

DreamWorldNews

Volume X

Issue 83

Pregnant Biker Chicks!

Stakes! Dogs! Elephants!

Giant Defecating Elvis



Accept No Substitutes.

Since the Dream-WorldNews started 99.9 years ago in a rundown little office in Bosnia-Herzegovina, dreams have gotten a lot more lifelike. More amazingly, life has gotten considerably more dreamlike. Look at the photo of the San Ramon Police Officer brandishing his badge in full chicken regalia (page 16). Got it? Okay, now look at the photo of the clown sitting on the toilet. Did we do any photo manipulation of these images? We did not.

Times change. We left Bosnia-Herzegovina behind after the ravages of World War I threatened to split the region in two. We sensed that the new center of power would be America, and the Chrysler Company graciously gave us space in their landmark tower. We stayed there for the better part of the century, but when our image needed an upgrading, we moved to new quarters. Our offices atop



Newspapers across the country and around the globe seem to have fallen under our spell. They've all become crass imitators of the Dream-WorldNews. Open any paper and you'll see. But please, remember, WE WERE THERE FIRST. Accept no substitutes. Insist on the Real Thing. It's Dreamier.

Our reporters still go farther and

work harder. They sleep so hard their pillows are soaked in drool. Their sheets are drenched in sweat. Their alarm clocks ring, but they heed not the call of the waking world.

Our fearless writers dream the improbable dream. They face down the electric dog guillotine. They report on civilian war victims now on sale at supermarkets throughout America. They attend strange sporting events, countless tradeshows, high-decibel rock concerts and illegal international orgies. They ride miles and miles of subterranean track, span bridges and speed the highways and byways to bring you the latest on America's crumbling infrastructure. They risk it all to bring you, the DreamReader, the cold hard facts about the Dynamic Duo, the Soviet bureaucracy, the Axis powers, Elvis Impersonators and the Mafia.

Yes, the best reporters still thrill to the staccato sound of Assignment: DreamWorld Desk.

DreamWorldNews

Volume X, No. 83

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gleaming Trump Tower in Manhattan saw us through the glitzies eighties, but now we've downscaled. It's the nineties, and homier is better. We're just a little 'zine now, published out of somebody's house.

New Police ID Procedure: Ultraviolet Genitals

There's a storm of controversy over new police techniques for suspect identification.

Recently, a Bay Area woman was told to pick her husband out of a lineup of strange men. But there was a catch: the identification took place under an ultraviolet light, and the men were invisible except for their genitals, which had been painted with fluorescent paint.

If the woman correctly identi-

fied her husband, the two would remain married. If, however, she mistakenly picked another man, a permanent swap of partners would be mandatory.

Her job was made more difficult by the crushed beer cans and broken bottles that litter police headquarters. Said the on-duty sergeant: "No one has been able to tame the wild dogs roaming HQ. They eat the broken glass so their eyes will glitter in the dark."

Safeway Debuts New Convenience Item: LIVE WAR-SCARRED INFANTS!

by Mead Pemble

A San Francisco man, traumatized by an unusual supermarket display, wandered in a daze through active subway tunnels for several hours.

The man was in the poultry section of the Safeway supermarket when he noticed live babies packed in cellophane among the chickens. Many bore wounds and severe burns from the aerial bombardment of Iraq.

Unsure if the babies were real, the man picked up a wooden drumstick and tapped one lightly on the

abdomen.

"When he saw it was a live baby, he just stood there in a state of shock drumming on its belly," said a woman who was in the store at the time of the incident.

Safeway employees rushed to the poultry section and ejected the terrified man from the store.

Hours later the same man was spotted wandering through a Brooklyn subway tunnel. Witnesses say the man, still dazed from his experience at the Safeway, got off a train between stations and continued his

journey on foot. He was spotted by the crew of a single-car train which was being used as a trainer for novice subway motormen.

By the time the trainees radioed in for assistance, the man had already reached his destination and left the subway.

Whether the babies in the Safeway were intended as a pro- or anti-war statement remains unclear. The Motormen's Training Union had no comment on the incident.

International Bromide Convention:

Potatoes Dug Up; Birds Grounded

by Professor Etta Plumbum

BOISE, Idaho — The well-known phrase "bird's eye view" is no more. As of Monday, "bird's eye view" has been replaced by the new, preferred expression "potato's eye view."

At the International Bromide Convention, where more delegates than you could shake a stick at made the far-reaching decision, feeling ran high. "This is a day," said one dissenting delegate, "which will live in infamy." Said another: "We shall return."

"Any fool can see we did the right thing," said one "potato's eye" partisan. "A potato's eye view is much better than a bird's eye view. A potato has many, many eyes. A bird has only two eyes. A bird is necessarily limited. After all, it doesn't have eyes in the back of its head."

Other revamped sayings include "It's

a potato's world," "Hell hath no fury like a potato scorned," and "It's 10 p.m. Do you know where your potatoes are?" Angry opposition delegates claim the changes are unjustifiable and the bromides no longer make sense.

Some delegates even maintain that Boise, Idaho, the location of this year's convention, has demonstrated a potato prejudice. "This is tuber territory," said one nervous delegate, who met with this reporter in a dimly lit alley. "But please, don't quote me. The potatoes might find out."

Potato industry lobbyists have indeed staked out the corridors of the Russet Hotel. Rhonda Root, a dusty, hollow-eyed spokeswoman for American Potato, denies charges of threats or influence peddling. "We work for the potatoes," she says. "That's all. I've never even seen the light of day."

Time To Change Bridge Music

An ongoing municipal dispute came to a head when a San Francisco man attempted to change the electronic music which emanates from the Manhattan Bridge, authorities report.

