

Union, and that there is nothing wrong with any adversary of ours that cultural exchange would not cure.

When it comes to the Third World, however, the conscience finds its true voice and becomes lyrical. Here is how it used Jackson as a vessel on April 18, 1976 according to the *Chicago Tribune*:

I believe we should look to the Third World for an answer. The message from there is clear. Through the proper use of money and a positive attitude, we can stimulate self-development and give the people a vision. It has been fascinating for me to observe what has happened . . . in the past year. The new . . . leaders . . . have concentrated on rebuilding, putting people to work, inculcating new values and attitudes. They did it with military authority and a liberated attitude.

The Reverend Jackson was talking about the North Vietnamese after they marched into Saigon.

Now what is so special about the Third World? In general one can say that it is mostly non-white, and in particular one can say it is mostly black. Jackson-the-conscience has expanded on the slogan that black is beautiful to offer the profound teaching that black, and only black, is also true and good. The experience of blacks becomes transfigured into the Black Experience, a paradigm.

That experience has much more to

do with suffering than with acting, according to Jackson. No matter; a conscience must offer fixed points of reference, and evil serves as well as good. Domestically, blacks have known the absolute oppression, having fought segregation in the South. Those who have, say, participated in civil rights activities know how to deal with tyrants, who—in the view of conscience politics—do not differ all that much from recalcitrant Southerners. Nor is it necessary to have participated actively in the struggle for civil rights. To know the face of absolute evil it suffices to have lived through the time of the Atlanta murders, which proved that it was “open season on the blacks.” Those murders, to be sure, turned out to have been committed by a black, apprehended as the result of a concentrated manhunt conducted by a community concerned with the safety of its children, regardless of race, but never mind that. Like the Shadow, the conscience knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men; in this case it divined the existence of “a cultural conspiracy to kill black people whether physically, politically, economically, psychologically, or spiritually . . .”

When it comes to the world beyond these shores, the same principles obtain. There is no need to point to any country of the Third World as a Utopia, an embodiment of the Good.

It is perfectly sufficient to hold up to the imagination a model of Evil, also known as South Africa. According to Jesse Jackson, apartheid is worse than Hitler.

At this point, the reeling of the mind may reach a dangerous level, as it becomes ever more clear that the new conscience turns out to be more than a bit of a racist, one that has the effrontery forever to be charging others with racism. One crucial lesson remains to be learned, however; the new conscience is not only generally racist, but quite specifically anti-Semitic.

In this connection, it becomes especially important to be fair to Jesse Jackson, and fairness dictates that one understand his anti-Semitism as incidental, though by no means accidental. It constitutes a response to a genuine problem. The new conscience understands the treatment afforded to blacks as a litmus-paper test of morality. (The Rev. Jackson, as befits a working conscience, is big on litmus-paper tests.) The problem is that Western civilization already has such a test, the treatment afforded to Jews.

The Jews never sought to be the index of the West's morality. The role was thrust upon them by Crusaders, members of the Inquisition, and, most notoriously, by Nazis. They paid dear-

ly for the dubious privilege of being an indicator of decency—or rather, indecency—at any given time.

Yet Jackson, to repeat, faced a genuine problem. The new conscience had to contest the old one, although, and because, it struck many as being in reasonably good shape. It was, to be sure, constantly violated, but there was, at least, a genuine conscience to violate.

Thus one is able to comprehend Jesse Jackson's predicament. He became “sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust” because the Holocaust was cramping his style. He came to think of Zionism as a “noxious weed” because it was so bold as to assert rights that were far from first on his agenda.

Jackson's remarks about Jews have surely given pause to any number of decent Democrats, but the response to those remarks should give pause to us all. The Democratic party has not repudiated Jesse Jackson, far from it. The seven other Democratic candidates in the race at the time of the “Hymie” incident scarcely even criticized him. Indeed, he was praised for his candor and courage. What shall we say of Jackson's fellow Democratic candidates, who have gone some distance in condoning him? What can their excuse be, in this case, for their failure of conscience? □

William Tucker

JESSE JACKSON: THE GREAT MAN'S POPULISM

White liberals, watch out!

Jesse Jackson and I entered the civil rights movement about the same time. We both started college in 1960, and began participating in demonstrations shortly after. I was in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, and he joined the Selma march in 1965, and went on to become Martin Luther King's trusted aide. So we have something in common.

