

# Senator "Scoop" Jackson: Pentagon Populist



"Why, I guess Scoop's changed less in the last twenty years than any man I know."

**I**N THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S perennial quest for a true redeemer and a real majority, the name of a doughty Cold War crusader from the Pacific Northwest has won increasingly higher status among top level planners. Henry "Scoop" Jackson, "the other candidate" for President, is usually dismissed as the kooky rocket-rattling Senator from Boeing. But up in Washington, his home state, party and labor professionals aren't dismissing Scoop. Nor are they in Florida, the Senator's first primary battle early next spring. And it won't be long before Californians too are forced to see him

as a powerful contender, once his TV promotion campaign begins.

Though most electoral skeptics tend to dismiss Jackson as just another home-grown favorite son, he offers a number of winning attributes notably lacking among the rest of the soft-sell runners. In particular he presents the only direct challenge to Nixon's capture of the hardworking middle American core. Promoted by the Portland and Seattle papers for his jousting at the Party's leftmost fringes, Jackson has gone before national TV audiences to define the need for a "responsible" Democrat in '72. As he told *Face the Nation* recently, "There is real danger on the Democratic side that some people will be listening to the loudest voices. As I've traveled around the country, I find overwhelming acceptance to the concept that we need to be responsible in the area of defense and foreign policy."

Yet for all the concern the Gene McCarthyites have over his Cold War militarism, Henry Jackson is an all-American liberal who is very seriously in the running. On environment: he has been regarded as a conservation crusader for nearly three decades. On civil liberties: he not only attacked Joe McCarthy early, but his voting record beats Muskie and McGovern, and the same is true on general welfare issues. Before Al Lowenstein swept the ADA into foreign policy ratings, Jackson consistently scored in the high nineties for domestic liberalism. On labor: he claims the highest AFL-CIO rating of any man in the Senate. Even on the Vietnam War Jackson owned up to some weasling doubts about President Thieu's one-man extravaganza. To keep all his constituents straight he has even hired half of the Scammon-Wattenberg voting block team (authors of *The Real Majority*) to help run his Presidential campaign. Ben Wattenberg is a regular Jackson speech writer, and perhaps most important a chief strategist for Jackson's impending entry into the Florida, Tennessee, Oregon and California primaries.

That kind of breadth is precisely what campaign operatives like Wattenberg and Jackson's former administrative assistant John Solter are exploiting. Also on Jackson's team, to balance out the dove contingency, is

Jeff Grinstein, on leave from Warren Magnuson's Capitol staff. Maggie, as he's known to confidants, is pushing hard for Scoop, both as honorary campaign co-chairman and through his influence on the Interstate Commerce Commission to ferret out railroad, oil, and utilities money for the campaign.

**T**HE STORY OF JACKSON'S CLIMB to the Presidency at least begins with JFK's 1960 campaign, when Jackson, long a protégé of LBJ and Sam Rayburn, was all set to balance out the ticket as Vice President. Bobby Kennedy, who had been his legal counsel during the Joe McCarthy hearings, was set on Jackson. But then Rayburn decided it was essential to find a Southerner to balance the ticket, and Lyndon Johnson, expected to refuse the offer, was given first choice. Though Jackson remained close with Johnson, it was the beginning of his fall-out with liberal Democratic leadership. As more and more Democrats came to find war opposition highly opportune, Jackson came to find his Senate colleagues on the other side of the aisle, until shortly after the '68 election Nixon even offered him a cabinet post—either State or Defense.

Appropriately his name first reappeared for President in Houston—the aerospace city—in 1969, where a conclave of powerful old-line Democrats came together for a strategy session on how to wrest the party out of the hands of the peaceniks. Wrote the *Houston Chronicle* in November that year: "The tentative choice emerging from these behind-the-scenes conversations is Sen. Henry M. Jackson, D-Wash. If he is willing to take on the assignment, you can look for a big build-up of Jackson. Under these circumstances, he could become a major contender for the 1972 Presidential nomination."

