

# The Other Children of the Holocaust

Can today's German youth

**N** absolve the sins of their fathers by decrying the destruction of the world?

by James Reston Jr.

Nuremberg is a concept as well as a German city, a concept with a double symbolism. Hitler found it the most comfortable of cities. Here, his movement took fire. Here, he built his colossal parade ground, the Marsfeld, for the display before his grandstand of more than one hundred thousand soldiers on the annual Nazi Party Day. Here, the Nuremberg Laws of 1935 were formulated, laws that foreshadowed the Final Solution by proclaiming Jews to be foreigners. Here, Julius Streicher, the debauched, bald gauleiter of Franconia, had his paper, *Der Stürmer*, and churned out his anti-semitic filth.

Half of the symbol.

The other half comes from the

JAMES RESTON JR.'s book *Sherman's March and Vietnam* (Macmillan) will appear in January.

Nuremberg trials, the preeminent precedent for political and moral responsibility in a world of law. Promoted by America, this half of the symbol has bedeviled American history ever since its verdict of death to the Nazi leaders. For the statement of Robert Jackson, the associate justice at Nuremberg, has weighed heavily through Vietnam and into the nuclear age: "If certain acts in violation of treaties are crimes, they are crimes whether the United States does them or whether Germany does them, and we are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would be unwilling to invoke against ourselves."

The medieval city of Nuremberg seemed an ironic setting for meeting

members of Germany's youthful peace party—the Greens. These young activists are the other children of the Holocaust.

The Greens are anxious to embrace rather than avoid the burden of history. Indeed, historical shame provides the very energy that fuels their pacifist politics. In 1946 the Nuremberg Tribunals were held in the Palace of Justice. Eleven of the twenty-one Nazis tried were found guilty and sentenced to death. Thirty-seven years later, in 1983, the Greens held the second Nuremberg trials only a few blocks from the first. They tried five nuclear powers (represented by five empty chairs) for conspiring to create a nuclear Auschwitz.

For a day this winter, several young

Greens were my tour guides through the nether regions of Nuremberg's history. We began at the Kongresshalle. It was never completed. Through a cavernous Romanesque arch we passed into the vast, quiet, open space of the amphitheater. In the stillness I was tempted to cry out, just to hear my voice bounce off the towering brick abutments, to experience a tinge of the demagogue's delight. In the middle of the amphitheater my hosts related the history through the filter of their generational lens. They spoke wryly of art as Hitler had understood it: ceremonies of athletic men and women in white flowing robes. In the center of the yard a chain link fence surrounded scores of automobiles—the confiscated cars, it turned out, of those who had not paid their parking tickets. My hosts liked this. To them it was a way of cleansing memory.

We moved to the Marsfeld and tarried in front of Speer's grandstand, the Hitler Tribüne. As he designed the parade ground Speer had propounded to Hitler a "theory of ruins." Buildings, he'd proclaimed, should be so designed that after a thousand years the ruins would suggest the great power and energy and grandeur of the Third Reich. Speer presented a model of the Marsfeld reviewing stand as it might look with its walls crumbling and overgrown with ivy.

Even employing a more modest theory of ruins, it is hard now to imagine that there was ever any scenic drama here. The pillars that held Speer's massive flags were torn down years ago. The limestone grandstand is now a nondescript pile of stone, and its sole utility is to serve occasionally as the finish line for the Grand Prix auto race.

My Green hosts do not know much about the Nazi rallies. What they remember is the Bob Dylan concert here in 1978, when sixty thousand free spirits turned up. Their anger, if they have any at all, is directed not at the Nazis but at the American Army, which now controls Marsfeld. For after the Dylan concert the Americans denied the place for any more rock concerts—too much trash, said the American brass—and now the field is partitioned by another chain link fence, which sets off a few baseball diamonds.

It is as if the Americans are denying to the German young what they need most: ceremonies and festivals of joy and innocence. For innocence is being rediscovered. My Green hosts are of the first generation since Hitler that can embrace life and frivolity and the first generation that can believe in something. The enthusiasm with which they address the political dilemma of their country and the personal need for spirituality sets them apart from the skeptical generation that came before them. The new Germans are looking for a new way to think of themselves as Germans and a healthy way to

address the shame of the German past. They are discovering a positive patriotism distinct from the dangerous nationalisms of the past and are thereby infusing their country with new vitality.

