

Mark Burdman Lives In Immortality: How History Is Made

On July 15, 2004, the LaRouche movement gathered at a funeral ceremony for EIR Special Projects Editor Mark Burdman in Wiesbaden, Germany where Mark had passed away, one week earlier, on July 8. Friends and family members had travelled from Mark's homeland, the United States, from Scotland, from France, and from different places in Germany. Among them was a delegation representing the LaRouche Youth Movement in Europe.

Felix Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," played by organist Werner Hartmann, introduced and closed the ceremony. Mark's daughter Jessica Trembley sang the spiritual "Oh Peter, Ring-a Dem bells," and her husband, cellist Jean-Sebastien Trembley, performed the Sarabande from the "Suite for Violoncello Solo in C-Minor" by J.S. Bach.

We publish, starting on p. 6, the remarks at the ceremony by Mark's friends and colleagues, and a few of the many messages sent by others unable to attend.

But first, Lyndon LaRouche, speaking on the same day at a webcast conference in Washington, captured the immortal significance of Mark's life. (The rest of LaRouche's address is in the National section.)

Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr.

I shall begin with just a notice, and a comment, on an event earlier today in Wiesbaden, Germany: My wife, Helga, was leading in the memorial for a recently deceased friend of ours, and collaborator, Mark Burdman. Those proceedings will be on record, for people to read, to hear. But, there's something *in* Mark Burdman's death, and in his life, which is relevant to the subject which is already scheduled for today. And referring to that, helps to humanize, personalize, and make clearer, the subject which I originally intended to present.

Mark died of MS, or complications of MS, which so far is a disease which you do not outlive. He at the same time, over decades, with a diminishing physical capability, which he was fighting to resist, spent this period of time, about 20 years,



Mark Burdman (right) with LaRouche Youth Movement leader David Nance, in Oberwesel, Germany. Said Helga Zepp-LaRouche at Mark's funeral, the youth movement "turned to him, and put their trust in him, imbibing from his virtually inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge. For, to them, Mark was living proof that it wasn't merely in books that Schiller wrote about beautiful souls, but 'that people that cool, really do exist.' "

in Germany, with his wife, functioning in Germany as a station on my behalf, apart from just his function there. What he did was this—some other people associated with me, do this—but, as many of you know, I am in touch with people of influence, in many parts of the world, more or less constantly. The contact is sometimes based on circumstances, whether I may issue a policy-statement or so forth, and you have certain people who represent me, who share what I am saying, on a policy matter, with these circles, in various parts of the world.

And Mark was one of those, doing this, who would exchange feedback to me, from these circles, which helped me have a pulse, on most of the important decision-making processes going on in the world today at the highest level. So, that's why I'm probably one of the best-informed persons in the United States, on the United States itself, and on the world at large. It's through people like Mark, who are capable of carrying the kind of ideas I represent, and sharing those ideas with people who often disagreed with them, but who were capable of understanding what I was saying. And that way, we maintained an international dialogue, throughout Europe, throughout parts of Asia, throughout the Americas, and into Africa, by these kinds of mediation, which Mark specialized in.

Now, he's dead. In the process of dying, as he was going from one hospital treatment to another, to stay functioning, he would come back from the treatment, recuperating, get back on the phones, talk to his contacts from various parts of the world, and the dialogue went on. It went on until the day before he died, when he took himself to a hospital, because

he was having an attack which proved to be the terminal one, because of a conflict of the medication, with the treatment, with the disease.

Now, the point was, to make this reference to Mark, is, in a sense, his immortality. Now, many people who are religious fundamentalists, don't know about immortality. Because they think of immortality in terms of a place outside the universe, which you go to, and it's completely different premises than you're living in now.

Those of us who are wiser, who are competent in science, for example, or who studied the work of Plato, or the writings of Moses Mendelssohn, for example, know better. We know that, what we perceive, as sense-perception, which is what we associate with our mortality, is only a shadow of reality. Reality consists of those principles beyond the senses, which act upon, and shape, the events which appear to us as the results of our senses.

Now, these ideas actually have the character, for us, of universal ideas, of universal principles: When a person, like a great scientist—well, for example, Einstein, as an example of that—a great scientist, who deals not with sense-perception as such, but deals with the discovery and application of principles which have *universal power*, in shaping the condition of the universe and of mankind *in the universe*: These people never die! Because, what they *do*, lives on, and has their personality attached to it.

Now, Mark was a person who dealt with those kinds of ideas. There are people around the world, who are sympathetic to that approach, or who actually share it. We are the

makers of history. The others experience history. We make it. We make it, because our intentions enable us to make it.

