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The Nixon Character

THE RT. HON. JONATHAN AITKEN, M.P.

Nixon Biographer

Whatever the bad things are that Nixon has done in his life, never forget that he took in the great moral teachings. That is why there is so much good in that man. . . . Sometimes the good side of him has been subsumed by political ambition. I could see that might be going to happen but also I have always known that he is two guys in one and that the decent Quaker moral side has been there all the time, sometimes creating great tensions¹

This perceptive comment on the character of America's thirty-seventh president came from Dr. Paul S. Smith, Richard Nixon's history professor at Whittier College from 1930–33. The judgment reflects the complexity that created those "great tensions" in Nixon's personality. Yet since Nixon was far more tortuous in his psychological make-up than the label "two guys in one" would suggest, a study of his character needs to reach into more subtle semantic territory. An artist painting Nixon might use the Italian word *chiarascuro* (the contrast between darkness and light) to describe the techniques of portraiture needed to capture his sitter. Likewise a biographer, who ideally should strive to be an artist upon oath, needs a methodology of similar ingenuity to catch Nixon on paper.

One of the most fascinating glimpses I ever caught of that elusive figure "the real Nixon" came, ironically enough, some time after I had published my biography of him. Six weeks before his death the 81-year-old Nixon was passing through London on the outward leg of his ninth visit to Moscow. On the morning of Saturday, March 5, 1994, he telephoned unexpectedly and asked if I would like to come with him to the theater. The invitation, like his choice of show, seemed out of character, but we duly set off for the West End like a couple of tourists and settled unrecognized into our seats to see a revival of Rodgers' and Hammerstein's *Carousel*. As the musical got underway it became apparent that Nixon was word perfect in many of the lines and most of the songs. When the story reached its climax, he seemed to be in the grip of powerful emotions, especially during the famous number "You'll Never Walk Alone" when tears started to trickle down his cheeks.

As we walked away from the theater Nixon felt it necessary to provide an explanation for the display of his feelings. He said that *Carousel* had been the favorite musical of his late wife Pat; that they had seen it many times together; and that he had chosen "You'll Never Walk Alone" as the music for her funeral. After a pause he added that the show's lead male character Billy Bigelow, reminded him of Harold his elder brother who had died of tuberculosis in Nixon's childhood. He added that before Harold had died the family had often gone out for birthday picnics on the beach like the one in *Carousel*. In two days time, he continued, it would be March 7, the anniversary of Harold's death. This date was also his mother's birthday. "But she could never bear to celebrate it or even mention it was an important day in her life again. That was my mother."² For a man who normally shunned personalized small talk, Nixon's urge to share these poignant memories was a revealing

reminder that his deep family roots and Quaker upbringing were central to his odyssey—which is surely one of the closest twentieth-century approximations to the “Log cabin to White House” legend.

Nixon spent his formative childhood years in the house where he was born on January 9, 1913, a rustic clapboard cottage in Yorba Linda, California, which had no electricity, running water, telephone or inside privy. He had a hardscrabble youth made psychologically difficult by a domineering father and emotionally sad by the deaths of two of his brothers, Arthur and Harold. Their medical bills created many financial hardships for the family. One painful consequence of these came when the young Nixon won a scholarship to Harvard University and had to turn it down because his parents could not afford the associated travel and accommodation costs. Nixon overcame these early sorrows and disappointments with the help of two strong pillars of the Milhous matriarchy—his grandmother Almira and his mother Hannah. These formidable ladies shaped his early character.

Grandmother Almira Milhous, a poet and a teacher, was the first to recognize young Richard as a gifted child, and the first to say: “That boy will one day be a leader.”³ She disciplined him into the habits of intellectual curiosity, iron application and deep reading of history that stayed with him for the whole of his life.

Still more important was the influence of his mother Hannah. Long before her son became famous she was known in her local community of Whittier as “A Quaker Saint.” She instilled into him the belief that equality between races and peacemaking between nations were Christ’s most important teachings. In return he loved her deeply, but strangely. Time and again in my many hours of conversations with Nixon he spoke movingly about the great debt he owed to his mother for the inspiration and idealism she gave him throughout his career, but on one occasion he added the unexpected information that she had never kissed him. When I expressed surprise Nixon grew quite angry, saying that my comment might have come from “one of those rather pathetic Freudian psychiatrists” and added: “My mother could communicate far more than others could with a lot of sloppy talk and even more sloppy kissing and hugging. I can never remember her saying to any of us ‘I love you’—She didn’t have to!”⁴

