

Withdrawal/Redaction Sheet

Clinton Library

DOCUMENT NO. AND TYPE	SUBJECT/TITLE	DATE	RESTRICTION
001. memo	Bob Nash to POTUS re: Office of Presidential Personnel [partial] (1 page)	08/11/2000	b(6)

COLLECTION:

Clinton Presidential Records
Staff Secretary
Chron Files
OA/Box Number: 21407

FOLDER TITLE:

Thursday, August 17, 2000

2019-0990-S

rs3436

RESTRICTION CODES

Presidential Records Act - [44 U.S.C. 2204(a)]

- P1 National Security Classified Information [(a)(1) of the PRA]
- P2 Relating to the appointment to Federal office [(a)(2) of the PRA]
- P3 Release would violate a Federal statute [(a)(3) of the PRA]
- P4 Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential commercial or financial information [(a)(4) of the PRA]
- P5 Release would disclose confidential advice between the President and his advisors, or between such advisors [(a)(5) of the PRA]
- P6 Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(a)(6) of the PRA]

C. Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in donor's deed of gift.

PRM. Personal record misfile defined in accordance with 44 U.S.C. 2201(3).

RR. Document will be reviewed upon request.

Freedom of Information Act - [5 U.S.C. 552(b)]

- b(1) National security classified information [(b)(1) of the FOIA]
- b(2) Release would disclose internal personnel rules and practices of an agency [(b)(2) of the FOIA]
- b(3) Release would violate a Federal statute [(b)(3) of the FOIA]
- b(4) Release would disclose trade secrets or confidential or financial information [(b)(4) of the FOIA]
- b(6) Release would constitute a clearly unwarranted invasion of personal privacy [(b)(6) of the FOIA]
- b(7) Release would disclose information compiled for law enforcement purposes [(b)(7) of the FOIA]
- b(8) Release would disclose information concerning the regulation of financial institutions [(b)(8) of the FOIA]
- b(9) Release would disclose geological or geophysical information concerning wells [(b)(9) of the FOIA]

8/17/00

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~~Thurs~~

Withdrawal/Redaction Marker

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN
8-17-00

August 11, 2000

Bob J. Nash
Copied
Nash
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MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

**FROM: BOB J. NASH, ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT AND
DIRECTOR OF PRESIDENTIAL PERSONNEL**

**SUBJECT: OFFICE OF PRESIDENTIAL PERSONNEL WEEKLY REPORT
ENDING August 11, 2000**

NEW ISSUES

Secretary of Veterans Affairs, Hershel Gober

Hershel Gober is now serving Acting Secretary of Veterans Affairs. Because he is no longer able to perform all of his duties as Deputy Secretary, Edward "Ned" Powell, Assistant Secretary for Administration, has been designated as Acting Deputy Secretary.

President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board

Hassan Nemazee is currently in White House Counsel vetting. He began the vetting process in late April 2000. He is in financial review, which is one of the last steps, but the updated background investigation is still not complete. The other member you have approved for this board is (b)(6). A third slot is still vacant. We will make a recommendation to you soon. Mike Cherry wants to be on this board. Two other names under consideration are: Tom Umberg and Jim Zogby.

Assistant Secretary to the Navy for Installations and Environment, Dept. of Defense (DOD)

Jerry Hultin, Undersecretary for the Navy is leaving next month. Robert (Robin) Pirie, (Assistant Secretary to the Navy for Installations and Environment) has been approved to replace Hultin and is in White House Counsel vetting. Secretary Danzig is interested in moving Bill Cassidy, Deputy Assistant Secretary to Pirie, into Pirie's position as Assistant Secretary.

Other candidates include Mark Davidson and Mike Sponder. We will make a recommendation soon.

Former Governor Ned McWherter

Ned McWherter is currently serving on two Presidential boards: The Battle Monuments Commission and the U.S. Postal Board of Governors. His first appointment was to the U.S. Postal

8-17-00

Board of Governors. He later expressed his interest in the Battle Monuments Commission and I made a deal with him that we would appoint him to the Battle Monuments Commission, **if** he resigned from the U.S. Postal Board of Governors. He agreed, and we put Fred Duval in vetting for the vacancy that McWherter's resignation on the Postal Board would create. Once McWherter was appointed to the Battle Monuments Commission, he decided he did not want to resign and remained on the board at this time because of work he needed to finish. I tried negotiating with him to leave the Postal Board so Fred Duval could be nominated for this PAS position. He said he would think about leaving if he could be appointed as the Civilian Aide to the Secretary of the Army for the state of Tennessee. As a result, I worked with Secretary Caldera on this secretarial appointment. This position is unpaid and is not a Presidential Appointment. On Wednesday August 9, Secretary Caldera sent McWherter a letter offering McWherter the position as Civilian Aide. The Department of Defense has a policy that any individual can serve on only one board at a time. I attempted to get McWherter to resign from both the U.S. Postal Board of Governors and Battle Monuments, **but at the very least** the U.S. Postal Board of Governors. McWherter refused to leave the two Presidential boards and said he would not accept the Civilian Aide position without discussing this situation with me again. It is important that we are able to nominate Fred Duval when the Senate returns in September and this is only possible if McWherter resigns and a vacancy occurs. I will talk with the Governor again and try to convince him to resign from the U.S. Postal Board of Governors.

U.S. Holocaust Memorial Commission, Gila Bronner

Gila Bronner is currently a member of the Holocaust board. Her term expires 1/15/01. Chairman Greenberg and previous Chair Lerman both indicated that she is a good person to re-appoint in January 2001. We will re-appoint her on 1/16/01.

Farhad Azima

I have been and will continue to work with the General Counsel office on Farhad Azima's clearance for a part-time board without Senate confirmation.

ONGOING ISSUES

Cultural Property Advisory Board (CPAB) UPDATE

We appointed Shelby White (NY) on Wednesday. Senator Moynihan is very happy. The press will criticize us for this appointment.

Recess Appointments Opportunities in the Future UPDATE

This week, you recess appointed sixteen (16) nominees. To date, you have recess appointed 84 people. For comparison purposes, that is still much lower than the 239 done by former President Reagan.

We are considering the following nominees for recess appointments for late August:

- Peter Romero, Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs, Dept. of State
- James V. Aidala, Assistant Administrator, Environmental Protection Agency

- Daniel Marcus, Associate Attorney General, Dept. of Justice
- James Riley, Federal Mine Safety and Health Review Commission

Key Individuals Appointed by the President and sent to the desk of the White House Clerk for Appointment this Week:

- Harold Freeman, Chair and member, President's Cancer Panel
- Craig Mundie, member, National Security Telecommunications Advisory Comm.
- William Ruhl, member, National Security Telecommunications Advisory Comm.
- Glenn Fine, Acting Inspector General, DOJ
- Mark Mazur, Acting Director, Energy Information Admin.
- Edward Powell, Acting Deputy Secretary, Dept of Veterans Affairs
- Martha Choe, Chair, Advisory Commission on Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders

Key Nominations Sent to the Senate this Week:

None, Senate is in recess.

Key Confirmations by the Senate this Week:

None, Senate is in recess.

Number of Individuals Approved by the President and Currently Being Vetted by the White House General Counsel's Office:

Presidential Appointees <u>with</u> Senate Confirmation (Full-time & Part-time)	87
Presidential Appointees <u>without</u> Senate Confirmation (Full-time & Part-time)	82
Total	169

Status of 2000 Nominations and Confirmations:***Status of All (Including Judges)***

	Number
Current Nominations	211
Nominations on the Executive Calendar	68
Confirmed in 2000	123
Confirmation Percentage	37%
Grand Total (Nominated or Confirmed)	334

Judges Only

	Number
Currently Nominated	38
Nominations on the Executive Calendar	4
Confirmed in 2000	35
Confirmation Percentage	48%
Grand Total (Nominated or Confirmed)	73

cc: John Podesta
Maria Echaveste
Beth Nolan

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

DATE: August 17, 2000

NOTE FOR: Senator Joseph I. Lieberman

The President has reviewed the attached, and it is forwarded to you
for your:

Information ☒

Action ☐

Thank you.

Staff Secretary
(x6-2702)

cc:

The Honorable Joseph I. Lieberman
U.S. Senate
706 Hart Senate Office Building
Washington, D.C. 20510

THE PRESIDENT

A Bond That Sharp Criticism Could Not Break

By LIZETTE ALVAREZ

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 — The gesture spoke volumes about Senator Joseph I. Lieberman's longtime friendship with President Clinton.

One June afternoon in 1999, three months after the Senate voted to acquit an impeached President Clinton, Ella Freilich, Senator Lieberman's mother-in-law, opened a formal-looking envelope at her home in Riverdale in the Bronx.

It was from the White House, an invitation to a state dinner in honor of the president of Hungary, Arpad Goncz. To Mrs. Freilich, a Holocaust survivor from Hungary, the invitation, and the evening, was not one she would soon forget.

If there was any doubt that President Clinton harbored no ill will toward Mr. Lieberman for his sharp, public rebuke of Mr. Clinton and his affair with Monica S. Lewinsky, the state dinner put it to rest, friends, colleagues and former aides to Mr. Lieberman and Mr. Clinton said.

"Inviting Senator Lieberman could have been a political act," said Michael Lewan, the former chief of staff for Mr. Lieberman. "Inviting the mother was a generous act."

Throughout more than two decades, Senator Lieberman and President Clinton have shared the kind of friendship that is unique to two people who meet early in their careers, decide boldly to challenge the rules and then actually succeed.

In their case, the common goal was to corral a wayward Democratic Party and bring it back to the political center, something they both started working on in the 1980's as members and then chairmen of the Democratic Leadership Council.

The two became particularly close when Mr. Clinton was chairman of the council in 1990.

"A decade ago, there were only a few political leaders in America who thought this transformation was possible, and Bill Clinton, Joe Lieberman and Al Gore were in on it from the beginning," said Bruce Reed, Mr. Clinton's domestic policy adviser. "And that forged a bond that is much larger than any issue of the moment."

Al From, president of the Democratic Leadership Council, called Mr. Lieberman and Mr. Clinton "political soulmates from Day 1."

"They were partners in the reshaping of the Democratic Party," Mr. From said.

Senator Lieberman first met the president when he hired Mr. Clinton, a 24-year-old Yale law student, as a campaign aide in his run for the Connecticut State Senate.

Mr. Lieberman has said he remembers the campaign aide.

Years later, their paths crossed when Mr. Clinton, the governor of Arkansas, and Mr. Lieberman, a recently elected United States senator, formed an alliance with like-minded Democrats at the Democratic Leadership Council. At times, the push to change the party was not an easy one, but the effort helped forge long-lasting ties among the members.

From that period on, Senator Lieberman and Mr. Clinton weathered their share of turbulent moments; more often than not, Mr. Lieberman displayed the sort of loyalty that Mr. Clinton did not forget.

When Mr. Clinton suffered an embarrassing defeat in the Connecticut primary, he did not blame Mr. Lieberman, and Mr. Lieberman continued to campaign forcefully for him.

After Mr. Clinton was elected, Mr. Lieberman was sometimes invited to munch popcorn and watch a movie at the White House. He often served as a sounding board for the president on issues of foreign policy.

After the 1994 health care plan debacle, which cost Democrats the House, Mr. Lieberman was one of the people Mr. Clinton telephoned to discuss what had gone wrong.

The speech Mr. Lieberman delivered on the Senate floor remains one of the senator's most painful episodes, friends and aides say. But when he decided that Mr. Clinton's behavior, while immoral, was not grounds for removal from office, he worked behind the scenes to try to persuade Republicans to vote for a censure proposal instead of conviction on the impeachment charges.

After the speech, Mr. Clinton said Senator Lieberman was right to criticize him, and Mr. Clinton apologized for his behavior.

Last week, the two talked on the telephone, and on Monday Mr. Clinton called his old friend again, this time to congratulate him on his place on the Democratic ticket.

"He's an extraordinary, extraordinary human being as well as a longtime friend of mine," Mr. Clinton said after the announcement.

Texas Board Refuses to Halt Execution of Low-I.Q. Inmate

By RAYMOND BONNER

The Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles has turned down a request for clemency from Oliver Cruz, who was sentenced to death for the rape and murder of an Air Force enlisted woman. Mr. Cruz, who defense psychologists say is mentally retarded, is to be executed at 6 p.m. today.

The 18-member board voted unanimously on Monday to refuse the clemency. It gave no reason for its refusal. The board has rejected all but one of the 74 clemency requests from death row inmates since Gov. George W. Bush took office in 1995.

At Mr. Cruz's trial, the state did not contest the defense's evidence that Mr. Cruz was mentally retarded and had an I.Q. as low as 64. People with an I.Q. below 70 are generally considered to be mentally retarded.

But yesterday, the San Antonio district attorney's office, which prosecuted Mr. Cruz, began circulating a 1989 report showing his I.Q. as 83, said Barbara Hervey, an assistant district attorney there.

Ms. Hervey said she had no idea why the report had not been introduced earlier and been made part of the record. She said the district attorney received the report yesterday based on a request to prison officials last week. The district attorney, Susan D. Reed, declined to make a copy of the report available.

At Mr. Cruz's trial, the prosecutor had argued that one reason to execute Mr. Cruz was that he "may not be smart" and that that made him "more dangerous" to society.

Mr. Cruz's lawyer, Jeffrey Pokorak, angered at the last-minute disclosure of the I.Q. report by the state, said, "They know they should not be killing a mentally retarded person, so now they are coming up with new evidence that says he is not mentally retarded."

Mr. Pokorak has asked for a full evidentiary hearing on the question of Mr. Cruz's mental retardation.

The United States Supreme Court is reviewing a request for a stay of execution filed on Friday by Mr. Pokorak, who argues that the jury was not properly instructed to consider the evidence of mental retardation. If the court turns down the appeal, Mr. Cruz's fate will be in the hands of the lieutenant governor, Rick Perry, who is sitting in for Governor Bush, who is out of state. Under Texas law, the governor can grant only a one-time 30-day delay of execution.

The American Bar Association urged Mr. Bush late Monday evening not to go forward with the execution.

"The execution of persons who are mentally retarded serves no principled purpose and demeans our system of justice," Martha W. Barrett, the organization's president wrote to Mr. Bush.

The European Union called on Mr. Bush yesterday not to execute Mr. Cruz, saying the execution of someone who is mentally retarded violated international human rights norms.

"We urge you to demonstrate compassion with regard to this case," it said in the letter to Mr. Bush.

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JUDY MANN

Native Americans Need Commitment

When Lynn Cutler became the Clinton administration's point person for Indian affairs in March 1997, she had no idea of how extensive the problems were for many tribes.

"I cared in a generic sense because I care about injustice," says the former vice chair of the Democratic National Committee. "But I had no idea of the scope of it. This is America's dirty little secret."

She held meetings with tribal leaders and started learning the harsh realities of life in Indian country: houses with no indoor plumbing, electricity or telephones; schools with outdoor toilets and no insulation in some of the coldest parts of the country; high rates of domestic violence because of the high rates of alcoholism; crime rates that are more than twice as high as the rest of the population. Poverty is endemic, ranging from 49 percent to 67 percent on some reservations, versus the national average of 31 percent, and so is unemployment, with rates ranging as high as 75 percent on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

Gaming, which gets the media's attention, is a source of important revenue for only 5 percent of the 558 federally recognized tribes, says Cutler. It has been particularly beneficial to tribes in Southern California, but many other tribes live in isolated places, on the same barren land the government gave them when it drove them into reservations.

Native Americans, a group that also includes the Alaskan Natives, are in much poorer health than the rest of us. The Indian Health Service has been chronically underfunded and unable to provide the early detection, treatment and education that promote better health. Indians suffer from diabetes at three times the rate of the rest of the population, and it is their sixth leading cause of death. Nearly half of them have a problem with alcohol. They are more than twice as likely to lose a child to Sudden Infant Death Syndrome as the rest of us. Native American women have the worst survival statistics from breast cancer of any ethnic group, because of late detection. Indian youths are more likely to die from accidents and suicide than the rest of our young people. Life expectancy, like so many other factors in Native American lives, rivals that of Third World countries. For the Oglala Sioux men on the Pine Ridge Reservation it is 56.5 years, and for the women it is 66 years.

President Clinton has visited Pine Ridge and the Shiprock reservation in Navajo country, the first president to visit two reservations during his time in office, says Cutler. He has also asked Congress for an additional \$1.2 billion for roads, school construction, health services and funding for tribal colleges, which can help Indians go on to four-year colleges and graduate at a much higher rate.

"One of the ways you can deal with places like the Navajo country and Pine Ridge with vast land holdings that are worth nothing is in information technology. When you have 30 percent of the people

with phones, computers are not a solution and laying cable isn't going to work," Cutler says. "We need the electronic infrastructure so they can get computer centers in and train people on data processing. We're sending millions of dollars of work overseas every year, much of it to India, that could be done on these reservations."

On the trip to Shiprock, she says, the delegation took computers and communications systems donated by corporations. Power Up, the American Online foundation, has put computers into the 83 Boys and Girls Clubs on the reservations, and AmeriCorps volunteers are training the youngsters in how to use them.

"We've made some strides," says Cutler. "but we've a great way to go." The Senate has been more generous in funding for the Native Americans than the House, in a large measure because of Sen. Pete V. Domenici (R-N.M.), she says. "We asked for an additional \$300 million for school construction, and the House gave us zero. On the Senate side, they gave us \$277 million of our request. It has to go to conference. We're talking multi-trillion surplus. Why can't we meet our trust responsibilities to these people?"

"These are spiritual people with a great sense of tradition. They want the same things for their kids that we all want, and they've seen so little of it." And, she says, they are intensely patriotic and saved us in the Pacific theater in World War II.

The 420 Navajo code talkers, as they were known, began training after the attack on Pearl Harbor. They used their impenetrable language for one of the few codes in history that was never broken. During the final days of the attack on Iwo Jima, more than 800 messages were sent without error. An honor guard of code talkers greeted President Clinton at Shiprock.

Last May, President Clinton and his top aides met with the leaders of 19 tribes from the Plains and the senators representing those states. "I had the Roosevelt Room set up with no furniture," says Cutler. "We did it in a circle, the Indian way. This was about the time we'd started bombing in Kosovo, and in the Indian way, they came not only to ask for help, but to bring something. And what they brought was a letter to the president signed by all 19 leaders in support of our efforts." In the letter, they said they knew what it was like to be ethnically cleansed and forced from their lands. "Many of us had tears in our eyes."

It's safe to say that most of us don't have a clue about the hard life of the impoverished Native Americans. If more of us did, there probably would be a greater constituency advocating help for them. We spend billions in foreign aid, and I take a back seat to no one in supporting those efforts. At the same time, however, we need to be taking care of our own. There's plenty of money around; what is lacking, though, is public understanding of the problems many Native Americans have, and the moral and political commitment to do right by them.

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SuAnne back to PC

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Rapid City Journal 8-400 A1

Clinton's promise was hope

■ SuAnne Big Crow's "Happytown" first installment on a better future.

By Denise Ross
Journal Staff Writer

What President Clinton brought to Pine Ridge Indian Reservation last summer was something the people didn't really know they were missing. He brought hope.

"Psychologically, it made people more aware of self-sufficiency, although we didn't get all the money they promised," Barbara Adams of Wounded Knee said.

Henry Red Cloud said he's seen a difference in attitude on the reservation.

"Things were on the back burner, but since the president came, everything moved forward," Red Cloud said. "It kind of woke everybody up."

Red Cloud himself started Red Cloud Tips and builds about three of the traditional housing structures per month. He hires part-time help when he can afford it, but his intent is to draft a business plan and expand by using a Web site. Also, a group of about 60 people is moving out of town and building their own traditional tiospaye community in the country, he said.