Of course, I am only saying this to tweak my liberal friends. When I mention these things, they usually draw

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themselves up in a huff and say something like: “Jesse Jackson and every other black person in this country entered the civil-rights movement the day they were born. You were only dabbling in it, and could go back to the white middle class any time you liked.”

I won't argue this. They are perfectly correct. But what I did learn in those few summer months of 1964, and the brief intervals I spent afterwards working in black communities, is something that I don't think many liberals have ever discovered. I learned a bit about what black people are really like, in

their homes, their churches, and their neighborhoods.

If I were to sum this up in a sentence, I would say one thing. Black people are not soldiers in the liberal army. They are not the people liberals think they are. They may want the government to help them, they may accept some of the rhetoric about big corporations being evil and Reagan being the “friend of the rich.” But basically, black people are very patriotic and conservative. If anything, they are the polar opposites of much of the cultural liberalism that has found its home in the Democratic par-

ty over the last decade. At bottom, liberals have never understood what black people are about.

I was reminded of this again recently when my wife and I bought a cooperative apartment in what is usually called a “changing neighborhood.” All our fellow co-op owners are card-carrying liberals, ready to rush at a moment's notice to the defense of welfare, school busing, and affirmative action. Yet strangely, they are all terrified of blacks. The first thing they wanted to do was bar the windows, bolt the doors, and maybe even put sentries on the roof in order

to keep them at bay. I looked around the neighborhood and said: "What are you worried about? These are just ordinary, hard-working black people who hold down jobs, go to church, and even own their own homes." So far, though, I don't think I have managed to convince anyone.

That is just one small reason why I think the Democrats are in for a big surprise this year. The current wisdom is that Jesse Jackson is going to go out registering millions of new voters and build enthusiasm for an anti-Reagan crusade. Then, sometime around the middle of July, he will deferentially step aside and let the plum of 10 million black votes drop effortlessly into the lap of the Democratic standard bearer.

I don't think it is going to happen that way. Instead, I think this is going to be the year that the Democratic coalition of the last 20 years comes apart at the seams. It worked only as long as establishment liberals remained the leaders, and black people were the loyal followers. Now that blacks have produced a true leader—and I think Jackson truly does represent the black community—the liberal coalition is going to find itself marching off in different directions.

The way to understand Jesse Jackson is to realize he is a black populist. He has views that are obviously liberal, but he also has ideas that appeal to conservatives. After all, even such an illustrious conservative populist as James Watt has called Jackson "one of my two favorite contemporary politicians" (along with President Reagan), and says that Jackson is "a bright, articulate leader who is obviously going to have appeal outside the black community."

Jackson is a contemporary William



Jennings Bryan, long on oratory, short on detailed foresight, but deeply rooted in the traditions and aspirations of the long-suffering group he represents. The Democratic party of the late nineteenth century purported to represent outcast Midwestern farmers, but when Bryan arrived the Democrats weren't interested in his leadership. They got it anyway—the sophisticated Eastern politicians being shoved aside—and Bryan led them to three spectacular defeats.

Jesse Jackson isn't about to rip the standard out of the hands of Walter Mondale and his old New Dealers, or Gary Hart and his old "new idears." But the rifts Jackson is uncovering are deep, and getting harder to mend all

Black people are not soldiers in the liberal army.

the time. In fact, blacks have a major bone of contention with almost every one of the stalwart party groups that now play such a strong role in choosing the nominee.

• *Labor Unions:* Let's start at the beginning, at the moment the contemporary Democratic party was born in 1932. It is often said that the New Deal "saved capitalism by rescuing the middle class." This is basically true. Most New Deal regulations—and all subsequent government supervisory efforts—have given established professionals and union laborers protection against "cheap" and "unlicensed" competitors. This is why organized labor still forms the backbone of the Democratic party.

But "cheap labor" simply means blacks. The people who were cut out by the regulatory protections of the New Deal were the unlicensed, unauthorized, and unorganized blacks. (Critic Alfred Kazin, in writing recently about his recollections of race relations in Brooklyn in the 1920s, said that the only thing he could really remember about blacks was that "they were always the people who bid low" on home-improvement contracts.) In exchange for being cut out of the competitive picture, blacks were given the welfare system.

