

Mrs. Babbit Destroyed the U.S.A.

This article by Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., warning that "the clock is at five minutes to twelve" in the countdown against the survival of the United States, was first published in the August 31 edition of the national newspaper New Solidarity. Since LaRouche made this characterization, there have been no reversals in the foreign and economic policies he identified as the impetus to global thermonuclear confrontation.

She was, you know, the most popular cheerleader of her high-school class in her time.

In the course of things, she married Mr. Babbit. Deep down, there was an emptiness in the marriage. In the beginning, apart from the recreations of the bedroom, the chief pleasure she extracted from the marriage was playing house with real furniture and real people, rather than with the mere dolls and doll furniture of her childhood. There was Daddy, Mommy, and, in due course, the babies. It was doll-play, and she played the game with the skill she had rehearsed from the time she was approximately two years old.

Deep down, she suspected Mr. Babbit wasn't much, a suspicion which grew in strength as familiarity reassured her that Mr. Babbit's soul had a certain resemblance



Illustrations by
Virginia Baier

to the pathetic image of his dirty socks, as she mustered the sense of duty to toss the distasteful objects into the washing machine. To love a man, she decided on one occasion she reflected on this point, was to muster a certain motherliness about caring for his dirty socks and linen.

It had been exciting to snatch Mr. Babbitt from the ambitious grasp of other coeds back during high-school and college days. She remembered the night she had confided her "catch" to her mother, her mother reliving her own adolescence in the detailed accounts the future Mrs. Babbitt had confided during their very private mother-daughter relishing of these details. In later years, Mrs. Babbitt sometimes worked her way through an otherwise awfully boring moment reliving the recalled excitement of the chase. It was more exciting to catch the fish. Once one had the pleasure of showing off one's catch, and there was no one else to impress with evidence of this accomplishment, the fish became simply a poor fish.

There had been compensations for the monotony of marriage, she discovered. Had Mr. Babbitt been a failure, life would have been miserable. Mr. Babbitt's career became very important in the emotional struggle to "just get through the day." Exactly what it was that Mr. Babbitt "did," Mrs. Babbitt knew by name, but discovered that the details of the work, behind the names, bored her.

Eventually, Mr. Babbitt became a success. To be the chief officer of a small firm and head of the town's chamber of commerce, was to be a big fish in a small pond. All the same, if one narrowed one's vision to see only the small pond, Mr. Babbitt became as a king, and, more important, Mrs. Babbitt became the queen—the

power behind the throne. Any woman who can find an echo of herself, her world-outlook, in a radio or television soap opera understands this very well.

Mrs. Babbitt became the social lioness of that community.

Every successful door-to-door peddler and automobile salesman understands these matters, or could not be successful. In the small towns, the woman of the house is the arbiter of taste, and more or less the final judge concerning who is or is not socially acceptable. "Sell the sizzle not the steak," the sales department informs the product's designer, as the advertising agency has earlier sold the sales department on the gimmickry being proposed. What is it that "sizzles" in the fantasy-life of the woman of the house? She is still the "most popular girl of the class" she wished to be years earlier; the chief source of relief for the monotony of her life is to relive the excitement of the girls' competition in high-school years within the rules of the game afforded to her in mature years.

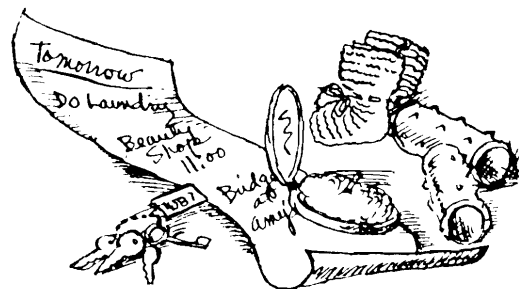
The important thing was not that Mr. Babbitt was important. The important thing was to be the wife of the most important man in town, to be the most popular cheerleader of the high-school class.

What is "taste" in Mrs. Babbitt's pathetic world? It is the pretty pictures in the women's home-decorating magazines, the "latest styles," the Hollywood image, a slightly wicked suggestion of foreign aristocracy, a bit of the English aristocracy and naughty French luxury. It is what others, who share that consensus must admire and, one hopes, envy. It is the principle of "taste" of that monstrous pederast, Oxford University's John Ruskin. It is the thing superimposed on the mind of a

child's rules for playing dolls.