Helga Zepp-LaRouche

For Mark

Helga Zepp-LaRouche is the founder of the Schiller Institute, and its president in Germany. She is also the chairman of the Civil Rights Movement-Solidarity party (BüSo), which is currently campaigning for the Sept. 19 state parliament elections in the German state of Saxony. Her remarks have been translated from German.

It is such a hard thing, to have to say good-bye to such a wonderful human being, as Mark was.

His heart bore not the faintest trace of malice, yet his mind was razor-sharp. His soul was good-natured, yet he had an incorruptible consciousness of the misdeeds of the enemies of mankind. Among the many reasons why he felt such a great affinity with Lyn—and Lyn cherished him as his close friend—was his extraordinary gift, which he shared with Lyn, of being able to grasp historical processes, and to take the pulse of the oligarchical forces' plots and schemes.

Mark made so many creative contributions. Over many years, he engaged in dialogue with prominent individuals in Russia, in India, in Great Britain, and in many other lands; and without exception, each of his partners valued his brilliant dialogue, and his acute sense of humor. He was always able to perfectly capture his dialogue partner's state of mind; and I'll never forget how Mark would imitate Professor Bondarevsky's customary introductory remark: "In my humble opinion, tell Mr. LaRouche that it is very urgent, that he. . . ." Oh, yes, Mark's jokes!

But above and beyond the mere sum of all the many productive things that Mark did with such richness, is Schiller's description so apt: "And therefore, with a beautiful soul, his individual actions flow not, in fact, from a code of ethics; rather, it is his entire character. . . . The beautiful soul's merit lies in nothing else, but that it *is* so." Mark was a tremendously lovable person, and so it went without saying, that the youth of the LYM [LaRouche Youth Movement] turned to him, and put their trust in him, imbibing from his virtually inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge. For, to them, Mark was living proof that it wasn't merely in books that Schiller wrote about beautiful souls, but "that people that cool, really do exist."

Mark was, in another sense, the incarnation of the original idea of the Schiller Institute, namely the idea of true German-American friendship. He was, of course, a great American in the tradition of the American Revolution; but he also knew

and loved German culture. If only all Americans, and all Germans, would so naturally be world citizens and also patriots, imagine how easy our relations would be! Each nation would selflessly give the best of itself, and would, without envy, accept the best of others, and out of both, would create something even richer. In this sense, Mark was an American, and—I hope you'll agree with me, Mark—in this sense, he was also a German—indeed, more than that: an ambassador, like Posa from Schiller's play *Don Carlos*.

And therefore, Mark, we promise you that we will redouble our efforts to ensure that everything on which, and for which you worked, will be brought to fruition: a new, just world economic order, and a new cultural renaissance. And above all, we will, with absolute determination, act to set into motion a "Biological Defense Initiative," something which we discussed at the party congress in Berlin. Because it's clear that medical research has simply not yet solved the problem of your own, and of many other illnesses. We need a completely different starting-point for research, one which considers life as a process from the standpoint of Cusa and Vernadsky, not separate from lawfulness that governs the entire universe.

Mark will "live in immortality" in precisely the sense that Schiller addresses in his poem "Das Mädchen von Orléans" ("The Maid of Orléans"). All of us whom he loved, and who loved him, carry, within us, what he has cast into our souls. His ideas, his thoughts, his ideals, and his desires live on within us, and within those who, in turn, are touched by us. But, is it only within us that Mark lives on? What is his true immortality? I think Mark's soul continues to exist, really and concretely, only it's no longer located in his mortal frame.

When we think about Beethoven's life's work, and about everything that Schiller said and wrote, and about all the many times when both men's works have been heard and read anew by new generations, and we think about how millions of individuals have been inspired and changed by all the ideas contained therein, and about how this will remain true for countless generations to come—are we not then looking at the idea of the simultaneity of eternity, and do we not then see, in all concreteness, the souls of Beethoven and Schiller?

I think Nicolaus of Cusa was right, when he said that the soul is the birthplace of the sciences—mathematics, music, astronomy, and so forth—indeed so much so, that these latter would not exist, were it not for the soul. And that because the sciences, once born, are immortal, it is also certain that the soul, whose power is far loftier than that which it creates, is, likewise, immortal.

The same point is made by Riemann when he adopts Herbart's argument concerning the nature of *Geistesmassen* ["thought objects"]. The laws of cognitive development which have been adduced from knowledge of the inner self, can also be applied toward understanding human existence and the development of history. In order to understand the life of the soul, we must assume that the *Geistesmassen* which arise from our cognitive processes, continue to exist as a part

of our soul, and that their inner connectedness remains intact. Changes occur only when new *Geistesmassen* are added. From this, it follows that these *Geistesmassen* remain intact, as the soul's "organic being," even after death. And, is it not the case, that Nicolaus lives on in Leibniz, and Leibniz in Herbart, and Herbart in Riemann, and Riemann in Lyn, and Lyn in Mark, and both these in us and in everything we do? It is only by us having a passionate commitment to make our own contribution, that we can "bind our fleeting existence

onto the long chain of humankind," and, in so doing, make ourselves immortal.

