an African safari hat. But, who knew where Turkey was anyhow.

Shut out from working on the terrace I headed for the elementary school located just outside the village proper on the road out of town. There were five teachers who lived on site. Two married couples and Fidan Chaliskan.

Fidan was a single and beautiful young woman. She was a teacher or an "oretman" and that was enough to protect her as long as she stayed in the school yard which is where she stayed most of the time. Fidan's name translated roughly into a "working seedling" and, yes, I would have liked to work that seedling, but the thought of it was so "ayip" or "naughty" that even the idea never got developed.

I got a couple of projects going with the school, if you could call them projects. The first one was a CARE volleyball set which I got from Walter. Volleyball wasn't really a Turk's game. They played soccer and could do amazing things with their feet, but not their hands. Next, they were building a small school bakery out behind the school and I think I helped get supplies to make bread, but I'm not sure. I know I was there when the officials came to town to open it up.

I do remember when they opened up the almond terrace. It was a big event and I remember that Annie Boylon, my Peace Corps buddy from Caykenari was there, along with all the county officials and Ibrahim Bey, the county extension agent. The villagers had used an old Roman aqueduct that ran across the crest of the hill to fill a newly built cistern on top of the hill. It was amazing to think about something that old working that well. But there it was. I have a picture of us standing on that cistern and a picture of a flower bud on an almond tree that Ibrahim pointed out.

I had another project. Abti Bey had built a "Reading room," an "Okuma Odasi" right next to the city hall. It was a small building, but empty. I said I could get a starter library from CARE and the village craftsmen built a beautiful standing bookcase. The books arrived, placed in the bookcase and the beautiful glass doors closed. Closed? Yes, what if the Governor or some official comes and the books are dirty? I didn't have the Turkish to argue or even suggest that the purpose of the library was to read the books. Anyhow, the books in the reading room remained locked up.

I was beginning to wonder about all this. Almond terracing projects where I couldn't work. Volleyball sets for soccer players and starter libraries where the books were locked up.

I started to retreat. I spent lots of evenings in that posthane next door to my house turning pages in my Oxford/English dictionary looking up words as the Turks excitedly waiting for some form of recognition to cross my face. They didn't speak like those upper class Turkish women we learned from. These were old men, often

without teeth, who spoke a mixture of old Turkish laced with idioms no Istanbul woman would have ever heard. Nevertheless, I plodded along and slowly after six months I began to be able to speak.

As I learned the language I also began to see the absurdity of my own position. A complete ignoramus, an Irish Catholic city boy coming into this village talking about "community development", a nonsense word with no status or position in Turkish society. If you said you were a teacher, okay, they knew that, or an agricultural agent, okay, but a "community developer." Hey, son, do you want some tea?

I retreated even farther into my second floor room. The Peace Corps must have known I would end up there. They gave us our own book locker filled with literature and it was a life saver for me or maybe it was my entry way into depression, probably both. I started staying up all night reading books until I'd fall asleep. I'd wake up when the glass in my kerosene lamp would break from the smoke of an exhausted fuel supply.

I had two large three ring binders in my room, one in English and one in Turkish. They were products of US AID and I think they were produced by Cornell University, a place I'd end up in years later.

I saw something in that binder that really got my attention. It was a wash machine. Now, I had seen women squatting outside around a fire with a large kettle on it, fishing clothes out with a stick, placing them on a flat stone and beating that with a wooden mallet. Barbaric, no?

I also knew that for whatever reason the new communal wash-house that had been built on the hill above the village by the government was not being used by the women.

The thing about the wash machine or camashir-makinasi was that it was built out of wood, with no nails and looked very modern compared to the stoop labor I had observed. First, the tub was resting on four legs and the person could wash the clothes standing up. The person would push a long handle up

and down. This action would cause two plungers to move up and down inside the tub thereby washing the clothes. It seemed simple and efficient.

Now I knew that "community development" was about a successful model that would prove the experiment would work for everyone. All I needed was that model. I asked around for carpenters, showed the design in the book and all said no, except one. Of course, this carpenter would not build it in public like I wanted him to, but he would build it in private so that in case this fool American was on to something, he would be rich.

He built the machine and it looked great. Now, I needed to test it out. Of course, I could not show it to the women. I was not allowed to be with women. I decided to show it to the men even though they definitely did not do laundry. Nevertheless, I was undaunted, a true Peace Corps missionary.

I convinced my friend, Hushit, the owner of a coffee house and a village elder to let me use his coffee house for my demonstration project. He had been kind to me during Ramadan and secretly fed me in the back of his coffee house when my resolve to fast has weakened during the day.

I brought the camashir-makinasi to Hushit's coffee house and threw my dirty clothes into the two foot deep, three foot long tub. Of course, there was no running water, either hot or cold, to fill the tub, but this did not stop me. I walked back to my house across the square, got my two water pails, took them to the well, filled them up, brought them up to my room, and turned on the village's only kerosene stove. After the water heated up, I brought both pails over to Hushit's and poured them onto top of my clothes. It barely covered them, but it did get them all wet.

Still, I was not deterred. I went back to my home and repeated the same thing: get the pails, go to the well, heat up the water and walk over to Hushit's. After I poured more water onto to my clothes, Hushit had a couple of questions. What was I going to do about the fact that water was leaking onto his coffee house floor and why exactly was I getting all my clothes wet?

I still was not deterred, diving deeper into my own stupidity. If it was not for the fact that the bottom of my pails both burnt out, I would probably still be pushing that rock up the hill like my old friend Sisyphus.

I finally did give up and brought the disgraced washing machine back to my home and dove into my bed and nightly reading vigils with ever more desperation.

Two years later, an old village friend would bring me over to his house where he was now using the wash machine for his granddaughters' crib. He wanted me to take a picture so I could show success to my family back home. He had his wife take the handle, his daughter distribute the clothes and he posed with a water bucket about it pour it into the tub.

Thirty years later, I came back to my village for the first time. Now there was electricity, phones, cars, brick homes and orchards. However, every time I entered a home, the women who I could now talk face to face motioned to me to come and look at their camishir-makinasi – usually an electric Whirlpool! They remembered my effort even though I had never seen them.

Back in the village, though, only Ali the night watchman could shake me out of my despair. He would see my light on and come for a visit. Ali was a mosaic craftsman from Antalya, but could not breathe down there, so he and his wife and family moved up to the Comakli. He had no status, no land. He needed some respect. He became one of my best friends.

He wanted to be "Ali Bey, the Tavukcu" – Mr. Ali, the Chicken man." So we began reading all we could about chickens out of the AID manual and I began talking to Ibrahim the Agricultural Agent who had projects in his five year plan. One of those projects was promoting egg production. Ibrahim had gone to Israel to learn the latest techniques and had a great slide show that everyone came to, not because of the chicken raising and egg production techniques, but because every once in a while Ibrahim would slip a racy slide into his show.

Modernity

1967. "Backwards" Turkish Village, but what do you see? She is standing up and not stooping over a cauldron of hot water. He is not at the teahouse wasting time playing backgammon with the other men. He is engaged in traditional women's work. He is helping her with a domestic chore. They are doing this chore together blurring gender roles. They are also using technology to save labor, a washing machine designed by the U.S. Agency of International Development, the premier agency of modernity in a traditional world. You also notice there is no wash or clothing involved and that there is water on the ground below the leaking machine. The technology is not working. This is not a washing machine and labor is not being saved. This is in fact a crib for the couple's grandchild. The photo? The essence of modernity — a spin on reality to maintain the fiction of progress. A gift to the young American Peace Corps Volunteer who, after two years in the village, was just beginning to experience a critical thought.

Dan Leahy, 2010

Nevertheless, Ibrahim was a serious promoter of economic development projects and a tireless worker for the farmers of Korkuteli county. He said if Ali and I built a state of the art chicken coop which he would help subsidize, he would get us 100 chicks.

Ali and I started mixing mud and straw in the field to make kerpitch, or the mud brick Turks used to build their homes. He also hired carpenters to start the room framing, but fired them as soon as he learned the technique. We built a chicken coup that was the envy of the village. It was so nice, in fact, that Ali's wife wanted to move in!

It was a free standing building and for sanitary purposes not attached to the main house. A new departure. It also had six windows in front for sun light and it had a cement floor that was sloped for easier cleaning. We had modern feeders and a tall, wired enclosure out front of the chicken coop so the birds could not roam around and get infected.

With the arrival of the chicks and the beginning of egg production, Ali became Ali Bey the Tavukcu who was the only one with eggs during winter. He would horde them up and sell them at a premium price. Soon, everyone wanted to get into egg production.

There was a problem, though. They all wanted the same subsidized deal. Money for the chicken coop and 100 free chicks. This wasn't in Ibrahim's budget so the villagers went back to their old "unsanitary" ways, built two walls inside their first floor homes, knocked out a couple of windows in their exterior walls and Voila! – a chicken coop.

We had another success, but it wasn't mine. Annie and Jim in Caykenari worked with Ibrahim to bring some purebred turkey chicks to their village. They grew so big the villagers called them lambs. They let them range into the wheat fields after harvest and soon they were trucking turkey meat to big cities.

It never really dawned on me what we were doing with "community development" until years later. I thought we

were just helping people have a better life. We were in fact implementing and promoting a particular kind of life – a market based life – a commodified life – a life where you used your resources to sell in a market and became dependent on that market price rather than your own land for your livelihood.

I started working more closely with the agency directors that hung out at the Sehir Klub (City Club) in Korkuteli. They all sat around drinking tea, playing backgammon and telling stories. In my two years at backgammon, I never beat any of them, except the rather large and slow captain of the gendarmes. In fact, for the first year, they told me I needed to watch the game and not play. Most of them were masters at zarf tutarlar… or holding the dice so they could roll combinations almost at will.

I hustled a $5000 grant from CARE and got myself a Czechoslovakian motorcycle in the deal. It was a 250 cc bike and even though Peace Corps volunteers were not supposed to be motorized I somehow got one on the up and up. The grant was for community development training classes for two leaders from all the villages.

We set up the classes at the school in Korkuteli and I moved into the home of a newly arrived Peace Corps Volunteer, Gene Zajac from Chicago. Gene was a teacher and became a great buddy of mine for the final year of my stay in Turkey. Gene became a US consulate officer years later.

The community development training schools were a great hit and became a source of lots of projects for me and Ibrahim. The schools became show cases for agency directors. The directors would come and demonstrate all the latest devices that villagers could use for a better life, new stoves, new orchards to plant, new roads to build, new tractors to buy, new cheeses to make, etc.

As a reward for completing the ten day school, we would put all 50 men on a tour bus and take several days to visit the best agricultural experimental farms in the region. After most farm visits, the bus would often stop in a city and the men would

literally rush off the bus and disappear. It wasn't a meal stop and I finally asked Zeki Bey where all the men went. He asked me if I really wanted to know and I said yes. We grabbed a taxi and went to a compound on the outskirts of town where my village leaders were all lined up outside the whorehouse doors. You can live in a foreign culture and speak their language, but you will never know exactly what is going on.

When the training schools were done, I'd ride my motorcycle out to the villages, find the graduates and make a list of projects that they wanted to do. Then, Ibrahim would come and help them. It was great fun. Unlike the Turks I could ride my motorcycle regardless of the road conditions. Most of the Turks didn't have the long legs that I did. This meant that when they came to a muddy road full of ruts they would have to slow down and weave slowly through the mud puddles so as not to risk a spill. I would just put my legs down and glide right through the mud at top speed. They also would not ride in the dark, but I would because I was young, dumb and full of Peace Corps missionary vigor.

The only thing that really scared me and still does today were the dogs. The Turkish village dogs wore Anatolian dog collars, an interlaced collar of spikes around their necks so that they could rip the wolves apart or whatever animal they were fighting. To have those dogs come charging out after your motorcycle scared the shit out of me. I learned though that they would only come out a certain territorial distance from their houses and then stop. Whenever I came to a village, I would slow down, go down the middle of the lane and be prepared to gun that bike past any dog that might appear.

One of the hard things about this work on the county level was that I had to leave Comakli and move to Korkuteli. This was to be a permanent leave, not just a trip for market day on Wednesday or a trip to Ankara for some Peace Corps function. Leaving even for a short time was hard enough. When you came to the village, the Peace Corps said if you ever left even for a short time you

had to tell people exactly why you were leaving because the villagers would feel bad about it.

I had decided that after the Peace Corps I wanted to work for the US State Department in a consulate office so I signed up for the foreign service test. You had to pass this first with a certain score before you could get to the interview stage. I dutifully looked up the word for test in my dictionary. It was "tercube."

I spent several weeks telling people that I was going to go up to Ankara for my tercube. Everyone was quite pleased and wished me luck. I was gone to Ankara for about two weeks. When I returned everyone was asking me how my tercube was. I said that it was long, hard and difficult, but that I came through alright.

About a week after I returned, Walter Salmen the CARE representative pulled in for one of his visits. We were speaking in Turkish. Walter was beyond fluent and he asked me what I had been up to. I said that I had gone to Ankara for my tercube. "Wait a minute," said Walter, "You did what?" I said, "Walter, I went up to Ankara and took the foreign service test." "Yeah," said Walter, "but tercube is not the word for test." I said, "yes, it is, Walter, I looked it up in the dictionary," which I had pulled out to show him. Walter said, "Look, Dan, the word for test is 'imtihan'" and sure enough there it is in the dictionary next to tercube. I said, "well, shit, Walter, if imtihan means test, what does tercube mean." Walter said, "well, Dan, it's something like a test, but it usually refers to your first sexual experience!" At least when I had to leave the village permanently they all knew that during my first sexual experience, I had come through alright.

During my second year in Turkey, I started receiving letters from graduate schools. The Peace Corps was a hot topic back in the U.S. and graduate schools wanted us returned volunteers to season up the conversation. I had some notion about graduate school in economics, since that, along with philosophy, had been my double major at Seattle University. I sent my application into

a lot of schools and, while I got into some, there was no money attached.

Then, I got a letter from New York University's Graduate School in Public Administration. They had a program in International and Comparative Public Administration and, more importantly, they had a National Defense Education Act (NDEA), Title IV Fellowship for me in a straight doctoral program, don't stop at Masters, go directly to your Ph.D. I said yes, but I had to get married first.

02/07.

The United States of America

awards this

Certificate of Appreciation

to

Daniel B. Leahy

in grateful recognition of service
to our Nation and to the People of
Turkey

as a Peace Corps Volunteer

President of the United States

Director of the Peace Corps.

Marge and Me and the Fellows at NYU

Margaret Ann Passasini was a beautiful, first generation Italian American from San Francisco. Her Dad, Vince, was from Sicily and worked as a printer. Her Mom, Ada, was a Florentine whose family was from Lucca. She worked in a retail butcher shop. I visited Ada's mother in Lucca when I was returning from Turkey. Marge had a younger sister, Carmela and a younger brother, Dominic.

"Our gal Marge is soft and squeezy, that's why we call her fast and easy." Except she wasn't and neither was I. Marge was San Francisco sauve to me besides being almost Roman picturesque. She was also the oldest daughter, solid and responsible. She was made to be a mom for a good size family. The fact that she didn't become one is a great tragedy, at least to me.

It's difficult to write about Marge. I sometimes think I was not conscious or even old enough to have in fact seen her. She came to visit me and we vacationed for several weeks in Rhodes in the summer of 1966. I know it's hard to believe but even though we slept together we did not have sex. We were such wonderfully trained Catholics – we couldn't even be lovers, even though we were in love. I gave her an engagement ring. She went back to working in a Chinese school in San Francisco and I went back to my village. It's still hard for me to imagine how that happened. But, I was still a virgin, as was Marge. Maybe if I had not been a virgin I could have convinced Marge to be my lover. As it was, I wonder if we were ever lovers, or just the college couple in love.

Turkey had changed me in many ways. I came back to the States shaken, but still standing straight. In fact, I even started to stand up for myself.

My Irish Catholic foundations had been rocked by living in a Muslim society for two years. I remember the Imam in my village asking me to explain the Trinity. I did the best I could in my limited Turkish. He said it sounded like a fairly stupid idea. On reflection, I could only agree with him. The Muslims also said that Christ was a great prophet, but not God. They believed in heaven

and hell, the Virgin Mary and an afterlife. They didn't seem like the heathens we were led to believe.

My Americanism had been shaken by what I thought to be the stupidity of American foreign policy in Turkey and the arrogant behavior of the few Americans that I did bump into in Turkey. I was convinced at that point in my life that an American who spoke fluent Turkish and had lived in a village for a few years could implement American policy so that the Turks would like us.

