

**Office of the First Lady
Press Office
Files of Lissa Muscatine**

Deputy Assistant to the President and Director of Communications to the First Lady

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Archived from OEOB 103 by Gayleen Dalsimer on January 17, 2001

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**EVEREST: THE MOVIE
VERSACE: AFTER GIANNI**



PARK TOWER

Buenos Aires

UNA NUEVA TRADICION
EN BUENOS AIRES



THE LUXURY COLLECTION
ITT SHERATON

Turning Fifty

**As she and her husband start
their South American tour,
U.S. First Lady Hillary Clinton
confronts a birthday and a newly
empty nest. What comes next?**

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**EVEREST: THE MOVIE
STOCKS: WHY '97 ISN'T '87**



Turning Fifty

**Hillary Clinton, confronting
a birthday and a newly empty
nest, embodies the challenge
facing Baby Boom women:
What's the next act?**

**EVEREST: THE MOVIE
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What's the next act?**





Nobody

Spinning His Wheels

Bicycling through the Old Executive Office Building while taping a video for the annual White House Correspondents' Dinner, April 2000. In his words: "This is my movie! It's a joke about how I'm home alone. Hillary's out, running for the Senate. Al's out, running for president. And I'm home alone, and they're all worried about what I'm going to do. So it's a movie about how I'm working hard to stay busy. It's four minutes long and it was just a stitch. The guy who produced it for us was Phil Rosenthal, who produces *Everybody Loves Raymond*. We even got Kevin Spacey to come in and do a cameo, where I'm pretending to be an actor and holding an Oscar, looking in the mirror and giving my speech. And then he comes up and takes it away from me. Never says a word."



Loved It Better

The president with gifts from his secret Christmas closet; Hillary celebrating her birthday in a Dolly Parton-like wig;

Chelsea dressed up on prom night: the intimate pictures of an American family in the nation's most famous home sparked a flood of memories for the man who next month will take his last helicopter flight from the South Lawn. In an exclusive show-and-tell with DAVID FRIEND, Bill Clinton talks about eight years of living amid history, the chill he felt each time he walked through the door, and the thing he'll miss most about the White House

Bill Clinton is sitting in a plush chair in front of the fireplace, flipping through an issue of *Golf Digest*. He admits to a weakness for Callaway clubs—special metal drivers that help coax the ball those devilish extra few yards down the fairway. “I hit it 309 yards in California two weeks ago,” he cackles. “At my age that’s pretty good.”

Despite the grin, the president seems to harbor some secret funk tonight as the twilight deepens outside the Oval Office windows. His blue mood is evident in his tired eyes and, perhaps more symbolically, in his periwinkle shirt and cuff links of lapis lazuli.

We are here for some preordained reminiscing.

The White House has opened its picture files to *Vanity Fair*, allowing the magazine to run a series of behind-the-scenes images, previously unpublished, that reveal a more intimate side of the First Family over the last eight years. And the president has agreed to provide some running commentary. Putting down his magazine, he appears restrained, even apprehensive. He sits rigidly, waiting to examine a batch of photographs, one by one.

First up: Hillary Clinton in red lipstick, cowboy hat, and mop-top; she is busy wrapping her arms around her similarly Stetsoned husband at a costume birthday party, five long years ago.

He’s in the middle of describing the scene when Buddy, the resident chocolate Labrador, darts into the room and bounds toward the president.

“Who *did* this?” the president asks, glaring at three staffers on the nearby couch. “Hey, Buddy. Sit, sit. Sit. You excited? Then again, ‘Who let him in? Who came in through the door?’”

Buddy, someone explains, has been around the place so long he just sneaked in, on his own, through a side entrance.

The president drops his glower and returns to Hillary the cowgirl. In just five days he and she will celebrate the 25th anniversary of what may well be the most overdocumented marriage of modern times. The occasion—and the corny plot—seems to demand sentimental questions. Any fond memories? Do he and the First Lady have, say, a favorite song?

His jaw clenches. He leans forward in silence.

“Well, actually . . .,” he says in a whisper, “we like ‘As Time Goes By.’ A lot.”

Suddenly, he lets go. “Because when we were in law school, we created

moot-court trial. When Hillary and I first were in the contest and then the next year we got to run it, you know, the practical? We created this mystery based on *Casablanca*. So we’ve always liked that [song].”

The president, all at once, seems



Urban-Policy Cowboy

Hillary Clinton’s 48th-birthday party, October 1995. “We’ve had a lot of different themes for her birthday. This one is sort of a country-and-western theme, not long after we got here. She put on this kind of red-and-white cotton skirt and that big Dolly Parton-like wig. We had a great time.”

Above, the president strolls down memory lane for *Vanity Fair*, photographed by Harry Benson.



Moving Day

Settling Chelsea, then 17, into her freshman dorm room at Stanford, September 1997. "We came in and we were trying to figure how to navigate the space issue. And Hillary loves to organize things. She'd gotten all these dividers and all this lining that she wanted to put in Chelsea's drawers where we had all her clothes. We were trying to help and get her sound equipment up here. And we were wondering how many books we should bring and all that. And finally I realized, you know, she's our only child. So this was very definitely an experience of mixed feelings for us. . . . And I realized that one of the reasons that Hillary was working so hard trying to put crazy lining in the drawers and all that kind of stuff was that she thought if she stayed busy she wouldn't cry."



Have Her Home by 12, Mister

Clowning at a high-school
prom-night party in Chevy Chase,
Maryland, June 1997.

"This is Chelsea's prom night,
just a few days before she graduated
[from Washington's Sidwell Friends
School]. She's all dressed up.
We were in the house of a friend of hers.
We all brought our kids to this house,
[where] one of the parents had this
party where we all celebrated.
Then the kids went off. This is not the
young man she went to the prom with.
This young man was a good golfer.
He went off to Amherst."