And I would like to add one more thing, which I'm sure is in Mark's spirit. Let us take the powerful emotions we experience over Mark's death, as the occasion to solve what we must solve, if we are to live up to this ideal. And let us not delay for a single moment, because no one knows how much time we have left, for we know not the day, nor the hour.

We shall keep you in our hearts, forever.

Mary Burdman

In Tribute to Mark Burdman by His Wife

It requires the keenest of minds, to study, comprehend, and refute your enemy—especially when that enemy is the international imperial/financial oligarchy which is driving the world towards economic depression and war today. Unless you have the clearest sense yourself, of the wonderful tradition of European culture, from Plato, Leibniz, Shakespeare, Schiller, and now Lyndon LaRouche, you cannot effectively hunt out and engage such an enemy. Unless these ideas of Western culture are the active principles of your own thinking, you might be able to strike at him, but not turn him inside out, to expose to all, the twisted workings and motivations of an evil mentality. Doing exactly this, was the genius of my dear husband, Mark Burdman, who died in Wiesbaden, Germany, on July 8, at the age of 55, after years of illness.

Mark was not a formal scholar of history or philosophy, but brought other weapons to bear in his lifelong commitment, to rid the world of those institutions trying to destroy human progress. He had a wonderful, ironic sense of humor, which saw everyone, no matter how "powerful" or "famous," for what they truly were—good or bad. He was not mean, but sharply insightful into the weaknesses and pomposities of those who want to bend human history and culture to their own ends, and he would always be laughing, and making others laugh, at them. Mark's own background, of Russian, German, and Lithuanian Jewish grandparents who immigrated to Brooklyn, New York, was a key element of this humor. His "tales from Brooklyn" always struck me, an Irish Catholic, as his version of the Parables of the New Testament. There was always a story, or a flash of wit, from Brooklyn, to elucidate any situation.

At the heart of Mark's life, was his dedication to the work, political and philosophical, of Lyndon LaRouche, who has committed his life to freeing humanity of these oligarchic parasites, and creating a truly republican and just new order

for the world. Mark was a revolutionary, in Lyn's likeness and in the likeness of the American Revolutionaries Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln. During his 30-year association with Lyn, Mark was always leading the way among his colleagues, in finding out the latest frauds and falsehoods that the international oligarchy were trying to impose on humankind.

Mark exposed the most evil thinkers whose policies have brought the world to its current crisis. These were led by Bertrand Russell and H.G. Wells. In current history, Mark wrote tirelessly on the crimes of the Club of Rome, Henry Kissinger, Prince Philip, Samuel Huntington, Tony Blair's New Labour, Robert Cooper, and many, many more, for their evil-minded lying that mankind must starve, must go to war, must shrink our minds and souls into pessimism and despair. Mark knew, very well, the banality and mental and moral constipation of such "influentials" as listed above, and was merciless in exposing it. Looking back through the pages of *EIR* for coverage on these issues, you seem to always find, that Mark had written the first article or exposé, sometimes years before.

This prescience grew out of his way of looking at the world, and his constant dialogue, whether through discussion or through reading, with Lyn. Mark was truly a world-citizen, and would not view issues "bent" through any narrow ideology. He thrived on (positive!) paradoxes, and on the unpredictable, and this quality shaped the course of his life and work.

Mark's mind was always occupied, with the idea of how things would and could be changed. He always took new initiatives from LaRouche as the basis for discussion with his contacts in leading institutions all over Europe, and took in those contacts' responses and reactions, as the basis of further discussion with Lyn, and with many other colleagues. Mark



Mark and Mary Burdman in Scotland. There Mark found thinkers of unusual depth, such as the late Prof. John Erickson, with whom he conducted a years-long dialogue, as Lyndon LaRouche's spokesman.

was always thinking, speaking, and writing, in many dimensions. He thought on the grand scale, but at the same time always looked at “everyday” events, for their potential to shape current history.

Nothing was ever “established” or “set.” Even in the last days of his life, when years of illness had made him extremely frail, he would not be confined to a fixed view of any situation, or (almost) any person.

Mark got especial joy, years ago, from mocking the hapless Francis Fukuyama, whose *End of History* lasted a matter of months. Mark wrote that his own pet Labrador had a better-organized understanding of the unfolding future than Fukuyama. Mark knew, that history is *never* done, and he gave his all, to help shape it for the good.