Giant speakers installed inside the bridge towers in 1970 play a non-stop, bass-heavy drone which was originally intended to harmonize with the sound of traffic. Over the objections of his female companion, the man gained access to the elevator buttons which control the music.

"That music may have been new once, but now it sounds dated," the man said.

Local residents are also tired of the music, but would prefer silence.

POLICE ARREST 2 IN TOE-SUCKING ORGY

Mideast provocation, airport shuttle delayed

By Judy Poft

A woman found engaging in group sex with a minor as well as with men of varying nationalities was apprehended today at an apartment in San Francisco.

The Attorney General's office is requesting the death penalty for the suspect, due to the extreme youth of the minor involved. The girl was three years old.

Also involved in the sex-capade were an Israeli and a Palestinian, both male and both gay. The two men were not arrested and had no com-

ment.

The arrested woman (Ms. X, as the police have dubbed her) was waiting, along with a visiting friend, for an airport shuttle to pick her up. The women disagreed about the time of the shuttle's expected arrival. The friend, visiting from New York, had fully packed her bags in anticipation of her flight to Italy.

Ms. X, the San Francisco resident and now sex offender, thought the shuttle was not due for half an hour and had failed to pack her bags. Rather than packing, she

engaged in oral, anal and genital sex with the two men and the three-year-old child, an African American whose name has not been released.

When the shuttle arrived, Ms. X was sandwiched between the two men and was attempting to arouse the child by licking her toes. The driver of the airport shuttle repeatedly blew his horn and Ms. X's friend, packed and ready to leave, purportedly banged on the bedroom door for half an hour. When Ms. X did not emerge, her visiting friend called the police on the shuttle's radio.

The women, friends from junior high school, were booked at Central Precinct, where their statements were taken. Both face charges of lewd and lascivious sexual conduct, of statutory rape and of furthering the Israeli-Palestinian conflict.

Most serious, however, is the charge of making the Supershuttle late for the airport. Under a new state transportation bill, that charge is punishable by death.

RETRACTION

The BBC World Service did not at any time announce the designation of a "Deli Correspondent."

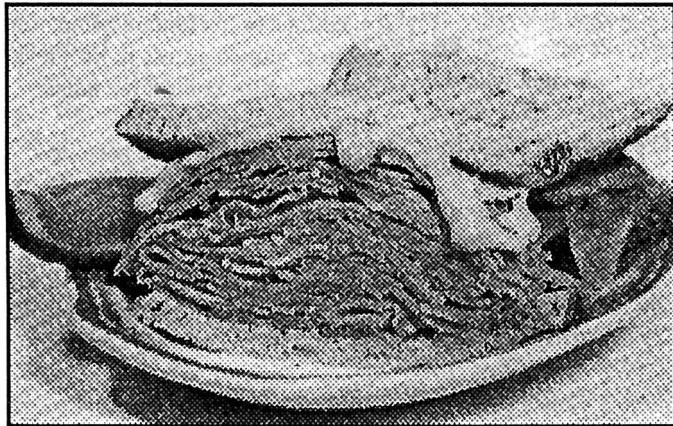
A deli correspondent might have been able to relay quick-changing prices on corned beef, declare daily specials, and remind shuffling, elderly waiters to zip their

flies. Additional deli-beat responsibilities might have included the introduction of newly named-for-entertainer sandwiches like The Ethel Merman (olives, pickles and liverwurst on rye with mustard and, please, a Bissel herring in beet sauce).

Unfortunately, there is to be no such correspondent. Fast-breaking deli news will continue to go unreported by the BBC.

The "deli-beat" mistake was due to wishful thinking on the part of a DreamWorldNews staffer homesick for the Jewish culinary palaces of her native New York.

"I haven't had a good egg cream or a pastrami on rye in I don't know how long," admits the sheepish staffer. "They actually said they had a report from their Delhi correspondent. Of course I know that Delhi, spelled with an 'h', is not a restaurant at all, but a big city somewhere in India. I went to college."



MYSTERY PIANO GLOVES STAINED

Researcher Asks: Is God Masturbating?

By Percus Tooth

Traces of semen and vaginal fluid have been discovered on the gloves emanating from the Winchester mystery piano, researchers revealed today. The discovery has led to speculation that God may be masturbating.

The gloves, which fall out of the bottom of the famous piano and are normally understood to be discarded from God's hands, have always been pristine.

The bodily fluids have been detected on both inside and outside surfaces of the gloves, according to Winchester mystery piano researcher Sky Goodman. The gloves, which emerge from the piano at a rate of five to seven pairs

per hour, are normally sold as souvenirs to visitors to the piano. The stained gloves have been retained for further study.

Goodman was quick to acknowledge the possibility that God is masturbating, but urged theologians to wait until more facts are known. "God may be a hermaphrodite," said Goodman. "I'm surprised we didn't think of it sooner. And we do know that he's alone up there. But why would he wait until now to begin masturbating?"

Blood tests are currently being run on the minute traces of blood found in the alleged semen of God. Blood typing has confirmed that all the samples so far are from the same being. "There's much more we hope to

learn," said Goodman.

"If the gloves turn up bloody soon we'll know whether God is masturbating on a regular cycle, or whether He's already reached menopause; we may also be able to determine whether or not God has AIDS."

The possibility also exists that another, lesser being defaced the gloves somewhere on their path from God's hands to the opening on the underside of the piano.

"We think there is a chance someone got to the gloves first," said Goodman. "God is everywhere, of course. But his hands may not be very close to the piano."