Pine Ridge Graphix, a T-shirt shop, has opened, and Thundercloud Construction, owned by Leonard Lonehill, was named South Dakota's small business of the year after it helped build new reservation housing, Red Cloud said.

The hope seems to have sustained itself throughout the year since Clinton's July 7, 1999, visit.

Red Cloud said people are encouraged by the housing projects throughout the reservation. "Since last summer, hundreds of houses have been built or remodeled, and work continues to help people buy their own homes. (See related story.)

Thursday's dedication of the new \$3.9 million SuAnne Big Crow Boys and Girls Club could sustain that hope through another year.

Still, federal officials admit that they aren't close to bringing the kind of economic growth that would wipe out poverty and lower the reservation's 73 percent unemployment rate anywhere close to the national rate of less than 5 percent.

"That seems like a bit of a struggle," said

See **Hope**, Page A2

Jackie Johnson, head of the U.S. Housing and Urban Development's Office of Indian Affairs. "With the empowerment zone, we're trying to approach ways economic development can happen. The (empowerment-zone) board has made contact with a Fortune 500 company."

Last summer, Clinton declared Pine Ridge Reservation one of five tribal-empowerment zones nationwide. It entitles the reservation to \$20 million in federal funding over 10 years. A nine-member board of directors and grassroots task forces have been working for the past year. A new executive director and support staff were hired recently, and the group now has \$4 million to spend on whatever projects it chooses.

As he stood on the tarmac at Ellsworth Air Force Base last year, ready to board Air Force One and fly out of South Dakota, Clinton gave an order. He called Agriculture Secretary Dan Glickman and HUD Secretary Andrew Cuomo over and said he wanted a youth center built at Pine Ridge as soon as possible.

The result is the SuAnne Big Crow Youth Wellness and Opportunity Center, a Boys and Girls Club of America. Cuomo returned to Pine Ridge Thursday for a groundbreaking and blessing ceremony.

"This project was born that day and has been a priority of the president's directly," Cuomo said. "SuAnne's dream is not alive just in that building. That's a monument to her dream, but her inspiration is beyond that."

A high-school basketball star and outspoken Indian advocate, Big Crow died in a February 1992 car accident. Her mother, Chick Big Crow, took up her dream of creating a drug- and alcohol-free "Happytown" for reservation youths.

"Now, her dream is on the receiving end of a presidential initiative," Big Crow told the crowd at the dedication ceremony Thursday. "She is still working hard to fulfill her dream for the people, and she is more influential than if she were here."

The new, 30,000-square-foot center will replace the Boys and Girls Club housed in a metal building, formerly home to a plastics factory. Bids will be let on the project at the end of the month.

Big Crow and her sister, Tiny DeCory, built the original SuAnne Big Crow Boys and Girls Club on the east side of town after SuAnne's death. With half of the reservation's population under age 21, the new center will help build a good future, said 80-year-old Marie Randall of Wanblee.

"We need to give them hope, courage and support," said Randall. "I thought, 'Now, we are building something for our youth.' This is a beautiful day. I have asked why we can't have a recreation hall like we have the casino for adults."

Cuomo said he will continue to work to bring a better economy to Pine Ridge and all of Indian country.

"This is not the end of the journey by any step," he said. "This nation is doing many, many great things. People on Wall Street are making money hand over fist. But with the wisdom of the Native American people, we know that until all people are sharing in that success, none of us is really a success. I want to bring the same hope that the children of Wall Street have to your children. That is truly the promise of this nation."

Contact Denise Ross at 394-8438 or send e-mail to denise_ross@thenews-paper.org.

Rapid City Journal
8-4-00 A1

(125)

HUD reports on one year's efforts

■ Initiative could add homes and jobs, and improve health.

By Heidi Bell Gease
Journal Staff Writer

It's been one year since federal officials announced the Shared Visions Initiative, to increase home-ownership, economic development, and health and wellness on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

Since then, 299 housing units have been built or renovated with federal dollars, 17 mortgage loans have been closed, and 260 reservation

families have become potential homeowners, according to a report issued Thursday by the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

As the report came out, HUD Secretary Andrew Cuomo was back in Pine Ridge, this time to announce plans for a new 30,000-square-foot youth/wellness center to be built at Pine Ridge. The center will include a gymnasium, swimming pool, wellness center, classrooms, Native American library and cultural arts center (see related story).

The report issued Thursday — "Shared Visions: Pine Ridge. A year later sharing the

See **Report**, Page A2

Report: Wellness

From Page A1

dream." — lists the government's efforts so far to improve conditions on the reservation.

Home ownership

In terms of home ownership, most work has been done through the Oglala Sioux Tribe Partnership for Housing, a nonprofit organization created through a federal grant to help tribal members become homeowners.

OSTPH has provided homeownership counseling on budgeting, mortgage loans, housing programs, etc., and helped with down payments. It also has worked with lenders and tribal members to increase mortgage lending in Indian country, through a "One-Stop Mortgage Initiative."

Between January 1999 and June 7, 2000, OSTPH worked with 683 individuals and families, the report said. Of those, 194 are now in credit counseling, and 82 are pre-qualified for Section 184 guaranteed loans. Another 76 are interested in other housing programs.

Meanwhile, the Oglala Sioux Lakota Housing Authority has provided home sites for OSTPH homes and obtained a \$550,000 rural-utilities grant for water and sewer infrastructure.

The housing authority — the first in the nation, established in 1961, the report said — manages about 1,200 low-income housing units and 500 homeownership units on the reservation; however, more than 1,200 families are on the waiting list for housing.

Economic development

Most of the efforts will come through the reservation's designation as an empowerment zone, which makes it eligible for federal grants and allows tax breaks for those who do business on the reservation.

The tribe's empowerment zone board is working with a large corporation to develop a straw-particleboard manufacturing plant at Pine Ridge. According to the report, the plant

would employ 70 full-time employees.

The report notes several corporate investments at Pine Ridge, including computers and software donated to Oglala Lakota College by Microsoft Corporation and Gateway Computers, and home ownership and financial-independence counseling provided by other companies.

A company called Global Modular Home Builders has opened a modular manufacturing plant near Pine Ridge to produce steel-frame homes.

Federal investments at Pine Ridge include \$880,000 in loans and grants to provide utilities to 73 homes; \$499,000 for 45 new single-family homes; a \$2 million HUD grant, plus technical assistance, to create OSTPH; and a National Park Service request for \$12 million to build a Lakota Sioux Heritage Cultural Center Complex in the South Unit of Badlands National Park.

Health and wellness

The new SuAnne Big Crow Boys and Girls Club Youth Wellness and Opportunity Center at Pine Ridge will serve more than youths, although there will be weekly activities through the Boys' and Girls Club.

Head Start will use the facility for infants. Indian Health Services will provide counseling, health-education classes, and rehabilitation services for diabetics and heart patients at the facility. The tribe's Department of Labor Youth Opportunity Grant will offer job counseling and training.

Classes on crime and domestic-abuse prevention, sports leagues, arts classes, GED programs, career-development information, computer classes and more also will be offered through the facility. The center later could be expanded to include outdoor sports fields, a powwow ground and a golf driving range.

The entire report can be seen at www.hud.gov.

Contact Bell Gease at 394-8419 or heid bell@thenewspaper.org.

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GORE WITHOUT A SCRIPT

What would happen if we saw the man he really is?

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

Toward the end of his political career, Senator Albert Gore, Sr., wrote a couple of books, one on the eve of the 1970 Senate campaign and the other, which was longer and told a bit more "with the bark on," as they say in Tennessee, a couple of years later. To read them now is to be taken back to a time in American politics when notes were struck that nobody strikes anymore.

Senator Gore grew up on a struggling farm in the hills of middle Tennessee. In the evenings, the family would sit around a kerosene lamp, and the father would talk about his hero—William Jennings Bryan, the Great Commoner. Senator Gore managed to cobble together an education for himself over many years, by working his way first through a local teachers' college, then a night law school conducted at the Y.M.C.A. in Nashville. It was there that he met his wife, Pauline, who was working her way through Vanderbilt Law School by waiting on tables in a coffee shop in the evenings. Gore's first full-time job, as a schoolteacher, paid seventy-five dollars a month.

The Depression hit the Gore family very hard. Senator Gore's father, fearing for the stability of the local banks in Smith County, Tennessee, divided his savings among three of them. All three failed, and he lost everything. When the future Senator's father went to sell his crops that year, he made eighty-nine dollars, and Gore remembered the scene of "grown men who were so desperate the tears streamed down their cheeks as they stood with me at the window to receive their meager checks for a full year's work." During that time, George H. W. Bush, the father of this year's other Presidential candidate, was a student at Greenwich Country Day School, to which he was driven every morning by his family's chauffeur.

Salvation arrived, in the form of Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal. F.D.R. brought electricity to rural Ten-

nessee. F.D.R. proposed higher taxes on corporations and the rich. F.D.R. made a speech about the South in which he said, "When you come right down to it, there is little difference between the feudal system and the fascist system." Gore was elected to the United States Congress, and later to the Senate, where he fought constantly against tax cuts, privatization, tight money, Wall Street, and the Federal Reserve Board. When, for example, he heard that John F. Kennedy, the newly elected President, was going to appoint a Wall Street man, C. Douglas Dillon, as Secretary of the Treasury, he retreated to his farm in Carthage, Tennessee, and wrote Kennedy a blistering letter, warning that "such an appointment would be a signal that you had given up the goals of a truly Democratic Administration." Gore's oldest granddaughter, Karenna Gore Schiff, remembers him once introducing her to a new farmhand who hesitated to shake her hand because his was dirty. Gore laughed and motioned for her to shake hands anyway, advising her to say, "That's all right—I'm a Democrat."

Gore lost his seat in 1970, to a rising young man of the Republican Party, Bill Brock. The race was widely seen as a last hurrah for old-fashioned Southern populism. In Tennessee, the Democratic Party, which had dominated state politics for all of living memory, and which, indeed, had practically been invented in Tennessee (Andrew Jackson lived within a hundred miles of where Senator Gore was born), seemed to have expired practically overnight. In 1966, the Republicans took one of Tennessee's Senate seats. In 1970, they took the other, and the governorship, too. The old dream of Southern liberals, which animates Senator Gore's writings, was that if they could ever kill off the Jim Crow system blacks and poor whites could make common, populist cause against the Bourbons and their moneyed allies in New

York. Now Jim Crow was dead, and the opposite was happening: the white South was going Republican. Gore saw his last race as a primal struggle between good and evil; in his post-defeat book, he approvingly quotes David Halberstam, who wrote, in *Harper's*, of Brock's campaign slogan, "Bill Brock Believes": "Believes is the code word for Nigger."

From the Democratic point of view, the Party was the victim of its own success. By taxing and spending, it had managed to get some money into the hands of the flat-busted country farmers of the Depression South. Now they were doing better, beyond their dreams, really, and a lot of their children weren't farmers anymore. They had gone to college, thanks to programs the Democrats had passed, and modern industry had come to the South, thanks to the Democrats' ending segregation and building dams and power plants and highways (Albert Gore was the chief sponsor of the bill that created the interstate-highway system), and they had white-collar jobs and were living in new houses in the suburbs—and voting Republican.

Not long ago in Nashville, I went to see James Neal, the former Watergate prosecutor, who has been a friend of the Gore family since the nineteen-fifties and is now the lawyer for Al Gore, in the matter of his fund-raising in 1996. He told me that when he was growing up—the son of a middle-Tennessee farmer, in a house with no indoor plumbing—his father used to point out to him a man named Roark who lived in their part of the country, and say, "Look, son! There's a Republican!" Neal was telling me this story in his office, on the twentieth floor of a plate-glass Nashville skyscraper. He was wearing bluejeans and scuffed boots and chewing on an unlit cigar that looked about a foot long. "He must have pointed that guy out to me twenty times," Neal said. "It was like he was a man with two heads. Now I see these

DAVID LEVINE



Gore's political life has been about trying to reconcile the populist tradition that he was born into with the world of the New Democrats.



"Your attitude is sucking all the fulfillment out of motherhood."

people out in Brentwood who drive a Lexus, who belong to my country club, and they curse the government. And I sit and listen to them! Drive a Lexus and condemn the party that got you there. That's what it amounts to."

If you drive the fifty miles from Nashville out to Carthage, the plain little town that is still the Gore family seat, you see that almost everything built in the last forty years is grander than almost everything built before then, and that the new construction—the malls and the subdivisions—is creeping out toward Carthage. Nissan and Saturn have built factories not too far away, something inconceivable in the stone-agrarian South of the Depression. In the 1996 Presidential election, the hapless Dole-Kemp ticket was just one point behind in Al Gore's old congressional district.

This isn't just a regional story, or one of particular interest because of who is running for President. Most of the dominant national politicians of the past decade are people whose formative experience as young politicians was in figuring out how to play the South's abrupt and dramatic shift from Democratic to Republican. This is the story of George H. W.

Bush's political life, and of George W. Bush's, and of Jeb Bush's, and of Newt Gingrich's and Dick Armey's and Tom DeLay's—they were in the rising group; and then in the falling group, the one that had to deal with the foundation's being knocked out from under it, are Bill Clinton and Al Gore. Gore's entire political life has been about trying to survive within a tradition that he was born into and watched die. In that situation, you either become very, very nimble or very, very careful. Al Gore himself once wrote, "I grew up in a determinedly political family, in which I learned at an early age to be very sensitive—too sensitive, perhaps—to what others were thinking, and to notice carefully—maybe too carefully—the similarities and differences between my way of thinking and that of the society around me."

At least in his writings, Albert Gore, Sr., always insisted that the South could be the most liberal region of the country and that the post-civil-rights return to economic populism was still on the way. In one of his books, though, he did make a concession to changing times. He proposed passing the torch to a new type of populist:

This reconstruction of our country from within calls for guidance by men who live neither in the memories of the past nor in the emotions of the present; it calls for guidance by men who are pre-eminently thinkers, men who, let it be said very simply, are concerned with a future-oriented understanding of things—it calls for guidance, if you will, by the intellectuals who over the years have voiced many of the latent convictions and beliefs of the poor and downtrodden.

Al Gore was intimately involved in his father's last campaign and therefore in the final bitterness of it. He travelled with the old man. When his father decided that he needed to buy television ads, Gore appeared in them, wearing a military uniform and being told, "Son, always love your country." Although Gore's service in Vietnam is usually held up as an example of his devotion to his father—he enlisted in part because it seemed required by the 1970 campaign—Halberstam's article in *Harper's* suggests that the father might actually have liked the idea of running a campaign alongside a son who refused to go to Vietnam. But when changing times took out the elder Gore the younger one had to play his ambitions quite differently. What the father wrote about the advent of an emotionless, intellectual, futurist strain of populist would have been the script—and, beneath Al Gore's many protective layers, it remains the script, as I discovered when I was able to talk with him. He displayed a degree of thoughtfulness and study, and also of abstraction from the daily world, that is astonishing in a Presidential candidate in mid-campaign.

In the middle of June, Al Gore unveiled a new theme for his Presidential campaign in a speech at the New-York Historical Society, on the West Side of Manhattan. If you haven't spent time in the vicinity of a sitting Vice-President of the United States—in White House lingo, a v-potus—it's surprising how much apparatus is involved. Air Force Two sits on the runway at LaGuardia, city streets get closed off, police are everywhere outside and Secret Service everywhere inside. You have to arrive an hour ahead of time. Dogs have to sniff you before you can sit in the audience. This has the effect of raising the ante on Gore, wherever he goes—you feel that for all

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this trouble you should get a big payoff. But on this particular day, after the audience had been assembled and had sat waiting for a good while in the auditorium, Gore merely ambled onstage from the wings, accompanied by Robert Rubin, the former co-chairman of Goldman, Sachs and former Secretary of the Treasury, who is now with Citigroup, and who also ambled. The Democratic Party had made peace with Wall Street. Gore's new campaign theme was Prosperity and Progress. There was a logo behind the lectern with those words printed repeatedly across a map of the United States. Gore sat in a chair, motionless as a wax figure, while Rubin introduced him, stressing the role Gore had played in a project that his father had not considered very worthy during his officeholding days: eliminating the federal deficit.

I had been watching Gore speak all spring. He has held elective office continuously for twenty-four years, so he has an enormous amount of experience at this. Still, it obviously doesn't come naturally to him. He is poised, he has a rich, booming voice, but he doesn't often "inhabit the role," in the acting sense; instead, every move seems calculated and practiced. I kept thinking of that early scene in "Terminator 2," when Arnold Schwarzenegger, as a cyborg, walks into a biker bar, and a digital readout flashes across the inside of his eyelids, giving height, weight, and build of each person he sees. Similarly, you can see Gore read a situation, pause while the script flashes, formulate his response—and then react. He has an odd quality of taking in what he's seeing with an almost digitalized exactitude (that's why, in private, he's supposed to be a gifted mimic), while appearing to be oblivious. Rubin, at one point in his introduction, glanced fondly over at Gore. Gore froze, got the readout (*Introducer interacting with V-POTUS. Must respond*), smiled broadly, and then went back into the waxworks.

Gore has two basic modes when he gives speeches. One is meant to play as "high energy" and the other as statesmanlike. In high-energy mode, he speaks in a Southern accent and takes the stage at a trot. He pivots his body from side to side, bouncing a little on the balls of his feet, and gestures with both hands; all this makes it look as if his hands were controlled by one puppeteer and his body

by another. In statesmanlike mode, he has no accent, he walks, and he stands behind a lectern making rolling gestures with one hand. On this day, he was in a kind of enhanced version of statesmanlike: he spoke more peppily than usual, and he used a teleprompter, but his face was like a block and his rhetoric was full of village-elder words like "discipline," "conscience," "decency," "security," "responsibility," and "trust." Then, at the end, he pumped it up a little. When he perorates, Gore slows down his delivery and lowers his voice to a stage whisper. "We will win this fight!" he said. "We will not rest! Hear me now!" When he finished, the song "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet" came loudly over the speaker system and he walked out from behind the lectern and shook hands for a while. The speech he had delivered was to the word identical with the text his staff had handed out. It was impossible to leave the room with the feeling that you had been brought into the intimate presence of the real Al Gore.

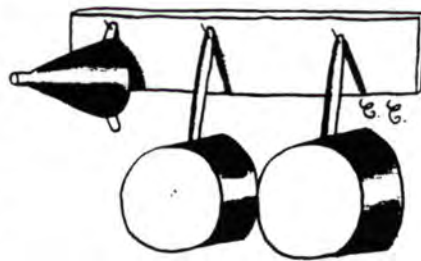
Gore went off somewhere for the rest of the afternoon, and after dinner he flew to Scranton, Pennsylvania, the next leg of the Prosperity and Progress tour. The event on his schedule was one of the great boilerplate items in Presidential politics, a rally at an airport hangar. I arrived before Gore, in a plane the campaign had chartered for the travelling press. Some of us joined a good-sized crowd in the hangar, and others of us decided to skip the event and go out for dinner. A loudspeaker was playing the kind of up-tempo, glass-rattling anthems that you hear over the sound system at major-league baseball games. Most of the people there were white, middle-aged, and middle class, and they didn't seem at all put out to be waiting around in a hangar for Gore to arrive. It's not every day that you see the Vice-President of the United States up close.