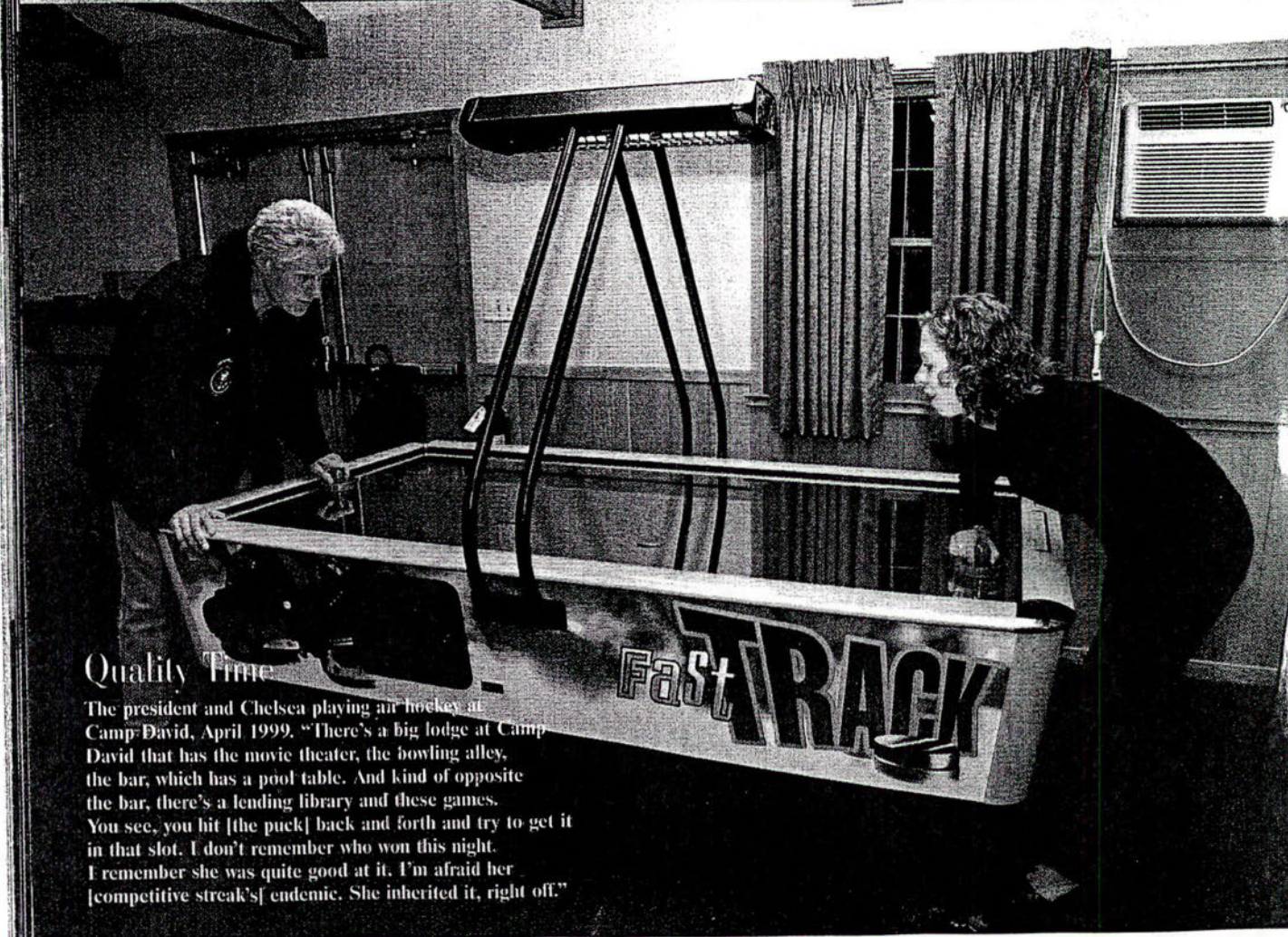
TOP LEFT BY SHARON TERRY / OUTLINE



A Clinton Family Christmas

Entering the White House with his brother Roger's son, Tyler, then three, and Buddy, December 1997.

"This is Christmas Day and I've got a Christmas bag. Tyler's coming up, and we're going to open presents late."