There are some ladies of the house who will not trust the advice of an interior decorator, hair stylist, or costume designer unless they are convinced he is a fairy. Middle-American women generally prefer the gentleman to be discreet on this point; a definite suggestion of fairy-likeness, but not vulgarly obvious, is what is preferred. Among the metropolitan social circles, such as the "Shickeria" of Germany, the man must be definitely a notorious fag. *John Ruskin's influence, definitely.*

Mr. Babbitt, like all hollow men of his sort of importance, also lived out re-enactment of adolescent courtship. Mr. Babbitt courted his wife. His conscience deterred him from chasing secretaries, chorus-girls, and the like. He played



the game within the bounds of the "family man."

If one squinted, all this became clear. Blur the image of the older married couple, so that one may see less of the costuming and more of the action on the stage. It is a pair of adolescents—albeit jaded adolescents—acting out in adult contexts the doll-playing sort of courtship-rituals which excited them during the neon-illuminated passions of adolescence.

Mrs. Babbitt had no sense that she was being, in her own fashion, a kind of Benedict Arnold, an Aaron Burr. She had no perception that the degradation of life in that community to poorly disguised childish doll-playing was

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corrupting and destroying the United States.

Mr. Babbit was, in a tragic sense of relative values, the more fortunate of the two. In church, Mr. Babbit had known himself to wince inwardly. There is a higher purpose for individual life. How often he had betrayed that imperative of his conscience. How often the imperatives of daily ambition had dragged him down into arrangements his conscience knew to be wrong. "If I weren't successful," he excused himself lamely, "my wife would leave me." Perhaps she would not leave him, but she would make it clear enough that his failures had turned their marriage into a cruel prison for her. So, Mr. Babbit thought of himself as a religious man not because of any efficient commitment to a higher purpose, but because of his awareness of his sinful corruptness in violating daily such a higher purpose. His religious profession was that of continuing to be a sinner.

If one thinks of Mrs. Babbit, one must have an ambivalent attitude toward "women's liberation." One wishes the poor dykes would get back into the closet and occupy themselves with the psychiatric cure of their awful disease. One can have no ambivalence in despising a disease. NOW and the proposed ERA amendment are worse than absurd. Yet, if one thinks of the miserable inner life of Mrs. Babbit, perhaps there is a crying need for not a "women's liberation movement," but a "ladies' liberation movement." By degrading women into "ladies," we have connived at banalizing them.

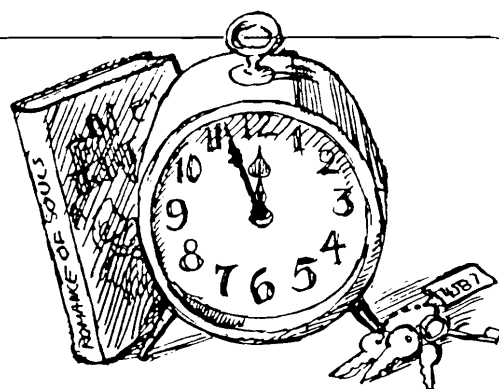
A woman ought have the right and opportunity to become an important human being, to do something better with her personal and family's life than playing

dolls and doll-house to the end of her years. A woman ought to have the right and opportunity to, in the words of Percy Shelley, *impart and receive the most profound and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature*. The image—and self-image—of the woman must become that of the successful creative scientist, of a woman-statesman in the equivalent image of a Plato, an Alexander the Great, a Louis XI, a Benjamin Franklin.

That is not impossible, nor does it render a woman unfeminine. That is the relationship between my own wife and myself, a woman whom I find more feminine in the true sense of womanhood the more profound her achievements in scholarship and statecraft.

I have encountered over the decades of my life numerous women who showed the promise of lesser or greater degrees of greatness as human beings. I have seen most of them destroyed by the pressures of consensus, by internalized image of woman-the-doll-player, by demands of foolish men who required this game of them, and by the wicked pressures to the same effect exerted by other women, and by society in a more general, amorphous, but efficient manner. Society degrades Mrs. Babbit into a hollow character from a Hollywood afternoon movie or afternoon soap-opera, and the image of the important things in life to the undisguised popular TV soap-opera, *Dallas*. Mrs. Babbit takes revenge upon the culture which has degraded her, by destroying morally the "important man" which she regards as one of her dolls.

Is it possible, at this minute of five minutes to twelve, to inspire Mrs. Babbit to discover that she is really an important human being, capable of imparting and receiv-



ing profound and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature? Can we rescue her, and with her help, the disoriented, wincing conscience of the sinful Mr. Babbit?

We of the United States, are a nation on the verge of destroying itself. The bad smell of stale marijuana-smoke and old Vaseline reeking in the precincts of lower Manhattan is the ironical stink of old Sodom in the new Sodom New York City is becoming.

