

"...when I met Marty. He was a mirror and a river, a revelation... I was as a teenager in half (sic) house for messed up kids, he was a counselor...At that time 1960-61, like so many of the kids at the halfway house, I was angry, lost, depressed and anxious. With the shame of the label of emotional illness. Marty had no use for labels! We were all a WORK of ART for Marty! He was our Yiddish Zorba the Greek. He was a guardian to 20 mixed up male teenagers housed in a brownstone on the lower east side of Manhattan, 74 St Marks Place, we were honored guests of the Jewish Board of Philanthropists, administered by the state of New York. He was our counselor... He seemed dangerous and yet so protective, harmless, a Brooklyn Shaman, an arm around my shoulder. He had a rough wisdom, a charm and sophistication that was earthy with no sign of guile or ego or bullshit. He was not a phony...He left me the legacy of his energy, his smile, his piercing eyes, the mocking laugh beneath the grimace...I wrote a poem at that time called "Chant for a Lost Spanish Girlfriend." Her name was Chicken, and when I read the poem to Marty, he encouraged me, saying "who the hell has a girlfriend named chicken?" He spoke. "You are onto to something, keep going" He blessed and sanctified my innermost words and feelings. Marty always in a hurry to get somewhere, his monologue was at the speed of the rattle of a machine gun. He was at war with his passions, his appetites! He lived in his self-expression, he was kind and compassionate."

Sidney Rosenblum