

# Marvin



*Remembering Marvin Mandell 1927-2017*

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**Marvin Mandell, 90, Curry College professor  
and editor of *New Politics***

**Felicia Gans, the *Boston Globe*, March 30, 2017**



<https://www.bostonglobe.com/metro/obituaries/2017/03/30/marvin-mandell-curry-college-professor-and-editor-new-politics/QCwMaOLRT9HVsZshUKTCvK/story.html>

Generous and outgoing, Marvin Mandell was a Socialist who believed equality was more than just a philosophy. For him, it was a daily practice, a way of life.

He and his wife, the late Betty Reid Mandell, treated their daughters as equals, too. They didn't set a curfew or require them to do their homework, and they asked the girls to address their parents by their first names. "They wanted everyone to be equal," said their daughter Charlotte Mandell Kelly of Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. "They didn't want us to think of them as authoritarian."

A longtime editor of the journal *New Politics*, which he helped found, Mr. Mandell formerly taught English at Curry College. As a teacher and writer, he drew from his experiences serving in the Army during World War II while considering the messages found in books such as Homer's "The Iliad."

"In my view, 'The Iliad' ranks among the most powerful antiwar masterpieces, but due to poor teaching and/or careless reading, it has come to represent the opposite," he wrote in his final *New Politics* blog post, [in January 2014](#). Homer's work, he added, "does not glorify macho militarism." Instead, "it shows us men caught in a war without meaning; again and again they try to end it, but they cannot — mostly because of their own irrationality."

Mr. Mandell, a retired professor who didn't use the formal title his doctorate afforded, died Feb. 4 in Hebrew Rehabilitation Center in Roslindale while recovering from gastrointestinal surgery. He was 90 and had lived in West Roxbury for nearly five decades.

The publication *New Politics* was a home for the philosophies Mr. Mandell and his wife shared, their daughters said.

"He was extremely informed and astute about leftist politics, a trait he shared with my mother," their daughter Christine of Roslindale said.

Mr. Mandell worked on *New Politics* since it launched in the early 1960s. He and Betty became editors in the 1990s — a role he stepped down from when she died in 2014, though he continued to serve on the editorial board.



Charlotte said her parents “just really loved each other and shared everything with each other” and added: “I don’t really remember them arguing much.”

Outside his marriage, however, Mr. Mandell believed that arguments could promote the exchange of ideas. “He didn’t do it in a mean way,” Charlotte said. “He liked the intellectual exchange in arguing.”

The only child of Harold Mandell and the former Frieda Sarachan, Mr. Mandell was born in Rochester, N.Y., and grew up in an observant Jewish family. After graduating from high school in Rochester, he lied about his age — he was 17 — and enlisted in the Army.

The experience of serving in Italy with the 88th Infantry Division changed his religious views, Charlotte said. On a train ride through Europe one day, he looked out the window and saw a woman who was begging for money and holding a dead child in her arms. “He just thought that God couldn’t exist when he saw that,” Charlotte said. “He said that was the moment that he lost his religion.”

After the war, he studied mathematics for a year at the US Military Academy at West Point and then transferred to the University of Rochester, where his interest in literature was sparked. He continued studying literature for a master’s at Columbia University and received a doctorate after attending the University of Iowa Writers’ Workshop.

While focusing on the work of the French playwright Henri-Rene Lenormand at Columbia, Mr. Mandell met Betty Reid, who had grown up in a Colorado ranching community and was in New York studying to be a minister.

“There was never any doubt in my mind that she was perfect for me,” Mr. Mandell told the *Globe* after she died in 2014. “She embodied everything I always believed in. She was passionate about social justice and helping the poor.”

They married in 1958 and moved to West Roxbury a little over a decade later. An adventurous duo, Mr. Mandell and his wife alternated their summer vacations between Cuttyhunk Island and France, where they sometimes rented a canal boat for a couple of weeks to explore the country from the water.

After college, Mr. Mandell taught math at a high school on Staten Island, N.Y., before becoming an English professor at colleges including the State University of New York at Potsdam and the University of Connecticut. He taught at Curry College from 1969 to 1993, Charlotte said.

“He was in many ways the conscience of the college,” said Bill Littlefield, the host of WBUR-FM’s “Only a Game,” who taught with Mr. Mandell at Curry College for more than a decade.

Mr. Mandell strived to get away from the bureaucracy of education and focus on the basic principles of the literature he taught, Littlefield said. He recalled that at one meeting, while administrators discussed goals for the faculty, Mr. Mandell leaned over to him to say: “My goal is to teach Homer. My mission is to teach it a little better.”

“He was a teacher in every respect, and a kind of mentor in every respect — whether or not he was in the classroom — and he was very gentle about it,” Littlefield said.

Mr. Mandell believed passionately in what he taught his students, and his career as a professor was always more than a job, added Littlefield, who never left Mr. Mandell’s office empty-handed. Mr. Mandell was always lending new materials to friends and colleagues.

He also brought his work home, taking any opportunity to hang a bedsheet on the wall, set up a film projector, and show his children and students classic films such as Ingmar Bergman’s “The Seventh Seal” or “Wild Strawberries.”

A service has been held for Mr. Mandell, whose daughters are his only immediate survivors.

When he wasn’t teaching, Mr. Mandell was writing — often short stories based on the lives of people he met through his travels. One story called “The Aesculapians,” which was an excerpt from an unpublished novel he wrote, was published in the 1972 edition of “Best American Short Stories.”

Charlotte said her father was curious about the world around him and often used his writing as a chance to highlight the stories and experiences of other people.

“He loved talking and just liked asking people about themselves and what they did,” she said. “When people weren’t being represented properly, he would always try to help them.”



# **Marvin Mandell, Who Fought for Equality, for Life, and for Art**

**Dan La Botz**

Originally published in *New Politics*:

<http://newpol.org/content/marvin-mandell-who-fought-equality-life-and-art>

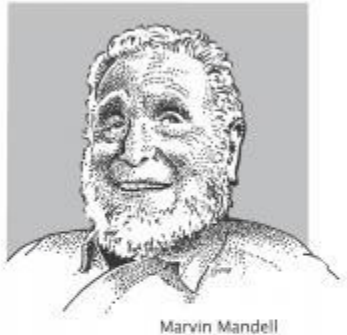
In 1996, at the height of the culture wars, Marvin Mandell joined the battle, writing a long essay, “Canon on the Left,” in which he argued that the left should not allow conservatives to claim the literary canon. While he of course supported the expansion of the canon to include all of the writers of color, as well as the women and all of the others who had been neglected and excluded, he refused to allow the right to claim the great tradition of European literature. He concluded the essay with these words:

The Great Tradition is a treasure. For the left to abandon that treasure either because the expeditions to find it were often financed and supported by a ruling class or because many were unjustly prevented from joining the expeditions would be a deprivation not only of ourselves but of posterity. Let the right read Homer, Euripides, Dante, Shakespeare, and the Bible with open eyes and heart and weep. And let the left not forsake them, but read them and take heart.

What is remarkable here is that Marvin believed in the power of literature to reach even the hardest hearts on the right, if only they will read “with open eyes and hearts,” and if they do, they will “weep.” The fight for socialism was a struggle to liberate all of humanity, even if it must be carried out against the will of part of it.

While Marvin Mandell, the editor of *New Politics* from 2006 to 2013, was a socialist, it was a socialism rooted in a profound humanism. He and his late wife Betty Reid Mandell — she died in 2014 at the age of 89, and he, this year at the age of 90 — spent their lives together in a common search and struggle for socialism. Their search led them not only to contemplate literature and

art, to teach and practice social work, but also to experiment in radical psychology and to join the socialist movement.



Marvin Mandell

Marvin Mandell was born on January 26, 1927, in Rochester, New York, the son of Harold and Frieda Sarachan Mandell. During World War II, he served in the United States Army from 1944 to 1946. After the war he became a member of the Workers Party, adopting its “Third Camp” position of opposition to both war camps, later encapsulated in the slogan “Neither Washington nor Moscow.” His friend Mathis Szykowski, in his *Betrayal and Survival and Beyond: A Memoir*, describes Marvin as he knew him in the late 1940s at the University of Rochester, shortly after Mandell had divorced his first wife:

“Marvin was an honor student in English literature at the University of Rochester. He had embraced Marx and Freud. He was attending school on the GI Bill. ... He had served in Italy and had been, he told us, the heavyweight-boxing champion of his regiment. He was a bulky man, full of energy. When you met Marvin you were assaulted by a myriad of ideas and suggestions. In the coming years I got used to hearing Marvin presenting some fabulous idea or tale as he was crossing the threshold of my door. Some people found him to be offensive and even obnoxious. I was often baffled by

his outlandishness, but I was never bored. You could depend on Marvin to keep the conversation going. He had and still has, beyond his bounding energy, a generosity of spirit. ... Marvin's saving grace, if he needed one, was that he laughed easily at the absurdity of the world and even more easily at himself."

Marvin became involved not only in the Workers Party, which had its roots in the Trotskyist movement, but also in the psychoanalytic movement of Wilhelm Reich, who had begun his career as a disciple of Sigmund Freud. Reich had been a Socialist, then a Communist, and eventually sympathetic to Trotsky. Marvin appreciated Reich's interests in liberating human beings not only from the state and class society, but also from the sexual repression that distorted so many human lives.

