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Doc No	Doc Type	Document Description	No of Pages	Doc Date	Restrictions
1	MEMO	MARK GOODE TO MIKE DEAVER RE LIGHTING FOR THE PRESIDENT (W/COMMENTS ADDED)	2	9/9/1983	B6

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]
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THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

January 24, 1984

file

MEMORANDUM FOR: MIKE DEEVER
FROM: NANCY RISQUE *Nancy*
SUBJECT: Bradley-Durenberger Press Conference

Bradley and Durenberger will introduce (in the Senate) the House-passed bill today, with support from Governor Kean and Marge Roukema (R-NJ) at their press conference. We supported passage of the House bill but as the attached indicates, we will work for changes in the Senate.

There are 5 bills pending before Finance, including our bill that was introduced by Senator Armstrong and cosponsored by Senator Dole, all the other Republican members of the Finance Committee (including Durenberger), as well as Senators Kassebaum and Hawkins. Durenberger is also the primary sponsor of the Women's Economic Equity Act.

Dole told me last month that he would move child support enforcement legislation quickly. He held one hearing last July, will hold one today, another Thursday. He intends to mark up next Tuesday.



STATEMENT OF ADMINISTRATION POLICY

November 14, 1983
(House)

H.R. 4325 - Child Support Enforcement
(Rep. Kennelly (D) Connecticut and 10 others)

The Administration supports House passage of H.R. 4325 as a first legislative step in making child support enforcement more cost effective and increasing collections on behalf of both welfare and non-welfare families. The Administration will seek amendments in the Senate, consistent with its legislative proposal, including (1) giving equal weight to welfare and non-welfare collection efforts, (2) charging a modest fee for non-welfare families who use State child support collection systems, (3) increasing incentives for State performance improvements by reducing the Federal matching rate for administrative costs, (4) eliminating special new State medicaid entitlements for families who receive adequate child support payments and are no longer eligible for welfare, and (5) advancing the effective date to October 1, 1984, to put an improved child support enforcement system in place as soon as possible.

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Ernie Schultz
1735 DeSales St., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
202/737-8657

Oct. 27, 1983

The President
The White House
Washington, DC 20500

Self

Dear Mr. President,

On behalf of the two thousand members of the Radio-Television News Directors Association, I want to protest vigorously the continued policies of secrecy and censorship being practiced by your Administration in preventing on the scene news coverage of the invasion of Grenada.

Even if we were to accept the arguments for secrecy before the invasion, I can find no acceptable reasons for continuing those policies more than two days after the event.

"The safety of the journalists" is not an acceptable excuse. Reporters have been allowed to cover far more dangerous military actions in Vietnam, El Salvador and Lebanon.

I respectfully urge you to order an immediate end to these policies and to permit reporters to go to Grenada and begin to perform their vital function of informing the world about what is happening there.

Sincerely,

Ed Godfrey by SS
Ed Godfrey
President

cc: The Honorable Casper Weinberger
Secretary of Defense
Larry Speakes
James Baker III
Michael Deaver
Edwin Meese III
David Gergen

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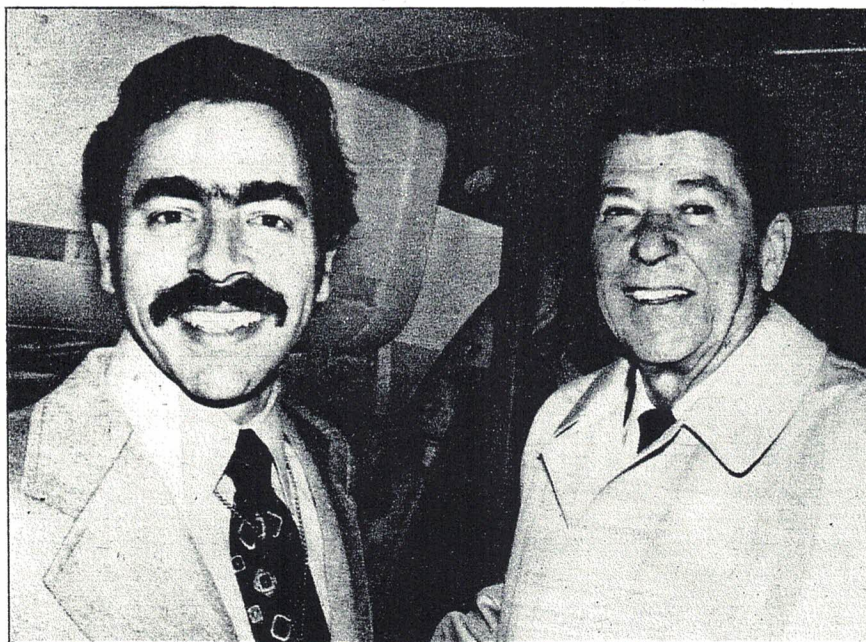
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Intelligence Report

Because of volume of mail received, Parade regrets it cannot answer queries.

By Lloyd Shearer ©1983

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Journalist/author Laurence Barrett and Ronald Reagan

Names Make News

Laurence Barrett, *Time* magazine's distinguished senior White House correspondent, popped in on us not too long ago to discuss *Gambling With History*, his superb book dealing with Ronald Reagan's accomplishments and failures in his first two Presidential years. Barrett's book, incidentally, was the first to reveal the purloining of President Jimmy Carter's briefing papers during the Reagan-Carter race of 1980.

We asked the knowledgeable, insightful journalist of 25 years' experience if he would play with us the "name-association game," in which one party mentions a name and the other responds quickly with a thumbnail description. Herewith the White House names we dropped and Barrett's verbal pickups:

Ronald Reagan—"The most ideological President of our generation or perhaps the last two generations . . . much underestimated insofar as his grit is concerned . . . often too rigid for his own good and the country's good . . . the biggest thinker and conceptualizer even though a lot of people don't understand that. This Administration is still running

very heavily on Reaganism for its philosophical fuel."

Nancy Reagan—"Without question, the most misunderstood lady of the last generation . . . a shrewd woman who has influence on her husband . . . knows the kinds of things he does well . . . good political instincts of her own . . . has a very fine nose for staff matters, appointments . . . was very instrumental, for instance, in the appointment of James Baker as chief of staff."



Nancy Reagan—"misunderstood"

James Baker (White House chief of staff)—"The best political tactician in the White House . . . expert

at legislative affairs and public relations at a high level but not very good at the finer points of policy."

Michael Deaver (deputy chief of staff)—"The man closest to Ronald Reagan . . . probably the most altruistic member of the official household but still a little uncomfortable in his governmental role . . . the ultimate generalist . . . very good at politics and public relations. He has not immersed himself in the hard business of governance . . . flies very much by instinct, just the way his principal [Reagan] does."

William Clark (national security adviser)—"A perfect loyalist to his principal and one of the most cunning inside maneuverers whom I've met in politics."

Edwin Meese (counselor to the President)—"A good and virtuous man who's been forced to play somewhat out of his league."

George Shultz (Secretary of State)—"A temperate influence who has helped Reagan in a number of situations but has been much slower to take hold in the grand sense . . . is finally beginning to emerge as the foreign policy power, although Clark now contests that somewhat."

Caspar Weinberger (Secretary of Defense)—"I think he is probably the least effective Secretary of Defense since Louis Johnson, the difference being that Truman fired Johnson fairly early, and I don't think Reagan will part with Weinberger."

William Casey (director, Central Intelligence Agency)—"I think most people are disappointed in his performance . . . He's been an embarrassment to the Administration outside the CIA because of his stock deals, because he hadn't reported clearly all his assets."

David Stockman (director, Office of Management and Budget)—"A kind of intellectual gypsy who has wandered from one branch of conservatism to another . . . brilliant in many ways . . . certainly knows the budget and fiscal process better than anyone in this Administration . . . has suffered, I think, from a certain immaturity . . . got too high too fast, and some problems resulted."

George Wiesner
196 E. Charles
Banning, CA 92220
(714) 849-2039

GI

August 29th, 1983

The Hon. Michael Deaver,
Deputy Chief of Staff
The White House
Washington, D. C. 20500

Dear Mr. Deaver:

"What's the deal - on Geo. Meese stealing Calif. Motor Vehicle Driver Lic. Cards?"

"ZERO HOUR" is just about 30 days off when Pres. Reagan MUST REDEEM HIS PROMISE TO "balance the budget" by 1983 and not later than 1984". So don't hold your breath as you will get blue in the face.

When Reagan took office, Carter had left a National Deficit Debt of \$935 Billion. Under Reagan who requested and SPENT- four increases in the National Debt "temporary limit"- we now have the National Debt at \$1,389 Billion.

This is an INCREASE in the DEBT of \$454 Billion or an average of \$151 Billion for each of the THREE YEARS. So we add the average, \$151 Billion to the \$454 already SPENT- and we arrive at the figure of \$600 BILLION IN NEW DEBT UNDER THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION. AS BUSINESS MEN- IF THEY HAD RAN THEIR BUSINESSES IN THE SAME MANNER- they would be DECLARED BANKRUPT. WHY IS THE GOVERNMENT-- NOT- declared Bankrupt-- TODAY?

As a Candidate, Ronald Reagan won the election for Governor of California TWICE- and TWICE- perjured himself, because- the Constitution to which He swore allegiance- DEMANDED- that: "NO STATE SHALL . . . COIN MONEY, EMIT BILLS OF CREDIT- (paper money)(paper checks) or- MAKE ANYTHING BUT- gold or silver coins a legal tender in payment of DEBTS". From THIS- I conclude that the STATE under his Governorship- stewardship- DID NOT LEGALLY PAY THE DEBTS ACCUMULATED.

