

Our Day's Darkest Hours

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For those who dwell in North America or Europe, the darkest hours of each day are those in which I dwell between the hours of our own Midnight and Dawn along my native Atlantic Coast, the place where I am situated as I write here and now. Those are the darkened hours of my day as I sit here, arisen from my bed, while so many here seem to be sleeping their lives away in a place far distant from the world's reality. Here many among my North American associates are sleeping their unwitting lives away, as if unwitting of the great moments which had occurred within Europe during Saturday and Sunday, or, to be precise, Rüsselsheim, in Germany.

It was there, in my time, that one of the greatest moments of recent times had come, and passed, even for most of my own North American associates, between the weekend hours past, up to the present oncoming of the presently approaching new day. My sleeping friends here remain, for the greater part, unwitting, taken up, all too much, with their own dreamy illusions. In a few hours, those dreamworld days will have come and gone.

So, I sit here, knowing that dreams will soon turn to shrieks and screams. One voice heard now will have crowed like a cock at dawn, then several more will be heard, and, then, the real nightmare, of a mass of sleepers roused, will begin. The playroom fantasies of my sleeping friends here, are soon to be no more. The dawn, just born, will soon die; it was "a false dawn," and, so, the awful nightmare which has been our "Garden of Delights," will begin.

The night itself, was already here.

What Happened in Rüsselsheim

The previous time my European associates had called a relatively major political event in Rüsselsheim, the collapse of a leading German automobile industry, the waves of collapse of Germany's industry had seemed merely to have begun. A memory of the former

optimism there still lingered in the air. As my companions drove into that city last Saturday morning, July 2nd, it was as if a still well-kept economic graveyard of lost German hopes was trying to keep up appearances, as if for appearances' sake.

Not long after our arrival at the same place our previous rally event had occurred earlier, there was something different in the air.

More chairs wheeled in. Then, more of the same, and so, again. There were still many more to be seated. The event began, with firmly stated prospects for hopes of what could actually be done. As those morning hours spread through that day, a new spirit was certainly on the rise. The vigor and tone of the event rose, more and more palpably, throughout the morning and evening events. The cheers came louder and larger over the course of those daylight hours. Then, evening came.

It was time for the kind of Classical musical festival which our sort of folk, especially those in Germany, require, to make the day whole. "Where's the dessert?!" Real German patriots, when they are being good, or, even at their best, are like that, on such occasions. This occasion, however, turned out to be something very much special. Bach! Beethoven's Spring Sonata expertly and beautifully performed. Two sections from Schumann's *Frauenliebe* presented by a leading Italian artist, that followed by a stunning performance of a powerful Verdi work in tragedy: the audience was stunned with awe! Then, came a masterly performance of Beethoven's Choral Fantasy—the most compelling which I have ever audited. And that capped the evening's event, all these together with the great hymn of the Hebrew slaves.

The first day of the two-day conference was now already touched with a certain degree of hymnic awesomeness. So, the assembled retired to sleep.

On the second day, the spirits of the participants had been quickened with a spirit of ready outburst of joyful voices exceeding even that already spirited sentiment of the preceding day.

That day began with a rather full-throated presentation of France's Presidential pre-candidate Jacques Cheminade. The evidence marched as in columns.

After the luncheon interval, there was a presentation of the Transaqua development case, left over from the Jacques Cheminade feature. Then, came my presentation of the case for the specific quality which marks the human species as implicitly an immortal

species, a miraculous potential built into mankind, surpassing any other form of life known to mankind as existing in the universe today, unless it were The Creator Himself.

For all those uncertainties which still attend our insight into the universe, even into the galaxy which our Solar System inhabits, and of which it is fully an integrated portion functionally, man is known to science as a united species, a species in which all mortal men and women die ultimately, but which, through the seemingly magical powers of human creativity, mankind represents the only potentially immortal form of living creature whose creative potential renders our species a uniquely immortal creature of the immortals.

The jubilation of the audience grew mighty in its tone and implications.

The Lesson To Be Taken

All species, other than mankind, presently known to us as either presently existing, or having existed in the past, particularly those above the level of the uni-celled types, have come and virtually disappeared, in more than ninety-five percentile of known cases. Each having come, and then gone into the past through the patterns of mass kills associated with the great galactic cycles within which the destiny of our Solar System is situated.

Man, a merely mortal biological type, which had existed on our planet a mere several millions years, is, in fact, the only kind of immortal species adduced as existing within the bounds of what is presently known concerning the galaxy called "The Milky Way."

We represent a truly immortal species in the special nature of that potential by which we are potentially exempted from the category of species which time has left behind. Although we differ little from our immediate, human antecedents in the nature of our biology, and in our given few powers of so-called, mere sense-perception, the quality of potentially willful true creativity which is an available qualitative potential of the members of our own species, but not any other living species presently known to us, is creative for the precise reason that the truly creative powers of invention, and the like, which distinguish the potential of the human individual personality from any other kind of living species presently known to us, become thus the recognizable distinction of what is fairly called "the soul" specific to mankind among all living

creatures presently known to us as existing.

We each end our living mortal existence in time, in one fashion, or another. But those inventions of the human soul through which our species secures its immortal powers, continue to act, as a matter of principle, throughout the existence of our universe. So, in such a manner, each among us will die, that to the best of our knowledge today. But to each who will therefore die, sooner or later, the option of an immortality of what we call "the human soul" is expressed by the discovery and employment of those universal principles, such that mankind in its present form is in each individual case, a potentially immortal human soul whose effect of having lived will be an immortal agency within the higher state of existence of the universe of which we, each, must desire, above all other desires, to become.

It was, as some might say, two days that were, in Rüsselsheim, but not Rüsselsheim, alone. Let this be an immortal event, the most beautiful event, by virtue of its character and substance, its devotion to the immortal beauty of the human soul.

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE: A GALACTIC QUESTION



If we recognize that to man is granted a higher identity, above the simple perceptions of our mere mortal coil, an identity consistent with the greatest achievements of Classical arts and science, then we must locate our mission not in what is, but in what must become.

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