From the University of Rochester, where he graduated with honors in 1950, Marvin went on to Columbia University in New York. After earning his master's degree there in 1951, he taught English literature in the New York City schools from 1951 to 1959. In the mid-1950s Marvin met and fell in love with Betty Reid, who was studying social work, and the two were married and became lifelong partners. Marvin introduced Betty to Marxist theory and both were involved in the successor to the Workers Party, which in 1949 had changed its name to the Independent Socialist League (ISL).

As Max Shachtman, the leader of the Workers Party and then of the ISL, moved to the right on a variety of questions, Marvin and Betty continued to uphold their left-wing views. Marvin joined with Julius Jacobson and Phyllis Jacobson to found *New Politics* in 1961. Later, after the death of the Jacobsons, Marvin and Betty became the journal's editors.

While continuing with their political activities, Marvin and Betty also began a family. They had two daughters, Christine and Charlotte. They encouraged their children to call their parents by their first names. As Charlotte Mandell Kelly said, "They wanted everybody to be equal. They didn't want us to think of them as authoritarian."

When the U.S. military decommissioned Cuttyhunk Island, off New Bedford, Massachusetts, Marvin and Betty bought a lot, ordered a Sears Roebuck house, and had it assembled there. Cuttyhunk became the family's

summer refuge, though they also enjoyed vacations in France. Marvin loved the out-of-doors, particularly skiing, sailing, swimming, and hiking.

Marvin continued to pursue the study of literature and his teaching career. From 1959 to 1961 he was a professor of English at Colorado State College in Greeley (now Northern Colorado University); then at the State University of New York at Potsdam from 1964 to 1967; then at the University of Connecticut in Hartford from 1967 to 1969. From 1969 to 1993, he taught at Curry College in Milton, Massachusetts, where he became the chair of the Humanities Department.

In Boston, Betty and Marvin Mandell formed part of a community of committed social activists who became involved in all of the issues of the day, but, under Betty's influence, with a particular emphasis on questions of economic equality and poverty. Taking over the editorship of *New Politics* in 2006, they continued also to carry out a struggle for socialism from below.

## Marvin Mandell

## Manfred McDowell

"We were alive! And we were going Home." In a preface to an edition of *New Politics* (Summer 2008) featuring a symposium on the Gay Movement and the Left, Marvin recalls the excitement among the men of the 88<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division as in the fall of 1945 they anticipate being shipped home from Italy. "Private Dominick *Homes*," calls the sergeant taking the roll, "Corporal Jonathan *Home*, Private Marvin *Homes* . . ." But in the first of several letters in long-awaited field post, Marvin learns that, even in life, not everyone, could become Home or Homes. Persecuted for his homosexuality, a classmate has killed himself. For him, "home, our precious home, must have been Hell." That day Marvin "read no more."

This could not be more characteristic. The starting point for Marvin was always an instinctive empathy for those made to suffer. At the same time, he was never one to throw others under the wheels of a progressive politics. He had too fine (too classical) a sense of human tragedy and, as those who have been warmed by his (and Betty's) laughter will recall, for the comedy of human error. He savoured irony but not sarcasm, wit but not mockery.

On personal level, when I first met Marvin and Betty some forty years ago, I experienced this as kindness and encouragement and, in later years, as indulgence—my book reviews were invariably over wrought and over deadline. It is an experience that must have been shared by many who had the privilege to know him as a colleague or as a student. Always there remained the invitation to question, to argue, to laugh.

*Belfast, Ireland*



*stationed at King Victor Emmanuel's villa in Cortina d'Ampezzo during WWII  
(Marvin was the General's orderly, a private 1<sup>st</sup> class)*



## TRIBUTE TO MARVIN

**Ann Levin and Larry Beeferman**

We met Marvin in the late 1960s, never dreaming he would have an extraordinary impact on our lives or that this would become a friendship lasting close to fifty years. Our first experiences – and thus our earliest memories and impressions of Marvin -- come from these initial, almost serendipitous, encounters.

Memory can be illusive, and first impressions, often misleading. In this case, though, what we saw – and what we each remember – is clear and consistent. Marvin's energy, *joie de vivre*, optimism, exuberance, and humor were immediately evident as were his progressive politics and principles. He was vocal and unwavering in his critique of capitalism (and all that implies) and his commitments to democracy, human rights, fairness, social justice, and equality. And with Marvin, what you saw was what you got – someone who practiced what he preached, someone whose actions matched his rhetoric – and this was true long-term.

But another of Marvin's qualities was apparent right away, and that was his generosity. Larry first met Marvin and Betty at a meeting of International Socialists. It came up in conversation that Larry's car had broken down and was beyond repair. Marvin's immediate response was to offer Larry a car. His offer was genuine. Larry accepted and drove it for two years.

Marvin's (and Betty's) generosity was evident in the warm, inclusive, informal, and relaxed atmosphere and their gracious hospitality at home. They hosted frequent dinner parties with interesting – and often disparate – guests, ranging from long-term friends to students, colleagues, neighbors, or people they had just met at the local swimming pool or a political rally. It was at one such gathering that Larry, already a trusted political ally, and Ann, a new Curry faculty member, were introduced. In the years that followed, Marvin proudly took credit for engineering this successful “match.”

This generosity – of spirit and of material goods – reflected Marvin’s trust and confidence in the goodness of people – intimates, strangers, and those in between. Marvin would meet people for the first time and invite them to use the cottage at Cuttyhunk. On a train in France, Marvin met and invited a family of five to visit him and Betty (twice, no less!) at their rented chateau in the Alps. (According to a letter from Marvin, the family accepted – and visited twice.) Sometimes, though rarely, Marvin’s generosity and trusting nature backfired as when he sublet the West Roxbury house to a group who parked their motorcycles in the living room. There were complaints from neighbors, but overall Marvin was philosophical, trusting, and accepting, with no regrets.

At Curry, Marvin was a tireless, fervent, and courageous advocate for faculty rights. He was in the forefront of efforts to make teaching the center of the academic enterprise, to treat teachers – and all employees – fairly, and to advance workplace democracy. He helped create and served on the first committee that reviewed faculty appeals (regarding unfair or arbitrary decision-making) and was instrumental in organizing the faculty union. Marvin’s strong political analysis and activist experience made him an invaluable leader, role model, and mentor. He never hesitated to speak out against injustice, whether or not it affected a faculty member. For example, when a mid-level administrator was abruptly fired, Marvin immediately wrote a vigorous and detailed letter of protest to the college president.

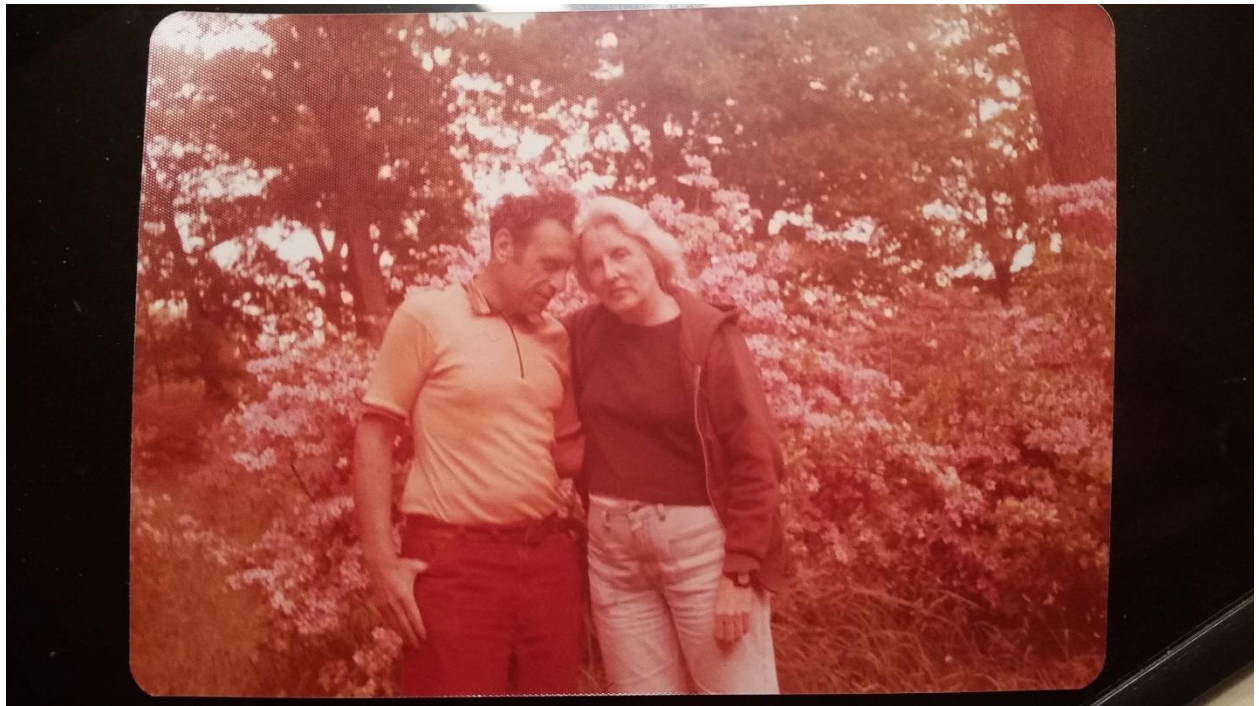
Marvin’s generosity was evident in his passion for sharing ideas and materials of all kinds with students and colleagues. Long before photocopying, computers, and electronic postings, Marvin was an inveterate mimeograph user, making and distributing innumerable ‘handouts’ and reprints on myriad topics. While students may have been a ‘captive audience,’ Marvin often hand-delivered these legendary purple copies to faculty colleagues, frequently leading to wide-ranging debate and discussion.