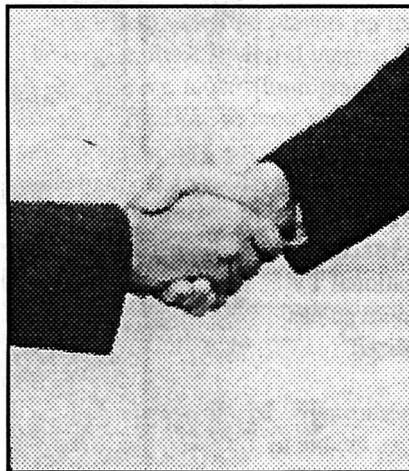
GLAD HANDERS GET MAD

By Judge Louis Spee

The Annual Handshake Tournament degenerated into a free-for-all last night when members of a secret society or motorcycle club introduced some new variations on the form.

The Tournament, held in a huge outdoor parking plaza, was in its final day and drawing record crowds. The players — all 400 of them — were in perfect form, executing a dazzling variety of complex handshakes with speed and precision.

But things took a bad turn when members of The Organizer Club took the field and started demonstrating their handshake, which involves full-contact punches to the body and face. To the dismay of tournament officials, the crowd joined in the melee. Those who couldn't reach the field stayed in



the bleachers and punched their neighbors.

Hane Slike, spokesman for The Organizer Club, maintains that the fighting resulted from improper crowd control. "We were only demonstrating our official handshake," Slike said.

Whither Wednesdays?

Demonstrators gathered in front of San Francisco city hall today to protest Mayor Jordan's proposal to discontinue Wednesdays. The Mayor has claimed his proposal would shorten the work week.

Rodney Workingman, spokesman for the Society for the Continuation of Wednesdays, claims the proposal is a ruse. "All the Wednesdays saved," Workingman told the crowd, "would really end up in a day fund for the mayor's retirement."

The mayor invited the demonstrators to inspect the proposal. He also assured the crowd that his plan would give all the remaining Wednesdays to the homeless.

The mayor's address to the crowd was met with heckling.

Deconstructionist Plot Foiled by Employees

By Leonard Kenworthy

A heroic brother-and-sister team routed a group of youths attempting to deface a bookstore or nightclub with graffiti symbols derived from the academic cult known as deconstruction, police officials reported.

S. Gorilla and K. Flipper, as the pair identified themselves to reporters, were busy ringing up sales or checking in hats and coats when a group of seven or eight youths rushed in armed with uncapped markers.

Their apparent target was the wall behind the counter

where Gorilla and Flipper were working. According to one witness, "They were laughing and shouting, saying that they were going to deconstruct the wall." The attempt was foiled when Gorilla and Flipper intervened, separating the youths from their markers. What followed was a scene witnesses described as "ironic".

"They were going to write symbols on the wall that didn't mean anything," Gorilla explained to reporters. "We didn't like that. So we took away their markers and wrote the symbols on them instead. Then we sent

them packing."

An elderly Asian man who witnessed the scene said he recognized the youths and advanced the notion that they might all be brothers. "They go to my school," said Wing Troth of Sacramento. "But I lost my respect for them when I saw them manhandled."

It remains unclear whether the site of the incident was a bookstore or a nightclub and whether Gorilla and Flipper were working a cash register or a coat-check counter. "Wherever we are, we're working," explained Gorilla.

Japan, US to televise Nazi skullduggery

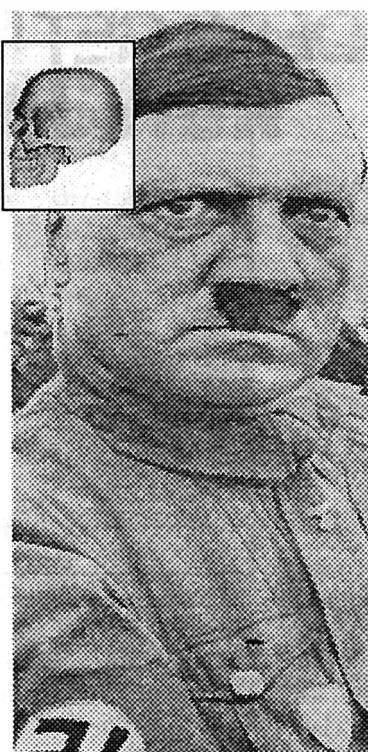
By Seattle Drumgo

An unnamed American man, the owner of Adolf Hitler's skull, is slated to join the Emperor of Japan in an unprecedented live television broadcast, but he isn't talking about the condition of the prize relic.

The American and the Emperor were scheduled to smash the skull with a hammer on national TV as a symbol of Japan's pacifism, but the American has furnished only a small fragment of the fossilized Führer's forehead.

Sources say the American feels such strong revulsion toward Hitler that he may have been unable to wait for the broadcast before smashing the chancellor's cranium.

But a spokesman said that even if this were the case, the Emperor would not be angered, and would be satisfied to carry out the broadcast as planned, smashing whatever remains of the Nazi noggin.



Reporter Fired, Then Fired Again

A new precedent in labor relations was recently set after a reporter at a local city newspaper was fired and then — after further consideration by her employers — was fired yet again to drive the point home.

The beat reporter was fired in early November by the Oakland Self-Examiner. According to an office memo from the publisher, the reporter failed to meet deadline requirements and "came to work with mud on her boots."

In December, after heated discussion between the assignment editor and the executive editor, a top-level decision was made to bring the reporter back in — and fire her all over again.

"We just wanted to tell her again that it wasn't working out," said Self-Examiner executive editor Martin Doorway. "It seemed important."