When I came back to the U.S. in 1967, even the war in Vietnam had creased my feeble brain and now the government was telling me they wanted me to go to Vietnam?

Then, the Church got in the way. The Archbishops like Spellman in New York and Connolly in Seattle were blessing the soldiers on their way to killing Vietnamese and taking priestly duties away from young priests who were questioning the war. I mean, some of those most loyal of young men, the ones who stuck out twelve years of seminary life, were now being told they couldn't say Mass because they opposed the slaughter of innocents in Vietnam.

The Church had also changed the liturgy from Latin to English. I remember going to a mass when I got home and I was so shocked that I stood during the entire Mass. No smells of incense, no Latin incantations. no mystery. Guitar playing? I left that Church, and never went back. Say goodbye once, said Dad, and don't look back. I followed his rule yet again.

Then, even Father Les came back into the picture. He said he would not say my marriage mass to Marge if I didn't sign the Church's statement against the use of birth control. I told my sister I didn't want to get married. I was supposed to get married about two months after I got home from Turkey. It was scheduled for August. I didn't have the guts to break it off. I didn't even know why I would want to break it off. I probably still loved Marge. Maybe I just wanted to see if we could become lovers. At least I wasn't a virgin anymore, even though I was far from a practiced lover.

Maybe my revolt against the Church's demand that I sign the birth control paper was my indirect protest against the wedding itself. Maybe it was an indirect protest against all I was seeing or beginning to see at home.

I still hated Father Les, but he was our "family" priest and, of course, this wasn't my marriage after all. It belonged to the families, the Church, society, history, long ago promises, momentum. I told Father Les and the Bishop of San Francisco I wouldn't sign it. They said there could be no Mass for me and Marge. Then, Vince Passassini talked to me. Unlike Father Les, Vince was a real man, a worker, a family man, married to a beautiful woman. I respected him. He was someone I could be.

He said, "Look, Dan. I've got a great party organized for this wedding, music, food, booze. It will be great. Go ahead and sign the paper and then you and Marge can do whatever you want." It made sense to me. Vince was an Italian Catholic. He didn't bad mouth the Church, but he did what he wanted. I signed the form and the wedding was on. Like Vince said it was a great party and Marge and I were the focus of attention. Limousines, big Church, music and dances, wedding dresses and tuxes, bridesmaids, best men, photographers, families and a honeymoon.

Marge and I took off in my Mom's new Chevy Malibu Super Sport, black, two door hardtop with the automatic shift in a panel on the floor, one of the first. Mom used to get so embarrassed when we bought her this car after Dad died because young dragsters would pull up next to her for a challenge and see an "old lady" sitting there on the way to Church. Our first marital trip was short. We went to the St. Francis Hotel on Union Square in San Francisco. It was a big, fancy place. At least the façade said so. The doorman approached and before I could scramble back to the trunk he was pulling out my suitcase which was secured only by an old belt. The reason the belt was there was because the locks didn't work. As it turned out, neither did the belt and my clothes go sprawling onto the street.

Through the lobby, up the elevator and back into the not-to-glamorous old section of the hotel. I somehow thought marriage and honey moon meant a big suite of some kind, rather than just a hotel room, but me and Marge made it through. After our wedding night, we headed up the coast, stopped at Ireland's Rustic Inn in Gold Beach, Oregon, where we had a little cottage to ourselves and had our food delivered to our cabin. I don't remember much else. We must have made it to Seattle, dropped off Mom's car and flown back to New York City.

Marge and I both had fellowships to New York University. Marge was in a two year, Masters of Social Work Program for an MSW at 3 Washington Square North and I was in the Public Administration Graduate School at 4 Washington Square North.

New York City was a big adventure for both of us. Aunt Mary had a friend who was an administrator of a V.A. hospital in the city. She lived in Peter Stuyvesant Town, a series of middle class apartment houses on Manhattan's east side in the 20s. We stayed there first while we searched for an apartment in Brooklyn.

We found a furnished apartment on 18th street off of Flatbush Avenue near Erasmus High School. I remember having to go to Erasmus High School to get my literacy diploma so I could vote. I kept that diploma on my wall for a long time. I wonder what I had to do to prove literacy and where that test came from and how it was used to exclude people from voting, an old tradition in American democracy – limiting the franchise.

Our apartment did not have a window in it that received direct sunlight. I remember going home one time to Queen Anne hill and waking up one morning and staring out the front window. For a long time, I could not figure out what I was experiencing, but it was direct sunlight.

We were close to the Church Avenue stop on the D train and the D train would take us into Manhattan to the 6th Avenue stop just west of the Washington Square campus of NYU.

Marge and I got busy with our studies and our life together. I actually think we were happy together but the strain of exterior

forces and my own stupidity or chauvinism made it worse. Marge had a very rough program. She was in a social work school that put its students through both classes and a slave labor program. Marge not only did papers, but worked as a case worker for agencies as part of her graduate work. She would come home exhausted from work and still needing to write-up case management summaries. I can't remember the name of these things, but I hated them. Her graduate study was not like mine and more importantly, I think for us, gave Marge a different explanation for world events. Social problems were reduced to behavioral explanations calling for intervention. I remember some friend of mine asking me whether if there was a social worker for every poor person in New York city would the problem be remedied. Slowly, the "problem" got in the way of our marriage, as our worldviews separated.

My graduate school experience was a slide compared to Marge's. It's hard to tell my students these days, but I had a fellowship. Not only was my tuition free, but I was paid to read books. My NDEA stipend was $300 per month. Marge also had $300 per month. We could live on that. I was one of four straight shot doctoral students in this program. It was me, Cary Hershey, Rick Devine and Ron Sakolsky. All of those guys were from New York city.

Cary was a New Yorker and married to Beverly Mizencho who was from a small, mining town near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. They had an apartment in Manhattan. Marge and I smoked our first dope with them and ate the best rum raisin ice cream in the world shortly there after. Cary had a great laugh and they also had a beautiful baby girl, named Jessica. A few years later around 1972, when I was down and out in Brooklyn, Cary, who was by then a faculty member at Cornell, helped get me a job as Director of Cornell's Human Affairs Program. As Cary said a bit after that, "Here is my friend Dan Leahy. He stayed in my house, drove my car and now he's fucking my wife!" Well, ex-wife. I lost track of Cary after I left Cornell in 1978. Beverly moved to Florida with Jess and set up her speech pathology clinic. Bethany and I

visited her in Florida when we were doing a public power study for the American Public Power Association.

Rick Devine was the son of an Irish cop from the upper west side of Manhattan. Rick was a tough talking, street wise, smart and hard working. I'm not sure any of us worked like Rick. He got some funds one time from the City Club of New York to do some form of housing assessment. It called for some socio/economic statistics and I did up that part of the study. Rick worked on this in an alcove on the top floor of the brownstone that was our Graduate School. He was intense then and he still is.

He did his dissertation on red-lining. I think it might have been one of the first. Red-lining is a process by which banks collect funds from depositors and then refuse to loan mortgage money in an area outlined in red. Rick traced this process in the South Bronx which was systematically being burnt out by landlords and 3 alarm fires.

Rick got a job as the Housing Director for the Urban League right out of graduate school and I lost track of him for a bit. A few years later in one of my down and out stages, I called him looking for work. By now, Rick was in D.C. as the affirmative action enforcer for the Nixon Administration. Rick called me back and said that if I was a Black, blind, gay, paraplegic, he could offer me a job. He left for California soon after he wrote an extensive critique of the gutless Affirmative Action Enforcement office and started during work for the Center for Community Change's low-income housing projects. He's still in SF today as the head of his own firm, Devine and Gong.

Ron was the son of a post office worker from Brooklyn. He was married, too, and his wife was having a baby that turned out to be a beautiful brown skinned girl named, Natasha. Ron did his dissertation on the fight for community control of schools which was a very controversial and bitter struggle between an emerging, teacher union leadership led by Al Shanker of the AFT and leaders of the African American community who wanted a say in the running and teaching of the schools. Ron became

a professor at Sagamon State College in Southern Illinois and taught public administration classes using literature. He became or maybe always was a anarchist into community living and music. He wrote and edited several books and became such a thorn in the side of Sagamon State that they bought him out early and he took off to live on Denman Island in British Columbia. He is a member of the Heroico Batallon of San Patricio and is in charge of making credentials for all those who operate underground.

02/07

Lin Dodge and Learning at New York University

Thanks to Ron Sakolsky I got interested in the community control of schools. As a result of that interest I met Lin Dodge and he became one of my main teachers.

At the time I bumped into him he was teaching math in a community controlled school in Manhattan. Lin and others had taken huge bolt cutters, broken into the public school and opened it up for the surrounding community. Lin was an older man, slight in build, very clear in his thinking and uncompromising. I think he was a Connecticut blue blood guy who didn't get along with the American system. He spoke in a sharp nasal twang.

Lin was a World War II draft resister and pacifist. He was in jail with Elijah Muhammad, the founder of the Nation of Islam. Lin didn't go along with the segregated prison system. He would always line up with the Black prisoners at meal time so the guards would send him to solitary. When they let him out, he would go back into the "wrong" line again. Lin spent most of WWII in solitary confinement.

It turned out that Lin was a friend of my main Professor at NYU, Herman Berkman, even though I never took a class from Herman. Herman had some grant money to do a study of citizen participation. It was a new and exciting concept then. Something that had come out of the War on Poverty's language about "maximum feasible participation" of poor people in their own programs. The question was what is feasible and how it should work. My other friend Cary Hershey was working on this with Herman and Herman hired Lin to staff the study.

Lin would be in and out of 4 Washington Square North as a result of his work with Herman. Lin was also very present at demonstrations at NYU and during my time there demonstrations were a dime a dozen. I'd often see Lin dressed in a drab grey suit walking between the protestors and the cops acting like a neutral observer.

We protested the war or ROTC or military recruiters. We supported the Black Panthers, demanded freedom for the Panther 21, rallied with SDS, took over buildings, protested Professor Frank Trager's work for the CIA in support of the war in Vietnam.

One time students took over the Courant Institute at NYU. We held it for several days and there were lengthy debates in the auditorium about what to do with the federal computer on the second floor. This was apparently the main reason we were in the building and federal marshals with long batons were outside waiting for us to exit.

Our demand was to end the Vietnam war and free the Panther 21 or we would do something with the federal computer.

The debate in the auditorium was about the computer. Lin was there and he was arguing to make use of the computer. Of course, few of us knew anything about computers, but Lin did. He lost the argument that day, but people like Lin won the argument in NYU's Kimball Hall which had also been occupied. That building housed the printing press and students held that building for two weeks. It became a national movement printing press. It was one of my earliest lessons in the old movement adage – transform existing resources into power instruments.

The decision in the Courant Institute auditorium was to blow the computer up and, as we were leaving the building, people attempted to do just that. Lucky for all of us outside this all glass building, the attempt failed. Years, decades later, I was doing research for the OHOP mutual light company near Eatonville, Washington, on whether or not the Washington Public Power Supply System, a municipal corporation, could file for bankruptcy under Chapter Nine of the Federal Bankruptcy Code. There were only three experts in the country and I had talked to two of them.

The third expert was a law professor at New York University. I called him up, but he could not help me because he represented investment firms who might be damaged by a Chapter Nine

filing. As we were talking, the Courant Institute came up. I remembered that as we were leaving the building there were people pushing past us to get in. This guy had been one of them. He had raced to the second floor and de-commissioned whatever fuses were lit because he had his student research on that computer. Small world.

I followed Lin around quite a bit. I don't know if he was the one who introduced me to all the Anarchist literature, but I started reading it. Anarchist thinking was prevalent in the New Left along with notions of a vanguard party to lead the working class stuff and the Black Panthers' idea or mobilizing the lumpen proletariat.

I couldn't go along with the Vanguard party. The leaders seemed to be haughty, elite white kids, who wanted the working class to follow them. But, at the same time, they hated workers and condemned them for being racist and bigoted. While I felt bad about the white working class' bigotry and racism, both characteristics of my family, I would rather be with them than with these elite snobs. Plus they never produced a working class following.

There was a P.O. Box in Florida that was a source of anarchist literature. I started sending money to it and receiving booklets written by Murray Bookchin such as Listen, Marxist and Liberatory Technology. Murray believed that modern technology could overcome the difficulties that had plagued small scale communities. With "liberatory technology" you could have self-sufficient, off the grid communities that would be small enough to allow the face to face interaction critical to a non-representative democracy that anarchists called for.

Many of his little booklets became a book called, Post- Scarcity Anarchism. When I got to Cornell years later, I invited him to our program. He seemed to be a Post Relevant Alcoholic. It's funny, though. I used one of Murray's books when Stephanie Guilloud and I taught a course on Anarchism and the New Global Order in the summer of 2001 at Evergreen. He still had a good rap on him

arguing that anarchism always had a social critique and was not just a new word for American individualism.

Lin Dodge taught me about anarchism, alternative education, living theater, printing presses, and the Quakers. He was part of the Alternative University near Union Square on 14th street. They had a full curriculum of courses. For many years, I had that curriculum because it was printed on the back of a large scale map of downtown Washington, D.C. It was with this map that anti-war protestors from all across the country found the traffic circles they were suppose to shut down in May 1970 when we tried to paralyze the nation's capital.

Lin also took me to the Living Theater's performance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was Melina Mecuri group and they did radical things like break down the barrier between the stage and the audience. I was so glad we were in the balcony and they could not get to us when they came off that stage. I've been on the edge in my life, but generally a moderate edge.

He also taught me about 365 offset presses. When I was working for the Quakers in 1972 and 1973, Lin had formed "Come Unity Press." It was housed in a building either owned by or rented by the Quakers. The press was open 24 hours per day and run on anarchist principles. If you wanted something printed, you were welcome to use the press. If you didn't know how to use it, Lin would teach you. If there were no supplies for the press, you had to go get them. I learned to run that 365 offset press and I printed off numerous reports and flyers related to my community organizing efforts in Brooklyn.

The last time I saw Lin was in 1973. I had fallen asleep near the printing press and he woke me up by tweaking my nipple. "Oh, sensitive!", he exclaimed. I awoke to find him in bright pink panties and nothing else. His body was so skinny I couldn't figure out what held up those panties. Lin was in his out-gay phase or maybe he just was out to me. I remember talking to Herman about Lin. He said that at some point, Lin would be institutionalized. I hope that was not his fate. I knew, however,

if he ever touched my nipple again he was going down, skinny runt or not.

Life as a graduate student at NYU was a good life. I was getting paid to organize my Brooklyn neighborhood, and all I had to do was read books and write papers in exchange. It was good for about four years and then I got tired of it. I even turned down more fellowship money at the end of my stay at NYU.

At the beginning, though, I didn't know if I was cut out for graduate student life. I was, after all, a B student from a small university in Seattle. Yes, I was a returned Peace Corps volunteer so I had stories, but I wasn't sure I had the intelligence required. My first epiphany was in an organizational theory class during my second semester. I was sitting next to this guy with a wonderful Jamaican accent who appeared to be very bright. I was hoping something might rub off on me. At one point during the lecture I turned to him and whispered, "You know, I don't think I can do this graduate school stuff. I don't understand a fucking word this professor is saying." He turned to me with a somewhat shocked expression and said. "You mean him? He's a fucking fool!" It had never crossed my mind that this was possible or that a student might be in a position to make such a judgment, but from then on I found graduate school to be relatively easy and enjoyable.

It was easy for me in relation to the other students because most of the other students were part time. They worked as New York city government employees or United Nations employees or employees of public authorities from around the metropolitan region. There was even a Secret Service employee who told me if we ever met on a demonstration he would invite me to a bar for a drink. A good Irishman.

I was full time and I could read all the assigned articles and books and generally did. In fact, I tore through them. Although I only thought of most of the reading as the dues I had to pay for my other life, I did in fact learn a lot about administrative systems, formal institutions and organizational behavior. This knowledge

became increasingly handy as I became a community organizer confronting large scale systems.

During my initial year at NYU, I stayed close to my fellowship's line of march, international and comparative public administration. The guy who got me to NYU was Professor Keith Henderson. He was a specialist on the Middle East and I began having thoughts of going with him on a research mission. I also took classes from Vera Micheles Dean, an institution all by herself, a former editor of Foreign Affairs and a confidant of Le Grand Charles de Gaulle. She never gave me an A. She always told me that I wrote like a journalist and should change my career choice. The only time I got an A from her was when I wrote a paper for someone else. That one got an A.

I did have notions of becoming an international civil servant and working for the United Nations. One of my student friends at NYU was a staffer for the Ethiopian mission to the UN and they would invite me to their apartment for dinner. I started going up to the U.N. on 42nd street every time I had a chance. I could sit in on Security Council sessions and listen to the simultaneous translation, then look at all the reports in the UN book store. I would have lunch in the UN restaurant and imagine myself sitting there discussing weighty international issues.

