

PROCESS ISSUES MUST BE RESOLVED FIRST, OR THE WHOLE EFFORT WILL FAIL

PROCESS

1. A clear chain of command will serve Clinton well. Ambiguity may salve some personal feelings; but it will undermine any attempt at meaningful negotiation.
2. A bicameral strategy is essential. Immediate and intense diplomacy to help Moynihan overcome his problems is necessary.
3. A failure in the House Commerce Committee to pass the employer mandate would likely make achievement of real universal coverage impossible, because our Committee is most reflective of the floor. Restated, we must either beat or achieve agreement with Cooper in the Commerce Committee. To do this, we need help -- the President must personally weigh in with the handful of Members on our Committee who hold the key to passage.
4. The White House must have a clearly defined role vis a vis the Hill. That role should be to:
 - lead the 5 Committee Chairmen;
 - urge the 5 Committee Chairmen to work collaboratively;
 - lobby directly key Members of the 5 committees to support the Chairmen.
5. The White House must define its role vis a vis outside pressure groups. That role should be to help link the concerns of these groups to the votes of key Members. This is best done by working intimately with Members while humoring outside groups. The White House must not engage in the "something for nothing" negotiating style pursued by Ira Magaziner in developing the bill. It is not worth capitulating to a group solely to neutralize its opposition, if the deal does not deliver votes.
6. If a summit is inevitable, let's face that now and attempt to time and structure the summit to disadvantage Dole.

SUBSTANCE

1. Financed universal coverage that helps working people requires that employers to pay something. Unless the President makes clear that either employers or the middle class must pay, the mandate will be a loser and universal coverage will fail.

2. The more the President endorses an individual mandate, the more he creates an ultimate choice between the Chafee bill and the Michel bill, both of which are unacceptable.

3. If the Republican strategy is to emphasize meaningless elements that all plans share (e.g., insurance reform), the White House must draw a line and enunciate why these "reforms" amount to nothing. This has not been done.

4. You cannot fool people or finesse universal coverage. We might as well draw the line and have the fight (and if we lose, use it as a campaign issue) or begin looking now for a bill that does a minimum of harm to the system and covers a few million more Americans. If true health reform is impossible, we should consider a purely political course that frames the issues for the public with an eye toward the election. Or, we could indirectly pressure reluctant participants such as business by engineering massive cost shifting from public programs.

5. If the President is not committed to vetoing a bill that does not contain an employer mandate, the President should tell the Chairman now.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

October 20, 1994

Paul Parish
2219E Blake Street
Berkeley, California 94704

Dear Paul:

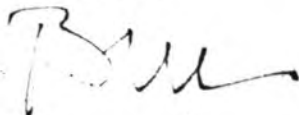
Thanks for your letter of October 10 and for sharing the story of your trip to San Antonio. I know you were pleased to be able to spend so much time with your father and am really glad to hear that it was a good visit.

I also appreciate the update on your life and hope the teaching opportunity works out for you. I know you'll do a great job.

Finally, thanks for sharing the quotation about Chaucer's wife and for what you said about my mother. I do miss her a lot but know you're right that she's still a great force for good.

See you soon.

Sincerely,



—

Don't send
letter to
Rec'd
M.G.

2219E Blake

Berkeley, CA 94704

Oct 10, 1994

2:30 pm

Dear Bill,

I can't remember if I wrote you after I visited my father in San Antonio, so I'll tell you a little about it. I can't remember ever enjoying his company so much — he was exasperating, & cantankerous, but he was also more open & more loving than I can remember. Maybe he was like that when I was a kid — well, I saw him with his adopted 4-year-old son, "JJ" [for Jerry Edward (Lambert, Jr.)], & he & that kid adore each other with one of the sweetest, truest loves I've ever seen. He simply lights up around

That kid. [His 5th wife, who's younger than
I, is a nurse he met in Guadalajara;
it was an arranged meeting, & he proposed ^{marriage} to
her the first time they met. Oh Jesus,
this is such a dagglingly bizarre story, every
detail is super-charged with color &
preposterousness. He'd moved to Mexico
to live cheaply on his Social Security
Pension - This was about 10 years ago - after
his 5th lady - This one had the sense not
to marry him - Threw him out, & after
his investment in an invention he'd come up
with ~~to~~ to make a part used on all oil
drilling rigs very cheaply, ~~at~~ the investment
~~was~~ ~~lost~~ was sucked into the Texas
economy when oil prices dropped -
will I ever manage to tell this
story - it's as big as the Iliad, &

as preposterous / heart-wrenching as - well,
I don't know what to compare it to; I was
going to say King Lear.)