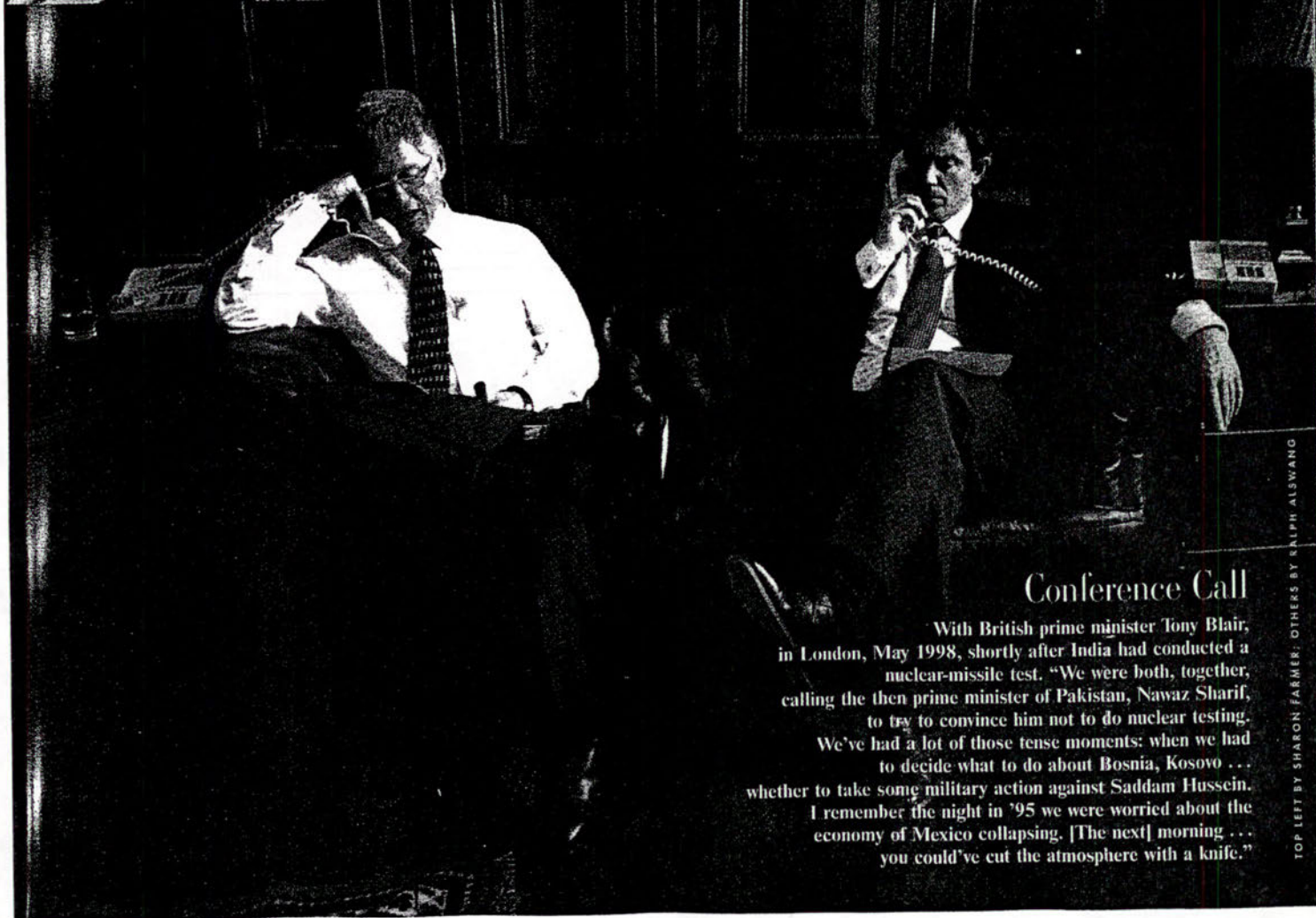
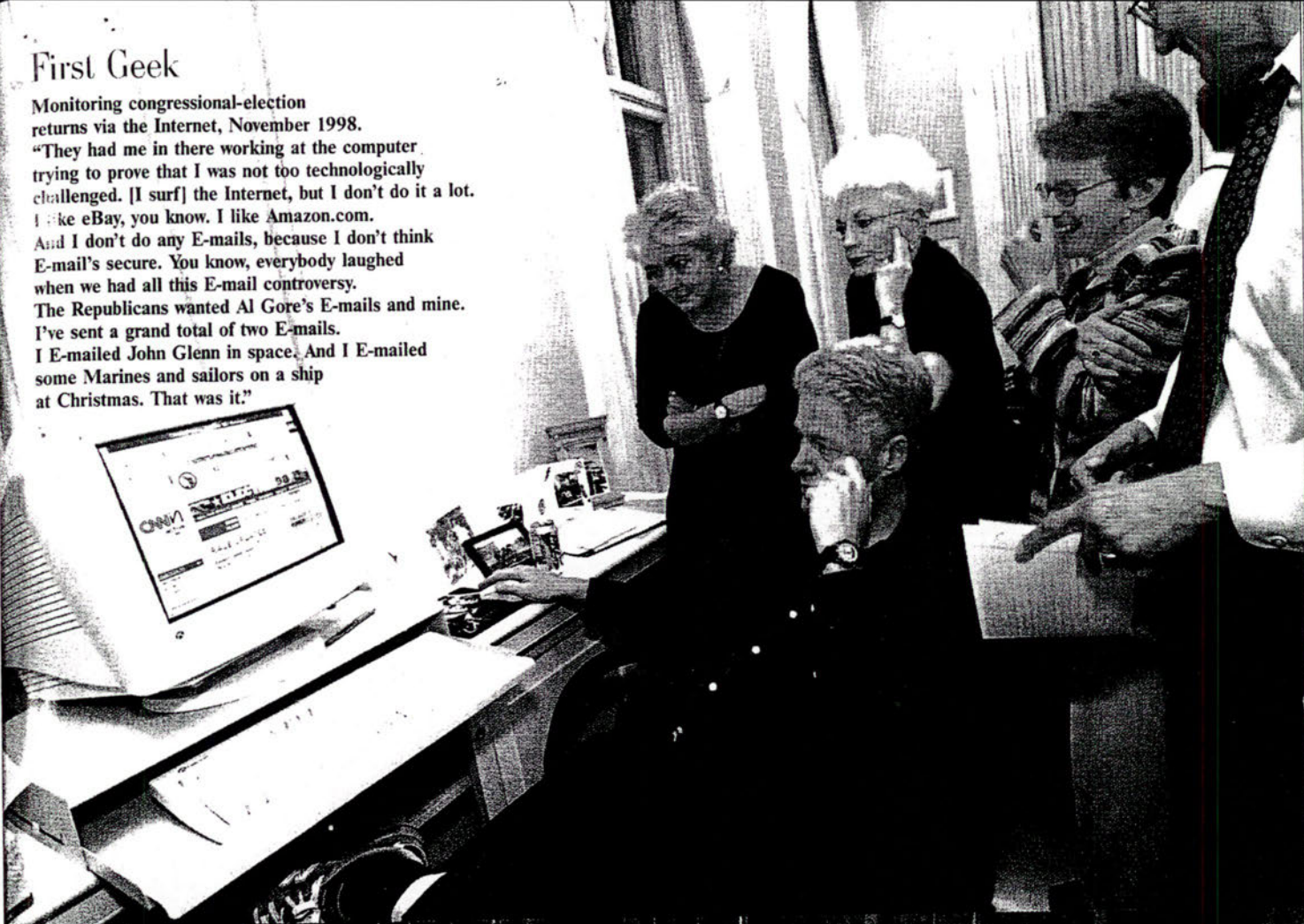
Quality Time

The president and Chelsea playing air hockey at Camp David, April 1999. "There's a big lodge at Camp David that has the movie theater, the bowling alley, the bar, which has a pool table. And kind of opposite the bar, there's a lending library and these games. You see, you hit [the puck] back and forth and try to get it in that slot. I don't remember who won this night. I remember she was quite good at it. I'm afraid her [competitive streak's] endemic. She inherited it, right off."

First Geek

Monitoring congressional-election returns via the Internet, November 1998.

