

Witch way Blair?

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Clearly, a section of the English establishment is in the process of dumping a desperately frightened Prime Minister Tony Blair. Shades of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, it is the witches who are signalling the toil and trouble bubbling up for Blair—at places such as Stonehenge and the City of London. This eerie, rising Summer tumult sends Blair such tantalizing *billets-doux* as “Beware the Summer Solstice,” or, “Mephistopheles is calling in your loan.” For those who understand really serious—deadly serious—politics, this is sometimes, as now, the way in which witch global affairs take a seemingly magical turn. Really serious strategic thinkers never miss the point of such omens. The science of statecraft is mastered only by those who have a keen sense of the way, sometimes, in which such spells in history may come about.

Last evening, in Germany, the news of the world from that day filled the air with an inseparable tangle of ironies. No simplistic attempt to interpret any among each of those breaking developments, could possibly produce an intelligible representation of the day's breaking developments.

Think about witches, whether at Stonehenge, or the City of London's riots, or both. Where do these witches come from? Why do some people believe in witches, and why do some would-be magicians send those silly witches out at odd times—especially at very odd times? What is there about British witches which may signal a turning-point in world history today?

Where do witches come from? For those who are familiar with the history of Greek thought, for example, from the Homeric epics through the Golden Age and Plato's dialogues, there is nothing mysterious about the role which belief in witches plays in the course of extended European history, up to the present time. The answer is simple, or, to make the same point in other words, a matter of people who prefer to be simple-minded, and say only things which simple minds might pretend to believe.

People who really like to keep things simple, are known as “simple-minded people.” Thus, for them, everything which can not be explained simply in a rational way, prompts them to seek the meaning of that which they do not know in the domain of the irrational. Such is the lesson of the relations of man to imaginary pagan gods in the Homeric epics. Such is the behavior of the simple-minded devotees of charlatans such as Rev. “Diamond Pat” Robertson, or of those Wall Street

charlatans who claim that they can teach a wooden dummy, George W. Bush, Jr., to answer serious questions with actual answers. Such is the mentality of believers in “the magic of the marketplace.” The English population, by and large, is a quasi-lifelike model of the way in which genuinely simple-minded people are controlled by their fantastic delusions. (Such as believing that Al Gore is a viable Democratic Presidential pre-candidate.)

In a crisis, for such simple-minded Brits, the urgent question becomes, thus: “Witch way to turn,” or “Witch way to burn.” Hence, we have “black witches,” “white witches,” and those, of London's knightly Clapham Common rituals, lightly browned on both sides.

It is sometimes important, especially when assessing British policy shapen, or misshapen, under conditions of extreme stress, to recall the case of the priestess Pythia, of Cult of Apollo notoriety.

Remember, the Cult of Apollo came into being at Delphi and elsewhere, as something superimposed upon the preexisting Mother-Earth cult of Gaea (a.k.a. Cybele). Gaea's male consort, her Siva, so to speak, was named alternately Python (the serpent god) and Dionysus. According to the legend of Apollo, Apollo entered the site of Delphi in a fit of rage, slew Python-Dionysus, and cut him into a number of pieces. Then, the bi-polar Apollo fell into a fit of remorseful weeping, begging forgiveness from Gaea (who, being a Lesbian herself, did not really miss her consort so very much). Remorseful Apollo expressed his grief by building a temple, called the Temple of Apollo, consecrated to the memory of Python-Dionysus. The center of the temple was, allegedly, the gravesite of said Python-Dionysus. Seated on a stool, beside the grave, was a priestess, babbling nonsense, known as Pythia in honor of her funerary function there. The priests of Apollo, modestly assuming spectators' benches opposite Pythia, translated her babbling into prophecies, by methods of interpretation allegedly known only to those priests.

For a long time, the part of Pythia was played by a young woman, until the time a gaggle of highly enthusiastic worshippers raped the girl playing the part of priestess. After that incident, the priests of Apollo assigned the part of Pythia to what were passably crones, and the popularity of the Temple of Apollo declined from that time on. Nonetheless, the British monarchy has sought to revive the cult of Gaea, and to consecrate this resurrection with mass-killings of Africans and others, all in the name of their professed Mother Earth-worship.