But it was a good visit - he's
living in a studio apartment in a huge
complex; when he needed to do his
inhalation therapy, for his emphysema,
or to take a nap, I went out to
the pool & swam for an hour.

[I swam 2 or 3 times a day -
perfect weather, hot hot hot in San
Antonio.] I met all his doctors at the
V.A. hospital; it was good to see they all
brightened up when they saw him.
Standing in the cafeteria line, I'd see
orderlies looking his way with a
sweetly curious look, like "Who's that
with old Jerry?" & sure enough when

I met Ben later, they'd turn out to be
his pulmonary guys or some such, +
Ben liked him. ④

He's developed an elaborate,
even flamboyant, "old Texas"
manner, story-telling, cussing,
exaggerating, ~~elaborately~~ with a
kind of floridly ironic mode
of address ("you old side-winder,
what gully did you crawl out of?"
is a tame version of the kinds
of affectionate abuse he'd greet
people with) — so fancy +
lively, it kind of took my breath

away. Some of Ben can hand it
right back — it's like tennis, a
game Ben plays, + they value
people who can do it well, + he's

(5)

fantastic at it.

I got him to tell me about the days when he integrated the plastics plant in Port Gibson (i.e. 1967). It's a fascinatingly complex story. I didn't realize it, but that plant accounted for 75% of the manufacturing jobs in Claiborne County, & he presented his plan of action to the bankers in a meeting, all the fathers assembled, as an economic necessity: "If I can't put black people to work alongside whites to do any job they can do, we'll have to close the plant for lack of capable hands," — because, he said with some truth but some exaggeration, the Hercules powder plant at Meadville & other new plants in neighboring counties were bleeding off the work-force. People had been coming commuting 40-50 miles to Port Gibson for lack of work closer to hand. And, he says, that whole meeting said "Don't do it" & yet within 2 days every one of them approached him privately & said "Go ahead." I said

department & I don't want to threaten their jobs, so I'm trying to think up something very
couldn't teach. It's flattering. The Republicans are being hateful, but many people can see
Bear up with your difficulties; the Republicans are being hateful, but many people can see
though that, try to resist ~~using~~ using as homosex arguments against them; they ~~are~~
backfire & make it look like your goat's been got. You're doing OK.
Love, Paul

familiar?"

Well, I'm doing fine. I loved
seeing him; & it's at least in part because
he's at last getting psychotherapy for ~~chronic~~ ^{post-}
traumatic stress, & it's opened him up, made
him warmer, more open. And I've found
a way of relating to him; I challenge him
more, I don't accept his manipulation. And I
gave him a massage in his legs & shoulders
every day, which he needs badly. His circulation
is very bad, but on top of that, he doesn't
get touched by anybody except a nurse or a
doctor. Golly, things that man has done out
of touch - starvation.

Gotta run. Will continue this

later.

Midnight Tuesday

Maybe I'll just put this in the mail. I'm
fine, dancing quite a lot now, & writing & seeing a lot of
performances. Lonely, deep down, but very interested in
life. The dance department has asked me to teach something
for them, so I'm trying to make up a course. [The problem here
is that several friends already teach in this underfunded

P.S. David Morris has asked for

P.S. David Maraniss has asked for the character of letter you wrote to my draft board. I've said I don't know whether I have it, but that in any case the copyright is yours, not mine, & it's up to you to release it. [I think that's the law; I could be wrong.]

It's a great letter, & I'm proud of it & proud of you for having the intelligence & humanity to write it, & the friendship to motivate you to do it. I don't know if you have a copy of it. I'll make you a copy & [it's in a safe-deposit box, where I put it when Saul expressed anxiety on behalf of the campaign.] so you can see for yourself. — I copied it out in longhand, back in 1969.

you'll best know whether it's ~~so~~ impolitic to print it now; it might be old news by 1996 if it did come out now (assuming the book does come out in '94) — I don't think you'd have to weasel over it —

(9)

but what do I know? In any case
I'll abide by your decision.

Mama's birthday would have been
this week. Sometimes I really
miss her. When I visited Daddy, he gave
me - loaned to me - boxes of slides,
color slides he took back in the 40's; These
slides survived the fire that burned our
house down in 1950. There are baby
pictures of me + Dick, + some wonderful
pictures of Mama when she was less
than half the age you + I are now.
(I'm only 5 years short of the age she'd
reached when she died) - rest her soul.

