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## Appreciation: Marianna Wertz

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# One of Schiller's 'Beautiful Souls'

*Marianna Wertz, a leader of the Schiller Institute founded by Helga Zepp-LaRouche and Lyndon LaRouche, died early this past Jan. 15 at 54, having fought for many years against cancer and effects of its treatment. As Vice-President of the Schiller Institute, Marianna Wertz's work included the preparation—together with her husband of 27 years, William Wertz—of the three-volume work Friedrich Schiller: Poet of Freedom, by which the Institute uniquely put Schiller's great dramas, poetry, and essays together into circulation in English, some for the first time. She became a passionate translator of Schiller's poetry into English; her translation of some of his most beautiful philosophical poems, including the great "The Artists," is awaiting publication in a fourth volume of Poet of Freedom which she had prepared.*

*At a commemorative evening memorial for Mrs. Wertz on Feb. 15—marked by beautiful music, poetry, and appreciations of her life's work—Helga Zepp-LaRouche noted that Schiller called "a sublime person, somebody who had not connected his identity to his physical existence, but to a moral principle which is eternal." Schiller's idea, expressed above all in "The Artists," that human beings are led to knowledge and reason by beauty; and that beauty can lead any human being to train his or her emotions to love the common good of humanity, guided Marianna Wertz and challenged her to become a translator of his poetic work.*

*The new work, Friedrich Schiller: Poet of Freedom, Vol. 4, should appear in April, published by the Schiller Institute and sold through Ben Franklin Booksellers.*

*The Feb. 15 discussion of Marianna Wertz's life and work—very briefly excerpted here—was begun by her brother, LaRouche associate and historian Anton Chaitkin.*

**Anton Chaitkin:** Good evening. We're going to celebrate the life of Marianna Wertz, my sister and a beautiful person, who passed away a few weeks ago. She will be very happy to hear this beautiful celebration.

We have, outside at the literature table, a special corner of the LaRouche movement table there, outside the hall, is set aside for books that Marianna helped bring to the world: three volumes of Schiller translations, Amelia Robinson's autobiography—newly printed—and a special issue of *Fidelio* magazine, with Marianna's translation of "The Artists," by Schiller.

Out at the table, you will see a display on two white boards, of photographs and clippings from Marianna's life. One of

the photographs there, is a picture of my father—her father—in the 1930s: a very intense young man in his 30s then, at the time when he was taking out lawsuits against Wall Street companies promoting Adolf Hitler into power, including the grandfather of the current President, who was a director of many of those companies.

The standpoint from which my father's activity proceeded, permeated our household. A sense of mission, of excitement, of possibilities in every avenue of life was there from the beginning, and it really was imparted to Marianna, as a gift. My father spoke both German and Russian, as a native language, coming from Latvia. And there was an intensely political environment; intensely musical—constant Beethoven and Bach and other music, which resulted in my brother being a musician, and this being considered on a par with politics and literature, as part of the normal existence of one's life. . . .

So, Marianna, from a very early time, was extremely open to doing the right thing, and being excited about it, throughout her life. I will just say that in the years that I knew her again—after leaving home, when we were children—since 1971, when she joined our movement, I saw her grow as a person, to become more and more of a beautiful person, and my very special friend. And, she radiated happiness most of the time; she was able to convey a sense of happiness to people that she worked with. This was true, even in the hospital, in her last days, in Johns Hopkins Hospital, when they were doing a set of procedures which were very invasive. And one of the nurses told me that she was trying to make all the medical staff feel at ease, and thanking them, while they were doing all these, you know, harsh things to her. So, he had a lump in his throat, over somebody with that quality.

And, it seemed to me, that in the last days of her life, she actually took off. There was never a time, when she did not feel that she had a gift that she was going to convey to other people.

**Amelia Boynton Robinson:** Some of us look at death, as being something that is harsh, that is dark, and gloomy. But, it isn't. Marianna's life proves, that it is something that you can give the world—as we say, "Give the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you." Marianna knows what we're doing. She knows about this meeting. She knows the hearts of those who knew her, and gave the best that they had. And she knows what's going on. . . .

