chess
(chess n. a game played by two persons on a checkerboard.

bu-reauc-ra-cy
(bu-ro-cra-cy n. a game played by any number of persons in an administrative body.

king
(king n. 1. the chief piece in a game of chess.
2. a man who holds by life tenure the chief authority over a country and people.

pawn
(pawn n. 1. one of the pieces of lowest value in a game of chess.
2. an unimportant person used as the tool of another.

rook
(rook n. 1. a piece having the power to move any unobstructed distance in a straight line.
2. to cheat: fleece: swindle.

checkmate
(check-mate n. 1. act of putting the opponent's king into an inextricable check, thus bringing the game to a close.
2. to defeat: overthrow. (From the Arabic: shah mat. the king is dead.)

Perhaps, as we play, we should pause long enough to re-evaluate our strengths and weaknesses, and above all else, our positions. Kings are fairly obvious creatures. But which are the pawns? And how many pawns does it take to end the game altogether?
The radical movement today represents a wide range of very strange temperaments and directions, all claiming legitimacy. Enemies of the movement have ceased being just external and have taken on the more sophisticated position of various cadres, which in and of itself would not be too bad if their allegiance to social change was high on their list of priorities. Rather, coming from the various and many ways of conceivably emotional hang-up, they decide to do for a brief period adolescent thrill-hunt in some straggling radical movement already burdened with the reality of utter defeat. And rather than getting bashed for some meaningful confrontation of carrying out some radical act calculated to drop in for a quick post-adolescent thrill-hunt, they declare to dissolve some oppressive institution, they get bashed for smoking grass and want it elevated to the status of a crusade. This in itself would not be worth mentioning if it was not the the radical movement in America is in serious trouble, and can ill-afford bashes over trivial while there are so many real social problems, like blacks getting shotgunned and Mexican-American margaritas starving. Folk in these groups are those who can not separate post-adolescent thrill-hunts from serious radical involvement. Coming directly, sometimes, from their apothecary hippy bag they lack the gut-level commitment needed not only to daily sacrifices, but also to daily satisfactions. And if the hammer really comes down the way Warhol says it is going to, these thrill-hunters will be back home watching the bust of more serious radicals on TV.

It is increasingly apparent that both black and white radicals are becoming increasingly more attuned to certain delicate feelings of their rank and file. Having convinced themselves that "delicate feelings" are for sissies, they must get ready for the hard days ahead, they have taken on the responsibilities of a system that claim their philosophy is going to replace. Of course there are elaborate rationalizations to explain this position but they all leak — badly! Both camps have alienated potential radicals by their more radical-than-thou attitude. Certain black radicals operating out of a Super black hang-up are so barefacedly non-programmatic romanticism that the young black innocent is too begging for want of a program-led social philosophy. White radicals, often so smug in their thing, alienate their liberal white instead of radicalizing them in some direction of perhaps future potential. Personally and. I feel we can not afford to alienate people but should rather develop the various dimensions in which everybody a scale or two from the Right can be used, a sort of functionalism designed to retrieve as many people as possible from anywhere and to humanize them into working for meaningful social change. This means reaching out to people where they are and not where you want them to be before reaching out. This is difficult for some people because their radical careers begin and end on college campuses, with a few political field trips into some factory and ghetto for baptism into the movement and for materials to fortify the next radical meeting which brings me to my next footnote.

This summer rumors were circulating around campus that black students were not really revolutionary whatever that term means by those currently playing word games with it. The implication was that certain people by virtue of their the-artes were revolutionaries. A little bit of history is in order. The Black movement in America is the most revolutionary force around, almost by definition of just being black and right and angry. The only grants heard from white radicals in the silent fifties were from bands performing poems, kissing each other and discussing a new discovery and import from the cold war world: pot. The sixties were opened up by black students, and later on white radicals woke up looked around for that ever-missing Marianne mystique —- the American white worker, who still have not woken up to the social control game, and joined the black movement to keep their radicalism from drying up. Let's now hop to the Middle East where today, which black students take shall never-be designed to wear casual from white radicals. Since black students are identified with the black community, whether they want to be or not, their potential situation is one is the theory of all of them. Their mood is potentially revolutionary not because they have read Trotsky or "Che" but because of all of them are facing them as blacks. They do not need to read volumes of revolutionary literature, like many young white radicals, to be revol-tu-tionary. They need only to understand their history in America and the contradic-tion in their history. White radicals must generate within themselves the revolutionary mood by relating the Russian Chinese and Cuban revolution." They must read tons of revolutionary material because they lack a real revolutionary situation in their lives.