One reason Gore had come here was that there was a very close local race for state representative, a special election that

would put the Democrats one seat away from a majority in the Pennsylvania legislature, and that would affect redistricting. There was a podium set up, and the candidate for state representative got up and spoke. His name was Jim Wansacz, and he was twenty-eight years old—just about the same age as Al Gore when he made his first run for office. Wansacz's father had held the same seat years earlier, and now the son was trying to get it back. He seemed impossibly young and raw, out of place in the suit he was wearing, like a boy at his First Communion. He got up and spoke, hoarsely, with a desperate energy, waving his arms, about how much he loved his mother and father—he didn't seem to feel the need, and neither did the audience, for public-policy talk. As he got a little way into how wonderful his parents were, he started to cry. Then he changed the subject to Al Gore. "He came to *our* area!" Wansacz shouted. "He cares about the same issues *we* care about!"

It turned out that several of the politicians in the hangar that night were the scions of political families. Besides Jim Wansacz and Al Gore, there was an Eisenhower (a distant cousin of Dwight) who was running for state attorney general, and two sons of Bob Casey, the former governor of Pennsylvania (he died earlier this year), one of whom is Pennsylvania's auditor general, the other of whom is running for the U.S. House of Representatives. It was possible to imagine, watching the scene, that the dreams of Albert Gore, Sr., had come true: the children of the miners and factory workers and farmers of his day had become teachers and firefighters, and they were still Democrats. And the children of the old populist politicians were New Democrats, but still fighting, delivering a new kind of public goods to their people, preschool and prescription drugs instead of electricity and running water and banks that wouldn't fail.

Air Force Two landed, taxied, and parked so as to be perfectly framed in the doorway of the hangar, fifty yards away. Various people emerged from the plane, limousines materialized on the runway, the ballpark music came up, and then there was a long, long pause. Finally, Gore appeared in the doorway of the plane. He stopped, waved, walked down the stairway, and then ran at a dead



sprint across the runway to the hangar. It may sound corny, but if you were there it was really exciting, the spotlighted Vice-President running toward you. The crowd cheered, and Gore mounted the podium. He seemed relaxed and happy, even though it must have been a brutally long day for him. In a deep Southern accent, he said that Tipper says hello and that they had just celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Had anybody else been married thirty years? That's great. And we just became grandparents for the first time. Any other grandparents here?

Gore was speaking into a handheld microphone, without a script, lustily promising things—prescription-drug benefits, family leave, better-behaving H.M.O.s, better schools, help with college tuition. “Ah’m just gettin’ warmed up,” he said after a few minutes. “Ah think ah’m gon’ take mah coat off.” And on and on he went with the strong economy and the way he was gon’ put Medicare in a lockbox where Congress couldn’t mess with it. In the windup, he let his voice break a little and pranced across the stage, and then he plunged into the crowd to shake hands.

A limousine pulled near to drive Gore away. He handshook his way over to it, and somebody opened a door for him. Then something peculiar happened. Gore turned and looked back at the hangar and the podium, frozen for a long moment in silhouette against the spotlights. It was as if two invisible strings were pulling him in opposite directions, the limo and the hangar. Suddenly, with an air of wild release, he ran back to the podium, leaped up the stairs, spread his arms exultantly, and absorbed wave after gratifying wave of the unconditional love of the crowd. He dismounted and went back to the handshaking in a near-frenzy, circumnavigating the entire hangar, for twenty, thirty, forty minutes. Often when Gore appears in public, people start quietly slipping out of the room after a while. This time nobody was about to leave before he did.

Some of the reporters had a cynical interpretation of what we were seeing. The Gore campaign had hired a film crew to shoot this event for possible use in advertisements: never believe that Gore is capable of spontaneity. Even so, it was an electric moment, the only one I ever saw on the Gore campaign—the

HOPS

When the drunk at the bar of the Royal Oak
glared into my face,
gripping his pint like a hand grenade
from which he'd just taken the pin,
and told me what he told me,

the pang I felt
was like the split that goes on riving
all the way down the trunk
from one sound blow to the wedge,
as though it had been there forever, waiting.

That was the last time I felt at home
in a country pub, therefore England;
that, for me, being England—
that badger-set gloom
with its little church organ of bottles and pumps,

where a dim light from the sconce lamps
tools the unfakable ease
on figures who belong there,
simply, set on their stools like chessmen,
as calmly set in their ways,

while over the burrowy stalings of pipe smoke, yeast,
ancestral piss from the gents
flares the bitter, freshening smell of hops,
feudal and vital; the inexhaustible gold dust
of the true Anglican host.

I worked on the neighboring farm one summer,
hop picking with a crew of Gypsies.
The twelve-acre pole-and-wire trellises,
diagrammatic in spring,
had spurted their vines:

ten thousand living maypoles
in a haze of hop dust.
We hacked our way down the rows,

only one where Gore seemed like a real politician, instead of somebody trying very hard to play the part of a politician.

By the next morning, the electricity was gone. The local bishop had cancelled a Gore event on health care scheduled for the following day at a Catholic hospital, because Gore favors legal abortion. The lead story in the *Scranton Times-Tribune* was about how, at the airport hangar, Gore had mistakenly referred to Jim Wansacz by his father's name, John. The *Times*, where Gore had

stopped to meet with the senior editors and reporters on his way to the speech at the New-York Historical Society, as part of the kickoff of the Prosperity and Progress tour, printed excerpts of the conversation that made it clear he had come across poorly, having answered questions by delivering little speeches on tangentially related topics.

The Gore campaign had hastily lined up another hospital for the event, but there were protesters outside with signs saying “George W. Bush for President” and “Stop the Killing of Unborn Babies.”

bundling tangled armfuls
into the stripping and sorting machines.

The clustering bracts
were sticky as flypaper:
little papery pouches of yellow snuff.
We stuffed them into burlap sacks,
then hauled them off to the ovens.

Two weeks into the season
the head-dazing, sour-gold smell
was in us like our own spoor;
we moved through the drifts of late summer
sweating it like the musk of hop gods.

We were the gods of that place if anyone was:
the stubble-gold shire streaming through us;
in sleep, crashed out under oak trees,
our sticky hands still sorting
the gold-filled, bunched, shrunken heads.

Albion juju,
I was full of it then:
Malory, Holinshed,
King John's sunk ducats
sifting from gold to sand

to hop pollen.
I'm exorcising it now
with a backwoods ghost-fragrance
of birch beer and applejack
on a barn porch under black locusts

where thumb-sized hummingbirds
zoom through the crimson bee balm
and whenever I move my pen
a fountain of goldfinches
splashes out of the bushes.

—James Lasdun

The triumphant visit to Scranton had become the controversial visit to Scranton. Inside, Gore conducted a town meeting, the kind of event his staff thinks he's best at, with a group of doctors and nurses. His Southern accent was gone. Whenever he had to mention someone's name, he bore down on it, clearly trying to avoid his mistake of the night before. He seemed to be straining to connect. Every time somebody asked a question, Gore would walk over and stand close, making intense eye contact and nodding slowly to show that he understood. Then,

after the question had been asked, he would stroll to the middle of the stage and deliver his answer to the whole audience. It was a technique that probably made theoretical sense, but it seemed awfully forced when you were watching it.

One doctor asked Gore about malpractice, beginning with an amiable dig—vintage locker-room-of-the-hospital stuff—about Gore's being a lawyer. You could see the readout on Gore's eyelids: *All doctors hate lawyers. Must reassure subject. V-POTUS not lawyer. V-POTUS journalist.* "Actually, I did not wind up becom-

ing a lawyer," Gore said. "I wound up becoming a newspaper reporter." Actually, Gore left being a full-time newspaper reporter to go to law school, and then left law school to run for Congress. This is the kind of exaggeration he falls into when he's forcing his game, trying to ingratiate himself in a way that obviously isn't real—the kind that, if anybody catches him at it, can be presented as one of his "lies."

Before the event was scheduled to end, people stopped raising their hands. "I seem to have exhausted the questions and comments," Gore said evenly. He went into a few closing remarks, the ballpark music came up, he shook a few hands, and then he ducked out.

The familiar idea that Gore is stiff in public but funny and relaxed in private is within range of the truth, yet it doesn't capture the full strangeness of the situation. On rare occasions, he can be wonderful in public. I caught a glimpse of that in Scranton. Gore's friends like to cite a few other examples. There was a tour of the Western states at the end of the 1992 Presidential campaign when every stop seemed to draw an adoring crowd, and you could feel the impending victory. There was his fiftieth-birthday party, at which k.d. lang, dressed in a tuxedo, vampily sang "Happy Birthday, Mr. Vice-President," parodying Marilyn Monroe's famous serenade to J.F.K., while Tipper Gore feigned jealousy and Gore feigned temptation (the joke being that lang is gay). There was the eloquent eulogy he delivered for his father, in 1998. Earlier this year, an old friend of his named Jerry Thompson, a columnist for the Nashville *Tennessean*, died during the runoff to the New Hampshire primary, a crucial event for Gore. He cleared his schedule, flew to Nashville for two days, and delivered a great, heartfelt speech.

Gore can also be stiff and lifeless in private. "Every time you see him, it's almost like you're meeting him for the first time," one old friend says. He is incapable of making small talk. And it gets even stranger. A political consultant who had been involved in several winning Senate campaigns in the 1998 elections went up to Capitol Hill to watch his clients being sworn in when the new congressional session opened. Gore, as presiding officer

of the Senate, appears at these ceremonies. At the first swearing-in, the consultant thought, Ah, finally I'm getting to see the famous loose, funny Gore, the genuinely attractive and charming figure. At the next swearing-in, Gore was precisely the same, joke for joke, gesture for gesture, as if his central processing unit were performing a subroutine that he had loaded in earlier in the day. The same thing happened at the next swearing-in, and the next, and the next—not the minutest variation. So there isn't as much difference between loose and funny and stiff and formal as it may appear.

Gore sometimes switches modes in midstream, too, in public and in private. He lacks any middle range. He'll be speaking animatedly, and then, as if a great, grinding railyard switch is being thrown, he'll abruptly shut down and become lifeless. What seems to trigger this is an internal risk sensor, which, once activated, causes him to become overwhelmingly cautious. An invitation to say something impolitic, to give an opinion on an issue where offending an interest group whose support he wants seems unavoidable, and he's gone, into a territory of bland, well-tested sloganeering.

The phenomenon is self-reinforcing. Gore's painfully high self-awareness, his impulse to think rather than feel his way through a situation, leads to an excessively controlled presentation. (Even when he is evidently at ease, he speaks very formally, as I found out when I met him.) People notice those qualities, and conclude that he's condescending, or not paying attention, or even being actively hostile. They react by finding little ways to zing him—the reporters who travel with him, palpably seething over how controlled the environment is, do this a lot, finding new exaggerations and material for "campaign in trouble" stories—and Gore then retreats even further. Besides being a good public speaker, a high-level politician has to have a capacity for brief face-to-face interactions that leave the other person all aglow, convinced that there's a real relationship there. Gore is able to do this, but often, inexplicably, he doesn't. A common story you hear about Gore involves somebody's meeting him, being charmed and impressed (nobody in politics has more earnestly good impulses), developing what feels like a friendship, and then having a painful encounter in

which Gore has, without warning, become an automaton, a man who speaks in a sonorous official tone about the positions of the Clinton-Gore Administration, the way an adult would speak to a child, or who answers heartfelt correspondence with a form letter. Gore has a closer family life and fewer real friends than most Washington figures of his eminence; people who think of themselves as acquaintances, and think that Gore treats them as such, will sometimes be surprised to hear that he has described them to someone else as intimates.

Another thing the best politicians do is attract a cadre of true believers, who work for them in a spirit of nearly religious devotion. Gore has one person like this in his upper echelon of advisers—Leon Fuerth, his foreign-policy aide, who had early training as an engineer, is so precise, diligent, and guarded, speaking not just in perfect sentences but in perfect paragraphs, that he makes his boss look like Jim Carrey. Most of the others around Gore as he runs for President are professionals, people who have won their battle stars in the Democratic Party but have no special connection to him. Even his closest campaign adviser, Carter Eskew, who has known him since 1973 and was brought into the Presidential campaign only last spring in connection with a shakeup, made it clear when I talked to him that his personal relationship with Gore is on hold until November, and that for now he is hired help.

People who travel with a Presidential campaign often refer to it half jokingly as the "bubble," meaning that it is an extraordinarily controlled, unnatural environment, and you never quite know where it's taking you next, or what's going on in the outside world, and you're constantly being watched. It's an apt analogy, which might be extended by saying that Al Gore is a "bubble boy," like those immunodeficient kids who are a staple of *People* and made-for-TV movies. He has been an elected official in the federal government since he was twenty-eight years old. Even before he was a congressman, Gore was a young prince, widely seen by his family and close friends as a potential President.

Bill Kovach, the recently retired curator of the Nieman Foundation, at Harvard, who was originally a journalist in Tennessee, remembers meeting the



SHOWCASE BY BRUCE DAVIDSON *With But the Meer's pumpkinseed sunfish, golden shiners,*



With bamboo poles and bits of dough provided by the Parks Department, city kids can be Huck Finn for a day at the Harlem Meer, in Central Park. Shiners, and sleepy grass carp aren't so easy to catch, as one angler discovered. "All I've caught is seaweed, some grass, and a piece of dirt," he said, happily.

sixteen-year-old Gore at the 1964 Democratic National Convention, in Atlantic City, and being drawn into a searching conversation by his older sister Nancy about how Al ought to play the question of serving in Vietnam, in light of his future political prospects. At Harvard, Gore wore neckties to class and called his teachers "sir" after everybody else had stopped doing so, made himself a protégé of one of the leading scholars of the American Presidency, Richard Neustadt, and wrote his undergraduate honors thesis (based mainly on interviews with upper-echelon figures in the Washington establishment) on the effect of television on the Presidency. Soon after Gore got to Congress, he began to look for national issues on which he could develop a reputation for stature. He was elected to the Senate, all of whose members have had the thought of being President flit across their minds, at the age of thirty-six. He first ran for President at the age of thirty-nine. The stakes have always been high, and because of the changing politics of the South, and of the nation, the risk has always been high, too. In the last thirty years, words that Albert Gore, Sr., took for granted as the staples of his political rhetoric, like "liberal" and "tax" and "gov-

ernment," have come to have negative connotations. Al Gore has lived a life devoid of incentives to let down his guard.

What he has done, perhaps in response, is to develop an intellectual quality that is rare in a politician, a tendency to understand the world in terms of abstract systems. The usual currency of politics is people. You meet with people all day long, people work for you, you stand at the lectern and speak to people, and that leads you to understand the world at large in terms of people, too. Worth is measured in aggregate numbers of people helped. History itself seems to turn on questions of alliances and coalitions and parties and elections. Gore just doesn't think this way. The readout always seems to be saying *Hit escape to go up one level*. So up and up and up he goes—and away and away and away—until he reaches a realm of cosmic understanding of the larger forces against which our petty affairs are played out. Gore is all transcendence and no immanence (and Bush is all immanence and no transcendence). "The world is a system, not a collection of individuals," I heard him say in one of his speeches (not an applause line, you can be sure). Who else would say this in a

Presidential campaign, or even think it?

At this empyrean level, where almost none of day-to-day politics is conducted, Gore is the most impressive politician alive. The lack of connection between the drive to moral improvement that seems to be Gore's underlying motivation for being in politics and the careful positioning that has been a prerequisite to election as a Southern Democrat during his adult life disappears. He is free to be a crusader, who wants, quite literally, to rescue humanity (from its own mistakes, through the power of the disciplined mind). When Gore has to come down to the ground level of daily politics, he overcalculates, or he too obviously ingratiates, or he brutally attacks, or he sticks too closely to the script. But that doesn't mean there isn't a real Al Gore behind the opaque exterior. There is. You find him by going up and away.

The earliest clear glimpse of Al Gore's mind is his Harvard undergraduate thesis, "The Impact of Television on the Conduct of the Presidency, 1947-1969." It's good! Gore, though usually a dull speaker, is almost never a dull writer. When he's sitting by himself at a desk, an organized intelligence goes to work. You don't get anecdotes or elegant turns of phrase, but the thoughts are crisp, and they march smartly along, and when a date or a fact is called for he chases it down. Already, in the thesis, a recognizable Gore is present: it is a work of technological determinism, in which systems are more powerful than people, even Presidents of the United States. You can almost feel Gore empathetically entering the situation of the television-challenged Lyndon Johnson and trying to figure out how somebody else equally uncomfortable with the medium might handle it better: by limiting exposure and weighing every word.

In the thesis, Gore makes it clear which medium, print or television, he prefers: in print, "personality factors and visual rhetoric are effectively screened out and the reader is forced to make judgments on the basis of logic and reason." So it shouldn't be surprising that, after college and Vietnam, he chose to take a job at the Nashville *Tennessean*. Old friends of Gore's describe this as the happiest time of his life, and the only time in his adulthood when he usually seemed at



"Has our apologist been alerted?"

ease and readily made connections with other people (by Gore's, not general human, standards). Journalists know that their field is, counterintuitively, a refuge for shy, self-conscious people. Also, journalism provided an outlet for Gore's love of meticulous, systemic analysis and of moralism: he was an investigative reporter and an editorialist. (For a time while he was at the *Tennessean*, he had gone to Vanderbilt Divinity School.)

At the same time, Gore moved to the place where his family's political base was. The *Tennessean's* editor and publisher, John Seigenthaler, Sr., one of a long line of substitute fathers Gore has acquired during his life, was more than just a newspaperman. He had been an aide to Robert Kennedy and was well connected in the Democratic Party; being his protégé put you into a network that extended into politics.

Bill Kovach remembers getting a call from Albert Gore, Sr., a few years into Al Gore's *Tennessean* period, when Kovach was living in Washington and working for the *Times*. Could he call Al and try to talk him into going to law school? The former Senator said he knew that Al loved his newspaper work, but it would be a shame for him to close off his options, to lose the chance to do something else later. Kovach made the call, and he and the Senator's son had a long talk, with Kovach invoking the names of sainted figures in journalism who had legal training, such as Anthony Lewis, and Gore sounding polite but unenthusiastic. He went, of course, but he still worked for the *Tennessean*, and when the congressman from his home district announced his retirement—the news was conveyed by Seigenthaler, who added, "You know what I think"—he dropped out to run, knowing that in that part of Tennessee once you win a congressional seat it's yours for life. He was elected in 1976, a year of redemption for the Gore family, because while Al was winning Bill Brock was losing the old Gore Senate seat to a Democrat, Jim Sasser.

As a congressman, Gore pursued a two-track strategy. First, he became an obsessively hardworking, risk-avoiding advocate for his constituents. He flew back to middle Tennessee nearly every weekend, and when he was there he would hold town meetings, often as many as five or six a day, to listen to his constitu-



"You know, if I wrote all day, and you brought me meals on a tray, I could pretend I was at one of those writers' colonies all summer."

ents' complaints. If you asked for a favor, it would be entered in a notebook, which Gore would consult while driving between towns so that he would remember to ask you if that problem with your Social Security check which we discussed a few months back had been taken care of.

The other track involved making his name on issues that were not directly related to his district—unlike his father, who had developed a national reputation as a fierce and partisan advocate on the issues that mattered most to the constituents. Right away, Gore got a seat on the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, and was active on the subcommittee on oversight and investigations. In the late seventies, investigating corporate misdeeds had a prestige that is difficult to recapture today. Gore turned the subcommittee into a venue for taking on business bad guys with a brittle, furious moral righteousness. Not yet thirty, he presided over public hearings at which he warned the chairman of Gulf Oil that he was "on thin ice." He went after the contact-lens industry for overpricing, a chemical company for selling a carcinogenic flame retardant used in children's pajamas,

and uranium producers for price fixing.

