

INDEX OF HRC REFERENCES IN RECENT BOOKS
Volume Two

<u>Author</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Date</u>
Bob Woodward	The Choice	1996
Jeffrey Birnbaum	Madhouse	1996
David Maraniss	First in His Class	1995
John Brummett	Highwire	1994
Bob Woodward	The Agenda	1994
Elizabeth Drew	On the Edge	1994

The Choice

Bob Woodward

THE CHOICE

BOB WOODWARD

SIMON & SCHUSTER

The Choice
Bob Woodward

<u>Tab</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Subject</u>
1	54-57	HRC, Houston & Bateson
2	102-105	HRC & re-elect
3	128-37	HRC, Houston & Bateson
4	210-11	HRC on healthcare
5	236-37	HRC and Whitewater
6	271-75	HRC, Houston & Bateson

Kerrey agreed to take over the Democratic Senate campaign committee, and he informed Clinton personally that he would not run.

Senator Christopher J. Dodd, the affable Connecticut Democrat, was trying to figure out that December what had happened to the party. Dodd, 50, had just lost the minority leader's post to Senator Tom Daschle of South Dakota by a single vote, 24 to 23. He was a longtime Clinton watcher.

Back in 1981, some six months after Clinton had lost his reelection bid as Arkansas governor, Dodd had a long session with him. Clinton was then obsessed with talking about his loss. As Clinton barreled on blaming others for his defeat, Dodd, who had just been elected for his first term in the Senate, decided to stay on to hear Clinton utter the words, "I screwed this up," or "I fucked this up," or some version of self-blame. Dodd had stayed past 3 A.M. with Clinton and never heard the words or anything approximating them. Everyone else was to blame, according to Clinton. Was it the same now?

At the White House one night in December 1994 during a three-hour discussion with Dodd, Clinton attributed much of the Democrats' 1994 setback to failed communications. They needed a means to get their message out. He wanted Dodd to take over as chairman of the Democratic Party. Dodd argued that he had little interest in the party organization, or "plumbing," as he called it. He would be more helpful from the Senate. Initially Dodd felt he had talked Clinton out of it, but Clinton said he wanted him as the general chairman and official spokesman for the party. They eventually would bring in Donald Fowler of South Carolina to be the day-to-day operating officer and Dodd would be the traveling spokesman.

Dodd finally agreed. He felt he knew the president's flaws, but he liked Clinton and thought him the best retail politician in the business, capable of mesmerizing people in small and large groups. He literally had to be dragged from the room once he got into that mode. The overall wholesale package was the problem. In Dodd's opinion, Clinton needed to keep more distance. People needed to feel a sense of mystery about the president, and Clinton wasn't allowing that to develop. He concluded that Clinton would probably need a genuine crisis to fully demonstrate his leadership. But Dodd had an idea for a 1996 victory: make New C h the issue. That was the way back.

Dodd soon began to receive phone calls from Clinton, who wanted

reports from Dodd's appearances around the country before Democratic groups. Some of the calls came late at night. One was after midnight. They talked at about 12:30, Dodd heard an occasional snapping noise in the background. The sound perplexed him at first as he recounted a trip, reporting in detail the good news that Clinton had genuine support among the party faithful. Finally Dodd recognized the distinctive sound of playing cards being shuffled and slowly turned. The president was playing solitaire. Jesus, Dodd thought, at least he ought to be able to get Clinton's full attention at that hour. The memory of the young president playing solitaire, on the phone late at night, seeking ideas and comfort, remained with Dodd.

Clinton and Hillary had invited a group of communications and popular self-help authors to Camp David to help them dissect what had happened in the first two years of the presidency and to search for a way back. They met the weekend beginning Friday, December 30. Three of the attendees were well-known authors: Anthony Robbins, the author of *Awaken the Giant Within*, who calls himself a "peak performance coach"; Marianne Williamson, the love guru who presided at Elizabeth Taylor's 1991 wedding and the author of *A Return to Love*; and Stephen Covey, the author of *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*. The names leaked out to the public, but all three later refused to discuss the substance of the meetings.

The identities of the other two in attendance did not leak, and they were the ones who played a significant role over the weekend and in the year that followed.

The first was Jean Houston, co-director of the Foundation for Mind Research, which studies psychic experience and altered and expanded consciousness. Houston, 55, the author of 14 books, was one of the most high-energy and aggressive conference and seminar leaders in the country. She was a believer in spirits, mythic and historic connections to the past and other worlds. Houston believed that her personal archetypal predecessor was Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom. She conducted extensive dialogues with Athena on her computer that she called "docking with one's angel." Houston, an attractive woman with long, dark hair and a large, generous smile, wore an ancient Hellenistic coin of Athena set in a medallion around her neck all the time.

The second was Mary Catherine Bateson, Houston's colleague, an anthropology professor at George Mason University in northern Virginia.



and the daughter of the celebrated anthropologist Margaret Mead. Bateson, a respected academic, was the author of *Composing A Life*, the story of the struggles and frustrations of five women on non-traditional life paths. Hillary said *Composing A Life* was one of her favorite books.

As the five authors sat with the president and the First Lady for hours at Camp David, they asked Clinton to describe his best qualities.

"I have a good heart," Clinton said, "I really do. I hope I have a decent mind." He said that he wanted to do the best that he could for the American people.

Clinton explained that he wanted to look very deeply at the presidency. He acknowledged that he was feeling pretty beaten down. As both Clinton and Hillary described their lives and the White House, Jean Houston felt their deep torment. But she saw possibilities in their extraordinary openness about their pain.

The president said he was looking for ways to see his office and to speak to the public from another perspective. He needed to talk to different people, and he was exploring all avenues.

There is a "field," Houston said, that comes with being president. The job brought a whole historical procession of previous presidents, of the greatness of the office and the country and the struggle. She advised that Clinton, as a student of history and biography, take the fact of the unique historical circumstances of his presidency, go back to his predecessors and try to harvest their learning. From that the president could construct a vision of a better society, what she called "the possible society."

Hillary and Houston clicked, especially during a discussion of how to use the office for the betterment of society. Houston said that Hillary was carrying the burden of 5,000 years of history when women were subservient. The rising of women to equal partnership with men was the biggest event in history. Hillary represented the "new story," Houston said. Hillary was reversing thousands of years of expectation, and was there on the front line, probably more than virtually any woman in human history—apart from Joan of Arc. Hillary was a stand-in for all women, and as such had an historic opportunity.

Houston saw some bitterness, but more sorrow, in Hillary over the health care debacle and the constant personal attacks she endured, which had forced her to the sidelines of the policy and public issue debates. Houston felt at one point that being Hillary was like being Mozart with his 's cut off, unable to play.

gh Houston did not articulate the image, she felt that Hillary

was going through a female crucifixion. She had perhaps never seen such a vulnerable person, but also one who was so available to new ideas and solutions.

Houston told Hillary she would prevail. Hillary was creating a new pattern of possibility for women. She had to hang in there, not give up. Her time would come, a time when she would be in the place and the role in which she could really express the fullness of what she was.

The last day of the year, Saturday morning, December 31, Dole gathered most of his potential campaign group again at his Senate office.

"Okay," Dole said. "If I'm going to get into this thing, I want to make sure there is water in the pool. I'm not going to jump into the water if it's not very deep. I want to know what's out there first."

Synhorst realized it was still sort of up in the air in never-never-land. If those already on the team did not rise to the occasion and tell him what was there, take control of what Dole was about to do, then he might balk.

Lacy was more laidback. This was how Dole made decisions.

"Let's put some meat on it," Dole said. "Let's go state by state." Iowa was first, always the first. The caucuses, the scene of Dole's 37-to-19 victory over Bush in 1988.

"Well, in Iowa," Synhorst said, "this is what I think we have." The old tens of thousands of names. He was very specific. It was real meat. "This is what I think we can get," Synhorst said. The governor, senators, congressmen—all kinds of support. He explained how he would organize it—grass roots, state of the art. Just like before.

They turned to New Hampshire, scene of the last disaster. They had thousands of names there, too, and would duplicate the intense precinct organization.

"Just like Iowa," Dole said. He wanted to know about New Hampshire Governor Stephen E. Merrill, who was a very conservative Republican, the senators, all the players at the top. They had to find a role for anyone they could get. No one's involvement could be diluted.

Next came Arizona, which was trying to crowd New Hampshire with an early primary. Of Governor Fife Symington III, Dole said, "Boy, he told me he was with me." But Symington had just let Dole know he was going with Senator Gramm. Dole was very disappointed.

As they went through the key states, it looked lik ha? - could

and had not learned a basic truth: no group is more susceptible to presidential flattery than this Washington establishment.

"I'm not a Washington insider," Clinton remarked in private many times. But even to those alleged Washington insiders, Clinton's feeling of estrangement was not evident. He made occasional forays to key social events, schmoozing it up with all the people he claimed to disdain and displaying an endless penchant for talk which made him seem at home, a full and contented participant. He would stop in hallways to talk socially with people for 20 minutes or more. He was gracious, engaging and patient, masterfully making and holding eye contact. Unlike many politicians, his eyes did not dart around a room to see who else of more importance was there. He was always articulate, even gleeful. After all, he was the President of the United States bestowing his attention, and few people in the Washington establishment saw beyond that to sense his deep anger. But in private to his intimates it was "the Washington crowd" or "the fucking Washington crowd." He made scathing and graphically obscene references to individuals he thought embodied the city.

In spite of his outward gregariousness on social occasions, Clinton functioned as outsider in his own city. Not only was he not of his time, he was not of his place.

Hillary Clinton dramatically reinforced this sense of isolation and hostility. She felt that the Washington establishment looked down on them. "*The Washington Post* does it all the time," Hillary said privately to an associate. "They are so snotty about people who don't live in Georgetown, and I don't understand that. It's almost unconscious in a way and anybody who wants to play in their big league has to adopt that manner. And *The New York Times* does it, too. It infects the atmosphere."

For Clinton, it seemed as if an automatic cynicism was routinely applied to almost everything he or his administration did. "This cynicism is my enemy," he said. "Cynicism" was, in part, a codeword for media criticism. He felt he was being held to an impossible standard of perfection. His decision-making process had been held up to ridicule because he allowed an openness and breadth of debate. Details of his administration's often excruciating back and forth decisions had been reported in books and newspaper articles, making him look incompetent, he said. Of course there was debate and argument, and of course he shifted his position when stronger arguments were made and new information was presented. "The way lots of large corporations made decisions, various officers had told him. "What do you think," he asked,

"that I go up to Mount Olympus in the morning and we figure this stuff out and I come down?"

Clinton wanted to look at himself as the champion of the working person, the broad middle class, the poor and the destitute. He argued to his staff that it would be hard to redefine the Democratic Party as the party of the working person as long as the media was so removed and out of touch with real working people—let alone the destitute.

Clinton still had no formal reelection campaign set up. No campaign manager, no campaign chairman, no outside consultants, no media adviser, no pollster at this point. He wanted it that way for now, allowing him to remain presidential and above the day-to-day urgency of electoral politics.

Ickes wanted to get a formal campaign fund-raising plan approved, and arranged to have Terry McAuliffe come to meet with Clinton in mid-February. Gore, Hillary, Ickes and some of the presidential scheduling people attended the meeting in the residence.

McAuliffe handed out copies of a ten-page plan he had drafted. He wanted to schedule a dozen presidential galas for the rest of 1995—big formal dinners around the country. The dates would have to be locked into Clinton's schedule. The plan also said that about ten mass fund-raising mailings would be sent out.

McAuliffe called for an early start—three big fund-raisers in June. Clinton wanted to know why so early.

It was either start in June or September, McAuliffe said. You are blocked out of fund-raising in July, August and through the second week of September because nobody, at least not the big givers and donors, would be around and nobody cared during that period. Starting early would give McAuliffe all of April, May and June to put all the pieces together. If they waited until after the summer that would mean ten events in September—an impossible number in a single month for a sitting president. The other reason to start early, McAuliffe said, was that Ickes and he didn't want to have to fool around with a possible challenger in the party. That would give people a reason to hide and not give.

Others argued that perhaps June was too early. The climate might not be right. Suppose an early effort was put together and it didn't work out? Wouldn't that have the opposite impact and encourage a challenger?

McAuliffe said he felt good about Clinton's support for the time

you give me the go, I can tie up every single major player in the country," McAuliffe said. The implication was clear that this was possible as long as no serious challenger emerged from among the Democrats.

The plan called for the gala events to begin in New Jersey, follow on to Little Rock and then to Chicago.

Clinton wanted to know why those cities?

McAuliffe said he believed they could collect \$1 million or more in each of the first three gala dinners. He had a core of committed people in New Jersey where he had kept Democratic Party fund-raising to a minimum and the people there were itching to deliver, dying to be first off the bat. Same in Little Rock and Chicago, he said. McAuliffe could remember organizing \$10,000 to \$15,000 fund-raisers in 1988's presidential campaign when he had been finance chairman for Congressman Richard Gephardt. That had been 70 to 80 or more fund-raising events to raise \$1 million—pathetic, no fun. It drove the schedule. But an incumbent president like Clinton could get more than 1,000 people out for a \$1,000-a-plate dinner. It was all ego on the part of the givers—a presidential dinner, photograph and Christmas card were all most of them wanted.

After the three first cities, McAuliffe's plan called for ten additional events: Pennsylvania, Colorado, Texas, New York, Michigan and Tennessee, and two events each in Florida and California.

Hillary had some questions about the direct mail. How many letters were going out in each of the ten mailings? McAuliffe provided initial estimates. Who did he expect would give after receiving some of these? Why would they give to that piece? He answered those questions. She turned to a detailed questioning about the first mailing, scheduled for April. It was going to be a soft appeal, a two-page letter from Clinton announcing that he was running for reelection, underscoring the importance of his agenda over the Republican Contract With America. It wasn't even going to ask for money in a big way, only in a P.S. and in the response card.

Who would get the first mailing? Hillary asked.

They would target the Clinton-Gore donors from 1992, McAuliffe answered, plus the party base list run by the Democratic National Committee, a huge list of people that traditionally give to Democratic causes.

How many would get it?

When it was all duped out, McAuliffe said, about a million people.

Cost to print and mail it?

\$300,000.

Would people write checks on such a soft, indirect appeal? Hillary inquired.

McAuliffe said that his direct-mail consultant had said yes. "Listen, I got professionals who I hire to write these things, and they say it's going to work."

✱ Hillary didn't have any more questions.

With Clinton's weakness in the polls and the array of naysayers, McAuliffe said he was going to make the fund-raising approach all positive. He wasn't going to have state finance chairmen, no real hierarchy under him in tiers, for example, which was normal in such a campaign. Instead, he was personally going to recruit 200 people to be on the Clinton-Gore Finance Board. Each would have equal status and each would have to agree to raise \$50,000 from others, observing the \$1,000 personal limit on individual contributions. That would total \$10 million overall. And he would want \$25,000 of each \$50,000 pledge by the end of June, hopefully adding up to \$5 million. The finance board would raise at least several million, plus the three large June fund-raisers, and the first mailing should give them a record quarter by the time the June 30 report was filed with the Federal Election Commission.

Clinton said he was in sync with the plan, and told McAuliffe to go ahead. Since all the mailings would go out under his name, he wanted to approve each letter personally.

At the end of the meeting, McAuliffe collected the copies of his plan, from everyone except Clinton.

On Tuesday, February 28, Dole was on the floor of the Senate until after 7 P.M., managing the vote on the balanced budget amendment to the Constitution. The amendment, requiring the federal government to balance its budget beginning in seven years and every year afterward, was a showcase issue in Gingrich's Contract With America. Clinton was strongly and vocally opposed.

But the amendment had already passed the House with 300 votes, ten more than the two-thirds vote required of constitutional amendments. The Senate had debated the amendment for more than 115 hours, and Dole had 66 votes—just one vote short of the two thirds also required in the Senate. The Senate was going to vote that night. The Washington buzz was intense: Was Dole a leader like Gingrich? Could it pass?

✱ "I think we do stand at the crossroads in America," Dole

looked 40, he was 60. His joke-a-minute style concealed a highly literate and talented filmmaker. Squier had made much praised documentaries on William Faulkner and Herman Melville, and he had spent years working on a Hemingway film. He was also a master of the negative political ad. If accurate, they were an often effective technique because such ads could inflict immediate damage, and the subsequent attempts to present the other side rarely got the same attention as the attacks.

In 1982, Morris had hired Squier to assist in an election eve telethon for Clinton's comeback as governor. For years, Squier had been media consultant to Vice President Gore and was one of Gore's best political friends and advisers. In 1986, Morris and Squier had handled media for the opposite sides in the bitterly fought Florida Senate race—Morris for Paula Hawkins, and Squier for Bob Graham. Just before the election, Morris had publicly announced that he had a poll showing the race tightening to within 2 points. Squier responded saying he didn't believe the poll and charged that Morris was "the Julia Child of cooked polls."

Then, in 1992, Squier had quietly prepared close to 40 percent of the media advertising for the Clinton-Gore campaign behind the scenes. Morris felt Squier was the best Democratic media consultant and invited him to join the new effort. No one had a clearer record of making memorable, often searing ads. Over months Squier's ads would subtly connect to each other, building a thematic message.

Six months earlier, Clinton had brought a former investment banker into the White House as a deputy chief of staff. He was Erskine Bowles, who had headed the Small Business Administration during the first part of the Clinton administration. Bowles, a calm, 49-year-old North Carolinian, had done a large study of how Clinton was using his time, and he had been asked to try to bring more order to Clinton's decision making. "When there is no front door to the way of doing things," Bowles said, "everybody uses the back door." He wanted to eliminate the back doors to Clinton. The Morris channel threatened to derail Bowles's efforts.

Beginning in March, Clinton began calling evening strategy sessions, generally on Wednesday or Thursday nights, in the Treaty Room of the White House which he used as his study. Joining him were Gore, White House chief of staff Leon Panetta, Harold Ickes and the new campaign team—Squier and two pollsters, Doug Schoen and Mark Penn. Ickes, the standard garden-variety liberal, was going to be the chief me-



chanic for the campaign. But Morris and his team were going to be in charge of message. At these initial meetings, Ickes was comparatively passive, asking only an occasional question, often on technical issues about polling samples.

The tension between Ickes and Morris was obvious. So Clinton put Bowles, not Ickes, in charge of trying to coordinate the work of the new campaign team with the White House staff. Bowles wanted everyone coming through the front door to Clinton. But Clinton, by temperament and habit, loved back doors.

Hillary Clinton did not attend the evening campaign meetings. She and her husband had decided that her participation would feed suspicions about her role as the hidden hand of the administration. Any direct role could obviously hurt his reelection chances. Her thoughts and advice, which were plentiful, would be given to him alone in their private time together.

The third year of her husband's presidency was a difficult time for Hillary. She was continually battered in the various Whitewater investigations. And the outright rejection of her health care reform plan was more than an incidental setback. It hit directly at the core of the definition of herself as a competent, if not visionary, policy maker. Her failure on health care also undercut the notion of the partnership she had hoped to have with her husband, and the expected sharing of his presidency. She seemed jerked around by the muddled role of First Lady, as she swung between New Age feminist and national housewife. Her place and her role were not clear. Her high sense of purpose and doing good had been thwarted.

She was reaching out and searching hard.

Jean Houston and Mary Catherine Bateson had followed up their weekend at Camp David with a series of letters to Hillary, proposals and ideas on defining her role as First Lady and rising above the criticism and attacks. Houston had strongly encouraged Hillary to write a book, and Hillary had begun one on children. Hillary invited Houston and Bateson to the White House in the spring. Houston noticed a big picture of Eleanor Roosevelt in Hillary's office. As a teenager, Houston had met Eleanor Roosevelt about six times, and she recounted those encounters to Hillary. Houston and Hillary talked more about Hillary's life and her time of struggle on behalf of the poor and against racism and sexism.

aficionado." Clearly Eleanor was Hillary's archetypal, spiritual partner, much as the Greek goddess Athena was for Houston. In the first month of the Clinton presidency, Hillary had said publicly that she had imaginary discussions with Eleanor. "I thought about all the conversations I've had in my head with Mrs. Roosevelt this year, one of the saving graces that I have hung on to for dear life," Hillary had said February 21, 1993, at a New York dinner to raise money for an Eleanor Roosevelt statue. Hillary had said then that the questions she put in her head to Eleanor included "How did you put up with this?" and "How did you go on day to day, with all the attacks and criticisms that would be hurled your way?"

On a visit to the White House in early April 1995, Houston proposed that Hillary search further and dig deeper for her connections to Mrs. Roosevelt. Houston and her work were controversial because she believed in spirits and other worlds, put people into trances and used hypnosis, and because in the 1960s she had conducted experiments with LSD. But she tried to be careful with Hillary and the president, intentionally avoiding any of those techniques.

Houston and Bateson went up with Hillary to the solarium, a sun parlor with three sides of glass windows perched atop the White House. It was afternoon and they all sat around a circular table, joined by several members of the First Lady's staff. One was making a tape recording of the session. The room, which Hillary had redecorated and which was her favorite place for important meetings, offered a spectacular view to the south of the Washington Monument. Fresh fruit, popcorn and pretzels had been set out.

Houston asked Hillary to imagine she was having a conversation with Eleanor. In her strong and self-confident voice, Houston asked Hillary to shut her eyes in order to eliminate the room and her surroundings, and to bring in as many vivid internal sensory images as possible from her vast knowledge about Eleanor to focus her reflection.

We admire you, said Houston, who thought Hillary was a great woman. She was trying to create an atmosphere of mutual admiration.

Hillary settled back in her seat and shut her eyes. She had just returned from a ten-day trip with her daughter, Chelsea, through South Asia, India and Nepal—a trip Houston, an old Asia hand herself, had encouraged her to make.

You're walking down a hall, Houston said, and there's Mrs. Roosevelt. Describe her.

She had a wonderful description of Eleanor smiling, outgoing, slightly frumpy, always engaged, always fighting.

Go there to Mrs. Roosevelt and talk about the possible future of the children, Houston said.

Hillary gave a long answer. Children were her subject, 25 years of legal and policy advocacy on their behalf.

Houston asked the First Lady to open herself up to Mrs. Roosevelt as a way of looking at her own capacities and place in history. Houston regarded it as a classic technique, practiced by Machiavelli, who used to talk to ancient men. What might Eleanor say? What is your message to her? she asked Hillary.

Hillary addressed Eleanor, focusing on her predecessor's fierceness and determination, her advocacy on behalf of people in need. Hillary continued to address Eleanor, discussing the obstacles, the criticism, the loneliness the former First Lady felt. Her identification with Mrs. Roosevelt was intense and personal. They were members of an exclusive club of women who could comprehend the complexity, the ambiguity of their position. It's hard, Hillary said. Why was there such a need in people to put other people down?

Houston encouraged Hillary to play the other part, to respond as Mrs. Roosevelt. The discourse with a person not there, particularly an historical figure in an equivalent position, opened up a whole constellation of ideas, Houston felt.

I was misunderstood, Hillary replied, her eyes still shut, speaking as Mrs. Roosevelt. You have to do what you think is right, she continued. It was crucial to set a course and hold to it.

Houston thought that in many great people's lives a period of isolation and betrayal was followed by their most productive years. Attacks made their mission clearer. She had studied 55 creative people and found that most felt they had an archetype, a kind of spiritual partner. But Hillary was facing much greater toxicity and negativity from others than Eleanor had.

Houston explained that the rise of women to a level of partnership with men was not yet accepted. But women became more resourceful through adversity and backlash.

Hillary reviewed various attitudes and setbacks she had encountered. Each time Houston asked her, How would you explain this to Mrs. Roosevelt? And what would she respond?

The White House had been a shock, Hillary said. She had not been prepared for the kinds of attention she had received. The statement or move she made in the first two years. Unintentionally, her allies

expectations, placing the spotlight on every aspect of her words, actions and past.

Houston said that Hillary needed to see and understand that Mrs. Roosevelt was not just an historic figure but was someone who also was hurt by all that happened to her. And yet Mrs. Roosevelt could go on doing her work. Hillary needed to unleash the same potential in herself. In adversity she needed to find the seeds of growth and transformation. It then would become possible to inherit from these mythical or historic figures, and to achieve self-healing.

Bateson, who was watching more than participating in the session, considered the activity a kind of meditation, reflection or even prayer.

Next, Houston asked Hillary to carry on a conversation with Mahatma Gandhi, the Hindu leader, a powerful symbol of stoic self-denial. Talk to him, Houston said. What would you say and what would you ask?

Hillary expressed reverence and respect for Gandhi's life and works, almost drawing his and her own lives together with her words, opening herself up wide, acknowledging the level of his exertion, empathizing with his persecution. She said he too was profoundly misunderstood, when all he wanted to do was to help others and make peace. It was a strong personal outpouring—virtual therapy, and unusual in front of a large group.

Talk with Jesus Christ, Houston proposed next. Jesus was the epitome of the wounded, betrayed and isolated, and Houston liked to quote his words in the Gospel of Thomas, "What you have within you that you express will save you, and what you have within you that you do not express will destroy you."

That would be too personal, Hillary finally said, declining to address Jesus.

After about an hour, the session was over. Chelsea had called her mother earlier and had complained of an upset stomach. Hillary wanted to go see her daughter.

Houston and Bateson said they would be available to meet with Hillary at any time in the future. Of course, they would not charge the government or Hillary for their services, but they wondered if it was possible for Houston to get a reduced government airfare from her home in New York State. It turned out not to be possible.

People in the White House did not know about Hillary's sessions with Houston and Bateson. To some of the few who did, the meetings could trigger politically damaging comparisons to Nancy Reagan's

use of astrology, which had heavily influenced if not determined the schedule of her husband, President Reagan. Astrology only changed timing, and it was a kind of pseudo-science that could be fun or worth a laugh. Yet the Reagans had been ridiculed. Hillary's sessions with Houston reflected a serious inner turmoil that she had not resolved.

Later, Houston and Bateson gave a kind of seminar for Hillary and her staff at an evening summer barbecue at the home of one of Hillary's staffers.

Houston told the group that if they were going to have so much work and so much stress, they ought to set up what she called "a creative teaching-learning community." She proposed various physical and mind exercises to help them nurture one another. One was for individuals to get up and voice their appreciation for one another, the work they did and the support they gave one another. Many got up and spoke, including Hillary, who seemed to love the bonding.

Hillary continued her meetings and in-depth discussions with Houston and Bateson about the parallels between her life and Eleanor Roosevelt's. Houston was writing her 15th book, a kind of autobiography called *A Mythic Life*. She sent one chapter to Hillary that was called "The Road of Trials." Hillary said it really struck home for her. The chapter was built on Sophocles' notion of "wisdom through suffering." The sufferings, or "woundings," as Houston called them, were necessary for growth and could be converted into opportunity. Houston claimed that by going into a trance for five to seven hours at a time over a period of four days she had dissolved a lump the size of an orange in her own right breast—all to the total astonishment of her doctor.

Hillary told Houston that she was moved by the chapter. The First Lady also said that both she and the president had read Houston's book *Manual for the Peacemaker: An Iroquois Legend to Heal Self and Society*.

Houston felt that she, Hillary, Bateson and some of Hillary's staff formed a kind of "old girls' club." Within the club they often communicated with a single word, a laugh, a joke or a lifted eyebrow. So Houston did not have to ask Hillary directly one of the key questions from the "Road of Trials" chapter, "Where and by whom were you wounded?" It was obvious that some of Hillary's woundings had come from the media, her former Whitewater business partners Jim and Susan McDougal, the relentless Whitewater investigations and her husband's past infidelity. But Houston did not raise these issues, nor did Hillary.

Houston had at least one other deep, reflective meeting session, in which Hillary described

with Eleanor Roosevelt. Houston's purpose was to move forward so Hillary could put her "wounding" in the middle of her story, ending with the birth of a new grace.

Houston regarded this as intensely difficult. Hillary was not there yet.

During the 1992 campaign, Hillary had been interviewed for the campaign film biography of her husband entitled *The Man from Hope*. In sections not used in the final film, Hillary talked about her personal relationship with him.

"Bill asked me to marry him a couple of times," Hillary said, "And, it was just a hard decision to make because I was very reluctant about, I mean, I was in love with him but I just couldn't envision what it would be like, leaving all of my friends and my family and moving to a place I'd never been."

What bound you together? the producer asked.

"I, you know, I don't know if I can describe it, I don't know if you could ever really describe why you love somebody or why you are committed to somebody, but, you know, I thought we complemented each other in lots of ways, but I also thought that, um, we cared deeply about a lot of the same things. I mean, it's real corny. It wasn't as corny 20 years ago as it is for some people now to say that, Bill and I really are bound together in part because we believe we have an obligation to give something back and to be part of making life better for other people."

In 1995, this articulate woman of great intelligence, talent, stamina and genuine caring seemed not to know what course she was on or where she was heading.

In public she kept up a good front, declaring that she felt no confusion or pain. She laughed, giggled and dismissed most suggestions or questions about her apparent setbacks and difficulties.

Hillary frequently began the mornings by exercising on a treadmill in the White House residence. She had a speakerphone nearby and called various staff members or friends during her workout. From under her heavy breathing, staffers could get the first hint of her frame of mind and what she wanted to accomplish that day. They referred to these as "the treadmill calls." The first calls from Hillary were in turn followed by a round of phone calls between her staff in the East Wing and her staff in the Old Executive Office Building, the main offices adjacent to the White House. The essential question each morning was, What's her mood?



On occasion she snapped at people, even blew up, providing a momentary glimpse of inner rage. She seemed angry, bottled up. Hillary was smart and determined, knew what she wanted to happen. When she was focused and directed, she often seemed not to recognize when she was hurting people. She frequently reduced her personal traveling aide to tears, once because the aide, who was responsible for carrying the First Lady's belongings, didn't have a piece of paper that Hillary needed. Unlike her husband, who tended to soften up after a rage, Hillary turned silent, often icy. Such incidents would not blow away, and all was soon forgiven by Hillary as it was by her husband.