Although buttoned up inhibition may have been part of the Nixon heritage, this did not mean that he was an unfeeling or unemotional man. Far from it. He put his passion into his politics and it powered him to early stardom. Unknown freshman Congressman at 33. Re-elected unopposed at 35. National celebrity as a result of the Hiss case at 36. Senator at 37. Vice president eleven days after his fortieth birthday. This meteoric ascent owed far more to a zealous mastery of complex issues and a burning intensity to fight the evils of communism than it did to political opportunism. There was plenty of that too, but as he always acknowledged, Nixon would never have risen to the office one heartbeat away from the presidency had it not been for the granite support of his wife Pat, who in many ways was the tougher partner of the marriage. She persuaded him to put their life savings into what at the time seemed the reckless gamble of running for Congress in 1947 against a safe Democratic incumbent Jerry Voorhis. She nurtured his health through a stress-related breakdown in 1951. It was she so pulled him through the 1952 slush fund crisis, literally dragging him in front of television cameras seconds before the “Checkers” broadcast. Above all, she gave him contented family life with two daughters that created the happier hinterland of his hidden persona—a generous and loving father and grandfather.

Yet his private virtues, considerable though they were, sometimes conflicted with the early pressures of his public career. On the whole Nixon has been unfairly demonized for the alleged political vices of his pre-vice-presidential years. These were said by his opponents

to be the ruthless hounding (of Alger Hiss); financial venality in 1952; and amoral campaign methods (against Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas). None of these charges can be made to stick in the light of objective historical analysis. On Hiss, Eisenhower's words to Nixon in 1951, "The thing that impressed me most was that you not only got Hiss, but you got him fairly," can be regarded as a definitive judgment.⁵ Yet in the other areas Ike was sometimes ambivalent towards his running mate, distancing himself from Nixon in the slush fund crisis until the nation had given an overwhelming "not guilty" verdict after the "Checkers" broadcast and displaying the archetypal military man's distaste for political rhetoric of the type that Nixon occasionally employed when attacking an opponent such as, "She's pink right down to her underwear," one of his less agreeable punch lines when campaigning against Helen Gahagan Douglas in the California Senate race of 1950.

It is possible that Hannah Nixon sensed that her son's political ambition was causing him to stray from the straight and narrow paths of his Quaker youth: For an hour or so after he had been sworn in as vice president in 1953 she took him aside and gave him a short hand-written note. It read:

To Richard,

You have gone far and we are proud of you always—I know that you will keep your relationship with your Maker as it should be, for after all, that as you must know is the most important thing in this life.

With love,

Mother⁶

Nixon kept the note in his wallet for most of the next forty-one years of his life. It is an interesting clue to a much neglected aspect of his character, namely his spiritual dimension.

The notion that the thirty-seventh president had any sort of spiritual qualities in his life will seem absurd to the adversarial school of Nixon knockers of whom film director Oliver Stone is the latest in a long and vitriolic line. Yet the evidence for it is overwhelming. One of the most fascinating manifestations of Nixon's relationship with his Maker, which was no less complicated than his relationships with ordinary mortals, can be found in a series of twelve revealing essays which he wrote when twenty-one-years old under the title, "What Can I Believe?" A project designed to give Whittier College students a grounding in philosophy and theology, Nixon tackled it with such passionate and self-analytical intensity that he was whirled into a vortex of religious doubts about the Quaker fundamentalism in which he had been brought up. After writing at great length on theological concepts such as the soul, purification and spiritual energy, his essay project ended with this surprising personal conclusion:

I have as my ideal the life of Jesus. I know that the social system which he suggested would be a great boon to the world. I believe that his system of values is unsurpassed. It shall be my purpose in life, therefore, to follow the religion of Jesus as well as I can. I feel that I must apply his principles to whatever profession I may find myself attached. What Do I Believe? My answer to this question could have been better called "What shall I do with the religion of Jesus?" For to me this intellectual log has proved to be a gradual evolution towards an understanding of the religion of Jesus. My greatest desire is that I may now apply this understanding to my life.⁷

Having bared his soul in these essays, Nixon subsequently changed course. Unlike most U.S. political figures he developed an aversion to mentioning God or religion throughout his political career. Yet he neither lost his faith nor downgraded its importance.

