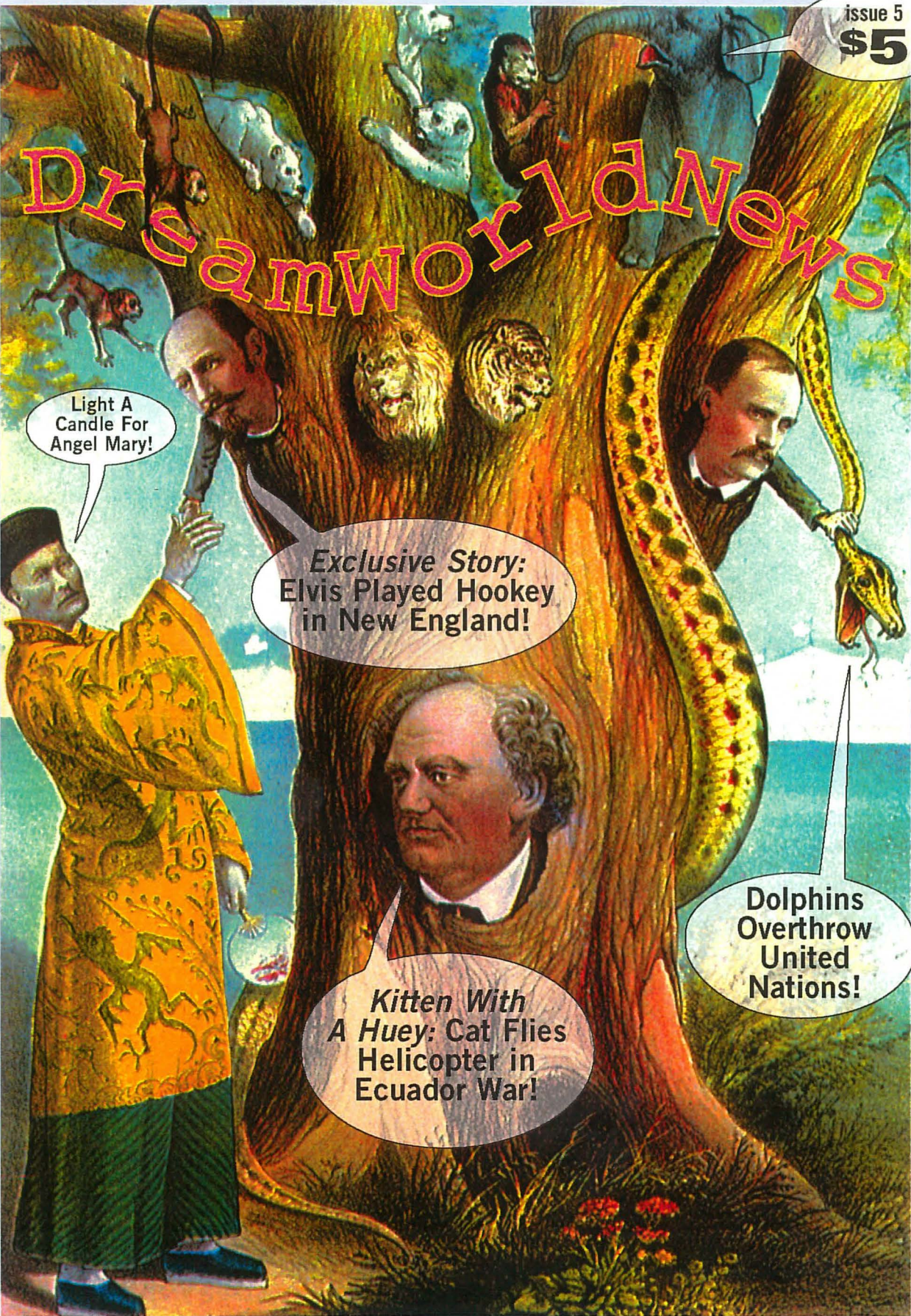


issue 5
\$5

DreamWorld News



Light A
Candle For
Angel Mary!

Exclusive Story:
Elvis Played Hookey
in New England!

**Kitten With
A Huey:** Cat Flies
Helicopter in
Ecuador War!

**Dolphins
Overthrow
United
Nations!**

We haven't got a 'web site.' Don't mail us any bombs.



Michael Moore

DreamWorldNews announces our new public offering. We've incorporated. We have a board of directors. We've retained the appropriate old-guard legal counsel. We will issue expensive full-color annual reports. We're buying miles and miles of plush carpeting for our new executive suites.

Um. Actually, no. We're still published at home. Like, out of a real garret. It's on the top floor and everything. (It even has a view of a pre-Revolutionary graveyard). We're still just plain folks. Plain folks with **Extremely Twisted Dreams**. And we're still dedicated to bringing you **real** dreams, dreamed by **real** people. With **real** news-style reporting. Really!

There is one change afoot. DreamWorldNews is now available on your computer! Precisely calibrated doses of deeply strange dreams, direct to you, fresh daily, only on America OnLine.

To find us, and to submit your own dreams, just type in keyword **DreamWorldNews**. Or you can enter keyword **Hub**, which is the new groovy-cool area on AOL for hipsters like yourself, and then weasel your way around the ironic Hub sites til you find DreamWorldNews, tucked secretively under a little mush-

room, with a friendly, bearded gnome standing guard... Ach! We're speaking nonsense again. Sorry.

Or perhaps you don't want to find us online. Perhaps you, like the Unabomber (on whom one of us has always had a secret crush), detest the relentless onslaught of dehumanizing technological

something-or-other. Wait! Don't resort to terrorism. Subscribe the old-fashioned way and get the off-line, paper version which looks just like the one you're now holding. See masthead for details. And remember, we deliver to Montana. By bike.

Now, Beautiful Dreamers, do get a good night's sleep, with plenty of rapid eye movement. You could get rich! You could get famous!

Or not.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Randy Hostetler (1963-1996)



DreamWorldNews

Editors
Luke Jaeger
Shoshana Marchand

Contributing Reporters

Mark Anderson	Rani Arbo
Wendy Arons	Vicki Franch
Pam Glaven	Lissa Greenough
Kelly Houston	Rafael Jaeger
David Lenson	Elizabeth Lenson
Jim McDonald	Mystery Mike
Jeff Potter	Philip Price
Thea Price-Eckles	Kate Richardson
Susan Roberts	Mike Sierra

Speaker of the House Emeritus
Jonathan Lethem

Spelunkohabitational Graphics
Jeff Potter

Subscriptions:
\$5 for single issue, \$15 for 4 issues
Box 614, Northampton, MA 01061
(Make checks payable to Luke Jaeger)

Yes, you can e-mail us:
DreamNews@aol.com

Will somebody *please* answer that colophon?

DreamWorldNews was produced on a Quackenbush 83½ with a Prunewhip Generator and Side-By-Side Fibrillator. Images were scanned using a Whirling Potato equipped with The Smell Of Old Masking Tape, and processed using Second Hat and ZipperMaker 5.4.2. Proofs were made using the Liney-Line-Line Device and The Box Of Yellow Wire. *DreamWorldNews* is printed according to the Lying In The Snow Specification.

The text is set in Spooning Weasel. The headlines are set in Monkey Man Rub-a-Dub Style, rendered in butter until clarified, sauteed in a white wine sauce, and served on a bed of baby lettuces. Would you like freshly ground pepper on that?

Cover Illustration
New Life Grafted into the Old Oak, a circus poster from the collection of the American Antiquarian Society.

New Elvis Shocker: Truancy In New England!

by Turalura Lifschitz

A New England woman out on a nature hike with her two children was surprised to discover a rustic sign proclaiming that Elvis Presley went to grade school in Amherst, Massachusetts.

The sign, made of split timber with cotton balls glued around the edges for decoration, was posted on a derelict school building no bigger than a phone booth. The King's alma mater had long been abandoned due to heavy winter floods



Michael Moore

that brought alligators and mud to the usually snowbound Amherst area.

"But wasn't Elvis from Mississippi?" the woman asked.

"That's just a vicious rumor," snapped the nature hike guide.

Determined to find out the cause of the floods, the woman moved to Rio de Janeiro, the city with the highest elevation on earth.

"I figured any water had to flow downhill from there," she explained.

Fighting her way through overgrown jungle foliage, vines, tram lines and crowds of beggars, the woman discovered a series of logs pushed together in triangular formations.

Living in the mud and standing water around the logs were alligators, toads, and a heretofore unknown breed of swimming earthworm. Street urchins ran about, spraying one another with water pistols.

"I realized that the log formation was a primitive dam built by the young Elvis in

order to avoid having to go to school," the woman later told archaeologists.

When she moved one of the logs, a thin trickle of mud started down the mountain-side. "In the hot Rio winter, that would be a torrent," she said.

boy, a simple truck driver who shot to fame due to his spectacular good looks, his Southern drawl, and the rise of rock and roll. He loved banana fritters and anything with peanut butter and honey. Come on, people, you know the drill."

A team of scientists on a grant from the Graceland Foundation is struggling to discredit the woman's unorthodox theory. "This gal is a loony," said one. "Elvis never went to Rio, never lived in Amherst, and could not have built this formation - which may not even be a dam at all."