At lunch Hiltrud Gödelmann, a Green party candidate for the Nuremberg city council, spoke of the importance of this Nazi history to her personally and politically. Her father had been a Nazi soldier, although, as one often hears, he had resisted in his heart. For this earnest, bespectacled young woman, born in 1955, the thought that she lives among murderers—her neighbors, her relatives, even in some metaphysical or moral sense, perhaps, her own parents—is a horrible one. Many people were responsible for Nazi crimes, and her interest now is in how a people with so long a history could have stood behind such monsters or acquiesced in their crime.

Then there had been her visit to Dachau.

"I watched that half-hour American movie, and suddenly I understood what I had been told in school," she said. "I had learned many terrible, cruel things from my teachers, but I don't think a child can understand what it really meant. Suddenly, after the film, it became a reality for me. I realized in a different, deeper way that this was part of the nation I had been born into."

She had gone home and asked her parents about the Final Solution.

"If I had a reproach, it would be that my parents did not come to me themselves and talk about it. The discussion was a reaction to my questions after Dachau. We just did not talk about it before. Oh, sometimes Father would mention something about his time as a prisoner of war, but he said nothing about what war meant. He did not try to give his children anything of what he had learned. Hearing your father talk about what he had personally gone through is a different reality from reading about it."

## NEW POLITICIAN

**“When we cry out with our freely given opposition and our civil disobedience against laws, it is because we reckon with a higher law and because we also know that the power of the State is not absolute.”**

—PETRA KELLY



PHOTOGRAPH • DAVID BAILEY

The generation before hers, which came of age during the war and now holds the reins of power in Germany—the so-called skeptical generation—has been busy for years denying a connection to the past. The skeptical generation is anchored by men who were old enough, barely, to be Nazi soldiers but not to have an intellectual appreciation of Nazism. Their memory of war has nothing to do with fighting, but rather with scanning the heavens for enemy planes. They knew only the desolation and starvation of the war's end and its aftermath, but not the exhilaration of the Nuremberg rallies.

After the war they rejected and repressed the national horror and lost themselves in the reconstruction of a healthy economy. The German economic miracle possessed no moral or political soul; nor did it concern itself with a vision for the future. For political guidance the skeptics turned to America. American democracy became the perfect paragon, and by ador-

## THE TERRIBLE FERVOR WITH WHICH GERMANY EMBRACED HITLER LEFT THE COUNTRY MORALLY PARALYZED. BELIEF IN ANYTHING BECAME DANGEROUS.

ing that model Germans could deny or repress their own past. Unfortunately, Vietnam confused this easy process. The perfect model showed itself to be less than perfect. And in the confusion German youths became discontented with the complacency of their elders. The 1968 student revolt sought to destroy the surrogate father. In the 1970s remnants of the revolt turned to terrorism. And in the late 1970s the proposed stationing of the Pershing missiles created in the generation of Hiltrud Gödelmann a new kind of discontent and a new answer to the terrible questions of the past. It was her generation that provided most of the people who formed a one-hundred-kilometer human chain between Stuttgart and Neu-Ulm to protest and to stop the deployment of American Pershing and cruise missiles on German soil.

This generation is not seeking to deny guilt, but the reverse: to accept and embrace its heritage of crime and militarism and turn it into an ethical requirement for resistance against nuclear armament. Its mood of resistance is joined to its mood of atonement, and the goal of preventing a nuclear Auschwitz weds the greatest horror of the past with the greatest fear for the future. Their call to resistance has be-

come. War must never again start on German soil. And they have tailored the standards of international law promulgated at the Nuremberg trials to the nuclear problem. "At the first Nuremberg trial they talked about crimes against humanity," Hiltrud Gödelmann said. "The arms race is already against humanity. There is no money for social welfare, and if nuclear war happens, humanity ceases to exist. At the first Nuremberg trial they talked about crimes against peace. The planning for a first strike with Pershing missiles is against peace. The theory itself is a crime against peace."

In the meantime, the skeptical generation observes with caution and comments with well-honed cynicism. One of Germany's most noted sociologists, fifty-six-year-old Erwin Scheuch, said, "When I see thousands of starry-eyed youth in the streets, alarm bells go off in my head. Hitler called *his* a peace movement." He represents the antiscientific bent of the Green



party and scoffs at the "medieval" notion that Germany could be returned to a collection of principalities in which the handcraftman rather than the computer technician is king.