As time went on, Gore shifted his attention, in the great-world compartment of his congressional career, from investigations to arms control. Encountering Leon Fuerth, he signed up for a yearlong, one-on-one tutorial, complete with weekly meetings and a syllabus, and relentlessly mastered what is probably the most arcane topic in government—the topic that may be the most important to the future of humanity but is one of the least important to voters. Becoming an expert on nuclear arms gave Gore a national, and even international, reputation. (Not an easy thing—can you name a junior congressman?) It also established him as the kind of centrist, pro-defense Democrat that the times seemed to demand, especially if you came from the South. And the arms-control debate was conducted in that very Gore realm—*Hit escape to go up one level*—where humans recede and technology and logic come to the fore.

In 1983, when Tennessee's senior senator, Howard Baker, announced his impending retirement from the Senate, Gore, who had been monitoring Baker's intentions since early in his House career, began planning his candidacy at

once. He was elected easily, in 1984, and it seemed to be another seat he could hold for life, especially because he continued to visit home constantly and to avoid the kind of stands that had caused his father to lose. As he had in the House, Gore made himself into the kind of member who is more a prominent voice than a passer of bills, engendering in his colleagues more respect than love. In 1991, after he cast one of ten Democratic votes in favor of entering the Gulf War, the Democratic leader, George Mitchell, barely even spoke to him for a time.

In 1987, just two years into his first Senate term, Gore decided to run for President. He was, obviously, not the front-runner, but there was no front-runner that year. (The Democrats wound up nominating Michael Dukakis.) Running was a brassy, but not all that risky, move for Gore. It was the debut year for Super Tuesday, the many-state Southern primary designed to put the center of the Party back in control of the nominating process. Even if Gore didn't win, he would have positioned himself a few notches up in the Party hierarchy, and Super Tuesday gave him a real shot.

But Gore drew a remarkably harsh lesson (to the point of self-flagellation) from the only race he hasn't won: that he had debased himself in Presidential politics and now he was a man in need of spiritual redemption. He later wrote, "I began to doubt my own political judgment, so I began to ask the pollsters and professional politicians what they thought I ought to talk about. As a result, for much of the campaign I discussed what everybody else discussed, which too often was a familiar list of what the insiders agree are 'the issues.'" (This is an eerily precise description of what Gore has been doing—again—in his second Presidential race.) Now he needed to deepen himself.

Gore asked a group of his friends to set up a series of seminars for him, like the arms-control seminars with Leon Fuerth, only much more ambitious, with big-time thinkers, such as the economists Kenneth Arrow and Brian Arthur, flying to Washington to brief him. *Up one level!* By the end of it, Gore had a new, sweeping view of the world and its prospects. His main interest had noticeably shifted, from arms control to global warming,

but the setup was familiar: mankind was in a morally dire situation of its own making, which could be solved through a combination of analytic mastery, spiritual guidance, and the use of technology in healthy ways instead of unhealthy ones.

He decided to write a book. In the summer of 1990, a proposal for a work by Gore about the environment made the rounds of publishers in New York, and John Sterling, the editor-in-chief of Houghton Mifflin, after a long talk with the impassioned Gore, made a deal to publish it. Gore turned in a first draft in July of 1991. Gore mythology has it that seeing his young son hit by an automobile after a baseball game in 1989 helped him decide not to run for President again in 1992. Although his son's accident was a searing experience and Gore devoted himself completely to the child's recovery, it's also the case that at the time he turned in the first draft of the book he still hadn't made up his mind about 1992. (By his own account he began writing the book in his son's hospital room.) Sterling and Gore agreed that the book needed substantial revision, and they soon realized that he couldn't possibly get it done and also run for President. Gore said he needed a little time to think about that. Then, in August, he called Sterling and said he had decided not to run, but he wanted the book to be published in January—before the diversions of Presidential politics. That schedule meant a brutal extra workload for everybody involved, especially Gore himself. But he met the deadline. He worked flat out for months, summoning up all of that furious, hungry, competitive diligence he has. And the book arrived in stores during the third week of January, 1992.

What transaction had just taken place, exactly? Had Gore given up a shot at the Presidency for the sake of the book, because the book was more important to him? Had he insisted on the killer rush because he wanted the book to function as an advertisement for his Vice-Presidential candidacy, or even as a means of late entry into the Presidential race if the other candidates faltered? Whatever was going on, the book that was meant to take him away from the calculations imposed by Presidential politics, that was meant to be renunciatory, brought him back in. Having attempted to free himself of his own "timidity of

vision" and become an environmental crusader, Gore wound up in one of the most constrained jobs there is.

Though the book, "Earth in the Balance," was much made fun of by Republicans, it is an impressive and brave work. Rather than confine itself to matters of government policy, it ranges widely over all manner of historical, psychological, and religious matters. It is melodramatic, apocalyptic, and passionate, the work of a guarded man who has made a conscious decision—forced himself—to bare his soul on the printed page. As he writes, "I have become very impatient with my own tendency to put a finger to the political winds and proceed cautiously."

The soul that Gore bares in "Earth in the Balance" is a tormented one. The theme of self-criticism is nearly ever present, and Gore makes it clear that, aside from the facts of the case, he was drawn to the environmental crisis and the solving of it as a way of working out a crisis in his own life. As he puts it, "The search for truths about this ungodly crisis and the search for truths about myself have been the same search all along." He argues that every bad quality in people, singularly or collectively, manifests itself specifically in desecration of the earth. Conversely, the saving of the earth is possible only if we embrace—if he embraces, in particular—a different, better set of qualities. In the moral hierarchy that Gore creates in "Earth in the Balance," the lowest rung is occupied by cynicism, short-range thinking, and cheap manipulation of images and slogans, all of which he specifically attributes to politics. On the next rung there is logic and reason, but if, in the end, we are going to save the earth this, too, must be put aside in favor of a looser, freer, less controlling spirituality. Female qualities seem to be superior to male ones. In a long passage on dysfunctional families which has an autobiographical air, Gore posits a child who grows up "severely stressed by the demands of the dominant, all-powerful father." A little later, he suggests that this child "begins controlling his inner experience—smothering spontaneity, masking emotion, diverting creativity into robotic routine." Environmentalism somehow offers the promise of undoing all that damage and healing all that pain and making one genuine at last.

"Earth in the Balance" is not so much

the work of an intellectual as the work of someone immensely impressed by intellectualism and intellectuals, who occupy the venerated position for him that baseball heroes do for Bush. Gore constantly seeks to demonstrate the breadth of material that he has mastered: the Bible, electrical engineering, mythology, psychology, history. In the footnotes, he mentions having constructed a master calendar correlating the great events of world history with major changes in weather and climate. Can there be anybody in public life who knows more than Gore does, or who so much wants us to see how much he knows? What is also striking about the book is how much it is taken up with a seemingly endless series of metaphors, alternatively high-dramatic, technological, showily erudite, and religio-spiritual. Sandpiles, holography, human skin, machines, the midlife crisis, Kristallnacht, and slavery are all brought in by Gore as points of comparison to environmental phenomena. One of the basic distinctions in literary theory—a subject of intense interest to Gore—is between metaphor and metonymy. Metaphor is implied comparison—the literary equivalent of a cutaway shot in a movie. Metonymy is the expression of a whole by reducing it to a part—the equivalent of a closeup. “My new car is a real thoroughbred!” is metaphoric; “I’ve got a new set of wheels” is metonymic. Gore communicates by comparing, not reducing—he thinks in metaphors. (And Bush thinks in metonyms.) Even when his intention is to shed all restraint and become passionate and direct, his mind is always taking him away, to something else that seems to him similar to the subject at hand.

It is easy to forget, at this late and weary point in the Clinton Administration, and after so many years of Al Gore-is-stiff jokes and his endless attempts to defuse them (one year he had himself wheeled in to the Gridiron dinner on a handcart), how exciting his nomination as Vice-President was. His book was a big hit, he had an attractive and obviously close family, and he had national stature. He gave Clinton some much-needed ballast. But in hindsight the Vice-Presidency was a perilous role for Gore. It required him to suppress the full-throated passion to which he had

TAKES

8-17-00



The other morning, I roused myself at the sort of hour when a man can be made deaf by the sound of another human being crunching breakfast cereal, in order to watch a children's program called “Captain Kangaroo,” which had been recommended to me by a friend (some friend!) as “a really wonderful show.” It seems to me that “Captain Kangaroo” is a really terrible show—vapid, pointless, silly, about as interesting an experience for a child as stubbing his toe. I know what you're thinking: What business has an old seafaring man, who has spent most of his last seventy-three years on the water and consequently knows little of the joys and terrors of family life, writing about what's interesting to little kids? I still think it's a terrible show. Kangaroo himself is played by a fellow called Bob Keeshan, whom one would normally describe as “pleasant enough”—and he probably is pleasant enough as Bob Keeshan. As Captain Kangaroo, he seemed half asleep and totally uninterested in what he was doing. Small wonder, too, since what he was doing was padding about onstage in what looked like a doorman's uniform,

stopping occasionally to read a bland little children's story, stopping occasionally while a member of the cast sang a bland little children's song, stopping very often to deliver commercials, and, in general, giving every indication of trying to fake his way through a sixty-minute program on five minutes of decidedly skimpy material. May Allah believe me, I don't think children's programs should always be true, beautiful, inspirational, or spiritually enlarging. I'm a great advocate of trash for young and old—good, honest, forthright trash. But this empty, empty, prissy, bumbling, singsongy stuff is something else, and I can't see that it adds up to much of anything. Grown men ought to speak in their own voices when they speak to children, and they ought to pretend to be awake. That doesn't seem a lot to ask.

—Michael J. Arlen
The Air, October 29, 1966



"How about something nice for his ashes?"

pledged himself in "Earth in the Balance" and put him in close proximity to a man who, as a natural at the personal side of politics, might have been custom-designed to heighten his insecurities.

Clinton and Gore have treated each other rather well, though. Clinton gave Gore the things Vice-Presidents always want: a West Wing office, a one-on-one weekly lunch, and supervising authority over a few real issues (as opposed to funeral duty and the chairmanship of ceremonial commissions). Gore, conversely, played two roles, at least in the early years, both of which were quite useful to Clinton. Clinton has trouble taking a firm stand; Gore was the house moralist, the advocate for the option that would represent the unpopular, tough, but right thing to do. He was for imposing an energy tax, intervening early in Bosnia, allowing gays in the military, and balancing the budget. And he took on for the disorganized Clinton the management of big, complex, unglamorous tasks, the kind that involve great draughts of bureaucratic work without much political payoff. He managed the National Performance Review, better known as "Reinventing Government," which in-

involved going through the entire federal government agency by agency and through the budget line by line. He represented the White House in the negotiations over the important but (to the public, anyway) terminally dull telecommunications act, which Congress passed in 1996. He set up three major and several minor bilateral commissions with the No. 2s in foreign governments, which then established subcommittees to discuss the details of government. Nobody has ever taken on such a big workload as Vice-President.

To understand how Gore did at these tasks, it's helpful to think again of the great grinding railyard switch being thrown. When offering his advice, he was preachy, but when he was in charge of something he was ministerial: diligent, careful, responsible, thorough, and politically clunky. The National Performance Review did save a lot of money, mainly by offering corporate-style early-retirement buyouts to civil servants, but Gore was notorious within the Administration for pushing to have an aggressively high savings figure attributed to it. In general, the parts of the review that required systematic understanding and

hard work came to fruition and the parts that required political skill did not: the government's computer-buying procedures were modernized, but the Treasury couldn't be induced to turn the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms over to the F.B.I., where it belongs. Gore's Russia commission, similarly, did scads of useful work but wound up embarrassing him politically. Just days after his opposite number, Viktor Chernomyrdin, came to the United States for a chummy joint press conference with Gore in Washington, followed by a trip *à deux* to Silicon Valley, Chernomyrdin was fired by Boris Yeltsin. Gore was great at thorough, and not so great at adept.

The over-all picture of Gore as a government executive which emerges from people who have worked with him is that he always knows the material, that he is efficient and hard-driving, to the point sometimes of being peremptory with staff members who are late with something or haven't done it right, that his intentions are nothing but the best, but that he lacks "touch," or "feel." Clinton is legendary inside the government for improving on the prepared speech or talking points in the delivery; Gore is legendary for sticking rigidly to the script. In meetings, Clinton often guides the discussion to an inference that the staff didn't see in advance; Gore marches through the agenda in precise, orderly fashion, speaking in the technical language of a public-policy graduate seminar. Clinton hates being alone; Gore likes being alone, sitting in his office in front of the computer screen, sipping herbal tea. The mystical part of Clinton's soul finds its expression in actually doing the stuff you do in a government job, like making speeches and lobbying legislators and running meetings. The mystical part of Gore's soul finds its expression in ascending to a plane far above the one where daily politics is practiced. He is never happier than when meeting with the type of person he admires most—not another politician but an intellectual, cultural, or spiritual figure who has thought about the world in a new way, such as Carl Sagan, the astronomer, or Deborah Tannen, the linguist, or the Grateful Dead and the Dalai Lama (both brought to the White House for visits by a proud and delighted Gore), or Stephen Hawking, the theoretical physicist, or Daniel Hillis, the fa-

ther of parallel computing, or Ian Player, the South African environmentalist who saved the white rhinoceros.

As Gore's White House years went on, he seemed to fall off the wagon he had proclaimed himself to be on by writing "Earth in the Balance." The old, guarded, politically risk-averse version of himself was more often on display. People around him thought that the Democratic rout in 1994 rattled him, and that Clinton's impeachment, coming, as it did, just on the verge of his own Presidential campaign, really rattled him. In both cases, he said in strategy meetings that the President was a kind of national father and that the country now was fatherless—which seemed to people listening to have more to do with the low moment's whisking Gore back to the primal moment of the loss of his own father, on the altar of political courage, in 1970, than with the practicalities of the situation at hand.

In 1997, when an international summit meeting on global warming was held in Kyoto—the issue to which Gore pledged himself utterly in "Earth in the Balance"—he temporized, under a barrage from his political aides, who saw the summit as a loser for him, until the last possible minute. In the end, he went, and he spent the long plane flight forcing his staff through a complete revision of the bland speech that had been written for him. Global warming is the toughest possible issue for Gore. Part of the solution is to convert coal-fired plants, some of the worst of which are in the Midwest, to natural gas, and to reduce auto emissions—and Gore cannot be elected President without carrying the Midwest and retaining the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., whose treasurer is the former head of the mine workers' union. In August of 1998, a delegation of heads of environmental groups called on Gore in the White House to urge him to do more on global warming. He lost his temper and shouted, "Name me one senator who'll support me on this!" He told his visitors he had become convinced that we have to have a major catastrophe before the American public will be ready to do anything about global warming.

The Democratic nomination appeared at first to be as safely Gore's as his House and Senate seats had been. When

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Bill Bradley's challenge looked as if it were unexpectedly going to take off, Gore had an intense, worried reaction, firing a significant portion of the campaign high command he had painstakingly assembled and moving sharply away from the centrist position he had built up over his years in public life. In 1995, Gore held a series of three dinners at the Vice-Presidential mansion to discuss race (Bradley was among the guests). Gore was typically guarded, but one might have surmised that he was rethinking some of the traditional Democratic positions. He had asked prominent thinkers on the topic, including Tamar Jacoby, a writer and editor who is now one of the nation's leading voices of opposition to affirmative action, to organize the dinners; after each one, Gore and Jacoby, along with Martin Peretz, the editor of *The New Republic* (and one of Gore's surrogate fathers), Peretz's wife, Anne, and Stanley Crouch, the fight-picking novelist-critic-musician—Peretz a wholehearted opponent of affirmative action, and Crouch a supporter with reservations—sat around sipping cognac when the other guests had left. Earlier this year, in a debate at the Apollo Theatre, in Harlem, Gore indignantly accused Bradley of harboring inner doubt about the one affirmative-action program that even people who love affirmative action are embarrassed about, a Federal Communications Commission tax break on sales of cable-television systems to (necessarily rich) minorities.

Leaving aside impeachment, which after all had almost no negative impact on Democratic candidates in the last national elections, it would be hard to think of a more ideal set of circumstances under which to run for President than the ones Gore finds himself in this year. The economy is better than it has ever been. We are at peace. The Democratic Party has shed its McGovernite baggage. Gore's opponent has nowhere near his experience or his stamina or his impres-

sive biography or his disciplined mind. But the people around Gore, and evidently the candidate himself, seem to believe that to present him to the voters as he really is—a serious man who at every juncture has pushed himself hard, who cares about doing right, who has developed passion and expertise, who has a sense of the world, who has devoted himself to public life—couldn't possibly work. Instead, the play is to develop a position on each issue that is more popular than George W. Bush's—a Social Security position, a prescription-drug position, a budget-surplus position—and to out-aggress Bush, work longer hours than he can work, go at him hard, rattle him, and force him into mistakes. The Gore people are hiding their guy, in other words, behind a wall of fine-grained political calculation. Most of what Gore says in public is in relation to Bush, rather than about himself. What would we see if he stopped doing that?

I interviewed Gore on Air Force Two one Saturday afternoon during a flight between a fund-raiser in San Francisco and a fund-raiser in Miami. The plane is set up, back to front, in this way: stewards and kitchen; press; security (more people than you'd expect); staff (fewer people than you'd expect); Vice-President's cabin. The press sits in first-class splendor, hoping, almost always in vain, that Gore will wander back for an informal chat. Everybody warned me that if I asked Gore any question about whatever was the issue of the moment—on that day, whether Janet Reno would appoint a special counsel to investigate his fund-raising activities in 1996—he would answer with bland press-conference rhetoric. So I decided to go as far in the other direction as I possibly could.

Somewhere in the middle of the flight, Chris Lehane, Gore's thin, determined press secretary, came and motioned me up to the front of the plane, and together we went into Gore's cabin. It was small and meticulously neat. There was a desk with a big executive-style chair on each side, and, on the other side of the cabin, a small sofa with a coffee table bolted to the floor in front of it. All the tabletops were perfectly clear.

Gore had us sit together on the sofa, so that we had to pivot to face each other. He was wearing white khakis, a green semi-casual buttoned shirt, and black



polished cowboy boots—the uniform of a Sunbelt dad at a Saturday barbecue. Up close, his features, which look thick and blocky to an audience, have an almost porcelain delicacy. He has unusually white teeth and unusually blue eyes. I noticed that his fingernails were bitten to the quick.

Before the three dinners on race that he hosted, he had held a series of three dinners on metaphor, with a leading scholar acting as interlocutor at each one. I asked him why he's so interested in metaphor, mentioning both the dinners and the heavy use of metaphor in "Earth in the Balance."

Gore brightened. "Oh, you've read my book?" he said. "Oh, thank you!" He seemed genuinely pleased, almost to the point of being flustered. "You want some coffee? Water?" I said no, thanks. "Well, thanks for reading my book. I appreciate that. And for you to read it is different from"—readout: *Let's maybe not go there*—"I mean . . . well, anyway, thank you."

He paused for a long time to gather his thoughts, and when he spoke it

was in deliberate, print-ready prose, delivered with just the faintest hint of a Southern accent. "The word 'metaphor' is just a highfalutin description of a very common, ubiquitous process by which all of us try to increase our understanding of the world around us," Gore said. "You move from the familiar to the unfamiliar. You use what you know as a tool for trying to better understand what you don't know." He paused again. "At the most basic level, right now, since we've just met, I'm using myself as a metaphor for you."

How so? I asked.

"What I know about human nature is rooted first and foremost in my own life experience, and since I don't know you very well I'm making assumptions about the way you approach life that inevitably begin from the experiences that I have had. And I daresay you're doing the same thing with me. It's not a complicated process, and even to call attention to it gives it more significance than it ought to have. But the point I'm trying to make is that often the word 'metaphor' is simply a shorthand description for a very

common, run-of-the-mill intellectual tool that all of us use.