According to office workers who were present, the reporter showed up at the office with high expectations and very clean boots. But after a meeting which witnesses described as "embarrassing," she emerged enraged.

"They called me in here to tell me things still aren't working out and that I'm still fired," the sobbing reporter told witnesses.

TIME TRAVELLERS NABBED

By Ken Spacer

A group of young women who live in a modern house constructed atop ancient temple ruins returned home to find their home vanished and the ruins standing intact.

The women had been transported back to a time when the Great Mother was worshipped, and the ruins still stood proud, untouched by the ravages of time that hadn't yet occurred.

One of the Great Mother's priestesses sent the surprised time travellers out on a mysterious mission, but the mission was cut short when the women were attacked by a tribe of men wearing skins. The women fled back to the not-yet-ruined temple, turning into wild white geese as they ran.

Despite their metamorphosis, all but one of the women / geese were captured.

Relief for JFK's feet

A spokesman for deceased president John F. Kennedy has requested a moratorium on the use of film footage of Kennedy's inauguration. "In those films the president is always standing up," said the spokesman, "and the many years of constant showings have given him sore feet."

Q & A

Q. Is it dangerous to knock an alarm clock onto its side?

A. Yes! Please, please, be careful. Alarm clocks must remain in the upright position or time may leak out.

Vowels Form Union, Threaten Strike

By Amina Naught

The newly formed Vowel Rights Association today announced that each of the five association members — A,E,I,O, and U, along with auxiliary member Y --, have hired full-time counsel to represent them. The vowels claim that they are not adequately compensated for their work.

From now on, the vowels said at today's conference, each vowel will be represented by its own lawyer. When members of the vowel-using public require vowels or vowel services, they will be required to sit down to a legal

discussion with the vowel's chosen counsel. Negotiations will cover pay-scale, hours, working conditions, vacation time, pension plans, etc.

Scores of writers, lecturers, singers and others whose work depends on vowel use will meet tomorrow for a demonstration outside the White House, and are expected to press Capitol Hill for legal limits on vowel rights. Cows, sheep, goats, roosters, chimps and pigs, all dependent on vowel use for their characteristic sounds, are expected to join the human protesters. Snakes will not be present.

MAGNETS REPLACE ROOSTERS

Cockfighting enthusiasts, bowing to pressure from animal rights advocates, are replacing their roosters with giant magnets.

In the new sport, the players pit their magnets against each other in a dirt ring. The largest, most powerful magnet wins.

The players, mostly immigrants from Latin America and the Caribbean, lavish as much attention on their magnets as they formerly did on their roosters. The most popular magnets are variations on the traditional horseshoe shape. Others are actually shaped like roosters and measure two to three feet in height.

Some players have customized their magnets by welding on ornamental pieces of brightly colored metal and building special carrying cases.



Woman Arrested by Own Double in High Speed Chase

by Haroun Fisticuffs

A very pregnant woman was arrested by her own double in a high-speed motorcycle chase on Interstate 5, say police in Orange County, California. The woman was brought into custody after causing much damage to state property, including highway mattresses, recycling bins and breakdown-lane barbecue pits.

"She had no excuse for being where she was," says Sergeant YoHoLa!La of the California Highway Patrol. "She didn't even have an excuse for being who she was."

The unnamed San Francisco woman, who is thirteen months pregnant, claims she was cruising at a constant, legal speed when she became aware of a leather-clad cyclist following her, mimicking her movements. When the woman applied lipstick, so did her

pursuer. The woman reached for a mint candy and saw her pursuer do the same.

At this point, she determined to identify the copycat aggressor. The suspect claims that her pursuer's face, when seen in the magnifying

specially placed by the highway patrol, crushing recycling bins and riding right through the fire ring at a popular Orange County breakdown lane barbecue spot.

The officer caught up to her target and made the arrest by the book, says Y-oHoLa!La. The suspect, interviewed behind bars, while in labor, disagrees. "She threw me on the ground. I mean, I threw me on the ground. No, wait — no one read me my rights."

Due to a new state law, pregnant women are not allowed a lawyer while in jail and may be held without legal representa-

tion until the baby is born. As soon as the infant is safely delivered, charges of speeding and in-utero abuse will be filed. News media eagerly await the sure-to-be sensational trial, the first in legal history wherein defendant and witness for the prosecution will be one and the same person.



Manhattan Bridge Saved

A local man was able to persuade two of his printing industry co-workers not to tear down one of the towers of the Manhattan Bridge.

The two told him of their plan to demolish the bridge's Manhattan tower because they "were tired of looking at it" and because it was inhabited by another co-worker whom they dislike.

"I told them they couldn't just tear it down," the man said. "It's holding up the bridge."

Manhattan Bridge Renamed

New York's long-suffering Manhattan Bridge has been painted bright green and renamed the Great Britain Bridge in order to counteract bad associations from recent heroin arrests, authorities have announced.

ELVIS MONSTER APPEARS!

By Netzer Fujay

Speculation about the existence of the Elvis Monster ended yesterday when the creature burst through the earth's crust and laid siege to a busy street in downtown San Francisco

The sneering Elvis Monster, which many scientists had dismissed as fictional before yesterday's incident, is twenty feet high and bears a striking resemblance to the late singer in his final months – drunk, obese, belligerent and clumsy.

The Elvis Monster emerged from its subterranean home during the height

'King' of Underworld Breaks Earth's Crust, Snarls Traffic, Moves Bowels

of lunch hour in the city's financial district. As cars screeched to a stop and pedestrians ran in terror, the monster climbed out of its hole and pummeled buildings with its fists. Then, clutching an outsized acoustic guitar, the Elvis Monster mumbled and

snarled its way through a couple of Presley standards before forgetting the lyrics.