So, I can just imagine, seeing the angels stooping down, and taking that soul and carrying it on to Heaven. We have to look at that as being something that is wonderful. And we say now, so often, that we're going to have a celebration when somebody dies. And truly, when we look at their going into another world, and they have done the best they could on this Earth, and they have given of themselves—yes, they are going home, and it is a celebration.

Not only for me, but for you, and for you, for each one us, who realize that we are going to have to leave this world, regardless of how well we like it, or how sad we may be.

We cannot see death. But it's there. And, we realize that we can't—as far as I can see, we don't come back. So, I think of—and if I'm wrong you can straighten me out—but many, many years ago, we used to study English. And, I think it was William Cullen Bryant, who wrote *Thanatopsis*. And the last verse of *Thanatopsis* is:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan which moves  
To that mysterious realm where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, a the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams.

**Lyndon LaRouche:** It was on this past Jan. 15, I was in the process of completing a session with Jawaharlal Nehru University in Delhi. The last question came from a professor, a friend of mine, who asked on the points I had made about the prospects for humanity: On what basis would I assume that the United States, as a nation, even under my leadership, would bring these things of which I had spoken to pass? And, I explained my motive, and the motive which would be driven by a nation under my leadership, on the theme of the principle of a sense of immortality, as opposed to the principle of tragedy, on which I spoke earlier, here, today.

I was coming toward the close of my answer to that question. I looked across the room, and Helga was sitting at a table at the back of the room. . . . The lights had gone out in Delhi, or at least that part of Delhi, at that point; so we were in darkness, and everything was—it was day, but there was darkness; there were no lights in the room, no power in the room, and she just happened to put her battery-powered camcorder on, and captured this last moment of my address there.

But, then, as I looked across the room, as I neared the end of my remarks, I suddenly knew I was at the end of my remarks, I saw her tearful face, the expression on her face: I didn't have to be told why she had reacted as she did at that time.

The important thing about this, is, after-

ward I said it was a coincidence, and various people with me said it was no coincidence, that I should happen to have answered that question, at that moment that Helga had received, while I was speaking, the news of Marianna's death. It was not an accident. Perhaps in time, it was—but certainly Marianna was on my mind at that time, and perhaps I spoke with more passion, even on that subject, than I would have otherwise, except that I knew my friend was struggling for life, in very imperiled, reduced circumstances, halfway around the world.

There's a lesson in this. It's a lesson for me, and for others. A lesson about the meaning of life: The most impressive moments, sometimes, for those of us who understand this, is the

## The Dance

by Friedrich Schiller

See how with hovering steps the couple in wavelike motion  
Rotates, the foot as with wings hardly is touching the floor.  
See I shadows in flight, set free from the weight of the body?  
Elves in the moonlight there weaving their vapor-like dance?  
As by zephyr 'twere rocked, the nimble smoke in the air flows,  
As so gently the skiff pitches on silvery tide,  
Hops the intelligent foot to melodic wave of the measure,  
Sweet sighing tone of the strings lifts the ethereal limbs.  
Now, as would they with might traverse through the chain of the dances,  
Swings there a valorous pair right through the thickest of ranks.  
Quickly before them rises the path, which vanishes after,  
As if a magical hand opens and closes the way.  
See! Now vanished the view, in turbulent whirl of confusion  
Plunges the elegant form of this permutable world.  
No, it hovers rejoicing above, the knot disentangles,  
Only with e'er-changing charm, rule does establish itself.  
Ever destroyed, creation rotating begets itself ever,  
And an unspoken law guides the transformative play.  
Say how it's done, that restless renews the supple formations  
And that calmness endures e'en as the form e'er is moved,  
That each a ruler, free, only his inner heart is obeying  
And in hastening course finds his own singular path?  
Wish you to know it? It is the mighty Godhead euphonic  
Who into sociable dance settles the frolicking leap,  
Who, like Nemesis fair, on the golden rein of the rhythm  
Guides the raging desire, and the uncivilized tames.  
And do the cosmos' harmonies rustle you to no purpose?  
Are you not touched by the stream of this exalted refrain,  
Not by the spirited pulse, which beats to you from all existence,  
Not by the whirl of the dance, which through eternal expanse  
Swings illustrious suns in boldly spiraling pathways?  
That which you honor in play—measure—in business you flee.