"I became interested in more complex metaphors and their explanatory power when I was writing 'Earth in the Balance.' In particular, in my effort to try to understand the origins of our modern world view, and its curious reliance on specialization and ever-narrower slices of the world around us into categories that are then themselves dissected, in an ongoing process of separation, into parts and subparts—a process that sometimes obliterates the connection to the whole and the appreciation for context and the deeper meanings that can't really be found in the atomized parts of the whole—and in exploring the roots of that way of looking at the world, I found a lot of metaphors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that came directly from the scientific revolution into the world of politics and culture and sociology. And many of those metaphors are still with us."

Such as?

"The clockwork universe. The idea that all the world is a machine of moving parts that will eventually be completely understood by means of looking carefully at all the different gears and cogs in the wheels and then . . ." He trailed off; he seemed to be searching for an exact phrase, and as he did this he turned his head in profile, squeezed his eyes shut, and made a pointing gesture with his hand. Then, when the words came, he turned his head back to me and smiled engagingly. "When I compared the absolute number of new scientific insights that came in the first flush of the scientific revolution to the incredible flood of scientific insights that now pour out of every single discipline, every single day, it's astonishing. There's no comparison. And yet the migration of those explanatory metaphors, from the narrow niches of science into the broader public dialogue about how we live our lives and how we understand the human experience and how we can better solve the social problems that become more pressing with each passing decade—that migration is, has been, reduced to the barest trickle."

I started to interrupt to ask another question. "May I make this one final point here?" Gore said. He turned to Chris Lehane. "Give me something to



"They're all for staying out of trouble."

draw with." Lehane didn't have anything, so I tore a piece of paper out of my notebook and gave it to Gore. He put the paper on the coffee table and, leaning over it, made an inscrutable diagram.

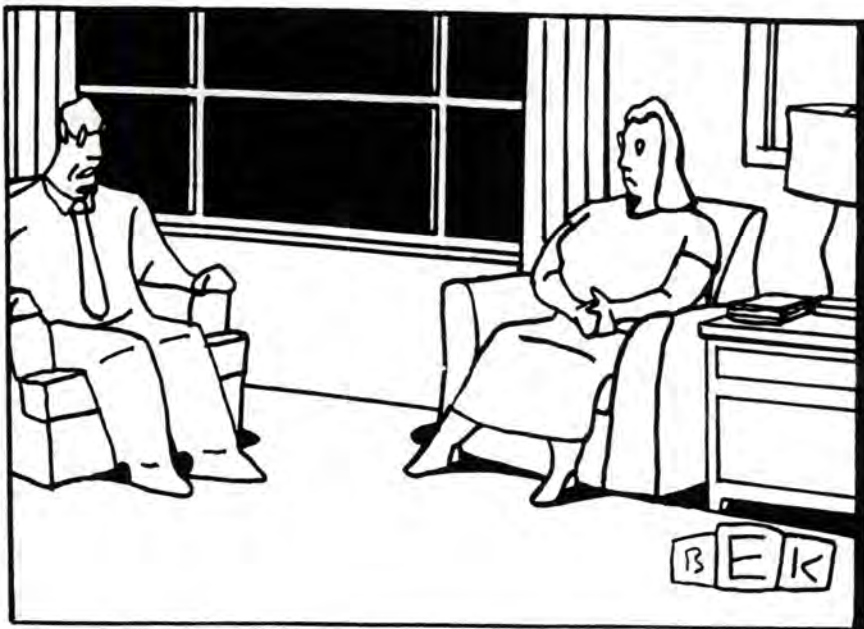
Gore showed me the page, which had four pairs of short vertical lines drawn on it, with the space between the lines in each pair varying. "If this"—the first pair—"represented the number of real innovations and brand-new understandings of scientific and mechanical relationships in the world that came after the Cartesian revolution, and all the work done in mathematics and mechanics, this"—the second pair, drawn above it, and spaced a little closer together—"might represent the appearance of analogous explanations in the way society looked at itself. By contrast, this number"—he pointed to the third pair of lines, which were extremely far apart, out at the edges of the piece of paper—"in the current accelerated scientific and technological revolution, wouldn't be represented on a piece of paper in the same scale." Gore then indicated the fourth pair of lines, which were set so close together they were practically touching. "And yet the number of the new insights that make their way into our dialogue with one another about the way our world operates, socially, politically, culturally—well, leave alone culturally, because I think artists have done their own work in communicating non-verbally about some of the insights. But the numbers here would be smaller.

"You see the point?" Gore said. He turned to Lehane again. "Get me the copy of the *New York Times* for today, the full copy. I want the Arts section." Back to me. "And so—well, anyway, I'm sorry. You go ahead."

Gore had strayed quite a bit from the strict definition of a metaphor. Instead, he seemed to mean, by metaphor, a new, unrelated, and probably more creative way of thinking about something drawn from another domain. I asked him whether he was interested in metaphors because he was looking for solutions to problems or because he was trying to figure out how best to communicate with the public.

"Both!"

Lehane returned with the newspaper. Gore pointed to a picture of a dog with the head of a sheep. He gave me a



"What goes around comes around more annoying."

long, deep, direct look and a serious nod. "O.K.?" I asked him what he meant. He paused again in profile.

"Our language hasn't caught up with that artist," he said, turning back to me. "We are breaking apart the traditional boundaries between species. The day after tomorrow, the human genome will be completed in its first rough draft. That is a landmark on the road toward yet another new Promethean technological power, this time to rearrange the way in which life takes its various forms. And this artist seems to me to be saying, at least on one level, 'Here is something you'd better prepare yourself for.' Now, obviously, in the real world that's not going to happen"—meaning a dog with the head of a sheep. "At least I hope it's not going to happen. But something like it is happening already. And the image in that work of art communicates right now, more profoundly than anyone in the world of politics or sociology has been able to communicate, about the kinds of decisions that we have to prepare ourselves to make."

Gore gestured for another piece of paper, and when I gave one to him he bent over the coffee table again and began to draw another diagram. I was starting to wonder whether I ought to direct the conversation more or just keep listening.

The Vice-President worked diligently, like a good student at his desk. This second drawing was made up of a circle with twenty little dots floating inside it, connected by wavy lines. "Now, let me come back to your question." He walked me through Thomas Kuhn's theory of scientific revolutions, apologizing for the overused word "paradigm," and explained that every so often an unusually creative scientist finds a new way to connect the dots of unexplained data.

I started to interrupt. "Hold on," Gore said. He wasn't finished. He leaned forward and lightly touched my arm, to signal me to give him another minute. "That process goes on all the time. What is it that speeds up that process? If you can see a new pattern in one part of the world, it may be a pattern that is widely replicated in other parts of the world. In fact, that is the normal way these things happen. And there is a scientific phenomenon that is called the self-sameness principle. It appears in fractal theory. If you look at a map of the coastline of New Jersey, and then magnify it a hundred times, and then magnify that a thousand times, the basic design of the ins and outs of the coastline will be the same at every level of magnification. And they call that the self-sameness principle. I don't understand it. It's way beyond my depth. But I do believe

that there's something about our world that—" He began another long pause. "I'm searching for the right word here—that *manifests* that self-sameness principle in a lot of different ways. And when we find a brand-new understanding of the world that comes out of a powerful new discovery in science, it often allows us to look at social and political matters and find ways to connect the dots that haven't made sense before."

I asked Gore where God fits into all this.

"Give me another piece of paper," he said. He drew a series of small circles, and then a bigger circle over in a corner of the page. "If you"—another pause—"if you are in an animist society, encumbered with a belief system that—now, that's a value judgment, but I will stand by it, I think that it's a confining belief system—if you believe that every object, living or inanimate, which populates your world has its own animating spirit, then intellectually, if you observe some mystery that you can't explain, you are going to be *less than curious* about the nature of that phenomenon, because you will most likely assume that that mystery is easily explainable in terms of the whims in the animating spirit of that object. If, on the other hand, you come to believe in a creator or a deity that is responsible for having set in motion or having created all of the universe, then"—he went back to the paper and drew a series of lines, connecting all the little circles to the bigger one—"you have a new power of curiosity, because you don't assume that there is a whimsical animating spirit that explains what you're observing. You're not afraid of that spirit world. You are God-fearing in the sense that you may have some notion of what duties you owe to the creator responsible for both yourself and the rest of the world, but you can look at the world around you without the same fear and trepidation that an animist has. And that can empower you to look for logical explanations for what's going on in your world."

In 1996, Gore gave a speech to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in which he proposed "distributed intelligence" as the best metaphor for the current historical moment. I asked him how that metaphor applied to government. He

"WE HAVE A CANCELLATION AT THE ALAIN DUCASSE"

THE AMERICAN RESTAURANT OF FRANCE'S PREMIER CHEF OPENED A MONTH AGO ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, AND THE NEWS QUICKLY SPREAD THAT DINNER FOR TWO WOULD COST AROUND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. ALL THE SAME, ALAIN DUCASSE AT THE ESSEX HOUSE (AS IT IS INFORMATIVELY NAMED) IS BOOKED SOLID INTO NOVEMBER. THE NEW YORKER WAS PROMISED A TABLE SHOULD THERE BE A CANCELLATION. LAST WEEK, THE CALL CAME. MY FRIEND DOROTHY AND I ARRIVED ON THE DOT OF NOON. THE MAITRE D' SEEMED SURPRISED BY OUR PUNCTUALITY.



WE ORDERED WINE, AND MINERAL WATER FROM SCOTLAND. BOTH WERE EXCELLENT. DOROTHY, A FORMER MARXIST, NOTED SUSPICIOUSLY THAT HER MENU HAD NO PRICES. I ASSURED HER MINE DID. TO SATISFY HER CURIOSITY, WE EXCHANGED MENUS WHEN WE THOUGHT NO ONE WAS LOOKING.

BETWEEN MY FIRST COURSE, OF SANTA BARBARA SPOTTED PRAWNS IN A CHAUD-FROID CITRUS FONDUE, AND MY SECOND COURSE, OF SPIT-ROASTED BREAST OF CHICKEN WITH A MARMALADE OF CHICKEN



LEGS AND A TRUFFLED GRATIN OF MACARONI, I EXAMINED THE TOTEM STANDING ON OUR TABLE. A CARD IDENTIFIED IT AS "CITYMAN," BY FOLON, AND INFORMED US THAT "IT IS NOT THE TRIUMPH OF MAN'S CREATION THAT WE CELEBRATE, BUT THAT OF MANKIND."

BY THE TIME WE ATE OUR EXTRAORDINARY DESSERTS, WE WERE MORE THAN SATIATED, BUT THE GOODIES KEPT ON COMING: CHOCOLATES, MACAROONS, AND THEN A CART OF CARAMELS AND LOLLIPOPS. THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS GENEROSITY WAS TO ASK-NO, BEG- FOR THE CHECK, WHICH CAME ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF FOUNTAIN PENS. I POCKETED A PEN AFTER SIGNING THE BILL, THINKING IT WAS A SOUVENIR. IT WASN'T, BUT IT IS NOW.

— EDWARD SOREL





"While the cat's away, the mouse will get tanked every night and also grow a beard."

smiled, clearly pleased that I had read the speech. His face was animated and eager, almost shining.

"Here's how it works," he said. "Prior to our Constitution, almost all forms of government relied on a single processor of information, be it a king or a khan or a tsar. The decisions were all concentrated at a single place, from which some of them might have to be delegated, but the responsibility was still placed in a single point." Then he went into a detailed history of the development of parallel computer processing. It was an odd blend of Gore-as-teacher, lecturing me, wanting to confer his understanding, and Gore-as-student, wanting to demonstrate that he had mastered the material. He turned over the last sheet of paper I had given him and drew two circles, one with a single square in the center and arrows pointing in and out of it, the other with a dozen squares scattered in it.

"Now, take this phenomenon"—parallel processing—"as a metaphor and look at systems of government. Here's the King of England in 1776." He

pointed to the circle that had a single square in the middle. "Whatever challenge the British Empire faced, the ultimate responsibility for making decisions was at the center. As the world became more complicated, the decisions that had to be made stacked up and the process became unwieldy. When our Constitution was written, the revolutionary insight at its core was that every single individual citizen ought to have the power to make meaningful decisions about the world immediately around him. The system we know as representative democracy would, in this analogy, be comparable to the software that makes it possible to have a simultaneous task order go out to all the citizens with suffrage—remembering that of course only white males were then so recognized—and in the regular election process the young nation endeavored to collect the results of all that information processing and assemble it at the center, in the Capitol building, with representatives bringing with them a rough approximation of what all the voters in their districts were thinking and feeling about the challenges that our

nation had to confront." He indicated the second circle, the one containing many squares. "Does that make sense?" He touched my arm lightly again.

I told him I had read his father's books—on hearing this, he beamed again, and thanked me—and had been struck by how much the old man viewed the world through the lens of race and class. Was that a way of thinking that fit the South only in the past, or did it still make sense to him today?

Gore glanced at Chris Lehane. "We can find more time, if you need more time," Gore said. "Not on this flight, but afterward."

He thought for a minute, and then explained that race matters, in a way, less in the South today than in the rest of the country, because the civil-rights movement had put many Southerners, more than people in the rest of the country, through a real transformation. "They emerged from that experience far more enlightened about the true significance of race in our society, and far more able, as a result, to transcend it," he said. "The basic formula is not that complicated. It's a two-step process. You have to first establish absolute and genuine mutual respect for difference. And that respect for difference has to include both an appreciation for the unique suffering that has come about because of the difference, and the unique gifts and contributions that have come about because of the difference. And a basic appreciation for the unique perspective that is based on that difference. Then the second step is a transcendence of that difference to embrace all the elements that we have in common in the human spirit."

My tape ran out—forty-five minutes had passed. I fumbled as I tried to turn it over, and Gore, after watching me for a while, told me how to accomplish the job properly. He had stopped speaking while the tape was not running, and as soon as I had it going again he resumed. "For those who have not been through that searing, transformative personal encounter with the civil-rights revolution a common mistake is to move directly to step two and bypass step one—in other words, to say, 'Can't we just get along?' To say, 'Let's transcend this essentially meaningless, artificial distinction called race.' And it's a

noble, if naïve, thought. Worse than that, it can be"—another long pause while he searched for the right word—"disrespectful of the person of another race you're relating to, because it's all too easy for someone in the majority, in a culture shaped by the majority, in a political system largely controlled by the majority, to blithely ignore, or not notice, the profound differences in opportunity and privilege that are pervasive in the experience of someone in the minority in that culture. And if you, as a member of the majority, say, 'Let's just transcend this distinction,' without any apparent appreciation for what the distinction means in the life of the person you're trying to communicate with, all of your seeming good faith will come off as"—another pause—"contextual hostility."

I thought I could see what Gore was doing here. He was explaining, indirectly, subtly, and gently, why he had declined to accept the view of Northern friends of his, like Marty Peretz, that the country should drop affirmative action and pursue absolute color-blindness as an ideal. But he had also chosen—surely not by accident, since nothing Gore does is unconsidered—to answer only the race part of my question, not the class part. I asked him whether he agreed with his father's view that if we could ever get past the race issue we could have a politics of economic class.

"That's the last question," Chris Lehane said.

Gore thought again, and out came another perfectly formed answer. "My father's experience taught him that whenever economic hard times put pressure on those with low incomes and less valuable skills, the result was increased tension between whites and blacks. And therefore his determination to awaken, in whites and blacks alike, the common interest they had in changing policies and politics to empower themselves, and to change the economic royalism, as he would call it, of the Bourbons and their successors, drove him to a view of race that was"—pause—"perhaps too influenced by the enlightenment view." He stopped himself. "Let me rephrase that. Perhaps too influenced by the common liberal view of the time that race was first and foremost—that racism, excuse me, was first and foremost a logical mistake, which, once corrected, would dissolve

and disappear. I don't believe that. At least, I believe that is true, but not the whole truth. It is a logical mistake, a way of thinking profoundly in error. But it is also a manifestation of a deeper vulnerability." An aide came into the cabin and handed Gore a slip of paper with a few words written on it. He glanced at it and turned back to me. "Let me ask you to pause for just five minutes, O.K.?"

I left the cabin and stood outside in the aisle. Gore still hadn't really answered the class part of the question. Here he was, a career government employee who refuses to invest in anything but U.S. Treasury instruments, spending a weekend away from home flying across the country from one fund-raiser to another fund-raiser while figuring out how to handle that week's crisis, which was his possible prosecution for overaggressive fund-raising. And Bush had managed to position himself, pretty successfully, as the populist in the race and Gore as the elitist! It was hard to imagine that the unlikelihood of this being the life of his father's son hadn't occurred to him, but he did not share with me whatever thoughts he had on that subject.

While I was waiting, an image flashed in my mind: Gore in breeches and a powdered wig, composing something at his desk with a quill pen. Perhaps it was a plan for an experiment with new agricultural methods on his land, or correspondence with a like-minded officeholder in another state, or a letter to a packet merchant requesting scientific instruments from France or philosophical texts from England. It also occurred to me that, whatever happens in this election, Gore's reaction will likely be just what it was after his previous Presidential race, in 1988. He'll want to redeem himself from his painful excursion into hard-nosed politics, with its blend of

overcautious thought and overaggressive behavior, by launching a moral crusade—either from inside the White House or from private life.

Gore opened the door to the cabin and motioned me back in. When we sat down and he saw that the tape was running again, he picked up exactly where he had left off: "I think it is a mistake in thinking, a profound error. But it's also a manifestation of a deeper vulnerability in human nature, one that we are capable of transcending. But it is a persistent vulnerability." There was another long, searching pause. "My way of understanding this has come in large measure from Reinhold Niebuhr's work, and I'm not qualified to paraphrase it, but if I tried I would say it this way: Each of us has an inherent capacity for both good and evil. And if you prefer nonreligious language you could say that the lingering presence of nature red in tooth and claw that we carry with us from our evolutionary development gives us the capacity to strike out violently when we encounter a fearful difference—when we encounter a difference that inspires fear. Groups protect one another. Survival in the ancient past presumably depended on that ready impulse. But our spiritual nature—or, to describe it again in parallel terms, our evolutionary development—has also given us a much richer heritage with which we can overcome the impulse to evil, or violence, triggered by fear of difference."

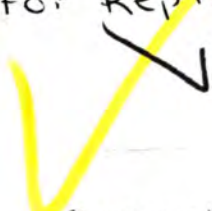
By now Chris Lehane was employing nice but insistent the-interview-is-over body language. I was struck, naturally, by the lack of connection between our conversation and the accusatory thrust-and-parry, or rousing catchphrase-making, or after-dinner remarkese, in which people, including Gore, run for President. It was as if the Gore of the past hour were stored in a separate container. "One more thing," I said to Gore. "Everything we've been talking about is to some extent a counterpoint to how one conducts a Presidential campaign. How do you communicate what's in your soul to the American people, through the static of a Presidential campaign?"

Gore stood up and smiled genially, but I thought also ironically. "Are you talking about before this *New Yorker* interview appears? I think this article will completely eliminate that problem." ♦





8-17-00
To Burkhardt
For Reply



8-17-00



Dear President Clinton,

Thank you so much
for coming to our home.
We hope you come again
Soon.

Love Lily, KIRK
+ Carly Steyer

by Lily

8-17-00

8-17-00

Kids of Clinton's teacher
The teacher from San Francisco

JP Kids
1222 Preservation Park Way
Oakland, CA 94612
Ph: 510 832 5437
Fax: 510 238 5240
jpkids@jpkidssf.com

LD Doty MS
Cite - San Francisco

President Clinton
The White House
Washington, D.C.



