



# ISKCON NEWS

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## DREAMER DEAD AT TENSLEEP

Nine dreamers of Ten Sleep, on Iskcon, have been named in the stalking and slaying of Dewey, a dream figure, shown at right. These dreamers, who often met to tell the secrets of their dreams to one another, began to recognize, in common, a shadowy, poorly dressed figure standing in the shadows of their dreamscapes, and all called him Dewey. Dewey threatened the peace and the privacy of the sleeping world. The nine, thinking that dream figures would feel no pain, agreed to murder the innocent Dewey, the way one pops hornworms between the thumb and forefinger-- without a thought of mercy, since these creatures are universally known to be without feeling. Each dreamer, as they arranged it, would arrive by auto in front of the Mexico Lindo during the 3rd REM period on the night of December 12th. Inside the cafe, it was supposed, Dewey would be waiting to haunt them, to brandish a shiv in their faces, to spit his tobacco on their dream shoes. On this occasion, Dewey little suspected he would be facing an organized dream-body of hostile Ten Sleepers, Iskconians bent on sending this American creeper to the dream hell of Atlantic City. Yet in through the door they arrived like a family walking into its favorite chicken house on Sunday morning after church, a mother and father with a trail of brothers and sisters. In a moment Dewey was pinned, his eggs removed.



## CZOLGOSZ PLANTED LIKE SPUD

In 1881, on Iskcon, an Arab employed in a show in Ten Sleep had his hand bitten off by an enraged capybara and made no complaint. Refusing surgical assistance, he plunged the maimed limb into boiling oil.

Primitive races of Earth, especially pigmented ones, feel pain less acutely and thus enjoy a reputation for stoical endurance, the result, however, of a modified sensation.

It is not difficult, knowing this, to understand why Ekaterina threatened to kill her husband, an Arab, for being without feeling, and making a mud pie of the marriage flower.

Ekaterina was beyond reason. The more her husband, Czolgosz, tried to calm her, the more hysterical she became.

"I would sooner die than live with you," said Czolgosz.

Then Ekaterina's patience broke, like the brittle ice of March's Ides.

She seized her husband's service revolver and shot him through the head, at the crest of the nose. Czolgosz sat down on the settee, and spent a gaudy evening in the process of dying, without the benefit of feelings.

Ekaterina buried the Arab at night in a nearby field, and a few days later planted Idaho potatoes over the spot to hide all traces of the murder.

Her husband, she told the curious neighbors, had become uncontrollable and had left her forever as he had threatened so often to do. This tale was accepted without question, and as the weeks passed, little green sprouts came up in the field until the slain Czolgosz's resting place was hidden beneath a green carpet.

The crime itself did not make the woman flinch. She was hooked on the idea that he lay on unconsecrated ground and so was doomed to ages of grisly wandering on the earth instead of peaceful repose until the day of resurrection. But like the Arab in the Ten Sleep show, she refused the overtures of humanity to her. And like the Arab she shall be publically maimed. La-de-da.

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IT IS WRITTEN AND EDITED BY DAVID OHLE AND ROGER MARTIN. WRITE TO BOX J, TENSLEEP, ISKCON.

Special thanx is due to: AMERICAN MAGAZINE, LIFE, ROCK CITY DAILY ROCKET, AND THE UNICORN BOOK OF 1954