It is not surprising, then, that Jackson has aimed some of his earliest and sharpest barbs against labor unions, and the exclusionary practices that have long kept blacks from competing in the job market. What is truly surprising is that liberals seem incapable of recognizing what is going on. After Jackson made headlines by commenting that "the United States is likely to have a black or a woman President before the AFL-CIO does," the *Washington Post* editorialized in-

dignantly: "Mr. Jackson's attacks on the Democrats and the unions are surely the rational tactics for a candidate with little to lose." The *Post* speculated that Jackson's only grievance against organized labor must be that it was already supporting Walter Mondale! Such lack of understanding isn't likely to carry far in bringing blacks and unions together.

• *The Bureaucracy:* Jackson is one of the few black leaders who has preached self-help and challenged the myth that only "white racism" stands between black people and economic success. Jackson has broken ranks so decisively here that he often comes under criticism from other black leaders. "The questions that have been

asked of me the most are 'Why are you putting all of this pressure on the victim instead of the victimizer? Why are you letting the "system" off the hook?' " Jackson said in an interview with *Ebony* a few years ago. "While I know that the victimizer is responsible for the victim being down, the victim must be responsible for getting up."

Since announcing his candidacy, Jackson has tended to emphasize the standard liberal argument that the Reagan Administration is "the friend of the rich and the enemy of the poor." But this has been somewhat tailored to the Democratic primaries. In his stump speeches—which are significantly underreported in the press—Jackson continues to emphasize old-fashioned values of discipline and hard work.

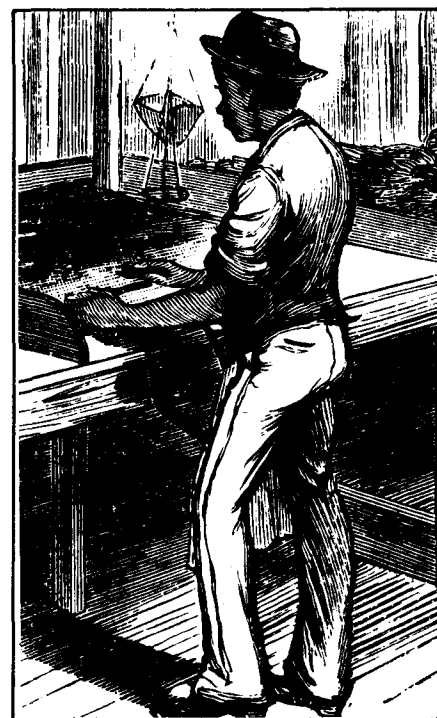
Liberals tend to be uneasy with this formulation, because it sounds too much like the good old-fashioned Horatio Alger approach. It doesn't leave any room for the "helping professions"—social work, psychology, welfare bureaucracy—whose ranks educated liberals usually fill. But it does appeal to the average American, who feels deep down that it is his own personal effort that keeps him afloat. This is why Jesse Jackson is unpopular with liberals but may stir some appeal in the Middle American community.

• *Cultural Liberalism:* Quick, who said the following? "When I see young men measuring their manhood by their ability to make a baby with no commitment to raise the baby, there's a crisis in values. When I see babies making babies, there's a crisis in values. When people get married and don't have the will to stay together, there's a crisis in values. We must restore our moral imperatives."

This was Jackson's stump New Hampshire speech as reported recently in the *Village Voice*. It is drawn straight from the heart of his Baptist ministry and will probably be the bread and butter of his campaign to Middle America. In truth, Jackson is very much like Jimmy Carter (whom he admires). He is trying to wed Southern economic populism with traditional rural values, while still seeming hip enough to appeal to Northern liberals. So far, liberals are the least happy. Women's groups, for example, have sensed his underlying doubts about abortion (although he does support "freedom of choice"). They rarely miss the opportunity to bait him on it.

• *Crime:* Somewhere back in the seventies, many liberals seem to have gotten the idea that letting black criminals out of jail would set off celebrations of joy in the streets of the black community. What they never seem to realize is that, while black people do commit about 60 percent of the nation's violent crimes, they are also the victims of 60 percent of these crimes. Richard Hatcher, the mayor of Gary, Indiana, who is one of the few black leaders campaigning for Jackson, has long criticized "the high-priced attorneys who defend the scum and vermin in our communities and then return to their suburban homes."