2 Park Avenue
New York, NY
10016

8-17-00

To CTearing / to Sydney
(with cc to the
even more on the

copied
Jennings
Berger
NSC WW Des
Podesta

June 27, 2000
Sydney Blumenthal
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sydney,

What a happy coincidence it is that you ran into Bink last week. I thought many times about writing you a note of commiseration when you were an unfortunate victim of attention but thought you wouldn't remember me. I was, after all, a "mere teenager" when you were serious college students. I still think fondly of times in Chicago and Cambridge.

Bink said that you were interested in seeing the uncorrected galleys of my new book, BETRAYAL OF TRUST: THE COLLAPSE OF GLOBAL PUBLIC HEALTH, which is due for release by Hyperion on August 22nd. I have enclosed two copies, one for you, the other for The President. I look forward to hearing what you think of it.

It's a hefty book, as was my last one, THE COMING PLAGUE, so I have drawn up some talking points to summarize the material. This may help you cut to the chase.

The key themes of BETRAYAL OF TRUST are:

- Public health versus individualized medicine approaches to populations.

Western models of individualized medicine are too costly, offer little benefit in terms of life expectancy and fail to address the fundamental roots of bad health in poor countries (e.g. unclean water, lack of vaccines, etc.)

- The revolution now under way in biology/pharmaceutics/Big Medicine/genome.

These will be of NO benefit to the majority of the world's population because the fruits of this intellectual/industrial revolution will be unaffordable. Most drugs are already unaffordable, and increasingly inappropriate. The technological innovations most desperately needed are not being pursued because they are not immediately profitable.

- Public health systems are extremely fragile.

Public health systems are among the first government functions to suffer under societal stress. Examples given supporting this assertion are contemporary India, all the former Soviet nations and central Africa, all based on first hand observation and reporting. (For this book I did on-site research on five continents, spanning five years.)

- An exhaustive history of U.S. public health.

The history illustrates that public health is strongest and most effective when local class/wealth disparities are lowest, and when there is a large self-interested middle class. In contrast, today on both a global and

US domestic scale we are witnessing a record wealth gap, with most of the world's wealth concentrating in a population of less than 1% of the world. Such a gap poses a significant threat to public health. The book explains why, drawing heavily from an encapsulated 300 year history of New York City public health efforts.

- Antigovernmentalism.

The rampant antigovernment fervor in the U.S. targets, among other things, such public health programs as vaccination of children and registration of infant birth defects.

- Illicit drug use.

Public health has never been able to deal well with illicit drug and alcohol issues. In most cases this has reflected strong political support for criminalization of substance abuse, versus treatment. As a result, the population as a whole has found its health threatened by needle-borne diseases (hepatitis B, C, and D; HIV), and by illnesses amplified in sites of incarceration of drug users (TB, HIV).

- Race.

In the U.S. public health has a sorry racial legacy that it has never successfully addressed. As a result, African Americans and, to a lesser degree, Hispanics and Native Americans are severely alienated from the system, and least likely to participate in population-based control efforts, such as mass immunizations, HIV education campaigns, STD efforts, well baby programs, and the like.

- Marginalization.

Globally the health and human rights arguments hold up most strongly in countries which, like the U.S., have significant minority populations that have undergone several generations of economic and political segregation and/or perceived oppression.

- Ideology.

Ideology generally imperils public health. The very large chapter on the former Soviet nations details examples of Communist-inspired programs and belief systems that resulted in disastrous public health programs, most of which in some form persist today. In Western countries various Judeo-Christian beliefs have often clashed with public health efforts, particularly in terms of mass vaccination, STD control and substance abuse programs. In India religious programs clash with health ones on a daily basis.

(Overall I think I should note that personally I have NO ideological axe to grind, nor do I believe that my personal political views fit neatly into any category. Readers will find BETRAYAL OF TRUST tough on Communism, Hinduism, global corporate capitalism, religious fundamentalism...in short, on any "ism" that seems to get in the way of a population's health interests.

And readers will find that I am critical of academic public health "pie-in-the-sky" ideas that arise from Marxist or managed care ideologies. Endorsing this book risks no political nod: it is, however, a clear endorsement of public health. And I have taken pains not to appear partisan in a Democrat v Republican sense, though the Reagan Administration—by historical necessity—comes under sharp attack.)

- The discipline has lost its way.

Public health, as a discipline and practice, lost its way during the Western health transition (post WWII, going from infectious diseases to CVD and cancer), largely because the infectious models of disease

prevention didn't translate neatly to the chronic disease paradigm. And the chronic disease paradigm was, with the exception of tobacco, approached as a matter of individual behavior. Thus, public health became not the Great Protector, but the Great Chastiser, telling people that they were personally responsible for their own illnesses (diet, exercise, alcohol, etc.). Because the data upon which such behavioral messages rested was often contradictory the public eventually stopped listening, or simply heeded selectively. Thus, in the US, for example, Americans reduced their cholesterol intake but increased their overall caloric intake, becoming a majority-obese nation.

- Managed care.

As executed in the US, managed care has proven another significant challenge to public health. Details provided. Economics, as a discipline, has only recently (over the last decade) addressed public health and medical issues aggressively, presenting strong financial arguments in favor of preventive and population based approaches to health. DALYS analysis has revolutionized thinking in the area, especially at World Bank and WHO. But governments largely make decisions about health spending based on different priorities, and health functions as a completely insane market. In Europe and North America this means spending is skewed towards massive outlays for end stage disease intervention. In poor countries corruption, military priorities and singular epidemics (e.g. TB and HIV) can tilt all public health spending away from basic infrastructural needs.

- Bioterrorism.

Concern about deliberate release of agents intended to imperil the public's health has spawned a virtual bioterrorism prevention industry in North America and Europe. A backlash has also emerged, claiming the threat is overblown and represents a post-Cold War paranoia. Public health is challenged by the issue in two key ways: (1.) it must insist that its role in local bioterrorism detection and response is paramount, and resist efforts to militarize the issue or to yield all control to law enforcement; but (2.) by collaborating with law enforcement, it may risk public credibility, particularly in minority communities, and it must take great pains to keep its relationship with military and law enforcement authorities cordial, but at arms length. If public health is perceived to be too cozy with law enforcement it risks losing all support among communities that feel themselves most targeted by military or police forces.

- Microbe Trafficking.

Globalization of microbes, as well as of ailing refugee and immigrant populations, necessitates more international thinking about disease control. National programs will find themselves increasingly overwhelmed by challenges "from outside" (e.g. contaminated imported foods, traveling businessmen carrying drug resistant microbes, exported livestock and pets), and find that country-of-origin programs make more sense.

- International pharmaceutical practices.

Drug companies will increasingly become foci of tension as drug resistance against affordable agents mounts, and life expectancies are impacted. HIV is a big lesson in this regard. And in the case of HIV, pressure in the wealthy world skewed resources away from public health approaches to the disease (e.g. vaccine R&D, prevention campaigns and contact tracing) towards the search for a cure. Today, as a result, we are saddled with an extraordinarily costly drug regimen of only minimal efficacy and are playing catch-

up in pursuit of both a vaccine and effective prevention interventions for countries with heterosexual adult infection rates in excess of 5% of 18-50 year olds. From a global point of view, we sacrificed public health for individualized medical attention that has proven to be the most costly ever offered as a "solution" to an infectious disease.

Sincerely,

Laurie Garrett

Medical and Science Writer
Newsday

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'L. Garrett', with a long horizontal line extending to the right.

MAURIA J. ASPELL, L.C.S.W.
LICENSED CERTIFIED SOCIAL WORKER

TELEPHONE
501 / 624-4493
FAX 501 / 623-8182

306 ST. LOUIS
HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS 71913

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

8-17-00

Dear Bill,

Imagine my surprise when Bob came home from playing golf and told me Clay Fagan had mentioned a book in which I was oft' quoted. I was astounded! Bob got the book and read myself. I wanted to hide under a rock. I have never talked to J. Edgar Hoover in my life. The scary part is, some of the things in there I have said (to intimates) but not necessarily in those words. Some of the things are pure horse manure... I make it a point not to give interviews so - did someone wear a hidden microphone? I feel harassed. In truth, the thing I hated most was that I sound like a complete, ignorant dick (at least most of it was benign stuff.)

I just got back from L.A. - Went to my friend's daughter's wedding. Every where I turned, you were being praised as one of the best Presidents ever. I concur. I miss you, old friend. Still trying to find a time to visit (Eleanor is dying to come, too!) Hope to see you soon.

Love,
Mauria

* [Joe L / Sib B - Fyl - (2) for
* old friend
BC

copied
Lockhart
Blumenthal
Podesta
Personal File

MAURIA J. ASPELL, A.C.S.W.
Licensed Psychiatric Social Worker

(501) 624-4493
FAX (501) 623-8182

304 St. Louis
Hot Springs, Arkansas 71913

FAX TRANSMITTAL COVER SHEET

DATE:

8/7/00

TO:

President Clinton
@ The White House

FAX NO.:

202-456-6703

FROM:

Mauria Aspell

RE:

NUMBER OF PAGES:

2

(INCLUDING COVER SHEET)

SENT FROM FAX NO.

(501) 623-8182

Fuel Bills Empty Poor Pockets, Unfilled by Boom

By NEELA BANERJEE

BROOKLYN, Iowa — Every week, Darrell Messersmith helps his wife, Donna, into their 1989 Chevrolet Caprice, loads her wheelchair and cane into the trunk and drives 22 miles to a hospital in Grinnell. Since having a stroke in May, Mrs. Messersmith, who is 54, has spent a few hours there each afternoon learning to walk and talk again.

Once middle class, the couple was already sliding down the economic ladder, living on Mr. Messersmith's \$1,300 monthly disability check after he was hurt on the job a few years back. So when gasoline prices spiked to \$1.80 here this summer, the 220 miles a week of commuting to the

hospital took food out of their mouths. And with natural-gas prices projected to drive the heating bill up by almost 50 percent this winter, the Messersmiths expect to cut deeper.

"We can't get all the food we want," Mr. Messersmith, 55, said. "We've eliminated almost all meat. We will probably cut back more on food. That's the first place you cut back on."

The Messersmiths are among millions of low-income Americans, the rural and urban poor alike, who are untouched by the flourishing economy and, as a result, unprotected from the effects of rising fuel and utility prices.

The middle class and the affluent — despite significant increases in the

cost of gasoline, heating fuels and electricity after years of relatively low prices — in the main have not changed their driving habits or let their homes become uncomfortably warm. Indeed, their seemingly insatiable demand for fuel has helped push prices even higher.

But for the poor, mounting fuel prices and heating bills inflict painful choices, especially in cities without adequate public transportation and in small towns and suburbs where distances make driving a necessity.

Here in Iowa, according to a new study by the State Department of Human Rights, many low-income families who faced higher rates for natural gas during last year's relatively mild winter cut back on food, health care, phones and electricity to pay for heat. With prices rising, the department says that situation could worsen this year.

"Low-income people feel the most pain, whether we're looking at heating oil or gasoline or what we expect with natural gas in the winter," said Dan W. Reicher, assistant United States energy secretary and head of the Office of Energy Efficiency.

"It's not just economic impacts," Mr. Reicher said, "but over the last few years, we've seen real human impact. People have had to choose between heating and eating."

High utility and gasoline bills have begun to erode the budgets of the poor at a time when federal assistance programs have shrunk. This year, Congress allocated \$1.1 billion to the Low-Income Home Energy Assistance Program, which helps poor families with heating bills and home repairs improve energy efficiency. That is about half the financing the program received in 1985 — only 33 percent, if inflation is taken into account. The program has no budget for determining how many people need aid, or how many are going without.

Those most vulnerable to fuel price increases are people on fixed incomes, like retirees, and the working poor, most of whom receive little

or no state assistance.

In San Diego, where electric bills have more than doubled this summer, about 27 percent of the 900,000 families affected by the higher prices fall into these groups.

In New York, deregulation has freed utilities to raise electric rates an average of 30 percent this summer. Mike Zevon has moved in with his disabled mother in Forest Hills, Queens, for fear she could not make ends meet on her monthly assistance payment of \$490.

The \$1,400 a month that Mr. Zevon takes home from his job as a social worker helps. But the family's electric bill more than doubled, to \$240, in June, and gasoline in the neighborhood has risen to \$1.99 a gallon, from \$1.49 a year ago.

"By the end of the week, we scrounge for change to fill the tank," Mr. Zevon, 29, said.

The squeeze will get tighter on low-income New Yorkers in October, when annual rent increases go into

effect for rent-stabilized apartments. After authorizing increases of 2 percent to 4 percent each of the last four years, the city's Rent Guidelines Board voted a 4 percent to 6 percent rise this year, based primarily on the higher cost of heating oil. The decision affects about 600,000 households.

Lower-than-normal temperatures have allowed the northern Midwest, including Iowa, to escape high utility bills so far this summer. But the region has weathered some of the steepest increases in fuel costs.

In May, just as Mrs. Messersmith was felled by her stroke, gasoline in Brooklyn rose to about \$1.80 a gallon; Mr. Messersmith, a former truck driver, was spending about \$400 a month to visit his wife at a hospital in Des Moines, about 75 miles east. The price of gasoline has since declined all over the region, falling to about \$1.49 a gallon, but that is 40 cents a gallon more than Mr. Messersmith paid a year ago.

High gasoline prices in the Mid-

west prompted the federal government to investigate accusations of price-gouging by oil companies. But most analysts believe that gasoline prices have risen mainly because of the demand bred by economic growth. Salaries have grown faster than the rate of inflation, which means consumers can afford more. So while Americans grumble about fuel prices, the most recent survey of motorists by the American Automobile Association indicated that few are driving less.

And though the affluent use more energy in their homes, the poor bear the impact of higher prices. In 1998, a middle-class family spent 2.6 percent of its net income on heating bills, according to the federal heating assistance program, while the typical low-income family spent 10.1 percent. In Iowa, the Department of Human Rights study found that low-income residents last winter devoted nearly 20 percent of their income to heating costs; the Messersmiths, for example, spent 19 percent of their income on propane for their home.

"Around the country, there's an affordability crisis among low-income people," said Jerry McKim, the author of the Iowa report.

In the Iowa study, released in June, more than 12 percent of the 3,661 respondents said they cut back on food this past winter to pay fuel bills. More than 1 in 5 respondents said they had gone without medical care. Nearly a third said they had not paid other bills to keep up with heating costs.

In the coming winter, Mr. McKim estimates, total energy bills in Iowa

could rise 48 percent on average, driven by high natural-gas prices. Yet Iowa's grant under the federal aid program for the coming year is \$19.9 million, down from \$36.6 million in 1985. Mr. McKim figures the state will fall \$6 million short of keeping benefits at last year's level.

Poverty stays hidden amid the pin-dot towns and prim clapboard homes of Marshall, Tama and Poweshiek Counties, about 80 miles north and east of Des Moines. The lush sea of soybean and corn broken by a few trees gives no hint of the many family farms that have closed or are

about to. The three counties, neighbors, are poorer than most in the state. The meatpacking plants and other factories that employed residents have shut down or cut back.

Gale Gies feels lucky that she drives only 30 miles a day round trip from her house in Garwin, in Tama County, to her job in the town of Tama. As a counselor with the Mid-Iowa energy assistance program, she helps low-income families apply for federal aid. But Mrs. Gies, 37, turns to the state for the same help she pursues for clients. Her husband, Alan, has been unable to work for three years because of degenerative arthritis, she says. Because he was denied federal disability assistance, the Gieses and their three children make do on Mrs. Gies's small salary.

To make ends meet after paying rent and fuel, the Gieses go without.

"Alan spends a lot of time in pain, because I can't afford his medicine," said Mrs. Gies, sitting on her porch one afternoon. "The muscle relaxants and pain relievers for his back would cost \$60 a month, and that's \$60 we just don't have."

Before his injury, Mr. Gies was a construction worker who sometimes brought home \$3,000 a month, giving the family a foothold in the working class. Likewise, two years ago, when the Messersmiths were healthy, they also earned about \$3,000 a month. But Mr. Messersmith's disability payments after his injury went to the wrong address, and by the time he corrected the oversight, a bank had foreclosed on the couple's house in Des Moines. They moved to a trailer on land here in Brooklyn they bought years ago, on the edge of a ravine choked with hickory and wild daisies, and now they are slowly building a house with the help of their grown sons.

This summer, the house remains little more than a shell, as Mr. Messersmith, a round-faced man with a firecracker laugh, takes care of his wife. Her right side is paralyzed, so she relies on a wheelchair and speaks with normal intonation but in unrecognizable half-words.

The couple spends \$300 on building materials every month and a similar amount on Mrs. Messersmith's medicines, which clutter the tabletops. Last winter, the Messersmiths received about \$300 from the federal assistance program, enough to cover one month's propane bill.

They expect to apply for aid again this year.

"I had been able to do anything I wanted before, and now it's hard," Mr. Messersmith said, "because I've gone from being independent to, now, I need to ask for help."

He looked at his wife and patted her hand as she sat quietly in her wheelchair. "So I guess in one form, I understand how she feels."

The New York Times

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 2000.

TP
We have to
keep an eye on
this - could turn
in a problem.
RC

copied
Podesta

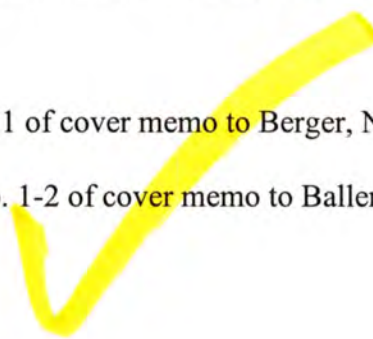
8-17-00

Recent Information Items for the Week End August 11, 2000

Copied:

Tab B Memo with p. 1 of cover memo to Berger, NSC West Wing Desk, Brain, Podesta

Tab C Memo with pp. 1-2 of cover memo to Ballentine, Podesta



00 AUG 16 PM 5:32

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 16, 2000

8-17-00

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: LISEL LOY *ll*
ADAM ROSMAN

SUBJECT: Recent Information Items

We are forwarding the following recent information items:

(A) **Berger memo re: Pentagon Computers** – In response to your question “have we done all we can” about hacking, Sandy reports that of 22,000 known attempted hacks on unclassified DoD computers last year, 120 were successful; 110 of these used known software vulnerabilities and can therefore be addressed using “patches” (fixes to known software vulnerabilities). DoD is using a new DOE system to “push down” patches automatically; there were no known hacks of classified DoD networks. The new Joint Task Force-Computer Network Defense is monitoring DoD systems 24 hours/day; DoD is in the lead on adopting encryption; and in FY01, DoD will have over \$600M for network security research. Overall, DoD computers are the most secure of all federal departments. Computer security at other departments lags behind; Congress has failed to fund your FY01 civilian agency parallels to the Task Force and DoD encryption program. NSC and OMB continue to seek congressional funding.

(B) **Berger memo re: Turnover of Army UH-60s to Colombia** -- in response to your question whether we could turn over Army Blackhawk helicopters to Colombia and use Colombia supplemental funds to buy new Blackhawks for the Army, Sandy reports it's possible, but believes our current plan to provide 33 Super Huey helicopters to the Colombian Army is a better approach; although Sandy agrees that the Huey is not ideal, he believes it's adequate in the short run, particularly because the Colombian Army is well-trained to fly the aircraft. Sandy counsels against turning over Blackhawks for several reasons: it would run well ahead of the Colombian timeline for training pilots; they would be incompatible with helicopters already in Colombia, so we would have to identify additional funds for reconfiguration; the Colombians would receive fewer helicopters overall, which are critical to their counter-drug mission; and it would degrade U.S. Army readiness. Sandy believes the turnover option surfaced before conference action on the Colombian supplemental and is no longer under discussion on the Hill.