At the same time Hillary inspired intense loyalty among her top staff.

Hillary spent a lot of time thinking about Vince Foster, the deputy White House counsel who had committed suicide in 1993. Foster was from Hope, Arkansas, along with Clinton, and later had been Hillary's law partner. In the Arkansas years she would have ranked Foster among the three most together people she knew. The fact that he, of all people, had killed himself was jolting. "From the outside it just looks like he was absolutely rooted, connected," Hillary told an associate. "Suicide is as old as time so there are some things you really can't avoid, but really when you think about it, it's the ultimate example of not being equipped. For whatever combination of reasons, you've got to be able to dig deep down and you've got to be able to hear your mother's voice, your father's voice, your brother's voice, you've got to be able to hear that and you've got to be receptive to that."

Voices were on Hillary's mind. Whether the voices of Eleanor Roosevelt or Gandhi in the sessions with Houston and Bateson, or voices from her immediate family or her own past, the First Lady seemed to be straining to hear them.

She continued to speak out to her associate, almost as if she were giving herself a pep talk. "Part of being equipped is to know yourself well enough because of the inputs you've gotten from other people, starting with your parents, to be able to make adjustments, to be able to say, wait a minute, this is not working, this is not right for me, *how do I get myself out of this?*"

Hillary remarked that she was sure that good habits were the key to survival. "I really believe you can change the way you think and you discipline yourself. You know, there's that great phrase, 'I think it's



Alcoholics Anonymous, that somebody once told me, 'Fake it till you make it.' Because there's a certain way in which making up your mind that you're going to be a 'fill in the blank'—a grateful person, a happy person."

"Life throws a lot of crap at you," Hillary added. "When the inevitable crap comes, which it will in anybody's life, and not just once but several times, that there is a cushion of capacity there, and there is a structure that gets you up in the morning."

"The more I see of the world, the more impressed I am that the vast majority of people do that every day. You know it's amazing to me that people actually stop at stop signs, that they do feed their children."

Hillary was searching for discipline, for order, for the rhythm and routines of life—"Fake it till you make it." She needed an adjustment mechanism.

This was what Bill Clinton faced at home as he was seeking reelection; to say nothing of the mounting frenzy of the Whitewater investigations, which increasingly seemed to focus on the financial practices, legal ethics and truth telling of his wife.

The Clintons had determined that as long as the Whitewater investigations continued, there was no way they could speak out and win politically. Their private lawyers had convinced them they had to pledge cooperation and hold their tongues—good legal defense strategy to avoid any contradictions that might come out later. In addition, it was impossible to win the public relations war with prosecutors, the lawyers argued. This was very hard for both Clintons—to be pilloried and to run up vast legal debts that could bankrupt them, all in utter silence.

In the first 100 days of the new Congress, Speaker Newt Gingrich and the new Republican majority in the House kept their promise to bring all ten items in the Contract With America to a vote. Every item passed the House except term limits. Gingrich, the Republicans and the Contract were taking virtually all of the oxygen from the political atmosphere, and Gingrich was going to celebrate with a nationally televised speech Friday night, April 7. Unprecedented for a Speaker of the House, he was claiming a role for himself equivalent to the president, delivering his own prime-time State of the Union address of sorts.

At first planned to answer Gingrich with an education message, Panetta began mobilizing the entire federal government and cabinet for a Clinton speech and a series of proposals on education—an

issue that had been central and successful for Clinton as Arkansas governor. Clinton knew that education, including support for everything from job training to school lunches and college loans, was the best possible investment in people and in their future increased earning power. But it was difficult to give the education issue political lift and immediacy. The payoffs in education programs and investments were generally years, not decades down the road. The speech drafts and proposals emerging seemed tedious, cumbersome and old.

Dick Morris believed that Clinton had not defined cleanly and crisply what he was doing in the era of the Republican Contract. Clinton needed to say, This is why I'm president. This is what I want to do. With Bill Curry in the White House as counselor, Morris had some leverage. One night at a meeting with Panetta, Stephanopoulos and several others, Curry made the argument that a Clinton speech on education was not sufficient. "Why not give a speech on ornithology?" he asked sarcastically.

A direct Clinton response to Newt's Contract, Stephanopoulos replied, would unnecessarily legitimize and elevate it.

"You can't just make general statements," Curry said. "You've got to figure out what to do."

After the meeting, Curry pressed Stephanopoulos some more on the argument that Clinton needed to engage Gingrich.

"This is like 1964," Curry said, "and the Beatles are opening in Shea Stadium, and we can't open in some little joint across the river."

Morris and Curry then began crafting an answer to Gingrich. Morris noted that some of the themes in the Contract With America had been part of Clinton's original 1992 presidential campaign. Morris reviewed the items normally associated with Republicans that Clinton had supported—deficit reduction, welfare reform, middle-class tax cuts, smaller government, tough anti-crime measures. At the same time, Clinton would veto Republican proposals such as one repealing the ban on assault weapons.

On the computer, Morris and Curry developed two categories: "Olive branch" and "Fuck you." Clinton had to say clearly whether he was going to extend the "olive branch" or say "fuck you" to the Republicans on each of the important or pending issues of the day. Using this formula they crafted a long speech for Clinton to give setting his course.

On the morning of Tuesday, April 4, three days before Gingrich's speech, Clinton decided to bring the two strands of administration together.

He had his chief White House speechwriter Don Baer, a former re-

X

Morris was exultant. He had broken the system. He had broken Panetta, and Ickes and Stephanopoulos. He figured now he could get control of the White House staff, place his people in key positions. Message and political strategy were not enough. He would now move on personnel.

Clinton would win in 1996, Morris said. The victory party would be publicized to the American people through paid advertising on television, he only half joked.

Stephanopoulos was beginning to think that if Morris didn't want to convert Clinton to a Republican, he at least intended to make him not a Democrat.

Mike McCurry was deeply worried about the Morris strategy. Taking all the Republican issues off the table sounded well and good, but if it worked the Republicans would be issueless. In that event they would surely fight with what remained. "They can only win by doing the single most dangerous thing for Clinton," McCurry said, "which is to totally destroy him as a human being." With the Whitewater investigation the Republicans were trying to destroy the First Lady, and next they would turn to the president. "They will do everything they can to turn him into a liar or turn him into a cheat or turn him into a philanderer. That basically is the danger here if you don't have a substantive grounds for debate. I despair of that more than anything."

On June 15, the Clintons went to Canada for the G-7 economic summit meeting. Hillary received an honorary degree from a women's university. It cited her work and leadership on health care reform. The Canadian citizens and doctors she met praised her, going on and on. They claimed to have read the 1,300-page health care reform bill and they said what she was trying to do was absolutely right. It was so discouraging for her to see that the Canadians understood she had been right, while it seemed nobody in the United States thought so.

The previous month Hillary had been in the Ukraine touring a hospital, and the minister of health had taken out a copy of her Health Security Act and asked her to autograph it. The plan was brilliant, the minister said. It diagnosed health care problems on an international level and he hoped she knew how useful it was in guiding the Ukrainians as they attempted to figure out how to rebuild their health care system.

Hillary burst out laughing, but the bitterness was evident. "You know," she marked, "this is getting really embarrassing. I travel around

the world, and this has happened to me dozens of times now, somebody from another country tells me that they've read it and analyzed it. More people have read it in the Ukraine probably than read it in the United States."

All this reminded her of a point her husband had made in his inaugural address, that nearly every problem had already been solved someplace but we didn't learn from each other.

Morris was determined to expand Clinton's communications strategy as much as possible. That meant not just focusing and redirecting his statements and actions as president. It meant political advertising on television. Too many other people—opponents, the media—were defining Clinton and his ideas. Clinton had to get out front and define himself in the most controlled and directed environment: the political ad. Going on television with ads would move poll numbers up, which in turn would allow Clinton to generate more money for his campaign. Morris wanted to attack the crime issue—another traditional Republican issue. Political advertising by a sitting president was a dicey undertaking, especially more than a year before the election and especially since he didn't have a primary challenger. Being too proactive so early could look like desperation. The advertising couldn't be half-assed in quality or scope. The project would require millions of dollars. Would the money be available?

On June 19, Terry McAuliffe invited his national finance board to Washington for a meeting at the Mayflower Hotel and a reception at the White House. More than one third of the 200 members had already shipped in or were about to deliver on their midyear quotas of \$25,000, which was half of their \$50,000 overall yearly goal. That added up to nearly \$2 million. McAuliffe had already made almost a dozen trips to New Jersey, where in three days the first Clinton-Gore fund-raiser would amass well in excess of \$1 million. Same for the next fund-raisers in Little Rock and Chicago—\$1 million each. McAuliffe was traveling around the country to major fund-raising cities to meet with the top Democrats and local fund-raisers. "Folks," he said first, "we are coming to your city once. Now you're used to primaries where we come five, six, seven times. We're coming in once. It's the only event we're doing." He wanted the checkbooks open.

On Thursday, June 22, Clinton flew to New Jersey for the fund-raising dinner at the Garden State Convention Center. The place was jammed and about 300 people who had paid \$1,000. It's in-

incumbent, even a president, was at a disadvantage because a challenger could define the incumbent and the issues. The incumbent had to strike early to define himself and set the framework of the debate.

Clinton wanted an ad campaign. Morris was pressing, Ickes and McAuliffe were resisting.

There was only one other place to get the money: the Democratic National Committee, which functioned as the unofficial arm of the Clinton campaign. And Clinton, as the head of the party, directed the committee's efforts. The committee could launch a new fund-raising effort as it had in 1994 when millions had been raised in a special effort to televise pro-Clinton health care reform ads. Though opponents of his health care reform plan had spent much, much more, the idea was sound. Clinton said he was not going to be drowned out this time, and directed a special fund-raising effort.

McAuliffe knew that if the president was behind a special fund-raising drive by the party, the money would be raised. Clinton did not make the fund-raising calls himself, but Vice President Gore made about 50 personal calls, and the party's chairman and entire fund-raising apparatus were turned loose. Because the money supposedly would be for the party, there were no limits on contributions—the so-called soft money loophole in the law allowing contributions for general operations. A number of large contributions in the \$100,000 range were received.

Of course the distinction between Clinton-Gore money and Democratic Party money existed only in the minds of the bookkeepers and legal fine-print readers. It was all being raised and spent by the same people—Clinton, Gore, Morris and the campaign apparatus. In all, some \$10 million was raised in the special fund-raising effort, and the Democratic Party went another \$5 to \$6 million in debt—drawing on its bank line of credit—to finance what eventually became a \$15 million advertising blitz.

For several months, Morris and Bob Squier had been testing a half a dozen possible 30-second scripts and television ads a week for possible use. At weekly evening meetings in the White House, Clinton went through them, offered suggestions and even edited some of the scripts. He directed the process, trying out what he wanted to say, what might work, how he felt about it, and what it meant.

Morris jumped in most often, completing Clinton's sentences and finishing his thoughts.

Squier could see that the process was imposing a discipline on Clinton as he worked to formulate the precise message he wanted to convey. The

concepts and the language they worked over in the scripts were showing up in Clinton's public statements.

The late summer was a difficult time for the Clintons. Senator D'Amato was holding hearings on the Whitewater scandal. The revelations of the hearings were minor, but D'Amato kept up a steady drumbeat as he called a parade of witnesses from the administration to testify in public. Joe Klein of *Newsweek* perhaps best captured the problem in an August 7 column, "The Body Count, The Real Whitewater scandal may be how the Clintons treat their friends." He recounted how Maggie Williams, Hillary's chief of staff, had to spend her own money on legal fees and had tearfully testified before the committee. "How could the First Lady allow her chief of staff to spend \$140,000 on legal fees?" Klein asked. "Why hasn't she come forward and said, 'Stop torturing my staff. This isn't about them. I'll testify. I'll make all documents available. I'll sit here and answer your stupid, salacious questions until Inauguration Day, if need be.' "

Whitewater and the Clintons' response to it made them look sleazy. Their values were being increasingly called into question.

Bob Squier, whose experience went back to the 1968 Hubert Humphrey campaign, argued that presidential elections almost inevitably got down to clashing arguments over values. That was where the 1996 campaign was headed. Clinton needed to seize the high ground on a value-related issue. Protecting the elderly at the end of their lives was one of the most cherished American values. Clinton needed to build on that. Protecting the elderly was the popular Medicare program which the Democrats had created. It was their program, the party's child. Its grandfather was Social Security, also created by the Democrats. The Republicans had been stalking both Social Security and Medicare since their beginnings. Medicare was the Democrats' birthright, and the Republicans now wanted to cut it. Clinton's argument had to be to the voters: If you want something done about Medicare, you want Democrats to do it. Democrats would protect their child.

It was in this context that on August 10, Squier and Morris finally made the first 30-second television Medicare ad that would air. It was called "Protect."

The screen opened with a shot of a hospital heart monitor showing a healthy heartbeat—with a comfortable, reassuring ping.

Clinton, Gore, Christopher, Lake and the entire U.S. government pushed the hell out of the NATO allies. NATO finally acted, and a massive bombing campaign, the heaviest of the three-and-a-half-year war, was approved. More than 60 planes, including Navy bombers from the U.S. aircraft carrier *Theodore Roosevelt*, would strike to silence the Serb artillery. Upon getting the final news, Lake, the former Kissinger aide who resigned over the Cambodia invasion, phoned Clinton, the former Vietnam draft evader, who was back vacationing in Wyoming.

"Whoopppeee!" whispered the president.

18

Hillary was thinking about attending a United Nations world conference on women in China during early September. She wanted to condemn the abuses of human rights and of women, but pressure was mounting on her to stay out of delicate U.S. relations with China.

Jean Houston wrote Hillary a strong letter about her obligation and burden, on behalf of all women, to go and speak out. Houston enclosed letters from two friends also urging the First Lady to undertake the mission for all women.

✕ Hillary said she cried when she read the letters. She told Houston that the appeals had made a difference and she had decided to go. Her speech at the conference in Beijing was front-page news.

Houston was struck by how emotional a woman Hillary was, crying easily, laughing easily, not repressed, expressing herself fully in private. She was a very rich emotional palette. She had not closed down, though in public she was still reserved and careful.

Hillary was being honed in the crucible, Houston believed. It was almost like a Greek tragedy. Houston had found Hillary to be as noble as anyone she had ever met, so much like Eleanor Roosevelt. But Hillary had been a golden girl in school, always the good and the best and the brightest, so the adversity of recent years had been more of a shock for her. Eleanor had endured years of suffering and rejection as a child and young adult, which prepared her for the trials she faced as First Lady.

Houston told Hillary that she was going through as much psychological abuse as anyone Houston had ever seen.

Hillary nodded.

She was creating a new type almost, the woman who could withstand it all.

Hillary nodded, clearly listening, not saying much.

They discussed the woundings from the news media. Houston recalled that early in the administration, Hillary had spoken of heroes and villains, and the need to have enemies who could symbolically be singled out to embody the opposition. That's the old male hero's journey, Houston said, and the female journey had to be different, better. "Do we have to have villains?" Houston asked.

Hillary implied that Houston did not understand at all. In politics, debate was always framed that way.

Houston found Hillary enormously warm and empathic, but realized that Hillary was not a soft woman. Her lawyer's training and her dislike for the news media had made her edgy, full of angles. Houston proposed a series of exercises to help Hillary think about the press differently, to think of them as human beings and respond heart to heart with them, to build up a field of empathy and humanity. She felt that Hillary broadcast her hostility through all kinds of subtle cues. She wanted Hillary out of the warrior mode.

Hillary said she would get savaged anyway. Some of the press had made an industry of demonizing her. She made it clear that she hated being muzzled, being forced to respond to the media projections and definitions of her. But if they won a second term she would have greater freedom to do and be the things she wanted.

Houston could anticipate Mozart getting his hands back again, Hillary her voice. She called Hillary a "world server," someone who would help all humanity.

Houston had encouraged Hillary to write a book about children, but the first draft had not satisfied Hillary. So in October and November, Houston virtually moved into the White House residence for several days at a time to help. One period was about five days, with an interlude, and then approximately another five days. During this period Houston got to see how intense, stressful and overwhelming life in the White House had become. Bateson came to help, too, at the end. They were spirit raisers, encouragers, idea people. Houston and Bateson did variations of chapter which Hillary then took and rewrote. *It Takes a Village and Other*

Lessons Children Teach Us was published in early 1996 and became a number-one *New York Times* bestseller.

On and off during the year, Newt Gingrich had openly flirted with the possibility that he might run for the Republican presidential nomination. His public and private comments about those running, especially Dole, were critical, if not savage. He said no one running had come up with a strong message for the presidential campaign. He candidly acknowledged that keeping his options open was a good marketing strategy, generating more news coverage for his statements, the Contract agenda, and his best-selling book, *To Renew America*.

On September 7, Fred Steeper, Gingrich's pollster, sent the Speaker a private seven-page memo entitled "Your Public Perceptions." The news was bad.

Overall, 31 percent of the people polled had favorable impressions of Gingrich. But 52 percent had unfavorable impressions, and many of those used "a variety of abusive terms to describe your personal style—'coarse,' 'arrogant,' 'abrasive,' 'a loud mouth,'" Steeper said.

"Your expressed interest in the presidency is also being interpreted as inappropriate self-promotion," Steeper added. "The book tour and the presidential possibility only act to aggravate this 'out for himself' perception."

"I'm not sure of your reasons for not discouraging the presidential stories, but my conclusion is that they are hurting your image, rather than enhancing it. You should scuttle the stories, sooner rather than later."

Steeper said that Gingrich had an "excessive personality syndrome" that presented "a huge challenge." He added, "I had been thinking, without success, on how to 'fix your personality.'"

The memo did not persuade Gingrich to close off the option of running, and he continued to openly criticize the Republican contenders. If he won the seven-year balanced budget and the Contract was largely passed and signed into law, he could possibly run on a record of accomplishment. Gingrich and his spokesman, Tony Blankley, insisted that Clinton and the White House staff were seriously misreading Gingrich on the budget if they thought he would compromise. Gingrich was a revolutionary. Revolutionaries, intent on overthrowing the old order, didn't compromise. Period. Better to fail than to cave in, except Gingrich expected a big victory on the budget.

* think they were genuinely, every cell in their body was outraged that this could be happening. And it wasn't put on. It came from the soul."

On March 19, Dole won the four midwestern primaries. By most counts made by the newspapers and networks, that gave him more than the required 996 delegates to ensure the nomination—over half the total of 1,990 delegates who would be going to the Republican Convention. Dole still made no declarations, saying it was on to California for the last key primary in a week. He brought along Dennis Shea, a policy expert from his Senate staff.

At one speech in California, Dole had to hold a microphone in his good left hand. The podium was slanted so his other atrophied hand could not keep the paper with his notes in place. So the notes were no use, and he had to ad-lib. Afterwards he didn't feel he had done very well. On the plane, he was testy and he went to Shea and said, "I don't like the way the podium was. You get ahold of Scott Reed and tell him I want the podium right!"

Jim Hooley, the chief of advance, who was in charge of making sure the podium was correct, said it was his fault. "I'll fix that, Senator."

"You told me you'd fix it last time!" Dole said. It was both an unprecedented outburst and as direct as he ever got.

On March 21, 1996, when Jean Houston visited the White House, she thought that Hillary seemed a little down. In her role as spirit lifter, Houston told some jokes and stories.

Maggie Williams, chief of staff to the First Lady, said later, "Oh, Hillary's ticking. She's had her 'Jean fix.'"

As Williams saw it, Hillary found Houston very smart and colorful, a vivid personality with a great gift for language. In these toughest of times, Hillary had 10 to 11 confidants, including Houston and Hillary's own mother. But Houston was the most dramatic.

That night the president and Hillary attended the Radio and Television Correspondents' Association dinner in Washington, where the crude radio personality Don Imus made jokes about Clinton's infidelity and Whitewater while the First Couple sat on the stage only a few feet away. It was a tasteless performance.

When the president and Hillary returned to the White House they went to the solarium, where Houston was waiting. Clinton voiced

disgust that things had gotten so out of hand, that Imus would feel free to make such jokes in front of them. He asked Houston if she wanted to see a replay of the Imus performance that was going to run on television.

"Nope," Houston said, "nor do you."

She and Hillary sat with Clinton while he watched his beloved University of Arkansas Razorbacks basketball team lose to the University of Massachusetts 79 to 63 in the NCAA Tournament. Clinton was not happy at the loss.

Houston was amazed at the change in the president over the 16 months she had known him. In their first meeting in December 1994, he was wounded and almost lost. But he was one of the fastest and deepest learners that she had ever encountered. He had been retrained by circumstance. He was no longer the Dauphin. "This is the king," Houston said. He had gone from bitterness to accommodation, and he was getting close to transcendence. He had fully become the president, she believed.

Houston thought she had partially helped Clinton undertake perhaps the most difficult task of his presidency. That was to put himself, his critics and his opponents in historical context—to see the woundings, the road of trials and his adversaries clearly. He had to absorb all of this to move to the next stage. When he understood the context, she found Clinton deepened and fortified. He was fast becoming wise. "He is the elder in the younger," she said.

Houston and Bateson asked to hold deeper reflective sessions with the president, but he never responded. Houston sensed his nervousness around her, and she was not sure the president liked her. So she asked Hillary whether he did.

"Oh, yes, yeah," Hillary replied.

"Sometimes he's uneasy," Houston said.

"Well, he's basically a very conservative man," Hillary said.

Houston wondered what might happen if her role as adviser and friend to the first couple became public.

"If I ever get caught," Houston asked Hillary, "what should I say?"

"Just tell the truth," Hillary replied, "just tell them you're my friend."

Elizabeth didn't think her husband was selling himself enough. She was out there selling the heck out of him, pulling out all the stops. He was too modest, she felt.

"Don't say *we*," she said, "say *I*, you know, about what *you've* done." She had been on him about this for years. His modest

Madhouse
Jeffrey Birnbaum



Madhouse

The Private Turmoil of
Working for the
President

JEFFREY H. BIRNBAUM

T I M E S  B O O K S

R A N D O M H O U S E

Madhouse: The Private Turmoil of Working for the President
Jeffrey Birnbaum

<u>Tab</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Subject</u>
1	40	Justice appointments
2	48-9	HRC as advisor
3	154	HRC & Dee Dee Myers
4	220	HRC and Whitewater

This time, it seemed, Clinton understood. Paster's impression was that he wanted Guinier to withdraw for her own sake and for the good of the administration. But personnel decisions were still the most vexing in the Clinton White House. Guinier insisted that her opponents' view of her as a "Quota Queen" was simply untrue, and she refused to withdraw. Once again McLarty asked Paster to talk to the ill-fated nominee.

"Do you want me to tell her whether the President is going to withdraw the nomination?" Paster asked.

"No," McLarty replied.

"Why not?" Paster said plaintively, although he already knew the answer too well. He was getting used to being the man in the middle.

The White House was not organized for decisiveness. It was more like a debating society than an executive office. And that led to unending tension among the staffers. Their constant battle against the chaos would have been hard even if they had had a system to organize their responses. But they did not have such a system, and that made life inside the madhouse even harder. For example, the politically inept Bernie Nussbaum was adamant that Lani Guinier be allowed to defend herself. Almost everyone else thought she should withdraw. But in the Clinton White House, a single voice was enough to silence all the others. And Nussbaum's was a little louder than most. He almost always reflected the view of his champion, Hillary Clinton, and she played a large role in choosing the Justice Department's staff. She was so close a friend of Guinier that she had attended her wedding in 1986.

So Paster faced another impossible challenge. He knew Guinier was not confirmable. Both Senate Majority Leader Mitchell and Senate Judiciary Committee chairman Biden had conveyed that to the President directly. Yet Paster was not given the authority to demand she withdraw. He was be-

went unanswered. "I'm so pissed, I can't see straight," Paster said after one such attempt. "I fight and I fight and I fight and I wear myself out." The disorganization of the place, overall, he concluded, made it hard for anyone to work.

In self-defense, he tried to insulate himself and his staff from the turmoil, but he could not. He tried to give his staff more private time, assuring them the office would close at 7:30 P.M. when Congress was not in session. But that never happened. He vowed that everyone would get one weekend off a month. But that did not happen either.

Paster suffered in the meantime. In the entire year, he did not once visit his daughter at college. And, in general, he did not like the person he was becoming. He had lost touch with friends and family. There were guards and Secret Service agents in the West Wing whom he saw almost daily but never bothered to meet. "I had begun to lose just a little bit of my humanity," he confessed.

The job "sucks," he said in one of his more dejected moments. "You're constantly being yelled at by members of Congress for other people's mistakes."

The President and McLarty scheduled one of their by then typically overlarge, endless meetings in the White House residence for Wednesday, August 11. The issue of the day: how to make enough time for the President to deal with his huge agenda, which included anticrime legislation, health-care reform, reinventing government, and the North American Free Trade Agreement, known as NAFTA. The convergence of so many major issues was referred to among the White House staff as "the train wreck." And, to avoid it, the Clintons and their senior staff convened in the White House residence at 9:00 P.M.

Hillary Clinton arrived uncharacteristically late. And political consultant James Carville greeted her in a way that only he could: "The game isn't over until the fat lady sings," he said, "and the meeting doesn't begin until the First Lady ar-

rives." Hillary Clinton listened patiently and then replied with a straight face, "That's a pretty good suck-up, James, but you have got to do better."

The First Lady said she wanted to discuss the crowded schedule for the fall, suggesting that to make it work required an extra measure of discipline—something the White House had woefully lacked. Paul Begala dropped the pretense of brownnosing that his partner had started and took the hardest line of the meeting. He argued forcefully that health care was the penultimate issue for the President and that the other priorities should be trimmed back.

If anyone in the room should have agreed, it was Paster. As a former labor lobbyist, he had no great attachment to free trade. He also knew how hard it would be to find the votes to pass NAFTA. But by now he knew meetings like this one were ridiculous. He had been to enough to know that nothing was going to be set aside. The President knew what he wanted, and no one could tell him otherwise.

"So we have a full schedule?" Paster asserted. "So what?"

That choice became inevitable when Carville switched positions, disagreed with Begala, and took Paster's side. It would be unwise for the President to be seen backing away from any of his main priorities, Carville reasoned. He was already being forced to backtrack enough, and his tendency to accommodate was hurting his image.

And so it was. Roy Neel, who was acting as the scheduler, set up a chart that showed blocks of the President's time devoted to each major issue: health care, NAFTA, and reinventing government. Crime was "put off" until the next year. Only in Washington . . .

At the end of the three-hour session, Clinton was so exercised he wondered aloud if he had time to take his upcoming vacation. "But, Mr. President," Begala said, "people will think you're weird if you don't take a vacation." The President paused, then replied, "I *am* weird."

White House staff used the term *white boys* to describe this masculine cabal and, in shorthand, to deride their domination.

Few women were as hampered by the white boys' club as Dee Dee Myers. In 1993, she was given the title of press secretary but not its duties. Those belonged to the quintessential "white boy" George Stephanopoulos, the White House communications director. He was slated to do the daily press briefings, the traditional task of press secretaries. He also occupied the larger press secretary's office, which features a famous horseshoe-shaped desk. Myers was two doors down in a cubbyhole-size office usually reserved for a lowly deputy. And, true to form, Stephanopoulos was paid a higher salary: \$125,000 compared with Myers's \$100,000.

Later that year, when Myers finally did move up to do the briefings, she was overshadowed by not one but two white boys: Mark Gearan, the new communications director, and, most of all, David Gergen, the veteran White House Press Office hand who was inserted above Gearan in the hierarchy. (Aides derisively called the very tall Gergen "the Cat in the Hat," after the Dr. Seuss children's book about a lanky feline. A sequel is named *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*, just as Gergen did to the White House.) Stephanopoulos also kept a hand in the communications pie. With such talkative aides all around her, Myers, justifiably, continued to feel shut out.

seems
petty
+
power-hungry

Ironically, it was a woman who made sure Myers was put in a subservient role at the start. During the transition period between the election and the inauguration, Myers made the mistake of crossing Hillary Clinton's friend and close adviser Susan Thomases. Thomases had coveted Myers's office at transition headquarters in Little Rock, but Myers did not want to give it up. The ensuing fight, which Thomases won, led eventually not only to Myers's tiny office in the West Wing but also to her diminished role on the White House staff. In addition, Hillary Clinton remained one of her most persistent behind-the-scenes critics.

Republicans, of course, yelled the loudest. In separate television interviews on Sunday, January 2, Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole and House GOP whip Newt Gingrich called for the attorney general to appoint a special counsel to examine the Clintons' Whitewater investment.

"There's no need at this time for an independent counsel," Stephanopoulos said on the same program, mouthing the White House position.

But behind the scenes the White House was a caldron of debate. There commenced a kind of rolling scrum of people who met and remet to chew the issue over. The group included Begala, Myers, McLarty, Gergen, Stephanopoulos, Harold Ickes, Maggie Williams, Bernie Nussbaum, Bruce Lindsey, and Mark Gearan.

In short order almost everyone concluded that the President had no choice but to give in. Begala and Myers disliked that option but understood why it had to happen. Once Congress came back to town, Republicans would force a vote on a special counsel, and the measure would pass. They all felt it was inevitable.

All, that is, but Nussbaum. The White House counsel said once the administration gave a special counsel the documents, the lawyers would look for something illegal until they found it—no matter what the facts. No one believed the argument on the merits; many suspected Nussbaum was merely making noise to justify the view of his mentor, Hillary Clinton.

That guess was given credence when, at the end of one of the Whitewater meetings, the First Lady walked in and sat down. It fell to Stephanopoulos to lay out what was by then the staff recommendation to call for a special counsel. Her reaction was swift and sharp. "No!" she said, and left. She believed she and her husband had done nothing wrong, deserved privacy, and already were doing more than was necessary.

The staff was left with no alternative but to stand and fight.