My political perspective was still at a "servant" level. One of my conclusions from the Peace Corps experience was that there was a need for culturally knowledgeable, impartial civil servants to administer the aid packages so that local interests would get their way. I kept this servant perspective for a short time until someone took me on a tour of some of New York City's finer neighborhoods like the South Bronx, Harlem and Bedford Stuvestant in Brooklyn.

I saw poverty in those neighborhoods that I had never seen in Turkey. I mean this was New York City, the wealth capital of the world. I got mad. I'm still mad. What was I doing in Turkey? The problem seemed to be here. I shifted my focus to Urban Poverty and Urban Social Policy, especially since my possible trip to the

Middle East didn't pan out and I had wasted our meager savings taking Arabic classes at Berlitz.

I started reading every book there was on Urban Poverty and there were lots of them. This was the time that "administrative" studies were being shifted to "policy studies" and there was plenty of federal funds around to study poverty policy. We even demanded a course on Urban Poverty as part of the Public Administration curriculum and we had to take over the Dean's office to make it possible. The argument against it was that administration – the implementation of policy – had nothing to do with poverty.

We got our course and I took it. The problem with this course and all the books we read was that they were purely descriptive. Absolute poverty – no housing, no health care, no jobs, no education, no this and no that. How to change this situation was not in the literature. From then on, however, I wanted to learn about inequality, not poverty.

I read Chomsky and G. William Dumhoff during this time. Chomsky wrote about the "new mandarins" – the ones that studied poor people in order to control them better. Dumhoff wondered why there were no public research projects on something as big as Standard Oil, one of the largest enterprises in the world. A rule came up for me. If you ever ask people about themselves, you have to give them back the information they gave you and not give it to their oppressors in a research paper. I didn't want to study a poor people's movement to control them but to figure how they could get more power. I don't know where I got the idea that I wanted to be a community organizer. I know that when I got to New York I began contacting Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation based in Chicago looking for ways to become a professional community organizer. Maybe it was from people who came into our classes talking about community organizing. One of them was Rev. Lucius Walker from a newly created group called the Inter-religious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO). I remember his talk about the world as two groups: the rich and the poor. About

ten years later I would work closely with Lucius to create a new, national political party called the Citizens Party. And, when I got to Olympia, one of our close friends, Rick Fellows, would be working for Lucius driving buses to Cuba and Central America. It is amazing how connections you make can continue for a lifetime.

I was getting interested in social movements and their infrastructure. I studied the tenants rights movement in New York city; its organizer Jesse Grey and his rent strike in Harlem. I started going up to Harlem to work with Monsieur Fox and help rehabilitate broken down houses. I went up to Harlem when King was killed and walked in the streets and into a park for a memorial. I was scared. I stood there listening to the talks, wondering what a white boy was doing in Harlem. Then this hand from a large Black man reached down and took mine. Then, I knew what I was doing in Harlem. I was crossing that race line. The one that runs down the center of this country.

One of the movements I was interested in was the Welfare Rights Movement. It was strong in New York City. It was led by a woman named Beulah Sanders. She and her members would confront police on horseback in the city streets and take over welfare offices demanding rights and payment. At the same time, it looked like this movement was gaining a national focus through the organizing efforts of a former CORE staffer from Syracuse, a dashiki-wearing Black man named George Wiley.

I liked this movement because it intersected with my administrative studies. There was this theory of administrative overload proposed by two Columbia University faculty named Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward. You would build a social movement to demand all the rights available to all the eligible people. In doing so, you would overload the system, break it down and create an opportunity for something better.

Although Cloward and Piven didn't believe that poor people's power could be mobilized through formal organization, George Wiley did. First he formed the Poverty Rights Action Center

and, from there, he created a national organization of welfare recipients called the National Welfare Rights Organization. He established an office in Washington, D.C. where he intended to lobby Congress for legislative improvements as his various chapters mobilized direct action campaigns.

I went down to Washington, D.C. and into their office. Tim Sampson was there and he must have been the bureaucrat that kept all the organizational records in the file cabinets in the back office. There was also a Xerox machine and I xeroxed these files and brought them back to our Brooklyn brownstone.

Marge and I had moved from our furnished apartment in Flatbush to the second floor of a brownstone on 14th Street at 8th Avenue in the Park Slope neighborhood. The "slope" was from Prospect Park West going down the hill toward the Gowanus canal. Our apartment was a studio, one very long room with a kitchen and bathroom. We had our dining room table at one end and our bed at the end facing 14th street. Next to our bed was my desk, a big wooden one. It was here that I was supposed to write my dissertation.

Marge was now finished with her two year Masters in Social Work program and was working for Children's Aid Society in Manhattan. It was another hard job for low pay. I was still on my NDEA Title IV fellowship or my Robert Marshall Dissertation Fellowship. I wanted to get my dissertation done, but I was also facing the draft. Up above my desk was my induction order, my invitation from "Uncle Sam" to go kill Vietnamese or get killed by Vietnamese. The draft system had eliminated student deferments and I had received my induction order. Vietnam became the center of my world, my thinking and my political development.

Refusing The Draft

Every morning when Marge and I woke up in our furnished apartment in Brooklyn's Flatbush neighborhood we would hear three things on the radio: An advertisement for Pan Am's flight one to London, Karachi and around the world, the number of three alarm fires in the South Bronx and the body count from Vietnam. We always killed more of them.

I received my induction order in the fall of 1967. I had just returned from the Peace Corps and entered into NYU's Graduate School of Public Administration. I was learning about administration and the idea of administrative overload and I started writing letters to my Selective Service Board in Seattle doing my best to jam up their system with administrative appeals. I remember, though, that I always addressed the Selective Service Board as "Dear SS" and I always signed my letters with my Selective Service numbers, "Sincerely, twenty-five dash three dash two fifty three."

I just didn't see any reason to kill Vietnamese nor did I see any reason why I should put myself in a situation where out of self preservation I would have to kill someone who wanted to kill me.

I had fantasies of course. I would go to Canada, fly to Athens, get to Rhodes and then hire a boat to take me into the port of Antalya where I would use my old Peace Corps contacts with fishermen to get me into Turkey without anyone knowing about it, head up to my village, Comakli, and live happily ever after. Are you kidding?

I also thought I should start learning Karate so that when I went to prison I wouldn't be raped. Then someone asked me what I would do if I were to wake up with a knife at my throat. Okay, prison is out.

I always knew I wouldn't go to Vietnam and that was a given. Permanent, no wavering about that. But, what would I do?

I'd get scared about prison or refusal or consequences so I'd read another book about Vietnam, its history, our history of financing

the French, taking over colonial responsibilities, atrocities, war crimes, napalm, defoliation and the atrocious treatment of Vietnam vets when they came back home. I read Air War in Vietnam by Chomsky or Mike Klare's writing. I suppose much of my generation has many books about Vietnam. It ate at us, made us protest, think, despise, want to grow goatees like Uncle Ho. I tried but mine kept curling up rather than hanging down like Uncle's.

I can't remember exactly when I saw my draft board in Seattle, but I did go see them. Three old men. They asked me, "what's this Peace Corps, is it a peace group or something." Maybe they were just being cute, but I was too serious to see their humor if that was what it was. I despised them.

After a couple years of administrative appeals, my options were exhausted. The "exhaustion of administration remedies" … the antecedents to direct court, legal action. I had talked to my sister and friends about where I should refuse. Who was giving what? Seattle reported in – Five years and five thousand. Berkeley was offering a couple years of community service. New York seemed to be averaging a couple of years in the slammer.

I was now looking for an attorney. Someone told me about Conrad Lynn. He was a famous attorney, famous for defending hard core cases against Black nationalists condemned to life or death. I found his office in Lower Manhattan and sat in front of his big desk. He told me about his life living in a Quaker intentional community somewhere outside of New York City. He told me I'd probably get five years. I began wondering why this man would spend time aggressively defending a scared white boy when he had real cases on his plate. I left his office and didn't go back.

I got scared again and someone told me about a psychiatrist in New York City. I paid my money and went to see him. He wrote up his profile. He wrote I had a Christ complex and that I was a drug habitué. It was supposedly good enough to get me out of the draft. I still have his profile in the little metal box I use as my

"safe." Never used it, though, I just couldn't buy my way out of this one.

Somehow I found an attorney named Marvin Karpatkin. I called him Magic Marvin Karpatkin. Magic wanted a $1500 retainer. I sold my insurance policy that Uncle Joe had my mother buy for me. It was the only savings me and Marge had. I felt I was betraying Uncle Joe who had retired as a Lieutenant Colonel out of WW II.

Magic assigned me a young lawyer in his firm called Michael Pollitt. Michael interviewed me and asked me to write up why I wasn't going to go as a prelude to a conscious objector request. I really didn't think of myself as a conscious objector. I mean I think I could fight if necessary, kill if necessary. I mean the fucking Brits were still in Ireland, their last colony.

Nevertheless, I wrote up why I wasn't going. I can't remember what I said. I suppose it was about the illegitimacy of the war itself. When he read it, he couldn't believe that I hadn't emphasized my seminary experience, my Catholic background with its commitment to service. Commitment to service? Really? Yeh, there was a commitment to service buried within the Church although it was hard for me to admit to any positive aspects of the Irish Catholic religion based on being born sinners with the old Original black spot on our souls and living in fear of hell for wanting to sleep with a woman.

You know, I grew up in fear of hell. It was real to me. When I was sleeping on the couch in our Queen Anne home and for some reason falling off, I would dream about falling into hell. Sinning had dire consequences. When Jimmie Jolin and I would be fooling around on the bleachers in singing class at St. Anne's Parish School, the Sister (can't remember her name) would reprimand us and tell us if we didn't stop THE nuclear bomb, when it fell, would fall right there on St. Anne's parish hall, because me and Jimmie were goosing each other rather than paying attention to her.

I did get to sleep with a woman in Turkey, another Peace Corps Volunteer who I lusted after. Someone told me she was on the pill and I got more interested in the possibilities. She came to my village and our intercourse was a disaster. I was still a virgin, of course, and her pussy was so hot it scared me. I thought there must be something wrong with her. It was a mess. Nevertheless, there was a very positive outcome. I gave up my fear of hell. In fact, I gave up hell altogether. If sleeping with a woman meant hell that was the end of hell for me. I liked sleeping with that woman and I wanted to do more of it.

I rewrote my conscientious objector argument for Michael's review and we submitted the CO request to the Selective Service. It was rejected, and now I faced induction at the Whitehall induction center in lower Manhattan. Some radicals helped me out here too. Sam Melville and Jane Alpert blew up the induction center at Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn. This led to more people having to go through Whitehall and this delayed my induction date.

Sam Melville ended up in Attica prison and was involved in the Attica Brothers' rebellion. He had dug a system of trenches to defend against the inevitable retaking of the prison by the state police. The cops killed Sam Melville. He helped save my life and the lives of many others. Anyone remember Sam Melville? Jane Alpert went underground and came up years later. I don't know what happened to her. Thank you, though, Jane.

There were many courageous draft resisters. I was not one of them. I remember how Mark Rudd, an SDS leader from the Columbia University anti-war student movement, went to the induction center and challenged them to induct him because he would organize resistance from within the Army. He was a funny looking guy, but straight forward and determined. I saw him talk at Washington Square Park. I wondered where he and many others got their courage to be public.

I was going to refuse, but I wasn't going to make a big deal out of it. I wasn't going to do it "publicly." I also had a possible ace

in the hole. Magic Marvin told me that there was a recent court decision that was in my favor, but the court decision had not yet made it to the administrative end of things so my induction order was probably invalid.

I was glad to know about that possibility, but I was also bound and determined to say no. I went down to Whitehall in September, 1969, and got there early in the cold morning for an orientation from the Sergeant. Refusal was now part of the administrative order. He asked how many people were going to refuse today. I raised my hand. There were a couple of other hands.

I went through my physical like everyone else. My folder had a red tag on it. It meant that I was headed to Vietnam. The guy next to me was Black man who said that he was not only 27 years old, but married with kids. He had the red tag too.

When I worked for Uncle Eddie on construction during my college years, I had an industrial accident. When we were moving rip raff on the side of the Columbia River in front of Rocky Reach Dam in the summer of 1963, my eight foot long wrecking bar had slipped out from under a very large rock we were about to send down the hill. I got slammed back and pinned to the ground by both the rock and the wrecking bar. When I got up, I couldn't move. I thought I was paralyzed.

I got three quarters of my pay from industrial insurance (workers compensation) and headed up to Lake Chelan where Aunt Irma was encamped on the Indian reservation. I spent about a month lying in the sun and wondering what was under that mou-mou worn by my distant cousin, Karen Laws. I even got my first kiss in Chelan's Rialto Theater that summer.

The industrial accident left me with a back injury and the Navy doctor who was on duty at Whitehall told me to come back the next day for a closer examination. I went back the next day and he asked me if I was really going to refuse induction. I said yes. He said he could get me out due to this back injury. I almost

yelled at him. NO!! I have waited and prepared for two years for this day and I was going to refuse. Period.

In order not to contaminate the other fodder headed to Vietnam, the refusing part of the induction process was now a private affair. It took place in an office. The induction officer I was told had a baseball bat leaning up against the radiator in his office. Sure enough, when I entered the room, there it was. It was no doubt a defense against us killers. I kept thinking about Arlo Guthrie's Alice's Restaurant when he started raving in the psychiatrist's office, "I want to Kill!" "I want to Kill!"

The deal was he would read your name and you would not step forward. I was still afraid someone would push me so I tried to stand as near to the wall as possible. "(name), please step forward." I didn't move. "(name), please step forward." "(name), please step forward." I still didn't move. He told me to go see the FBI and I left.

When I got out of his office, I called up Magic Marvin. I said I was leaving for the West Coast with my wife and I was wondering if he could go see the FBI for me. He said. "Son, there are a few things your lawyer can't do for you and this is one of them."

I headed up to the FBI office in Manhattan. I think it was in the 60s near Hunter College. When I got off the elevator, I was faced with the large Department of Justice seal on the floor between me and the reception area. I walked around it. I told the office receptionist that I had just refused induction. She told me to take a seat.

I was called after a modest wait and ushered into an office occupied by a young suit. He was a graduate of the University of Washington law school and treated me like an old home boy. He had his wing tips up on the desk and casually slid a piece of paper across his desk and told me to sign it. It was a waiver of rights form.

He probably didn't know how much I hated UW frat boys with their wing tipped shoes, but I meekly said that while I was

sure he was trying to help me, my lawyer had said not to sign anything.

His wing tips came slamming off the desk and his demeanor changed instantly to hard ass. He told me the next step was the Federal District Attorney who would decide whether to prosecute me. He said I had to stay in touch with his office and keep him informed of all address changes, blah, blah. I left his office and had a taste of that wonderful feeling called "Liberation."

I never heard about this whole affair again. Maybe it was Magic Marvin's court case. Maybe it was the fact that the US public knew about the disastrous battle called the Tet Offensive in 1968 and that the promised US victory was not "just around the corner."

Maybe it was all those courageous draft resisters who had done hard time since the mid-1960s in protest against the war. Maybe it was that every time I was in a demonstration for the next five years, I ran from the cops rather than getting arrested so that they wouldn't pull my jacket and find out about my refusal to serve the war machine.

Still, I had refused and I was proud of it, if only privately.

Writing my Dissertation

NYU tried to take my NDEA title IV fellowship. They said since I was under induction order I wouldn't be able to complete my graduate studies. I told them I wasn't going. It was a rather tense time and I don't know why the administration gave in. Maybe it was the way I looked.

The Dean of the graduate school of Public Administration was an economist named Dick Netzer. He was a straight arrow. Bow tie man as I remember. Someone referred to him as an English prig. I didn't know what that meant but he told me once that they needed to have a separate entrance for me at the Graduate School. Most of the students were either New York City officials or UN staffers. They were part time students, but always suit and tie. I had given up suits and ties when I left the seminary in 1961. I was in my army surplus coat, wore long hair, a beard, a leather peace sign on my chest and some indication of protest, a button or an arm band. After Netzer made that comment about me, I signed up for his class on Urban Economics and got an "A." He became an ally.

I had a wonderful time at NYU. I took classes and wrote papers on all kinds of subjects. I wrote on Urban Social Policy. I wrote a huge paper on Chinese bureaucracy and how Mao extended the mobilization of that bureaucracy to the peasant class. I even read articles about Yemen in Arabic and wrote a paper on its civilization and bureaucratic accomplishments. All of this was fun, but it didn't get my dissertation done.