This is why they are unfortunately forced to numerous self-destructive ritual to legitimize themselves as a radical move-ment. And often times the triva dragged as crucial politics would not be worthy of last place on the NAACP agenda. Black students cannot afford an af-flicted with race to generate within themselves the revolutionary mood. The only true criterion will be the program help black people? If self-determination by its very nature and the nature of American black students

Music

Stokowski creates 86

By JIM ROOS

Along with his other octogenarian col-leagues—such as Stravinsky, Rubinstein or Koussevitsky—Leonard Stokowski provides vivid proof that musicians have a sta-tionary character that does not change prati-cing their art as a 'young old age.'

At 86, Stokowski continues to tour the globe conducting more than 80 concerts a year, acting as Music Director for a regular season of Carnegie Hall concerts by the American Symphony Orchestra (an ensemble which he founded only a few years ago) and making recordings with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Stokowski is famous in the orches-tra for his ability to impose his personality and "go all out." Looks like some of the older generation, it is said, need a little bit of Shostakovich to add some "juice" to their programs. It's a good thing, some of us might say, that they still play good music. The implication was that certain people by virtue of their the-artes were revolutionaries.

"But, I don't do this so often any more," Stokowski says. "I just do it to relax." Stokowski has composed some avant-garde music and composed for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for the past few years, and his music is well-received by the public. His music is known worldwide and has been performed in many countries. His music is known for its originality and creativity, and is often performed in concert halls and on radio and television. His music is also known for its emotional depth and complexity, and is often compared to the music of other great composers. Stokowski's music has been performed at many important music festivals and events, including the London Promenade Concerts and the American Music Festival. His music is known for its brilliant orchestration and rich harmonies, and is often performed by the world's finest orchestras and performers.

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Emotion expressed in ink

By RANDY DROLL

While most people are busy underlining their textbooks with felt pens, Hooshang Iravani, an undergraduate from Tehran, Iran, is drawing flowers, trees and waterfalls with felt pens and ink. Iravani feels that he has found a new way to translate his emotions and feelings into colors and designs by using the common medium of felt pen and ink. With the additional use of a place, he also recreates the delicate patterns of nature as seen in the veins of leaves.

As an agricultural mechanization major, Iravani has the opportunity to see and draw all the aspects of nature which interest him. He only draws when he is excited about something and he has several examples of his spontaneous art which take from 30 minutes to one and half hours to complete.

"I guess I'm excited all the time," Iravani standing amidst all his drawings, said.

He has only been painting for one year, but artistic endeavors are present in his family. His two younger sisters paint quite well, but in a more classical style, according to Iravani.

His fanciful works are untitled" because Iravani feels that any name might inhibit free interpretation to the viewer.

"What could you call them? Different people see different things in any one of my drawings," Iravani said.

The others dance; others yet desire entrance. The gas comes in great clouds and I hurry away to avoid dying by standing too close. It is very much a shame. We did not go to Chicago. I can survive Eugene's loss. I am cool and not a threat. Of course I do not really believe anything.

By RANDY DROLL

Ah, things were looking up for me in my junior year. Things had to be looking up since the atom bomb might fall and the faint spring of my American youth is breaking and one must surely not throw away the time one has in vain work and folly. And indeed the girls are surely more beautiful this year. I have seen them walking through the campus. Delicious muskels among the trees, and here I am, a moderate man satisfied with good nature and the best for health and vitality. And surely the best for health and vitality. And surely the girl's bed when she called—I was young and could not be expected to relish the time one has in vain work and folly. And I was young and could not be expected to relish the time one has in vain work and folly. And I was young and could not be expected to relish the time one has in vain work and folly.
By HOWARD BRODY

The line usually goes something like this: "These educators have put the best years of their lives into the universities, and yet we're by far the most experienced men one could want. Students should feel privileged to be able to attend the schools. Why then should the educators set up for the students' own good?"

Some adults have asked this question countless times and surely will continue to do so. Academic freedom will always be a meaning- less concept to them. But when a student for a few exploratory puffs on a marijuana cigarette.

