

Marty Schulman stood alone among my colleagues and friends. Rarely, if ever, have I met someone so well informed, so well read on whatever topic one stumbled upon – not limited to just psychoanalytic texts. He was always willing to share his knowledge without being puffed up by his knowledge. All one had to do was to mention a text or an article and Marty would have read it and/or knew the intellectual context from which it came. He was a tireless worker and a generous and creative editor – willing to give voice to authors who were new to the field. And he did this repeatedly, throughout his tenure. Anyone who knew Marty, and many people did, appreciated his social commitment to the poor and underserved. He was a Marxist in his philosophy; I would frequently joke with him that he was a Stalinist in his evaluation of public officials. But his philosophy was practical – it never was just an intellectual stance – his commitment to social justice was paramount. His grasp of international politics was equally impressive and always informative and, to my ears, always fair.

We shared many lunches and dinners together, the two of us, and, at times, with my wife as well. There was always a quiet appreciation for each other. He was helpful to me in many little ways – one can only hope it was a two-way street. I will miss his generosity of spirit, his intensity, his intellect, even his joy in eating, although I was always concerned about his health.

It is hard to say good-bye with words. I cannot say goodbye, inside.

Jerry Gargiulo