As a Candidate, Ronald Reagan then Won the Election to the Presidency- and FOR THE THIRD TIME- COMMITTED PERJURY- by swearing a FALSE OATH OF OFFICE when he PLEDGED-his sacred word of HONOR, INTEGRITY, and CREDIBILITY- to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States- before a MULTITUDE OF PEOPLE- as witnesses- On January 21, 1981. The PRECISE QUOTATION IS: "THE CONGRESS SHALL HAVE POWER TO COIN MONEY AND REGULATE THE VALUE THEREOF; . . .". Article 1, Section 8, Clause 5. Article II, Section 3: " . . . HE SHALL TAKE CARE THAT THE LAWS BE FAITHFULLY EXECUTED, . . .".

Section 4: "The President, vice president, and all civil officers of the United States shall be REMOVED FROM OFFICE ON IMPEACHMENT FOR, and CONVICTION OF, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." I feel Confident that PERJURY- is punishable under this ARTICLE.

Every CIVIL OFFICER, Vice President and President- COULD HAVE BEEN prosecuted under this Charge since 1933, when the ROOKIE DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS and President Roosevelt- took the Government off the GOLD STANDARD and destroyed the "UNIT"- of HONEST MONEY- the Gold dollar- by PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION. Roosevelt did THIS under the authority of a JOINT RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS, the Authority granted UNDER the Thomas Amendment of the Agricultural Act of 1933, and BY PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATION UNDER EXECUTIVE ORDERS, 6102 and 6111 dated April 5 and 20th, Respectively in 1933.

Roosevelt- repudiated the government DEBTS in gold coins, currency, bullion and in Gold Treasury Bonds, Issue of 1918 \$10,000 $4\frac{1}{4}\%$, and paid off in subsidiary coinage silver dollar and silver currency.

Johnson, in 1968, Repudiated the government debts in silver coins and silver certificates- and paid off in worthless paper federal reserve notes.

Pres. NIXON- that REPUBLICAN CROOK- repudiated- the government debts in FOREIGN HELD DOLLARS WHICH GAVE TO US OUR OIL CRISIS, and defaulted on the Bretton Woods Treaty ratified by the Senate in 1944 which GUARANTEED REDEMPTION OF AMERICAN DOLLARS in GOLD at \$35.00 PER OUNCE.

Not TOO long ago, Secretary Regan of the Treasury stated to the Press that "IT costs 1.5 cents to PRODUCE A FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE". AND SO WE SEE TODAY- that the American SILVER dollar that CONTAINED 371.25 grains of PURE SILVER HAS BEEN DEPOSED in favor of a \$100 Federal Reserve NOTE that "COSTS 1.5 cents to produce". LETS SEE HOW MUCH THE AMERICAN DOLLAR HAS BEEN DEVALUED ON THE LAST fifty years when the GOLD DOLLAR then THE UNIT- contained 23.22 GRAINS OF PURE GOLD. Gold today- on the market is at \$450 PER OUNCE of 480 grains per ounce. The Fraction $23.22/480$ will give you the value of the GOLD DOLLAR TODAY- to compare with the FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE AT 1.5 cents. DID REAGAN PROMISE TO TURN THE COUNTRY AROUND? $\$23.22$ going for 1.5 cents!

ABT "100 GRAIN"
AA

Under the Reagan Administration we have 50 percent MORE DEBT and 50 percent MORE UNEMPLOYMENT- than under Carter. 53,000 business went Bankrupt under Reagan, over 100 banks closed their doors, 400 savings and loans MERGED to prevent LOSSES and continue to LOSE MONEY. The Mortgage Bankers association- REPORTED FORECLOSURES ARE RISING RAPIDLY- To the Administration- I sent a page and one half one day and a full page the NEXT. PEOPLE ARE LOSING THEIR HOMES THOROUGH PROPERTY TAXE DELINQUENCY, and the AUTOS and furnitures through FAILURE TO PAY THE MORTGAGES ON THESE ITEMS. Since Reagan is a THREE TIME LOSER on PERJURY- HOW CAN WE BELIEVE HIM ON ANYTHING ELSE?

That NEW DEBT-\$454 Billion will require financing at 10 percent- an Additional \$45 Billion added to the Debt.

In case you believe that the Roosevelt Administration changed our money system LEGALLY- let me quote Article V of the Constitution. "The Congress, whenever two thirds of BOTH HOUSES shall deem it NECESSARY- shall PROPOSE AMENDMENTS TO THIS CONSTITUTION, or, on the APPLICATION OF THE LEGISLATURES of TWO THIRDS of the several States, shall call a convention for PROPOSING AMENDMENTS, WHICH, IN EITHER CASE, SHALL BE VALID TO ALL INTENTENTS and Purposes, as part of this Constitution, WHICH when ratified by THREE FOURTHS OF THE SEVERAL STATES LEGIASIATURES, or by the Convention of Three fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress; PROVIDED, That NO AMENDMENT which may be made PRIOR to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the Ninth section of the First Article; and that NO STATE, without its consent, shall be DEPRIVED OF ITS EQUAL SUFFRAGE IN THE SENATE.

The States of the United States were DEPRIVED OF THIER CHOICE IN THE MATTER OF CHANGING THE MONEY SYSTEM FROM GOLD, to SILVER, to WORTHLESS PAPER MONEY. THEY NEITHER HAD A CHOICE in PROPOSING AMENDMENTS* OR- in VOTING on such modes to AMENDMENT THE CONSTITUTION TO PERMIT CONGRESS TO ISSUE, "BILLS OF CREDIT".

Art. IV, Section 4: THE UNITED STATES SHALL GUANANTEE TO EVERY STATE IN THIS UNION A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT . . .". THIS REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT WAS DESTROYED THE DAY- the STATES WERE DENIED THE RIGHT TO VOTE ON THE MONEY SYSTEM. WE NOW- operate from a DICTATORSHIP- or a modified MONARCHY.

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ADV PMS FRI JUNE 24

(690)

WASHINGTON WINDOW

(COMMENTARY)

A WHITE HOUSE REPORTER SAYS GOODBYE

BY DONALD A. DAVIS

WASHINGTON (UPI) -- "ARE WE HAVING FUN NOW?" ASKED A FREEZING REPORTER STANDING IN THE DRIVEWAY OF THE WHITE HOUSE. THERE WAS ICE ON THE GROUND, SNOW IN THE HAIR AND NO NEWS IN SIGHT.

"YEP," CAME THE ANSWER FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT, PUSHING HANDS INTO HIS POCKETS. THE TEMPERATURE WAS FAR BELOW FREEZING. "WE'RE HAVING FUN NOW. THIS IS FUN."

"GOOD AS IT GETS, TOP OF THE LINE." SAID ANOTHER, REWARDED FOR HER EARLY ARRIVAL AT THE STAKEOUT -- WAITING FOR A NEWSMAKER TO COME AND TALK -- BY BEING ABLE TO STAND ON A MANHOLE COVER THAT IS THE ONLY WARM SPOT AROUND. "SURE IS FUN BEING A WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENT."

WELL, IT WAS FUN AT TIMES, EVEN THE DREADFUL STAKEOUTS IN FREEZING FEBRUARYS OR SIMMERING SUMMERS. BUT THE JOB, AS I VIEW IT IN RETROSPECT, LEAVING THE BEAT AFTER TWO YEARS, IS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST FRUSTRATING, PHYSICALLY DEMANDING AND INTELLECTUALLY CHALLENGING ASSIGNMENTS THAT A REPORTER CAN HANDLE.

ONE DEPARTS WITH RELUCTANCE AND RELIEF. HANDING IN THE BROWN PASS BEARING YOUR NAME AND PICTURE CUTS YOU OUT OF THE CLUB. YOU CAN NO LONGER WALK IN OUT OF THOSE BLACK GATES AT WILL. ONCE AGAIN, YOU ARE PART OF THE PUBLIC.

IT CUTS BOTH WAYS. LOSING THE ACCESS IS BALANCED BY THINGS GAINED -- MORE TIME WITH FAMILY, A SOCIAL LIFE, MORE TIME -- PERIOD. THE LURE OF THE WHITE HOUSE CAN TWIST A LIFE POSSIBLY MORE THAN ANYTHING OTHER THAN A CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH. THE FRINGE BENEFITS AND MINGLING WITH THE POWER ELITE ARE AWESOME DRAWS TO THE UNINITIATED.

BUT IF YOU'RE NOT A CYNIC, THE FIRST DAY YOU WALK UP THAT BLACK DRIVEWAY OFF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE YOU WILL QUICKLY BECOME ONE. OTHERWISE, YOU CANNOT SURVIVE. AS THE GATLIN BROTHERS SING OF CALIFORNIA, IT DON'T MATTER WHERE YOU PLAYED BEFORE, THIS IS A BRAND NEW GAME.

QUESTION: DOES THE WHITE HOUSE LIE TO THE PRESS?

ANSWER: YES.

QUESTION: DOES THE WHITE HOUSE MANIPULATE THE PRESS?

ANSWER: YES.

THE ABOVE IS NOT MEANT TO CAST DOUBT UPON THE VERACITY OF THE PRESS OFFICE. ON THE CONTRARY, THE PROBLEM LIES FAR BEYOND THE OFFICES OCCUPIED BY DEPUTY PRESS SECRETARY LARRY SPEAKES AND HIS HARD-WORKING STAFF. TRYING TO MAKE SPEAKES ANSWER A QUESTION HE DOESN'T WANT TO IS AKIN TO MAKING A BALKY KID EAT LIVER -- IT JUST ISN'T GOING TO HAPPEN. THAT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE BEARING FALSE WITNESS.

THE PROBLEM LIES IN THE MORBID SECRECY WITH WHICH THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION IS TRYING TO CLOAK ITSELF. PRESIDENTIAL AIDE MICHAEL DEEVER, A SUSPICIOUS MAN, IS PRIMARILY RESPONSIBLE. DEVOTED TO REAGAN, HE WOULD BE HAPPIER IF THE PRESS CORPS FOUND NEW LODGINGS ELSEWHERE. LIKE IN ICELAND.