FIRST IN HIS CLASS:

A Biography of Bill Clinton

DAVID MARANISS

SIMON & SCHUSTER

New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo Singapore

First in His Class: A Biography of Bill Clinton
David Maraniss

<u>Tab</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Subject</u>
1	246-64 276-77	HRC 1947-71
2	301,308,310-313 315-20,326-28,335,341-45	HRC & POTUS
3	350-51,369-77	'70s in Little Rock
4	384	POTUS '80 defeat
5	394	HRC & POTUS marriage
6	399-400	HRC as Mrs. Clinton
7	408	HRC as advisor
8	411	HRC on education
9	426-27	HRC as POTUS' keeper
10	428-431	HRC & Whitewater
11	432	HRC & religion
12	447	HRC & '88 convention
13	450	POTUS' infidelity

RODHAM AND CLINTON

BILL CLINTON AND Hillary Rodham. From the opening round of courtship, here was an evenly matched romance and a fair fight. Two strong-willed personalities—ambitious, socially conscious, and political—they were introduced to each other in the cafeteria during the first week of law school by Bob Reich, who had known Rodham since her undergraduate days when she had traveled from Wellesley up to Dartmouth to attend a meeting Reich had organized of student leaders active in the academic reform movement. "I said, 'Bill, this is Hillary; Hillary, this is Bill,' but obviously it didn't take," Reich recalled. Not then, at least. In their later remembrances of their courtship, they both replaced his prosaic account with a more melodramatic scene. In their version, seemingly accurate except for its deletion of the Reich introduction, they circled each other for weeks before exchanging their first greetings. Clinton followed Rodham out of a civil liberties class, thought about an effective approach, then backed away. Rodham spotted Clinton in the law school lounge boasting about—yes, of course—the watermelons in Hope, and in her diligent fashion, unobtrusively, she began gathering information about him.

One day Rodham was sitting at a table piled with books, journals, and notepads in the library reading room, a peaceful wood-paneled chamber with high ceilings and light-flooded Gothic-arched windows on the third floor of the law school. Clinton loitered in the middle distance with a clear line of sight down the narrow-shafted room, pretending to study. Jeff Glekel, an editor of the *Yale Law Journal*, provided cover, hovering next to Clinton and trying to persuade him to try out for the prestigious journal. Struggling to hold Clinton's attention, Glekel laid it on thick: the best judicial clerkships, the most powerful law firms in Manhattan, the elite law school faculties—all of these awaited the *Journal's* select editors. If he had said the State House, Congress, the White House, perhaps the sales pitch

would have worked. As it was, Clinton said that he did not want to do it. His plan after law school was to go home to Arkansas and run for public office. Whether he wrote for the *Yale Law Journal*, he noted, did not matter to anyone down there. Clinton seemed inattentive in any case. He was looking across the room at Rodham. Soon enough she walked toward his table. "Look," she said. "If you're going to keep staring at me and I'm going to keep staring back, we should at least introduce ourselves. I'm Hillary Rodham." Clinton was knocked dumb by Rodham's bold approach, her classic pickup line, and scrambled to remember his own name.

On their first outing, Clinton and Rodham went together to sign up for second semester classes. When they reached the front of the line, the registrar was puzzled by Clinton's presence. "Bill, what are you doing here?" came the query. "You registered yesterday!" Clinton and Rodham then went for a walk and toured the college art museum, which happened to be closed, but which Clinton charmed his way into anyway by convincing a custodian to open it up for a private tour after he and Rodham picked up some trash. Clinton "locked in on" her after that. Rodham focused on him as well. He was that rare guy, she told friends, who did not seem afraid of her. It might have been that he was more adept at concealing his fear. Rodham's intellect, her reputation, her refusal to be cowed or wowed, seemed to attract him and scare him at the same time. He prepped his housemates before each of her visits to the beach house, hoping they could help impress her. It took a little time, Don Pogue said later, "before she decided he was going to be up to snuff. She had to be encouraged to see that point of view. She was brought out to the beach house to engage in lively conversation. We were all recruited to participate in it."

Rodham expressed mixed feelings about Clinton's style, especially the way he accentuated his Arkansas roots. Like so many contemporaries who had encountered him before her, she was taken by his sense of place, a rarity among students eager to shed their middle-class pasts. "He cared deeply about where he came from, which was unusual," Rodham said later. "He was rooted and most of us were disconnected." But she was not bamboozled by his down-home palaver. "They were funny together, very lively. Hillary would not take any of Bill's soft stories, his southern boy stuff," according to Pogue. "She would just puncture it, even while showing a real affection. She'd say, 'Spit it out, Clinton!' or, 'Get to the point, will you, Bill!'" Housemate Doug Eakeley remembered Rodham, in her sharp voice, interrupting Clinton in the middle of one of his Arkansas tales with the mocking reprimand, "Come off it, Bill!" Her midwestern directness, Eakeley thought, was "the perfect counterpoint to Bill's southern charm." Her focused intellect was also a perfect counterpoint to his restless, diffuse mind, and made her the superior law student. In one class

they took together during the spring semester of 1971, Tom Emerson's Political and Civil Rights, Emerson kept private numerical grades even though the report cards were pass-fail. He gave Rodham a 78, one of the highest grades, and Clinton a mediocre 70.

There was, without stretching the point, a certain reversal of gender stereotypes in the Clinton-Rodham match. Steve Cohen, who was among Rodham's circle of friends from her first year at law school, concluded that "Clinton had the charm and the sex appeal whereas Hillary didn't so much. Hillary was straightforward, articulate, and self-possessed." Yet within a month of meeting Clinton, Rodham was talking about his depth. Some of her friends thought Clinton was interesting but too eager to be the focus of attention. Rodham decided there was more to him than that. "There's lots of layers to him," she told Cohen one day. "He's more complex than I thought. The more I see him, the more I discover new things about him." She also told Cohen about her new friend's determination to do something with his life, which was very much what she was about as well.

At the time they met, Rodham, though one year younger, had developed more of a reputation as a student leader. When Clinton was in the first year of his Oxford studies, she was at Wellesley College outside Boston, where her intellect helped her school win several matches on the College Bowl television quiz show. She also got her picture in *Life* magazine for delivering a commencement speech that was seen as a statement of purpose for her generation—philosophically curious, politically committed, and passionately antiwar. She arrived at Yale Law in the fall of 1969, one year ahead of Clinton, during the height of the hippie-radical period there, with an activist reputation. "The story of what she had done at Wellesley preceded her. We were awed by her courage," recalled Carolyn Ellis, one of her law school friends. "She arrived with many of us thinking of her as a leader already. We had seen her picture in the national magazine and here she was, three months later, in our class."

Rodham quickly befriended the antiwar activists in the class, including Cohen, Greg Craig, and Michael Medved, three leaders of the October 15 moratorium in New Haven, one of the largest regional demonstrations that day. Craig, who had delivered a class day speech at Harvard that had also gained national recognition, thought of Rodham as a "mainstream, conscientious, politically astute person who still believed in American institutions." In the context of Yale Law School, "that meant she was conservative." Craig exaggerated to make a point. Rodham more accurately was in the middle of the flux at Yale Law. She was, "like ninety-five percent of her classmates, passionately convinced that the war made no sense." She "looked like a hippie," according to Carolyn Ellis. She kept her hair long and flowing and came to class in sandals and blue jeans. Nothing

about this attire made Rodham stand out from the other young women there. She wore thick glasses and was constantly changing the frames. Ellis regarded Rodham's frame-changing habit as "her whimsy—just the way she would change her hairstyle later, she changed her glasses all the time then."

What set Rodham apart was her combination of social commitment and pragmatism. During her first year, third-year students James Blumstein, Stanley Herr, and Jack Petrunker founded the *Yale Review of Law and Social Action*, a leftist alternative to the *Yale Law Journal*. In the egalitarian ethic of the time, there was no hierarchy at the review. Rodham served as a commentator who critiqued articles before publication. The first volume featured an article written by Blumstein and Jim Phelan entitled "Jamestown 70." The authors, thinking that America was on the brink of insurrection, counseled against armed revolt on practical grounds, but suggested that their alienated generation should gain control of a state where they could experiment with different lifestyles, marital rules, and patterns of democracy: "What we advocate is the migration of large numbers of people to a single state for the express purpose of effecting the peaceful political take-over of that state through the elective process." They linked their proposal to the American frontier ethic, "where alienated or 'deviant' members of society can go to live by their new ideas; providing a living laboratory for social experiment through radical federalism."

Rodham read an early draft and told Blumstein that it was too abstract and theoretical, not practical enough. "This is mental masturbation," she said. "Get more specific. Get down to earth." She was particularly tough on the piece where she thought it would alienate people and hurt the cause. Her critique arose from her pragmatic sense of doability. While Blumstein and Phelan thought they were being serious, Rodham thought that they were just playing around. She took her politics more seriously than they did and she had no patience with their grandiose ideas.

It ran in the family, the impatience for fuzzy thinking. Hugh Rodham, her father, was a tobacco-chewing, no-nonsense man, gruff and sarcastic. Dorothy Howell Rodham, her mother, declared that no daughter of hers—and Hillary was the only daughter, followed by two sons—would ever be afraid to say what was on her mind. "You weren't going to go into the Rodhams' house and say anything stupid," recalled Ernest (Rick) Ricketts, one of Hillary's closest childhood friends. "You couldn't get away with that with any of them. If you tried it with Hillary, she'd say, 'What? What'd you say?'" Dorothy Rodham often told a story about Hillary, which, even if it was embellished into a parable, nonetheless revealed the imprint the

mother wanted to leave on the daughter. When Hillary was four, she was pushed around by a bigger girl who was the neighborhood bully. When she ran home and expressed her fear, her mother told her, "There's no room in this house for cowards." Dorothy Rodham instructed her daughter to hit back next time. Soon Hillary popped the bully in front of a group of boys, ran home, and exclaimed, "I can play with the boys now!"

The setting for this life lesson was a sturdy Georgian house on Wisner Street in the suburb of Park Ridge to the northwest of Chicago—deep in the placid, postwar soul of America. Hillary Diane Rodham was born at Edgewater Hospital on Chicago's North Side on October 26, 1947. Her father, a manufacturer who sold drapes to hotels and movie theaters, moved the family to Park Ridge when she was three. The suburb was her world until she was eighteen and left for college. Park Ridge was the upper middle of upwardly mobile middle America. It was old enough and sufficiently well off to avoid the conformity of tract housing developments: the elm-shaded side streets offered a pleasant mix of brown brick Georgian revivals, wood and stucco bungalows, and early twentieth-century two-story wood frame homes. Yet it lacked the pretense and exclusivity of North Shore suburbs like Wilmette and Lake Forest. Most of the women of Park Ridge, including Dorothy Rodham, stayed home: Hillary's childhood friends knew of only two mothers who held outside jobs. Most of the men worked in Chicago and, like Hugh Rodham, tended to be businessmen rather than doctors or lawyers. The town arose along the tracks of the Chicago & Northwestern commuter line, which carried tribes of dark-suited men into the city and back every day. The youngsters who lived along Wisner Street heard the distant rumble and whine of trains pulling into the station and saw plumes of smoke fill the horizon at rush hour.

There were no black or Asian families in Park Ridge at that time. Hispanics were seen only during the harvest season when migrant workers picked vegetable fields on the edge of town. The lone black student was a foster child. There were no Jewish residents either, though a few miles east along Dempster Street stood the kosher delicatessens of heavily Jewish Skokie. Park Ridge was an enclave of Methodists and Catholics. Divorces were virtually unheard of: when one marriage disintegrated in the Rodhams' neighborhood, it was the talk of the town. All communities have secrets and contradictions, and Park Ridge was no different. The town remained dry through the decades, but in name only. White panel trucks full of liquor would roll in on Saturday mornings and make back-alley deliveries. But for the most part the children of Park Ridge did not see this, just as they paid little attention to the fact that their town was segregated. They saw life being lived one way, remembered Rick Ricketts, "and we thought everyone else was like us."

The Rodhams voted Republican, as did most of the citizens of Park Ridge, many of whom had escaped the Democratic machine politics of Chicago. Hugh Rodham, who drove a Cadillac and railed against labor unions, instructed his children to watch the Republican national conventions on television every four years, but when the Democrats convened, the television was turned off. He taught his children how to read the stock market tables in the *Chicago Tribune*. Hillary once described the Park Ridge of her youth as "conservative but not paranoid," with "a strong support for education and a tolerant attitude about people." Dorothy Rodham held "a much more intellectual view than most moms in that neighborhood," according to Sherry Heiden, one of Hillary's friends. She had "a real love of beauty," recalled another friend, Betsy Johnson, and would return home from their annual summer trip to Pennsylvania with stained-glass windows, jeweled fobs, and other antiques she collected. Both parents encouraged Hillary to read and study world events and compete as an equal with boys. The basket on her bicycle was often filled with books. Even in grade school, she would talk about politics. "We'd get our *Weekly Reader* and discuss what was in it," recalled Rick Ricketts. "We'd talk about lots of things that you wouldn't expect fourth or fifth graders to think about." On summer afternoons, they sometimes sat on a low wooden fence at the corner of Wisner and Elm and solved all the world's problems.

When she was fourteen, entering the ninth grade, Hillary joined a Methodist church group for teenagers run by Don Jones, her congregation's youth minister. Jones sought to expose his students to the human condition outside their comfortable suburban world. He considered himself a liberal realist and called his class "The University of Life." "The name kind of fit what I was trying to do," Jones later recalled. "I felt knowing the human self, the limitations and the possibilities, was one of the most important concepts for any of us to grasp." His church group used secular art forms. They read the poetry of Wallace Stevens and e.e. cummings. On a retreat they watched one of Jones's favorite movies, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, featuring Anthony Quinn as a burned-out fighter. Jones talked to his students about two characters in the heavyweight's entourage. One, played by Mickey Rooney, keeps trying to build up the fighter's esteem. The other, played by Jackie Gleason, seems less admirable because he knows the fighter is washed up and tells him so. But Jones offered a different perspective. The Rooney character, he said, was living an illusion. Deep down in the no of the Gleason character, on the other hand, was a theological yes. Before human beings can reach their potential, they have to get a realistic grasp of who they are. "In the midst of life, tragedy comes and it strips away our illusions," Jones told his students. "Those moments are times to realize our potential, our possibilities."

Rodham and her friends rode the old church bus to new worlds Jones wanted them to encounter. One Sunday night in April 1962 he took them to Orchestra Hall on Michigan Avenue for a lecture by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., entitled "Sleeping Through the Revolution." Jones arranged for them to go back stage after the speech and introduced each of them to King by name. Hillary Rodham's handshake with King was not as important in her life as young Clinton's handshake with Kennedy was in his, but there is a symmetry to the two events, one evoking a transference of politics, the other of social action. Jones also took his students to a recreation center on the South Side where they met with teenagers from the inner city. He used art to "level the playing field" between the kids from Park Ridge, who were better educated, and those from the city, who had tougher life experiences. Once he placed a print of Picasso's *Guernica* on a chair and asked them to describe what it meant. The Park Ridge students could speak of it only in abstract terms, while those from Chicago said that it reminded them of seeing people killed in their neighborhoods.

What Jones sought to accomplish in the trips to Chicago had nothing to do with a benevolent suburban church assisting the economically disadvantaged. Just the opposite: He was using the city as he used literature and film and art—as a means of prying open the minds of his comfortable students and introducing them to the pain, complexity, and alienation of the modern world. In a sense he was preparing them for the sixties.

After two years at Park Ridge, Jones left to teach in New Jersey, where he eventually became a theology professor at Drew University. He corresponded through the years with several of his former students, including Hillary. He had a powerful early influence on her social consciousness, yet he believed that in one sense his efforts to shock and disturb the children of Park Ridge had little effect on her. "I don't think my undersided stuff worked with Hillary. She was so secure in all of this. In part it had to do with her family. And in part the Methodist Church. Except for my brief interlude, Methodists there carried an almost sentimental belief in progress and a belief in people. They believed that if only we loved everyone, the world would be a better place. Hillary lived in this comfortable cocoon. And she had so many successes in her life. She withstood the sixties without losing hope."

THE high school experience in Park Ridge in the early 1960s "wasn't exactly *Happy Days*, but it was close," thought Sherry Heiden. There were greasers and jocks, some drinking, virtually no drug use. Girls wore skirts and dresses to school. Apathy and cynicism were not as prevalent as they would become later. Hillary and her classmates in Park Ridge, much like

Clinton and his peers in Hot Springs, Arkansas, were regarded as the chosen ones. There was little their parents would not do for their educational benefit. The baby boom was exploding in the northwest suburbs of Chicago. Hillary's class at Maine Township High bulged with fourteen hundred students out of a total enrollment of nearly five thousand. To accommodate the boom, a new school, Maine South, opened in her senior year. She was sent there along with half of her classmates, but it was a sterile new place with no traditions yet. Though Hillary's class would graduate from South, they would always think of their alma mater as the massive old three-story school at the corner of Dempster and Dee, with its green Art Nouveau designs inlaid in orange-tan brick topped by a red tile roof.

Hillary was perpetual motion in high school. Her picture pops up everywhere in the yearbooks: posing on the stairwell inside old Maine with the staff of *Ghost Writer*, the sophomore newspaper; seated in the auditorium as student council representative; at her classroom desk with the cultural values committee; standing under the flagpole as junior class vice president; on the end of the third row of the brotherhood society; among eight members of Maine South's "It's Academic" quiz show team; kneeling demurely in long checkered skirt and sleeveless black shirt as one of eleven National Merit Scholarship finalists. The picture that reveals the most about young Hillary Rodham shows her in the middle of seventy-two senior girls seated in the bleachers in their gym uniforms. Her face leaps from the anonymous mass of the photograph. Her straight dark-blond hair covers her right eye, giving her an almost piratical appearance; but even more than that, the lift of her jaw, the angle of her pose, the barely detectable smile, all add to a portrait of fire and self-confidence in an otherwise docile and awkward scene.

For the most part, the girls of Park Ridge felt discrimination in subtle ways. The most overt case for Hillary came long distance when she wrote to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration seeking guidance on how to become an astronaut. It was her childhood dream; she and her little brother Hughie would often go down to their basement and pretend they were flying a spaceship to Mars, with Hillary at the controls. But NASA tried to squash that dream. She received a letter back discouraging females from applying. Although she was not a gold medal candidate, she was a competent athlete who might have been on a varsity squad, but there were no girls' sports teams then. Her gender did not hold her back in school politics, which she loved. (She once invited Rick Ricketts to a girls' choice prom and "talked politics all through the dance.") She won more elections than she lost, and her only defeat was to another girl. At one point she decided that the school administration was not enthusiastic enough about student government. As chair of the committee in charge of elections, she

drafted an elaborate proposal based on a mock national political convention—with nominating speeches, seconding speeches, candidate speeches, and floor demonstrations—and took it to the principal, who felt he had no choice but to let her implement it.

Near the end of her junior year, she wrote a long letter to her former youth minister detailing her many accomplishments. She had become a National Merit Scholar and had been invited to talk on a local television show about youth problems. She had been chosen chair of the organizations committee and was rewriting the student government constitution and reorganizing the committee. Student politics could get rough, she told Jones. In her last election, the opposition campaign manager started “slinging mud” at her, but she decided to respond with a “let’s-keep-it-clean, flag, motherhood and apple pie campaign.” And it worked. The spring prom was approaching, Hillary wrote, and her parents would serve as chaperones. She seemed embarrassed about the dress that her father let her buy. “Looking at it, I think everyone else next to me will think they are overdressed, it is so modest.”

Hugh Rodham did not spoil his children. He taught them that rewards came only through hard work. His daughter earned her spending money as a baby-sitter. And if the scholastic rewards seemed to be coming too readily, he questioned whether the work was too easy. When she came home with perfect test scores or top grades, he would receive the news with a half-serious grunt that her school must not be very challenging. It was not that he was not proud of his daughter, just that he was not demonstrative. When guests came to the house, if he was at the television watching a sports event and drinking a beer, it was rare that he would budge from the chair or even grunt in acknowledgment.

Hillary Rodham was more talkative. In the rare instances when she got in trouble at school, it was because of that. She talked in class. Ricketts, her neighborhood pal, sat in front of her in a history class taught by Paul Carlson. Hillary kept up a running commentary during Carlson’s lectures. “She would say something I had to respond to, so I would turn around, and Carlson would get mad at me,” Ricketts recalled later. “One time Carlson was playing a recording of General MacArthur’s ‘Old Soldiers Never Die’ speech and we both started laughing. Mr. Carlson took us out to the hall and read us the riot act.”

In her politics, Hillary resembled her conservative father. She devoured Barry Goldwater’s *The Conscience of a Conservative* and volunteered as a “Goldwater Girl” during the presidential campaign in the fall of 1964, her senior year. But starting with Don Jones’s liberal realism, she felt the tug of other points of view. Most of her favorite teachers were young and socially conscious, including two women who persuaded her to apply to eastern women’s colleges.

RODHAM finished high school in the top 5 percent of her class and was voted most likely to succeed. In the fall of 1965, she left suburban Chicago without looking back. Her mother, after dropping her off at Wellesley College on the edge of Boston, cried in the Cadillac all the way home as her unemotional husband drove silently along the turnpikes and toll roads back to the Midwest. Perhaps the mother realized that her daughter would never live in Park Ridge again save for a few weeks at a time during holidays and summer breaks. Though Rodham entered adulthood determined to forge a career in politics or social action, she felt no sentimental tug or practical reason to go home to do it. Bill Clinton always talked about heading back to Arkansas. No one heard Hillary Rodham speak the same way about Illinois.

Her politics changed semester by semester at Wellesley, which is to say that the college years from 1965 to 1969 transformed her as they did millions of other members of her generation. In the autumn of her first semester, she met Geoffrey Shields, a Harvard student who came from another Chicago suburb, Lake Forest, a wealthy community along Lake Michigan, where he had been a high school leader and all-state football player. They dated for three years and underwent similar evolutions from midwestern high school conservatives to northeastern campus liberals. Rodham was active in student government and Young Republicans in her first year, but Shields thought of her as largely nonideological, likening her mind to "a clean slate." She seemed "very interested in exploring political ideas, interested in the process as opposed to the ideology of politics." Her major focus was campus reform: making curriculum requirements more flexible and dormitory policies less restrictive.

By her sophomore year Rodham was writing to a friend that they could meet in New York, which she called a "saved city" because John Lindsay was elected mayor ("See how liberal I'm becoming!"). That summer she worked as a researcher, and baby-sitter, for a Wellesley professor who was writing a book on the Vietnam War from a beach house on Lake Michigan. Shields, who drove up to visit her at the Michigan resort several times, noted that by the end of the summer Rodham was a strong opponent of the war and no longer considered herself a Republican. By her junior year she was working with poor black children in Roxbury, taking part in protest marches in Boston and supporting Eugene McCarthy's antiwar presidential campaign. She had "grown up and out of the conservative materialistic mind-set which is typical of affluent suburbs," according to Shields. "She was not interested in making money or being affluent." During the summer after her junior year, she and her high school friend Betsy Johnson, who had just returned from a year studying in Madrid, ventured

down to Chicago to see the tumult on the streets outside the Democratic National Convention. Both of their mothers had ordered them not to go, but the young women said that they were planning to see a movie, hopped in Johnson's car, and headed to the city. "We saw everything we wanted to look for," Johnson later recalled. "We saw police and large crowds of kids, chanting and yelling, and things being thrown out the windows at the Palmer House."

Rodham viewed the college years as a time when she could "try out different personalities and lifestyles," she explained in a letter to Don Jones. But it is an important aspect of her personality that even then there was a self-aware, moderate aspect to her experimentation. In another letter to Jones she talked about intentionally playing different roles at different times: now the social activist, now "sticking to the books," and occasionally "adopting a kind of party mode." She claimed that she even got outrageous at times, but immediately modified that assessment—"as outrageous as a moral Methodist can get." In her search for identity, she thought of herself now as "a progressive, an ethical Christian and a political activist." For those who are currently watching and judging her behavior later in life, when she seems to play contrasting roles at different times—here asserting her maiden name, there relinquishing it; here deferring to her husband, there instructing him on what to do; here posing like a model for the cover of traditional women's magazines, there emphasizing substance over style; here searching for the moral meaning of life, there playing the commodities markets to make a quick buck; here disparaging cookie-baking housewives, there peddling her chocolate chip recipe—it is instructive to know that she was, self-consciously, ever thus.

For a young person in the turbulent late sixties, Rodham was "personally pretty conservative," according to Shields. He said that she did not smoke marijuana during the years they were together, and that while she drank beer and liquor he never saw her drunk. She was disciplined about apportioning her time, though not obsessive. She preferred diving into political arguments or attending Harvard football games to studying in the Wellesley library, and while she had a sharp mind, she was not brilliant in every subject. Shields, an economics major, had to help her in that course because "she struggled some with numbers." After dates on weekends, they often ended up with a crowd at Winthrop House, where Shields lived, dancing or talking late into the night. Many of Shields's friends at Harvard also dated Wellesley women, who were considered more outgoing than Radcliffe women and more intellectual than those from the other women's schools in the Boston area.

As Rodham evolved into a liberal, she rarely seemed overtaken by dogma. She was a pragmatist above all. In the middle of intense political

debates she would often say, "You can't accomplish anything in government unless you win!" Her focus was always on winning, according to Shields. "She was more interested in the process of achieving victory than in taking a philosophical position that could not lead anywhere." For her senior political science thesis, she analyzed community action programs and the effort to give poor people greater control of their own lives, including organizer Saul Alinsky's efforts in Chicago. According to Alan Schechter, her professor, Hillary "started out thinking community action programs would make a big difference," but eventually concluded that that view was "too idealistic and simplistic; that they might make a marginal but not a lasting difference" without outside money and help. She was also troubled by certain aspects of radical thought. Don Jones, her youth group mentor, wrote her a letter at Wellesley in which he questioned whether "someone can be a Burkean realist about history and human nature and at the same time have liberal sentiments and visions." She wrote back, "It is an interesting question you posed—can one be a mind conservative and a heart liberal?" She thought it was possible, but offered an example of the difficulty. She supported Martin Luther King, Jr., she wrote, but questioned some of the tactics of SNCC, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, which was taking a radical black power position. "Some people think you can't be critical of the black power movement and still be for civil rights," she wrote. She did not think that her unwillingness to accept every radical idea meant that she was an enemy of the movement.

As their Wellesley days neared an end, Rodham and several classmates decided that a student should speak at commencement along with the traditional distinguished guest. There was an urgency to the generational pulse in the spring of 1969; students were either boycotting or refashioning commencements at schools across the country. Wellesley's president, Ruth M. Adams, disliked the idea of a senior speaker but reluctantly acquiesced on the condition that the address should reflect the sentiment of the entire graduating class. Rodham, as student government president, was chosen to give the speech. Her classmates were not shy about offering ideas and helping her draft what they took to be an important statement of purpose.

President Adams introduced Rodham after the commencement speech by Senator Edward Brooke, the liberal black Republican from Massachusetts, noting that among the four hundred graduating seniors, "there was no debate so far as I could ascertain as to who their spokesman was to be—Miss Hillary Rodham." Adams described her by saying, "She is cheerful, good humored, good company and a good friend to all of us."

But goodness was not what Hillary Rodham exuded on her graduation day. Before delivering her prepared remarks, she launched into an extem-

poraneous critique of Brooke's oration, which she found too full of compromises and statistics and empathy over action. Her words have a peculiar resonance when considered in the light of how her future husband, a man renowned for his empathy and tendency to compromise, would be criticized decades later. "I find myself in a familiar position," Rodham began, "that of reacting, something that our generation has been doing for quite a while now. We're not in the positions yet of leadership and power, but we do have that indispensable task of criticizing and constructive protest and I find myself reacting just briefly to some of the things that Senator Brooke said. . . . Part of the problem with empathy with professed goals is that empathy doesn't do us anything. We've had lots of empathy, we've had lots of sympathy, but we feel that for too long our leaders have used politics as the art of the possible. And the challenge now is to practice politics as the art of making what appears to be impossible, possible."

That Rodham would take on a United States senator, and not only a senator but the highest-ranking black politician in the nation, sent murmurs of shock through the commencement audience. From that point on, her listeners either loved or hated her message. Most of it was sixties jargon, at times a cluttered mix of love-in piety and anticapitalist philosophy. "We are, all of us, exploring a world that none of us understands and attempting to create within that uncertainty," she declared. "But there are some things we feel—feelings that our prevailing acquisitive and competitive corporate life, including, tragically, universities, is not the way of life for us. We're searching for more immediate, ecstatic and penetrating modes of living."

Rodham the child of Park Ridge spoke of "a very strange conservative strain that goes through a lot of New Left collegiate protests" which she found "intriguing because it harkens back to a lot of the old virtues, to the fulfillment of the original ideas." Rodham the activist of the sixties said her generation was haunted by a disintegration of trust. "This is the one word that when I asked the class at our rehearsal what it was they wanted me to say for them, everyone came up to me and said, 'Talk about trust.'" But what, Rodham asked rhetorically, was there to say about it? "What can you say about a feeling that permeates a generation and that perhaps is not even understood by those who are distrusted?" Rodham the moral Methodist spoke of respect—"that mutuality of respect where you don't see people as percentage points, where you don't manipulate people, where you're not interested in social engineering for people." And Rodham the spokeswoman for the Wellesley seniors closed by reading a poem from one of her classmates, Nancy Scheibner, which began:

My entrance into the world of so-called social problems
Must be with quiet laughter, or not at all.

The Hollow Men of anger and bitterness
The bountiful ladies of righteous degradation
All must be left to a bygone age.

The speech, especially the challenge to Brooke, created a media stir, landing Rodham's portrait, with her long brown hair and striped bellbottoms and oversized glasses, in *Life* magazine. Geoffrey Shields, who by then was living in Vermont, got a call from her shortly after the commencement. "She said it had been hard for her to come around and make what was both a political statement and a personal attack. There was some exhilaration but also nervous questioning about whether it had really been the right thing to do. She realized what she had done was important. But when it was over she wondered about what she had said. She asked, 'Did I go too far?'"