I know you miss your mother, too -
what a power. I was just reading about
Chaucer's Wife of Bath + thinking of Virginia's
But lord Christ! When that it remembreth
Upon my youth, ^{me} + on my jollity,

(10)

It tickleth me aboute myn herte roote.
unto this day it doth myn herte bote*
That I have had my world as in my time.

* "bote" ^{is the ancestor of} ~~means~~ "booty", i.e., ^{reward,} goods, — "it does my ^{heart} good" is what she means, but with a very material overtone

"That I have had my world as in
my time!" What a great thing to be
able to say, @ in 1390 or in 1990 —
& your mom could certainly have
made that claim & make it stick.
She's still a great force for
good, Bill.

I'm going to send this letter
on tonight. Will copy & mail that letter
to you in a couple of days.

Best,
Paul

Paul Faries
2219 E Blake St
Berkeley CA 94704



President Clinton
The White House
Washington DC 20500-2000.



RECEIVED

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Mood Swings

Mark Morris extravaganza fuses Handel, Milton and Blake

BY PAUL PARISH

What do the Violent Femmes, Roland Barthes, George Frideric Händel and Arnold Schönberg have in common? They've all had ballets set to their works by Mark Morris, the only choreographer of his generation (he's 38) to have both the common touch and a really complex imagination. People who never thought they'd be interested in dance, much less able to follow it, get it, and dig it, and walk away wondering how he did it, and when he'll be back — because he makes you see things happening in the music. The typical reaction is amazement — as when he had a toy truck, operated by remote control, loop around the stage and slalom like a semi going through the Grapevine to a sad country song. It seemed to be dancing, like things do in *Looney Tunes*. His shows in Zellerbach in 1987 and 1993 were smash hits that left us hungry for more.

His company is back, in residency in the UC dance program, and performing in Zellerbach Hall (through Sunday). They're dancing the West Coast premiere of *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*, set to Handel's cantata of the same name. It would be the dance event of the year, if only because of the furor that Morris caused in his three tumultuous years at the main opera house in Belgium, the Theatre de la Monnaie in Brussels. However, this is more than just a *succès de scandale* — in Brussels, they didn't understand his tone, they felt he was an American boor. It was Morris's reputation as a genius that got him the gig at the Monnaie in the first place, and his frankness that got him in trouble.

But these concerts mattered to the East Coast press, who covered them as if Brussels were an American city. In the '80s in New York, Morris had come to embody the hopes for a revival of the great tradition of American dance, now that Balanchine had died and Graham was creatively moribund. At The New Yorker, Arlene Croce had canonized Morris as the musical heir to Balanchine. The American dance world wanted him back, and they wanted to see the expansive new dances he'd created with all the resources of a European-subsidized opera house. *L'Allegro* is in fact so hard to stage that it has only played in a half-dozen cities in the entire world. The music alone requires a full

Baroque orchestra, chorus and soloists (which Berkeley is uniquely equipped to provide).

L'Allegro is strangely naive; Morris takes Handel's great music, based on early poems of the great John Milton that sketch the extroverted and introverted aspects of being human. Morris also uses imagery from illustrations to the poems painted by the great William Blake. And Morris shows no post-modern self-consciousness — the masters are simply, straightforwardly, really good company; he feels at home with them. The dance is courteous to the music, the music is courteous to the words.

The extrovert's poem is about being in a great mood — so three dancers hop in like fauns off a Greek vase, and before you know it they're rolling around on the floor, laughing and holding their sides, looking like those toys you give a baby that bob back up when you tip them over. The image is outrageous, and some critics have found it an insult to classical music — but it comes straight off Blake's illustration, and it's right there in

overflowing with life.

Very few stages can hold this piece," Morris told me over an Anchor Steam at Henry's, "mainly because of the sets, and the size of the orchestra pit, and the enormous amount of money it costs, with all the dancers and musicians." (The Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, one of the finest early music ensembles in the country, will play and sing the music. Two rows of seats have been taken out to make room for them all in the pit.)