An old, dear friend, Leonardo Servadio, wrote of Mark after learning of his death: “I think that speaking, investigating, and questioning was his way of loving the world. And I saw in his continuous desire for activity, intelligence, and discussion, the joy and total dedication which I otherwise see only in playing children: the pleasure of continuous discovery.”

Paradoxes

Mark lived paradoxes—that was the best way to hunt out new ways to confound those he wanted to confound. Always at heart a New York City American, he lived most of his working life in western Europe, especially Germany. Mark did this in the tradition of such great Americans as Franklin, Washington Irving, John Quincy Adams, and LaRouche himself, who all spent long periods living in Europe—and working with and for America and Europe together.

Mark's mind was hardly confined to just the two sides of

the Atlantic. His earliest adult political work was on Southwest Asia, and particularly on the role of Israel, whose first leaders brought the great traditions of German Jewry, to the region of Palestine. As a Jew, whose family lost many members to the Nazi regime, Mark chose, from 1980 on, to live in Germany, a nation and culture he loved as dearly as his own. Our daughter, Jessica—actually, Mark's step-daughter—also half-Jewish, grew up in Germany in that tradition. His friendship with Helga Zepp-LaRouche, who brought to Mark the work of Nicolas von Kues and Friedrich Schiller, deepened his love for his adopted country.

Mark developed political and strategic dialogues with thinkers and policymakers in many European nations: Russia, Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Austria. But, again as a paradox, it was in Britain that he found most of his discussion partners. Mark loathed and made the most wonderful fun of the British ruling classes, especially the nasty Prince Philip. Mark got to the heart of

the anti-human “environmentalist” policies, which set “nature” above mankind, of Philip, Prince Charles, and their ilk, whose brutal contempt for humanity, wants to “curb” all growth of human life. One of Mark's favorite set of articles, exposed the “great Apes” project, a demand to grant “human rights” to gorillas and chimpanzees. No fault to the apes; they were certainly not consulted. Mark foresaw where such efforts would take the British royals: when *EIR* published its Special Report on the “Coming Fall of the House of Windsor,” in October 1994, I looked back in the pages of *EIR* and found an article on exactly this topic, by Mark and myself, published several years earlier.

Yet, amidst his incisive attacks on these British oligarchs, Mark also opened dialogues with the best strategic minds. He found these thinkers especially in Scotland. Chief among them was the late Prof. John Erickson of Edinburgh, who was, after Lyndon LaRouche, one of the greatest influences on Mark's thought and life. As Mark wrote in his early 2002 memorial on John's death, “Most important, to me, was his ruthless integrity and commitment to *truth*, his refusal to compromise with cheap-shot fads.” John, wrote Mark, “often struck me more as a poet in the way he metaphorically shaped ideas and concepts, than the engineering-minded military strategist that he was ‘professionally.’” He was also possessed of a wonderful ironic wit. [*EIR*, March 1, 2002]

John Erickson was one of the greatest strategic thinkers on Eurasia, not only on the history of the Soviet High Command's great victory over the Nazi invasion, but also on the danger that there would be another great Eurasian war today.

His 20 years of discussions with John on these matters, became the basis for Mark's rapid response to the new strategic situation opened up by the fall of the Berlin Wall, the

collapse of the Soviet Union: both the enormous potential for development of Eurasia, and the dangerous outbreak of new wars.

It was during the buildup to the first George Bush war against Iraq, that Mark met Prof. Grigory Bondarevsky of Moscow, whose life work was committed to the study of the history and development of the Eurasian Land-Bridge. In his memorial for the Professor [*EIR*, Sept. 26, 2003], Mark wrote how struck he was, that so many of the Professor's colleagues and friends, said of him, "He was my teacher." The Professor played a key role, in demonstrating to us, how our thinking must extend far beyond the United States and Europe, not only to Russia, but to India, China, and Central Asia, which he knew so well. The Professor also, as Mark wrote after his death in Summer 2003, "would bring the most biting irony into his historical discourses." He became a dear friend and discussion partner to both Lyndon and Helga LaRouche.

In the 1990s, as our association's work expanded eastwards across Eurasia, Mark reached out, with me, to Asian nations, especially to India. He found dialogue partners there, in J.C. Kapur and former Union Minister Chandrajit Yadav. Because of his illness, Mark was never able to go to India, but always understood its potential as a great nation, especially in dialogue with China and Russia. He had deep friendships with leaders of the nations of Ibero-America and Africa.

The Youth Movement

And Mark loved young people. One of his very last activities, was to visit one day at a LaRouche Youth Movement seminar near Koblenz, where he was immediately surrounded by groups of young people, wanting to talk to him about Britain and the world.