Similarly, Marvin was a prolific letter-writer, both in public and private arenas. He was undaunted in expressing his views, and his letters-to-the-editor were frequently published in *The Boston Globe* and elsewhere. Typically a voice of dissent, critiquing or questioning the status quo, Marvin’s letters were clear, precise, usually diplomatic, and always food for

thought. While disagreements and controversies were inevitable, Marvin generously contributed to debate on major political and policy issues, from the unequal distribution of wages to the unfair scapegoating of the poor. In summers when he and Betty were on vacation, Marvin generously wrote extensive letters to friends, maintaining contact and continuity in relationships that mattered to him. Many of these, like his letters-to-the-editor and other writings, provide an even deeper appreciation of Marvin's humor, adventurousness, love of life, loyalty, and, of course, commitment to important ideals.

On reflection, Marvin's generosity may have been a response to his political views about inequality. He recognized his own (relative) privilege and wanted others to experience and enjoy it too. While he and Betty lived modestly, and certainly without pretense or ostentation, Marvin often mentioned how lucky they were to own two homes, have health insurance and retirement income, travel, and so much more. In Marvin's view of a just society, these 'benefits' (or luxuries) would be shared and available to all. So, in a small but certainly not insignificant way, Marvin "walked the walk" as well as "talked the talk." Just because he owned something didn't mean it was his exclusively. Share the wealth, save jobs, organize unions, fight for welfare rights, invite strangers to use vacation homes, and so much more. These were principles and practices that guided Marvin's life, gave it purpose and meaning, and provide inspiration to others to carry on in this spirit of generosity.

For us, Marvin is irreplaceable. He was one in a million, a mainstay and an anchor in our lives. His loyalty, kindness, and generosity to us, and to our children, Gordon and Leah, were unwavering and lifelong. We are enormously grateful, but ultimately all of this reflects Marvin's goodness. He was a "rock" on whom we, and so many others, relied. In a time and a world in which it is difficult to find people who can be trusted, over the long term, to be consistent and principled, Marvin is one of the few we can think of.



# **Marvin Mandell Memories**

**Patricia Ikan**

Dear Christine and Charlotte,

Meeting your parents when I was Patricia Ann Blum and a student at the University of Iowa in the 1960's was life-changing for me. I had received an A.A. degree from Marshalltown Community College in the spring of 1964 and entered U of I in the fall of 1964 and was planning to receive a degree in speech and drama.

Campus unrest re: social justice, civil rights and the Vietnam War was heating up in Iowa City and I decided to explore other degree options. I first met Betty when she was my teacher for a history of Social Work class. I was struck how she used examples from the arts to bring alive the timeline of events (e.g. music, paintings and excerpts from Dostoyevsky etc.).

Then I met Marvin, who at the time was working on his PhD, when I became a babysitter for Christine and Marla and also the "cleaning lady" for the Mandell family. My friend, Jane Middleton, was a student of Betty's, too, and we both spent much time at the 717 N. Dodge St. house. (I continue to drive by that house almost weekly, as Dodge Street is the southern one-way artery to downtown I.C. on the Highway One trip from Solon.)

I also took a Social Security class from Betty. Betty taught by example as she withheld what is now known as FICA for my Social Security benefits from my pay for my childcare and cleaning part-time jobs. I continued that pattern with my future part-time child-care employees.

I always loved being at the Dodge Street house--surrounded by a stimulating environment of books, music, and conversation when Betty and Marvin would have us for supper. I noted book titles for future reading and became a "foodie" when I read and copied recipes from the now defunct "Gourmet" magazine!

The accident and death of Marla in 1965 brought back for me the July, 1964 death of Patrick Larkin, my fiancé at the time, due to an automobile accident, too. However, I feel having the loss of Marla so soon after my own loss helped all of us. I continued my cleaning. I tutored Christine at the hospital and at home—which was another experience that drew me to my decision to become an elementary school teacher. I'd always liked kids—I'd begun by helping with my younger brother who was born when I was ten. I was realizing that by incorporating my interest in the arts with my academic side I could make a real difference in a classroom setting.

On July 29, 1966, Ron Ikan and I got married in College Hill Park in Iowa City. We took the train from IC to Chicago to see the second great Miles Davis quintet at the Plugged Nickel for our honeymoon weekend. I can't remember why the Mandells were not in attendance but I do remember Marvin excitedly telling me about Cuttyhunk while we were standing by the desk in the dining room of the Dodge St. house. So, perhaps 1966 was the first summer when they went to Cuttyhunk????

Ron and I took our new friends, John Wideman and his wife, Judy, over to meet Marvin and Betty. Marvin helped Ron to figure out how to file a joint tax return. Life continued on. I'm not sure what year it was --1968, probably—when we took a manic Marvin to the Cedar Rapids, IA airport after his Ph.D. defense. He was riffing about the test and wondering aloud on how he did!

In January, 1968, I took a third grade teaching position in Solon, located nine miles north of Iowa City. We moved to a “modern” log cabin on the Adams farm in rural Solon. On July 18, 1971, our son, John Coltrane Ikan, was born.

When our son, John, was three years old we made our first visit to Cuttyhunk. Marvin rode his bike to meet us when the ferryboat arrived. We went sailing in the Atlantic and Marvin was concerned for John's safety but it all turned out fine.

We went digging for clams and Betty made a great feast served with bread and white wine. We played, read, listened to music, and discussed



EVERYTHING etc.!!! Overall, it was a pretty laid-back vacation time. But I do remember Marvin got on a roll with some topic, and a usually patient Betty asked Marvin to “give it a rest!”

The last time Ron and I visited Cuttyhunk was in July 1999 after the fatal JFK, Jr, airplane crash. At night we could see all of the lights and activity over at Martha’s Vineyard. By this time, the uncluttered, small village Cuttyhunk from our first visit had been changed by an influx of people, new housing, and more businesses. But it was still a cool place to be visiting the Mandells, though!

We always wanted to visit Betty and Marvin in France but that was not to be. We also never made it to the Anawan Avenue residence in West Roxbury, Massachusetts either. But we didn’t need to actually see them in person because we always communicated over the years. Most importantly, their influence as role models continues to be an integral part of our lives even as we are now 73 (Pat) and 75 (Ron) years of age. We are so thankful for having known your parents and will always cherish the memories – some of which are highlighted in these words.

Love, Pat Blum Ikan  
4/30/17



*2009, in front of the food stand in Charlotte, Rochester, by Lake Ontario, where Marvin worked as a teenager*

## **Janet Kilkenny**

I knew Marvin as Betty, my teacher's, husband. We mostly saw him when they came over to France where he was extremely kind, generous and hospitable to me, my daughters and their friends and my grandson. I particularly remember his apology act after the Gulf War, being obviously American as he arrived on French soil, saying "Ce n'est pas ma faute".

His deliberate contact with another culture, reading French newspapers and watching local TV channels, for him meant keeping open to other ways of seeing things, but he was adamantly against cultural relativism, in that he felt certain values were absolute and certain behaviour could not be excused for being part of a culture.

Rigorous in his thinking, as was Betty, he could still be a gentle, supportive and loving husband.





*with a troll in 2001, when Marvin & Betty were living in Norway for the summer*

## Remembering Marvin: Friend, Colleague, Mentor

Russell Pregeant

As I look at the picture of Marvin in the *Boston Globe*, a flood of feelings comes over me. They are accompanied by memories, but in this moment it is the feelings that predominate. The memories are, after all, quite intact. For how could such imprints, made by a force of nature like Marvin, ever fade from consciousness? What I see in the picture is a smile bubbling over with good humor and good will, nuanced however by the furrows in the brow — signs of the depth and complexity of this monumental personality. He touched so many of us in so many ways that to try to encapsulate even a small part of who he was and the legacy he left seems impossible. The good will and the good humor were woven together with wisdom, wit, and a deep sensitivity that made him vulnerable. And all of this was accompanied by a dogged honesty that often led to abrasive interchanges. “What can I say?” he once confessed to me, “I’m contentious.” To be his friend thus came with no guarantee of being spared his stinging rebuke if one’s actions or opinions didn’t meet his strict standards. But of course this bald honesty was one of his greatest gifts to those who understood him well enough and valued him enough to engage him on matters of importance. Those who did understand and value him knew also that those strict standards were not arbitrary but were formed by a lifetime of experience, study, and reflection. And not only that: there were times, golden moments indeed, when he would graciously acknowledge that he was wrong on some point. I still celebrate the time he told me that I was right, and he was wrong, when I claimed Bill Moyers as a stalwart progressive. Nor did Marvin gloat when I wrote a letter to him during one of his summers in France, acknowledging with triple mea culpas that he had been right, and I very, very wrong, about a disastrous new president of Curry College.