"I love Baroque music. Well, doesn't everybody? Whether you listen to it or not, you like it. It's sort of easy — the easy part is, every single bit of Baroque music is taken from a dance rhythm. Not that it was made to be danced to... but they're all *gigues*, *courantes*, *bourrées*, *sarabandes* [18th-century dances]. Those are the rhythms, the stresses that encourage a particular kind of dancing.... And so, when it's good (because of course there's bad Baroque music), the incredibly rigorous and detailed structure, the architecture



Mark Morris

Milton's words:

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity ...

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

The opening music is an aria, followed by a chorus — and Morris has set the sections as a trio of men followed by a chorus of 12 women, who do the same steps as the men but, since there are more of them, and their costumes and hair are looser and more fluid than the men's, as they dance in counterpoint the effect is like looking at clear water running over stones. The stage seems to be

of the music is more rich and profound than any other kind of music I've ever heard. Within the strictures of that style, harmonization, chord progression, you had to be able to say anything you had to: total tragedy, total comedy, and everything in between, stretching it of course, as Bach did. It's suited for dancing, and for theater. Very few operas move me as much as Handel's operas do," he stopped. "Except Mozart's, of course."

An example of Händel as "total tragedy" is Morris's solo to

"Jealousy," a chorus from the opera *Hercules*. The dance is a tour de force. Asked about it, Morris says, "Handel obviously knew something about jealousy, or he couldn't have written that. And at the time I made it up, I knew something about it, so we were made for each other," he said, tossing his head. "Jealousy, infernal pest! Tyrant of the human breast." What a fabulous couplet."

In *L'Allegro*, on the other hand, the emotions are less extreme. "This piece is not about Cleopatra, or King Solomon, but more abstract emotionally — you could say it's about moods, about states, social, or public/private. That's why we use *scrim* [a *scrim* is a sheer screen, translucent when lit from behind, but opaque when left unlit].... There are many drops, some opaque, some translucent, in many colors — and so the size of the dancing field is reduced or expanded. Only a couple of times in the show, in the finale and in the two *moderato* sections, is it the whole stage. Otherwise there's always something in to reduce it.... It's very complicated, the depth and color are very beautiful and complicated. It's fantastic, actually. There are 20 or so pipes, it's all cued musically I decided I wanted a very small space that seemed like it ought to be cramped."

The quieter moods of Morris's dance are sometimes anxious — especially in the nightmare sequence in the *Penseroso* section. But they are sometimes ravishingly calm, as when two dancers wander like Hansel and Gretel into a forest made up of dancers piled several stories high on each other's shoulders, like friendly trees.

I had never realized that Händel could be funny. But in the section where *L'Allegro* thinks he'll go to town to see a comedy, Milton's lines are delightful, Handel's music is bumptious, and Morris's dances are hilarious.

Though Händel gave equal time to melancholy, Morris felt he had to end the piece on the side of *L'Allegro*. "It needs to end on the side of joy. It needs a big finale, with everybody rushing toward the audience, wave after wave, just pouring."

"It's not that I'm a cock-eyed optimist; I'm more a cock-eyed pessimist. I don't have a lot of hope for many things. But this piece needed to end frisky. I love it; I think it's fabulous."

Big Man on Campus

There is a Mark Morris Festival of sorts going on in connection with the premiere of *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato*.

- Tomorrow afternoon offers a free Symposium, featuring an international panel of critics. Panelists include Joan Acocella, author of the first critical biography of Mark Morris (a cracking good read); Stephen Greenblatt, the famous literary critic and UC Berkeley English professor; Alastair Macaulay, critic for the *Financial Times* of London; and Nicholas McGegan, director of the Philharmonia Baroque. Wendy Lesser, editor of *The Threepenny Review*, will moderate. Mr. Morris himself will answer questions, and dancers will perform excerpts from his work. All of these people are first-rate in their fields, and they're fun to hear talk. Sponsored by The Threepenny Review. Tomorrow from 2 to 4 pm. Zellerbach Hall, UC Berkeley.

- Meanwhile, critic and Morris biographer Acocella (who writes for *The New Yorker*, *Ballet*, *Review*, *Dance Ink*, etc.) has been teaching classes in how to write criticism as a UC Regents Lecturer.

The Mark Morris Dance Group have been in residency in the dance program at UC, teaching several classes a day. Morris has been meeting with UC students, answering questions and watching them dance a part of *L'Allegro* which was taught them by members of his company.

"The students will actually have the dance in their muscle memories when they see it performed; that is so important," said Marni Wood, chairman of the dance program. "And he clapped, thanked them, made them feel they were getting somewhere."