—translated by Marianna Wertz

moment of passing of life: Because something has ended, that we wish were continued. And thus, we wish, above all, that that which has ended will nonetheless *be* continued. We are saddened, and rejoice at the same time, when we know that the end is not the end. The life that has just been concluded, lives on, in its effects and benefits for humanity to come.

In such moments, when we are privileged to witness, even from a distance, the death of a friend, who qualifies in that way, we are strengthened, in our ability to deal with the crises

before us, because we have lived at the moment of the passing that is not a passing; a moment, when we know a life was completed, and therefore is not ended. It has completed its work, to the highest satisfaction that a life can achieve. It has achieved a purity of its purpose, in having been lived. It has achieved something which will radiate, in the future generations.

We feel sadness at death, not for those who died so. We feel sadness for those poor, miserable people, throughout the

## The Pledge

by Friedrich Schiller

To Dionysius, the tyrant, would sneak  
Damon, concealing a dagger;  
He's slapped by the guards in a fetter.  
"What would you do with that dagger, speak!"  
Demands the despot, his visage bleak.  
"I would free the state from a tyrant!"  
"For that, on the cross be repentant."

"I am," he replies, "ready to die  
And do not beseech you to spare me,  
But if you would show me mercy,  
I ask you to let three days go by,  
'Til my sister her marriage bonds may tie,  
I'll leave you my friend, in bondage,  
If I flee, his life is hostage."

The King then smiles with malice in his face,  
And speaks after thinking just briefly:  
"Three days I'll give for your journey.  
But beware! If you've used up your days of grace,  
Before you've returned to me from that place,  
Then he must to death be committed,  
But your sentence will be remitted."

And he comes to his friend: "The King bids, that I  
Must pay by crucifixion  
For my wrongful act of passion,  
But he will let three days go by,  
'Til my sister her marriage bonds may tie,  
So stay as my pledge, 'til I hasten  
Back to you, your bonds to unfasten."

And the true friend embraces him silently  
And goes to the tyrant in submission,  
The other goes hence on his mission.

And before the sun rises upon the third day,  
He quickly gives his sister in marriage away,  
Hurries home, with anxious spirit,  
That he stay not beyond the time limit.

Then the rain comes pouring down endlessly,  
From the mountains the springs are rushing,  
And the brooks and the streams are gushing.  
To the bank with his wanderer's staff comes he,  
As the whirlpool is tearing the bridge away,  
And the waves now break with a thunder  
The arch of the vault asunder.

And hopeless he wanders the shore's dark sand,  
As widely as he scouts and gazes  
And as loud as the cries he raises,  
Here no boat puts out from safety's strand,  
Which brings him across to the wished-for land,  
No skipper mans his station,  
And the wild stream swells to an ocean.

Then he sinks on the shore and prays and cries,  
His hands up to Zeus extended:  
"O let the storm's wrath be ended!  
The hours are hastening, at midday lies  
The sun, and if it leaves the skies,  
And I cannot reach the city,  
Then my friend must die without pity."

But renewed, the rage of the storm does grow,  
And wave upon wave goes racing,  
And hour after hour is chasing.  
His courage he seizes, his fear makes him go  
And headlong he dives in the thundering flow  
And cleaves, in a powerful fashion,  
The flood, and a god has compassion.

And he wins the bank and runs from the flood  
And thanks to the god he expresses,  
When a band of robbers then presses  
From out a nocturnal spot in the wood,  
His pathway blocking, and snorts for his blood

world *who die, without that compensation*, without that sense of a continuity, without a knowledge of the sense of true immortality.

