

# Celebrate the *Jubilee*: Quit the U.N., Declare the I.M.F. Bankrupt!

The year 1995 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the establishment of the United Nations Organization, and the founding of the Bretton Woods System, inclusive of the International Monetary Fund.

As Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr. demonstrated in his

essay, "How Bertrand Russell Became an Evil Man" (*Fidelio*, Vol. III, No. 3, Fall 1994), the dropping of the atomic bomb on Japanese civilians was totally unnecessary, as negotiations for Japanese surrender were in process through Vatican channels. The pre-calculated murder of hundreds of thousands of Japanese civilians was absolutely morally unjustified.

Why, then, was it done? As LaRouche wrote: Russell and his cronies duped the United States government into producing and using a weapon so horrifying, that nations would surrender their sovereignty to a global arbiter of policy, a United Nations world-government dictatorship, the "final imperialism."

Today, fifty years later, we see the results of this devilish enterprise. In Bosnia-Herzegovina, the United Nations, instead of contributing to peace based upon economic development, is complicit in the very war crimes and crimes against humanity which its founding at the end of World War II was supposed to have allowed to occur "Never Again!"

But what is happening in Bosnia under U.N. auspices, is no exception.

## To Joy

Joy, thou beauteous godly lightning,  
Daughter of Elysium,  
Fire drunken we are ent'ring  
Heavenly, thy holy home!  
Thy enchantments bind together,  
What did custom stern divide,  
Every man becomes a brother,  
Where thy gentle wings abide.

*Chorus.*

*Be embrac'd, ye millions yonder!  
Take this kiss throughout the world!  
Brothers—o'er the stars unfurl'd  
Must reside a loving Father.*

Who the noble prize achieveth,  
Good friend of a friend to be;  
Who a lovely wife attaineth,  
Join us in his jubilee!  
Yes—he too who but *one* being  
On this earth can call *his* own!

He who ne'er was able, weeping  
Stealth from this league alone!

*Chorus.*

*He who in the great ring dwelleth,  
Homage pays to sympathy!  
To the stars above leads she,  
Where on high the Unknown reigneth.*

Joy is drunk by every being  
From kind nature's flowing breasts,  
Every evil, every good thing  
For her rosy footprint quests.  
Gave she *us* both *vines* and kisses,  
In the face of death a friend,  
To the worm were given blisses  
And the Cherubs God attend.

*Chorus.*

*Fall before him, all ye millions?  
Know'st thou the Creator, world?  
Seek above the stars unfurl'd,  
Yonder dwells He in the heavens.*

Joy commands the hardy mainspring  
Of the universe eterne.

Joy, oh joy the wheel is driving  
Which the worlds' great clock doth turn.  
Flowers from the buds she coaxes,  
Suns from out the hyaline,  
Spheres she rotates through expanses,  
Which the seer can't divine.

*Chorus.*

*As the suns are flying, happy  
Through the heaven's glorious plane,  
Travel, brothers, down your lane,  
Joyful as in hero's vict'ry.*

From the truth's own fiery mirror  
On the searcher *doth* she smile.  
Up the steep incline of honor  
Guideth *she* the sufferer's mile.  
High upon faith's sunlit mountains  
One can see *her* banner flies,  
Through the breach of open'd coffins  
*She* in angel's choir doth rise.

The U.N. is a supranational agency of the Venetian/British oligarchy, thoroughly committed to the elimination of the very principle of national sovereignty—because this principle threatens the continuation of oligarchic rule. The U.N. is nothing more than the enforcement arm for the usurious, “free trade,” genocidal population-reduction and technological-apartheid policies of the International Monetary Fund (I.M.F.). The U.N. policy orientation is in complete violation of the principles of Natural Law, as is clearly reflected in the draft documents prepared for the U.N.’s International Conference on Population and Development in Cairo, Egypt last year, and in the proposals for this year’s Fourth World Conference on Women in Beijing, China.

The I.M.F., also created fifty years ago, at the Bretton Woods conference, is so bankrupt that it has been kept afloat up to now only through genocide. Its efforts to force nations to dismantle their public-sector industries, to subject their national budgets to murder-

ous austerity, to dismantle their militaries, to impose forced sterilization programs in order to reduce their populations, and to refuse them the technological development necessary to the development of their peoples, are a violation not only of the principle of national sovereignty, but also of the sovereignty of the family and of the individual person created *in the image of God*.

It is fifty years since the U.N. and the Bretton Woods System’s I.M.F. were created. It is high time to declare the *Jubilee* for which both Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr. and Pope John Paul II have called. The United States of America should quit the United Nations, and place the International Monetary Fund into the equivalent of Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

Let us sing a new song, that the heavens rejoice:

*Let our book of debts be cancell’d!  
Reconcile the total world!  
Brothers—o’er the stars unfurl’d  
God doth judge, as we have settl’d.*

## EDITORIAL

*Chorus.  
Suffer on courageous millions!  
Suffer for a better world!  
O’er the tent of stars unfurl’d  
God rewards you from the heavens.*

Gods can never be requited,  
Beauteous ’tis, their like to be.  
Grief and want shall be reported,  
So to cheer with gaiety.  
Hate and vengeance be forgotten,  
Pardon’d be our mortal foe,  
Not a teardrop shall him dampen,  
No repentance bring him low.

*Chorus.  
Let our book of debts be cancell’d!  
Reconcile the total world!  
Brothers—o’er the stars unfurl’d  
God doth judge, as we have settl’d.*

Joy doth bubble from this rummer,  
From the golden blood of grape  
Cannibals imbibe good temper,  
Weak of heart their courage take—  
Brothers, fly up from thy places,  
When the brimming cup doth pass,  
Let the foam shoot up in spaces:  
To the goodly Soul this glass!

*Chorus.  
Whom the crown of stars doth honor,  
Whom the hymns of Seraphs bless,  
To the goodly Soul this glass  
O’er the tent of stars up yonder!*

Courage firm in grievous trial,  
Help, where innocence doth scream,  
Oaths which sworn to are eternal,  
Truth to friend and foe the same,  
Manly pride ’fore kingly power—  
Brothers, cost it life and blood,—  
Honor to whom merits honor,  
Ruin to the lying brood!

*Chorus.  
Closer draw the holy circle,  
Swear it by this golden wine,  
Faithful to the vow divine,  
Swear it by the Judge celestial!*

Rescue from the tyrant’s fetters,  
Mercy to the villain e’en,  
Hope within the dying hours,  
Pardon at the guillotine!  
E’en the dead shall live in heaven!  
Brothers, drink and all agree,  
Every sin shall be forgiven,  
Hell forever cease to be.

*Chorus.  
A serene departing hour!  
Pleasant sleep beneath the pall!  
Brothers—gentle words for all  
Doth the Judge of mortals utter!*

—Friedrich Schiller