ALMOST AS HELPFUL IS DAVID GERGEN, THE DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS, WHO KEEPS ACCESS TO A MINIMUM, STAGING PHOTO CHANCES AND LEAKING APPROVED NEWS TO A FEW PET REPORTERS FROM THE TELEVISION NETWORKS WHERE HE IS SAID TO BE SEEKING FUTURE EMPLOYMENT. JOANNA BISTANY, HIS DEPUTY, IS CURRENTLY IN THE ETHICAL BIND OF CONTINUING HER WHITE HOUSE JOB WHILE PREPARING TO MOVE TO ABC-TV.

A REPORTER WHO CALLS ALMOST ANYONE IN THE ADMINISTRATION IS DIVERTED TO GERGEN'S OFFICE FOR CLEARANCE. USUALLY THAT IS THE LAST YOU HEAR FROM THE PERSON YOU ARE TRYING TO TALK TO BECAUSE OF A THING CALLED "GERGEN TIME," WHICH MEANS A DELAY OF ANYWHERE FROM 30 MINUTES TO INFINITY. EXCEPT FOR TELEVISION NETWORK STARS, WITH WHOM GERGEN CHECKS BEFORE DAILY BROADCASTS.

SOME "ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS" WHO DEIGN TO SPEAK PREFER TO HIDE MORE THAN THEY REVEAL AND WOULD RATHER CHOKER ON THE TRUTH BEFORE TELLING IT TO REPORTERS. THEY ARE DECENT MEN AND WOMEN WHO UNFORTUNATELY VIEW THE PUBLIC AS SHEEP TO BE LED.

THE "BRIEFERS" CAN BE ARROGANT LIKE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE RICHARD BURT, OBTUSE AND MISLEADING LIKE DEPUTY NATIONAL SECURITY AFFAIRS ADVISER BUD MCFARLAND, OR JUST PLAIN DUMB. THEY ALL HIDE BEHIND THE TITLE OF "SENIOR ADMINISTRATION OFFICIAL" INSTEAD OF STANDING BY THEIR COMMENTS WITH THEIR OWN NAMES, THUS SUBVERTING THE "BACKGROUND" BRIEFING TO LITTLE MORE THAN A PROPAGANDA FORUM.

THAT THEY DON'T LIKE US AND WE DON'T LIKE THEM IS UNDERSTOOD BY BOTH SIDES.

ADV PMS FRI JUNE 24

UPI 06-22-83 08:45 AED

The Triumvirate

IN NOVEMBER 1980 the American public elected Ronald Reagan President. What it got was Ed Meese, Jim Baker, and Mike Deaver



"First of all," Ronald Reagan remarked genially, "I am a believer in delegating."

We were in the Oval Office, and I had asked him about his laxness in dealing with administrative problems. Most previous Presidents would have bridled at the implied criticism, but Reagan's provocation threshold is abnormally high. "There have been others in this office," he went on, "who did not do that and who attempted to do every i themselves and as a result were up to their eyebrows in minutiae and detail that kept them away from what really should be done."

Because Reagan personally practices benign neglect concerning many i's and some abc's as well, the performance of the senior White House staff has been even more important during this administration than in previous regimes. Over thirty months, that performance has been jagged. The legislative scorecard has been excellent, given the partisan array in Congress, and the staff has done a generally good job in presenting its boss in the most favorable light possible. On the downside, management of the national-security apparatus has varied from mediocre to ludicrous. A strange blindness has afflicted the monitoring of some other sensitive functions, such as the Environmental Protection Agency. One reason for the zigzag effect is that Reagan has chosen to diffuse power in his entourage rather than to centralize it. This has permitted factional rivalry to erupt now and then, though the alignments have been erratic.

The original troika consisted of Edwin Meese, James Baker, and Michael Deaver. As Counselor to the President, Meese was the only one of the three with Cabinet rank, but that turned out to be more of an honorific than an operating commission. Baker, the newcomer to the Reagan circle, became Chief of Staff, with responsibility for most White House operations outside the national-security field. Where domestic affairs were concerned, he often ventured beyond administration into the policy realm. Yet his overall influence was restricted because of blurred lines of authority and because his jealousy to Reaganism was often challenged. On paper, Deaver was third in line, with the title Deputy Chief of Staff. His was the closest personal relationship with the Reagans, however, and his broad, amorphous charter allowed him to intervene in a variety of situations. In practical terms, Meese, Baker, and Deaver were equals, though Meese frequently found himself outnumbered as Baker and Deaver grew closer.

The article that follows introduces the triumvirs as individuals and recounts their relationship during the administration's initial stages. Later, after William Clark was named National Security Adviser in January 1982, the influence they shared would be split four ways. Clark, in 1981 a peripheral figure as Deputy Secretary of State under Alexander Haig, had earlier been overlord to Meese and Deaver in Reagan's Sacramento administration. In the White House he became their peer. By that time the troika had died of other causes. Clark's policy role would continue to grow during the administration's third year, and so would his expenditure of energy in the internal jostling. But that is a story for another time. Here we are concerned with the original three and the way they were.

BY LAURENCE I. BARRETT

CARRIED ON THE BREEZES OF MATAGORDA BAY, THE SHOUTED GREETING FROM A FLASHY CRUISER MAYBE SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS AWAY TAKES ON AN EERIE, WAILING QUALITY: JAMES ADDISON BAKER THREEEEEEE... HOW YOUUUUU?... YOU PEOPLE DOIN' A GRAND JOB UP THERE IN WASH-ING-TON....

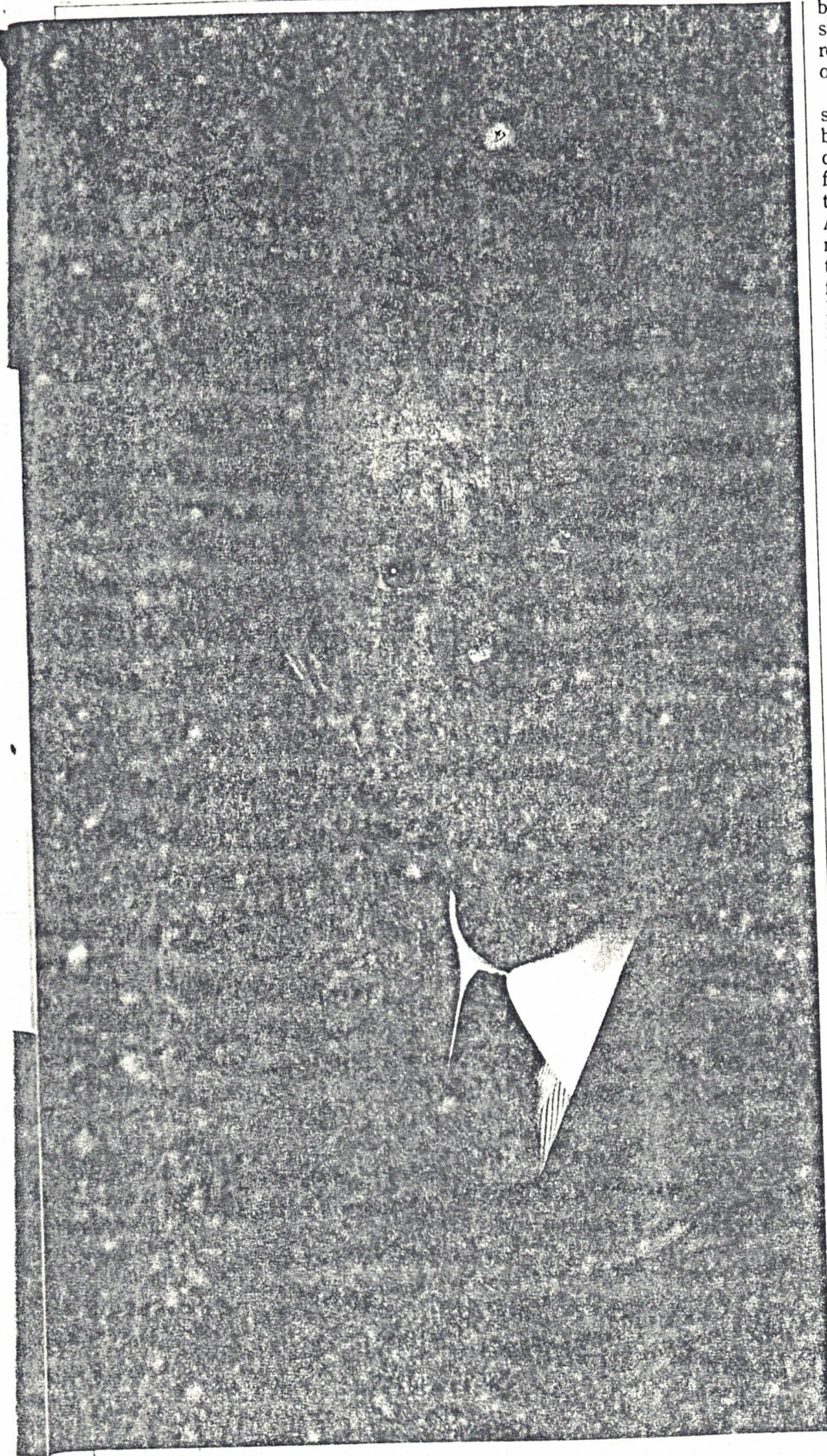
Jimmy Baker squints through the glare at the source of this compliment. He is standing crotch-deep in the shallows next to a friend's fishing boat. He is wearing a scarlet mesh cap, the cheap kind with a plastic adjuster for size, an incongruous white business shirt with JAB III embroidered on the pocket, wash pants minus

LAURENCE I. BARRETT, who is Time's senior White House correspondent, covered the Reagan campaign in 1980 for that magazine. This article is adapted from *Gambling with History: Reagan in the White House* (Doubleday), his new book on the administration's first two years in office.

