PLANNING THE NEW U. S. A.

MASSIVE SHIFTINGS TO COME UNDER EUNICE

Eunice, Eunice, Eunice from Boston, Massatunis, says, "The old U.S. is a long gone goose, let's face it," and tosses her hat in the ring. Standers-by are curious about her policies, her platform. They ask, "What's ahead, Eunice, if we hand you a mandate?"

"It will be an era of sudden change," Eunice warns. "I call it THE BIG SHIFT. It is designed to stimulate business and at the same time achieve long-term prosperity, fiscal as well as personal. My idea of THE BIG SHIFT is precisely this: On Jan. 1, the day I take office, the postal service will deliver 'Orders' to every American citizen.

"I imagine they will say something like YOU ARE HEREBY ORDERED TO REPORT TO 1720 ORCHARD LANE AND THERE TO TAKE UP RESIDENCE AND ASSUME THE DUTIES OF THE HUSBAND OF THAT HOUSEHOLD.

"It's beautiful. You may move down the street, or you may end up on the outskirts of Nome, rubbing noses with an Eskimo spouse, and penguins, instead of dogs, barking at the window.

"Not only that, but think of it as a cure for boredom, a way to perk up the torpid, video-burned citizenry, give them new energies, new desires, new jobs, new children and different automobiles. Surely, we are aware of the heightened energies we feel when removed to an unfamiliar place.

"Why, you can see it when you see Americans camping out, how even the laziest uncle will be out there at dawn gathering wood and striking matches. Yet! Yet! Instead of starting over, we just re-mix everything.

"Certainly, the IBM computers can take care of the complexity of organizing such a plan. Goodness, what a cure for the turn-of-the-century blues. Sure, some will win, some will lose.

"But think of the benefits. If you're gutsy.

"If you're presently a fat cat, living on easy street, you might end up shucking oysters in Biloxi, at a fish market. But consider the other side of the coin. Say you're a piebald neut popping shoerags in downtown Muncy and you end up, a week later, sleeping in Mitzi Gaynor's bed, living like a lord on her substantial retirement benefits, laying on a luxurious sofa and watching reruns of 'South Pacific.' Think of it."

A dubious questioner asks, "Eunice, is it a permanent type of a deal?"

"Not at all," Eunice responds. "At five-year intervals, we shift again. Children, pets, furnishings, street names, the names of cities, everyone and everything, in flux twice a decade. Incredible amounts of human energy are released. There is renewal and hope where it never before existed. Mid-life crises will be a thing of the past, as well as divorce. Nervous orders decline. Nothing grows stale. As they say, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"It seems a system ripe for corruption," says a listener. "I mean, how long will it be before someone is tampering with the computers and arranging advantageous shiftings for himself?"

Here Eunice is given to wink and smile, and says, "Oh, not a chance. The tide of social change will rise so rapidly that such persons will drown. You see, the penal system is part of the process. Those who sin against THE BIG SHIFT are simply 'down-shifted.' In time, should the offenses continue, these individuals may find themselves in something of a social limbo, with little chance of escape."

"What about the spread, Eunice, of disease? Won't all this shifting go against the very nature of quarantine, of isolating the sick from the well?"

"No, it will serve to weaken those germs that trouble us, by spreading them thinly. Hospitals, as we all know, are principally incubators of disease. They give them a habitation and a name. No, when THE BIG SHIFT comes, imagine how many doctors can be shifted into places where they are really needed."

"What about the currency?"

How round is the bearing?

EUNICE, EUNICE, EUNICE FROM BOSTON, MASSATUNIS

"No problem. It is never allowed to concentrate. There will be no corporate reservoirs to store it. It will seek its own level, and take on the properties of a liquid. We'll all have a chance to dip our buckets."

EUNICE & FRIENDS FLOAT TO GULF

Eunice and two women companions have gone down the Mississippi in a bathtub.

The companions, Nickolina Servoila and Telephone Frances, say they were ready for a lark. The children, the house, be damned.

The tub, which completed the trip in 28 days was a lightweight American Standard, powered by a six-horsepower outboard motor.

