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October 26, 1999

Memorandum

To: Nancy Hernreich

From: Ann Lewis

Re: Biography Request

I am forwarding to you the attached request Jean Edward Smith sent to me expressing his interest in writing a biography of the President. Mr. Smith has spoken to Bobbie Greene about this request. Thank you.

Sean —
cc: Bob Barnett
Bruce Lindsey
Let them know
is a deepfreeze

10-27-99
Is Burkhardt/Jones reply?
Yes ✓ No —
cc: Bob Barnett
Bruce Lindsey
A.

Marshall University
Huntington, West Virginia

The Honorable William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President:

After attending the first Millennium lecture at the White House (you were very kind to commend my biography of John Marshall), I began to realize how necessary it is to provide an objective account of the achievements of your presidency. Perhaps I am especially conscious of that because I am just finishing a biography of Ulysses S. Grant. Grant's generalship has stood the test of time but his presidency has been trashed by historians, most of whom have never bothered to examine the record. I don't suggest that will be the case with your administration, but I believe it is important to get the record before the country in readable, authoritative fashion without undue delay. It should also be done by a recognized scholar whose record for objectivity is beyond question: someone who has had no connection with your administration and has not benefited in any way.

If you have not made a prior commitment, I would very much like to undertake the task. My biography of Grant goes to the publisher in December, and I would propose to begin immediately after that. My approach would be similar to that of Arthur Schlesinger in the *Age of Roosevelt*, and I would see this as a two or three volume work that placed the Administration in the context of the final decade of the century.

Years ago I worked with General Lucius Clay (*Lucius D. Clay: An American Life*), and I am familiar with the problems of writing about someone who is still active. I also understand how valuable your time is, and would not intrude on it more than absolutely necessary. Aside from access to the record, General Clay granted me one interview per week, and his comments were invaluable. The written record is informative, but never tells the whole story.

If you wish to consider my suggestion further, I would be pleased to come to Washington to discuss it, at your convenience.

With all best wishes for you and the First Lady,

Respectfully,

Jean Edward Smith
John Marshall Professor

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
OFFICE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY POLICY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20502

10-27-99
Copied Lane Podesta Burkhardt (for reply)

October 22, 1999

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: NEAL LANE Neal

CC: JOHN PODESTA

SUBJECT: OSTP WEEKLY REPORT

A summary of congressional actions to our requests for FY

U.S. Dominates Nobel Prizes in Science

Once again, professors at American universities won the lion's share of the Nobel Prizes in science last week, underscoring the dominance of U.S. academic institutions in advancing basic research. Last year, eight professors at American universities swept the Nobel Prizes in science, winning all the awards in chemistry, medicine and physics. This year, four of the five winners of Nobel Prizes in chemistry, economics, medicine, and physics were professors or former professors at U.S. academic institutions. The fact that all four of this year's American laureates were born outside of the United States illustrates the reliance of the U.S. research enterprise of scientists and engineers from other parts of the world. Since the investments we make today will determine whether we can continue to win the bulk of Nobel prizes in science, we must pay particularly close attention to our level of R&D funding.

National Academy of Sciences' Review of ATP

The National Academy of Sciences will release a review of the Advanced Technology Program (ATP) on October 25 that will highlight important R&D benefits and synergies that can be directly attributed to ATP. Although NAS identifies some challenges for ATP (for instance, publicizing results of assessment studies and addressing concerns about intellectual property rights for ATP-funded research), none appears to justify the criticisms that have been leveled at the program by its Congressional foes. These results, coupled with NAS's reputation for neutral and objective assessments, support your annual commitment to ATP as an essential program in the Administration's R&D portfolio.

New York Academy of Sciences

On Thursday I addressed the New York Academy of Sciences and encouraged its members to contribute to ongoing Administration efforts to keep America at the forefront of the world's science and technology enterprise. I emphasized the need to find an optimal level of funding for R&D and the means to ensure a strong S&T workforce in the 21st Century. I compared the proposal in the recent *Washington Post* op-ed by Newt Gingrich to increase all areas of scientific

10-27-99

research by 20% before Congress leaves town (see attached) to the Administration's goal, set in 1994, of a total national funding level of 3% of GDP. Only a radical, bipartisan effort will bring us close to either target.

Individual Training Accounts for Federal Employees

On October 14, OSTP delivered your letter recommending the establishment of pilot projects for individual training accounts (ITAs) to the Director of OPM, Janice Lachance, and your Task Force on Federal Training Technology. This Task Force is exploring the use of new technologies to provide cost-effective, high-quality, and accessible training to create a working environment that attracts and retains outstanding working men and women. A number of private firms, State governments, and foreign governments are currently implementing promising ITA programs but their effectiveness is not yet proven. As directed in your letter, OPM will work with the Task Force to develop guidance for agencies to use in developing and evaluating ITA pilot projects. Your letter was warmly received by the Task Force and a few members already have offered to start pilot projects in their agencies.

Earthquake Underscores Need for Disaster Information Network

The "Hector Mine" earthquake struck sparsely populated areas in the Mojave Desert on Saturday morning (10/16). Had the 7 magnitude quake struck populated areas, it might have caused damages approaching $50 billion. The only injuries occurred on an AmTrak passenger train, which preliminary analysis shows was derailed shortly after the quake when it simply rode into twisted, displaced track bed. If confirmed, this last point underscores the need for a rapid-dissemination Disaster Information Network that could notify trains of new damage to tracks, a technology, which Congress has consistently funded at levels below your request, and has zeroed out in the Interior Appropriations conference report.

Washington Post 10/18/99

Newt Gingrich

We Must Fund The Scientific Revolution

The highest investment priority in Washington should be to double the federal budget for scientific research. No other federal expenditure would create more jobs and wealth or do more to strengthen our world leadership, protect the environment and promote better health and education for all Americans. For the security of our future, we must make this investment now.

When I became speaker of the House in 1995 and we began to work toward a balanced budget, we were prepared to cut discretionary spending almost everywhere. At the request of Rep. John Porter, I met with the research vice presidents of all the major pharmaceutical and biotechnology firms. Even though they were overwhelmingly ideologically conservative, pro-free market and profit oriented, they unanimously agreed that the engine that was driving new medicines, new jobs and new profits was federal investment in basic scientific research and that American entrepreneurs would run out of new products and new services without that basic research.

Because of their convincing testimony, we protected scientific research. It became the one area that grew consistently despite the pressures to balance the budget.

After four years of interviewing scientists, entrepreneurs, academicians and business leaders, I now am even more convinced that we need a broad-front approach to funding basic research and that our goal should be to double scientific research throughout the federal government in the next five years.

Doubling the budget of the National Institutes of Health would be a good start because of its potential to benefit all Americans directly. But many of the most important breakthroughs that are transforming our ability to provide better health and health care come from the National Science Foundation, the Centers for Disease Control, the laboratories of the Department of Energy and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.

We are on the edge of major scientific breakthroughs that will transform our lives. Consider a few of the stunning possibilities:

- The first computer with a transistor, TRADIC, was built in 1955 with 800 transistors. Today's Pentium II chip has 7.5 million transistors. At Georgia Tech, scientists believe an experimental chip will be built in 2000 with a billion transistors and, within 15 to 20 years, there will be a chip with one trillion transistors. Imagine what a laptop 13,000 times as powerful as today's would be like.
- Polio and smallpox have been eliminated in the United States, and AIDS deaths are declining because of the research and public health leadership of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Now, with the increase in biological weapons, the CDC is researching immunizations and formulating plans to combat epidemic outbreaks from bioterrorist attacks. The comfort and safety we enjoy now will continue only if scientific funding supports the CDC's ability to do prevention research.
- Nanotechnology, the science of developing tools and machines as small as one molecule, will have as big an impact on our lives as transistors and chips did in the past 40 years. Imagine highly specialized machines you ingest, systems for security smaller than a piece of dust and collectively intelligent household appliances and cars. The implications for defense, public safety and health are astounding.
- The human genome revolution has just begun. Francis Crick (the Nobel Prize winning co-discoverer of DNA) believes it will take a century of research to understand and apply all the potential breakthroughs this new knowledge makes possible. The implications for human health, food production and the environment are almost incalculable.
- New instruments (largely a product of National Science Foundation grants) make possible new measurements of the human brain while it is working (largely funded by NIH grants). This synergistic investment in better knowledge through better technology will prove that mental health parity is essential to any health policy and will offer opportunities to cure schizophrenia, bipolar disease, Alzheimer's and other current challenges.

These five areas only scratch the surface of the potential for greater wealth, more jobs, a higher quality of life, greater national security and a future of unlimited opportunity. Moreover, in this age of scientific revolutions, many of the really big changes that will transform our lives will come from unpredictable breakthroughs—as they have in similar eras of our history.

> "We are on the edge of major scientific breakthroughs that will transform our lives."

If this case is so self-evident, why is it so hard to get Washington to double the budget for federal scientific research? The answer is not logic but politics. I have found scientists and investors to be among the least effective lobbyists and have watched more focused special interests receive more money than they deserve while the future was starved of resources.

There will be a grand agreement between the Republican Congress and the Clinton administration this fall. In that grand agreement, the budget caps will be broken. At that time, Congress and the president should agree that a substantial increase in all funding for scientific research should be part of that deal. In light of our budgetary surplus, the American people will support the broken caps for a combination of saving Social Security and Medicare, cutting taxes and strengthening vital government spending. Science research is vital to America's future and therefore is clearly "vital government spending."

Out of our sense of patriotism and our own enlightened self-interest, we should lobby our representatives and senators and insist that federal investment in scientific research be doubled over the next five years.

The down payment of the first 20 percent increase in all areas of scientific research should be made this month or next. Anything less will weaken the future for all of us.

The writer, a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, is a former speaker of the House.

Hand-in-Hand

Helping rural areas prosper will enrich our urban areas, too

BY ERSKINE B. BOWLES

THERE'S nothing I have less patience for than blue ribbon commissions. In my experience, they are announced by a marching band, suck up inordinate amounts of resources, then issue reports that collect dust on a shelf somewhere.

So what am I doing in charge of one?

Last month I joined Gov. Jim Hunt, Senate President Pro Tem Marc Basnight and House Speaker Jim Black in announcing the N.C. Rural Prosperity Task Force. I agreed to head it because I think it will be different, and I think it can make a difference on a subject that matters.

The Task Force is a bipartisan group of 25, representing a good cross section of the state, including bankers, economic developers, educators, entrepreneurs, environmental experts, farmers, foundation heads, local elected officials, professors and small business people from urban and rural areas. This task force has one thing in common – a commitment to helping rural communities find ways to grow and prosper.

This is a critical time for our rural communities. By the year 2000, more than half of our state's population is going to be centered in just 15 urban counties; our state's record growth in the 1990s has mostly been focused in the areas along our interstate corridors. At the same time, we have never been more interdependent as a state; those of us who live in cities depend on our rural communities for scenic beauty, food, air quality, water, wood and good workers. If rural North Carolina fails, we will all feel the pinch.

Our state's economy is in a significant transition, and that transition is challenging rural communities in unprecedented ways:

◆ Labor intensive manufacturing companies are increasingly moving out of the country. In the first six months of this year we have lost more than 20,000 jobs due to permanent layoffs and plant closings. We are replacing them with more capital intensive companies, companies that pay fewer people with greater skills higher wages. We can't stop this change, and in many ways we shouldn't want to, but it presents a particular challenge to our rural communities, who are more dependent on traditional manufacturing jobs for people who have been laid off.

◆ Total farm income in our state was down more than 13 percent in 1998 versus 1997, and experts estimate we won't see a recovery for another 18-24 months. Prices of what is now our biggest agricultural product – hogs – are down 40 percent. The impact of falling prices for hogs, milk, corn, soybeans and cotton ripples through our rural agricultural communities.

◆ Tobacco prices continue to languish, with falling quotas and production. A recent study by the N.C. Rural Economic Development Center estimates job losses resulting from the tobacco settlement to be anywhere from 14,000 to 26,000 jobs.

This "triple whammy" is having impacts across our state, but the impacts are most significant in our rural areas where the manufacturing base is less diverse and where farm income is a critical part of the economy.

What can a task force do to help? Before I outline what we will be doing, let me tell you what we *won't* be doing. We won't be a bunch of "suits" sitting inside our offices saying "You oughta" and "You gotta" and here's some more money to throw at the problem. We won't be issuing a report full of pie in the sky recommendations. And we won't be telling people that what works in Robbinsville will work in Robbins.

We *will* be listening. Over the next five months, we will tour the state, listening to the concerns and commitment of people across North Carolina – the high school student who is planning to move away because she can't find a job in her home county; the laid off textile worker who needs retraining for the high tech textile plant that's coming to town; the farmer who can't make ends meet with rock bottom commodity prices; the rural entrepreneur who can't find the start-up capital to get a great idea off the ground; the small business person who can't locate the facility in a rural community because of a lack of skilled labor and physical infrastructure, including bandwidth.

In addition, we will hear from working groups focused on key issues we know to be critical to the success of rural economic development:

Infrastructure: Improving water, sewer and natural gas service, building roads and rail, improving the availability of information technology.

Education: Helping rural schools get the tools they need to prepare students; training and retraining workers, studying innovative regional cooperation efforts.

Economic and community resources: Finding new ways to encourage small business and tourism growth; recruiting new businesses to rural areas; increasing the capacity of rural communities to make change.

I won't pretend to be an expert on rural North Carolina. But I assure you our task force will be good at evaluating ideas and setting priorities. And with the diverse skills represented in the members, I'm confident we will come up with a series of achievable, real world recommendations.

But ultimately the most important things won't be the changes that occur on the books in Raleigh, but on the backlots in rural North Carolina. Some people from rural communities have told me they don't want to change. They don't want their towns to lose their warmth, their scenery, their natural beauty, their community spirit. Ultimately, I hope this task force, by working with communities, can discover some of the tools they need to become what they want to be. No task force should presume to make that decision without them.

The remaining task force meetings will be held from 7:30 a.m.-1:00 p.m. on the following dates: Sept. 10, James Sprunt Technical Institute, Kenansville; Oct. 29, Tyrrell Center, Columbia; Dec. 3, Raleigh.

Erskine Bowles is managing director of Carousel Capital in Charlotte. He is a former head of the U.S. Small Business Administration and former Chief of Staff of the White House.

ERSKINE B. BOWLES

Mr President —

What do you think about
this re: your new MLTS initiative
We enjoyed seeing you in Ky —

[redacted]

10/27/99

Guys

Call + see
exactly what
he means by this

BK

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
10-27-99

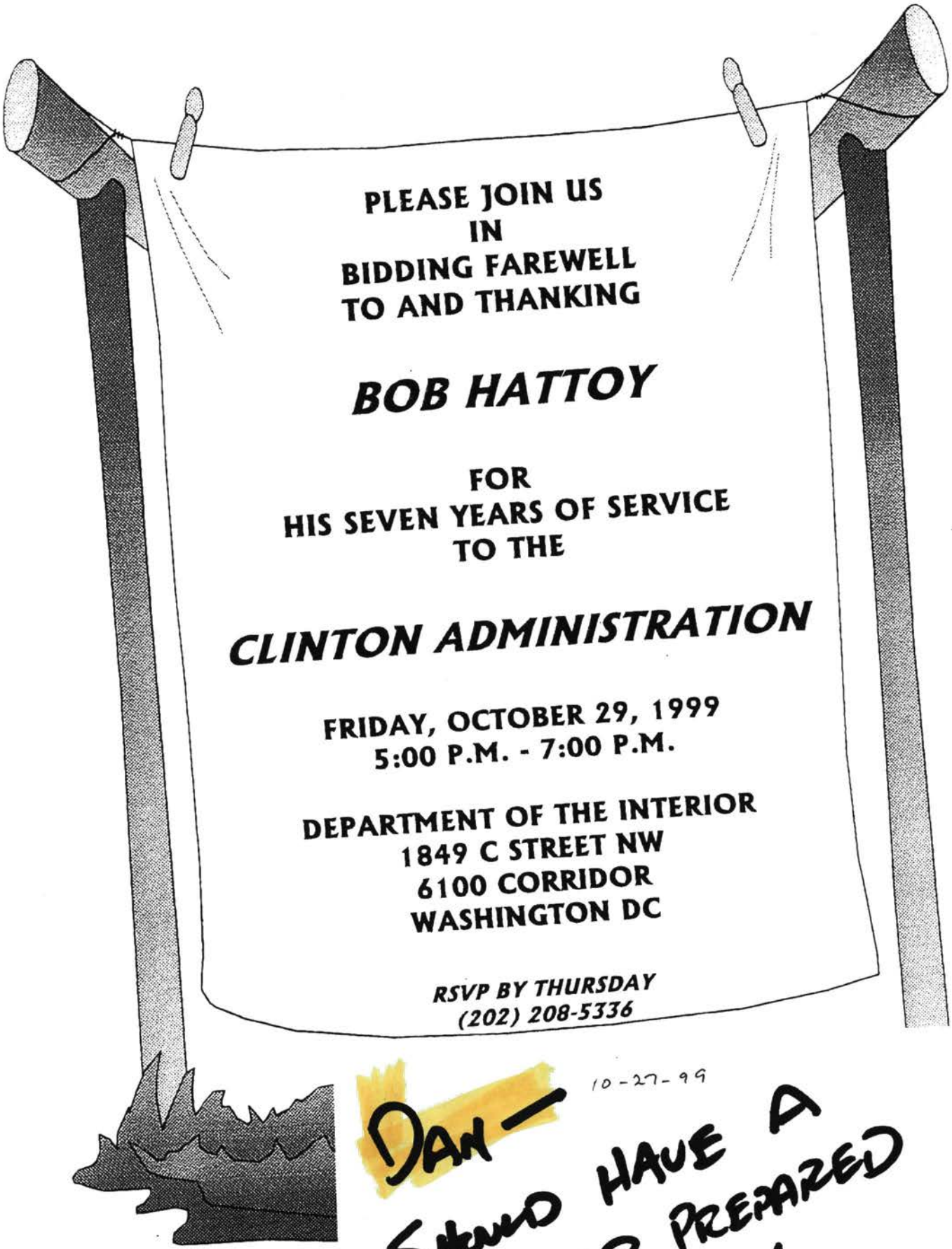
After you have seen,
we will send to
Eugenie Bisulco for
reply —

Carol

CAROUSEL CAPITAL

The Honorable William J. Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20500

201 North Tryon Street, Suite 2450 | Charlotte, NC 28202



10-27-99

DAN—

SHOULD HAVE A LETTER PREPARED FOR FRIDAY

BB

United States Department of the Interior

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
Washington, D.C. 20240

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

'99 OCT 27 PM5:19

FACSIMILE COVER SHEET

TO: Sean Maloney

OF:

PHONE: _____ FAX: 456-2215

FROM: Suzy Hubbell

OF: DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

VERIFICATIONS NUMBER: (202) 208-1923 FAX NUMBER: (202) 208-1821

NUMBER OF PAGES: 2 (INCLUDING COVER SHEET)

MESSAGE:

Tab A: Baily/Podesta
Tab C: Sperling/Podesta
Tab D: Reed/Liu/Podesta
Tab E: Frampton/Podesta
Tab F: Lane/Podesta/Burkhardt (for reply)

10-21-99

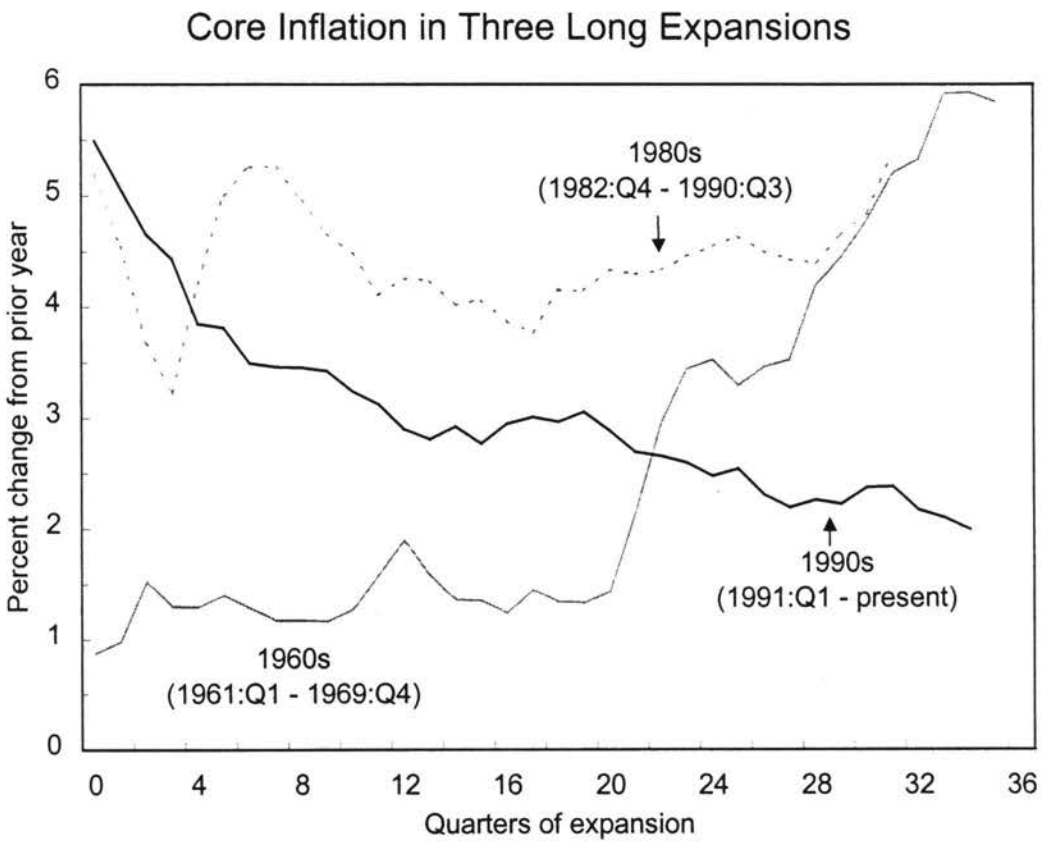
WEEKLY ECONOMIC BRIEFING OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Prepared by the Council of Economic Advisers
with the assistance of the Office of the Vice President

October 22, 1999

copied
Daily
Podesta

CHART OF THE WEEK



The increase in the consumer price index for September announced this week was in line with market expectations and seems to have calmed financial market concerns that inflation might be heating up. In fact, this expansion has continued to show remarkably tame inflation (as measured by the consumer price index excluding the volatile food and energy components). By this point in the long 1960s expansion, for example, inflation was rising sharply.

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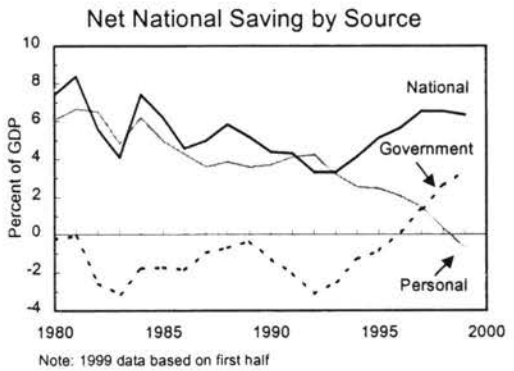
TREND

Have Americans Stopped Saving?

The fraction of disposable income that Americans save has been declining for the past two decades, and the personal saving rate is now negative. In the minds of some, this trend seems to indicate a crisis in personal saving, but a recent analysis of the saving data provides a somewhat more optimistic assessment.

Personal saving is just part of the story. Personal saving as measured in the National Income and Product Accounts (NIPA) has indeed declined precipitously since the early 1990s—falling by about 5 percentage points of GDP (see chart). But personal saving is just one part of national saving (which also includes the net saving of corporations and government). In contrast to personal saving, national saving has been on the rise, fueled in large part by improvements in the Federal budget balance.



Measuring personal saving. In general, saving may be thought of as the part of current income that is laid aside for future use. The recent study suggests that some adjustments to the NIPA measure of personal saving might bring it more in line with this economic concept of saving. Among the most important are:

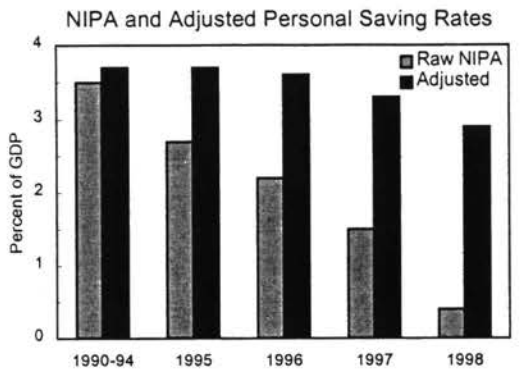
- Include changes in the stock of consumer durable goods. Expenditures on owner-occupied housing are included in personal saving, but purchases of other durables are not, even though they too represent assets that yield a stream of future benefits. Reclassifying the net accumulation of durable goods would add about 2 percentage points to both the household and national saving rates over the 1990s.

- Include contributions to social security and public pension and insurance funds. Contributions to and earnings from private pensions are included in personal saving and this adjustment would afford the same treatment to social security and public pensions. This adjustment would add about 1.7 percentage points to the personal saving rate, but it would subtract an equivalent amount from government saving (where such payments are currently credited).

- Adjust for the effect of inflation on assets. Households on balance earn more interest on savings accounts and other assets than they pay on loans. The study argues that the part of these net interest payments that simply compensates for inflation should not be included in saving. Since this

adjustment has gotten smaller recently as inflation has declined, adjusted saving would not show as much of a decline as the official measure. The opposite adjustment would be required in sectors that are net payers of interest, hence national saving would be unchanged by the adjustment.

An adjusted measure of personal saving. By including the accumulation of durable goods and contributions to public pensions and by adjusting for inflation (along with some other technical adjustments), the authors compute an adjusted personal saving rate that fell only 0.8 percentage points in the 1990s, to just below 3 percent of GDP. This is a far more modest decline than that of the official NIPA measure (see chart).



What about the stock market? Capital gains are not included in the NIPA personal saving measure or in the adjusted measure reported above. Including them would result in a personal saving rate that has averaged nearly 35 percent since 1995 and has been trending *upward* since the mid-1990s. However, the question of whether capital gains should be treated as saving is tricky. For an individual household, capital gains represent increased future consumption opportunities, but for the economy as a whole it is only the gains associated with increases in the productivity of the underlying assets (as opposed, say, to a change in tastes that reduces the risk premium) that represent increased future consumption opportunities.

Conclusion. Some analysts have questioned whether the sharp decline in the NIPA personal saving rate provides an accurate picture of household saving behavior. One set of reasonable adjustments, for example, leads to a much smaller decline in the personal saving rate than is shown in the official measure. Except for the inclusion of the accumulation of durable goods, however, these adjustments mainly represent a reallocation of saving from business and government to personal saving and do not change measured national saving.

SPECIAL ANALYSIS

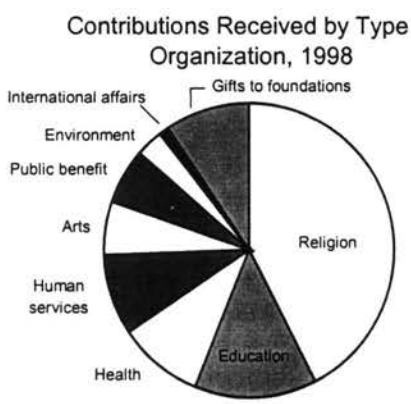
Recent Trends in Philanthropy

Charitable giving in 1998 reached an estimated $174.5 billion, or just over 2 percent of GDP (see upper chart). Giving has not been so large as a share of GDP since the early 1970s, and recent estimates of future giving suggest that contributions will continue to rise over the next 20 years as baby boomers age.

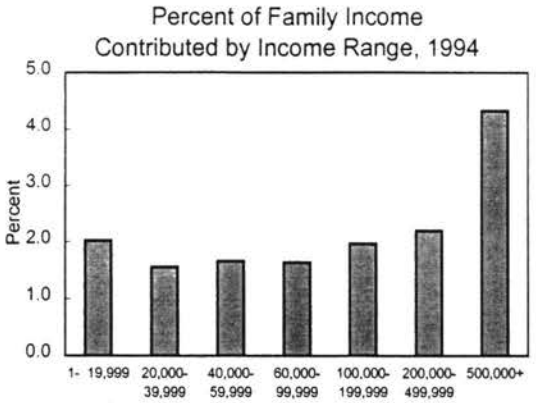
Sources of data. Data on giving come from a variety of sources. The data in the upper chart come from *Giving USA*, which combines data on giving by individuals, foundations, and corporations to make annual estimates of total giving. Individual giving (apart from bequests) is estimated from IRS data on charitable contributions by those who itemize and national survey data on giving by non-itemizers.

Who gives? Individuals accounted for an estimated 85 percent of all contributions in 1998 (77 percent of all giving was from living individuals and another 8 percent was from bequests). Other giving came from foundations (10 percent) and corporations (5 percent). About 70 percent of households contributed to charity last year, giving an average of $1,075. Contributions by individuals have increased 31 percent since 1995, while foundation giving has risen by about 50 percent.

Who gets? Religion is by far the single largest recipient category, with 44 percent of total contributions in 1998 (see lower chart). Several types of organizations have received substantial increases in donations since 1990. These include education (up 59 percent), environmental organizations (up 69 percent), public-benefit organizations such as civil rights groups and community development organizations (up 78 percent), and foundations (whose receipt of gifts is up 254 percent).



Characteristics of individual donors. Except for the richest, families at all levels of income are about equally generous. The average contribution in groups with annual income below $500,000 (representing 99.7 percent of families) was roughly 1.5 to 2 percent of income in 1994 (see chart on next page). The average



contribution of the richest 0.3 percent of donors, by contrast, was 4.3 percent of income.

Giving by net worth shows a different pattern. Those with the least net worth give the most in percentage terms, and this percentage declines as net worth increases. This is consistent with the highly skewed distribution of net worth and the relatively small net worth in much of the distribution. Households with high income or wealth do, however, provide a disproportionate share of individual contributions. For example, the 20 percent of families with incomes of $60,000 or more in 1994 gave 67 percent of all individual contributions that year. The 4.3 percent of families with incomes above $125,000 gave 46 percent of the total. Finally, elderly households (those with a head aged 65 or over) in every income group make larger contributions than their non-elderly counterparts.

A golden age of philanthropy? A new study estimates that levels of charitable bequests—one component of individual giving—will increase dramatically over the next 20 years, due in part to the aging of baby boomers. The study's lower-bound estimate of total charitable bequests over the period is $1.7 trillion (in 1998 dollars). Such estimates are inherently speculative, but if this estimate proves accurate, bequests over the next two decades will be an order of magnitude greater than the $176 billion in bequests over the past 20 years and would imply dramatic increases in total philanthropic giving.

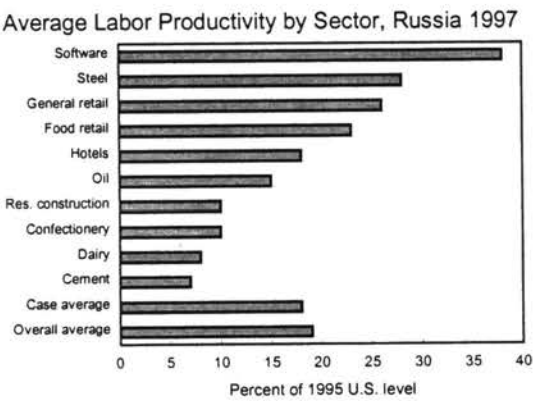
Conclusion. The strong economy and stock market have helped create a resurgence in philanthropy since 1995. Projections show that increases in giving are likely to continue, and may accelerate as baby boomers age.

ARTICLE

Reviving Russia: What Is to Be Done?

Russia's economy is in dire straits, according to a new report, with falling production and declining productivity. Old industries have not been restructured, and market distortions make even new firms unproductive. The growth potential is great, however, since existing assets could be operated much more efficiently in many industries, and Russia has both an educated labor force and vast natural resources, including large and economically attractive energy reserves.

Russian GDP: falling from an already low level. The study's best estimate is that even in 1991, before major reforms, Russia had only 27 percent of the U.S. level of GDP per capita (all comparisons are to U.S. levels in 1995). A subsequent decline of 40 percent through 1997 brought GDP per capita down to 16 percent of the U.S. level (compared, for example, with Brazil's 23 percent). Even though significant unemployment has developed, most jobs have been "nominally" preserved despite the fall in output. Between 1991 and 1997, hours worked per capita fell from 90 to 83 percent of the U.S. level.



Industry case studies. The study examined 10 industries in detail, finding that productivity was low across the board—nowhere more than 40 percent of U.S. levels and much lower than that in some cases (see chart). Specific results include the following:

- Steel. Large numbers of obsolete steel plants remain in operation as a legacy of the old Soviet industry. They are kept in operation with subsidized energy supplies and employ many "stranded" workers. Some relatively productive steel plants are aggressive exporters, but even these seem to maintain unneeded workers and have organizational problems and poor quality control.

- Retailing. Traditional Soviet retailers, *gastronoms*, were highly inefficient and are being driven out of business. They are being replaced by kiosks and outdoor wholesale markets that are also inefficient but are able to compete through tax and tariff evasion and the sale of counterfeit goods. More productive modern retailing formats (such as supermarkets) cannot compete, as they have to obey the law and pay taxes.

- Oil. Although some individuals may have become rich through oil, the development of the industry today is inhibited by government intervention and unstable tax polices. Oil exports are limited to ensure a subsidized supply to the military, agriculture, and traditional manufacturing. The industry suffers

from poor drilling and maintenance practices and needs access to foreign capital.

- Software. Although this industry is relatively productive, growth is limited by widespread piracy and the lack of demand for its products in other sectors.

Across the 10 industries, persistent low productivity can be traced to three main factors: the retention of excess workers in old assets; the continued prevalence of inefficient organization in old companies; and the failure to make potentially profitable new investments.

What created these conditions? Three main causes of Russia's current difficulties can be distilled from the study:

- Structural shocks. Following reform, prices were liberalized and government spending was cut. Many existing industries were unable to meet the market test and collapsed. In particular, residential construction and heavy manufacturing were hard hit.

- An unstable political and economic environment. Large budget deficits led to high inflation followed by the 1998 financial crisis. In this environment, the cost of attracting both foreign and domestic investment became excessive.

- Barriers to restructuring and new investment. Government intervention and corruption slowed or stopped the restructuring of old firms and discouraged new productive activities. The energy sector has been forced to subsidize failing enterprises, and elaborate barter transactions distort the market, effectively giving government tax subsidies to unproductive companies. The lack of property rights, enforceable laws, and an appeal mechanism make it difficult for productive companies to prosper.

Russia's potential. The study argues that Russia should break out of its current economic mess by removing market distortions, especially in high-growth sectors. Once new jobs are created, workers can be moved out of old industries, and these too can be turned around. Nearly three-quarters of the old assets in Russia are economically viable and could achieve productivity levels that are up to 65 percent of U.S. levels. The example of Poland shows how a transition economy can grow. And even within Russia, the Novgorod region has grown since 1995 as the regional government sought out foreign investment, removed red tape, and made land available for new investors.

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BUSINESS, CONSUMER, AND REGIONAL ROUNDUP

Cost Deters Low-Income Workers from Taking Health Insurance. Twenty percent of uninsured Americans have access to employer-sponsored health insurance but choose not to enroll, with the majority citing cost as the main reason, according to a recent study. The study reports that low-income workers with access to employer-sponsored coverage are far more likely to be uninsured than middle- and upper-income workers; 19 percent of people below the poverty line with access to employer-sponsored insurance are uninsured, compared with 5 percent of the overall population. One reason cost is a barrier to enrollment for low-income workers is that the employee share of premiums represents a higher percentage of their income than it does for higher income workers. In addition, the study finds that employee contributions tend to be higher in absolute dollars in firms that employ primarily low-wage workers.

Using Recreation Expenditures to Measure Living Standards. A new study examines trends in the share of household budgets spent on recreation—what it calls the quintessential luxury good—to suggest that the U.S. standard of living has risen by more than is implied by standard income and expenditure measures. Between 1972 and 1991, trends in recreational expenditure shares suggest that the standard of living rose by 3.6 percent per year, or twice the rate of growth in per capita expenditures. Over a broader sweep of time, the share of recreation in household expenditures has increased sharply, especially for lower income families. In 1888, less than 2 percent of the household budget was allocated for recreation; by 1991 recreation's share had risen to 6 percent as the proportion of income devoted to necessities fell. The study also suggests that consumption of recreation has become less concentrated by income class and that reasons for this may include cost-reducing and quality-improving technological change as well as government provision of goods such as parks.

Rising Immigrant Poverty: a Second Look. A recent study has gotten some attention with its conclusion that immigrant poverty is a growing problem in the United States. The study reports that in 1997, 21.6 percent of people living in poverty resided in an immigrant household (including children born here), up from 9.7 percent in 1979. The study argues that increases in the poverty rate for each new wave of immigrants partly explain the rise in immigrant-related poverty. There are several reasons to be cautious when interpreting this study. First, the number of people living in immigrant households more than doubled from 17.3 million in 1979 to 35.3 million in 1997, suggesting that most of the rise in the immigrant share of the poor may simply reflect overall growth in the immigrant population. Second, while the poverty rate for *recent* immigrants increased 5 percentage points from 1979 to 1989, it increased only 1 percentage point between 1989 and 1997. Meanwhile, the educational attainment of working-age people in immigrant households has not deteriorated since 1989. Instead, the share of people in immigrant households with less than a high school education has fallen from 40 percent in 1989 to 34 percent in 1997. Finally, since 1996, the poverty rate for immigrants has declined.

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INTERNATIONAL ROUNDUP

Hunger in a World of Plenty. The latest estimates from the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations show that the number of people going hungry in developing countries has declined by 40 million since the early 1990s. But 790 million people in developing countries, plus another 34 million in the industrialized and transitional economies, still do not have enough to eat. About two-thirds of the undernourished live in Asia and the Pacific, with India alone home to 204 million. In Somalia, over 70 percent of the population is undernourished, the highest concentration in the world. Surveys show that two out of five children in the developing world are stunted (low height for age), and one in three is underweight. Nearly half of these children live in South Asia, where half the children under 5 years old are underweight. Each year the number of undernourished people falls by 8 million—a rate too slow to reach the World Food Summit's goal of halving the number of hungry people in the world to 400 million by the year 2015. Indeed, the number of undernourished is growing in many parts of the world: between 1991 and 1996, the number going hungry rose in 59 out of 96 countries. The problem is especially severe in parts of sub-Saharan Africa, where little progress has been made against hunger thus far, and land degradation is expected to cause the situation to deteriorate in the future.

Effect of Privatization in the UK. In 1979 state-owned industries accounted for almost one-tenth of British GDP. Since then the British government has pursued a major program of privatization. A recent study has compared the performance of the newly privatized firms, state-owned firms, and publicly traded firms not subject to government control. It found that, while state-owned firms tended to deliver a much lower rate of return on net operating assets than the publicly traded firms, the newly privatized firms delivered returns near the average level of the publicly traded firms. The study also found significant changes in managerial accountability for financial performance. In those firms that had been privatized for at least 4 years, top managers were more likely to be fired for poor financial results than managers in state-owned firms.

Entrepreneurs and Growth. A recent study by the Global Entrepreneurship Monitor concludes that as much as one-third of the differences in national economic growth may be due to differences in entrepreneurial activity. The study identifies certain features of individual countries that are positively associated with business start-up activity: a young age structure within the working age population, involvement of women in entrepreneurial activities, high expected population growth, involvement in post-secondary or tertiary education, and a relatively high level of income inequality. A survey of experts on entrepreneurship in 9 major industrialized countries suggests that the U.S. entrepreneurial environment is typically perceived to be more favorable than other countries', especially in terms of social and cultural attitudes, availability of finance, and well-established commercial and professional support services.

RELEASES THIS WEEK

U.S. International Trade in Goods and Services

The goods and services trade deficit was $24.1 billion in August; it was $24.9 billion in July.

Housing Starts

Housing starts fell 3 percent in September to 1.618 million units at an annual rate. For the first 9 months of 1999, housing starts are 5 percent above the same period a year ago.

Consumer Price Index

The consumer price index increased 0.4 percent in September. Excluding food and energy, consumer prices rose 0.3 percent.

MAJOR RELEASES NEXT WEEK

Consumer Confidence—Conference Board (Tuesday)
Advance Durable Shipments and Orders (Wednesday)
Gross Domestic Product (Thursday)
Employment Cost Index (Thursday)

U.S. ECONOMIC STATISTICS

	1970-1993	1998	1998:4	1999:1	1999:2
Percent growth (annual rate)					
Real GDP (chain-type)	2.7	4.3	6.0	4.3	1.6
GDP chain-type price index	5.4	0.9	0.8	1.6	1.3
Nonfarm business (NFB) sector:					
Productivity (chain-type)	1.5	2.6	4.1	3.6	0.6
Real compensation per hour:					
Using CPI	0.6	2.5	2.0	2.9	1.5
Using NFB deflator	1.3	3.7	3.4	3.0	3.7
Shares of Nominal GDP (percent)					
Business fixed investment	10.9	11.0	11.0	11.0	11.2
Residential investment	4.5	4.3	4.5	4.6	4.7
Exports	8.2	11.3	11.3	10.9	11.0
Imports	9.2	13.0	13.1	13.2	13.7
Personal saving	5.2	0.3	-0.0	-0.5	-0.9
Federal surplus	-2.7	0.9	0.8	1.4	1.6

	1970-1993	1998	July 1999	August 1999	September 1999
Unemployment Rate (percent)	6.7**	4.5**	4.3	4.2	4.2
Payroll employment (thousands)					
increase per month			373	103	-8
increase since Jan. 1993					19409
Inflation (percent per period)					
CPI	5.8	1.6	0.3	0.3	**0.4**
PPI-Finished goods	5.0	0.0	0.2	0.5	1.1

**Figures beginning 1994 are not comparable with earlier data.

New or revised data in **boldface**.

FINANCIAL STATISTICS

	1997	1998	August 1999	September 1999	Oct. 21, 1999
Dow-Jones Industrial Average	7441	8626	10935	10714	10298
Interest Rates (percent per annum)					
3-month T-bill	5.06	4.78	4.72	4.68	4.99
10-year T-bond	6.35	5.26	5.94	5.92	6.20
Mortgage rate, 30-year fixed	7.60	6.94	7.94	7.82	7.93
Prime rate	8.44	8.35	8.06	8.25	8.25

INTERNATIONAL STATISTICS

Exchange Rates	**Current level**	**Percent Change from**	
	October 21, 1999	**Week ago**	**Year ago**
Euro (in U.S. dollars)	1.081	0.1	N.A.
Yen (per U.S. dollar)	106.0	-0.9	-9.3
Major currencies index (Mar. 1973=100) (trade-weighted value of the U.S. $)	92.09	-0.3	-0.9

International Comparisons [1/]	**Real GDP growth** (percent change last 4 quarters)	**Unemployment rate** (percent)	**CPI inflation** (percent change in index last 12 months)
United States	3.9 (Q2)	4.2 (Sep)	2.6 (Sep)
Canada	3.7 (Q2)	7.8 (Aug)	2.1 (Aug)
Japan	1.1 (Q2)	4.7 (Aug)	0.2 (Aug)
France	2.1 (Q2)	11.3 (Aug)	0.5 (Aug)
Germany	0.6 (Q2)	7.1 (Aug)[2/]	0.6 (Aug)
Italy	0.8 (Q2)	12.1 (Apr)	1.7 (Aug)
United Kingdom	1.4 (Q2)	6.0 (Jun)	1.1 (Aug)

1/ For unemployment data, rates approximating U.S. concepts as calculated by the U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics.
2/ Rate for former West Germany. Using OECD standardized unemployment data, the unemployment rate for unified Germany for August was 9.2 percent.

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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 22, 1999

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MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: GENE SPERLING

SUBJECT: NEC WEEKLY REPORTS

cc: JOHN PODESTA

New Markets: Following, our discussion with you on Thursday to finalize sites for your upcoming New Markets trip we have talked with the First Lady's office, Mayor Daley's office and have also begun to investigate possible sites in upstate New York and Southern Massachusetts. Seeing how Newark, NJ, seems to be firm as the starting point for your trip you should know that I have talked with several individuals, including Ray Chambers, David Stern, Commissioner of NBA, Bud Selig, Commissioner of the MLB, Bill Milliken, Head of Communities-in-Schools, and Art Ryan, Chairman and CEO of Prudential Insurance Company of America who are willing to work with us on meaningful, long-term projects for New Markets. Ray Chambers and I are working with the NBA to see if it is possible to have some form of NBA-wide announcement in time for the Newark trip. While that will not be possible with Major League Baseball, Bud Selig was enthusiastic about developing a partnership for New Markets over the next few months. Likewise, I am optimistic that we could develop a significant New Markets partnership for the Lawyers for One America group. On Friday, I spoke briefing at the monthly meeting of the Lawyers for One America group on how they could become involved in your New Markets initiative for the long-term. They have a number of good ideas and are very interested in creating a sustainable project. We are also working to develop a strong deliverable should Chicago be one of our final destinations. Congressman Rush called Thursday night from the hospital to find out if we wanted him to try and get Speaker Hastert to attend your Chicago visit. I told him that we would want to have Hastert there, but that it was still not clear whether Chicago would be one of our visits.

Taxes: Wednesday (10/20) the Senate Finance Committee by voice vote ordered reported a $8.5 billion paid-for tax extenders package. Recall that earlier this month, the House Ways and Means Committee reported a larger bill that was not paid for. The Ways and Means Committee scheduled for Thursday (10/21) and then scrubbed a markup of the Lazio-Shimkus Republican minimum wage and tax cut bill.

Financial Modernization: We actively sought to make clear late Thursday night and all day Friday the degree to which the tentative Conference agreement reflected a capitulation by Senator Gramm to the Administration's core CRA principles. We put out a Presidential Statement, and that was quoted in The Washington Post and The New York Times. Between Secretary Summers and me, we did CNN, CNBC and Fox News. Much of Friday was spent

trying to overcome the natural suspicion of community and civil rights leaders about any "agreement" reached with Senator Gramm. While we expect that heat will continue from the left and we will face some criticism from some House Democrats, our efforts have been encouraging. Reverend Jackson and LISC both issues statements strongly supportive of the resolution. We expect others to follow on Monday, when the text is available. We have talked to Cathy Bessant, Sandy Weill, Jackson, Wade Henderson, LISC and Enterprise heads, and others. We are providing information and support to Minority Leader Gephardt and his staff to help them explain the agreement to the Democratic caucus. To be comfortable and help convince others, Gephardt and others want to see the bill text reflecting the agreement, which should be available by Monday.

Social Security: Throughout the week of 10/11, John Podesta, Larry Stein, and I met with Senators – among them Senators Levin, Conrad, Dorgan, and Moynihan – and found support for your submission to Congress of Social Security lock-box enforcement legislation in the week of 10/25. We expect, however, to receive some dissatisfaction from Senators Bob Kerrey and John Breaux, but that is unavoidable.

Child Labor Convention: At a hearing Thursday, Senator Helms expressed his support for the ILO Convention on the Worst Forms of Child Labor and said the Convention would be considered by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on November 3rd. While he expressed skepticism that the convention would make a difference in the "most corrupt and impoverished countries," he said "we must do what we can do to try." He noted that negotiators had consulted regularly with the Committee and had ensured that the convention was consistent with U.S. law. Secretary Herman, AFL-CIO President Sweeney, and US Council for International Business President Tom Niles testified representing the three ILO sectors. Some Senators took the occasion to press for stronger linkage between labor rights and trade. Senator Wellstone specifically urged the Administration to push boldly for labor rights in the WTO. Senator Feingold pressed Secretary Herman for views on a possible child labor amendment to the Africa Trade bill.

Preparing an Economic Plan for East Timor: This week the NEC oversaw the preparation of working papers that lay out a strategy for building up East Timor's economy on its road to independence. East Timor presents special challenges because it is so poor. If East Timor were an independent country today, its average per capita income of $400 per year would make it the 6th poorest country in the world, about the same as Chad and Malawi. Over 80 percent of the government spending in the region represents "net transfers" from the rest of Indonesia—transfers that will disappear with statehood. Most of the people are subsistence farmers, but a few export coffee through Indonesian brokers. Eventually oil deposits off the coast might produce more lucrative cash flows, but for now they only bring in about $10 million a year. A joint NEC/NSC deputies meeting this week discussed what the framework of an economic action plan might look like. There is a need to make sure that there is a solid IMF/World Bank presence in East Timor as soon as these organizations can legally get involved.

Implementation of IFI Military Audit Provisions Could Prove Problematic for Nigerian President Obasanjo's Visit Next Thursday: Three weeks ago a law took effect that requires U.S. executive directors at the international financial institutions to vote against all non-basic human needs loans to countries that do not have procedures for their military spending to be audited by civilian authorities. The idea was that IMF and World Bank money should not go to

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countries that hide the extent of their military spending from the public. The Secretary of the Treasury has now set the audit standard and decided that 22 countries fail to meet it, including China and Indonesia. Secretary Summers has not yet decided whether to accept the recommendation of an inter-agency working group to also place Nigeria on the final "fail audit standard" list. With President Obasanjo of Nigeria scheduled to visit next Thursday and with our desire to offer him a "dividend for democracy," this raises the possibility of some diplomatic awkwardness. The NEC ran a deputies meeting on Thursday to address these issues. At that meeting it was decided that a higher level legal review was warranted to see whether the working group might have been overly stringent in setting its criteria. Treasury also agreed to explore with Senator Leahy, a key advocate of this legislation, whether some flexibility in implementation could be shown for countries that are in the process of upgrading their audit capabilities. The deputies will discuss this matter early next week to decide on the best strategy for the Obasanjo visit.

Electricity Restructuring: Chairman Barton has scheduled a markup of his electricity restructuring legislation next week. We have identified four significant criticisms of his bill: (1) it contains no market power provisions; (2) it codifies a recent court decision which makes it difficult for FERC to promote open transmission access; (3) it fails to promote sufficiently the development of regional transmission organizations; and (4) it is not green enough. Although there is no consensus among subcommittee members regarding the bill (even the Republicans), we believe that enough Republicans (and a few Democrats) will support the bill in order to move the debate to the full Commerce Committee. Barton, aware that Chairman Bliley will try to move to the left on the bill in full Committee, appears to have decided not to address the concerns of the Administration or Congressman Markey (a key Democrat on this issue and ~~cosponsor of the Largent-Markey restructuring bill~~) at the Subcommittee level. Bliley has committed to scheduling a full committee markup in January.

Seattle WTO: A Swiss informal "Friends of the Round" Ministerial is being held next Monday and Tuesday (Oct. 25-26) to discuss the revised draft declaration issued by WTO General Council Chairman Mchumo on the 19th. Roughly 25 countries (with representatives from all major regions) will attend the Ministerial in an effort to begin narrowing the differences. Ambassadors Barshefsky, Esserman and Hayes all plan on attending for USG. Your October 27th meeting with EU Commission President Prodi will have cooperation on Seattle WTO as the number one agenda item. NEC deputies agreed Friday to work with the EU to develop a common position that would encourage all countries to deepen and accelerate preferential tariff rates for LDCs.

Sanctions Reform: Next week, an Aschroft-like food and medicine sanctions reform bill may well be introduced and voted on. Aschroft announced at a press conference this week that Senate leaders had agreed to a vote the week of Oct. 24th. The bill is likely to be very similar to the Aschroft Amendment that was attached to the Senate version of ag approps by a 70-28 vote several weeks ago. The original Aschroft Amendment would have eliminated existing food and medicine sanctions (including Cuba) and prevent the Executive Branch from including such items in future sanctions regimes absent specific Congressional authorization or a declaration of war. The amendment was deleted in conference due to concerns over removing sanctions on Cuba. We share the goal of excluding food and medicine from sanctions having announced and implemented are own policy change that such items will be excluded absent a finding by you that our national interest requires otherwise. However, the Aschroft bill does not maintain sufficient

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Executive Branch flexibility to respond to various and rapid changing events (e.g. where a regime is denying food to a particular ethnic group or where we are in a state of hostilities without a declaration of war).