Marvin was a teacher, and part of what made him a great one was that he was always (as any good teacher must be) also a learner. Not only did he continue to read widely throughout his life, but he was always quick to give

due credit to anyone who had taught him something important. And this points to another of his traits that is necessary for good teaching – humility. It might seem odd to say so, but in Marvin’s case humility had a political dimension (as, indeed, did everything!). It issued from a profound democratic sense, the conviction that all human progress toward peace and justice must issue “from below,” that is, from the masses of people themselves. I don’t know how many times I heard him quote Eugene V. Debs’s refusal to act as a Moses leading the people out of capitalism, since that was something they would have to do themselves. It was a lesson I needed to hear, one of many I learned in our innumerable conversations over the years. And it was one he practiced. Teaching for him had no resemblance to indoctrination; it meant, as it should, guiding students on their own paths of discovery. I should also say that my own understanding of the calling of a teacher owes much to Marvin. In my early years at Curry, I was often frustrated with the behavior of some of the students, but Marvin always had a way of helping me put things in perspective. “You don’t know what problems they might be dealing with,” he would say on some occasions. And on another level, he could cut through much of the overly abstract reflection on educational theory in which the faculty often engaged with his brilliantly simple philosophy: “Hire good teachers and let them teach what they love.”

Teaching was absolutely ingrained in Marvin’s nature. And I illustrate that with a particularly fond memory. When my copy of the Winter 2017 issue of *New Politics* arrived, featuring articles on “Russia: The Revolution and Beyond,” I immediately thought of a period, some years ago, when Marvin would meet me from time to time to hike up the Great Blue Hill, just down the road from Curry College. My memories of those hikes are particularly clear, because they illustrate some of Marvin’s most characteristic and engaging traits. For one thing, although we were no longer young and Marvin suffered from asthma, he insisted on riding his bike from West Roxbury and arriving partially spent. Predictably, although he was in magnificent general health, his asthma would inevitably kick in and cause disturbingly heavy breathing, scaring me half to death. Nevertheless, he always trudged on, all the way to the top. Part of the issue, also predictably, was that he also wanted to talk along the way – something I in no way discouraged, because I was utterly entranced by the subject that frequently



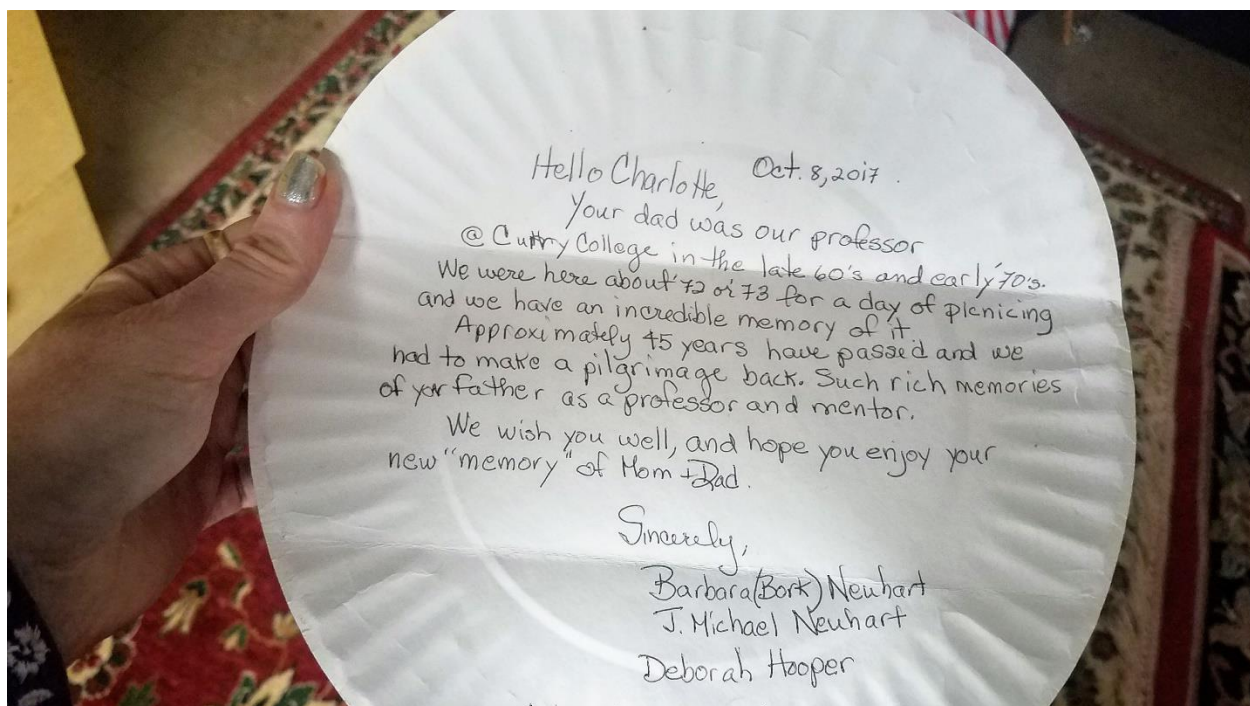
came up: the intricate details of the Russian Revolution, which he related with detailed descriptions of the many parties and players involved. I admit that I was never able to keep all this straight in my mind, but my interest never waned in the slightest. So, when my copy of *New Politics* arrived, I began reading with renewed interest, feeling a warm and wonderful presence by my side, breathing heavily but continuing at rapid pace to work through the highs and lows of a momentous time in human history. I felt as if I were continuing my political education through an extension of the conversations on the trail up the hill with the fondest memories in my heart.

There were many other illuminating conversations I remember that involved Betty. For a number of years, I ate lunch with Marvin and Betty at their home after attending church in Roslindale, a short drive from West Roxbury. I named these occasions “seminars,” because we discussed nearly every current topic in endless detail, but they were far more than that. Betty did once joke that it was their job to keep me politically pure (and it pleased me that she said “keep” rather than “make”), but the meals were most of all a time of friends being together and sharing. These and other occasions at the Mandell household are particularly dear to me because they involved the two of them, which over the years I came to think of as a single “package.” It was hard to imagine them except in relation to one another, and I remember many occasions when Marvin would say something to the effect that he didn’t ever want to hurt anyone, with one hypothetical exception: “unless someone would try to take Betty away from me.” His devotion to her was real, intense, and unwavering as, indeed, were all of his commitments. As tight as their bond was, though, it was not confining. Each remained an individual, pursuing personal goals while supporting the other.

One of the most important aspects of friendship, I think, is caring about a friend’s endeavors. Marvin always encouraged his friends to pursue their dreams and ambitions, and he always rejoiced sincerely with them in anything worthwhile that they accomplished. Not too many years after I came to Curry, I published a small book titled *Mystery without Magic*, a treatment of fundamental questions of religion that expressed my own theological perspective. Marvin, although agnostic, was deeply interested in the questions that religious belief involves. And when I gave him a copy of the book, he responded in a way that any author should value. His office

was at the opposite end of the hall from mine, and over the course of several days, he would read a chapter or so at a time and then hustle down the hall to discuss some point or other. Given Marvin's self-confessed contentiousness, he often wanted to dispute something I had written, but the conversations always took place within the context of shared fundamental values. I remember with great fondness anticipating an invigorating discussion each time I heard his distinctive, thumping footsteps coming down the hall. In later years, he gave unselfishly of his time to give thorough and helpful evaluations of things I had written.

I look at the picture of Marvin and a flood of feelings come over me. I feel again his good humor, his wit, his generosity, his boundless good will, and his unwavering commitments. I also feel again the warm hospitality of the Mandell household and I am overwhelmed with gratitude for having had such friends as Marvin and Betty.



## Jane Middleton

Time got away from me and I failed to get together a note regarding the death of my beloved instructor and friend, Betty Reid Mandell. Now, Marvin has passed on, and the opportunity is once again at my fingertips.

As a twenty-one year old innocent from Marshalltown, Iowa, with two years of community college behind me, I became a junior at the University of Iowa. I had read books about Jane Addams as a child, and doing something like she did had its appeal to me, so I declared myself to be a social work major. My good friend, Pat Blum, joined me. We had a class with Betty our first semester. We became hooked, especially on Betty. She invited us to her home, where we met her energetic, enthusiastic husband, Marvin. The home on Dodge Street was simple, but when one walked in the door, classical music was playing loud and clear. Marvin was a born teacher. He wished to share whatever was passing through his head with those around him. He began giving us lessons on classical music, particularly Vivaldi. The girls, Christine (5?) and little Marla at about 3, were well versed in their knowledge of Vivaldi. I remember being so amazed that ones so young could know so much. Marvin also gave us "lessons" on the value of the foreign films that were present at that time. I remember struggling with "Wild Strawberries" by Ingmar Bergman, attempting to figure out all the symbolism and having been busted by Marvin, as I figured out nothing more than how to fall asleep.