"They had me in there working at the computer trying to prove that I was not too technologically challenged. [I surf] the Internet, but I don't do it a lot. I like eBay, you know. I like Amazon.com. And I don't do any E-mails, because I don't think E-mail's secure. You know, everybody laughed when we had all this E-mail controversy. The Republicans wanted Al Gore's E-mails and mine. I've sent a grand total of two E-mails. I E-mailed John Glenn in space. And I E-mailed some Marines and sailors on a ship at Christmas. That was it."



Conference Call

With British prime minister Tony Blair, in London, May 1998, shortly after India had conducted a nuclear-missile test. "We were both, together, calling the then prime minister of Pakistan, Nawaz Sharif, to try to convince him not to do nuclear testing. We've had a lot of those tense moments: when we had to decide what to do about Bosnia, Kosovo ... whether to take some military action against Saddam Hussein. I remember the night in '95 we were worried about the economy of Mexico collapsing. [The next] morning ... you could've cut the atmosphere with a knife."

eager to play the game. He reaches for a second photo, of his daughter Chelsea's high-school prom night, and his face softens. His eyes crinkle at the edges. Was he an overprotective dad? "I don't think so. But then, by that time, we had the Secret Service with her all the time," he says, laughing. "I had the advantage of looking like I was broad-minded, but, in fact, we'd covered all our bases.

"Oh, gosh," he says, picking up a photo of Chelsea in her freshman dorm room. "I remember this very well. September '97. We were moving [her] into Stanford."

Were there tears?

"Oh, gosh, I couldn't breathe. We were happy. We were proud. We were excited for her. She was fine about it: she was moving on. But, you know, for us, it was like ... it was hard to breathe." He clears his throat, his eyes seem to glisten. "I, still, have ... it was a very profound, sad experience."

There are pictures scattered throughout the Oval Office: family snapshots behind the president's desk; framed photos of beach scenes and landscapes propped on end tables and the mantel; paintings of all kinds lining the walls, including an oil of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, circa 1823, staring down over the president's shoulder. And yet this simple stack of old photos has the president in thrall. A shot of a white-gloved waiter, poised to fill the president's wineglass; the president hosting senators in the Yellow Oval Room; a view of the South Lawn on a clear June day.

There are times, he says, when he still pinches himself at the opulence of it all. "It was quite extraordinary having this dinner [during an economic summit last year] in this wonderful museum right next to the Cologne Cathedral. ... I remember in Spain [in 1997] we had this huge dinner in this Spanish palace—with the king and queen—which is about the size of Versailles, you know. It just goes on endlessly. Although, I must say, the thing that gives me the most chills is walking into the White House. When I come back here at night—I've been living here eight years now—and it never ... Every time I land the helicopter on the South Lawn and walk through the door, I still get ... chills."

What will he miss most about the place?

"I love living here," he answers firmly. "And I love working here. Being able to live in a place that's 200 years old that contains almost all our history and then work in [the] Oval Office that was built by Franklin Roosevelt and, therefore—if you look outside of the door there—there's the first handicap-accessible federal-office-building [ramp]. To be able to kind of live above the store, in effect. It's what I enjoy. I've loved living here. I've loved working here. I love this office. I love my office [upstairs], which was Abraham Lincoln's waiting room and afterward the office of the president from 1865 to 1902.

"I love all this," he says. "I love the history of it. I love the memories of it. And, most of all, I like the job. That's what I'll miss most. More than the bowling alley, more than the movie theater, more than the wonderful swimming pool out here."

As his voice trails off, the ache is palpable in his raspy timbre. One can almost hear the faint hiss of time being sucked out of the room, as if there were some puncture, unseen, in the ornate, oval molding.

"On the second floor," he remarks, "[is] a room that became the Yellow Oval Room under Jackie Kennedy. When the Kennedys moved in, they realized that for 160 years the First Family had gone *downstairs* to dinner every night. And they didn't want to do that anymore. So they put a dining room in a room

off what was then a very modified and limited half-kitchen. They wanted to have a personal, kind of more intimate [room for] entertainment, even of a king or a queen or a visiting head of state. It's just perfect in good weather. I can show [people] upstairs at the White House. They can go out and look at the Washington skyline from the Truman Balcony, and it's just fabulous. When I was really lobbying [for] things that I cared a great deal about, and was trying to get large numbers of members of Congress in the House and Senate in both parties to come to the White House, if I did it in the late afternoon, I normally would invite them upstairs to the Yellow Oval Room."

The president starts laughing at a photo that depicts him riding a bicycle through the Old Executive Office Building—a moment caught during the taping of a short video parody, shown at this year's White House Correspondents' Dinner. It is clear he relished the opportunity to show off his theatrical skills—and to work with actor Kevin Spacey, who dropped in for a cameo. With a dream team of friends and moguls in Hollywood, perhaps another career awaits him on the West Coast come January. Has he ever considered acting?

"Yeah, maybe," he laughs, only half in jest. "You know Roosevelt—President Franklin Roosevelt—said that presidents should be America's best actors. So, maybe ..."

What *does* he plan to do as soon as he leaves?

"I want to start running again," he says (meaning for exercise rather than for office). "I had to stop running after this man from Colorado shot the White House up with an assault weapon. He took a dim view of my support for the assault-weapons ban and expressed his attitude by shooting up the White House. There's some flat running places [in Chappaqua, his New York home]. And I'm looking forward to taking some real vacations again, you know. I want to take Hillary's brothers and my brother to play the great golf courses in England, Scotland, and Ireland. I want to go back to see some of the things in Africa that I didn't get to do ... the Indian subcontinent ... serious exploration of Latin America. I was always working too hard."

A Christmas picture prompts the steward of the healthiest economy in U.S. history to sound so unabashed about his role as First Consumer that one gets the impression he may soon repair not to Chappaqua or Hollywood or Little Rock but directly to the Westchester Mall: "When I was governor [of Arkansas], I started noticing that I often didn't have time to do the Christmas shopping. So whenever I was in a new city and [found] that I'd come upon an interesting place—a crafts store, an art store, a toy store, anything that was kind of different—I'd go shop. And I got myself a little closet. And first Hillary, then later Chelsea, made a deal that they'd never look in it. And I just shopped all year long and stuffed the closet. Then, at Christmastime, I'd take all the stuff out. I did most of my own wrapping. Then, when I got here, fortuitously, I found that in the President's Bathroom there is a closet with several shelves. It goes back kind of deep. It's narrow. And I just started, you know, acquiring things and squirreling them away—a few books, a few CDs, a few items of jewelry."