Graceland issued a testy press release which stated, "These assertions are a mockery of the life of a great American. Elvis was a down home country

Commuters Travel In Style With Sing-Along Conductors

Notes From The Underground?

by James Gong

Subway crews on New York City's 'D' line are taking on some unusual jobs.

One man who visited the city recently with his wife said the couple were watching a train pull into the Rockefeller Center station when they saw four or five "old klezmer musicians in the motorman's booth."

The astonished traveler said the musicians were dressed in the traditional manner of 1920s Polish Jewry: "old guys with beards and clarinets, shirts buttoned up all the way, standing upright and stiff."

It was further reported that the train was full of dinosaurs, or people in dinosaur suits, who became rowdy as the train stopped. The conductor, a young, affable

man with a closely cropped beard, got off the train to give a commuter mug of coffee to a woman on the platform.

In addition to the generally accepted subway conductor's role of ensuring passengers' safety, New York City conductors also act as their train's social director, keeping riders entertained with games, songs, and activities, much like the host at a borscht-belt summer resort. As the D train started to leave the station, the energetic young conductor jumped on at the last instant, and was last seen strapping on an electric guitar in order to serenade the restless passengers over the train's public address system.

Said the visitor, "The train tunnel smelled of gasoline. It was somebody's garage."

Chinese Eatery to Stay Open Forever



Michael Moore

A local Chinese restaurant has announced that it will no longer have to close during power failures. "In fact," the proprietor told *DreamWorldNews*, "we will never, ever have to close again."

Kennedy: Book-Jets Will Boost Jobs, Speed Payments

by Worms of Henry

Senator Edward Kennedy has introduced a new, more efficient method for paying off student loans. Kennedy's program calls for the manufacture of special books with their insides hollowed out and with a tiny quartz crystal superglued to the cover.

As the Senator showed in a press conference earlier this week, making a loan payment with his proposed new system would involve several steps. First, the borrower places a check in the hollowed-out book and throws the book through a plate glass window on the second floor of his or

her house.

Then, Kennedy demonstrated, the book hurler sets off small explosive charges on the book by remote control, causing wings and a rocket engine to emerge from the sides of the charred tome. This book-jet can then fly the payment directly to the bank without using the slow and oftentimes unreliable conventional mail system.

Kennedy noted that the creation of a book-jet industry could mean thousands of new jobs.

"Plus," he continued, "Think of the burden we will be taking off the shoulders of the Post Office."

Zen Advice for Homeless Women

A San Diego Buddhist monk has been advising homeless women who travel the San Francisco and Boston subways.

"I had just gotten into the BART station before it closed for the night and I didn't have anywhere to sleep," one woman reported. "I looked across the tracks and saw him giving advice to two other women, so I went over."

The Japanese monk, who also holds an eighth degree black belt in Aikido, told the three women to take the train to the end of the line where they could sleep on a bench. He also advised them to use a black wool coat as a blanket.

"You don't need those bags"

But as the train pulled out of the station, one of the women noticed that she had left a brand new wool coat and an expensive leather bookbag sitting on the platform. She started to go back for them when the meditation master suddenly appeared on the train.

"You don't need those bags," the savvy sage counseled. "Keep going."

When the woman refused to heed his advice and went back for her belongings, the zen priest was "visibly disappointed by her lack of martial spirit and her attachment to her ego," according to an eyewitness. Others confirmed this report although, as one witness observed, "his expression never changed."

All trains have stopped running since the incident.

Women-Only Café Opens

A small green neon sign marked with a fifties-style cup and saucer is the only external hint of the new women's coffee house, "Ricardo's," in downtown Northampton, Massachusetts. Though the café is in the basement of the back of a brick building, its neon sign can be seen from the front.

"Ricardo's" also features a brick outbuilding in the courthouse parking lot. The tiny structure appears large enough to hold three or four people. Although men are apparently permitted in this extension of "Ricardo's," only women have been observed waiting in line for admittance.

Man Opts Out of Fire Chief Forgery

Old-world customs still hold sway in lower Manhattan, where political power is held by the Fire Department, and neighborhood fire chiefs, like 19th-century ward bosses or old-time gangsters, dispense favors to their constituents.

When a neighborhood resident's car gets ticketed for being parked in front of a hydrant, for example, the resident can have the ticket stamped with the chief's personal seal, thus voiding the fine — if the resident's family is on good terms with the chief.

This was one artist's shocking discovery when a friend asked him for a small favor: could he forge the local fire chief's personal seal in order to avoid paying a parking ticket? The task was simple enough, as the seal's design was crude.

But the artist told reporters he was reluctant to honor his friend's request: The damage to his family's standing with the Fire Department could have been irreparable.

Woman Baffled by Husband's New Religion

A woman was shocked to learn of her husband's religious conversion when he grabbed her by the shoulders and, his beard flecked with spittle, began to shout in her face.

"Light a candle for Angel Mary! Light a candle for Angel Mary! Light a candle for Angel Mary!" he demanded.

Said the bewildered wife, "My husband has many questions about his religious identity, but I always thought he was Jewish or Quaker or something I could handle."

The husband now declares himself a "True Disciple of the True Church of the New Age of the Angel Mary."

The religious future of the couple's children is uncertain.

Lost And Found

Found: 3 elegant skirts with vivid patterns, also several Sesame Street cassettes, being swept back and forth in the ocean. If you have lost these articles, please contact our office.

Music Trivia Crucial in New York Heist

How to ABBA Bank

by Tint Meatboat

Two thieves recently attempted to rob a midtown Manhattan bank only to discover the building was actually a high-rise nuclear reactor.

The male-female duo were inspired by the movies *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Die Hard* and *Pulp Fiction*.

Upon arriving at the skyscraper sometime after sundown the team had little trouble reaching the top floor, where they expected to find a bank vault. To their surprise, they instead came upon an advanced fission reactor resembling an oversized

chicken rotisserie oven with LED readouts.

While the woman stood guard and shot at the occasional interloper, the man found the computer terminal controlling the reactor's security system. He managed to override it when the top-secret codes proved to be trivia questions about the 70s Swedish pop group ABBA.

Despite their success in defeating the alarm system, the duo was unable to open the reactor. The thieves later admitted that this was just as well, as they would have had no idea what to do if a nuclear meltdown occurred once the reactor were opened.

DreamNotes™ Music Reports

Jerry Used Dino Sticks

The late musician Jerry Garcia used an unusual technique when writing his distinctive guitar solos, researchers have discovered.

Garcia would sit at his kitchen table and glue cut-out pictures of dinosaurs to small cardboard squares. These would then be mounted on popsicle sticks.

By waving the dinosaur sticks around in a puppet show, the Grateful Dead leader was able to compose his solos and orchestrate the various sections of his songs.

Extremely Large Concert Goes Off OK, Considering

The lead singer of a local band recently played a concert on a town plaza in Italy, accompanied by about a hundred male musicians who stood behind her in a triangle.

"I kept saying it was a bad acoustic setup, but nobody listened," the musician reported. "In fact, two of the 20-odd guitar players were screwing around so I told them to go play their own damn concert in another corner of the plaza. Which they did."

The audience, which was kept at bay by a wooden divider that resembled a prayer bench, slowly trickled away before the band started playing.

Despite these setbacks, the event was not a total loss for the singer. "It was a nice day in Italy. Warm and sunny," she said.

Writer Beats Haircut Rap

In an attempt to promote band unity, all three members of the progressive rap trio Diggable Planets recently decided to get the same haircut, which they named 'Double Dutch'. However, when Village Voice music writer dream hampton joined the group, she refused to change her coif.

Speaking in front of a cheap pastoral backdrop at a K-Mart portrait studio, hampton vowed not to be swayed by peer pressure, opting instead to stick with a haircut she termed "The Pie Wedge Thing."

Cuomo at Folk Dance

Erstwhile New York Governor Mario Cuomo was recently spotted at a contradance. "He was dressed in the usual slacks and white shirt," a woman said, adding "he danced beautifully." She was surprised, however, to see Cuomo at the event and reportedly asked the Governor what his attraction was to this century-old New England dance tradition. "He whirled by on the arms of a woman in blue," she told reporters. "And in perfect time, he said to me, 'It keeps me young.'"

"Now you're sorry you made all those jokes."

Electrical Fires Mar *Get Smart* Performance

by Pinky Dollie

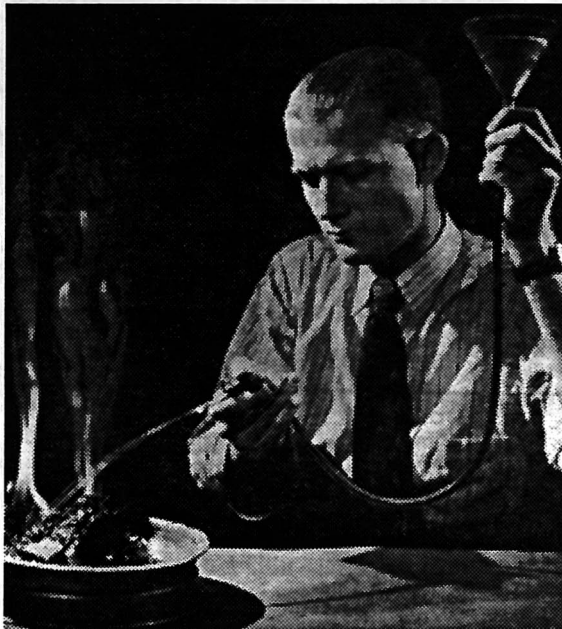
After a grueling hike through the tunnels of Manhattan's Sixth Avenue subway line, a nocturnal explorer found himself forced to participate in a grim re-enactment of the 1960s TV series *Get Smart* last Friday night.

