

Another Mission Statement

by Tony Papert

May 22—Another way to pose the mission of this issue, is Lyndon LaRouche's pilgrimage to, and through the Twentieth Century, and into the Twenty-First.

I was always deeply moved by Jacob's answer to Pharaoh in Genesis, because it seemed to be the first mention of life as a "pilgrimage." On first meeting him, Pharaoh had asked Jacob how old he was.

And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.

And I think it no coincidence that the foundation-stone of English literature was Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in which all of the life of each one of us, from end to end, is seen as a pilgrimage. It begins in the spring of life, in "Aprille." It ends, God willing, in the *Winterreise*, whose final song was rendered by Frank Mathis in Lyn's *Musikabend* of May 10, summarized in *EIR* no. 21.

Lyndon LaRouche was not alone; he began this journey under the Presidency of Franklin Roosevelt; and he achieved notable success under the Presidency of Ronald Reagan.

Lyn's long pilgrimage intersected that of Bill Clinton. I understand that that whole story began when Lyn was in prison; it wound its way through his mission to Moscow, and then through Bill's victimization through a sex-scandal. And after more than twenty years, this long duet has still not yet ended,—the final words of the final chapter are still not yet written, as Pushkin and Mussorgsky portentously begin their opera *Boris Godunov*.

Lyn's long pilgrimage has intersected those of Presidents and Popes, great musicians, and generals and others who have spent their talent for the betterment and the salvation of mankind.

"Watchman, what of the night?"