In the fall of 1971, Rodham and Clinton arranged to live in a small apartment at 21 Edgewood Avenue at the corner with Lynwood, within walking distance of the law school. It had been passed down from one class to the next. The previous tenant had been Rodham's friend Greg Craig. It was "a sweet little student apartment," according to Carolyn Ellis, with one bedroom, a built-in bed in the living room, and a small kitchen. The rent was seventy-five dollars a month. Neither tenant was there much. Rodham was spending most of her time in clinical work involving children's rights and legal aid for the indigent—the two principal interests of her career. Clinton held several part-time jobs, teaching law enforcement personnel at the community college, assisting an attorney in New Haven. He was attending class more regularly than at any other time in his Yale career. ("I am trying to at least learn the stuff this year," he wrote to a friend.) Classmates remember coming over for spaghetti dinners and marveling at how Clinton and Rodham could talk nonstop with great intensity about the issues of the day. But their first year together, while intellectually stimulating, could not be called an altogether joyous one.

On the morning of September 14, they were eating breakfast at the Blue Bell Café near the law school when a friend came in and said there was an emergency phone call. Clinton would later say that he was overwhelmed at that moment with a premonition of tragedy. He had a feeling that one of his friends was dead. The call was from Brooke Shearer, the girlfriend of Strobe Talbott. Shearer and Talbott were in Cleveland visiting Talbott's family. Talbott had dialed New Haven, but was so choked up he could not speak. He had given the phone to Shearer. She, like Clinton, had had a premonition. Hers came days earlier in Los Angeles as she boarded the plane for Cleveland and took one last look back at Frank Aller, who had

driven them to the airport. Finally, it seemed, everything in Aller's life was together again. Not only had he flunked his military physical and had his indictment for resisting the draft dropped, but he had arranged, with help from Shearer's father, Lloyd Shearer, to get an interview with the *Los Angeles Times* foreign desk. That interview had led to an offer of work in the paper's Saigon bureau. He would write about the war in which he felt a moral obligation not to fight.

Aller seemed "hopeful and cheerful" at the airport when he said good-bye to "Strobovich" and "Brookechen"—his affectionate monickers for his friends. Yet as Shearer turned away and walked with Talbott toward the waiting jet, she had "a very distinct" reaction. "I remember thinking we should not get on that airplane. I could not say why. But it was a very strong feeling. But common sense or protocol tells you not to make a scene. It would have appeared ridiculous. I had these vague instincts. Something said to me, 'Something is not right here.'"

Now she was on the telephone saying what Talbott, silenced by grief, could not say. "Frank's dead," she told Clinton.

Aller had gone back to Spokane and put a bullet through his head. There was a suicide note, but it is long gone and no one claims to remember what it said. Some of his friends think Aller was a victim of Vietnam as surely as he would have been had he been killed on the battlefield. But most of them think that the notion that Vietnam killed him is simplistic. His torment was deep and personal. Talbott, who knew him as well as anyone, considered the suicide a "double shock"—a friend dead, and dead by his own hand. "Did I see anything in retrospect that was a progression to suicide? The answer is emphatically no." Yet in those final months, as the cloud of draft resistance and its consequences—exile or prison—finally lifted, it seemed that another darker cloud settled over Aller, Talbott thought, making him "seriously upset and depressed."

"Frank's dead." Clinton got the word from Brooke Shearer and passed it on. Clinton was the one who had the addresses and telephone numbers. He had a card file full of them, constantly revised and updated for letters and late night calls and future political solicitations. He notified friends in London and Oxford and Washington and Boston, who called friends, and soon everyone in the Rhodes crowd knew that Aller was gone. They all had their own perspectives along with the grief.

Aller's problems, thought Rick Stearns, "ran deeper than angst over how many bombs dropped on Hanoi that day." What did it mean, wondered John Isaacson, that Aller killed himself just at the moment when the major crisis in his life seemed to have lifted? To Isaacson it implied that Aller "needed the war to stay alive. He needed the external crisis to avoid the internal crisis." Brooke Shearer, too, concluded that the war might have

kept Frank alive. His own "personal demons" finally killed him, she thought. Mike Shea thought perhaps Aller was the victim of an unanticipated sense of nothingness. He did something—resist—which he took very seriously, with the view that it was an important statement, "and in the end it had no effect on anything, it didn't even have an adverse effect on him, which depressed him." Willie Fletcher, the Rhodes Scholar who came out of Washington State with Aller, thought about the east-west tension that his home-state friend felt—not the tension between the United States and Vietnam but between the two sides of Washington. Aller was a boy from the east side of the mountains, the conservative side, but he crossed over and became a liberal and then a leftist when he went west to school in Seattle, and that tug between east and west was something that Fletcher saw Aller struggle with from the moment he met him.

But Fletcher, too, was stunned by word of Aller's suicide. He found out through a circuitous route, from a note sent to him by Sir Edgar Williams, the warden of Rhodes House in Oxford. He remembers sitting at his desk in the Office of Emergency Preparedness in Washington, D.C., where he was serving out his stint as a naval officer, and opening the letter and immediately calling Clinton in New Haven. "Hey, Bill, what happened?" he asked. They talked for an hour, a wandering conversation in which they tried to bring Aller back in their memories at least. "I didn't know Frank as well as I thought I did," Fletcher said at one point, to which Clinton responded, "Well, maybe none of us did."

But for Bill Clinton and Strobe Talbott and Willie Fletcher and the Rhodes Scholars of the class of 1968, the sixties ended that day in September 1971 when Frank Aller shot himself in the head.

THERE is some evidence that Clinton fell into another dark period after Aller's death, a time when he questioned the path he had chosen in life and the worthiness of the government and society he hoped to serve. The humor dropped out of his letters again, as it had during the days of his torment over the draft, replaced by weariness and doubt. A letter that he sent to Cliff Jackson, his competitor from Arkansas who was seeking a job in the Nixon White House, revealed a cynicism and tone of resignation. Of Senator Fulbright, his first political role model, Clinton told the conservative Jackson, "His politics are probably closer to yours than to mine." He was giving advice to Jackson, but he was also clearly writing to himself, wondering whether he still had the desire to reach his life's ambition as a world leader. "One final thing: It is a long way from Antioch to the White House, and it may not be a bad thing to make the leap," he wrote to Jackson, who had grown up in Antioch, Arkansas, not far from Hot Springs.

dreams, that was a terrible time," Craig said later. "If it was a tough time for him, an angry, hostile period of his life, it was consistent with what a lot of us felt."

What was the partnership of Clinton and Rodham like in those early days? The first public display came that spring, near the end of his second and her third year in law school. Rodham had decided to extend her studies at Yale Law to a four-year program. To look back on how they interacted then is to appreciate a dynamic that would change little through the years. Yale Law students were required to perform as lawyers either presenting appellate arguments in moot court or trying cases at mock trials. The trials, run by the Barristers Union, a student organization, were both major entertainment and serious competition. Cases were scripted like Broadway dramas. New Haven residents and Yale students were recruited to serve on the jury and enact the parts of witnesses. Student teams took the defense and prosecution cases and competed on two levels: the jury verdict was interesting but secondary. What counted was how each lawyer's performance was evaluated. At the end of the year there was a Prize Trial in which the top-ranked lawyers competed against each other, two to a side plus two alternates. A judge was brought in, usually one of national renown. The Prize Trial was an event in New Haven, drawing a packed house to a law school classroom transformed into a courtroom.

The Prize Trial for 1972 began at ten in the morning of April 29. Rodham and Clinton were the prosecution team. They had spent evenings and weekends for most of that month preparing their case, often working at the house of their alternate, Robert Alsdorf. Rodham ran the prep sessions. Alsdorf remembered at least one night when Clinton fell asleep—"he just nodded off"—while they were discussing the case. Michael Conway and Armistead Rood formed the defense team. Abe Fortas came to New Haven to preside as judge, a rather controversial choice in that he had only recently resigned from the U.S. Supreme Court in some disrepute. Elliot Brown, a first-year student, wrote the case, basing it on a recent trial in the South. Posters tacked up around campus before the trial summarized the case: "Herb Porter is a tough cop who doesn't like long-haired kids. But is that enough motivation to beat and kill someone? What did happen at the infamous road block on Rte. 34 last October? The newspapers called this the worst case of police brutality in Kentucky history. 'Maybe so,' says the defendant, 'But don't blame me.'"

Early in the trial, Clinton made the key prosecution argument on the admission of evidence. He argued vehemently, several people in the audience that day remember, and openly displayed his chagrin when the evidentiary ruling went against him. "Hillary was much calmer," according to Elliot Brown. "You could see her say, 'Okay, we lost it, let's move on.'"

Brown, as the scriptwriter, knew better than anyone that Rodham and Clinton had a difficult case. He had to give both sides an argument, which made it hard to write a scenario without a reasonable doubt, in essence stacking the deck against the prosecution. And along with the tough case, Rodham and Clinton were up against Michael Conway, perhaps the sharpest student in their class. Conway, who went on to become a top litigator in Chicago, had arrived at Yale Law after serving as editor of the student newspaper at Northwestern University. He had honed his skills like an ace reporter and could deliver an oral argument as though he were dictating a perfect story to the rewrite desk. The defense won the verdict and Fortas gave Conway the top prize.

But what lingers in the minds of most of those who watched the trial is the way the partnership of Clinton and Rodham operated. Clinton was soft and engaging, eager to charm the judge and jury and make the witnesses feel comfortable, pouting when a ruling went the other way. Rodham was clear and all business. Alsdorf was struck by the contrasting styles, noting that Rodham was never concerned about stepping on toes whereas Clinton "would massage your toes." Nancy Bekavac, watching from the back of the room, later said of the pair, "It was like Miss Inside and Mr. Outside. I thought, 'What is this—Laurel and Hardy?' Hillary was very sharp and Chicago and Bill was very *To Kill a Mockingbird*."

for some of the younger women in the office. Lisa Rogers called Wright "our moral pulse." Wright had a more difficult time with some of the men, especially Don O'Brien, an old-fashioned Kennedy-clan operative who had been sent to Texas to help Clinton and Branch deal with traditional Democrats who were leery of the long-haired McGovern crowd.

A former U.S. attorney from Sioux City, Iowa, O'Brien had worked with Bobby Kennedy, a connection that naturally impressed Clinton. Many of the women on the staff considered him a chauvinist. He called them "girls," until one day one of them, Ruthie Fischer, snapped at him, "We're not girls, if we're girls, then you're boys." Wright later said that O'Brien screamed at her about her hormones and depressed her so much that she turned into a "raging feminist."

Clinton and Branch led relatively moderate lives in Texas. They drank beer late into the night. There "was dope around, but not compared to beer—beer was the drug of choice," according to Lisa Rogers. Most of Clinton's other contemporaries, including Mauro, Trabulsi, Williams, and Spence, recalled smoking marijuana at late night parties and occasionally at the back picnic tables at Scholz's. They said they did not see Clinton smoke pot. The sexual atmosphere was free and easy. "Stories of who slept with whom among Texas Democrats have been a source of titillation for as long as I can remember: sex was always part of the game," recalled Bebe Champ, who worked on the campaign as an aide to Armstrong, the self-proclaimed Age of Aquarian. "All the women thought Bill was absolutely adorable and precious. I saw his attraction, the groupies around him, but he didn't seem to take it very seriously. As far as spending time with somebody, I didn't see him do a lot of womanizing." Commissioner White, who had seen his share of sex-hungry politicians during his days in Texas politics, noticed that "women were very attracted to Clinton" and that "he obviously liked women"—but that most women-chasers "would rather talk about women than politics and Bill would rather talk about politics."

Hillary Rodham, who got a job that summer and fall working in a voter registration drive in Texas for the Democratic National Committee, was in Austin with Clinton more than half the time. When she was away, usually in San Antonio, and occasionally back at Yale for her fourth year, the boiler-room women would come by Clinton's office and ask, "Where's Hillary? Where's Hillary?" to the point that Clinton, in exasperation one day, complained, "Gol dang, I couldn't do something if I wanted to!"

When she was around, Rodham sat at a desk next to Clinton's and left a vivid impression on the campaign staff. She wore jeans or brown corduroys to work, sported big square eyeglasses, and walked around carrying pads of yellow paper. Volunteers coordinator Joyce Sampson, then a housewife married to a University of Texas law professor, was "in awe of young

women like Hillary who went to law school." Mark Blumenthal, the hippie-dippie radio man, found her to be aloof but intelligent. Bebe Champ thought Rodham was "not particularly warm but businesslike—she focused on what she was interested in and shut other things out." Rodham treated Ruthie Fischer "like a little sister—she worried that I wasn't going out enough and that I was putting too much into the election."

Taylor Branch welcomed Rodham's presence. He found it easier to talk to her than to Clinton about "more reflective things" such as the collapse of his marriage and the meaning of life. "Bill and I talked business. We laughed. We talked personalities, but we never sat down and philosophized. I was feeling rootless, unhinged, and it was easier to talk to Hillary about those things than to Bill." Betsey Wright also felt more comfortable with Rodham. The two women would sit under the blazing Texas sun at the massive limestone pool at Barton Springs, or across town at the airport waiting for a plane to come in, and talk for hours about the need for more women in politics. "It was a nascent feminist movement then. We had both read Simone de Beauvoir and Germaine Greer. And I'd just come off the heady experience of Sissy Farenthold's campaign in Texas," Wright recalled later. They reinforced each other's ambitions. Rodham thought that Wright's political experience in Texas would be valuable to other women around the country. Wright believed "that women were the ethical and pure force that American politics needed" and considered Rodham a perfect candidate to lead the movement. "I was less interested in Bill's political future than Hillary's. I was obsessed with how far Hillary might go, with her mixture of brilliance, ambition, and self-assuredness. There was an assumption about all the incredible things she could do in the world."

It was not at all certain during their Texas days that Rodham and Clinton would stay together. They did not see each other exclusively and appeared on the verge of splitting up at least once. San Antonio labor leader Franklin Garcia, a charismatic figure around McGovern headquarters, a fearless organizer and a soothing mystic, helped patch things up. "Franklin, I just want to thank you. You really saved our relationship," Clinton said to Garcia one night at Scholz's. The couple argued heatedly, yet they also shared a deep passion, according to Roy Spence. "They shared a passion for the dream—the dream of being in politics, of sharing the business of politics."

THE Watergate break-in, which had entered the political stage in 1972, seemed to have negligible effect on how the public viewed the presidential race. The public lack of interest in Watergate troubled Branch and Clinton, but it did not slow them down. One night at their apartment, they talked

AND NOT TO YIELD

WHILE CLINTON DIVIDED his time between teaching law in Fayetteville and roaming the back highways of northwest Arkansas, Hillary Rodham was holed up in an office on Capitol Hill in Washington, surrounded by documents, protected by a double line of security, her movements circumscribed by the sensitivity of her mission as one of thirty-nine lawyers constructing a case for the removal of a president. More than twelve hours a day and seven days a week, Rodham worked at a desk in a mildewed suite on the second floor of the old Congressional Hotel. She rarely associated with anyone outside the closed circle of legal compatriots brought to Washington by John Doar, special counsel for the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment inquiry staff. She did not have her own apartment, but took an extra upstairs bedroom at the house of Sara Ehrman, a liberal Democrat whom she first met during the McGovern campaign in Texas. Ehrman, whose four-bedroom, four-bath house was a virtual youth hostel, rarely saw her industrious young boarder except around midnight when they might meet at the refrigerator in search of yogurt.

Rodham was twenty-six, less than a year out of law school, untested in the legal community, yet playing a coveted if minor role in the century's most gripping presidential drama. She did not arrive at the inquiry staff a complete stranger. She and Doar had met the previous spring, when Rodham and Clinton served on the board of directors of the Barristers Union at Yale Law and invited Doar to judge that year's student Prize Trial. After being selected by the Judiciary Committee to direct the impeachment inquiry, Doar built a staff quickly. Along with a few seasoned attorneys, his so-called chiefs, he needed a band of young legal warriors who could come to Washington for an indefinite period to work brutal hours for little pay. Rodham fit the job description, as did her classmate Michael Conway.

Prize recruits who showed the slightest hint of interest apparently were

not given much choice by Doar, at least based on the way he hired Conway. After his luminous years as a student at Yale Law, where he had defeated Rodham and Clinton in the Prize Trial competition, Conway had joined a major Chicago law firm. He had barely settled in when he took a call in the first week of January from his former teacher and friend at Yale, Burke Marshall. They had a one-minute conversation during which Marshall asked Conway if he was interested in working for Doar on the impeachment staff and Conway responded that it was a "fascinating idea" and that he would have to think about it. An hour later Doar called. "Mike, I talked with Burke and he said you'll be here," Doar said. "I'll see you Sunday." Conway was in Washington that Sunday. Later that week he was given a tiny side office in a suite at the Congressional Hotel which he realized had once been a bathroom. Appropriate, he thought, since he was assigned to a task force looking into alleged misdeeds of the Watergate-related group known as "the plumbers."

Rodham arrived at about the same time and took a desk next to Tom Bell, a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin Law School who had been recruited out of Doar's law firm in New Richmond, Wisconsin. Their windows looked out on a back alley. Rodham's first assignment was less intriguing than investigating the plumbers. Doar had organized the staff into two sections. Most of the lawyers were assigned to task forces in a section called Factual Investigation, which was to collect and examine evidence on activities that fell under the rubric of Watergate, including the break-in itself, the alleged coverup, the use of other dirty tricks in the 1972 campaign, as well as several non-Watergate concerns, including the secret bombing of Cambodia. Rodham was placed in a smaller section known as Constitutional and Legal Research. Its first major project was to research the constitutional grounds for impeachment: an important but scholarly task that not everyone was eager to do.

Rodham's section analyzed the constitutional intent of impeachment and its historical basis in four hundred years of English history. Virtually every word in their report delineating the grounds for impeachment carried weight. At one meeting they spent four hours arguing over whether to use the phrase "to the modern ear" in describing how high crimes and misdemeanors should be interpreted. Their report concluded that "to limit impeachable conduct to criminal offenses would be incompatible with the evidence concerning the constitutional meaning of the phrase . . . and would frustrate the purpose that the framers intended for impeachment." They found that in thirteen American impeachment cases, including ten of federal judges, less than one-third of the articles of impeachment explicitly charged the violation of a criminal statute.

The thoroughness of the report impressed Doar, who believed that the

the story line. He spent hours each day developing theories, placing details in their probable context. Doar, in the words of Tom Bell, "doesn't give a whit about" the story. "He is looking for detail after detail after detail, and when he's done, the story will take care of itself."

BOTH styles rubbed off on Hillary Rodham. Among the inquiry staff of ninety lawyers, researchers, and clerks, she seemed "the least perturbed by tensions inherent in Doar's meritocracy," according to Robin Johansen, who thought of Rodham as a self-contained person immune from the occasional backbiting. This image might have been both a symptom and a cause of Doar's regard for her. Bell, Rodham's office mate, noticed that Doar had more confidence in her than in most of the other rookie lawyers on the staff. "On occasion he would call her in and bounce something off her." One day Doar had Rodham stand by his side at a hallway press conference. (The way she would later tell the story, her presence inspired ABC News correspondent Sam Donaldson to yell out to her: "How does it feel to be the Jill Wine Volner of the impeachment committee?"—comparing Rodham with a young woman lawyer on the Watergate special prosecutor's staff. Donaldson has no such memory. "I don't mean this as a slam . . . but you've seen pictures of her in those days," Donaldson said later. "I don't think younger bucks like me paid any attention to her.")

Perhaps the television reporter did not pay much attention to Rodham, but her bosses on the impeachment staff certainly did. Bernard W. Nussbaum, another of Doar's top assistants, who came down to Washington from a Manhattan firm, drove Rodham home to Sara Ehrman's house many nights, striking up a paternal friendship and legal interdependence that would continue for decades. And Bell noticed that just as Doar took to Rodham, so too did Cates. "There were some tensions between Cates and Doar, and both confided in her. Hillary was in the middle." At the same time that she operated as one of Doar's favorites, she shared some of Cates's frustrations with the slow pace of the investigation. "This thing is going down in flames!" Tom Bell remembered Rodham fuming to him one day when one of the president's men was acquitted of perjury charges vaguely related to Watergate. She was "devastated with the verdict," according to Bell, fearful that things were moving so slowly that Nixon and his men might prevail in the courts and in Congress. Bell, who felt that his job was to be loyal to Doar, urged Rodham to be patient. "I said to her, 'This is how lawyers work.'"

Bell said that he and Rodham both "saw Nixon as evil," but in different ways. "Her opinion of him was more a result of the McGovern campaign and Vietnam and those kinds of issues. I saw him as evil because he was

screwing with the Constitution. She came at it with more preconceived ideas than I did." Their perspectives on Nixon paralleled to some extent the way in which the two young lawyers viewed their assignments in Washington. "She saw the work as absolutely the most important thing in the world," Bell said. "I saw it as important but also as a job. To her it may have been more of a mission."

The more Bell got to know Rodham, the more it became apparent to him that "she wasn't as ideologically pure as the program for the players would indicate. Not that she made any false pretenses or anything. We were just two young lawyers who shared confidences." Their conversations were blunt and open. "She wasn't afraid to say that you were full of shit. And if you told her the same, she would take it."

It was natural for members of the impeachment staff to confide in each other so much because they had little time to interact with anyone outside their closed circle and were discouraged from doing so. "We're lawyers, not historians," Doar would tell them. "Don't keep a diary. Don't talk to anybody. Just do your work." When they left the office, it was usually in self-contained groups to eat lunch or dinner at their regular Greek and Italian restaurant hangouts on Capitol Hill. "We'd go out in groups and come back and work some more," recalled Fred Altshuler. This classic foxhole culture led to extreme familiarity and occasional explosions. Rodham was sometimes a consoling presence. Robert Sack, who had taken a leave of absence from a major New York law firm to serve on the inquiry staff, had "a small but nasty to-do" with one of the senior counsels and left the office one night feeling "very much put-down." As he was walking to his car several blocks away, he heard some voices behind him—"and there were Hillary and Fred Altshuler." Rodham wanted to buck him up and tell him that everything was fine.

Doar was obsessive about security. He instructed his staff never to talk in front of a window and to keep the shades drawn. He hired a retired Air Force colonel to arrange security in the office and develop methods of controlling sensitive information. Two types of wastebaskets were placed in each room, one for normal waste and the other for sensitive waste, meaning any papers or carbons related to the inquiry. Two clerks collected the sensitive waste each day, carried it to a van in the basement garage, and drove out to the District of Columbia waste-disposal site near RFK Stadium. Watergate reporters were hovering nearby at all hours of the day, especially columnist Jack Anderson's gumshoe assistants. One Anderson aide would camp out in the lobby and toss unanswered queries at staff members as they came off the elevator. Bell, who lived in an apartment

building up the street from the Congressional Hotel, found notes slipped under his door by an Anderson assistant that said, "We know who you are and it is your constitutional duty to let the country know what is going on."

Unlike the Senate Watergate Committee, where different staff investigators had protected their own informational fiefdoms with safes full of documents, Doar created a research library that served as the central repository for material gathered by the inquiry staff. The computer age was dawning, but Doar felt uncomfortable with the security of computer systems, so his staff worked with original documents and transcripts catalogued by a team of researchers and librarians. They built a sophisticated chronology of the Watergate case on seven-ply index cards which were carefully typed and cross-indexed and in the end totaled more than a half million. The ever-expanding library became the symbol of the impeachment case and the representation of Doar's style. He was a documents man. He preferred the certainty of records to the fallibility of witnesses.

The library was also where most of the women on the staff worked. Rodham was among only three female lawyers, and though she was not treated as a token of her gender, there was an undercurrent of sexism in the office. At one point the women felt compelled to place a sign on the coffee machine that read: "The women in this office were not hired to make coffee. Make it yourself or call on one of these liberated men to do so"—followed by a list of male lawyers. Rodham was not shy about debating the roles that women should play in society. She once got into a debate with Albert Jenner, the Republican counsel for the committee, when Jenner commented that there were no famous women trial lawyers. "Hillary pointed out that the reason was because women generally did not have wives," recalled Terry Kirkpatrick, another of the women lawyers. "She said that the reason male trial lawyers could be famous was because their wives packed their bags and ironed their clothes and were supportive of them while they were doing their work." Jenner was "singularly unimpressed" with Rodham's argument, but Kirkpatrick never forgot it. It helped spark her own interest in the politics of gender.

With its unrelenting pressure and foxhole mentality, the impeachment staff experience was much like that of a political campaign. There was one notable difference, according to Bob Sack. "The most extraordinary thing is how little sex there was. It was so much of a fraternal experience. It had the characteristics of an intense political campaign but with much less sex." Rodham developed strong friendships with several men on the staff, but everyone knew that she had a boyfriend teaching law and running for Congress out in Arkansas. "I remember that she was dating Bill Clinton and her saying to me once, 'He wants to stay in Arkansas and get involved

in politics"—and she kind of rolled her eyes a little bit," recalled Jeff Branchero, a staff clerk who had recently graduated from the University of California.

The Clinton and Rodham relationship during the months when they were apart was, as always, tempestuous. There were several young women clamoring for Clinton's attention, or he for theirs. Clinton's mother and younger brother thought that his bespectacled law school friend was not physically striking enough for him and tried to discourage him from getting too serious, but he would respond that in the long run it was Hillary or nobody. His physical attraction to other women would not diminish, but she was the only one he wanted to marry. Once, when he encountered a classmate from Georgetown, Melanne Verveer, who had married another Georgetown friend, Phil Verveer, Clinton blurted out—"I'm following Phil's example. I'm going for brains and ability rather than glamour." Melanne Verveer could have taken it as an insult of sorts. She accepted it as a compliment.

Rodham, for her part, seemed uncharacteristically passionate when it came to her Arkansas boyfriend. "She was absolutely, totally crazy about Bill Clinton," according to Kirkpatrick. "'Besotted' is not a word I would normally apply to Hillary, but I think she was besotted. Bill came to visit her two or three times, and when he was coming to town her face would change. It would light up. It was very un-Hillaryesque." Rodham was circumspect in most matters, but did not suppress the highs and lows of her relationship with Clinton. The lows were provoked by his occasional inattention and self-absorption and indications that he might be seeing other women. The highs came with his overpowering personality and his future. "This is the honest-to-God truth," Bell later reflected. "She would come in some mornings mad because he wouldn't have called her. She would be cranky. But she would come in other mornings, hit me in the biceps, and say, 'You know, Tom Bell, Bill Clinton is going to be president of the United States someday!'"

Bernie Nussbaum heard the same audacious prophecy one night as he drove Rodham home from work in his Oldsmobile Toronado. It was enough to make him go "a little crazy." There they were, under great pressure handling a president's possible impeachment, and this young woman was boasting that her boyfriend was going to be president someday. Nussbaum, a thirty-seven-year-old New York City law partner, was only eleven years older than Rodham, but had an embracing nature that made him a father figure to her and many of the other young lawyers on the staff. He approached his impeachment assignment, like everything in life, with great intensity, what some of his colleagues called a "take-no-prisoners approach"—a style that was natural to him and had served him

reconstructed the daily decision-making process inside the Oval Office—who had access to the president, how decisions were communicated up and down. They developed case histories for various events: If Nixon meets with Haldeman and Haldeman talks about that meeting to Chuck Colson, what happens? Studying how the organization functioned, Altshuler said, “was important in terms of finding out whether the president in fact made decisions or underlings made decisions. If the chain of events is, X sees the president and comes out and does Y, you can draw an inference. We found that the president really ran an awful lot of details.”

THE end came quickly. In historic sessions at the end of July, the Judiciary Committee voted for three articles of impeachment. Within two weeks, the president had resigned. The inquiry staff was still at work that day, preparing documents for the full House debate on impeachment. They gathered in the library and watched Nixon's farewell speech on an old black and white television set. People sat on the floor and leaned against the walls and the sides of desks. The room was somber and quiet. No cheers from Rodham or any of the other lawyers who had been taught to repress their personal feelings for so many months. “It was like a game ending in overtime—sudden death,” recalled Michael Conway, who had already been recruited to work on the Senate staff for an impeachment trial that now would never be held.

As a remembrance of their unforgettable time together, Doar gave each member of his staff a framed picture of the group posed on the front steps of the Longworth House Office Building. It is, like so many snapshots of Hillary Rodham, a reflection of her will. Before the picture was taken, Doar had instructed the lawyers to stand together in the front. Rodham had defied his request, calling it elitist. She stood in the back with her friends on the support staff. Doar signed each picture with an inscription from the last quatrain of Tennyson's *Ulysses*: “To Strive, to Seek, to Find and not to Yield.”

MUCH like her boyfriend Bill Clinton, Rodham always worked on at least two levels at once. During her months in Washington, she often expressed ambivalence about what direction to take in her life. Her professional interests seemed to be on the East Coast. She could go back to serving as a counsel for the Children's Defense Fund. She could go to work for a high-powered Washington law firm and learn more about the political world of the nation's capital. She could delve into politics herself. Or she could move to Arkansas to be with Clinton. Taylor Branch had several long talks

with her about the future, continuing the confessional relationship that they shared in Texas. Branch could see that she was "at sea about whether she wanted to move to Arkansas." She told him that she did not know "how hard to be, how careerist to be." She believed in the feminist movement and in the freedom women were struggling to achieve. Would she be turning away from that by following her love to provincial Arkansas, a place that made her eyes roll when she talked about it?

And how would Arkansas receive her? That question inevitably arose in her conversations with Terry Kirkpatrick, who had grown up in Fort Smith and attended law school in Fayetteville when there were only a handful of women there. Rodham asked Kirkpatrick how the legal community would accept her in a state where women lawyers were still a rarity. It would be difficult, Kirkpatrick said. "You have to be three hundred percent better than any man to succeed. You have to pick your friends carefully. It's a very different culture. But the people when they accept you are loving and supportive and very willing to accept new ideas once they get past the initial shock." And there was something else attractive about Arkansas, Kirkpatrick told Rodham: "It's easy to make an impact there. You can be a big fish in a small pond."