Though the original series is remembered for its ironic slapstick humor, audiences described the re-enactment as 'menacing' and 'expressionistic'. The Maxwell Smart character was locked in a janitor closet with the supporting cast, who subjected him to a steady stream of abuse.

Then, as the tiny room's electrical outlets started one by one to spew jets of blue flame, the Chief fixed Maxwell Smart with a steely glare and said, "See what you've done? Now you're sorry you made all those jokes."

The background music swelled to a gloomy crescendo, and the unwilling lead actor's wife entered the room and offered him a can of spinach.

It was only then, he later told investigators, that Smart realized his only chance for



escape would be to eat the spinach and hope for a Popeye-like burst of superhuman strength.

Unfortunately, said Smart, "I ate the spinach and nothing happened."

How the actors and audience survived the conflagration that followed has yet to be explained.

Hospital Keeps Abreast Of Technology

State-of-the-art medicine meets cultic mysticism at Northampton's Cooley Dickinson Hospital, the site of the newly opened O.T.B. (Of The Breast) Suites.

A recent visitor to the hospital saw a procession of women in long white gowns, chanting softly in unison outside the new facility. Each patient was carrying a round, white, motorized milk container with three cylindrical openings.

Each woman lay on the bed, which was made up with fine linen sheets exquisitely hand embroidered with prayers in glistening blue thread, and was hooked up to a whirling milking machine. As the machine pumped milk from their breasts, the women

"shivered quietly in a trance of religious ecstasy," the visitor reported.

At the foot of the bed, in place of the usual hospital bed footboard, was a knitting machine spewing afghans of dark and light blue stripes over the trembling bodies of the semi-conscious milk maids.

As the patients filed out, they quietly handed over their cylinders of milk, which the hospital makes available for public consumption. A noisy crowd in the hallway clamored for the milk. Said the visitor, "At the head of the line was an English professor in his sixties, with milk dripping out of his mouth and down his chin, claiming that he needed it for his five-year-old son."

Monkees, Beatles In Broadway Revival

Broadway has brought the Beatles and the Monkees together for the first time in history to star in a stunning revival of the sixties rock musical *Hair*.

Details of the production have been kept tightly under wraps, but our correspondent, who got a sneak preview of Act One while it was still in rehearsal, described the show as "pretty high concept."

"I watched as they were working on the choreography for the song 'Breathe Deep.' It was really cool. They had a set of poles with bungee cords stretched horizontally between them - kind of like a fence - and the Beatles and Monkees bounced up and down on the bungee fence as they sang."

"It was very moving."

Although no date has been set for the opening, tickets will go on sale in a few weeks.

Helpful Household Tips

Balloons Get Heavier

Balloons made of lead are all the rage in the pre-school set. Kids like them because they can't float away, and because if you lick them, you can get genuine lead poisoning! The ideal party favor: toddler guests can wear their lead balloons home if you use a cast iron anklet to make a junior size ball and chain.

Culinary Breakthrough

An area resident has discovered a new way to cook hard-boiled eggs. "Put them in your ears," he reports.

Attention Bards!

Looking for that iambic hexameter line to rhyme with words ending in "art"? Try this one: 'But only if the moving ense doth play his part.'

Explained a still-groggy Shakespeare scholar: "'Moving ense' means 'baby'."

clip-it-save!



Medical Care Scarce as U.S.- Finland War Rages

by Rol Sugg

The escalating war between the United States and Finland has strained medical resources to the breaking point, according to international observers.

One woman checked into an emergency room after she cut her foot almost in half, but instead of receiving medical treatment she witnessed a nightmarish scene of brutality and horror. "All the paramedics and doctors were busy dismembering a pile of corpses and picking the bones, just like chickens," she told reporters.

**"These
corpses
just keep
coming"**

"They threw one guy on the pile who still was seatbelted into his wheelchair - he had been a paraplegic - but he was just a head and bones and shredded other stuff."

The patient eventually got a doctor to examine her foot, but he told her that it was "just a laceration" and that she would just have to hold it together.

She then limped to another building and entered a conference room/bomb shelter filled with refugees. Some slept on the floor while others were anxiously reading newspaper stories about the bloodshed in Scandinavia and speculating about the course of the war.

"A woman named Andrea came to me sobbing about her parents, who had been touring Norway and had been caught and detained," the woman reported. "She said they would be having flashbacks to the Holocaust, in which both of them had suffered."

Galileo, Let Me Go!

A young scientist recently spotted the father of modern astronomy, Galileo Galilei, sporting a pancake-sized button on his lapel with the helpful adage, "The way you tell the difference between up and down is that gravity pulls you down and up is the direction where there are hardly any worms."

"They slammed my house down"

79-Farm Serenade!

by Shark Pants

Dale Evans rigged the whole thing, say bystanders.

Seventy-nine Michigan farmwives joined forces in an historic serenade, singing cowgirl songs of yore. But when the 79 senior citizens slammed into a hard-hitting version of The Ramones' 1976 punk anthem 'Blitzkrieg Bop', they brought the house down - literally.

The galvanized tin shacks that sprawl across the arid plains of Michigan - which look suspiciously like the Mathare Valley slums that ring Nairobi, Kenya - shook from the cowgirl chorus.

The shacks finally slid off their moorings and came to rest in a pile that was, in the words of a now-homeless resident, "as big as an old long-playing record."

An image of the album cover of *The Ramones Leave Home* appeared in the sky over the Michigan plains.

As the dust settled, Michigan militia members arrived on skateboards and swore revenge on the cowgirl chorus. Sporting crewcuts and Emiliano Zapata-

style bandolier belts with a rainbow of designer-hued bullets, the angry mob of survivalists chanted, "Dale Evans is as good as dead. Down with the Federales."

**"Dale Evans
Is As Good
As Dead"**



Mouse Suit Wins Rat Race

by Rafad Harps

One Manhattan woman has found an unusual route to the fast track: she decorated her business suit with thousands of tiny bells.

The woman described as the suit as an off-the-rack "three-piece career girl item, with bowtie at the neck" until she sewed over 20,000 miniature bells on by hand.

"When I walked, they set to jinglin," the seamstress told reporters.

"Mostly I pranced during the morning rush hour, at the Bloomingdale's entrance to the 59th and Lexington subway stop," the woman recalled. "Just like the characters in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, when they were riding imaginary horses."

"I looked exactly like a little gray mouse, all covered in bells, begging for cheese. That was the purpose of the suit, to get cheese."

"It was a success," the woman added.

Those Amazing Animals

Pet Flies Tractor in Ecuador's 'Meat and Potatoes' War

Housecat Flies Helicopter



In Ecuador, where potatoes were first domesticated, the biggest military skirmish in history has come down between the carnivores and the vegetarians.

A *DreamWorldNews* correspondent witnessed the opening conflict of this new war and later interviewed a key player in the scuffle: her cat.

While visiting a friend's restaurant in the Ecuadorian Andes, the reporter heard what sounded like a helicopter outside. The group followed the sound to a nearby field, where a platoon of guerrilla troops had encircled a piece of farm equipment unique to Ecuador: a "heli-tractor." The top of the machine is a standard helicopter — equipped with extra-thick blades to handle the surplus weight — but the bottom is a large, yellow, front-loading tractor.

The unique farm tool was apparently devised so that politically embattled farmers could make quick getaways while still "outstanding in their fields".

A group of soldiers then jumped dra-

matically onto the heli-tractor as it took off, and our correspondent was shocked to discover that the pilot of the machine was her cat, Lucy.

"I didn't know she could fly helicopters," the reporter said later.

The restaurant owner explained that war had just begun between the meat-eaters and the vegetarians.

Rising 200 feet into the air, the carnivore guerrillas fired down upon their advancing vegetarian enemies — until Lucy the Cat Pilot panicked and hit the button that released the tractor, sending the troops plummeting to the ground.

"At first I assumed that Lucy ejected the guerrillas because, as an animal herself, she was opposed to their carnivorous diet," the reporter told witnesses. "But then I remembered that cats are meat-eaters too."

Lucy later explained to her owner, "It was a much bigger helicopter than I was used to flying. And I didn't realize it was also a tractor."

Women Who Swim with the Bunnies

A twentysomething woman was discovered yesterday evening in her neighbors' swimming pool, apparently playing with their white pet rabbit. No harm was done to the rabbit, and the woman was fully clothed.

The neighbors, an elderly couple, were not particularly disturbed to see the woman, whom they knew, sitting in their swimming pool. When discovered, she began to apologize profusely, saying, "I'm sorry, it's just so cute, I wanted to play with it."

The couple shrugged it off and invited the woman and the members of her immediate family to their tag sale.

