

The Zine That Locks In Freshness

# DreamWorldNews

Volume 0  
Number 6



**Insulin-Crazed Fascists  
Fire Hydrant Fellatio  
Spiderman Gets A Job  
Zombie Plague Destroys Human Race**

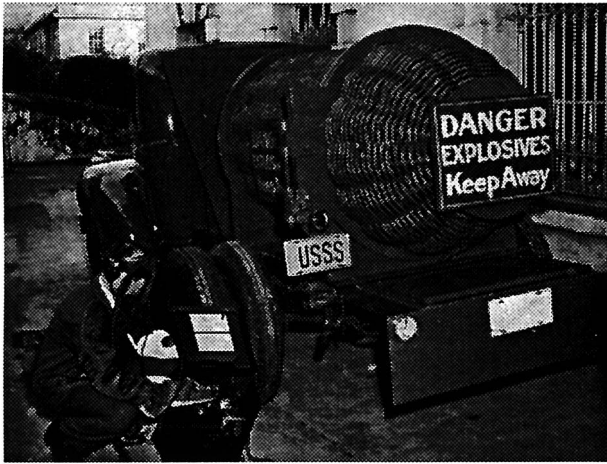
# Cabin Fever: Ted Kaczynski's Ultimate Zine

We've been covering the Unabomber story for the last few issues, so why stop now? Apparently, the defense is actually moving Ted's cramped, dark cabin right into the courtroom, so that jurors can better see, feel and smell his lonely way of life. We wish they'd consider admitting he knew perfectly well what he was doing. Though we certainly wish he hadn't killed or maimed anybody, we still like his Maoist anti-techno rants on paper. We think he deserves the title of First, Last and Best Publisher of the Ultimate Zine.

Why? Because a true zine publisher seeks not fame and a book deal for her zine, but rather hides it, metaphorically, in the attic of her family home, so that her own family can turn her in to the feds. She shares it with the cognoscenti, but dreams not of the lucrative cable show it might become.

This issue has been a long time coming. We spent a fun fif-

teen months producing DWN Online for AOL. They paid us, and they let DWN be its weird, uncategorizable self, for which we thank them. We also thank all of you who tuned in and shared the hijinks as we analyzed and rewrote and made mysteri-



ous alchemy of the dreams of the unwashed masses. One thing we learned: there are a whole lot of people out there who think way too much about supermodels.

Ever since starting Dream-WorldNews, we've been approached by various cut-rate representatives of the Entertainment Biz. They offered us this and that, causing us to pay legal acquaintances large sums to

negotiate contracts. So, just like Ted, we chose the solitary way. We turned down several offers to further mire us in negotiations for TV deals we knew would never happen.

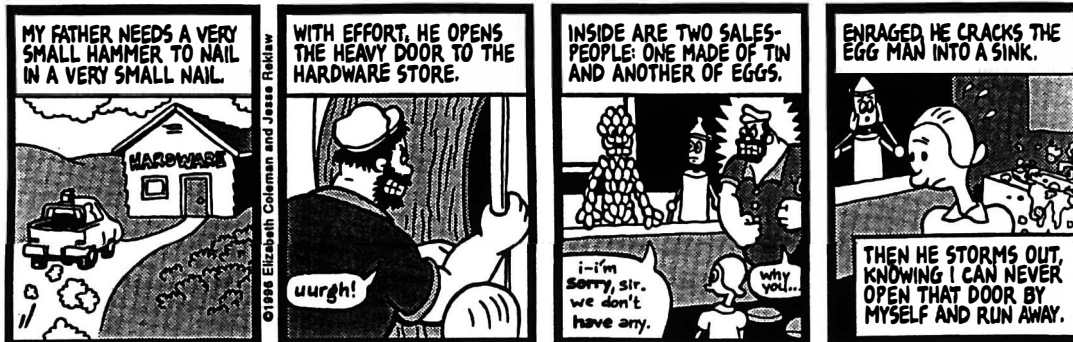
We're back to paper publishing again, and loving it. We've left out the Reality Supplement this time, but only so you can call us and beg, on your knees, for us to do it again next time. If you're really, really good and you promise to wear those big leather boots we like, and the latex head-trainer too, then maybe we'll let you have the Reality Section back. Do call.

Here's to your dreams: curry-powered rockets, shaving mermaids, and the brave talk-show guests who risk their lives defending the airwaves from right-wing attack cats. And here's hoping the G-men never load our house on a flatbed and haul it to a courtroom.

Wear condoms, eat oat bran, button up your overcoat, etc. Rave on,  
Your Very Own Editors

## SLOW WAVE

by Elizabeth Coleman and Jesse Reklaw



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# Dream World News

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"Truth is stranger than fiction, but  
dreams are stranger than truth"

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## What About The Cover?

Bread Handler™ photographed in  
the backyard by Luke

## Cast Of Thousands

Our Man In Heaven  
Gravy Ray Question  
The Gal Friday  
Crystal Labonza  
The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit  
Frotne "Chief" Vindaloo  
Postmaster General Of The United States  
Dallas W. Keck

## No, Not The Colophon!

DreamWorldNews was produced using the Fafonnik Publishing Technology Toolbox Suite Assortment Product, a system so advanced we couldn't possibly explain it to you in this tiny space even if we understood it ourselves.

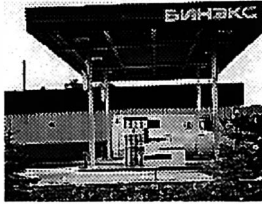
## Nobody Hurt In Skyscraper Fire

A preschooler barely survived a late-night conflagration which left a skyscraper in ruins.

"I was trying to warm up a juice cup in the microwave," the lad told investigators. "I had to light it with a big long match and the whole thing just went on fire."

The blaze, which spread "as fast as a racing car," quickly consumed the juice cup and the entire building.

"Even the foundations were burned," the boy said. "There was nothing left but stones and holes."



## Hand-Colored Bones At Union Barbecue

A husband and wife, unable to find the Los Angeles train station, spent most of the night wandering through the city's endless, muddy, trash-strewn railroad yards.

"We could see the trains going by, but we couldn't see the station," the husband said. "The trains were mostly freight cars loaded with spare tires which hung from chains."

"The train wheels had tires on them too," he added.

The couple finally wandered into a dank and musty railroad workers' union office. In the dimly lit, wood-paneled backrooms, the couple observed groups of retired railroad workers, all old black men, sitting in school chairs ("the kind with the little desks attached," according to the couple). The men were listening to lectures in preparation for a visiting tour group of officials.

"One guy was seated before a pile of chicken bones and was coloring them black with a special pen, to make them look like they had been barbecued," said the husband.

A big buffet meal was later held on the thirteenth floor of the couple's old high school.

## Evil Scientist's Kin Spike Wine With Baby Tylenol

# No End In Sight For 'Hoopzinger' Siege

by Old Man Byline

An evil family intent on once again owning a mansion built by their mad-scientist grandfather has proven they'll do just about anything to regain possession of the 'haunted' house.

The young family currently living in the house has found ants in their tomato soup, placed, they insist, by the Hoopzingers, as the evil inventor's descendants call themselves. Inflatable slides, of the kind used on airplanes, have been installed in the middle of the night, allowing the Hoopzingers' small children to slide directly into the

house and land on the sleeping family's heads in bed.

According to Portrición, the young mother, the attacking Hoopzinger children shout "Head-bed, head-bed, all fall!" as they land.

The Department of Social Services plans to take the young children away from Portrición unless she can disprove state charges of paranoia by producing evidence of the Hoopzingers' evil intentions.