Meanwhile as Jackson's Senatorial campaign was just getting underway late that fall, John Tower, the Senate's Republican Fundraising chairman, called a meeting of all Republican chairmen. There he explained that in some races, like "Gummy" (Montgomery) Johnson's state of Washington, the Republicans "weren't going to do anything to hurt Scoop," because not only was he unbeatable

by Frank Browning

but more important he was one of the friendliest Democrats the Republican right had. "Gummy" was a little upset. But not nearly so much as in the following spring when he was back at a similar White House meeting. Stacked up like good scouts in an Oval Room receiving line, Gummy waited his turn until Nixon cracked a full watermelon smile, hand on Gummy's back, and preened; "How you doing with my good friend Scoop?" Gummy started to object, but not quickly enough for Nixon to make himself perfectly clear: "I just don't want anything to happen to cause a schism with the White House, or to give him anything to think the White House doesn't support him." John Tower was a little plainer: "Hell, there'll be no money going to an opponent of Scoop's in the state of Washington."

By then even Gummy had doubts about the two-party system, for back home he'd already lost a battle with his state finance committee which he had asked to raise a paltry \$50,000 for Jackson's Republican opponent. The entire committee refused, admitting they were already shelling out for Jackson. Gummy immediately fired them all, thereby divorcing himself from nine-tenths of the corporate wealth in Washington state. Two of the ousted members who were co-chairmen for Jackson were William G. Reed, board chairman of Simpson Timber Company (one of the nation's six largest lumber products companies) and a former Republican national committeeman; and Bill Woods, president of Washington Natural Gas, the state's largest natural gas company. Other Republicans who helped put together a \$100 a plate dinner for Scoop's Senate campaign that fall were George Weyerhaeuser, the timber magnate, and Boeing chairman, William Allen. Then there is Thomas Gleed, something of a walking vault in Seattle terms, head of Seattle First National Bank, Simpson Timber, and the Crow's Nest Coal Company, the latter also a major Washington corporation. Gleed, on one of his fundraising binges for Scoop, called up his buddy Edgar Kaiser, as in Kaiser Industries, and asked him rather obliquely whether he'd rather have a Nixon vs. Kennedy ticket or a Nixon vs. Jackson ticket. Edgar delivered.

JACKSON WON THE SENATE RACE with 84 percent of the vote in 1970. Better yet he had a sizeable money surplus left over. That, combined with the current drive, has raised enough that his staff now boasts of being able to wage a full television campaign for a California primary—something which ran Gene McCarthy over \$2 million in 1968. One of the gambits almost certain to be used is a spot from the Senate campaign: it's late in the afternoon and the Northwest sunlight is shining through a misty forest glen as Scoop ambles among towering firs, holding his child's hand. This man, we are told, is the best friend conservation ever had, a man who was in there pitching for the wilderness as chairman of the Senate Interior Committee long before ecology became popular, the man who in 1969 won the Sierra Club's John Muir Award. All of which is true.

For in many ways, Henry Jackson is exemplary of the best the Federal Government has to offer the Conservation Axis. Yet there is a distinction between conservation legislation and environmental policy squarely directed at the political and social forces which affect the environment, and this is what defines Jackson's niche in the political ecosystem. Among the conservation acts for which he can claim credit are the Redwood National Park bill, the Land Water Conservation Use Fund (the cash register act enabling the government to buy new park land), the National Environmental Protection Act, and the North Cascades National Park complex, to name some of his most recent work. Yet what these acts represent is an attitude of preciousness toward the environment, the sort of scheme that would develop most of the country's land to death according to the designs of progress-minded business while setting up a few pocket retreats where affluent citizens could escape to soothe their cancerated lungs.

If insufficiency were the only fault to Jackson's environmental politics, he would still probably come out far ahead of the Muskie soft-shoe. More central to his concern is his use of conservation to fill out his voting-block checkerboard, a scheme tailored to the fundamental structure of the American electoral system where the right-sized

blindens and the proper flavored lollipop will satisfy most any constituency.