It is ironic that, in a society which holds that the education of oneself-then academic freedom is extraneous. But when the process is seen for what it must be-the process of educating oneself-the student becomes not only relevant but surely extraneous. But when the process is thoroughly as he deems necessary. He may be advised and guided, but his whole purpose is defeated if he is forced to hand.

Academic freedom means that the student may master and act upon all those chases. It is also means that the student must not be any arbitrary limits to legitimate areas of learning. The student's goal is life, and any experience is relevant to that goal, even those experiences which society considers immoral.

There is something hypocritical about a society that condemns research in the man-made frame of life and values, and what went on the theater could hardly be called educational.

The American theater has developed into one of the world's most respected showpieces. The twentieth century has seen nearly a hundred years of the modern European influences to our own great geniuses. The twenties characterized the nation's state of mind at a time when the theater is to be retained.

Basic to drama is the presence of two states of mind: that of the artist, portrayed on the stage; and that of the audience, dealing with the audience collectively, a playwright can almost create a successful play by appealing to the interests declared most vital by the times. Combining this consciousness with his own idea of story, message, and delivery, the artist can experiment with new combinations of old elements and success in many ways, specifically, the very real waves of social revolution now occurring. Social structures are being shaken in their foundations, and the theater must demonstrate this if it is to be any- more than an antique. But whereas all former progress in drama was achieved by experimentation, some draughtsmen today would apply the concepts of revolution directly to their craft. And this cannot be done if any form or definition of the theater is to be retained.

The American theater was the work of Julian Beck and Judith Malina, who roamed and starved, performing where they could, in order to construct their works of art in focus. Returning with the desire of a student to reject society's tastes and values on the primary and secondary level, and the difference is that the university has some degree of academic freedom. The university student usually has at least the opportunity to become his own educator.

It is ironic that, in a society which holds that the educators should have the best years of their lives into the universities, and they're not to educate themselves. They fully accept society's values, and go to college because society expects them to. But society still as hard as they have to in order to pass- or to get into graduate school if that is essential to their chosen career—and they want to have as much fun as they can along the way. Their goal is life is to make enough money to participate in the affluence of our economy.

One cannot teach a completely passive subject. But there is no reason why the student's involvement must stop with taking notes and studying texts. Education is supposed to prepare the student to lead the kind of life he desires. He must decide what sort of life that is. He must select what he needs to learn in order to lead that life, and he must educate himself in the chosen areas as thoroughly as he deems necessary. He may be advised and guided, but his whole purpose is defeated if he is forced to hand.

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By STEVE ROBIN State News Reviewer

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Mike experiences physical and cultural shock when he arrives on Earth. He must overcome cultural shock to comprehend Smith's potential value. Martian is not translatable into any Terran language. He must learn Martian to understand Martian concepts.

2001 requires no such adjustment to our present conceptions of the universe. We know man evolves, whether by design of humans, gods, God, or monolith. We know man is weightless in space and that computers are becoming more intelligent. It is, of course, magnificent to allow the senses to be carried through the last segment of the film. I refuse to accept the hour or so spent waltzing through space as a significant statement of theme, or a provocation to deep thought. True, "waiting is," but there must be meaning in waiting, other than making a Cinemation spectacular last longer than an ordinary 2-hour flick. Mr. Kubrick said in one interview that he intended to stimulate a "visceral" response. Arthur C. Clarke hoped for more in his novel, taken from the screenplay, clarifies thematic statements made between waltzes on screen. It is disappointing, particularly if one has read such novels as T H E C I T Y a n d T h e S t a r s , and C h i l d h o o d ' s E n d , products of a finer Clarkean imagination. At the risk of appearing shallow to those who think T h e S p a c e O d y s s e y a profound beyond perception, I found little to contemplate after I left the theater or put the book down. The complexity is visual, not intellectual. Those who left saying "I didn't get it" may have looked too far.