Musical Cow Has Graze with Success

A computer expert was busy for several hours yesterday when his three-year-old daughter asked him to connect her stuffed cow Sudsy to a Macintosh Quadra, and then run it via a MIDI hookup into a 24-channel mixing board. The child was curious to hear "what kind of a record Sudsy would make if he could."

"It was mostly a port-and-cable problem," the Dad told *DreamWorldNews*. "Sudsy has no udder, or any other orifice for that matter. We had to digitize his bovinity and use the horns as positive and negative polarities. That's how we got the name for his release: *Horn Lines*."

Tourist Mauled by Lion

A recently arrived tourist boarded a double decker bus in London's Park Lane, but his suitcase fell onto the road when the bus suddenly started moving.

Unable to get off until the next stop, the tourist looked for a taxi to take him back to his suitcase. The only taxi available was off-duty and was operated by a retired husband-and-wife lion-taming team.

The tourist got into the back seat, where to his great alarm he found the ex-lion tameress was snuggling a large lion cub. She insisted it was safe and they drove

off to find the luggage

Unfortunately, the lion began mauling the tourist, who was forced to abort the dream before the suitcase could be recovered.

Owl in Boating Accident

The Owl was recently seen on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, in a dinghy belonging to the grandfather of two women in a nearby canoe. Neither the Owl's longtime companion, the Pussycat, nor the pea green boat in which the pair have been known to travel, were on the scene.

The women in the canoe reported seeing "a strange turbulence that seemed to be caused by some force deep in the lake". They were unable to go to the assistance of the owl, whose craft was in distress. The dinghy eventually capsized and sank.

The owl was able to get to safety, the witnesses said, "wet but unharmed."

Snake Book: Read It And Weep

On a rural road bordered by cornfields, three boys caught in a flash flood were recently bitten by the Venomous Fire Snake. The boys, who had left their sneakers on high ground to wade in the flood waters, failed to inspect the shoes carefully before putting them back on, and all received the painless bite of the deadly snakes.

The Fire Snake's toxin causes the victim's skin to turn purple and sprout extrusions resembling shelf fungus on trees. This is followed by a painful demise.

Information on the deadly Fire Snake is available in *The Book Of Snakes*. But would-be herpetologists consult the book at their own risk: opposite each page of text is a live sample of each listed species which is apt to jump out at any time and bite the reader. One can quickly perceive that the Fire Snake is 1 to 1½ inches long, whip-thin, and of a reddish-orange color similar to our native wood salamanders.

More appealing are the toothless bird-snakes, some of which are quite friendly, and enjoy having their heads and necks scratched and stroked.

Lizard-Wizard Spouts Wisdom of Ancients

The Skink That Thinks

by Urban Sprawl

A tag sale browser was flipping through a musty book in ancient Greek when the book fell open to a pentacle-like diagram. Though she didn't even know the Greek alphabet, she somehow recognized the name of her son's pet lizard - Ektekenkt - at the center of the pentacle. She bought the book, took it home and began studying Greek.

The woman, never very quick with languages, somehow learned ancient Greek in all its nuances in a matter of hours.

The book proved to contain research on the proper diet of lizards, and revealed that there is a Golden Mean of Crickets that is the One True Food of the skink. The novice scholar learned that simply feeding the family pet three or four live

crickets per day is not sufficient. The crickets, said the ancients, must have the correct relationship to one another in size and intelligence, and must be able to fit a complex mathematical formula that establishes a triangular relationship between the insects.

Further, the dusty text claimed, if maintained with the proper diet, Ektekenkt, the most brilliant of all living creatures, would be able to speak with "clarity, drama and wisdom."

The lizard did indeed learn to speak. He became a great orator, was quoted by Shakespeare and

Marlowe, and taught his owners Greek philosophy and higher mathematics, over coffee and french fries.

Said his proud owner: "I kneel at his feet. I mean, his claws."

**"Clarity,
drama
and
wisdom"**

Tiny Dolphins Instrumental In U.N. Overthrow

by Younghill Gamble

Four Japanese-American double agents conspired to overthrow the United Nations using tiny dolphins.

The agents recently were observed changing into black scuba gear in a garage full of used clothes. Though the garage was located in a large, suburban pool, no water came in through the open door.

An unidentified person approached the side of the pool and handed one agent four long, brown paper bags, of the size used to hold baguettes of bread. In each bag was a miniature dolphin. In their dormant state, the dolphins resembled bright green

cucumbers. They assumed their normal form when they entered the water.

The double agents apparently planned to use the dolphins to infiltrate an ongoing United Nations conference.

After reviving the dolphins in a white plastic tub of water, all four agents - and dolphins - disappeared through a hatch in the pool.

Two of them wore size 11 booties, say observers.

Meanwhile, at the Embassy, bluegrass singer Alison Krauss discoursed on the merits of sleeping at the wheel of her large touring bus. "Really, it's totally safe - and fun," Krauss told an unconvinced onlooker.



Editors Meet In Outer Space

A magazine editor recently returned from a state-of-the-art business conference held on Mars.

Upon arrival, participants were ushered into a ring of floating chairs suspended by jointed metal arms from a central orb containing a free-floating television and media center.

No information of substance was shared at the gathering, the editor reports, but the participants were uniformly well dressed. One participant, a well-coiffed editor from a competing magazine, broke the drone of information exchange to ask petulantly, "Can we just turn on the news,

please?" Organizers complied with her request.

Upon her return to Earth, the editor encountered a young man intent upon making advances on her. The young man was having some difficulty in this regard, so he turned to Woody Allen and reportedly asked the dissolute filmmaker if he could borrow "your bunches of daisies."

Allen shuffled through the pockets of his sportjacket and retrieved two dried-up lemons with seeds rattling inside. The young man thanked him, took one, and challenged the editor to kick it in a hack-eyesack-style courtship ritual.

Farm Strike Turns Deadly

Agricultural labor relations have taken a distinct turn for the worse, according to one young observer.

The lad told reporters that he had seen "a bunch of people who were on strike in a cornfield. They were planting poison corn so that the boss would eat it for dinner and die."

Union officials were unavailable to comment on the bizarre tactic.

What Do Cacti Eat?

Ever wondered how cacti can survive long periods without water or food? Close study by a 6-year-old girl has revealed the amazing resources of these hardy succulents.

The girl witnessed a household prickly pear cactus pull itself out of its pot, walk down a flight of stairs into the kitchen, open the refrigerator door and begin taking food out.

"Then it made a pot of soup," the girl reported.

Scientists have yet to determine whether cacti know how to make soup in their native habitats, or if they acquire their culinary skills after domestication.

No-Show at Soul Show

Northampton's newly elected mayor Rudolph Giuliani made the first major faux pas of his term when he failed to show up for a ceremony to receive James Brown's official blessing.

Though incensed by the mayor's absence, the Godfather of Soul went ahead with his performance so as not to disappoint the hundreds of schoolchildren, bused in for the event, who patiently lined the sidewalks. Brown performed on the back of a flatbed truck which drove slowly up and down the one-block length of Northampton's Brewery Court.

Accompanied by an unusually small four-piece backup band, the sixty-something soul singer was in top form, crooning, screaming, dancing and jumping around like a man half his age. During one number he also surprised fans by joining in on violin and a plastic toy saxophone.

Giuliani's absence was soon forgotten as the crowd gyrated to the trance-like groove.

Magazine Industry Buzz

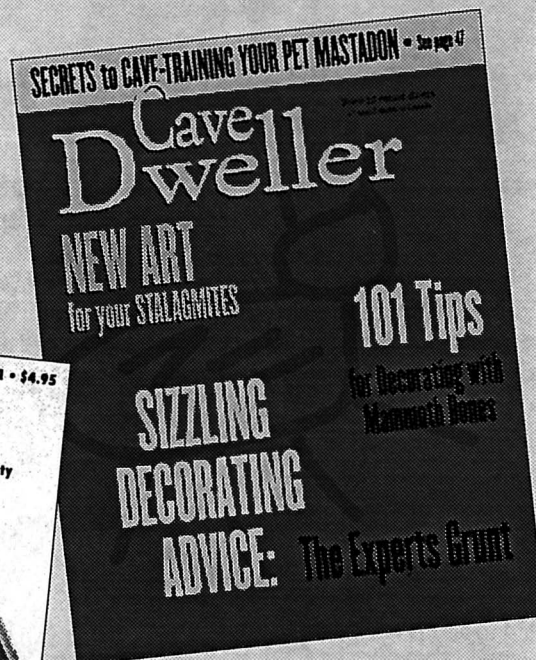
Magazines to use 'Appropriate Materials'

Forget about paper and ink. 'Appropriate Materials' is the next big thing in magazine publishing, say industry trendspotters.