PHOTOGRAPH • WILLIAM COUPON



Reagan has diffused power in his entourage, and much of it rests with (from left to right) James Baker, Chief of Staff; Edwin Meese, Counselor to the President; and Michael Deaver, Deputy Chief of Staff.



belt, and old tennis shoes, now filled with silt. Baker barely raises his voice when he replies: "Maybe so, but I can't catch me one damn fish today."

Baker's breeding does not encourage shouting. He has already had a surfeit of backslapping and praise—not to mention questions and suggestions—from Texas friends during this vacation. His mind is on the fishing. It is a long weekend in mid-August 1981, seven busy, victorious months into Ronald Reagan's administration, and the Reaganauts have dispersed for R and R. One of the few things James Baker has in common with Ronald Reagan is an awareness of the value of leisure and a properly familiar place in which to enjoy it.

For the Bakers in the summertime, that means Port O'Connor, a small town on the Gulf of Mexico southwest of Houston, the family's tribal base for four generations. In Port O'Connor wealthy Houstonians, the Bakers among them, coexist with coastal locals and blue-collar vacationers. Many of Baker's former business acquaintances and a few kinfolk own houses or condominium apartments near the water.

From our first meeting, when he was running the Bush Presidential-nomination campaign in the spring of 1980, I had been fascinated by Baker's singularity among political managers. First there was his look and manner. Fifty-year-old Baker was not merely handsome in the conventional sense, with regular features and a sturdy, muscular build; he was also blessed with a delicacy unusual among masculine southerners who get their best jollies using a fishing rod or a shotgun. His hands, large and hairy, seemed appropriate for those tools, but his gestures bespoke finesse. His handwriting was ornate. He spat tobacco juice without looking gross. Your standard-issue Texas politicians—Lyndon Johnson, John Connally, and Robert Strauss come to mind—conformed to the state's stereotype of bluff bravado. They persuaded an audience or an interviewer with force and bluster, as if listeners had to be subdued like calves being made ready for the branding iron. Baker, with his small, shy smile, always tried instead to rope you with candor. Adroit understatement, laced with bits of fact and insight, make a powerful knot for those accustomed to political hyperbole. It had been Baker's style of persuasion, as much as anything else, that maintained George Bush as a credible rival to Reagan longer than the other Republican prospects. Now he was using the same technique in the White House on Reagan's behalf, with good effect.

We first met soon after Bush's debacle in New Hampshire. Out on the road, the candidate sounded truculent, defensive; but back in Houston, Baker was relaxed. "After we won in Iowa," he observed, "there was a perception that George was fuzzy on the issues. We should have done

a lot more to establish what he stands for, but it isn't too late. There are places we can catch Reagan. It's lonely out there in front, and you have to remember Reagan is accident-prone." There was just enough self-criticism and just enough plausibility in there to fend off political obituaries.

Reagan's organization was in turmoil at that point because campaign manager John Sears and his crew had just been chucked out. Bush's shop was tidy, Baker's place secure. Of course, he and Bush had been close friends for more than a dozen years. But there was something else, more important, that set Baker apart from the rival tacticians in other camps.

The difference was that Baker didn't need the work, for either money or status. He had inherited a fortune and earned a good deal more on his own. His great-grandfather, grandfather, and father had bequeathed him stature in Houston's legal establishment. So Baker had a strong identity apart from politics. He could play the hired gun, like John Sears, but with less at stake personally. And unlike some others, he was not burdened with heavy political convictions. Like all of his class in Houston, Baker, who spent his early career serving corporations and individuals even wealthier than he, started as a Tory Democrat. He considered himself a conservative in a general way, but in his twenties and thirties politics was terra incognita. He sometimes forgot to vote. He bothered turning Republican in 1970 only to help his pal Bush run for the Senate (Bush lost). Even after he was in the White House, political philosophy was peripheral to his concerns. Yet the right-wingers outside would fasten on Baker as the arch-bogeyman, the despoiler of Reaganism, the closet moderate determined to infect Reagan's victory with the microbe of conventional boardroom conservatism.

Such criticism missed the essential point about Baker. He was a player fascinated with the game, the process of competition, rather than with theories of economics or geopolitics. His command of facts on some important subjects was limited, and occasionally during conversations with him it became apparent that he had only a superficial knowledge of this or that issue. During the first few months of the administration he would occasionally try to rebut criticism concerning foreign policy by ticking off a list of "accomplishments" that he had noted on the back of an envelope he carried in his pocket.

Baker was a kind of operator common in government—keenly perceptive about the politics of a situation, intelligent about how to get the job done, but only mildly interested in the intrinsic wisdom of the particular goal. In early December 1980,

when Congressman David Stockman, Reagan's choice for budget director, was still the saint of the supply-siders, Baker maneuvered him into lead position for formulation of the administration's economic program. When Baker thought about it all, he was skeptical about supply-side notions. But he wanted to get things going in a hurry, and Stockman was the best instru-

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ment available to do that. It was a shrewd tactical move at the time. In the long run, Reagan—and the country—would have been better off with less speed and more deliberation.

For all his class, for all his concern about propriety, Baker had a broad swatch of the cynic in him. When Bush's campaign was still in gestation in 1979, a few of his advisers realized that if they were fortunate, Bush would do well enough to establish himself as a credible national figure. Then maybe, just maybe, he would be considered for second spot. (At least he would be in a good position for 1984.) Baker had that in mind from the beginning. But when the possibility of running for Vice-President on a Reagan ticket was put to him privately in those early days, Bush recoiled. It wasn't that he considered himself above the office; rather, he considered himself above Reagan.

Baker attempted to keep Bush's rhetoric gentlemanly enough—and his race short enough—to preserve a shot at the Vice-Presidential nomination. But Bush did not quite get the point of his campaign manager's strategy. During the Pennsylvania primary Bush was staging a comeback. Baker, who was off the campaign plane more than he should have been, was

not with the group to approve a statement drafted by Peter Teeley, Bush's press aide. Teeley wrote in a line calling Reagan's tax program "voodoo economics." Bush liked and used the phrase, which got some attention. For once Baker lost his cool and warned his subordinates in the organization to avoid such intemperance. He knew Reagan already found Bush distasteful. It would be foolish to set that feeling in concrete.

Even after Reagan had more than enough delegates committed to assure nomination, Bush still fought. He was threatening to contest the California primary. Baker would joke later that "we had to beat on George" to get him out. In fact, Baker acted in a fashion even more dramatic than that. With Bush on the road, Baker simply informed reporters that his candidate was withdrawing from the California primary. He blamed the decision on a shortage of money. That announcement—made without Bush's approval or even his knowledge—effectively ended the Bush Presidential candidacy.

Baker justified that brassy means with the end it attained: Bush remained a prospect for Vice-President. In the White House Baker would have to be more cautious. During the first two years he was never the sole chancellor next to the throne. And during that time he never totally overcame the stigma of having been a foundling on the Reaganauts' steps rather than a natural child of the household.

I wondered whether seeing him in Port O'Connor, on home ground, would reveal a side of Baker very different from the one he displayed in the White House. There were superficial contrasts, of course. He didn't chew Red Man tobacco in the White House, except on Saturday; in Port O'Connor he frequently had a chaw in his cheek. There were more *hells* and *damns* and *shoots* in his speech here than back in Washington. He was one of the boys—almost, sort of.

But in fact Baker was not one of the boys, not these boys. His Port O'Connor friends were property proud, always talking about their possessions, gadgets, new acquisitions. Baker—whose father, he recalled, resisted buying extra property—owned neither a boat, a house, nor an apartment in Port O'Connor.

"My father was a stern disciplinarian," Baker said. "He wanted things just so. He wanted his son to do things right." JAB II in his day had been sent to the Hill School in Pennsylvania and then to Princeton before being brought back to the University of Texas at Austin for his legal training. Young Jimmy traversed the same route. He even joined the same fraternity his father had belonged to at Texas, though by the time he arrived he had a B.A., dis-

charge papers from the Marine Corps, and a beautiful wife from Ohio, Mary Stuart McHenry. All the other pledges were undergraduate freshmen seven and eight years younger than Jimmy Baker. But he went through the childish hazing and, later, into law because his father wanted it that way.

By age forty, having attained the goals his father had set for him, Jimmy was bored. It was 1970. Mary Stuart was dying of cancer, and he had four young sons to think about. Helping to merge companies and picking out shrewd business investments for himself had lost the kick they once provided.

Bush suggested that Baker run for the House seat he was vacating in order to try for the Senate. But Baker had never been a plunger. Every move he had made had been either dictated in advance by his father or carefully considered from every angle by the son. Bush finally lured the new widower into his senatorial-campaign organization as a distraction from grief.

Baker worked the Houston area in order to stay close to his boys and discovered that he liked the drill. Nevertheless, he remained with his law firm, antsy as he was, until 1975, when Bush brokered an appointment for him as Under Secretary of Commerce in the Ford administration. By then Baker had married Susan Winston, one of his late wife's best friends. With some of their merged brood away at school and some at home, the Bakers moved to Washington. Baker joined Gerald Ford's 1976 campaign organization, where successive problems kept creating vacancies at the top. Though he'd had no professional experience in national elections, Baker nonetheless brought a degree of professionalism to Ford's disheveled campaign operation. But there was one serious knock on him as manager: he was leery of risks and so careful in committing campaign funds that the loser ended up with a surplus in his war chest. Veterans who had resented the newcomer's rapid rise to the top of the Ford organization wondered aloud whether a bolder campaign finale just might have saved Ford.