I've often referred recently, especially, after David Cherry and I got into a little collaboration across the waters, on the subject of Jeanne d'Arc. And David had pointed out some additional research on the actual history of Jeanne d'Arc's life, which I thought very valuable, particularly since it pointed out, that Schiller had done an excellent job, from

an historical standpoint. He had made one dramatic change, in the conclusion of the drama, but otherwise, as far as the historical import of Jeanne's life, he had captured it all, in his Jeanne d'Arc. And, the Jeanne d'Arc we know from Schiller, we know is, in that sense, the Jeanne d'Arc of her actual life. Her life—she was a simple woman, not like the more complicated Marianna, whose sense of humor will assure us that she was not uncomplicated: She saw the complicated side of life, and always had a wry sense of humor, which was not

And holds up the wanderer's speeding  
With threatening cudgels impeding.

"What do you want?" he cries, pale with fear,  
"I've naught but my life to render,  
Which I to the king must surrender!"  
And he grabs the club from the one most near:  
"For the sake of my friend be merciful here!"  
And three, with a powerful beating  
He slays, the others retreating.

And the sun glows hot as a burning brand,  
And from all of the pains of his mission  
He sinks to his knees in exhaustion.  
"O you've saved me with mercy from robbers' hand,  
From out of the stream to the sacred land,  
And shall I here languishing perish,  
And my friend die for me, whom I cherish!"

And hark! there it purls silver-clear,  
Quite close, like a rippling it rushes,  
And to listen, he halts and hushes,  
And see, from the rock ledge, now babbling near,  
An ebullient fountain springs murmuring here,  
And he joyfully kneels down and washes  
And his burning limbs refreshes.

And the sunlight slants through the verdant trees  
And paints on the glistening meadows  
The forest's gigantic shadows;  
And two wanderers walking the road he sees,  
He would hasten along as past them he flees,  
Then he hears the words they are saying:  
"Now him on the cross they are slaying."

And now fear gives wings to his hastening gait,  
Pangs of grief are him pursuing,  
And i'th' shimmering red o'th' evening,  
Distant Syracuse' towers await,  
And here Philostratus comes from its gate,  
The household's honest keeper,  
Who with horror perceives his master:

"Go back! It's too late to save your friend,  
So save your own life, for the future!  
Even now to death does he suffer.  
Your return he awaited for hours on end,  
To you his hopeful soul did bend,  
With a faith too strong and valiant  
To be robbed by the scorn of the tyrant."

"And is it too late? and can I not lend  
Him the hand of a welcome savior?  
Then in death I'll join him forever.  
Let the bloody tyrant's boasting end,  
That the friend has broken his word to his friend;  
Let him slaughter us two together  
And believe in love and honor."

And the sun now descends, by the gate he stands  
nigh  
And sees the cross elevated,  
Which the gaping crowd has awaited,  
On the rope already his friend's lifted high,  
Through the thick of the throng he goes  
charging by:  
"Me, hangman! Kill me!" he's crying,  
"I'm the one, for whom he is dying!"

And amazement seizes the people all round,  
The two friends give each other embraces,  
Tears of sorrow and joy wet their faces.  
No eye without tears is there to be found,  
And the wonderful tale to the king is then bound,  
Humanely his feelings are shaken,  
To his throne are they quickly then taken.

And long he regards them with wondering eye,  
Then he speaks: "You have prospered,  
My heart you now have conquered,  
And true faith, 'tis no empty vanity,  
So into your friendship's bond take me,  
I would, if allowed my intention,  
Become the third in your union."

—translated by Marianna Wertz

cruel, but it was sometimes pungent.

In the case of Jeanne, you had a simple woman—maybe not entirely so simple. A girl, a farm girl, who went to a King, a Dauphin—would-be King—and said, “God sent me here to tell you to be a real King, not a fool.”

And, he said, “What do you want from me?”