Thus, in Britain, the land occupied by the cult of Aleister Crowley's satanic cults of Wicca and other offshoots of OTO-Theosophy, witches abound. Religion, including satanic cults, being the essence of simple-minded kinds of politics, really impassioned politics by desperately simple-minded English subjects were likely to be counted, not in dozens, but in covens. (For better insight into today's English politics, think of the Littleton massacre as nothing other than politics continued as witchcraft practiced by other means.)

Think of the currently rising Summer madness in En-

gland, as the politics of nothing but wild emotion—like that of Midlands football fans with great boots—cladding itself with the forms of symbolism, rather than reason. Think of the Fourteenth-Century maddened hordes of Flagellants, roaming like all-destructive bands of locusts, from place to place across the surface of ruined Europe. Think of current English political insurgencies, as real issues expressing themselves explosively as madly impassioned unreality. Think of the myth of the mass-suicidal lemmings.

Then, think of those in England, Oxonians, for example, who understand what I have just said, very well, who have taken it into their minds to rid their sceptered isle of this intolerable, used-up excrescence, known to them as Bloody Blair. What means might they employ to such a distinguished end, but to play the game of British politics the very way the rules of that game prescribe? For such an occasion, something truly fancy must be summoned from the legions of mad masses who dwell below. To alarm the maddening mass, set the witches to stirring the pots. It was often done before; it is being done again.

So, don't suddenly go all pompous and stupid on me. The word of the day is "Witch way, England?"

Meanwhile, from behind the veil of illusion . . .

Look at the world as a whole around us all. Those poor dolts who insist they know anything at all from viewing the popular entertainment and news media (there really is no difference between those two), are poor fools playing the mythical ostrich, with their heads stuck either under the sands, or who might know where else beside. While such folk wander in the escapism of fantasy-land, things which they would rather not know, are determining their fate in the real world. (I recall vividly 1928-1929, when most Americans I knew were filled with similarly deluded belief in the durability of either their own, or someone else's Wall Street "investments." People then were generally less deluded, less unintelligent than most Americans today: for one thing, they were much better educated and nurtured.)

Take the case of the Japan yen for example. Imagine the day, in which the spokesman for a Japan central bank states, with utter shamelessness, that the objective of his bank's utterly lunatic monetary and financial policies, is to keep the discount rate of the yen at virtually zero percent! Think of the interlock of the Japan yen with every leading part of the world's financial system! There has never been such insanity shown by any leading banker in the history of the Twentieth Century. The next likely round of deposits likely there in Japan, would be a mass depositing of utterly maddened bankers into Mount Fuji.

The euro is collapsing, chiefly because there is nothing left to support it, as long as current Maastricht policies are continued.

Brazil is blowing up, in worse financial ripeness for explosion than ever before.

There is no way that the Russian debt crisis can be prevented from blowing out the world's financial system, under present IMF and G-7 policies.

Wall Street is the biggest financial bubble of them all, the last domino in the chain, the "balloon note" whose worthlessness will put the entire, City of London-dominated world financial system down the toilet.

The pressure on London, therefore, is the following.

Anyone who is not a babbling lunatic, or simply a simple-minded dolt, knows, that the present world financial system can not be saved. Therefore, in order to have a world in which the existing nations could live, it is first necessary to be rid of this financial system, to replace it by what, in principle, would be a New Bretton Woods agreement of the type which I have prescribed.

However, such a reform is impossible, as long as the present Wall-Street-type lunatics remain in the dominant positions of political power. Therefore, to make way for the needed negotiation of the desperately needed new world economic and matching monetary and financial system, one must cut down the present political power of the lunatic monetarist faction of Wall Street, London, et al. The appropriate place to start the process of dumping those monetarist lunatics from their present positions of power, is London. To be particular, begin with Bloody Blair.

Someone who is more sensible than either woodenheaded Al Gore or George W. Bush, in London, has decided that, therefore, Bloody Blair must go. Naturally, getting rid of Bloody Blair becomes, for England today, a matter of witch way to go.