"When I am with Greens, I feel as if I'm with early Christians," Scheuch said. "Why are they complaining? Isn't the system of Imperium Romanum the best way? And anyway, why would anyone want to make *peace* the central issue of his life?" From 1979 to 1983 the NATO powers pursued their double-track policy of negotiating with the Soviets on nuclear disarmament while planning for the eventual deployment of the medium-range missiles. The irony of the last five years of turmoil in Germany is that there was no *military necessity* for medium-range missiles on German soil. The great majority of military experts regard the stationing of the missiles in Germany as superfluous, adding nothing to the nuclear deterrent. This is openly acknowledged at the highest level. Rather, the decision was sheerly political, and to add to the irony, it was a German socialist, Helmut Schmidt, who had pushed for this unnecessary action. His rationale was that the threat of deployment would force the Soviets to

negotiate seriously, as the West defined *seriously*; but for the threat to be credible it had to be carried through. Once they were committed to the strategy, the unnecessary stationing had to go forward for political reasons. Otherwise, so the diplomats argued, NATO would become a hollow shell. But there was one political consequence that the diplomats hadn't counted on: the double-track decision focused the discontent of the German young. It defined a German peace movement, gave it time to grow and gain influence. The rocket issue had become the catalyst for the wider consideration of German identity.

For twenty years Germany had been in a deep sleep. It had accepted the notion that the atomic bomb was the final and ultimate guarantor of peace. The sleep began after the collapse of protest over nuclear testing in the atmosphere in the late 1950s, and it deepened with John F. Kennedy's famous "Ich bin ein Berliner" speech in 1963,

which encouraged Germans to think that if Kennedy was a Berliner, they in turn were Chicagoans. While Germany slept, the missiles kept coming. With the double-track decision of 1979 the country blinked and discovered that four thousand nuclear missiles, out of a total of six thousand in all of Europe, were deployed on German soil. The proposal to add hundreds more medium-range missiles started to sound like something quite different from the mas-

sive-retaliation argument. Cruise and Pershing missiles did not represent a total response at all, but limited retaliation. Germany began awaking to the fact that it had been misled, or had not been sufficiently alert to perceive what had been happening to it over time. For twenty years the United States had talked loudly about massive retaliation while it quietly lowered the nuclear threshold with smaller weapons. This presaged a limited nuclear war that would begin and probably end on German soil, after the initial madness became clear.

Between 1979 and 1983 a peace movement grew in Germany that stretched across the generations, up and down the social scale, and brought religion together with politics, art, and popular music. It broke down the barrier between modern, postwar history and Nazi history. It threw into doubt the very basis of NATO in the future, and it greatly strengthened the sentiment for a neutral, unified, and nuclear-free Germany in the center of Europe. It was a movement far broader than the Green party, although the Greens helped develop its language and style and tactics more than any other group. The movement was for Germany as a whole what it had been for Hiltrud Gödelmann,

the Green party member in Nuremberg, personally: a question of waking up to the reality of nuclear bondage, of knowing in a total sense what before had been known only intellectually.

In its newfound awareness, Germany lacked a language of protest. Its resistance had to skirt the issue of its national shame over having shown no resistance to Hitler. Its peace movement had to find a different nomenclature than Hitler's movement. The very word *movement* ("*Bewegung*") was associated with Hitler. Munich had been officially known as the capital city of the movement during the Third Reich. Holding up large posters at rallies or in the German Parliament, idealistic youth marching in the streets, singing songs, and so on... all these things were thought to be Nazi methods. There were no models, no heroes, no vocabulary. Again American ideas filled the void, but this time it was the American tradition of protest that was adopted. And much of the credit for assimilating it into the new German peace movement belongs to Petra Kelly. It had been her idea to form a new political party, one that would make disarmament the centerpiece of its program.

Petra K. Kelly is Nuremberg's Green party representative to the German Parliament. She is a dynamic and handsome, frail and driven and often melodramatic woman of thirty-six years. Much is made of the fact that she sleeps only four hours a night, that she is constantly on the move, that she seems always on the verge of physical collapse. Her strongest supporters worry about the irony of her espousing the philosophy that politics should be a celebration while reserving no time for celebration herself. Her office resembles partly the stacks of a periodical archive, partly a graduate student's pad. Assistants are crammed together, engaged in furious activity as they man this official cell for disarmament. Newspapers are piled high, waiting someday to be clipped. Posters bring together that special marriage of ecology and pacifism. In her rapid-fire, excitable, but very precise speech—for Kelly speaks in paragraphs rather than sentences—her constant references are not to her gray colleagues in Parliament but to figures like Joan Baez, Philip Berigan, and Heinrich Böll.