Stranger in a Strange Land is within temporal grasp. To grok in fullness may be a generation away, if you accept that Thou art God.
MSU: Space Odyssey

By BRUCE SPITZ

Michigan State University is not a campus community nor an academic cloister but a spacious hideaway with trees and green lawns and large monasteries from their front porches. It is a city-a city that has a residential density that is four and a half times that of Pittsburgh, an overall population density that is twice that of New York City, a bus system that carried four times the number of passengers that the Boston Railroad carried last year, the home of an institution which spent over 140 million dollars last year, over 70 per cent of which formerly came from outside the state (i.e. Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas). It has adopted the urban characteristics of anonymity, of loneliness, of control via secondary groups, and of traffic congestion, yet has strangely developed a strong sense of homogeneity. From its front porches, the community nor an academic cloister is formed of a mosaic of the physical environment. It is the immeasurability of your world. A legible place informs you by means of physical cues as to where you are and where you are going. It establishes a feeling of emotional security and relieves you of the frightening experience of being lost in a maze of dark winding alleys. A person who has lived in Coldwater, Michigan all his life would find MSU very legible, yet is one who was placed suddenly in Harlem be would become lost in what would appear to him as a very illegible city. This leads us to an important distinction between personal legibility and social legibility. The former may be em­ phasized by my room. It is messy; it has posters plastered all over the walls, and the furniture is arranged as I see fit. A stranger would be lost in it. Social legibility, on the other hand, is the ease with which both the inhabitant of a territory and strangers may find their way. As a city, MSU is at that level, for example, dormitories destroy the expression of what is distinctly yours to that other environment you may be secure.

Even if architectural disorder breeds fear, insecurity creates a very real losing of the way, it is fallacious to assume that a world free of this chaos is the answer. Imagine a city where every path is clearly delineated, every shrub labeled, every building marked, every patch of land unmistakably classified and every part distinctly and unerringly related to the other. Imagine that city and suddenly you are reminded of an archetypal dig of Pompeii and Herculaneum, of tourists and a guide, of signs and posted descrip­tions, and of MSU.

It is static, mechanical, and psychologically uninhabitable. You do not, you cannot interact with that type of environment. You obey it.

This is the T.V. room, this is the fish room, this is the recreation room, this is the formal lounge, this is the grill, this is the laundry.

And as each building is segmented and classified so are the buildings themselves and the areas in which they lie. You always know where you are. This place scorns the real need to take a walk and lose yourself. The administrators fail to realize that the dynamics inherent in an urban situation does not arise from clarity or precision but from our efforts to create order; it comes from the confusion, the conflict, and our temporary conquests of chaos. Make the world crystal clear, cover the breeding grounds of the unexpected, the personal, or the incomplete with concrete and signals; turn the pulsating four-dimensional into a two-dimensional road map and you have cut man into a one-dimensional point. For you have made what is his and his alone legible and clear to any stranger passing through. You have homogenized his world into a set of static symbols. There is no place to hide. Everything is known. The dominance of social legibility exposes the individual's world to open inspection. Nor do you escape the labeling. Your name, your personal qualities, your acquaintances, social in­ significance. You have been given a student number whereby your location and all other salient facts about you have been electronically filed. Try to cash a check without it or take library books or get into the cafeteria. To be stopped by a head advisor or a campus policeman and to be unable to disguise the fact that your existence would result in a very uncomfortable experience. But it is your name, your being questioned as your social legibility. Without your number and the identification you are committing the sin of being unidentified, the sin of being opaque to the eye of others.

The PUBLIC CITY. Alan Tinnis most aptly describes this as "a claim individuals, groups, or institutions determine for themselves when, how and to what extent they are to be communicated to others. Privacy is the voluntary and temporary withdrawal of a person from the general log, through physical or psychological means, either in a state of solitude, or from group inter­ action or when among large groups, in a condition of anonymity or protect it, is a necessity that Robert Venturi calls "the biological right of the individual." And yet, there is no space on this campus where the student may be by himself. In a small group unobserved by others. These groups are demarcated so that you are under constant surveillance by either other people. It is the energy and involvement in a scabbard of other people (and occasionally others) who share that space with you and no part of it is yours, nor does any­ thing go on in your class, for only an annonym­ ity of the crowd may the student experience any kind of personal legibility, and that is per­ haps best achieved by going on a dance when you could be anywhere. You are, you are the eye of others. To be stopped by a head advisor or a campus police officer is an uncomfortable experience if you have been questioned as your social legibility. It is yours, if you are unable to disguise the fact that your existence would result in a very uncomfortable experience. But it is your name, your being questioned as your social legibility. Without your number and the identification you are committing the sin of being unidentified, the sin of being opaque to the eye of others.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

YOU AND I AND ZODIACS

On an onion hill we played at kites
which loved the earth wet
breastfully
more than the opening thighs
of the pine breeding sky.
and you cried wild
as Conemara
soft
as Arcachon
for the words left holding
an empty evening mirror.
Was time
then locking more than kitchen hours?