The steps to a Ph.D were doctoral orals, doctoral writtens and a dissertation. I signed up for my doctoral orals in the spring of my second year. It was a two hour examination. If you passed this examination, you became an official doctoral candidate. I knew that given my appearance and my penchant for participating in building takeovers to protest the war, racism or the ROTC my stogy professors of public administration would not be predisposed toward making me a doctoral candidate. I asked my friend Professor Herman Berkman what he thought. He said wait

until fall and he would get on the team of professors who were going to examine me.

This was great advice and it also gave me more time to prepare. There was a list of 100 books that a doctoral candidate was supposed to be familiar with. I don't know if anyone else ever did this, but all throughout the spring and summer I read, outlined and summarized those books. I knew this literature so well I could relate damn near anything to "The Theory and Practice of Public Administration." In fact, when other doctoral candidates needed to relate their dissertation topics to "the theory and practice of public administration" some of them would come to me for advice on how to do it.

In the fall I was ready for the two hour examination. Herman walked past me as I waited to be invited into the conference room. He said, "Hey, Dan, sit and enjoy."

Herman lived up in the 70s on Manhattan's west side. I went there once for dinner. When I came down the hallway to his apartment, I noticed two "Dylan type" boots outside his door. They were obviously art objects. It looked like someone had sawed off the legs inside the boots so that you saw the boot, the sox and the bone. What was really odd was that there were two small American flags stuck in the middle of the each boot. I asked Herman what they were. He said the boots were a piece of art that he liked, but that other tenants had objected to them. In order to make the boots more acceptable he placed an American flag in each one. That was Herman.

I sat at the head of a conference table facing five professors. Herman was sitting just to my left. As Herman waited for the other professors to get seated around the conference table, he took out a half smoked stogie from his suit jacket pocket, lit it up, brushed the falling debris down the front of his now smudged white shirt, shifted his chair ever so slightly so that he too was facing the other professors and said, "Let's get going."

One of the professors asked me a question. I talked for 20 minutes, unloading 100 books' worth of citations. They called

a recess and then called me back in the room. I was an official doctoral candidate. Herman said it was the quickest doctoral oral on record.

A year later I took my doctoral writtens. They were written examinations in five areas over five days. It was a "blue book" examination. The major difficulty was avoiding cramps in your hands. My major field was Urban Social Policy and I knew the guy who would be reading this was S.M. Miller, a great professor at NYU and one from whom I learned a great deal. I passed these too.

Just after I passed this five day ordeal the graduate school changed the requirements for obtaining an Masters in Public Administration. The new requirement now said you could write a thesis or you take an examination. I went to see Dick Netzer. I told him I wanted to take the Masters examination. He said I just got through passing the doctoral examination. I said I wanted to pick up an MPA. He said okay I'll just give you the Masters. That's how I got my Masters.

I wrote my dissertation at my desk in our studio apartment in Park Slope. Herman said you could write a dissertation in two ways. You could start out with a thesis and see if you can verify it or you can do a bunch of research and see if you can come up with a thesis. I opted for the later approach since I could not come up with the former. I had all those files from the NWRO office in Washington, D.C. and a lot of articles about the initial campaigns of the welfare rights movement. I wrote about this history, the NWRO as an organization and the various campaigns that George Wiley and his organizers conducted. It was purely descriptive.

I never came up with a thesis; I don't know why. There were plenty around for me to see. Maybe all real theoretical questions were outside the field of public administration. Maybe I didn't know how to characterize them or put them into an academic language consistent with all my reading over four years. Or, maybe I just wanted to get to organizing my neighborhood that was just outside my window.

One of the arguments was about what poor people could do themselves to change their situation. This argument was between George Wiley, the organizer, and movement theorists, Cloward and Piven. Cloward and Piven argued that poor people could only be heard in disruption, that their power resided in their ability to disrupt normality. This only made sense to me if there was someone in power who, upon seeing the disruption, would act in a positive way to reform the situation. Most of the time, though, I thought simple disruption by the poor themselves would lead to more repression.

Contrary to Cloward and Piven, Wiley was more in the style of Saul Alinsky. He believed poor people's power resided in a formal organization with membership, dues, formal leadership that had both lobbying credibility and the capacity for direct action campaigns. The assumption here was that if you made yourself visible through organization to a liberal social order you would get a piece of the surplus. This assumption, that there is a surplus available to the organized, is key to all Alinsky styled organizations.

There was another argument about the basis upon which you could mobilize poor people. It had to do with how the organizer defined "we." Wiley obviously believed you could organize people based on their identity as welfare recipients. He publicly beat up Martin Luther King, Jr. for not supporting this identity. King and others did not believe that this identity was strong enough to mobilize people and definitely not the right identity to gain allies with. King was, however, shifting from civil rights to economic rights and he was focused on "poor people" just not welfare moms.

There was another argument that was around when I was doing my dissertation. This was the argument about whether you could build a permanent or effective organization of poor people based on a single issue, i.e. welfare. One of Wiley's most effective critics on this issue came from his Arkansas chapter organized by Wade Rathke. Wade would go on to implement his idea of a

multi-issue organization by transforming his Arkansas chapter into a national poor peoples organization called ACORN.

I certainly didn't use my dissertation to interrogate these arguments, as perhaps I should have. It has certainly become clear that in the absence of a liberal state with disposable social surplus disruption by poor people or issue demands from an Alinsky-styled organization are still borne, but I don't think I was there yet.

Ralph Abernathy led the Poor People's Campaign to Washington, D.C. after King was assassinated in Memphis. I was there in D.C. when it arrived and set up its "city" in front of the White House. I still have the old campaign button. The encampment was called Resurrection City. The federal government let that encampment of poor people sink in its own mud, rain and despair before kicking them out. Poor people are an ideological embarrassment to the liberal order. The War on Poverty did what most Alinsky organizations did, hire staff, but that was it.

Nevertheless, I learned a lot in the process of doing my dissertation. I observed the role a particular set of foundations play in the formation of social movements in the US. The same foundations that funded Wiley's Poverty Rights Action Center were those involved in organizing the national Citizens Party ten years later. I also met and watched some of the nation's best young organizers associated with the NWRO and its successor the Movement for Economic Justice (MEJ): people like Wade Rathke, Bert Deleuw, Bruce Thomas, Wretha Wiley Hanson, Tim Sampson and others. I worked directly with Wade, Bert and Wretha as we tried to construct the Citizens Party.

After producing a 167 page document, I took it to my dissertation advisor. He was a young and progressive faculty member in the Graduate School. I barely knew him and had never taken a class from him. He said he would look at it. I went back a couple of months later to see what he had to say. He had a hard time finding it in his cramped office full of books and papers. He finally did see it on the floor behind his door. He had not read it. I said fuck you and never went back.

Tenant Organizing

One of the main reasons I never went back was because I was already doing what I wanted to do. I was organizing people. It was a thrill to me then and it's a thrill to me now. I also came to realize that a great deal of my graduate studies in organizational theory and administrative structures, my research skills and my ideas about administrative overload could come in very handy when battling large formal institutions like non-profit hospitals and their governmental allies.

I can't remember who but someone said to me that an old lady in an apartment building next to Methodist Hospital on 7th Avenue in my neighborhood had received an eviction order from the Hospital. I said I would look her up. This was obviously a minor misunderstanding. Hospitals can't issue eviction notices. I could clear this up quickly and still get my dissertation done. As it turned out I spent the next three years of my life working almost full time on this "misunderstanding."

I found the apartment houses. They were four stories high and took up the whole front of the block facing 7th Avenue between 6th and 7th Streets. They were rent-controlled apartments. This meant the rent was low and fixed. It also meant it would take the city's legal bulldozer to get anyone out if they wanted to stay.

I found the elderly lady. This apartment was her home. This was hard for me to understand having grown up in the west where most people, even poor and working class people can have a house for a home. I was soon to learn, however, that these apartments were in fact homes that had history, families and lifelong experiences living within their walls.

She said she had to move out of her home because the hospital wanted to expand and she does not want to stand in the way of a hospital expansion. Plus, she has received an eviction notice from the hospital. I gently asked her if she could show me the eviction notice. She handed me a letter which was from the hospital's Housing department. It asked her to leave and offered her a couple hundred dollars in moving costs. I told her this

was not an eviction notice and that she did not need to leave. She said she still didn't want to stand in the way of a hospital expanding.

I asked the hospital for their plans for this piece of property. They were intending to build a parking lot for their doctors on top of these people's homes. I started telling each and every person in that block of apartments these two things: There is no eviction notice and the hospital plans to demolish your homes for a parking lot so their doctors who live in Long Island aren't inconvenienced when they come into work. Soon we were putting up signs in each window saying, "We Won't Move" and the battle was on.

Once the Hospital realized people are no longer going to move by sending a letter, they started upping the ante.

They first sent us a letter from the hospital's lawyer saying not to use their name in our organization's name. No "Methodist Hospital" in the Tenants Association. I showed that to a lawyer friend of mine and he said a hospital legal action against us will only strengthen our position so we forgot about their letter.

They next tried to threaten me. Of course, like all threats, it really wasn't a threat. Threats are kind of like sexual harassment. If you call them on it, they say they were only joking, can't you take a joke? What's wrong with you? Are you paranoid? Relax. Get a life.

The chief engineer of the hospital asked to speak to me. I went to see him. I still can see him vaguely in my mind… a nice-looking man, white skinned, 50ish, Norwegian variety, an engineer. He was sincere, hoping to help me out. "You know, Dan," he said to me. "This is an old Italian neighborhood and these Italians have been having their babies in this hospital and their old people have been dying here for years. They are very emotionally attached to Methodist Hospital." I sat there waiting for the punchline. "And, you know, Dan", he said, "they are really upset by all the criticism of the Hospital and, if I were you, I'd watch my step. They're emotional, you know." I thanked him and left his office.

Was that a threat? I didn't know since I was new to the threat business, but I started to pay more attention to the street. I tried to walk like you wouldn't want to fuck with me. I found myself turning around when a car door slammed on the street. It didn't deter me from my organizing, but it made me nervous.

The hospital started raising the amount of money it was offering tenants to move out. Over the course of the next three years, it went from nothing to move, to $350 to move to $14,000 plus to move. If they got someone to move, they would board up the outside windows of the apartment and board up the front door of the apartment. It got tougher and tougher to stay there even though a tenant in a non-controlled rental market would exhaust these funds in less than a year.

There were some people, however, who could use those funds. Young people who wanted to buy a brownstone. This was my introduction to one type of Marxist. It turned out that one of the tenants in the Tenants of Methodist Hospital Association was a famous New Left radical, a former leader of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). He and his wife lived in one of the buildings, but had not been active in the Association. I had never thought much about his inactivity. I assumed he was busy with more important things.

He did get active when the offer got up to $14,000. He told me that my organizing had little meaning since the Capitalist system would come apart, not due to my organizing, but due to its own internal contradictions and, plus, he and his wife could use that $14,000 to buy a home for themselves. I never did like the New Left leadership much and I liked them less after this ideologue helped split the internal solidarity of the tenant group that had withstood all the external threats with heroic defiance.

The hospital hired new consultants to convince the community of the need for the hospital expansion. It was so much fun reading their reports, tearing them apart and then waiting for them to show up at a community meeting. These consultants weren't from Brooklyn. They didn't know the community nor

give a shit about it. They were wheelers and dealers, looking for "community leaders" they could make a deal with. I swear to God this one fast talking, liberal-lipped consultant from Manhattan had to get tight before he could face a community meeting. We were all over him and, plus, we wouldn't deal.

The hospital also started creating dummy corporations to begin buying more property on both sides of the hospital block. It was easy to spot a dummy corporation on a block near Methodist hospital. First of all there had not been much property turnover on these blocks and plus, if there was a legitimate purchase, it would be in a family's name, not some corporate name. The difficulty, of course, was attaching the dummy corporation to the Hospital. This took some doing.

Hospital employees lived in some of these units on the expansion block and I had never been able to organize them into resisting the hospital for obvious reasons. They were just too vulnerable to hospital retaliation.

That's what was so surprising about a call I received early one Sunday morning. They said they wanted to talk to me and would I come over to their place. I said, of course. I thought this must be a breakthrough. The houses they lived in were the only ones on the entire expansion block that were not in resistance to the hospital's plans.

I went over to the three story brownstone and was met at the door by a pretty young black woman, maybe Haitian. She ushered me up the stairs into a second floor room. It was empty and, as I turned around to her, she had left and closed the door. The room, however, was not empty. Three or four large black men were there. They introduced themselves as "Black September" (in reference to an armed group in the Middle East) and told me that they never wanted to see my ass on the hospital expansion block again. I looked for windows, but it was the second floor. I started talking nonstop about the purity of my intentions and they finally moved aside so I could go out the door and leave the brownstone.

I was scared shitless and started wandering around the neighborhood wondering what to do. I remembered that the Elks club was open on Sunday's and made my way there for a drink. I started telling my fellow alcoholics what had just happened to me. I didn't know it, but two of Ronald's runners overheard what I said.

Ronald was someone who lived across the street from the hospital, but on the opposite side of the hospital from the expansion block. Ronald's block was all three and four story brownstones. Ronald was a beautiful Italian man; always perfectly dressed, beautiful black hair combed back, long black overcoats. Ronald parked his Cadillac in the hospital's parking lot across the street from his brownstone. Rumors were that Ronald worked as Assistant Director of the Brooklyn zoo, but Ronald always seemed to be on the street, followed by these two younger guys always doing push ups, or something physical.

Ronald's guys came up to me at the bar and said Ronald wanted to talk to me. They pointed me to a room off the bar. I went over to the room and there was Ronald, beautiful as ever, but very agitated.

"Dan," he said. "I know you are a straight up guy, a moral guy, a nice guy, but Dan," he continued, getting more agitated and slamming one of his fists into his other hand, "Sometimes, sometimes, you just got to hit 'em. Now, give me the names of those guys who threatened you!!"

I didn't realize it at the time, but Ronald wasn't upset because I had been threatened, even though he didn't like the hospital any more than I did. In fact, the hospital had recently told Ronald he couldn't park his Cadillac in the parking lot anymore which led to a lot of smashed windows in the parking lot.

No, Ronald was not upset about who was threatened. He was upset about who was doing the threatening. These people didn't realize that it was Ronald and not them that did the threatening around here!

I told Ronald who they were and where they lived. I also never felt nervous on the streets of South Brooklyn again. Whether it was true or not, I felt I was under Ronald's protection. This was especially true when I found out that the hospital was connected to dummy corporations buying up brownstones on Ronald's block.

I'm not too sure where I got the idea, but I started going down to the King County (Brooklyn) courthouse and looking up property ownership in my neighborhood. Maybe it was my graduate school training, but I knew the population, ethnic breakdown, history and social/economic statistics of Park Slope, Brooklyn. But those large old books called the Tickler Blocks told me a great deal more about my neighborhood.

I made up maps of the blocks around the Hospital expansion blocks. I could tell who lived there, what ethnic group was there, what change in ownership was taking place and, for my purposes, was there any hint of Methodist Hospital involvement in new purchases, especially via dummy corporations.

This became something I did whenever I got involved in a community fight, especially if I was not from that community. I made up a property map. An "outside agitator" can learn a great deal this way. And, when you are in fact an outsider, you can gain a great deal of credibility by knowing the community better than those who have lived there for generations. Plus, a lot of community fights are about land acquisition, turnover, and profit taking by those who make money turning it over.

We had some fun with those dummy corporations too. A neighbor of mine was a high echelon corporate executive in some Manhattan firm. I gave him the name of the dummy corporation and the name of the principal on most corporate papers, John Haggarty. My neighbor had his firm order a credit check on the corporate entity. I can't remember how we knew this upset or slowed down its activities, but we knew it did and we also learned about the use of credit for land turnover schemes.

The dummy corporations also had their fun with us. You see, when you buy a rent controlled apartment house, the new owner had the right to evict one person for their own personal use. They would evict someone on the first floor and bring in a bunch of dope smoking assholes from Manhattan to stay up all night, play loud music and intimidate people who lived on the upper floors, often elderly people. In order to see these other tenants, I had to get past these assholes and, at one point, I actually hired a friend of mine, a broke artist, but also a martial arts expert as my bodyguard. I was beginning to wonder whether I was really willing to die to defend these buildings.

What I discovered in the Tickler Blocks was that one of the dummy corporations that bought property on the expansion block had brought a brownstone on Ronald's block. This was a big "no no". It was one thing for the Hospital to take over a block populated primarily by small rent controlled buildings full of low income tenants, but it was something else to threaten middle class up and comers who lived in brownstones.