"They spiked our wine with baby-Tylenol," claimed Portrición's husband, Por-Papa-Lo. "This must stop."



## Pumpkins Endangered By Ghosts

Scientists report a plague that may wipe out the North American pumpkin crop.

"There are only four pumpkins," reported a two-year-old botanist early this morning. "And they are all rotten in the world."

Apparently, each of the pumpkins faces a different threat. "The first one rolled down the stairs. It went into the street," explained the girl scientist. "The second one got ate

all up, all those pumpkin parts. The third got eaten by a ghost. The fourth one turned into a house," she told reporters, "and it got old and wet and rotten, too. Then that ghost ate it up, the seeds and the windows and all those parts."

The pumpkin may be going the way of the blue whale and other unidentified species which experts say are disappearing at the rate of up to 100 per year.

Said a leading biologist, "This youngster has brought to our attention a surprising new threat to biodiversity: hungry ghosts."

***"I Am Feeding You The Crumbs From Your Own Table."***

## **Time-Traveling Diplomat Makes Peace Over Crumbs**

A peace accord has been forged between the warriors of the pre-historic city of Golem and their enemies by a time-traveling twentieth century diplomat.

The diplomat achieved this historic breakthrough during a festive dinner of dry Italian bread. According to his report, the leaders of the city gathered around a large wooden table in a great hall. As the Golem leaders feasted on their repast, the diplomat gathered up the crumbs from the table and returned them to them with the solemn

admonition: "I am feeding you the crumbs from your own table."

The Golem leaders immediately felt the symbolic weight of the diplomat's words and began preparations for peace with their age-old enemies, who they referred to only as "the french-speaking ones."

Golem was an ancient city located in a open, scrubby locale with few trees and vegetation. The diplomat noted that dinosaurs were a prominent feature of the landscape.



## **Break Out The Redi-Whip™ – It's Sheep Racing Season**

A new sport is sweeping the countryside this summer – sheep racing!

A herd of sheep is lined up and raced across a backyard (or bedroom, in case of rain). The racing field is divided into lanes, and each sheep is required to stay within its lane. At the finish line, the sheep enter pens filled with huge mounds of whipped cream.

The whipped cream is covered with different colors of decorative cake sprinkles so the sheep can be easily identified after the race.

Care must be taken not to overtrain the sheep, say aficionados, because sheep which run too quickly can explode on impact with the whipped cream.

## **Nuns Head Firebug Academy**

Every kid wants to grow up to be a firefighter. Now some lucky kids at a local Catholic school are getting a chance to turn those dreams into reality.

The nuns at the school have instituted a 'Kids' Fire Department' – the only program of its kind anywhere – in which tots learn basic firefighting skills starting as early as age four!

Youngsters start off by capturing ladybugs, "because they're red and shiny, just like fire trucks," explained one of the Sisters.

Children who successfully train their ladybugs to fight fires are rewarded with a chance to become real firefighters themselves.

## **New Bard Poem is Literary Event of Century**

A new poem by Shakespeare has been discovered. Here is the complete text:

**I Want Everybody To Go Away  
by William Shakespeare**

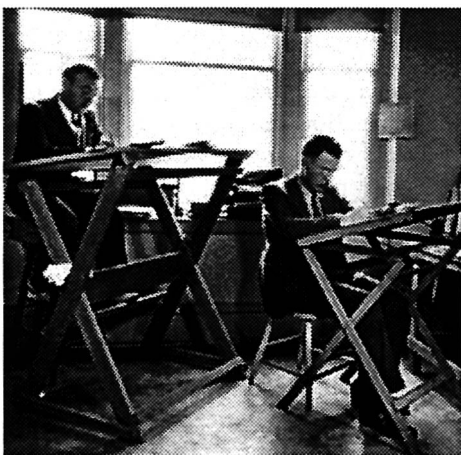
I want everybody to go away  
I want everybody to go away  
I want everybody to go away  
So I can drink this beer.

## Big Stink Over Bottled Water

'Mountain Spring Water' is brewing up a big scandal in the sleepy college town of Amherst, Massachusetts.

An investigator recently discovered that the popular bottled water product doesn't exactly live up to its name: the spring is capped off and paved over, with stubs of pipes sticking out of the cement. Worse, the water company's source is actually a garbage dump.

"The water is clear but it's full of garbage runoff," said the investigator. "Nobody will speak out, because Mountain Spring Water is Amherst's biggest employer."



## Mystery Of The Missing Manuscript

An author visiting her local bookstore pawed feverishly through the racks searching for her own book, only to discover that she hadn't written it!

The book, which she was sure she had seen, held, and even sent to her mother, was not on the shelves or listed in 'Books In Print.'

She then opened some books by other authors, fearing that they had merely repackaged her book with a different cover, title and author's picture. Sure enough, she found one chapter of her novel bound into a copy of Sartre's 'Being And Nothingness,' and one more inside 'Portnoy's Complaint.'

"I don't know how this happened," she said. "I'm actually a big Philip Roth fan — I spend a lot of time defending the guy — but I like to think my work can stand on its own."

"Besides," she added, "I'm a girl. And these are such guy books."

## All Dressed Up With Nowhere To Stand

# With Second Wedding Cancelled, Groom Makes Useless Trip Anyway

by Dallas W. Keck

A couple who have been married seven years decided to have a second wedding ceremony, witnesses report.

At the appointed time — one week before the ceremony — they arrived to discuss the arrangements, but were told that the ceremony could not be held on such short notice. Undeterred by this setback, the husband accepted the meeting's gift of a plastic shopping bag containing directions to "some place I was supposed to go — some kind of nightclub or reception room."

His journey was not a simple one. Because the directions, written on wooden Playskool blocks (the 2½" cylindrical kind) were impossible to keep in order, and because the vehicle of choice was a tank, there were many wrong turns along the way. And because the reception hall was packed with the man's co-workers, he

had to stand on a jerry-rigged plywood balcony chock-full of lighting and sound equipment.

Things got worse. As he was shuffling around the cramped and stiflingly hot balcony, trying to find a place to stand that was not sticky with old dried-up soda, the man stepped on some cables, cutting power to the sound system. While the performer on stage (said by witnesses to be "some novelty singer from the 70s on his millionth comeback tour, like Rick Dees or Jimmy Buffett,") bravely soldiered on with the act, a gaggle of muscle-bound bouncers and managers

crowded into the balcony to troubleshoot the problem.

"They were trying to tell me what things to plug back in, but they didn't seem able to speak in sentences," said the man. "They kept saying things like, 'That. Put that there. Put that back.'"

**"That. Put that there. Put that back."**

## Bring Your Own Container To This Eatery

by Remus Rawhead

Traditional Spanish delicacies and highly unusual technology combine to create a unique dining experience at one recently opened cafe.

The restaurant, a room off a junk shop over a rickety, Japanese-style wooden bridge, is located near the Children's Garden of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Browsers can sift through piles of oversized Marvel comics, including classic 1960s-vintage Fantastic Four issues drawn by Jack Kirby, as the Franklin Avenue Shuttle rumbles nearby.

Our correspondent took a brief detour through the establishment's back hallway, which strongly resembled the back hall of a San Francisco pre-press shop where he once worked, and found a soda machine which would dispense fifty cents as many times as he cared to press the coin return button. "It also gave me more than a few

Canadian quarters, assorted other foreign coins, and a sticky peanut-butter-on-Ritz-cracker sandwich that had been lodged in there since God knows when," he reported.