The following year, tragedy struck the family, and Marla was lost. Christine was also hospitalized for a lengthy period of time, and had to wear a full body cast for many months. Betty, Marvin, Pat, and I took shifts so that Christine always had a familiar face at her bedside. I don't remember if we had any further classes with Betty, because drawing the line between what we learned in class and what we learned just being around the couple became blurred. What I do know is that this couple made a profound impression on the person that I am today. Even more so than my own parents.

My parents never really talked politics in our household. Instead they lived much of the injustice that led to some of the legacies of the New Deal. My father's father died from a farm accident in 1930. This left the widow and her college age son to manage the family farm. My father was away at college, and apparently my grandmother was not experienced at managing the finances and failed for whatever reason to make mortgage payments. The bank swooped in and gone was the family farm. Also gone was my father's future career as a farmer.

Leap ahead to the late 1930's and my parents were now living in Marshalltown, Iowa, as my father had found a job there, giving loans to farmers. My mother's mother was aging and had absolutely no resources to support herself. She joined our household, and she became another dependent for my father to support for the next twenty years.

Out of the New Deal came the proposition that the "churches cannot handle the load", and Social Security was initiated. This is something that the following generations have taken for granted, but with the right wing of the Republican Party hammering to privatize this plan, or to reduce its coverage, young people could once again be forced to pay for the support of their elderly parents. Betty and Marvin helped me to make this type of connection long ago. The New Deal also provided some needed regulations on banks to prevent the huge stealing of property that was done during the Great Depression. Unfortunately, those regulations have not always been sufficient or still effective. Betty introduced me to Harry Hopkins, Frances Perkins, and Eleanor Roosevelt, three people who had a tremendous effect on the wealthy blue blood, Franklin Roosevelt.

I always kept in touch with Betty and Marvin, and a few times made the cross county trek to Massachusetts from California to see them. I stayed for a week at their Cuttyhunk home and marveled at what a calm paradise they had found. It was a week of fun and lively discussions. I became reacquainted with Christine and was introduced to Charlotte. My plans of

meeting up with them in France never quite got off the ground. For this I am sorry.

Our country is facing the worst of times, at least in my lifetime. (I thought things could never get worse than Bush/Cheney.) As Trump slashes and bashes everything that is fundamental and essential for a healthy, safe life in this country it is very distressing. I have spent most of my adult working career trying to help and fight for the underdog. I have worked with AFDC families in the sixties, and HIV men and women in the 80s and 90s, and the homeless all through the 21<sup>st</sup> century, up until my retirement in 2014. Betty and Marvin taught me my core values of providing support for those who are less fortunate in ability, in mind, in stamina, in judgment, in will power, or in health. We are all equal in value, but not necessarily equal in other ways. They were very special people to me, and I am grateful for their teachings, their wonderful sense of humor (Betty's silly giggle and Marvin's ability to point out the absurd), and for their wonderful friendship. They will be missed by many.

*San Rafael, CA*

*March 31, 2017*





*in 2006, at the home of Charlotte & Robert Kelly*

## **Marvin**

### **Mary Atlee**

Over the years, I got to know Marvin Mandell quite well. There were many things that were remarkable about Marvin, among them his passion for social justice, his love of Homer and the classics, and his love of the good life that he and Betty were living. When Betty died, I asked Marvin if he would teach me Homer, thinking it could become something we shared. He insisted on the Richmond Lattimore translation of the Iliad, and was equally specific about the Greek plays we subsequently read. His interest in foreign languages and in proper translation was evident. I like to think we both got quite a bit out of those Saturdays when we read together. Frequently we would have lunch before we read, and when lunch was over Marvin would settle in to the chair in the living room, turn on the lamp, and look over his papers. He seemed quite at home. He was very knowledgeable and very much on an even keel about what we read. I miss those Saturdays.

Life without Betty was painful for Marvin. I was, of course, dismayed by his decision not to fight on when he became ill. I understood it, however, as many years ago he had spoken of the necessity of having quality of life. He would not have wanted to live a diminished life. I hesitate to say he is at peace, because I don't know that he believed that, but he is no longer in pain. Sometimes that is the best we can hope for.

I will miss him, and be forever grateful for the time we spent together.



## Bill Littlefield

Marvin was one of the most generous and thoughtful people I've known. He was a dependable friend.

Beyond that, he was a principled and energetic champion of the people who most needed a hand. One of the first things I remember Marvin saying to me was that he felt everyone at Curry should be paid equally, without regard to rank. Like a lot of his ideas, this one was never implemented. But Marvin was never discouraged by the failure of others to recognize justice as he presented it. He carried on.

Together, Marvin and Betty seemed to me to embody what was most admirable in terms of political conviction, social action, and day-to-day compassion.

And there was nothing grim about either of them. It was evident, always, that they were enjoying their lives.

I miss Marvin and I think of him often with joy.





*Marvin and Betty at Charlotte, Rochester, in 2009*

## Marshall Keyes

Marvin and I were colleagues at Curry College in the 1980's.

Though we were at the opposite of the ends of the political spectrum, it would not be too much to say that I both respected and loved him as a man, not old enough to be my father but very much the older brother or uncle I would have wanted.

He was a real mensch, a humanist in the broadest and finest sense of the word and a man of relentless honesty. I once refused to join a standing ovation for a graduation speaker and was sharply criticized for it. Marvin took my side: "That's integrity!" He was a strong advocate for a candidate for a tenure track position in his department, but when another, better candidate came along, he was the first to tell me.

We shared a hatred of racism and sexism, a love for underdogs and the downtrodden that was stronger than our disagreements on how those issues were to be addressed.

Knowing my family loved to sail, he and Betty invited them to their home on Cuttyhunk on several occasions, and despite being a Socialist, he always looked to my wife (Harvard Business School MBA) for investment tips. She said he was a closet capitalist who did just fine on his own!

He was intensely proud of his WWII service at a time and place where Vietnam had poisoned the very idea of military service. On the 50th anniversary of VE Day, he was decorated by the French in his mountain village, complete with kisses on his cheeks. He was both bemused and pleased.

In later years, after my wife and I no longer lived in Boston, our mutual love of early music meant that mostly we ran into each other at Jordan Hall. Marvin never failed to ask after our children, and he and Betty shared their pride in their daughters.



He was unique. He could lose himself in the pathos of a Rembrandt etching and write a manifesto with the best of them. My life is very much the better for having known him and his dear wife.



*January 28, 2003, at home in West Roxbury*

## Beth Beighlie

One & all,

I'm still at a loss for words for Marvin's passing. Suffice to say that (illogically) I somehow felt that Marvin would just keep chugging along. His person, his spirit was always so indomitable, and it just seemed impossible that he'd ever stop. Having known Marvin for more than half my life, for longer than I've known most people, his passing marks a bit of unraveling of the thread that's tied so much of my time on earth into a neater package.

It was no secret that I wasn't a huge fan of our (& by that I mean: his) movie selections, people outside of our group would ask me why I went. The answer was easy: it's what we did. If I didn't go, that thread would have frayed much earlier. That continuity that Marvin & Betty provided by hosting us each month was an anchor that hinted at normalcy regardless of the current political, social & technological climate (how many administrations did we span?, look how we've all gone from young, to not-so-much..., and didn't Marvin single-handedly keep VHS alive?).

Now, with the Marvin & Betty dynasty gone, I've really taken some comfort in all of your reflections. Thank you for that. Let's keep them alive.



*in Rochester in 1929, at the age of two*

## Matt Lovell

Dear Charlotte,

I was so sorry to hear from Paula DiMare about your father's passing. He and I had established a wonderful rapport at Cuttyhunk... it was all the more important to me since it was during my teen years which, as with most of us, were challenging and emotional. Just knowing that he was on island made it a friendlier place for me.

It was during one of those tumultuous years that I began to understand one of his gifts of character that set him apart, and it was underscored during a conversation that occurred between Marvin, myself, and several others on the road above the CYC dock. I remember that after a few minutes, the conversation shifted into snarky gossip, and Marvin was obviously uncomfortable with it. He steered the conversation away, back into deeper, safer water, and did so in an understated but clear manner.

This was trivial perhaps, but it made a huge impression on me. I had known your dad pretty well by then, and knew he was anything but shy about speaking up about things that were "right and wrong" or "fair and unfair." But during that specific conversation, I started to realize how careful he was with the feelings of others--he could spot injustice a mile away and would speak about it, but I never heard him criticize anyone we knew. This realization (plus many many others) made me look up to your father as a "safe haven"... one who could be trusted with fragile things like hearts. From that moment on, I grew incredibly fond of him.

And I so appreciated the generosity he showed me in lending me your family Bull's Eye for A-Group races; it made me feel special (it was pretty new at the time... no scratches) AND it pointed way higher than any of the others on island. It won me several races.

He was so utterly genuine and deeply compassionate... his passing leaves me with a sense of hurt and loss, and a muddled feeling that the universe just did something very unfair.

Thinking of you, and so very sorry for your loss.

