

# Pearls of Wisdom for the China Trip of

By Art Buchwald

Former President Richard Nixon is preparing for his trip to the People's Republic of China. I wonder if he will write any poems for Mao Tse-tung. Here are a few for Mr. Nixon in case he doesn't have the time.

Once again I stand at the Great Wall made from centuries of stone. Confucius says, "Those who stone wall will receive a thousand pardons."

The Chinese greet me with open arms and throw pink rose petals at my feet. Why do all forsake me, save the Teamsters and the Red Guard?

If winter has come to cold Peking Can David Frost be far behind?

The wind blows across the Forbidden

City  
The earth groans and twists while ice-laden  
Rivers rush down to meet the sea.  
A cloud crosses the sky.

## Capitol Punishment

I wonder how much money Rabbi Korff has raised for me in Toledo?

I sit in the Great Hall feasting on Peking duck.  
How good it is compared to San Clemente crow.

I can testify to the beauty of China  
I can testify to the goodness of Mao  
I can testify to the greatness of Chou  
I can testify to the wisdom of Teng  
But I can't testify in Washington, D.C.

Because my health forbids me to travel.

Why have I come back to this strange land  
Shrouded in mystery and silence?  
Cloaked in a thousand secrets  
Of ten thousand years or more?  
Because it beats the devil out of Writing my book.

I have seen peasants work with their hoes  
I have seen steelworkers work with their backs  
I have seen dockworkers work with their shoulders  
I have seen women work with their men.  
Yet I have not seen one person in all China  
Ask me what was on the 18 minutes of Rosemary's tape.

## Mr. Nixon

The hawk flies across the sky  
Waiting to swoop down and make its kill  
Trees sway in the wind and watch and wait  
As tiny birds sing sad songs of yesterday.  
So why won't the Supreme Court  
Give me back my personal papers?

While the IRS tries to find chinks in my taxes  
The Chinese find only peace in my heart.

As night falls over the Yangtze  
And a wolf cries out in Tibet  
The fires of the sun become embers  
And the embers become ashes.  
And from the ashes a great man will rise again.  
I'll bet you can't guess who it will be?

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*"If winter has come to cold Peking, Can David Frost be far behind?" . . . "I sit in the Great Hall feasting on Peking duck, How good it is compared to San Clemente crow."*

Drawing by George Rebh for The Washington Post