To prevent maintenance personnel from realizing that something was wrong with the soda machine and fixing it, our correspondent stopped before taking all of the machine's money. He lugged his take to the front counter and ordered the house specialty, paella. "I had no container to put it in, so I stuffed the paella into a pair of jeans," he related. To the very great amusement of the staff and the other patrons, our correspondent found that a pair of paella-filled pants is too heavy to move.

"I could only drag them. And the seams were starting to burst," he noted. "Every time I tried to move them I would fall down laughing."

## **Times' New Look Raises Eyebrows — And A Few Other Parts**

The old Gray Lady ain't what she used to be!

In a bid to increase circulation, *The New York Times* has instituted a 'theme of the day' for its august Letters To The Editor page.

One recent weekday, the page was devoted exclusively to aged Brandeis University alumni who wrote concerning the basketball teams of yesteryear. One rambling letter from the oldest living Brandeis alumnus, a crotchety member of the class of 1899, read in part, "We had some black

guys on the team back then. When they talked to each other I couldn't understand them, but we were a great team."

The alumni were expected to send in their class rings along with their letters "for verification," a requirement which led to some controversy among media watchers.

Still more controversial was the day the Letters page featured "letters from sexy women." The *Times* reported its biggest circulation boost ever on that day, undoubtedly due to the fact that the letters were accompanied by photographs.

## **Boyfriend Keeps A Clear Head**

by **Creakmore Fath**

After a seemingly endless night spent wandering suburban New Jersey backroads, a man drove into a small town airport to ask directions back to New York City.

"The town had some New Jersey Indian name like Puscahotty or Pishanenny," he reported.

In the airport's dimly lit waiting room, among bedraggled old men throwing cigarette butts down on the tile floor, the man ran into his mother-in-law and her boyfriend, who had just returned from an overseas trip.

"I offered them a lift but they said that would mess up their plans," the man said.



"They started giving me complicated directions back to New York which I couldn't possibly remember or even hear."

It was then that the man noticed that his mother-in-law's boyfriend had changed considerably since last they met. "He had lost a lot of weight. In fact, he had shrunk"

Furthermore, the man noted, the top of the boyfriend's head had become transparent. His brain was clearly visible through the skull, as were two mechanical eyes rapidly swiveling back and forth.

"I guess he had them replaced at some point," the man concluded.

## **Bargain Computer Is Pain In The Butt**

Consumers shopping for a cut-rate "Mac clone" computer should beware of the hidden costs of certain systems, a computer expert warns.

The expert recently returned from a "MacWorld-type trade show," where he was impressed by a computer's low price, reliability, and "sturdy metal enclosure."

Unfortunately, he soon made a painful discovery: "If you purchase that model, you have to get a metal pole rammed up your ass."

In an apparent violation of consumer protection law, this unusual condition of sale was not specified in writing beforehand. "And it really hurt," the man added. "I guess some people enjoy that, but I sure didn't."

Would-be customers are advised to look for "unwritten warning signs" when a deal seems too good to be true, our whistleblower warned. "If the people who sell you the computer are dressed in heavy leather bondage gear — danger!"

## **Ghostly Correspondence**

Murder victim Nicole Simpson can still be reached by mail, a man recently learned.

"My brother sent her a music cassette and got a nice thank-you note back from her, even though she's dead," the man told researchers. "I asked him for the address so I could send her a videotape of my movie, but he couldn't remember it."

Parapsychologists theorize that because Simpson was murdered at her home, the premises are still occupied by her ghost, who is receiving and responding to her mail.

## **Venus On The Half Shell With Garbage**

A young family was recently spotted waist-deep in the filthy surf at Coney Island re-enacting Botticelli's famous painting 'Venus Emerging From The Sea'.

The parents and their two young children took turns snapping pictures and posing with a large, crude cardboard clamshell and a stinking crown of rotting seaweed. Seagulls circled and pecked at the family's heads as trucks and trains rumbled over the highway just past the boardwalk.

## **Swells Go Fork-Crazy**

What's the latest craze among the swank set? Why, 'Crimping Primping Lotion Forks' of course!

The forks, unveiled recently as the main event at a plush high-society party, were greeted with gloved applause.

## **Next: Liquid Data**

In a dramatic departure from industry standards, Apple Computer has announced that from now on all computer data will be stored in liquid form.

Network wiring will be a thing of the past under the new specs: instead, the bluish-brown liquid data will bubble through clear plastic tubes. Computers will also feature a side-mounted spigot, allowing users to decant data into a shotglass and transfer it to another computer by pouring it into a slot resembling a washing machine's bleach dispenser.

Under the new scheme, system files appear blue, documents brown, and graphics files a pale urine-yellow.

# American Mom Whips Insulin-Crazed Fascists

by Frotne "Chief" Vindaloo

Two young Americans decided on the spur of the moment to leave their Massachusetts home and check out Italy as a possible sanctuary. They left their two small children safely in the care of a large bird called Bananas and flew to a tiny airport.

On their first night in the new country, they boarded a commuter bus, hoping to explore by whimsy whatever they might find. No one on the bus spoke English and efforts to inquire about a return trip were stymied. The bus sped through the foggy Italian night, careening along cliffs until it rounded a hairpin curve and the fog parted. Revealed in the suddenly crystal-clear night was a moonlit scene of faded grandeur: the crumbling infrastructure of an old amusement park, decorated with thousands of brand new lights.

The bus driver let them off at a narrow red door, and they walked through into an upscale hair salon full of pouty, stick-thin women in black. Worse yet, they had stepped into the row of hair stylists, and had to fight their way through as the stylists repeatedly struck them with pointy combs, sprayed them with mousse and kicked them in the shins.

They emerged from the salon to find a line of senior citizens, all reminiscing about the ferris wheel's glory days as they queued up for an illicit late-night ride. The couple followed the spry seniors up the metal-runged ladders and periscope-tight turns and emerged at the top of the wheel.

As the wheel began to move, the husband felt sick and lay down. He was soon joined by all the other riders when the wheel suddenly ground to a halt, throwing everyone to the plank floor.

"It's the diabetics!" called the frightened riders, as the sound of axes filled the air

and the wheel began to shake. "They're chopping down the wheel!"

The riders landed in a swampy area, up to their chests in warm water. Then, out of the trees, a gang of five blond men with mohawk haircuts appeared one by one, all waving signs that read "Pat Buchanan For President."

The helpless riders began to scream and pray. Apparently the five men, all diabetic career criminals, had broken out of jail and desperately needed insulin. The Buchanan For President organization had enlisted the

crowd stood. The leader then pulled an arrow from the quiver slung across his back, lit it on fire, and shot it into the gasoline-covered swamp. Suddenly the American mom grabbed the

**She Held Him  
Upside Down  
"Like A Regular  
Jackhammer."**

youngest and smallest privateer, turned him upside down, and held him ramrod-stiff by the knees, "like a regular jackhammer," according to bystanders. She rammed his head over and over into the muddy, shale-bottomed swamp, filling his eyes and mouth with mud and bruising him severely.

The woman dragged the young thug as a hostage through the swamp, across the splintery ruins of the ferris wheel, and onto a local city bridge. There she found several sets of buttons, labeled Italian Fire, Italian Police, Canadian Fire and Canadian Police. The woman pressed both police buttons repeatedly and waited for help to arrive. "Whenever the thug stirred, she whomped his head again," said an amazed witness.

But the police refused to claim the body of the now-dead hostage and left the bridge in a huff. The woman and her husband heaved the corpse into the oily water, said Kaddish "in case he was Jewish," and administered last rites "in case he was Catholic."

An Italian electrician gave the couple a ride back to their rented apartment. Their children, aged five and two, had mysteriously arrived in Italy and been put to bed. The tired twosome went straight to sleep in a big heap with their children.



thugs to destroy the old park in exchange for the life-saving drug.

