

town.) Israel will be willing to take more "risks for peace" when trusting America ceases to be a risk.

For too long, American supporters of Israel—and that's not just a codeword for Jews—have been enchanted by liberal pols who say all the right things about defending Israel and then (a) get a post-election attack of the even-handed twitch and (b) cut military spending so that the U.S. could not defend any ally.

Israel's only security is in being a valued part of—and not a sentimental exception to—American strategic response to Soviet expansion and subversion. In gaining the respect of the nervous, great powers should not betray the steadfast.

After the session, I asked a member of the group who was an educator how he rated Reagan's presentation. "A-minus." Why the minus? "I'm a professor—I never give an A." •

ON RUNNING FOR CONGRESS

SPEECH OF

HON. DOUG WALGREN

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, March 19, 1980

• Mr. WALGREN. Mr. Speaker, in his memorial service, it was said that the one honor Al Lowenstein was most proud of was to have been a Member of the Congress of the United States. His belief in the possibility of true human dignity for the disadvantaged was based on the development of societies through democracy. Again and again, Al was willing to trust that the democratic process would give the best result in human affairs.

For him, the Congress was the end result of that process and the place where his basic faiths must meet the test. And he wanted very much to have a hand in giving life to that faith.

So a major part of Al's life was spent on congressional campaigns, successful and unsuccessful. He was often criticized for running too many times—even criticized as a "carpetbagger" when running in Long Island when he had, in fact, represented one-third of that district in Congress before his seat was "rearranged" by the politicians through redistricting.

The following article from the New Yorker of March 12, 1966, gives a background for Lowenstein's election to the House of Representatives in 1968:

CANDIDATE

One morning this week, we may pick up our breakfast newspaper and read that the New York Reform Democratic Movement has chosen Allard K. Lowenstein as its candidate for Congress from the Nineteenth District, a saxophone-shaped territory that hooks around lower Manhattan and runs up the West Side to Eighty-sixth Street. Then, again, we may not.

Mr. Lowenstein is a thirty-seven-year-old attorney—a rugged-looking man, easy, humorous, and earnest, who can be found in a state of repose only after sensible people have been in bed for hours. By day, he races through appointed rounds of conferences, kaffeeklatsches, and rallies. At night, he takes off his shoes, squats Indian-style on

the floor of a friend's apartment, and explains, in an uncannily lucid manner, what must be done about Rhodesia or Vietnam or Mississippi or Harlem. His friends tell us that he has been pursuing this regime for years, but that they have become less tolerant of his informality now that he may be running for Congress. (A candidate, it seems must not discuss "the issues" in his stocking feet.) Any way you look at it, Lowenstein is not at all like the usual office seeker, even though for the last three months he has been, in a sense, seeking office, as one of four candidates being considered by the Reform Democrats. The truth of the matter is that he has spent the past twenty years dashing about the globe toiling in the service of Causes: In Spain, helping the organized opposition to Franco; in southwest Africa, investigating conditions, smuggling out anti-apartheid tape recordings, gathering evidence of oppression to present to the United Nations, and writing "Brutal Mandate," a widely admired book about the South African situation; in Mississippi, working for "the movement" before that became modish; in Manhattan, campaigning for William Fitts Ryan in the early days of Reform Democratic insurgency; in Washington, serving as legislative assistant to Senator Frank Graham and, later, as foreign-policy adviser to Senator Hubert Humphrey; at Stanford, teaching international law; at North Carolina State, teaching political science; in Los Angeles, serving as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention; in Atlantic City, counselling the Freedom Democratic Party; and, from Oregon to Massachusetts, helping to found a national group called Americans for Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy.

By the time we had finished splicing this roster of credentials together, we were beginning to suspect that Lowenstein must have doubles planted in trouble spots around the world, poised for action whenever the need arose. We expressed some wonderment over his activities late the other night, when we happened to catch him alone in his makeshift headquarters on West Eighty-first Street. He laughed. "Very often, young people in our society don't take advantage of the fluidity and freedom they have," he began, untying his shoelaces. "So many people act as if they were in seventeenth-century England, had got themselves apprenticed as carpenters at fourteen, and couldn't change it. Then they go on through some ladder-climbing course. I suppose that's all right if you're psychologically so set up that not leading that kind of life leaves you feeling insecure and unhappy. But I'd say that the wisest accident of my post-college life is that I've never really tried to plan ahead. I've tried to do what seemed useful and interesting as the time came. I know that occasionally people who love me have wished they knew what I was going to do, and thought it would be better for me if I settled into being a lawyer, but when I was supposedly practicing on a full-time basis I got so deeply involved in other things that I wasn't much of a breadwinner at it. You see, the priority of your goals gets complicated if you're trying to build up a law practice and are always being tangentially pulled into struggles you believe in."