Jackson argues that one of the principal forms of racial discrimination in the country is "lack of equal police protection." When you look at the difference in crime rates between black and white neighborhoods, it's easy to see what he means. All this doesn't mean there's going to be a political explosion between blacks and ACLU lawyers over the crime issue. But it is indicative of the information gap that exists between the white "leadership" and the black "rank-and-file" of the liberal coalition.



• **Foreign Affairs:** This is where the political explosions could occur. Jackson has taken a "Third World" perspective, advocating a hands-off approach to liberation movements and denouncing "repression" in Central America, South Africa, and the Middle East. It is the last, of course—Jackson's continuing friendly relations with the Arabs—that has led to the series of emotionally charged confrontations with Jewish groups.

It should be noted, first, that Jackson's positions are not far out of the mainstream of the Democratic party. They are—with the exception of the Middle East—essentially the policies of the early Carter Administration. On the Palestinians, Jackson argues that his position is no different from that of the minority Labor party in Israel.

Yet obviously something else is going on here. The truth is that Jews have probably been more solicitous of the cause of blacks than any other group in America, but the patronage has probably been based on a tacit understanding that blacks will return this support on the problems in the Middle East. Jackson has emerged as a black leader who does not feel beholden to these agreements, and the recriminations have been rancorous.

What is happening between Jews and Jackson is not likely to abate. In fact, it presages the general falling out all along the line that is likely to occur between blacks and their former liberal allies. What will happen if blacks raise questions about the welfare system and

its inevitable destruction of the black family—as the NAACP and the Urban League have already started doing? What happens when blacks start challenging the job-monopolizing practices of labor unions? The liberal attitude is going to be that blacks are "biting the hand that feeds them" and that they are being "ungrateful."

The problem for the Democrats every year since 1968 has been holding together its two mismatched constituencies—upper middle-class liberals and blue-collar working people. Blacks have always been regarded as a passive participant, ready to go along with whatever agreement these two factions worked out. Now blacks are going to become a third constituency that will be even harder to bring under the ever more unwieldy umbrella of the Democratic coalition.

All of us who went to Mississippi that summer of 1964, I think, shared the secret delight that we were discovering a whole spectrum of people whose perspective had been completely submerged in American history. We had been taught that blacks were at once shuffling servants and lascivious satyrs. The people we met, instead, were real and complicated—our contemporaries.

"I'm going to keep working on you until I get a smile and a good conversation," said one local black girl to me as I tried to get over the shyness of the first few days. "Here we are in Vacationland, U.S.A.," another black piped up one morning as we sat around on the steps of the "Freedom House" in Holly Springs. "Not only are we tourists down here, but we're a tourist attraction."

There was a pervasive fear—three of our young compatriots had already been killed—but there was also the heady sense that we were playing a part in history. We started the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, which still plays an important role in the state's politics today. At the end of the summer, one small boy told me he had always thought he hated white people, but now he had decided he changed his mind. That made the whole effort worthwhile.

I can't really claim any more participation in the civil rights effort than that. I came back North to become a newspaper reporter. One terrifically bright local 15-year-old whom everybody at the Freedom House loved went on to become a black student leader at Brandeis, and was written about in a book called *Don't Shoot: We Are Your Children*. The leader of our project, Ivanhoe Donaldson, was deputy mayor of Washington for many years. I met him again in New

York recently. He had just started working for E.F. Hutton, specializing in municipal bonds, and was looking very prosperous. I guess the system worked for him after all.

As for my own disillusionment with liberalism, I think I date it from the day in 1972 when I walked down to McGovern headquarters in my small Hudson River village and asked to help. I said I thought somebody should go up and register people in the black community—which was obviously being ignored. "Oh, you want to go up there?" said a stuffy McGovern worker. "You'll probably want to take some of these." And she handed me a pile of McGovern leaflets ostentatiously filled with black faces.

It struck me as a peculiarly arrogant and insensitive gesture. Right from the beginning, it had always seemed to me that the one thing black people did *not* want was to be constantly regarded as different, but simply to be treated the same as everybody else. It was the liberals—employing their "divide-and-conquer" strategy—who kept insisting that black people *were* different, and that their political strategy had to be built around this continuing emphasis.

The results in the primaries so far have at times seemed almost embarrassing. All Jackson's talk about a "rainbow coalition" has failed to materialize, but at least half the black vote is now solidly in his camp. It is almost as if blacks had suddenly emerged as a different country within the confines of the United States.

