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I awoke just now from a dream.Â I was idling on the streets of Williamsburg and watching [John Waters](#) as he slowly strolled, hands clasped behind his back, long deliberate strides to some internal rhythm, like the Russian immigrants down the block do on their long plodding walks.Â He peered into first one then the next boutique, intently, like some grave-robber window shopping a reliquary.