Matt Lovell



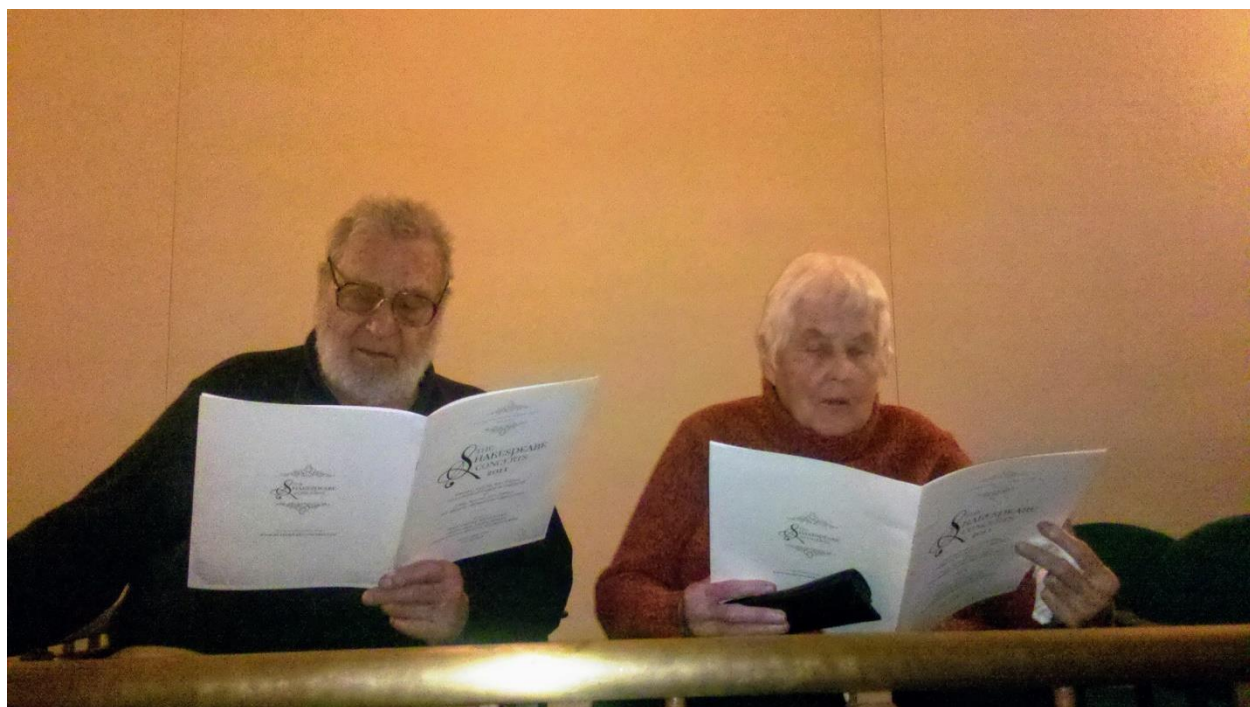
## Abby Heim

I met Marvin 40 years ago, as my college freshman English literature professor, where he opened up so many worlds to me so quickly that I made sure in the next year and a half that he was also my film studies professor, my Greek comedies and tragedies professor, my Comedies in 20<sup>th</sup>-Century American literature professor, and probably a few more. Marvin's sense of humor ("ha ha, that was a joke!" was a line all his students expected to hear a few times during each lecture); his delight in learning, teaching, and ideas; and above all, his clear sense that humanity and the human condition are the most wonderful, precious gifts available to us; were driving forces in these courses, and as I came to know Marvin and Betty and their family in the ensuing years, clearly important values woven throughout their lives.

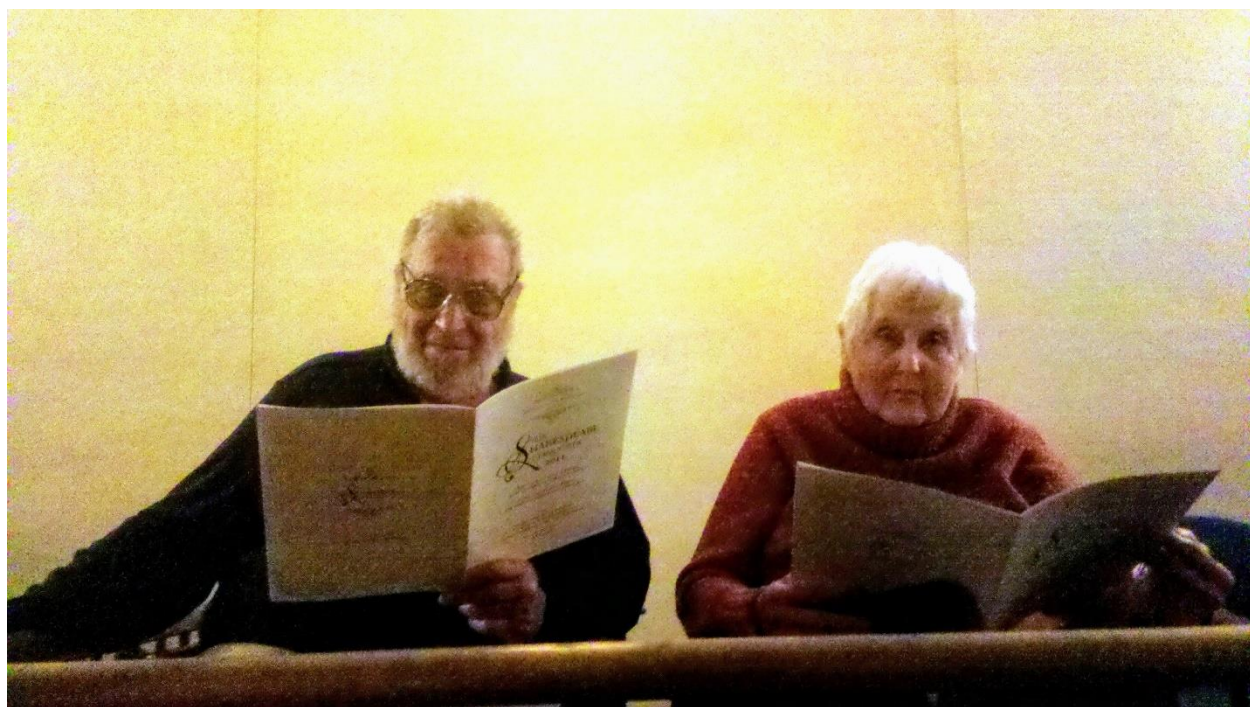
I became and remained close friends of the Mandells. They were so generous to me: sharing with me a season ticket to Boston Baroque for more than 30 years, including me on skiing trips and wonderful long weekends on Cuttyhunk, showing Joe and me their beloved French Alps summer getaway, hosting a monthly film group for many years that always offered unusual discussion, great food, and the fellowship of a circle of people also to become long-time friends. But most of all, Marvin was a friend like no other—demonstrating generosity of spirit; a deep love and value of the intellect and creativity as humankind's most wondrous and precious achievements; a commitment to social and political activism; and always a way of meeting the world that came from believing people are fundamentally kind, loving beings. In short, I admired Marvin.

Thank you, Charlotte, for the chance to take a moment out of the whirl of daily life to remember Marvin (and Betty) again: I'm skipping the biographical details of Marvin's extraordinary life and achievements, I know they're well described elsewhere. When I think of Marvin and Betty, what stands out most is that they were friends to so many people of so many backgrounds and worlds, helped and cared for so many people in so many ways; they lived lives to which, on my best days, I'm only able to aspire. But what a gift that is, one I draw from often—a picture of what lives lived lovingly, intellectually, and fully, can be. I miss Marvin deeply, and am so appreciative of his presence in my life. He opened worlds to me and it isn't

an overstatement to say that I'm a different person, with beliefs more rooted in valuing love and compassion, than I would have been without his friendship.



*at the New England Conservatory's Jordan Hall for a concert in 2011*



## Memories of Marvin

Charlotte Mandell

I owe so many of my likes and dislikes to Marvin. Marvin taught me how to ski; how to sail and row (I went on to become a yacht club instructor); how to ice skate; how to play softball; and probably how to swim, though I can't remember ever learning to swim. It was Marvin who first introduced me to French literature and it was thanks to him that we first traveled to Switzerland and France starting when I was ten (I went on to become a French literary translator). From Marvin I learned my love of travel; from him too I acquired a love of adventure, a fearlessness in approaching new experiences that was characteristic of him — who else but Marvin would think of renting a narrowboat in England and skippering it from Shropshire to Wales and back? Who else but Marvin would rent a foldboat (a kind of glorified kayak), put a pet poodle in it, and travel in it (together with Betty) up the St. Lawrence River in Canada? (They had to be rescued by a Merchant Marine ship.) I grew up listening to stories of my parents' adventures and so took them a little for granted, but when I think about the madness of some of their escapades, I'm a little taken aback at their foolhardiness and bravery. I am grateful to Marvin for including me in many of those adventures; I have wonderful memories of that narrowboat trip to Llangollen in Wales, and of another canal boat trip on the Canal du Midi in southern France, and of taking a series of cable cars (each one smaller than the one before) to get to the Aiguille du Midi on top of Mt. Blanc.