When conflicts arise, as in the SST, he pulls out his other most stable constituency, organized labor. Then he is always able to wring out the cry for jobs and progress, and, echoing Spiro Agnew, declare that profits are better for poor people than anyone else. It is during moments as in a Florida speech last winter that he attempts to pit labor—the basic needs of the working man—against environmental extremists.

Jackson's ability to stave off competing interest groups, brokeraging his way between votes and economic power, shows up most graphically along the boundary markers for the North Cascades National Park. The park had for years been a *cause célèbre* among conservationists in Washington who were each year watching Disneylike developers move a little farther into the Northern wilderness. And though opposition from timber, gas and utility interests was bitter, Jackson was principally responsible for winning park approval. Only after the fight was done was it completely clear that nearly all the river valleys had been excluded, and the vast tracts of virgin timber lining them were left open for cutting.

Much like his environmental positions, Jackson likes to tout himself as a staunch libertarian. He won early prominence as one of the three minority Senators on the McCarthy Committee where he was especially critical of Joe McCarthy's tactics in weeding out church-harbored commies. And though it is a stand with which he always confronts his more liberal detractors, Jackson fails to mention that his real objection to McCarthy had been the late Senator's refusal to let the Democrats help run the committee's staff. Earlier, as a House member in the '40s, he voted against HUAC and against the Mundt-Nixon bill outlawing communists. Last winter while praising J. Edgar Hoover, Jackson took care to add he would not have handled the Berrigan brothers' arrests quite the same way as the FBI had done. He is even able to home in on the real fear of repression many people feel today, as in a recent talk where he declared how important it is "to make it possible for the top guy to get all points of view without a threatening climate. . . . We need to

protect the sanctity of opinion without the threat of repression.”

**N**OT SURPRISINGLY, JACKSON'S words are more prolific than his deeds, and they come back with the most painful irony on the real niggers of his home state, the Indians. His case is the Alaska Native Claims Bill where against White House opposition he was the first Senator to push a bill giving the Alaskan natives a billion dollars and 12–15 million acres of land. What he fails to mention is that the Indians' principal claim was for 60 million acres (also the figure offered in a separate Kennedy-Harris bill). As the Indians have repeatedly emphasized, their chances of survival on the rugged Alaskan terrain are nil if the land size is cut; Jackson knows full well that the quickest way to effect termination is to gradually whittle away their land so that they are less and less able to maintain their existence upon it. Jackson's position, however, is hardly surprising. His top staff man on the Interior Committee is James Gamble, the chief architect for all the termination schemes of recent years and a holdover from Jackson's predecessor on the committee, Clinton Anderson. Last fall Jackson tried to moderate his hardline image, by introducing legislation to permanently disavow termination; yet buried in the fine print was a provision that would also permanently cut all non-reservation Indians out of any federal aid. For years state officials have tried to terminate the Colville reservation in north-eastern Washington.

At the center of the fight are some of Jackson's closest financial friends, the major lumber companies, who are determined to get at an extraordinarily valuable stand of timber now located on the reservation's property. Jackson, quick to jump to the side of his fundraising friends, has hammered away at Colville. Annoyed at what he considered an unfortunate turn towards self-determination for Indians in the Kennedy New Frontier, Jackson was personally responsible for getting Philleo Nash, Kennedy's Commissioner of Indian Affairs, fired. Nash not only fought the Colville termination, but he raised Jackson's ire by opposing dams and development schemes on Indian lands.

While he has actively helped force the Colville Indians into a fight for their existence, Jackson's Interior Committee in the Senate (which subsumes the Subcommittee on Indian Affairs), has refused to recognize the issue of Indian fishing rights in Washington, abdicating its responsibility as the Indians' legal advocate on the excuse that the conflict is under state jurisdiction.

To critics who raise such ostensibly embarrassing issues, Jackson offers the standard mainline Democrat response: What this country needs is “responsible” leadership. Not one who wants to jail his subversive opponents—hence he is a libertarian—he aims to isolate them with his usual epithet, “those people,” meaning anyone to the left of Hubert Humphrey. To those who have given up on party politics and even to the Kennedy/McCarthyites still within, his harangues about the “extremists” who opposed the SST or ABM may seem like so much ranting of a madman. But for a madman, Scoop Jackson has outweathered many a hard competitor in the party's back rooms.