Africa Trade Bill: Cloture was filed at noon today (10/22) following yesterday's debate. The prospects are good for a vote to take place next Tuesday. Lael Brainard, Maria Echaveste, and Chuck Brain briefed the African diplomatic corps on the Hill at the request of Rep. Sheila Jackson Lee this past Wednesday to show visible support and to educate them on White House efforts underway to win passage of the bill. Representatives' McDermott, Kilpatrick, and Bernice Johnson also attended and gave brief yet convincing remarks.

Possible Trade Law Reform Amendments to Africa Trade Bill: Steel Caucus members are threatening to offer as amendments to the Africa Trade Bill legislation that would change our dumping and Section 201 laws in WTO inconsistent ways. We will fight such legislation on the grounds that passage of such measures would inflame our trading partners just as we are engaged in a heated battle to keep our dumping laws off the table in the new WTO round. We already have an industry-labor-Administration working group up and running pursuant to the Steel Action Program to review trade law reform legislation.

We are making progress on hurdles encountered to win Senate passage by strengthening our efforts to educate. As a result, the majority of the African American community is expressing its united support and enthusiasm for the bill. Moreover, we plan to meet with high-ranking African American religious and community leaders for a briefing on Monday followed by a bipartisan press conference on the Hill. So far, there are twenty-seven proposed amendments to the trade bill that we are working to develop positions on to head off potential procedural delays. However, the actions of Rep. Hollings are still unpredictable, and no one knows at this time whether or not he will use delay tactics when the bill is ripe for a floor a vote.

International Debt Relief: Discussions are ongoing on both your appropriations request for $370 million in FY 2000 (with the remaining $600 million over the next three years) as well as the authorizing legislation in the House Banking and International Relations Committees. The authorizing Committees next week may mark up the implementing legislation for the Cologne Initiative, including the crucial authority for the US to support IMF gold sales of up to 14 million ounces. Treasury has been negotiating with Reps. Leach and LaFalce, seeking to convince them to accept our changes to their bill. We are making progress; however, a couple of issues remain outstanding. In particular, Democratic Members, who dislike IMF/World Bank conditionality, would like somewhat different and more general economic reform conditions to apply to USG debt relief than to the multilateral debt relief component of HIPC/Cologne Initiative; they would like to authorize but not require us to provide relief to more countries than those on the HIPC list if there were sufficient appropriations to do so; and they would like to ensure that IMF gold sale proceeds are used exclusively for financing debt relief. Treasury is attempting to negotiate acceptable language on these and other concerns. We understand that Leach and LaFalce are eager to mark up next week, and that the House International Relations Committee, which shares jurisdiction on the USG debt relief part of the package, would be likely to follow Leach's and LaFalce's lead.

Air Traffic Control Reform: The conference committee on the FAA bill has begun to meet, but it is unclear if the House, which wants to take the aviation trust fund off budget, will be able to

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reach agreement with the Senate, which--like the Administration--opposes off budget. It appears very unlikely that conferees will address fundamental air traffic control reform in this bill. However, we believe it may be possible to achieve reform next year, once the airlines are out from under their obligation to support the Shuster bill. NEC staff is starting to work with CEA, OVP, OMB, Treasury and DOT/FAA to look at reform options, including privatization, for inclusion in your 2001 budget and state-of-the-union. My staff met this week with former Gov. Baliles, who chaired your commisison on the health of the airline industry and remains a vocal champion of air traffic control reform.

EU Hushkit Regulation: Dorothy Robyn on my staff will hold an NEC deputies meeting on Monday (Oct. 25) to consider next steps in our dispute with the EU over its so-called hushkit regulation, which limits the ability of certain older aircraft to operate in the EU despite their compliance with international noise standards. John Podesta and NEC staff met this week with representatives from United Technologies, Northwest and American Airlines, and they are pushing us to challenge the regulation under an international aviation treaty. However, that action could bring an end to our negotiations with the EU, which we believe are still bearing fruit. We will have talking points so that you can raise this issue with Prodi.

New Steel Numbers: Relatively good news this month. Steel imports fell 10 percent in September from August levels and remain 24 percent below the levels of September 1998. Looking at the first nine months of this year, 1999 steel imports are down approximately 14 percent compared to 1998, but are 9 percent above 1997 (~~1997 levels are the point of comparison~~ for industry, as the surge began in 1998). Japan's imports fell by a third from August to September, and are down 45 percent this year compared to the first nine months of 1998, but are 34 percent above 1997 levels. Korean exports are off only 10 percent though September compared to last year, and 89 percent above 1997 levels. By contrast, overall imports from Russia have fallen 75 percent this year compared to 1998, and are off 66 percent compare to 1997. Wire rod imports dropped 24% from August to September, but are up 23 percent compared to September 1998 as imports continue at high levels as a precaution against a decision to impose trade relief in the Section 201 case.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 22, 1999

copied Reed Liu Podesta -27-99

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: Bruce Reed
Eric Liu

SUBJECT: DPC Weekly Report

1. Education – Appropriations and ESEA Updates. As the Labor/HHS/Education appropriations negotiations unfold, we are working to secure funding for key education priorities. The current Republican bill purports to provide $1.2 billion for class size but in fact does not require that a single dollar be spent on hiring new teachers to reduce class size. We are demanding a dedicated $1.3 billion. On accountability, the current bill does not contain your proposed $200 million Title I set-aside fund to turn around failing schools; we are asking for the full amount. Finally, the current bill falls well short of our budget proposals for after-school and summer school programs, as well as teacher quality and recruitment, Hispanic education, and mentoring programs like GEAR-UP; on all of these, we are seeking full funding.

On a separate track, the House yesterday passed its ESEA Title I reauthorization bill, 358-67. The bill has several positive features – public school choice, increases in overall funding – but also has flawed provisions on bilingual programs and other issues. As you know, an Armey amendment to allow vouchers was defeated by a large and bipartisan margin. However, a version of the block grants "Straight A's" bill later passed along party lines. In part because the House is addressing ESEA in piecemeal fashion, it has done nothing thus far on failing schools or social promotion. The Senate, meanwhile, will soon begin its work on ESEA. Sen. Jeffords this week released a prospectus of his comprehensive ESEA bill that does not include your accountability or class size initiatives. As the reauthorization continues in both houses, we will push to incorporate your reform agenda into the legislation.

2. Health Care – Medicare Drug Report. On Monday you will announce that you are directing HHS to conduct a study on prescription drug costs and their impact on Medicare beneficiaries. The study will be due in 90 days, enabling you to highlight its preliminary findings in the State of the Union. You should know that the Vice President today blasted the pharmaceutical industry for attacking your prescription drug proposal and for making millions of older Americans pay the highest prices in the world for needed medications.

3. Health Care – Medicare Provider Give-back Update. The key committees of jurisdiction in the House and Senate marked up their give-back proposals this week. Although both bills dedicate about $1 billion in 2000 and at least $15 billion over 10 years, both remain unfinanced and neither one dedicates surplus dollars to the Medicare trust fund. As a result, these proposals decrease the projected life of the trust fund by at least one year, to 2014. Both

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the Finance and the Ways and Means committees rejected the Medicare modernization amendments that we supported, although those who voted against indicated they would be open to a reconsideration next year in the context of broader reform. Sen. Roth pledged that he would move to hold hearings on broader reform next year, but made no commitment on a markup schedule. Finally, the administrative actions you took this week were well received, and although the Medicare outpatient issue remains open we are working to resolve it.

4. Health Care – Jeffords-Kennedy. By a 412-9 vote, the House this week passed its version of the Work Incentives Improvement Act. Our strategy in conference will be to strengthen the bill by including the Senate-passed option for states to expand eligibility, and by funding the demonstration project for workers with potentially severe disabilities. Our challenge now is preserving the bill's current offsets and finding additional provisions that we can accept.

5. Health Care – Medical Records Privacy Regulation. Next Friday, you are scheduled to unveil regulations to protect the privacy of medical records – an action you had promised to take if Congress failed to act. The proposed regulations apply to all medical records stored or transmitted electronically. They restrict the non-consensual release of private medical information and limit the amount of information that can be released. They require health plans and providers to inform consumers about how their medical information is being used and give patients access to their own medical files. They also create new criminal and civil penalties for improper use or disclosure of information.

6. Health Care – Labor-HHS Update on Health Priorities. The Labor-HHS appropriations debate has focused largely on education, but we are working to ensure that several health care priorities are not placed at risk. A number of key areas are currently funded below your request. There is, for instance, a shortfall of $134 million for mental health and substance abuse prevention and treatment; $75 million for HIV prevention, and for the prevention of emerging infectious diseases like the West Nile-like virus; $20 million for graduate medical education at children's hospitals; $25 million for the health care access provision advocated by Secretary Shalala; and $48 million for the Administration's nursing home quality initiative.

7. Health Care – Enrollment of Native American Children in CHIP. You asked for an update on our efforts to speed enrollment of Native American children in CHIP. We have recently directed HHS to prohibit cost-sharing in CHIP plans for these children, thus removing a unique barrier to their enrollment. HCFA informed state Medicaid directors of this new policy on October 6th, and the decision was welcomed by advocates as well as by Lynn Cutler.

8. Families – Child Care. Secretary Shalala on Tuesday released a report showing that only 10 percent of children eligible for federal child care assistance actually receive it. The state-by-state percentages ranged from 4 percent in Mississippi to 24 percent in West Virginia. Overall, the study finds that 14.7 million children in low-income families were eligible for subsidies but only 1.5 million children in 1998 did. Your child care initiative would invest $7.5 billion over five years to provide subsidies for an additional 1.15 million children. Sens. Dodd and Jeffords attached an amendment to the Labor/HHS bill adding $818 million for child care subsidies; the provision, which we support, appears to have been dropped in conference.

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9. Youth – National Campaign Update. We asked Jeff Bleich for an update on the efforts of the National Campaign Against Youth Violence; his memo is attached. As you will see, Jeff has made contact with a wide array of private sector and nonprofit groups to develop a nationwide media campaign and an ambitious multi-city effort to highlight "what works" in local communities. He has also persuaded Steve Case of America Online to be the first member of the Board and has made offers to a number of others. His greatest challenge, however, has been raising enough funds to sustain the Campaign's basic operations.

10. Civil Rights – NAACP Tourism Boycott of South Carolina. The NAACP has called for a tourism boycott of South Carolina until the Confederate flag is removed from the state capitol and other sites. As you may know, Julian Bond has sent a letter asking you not to attend Renaissance Weekend this year in Hilton Head. The Administration has never taken a position on the flying of the Confederate flag; we are now revisiting the issue.

11. Tobacco – Florida Class Action Case. On Wednesday, a Florida appeals court ruled that the jury in a class action suit involving 500,000 Florida smokers may award punitive damages in a single lump sum rather than one smoker at a time. This was a reversal of an earlier court decision and a significant setback for tobacco companies. The jury, which in July had found that cigarette makers produced a defective and deadly product, is set to begin the damages phase of the trial November 1st. Tobacco stocks have been down sharply since the ruling.

12. Tobacco – International Framework Convention. As you may recall, last May the WHO adopted a resolution calling for a Framework Convention on Tobacco Control by 2003, and Secretary Shalala conveyed the support of the United States. Though formal negotiations will not begin until next May, we have developed guidelines for the U.S. delegation consistent with the Administration's tobacco policy. Our goal is a convention that places general obligations on signatory states to reduce tobacco use, but leaves precise details to each country's domestic legislation. The convention, like any treaty, will require Senate ratification and we will be consulting regularly with members of Congress and other interested parties.

13. Abortion – Partial Birth Abortion Act of 1999. The Senate passed this bill Thursday 63-34, with Sens. Mack, Gregg and Chafee not voting. Of the three, only Chafee would have opposed, leaving us with a narrowly veto-sustaining bloc against the legislation. Senator Durbin's alternative, which included an exception to preserve the health of the woman, failed 61-38. The Senate also adopted, 51-47, a Harkin resolution affirming Roe v. Wade.

MEMORANDUM

TO: President Clinton

FROM: Jeffrey L. Bleich

DATE: October 14, 1999

RE: National Campaign To Prevent Youth Violence: Two-Month Status Report

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This memo provides a summary of the Campaign's progress to date. Briefly, we are well ahead of schedule in advancing each of the Campaign's three strategic objectives (i.e., launching a large scale media campaign, inaugurating a community-by-community violence reduction campaign, and improving the delivery of non-violence resources nationwide). This progress, however, is in jeopardy because the Campaign has not been able to raise early capital and assemble an initial Board of Directors as quickly as expected. As set forth below, we would be particularly grateful for any assistance that the White House can provide in identifying Board members and providing introductions to these individuals.

I. Substantive Program

The Campaign has made substantial progress in advancing its three objectives. The following summarizes some accomplishments that you may wish to announce in connection with the Voices Against Violence youth summit on October 19.

A. Media Campaign

Contracts: The Ad Council Board has agreed to adopt our ad campaign for a three-year advertising effort. We have hired Foote, Cone & Belding, the largest advertising agency in North America, and a San Francisco design firm, Templin/Brink Designs to develop a multiphase program that will include T.V. PSAs, radio spots, movie trailers, in-school internet and Channel One programs, print media, and grass-roots "guerilla" marketing.

Messages: We conducted meetings on October 5 and 6 in New York at the Ad Council to develop our message and enlist cooperation with other like-minded organizations and media. The meetings were attended by several television executives including representatives from NBC, CBS, MTV, the WB, Discovery, Court TV, AT&T BIS, and Time Warner. In addition, the meetings included several youth violence experts and other groups who are creating related PSAs

campaigns in order to clarify our message and ensure coordination. We determined that there is a need for the Campaign to emphasize two key messages. The first message, to youth, will be youth-generated and will amplify existing efforts by young people to discourage violence. It will be patterned after the Students Against Drunk Driving messages that empowered young people to take a stand against drunk driving. The second message, to parents and care-givers, is that violence is learned behavior which can be unlearned. Each of us has the ability to stop teaching violence to our children.

Media Support: We have already received commitments from several media sources to run our PSAs and potentially co-brand our programs. Most significantly, the NFL and Westwood One radio have agreed to run radio spots sight unseen, as soon as they are ready. The NFL and Foote, Cone are on schedule to have our ads on the air the week of November 1, and to run the ads continuously until the end of the football season. Foote, Cone expects to have all print ads ready to go by January 1, and to roll-out our first set of PSAs and trailers by February 2000. All of the attendees at the Ad Council meeting made a commitment to encourage their networks to run the PSAs. In addition, we are now in negotiations to co-brand our messages with several major corporations, including The Gap, Simon Malls, Disney, Levi Strauss, AOL, the NBA, NFL, Major League Baseball, and Mattel.

Related Events: We are developing the following major events to support and enhance our ad campaign:

Athletes for Non-Violence: We have arranged to meet with representatives of all of the professional sports leagues on October 22-23 in Colorado Springs to organize a unified campaign of professional athletes and leagues to help young people understand the importance of being physical in a productive way, and that violence is never okay. This initiative would be carried out through an ad hoc Citizenship Through Sports Alliance representing all of the major sports, several sports agent organizations, and Do Something's "community coaches" program.

Concerts and Events: MTV, WB, Nick, Discovery, SHINE, and Do Something have agreed in principle to help develop and expand upon the the MTV, Fight for Your Rights concept of anti-violence concerts and events to raise funds and youth consciousness. We are in the process of contacting Ken Kragen who organized the recent NetAid event.

Media Non-Violence Day: We are approaching the networks, major cable channels, and major studios to organize a day of media non-violence on April 20 (the anniversary of Columbine) in honor of those youths who

were injured or died from violence. The working title for this program is either "Speak Your Peace" or "Give Peace A Chance."

School Programs: Working with SHINE, The Learning Company and Broderbund (software divisions of Mattel), Zap Me (an on-line school based program), Court TV, Ripple Effects, NARAS, the Bernstein Center, and the Justice and Education Departments, as well as other providers of non-violence and esteem-building curricula in the schools, we will be providing extensive in-school and after school arts programs. These will be developed through the internet, video, and Channel One. These programs are designed to occupy youth during critical after-hours times and to provide up-to-date techniques for preventing violence, building dispute resolution skills, identifying at-risk youth, and drawing on community resources to treat at risk youth. Alan Rambam of SHINE is taking a leading role in developing a network to support this effort.

Military Support: We have contacted Secretary of the Army Caldera, Secretary of the Navy Danzig, and General Colin Powell to develop a message as part of the Armed Forces campaign that emphasizes how real strength comes from discipline, and the world's heros are people who help make and keep peace.

B. City-by-City Campaign

This portion of the campaign is directed toward helping local communities develop effective, multi-disciplinary approaches to violence prevention. Our strategy has four components. First, we are identifying the communities in America that are most at need and working with local youth violence services to identify where gaps in services exist. Second, we are identifying individuals on the ground capable of organizing a sustained interdisciplinary effort in that community to reduce violence. Third, we are recruiting corporate sponsors to make a multi-year commitment to support best practices (such as Big Brothers, Big Sisters) for a number of communities, or adopt a community's multi-disciplinary program. Fourth, we are arranging with corporations and media to underwrite a town hall meeting and nationally covered kick-off event in a different community every two weeks in 2000 to launch these efforts. We have made substantial progress on each of these fronts.

Cities in Need: In conjunction with the National Center for Juvenile Justice we have now completed a community-by-community database of juvenile arrests and victimization. We are analyzing the data this week to determine which are the 40 communities most in need in the U.S. based on absolute numbers of youth violence incidents, rates of youth violence arrests, and trends in that community. Our statisticians expect to have the list completed this week.

People on the Ground: We have reached formal agreements with several national youth services organizations groups that have agreed to identify and provide their best people nationally to pull together effective multidisciplinary programs in their respective community. These groups include Americorp, City Year, Vista, America's Promise, Points of Light, YWCA, The California Wellness Foundation, National Funding Collaborative for Violence Prevention, The National Violence Prevention Practitioners Network, YouthBuild, Do Something, the National Crime Prevention Council, the Boston Violence Prevention Project, the California State Violence Prevention Authority, and other local organizations. We will also be contacting several other organizations such as Boys & Girls Clubs of America, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, Big Brothers Big Sisters, the Red Cross, and the YMCA. We are also in the process of arranging a meeting with the Conference of Mayors and the National League of Cities to develop a network of people who are reliable and will ensure genuine community involvement in this initiative.

Corporate Sponsors: Although we are waiting until we have selected appropriate cities and identified actual needs before approaching sponsors, our preliminary discussions with potential sponsors have been very encouraging. Representatives from Southern California Edison have expressed interest in sponsoring such a program in Southern California and the Gap has offered to help with a similar program in Northern California. We have also received a preliminary expression of interest from BMW in funding a youth violence program in South Carolina.

Kick-off Events: We have had tremendous success in recruiting underwriters to sponsor events around the country. Court TV has offered to host 10 youth-forum town halls on the subject of youth violence — tailoring them to the specific issues in each City to coincide with this effort. We have received preliminary offers from the Gap and the Simon Mall Corp. (developers of the Malls of America) to host these events, which would then be broadcast nationally. Teen People has also agreed to host 6-10 youth-oriented town hall meetings on the subject of youth violence in 2000. Finally, another national cable channel has confidentially committed to hosting four nationally televised events on the issue, featuring town hall meetings of youth experts in various cities.

Although delivering a meaningful contribution to individual communities will require help from numerous affiliates, their enthusiasm for our approach appears genuine, and their early commitments to assist in this are particularly encouraging.

C. Clearinghouse

Finally, as noted in my prior memo, there is a perceived need within the various communities that work on youth violence issues that better communication and access to effective programs is needed. We have enlisted AOL to help us work with various foundations to build upon existing databases and clearinghouses to link these groups effectively.

II. Administrative Efforts

Incorporation: The Campaign was incorporated on September 17 and filed its application for 501(c)(3) status during the week of October 11.

Office Space: The Campaign has established its headquarters at 33 New Montgomery Tower, 20th Floor, San Francisco, California.

Personnel: The Campaign has hired or extended employment officers to the following people:

(1) Chief Operating Officer, Mark Abbott: Hired. Prior to joining the Campaign, Abbott was the Chief Operating Officer of Major League Soccer.

(2) Communications Director, Sarah Ingersoll: Offered employment. Ingersoll is currently the point person for OJJDP's youth violence programs. She has been instrumental in working with NCPC, ONDCP, the Ad Council, and Justice in developing public relations campaigns. Ingersoll has expressed interest but is also committed to completing her work at OJJDP.

(3) Public Relations Director, Camille Massey: Offered employment. Massey is the communications director for the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights in New York. She has expressed preliminary interest in the position.

(4) Development Director, Peter Sherer: Sherer has extensive experience in fundraising and was recommended by Eli Segal. He has expressed preliminary interest in the position and we are currently checking his references.

(5) Outreach Coordinator, Lisa Danzig: Danzig has been active in the violence prevention field for the past four years. She is the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, Richard Danzig, and is well-connected nationally with several affiliates.

(6) Researcher, Hillary Margolis: Margolis is a Yale graduate who has agreed to work without pay for the Campaign prior to beginning her service in the Peace Corp in 2000.

Fundraising: As noted above, although we have received some financial commitments, we have not yet received any cash contributions. This has prevented the Campaign from: (1) making payments to the Ad Council, Foote Cone & Belding, and Brink/Templin Design to begin media research and production; (2) hiring essential personnel; arranging necessary travel. Our current commitments are as follows:

Department of Justice:	$100,000	expected 11/99

Kaiser Family Foundation,	$25,000+	expected 11/99
Neal Neilinger, Deutschebank	$100,000?	requested 10/99
Steve Case, AOL Foundation	$100,000+	expected 11/99
Ira Lippmann, Guardsmark	$100,000	expected 3/00
Maurice Paprin	$20,000+	

Business Plan and Budget: A draft business plan and budget has been prepared for approval by the Board of Directors once the Board is formed. A copy is attached to this summary. As noted, we expect that the budget for the Campaign for the first 12 months will be approximately $3 million.

Board of Directors: We have made some progress in establishing the initial 10 member Board of Directors. Because we have not been able to arrange for people who know many of these Board members to contact them and make introductions, we have expanded our initial list. We will hope to announce the Board's formation before the end of this month.

The names and status of the Board members is listed below:
Steve Case (AOL), Invited and accepted
Ira Lipmann (Guardsmark), Invited and accepted
Deborah Prothrow-Stith (Harvard), Jeff Bleich has invited, awaiting response
Judith McHale (Discovery), Mark Abbott has invited, awaiting response
Leigh Steinberg (Steinberg & Moorad), Jeff Bleich has invited, awaiting response
Ron Burkle (Yucaipa), Marsha Scott will introduce Jeff Bleich
Bill Moyers (PBS), Jeff Bleich to invite
Rob Reiner (I Am Your Child), Jeff Bleich to invite
Gerald Levin (Time Warner), Eli Segal to invite
Leo Hindery (former AT&T BIS Chair), Mike Smith to invite
Rosie O'Donnell (Entertainer), Kate Carr to invite
Bill Cosby (Entertainer/Educator), Margot Strom or Secretary Riley to invite
Richard Thornburgh (Former AG), Jeff Bleich to invite
Benjamin Civiletti (Former AG), Jeff Bleich to invite
Hugh McColl (Bank of America), Rahm Emanuel to invite
Neal Neilinger (Deutschebank), Mark Abbott has invited, awaiting response
George Soros (Open Society), Rahm Emanuel to invite
Jim Burke (Johnson & Johnson), Ron Olson to invite
Don Keogh (Coca-Cola), Ron Olson to invite
Brian Mulligan (Universal), Ron Olson to invite
Jill Bradd (Mattel), Jeff Bleich to invite
Tom Murphy (Cap Cities), Ron Olson to invite
Augie Busch IV (Anheuser-Busch), Vilma Martinez to invite
Eli Segal (Welfare to Work), Jeff Bleich to invite

Internet Site: AOL has agreed to assist us in developing our home-page. As noted, our website will link to various clearinghouses that provide services in the youth violence area. Brink/Templin have begun the design work for the Site.

Marketing: Foote, Cone & Belding has agreed to develop and oversee the Campaign's media efforts. It has assumed responsibility for promoting the campaign and all public relations efforts, including developing campaign messages, program names, and a logo for the organization.

Advisory Panels: We have established six advisory panels to support the work of the Campaign: Media, Social Science, Grassroots, Youth, Industry, and Political.

Media: We assembled an ad hoc board of advisers including several other PSA creators, advertising agencies, television executives, and violence experts which met in New York on October 5 to discuss campaign themes. We may ask Hubert Jessup of Mediascope to chair this effort going forward.

Social Science: John Devine of New York University has agreed to chair the National Academic Advisory Council. He is in the process of inviting 25 internationally reknowned scholars to join the council. Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government has agreed to host the first meeting of this group this fall.

Youth Advisory Council: Eric Dawson of Peace Games in Boston has agreed to form the Youth Advisory Council. The Council will be composed of at-risk youth from around the Country who will advise the Board regarding media messages and community programs.

Grassroots Advisory Council: We are considering asking Pam Eakes of Mothers Against Violence in America to chair the Grassroots Advisory Panel.

Political Panel: We have developed a bi-partisan list of individuals to include in our political advisory panel. We will work with the National Conference of Mayors to assemble this panel.

Business and Industry Panel: We are in the process of engaging one or more experts in the area of corporate sponsorships to assist us in developing the Industry panel.

Affiliate Outreach: We have contacted over 200 organizations and established formal affiliations with approximately 150. We are in the process of preparing a database of these partnerships.

III. Conclusion

Although the Campaign is less than two months old, I believe we have made an unusually strong start in our efforts. Our ability to maintain this pace is, at present, limited only by delays in developing our initial Board and to raise the immediate cash necessary to hire staff and fund on-going media efforts. Thank you again for your great support. We are also thankful for the help of Marsha Scott, Bruce Reed, Tom Freedman, Eric Liu, Richard Socarides, and Karen Kullman.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
COUNCIL ON ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY
WASHINGTON, D C 20503

10-27-99

October 22, 1999

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

copied Podesta Frampton

CC: JOHN PODESTA

FROM: GEORGE T. FRAMPTON, JR. DSS for GTFJr.

SUBJECT: CEQ WEEKLY REPORT

BUDGET

Interior Appropriations

The result of the Interior Appropriations Conference is seriously defective in two respects: first, approximately 26 of the riders are unacceptable and must be eliminated or eviscerated; second, we need to secure almost $500 million in additional funds to claim a victory on several of your legacy issues.

- *Lands Legacy*
  The most recent Conference Report from Congress slashed your funding request for Lands Legacy by 60 percent, down from $797 to $326 million. We need an additional $250 to $300 million to claim victory.

- *Climate*
  Currently, funding for energy efficiency is $75 million below last year's enacted amount in the appropriations bills already signed (Energy & Water and VA-HUD). We need to secure an additional $75-100 million over the conference allocation for Interior appropriations.

- We need to secure additional funding for your Clean Water Action Plan and several other priorities.

Commerce-Justice-State Appropriations

There are several key funding deficiencies in the CJS Appropriations Conference Report, which was passed on Wednesday.

- *Lands Legacy*
  Congress has provided only $16.5 million of the $105 million requested increase for your Lands Legacy initiative, and much of this has been earmarked by the Hill for specific states.

- *Pacific Salmon Recovery*
  Congress has provided only $60 million of the requested $160 million for grants to States and Tribes, and for implementation of the Pacific Salmon Treaty. None of the additional funds requested to implement increased federal responsibilities for salmon recovery under the Endangered Species Act (ESA) were provided. In addition, Congress has included an ESA sufficiency rider, which we strongly oppose, and a rider that would make legislative changes to the bilaterally negotiated Treaty.

We are recommending that these deficiencies be included in your veto statement for both bills.

INTERNATIONAL LEADERSHIP

WTO Pre-meeting with Environmentalists

Senior Administration officials – including Carol Browner, Frank Loy and CEQ and USTR staff – were in Seattle on Wednesday for a "town hall" meeting on the upcoming WTO Ministerial with about 300 environmental activists. The meeting was frequently disrupted by catcalls and protests, with substantive criticisms pertaining to (1) the weakening of U.S. environmental laws to comply with WTO decisions; (2) the U.S. failure to clearly articulate a procedure for assessing the environmental impacts of trade agreements; and (3) the chilling effect of the WTO on the development of new international environmental treaties. For the most part, we have solid rebuttals to these criticisms. We are working with the NEC to conclude the policy process for our WTO trade and environment agenda next week and plan to start engaging further with environmental groups shortly thereafter.

10-27-99

Copied Lane Podesta Burkhardt (for reply)

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
OFFICE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY POLICY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20502

October 22, 1999

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: NEAL LANE neal

CC: JOHN PODESTA

SUBJECT: OSTP WEEKLY REPORT

A suggestion for congratulation letter to our US winners

U.S. Dominates Nobel Prizes in Science

Once again, professors at American universities won the lion's share of the Nobel Prizes in science last week, underscoring the dominance of U.S. academic institutions in advancing basic research. Last year, eight professors at American universities swept the Nobel Prizes in science, winning all the awards in chemistry, medicine and physics. This year, four of the five winners of Nobel Prizes in chemistry, economics, medicine, and physics were professors or former professors at U.S. academic institutions. The fact that all four of this year's American laureates were born outside of the United States illustrates the reliance of the U.S. research enterprise of scientists and engineers from other parts of the world. Since the investments we make today will determine whether we can continue to win the bulk of Nobel prizes in science, we must pay particularly close attention to our level of R&D funding.

National Academy of Sciences' Review of ATP

The National Academy of Sciences will release a review of the Advanced Technology Program (ATP) on October 25 that will highlight important R&D benefits and synergies that can be directly attributed to ATP. Although NAS identifies some challenges for ATP (for instance, publicizing results of assessment studies and addressing concerns about intellectual property rights for ATP-funded research), none appears to justify the criticisms that have been leveled at the program by its Congressional foes. These results, coupled with NAS's reputation for neutral and objective assessments, support your annual commitment to ATP as an essential program in the Administration's R&D portfolio.

New York Academy of Sciences

On Thursday I addressed the New York Academy of Sciences and encouraged its members to contribute to ongoing Administration efforts to keep America at the forefront of the world's science and technology enterprise. I emphasized the need to find an optimal level of funding for R&D and the means to ensure a strong S&T workforce in the 21st Century. I compared the proposal in the recent *Washington Post* op-ed by Newt Gingrich to increase all areas of scientific

10-27-99

research by 20% before Congress leaves town (see attached) to the Administration's goal, set in 1994, of a total national funding level of 3% of GDP. Only a radical, bipartisan effort will bring us close to either target.

Individual Training Accounts for Federal Employees

On October 14, OSTP delivered your letter recommending the establishment of pilot projects for individual training accounts (ITAs) to the Director of OPM, Janice Lachance, and your Task Force on Federal Training Technology. This Task Force is exploring the use of new technologies to provide cost-effective, high-quality, and accessible training to create a working environment that attracts and retains outstanding working men and women. A number of private firms, State governments, and foreign governments are currently implementing promising ITA programs but their effectiveness is not yet proven. As directed in your letter, OPM will work with the Task Force to develop guidance for agencies to use in developing and evaluating ITA pilot projects. Your letter was warmly received by the Task Force and a few members already have offered to start pilot projects in their agencies.

Earthquake Underscores Need for Disaster Information Network

The "Hector Mine" earthquake struck sparsely populated areas in the Mojave Desert on Saturday morning (10/16). Had the 7 magnitude quake struck populated areas, it might have caused damages approaching $50 billion. The only injuries occurred on an AmTrak passenger train, which preliminary analysis shows was derailed shortly after the quake when it simply rode into twisted, displaced track bed. If confirmed, this last point underscores the need for a rapid-dissemination Disaster Information Network that could notify trains of new damage to tracks, a technology, which Congress has consistently funded at levels below your request, and has zeroed out in the Interior Appropriations conference report.

Washington Post 10/18/99

Newt Gingrich

We Must Fund The Scientific Revolution

The highest investment priority in Washington should be to double the federal budget for scientific research. No other federal expenditure would create more jobs and wealth or do more to strengthen our world leadership, protect the environment and promote better health and education for all Americans. For the security of our future, we must make this investment now.

When I became speaker of the House in 1995 and we began to work toward a balanced budget, we were prepared to cut discretionary spending almost everywhere. At the request of Rep. John Porter, I met with the research vice presidents of all the major pharmaceutical and biotechnology firms. Even though they were overwhelmingly ideologically conservative, pro-free market and profit oriented, they unanimously agreed that the engine that was driving new medicines, new jobs and new profits was federal investment in basic scientific research and that American entrepreneurs would run out of new products and new services without that basic research.

Because of their convincing testimony, we protected scientific research. It became the one area that grew consistently despite the pressures to balance the budget.

After four years of interviewing scientists, entrepreneurs, academicians and business leaders, I now am even more convinced that we need a broad-front approach to funding basic research and that our goal should be to double scientific research throughout the federal government in the next five years.

Doubling the budget of the National Institutes of Health would be a good start because of its potential to benefit all Americans directly. But many of the most important breakthroughs that are transforming our ability to provide better health and health care come from the National Science Foundation, the Centers for Disease Control, the laboratories of the Department of Energy and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency.

We are on the edge of major scientific breakthroughs that will transform our lives. Consider a few of the stunning possibilities:

- The first computer with a transistor, TRADIC, was built in 1955 with 800 transistors. Today's Pentium II chip has 7.5 million transistors. At Georgia Tech, scientists believe an experimental chip will be built in 2000 with a billion transistors and, within 15 to 20 years, there will be a chip with one trillion transistors. Imagine what a laptop 13,000 times as powerful as today's would be like.
- Polio and smallpox have been eliminated in the United States, and AIDS deaths are declining because of the research and public health leadership of the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. Now, with the increase in biological weapons, the CDC is researching immunizations and formulating plans to combat epidemic outbreaks from bioterrorist attacks. The comfort and safety we enjoy now will continue only if scientific funding supports the CDC's ability to do prevention research.
- Nanotechnology, the science of developing tools and machines as small as one molecule, will have as big an impact on our lives as transistors and chips did in the past 40 years. Imagine highly specialized machines you ingest, systems for security smaller than a piece of dust and collectively intelligent household appliances and cars. The implications for defense, public safety and health are astounding.
- The human genome revolution has just begun. Francis Crick (the Nobel Prize winning co-discoverer of DNA) believes it will take a century of research to understand and apply all the potential breakthroughs this new knowledge makes possible. The implications for human health, food production and the environment are almost incalculable.
- New instruments (largely a product of National Science Foundation grants) make possible new measurements of the human brain while it is working (largely funded by NIH grants). This synergistic investment in better knowledge through better technology will prove that mental health parity is essential to any health policy and will offer opportunities to cure schizophrenia, bipolar disease, Alzheimer's and other current challenges.

These five areas only scratch the surface of the potential for greater wealth, more jobs, a higher quality of life, greater national security and a future of unlimited opportunity. Moreover, in this age of scientific revolutions, many of the really big changes that will transform our lives will come from unpredictable breakthroughs—as they have in similar eras of our history.

> "We are on the edge of major scientific breakthroughs that will transform our lives."

If this case is so self-evident, why is it so hard to get Washington to double the budget for federal scientific research? The answer is not logic but politics. I have found scientists and investors to be among the least effective lobbyists and have watched more focused special interests receive more money than they deserve while the future was starved of resources.

There will be a grand agreement between the Republican Congress and the Clinton administration this fall. In that grand agreement, the budget caps will be broken. At that time, Congress and the president should agree that a substantial increase in all funding for scientific research should be part of that deal. In light of our budgetary surplus, the American people will support the broken caps for a combination of saving Social Security and Medicare, cutting taxes and strengthening vital government spending. Science research is vital to America's future and therefore is clearly "vital government spending."

Out of our sense of patriotism and our own enlightened self-interest, we should lobby our representatives and senators and insist that federal investment in scientific research be doubled over the next five years.

The down payment of the first 20 percent increase in all areas of scientific research should be made this month or next. Anything less will weaken the future for all of us.

The writer, a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, is a former speaker of the House.

CABLEVISION

HRC

10-27-99

JOSEPH AZZNARA
President
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Podesta

talk™

DATE:

TO: Kathy Berlin

FR: David Kuhn

CC:

RE:

For the President
Son - Interview legend
I assume it should
go to the Press Office NK
10-27-99

Send to Press Office?
Yes ✓
No

C.

Dear Kathy,

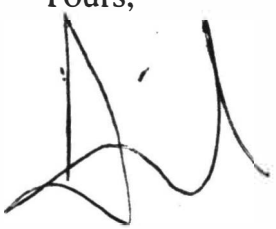
Enclosed is

1. Marshall Frady bio
2. Some clips of his from The New Yorker
3. A collection of his pieces, "Southerners" which is out of print but we found one, thinking this might really catch Bill Clinton's eye.

Please let me know what kind of response you get and please leave these on the bedside table if at all possible (just kidding!)

Thanks for all, as always.

Yours,



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TINA BROWN
CHAIRMAN & EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

October 21, 1999

President William Jefferson Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, West Wing
Washington, D.C. 20500

Dear Mr. President,

We enter the 21st century with a two-term president who has been the focus of so much media frenzy that very little of the real history of your achievements ever seems to get told. When the press in all diversity has not been hostile, it has been trivial; when it has not been sensational, it has been dismissive; and it has throughout been entirely lacking in curiosity about how you have managed the extraordinary success that makes America the envy of the world.

We want to publish a really intelligent and sympathetic portrait of a president in action and we have a writer we think can do the subject justice: Marshall Frady. You will no doubt be familiar with his work. His vivid biography of Jesse Jackson. His memorable profile of George Wallace. His book, The Southerners, a collection about politics in the region. You may remember speaking with him in 1984 when he was putting together his wonderful documentary on public schools, "To Save Our Schools To Save Our Children".

Our hope is that you would find the time to speak with Marshall for an article that would be a conversation about your presidency, in which you would have the space to reflect on your own concerns, your approach, on the office itself, on history and your place in it - what you still wish to accomplish. I think you would enjoy talking to Marshall and know that this magazine will do you justice.

I do hope you will give this serious consideration. We would hope to publish in our February issue, just before the State of the Union.

Sincerely,

Tina Brown

Tina Brown

TALK MEDIA INC. A MIRAMAX COMPANY 152 WEST 57TH STREET, 56TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10019 **T** 212 830 5835 **F** 212 830 5838

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Marshall Frady

Marshall Frady interviewed then Governor Bill Clinton for a wonderful assessment of the nation's public schools, *To Save our Schools, To Save Our Children*, in 1984. Mr. Frady is from Augusta, Georgia, has been a journalist for over twenty-five years, and has written principally on Southern political figures and lives caught in the racial and social tensions of the American culture.

Mr. Frady started writing as a correspondent for *Newsweek*, then as a staff writer for *Life*, a contributing editor at Willie Morris's *Harper's*, and over the following years has been a contributor to *The New York Review of Books*, *The Atlantic*, *Esquire*, *The Sunday Times* (London), and *The New Yorker*. In 1980, Mr. Frady joined ABC News, as a host, chief writer, and correspondent for its documentary series, *Closeup*. His work there included *Soldiers of the Twilight*, about the world of global mercenaries, which won the 1982 Emmy Award. In 1986 Mr. Frady moved to *Nightline* as a correspondent, where his series of reports on the televangelistic scandals of 1987 culminated in the program with Jim and Tammy Bakker, which became the most highly rated *Nightline* broadcast ever. He is currently at work on a film adaptation of *All The King's Men* for ABC.

Mr. Frady's books include:

•**Martin Luther King Jr. biography**, which will be published next fall by Viking Penguin for their Short Lives series, will be based on Mr. Frady's personal reminiscences covering Martin Luther King for *Newsweek* in the sixties.

•**Jesse: The Life and Pilgrimage of Jesse Jackson**, published by Random House in 1996, was cited by *Time* magazine as "Astonishing ... a full-bodied portrait of this awesomely gifted but equally flawed man that should provoke a repositioning of his place in history."

•**Southerners**, published in 1981, a collection of his previously published magazine pieces about the South and its people, brought this commentary in a *New York Times* review: "Frady is in a class by himself ... There are scenes here ... that Robert Penn Warren and Truman Capote couldn't improve on."

•**Billy Graham: A Parable of American Righteousness**, published in 1979 and reviewed by Robert Coles in *The New Yorker* with the observation, "Mr. Frady is a sharp and knowing journalist ... (who) has provided us with an ambitious intellectual analysis of the Reverend Mr. Graham's exceedingly public and persistent ministry; its origins, personal and social... and finally, its significance in recent American history."

•**Across a Darkling Plain: An American Passage Through the Middle East**, published by Harper's Magazine Press in 1971.

•**Wallace**, a biography of Alabama's George Wallace, which *The New York Times* described as "one of the finest pieces of political reporting published in years -- a sensitive, informed, and funny feat of high journalism that is a classic of its kind."

PROFILES

OUTSIDER

I—THE GIFT

LAST September, Jesse Jackson appeared with an assortment of other potential and declared Presidential candidates before a conclave of the Democratic National Committee in Los Angeles, and he largely shanghaied the event with a passionately rolling address that some political journalists there pronounced the most powerful they had ever heard him deliver. Afterward, a Party functionary "came up to me and said, 'You have such a gift. Got this *gift*,'" Jackson reported. "I told him, 'Well, why don't you *use* that gift? You can try to cut me out if you want, but I'll still be there. I'm not goin' away. You can try to go around me, you can try to go under me—you *sho* can't go over me, you know that. So why don't you just bring me in?'" After long being regarded by Democratic curators as a kind of troublesome poltergeist in their midst, Jackson said that what he had in mind was simply an acceptance, an open embrace from the Party, "just for a start."

AP Wide World Photos

In early November, though, Jackson announced that he would not be taking the field this time. Instead, he declared, he would set about mobilizing "a new, independent democratic majority" to open up the process from its domination by what had become the one party with "two names." At the same time, he would be stepping up his political offensive to have the District of Columbia granted statehood. That mission, with the near-certainty that he would subsequently be elected one of its senators—he is now its so-called shadow senator—became all the more compelling once he had removed himself from the Presidential race and so risked receding into a middle distance of noticeability. Nevertheless, as he watched the other Democratic candidates forging on toward the primaries, he could not resist declaring publicly that he was satisfied that they were "basically environmentalists," because "I've heard a lot of my speeches recycled." Privately, he referred to them as "second-stringers." A few days after his public withdrawal from the campaign, Jackson admitted, in a late-night phone call, "I have so much mixed emotions. But this campaign we on is eternal—it's not captive to the schedules of Presidential political seasons." Yet he still hopefully proposed, "What I've done is just shift from being chas*er* to chas*ee*. Now they gonna have to come to us. It's all gonna position us so there can be no serious discussion about Vice-President without our being right at the center of it." Earlier in the fall, he said, "If they think they gonna get me out of their hair, I'm *never* gonna get out of their hair. They didn't put me in their hair in the first place, and they can't get me out of it now. I'm unwashable, I'm unremovable. I'm gonna be in their hair as long as I live—be even more in their hair after I die."

Well before Jackson's announcement, many Democratic regulars and political commentators were suggesting, somewhat wishfully, that he was no longer a significant presence on the national political scene. Much was heard of the advent of a "post-Jackson" order of black politicians, like Virginia's Governor Douglas Wilder, who were hailed as temperate, "mainstream" figures; in contrast to Jackson's freebooting career, they had diligently worked their way up through the infrastructures of government. Even Georgia's black congressman John Lewis, himself a veteran of the civil-rights struggles of the sixties, declared that "Jesse's moment has passed."

But pronouncing elegies about Jackson has proved a treacherous exercise. In 1984, when he came steaming virtually out of nowhere as a black social gospeller to make his first foray into the Democratic Presidential primaries, the venture was generally seen as whimsically implausible. Against that prevailing presumption, and despite certain staggering gaucheries he committed near the start, Jackson managed to collect twenty-one per cent of the total primary and caucus votes, which is to say some three and a half million votes altogether, and, out of the initial field of eight candidates, he pushed past five all the way to the Convention, behind only Walter Mondale and Gary Hart.

Even so, it was the conclusion of most political seers then that Jackson would turn out to have amounted to no more than what the columnist George

THE COPTIC WEDDING

Decades go by, yet I keep mouthing
the same stupid lines.
I notice a bird in the park and can't
remember its name,
but wonder again, for the umpteenth time.

Young women behave
as if they have been taught to believe
a show of ignorance
charms every admirer. From someone
my age, that's tedious.

Where lay the harm
in my mother's reiterations
and nervous denials,
except to herself? My impatience
when she insisted
she'd never been there, heard of or done it
whatever was mentioned
like a child who always gets blamed,
still makes me ashamed.
She seemed afraid of everything.

Being stupid—or becoming like her
was my worst fear
as a girl. When I forget, now,
what something's called,
it can conjure her up from the ground.

Celebration noise,
ululation and the throb of drumming
across the formal paths
and flower beds, drew every Sunday-
morning stroller
toward its source: a Coptic wedding,
a dancing circle
of white-robed men and henna-footed girls
around a couple
with solemn faces topped by golden crowns.

Our hunger for ceremony matched;
side by side we watched.
Neither of us would rest until
old promises were kept,
neglected rituals performed.

Far from her own ancestors
was how she must have felt, uprooted
as that groom and bride.
Recognizing a chaffinch, I knew it.
All of us spun out of orbit.

RUTH FAINLIGHT

bloody and dying King in his arms, and about how he has managed to subsidize his one-man operation for so long.

What may be Jackson's most profound duality has to do with the matter of race itself. For all his political lyricisms about expanding his populist movement to a wider constituency, he still seems to identify most passionately with the pains of the black past in America. It's as if the black support that made everything possible for him in the beginning had come to hold him captive. Some submerged smolder of racial aggrievement in his message and manner has stirred an answering unease in many white Americans. The very inflections of his voice discomfort some sensibilities; for whatever reason, Jackson has not undertaken to "whiten" his enunciation. His voice still has the croker-sack textures of the muddy alleys and pool-hall street corners of his origins.

As a political phenomenon, Jackson is finally unclassifiable. Precedents do not contain or explain him. Jackson himself seems at times not quite certain who he has so precipitously become, what he now means, where he is actually headed. Polls indicate that he is one of the most widely recognized figures in American public life, but his prominence now, not only nationally but across the world—when he travels abroad, he regularly holds sessions with heads of state—has left him, one sometimes feels, slightly dazed, vaguely unquiet, as if not wholly sure yet how much he really belongs in the midst of all this. He shows a constant anxiety, when he is careering across the country or racing abroad, to have the familiar, reassuring society of his staff and old friends always enclosing him—to the extent of displaying instant alarm at being left by himself in an elevator: "Where you going? You not going to be leaving me alone here, are you?"

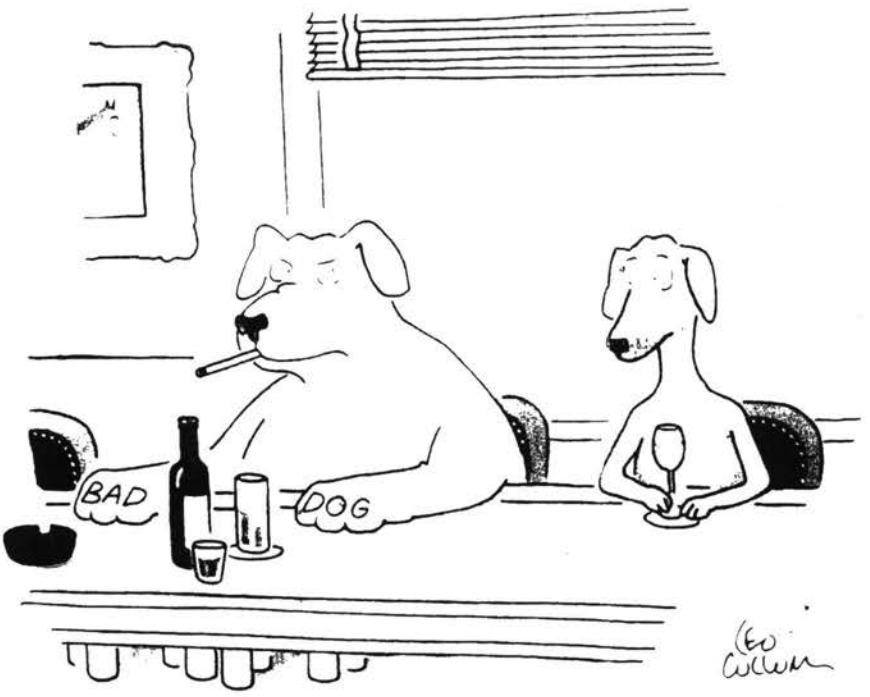
But the old urgency that propelled him from his meagre beginnings still propels him. "I can't quit," Jackson says. "I can't turn it loose. It won't turn loose of me."

IT was several weeks after his spectacular oration at the 1988 Convention that, after intermittent glimpses of him on television over the years, I saw Jackson in person again for the first time since the late sixties. From a few encounters while I was covering the waning days of the civil-rights movement, a memory had lasted of a strapping, somewhat oversized youth, a newly attached and reverential assistant to Dr. King, unusually grave and self-contained but fairly pulsing with some tense urgency of his own. There was already a certain glamour of portent about him that prompted other journalists besides me to speculate that, of all King's aides, he just might turn out to be the successor someday. After King's assassination, he had returned to his adoptive city of Chicago to form his own organization, People United to Save Humanity, or PUSH, an eclectic social ministry that existed mostly as an instrument for Jackson's free-form aspirations. Through the protracted

twilight of the civil-rights movement which followed King's death, one was sporadically aware of Jackson casting about for a public identity, passing through a series of mutations, in dashikis, Afros, clerical gowns, safari suits. None of these varied manifestations—not even his metamorphosis into a Presidential candidate—brought him into any clearer focus. Now, on a dimly drizzling Saturday morning, he had returned briefly to Chicago from his travels around the country on behalf of the Dukakis-Bentsen campaign, to conduct his regular Saturday service in a former synagogue that served as an auditorium at his PUSH headquarters.

A flourish of organ tones brought Jackson striding onstage. Television, which commonly exaggerates presence, had not exaggerated Jackson's. A commandingly tall figure (six-two), straight-backed, with a strutful bulge to his chest, and a high-collared dash of the cavalier about him, he was attired this morning in a charcoal-gray suit traced with faint pinstripes, an ice-blue shirt, and a glimmering tie. A crimson handkerchief brimmed from his breast pocket; he could have been a Beverly Hills investment broker. Yet I was struck by how much his look—his broad, flattish face, his wide, helmetlike brow above far-spaced and slightly bulby eyes with a vaguely split focus, his Zapata mustache curling over a small pouch of a mouth—seemed to bear some elusive resemblance to that of King himself. He wore King's expression of almost Oriental imperturbability, a resolute high seriousness, and he had the same level, still gaze. As the congregation began clapping and singing "You gotta keep reaching," he noticed several journalists in the front row below him, widened his eyes, gave a quick cock of his head, with one of his curiously flat little squeezed grins, and hiked high a long thumb that curved far backward like an ibex's horn, as if in acknowledgment of some secret complicity between them.

Finally, he took the pulpit, loosely cupping his hands on its edges. He began—much in the manner of King—in an idly browsing voice, as if moseying about for what he would actually wind up preaching. "We moving into the latter stages of this campaign now. But we still must make our voices felt. Sometimes we may have, may have *narrow* choices"—shuffling up the lines, looping them out, with soft little hesitant hangs of suspense as if fly casting—"but we do always have choices. We struggled long and paid the price of suffering to win the right to those choices. We do have choices now!" He turned to look about him, rolling his head around (as King would) to see how he was beginning to register on those collected on each side of him, and, meeting with an assenting hum, nodded, and went on. "But then we go on beyond November." He now turned all the way around in the pulpit to look at those seated behind him, as a gleefully expectant murmur arose everywhere in the auditorium, along with a few scattered whoops. "Going on *beyond* November. The race goes not to the swift but to the patient and long-enduring, to those who persist and tire not. The best is yet to come!" He had found the current now. He took a step back from the pulpit, spread both hands down flat against the side pockets of his snugly buttoned coat, with his elbows winged out, and reared back to bay, "We going to outwork, outwalk, outtalk, outfast, and outlast them! The best is yet to come! I don't need no alarm clock to wake me up in the morning. I'm driven by *purpose*."