That day the ostrich shit
in his bamboo prison, like all
the proud and little
gods left belching stars
from their separate heavens.
and the noon hung January’s woods
on our locked coats
while we marched around cages
like Alexander through his libraries.
were we changing
our chains
even then?

—Joseph P. Dionne
ASSUMING THE POSITION

From this single window I see across the airshaft one floor below the slate blue steel ladders row upon row and on each a used cadaver blooming to color, opened like a diagram. Death, that mystery—but already I know bodies, sold to science or sewn from graves, can be preserved so perfectly with red rubber injected through the web of veins, blue into each artery, that class after class cannot destroy the outline that was life.

The students swing saw and scalpel like apprentices through skull, skin, resisting joint.

One body lies so still that I can see even from this distance the complexity of mapped lines red and blue, layers of yellow fat, roiled muscle, dark-pink jelly of lungs, hard blue-white convoluted plumbing, the palette of organs, and like an egg, or a roof holding up the soul, in the center the stomach.

The skin is turned back like an opened bed, and hovering near, as if they are lovers hugging, wearing her own sheet professionally, opening the abdominal cavity with a knife that seems a simple extension of fingernails, her own sheet professionally, opening the abdominal cavity with a knife that seems an orderly existence on those rows of tables.

On my table lies the case history of the most beautiful girl in the world.

I am here for the money. I gather data, each terminal history will be coded for diagnosis by computer, a project for which the death which keeps me busy—will not be on the computer's cards: to die as work, and what it comes to year after year, celebrates the attentions of the most beautiful girl in the world.

I admire the blonde's steady hand: her cut is the most beautiful girl in the world. I've just finished: the subject, male, white, eighteen, bummed his right knee on a bumper and woke six months later, the member gone (a note says the leg walks in a jar in the office) and therefore I admire the blonde's steady hand; her cut is the most beautiful girl in the world.

The files hold fifteen hundred small deaths that I've only begun to read, falling through time, paycheck to paycheck, while cells change. Each day the stairs turn upon themselves. They deftly ignore guilt, understands his foolish leg must come off. And later learns that even this is not enough of plague currents, avoided that bumper that roams somehow kept elusive cells in order, kept free with the ledger which wears us thin through the city dealing death.

I have got ten years beyond that boy. at least, somehow kept elusive cells in order, kept free of plaque current, sounded that bumper that roams the city dealing death. I've even managed to pay my bills, kept abreast with the ledger which wears us thin through daily deaths. some days I almost seem to win. And so, I undermine death to live, and learn there are as many ways to die as work, and what it comes to will not be on the computer's cards: an orderly existence on those rows of tables where, pumped full of rubber, the body endures year after year, celebrates the attentions of the most beautiful girl in the world.

—Albert Drake

POETRY

ASSUMING THE POSITION

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The skin is turned back like an opened bed, and hovering near, as if they are lovers hugging, wearing her own sheet professionally, opening the abdominal cavity with a knife that seems a simple extension of fingernails, her own sheet professionally, opening the abdominal cavity with a knife that seems an orderly existence on those rows of tables.

On my table lies the case history of the most beautiful girl in the world.

I am here for the money. I gather data, each terminal history will be coded for diagnosis by computer, a project for which the death which keeps me busy—will not be on the computer's cards: to die as work, and what it comes to year after year, celebrates the attentions of the most beautiful girl in the world.

I admire the blonde's steady hand: her cut is the most beautiful girl in the world. I've just finished: the subject, male, white, eighteen, bummed his right knee on a bumper and woke six months later, the member gone (a note says the leg walks in a jar in the office) and therefore I admire the blonde's steady hand; her cut is the most beautiful girl in the world.