I organized the Park Slope Preservation Council on the brownstone blocks from 7th to 9th streets, between 7th and 8th avenues. Nice name, huh? Its purpose was to fend off any movement by the Hospital to expand in their direction. There I met Marilyn and Robert Clare. They lived on 9th street. She was short and feisty and he was tall and good looking, but with a noticeable limp. I found out later that he got the limp from standing on the floor of the Stock exchange all day making trades. He wore nice clothes, alright, but he was a worker nonetheless, an injured one at that.

The folks on this end of the slope were "conservative" in the sense that they saw themselves as having worked hard to get their brownstone and they were prepared to defend themselves. They weren't "political" – didn't belong too, nor were they active in either local party.

But, when I told them that a dummy corporation had just purchased a brownstone on one of their blocks some felt no

compunction about going into the first floor landing and removing usable documents, like bank statements, from the mail slots and using their contacts to look for vulnerabilities. Beware of the American homeowner. As someone said, the American people are socially conservative and economically radical. That's why the left always approaches them from the wrong direction: with radical social proposals and conservative economic ones, but that's another story.

We tried everything we knew to stop the expansion. First, we knew that we had to hold our position. We learned this from the Quakers. You have to get position on your enemy so that they have to move you and you don't have to move them. We knew that as long as the tenants would not move we were in a stronger position. We put up "We Won't Move" signs in the street facing windows of the apartments. It's a defensive position, but still a strong one.

We took aim at the hospital. Cut off their funds. We looked up every federal, state and local source of funding for the hospital and all the requirements they needed to get their projects built. We did our best to jam them up, slow them down, cost them more money, cut off their funds. Knowing governmental administrative systems, regulatory systems became very important. The exhaustion of administrative remedies and administrative overload are two things to keep in mind. Make these systems follow their own rules and things will slow down.

We wanted to de-legitimize their leadership. Annie Boylon and I had been in the Peace Corps together in Turkey. I got her to make up a "student" project. She sent a letter to every member of the Hospital's Board of Trustees and asked them for their resumes. She said she was doing a community leadership project. Believe it or not about two-thirds of the Board answered her letter with a resume.

I took all those resumes and made up a statistical profile of the Board. Then, I compared that profile to the socio economic profile of the Park Slope community. There turned out to be two

completely different profiles in terms of class, status, profession, income, location, etc. I let everyone know that the Board did not reflect the community. This does not sound like much today, but in the context of the sixties, it meant a good deal.

We started translating their projects into names that carried the truth. For instance, the Chairman of the Board was a man named Mytrop. Instead of referring to the proposed structure of housing and parking as Seney House, we called it "Mytropp's Motor Inn."

We actually invaded the Hospital at one point in order to hold the Board hostage while it was meeting on the top floor of the hospital. It was a strategic success because we knew the terrain and we had role played the whole event. We all got off at different floors to visit different patients, went up the stairs to the top floor, reunited, and then blocked the doors to the Boardroom until they had to come out or let us in. Either way they had to meet with us.

We also devised a way to mount a street protest against the Hospital which is tricky business. First of all it is a hospital with sick people inside. Second, it is technically a quiet zone, except for the ambulances arriving. Plus, it is a religious institution, not just a hospital, but a Methodist hospital. All those things meant you had to be careful with your organizing or you would lose the moral high ground in the face of the community you needed.

We decided on a religious oriented protest, like a pilgrimage, a silent procession, a prayer service, a walk to say your rosary. We put up well designed signs by my artist friend all over the neighborhood calling for a silent, evening procession to encircle the hospital. Bring candles, not chants.

I stood there about twenty minutes before start time. Anybody coming? Organizers make judgments about what a community is prepared to do and then offer up an action. Sometimes they take it, sometimes they don't. We walked around the expansion block first. By the time we crossed the street and walked around the hospital block we had enough people to completely encircle the block. That was a lot of people.

Those people came from several years of organizing community allies. Going to every forum, every community meeting, putting the hospital expansion issue on their agendas, getting them to take a position. Someone told me all I was doing was winning Pyrrhic victories, but that procession said it was more than that.

Park Slope in the late sixties and early seventies was a neighborhood in transition. The student radicals from their university days moved into community organizing work. RYM II (Revolutionary Youth Movement II) waited for high school students outside of John Jay High school on 8th avenue to show them how tough (and "working class") they were. They saw working class high school kids as the latest agency of revolution, at least at that moment. A Weatherman collective lived next down to my 2nd floor brownstone rental on 14th street, doing what I don't know, but they did attract unmarked Chevy Caprices that idled outside my door. One thing amazed me about these revolutionaries who called for armed struggle. They did not doorbell with me on neighborhood issues, nor come to drink with me in the Irish bars on 7th Avenue because they were afraid of the people behind the doors and the Irish cops who drank alongside us armed with guns and high on Jameson.

Pete Hamill's family lived in Park Slope. Pete himself, now a semi-famous writer for the Village Voice and the New York Post, showed up from time to time. He opposed the Vietnam War and got beat up by other Irishmen for his stance when he entered McManus' bar on 16th street. His dad still lived on 13th street.

Park Slope used to be an Irish neighborhood, but by the time I got there in the late sixties, the Irish had pretty much left, except for the bars on 7th avenue where I hung out. I first thought they had moved because African Americans were close to the neighborhood just across Flatbush Avenue but I was mistaken. I learned they moved out to Staten Island or to Queens as a way of making sure their wives would not come to bother them at their 7th avenue hang out and because of the other dark-skinned destroyer of property values, the Italian, who invaded Park Slope by moving up from Red Hook.

Reform Democrats bought up brownstones between 7th and 8th avenues up to Prospect Park, stripping off the plaster, exposing the brick walls, cleaning out the ground floors so they could rent them out and pay for the mortgage. They vied for control of the party with the old-line, Italian ward bosses. The Ds' used the delivery of city services to build their constituencies, just like the old ward bosses, but their delivery mechanism was different. They set up "neighborhood task forces" to circumvent the old bureaucracies they did not control. The Ds also put a lot of effort into "block parties" and during the summer the streets were alive with block parties, offering music, food and recruiting grounds.

The former new lefties came into this mix and began building their own community infrastructure. They organized a food cooperative below 7th avenue on 5th street. It was in a garage-like building with enough room for a large refrigerator and some retail space. On the second floor, we started our political organization, the Mongoose Club, which we supported by small monthly donations. It was our meeting place, where speakers came and events took place. I'm told the Park Slope Food Cooperative is now a giant enterprise, but the Mongoose Club is long gone.

We also had a DMZ coffee house for kids concerned about the draft. We had Park Slope People Against the War, the Park Slope Community Coalition, Park Slope this and Park slope that. We had anti-war marches down 7th avenue and marches to protest police brutality. The Machete organization met in a 5th avenue storefront and studied Franz Fanon's relationship to struggle in the US. The VVAW, the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, had a chapter in our neighborhood and worked in day care centers or preschools, anywhere that reminded them of life rather than death. We had a poetry club and community potlucks. The neighborhood vibrated and the hospital fight took advantage of all that movement.

I also started writing for the local paper, the Park Slope News, the largest Brooklyn weekly at the time. I started covering all these movement activities for the paper and, of course, made sure all

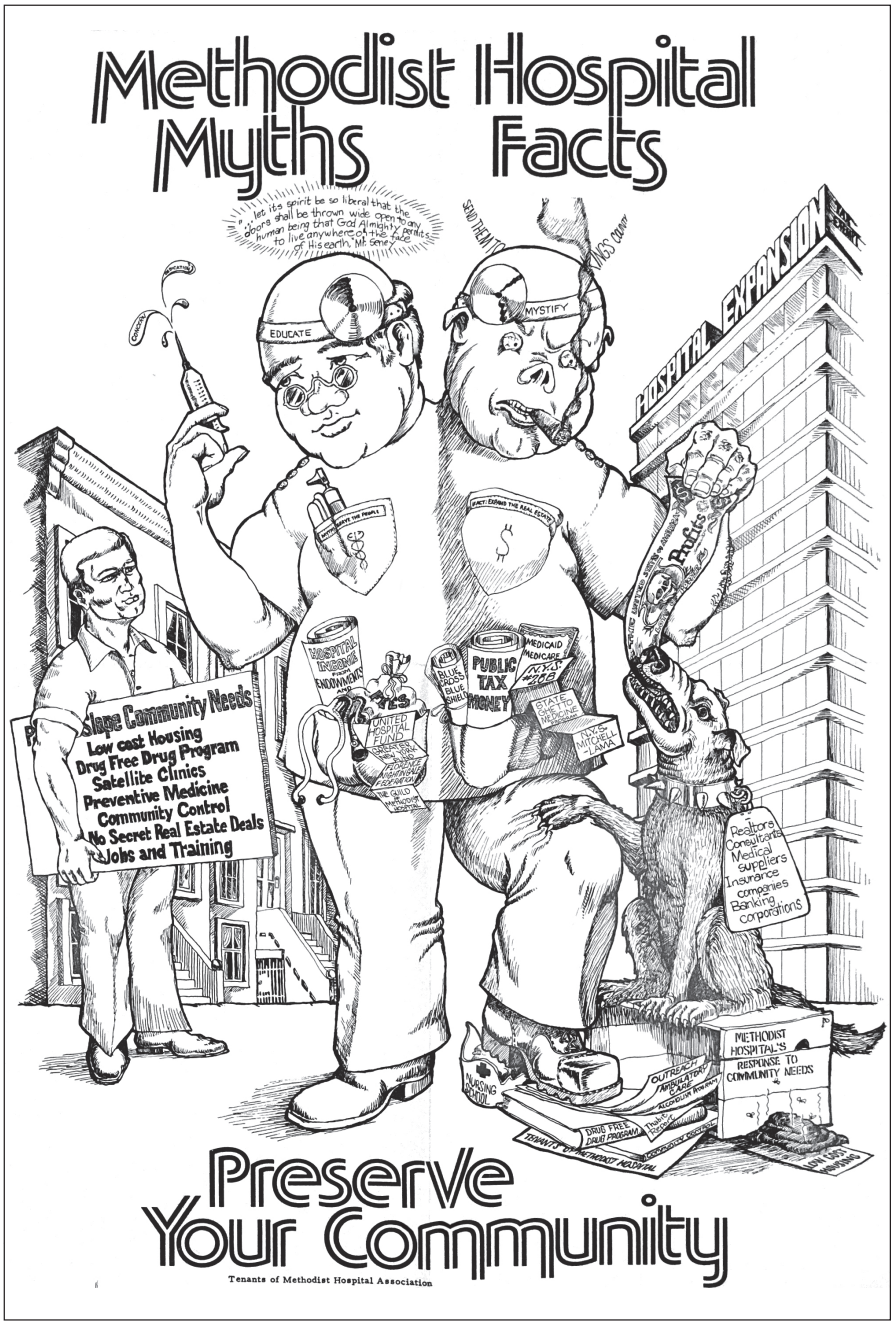
of my "pyrrhic" victories made the paper. I carefully clipped all those articles and reproduced them to show forward motion, momentum. I also clipped them to show them to the people holding out in those buildings. I am not sure why this is true, but people can't see themselves very easily. An organizer needs to show people acting. It's why you always turn a march so people can see themselves. It's also why you show them newspaper articles about themselves. They come to believe what they already know is true, but don't really believe it.

We also learned about movement building propaganda and strategy games. My close friend, the artist/martial arts expert, made up a poster for me and I dutifully plastered the neighborhood with it. It showed a two headed person under the title "Methodist Hospital: Myths and Facts." It was put out by the Tenants of Methodist Hospital Association, a group closely associated with my work.

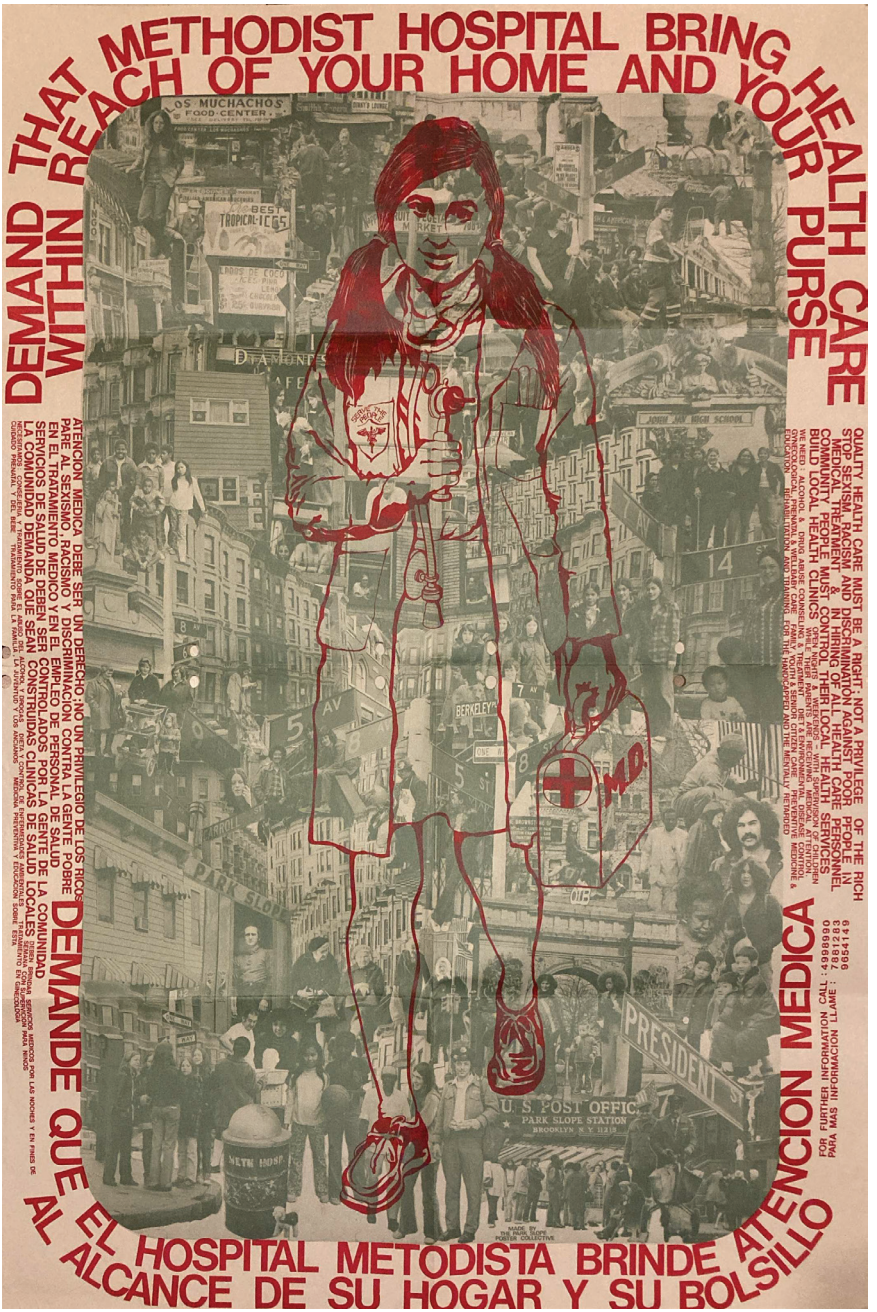
On the "myth" side the head was that of a kindly doctor radiating concern and dedication and responding positively to the community needs for low cost housing, satellite clinics, preventive medicine, community control, jobs and training. On the "facts" side, however, the kindly doctor's head had more of a pig-like countenance and smoked a cigar while feeding public tax money to profit taking realtors, consultants, medical suppliers and insurance companies and stamping on community demands with a heavy boot. An organization called Health PAC based itself in New York City and their analysis identified non-profit hospitals as the center for America's Health Empire, using their revenue to build real estate empires rather than health care systems. My poster reflected that analysis.

As it turned out, I distributed this poster at the same time that Methodist Hospital learned I worked for the Quaker Project on Community Conflict. The hospital leaders had first accused me of simply experimenting with the community in order to finish my dissertation at New York University.

The Quaker Project trained all the marshals for the great anti-war marches in Washington, D.C., but as that activity began to



Tenants of Methodist Hospital Association



Poster by Park Slope Poster Collective

slow down they turned their attention to community organizing projects. I came on staff about half way through my organizing against Methodist Hospital. I received the hefty salary of $300/month, a $50/month phone allowance, lots of good advice from seasoned organizers and a lifelong understanding about how much trouble a relatively free individual can cause "the system."