“I don’t want anything from you,” she said. “God wants you to be a real King! And that’s what I want. God wants for you to become a real King.”

And so, she was sent to battle, and she survived—much to the astonishment of the poor, cowardly Dauphin, who ultimately betrayed her to the enemy, and to the Inquisition. When she was confronted with the choice of giving in, like Socrates, who was given the choice of taking hemlock or escaping—her escape would be not to be killed, if she accepted their conditions. And, in face of death, in face of being burned alive, she refused to abandon her mission. Her rejection of abandonment of her mission, made France a nation: the first modern nation-state—not in a modern republic—but the first nation-state, based on the principle of *agapē*, the principle of the general welfare: That no King, no monarch, no government is qualified to rule, except that it serves the general welfare, not only of the living, but of posterity. That to be a ruler, to govern, is a sacred responsibility, not merely to the living, but to future generations.

And she accomplished that. Her martyrdom sponsored an emotion in France, which led to its freeing itself from the conqueror. Her example turned the councils of the Vatican upside-down, and lent a great inspiration to the Renaissance, the 15th-Century Renaissance. This simple woman, simple girl, with this devotion, captured in herself a sense of immortality, and *is* immortal, especially wherever freedom, in the form of the sovereign nation-state exists, to protect people and their posterity in the world today.

Marianna, as I say, is a more complicated person, more sophisticated, as you’ve heard and known, with a more sophisticated sense of humor, which still will resonate with us for a long time to come. But, it was ironical that the news of her death should come to us, just at the moment, when I was dealing with Jawaharlal Nehru University students and faculty, and the question was posed to me: What proof can you give, that your leadership of the United States will bring this goodness to our planet? And I was thinking of her at that time, because we were very much concerned, with these daily communications as to what her state of health was.

And so, it was a coincidence, which was no coincidence. And, certainly my prescience, of the danger to her life, at the last report I had had from Will beforehand, moved me at that point, to answer that question in that way, perhaps with greater force than I would have on other occasions. And, I would say, after hearing what we’ve heard today, on this subject this evening, I would say: That’s the final statement I wish to make on this subject. She lives. And she died in a moment, when she was still alive and immortal, and will remain so, forever.

**Helga Zepp-LaRouche:** I must admit, that it is very hard for me to speak, because, as you all have seen, Marianna was such a beautiful person, and, I can not just not tell you how I feel. And I can only say, I will try to take the same courage Marianna always had in her whole life, to have the right attitude about this. But, I have to say the truth: She was my little sister. . . . But, she was also, because we went through so many things, she became a very, very dear friend. And, for Schiller, friendship was actually very, very important. And, as he became older, friendship was almost the most important thing in his life.

You all know, and I know Will and Amelia agree, that she *was* the soul of the Schiller Institute in the United States. The reason why she was the soul of the Schiller Institute, is because she obviously had a complete affinity with the beautiful work of Schiller. She did many translations of his works. And, any of you who ever have tried to translate poetry, you know that Schiller is absolutely right, when he said, that you have to be a poet in two languages to be able to do it: And she was a poetess in two languages.

She completely fulfilled the definition Schiller gave to the sublime. Schiller said, a sublime person is somebody who had not connected his identity to his physical existence, but to a moral principle which is eternal. And Schiller, in his beautiful writings about the sublime, says: What happens to a person, when such a sublime person is hit with great hardship. Marianna was hit with many hardships: She had severe health problems, a very early sickness, as you heard, and, severe health problems as a result of this treatment. Her husband was innocently in jail. And, did this change her commitment? No! It made her stronger. She was a fragile, little person, and not without fears here and there—but, she was a lioness at heart.

She was our neighbor for several years, and I have many, many good memories of these years.