During his last long day in the hospital, when he was very ill, I read to myself and to him from one of Shakespeare's most inspired plays, *The Winter's Tale*. It is the story of a King who, through madness and jealousy, throws out his friend, another king, condemns his wife, and sends his new baby daughter to be abandoned. But the new generation survives, and grows up to bring renewal to both kingdoms. At the center of the play, is a wonderful scene, in which, as so often in Shakespeare, it is the commoners who speak the crucial lines. In this scene, the King's nobleman who has carried the baby to another country, is killed by a bear as he abandons her; his ship is wrecked in the storm. All this is seen by a young peasant, while his old father finds the beautiful child. The youth returns to boast to his father of all these sights, but the old man stops him. "Heavy matters! Heavy matters! But look thee here, boy. Now bless yourself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new-born." From that moment, the whole play turns from disaster, towards redemption and hope. Mark remained committed to all "things new-born," through his last days.

There are many tributes to Mark; to me, the best, in its simplicity and truth, is the message written to him on his 40th

birthday, by our daughter Jessica. She was then 16. To Mark, she wrote: "You have given me the best gift anyone ever could to their child: You have taught me how to think."

Michael Liebig

Michael Liebig is the Executive Director of EIR Nachrichten-agentur in Europe, and a long-time colleague and collaborator of Mark Burdman.

So let me just add a few words to what has already been so movingly said about Mark. I want to recite here a few lines from Dietrich Bonhöffer, which he wrote on Jan. 1, 1945, which tells us that in God's design of this world, the good and the truth will win. [Translated here for publication—ed.]

By Good Powers

1. By good powers faithfully, quietly surrounded, protected, and consoled amazingly—that is how I want to live these days with you, and walk with you into a new year.
2. The old will continue to torment our hearts; the heavy burden of evil days weighs down upon us still. Oh, God, give our terror-struck souls the salvation for which You have created us.
3. And if You offer us the heavy, the bitter cup of sorrow, filled to its highest rim, we shall accept it thankfully and without trembling from your good and loving hand. . . .
7. By good powers amazingly sheltered, we faithfully await what may come. God is with us in the evening, and in the morning, and most certainly every new day.

The last political event he was able to attend, was the Koblenz youth seminar. On July 1, Mark attended parts of a class on Adorno and Beethoven's *Fidelio*; he made an intervention pointing out the importance of Wilhelm Furtwängler for the German people in maintaining cultural optimism. On July 4, Mark wrote a short memorandum which expresses something about Furtwängler which is also characteristic of Mark's artistic and playful mind:

"The following quote from Wilhelm Furtwängler about Beethoven's *Fidelio* gives an insight into what the post World War II culture in Europe might have been, had it not been for the subversion of the 'Sexual Congress for Cultural Fascism.' It also tells why the CCF went so energetically against Furtwängler. The remark was made in 1948 in Salzburg, two years after Furtwängler's confinement in prison during 'de-Nazification' hearings, among other awesome events from the war:

" 'The conjugal love of Leonora appears, to the modern

individual armed with realism and psychology, irremediably abstract and theoretical. . . . Now that political events in Germany have restored to the concepts of human dignity and liberty their original significance, this is the opera which, thanks to the music of Beethoven, gives us comfort and courage. . . . Certainly, *Fidelio* is not an opera in the sense we are used to, nor is Beethoven a musician for the theater, or a dramaturgist. He is quite a bit more, a whole musician, and beyond that, a saint and a visionary. That which disturbs us is not a material effect, nor the fact of the 'imprisonment'; any film could create the same effect. No, it is the music, it is Beethoven himself. It is this 'nostalgia of liberty' he feels, or better, makes us feel; this is what moves us to tears. His *Fidelio* has more of the Mass than of the Opera to it; the sentiments it expresses come from the sphere of the sacred, and preach a 'religion of humanity' which we never found so beautiful or necessary as we do today, after all we have lived through. Herein lies the singular consideration. . . . The flaming message of *Fidelio* touches deeply. We realize that for we Europeans, as for all men, this music will always represent an appeal to our conscience.' "

All that we, the Wiesbaden intelligence staff, can say today is that Mark is irreplaceable. Yet, his soul and his life's work, will live.

Shakespeare's Sonnet 29

Recited by Muriel Mirak-Weissbach.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Renée Sigerson

Renée Sigerson, Mark's sister, is a member of the EIR sales team in the National Center in Leesburg, Virginia, and a leader of the LaRouche movement's music work, whose arti-

cles include "The Importance of Musical Tuning for Today's Political Crisis," New Federalist, June 29, 1998.

I bring greetings from my husband John Sigerson, Mark's roommate and friend of 35 years; and from Morton Burdman, our father.

