

# LaRouche: 'Super Bowl Tuesday's Results'

*This statement by Presidential candidate Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr. was released on Feb. 5 by the LaRouche in 2004 campaign committee.*

Thumbs Up! Or, Thumbs Down! The Roman Empire, too, had its Super Bowl Sundays and Tuesdays. So, in the course of time, Rome's spectators died in their own arena.

There was the Super Bowl on the day before Groundhog Day, Sunday. Then, there was the Super Fishbowl game on Election Day, Tuesday. On Tuesday, the citizens marched from where they had been sitting as spectators, to take their places as the gladiators dying in the bloody arena below.

Joe Lieberman was among the first to be struck down. Howard Dean limped from the field, mortally bleeding. The *Village Voice* felled Al Sharpton in a single, ugly, crushing blow. Gladiators Clark and Edwards are waiting their turn to go down. The trumpets sound again for the

next event. It warns us, that once the field has been swept of fallen gladiators, the slaughter of the citizens, the general *mélée*, will then begin. It is not time for you to leave, dear citizen; your turn in the arena is next!

So, great empires have died, now as then. The citizens, thinking themselves only spectators, free from harm, play the game of "Thumbs up! Thumbs down!," not suspecting that soon it will be their turn to go. So, Pericles' Athens had its champions in the Peloponnesian Wars; so, the little Athenians, the admirers of those champions, went to the doom which their choices had brought upon them. The Master Croupier laughs: "For the U.S. citizens today, there are more SuperFishbowl Tuesdays still to come."

Do you like to gamble with your vote? Not the one-armed bandit, this time! Touch the computerized screen. The Master Croupier appears, smiling: "Make your choice." You vote, or don't. It makes no difference. The Master Croupier who built and runs the machines, will cast your actual vote for you. In a neat touch of Satanic Irony, the Master Croupier's stage name is "Will"; "Popular Will," that is.

After all, it is your choice! You propose, but who disposes? Who will win in the end? George or John? The Master Croupier leers: "Me!"