**U**NLIKE SOME OF HIS MORE flamboyant right-wing echoes, Jackson has through the years built careful and often thoroughly loyal constituencies. More than any of the other Presidential contenders, he can rely on a variety of special interest lobbies each of which are independently indebted to him. (Already he has been introduced and given standing ovations at state labor conventions in Texas, New York, Connecticut, Colorado, Florida and Nebraska. And when Birch Bayh and Edmund Muskie showed up on their own at the annual meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council, Scoop was sent a special invitation.) His quarter-century support for Israel, for example, illustrates how he perhaps has even outflanked Nixon in the Scammon-Wattenberg rules of voter-bloc manipulation. An early defender of Truman's program for Israeli nationhood, he has supported every arms and aid program to Israel that has come up since then, most lately arguing for millions in arms aid. His pleas for the cause of Israeli nationalism have in large part been perfunctory. He takes his stand foursquare on the Cold War. “Russia is behind a good

90 percent of the trouble we see going on there. . . .”

Furthermore Scoop Jackson's loyalty record to the party far outshines the rest of the Democrats who want to be President. Even after he was denied the Vice Presidency in 1960, he still stuck close to the old kingmakers, Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson, who had groomed Scoop all along, providing him key committee assignments early in his Senate career and eventually offered him the party's national chairmanship in '61. Small wonder then that his first serious backing should come from a Texas meeting of top-level old liners who felt the party was slipping away from them into the hands of “radicals” like Fred Harris or George McGovern. A man like Scoop Jackson is a symbol of stability. As Joe Davis, the president of Washington's state labor council, put it, “Why, I guess Scoop's changed less in the last 20 years than any man I know.”

What his nomination—either to the Presidency or the Vice Presidency—would do to the Democrats' so-called new wave remains highly conjectural. Back in his home state, a bitter struggle is under way by a coalition of old Gene McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy workers who have gained control of the King County (Seattle) organization, to deny Jackson enough convention delegates to embarrass him seriously in Miami. But if the party's left liberals are not able to head off Jackson and at least get McGovern into the second slot, then the way may be a fourth party. So far Jackson doesn't seem at all upset by such a prospect, for the real liberal heavies—Muskie and Kennedy—would certainly remain inside. Quite the contrary, the split would possibly offer the best opportunity of running out the peaceniks, and their platform (the only place they have any real negotiating power). Isolated, they could be picked off within a few years, a left-oriented counterweight to Wallace's American Independent Party. Loud-mouthed fringes on either side of him, Jackson would find himself in just the position he talks about most: a great responsible centrist who would carry forward the best traditions of domestic progressivism while at the same time forging a “strong America.” ■

GREECE (Continued from page 47)

much for port facilities. And the Colonels' tariff policy bogs the company down in red tape. Miller concluded by making a scarcely concealed threat to pull out of the chemical business if the Colonels didn't shape up.

Maybe it was troubles of this kind that were on Tom Pappas' mind when he went drinking with a *New York Times* reporter and after perhaps too many glasses of *ouzo* began to pour out his bitter feelings against the Colonels. "He thought they were just a bunch of fools," recalled the journalist, "people who didn't keep their word; who didn't know how to deal with businessmen. 'They give concessions to guys like Onassis who've never put a nickel in this country, while I've spent millions.'" Pappas is supposed to have said.

The Greek government's announcement last November 6 that it was cancelling Onassis' \$600 million refinery must have made Tom Pappas' day. For, if Onassis had gotten to build the third refinery (Esso-Pappas has one, Niarchos controls the other), it would have had a bad effect on domestic oil refining prices. Like Pappas and Niarchos the goal of Onassis' planned investment in Greece was the fullest employment of his tankers, with the maximum amount of capital to be raised by foreign companies. This is why Onassis attempted to tie his refinery to an aluminum plant. What did Onassis want to do with aluminum? Well, not much, it was Alcoa, or Reynolds that he hoped would take over production and marketing and provide the basic capital investment. Onassis' angle was this: Greece had enormous bauxite reserves, but no big rivers and no source of hydroelectric power to smelt the bauxite into aluminum. Greece needed an external source of power, and that was oil. Onassis would import the oil on his tankers. Keeping his tankers in commission is a problem that pre-occupies Onassis especially since over-capacity is developing in the world tanker market.