Methodist Hospital sent the Quakers my poster and asked why they attacked another religion. The Quakers asked me to come in for a sit down. They knew I organized tenants against expanding hospitals, but didn't know how I was doing that. At that meeting, I got my first lesson on what they meant by a "movement building" action. My two headed poster presented an analysis of the relationship between the Hospital and the community. Maybe it correctly identified the relationship, but the poster fixed the relationship. The Quakers wanted me to be building a movement for community health care. So did I.

The next poster I helped distribute had a collage of photos from all over Park Slope as backdrop to a drawing of a young, female doctor walking in the neighborhood. The writing on the posters said, in both English and Spanish, "Demand that Methodist Hospital Bring Health Care within reach of your Home and your

Park Slope friends.

Purse." The Park Slope Poster Collective produced it. I still have both posters and sometimes use them to illustrate movement building to my students of community organizing.

The Quakers taught me about the use of role plays, guerilla theater, puppetry, civil disobedience, consensus decision making, strategy games and conflict resolution. I've used most of these things in my organizing over the years, except conflict resolution. I always saw my role as expanding the conflict, getting it bigger, sharpening it, but not resolving it. That's for someone else to do, especially when I came to realize the whole thing was fucked up.

The Quakers organized a strategy game on the issues of expanding hospitals versus preventive health care in the five boroughs of New York. I got to participate and became a devotee of strategy games. They organized it in one of their retreat centers somewhere in either upstate New York or Connecticut. They developed roles for all the main actors in the hospital fight from community organizers to governmental and hospital executives. It was a time event with "moves" by various individuals and organizations. They kept a careful record of all the moves throughout the game. Everyone stayed in their roles. As a person playing an "organizer" I got to talk with all the people I was organizing against. I got to see what they were planning and see how they thought about their opposition.

The Quakers knew how to do this. Their careful record of "the moves" lead to the most important thing about strategy games: a discussion on why people made the moves they did, what were their motivations, their thinking behind the moves. Then, they wrote it all up. Based on this strategy game, the Citywide Save Our Homes Committee of which the Tenants of Methodist Hospital was a member, pretty much closed down the hospital expansion plans in the five boroughs. I learned several years later that our specific organizing had come close to bankrupting Methodist Hospital.

I also learned a lot from the Communist Party. Several non-tenants worked with me to keep the Tenants of Methodist

Hospital strong. One middle class white woman who lived in a brownstone below Sixth Avenue always attended our meetings. Quiet and reserved, she reminded me more of a do-gooder missionary than as an organizer. One thing made her stand out, however. If a hint of racism showed up in our conversations, she wanted it addressed right then and there. Racism was everywhere in Brooklyn. It seemed like a given rather than something you stopped a meeting about.

One night when she drove me home from a meeting she said she needed to tell me something. "Dan," she said, "I'm a member of the Communist Party." I thought, "The Communist Party? Are you kidding? Aren't you supposed to be in a cell somewhere plotting something or building bombs?" My Dad and I watched an early T.V. series called, "I lead Three Lives", supposedly a story about Herb Philbrick, who lived the life of a communist, an FBI informer, and his regular life. This is all I knew about communists.

Dottie Rubin worked for International Publishers in Manhattan, the Party's publishing house. It became a major source of books for my reading on the labor movement several years later. Her husband served as number three in the Party hierarchy after Gus Hall and someone else. The Party's policy called for tenant organizing and Dottie was "under discipline," as we used to say. The Party believed history is on our side, that working class victory is possible and discipline is needed over the long term. I grew to admire that discipline and the commitment it meant, especially when it challenged the racism that did in fact divide the working class.

As I learned more about the CP, I grew critical, but mainly about their relationship to the Soviet Union. I traveled to the USSR in 1976 with thirteen others on a CP Anniversary Tours trip. Over one month, we traveled all the way from Moscow and Susdal to Irkutsh near Lake Baikal and to Bratsk on the Angara River in Siberia. One of the things that amazed me was the promotion of nuclear power in the midst of overwhelming hydroelectric capacity.

When I returned to the US, I stopped in Brooklyn and ended up talking with some of my CP buddies. I told them about the dangerous promotion of nuclear power plants in the USSR. "Dan," they said, "you don't understand. Nuclear technology in the hands of the Capitalist system is dangerous. Nuclear technology in the hands of the workers' state is safe." I admired the people who said this. They were decent and dedicated organizers for better housing, improved health care and workers rights. But, at some point, their inability to criticize the USSR got in the way of their own thinking.

Despite what I learned from the Quakers and the CP about organizing, I didn't save the buildings. The hospital tore the buildings down when they got the last tenant to move. Despite all our efforts, all the community support, all the newspaper articles, when we lost our position, we lost the fight. I think Eva Anisowitcz was the last to move.

I got to watch the destruction, walk past it, take pictures of it, cry about it, have a mental breakdown due to it. For three years, these buildings were my life, my anchor. They had become mine, me. When they came down, I came down. I couldn't stay in my apartment; it was full of fear, I don't know why. I was

light headed, wandering around my Brooklyn neighborhood wondering what to do.

Jack Johnson, a teacher and a political comrade, owned a brownstone below Seventh Avenue. He had just purchased it and there was room for me. Jack took me in and saved my life. Told me to be quiet and rest. I did. Slowly, after several weeks, I started to be able to walk around my neighborhood. I even got past the fear of my own apartment and walked in. There was Annie Boylon, my old friend. "Hey, Dan," she said. "You need to get a real job." She pissed me off. "I have a real job, Annie, working for the Quakers," I replied. "Come on, Dan," she said. "That's not a real job!"

I painted my bedroom a bright yellow, bought myself flowers for my room, and started asking my graduate school buddies for a job. Rick Devine now worked for the Nixon administration in charge of enforcing Affirmative Action goals on banking institutions. Rick said he wanted to hire me, but couldn't. One of my political friends was Stanley Aronowitz who was organizing urban clinics at Staten Island Community College. He told me to apply and I did.

At the same time, Cary Hershey, another graduate school buddy, called me to tell me about a job as the first full time Director of a Cornell University center called the Human Affairs Program (HAP), located at their main campus in Ithaca, New York. I applied for that job too.

Separation

I was by now no longer living with Marge Passasini in our brownstone apartment. I had left and moved in with my Peace Corps friend, Annie Boylon, in her railroad flat just a few blocks away.

It was now about 1970. Herman wanted me to get a teaching job. He brought me into his huge office one day and started sorting through his stacks of business cards. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm finding you a teaching job." I said, "I don't want to be a teacher; I don't want to be in a university." He said, "Yes, you do, Dan. You like books, ideas and thinking." I resisted him, even though I went on a few job interviews just to please him. I wanted to be an organizer.

I think Marge, too, expected me to get a real job, but I wasn't going to. I don't really know what happened between me and Marge. I don't think it was really anything about me or Marge. I think it was context, the radicalization of people within the context of Vietnam, the push to act, to stop things. Marge thought it was about "relationships." She wanted to talk about ours. I didn't. Marge was probably right. I know what I did was wrong.

My desk faced the window onto 14th street. From there I could watch the young kids play their touch football on the school yard. I loved touch football since the seminary days and I had a good arm. The length of that school yard was not that long and I could easily throw a bullet spiral the length of it. Those kids liked to see me come out of our brownstone and join up for an afternoon game. Even if I didn't come out to join them I liked to watch them from my desk.

There was a problem, however. Marge had made these beautiful drapes and hung them on that front window. After Marge would go to work in the morning, I would take them down and carefully place them on our bed just to the left of my desk. Sometimes I would forget to hang them back up before Marge came home from work and she would get mad about it. One evening she

told me that if I didn't like where the drapes were that I should move my desk. I did and never went back.

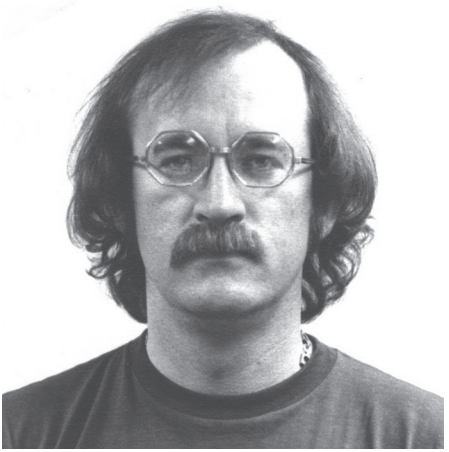
Marge wanted to talk about "our relationship" and I just wanted to live with her, but I don't remember that we ever met again. It was a waste of two nice young people who loved each other but didn't know how to get through life together. I apologized to Marge years later, but, if there was still mortal sin in my world, the way I left her was certainly one.

Moving to Ithaca

I received two job offers. Stanley Aronowitz offered me a teaching job at Staten Island Community College. He ran an urban clinic operation out of the College where working class kids put theory and practice together. He wanted someone on his team that combined academic credentials and organizing experience. I liked Stanley, a working class intellectual with anarchist tendencies in terms of movement organizing. I wanted to finish my dissertation and Stanley said he'd help. I just didn't know if I wanted to stay in New York. I had learned a lot in the last six years, but the city was getting on my nerves.

I told Stanley I wanted to think about it and I went up to Ithaca, New York, to look over the HAP job and meet with Ted Reed. Ted Reed taught at Cornell University and acted as part-time Director of the HAP program. As an Associate Professor, Ted and his wife, Pam, lived in a particular section of Cayuga Heights. Assistant Professors lived in another section and Full Professors in yet another section. Residential feudalism to match your rank.

Ted and Pam lived in a large Victorian house, well furnished and set on a good size yard. Pam worked as a doctor. She got her degree from a Quaker College which was the first College to grant medical degrees to women. No kids. No dogs. A quiet place. I sat there in their living room a bit uncomfortable in what for me was a luxurious setting and tried to make small talk. Ted suddenly got up and went out the front door. "Hey, Pam, where did Ted go?" I asked. "Don't mind Ted," she said, "there's a tree stump out on the front lawn and Ted likes to stand on it and take a leak. It's his way of pissing on Cornell." I began to relax.



Ted turned out to be a former leader of the SDS, a Port Huron type of SDS, one who opposed the Vietnam war and believed in community organizing, a left liberal we said at the time. I'm not sure why Ted served as part time director of HAP, maybe he pissed on Cornell this way too. The HAP program and its staff full of anti-poverty, anti-war, hippie, anarchist, radicals always got in trouble and Ted loved to rationalize their actions in academieze, much to the consternation of Cornell's stogy faculty.

The HAP staff consisted of Mike Wright, Ben Erlick, Bernice Bunny Cramer, Becky Fowler, Frankie Whitman, Sam Salkin, Nancy Bereano and Jinx Dowd. They put me through a series of tests to see how working class I was. Some of the staff lived in a collective house that had no doors on the bathrooms to eliminate bourgeois sensibilities about privacy. I got confused. I'm working class; my parents and very large extended family are working class and all our homes have doors on the bathrooms. Anyhow, I didn't pass that test.

They took me to a place called Tweedmans, a roadhouse on a highway outside of Ithaca. Tweedmans catered to big old boys who drank beer, hustled gals and danced to country music. Lots of booths, bottles and boasts. I don't think any of the HAP staff frequented this place, but they took me there just the same. They gave me the impression that this was a risky place to go. I went in the front door and almost immediately relaxed. There was lots of room, multiple exits and I liked the people I saw.

Jinx Dowd liked being at Tweedmans too and I hung out with her for the evening. Jinx worked as the Secretary for the HAP program and seemed to be the mother hen for the staff. Jinx grew up in Wynnewood, Oklahoma and lived in Paul's Valley where she married and had five children, Jackie, Jeanne, Johnnie, Jennifer and Jyl. She put her two youngest kids in the car one day, drove to Memphis where her eldest daughter Jackie was going to school and got a job at the college. Later she drove up to Ithaca where Jeanne was going to school and got a job at the new HAP program around 1969.

Jinx lived with her two teenage daughters, Jennifer and Jyl, on the second floor of a rental house in downtown Ithaca. She drove an old Plymouth sedan that was so rusted out that when you sat in the passenger seat you put your feet on the inside car frame to keep the fire wall from dropping on the highway. Jinx also smoked like a chimney and always kept her pack of cigarettes in one of the two front pockets of her denim cowboy shirt. She never remembered which pocket the pack was in. She had the habit of slapping both pockets when looking for a smoke. I got so I'd ask her for a smoke just to watch her grab both of her tits in search of that pack.

Along with the interviews, dinners, bars and tests, I got to see my friends Cary and Beverly Hershey and their young daughter, Jessica. When Marge and I lived in Brooklyn and attended NYU graduate school, Cary and Beverly became our first married friends. They were sophisticated and charming and Cary enthusiastic with a wry sense of humor. Now, they lived in a nice home, down a country road outside of Ithaca. Beverly was the stay at home mom and Cary had a job as Assistant Professor in the Urban and Regional Planning Department at Cornell. He drove a new BMW two door sedan, encouraged me to take the job and told me to stay at his home until I found a place of my own.

Ted Reed ran the "you can be a part of history" number on me and I began to fall for the Cornell job. It did not appear to me, however, that the HAP staff really wanted a Director, besides they seemed committed to a "serving the poor" style of organizing while I wanted to "march through the ruling institutions." Plus, after working for the Quakers for three years at $300/month, I wondered about selling out working at an elite university like Cornell and earning a whopping $14,000/year.

I headed for the Ithaca airport to fly back to the City still undecided. The plane was one of those small, twin prop planes with a tube-like inside that made you bend over as you search for your seat, two on each side of the plane. I sat down next to this young woman. As the plane warmed up its engines before

takeoff, the plane rattled with vibrations. I noticed this young woman's left hand gripped the front of her arm rest like the world dependent on it, her eyes closed in fear of her life. I spoke to her, told her not to worry, the plane vibrations are normal and these planes are safer than jets. I put my hand on top of hers and we talked the whole way to LaGuardia. It turned out she was a white witch, someone who practices Wicca by herself rather than in a coven.

I knew about Wicca. On assignment for the Park Slope News, I wrote a story about a storefront in Brooklyn Heights that advertised itself as the largest, east coast outlet for the artifacts of Wicca. It unnerved me to do the interview, as a good Irish-Catholic boy. I waited for some time outside that storefront checking things out before I went in for my meeting with the Warlock. I found out about the power of positive thinking, that healing people in covens was "a lot of hard work and not as easy as tweaking one's nose" and that my article made the newsletter of the New England Coven of Traditional Witches, as well as the Park Slope News.

I didn't end up sleeping with the white witch, but we did go to my apartment in Brooklyn and talked about my two job choices. As she left my apartment and headed down the stairs, she left me with a little rhyming diddy that ended with "you'll get that job at fourteen." She must have known it. I did get that job and agreed to come to Ithaca in the summer of 1973.

Leaving Brooklyn took some doing though. I missed the street life, the Irish bars, the kids playing stickball, the political action, my communist and socialist comrades, my matter-of-fact and very old friends, Annie Boylon, and Katie Harrigan.

I wanted Katie Harrigan to come with me to Ithaca. I can still see her plodding up those stairs to my Brooklyn apartment turning her lunch break into an intense love making session. Blond, long-legged, big breasted and calling me Danny. I kept hoping if I made love to her longer, if I went deeper, if I thought up new ways to please her sexually, she would fall in love with me, give

up her Irish family, her separated husband and move to Ithaca with me. For several weeks before I left Brooklyn, I even had a red rose delivered anonymously to her hospital office. It didn't work.

The last time I saw her she told me we were just working out our sexual frustrations after several years in marriages that weren't working. Probably true, but I wanted more. I kept calling her from Ithaca, but she didn't answer. I then called her sister which provoked a response from Katie who told me it was over. Don't call anymore. I kept her smiling face in my wallet until, several years later, Annie Boylon said Katie was back with her husband and pregnant. Even then it hurt.

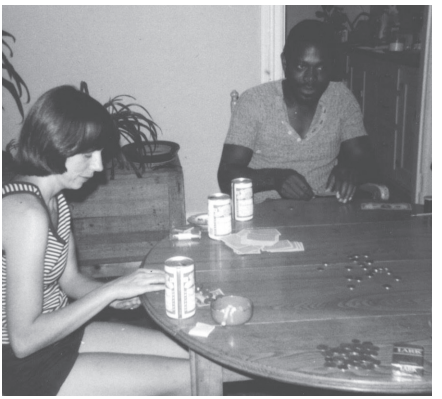
June 1973. I'm thirty years old and starting a new life in Ithaca, New York. I moved into a downtown two story rental house after living with Cary and Beverly for a few months. I threw a mattress in one of the two upstairs bedrooms, got an old chair from somewhere and used the box from a newly purchased stereo set for a living room table. Beverly took me to the mall and guided me through to purchase all of my kitchen ware, all except a kitchen table which was already there. I bought a desk for another of the rooms downstairs. That's about it. I didn't add another furniture item to that house for the next four years. I had so much space I rarely stayed there, except for Wednesday nights when I sponsored a guys-only poker game.

