

intellectual power. One of the finest samples of a dialectical novel transcending the very notion of fiction—a 20th-century specific genre—*Darkness at Noon* will long remain a most precise indictment of communism's moral failure. For that, any thoughtful person in our age owes Arthur Koestler respect and admiration. We are certain that his death will not erase his presence among us for a long time to come.

An Epitaph to Rabidity

A venerable gentleman died not long ago at the age of 83. He was one of the most advertised, maligned, and abused hate objects of the American liberal universe. His name was Robert Ten Broeck Stevens, president of the J. P. Stevens textile company, whose valiant fight against unionist crime, abuse, and hypocrisy frequently made headlines in the media. His cardinal sins and unpardonable wickedness were endlessly illuminated on the giant expanse of the progressive press, from the *Times*, CBS, and the *Post* to *Mother Jones* and *Village Voice*.

What was never mentioned was that Mr. Stevens, while serving as Secretary of the Army in 1954, was deeply involved in the fight against Senator McCarthy, and was instrumental in bringing about the latter's final defeat. According to the liberal gospel, one cannot possibly be antiunion *and* a servant of democracy and truth. There's no such thing as independent integrity.

Copycats

We suspect that whatever has happened to the world during the last century has been and continues to be predetermined and predicated somewhere between New Jersey and Oregon. This is, of course, a sweeping generalization, but one that can be dissected with the precise insights of philosophy, sociology, and the history of manners—all of

which prove its puzzling accuracy.

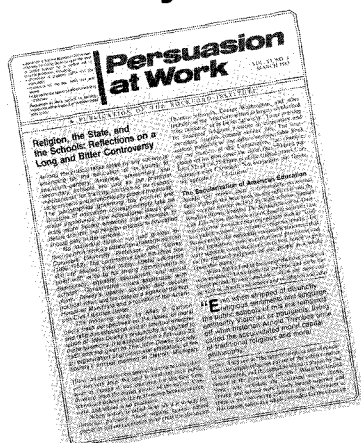
Therefore, what happened in March in West Germany—called one of the most important elections of the post-World War II period only confirmed our suspicions. The Greens, a sort of artifact (homunculus?) of a political party, brought into the German political process something that is weird by the criteria of European parliamentary tradition, but which is not unknown in America.

The Greens are not exactly a party, having no *sensu stricto* political program anchored in a given set of ideological principles which, in turn, are rooted in a philosophy or a world view. They are dedicated to a political defense of emotions, penchants, sympathies, preferences—particularly to the defense of nature against the encroachment of the enterprising human mind and human socioeconomic activities. Love of and devotion to nature is certainly nothing new; for millennia it has been a valuable source of poetry and personal raptures. However, a few decades ago in America, such feelings acquired a special coloring that in due course prescribed a commitment to militancy on behalf of some strictly defined sociopolitical posture. The hitherto innocent and benign groupings of bird-watchers and pine-forest fans suddenly emerged as a highly charged political force that eagerly, even fanatically, began to march for every leftist cause, brutally trampling any cogent argument that contested its allegedly sacred crusade. Since that development, any political stance announcing a fight against the American way of life—from zany anarchism to rigidly organized revolutionary movements to shrewd Kremlin proxies on American campuses—has been able to count on the ferocious support of perpetually enraged snail-darter worshipers and dormant-volcano lovers. During the infamous 1960's, the American ecological movement fiercely sided with the made-in-Berkeley fascism; it subscribed to the tenet that all the ills and indignities of existence are nested in the

American political and economic system. Some environmentalists go so far as to claim that the American democracy maneuvers us all, willingly or unwillingly, into hastening the extinction of life on this planet. Consequently, their mission is to stave off that catastrophe by joining forces with the most unbending, relentless enemies of America's "depravity" (guaranteed by the Constitution), all of whom are on the left, each of whose end goal is to destroy American democracy and replace it with some quasi-Marxian, Soviet-like, vaguely envisioned sociopolitical structure giving all decisions concerning rocks, plants, and natural resources to the fanatical idolators of a landscape unspoiled by a smokestack.

The Greens, which in the March election won a small representation in the *Bundestag* (German parliament), supply precisely the same ideological scheme coupled with fierce, rabid anti-Americanism. Their political pronouncements identify America as mankind's current curse and evil. From the perspective of their fight against atomic energy and nuclear-defense systems—which is waged by the German middle- and upper-class youth, their main constituency—they seem not to realize that they have become an objective tool of the Kremlin's policy in Europe. They seem to have ignobly forgotten that they owe their freedom and affluence to the Marshall Plan, to America's political magnanimity after their World War II debacle. Yet what's truly grotesque is that they seem not to notice that, actually, they are a sort of American product. In spite of some bemuddled, romantic *echt* German ingredients in their rhetoric and image, they are American merchandise, complete with the blue-jeans-cum-T-shirt uniform, mentally equipped with virtues and standards cranked out in the ideological sweatshops of Greenwich Village or manufactured by the conscience factories in California and New Mexico. As such, their political durability and seriousness is a matter of news stories and reportage, not one necessitating study. □

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