What is going to happen when the Democrats get to San Francisco? I doubt if there will be any resolution of these differences. The convention may begin with neither Mondale nor Hart in complete command, and Jackson in a position to broker a win for either of them.

The strongest ticket the Democrats could put forth, of course, would be Mondale and Hart, or Hart and Mondale. But it is certain that Mondale would not settle for second place again, and Hart seems too vain and isolated to do it either. The question is invariably going to arise, "Why not Jesse for Vice President?"

At this point, all hell is going to break loose. As much as Hart's battalions of liberals and Yuppies and Mondale's legions of elderly, blue-collars, and Jews may antagonize each other, they will probably all agree that "selling out" to Jesse is the worst thing either of them could do. Thus the whole thrust of the convention may become how to keep Jackson off the ticket. This isn't likely to sit well with ten million black voters who call themselves Democrats.

Whatever happens, one of these three main factions is going to come out of San Francisco feeling they have been cheated and "read out of the party." My guess is that Jackson is going to be the loser.

What will this mean for November? Jackson could feel wronged enough to put a "Rainbow Party" on the ballot and be a spoiler. (This seems even more likely if the Democrats fail to nominate a woman for Vice President. Jackson is certain—and will then claim—to be the true "minority" representative.) Or he could just tell black people to sit on their hands in November. In any case, it is certain that the young black voters who turned out in such remarkable numbers for Jackson in the primaries will not go to the polls with the same enthusiasm for Hart or Mondale in November.

In the end, though, these changes will be good for everybody. People who think Jackson is wedded to the Democratic party haven't been paying much attention. In the mid-seventies, Jackson was involved in an effort to get black candidates to run on the Republican line in the South in order to circumvent entrenched white Southern Democrats and revive the two-party system. When Democrats complained after Jackson accepted an invitation in 1978 to serve as the keynote speaker at a meeting of the Republican National Committee, he replied: "Some Democrats who feel that blacks are their personal political property became offended because one of their slaves jumped the fence . . . The Democratic party will get our votes only if they deserve them. Neither party is worthy of blind loyalty and religious veneration."

I suspect Jackson's primary campaign is merely a preliminary to the founding of a black party that will attempt to negotiate between the two parties to see which will give them a better deal. And why not? This is what every other ethnic group in America has eventually done to ensure its political success.

The Jesse Jackson campaign, then, is not a liberal apotheosis. It is just the opposite. It is the emergence of blacks from under liberal domination. Jackson sees himself as a Moses leading his people toward the promised land, and in this case leaving Egypt may mean spurning the Democratic party. The only people who are going to lose are those liberals who have believed for so long that by mumbling a few phrases about welfare and affirmative action they could quietly walk away every year with nearly 10 percent of the electorate. □

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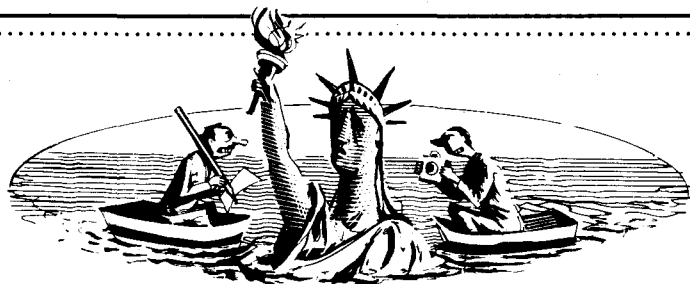
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PRESSWATCH



WHENCE HARTPENCE?

by Fred Barnes

Did the press miss something? Was some rough beast named Gary Hart slouching month after month toward Manchester and victory in the New Hampshire primary, only to have reporters miss the whole thing because their eyes were averted? Far from it, though it surely warms the hearts of many detractors of the political press to think so. Nothing at all was missed in the Hart phenomenon. When he was campaigning indifferently and attracting little attention and even less support, that was reported accurately. When the Hart fad began around mid-January and then mushroomed after the Iowa caucuses, that was reported with still more eye-popping accuracy.

So don't blame the press for failing to see Hart as a potential front-runner in the Democratic presidential race at the time when he wasn't any more a potential front-runner or incipient front-runner than Reubin Askew. Besides, there was something that the press *did* miss, namely the shallowness of the support for Walter Mondale. Recall for a second all those stories written from the early fall of 1983 right through to the eve of the New Hampshire primary last February. The gist was that Mondale, having disposed niftily of his only serious challenger, John Glenn, had the nomination all but locked up. I confess this was my view, particularly after Mondale took the Iowa caucuses overwhelmingly.