Throughout his life he remained a practicing Christian. He was a dutiful attender of chapel at Duke University and a Sunday school teacher in his twenties; he read his Bible daily during his war service in the South Pacific; he discussed with his mother the possibility of becoming a Quaker minister; just before the “Checkers” broadcast in 1952 he sat with his head in his hands saying, “God, thy will be done, not mine;” on election day 1960 he went off alone to pray in the Roman Catholic Chapel of San Juan Capistrano, California; during his wilderness years period 1963–67 he worshipped regularly at the Marble Collegiate Church of New York, where the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale counseled him; he developed a spiritual friendship with the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham; he was the first and only president to hold Sunday services in the White House; he said silent prayers in the Lincoln sitting room on the eve of major presidential journeys; in the middle of the Watergate crisis in 1973 he told Haldeman and Ehrlichman of his daily intercessions to God for guidance; he knelt to pray with Henry Kissinger on the eve of his resignation from the presidency on August 9, 1974; and according to his daughter Tricia Nixon Cox he maintained the practice of saying his prayers every evening right to the end of his life.

All this Christian activity, which Nixon hated to discuss (his only recorded comment on the subject was: “Mine is a different kind of religious faith, intensely personal, intensely private”) was matched by many good Christian deeds. In fact, Nixon’s innumerable acts of private kindness and compassion remain under-reported. One intriguing example of these showed up at the time of John F. Kennedy’s critical illness and subsequent convalescence in 1954–55. Kennedy, who at the time was the thirty-seven-year-old junior Senator from Massachusetts, was in Bethesda Naval Hospital recovering from a perilous spinal fusion operation. Nixon, who two years earlier had been elected vice president, came to the hospital with the intention of making a brief visit to cheer up the patient. By chance he arrived soon after Kennedy had taken a dramatic change for the worse. Severe postoperative complications had developed, leading to adrenal failure. Kennedy was believed to be dying. His family were summoned and a priest was rushed in to administer the last rites. Nixon witnessed part of this drama and came out of the hospital emotionally shattered. He slumped into his car alongside his Secret Service agent Rex Scouten, saying over and over again through his tears, “That poor young man is going to die. Poor brave Jack is going to die. Oh God, don’t let him die!”⁸

A further example of Nixon’s solicitude for Kennedy in the aftermath of his illness was that he offered to ease his convalescence by allowing him to share the vice-presidential office suite adjacent to the floor of the Senate, thus saving him from having to rush all the way from his senatorial office every time a vote was called. “When you return, I want you to know that my formal office will be available for you to use anytime you have to stay near the Floor,” Nixon wrote to Kennedy in February 1955. “I think you will find it very convenient to handle your appointments or any other business which you have to take care of when you find it necessary to attend a session.” This offer and a second hospital visit produced an effusive letter from Jacqueline Kennedy: “If you could only know the load you took off his mind,” she wrote. “He has been feeling so much better since then and I can never thank you enough for being so kind and generous and thoughtful. . . . I don’t think there is anyone in the world he thinks more highly of than he does you . . . and this is just another proof of how incredible you are.”⁹

Another later example of Nixon’s thoughtful sensitivity towards a political rival was displayed by the way he treated Hubert Humphrey the defeated presidential candidate and outgoing vice president on inauguration day 1969. Remembering his own Cinderella like exit from the vice presidency in 1961 when all facilities, including his car, were withdrawn

at the stroke of midnight, Nixon personally supervised all the arrangements for Humphrey's last hours in Washington. These included putting an Air Force jet at the ex-vice president's disposal, choosing a bouquet of Muriel Humphrey's favorite flowers to be handed to her as she got on the aircraft, and attaching to them a hand-written note of presidential thanks for the couple's twenty-five years of public service.

Any portrait of Richard Nixon up to the time he became president should highlight the positive and pleasant aspects of his personal character such as his kind hearted decency to Kennedy, Humphrey, and to a legion of unknown friends, staffers and distant relatives. It should also be recorded that Nixon's burning ambition to reach the White House was kindled by an idealism acquired from his "Quaker Saint" mother. Nixon's law partner in his wilderness years period 1963–67, Len Garment, has recounted an illuminating story of how he and Nixon once got stranded when visiting a client and had to spend the night on mattresses beside a swimming pool. Unable to get to sleep they talked the night away with unusual intimacy by Nixon's normal inhibited standards. As Garment has recalled:

This man, so fiercely determined to stay in the political arena—for which he was in many ways so ill suited—told me that he felt driven to do so not by the rivalries or ideological commitments of domestic politics, but by his pacifist mother's idealism and the abstract intellectual attractions of foreign affairs. That was the night's theme. Nixon declared that he would give anything or make any sacrifice to be able to utilize his talents and his experience in foreign affairs. Making money, belonging to exclusive clubs, and playing golf were not his idea of a worthwhile life, he said. Up to then he had lived "in the arena" and that was where he wanted to be even if it meant "a much shorter life."¹⁰

Living in the arena of presidential politics and the presidency brought changes in Nixon's character. Nixon the hater, Nixon the profane, Nixon the duplicitous, and Nixon the unscrupulous player of hardball were demons in his nature which surfaced comparatively rarely in the first fifty-four years of his life. The fact that they began to appear from 1968 onwards as more visible traits of his personality may be traced to three elements: the changing standards of the presidency; the war in Vietnam; and Lord Acton's celebrated aphorism on the corruption of power.

The deteriorating standards of the presidency during the 1960s made a profound impact on Nixon's willingness to change his own standards. Life in the White House had moved a long way from the "clean as a hound's tooth" morality of the Eisenhower years. Observing Kennedy and Johnson in power brought out the chameleon in Nixon and led to the development of a new ruthlessness in him. William P. (Bill) Rogers, one of the few "fast track" friends in New York whose connection with Nixon went back to the 1940s and who later became his secretary of state perceived this metamorphosis and was quietly troubled by it.

The Dick Nixon I knew was one of the most kind-hearted, straightforward and ethical individuals you could ever hope to meet. In business and money matters he was always that way. Yet I think that around this time he began to make a difference between personal ethics and political ethics. He was affected by watching what went on in the White House, first with the Kennedys who stopped at nothing—womanizing, abusing the IRS and the Justice Department and so on—and then with Lyndon Johnson who was just totally unscrupulous. I believe Nixon saw what happened with those Presidents and said to himself "That's the way the game's gotta be played."¹¹

Nixon's inclination to play political hardball was exacerbated by the corrosive tensions in American society engendered by the Vietnam war. Coming to power in times more

turbulent than those faced by any president since Lincoln, Nixon had good instincts when he spoke as president-elect of the need to “bring us together” and “to lower our voices.” This was the right strategy but Nixon was the wrong man to make it work. He simply did not have the temperament to turn the other cheek especially when he found himself on the receiving end of the slings and arrows of outrageous opposition. There was a great deal of this around in 1968–72, on the streets and in the media. Nixon, who soon found his White House almost as badly beleaguered and besieged by anti-war protesters as LBJ’s had been, became militant rather than emollient. Like his father he was a man who harbored grudges. He wanted to take on all comers, sometimes by ruthless methods, even when the odds against beating them looked insurmountable. Such a fighting spirit had been the quintessence of his struggle to become president. He could not abandon it now that he was the president.

The intractability of the Vietnam War cast a long shadow over the Nixon presidency and the Nixon character. As peace hopes turned sour all the other minor frictions such as media criticism, attacks from opponents, leaks, lies and political losses, became magnified into major problems. Nixon could occasionally surprise by his magnanimity but under the strains and stresses of high office he more frequently shocked by his vindictiveness. Much of this was the direct result of Vietnam. As H. R. Haldeman once said in an illuminating comment:

No matter what facet of the Nixon presidency you’re considering don’t ever lost sight of Vietnam as the overriding factor in the first Nixon term. It overshadowed everything else all the time, in every discussion, in every decision, in every opportunity, in every problem.¹²

Without Vietnam Watergate would never have happened. Only in a political climate so severely polluted by mutual bitterness could so minor a scandal have burgeoned into so momentous a catastrophe. To that extent Richard Nixon became the last casualty of the Vietnam War.

Yet Watergate would also never have happened if the Nixon character had remained faithful to the straight arrow rectitude of his mother’s Quaker heritage. Although innocent of many of the wilder charges that were leveled against him when Watergate hysteria reached its zenith, Nixon drowned himself in an avoidable quagmire of trouble because of his own personal flaws and frailties. His penchant for vindictiveness towards his tormentors led him to create an atmosphere in the White House that encouraged illegality among his aides. From the day after the second Watergate break-in (about which he knew nothing) he was up to his neck in the cover-up for misguided reasons of loyalty to John Mitchell. He made matters infinitely worse by a catalogue of sins of omission and commission—among them negligence, bad judgment, mendacity, amorality, cynicism, concealment and a disastrous reluctance to face up to uncomfortable personal confrontations with the individuals around him who were creating the worst problems. He took a reckless gamble that he could get away with all these nefarious faults because he came to believe that the president was impregnable under the law. It is hard to understand how such a normally prescient and perceptive political operator could have become so myopic.