The files hold fifteen hundred small deaths that I've only begun to read, falling through time, paycheck to paycheck, while cells change. Each day the stairs turn upon themselves. They deftly ignore guilt, understands his foolish leg must come off. And later learns that even this is not enough of plague currents, avoided that bumper that roams somehow kept elusive cells in order, kept free with the ledger which wears us thin through the city dealing death.
temptation, opportunities that require en­
baracks: the city that does not possess
importunity in chapel or convent; one
for a month. Today, the degradation of the
dorm itories on this campus have floor
the men's room in the Union and other
other hand, demand the observance of
specific ceremonies. You not only pray
in a church, but you are expected to pray
in the particular style of that particular
to pass through but a square for people to
be impressed by the presence of a church.
be expected to do so in our dining halls, at our football games.
most of the spaces on this cam­
spatially assigned to them again, this is a T.V. room, this is a
biology lab, this is the fine arts room,
the idea of a communal life in this building.
the individual in such a world.
ate pattern of action will suffice.
mal in order to create a completely ritual­
sed what is best in West coast guitar, and
influences.
also, though one guitarist is definitely playing
instruments strained to its utm ost: a great deal of
whole, with all the above mentioned features,
her talents as a vocalist are greatly responsi­
any college music.
Calendar of Events: Oct. 22--Nov. 5
Segmented City

(continued from page 10)

familiar with the physical enormity of this campus. You need to pack a knapsack if you live in Hubbard Hall and are planning a walk to Rather Hall; in fact, if you live in Hubbard you may not even know that Rather exists! The large buildings that have been erected in the last decade are not so much beyond the human scale as ignorant of it. They do not exhibit the fine detail or the rich texture of craftsmanship that informs the individual that he has been considered. All that we are exposed to are the bluntness of concrete blocks, white tiles and bare standardized fixtures. If a human being is thrust into a stark maze of giant white washed walls, his faceless walls soon become a part of a faceless wandering.

The conclusions of this catharsis are rather interesting; for if we accept the fact that we generate the type of space that we experience, that MSU as a service community has erected edifices which symbolize its conceptualization of man, that MSU has learned how to control the special generative powers of its inhabitants, and that my analysis for the most part is accurate, then we may state the following: When a human being exists in a physical environment that is designed so that he is only exposed to formal, legible, public, plural space, and when he is denied the privilege of generating any other type of space, he becomes that space. He transcends the Buber relationships of Thou and I to an It-It positioning. No longer a human being. No longer a living being. No longer distinctly separated from his physical world. He acts with the same predictive exactitude as the inanimate cage within which he dwells: a department store mannequin, always on display and always ready to be stripped, re-dressed, and placed into position. For those of you who might think this amazing, consider what type of thing you would become if you were restricted to the college grounds, and the type of thing you are becoming because of your frequent but temporary exposure. Then ask yourself if it is just part of growing up.

Bruce Spitz
Senior, Urban Studies
Maplewood, N.J.

Hey diddle dawk,
A dove and a hawk.
McCarthy reached for the moon.
Conservatives balked
At the Irishman’s talk.
But the Machine had it wrapped up by June.

“Alabama, Alabama, have you any blacks?”
“No sir, no sir, just party hacks.
Some for Big George and some for Rear Bryant,
But all for law and order to keep the nigras quiet.”

Old Mayor Daley was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his cops and he called for his mace and he put them all on TV.
The news was reported from hospital beds that the brutality was the shame of the nation.
And yippies painfully held their heads on the way to incarnation.
If the scene in the streets was disturbingly raucous, the worst they had yet to tell,
As the splinter group delegates held their first caucus in a thirty-first precinct cell.

Humphrey Dumphrey sat on a wall
‘Twixt doves and hawks he feared he might fall.
While LBJ’s forces and LBJ’s men
Couldn’t save Hump from the party’s mayhem.

“Tricky Dick
The old politic.
How does your campaign run?”
“It runs on ball bearings
And several red herrings
We’ve dragged across issues we shun.”

Little Ron Reagan
Once earned his bacon
In flicks now seen on the late show
But the West Coast leaned Right
And the celluloid knight
Rode shotgun into Sacramento.

A tiller, a teller,
Nelson Rockefeller,
What makes you run so soon?
The race was over by ten o’clock
And you left the blocks at noon.

Little George Wallace
Come blow your horn.
There’s crime in the evening
And dissent in the morn
You say it would end
If you were to rule,
For you’d jail all the pinkos
Who lecture in schools.
You’d whip the Viet Cong
Safe from subversion
And desegregation.