Baker's occasional tendency to excessive caution showed up again immediately when he withdrew from consideration as the GOP's new national chairman. He would have taken the post if he could have avoided a fight for it, but competition seemed inevitable. So he went back to Houston, back to the practice of law, though the political virus had infected his every organ. He agreed to run for state attorney general in 1978, on the condition that he could get the Republican nomination without a contest. The voters elected the Democrat.

Soon afterward advance planning started for the Bush campaign. Bush and Baker, old friends and tennis partners, began their long zigzag trek to the White House, where one would be a heartbeats away from the Presidency, as the old saw goes, while the other would be much more influential as a member of the small privy council. Baker earned that spot by his per-

MEESE'S FACE radiates satisfaction.

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formance during the general election. Though outranked by Ed Meese, Mike Deaver, and others, he showed a cool hand as an administrator. Further, he argued strongly that Reagan should debate Independent candidate John Anderson and then-President Carter, while some of the others had reservations. Baker represented the Reagan camp in negotiations over ground rules and did well. Because of his experience with the network-television debates between Ford and Carter in 1976, he took charge of preparing Reagan for these crucial encounters.

Here Baker had to face something of an ethical problem. In gathering research that David Stockman would use when impersonating Carter in the sparring sessions, a member of the campaign staff somehow acquired an unusual prize: briefing material that the other side was using to get Carter ready for the confrontation. Apparently a Reagan mole in the Carter camp had filched papers containing the main points the President planned to make when he met Reagan for the debate. Stockman, hustling to Washington from his own campaign chores in Michigan, was delighted to find most of his homework done for him as he outlined his own script for the dry run. Later, after the real thing was over, the

Reaganauts realized that the papers provided by their informant had included every important item Carter used on the air except one: his reference to his daughter, Amy, in connection with nuclear arms control.

Baker had always been fastidious about propriety. Now, as a senior adviser to the Reagan campaign, he looked the other way when a dirty trick was perpetrated on Carter. He was grateful not to know the mechanics of it. Months later he was still sensitive enough to be embarrassed when I mentioned the incident during a private conversation. And he was relieved that the matter had remained a secret. (At least a couple of reporters became aware of the briefing-book caper months after the event. The story did not make it into print, however. The article I did for *Time* in February 1981 was crowded out by other news.)

Soon Baker would face a more serious, enduring test of his style and strengths. For the first time in his adult career, he was living in a world in which his motives and his loyalty were frequently attacked. While managing the rugged miscellany of responsibilities that make up the Chief of Staff's job—everything from legislative strategy to personnel selection to mediating a quarrel between the White House barber and the official beautician—he had to contend with the recurrent accusation that he was undermining Reaganism. This constant sniping was not only a distraction;

it became an inhibition as Baker attempted to maneuver around Presidential Counselor Ed Meese's role in White House operations. Since Meese was a certified Reaganaut, more concerned than most of the other advisers with the tenets of Reaganism, disputes over jurisdiction and tactics had a way of becoming muddled with philosophy.

Aware of the problem from the outset, Baker took some precautions that protected his flanks for a short time. Though he brought in other non-Reaganauts suspected of centrist views, he balanced such selections on the other side. For example, it was Baker who put Lyn Nofziger in the sensitive job of chief of political liaison, giving the right wing a sympathetic ear in the White House. Those efforts were enough, in early 1981, to earn Baker favorable mention in *Human Events* as an authentic conservative.

Nevertheless, doubts about Baker escalated rapidly on the right. As the strategist responsible for pushing Reagan's top priorities through Congress, Baker of course favored delay in what he (and, in fact, Reagan) considered secondary issues, such as school prayer and abortion. Soon not only was Baker arguing for a curb in Pentagon spending increases; he was

allowing himself to be depicted in public as a strong advocate. The same thing occurred during the "fall offensive," when the Baker-Stockman faction tried unsuccessfully to persuade Reagan to support measures to increase revenues. Just about everywhere the true believers looked, they found Jimmy Baker practicing heresy. When Richard Viguerie's monthly *Conservative Digest* devoted its entire July 1982 issue to attacking the administration's infidelity, article after article nailed Baker as the most important infidel defiling Reaganism.

Baker's frequent "Who, me?" responses must have been painful for him—a proud man with nothing to apologize for. He sounded defensive when he responded to my general question about his political views:

"Basically, I'm a late-blooming Texas Republican and a conservative. I got this 'moderate' tag because I worked for Jerry Ford and George Bush. Well, maybe I'm more moderate than some on the social issues, but when I came to work in the Ford administration, [Treasury Secretary] Bill Simon said, 'Well, it's about time we got some more real conservatives around here.'... Shortly after the 1976 convention, I got a call from Governor Reagan, who said, 'By the way, I'm told that you and I share a common political philosophy.' And I said, 'Well, I believe that's right, Governor.'"

Baker eventually became a distracting issue, a cardinal no-no in the White House staff guidebook. Reagan took pen in hand to defend his Chief of Staff, and himself. His response, which found its way into print, was an example of another cardinal no-no. A President should not go around telling the world he is in charge of his administration. Doing so will only reinforce doubts on that score.

As Baker's colleague and a close friend of the Reagans', Mike Deaver often tried to help the newcomer whose appointment he had pushed vigorously in the first place. Not only did he usually side with Baker on specific issues, but he attempted to create a friendship between the President and the Chief of Staff, arranging on one occasion a dinner party and on another a hunting trip. Doubtless Deaver helped, and Baker's generally adroit handling of day-to-day affairs helped him even more. But the outside pressures were increasing while friction inside the White House over Ed Meese's role worsened.

The appointment of William Clark as National Security Adviser in January 1982 had solved some problems, but at the same time authority was diffused still further. The troika in its original form was dead. In its place was a quartet that did not operate as a unit. Now there were four seniors with free access to the President and only limited coordination among themselves. Of

the four, Baker was still the outsider. He could not totally hide his frustration at the organizational arrangements. He tolerated the daily ritual troika breakfast—which Clark refused to attend—long after it ceased to be useful. Finally, irritated over what he considered secretiveness on Meese's part, Baker put an end to the breakfasts. The last of them was held on

TO IMAGINE
Deaver as a political
Jeeves is
like describing an
elephant merely as
an animal with large
ears. His rapport
with reporters
helped sell Reagan.
His instinct for
situations in which
Reagan would come
across well brought
the President into
settings that
yielded yet more
positive images.

November 1, 1982, the day before the midterm election.

ED MEESE: BEHIND HIS BACK THEY CALLED him Poppin. Though the nickname derived from the cheerful, plump creature in the dough commercial, it was not used with affection, or by those loyal to Meese. Rather, it was a term of derision, spinning off his shape, the unquenchable good humor he displayed in public, and his critics' low estimate of his value to the White House.

On rare, very private occasions Meese, who was forty-nine when Reagan took office, would show some of the anxiety corked up within him. He would complain of unfair treatment by the press, or of being made a scapegoat by a colleague. But he permitted very few people to see that malaise. In most situations he emitted an affable serenity that is rare among those who ascend the greasy pole of political power. After all, diligence and uncompromising loyalty had raised him high, higher than he ever dreamed he would climb when he was a youngster back in Oakland. He figured then that he might follow his father into the respectable drudgery of local government service. Instead he found a place just a half-step

down from the throne, first in Ronald Reagan's Sacramento, then in Ronald Reagan's Washington.

By mid-August of 1981 I had been exposed to Meese's relentless good cheer for twenty months. Still, when I visited his suite on the seventeenth floor of the Century Plaza hotel in Los Angeles, I was unprepared for just how elevated his mood could be. It was the middle of the President's long summer holiday, and Meese was the ranking aide on duty for a fortnight of it.

The tall, stocky figure is frowsy on this Wednesday morning, the nineteenth. His eyes are squinty after a wakeful night, the double-knit trousers rumpled, his collar undone. His short blond hair hasn't encountered a comb since leaving the pillow. But Meese's face, as ruddy and wholesome as a farmer's, positively radiates satisfaction.

It is the morning after American warplanes shot down two Libyan aircraft over the Gulf of Sidra, and it was Meese who received the word from Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger at 11:05 P.M. Pacific time, he who monitored the situation through the night, he who decided when Reagan should be informed, he who determined when the news should be announced. He is at the center of the action, as he was many years before when he supervised the quelling of student riots in California. The challenge by Libya has been dealt with firmly. Ed Meese, former lawman,

former lieutenant colonel in the Army Reserve, continuing student of military intelligence, constant patriot, can only savor this rebuff to the outlaw Mu'ammar al-Qaddafi.

Viewed as a military operation and as an exercise designed to show Qaddafi that there was indeed new management in Washington, the little shoot-out over the Gulf of Sidra was successful. But it turned promptly into a public-relations downer for Reagan and even more so for Meese. Technically, Meese had a good case in choosing not to disturb the chief when the news first came in. Action of some kind had been anticipated. It had been over for half an hour when word reached the Century Plaza, and therefore there was nothing urgent for Reagan to decide. By waiting five and a half hours before waking Reagan, at 4:24 A.M., Meese was able to give him a full report and tell him that the large naval exercise was concluding on schedule without further incident.

What Meese forgot was that Americans, and particularly Americans who cover the White House, expect the President to be personally involved in all important events as a matter of principle. These were the first shots fired in anger since Reagan had become Commander in Chief. Long before

this incident, the President was said to be all too willing to let his aides tend to important affairs. There had also been snide commentary about his four-week sojourn in California. And, still further, Meese at this point was the target of stories that he was assuming too much authority, that he was taking on the airs of a "deputy President." That these stories were overdrawn was irrelevant. The thesis was out there, awaiting confirmation. Reagan himself would later joke about the incident at every opportunity. In fact, the White House became quite sensitive about what was called the wake-up issue. Announcements were dutifully made each time Reagan was roused from bed to hear some important news. But at the time of the original incident, Meese did not seem to realize that he had damaged his own interests as well as those of the President he tried so earnestly to serve well in all matters. Baker and Deaver, far more sensitive to public-relations concerns, were unhappy at the outcome. Both would have handled matters differently.

