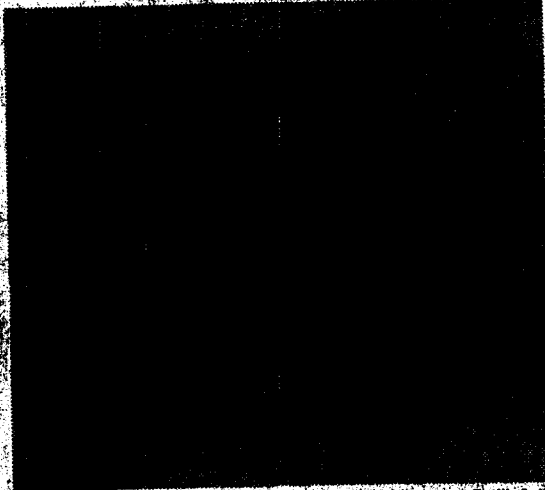


# Jackson an Enigma In Life and in Death



George Lester Jackson in San Quentin Prison last year

By EARL CALDWELL

Special to The New York Times

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19— It has been nearly a month since George L. Jackson was shot and killed inside the walls of San Quentin Prison. In the time since then demonstrations have been held across the nation, investigations have been demanded and an effort has even been made to put the case before the United Nations. But while much has been said and much more has been written about the circumstances of his death, his life remains something of a mystery. Who was George Jackson, the man? What was he like and what was he all about? What did he stand for? Why did he die and for what?

Some of these questions are easily answered. He was born in 1941, in the slums of Chicago. He was imprisoned in 1960 after pleading guilty to armed robbery and was accused in 1970 of murdering a guard. He was a best-selling author, a bitter critic of the prison system and a high-ranking officer of the Black Panther party. He died in an afternoon of violence in which three guards and two other inmates were killed. Those facts are not in dispute. But they say little about what there was in the character of the man that left such a powerful imprint on the lives of so many.

Continued on Page 18, Column 3