



By William Safire

## ESSAY

WASHINGTON.

You may talk o' Hunt and Liddy  
 When you're feelin' gay and giddy  
 And you think you have th' White House in your sights,  
 But when your side is achin'  
 To prove Nixon said "Go break in"  
 You need an aide who sat there at the heights.  
 Now in D.C.'s sunny clime  
 Where I used to spend my time  
 A-servin' of the public, sight unseen,  
 Of all the crewcut crew  
 The straightest lace I knew  
 Was the man in charge of ethics, Gunga Dean.  
 He was "Dean! Dean! Dean!"  
 "You smoothie of a lawyer, keep us clean!  
 "With your ardor never dampened  
 "We'll see rectitude is rampant  
 "For no scandal can deflect us, Gunga Dean."  
 Nixon entered the campaign  
 And considered it insane  
 To concern himself with breakin' any rules,  
 For a-watchin' the committee  
 And its forty-million kitty  
 Was his counselor from all the finest schools.  
 But while leading lambs to slaughter  
 Came the shockin' gate o' water  
 And all the district fuzz began to fly.  
 To give him true reports.  
 Of any White House torts  
 Nixon wrongly chose an implicated guy.  
 It was "Dean! Dean! Dean!"  
 "I want the deepest probe you've ever seen!  
 "Don't blow anybody's cover  
 "But try and soon discover  
 "If CREEP did anything illegal, Gunga Dean."  
 For six long months Dean battled  
 (Nobody caught had tattled)  
 And kept sendin' word he had the problem solved.

When the Oval Office queried  
 Dean would smile, and with eyes bleared,  
 Say: "No one in the White House was involved."  
 Then McCord untied his knot  
 And the story went to pot  
 And the hunter was the hunted sudden-ly;  
 Dean ran out hell-for-leather,  
 Said: "We were in it altogether,  
 "—And nobody makes a scapegoat out of me."  
 Then it was "Dean! Dean! Dean!"  
 "For your testimony we are very keen!  
 "Point the finger, show who's sleazy,  
 "And we'll see the judge goes easy.  
 "Here's your chance to cop a plea, Gunga Dean."  
 "Thanks, but I'll not need ya.  
 "I've got contacts in the media  
 "Who'll print my leaks until the price has risen.  
 "I'll use them for my ends,  
 "According to Dean's friends,  
 "For the likes of me does not belong in prison."  
 He would sing out any tune  
 To hear Sirica say "immune"  
 ("No less than forty times I've made the scene!")  
 Justice balked, but Senate crumpled,  
 To Ervin's saving arms he tumbled,  
 And now they cannot jail you, Gunga Dean.  
 So it's Dean! Dean! Dean!  
 Smear your leader, save your skin and vent your spleen!  
 Though the Fifth Amendment aids you,  
 By the TV that parades you—  
 You will never drag down Nixon, Gunga Dean.  
 Yes, it's Dean! Dean! Dean!  
 Star of everybody's television screen  
 You will claim that you obeyed,  
 But the truth is you betrayed  
 A far better man than you are, Gunga Dean!