Her confidence is minted in America, her sensibility shaped around the struggle for civil rights in the American South and the protests against Vietnam. Her familiarity with the style and substance of American protest gave the movement a message and heroes and tactics that could avoid the heavy weight of German history.

In her life and in her thoughts, she has

always been an outsider. She was born in Bavaria in 1947 of German parents. When she was seven years old her parents were divorced, and at the age of twelve, after years in a Catholic convent, she found herself in a public school in Columbus, Georgia. Her mother had remarried, this time an American Army officer. Without English, never having been in a classroom with boys or blacks, Petra Kelly was thrown into the deep South in the year the civil rights revolution began at a Greensboro lunch counter. In Columbus, as she struggled with the language, she devoured the history and lore of America. In the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence she perceived a creativity that her own country seemed to lack, and years later she would promote the idea that Germany should attempt to formulate its own Declaration of Independence. As she gained command of the language she began to debate and to develop her celebrated quick repartee. As a German, her



passion and her excesses were tolerated as a curiosity. She bridled at her stepfather's military career as the protest against Vietnam heated up, and she felt uncomfortable in the excessively male-dominated environment of an American military base. Images of strong women alone became important to her early in life. The strongest political influence on her was her grandmother, to whom she returned each summer for a visit in Nuremberg. Now seventy-eight years old, the matriarch, who had lost her husband at an early age, had been fiercely anti-Nazi.

During these formative years Kelly's political sensibility evolved more through quick images of East and West than through the traditional German method of acquiring an ideology. In the summer of 1968, for example, she traveled to Czechoslovakia with her grandmother and found herself in the middle of the Russian invasion. There she saw "pictures" she has never forgotten: an old Czech woman daring a Russian tank to run her down, young boys changing the street signs to confuse the invaders, Czech soldiers drinking openly to Dubcek, a woman trampling on a Russian's felt hat that had bounced off the turret of his tank, and, perhaps the strong-

est image of all, the arrogance and coldness of the East German soldiers in Prague.

Against this was a "picture" from Washington, D.C. She had received her degree in international relations at American University and along the way, through her pluck and intelligence, caught the eye of prominent people. During the black rebellion after Martin Luther King Jr. was murdered, as Washington burned, the wife of White House special assistant Walt W. Rostow took Kelly in for safety reasons. Then active in the campus protest against Vietnam, the young German was transfixed at the dinner table as a lovely chicken dinner was served and Rostow discoursed distantly on the bombing of North Vietnam. That night Kelly slept in the library next to a red phone, and inevitably, at four A.M. it rang. She tiptoed to the Rostows' bedroom door and knocked softly. Out came a bleary-eyed Rostow in his pajamas, and Kelly listened intently as he ordered a new bombing strike on North Vietnam. Two

## AT THE NUREMBERG TRIALS, THE UNITED STATES AND HER ALLIES BROUGHT LAW TO A LAWLESS LAND. THE DEFENDANTS' GUILT WAS FELT BY ALL GERMANS.

miles away, Fourteenth Street blazed.

"One day," she promises, "I'll go to Texas and tell Mr. Rostow what a deep impact he had on me. There was a war atmosphere in Washington then. I read about it but really didn't believe it was happening until that night. From that day, I had this image of American officials. For them, it is quite normal to come home, eat a nice chicken dinner, go to the telephone in the library, and bomb."

In 1970, as much American as German, she had no real tie to either land. She had worked on Hubert Humphrey's campaign without being able to vote for him and in Robert Kennedy's office without being able to represent him. On summer trips back to Germany she shared her experiences in American campus protest with Rudi Dutschke, the leader of the German student rebellion in 1968.

If she was not at home in America or in Germany, in the Establishment or in the alienated world of angry rebellion, neither was Kelly a stranger. Indeed, she found she could be a mediator and a translator between these worlds. Ten years later, at a seminar on the German peace movement organized at the American State Department, she found herself constantly ex-



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plaining America to the German delegates and Germany to the American delegates. "I began to realize," she told me, "how valuable this was. I understood so well how American society worked. I can understand out of intuition what the questions and what the fears are. I know what makes Americans feel insecure."