Other events occurred during that period that began to strain the unusual troika setup. It was during that same fortnight that difficulties arose over the question of defense spending. Weinberger, Stockman, and others went to California for meetings to settle the issue, but an impasse developed. Meese, known as the great "synthesizer" and conciliator of internal disputes, failed to press vigorously enough for a solution—or so some of his colleagues would contend. Baker, thinking that a compromise was achieved, went public with numbers that turned out to be wrong. At the same time, interest rates were soaring. So were estimates of the federal budget deficit over the next few years. Reagan's 1981 budget and tax bills, so recently signed into law, would require fixing, and quickly. Yet the revolving cast of advisers in California seemed paralyzed. Meese became the scapegoat. It was he, after all, who served as the President's counselor, his senior policy adviser. It was his responsibility to reconcile differences in the Cabinet.

There would be other counts against Meese, some valid and some not, but nearly all of them leaking out. In the first year, both the National Security Council staff and its equivalent for domestic affairs, the Office of Policy Development, reported to him. Further, the NSC staff chief, Richard Allen, and the head of OPD, Martin Anderson, were Meese allies. The NSC and OPD operations functioned poorly during 1981. At the daily breakfast sessions, Deaver complained frequently to Meese about Allen's performance, about the National Security Adviser's inability to work with the State Department. Baker became increasingly impatient over OPD's inability to process options for timely decision: What should the admin-

istration's stance be on extension of the Voting Rights Act? What about ending price controls on natural gas? How long before we make a decision on continuing draft registration or ending it?

Occasionally, and very privately, even Meese became exasperated. In one small meeting he wondered aloud about Anderson's OPD: "What do Marty and those guys do over there?" He would try to find out. He would push and prod and hold meetings. But he had surrounded himself with a weak staff during that first year.

Eventually Meese's colleagues gave him candid advice about his problems and he made some changes, or accepted changes forced by circumstances. He gave up on Allen. Anderson quit in frustration. By the time all that was settled, however, Meese's reputation as a mediocre administrator was part of the permanent book on the Reaganauts. When Clark replaced Allen as the National Security Adviser, Meese was literally cut out of the NSC paper flow. Deaver and Clark had managed to exclude Meese from the climax of the Allen affair. Six months later they would do the same thing when they severed Secretary of State Alexander Haig's cord. By that late date, the troika as it had existed in the administration's first year was effectively defunct. The exact moment of its demise can be debated. This coroner places the time during the first two weeks of January 1982, when Clark's appointment became official and when Meese took yet another blow: blame for a boner concerning the restoration of tax exemptions for schools accused of racist practices.

Baker and Deaver yearned for a realignment of responsibility that would take Meese out of operations completely. Baker even came to believe that all concerned would be better served if either he or Meese left the White House altogether, so that there could be one Chief of Staff with clear authority. On one occasion Reagan gave Baker an opening to pitch for a reorganization of the White House staff that would isolate Meese from actual operations. Baker, much as he wanted that result, let the opportunity pass. He feared being blamed by outside critics either for inducing Meese's departure from the White House or for diminishing Meese's role.

As the group labored through the difficult summer and fall of 1982 toward a midterm election that threatened a serious setback, the senior echelon of the White House staff was distracted by what several members expected to be an important reorganization, one that never came.

Meese himself, characteristically, refused to acknowledge any change. "It's exactly the same relationship," he said of his dealings with Deaver and Baker in mid-1982. "We are interchangeable." (Those who cover the White House regularly have become inured to Meese's inability to confront this kind of friction.)

Though he generally managed to maintain his affable front to the outside world, those who saw Meese frequently at close quarters could detect a fatigue of the spirit occasionally bordering on melancholy. He feared being left out of decisions. One aide sympathetic to Meese observed during this period: "He sticks as close to the President as he can. He wants to attend every meeting, even the trivial ones. He seems to want to read the papers on your desk when he drops in. If he notices you talking to somebody from another office, he'll take you aside and say, 'What was that all about? Something I should know?' How do you figure him?"

How to figure Edwin Meese III, and Ronald Reagan's durable affinity for him, had become a favorite game long before the troika died. One well-documented highlight of Meese's career occurred in February 1980 as Reagan's New Hampshire primary campaign was ending. A struggle within the campaign organization had been in progress for months. Meese, the policy man, the lawyer far more knowledgeable about criminal justice than about electoral politics or internal vendettas, triumphed over campaign manager John Sears, a paradigm of the adroit political operator. Reagan risked a great deal by firing Sears, along with the experienced professionals loyal to him, well before the nomination was assured. But the choice had become Meese or Sears, and Reagan would not part with Meese.

In fact, the showdown in New Hampshire was not the first time, and would not be the last, that Meese was the target of Reaganauts who wanted to remove him from the boss's intimate circle. After the 1970 California election, for example, two of Reagan's political advisers, Stuart Spencer and Thomas Reed, tried to have Meese and Deaver evicted from the governor's staff. But Reagan sided with Meese and Deaver, and it was Spencer and Reed who went into exile for nearly a decade. Later, alliances changed.

On the evening of October 29, 1980, at the Hyatt Regency in Dallas, Spencer, back in Reagan's service, privately advised the candidate against giving Meese control of the White House staff. Deaver and Spencer then united to draw Baker in for that position. Meese was so shocked when Reagan put this to him the day after the election that a few of the others thought he might refuse to serve in the administration at all. Instead, he decided to accept Baker's advent and to keep as large a hand as possible in White House operations. Meese denied that he was in any way disappointed when he did not get clear command of the White House staff; he hadn't sought it, nor did he want to be responsible for detail work, he said. He had no idea why anyone would spread these tales.

Understanding Reagan's loyalty to Meese is more a question of psychological

detective work than conventional legwork. One element is clear: Meese, in the human dimension, was Reagan's kind of man. He was a fourth-generation Californian. The clan never became wealthy in land or commerce, but by the time Ed and his three younger brothers were growing up in Oakland, the family had become a fixture in Alameda County's middle-class establishment. College at Yale was made possible by a scholarship ("The Ivy League wanted more westerners in the Fifties. It was a kind of regional affirmative action"). Yale's Political Union was a natural goal for a student who had enjoyed the high school debate team, and a newcomer could choose from among four factions: Conservative, Bull Moose, Liberal, and Labor. Meese joined the Conservatives without hesitation.

To study law, he went to Berkeley, where he briefly considered becoming a policeman to support himself; while in the Army on an ROTC commission he had enjoyed intelligence work. But law enforcement would wait until he earned his law degree and found a place in the Alameda County district attorney's office. His attractive blond wife, Ursula, whom he had known since adolescence, worked as a deputy probation officer. The young prosecutor handled murder, vice, and drug cases, earning a reputation as a tough law-and-order man.

Meese's record and popularity in the law-enforcement community led to two interesting sidelines: he became an adviser to other jurisdictions on the handling of riots and he went to Sacramento as lobbyist for the state association of district attorneys. Soon after Reagan's victory, Meese was summoned to meet the governor-elect and then to join the staff with the misleading title of extradition and clemency secretary. That was only part of the job in 1967 and 1968. The state then was seized with antiwar fever, and Meese visited the sites of disorders to work closely with local authorities. Accounts of the period depict him as calm and efficient amid the worst turmoil.

Meese grew in the job, and Reagan, with his own keen interest in quelling the disturbances, quickly came to respect Meese's judgment on other subjects as well. After two years Meese was promoted and became the governor's chief of staff. However, pulled out of his specialty, he suffered difficulties as an instant generalist with broad responsibilities. He was reluctant to delegate authority, but for his boss that failing was more than offset by other attributes that Reagan found, and would continue to find, compelling.

Advisers with ego problems or their own ambitions would occasionally try to prod Reagan away from his own instincts. Or they might try to force decisions before he was ready to make them. Meese deftly avoided these gambits. While too con-

scientious to be a yes-man, he was also too prudent to get far ahead of his principal. Besides, Meese's private opinions coincided with Reagan's almost completely. Reagan also admired Meese's willingness to practice as well as mouth one of the Reaganaut clichés: to "round-table" important questions. Lacking both brilliance and guile, Meese rarely pushed his own preferences without giving the other side of the argument a full airing. He had a touch for sorting out complexities so that Reagan could easily grasp the fundamentals of a decision in the making. Perhaps Reagan identified with another side of Meese as well. Each was an amiable loner, compulsively spreading good cheer, friendly to all but friend to very, very few.

During 1982, Meese's colleagues in the White House wondered when the next vacancy on the Supreme Court might occur and whether Meese would accept the honor of an appointment even though doing so would separate him at last from the man who had raised him up from Oakland. Would Meese be willing to see the troika destroyed in name as well as in functional reality? Perhaps he remembered the night of March 30, 1981, after the shooting was over and Reagan was safely out of surgery. That was the troika's prime, and the time when the full import of the arrangement became clear to all of Washington. After ten o'clock that night the tension was easing. Ed Meese and Jim Baker sat at one end of the conference table in the Chief of Staff's office. Meese stretched out his hand to his companion and said: "I want to tell you it's a pleasure doing business with you." Baker could only respond, "Same here, Ed." Remembering that, might Meese imagine that such solidarity could be rebuilt?

THE CALL DIRECTOR EMITS A STEADY RING, announcing that the President is on the line. Mike Deaver rises quickly from the wing chair. The move is too sudden for his crippled knee, which needs surgery, and he winces as he hobbles to his desk and interrupts the insistent bell.

"Yes?" A short pause as he listens, then a laugh. "That's all right... Don't worry about it, really. I've got a spare... No, it's really okay... All right. Thank you."