Apparently, Onassis was unable to find any backers within the aluminum industry, and this helped finish him as far as the oil project is concerned. There was always considerable skepticism concerning the \$600 million deal on the part of those who could never believe Onassis would invest any of his own money in Greece. Even when his bank, First National City, posted a \$7 million performance guarantee, there were those who saw this as just another bluff. Without the backing of American corporations, oil companies, banks, Ari becomes just Jackie's old man.

[CONCLUSION]

**I**N GREECE TODAY, WE OBSERVE A KIND of symmetry that is truly marvelous to behold. In the political sphere, three or four Colonels hold forth as absolute dictators; and in the economic sphere, the number of men who count is probably about the same: Pappas, perhaps Onassis, certainly Niarchos. This is as it should be since economic monopoly inexorably calls forth sooner or later its political equivalent, i.e., fascism. It's very tempting to ascribe to the famous actors all the roles that they assign to themselves. The media reinforce this apparent reality quite vividly. But, if the action is observed very closely, what we really have in Greece is a play within a play, with

the main show and the chief actors playing out their part off stage—in the offices of Jersey Standard, at the headquarters of the First National City Bank, in the White House and the CIA. Onassis and Niarchos, after all, are essentially creatures of the international oil companies. If the big oil companies thought there was as much money in transporting oil as in refining and marketing it, they would expand their tanker fleets and drive Onassis and Niarchos from the oceans. Meanwhile, the conspicuous consumption of these millionaire foreigners serves a certain diversionary purpose as well as their economic function. As for Pappas, he has "Esso" practically stamped on his hindquarters. While the press lambasts his ties to Agnew, and Congress launches its planned investigation into his activities. Esso executives remain *au dessous la mêlée*. As far as the Colonels are concerned, they are the kind of men whose self-preservation depends on such factors as whether or not Spiro can be sprung from rhino-watching to pay them a visit. In a word, they are the last and worst option of America's national security managers.

In last October's Congressional debate over US aid to Greece, much of this was left unsaid. The entire argument between liberals and conservatives revolved around the question of which Greeks could best serve US foreign policy ends; the democrats or the dictators. Senate liberals pointed out, quite correctly, that it was the Greek democrats who gave us the NATO bases in the first place, and that the dictators were unreliable. "Yes," the conservatives replied, echoing Tom Pappas, "but democracy had gotten out of hand." The conservatives were right. It *had* gotten out of hand, democracy had. And it always will.

Before the entire aid program went down to defeat, probably to be resurrected along more functional lines, the aid to the Greek dictators' section of the bill passed overwhelmingly. I asked Andreas Papandreou what he thought the two votes meant. He handed me a statement he'd written the night before. "It's a pretty tough message," he said. It read in part:

*Now, that all branches of the government of the USA have openly declared their support for the oppressive and brutal military regime in Athens, the stage has been set for the rape of Cyprus. It is obvious that the Greek Junta . . . will try to deliver Cyprus to NATO and place that nation under bondage. Only the steadfast determination of the Greek Cypriots and their willingness to fight for their national independence, may deter the American aggressors and their agents.*

*On October 28th, 1940, the Greek people said 'No' to the fascist invaders. Now, 31 years later they say 'No' to the American oppressors.*

*The only course open to the Greek people—who will never accept slavery as a way of life—is resistance through all possible means against their oppressor in the context of an unyielding national liberation struggle.*

I put the press release down and looked at Andreas. "I know it's hard on some of our friends," he said, "Hartke, especially. He's been with us. So have Fulbright and Pell and the others. But this was for the Greek people, and it's their struggle."