Said the leader of the privateers, "Tag, you're it."

The Buchanan privateers poured gasoline onto the water where the helpless

***"Canceled. No more. All gone."***

## **Lefty Cafe's New Look: Eco-Hostile!**

by Lulu Boame

A groggy coffee-achiever was disappointed to find that her local cafe had been replaced by an upscale vintage clothing store. But she didn't expect wild animal trophy heads on every wall!

The cafe, owned by local activists and known for providing health insurance and a livable wage to its espresso-jerks, had taken down its beloved 'Attitude is on the House' sign.

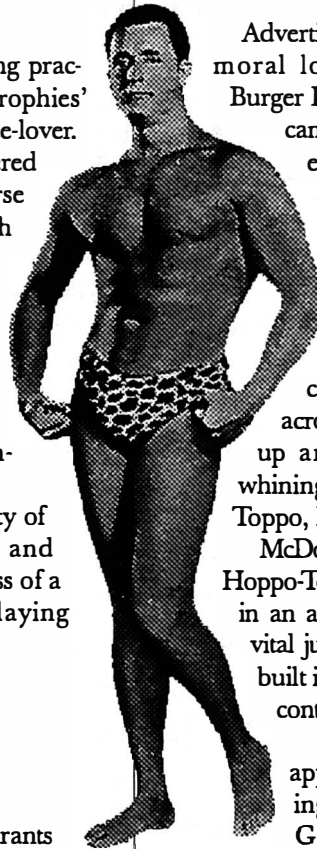
A stuffed sabre-tooth tiger head hung in its place. The sabre teeth were used for customers in the new dressing room to hang their clothes. Bison, ibyx, and other rare or extinct species hung throughout the pricey establishment, and browsers packed the aisles.

"I was stunned to find that my family

dentist had given up his thriving practice to work on the stuffed trophies' teeth," said the bemused coffee-lover. "I told him that people mattered more, that he shouldn't endorse the extinction of species through trophy hunting, that the cafe owner would never have allowed hunters' spoils in the store, and also that my five-year-old son's checkup was coming up."

Replied the dentist: "Canceled. No more. All gone."

He peered into the oral cavity of a dodo bird, scraped a bit, and tapped his feet to the pulsing bass of a druggy grunge-rock band playing behind the former espresso bar.



## **Controversial Ads Bring Graphic Violence to Kid Vid**

Advertising has reached an all-time moral low as McDonald's and Burger King square off in a new ad campaign to promote the latest fast-food craze, Hoppo-Toppo.

Hoppo-Toppo, or H-T as it is called in the industry, consists of an eight-ounce scoop of mayonnaise covered densely with chocolate sprinkles. Kids across the nation are jumping up and down, chanting and whining, "Hoppo-Toppo, Hoppo-Toppo, Hoppo-Toppo!"

McDonald's ads boast, "We're the Hoppo-Toppo-est." But Burger King, in an aggressive bid to attract the vital juvenile market segment, has built its campaign around a more controversial new slogan.

And Burger King's approach seems to be working. When former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop held a news conference on the H-T craze and stated, "Mayonnaise with chocolate sprinkles does not seem to us a healthy treat," he was quickly shouted down by gangs of six-year-old boys jumping up and down and chanting the new Burger King slogan: "Hoppo-Toppo, asshole, or I blow you away."

## **Experts: Economy Is Pudding On Fridge Shelf**

Economists unveiled a new, "definitive" model of the United States economic system at a press conference yesterday.

The model depicts the economy as a stainless steel grid, similar in appearance to a refrigerator shelf. A large white blob of cornstarch pudding sitting on the shelf represents the state of US employment.

When economists peeled away the skin of the pudding, the insides started to ooze out, and tiny human figures embedded in the pudding fell down through the gaps in the shelf grid, into unemployment.

"That's what happens when people embezzle," explained the model's designer.

## **These Hydrants Really Put Out**

by Reuben Rightway

The New York City Fire Department has begun an experimental program in Times Square: fire hydrants with genitals, which can be "turned on" by, well, almost anybody.

The new hydrants are painted bright, high-gloss red instead of the usual flat black. In addition to the standard complement of

steel firehose receptacles, the hydrants are also generously endowed with a fully functional, glistening set of male sexual organs — which, when properly caressed and stroked, activate the flow of water through the pipes.

"Sending a fire truck into heavy midtown traffic can be a time-consuming proposition," explained New York's fire chief at the opening ceremony for the new program. "And while firefighters are in short supply in Times Square, hookers and pornographic actresses are all too numerous."

"Instead of wasting precious minutes waiting for trained firefighters to arrive with the special five-sided hydrant-opening wrench, we can now put the existing skill set of the local residents to use for the benefit of all."

As if to demonstrate the point, a raven-haired seductress elbowed her way through the crowd, dropped to her hands and knees, and fellated the lucky hydrant with astonishing gusto and expertise.

Judging from the reaction of the randy crowd, the pilot program promises to be an unqualified success.





## Mixed Reception for Soda-Bottle Trampoline

A woman wading through a garbage dump outside a local vegetarian restaurant happened upon an enormous box of plastic soda bottles late Sunday night. She then stepped up onto the box and, to her surprise, bounced high into the air!

To test her theory that the box of bottles would make an excellent trampoline, the woman (herself a former championship gymnast) invited five children as well as Olympic gymnasts Mary Lou Retton and Kim Somebody to try it out. Before long, said the woman, "everybody was bouncing around" on the trampoline, which was now housed in her old high school gymnasium.

"I missed the restaurant though," she said. "I used to work there as a baker."

The trampoline was judged to be somewhat successful. "The children loved it and the gymnasts had no comment," she said.

## Round and Round They Go

A crowd estimated at 100,000 Chinese citizens were spotted riding bicycles in solemn procession around and around a circular urban plaza which experts have identified as either New York's Columbus Circle or Beijing's Tiananmen Square.

The crowd, which included men, women and children of all ages, rode slowly and spoke not a word. The only sound was the rattling and squeaking of thousands of heavy Chinese-style upright bicycles.

Some riders were carrying fish or live chickens in their handlebar baskets, observers reported.

## Air No Match For Cans

Chicago Bulls superstar forward Michael Jordan recently met his toughest defensive foe — in the soup aisle at a major supermarket chain.

Jordan, who was attempting to jumpshoot into a hoop installed in the aisle, was consistently frustrated by the tall, formidable soup display shelf. Even as Jordan leapt for a stylish slam-dunk he was foiled by the looming array of canned foods stacked in his way.

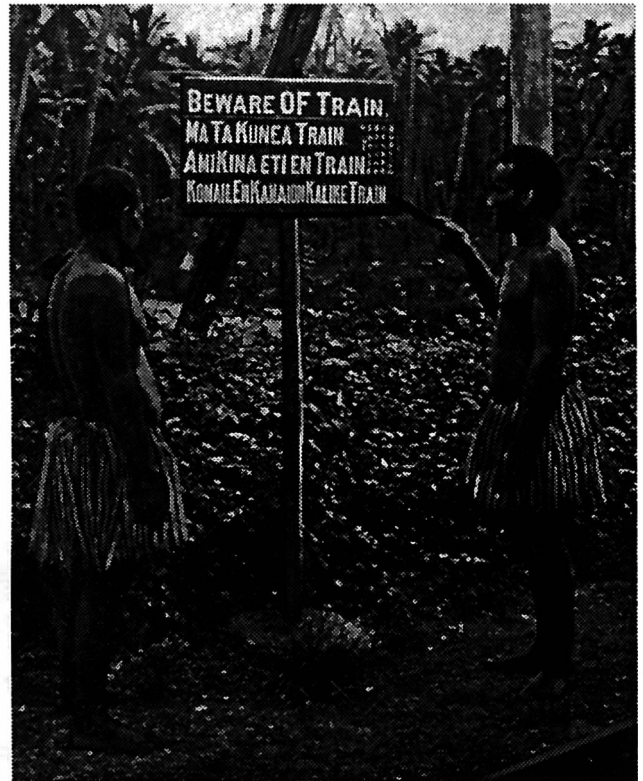
# Late-Night Host Pissed About Old Urinals

by The Old Scrapper

They aren't divorced or even separated, but a couple has moved into separate apartments — one tiny and one "medium-sized" — inside New York's Rockefeller Center. The existence of shabby residential dwellings in the blue-chip office complex, home to the corporate headquarters of NBC and Time-Life, has come as a complete surprise to the New York real estate world.