The pictures now cover the coffee table. It is getting late. The president has a dinner to attend at a private residence. And, it so happens, he will end up spending much of the night in intense phone negotiations with Israeli and

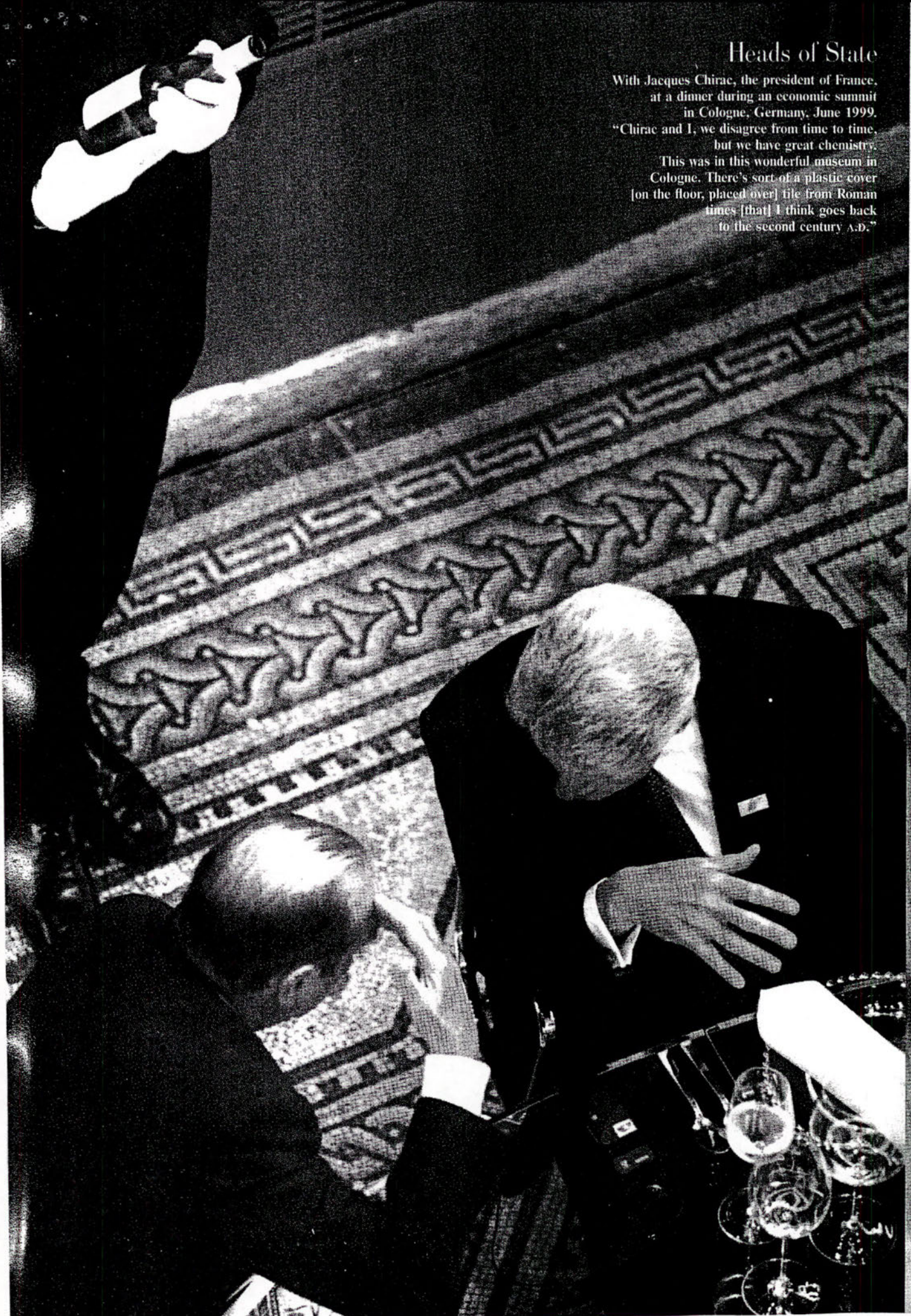
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Heads of State

With Jacques Chirac, the president of France,
at a dinner during an economic summit
in Cologne, Germany, June 1999.

"Chirac and I, we disagree from time to time,
but we have great chemistry."

This was in this wonderful museum in
Cologne. There's sort of a plastic cover
[on the floor, placed over] tile from Roman
times [that] I think goes back
to the second century A.D."



Jude Law

film role. "I wanted to do something as far away from Dickie Greenleaf and the sun as I could get," he recalls. At the same time, Jean-Jacques Annaud, who had most recently directed Brad Pitt in *Seven Years in Tibet* (1997), was looking for his sniper. His financiers, leery of hanging a \$77 million movie on the shoulders of Fiennes and Weisz, wanted a star, and pressured him to hire Johnny Depp, among other possibilities, but Annaud wanted an unknown. He hired a number of casting directors from all over the world and personally met 100-odd actors before he seized on Law after seeing him in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and watching a little footage from *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.

It would look on the face of things as though Law, after making his mark by playing several gay or at least sexually ambiguous characters, was trying to make an image adjustment by taking on the part of a steadfastly heterosexual man of action. It's an issue Law is well aware of. "I would be lying," he says, "if I didn't say that you kind of dig your own grave, because if you are recognized as playing something well, then people will remember you as those roles and you're going to be offered those roles." He puts on a casting director's voice—"His sexuality is devious; let's get Jude Law"—and then continues: "I mean, who wants to get on that road? I'm certainly someone to shy away from anything of which it can be said, 'Oh, that's your kind of role,' because if you start to build those kinds of

fences, you're going to find yourself hemmed in rather quickly. I've really never chosen roles for any reason other than I felt they were very good roles. My only obligation to myself is to keep myself and other people guessing. But having said that, I've been developing at Nylon the story of Brian Epstein—the Beatles' manager—"and I'm certainly not going to put five years' worth of work behind me because it means playing another gay part. It's a great role, and as with every heterosexual man, every homosexual man is different, and they approach their sexuality very differently."