To Marvin I owe my love of classical music. He loved to play an old LP of Toscanini conducting Verdi's Requiem, where you could hear Toscanini in the background as the trumpets sound in the Dies Irae, shouting "Canti, canti," sing, sing! Every year we would go to hear Handel's Messiah—I loved standing during the Hallelujah chorus, and when I was little I loved the "All we like sheep" aria, since I didn't realize that went with "...have gone astray." We also had a subscription to the Christmas music celebrations at Harvard's Sanders Theatre, a huge, resounding, wooden auditorium where the audience sang along to songs like Greensleeves and

Lord of the Dance. We also went every year to Boston's First Night, an all-night New Year's Eve celebration with a parade featuring giant puppets from Bread & Puppet Theater; one ticket admitted you to concerts all over downtown Boston. Marvin loved Bach above all other composers, but he was also partial to Stravinsky (the *Rite of Spring* especially—he was disappointed when he bought us tickets to the *Sacre du printemps* at the Paris Opéra when we were visiting and the modern interpretation featured a wooden doll instead of an actual dancer), Vivaldi, and Leonard Cohen.

Marvin loved comedy routines. Since I grew up in the 70s, I was treated to every Monty Python show on PBS, and it was a special treat since it was always on late, at 10 or 11 PM. I can't imagine my childhood without Monty Python — it became an integral part of my being, a kind of amused way of viewing an increasingly absurd world. Marvin also had many LPs of comedians like Lenny Bruce, Bob & Ray, Moms Mabley, and Elaine May and Mike Nichols; he had memorized many of their routines and could recite them by heart.

To Marvin I owe my love of the theater; every year he would buy a subscription to Trinity Repertory Company in Providence, which at the time housed the best repertory company in New England; Richard Jenkins (now a well-known film actor) started out there. When I was in elementary school I was convinced I would grow up to be an actress; I joined the Boston Children's Theatre and we toured all over New England, performing plays like *Winnie the Pooh* and *Aladdin and the Magic Lamp*. Marvin also introduced me to Anouilh's *Antigone* and Giraudoux's *Ondine* and Euripides' *Hecuba* (in Edith Hamilton's translation), all strong women who went against the grain and didn't follow conventions, women who thought for themselves; I like to think I took them as models for my own life. As a sophomore at Boston Latin School I performed *Hecuba's* speech as part of their Public Declamation competition, which that year was held at Faneuil Hall since it was Latin School's 350<sup>th</sup> anniversary; I won first prize, and was the first female, and the first sophomore, ever to win that honor in the history of the school. (Of course they figured out a way to award the prize money to the boy who came in third, since he was a senior...)

I also owe my love of film to Marvin, since he taught both film and literature at Curry College. I think I can safely say I was probably the only girl in my class (and in the country, probably) who had seen Bergman's *Seventh Seal* at least ten times by the time I was 13, along with *Wild Strawberries*. Marvin would bring the college's film projector home and show the films on a sheet attached to the living room wall to a small film group of family friends. Marvin also showed Fritz Lang's *M* with Peter Lorre many times over — I can still hear Peter Lorre whistling Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King" in the dark in my dreams — as well as Orson Welles' *Citizen Kane* and Renoir's *Grand Illusion* and *Rules of the Game*. I would go on to minor in film theory at Bard, and to study it for a semester in Paris when I was a junior. (My major was French literature, also thanks to Marvin.)

From Marvin, too, I learned that writing is a serious thing, something one could devote one's life to. The sound of the typewriter was common and prevalent in my house, both in Boston and on Cuttyhunk Island, where we had our summer home.

Thanks to Marvin, we had a yearly subscription to Boston's Museum of Fine Arts — I used to play hooky from Latin School to go look at the Van Goghs at the MFA (his *Houses in Auvers* especially) since it was so close to my school; sometimes I'd go to the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum instead and sit quietly in the courtyard, surrounded by plants in the middle of winter, listening to the splashing water of the fountain. Marvin loved Rembrandt above all other painters, and had several reproductions hung in our house.

Above all, I owe Cuttyhunk to Marvin, the place where I feel most at home and am happiest. When I was in elementary and high schools, I always felt I did all my growing up in the summers, and just sort of stagnated in Boston — Cuttyhunk, I felt, was my true and only home. I can't imagine my life without the island, without sailing & swimming & reading on the front porch, looking out at the sea. I am so grateful to Marvin for bequeathing such a precious legacy to me, our little cottage.



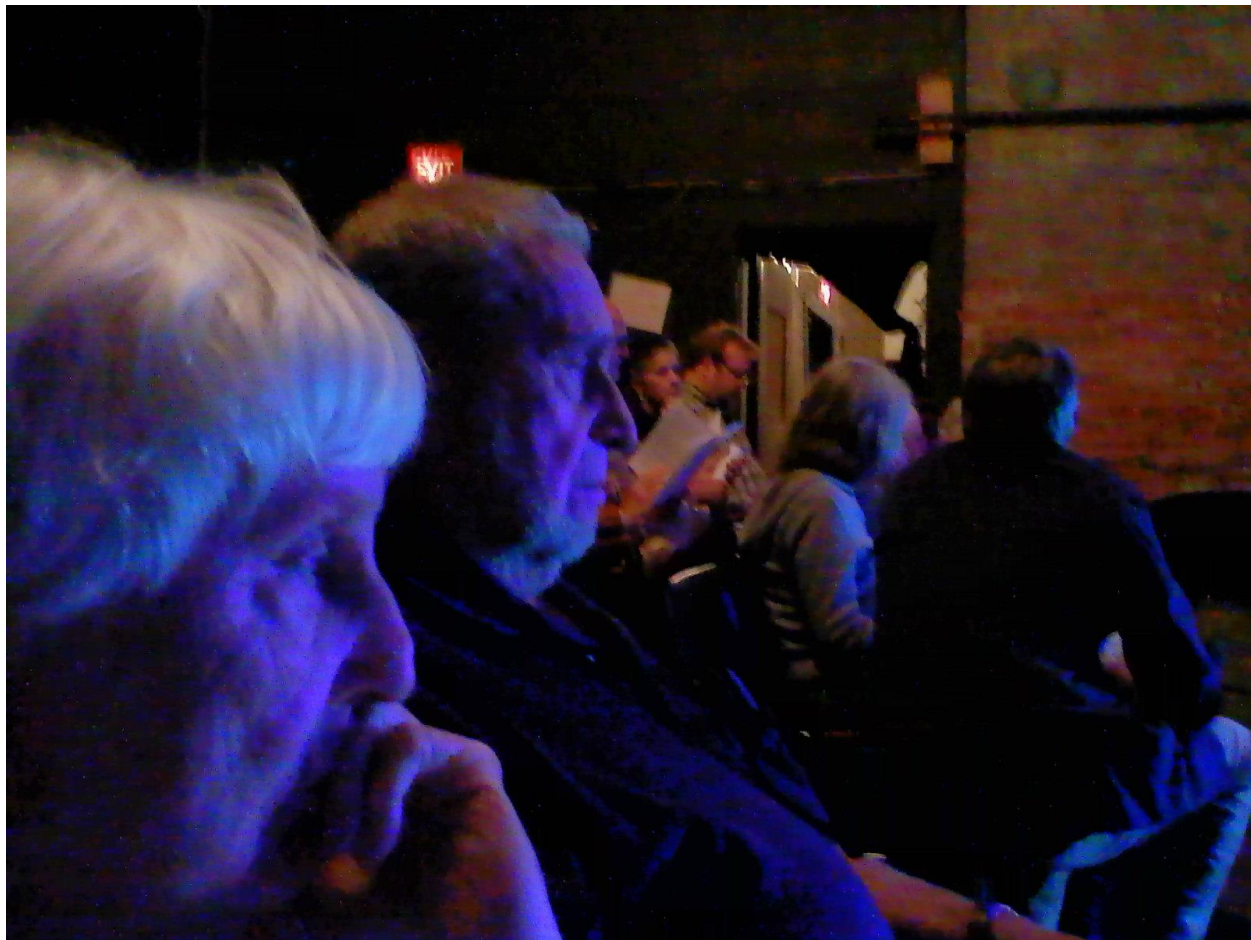
Marvin and I clashed a lot in my teenage years, partly because we were so alike: we were both impatient, short-tempered, and imperious. Marvin could also be overbearing, authoritarian, and unwilling to listen to another side of an argument. When I was younger I thought Marvin and I were polar opposites, but now that I've grown older I see how alike we actually were, and how so many of my positive qualities — adventurousness, inquisitiveness, love of literature, reading, and writing, love of discussion — come from him. I am so grateful to my father for handing those qualities down to me, and for helping to make me who I am now. I feel he is more a part of me now than ever before, and I hope I can continue to foster all of his good qualities and try to temper some of his not-so-good ones.