The story of Watergate gives credence to that oft-debated aphorism from the British nineteenth century historian Lord Acton: “Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.”¹³ It may be argued that the plenitude of power that goes with the territory of the greatest office in the world has had a tendency to corrupt many presidents. Yet it is monstrously unfair to suggest, as his harshest critics have done, that the thirty-seventh president was absolutely corrupt. Such a negative view of Nixon not only ignores his strongest

virtues such as his international idealism and his lifelong dedication to racial equality, it also exaggerates or fabricates his private weaknesses.

One of the most unpleasant canards of Oliver Stone's *Nixon* is that it portrays its central character as a foul mouthed drunkard. This is a travesty on both counts. The charge of obscenity is still widely believed but not by those who have actually listened to the White House tapes. When in response to a subpoena Nixon submitted the transcripts of Watergate-related tapes to the House Judiciary Committee, he insisted that every time he or anyone else was recorded swearing the offending epithet should be replaced by the words "expletive deleted." The effect was to make hundreds of pages of the transcripts heavily spotted by this resonant phrase. The public's imagination ran riot, assuming that the deletions covered up the worst of obscenities. Nixon was denounced from pundit to pulpit. For many God-fearing Americans, the president's bad language was the last straw of Watergate. Such reactions were based on ignorance. Nixon was condemned for curses he had not uttered. Even *The New York Times* reflected the national mood of inaccurate sanctimoniousness when it stated in the foreword to its paperback on the tapes, "Shit was the mildest of the deleted expletives."¹⁴ That was untrue. Those who have actually listened to the unexpurgated tapes know that Nixon went in for Sunday-school swearing and precious little else. His deleted expletives overwhelmingly consisted of "Goddamn"; "hell"; "damn"; "Christ"; "for Christ's sake"; "What in the name of Christ"; and "oh God." The dirtiest words in the president's vernacular were "crap"; "shit"; and "asshole." Pornographic swearing by Nixon was recorded nowhere on the released tapes. The familiar locker-room expressions for sexual intercourse were not used by him, nor were any of the commonplace four and six-letter obscenities. This analysis is supported by Nixon's American biographer, Stephen Ambrose, who wrote:

Never—at least in the sixty hours of tapes available for listening in the National Archives—does he refer to a woman's anatomy in an obscene way. In fact, he was rather circumspect in his word choice, old-fashioned, generally avoiding rough language; when he used words like "hell" and "damn" he did so in a low-key, almost embarrassed sort of way.¹⁵

If Nixon's expletives were so mild, why on earth did he remove them from the transcripts? Undeleted they might have caused a negative reaction in the Bible belt but that would have been a flea bite in comparison to the mauling he received. The explanation is that the tapes were censored with Hannah Nixon in mind. The president himself admitted as much to Fred Buzhardt's assistant Jeff Shepard, who had argued that all those "Gods" and "damns" were innocuous and should be left in. "If my mother ever heard me use words like that she would turn over in her grave," replied Nixon.

As for the allegation that Nixon spent many hours as president in a drunken stupor, this too is a mendacious and unjustified slur. When off duty Nixon enjoyed a drink, particularly wine, and as with most mortals there were no doubt occasions when he had a glass or two more than he should have done. Yet the notion that this added up to a drinking problem is absurd, for he was normally a man of iron discipline in his personal and political habits. When speech making or performing public duties he lived like a Spartan, eating lightly and almost invariably refusing alcohol. Moreover anyone who has studied Nixon and his record well knows that the smears of Stone on this subject are easily crushed by the rock of hard fact. For no man of Nixon's work habits, application, and achievements could possibly have had an alcoholic tendency. He may have occasionally given a poor impression of himself because of drinking when under stress. Indeed, he obliquely admitted as much in the chapter on "Temperance" in his 1990 book of reminiscences when he wrote

“based on my experience . . . a drink on vacation or with family and friends may have little effect. A drink when you are tired or tense can have an explosive effect.”¹⁶ There were many explosions of various kinds in Nixon’s life, but the pattern of them cannot be credibly linked to alcoholic excess. It was never a serious problem for him.