Even on her final night in Washington, Rodham seemed uncertain. She went to dinner with Fred Altshuler and two of his friends, Marsha and Steve Berzon, who were just arriving in town as Rodham was leaving. At dinner, the others talked about the exciting legal work they were about to embark on, while Rodham reflected on the uncertain professional life that awaited her in Arkansas. "Hillary was showing personal affection for Bill, but she thought she would not face the same kinds of legal challenges," Altshuler said later. "She was somewhat uncertain. She had some ambivalence about it." The last thing on Rodham's radar screen, thought Altshuler, "was to head off to Arkansas."

But while on one level Rodham seemed ambivalent, on another level she had prepared for a move to Arkansas for more than a year in a quiet, careful fashion that made her decision all but inevitable. During her first visit to Arkansas in the summer of 1973, before Clinton began teaching in Fayetteville, she had joined him in taking the Arkansas state bar exam, just in case she would ever practice in the state. She and Clinton had even worried about whether it would hurt them in the future in Arkansas if they put the same New Haven address on the state bar applications. Clinton, during his first months at the law school, constantly talked about Rodham to Dean Davis and everyone else there. He told Davis that he and Rodham were "more or less informally engaged" and that he hoped that she would come out and teach with him at the law school. When Rodham visited Clinton in Fayetteville in early 1974, she was introduced to Dean Davis

and other law faculty members at a reception. "I mentioned to her before she left that if she were ever interested in teaching here, she should give me a call," Davis recalled. "I talked to faculty people who had chatted with her and all were favorably impressed."

Rodham called Davis a month later to see if the offer still stood. When he said yes, she made arrangements to fly to Fayetteville to be interviewed for a teaching position. She had to leave her work on the inquiry staff for three days to make the trip, a departure that did not sit well with Doar. When she reached Fayetteville, some of the law professors she met had an odd first impression of her. "Hillary came in dressed as if she had been shopping in Bloomingdale's the day before," remembered Mort Gitelman. "It looked strange in Arkansas. She was wearing one of those long skirts and black stockings and horn-rimmed glasses. She did not look Arkansas." Gitelman could not know it, but except for the glasses she did not look like Hillary Rodham, either. She paid little attention to clothes except when she thought she had to impress people. This was one of those times. Terry Kirkpatrick had taken her shopping in Georgetown to buy the khaki suit that she wore to the interview. Her clothes, in the end, made little difference, according to Gitelman. "Once she opened her mouth, it didn't matter what she was wearing. We were impressed." Davis made her an offer, and she called him back on July 9 to accept it.

Why did she call on that day, before Doar had completed his summary and before it was certain when the impeachment work would be finished? Rodham knew that in essence the impeachment work was over the day she agreed to go to Arkansas. July 9 was the day that the impeachment staff released transcripts of its version of several key White House tapes. The Judiciary Committee transcripts differed dramatically from previously released and heavily sanitized White House transcripts of the same tapes. "Transcripts Link Nixon to Cover-Up" blared the headline in *The Washington Post*. The key quote came from a White House meeting on March 22, 1973, in which Nixon, according to the Judiciary Committee transcript, is heard to say: "I don't give a shit what happens. I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the Fifth Amendment, cover-up or anything else, if it'll save it—save the plan. That's the whole point."

RODHAM left Washington on a humid mid-August morning in 1974. It was fitting that she was not driving herself, but being driven, yet going someplace that she wanted to go and that the owner of the car, Sara Ehrman, her friend and landlady in Washington, did not really want to take her. Ehrman was horrified at the thought of Rodham, who to her represented the promising future of the women's movement, abandoning the most

powerful city in the world for a backwater law school in the Ozarks. But if Rodham was determined to go, Ehrman would at least help her get there. She came from a generation "where one follows one's man." She persuaded Alan Stone, a friend who had worked on McGovern's advance team in Texas, to come along as the driver. Rodham's life's belongings went with her—suitcases and a stereo in the trunk, a bicycle strapped to the roof. They drove through Virginia's lovely countryside, past Gainesville, Warrenton, Culpepper, on down to Charlottesville, stopping at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

"You are crazy," Ehrman said to Rodham along the way, playing the role of surrogate mother. "What are you doing this for?" Rodham laughed. She was in a good mood. She said she loved Bill Clinton and wanted to take a chance. Stone defended her. He had been born in Arkansas and had fond memories of the state. The unspoken tension of the trip was that Rodham could not wait to get to Fayetteville and Ehrman, hoping to keep her, kept making detours to historical sites. To make up for the lost time of the side trips, Stone and Rodham drove late into the night. They passed through Nashville after midnight and encountered a surrealistic sight that kept them laughing halfway to Memphis—tipsy old men at a Shriners' convention tooting around on small white motor scooters. Finally, exhausted, they stopped at a roadside motel and all three shared a room. (Years later Stone would remember that night and laugh: he could tell the *National Enquirer* that he once slept with Hillary and another woman in a motel room in Tennessee.) On the way across Arkansas, Rodham ate her first catfish dinner. When they reached Fayetteville, they found their way out to Clinton's cottage and unloaded Rodham's possessions.

Clinton had just returned from a long stretch of campaigning in Bentonville. He was, as Stone remembered him that day, "kind of frantic."

RUNNING WITH THE BOY

HILLARY RODHAM WAS NOT the first member of her family to reach Fayetteville. One morning during the spring primary season, a fin-tailed Cadillac with Illinois license plates had pulled into the parking lot of the Clinton for Congress headquarters on College Avenue in Fayetteville. A short, burly man in his sixties emerged from the driver's side, limping as he walked toward the door, accompanied by a young fellow. "I'm Hugh Rodham, Hillary's dad," the older man said to Ron Addington. At his side was Tony Rodham, the younger of Hillary's two brothers. The names were, of course, familiar. Clinton had boasted to his campaign staff about Hillary Rodham: how smart she was; how she was a counsel for the House Judiciary Committee staff; how he hoped that she would be warmly welcomed if she came to Arkansas. Once, at headquarters, he had read aloud from a letter she had written to him about her impeachment work.

Addington felt that he already knew Hillary. In the early stages of the campaign, he was constantly taking telephone calls from her. She would check on Clinton's schedule, then offer practical political suggestions. Even then, at the dawn of Clinton's electoral career, from halfway across the country, at a time when she and Clinton were uncertain about their relationship and while she was working long days and nights on the impeachment inquiry, Rodham was pushing Clinton's political interests. "She started calling from day one, several times a day at first," Addington recalled. "She was telling me, you need to get this done, you need to get that done. What positions we had to fill."

But apparently Hillary never mentioned that her father and brother were driving down from Illinois. "Well, how long are you going to be here to visit?" Addington asked.

"Hell, I don't know," Hugh Rodham said. "Hillary told me I ought to come down here and help you out."

The Rodham men had met Clinton a few times during his Yale Law School days, when Hillary brought him home to Park Ridge. Although Hugh was conservative and had never voted for a Democrat, his family was leaning to the liberal side, not just Hillary but also the boys, and he was, above all, a Rodham loyalist. If Hillary urged him to work for Clinton, that was what he would do. It was a matter of family, not politics. Doug Wallace, the campaign press secretary, thought it seemed irrelevant to Rodham "why he was down there, besides the fact that his daughter told him to do it."

The Rodhams reported for work the next morning. What should they do? The office was overcrowded; there were not enough telephones and desks for the staff and volunteers. But there were stacks of "Clinton for Congress" signs that needed to be put up along the roadsides in the rural counties. And so the Rodham sign detail was born. Day after day, they would load signs into the trunk and roam the back roads in search of prime locations for cheap political advertising. Sometimes the campaign staff got inquiries from the field about the Yankees in the Cadillac. The calls prompted a discussion about whether they should smear the license plates with mud to obscure the fact that the car and its occupants were not from Arkansas. But the Rodhams were quickly embraced by the campaign staff and most of the people they encountered on the road. The old man seemed "rougher than a corn cob, as gruff as could be," in Addington's words, but he was a straight talker and a hard worker. In some respects, as a handyman who loved fly-fishing, he was more of a natural in the Ozarks than Clinton, whose main backwoods talent was storytelling. And young Tony seemed to be having the time of his life.

There was another aspect to the presence of Hillary's father and brother in Fayetteville while she was still in Washington. One of the worst-kept secrets at headquarters was that Clinton had become involved in an intense relationship with a young woman volunteer who was a student at the university. According to Doug Wallace, "the staff tried to ignore it as long as it didn't interfere with the campaign." Aside from the Fayetteville woman, the staff also knew that Clinton had girlfriends in several towns around the district and in Little Rock. Perhaps they could disregard his rambunctious private life, but could Hillary? There was some suspicion that one of the reasons she sent the men in her family to Arkansas was to put a check on her boyfriend's activities.

Paul Fray arrived in Fayetteville with his wife Mary Lee to work on the campaign shortly after the Rodhams appeared on the scene. He quickly surmised that "Hillary had put the hammer on her daddy to go down there and make sure everything was hunky-dory. It was her little spying mission."

a stall," according to press secretary Doug Wallace. "The voters stopped to catch their breath. Suddenly there was no Nixon to rail against."

Nixon's resignation was one of three major transitions for Clinton and his campaign late that summer. One afternoon, Clinton's mother came home from her hospital work with a carry-out dinner for her husband, Jeff Dwire, to discover him dead of heart failure brought on by diabetes. Dwire had been a soothing influence on Virginia during their five-year marriage. He was a charming dandy who enjoyed life and had had his own scrapes with the law, but he was kind to Virginia and her boys, and he made her happy in a way that no other man had since Bill Blythe. During his year in prison, he had become a jailhouse lawyer of sorts, acquiring enough knowledge to discuss legal subjects with Clinton and Rodham when they were at Yale. Dwire had been the one member of the family to accept Hillary warmly, a gesture that was reciprocated by Bill Clinton, who wrote a letter of support when Dwire unsuccessfully sought a pardon.

Everyone at campaign headquarters knew Dwire. Shortly before he died, he had spent several days in Fayetteville answering the telephones and offering advice. Paul Fray noticed the flashy rings on Dwire's fingers and worried about what the Hammerschmidt forces would do if they learned that he was assisting the campaign. "The last thing we needed was for word to get out about Clinton's stepfather with a prison record."

Dwire's death and Nixon's resignation were matters of consequence, yet in terms of their sustained effect on Clinton, they could not compare with the third event of late summer, the arrival of Hillary Rodham, who provoked a complicated set of reactions in her boyfriend and the people around him. On one level, Clinton feared that Rodham was too much of a potential political star to make the sacrifice of living in Arkansas. Once, earlier, when Clinton told Diane Kincaid, the political science professor at Arkansas, how much she reminded him of Rodham and made him miss her, the professor asked him why he did not just marry Rodham and bring her to Arkansas. "Because she's so good at what she does, she could have an amazing political career on her own," Clinton said. "If she comes to Arkansas it's going to be my state, my future. She could be president someday. She could go to any state and be elected to the Senate. If she comes to Arkansas, she'll be on my turf."

That turf, Clinton realized, could appear inhospitable to his Yankee girlfriend. His mother and younger brother made little effort to hide their distaste for her. Whenever the Frays visited Hot Springs during the campaign, Virginia would complain to them about Hillary. "Virginia loathed Hillary then," Mary Lee Fray recalled. "Anything she could find to pick on about Hillary she would pick on. Hillary did not fit her mold for Bill." But even if it was not a natural fit, Clinton seemed determined to lure her to

stay in Arkansas. He encouraged his friends and political aides to make her feel welcome. "She was someone you had great expectations for and wanted to know because Bill kept talking about her," recalled Rudy Moore.

Yet at the same time that Clinton was earnestly recruiting Rodham to his state, he was still involved with the student volunteer, a relationship that had been going on for several months. The tension at campaign headquarters increased considerably when Rodham arrived as people there tried to deal with the situation. Both women seemed on edge. The Arkansas girlfriend would ask people about Hillary: what she was like, and whether Clinton was going to marry her. When she was at headquarters, someone would sneak her out the back door if Rodham was spotted pulling into the driveway. Mary Lee Fray, who liked both women, felt trapped in the middle of the triangle. She remembers times when Clinton wanted her to chaperone the Arkansas girlfriend and make sure that there were no confrontations with Hillary. "Bill would say, 'Go take her somewhere. Get lost,'" Fray recalled later. "It would put me in a funny position. He'd say, 'Go do something. Move it. Scoot it.' He'd get us out of there." If Clinton had made it clear that Rodham was his only romantic interest, Fray thought, the other woman would have disappeared. But Clinton would not say anything so direct.

Fayetteville, a university town, was the most culturally liberal enclave in Arkansas, but the mores of the wider Third Congressional District made it politically impractical for Clinton to live with a woman outside of marriage. Rodham took her own place when she arrived. She rented a three-bedroom house, an architectural showpiece replicating a Frank Lloyd Wright design, bow-shaped and glassy, full of odd-shaped rooms, with a large swimming pool in the backyard. The house belonged to Rafael Guzman, who was on temporary leave from the law school to teach in Iowa, where he was soon joined by his wife, Terry Kirkpatrick, who had served with Rodham on the impeachment inquiry staff. The place quickly looked like campaign headquarters, with Clinton signs everywhere.

To some Arkansans, Rodham seemed too aggressive at first, especially in contrast to Clinton, who was soft and ambiguous. On the opening day of school, when Rodham first walked into the criminal law classroom, Woody Bassett, who was then a first-year student, thought she "looked out of place. She dressed like a throwback to the sixties. There were not many women in the law school. It took a while to adjust to someone with a different accent who was as aggressive as she was." Some students were intimidated by Rodham's brilliance, and others, according to Bassett, "downright resented it. People were never indifferent about her. Some of the guys were not used to being taught and led by a strong woman. And there was no question she was a role model for some of the female students."

Anyone who entered her classroom expecting her to follow Clinton's pedagogical style was mistaken. Clinton was diffuse and easygoing. Rodham was precise and demanding. Clinton was amenable to a filibuster, Rodham was less willing to waste time. Clinton rarely confronted students, preferring to engage them in freewheeling conversations. Rodham would come straight at her students with difficult questions. She was more likely than Clinton to offer clear opinions on legal issues and not leave the class hanging, and she had what Bassett thought was an "unusual ability to absorb a huge amount of facts and boil them down to the bottom line." And unlike Clinton, notorious as the friendliest grader on the faculty, Rodham wrote rigorous exams and was a tough grader. Most members of the law school faculty regarded her as a better professor than Clinton, if not as animated in the lecture hall, more committed to the craft, as demonstrated by her writings in law journals about the rights of children.

Rodham was approachable but serious, Mort Gitelman thought. "She would not sit for idle chitchat. She was not a chew-the-fat type of person. She was always working on something and wanted to bring the conversation around to what she was working on. She was all business." During that first semester, along with teaching criminal law, Rodham also became the first director of the University of Arkansas Legal Clinic, in which law students took on needy clients under the supervision of licensed attorneys. Before Rodham arrived, preliminary work on the clinic had left several faculty members frustrated by resistance from the legal establishment and the paperwork demanded by the federal bureaucracy. Gitelman handed Rodham a ten-inch file that needed to be processed to get federal money for the program. He was impressed by how quickly Rodham sorted through the forms and got the money. Burdened as an outsider and a woman in what was then still a clubby male domain, she persuaded local judges and lawyers to endorse the program. She went to the county bar and negotiated approval for indigence guidelines on who could qualify for clinic assistance, in return agreeing that the clinic would take unprofitable criminal case appointments from the local courts. David Newbern, who helped Rodham with the idiosyncrasies of the legal world in Fayetteville, regarded her, above all, as "a prodigious worker."

"If you are looking for a battleground, go outside onto the streets where I grew up. Lift your eyes to the hills of north and west Arkansas! There is a fight in this Third Congressional District which is a clear and unmistakable struggle between what we are for and what we are against. For, in the words of Harry Truman, when you strip away the 'small talk and double talk, the combination of crafty silence and resounding misrepresentation,'

The Boy could throw a fit when he felt frustrated. His temper was an accepted part of the campaign. There were testy notes if he thought the follow-through on something was not quick enough. He would explode in a flash, then act as though it had never happened. Neil McDonald witnessed some of Clinton's explosions: "There was a minor snafu and he blew off at us for no reason. But most of us knew better than to take it personally. He was under a great deal of stress." Harry Truman Moore, a law student who often traveled with Clinton and served as his photographer, remembered that Clinton would often snap at his travel aides when they tried to pull him away from a crowd to keep him closer to his schedule. "He'd say, 'Don't ever pull me away from a crowd like that again!' Then, ten minutes later, he'd say, 'Why are we late?' We'd all get used to it, the Clinton temper."

His most memorable eruptions came in arguments with Rodham, who seemed not the least bit timid about snapping back when he erupted. "They'd have the biggest damn fights, shouting and swearing," Addington recalled. "They had two or three battle royals." One day Addington, Clinton, and Rodham were starting out on their way to an event in Eureka Springs. Clinton and Rodham were debating how to handle a campaign issue. "Bill wanted to do one thing, she wanted to do another. They started shouting at each other. I was driving. Bill was in the front seat, Hillary in the back. He was hitting the dashboard. She was hitting the seat. They were really going at it. We drove up a street near the headquarters and stopped at a light. Hillary said, 'I'm getting out!' She got out and slammed the door. And Bill said, 'Go on.' We got out on the highway and I was going fast because we were late. Bill started venting his anger on me. It was one of the most uncomfortable times I've ever spent with him. Then he took a short nap. When he woke up, everything was fine."

Rodham was a central figure during the final weeks of the campaign. She was, thought Mary Lee Fray, "fighting for her man" romantically and politically. After sending Clinton's University of Arkansas girlfriend into exile (the young woman was not seen around the campaign from October through election day), Rodham took on several aides whose style she disapproved of, especially Addington and Paul Fray. Addington, who was sent to the Fort Smith office, came to think of Rodham as a negative force. "Our organization went to shit. We lost the spirit because of her. Everybody started bickering with everybody else," he said later. In a memo to Clinton, Doug Wallace noted that though he thought Rodham's "intentions were the best," her presence was more negative than positive. "She . . . rubs people the wrong way, and boy, did she ever," Wallace wrote. "She managed to antagonize almost the entire staff . . ."

Most of Rodham's bickering was with Paul Fray, a strong-willed political

He also obtained a part-time teaching post at the University of Arkansas-Little Rock, traveling down to Little Rock each week to teach a class on criminal justice and law enforcement in addition to his courses in Fayetteville. Many of his students in Little Rock were law enforcement personnel, a group he had also taught during his Yale Law School years when he was a part-time instructor of criminal justice at the University of New Haven. Teaching police officers strengthened the resume of a prospective attorney general, and furthered his efforts to toughen his image following his graduate school days as a long-haired war protester who had avoided military service.

HILLARY Rodham was deeply immersed in the university community by 1975. She taught trial advocacy and criminal procedure at Waterman Hall, directed the legal aid clinic, and helped run a prison project in which law students assisted inmates with post-conviction problems. At the legal clinic, she was meticulous about maintaining casework files on every person who walked in the door. Van Gearhart, one of her student assistants, worried that the recordkeeping would be too burdensome, but Rodham persuaded him that "a strong statistical base could help cement the future of the clinic," which it did. In the first year, the clinic handled three hundred clients and took fifty cases to court. For years afterward, Rodham would recall her experiences in the courthouses of northwest Arkansas with a touch of wistfulness, often retelling her favorite stories, including the time when a small-town jailer called her and said that a traveling preacher-lady was about to be committed by a judge who thought she was insane. Rodham drove to the town and in the course of interviewing the babbling preacher discovered that she had relatives in California. "People need the Lord in California, too," Rodham told the woman, who left for the West Coast after the judge was sold on the argument that a one-way plane ticket was the easiest and cheapest resolution of the case.

The prison project took Rodham and her Fayetteville associates into an unfamiliar world. Once she and another supervisor drove down to the Tucker Unit for youthful offenders near Pine Bluff. As they entered the prison farm, they noticed a building near the main unit that was identified as the dog kennel. Robert Newcomb, a lawyer stationed at the prison farm on a federal grant, recalled that when the two women lawyers got out of the car, one remarked to the other that she "didn't realize that the Arkansas prison system was so progressive that it would allow inmates to have their own dogs." It was left to Newcomb to break the news that the dogs were there not to serve as the inmates' best friends, but to track them down if they tried to escape.

In Fayetteville, Rodham often met Diane Kincaid for lunch: they would buy yogurt and walk around campus, talking about the university, their careers, feminism, and the joys and frustrations of life in their adopted small town. Kincaid, who had grown up in Washington, moved to Fayetteville a decade before Rodham and had gone through various stages—"resistance, resentment, anger, disbelief, resignation, and finally smugness about how good things were." They played tennis on weekends, scrappy singles matches, Rodham and Kincaid both diving and scraping their knees, good athletes but lacking in classic form, each with a burning desire to win, their hair a mess by the end in the summer humidity. One day, moved by what Kincaid termed "a burst of patriotism," Rodham decided to visit the local U.S. Marine Corps office to see if she could enlist. She told Kincaid that the Marines informed her she was not one of the few and the proud they were looking for: she was a woman, she was too old, and she had bad eyesight, the recruiter said, suggesting that she "oughta go try with the dogs"—the Army. If there was a political component to this odd episode, an attempt to balance Clinton's lack of service with Rodham's bold enlistment, or a test of the equal rights policies of the military, it never went any further, and the incident remained a closely held joke among friends.

Rodham's Arkansas circle widened when her two fun-loving brothers, Hughie and Tony, enrolled at the university at their sister's urging. They shared an apartment south of campus with Neil McDonald, the former campaign volunteer. Tony "liked to keep his stuff put up, semi-neat," but Hughie, who had long hair and talked earnestly about Che Guevara, was another story, according to McDonald. "As far as housekeeping, forget Hughie. He was the biggest slob in the world. He made 'The Odd Couple' seem tame." Their father, Hugh Rodham, paid for most of their expenses and came down from Park Ridge to visit during fly-fishing season.

Although they still lived apart, Rodham and Clinton spent most of their free time together, playing volleyball and charades with friends, attending Razorback basketball games, and going for steaks and chicken afterward with Coach Eddie Sutton and Don Tyson and his pals. Pressure was building on the pair to marry or separate. Should Clinton marry Rodham? He told friends that he wanted to get married and that it was Hillary or nobody: but he also realized that while their partnership was intellectually invigorating and politically complementary, their personal relationship was stormy. "All we ever do is argue," he confided to Carolyn Yeldell Staley, his high school friend. Betsey Wright, who had befriended the pair during the McGovern campaign and now worked in Washington recruiting women to run for public office, was also "aware of lots of tension between them." She had heard Clinton complain after a round of arguing with Rodham that he had tried to "run Hillary off, but she just wouldn't go."

Should Rodham marry Clinton? She studied the question from every angle, asking several women friends how they balanced their own political objectives with family responsibilities. Her questions came at a time when feminism was an urgent subject for her and the professional women with whom she associated. The equal rights amendment (ERA), which had narrowly failed in the previous session of the Arkansas legislature, was up for another vote, and a central event of the House deliberations was a Valentine's Day debate between ERA opponent Phyllis Schlafly and Diane Kincaid, who was chairwoman of the governor's commission on women and had been asked at the last minute to fill in for Sarah Weddington, the feminist lawyer from Texas. Rodham and Clinton came over to Kincaid's house and prepped her for the confrontation. They sat in the living room and rehearsed different arguments and counterarguments, when suddenly Kincaid's six-year-old daughter Kathryn called out "Mommy!" from the floor behind them. They turned around and saw the little girl holding the plastic symbol of the prefeminist era. "Here we were fighting for feminist rights and Kathryn was there with a Barbie doll!" Kincaid later recalled. The scene, she said, provoked a long, loud, infectious belly laugh from Hillary Rodham.

Among the feminists, there were differences of opinion over how best to resolve the conflicting demands of wife and sisterhood. Ann Henry, who was married to a state senator and toiled as a Democratic party activist while rearing three young children, argued with Rodham about the role that a political wife could play. Rodham thought that Henry should be more independent. "Hillary was very curious to see how women integrate family and politics. She knew politics is where she wanted to be. She had a sense of what she wanted to do. She would say, why don't you do certain things?" Henry later recalled. "And I would say that I felt certain limits as a wife. She thought she could do as much. I didn't agree with that. There's a gap between what you think you can do and what the reality is. I was not willing to push my own [career] at the risk of jeopardizing what my husband wanted to do. She didn't agree with me. I said, 'Well, that's my opinion.' " It was clear to Henry that Rodham was on her way to marriage and looking for the role she could play in a partnership where her husband would be the candidate.

Rodham told Henry that Eleanor Roosevelt was her role model. "She said, 'Look at Eleanor Roosevelt!' Well, I had just finished reading Joseph Lash on that subject, so I said, 'That's right, but Eleanor never found her voice until after that marriage was over—until she didn't care about the marriage!'"

Before the start of her second year in Fayetteville, Rodham returned to the East Coast and talked with several friends about her future. Should she

make Bill Clinton and Arkansas the center of her life? Many of her friends worried that she was selling short her own ambitions. They saw that it was hard for her. It was obvious to them that she was not fooling herself about what she would be getting into with Clinton. She understood his talents and his flaws. He might not be faithful, but together they could be faithful to their larger mission in life and achieve things beyond their individual reach. And there was, at the same time, an old-fashioned infatuation that went beyond shared goals. When Rodham visited Carolyn Ellis, her Yale Law School classmate, who was now living in New York, Ellis encouraged her not to let Arkansas be a factor in the decision. Ellis had grown up in Mississippi and felt a southern kinship with Clinton and Arkansas. "I was one of the big believers," she said. "I told her to go back. I said that Arkansas wasn't Mars. I told her that to love somebody and not marry them because of where they were living was the height of foolishness."

When Rodham arrived back in Fayetteville, Clinton was waiting for her with a present and a proposal. The present was a house he had bought, a little red-brown brick cottage at 930 California Street on the southwest side of town. The proposal was that she live there with him as his wife. Rodham accepted. In the days before the ceremony, she showed little interest in the details, according to Ann Henry, and "was looking more at life to come than at the wedding itself. What happened that day she didn't want to worry about." In fact, she and her mother, who had come down from Illinois, spent most of their time painting the cottage and putting in bookshelves. They were quite willing to leave most of the wedding plans to Henry, who was giving the reception at her house. The one concession Rodham made was to go downtown and register a Danish modern pottery style that guests could buy as wedding presents.

The wedding took place on October 11, 1975, in the living room of the little cottage on California Street. Victor Nixon, the Methodist minister Clinton had met during his first foray into the Ozarks with Carl Whillock, performed the ceremony. It was a traditional Methodist service, using the King James Version—"I, Hillary Rodham, take thee, Bill. . . ." Rodham wore a Victorian dress with a high collar and long sleeves that she had selected off the rack. The couple exchanged heirloom rings in the company of a few family members and friends. Betsy Johnson Ebeling, Hillary's close friend from Park Ridge, got to the wedding midway through the service after relying on Hughie Rodham's vast underestimation of how long it would take her and her husband to drive from Chicago to Fayetteville. Roger Clinton, now a nineteen-year-old college student, stood as his big brother's best man. Even though Bill and Roger were growing apart in those days, not as close as the Rodham brothers, the choice of Roger as best man signaled Clinton's yearning for a family bond. It also reflected a

characteristic of his adult life: he was a man with hundreds of close friends but no best friend. Virginia Dwire, widowed for a third time the year before and between husbands, listened to the wedding vows with a mixture of pride and dismay. That morning at the Fayetteville Holiday Inn, as Virginia was having breakfast in the coffee shop with her friend Marge Mitchell, Bill had dropped by to say hello and give her an early warning. "Hillary's keeping her own name," he had said, a pronouncement that brought tears to Virginia's eyes. It would take time for her to accept this assertive Yankee daughter-in-law.

After the private ceremony, the wedding party adjourned to the Henry house for a reception that more obviously represented "the gregariousness of Bill," as Ann Henry later described it. Hundreds of friends from all eras of Rodham and Clinton's lives mingled on the spacious back lawn on that gentle autumn Saturday night, drinking champagne and talking about Clinton's political future. "Everybody, even at the wedding, was talking about the next campaign," Henry recalled. "Everybody knew that he was going to run."

If Rodham and Clinton felt an urge to get out of town, they had made no honeymoon preparations. It was only because Dorothy Rodham noticed a special vacation package to Acapulco that they made a getaway later that year. For a politician whose idol was John F. Kennedy, there was a poetic touch to the trip. A generation earlier, Kennedy and his bride Jacqueline Bouvier had also gone to Acapulco after their marriage. It is safe to assume that he did not have anything resembling Clinton's peculiar entourage: at the hotel it was Bill and Hillary and Hugh and Dorothy and Hughie and Tony. Clinton took along a copy of the cultural anthropologist Ernest Becker's *The Denial of Death*, a book that regards the idea of death as "the mainspring of human activity—activity designed largely to avoid the fatality of death, to overcome it by denying in some way that it is the final destiny for man." Clinton also wrote thank-you notes to wedding guests.

THE old boys were not what they used to be, according to that year's progress report by Bob Reich, secretary of the Rhodes class of 1968. Approaching their thirtieth birthdays, they seemed anxious and compromised, looking inward for fulfillment, viewing the outside world with disillusionment or confusion.

Mike Shea was now a lawyer in Honolulu, "fighting the losing battle against middle age" by running marathons, but discouraged that he "could not find a political candidate to support at any level of government." Tom Reinecke, a scientist at the Naval Research Laboratory near Washington, D.C., lamented "the dullness and blandness of the Washington scene—

At a meeting in Atlanta with Tim Kraft, Carter's national coordinator, Clinton was invited to run the Texas operation again. But it made no sense for him to work outside Arkansas in the months before he would take over as attorney general. He declined the offer and stayed home, where as Carter's state chairman he could prepare for his new job and build more contacts for his political rise. Hillary Rodham felt no similar compunction to stay on in Arkansas. After a vacation with Clinton in Spain, she took a leave from the law school and left for Indianapolis, where she served as Carter's state field director through the November election.

