

THE STATE OF THE ONION

February 21, 2005

We have reports of what went down during the recent State of the Onion Speech by the reappointed President Eugene Shrubbs. Every organization needs a President, and the bums of the Golden State, being numerous and unruly, are no exception. Shrubbs was narrowly elected during a hotly contested race that featured all kinds of nastiness, mud slinging, accusations of ballot tampering and out and out bum fighting at its worst. The speech would be Shrubbs's first in his second term of office. As per tradition, it was held on the Island down by Crab cove near the windsurfer shack.

Our roving correspondent, after being supplied with a sandwich and a pint of Old Crow reported as follows.

Shrubbs stood upon the Porcelain Throne upon the dais of old tires and spoke at length of exporting Freedom and Democracy and found exporting Democracy at the point of a gun not a bad idea at all.

"Hell," he said, "You be our Democracy or we kill all a ya. Sounds like a fair deal to me!"

Shrubbs went on to mention freedom and other big words he don't hardly understand at least 75 times and we have many beancounters from all over making sure this number is accurate and true.

Not once did he mention Iraq or Newark where the Occupation has some serious difficulties.

Basically, Eugene recognized the narrow margin of victory and stated that he is happy to do whatever the whim should strike him, regardless of reason and common sense and compromise might as we be damned.

Shrubb took the opportunity to push his retirement program to replace SSI. In effect, everyone must needs give their money to his friends and let them deal with it according to how the "market" rules. By the Market we refer, of course, to the slaughterhouse down in Babylon's Cow Hollow where Shrubb has a number of friends in the sausage-making business. These people would like to employ capital to expand into distribution of fine wines and T-bone.

If, at the end of 30 years of working for various companies, the market has done well, the individual can retire in comfort in a nice Old Folks Home. If the market has not done well, then the individual must dwell in a slop and eat cat food for dinner to the end of days. If the market has done well, but his friends have not, then the result is the same as if the market has not done well. It appears to be far more likely that his friends will do very well indeed no matter what the market does and regardless of whether any of us die rich or poor.

There are variations upon these themes.

No mention was made of the current investment of Newark and its resulting confusion.

The main question remains: is it worth killing well over 100,000 people to bring the survivors a Democracy (they never wanted) in a questionable form?

In conclusion, the Appointed President commented upon the State of the Onion, which he held in his hands.

“My fellow Californians and Bums of all stripes. The state of the Onion is perfect and undivided, albeit odiferous to the heavens. We the Bums of America, in order to form a more perfect Onion, control Justice, insure domestic Bliss, provide for the common defence, promote general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Beggary to ourselves and our kids – when identifiable -- do ordain and establish a constitutional for the United Bums of America.

All legislative Powers mentioned hearabouts shall be vested in a Congress of Bums, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives. There oughta be a few judges in there making up a Superior Court of sorts, and all these bums gotta act as stepnfetchits for the Executive Branch, which is mostly me and that there Vice President Tricky Dicky Shikanery.

In order to preserve and protect our sacred duties, we do solemnly declare this Onion to be granted the same inalienable rights as a Corporation (which has, incidentally the same rights as a person, or vice versa), whereas in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to declare themselves indigent and free, um, they all gotta bow to the Unitarian Executive or something like that. Plus a Faith-Based Initiative or two. Something happened four score and seven years ago, but I forget what. Thus I conclude this State of the Onion Address. Lets all get plastered at the Tokay Hole!”

As per tradition, the President Appointee fell over backwards from his throne to sporadic applause.