

1972

Untitled

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But linguists caeme to the rescue, bringing new spellings to all the old wourds theye could remember. And so today thaet is our standard language-the Kaing's English.

As you all can see, the effect of the Ryatt act on language has beene tremendous. All of those obscene foure letter wourds haeve beene legislated out of existence. Great is the power of the Government and of old Kaing Richard I. We haeve gotten rid of the filthy

Daily exercise:

All wille faece the flaeg and repeat the patriotic National Chant.

FOUCK THE COMMIES; UP WITHE AMERICA;
TO HELLE WITHE THE RESTE OF THE WORLD!

Sitting long by the benches,
Maybe only a banana peel
Soon to be theirs,
Eyes watching out of beards
At eyes watching back,
To seare little children
And to lure
Pigeons chasing peanutshells
Looking for what is gone.
Newspapers lying flat,
Resting, soon to be moved again,
Hiding, someone and their beard.

Lakefront winds blow by,
Benches standing fast and empty
Newspapers stuffed with peanutshells
Lying dead by the park trees.
Pigeons have gone home to rooftops
And window sills
Where someone is looking
At a night hiding.

Vaughan Matthews '73