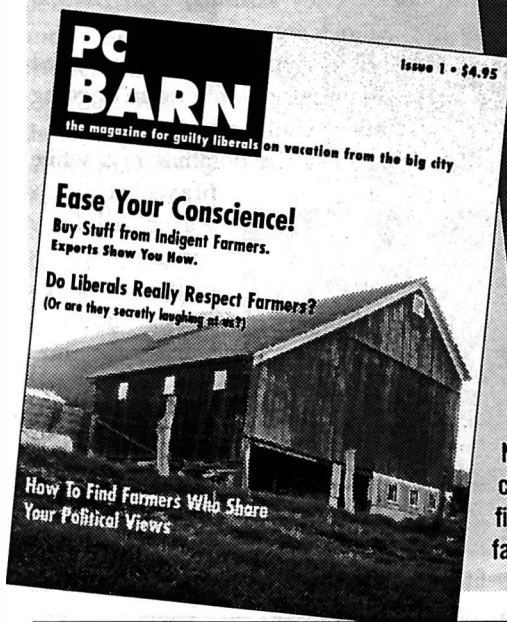
Reporters got a sneak preview of the hot new trend when designers recently showed a prototype of a new magazine covering the history of the London Underground. The magazine was made out of crumbling ceramic tile, steel and concrete, and printed with spraypaint and magic marker ink.

New Titles Announced

Cave Dweller will provide lifestyle, health and decorating tips for the modern cave dweller. Publishers are banking on current housing trends continuing.



PC Barn is aimed at "wealthy liberals from New York City who are on vacation in farm country" and need information about where to find good tag sales held by financially-strapped farmers.



Donner Dancer Lets It All Hang Out

by Aroma Tandoori

A woman who headed westward with the ill-fated Donner party about 150 years ago has resurfaced in Las Vegas, where she is a topless dancer at a popular casino.

"You only hear about the cannibalism part," she told this reporter. "But really there were a lot of very nice people. They were kind of square, but mostly real nice."

Shimmying up to the reporter's table at the casino, the dancer recounted her memories of a mid-nineteenth century winter of horror and despair among the group of would-be pioneers driven to cannibalism after they were trapped by early snowfall and poor navigation. As she told the story, men stuffed five-dollar bills into her sequined g-string.

"One thing I learned," she added, twirling her pasties: "Never take shortcuts, sweetie."

Motormouth Package Marketed

General Foods this week introduced its new Motormouth package. It consists of an audiocassette and a fishbowl full of pills, stuffed with cotton and capped with a plastic top.

The pills come in a variety of colors and sizes — a gray egg, pink caplets and small blue pellets, to name only a few. The cassette features a rock band whose guitarist suddenly begins lecturing on a wide range of subjects.

Bad News for Academics

Big changes are in store for postgraduate education — if you believe a certain fortune cookie.

Two couples were dining at a local Chinese eatery recently when a fortune cookie yielded this ominous prediction: "The American University is coming to an end."

Whether the fortune was predicting doom for American higher education in general, or just for the American University of Beirut, was a topic of some debate among the diners.

More to Maps than Meets the Eye

Scientists revealed a startling discovery today: Maps are really coded charts that always lead to graduate school!

"We gave several different maps to women who were lost," said the study's chief researcher. "And they all ended up in grad school. This could have serious implications."

The scientists tested maps from all over the world, including a foreign map that was coded in a basket weave pattern. One expert explained, "The street pattern on this map resembled thick woven ribbons. It seemed impossible to decode. But when we put it to the test, it led directly to a PhD program."

Details of the study have been sealed by the Department of Defense. "It's a matter of national security," a Pentagon spokesperson stated.

The researcher agreed: "This is poten-



tially quite dangerous. You wouldn't want to leave one of these maps lying around. What if a child got hold of it?"

Trig Attack Triggers Evac

by Sportney Scenter

Residents of a Western Massachusetts community were resting comfortably today after they were forced to evacuate their homes due to an incident of 45-degree angles. "I was sitting in my living room when my cup just slid off the coffee table. I went to get it and fell on my face," a property owner told reporters.

Driving became hazardous when many older vehicles could not negotiate the sud-

denly steeper hills. A white truck that slid down its own driveway would have been submerged in a fire pond if the water hadn't already run out of it.

Most residents said that they expected to return to their houses when the trigonometric disturbance subsided.

"Once it gets back to the mid-20s I'm going home," one man said. "The only thing that's still normal is male urination, once you get used to the tilt in the bowl."

Burroughs Bail-out

Debauched pharmaceutical heir and user William Burroughs recently helped a young family out of their dire financial straits by mailing them \$6,000 in cash.

A neighbor said that the couple, who are expecting their second child, received several books in the mail from Burroughs. Tucked between the pages of one book were six \$1000 bills.

"That ought to help defray some of their debts," said the neighbor.

Offices Get Really Lax

by Winslow 'Crispy' Crabmeat

Remember when "Dress-Down Day" at work became popular? Well, the trend toward casual attire has reached a new level with the introduction of "Nude-in-Bed Day."

Usually on Thursdays, employees are encouraged to arrive at work in their bathrobes, pull out folding beds or cots in their offices, disrobe, and stay in bed all day. A "messy look" to the office itself, suggesting a bedroom in disarray, is also part of the new etiquette. Always appropriate: balled-up tissues on the floor, papers strewn about, dirty coffee cups and plates balanced on top of

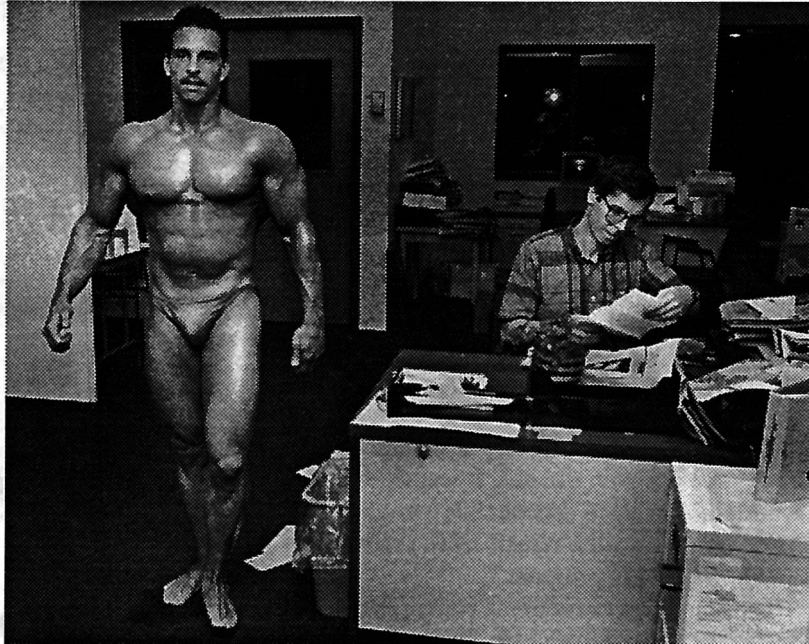
clock radios, a TV left on to daytime talk shows and soap operas, and used condoms on the floor or stuck to walls.

Meetings, phone calls and work are to be taken and executed while remaining in bed, unshaven, unkempt, unclean and sniffing.

This "working holiday" has its dangers, though: clients visiting your office may want to jump into the sack with you!

"It's a real problem," said one employee. "One meeting I took, all the client wanted to do was take her clothes off too and have sex with me. I couldn't get any work done."

Higher-ups at offices across the nation are meeting currently to devise yet another "special day" to defuse such distractions and improve business relationships: Sex With Your Clients Day.



Michael Moore

Hollywood Report

This Camel Would Roll a Mile

A new boot camp/buddy film will be the first movie ever to feature a quadriplegic camel.

The camel, which has four yellow plastic wheels instead of legs, appears in several scenes in the action comedy about Gulf War soldiers.

"It can even swim," said one source, "and it's no more ill-tempered than a normal camel."

Muscle Guy Kidnapped

Arnold Schwarzenegger has been kidnapped by extremists in an effort to call public attention to their cause. "They are angry that irrigation pipes go in straight lines over the surface of the ground, instead of being buried," said a political insider.

The extremists nabbed the musclebound Republican while he was drinking a cup of coffee. The dark glasses he was wearing

apparently gave the abductors the impression that Schwarzenegger is blind. The film star did nothing to correct this misunderstanding, hoping he could turn it to his advantage and escape.

Hats Off to the Mouse

A homemade television commercial with a rap music jingle is the envy of ad agencies everywhere. The late-night spot was made by a thickly accented Swedish or Italian building contractor. In the ad, the contractor raps the following lines:

*Thank You For Asking That Question
I'll Tell You How I Build My House
I Build It Very Carefully
With The Greatest Respect for the Mouse.*

Rodent Bikers in New Film

A South Deerfield child recently previewed a new motion picture at a late-night screen-

ing. Entitled *All Rats*, the film shows its protagonists "mostly riding around on motorcycles," according to the young reviewer. She also had reservations about the movie's title, charging that she spotted "one or two mice in there."

Kat Film Misses Point

Hollywood sources report that the forthcoming big-budget feature version of *Krazy Kat*, George Herriman's anarchic and surreal comic strip from the 1920s, "completely misses the point" of the original.

Herriman's comic strip depicted the bizarre relationship between Krazy Kat and her love-struck, brick-tossing admirer, Ignatz Mouse. But Krazy is a male in the Hollywood version, which one visitor on the set described as a "typical *Lethal Weapon*-style action/buddy picture".

"Granted, Krazy Kat was occasionally referred to as 'he' in the comic strip," said the visitor. "But this is way off the mark."

High Altitude Bowl Is Not So Super

by Nice Wolf Fence

For diehard football fans only: little-known to the general public, right after the Superbowl ends, a second one begins – high atop the Himalayas.