## Tom Wolfe: Reactionary Chic

“From that moment, man, there’s no question: this is a real *writer*. . . . For decades now the English Lit. establishment

has been extolling the virtues of Vivid Writing. Show, don’t tell. Use the *active* voice, not *passive*. Be *lively*. Deny it if you want to! Tom Wolfe is exemplary, and we asked for it.”

AT ABOUT 2 OR 3 OR 4 A.M., somewhere along in there, on March 2, 1970, his 39th birthday or so, Tom Wolfe had a vision. He saw himself in a dim hall, so large and dim that he couldn’t see the walls or ceiling—why he could be outside for all he knew! but he knew he wasn’t. He was dressed . . . of course! in his lambent floppy-white suit, his patented Tom Wolfe vanilla icecream suit, his Tom Wolfe magic blanched-out glowcoat, glowing in the dim hall like a rotting mackerel, like a luminous alarm-clock dial in a bedroom at 3 or 4 in the morning. He was seated at a table, and in front of him was . . . yes! his alumicon-sided, electromesh triple-spring action Fethertuch control . . . no ordinary everyday *typewriter*, dig, but the real baby itself, the real little Wurlitzer-Corona wonder, humming and clunking and *shtunking and ding-*ing away . . . I mean, *his* typewriter! Does one comprehend? And all around the edges of this . . . typewriter . . . ran these crazy bands of glowing pearly-white neon, just pulsing and glowing and flowing around and around like mercury through one of those weird quadruple-noded clear-plastic Magick-straws that Scarsdale mothers buy for their children to suck their Ovaltine through . . . and out the back of the . . . typewriter . . . stretching away straight in front of him, ran this, just, *mile-long shimmering bright-white endless lumescant fluorescent extension cord* stretching like a white-hot wire till it just disappeared in the shadows, literally getting swallowed up by infinity. Plugged into infinity! Bright white lite typewriter Wolfe suit Wur-

litzer-Corona floppy long blanch-blonde Day-Glo hair, all sheeny-shiny glowing white-bright shiny shoes cord infinity all luminous-noumenous pale-pure blank-light-*white!* *Tom Wolfe!* And it came to him, all at once: *He was the light source!* Except for him, and his icecream suit, and his luminous-noumenous Wurlitzer-Corona, all else was like wrapped and lapped in the shades of darkness, eyeless in Gaza, no-sun nothingness . . . I mean, *dark*, savvy? Except for him.

Well, right. I mean if you’re Tom Wolfe, and you’re a writer, not just any two-room walk-up scrounging moonlighting highschool English teacher reviewing friends’ books for \$25 a throw in the Sunday newspaper Woman’s Page plus Arts and Entertainment Section, with a “novel” in “progress” in a shoe-box full of transcriptions of pretentious interior-exterior monologues and loopy marijuana musings and descriptive passages of wheels passing over the rain-wet streets with the sound of tearing silk, but if you’re a writer named *Tom Wolfe*, that is to say a real *cachet* writer, puffed by *Esquire*, caricatured by David Levine, attacked by Dwight MacDonald—so that when people say *the* Tom Wolfe they just might mean you and not that other T.W. (1900–1938), one of the great American writers of all time, why then, well, I just have no idea of how to finish this wonderful Tom Wolfe sentence I’ve been writing.

I WONDER HOW WOLFE WOULD finish it. He has trouble finishing sentences sometimes, Tom Wolfe does. Not that it’s his fault, really. English is just *so* chock-full of *such* wonderful rhetorical constructs that let you puff up and up *so* far and then suddenly leave you hanging with *no* place to go that . . . that . . . well, you see what I mean? And if you’re a writer like Wolfe, whose whole work is really in the realm of hyperbole, then you must spend about half your time at the typewriter trying to think up some new tag-end for one of those big blowy top-heavy rococo sentences that won’t sound like too obvious a variant on “. . . that I ever saw.” Diagram a Wolfe sentence the way you used to do on the blackboard in Grammar class, on the “subject” side you’ll get a weird