THAT Saturday-morning service and the following, finishing days of the campaign marked the beginning of an extended stretch of time I spent with Jackson, in what turned out to be a kind of movable tournament of talking which went on, at intervals, through the next three years. More exactly, it was a matter of Jackson's carrying on a continuous discourse of recollections and reflections—not unlike those one-actor stage monologues from the life of Mark Twain or Teddy Roosevelt, but with the principal himself providing the performance—which ranged from his mother's kitchen, down in Greenville, to snow-dusted streets in Moscow. It was a free-floating disquisition, never necessarily connected to his surroundings, that he kept up while hurrying from hotel to airport and on to the next hotel, tramping up and down stairways from one engagement to the next.

Jackson has, of course, become fabled for an inextinguishable loquacity verging on logorrhea—the columnist Mike Royko has observed, "He looks at a defenseless ear the way William (Refrigerator) Perry eyes a roast chicken"—and his compulsion to expound is not daunted by hopeless language differ-

• • •

ences. Riding into Paris early one morning after a flight from Gabon at the end of a tour through sub-Saharan Africa, he began talking to a Gabonese general sitting in the front seat, a chunky man in a funereally dark civilian suit, about how the splendors of Paris passing by them had been created largely from the wealth of French colonies, when he suddenly seemed to realize that he was getting no response, and leaned forward to nudge the general's shoulder. "That right, what I'm saying?"

The general turned and smiled uncertainly. "*Je ne parle pas anglais.*"

Jackson paused only an instant—"Hunh? Oh. Yeah, but you get my drift, don't you?"—and declaimed on. Often, at the end of a long and manically scrambling day in Armenia or Nigeria, the last sound to be heard in the hotel corridor late at night as one struggled to slip somehow into sleep was Jackson still hoarsely bleating away in his room to an aide or on the phone to someone in Chicago or Los Angeles, or even Tokyo. And then one would be awakened early the next morning by the same urgent booming, which produced the impression that he had been at it through the entire night. More than once, he brought to mind Faulkner's fancy, in his Nobel Prize-acceptance speech, about the last red evening at the end of time, in which there would still be the lone sound of man's inexhaustible voice clamoring away in nothingness. On a flight from Paris back to the United States, in a Gulfstream executive jet furnished him by Gabon's President, Jackson kept up such an unceasing flow of reminiscences and random musings that I finally retreated into the rear cabin and feigned sleep for several hours, dimly aware of his wandering back several times to check on whether maybe we could resume.

I soon suspected that, in my case, his volubility was invigorated by a certain fascination with the circumstance that I had grown up only twenty-six miles away from him, both of us being about the same age that in the South Carolina of the fifties we had grown up parallel to each other, as it were, but in two utterly separate worlds. My world had been in the comfortably insulated sedateness of a modest middle-class white neighborhood, where my father was a Southern Baptist minister. More than that, I had eventually gone on to attend the college in Greenville, Furman University, whose men's campus had once sprawled over oak-bowered lawns just across the street from a huddled row of houses where Jackson grew up. Jackson is fond of constantly discovering in life around him what he calls "the poetries of time" far-flung correspondences, synchronicities large and small, wide circles being closed and this particular little convergence seemed to afford him an exorbitant and lasting relish. At dinner with Armenian officials one evening in Yerevan, he reported to the republic's Communist Party chairman, with a zesty drollness, "Frady, here, he was raised in Anderson, just a few miles from where I was raised, over in Greenville. I grew up right beside the university there, Furman. Always wanted to go to school there. But

couldn't in those days, of course. Frady, though, *he* comes over and goes to Furman. Our family, we used to iron his shirts—twenty cents apiece. Used to park his car at the football games. He'd go to the library there—I couldn't go." What he did not say (though he had not neglected to suggest it on a number of other occasions) was "But here we are—he's running around following me, after I've run for President two times."

THROUGHOUT the closing days of the '88 Presidential campaign, Jackson coursed about the country for the Dukakis-Bentsen ticket in a small jet provided him by the Democratic Party—an accommodation he had exacted in last-hour negotiations at the Convention in Atlanta, and probably an unprecedented consideration to be accorded a failed primary candidate. Nevertheless, as Jackson was lofted from one rally to the next, slumped in his shirtsleeves in a narrow seat in the cramped front cabin of the jet, his bulky hands folded over his paunch, his shoes off, and his feet plopped on the seat facing him, he continued to fume—indeed, it would rankle for weeks after the election—over having been denied the Vice-Presidential nomination. "They said, 'Jackson, we thank you for registering all those new voters. Thank you for bringing issues to the campaign. Thank you for the excitement. Thank you for rousing people. Thank you for a historic breakthrough. *But*' "—he snapped his head to the side, as if in a wince, rolled his eyes slowly around to peer up from under his brow, and dropped his voice to a soft, deliberate huskiness—" 'can't put you on the ticket. No, can't do *that*.' In the name of Party unity and creating a basis for future relationships, I stepped away from a confrontation on Thursday night in Atlanta, and nobody can say I haven't supported the ticket with enthusiasm. Fact, I've travelled more miles for it, spoken to more people, than Dukakis and Bentsen have. Yeah." He allowed himself a quick snuffle of a laugh. "Worked harder for them than they've worked for themselves. 'Spose either one of them would've done that for me?"

Jackson soldiered on through the last days of the Presidential campaign still brooding privately over how, as he divined it, he had been roundly dismissed by the nation's political estate. "It's 'cause we came just a heartbeat away from being our party's Presidential nominee, all without being accountable to those elements who have imputed to themselves custodianship of our nation's destiny," he said. "Hard thing for them to let into their heads that we did that." Whenever Jackson says "we," it sets one mentally scurrying back and forth for the reference (himself? blacks in general? his whole constituency of supporters?), but then one realizes that the meaning of his "we" is always in a sort of indeterminate flux between the collective and Jackson personally, which to him usually come to the same thing anyway. He found the attitude of Party leaders toward him especially scandalizing. "Real, national stuff, you know, was for the big boys. They'd say, 'Well, now, we know he knows something about civil rights, but what's he know about the budget? Banking, interest rates? NATO, national defense? Couldn't know about all those things. Mean, couldn't actually be wanting to be the *President*. So what's he *really* want?' Tha', tha', that's" —he stammered in urgency—"that's a contemptuous question. 'What's he really want?' Disrespectful question. Don't ask it about anybody else. It has an underlying assumption of racial limitation. And then they say"—Jackson's voice now lapsed into rapid, thin, mincing mimicry—" 'What's he mean by this "Respect me," what's he mean by this respect thing, what's he talking about?' That became even more a problem for them than budget, defense. 'What's he really want for respect? How we ought to handle that?' Became the only question for them. 'How can we handle Jackson?' And talking about 'the Jackson factor'—that ain't nothing but flat racist, what that phrase is about." As he was rummaging through these complaints, we were flying somewhere over Illinois, and he twisted impatiently in his seat and glowered for a moment out the little oval window beside him. "Hell, I don't ask that they necessarily agree with me on the issues. But I do ask that they take me legitimately."

Included in this disgruntlement of Jackson's were the news media, which, he averred, were "enmeshed in that whole system" that perversely continued to discount his importance. The truth is, though, that, for all his pro-

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Bonnie's, Encinitas
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Elegant Lady, Sacramento
Emporium, Palo Alto: Stanford Center • San Francisco: Downtown, Stonestown
Marbro's, Inglewood
Robinson's, Torrance: Del Amo Fashion Center
San Diego Pendleton, San Diego: Fashion Valley
San Francisco Pendleton, San Francisco
San Gabriel Valley Pendleton, San Marino
South Bay Pendleton, Torrance: Town & Country Center
Walnut Creek Pendleton, Walnut Creek

COLORADO
Cherry Creek Pendleton, Denver
Colorado Springs Pendleton, Colorado Springs

IDAHO
Treasure Valley Pendleton, Boise: Boise Town Square

ILLINOIS
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago: Evergreen Plaza, Merchandise Mart, State Street
Crawford's Women's World, Arlington Heights: Ridge Plaza • Rolling Meadows: Rolling Meadows Shopping Center • Vernon Hills: River Tree Court • Wilmette: Wilmette Commons
Marion Court, Geneva
Parsons of Park Ridge, Park Ridge
Pendleton Products Store, Chicago: Palmer House Arcade
Von Maur, Decatur: Hickory Point Mall

INDIANA
John Shepard, Inc., Indianapolis: Keystone at the Crossing
L. S. Ayres, Ft. Wayne: Glenbrook Mall • Indianapolis: Glendale Mall

IOWA
Von Maur, Cedar Falls: College Square Mall • Cedar Rapids: Lindale Mall, Westdale Mall • Davenport: North Park Mall • Des Moines: Valley West Mall • Moline: South Park Mall

MICHIGAN
Crowley's, Selected Stores
Gilmore's, Kalamazoo: Downtown
Milliken's, Traverse City
Roger's Department Store: Grand Rapids: 28th Street
Sperry's, Port Huron
Sy's Unlimited, Lathrup Village: Southfield Road

MINNESOTA
Glass Block, Duluth

MISSOURI
The Jones Store, Kansas City: Metcalf South
Plaza Pendleton, Kansas City: Plaza

MONTANA
Hennessy's, Billings: Rimrock Mall

NEW MEXICO
Dillard's Southwest

OHIO
Geiger's Pendleton Shoppe, Cleveland
The Hughes Co., Akron: Summit Mall • Canton: Belden Village Mall • Cleveland: Downtown, Great Lakes Mall, Westgate Mall
Lion Store, Toledo: All Locations
Sharon's Ms. Roberts, Marietta
Suzanne's Plus Shop, Heath
Winsome Lady, Cleveland: Beachcliff Market Square

OREGON
The Portland Pendleton Shop, Portland: Downtown

TEXAS
Cox's, Waco
Foley's, Austin: Barton Creek, Highland Mall • Dallas: Valley View • Ft. Worth: Hulen • Houston: Memorial City
Fulher Fashions, Ft. Worth
Sledges for Women, Dallas

WASHINGTON
Sporleder's, Walla Walla: Downtown

WISCONSIN
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago: Evergreen Plaza, Merchandise Mart, State Street
Strassman's Pendleton Shop, Waukesha: Galleria West

tests, Jackson is captivated with the media's potential for giving back amplified reflections of himself. Even during the last week of the campaign, he would linger after a rally amid a clump of reporters, no matter how far behind schedule he was, to engage in a seemingly endless play with their questions. "I just want to ask one final question," a reporter would say, and Jackson would hoot, not without glee, "Yeah, I know, and so would he," pointing to others around him, almost as if prompting them, too. "And he would, and she would, and he would, but this has got to be my last, I got to go." Then he would remain among them for ten minutes longer, cheerfully calling out at last, "Now, I really, I can't, I really got to go, friends," and tossing high an open palm to everyone in jubilant benediction. "O.K.? Goin' bye-bye now." Beyond that, at some unspeakably late hour, a reporter's phone would suddenly ring, and there would be Jackson's voice, drawling low and thick, "Hey.• 'S yo' brother. Jesse." What followed was almost always idle chat. At the end of a day of campaigning in New York City, just before he ducked into Bill Cosby's town house for a few hours, Jackson ambled back to a press car pulled up behind him and, leaning down to its back window, instructed a woman reporter for a network, who had been covering him since the early primaries, to call him later that evening at the Plaza. When she finally reached him there, it was only to be informed by Jackson that he had found her questions that day to be unusually sharp, and, furthermore, he liked very much the outfit she'd had on.

Most of all, Jackson is forever undertaking to assimilate reporters into his own excitement about his portent and he appears genuinely baffled when these attempts almost invariably end in disappointment. "The media have never really understood what I'm about" is his conclusion. "So many of 'em moral midgets. I mean, may sound a little egotistical to say that what I'm about is larger than they capable of graspin'—but, you know, in a lot of cases, dammit, it's *true*. May not even be so much racial as just can't make the cultural and sociological adjustment in their head." Yet, as Jackson went on, it was evident that he thought the disregard *was* racial. About his stunning victory in the Michigan caucuses he said, "Press wouldn't even credit that. They had this attitude, they'd tell me, 'You say these things about issues, and people respond 'cause you got a, a *fol-lore-ing*. You be a good talker, and they are reacting, and neither one of y'all making a lot of sense. They just caught up in the thing.' No appreciation of them or me intellectually. Wasn't that I was thinking and they were thinking - we weren't cogitating, we were just rapping. You know, 'In reality, he don't understand the real facts of life, the big stuff.' Just 'You talk 'cause you a parrot.' Reception by white farmers, for instance. Farmers began to respond to us everywhere. But major white press, they'd never write it down, never report it—would say, 'It's unreal. It's bullshit.' Never write an article about how this movement of Jackson's is expanding."

I suggested that part of the reason might be that his evocations of a populist Blessed Community could strike some journalists as composed of wishful sentimentalism belonging more to folk-song lyrics than to the national realpolitik.

"Just the opposite," he said. "It *is* real. Sing unto us a new song - this is a new song. Gonna be a hit song, too. Tipoff should have been when I could get the number of votes in '88 that Hart got in '84, with all the baggage that I carry, stereotype of my background as an urban black male." We now happened to be riding through a cold and overcast Iowa countryside, along with a small party of journalists, in a mammoth, seventy-two-thousand-dollar Winnebago Itasca Winderuiser, which was like a floating motel lobby, and which had been acquired by one of Jackson's white supporters after he won the Iowa lottery. Now, with its owner at the wheel, it was bearing Jackson to the Des Moines airport while broadcasting Sousa marches over the wide, drab fields spinning by. Jackson, perched sidewise in the elevated swivel seat beside the driver, was wearing a modish gray plaid suit with a green feed-company cap from a courthouse rally, and even though this was the concluding day of the Presidential campaign, he went on grumping to this last straggle of reporters scattered along the sofa-lounges behind him about how slightingly he'd been covered back during the primaries. "I mean, for me to even come *close* to getting double digits here in Iowa, better than Gore or Babbit, against my sociological odds, is a bigger statement than just numbers. But in the television reports through that whole night we got only about fifteen seconds. 'Oh, by the way, Jackson—' If there had been a respect based on substance and the implications of this dynamic, it would have been a different kind of coverage. Media's not just a transmitter, you know it's 'spose to be an *interpreter*. I mean, Super Tuesday, popular vote—hell, we *won*. Even with that afterthought kind of coverage. But it was all out of the realm of their accustomed thought processes. Lot of times, we had a planeload of reporters, but the story just wasn't breaking through."

Even so, while smarting from all these perceived slights, Jackson had barnstormed on through the campaign heartily enough to become strangely like a fifth, shadow player in the race—or, rather, fourth, with Quayle having been more or less dematerialized by Bush's edgy managers until the election was safely past. After the Convention, in fact, Jackson had cast his role somewhat grandly as "to keep the campaign alive and vibrant." His service to the ticket, though, consisted mostly of dutifully commending Dukakis while, with spectacularly more energy, belaboring Bush and Quayle: "They both rich young rulers, looking down on the disadvantaged with contempt. There is no fairness in them. They a barren fig tree, there is no fruit of hope to be taken from them." Quayle afforded Jackson particularly extravagant sport, raillery of almost a schoolyard roughness: "Our national bird is the eagle, it's not the frail quail. Bush may be petty and coldhearted on the issues in America, but Quayle don't even *comprehend* the issues. Flat don't know what's going on. Comparing himself to Kennedy, got all this experience, National Guard and stuff—only war Fraternity Man ever fought was the war between Gary and Indianapolis. Says he's mature 'cause he's forty-one. Look here, y'all, everybody in this country who's forty-two was forty-one for *a whole year*. And can you imagine Bush now talking about how he's gonna

Bush before talking to Dukakis. "Time to move on," he explained afterward.)

As for the campaign of Dukakis himself, Jackson had dispensed approving testimonials (though there was always a question of how much of his support was really transferrable) that, however earnest, were of noticeably milder vigor. "They saying he doesn't have passion, Dukakis. That's a new extra-constitutional requirement, this passion business. It's the *people* who have the passion—Presidents have the priorities. Jack Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson had never led a demonstration. They didn't inspire us—*we* inspired *them*. *We* had the passion, and we gave them the priorities, the Public Accommodations and Voting Rights Acts. Now it's working mothers needing day care who got the passion. Poor folks needing health care got the passion. The homeless and workers lost their jobs abroad and family farmers overpowered by giant conglomerates who got the passion, and it's Dukakis who has the priorities. This campaign is not about the passion of Dukakis, it's about the *lack* of *compassion* of one George Bush!"

But Jackson was hardly unmindful of the difference in public effect between him and Dukakis, and, away from the rallies, he could not resist occasional notations of it. Aboard his plane one night, a reporter clicked on a miniature, hand-held television and happened to pick up Dukakis broadcasting an appeal to the nation. At one point, the small screen blanked into static. "What happened?" Jackson said. "Dukakis just deliver one of his punch lines?"

Inevitably, the disparity between Dukakis and Jackson in "the passion quotient," as some called it, became a particular source of discomfort to Dukakis's own people; and Dukakis himself seemed wary of wandering into any close proximity to Jackson that would tempt comparisons. For that matter, the same discomfort seemed to be shared by other Democratic figures. According to Jackson, he once appealed to Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, and Senator Charles Robb, of Virginia, "Look, guys, we"—in this instance, "we" clearly meant Jackson himself—"take y'all to our churches and meeting halls in the black community. But you got a reluctance, seems, to take us to your First Baptist churches, your country clubs and Kiwanis and Lions clubs, and us *share* platforms together." Jackson explained, "All I was asking them for was equal access. If they'd give me just that much, just an entrée to their crowd, I'll handle the rest of it myself."

When I suggested that they might be wary of being out-thundered by him, he took some gratification at the implication that any public association with them would require of him deferential restraints: "Well, that's like askin'—mean, can't ask a home-run hitter to *bunt*."

But more than being chary of Jackson's outsized personal presence, Dukakis's people—increasingly sensitive to being styled by Bush's forces as radical liberals—had become obsessively shy about any open association with Jackson's neo-populist political following. Despite the apparent entente cordiale formed at the Atlanta Convention, Dukakis's campaign, Jackson claimed, had subsequently discarded Jackson's organizers and, along with them, his emergent new body of voters—especially his sizable constituency in the inner cities. "That crowd around Dukakis, they just don't understand the whole of this country," Jackson said. "They got about the same picture of it that Bush's folks do. They don't know where all the bodies really are. I can't remember seeing one ad of theirs that's reflected the diversity of America."

On Election Day, however, as Jackson arrived for a rally at a college in Duluth, he was first taken to a back office to return a call that had come in a few minutes before from Dukakis's headquarters: the voter turnout in many of the inner cities was running far below anticipations. Could he make quick appearances in Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Detroit before the polls closed? Jackson strode with a visibly reenergized briskness back down the hall toward the rally awaiting him in the college gym, where he was greeted with a storm of cheering—"*Jes-se! Jes-se! Jes-*

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se!"—to which, after bounding up on the platform, he began flinging the hiked crescent of his thumb over his head as if pumping the ovation along, grinning with his tongue dabbed out between his teeth in glee. After the rally, he tarried for a second by his car among reporters to call out, "Governor Dukakis is asking me to alter my schedule and to go to Milwaukee. So I must hurry now."

He toppled then into the front seat of the car, and asked an aide, "Where's the others? Let's get going --"

A somewhat rumpled and thistle-haired student leaned his head in the window across from Jackson. "Reverend Jackson? Just want to say you're the most inspiring man I know."

Jackson pitched himself across the seat to shake the youth's hand. "Thank you, love you, buddy, hang in there." Then, turning back to his aide, he said, "Where's your telephone? Need to find out-- Got your phone? Everybody in the cars? We got to go here."

A moment later, his car swung into the street, and after a headlong ride it pulled up at the airport. Inside, Jackson got on the phone again with Dukakis's people and, assuming a carefully modulated politeness, informed them that it had turned out to be a logistical impossibility to drop into all three cities within the few remaining hours of voting, but he would at least make a stop in Milwaukee. His agreeably obliging demeanor vanished as soon as he hung up the phone. He murmured flatly, "Now Santa Claus running into heavy weather, and he calls for Rudolph. Understand what I'm saying?"

In the air on the way to Milwaukee, Jackson fell to reflecting, with an almost luxurious gratification, to the huddle of reporters around him, "I made myself available to help in Atlanta, and I've done the best I could. We always had the numbers to win. I was not in charge of prioritizing those numbers, but I've done my best to arouse them where I could. Thing about urban America, the inner cities, can't stigmatize it by race and class it's all races, a mass multi-ethnic base. It's the true Democratic base. In a macro sense, it's the base we *should* have launched from, now calling on us at the last minute here, trying to crash-land at."

At the Milwaukee airport, a haphazardly assembled caravan of taxis swept Jackson and his small entourage downtown to the campaign headquarters, where he spoke into a thicket of microphones. "I urge everybody listening within the sound of my voice to vote these remaining hours," he said. "The polls are open until eight o'clock. Vote, and keep hope alive." It was, given the hour, a rather forlorn last bugling. Jackson was then led out by the rear door of the campaign office, through a swift, dim blur of rooms and hallways filled with a shadowy milling of Party operatives, who, as they discovered Jackson rushing past them, seemed suddenly oblivious of the Dukakis campaign now collapsing across the country, and called after Jackson, "*Jes-se! Jes-se! Jes-se!*"

IN fact, Jackson had already mentally moved himself into the season lying beyond the election. "This is just the second act that's winding up here," he said while we were waiting one afternoon at a Wisconsin airport for his plane to be refuelled. "The intermediate phase. Going on to the third act now." Yet he maintained that he had not really given much thought to exactly how he would proceed after the election. "I don't go off by myself and sit down with a blank legal pad and start working out a blueprint for what I'm going to do next. The flow of events fills up that page for me." Neither, for that matter, has he ever been given to introspection. "I've never really gone back and thought about things I've done. Mean, I've just addressed one thing and then gone on to the next one. Never reflected on it all much." Indeed, Jackson is not at home apprehending things from stillness; things take on reality only in motion. Jackson himself, for that matter, is in constant, pell-mell movement, almost from the instant he wakes up every morning until he falls asleep at night -- as if, should he cease motion, he would himself cease, disappear. And, in a curious way, in his endless motion time seems to have dissolved for him in its ordinary, linear sense. He has come to exist in a fuguelike simultaneity of past and present, or in a kind of time loop ever recircling, expanding in detail and circumstance but always coming back around -- the years of his beginnings in Greenville, his passage through the civil-rights movement, his laboring through the seventies to de-

liver himself from his merely incidental noticeability into the remarkable notability he finally gained in the eighties, along with a lively anticipation of the palpable prospects ahead of him.

As Jackson travelled from rally to rally to speak for the Democratic ticket, he kept reliving moments from his own odysseys through the primaries. "In Portland once, we had eight thousand people turn out. *Oregon!* Then to Eugene, thirteen thousand. Almost all of 'em white. In Vermont, in West Virginia, people were coming to our rallies *crying*. Something was happening – they were changing. Minnesota farm rally, 7 A.M., expecting about four hundred people – *six thousand* showed up, came in school buses, trucks. They stood there singing 'We Shall Overcome' for the first time in their lives. They were so much into relating black-white for the first time, wanting to prove they were not mean-spirited, almost brought tears to my eyes."

Now, at each stop, it was as if he were engaged in a personal processional of observance and perpetuation of all that. "We're so far from where we started and so close to where we going, can't let anybody stop us now," he would cry to the crowds. "Keep hope alive!" Watching him through those weeks, one got a sense that he had, in fact, come to be absorbed into a campaign that would never really end – going on, independent, finally, of such incidentals as any particular election. In the cabin of his jet one night as it was streaking from Chicago after a long day of rallies, on the way to New York, where he would begin another round, Jackson sat slouched back in his seat, his tie off, and started quietly talking about how most other politicians retreat back into private life after a campaign defeat or the natural expiration of their public careers: "They all go back home sooner or later. That's the difference between me and them. I have no home to go back home to. This *is* my home."

DESPITE all his frets about discourtesies from the Democratic management, Jackson had been able to return after the Convention to his essential meaning, renewing his own, personal, open-ended political evangelism. Through that autumn, to gatherings in Midwestern courthouse squares and Northern factory neighborhoods, he continued to deliver those populist preachments which made up his central political testament. He took on at times a striking resemblance to the Ben Shahn sketch of King's round, bullish head orating with mouth opened wide in a roar of power from the back of his thick-packed neck. He would say, "Eight years of Reagan and Bush, more millionaires on top but millions more in poverty, thirty-five million Americans with no health insurance. Something about that's not right. More working women in poverty, more children in poverty, expansion of hunger – something not *right* about that! Makes no difference whether you black, brown, or white, when your child's hungry, it hurts the same. When there's no heat in the house, we all cold. When they close down your factory or foreclose on your farm, and comes the time they pull the plug and the lights go out, we all – we *all* look amazingly *similar* sitting there in the dark. Yet you hear folks who don't have dental care or health care, can't buy enough groceries or pay their 'lectric bill, hear 'em talking 'bout they somehow got something in common with Reagan and Bush. Say, 'Me and Bush, we both for the flag, against crime, believe in prayer. Both us is *con-ser-vah-tive*.' Naw. Naw – one of y'all is rich, and one of y'all is *po'*."

And he would move then into that incantation repeated throughout his past campaigns, which nevertheless still brought rising swells of clapping as he rolled through it once more. "Most poor people not black, they white, mostly female and young. Most poor people are not on welfare, they work. They work every day! Get up every morning, catch the *early* bus. Never seen by Bush and Quayle turning over in bed for their beauty nap. Most the poor *not* lazy, Mr. Bush. Don't be *unkind* to them – they're the common people, work *every day!* They're family farmers struggling to keep their land. They drive cabs, sweep the streets, collect our garbage. Go down in the mines to dig our coal, clean the motels you sleep in, serve your table at restaurants. *They work every day!* They care for the sick in our hospitals, wash the bodies of those in pain and with fever. Clear their bedpans. No job is beneath them! And, yet, when *they* get sick, they cannot lie in that bed they make up every day! People down in the admissions room dying 'cause they cannot

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afford to go up and lie in that bed that's waiting empty for somebody wealthy or with insurance to get sick. That is not *right*, America. We got to be a better nation than that! A nation's judged by how it treats the *least* of those in its midst. Let me tell you something. When members of Congress get sick, they go to Walter Reed. When members of the Supreme Court or the President get sick, *they* go to Walter Reed" he held his two forefingers pointed at each other just below his chest and tightly circled them together as if briskly unspooling his phrases- "and if government-supported health care is good enough for Congress and the Supreme Court and the White House; then it's good enough for your house and my house, it's good enough for *everybody* in this democracy!"

Into these egalitarian proposals he was constantly transfusing an extra, crackling vigor from the Scriptures, making for a novel mixture that could be called gospel populism. "Can you imagine Jesus, for instance- he was preaching one day, big crowd, and a woman sick with an issue of blood came up behind him and reached out to touch his robe to be healed Can you imagine Jesus turning around and taking out a clipboard and saying to her, 'Wait a minute. First, we got to fill out this form. Let's see, now. How long you been sick? You sure you *really* sick? What's your name and address? Got any children? Say you have? Well, you married? And who do you work for? How much you make? And when you get well, just what is your payment plan going to be?' No, Jesus just looked upon her suffering and *healed* her. When somebody's sick, the only moral question is not 'Where is your money?' but 'Where is your *pain*?' "

Some of the political parables Jackson improvised from the Scriptures were more innovative. In an imaginative reconstruction of the Christmas story to apply to the homeless, he declared, "Jesus wasn't sent through Herod's house, he wasn't the innkeeper's son. God sent Jesus through a poor, *homeless* couple. Father with a skill who couldn't find a job. Didn't have the right to vote. Innkeeper wouldn't let them in 'cause they couldn't pay." Not precisely the case, of course, the inn simply being full, and Mary and Joseph having merely journeyed from their home in Nazareth, where Joseph worked as a carpenter, to Bethlehem to pay their taxes. Unconfined by such textual punctilios, though, Jackson went on about "the Wise Men, middle-class businessmen who owned their own farms, owned their own sheep, but chose God over their sheep, fled their sheep to bring gifts to this homeless couple," thereby effectively fusing the Magi and the shepherds into a single delegation of conscientious burghers.

At a luncheon meeting of the Hollywood Radio and Television Society at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, he repaired to the Bible for a spirited apologia for the tradition of liberalism, while performing his customary semantic riffs on the word itself: "The three Wise Men liberals! Took their gifts to the homeless. Liberals *liberate* that's what the word means. Liberation is inherently a *liberal* process. Moses, Jesus, they were the liberals. And Pharaoh, Herod, Pilate, ole Nero, they were the conservatives. Conservatives want to conserve it all like it is. Liberals liberate and expand what is into what it ought to be." He amplified this Scriptural hermeneutics on liberalism at other appearances: "When Jesus said to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, comfort the afflicted, those were *liberal* values. 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest' that's liberal! Grace that's a liberal dynamic. No such thing as conservative grace. Grace is by definition a *liberatin'* business." (Sometimes he would add, deadpan, "And by the way, y'all, when Jesus came into Jerusalem the last time, he did *not* ride no *elephant* into Jerusalem. It was a donkey. Hear what I'm saying?")

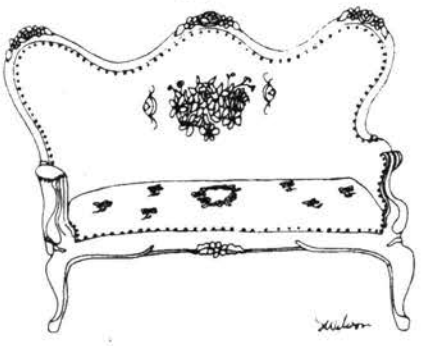
One afternoon as we were riding to an airport after a rally, Jackson said, "I do believe that I am able to exegete the Scriptures in ways that make sense to people. The Gospel is truth through personality. It's like, you know, Jesus went about doing good, speaking the truth to folks." At random moments during those campaign weeks, he offered other such expositions of his gospel populism. After a day of driving around New York, as we were on our way to Queens for a last rally, I sensed a sudden stillness behind me in the back seat, and turned to find that Jackson had nodded off amid the bawl of sirens and motorcycles. But then, as we were passing along an avenue in Brooklyn beside the East River, I heard him abruptly mumble, "The new Rome." He was looking out at lower Manhattan's corporate towers, imperially arrayed on the other side of the water. "The new Rome," he pronounced again, and he subsequently expanded on that proposition, in the way he has of circling back to a matter again and again, an hour later, or even sometimes a week later, to parse it further. Jackson does not so much address a question as, with successive passes of commentary, eventually surround it and engulf it. As we were riding through the Missouri countryside, he continued, "Must realize that the first reaction to the words of Jesus was terror from the politics of the day. Rome, Herod, you know, got so much power, so much sophistication mean, Rome be *civilized*, now. But if Rome is decadent, *transform* Rome. Jesus was constantly challenging that government in the service of the people. Wasn't he? You hear very few of these vigorous popular preachers on television today, though, preaching land reclamation and debt restructuring for farmers, fair wages, social justice, equal rights for women can't recall hearing any of 'em talking those things."

I suggested that most electronic gospelteers were in fact engaged in a social evangelism it was just from a direction contrary to his, such as denouncing the Equal Rights Amendment by citing Paul's admonition to women to subjugate themselves to the leadership of men.

Jackson snorted. "Well, that's a *A text* used out of *con*text is a *pre*text."

Another of his spry little verbal ripples, I observed.

"Thank you very much," he said. "But it's also true. That's why it ripples good. But if you had an active movement in the white churches, with that evangelism connected to the daily realities of how folks actually live Yeah, we're with the flag and we're



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He landed in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, on another cold and sunless morning, and he and his entourage were carried in a bus out into the countryside along a narrow, tapering road crossing the Chippewa River. Then, at the dairy farm where he was to speak, cars and trucks and vans and station wagons were crammed and tucked into every possible cranny around the farmhouse's muddy side yard and nearby cattle lots. "Don't worry," Jackson assured a reporter who questioned just how spirited a reception could be expected at such an unlikely site. "We gonna make something happen here." Packed inside a vast shed behind the house, in fact, was a surprisingly large multitude to find collected out of the seemingly empty reaches of fields for miles around: young couples—wives in bulky denim jackets and with their heads wrapped in scarves, their husbands beside them in rumpled khakis stuffed into buckled rubber boots—holding twisting and whimpering children; and older couples with weather-crinkled faces, the men with hands shoved deep in nylon quilted jackets zipped up to their chins, felt hats on their heads. Jackson towered above them on the back of a pickup truck, his tie stripped off in concession to the setting, and in a musk of hay dust his voice blared through the shed: "Republicans trying to play Halloween with this campaign, but Halloween's 'bout over with. Time they took off their mask! After eight years of Republicans in the White House, condominiums for the few, and hallways and alleyways for the millions homeless. Take off the mask! Gone from a creditor nation to a debtor nation, a fundamental shift in who we are in the world, banks failing—got to take off that mask now! Farm prices down, consumer prices *up!* It's not the rural farmer taking advantage of the urban consumer, it's the *corporate barracuda* taking advantage of them both! Take the mask off! Not playing Halloween any longer!"

A bedlam of whoops broke out around him.

"A kinder, gentler nation, yeah. Kinder and gentler for the corporations and merger maniacs and mega-conglomerates swallowing up the family farmer and taking factory jobs overseas. Urban America looks like it's been bombed out, rural America abandoned like a plague's hit, and yet they playing us off one against the other, trying to make us think we different kinds of people, playing those ole race games with us, Willie Horton and all that, when we *need* each other. But, let me tell you, if the family farmer and urban worker, black and white, the good-hearted common people all over this country, if we should ever—watch out!—*get together*, then we sure enough *could* see a kinder, gentler nation. Take *off* that mask!"

Listening to all this, the men withdrew their thick, blunt hands from their quilted jackets and began applauding.

THE climax of a robust rally always left Jackson in a state of almost giddy exaltation. Before a brimming assembly in a black church in St. Louis, with people clustered in the aisles and along the walls, he bellowed away in a hoarsely cracking voice (it was now near the end of the campaign), his face glittering with sweat. "What kind of sick need is it not to prefer the whole personhood of a woman? *God* obviously had a high regard for women. He didn't send his only begotten son through a whirlwind or have him wash up on no beach—sent him through a *woman!* But we got people who look on women, if they work, call them unfit mothers, and, if they don't work, call them lazy—"

An answering murmur rose from the women in the congregation and began running along the pews: "Thank you, thank you."

"If a woman does work, she makes only sixty-two cents on a dollar of what a man makes. But a woman can't buy a dollar's worth of bread for only sixty-two cents—"

"*Yes, Jesse!*"

"—can't buy a dollar's worth of

milk or medicine, or heatin' oil to keep her babies warm, for only sixty-two cents!"

"*Oh, Jesse! Go, Jesse!*"

"Women who work must be *paid right*, so they can raise our *children* right!" As he waited, his face shellacked with sweat, for the tumult in the church to subside, a hand discreetly slipped a glass of water up to him, from which he took a quick sip, and then a handkerchief was handed him, and he swabbed it across his forehead and above his mouth. "But, 'course, don't hear Mr. Bush talking about any of that. Don't hear much from him about helping working mothers with fair pay and day care and— Listen, better Head Start and day care and prenatal care on the *front* side of life than welfare, jail care, and *dee*-spair on the *back* side of life! But don't hear Mr. Bush saying much about that, all he wants to talk about is Willie Horton."

More cries from the congregation: "*All right, tell it!*"

"They using those Willie Horton ads to incite psychosexual racial fears."

"*Tell 'em 'bout it!*"

"Fight crime, yes! *Yes*, Willie Horton ought to be in jail. But Oliver North—"

Instantly, a howl began gathering.

"And Poindexter—"

There was a rumble of stamping feet now under the ecstatic shouts. "*C'mon, Jesse, talk it, son!*"

"And McFarlane ought to be right there in the same jail with him! And, when they got there, they ought to found Nixon already sittin' there waitin' on 'em!" This set off a thundering in the church that lasted a full minute. When, at last, Jackson had finished, and began making his way from the pulpit through the throng of admirers, he seemed transported into a dazed, spinning euphoria. Heading down a stairway to the street floor of the church, with a huge wake of people trampling down after him, he suddenly halted at the bottom, immediately arresting with a tremendous jostle the entire procession all the way up two flights of stairs behind him, and announced, "Wait a minute. This ain't my raincoat. Got on somebody else's coat here." To the people massed on the staircase above him he happily called out, "I can see the headlines tomorrow, y'all. 'Jesse Jackson arrested in St. Louis for stealing raincoat in church.' "

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these rallies no less than they seemed to delight in him. What soon struck one was how, though he was no longer an active contender, he yet drew large and effusive gatherings almost everywhere he went, touched off combustions of enthusiasm that seemed strangely impervious to his final failure in the primaries. Arriving for a rally at a college coliseum or a city auditorium, he would climb out of his car while fans converged around him with wails and squeals. To follow him inside to the rally was to experience secondhand something of what must be the heady flush of a rock star's entrance: first proceeding with his shoal of attendants down a back corridor in a hurrying clatter of heels, then passing through the hushed, hidden, barnlike glooms of backstage, meanwhile nattily shooting his cuffs, slipping a hand inside his coat to smooth down his tie, and giving a quick little side twist of his chin to settle his neck more comfortably in his high collar, and then walking out in a sudden vast openness and blaze of light and cheering—a sensation that for Jackson must have been each time like a kind of psychic rebirth.

Jackson appeared, with rather deft timing, for an outdoor rally at the University of California at Los Angeles the morning after Dukakis's calamitous second debate with Bush was televised from there. As Jackson walked toward the rally site, rifflings of applause began to spread ahead of him through an immense throng sprawled over a plaza under eucalyptus trees. A voice rang from a public-address system: "All right, everybody! It's time! It's time!" A roar swelled through the crowd. "The greatest freedom fighter in America—Jesse Jackson!"

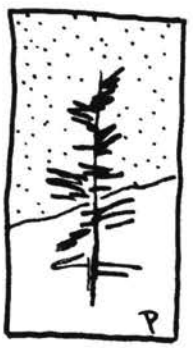
Jackson skipped up onto a small stage, grinning and slinging his thumb high over his head. It was as if Dukakis's starchy performance in the debate the night before had invested Jackson with a new panache. "Got some notes here," he said, withdrawing a folded sheaf of papers from his inside coat pocket. "But I don't need to use any notes." He stuffed the papers back into his coat. "I got *convictions*. I know what I'm talking about." The roar rose again over the plaza. It was an altogether rousing morning, more like some festival of mutual celebration than a rally. Jackson finished with "America is bigger than one race, it's bigger than one religion, it's bigger than one class, and it's far bigger than the vision of George Bush or the simple comprehension of one J. Danforth Quayle," and he then posed his own millennial ambition "to keep America expanding, to take America beyond racism, beyond prejudice, beyond anti-Semitism, beyond sexism, beyond *all* hatred, beyond fear, beyond poverty, beyond war," which brought yet again that mass chant, surging in a great surf of voices over the plaza: "*Jes-se! Jes-se! Jes-se!*"

Jackson has entered that dimension as a public figure in which he is commonly referred to by masses around the country by his first name. It is a kind of casual folk intimacy achieved by few politicians. After a rally, his car would ease through people calling to him, "Love you, Jesse! Take care, now, Jesse!" Their hands would scramble through the window to him, and he would briefly clasp the fingers while calling back, "Bless you! Love you!"

THE interplay of energies that pulsed between Jackson and his crowds was one that, in more than twenty years of reporting, I had encountered with only two other political figures: George Wallace and, in his last years, Robert Kennedy. I was to hear repeatedly about Jackson, both from supporters and from unenchanted observers, what was once heard so often about Wallace: "It's just that he's so much more *alive* than the others. People at least feel something real in front of them." But, more tellingly, the popular exhilarations through which Jackson moved during those final weeks of his own alter-campaign called to mind an observation offered years ago by then Senator John Tunney, of California, about Robert Kennedy: "His sense of politics was physical, in that he knew you had to throw yourself out there among the people again and again, to be directly heard and seen and touched and sort of handled and pushed around by them. Because the malaise in the country is people feeling isolated and alone in a disappearance of any large, embracing sense of community, feeling decisions about their lives are being made by faceless strangers and processes beyond their control. So there's a huge hunger to connect to an actual physical presence—a tribal

leader, really, with that kind of personal relationship between him and the people - who can give them a sense of meaning and value as a community again. They need to feel that he has almost recklessly, with a willingness to take extraordinary risks, given himself over completely to that, and to what he believes in, which answers what they believe in. It's something almost primitive, mystic."

During his speeches, Jackson seems to be laboring actually to merge himself somehow with the people assembled before him. "I am of you!" he will cry, and "I *am* you!" And more often than not he ends his rallies with "I love you all! Love you very much!" At stray moments as he was travelling about, he would muse aloud on how he conjures the high pitch of personal communion between him and his crowds, describing it with the curious detachment of one who has removed himself from the event to observe it and narrate it as if he were a spectator of what he was doing. "Truth, like electricity, is all around us, but we have very few conduits for it," he said on one occasion. "What you do is plug the people into your socket, they give you that electricity, and you give them heat and light. Lot of people say, you know, 'He's a great speaker.' Well, speaking is a result of feeling, of *thinking* you *thought* of what to say. So when people say, 'He sho does talk good,' ain't just talkin', it's a *brain*. I got a brain that sends messages to my jaw muscles. I be feeling and *thinking* what I'm talking. I work, and work, and work to say that thing right, spin that thing just right, so when people hear it, they—" He blew out a soft whoosh of breath *whew!* while yanking himself upright in his seat, wide-eyed, as if from a sudden shock. "It's like that. I struggle hard to conceive it as a *live* thing."



He went on about this some while later: "When I first came back home from the seminary, I was asked to speak at church, and my grandmother and some of the older folk came up afterward. 'That was a nice speech, young man, very nice speech.' They meant the words were. Words came out nice. That's what it was, was a speech. But as you go on and begin to really catch hold of it, you start hearing them say, 'Well, now! You spoke to my soul. You burned me this morning.' Got to do more than *speak*. You can get informed listening to a newsman or weatherman. You got to be moving toward the heart of the matter, got to burn people's souls. You got to get *inside* of people. That's where it all is. And you can't get inside of them unless you open *yourself* up to be got inside *of*. Follow what I'm saying? The key to other people's hearts is finding the key to yours. Got to give to receive, got to open up yourself to get inside somebody else."

Several weeks later, after the election, as we were flying to Africa, he resumed these reflections: "You always searching for where the people are. I come to a town, I be talking to the driver on the way in from the airport, talk with the maids at the hotel, the cooks, sometimes even their children. If you speaking from their concerns, you pretty much on track. 'Cause they live their lives on the ground, they have the depth. What's good for them is pretty much what's good for the whole world, you can usually count on that. They *are* the base, the bottom line. An', an', an'—" he stammered in eagerness "an' they do have an ungrammatical profundity, they do have a way in their pealing tones they be saying something, you know? And I like to capture that and turn it into the music that's really there, find those common, universal chords in it. Because, get right down to it, most people's lives is not about ideology, left wing, right wing, any of that they hurt, hope, rejoice mostly about the same personal things. For instance, feel good when their children are growing up right, don't want broken hearts because their children went astray. Best fuel for your engine is the spirit fuel of folks struggling for those simple, decent, basic things in life. When you stay in touch with that music, that rhythm, you speak with authenticity. Because you're *into* it. I couldn't get up there and talk if I hadn't been fighting to keep close to that. Keeps you real. Keeps you out of the abstract. It's what gives color to your language. Gives the bass note to your soul. Deep speaks to deep. The real speaks to the real."

As a result, Jackson said, "people

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are responding to our movement, not because they got a membership card but because they know I'll address those longings they got. Everywhere I go, they always giving me notes, hand 'em to me at airports, slip 'em under my door at the hotel. 'Please say something about this.' They can't turn to the government, can't turn to Congress, 'cause those folks are already too locked into the arrangement." He likes to recount that "when I speak at these big Democratic banquets, five-hundred-dollar-a-plate deals, I say, 'Maybe instead of a thousand Democrats here at five hundred dollars a head, we ought to have fifty thousand people at ten dollars a head. Can we really use means like this to win leadership of those who set our tables tonight, who'll change our beds in the morning, who drove us here from the airport? Can they see any real distinction between us gathered here for a five-hundred-dollar meal and those we tell them we're battling against in their behalf? Somehow, in this process the humble people, the disregarded common people, must have their place at our table.' And, you know, while I'm saying all this at one of these banquets, the janitors and maids and cooks will always come to the doors along the sides to listen, and I'll say, 'They standing over there right now, and they're welcome, yeah. They know instinctively what *all* you must know. If I'm welcome, *they* welcome.'

"It's a covenant," Jackson expounds more largely, with that unfailing urge of his to move toward the unabashedly operatic. "Somehow all these people, workers, students, farmers, they seem to feel, for some reason that I do not fully comprehend"—he confides this now in a sudden low murmur of awed reverence—"they feel they have stock in me. Whether they'll even actually vote for me, they still feel that whatever it is I represent to them, it's something they are shareholders in. And I'm obligated to respond. I sense all these expectations that I must honor. Everywhere I go, they expect so much of me, they pull out of me my spirit and energy, just—*pull it out of me.* When I get up to speak, I see in their faces this—this *belief.* That I can make a difference for them. And that makes me believe I *can* make a difference. And, I mean, who else is really out there? Who is their hero? Who is their political hero? That's why they so *ripe* for us, if we'll just argue their case."

During the last week of the campaign, Jackson landed one afternoon at a little wind-slapped airfield near Columbia, Missouri, and set out in a van, with a few reporters, a local Democratic worker, and a farmer named Roger Allison, for a rally at Allison's parents' farm, about forty-five miles away. The van was trailed by a sizable caravan of cars, with a state-highway-patrol escort. Allison, a heftily built man with a cornbread-plain face, was a veteran supporter of Jackson's, going back to the formation of what must have seemed Jackson's unlikeliest alliance—with beleaguered farmers—during a troubled season of foreclosures in 1983. "People felt a little hopeless and apathetic until Reverend Jackson started coming out and firing us up," Allison told the reporters. Actually, in those tense and harrowed times it was an alliance not without a certain incendiary potential. One of Jackson's first farm audiences, in Great Bend, Kansas, was composed mostly of members of the Posse Comitatus, a kind of reactionary vigilante agrarian equivalent of the Weathermen. Then, at a protest rally in 1984, farmers arrived wearing sacks over their heads, and Jackson learned only afterward that they wore the sacks to avoid being identified by farm-bureau officials. Jackson said, "I told them I didn't mind as long as it was daytime, and they wore sacks, not sheets." Allison, sitting beside Jackson, chortled at the recollection, and Jackson clapped him on the knee. "But our people have always had more in common than other folks supposed—right, Roger? We've both felt locked out. Exploited and discarded. People saying about the family farmer exactly what they say about unemployed urban blacks. 'Something's wrong with them. If they worked hard like me, wouldn't be in all that trouble.' We've found out we kin. Even got common religious values." Jackson ranged on, a bit more fancifully. "What they sing in church here, we were singing the same songs down in Greenville, South Carolina. Very similar cultures, actually. Similar music—Charley Pride, Ray Charles." Eventually, Jackson had begun organizing his own sort of cultural exchanges, having black mayors and the congregations of black churches travel out to farm rallies, bringing farmers in to services at black churches. "By coming together like that, we began seeing our common ground. We both in a class struggle against an economic aristocracy."

"Reverend Jackson's expanded our consciousness out here about a hundred and fifty per cent," Allison declared to the reporters in the van. "I have no interest now in having what I raise go to agribusiness exporters like Cargill to bust farmers in Thailand. We just never thought about those things before. And I have a relationship now with the civil-rights movement in St. Louis and Kansas City, whereas I was afraid to even think that way before."

At one point, Allison called Jackson's attention to a distant farmhouse, all its windows darkened in the dimming afternoon, and mentioned the name of its occupant, whom Jackson knew. "He's still living out there," Allison said. "But he's about to go under. He won't hardly ever leave that house now. Just sits out there."

"Well, I'll call him tonight," Jackson said. "See what we can do to maybe hep him, cheer him up some." Jackson told the reporters, "Big, strong guy. 'Bout a size-twenty neck. Big ole slumped shoulders. He looks like every stereotype you've ever—mean, he makes Archie Bunker look like he's from Oxford University. For him now to be just *broken*— Rural poverty, *godamighty!* People everywhere out here are just *suffering.* Cold, hungry, just *die!*"

"Well, ole boy back there," Allison said. "Whether he makes it or not, he'll at least know what happened to him. His whole outlook has changed quite a bit." He turned to the reporters. "Lot of people, their lives have been changed for the rest of their lives by what Reverend Jackson's had to say."

"I'm in herbs—celebrating the ancient link between women and plants."

"See," Jackson said, suddenly pitching forward in his seat. "We reaching beyond our base in the black community. It's as much a new alliance of cultures as it is black and white." Once again, he eagerly recited the diverse constituencies that would make up his envisioned populist majority, not only those same "common folks" of Wallace's fond litanies ("cabdrivers, truck drivers, waitresses, plant workers") but also Jackson's more cosmopolitan and ecumenical overlay: "Environmentalists, peace activists, women's-rights groups." Jackson seemed to compose this coalition in the air simply by sounding its various elements, tossing his hands inward as if assembling an invisible salad. "*Cultures* coming together. City and country. Workers and college students. Young and elderly. *That's* our party's future. We not dividing the Party, we *renewing* it. We reviving the progressive wing of the Party. We expanding and *delivering* the Party from its past schisms."

As Jackson went on invoking these large prospects, the caravan of cars followed along behind us in the deepening dusk through a vacant countryside, flowing up and down a narrow road through gentle hills with police lights flashing, the occasional approaching car quickly pulling to the other side of the road in the apparent assumption that we were a funeral cortège.

"I don't know how long it'll take, but I know it's just a matter of these pieces coming together," Jackson said. "Only need a master sewer to connect all the patches. All of a sudden, there's a big opening to people who, historically, been conditioned to be afraid of me. That's why this flower keeps on unfolding. Why a new majority is dawning."

As Jackson enthused on, it was as if a subtle amnesia had infiltrated the van, in which one forgot at moments that a real Presidential race also happened to be under way right then across the country. "You never quite know when these social births are going to take place. Fact, fact, it's like that concept 'in the fullness of time.' That whole dialectic of a man and a woman and their fullness of time. It's some combination of the fullness of man's time and the fullness of God's time, in some explosive convergence, for which you can be the instrument, the agent. But you got to be prepared to catalyze that moment. When the moment comes, when the moment is pregnant, and you ready, it can't be stopped. And there *is* a moment here."

I later asked Jackson if, after all the benevolent social exertions of government since Roosevelt, the Reagan Presidency had not reflected a popular backwash of moral exhaustion and disillusionment with the idea of governmental intercession to rectify inequities and to actively work good—a disaffection with the kind of governmental altruism, in short, about which he was evangelizing.

"Not at all," he said. "The nation will respond because it *needs* to do good. Everybody wants to be good, even those who are often not good. The rich and powerful want, when they die, somewhere in their obituary that they cared for the poor, built a wing of the church. Even the rich tyrant will say, 'I'm gonna relate to you poor folks, I'll build some houses for you, I'm not just powerful and smart, see. I'm good. In addition to getting profits, I do extras. I'm *good*.' Conscience. Never underestimate the force of that, the desire to be good. Mean, people are finally driven to that which you finally can't live, can't live with"—his words were now hectically scrambling after his mind's rush for the notion—"with being without. Goodness. That's why right is might in the long run. You may be powerful but never be good, but if you're good you can't *help* but be powerful. 'Cause there's a *power* in goodness—great, great power. Political strength comes out of moral authority. That's why my biggest threat when I began in '84 was that I came out of a movement whose strength was its moral right. Not money, not organization, not status, not cunning—simply its *moral right*. And that became very difficult for our opponents to counter."