The effort in Arkansas could not have been more different from what Clinton had gone through for McGovern in Texas four years earlier. Whereas in Texas, Clinton was constantly on the defensive, mediating factional disputes, trying to interpret a northern liberal to a southern conservative electorate, facing a hostile rebellion from the business establishment, this time he had a candidate who was from the same southern culture and who was on intimate terms with the key financial players in the state. Georgia, like Arkansas, was a major poultry center, which led to a strong connection between Carter and Don Tyson. Tyson raised tens of thousands of dollars for Carter within the poultry industry. Even more valuable were Carter's personal ties to Jackson Stephens, head of Stephens Inc., the largest investment bond firm outside Wall Street and the most politically potent financial enterprise in the state. Stephens, a conservative who often supported Republicans on the national level, had been Carter's classmate at the Naval Academy. When Carter visited Little Rock, he stayed at Stephens's house. Stephens's son-in-law, Craig Campbell, worked side by side with Clinton on the Carter campaign. And, of course, the biggest difference of all with the McGovern campaign was that Carter won, in Clinton's state and in the nation.

LITTLE Rock was a new world for the new attorney general and his wife, as different from Fayetteville as Fayetteville had been from New Haven and Washington. Fayetteville was informal and collegial, more progressive than the rest of the state, a town of easy friendships. Little Rock was more formal, striving to be a little Dallas, with stratified social sets, a city of country clubs and debutante balls and corporate lunches. Rodham and Clinton found a small house in the historic Hillcrest neighborhood to the west of the state Capitol and cultivated another circle of friends in government and law. The transition was more dramatic for Rodham. She went from directing a legal aid clinic at a state university to practicing law at the Rose Law Firm, the oldest and most traditional legal house in Arkansas, with an impressive roster of deep-pocket corporate clients. Law school

colleagues were reluctant to lose Rodham, whom they considered a future star ("Divorce him and stay here!" her colleague Mort Gitelman had said jokingly one day), but financial and political considerations ruled out a commuter marriage. As much as Clinton and Rodham enjoyed the relaxed style of living in Fayetteville, there were names to be made in Little Rock.

There was never any doubt that the attorney general's office was nothing more than a brief stop on the road for Clinton. When raising money for the election, his supporters promoted his grander intentions. H. T. Moore, who had worked on Clinton's congressional campaign as a law student in Fayetteville and then set up a law practice in the town of Paragould in northeast Arkansas, sent out fund-raising letters for the attorney general's race with the message that it would be smart to "get on board early." It was accepted that Clinton, when he arrived in Little Rock, was the governor-in-waiting.

The attorney general's job played to his strengths. He could position himself as a populist, give speeches, travel, expound on the state code, shape broad policy decisions, and he did not have to spend much time behind a desk making difficult decisions on appointments and programs that might antagonize people. He created the position of chief of staff and gave the job to a nonlawyer, Steve Smith. Lawyers who had worked for Clinton's predecessor, Jim Guy Tucker, detected a change in the office when Clinton arrived. Although Tucker, who left for a seat in Congress, was a political animal, Clinton was more of one. He seized on one of the populist issues of the day, utility rates, and created a division of energy conservation and rate advocacy with double the previous litigation staff. He challenged the telephone companies when they raised the pay-phone rates to a quarter and often appeared at hearings to cross-examine utility officials.

Clinton and Rodham now found even more networks open to them. They made the extended guest list for dinners at the Carter White House, and Clinton was summoned to Washington occasionally for national briefings. As the state Democrat most closely associated with Carter, he was given an informal role reviewing all federal patronage appointments from Arkansas. When a vacancy arose, Carter named Rodham to the board of the Legal Services Corporation, and she quickly became its chairwoman. Clinton developed a friendship with Eddie Sutton, coach of the University of Arkansas basketball team. They would talk about the similarities of their two professions: in politics and basketball alike, you battle all the time and you get immediate results.

All in all, Clinton seemed delighted with himself in his first elected job. He had his own office with his own staff and his own private quarters. On the inside door of his private bathroom, he put up a life-sized poster of

Rodham's father taught her how to read the stock tables. The family lived in a suburb populated by the upwardly mobile middle class, where money was considered a measure of virtue, gained through hard work and ingenuity. Then, in college, she came to reject what she described in her Wellesley commencement address as "our prevailing, acquisitive and competitive corporate life." At Yale Law School, she turned down opportunities to clerk at high-salaried East Coast firms and again avoided that career path after receiving her law degree, choosing instead the nonprofit Children's Defense Fund, the Watergate impeachment inquiry staff, and a faculty position at the University of Arkansas Law School. As her boyfriend's and then husband's political adviser, she often warned him away from taking what she considered tainted money from lobbyists and discouraged him from incurring heavy debts. To some of Clinton's Arkansas friends, she seemed prudent if not parsimonious.

Then, when Rodham and Clinton reached Little Rock for the start of Clinton's career in government, Rodham seemed to have little difficulty embracing the acquisitive and competitive corporate life that she had once repudiated. Nothing could have taken her further into the blueblood establishment of Arkansas's capital city than her decision to join the Rose Law Firm, which traced its roots back to 1820 and claimed to be the oldest legal firm west of the Mississippi. The Rose Law Firm was the legal arm of the powerful, representing, among others, the holy trinity of Arkansas business and industry: Stephens Inc., Tyson Foods, and Wal-Mart. Her position at Rose Law provided Rodham with status and security, but she turned to other ventures in search of fast money. She became, at once, her father's daughter, a market-watching practitioner of unfettered capitalism, and her family's provider, trying to look after the financial side of life in a way that her husband would never do. In keeping with the interdependent nature of the Rodham and Clinton partnership, Rodham's early moneymaking ventures were undertaken in concert with Clinton's friends.

One of the iconic scenes from the sixties decade came in the 1967 Mike Nichols film *The Graduate* when Benjamin, the young graduate played by Dustin Hoffman, was approached by a businessman who had a word of advice for him: "Plastics." That one word in that one scene captured a generation's struggle between innocent idealism and capitalist realism. In the life of Hillary Rodham, the sequel came eleven years later, in October 1978, when Jim Blair uttered two words to her: "Cattle futures."

Blair, a Springdale lawyer who served as outside counsel to Tyson Foods, was among the most trusted friends of Clinton and Rodham from their Fayetteville days. He was a longtime Democratic party insider who had served as a behind-the-scenes adviser in Clinton's campaigns. He was romantically involved with, and soon to marry, Diane Kincaid, the political science professor at the University of Arkansas who was in Rodham's circle

of professional women friends and who had known Clinton since the McGovern campaign. Governor Clinton would perform the marriage ceremony for the Blairs in September 1979 and Rodham would attend as their "best person." The foursome would vacation together for years thereafter, often at the Blairs' summer cottage on Beaver Lake. They read books together and held rambling discussions on literature, politics, and the fate of the world. As happens with many pairs of couples, Jim often sided with Hillary, practical and lawyerly, and Bill with Diane, more empathetic and political. There was, however, at least one notable occasion when the split followed gender lines. They had all read Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*, a novel describing the disillusionment of a woman in her thirties who has divorced her husband, turned away from her friends, and is emotionally adrift in the emptiness of the California desert. Diane and Hillary identified with the character, while Jim and Bill said they could not understand the book. "How," Clinton asked, "could a woman walk off and do that?"

Clinton and Jim Blair bonded in other ways. They had both grown up in troubled homes. Blair was abandoned by his mother and reared by his paternal grandparents in a modest apartment above an old grocery store in Fayetteville. He and Clinton both had quick and lively minds—Blair graduated from college in two years and had his law degree by age twenty-one. And both loved the art of Arkansas storytelling. They were Southern Baptists who could drop a line of scripture into any conversation or argument. A decade older and more sure of himself, Blair functioned as Clinton's smooth and confident big brother, introducing him to business figures, offering him confidential advice, helping him out of tight spots. They were both ambitious men who could become obsessed by games. Clinton was obsessed by the politics game. Blair, occasionally, by the money game.

When Blair found a way to win big at the money game by trading on the commodities market, he encouraged several friends and associates to get in on the action, including Rodham, knowing that she understood that world while Clinton did not. By the time he recruited Rodham, Blair had already been playing the cattle market for several months, using the Springdale branch of Ray E. Friedman & Company (Refco) brokerage house to buy and sell on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange. His broker there was another member of the extended Tyson network, Robert L. (Red) Bone, a beefy, red-faced good old boy, once described admiringly as "a real razorback," who had worked his way up from driving a chicken truck to being a Tyson vice president before leaving the poultry industry for the brokerage profession. Clients were plentiful in northwest Arkansas: the Tyson company alone had three corporate investment accounts going through Refco. Brokers were making between \$10,000 and \$100,000 a

month. One young broker boasted that within a two-year period he had accumulated four Corvettes, a Ferrari, a Mercedes, and a boat.

Blair could have kept the branch office in business almost by himself. From the time he started buying and selling cattle futures in March 1978, after determining that Refco had an inside track on where the cattle market was going, he was trading enough to pay Refco an average of \$50,000 a month in commissions. There is an old Arkansas saying that even a blind hog finds an acorn once in a while, but Blair was counting on anything but blind luck. He maintained a special computer program at his office that analyzed the market averages over four-day, nine-day, and eighteen-day periods. Within easy sight on his desk stood a quote machine, a stock ticker, that allowed him to watch the market all day, "tick by tick," as he once put it. He had a telephone at his side at all times, in his car, in his airplane, to ensure that he would never be out of position to make a necessary trade. At two-thirty every afternoon, he was allowed to listen in on a conference call coordinated by Refco that included cattle buyers, feedlot operators, Chicago pit traders, and Refco's Las Vegas-based president, John Dittmer. At its best, his formula of information and intuition brought in more than a half-million dollars in less than a two-week span.

Rodham followed the high-rolling Blair into the market with a thousand-dollar investment on October 11, 1978, less than a month before her husband was elected governor. She kept playing the cattle futures game for nine months, through the middle of July 1979, by which time she had parlayed that first \$1,000 into an extraordinary profit of \$99,537—more than the combined salaries of herself and her husband that year. It was a wild ride, one in which Rodham, from her long-distance post in Little Rock, benefited from Blair's advice, his major trading status, and his relationship with Bone and Refco in Springdale.

Playing the commodities market is not like playing the stock market. In the stock market, the most investors can lose is the amount they invest. In the cattle futures market, investors can buy and sell cattle in separate transactions and have to guess correctly whether the prices will rise or fall. If they are locked into contracts to sell at one price at a future date, they hope prices will fall so that they can then buy contracts for that number of cattle at a lower price before the sell date: selling high and buying low. If they buy cattle first, they want the market to rise so that they can sell at a higher price: buying low and selling high. Either way, if they guess right, they can make huge profits; but if they guess wrong, they can lose more than their investment, they can lose the margin between the two prices. If the market moves in the wrong direction and there is a significant potential loss in a client's position, the broker will ask the investor to cover the loss.

It is a nerve-wracking game, and one that not all of Jim Blair's close friends wanted to play or understand. Diane Kincaid, who was not yet married to Blair when the investments began, said he invested money for her and her children even though she wanted "nothing to do with" the trades. "I thought it was terrible. I hated it. I was very concerned about the stress it put on him and I thought it was an excessive preoccupation," she said later. "The things that I enjoyed about him were the conversations and the books we'd read together, and this was taking away from all that. I thought whatever the financial reward, there was a negative impact on the quality of our relationship. I was on a roller-coaster unwillingly. He would say, 'This is a brief wave and I'm going to ride it and then get out.'"

Rodham was more interested than Kincaid. She wanted to learn the game. Following Blair's advice, she played aggressively, sometimes opening and closing trades on the same day. There were times when she guessed wrong, however, and should have faced margin calls, but she never got one. She seemed to get a break even on her first day in the market, when records show that she ordered ten cattle futures contracts with her \$1,000 when that normally requires a \$12,000 investment. At one point in July, shortly before she quit playing, she was \$60,000 in the red and had only \$40,000 in her account, but was not asked to pay the margin, and the market soon turned to her favor. Some other Refco clients caught in similar positions apparently were not given such leeway. A client named Stanley Greenwood later claimed in a lawsuit that during that same period of July he was directed to put in \$48,000 to cover his losses. What was special about Rodham? The reason she was allowed to keep playing when she did not have enough money in her account to maintain her trading positions was Jim Blair. He was such a good Refco customer that he protected not only himself but his friends. "They weren't going to hassle me," Blair later acknowledged. "And if I brought someone in, they weren't going to hassle them."

Rodham closed her Refco account, she would later explain, because the game was so nerve-wracking and she had become pregnant that summer. She could not withdraw cold turkey, however. She opened a new account closer to home, with Stephens Inc. in Little Rock, and let her broker make all the investment decisions. She closed that account in October. Not long thereafter, the cattle market collapsed, sending many investors and brokers into court, where they sued one another and filed for bankruptcy. Hugh Rodham's daughter was lucky and had the right friends, but she also exhibited a sixth sense about when to stay and when to go—a talent that she would exhibit many times in many ways over the ensuing years.

Her intellect and intuition could not always save Hillary Rodham, however, if the connection turned out to be less reliable than the one she had

Company Inc., and took out a \$20,000 loan from the Union National Bank of Little Rock for the down payment on the land and then a \$182,000 loan from Citizens Bank and Trust of Flippen to buy the property. They secured the loans with the property itself, and expected to pay off the interest by subdividing the land into forty-two lots and selling them as vacation home sites.

Although Jim McDougal brought the Clintons in on the deal, his wife Susan was the most excited about the property, which the Clintons had never seen and never would bother to visit. Susan had picked it out and was convinced that the land would pay for itself as they developed it. "It was a beautiful development. The water was gorgeous up there," she said later. "It was a fabulous idea." In theory, perhaps. But the real estate market soon soured. The lots did not sell quickly. Interest rates soared from 8 to 18 percent. The McDougals, as managing partners, and to a lesser extent the Clintons, began making interest payments on the loans from their own money. For Hillary Rodham, there was no quick cash to be made on the White River.

As to the larger question of Rodham's changing attitudes toward the acquisition of wealth during that period, the argument can be made that there was a higher consistency at work: her practical sense of doing what it takes to move toward her ultimate goals. Reasons for her saddling up for Jim Blair's cattle roundup, for instance, were plentiful: Her husband would never be the sort to worry about the family's financial security; she was an intelligent feminist, who saw no reason not to compete in what was largely a man's world, and who viewed financial strength as an important means of gaining power and independence. A higher personal income would make it less risky for Clinton to borrow money for political campaigns in the future. All of these are legitimate explanations, and yet there is evidence that Rodham felt her own zigzag, the internal contradiction, and that she was not entirely comfortable with what she was doing.

Rodham and Clinton took a vacation in England the year when she was playing the market. One day they were invited to tea at the home of John and Katherine Gieve. Katherine Gieve, formerly Katherine Vereker, had been a friend of Clinton's during his Oxford days. Two other close friends from that era, Sara Maitland and Mandy Merck, also came to the tea, along with several left-wing members of a women's reading group whose slogan was "Why be a wife?" Clinton, according to Merck, seemed years younger than the heavy-lidded, bearded Rhodes Scholar she had remembered from Oxford: "much thinner, closer shaven, with chestnut hair, a shiny blue blazer—not anything like what he wore at Oxford." Rodham wore large glasses and kept rather quiet. The subject at the tea was equal pay for women. Clinton jumped right into the conversation, saying how hard it

was to measure value. "How do you compare the value of a truck driver to the value of a beautician?" he asked. The women were impressed by his knowledge and sensitivity on the issue. "Who is that?" one whispered to Merck. "None other than the governor of Arkansas," she responded.

Finally the conversation moved on to Rodham. What did she think? "You know," she said, "I'm beginning to think there must be more to life than this greasy pole, this rat race." She was talking about the greasy pole of politics and the rat race over money. And she added: "I'm thinking about getting back into religion." The other women were stunned. They were utterly political creatures who had no context in which to place her remarks. "If she had said, 'I think I'm going to be a Moonie,'" Merck said later, "she could not have appalled her audience more."

CHELSEA Victoria Clinton was born on February 27, 1980, seventeen days early. Clinton had been home from a trip to Washington less than fifteen minutes when Hillary went into labor. He had studied the Lamaze method and planned to be in the delivery room, but the birth was difficult and required a Caesarian section. When a nurse finally handed his infant daughter to him, he would not let go of her. "He walked all over the area ... holding the baby in his arms," a hospital official reported. As he looked at his daughter, he realized that he was experiencing something that his own father had never been able to do. "Well," Clinton later recalled saying to himself, "here's another milestone he didn't reach." The date was reminder enough. February 27 was the date that the family honored as the birthday of W. J. Blythe.

Not long after mother and daughter returned home from the hospital, Carolyn Yeldell Staley, Clinton's old high school friend, an opera singer who had moved back to Little Rock with her family to work on the state arts council, wrote a song about Chelsea. She sang it in the Governor's Mansion, accompanying herself on the piano. It was a sentimental ballad written from the perspective of humble parents in awe of their creation. One stanza included the lines, "We may not be worthy, but we'll try to be wise." After listening to the song, Rodham approached Staley and said rather coldly, "That's a nice song, Carolyn. But who's not worthy? You and your tape recorder?"

THE birth of Chelsea might have been the last good thing to happen to Clinton in 1980. On the American public stage, this was another year of confusion and disillusionment not unlike 1968, except this time along with tragedies and crises there were moments of incompetence and rotten luck

unwilling to make clear decisions. People would approach travel aide Randy White and ask what was the matter with the governor: "They'd tell me when they would meet him or shake his hand, it seemed that he was looking at the next person in the room, the next person to talk to. I had a lot of friends comment that he really wasn't listening to them." Moore thought it might be a midlife crisis, a private conflict between Clinton and Rodham, something involving Clinton and the other women who hovered nearby wherever he went.

Clinton's behavior was a symptom of something larger. He was fighting his own emotions related to ambition and expectations. For most of his life, people had been talking about how he would be president someday. Those great expectations had both carried him along and circumscribed his path. He often seemed to be doing things because they were what someone who might be president should do. Or, occasionally, in rebellion, because they were precisely what a future president should not do. In either case, it was reactive. And when the public started to turn against him, it left him at a loss.

His reelection campaign organization provided little help. It was directed by well-meaning but inexperienced newfound friends from the Little Rock country club and business set who had little sense of how to react in an unexpectedly tense situation. When Frank White's campaign team began running television commercials depicting the Cuban refugee riot at Fort Chaffee, Clinton's lead dropped 10 percentage points in one week. There was no response. Clinton could not believe that people would blame him for it. When he tried to turn the Fort Chaffee aftermath to his advantage by traveling up to Fort Smith and personally handing out federal reimbursement checks, he was blasted for partisan pandering by editor Jack Moseley in a front-page editorial in the *Southwest Times Record*. The publisher of the *Times Record*, who owned several newspapers in Arkansas, ordered Moseley's editorial reprinted on the front page of all of them, including the newspaper in Hot Springs, Clinton's home town, which so enraged Virginia Dwire that she stormed down to the office of the *Hot Springs Sentinel-Record* and canceled her subscription.

Hillary Rodham, who again had become an issue because of her use of a different last name, was enraged, too, and tried in the final weeks to assert control over the campaign. She began reworking her husband's schedule day by day. With eight days left, she placed an emergency long-distance call in search of Dick Morris. The New York pollster had been deposed from Clinton's inner circle before the campaign, replaced by Peter Hart, a nationally regarded Democratic pollster. The marks against Morris were varied. Some of Clinton's aides distrusted him as a mercenary who represented Republicans as well as Democrats. Others thought of him as an

"I wanted to see how she was doing." He ventured out to Little Rock, San Francisco and slept on their couch at the Midland Avenue house. After hanging out for a few days, he decided that he had been too apprehensive about his friend's trauma. He visited Hillary and Bill at their law office. She seemed engrossed in her work and Clinton bored by his. Altschuler talked about referring some cases to Clinton, "but he seemed much more interested in politics." They held a large dinner party at their home. Betsey Wright was there along with several professors—Arkansas people—all talking Arkansas politics for hours on end. Hillary was right in the middle of the conversation.

She seemed perfectly at home there, Altschuler decided, more comfortable than when she had visited him in San Francisco and defended Jimmy Carter at a dinner party full of liberals. Hillary, Altschuler concluded, was as much into the Arkansas kind of situation as Bill, which was the thing he had been curious about. I didn't know how she would react, having been there. She seemed to be doing fine."

As the weary winter dissolved into spring, Rodham spent some of her spare time planting a flowerbed in her yard and asked for advice on colors of lawn furniture. Clinton once called a friend and proudly boasted that he had just finished cleaning the kitchen: "It's spick and span," he said. But these were only random scenes of domestic bliss. The Clinton and Rodham relationship was rarely without tension, and in the months after the divorce the tension had heightened. Clinton seemed the more unhappy and retracted. One Saturday morning a friend stopped by the house and found him in the den, playing on the floor with Chelsea. Rodham was in the kitchen. As he smiled and laughed with his one-year-old daughter, Clinton sang softly in the lilt of a gentle lullaby, but loud enough for his guest to hear: "I want a div-or-or-or-orce. I want a div-or-or-or-orce."

NEVER fond of the deskbound life, Clinton spent several months in 1981 traveling the state, running as long and as hard as a noncandidate could run. Randy White, who had not found other employment, often served as his driver and travel aide. They would take White's Thunderbird and scrounge around for gasoline money and a quarter to buy the Gazette. Betsey Wright, from her post outside Clinton's law office door, was running the show, setting up appointments at the same time that she was overseeing the transfer of his index cards onto a new computer system, bringing his political operation into the high-tech era. High school graduation community meetings on toxic waste dumps—Clinton would go anywhere and talk to anyone who would listen to him. When asked pointblank, "Are you running for governor again?" he would demur, saying he was not.

he was sorry. He did it by using down-home Arkansas language. Morris was elated by the change. When he was growing up, Clinton said, his daddy never had to whip him twice for the same thing. If the voters gave him another chance, he said, he would never make the same mistakes again. He had learned that he could not lead without listening.

The ads began running on three Little Rock television stations on February 8, 1982. Clinton's face filled the screen, barely leaving room for his name and the tag line identifying the commercial as paid for by the Clinton for Governor Committee. What the public saw was that Clinton was chastened. Political observers in Little Rock had never seen anything like it—someone announcing for governor via a thirty-second commercial, and doing so with an apology. But the strategy was apparent: By admitting his mistakes and seeking absolution before the first tough question of the race could be asked, Clinton was able to say that criticisms of his previous actions were irrelevant.

ANOTHER problem needed fixing as the comeback campaign began, this one involving Hillary Rodham and her name. Since his first race for governor in 1978, Clinton's opponents had tried to make something out of that. It was very un-Arkansan, they would imply, marking Rodham as an outsider who stubbornly resisted the traditional mores of her adopted state. This sentiment was shared by many of Clinton's friends, including his own mother. During the 1980 campaign, one powerful member of the Arkansas House offered the opinion to Representative Ray Smith, Jr., of Hot Springs that "Hillary's gonna have to change her name, and shave her legs." Rodham had ignored the issue in the past, but now, as she saw her and her husband's political ambitions on the line, she reconsidered.

Her change, in typical Rodham fashion, was more intellectual than emotional. When Carolyn Staley dropped by the Midland Avenue house the morning after a party in Little Rock, Rodham asked her a question that Staley had never heard from her before: "What were people wearing?" It was clear to Staley that Rodham was "making the transformation from studied feminist. She started to key in on the fact that the name was political, that what she wore was political." Years later, when asked about the name change, Clinton recalled a conversation he had with his wife in which she approached him and said, "We've got to talk about this name deal." As Clinton remembered it, Rodham told him that she did not want him to lose the election because of her last name. Clinton said he protested. Then, by his account, she placed the decision in the most pragmatic political terms: "We shouldn't run the risk. What if it's one percent of the vote? What if it's two percent?"

If Clinton protested, it was not very strenuously. In conversations when

his wife was not around, he often joked about their different names in a way that made it clear he thought it would be easier if she became Hillary Clinton. Once, while eating Mexican food with some old friends from the McGovern campaign during a visit to Austin, Clinton noted that he and his wife disagreed on an issue and then added, "Hell, I can't even get her to use my last name!"

All that changed on February 27, 1982, the day of Clinton's formal announcement, when Hillary referred to herself as "Mrs. Bill Clinton." Was it really a change, and was it something that she wanted to do? Her answers that day left room for confusion. "I don't have to change my name," she said. "I've been Mrs. Bill Clinton. I kept the professional name Hillary Rodham in my law practice, but now I'm going to be taking a leave of absence from the law firm to campaign full-time for Bill and I'll be Mrs. Bill Clinton. I suspect people will be getting tired of hearing from Mrs. Bill Clinton." But when asked whether she had legally changed her name and was now registered to vote as Hillary Clinton, she said, "No." The press accounts of that exchange made it clear that she still had some convincing to do.

The *Times-News* of McGehee put it this way: "'No,' came the ice cold answer from Arkansas' former first lady."

THE public reaction to Clinton's mea culpa ad was swift and sure. People hated it. In a three-way race in the Democratic primary for governor against Jim Guy Tucker and Joe Purcell, Clinton fell from the top spot, from holding about 43 percent of the vote, down to the mid-20s. Voters who said they held a favorable view of Clinton dropped. The number who held an unfavorable view doubled. Tucker, the politician he had conspired to defeat in the 1978 Senate race against David Pryor, was now ahead of him. And all because of a self-inflicted wound. Morris's polls showed that the mea culpa caused the precipitous decline in Clinton's ratings, reminding voters of the reasons they turned away from him in the first place. The consultant flew out to Arkansas to deliver the grim news, and met Clinton and Rodham in a small town where Clinton was giving a speech. He tried to put the best spin on the poll results. The apology was like a smallpox vaccination, he said. You get a little sick, but then you are immune. He said it, Morris recalled later, with "great bravado and self-confidence." But he did not mean it. He thought he had destroyed his client.

The immunization theory was quickly tested. It was a bitter, unenlightening primary, with most of the enmity flowing between Tucker and Clinton, who were both in desperate, anything-goes moods, fighting for political survival. They attacked each other daily, each trying to prove



A second arose from the benchmark poll Morris had conducted in 1981 in which the intensity of disillusionment with Clinton was measured to see whether a comeback was possible. The survey had found a widespread perception among voters that Clinton had probably done some good things in his first term but they could not remember any specific accomplishments. All they could recite were actions he had taken which they disliked. Morris, Clinton, Hillary, and Betsey Wright, the quartet that comprised the inner circle, decided that they would never again rely on the "free media"—newspaper, radio, and television reporters—to define Clinton and his programs. Interweaving means and ends, they would use paid media, commercials and grass-roots mailings, whenever they wanted to get their message to the public, even during a midterm legislative session. Individual journalists might be courted, especially the peskiest ones, such as *Arkansas Democrat* managing editor John Robert Starr, who would nip at the governor in his daily column unless he was made to feel like an insider. (Starr remembered Clinton calling him the day he got back to the governor's office and saying, "Okay, what do you want?") But for the most part, the press was not part of the plan. "His entire strategy in governing the state," Morris recalled, "was based on flanking the press through the paid media."

The third aspect of Clinton's permanent campaign involved the use of voter surveys in similarly perpetual fashion, taking poll results to shape the substance and rhetoric of policy debates. The goal was to discover more than whether voters supported or opposed an initiative. Word by word, line by line, phrase by phrase, paragraph by paragraph, rhetorical options would be tested to see which ones were most effective in moving the public a certain direction. It was polling as a form of copy writing, as a way for Clinton to organize his thoughts. Although Morris conducted the polls, each of the four played a role in the process. Hillary Clinton was usually the one to articulate the larger problem. Wright was there to lay out the facts. Clinton and Morris would play endlessly with the words and arguments. Clinton became so hooked on the process that his rhythms could be charted by it. When polls were out in the field, he seemed passive and noncommittal. Wright and Morris discovered that Clinton was never happier than when he got the results.

Morris would read an answer, and Clinton would shout, "You know, I feel it! I feel it! I'm out there and that's just what I feel! That's absolutely right!" Then he would practice the rhetorical argument again, elaborating, rehearsing, seemingly overcome by joy as things that had been unclear became clear to him and he sang from a political score that he and the voters had jointly composed.

All of these elements of his permanent campaign were put to the test during Clinton's first year back on the job. It was a difficult stretch that

one of the permanent campaign: Turn to idealism. The first decision of Clinton and the inner circle was to move the focus away from the tax by making it an idealistic crusade. Rather than merely raising enough money to satisfy the court mandate, they would seek twice as much, and build an entire program around it. There was a national context to this approach: the National Commission on Excellence in Education had just issued a landmark report citing a "rising tide of mediocrity" in the nation's schools and detailing a long list of needed reforms. Some southern states had already launched education reform efforts, most notably Mississippi, whose threadbare schools usually ranked fiftieth, below Arkansas' forty-ninth, in comparative studies of the states. The traditional sarcastic cry in Arkansas, "Thank God for Mississippi!", might no longer apply.

Hillary Rodham, now going by Hillary Clinton or Mrs. Clinton, took a leave of absence from Rose Law Firm to spend the summer and early fall chairing the Education Standards Committee. It was not the first time she had worked for her husband (in the first term she had chaired a committee on rural health care), but it was her widest public exposure, reflecting her idealistic and pragmatic sides: her profound interest in children and education issues and, even more, the extraordinary commitment she had begun making to advance Clinton's cause since the 1980 defeat. In selecting her for the committee, Clinton had said, "This guarantees that I will have a person who is closer to me than anyone else overseeing a project that is more important to me than anything else." From then on, increasingly, he would turn to her for critical tasks that he needed done or was not good at himself.