The smaller apartment is one room scarcely bigger than the bed it contains, surrounded on all sides by numerous closets. Investigators found a hatch into the drop ceiling above the bed, leading to racks of cabinets and shelves stocked with "tons of sandpaper still in the packages, dish scrubbers, and plastic packing material." These items had either been left behind by previous occupants or were there for the David Letterman show, which was produced on another floor of the building.

The man who lived in the tiny apartment wandered the corridors of the television studio late at night looking for a bathroom, but found the hallways blocked by old wooden



scenery and stagehands with walkie-talkies. "The bathrooms had original urinals from the 1930's," the man reported. "Even though they had been retro-fitted with digital sensors, they were old and stained and Letterman wasn't happy about it."

But, he added, "On the other hand, we were thrilled about the sandpaper, if not by the living arrangements."

## Cop's Poem Foretells Bloody Race War

by Lombard Greencheese

A bit of doggerel poetry recited by an urban police officer portends the final breakdown of American race relations —and has also yielded a brand-new slang expression, according to a man who overheard it.

The expression, "hakka-zep," is an adjective used to describe a person or organization making a conspicuous display of 'PC' or 'multi-cultural' behavior. "Like token black families in television commercials, or figurehead minority politicians," explained

an etymologist.

A witness who was strolling through the courtyard of a crime-ridden, inner-city housing project told reporters he saw "a pair of Puerto Rican or Chinese cops" huddled inside their patrol car. As an angry mob of project residents surrounded the car, one officer turned to the other and recited a grimly prophetic couplet:

"After all the trouble we've gone through to be hakka-zep / It makes no difference, because they're still going to hack us up."

# Ignition Or Carburetion? Motorists Get Sinking Feeling

by Gordon Noseworthy

Two French motorists were left stranded recently in a small town somewhere in France while expatriate bystanders debated whether the problem with their car was ignition or carburetion.

The incident began when a Canadian passing by the disabled vehicle heard the Frenchmen try to start the car and immediately diagnosed the problem, saying "That sounds like ignition." But several British bystanders looking into the hood vehemently disagreed, claiming that the problem was with the carburetor.

The Canadian walked over to the car,

looked under the hood, and observed that instead of an engine, the car had a porcelain white double kitchen sink. There was, however, a carburetor on top of the sink, and he could see immediately that it was working properly.

"It was obvious that these guys didn't know anything about how a car worked," the Canadian said later. "So I explained to them that as long as fuel was pumping through the system, it couldn't be a problem with the carburetion. It had to be ignition."

The French motorists were reportedly "still working on the problem."

## The Music Column

### It's Only Rock And Roll, But Sleepy Star Doesn't Like It

Rock musician Juliana Hatfield turned an ordinary concert into a cutting-edge performance art event — due to missed sleep.

A band played her songs — albeit badly — while she attempted to sleep on a sofa right behind them on the stage.

The unknown all-male band sang out of key and didn't seem to know Hatfield's songs. The singer slumbered on, though she turned and twisted uncomfortably on the dirty sofa, apparently annoyed by the noise.

### New Audio Tape a Boon for Music, Law Enforcement

Here's what's new from the land of the rising sun: cassette tapes that 'mature' as they're played. "The more times you play it, the more stuff you hear," explained a press release.

A sneak preview of the new audio technology revealed that sometimes as a tape cassette matures, the listener can discern the sound of Japanese policemen chuckling in the background.

"That's the sound they made when they first recorded the tape, for surveillance purposes," said an engineer. "In Japan, even commercial music tapes are monitored by the cops."

### Genius Jailbird Makes Incredibly Brilliant Escape

A prisoner found an easy way out of jail last night after rejecting several more esoteric escape plans suggested by some junior high school pals who were his fellow inmates.

While the prisoner was attending a performance by oddball boy-rockers They Might Be Giants, one of his ex-classmates suggested, "You could smuggle a hacksaw inside your Grateful Dead boots," apparently referring to the engineer-style boots the prisoner was wearing.

Suggested another boyhood chum, "Or for that matter you could smuggle in a whole tool set inside a pelican's beak."

Though the prisoner finally opted for a more prosaic escape plan — hiding in the band's equipment truck — he was appreciative of the two other prisoners' suggestions.

"It's lucky that of all the ex-classmates I could have been stuck in jail with, I wound up with two who went to MIT," he told reporters.

### Led Zep Frontman Flattened

Aging rock shouter Robert Plant was squashed by an enormous insect while he was walking by the river in a beautiful, industrial valley, say observers.

### Rabbi Flamed For 'Insensitive' Granola Gift

A rabbi's well-intentioned gift of snack food to a local writer has ignited a firestorm of controversy. "But I really didn't mean to hurt anyone's feelings," she told reporters.

The rabbi found three granola bars left over from a special program at her synagogue. She put aside two for youth group members, and placed the third in the mailbox of the writer, who was to be a guest lecturer at the synagogue later in the month.

But the writer's literary agent flew into a rage when she got wind of the gift. The agent fired off a two-page, single-spaced letter castigating the rabbi for "insensitivity to environmental issues and lack of respect for Hasidism," among other complaints.

And the contretemps didn't stop there. The rabbi's boss, who is the head rabbi of her synagogue, also received an irate phone call from the literary agent's father, who expressed "outrage on behalf of his daughter." After the head rabbi hung up on the father, he heard the incident being reported on the radio, and saw it being argued with lively debate in an online computer forum.

The 'culprit rabbi' still claims that she meant no offense. "I thought a gift of a granola bar would be a welcome gesture," she told reporters.

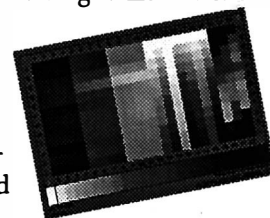
### Graphic Art Anomaly Reported In Sky

Emerging after a rainstorm from a building at his childhood summer camp, a man and his family observed a "grid-like" rainbow in the sky.

"It looked like an IT-8 color chart," the astonished man told forensic meteorologists who rushed to the scene.

The IT-8, commonly used for color reference and calibration in the printing industry, is a grid of 264 variously colored squares, all theoretically reproducible using the four standard process color inks.

No previous celestial projections of this or any other color reference chart have ever been reported.



## Police Seek Three In Sidewalk Theft Ring

Three suspects are still on the run today after an abortive attempt to steal pedestrian walkways from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, police say.

A local man, thought to have masterminded the bizarre crime, and two co-workers sliced the soft asphalt walkways into 50-foot long sections using a retractable art knife. Then they rolled and stacked them in the early morning hours.

Police believe the sidewalk-stealers then went looking for a pickup truck to transport the purloined pavement from the crime scene. But when they noticed a group of policemen waiting in ambush with tranquilizer dartguns drawn, the trio panicked and fled, leaving the sidewalks behind.