But, the strongest image I have in my mind, and somehow, this is the memory I will always keep of her: When Will got out of jail, both of them came to Germany. And, the enemy at that time tried to smash the organization, and then they sent many evil messages to us, saying, Lyn would never come out, and the organization would vanish. And I remember, that, at that point, Gretchen [Small], Marianna, and I were absolutely determined that this would not be true. So, I will never forget the image, when Will and Marianna came to the gate of my place in Germany, waving from a distance—and it was such a *jubilant* moment! Such a joyful moment, that I knew, at that point, Lyn would be out very, very soon. And Marianna and the image of hope, in my heart, is so deeply ingrained, for that reason.

What she has done, she has achieved immortality, and she has not left us. She is here. She is there, in the simultaneity of eternity: Because Schiller said: Who has lived for the best of his time, has lived for all times, and that’s what she did. I must say, like in the case of Friedrich Schiller himself, who also was very sick, and who had similar battles to be creative,

# The Glove

by Friedrich Schiller

Before his lion court waiting,  
The games anticipating,  
King Francis sat,  
And round him the kingdom's great powers,  
And round on balcony towers  
The ladies in fair éclat.

And as with finger he beckons,  
A cage in the distance opens,  
And inside with deliberate strides  
A lion glides,  
And without sound  
Looks round,  
With long yawns making  
And his mane is shaking,  
And his limbs he's plying,  
And down is lying.

And the King further beck'ning,  
There opens with ease  
A second door,  
From which flees  
So wildly sprung out  
A tiger to th' fore,  
When he the lion espies,  
Loud he cries,  
Strikes with his tail  
A frightening flail,  
And sticks his tongue out,  
And in circles shy  
Round the lion goes by.  
Fiercely purring,  
He stretches out murm'ring,  
By his side lying.

At the King's further beck'ning,  
Then speweth the twice-opened house thereabout  
Two savage leopards at once thereout.  
They plunge forth with stout-hearted battle-lust  
On the tiger beast;  
He grasps them with his claws so ferocious,  
And the lion's with roar  
Standeth upright; sounds no more,  
And round in a knot  
From bloodlust hot,  
Lay down the cats so atrocious.

Then falls from the terrace above,  
From a beautiful hand, a glove.  
In between tiger and lion it lay,  
Just at midway.

And to Knight Delorges, mockingly  
Turneth now Lady Cunigund, daring,  
"Sir Knight, if your love is so hot for me,  
As you each hour to me are swearing,  
Why, then get me my glove now back."

And the knight in celerious tack  
Climbeth down in the cage truly scaring,  
With steady pacing,  
And from the monstrous middle racing,  
Grabs he the glove now with finger daring.

And with amazement and with horror  
Knights and ladies all watch him with terror,  
And the glove he returns without fear.  
Then from every mouth his praises shower,  
But to me the loving glance most dear—  
Which promises him his bliss in near—  
Receives he from Cunigund's tower.  
And he throws in her face the glove he's got:  
"Your thanks, Lady, I want that not,"  
And he leaves her that very hour.

—translated by Marianna Wertz

against the physical limitations—like his, her life was just too short. Because, she had just reached the level of creativity, where one could get an inkling of what she would have done, if she would have lived longer.

And the only way I can console myself with that thought, is that it means a very strong obligation from all of us, to continue her work, and make her immortality even more rich, by what we do. I will now ask that a tape be played of a poem, which she translated. And, it is this beautiful poem by Friedrich Schiller, about friendship. So, I think you will all

soon be able to read her translation. And, this is actually a poem ["Die Bürgschaft," "The Pledge"], where two friends—one is giving his life, potentially, for the other one; and the evil tyrant is threatening to execute the person if the other doesn't return. But, because of the absolute belief in the principle of friendship, the two friends are able to even move the heart of the tyrant, who then demands to be the third of the friends. And, I think this is exactly, if we would not have that hope, to even convince the tyrants of this world to change, the world would be a much poorer place.

**William F. Wertz, Jr.:** My wife, Marianna Wertz, . . . was what Friedrich Schiller described as a “beautiful soul”; and in her triumph over death and disease, in her embrace of immortality, achieved what Schiller described as a sublime state of mind.