Our family knows that my brother's happiest days were the years he has spent with Mary, Jessica, and Jean-Sebastien. Mark and Mary visited my parents, and afterwards my mother called me, and couldn't stop talking about how much she liked Mary. But, the key comment was: "When the phone rang, and we told Mary that it was Jessica calling, I saw the look on her face, and from that expression, I knew that Mark had found the person he was looking for."

We have always known that Mark Joseph—a name he used and one that I find beautiful—was our family's most important gift to the world.

Mark Joseph was born May Day, 1949. No one could figure how it was rigged that he was born May 1; my mother, whose parents were socialists emigrated from Vilnius and Lviv, never hesitated to tell Mark that millions of people all over the world celebrated his birthday. This was daring, considering that May Day is not a recognized American holiday, and that Mark was born during the hottest time of the Truman-McCarthy witchhunts, and my parents were deeply affected by this.

At an early age, between three and five, by which time I was born, Mark was already beginning to live in history. Lyndon LaRouche has emphasized that his first significant discoveries were made at the age of three to five years old. This was definitely the case for Mark, who from that age began to live in history, operating, for a child, from a strangely distinct appreciation of the notion of paradox. The reflection of this was his distinctive sense of humor, manifest by the time he was six years old.

The Pursuit of Justice

He lived explicitly under the canopy of the Moses Mendelssohn/Lessing mission, that the meaning of life is discovered by the pursuit of justice. The concept that America must have a mission to establish and restore principles of justice; and that this indeed is what it means to be an American, was not something Mark *learned*. From early on, this was something that he *lived*, and I am convinced that among the reasons he decided to live in Europe, was to help hit the problems of the United States from an effective flank; and thereby persevere in this principled mission, established in early childhood.

In short: His first childhood memory was of my mother telling him to keep a secret, that a man was hiding in the extra bedroom. This man was associated with the executive committee of the U.S. Communist Party, and was en route to escaping to Canada. (When I asked my mother how she could

trust my brother, who was barely three years old at the time, to keep a secret, especially since he was skilled at speaking, she said she never doubted that she could trust him.)

There were also counterpoints to my parents' participation in the Communist Party—an organization with which they had many disagreements, but felt during the Truman years that there was no where else to turn.

Among these counterpoints were my father's reflections on his service during World War II, when he found himself flying bombing missions over Germany. He served with commitment, but made clear to us not only that war was absolutely horrible; but, in disagreement with much popular opinion, that Fascism was emphatically not a "German" disease, and that America was endangered by the same problems. My parents supported the Civil Rights movement, explicitly on the grounds that the treatment of American Negroes was comparable to the tragedy in Germany, and that racism took many forms. My father also constantly warned us, that much of what we were told in school about such matters were lies.

Another "contrapuntal" influence of decisive importance was Grandpa Harry. Mark's paternal grandfather, Harry Burdman, was an emigré from Odessa, which, for the Jews, was part of Russian culture. We were told early on, that Grandpa Harry had fled Russia because he was inducted into the Russian Army and refused to fight in the Russo-Japanese War. He walked to Romania, spent five years in Vienna, and came to New York.

Harry's favorite grandchild, bar none, was Mark Joseph. Every few weeks, we would visit him and our Grandmother, Hannah, who originated from the Berlin, Germany outlying areas, and moved to America around 1916. Mark and Grandpa Harry would sit for hours near the window of the small apartment, Mark across Grandpa's lap, looking out the window, talking very quietly. These were lessons. The lesson was that Mark had to recite by memory, the names of all of the Presidents of the United States, beginning with George Washington to Dwight Eisenhower, in order; and, as he got a little older, also to recite the dates for each Presidency. They also discussed Alexander the Great. For Grandpa Harry, America was the place where a common person could become President. This reality connected to profound ideas concerning statecraft and justice, and for Mark Joseph, these were deeply personal matters.

Our earliest childhood game involved the poster hanging over his bed: a map of the United States, with little pictures of each American President; we would laugh uncontrollably, inventing nicknames for each President, based on their haircuts and sideburns. We made fun of Martin van Buren and Franklin Pierce; but, we never ridiculed Abraham Lincoln.

Thus: the paradox began. America, the greatest nation ever founded, but there was so much wrong. There *had* to be justice—but how?

At the age of 11, Mark authored a school paper on the



Mark and Mary Burdman at home in Germany, December 2001. Mark's paternal grandmother came from Berlin, and the family emigrated to the United States. The family taught him that Nazism was not a "German" disease, but one to which any nation—including the United States—could fall victim.

history of the Crusades. His teacher told my parents the paper was so advanced, it could have been accepted from a college student. This paper became a family heirloom. At the age of 13, Mark launched a weekly newspaper, at Summer camp.