We said we imagined that many a young man would choose the footloose, heroic manner of existence if it were not for the dreary prospect of starvation.

Lowenstein dismissed any such concern. "Now, I have a very uneducated palate—I eat hamburgers and hot dogs a great deal," he said. "I don't smoke or drink, and my clothes are hardly stylish. So although I've always wished there were greater sums available for the things I care about, and although I've been improvident about saving,

I've been able to earn enough by teaching and occasional writing and legal work to get by."

We inquired whether Lowenstein recommended a career of global gallivanting.

He appeared nonplussed at the very thought. "If you simply wish to enrich and deepen what you understand and what you've done, without real involvement, you risk becoming a dilettante and a tamperer," he said. "What life is all about is how you spend the day, and each day becomes part of this totality of involvement. So you build, as you go along, a life in which you may do many different kinds of things, in different situations, with different kinds of people. But it all has a common denominator that gives it some sense, some direction—the sense that your total activity is going to make a better situation for people to live in."

We knew that for years friends of Lowenstein's had been asking him "Why don't you run for Congress?" in precisely the tone of exasperated benevolence in which they had been asking him "Why don't you get married?" or "Why don't you stick to one job?" Now we asked him why he had waited so long to seek public office.

"Isn't the notion that you have to achieve some titular power to have influence and help bring about social change pretty dubious?" he replied. "You know, I don't suppose there are many people who have had as great an impact on as many other people as Norman Thomas has in this country. Because here's a man who clearly never had the remotest possibility of holding office once he'd chosen the path he chose—the path of saying what he felt was right and sticking by it. One can disagree with his position on specific issues—in fact, anyone who doesn't disagree with Norman Thomas on something must not be thinking. But his whole life has been dedicated to the idea that there is value in humanity."

He's been willing to sacrifice his own power to worthwhile principles, to lost individuals. That kind of life lights up the sky, and there are dozens and dozens of state senators and United States Senators who have never achieved anything like it. One of the great calamities in American politics is that politicians so often don't say what they think, because they believe that people wouldn't sustain them if they did. There's always a kind of blindman's buff going on, with political leaders not providing leadership for fear of the consequences, and the electorate not being able to express itself because the leaders aren't giving it a voice. Something terribly important to democracy is lost here. You have to realize you're going to run on the things that matter most, you're going to try to make as honest a stand as you can and as effective a campaign as you can, but if you don't win the office, that is not the only thing that matters."

We asked Lowenstein if he could define exactly where he stands politically.

"I think of myself as a liberal," he replied. "That's a vague word. It doesn't define how you stand on a specific issue, because one aspect of being a liberal is that you're not told by any one line how to stand on issues. You find your own truths, if you can. But I think liberalism in the United States must face some of the failings and shortcomings of its shibboleths."

We asked Lowenstein if he was thinking of his early involvement with civil rights.

He smiled, and admitted he was. "We had a very basic notion back in those days that the processes of democracy this country had already evolved would solve external injus-

tices," he said. Those processes were the ballot and the courts, and that was it. You educated public opinion, you voted, you went to court when you were being denied basic rights, and so forth. Well, those things weren't removing injustice, and probably would never have done so. And so what happened was that there began a breaking down of proper procedures by people determined to get what the Constitution said was theirs. The restaurant sit-ins began it. But they didn't do the job, so we ended up marching. If someone had told me five years or eight years beforehand that I would ever march in a column of a thousand people—as I did in a march against segregation in Raleigh—I would have thought he was quite mad, because it would not have occurred to me that this would be either proper or necessary. But it was necessary and it was proper. Then, when even demonstrations didn't produce the needed results, we had to go further. In Mississippi, for instance, we discovered that you couldn't march, you couldn't picket, you couldn't vote—you couldn't do any of these things. Proper procedures were so thoroughly blocked off that if you waited for them to work, you'd wait a millennium. We had to conceive of a whole new series of tactics.