In celebrating her life tonight, what she would wish that I do is give especially the youth here, who are the future leadership of this nation and the world, knowledge of the fight she waged and the race she won. . . .

Marianna’s parents were both FDR Democrats. When she was in high school, Marianna became the president of the Girl’s League, succeeding the previous president, Anne Roosevelt, the daughter of Eleanor and Franklin’s son James. Later in the 1970s, when we organized in Seattle, we also had the opportunity to meet FDR’s son Elliot on two occasions.

After attending UCSB for one year, Marianna graduated from UCLA in political science. She was accepted at Columbia University Law School, but instead went to Harvard where she received a masters in education. However, she viewed her education at these universities as worse than useless. At Harvard, for example, the entire content of the education curriculum was “deschooling.”

Music was a decisive factor in her decision to join the Labor Committees. She played the violin and loved Felix Mendelssohn’s Violin Concerto, but had never heard Beethoven’s. When she did, it helped her make the decision to join Lyndon LaRouche’s “combat university on wheels” of that time. . . .

In 1975, Marianna ran for Seattle City Council and with 26% of the vote she won the primary election for an unexpired City Council seat. On Oct. 29, 1975, we decided to get married and received prominent coverage in the *Seattle Times* the next day—“City Council Candidate Takes Time Out for Wedding.” As the coverage reports: Marianna said her marriage was “an expression of her commitment to human development and progress.”

## **Commitment to a Renaissance**

The next year Marianna was diagnosed with Hodgkin’s disease, a cancer of the lymph system. She had to undergo both chemotherapy and radiation. Indicative of the fighter she was: Two years later, when I was running for Mayor of Seattle, she waged a public campaign against the decriminalization of marijuana for so-called medical use to relieve nausea. . . . In 1982, Marianna was diagnosed with a return of Hodgkin’s disease. While in the midst of chemotherapy once again, she was the Los Angeles Director of LaRouche’s National Anti-Drug Coalition and spoke before hundreds of local social clubs. In March 1982, she suffered a heart attack and had double-bypass heart surgery at age 33. Her arteries had been prematurely aged by the radiation treatment six years earlier. Lyn sent a message to her at that time that she had to fight the cancer as you would the financial oligarchy. And that is what she did. Although she had moments of fear, she always

overcame them, and reached out to help others, rather than focus on herself, strengthened by her sense of mission in the LaRouche political movement.

In 1983, we were blessed by an invitation from Helga to visit Europe for six weeks. In this trip we came to know the “old Europe” Donald Rumsfeld denigrates today. And it gave us a perspective on Western Christian Civilization and the Renaissance, which shaped our lives into the future.

Marianna was a founding member of the Schiller Institute and became its vice-president. She was a signer on The Declaration of the Inalienable Rights of Man, authored by Helga in November 1984 based on the U.S. Declaration of Independence and the Rütli oath from Schiller’s *Wilhelm Tell*. It was during this period that she and I began to work on translating the works of Friedrich Schiller into English. Marianna had literally taught herself German while riding on the subway in New York City. Since 1985 we have published three volumes of translations of Schiller’s writings; and the fourth . . . will be published soon after this conference. . . .

In 1988, during the LaRouche Presidential campaign, she played Charlotte in our performance of Schiller’s *The Parasite*, which we performed in Concord, New Hampshire on Jan. 24. Five months later, in June of that year, she had her first of four hip operations, which was necessitated by the after-effects of chemotherapy.

Later in 1988, we were confronted with a different kind of crisis. The unjust persecution of Lyndon LaRouche and his associates, which began following the 1984 Presidential campaign, culminated in an indictment of LaRouche and six of his associates, including myself. On Jan. 27, 1989, after a railroad trial in the rocket-docket in Alexandria, Virginia, we were wrongfully imprisoned.

During our imprisonment, Marianna prepared many of the books we published, including Lyndon LaRouche’s *The Science of Christian Economy*, and *The Unauthorized Biography of George W. Bush*, co-authored by her brother, Tony Chaitkin. One of the books she prepared was Amelia Boynton Robinson’s *Bridge Across Jordan*, which has now finally been reprinted in Marianna’s memory.