The Education Standards Committee held seventy-five meetings, in which it took public testimony at the same time that it prepared the public for a largely predesigned set of reforms, from mandatory kindergarten to smaller class sizes in elementary school to competence tests for students in third, sixth, and eighth grades to minimum standards and scorecards for every school. The inadequacies the committee members found in many Arkansas school districts were stunning: no physics classes in 148 high schools, no advanced math in 135, no foreign languages in 180, and no music in 204 schools. At every session, parents would hover around Hillary Clinton after the meetings and tell stories about their troubled schools. Gradually, over the course of the hearing process, it seemed that Hillary, after living in Arkansas for nearly a decade, was finally being accepted as a member of the family, viewed less as a professional outsider and more as an intelligent public servant. When she appeared before an interim committee of the legislature to outline the reforms that her panel was considering, Representative Lloyd George said into his microphone, "I think we've elected the wrong Clinton!"

While Hillary concentrated on substance, Clinton and Morris experi-

. . .

HILLARY Rodham Clinton and Carolyn Yeldell Staley were on the back lawn of the Governor's Mansion one summer day, sticking croquet hoops into the grass and talking about their husbands. Carolyn had married a soft-spoken photographer and art teacher named Jerry Staley, who remained in the background, content in his role as the dependable husband and father of two daughters and a son, willing to let his wife be the star of the family as the aspiring singer and longtime friend of the governor of Arkansas. Hillary said she could never marry someone as quiet as Jerry. She liked to spar, she said. She liked to "get into it." She had to have an equal. Then, pondering the ups and downs of her life with Bill Clinton, she said, "I wonder how history is going to note our marriage."

The long haul, the view toward the future and history, was evident in the Clinton and Rodham partnership from its formation. For Clinton, perpetually infatuated with a shining new idea or a fresh face, Hillary was the rare constant, her intellect, resilience, and ambition always there, equal to his. When he had thought about marrying her, it was not so much the sight of the young woman that overwhelmed him as an image of an older version: Hillary, he told friends, was the one woman with whom he could imagine growing old and not getting bored. Her feelings about him seemed more immediate and passionate; she adored him, one friend said, with "a romantic, fifteen-year-old, poetic, teenage love." By the mid-1980s, those early dynamics were still apparent, although there had been several adjustments in the partnership, most of them made by Hillary. Year by year, in their joint political enterprise, she had taken on more tasks—some that her husband had asked her to do, some that she felt obliged to perform because it was clear to her that he did not want to do them or was not good at them. After ten years of marriage, those tasks were starting to define her.

One of Hillary's missions was to protect her husband by being his gatekeeper. During her early years in Arkansas, she often deferred to Clinton's judgments about people; but that had changed forever after his defeat in 1980, when she thought that he had been ill served by poor advice and by his own amiability and that she needed to take a more direct role in his career. After their return to the Governor's Mansion, she would tell friends that she understood him better than anyone, better than his sycophants or critics, and that it was her responsibility to allow him to be his true self. One way to do that was to prevent other people from imposing on him if they seemed against his best interests. She said that she wanted him to be free to use his own mind, which she considered creative and even visionary. Although she was naturally skeptical and direct, even hard-edged in

her dealings, Hillary's role as her husband's protector exaggerated those character traits. Her concerns were largely political, though at times there seemed to be a sexual component to her protectiveness. A male friend of Clinton's noticed that Hillary was classifying the people around Bill as either "one of the goods or one of the bads. If you were bad, you had to be kept away from Bill, because if he was with the bad guys he would relax and enjoy himself and make comments about attractive women waving at him in the crowd."

In her effort to protect Clinton, Hillary was assisted by two women whom she did not consider threats: press secretary Joan Roberts, who insisted on being in attendance whenever Clinton or another member of the staff spoke to the press; and chief of staff Betsey Wright, whose relationship with Clinton resembled that of a bossy big sister. Wright was constantly checking on his whereabouts, sending out scouts to see what he was doing and what his enemies were saying about him, thinking up explanations to put his actions in the best possible light, and trying to keep him away from people she thought wanted to exploit him. These three strong women around Clinton became known in Little Rock as "the Valkyries," named for the wise and immortal maidens of Old Norse mythology who selected the heroic warriors fit to die in battle and be escorted to Valhalla.

Clinton both encouraged the defensive cordon put up around him and bristled at the way it inhibited him. "I won't have it! I won't have it!" he once shouted at Wright when she insisted that a state policeman escort him on his morning jogs. The almost sibling nature of Wright's relationship with Clinton at times stretched the boundaries of boss and chief of staff. His habits began to grate on her, and hers on him. Once when he was noisily chomping on an ice cube, his mouth impolitely open, and reached into his cup to get another cube, Wright swatted it out of his hand, which caused him to slap her, reflexively, like a brother hitting his sister. It was only a tap, and it was the only time he struck her, but it was by no means their only fight. She was the aide on whom he vented his frustrations. He staged so many temper tantrums in front of her that he would send her earplugs as an expression of apology. His quarrels with Hillary were even louder and more frequent. But as Hillary told Carolyn Staley that day when they were setting up for croquet on the back lawn, she liked to spar. Mansion workers confided to frequent guests that there were times when they would have loved to disappear while the Clintons screamed at each other.

Another continuing task for Hillary was that of moneymaker. It had been apparent since the beginning of their partnership that Clinton cared little about money outside the political campaign context, and that she would carry the financial burden for the family. But as they entered the prime

wage-earning years of middle age, the arrangement became lopsided. Clinton's part of the deal was to be governor and make a national name for himself while bringing home \$35,000 a year in salary. Hillary felt the need to build the family savings account at the same time that she was taking on more political assignments that consumed hours she could have been billing law clients. Her dealings in the cattle futures commodities market with Jim Blair in the late 1970s marked the first of several forays into the financial world.

Roy Drew, then a stock broker at E. F. Hutton in Little Rock, had received a call from Hillary in the spring of 1983, just as she was getting into her work on the Education Standards Committee. She told Drew that she and two of her partners at Rose Law, Vince Foster, Jr., and Webster Hubbell, had \$15,000 each that they wanted him to invest. They called their account Midlife Investors. Foster and Hubbell were placid partners while Hillary was constantly checking in with Drew. "I recommended Diamond Shamrock and a movie deal and Firestone," Drew recalled. "And Hillary would call and say, 'What's Firestone doing?' and I'd say, 'Well, it's up an eighth today,' and she'd say, 'Why isn't it doing anything?' She was used to the fast action of cattle futures. The next day she'd call and say, 'Where's Firestone?' and I'd say, 'Down a half,' and she'd say, 'Oh, no, what's the matter?' She'd call three or four times a week."

Some people sensed a growing resentment in Hillary that she had to take on so many private duties in the partnership while at the same time she was being asked, unfairly, she thought, to sacrifice material things. In 1985, Hillary told consultant Dick Morris that she wanted to build a swimming pool on the mansion grounds. She said among other things it would be great for Chelsea. "I said, 'How could you even think of that? You'll get killed for that!'" Morris recalled. "And she said, 'Well, it's really not for us, the mansion is for all future governors of the state and they'll all be able to use it.' And I said, 'You'll never be able to sell that argument. The next time you fly over Little Rock, look down and count the number of swimming pools you see.' She said, 'Well, a lot of people have swimming pools.' I got really sarcastic with her and said, 'On the next poll, do you want me to ask whether people have swimming pools?' She was really mad. Very angry. She said, 'Why can't we lead the lives of normal people?' I saw in that flash the resentment from a lot of those issues, the sacrifices they were making staying in public life." Clinton, for his part, lamented to friends that he held a job with little income, one where it was politically impractical to seek a raise. He said he felt bad that he was not living up to his responsibility to support the family. But politics was still his only track.

Another role that Hillary assumed was related to the first two—protector and financial guarantor. She was her husband's public relations trouble-

shooter and legal problem solver. She provided a full range of formal and informal services. As the public relations consultant, she would devote hours to courting John Robert Starr, the managing editor of the *Arkansas Democrat*, in an occasionally effective effort to persuade him to go easier on her husband. As the lawyer, she would quietly represent Clinton's interests, working to resolve some of the most politically sensitive issues in Arkansas, including the resolution of the long-running desegregation case in the Little Rock school district and the state's financial dispute over its disengagement from the costly Grand Gulf nuclear power plant near Port Gibson, Mississippi.

The Grand Gulf case provoked questions, even from Clinton allies, about potential conflicts of interest involving the governor's wife's law firm and state issues. Dick Morris said that when he told his wife Eileen McGann, who was also a lawyer, that Rose Law was representing the Public Service Commission in the Grand Gulf matter, McGann thought it looked like a conflict and said of Hillary, "She's got to be out of her mind!" On his next visit to Little Rock, according to Morris, he raised the issue with Clinton, who said that he needed Hillary and the Rose firm on the case because "anybody else would mangle it." Morris said that Hillary reacted angrily when he asked her about it, reminding him that Rose was a respected firm which had been doing business with the state long before she came along. Her solution was to dissociate herself from fees Rose Law received in the case.

During the 1986 gubernatorial race, in which Clinton prevailed over Frank White in a bitter rematch, White raised the conflict of interest question regarding Hillary and Grand Gulf. In response, Rose Law issued a statement saying that fees from the case "were segregated from other income and were distributed to members of the firm other than Mrs. Clinton so that she in fact received no direct or indirect benefit from the fees." The question was framed in financial terms, disregarding the larger notion of Hillary Clinton as the private lawyer watching out for her husband's political interests. The Clinton team's political response to White was to belittle him for picking on the governor's wife. They printed bumper stickers and put up billboards with the message: "Frank White for First Lady." It was another tactic, like the mea culpa commercial of 1982, that worked so well that the Clintons stored it away for future use.

There were other potential conflicts involving Hillary's work as a Rose lawyer and institutions with political or personal connections to her and her husband the governor. In one case, Dan Lasater, the bond broker and major Clinton campaign contributor who had gone to jail on a drug conviction, was sued for fraud in the collapse of a savings and loan in

Illinois. Hillary, representing the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, helped arrange an out-of-court settlement for less than one-tenth of what the government originally sought. In another, she helped represent Jim McDougal when the thrift he owned, Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan, sought permission from the state securities commissioner to raise money by issuing preferred stock in an effort to maintain the minimum capital requirements and avert insolvency. The Madison case underscored the professional, personal, and political triangle of interests in the Clintons' lives during that era.

At one point of the triangle was Hillary's corner office on the third floor of the red brick Rose Law building, a handsomely converted downtown YWCA with hardwood floors and an indoor swimming pool. It was from that office that she signed a letter to the securities commissioner on behalf of McDougal and received a "Dear Hillary" letter in reply. It would later be a question of dispute as to how Hillary became McDougal's lawyer in that matter. According to her account, she was merely helping a young Rose associate who did most of the work. According to McDougal and his wife Susan, Hillary actively solicited the savings and loan's business, showing up at Madison's Art Deco-style Little Rock branch office one day and saying she needed new clients and would like the thrift to put her and Rose on retainer. "Hillary came in and was telling us about the problem; the problem was finances and she was not bringing enough in to her law firm," Susan McDougal later said. "I remember Jim laughing and saying, 'Well, one lawyer's as good as another, we might as well help Hillary.'"

At the second point of the triangle was the Georgian-style Governor's Mansion several blocks south of downtown where Bill and Hillary Clinton kept their personal papers related to their private financial relationship with the McDougals in Whitewater Development Company. The land development enterprise along the White River had never made the money McDougal had promised it would, and now, by the mid-1980s, it apparently had cost the Clintons tens of thousands of dollars in interest payments on the original loans they had taken with the McDougals to buy the property. McDougal was feeling regret that he had lured the Clintons into the deal. It was, he said, "the dumbest thing I had ever done in my life, from start to finish."

The final point in the triangle was the governor's office on the second floor of the Capitol. It was from that office that Clinton, as governor, appointed the securities commissioner who regulated McDougal's savings and loan. And it was also from that office that Clinton, the politician, operated his permanent campaign, which included the expensive concept of using paid media to advance his legislative and political agenda. McDougal had a connection to that as well. In January 1985, he replenished the

coffers of the permanent campaign by holding a fund-raiser at his Madison branch office in Little Rock, helping to pay off Clinton's political debts, including unsecured personal loans from the Bank of Cherry Valley, which was owned by Clinton's aide and fatherly adviser, Maurice Smith. Clinton and Betsey Wright attended the McDougal fund-raiser for "about twenty-five minutes," Wright recalled. Wright viewed the event as an effort by McDougal to "heal a breach with Bill" that had formed since the disappointment of the Whitewater deal. McDougal later said it was Maurice Smith who asked him to stage the event, and that he and Smith, both nondrinkers, had sat up in his office on the second floor while Clinton made the rounds down below. Wright collected the contributions from McDougal and deposited the checks in Clinton's campaign account that night.

Hillary Rodham Clinton, who touched all three corners of the triangle, saw no conflict in her actions. As a lawyer, she said that she was acting professionally, dissociating herself from fees gathered by Rose in its dealings with the state, giving her best advice to clients, whether they were the FDIC or Madison Guaranty. As a wife and mother, she was trying to bring her family financial security. As a political adviser and pro bono public servant, she was devoting her time and intellect to the betterment of the state. Her motives always seemed practical—she was looking for solutions—but there was also a sanctimonious aspect to it that tended to blind her and her husband to the appearances of what they were doing. Clinton considered her the ethical pillar of their partnership. If she handled a matter for him, he assumed that it would be done extraordinarily well; hence his decision to pick her to lead the Education Standards Committee, because she was "the person closer to me than anyone else," and his statement to Morris that "anyone else would mangle" the Grand Gulf dilemma. He thought she would keep him out of trouble.

Hillary dismissed those who questioned her actions as quibblers who did not appreciate that what she was doing was for the greater good. She framed her actions in moral terms. Beyond all the particulars, in the grand scheme of right and wrong, she felt with almost religious conviction that she was on the side of right. Don Jones, the Drew University theology professor who had been her religious mentor during her youth in Park Ridge, and who admired her greatly, got into an argument with her during a visit to Little Rock. They were discussing the works of the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, and soon enough Jones found himself disputing Hillary's contention that some causes were closer to the will of God than others. "I said, 'I don't think you can equate any cause, however good, to the will of God,'" Jones recalled. "I began a discourse on the dangers of idolatry and quoted from Lincoln's second inaugural address—the North thinks God is

on its side, the South thinks God is on its side, but the Almighty has his own purposes."

RELIGION played an increasingly important role in the lives of the Clintons through the eighties, the most demanding decade of their partnership. They came out of vastly different religious cultures and attended separate churches on Sunday, yet Hillary, the United Methodist, and Bill, the Southern Baptist, both found that faith eased the burden of their high-profile lives, sometimes offering solace and escape from the contentious world of politics, at other times providing theological support for their political choices. Their religious evolutions were similar, reflecting a generational trend: churchgoing was an essential part of their early adolescent years, less apparent during their late teens and twenties, and more vital again as they moved through their thirties into mature parenthood and middle age. The intensity of their faith seemed to increase in proportion to their growing ambitions and responsibilities in careers where the rewards of adulation and accomplishment were counterbalanced by the strains of compromise and criticism.

Hillary Clinton seemed to fit her religion and her church so well that one of her ministers called her "a model of Methodism." She was, in fact, the human model and inspiration for her husband's emerging political theme of opportunity and responsibility, which she traced back to the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, an eighteenth-century Anglican priest who mixed social reform with evangelical piety. "As a member of the British Parliament, he spoke out for the poor at a time when their lives were being transformed by far-reaching industrial and economic changes," she said in a speech explaining why she was a Methodist. "He spent the rest of his life evangelizing among the same people he had spoken up for in Parliament. He preached a gospel of social justice, demanding as determinedly as ever that society do right by all its people. But he also preached a gospel of personal responsibility, asking every man and woman to take responsibility for their own lives . . . and cultivate the habits that would make them productive."

Hillary's church in downtown Little Rock, First United Methodist, was dominated by productive, achievement-oriented professionals with an interest in modest social reform. It seemed to have a special attraction for lawyers: there were seventy-six in the membership, including many of the leading legal lights in the city. The local bar association held its meetings at the church every month. From its earliest days, United Methodist had played a benevolent function in the community. It sponsored a home for unwed mothers at the turn of the century, and later opened a major child

The Clintons tried to defuse the situation with humor. "It was the worst hour of my life—no, make that hour and a half," Clinton told the *Boston Globe*. "Last night was just weird," Hillary told a forlorn caucus of Arkansas delegates who gathered the next morning at the Embassy Suites for a postmortem. She quoted her husband as telling her, "'Well, that's the last time I'll nominate anybody for anything!'" She hoped that the speech would soon be forgotten. "Political history remakes itself every twenty-four hours. Every day is an opportunity to make a new speech." Still, she was fighting for her husband and the future of their political partnership, and she could not entirely control her competitive bent. "If the criticism is that Bill talked too long and was ponderous," she said, "hey, that's criticism of all the Bill Bradleys and all the Mike Dukakis of the world." She was still simmering on the plane ride back to Little Rock Friday morning, according to Gloria Cabe, who sat next to her. "We felt like we had made some small steps toward recovery but were still flabbergasted by the enormity of the event," Cabe recalled. "And of all things, for people to think he was a bad speaker! You could say a lot of things about him, but that was just not accurate."

Betsey Wright had flown back a day earlier, before the convention was over, and she called a staff meeting. Several members of Clinton's staff had watched the speech at the Oyster Bar restaurant in Little Rock and were confused and demoralized when they gathered to hear Wright's account. Wright intended to give a calm assessment of what had happened. But not long after she began her explanation, she started sobbing.

If Clinton intended to finish his political career as the governor of Arkansas, the recovery from the speech could have ended with the adjournment of the convention. But the permanent campaign was a national endeavor now. The vast network of friends that he and Hillary had constructed across the country was seeking reassurance. Judy Trabulsi in Austin, his friend from the McGovern days, was flooded with calls from acquaintances eager to tease her. "So this is the guy you say is going to be president? What a joke!" There was more face-saving work to be done. Clinton needed to transform the disaster into an opportunity by doing something creative and dramatic. Friends in Hollywood, producers Linda Bloodworth Thomason and Harry Thomason, an Arkansas native whose brother Danny was the Clintons' optometrist, conceived the answer. They arranged for him to appear on *The Tonight Show*, where he nervously played "Summertime" on his saxophone and made self-effacing jokes that inspired Johnny Carson to laugh with him, not at him. More Americans watched that show than had listened to his convention speech.

BETSEY Wright had been at Clinton's side for nearly a decade, since his loss to Frank White. Nothing that concerned Bill Clinton was too trivial for Major Betsey, as some staff members called her. During his exile, she had sat in his basement and organized his political files, then had followed him to the law firm and took a desk outside his door, in the bullpen with the secretaries. After his restoration, she had followed him back to the Capitol and become his top aide. She was a chronic chain-smoking overworker, deep-voiced, literate, who reported before dawn and stayed late into the night. Now she was exhausted. Her face, said one friend, seemed frozen in a gaunt expression of pain. Year by year, she had become more of a target of criticism from some good ole boys in the Arkansas legislature, who found her too protective and abrasive. Her relationship with Clinton had grown increasingly tumultuous. They yelled and cursed each other like sailors, but now Wright was becoming more emotional. Policy, personality, private life—everything was getting mixed up into one unsettling stew.

After years of legal deliberations, the first death penalty decisions were approaching in Arkansas. Wright opposed capital punishment but knew that Clinton supported it. They had argued over the death penalty since she had gone to work for him. She wanted to believe, she said later, that his position was based on conviction, not political pragmatism. On the night that mass murderer Ronald Simmons of Russellville was to have been executed, she persuaded Clinton to cancel an appearance at a social function, which she thought would look inappropriate. At the last hour, the court granted a stay of execution. Wright called the governor to tell him, but could not find him at the mansion. She discovered that he was out having dinner with actress Mary Steenburgen, a longtime friend of the Clintons who had grown up in Arkansas.

He was into self-denial again, she told her friends. She concluded that he was going through a severe midlife crisis. She said that he was having a serious affair with another woman, and was not even being discreet about it. Everyone knew, she said. She knew, the troopers knew, Hillary knew. There were great screaming matches at the mansion. Once a counselor was called out to mediate. Clinton was broaching the subject of divorce in conversations with some of his colleagues, governors from other states who had survived the collapse of their marriages. But he told his friends in Arkansas that he wanted to save his marriage. And Hillary wanted to save it, too. She told Wright that she was unwilling to abandon the partnership. She had invested too much in Bill Clinton and was determined to see it through. Wright felt that she had to get away. She was irritable beyond any measure that even she could justify. She was so mad at Clinton that she

Highwire

John Brunnett

E886

.B78

64

*From the
Backroads
to the
Beltway—*

HIGHWIRE

John Brummett *The
Education
of
Bill Clinton*

HYPERION
New York

Highwire: From the Backroads to the Beltway
The Education of Bill Clinton
John Brummett

<u>Tab</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Subject</u>
1	23	HRC as advisor
2	49-53	HRC's independence
3	67	HRC's role in admn.
4	114-15	HRC temper & power
5	135	HRC as advisor
6	158-59	HRC & Foster
7	202-03	HRC on healthcare
8	243-46,254	HRC and Whitewater

a stormy two-year term of arrogance and activism, then when he came back two years later pleading for a second chance as a reinvented listener, coalition builder, and moderate. By the late 1980s, as a columnist spouting opinions, I'd been all over the map—praising, supporting, criticizing, even ridiculing. Once, after a roast of a highway commissioner during which both of us had taken our turns as hopeful comedians, a woman walked up to us and said, "I can't figure you two out." Clinton replied, "It's love-hate."

That was Hillary Rodham Clinton's diagnosis, I suspect. It was not unusual for Hillary's thoughts on personal matters to come out of Bill's mouth. Months later, Clinton sent me a note saying, "Hillary understands far better than I what makes people like you tick." His deference to her better judgment about people would explain the proliferation of her friends, associates, and soulmates in the high echelon of the Clinton administration. Her assessment of me, he later explained, was that I adored him, wanted his attention, and, because of personal admiration, held him to a higher standard than I would apply to other politicians. It was egocentric excuse making and it was contradicted by another line in Clinton's note: "I think you prefer to write without contact. That's too bad." Clinton always prefers contact; he believes he can persuade intellectually and seduce interpersonally, and often he can.

If I thought Hillary was right, I'd admit it. But she showed a basic lack of understanding of the press. I was writing six political columns a week. Clinton was the most compelling political figure in a provincial state where the governor was the primary newsmaker. In an effort to avoid leaving seventeen column inches of white space in the newspaper, I often wrote about him. I defy anyone to write several hundred columns about any person and fill all of them with praise. That's especially hard to do when the subject has a profound tendency toward over-promise and disingenuousness.

For example: He said in his gubernatorial campaign in 1990 that he was not planning to raise taxes. It was an interesting choice of words, and perhaps accurate. Conceivably, he was planning at the time only to get reelected. Presumably, the planning for the sales tax increase he engineered in 1991 did not begin until after he was reelected. Had he ever used marijuana? "Not as an adult in Arkansas," he once said. "I have not broken the drug laws of my country," he said another time. "I'm glad I'm not running for president so I don't have to answer that question," he told me in 1987, after the last-minute bail-out on his

his second prospect for Attorney General, Kimba Wood. Her impending nomination had been widely leaked the day before. Presumably it was leaked by someone advocating her selection and not yet sensitized to the Clinton style: no decision is final until it's irretrievable. Until then, like a late-night veto, it can be snatched from beneath the door.

Bruce Lindsey later reflected that the administration might have been assembled backward. Rather than assembling the cabinet and then the White House staff, it might have been wiser to have reversed the process.

What of Vice President Al Gore, who was emerging as the most connected and integral vice president of the modern era? He and Clinton had become good friends during the campaign bus tours, but they had been only casually acquainted generational rivals before that.

One of the great ironies of the campaign was that Clinton's choice of Gore as running mate solidified the nominee's moderate reputation and appeal. The fact was that Gore was perceived as a moderate because he said so, because he exhibited knowledge on arms issues, and because his wife had led a campaign to label rock music. But Gore's voting record in the Senate was solidly liberal by modern definition, and his best-selling book on the environment was hardly a centrist manifesto. Clinton's credentials as a centrist governing Arkansas—support for the death penalty, pro-business tax policies, neglect of the environment in the interest of development—were far better than Gore's as a senator, although, to be fair, a governor could choose his issues and escape the occasionally defining votes that were required in the Congress.

Gore's early influence was to push for expeditious lifting of the ban on gays in the military, which would have been promptly overridden in the Senate (to the president's utter humiliation), and to persuade Clinton to propose a complex tax on the energy content of fuels that struck many others in the Clinton administration as ill-conceived and that died an ugly death at the hands of Southern moderates in the United States Senate.

What of Hillary Rodhām Clinton, widely accused of being the real president, or at least widely believed to be the new president's strongest influence and enforcer?

The fact was that in Arkansas she had been busy with a law career and had exerted her considerable influence not generally, but mostly on matters of her choosing and of special interest to her, such as education and children's services. Now, as the president's wife, it would be much the same: She busied herself with health care. She had never

been, and would not now be, her husband's shadow or baby-sitter. Clinton's aides and associates in Arkansas told this story from August 1986: He was on Hilton Head Island in South Carolina to assume the chairmanship of the National Governors Association. When supporters arrived there a day after Clinton had arrived, and a day before the acceptance speech that would provide his biggest step to date into the national arena, they found him very ill with a stomach virus. Had Hillary, who was with him, called a doctor? Given him a pill? No, she told them. He could handle himself. She was no nurse.

Actually, Hillary often behaved in the White House in 1993 as a special-interest advocate for health care reform, without regard for the broader presidential strategies. She pushed her own agenda while others were left to try to blend it into the whole. That caused resentment among some of the practical-minded presidential advisers. Bruce Lindsey, for one, found himself at odds with the resolute First Lady over appointments and strategic planning. She pressured him both on personnel choices and the pace of appointments; he, in turn, thought that someone close to the president needed to concern himself with overall strategies because his wife was obsessed with health care and his vice president was obsessed with his assignment: "reinventing government."

Hillary's influence over appointments and the health care issue contributed toward Clinton's finding himself portrayed slightly and precariously to the left of his Southern moderate heritage, and thus losing his connection to middle-class white voters. It is true that Hillary can be more calculating and pragmatic than her husband, but in image and personal alliances, she is to his left. The real difference is that although they think much alike and compose a brainy team of symmetrical strengths (she, more focused and analytical in the lawyerly sense; he, infinitely warmer and more talented intellectually and politically), he has broader interests and will retreat, while she might not.

When Hillary intervened in policy or strategy, sensing a need, one of two things happened: Her husband would take her advice or they would argue, Clinton explaining to her that he, not she, was the president. Her influence was overstated. For years she was a children's advocate in Arkansas, but not until the Center for Youth Law in San Francisco sued him while he was a presidential candidate did her husband acquiesce to spending more money and reforming the state's abysmally failing system of children's services.

In early 1993, Washington was rife with rumors of loud fights between the president and First Lady. In fact, they were known to disagree

vigorously in private at times, which is not believed to be uncommon in modern American marriage. It was their style, not unlike Clinton's relationship with Betsey Wright. When they had conflicts, they aired them without reservation in private; but in public, solidarity was always the rule. Perhaps it was understandable that the raw-edged volatility of this private relationship—one in which two bright, independent, strong-willed people were mutually respectful but sometimes rivals for intellectual and tactical superiority—might have unnerved the hovering Secret Service or the White House permanent staff, leading to gossip.

Hillary was forever challenging her husband's judgment about people, telling him that many of those he deemed his friends weren't his friends at all. Often she was right; her husband was entirely too trusting. Sometimes he'd listen; sometimes not. Sometimes he'd agree with her, then prove unable to overcome his soft touch and basic instinct for warmth and gregariousness.

(I should note that while the president and leading White House officials generally cooperated with me in gathering information for this book, a lawyer representing Hillary sent a letter saying she was too busy and would not. The point is that Clinton could not say no but Hillary certainly could.)

Hillary is better than her husband at focusing on a specific issue or assignment, mastering the complexities, and remaining resolute. But she doesn't have her husband's natural political instincts and talents for relating to people and winning affection, a shortcoming she bared through harsh and ill-advised comments during the presidential campaign that led to a self-imposed low profile.

Nor is she as smart as he. The most common refrain among those who know the Clintons well is that although Hillary is smart, the brilliant original thinker in the family is Bill.

I recall the fall of 1980, riding on a plane with Arkansas's First Couple to a campaign stop in Fort Smith, after which we were to take a brief flight to Fayetteville. My assignment was to stay with them all day, but the Clintons were excited that the county sheriff and prosecuting attorney in Fort Smith would hold a news conference later in the day to defend Clinton's handling of the crisis of rioting Cuban refugees at nearby Fort Chaffee. His Republican opponent was using the riot against him rather shamelessly and demagogically, saying Clinton should have "stood up" to his friends in the Carter administration and told them to take the Cubans elsewhere. When I mentioned that I would be with them in Fayetteville, and therefore unable to cover

the news conference, Hillary began barking orders: I would stay in Fort Smith for the news conference, then a state police trooper would drive me up the road to Fayetteville. That, of course, would have been an improper use of a state trooper, as Clinton and I knew. He later thanked me for making other arrangements. Hillary was a take-charge person, but she wasn't always attuned to political sensitivities. The sound judgment of a lawyer is not the same as the sound judgment of a politician.

Then, in 1987, the Arkansas legislature was preparing to end its regular session and stayed late one April night to tend to last-minute conference reports and amendment concurrences. It had been a generally unsuccessful session for Clinton: He had proposed expanding the sales tax base to apply a 2 percent gross receipts tax to many business services that were exempt, and had been dealt a decisive defeat by the state's powerful business lobbyists.