Now, nearing the rally at the Allisons' farm, Jackson said, "People have an amazing capacity, actually, to rise to the occasion once the reality is laid out there for them. Whenever America sees the *real* deal, actually sees a wrong—like the homeless, like the famine in Ethiopia, like South Africa's

racist system -they'll say, 'Naw, now, naw, we not goin' with that.' You can get enough numbers of weapons systems to make America stronger, but I'm convinced the way to win friends and elections both is you get enough *people* wanting to make America *better*. That's our strongest national defense. Besides, people ought to love each other just because it's a good feeling. Just like people all over the country could fall in love with them whales trapped in that ice up in Alaska -how come we can't fall in love with each other that way, too? What's happening where we going now, way out here in the middle of nowhere, is that you going to find people working on that. Working on being better people. Now, I think that that's a big deal. And whatever happens in the election Tuesday night can *not* defeat that. All the powers of the system and maneuverings of the Party establishment cannot I mean, this thing we started cannot be *stopped*."

The van finally pulled off the highway and up a short, steep drive to the farmhouse, where a substantial crowd had gathered in the side yard under a low, smoky sky, everyone heavily muffled against an icy wind. Jackson addressed them from a flatbed trailer. "Don't let anybody ever set us against each other again. . . . Our strongest defense starts in our hearts. Love one another, that's what'll keep America strong." It amounted more or less to a continuation of his discourse in the van, prompting one to wonder fleetingly if, after so many years of his moving among multitudes and public occasions, there any longer existed for Jackson an inner sense of difference between the personal and the mass moment if, in fact, he was left with any private personality at all.

In the stunning cold, though, his speech wound up being somewhat abbreviated, and after finishing it Jackson retreated expeditiously into the house, into a warm kitchen with steamed windows and rich savors of fried chicken and coffee and yeasty baked bread. Much of the crowd piled in after him, quickly filling the kitchen and a small adjoining parlor, and Jackson, finding all these folks so densely crammed about him after his oratory outside, could not resist addressing them again, in a kind of extensive postscript to his speech. Standing behind the oilcloth-covered kitchen table with a yellow plastic bowl of apples set in its precise center, he seemed to bulk overlarge in these snug rooms, his head near the ceiling, his voice too big and reverberant for such an enclosed space. Over the small squealing of several babies, his pulpiteering delivery was accompanied by an under chorus of "All right! Amen! Say it! Praise God, yes!" in Baptist Wednesday-prayer-meeting fashion. He concluded with "Now, we do have all these rights in America, but we also have the very basic right to eat homemade rolls and chicken," and he quickly settled himself at the table to do just that, with two-handed gusto. When he was done, he stood and announced that he wanted to conduct a parting prayer, and the people joined hands in a line twining through the kitchen and the parlor. "Father!" he called out over the bowed heads. "We all live in the same world. We are all the sheep of your pasture. All over this world tonight, may we study war no more. May all the world know that peace you promised, when the lions and lambs lie down to rest together." After pronouncing his "Amen," he boomed, "Friends, we got to go to St. Louis now!"

Back in the van, travelling through full darkness now, Jackson began effusing, again with that odd little instant shift into removed assessment. "People in that house, you see how they changing their lives? Every time I get groups like that responding to me, they breaking through ancient cultural barriers. Fact, more you get into this thing, the more you realize that black comes in many shades. But those folks back there are reaching out across every conceivable line racial lines, class lines, background. That's what I mean about you have to call this authentic, as opposed to political, *beyond* political. It's, it's" he breathed "*so real*."

WITH all Jackson's ebullience that evening about the racial conciliations he assumed he was bringing to pass, it was only some days later that I ventured to ask him whether he was aware of how profoundly he continued to affront a far from negligible number of other whites- how much they still perceived him as subversive, devious, ominous and whether in the end he thought that it might not turn out to

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be precisely the matter of race that could cause his whole mission to miscarry.

In response, Jackson blinked several times, and pondered dourly for several minutes. I suddenly had an obscure sense that the question had somehow hurt him. He finally proposed, softly, "Well, it's a cynical view of life that white people aren't capable of moving beyond that. I know that truth has a penetrating power. I've seen too many white people respond to truth in a wholesome way to assume it doesn't. Like when I spoke to this rally of G.E. workers in Cicero, these two white ladies walked up afterward, kind of edged closer and closer, you know, and finally one reached out to me and I reached out to her and embraced her, and she started to weep. She said" – relating this, Jackson's voice sank to a low whisper of amazement – "said, 'Our husbands are standing over there, they're a little ashamed to come over here, but we need our jobs so bad, *please* don't let them close this plant. At our age, we can't get no retraining. We ain't got no place else to go. Know this is kind of strange coming from us, but you 'bout the only hope we got left.'" Jackson seemed to have moved himself in telling this story, and he paused to clear his throat. "Or, or like this speaker once said introducing me to a group of unemployed Du Pont workers in Chattanooga, 'Which y'all rather have – a white enemy or a black friend?' I mean, when I decided to run for President I know some white people said, 'He's crazy, he's dangerous, he's stunting around, he's an egomaniac' but other white people said, 'Well, now, wait a minute here. He's making sense. I think I'm for him.' That number, by 1988, had tripled. So I'm not pessimistic about what can happen in time, about white people's inability in some inherent way to respond to what is good for them and *who* is good for them."

In truth, as Jackson makes his way about in public he is approached by what seems a surprisingly large number of white admirers who eagerly announce that they voted for him. Proceeding recently through the Los Angeles airport, he encountered a covey of white matrons who instantly flurried around him, one burbling, "We *all* voted for you." Jackson enfolded them collectively in a massive hug. "Y'all so *special*. Bless you," he said, and they chimed back, "God bless *you!*" A minute or two later, another white woman slipped up to him – a slight, pale woman, with untidy hair – and thinly sang, "I just got to shake your hand, I'm so proud to meet you. You're a great man," and Jackson responded, "Awright, dear, thank you, now." A moment later, she reappeared with her husband and small son. "I just had to bring them over. It's not every day we get to meet a great leader," she said, and she gently eased her son, with her palm on his back, toward Jackson. He beamed down on the boy, who was perhaps five. "Hi, baby! Wanna give me a hug?" He reached down for the boy. "C'm'ere on up, is how you do that thing." But the boy recoiled from Jackson's huge, outstretched hands, twisting away and scampering a few steps off, his back turned to the whole scene. "Say he's a little scared, and everything," Jackson said. "Probably just woke up, or something." He took a step forward and leaned farther down toward the boy. "Hey, Mister. You ain't no baby, you a big fella now, aren't you?" But the boy could not be charmed even into facing Jackson. "A little shy," Jackson mumbled, to no one in particular. But he still did not want to give it up, and pursued the boy. "Hey, buddy, c'mon, gimme a hug now." When Jackson stalked him around a column, the boy took off. "Gettin' away from here, ain't he?" Jackson chuckled, a bit flatly. "Guess that's one I ain't quite got yet." The mother said, "I don't know what's wrong with him. He always gets so excited seeing you on television," and her husband declared, "Well, I hope we're going to get the chance to vote for you again. We've voted for you both times you've run."

They hurried off to retrieve their son, and I remarked to Jackson that, if all the whites had voted for him who were now professing they had, the puzzlement was why he hadn't won. "Good many of them probably did," he said. "Some of 'em would have, but couldn't quite bring themselves this time. Next time, though, watch – most of 'em will."

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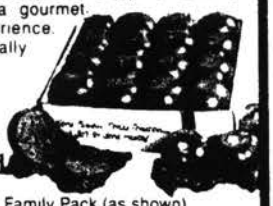

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concords Jackson's campaigns may have elicited, certain dissonances still lingered. When, as the Dukakis-Bentsen campaign was ending, his party was picked up late at night at the Des Moines airport, to be transported some fifty miles to the little country town of Greenfield—Jackson had chosen it as his campaign headquarters for the '88 Iowa caucuses—the driver of one van, a young Greenfield businessman, politely confided to the journalists riding with him, "There're still a lot of people around who just don't know exactly how to take his style of speaking. It's a little too much like a revival meeting. People out here don't think their politicians ought to - well, *be* like that. Sort of preaching, the way he does."

Nevertheless, at a rally the next morning in Greenfield's courthouse square, the reception was loudly convivial and neighborly. Jackson's first visit to Greenfield had been back in 1987, during his early and singularly lonesome excursions into Iowa, a state with a population almost ninety-seven per cent white. He had been scheduled to speak at the United Methodist Church in Greenfield on the evening, it was belatedly realized, of the telecast of the Super Bowl game, and, though his staff urged him to cancel the appearance, he made the drive from Des Moines anyway, through a January night with the temperature around fifteen degrees. Entering Greenfield, and still a mile from the church, he noticed a line of cars parked along the side of the road, and when he reached the church he discovered some eight hundred townsfolk waiting for him there. He was so elated that later in the evening he decreed that Greenfield would be the center for his statewide effort over the following months. Now, with his fondness for symbolic circle-closings, he had returned on the last day of the Presidential campaign, a gray morning under a dim sky seeming to promise snow. As he stood in a neat, crisp pale-cream raincoat on a platform rigged over the courthouse steps, his amplified voice racketed over the square. "I was born in Greenville, South Car'lina, but I was born again in Greenfield, Iowa," he began, to cheers from the crowd spread over the lawn all the way to the sidewalk. When he had finished, a woman standing among a herd of children gathered near the platform called up to Jackson, "They want you to talk about your grandmother's quilt!" It was a little personal fable of Jackson's, related by him in his oration at the 1988 Democratic Convention, which they had obviously also heard here in Greenfield more than once. "Grandmama's quilt?" Jackson said. "Awright, then, y'all come closer." He knelt down on the edge of the platform. "All y'all c'mon up here real close now." And to the children collected below him in a small pond of rapt uplifted faces he told the story again. "One winter when I was a little boy, living in this humble little house without any heat, we couldn't afford a blanket. So my grandmother had to make us a quilt, or else we'd have froze. All we had, though, was pieces of old cloth—wool, gabardine, croker sack. My grandmother gathered all those patches and pieces, and when she finished sewing them together it made a big quilt that covered us and kept us warm." The children gazed up at him, transfixed. "And that's like America. It's not a blanket made out of just one cloth. It's a great quilt made out of many patches—urban patch, rural patch, poor patch, affluent patch, black patch, white patch, different-colored patches. All held together by common threads—threads of fairness, understanding, tolerance, concern. Just like my grandmother sewed that quilt together with love and caring." The children applauded, the whole crowd applauded, and Jackson then stood and led the children through his familiar closing refrain, the crowd shrilly repeating each phrase after him like a Sunday-school class repeating verses of Scripture after their teacher: "Save the farmers! Save the workers! Save the children! Save the teachers!" He concluded with what could be his own, personal fundamental text: "I *am* somebody! If my mind can conceive it, and my heart can believe it, I *know* I can achieve it!"

Before leaving, Jackson took a stroll along the square's surrounding gallery of aged brick buildings—Turner's Department Store, Mather Pharmacy, Farm Credit Services, Sears' Authorized Catalogue Sales—passing noth-

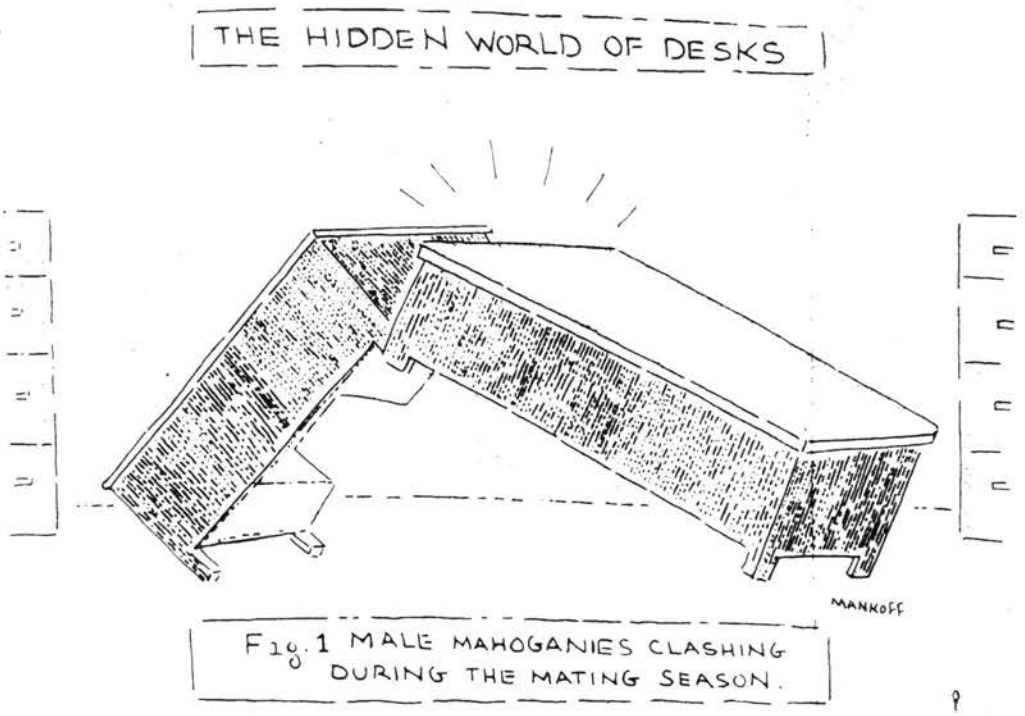

FIG. 1 MALE MAHOGANIES CLASHING DURING THE MATING SEASON.

ing but white faces, clustered in the doorways, and greeting them with "Hey, there, sweetie!" and "Good to see you, ole buddy!" and "How you doin', dear?" They chorused back with a cordiality that was notable, as was the entire reception that morning in Greenfield, in that it seemed utterly oblivious of Jackson's race. Jackson stepped at last into Toad's Cafe, a narrow eatery of minimal decor, and leaned across the counter to buss a waitress. An instant later, the proprietor heaved out from the kitchen in a baggy apron and, arms akimbo, shouted to Jackson, "Where were you this morning? I was gonna fix your grits for you."

Jackson said, "Got tied up. Next time. Next time."

The proprietor snuffled. "Tied up. Well, anyway, we got your- " Before he could finish, a portly woman appeared beside him and held out to Jackson a huge jar of orange juice. "Aw, mercy me," Jackson said. "Missed my grits but got my juice. Put it in a sack for me, honey. I got to get on down the road." He flung one arm high. "Bye-bye, everybody, love you all, be back 'fore long." And he turned to the door with a low cackling of delight.

ON Election Day itself, Jackson voted in Chicago, arriving early in the morning with a group of reporters at his neighborhood polling place. After a glance at the voters already gathered there, he declared, "It's a good sign when you got a long line!"--hitting the ground rhyming, as it were. Through the rest of the day, as the nation was choosing between Bush and Dukakis, Jackson pressed on with his personal campaign, flying to Wisconsin, then to Minnesota, then back to Wisconsin, all the while receiving, with what seemed only a curiously incidental interest, the scattered indications of what was taking shape across the country. It was after nightfall when he got back to Chicago, landing at a small private terminal at Midway Airport. In its lobby, again surrounded by reporters, he halted in his answer to one question to catch a report, on a nearby television set, that projected Bush the overwhelming winner, but he noted this news with only a brief, idle regard, as if it were merely some parenthetical happening. He was then driven downtown to the Midland Hotel, where the networks had set up broadcast posts in various rooms, and there, in a round of interviews through the rest of the evening, he passed for a time out of all the loud weltering of crowds in coliseums and town squares, and into the electronic isolation of television. Suddenly, he seemed stunned by a stupendous exhaustion. He had by now little more than a ghost of his voice left, and an aide kept bringing him tea and honey as he was led from one interview to another. Behind his sluggishly laboring drawl and low-lidded stare, he seemed momentarily to have completely drifted away.

Early the next morning, though, he was back in full swing, going to Washington first to address a conference of international financiers and then to appear at a public ceremony, conducted by the Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Kristallnacht. And that evening he met with two advisers for a strategy session that lasted deep into the night.

"YOU realize Democrats came out of that Atlanta Convention with a seventeen-point lead in the polls?" Jackson observed several days later. "Yet somehow somebody managed to lose the game. How come?"

We were sitting at the kitchen table in his mother's home down in Greenville, on the evening of a community celebration, to be held at the Ramada Hotel, of her sixty-fifth birthday. The house was mobbed with people--neighbors, old friends, local and state politicians--and arrayed across the dining-room table for all those callers was a buffet of fried chicken, ham, macaroni and cheese, rice and gravy, green beans long simmered in fatback, a sweet-potato casserole. From this bountiful Southern spread Jackson had heaped his plate and taken it into the relative quiet of the kitchen, where, on a television set on the counter beside him, a football game was in progress. Jackson's grandmother--a small,

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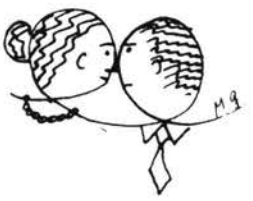
sprightly cricket of a lady, in her eighties—had followed us in to watch us as we ate. She had proudly announced earlier that Jackson had been born in her bed, and, "when he came, he looked 'bout as big as he is now." All his present large effects and circumstances, including the retinues of strangers he periodically trailed into the house, were clearly still a thing of fascination for her. She interrupted his dilations on the election to ask me, "And where *you* from?"

"What I'm saying is," Jackson kept on, trying to ignore the digression, "after the Convention, they ran away from the issues and coalition that could have kept that seventeen-point lead. Got a Southerner on the ticket, but they wouldn't have *me* on the ticket. Understand what I'm saying?"



His grandmother broke in again to ask me, "You gettin' enough to eat? We got more food out there."

"Where's Mama?" Jackson now asked her, a bit stiffly. "Hadn't you gotten yourself anything to eat yet?"

She replied, "I ain't got the *ti-i-ime*," singing the word, and did not budge.

I asked Jackson how, without the theatre of a national campaign for the next few years, he would contrive to avoid slipping into a kind of indistinct limbo. "Be testifying," he said. "Witnessing. Requests are coming to us all the time." But one group he did not expect to be invited to witness to, he noted, was a gathering of Democratic Party stewards the next weekend in Phoenix. "Just be the state chairs there," he said crisply. "Others in the, you know, the political family." And he abruptly got up from the table to rinse out his glass rather overvigorously under the sink faucet.

Some weeks later, as we were riding through south Los Angeles, he said he no longer felt any real need for the approval or the acceptance of the Party's proprietorship. "I've paid those dues, see? I've graduated from that school. We at a new stage of development now. I'm all for working with the Party, but the test of a relationship is reciprocity. I've travelled more miles and registered more voters than any other Democrat in history. I've done more for the Party than the Party's ever done for me. The Party did not help me get my seven million votes, but in '86 I helped the Party keep the Congress and regain the Senate, by their own admission. The law of reciprocity ought to apply. I'm the one who went into those states to win them and win congressional districts during our campaigns. The Democratic Party leaders from those places are indebted to me for registering new voters to help them regain the Senate. I'm not indebted to them for going against the will of their people by not supporting me, even though I won their districts. Damn right, I've got a lot of reciprocity coming. The Party needs me more than I need it."

Almost obsessively now, Jackson seemed to celebrate what he took to be his hard-won legitimacy. "I got seven million votes," he kept repeating. "Seven *million*. Nobody else in the field now—no senator, no congressperson, no governor, certainly no D.N.C. member—can bring to the table seven million people who voted for him. That's a compelling, objective number—not just theory or rhetoric but a compelling *happening*." He was constantly noting how he had finally come to be taken seriously, with whatever reluctance, by some major political players: "Once people began to respond, elected officials and those who wanted to get elected began to come our way to get validation. Pressures began to shift to congressmen and other leaders to support me. They began trying to catch up with their people."

During those weeks, throughout all his professions of having finally acquired a national authenticity with his Presidential campaigns, only now and then did I gingerly intrude references to certain liabilities still trailing him—liabilities left over from his past as a free-form political entrepreneur. Memories persisted of his claim, blurted out soon after King was shot, in 1968, that he had held the dying leader in his arms—a claim that has since been widely discounted as a garishly opportunistic falsehood. There remained the troubling matter, from his initial Presidential outing, in 1984, of the "Hymie town" remarks, and then, in his strangely baffled pain at the furor they produced, his reluctance to repudiate the all too quick and eager vituperative support of Louis Farrakhan. There

"The starred items are hot and spicy."

• •

was considerable suspicion about exactly how he had subsidized his solo operations for so long, and there had been intermittent mentions in news stories of funding from Arab, including Libyan, interests. In addition, there were widespread rumors of womanizing. Almost inevitably, these questions, of whatever varying substance and pertinence, would waylay Jackson again should he appear to be even approaching any possibility of the Presidential or the Vice-Presidential nomination—or should he simply, to some in the Party, become a no longer tolerable irritant and inconvenience. Though Jackson addressed these awkwardly lingering items somewhat more directly over the following months, at first he merely responded, a touch wistfully, "Yeah, but isn't all that stuff behind us now?" Another time, he offered the redoubtable optimism "If jail cells couldn't, then people being unkind to you can't cut your breath. One of the worst things that can happen to your opponents, they knock you down and you keep gettin' right back up. *Good godamighty*, what a strength!"

But, of all the liabilities still facing Jackson, perhaps the one that would be most difficult to dispel was his immaculate innocence of any governmental experience. It had become probably the most telling misgiving raised by his critics. Some suggested, in fact, that about the only identifiably notable thing he had actually achieved so far had been his campaign for the Presidency. Jackson's rejoinder when I first mentioned this concern was to maintain that he had, in effect, largely gained the qualifications for the office in the course of running for it. "The variety and complexity of issues you have to master, and under maximum pressure—it's the most intensive course in political science available. You couldn't learn any other way what I've learned in the past five, six years. There is no laboratory like this one."

Later, apparently sensing that this argument did not quite answer the question, he declared, "Well, *look* at my background, if you want to. Working with Dr. King in Chicago in 1966. Base of operations in Chicago for twenty-some years, and from that base I've proved I know how to do certain things. I've registered more voters, negotiated with more corporations—economic boycotts, economic negotiations. Called in to negotiate ends to teachers' strikes, firemen's strikes. Always moving—moving, moving. Helped organize a successful national campaign for chairman of the Democratic Party"—a reference to Ron Brown's 1989 campaign. "Negotiated the release of Robert Goodman with the Syrian government"—a reference to the black Navy airman who had been downed by Syrian fire during a surveillance flight in 1983. "So the question about can he get things done and manage a staff, and all that, no senator or governor or congressman *I* know of has a scope that large. Do they? Can you name one?

"Foreign policy," he elaborated at another point early in 1989. "I speak now with heads of state in Africa, Latin America, all over the world. Mitterrand, Castro, Arafat, Assad, Thatcher. And when I have these discussions the question that foreign-policy circles never ask about me anymore is 'By what authority?' They don't argue with my being conversant with the issues now. They may have some debate with my ideas, but truth is, so far, most of my ideas have been prevailing. On Central America, talking to the Palestinians, sanctions against South Africa—every position we were attacked on in the past has now become center policy. Who's made the adjustment? I look at America coming full circle on these questions, now talking to the P.L.O. and urging Israel to. What was extreme is now mainstream. Can't be radical advocating those things anymore. Getting to where, way history is moving, you have to work harder and harder to stay radical for long, have to really sweat away at it, you know? There's a new center now, and we're in the *heart* of that center." He intoned, "It is a strange and rewarding gratification to see policies that we were labelled radical for preaching now become the moral center of national politics and U.S. policy. Seldom does a person live

to see that happen. And the press now, not many of them writing any columns anymore about 'He's stupid, he ain't got no head on him.' None of that now. They can't say, 'He does not understand policy.' They say now, in fact, I know more about Third World policy, for instance, than the Secretary of State does. Than even Bush does. Mean, they have just come to *assume* that. So those would seem to me credentials – anybody else out there can match 'em, I can't think of who right off."

But in the end, to counter the question of his never having served in any governmental office, Jackson mainly resorted to his own elemental calculus of political reality: "The basis of *my* strength and credibility is not any office or position but my relationship with the people. Somebody'll say, 'You know, I got a number of constituents in my district, that's why I got authority.' But all you are is elected to an office from that district, that's all. Some people been elected like thirty-four times, but they still don't have a following. Thirty-year senator, chairman of all these committees, and he still doesn't have a following to show for it. Somebody elected president of an organization by four hundred, four thousand, however more people, he's occupying that *office*, he's head of that organization, he holds that seat, but he's not head of all those people. Follow what I'm saying? From alderman up to governor to senator, they have territory on *paper* as their domain, they all laying claim to that: 'It's my *domain*.' But at some point the real mandate and power and initiatives have to come from a relationship with people, not with official structures. And the masses of the people, who are unstructured and so not depending on people and processes they don't see or know, they have responded to what they saw in me. I'd hear, 'Jesse, you can't run for President, you hadn't had a position or office to get enough votes.' But the people responded anyway. Others guys had the positions, but they didn't have the following.

"Elected officials, most of 'em, get locked into an arrangement that distracts them from serving the real interests of the nation," he declared. "In terms of the relationship between political office and the realities of any given society, the views actually get *narrower* as you go toward the top. The guys at the top, they got big positions but small agendas. What you find up there as the strategic overview is really just a broad collection of individual myopias. Most of their lives are invested in getting reelected, campaigning in their districts, their caucuses, trying to get on some committee with limited responsibility. Cross-fertilizing, increasing their own stature. That's the system they locked into, and unless they play by its limited rules they will be denied promotion. And while they accept that trade-off the people are moving on down the street."

This syndrome, Jackson averred, claims black politicians no less quickly than whites. "Often, our leaders have emerged from the movement, from the struggle, from the bush, and got elected to some governmental office. And they wind up before long 'bout as conservative and cautious as what they replaced. While they still mouthin' righteous principles, their real preoccupation is reelection or heading some committee or election to a higher office. The system's got 'em. Happens all the time. They trade off their street power, their people power, for security in the tokens and technicalities of importance. Can say, 'I'm chairman or senator or secretary of whatever, supported by friends, everybody's polite to me. I run around, and everyplace I go somebody meets me at the airport, and every time I speak somebody gives me a plaque.' Well, see just how *fast* all that airport-reception and plaque-giving business stops when you out of office."

In all this, Jackson seemed to be suggesting that his own qualifications had somehow passed beyond the ordinary, prosaic expectations applied to candidates. But the skepticism about his innocence of governmental experience continued to vex him. During his trip through Africa shortly after the election, a visit to the compound of a Yoruba king in the Nigerian interior moved him, on the way back to Lagos, to another of his mystic ruminations, which he managed to apply to the question of his own worthiness as a Presidential candidate. "You know, it's like Tillich said, 'God is the ground of my being.' I asked the king back there where his power and authority

"The city is lost to music."

–Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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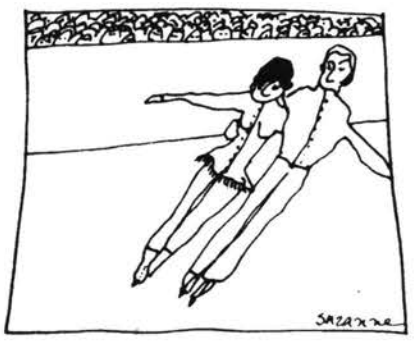
came from. He said it all came to him from the earth, from the ground of his people up to him. The people are the ground of his being. A leader with that kind of authority is a little different from some general or government official in charge of distributing the flour and grits. He has *another* authority, because he moves people. It's more than just political or official—it's love-and-justice power. The people are the ground of his power. That's *another* kind of power. Sometimes it's a little hard for other folks to quite figure that out. Party officials, government figures, the pundits, they have sort of a hard time gettin' that."

"Jesse Jackson isn't going to get to be in this system what he might think he wants to be," David Halberstam has commented. "But he could be something much more important. He's become the media black man in the world-media age." Jackson's journeys to Africa and the Soviet Union, in fact, turned into a kind of international expansion of the gospel-populist messages of his American campaigns. The expeditions occasioned no little irritation to some United States Embassy officials along the way. "Just what are we supposed to do with this guy?" one complained as he stood watching from the edges of a Jackson press conference in Lagos. "Exactly who is he representing? What's he supposed to be?" But at dinner with a pair of United States envoys in Zimbabwe on a January evening in 1989—many months before the legal disassembling of apartheid in South Africa, the fall of the Berlin Wall, the dissolution of the Soviet empire Jackson eagerly expounded, "If anybody knows, you guys should know that the world community is such, our foreign policy is going to jeopardize the strength of our country in a significant way if we do not have leadership equal to the task of a liberal new world order. Which is emerging. Gonna be emerging everywhere you turn around over the next few years. Can *not* be held back."

During his visit to the Soviet Union in February of 1989, in discussions with Soviet authorities and democratic militants alike, Jackson took to expatiating on the struggle of *perestroika*, in which they were all caught up, by casting it as a kind of extension of the civil-rights movement in the American South during the sixties. Jackson has a way of presenting previously unremarked connective patterns to the general perspective of historical situations—new moral synapses, as it were. Indeed, in his view, the popular process that eventually climaxed in the failure of the putsch last August had actually begun some thirty years earlier in Alabama and Mississippi, in the rousing mass meetings in black churches and the courthouse-square confrontations with club-wielding police. Those were the initial manifestations, Jackson suggests, of a sporadic and uneven but amplifying historical dynamic called by the movement "people power," continuing into the demonstrations against the Vietnam War, the confrontations in Prague in the spring of 1968, protests in South Africa, arcing over the decades to the Solidarity movement in Poland, the popular overthrow of Marcos in the Philippines, then to Tiananmen Square, then to Eastern Europe where, in the squares of its capitals, demonstrators were heard singing "We Shall Overcome." Jackson says, "In a certain sense, it's all been a projection of the soul force of the movement struggle back in the sixties."

Accordingly, in a 1989 session with Soviet officials in Armenia, when the republic's reformist Communist Party chairman complained, "*Glasnost* and *perestroika* is making the life of political and Party organization in the Soviet Union much more difficult," Jackson responded, "That's good. Way it's 'spose to be. Way Jesus described it was the difficulty of putting new wine in old wineskins. The will to *glasnost* and *perestroika* is equal to the will to live, to breathe. This process of democratization you're engaging in is very deep in nature. That's because it honors the natural law of self-determination." He went on, "Democratization is going to release a new energy through this society. Gonna release energies people never even really realized they had. You've set something loose, Mr. Chairman, can't be controlled or revoked, you know. A state simply cannot contain the natural urges of its people to move into a freer arrangement. But it'll be challenging! Be exciting!" He then added, "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, is a retirement plan for stagnant leaders. Yeah. Leaders got to keep up with the course of this process or they have a Siberia in their future. Right?"



This brought a scatter of uncertain coughs of laughter. "We are not afraid of criticism," the chairman said.

"Well, that's hopeful to hear," Jackson answered. "Because a lot of creative energy comes out of that criticizing business. In the long run, it makes leaders better, because it makes them broader. Why that's crucial is because what you guys are facing now is, from my own experience, only a little thing compared to what'll be coming down the road, as this process you've started really opens on up."

In the same way, Jackson exhorted Soviet democratic militants who were often ranged against those authorities. To three young activists, introduced to him as "the S.N.C.C. of the Soviet Union," Jackson said, "There're so many parallels with our struggle for our own form of *perestroika*." He advised them, "Dr. King and others of us went to jail. We said, 'If equal protection under the law is real, if having the right to vote is supposed to be real for everybody, let's *test* it. We all equal? Well, then, let's run for mayor and Congress let's even run for President.' So if you have five thousand people marchin' down the streets of, say, Leningrad, demanding a certain adjustment, if they are then arrested and beaten, then you've proven limits, but if they're not, then you've expanded the realities. I mean, have to *define* it, then *test* it. Get what I'm sayin'?"

He cautioned them to resist any bitterness over disappointments. "Point you make, that people'll meet and protest, and still nothing happens—that's always gonna be true no matter what the social order. Parallel at home is, we're a fairly open society, but I've seen countless numbers of farmers, union folk, unemployed and homeless, all marching in big protests, who ei-

ther get completely ignored or get only meagre victories. So you can conceivably demonstrate in great numbers and not change much at first. But in time, *in time*, the movement of that number of people *will* begin to make something happen.

"Now, don't give up when the counterforce comes. Which it will, sooner or later. In this new arrangement here, those in power are still gonna try to stack the deck against you to assure their own survival. But that's natural, that would happen anywhere—it's just built into the system everywhere. But so often the great-idea people, like you guys, have a tendency to give up when the counterforce comes. And there's no doubt the counterforce *is* going to come. So when that happens, what you guys here in Moscow and Leningrad, and all those provincial towns you talked about, what y'all got to do is *hold on*. Like the movement song, keep your eyes on the prize—hold on! 'Cause y'all are, after all, representing something in nature ultimately *stronger* than that counterforce. That's what y'all must never forget as this thing plays itself on out. That's what 'Keep hope alive' really means."

BUT for all Jackson's insisting after the campaign and after his receptions abroad that he had arrived at last, he privately still seemed unreassured. Despite all that had remarkably happened to him—despite the celebrity he now enjoyed, despite the deference now accorded him by other political eminences, despite his own sense of having finally acquired an impressive national validity—it seemed he still did not feel himself to really belong.

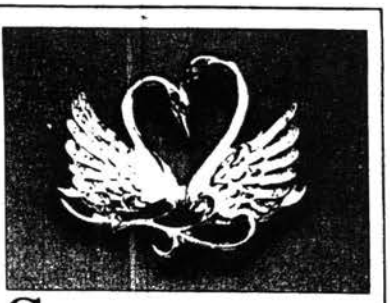
Over the course of his trips abroad, Jackson reflected on the sense of displacement that has endured as a legacy of his people's abduction from Africa into captive servitude in America. "Racism is still the x factor in American society, in ways that aren't even consciously hostile," he said. "Still holding us in bondage, but it's elusive, because it's so embedded in the soul of our culture—almost like, you know, born and bred into iniquity. Even *we* are kind of resistant to acknowledging it, because it's such a heavy thing. All these old images, cursed descendants of Ham, dirty people, naïve, childlike. Sociologically, couldn't adjust. Color we had, must be different. Talk different. All of us supposed to have soul, have rhythm—I've seen blacks in wheelchairs trying to roll with it, didn't even have any legs, but you black, *you got to dance*. We've grown up surrounded by these depersonalizing images, an I-it relationship rather than I-Thou. Low expectations. When I was at the hospital waiting for our last baby to be born, there was a white guy there, too, walking around in circles. Had a cigarette—*I* had a cigarette, and I don't even smoke. Both of us with our wives in there. Time came, we put on these little backless robes, and we went down that hall together holding hands. They brought 'em out white baby, black baby. And I thought, That white baby has not come out with a chemistry book in its hand. And my baby did not come out with track shoes on. Whatever's happened to them since—if his baby turned out to be a chemistry professor and mine turned out to be only a high-school runner it would not be the way God sent 'em here. It's the mythology of the society. African-Americans supposed to play ball. Universities take 'em in when they can't read and write, drop academic standards, and say, 'It's all right, got to make allowances for *these*.' "

Jackson went on, "In so many ways, *so many ways*, have we been bred into insecurity. Du Bois, you know, talked about the burden of double consciousness of being black in America. You belong and yet you don't. You free but yet you're not. It's your place, but yet you kept separated from it. You there but yet you ain't. Though it's more difficult trying to make it under that double role and double burden, once you survive it you have double muscles. But it's like we have almost to be superior just to be equal."

Some time later, during a long ride one night through the backcountry of Armenia, the man who got seven million votes fell to reflecting on his bleak childhood. "There's a Scripture that talks about a ship that wrecked and its stern broke," Jackson said. "And the Bible says that they made it on broken pieces to dry land. Sometimes it seems it's really you against the world. And you have to make it on whatever broken pieces you got."

—MARSHALL FRADY

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)



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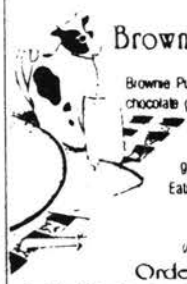

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OUTSIDER

II—HISTORY IS UPON US

IN 1941, the year of Jesse Jackson's birth, Greenville, South Carolina, was a quiet little hilly city—part of the state's semifeudal complex of textile mills—situated in the mild weathers of the Piedmont uplands, where the land begins lifting toward the distant Blue Ridge Mountains. About ten per cent of Greenville's inhabitants were black, and were confined to drab and cluttered precincts on the weedy back side of town, including a poorer quarter of flimsy plank houses and smoky dirt lanes, where Jackson was born on the afternoon of the eighth of October.

His family lineage, to the degree that it can be traced, vanishes—like that of most blacks in the South—four generations back, into the anonymity of Reconstruction and slavery. But, from the fraction of his genealogy that is known, Jackson could be said to present a kind of essential American story: by various reports, one of his grandfathers was half Indian; one of his great-grandmothers, who had been a slave, was part Cherokee; and a great-grandfather had been an Irish sheriff of Greenville County. "One of my aunts got almost platinum hair," Jackson says. One can see in Jackson himself, when his normally dark-acorn-brown skin takes on a grayish dullness in deep cold, a faint dappling of freckles under his eyes and across his nose. He is, as a political essayist once noted, a kind of walking Rainbow Coalition.

But those lines of descent were principally on the unlegitimatized side of his lineage. Jackson has long been telling high-school assemblies of black youths in the nation's inner cities, "You say, 'But Reverend Jackson, you just don't understand what it's like.' I *do* understand. I was born out of wedlock to a teen-age mother, who was born to a teen-age mother. How do I understand? I never slept in the house with my natural father one night in my life. I *understand*." His mother's mother—a slight, brisk woman named Matilda Burns, commonly called Tibby—for years set out in the early mornings from her scruffy neighborhood to work as a maid in the household of a comfortably moneyed white family. She was illiterate but industrious, pious, and proud, and almost grimly ambitious for her single child, Helen, born as an "outside" baby in the fleeting frivolities of her own girlhood. Helen had grown into a luminously pretty girl, lead majorette at her high school, with a lush and vibrant singing voice that by the time she was sixteen had attracted offers of scholarships from five music colleges. But it was at that age that she fell into a romance with a married man in his mid-thirties, who lived next door with his wife and three stepchildren.

His name was Noah Robinson, and he was an imposing figure—a tall, burly former amateur boxer, with skin the hue of rich amber. He was relatively prosperous, with a position as a cotton grader for a white-owned firm in town. But he had not, as yet, fathered any children of his own, and, he later told the writer Gail Sheehy, Helen offered to bear him a child. Her pregnancy devastated and embittered her mother, and her church congregation exiled her from their midst for a time, until she stood before them one Sunday with her newborn son in her arms and apologized to them all.

In campaign speeches, Jackson has at times, heedless of embarrassment, blurted out, "When I was in my mother's belly, no father to give me a last name, they called me a bastard and rejected me." Even so, once he was born—acknowledged, at least, by Robinson as his, and given the first name Jesse, for Robinson's father, and Robinson's own middle name, Louis—he was to be extravagantly cherished by both women. A memory of that early warmth returned to Jackson, in an unexpected gust, during a visit in 1989 to a children's hospital in the earthquake wreckage of Armenia, when volunteer nurses, most of them elderly women, crowded around him, weeping, and he wrapped them in massive hugs, with tears blurring his eyes. "I kept seeing my grandmother in their faces," he said afterward. "They were old, with all those odds against them. Hardly any family left, livin' in ruins, jobless and, by some standards, futureless. Yet the human spirit had not left them. Like, it's tough, but we not gonna give up, we gonna hold on—but we're hurtin'. Yet they not lookin' for a window to jump out of. About all that's left of their community, and they are its strength. They embraced those children just like my grandmother. Hover over those babies like, like they will not let even the elements *touch* those babies."

His mother, her aspirations toward a music career now abandoned, absorbed herself in raising her son, with a devoutness of concentration so intense, one of Jackson's former schoolteachers recalls, that "he was always made to feel he was a gift from God to his mother."

When Jackson conjures forth his version of the Nativity in his speeches now, he will sometimes transmogrify it into a kind of parable of his own

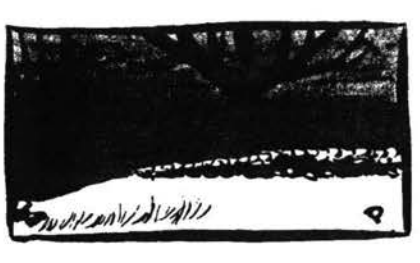
origins: "I know why Jesus was so sensitive to the poor and lonely—he was born to a poor couple. Innkeeper told 'em she'd have to have that baby outdoors, in the *wintertime*, but in fact that was *every* woman's baby—every pregnant woman has got one of God's children in her belly!" During one long, late-night reverie, Jackson, recollecting the circumstances of his own birth, remarked suddenly in a dry, thin whine of mock incredulity, "A teenage mother? Havin' a baby? No husband? No job? And you mean you want to go ahead and have that baby? Even raise it? Why, that's just not realistic. It's naive. What kind of life can that baby ever expect to have?" It is almost certainly owing to that intimate consideration that Jackson's private sentiments on abortion seem notably more equivocal than his public support of the option. In casual conversation he will say, "In a sense, the whole issue of abortion is a consequence of an absence of self-esteem, self-worth. But the problem now is we got this turmoil of extremes. One group saying, 'I love babies so much, if we can't provide for them or they're unwanted, don't let 'em come into the world.' The other group saying, 'I love babies so much, they must come into the world even if they have to starve.' All of 'em using the language of love. We must have the right of self-determination, of course, but we must also live with the consequences of our judgments. Freedom to make a choice—it must be a *moral* choice. It's about human life, man. *Human life.*"

ON the Saturday after the 1988 Presidential election, Jackson returned by private plane to Greenville for a community commemoration of his mother's sixty-fifth birthday. After the plane landed, he took a long ride, in the lingering bronze light of the late-autumn afternoon, back around the old neighborhoods of his growing up, measuring and relishing, as he constantly likes to do, how far he'd come from those streets. "So much has happened to us just in this year," he said. "I keep thinking about the odds, the responsibility I have now against what I was expected then to be doing at this stage in life."

Once during a visit to Africa, riding along a back road in Nigeria, Jackson passed through a clutter of shanties and muddy cinder-block houses set in bald dirt yards under mimosa-like trees, and came to a crossroads marketplace of ragtag stalls hung with gaudy tin signs, and, amid blowing smoke and dust, people everywhere. He suddenly exclaimed, "Look at *this!* This is the American South in the fifties. Those tin roofs on those houses, those cement blocks in those front yards? I grew up here. And this open market—I grew up running barefooted across this on Saturday mornings."

Now, as we drove around that black section of Greenville, which had been the setting of his boyhood, I saw that much of it had begun to be surrounded by and digested into the glassy geometric constructions of new office complexes, with occasional open expanses of grass where clusters of houses had simply been effaced, as if by random swipes of a giant eraser. But, as Jackson rode past the stragglings of houses among empty lots overwhelmed by kudzu, it was as if he were seeing that old neighborhood of over forty years ago still whole and undiminished. "Constant flashbacks," he muttered. "Amazing what keeps living in memory."

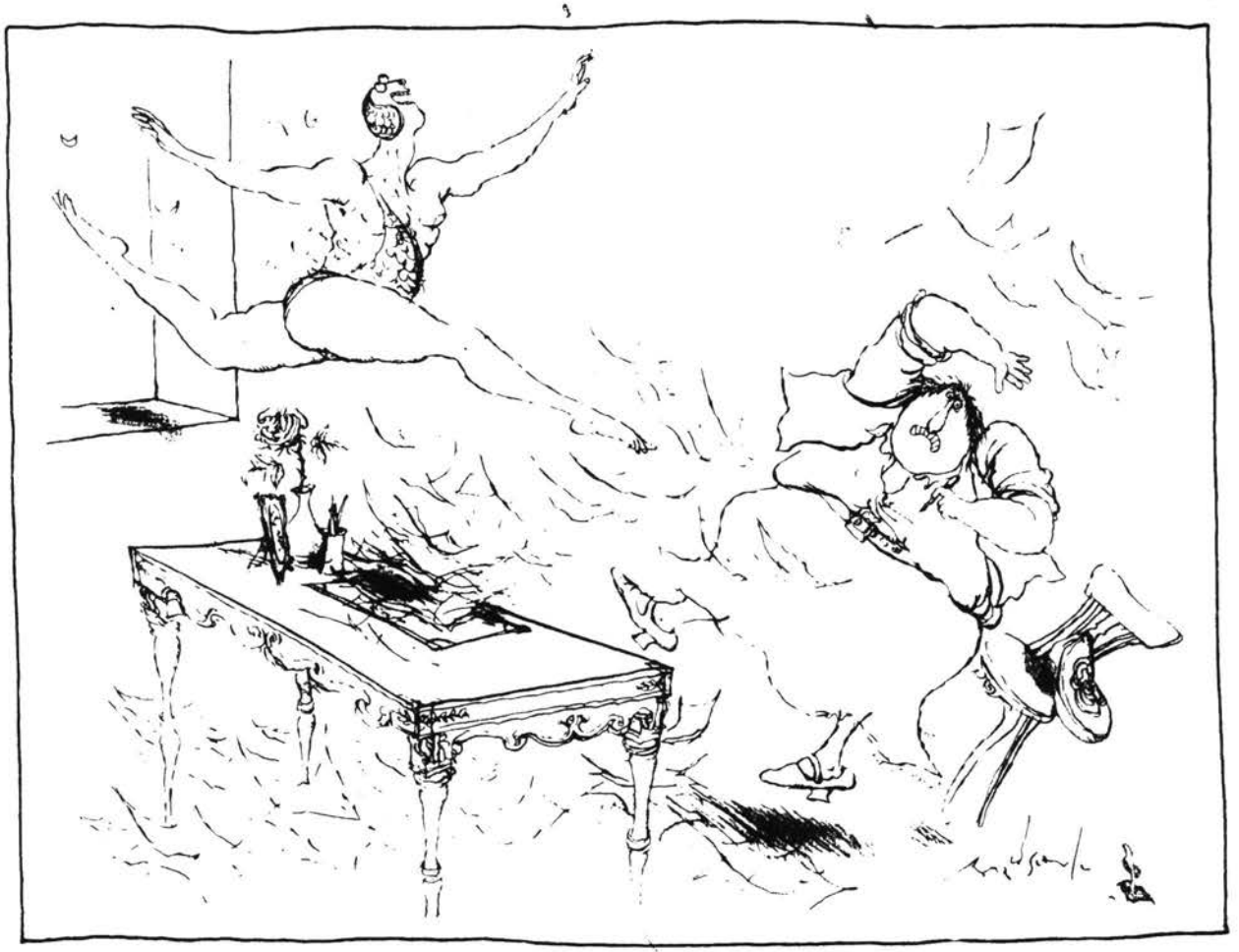
Back then, it had been a dense, dingy warren of unpaved lanes and shacky houses with sagging plank steps and plank porch railings lined with rusted coffee cans holding, in summer, ruffles of geraniums and caladiums. The houses were perched on tiny grassless, gullied yards, some scattered with woodchips and upturned washtubs and old tires and bluish puddles of pitched-out dishwater, others swept clean and enclosed by rickety fences assembled from scraps of boards and wire, with walkways bordered by bits of brick and cement block and broken bottles set in neat parallel lines in the dirt. "All these years, this neighborhood hasn't really changed that much," Jackson declared as he directed the driver—who, along with the car, had been furnished by a local funeral home—through a series of turns. "Yeah, I grew up all around here, several places." Wearing a black topcoat, he was sitting erect and alert in the front seat by the driver, his head swinging busily back and forth to survey both sides of the streets passing by. "Man, some of these houses are exactly *the same* as when I was born." Then he said, in a low, excited murmur, "That one right there, right up there"—he tapped his forefinger against the closed window beside him—"I was, I was born right there, in that house."



The car paused before a wooden structure indistinguishable from the ramshackle and paintless houses crowded about it, its windows dim in the autumn dusk. "People ask why is Jesse Jackson running for the White House—they don't see the house I'm running from. Three rooms, tin-top roof, no hot or cold running water, slop jar by the bed, bathroom in the back yard in the wintertime. Wood over the windows. Wallpaper put up not for decoration but to keep the wind out." He stared out the window. "In ways, it seems like a century ago." He then motioned the driver on. "Yet I remain connected to all this. By continuing to live in those experiences here, you have high-octane gas in your tank. Keep those experiences flowing through your soul—it gives you authenticity. You not talking about something defined by some sociologist. My speech at the Atlanta Convention, when I said, 'I understand,' that's why people were crying. 'He's well known, been on TV and all that, he be up there with all them big people now, but he still understands. Ain't just talkin' this stuff he don't understand—he understands.'"

When Jackson reflects on how far he has come from those origins, he will often lapse into a curious, cloudily mystical musing. "It's been like moving through this kind of slow chain combustion of dreams, one after the other. Dreams with this infinite character of dreams within dreams that keep on exploding one out of the other, on and on. Anybody ask me, 'Did you ever dream you'd be where you are today ten years ago?' the answer is no, because where I was ten years ago came out of a dream years before that. All this stuff just keeps coming—*boom, boom, boom.* I mean, what's happening to me now—back when I started, I didn't know to even *dream* for it."

Despite the general shabbiness of



CROSSED PATHS

The Spectre de la Rose Meets Gertrude Stein

• •

the neighborhood, we passed now and then brief rows of primly neat, compact brick homes. "See down there, those nicer houses?" Jackson said. "While we were terribly poor, the black neighborhoods were economically integrated. Had to be—the better-off had almost nowhere else they could go. So you could live in our class but have the benefits of being among all kinds of classes." This social mixture within the black community provided Jackson with perhaps his first restless realization of wider possibilities for himself. "Teachers down there, see. Then, right back here behind our house, in this alley, a whole other subculture—people back in there selling bootleg liquor, fight on the weekend, go to jail. So you could see, like, don't live like this"—he nodded toward the dirt alleyway—"but aspire to that." He pitched his thumb back toward the brick homes behind us.

We turned up another side street, Haynie Street, and Jackson pointed to a small white-shingled house ahead of us. "Now, we lived there while—" He suddenly snapped forward, his face close to the windshield. "That looks like—sho is, that's Mr. Clinkscales. They been living here ever since we left." He administered several soft hurried backward slaps against the driver's arm: "Turn up in here by the house just a minute." At the top of the steep driveway, an elderly, wizened man paused in his passage from a back-yard shed to a screen side door of the house to stare blankly at the car pulling up below him. Jackson heaved out of the car and, bellowing "Mr. Clinkscales!," went striding up the driveway. Clinkscales, a frail, papery figure, standing perfectly motionless, with his hand poised on the knob of the screen door, watched Jackson approaching him with a look of startled befuddlement. He finally replied, "How you do, sir," with a faintly tremulous uncertainty.

"It's Jesse," Jackson told him. "Jesse Jackson here." He laid one hand on Clinkscales' shoulder and gently patted it, as if to reassure the old man. "How you doin', buddy?" he said softly.

"Oh, I'm doin' fairly well."

Jackson said, "Where's ole Freddie Jean?"

"They gone to town."

"Well, tell her I came by to give her a holler, O.K.?"

"I certainly will," Clinkscales said, in a dry, light voice. "I certainly will."

He remained standing motionless by the screen door as Jackson walked back down the driveway toward the car. Up and down the street now, people had begun spilling out onto their front porches, calling to each other from house to house, "Hey, it's Jesse Jackson! Jesse Jackson's here!" A number of them collected around

TALES OF AN ART DEALER

During the coming months we would like to share with you some of our favorite Vose Galleries anecdotes, in the hope that you will come for a visit to hear the expanded version.

THE DISAPPEARING LADY: ROBERT C. VOSE'S (1873-1964) FAVORITE STORY . . . While in Los Angeles in 1929, a client persuaded Robert C. Vose to appraise a group of paintings in a monastery in Hollywood Hills. As Robert suspected, the walls were filled with copies of old masters – until he reached the last small room. There on the wall hung a rare Rembrandt, one of the forty or more that had been attributed at that time to the 17th Century Dutchman.

Portrait of a Girl Wearing a Gold-Trimmed Cloak, dated 1632, had been sent to the Hollywood monastery some ten years earlier by the Catholic Bishop of Chur, Switzerland. The Bishop hoped the Rembrandt would appeal to a wealthy Hollywood mogul.