We came up, in Mississippi, with the idea of the first Freedom Vote. And, again, if someone had said a few years before that there would come a time when we would organize a supplementary election outside the established local voting system, I would have thought he was mad. Yet it was necessary in Mississippi. And even our Freedom Vote wasn't enough, because the reign of terror was so great that our workers couldn't walk on the streets. We had to let people know what was happening to us. There was no press coverage, no way we could get out of the morass. It was almost like being absorbed by quicksand, with nobody even knowing about it. You could be beaten and arrested, they could do what they wanted with you, and there was nowhere to turn. Every American who hasn't experienced that might be wiser if he had. It gives you some idea of what freedom is all about, to go through a situation where you're completely at the mercy of brutality—where there's no appeal. That was Mississippi in 1963. The real radicals always said that the country didn't care, that the country was basically indifferent to the oppression of Negroes, but I always felt that if we could let people know what was going on, they wouldn't stand for it. Well, we said, "all right, bring people into Mississippi." And so there began this sort of series of new procedures that are finally starting to make the old procedures work, even in Mississippi—where more Negroes have been registered to vote in one year than were registered in the previous century. Rednecks who'd worn buttons reading "Never!" are now saying that we've got to accept the change. Very soon you'll have congressmen from the South who will be more liberal than congressmen from New York. Because they'll be an accurate reflection of the needs of that area."

"Then the old liberalism still works after all?" we asked.

Lowenstein sat silent for a moment, running one hand back and forth over his hair, which he wears close-cropped. "I'm not sure it's that simple," he said, at last. "When I was in college, I think we all felt that if we could produce a society in which we'd removed the scourges of war and dictatorship and racism and poverty, we'd have a happy society. That was the liberal creed. Yet it's a fact that now, for the vast majority of our people, we've removed many of the external forms of misery, we've attained our goals, and there's still the hollowness. Our personal lives, in many cases, have been successful

without being fulfilled or happy, the way we thought they would be. We live in a society today that may be even more fundamentally unhappy than the old one. We have to figure out what's missing at the center of the person now."

"You mean you're becoming—a Hobbesian?" we asked.

"Earlier generations had to overcome the Depression or win a war," Lowenstein replied. "My generation had none of that. We came out of college with everything green before us, and we used to think that by this time our problems would really have evaporated. There's a sense of internal loss now, and it cannot be blamed on democracy, because democracy has given us opportunities and freedom and great material wealth. People in my generation have developed a fatigue, a sort of premature old age, that's exceedingly difficult to combat. Many of them perhaps feel now that they can live only for their children, because maybe their children will find some other way to solve problems. We've discovered that time goes awfully fast and that what was once going to be forever is now half gone, and a little bit empty. So we go on living in some fraternity memory or some football-weekend memory when things seemed very much more roseate.

Why haven't things turned out the way we'd hoped they would, now that we've got the house and we've got the car and we've got air-conditioning when it's hot and heating when it's cold? We've got all the opportunities that freedom can give, but, still, what good is it all accomplishing? It's in this kind of poignant struggle for meaning that I think disappointment has come, because nobody ever before in history, as far as I know, has had a generation in which all the external things were there and in which the internal lack had to be so clearly an internal lack. That's why I feel so relatively lucky in not having expected to find that material or political or titular goals represented the end of a quest. You don't just set goals and, when you reach them, find that they equal happiness. I understand that these struggles will go on as long as I live, that within the quest itself much of the fullness of life exists."

Mr. Speaker, as you might expect, State-level politics that controlled the redistricting of New York Congressmen in 1970 were not very kind to this sort of public figure. As a result, Lowenstein was put at a great disadvantage in the election of 1970, fought hard, but lost. Robert Mayer's article in *Newsday* before that election describes Al's service as a Congressman and his prospects for reelection. And the article from the *New Yorker* describes his defeat.

LOWENSTEIN WITHOUT GLAMOR

A couple of weeks ago a severe storm blew the roof off a number of garden apartments in Levittown. The families had to vacate the building until it could be repaired, and they had no place to live. One of the families called Rep. Allard Lowenstein for help. Lowenstein sent an aide to the scene, and the aide quickly discovered that the area was not in Lowenstein's congressional district.

"My first thought was, 'What the hell, there are no votes here,'" the aide admits. But he quickly overcame that thought, aware of Lowenstein's concern for the well-being of people from Baldwin to Biafra. The aide called the landlord, who agreed to relocate the families in other apartments he owned.

In Freeport, a new post office was going to be built alongside a school. Residents were opposed to the building, concerned that the increase in traffic would be a danger to their children. Charges began to fly back and forth. Then Lowenstein's office got involved. It brought together the P-TA, the school board, the post office and the postal union, in a search for a new site that would give the community good service without creating a traffic hazard.