These last-night sessions were historically colorful in Arkansas: legislators were tired and playful (one fellow always dressed the last day to look like Colonel Harlan Sanders of Kentucky Fried Chicken fame), and there were reports and circumstantial evidence of alcohol consumption. All the big-time lobbyists had left the Capitol to gather for fellowship at the nearby headquarters of the Arkansas Poultry Federation, a.k.a. the "Chicken House." Suddenly, about 8:00 P.M., Clinton's floor people in the House of Representatives began making motions to suspend the rules and pull out of committee those failed bills extending the sales tax to certain services. The lobbyists down at the "Chicken House" had to rush back in horror and anger, and there were a couple of near fistfights. It turned out Hillary had finished her lawyer's work for the day and joined her husband downstairs in the governor's office, where she had taken charge of strategy and introduced a stranger—combateness—to it.

Then, in 1990, Clinton's renomination for governor in the Democratic primary was challenged by a lawyer and foundation director named Tom McRae, who ran from the left and began making modest gains in polls about three weeks out. Limited in money, he relied greatly on news conferences, and one day he conducted one in the rotunda of the state Capitol to blast Clinton for being out of state too often and accumulating too much power through a decade in the Governor's Mansion. "Oh, Tom, give me a break," came a familiar female voice. It was Hillary, who ambushed him and engaged him right then and there in a debate that she won handily because, as many members of Congress were to find in 1993, it's difficult to figure out how to deal

with the First Lady. But at best her stunt, which the Clintons insisted was spontaneous, was a washout, admired by some and considered untoward by others. Later that year, a group of advisers and contributors met with Clinton to plot his general election strategy. One of them, lawyer Ark Monroe of Little Rock, a second cousin of Gore, worked up the nerve to say he hoped Hillary would not perform any more ambushes. After a pregnant silence, Clinton stonily replied that he thought Hillary's attack on McRae was the highlight of the primary campaign.

Regardless of the president's occasional arguments with his wife, no one could feel comfortable criticizing her to him. One day in 1982, Clinton said to me that campaign aides had told him I didn't like Hillary. It was true. I had told them that. But I resisted being drawn into the conversation; I did not wish to discuss the merits of the governor's wife with the governor. But he badgered. Finally, I said, "Well, yes, I said I find her a little cold and rigid." At that point Clinton proceeded to lecture me about overcoming cultural disconnections—male-female, Chicago-Arkansas—and explain to me that what I didn't understand was that his wife was the single most brilliant and compassionate person he knew.

He might not have been wrong about those disconnects. Consider another campaign plane incident in 1982: Hillary, with two-year-old Chelsea in tow, accompanied her husband on an uncommonly exhausting one-day fly-around to the Arkansas media markets from Little Rock to Texarkana to Fort Smith to Fayetteville to Jonesboro. At the end of the day, flying back to Little Rock, the seemingly tireless and boyishly exuberant Clinton got the idea for a card game of hearts in which he and I would be participants along with his press secretary and campaign travel aide. As we set up a makeshift table, and as Clinton prepared to deal the cards with his left hand, a stern voice came from a seat in the back of the plane where Hillary was holding Chelsea, "Bill—no." As Clinton looked to Hillary sheepishly and explained that a hand or two would relax him, she admonished that he could best use the time to relax, sleep, or work on the script for a radio spot he would tape that evening. After a few seconds of uncertainty, Clinton said he'd play just one hand because it would relax him, and we played, not altogether comfortably. For the longest time I recalled that incident as one in which Hillary displayed a most unattractive iciness. But later I began to mitigate the view; she had spent the day attending to her husband's political needs, piling in and out of a small airplane with

immediately and repeal some of the incumbents' advantages by limiting political action committee contributions and providing incentives for campaign-spending limits. The president suggested that they move on. Then he turned the discussion to health care reform. Foley asked, "Mr. President, you're not really planning to do health care this year, are you?" Clinton responded that he'd hate to think that with health care the greatest barrier to a balanced federal budget and of grave concern to millions of Americans, the Congress couldn't do something about it in the space of twelve months.

Clinton was wedded to attacking health care, so to speak. His wife had enhanced the centerpiece of his governorship of Arkansas—education reform—by chairing with tenacity and deftness the commission charged with writing new minimum school standards. Now with no law career to continue, she needed, and in fact required, a role. Her husband wanted and trusted her help on substantive matters.

The Clintons thought it ill-advised that Hillary exert influence generally by virtue of being the wife of the president. That would lend itself to criticism and do little for the cause of a woman's independent accomplishment. Hillary wanted a project where she could make her independent mark, and she told her husband she would take the biggest and toughest of them all, health care. He agreed without compunction.

Clinton also had the idea—based on polling data and the advice of strategists such as Carville, who had risen to fame by helping elect Harris Wofford to the U.S. Senate from Pennsylvania on the promise of health security—that health care might be an even better connection to the white working middle class than welfare reform. The 37 million uninsured Americans weren't disproportionately minorities or welfare recipients; they included people who had jobs without full benefits, or who had medical conditions that caused insurers to avoid them, or who changed jobs, or chose self-employment and couldn't afford the non-group insurance rates.

He thought at the time that he could sell health reform as a means of saving money and reducing the long-term deficit and debt, appealing to Perot voters while winning goodwill from working-class people frightened about the continued availability of insurance and affordable health care. In time, research would show that a better sales pitch than deficit reduction was the promise of security—of a middle-class entitlement that couldn't be taken away. American people, it seemed from research, didn't mind a social program if everyone got

Yes, what of those rumors?

The one about a woman's insulting a military officer at the White House was not "made of whole cloth," as Clinton had said. "Something happened, and we regret it. The President was very unhappy about it," McLarty said. "But it didn't happen quite the way it's been described."

As for his supposed loathing of the military, few things could have been further from the truth. "It's just not Bill Clinton," McLarty said. It could not possibly be true that Clinton was obsessed with trying to please everyone and simultaneously contemptuous of the military. Actually, he most desires approval from those who don't readily extend it. In Arkansas, our joke was that the quickest way to Clinton's ear was to criticize him publicly. Even the now-famous letter he wrote as a twenty-three-year-old draft evader to an ROTC colonel to whom he'd lied about his intentions seemed in part an effort to win the colonel's understanding, if not acceptance.

In Vancouver, Clinton jogged with the lieutenant general who had sustained the impoliteness, whatever its form. Pool photographers, usually seen as intrusive by the Clintons, were encouraged to observe and shoot pictures.

The rumors about Hillary were at least overblown, and mostly false and malicious. They were based on a cultural inability to cope with her powerful role. She can hurt more with a brisk comment or a glare than an ashtray. A governor's staffer in Arkansas told of the time he was at the Governor's Mansion on business and spotted Hillary's father, the late Hugh Rodham, in the kitchen. He'd always enjoyed Rodham's company, so he stepped into the kitchen to say hello. It turned out that Hillary's mother and brothers were there, too. The staffer said that Hillary gave him a look he'd never forget, one that sent an unmistakable message: How dare you infiltrate my private family time? Get the hell out of here.

The rumors sprang from embellishments of her palpable displeasure about the hovering, controlling nature of the Secret Service, which invaded what she called her "zone of privacy" and conflicted with her own controlling nature. And, yes, she, like her husband, has a temper.

Here is a good, albeit mild, example: On the week of Clinton's inauguration, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, which serves Arkansas, sponsored a tribute to Hillary for her championing of children and education. The event at the Kennedy Center included a satellite hookup with First Daughter Chelsea's classroom back at Horace Mann

School on the eastern, mostly black side of Little Rock. George "Skip" Holland, lobbyist for Southwestern Bell in Arkansas, was on stage awaiting Hillary's arrival. With him was the company president, Mike Flynn, and two technicians whose job was to make sure the satellite hookup came off without a hitch. A Secret Service agent walked up to Holland and told him the company could have only two representatives on stage when Mrs. Clinton arrived. After a bit of contention, during which the Secret Service man asked insistently that Holland please let him do his job, Holland decided that if only two company employees could be on stage, they would be the vital technicians. When Hillary arrived, she greeted Holland and Flynn warmly. As she prepared to walk to the stage, she asked, "Aren't you coming?" Holland told her of the orders of the Secret Service, and Hillary blew a fuse. "Damn it, this is my event, not the Secret Service's event," she said. "I'll decide who gets on the stage."

Told of that story and asked if it represented the First Lady's widely rumored colorful language, a White House official said, "No. I'm talking about something a bit more colorful."

Matters would get worse.

Clinton accepted that Reagan had made the president's job seem manageable enough through the magic of simplicity, superficiality, firm ideology, delegation, detachment, message control, foreign policy coasting, and communications mastery. But Clinton's message wasn't simple or superficial; it was nuanced and diversified. And he had been anything but detached except in one fateful matter.

One of the exclamation points on Clinton's April from Hell was the FBI's offensive on cult leader David Koresh's Ranch Apocalypse outside Waco, Texas, after weeks of standoff resulting from a bungled raid on the compound by agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms (ATF). The ATF agents had acted on charges that Koresh oversaw an arsenal of illegal weapons.

In one of Washington's cruel twists, Clinton paid a bitter price of seeming cowardice for the one situation he'd kept away from at a time when he was widely panned for trying to do too much.

The White House seemed rather cavalier about the events that Monday morning, April 19, when the FBI moved on the Waco compound with tanks knocking holes in the walls and releasing tear gas inside. Asked about the offensive by a reporter early in the day, Clinton

center—Clinton's hopeful response was, "Do you think he'd do it?"

Sure he would. What prototypical pundit pol wouldn't accept an offer to save the presidency of a man he thought was terrific? Gergen made a great income giving speeches for big fees about Washington politics. After a couple of years in the White House salvaging a blundering president, he could double his fees.

All that was required was to create a job title and description for Gergen that fell somewhere between communications director, which he'd already held under Reagan, and chief of staff, which McLarty cared not to surrender and for which, truth be known, the disorganized Gergen would have been a disaster, especially in service to this personally undisciplined president. Gergen's work style is to rush harriedly from task to task, often running late. That was the last thing Clinton needed in a chief of staff.

Gergen wanted to do more than be the spin doctor; now he wanted policy influence. Hence we had a counselor to the president.

There was one other not insignificant step: running Gergen past Hillary's inspection. As a moderate of some intellectual repute with a basis of longtime casual friendship, Gergen survived. As previously explained, Hillary Rodham Clinton was no radical ideologue. She could practice the politics of inclusion as long as the one to be included had been a friendly admirer and if she could see a readily identifiable pragmatic benefit.

That McLarty would recruit a staffer who might overshadow him and get credit for whatever improvement might occur at the White House was proof that he was no typical modern-era chief of staff in the mold of John Sununu, Jim Baker, or Don Regan, clinging to turf and fancying himself as the deputy president or even the real one.

McLarty genuinely saw himself as the corporate-style chief executive officer. He saw his job as comparable in some ways to the last one he had held as chairman of an integrated *Fortune* 500 utility company with exploration and distribution operations. In the corporate world, it didn't diminish his role as corporate chairman to hire the best people he could find to run his divisions, an exploration man who knew much more than he about drilling and a distribution man who knew much more than he about pipelines. To the contrary, it enhanced it.

Essentially, Gergen would be the White House's assistant chief executive officer for political imagery, political antennae, and centrist policy advice.

McLarty was motivated by a great personal need not to fail. His

Alpha Epsilon fraternity at Davidson. Foster had just booked the greatest soul group he'd ever heard. It was called the Otis Redding Revue, and Foster told Woodyard he could get the band for the Sigma Chi fraternity at the University of Arkansas for \$5,000. Woodyard explained that his entertainment budget was maybe a fifth of that.

Foster carried a torch for Motown music into middle age, parlaying it into a taste for progressive jazz. Music, wine, and making pasta were his great avocational interests. Whenever Woodyard planned an important dinner party, he'd call Foster for advice on wine. "I knew my California wines, but if I wanted to go foreign, I needed Vince," he said.

On the day Woodyard's father died, Foster expressed frustration to Woodyard's wife that he couldn't draw out his friend's emotions, and he had tears in his eyes. Over the years the Fosters and the Woodyards spent hundreds of hours together at dinners or lake houses. Sometimes Foster would be "in one of his moods," as the others put it, meaning he wanted to be left alone to read or watch television, and was obliged. Woodyard did not speak of that as an omen of what was to come or as a sign of something wrong. Surely we all have friends who are moody; maybe we are the moody ones benefiting from close friends who learn to accept our occasional retreat. It's one thing to accept that a good friend sometimes goes into a shell. It's quite another to consider that the friend would put a gun in his mouth and pull the trigger and that you would be one of his pallbearers at a funeral on which the nation's eyes would be fixed.

Having alluded to the closeness between Foster and Hillary, I should say at this point that there were those in Arkansas who suspected a romance between them over nearly twenty years of intimate friendship. For my part, whenever I heard a charge implying that the Clintons had a marriage of professional and political convenience—an "open marriage," I suppose—I harked back to a time in the early 1980s when I was on a campaign plane with them, trying to go to sleep. But my eyes weren't quite closed, and I saw Hillary kiss her husband and whisper that she loved him. They seemed to me to have the traditional affections of a loving married couple, even if it was true that Bill was a philanderer and seldom campaigned on a college campus or in a Wal-Mart store when he didn't pop in the car afterward and carry on in an adolescent manner about a good-looking coed or a tight-jeaned country girl that he had seen. Foster clearly adored his wife, Lisa, and his three kids, two boys and a girl. I rather agreed with this assessment

by a woman who was a friend of both Foster and Hillary: "They had such a strong friendship that to me it's totally irrelevant whether in the course of two decades they ever rubbed body parts."

Frankly, one of the more attractive things about Hillary was that she and Vince Foster were friends.

Foster and Hillary became close because they shared good brains, careers, general sensitivities, extraordinary responsibilities, generational interests, and the leadership of a proud law firm. When you are the governor and first lady of a small state, or when you are a serious-minded professional leading a staid and dignified law firm in that small state, there are few occasions when you can let your hair down. Together, Foster and the Clintons could sip wine, turn up Aretha Franklin's volume on the CD player, and splash into Foster's swimming pool in the affluent Heights section of Little Rock.

It's safe to say that no one except perhaps Chelsea was as close to both halves of the new First Couple. Foster, a year older than Clinton, had been the president's boyhood neighbor back in Hope. As an adult he was Hillary's best friend. He knew their joint privacies as their personal attorney. All the other close friends of the Clintons, with the possible exception of Betsey Wright, had an identifiably stronger bond with one than with the other. Hubbell, for example, was not as close to Hillary as was Vince, but he and Clinton were close friends.

Almost six months to the day after that tearful moment in the Mayflower Hotel, in the late afternoon of July 20, Foster was found dead. His body lay in the grass near a Civil War cannon on a secluded hill in the tiny, quiet Fort Marcy Park on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, which the mound overlooked. A .38-caliber revolver, with one bullet unused, hung from the thumb of his right hand. He had shot himself in the mouth. His coat and wallet had been left in the car in the nearby parking lot.

That day he had attended the announcement of the appointment of Louis Freeh to be director of the FBI. "We hit a home run today," his boss, chief counsel Bernie Nussbaum, told him, referring to Freeh. Foster had said only, "Yeah." Then he had taken lunch on a tray from the White House Mess to his office, where he ate alone, which was not unusual, and watched on television a bit of the opening of the confirmation hearings for Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the nominee for the Supreme Court—another home run. Around 1:00 P.M. he walked out

posed the mandate that employers pay into purchasing pools on behalf of all their employees—which amounted to a tax, according to the Congressional Budget Office.

Second, his pollster, Stanley Greenberg, was a supposed “new Democrat,” but one who veered from the DLC on the issue of health care. Greenberg’s polls convinced the president that middle-class people did not object to entitlement programs altogether, but only to entitlement programs that cost them money and to which they weren’t entitled. About 70 percent of Americans desired the permanent security of universal health insurance that would not be denied by unemployment, sickness, or job change. Therefore, Clinton thought the route to a “new Democrat” appeal to the middle class would be to give the middle class an entitlement. On the contrary, the DLC thought the route to a middle-class connection was to hold costs down through managed competition and ask shared responsibility among the middle class, primarily by limiting the full deduction allowed employers on their group health insurance contributions.

Third, Hillary Clinton, whose ability to focus on a complex issue and master it was greatly admired by her husband, convinced the president that unlike more politically palatable plans, hers actually would work to the desired end—universal health coverage with generous benefits for a reasonable amount of money and an eventual restraining of health care cost increases. She was confident that her task force had designed a thorough proposal. One of the problems with American health insurance was that people couldn’t change jobs without risking the loss of it; she would change that. Another was that people with medical conditions couldn’t get affordable insurance and therefore relied on public health services subsidized by taxpayers; she would change that. Another was that vibrant young people with good jobs who thought they would live forever simply declined to buy health insurance, raising the costs for everyone else; she would require those people to pay 20 percent of their health insurance costs through their workplaces. And too many employers relied on part-time or temporary employees and provided no employment benefits to them; Rodham Clinton would require a partial payment into a health care plan by all employers for all part-time and temporary employees.

To address the spiraling cost of health premiums, a spiral that actually abated in 1993, she would impose premium caps. Americans fearful of losing the right to choose their doctor would be allowed to steer

clear of health maintenance organizations and go to their preferred doctor, though it might cost them extra. Cigarette smokers took health risks that caused cancer; she would charge them for their habit. In lawyerly fashion, she had assessed every problem and proposed a narrow solution. But on the whole, her program scared conservatives, and it eventually began to scare the decisive middle class, because it certainly put government more into the business of health care than it was already. The danger was that the health plan would meet the same fate in 1994 that the budget met in 1993: it was a responsible plan that would probably reap desired benefits, but it risked definition as tired and failed liberalism.

Outside of his daughter, I doubt there are any two people more important to Bill Clinton than his wife and his pollster. The political complication was that his wife and pollster were tugging him toward the left on health care at the very time he was determined to reclaim the political center on NAFTA, crime, and "reinventing government"—at the very time, in fact, that he needed to show Americans a clear, central, uncontradicted identity and appear a "new Democrat" truer to the Democratic Leadership Council heritage.

A year before, at the annual dinner of the DLC, President-elect Clinton had delivered a triumphant address. A black-tie, job-seeking crowd filled the main floor of Washington's sprawling Union Station, overflowing to hallways and anterooms where big-screen televisions were set up for closed-circuit viewings of this "new Democrat," the favored son of the DLC, who was now ready to run the country on the principles of centrist, neo-activist thinkers once dubbed by Jesse Jackson as "Democrats for the Leisure Class."

The conversation that evening centered on the contrast with DLC functions in the past, which sometimes filled only partitioned sections of hotel ballrooms. The toast of the evening was Al From, a veteran Washington staffer and a rotund fireplug of a fellow. He was the president and driving force of the DLC. He had declared for years that someday the "new Democrats" would emerge; that only a "new Democrat" could win back "Reagan Democrats" and regain the White House; and that the governor down in Arkansas by the name of Bill Clinton was the likeliest agent.

At the time From was on loan to the Clinton transition team as domestic policy adviser. It was not a job he had wanted in the administration; he would return to the DLC and lead the organization that,

to the securities commissioner, Beverly Bassett Schaffer, who had been recently appointed by Hillary's husband.

One cannot blame the curious small-time culture of Arkansas for Hillary Clinton's poor judgment. She was from Chicago, then Wellesley, then Yale. She came to Arkansas only under a kind of romantic duress; she happened to be in love with a fellow who insisted on being governor of the place on his way to the White House.

That's what the Whitewater-Madison brouhaha amounted to, really: the bad personal and business judgment of the Clintons in a place where curiously overlapping political and business associations were sufficiently commonplace that they did not attract as much critical attention as they might in a larger state with a vital opposing party and newspapers more accomplished at blending political and business reporting.

(In that regard, we in the Arkansas media paid scant attention to Hillary through the 1980s because she wasn't a full-time government policy leader. She was pursuing her private career. Attacking her would get one accused of unfairness or sexism and of not understanding or accepting her right to pursue an independent career. That's what I heard in 1989, for example, when I questioned the potential conflict of her law firm's representing corporate raiders who were seeking to take over the Arkansas Best Corp. trucking company of Fort Smith, despite the opposition of her husband, who pondered for a time proposing a change in the corporate code in a special legislative session to insulate the home company. Where Hillary and a professional woman's independence were concerned, backwoods Arkansas often seemed more progressive and enlightened through the 1980s than the nation appeared in 1993.)

At its core, the story of Whitewater-Madison was not worthy of the name "Whitewatergate" because it encompassed no potential criminality by the Clintons inside the current White House, or, by nearly all objective accounts, outside the current White House. Bill Clinton was not motivated by money. If he was, he could have parlayed his impeccable credentials into prosperity in the private sector. His validation was provided electorally, not financially. Hillary was motivated, too, by the achievement of political power; she sacrificed for her husband, but she benefited mightily in return—to the point that I never considered her a feminist or an inspiring role model for working women. What's the model? Marry a brilliant politician, endure his

philandering, and take over the health care industry when he goes to the White House? I think not.

Her business endeavors were for the purpose of providing long-term family security in the absence of her husband's help. That's not to say she was as uninterested in money as he. She came from a more affluent background than her husband. A campaign aide driving her to an engagement asked her in the early eighties, "Have you and Bill ever thought about getting out of politics and making a lot of money?" She replied, "I have. He hasn't." Actually, as *The New York Times* would uncover in March 1994, Hillary had made a quick \$100,000 in 1978, before Clinton was governor, trading commodities on the advice of her and Bill's friend, Jim Blair, who was counsel for Tyson Foods.

For his part, Clinton's chief fear of Whitewater was that he couldn't be sure what would come out because he had never made it a priority and had no earthly idea what might have transpired over more than a decade. He could tell you the number of votes he received in a rural precinct of Arkansas in 1978, but he couldn't tell you much if anything about the intricacies of the land development business he went into that year.

Of all the pronouncements by Jim McDougal, the one that rang truest was, "Bill's eyes just glazed over," whenever business subjects were raised.

The resistance to public disclosure of Whitewater was based mostly on Hillary's adamant and lawyerly belief in a "zone of privacy" and concern that public disclosure would embarrass her personally and professionally while providing fodder for a media frenzy and partisan exploitation, thus distracting attention from the policy initiatives she and her husband lived for. That would be health care reform, primarily.

Hillary has long been inclined toward a bunker mentality. She tolerates criticism much less graciously than her husband, who might blow up at a critic one day and hug him the next. Clinton is accustomed to public embarrassment; Hillary isn't. She defines morality on the legacy of the issues of her youth—Vietnam, civil rights, Watergate—and assigns partisan evil to most detraction. Together, the Clintons were fully capable of a Nixonian stonewall to protect personal privacy or to protect themselves from exploitation or embarrassment, but not of an active cover-up or obstruction of justice. They could be counted on to stop short of that.

At its core Whitewater was a story of bad judgment, embarrassment, ethical lapses, and relatively minor financial loss for the Clintons cov-

ering a time from the late 1970s to the mid-1980s when they were young and free and powerful in a backwoods state, and thought they were invincible and invisible. Bill Clinton was notoriously reckless and indiscreet in his personal associations. That was nothing new. Hillary's job sometimes was to watch him, but as I've explained, she'd never made baby-sitting her full-time responsibility.

Her husband was the one who, in 1978, before he was governor, got her into Whitewater with McDougal, his witty, big-talking pal from Senator Fulbright's staff, and she had been steamed at her husband for years about the loss of money and the personal embarrassment.

Hillary was relatively new to Arkansas and McDougal when Clinton put her in business with him; she had a right to blame her husband for the initial association. But Clinton had reason to be steamed at his wife, too. In time she had assumed control of the Whitewater matter, and it was more her fault than his that records were missing, that she crossed an ethical line, and that McDougal made dubious dealings under the name of Whitewater that the Clintons knew nothing about.

So it was Hillary, not Bill, who most staunchly resisted a full public release of the Whitewater documents and acquiescence to a special counsel to investigate McDougal, Whitewater, and any peripheral allegations. And it was Hillary who could not be challenged comfortably by White House staffers. Her iciness and toughness made her unapproachable; Bill could be talked to, but she couldn't.

There was lingering mythology through 1993 that Hillary was smarter than the president and the better person. He had more glaring flaws and she had more glaring backbone. But she could be tyrannically self-absorbed, cold, and quite impolitic. (Remember that once she asserted control of my travel arrangements, dictating that I be hauled from Fort Smith to Fayetteville by a state trooper, and that it was Clinton who went behind her back to make sure I understood the impropriety of that.) It was nearly unanimous among Clinton insiders in Arkansas that while Hillary was more organized and better able to focus than her husband, she was merely smart, while his brainpower could seem spectacular in the breadth of knowledge and the speed of study.

As a young political phenom, Bill Clinton had been a sucker for someone like Jim McDougal, who was bright—though not as bright as he wanted you to think—as well as fairly urbane, funny, irreverent, and a traditional Democrat who adored FDR to the point of imitating him in speech and mannerisms. Clinton had many of those qualities,

but he had to temper them with the realities of political viability. He sometimes drew his sense of humor and healthy irreverence through others, like McDougal. Hillary, on the other hand, had much less need for such vicarious pleasures. She does not suffer fools gladly; her husband suffers them exuberantly.

Clinton was a collegian working part time on Fulbright's staff when he befriended McDougal, who was six years older than he. The friendship flourished when Clinton was in his twenties and the business partnership began when Clinton was barely thirty. Youth and immaturity are not excuses, but they are constant factors with Clinton. Remember, he had grown up in public in Arkansas as a work-in-progress, erring and recovering, blundering and rallying.

McDougal, who always talked of business schemes and making money, sensed the land development opportunities of northern Arkansas, where retirees and vacationers are coming with increasing frequency, and in 1978 he cut his thirty-two-year-old buddy, the governor-elect, in on the Whitewater Development Corporation to develop lots and homes along the White River. Their signature on bank notes bought the Clintons a half-interest in McDougal's dream. Then McDougal joined Clinton's first and ill-fated gubernatorial term, 1979-80, as an economic development adviser, leaving that position early to go into small-town banking. Clinton made countless errors in his appointees in that disastrous first term, and McDougal wasn't the best example. Clinton tapped a small-town police chief named Tommy Robinson to be his director of public safety. The status and high profile enabled Robinson to become elected sheriff of Pulaski County, the state's largest county, containing Little Rock. Robinson chained county prisoners to the fence of the state prison, arrested political opponents, falsely accused a prominent criminal defense lawyer of conspiring to kill his wife, and then got elected to Congress, where he distinguished himself by writing more hot checks at the House Bank than anyone else.

Then, in 1982, when Clinton was making his first political comeback, McDougal ran a quixotic campaign against the entrenched Republican congressman from northwest Arkansas—John Paul Hammerschmidt, a close friend of George Bush who quietly perpetuated his tenure in Congress by remaining invisible on policy and issues while tending with unparalleled efficiency to constituent services on matters such as veterans' affairs and Social Security disability. I suspected that McDougal's candidacy was an attempt to keep Hammerschmidt preoc-

The central question, then, was this: What of these blunders?

Failing criminality, which hardly anyone other than Republican attack artists was willing to suggest, their public worthiness was to help define the First Couple as imperfect, capable of judgmental error, hypocritical in their decrying of the greed of the Reagan era, poor businesspeople, and grudgingly unwilling to accept the fact that the President of the United States, unlike the governor of Arkansas, has no "zone of privacy." It was conceivable that the Clintons might owe yet more taxes and be subject to penalties because of improperly claimed Whitewater-related deductions. The myth of Hillary Clinton as "Saint Hillary" preaching the "politics of meaning" was deflated.

But Watergate and Iran-contra were credible allegations of legal or ethical improprieties against White House officials stemming from the performance of their duties in the White House. "Whitewatergate" was sixteen years old; if Clinton violated a public trust, its relevance would be historical reference. It might be a factor for voters in 1996 in contributing to the portrait of their president. It was fair to bring it up; it was important to bring it up. But as a compelling scandal, it paled in comparison with some of its presidential predecessors.

Clinton himself seemed about a step-and-a-half removed from the principal allegations: his securities commissioner, Beverly Bassett Schaffer, was a tough regulator who extended no irregular favors to Madison and insisted Clinton never said one word to her about Jim McDougal. Clinton was guilty of accepting a campaign fund-raiser from an old friend who turned out to be an unwise association, but if there was irregularity in the sources of money, he seemed to be oblivious to it and legally detached from complicity. When confronted initially with Whitewater-related allegations in the campaign of 1992, he said he thought he had lost about \$25,000, and that, yes, he probably should have gotten out of the partnership long before. There was a kind of reassurance to that answer, suggesting as it did that he didn't know enough about the situation to be aware of his losses and that he readily accepted the improprieties of the arrangement.

Again, the more intricate questions concerned Hillary, who spent much of 1993 in a frenzied public relations campaign to build a strong public image that would define her as part Bobby Kennedy, right hand to the president and policy powerhouse; part Barbara Bush, warm First Spouse and First Mom; and part Princess Diana, royal family fashion plate, posing with semi-sensuousness in *Vogue* magazine. She had the closer relationship with Vince Foster, and while Webb Hubbell was

THE AGENDA

Inside the
Clinton White House

Bob Woodward

SIMON & SCHUSTER
New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo Singapore

The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House
Bob Woodward

<u>Tab</u>	<u>Pages</u>	<u>Subject</u>
1	17-18,25-26	HRC as advisor
2	32-34,38,57	'92 Campaign
3	87-88	HRC as advisor
4	103-04	HRC & POTUS
5	pictures	HRC as partner
6	109-12	HRC as advisor
7	120	HRC & re-elect
8	123-24	HRC & cost freeze
9	139,147-48	HRC and Greenspan
10	154,160,162	Mr. Rodham's death
11	199-200	HRC's lack of trust
12	209-10,216	HRC and Gergen
13	242-44	HRC as advisor
14	254-56	HRC as advisor
15	293-94	HRC as advisor
16	316	HRC on healthcare
17	331-34	HRC & POTUS