“Completely Exhausted And Frostbitten”

The Second Superbowl features the same teams that just played the more public Superbowl, and takes place in an arena about the size of a high-school basketball court. Folding chairs are set up around the playing field, which is a wooden floor marked out like a football field.

A long, dark, snowy hike through the Tibetan mountains awaits the tired, drunken fans, as the late-night event takes place at a site unreachable by vehicles or aircraft.

Travel plans must be made far in advance, as this Second Superbowl starts only minutes after the main event.

Fans say the game is often more exciting than the regular Superbowl because the losing team is raring for a rematch.

“Also, they’re completely exhausted and frostbitten,” one fan reports, “and it’s funny to watch them fall down and cry a lot.”

New Life Forms Discovered

In a study soon to be published in the prestigious journal *Nature*, a young botanist has identified two new species right here in New England!

The four-year-old scientist reports: “There is a bush called a seed bishk. There is also a bug that takes me to the fixing place to fix my nipples.”

The Queen is Sad

During a break in the filming of a big-budget pornographic movie, two extras were seen trying to comfort a disconsolate, grossly overweight Aretha Franklin.

Insiders say the Queen of Soul, who had ballooned to over 300 pounds, was depressed about the turn her career has taken, especially in light of the recent success of the one-hit band Said Fred.

Spokesmodels Goof, Prez Backpedals



Michael Moore

White House spin doctors are once again working overtime in the wake of the Clinton administration’s latest gaffe.

At a jam-packed press conference Monday night, two ultra-skinny, black supermodels recently hired as presidential nutritional consultants announced that the ideal female body weight is 60 pounds.

“This statement can only lead to even more eating disorders among teenage girls,” said an outraged feminist.

Administration staff downplayed the importance of the announcement, characterizing it as a mere slip of the tongue.

“I’m sure they meant to say 160,” said one frazzled flack.

Church Infested With ‘Has-Been Actors’

Religious authorities are investigating allegations of a group of unemployed actors living in an abandoned church basement.

The squatting thespians were discovered when a family taking a backroad route home from Boston stopped at the crumbling Catholic church to see if they could acquire an old church pew at a bargain price.

After parking on a giant slab of ice – which turned out to be the church’s frozen moat – the couple entered the church but discovered that there was no access to the first floor.

At the foot of the basement stairs, they met the church’s disillusioned priest, who

informed them that the structure was slated for demolition and had long since been stripped of anything useful.

But farther along the dank basement halls the couple found a colony of “has-been actors from ‘60s TV shows,” though neither of the couple could positively identify any of them. The washed-up actors were living in a veritable rabbit warren of boxes of old junk and racks of cast-off clothes.

“They looked like they hadn’t seen the light of day in a long, long time,” said the father.

“If we had taken the turnpike, we would never have seen any of this,” he added.

HSB, no MSG

Ordering a Chinese meal is a simple matter of specifying the ingredients, the sauce, and the degree of spiciness, right?

Not so, say experts: diners may not get what they expect if they fail to order using the correct color model — a method electronic systems use to store color information.

Most Chinese restaurants serve food in HSB (Hue-Saturation-Brightness), a model used in broadcast systems, as well as RGB (Red-Green-Blue), which is used in computer monitors.

Said one digital imaging specialist: "Chinese food has greater color accuracy in HSB, but in RGB you get a larger portion."

The Information Bus Lane

San Francisco's many overhead bus and trolley wires are also a giant, city-wide computer network, a visitor discovered.

In addition to providing power to the buses and streetcars, the wires enable riders equipped with laptop computers to communicate with each other while riding public transportation.

The visitor, who is a frequent user of online services and the Internet, was not surprised to find that the principle topics of discussion over the bus-wire network are city bus service and the network itself.

Bathrooms Go Virtual

Several cutting-edge eating establishments are installing new "virtual bathrooms" that simulate the feel of heeding the call of nature in the wild while using up-to-the-minute computer technology.

The bathrooms are small, cramped and dingy, with bad lighting. Paint peels on the walls, and they are suffused with an almost

David Lynchian-industrial melancholy. The first thing the user notices upon entering is that the urinals and toilets are two-dimensional and appear to be poorly painted on the walls with cheap paints — in fact at times, they appear not to be there at all. When used, however, they are fully functional.

The woody part of the whole experience occurs when users turn on the faucet to wash their hands: fresh-cut hay pours out of the tap!

And They Taste Great, Too

A graphic designer has discovered that the Pantone Color Matching System can also be used to specify flavor.

During a tour of the studio where he works, which has moved from a converted industrial building in Massachusetts to the apartment next door to his father's in London, the designer was given a sheet of Pantone color samples and told that they were fruit flavored.

"The person giving the tour left me in there eating a sheet of PMS 208-2s tasting deliciously of blueberries and blackcurrants!" he gushed to *DreamWorldNews* staff.

Ask The Network Rabbi

Here are two simple ways to keep your computer network kosher:

- Use a network router to establish separate zones. Pork, shellfish, and other 'treife' items can be isolated in their own zone away from kosher foodstuffs.
- Put meat scans and dairy scans in separate zones as well.



Night Owls Fooled By Eggs

A Boston rooftop soiree held a high-tech culinary surprise for the guests — at least those who stuck around for an ultra-late dinner.

The guests of honor, owners of an up-and-coming recording studio, were delayed in a recording session and arrived at the bash 72 hours late.

By the time dinner was served it was nearly 2 am, and irate neighbors were leaning out of windows overlooking the throng and hurling down epithets, water balloons and bottles.

Fortunately, an umbrella 100 feet in diameter was erected to shield the guests from the bombardment.

The unpleasantness was forgotten as one guest produced a bowl of salad. "You'll never guess what the hard-boiled eggs are made of," he challenged.

But try as they might, nobody came close to figuring out that the eggs were made of HTML.

HyperText Markup Language, or HTML, is the computer language of the World Wide Web, and was not previously believed edible. Efforts to locate the mystery guest and his secret recipe have so far been unsuccessful.

Band Can't Dive Into Scene

Last night, an up-and-coming young band found out that the professional music scene was actually an olympic-size swimming pool at a small, ivy league college, which they did not have the correct identification nor clothing to enter.

Mystery Groom for Ms. Tutu

Three year old Ballerina Tutu has announced imminent nuptials. The bride is planning to wear a white lace skirt, a big red hat with ribbons and flowers, and black high heeled shoes with bows. Tutu describes her mother's outfit as "fancy and black, but with low heels."

Although the identity of her betrothed is being kept secret, Ballerina has disclosed that she's looking forward to parenthood. "If it's a girl I'll name her Clover Flower and if it's a boy, Jesus — we'll just have to wait and see. Mom will drive the car and I will sit in the back seat with the baby."

PartyBoy

by PartyBoy

Contrary to what you might have heard, being a social reporter is hard work. On your best behavior every night, elbow cramps from hoisting drinks . . . but it's not without its revelatory moments.

Revelation number one, from a shindig in a fluorescent-lit hotel meeting room your PartyBoy attended with his brother: life in the mob ain't what it used to be, darlin'.

At one table sat a gaggle of blond, corn-fed mobsters, looking every bit like Dan Quayle in their regulation black shirts, white ties and Armani jackets, talking too loud about the effects of the new tax laws on their business and not caring who overheard.

Only later — upon relating that story during a visit to George Harrison's apartment — did your PartyBoy think to wonder: what kind of idiot mobster would actually pay taxes? I mean!

PartyBoy's advice to the silent ex-Beatle: "Keep up the good work, and don't let them make you wear a rug."

Get this: one of Brooklyn's top secondary schools really knows how to loosen up financial donors.

PartyBoy visited his old high school recently and saw an immense concrete and glass structure projecting horizontally hundreds of feet from the building's eleventh floor.

This correspondent got an exclusive tour of the structure, which isn't open to penny-ante donors like you. It contains a tunnel large enough for potential benefactors to crawl through. At the far end is an elegant observation lounge, like the bombardier's "fishbowl" at the front of a World War II flying fortress.

School officials ply top donors with booze before sending them crawling into the lounge. Then hydraulic pistons in the school's basement tip the whole building so that the lounge swings down almost to street level.

"It cost a bundle to build the tunnel and replace the foundation with pistons and hinges," said one administrator, "but after a ride in the lounge our donors always kick in that extra something."

Investigators Probe Breach of Space-Time Continuum

Time Traveler Forges Nixon's Signature



Michael Moore

by Will Benda

In a flagrant violation of both constitutional and scientific law, a local graphic designer traveled more than 20 years backward in time and forged former president Richard M. Nixon's signature on a piece of legislation.

The designer said the environmental protection bill was drafted during an unusually anarchic joint session of congress. "Legislators were screaming and throwing

objects at the podium," he reported.

Presiding over the session was Chief of Staff Al Haig, who was wearing a baseball cap. Nixon allegedly pressured the designer into signing the bill into law.

The designer, worried that his handwriting might be traced through professional graphoanalysis, signed the bill with his left hand, painstakingly etching Nixon's name with exaggerated, childlike block letters.

They're Playing Grandma's Song

The authorship of Tom Waits's classic song "Please Wake Me Up" is suddenly in doubt.