The motive behind the crime remains unclear, but criminologists theorize that the three crooks were "looking to improve their backyards the easy way."

## New Challenge For Spiderman: Working

Veteran comic-book hero Spiderman, fresh from his first freelance photography assignment, told colleagues at the Daily Bugle he found the experience "confusing."

Spiderman showed up bright and early for the job — photographing a house that a "grumpy and shallow" couple from his synagogue were putting on the market — and was surprised when the couple didn't recognize him as Spiderman.

**"What's wrong with these people?"**

After the web-slinger finished the job, he stood around pretending to shuffle through the miraculously already-developed photographs in his shoulder bag while he eavesdropped on the couple — who were complaining about "deadbeat" Spiderman right there in the same room!

"There I was wearing Spiderman's pants, shirt, boots — everything except the mask," said the indignant wall-crawler. "They even saw my face. What's wrong with these people? Who wouldn't know that Peter Parker is Spiderman?"

**"For heaven's sake — don't mention Artaud."**

## Sweden-Bound? Get Hip To These Timely Tips

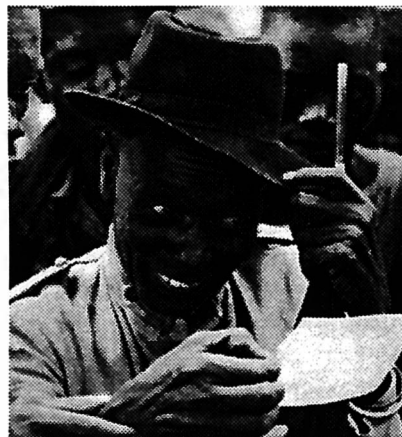
by Boorbobo Foonsbo

Travelers passing through the Stockholm Airport should remember the following tips for a stress-free trip, according to a woman who recently returned from an overseas visit.

☑ Passengers are not permitted to walk to the departure gate. Instead they are strapped to motorized hospital gurneys, and pushed to the gate by annoyed nurse's aides wearing hospital whites and shoes that squeak electronically.

☑ Swedes commonly leave expensive cameras lying around as personal status symbols.

Though it's tempting to think you could just walk through the airport picking them up, remember that some are wired by police to catch petty thieves.



☑ Before boarding flights, all passengers must sit in a giant classroom formation of folding chairs right on the runway, where instructors will shout out a mandatory lecture on the dramatic arts over the roar of jet engines.

Don't be put off by the undue attention devoted to Strindberg — it's Sweden, after all — and for heaven's sake don't mention Artaud! "These people are strict Naturalists," our source reports.

☑ When flights are overbooked, officials may pressure foreigners to forfeit their air tickets and travel by ferry instead. Before you

agree to such an arrangement, know that the ferry trip takes 2½ hours and that the ferry carries a warning sign which reads, "You will throw up. Guaranteed."

## Homemade Candy, Indoor River Amaze Subway Riders

A woman visiting New York was astounded by some of the recent improvements to the subway system — especially at the new 'St. Petersburg's Collier Arms of Heaven' station.

The station, decorated in a pink and blue Ancient Egyptian theme, features an escalator so long that passengers sit down on it — while cocktail waiters walk up and down the steps serving Shirley Temples and Manhattans! At the bottom of the escalator, passengers are issued a piece of homemade chocolate candy. "It's highly prized because of the way it's made," said the woman. "Nobody knows how."

The woman's husband, who had looked everywhere for this type of candy, went into an ecstatic state upon receiving it. "He just kept saying the name of the station over and over," she said.

The station has some high-tech features as well. After getting off the escalator, the

crowd, moving in lockstep, marches down a hall paved with special sensor-bearing tiles which detect whether passengers meet the dress code. Those wearing suits and carrying briefcases are permitted to turn left; others, like the woman and her husband, are shunted off to the right instead. "That was fine with us, because the right-hand corridor led to an ice cream parlor," the woman noted.

Other elements of the decor included tile mosaics depicting the couple's two-year-old daughter, some of which showed her head on Cleopatra's body, as well as a full-scale replica of the Nile River complete with boats, grazing sheep, and blooming cottonfields.

"That gives some idea of how big the station was," said the amazed woman.

Her husband, still in a candy-induced trance state, kept repeating, "St. Petersburg's Collier Arms of Heaven, St. Petersburg's Collier Arms of Heaven."

## **Woman Bailed Out After Cheesy Late-Night Boat Ride**

By Eloise Bread-Handler

A former resident of New Jersey returned to her old home last night and discovered that public transportation has deteriorated severely since her last visit to the Garden State.

Though New Jersey and New York used to be linked by a variety of bridges, tunnels and rail lines, the woman reported that now "the only way to get from New York to New Jersey was by an ancient ferryboat that was all encrusted with barnacles."

The ferry was newly painted, however, with garish murals. Crew members circulated through the jam-packed crowds serving the passengers whiskey sours from platters held high overhead. "The platters were spinning and flashing like CD's," said one commuter.

Other passengers were observed "nibbling like rabbits" on the boat's railings,

which were made of cheddar cheese. Though the edible railings were installed to lure passengers, the lack of transportation alternatives has made the gimmick unnecessary. As one rider said, "I'd ride the ferry even it was made of sewage. It's the only way home."

Arriving at the New Jersey ferry terminal at 2:49 am, the woman was unable to call her mother to pick her up because the pay phone in the waiting room cost \$5 and was too high to reach.

Fortunately an old college acquaintance, now an editor at the prestigious old-time *Jewish weekly Forward*, was on hand. After he confessed to the woman that what he really wanted was to be a lawyer, his mother pulled up and offered the beleaguered woman a ride home in a flashy, loaded Lincoln Continental with a neon license plate holder and booming stereo system.

## **The Times They Are A- Changing — Again**

Media analysts are scratching their heads over the latest shake-up at *The New York Times*: the paper has announced that it is planning to change its slogan, one of the most widely recognized in the world!

Effective immediately, the paper of record's tagline will be "All The Zip That's Fit To Zid."

## **Zombie Plague Wipes Out Entire Human Race**

First the bad news: a deadly plague of manmade origins recently ravaged the earth, killing off every living soul in the world and bringing them back as zombies, according to recent reports.

But not to worry. Medical researchers have developed a treatment to reverse the plague's effects and restore its victims to life.

However, even the lucky few who can afford it aren't exactly rushing to line up for the \$1500 treatment. "After all, a zombie might be presumed to be immortal," pointed out one observer, while humming a Nancy Sinatra tune.

## **Gotta Keep Eatin', Gotta Keep Shittin'**

### **Java Fanatics: Try This**

If you like your coffee light but don't have any milk or cream in the house, just poke the wall with a thumbtack and catch the cream as it pours out!

### **Hot Dogs, Lettuce Juice: Next Big Thing**

The creators of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, ever in search of new ways to service the spending habits of their 11-to-17 year old target market, are jumping on the "juice bar" bandwagon with a new product line based on the vegetable and fruit extracts currently popular with the teen demographic segment. The product, called Wat Ter™, is dispensed from two green plastic tubes which are attached to large green globes resembling heads of iceberg lettuce. When a Wat Ter™ user squeezes the two globes, iceberg lettuce puree comes out of the tubes.

At a press conference unveiling the new product, a spokesperson for the Turtles said, "We're now working on a marketing campaign for Wat Ter™, which will center around the slogan 'Wat Ter™ — It's Totally Awesome!'"