In the late 1970s in small rooms not just in Germany but in Brussels too, where she was a civil servant in the European Economic Community, Petra Kelly met with small groups to discuss the formation of a new party. Her chief concern was how to stop "structural violence" with a philosophy of nonviolence in a country that had no tradition of nonviolence. Kelly found her models in the American civil rights and antiwar movements. Martin Luther King's tactics—sit-ins, boycotts, marches—had succeeded in putting his movement above politics, and Kelly saw in that success a chance to avoid the partisan bickering that had characterized German politics after the war. The new party would aim to be "party neutral." It was to have no leaders and no experts. All that was necessary was a central moral outlook that could speak to every political problem.

In early 1979 the Green party put forward its first candidates for the European elections. Petra Kelly drafted the nonviolence sections of the party's platform (as well as the disarmament planks), with a clear connection to her American experience. With fewer than forty candidates running for office, with little money and no media coverage, the new party garnered more than a million votes, or 3.2 percent of the total, half the votes it would get four years later to put twenty-eight members in the German Parliament.

Among the twenty-eight Greens elected to the Parliament in 1983 were Kelly and former general Gert Bastian, as well as the best-known civil liberties attorney in Germany, Otto Schily, who had defended the Baader-Meinhof terrorist group in the late 1970s. These were the party's media stars, the divas of the Green party, as they were sometimes called by their own less well known party members to bring them down to size.

To hedge against egotism and the corruption of power, the Greens devised their system of rotation. Adopted in January 1983, it provided that each Green member would serve only two years in Parliament. But after a year of experimenting with the rotation principle, doubts about its inflexibility arose, and it was amended. The party needed its divas, some realized, although the jealousy within the party over the media's fascination with Kelly ran deep. So an adjustment was made that provided that if 70 percent of a constituency wanted a particular Green to remain in Parliament, he or she could.

But even Kelly, who more than any of

the Greens was in a position to take a measure of power, insisted on the sanctity of the party's beginnings. "We always said, 'Our main leg is in the movement,'" she said. "We always said, 'Our playground is Parliament. The Parliament is only as important as the street.' *Street!* Older Germans are terrified of the word. To them it connotes street gangs and mobs or the Mob."

For a young German politician to announce the innocuousness of street politics might sound hollow, but in this struggle to regain a healthy language of resistance, Kelly and the Greens have a guardian angel. Heinrich Böll, Germany's only Nobel Prize-winning novelist since World War II, has become the grand gentleman and great teacher of the peace movement. Three times wounded in the war and taken prisoner by the Americans, Böll has a literary reputation that rests largely upon his antimilitarist view of modern society and, with Günter Grass, upon attempts to fold the Nazi experience into the sweep of German history. Since he knows war from a soldier's perspective, his passion against war is significant. Having known Nazism as a youth, the fact that he draws distinctions between young Nazis in the streets in the 1930s and young peace activists in the streets in the 1980s takes on greater meaning.

With Böll's encouragement, the Greens discovered a new vocabulary and a new way to think about being German. They hate the word *Volk*, as well as *Vaterland*. They disparage the time-honored tradition of German imperiousness and try to keep it out of their own dealings. If they had to make their way around the Nazi past, they also had to eschew German romanticism, and often the two charges were leveled against them simultaneously.

At every step of the way the Greens have been attacked on three grounds: that they are anti-American, that they use Nazi methods, and that they are Communist infiltrated and dominated. In short, that they are naive and their very naiveté is reminiscent of the last days of the Weimar Republic. To the enemies of the Greens their passionately anti-nuclear-missile and anti-Reagan stance is evidence of anti-Americanism.

The "hot autumn" of 1983—the height of the antinuclear demonstrations—turned out to be far milder than predicted. As with the Vietnam protest in America, the German protest was overwhelmingly non-violent, joyful, moving. Its peak was the spectacle of the human chain meandering haphazardly for more than a hundred kilometers between Stuttgart and Neu-Ulm. Demonstrations by the score took place, carried off exactly as planned—so exactly that sometimes they seemed devoid of free-flowing spontaneity and almost military in their precise execution.