Upon receiving word of Robert C. Vose's interest, the Swiss Bishop and his retinue of a dozen attendants spent a week in Boston negotiating the sale. Robert procured the painting for $100,000. A month before the stock market crash of 1929, the happy dealer sold the painting to Robert Treat Paine, a wealthy Boston collector, for $125,000.

Paine loaned the painting to Boston's Museum of Fine arts, where it hung undisturbed for the next 45 years.

In 1975, in a brazen noontime heist, two thieves stole the portrait at gunpoint and pistol-whipped a guard in the process. The FBI worked with a jailed rock group leader who had been charged with a series of crimes, including art theft. To avoid a prison term, the convict laid out secret negotiations for the painting's return. *Portrait of a Girl* was found in the trunk of a car, miraculously unharmed.

Eleven years later, the museum was jolted when Paine's heirs decided to sell the painting at auction because of unfavorable tax law changes. At a price of over $10,000,000, more than four times the highest price ever paid for a Rembrandt, *Portrait of a Girl* disappeared once again, this time to an unknown buyer who submitted an anonymous bid.

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to remain only a detached, incidental bystander while his unclaimed son grew into a nationally famed figure. On the night that Jackson won South Carolina's Democratic caucuses, during the 1988 campaign for the Presidential nomination, a celebration was held for him in the auditorium of a technical college in Greenville, but as Jackson moved through the fanfare of that climactic homecoming Noah Robinson never appeared.

AT one point during our ride, we passed a small collection of office buildings on the edge of the downtown area, and Jackson said, "Over there's the lawyers' building, where my father, stepfather actually, used to be janitor. Clean up the lawyers' building, you know. I'd help him – he taught me how to be a janitor. And, right over there, that's the courthouse where my adoption papers were filed, at about age twelve. Where I became Jesse Jackson. Before that, I was Jesse Burns, my grandmother's name." By then, his mother had borne another son, who was named Charles Jackson, Jr. (A slight, quiet man, he now lives in Los Angeles, where, after an eclectic career in the music and entertainment business, he runs a soul-food restaurant.) Even after Charles Jackson, Sr., officially became his adoptive father, Jesse persisted in calling him Charlie Henry.

Around the time Charles Jackson legally adopted Jesse, he also moved the family out of their old, ragged Haynie Street neighborhood to a newly constructed housing project, which, as we drove through it thirty years later, still had a neatly diagrammed look, with straight streets of boxy little two-story brick apartment houses. "Fieldcrest Village!" Jackson announced. "When we moved here from where we'd been, it was like the Promised Land. Brick, man! Red brick handles the winter a little different from those houses where you have to use wallpaper to keep the wind out. Solid floor, solid roof, hot and cold running water." A couple of months later, as he was riding past some dreary apartment complexes in Moscow, he said, "These projects here not all that different from Greenville, just bigger. Course, no private homes here like in Greenville, spacious lawns and all that. But poverty and wealth is relative, and a lot of it's in the mind. To us, when we first moved to the project, considering what we were coming from, we thought it was like a step toward being in the middle class—you know? I mean, had us a doorbell. Mailbox, too. Oh, yeah"—the memory stirred in him little bumps of chuckles—"telephone, straight line, no party line. Pantry, stove. Closets for the first time. An upstairs, I'm talkin' about. Even had us a little back yard. Hear what I'm saying? Yessir, *movin' on up!* And that ain't all. Had us"—he suddenly wheezed in laughter—"had us a *color* television set. That's right. Color television! Black-and-white TV with one of those tinted cellophane sheets over the screen. Yeah, man. All of us sittin' there watchin' . . . watchin' our color television!" He swiped a hand at tears in his eyes, still jostled by submerged jolts of laughter. "Movin' on up! In the *middle* class now."

In fact, Charles Jackson had obtained a position in Greenville's Post Office Building. As Jackson recalls, with something of the same wry merriment, "when he was working at the lawyers' building, he was just a janitor, you know. But when he began working in the Post Office Building, having to fill out all those application forms, he became a 'custodian.' *Good god-amighty* here, now – a *custodian*." As we drove past that building, a monumental edifice of granite and marble, Jackson remarked, "Judge Haynsworth had his office in there, up on the third floor. The whole building's named for him now. But my father used to clean up Judge Haynsworth's office there."

Years later, in 1969, Judge Clement F. Haynsworth, then serving on the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, would be nominated by President Nixon for a seat on the Supreme Court but would be rejected by the Senate, over questions not so much of his serene remoteness from the elemental social tensions of the times as of the impropriety of his ruling in cases involving personal financial interests. But Haynsworth—a shy, fastidiously formal man—remained until his death, in 1989, a central fixture of what passed for Greenville's gentry. An insulated, decorous society, contained within an enclave of manorial homes along deeply shadowed streets, it was an order of life that, beyond Charles Jackson's weekday tidyings of Judge Haynsworth's office, could not have seemed more unreachably distant from the

quarters in Greenville in which Jesse was raised. And at some point he discovered himself to be doubly dispossessed—not only discarded by his natural father but disdained by the larger community around him.

We happened to pass, not far from the Post Office Building, a big cemetery, tombstones congregated over several acres, and Jackson remarked, in a quick, flat voice, "This was the downtown graveyard. For whites only, of course." As we continued touring what had once been the intricate geographies of segregation in this Southern city, Jackson commented in almost stealthy whispers, as if he had somehow slipped back to spy into that past. "See, now, all this neighborhood was white." We were driving by a street of small, tidy homes with small, tidy lawns. "Basically, white textile-mill employees these were, all up these streets here. Blacks could not stay back here *at all*. There was a dividing line—Berlin Wall had nothing on the dividing line here. Came over here into this other country only to rake leaves or cut grass. But right over there across the road, look, look—all those houses, see up in there? The drama of it is, all that was *black*. You see how close blacks and whites actually lived together? Practically within voice call of each other. Some places we lived along here, whites' back yard was actually contiguous to ours. Mean, we were not permitted to sit on each other's front porches, but we could sit on each other's *back* porches. That was so Southern, black-white relations then. Know what I mean? So close, but still absolutely separate. Not like the big cities in the North—segregation down here was *personal*, man."

We came to an intersection, and Jackson said, "Up there on that corner, for instance, was this little store, had a white owner. I used to play with his son when I was about six, riding bikes and all that, and we'd go into his daddy's store sometimes and give this little whistle, you know, askin' him to give us candy. One afternoon, I went in, whistled, and his daddy took out a .45 and pointed it at me, said, 'You ever whistle at me again, little nigger, I'll blow your head off.' " Jackson said quietly, "Two things I remember about that, and neither one of 'em was fear. One was knowing immediately I couldn't tell my stepfather, because he'd come and probably kill the guy.

"Someone's been sending me J. Crew catalogues."

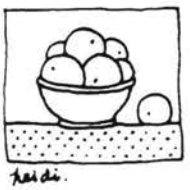
• •

But the other was how the other people in the store, who were black, pretended they hadn't even noticed it.

"Now, this street here—one of my first memories is sitting on the front steps of our house on this street, waiting to go for my first day of school. I could see this school several blocks up the street, with green grass around it and flags in front and all that—I thought that was the school Mama was talking about. So when we started walking and got to that school, I made a break for it. But Mama said, 'That's not the one. You can't go there. It's another one.' We kept walking. It was a school much further away, I found out, and it wasn't at all what I—but I'll show you." He gave the driver directions through a rambling of little streets. "Would walk along here going to school," Jackson said. "Lot of this was a white neighborhood then—hostile territory, mysterious, another world. Walked past that white church over there every morning that I couldn't attend. Had to cross some very dangerous thoroughfares, actually. White kids would pass us in school buses, yell things. We didn't have no school buses then, just had to walk it." We finally pulled up at a corner where a low, plain brick building was deposited on a large plot of bare ground. "This was it," Jackson said. "The other school, the one for us. The one that didn't have any grass. They didn't plant any. Didn't mean for grass to grow here, or children to grow, either. Only place for recreation was sliding on the sand on the sidewalk along here. No grass to play on."

As we headed back toward Haynie Street, the road rose past a high stretch of open field, and Jackson said, "Of course, this is where Furman University used to be, the men's campus, before they moved it all out of town. All up on this hill, dorms and classrooms, just across the street from us. Oh, man, did I *dream* about going to school there one day. I couldn't hardly wait. That Frank Selvy, man, he was my idol then." He was referring to a nationally celebrated Furman basketball player of the mid-fifties, who once scored a hundred points in a single game. "Oh, yeah, I was gonna go to *Frank Selvy's* school," and in a softer voice he added, "Which, of course, I could not attend, I realized eventually. Though we lived just across the street, and my grandmother did the washing and ironing for all you other students

up there." (I had gone to college at Furman, and, during Jackson's 1989 trip to Africa, as we were sitting around one morning in the government guesthouse in Lagos, Jackson abruptly continued, as if only a few seconds had intervened since that observation in Greenville, "I mean, how come you can go to Furman and I can't? Hunh? Why was that? You know, given the basic characteristics of Jesus, *he* couldn't have attended Furman, either. Could he? Wrong complexion, not the right schooling, family poor. Ain't that right? Naw, couldn't've let Jesus in Furman, either.")



A block beyond Furman's former campus, we turned into another narrow street of the neighborhood in which Jackson had first lived, and I recognized, below a wooded hill, the shape of Sirrine Stadium, where Furman still played its football games after it had relocated. "Yeah," Jackson was saying. "When the white people would come to the football game on Saturday afternoons, that was a big deal for us. We'd park the overflow of cars in the yards along here, watch 'em for twenty-five cents. Couldn't get in to watch the game, though, 'less you were selling peanuts and Co'-Cola. Only down there at that end of the stadium, up on the side of that hill, is where blacks could sit." And I suddenly recalled, for the first time in all these years, students at the games—possibly even including me—referring to that hillside beyond the goalposts as "the crows' section." This was one little reminiscence, however, that I could not quite bring myself to mention to Jackson. Instead, I said that it would be ironic if, on one of those Saturdays, he had parked my car. "Probably did," he affably replied, "probably did! Probably in the cards, in the stars!"

Dusk had begun settling over the town as the car finally descended a long drive through the wide, leafy sweeps of a park. "This is Cleveland Park now," Jackson said. "We couldn't use this park. *Public* park, too." Judge Haynsworth had spent quiet Sunday afternoons bird-watching here. Gazing out the window, Jackson spoke on in a barely audible voice. "Softball fields along here, right over there. But we couldn't play softball in them. After we moved to the project, bus would come along here every day, and we'd look out the window at the white kids playing softball. But we couldn't play ball there." A moment later, he pointed out his window and murmured, "Over there, that was the swimming pool, which they did finally desegregate. So blacks could swim in it. But then they put seals in it. That's right, seals. When that didn't work—some blacks just jumped on in there with the seals anyway—they turned it into a garden. Filled it up and covered it over with dirt. Yeah. Beautified that problem, was how they took care of that one."

As the car moved on, Jackson said, "Now the black neighborhood started started . . . riiiight . . . here. Nickeltown, was called. In Nickeltown now. And right down there, at the end of that street, was our skating rink, since we couldn't go to Cleveland Park. It was the smoothest stretch of pavement we could find."

We started back toward his mother's house, and Jackson reflected, "You know, it's amazing that there're so few blacks now who are openly and verbally hostile, given their experience. There're some whites who still can have the audacity to be unrelenting and unforgiving in their expectations of what black attitudes ought to be these days. But, given the scars on our souls, what amazes me is how *freed up* most blacks actually are about those experiences."

At one point, on a boulevard running along the edges of his old neighborhood, we passed the Ramada Hotel; the marquee at its driveway entrance, illuminated now in the twilight, bore the message "HAPPY BIRTHDAY HELEN JACKSON." "That's where the thing's gonna be for Mama tonight," Jackson said. "Right there at the end of Haynie Street, actually." It was one of those large circle closings in time which Jackson so likes to note.

FOR all the pervasive degradations of Greenville's onetime system of small-town apartheid, Jackson in fact passed his boyhood mostly enclosed in a kind of communal care that he describes now as "a love triangle." He says, "Mother, grandmother here, teacher over here, and preacher over here. Within that love triangle, I was protected, got a sense of security and worth. Even mean ole segregation couldn't break in on me and steal my soul. It protected me long enough until I was able to break out and survive on my own. When it's working, that's what that thing really does."

In progressive installments between appointments and flight departures during a passage through Africa (that journey the closing of another, much vaster, indeed ultimate sort of circle, as he kept pointing out), he recalled, "Grandmama and Mama always made me feel I was somebody special, told me I was the Lord's gift to them, you know, always saying, 'You're gonna be somebody. Just hold on.' Then came the first day of school—yeah, in that other building on the corner with no grass—but my mother took me in to my teacher and told her, 'He's in your care.' Teacher said, 'Don't you worry, Miz Jackson, we'll take good care of him.' Principal came in, said, 'It's all right, Miz Jackson, he'll be all right here.'" It produced an impression of a collective watchful attention that a small boy of Jackson's particularly solitary and uncertain circumstances would have found hugely gratifying.

So telling was the effect on him of that collaborative concern among his elders, in fact, that he has been preaching its importance ever since, in his circuit-riding social ministry. "Parents, teachers got to be in it together. If the teacher assigns homework, parent must have the child at home to do the homework. Report-card time, you must go to the school and pick up that report card. Four times a year. I mean, pick it up!"—and he clapped his hands, having become greatly exercised in explaining all this one morning in Lagos, stalking up and down beside a long table and fairly shouting at times. "If a child can go to school thirty-five weeks a year, you can go four times a year to get his report card. You check on your investment stock that much. And your child's the *biggest stock* you got! It's the *parents'* responsibility to get their child educated, and they pay teachers to assist them—teachers are parents' aides, not the other way around. But there must be a thing between the *two* of you. Understand what I'm sayin'? Because your child then knows he can't play the two of you off against each other. Because children are masters of deceit—your little loved one also happens to be a little rascal."

Once, at an assembly of parents at his younger daughter's school, "this

black mother was just berating a white teacher," he recounted. "'I know my son is doing better than you say,' gettin' louder and louder, with her son standin' there beside her, 'bout ten years old, keepin' real quiet. Teacher said, 'Well, whenever I give the class homework, your son comes back saying he couldn't do it because his parents are too poor to buy him pencils and paper.' '*He's lyin'!*' black mother says. '*He's a damn lie!*' I mean, almost hollerin'. '*We always worked!*' 'Well, now, I didn't know that,' teacher said. Course, what the little fella'd been doing, he'd been comin' home and telling his mother how this white teacher was not kind to him. Ten years old, but already caught on to how to play that ole race game, play on the stereotypes. Right about then, the father stepped into the discussion. Looked down at his little boy and said, 'Now, your teacher, here, she won't be havin' that problem with you no more, will she?' Little small voice, 'No, sir.' '*I say, will she?*' 'Nosir, nosir, nosir!'" Jackson clapped his hands again. "Teacher, parents closing that gap! And, when they close that gap, homeboy's in a crossfire. Harsh? Eagles are harsh on eaglets until they can fly. And closing that gap is finally a matter of saving that child. Saving future heartache. On Christmas mornings, shall you be coming downstairs to open gifts around the tree, or shall you be going over to the jail to take yo' chile a cake and cigarettes?"

In his own case, Jackson says, "my mother would tell my teachers, 'Now, if I miss PTA meetings sometimes because I'm working at a job, I'll see you at church on Sunday.'" He explains, "What it was, see, was a transfer of moral authority from my mother to that teacher. And the teacher had *earned* that authority by the way she behaved with my mother at church. There was respect between them."

It was in that third element of the triangle of care around him that the whole arrangement seemed consolidated, confirmed, consecrated. In the black churches of Greenville—simple little shoebox sanctuaries crammed, on Sundays, with congregations of maids, yardmen, teachers, mill laborers, cooks, whose massed voices surged, over a huge measured clapping, through old hymns—there was contained a certain vibrant and all-encompassing democracy that was wholly removed from the structures of weekday lives. "My teacher, for instance, was a college-trained woman, and my mother was not," Jackson says. "But at the church Mother sang in the choir. She was the star there. It was a different sort of reality at Long Branch Baptist every Sunday." In fact, those Sunday-morning church services provided Jackson with his first, idyllic sense of a Blessed Community, a democratic society ordered not by money or professional station but by moral properties. "Only measure was character," Jackson says. "Here Deacon Foster, who might be only a janitor at the school, he can be chairman of the deacon board and sit in the front row, while the principal of the school, who might be an ole drinkin' sinner, he gonna have to sit ten rows back and keep quiet. It's Deacon Foster, guy who can say the most fervent prayers, who got the status *here*. Different kind of reality." And somehow a more momentous one as well. They would all be lifted, on the sweep of the preacher's voice, out of the base gravities of their daily lot and into the grand, ancient scriptural dramaturgies of bondage, suffering, endurance, mercy, redemption; would be spirited right back there again with Joseph in Egypt, Moses before Pharaoh, Herod and John the Baptist, the compassion of Jesus, and his Crucifixion. "That revolutionary Gospel I learned at Long Branch Baptist—I've found no higher truths," Jackson says now. "The values preached by Reverend D. S. Sample are just as real over the rest of the world."

He was also noticing how the greater reality of those Sundays would be translated back into the everyday lives of the people around him. His mother was working now as a beautician, to supplement Charles Jackson's meagre income. "We never had much at all, of course," Jackson recalls, "but Mama was always helpin' out folks who needed it, would fill out papers for them to get their welfare checks, buy their groceries and have 'em delivered to 'em. Like she did for this old man who lived near us, Mr. Dave, who was illiterate, and had trouble gettin' around. She'd explain to me why she was doin' all that—need

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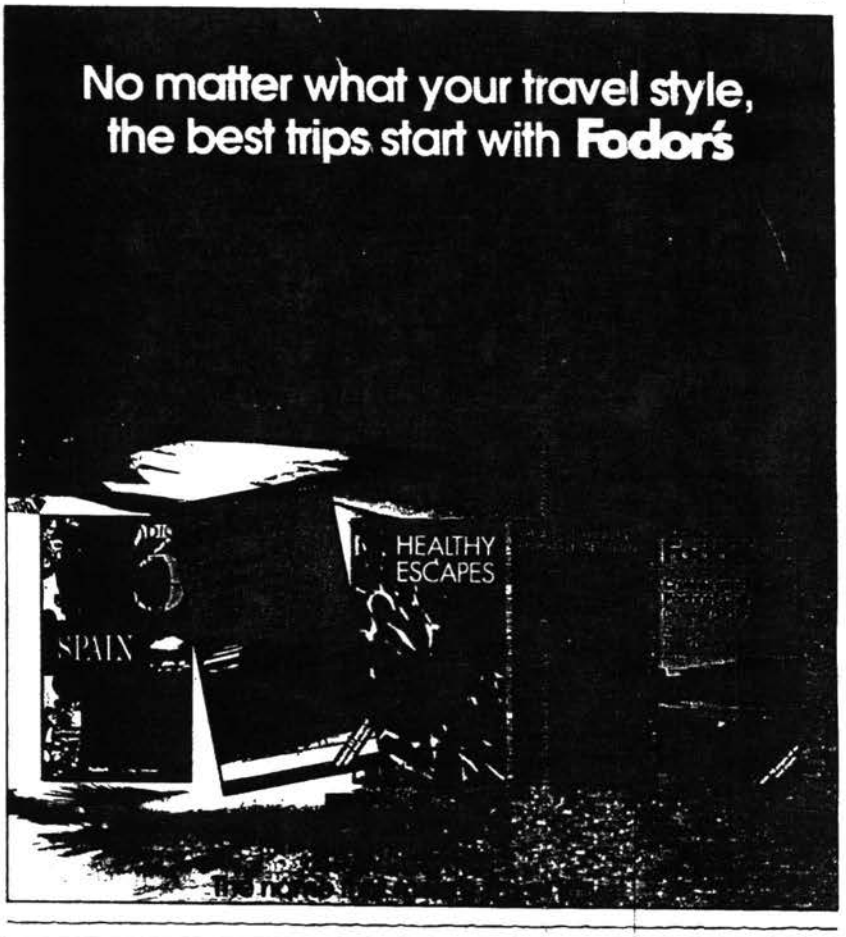
to look out for other folks just like they were one of our own. Straight from that Gospel preached at Long Branch. I remember, then, one Christmas, Mama was sick and out of work, so was my father, had only a little pickup job painting. I knew I wouldn't be gettin' nothing much that Christmas. Fact, we didn't even have hardly enough money for food. Christmas Eve night, time came to go to the church for the Christmas play, where members would exchange gifts and all that. My father was feeling awfully low and discouraged, said we shouldn't be going, we couldn't give any gifts to anybody. But Mama said, 'We can at least go sing in the choir. Can at least add to the congregation.' When we got back to the house that night after church, there were six bags of groceries sittin' on the front porch. Deliveryman had left 'em, we figured, like he did sometimes for people weren't at home when he came. We took the groceries into the house and stored 'em away—meats, chicken, flour, lard, fruit, cookies, I mean all *kinda* stuff. Day or two went by, nobody called for them. All that food, 'bout the only food we had in the house, and Mama wouldn't let us touch any of it. She said, 'They don't belong to us, now, it's somebody else's groceries.' Finally, the old man, Mr. Dave, dropped by, asked if we'd gotten his order. Mama said, 'Oh, yes, we weren't sure exactly who they were for, but we been holding them for you.' He said, 'They for y'all. Knew you were sick and Charlie's been out of work. Figured you could use 'em. Just a little something I wanted to do after all the help you been to me for so long.' He was illiterate, see, couldn't leave any kind of note. Said, 'I thought y'all would just know.' Mama started crying. My father was different about showing his feelings, but he had to go out of the room for a minute or two. Now, you think any child can ever forget an experience like that? All it meant? Isn't in some way changed forever by it? And, man, did we *feast* there for several days! Still the greatest Christmas I've ever had."

Yet, as he grew up within the sheltering warmths of Greenville's black community, he found himself at the same time having to answer to sternly exacting expectations. "First day in the sixth grade, I'll never forget it. Teacher was Miz Shelton, and she began writing these long words on the blackboard we couldn't understand, never even heard of before. We all looked around and started whispering to each other, 'She got the wrong class. She thinks we the *eighth*-grade class.' Somebody finally called out, 'Uh, Miz Shelton? Those are eighth-grade words. We only the sixth grade here.' She turned around. 'I know what grade you are. I work here. I know what grade I'm teaching. And you'll learn every one of these words, and a lot more like 'em, 'fore this year is over. I will *not* teach down to you. One of you little brats just might be mayor or governor, or even President, some day, and I'm gonna make sure you'll be ready.' And she turned back and went right on writing." At that time, Jackson says, her proposition prompted no glow of possibility in him. "Aim to be governor? Even aim to be mayor, when in Greenville then there wasn't a single African-American on the Board of Education, in the Police Department, the Fire Department? And aim to be President—my *God!*"

Nevertheless, Jackson says, such suggestions inevitably took. "I was taught that even a society of limitations did not have the power to limit your capacity to dream. I was never taught to adjust. My mother, she just never learned to teach me to be inferior." His mother's application to his development may have been additionally energized by her relinquished cultural ambitions. "Mama was very articulate, even though she had left high school after the eleventh grade. She was always into self-improvement and culture and things like that. When I got to high school, she told me I was to join the choir. I was playing football by then, and I told her, 'Mama, look, I'm a football player. Those others choirboys. You know—'s *different*.' 'I understand,' she said. 'I know what you are. But if you that uncertain about your manhood a football uniform won't do a thing for you. When you come out of high school, you gonna have learned how to 'Hallelujah Chorus' and 'Give Thanks Unto Thee,' you not just gonna learn James Brown and The Drifters.' So I got to be able to talk about all that a cappella and allegretto, 'Hallelujah Chorus,' all of that—only at Mama's insistence."

When he speaks now to assemblies of black youths in schools around the country, Jackson will relate, "Mama made me take French in high school, though I could see absolutely no use for it. Neither could my friends. Guys on the football team said, 'Look, man, in the first place mamas don't know everything.' Said, 'After all, you don't have none of us on the football team speak French. Chances awfully high you ain't *ever* gonna have no neighbors who speak French. Yo' mama can't speak French *herself*. Man, *fake that thing*.' So I schemed, managed to finesse it all the way through high school, through college, graduation. Before long, started working with Dr. Martin Luther King. Then—you never know what the future holds, can't see around the curve to it—Dr. King was murdered, and in time more leadership fell to me. Years later, I get a call one day from Washington, saying six ambassadors from the Sahel region of Africa want to come to Chicago to talk to me about getting help for the drought and famine there. Six African ambassadors, comin' to *my home*. My mind started thinking about history, going back home to Africa to help save the starving and dying—really a *great* sense of the moment, of this whole *scene* now, feelin' sort of *good* about myself. Day comes, I look out the window, these ambassadors are gettin' out of their cars in front of my house, comin' up the walk to my front door. I go out to meet 'em, and every one of 'em—get this, now—every *one* of 'em is speakin' *French*. There I am, can't even understand them, talk to them in their own language. *Caught!* Managed all those years to slide by my mama, slide by my teachers, even got my diploma—but the law finally caught me. What is that law? Sooner or later, you *will* reap what you sow. You got to study those books, my friends!"

In fact, the disciplines in which he was reared by his mother and teachers left him forever after obsessed with the traditional fortitudes of grit, pluck, industry, pertinacity—those staunch verities which, as he saw it, provided his deliverance from the futility and abjectness of the community enclosing him. "I got a sense, early on, that it was possible to escape if you played by certain rules," he says. "I knew the neighborhood offered no real way out. Downtown business was hardly the way out. Might go to West Point,



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maybe. Still, how far we could go was limited by the barriers of segregation. But I knew those barriers could be breached by education and will, and if you stayed out of personal trouble." And it is that simple homiletics which now largely forms his exhortations to black youths in inner-city schools. Not long ago, at a convocation of students at Jordan High, in the Watts section of Los Angeles, he declared, "God does not make orange juice—God only makes the oranges. You got to peel 'em and squeeze the juice out yourselves. Same way, God gives us all a brain, but you got to squeeze it, exercise it, you got to *use* that brain to draw the genius out of it. If you a good athlete, it's not just that you were born that way 'cause you black—don't believe that racist talk. It's 'cause you *practice* that way. Whatever you do much, you do well."

Indeed, there is a curiously old-fashioned, McGuffey Reader didacticism to his homespun ethic of diligence and probity. "My values come out of a conservative Christian orientation," he insists. "Probably surprise a lot of people to know I think that way, but it's what I really believe, deep down in my soul. When liberals were dismissing drugs as just a personal habit, I was saying it's the No. 1 threat to our national security. When I was arguin' our youth was sufferin' from lack of discipline and growin' decadence, many liberals, quote unquote, were wafflin' on the issues." He goes on, "Issue of corporal punishment in school, that was something I only learned was an issue years later. I wouldn't have even understood what that phrase meant, much less thought to question it. Teachers got to teach by moral authority." Of education he says, "It must be value-oriented. We cannot have a value-free education, an education without vision, without ethics. Absolutely not! Must be a commitment to a thing called character in education." This may seem a slippery principle, actually, placing him not that far from the educational impulses of the fundamentalist right. Nevertheless, he asserts, "The great teachers know that that lectern is a pulpit. That's why they sometimes call it 'the ministry of education.' It's a divine calling, like ministry of the Gospels."

In his own ministry, when he speaks to gatherings of high-school students, he even preaches the sort of sober sexual restraint that one might hear commended in a sermon by Billy Graham. "You say, 'But, Reverend Jackson, the new thing is, sex is a thrill.' Let me tell you, it *always* was. But we not an amoeba or paramecium, we have more than one cell, and we can have more than one thrill. Sex is a thrill, but so is graduating a thrill, going to college is a thrill, becoming mayor, becoming governor"—the students are applauding now—"becoming President! Your *whole life* can be a thrill!" His notions of propriety and fitness can seem at times to take on an almost Victorian stodginess. While he was taping an early pilot version of his first, syndicated television program, he kept presenting, to a deputation of rap performers defending their lyrics with arguments of artistic freedom, such questions as "But do you see any relationship between freedom and responsibility? You accept any responsibility for the impact of what you say?" Even during a visit to the Soviet Union, he went about dispensing admonitions like "Keep expanding your freedoms, by all means, but do not then use those freedoms to be decadent."

IT finally remains something of a mystery exactly how Jackson, an illegitimate, poor, black youth in Greenville's racial caste system, arrived at his sense of some special personal portent—what eventually expanded into his compulsion to make himself into nothing less than a moral hero in the society where he and his people have long been scorned. It was an urge that, as Jackson now puts it, "didn't come to me all at once." He says, "It began more like this low burn that just sort of kept growing.

"There was always an expectation that I would do something. I can't explain it, but I was always aware that there was this exceptional, high expectation factor for me." Part of the reason, he now says, was that even though he was the cast-off child of Noah Robinson, the mere fact that Robinson had fathered him "meant something very important to people in the community"—and obviously, for all the hurt of his rejection, also to him. More, "every social level of the community," as he now remembers it, "seemed to feel they had this special stake in me—the poorest element, because I was born among them, but also the middle-class, the respectable church folks, because they'd helped train me up." What invited that special solicitude, it would appear, was that even as a boy he had a flourish of some particular promise. When the first television sets began appearing in the neighborhood, around the time he was nine, he took to dropping in on nearby houses to read out for illiterate grownups the titles and datelines of the newsreel broadcasts announcing the headlines of upheavals and pageantries all over the world with a gusto that would prompt these first, small audiences of his, crowded into dim rooms, to marvel, "This boy gonna *be* something someday," and to drop dimes and quarters in the paper cup he always brought along with him. Such tributes from his elders, however perfunctory, produced in him flushes of great self-expectation. By the time he had reached adolescence, he reportedly proclaimed to Noah Robinson at one of their chance encounters, "I'm a born leader!"

But the barren claustrophobia of life in Greenville's black community remained unstirred even by the Supreme Court's 1954 school-desegregation order, Jackson recalls; it registered there as some imponderable, remote event, with little immediate meaning. Far more momentous were the two occasions, in the fifties, when Jackie Robinson passed through Greenville. The first time, he was scheduled to perform in an exhibition game in town, but it was rained out, and he never got off the train. Several years later, when Robinson visited Greenville on behalf of the N.A.A.C.P., he was refused permission to use the bathroom for whites at the airport. That incident, in fact, provoked a local black minister to mount a small protest demonstration, and it stunned most of Greenville's blacks no less than the town's white population. Jackson's own parents, he remembers, were not a little scandalized. "It was like 'Why he want to raise up a fuss like that? Just what's he think he's doing? His business is 'spose to be preaching the Gospel.' I could tell it sort of frightened them, you know, especially my stepfather."

In the South then, ministers were about the only figures of consequence and authority in the black community,

and that small elect presided over their people's lives in the manner of the tribal high priests of the Old Testament. Accordingly, Jackson says, when he was in his early twenties he informed Noah Robinson that he had been visited by a dream: "I dreamed I was a preacher, leading people through the rivers of the waters." In his own church, he had emerged as an assertive youth, regularly attending state Sunday-school conferences and returning to present reports to the congregation with an expansive volubility in which the lisping stammer that had marked him since his childhood began to disappear. "Church was like my laboratory," he says, "my first actual public stage, where I began to develop and practice my speaking powers with more and more confidence. After a while, got to where you couldn't hardly hold me back." He soon found that while listening to other preachers in church "I'd sit there watching them, but all I was really seeing was myself up there in that pulpit."

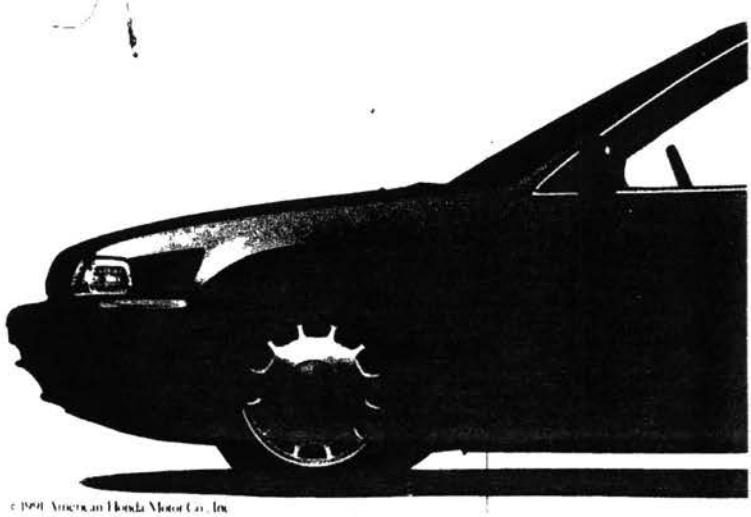
In other public arenas as well, he became a virtuoso. In grade school, he had been outsized not only in his hunger for notice but in his sheer physical bulk, looming over his classmates. At Sterling High, he made the football team in his freshman year, playing with eighteen-year-olds, and he eventually became the star quarterback. (He was also the pitcher on the baseball team.) It was the strategy of Sterling's football coach to design the whole team's play around the quarterback, an arrangement that Jackson found not uncongenial. And it was in his performances on Thursday nights (Friday nights were reserved for the city's white high-school games) that Jackson came by his first true public magnification, on the brightly lit field of Furman's stadium, where he had once parked cars for the college's Saturday games and peddled peanuts and Cokes to the white spectators. His swashbuckling play began to attract the curiosity of the Greenville *News*; in one game, he shifted himself to fullback for a while and ran for three touchdowns. He became, in fact, a local sensation. At the request of the photographer sent out by the *News*, who on particularly chilly nights wished to get back to the paper as quickly as possible, Jackson on his first plays would take the ball himself and obligingly gallop straight toward the photographer's flashbulb on the sidelines, on as many successive swings as required, until the photographer shouted an O.K. to him.

During these years, he developed into something of a glad young prince of Greenville's black community, appearing at such social occasions as weddings arrayed in a shimmery tuxedo jacket and vanilla-white trousers, as if he were actually the bridegroom, and even showing up for school in suits and ties. Snappy, ebullient, he was called J.J. by friends. He had also come to be noted for a rampaging glibness. Meanwhile, he remained diligent in his classwork, taking along his schoolbooks on team trips to neighboring towns. In all, he says, "I was afraid to fail. An all-around excellence in sports and academics, being a first-string athlete and an honor student, could protect you from feeling certain forms of rejection." Now, instead of the schoolyard taunts of his childhood, he began to hear assurances that he was fated for great things.

But all these intimations of a special promise were finally balked by segregation. Jackson had a counterpart of sorts on the football and baseball teams of all-white Greenville High, a celebrated quarterback and heavy-clubbing catcher named Dickie Dietz, and between them there developed, as Jackson now likes to cast it, a "media parallel" of dual headlines in the local paper. But the possibility of any directly measuring contest between them was denied by the town's implacable racial division. "I always wanted to play against Dickie Dietz, but I knew I never could. It was one more way the system acted to contradict your qualifications."

The discriminations were usually more direct. On a senior-class trip to the state capitol, in Columbia, "they wouldn't even let us take a class picture on the lawn," Jackson remembers. "Not talking about inside the building where the governor and all the legislators were - but not even out there on the *lawn*. It was like we were some reject people kept under rule in an occupied zone. Mean, why'd we have to sit in the back of the bus? Use the back door of cafes? Couldn't sit at the lunch counters downtown? Couldn't go to the theatres downtown, couldn't go to a

From beginning



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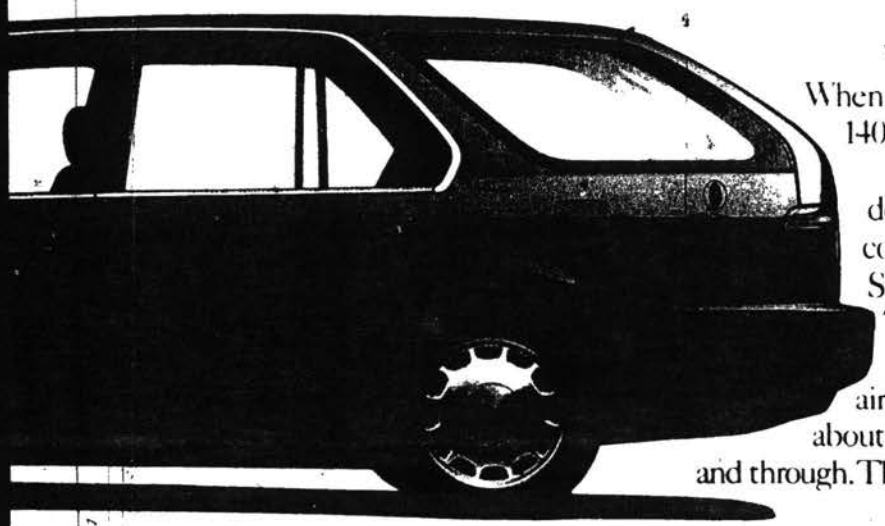
white church? Hunh? Why was that? Why all the bus drivers, department-store clerks, supermarket clerks, all the policemen and firemen, all were white? Why *we* couldn't be policemen and firemen? Why no black judges? Why no blacks on television? Movies only about white characters? Why no blacks in Congress or the Senate or the state capitol? Mean, *why*? You felt the whole society was out to just *erase* you." He would occasionally engage in furtive retaliations. While working as a waiter in the dining room of a patrician hotel downtown, he says, "I'd serve people sometimes who'd be just so *mean*, but I soon found if I kept serving them with a genteel efficiency you could melt 'em after a while, they'd start letting their guard down." If they didn't, he would resort to quick little spits into the soup of those white customers before emerging from the kitchen and politely setting the bowl before them. "Hardly call it even, though. Spit in their soup while they burn our churches."

The depth of the desolation that segregation worked on black youths like Jackson is indicated by the excitement with which, a few years later, at college, he and his fellow black students received word of a United Nations study of racial comparisons. "The big preoccupation for us at school was whether we were actually inferior or not," Jackson relates. "We'd sit around discussing books by Margaret Mead and others. Any anthropological study showing us not to be inferior was very important stuff to us. So when this UNESCO report came out stating that, scientifically, people of African descent were not inherently inferior—*man!* That was a big thing, we took that paper and quoted from it, went around giving speeches on it everywhere. I mean, the *United Nations* said it. It was *validated*—we were *not* inferior!" There was the same extravagance to his rejoicing over comments in a television address around that time by President Kennedy: "He came on, said, What's happening to Negroes in America is not only not right under the law, it is also morally wrong. Great godamighty, man—*morally* wrong! I choked up, started just *quivering*. I'd never heard a white politician in my life before say something like that, talk about the moral foundations of our society. He took it into another dimension with that." Stirred again by the recollection even these many years later, Jackson smacked his hands and let loose a light, amazed whistle: "*Morally* wrong—my *God!*"

What became progressively more unendurable about Greenville's racial order was simply its brusque affront to Jackson's growing sense of his possibilities. In 1959, after leaving for his first year of college, in the remote and supposedly more open latitudes of the University of Illinois, he returned to Greenville by train for the Christmas break. "It was the longest I'd ever been away from home, and it felt awfully good to be going back for that little while. But while I was home I was supposed to put together a speech that had been assigned me for a speech contest—something to do with patriotism, as I remember it. I had this list of over a dozen books I needed to use to prepare it." Once back in Greenville, though, by conditioned instinct he first sought the books not at the city's main public library but at the McBee Avenue Colored Branch. None of them were to be found there, and the McBee



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Avenue librarian sent him, with an explanatory note, to the white library downtown, taking the precaution of phoning ahead for him. But, after walking the mile and a half or so to the Greenville Public Library, he discovered, when he entered, two policemen waiting beside the librarian's desk, quietly talking to her. She took his note, glanced at the list of books on it, and told him that none were available there at the moment. "I asked her if I couldn't just go back in the shelves and look for them, way back in the stacks where nobody would even see me. She said, 'You simply cannot have them.' Said she'd have to have me arrested if I didn't leave." On the long walk back to his house, Jackson says, "I felt like crying, I was so angry, humiliated. Furman, Clemson students could use that library, even white high-school students in town could use that library--but *I* couldn't. It's hard to really describe my feeling. It *still* hurts, still enrages, like I *still* can't believe it." What it meant, Jackson says, was "I had to break off my Christmas vacation four days early to go back to Illinois to get that speech done. I remember riding that train alone back to Atlanta and to Nashville and up to Chicago and on the bus back to Urbana, thinking the whole way, That library's public. And when I get back home this summer it's gonna go public for real. I'm gonna use that library. It wasn't any matter of Gandhi or Dr. King then, it was just my own private pride and self-respect."

That obstinate self-regard had been transmitted to him, in no small degree, by his mother and stepfather. "Despite everything, they'd always had this great sense of personal dignity," Jackson says. "It was maybe their most important gift to me." He still recounts with delight one Sunday afternoon when his stepfather took him and his half brother to a bank building downtown where he was then working as a janitor. After first pointing out how "he'd sometimes find money they left in the trash baskets to trap him, test him," he was showing them how to operate the floor-buffing machine when "his boss came in with some of his buddies, called to him, 'You, Charlie, c'mere.' Father said, 'Be there in a minute.' Boss called him again—showing off for his buddies, you know—and said if he didn't come right away he'd kick him. Father said, 'Well, you might do that,' and took this bunch of keys off his belt and handed them to the guy, 'so you better take this job back before I get in trouble, 'cause if you *do* try kicking me you'll have only one leg left after it.' And he took me and my brother with him on out the door." As it turned out, the effect of that flare of indignation by his stepfather, Jackson says, was "not only did his boss insist he stay on but he gave him a strong recommendation when the Post Office job opened up."

But later, as the civil-rights movement began gathering over the South and Jackson made his first ventures into student activism--in which, he says, "I was simply carrying out my mama and daddy's sense of dignity"—his parents found, as commonly happens with values passed between generations, that dignity unexpectedly taking a form in their son which was deeply discomfiting to them. "While they had this powerful sense of pride, that didn't translate for them into marches and getting arrested." Tensions began to crackle, especially between Jesse and his stepfather: "His thing was fear. Somebody gonna get killed." The summer following his rebuff at the city library, Jesse did in fact return there, and, along with seven other black students, staged a small sit-in. He was duly arrested, and his release on bail was filmed by a local television-news camera. Back at home on a Saturday afternoon, he was in the kitchen making a sandwich, as he tells it, while his stepfather was sitting in the living room watching television: "Then he came into the kitchen, said, 'How things been, son?' Very calm, you know. 'Just fine,' I said. Then he said, still just as quiet and level, 'I work hard for this family, you agree? Your mother, too, doing those ladies' hair? Well,' he said, 'I just been watchin' y'all down there at the jail talkin' 'bout not being able to use the library, not being able to eat downtown. See that 'frigerator? Enough food in there for you? You ever had to go without a meal around here? Got enough clothes to wear? Thing is, when you out there talkin' 'bout you got to go to jail 'cause you can't get enough to read or eat someplace, that's sort of a *reflection* on me and your mama. Know you full of a lot of ideas about what all you think ain't right and all, but I don't want you to be bringing that trouble around here. I don't think you ever quite thought how it could affect this family. So if you can't adjust to the situation here maybe you ought to just go away on from here.' "

Jackson managed to construe for himself an explanation for that chilling rebuke: "It was very painful for him, see, to have to say that to me. It was really his love for me, because of his fear of the consequences of what I'd begun doing. After all, people were getting shot in those days, homes bombed." He also offers one of his vaguely mystical reflections to account for the episode: "It's the points of pain in life, you know? They lie along the borderlines, points of pain, along the outer limits. At birth, the pain indicates something new and great is happening. When a society or a person is growing, the points of pain are the points of transition into a new life. Can't happen without the pain."

Through the following years, arguments continued to flare up between Jesse and his stepfather about the movement into which Jesse had pitched himself. In that reach for a final, full legitimacy, he had made himself something of an alien in his own home. To Jesse's suggestions that his stepfather's rightful place, like his own, was marching alongside Martin Luther King, Charles Jackson replied with cynical remarks about King that were not very different from what could be heard in many white households at the time. "He'd say, 'Ah, he's just marchin' to be seen. Just wants to be out there marchin' for something is all.' Or, on Vietnam, you could give him seven reasons why King said he was against the war, but he'd say, 'What's any preacher know about the Vietnam War?' I'd come back, 'Well, just gave you seven reasons he said he was against it—he didn't say he was just *guessing*.' But seemed like he just had to attack him. *Had* to, 'cause he couldn't afford what it would mean, at that point in his life, supporting what King was doing."

Even so, in the last years before Charles Jackson's death, in 1979, "he became very proud when I started appearing on magazine covers—*Jet*, *Time*," Jackson says. "He'd take that magazine straight down to the postmaster, and show it to the people he

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was working with—'*Y'all* ain't ever talked to no President or been on the front of no magazine around here.'" It was only in the grace of Jackson's public emergence that, for the first time since Charles Jackson had taken over his household, they reached a kind of closeness.

ACTUALLY, when Jesse set out for college at the University of Illinois, it was as the subject of surprising solicitudes on the part of that white order in Greenville from which he had long felt outcast. He had been admitted to Illinois, in the first place, through the intercession of Furman University's football coach, who had admired Jackson's Thursday-night performances in the college's stadium, and arranged for Illinois to give him a football scholarship. And, before Jackson left Greenville, Judge Haynsworth called him into his chambers and pronounced an official blessing upon him—to the effect that he had proved himself a worthy boy, a source of pride to his parents, and if he kept his head clear and bent to his books he would fare fine.

Jackson's own ambitions as he headed for Illinois were distinctly personal, an eagerness for self-improvement more than for any social militancy. At Urbana, he immediately enclosed himself in a world of studying, football, social sporting; he joined a black fraternity. Out of his old avidity to belong, he seemed to be pursuing, as a college student now, that full normalcy of life that had been denied him from birth; he would enter the larger society around him at last. All it required, he assumed, was the diligence and enterprise and confidence in which he'd been schooled by his teachers in Greenville. "I thought that I was doing everything right," he remembers.

Soon, though, misgivings arose. He wasn't allowed to play quarterback—for racial reasons, he has claimed (a recollection that has undergone modifications over the years). At any rate, Jackson says, leaflets were slipped into the mailboxes of the black athletes on campus warning them that they were at Illinois only to play ball, and "not to socialize" with the white coeds there. When some black players complained about the admonition to the athletic director, Jackson says, he stunned them by recommending that they heed it. Steadily, almost casually, similar affronts accumulated. Black students were not allowed into a concert by the Count Basie band, while, Jackson says, at a party given by his fraternity the next weekend "all we had for music was playing those little ole scratchy 45s."

Before long, a cold realization came over him that "all that time I'd been imagining Illinois had to be different from Furman and Clemson and those places down South, it wasn't at all – same thing, just way off somewhere else." When his speech class voted him one of three students to be sent to an oratory competition in Houston, his professor designated him as an alternate. He wound up speaking anyway, when one of the other students withdrew and while two of the judges accorded him close to the 9.0 perfect mark, Jackson says, the third dropped him five points lower, with the notation "Negro dialect."

Only a few months into his freshman year at Illinois, he had drifted into a deepening dislocation. His classwork began to falter. Feeling himself now merely one of an isolated minority on campus which was held in low regard and subject to not infrequent derision, he floundered on in a distress all the more harrowing because "we were supposed to be part of that breakthrough generation for our race," he says. "Supposed to be representing our race there. Couldn't hardly bear the idea of failing and disappointing our people." That year at Illinois, which had begun with such hope, turned into an ordeal, he now confesses, that "came close to breaking my spirit."

Finally defeated in his first real attempt to move into the society at large, he forsook Illinois – with, for the rest of his life, a wariness about "letting yourself get overwhelmed and lost in the majority mainstream." Retreating to the South, he chose "the sanctuary," as he describes it, of North Carolina Agricultural & Technical College, a rather modest, mostly black institution in Greensboro, North Carolina. It was in some ways like a return to the snug, insulated milieu of his high-school days. There, he cheerfully absorbed himself again in a private life, applying himself to his studies, playing football, and soon becoming the school's celebrity quarterback and a social bravo on campus, jaunty in narrow-brimmed hats and plaid sports jackets, an energetic fraternity fellow. (At a convention of the black fraternity

Omega Psi Phi, he got himself elected to a national post bearing the title of Second Vice-Grand Basileus.) He was eventually elected A. & T.'s student-body president.

A few months before Jackson arrived in Greensboro, students from A. & T. and a black women's college, Bennett, had begun a series of lunch-counter sit-ins that would rapidly spread to other cities. One student organizer later recalled to William H. Chafe, a historian of the Greensboro civil-rights movement, "We needed Jesse as a football player the girls loved . . . the president of the student council." What is surprising, though, is that for a long time Jackson kept himself carefully apart from the immense moral drama rising around him, grimly resisting all efforts by other students to enlist him in the sit-ins. "They were determined to get me to be a part of it, kept challenging me, but I expressed absolutely *no* interest in that business," he says. "I just wasn't into what they were into. Said, 'Point isn't sitting in, it's standing up.' I kept criticizing the movement from a distance like that." But when, after a lull, demonstrations resumed in the fall of 1962 – suddenly reaching beyond lunch-counter sit-ins to a profusion of demands, such as integration of all public facilities and equity in employment—Jackson was gradually pulled in. He agreed to attend a meeting of the campus chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), and even though he spoke only a few words, he showed up for a second meeting, at which, he remembers, "Somebody stood up and turned to me and said, 'Jesse Jackson, now you been having so many criticisms about what we doing, just what's *your* point of view? C'mon, tell us what *you* think we ought to be doing.' They sort of lured me on into it that way."

A few months earlier, he had begun dating Jacqueline Davis Brown, a coed whose childhood had been as marginal as his. When Jackie was a small child, her mother was a farmworker who picked beans in Florida for fifteen cents an hour; Jackie, the oldest of five children, had never known her father. But out of that stark girlhood she had somehow developed into a hardily self-assured and assertive young woman, with a lively brightness. On the A. & T. campus, she was conspicuously more spirited and militant than Jackson, the campus gallant, had ever thought of being; they met, in fact, when she asked Jackson to work with her on a paper on why Red China should be admitted to the United Nations. They were quickly taken with each other. Several months later, Jackie found that she was pregnant she has since suggested it was a deliberate design of Jackson's, to hasten her into marrying him—and they were married on New Year's Eve of 1962. The first of their five children, a daughter they named Santita, was born a little over six months later.

Meanwhile, as the demonstrations continued, Jackson came to feel around him that magnetic field of special expectations familiar to him from his childhood. "One thing is, people've always seemed to look at me expecting me to make something happen, to do something big," he says. "They've refused to let me stay small, you know?" It was that bracing sensation which, against his own inclinations, ultimately drew him into the movement. After joining CORE, he and other student leaders were called to a meeting with an A. & T. administrator, who, Jackson says, "told us he believed in civil rights, just like we did, but said he'd gotten a call from the state capitol in Raleigh. 'They told me if I don't do something to stop these demonstrations we'll lose our accreditation, your diplomas won't be any good.' Said, 'I can't tell y'all to stop demonstrating. But I know y'all've worked awfully hard to have your degrees count, your parents sacrificed a lot. So it's up to y'all.' Dropped his little number on us, and then left us sitting there." Later that day, at a conference at a church from which a mass march was to set out for downtown, "we were still debating among ourselves. Students were waiting outside with their toothbrushes, ready to go. And all of a sudden everybody's turning toward *me*. 'What we ought to do?' I was just a junior then, but there was like all this pres-

sure upon me from the other students. 'You got to say something to them out there. You can explain it.' We went outside, at least thirteen hundred students out there, and we got up on the church porch. Some others talked first, and I looked out at all those people and felt such a—I don't know, we'd just had this serious challenge about our accreditation—felt such a sense of obligation. Felt so *alone* in that crowd. But it was 'Not my will but Thine be done.' My will was to go back to the campus. But I couldn't, 'cause I knew, as a quarterback, you can never choose the path of having no confidence. Came my time to speak, I said, 'History is upon us. This generation's judgment is upon us. Demonstrations without hesitation! Jail without bail! Let's go forward!' And we moved on out."