Two members of a Boston power-pop trio recently played their version of the song on a coffee shop jukebox, and observers say reactions from customers were positive.

After the proprietor turned down the lights to provide some atmosphere, patrons linked arms and all joined in on the chorus, which contains the memorable lines, "If I fall asleep in your arms, please wake

me up in my dreams."

When asked what gave him the idea for the song, the musician replied, "My grandmother wrote it. Don't tell her I told you so; it's a surprise for her birthday."

Patrons later became concerned upon seeing large water stains on the ceiling, which had buckled under the weight of the establishment over the coffee shop. Commenting on the upstairs' patrons' unwillingness to move, the proprietor responded, "I guess their butts don't move in an avalanche."

**"Their butts
don't move
in an
avalanche"**

the reality section

We wish we'd dreamed these items,
but unfortunately, they're all really true.

Dreams reported as news. Great concept, right? All very well and good, you say, but what about the strange, dreamlike events happening out there in the Real World, as reported in such bastions of Real Journalism as the *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, and *National Enquirer*? (Well, how about two out of three).

To you hardened reality addicts, we say: chill out. Even while wading cortex-deep in other peoples' dreams, we have been paying attention to real world events.

And frankly, what we've seen scares us. While Dream Life continues to lead Real Life in the General Absurdity category, the margin is slim and getting slimmer.

We're going back under the covers now, if it's all the same to you.

Before we nod off and leave you, brave reader, to grapple alone with the demons of the subconscious and the supermarket tabloids, we'd like to call attention to our spiffily revamped Reality Section. It seems like only yesterday when a mere Page could sufficiently contain a year's worth of mind-boggling, dreamlike items from the mainstream press. But the torrent of dreaminess that Real Life has unleashed in our direction has made drastic measures necessary.

Be assured that the expansion of the Reality Section is not due to any loosening of our strict standards. The Reality Section is not just another face in the ever-growing crowd of mindless "weird news" recyclers, which all too often merely rehash the depressingly ordinary stupidities of petty crooks and dimwitted bureaucrats. No, the Reality Section continues to reach for whatever is truly dreamlike in the mainstream news — whatever contains a glimmer of the absurdity, incongruity, or horror of real dreams.

Welcome to the Reality Section. Thank you and goodnight.



BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Costumed Estonians did slapstick impersonations of former Soviet leaders Josef Stalin, Leonid Brezhnev and Vladimir Lenin for an audience of more than 75,000 people in the capital, Tallinn

San Francisco Chronicle

Astronauts Fix Drink Machine

The Endeavour astronauts have fixed the space shuttle's Coke machine. The \$1.5 million soft-drink machine overheated earlier and refused to fill the astronauts' covered mugs with Coke, although it had continued to dispense non-fizzy orange Powerade. The astronauts hope the repairs will last until the mission ends on Wednesday.

AOL Online News item

...Even the HDTV saga, however, pales in comparison with the Mutsu, which weathered an incredible string of embarrassing setbacks. On its first voyage in 1974, the ship sprang a reactor leak, which startled crew members had to plug with boiled rice soaked in a boron solution. Repairs and subsequent safety

Please Turn to Page 5, Column 3

Asian Wall Street Journal,
contributed by Peter Jaeger

The Reality Section

MINISTER of Science, Technology and Environment Phisan Moolasatsathorn yesterday admitted that he believes the "invisible power" of a Buddha amulet he wears protects him from danger.

"I would not be talking with you now as a minister unless I had worn this little amulet," the senior adviser of the Buddha Image Club of Thailand told reporters during a luncheon at the ministry.

There is a strong magnetic field in the amulet he has worn since he began public service 41 years ago, he said.

The amulet had deflected a magazine of rifle bullets when he was a district officer in Surin's provincial capital, and a gunshot had missed his head by one

centimetre when he was Nakhon Panom governor, he claimed.

"The magnetic field deflected the bullets, and made the shooting harmless," said the former permanent interior secretary.

Asked if he would sell the image, he replied, "No, not even for 50 million baht, I would never sell it".

He had changed the amulet's frame from cheap stainless steel to gold, he said, and would decorate its new gold frame with diamonds until he reaches his goal.

He would not say what his goal is, but denied that he wants to be Prime Minister.

Bangkok Post, contributed by Andrew Brown

...more now to go, John ... expressed. We learned all of this, to begin with, only by chance. In mid-November we heard with mixed emotions from a participant in the funeral that John had died of a sudden heart attack in Montana in the course of a long ailment. We were saddened to learn of John's demise but pleased (a) by the abrupt ending of his increasing discomfort, and (b) by the disposition of his ashes, as required by him, in volleys of shotgun fire by designated family and friends who had carefully packed their cartridges for the rites. A more definitive disposition of one's remains is hard to imagine, but John had evidently wanted "to go out with a bang" and this he certainly did. Several! Surviving all this were Jack's widow Polly, with whom he had shared 55 years and several months of married life and two daughters. Although Jack had become identified by many of us as a resident of Bermuda, he died where he had come to spend most of his days, on Dull Knife Lane in Big Sky, Montana (59716, P.O. Box 458). We assume that, in time, the authorities in Big Sky will have seen fit to give that lane a more appropriate name! Space is running short. We shall return to John and his funeral at a later date. Well worth waiting for.

Yale Alumni News

Associated Press

KAMIKUISHIKI, Japan — Police arrested doomsday cult leader Shoko Asahara today in connection with the nerve-gas attack on Tokyo's subways two months ago, culminating Japan's biggest-ever investigation.

Reports said the bearded, blind guru was alone and meditating in a steel-plated mezzanine between floors of a chemical-storage building when police burst in. He was said to be in good condition.

Thick fog shrouded the rural compound near Mount Fuji where he was seized, and hundreds of police could be seen milling about. Hundreds of reporters and cameramen were gathered outside the compound.

As an armored, partly curtained police vehicle drove Asahara away, he was briefly visible, sitting in the back, clad in his trademark purple robes.

The arrest came almost four

Springfield (Mass) Union-News

district Court Wednesday.

• A Pleasant Street resident reported Wednesday at 5:59 p.m. someone broke into his house through a storm window earlier in the day and ate two eggs, police said.

Hampshire Gazette

Dead immigrants flooding America!

Chinese residents of Hong Kong moving to the United States are arriving with their luggage — and the dug-up remains of their ancestors.

With Communist China due to start ruling Hong Kong in 1997, the departing citizens fear new roads or office buildings will be built over dead relatives left behind.

It's easier to get into the States dead than alive. All it takes is a commercial airline flight for the deceased, who clear customs quickly with nothing to declare.

An ancient Chinese belief is that premium burial sites will bring good luck, wealth and success to a family's future generations — so the new arrivals are snapping up luxury California plots.

Human Head Found in Pot Raid

For a Berkeley man, those novelty shrunken heads just aren't enough. He made a real human head the life of many a party, police said Thursday.

During a marijuana raid at the man's house, officers said, they found a mummified head in a box marked "Eight-Piece Party Cook Kit." Wrapped in a white lab smock, the head—which belonged to a woman and had been the subject of an autopsy—often came out during good times, police said.

Officers confiscated a stack of about 20 photos with people in all sorts of poses with the head, Lt. Michel de Latour said. Sit-

ting with the head. Feigning horror and surprise at its discovery. Eating dinner with the head on the table.

"It was just a curiosity piece, it looks like to me," de Latour said. "They obviously enjoyed posing with the head, judging from the pictures they took."

[...]

[The head's] blond hair and eyebrows are still visible, but its brain had been removed. The owner, 51-year-old Donald R. Donohue, told officers it was 20 years old and that he got it from a student at a now-defunct medical school in Lawrence, Kansas.

San Jose Mercury News online edition,
contributed by Mark Anderson

DEAR ABBY: My husband is a fine, but he has some odd ideas. For example, when we go out for an evening, he orders a vodka martini with eight olives. Then one by one he puts the olives in his nose and sniffs out the juice.

I don't mind when he does this at home, but when he does it in public, I want to crawl into a hole. Do you think he should see a psychiatrist?

RADIOLOGIST'S WIFE

DEAR WIFE: Yes, but he should find one who drinks martinis with a twist of lemon so they won't fight over the olives.

SF Sunday Examiner & Chronicle

Convicts 3 guards

Threaten to cut off their fingers unless given ice cream

Vandals Topple Popeye Statue in Creator's Hometown

Popeye fell down this week, and for once, spinach didn't get him back up.

Vandals lassoed the Chester's 6-foot bronze statue of the famous cartoon character with a chain or rope, attached it to a car and drove off, police said.

When the car pulled away, Popeye crashed to the ground face first. Construction workers donated their labor to set the statue back in place a day after it was toppled on Tuesday.

Its stone foundation and pedestal were damaged when they were toppled in the incident, and Popeye's bronze pipe was bent out of shape. The damage could run \$1,500.

Officials in this southwestern Illinois town of 8,400 have offered a \$2,000 reward for information leading to arrests and convictions.

"I've been the chief since 1982, and I've seen things kind of progress from pranks to just out-and-

out vandalism," Police Chief Jack Houghlan said. "But this has really caused a stir in our small town. I've even had calls from people who used to live here."