The year of deployment was marred by only one ugly incident. In June, in Krefeld, Vice-President George Bush's car was stoned. It was the work of anarchists known as the *autonomes*, whose specter had hovered over the whole year of protest. Afterward the familiar question of whether this was a German version of a CIA-type action of agents provocateurs arose. Chancellor Helmut Kohl nevertheless responded familiarly, proclaiming that his government would not "bend to the terror of the street." Again, *street* was the code word for "Nazi methods."

And so it came to the final debate in the Bundestag on November 21 and 22. Chancellor Kohl opened the debate and found his somber argument punctuated by lusty interruptions from the Greens along the way. Toward the middle he came to the height, for him, of an oratorical flourish.

"We have learned the lesson of history," the Chancellor proclaimed.

"Evidently not!" shouted a Green.

"Every bad experience [of the past] has been dug deep into our knowledge and our wisdom—"

"Not into yours!"

"Impertinence!" parried one of Kohl's party.

"Weapons and military power have no fascination for us. We do not seek rockets—"

"Rocket chancellor!"

"—but in a world without peace we must be ready to do what is necessary for the security of our peace in freedom—"

"Ready for war!"

"—but this peace in freedom has its price—"

"Our life!"

And so it went, not so much a political debate as a duel of German generations, and the remarkable aspect was that this duel was concentrated within the high house of Parliament. The barrier between the street and the legislature had at last, somewhere in the world, been bridged.

In due course the Greens had their say, and the ruling faction its chance to heckle. Petra Kelly began her speech by holding high a poster bearing the emblem of an American tactical fighter wing stationed in Germany, which featured an atomic bomb explosion. Over the emblem the poster asked, WILL YOU SAY THAT YOU DIDN'T KNOW? This, too, was encoded. It was an echo of the central question that had been asked of Germans after World War II about the liquidation of the Jews.

Things grew hotter as Kelly challenged the government for bringing into a chamber members of a special police force that had been organized after a hijacking of a Lufthansa jet several years before. "Did the government need their bodyguards in the halls of Parliament?" she asked. What were they afraid of? Were they guarding the government from the people, or the people from the government? It

made for spirited repartee.

The presence of the police lent an air of fear, and this, too, Kelly remarked upon.

"When it is said that the peace movement is a fear movement, I reject that. These few who sit upon the government table and make us afraid—they are the fear movement. Those who fear that we might do something spontaneous—they manufacture fear."

She raced through the by-now familiar arguments. The final outcome was foreordained—the majority party took up far less time in the debate than did the tiny Green faction. Kelly closed truculently.

"When we cry out with our freely given opposition and our civil disobedience against laws, it is because we reckon with a higher law and because we also know that the power of the State is not absolute. Civil disobedience is our answer to today."

As the United States began to station its medium-range missiles on December 12, 1983, the dialogue in Germany over words and labels shifted direction. Was the deployment a Soviet defeat? The American press was portraying it that way, most particularly beetle-browed Pierre Salinger of ABC News. Since the Soviets had failed to block the deployment by using their "clients," the German peace movement, it was perforce a Soviet defeat. It followed that it must be an American victory, but was it a victory when one succeeded in accomplishing the unnecessary? Or when the whole edifice of deterrence was shaken? Or when the decision dramatized for Germans their status as America's fifty-first state? All, at least, could agree that it was a defeat for German pacifism, but didn't the world *want* a Germany of pacifists rather than a Germany of militarists? To those who had thrown their souls into the struggle, the deployment was heartbreaking.

The deployment of fourteen cruise and Pershing missiles in Germany was only the first stage in a slow, grinding process whose completion, with over five hundred more missiles, will coincide in 1987 with the next German elections. Only that election can show how shaken the deterrence principle has become, and how strong the sentiment for pulling away from Uncle Sam. If Ronald Reagan is reelected, the neutralist sentiment is certain to strengthen markedly. If a liberal Democrat defeats him, neutralist and peace sentiment might evaporate. What will remain after the defeat of deployment? What will last? Perhaps German patriotism.

Writer Heinrich Böll is a careful advocate of a new patriotism. He does not mean nationalism, for nationalism is aggressive, while patriotism is defensive.

"Patriotism means simply coming to the consciousness of a common German right to live," he explains. "It means that we have a say in our own fate, and we do

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not give it over entirely to the two superpowers."