The conventional wisdom about British actors is that in finding their characters they work from the outside in, as opposed to Americans, especially Method-trained Americans, who are supposed to do the reverse. Says Annaud, "Costume plays a great part. It can change the whole personality of the performer. With an actor of Jude's caliber, the minute he gets into the costume, he understands the part." Especially the shoes. Law pokes fun at himself with a joke about a famous British actress—he can't remember her name—who used to get her own costumes. "Her agent called and said, 'We've got this great part for you.' She said, 'Fantastic. I'll give you an answer in a week.' He called back 10 days later and said, 'You haven't given me an answer. What's going on?' She said, 'Well, I can hat it and I can dress it, but I can't shoe it.'"

An actor once told Annaud, "If you want an actor to feel upset, put him in shoes that do not fit him." It worked with Law. "I'm not a shoe-ist or a fetishist as an

actor when it comes to my shoes, but the answer to Vassili"—his character in the film—"was in his boots. He had a completely different way of standing, walking, crawling, say, from Dickie, who kind of walked on his tiptoes almost, in a pair of white Gucci slippers. Vassili had these incredible tan boots. They had like sheet-metal studs on the bottom. And after the first week, I almost couldn't take them off, because they would get so wet and kind of fossilize around my foot. And the laces would get so covered in mud under the puttees I couldn't get them off. There was just something about these boots. It was like they were little tentacles going into Mother Russia."

Movies are so all-consuming that the people who work on them often think of nothing else. This is one reason why, on some level, most movies are about themselves, and in this way, one of the major themes of *Enemy at the Gates*—the struggle of Law's character to hang on to his humanity as he's manipulated and transformed into a national legend—can't help but be seen as a metaphor for the actor's rapid transit down the Yellow Brick Road to stardom. "I must admit," he confesses, "I got kind of bored with doing small-budget movies with first-time directors. I'd like to work with people who really know what they're talking about and learn something and work on something which will enable my company to get their projects off the ground easier. Why cut your foot off and say, 'I'm only doing these kinds of films'? You obviously want to be in films that people are going to see. On that level, I feel like you can have your cake and you can eat it." □

Clinton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 334 Palestinian leaders, trying to curb the violence that is roiling the Middle East.

But the man is in no mood to move just yet.

His guest, knowing the president's affection for Hollywood, has brought him a gift—an advance copy of the new, definitive book on the silver screen, compiled by the editors of a glossy magazine recognized as the arbiter of popular culture in the modern age. And now the president wants to sit and study the photographs, page by page.

"I love this picture," he says, beaming. "This is a famous picture. This is Gable, Cooper, Stewart ... and Van Heflin, who was in *Shane* with Alan Ladd. I think this was, like, late 50s, in Hollywood. I know because Cooper didn't live many more

years and Gable only lived a [couple more]. But they were great-lookin' guys. I always liked Gary Cooper.

"This is [Audrey] Hepburn. This is Garbo. I love it ... Nicholson, my golf partner ... Stallone and Nielsen ..."

The president's aides are on their feet. Muted bustle is apparent outside the door, where men with earphones stand sentry. A video crew, encamped in the Cabinet Room, has its cameras set up to tape the president for a public-service spot.

"I love this," the president continues, reading the captions and photo credits. "Oh, look at this old picture of Sammy Davis. Is this [Julie Andrews in] *Victor/Victoria*? ... Whoopi ... Winchell ... Olivier as a madman ... Great picture of Gene Kelly in his old age ... Great picture of young Harrison Ford. Look at this. This is unbelievable."

"Mr. President," someone says, "we're an hour behind schedule."

The old, deserted house. The tales of the recent past resounding like the surf. The sense of waning days and impending departure. For a wistful moment, William Jefferson Clinton, with Hollywood photos at hand and his old pictures spread upon the table, seems a slightly melancholy, if endearing, figure. This man, who almost allowed his presidency to slip away in a tempest of scandal and impeachment, is acutely conscious of what he soon will lose. And he can't help but try to savor it all, rolling the moments around on the tongue until they're exquisitely bittersweet.

The president, at last, moves toward the Oval Office door, where he offers a final, effusive appraisal. "I'm gonna miss it," he says. "I've had a great time. I've loved it. I'm not sure anybody ever liked this as much as I've liked it."

Then he stops and corrects himself. "Probably Roosevelt." □

Newsweek

REMEMBRANCES

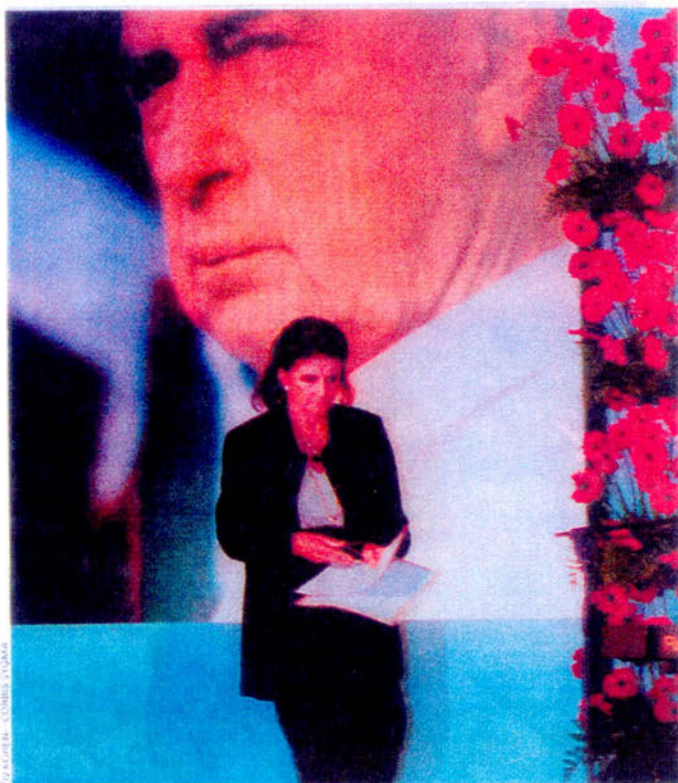
'An Ambassador of Peace'

