



EXCERPT:

he Carter day otherwise is an exercise in engineering—and will. It begins promptly at 6:30 most mornings with a single ring of the telephone—enough to rouse him but not Rosalynn from their double bed—and the brisk voice of an Army Signal Corpsman announcing the time, the temperature and the weather forecast. Carter showers, shaves, dresses, downs a glass of orange juice, inspects the crab apples and Japanese magnolias outside, and repairs to his study off the Oval Office, all within the first half hour of the day. A steward serves him coffee at 7, and his secretary, Susan Clough, puts on the day's first classical recording—something soothing from Vivaldi or Bach—at 7:15. Nothing else intrudes on Carter's first 90 minutes of "quiet time"—not even the bearers of the news that Uganda's Idi Amin had closed his borders to 200 resident Americans or that the March SALT talks had broken off. "If you're willing to pay—really pay—you can do it," grins Powell. Not many try.

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The time fills itself thereafter with the constant tug of war between paper and people. There are daily quarter hours with national-security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski at 8:30, Congressional liaison man Frank Moore at 8:45, press secretary Powell at 10:30; weekly meetings with the senior staff and the Cabinet, and soup-and-sandwich lunches with Lance and Vice President Mondale; twice-weekly CIA briefings and biweekly Congressional breakfasts—and regular retreats into the study for the Sisyphean struggle with the in-box. Carter's regard for a minute is like a miser's for a dollar. He resists ceremonials unless they are "inspirational"—giving blood, say, or greeting the Teacher of the Year—and bridles at scheduling changes. Once, Hamilton Jordan commiserated at how crowded Carter's daily calendar looked. "That's just the latest one," Carter answered irritably. "I'll have two or three more on my desk before the day is up."

continued



A talk with the CIA's Stansfield Turner, Brzezinski and Mondale