Why the misjudgment about Mondale's political strength? The reason is that all the usual measuring sticks used by reporters to gauge how well a candidate is doing failed. Every one of them—opinion polls, organization, crowd size, fundraising, endorsements—indicated that Mondale was headed toward the nomination without glitch or bump. They suggested a depth of support, a commitment on the part of Democratic voters to Mr. Mondale, that just isn't there, it turns out.

Despite the miscalculation, I frank-

ly don't know what I'd substitute for the conventional tools used in calibrating a politician's strength. Perhaps you simply have to accept as immutable fact that politics, like economics, isn't a science, no matter what they call the college courses. And political reporting, like economic reporting, is guesswork, often uneducated guesswork. Reporters tend to have short memories, while suffering from the illusion that they are equipped to see the future. Whatever happened yesterday or over the last week is certain to continue inexorably in the future. If Mondale did well yesterday, why that must mean he's got the nomination sewed up. If Hart did well, why that must mean Mondale's a goner.

Hart, of course, said all along that he would soar to front-runner status. "Mondale is mush," he told Sidney Blumenthal of the *New Republic*, referring not to the quality of Mondale's thought processes but to the durability of his appeal. Early last January, Hart sneered at a story in *Newsweek*—"Can Anyone Stop Fritz?"—was emblazoned across the cover—that implied Mondale was already the winner. "I think *Newsweek* did exactly the same piece 12 years ago," he told Larry Eichel of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. "And Muskie

had more endorsements, was higher in the polls, had advantages that Mondale doesn't have. They talk about Mondale's great organization. He has 175 paid people in Washington, that's all. They can't do a thing for him if his message isn't solid. Neither can organized labor. At some point, people have to vote for him or against him. At some point, the message is what matters. . . . In New Hampshire, I will move from the status of dark horse and become a national candidate. That will happen right here [in New Hampshire]. Then I will get more press coverage, my standing in the polls will rise, money will come in and then I win. After this state, it will be a contest between myself and Walter Mondale, and I will win."

Pretty prescient stuff. I heard Hart spin out a scenario like that last December, in between speeches before crowds numbering in the single digits. The trouble is, every also-ran candidate had some plausible-sounding if farfetched scenario that ended with his triumph. Ernest Hollings had one; it, too, involved a breakthrough in New Hampshire. Askew had one, based on a good showing in New Hampshire followed by a super showing in the South on Super Tuesday. John Glenn had one; he was to emerge as front-runner by sweeping the South. Only Glenn's was given any credence in the press, and then his scenario was

dismissed as unlikely after he faded last fall, leaving Mondale the leader.

But Glenn and his strategists were right about one thing. They told reporters that Mondale had reached the ceiling of his support and that there was a huge non-Mondale bloc of voters out there. Whoever came out of Iowa as the alternative to Mondale would inherit that bloc, he said. But instead of Glenn it was Hart. And suddenly, all the indicators began to point accurately to a Hart surge—large crowds, improved organization, better fundraising, a few new endorsements, a rise in the polls. The daily polling of ABC News and the *Washington Post* captured the Hart ascendancy as he moved to equal footing with Mondale, and they reported it. True, there was reason to be dubious. Unless you think Jimmy Carter was re-elected in 1980, there are grounds for being skeptical of the ABC-*Post* poll.

Hart is not a creation of the press. He's just a fellow clever enough to know how to exploit the press, for a time at least. In the week leading up to the New Hampshire primary and for two weeks after it, Hart was covered in a totally unreflective, wow-look-at-him-go fashion, especially on television. This put him in the enviable position of having his so-called free media groove perfectly with his paid media (produced by a little-known but talented consultant named Raymond Strother). Not surprisingly, he went on a winning streak.

The highly flattering coverage didn't happen because reporters like Hart so much; believe it or not, he is far from being their favorite candidate (Mondale or George McGovern would qualify for that). Like Carter, Hart treats reporters as intellectual inferiors, as paparazzi. Yet in the haste to catch up with the hot new star, some breathtakingly ingenuous things were written about him. "He has the courage of his convictions," wrote the normally levelheaded Michael Kramer of *New York*. Hedrick Smith of the



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