After I was released from prison in 1992, she began to work in Operations in the National Center, and with the imprisonment of many of our friends in the Commonwealth of Virginia, she began to write articles and conduct interviews for *New Federalist* in behalf of what Franklin Roosevelt called the “forgotten man”—in opposition to the death penalty, the injustices of the U.S. criminal justice system, the inhumanity of the Welfare Reform Act, and the murderous policies of the HMOs. . . .

After a fall in May 1995, she had to have her third hip operation. . . . The other problem she had was that the chemotherapy also was affecting her shoulder joints, which among other things, forced her to give up playing the violin. Although she was in constant pain, she fought to keep herself in good physical shape, swimming several times a week and adhering



*In 1998, Marianna Wertz (left) as Mary Queen of Scots in a scene from Schiller's Maria Stuart, confronted by Queen Elizabeth and the Earls of Leicester and Shrewsbury. The scene is the play's turning point, from which Queen Mary begins to abandon the passions of temporal ambition, for a quality of sublime atonement.*

to a strict diet. She never complained.

One of her great joys during this period was working on translating and memorizing Schiller's poetry. Among the poems she especially loved were "The Glove" and "Pegasus in Yoke," both of which she had translated.

Later in 1998, despite the problem with her hip, she played Mary Stuart in Act 3, Scene iv [of Schiller's *Maria Stuart*]. In this scene, Mary succumbs to a desire for vengeance against Queen Elizabeth, played by Mary Jane Freeman. Only at the end of the play, does she achieve a sublime state of mind by forgiving her enemies.

In September 2001, Marianna gave a slide show presentation at the national conference on the occasion of Amelia B. Robinson's 90th birthday. A year later she introduced Amelia at our last national conference by reporting on the event on August 18, 2002 in Selma, Alabama, which honored Amelia and her husband, Sam Boynton, for their pioneering role in fighting for voting rights. . . .

### **On the Sublime**

During the last three months of her life, Marianna was working on writing a paper on how to produce geniuses. The geniuses she was studying were Lyndon LaRouche, Leonardo, George Washington Carver, Gauss, Ben Franklin, Socrates, Schiller, Beethoven, and Kepler. While convalescing, she read a biography of Kepler and one of Gauss. Here are some of her notes from the writings of Leonardo and from a biography of Kepler.

In the first quote, Leonardo writes: "What is sleep? Sleep resembles death. Ah, why then dost thou not work in such wise that after death thou mayest retain a resemblance to

perfect life, rather than during life make thyself like the hapless dead by sleeping? Just as a day well spent gives grateful sleep, so a life well spent gives grateful death."

Leonardo also emphasized the importance of truth-seeking: "Lying is so vile that even if it were speaking well of godly things, it would take off something from God's grace; and truth is so excellent, that if it praises but small things, they become noble. Beyond a doubt truth bears the same relation to falsehood as light to darkness. . . . The fact remains that the truth of things is the chief nutriment of superior intellects, though not of wandering wits."

To the very end she was working to master the ideas needed to contribute to the recruitment of a new generation of youth. . . . Marianna did not have a tragic life. Marianna was a beautiful soul and she was also sublime in her triumph over disease and death: not only her own, but in her political fight against the culture of death spawned by a cancerous and parasitic financial oligarchy. She was her father's daughter. She was first and foremost a partisan of Lyndon LaRouche. Like the Good Samaritan in Schiller's *Kallias* letters, she did her duty with joy. She was always a "cheerful giver." At the same time, while repeatedly facing death, she embraced immortality.

In *On the Sublime*, Schiller writes: "Only when the sublime is wedded with the beautiful, and our receptivity for both has been cultivated in equal measure, are we perfected citizens of nature, without for this reason being its slaves and without frittering away our rights as citizens in the intelligible world." Marianna proved, as Schiller insisted upon in *On the Sublime*, that death is not an exception to man's free will.