*doing the Sunday Times crossword puzzle in 2009*

**Robert Kelly**  
**from his forthcoming novel *Camera Obscura***

There is a delicately deliciously quivering footbridge in Morzine. It stretches across a gully, in the heart of which the grand municipal swimming pool rests. Many a day I've stood on the footbridge, the French call it *passarelle*, which makes it even more delicate, even more quivering, in the mild wind. I looked down at this immense blue rectangle of the pool, set in all the green gauds of summer around it. In that great blue rectangle below me, tiny movements, whitish pinkish brownish, occur, which are swimmers, players, children, adults, moving. The whole picture doesn't move, but inside the picture there is movement. We have to learn to deal with that. What happens when the picture stands still, but inside it something happens, something moves. I look down, I think how lovely it is to be there in France, the breeze is blowing from the Alps nearby, looking down at the swimmers, there in that lane towards the left of the pool, it's bigger than an olympic pool, the whole thing, though there's an olympic pool sized zoned off area in it- and there in the fourth lane from the left, in a lane all by himself, an old gentleman, stocky, sturdy, does the backstroke, slowly, from one end of the pool to the other, setting the whole pool to his measure. This man is my father-in-law, a man I love dearly, a writer, and we have come to visit him and Betty, his wife, Charlotte's mother, activist, defender of the poor, here in France, in the summer, in the world of pictures, in the world of places-that-people-go-to-to-see-because other people have gone and come back telling true or false about what is there.



*Betty & Marvin at the opening of Robert Kelly's Oedipus after Colonus in  
Woodstock, NY, 2010*

## Judith Archer

2-13-17

Oh Charlotte!

I'm filled with sorrow, and a little pissed-off-ness... mostly at myself. I really didn't write to Marvin enough. (Not nearly as many times as we thought of him...) And especially because I could imagine how his life was without Betty...

And now he's gone... but only in one sense; to me—he'll never be "gone" from my memories—starting way back before you were born. This June, when you come to Cuttyhunk, I *promise* we'll spend some time together—and I'll see how good my recall is—those memories I'm referring to.

Of course, you know, I had 3 *great* teachers in my life. Many excellent ones, but "great" is a category unto itself. He was my Literature prof. at SUNY Potsdam who gave us assignments like: Attend the film "Dr. Caligari's Cabinet" or "Potemkin" or Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" showing tonight at Clarkson!! Well, first of all, we never went down to Clarkson, and had no idea what hell he was talking about—but figure it out, we did! He was sort of a "tyrant," bumbling. The tyrant part was his immense *intensity* and *passion*. I, on the other hand, unaware underclassman, had never even heard of an "art" film, much less a film in another language! But Marvin *woke* something in me and it flowered and grew. A *great* teacher.

He had one suit, black, which I think went to the cleaners every weekend. He was pals with the liberals (I didn't realize liberalism, either) in the History Dept. They planned the Potsdam contingency that went to Selma.

He loved music. (Why am I telling *you* this?) And attended probably every recital at Crane, definitely attended *all* the concerts. He was the first to holler “Bravo” at Robert Shaw’s conducting the Verdi Requiem. Passion connecting with passion.

I remember babysitting in Hannawa Falls (simple house, great meals = Betty) for Christine & Marla (who was nicknamed “Molly-Moo” because she loved to breastfeed!) and one last: When they packed up to move to Iowa (for his PhD) their car was so jammed full of books, and folded cribs and essentials, that Marvin took out the driver’s seat and drove to Iowa on a white wooden kitchen chair!

And he loved to laugh

And

And

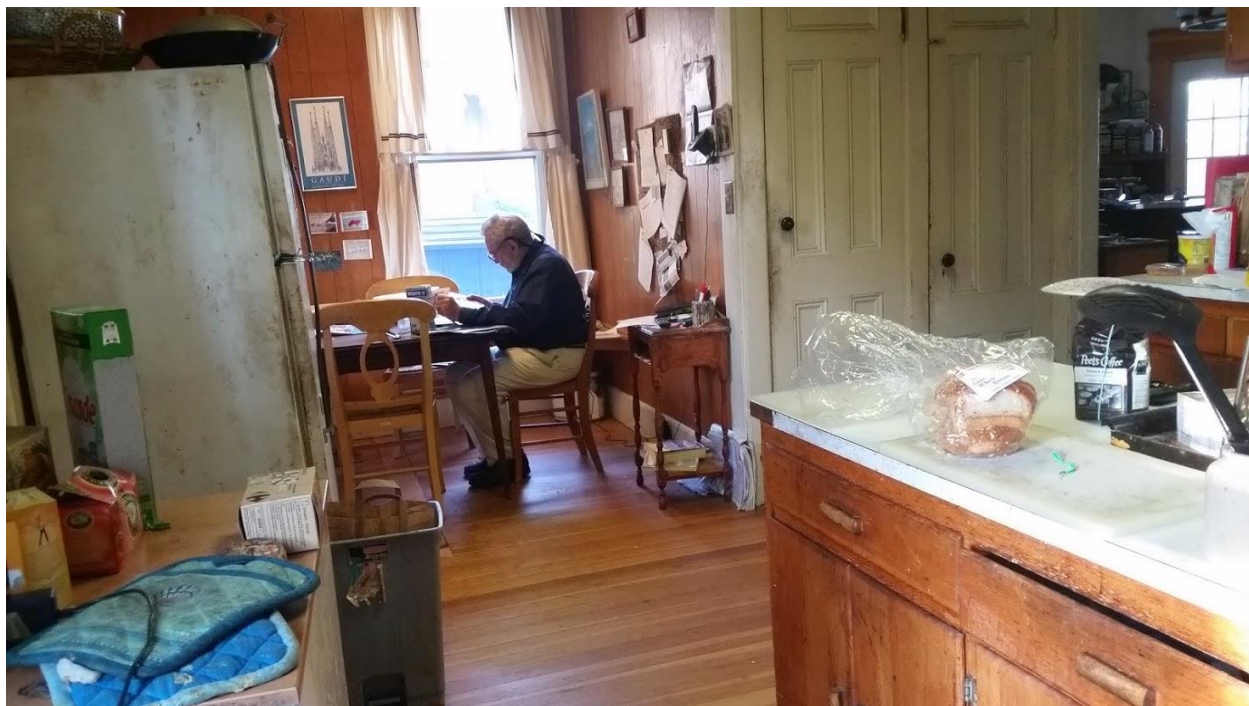
And

And – we had the best trip in our lives when, after about 30 years of asking us, we finally accepted and flew to St. Jean d’Aulps for a week of beauty, and generosity, and laughter, and delicious soup! And Marvin’s running commentary on the French Evening News – in French, with an American accent!

And we lost every Scrabble game – and – no man *ever* loved his wife more...

I’m so grateful,  
Mostly that –  
Love,  
Judith (& Bill)  
Archer





*in his Boston home in 2014*

*New Politics:*  
**From the Editors**

Marvin Mandell and Betty Reid Mandell

<http://newpol.org/content/editors>

For more than 150 years socialists have insisted that only workers themselves can make any fundamental change in social relations because only workers organizing themselves in the process of struggle to become a governing class can ensure that the old class society isn't reproduced by a new class of exploiters; the new society created by them would have democratic workers' control over the means of production. Revolutions in such countries as China, Cuba, Vietnam, and N. Korea were not led by the working class (urban or rural), as Régis Debray made clear in his *Revolution in the Revolution* (1967). We shouldn't want the 1959 Cuban Revolution to be a democratic workers' uprising, he wrote, because "No political front which is basically a deliberative body can assume the leadership of a people's war; only a technically capable executive group, centralized . . . can do so; in brief, only a revolutionary general staff." Contrast that to Eugene Debs's "Too long have the workers of the world waited for some Moses to lead them out of bondage. He has not come; he never will come. I would not lead you out if I could, for if you could be led out, you could be led back again. I would have you make up your minds that there is nothing that you cannot do for yourselves."

A special section of this issue is devoted to workers' struggles today. Who are the workers? How are they organized? What are their chances of success? Both John Hammond and Jennifer Shea-Brandynn Holgate stress difficulties in organizing: Hammond, the World Social Forum activists from diverse backgrounds and interests; and Shea-Holgate, isolated caregivers. Andreas Malm and Shora Esmailian discuss the extremely difficult struggle that Iranian workers are having against the religious dictatorship; John Gibler writes about the bloody uprising of Mexican teachers and other workers in poverty-stricken Oaxaca; but Karen Wirsig tells of a victory for Canadian broadcast workers.

Our special section on the elections highlights the dilemma that activists face in trying to mount an opposition to media-favored millionaire candidates -- join a third party or the progressive wing of the Democratic Party? Jonathan Tasini challenged Hillary Clinton in the Democratic primary and was virtually ignored by the media, as was Howie Hawkins in his Green Party challenge to her.

Also featured in this issue is Stephen R. Shalom's analysis of crises in the Middle East: in Iraq, Iran, Lebanon , and Palestine. The rest of our articles again cover a wide spectrum: from abortion, adoption, and psychotherapy to a discussion of whether the Bush Administration is fascist.

When things look bleak, we are reminded of the words of the Spanish Civil War revolutionary, Buenaventura Durruti: "We carry a new world here in our hearts. That world is growing this minute."

MARVIN AND BETTY



*Marvin & Betty at their favorite café in St. Jean d'Aulps, France, 2012*