

A President wrapped in an enigma

by Hugh Sidey

..... There was Pat Nixon in her red coat, a blaze against the somber blue and black worn by Chinese women ..... She wandered through the Summer Palace ..... The Chinese tourists in their baggy blues made way for her silently, turned to watch her pass without a change of expression and then, just as soon as she had gone, turned again to their own business as if they were closing the world in behind her. She trudged through the gray dust of the Evergreen People's Commune ... moving on with a determined stride, impressed but not really, impressive but not really. The gap between East and West seemed beyond bridging. ....