

LaRouche Youth Report Campaign Getting Hot

by Matthew Ogden

As the dust settles, and the charred pages from the “Children of Satan” float off with the wind, it is easy to see that Washington, D.C. has been shaken up and turned upside down, by the East Coast LaRouche Youth Movement’s double Day of Action. Many around the city have found it very funny and oddly coincidental that with the inauguration of what Lyndon LaRouche announced to be the *hot* phase of his campaign against Dick Cheney coincided directly with a very hot, late-night fire which destroyed our D.C. headquarters. Some might joke, well maybe Cheney was inflamed by the “Dick of the Year” award we so generously awarded him on Monday outside his office. Reuters thought the honor so notable that they put a very large photo of the award ceremony on the front page of their website!

Our youth movement has noticed, that there are two things that Washingtonians respond to—humor and beauty. As we informed people that the reason we were going after Cheney was because he’s got a bad heart—that LaRouche only goes after people whose hearts are bad, and if he had a good heart we wouldn’t go after him—people were forced to skip a beat, and by the time they were smiling, they were holding LaRouche’s statement about Iraq’s Constitution in their hands.

As our three different sound cars circled the city, stressing the time and date of our town meeting and LaRouche’s webcast, we took turns with the great baritone, Dr. William Warfield, to serenade the population with renditions of “He’s Got the Whole World” and other spirituals. As we marched through the city by candlelight, we positioned ourselves in an acoustically strategic location in front of a tall Howard University dormitory. As we sang, our Bach Chorales echoed all the way up the building. Every window opened and the residents peered out, some laughing, some yelling at us to shut up, and some throwing bottles as a sign of their support. One student pulled up and rolled down his window. “What the **** are you guys doing?” “We’re bringing beauty to Howard.” His expression turned into curiosity and astonishment. “You’re bringing *beauty* to Howard?!”

Even a small bit of beauty and optimism resounds very loudly in a culture which presents itself as almost surreal from behind the glass of a motorcade in Southeast D.C. Last week, as we rolled into Anacostia towards sunset in a 14-car motorcade, we got stuck in what seemed a normal rush-hour traffic jam. When we got to the source of the back-up, we saw that

the cause was something maybe more normal than we’d like to imagine; seven police cars were surrounding an SUV with a string of bullet holes which tore the metal, leading to a shattered driver’s side window. With the light flashing, a crowd of people surrounded a body being loaded into a body bag.

On the next block, a group of children were waiting for their bus, laughing and singing. A half-hour later, the sidewalk was clean and the stores reopened. Lyn and Helga LaRouche’s discussions of compassion for the “forgotten man” came rushing back, now against a background of stark reality.

“LaRouche is all we’ve got” said an old man, who came up and gave one of our organizers a big hug. This is why we can win in a city where only 8.3% of the registered Democrats even bothered to go to the polls in the last primary, in 2000. The hints of the potential for a movement are visible. Reports of storeowners coming out onto the street, and groups of students chanting “Cheney’s gotta go!” prove that D.C. isn’t for D-ick C-heney, [but] for D-ump C-heney. We’ve got pizza places with new “LaRouche Youth Specials” and guards at the Metros letting us ride for free.

So, we have begun to break the city open. With a whole series of unorthodox, anti-pragmatic, anti-Boomer deployments, from 45-person traffic islands, to downtown sidewalk “Dick of the Year” awards, to an hour-and-a-half chorus rehearsal in the park, to a candlelight march to Howard University—all on our first Day of Action, provoked a whole series of chain reactions (and at least one Cheney reaction?).

A preacher we’d called last week, who was very cynical and scared of working with LaRouche, went through a conversion. We called him on Monday and he said “I heard about your town meeting. I got your flyer this morning! There were 50 young people at Minnesota and Pennsylvania!” He was excited about coming to our various events, and even agreed to let us make an announcement at his service on Sunday.

In the Congress on Tuesday, while asking “to see the head of the Impeach Cheney Committee,” we were getting meetings with aides who had seen us marching by candlelight the night before, and others who had seen us around DuPont Circle and other places. One such aide, who worked in a Republican Congressman’s office, invited us in, and soon found himself in a dialogue about economics, the nature of Man, and finally, Kepler’s discoveries. And outside, in the halls, an unusually happy cleaning lady came by. It turned out that she had gotten our literature over the weekend, during the “LYM goes to Church” deployment.

As supporters of the movement were calling into our offices as our sound-cars passed them by, they were mobilized and rejuvenated, joyfully saying, “Now, I know how LaRouche will win!” The only way to inspire the forgotten man is to organize a mass-movement directly around the leadership of Lyndon LaRouche. The youth are running this campaign, and we are determined to win.