

WILL NERO NOW MURDER SENECA?

The Charade Is Ending

by Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr.

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In an April 11, 2009 international webcast, I had already identified that evidence, fact by fact, which indicated to me, with certainty, that unless President Barack Narcissus Obama took a virtual Damascus Road, he were already virtually as good as self-doomed to live out his brief tenure in the White House in a relatively short-term, staged reenactment of the reign of the Roman Emperor Nero. Intelligent people who had doubted what I said on that occasion, should be now already blushing a very bright red.

Now, the point has been reached, with the recent Massachusetts Senatorial election, that this Nero is about to take himself down in way which will shock the world. I am not a predictor—I have contempt for simple predictions; but, I am, rather, a very good forecaster. Intelligent and well-informed people take my warnings in such matters very seriously, especially after what happened in Massachusetts yesterday.

*Obama is about as intelligent as a pre-programmed wind-up toy; like the characters of Shakespeare's **King Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet**, his self-inflicted doom is written into his personal character; he is the fool who believes in his image of himself. It is the poor Seneca in the Obama story, whoever a pre-programmed Obama*

might choose for that predestined role in his dream, who might be worth your pity in this affair!

It is important that you, among others, take the present moment of President Obama's discomfiture very seriously. The destiny of not only our republic, but the present civilization as a whole, depends upon some very early second thoughts about the policies which many of you, in particular, had implicitly adopted up to this point.

Had President Franklin Roosevelt lived to launch the post-World War II world, the history of this planet, from April 12, 1945 onward, would have been far different than what has happened on this planet since that time. The O.S.S.'s General Donovan, and probably his associates Max Corvo and Bill Casey would have agreed with me, were they alive today, that there would have been no nuclear bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and no Cold War had Roosevelt lived. The colonial system of the world would have been broken up soon after the war had ended. The United Kingdom would have become a prosperous nation, but no empire.

It is necessary to view such matters as the model presented at the close of Percy Bysshe Shelley's **A De-**



White House/Pete Souza

President Obama's greatest misfortune, LaRouche writes, is that "he represents a quality of the worst kind of spirit of the time." Here, the President and friends watch a TV commercial in 3D, in the White House theater, during last year's Super Bowl.

fence of Poetry implies. It is Gottfried Leibniz's notion of dynamics, as expressed by Shelley in those pages, which does, in the guise of setting the spirit of an age, as great poets and Classical dramatists do. The moment of victory at the close of World War II was the moment of great opportunity from which the course of subsequent, post-war history would, hopefully, flow.

General Donovan's grimly soft-spoken remark to Max Corvo, as both left the anteroom of a dying President Franklin Roosevelt's Presidential office, was, "It's over." A great moment in world history was about to be lost at the moment the President's death were certain.

At this moment in world history, we have come, once more, to such a dynamically defined, historical moment in a long wave of history since that time. If the United States, Russia, China, and India, can combine efforts on behalf of a new system of a nuclear-power-driven renaissance of today's almost destroyed world civilization, the world has one brief moment of opportunity to resume the postponed destiny which had existed up to the moment President Franklin Roosevelt was about to die.

Unfortunately, the role of the special individual in history, is often badly misunderstood.

The truly great individual Classical artist, such as a J.S. Bach, a Friedrich Schiller, or a Percy Bysshe Shelley, radiates an aura of creativity, an aura which assumes an influence which existed before that artist had emerged, and which radiated in society's culture more or less long after that artist's mortal demise. Such figures of science or poetry, radiate an aura while they live, and after they are deceased. The image of the widow of Friedrich Schiller passing out snippets of her husband's poetry to the volunteers marching to the Liberation war against the tyrant Napoleon, typify this principle, as I recall the image of a just deceased President Franklin Roosevelt as I told a group of fellow-soldiers coming to speak with me, in India, on the evening of that day we received

the news of President Franklin Roosevelt's death.

In science, Leibniz typifies this expressed immortality of the role of the extraordinary creative personality, as Bernhard Riemann did for such great geniuses of the Twentieth Century as Albert Einstein and Academician V.I. Vernadsky. In politics, those of us of my generation, such as the O.S.S.'s Donovan, and such of his close associates known to me as Casey and Corvo, were bearers of such an immortal torch, a torch akin to Shelley's notion of the spirit of an age.

Poor President Barack Obama's greatest misfortune, is that he represents a quality of the worst kind of spirit of his time, a spirit of vassalage to an alien British Empire, a virtually treasonous, virtually Satanic spirit of the age of trans-Atlantic civilization's decline. He could suffer no greater punishment than to be what he has come, in such a short passage of time, to represent: the spirit of evil which his health-care policy represents today. He and all who share his destiny are, like Hitler's surviving Nazi doctors in post-war trials, or Britain's former Prime Minister Tony Blair, foredoomed to infamy accordingly.

What happened in Massachusetts this Tuesday must be understood in such terms of spiritual-life reference.

The Erinyes are gathering for the storm!