(C) **Ballantine memo re: electricity from refuse methane** – on a report about a Japanese power plant producing electricity from organic refuse methane, you asked why the U.S. was not undertaking similar projects. Roger indicates that the Japanese plant is most likely a small prototype producing power for roughly 85 homes, using technology

*August
Shmely
Rum
etc*

8-17-00

(fermentation of pulverized organic waste) we are aggressively pursuing under your Bioenergy Initiative; several U.S. test operations to produce vehicle or power cell fuel from crop and wood wastes are underway but have not yet proven economically feasible. Roger suggests that the higher costs of landfilling waste in Japan along with government subsidies create a more favorable climate for this type of technology in Japan. Municipal solid waste to energy plants and landfill gas to energy (LFGTE) are related U.S. methods; LFGTE projects have grown from 1 in 1981 to 89 in 1990 to over 300 in 2000 and have eliminated more than 11M tons of greenhouse gases (equal to planting 12M trees or taking 9M cars off the road). Until it expired in 1998, a federal tax credit supported landfill methane projects; reinstating the credit is the most important thing we can do to maintain growth in this area.

(D) **Article re: Lake Vostok (via Lane)** -- Neal forwards an article about our exploration and search for life in Lake Vostok, a liquid-water lake under 2.5 miles of solid ice in Antarctica

Item executed on your behalf:

✓ **EO on Improving Access to Services for Persons with Limited English Proficiency (LEP)** -- as part of your overall initiative to improve access to federal programs for LEP individuals, last week we executed on your behalf an EO that directs Federal agencies to implement plans to make their services more accessible to LEP individuals and ensure that recipients of federal financial assistance provide meaningful access to their LEP beneficiaries.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

August 9, 2000

INFORMATION

8-17-00

NO PUG 11 15

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: SAMUEL R. BERGER *SRB*
 CHARLES M. BRAIN *CMB*

SUBJECT: Possible Turnover of U.S. Army UH-60s to Colombia

You asked whether we could turn over U.S. Army Blackhawk helicopters in our inventory to Colombia now and then use the Colombia supplemental funds to purchase new Blackhawks for the U.S. Army. Speaker Hastert raised this possibility with you and said that Senator Stevens saw it as feasible.

*copied
w/p.1 of cover
to:
Berger
NSC WW Desk
BRAIN
Padesta*

While this would be possible, we believe that the existing plan is the better approach. The existing plan provides 33 State Department UH-1N Super Huey helicopters (half of which are already in-country) to the Colombian Army for interim lift pending manufacture of UH-60Ls. Although the UH-1N is not ideal, it is an adequate interim enhancement for the Colombian Army -- who are already well-trained on this airframe. Over the longer term, Defense and State view the UH-60L as the best Blackhawk model for Colombia because of its capability, survivability and compatibility.

Turning over U.S. Army UH-60s would provide more Blackhawks to the Colombian Army sooner; however, this option runs well ahead of the Colombian timeline for training Blackhawk pilots and for developing the required infrastructure. Additionally, we would likely turn over Blackhawks that are not compatible with those already in Colombia and thus we would need to identify funds for costly reconfigurations. Finally, the turnover option would mean that their Army would not get as many new airframes, a significant factor given that their counter-drug mission will require a robust helicopter capability for many years.

In terms of U.S. readiness, the turnover option would require us to identify up to 18 Army Blackhawks for Colombia. Until new Blackhawks come off the assembly line in 14-20 months, the turnover would degrade U.S. Army readiness at a time when these airframes are in high demand for priority Defense missions.

Our understanding is that the turnover option surfaced before conference action on the Colombian supplemental and is no longer under discussion on the Hill.

cc: Vice President
 Chief of Staff

7-6-00
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

76

Sandy

→ ARTURO -
Need quick
answer
@

Re: Colombia

Speaker Hastert Says
DoD Can Send
Blackhawks Now
Get replacements
as produced - says
Sen. Stevens told
him that. Can we?

copied
Bergen
NSC WW Desk
Padesta

IBC

"Re: Colombia -

~~Speaker~~ Hastert Says DoD
Can Send Blackhawks now,
get replacements as produced
Says Sen. Stevens told
him that. Can we?"

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

8-17-00

August 11, 2000

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

FROM: ROGER BALLENTINE 
RE: Electricity Generation from Refuse Methane

In response to a report that Japan is building a power plant that will produce electricity from organic refuse methane, you asked both Secretary Richardson and me why such projects are not being undertaken in the U.S. While I am sure that the Secretary could provide a sophisticated explanation, there are several important related points to bring to your attention.

The Japanese power plant described is most likely a prototype or experimental project. The amount of power it intends to produce is also quite small (enough to power about 85 homes). The technology they appear to be using – fermentation of pulverized organic waste (which presumably has had all non-organic elements removed, likely in conjunction with a recycling program) to produce hydrogen – is technology that we are aggressively pursuing under your Bioenergy Initiative. We have several test operations underway in the U.S. that are using forms of fermentation to produce cellulosic ethanol (and, ultimately, hydrogen) from crop and wood wastes that could be used as a vehicle fuel or to power fuel cells. These efforts have not yet proven economically feasible.

It is likely that the economics are different in Japan. First, because of land constraints, alternative disposal of these wastes in Japan (landfills) is probably significantly more expensive than in the U.S. Secondly, there are likely significant Japanese government subsidies for such energy production.

A related waste to energy technology used in the U.S. is found in Municipal Solid Waste (MSW) to energy plants. These facilities burn MSW to produce electricity, but have traditionally had a poor emissions control history and have been opposed by U.S. neighborhood activists and some recycling advocates. Facilities with state of the art emissions control equipment, however, have acceptable emissions profiles. Such facilities also have tremendous greenhouse gas benefits, both by avoiding methane and displacing other fossil fuel electricity production. I am not aware of any federal programs to encourage construction or operation of these facilities, although your electricity restructuring proposal would allow certain MSW plants to qualify under the Renewable Portfolio Standard.

Another related waste to energy method is landfill gas to energy. Landfill Gas to Energy (LFGTE) projects reduce greenhouse gas emissions by converting methane (a greenhouse gas 21 times more potent than carbon dioxide) to carbon dioxide and displacing other production of electricity. The number of landfill methane projects in the U.S. has grown from one in 1981, to 89 in 1990, to over 300 in 2000. EIA data for 1998 shows that MSW and landfill gas projects combined produced 0.54% of the U.S. electricity supply.

According to EPA, the landfill projects currently in place have eliminated more than eleven million tons of greenhouse gases – equal to planting twelve million acres of trees or taking about nine million cars off the road.

Several factors drove the growth in these LFTGE projects. Significantly, a federal tax credit supported landfill methane projects until it expired in 1998. And since 1996, to reduce local smog, EPA has regulated methane emissions from large landfills, and many have chosen to produce energy as the most cost-effective method of meeting this requirement. In addition, as part of the Administration's Climate Change Technology Initiative, EPA is conducting the Landfill Methane Outreach Program, working with smaller landfills not subject to emissions regulations, and currently has over 200 voluntary partnerships to develop LFGTE projects.

The Department of Energy is also researching and developing new technologies to improve the efficiency and emissions profile of equipment (microturbines, advanced gas turbines, and natural gas reciprocating engines) used to generate electricity from landfill gas. The microturbine program began this year and will run for 3 to 5 years, and the advanced turbine systems program ran from 1992 through 1999 and resulted in significant increases in efficiency and dramatic reductions in air emissions. The prototypes resulting from this program are now being tested (vendors are Caterpillar, Allison, GE, and Westinghouse).

The most important thing we can do to maintain growth in this area is to reinstate a federal tax credit for LFTGE. You have proposed such a tax credit as part of your climate change energy tax package. Congress has failed to act on this proposal, despite bipartisan support.

Copied to: John Podesta
Secretary Bill Richardson



Michael Eric Dyson
Ida B. Wells-Barnett University Professor
and Professor of Religious Studies

802 West Belden Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60614-3214
773/325-4675

243 South Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60604-2300
312/362-6000

August 10, 2000

8-17-00

Dear President Clinton:

It is certainly an honor for our school to host your visit today. I hope that your visit throws a spotlight on the need to support education for millions of students.

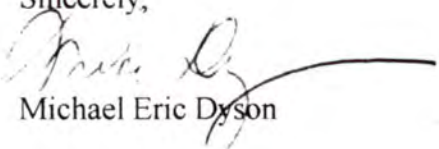
We have many friends in common – from the Revs. Jesse Jackson and Gardner Taylor, upon whom you justly conferred the Medal of Freedom yesterday, to Tavis Smiley, on whose black leadership panel I will serve in Los Angeles before the opening of the Democratic National Convention on this Saturday.

 I would welcome the opportunity at some point in the near future to have even a brief discussion with you about issues that we both cherish, including race, education, religion, justice and civic responsibility. I know how incredibly busy you are. Perhaps an invitation to one of your remaining events at the White House might provide at least a little space for even a slight chat. In the mean time, please enjoy a copy of two of my books, *Race Rules: Navigating the Color Line* and *Between God and Gangsta Rap: Bearing Witness to Black Culture*.

Finally, I will do my best in the circles in which I speak and travel (nearly 200 days a year) to make sure that the Democratic ticket prevails!

My cell phone number is: (773) 294-8172, and my office number is: (312) 362-8988. Both lines have voice mail. My address is contained at the top right of the letterhead. I hope that you have continued success in your efforts to bring fairness to our educational system.

Sincerely,


Michael Eric Dyson

cc: B. Johnson
C. Marshall

Michael Eric Dyson Of Heroes and Hip-hop

by Calvin Reid

8-17-00

ty—to be self-critical on the one hand, to do serious, nuanced work rigorously executed; but to also be able to get off those perches and out of those ivory towers and speak to the real people who make decisions; to speak truth to power and the powerless with lucidity and eloquence.”

Motor City Homie to Academic Star

“A homeboy with a Ph.D.,” as he describes himself, Dyson’s rise to scholar and author is quite a story. He was born in Detroit’s black ghetto to a working class family of 5 brothers and 4 sisters. His father worked in the automobile industry for 33 years and his mother eventually became a public school teacher’s aide. At 11 years old Dyson began to give public speeches and win oratorical contests. He remembers learning about black history from Mrs. James, his fifth-grade teacher, and reciting the dialect poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar in grade school. “We learned the black vernacular tradition way before Ebonics was dissed later on. It was very important to me. I went to a segregated school, I was born a Negro, not a black man” says Dyson, invoking the black self-nomenclature of the time.

Despite a scholarship to private school at age 18, he was soon back on the streets of Detroit. “I got kicked out of school and came back, the golden boy tarnished,” says Dyson. He headed into a downward spiral, married his pregnant girlfriend, then was fired from his job a month before his son was born and landed on welfare. (His first marriage failed and he has since remarried twice and has three children.) One of his brothers has been convicted of murder. “I believe he’s innocent but he’s been in jail for ten years.” Finally deciding that he needed a college education, and hoping to become a minister, he enrolled in Knoxville College in Tennessee, working in factories during the day, pastoring at three different churches and studying philosophy. He received a Ph.D. in religious ethics and politics from Princeton in 1993, then attended the Hartford Seminary, deciding finally that he wanted to be a professor. In *Race Rules*, Dyson discussed the conflict between the conservative male leadership of black churches (he was abruptly fired as pastor after urging that women take more active church leadership roles) and his own vision of a progressive church. Although these days he is often a guest preacher, after his earlier stints as a pastor, he tells PW he learned that he

Michael Eric Dyson pops his head into the small office of Washington, D.C.’s Vertigo bookstore to greet his interviewer. The store is located in the former offices of a bank just below Dupont Circle on Connecticut Avenue. The office is actually the bank’s former vault and one enters through an incongruously imposing armored door into a small room crowded with desks, boxes, file cabinets and books stacked in every corner. Dyson, Ida B. Wells-Barnett university professor at DePaul University in Chicago, an ordained Baptist minister and a former welfare recipient, has just finished giving a combination lecture, sermon and book signing to promote his newest book, *I May Not Get There with You: The True Martin Luther King Jr.*, an analysis of the life of the civil rights leader that attempts to reconcile our “namby-pamby, we-are-the-world,” contemporary view of Martin Luther King Jr. with what Dyson sees as an overlooked radical political legacy recorded in King’s inspirational writings and speeches and complicated by his flawed personal life.

Dyson exudes an affable, boy-from-the-hood geniality. Dressed casually in a dark sports coat and collarless pullover, he finds a chair in Vertigo’s crowded office and heartily greets PW after more than three hours signing books and responding to questions from an engaged audience at the store. Dyson is not your typical academic. On a podium he’s a mixed bag of oratory, capable of majestic black religious eloquence, academic erudition, streetwise irreverence and the linguistic improvisation

of the rap and hip-hop music that he clearly loves. One moment he’s vividly quoting a section of King’s sermons and the next he’s rapping and rhyming in hip-hop meter, reciting verbatim the lyrics of Tupac Shakur, Nas or Biggie Smalls to make a point about his book or about political struggle.



The real challenge of King’s heroism is to make it a useful heroism

One of several highly visible black academics who were profiled, lauded and criticized in the 1990s, Dyson came to be identified with such high profile scholars as Henry Louis Gates, bell hooks, Cornell West and Patricia Williams, a new generation of black public intellectuals who brought their talent and prestige to address questions of public policy, in particular issues of importance to African Americans. Indeed, after his 1993 book, *Between God and Gangsta Rap: Bearing Witness to Black Culture* (and more than a few appearances on media talk shows), he has been referred to as the “Hip-Hop Intellectual,” criticizing the excesses of rap music while celebrating its roots in black American musical tradition and its ability to embody the consciousness of young, urban African-Americans. Indeed, it is Dyson’s own working-class background and a singular ability to synthesize political, historical and theological scholarship with popular culture and his commitment to grass roots politics that gives his intellectual work such popular interest. “I want young people to look at me and go, ‘Damn, I want to be like that brother. He sharp, he be on point. He represent black people.’ I want to make the life of the mind sexy,” says Dyson. “I think public intellectuals have a responsibility

really "wanted to be a professor, an intellectual, not someone who was going to preach every Sunday. Pastoring was not my calling. The academy is where I happen to do my thing."

A Bio-Critique of MLK

The King book is the latest work in Dyson's ongoing project to engage the political and racial realities of America. His first book was *Reflecting Black: African American Cultural Criticism* (1993) from the University of Minnesota Press, written, he says, to raise money to help his jailed brother's defense for murder. His next book was *Making Malcolm: The Myth and Meaning of Malcolm X* (1994), a *New York Times* notable book of the year; and in 1996 he released *Between God and Gangsta Rap: Bearing Witness to Black Culture*, both from Oxford University Press. He followed those books with *Race Rules: Navigating the Color Line* from Addison Wesley in 1998. "So these were the four books before this King book where I use bio-criticism, joining social criticism and cultural criticism into a biographical perspective to interrogate a serious figure." Previously represented by Kim Witherspoon Associates he says he is currently looking for new representation.

His current editor Liz Maguire, editorial director of the Free Press, has been his editor since he published *Making Malcolm* at OUP, and Dyson has moved along with her to Addison Wesley and now to the Free Press. He's also quick to note that "I owe a book to the wonderful Ann Godoff at Random House. I hope you're reading this Ann, I hope you love me baby" he quips, pointing out that, "I gotta figure out what the book is and then do it." He calls Maguire "a brilliant editor and an intellectual soulmate. We've tried to make a difference in the kind of books I've published. I feel the same way about Ann Godoff, that kind of intellectual simpatico where we can forge a connection to make something that Americans care about."

King was "central to my own intellectual development," says Dyson, calling King "arguably, the greatest American ever produced on our native soil." To make his point he rhetorically asks for a moratorium on celebrating King's famous "I Have a Dream" speech, given at the 1963 March on Washington. Dyson calls it "one of the most abused speeches in the history of black civic rhetoric." While the landmark oration is "a brilliant summary of the wish of black people to be free and to somehow join their project to the American project," Dyson em-

phasizes that King's "revolutionary flourishes have been buried beneath the overvaluation of his dream language."

"He was deeply invested in a Christian conception of redistributing wealth," continues Dyson. "After the Montgomery bus boycott he began to really focus on systemic problems in society. I think he began to be radicalized by figures like Bayard Rustin, A. Philip Randolph and Michael Harrington and other progressives," says Dyson. "That's the kind of King I think we need to recuperate." At the same time the book attempts to challenge the "appropriation" of King's legacy from right-wing figures such as anti-affirmative action activist Ward Connerly and the Christian Coalition's Ralph Reed, conservatives who claim King as a political role model. "King's words have been yanked out of their historical context to justify a whole range of policies and positions that King would have certainly resisted and would have found abhorrent," says Dyson. "I don't think the left has done enough appropriation of King's work," says Dyson. "The left has distanced itself from his politics because of his profound religiosity—he's talking about Jesus not Marx—when indeed he was more radical and progressive than most leftists who are just paperback Marxists."

Dyson examines King's personal failures as well as discussing at length the plagiarism that has been discovered in his preaching as well as outright academic plagiarism to complete his doctoral thesis from Boston College. "Oral preaching traditions are all rather much more promiscuous, passed along on a communal basis," says Dyson. But Dyson does not condone academic theft: "King was a brilliant man but he was not brilliantly gifted in terms of academic rigor. I think he understood that he was not cut out to be a professor, but to profess a larger vocation to help America become the best that it could be."

The book also examines King's promiscuity and sexism while comparing these excesses with those associated with the hip-hop artists. It is a comparison that often gets him into hot water with older African-American admirers of King and with such black intellectuals as Stanley Crouch, a notorious critic of hip-hop. Rather carefully Dyson uses the example of rap's sampling,

the electronic borrowing of music and phrases from other artists. "King can be readily explained to hip-hoppers," says Dyson. "The idea is that originality does not consist in saying it first but in saying it with your own stamp on it. King had such similarities with hip-hop. When I compare him with Tupac I say they both ate, drank and had reckless sexual relations with women."

They were both capable of brilliance and both were concerned with leadership in their fields. This is not to suggest that King was Tupac in disguise, but to suggest that let's cut Tupac some slack if we can cut King some slack. King, like the rappers, sampled the words of other people but he refigured and recoded them in brilliant ways and in his own language."

"You know the King holiday is indicative of the paradox of American heroism. I think it was Carlyle who said, 'Pity the Nation that needs perfect heroes,' says

Dyson. "Once the canonization has come, then the person almost becomes irrelevant. Because in one sense, we're saying that real progress, ironically and tragically, is for black people to be able to forget their heroes the same way white folks do

"I want to restore King to his own effectiveness, to see how he anticipated so much of the stuff that's going on now," he continues. "The real challenge of King's heroism is to make it a useful heroism. To challenge orthodoxies of race and to continue to question how this society has refused to embody the principles for which he died: economic and social equality and the challenge to tribalism in every form."

Dyson says that at the height of the acclaim over black public intellectuals he wrote a "piece that tried to poke fun at all of us. 'Who named you that, who do you represent, how much do you get paid for doing it and where can I apply for that job.' I think all of us [public intellectuals] should take that stuff tongue in cheek because none of us should be so removed that we don't feel the heat of people's anger, jealousy or outrage at our comparably privileged positions. At the same time I think that black public intellectuals have a crucial role to play in American society. Which is why I'm stomping for Bill Bradley this time around. I think we have a responsibility to make contributions to public life."