It then turned its attention back to destroying property. This was the pattern for several hours as emergency crews rushed to evacuate and seal off the area.

Several emergency vehicles, including police cruisers, fire trucks, and tanks, were destroyed during the monster's rampage. One fire truck was buried when the Elvis Monster bombarded it with a colossal bowel movement.

After a few hours the beast returned to the underground tunnels where it lives, leaving many witnesses with questions about the competence of emergency crews.

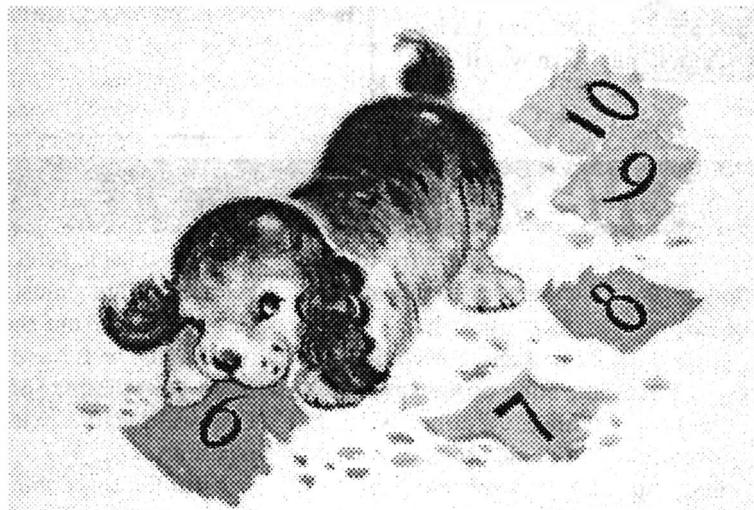
"Once the fire department had the area evacuated, they did absolutely nothing," said a woman who was present at the scene.

"The firefighters were just standing around laughing and taking group photos. They weren't even wearing their gear. They were wearing tie-dyed T-shirts," said the woman.

Other witnesses noted that the firefighting brigades were made up of women whose physical condition seemed poor.

"It was obvious that several of them had had babies within the last couple of weeks," said one observer. "They definitely should not have been back on the job so soon."

Dogs feared missing in famine escape bid



Ten dogs were spotted last night clinging to a hot-air balloon high above Somalia. Sources say the dogs were attempting to escape famine in that country.

The dogs' balloon scheme was abetted by foreign aid workers who helped the

crafty canines smuggle rubber and rope into the Mogadishu famine camp.

The dogs are reportedly low on supplies. "They took only two bags of chow," said a dog found loitering after curfew in Mogadishu's deserted streets. "I fear for their souls."

American Apartheid?

Married People Declared Second Class Citizens

by Iphigenia Smell
Special to the Dream World News

Congress today announced segregated amenities for single and married Americans. First to be separated will be drinking fountains, public pools and pay telephones. Soon to follow: married "homelands," identity cards and forced labor.

Buck Mintoff, of the Treasury Department, explains that segregation will be easily enforced. Coin-operated turnstiles will be installed at pools, fountains, and similar sites. But married people won't have coins. They will be paid in a new money substitute, to be made from luncheon meats and meat byproducts.

"If these married types try to use their money in our regular citizens' pay telephones or jukeboxes, they'll be in for a surprise," says Mintoff. "Their money won't fit in anywhere. It's like baloney. It's big and pink and smelly

and inconvenient and it just folds right up. You can eat it, but don't try making any phone calls."

"We're responding to an American preference," said a California state representative. "My state has a lot of singles. We're sick of subsidizing these sentimental married people. They use our phones, our pools, everything. It's time for a change."

The National Security Council, together with the FBI and the National Guard, are planning a sophisticated system of internment camps, to be phased in during this decade. By 1999, most marrieds and their children will live behind barbed wire in converted military barracks and will work for the advancement of single people.

"One too many babies cried in public. They were interrupting movies, ball games, you name it," said a singles lobbyist on Capitol Hill. "That was it."

CONSUMER HINTS

An ordinary football, properly carved, can be a thrifty substitute for a trumpet — it can even be simpler for beginning musicians to play! Parents can use the carved football as a starter trumpet and graduate youngsters to the more expensive brass version if they show promise. A football trumpet requires less lung power to operate, which can be a real boost for younger players, or for older trumpeters, like Chet Baker, whose embouchures have collapsed from being beaten up during drug deals.

* * *

Want to keep your baby's skin wrinkle-free? Take a tip from the residents of Rhode Island: Add fresh jalapenos to baby's bathwater in springtime.

MUSIC INDUSTRY NEWS

Wynton Marsalis linked to tunnel collapse

Jazz musician Wynton Marsalis has denied any responsibility for a song which has been linked to the impending collapse of New York City's newest underwater subway tunnel.

The song, which was written and performed by a Berkeley-based writer, poses the question, "If Wynton Marsalis had a toy boat / Would it sink?"

Although it has received little radio play, the song has

become popular among the hip artistic crowd through an informal network of cassette exchanges.

The controversy arose when the New York City Transit Authority revealed that the boat which holds up the newly constructed 63rd street tunnel is in danger of sinking. The unusual boat-supported tunnel was conceived as a cost-cutting measure when it appeared that the 63rd street line, in the works for nearly 20 years, might never be finished. Rather than digging a conventional tunnel through the riverbed, engineers decided

to use a long wire to hang the tunnel from a boat.

Marsalis has angrily denied any connection with the song or the endangered tunnel. "I didn't write it, I didn't sing it, and nowadays I travel by taxi," he said.