During this period, we became close friends. We were accustomed to having long discussions. The primary subjects were: What is wrong with adults, and, what is friendship, really? How do you judge, *who* is your best friend?

Politics and Intelligence

At the age of 15, Mark began writing to underground newsletters, to acquire information about the war in Vietnam. He would receive magazines and newspapers, and turned his bedroom into an intelligence headquarters. He wanted to resolve for himself, what to do about the war.

At the age of 16, Mark called a meeting. There were four people at the meeting, including his two "political" friends, Phil and David. It was held in our kitchen, in Brooklyn, New York. Following a few jokes, Mark explained why he had called us together. He was recruiting us to found with him the Brooklyn High School Students Committee Against the War in Vietnam. I was 13 years old, and he appointed me Secretary-Treasurer. We gave out announcements, reserved a room, and invited one of the leading anti-war speakers, David Dellinger, who sent an associate, to address our meeting. About 50 people showed up. This was 1965.

In college, beginning 1966, Mark had become an analyst on international political relations. He had a particular interest in Africa. He graduated with honors, and was wooed and sought after by all sorts of outposts of the Eastern Establishment. In 1973, he was granted a large fellowship by Princeton University International Affairs. Mark spent no more than two months at Princeton, bought a train ticket, returned to New York, and joined Lyndon LaRouche's organization. The idea of making money, and getting a top reputation in return for this kind of work, was repugnant to Mark. He knew the stench of the Eastern Establishment first hand, and was simply repelled by it.

A lot more could be said, but in sum, the paradox of his earliest years made him a pre-selected partner of Lyndon LaRouche, whose mind and soul brought to a higher level the mission of Mark's life: to assure that the idea of human dignity and statecraft embedded in the American Revolution become the successful practical basis for policy in the United States, as a victory for all mankind.

Steven Meyer

Steven Meyer is the author of "Moses Mendelssohn and the Bach Tradition," Fidelio, Summer 1999; "Moses Mendelssohn, David Ben-Gurion, and the Peace Process: A Lesson in Statecraft," EIR, Nov. 3, 2000; and "The Strauss Kindergarten: Israeli Outcroppings of 'Universal Fascism,' " EIR, May 2, 2003.

First, Mary, let me say that I bring you and your family condolences from your friends and associates in the United States.

Mary asked me to come to Europe from Washington, D.C. to speak a bit about Mark's relationship to the work which honored and brought to life the great German philosopher and orthodox Jew, Moses Mendelssohn, which Andreas [Ranke], Frank [Hahn], and I worked on over a number of years. She also asked that I say the Jewish prayer of mourning, the Kaddish.

Mark was the trailblazer in this area of work, and for him, like me, it had a very personal element. Mark was the first to seek to locate that political faction in modern Jewry, which represented a universal outlook, which Lyn and we in the organization could rally, and he was very intent on bringing a just peace to the Palestinians and Israelis.

When Lyn wrote the Oasis Plan for the Near East in the mid 1970s, Mark brought Israel's representative at the United Nations from the Histadrut, Israel's main trade union associated with Ben Gurion's Labor Party, to meet with Lyn. Mark told me stories about that historic meeting, and I think it led to Lyn's discussion with Abba Eban.

During this period, Mark wrote a *Campaigner* article entitled "Zionism Is Not Judaism," which was a controversial

thing to say as a Jew. A few years later, in 1980, he wrote another article for the *Campaigner*, "Restoring Israel's Moral Purpose—The Nineteenth Century Roots of the Zionist Peace Faction." The article was generated by an historical event for Germans and Jews, the celebration of the 85th birthday of Nachum Goldmann. Goldmann, who created the World Jewish Congress and was its chairman for decades, was known as the ambassador-at-large for all Jewry. To be sure, he was also its moral conscience, and as Mark located in his article, he was implicitly the moral force of the small peace faction within Israel.

At the time of his birthday celebration, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was meeting with French President Giscard d'Estang, and the Chancellor interrupted those meetings to honor Goldmann. Schmidt rose to the podium and extended his wish that German-Jewish relations would achieve a "total symbiosis analogous to that which produced in the 19th Century and up through 1933 the great German Jewish scholars, philosophers, and artists." Goldmann's response was that "no people so much as the Germans has so influenced Jewish ideology and culture."

Mark reported not only on the significance of Goldmann's life, he sought out and included the details of the famous German rabbinical synod held here in Frankfurt, in 1845, as the basis for German Jewry's contributions not only to Germany, but to the anti-slavery movement in the United States. Mark also covered the pronouncements of the Rabbi of Worms, and one Sunday a year or so ago, we traveled to walk the grounds and interior of that Rabbi's very synagogue. So, this history was very much alive in Mark's mind.