Excerpts from a eulogy for Leah Rabin, 'a mother of Israel.' BY HILLARY CLINTON

I WANT TO PAY TRIBUTE to Leah Rabin, a wonderful woman, a dear friend, an ambassador of peace, a woman of valor whose "candle goeth not out by night." The last time I spoke to her, she wanted to talk about the things she thought mattered most in her life—her children, her grandchildren and all the children of Israel. She cared about so many things. What mattered to her was literature and art. I think on every trip she took to Washington, she found time to go to a museum. She was the kind of visitor to the White House who always noticed if I had even moved a painting. She was a woman not without controversy—something I can relate to—but she was a woman who cared deeply and lived fully. What mattered most of all to her was that she was a soldier's wife, a general's wife, a prime minister's wife, who shared with her dear husband a dream of a secure Israel at peace with her neighbors.

She carried on that dream in the last five years of her life. But it was a dream that she and Yitzhak had made together, because wherever he went, she went. Nothing could separate them: not distance, not years, not death.

When I think of the time that I spent with her, it is not the official occasions or the historic moments that stand out, but the more quiet and personal ones: the jokes that passed among us; the hard time that she gave me because I wouldn't let the prime minister smoke in the White House; or the way she would reach over and primp her



A soldier's wife: At the fourth anniversary of her husband's death

husband, this great warrior and peacemaker, before he went out in public, straightening his tie, fixing his hair and wiping his face. But like Leah in the Bible, Leah was not only the wife of a towering figure, she was a mother of Israel. It was on this ground that she and Yitzhak married during the War of Independence. It was on this ground that they built a family they were so proud of, and it was here that they worked with so many to build a country. It was on this ground that they built lives that spanned periods of war and peace, hope and fear. Their lives were and are Israel's history. Now their legacy must be Israel's future.

It is a great testament to this woman that even when she faced tremendous personal tragedies, she was still the one that many turned to for strength. All of us would have understood if she had turned away, if she had said "enough."

But she never did. No assassin's bullet could take away her uncommon courage, no disease could stop her from working tirelessly in Israel and around the world to keep her husband's flame alive.

The late poet Yehuda Amichai wrote a poem that in many ways could have been written by or about her, especially as it relates to her hopes for her newest grandchild born on Monday. The poem ends, and I quote: "I don't want to fulfill my parents' prophecy that life is war. I want peace with all my body and all my soul. Rest me in peace." To Leah, my dear friend, we pray today that you rest in peace, and may all of us, in your name, go toward peace.

Newsweek

REMEMBRANCES

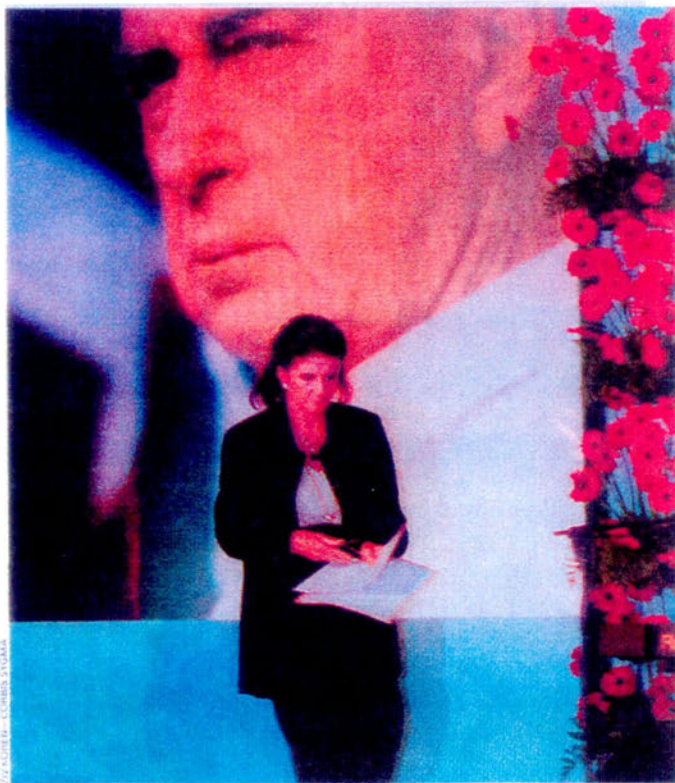
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When I think of the time that I spent with her, it is not the official occasions or the historic moments that stand out, but the more quiet and personal ones: the jokes that passed among us; the hard time that she gave me because I wouldn't let the prime minister smoke in the White House; or the way she would reach over and primp her



A soldier's wife: At the fourth anniversary of her husband's death

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It is a great testament to this woman that even when she faced tremendous personal tragedies, she was still the one that many turned to for strength. All of us would have understood if she had turned away, if she had said "enough."

But she never did. No assassin's bullet could take away her uncommon courage, no disease could stop her from working tirelessly in Israel and around the world to keep her husband's flame alive.

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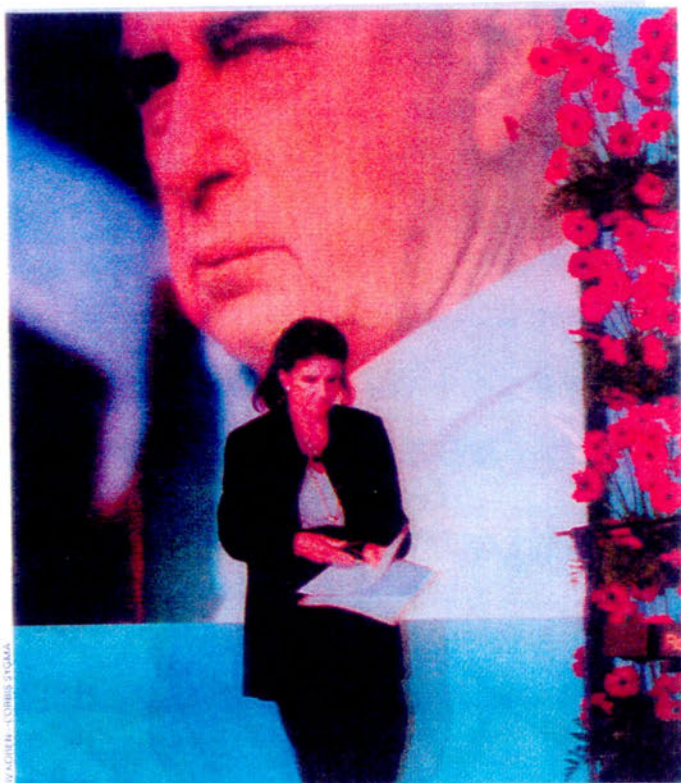
'An Ambassador of Peace'