Julio's was two blocks away located on a corner off the main drag that came into Ithaca from the east. I started going to this bar since it was closest to my home and I needed to "have a bar," a Brooklyn practice that stuck with me for most of my life. Julio's was the downstairs of a two story building. I never went upstairs which, according to rumor, was an after-hours gambling den, off limits to white boys like me.

But I wanted to make Julio's my bar for two reasons. One, I needed a bar to keep my feet on the ground, a reality check due to my new position as Executive Director of Cornell University's Human Affairs Program. And, two, I needed a place where Cornell University did not enter.

When I asked a Cornell professor about Julio's he said, "Boy, Dan, it's a rough place, I wouldn't go in there without a couple of people with you." His comment cinched it. I made Julio's my bar. Well, almost. Julio's was a small bar with only the front door available for exit, an unnerving barrier in a crowded bar. When you entered, the bar on your right held enough room for ten people to belly-up. A wall on your left made it crowded to get past those standing at the bar. Facing the bar, a small, black and white T.V. hung in the left hand corner. A jukebox stood at the end of the bar just off to the left and in the adjacent room people played pool on a small table. Julio's did not serve food, only liquor.

Only the Black community went to Julio's, the non-middle class Black community. Respectable Black people only came to Julio's on a weekend night out when they "put their jeans on." Most people called Julio's a loser bar. I never saw another white person in that place while I lived in Ithaca. I brought one or two in over the years and it was always a mistake.



I knew I had to be careful so at first I only went in during the day. I met the owner this way. Hank was a six foot six albino Black man who worked as a union bricklayer. With Hank

behind the bar, I drank my Black velvet beer- back most weekday evenings after dinner. The old timers taught me to shoot pool. The younger folks periodically played a song for me on the jukebox, "There's a white boy in a soul band and he's getting down." I knew all the regulars.

It got so I could stay later on week day nights and even close the place down with a few stragglers. They invited me to the Black Elks Club after we closed Julio's one evening. I asked the elderly man if it was okay for me to go. He said, "Son, it was you who excluded us; we didn't exclude you." I ate great chicken dinners at the Black Elks Club in the early morning hours and felt honored as the white boy in the Club.

I watched the George Foreman versus Muhammad Ali world championship boxing match on Julio's black and white T.V. People packed the bar. Most people had bets on Foreman. I quietly rooted for Ali along with a short, elderly Black man seated at the end of the bar. The bar yelled for Foreman to take him out as Ali lay on the ropes for the early rounds. Ali came off those ropes in the later rounds and kicked the shit out of Foreman with the now famous "Rope a dope" tactic. Me and that small Black man were jumping up and down yelling "Ali, Ali" as the money people grew silent and ordered more rounds to drown their sorrows.

Joe's Italian restaurant was two blocks down the street from Julio's. I ate dinner at Joe's most nights. They let you eat at the bar so I didn't eat my dinner alone. I started off most evenings with a couple of straight up gin gibsons, two glasses of red wine with a heavy Italian dinner, New York cheesecake and a couple of shots of amaretto for dessert, then I walked to Julio's to start drinking. For my four years at Cornell I ate and drank like this in the evenings and worked hard all day. Your body can absorb a lot of poison when you're young. I do remember, though, prior to leaving Ithaca, I had come to a conclusion about how the "system" encouraged the working class to drink itself to death.

Seven months after arriving in Ithaca, I fell in love with Jinx Dowd. Jinx was fifty-three years old and I was thirty. We made love for the first time on New Year's Eve, January 1974. I still remember walking through downtown with Jinx at my side after we had made love and deciding for the first time to reach down and hold this older woman's hand. Jinx said I opened up her "fibers" and I spent a lot of time with Jinx Dowd. We worked together, ate and drank together, watched the "late, late, late" movies together, and worried over her two daughters.

Jyl at fourteen lived in the room next door with her wolf dog and her young man lover. Jennifer was madly in love with her girlfriend Robin and stayed up with us watching movies all night. She had coke bottle size reading glasses and inevitably read her novels with her face right next to the TV screen. Jennifer brought a jar to the table one night. "This is the homestead fund," she said. Years later the coins collected in that jar became the fund that put a down payment on a piece of land near Wilseyville, New York where Jennifer now lives with her husband Mike, her daughter Jade and Mike's son, Ryan.

Jyl stayed in Ithaca too, always holding down multiple jobs and always with a man in tow. Jyl who never fails to send me a birthday card or keep me up to date on the growing up adventures of her daughter, Emily.

July, 2008.

The Human Affairs Program

The Human Affairs Program began in 1969. Its mission was to combine active learning and concrete involvement with poor and working people in New York's Southern Tier region. According to the job announcement I responded to, the program "emphasizes three goals: learning through active program solving, the development of widespread community control and the constant examination of education and the role of the highly educated in the struggle for social justice."

In April, 1969, students with the Afro-American Society took over Cornell's Willard Strait Hall in response to a cross burning and the University's slow progress on establishing a black studies program. When they were attacked by fraternity students, they armed themselves. When they ended their occupation 36 hours later, they left the building showing their rifles and bandoleers. A Pulitzer Prize winning photo of that exit appeared in newspapers across the country.

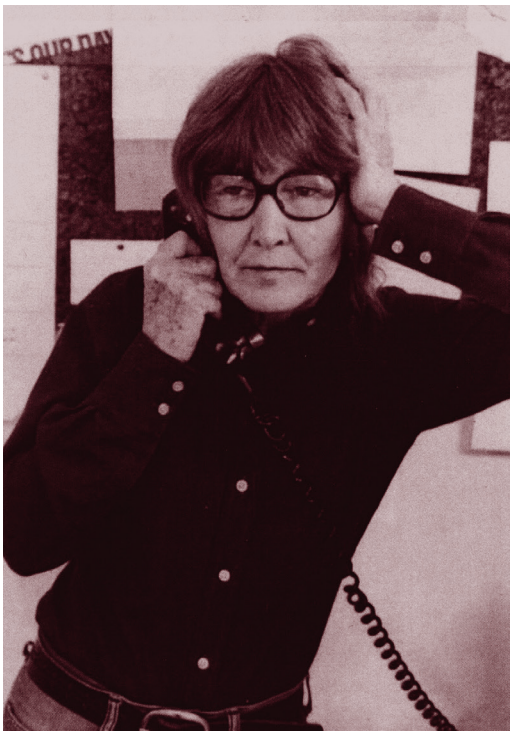
Cornell responded by establishing new centers, like the Afro-American Studies Center under the direction of James Turner. It also entered into a several year discussion and experimentation between 1969 and 1971 about how to create a college or a program of applied human affairs led by a famous Professor based in the College of Industrial and Labor Relations, William Foote White. All of this led to the establishment of the Human Affairs Program (HAP) as an independent center, first funded by a grant from the New World Foundation and then, on a very modest scale, by the University itself.

HAP attempted to serve several constituencies. For the faculty that sponsored HAP sections, HAP served as a field study education center and an entry into the broader community. For Cornell students, graduate or undergraduate, it got them out of the classroom for one year, and earning credit through engagement in a particular community project headed by a HAP staff person. For radical pedagogues, HAP provided a place for

educational experimentation. For many of the staff, HAP was a way to deliver services to the poor.

By the fall of 1973, Ben Erlich headed the Community Development project in Elmira, New York. Becky Fowler ran HAP's Storefront project in downtown Ithaca that supported tenant and welfare rights organizations and acted as a social service center for poor people. Sam Salkin ran the Blue Bus, a mobile project providing help to the rural poor in the New York section of the Appalachian Mountains. Frankie Whitman organized around food cooperatives. Nancy Bereano worked on women's issues, as did the youngest staff member, Bernice Cramer. Mike Wright headed the Criminal Justice project working with prisoner groups in the Elmira prison.

When I became the first full time Director in the summer of 1973 and made Jinx Dowd the Assistant Director, I came into conflict with some of the staff almost immediately. My fourteen thousand dollar salary was twice what other staff were paid. They all made around six thousand. They wanted me to share. I told them I would make a list of all my income and assets and I wanted them to do likewise. When all the data was in, we'll meet and divide things up. I suggested that the distribution would flow in my direction. They didn't bring the issue up again. I didn't like liberals pretending to be poor.



Jinx Dowd

The political environment was in

transition in the mid 1970s. The heyday of LBJ's war on poverty was coming to a close. The Vietnam war stole all the funds and now it too came to an end. The New York Times announced the end of the student movement. Anti-war activists tried to redirect their energies, but in what direction?

I was an organizer, not a service provider. I didn't want to sit around on the HAP office floor all day long talking and searching for a false consensus, pretending I was poor, or a victim of oppression. I brought in tables and chairs, prepared agendas and organized staff meetings with time limits. I hustled money from Cornell, gave the office a new paint job, outfitted the office with functional typewriters and developed a work plan for resource staff and new directions. There were things to do and time was wasting.

When one staff person told me she didn't need to show up to her class, I asked her why. She said the point of alternative education was to see what the students would do when there was no instructor. I fired her even though she was a single mother to a whole bunch of radical kids well known in the Ithaca community.

Over the next year, 1973-1974, I proposed a plan that shifted the HAP program from a service orientation to an organizing model based on analyzes of key institutions in New York State. I wanted to go after the private electric monopolies, the banks, the major corporations and prison industries and build statewide coalitions to challenge their practices and their existence. A good portion of the HAP staff was not interested and opposed this shift.

Internal political fights are the worst. Finding an enemy and focusing all your collective energy on that target is so much better. But it came down to an internal political fight at HAP and I took it on. I believed in my vision and the need to get out of the "poverty organizing" framework. The conflict divided the HAP staff almost down the middle, but I organized a majority to create the new positions and get rid of the old ones. Staff members mobilized their community constituencies and pulled on their personal loyalties. You have to be young and a believer to engage in these types of fights. I was both.

When it came down to the staff meeting vote, my side wore red t-shirts under their normal wear and we secretly showed the top of our red t-shirt to each other as we entered the extremely tense room. To make a long story short, I won the vote and in the spring of 1974 I fired about half the staff by eliminating their positions.

I remember going to Cornell University's Personnel Director. He was known as an anti-union, right winger, but he gave me good advice about firing. Do it carefully, but quickly. No tentative moves. It's over and final. Sorry. I almost followed his advice. I arranged meetings with all the people I was going to fire on the same day at staged intervals so that I could get it all done before the first one could tell the last one. I did, however, say that they could stay over the summer as a transition period. That was a mistake. They caused me nothing but trouble while they finished out their employment.

In the summer of 1974, I began a national recruitment campaign to hire new folks. Jinx and I hired eight people over a three month period: Bob Fitch, David Olson, Lin Farley, Karen Sauvigne, Susan Meyer, Jim Schmidt, Larry Reverby and Tonya Prattis. By the time the hiring was done, I was exhausted.

Although formally the Director, I let the collective decision-making ethic of the time get to my head. Part of it was, now that I had hired all these radicals I thought it was up to them to create their projects. I even let the new staff design a program brochure that didn't mention that I was Director. This led to an everyone-doing-their-own-thing type of organization rather than a collective organizing effort.

Nevertheless, for the next two years until Cornell terminated the program in June, 1976, we did some great organizing and much of it continued after Cornell got rid of us.

A main organizing focus at the HAP program was "Women and Work." I hired Lin Farley to build upon the initial work of Bernice Cramer and then hired Karen Sauvigne and Susan Meyer to provide back up research. Lin was a tough and determined

woman focused on the working class who proposed and implemented a "Speak Out" for women only on their experiences at work. The University objected to this "closed" meeting sponsored by HAP as a violation of the Academy's principle of open discussion. I pointed out that Cornell's Board of Trustee meetings were also closed and Lin proceeded with the Speak Out.

Lin, Karen and Susan took that Speak Out experience and built Working Women United, published a Women's newsletter, Labor Pains, printed a "Working Women's Guide to Tompkins County," established a Legal Defense Fund for women and created a Working Women United Institute, a not for profit that continued the work after HAP was terminated.

Lin took the research and the survey she conducted at the Speak Out and wrote her book, Sexual Shakedown. All of their ground-breaking work led to the definition and recognition of the term "sexual harassment" in the American workplace.

Another major issue in the mid-70s in New York state was the loss of manufacturing jobs, its relationship to the high cost of electrical energy and its relationship to nuclear power plants. Jim Schmidt, Jinx Dowd and I focused on this work.

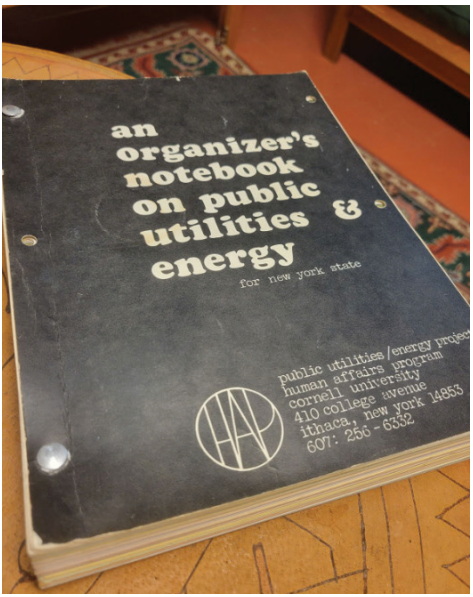
Jim hustled a $20,000 grant from OEO to fund energy education workshops and we ran all over New York from Albany to Buffalo putting on these workshops. We pointed to local municipal power with hydroelectric energy from the Power Authority of the State of New York (PSNY) as the solution.

We also developed a particular conference technique. We structured conferences so the end product was an in-place organization. We did this when we created the People's Power Coalition of New York (PPC), linking nuclear power opponents and ratepayer groups. We also did this when we created the Labor Action Coalition of New York (LAC) dedicated to "safe energy, full employment and public power." Jim Schmidt staffed the PPC until it had sufficient funds to become independent. Jinx

Dowd and I staffed the LAC and Jinx remained the lead staff for years after the HAP program was terminated.

The guy that wanted us to organize something for labor was Ed Bloch. Ed was an organizer from the United Electrical (UE) union based in Hudson Falls, New York. Ed was my introduction to organized labor, its history and internal dynamics. He was also our guide to the construction of the LAC which grew to be 40 plus local industrial unions like the IAM and UAW across New York state. He taught us the difference between a rank and file controlled union and one dominated by staff, the difference between an industrial CIO union and an AFL craft union, the importance of labor education in places like the UAW's Walter and Mae Reuther Family Education Center and how labor lost its own political voice in the post WWII red scare. Ed's tutoring during this time made it possible for me to bring organized labor into the Citizen Party formation in 1979-1980 and gave me the background to organize a Labor Education Center at The Evergreen State College in 1987.

The best examples of the HAP staff working collectively on a project was the creation, publication and distribution of a massive eight and a half by eleven book called, "An Organizer's Notebook on Public Utilities and Energy." The original research in the notebook was done by HAP staff. Bob Fitch wrote about the private utilities and public power. Dave Olsen analyzed the banks interlocked with the utilities. Larry Reverby analyzed the proposed super electric monopoly. Lin Farley contributed her essays on decision-



making and group facilitation and I presented my "Framework for Organizing." To all this original research, we added the work of local labor and environmental activities, research guidelines and contact information for community organizations across the state.

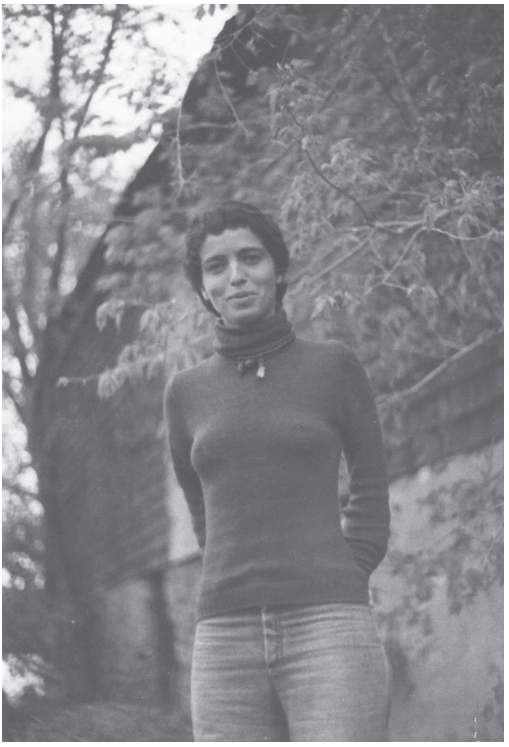
All of this work on private monopolies, their banks and our support for campaigns to take over private electric utilities and create municipally owned electric systems, led to an emergency meeting of my Board in the winter of 1975. The Board of the Human Affairs Program was composed of the Deans of the Colleges who typically sent students to the HAP program.