I want to make the life of the mind sexy



SUBCOMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL OPERATIONS
AND HUMAN RIGHTS

COMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS
UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

B358 RAYBURN HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515

(202) 225-5748
(202) 225-7485 (FAX)

CHRISTOPHER H. SMITH
CHAIRMAN

GROVER JOSEPH REES
STAFF DIRECTOR & CHIEF COUNSEL

DOUGLAS C. ANDERSON
COUNSEL

PETER HICKEY
DEMOCRATIC STAFF DIRECTOR

DATE: 8.14.00

TO: The President, Susan Rice, Harold Koh, David Scheffer

FAX:

FROM:

Sent 8.11, cc'd for your information.

8-17-00

LEG AFFS. COUNSEL

To George Lawson

for handling?

Yes ☒ No ☐

3.

PAGES (INCLUDING THIS COVER PAGE):

3

cc Agency liaison

Congress of the United States

Washington, DC 20515

August 10, 2000

The Honorable Janet Reno
Attorney General, Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530

Dear Attorney General Reno:

We are writing to express our concern over recent reports that Mr. Pierre Celestin Rwigema, the former Prime Minister of Rwanda, has fled Rwanda and may be seeking asylum in the United States.

Enclosed you will find a copy of a letter from the Organization for Peace, Justice, and Development in Rwanda (OPJDR) that details gross violations of human rights, including crimes against humanity and genocide, that were allegedly committed by the government of Rwanda during Mr. Rwigema's tenure as Prime Minister.

Their letter calls for the United States to compel Mr. Rwigema to explain the extent of his role in the crimes they have documented and to identify those who gave the orders to execute those crimes.

In addition to the concerns raised by the OPJDR, we note that the U.S. State Department Country Reports on Human Rights Practices for 1999 documents similar abuses committed, abetted or tolerated by the government of Rwanda including political and other extrajudicial killing, massacres, murder, rape, and torture.

While Mr. Rwigema was not specifically named in the Report, we call attention to Section 1 (c), Torture and Other Cruel, Inhuman, or Degrading Treatment or Punishment, which reads in part: "An August 18 report from local and international media claimed that the police beat and arrested six university students who, along with other students, were marching to the Prime Minister's office."

International human rights organizations have also extensively documented abuses committed by Rwandan forces in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC). A March 2000 report from Amnesty International (AI) stated, "The year 1999 started with one of the largest massacres by the RCD and allied troops from Rwanda and Burundi at Makobola in South-Kivu province. The RCD, together with Rwandese and Burundian forces, then reportedly set on the local population shooting at any local person they saw."

Unfortunately, the Makobola massacre is merely illustrative of the continuing pattern of horrendous abuses committed by the Rwandan government. Internationally respected non-government organizations have uniformly condemned the human rights abuses against citizens of Rwanda and neighboring DRC by the Rwandan government.

Secretary of State Madeleine Albright was no less forthright in her condemnation of the violence being perpetrated against the people of the Eastern Congo throughout Rwanda's brutal occupation. During her welcoming

remarks at the UN Security Council Session on the Democratic Republic of the Congo on January 24, 2000 she said, "The most disturbing aspect of the conflict in the Congo has been the horrific abuse of fundamental human rights by all sides." She added, "We have even heard credible reports recently of women being buried alive in Eastern Congo."

Perhaps the most chilling study of all was released in May of this year by the International Rescue Committee (IRC). In it, they reported that "1.7 million excess deaths or more have occurred over the past 22 months as a result of the fighting in eastern DRC."

What has emerged, is a pattern of abuse that is so pervasive and systemic that it can only exist as a matter of state policy directed by the highest levels of the Rwandan government.

Yet despite the concerns raised by U.S. policy makers, the response to these crimes by the U.S. government appears muted. The Human Rights Watch World Report 2000 noted, "the U.S. interest in pressing for accountability and human rights improvements appeared to have waned as the DRC plunged further into chaos. The report added: "There were scant references to violations by the belligerents and to their obligations to abide by international human rights and humanitarian standards in subsequent statements issued by the Department of State."

It is imperative that the millions of victims of the state directed violence including crimes against humanity and genocide are not relegated to a statistical footnote of history. Based on the available evidence from international human rights groups and other highly credible sources Rwigema was a senior member of an administration responsible for and complicit in grave violations of the laws of nations in Rwanda and the Great Lakes Region.

The members of the Rwandan government responsible for the crimes discussed here must be held accountable. We are not taking a position regarding the disposition of the asylum request pending the asylum adjudicator determining the extent to which, if any, Mr. Rwigema was complicit in persecution. We believe any asylum adjudication must examine carefully the question of such complicity.

In addition, we believe Mr. Rwigema may have important information about continuing gross violations of human rights in Rwanda. We hope and trust that appropriate United States government officials will make diligent efforts to obtain this information and to ensure that it is given proper weight in the development of U.S. policy toward Rwanda and in assessing his right to asylum in this country.

Sincerely,

Christopher H. Smith
Chairman
Subcommittee on International
Operations and Human Rights

Cynthia A. McKinney
Ranking Member
Subcommittee on International
Operations and Human Rights

cc: The President, White House Political Affairs, Legislative Affairs, Chief of Staff, Legislative Correspondents.

Please enter into the system.
Action: OK + NO (AND)

Letter from President Vike-Freiberga & President Clinton
passed to Dick Nardant August 7, 2000 by Marti Bondars.

Mārtiņš Bondars
Head of the Office of the President of Latvia

Pils laukums 3
Rīga 50, LV 1900
Latvia

Phone: +371 7092106
Fax: +371 7325800
E-mail: bondars@president.lv

8/7/2000

8-17-00 NSC FOR
I ~~agreed~~ REPLY
Yes — No —
B.
coordinate w/
scheduling

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

8-11-00

NANCY-

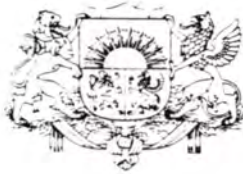
POST-JAN '01 INVITATION,
FOR BOB BARNETT REPLY.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE US
TO HANDLE THESE? I EXPECT
THE #S WILL NOW START
INCREASING. ROUTE BACK TO
YOU TO FORWARD TO BOB?
PLS. LET ME KNOW. THANKS.

-LISEL *(green)*

100 900 179-135

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Latvijas Valsts prezidents

Rīga, July 31, 2000

*William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States of America*

Dear Mr. President,

Five years ago, Latvia's capital city was graced and honored by your presence. Your visit to our country in 1994 marked the first time a US President had set foot on Latvian soil while serving as head of state, and occurred during a decisive period in Latvia's history. The last Russian troops were preparing for their final withdrawal, and crucial social and economic reforms were being implemented.

The people of Latvia still remember your visit with fondness and with gratitude. Your speech, which was listened to by thousands of Latvians at one of the most sacred places in the country - the Monument of Freedom in Riga - will always remain a landmark event in US-Latvian relations. Your public show of support for Baltic independence and freedom was akin to the helping hand of a friend and ally, at a time when such support was most needed. It assured us of the irreversibility of major changes that had taken place in Eastern and Central Europe, and invited us to contribute to building a free and undivided Europe for the 21st century.

Since then, with the continued and consistent support of the US Government, Latvia has firmly re-established itself as a country of advanced democratic traditions, and is working towards full integration into the European and Transatlantic community of nations. I sincerely hope that there will be an opportunity for you to appreciate in person the development of our country over the past few years, and to see the results of our mutual efforts.

The city of Riga is proudly preparing for its 800th anniversary next year. For centuries, Latvia's capital has epitomized a spirit of cooperation, intellectual exchange and economic development in the north of Europe. This also holds true today, with Riga once again becoming a major center of regional development in the Baltic Sea region. I should be highly honored to see you, Mr. President, as my guest during the planned celebrations in August 2001.

Wishing you success in your noble endeavors,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Vaira Vīķe-Freiberga".

*Vaira Vīķe-Freiberga
President of the Republic of Latvia*



1-2
6-11

00 AUG 17 PM 7:38

Dear Dick,

We would like to ask your assistance in communicating to President Clinton our desire to secure a Presidential Pardon for Don Pennington who has been incarcerated in the Federal Prison at Forrest City, Arkansas since January 14, 1999. He was sentenced to a 48-month term and his inmate number is 20316009.

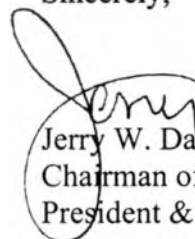
It is our firm belief that Harry Jansen who was then president of Harvest Foods convicted Don Pennington of misuse of company funds largely because of a personal vendetta. We are further convinced that Don has suffered excessively because of two years of waiting to be incarcerated after his conviction. At a minimum, we feel this time should be considered as time served. Don has also suffered financial ruin because of legal fees.

Dick, you and President Clinton will remember Don Pennington as a business and community leader who was involved in many charitable causes. Don Pennington is a good person with a family and needs to put this whole situation behind him and get on with his life. As the current owner of Harvest Foods we harbor no ill will toward Don and are confident that no one would contest the fact that he has been sufficiently punished. We will also be discussing employment with him after his release.

We, along with other business leaders, will be willing to visit personally with President Clinton to further explain our request. Anything you can do will be greatly appreciated.

8-17-00 *counsel*
to [unclear] for reply?
Yes ☒ *No* ☐
Coordinate with Counsel?
Yes ☒ *No* ☐
B.

Sincerely,


Jerry W. Davis
Chairman of the Board,
President & CEO

TEAM FOR THE FUTURE

8-17-00

Al Gore, et. al.

C O V E R

S H E E T

To Agency Liaison for
handling and reply?

Yes ☒ No ☐

~~XXXX~~

00 AUG 17 1998

To: **Ms. Mary Beth Donahue**
Chief of Staff
Office of the Secretary
United States Department of Health & Human Services
606-G Hubert H. Humphrey Bldg.
200 Independence Ave., S. W.
Washington, D. C. 20201

Fax #: (202) 690-7755

Subject: **Claim Status**

Date: August 14, 2000

Pages: One, including this cover sheet.

Dear Ms. Donahue: On November 11, 1999, my husband and I filed renewed, expanded and/or new civil rights, personal injury and related claims by certified letter with your General Counsel, Harriet S. Rabb. Repeated attempts to cause Ms. Rabb to acknowledge receipt of these claims and to provide us with Department claims numbers have failed. Associate General Counsel Timothy S. White, Business and Administrative Law Division, Office of the General Counsel and present or former OGC members Jane Axelrad, Mary Pendergast-Vladeck, Margaret Jane Porter, Eric Blumberg, Leslie Clune, Eileen Brennan and others are also directly involved in this matter. Please do your best to obtain a status report for us concerning these claims and an OGC timetable for their disposition by your Department. The Federal Judge to who the first case was assigned, The Honorable Linda H. McLaughlin, unfortunately passed away last year quite unexpectedly at a time when she was considering reopening the original DHHS | PHS | FDA complaint. She had disqualified herself in 1996 saying simply that she lacked the authority and jurisdiction to hear it. The United States Department of Justice, its Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Executive Office for U. S. Attorneys and a few USA are presently reviewing our research, the product of our criminal investigation (now in its 10th year) and our findings and conclusions. The Secretary and General Counsel Rabb each have a set of the materials presently being analyzed by USDOJ. I am told that it is wrong for Ms. Rabb to have ignored our repeated requests for claims status. I am also told that it is equally wrong for her to deny that these claims, in fact, exist. Please bring this matter to the attention of The Secretary when she returns and do whatever might be necessary to get OGC and BALD to cease and desist what appears to be little more than obstruction of justice tactics of the worst sort. Our letters from The President and David Wilhelm plus the Mack McLarty-Barbara Boxer exchange of letters should have long ago resulted in our claims being honored. After all, the serious charges and allegations we have preferred and our just claims founded upon an easily corroborated and confirmed complaint based upon irrefutable hard evidence and support documentation long in the possession of General Counsel Rabb, the FDA Commissioner and their respective staffs. Please help us, Mary Beth. We've been dis ed long enough. Few things on your plate today could be more important. Few crimes in American government could be worse. The bad guys do not deserve Federal protection and insulation. We seek nothing more than the justice and rewards we were promised.

From the desk of

Ingrid Soucek
Miking Newport U S A
P. O. Box 8943
Newport Beach, CA 92658

E-Mail: IngridSoucek@yahoo.com

Sincerely,
Ingrid Soucek

< Voice | Message Center | Fax > (949) 515-3838
< Mobile > (949) 887-1148

CONFIDENTIAL

LOWENSTEIN SANDLER PC
Attorneys at Law

Sealed

DOUGLAS S. EAKELEY
Member of the Firm

Tel 973.597.2348 Fax 973.597.2349
deakeley@lowenstein.com

00 AUG 17 PM 4:18

August 10, 2000

BY FACSIMILE AND REGULAR MAIL

Hon. William Jefferson Clinton
President of the United States
The White House
Washington, DC 20500-2000

Re: Second Annual Gathering of Rhodes and Marshall Scholars

Dear Mr. President:

This year's crop of Rhodes and Marshall Scholars will be gathering again in Washington, D.C. prior to departing for their studies in England. The Rhodes Scholars are scheduled to arrive on Saturday, September 23, 2000 and depart on Wednesday, September 27; the Marshall Scholars are scheduled to arrive on Sunday, September 24 and depart on Tuesday afternoon, September 26.

Your meeting with the students last year was a great hit, and everyone is hoping that you will be available and willing to repeat the performance. The best day would be Monday, September 25 (from 8 a.m. until about 11, and then after 2:30 p.m.), or Tuesday morning, September 26.

Thanks once again for your interest and commitment.

Best regards,

Douglas S. Eakeley
Douglas S. Eakeley
Enclosure

cc: Ms. Nancy Hernreich
Ms. Stephanie Streett
Nicholas W. Allard, Esq.

8-17-00

To Burkhardt for reply?

Yes — No —

B.

cc: *Scheduling?*

Yes — No —

B.



August 3, 2000

File

00 AUG 17 PM 7:38

The Honorable William J. Clinton
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20500-2000

Mr. President:

Greene County Farm Bureau urges the signing of the Death Tax Exemption Act. Current taxes burden family farms and businesses tremendously. In many cases small businesses and farms are forced to liquidate upon the death of a family member due to the death tax. Family owned businesses are the lifeblood of small communities in our county. Communities suffer from the tax.

We feel the death tax is a form of double taxation because families have already paid taxes on their holdings once. With tax rates ranging from 37 to 55 percent a huge financial burden is placed on these individuals. Transfer of ownership from one family member to the next is not a form of capital gains. A tax at death should not be a factor in a decision to sell a business or farm that a family has worked hard to build.

We support Congress's vote and would appreciate the signing of this bill into law.

Respectfully,

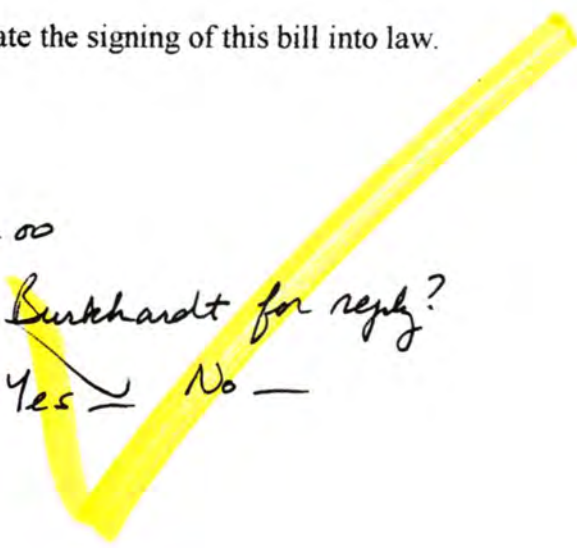
Douglas Threlkeld

President
Greene County Farm Bureau

8-17-00

To Burkhardt for reply?

Yes — No —



8-17-00

USC
THE LAW
SCHOOL

(Came without the
book)

To Eugenie for reply?

Yes No

100 908 17 97/89

Susan R. Estrich
Robert Kingsley Professor
of Law and Political
Science

7/27/00

Dear Mr. President —

Enclosed is my new book — out Oct 2.
I think you come across great (hope
you agree) and I'm as generous to
your friends as I can be. . . .

Marty and I have separated —
what a relief for both of us — I've
moved to a pretty spectacular apart-
ment on the beach in Santa Monica;
Tam is coming for the Convention; I
disagree with Dick Morris as

The Law School
University of
Southern California
Los Angeles,
California 90089-0071

Tel. 213 740 7578

Fax: 213 740 5502

e-mail

sestrich@law.usc.edu

webpage

http://www.usc.edu

/dept/law-lib

much as possible to pay the
rent. ~~Rents are good~~
Thank God — XOXO

NEW ADDRESS:

1221 OCEAN AVE #802

SANTA MONICA CA 90401

TEL:

8-17-00

To Burkhardt for reply?

Yes ☒ No ☐

cc: ~~Scheduling?~~

Yes ☒ No ☐

B.

Dear Mr. President:

This letter and request to you is from Chief Compton who was in charge of all of the search and rescue teams across the country who helped in The Oklahoma City Bombing recovery. He adores you!

I hope this year is your happiest birthday ever! Best, Present in separate package. *By*



CONGRESSIONAL FIRE SERVICES INSTITUTE

August 7, 2000

8/5/00
CFC

900 2nd Street, N.E.
Suite 303
Washington, D.C. 20002
(202) 371-1277
FAX (202) 682-FIRE
Website: www.cfsi.org

Senator William Roth
Honorary Chairman

Senator Richard Bryan
Honorary Co-Chairman

Senator John McCain
Honorary Co-Chairman

Senator Paul Sarbanes
Honorary Co-Chairman

Congressman Robert Andrews
Honorary Co-Chairman

Congressman Sherwood Boehlert
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Congressman Steny Hoyer
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Congressman Curt Weldon
Honorary Co-Chairman

William Jenaway
President

Louis J. Amabili
M.H. Jim Estepp
Arthur Glatfelter
Robert Barraclough
Board Members

William M. Webb
Executive Director

Dear Mr. President:

In the last 78 years, our nation has made great progress in reducing death, injury, and property loss from unwanted fire. Even so, America continues to suffer more from fire than almost any other industrialized country. We are asking for your help in teaching all Americans to survive a home fire through your participation in the world's largest fire drill on Wednesday, October 11, 2000.

Fire Prevention Week 2000 culminates an ambitious three-year public safety campaign spearheaded by the nonprofit National Fire Protection Association (NFPA) to increase the number of families in the U.S. and Canada that have planned and practiced a home fire drill. Over the past two years, approximately half a million families have participated in "Fire Drills: The Great Escape!" Already, NFPA has documented 58 lives saved – 35 of them under the age of 12 – as a direct result of that participation. As our nation's leader, you can play an integral role in furthering this life-saving program, and provide help to our fire departments in gaining participation in their communities.

The Congressional Fire Services Institute (CFSI), through its National Advisory Committee, fully supports Fire Prevention Week and is committed to making "The Great Escape" a complete success. We ask that you and the First Lady stage a press event at your convenience just prior to October 11th, practicing your "Great Escape" from the White House and demonstrating the importance of an outside meeting place. Or, if you prefer, you could host a Rose Garden ceremony to sign this year's official Fire Prevention Week Presidential Proclamation endorsing "The Great Escape." NFPA will coordinate arrangements with your staff, minimizing your time commitment to approximately 30 minutes and maximizing the success of your home fire drill.

Please contact me at (480) 644-2101 or Meri-K Appy at NFPA (617) 984-7288 to confirm.

Sincerely,

Dennis Compton
Chair, Congressional Fire Services Institute's
National Advisory Committee

c: Meri-K Appy, Vice President for Public Education, NFPA
Bill Webb, Executive Director, CFSI