Inflatable band steps in for aging Grateful Dead

After 25 grueling years of concert performances, the Grateful Dead have decided to replace themselves with inflatable stand-ins.

The inflatable band members, which are almost indistinguishable from the real musicians, will have thorough knowledge of The Grateful Dead's extensive repertoire.

With the Inflatable Dead carrying the band's exhausting touring schedule, the original band members will have time to concentrate on studio recording — and relaxing.

Said Grateful Dead leader Jerry Garcia, "We're old, we're tired, and we can afford it."

No More Metal or Plastic

PHONES GO RUSTIC

The National Phonecall Company has announced an ambitious plan to replace all existing plastic and metal public telephones worldwide with rustic wood and rope phones.

The natural wood phones, though harder to operate than existing phones, are a response to a "green" trend in corporate marketing schemes directed at an environmentally concerned consumer public.

Earpieces are attached to the phone bodies by ropes, and dials are made of balsa wood. The phones also feature a new dialing mechanism combining rotary dial and pushbutton technology. When a finger is placed in the dial above a certain number, a pushbutton behind the dial must be pressed to make the dial function.

But the pushbuttons are actually "push-holes," an

innovation designed by Berry Woolen, a National Phonecall Company engineer.

"The idea is that it feels rather like a Fisher-Price toy to use," Woolen said, "bringing back fond memories of childhood while making you feel good about the future of the environment. The push-holes don't really work that well — but we think the feeling you get from using them makes up for it."

The new phones, which do not accept metal money, credit cards or cash, will be posted in hard-to-reach areas along obscure access roads and on mountaintops because these areas are all "naturewise," according to an NPC press release. All existing "high-tech" pay phones will be eliminated from the face of the earth by the year 1995.

Fornication equals love?

By Horst Madman

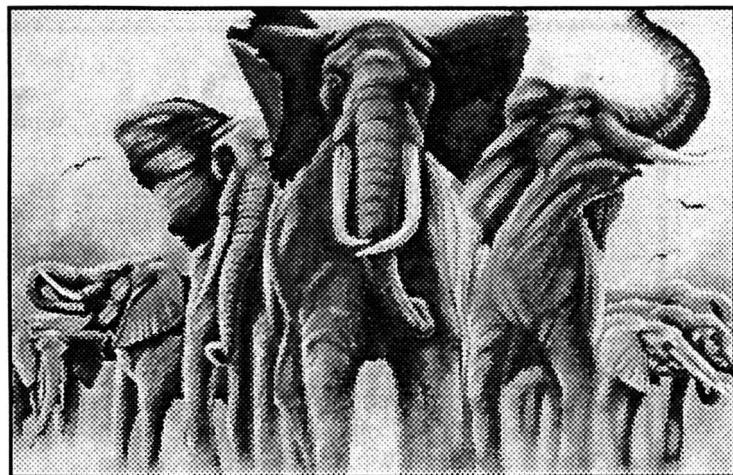
An attractive young woman was seen squatting on the curb today, threatening passers-by with bottle bombs.

"She told me that she liked the way I looked through a video camera," said a witness, who had been followed around a local hospital and offered cups of water by her sister's boyfriend.

The attractive terrorist "said my sister's boyfriend fornicates with other girls a lot, so he loves my sister even more," the witness said. As the witness was going up in an elevator, her sister's boyfriend kissed her twice.

The witness's sister has given her numerous skirts.

Elephants To Carry Airlines



President Zipkin has announced an innovative plan to bail out America's sagging airline industry.

Zipkin, America's first clown president, announced today at a press conference that

he plans to transfer funds from the elephant industry to bolster the failing airlines.

When asked for details of the plan, a Zipkin spokesman said simply, "The president likes elephants. They're big."

DOG GUILLOTINE GETS HIS MAN

An escape plot by a prisoner guarded by the famous electric dog guillotine was foiled today, though not without tragic consequences.

The prisoner fled his cell when a power outage allowed him to escape the invention's watchful gaze. During his brief period of freedom he managed to feed poisoned cactus to the judge who sentenced him.

The prisoner induced the judge to eat the deadly cactus by disguising himself as the judge's own two year old son. The disguise was effective

because the judge had never met his son and didn't know what he looked like.

After poisoning the judge, the prisoner attempted to return to his cell for his gun. But by this time the power was back on.

"I heard the baying of that guillotine dog and knew he was on my trail," said the prisoner, who gave himself up shortly afterwards.

"I don't care that I've been recaptured," the prisoner said, "because I know the judge is going to die."

Dvorak's Introduces beautiful food

Guess who was spotted with her boyfriend buying a lot of new bottles of Dvorak's Wood Pulp Soda and cans of Dvorak's Squid Salad?

BOSTON STREETCAR LOST IN SPACE

By Jembroke Farn

A San Francisco man on a visit to Boston borrowed a local streetcar and wound up sending it into orbit. Witnesses say the car flew skyward when the man released the gravity pedal.

The visiting man had arranged to borrow the trolley car by contacting a friend who works for the T, Boston's transit authority. The transaction, though it took place without official approval, was routine, according to the friend.

"He wanted to go to the cartoon museum, but he didn't want to rent a car," said the friend. "I told him if he wanted to borrow a streetcar, just come by and pick up the keys."

Bad Directions

Unfortunately, a set of directions to the museum proved to be little more than a few lines scribbled in green crayon on the back of a brochure. By the time the man arrived at the cartoon museum, he was in a rage. Museum employees report that the man stormed through the museum, barely looking at any of the exhibits.