She went on to state that marketing personnel are also planning to sell hot dogs with the Wat Ter™ as part of a cross-promotional campaign. The slogan for that project will be "Try Three Hot Dogs — It's Totally Awesome!"

### **Trendy Dining Now More Filling**

If your local internet cafe leaves you with that "still hungry" feeling, you'll welcome the newest upscale trend: the electron microscope pizzeria!

Explained the manager of one such establishment: "Our kitchen features not only state-of-the-art pizza ovens, but also a scanning electron microscope through which discriminating diners can monitor the pizza surface at the molecular — or even atomic — level."

### **Deli Features Carved Meat Theme**

In an attempt to carve its own niche in the cutthroat food service industry, a New England delicatessen has introduced a novel uniform for its employees.

The manager of the deli wears a crown roast on his head. The assistant deli manager wears a simpler crown — one carved out of ribeye steak.

### **Airplanes, Floating Baby In Museum**

A filmmaker who flew to Boston to finish shooting the credits of a movie looked out the window and saw two airplanes — one flying upside down.

Later, the filmmaker got a scare strolling in the museum with a former teacher, who showed him a baby floating face-down in a shallow indoor pool.

But it was a false alarm. "Just kidding," the teacher told the filmmaker. "It was only a turd."

## **What New Yorkers Won't Do For An Apartment...**

Imagine your new house turns out to be the top box in a skyscraper made of cardboard cartons! That's what happened to a New England man when he had to relocate to New York City. Climbing gingerly up the shaky stack, he found his new "apartment" was a converted wardrobe with hundreds of hangers still in it, so he had to lie down all the time.

Lacking a front door, the box had a dazzling view of the city, but since the man is afraid of heights he had to face the back wall at all times.

Things got worse when the landlord scaled the stack to collect his rent, which turned out to be \$3000 a month. Trying to get away, the new tenant was forced to hop from box to box, sometimes hanging on by the tips of his fingers.

## **Theft Foiled, Virgin Spotlighted: Just Another Day At The Mall**

Two would-be shoplifters in a mini-mall five-and-dime were chided by the store's co-owner after she became suspicious of the hand gestures the thieves were making and stopped them at the door.

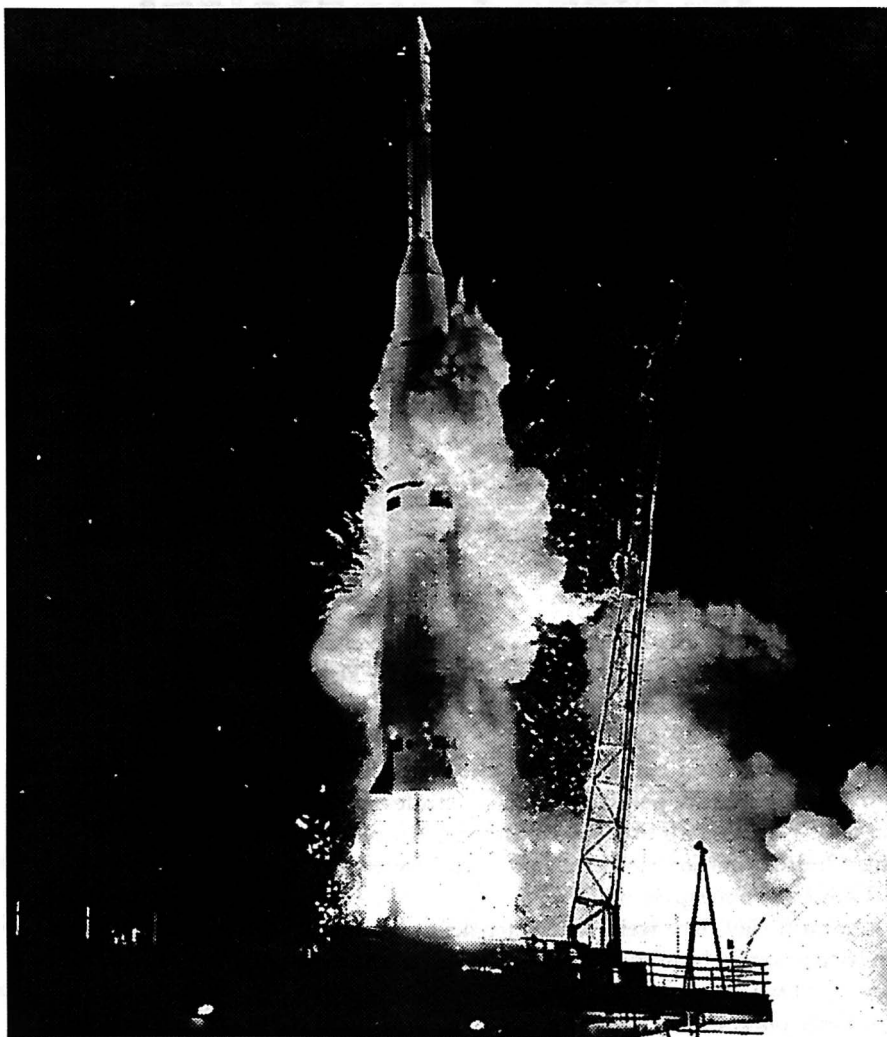
"Their hand gestures were reminiscent of Asian action movies, so I knew what they were up to," said the clever shopkeeper, who was wearing a green sequined dress. "I made them put back what they took, and then I sent them packing."

As darkness fell over the parking lot, all the storeowners at the mall began to argue about how to light up a figure of the Virgin Mary, which was mounted on a piece of painted white plywood atop a high pole. The husband of the sequined shopkeeper boasted that he was a "World War II Navy veteran" and that his shop had the best location in the mall.

"And besides," he yelled, "I own the lights." He then illuminated the statue with minimal ceremony.

Meanwhile, a large crowd gathered around a nearby pickup truck to hear country music legend Willie Nelson deliver an impromptu performance of "Remus Rawhead," a new song sung to the tune of Willie's classic "On the Road Again."

## **Rockets To Run On Curry Power**



**NASA has announced a new propulsion technology for the space shuttle: hot curry sauce!**

**When our correspondent took a ride on the space shuttle recently, she was obliged to travel on the outside of the space craft due to overcrowding in the passenger cabin. "I had to hang onto handle bars attached to the outer surface," she reports. "I could see the curry sauce flowing inside the pipes as I was holding on."**

## **Banana Stage Show Is Mucho Caliente**

Broadway producers are in the midst of a bidding war over an unusual new showbiz property — a banana that does a coy, vaudevillian routine that culminates in a sexy striptease.

Calling herself Miss Chiquita, the banana takes the stage fully dressed in her distinctive brown-flecked yellow peel. She does a few standard vaudeville turns, a hat-and-cane solo dance routine, and then the lights dim. Miss Chiquita turns a quick

handspring onto her head, to loosen the top of the stalk that pins her peels together. Deftly springing back to her feet, she begins to undulate in a distinctively tropical manner.

"Es muy tropical," she told this reporter.

As Miss C. undulates, her peels slowly and sensuously slide to the stage floor. The crowd goes wild.

Miss Chiquita, unpeeled and fragrant, then takes a brief bow and exits.

## ***Sunflower Monster Interrupts Swim***



A five year-old girl had a long two days recently when she tried to find a place to swim. While she was paddling in the Deerfield River, she and her family saw a fin sticking up. This proved to be nothing more than a tiny sharklike monster, but she "didn't like the look of it," and decided to leave.

Immediately after leaving the beach they encountered a sunflower monster, with sunflower head, petals for hair, a stem for a body, and leaves for its arms and legs. They ran all the way home and locked the door. "The monster continued lurking outside while they ate their supper, but it was gone by morning," said a police spokesperson.

