

larly young scholars, in political science and other disciplines.

But perhaps more than any of those characteristics was Bernie's concern for the human condition, both individually and collectively. One of his NCEP colleagues, Rhoten Smith, wrote recently, "He was one of the most genuinely caring men I have ever known, sensitive to the large ills of the world, but also—what is rarer—sensitive to the well-being and the pain and problems of individual human beings with whom he interacted." And to quote Chuck Jones again, "Bernie was one of those people you looked forward to seeing—particularly if things weren't going well. He just plain made folks feel better about themselves."

Bernie's political preferences shifted substantially over the years, from those of a traditional liberal-internationalist to those of a more conservative nature. But he remained consistent in his underlying and personal values. One of these was his iconoclasm—his penchant for puncturing pomposities and for mocking cant and prejudice. Another was his conviction that much could be done with little and that small enterprises were usually better than big. But unquestionably most important and enduring was his humanism. A non-believer in the religious sense, he was a true believer in the worth of human souls and the transcendent value of human betterment.

Not that he believed that he or society in general had the obligation in every case to solve the problems or carry the burdens of others, but that all should be given the tools to achieve the best that was in them. No one, for example, could be more sympathetic with or appreciative of the Iranian people than Bernie—based on the year he spent there—but neither was there anyone who could be more indignant with or hold them more accountable for their own failures to resolve their internal and external problems. At the individual level, he maintained a consistent perspective. Failures there were but the most saddening were the failures of the human spirit.

This stance was, for Bernie—and for his wife Erna as well—not an idle or abstract posture but an active motivating force in

their lives. To know their children, Mike, Steve, and especially Heidi, and to know Bernie's and Erna's relationship to them was to know tenderness, devotion, and commitment to self-realization. It was nowhere better seen than in their relationship to Heidi. Their unceasing efforts, without patronizing, made possible a life full of opportunities for expression, for intellectual and emotional growth, for independent judgment, and for personal fulfillment.

Finally, one of the delights of knowing Bernie was that one almost always got to know both Bernie and Erna. Erna was wife, collaborator but most of all a person who shared with Bernie his verve for life, his humor and his love of good friends. Each time my wife and I came away from being with them we remarked how they truly enjoyed each other, respected each other's opinions, rejoiced in each other's accomplishments, shared common understandings. Their relationship was of such richness that most of us could only admire and strive to emulate it.

Perhaps there may be no more fitting conclusion to this brief memoriam than the conclusion written by the Hennessys at the time of Bernie's passing, "... a certain zest has gone out of our lives. But his memory is going to be our companion and we intend to live as he did, with kindness, and with what was equally important to him, curiosity."

Dean E. Mann

University of California, Santa Barbara

With contributions from
several of Bernie's friends

Philip Meranto

On May 30, 1985, the political science profession and the progressive political community lost a special friend and colleague, Philip Meranto, who died of a heart attack at the age of 47. Phil Meranto was nationally recognized for his scholarly work in urban politics. Of the four books he published in this area, *Electing Black Mayors* (co-authored with William E. Nelson), is widely regarded as a leading study of black electoral politics.

Only hours before his death he had completed the final draft of *Guarding the Ivory Tower: Repression and Rebellion in Higher Education*. Written with Matthew Lippman and Phil's widow, Oneida Meranto, this book was published in September 1985 by Lucha Press as a memorial to Phil and the large community of friends who loved him. (Copies are available from Luck Publications, P.O. Box 12671, Denver, CO 80211; \$10, postpaid.)

Born of Italian-American working-class parents in Niagara, N.Y., Phil received his Ph.D. from the Maxwell Graduate School, Syracuse University, 1966. He taught at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville; University of Illinois, Urbana; the University of Washington; and most recently the University of Colorado, Denver.

Along with being a scholar and teacher, Phil Meranto was also an activist who fought selflessly for minority rights, peace, democracy, and socialism. He won the trust and love of persons of varied racial and national backgrounds, from all walks of life, because of his courageous devotion to social justice. Some years ago, he resigned a tenured university position rather than remain in a department that he saw as increasingly irrelevant to student and community needs.

Most recently Phil was active in solidarity activity with people struggling for peace and justice in Central America. He and his wife twice went on work-brigade visits to Nicaragua to help pick coffee and cotton crops. Phil made many friends in Nicaragua, not only because of his hard work and principled internationalist politics, but also because he was an extremely effective people-to-people ambassador. An avid handball player, he introduced the sport into Nicaragua and organized the first handball tournament in that country.

Memorial services for Phil were held in four different cities across the country. The grief so many of us have experienced is but a measure of the love we felt for him and the immense loss we have sustained. But even in death Phil is helping others. His wife and friends have estab-

lished a memorial fund in his name, the proceeds of which are going to the Condega Clinic in Nicaragua. Lives will be saved as a fitting memorial to a very dear and beautiful human being. (Contributions can be made to: Philip Meranto Memorial Fund, 3158 Ames Street, Denver, CO 80214.)

Dennis Judd
University of Missouri, St. Louis

Michael Parenti
Brooklyn College, CUNY

Arlene L. Pauls

Arleen L. (Russell) Pauls died from cancer September 28, 1985, at George Washington University Hospital. At the time of her death she was employed with the Office of International Management Control at the U.S. Department of Labor. Prior to then, she worked as a management analyst for the Food and Drug Administration from July 1966 until March 1969 and from August 1972 until she joined the Labor Department in October 1980. Our son Christopher was born November 22, 1968 on Arleen's 30th birthday. The 3½ years she did not work were spent getting him through the formative years, completing her Ph.D. dissertation (Political Existentialism), and surviving our separation and divorce, which occurred in 1971-72.

Born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1938, Arleen grew up in Donora, Pennsylvania, a small mill town south of Pittsburgh, which is famous for the first recorded smog and Stan Musial, as well as for her. She obtained her B.A., M.A., and Ph.D., all in political science, from the University of Pittsburgh, where we met as fellow graduate students in the fall of 1962.

To say that Arleen was bright and intellectually curious is something of an understatement. She was insatiably interested in the world around her. It was probably her marriage to me and our migration from Baltimore, where she was a social worker for a year, to Washington, D.C. that interfered with her becoming a professor of political science—