Excerpts from a eulogy for Leah Rabin, 'a mother of Israel.' BY HILLARY CLINTON

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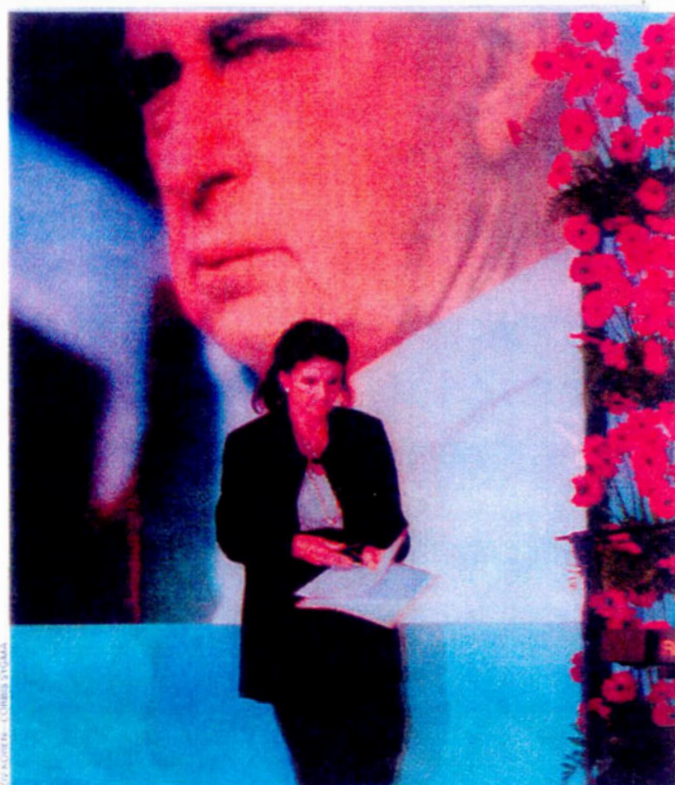
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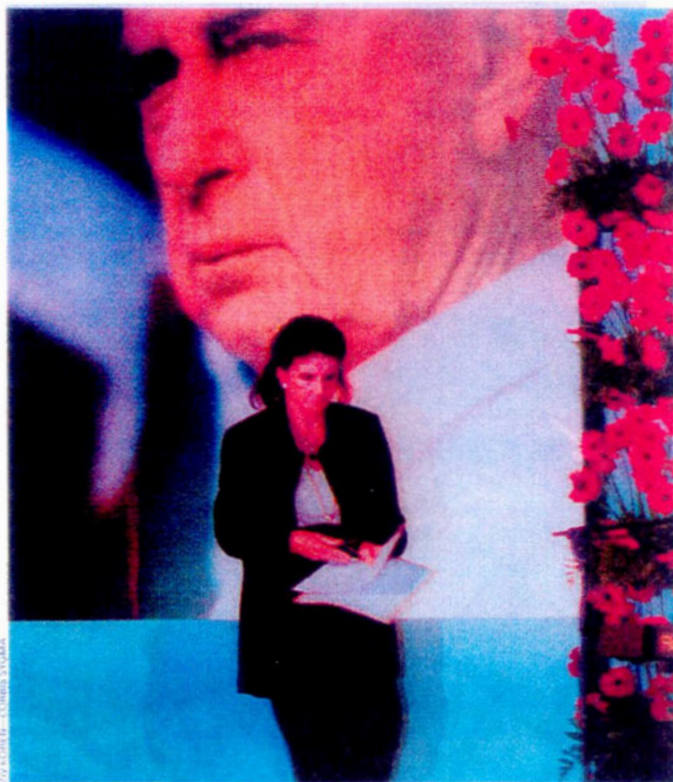
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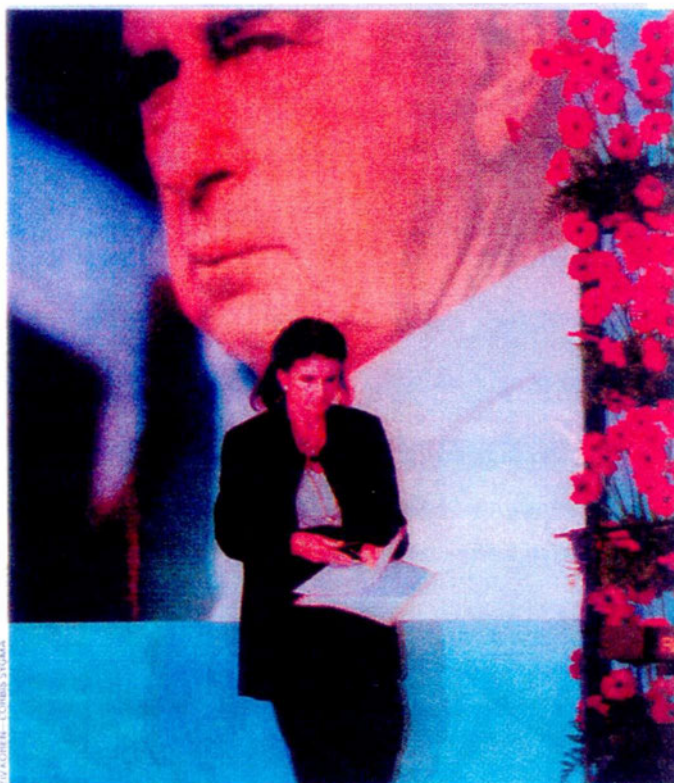
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