Wherein lies the root of our troubles? What tragic, imminently mortal flaw in our national character impels Mrs. Babbit and the wincing conscience of the sinful Mr. Babbit to condone the present transformation of our once-proud republic into the United States of Sodomy? The key is the ethics of a "wired society," in which the men, for the most part, cast themselves in a fantasy-life modeled on John Wayne's *Rio Bravo* or the current *Urban Cowboy*, and in which the women model their ethic on *Dallas* or the afternoon soap-operas. We watch the "boob-tube" five or more hours each day, and our nation's morals and mental powers are degraded in proportion to the increased circulation of *Playboy* and the number of TV channels available by broadcast or cable in that locality.

The worst of it is the third, minority, but growing component of our national political and "cultural" life. The horse-opera and

soap-opera fans watch the TV, but the "kooks" write the scripts for both.

In truth, we are about to die. Not some distant time, not the close of this century, and not some indefinite *eventually*. We face a reverse 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis at some time between the end of this present year and late 1982. Moscow will act in some theater, in some fashion, to prevent the emplacement of forward-based cruise and Pershing II missiles *before those forward based emplacements are made*. Moscow is currently spending about 20 percent of its estimated GNP in preparing for this showdown.

In consequence of the "post-industrial society" doctrine of the Aspen Institute, James R. Schlesinger, Henry A. Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski, George Ball, Cyrus Vance, David Stockman, Paul A. Volcker, Henry Reuss, Beryl Sprinkel, Donald Regan, Jack Kemp, Milton Friedman, Richard Ottinger, Ed Koch, and a host of other evil "kooks" of the same "futurolgist," Sodom-oriented persuasion, the once-proud in-depth strategic capabilities of the United States have been gutted. Over half of the enlisted personnel of our all-volunteer enlisted ranks are users of mind-altering "recreational substances," and a like proportion are functionally illiterate individuals. A cowardly administration refuses—so far—to mobilize our agro-industrial goods-producing economy with aid of cheap credit directed to that purpose. Instead, while it itself is conniving at destroying our agro-industrial base and allying with the raving "kooks" of Willy Brandt's Malthusian, one-worldist Socialist International, the government, with connivance and toleration from the Congress, is seeking the earliest possible con-

frontation with the considerably superior technological and in-depth capabilities of the Soviet Union.

From this lunatic policy, only one of three consequences are possible. First, a thermonuclear war which might well produce sufficient long-lived radioactive dust (e.g., radioactive cesium) to kill all higher forms of life on this planet within two years following an exchange. Second, a humiliating U.S. back-down to Moscow in a reversal of the roles of the 1962 missiles crisis. Third, a slide into the genocidal waves of famine, epidemic, pestilences, and global insurrectionary bloodshed being plotted presently by the Club of Rome and the State Department of Secretary Alexander Haig.

On all these matters, we are approaching the point of no return. Either we reverse the present policies of the Reagan administration, channelling masses of low-interest long-term credit into agro-industrial, capital-intensive expansion, or we will reach the point of irreversible doom—in one of these three ways—within a period of slightly more or less than twelve months ahead.

This is objectively clear. Why do we not change our policies accordingly? Because Mrs. Babbitt is watching the TV soap-opera, *Dallas*, whose script has been written by the futurolgist "kooks."

For myself and my associates, we shall fight to save the United States to the last trench, and when

our ammunition is expended, we shall fight with bayonet and rifle-butt as long as one among us survives. We shall do so not because we are certain of success. We must be truthful on this point. Our nation has become too rotten, too corrupted. It has lost the margin of moral fitness needed to survive. We fight not out of lust for perceived victory, but because we refuse to degrade ourselves into becoming either "kooks" or Babbits. Someone must stand for truth, higher purpose, and human dignity, in this that might well be the last hour of our civilization.

We are pessimistic. A nation which tolerates Jack Kemp's campaign to bring the sodomy of Hong Kong to New York "free enterprise zones" is a nation which has lost the moral fitness to survive. Yet we are not discouraged. The more perilous the circumstances the bolder one must fight.

There are many good people in this nation of ours. Two-thirds or more are still essentially good people underneath. Unfortunately, most of them are corrupted by the adopted ethic of the Hollywood cowboy and the afternoon soap-opera.

Mrs. Babbitt, let this fact burn into your conscience. In the last moment before you lose consciousness in the death of this nation, know that it was you who destroyed civilization with your passion for arranging everything to fit your zeal to be the most popular cheerleader of your high-school class.

If it is still possible to save this nation, this civilization, at five minutes before midnight, it is perhaps only by finding and touching the suppressed spark of true humanity in Mrs. Babbitt that we might mobilize a majority among our people to do what is necessary in time.

