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EVEN HIS STAUNCHEST ENEMIES NOW REGARD HIS PRESIDENCY AS THE GOOD OLD DAYS. HE HAS BECOME THE RARE CONSENSUS FIGURE IN A COUNTRY THAT HAS LOST ALL SENSE OF CONSENSUS. SO WE TALKED TO HIM ABOUT WHERE IT WENT, AND HOW WE MIGHT OF IT BACK.

BY CHARLES P. PIERCE AND MARK WARREN

Twenty years ago this month, on the early afternoon of February 18, 1992, in a lousy room with two double beds at the Days Hotel in Manchester, New Hampshire—primary day—Bill Clinton's senior campaign staff frantically worked on two speeches, one of which the candidate would deliver that night after the day's results were known. Two weeks before, amid a firestorm of rumor and scandal, Clinton, who had the best organization and had been the front-runner, had seen his numbers collapse. Now he was mired down with the rest of the pack—Tom Harkin and

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