Thus Jackson began to discover the exhilarations of his public effect, the power of his tolling oratory. "It was like it took me outside of myself," he remembers. When a number of Bennett students were among those who were jailed after a demonstration, he was appointed to serve as marshal for a protest march; he appealed to A. & T. athletes to join him. "These big football players, you know. 'Not gonna get involved in that mess, not gonna take this nonviolence shit.' But I said, 'We got to go down there and help out the sisters at Bennett, we can be the *leaders* of this thing.' " Seeing about fifty of the athletes following Jackson across the campus, other students came milling out of the dorms. "Result was we had more than two thousand marching downtown that night." And Jackson found himself heading the entire procession. With that, he was wholly caught up in the high theatre of the demonstrations.

As it happened, those demonstrations roughly coincided with the tumult under way on the streets of Birmingham—the campaign in Greensboro proceeding like an atmospheric reflection of that more dramatic confrontation led by Martin Luther King, Jr., some four hundred miles away. "Truth is," Jackson now claims, "Birmingham had the fire hoses and bombings, but the demonstrations in Greensboro were really bigger." In any case, he was being assiduously tutored now in the elements of King's vision by several A. & T. professors, especially Samuel Proctor, once King's classmate at Boston University, who had become president of A. & T. in 1960. "He kept throwing King up to me," Jackson says. "How King was able to do what he was doing 'cause he was using these larger concepts of theology and history. 'He's prepared himself for this. He's not down there in Birmingham just talkin', he's *relatin'* those concepts to the whole of society.' " Soon Jackson was exploring for himself how King's "moral dynamics" could be deployed, particularly within the folk values of Southern culture. During one demonstration outside a cafeteria, he says, "police finally were moving in to arrest us, and we kneeled and started saying the Lord's Prayer. Police all took off their caps and bowed their heads. Can't arrest folks *prayin'*. We finished, they started for us again. We stood up and started singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' They stopped, put their hands over their heart. Can't arrest folks singing the national anthem. We were touching something bigger, see, that we both respected. Opening up the moral terms of the situation. Went on

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for, like, half an hour, until we got tired of it and got arrested."

He also began to acquire a canniness for a certain tactical, situational jujitsu. At rallies, he would bawl forth such predictions as "We won't stop until we get what we want! We'll be there tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow! We'll *take over* the city of Greensboro!" Having invoked these dire prospects, he would then nimbly step in to act as mediator between the students and Greensboro's white power system. He was given to striking out on his own, independent of the rest of the movement's leadership. As he now explains it, "I had my popular base with the students, while I kept my position in CORE, had a base there, too, as an option." But his predilection for solo performances occasioned the same irritations then as it would through his ensuing career.

A more profound illumination came to him when the Greensboro police, having run out of jail space, herded some four hundred students into the dilapidated wards of an abandoned polio hospital that had been built to hold only a hundred and twenty-five occupants. Jackson led a march there and found classmates crammed against the windows for air. Several shouted to him, past a mass of police dogs and troopers, "We dyin' from the heat in here, man. You got to help us. Don't let us perish!" Jackson began weeping, he relates, and bellowed back, "We'll get you out, they can't stop us, we'll set you free!" They were, in fact, soon released. That experience, Jackson now says, was "a revolutionary moment in my life." Up to then, all his personal desperations and aggrievements had found no comprehensive "language of action," as he puts it, "to confront the general condition that your individual plight was just one part of." Out of that experience arose his apostolic ambition "to spend my life working as an agent to transform the outer structures of society, the inner structures of people, to bring about a new Heaven and new Earth."

Finally, on a smoldering June night, after Jackson had led a march downtown that flooded the streets around City Hall, a warrant was issued for his arrest, on a charge of inciting to riot. That was all it took for the movement's other leaders, whatever their prior feelings about Jackson, instantly to collect around him. With them he arranged for his arrest to take place when he emerged from a mass meeting at a church, before a rapidly convoked company of newspaper reporters and television cameras. This was the nation's first glimpse of him—a neat, self-possessed youth with a precociously debonair mustache and, already, a certain cinematic incandescence about him. He was notably taller than the officers taking him into custody, a procedure he submitted to with a strangely solemn, flat, wide-eyed gaze. His jailing was followed by the hasty distribution of some ten thousand handbills headlined "YOUR GREAT LEADER HAS BEEN ARRESTED," another church mass meeting, attended by about a thousand supporters cheering denunciations of his arrest from the pulpit, and an enormous, noisy march through the center of Greensboro. Jackson could hear the uproar from his cell. "What did I feel? Most of all, felt peace. Felt at peace." Before he was released, he managed to sketch a "Letter from a Greensboro Jail," in emulation of the

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were talking about. But I was fortunate to have a Martin Luther King as an example of the alternative to the traditional church. I mean, 'spose if all I'd had was Falwell and Swaggart and Jim Bakker — that was *the church*? 'Spose to identify with *that*?"

He had entered the seminary, though, with circumscribed expectations: "I always meant to come back down to Greenville and take a church, just work from my own church, sort of like King had done. With Jackie and the baby, I stayed away from any high-level activity. Stayed lost in those books." He also managed to get a job as a bridge-toll collector in Chicago after paying a respectful call on Mayor Richard Daley, to whom he had been commended in a letter from North Carolina's Governor Terry Sanford. (Jackson had briefly worked for Sanford after his junior year, on a projected series of black forums for state educational television.) Then, after presenting himself to Chicago's black publishing baron John Johnson, he acquired another job, hustling *Ebony* and *Jet* to sidewalk newsstands, in the course of which he became streetwise in the city's black neighborhoods. "Daley saw a toll collector, Johnson saw a communicator," Jackson says. Meanwhile, at the seminary, as the expanding movement in the South increasingly occupied the national consciousness, "other students began to embrace me, as if waiting for me to bring energy to the student body," Jackson says. "Which was strange, since I was just a freshman. They knew I'd been leading demonstrations down at A. & T. But I held back, kept away from getting into that scene again. It wasn't why I'd come up there. I mostly hung close to those books. Until that Sunday of the Selma bridge."

ON the evening of Sunday, March 7, 1965 — only some six months after his arrival at the seminary, and while Jackie was in Greenville with his family, awaiting the birth of their second child — Jackson was sitting by himself, watching the late news, when he saw the long, unfolding tableau of Alabama troopers trampling forward with flailing clubs through a toppling column of black marchers. "Was like all those years in Greenville, everything that had built up in me, it just blew up." Two days later in Selma, James Reeb, a white Unitarian minister and activist from Boston, was severely beaten by unknown assailants, and subsequently died of his wounds. That Sunday evening, Jackson remembers, "I couldn't hardly sleep." Early the next morning, he went barging into the student cafeteria, leaped atop a table, and began baying forth what he describes as "a challenge to everybody there." His appeal was "how we'd been studying the cost of discipleship, and all that sort of thing. Now a time had come to validate with our lives what all we'd been studying about. Who was gonna go with me down to Selma? And about thirty of 'em took off with me down there — a whole cavalcade of cars. Most of 'em white, too." Among them were five of the seminary's professors.

In Selma, Jackson abruptly materialized among the gathering pilgrims and, already in full-pitch motion, plunged about, offering his services to workers in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, even pontificating on his own to random sidewalk assemblies. It suggested some mysterious fury of auditioning. King's aides were startled to discover him, an unknown and seemingly sourceless youth, vociferously dispensing instructions to marchers from the steps of Brown Chapel A.M.E. Church, which served as the control center for the movement. One reporter later recalled, "I thought it was strange, when he was not on the S.C.L.C. staff and had not been included in any strategy meetings. He just seemed to come from nowhere." Nevertheless, his impromptu Roman-candle performances of oratory and his scampering eagerness to perform any stray errand, while providing no slight puzzled annoyance to King's aides, soon caught the eye of Ralph Abernathy, King's close associate since Montgomery. When they met, Jackson immediately asked Abernathy to install him on the S.C.L.C. staff. Abernathy agreed, at the least, to take him in for a talk with King.

At one point, Jackson and the Reverend C. T. Vivian, a leader of the S.C.L.C.'s campaign in the city, were forced to take refuge in a housing project, fleeing police who had broken up a demonstration. As Jackson remembers it, "we just ran up to one door, and when some children answered we said, 'Is your mama at home?' They said yes, and when she came down we begged her to let us

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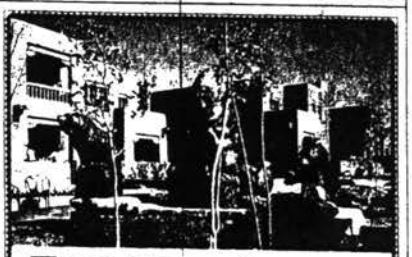

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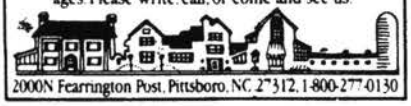

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already famed epistle of King's in Birmingham.

What he sensed now was that, after casting about for so long as an outsider, he had at last found a form of belonging that answered, with grandness, the uncertainties of his origins on Haynie Street. "That's what the Jesus story is all about," Jackson will now say, paraphrasing a New Testament passage. "He who loses his life in the great truth I offer shall find a greater life." Accordingly, no criticism offends Jackson more than that ascribing his aspirations simply to the subjective, to the compulsions of ego: "That stuff comes from people got the sort of mind that can't conceive of anything beyond personal self-interest. It's all they know, all that makes *them* run, so they keep trying to make you that little, too." Instead, "the authority isn't yourself but – who was it said it? – I am He who sent me," he goes on. "So bigger than *who* I am is *whose* I am. If you clear on that, you at the center of a much wider whole." Some might consider that this still amounts to Jackson's ambition performing a kind of altruistic flimflam on itself, an extravagantly liberating sublimation. Nevertheless, what he realized in Greensboro, he maintains – what ignited him and propelled him on, even to his Presidential adventure – was "the enormous strength I could tap into by giving myself over" to "God's truths in history," as he puts it. "Surrendering yourself to that – to struggle for your people, for *all* the people – you get bigger than yourself. Choosing to be selfless, you expand your life beyond the ordinary."

JACKSON'S actual course toward that end was still erratic. After graduating from A. & T., he withdrew from the turmoils of the movement – "I just wanted to get away from that active scene I was in, for a few years of study" – and, supplied with a Rockefeller scholarship, once more headed North for Illinois, in the fall of 1964, to enter Chicago Theological Seminary. Even so, on arriving there with his wife and first child and depositing their sparse belongings in rented quarters, he sat on the edge of a bed and broke into tears.

For a time at A. & T., he had mildly entertained notions of becoming a lawyer. "The models for change I knew then were basically lawyers. King was a minister, but he was special, a category of his own. Never could become *that*, I thought then." Nevertheless, his professors had presented King to him as an example of the ministry's efficacy in precipitating social regeneration: "They kept telling me the seminary would be much broader than law school, because it involved everything – poetry, history, sociology, philosophy, the *whole* picture. So I went to Chicago to learn how to do without the law to change society, change it in deeper ways."

Many years later, while winging about Africa, he amplified on the original rationale that had taken him into the ministry, in the course of recalling anticlerical sentiments that he had confronted in marathon sessions in the past with Marxist leaders like Castro, Ortega, Mugabe: "Most of those guys had religious backgrounds, you know. What is Marxism, anyway, but a reaction by guys coming out of very strong Judaic-Christian traditions to the bitter exploitation of people? Now, when they go into that godless, classless society thing, that's where we part company. 'Cause I see God's hand moving in history. But when they were fighting their revolutions they found the mainline, traditional church fighting *against* them, *for* those ruling powers exploiting the people. And, having come through some of that myself, I could kind of understand what they were saying. It was part of my own struggle about going to the seminary. Mean, even the black church had to a great degree a theology that simply accommodated the culture. It'd adjusted, preaching what was essentially a leftover slave theology. But if the church is only an extension of the culture, it only embellishes and reinforces the culture instead of transforming it. If it can't deal with truths higher than the habits of the society of the day, it's salt that's lost its savor. 'Member, 'bout the time I was going to the seminary, people'd gotten all agitated about that book 'Is God Dead?' Well, the point at which the church is not moving for justice, not feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, then in that church God *is* dead. Your brothers and sisters bein' oppressed because of the color of their skin, people and little chil'ren gettin' blown up, and you preach a sermon like it ain't even happenin'? So from my own experience I could understand what Castro and Ortega and those guys

in." The woman consented and, once they were inside, asked if they were with Dr. King. "We said we were, and then she asked us again, 'Are you *sure* you with Dr. King?' We said yes again, and she said, 'I know who killed Reeb.' We tried to get her to tell us who it was, but all she said was that she was a waitress in a restaurant, and had seen a man go out and come back a few minutes later carrying a bloody stick, and then she heard about Reeb. She said she knew he had to be involved, but she could tell only Dr. King who he was. Later, we took her to Dr. King, and he told the F.B.I. and the man was arrested."

While in King's presence, Jackson exhorted him to extend his movement northward to Chicago, a departure that was already being deliberated by the S.C.L.C., and he suggested that he himself could be of considerable assistance there — a prospect that could also, not incidentally, create a singularly promising theatre for a debut of his own.

It took Jackson only two days in Selma to transact all this. Shortly after his session with King, he left to drive back to Chicago, bleary with a low-fever flu. Late at night in Birmingham, he paused to place a call from the phone booth of a gas station to his student quarters in Chicago, and learned that Jackie had given birth, in Greenville, to their second child, a son they named Jesse, Jr.

Back in Chicago, Jackson threw himself into cultivating the city's black ministers, urging them to make a commitment to an effort there by King. He first found a church to attach himself to: while driving one Sunday, he heard on his car radio a broadcast of the morning services from Fellowship Missionary Baptist Church. Only a few moments after the broadcast's conclusion, according to Bob Faw and Nancy Skelton's book "Thunder in America," he appeared in the office of the pastor, Clay Evans, and announced that he had driven straight there to offer whatever strengths he owned to help a church with so significant a radio ministry, explaining all this to Evans while sprawled on a couch with his feet propped on the corner of Evans' desk. "Taking over my office like that," Evans marvelled years later. "A person doesn't usually act that way when they first come into your office." For all his bravado, Jackson's personal circumstances soon became evident when he began showing up, markedly more subdued, in the church's weekly food line to collect free groceries for his family. But he quickly made himself the same sort of conspicuously vigorous presence in the church as he had when a teen-ager at Long Branch Baptist in Greenville. And before long Fellowship Baptist issued an invitation to King to speak from its pulpit.

But beyond Fellowship, Jackson says, "almost all the black establishment in Chicago, preachers and politicians, were incorporated into Daley's system. Even Harold Washington" — who, eighteen years later, would be elected Chicago's first black mayor — "he was part of the machine then." At first, "ministers held a press conference, said Dr. King should not come to Chicago. It was this big church meeting, songs and all. Preachers, choir singin' 'Must Daley bear the Cross alone, and all the world go free?' Actually happened, was on television." So "the ministers were locked into Daley's structure over here," Jackson says, tossing out his left hand, "while the real needs of the community were way over here," and he flings out his right hand. Interposing himself as an interlocutor with his now characteristic nimbleness, he began laboring to ease "as many ministers as possible into this gap here in the middle" — a position from which they would more readily respond to King's call for a crusade against the degradations of Chicago's slums. Jackson began by taking his pastor, Evans, to the single, fetid room inhabited by an invalid black mother subsisting on welfare, who was unable to stir from her wheelchair even to shoo away the rats mingling among her children on the floor. "He'd always thought he knew about poverty, but he left that room a shaken man." Along with other black activists, particularly the S.C.L.C.'s James Bevel, Jackson gradually reconditioned sentiments in the black ministerial community for a mobilization by King in Chicago. At the same time, Jackson had also begun directing an expansion into Chicago of the S.C.L.C.'s Operation Breadbasket, an economic campaign that applied the compound suasions of boycott threats and negotiation offers to bring more blacks into major business concerns, from employee to executive levels. His substantial success in this second enterprise so impressed the S.C.L.C. office in Atlanta that the leaders there began planning to expand it into a national project.

All the while, he was scrimmaging on with his studies at the seminary. During his brief visit with King in Selma, he had noted, in King's opened briefcase, two books of theological commentary, one by Reinhold Niebuhr and the other by Paul Tillich, and he remembers his wonder at the fact that "there in the middle of that big crisis and confrontation going on in Selma, he was still reading, still studying works like that." As a student, King had set about systematically compiling an intellectual vision for himself before he was conscripted, largely by happenstance, into translating that vision into historical action. Jackson, however, seemed congenitally restive with any such initial phase of scholarly seasoning, with dwelling for very long in the life of the mind. Despite his claims of repeated hankerings to remove himself into calm academic sanctums, he was instinctively given to action over intellection — always impatient to rush directly into real events. That impulse for engagement over what he calls "the paralysis of analysis" has endured as the chief aspect of what some regard as Jackson's essentially existential nature. He maintains, "Greatness is not in reading pages full of somebody else's writing. It's acting creatively in a cause that has not yet been fully tried. Knowing *about* has a place, but knowing as in 'to act, to *be*,' is deeper. Many things are much simpler than they're made to seem, anyway. Lot of people make their living developing complications — the complication industry. But somebody once asked Duke Ellington, 'How can you write so many different kinds of songs?' and he said, 'Well, I never went to college and learned I couldn't.' Way it often is with the great creators. Real leader, once he moves and sets the pace and sends the word out, people say, 'Well, now. *That's* what time of day it is.' "

Jackson's professors at Chicago Theological Seminary later recalled him as dazzlingly quick to apprehend

and assimilate the broad strokes and spirit of an idea but rather hectic, cursory, and unfocussed in his actual studies—as, for the most part, simply a resonantly imposing presence. "An electrifying chap" was how he was described to David Maraniss, of the Washington *Post*, a few years back. "A spectacular guy with spectacular gall," who had "this tremendous gift, this facile way with people and with words." In a course on Christian ethics, he elected to write no papers, declaring that he would "speak" his examinations, and he declined even to write out his sermon assignments, which brought him a D in his preaching course. He also missed so many classes that the faculty deliberated asking him to withdraw from the school. After listening to the reproaches of one professor, Jackson, leaning in the doorway of the professor's office, serenely apprised him, "You have to understand. I'm special."

Finally, on one of King's trips to Chicago to reconnoitre the field prepared by Jackson and others, King took him aside, according to Jackson, and proposed, "Come on with me. You come with me, you'll learn more theology in six months than you would in six years at the seminary." Though Jackson was already near-terminally restless about the relevance of his studies, it seemed a peculiar exhortation to come from King himself. Jackson now contends, improbably, that he was hesitant about King's invitation at first—"It was Jackie who finally persuaded me I ought to do it"—and likes to construct it as "the movement I was still trying to escape by moving to Chicago *came* to Chicago to claim me." In fact, it was mostly his own huge strivings that had brought it there. In any case, only some six months away from graduation he forsook the seminary to loose himself wholly into the civil-rights movement at last—at the side, as it had worked out, of its most fabled and auspicious figure.

OVER the short span of his two and a half years with King, there evolved what was probably the single most vital, tortured, fateful relationship of Jackson's life. Today, Jackson will sometimes insist, "King didn't just lean down, you know, and raise me up out of the mire and breathe life and motion into me, like everybody seems to assume. There's not been enough

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attention to the anatomy of my own development. I was already very active on my own before I ever went with King." In that surprising and faintly churlish assertion, there would seem some defensive need still to validate his own place by abolishing the claim of anyone else, even King, to have been his author. To be sure, they were in fundamental ways different beings, not least in Jackson's uneasy condition as an outsider from the most bleakly marginal origins. He had hardly grown up, like King in Atlanta, as the favored son of a fiercely protective father in a comfortably middle-class family of the black community's gentry—all of which had left King, from his earliest childhood, with a sense of being at the privileged center of the world around him. In barren contrast, Jackson had had to make himself and his place almost completely on his own, out of nothing.

But it is unquestionable that, from the first, King was for Jackson something like his spirit's true, heroic father—a figure in whom he found a palpable realization of the dimension of his own grand dreams of what he wanted to become, to mean. He regarded King with an almost desperate adoration and awe. Some of King's aides—dubious about Jackson from his first blustery intrusion into their midst—would later recount, according to David J. Garrow's biography of King, "Bearing the Cross," how Jackson would "hang around . . . currying favor" with King; that even though he had arrived now on the staff of the S.C.L.C., he continued to be "really an outsider in a way, striving very hard to get in, to be accepted, to be respected."

Perhaps most of all, King enthralled Jackson by providing a defining vision of that higher power, and higher purpose, through which he could achieve his fullest promise. At that time, after Montgomery and Birmingham and Selma and his epic sermon at the Washington march, King was already coming to be regarded as an American Gandhi. For all his monumentally staid, black-suited comportment, his real power for moving multitudes came largely from his years of growing up in the oratorical raptures of black church services like those of Jackson's own boyhood in Greenville. The genius of King's often lumbering and fustian metaphors—"For too long have we been trampled under the iron feet of oppression, *too long* bound in the starless midnight of racism"—was that they were the rhetoric of the human spirit rousing itself for slow and momentous struggle. From all those Sundays of soul-shuddering preaching in his father's church, King had come by an almost physical sense of the protean energy and life of language, in which, as one associate observed, in a biography of King by Stephen B. Oates, "the right word, emotionally and intellectually charged, could reach the whole person and change the relationships of men."

But it was directly from King's radical, moral gospel metaphysic that Jackson derived what would endure as his own lifetime's vision. King proceeded from the essentially religious persuasion that in each human being, black or white, whether deputy sheriff or manual laborer or governor, there exists, however tenuously, a certain natural identification with every other human being—that, in the overarching moral design of the universe which ultimately connects us all together, we tend to feel that what happens to our fellow human beings in some way also happens to us, so that no man can continue to debase or abuse another human being without eventually feeling in himself at least some dull answering hurt and stir of shame. Therefore, in the catharsis of a live confrontation with wrong, when an oppressor's violence is met with a forgiving love, he can be vitally touched, and even, at least momentarily, reborn as a human being, while the society witnessing such a confrontation will be quickened in conscience toward compassion and justice. It may have been a rather ethereal proposition, and one that, some later suggested, assumed a bit too much for the species, but, for a time in the South, it had worked spectacularly. To that elementally Christian perspective, King had adapted Gandhi's concept of the "truth force" exerted by the massive, patient, nonviolent resistance of a subjugated people, which can purge a society of its more overt brutalities by presenting impossible inconveniences not only to its agencies of authority but to the conscience of its rulers. Thus the universal moral verities evoked by the civil-rights struggle could, beyond delivering blacks finally into full citizen-

"Catherine's gift to us tonight is her poetry."

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ship, also "redeem the soul of America—even save the whole of mankind," King propounded. "It may be that through the American Negro the unadulterated message of nonviolence will be delivered to the whole."

That was very much King's ambition, in fact, when he undertook to project his movement beyond the South to Chicago: through the same strategy of nonviolent confrontation that had begun to remake the South he hoped to begin to recreate America itself. Jackson happened to join King at the moment when he was escalating his mission into that of a prophet to the conscience of the whole national community. But his Chicago offensive turned out to be, at best, inconclusive. In his campaign there "to bring about the unconditional surrender of forces dedicated to the creation and maintenance of slums," he encountered a field of resistance far more nebulous than the simple antagonisms in the South—a spectrum of real-estate interests and zoning technicalities, not to mention the Florentine wiles of Mayor Daley, who proved entirely too canny to place himself in any open collision with King, countering instead with his own proclamations of anti-poverty measures, and with craftily applied grants and subsidies throughout the black community. King's campaign became like trying to engage a malign smog. When everything finally ended in the ceremonious contrivance of a "summit agreement," which, aside from its amorphousness of terms, happened to carry no timetable, King confessed to several journalists that Chicago had confirmed for him the endemic, infinitely resourceful intractability of racism in the American system.

Confounded in Chicago, King seemed increasingly oppressed by a sense that he was in a contest between the progressive deadening of America's heart and the last hope for a "moral reconstruction" of its society into a true, common, national neighborhood. Flash combustions of despair and rage in Watts, Newark, Harlem, and Detroit, and the emergence of a blankly furious nihilism among new, young black Robespierres, had begun to bode a widening withdrawal of faith in King's testament of redemptive nonviolent resistance. At the same time, his outcry against Vietnam—in a period of general popular acceptance of the war—had disconcerted many of his own supporters. The result was that, on all sides, King found himself more and more isolated. Nevertheless, he proposed, in the summer of 1967, the most expansive and radical venture yet of his career: a continental mass movement called the Poor People's Campaign, which would gather into one monolithic front not only blacks but all the nation's dispossessed and discarded—Appalachian whites, Puerto Ricans, American Indians, Hispanics—a panoramic populist prospect that Jackson, some fifteen years later, would directly seek to repeat with his Rainbow Coalition. What King had in mind was nothing less than the reordering of the economic and power arrangements of the nation, the values and terms on which America worked. In thus following his moral vision to its ultimate implications, he had become perhaps the most subversive man in the country. Considerably more people of consequence than J. Edgar Hoover viewed him now with a measure of alarm. Finding himself suddenly enjoying much less company than during his civil-rights campaigns in the South, King was passing into that far region of all true prophets—the lonely terrain beyond the conventionally enlightened.

Even some on King's staff—including Jackson—initially resisted the Poor People's Campaign, as too sweeping and strategically uncertain a commitment. Jackson, according to his and others' recollections, argued, "Suppose Lyndon Johnson turns his back on us? What then? Are we just abandoned? How are we supposed to counter a rejection from the White House and Congress? What's the hook? If we don't get some results, we'll lose face." Actually, the Poor People's Campaign may have been a hopelessly misbegotten enterprise, for the same reasons that King's Chicago expedition miscarried: again, but on a national scale now, he was addressing a myriad of interests far more bafflingly abstract than the brute simplicity of Birmingham's Bull Connor or Al Lingo's troopers on the Selma bridge—a muzzy profusion of federal bureaucracies, company executive committees, glib and pleasant policy apologists, among which, in the words of a gospel song, "You can't find the one to blame / It's too smart to have a name / It's not flesh

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and blood we fight with. It's powers and principalities."

Yet, strangely, almost in inverse measure to his distress as he watched the preparations for his "last, greatest dream" beginning to falter, King's urgency seemed to grow more intense, ranging beyond the nation to embrace the world itself. America's disorder, he declared, was "inseparable from an international emergency which involves the poor, the dispossessed, the exploited of the whole world." It was as if he had come to feel weighted with all the planet's grief, all the earth's cruelty and anguish. On Christmas Eve of 1967, only a few months before he was assassinated, he appealed, from his pulpit at Ebenezer Baptist Church, in Atlanta, for some ultimate movement to accomplish a wholly new global community, beyond class, tribe, race, nation: "a world unity in which all barriers of caste and color are abolished."

IT was King's apostolic social vision that was to become Jackson's own through succeeding years. And what Jackson was entranced with King as a projection of his own aspirations, King, for his part, seemed especially fascinated by the electric promise that Jackson carried. At twenty-six, Jackson was the same age as King when he had assumed leadership of the Montgomery bus boycott, in 1955. By Jackson's own report, King even once had him preach in his place at Ebenezer, although he was still unordained, "because Martin saw something in me." But before long King also acquired an uneasiness about Jackson's undisguisable ambition, his compulsive posturing. It was as if King, knowing what was quite likely ahead for his gifted and eager young protege, detected in Jackson an alarming susceptibility to the blandishments of celebrity, beguilements not unfamiliar to King himself. At the least, King had reason to feel misgivings about the capacity of a temperament like Jackson's for resisting the siren singings of pride and glory. "I can still remember," one of King's associates says, "how Jesse could never pass a reflective surface without pausing. Whether it was a piece of glass or a store window or just a shiny car, he'd have to stop a second and check himself out again."

For many of King's aides, Jackson provoked close to an allergic reaction. Part of their antipathy was that from operating on the streets of Chicago he brought, into the relatively measured and deaconlike decorum of the S.C.L.C., a style that was more like the rowdy flash of the fire-breathing young partisans of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee. It made him, as one S.C.L.C. worker remarked at the time, "sort of a misfit, an off-brand, yeah." But a greater affront was what seemed the uncontainable audacity of his ego. He was still given to improvising sudden plays of his own; in the midst of King's campaign in Chicago, he appalled S.C.L.C. staff people by abruptly announcing imminent marches into the city's white suburbs after consulting only his own mood. As for the likelihood of wholesale mayhem that might follow, he merely observed, "We expect violence." With his wildcat pronouncement, he more or less impressed the S.C.L.C. into reluctantly mounting such marches. As it turned out, the unnerving prospect raised by his ad-lib maneuver flushed forth one of the few offers of direct negotiations from Daley's regime. It wasn't long, however, before King's staff began to suspect that Jackson was pursuing a secondary script of his own, through a symbiosis with King and the S.C.L.C. With Operation Breadbasket flourishing under his direction in Chicago, Jackson strenuously evaded all attempts by the S.C.L.C. and King to shift him into the Atlanta office, a move that would have detached him from the small, personal sub-franchise of leadership he had begun building in his new home city. "Staying in Chicago was a way of remaining almost independent while at the same time enjoying the benefits of SCLC connections," Ralph Abernathy reflected in his memoir, "And the Walls Came Tumbling Down." King himself began fretting to aides, "Jesse Jackson's just so independent. He's so ambitious."

The awkwardness that developed between King and Jackson was not unlike that which exists between a father who has, through great strain and daring and endurance, managed to achieve prodigious things and a richly but still rawly gifted son who has a blindly lunging haste to fulfill himself in the same way. There finally came an outburst of exasperation from King, which has since been widely recounted, after an S.C.L.C. meeting in which Jackson kept proposing alter-

ations of the Poor People's Campaign, with King fuming out of the room and Jackson trailing after him, calling, "Doc! Doc!," at which King wheeled on him: "Jesse, if you're so interested in doing your own thing that you can't do what this organization's structured to do, go ahead. If you want to carve out your own niche in society, go ahead. But, for God's sake, don't bother me!" Jackson was left in such obvious despair that, a short while later, King quietly instructed Abernathy, "Please take care of Jesse." But, as Abernathy relates, Jackson's avid self-assertiveness persevered up to the eve of King's assassination, in Memphis, where King, diverted from mobilizing the Poor People's Campaign, had gone to lead a strike by sanitation workers. When King at first elected not to appear at that evening's mass meeting, Abernathy suggested, "Why don't you let Jesse go? He loves to speak"; at King's tart reply, "Nobody else can speak for me," Abernathy asked if he could at least take Jackson along, and King said, "Yes, but you do the speaking." Arriving with Jackson at the Mason Temple, Abernathy found so enormous an expectant throng that he began looking for a phone to summon King. At this, he says, Jackson quickly offered, "Don't call him. If you don't want to speak, then I'll speak." Abernathy phoned King nonetheless, and when he returned to the podium Jackson inquired, "Is Doc coming?" At Abernathy's word that he was, Jackson's face glazed over with dejection.

Late the next afternoon, however—as various accounts, including Gerold Frank's authoritative "An American Death," tell it—when King stepped out on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel in his shirtsleeves, preparing to go to a Southern soul-cooked dinner at a local preacher's home before a mass meeting that evening, he seemed, as he chatted with several aides clustered in the courtyard below him, suddenly and pointedly solicitous of Jackson. "Tell Jesse to get ready," he boomed down. "He's going to dinner with us." An instant later, as if conjured forth by that mention, Jackson came battering down the metal stairway to take his place with the others in the courtyard. He was outfitted a touch rakishly, in a tan turtleneck sweater and a polished brown leather jacket, and when someone asked why he had not put on a tie he jubilantly rejoined that he had always believed that all one needed to take to a dinner was a good appetite. King, who had gone back into his room to get his jacket, reappeared on the balcony, and Jackson cried out, "Our leader!" King now called down directly to him, "Jesse, I want you to come to dinner with me." Standing near King on the balcony was the minister who had invited King's party to eat at his home, the Reverend Samuel (Billy) Kyles, and Kyles informed King, "Jesse took care of himself long before you did. He already got himself invited." King chuckled. Jackson then happily called up to King to introduce a member of his Operation Breadbasket band from Chicago, a saxophonist and soloist named Ben Branch, whom he had brought down to perform at that evening's meeting. King—whose joviality now in this reconciliation with Jackson was evident to everyone watching—replied, "Oh, yeah, he's my man." He leaned forward with both hands braced on the balcony railing. "Ben, I want you to play 'Precious Lord' for

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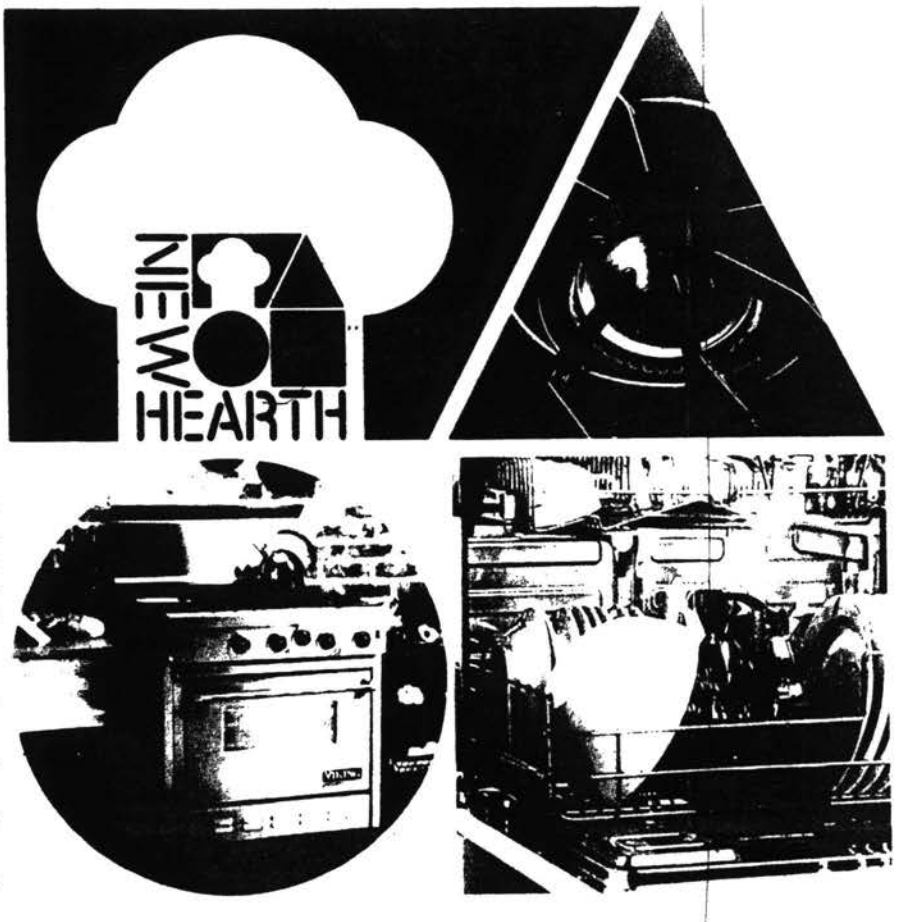

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me tonight, like you never played it before. Want you to play it *real* pretty." King's driver, Solomon Jones, then advised him that the evening seemed to be turning cool and that he should get his topcoat, and King, saying, "O.K., Jonesy," was straightening up to turn back into his room when the shot rang out over the courtyard.

IN the bedlam that followed that rifle clap—which left masses of black Americans in a rage of despair, and set off firestorms in cities across the nation, including Washington—Jackson's first reactions have ever since been a matter of bitter dispute. What is certain is that, amid the dazed milling about of King's other aides that evening, he fled back to Chicago; the next morning, he appeared on "Today" and then, later, before a special convocation of Chicago's city council—he was still wearing the tan turtleneck sweater from the night before, only now it was blotted with blood that he declared was King's. "I come here with a heavy heart," he said. "Because on my chest is the stain of blood from Dr. King's head. He went through, literally, a crucifixion. I was there. And I'll be there for the resurrection." He indicated, in these appearances, that he was the last person King had spoken to, that he had actually held King as he was dying.

If the rest of King's troupe of assistants had never been particularly enchanted with Jackson to start with, most of those who had been at the Lorraine Motel that evening were apoplectic when they learned of his claim. Several insisted that Jackson had never come near King's body. One later reported that he had instead scurried off to take shelter near the motel's swimming pool. Another claimed he had remarked afterward, "I'm sick. I got to go to Chicago and check into the hospital. This thing's really shot my nerves." Hosea Williams, an S.C.L.C. field organizer, maintained that, after Jackson had exhorted everyone not to talk to the journalists who were swiftly collecting at the scene, he found Jackson discoursing to several reporters off behind a chain-link fence, already explaining how he was the last person King had talked to; Williams had climbed halfway up the fence in an effort to get at Jackson, before someone pulled him back down. Undisputed is the fact that it was Jackson who first succeeded in getting through by phone to King's wife, Coretta, though he delicately indicated to her that King had only been hit in the shoulder. Later that night, a solitary reporter waiting outside the hospital morgue where King's body lay saw Jackson go in with Abernathy and two other King associates, Andrew Young and Bernard Lee, for a last, brief visit.

As King's lieutenants scattered over the years into their separate and widely diverse destinies, their recollected impressions of Jackson's performance after that moment in Memphis continued to rankle, particularly with the rise of Jackson's own star. Especially bitter was James Bevel, perhaps the most feverishly intense of King's young adjutants, who was also working in Chicago and had, in fact, been Jackson's closest associate in the S.C.L.C. To "prostitute a race for one's own self-aggrandizement," to "lie about the crucifixion of a prophet within a race," was, as he later put it to Gail Sheehy, "the most gruesome crime a man can commit." For Jackson himself, the episode has repeatedly reared up like an unquiet spectre to harry him, in the recurrent questioning of journalists and the derision of adversaries, and for many years he attributed such dark imputations to misconstructions of what he had said at the time, to old resentments among the S.C.L.C. staff, to the malevolence of his antagonists. Today, he simply declines to address the issue anymore. In one late-night phone conversation not long ago, however, he muttered, "Look, I was up there. I was pointing." He was obviously referring to the now familiar photograph of several of King's assistants ranked on the balcony over King's fallen form and pointing together in the direction of the shot, among whom no one has ever identified Jackson. It may be that not even he remembers precisely what happened in the wildness of those minutes.

But, according to one witness—Reverend Kyles, who was to be King's host for dinner that evening, and was with him on the balcony, just turning to walk toward the stairs, at the slam of the rifle shot—"of course [Jesse] got blood on him" in the tumult that followed. He later told Garry Wills, "We all did. There was blood everywhere." King had been jolted backward to his left, and lay slumped across

the balcony floor with his shoes awkwardly crammed against the railing slats and his knees slightly lifted, his left arm outflung where it had fallen from its instinctive grope for the railing as he toppled. Kyles and Abernathy – he had been in the room splashing on after-shave lotion – were the first to reach King. A moment later, the balcony was swarming with other people: a Justice Department official, who'd accompanied King to Memphis, clumsily swaddling King's head in a towel; a deputy sheriff from somewhere; a documentary filmmaker; a reporter for the New York *Times*; and King's aides – including, Kyles insists, Jackson. Kyles ripped an orange bedspread from one of the twin beds in the room and brought it out to cover King. "Several of us handled him," Kyles has since attested, and among that number, he says, was Jackson.

As Garry Wills notes, in what is probably the most thoughtful appraisal of the whole affair, even if Jackson did return to the balcony after King's body was removed and swab blood onto his sweater, it has immemorially been a deep human urge in such instants of violent martyrdom to dip one's hands into, to preserve on oneself some touch of, the blood of a slain prophet or hero. While Jackson's story has come to be extensively dismissed as the contrivance of, in the words of one skeptic, "a compulsive con artist," or, more charitably, a compulsively self-dramatizing visionary with a chronic inclination toward hyperbole, the symbolism of his claim – a transfer of the commission, signified by a kind of anointing with King's very blood – has arguably turned out to be the reality. To a considerable degree, in his national activation of the black voting rights won by King in Selma, in his perpetuation of King's vision in the national life, in his ascent to become an almost totemic folk figure for America's black community, Jackson has proved to be probably King's single notable legatee. In Chicago that day, though he was still unmistakably stunned from the scene the night before in Memphis, he proceeded to speculate off and on to a local publicist accompanying him on a round of other TV shows about the possibility now that he might actually come to assume King's place. —MARSHALL FRADY

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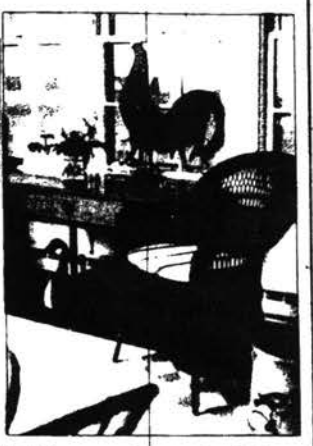

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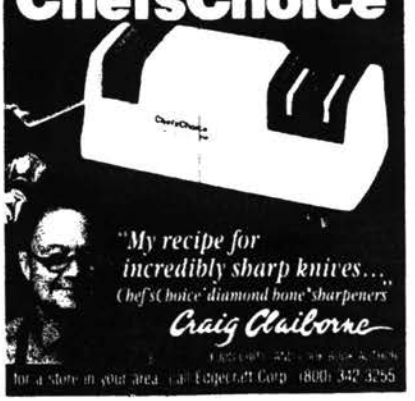

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Jesse Jackson and Jonathan Jackson

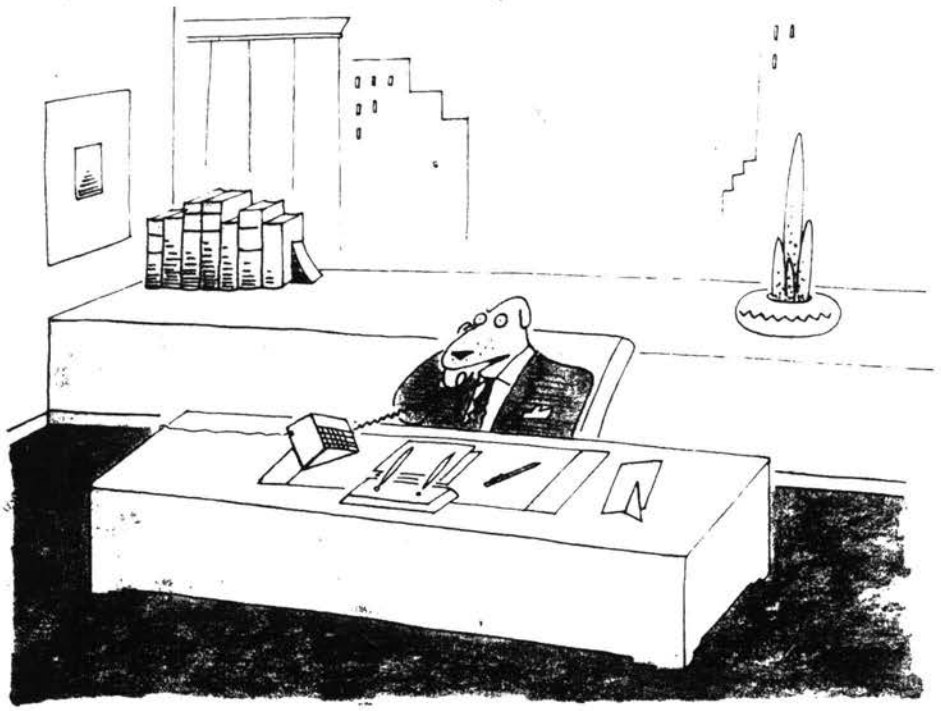
JESSE JACKSON'S entire career since the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., in Memphis in 1968, could be considered an extension of his performance then. The day after King was killed, Jackson, who had been King's most eager acolyte, appeared before television cameras in a bloodstained sweater and suggested, in effect, that he had been anointed the successor by the blood of the martyr, whom Jackson had held as he was dying—a story disputed by many (though not all) who had been at the scene. Over the years, in his obsessive construction of himself into a national social apostle, Jackson has always shown a deftness in appropriating a situation, even the most incidental circumstance, and investing it with an ambitious symbolic import. One of Jackson's professors at Chicago Theological Seminary told the journalist David Maraniss that "his greatest gift was also his greatest peril"—that with his melodramatic imagination "his ready tongue and vivid language" could "carry a thought beyond what closer scrutiny would justify."

For Jackson, however, symbol can really be substance, often of a greater meaning than the actual particulars of the matter. Accordingly, he is prone to freight with the heaviest symbolism scenes and events in which he is involved. While visiting the Soviet Union in 1989, to arrange an internationally televised concert to raise relief funds for victims of Armenia's recent earthquake, he stopped at a hospital for children that was staffed mostly by their mothers and grandmothers. Afterward, he remarked, "Those women there, they felt so free to weep, you know? That I would bring them unto my bosom and help bear some of their pain." Later, a crowd gathered out of the ruins of a nearby town, thronging around him, and when he was back in his car he reported that he had been visited by a kind of self-mythicizing vision: "When I watched all those people coming toward me, I couldn't help but think—I had this flash—that they'd have in their minds for a long time that the most surprising source for them, an African-American, once came to them and reached out to help them when they were in terrible need. And that may become a part of their tradition, of their legends."

In a series of meetings with Soviet officials, he produced slightly dazed stares across the table with his expatiations on the millennial implications of the earthquake; "There was a providential dimension to its coming when it did. It immediately became a test for *glasnost*, for *perestroika*, and a test of our common humanity. That's the paradox of this disaster. It gives us the opportunity to respond to it across ancient barriers of race, region, ideology, and religion"—all this was a vision, a spontaneous combustion that grew ever wider as he spoke, like a kind of big bang in his head—"and from that to build an infrastructure of people to people, joint experiments to develop new medicines together, clean up the environment together, joint ventures into space. If we can rebuild Armenia together, we can rebuild the world together!" Jackson possesses one of the few imaginations that could actually exaggerate the impact of a 6.9-on-the-Richter-scale shuddering of the earth that left half a million people homeless. Privately, he even suggested religious reverberations: "This tremor has had a profound effect upon Communist leaders here. It's shaken them away from the Party and toward God."

Jackson still makes rather inflationary claims for the symbolism of having dragooned Fidel Castro into attending church with him one Sunday during a 1984 visit to Cuba: "He had me speak at the university there in Havana, and when I got through I told him, 'Now I'm gonna go down and speak at the church. I want you to go with me.' He said, 'What? What?' Came along, though. We went walking down the street for about two miles, and when we got to the church those priests, those priests stepped out there to the door, saw Castro. Eyes went wide. We could see everybody inside turnin' and twistin' around to look. I said, 'Fidel, that cigar'—Then said, 'And that hat—' We went walkin' on down the aisle, people started applauding. Priest in the pulpit introduced Castro to speak. Castro got up there." Jackson's voice assumes a rolling, stentorian resonance. "'Well-l-l, Reverrrends, gooood to be here,'" and he breaks into a heavy cackle. "Fidel up there in that pulpit, talkin' it. Sat down there then through the service, had him a *religious* feeling. But, you know, many of our U.S. media people were there; they saw all that but refused to *look* at it. Know what I mean? To recognize its significance."

Actually, Jackson has always been given to the lightly mystical. During a visit to Africa in 1989, the tenuousness of human settlement against the threatening engulfment of nature prompted him to propound, "Difference between man and land is, land is unconscious energy, man is conscious energy. If you're more conscious than the earth, you can control and use it, but if you're less conscious than the earth its energy will swallow you up. Right?" After a



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motor-launch excursion up the Zambezi River, he began to muse, "What that river's seen. If only rivers could talk. Rivers probably do have a language. They're living, moving things. Probably talking all the time -- we just don't know their language yet, don't know quite how to hear what they're saying. But that river was trying to talk to us this afternoon, sho was."

His quickness to descry the mystically symbolic in almost any set of circumstances -- which, as much as anything else, was what was at work in the scenario he presented after King's assassination -- persists in his alertness to those circle closings which he is fond of calling "the poetries of time." In Zimbabwe, he had what could be regarded as an especially transcendental afternoon while wandering along the edge of Victoria Falls. He paused once to declaim, over the tremendous roar of the water, about the Rainbow Coalition and his second Presidential campaign. "You know, when the slave trade in America finally died out, it ended at this little town in Alabama called Africa Town, not far from Mobile, where the last slave ship landed," he said. "About a hundred years later, less than two hundred miles from that spot, Rosa Parks refused to go to the back of the bus. So from the boat stop to the bus stop, and the emergence of Dr. King And then, during our '88 campaign, we came to Africa Town for a rally. And, as we were driving in, there was this huge rainbow over it. *Huge* rainbow, right in front of us, and we followed it all the way to the church we were speaking at. Now here I am back in Africa, on a campaign for a massive American economic and political engagement with the continent of Africa. I'd call that sort of coming around full circle in a right big way, wouldn't you?" Indeed, it must be said that nature seemed to conspire in Jackson's fancy, with an answering poetry of almost banal symbolism: while expounding on his Rainbow Coalition, he walked among myriad little rainbows hanging everywhere about him in the sunny misting from the falls, and repeatedly reached up with gleeful whoops as if to grab them from the air. "The Rainbow! The Rainbow! This is where it began, where it begins again!"

AFTER King's death, Jackson struggled to make himself into a comparably momentous figure in what had become an unmomentous time, empty of large passions and drama -- a factor that contributed to his desperate need for notice. That urgency was only further excited by, in 1969, a *Times* profile ("probably the most persuasive black leader on the national scene") and a *Playboy* interview, in which he was introduced as King's "fiery heir apparent," and then, in 1970, a *Time* cover.

As the classic phase of the civil-rights movement guttered out after King's death, Jackson began to feel himself impossibly confined within King's old organization, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Friction grew over his indifference to scheduled staff sessions and his casual budgetary procedures with Operation Breadbasket, the S.C.L.C. campaign for more black integration into the mainstream economy, which he directed. For all his entrepreneurial wizardry in developing that project, his administration of it had been, at best, desultory: once when S.C.L.C. bookkeepers in Atlanta asked for an accounting of its operational expenses for the year, according to Ralph Abernathy, who had succeeded King as the organization's president, they received "little more than a paper bag full of cancelled checks and receipts -- and more of the former than the latter." Then, in 1969, Jackson put together an extravaganza in Chicago called Black Expo, a promotional festival for companies that had enlisted in Operation Breadbasket, to which he managed to attract a galaxy of entertainers. A famous success that first year, it was planned as an annual fund-raiser for the S.C.L.C. But sometime later the S.C.L.C. office in Atlanta discovered that Jackson had discreetly abducted the entire event by incorporating it under a separate body, composed of his Chicago patrons. In the ensuing furor, Jackson left the S.C.L.C.

He quickly fashioned his own organization in Chicago -- it was mainly a reconstituted Operation Breadbasket, with that program's economic militancy widened into a more general social ministry, patterned on King's perspectives and named it People United to Save Humanity ("Save" was later modified to "Serve"), or Opera-

tion PUSH. In announcing its creation, on Christmas morning of 1971, he declared, "A new child has been born!" Formed to reflect Jackson's own activist impulses, PUSH was an odd montage of social initiatives and churchly inflections; Jackson presided over weekly rally-services, broadcast to a sizable radio audience from a former synagogue on Chicago's South Side.

From this small personal domain at PUSH, Jackson began casting about like a protagonist in search of a larger drama. He mounted economic offensives of confrontation and negotiation against corporations like Coca-Cola and Heublein, and franchise operations like Burger King and 7-Eleven. "Negotiating with these major corporations, like Ford, I told them, 'We got a consumer base, consumer power, and a tilt one or two per cent in another direction can appreciably alter a margin of profits. On the other hand, we got trainable people, we got people with money who want dealerships. You just can't rationalize not doing that.' Sooner or later, they'd see the light. Ford had only thirty minority dealerships when we began talking. Now they got more than two hundred and fifty." Over the course of extracting these "covenants," as Jackson called them, he also began to compile from their beneficiaries a by no means negligible corps of backers. In the meantime, he had become something of a provocateur in the politics of Mayor Richard Daley's Chicago, and at the 1972 Democratic Convention, in Miami Beach, he briefly flurried into national view again, in an Afro aureole of hair and a striped cabana shirt, noisily orchestrating the dislodgment of Daley's Cook County delegates by a group of liberal challengers. During those years, in fact, from his nattily sober look in the sixties he appeared to be passing through a series of effulgent transformations--caballero vests and plumy sideburns, running sneakers, giant neck-chain medallions over much glossy leather--in search of the right public image. He would still regularly address convocations of black groups, and eventually began setting out on excursions abroad, to African and Arab countries. At the same time, he took to showing up repeatedly at the offices of television producers in New York and Washington, simply presenting himself out of nowhere, with no warning, to visit for a few minutes and, usually, banter his way onto broadcasts like "Today," "Good Morning America," and "Face the Nation." In the early seventies, he managed to become virtually a regular on Phil Donahue's show.