The next day they went to Trzcienski's pond hoping once again to swim. There they saw a family of plastic ponies and a family of penguins. While her Mom and Dad went swimming with the penguins, the five year-old played with the plastic ponies.

## ***Shaving Sirens Spotted***

Marine biologists are stunned by the allegations of an actress who recently spotted two mermaids swimming at a large, state-of-the-art aquarium!

While standing at the large plate-glass window which looks into the aquarium tank, the woman noticed the vixens of the deep frolicking inside. "They had long, perfect hair, trim, supple figures... don't you just hate that?" she told bystanders.

But before the actress could get carried away with jealous rage, she noticed that the mermaid on the right had a face full of shaving cream and held a blue disposable safety razor.

"After she finished shaving she dived down, and both mermaids disappeared in one huge air bubble," said the actress.

## ***Dental Cartoons Soothe Patients***

Cartoon-style writing on the ceiling is the newest relaxation technique being used at a Brooklyn dental practice, a patient reports.

The patient, a retired copy editor and grandmother of seven, told reporters she "just leaned back in the dental chair and saw it."

The writing, which the patient described as "lower case, like cartoon word balloons," brought a smile to her face.

"I keep it there for my patients so they will have something to read," the dentist told her.

There are still a few bugs in the system, however. "I had some difficulty reading it because it was upside down," the patient said. "Why would he have put things there upside down?"

The practice, not surprisingly located in the Williamsburgh Savings Bank tower, consists of one dentist and one periodontist, Drs. Mintz and Moscovitz. "Moscovitz, I think, is the dentist," the patient said.

## ***New Hope For Depressed Clowns***

Clowns feeling down in the dumps now have their own designer anti-depressant, industry sources say. The new medication will be marketed under the name Bozac.

## ***Those Crazy Celebrities***

### ***Urethane Bandits Still On The Loose***

Authorities are on the lookout for a young couple whose habit of spraying foam insulation on high-fashion supermodels has gained them much notoriety.

Describing themselves as "the Bonnie and Clyde of prank art," the husband-and-wife team are apt to pop up at runway fashion shows, Hollywood openings, or trendy Manhattan discos — anywhere the rail-thin talking mannequins congregate — and hose their victims with fast-setting urethane foam.

The duo last struck at a gala high-society fundraiser attended by a number of snooty

supermodels. Naomi Campbell's outfit, a \$13,000 Jean-Paul Gaultier evening gown, was ruined when the pranksters drenched her from head to foot in insulation before vanishing into the crowd.

### ***Stallone Goes Intellectual***

A local graduate student was excited to learn that an abstract for a talk she had recently submitted to the Linguistic Society of America would be made into a Sylvester Stallone movie.

Sources speculated that Stallone would produce, direct, and star in the film, which is about principles of grammar.

## Dad Stops Child Beating

A father went for a stroll early Thursday morning with his two children and stopped an act of child abuse, authorities say.

The father, his three-year-old son and infant daughter were crossing a narrow footbridge when they met a very well dressed, black professional lesbian couple and their seven-year-old daughter coming the other way. The children started to play together, but when the play got a little rough one of the girl's parents produced a white, bonelike club about one foot long and started to beat the girl over the head.



The enraged father grabbed the club out of the woman's hand. "She started up with some spiel about our divergent cultural perspectives," the father told child welfare authorities. "That didn't wash with me. I just said, 'Sorry, you have no right to beat your child's head.'"

But the couple offered an astonishing explanation for their harsh childrearing technique, said the father: "They said they do it in order to teach her that beating people over the head is wrong."

## Prices "Outrageous" At Expanded Farm Museum

The Farm Museum in rural Hadley, Massachusetts, has reopened after its recent expansion, and is now reachable by the #28 bus.

Two large Quonset huts house the exhibits. One hut contains tools and machinery; the other has live animal exhibits, fossils and dinosaur bones. There is also a dark, smoky, cavernous lounge and a gift shop.

At \$12.50, admission to the museum was a bit steep for these reporters, so we cannot report on the quality of the exhibits.

The gift shop too is outrageously expensive, despite its dusty warehouse-like appearance. A pint of maple syrup, a damaged candle and several glass beads came to nearly \$100, which, needless to say, we refused to hand over.

# New Airline Safety Feature: Inflatable Scrotum!

by Crystal Labonza

A new part of the male genitalia has been discovered, and the Federal Aviation Administration has already claimed it for use in commercial airline safety.

Researchers recently discovered that a small lever on the bottom of the left testicle can be pumped to fill the testicles with air. According to biologists, this inflation causes the man to float up "like a Macy's balloon float, with arms, legs, and head randomly bumping about."

"It's not an effective means of travel, but it could be useful in an emergency," said

an FAA official, who also noted that the lever can be used to create a "Male Flotation Device," or "MFD."

"It works in the water to save lives," said a member of the MFD development team. "And it's fun to slide on too."

The only drawback of the new technology is that a metal warning plate must now be bolted to the man's scrotum. Adapted from a rhythmic chant sung by airport passengers, the plate reads, "Pump it, pump it, pump it. Air and water, pump it."

Said one female passenger, after her husband was inflated, "I like it."

## Liberals Beware: Attack Cats Can Be Hazardous To Your Health

Recent allegations of attacks on radio talk show guests by biting and scratching cats have been confirmed by a DreamWorldNews correspondent.

Posing as a liberal commentator, this reporter appeared on a right-wing radio call-in show to investigate reports that the show uses cats to torture its left-of-center political opponents.

According to the allegations, the right-wing host of the call-in show uses an elaborate ruse to lull his unsuspecting guests into complacency before unleashing the evil felines.

He begins by staging a "rehearsal" of the interview, during which, at regular intervals, he secretly cues the cats to rub up against the guest's elbows and feet and beg to be petted. The host explains the presence of the cats in the studio as "a calming influence."

However, this reporter became suspicious when the assistant producer, who was

observing the interview from the booth, burst into wild cackling laughter each time the cats began their routine. When asked why he was laughing, the producer replied, "Oh, I just love those cats. They are so funny!"

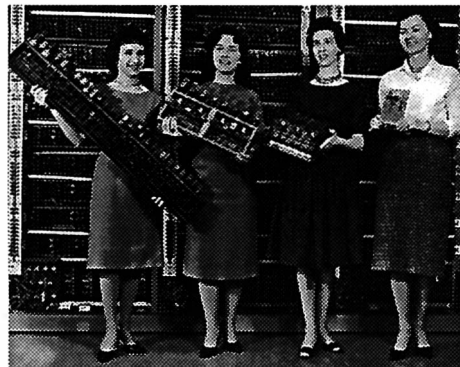
The moment the show went on air, however, the real source of the fascist producer's glee became

evident. Upon a secret cue, the cats attacked the hapless liberal's face and hands, spitting in the guest's eyes, and scratching and biting her flesh.

Many guests endure this torture as the price to be paid for getting left-

of-center ideas into the public dialogue. Often these martyrs are scarred for life — physically and psychologically — by the experience.

This reporter neatly solved the problem of the attacking cats by picking them up and hurling them into the right-wing hate-monger's face.





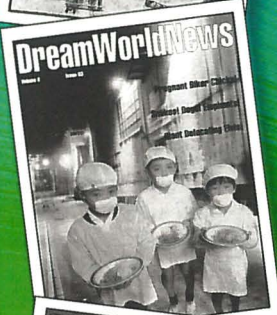
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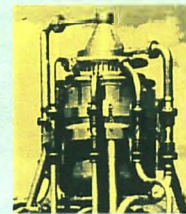
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