The women had had their fill of a language that by its very nature favored the peckered ones: manual labor, boy o boy, romance, the Mann Act, man of straw, Manishevits, man-o-war, manure, mandala, manicure, man-hole and Guy Fawkes Day.

They took along only the necessities: jack-knife, hand axe, salves for burns, gauze bandage, compress, adhesive tape, splints, chlorine tablets, fruits and vegetables canned in liquid, bouillon, dried milk, powdered cocoa, coffee, raisins, can opener, charcoal briquettes, jellied alcohol, scouring soap, raincoats, basic chinaware, bandanas, money in small bills, maps, books, writing material, a radio and waterproof matches.

This reporter was fortunate to talk with Eunice during a stopover in Vicksburg. The tub was in drydock, getting a good scrub. Eunice was sunning herself on a clay embankment, drinking a can of near-beer and musing aloud. "Dig this, man. I was convicted of welfare fraud in Cambridge, Mass. You know what they did? Yeah, they raised my payment so I could cover the fine. Crazy, man. So decided to bug out pronto, like Tonto. Yeah, I was taking a shit one morning, staring at the tub, and that's when I had the flash.

"The time is ripe for THE BIG SHIFT. So I gave the adios to Chuck and the boys. I told them, Toodle-ooh, I'm off for the mouth of ol' man river. And here I am, as Che once said, smack in the heart of the beast, puttering south with my gal friends."

In politeness, I retired to the highest part of the bluff and watched the women batten their tub. When that was done, they knelt at a campfire and roasted wursts. Soon after, the tub was launched, the motor started and the three were on the last leg to the Gulf.

As the unsteady craft made for a big southern moon, I heard the women singing:

Artificial respiration

Could've saved my Clementine

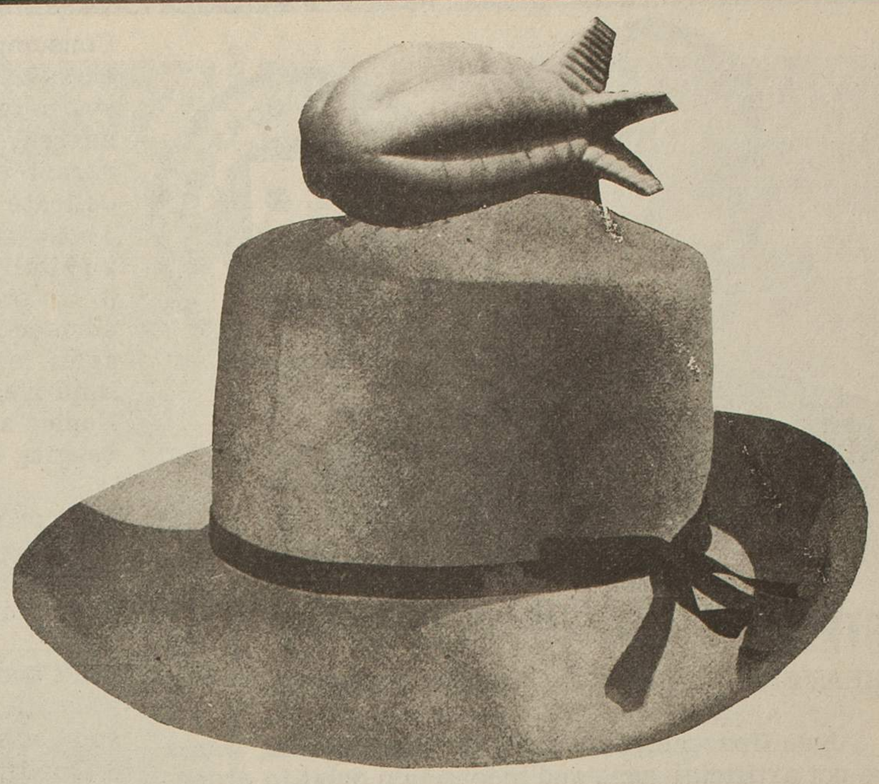
da da da ta

da da da ta

da da da ta da da da

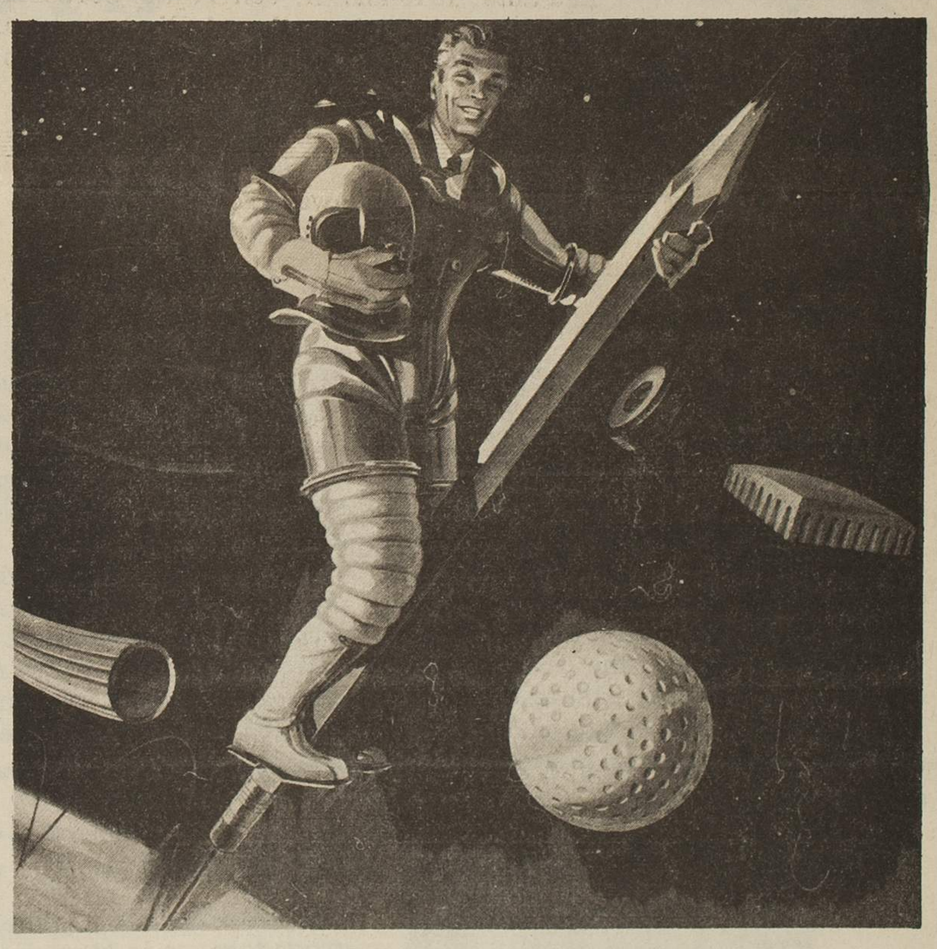
WHAT IS WILLIE SAYING?

WILLIAM THE SILENT



radio hats

I was eating a sesame roll one day, drinking a pint of pflum, in Centrola Park, city of Radiola. Killing time is all I was doing. A man came along the path and sat down beside me, giving his name as Gerben Van Dyne. Dyne was a knife-handle finisher. He said dust from the rosewood that he handled in his work was causing him no end of trouble. For example, a hair had grown into his chin, resulting in a pustule the size of a thimble. He popped it with a lit cigar. A terrible blue juice spit forth. The hair was tweezed out. It was two and a half feet long. By then, his head had swollen to double original size. He had to buy a horse-hat from a feed store to keep the sun off. He showed me the hat. It was hanging from a tree branch. He called, as one would to a well-coached pup, "Come here, De Foe." The hat stirred on its peg, backed off, spun, stabilized, and lofted its way toward our bench. There was a fleshy, cucumberous mass holding fast to the hat's peak, which seemed to be lifting it. The hat made a dash for Dyne. "I have invented these Radio Hats. Inside the little membranous bag is the brain of a faithful dog, De Foe. It belonged to a cousin of mine."



Captain Ted Tootwice