Jackson also began conducting, in a succession of school gyms and auditoriums around the country, stirring rallies for self-respect and self-reliance among black youths. He would take them through the long struggle of the movement to open up American society to blacks, and then would ring out, "What does it matter if the doors of opportunity are now wide open if you still too uneducated to find your way through that door? What does it matter if we won the right to equal schooling if you've lost the will to learn? There is a challenge beyond opportunity. If you challenged to play some white suburban team in basketball, you say, 'Bring 'em on!' But when it comes to math and literature and science you must also say, 'Bring 'em on!' To those who underestimate you, say, 'Bring 'em on!' To those who say you can only play ball and can't think, say, 'Bring 'em on!' Let the challenges come! Just because you were born in a slum doesn't mean the slum was born in you—you can rise above it! Up to you now! Up to you now! Want you to repeat after me, 'My mind is a pearl . . . I can learn anything . . . in the whole world! . . . Nobody will save us . . . for us . . . but us!' " By 1978, the rallies had attracted the enthusiastic attention of the Carter Administration, and this resulted in a series of federal grants and contracts to fund Jackson's school ministry, which he had named PUSH for Excellence, or PUSH-Excel.

While many other civil-rights activists had peeled off into more localized and specialized orbits, Jackson emerged at the end of the seventies as virtually the sole national voice of the black community. In 1983, an ABC poll asked black Americans to name the most important black leader, and Jackson ranked far higher than any other figure, by a margin of forty-three per cent over the second-place Andrew Young. Jackson's popular credibility had reached a point where he began to be called in to negotiate labor disputes. In Chicago, he managed, after prolonged discussions, to reconcile contending parties in a firemen's strike. He was also asked in to negotiate a teachers' strike in St. Louis. By 1979, Jackson had gained enough prominence as a black figure to be among the assortment of national eminences invited by President Carter to Camp David for deliberations on the state of the nation's spirit, from which issued Carter's so-called "malaise" sermonette. As early as 1977, according to Jackson, "Carter was already quoting stuff from me in his speeches," and then, when Carter found himself confronting Ronald Reagan in the 1980 Presidential campaign, "it was me," Jackson says, "that he turned to for carrying the banner to the black community." In that service, Jackson forged through seventy-two cities in twenty-nine states. Despite Carter's defeat, Jackson's performance had been so effective that in 1982, at the Party's behest, he again coursed about the country in a voter-registration campaign, which produced an appreciable increase in the black electorate—a premonitory intimation of what was shortly to follow.

DESPITE his widening notability, Jackson was never left in doubt that he was consigned to the outskirts of national political relevance by what he viewed as the nation's central power structure. This exclusion was due, he was certain, simply to his being black. "Always client status, never peer status," he recalls of his resentments then. "The Party's black stars were like its Harlem Globetrotters—gave it soul and dynamism, gave it its margins of victory, but never allowed to set policy. Like the Party's concubines they make their use of us, then go back to their own family." Or like the Party's plantation field hands, as he implied years later, when Michael Dukakis rejected him as his Vice-Presidential choice: "Too much to expect that I will go out in the field and be the champion vote picker and bale up those votes and bring 'em back to the big house and get a reward, while people who do not pick nearly as many voters, who don't carry the same amount of weight among the people, sit in the big house and make the decisions."

But throughout his progress as an outsider Jackson had developed a certain fine sense for detecting gaps in the ruling order of things. And he came

to determine that it was in those gaps between the assumed and the actual — that power waited. "Leadership fills those gaps between what's policy and what's possible, those tremendous gaps of the unknown," he says. "But most elected officials tend to codify, to operate on the line, not in the gaps. People cease to expect them to come home and connect, have a mass meeting or press conference and address things like why aren't enough houses being built, how come we don't have an adequate system of health care, why we have drugs goin' up and down the street all the time. And ain't nobody gon' bear the cross. So when somebody steps into that gap and addresses it he's gonna find favor with the people. 'Cause the people *live* in that gap."

Jackson's quickness to discover and move into those gaps has been behind what many perceive as his congenital opportunism. Jackson himself reports, "Every time I ever achieved something, it's been like when I was in high school and went from my church to the state convention for Baptist young people, and I looked around and said, 'Somebody here has got to be president of this thing. Somebody is going to be that.' Every time I've ever changed plateaus and looked at a new environment, it finally becomes Mean, out of all the people around, somebody's got to assume the responsibility for setting the agenda. *Somebody*. And who gives that assignment? There *is* no defined body, there's no board of directors meeting this morning in a place, making a decision on who's going to be appointed to set national priorities. *It's open*, who's gonna do that. And it's available to be *done*."

By 1983, he had spied what he considered a hugely significant gap between the nation's prevailing political order and its population of the neglected, the voiceless, the alienated: "Part of that, I found, was a gap between the liberals and the true liberators. For instance, Harold Washington's campaign for mayor in Chicago. We were gearing up for that victory when we got word Mondale and Ted Kennedy were coming in to support the opposition in the primary. Mean, here were guys whose careers in part had been built on the shoulders of black people's struggle for political liberation. About fifty black leaders got together, and we sent a telegram, 'Please don't come in here and interrupt this campaign we got going.' But they came anyway. *They came*." In fact, to Jackson it looked like a collaborative rapport between liberal and conservative leaders: "Those fellas stay in that circle for so long, they become completely insulated, acclimated mostly just to each other. They say, 'Oh, we know why ole Virge is takin' that position.' Pretend to be arguin' and vote against each other's positions, never be a vote on people's life options. Then have a cloture vote and make a mad dash for the golf course, hurry off to dinner that evening, rush to the airport for a foreign trip together. That 'in' crowd must always play by their inside-crowd rules. They'd never support me."

Meanwhile, Jackson noted, "the people feeling locked out of this arrangement were really across all races. I'd been going to conventions and political conferences where, every year, blacks and Hispanics and Indians and poor whites'd be protesting, and the demonstrators on the *outside* of the hall would be greater than the number of

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delegates on the *inside*. Began to have more and more out, fewer and fewer in. A big gap there. You a leader, you got to step *into* the gap! The whole movement was built on operating in those gaps. I said, 'What we talking about here is not just blacks but a, a—*rainbow coalition*. All those who feel locked out must become a part of that coalition of converging needs.' So I determined I had to lead a national registration drive."

In the summer of 1983, he set out on a tour through the South, conducting rallies, mostly in black churches, like the rallies during the days of the civil-rights movement. In the process, he began to form, virtually single-handedly, a new mass of voters—a constituency that could offer him a window of entry at last into the nation's highest politics. "I had to do it by just trottin' out there with no money, had to raise the money from church to church as we went. Go to this town, they'd house us and feed us, we'd take up the money in church and next day go to the next place, the next church. Did that for like ten weeks." This series of voter-registration camp meetings happened to coincide with a near-visceral antipathy toward the Reagan Presidency within the black community. "Our time has come!" Jackson would shout to black congregations in plain little tabernacles in Alabama and Mississippi. "From the slave ship to the championship, from welfare to our share, from the outhouse to the courthouse to the statehouse to the White House, our time has come! In 1980, Reagan won by the margin of our nonparticipation. Won eight Southern states by a hundred and ninety-three thousand votes, while almost three million blacks there were unregistered. All those rocks, little David, just layin' around. There's a Freedom Train a-comin' now, but you got to register to ride. Hands that once picked cotton can now pick Presidents. Our time has come!" It was, in fact, a kind of strenuously suggestive pump-priming, and before long a rising roar of chants started to pulse from rally to rally: "Run, Jesse, run!"

For Jackson, a Presidential campaign, apart from any serious considerations of actually winning, would afford him a splendidly expanded theatre for fulfilling his social mission. "I was bringing into it all the passion and ideology I'd always had, but by making this tactical move I could gain an access that I couldn't have had on the outside," he says. "Running for President, you can take the media to the inner city—they'll go. Or to Appalachia, they'll go."

Some two months into Jackson's guerrilla campaign, it had only the scantiest resources and was received with little seriousness. But it was then vivified by a lightning stroke of fortune—an unexpected delayed return from his passage through the Middle East in 1979, when he had met not only with Yasir Arafat but also, briefly, with Syria's President Hafez al-Assad. In 1983, the United States still had its Marine outpost in Beirut, and on December 4th two Navy jets were shot down over Syrian positions in eastern Lebanon; the bombardier-navigator of one—Lieutenant Robert O. Goodman, Jr., who was black—was captured by the Syrians and taken to a military prison in Damascus. Three weeks later, on Christmas Day, Jackson announced that he was flying to Damascus on a "rescue mission" to get Goodman out. "Reagan couldn't very well lead any strong effort, because he'd already said there'd been too much emphasis on the Iranian hostages," Jackson recounted. "So he was paralyzed. Now the Syrians, they couldn't very well keep holding Goodman and have black Americans and Middle East peace activists attacking them on that basis. So had an impasse—a gap, a vacuum—and all it'd take was a leader stepping into it."

Arriving in Damascus with a large retinue that included—felicitously, as it turned out—Chicago's high minister of the Nation of Islam, Louis Farrakhan, Jackson passed three days in preliminary discussions with various wary Syrian officials, a stiff and balky process that was suddenly much eased when Farrakhan closed one meeting by singing a Muslim prayer in Arabic. Finally, Jackson was summoned to meet with Assad. Advising Assad that he was there not as a diplomat or a lawyer but "just as a simple country preacher," Jackson heaved into his appeal. As he now reconstructs it, "I told him yes, it was a war situation, but even in war there must be some move toward trust. I didn't come here to argue the rightness or wrongness of American policy. I'm in Syria on a mission seeking mercy.

"My dear, may I suggest a little old-fashioned biofeedback, some acupuncture, and a dollop of nutrition counselling?"

What I'm asking is one brave act of mercy that can break the cycle of pain and wrath." Jackson then made one of his acrobatic symbolic associations, between the illumination that struck Paul on the road to Damascus and "this great new light that can come again from Damascus two thousand years later." He told Assad, "Return that boy to his family, and you'll leave a surprising good taste in the mouth of the American people." Assad indicated that he would have to take counsel with his staff, and Jackson told him, "I'll trust in that. If I had to pick just one lawyer in Syria to plead my case, Mr. President, it'd be you."

The next morning, Assad released Goodman. But, on arriving with Goodman back in the United States, Jackson was greeted by scattershot complaints that he had lent himself to being used to embarrass the United States government. Jackson says, "My own feeling is every American patriot ought to be ready, to want to be used for peace and freedom. Not being used is to be useless. Only issue is mutual use."

Jackson acknowledges that he later ventured approaches of his own in Beirut in behalf of the hostages there: "We sent out messages on the radio over there, TV public-service tapes, took out ads in the newspapers and knew the captors were reading them. We were making penetrations, no question about it. We were beginning to get some response—when all of a sudden the doors just closed. I didn't quite understand what'd happened at first. Then I learned they had what they thought was a better contact—they had the White House directly, and were getting money and arms. That totally foreclosed our humanitarian appeal. That was the Administration's chicanery, to discredit our using the humanitarian argument and placing us in the position of intruding on government business. Their method was illegal and, of course, ultimately unproductive—in fact, disastrous."

DESPITE the discomfort over Jackson's extemporaneous intercession in Damascus, he and Goodman were accorded a reception by Reagan in the Rose Garden. The coup he had pulled off, Jackson says, "changed things, man—sho did." But now that Jackson was taken more seriously as a national political candidate, he became subject to a press scrutiny far closer than any he had ever experienced. The results were calamitous. Only three weeks after winning Goodman's release, he was chatting with two black reporters in a cafeteria at Washington's National Airport about the New York primary when he suddenly shifted to a more confidential tone. "Let's talk black talk," he said, and in a casual patter about New York City's Jewish constituency he used the terms "Hymie" and "Hymie town."

When Jackson's words appeared in print, they set loose a furor that rapidly engulfed him. The uproar seemed to leave him at first in a haze of pained bafflement, and he briefly, bumblingly denied that he had ever uttered the words. What was particularly harrowing was that his grand political assertion of the movement's moral vision was now apparently collapsing around him on the most squalid count—his own purported racism. It became for him both a political and a personal misery. His wife, Jacqueline, would later recall, with considerable resentment, "My husband pined over this particular situation, and it hurt him deeply." At the same time, he began to brood that he had been blindsided—that because of a careless slang utterance he was subject now to something like a mass mugging. He nevertheless undertook to explain and to entreat forgiveness in a couple of appearances before Jewish gatherings: "However innocent and unintended, it was wrong. I deeply regret any pain I might have caused at any time. In private talks, we sometimes let our guard down and we become thoughtless. It was not in a spirit of meanness [but] an off-color remark having no bearing on religion or politics. . . . I categorically deny allegations that there is anything in my personal attitude or my public career, behavior, or record that lends itself to that interpretation. In fact, the record is the exact opposite." The melancholy thing, he said, was that "something so small has become so large that it threatens the fabric of relations long in the making." A while later, he submitted, "Marriages aren't like that. You don't just find one 'gotcha' after twenty years and end it."

In the past, Jackson had periodically

sought to reconcile the discords developing in the traditional political alliance between blacks and Jews over such matters as affirmative action, economic inequalities, the identification of some black leaders with the Palestinian movement. His uneven history with the Jewish community has been recounted by Bob Faw and Nancy Skelton in their astute book "Thunder in America." In 1974, he had called a conference of Jewish leaders, where he declared that blacks and Jews "share the common mandate" and had "become necessary to each other." And he urged that blacks and Jews "rise above the rhetoric of the past few years, which has too often been abrasive and tended to divide us, and share a common vision of social change in this country." (Some people at the conference might well have questioned why it was to them that his appeal was addressed.) But he had also, on occasion, extended himself more personally: he once brought his family along with him to join Jewish demonstrators protesting a march by neo-Nazis in the mostly Jewish community of Skokie, Illinois. And in 1974, after the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General George S. Brown, averred in an address at Duke University that Jews "own, you know, the banks in the country, the newspapers -just look at where the Jewish money is," Jackson dispatched a letter of rebuke to him for that "canard": "As we all know, this kind of distortion of economic reality was widely used by Hitler's propaganda machine to produce Fascism. . . . Given your position of authority and the access you have to public media, to be careless in your public pronouncements is to be irresponsible. . . . really to spread ignorance."

Yet there also seemed, in Jackson's turbulently mixed nature, something clumsily callous, which disquieted even many who wished him well. Jackson himself, in his years as a free-ranging public militant, had complained about "Jewish slumlords" and "Jewish fight promoters," and had denounced Andrew Young's forced resignation from his United Nations ambassadorship, after an exchange at a party with a Palestine Liberation Organization representative, as a "capitulation" to "Jewish" pressure. He struck many observers as, at the very least, recklessly ambivalent in his sentiments. After a wholly innocuous incident at a recent dinner, in which a Jewish member of his party referred to a black member of his party by the wrong name, I was riding with Jackson in an elevator when he abruptly offered, "You know, Jews can just be so insensitive sometimes and not even know it" -a remark whose gratuitous offensiveness he seemed oddly oblivious of. But with far more energy he will also assert, as he did once when he was explaining the unanswerable force of moral right, "Like the argument in '48, 'Jews need a state in Israel.' 'But, man, that'll cost a lot of money to support. You gonna upset the Arabs, and what about the Palestinians there?' 'Yeah, but people need a home. Have to work it out with the Arabs, something fair for the Palestinians. Thing is, Jews need a home. Been homeless two thousand years, suffered, been persecuted they ought to have a home. 'Cause that's what's *right*.' You keep arguing the moral right of a case, it becomes irresistible, it's the drops of water that break apart those ole rocks of adamancy." But he added, "Of course, it's just as true now for the Palestinians, they got to have a homeland, too. If those two moral rights not reconciled somehow, nobody, including Israel, is gonna be secure. I remember Martin telling me before he died, that was gonna be the next big new tension in the world, about the Palestinians."

Misgivings about Jackson were not much dispelled by reports that, on a stop in Israel during his 1979 tour through the Middle East, he had hurried through the Yad Vashem Holocaust memorial with a cursory impatience; he was also quoted as observing to the publisher of *Israel Today*, "It's about time American Jews stopped putting Americans on a guilt trip about the Holocaust." It was almost as if to Jackson there were some running competition between blacks and Jews for primacy among the historically abused. Then, when he was in Beirut a few days later, he was photographed embracing Arafat an image that was to linger ever after at the center of suspicions about him.

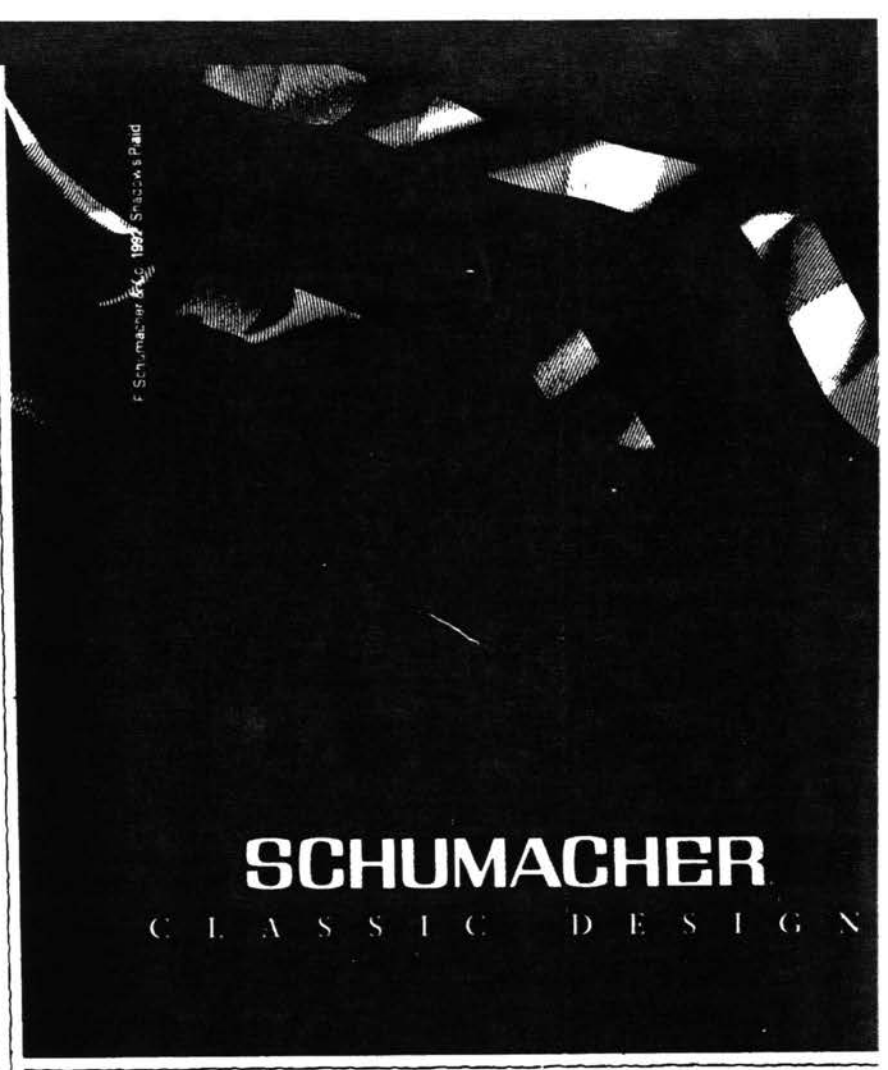
If Jackson's 1979 Middle Eastern trip eventually produced, in his negotiation of Goodman's release, the highest lift for his 1984 campaign, it now also contributed to its lowest moment. "There's an irony with 'Hymie,'" Nathan Perlmutter, of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, commented to Faw and Skelton. "On the scale of insults, 'Hymie' isn't a yellow star pinned on your sleeve. [But] it's what's opened up for somebody like myself the opportunity to be heard on a dimension of Jesse Jackson's character."

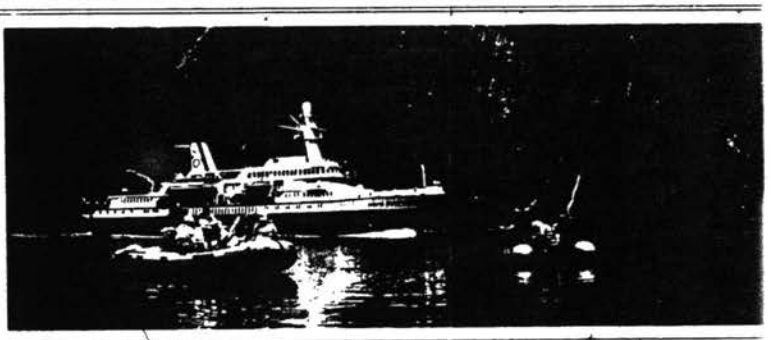
In any case, all Jackson's explications and apologies availed little. "He could light candles every Friday night, and grow side curls, and it still wouldn't matter," Perlmutter said. "He's a whore." The scandal had disconcerted not only Jews but many other citizens, of course, and, despite a poll projection back in January, 1984, that Jackson would make a sixteen-per-cent showing in the New Hampshire primary, he wound up with just over five per cent of the vote. But the more battered and embattled he was, the more testily defensive he seemed to become, and that had a way, in turn, of further raising the pitch of the attacks. It is not inconceivable, in fact, that the turmoil over his "Hymie" remarks might have receded in time, as the commotion over Jimmy Carter's "ethnic purity" comment during the 1976 Presidential race had, if Jackson's deepening sense of beleaguerment had not finally led him to consent to the eagerly vituperative support of Louis Farrakhan.

Well before Farrakhan lent his services to Jackson during his sessions with the Syrians, a kind of working accord had evolved between the two men in Chicago's black community, with Farrakhan occasionally supplying bodyguards to Jackson from his black-suited Fruit of Islam stalwarts. Jackson, for his part, was much taken with how Farrakhan's Muslims, with their austere ethic of discipline and pride and their abjuration of drugs, were countering the depredations in the black community. But Farrakhan himself had long been regarded as a malign figure, not only by Jews, whose faith he termed a "gutter religion" while professing admiration for Hitler's leadership qualities, but by whites generally, whom he described as "dirty"

and "a degenerate race." Some reporters who have covered him have suggested that Farrakhan may not have been quite the malevolent grotesque that his polemics indicated. Jackson once characterized him as "naive," and suggested that he was more a tormented creation of America's legacy of racism. But Jackson, after the "Hymie" remarks, seemed to fall into a curiously passive acceptance of Farrakhan's shrill and lurid defenses of him. At one Chicago assembly of Farrakhan's faithful, Jackson stood beside Farrakhan, solemnly listening to him deliver a notice to all accusers: "If you harm this brother, I warn you in the name of Allah this will be the last one you harm." Unusually subdued, Jackson made no demurral. A while later, Farrakhan vowed "to punish with death" Milton Coleman, the black journalist who had first reported Jackson's remarks. Besieged by journalists about Farrakhan's threats in his behalf, Jackson responded, "I discourage violence or intimidation or threats or the implication of it anywhere, anytime." But he still declined to denounce Farrakhan directly.

In the end, Jackson's dogged reluctance to dissociate himself from Farrakhan, perplexing even to many of his black supporters, probably compromised him more devastatingly than his "Hymie" quips. For many observers, it constituted confirmation of a covert and unregenerate anti-Semitism. Jackson at length stirred himself to assert that, while he deplored the intemperance of Farrakhan's message, he would not allow himself to be harried into an outright condemnation of Farrakhan. "My whole life is about redemption," he insisted. "I can't change that now." He then proffered some analogies that could not have pleased Farrakhan: "Jesus repudiated the politics of assassination, but he did not repudiate Judas. . . . I don't have the moral power to condemn a whore. The action, yes; the person, no." In the past, he said, he had "reached out to George Wallace, even though people got killed because of him. I've reached out to some of the lowest-down bastards you can imagine." It was not until the summer, when Jackson was tracking through Central America and Cuba in pursuit of further deeds of mediation, that his office finally produced a statement, with his approval, describing Farrakhan's fulminations as





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"reprehensible and morally indefensible." But the effect of Jackson's long equivocation about Farrakhan was to make Jackson appear guilty of an astonishing moral insensitivity—an impression from which he has never completely recovered. It proved a harsh toll exacted by his dependence on a single, critical resource: mass black support, which included the angry and the estranged. As he still frames the issue, how to keep the trust of his first constituency without alienating a potentially larger one has always been "exactly the dilemma."

NEVERTHELESS, Jackson brawled on through the primaries to a finish that surprised almost all the political analysts. He arrived at the Democratic National Convention, in San Francisco, with twenty-one per cent of the total primary and caucus votes. Moreover, in the course of his campaigning, both black registration and actual voting turnout had swelled greatly, particularly in the South. In eleven states there, black registration expanded from its 1982 level by nearly thirty per cent, to five and a half million.

Then, at the Convention, Jackson delivered an emotionally billowing oration that quickly had the hall aroar with successive, exploding ovations. "We are much too intelligent, much too bound by our Judeo-Christian heritage, much too victimized by racism, sexism, militarism, and anti-Semitism, much too threatened as historical scapegoats, to go on divided from one another," Jackson pealed out. "We *must* come together." He declared, "Throughout this campaign, I've tried to offer leadership to the Democratic Party and the nation. If, in my high moments, I have done some good, offered some service, shed some light, healed some wounds, rekindled some hope, or stirred someone from apathy and indifference, or in any way along the way helped somebody, then this campaign has not been in vain. . . . If, in my low moments, in word, deed, or attitude, through some error of temper, taste, or tone, I have caused anyone discomfort, created pain, or revived someone's fears, that was not my truest self."

It was one of those moments when Jackson suddenly seemed to become bigger than himself—with an answering expansion of the spirit of his audience. One black delegate from Mississippi later recalled in Faw and Skelton's book, "Gradually I'm realizing that white people around me are crying. I mean the men. I'm not talking about no lightweight little white girls. I'm talking about we're-going-to-fight-you-nigger-till-you-gone white folks. They were sitting there in tears." A white woman in his state's delegation clutched his hand: "I'm standing there next to this white lady from Mississippi who's there in tears on my shoulder. I realized, 'My God, I'm part of something very important.'"

Jackson steamed on for some fifty minutes, and he cried at one point, "As I develop and serve, be patient. *God is not finished with me yet!*" Tabulations later found that, astonishingly, the television audience had kept increasing as he spoke, ultimately reaching thirty-three million. Jackson's own appraisal now is "Once people could hear me—and not hear me through the pundits and critics and reactors, because I was not addressing the American public through a filter, a strainer, for once—it wound up the largest audience ever, the highest ratings, brought the biggest reception ever to the Party." And also, it went without saying, to him.

With that oration, Jackson passed into a national pop-mythic celebrity. He began moving among Hollywood luminaries, entertainers like Willie Nelson, sports-team owners, financiers like Donald Trump. In the black community, he was now widely hailed as King's manifest successor. At around the same time, his estrangement from many in King's old circle, which had endured ever since his claims after the assassination, began to dissolve. After one of his exhortations to a Democratic conclave in San Francisco in 1988, a note was delivered to him in his hotel room from Andrew Young, then the mayor of Atlanta: "You make me feel proud and humble when I hear you speak. Martin would be proud, too. You have my full endorsement as the moral voice of our time." It was like the pronouncement of a final benediction when, one Sunday morning that year, after Jackson delivered the sermon at King's old church in Atlanta, Coretta Scott King stood beside him during a commemoration service as he placed a wreath at King's tomb. He happily reported afterward, "That's how this thing's come full circle."

Even before Jackson's 1988 primary campaign began, polls indicated that he had become, at least in popular notice, a leading prospect for the nomination. Indeed, at one stage of the campaign, after the Super Tuesday primaries in the South, Jackson was actually ahead in popular votes, and with his subsequent startling win in the Michigan caucuses he was regarded, however briefly, as leading the entire field of Democratic contenders. This occasioned a breakfast session with the Party's elders, including Clark Clifford, at the Jefferson Hotel in Washington, which amounted to a kind of political sacrament of recognition. Jackson went on to finish second in the campaign, but won seven million votes, twenty-nine per cent of the total cast; this included twelve per cent of the whites voting—three times the actual number of whites he had drawn in 1984. Afterward, he would proclaim, "No black has ever gotten more white votes *ever*. In the history of the *earth!*" At the Convention, in Atlanta, despite his disappointed Vice-Presidential hopes, he again delivered a mighty oration, and then campaigned with sporting gusto for the Party's nominees, Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen.

A few weeks after the campaign, during a flight to Paris, where Jackson was to meet with President François Mitterrand, he recited, with a certain drowsily luxurious satisfaction, "Gallup poll, top ten most admired men in the world—just heard I been on it for a number of years, something like seven or eight. Me 'n' the Pope." And he gave a long, lionlike yawn.

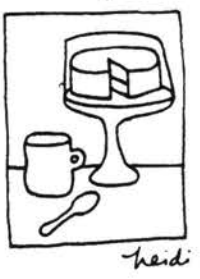
THROUGH all these years, despite the high winds of the public life in which he had come mostly to dwell, Jackson had still managed to help create a remarkably sturdy home and family—a kind of compensation, perhaps, for the marginal uncertainty of his own boyhood as an illegitimate child in a desperately poor household. Jackson says proudly, "Over twenty-five years. One wife. Five children. Broke the cycle. Stability, security."

He met his wife, Jacqueline, known as Jackie—a small, voluptuous, ex-

travagantly energetic woman—while they were students at North Carolina Agricultural & Technical College. Their first child, Santita, was born in 1963, and over the next twelve years there followed three sons—Jesse, Jr., Jonathan, and Yusef—and another daughter, who was named for Jackie.

Jacqueline Jackson has persevered as a free-spirited woman, lavish of enthusiasms, with a wide, glad grin and a lusty, belting voice. She is given to dressing in tropic-bright fabrics, high heels, and a profusion of bangles. Unlike Jackson, who studiously abstains from tobacco and alcohol, she smokes steadily, and is not averse to a cognac or two. Politically exuberant in her own right, she has done a formidable amount of trooping about the globe as a partisan for concerns—disarmament, peace movements, the destitute of the Third World—that generally parallel Jackson's. In fact, after a trip to the Middle East in 1979, she urged Andrew Young, while he was the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, to hold the informal talk with a Palestinian representative that resulted in Young's resignation.

The marriage has not been wholly placid. She and her husband have not been hesitant about occasionally flashing at each other fiercely before onlookers. "He's so *serious* all the time," Jackie has said. "No sense of humor. Can't take a joke. Always so *heavy*." She can at times be brusquely unsentimental about the modus vivendi the two of them have arrived at after all these years: as Faw and Skelton relate, when Jackson once offered on her birthday to take her out for dinner she crisply declined, instead cooked him a simple meal and dispatched him to bed, and then set out to enjoy the evening with a few close friends. "Why should we sit there and roll eyes with each other," she explained, "and ruin my dinner? Him asking me, What does this taste like? Why would you eat that? . . . Because he likes very plain foods." When questioned about rumors of Jackson's womanizing, she has readily notified interviewers, "I don't believe in examining the sheets. I can't spend too much time worrying about other women if I am to develop myself. You know what goes on in these campaigns—it's life. But my portion of him is mine. Nobody comes into my house or my bedroom." Jackson, for his part, will refer to her at times with a kind of happy, snug relish. "She's grafted onto me," he says.



The house in which the Jacksons raised their family, before they moved to Washington, in 1989, was in a handsome neighborhood on Chicago's South Side—a commodious white stucco dwelling with Tudor trim and stained-glass windows. Visitors have noted a chaotic scatter in its vast, drafty rooms, particularly in the dining room, with its huge table shawled in a white lace cloth that might be strewn with hatboxes, a half-empty sack of oranges, various silver tea trays, opened cereal cartons, an empty champagne bottle, a bowl of lemons atop a portable television set, a capless bottle of corn syrup—all this distributed among an attic's accumulation of memorabilia, old pamphlets and handouts and posters from former campaigns, mementos from countless excursions abroad, with overgrown banana-leaf and cactus plants plopped about. Other rooms were oddly bare save for long-undisturbed dusty pianos and stacks of Jackson portraits tilted against the walls. Telephones, seemingly everywhere, were insistently shrilling.

For his children, growing up amid this amiable disarray, Jackson's exact business, through the years of his improvisational activism, was no less a puzzlement than it proved for others who tried to define him. The middle son, Jonathan, who is now twenty-six, recalls, "Kids be talking, you know, one says, 'My father's a doctor,' others say, 'My father's a teacher, a policeman, a lawyer.' When they ask you what your father did, what can you tell them? I couldn't say he was a reverend, because he didn't actually have a church. He goes around talking to people, trying to help them? Frankly, I never knew exactly what to tell them. Just, 'My father—well, he's Jesse Jackson.' "

Despite the demands of his celebrity, Jackson and his wife managed to bring up their three sons and two daughters with a rigorous care, to the point where they now present—it is something Jackson's antagonists and admirers generally concur on—one of the most refreshing and commendable things about him. Uniformly earnest and open young people, they seem spankingly wholesome and unflaggingly polite. Santita, after studying at Howard University, in Washington, now lives in New York and is a singer; she has appeared in the backup group for Roberta Flack. Little Jackie is in a private high school in Maryland. Jackson seems especially close to his three sons. Jesse, Jr., now nearly twenty-seven, who was born while Jackson was in Selma during King's campaign there, has a stout, smallish frame, taken from his mother, with something of a puckish, twinkle-eyed look. But his two younger brothers are built like piano movers: Jonathan is an agreeably outgoing and droll-humored young man, who recently got an M.B.A. at Northwestern, and Yusef, who is now a senior at the University of Virginia on a football scholarship, was a starting linebacker in his sophomore year. All the sons have served, off and on, in Jackson's campaigns, scrupulously referring to their father in public as the Reverend, and they have not always been spared Jackson's occasional, indiscriminate Lyndon Johnson-style railings at his staff. But great gusts of affection constantly sweep back and forth between Jackson and the three boys. With an unself-conscious openness seldom seen between a father and his grown sons, they are regularly given to wrapping each other in immense hugs when meeting or parting in airport lobbies or on street curbs, giving each other walloping kisses and hooting, "*Love* yuh!" "Love *you!*"

Jackson almost always arranges to take at least one of his sons along on his jaunts abroad. And whenever he summons them to head out, whether it's to Egypt to meet with President Hosni Mubarak or just across town for a labor convention, they are intrepidly game. They clearly revere him. During a week in late August of 1990, while Jackson scrimmaged futilely to muster funding for an expedition to Iraq as a journalist-intercessor, Jonathan remained privately opposed to the venture, fearing that it could backfire in popular sentiment. "I was hoping all along it wouldn't work out," he says. But then, after a final call that seemed to leave the prospect in terminal collapse, "I saw the look on my father's face, how crushed he was. I couldn't stand him feeling that hurt and low." Jonathan immediately phoned two close

contacts of his own, Roger and Michael King, at King World Productions, and within ten minutes an arrangement was improvised for financing the journey.

AFTER his second Presidential campaign, Jackson continued to insist that he was merely engaged in a political extension of his original ambition to act as an apostle to the nation's conscience. "It's all to transcend society, to make America better," he said. "It's a movement still more spiritual and less concrete than usual politics."

It's likely that no aspiring social prophet has ever been so elaborately, analytically, volubly aware of himself as this one. Over the months that I was with Jackson, he was ceaselessly citing, as precedents for what he was undertaking, "those great moral leaders who've risen up and applied the principles of conscience—some Jesus, some Gandhi, some King—and always driven society into sanity or up trees." But, he said, it's seldom that a moral hero "can survive the system—it's really geared to producing these TV-packaged leaders now. They give three sentences and then check with their aides to see how it might sound on TV." Jackson attributed his own remarkable fortunes in his Presidential ventures largely to the workings of a semi-mystical physics he describes as "the force of the moral center." He explained, "Like Martin used to say, the universe has a moral center like, like its great gravitational center. It can't be— It's *irresistible*. Like the sun. It's the point where all books close, all arguments end, all politics come together. As long as you have a fix on that moral center, everything else falls into place. Because everybody, inside, recognizes it innately, it's an awareness built into us, like it's structured into nature. That gravitational force is something I've struggled to be in the tradition of—out of the movement, Greensboro, Selma, King, Chicago, PUSH, Rainbow Coalition, Democratic primaries, the Conventions, all along the way. It's all been searching for that moral center. And I think we've achieved it, more or less."

Yet over the course of his political ascension Jackson inevitably risked at some point entering into a kind of implicitly treacherous contract. A Presidential campaign may have initially tempted him only as a means to enlarge his public presence as "the moral voice of our time," in Andrew Young's words, but the unexpected success of that political gambit, on a scale that seemed to amaze even Jackson, disclosed to him the possibility of achieving his prophetic fulfillment, unlike King, inside rather than outside the system. Jackson stoutly contended that he had managed to effect the transition hale and whole, but he does admit that he is caught in a continual "inner-outer struggle" now between his original apostolic impulse and the temptations of fame and consequence: "It's the spirit over flesh. It's moral authority over just having power. It's very difficult to be in the traditional political scene, where people always wantin' these unholy trade-offs. Look how many leaders been brought down by temptations of the spirit—the classic ones of power, greed, sex, egomania. There's a constant war inside you against your baser nature."

Jackson arrived early at the enthusiastic recognition that, as he formulates it, "Service makes power. Service *is* power." It has since become one of his central operational theorems. "Power you realize that service is the way *to* it. It's the keys to the kingdom! We do not *seek* to be powerful, we seek to be good because if we are good, then we'll be powerful enough!" But one of the costs of Jackson's passage into actual political contention for power was that it changed the terms of everything. He could no longer expect to enjoy tolerant inattention to certain awkward matters from his past as a freewheeling social apostle; he had exposed himself to considerably less spiritual measures and judgments. Beyond questions about his story of King's blood on his shirt, and uneasy memories of his "Hymie" remarks, scrutiny was applied by journalists to exactly how he had subsidized himself all this time.

If Jackson was much inspired by the realization that service produces power, a corollary did not elude his notice—that service also happens to bring cer-

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tain other returns. "People always take care of servants, see. That's why Jesus said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things, *these things*, will be added unto you.' Preacher stands up there and inspires the people when they down, visits 'em when they sick, marries 'em, counsels 'em, preaches their funeral, and buries 'em when they dead. In return—free parsonage for the pastor, free food, lights, telephone, car, vacations, educate his children. What they will do for the servant is unlimited. If you serve, people will hoist you up on their shoulders and keep you there. It's like some divine law of reciprocity. You cannot hurt somebody without hurtin' yourself, and I cannot help you without helping me. Service—you cast that bread upon the waters, it'll return to you, toasted. With *butter* on it."

If the divine law of reciprocity has worked exceptionally generously for Jackson, he appears exceptionally vague about the details of the transaction. "You can't be superintendent of education and bookkeeper, custodian at the same time" is how he put it once. As far as can be determined, it has been a casual, ad-hoc, complexly diffuse system, erratic and improvisational in the disorderly fashion of past movement operations, like King's own S.C.L.C. Jackson has continued to derive substantial support from the beneficiaries of the corporate "covenants" he negotiated for black entrepreneurs in the early eighties. "My strongest relationships have been with those people I gave service to," he says. "Interesting leverage in that relationship. Kind of like the one a mother has over you. She's given you more than you can ever give her." Accordingly, from those black businessmen whom he got admitted into corporate concerns, he expects what he calls a "tithe" back to the organization that aided them: "Absolutely. It's like a tax. You pay taxes to the government for services, don't you?" As for himself, though, he declares, "I never once took a franchise or dealership, and I *could* have. But I always felt, if ever I traded off what I was doing for a dealership, I would give up the moral authority I had." But a number of the corporations that he constrained, through confrontation and hints of boycott campaigns, into negotiating commitments to more black inclusion also "built us into their budgets," as he puts it.

In addition, he accumulated over time an extensive and diverse array of other private patrons—variously thought to include Bill Cosby, Donald Trump, and Quincy Jones. Another was a Los Angeles real-estate investor named A. Bruce Rozet, an owner of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, who gave a birthday party for Jackson near the close of the 1988 campaign; in 1989, when Rozet landed in difficulties over reported slum conditions in some Housing and Urban Development-funded properties he owned, Jackson sought to intercede with Jack Kemp, the HUD Secretary—with no success, it happened. Another of these private benefactors, a businessman in North Carolina, settled the twenty-five-thousand-dollar hotel bill in Damascus after Jackson's 1983 journey there to retrieve Goodman. Jackson's funding procedures tend to work in such ad-lib and informal ways.

It becomes evident to anyone accompanying Jackson abroad that he has also assembled a community of personal patrons among business figures in countries—Nigeria, for example—where he has spent some time. Beyond that, some governments overseas have directed disbursements into his operations; these have reportedly included two donations to PUSH-Excel, totalling two hundred thousand dollars, from Syria through the Arab League, and a ten-thousand-dollar gift to PUSH from a Libyan diplomat in 1979. To criticisms of his accepting assistance from such sources, Jackson protests, "If the Arab League can contribute to Harvard and Georgetown and other institutions of higher learning, can they not contribute to the PUSH foundation?" For that matter, between 1978 and 1982 United States government agencies supplied PUSH-Excel with over six million dollars in grants and contracts for its programs in the black community—money so haphazardly and leisurely accounted for that the arrangement was finally cancelled, and the organization eventually agreed to pay a half-million-dollar fine to the federal government.

Further support has come from provisions of personnel and services

from labor and trade unions, and accommodations from foreign governments. For instance, for most of Jackson's trip in 1989 through Africa, including the flight from the United States and back, Gabon's President El Hadj Omar Bongo furnished his own Gulfstream executive jet, complete with its flight crew, as well as hotel rooms in Libreville.

Meanwhile, supplementing this network of subsidies, Jackson continues to gather fees from a ceaseless round of speeches at assorted conventions, conferences, dinners. And at the close of almost all his appearances before black groups, especially in churches, he will take up a collection, appealing, "Now, don't make me beg here. I can beg if I have to, but please don't make me have to do that. Just ten dollars for this movement. Will you please stand?"

"Is it mating season already?"

Finally, as he troops back and forth about the country, people occasionally come up to him in hotel lobbies and airports and produce an envelope: "Should I give this to you or should I mail it?" And Jackson intones, "Awww, thank you, friend, I'll take it, thank you so much, buddy, ain't this wonderful."

For all the random and obscure workings of Jackson's system of financial support, it has sustained him comfortably enough—in the mid-eighties, his income was reported at over two hundred thousand dollars a year. Jackson had earlier asserted that he could allot himself far more if he chose, and that his income was far less than what the heads of comparable organizations and foundations received. But he has also acquired such assets as an interest, under Jackie's name, in the privately held company Inner City Broadcasting—an interest worth over a million dollars, it was estimated in 1988 by the company's former chairman, Percy Sutton, the onetime Manhattan Borough President, who has long been a Jackson ally. On the whole, Jackson lives quite amply—almost always flying first class, sometimes occupying two hotel suites. There are many stories like one related by Faw and Skelton, of an instance in 1985 when, with the Rainbow Coalition's finances so troubled that most of the staff had gone unpaid for three weeks, Jackson nevertheless elected to fly back from a speaking tour of Europe on the Concorde, along with four of his children and several aides, at a cost of more than two thousand dollars each. When one of his staff suggested afterward that that might have been a slightly intemperate indulgence, Jackson's incensed rejoinder was "You're trying to sabotage my spirit."

BY the spring of 1991, Jackson still had not fixed on what might be his next major moment of truth—whether a third Presidential campaign or some other appropriately large manifestation. In the summer of 1989, after his move to Washington, he had been widely urged to run for mayor of the city, to replace Marion Barry, who was beset by allegations of drug use. But Jackson was aware that much of the enthusiasm for him to assume the mayoralty was an enthusiasm to have him thus removed from the Democratic Party's national field of vision. "My mama didn't raise no fool," he said. "They want me in that job so they can pile up rocks on my head." Besides, he said, "my destiny's larger than that." Nevertheless, he was stunned by the widely scornful reaction when he announced he was abstaining from the mayoral race. David S. Broder, for one, wrote in the Washington *Post*, "What is disturbing . . . is his readiness to deny himself a challenge from which he would have learned much. . . . My guess is he'll never be taken as seriously again." It was an impression hardly repaired by his election to the mostly token position of shadow senator from the District. Moreover, for a brief period in 1991 PUSH—virtually his only palpable creation and enterprise—seemed about to dematerialize altogether, while trying to sustain a faltering boycott campaign against Nike.

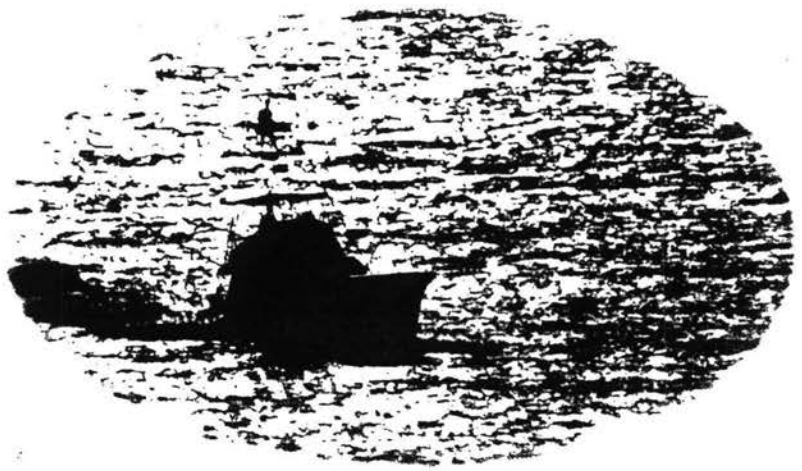
By now, there was reason to suspect a certain helium quotient to the whole long pageantry of Jackson's career. He moved through a constant light show of large ideas: a domestic Marshall Plan, to be financed from the reservoir of pension funds, to restore America's inner cities and thereby its general economic health; a joint American-Soviet television extravaganza to rally funds for rebuilding Armenia after the earthquake there. The problem was that so few of these great umbrella-spray flares ever settled to earth and formed into actuality.

In 1990, he tried for a while a mutation into a television personality, as the host of his own discussion program, syndicated by Time Warner and produced by Quincy Jones. One difficulty from the outset was that he was unable, in this shift to the role of

a television moderator, to divest himself of his morally pedagogical comportment. During a story conference about a program on the hidden messages of comedy, he complained, "But what I'm not clear on yet is exactly what is the *redeeming social value* of this show? That's what I ain't quite got yet." Most of all, he seemed locked in a battle with the very nature of television. Jackson's essential quality has always been the spontaneous, assertive vitality of a protagonist, and in his attempt to pass from that into the role of moderator of his own program he became oddly compressed, gawkily confined by the stylized manners of the medium. He seemed especially at war with all its technological paraphernalia. He fretted to his producers, "Why can't I get up and go into the audience when the spirit moves? But got all these damn wires, earplug, microphone here. That thing in my ear, once had *two* in my ears—one of 'em, somebody tellin' me to do one thing, on the other somebody tellin' me to do the exact opposite, while at the same time I can hear them talkin' to each other, cussin'. Tell you, it's a *nightmare*."

Jackson finally retreated to La Costa, a golf and health resort just north of San Diego, to confer for several days with his producers. To tutor him in nuances of gestures, postures, attitudes of questioning, they showed him cassettes of John McLaughlin, Ted Koppel, Oprah Winfrey, Phil Donahue, Pat Buchanan, and Barbara Walters. But Jackson merely slumped lower and lower in the corner of a sofa, until he was almost horizontal, and he finally blurted out, "See, see, the problem is—there's the me that's *me*, and there's the me that's *TV*." One morning in Burbank, he was urged into taping a series of promotional spots for broadcast on local news shows of stations carrying his program. As he paced through these recitations, the next location to be named by him would be called out by a young assistant in the rear of the studio, and she once hesitated. "Birming—Birmingha—Is that with an 'n' or an 'm'?" Jackson stared out into the gloom at the back of the studio, from which her question had come. "I know what it is," he said quietly. "Let's go on."

Nevertheless, when Time Warner finally cancelled the show, in the summer of 1991, Jackson had already begun negotiating with Cable News Network to conduct a discussion program. This was only one indication that he might not make a third Presidential run. Polls throughout the spring had found significant popular support for him as the next Democratic candidate; he and Mario Cuomo led by an appreciable margin the long train of other prospects. But Jackson seemed increasingly ambivalent about launching out this time. In April, he had led a rousing mass rally in downtown Los Angeles, to protest the videotaped police beating of Rodney King, and on the drive back to his hotel he began reflecting aloud on "how much more authentic" such popular demonstrations were than the "pseudo reality" of the official political estate, with "all its committees, resolutions, parliamentary procedures." Elective office, he went on, can in fact work "to separate you from the people. Those guys at the top, they got big positions but small agendas." He suggested that he might be more effective operating outside the system. "That way, I got access to both—to the people



like those back there at that rally and, because of that, to the people in the system, too."

But his position as a black populist spokesman presented certain complications when President Bush nominated Clarence Thomas to the Supreme Court. Thomas's history, as a poor black youth who managed to lift himself far beyond his origins, was much like Jackson's own, and it inevitably touched something in him. "Makes it sort of hard to be against him, in one way," Jackson said. But Thomas's neoconservative inclinations, and especially his criticisms of affirmative action, finally prompted Jackson to declare, "It ill becomes anyone to put the axe to the roots of the tree whose fruits he and his people have prospered from." He kept virtually mute, though, through the subsequent garish drama of the Anita Hill hearings.

As late as last September, Jackson was still deciding about the Presidential race. One mild evening, he sat on the back patio of his home in Washington, wearing a black warmup jacket and leaning his wrought-iron chair against the brick wall behind him, and said to a visitor, "I'm just tired. After all these years, I'm tired physically, mentally, spiritually. I got to have a breather here. I need some time to regather my inner energies. Fact, it could actually leave me even stronger for '96, you know?" He was still carrying an oppressive debt from his 1988 campaign—around six hundred thousand dollars. Also, he said, "there are all these cultural forces still arrayed against me," including, he said, "the major media, all the high pundits and analysts."

Despite his widely acknowledged feats of voter registration for the Democrats in the past, which had largely accounted for their regaining control of the Senate in 1986, he complained that he was still mostly a Party outcast: "Last three Jefferson-Jackson Days, you know I haven't even been invited to any dinner?" He left unmentioned the additional liability that, while polls indicated he still enjoyed substantial popular support, he yet could be in danger, with another run, of coming to be regarded as the Energizer rabbit of Presidential politics—mechanically beating on and on. He said that his children had only recently disclosed to him the ordeals visited on them through his past two campaigns. Jackie herself was implacably set against his trying it again. ("What for?" she had said earlier that evening. "What's it gotten us? What difference did it really make? I just don't have the spirit to go through it again.") Beyond that, he said, while he had always been careful not to advertise it, he and his family had received more threats of violence than had all other candidates combined.

In early November, when Jackson publicly announced his decision not to run, he insisted he would still be pressing on with his own free-form social ministry. Around that time, he was leading demonstrations in Connecticut to appeal for national attention to the economic devastation there. He travelled to Hamlet, North Carolina, to "witness" about the labor conditions in a chicken-processing plant where twenty-five people had died in a fire. He recently attempted to intercede with President Bush in behalf of Haitian boat people who are being forcibly repatriated. On the day of the sched-

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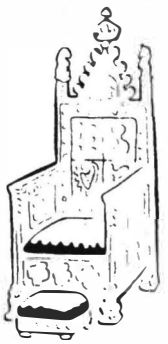
uled execution, in Arkansas, of a convicted murderer who had been left mentally impaired when he shot himself in the head, Jackson telephoned Governor Bill Clinton and, beginning with "Now, Bill, I just want to explain to you," went on to admonish him that it was simply wrong to execute a man who was brain-damaged and who would otherwise be locked up for the rest of his life, unable to hurt anyone else.