When the meeting opened, the Corporation Counsel for Cornell University said he didn't know what "this utility project was", but I needed to "sterilize it." The liberal Dean on the Board said that he wrote to Niagara Mohawk, the largest upstate electric utility, and asked what they had done for Cornell University lately. He said they wrote back. Turns out they had done "quite a bit and I needed to get rid of the utility project."

Of course, when I told the bunch of radicals on my staff what Cornell wanted, they all said, in effect, screw Cornell. This led to a one page press release from Cornell terminating the Human Affairs Program by June, 1976. We had all lost our jobs.

Going to the USSR

Organizers against a large power line coming through northern New York and heading to New York City used to meet at a large home in Holland Patten, a small town north of Utica. I went there to play poker, just as I was getting ready to make my trip to the USSR in 1976. In the course of the game, I took most of a young woman's money. Her name was Nahoe Curtet.



Nahoe held Swiss citizenship, but had grown up in Africa, the daughter of missionaries. After the game, we took a walk and I said she should come with me to the USSR. To my amazement, she said okay. We became lovers and about three weeks later we left for a month in the Soviet Union.

Nahoe and I flew from New York City to Moscow on an Aeroflot jet along with the other eleven members of our group. I presumed that most of our group belonged to the Communist Party, but one never asks directly. There were two, however, who said they were members and proud of it. Clarence and Nora lived in North Dakota. Clarence, at 85 years old, still wrote for the Daily Worker, the CP paper out of New York City, and Nora, a few years younger, had just retired from a career as a textile worker organizer. Clarence carried nitro pills to keep his heart going. He and Nahoe became close buddies since Nahoe's nursing specialty was in cardiology. Just before Clarence

bounded up the next set of stairs, Nahoe always reminded him to pop a couple of those nitro pills.

The flight took something like eleven hours or maybe more. It was certainly the longest, non-stop airplane flight I had ever been on. We came in over the Baltic Sea, as I remember, but we still had two hours to go. My legs were cramping.

Anniversary Tours out of New York City organized these tours. The CP and Anniversary Tours were connected somehow and the tours inexpensive. I paid $1100 for the entire month tour. The $1100 included airfares, hotels and meals. I brought along $600 in cash and only spent $300. There was nothing to buy, anyway, and the dollar stores sold the same items whether in Moscow or out east in Irkurtsh. I did buy some incredible women's jewelry that looked more Ottoman than Russian.

I can't remember much about Moscow in 1976 other than the high rise cement block housing projects and the truck traffic. The housing projects dotted the outskirts of the city and seemed disconnected from each other and from community life. I guess everyone got a home, but I didn't want to live in one of those complexes. Commercial trucks dominated the highways and belched fumes like the exhaust came straight out of the

manifold. I still remember it as an indicator of a "developing" country.

The Moscow subway or metro system was something else, however. It was beautiful and spotless. The contrast with the New York City subway system could not have been greater. The Moscow system was like several spoked wheels on top of each other. Each wheel was a different metro line. If you wanted to transfer to a new line, you went up or down the hub at the center of the system. The amazing thing to me about the system, however, was that it was spotless. There was not even a cigarette butt on the floor, let alone any graffiti. Plus, each station was like an art museum, although I can't remember what was actually in the "museum." It was impressive, although I have no idea whether it served as an efficient transportation system for Moscovites or served as merely a Soviet showcase.

The Communist Party assigned a young party member as our guide, but we learned while in Moscow that he had taken sick and could not go. A young Jewish woman took his place, a non party member. Shevna was bound and determined to show us that this old Soviet bureaucracy was flexible and would respond to our needs. Maybe she was also proving it to herself. She stayed with us our entire month. She had also never been out east to the Central Asia republics or to Irkutsk where the Czar had driven the Decembrists. Shevna was a fan of the Decembrists, turn of the century, parliamentary reformists who got to live if they could walk to Irkurtsk. Many didn't make it.

We spent several days in Moscow on guided tours. Most of the sites were churches. After a couple of days of this touring, a very frustrated Clarence shouted out to the tour guide, "We don't want to see any more churches! Turn around and look at us. We're all atheists. We don't want to see churches; we want to see the Revolution!"

Clarence had been working on and hoping to see the revolution his entire life and now was his chance. He wanted to meet with trade union leaders, visit collective farms, look at the health care

system, speak with communist party leadership. It didn't occur to me that we were here to see the Revolution, but I was fine with it. After all, this was not an "In-tourist" tour, a managed, regular tour to the USSR. We were political folks and wanted to be treated as such, not just your average tourist.

For me, I wasn't looking for the revolution. Turks were my interest. Fifty million Turks lived in the Central Asian republics and I wanted to see them and compare their lives to those in Turkey where I had served in the Peace Corps just ten years before. I wanted to speak Turkish and play some backgammon. Nevertheless, Shevna certainly got the message. She began demanding to see what had been scheduled for each of our tours and then checking with us if it was okay.

We flew out of Moscow and basically flew from one major city to another. We stopped in Bukara and Taskkent in Uzbekistan. Alma Ata in Kazakistan. Irkutsk on Lake Baikal and Bratsk on the Angara River before returning to Moscow.

Our first meeting with Soviet officialdom took place in the city of Taskent in Uzbekistan. The Soviet American Friendship Society invited us to meet with them. We got together as political people do and elected Sol as our group spokesperson. Sol was a man in his 50s from New York City and a party member. The Society's building was beautiful and the Director, our host, was charming, suave and fluent in English.

At the conclusion of our tour of his facility, the Director invited us into his formal office for some tea. He sat behind his big desk and we arranged ourselves in various formal chairs and waited for whatever was supposed to happen next. The Director finally broke the awkward silence as we waited for the tea to arrive. "You have been on your tour for over a week now," he said. "How has it been going?"

We relaxed. We were organized. Sol would answer and, indeed, Sol did answer. "We are really enjoying our stay in Russia and we want to thank you very much for your friendship and hospitality,"

Sol replied. We all shook our heads in agreement. Nice job, Sol, we all thought, very diplomatic.

To our dismay, our host seemed startled by Sol's comment. The Director sat back for a short while in his chair, then cleared his throat and sat forward over his desk and spoke to us in a very even, but precise manner, like a school mistress to her children. "I am glad you are enjoying your stay," he said, "but," he said, "you are not in Russia; you are in Uzbekistan. That's why we call it the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

When we got out of there, we had another political meeting and, as political people do, we got rid of Sol as our spokesperson for making a mistake that we all would have made, but didn't. The group elected me as the new spokesperson. Better to have a complete dummy, than a party member.

I started seeing Uzbek, as opposed to Russian. The Uzbec people are a beautiful chocolate brown color. The men wear these colorful pill box hats that sat down on their heads. The hats were made of woven cloth and had flashy, tiny mirrors decorating the sides to ward off the evil eye. The women too wore bright colorful clothing, but, of course, were not veiled, as women in Turkey would be. The Soviets outlawed the veil when they defeated the Basmachi resistance in the late 1920s.

We went to a nice restaurant for dinner in Taskent, a large modern city in Uzbekistan. A very tall, statuesque blond Russian woman greeted us and ushered us to our table. The waitresses were creamed skinned women who came from the Baltic republics. As is the custom in many Turkish restaurants, we stood up and took a tour of the kitchen to see what's available for dinner. Here is where we saw the Uzbecks. It was a sea of brown skinned people doing all the work, preparing the food, working over the stoves, washing up the dishes. You get the picture. I started seeing Russian cultural imperialism, rather than a Soviet system and started to understand the Director's insistence that we understand where we were.

Besides being in Central Asia, we were also in the region of the world that sent thousands of soldiers to defeat Hitler. It wasn't just Russians that died in the slaughter. A central part of almost every city I remember was a World War II war memorial. The memorial was not just ancient history, but the Soviets integrated World War II into civil society via the marriage ceremony. After couples made their vows in front of civil authority, they paraded or drove to the WWII war memorial as part of the wedding ceremony.

I can't remember which city we were in, but our group headed for a tour of the ancient city citadel, now a museum. Nahoe and I were out front and reached the top of a steep, narrow, cobblestone walkway before the rest of the group. I asked the guard for tickets to the Museum and he said I could not enter. I asked why. He said it was my shirt. I was wearing a sleeveless t-shirt. We called it a ginny shirt in Brooklyn, a wife beater shirt. I know shirts like this can be offensive in places like churches or mosques. I offered to wear something over my t-shirt even though this place was a civil fortress. No luck. No ticket.

Nahoe and I turned around in the walkway and waited for our group to show up. Nora arrived first. "I can't go in," I told Nora. "Why not?" she said. I told her about the shirt. She said, "Dan, if you are not going in, none of us are going in." I said, "Nora, I don't care that much. Let it go." "It's not something we can let drop," she said. "You're our spokesperson. We elected you. If you don't go, we don't go"

When the rest of the group arrived, Nora told them the situation. I assumed we'd head back down the hill and find something else to visit. This is not what happened. Nora said everyone should sit down in the pathway until this thing gets resolved. It was a hot day. Most of this group were in their mid-sixties. The cobblestone was uneven and uncomfortable and I was not a party member. Nevertheless, much to my surprise, everyone sat down and Svena began negotiations. We went from the Guard to the Museum Director to the Central Committee of the

city's Communist Party. After two hours or so, we all entered the museum and I was wearing my ginny shirt.

We visited the industrial, frontier city of Bratsk on the Angara River. The Angara was the equivalent to the Columbia and the hydro electric project at Bratsk was like Grand Coulee Dam in eastern Washington State. Bratz was laid out in a circle with industrial neighborhoods on different points on the circle. Each industrial neighborhood had housing, a market and maybe a theater or cultural center for entertainment. Each industrial center also related to a particular industry. One center provided the workers for the hydroelectric project. Another center worked in the forest industry that harvested the tigra forests. I remember them telling me that it would take 80 years to cut down the tigra forests, but, by that time, they would have grown back so the harvest was basically renewable.

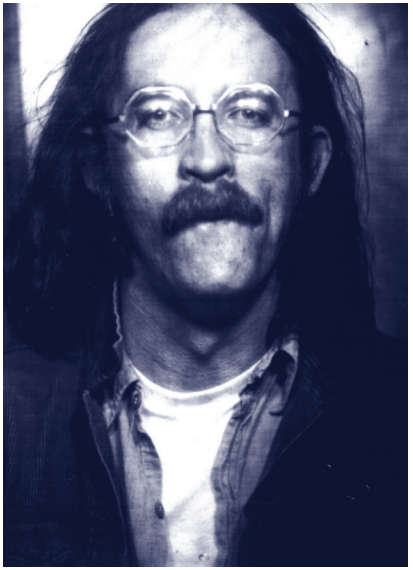
Nahoe and I wanted some time to ourselves so we went to the one restaurant for dinner. As we finished our meal, this large group of Mongolian workers came in all dressed up in their finest. It was a retirement party and they planned dinner and drinks. I greeted them in my best Turkish. I'm sure it sounded like gibberish to them, but since I was a kid I wanted to relate to Mongolians, Ghengis Khan was a favorite of mine.

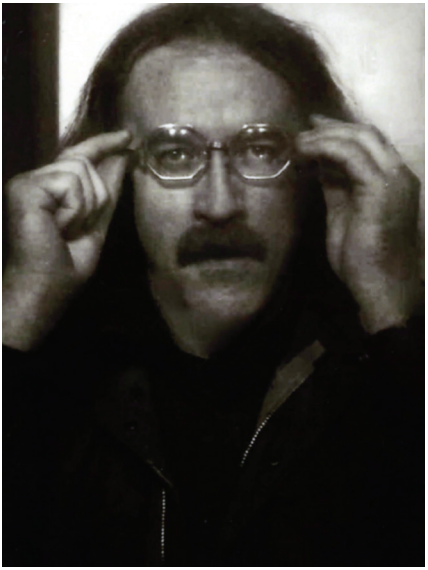
Nahoe and I watched a movie that night in the Bratsk movie theater. It was your basic black and white, but it was about the Vietnam war. Guess who the heroes were? The Vietnamese! What a switch. I didn't expect it, could not have imagined it, but there it was. The U.S. soldiers were the bad guys.

When we got back to the restaurant to check in with the Mongolian retirement party, most of the folks in their nicely fitted western suits were face down on the dinner tables and completely passed out from vodka. It was a strange scene.

Nahoe and I flew back to New York City together, but there our paths separated. She flew on to Utica, New York and I got a plane to Ithaca. Our poker party hostess said I broke Nahoe's heart, but

I never saw her again. It was not possible. I could not bring her back to Ithaca and I could not go to Utica.





The Rest of the Story

I met Bethany K. Weidner in Washington, D.C about a year after returning from the Soviet Union. She was working as a speech writer for US Senator George McGovern and, more importantly, she knew Wenatchee was the Apple Capital of the World. We fell in love, got married in Leahy, Washington, bought a home in Wenatchee and had two sons by 1983, JD Ross Leahy and Charles Barkley Leahy.

In 1984, we moved to Olympia. I went to work at The Evergreen State College and retired in January 2009.

Bethany worked at the Washington State Utilities and Transportation Commission as Director of the Office of Policy and Planning, at the State Insurance Commissioner's office as Deputy Commissioner for Rates and Contracts and as Administrator of Sea-Mar's West Olympia Health Care Clinic. Bethany also retired in 2009.

Both our sons went to public schools in Olympia, graduated with advanced degrees from universities, launched their careers, got married and each has one child. JD and Emily Fenton live in Seattle with two year old Inian Penn Leahy. Chad and Rachel Wilson live in Cambridge with three year old Juno Christina Leahy-Wilson. We also adopted a former student of mine, Rachel Hicks. Rachel married Simon Georgiou. Their daughter is nine year old Elsa Rae Georgiou and they live in Hawaii.

We still live in Olympia. Enjoy our close-knit neighborhood. Fill our home with visitors and look forward to seeing our children and grand children.

November 2022.

JD Ross Leahy, Inian Penn Leahy, Emily Fenton, Kathleen Leahy, Waymon Whiting, Chad Leahy, Bethany Weidner, Dan Leahy, Rachel Wilson, Juno Leahy-Wilson

DanLeahy.org

DanLeahy.org is a website assembled by some of Dan's students, friends, and family. The site aims to share 'lessons learned' from Dan to current and future organizers. In the words of *Project South* organizer, Stephanie Guilloud:

> *We have taken on the daunting but exciting task of compiling Dan's stories, writings, and organizing lessons over the last 60+ years of Dan's rigorous work into an accessible website for organizers, educators, and all the folks who love Dan and have learned from him.*
>
> *Dan reminds us that organizers have to write their own histories. His binders and talks and stories will do much of that. But legacy goes beyond the stories we tell about our own work and practice. The website shares the maps of Dan's organizing history, and we cannot afford to lose any guides that help us understand how to change the shape of our world.*
>
> *One of Dan's colleagues and friends, Anthony Zaragoza, teaches a class at Evergreen called "Shit You Should Know." Dan participated in the class in May 2021 and offered organizing stories related to "Rules for Challenging Illegitimate Authority." Anthony published many of those talks, including Dan's in 2022, and Anthony's methodology is the inspiration for a compilation of tributes from people Dan has worked with over the years.*
>
> *The 'Shit Dan Taught Us' is more than a celebration of an extraordinary person. It is a set of tools for how to organize—in Dan's words—"to improve people's real conditions, give people a sense of their own strength, and change power relationships."*

Biography

Dan Leahy was born and raised in Seattle. Attended St. Edwards Seminary, Seattle University and went to Turkey in the Peace Corps. Entered NYU Graduate School, refused the draft, and became a community organizer for the Quakers. Ran a field study education center at Cornell University and married Bethany Weidner. They had two sons, JD Ross and Chad. Organized a national political party, the Citizens Party, and a Washington state party called Progress Under Democracy. Taught at Evergreen. Organized Washington state's first Labor Education and Research Center and ran the New School of Union Organizers. Retired from Evergreen in 2008 after 24 years. Ran around the world. Favorite trip three weeks on the Mongolian steppes. In 2014, organized a region wide strategy summit to fight oil trains and worked in Greek refugees camps in 2016 and 2017. Archived his political campaigns in university libraries and Library of Congress. Lives in Olympia with Bethany Weidner, tries to be a neighborhood custodian and fights City Hall.