He's chuckling as he eases back into the armchair. "See, he broke his glasses, so I gave him mine this morning. He was worried that I wouldn't be able to read and wanted to return them."

I added another example to the long list of services rendered to the Reagans by Mike Deaver. He was in overall charge of their travel, foreign and domestic. He chose and supervised the principal members of Nancy's East Wing staff. He presided over Reagan's schedule not only in the mechanical sense but in the politics of it as well. When the President's standing began to weaken at the end of the first

year, it was Deaver who organized a new informal planning group to determine how to ration Reagan's time for maximum yield.

When not arranging for the ouster of the National Security Adviser or helping to expedite the Secretary of State's resignation, Deaver considered no task too small—particularly if it involved his strong suit, which was cultivation of the image.

Images, images. We are at Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin, where two decades earlier American and Soviet armor went eyeball-to-eyeball in one of the more frightening moments of the cold war. Now it is a pleasant morning in mid-April 1982. We have spent the last couple of hours visiting sites along the Berlin Wall. In two months Reagan will conduct his grand tour of four European countries, and Deaver is responsible for all aspects of planning that venture except the diplomacy. Now, with a team of specialists—on security, press arrangements, communications, helicopter logistics, even the President's menu—Deaver is heading an advance mission. This morning he wants to select the particular spot along the Berlin Wall at which Reagan will be seen during the June visit. He seems to appreciate the claustrophobic intensity of Checkpoint Charlie as opposed to the more expansive Brandenburg Gate area and other possible settings. "It's so ugly," he says. "It's so depressing. The contrast between our system and theirs is so stark here." Two months later, Reagan's motorcade went to Checkpoint Charlie. The President spent only a few minutes outside his limousine, long enough to be photographed, videotaped, recorded. "What do you think of the place?" a reporter asked. Gesturing toward the wall, Reagan remarked: "It's as ugly as the idea behind it."

Images, images. Deaver's own image was fuzzy to the outside world. During the administration's first two years, Meese and Baker appeared frequently on television talk shows. They gave speeches from time to time and conducted on-the-record press briefings. Deaver did none of that. He was an expert in no objective discipline—not economics, not foreign policy, not administration, not legal affairs, not national political organization. He rarely immersed himself in any one issue unless a serious problem threatened the Reagans. There lay his expertise: How the Reagans thought, felt, reacted. In difficult situations, his habit was to operate inside, as he did in the Allen situation.

His physical presence contributed to anonymity. In a White House full of people who came across as athletic or stylish or macho or at least California-healthy, Deaver was none of the preceding. A premature shortage of hair made him seem older than forty-two when the administration came in. Between episodic diets, he leaned toward pudgy, a tilt encouraged by his affection for gourmet food and expen-

sive wine. (In mid-1982, two inspired by a weight-loss contest devised by a White House colleague, Deaver went on a serious health kick. He shed pounds and acquired biceps. The transformation seemed permanent enough for him to sign a book deal. Deaver's use of his proximity to the President in order to exploit the obese market for fad-diet books caused a minor controversy. However, he refused to yield his lucrative contract.)

The drab gray suits and muted ties that Deaver preferred, the absence of a ramrod to direct his middling frame, a tendency to shuffle even when the knee wasn't plaguing him, a professed modesty about his understanding of complicated issues—all this contributed to a stereotype that Deaver was really a glorified servant to the Reagans, with some doubt attending the adjective. But to imagine Deaver's role as primarily that of a political Jeeves would be like describing an elephant merely as an animal with large ears. His rapport with reporters helped to sell Reagan's line of goods. His unerring instinct for situations in which Reagan would come across well brought the President into settings unusual for him—a working-class black high school in Chicago, a temporary dike holding back floodwaters in Fort Wayne—and that yielded yet more positive images.

Deaver's discriminating antenna was always high, and he was close enough to act promptly upon receipt of a danger signal. We are in Philadelphia on October 15, 1981, when lobbying on the AWACS vote in the Senate is going into its final, desperate stage. Reagan, after a speech, chats with reporters for a few minutes and makes one of his typical errors of nuance. He implies that even if the Senate votes down the controversial aircraft deal with the Saudis, he might use emergency executive powers to go ahead with the sale. That impression is dangerous; it might encourage wobbly senators to vote no, figuring that they haven't done any lasting damage. Deaver recognizes the problem immediately. When reporters leave the room, he tells Reagan: "I think we've got to clean this thing up." A quick call to Baker in Washington confirms his instinct. Reporters, already boarding buses outside the hotel, are summoned back. "I think I left the wrong impression," Reagan says as he applies the necessary sanitation.

That antenna was disguised by Deaver's resistance to learning the intricacies of issues. Even better hidden was his ferocity when he thought Reagan's interests were at stake. When someone in the entourage became a liability to the boss, Deaver would attack like an implacable exorcist expelling a demon. He could be brutal in dealing with associates of long standing. After Meese began to have difficulties at the time of the Gulf of Sidra dogfight, Deaver gave him some blunt advice: Ed, he said, your profile is too high, you travel too

much, your staff is mediocre, and reporters think you lie to them. Meese protested that he never lied to anyone. Dammit, Ed, we've been through a lot together in fifteen years, good and bad, and you even bullshit me! Never, Meese protested, I never bullshit you. Deaver insisted on the last word: "Ed, you're bullshitting me right now."

The first to concede that Meese knew the policy issues far better than he, Deaver nonetheless would cross him when he felt that Reagan's political persona was in jeopardy. It is May 21, 1982, and the big three are having their ritual 7:30 breakfast in Baker's office. The first important item that arises comes from Deaver. He has received a telegram from Benjamin Hooks, head of the NAACP, who is exercised about an affirmative-action court case that started in New York City and is making its way up, on appeal, through the federal court system. Reagan's Justice Department is on record against this kind of program and is considering entering the case on an *amicus* basis—in opposition to the NAACP position. Meese hints strongly that the decision will favor intervention. "We campaigned on it," he says. "We're against reverse discrimination." Baker and Deaver are both uneasy about this; the White House will appear—again—to be unsympathetic to blacks and Hispanics. Meese finally agrees that a closer look is warranted. The following Monday they hassle over it again. Finally a larger meeting is held, a decision made: the federal government will stay out of the case.

In attempting to create a palatable public image for the President, Deaver often found himself in what passed for the moderate, or even liberal, position—in relative terms—within the administration. The notion of Deaver as a moderate mole among the Reaganauts is amusing. Whatever political philosophy he possessed was conventionally conservative. He had no reservations about the general tenets of Reaganism, and in his personal dealings he was hardly a bleeding heart. In the Carter White House, egalitarianism required that men and women, juniors and seniors, enjoy access to the small gymnasium in the Old Executive Office Building. Inspecting the facilities during his first few days on the job, Deaver wanted to look at the gym. He found his way blocked by a heavyset black woman who informed him, without much deference, that it was ladies' day in the exercise room. Deaver promptly had the locks changed and ordered up a new set of rules. Henceforth only high-ranking staffers could use the gym. So few women qualified by grade among the Reagan appointees that no time was set aside for them. Thus the gym became a male preserve.

For all his loyalty and the unquestioned excellence of his public-relations radar, Deaver unconsciously failed Reagan in one important respect: he was too much like the boss when it came to thinking issues

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through—or failing to do so. Talking about this one night, Deaver became introspective: “You really have only your instincts, all you’ve been taught and all you’ve experienced. I lead from my gut when I give advice. More than the others around the President, I talk from instinct.” But when it came to Reagan, his instincts were so protective that professionalism suffered. For example, when he did his exorcism number on Richard Allen, Deaver’s instinct led him to promote only one possible replacement, Bill Clark, because of Clark’s strong personal ties to the President (and to Deaver as well). But Clark, despite his year at the State Department, was still a tyro in foreign affairs and could be of only limited help in supplying what Reagan needed most: imaginative and cohesive policies.

Ironically, Clark’s move to the White House became a problem for Deaver. They eventually found themselves at odds over how to budget Reagan’s time and over the delicate question of Meese’s role. Deaver hoped for a reorganization at mid-term that would have put more power in Baker’s hands as well as his own. By then Clark felt that Meese was a convenient counterweight to Baker’s influence. Once again Deaver was exposed to crossfire as he tried to protect Reagan.

For Deaver, who had never held a job he cared about before he met Reagan and had never had a mentor who influenced him greatly, the relationship was as much filial as professional. That, rather than political ambition or commitment, was his reason for sticking with an occupation he found unreasonable in its demands and insufficiently rewarding in terms of money.

Back in Bakersfield, where he grew up, Deaver aspired to nothing more than professional status, interesting work, and a good income. The Deavers, like the Meeses, were old Californians who had somehow missed out on the gold of the Golden West. As a teenager, Deaver yearned for nothing so much as his own car. Facile at the piano, he finally earned enough playing in saloons to buy a ten-year-old Pontiac. By then he was attending San Jose State College (the quickest way to get on his bad side is to flaunt an Ivy League pedigree) and thinking about journalism as a career. “But I didn’t get along with the professor, and anyway I couldn’t write,” he recalled. “So I switched to political science.”