Popeye's creator, the late Elzie Segar, grew up in Chester and is said to have based most of the characters in the comic strip on local people.

The \$10,000 statue of Popeye was erected in 1977 in Chester's Segar Park, near the Mississippi River bridge. It is the centerpiece for the annual Popeye's Picnic.

"I don't know what's wrong with people today," said Louis Segar, 84, Elzie Segar's nephew who still lives in Chester. "The statue never bothered anybody, and it's been something good for the town."

Associated Press online news item, contributed by Philip Price

4 Elvis liked making up names for things. From his early childhood until his death, he used the word "butch" for "milk."

National Enquirer

By Andrew Blake
GLOBE STAFF

SALEM - Forensic anthropologists and artists in Massachusetts and Louisiana, working for three months with only skeletal remains, have produced a clay likeness of an unknown teen-ager whose death is a mystery.

With the clay mask and a bit of new physical evidence, State Police hope that someone will be able to identify the youth, whose remains were found Nov. 28 in a wooded area off Route 95 in Newburyport near the southbound Route 113 exit.



Forensic artists fashioned this clay likeness, photographed here over the skull of unidentified remains found in Newburyport.

Boston Globe

holding hostage

San Francisco Sunday
Examiner & Chronicle

Problem inmates get pink uniforms

By JAY REEVES

Associated Press

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — Here's the latest from the state that brought back chain gangs: hot-pink uniforms for male inmates who habitually expose themselves to female guards.

The Corrections Department has ordered 50 of the garish outfits to be worn by public masturbators in an attempt to shame them into

behaving.

Nothing else has worked, officials said yesterday.

"We've even taken disposable cameras and taken a picture of them and told them we were going to send it to their mothers. They don't care," said Charlie Bodiford, a spokesman at 800-man Holman Prison.

Springfield (Mass) Union-News

\$25 for **WHY I LOVE MY PET**

\$25 will be paid for each "Why I Love My Pet" letter printed. Send your entry to: Love My Pet, NATIONAL ENQUIRER, Lantana, Fla. 33464

I love my two pet turkeys because they are very special. They don't save people from burning buildings or bring the morning paper to me. But I can tell they love me when they lie in my arms, their long necks wrapped around my arms, and fall asleep. They like me to talk to them and to sing lullabies to them. They're a lot of fun and they're great company. Amos and Theodore are the best pet turkeys in the world.

— Sandra Jean Radford,
High Springs, Fla.

National Enquirer

Brotherly Love Powers a Lawn Mower Trek

BLUE RIVER, Wis., Aug. 24 (AP) — Alvin Straight, who is 73 and too blind to get a driver's license, recently drove 240 miles on his lawn mower from northwestern Iowa to southwestern Wisconsin to visit his ailing 80-year-old brother, Henry.

When Alvin Straight learned that his brother had suffered a stroke, he bought a 1968 John Deere lawn mower, got a 10-foot trailer to haul gasoline, clothes, food and camping equipment, and started driving on July 5.

On good days he averaged about five miles an hour along U.S. 18. But about four days into the trip, the engine blew on his mower in West Bend, 21 miles from where he had started in Laurens, Iowa.

Mr. Straight spent \$250 replacing

points, the condenser, plugs, the generator and the starter.

He made it to Charles City, 90 miles from West Bend, Wis., when he ran out of money in mid-July, and had to camp out until his next Social Security check arrived.

By Aug. 15, he had made it to within two miles of his brother's house near Blue River, but then his mower broke down again. A farmer helped him push it the rest of the way.

Henry Straight, who did not know his brother was coming, said on Tuesday: "All I could do was unhitch his mower. It ain't hard to unhitch."

Alvin Straight said he might head home in about a month. Despite offers of help, he said he planned to make the return trip on his mower.

New York Times

Baba Ram Dass Wants to Sell Traffic Barrier/Shrine

The world-famous "magic" Shiva Linga healing stone that once graced Golden Gate Park is now for sale — for a mere \$30,000 — just in time for the holiday season.

That's right, New Agers. It seems that **Baba Ram Dass**, the rock's current keeper, wants "out from under" the four-foot-tall abandoned traffic barrier that evolved into a religious shrine attracting followers from around the world.

Because city officials booted the rock from the park, the two-ton plug has been sitting in the

MATIER & ROSS

garage/temple of Baba's house/ashram in the Richmond District.

Nevertheless, devotees have been coming by every night to worship before the bullet-shaped rock, which many consider to be a manifestation of the Hindu god Shiva.

"I can't handle the crowds anymore," Baba said. "People

started bringing me their problems. One person wanted me to change the sex of their baby in their womb. Others come with their psych problems. We just want to get out from under the stone."

The sale is the latest chapter in the rock saga, which started about four years ago when a city worker dumped the carved-stone traffic barrier in a glen behind the Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park.

Over the years, Hindus and New Agers adopted the rock and credited it with miraculous heal-

San Francisco Chronicle



ro, his
l on the

o legal
ly been
ther's
proud
o's 13-

Robert Shapiro is so well known that his picture was flashed on a huge video screen during a Rolling Stones concert.

National Enquirer

Adult Services

Rena's Adult Baby World

ABSOLUTE PRIVACY AND DISCRETION

Rubber Duckies * Pacifiers * Ruffled Panties
Snap-on Pant w/Novelty or Juvenile Print
Wrap Style Velcro Brief * Training Pants
Imported Rubber Bloomers & Bikinis * Bibs
Vinyl Sideanap Panties * Training Pants
Supersoft 3 & 5 Ply Diapers * Bonnets
Playtime Crawling Rompers * Shoe Locks
Adult Baby Catalog: Privacy Guaranteed!

Celebrating 22 Years in Business!

Free Parking * Private Side Entrance

Rena's Ultra Boutique
Seymour, CT

Ad Open 7 Days 3 Nights 10% Off With This

The Valley Advocate

Family held captive by angry birds

A terrified family were prisoners in their own home for 15 frightening hours — when a flock of angry ravens attacked them.

The winged terrorists swooped down on Mrs. Orli Valencia after she picked up a raven chick that had fallen from its nest. Petrified, she dashed back into her home in the Is-

raeli town of Ramat Gan.

Then in a scene straight out of the movie thriller "The Birds," the pack dive-bombed her children when they tried to leave the house.

After covering inside all night, the family called local zoo employees for help the next day — and they shooed the birds away.

The Star



While touring upstate New York yesterday to say thank you to supporters, George E. Pataki was presented with a baseball bat by Anthony Casale, an Albany assemblyman, in memory of his campaign joke that, to reduce government, he would bash officials with a bat.

New York Times

Flasher sought by authorities

Fort Collins police are looking for a man who exposed himself at the intersection of Horsetooth Road and Landings Drive.

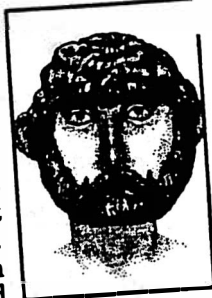
The incident occurred at 12:13 a.m. June 17 when

a man parked a late 1980s silver Honda Prelude and walked to the corner.

A female driver was east-bound and saw the suspect wearing only a ribbed polyester shirt, brown dress shoes and army green socks.

The suspect was described as a 6-foot to 6-foot-2 white male in his early 40s with an average build.

Denver Post



COMPOSITE

Also . . .

National assembly elections did not take place in a remote area of Nigeria's northern Kaduna state because a group of chimpanzees attacked the electoral officer.

AP, Reuter and DPA

Boston Globe, contributed by Mark Anderson

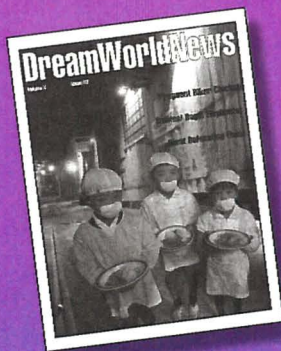


You should subscribe to DreamWorldNews.

Back Issues Available.



Issue #1: Nazis Found In Freezer! Underwater Soccer! Superman Love Triangle! Subway Trains Made Of Ice!



Issue #2: Pregnant Biker Chicks! Snakes, Dogs, and Elephants! Giant Defecating Elvis!



Issue #3: Cannibal Cookout! Dog Porn! Terrorist Nun! Herring Hijinks! Sinatra Drinks Gasoline! And introducing the Reality Page!



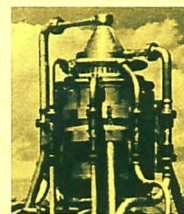
Issue #4: Tourist Death Camps! Republican Farm Sex! Groucho's Health Plan! The Messiah Does Brooklyn! Encore Reality Page!

Why settle for mushy oatmeal reality when you can have **DreamWorldNews** delivered to your door by the U.S. Postal Service? **DreamWorldNews** stays crunchy, even in milk.



Single issues and back issues are \$5 each. Or send \$15 (what a deal!) for a 4-issue subscription.

DreamWorldNews
Box 614
Northampton, MA 01061
DreamNews@aol.com



Make checks payable to Luke Jaeger. Or just send cash.

We can't print unsolicited submissions, so please don't send any. We will trade zines with you as long as yours is really, really great.



DreamWorldNews
Truth is stranger than fiction,
but dreams are stranger than truth.