But Goldmann and Schmidt had missed the proverbial elephant in the room. We found that the wonderful sage Moses Mendelssohn who collaborated with Lessing on behalf of Leibniz, and Mendelssohn's extended family, the Itzigs, who worked with Bach's sons, Mozart, and Beethoven to create a revolution in composition, were the unique causal relationships which spawned all the others.

Mark helped me to "pull that thread" for several years, and he was proud to walk in Mendelssohn's footsteps. We would have short discussions, usually by phone, and he always had something insightful or funny to say. Mark's humor and cackle, I found, always tended to bring into focus and largely illuminate some image of one or another of the creatures we had placed under the microscope.

I remember the visceral comments he made when I told him that I had located the two Israeli philosophers who were advocates and close friends of Leo Strauss. The one, Gershom Scholem, who had invited Strauss to come live and teach in Israel from London, before he moved to the U.S., Mark knew to be a cabbalist. He sharply commented that this guy was a witch, but a simpleton.

But the one who really upset Mark, whose name escapes me [Emil Fackenheim—ed.], was the Israeli Straussian who was famous for his thesis that the Holocaust proved the "end

of history” theory to be valid, and Mark railed that this guy was the most evil, for he spread pessimism and despair, and Mark really despised these so-called philosophers. He urged me to write something to expose this.

So, I’m honored to say Kaddish for Mark at this time, for it is a prayer whose intention is that those persons in mourning and grieving at the loss of a loved one must re-dedicate themselves with determination to continue life with the certainty to make the world better. The prayer has its origins during the Black Plague here in Europe during the Middle Ages, when the Jews living in ghettos were being especially decimated and often blamed for the epidemic; but in the face of such horror and despair, it called the mourners to re-dedicate themselves to the God of Israel and to carry on in a godly manner. It has become the universal prayer of mourning for all Jewry.

[The Kaddish was recited, followed by Eil Malei Rachamim, the prayer for the soul of the departed.]

Amelia Boynton Robinson

Mrs. Robinson is the vice chairman of the Schiller Institute in the United States, and a heroine of the Civil Rights movement. Her autobiography, Bridge Across Jordan, was recently re-issued by the Institute.

There comes a time, that our earthly family, Schiller Institute, is visited by an angel of mercy from Heaven, such as Mark Burdman. And one of our beautiful flowers has been plucked, and taken to Heaven. It is our loss, but Heaven’s reward. It is our contribution to Heaven.

Jacques Cheminade

Jacques Cheminade is the leader of the LaRouche movement in France, the head of the Solidarity and Progress party, and a former candidate for the Presidency of France.

Mark Burdman was a just man. He remains, for me, a smile of commitment, the smile of one who never thinks of himself, but of the cause of humanity for which he battles. With such a smile on his lips, Mark could die, for his task was fulfilled as well as it could be.

I met Mark in 1974, in the office of the political organization of Lyndon LaRouche, which I had just gotten to know. He had something more than the others. He loved with a passion what he was doing. By doing so, he transformed my life, and he shall remain close to me with that biting irony that prevents one from being misled into complacency or from looking away when injustice is committed.

I saw Mark for the last time three weeks ago, in Koblenz.



“A smile of commitment, the smile of one who never thinks of himself, but of the cause of humanity for which he battles.”

He was surrounded by young people who assailed him with questions, with the insight that youth have when they recognize the uncompromising wisdom of certain adults. His happiness was in sharing, and awakening in others the best of themselves. May we inherit this flame, and fight in his image.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Konstantin Cheremnykh

Dr. Cheremnykh, a journalist and physician from St. Petersburg, Russia, is a long-time friend of the LaRouche movement.

In the Russian language, there is a notion of “black envy” and “white envy.” If you are “white”-envious, you don’t wish anything bad to your counterpart; you wish you could possess the same properties as he has, and you lack.

This feeling I experienced each time when I saw Mark, an outstanding man who managed not only to devote himself to work for the common good, but also to get the whole of his family devoted to the same endeavor, with a beautiful contempt towards circumstances outside and inside him—expressed with an extraordinary laugh.

Each time I arrived in [Germany], with a load of impressions and news of the evil of this world, he would turn to me and give this never-mind laugh, and stand up to shake hands—and bend with pain, with the same smile on his face. A “white” envy would strike me with a red flush of shame. I believe this smile was on his face at the last moment of his life, too.

Which is not the last—as he has conveyed his attitude to this world and people, as the subject of his and the common endeavor, to his family and to all of us, and this posterity is still with us, and while all of us are alive ourselves, it will be there, and when we leave, our posterity will carry it along.