In Wantagh, a new sewage plant was proposed that threatened to pollute much of the South Shore. Lowenstein worked with conservation groups to delay construction groups until the proper modifications could be made.

In Hewlett, a new railroad station was built with only one staircase that became jammed during the rush hours. Lowenstein helped convince the Long Island Railroad to build another staircase. In Baldwin, Lowenstein spurred local officials to seek court action against an asphalt plant that was polluting the air. In Island Park, Lowenstein helped form CLEAN, a community drug council.

In the past two years, Lowenstein has sponsored more than 40 forums in his district to discuss issues of concern to the people. One guest was William F. Buckley Jr., who discussed civil disorders. Another guest was Bess Myerson Grant, who talked about consumer problems. One all-day forum was devoted to school financing, and the problem of relieving the burden of property taxes that are choking middle-income people. He has sent inspection teams to expose the dreadful conditions in veterans hospitals, an interest that earned him the endorsement last week of the New York State chapter of the Disabled American Veterans.

There is not much glamor in any of these matters. They cost much sweat and earn few headlines. They are not flamboyant affairs, they do not make good selling points in an election campaign. But they ought to. They have to do with the way people live, which is what politics should be about.

Much has been written about Lowenstein's reelection struggle. Most of it deals with the kind of scurrilous campaign waged against him I have just spent two hours reading through a collection of Lowenstein's opponent's campaign literature, and it is enough to make you sick. It distorts, it misrepresents, it attempts to link Lowenstein directly or indirectly with communism, crime in the streets, pornography and every other evil that hatchet men could dream up.

But Tuesday's election should be a reflection of Allard Lowenstein's record. The Fifth District rose beyond many people's expectations when it sent Lowenstein to Congress two years ago. Then the state Legislature tried to purge him by gerrymandering the district. Now the people have a chance to show that they, and not the political hacks in Albany, will choose their congressman.

Lowenstein came to the district with an imposing national reputation, as a fighter for justice, for human dignity, for channeling the ideals of the young into the existing political system. The question two years ago was whether he would neglect his home district while perusing his broader interests. Now that question has been answered. He has done his job, earning respect both at home and in Congress. If people really do get the leaders they deserve, then Nassau's Fifth CD is a special district indeed.

LAME DUCK

One of the noteworthy results of this month's elections was the defeat of Allard K. Lowenstein, the freshman representative

from this state's Fifth Congressional district, in Nassau County. Mr. Lowenstein, a Democrat, is best known for his activities in 1967 and 1968, when he set in motion the events leading to the "Dump Johnson" movement, the Presidential candidacies of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, and the Children's Crusade. He was in politics in the broad sense—mostly as a kind of one-man civil-liberties committee, with branches in South Africa, Spain, and Mississippi—before he ever thought of public office, and he is certain to remain in politics in the same way.

We've been over the returns for the Fifth District in more detail than the Election Night television bulletins permitted, and the figures show that while Mr. Lowenstein lost the election, he ran a considerably stronger race than he did in 1968, when he won. What happened between 1968 and 1970 was that the Republican-controlled state legislature redrew the boundaries of the district, eliminating the heavily Democratic Five Towns area and adding heavily Republican and Conservative areas, including the village of Massapequa. Had the voting followed the pattern of two years ago, Mr. Lowenstein would have lost by twenty-five thousand votes; as it was, he lost by about eight thousand, and he ran some twenty thousand votes ahead of the Democratic ticket. His vote on the Democratic line exceeded by about five thousand that of his opponent Norman Lent, a state senator on the Republican line. Mr. Lent's margin of victory came from his votes on the Conservative line, where he was helped by the extremely strong showing of that party's successful candidate for the United States Senate, James Buckley.

We had a talk with Mr. Lowenstein a week after Election Day and asked him what he thought the consequences of his defeat would be. "The fact that I lost worries me less than the possibility that the results in my district will be misread," he said. "One of the most satisfying aspects of the campaign for me was that I had the opportunity to go down to Washington in the middle of it and vote against the crime bill and the military-appropriations bill. A lot of people came up to me on the floor and said, 'For God's sake, don't vote against these bills, All! You'll never survive.' I think the figures show something quite different, which is that you can stand against the war and against the Administration's way of dealing with the so-called social issue and you can survive in the face of that. My physical presence in the House, continuing to vote as I voted before, would have been the best reminder of that, but if the message can be got across that I was not in fact defeated because of the stands I took, the danger that what happened will weaken people's backbones will be less."