Deaver was in college during the 1960 Presidential campaign and considered himself a Nixon loyalist. His preference four years later was Goldwater. He drifted into a job as field man for the State Republican Committee and was working for state assembly candidates in the Santa Barbara area in 1966 when Reagan fought George Christopher for the gubernatorial nomination. Bill Clark, scouting for young talent to work for incoming Governor Rea-

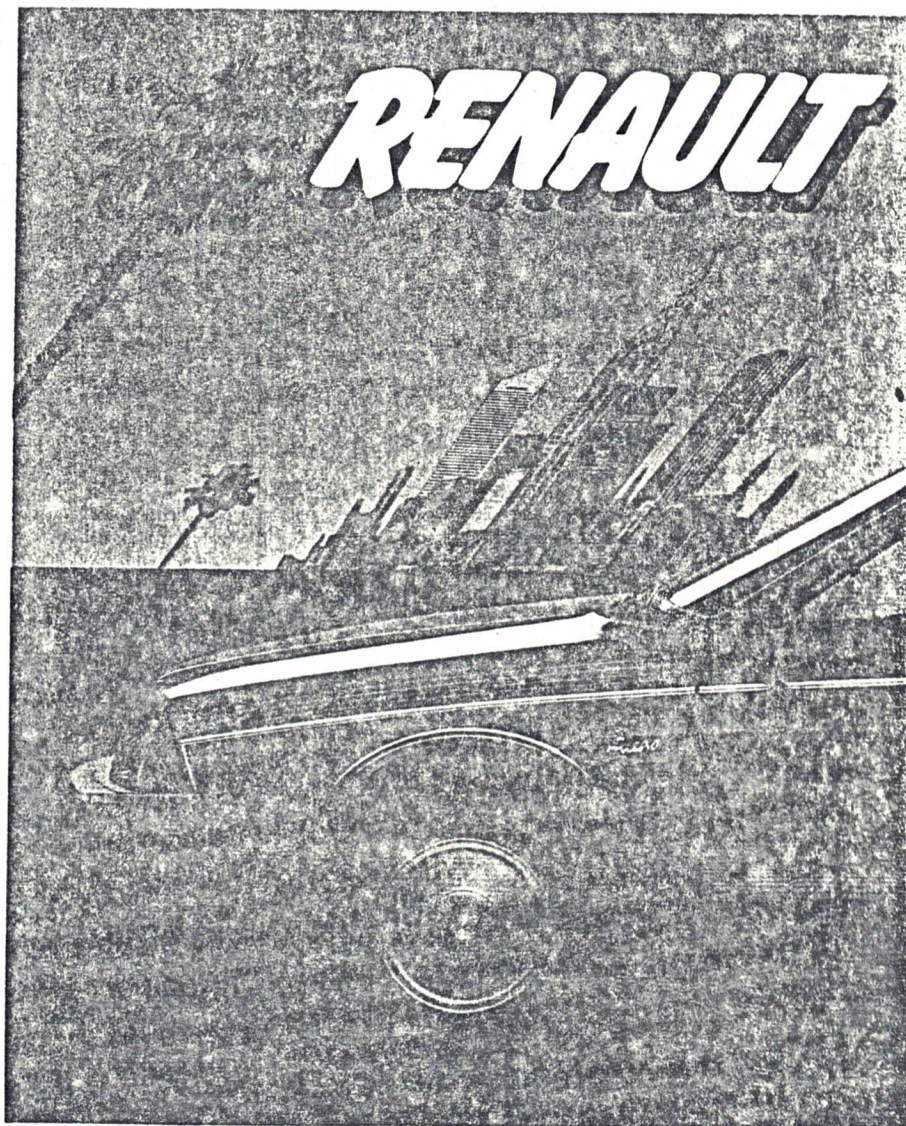
gan, recruited the loyal young Republican.

The newcomer ended up handling scheduling, which involved him in the Reagan family’s personal lives as well as politics. Deaver found himself part of a family in more ways than one. The Reagans took a shine to him, Clark played an avuncular role in his life, and he started dating a secretary in the office, Carolyn Judy, who became his wife in 1968. Still, he thought he should get out at some point.

After Sacramento, Deaver went into public-relations partnership with another Sacramento colleague, Peter Hannaford, but he hardly strayed far from the Reagans. The firm’s most important and remunerative client was Ronald Reagan—political advocate, speechmaker, newspaper columnist, and radio commentator.

Hannaford ghostwrote the columns and supervised research for the radio spots, most of which Reagan preferred to draft personally. Deaver did a lot of the bookings and often traveled with his once and future boss. The candidate’s official headquarters when he declared for the 1980 Presidential nomination was the Deaver & Hannaford office on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles.

A brief exile from Reagan’s campaign staff following a dispute with John Sears gave Deaver time to reflect. The separation, and particularly the Reagans’ acquiescence to it, hurt. At the same time it was an opportunity at last to assert independence. Deaver was planning to strike out on his own, to set up a small consulting business with a few rich customers, when



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he put aside his plans one more time to go back to the campaign.

By the time the Deavers came to Washington—reluctantly, he insisted—he had acquired a strong taste for the good life. He made the mistake of complaining in public that he could not make it on his White House salary, which was then \$60,662 a year. In a period when the Reaganauts were being accused of callousness toward the poor, that hardly helped the image. The Deavers rented a house in the chic Foxhall Road section of town, just down the street from the Bakers, who were millionaires. Private schools are expensive in Washington. In the old days, the solution would have been easy: pals of the President would have put up the money necessary to get a prized assistant through this

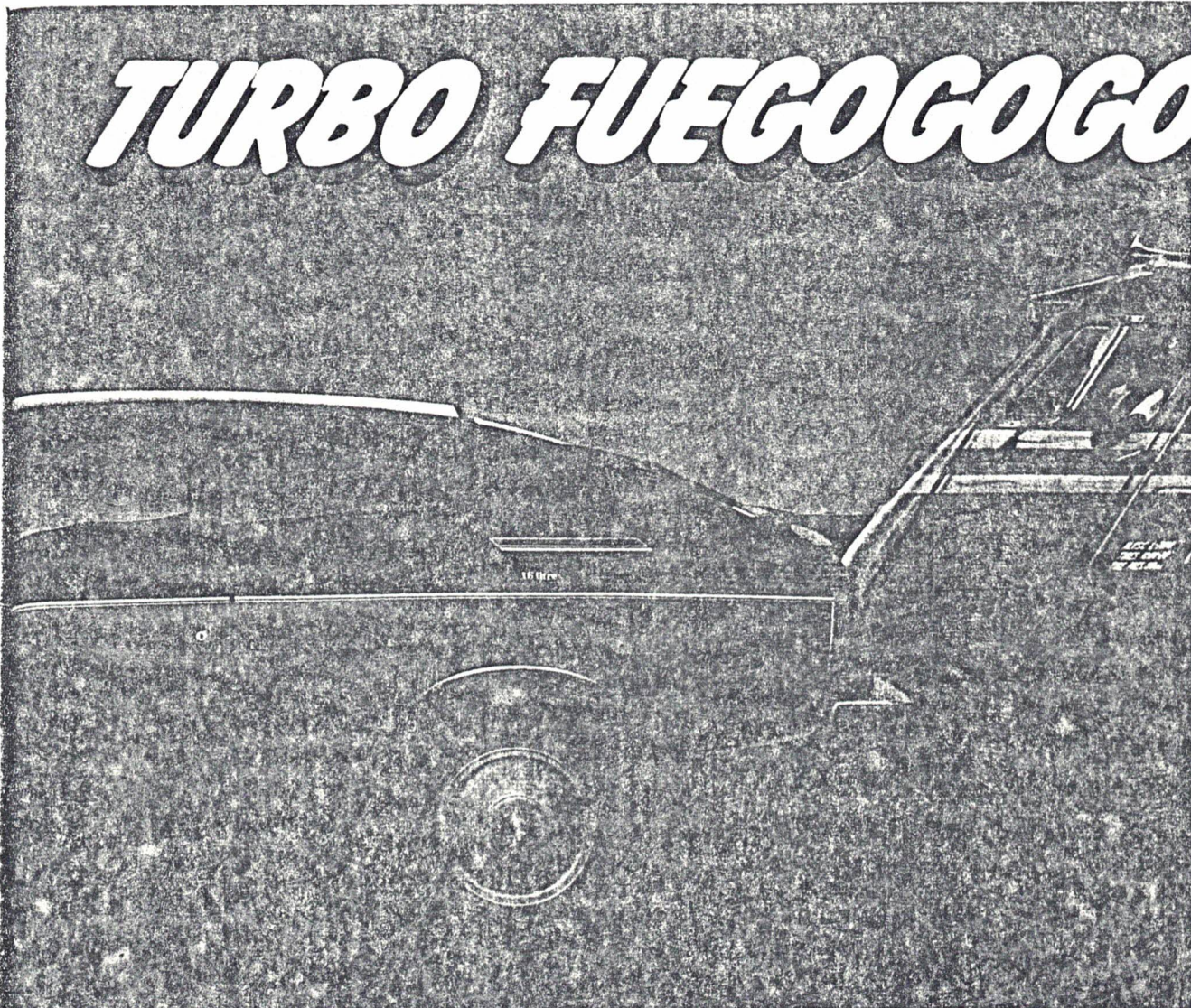
version of hard times. Post-Watergate regulations made that impossible.

Almost from the time he arrived in Washington, Deaver was wondering when he could finally go it on his own. He had sold his interest in the firm to Hannaford for a piddling forty thousand dollars, then watched as his former partner—now with well-publicized access to the new administration—expanded into a national operation. Carolyn Deaver, a gracious, cheerful woman who shared her husband's affection for the Reagans, nonetheless wanted him out of the White House. Stuck with car pooling, heavy social responsibilities, and a tight household budget, she gave up jogging and resumed smoking. It was a nervous time for the Deavers, the winter of 1981-82, and tensions within the troika

made the next months edgy as well.

Carolyn worried that her husband was being swallowed up by the job, a feeling he occasionally shared. When he was down, Deaver would fret: "Most of my adult life, and all of our married life, has been in Ronald Reagan's orbit. I was on my own just those few months when I was out of the campaign. I kind of enjoyed that. Isn't it time that I became Mike Deaver?" But the 1982 congressional election had to be fought; White House staff organization was still a problem. The knee operation was postponed indefinitely for lack of time; Deaver got by with an occasional injection. The Reagans needed him. Besides, Deaver liked the parties, particularly when important people begged him to play the piano. **G**

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