Jackson's voice may go unheeded, but it is not unheard. He still had enough political heft to oblige all five major Democratic candidates to present themselves before a Washington conference of his Rainbow Coalition, on January 25th, to audition for its approval. On the whole, he says, "what we doin' is keepin' a real profile of activity goin'." Jackson continued to make mutterings, in fact, of some "alternate route '92." Through recent weeks, he has been striving to mobilize "like we did in '84" masses of newly registered voters in states like Mississippi and Arkansas. When he is asked why, he will say only, "So they'll be there. So they'll have to be taken into account as this process goes along." He expects increasing resistance from Party squires, though. "All those new voters makes the Democrats stronger, makes us stronger. But lot of those guys in the Party rather *not* be stronger if it means we are, too."



Meanwhile, his political preachments echo those of his Presidential campaigns. After Bush's State of the Union address, Jackson proposed, "State of the Union is measured by how we treat the least of these. Everybody emphasizin' the middle class now. Well, that's good, that's right, they are hurtin'. But what about those hurtin' on the bottom? The jobless, the homeless? If your caring is large enough to reach to those least of us, it's surely gonna also cover the middle class." On the economy, he says, "We givin' away jobs to countries like Japan in return for VCRs and video games. You can't keep exporting what is essential to get back what is irrelevant." Of Bush's recent visit to Japan with a group of corporate chairmen, including the heads of Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors, he remarked, "Here're the strongest symbols of American manhood, goin' over there beggin' for a break. Askin' for international, corporate affirmative action. Get my point?"

What still principally occupies him, Jackson says, "is to keep the plumb line of justice holding down steady in it all." In past weeks, he has spent nights in homeless shelters in Los Angeles, in New Hampshire, once even on the sidewalk outside the White House. Through this peripatetic gospel-populist ministry, his old, original compulsion still abides: "When the curtain finally falls on me, all I want is for history to say, 'He was a part of the conscience of his time.' I'll rest then."

That evening back in September, on his patio, when he had been riffling through his reasons for forgoing the race, Jackson suddenly leaned forward and professed misgivings about his whole venture to transfer the movement's moral vision into a competition for the Presidency. "It's been dealing with the Devil, to an extent. Secret of that is, don't give away any more than you can get back by sundown. But, after a while, get to wonderin' if you can tell all the time. Way I feel now is like what Martin said the night before he died—I just wanna do God's will. I don't want to live to do the will of the Democratic Party. Don't want to live to do the will of Congress or the White House or the media. Just wanna do *God's* will." Another circle appeared to be closing. Taking himself out of the contest for the Presidency, he said, should remove from his continuing political ministry the suspicion of a personal ambition. "It's a way to protect my authenticity. If I don't have that, I don't have anything else. I still got what I treasure most—my freedom. People say, 'He got seven million votes. Not looking for some sort of high official position? What *does* he want?' Well, one thing I know is that, by operating without formal trappings and encumbrances, I can feel *truly* free. To keep on movin'."

JACKSON's journey to Iraq, in the early days of the Gulf crisis, to try to persuade Saddam Hussein to release the foreign nationals he was holding hostage there, was an episode that turned into something like a coda of all the mixed compulsions and meanings in Jackson's own history. During this trip, what was both extraordinary and petty about him seemed to come into a kind of ultra-focus.

In the first days after Saddam's invasion of Kuwait, Jackson startled many by endorsing a military response: "Unilaterally or multilaterally, send military troops in and get Saddam's ass out of Kuwait." Then, after Saddam announced that he was detaining foreign citizens, mostly Westerners, and intended to distribute them among potential military-strike targets, Jackson became intrigued with the possibilities of another mission of personal intercession, like his earlier one to Syria. After mulling it over for a few days, he decided to try it, and he obtained a letter of invitation from the Iraqi Embassy.

He happened at that time to be working on the final arrangements for his first television talk program, and his initial notion was simply to have its producers subsidize the expedition as the subject of the first broadcast. By going as a journalist, he could comply with recently imposed United States advisories against contact with Iraq. To doubting queries from a group of reporters, Jackson solemnly maintained, "Well, I *am* a journalist. After all, got my own television program, discussin' issues. What I'm doing is movin' into a gap here. Nobody's talking directly to each other, they just observin' the other side talkin'. So journalists are filling that gap, the diplomatic gap, like Koppel and Rather. Like journalists have done before—Cronkite, Walters, back when Sadat and Begin wouldn't talk to each other."

Jackson met with General Colin Powell, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who, Jackson says, told him that the Administration was not exactly enchanted with his idea but added, "I can't really tell you not to go." He also had a chat with Secretary of State James Baker. Meanwhile, however, Time Warner was developing a pronounced queasiness about the project, principally because of strong signals from the Administration. Before long, the whole venture seemed off. Finally, Jonathan Jackson managed to put together the arrangement with King World Productions, which would fund the trip and use the footage brought back on its week-night telecast "Inside Edition." A call came to me at my home, in Los Angeles: "This's yo' brother—Jesse Jackson, from Green-

ville, South Carolina. Catch a red-eye tonight. We goin'."

At a terminal in New York's Kennedy Airport, as we stood waiting for our baggage to be collected for transfer to a Royal Jordanian plane, Jackson, with most of his party of fifteen gathered around him, started to declaim, in what was like an impromptu mini-prayer meeting there at the gate, "Now if the Lord be with us—the *Lord* be with us—who can be against us? The *Lord* is our strength. Of whom should we be afraid? We settin' out on the Lord's work here, everybody. That right, say Amen!" Through the long flight to Amman, Jackson dozed, leaning back under a light blanket with his tray table still opened before him, and on it, I noticed, rested a small book with waxy yellow covers, "The Complete Sayings of Jesus," as annotated by Norman Vincent Peale.

Two days later, after an unexpectedly brief flight from Amman, we arrived in Baghdad. At the airport, which had a derelict, abandoned look, government cars were aligned along the curb outside to take us in to the city and the Al Rashid Hotel. Late in the afternoon, Jackson called at the United States Embassy and was greeted by the charge d'affaires, Joseph C. Wilson IV, who had taken over for Ambassador April Glaspie after she was left stranded abroad by Saddam's invasion of Kuwait. Wilson, a somewhat rumpled and harried-looking man but with a carefully measuring manner, at first assumed the official attitude about Jackson's presence: "These are the rules for journalists. . . . This is on background for you as journalists. . . . While you're here, if you wish to use the phone in the Embassy here to file your reports . . ." But Jackson, in his remarks, quickly moved to an implicit position as a potential mediator, and Wilson as quickly followed. He told Jackson that, despite Saddam's proclamation just the day before that foreign women and children would be allowed to leave Iraq—"a headline was all it was"—Iraqi officials had introduced endlessly changing procedural complications that left all the detainees effectively still hostages. "We're completely stymied," Wilson told Jackson. "So anything you can do . . ." His voice tapered off.

On the drive back to the hotel, Jackson kept turning to peer at the billboard-size portraits of Saddam Hussein, in a medley of costumes, which towered with a monumental redundancy throughout Baghdad. "Homeboy sho likes his picture took, don't he?" Jackson said. "Just in case you maybe forgotten about him after going two blocks." Turning in at the hotel past yet another grand-opera portrait, Jackson shook his head. "There he is, done changed his clothes again."

Early the next morning, a call came from the Iraqi Foreign Ministry, inviting Jackson to a session with Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz. Before dressing to leave, Jackson threw himself into an accelerated sequence of his usual morning exercises, vigorously pumping away at pull-ups and push-ups. Arriving some thirty minutes later at the Foreign Ministry, he was immediately enclosed by a contingent of functionaries and escorted up to Aziz' office. The two of them, after a short exchange of pleasantries, seated themselves in easy chairs. Aziz, a portly man in thick horn-rimmed glasses, with a bristly patch of a mustache, was attired not in his customary diplomat's dark business suit but in a deep-green military-style Baath Party uniform with epaulets, the shirt open at his throat.

At length, Jackson swung into his presentation, for obvious relay to Saddam. "We rassled to come here against all kinds of resistance," he began. "We were under embargoes not to come. The feeling among those who resisted was that it was not journalistic but diplomatic." Beneath Aziz' mustache flickered the faintest smile. "But even though I am here as a journalist we feel a keen sense of obligation. We want to give the conflict a broader perspective. War is intellectual and moral failure. But if preconditions for talks are too high war is inevitable. The time has come to start trying to reason together. Can't have babies at certain times of months" he was recycling one of his favorite metaphors—"but now it's pregnancy time." Jackson then advised Aziz, "If hostages, detainees, guests, whatever, are kept, I think Bush and that group will level this place. The power is in the hands of President Hussein. There must be some pictures of people coming back, by bus, boats, planes. Think it needs to be more than women and

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children, too. Send 'em out on Iraqi Air, if you want. But bold steps like that would have a neutralizing impact, might even have a reversing impact, on this blind rush now to war." Then, referring to the United States Embassy in Kuwait City, which Iraqi forces had isolated, he added, in a gravely rueful tone, "But this business of cuttin' wires at embassies, cuttin' off water, stuff like that, doesn't really do anything, what I'm tryin' to say." Of his own career as a negotiator in civil-rights confrontations, he declared, "I've found that such tit-for-tat struggles are distracting, diversionary."

As Jackson elaborated, Aziz periodically made notes on a large pad. Jonathan Jackson, who was slumped sidewise in exhaustion on the end of a sofa beside his father, fought to stay awake, and lost. "These are good ideas," Aziz finally responded. "If they're put on the table, they will be considered." He then seemed to feel obliged to remark that much of the tension between the United States and Iraq was due to "misunderstandings of the American press," because "Zionist circles are so powerful in your country they want to burn bridges between us." At this, Jackson, though refraining from comment, gave a noticeably impatient twist in his chair.

Before the meeting was over, Aziz said to Jackson, "We know your role as a prominent American politician in your own country. You are not yet in power, but we hope you will be sometime—we'll negotiate a lot more agreements." But it became clear from what Aziz was saying that the Iraqis were having difficulty believing that Jackson was there really as a journalist. Aziz referred once to Jackson travelling to Iraq as "a statesman," and Jackson retorted, perhaps a touch too playfully, "Journalist, Mr. Minister!" Aziz grunted. "Journalist, then. Whatever you want to call yourself." (That the Iraqi government might even suspect that he was an unofficial emissary from the White House, Jackson later suggested, "might not be that bad a thing, if they thinking that—know what I mean?") Now Jackson began pressing for an interview with Saddam, and Aziz, still uncertain whether Jackson was serious, replied, "Well, this is, after all, a matter of chemistry between you and my President—between two leaders. He knows just Jackson the politician—he did not know about the journalistic connection. Just use on him your chemistry about that."

LATE that afternoon, Jackson was abruptly summoned to the Presidential Palace for the first of two talks with Saddam. Rushing out of the hotel, he managed to gather only a few of his aides. By their accounts, after it was made plain, on Jackson's arrival, that there would be only discussion and no interview at this particular encounter, Jackson swiftly assumed a manner of actually ministering to Saddam. Addressing him as "Brother Saddam," Jackson assured him, "I do not underestimate your anguish. I know you feel ignored, isolated, ignored." He fell into a pulsing syncopation of phrases, as if he were delivering some gospel devotional in a black Baptist church in Alabama. He even unblinkingly essayed an improbable symbolic allusion to Jesus, as a figure who demonstrated the essential difference between right and might—and how much more powerful was right, in the end, against temporal forces. Jackson went on to propose that although Saddam might have been for years a man "ignored" (Jackson afterward explained, "Seemed sort of better to use 'ignored' instead of 'despised,' you know"), he now had a chance to captivate the world. "The wisest among us must change the course of events" now mounting toward war, Jackson said. "Don't wait for what Bush is gonna do. The world is waiting for you to make a bold new move."

Altogether, what he said to Saddam in this first meeting, as recounted afterward by those who were there, largely repeated what he had put to Aziz earlier: "The substance of your case is getting lost in the cutting of wires at embassies in Kuwait. It's being lost in hostages, detainees. And this idea of annexing territory, recovering lost lands, and all that—Syria could annex Jordan because of history, Israel says the Bible gives it the West Bank. Even your allies feel threatened by this annexation thing. The question now is whether we can do a harder thing than

fight, and that's *think*. Iraq has finally got center stage to make its case about all its grievances, the outlet to the Gulf, the stolen oil fields you say, the undercutting of oil prices, all that. But what's your case right now? You saying, 'My case is, we'll close the embassies, hold 'em prisoner.' Saying, 'My case is, we'll hold the people against gettin' bombed.' There's a real danger of losing your case, because the real case is not being argued by things like that. Mean, holdin' *the sick and old*. What I guess *I'm* arguin' for without government portfolio is that you have the power now to redefine the reality of the moment. You have the power to avert a war. And I think you should be secure enough in your real case to make the first move, daring moves that will in fact cost you nothing. Say, three or four planes of people coming out of here. Releasing a thousand people, to start with, will cost you nothing. It could, in fact, shift the agenda." With Saddam now and then taking notes with a fountain pen, Jackson suggested that he could condition a withdrawal from Kuwait on the formulation of a new international aid plan for all the Middle East, whereby its oil-rich principalities and the West would commit themselves to developing the poorer nations in order to regenerate the entire region. "Now, the world will identify with *that* vision," Jackson said.

To all this, though, Saddam reportedly responded with a glumly ritualistic formality—at least, he did not seem particularly stirred. He did mention that, since the visit of Ambassador Glaspie back in July, no one else from the United States, "not one, has come to me to talk," and he thanked Jackson for coming. He said he now felt there was "a human bridge" between himself and Jackson, whom he pronounced unlike most American politicians, who "refuse to show what they believe inside as human beings." But then he appropriated Jackson's earlier evocation of Jesus as, bizarrely, an emblem of himself and his own situation now in the world community: "At the time of his death, he had eleven disciples"—as Saddam recollected the count—"and was betrayed by one of them. But ultimately he had millions of followers." As Saddam expanded on this conceit, he seemed to be suggesting that he meant to take on himself all the centuries of abuse and vilification of

Arabs by the West, to present himself as a sacrifice in an apocalyptic firestorm of war, in which he would be immortalized among the Arab people. This message may have been calculated for transmission by Jackson to the Bush White House, especially if Saddam still supposed Jackson might be an informal, exploratory emissary. But it cast a chill on those sitting with Jackson.

Jackson managed to come away with one important achievement: permission to fly down on an Iraqi plane to Kuwait City the next morning, the first visit there by any outside observers since Iraq had seized the country. "Make do with that for now," Jackson said.

THE marbled expanses of the lobby of the Kuwait International Hotel, across the street from the United States Embassy, were patrolled by Iraqi soldiers and by security men wearing loose-hanging sports shirts and holding AK-47s. When we arrived, Jackson's party, enlarged by several reporters who had joined us in Baghdad, began scampering about with a certain skittish excitement at simply being there, the print reporters and the TV crew circling for some starting point for their coverage. Jackson finally called out, "Everybody, we gonna have a staff meeting right now. Little staff meeting. Everybody come up close here." When his group had clustered around him, he said softly, "Now, look. We runnin' around in this place like blind dogs in a slaughterhouse. We kind of getting out of control. We actin' like American brats or something. We not in Six Flags or New York City, Rockefeller Center, here, you know. And those guys"—he nodded toward the Iraqi security men deployed around the lobby—"they not too sure what they doin', either. They not in complete control of this situation themselves. We don't want to be havin' any incidents or misunderstandings. So let's just stay cool and disciplined. Only one person in control of us in this thing, and that's me." It served to compose his party remarkably.

For the next several hours, Jackson applied himself to a phone on the counter of the reception desk, talking to the deputy chief of mission, Barbara Bodine, in the Embassy across the street, and trying to arrange some means of seeing those in the Embassy. The Iraqis had forbidden anyone to enter, and those inside the Embassy refused to leave the grounds. Jackson's phone negotiations on this double-lock impediment continued through the morning and into the afternoon.

Eventually, the hotel's management took Jackson, accompanied by his entourage and several Iraqi guards, up a labyrinth of murky back passageways that finally opened onto the hotel's flat, gravelled roof, which, we saw when we wandered to its edge, overlooked the Embassy's sprawling grounds by the sea. A walled enclave, with its water and electricity and all deliveries of food cut off, the place had a remote, dreamlike look in the hot afternoon sunshine. We saw a few tiny figures stirring under the edge of an awning beside a long swimming pool, another minute figure jogging alone on a pathway. A call from the lobby phone downstairs had informed the Embassy that Jackson would presently be on the hotel roof, and, as he now began waving his arms in high sweeps, far below several figures trickled out from under the awning and gave barely perceptible waves back.

Down in the lobby again, Jackson concluded by phone an arrangement to walk across to the Embassy, with an escort of four Iraqi security police, and to talk, through the locked front gate, with Bodine and Ambassador W. Nathaniel Howell III. As it happened, Jackson had visited the Embassy once before, in November of 1987, and he now said to Howell, as they clasped hands through the bars of the gate, "Good to see you again." Howell, tall and bearish, with a grizzled beard, and wearing a pale-blue T-shirt, orange gym shorts, and loafers with no socks, looked exhausted. Bodine, a trim and brisk woman, was wearing a yellow sundress, and her dark hair was pulled back from her taut face. They hurriedly reported to Jackson their most critical needs at the moment: evacuation of the women and children among the eight staff members and forty-two civilians inside the compound, as well as several elderly or sick Americans there, and delivery of bottled water and of diesel fuel for the generators, their only source of electricity. Jackson promised them that he would confront Saddam with those matters when, as he hoped, he met with him the following day. Before leaving, Jackson reached for their hands again through the barred gate, and said a prayer: "We know peace will

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Later, on the flight back to Baghdad, he reflected, "Least, if there's nothing else gonna happen, least there's been this. Given those folks their first live contact with somebody from the States since they been shut up in there. That's *something*."

ONLY a short while after arriving back at the Al Rashid Hotel, just before sundown, Jackson was summoned to the office of the Culture and Information Minister, Latif Nusayif Jassem, to work out particulars for a possible television interview with Saddam the next day. "Hardly time to catch my breath," Jackson mumbled. "But no choice but to go, if this thing's gonna come off." Jassem, too, appeared somewhat abstracted, and was damp with sweat. Jackson was proceeding to unfold his appeal once more, now to Jassem, for a release of the hostages, when an aide brought in a note for Jassem. As Jackson orated on, Jassem read the note closely, and then interrupted Jackson to announce, "Now we will take the tour." Jackson stared, momentarily puzzled, then his face quickly assumed a bland expression of suspicion as he stood with Jassem. We were driven through the Baghdad evening in a wayward meandering for an hour or so, before we finally passed through a succession of giant iron gates into a kind of fortress-park of immense lawns underneath palms and eucalyptus trees. We turned at last in to a drive leading to the floodlit façade of a colossal building that resembled some grand Mediterranean casino-hotel—the palace of Saddam Hussein. Inside, everything was constructed on an epic scale: megalithic columns and great ringing corridors of sandstone and marble. The news, months later, when the bombing began, that this palace had been turned to rubble was dumbfounding; it seemed, that night, to have a monumentality that could withstand a meteor collision.

Despite the grandiosity of his palace, Saddam himself struck me, as he went through the introductory handshakes, as a middling figure. Like his handshake, he seemed oddly unvital—a formal, darkish man, in a graphite-blue suit, a shirt of powdery whiteness, and a light-blue floral tie, who had the careful comportment of a funeral director. His face was rather baggy, and of a pallor that gave a certain stark blackness to his heavy eyebrows, his mustache, his inky hair, which looked dyed. His expression hardly changed as he began to address Jackson, through an interpreter, in a voice with a peculiar drab, harsh, machinelike quality.

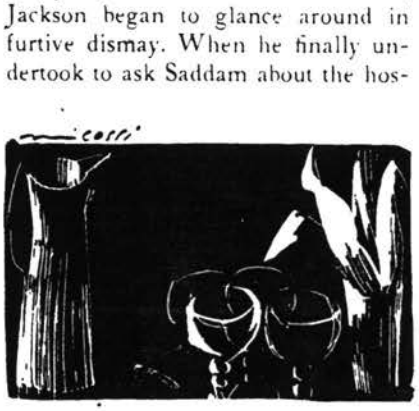
Jackson, perhaps a bit overbuoyant now that he had apparently arrived at the decisive encounter, brought up the matter of the hostages. Saddam interjected, irritably, that the American nationals among them still showed great mistrust of him. Jackson told him, "The women and children are afraid."

"This is Bush!" Saddam retorted. "Because he keeps threatening war."

"Let me say it another way, Mr. President," Jackson said. "Fear makes people irrational."

Saddam replied, "After a while, we will have to say that any adults still hiding themselves will be regarded as spies." He did not seem, on the whole, in the most promising of humors. Jackson pressed on, nevertheless, about possible arrangements for a release, until Saddam said, "We are not in the custom of having the head of state discuss details like this" which, despite its nettled tone, was the first intimation that he might already have come to some larger decision. In any event, it was clear that at least the television interview with Jackson was on for this evening. Saddam finally allowed himself to venture the vague drollery that, while he very much liked Jackson the politician, "let us see how we are going to like him as a journalist."

The television interview, which took place shortly afterward, turned out to be a heavy-slogging exercise. Jackson asked rigorous, journalistically respectable questions, but Saddam responded with extended polemical lectures about historical honor. After repeated attempts to somehow hot-wire this hortatory address into a conversation, Jackson began to glance around in furtive dismay. When he finally undertook to ask Saddam about the hostages—"What steps are you willing to take now to release persons who are designated as a guest against their will, within the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours?"—Saddam shifted forward, flapped his hands open, and replied, stonily, "This is a matter that I have addressed in more than one interview, and with more than one journalist. I have made the position clear on that matter, and there's nothing more to add as regards my position in the coming forty-eight hours." Jackson seemed to assume that that was that. The interview ended shortly, and they both stood up and shook hands.



Saddam then proclaimed, "It has been a good evening. And a deep human exchange." He continued, "And in honor of every American who looks at the Arabs and the legitimate rights of people in the way that they deserve, so we shall transfer the hospitality" which in this context, according to the interpreter, could also imply the "care and keeping" "of four of them who are allegedly sick to join you on your plane to the United States."

Jackson standing very still now in front of Saddam, with his hands poised at his waist, his fingertips lightly touching blinked. So four, at least, would be getting out. Had Saddam simply been cat's-pawing him on this through the whole night's session? Jackson said, "Let me express my thanks to you for that, Mr. President." Then, with only the slightest pause, he decided to venture further. "And about the women and children could they, is it possible they could be included in this?"

Saddam's voice rose a bit. "The women and children wanting to leave Iraq? You want to take them tomorrow?"

For some reason, Jackson appeared momentarily stunned. He glanced over Saddam's shoulder to where I happened to be standing, just a few feet behind Saddam, and without thinking I nodded vigorously. Saddam had begun to turn to see where Jackson was staring when Jackson said quietly, "Yes."

"You want to take them with you?" Saddam repeated, in almost a shout.

More resonantly, Jackson declared, "Yes. Yes, I do."

"Yes, then!" Saddam exclaimed, and the translation now began rushing along after his voice. "Yes, all right! You will take them with you on the Iraqi plane to—" And, showing more animation than he had all evening, he threw up both hands, tossing the whole

matter to the heavens. One briefly wondered: Had he been moved to this flush of generosity by Jackson? Could Jackson's principle—which he had often propounded before—that we feel a special affection for those who prompt us to feel that we are good be at work now even in Saddam Hussein? In any case, Saddam went on, "Take the women, the women who are allowed to leave, and the children, yes, and take four of the men who appear to be sick—" It grew giddying. "We will send them on the Iraqi aircraft that will take you to the United States. They will take you to Amman and from there to Washington—or wherever!"

Jackson gazed down at Saddam, his face impassive, completely composed, attentive, waiting, as Saddam said, "This is in your honor. I'm doing this for you—not Bush! I have no respect for Bush. But for you!"

Jackson then gently, softly proceeded. "Kuwait as well as Baghdad."

In fact, he had him—a small hold, at least. Saddam had finally, in this sudden access of sentiment, bent from the rigid posture he had maintained all evening just enough to give Jackson for the first time a hold on him. Quite likely, Saddam had been prepared from the start to grant some releases; Jackson, as an unofficial intermediary of high standing in the United States, presented to Saddam a means to begin relieving himself of an increasingly unprofitable and cumbersome liability without seeming to capitulate to the demands of the United States and other Western governments. But now, in the high spirits of his doing that, Jackson was swiftly expanding the transaction beyond what Saddam had probably reckoned on, especially with the inclusion of the people in Kuwait. What it had become, in the past few minutes, was a kind of bazaar-booth haggling over the number of lives to be freed—from four quickly now to hundreds. "Kuwait, too?" cried Saddam. And then, "If you have a list . . ."

It ended in a noisy exhilaration among everyone there. After repeated handshakes between Jackson and Saddam, who appeared almost bouncy, Saddam abruptly left, his haste suggesting an ambush of embarrassment at his feelings. It was the last we were to see of him. The suspense hanging over the rest of our hours in Iraq was whether, like Pharaoh, he would come to resent his concession and move to retract it.

"Thanks for coming, Olga—I want you to help me contact my husband."

Back in Jackson's suite at the Al Rashid, he quickly changed into khaki shorts and a black T-shirt for the business that still lay ahead that night, and logistics began to be worked out in a barrage of phone calls, amid a gleeful furor enlivened by the hospitality bar. The United States Embassy was notified, then Deputy Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger, in Washington. Saddam's secretary called once to insist to a Jackson aide that only four of five men listed as ill on the Embassy roster supplied to Jackson could be permitted to leave. "Will you pick who those four will be, and call us back?" he asked. Told of this request, Jackson said, "No way we gonna get into making decisions like that. That's actin' God." He called the secretary back. "Mr. Secretary? 'S Jesse Jackson. Now, look—" and he went into a quietly earnest disquisition for about a minute. When he hung up, he said simply, "All five." The actual count of those to be taken out, from both Baghdad and Kuwait City, began to blur in the tumble of phone negotiations during the night. All that was clear was that the number was still, amazingly, expanding.

At one point, Joe Wilson, the Embassy's charge d'affaires, entered the room, a little dishevelled but now radiantly convivial. "You've done good work tonight," he said, slapping Jackson on the back.

"Ain't over with yet," Jackson said.

Even after nearly everyone save Jonathan had left the suite, he stayed up, as Ray Charles tapes played through the rooms, making calls, pacing, assessing, scrawling stray notes, until dawn.

AROUND seven in the morning, Jackson presented himself in the lobby looking a touch weary but boomingly eager, arrayed in a double-breasted gray hound's-tooth suit, a tie in a large red-and-black pattern, and a Rainbow Coalition button in his lapel. "When you talk, you act, and when you act you change things," he jubilantly announced, and then, unable to resist one of his scriptural evocations, he added, "Settin' out to free the captives, homeboy! What it's about." There appeared in the lobby Sadun Zubaydi, the President's translator, a willowy, fastidious man who had achieved a brief notoriety as the officious interlocutor at Saddam's globally televised chat with the children of English hostages. Having visited Jackson's suite the night before, he had been quickly caught up in the efferves-

cence of developments and had decided now to come along with us as a general facilitator. On the flight to Kuwait City, Zubaydi was barely able to contain his festiveness. Bobbing down the aisle to retrieve his coat from a back seat, where it lay, its pockets stiff with papers, he chirped, "So many secrets! So many secrets!"

The plan was to pick up the evacuees collected at the Embassy in Kuwait City, fly back with them by early afternoon, pick up three hundred or so other evacuees waiting at Baghdad's airport, and then fly out with them all before sundown. But by the time we pulled up again at the International Hotel, across from the Embassy, indications had reached us that Jackson's transaction with Saddam the night before had set loose an even larger evacuation. More flights were now being organized in Baghdad to fly out with us, in what was turning into something of a hectic mass departure. Partly for that reason, the wait in the hotel lobby once again stretched into the afternoon. Meanwhile, the Embassy continued to transmit additional names to Jackson, so that he could negotiate, with Zubaydi's assistance, their inclusion on the list. He was also trying to gain the release of other foreign nationals. Clearly enjoying all this, Zubaydi at one point said, "More names? You have more names? You people!" But he acted with nimble decisiveness through those hours in winning further clearances, one after another, from Baghdad. With his aid, Jackson managed, in the lobby of the International, to enlarge the list of Americans to be taken out of Kuwait City to a total of thirteen, as well as to negotiate the release of some thirty people from various other countries who were hiding in the city.

Then, late in the afternoon, when most of those to be freed had been assembled at the Embassy in Kuwait City and at the airports in Kuwait and Baghdad, Jackson waved me over to where he was sitting with Zubaydi. Motioning me to lean down, he whispered behind his hand, "Somebody told me just a bit ago there's this lady up on the third floor here, wants to leave with us. Room number is 306. Says she has an American passport. Slip up there discreetly as you can and check. Room 306. If she's got her passport, tell her she can come with us."

Joining me at the elevator to ride up to the room was Jeff Griffiths, a veteran aide of Jackson's. Griffiths a long, lean, surpassingly gentle and soft-spoken man—is a black radio journalist who attended to Jackson's audio feeds. With Iraqi security police thick around the lobby, Griffiths and I eased into an elevator as unobtrusively as possible and rode up to the third floor. The corridors were empty, soundless. We found Room 306 at the end of a corridor, and Griffiths tapped on the door. After a long moment, it swung open, and a woman in her early forties, handsome, with dark eyes and hair and wearing a grass-green pants suit, stood peering at us with uncertain alarm. Behind her, the room was filled with stacked boxes, closed suitcases. I told her who we were, and asked if she had an American passport.

"Yes. Yes." Her face took on a stare of disbelief. "You mean I can leave? You mean, *right now*?"

"Right now," I said. And she threw her arms around me and pressed her head against my chest, crying, "Thank God, thank God, thank God."

We all moved into the room, shutting the door noiselessly behind us, and the woman sank down on the edge of a small couch, still gazing at us, astounded. An American of Arabic descent, she had a home in Florida, where her daughter also lived. She had been working as an assistant manager at the hotel when the Iraqis invaded, and had been hiding in this small room throughout the four weeks of the occupation, hearing reports of random abductions, street executions, tortures, rapes, disappearances. Sitting now among her packed belongings, she began trembling. "But what about the Iraqis?" she said. "Have the Iraqis given their permission?"

Her hands were twisting together in her lap in a terror that was almost childlike, and somehow shocking to see this mature and agreeable-looking and ordinarily, no doubt, pleasantly sensible woman reduced to a wild dread. She was obviously still too frightened to move from the room, and, leaving Griffiths to keep her company, I went back downstairs to get Jackson.

He was sitting with Zubaydi, and when I told him the woman was in a panic about the Iraqis he turned to Zubaydi and explained the situation, concluding, "She has her passport. President has said women and children can go. So no problem in her coming with us, is there?"

Zubaydi, in this instance, was less jaunty. "But why has she hidden?" he said, thinly. "Why has she not come forward before now?"

Jackson said, "Like I been trying to explain to you, man, people are *afraid*."

Zubaydi gave a large sigh and shrugged. "Well, yes, all right. We are bending the rules, but we have been bending the rules everywhere today."

Jackson said, "And I want you to come up with me to tell her. All right, buddy? Just to reassure her."

About this, Zubaydi had even more marked reservations: after allowing Jackson to hustle him as far as the elevator, he stopped and held up the palms of both hands, "No, no, actually, better you go up first. I'll wait here. You can send for me if you need."

This time, just before the elevator doors closed, a young plainclothes security operative quickly stepped in with us. He said absolutely nothing, did not look at us not even when Jackson said, "How y'doin'?" as the elevator rose. When Jackson and I got out, he followed us down the hall to the room, and leaned back against the wall outside as we went in.

When the woman, still sitting on the couch, saw Jackson looming before her, she looked as if she were beholding an apparition. She slowly stood, dazed, as Jackson came toward her and enclosed her in an immense hug: "We gonna take you home, honey. You ready to go? You comin' with us." But even with Jackson's appearance she could not quite escape the hold of her weeks-long terror about the Iraqis.

"Have they given their permission?" she asked. "I mean about me? If they find I have been hiding up there, they will take me out and—" Jackson, studiously making no mention of the

agent who had followed us down the hall, asked me to return to the lobby and bring Zubaydi on up. When I left the room, the agent was still leaning against the wall of the corridor.

Reaching the lobby, I saw Zubaydi engaged in a spirited discussion with three burly men in civilian clothes who were obviously security officers. When I walked over, Zubaydi said in a distressed squeal, "It is impossible, I am afraid. They say they have known about this woman up in the room all this time. She should not have hidden. It is very, very bad. She cannot leave today." Zubaydi's authority, impressive as it had proved up to now, was superseded here in Kuwait, it seemed, by that of the military, since it was territory under military occupation. I told him, "Well, why don't you come on up and explain all that to the Reverend. He wants to see you upstairs." He relayed this to the three security men in Arabic, in which I detected a distinctly apologetic strain, and as we headed for the elevator two of them followed and got on with us. It was almost certain that they were from the *mukhabarat*, Iraq's notorious secret police.

The look on the woman's face when she saw the two of them piling into the room with us—she was still sitting on the couch, Jackson standing over her—was one of doom. Zubaydi took a chair beside her, the two police agents hulking behind him. The woman began shaking. Zubaydi started questioning her in a querulous voice: "Why did you not come forward? What were you afraid of? We are not animals, you know." The woman, her hands twisting together on her knees, merely whispered, "I know you're not." But Zubaydi, perhaps aware that he was himself under surveillance, kept on in a scolding tenor, "Why have you not been open with us? There are procedures you must go through to leave. Why did you think you were an exception?"

She murmured, "I didn't. I'm not an exception."

"Where is your passport, for instance?" Zubaydi said, and then plucked it from her fumbling fingers and handed it to the police agents behind him. Their heads quickly bent together over its pages, and they began speaking in guttural tones to Zubaydi, for translation to the woman. She appeared to be in the deepest trouble.

Jackson had been watching all this silently, standing motionless over the woman, his hands folded at his waist, his face expressionless. Then—as the voices of Zubaydi and the two policemen began racketing more loudly at the woman, who seemed to be trying to huddle yet tighter into herself on the couch—Jackson suddenly spoke into the rising clamor, quietly and simply: "Let her go."

There was an immediate hush. Zubaydi and the two police agents stared at him.

"Let her go," he repeated gently. He then placed one hand lightly on the woman's shoulder. "She just told me a minute ago she has cancer. She just wants to go home to be with her daughter. Let her go." It became like a soft incantation. "She's no threat to the state. You can let her go" in the lilt and beat of one of his campaign-rally orations, and it sent a kind of thrill through the room. Zubaydi noticeably gulped. The woman looked up at Jackson with tears filling her eyes. "Just wants to go on back home now," he said, his hand still on her shoulder. "Let her go."

Zubaydi was blinking very rapidly behind his glasses. One of the police agents, apparently sensing a change in the emotional barometrics in the room and wanting to know what was going on, spoke in Arabic to him. He answered in Arabic, but plainly something of the register of Jackson's appeal was lost in translation. The two agents glowered as they responded. Zubaydi said to Jackson, "The problem, you see, they say she has broken the law." He then suggested, almost as a plea, "Let us go downstairs for now, and discuss it further."

As we turned to leave the room, the woman lurched to her feet, as if in a panic at being left alone there. Jackson said, "Can't she come with us?" When Zubaydi translated this to the senior officer, who was holding the woman's passport, he shook his head and waved a hand back and forth. Jackson said to the woman, "Don't worry, honey. We'll be back." Nevertheless, she trailed after us as we began filing out of the room, and at the door made several weak lunges to follow us against the restraining hands of the policemen. At

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this, Jeff Griffiths, for all his unassertive mildness, wheeled on the Iraqi police agents. "Now wait a minute. She's an American and I'm an American—"

Jackson quickly called to him, in a low, level voice, "Just come on now, Jeff."

As we headed down the corridor toward the elevator, Jackson muttered, "Yeah. The one lost sheep." It was another of his gospel evocations. "Others already gathered in, you know? Waitin' over there at the Embassy, at the airport in Baghdad. They all right, they bein' cared for. But there's this one still lost. Can't rest till that one's safe, too."

Back downstairs in the lobby, Zubaydi told Jackson, "If it were only up to me, I assure you, there would be no problem. I hope you understand."

Jackson replied, a little tartly, "Well, see what you can do about it, then."

Zubaydi took the two police agents into a small glass-fronted office adjacent to the reception counter—evicting a hotel manager, who was left to wander aimlessly about the lobby—and began placing calls to Baghdad, between lively exchanges with the two agents. Jackson, allowing them to argue the matter among themselves for a while, nevertheless made a point of stalking conspicuously back and forth right outside the glass wall as they conferred, pausing occasionally to glower in the doorway. Zubaydi would now and then emerge to report to Jackson that it looked hopeless—for one thing, most government offices in Baghdad were now closed for the day.

"What about the President?" Jackson said. "You got his number, I imagine."

Zubaydi insisted that that would be the most impossible thing of all. In fact, the affair of the woman in Room 306 had already taken up almost three hours. With everyone collected in the Embassy across the street, and with hundreds of people waiting at the airports, inevitably an uneasiness grew as to whether the whole undertaking was being jeopardized now for this one case. But after members of Jackson's party raised with him another question—whether any of us should leave at all until the woman was released—Jackson called Zubaydi and the two police agents out of the office. Leaning back against a pillar with his hands clasped behind him, he casually observed to them, "You know, I just, I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to leave here until that lady's turned loose. I just can't really do that. Translate that to these guys for me, will you please, Sadun? I'm gonna have to stay here in Kuwait City until she's free to go with us." He was, in effect, now making himself a hostage, for the sake of getting this last one out. He did not neglect to add "Tell 'em this, too, Sadun" that his having to remain in Kuwait because of their reluctance to give up this one ill woman might be somewhat irksome to their President, after such a productive meeting the night before and his goodwill announcement that all women, children, and the sick were free to return to their countries. "She qualifies twice. She's a woman, and she's ill. You don't want to be embarrassin' your President 'cause you got some little technical legal problem here, do you?"

With that, Jackson, Zubaydi, and the two police agents returned to the office, where, between more phone calls to Baghdad, Jackson proceeded to exhort them at full throttle. Word of what was happening had spread through the lobby, and soon a considerable gallery was collected outside the office at a circumspect remove—hotel clerks and supervisors, other journalists who had come down with Jackson, curious Iraqi security personnel, assorted other onlookers—watching Jackson operate behind the glass wall: gesturing in his pulpit manner, leaning from his chair to clap his hand on nearby knees, standing up to briefly pounce about. Finally, after a last phone call, those watching from the lobby saw them all stand and shake hands. Jackson came striding out with both arms flung high, thumbs hooked backward in rejoicing. Flashing a grin, he declared, "She's comin'."

The two police agents came shambling up beside him, and, when he impulsively gave them both vigorous shoulder hugs, faltering smiles appeared on their faces. We all then crowded into the elevator—the two police agents, Zubaydi, Jackson, Jeff Griffiths, and I—and rose in a kind of euphoria to the third floor.

When we entered the room again, the woman, sitting in the same spot on the edge of the couch, gazed at us dully. Zubaydi told her that she was free to leave. But she seemed lost in some trance—it was the second time that afternoon she had been told this. She moved to stand only when one of the policemen brought her passport over to her. Zubaydi, who seemed immeasurably relieved, sang out, "What do you wish to take?"

"What?" she said. "To take? Oh—" She absently pointed at two suitcases. Zubaydi glanced at her other belongings stacked around the room. "You mean, you are leaving all this?" he said.

"Leaving? Oh—" She indicated that she would send for the rest of her things later. Then she said, "Is this really true? Is it really happening?"

Zubaydi happily crowed, "Yes! Yes! You can go now!"

She said, "My God," and headed for the door.

"Wait," Zubaydi said. "We must wait for the Reverend Jackson." With his five-hour marathon of negotiation at last ended, Jackson had, as soon as we came through the door, availed himself of the opportunity to repair to the bathroom. Zubaydi noticed a basket of candy atop one of the packed cartons, and he lifted from it a large striped lollipop. "May I have this?" he cheerfully inquired.

The woman stared at him—she was in a suppressed torment to get out of the room—and blurted, "Of course. It was to be for my daughter, but of course, please."

Zubaydi grinned, "Well, then," and tucked the lollipop into the inside pocket of his coat. "It will be a gift from your daughter to my little girl!"

Jackson reappeared, and the entire motley procession headed to the elevator and, a moment later, spilled out into the lobby, to an outburst of applause from the small throng waiting there. We then swept across the street to the Embassy, to see Jackson greet hostages, one by one, as they straggled through the gate, unsteady and blinking, into the glare of television lights.

The two police agents came along in the vans that carried us from the hotel to the airport, where the other freed hostages were waiting. The agents tagged after us onto the plane, crowding close to Jackson in the aisle, all for no apparent reason except to stay a part

of this novel event for as long as they could. Once everyone had been settled, Jackson turned to the senior agent and gave him an Arab multi-kiss embrace, then hugged his head to his chest. The man emerged from Jackson's clasp clumsily, momentarily off tilt, with a little unaccustomed lopsided smile, but he was clearly moved; it was not the least of the wonders worked by Jackson the past two days that he had managed to stir some glow of human warmth in this *mukhabarat* agent. It wasn't until the last instant before the cabin doors were to be closed that he and the other agent slumped back up the aisle, with obvious reluctance, to get off the plane; he actually waved his blunt hand in general farewell to the cabin, and to the woman of Room 306 in particular, who, nestled against a window, replied with a semblance of a smile.

WHEN we landed at the Baghdad airport, the released hostages assembled there had been waiting for over six hours, with little knowledge of what was happening in Kuwait City. Two other aircraft filled with freed hostages had already taken off. As Jackson was boarding the Iraqi Air 747 that was to take us all out of the country, one woman snapped, "We've been waiting on you since one o'clock this afternoon. Now, when are you going to go back down there and get my husband out?" This seemed to hit Jackson like a torpedo concussion. He stammered some explanation of what had taken him so long in Kuwait City, but as he made his way to his seat, in the upper-deck section of the plane, he was sunk in a sudden, intense gloom. Already, a brackish tinge had settled on what had seemed to him the overwhelming sweetness of the outcome of his labors here. After we lifted off, on our way to Paris, the first stop, Jackson leaned over in his seat to remark, "You know, I been thinking about when Jesus went up on the mountaintop, had his transfiguration experience. When he came back down, everybody started picking at him, picking at his robe, fussin' and complainin', 'Do this for me, do that for me.' " He sat back in his seat. "Just been thinkin' about that, last few minutes."

But later that night, when the plane was somewhere high over the Mediterranean, he climbed down from the upper compartment to the darkened cabin below, which held nearly three hundred sleeping people, mostly French, British, and American, and he took a walk up and down the aisles, in something like a solitary survey and reconfirmation of what he had done, of all the sheep now gathered in. He returned then to the upper compartment and fell into a deep doze himself, his first sleep in some thirty-six hours.

Nevertheless, as the plane proceeded westward, for Jackson it was as if he were flying from the great exaltations of what had taken place the last few days back into a chill and drearily familiar atmosphere of indifference and disregard. We landed at Heathrow, in London, just before dawn, and the instant the cabin door was opened a British official pushed in with a bustling imperiousness and, ignoring Jackson standing beside him at the door, snatched a bullhorn and blared through the cabin, "Where are the Brits? All right, let's let the V.I.P.s get off first, and then we can welcome you home." It was a stupefying rudeness, and, when Jackson gamely reached out anyway to shake the official's hand, the official clipped, "Oh, yes. Hello." As the plane lifted off from London in a pale dawn, heading now for Washington, one sensed that the entire affair was going irretrievably flat for Jackson. After everything he had brought about in Baghdad and Kuwait City, the accumulation of slights and discountings along this return journey had thrown him back into old, bitter broodings. A few hours before we were scheduled to land at Dulles, he returned to the lower cabin to visit the group he had brought out of Kuwait, and he sat with them for about half an hour, answering questions and sketching out for them just what he had done to get them out. Most of them were only learning this fully now for the first time, and they expressed effusive gratitude, several of them weeping. He then assured them that if, after arrival in Washington, they were short of funds for air transportation from Dulles to their respective homes, his Rainbow Coalition would take care of their tickets. It seemed, on the whole, the warmest of sessions. But back in his seat upstairs he remarked, with an abrupt, morose detachment, "All of 'em were praying for a savior to come and get 'em out, and when he shows up he's black. Like they hadn't quite got used to that. Just can't quite accept that yet." He seemed to have retreated so completely into his old, pained, racial aggrievement that it now included even the profusely

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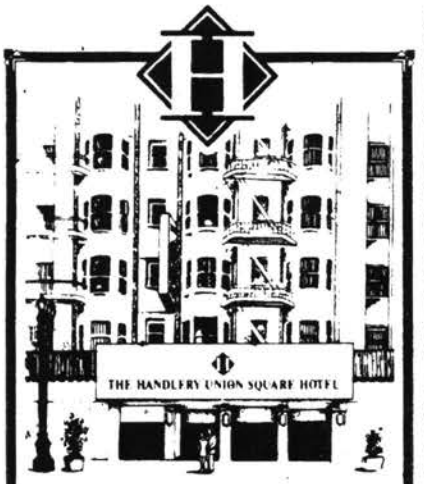

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appreciative people he had liberated.

Indeed, after no doubt exorbitant expectations of a flight back in triumph and glory, the subsequent dismissals he met with instead had left him not only hurt and furious, dourly projecting the reception that was likely awaiting him in Washington, but also determined that the meaning of what he had done should not be completely stolen from him. Once, speaking of the image of his expedition to Iraq which might emerge in the press, I tried to suggest, a bit playfully, "But we're not concerned about how things look, are we?" and he shot back, not at all playfully, "That's why we got eyes – to look."

The arrival at Dulles turned out to be, not unpredictably, an appalling climax to the last few days. Jackson quickly gathered as many of the released hostages as he could extract from the keeping of United States officials—it was no more than five or six—and brought them to stand beside him before the bank of media people massed behind a rope just outside the arrival gate. While someone searched for his notepad, which he had misplaced and on which he had carefully compiled notes for delivery at this moment, the small huddle of released hostages, haggard and groggy from their journey, stumblingly replied to questions from the journalists. They also had to listen to oleaginous pronouncements from the Iraqi Ambassador to the United States, who had shown up to welcome them back.

Jackson was at last handed his notepad, and he began to expound on his visit to Iraq and his proposals for averting a conflict, with the returned hostages still agreeably standing beside him, two or three of them tottering just slightly. As Jackson talked on, one, then two turned to slip away, including the woman from Room 306. None of this served to mellow the humor of the journalists—Jackson refused to resign himself to the evident fact that they wanted to hear not from him but from the returned hostages—and shortly, sure enough, their questions came snicking at him. It was exactly what he had expected. When the few returnees remaining beside him did at last step to the microphone to speak, one of them—Lloyd Culbertson, a seventy-six-year-old electronic-engineering teacher—had to be reminded by Jackson, leaning down to whisper, to acknowledge appreciation for his effort. This, to be sure, Culbertson did readily and lustily enough: "But for the grace of God and Jesse Jackson, we wouldn't be here. I want everybody to know—God forgive me for saying it—our State Department hasn't lifted a hand for us."

But, whether because of Jackson's sheer weariness or his final despairing frustration at the brittle receptions he had met with since Baghdad, or both, it was an altogether ghastly show. Later, at the curb outside the baggage area, as Jackson was about to get in a limousine to go to a church service in Washington, I declined his invitation to come along, and when we shook hands in parting it was with, for the first time in all the months I'd been following him, an empty awkwardness. He himself seemed to be beginning to suspect the calamity of the scene at the gate.

OVER the following days, Jackson's mission to Baghdad and his role in setting in motion what turned out to be a continuing, wholesale exodus of hostages from Iraq were accorded only incidental and cursory notice from Washington and the news media. The State Department dispensed one glancing acknowledgment of his services: "We understand that the departure of several individuals was facilitated by Rev. Jesse Jackson." That was it. The suggestion that had been directed at him on his return from Syria with Goodman was revived: that he had been manipulated by his vanity, to serve, in this case, Saddam's own purposes. Later, Jackson's rejoinder was "Well, anytime anybody wants to use me in a way that gets hundreds of people out of bondage, I'll be used for that anytime." Saddam, at least, after the bombing storm fell around him, reportedly grumbled that he had permitted himself to be cozened by "hypocrites from the West" into releasing the hostages and thereby clearing the field for the air assault. But what may have amounted to the most remarkable enterprise Jackson had pulled off in his entire career had registered in the general mind only flickeringly, and rather tackily at that, and then had disappeared with virtually no trace.

Part of the press's dismissal of Jackson's mission was due, no doubt, to his many years of eagerly skirmishing for their recognition of what he felt

was his special public import. One journalist remarked afterward, "It was just Jackson showboating and grandstanding again." But the general unappreciative disregard seemed, in the following weeks, to knock the wind out of Jackson's spirit. He remained curiously silent about the whole business, as if even he had begun to wonder whether what had happened in Baghdad and Kuwait City had been wholly real.

It was only some days after we returned to the United States that I recalled a moment back at the Embassy in Kuwait City that hot night after the hostages had come shuffling out into the blaze of the television lights. Among them was a thin blond girl of about twelve, huddling against her mother. The two of them were ushered through the gate and presented to Jackson by the girl's father, who had to stay behind, with the words "Take care of them for me, Reverend Jackson." The girl was stooped over, knees bent, and was shuddering convulsively, and Jackson, taking her hand, and then her mother's hand, into his, began to weep—no doubt from a final immense exhaustion after the exertions and emotions of the past few days but also, one could not avoid noting with a cold little nip of suspicion, in the brightly lit televised theatre of the event. It was the same uncertainty I had felt when, in Armenia, he was photographed with eyes watering in the hospital for children injured in the earthquake. But that evening in Kuwait City, as the released hostages proceeded amid a crowd of journalists and the brilliance of camera lights to the vans waiting to take them to the airport, I realized that Jackson was nowhere among them.

I looked around and saw that he had hung back, and was following at a considerable, solitary distance behind them. And then I saw that—out of the witness of any camera, all by himself in the dark—he was still weeping. Sobbing soundlessly but so deeply and unstoppably that when I went back to congratulate him and asked what might be the significance of how things had turned out—the sort of question he usually could not resist expatiating on—he could not reply. Could not speak. He simply went on weeping.

—Marshall Frady

(This is the third part of a three-part article.)

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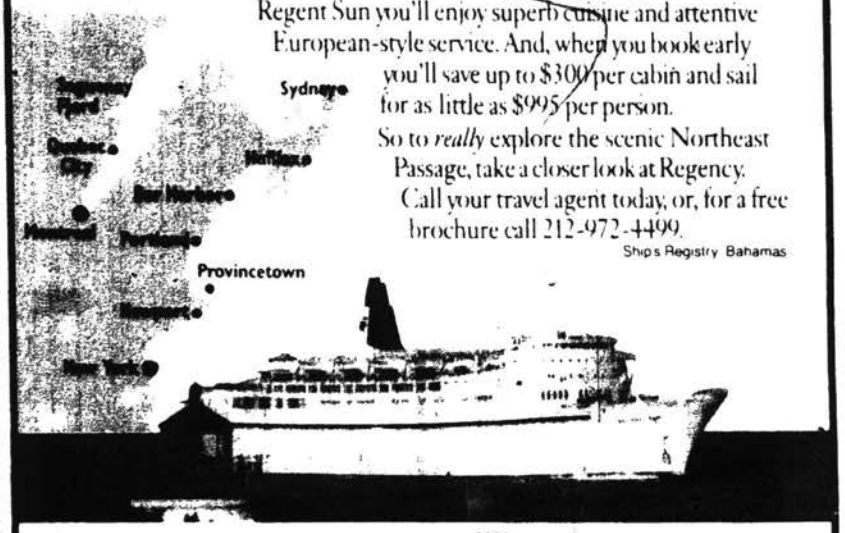

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