

The result of my struggle was that I gained support in the country, year after year. When the campaign for the election of the President of Ukraine began, that was not the beginning, but the height of my struggle—a continuation of what had emerged during my many travels around the country and meetings with people, as a People’s Deputy of Ukraine, 14th session [of the Supreme Rada]. Last autumn, winter, and spring, we had a full schedule of such meetings. We were briefing the voters on the situation in the country and arguing for our position. This is the reason for my rather high support rating, already in the spring of 1999.

With the commencement of the Presidential election campaign as such, a dirty, slanderous leaflet struggle was launched against me. I think you will remember how this began at the Parliament, in April 1999, when somebody distributed anti-Semitic leaflets in the press gallery, calling me the leader of the Jewish mafia in Ukraine. These leaflets were distributed throughout Ukraine. We immediately contacted the Prosecutor General’s office, the Security Service, and then the Central Election Commission (CEC), with a statement that this was a slander, which not only fanned inter-ethnic discord in multi-ethnic Ukraine, but also tarnished my honor and dignity.

Nobody took any steps to ascertain: Where did these leaflets come from? How could there be such a large print run? As the campaign progressed, these leaflets have shown ever greater variety and degrees of filth. We have encountered them throughout Ukraine.

It was difficult for us to collect [ballot qualification] signatures; there were attempts to hinder us from all sides, by all my opponents. Our party did collect the requisite number of signatures, but we waited a month and a half before beginning our active campaigning, in order to give my opponents the chance to “expose themselves.” There was a continuous stream of filth from their mouths; they juggled facts, and stuck labels on me.

In September 1999, [Oleksandr] Moroz’s staff was caught in the act in Chernihiv, reproducing these leaflets. The filthiest leaflets came from the direction of Moroz and [Yevhen] Marchuk. On several occasions, we detained the persons who were handing out these leaflets right at our meetings, and attempting to disrupt the meetings. In Zhytomyr Province, in the Crimea, and in Zaporizhzhya Province, we began to notice that followers of [President Leonid] Kuchma were attempting to disrupt our meetings.

In early October, we observed that the law enforcement agencies were not ensuring the proper conduct of the Presidential campaign in Ukraine. There was a very tense situation at meetings in Simferopol and Feodosia, but there were no police at the meetings. We were afraid that civilians could be hurt.

On Oct. 2, we arrived in Dnipropetrovsk Province. First thing in the morning, we taped a TV broadcast at one of

## LaRouche to candidate Natalia Vitrenko

*Lyndon LaRouche’s message to Natalia Vitrenko was sent to her press conference, held in Kiev on Oct. 6.*

The present world financial system is in the process of disintegrating. Exactly when that doomed ship of international finance will sink, we do not know. We only know that it is sinking, will sink soon, and that nothing can keep it afloat much longer in its present form—either in Ecuador, Ukraine, or anywhere else.

Naturally, the lunatic captain of that international financial ship, whom I know very well, is ordering the mentally deranged members of the crew to destroy the lifeboats, because he does not wish anyone to lead the passengers to safety, away from his doomed ship.

I await your official statement before saying more about the recent attempt to smash the “lifeboat” you represent. Best personal wishes to you and Volodymyr.

the local channels, then we had a daytime meeting in Zholtiye Vody. There, a leaflet was handed out, saying that the building would be blown up. We went ahead with the meeting.

In Inhulets, we could sense the heated atmosphere in the hall. The slogan “Our President Is Kuchma” was hung on the wall. This was impermissible. I am his opponent, and I do not want jokes about my alleged collaboration with him. Members of our team took that slogan down. Our group was comprised of nine people in three cars. When I mentioned Moroz, during my speech, heart-rending cries sounded out: “Don’t touch Moroz! Moroz is our President!”

The hall had seats for 800, but there were around 1,000 people in the room. After a good meeting, we stayed back with our party members, to work out some things. We conferred for about 25 minutes. After we exited the hall, there were around 100 people in a well-lit courtyard. People were coming up to me, giving me flowers and a book on Roerich, as usually happens at my meetings.

We headed across the courtyard toward the cars. We had already turned toward them, when there was a roar, I saw a shower of sparks, and felt a sharp pain in my lower abdomen, on the left. It was like an arrow on fire. I crouched down at once and my first movement was to run forward, toward the car. But my aide and bodyguard, Sasha, immediately threw me to the side and changed the direction of movement. Our people were all around me, and covered me. I felt the pain in my side, but my legs were all covered