Still in a foul mood, the man stopped in at a friend's house where a party was in progress. "He stayed about an hour and ate some cookies," said one party guest. "He seemed to be in good spirits."

But, guests report, the man's mood soured again when New Yorker magazine publisher Samuel Newhouse

walked into the party. As the guests, mostly aspiring writers, flocked around Newhouse, the man stormed out in disgust, calling Newhouse a "filthy capitalist."

"What Human Being Is This?"

By the time the man returned to the streetcar, it was 6:30 pm — the height of rush hour — and T dispatchers had noticed the streetcar was missing. Car traffic and municipal rail service were at a standstill. When the man answered the telephone in the borrowed streetcar, he was chided by an enraged T dispatcher with a thick Indian accent who demanded "What human being is this?"

There was nothing to do but drive back to the depot.

At every trolley stop, the man encountered crowds of abusive commuters, many of whom had been waiting for hours.

The final straw came when the streetcar approached a stop and the man noticed Boston mayor Ray Flynn making a spur-of-the-moment speech to the angry crowds.

Weary of his circumstances and overcome by leg cramps from pressing the gravity pedal against the mass of the overcrowded streetcar, the man decided to wake up. As he did, the streetcar hurtled into the Earth's orbit, where it still remains.

Woman Chooses Own Husband In Marriage Renewal

By Mr. Campisi

A jaded Japanese woman surprised guests at her five-year marriage renewal ceremony by choosing the most unlikely mate available for the next five years of marriage — her current husband!

Equipped with impressive resumes, eloquent pleas and carefully selected presents, the woman's former flames and prospective

new lovers all came for their interviews at the stark downtown marriage complex. But the beleaguered bride ended up with a man she had already married — and he was the most surprised of all!

According to the Nipponese nymphette, there were so many excellent candidates that she opted for her present spouse to avoid the tedium of choosing and possibly "hurting the other candidates' feelings."

Overheard

Brother: "They still have child labor in South Africa." Sister: "But if that's true, why does Johannesburg have the best museums in the world?"

Brother: "They're not the best, just the fastest."

Soldiers Unearth Remains Of Soviet Underground

By Shrimp Friend Alex

In a government-ordered gambit to discredit the families of thousands of Soviet citizens who were executed years earlier, the Russian Army has exhumed some 10,000 corpses from a mass grave and placed them under arrest for various crimes.

The unusual move was intended to brand the mass murder victims as criminals with arrest records, so they would remain in history as felons rather than as martyrs.

Soldiers on the scene reported that the arrests were complicated by the near-total decomposition of the suspects. Many of the suspects' skeletons fell apart as handcuffs were placed around the complex bone structure of the wrist.

Dynamic Duo Make Useless Appearance



ROME—Batman and Robin appeared at the ancient Coliseum after financial criminal Michael Milken, who had been sentenced to mortal combat against a slew of gladiators, broke his bonds and rose, screaming into the air.

The Dynamic Duo were dressed in costumes from their 1960s television show and appeared no more aged or paunchy than they did at the time the show was produced.

Roller Skating Man Livens Up Job Interview

Neville K. Twost was upset when he went to a job interview only to discover that his prospective employer was the Mafia.

Like most of his high school classmates, Twost had seen the classified job listing which promised high pay, great benefits and advancement to "creative, fast-thinking young people."

When he arrived at the site of the interview — a high-rent, midtown Manhattan skyscraper — he found most of his ex-classmates lounging in the building's lobby.

"It turned out the job was personal assistant to [New York mob boss] Paul Castellano. I certainly didn't want that job."

Annoyed at being lured all the way to Manhattan on false pretenses, Twost hung around the mezzanine with his school chums, catching up on their lives since high school.

Just then there was a commotion in the lobby. Twost looked down from the mezzanine to see his friend Mike speeding through the lobby on roller blades. "He was wearing a three-piece suit, he had his hair in a ponytail, and he was whipping through crowds of people without hitting anyone," Twost told reporters. "I'd never even seen him skate before."

Building security officers gave chase but were no match for the swift, lightweight roller blades. Despite their shouted warnings, Mike continued to skate through the lobby shopping concourse at high speed.

"I'm sure he thought he was making a statement about his creativity. But I also knew he wouldn't want the job once he found out what it was, so I didn't see any point in stopping him from skating," Twost explained. "Besides, it was fun watching the security guards crashing into each other."

ALARM CLOCK ANATOMY

A new report from the Science Institute indicates that the alarm clock should properly be considered a third lobe of the human brain, rather than, as is ordinarily assumed, an external irritant to the other two. "There's no reason to be hostile toward your alarm clock," explained scientist Charles Vacuum at a news conference. "It's performing a vital function, just like the other two lobes of your brain."

Poetry Department

He look big book
She honest fits long box
Honest only \$9.98

Touring California's Abandoned Factories



By Wayward Smayle

Even a disastrous weekend in the country can turn out favorably if you keep your eyes open.

Here's an example. Not long ago my boss invited me to spend a weekend at his family's secluded cabin. It turned out the real reason for the invitation was my boss' son, who at the time was in the final throes of AIDS and wanted to say goodbye to me and my co-workers. Much to my chagrin, my boss spent the weekend drinking heavily and trying to have sex with me.

When bracing my arms and legs against the walls ceased to hold him off, I desperately locked myself in my room with nothing to read but Parade magazine. I tried to find Marilyn vos Savant's column but instead got engrossed in an article about touring California's abandoned factory towns.

It sounded great, and when I actually went on the trip a few weeks later, I wasn't disappointed.