We asked about the character of the campaign, and Mr. Lowenstein said, "There was

an ominous warning in this campaign, and that is that the ugliness can get so intense that it confuses great numbers of voters."

Having followed Mr. Lowenstein's fortunes off and on through the fall, we remembered that his opponent had taken his cue from the Nixon-Agnew campaign against "permissiveness" and the like, and had carried the theme to limits not exceeded anywhere in the country. Among other things, Mr. Lowenstein found himself accused of being "an echo of Hanoi," "an inflamer of youth," and "the chief apologist for the Black Panthers" odd accusations all, since Mr. Lowenstein is a convinced anti-Communist, the leading advocate of student participation in electoral politics, and a critic of the Panthers' infatuation with violence, and since these stands have resulted in much ill feeling toward him on the extreme left.

"The possibility exists that the same thing might happen that happened in the nineteen-fifties, when people were swept away by distortions," Mr. Lowenstein continued. In the case of the Fifth District, I think it's important to stress that while it hurt us in areas where we weren't able to get the facts to people, it wouldn't have worked without the gerrymander. It didn't work in the country at large, and I don't think it will work in 1972. You just can't gerrymander the whole country."

"What about your own plans?" we asked.

"In personal terms, I don't really have any, beyond attending the lame-duck session of Congress. The lame ducks like me will quack, and the lame quacks will duck. In political terms, I'm going to work, beginning right away, to see to it that the ugliness that was unleashed all over the country is turned out of office in 1972. We have taken the measure of these people, and they can be defeated."

Mr. Speaker, time after time, Al tried to return to Congress, running not because the prospects were good, but because the issues were compelling. He did much better than anyone expected everytime, and drew support from every sector. A large part of his success was because he was a true idealist. Even William Buckley, the most prominent conservative political writer, repeatedly endorsed and supported Al in his campaign for Congress, writing the following endorsement in the 1978 campaign. That campaign too was unsuccessful. But Lowenstein may have known, much more than the rest of us, that winning in politics is truly not everything.

A LIBERAL INDULGENCE

NEW YORK.—In the Silk Stocking District of New York City, the ganglion of so many of the miseries of the republic, and not a

few of its glories, the congressional race for the seat once occupied by Mayor Ed Koch and former Mayor John Lindsay goes largely unnoticed. This is odd because the two Democrats contending for nomination are interesting to write about. It is fitting that the district should be represented in Congress by one of the outstanding young men in the country, Allard Lowenstein.

Twice in seasons gone by I have written about Lowenstein, infuriating many of my friends because, you see, Lowenstein is a liberal Democrat. Why should a conservative Republican advocate the election to Congress of a liberal Democrat? In the past, pressed on the matter, I have permitted myself, out of polemical fatigue, to reply simply: "It is a personal indulgence." One should try to do better.

Lowenstein is independent, thoughtful, in respect of not a few matters, and opsmath whose belated recognition of, for instance, the inherent rights of parents to select the schools their children may attend, could lose him the editorial support of *The New York Times*.

But most appealing is Lowenstein's ability to talk to people who disagree with him without inducing a shouting contest. As U.S. representative in Geneva to the UN Human Rights Commission two years ago he actually caused that commission to consider—however briefly—the question of human rights in the Soviet Union.

There is in Lowenstein a quality of innocent good will that makes the conventional defenses appear fustian and contrived. Recently, having been banned from traveling there for 20 years in punishment for writing an unfavorable book about the race laws, Lowenstein was invited to visit South Africa. There, over the airwaves, he spoke simply and eloquently about the fraternal imperative, and lo, high officials in the South African government, instead of looking the other way and shooing him out, invited him to return, on the understanding that he would be free to continue to speak out against apartheid, but confident that his palpable integrity distinguished him from the fanatics who desire in South Africa less the restoration of black rights than the shedding of white blood.

There is, in Lowenstein, a hectic idealism which it is impossible to fail to be moved by. There will be quite a few liberal Democrats in the next Congress. So why not one whose integrity and warmth will at least reprimand a movement grown cynical, bureaucratic and ineffective?

The liberalism of the Eastern Establishment is grown hoary and bureaucratic. Its idealistic vision, filtered through conservative forms, would be an improvement on the existing situation. "Christianity without the crucifixion," Whittaker Chambers once meditated, "is liberalism." Allard Lowenstein belongs in Congress as demonstrably as Rudolph Nureyev belongs on the stage. ●