The wild exaggeration of Nixon’s peccadilloes in the areas of swearing and drinking are a reminder of the old saying, “a lie can get half way round the world before truth can get its boots on.” Or as Mark Antony put it in his funeral oration from Shakespeare’s *Julius Caesar*: “The evil that men do, live after them: The good is oft interred with their bones.” So it has been for Richard Nixon. But he may have the last laugh yet. For the verdict of history on him is by no means final, and if the last two decades of his life are anything to go by the bandwagon of pro-Nixon historical revisionism is likely to roll much further as the tumult and the shouting of Vietnam and Watergate partisans die away.

Those who watched Nixon closely in the last two decades of his life have sometimes expressed the view that his quest for respect and rehabilitation may have been his finest hour. In the long months of agonizing and re-appraisal after his resignation, he gradually shed the old furies, resentments and insecurities that had so long tormented him. As he mellowed, he returned to his ancestral Quaker values, with emphasis on stoicism; tenacity; resilience; humility; a surprising magnanimity towards his adversaries; and a core belief in the goal of “peace at the center.”

The results of his quest, which some observers superficially but not entirely inaccurately described as “running for ex-President” were remarkable. In late 1974, Nixon was at his nadir—disgraced, almost bankrupt, sick in body and mind, and universally reviled. By 1994 he was widely respected as an elder statesman; a foreign policy sage; a best selling author; and by far the most influential of five living former presidents. Most importantly of all, in personal terms, he had fulfilled the wish expressed for him on the day of his resignation by Gerald Ford: “May our former President, who brought peace to millions, find it for himself.”

Those Quaker states of grace such as “having the spirit,” “standing squarely in the light,” and “peace at the center” were not far from Nixon’s mind in his last years. Did he achieve them? He thought so, for in his reflective moods he enjoyed quoting Sophocles (“One has to wait until the evening to see how glorious the day has been”) and making personal judgments like this one:

Deep down I am basically a fatalist. You fight hard all the way but you never soar too high and you never allow yourself to sink too low. . . . Even at the time of Watergate—incidentally, I can’t think now how I lived through it; probably by not watching it on television!—and in that worse time after Watergate, I never gave up. I was always sure that the pendulum would swing. And it has. So yes . . . I think that my fatalism did help me to weather the storms of the past . . . and yes, I do feel that “peace at the center” has come to me.¹⁷

For the artist, whether with brush or pen, melding together the peaceful and non-peaceful aspects of Nixon’s character into a coherent portrait is an almost unsurmountable challenge even using *chiarascuro* to the fullest extent imaginable. Why? The following exchange between me and President Nixon in 1992 says it all:

“Mr. President most people will I hope think that my book adds up to a full and fair biography but you and I will know that it has failed.”

“What do you mean?” asked Nixon, visibly surprised.

“I mean I have come to the conclusion that you are too complicated a character to be captured accurately by the pen of a mortal writer.”

“Aha,” Nixon chuckled. “Now I know you are really getting somewhere.”¹⁸

Notes

1. Jonathan Aitken, *Nixon: A Life* (Washington, D.C.: Regnery 1993), p. 40.
2. *The London Times*, 24 April, 1994, Op-Ed page.
3. *Ibid.*
4. *Ibid.*
5. Richard M. Nixon, *RN: The Memoirs of Richard Nixon* (New York: Grosset and Dunlop Inc., 1978), p. 81.
6. Nixon Private Papers, Nixon Library and Birthplace, Yorba Linda, CA. See also Aitken, *Nixon: A Life*, p. 224.
7. *Ibid.*, "What Can I Believe?" essay, Oct. 9, 1934.
8. Jonathan Aitken, *Nixon: A Life*, p. 137.
9. Jacqueline Kennedy, letter, December 5, 1954, Nixon Private Papers, Nixon Library.
10. Leonard Garment, "The Annals of Law," *The New Yorker*, April 17, 1989.
11. Jonathan Aitken, *Nixon: A Life*, p. 335.
12. H. R. Haldeman Speech of Hofstra University Conference 1987.
13. Lord Acton. Letter to Bishop Mandell Creighton 3rd April, 1887. See *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton* (1904).
14. Stephen A. Ambrose, *Nixon Volume Three* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1990), p. 329.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 329.
16. Richard Nixon, *In the Arena* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1990), p. 128.
17. Jonathan Aitken, *Nixon: A Life*, p. 576.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 6.