There are many abandoned factories in Fullerton, California (now renamed Little Rock). Highly recommended is the former Fender Musical Instrument plant, originally built as a monastery in 1691. After some difficulty securing a room, I spent a night there in order to sample the factory's tapwater, which according to Parade is as good as it was three centuries ago.

Though some would consider it just an ugly abandoned factory, the old Fender plant has its own strange beauty. Thirty-foot high windows, their panes smashed, admit floods of sunlight as well as thousands of pigeons and seagulls. Inside and out the concrete is bleached white from sun and encrusted with guano.

Also of interest is a former printing plant which was recently used as the setting for a Bank of America TV commercial — the one in which singing Pinkerton guards are accompanied on piano by a black transvestite. It's all shot in 30's-style black and white, and even if you've never seen it, the Fullerton printing plant is sure to evoke memories.

Travel Tip

Remember — gasoline is scarce in Israel, and most cars are shared by three or four families. Your hosts will appreciate it if you record the date, time, mileage and number of gallons every time you fill the tank. This should be done on the trunk of the car, using an indelible Sharpie laundry marker.

LIVING DEAD EXPERIMENT ESCAPES MOON

By Crouton Wiley

Scientists working on a top secret project on the moon have revealed that a "probably harmless" creature has escaped their supervision and is now somewhere in the United States, most likely the San Francisco Bay Area.

The creature is the result of an experimental procedure in which a dead person's head is transplanted onto another dead person's body before being brought back to life. It is the first time the procedure was

successful.

The creature was being transported back to Earth in secrecy to avoid interception by rival scientists from other countries, sources say.

The woman who was responsible for transporting the creature described it as "like a giant drugged reptile." She said it is naive and helpless, "almost likable."

Scientists fear the King of the Dead will reappear very soon to reclaim the creature's component parts.

Santa, bikinis, burning logs this Easter

It's Easter in New York, and the newest craze is being photographed inside hollow TV sets with burning logs and Santa Claus outfits.

A long row of these TVs was spotted by our correspondent when her boyfriend photographed a bikini-and-Santa-suit-clad girl inside one. "She asked him if she looked all skrunched," the correspondent reports.

BBC Technician burned, chastised in his own home

By Thresh "Soupy" Pie

A San Francisco man who works as a technician for the BBC was badly burned during a taping session in his own home.

The trouble started when performance artists John Lennon and Yoko Ono set fire to a pizza box in the man's living room, which was being used as a television studio. The technician suffered a first-degree burn on his hand.

When the man walked to his kitchen to put some ice on his hand, he discovered another taping in progress in the kitchen. The actors, a

man and woman dressed in stylish 60's "mod" clothes, exchanged glib repartee about the glamour of the advertising industry while sipping martinis.

"They were unaware of my presence," the man said. "They didn't even realize they were actors."

But when the technician removed ice from his freezer and wrapped it in aluminum foil, the actors suddenly took notice and accused the man of disrupting their show.

"They mistook the foil-wrapped ice for a prop potato which wasn't supposed to appear until much later in the script," said the man.

Jig is up for Elvis fakes

In a case which will surely send shock waves through middle America, the estate of Elvis Presley is suing a New Jersey man for impersonating the late entertainer.

Until now, the Presley estate has maintained a laissez-faire attitude toward Elvis impersonation, which in recent years has become a worldwide industry. For thousands of Elvis impersonators, many of whom claim their Elvis act as their sole livelihood, the lawsuit sends a signal that the Presley estate will now litigate aggressively to protect the singularity of Elvis.

Asked to explain the sudden turnaround, a spokesman for the estate said, "Enough is enough."

Snakes Hide, Laugh

Snakes have infested the half-packed boxes of a family preparing to move across the country.

The first reptile reared its head in the hamper, and it may still be there. Neighbors have since reported snakes of tremendous size sticking their heads out of windows and even out of the chimney.

Some of the snakes were reported to be smiling, and one was heard to laugh heartily.

The original snake may still be resident amongst the family's dirty clothes. Authorities, according to one family member, are "too scared to look."

Greeks At War!

Mayor & 'Kojak' quibble while Woolworth's burns

Former San Francisco Mayor Art Agnos and ex-Celebrity Telly Savalas are feuding again.

When the two Greek Americans arrived separately at the scene of the downtown Woolworth's fire, Savalas busied himself with his trademark lollipops and showgirls while Agnos scurried about with a clipboard.

Now the two hotheaded Mediterraneans can't agree on who was responsible for the delay in fire fighting that may have destroyed the discount

chain store at the corner of Powell and Market Streets in San Francisco.

The fire started in Woolworth's bell tower, where three local women were allegedly trying to retrieve secret documents stuck with masking tape to the inside of the bell. One of the women dropped a match and ran away. Her sister chased her, apprehended her, and brought her into police custody.

Fire fighters claim that Agnos wanted to use sand to fight the fire, while Savalas

insisted that water would be more efficient. The usual method of firefighting — spraying apple juice on the fire with bright pink hoses — was not even attempted. While Agnos and Savalas argued, the store burned to the ground.

Woolworth's has filed a suit against the City of San Francisco. The alleged arsonous female is serving time in a prison where the windows are set too high in the walls for her to see out. "Even that's too good for her," said a spokesman for Mr. Savalas.

Film Show Ends In Orgy

A cartoon show presented by the radical environmental group Earth First! degenerated into a randy lovefest, according to a couple who were present.

"It was a weird scene from the beginning," said a man who requested anonymity. "Nobody was talking to anyone."

The man's wife found the atmosphere too unpleasant and left midway through the show.

"After my wife left, it got worse," the man said. "Everyone was lying naked in a pile."