Almost immediately after deployment, the German peace movement seemed to collapse. With no deadline anymore, the dramatics were gone. The matter became something like capital punishment in the United States. After the first deployment, like the first executions, the excitement of the "number one" syndrome evaporated. Inevitably, the subject shifted to the back pages, and the audience at political gatherings shrank to the professionals.

Sociologist Erwin Scheuch drew a parallel between the new German peace movement and the protest against atmospheric nuclear testing in the late 1950s in Germany. The emotionalism then had been just as high, and when the testing stopped, the movement collapsed. Mass interest evaporated as that tangible complaint was removed. Since this current ferment was more a revival movement than a political movement—he dismissed the peaceniks as the "Anabaptists of our time"—it would now shrink to the devout. "The peace movement," he said, "needs another issue."

By early 1984 the Greens had fallen into disarray. When they led millions of Germans in the streets, no one took notice of the few Communists in their midst. But when the crowd went away, the Communists were more visible and effective. As trench fighters, they knew what they were doing. In the closed space of a heated auditorium, cadre tactics work. The Communists had no confusion over what to do now. They were deft at making out the Greens to be ridiculous amateurs. At a gathering in Cologne in February 1984 a faction of Communists succeeded in getting the Green speaker laughed off the dais. The Greens had no program, many seemed to agree, and oh, how they had botched a golden opportunity to seize power!

And the growing visibility of Communists in the movement raised another serious issue: Should the peace movement be neutral in deploring arms buildup on both sides of the Wall, or should it focus only on the Western side, where it could have an influence? In Petra Kelly's view, "one-eyed" pacifism was a mistake and the peace movement should quickly move to appeal to the Soviet Union not to answer the American missiles with more SS-20s. But in this she and her close associate Gert Bastian met great opposition. The odd couple of the peace movement wanted to petition the Soviet Union not to pursue further deployments. They wanted to draft a strong statement that all governments throughout the world should welcome peace efforts in their midst. And they wanted their group to deplore the repression and criminalization of the precious peace movement in East Germany.

But Kelly and Bastian were overruled. One-eyed pacifism, blind to Soviet escalation and focused on Ronald Reagan, won

out. Bastian finally resigned his seat in Parliament, in part due to this issue.

By March the cognoscenti were predicting the collapse of the entire Green movement. The popular magazine *Stern* reported the Bastian resignation under the headline CLIMBING OUT OF GREEN HELL. Even Petra Kelly was being written off, a "victim of her own magnetism," fallen prey to asking the impossible of herself and her colleagues. She was no longer the party's spokesperson, the post having rotated to another, and reports in the press made her sound tired as well as shunned. She was also hopelessly mired in legal entanglements, stemming from her having withheld a percentage of her taxes as a protest against defense expenditures. But so few of her colleagues had joined her that she had concluded that the protest provided more revenue through fines, so she dropped the matter.

Finally, the envy of her colleagues took over. On July 2, charging that Kelly was a publicity hound with a "Lady Diana complex," the Green party voted to remove her from her seat in Parliament in 1985. It seemed to prove the old maxim that if leftist movements are given half a chance to destroy themselves, they will do so.

So it was all over...a joyous festival of peacemaking that had lasted a heady five years...a time to remember fondly.

Or was it? In late March, as the Greens were supposedly imploding with near-nuclear force, provincial elections were held in the *Land* (province) of Baden Württemberg. The majority party of Helmut Kohl prevailed as expected, but to everyone's astonishment, even their own, the Greens came in a strong third. And in June of this year, the Greens won 8.2 percent of the popular vote in balloting for the European Parliament, winning their first seats in that body and displacing Kohl's chief allies, the Free Democrats, who failed to win the 5 percent necessary to be represented.

Kohl's coalition was suddenly thrown into doubt. As the Greens become the third political force in Germany, it appears that German voters have found in the new party an honesty, a lack of compromise that, for all its sloppiness, they wish to nourish. Especially if Ronald Reagan were reelected, the voters knew they would need a pure opposition. The vote seemed to support what Otto Schily, the third of the Greens' media stars, had said to the effect that a return to the old club of three traditional parties would be devastating, particularly for German youth. The heirs to German history had found a voice that could speak to their historical curse. Being German had become fun and interesting and important again. There was the future to address, for the geography of their land was the same as it had always been. What role this strategic country would play in promoting world peace *was* a question worth making the central issue of one's life. ©