



\$4.99  
^^ .85

**Volume  
456-BR7  
Issue 8  
CLAD. 2004**



**Official Magazine of the RTRAMSOM  
Copyright 2004 RTRAMSOM**



## From the Authors of the Declaration of Independence!

### AXES AND ALLEYS

Volume 456-BR7

Issue 08

01 Clauduary 2004 (N.G.)

Published by the Royal Tractor  
Repair and Maintenance Society of  
Outer Mongolia.

118 Egin River Road, Suite 900  
Tsagaan-Uul, Hövsgöl V68-9912  
Peoples Republic of Mongolia

---

### STAFF

#### Publisher

Sir Lionel Buxton Humbridge

#### Editor in Chief

Delores P. Grunion

#### Photography

Bernard Roosten

#### Copy Editing and Layout

Hammond R. Floon

#### Administration

Star McGurney

Angus Lopez

#### Graphics and Illustrations

George H.W. Bush (no relation)

#### Coffee

Jacob Coffee (just a coincidence)

#### Research

Delores P. Grunion

#### Legal Council

Garmet Jones

Law Offices of Humphrey and

Skizzini

#### Freelancers

Hogrid Amanden

Charles Finneus Buchhampton

Alouicious P. Stroatwobbler

DJ Trickyfingers

Lilly Saunders (age 10)



If there is one thing to which *Axes & Alleys* is committed, it is getting our job done each and every month, on-time and regardless of difficulties presented by fate. We know that many of you are nervous, queasy, uneasy, anxious and agitated over the events of the past few weeks. Indeed, the past fortnight has affected the production schedule of this publication in many ways.

However, you now hold in your hand the latest issue!

Obviously the entire staff, except for Lilly, has worked diligently to get this magazine to you. And we'll keep doing it! No matter what may come, nor what may get destroyed, we will get *Axes & Alleys* to you. Civilization may pass into the beyond and our religious institutions may perish, and you've got the personal promise of one Delores R. Grunion that *Axes & Alleys* will keep coming to you. We may have to publish in strange materials. We may distribute a little more using pack animals and bicycles.

But one thing can be sure for you in the coming tribulations: *Axes & Alleys*.

**WRITTEN  
CORRESPONDENCES  
FROM GOOD NATURED  
GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE  
READ OUR PREVIOUS  
INSTALLMENTS AND  
WISH TO COMMENT  
ON SOME ASPECTS  
THEREOF.**

Dear Axes and Alleys:

I wish to extend to all of you Peace, Happiness and Hope for the coming New Year, and let us wish also for better health. I thank you for the lovely cards which many of you have sent.

Now for new and old information which you may need.

The exterminator is coming on a Saturday so that almost all tenants are home at that time. You know that roaches and rodents will not invade your apartment if you keep it clean. If these pests have no food they cannot live. Do not leave food anywhere in the open, and keep the garbage in closed plastic bags until taken outside to the garbage cans. Place your bags in the cans and cover with the lids which have been provided for you. You know that you must recycle which means separate: plastics, glasses, and cans from the papers and other materials.

Do not clog the drains with hair and other objects which should not be thrown into sinks. If you do, you pay for the plumber's work.

I am sending the envelopes for the rent. You put your name on the left corner of the envelope and the rest is printed for you.

You know that rent is due on the first day of each month. Many of you refuse to acknowledge it. I understand that it is hard to have enough money for all the things we wish to have, but rent must be sent before many things are bought which are not that necessary.

Remember to have 5 things on the check you send for rent: YOUR NAME-APARTMENT NUMBER-BUILDING NUMBER-THE MONTH FOR WHICH YOU ARE PAYING-AND CENTS. Please send the cents. For instance you rent is \$825.34, include the 34 cents. The reason is that many of you have the same rent and the same name. The cents are there for individuality, so that no one has the same amount of rent as you. Write your name and the numbers clearly because the computers in the bank can refuse a check it cannot read. Please do not write in the upper left corner. Write on the lower left corner of your check: date (month and year), apartment and house numbers.

If you need further information call or write. I read all the notes you send me. If you call, speak slowly and clearly, and leave your telephone number.

Happy Holidays, F. & M. Di Rico

To the Editrix,

Ms. Grunion, I would like to point you to the advertisement on page 5 of your latest issue (Volume 456-BR7(9) Issue 6). I, that is to say as myself, have personally used Mertleson's Assassination-Proof Lavatory Fixtures in my own home. I went to the local Domicile Terminus six months ago to purchase a Mertleson's Mk. IV Polished Black Teak fixture. I enjoyed the use of my Mk. IV, lavating my head, torso and buttocks, but not my feet, twice daily. The six feature adjustable tub jets with optional erotic hologram display was perfect for my uses (these do not include committing Onan's sin in the Mk. IV fixture). For five months I was safely ensconced from noon to nine in my Mk. IV. However, I'd like to tell you about the events of November 27, 2004. You see, I was engaged in exfoliating the pre-grundal region of my scrotum with a mixture of microbeads and volcanic ash when two men entered the bathing area of my home. I greeted them, as anyone would, and encouraged them to make themselves at home. To my surprise, I was stabbed 13 times and strangled, my corpse mutilated by one of the previously mentioned men. As such, I would like to inform your readers that as a pipe-fitter for Local 306, I am not a target for assassination. Mertleson's Assassination-Proof Lavatory Fixtures do not equal a get-out-of-death card. These fixtures do not mean that one can live a life of living and metabolizing if one is not of political or religious importance. My post-murder experience has been, as I'm sure you've guessed, a bit rigorous, but I have enough time in my day to write to you to mention this small matter. I would encourage your readers on no note to keep this in mind and suggest that Axes & Alleys include such a disclaimer as is necessary in all future advertising media from Mertleson's included in your fine publication.

With warmest regards,

Sir Charles Napier

To the Editors,

The Clumbak Particles have made the state very proud. In their championship match with the Norbert Instigators, they performed extremely well, coming up 17-2 at the head and gaining national attention. Our state should help support the Particles in every possible way. New team shirts should be purchased and equipment donated as quickly as possible. The tax dollars are needed, the heart of the children is there and no one has played a finer game of Chutes and Ladders in the history of the game as a competitive sport.

Sincerely,

Ethel Rosenberg



# **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

## **LIKE A MAP MADE OF WORDS**

### **Page 6**

**The March of Progress**  
Rabbis Discuss the Final Frontier

### **Page 9**

**Novenclature**  
Word, Words and Then Some More Words

### **Page 10**

**The Glorious Surreal**  
Weird Things You Can Do In Public

### **Page 12**

**The Katie Speaks Out**  
Why You Should Enjoy Knobs

### **Page 14**

**What They Ate in the Olden Days**  
Scott Birdseye Explores Gullets Past

### **Page 17**

**H.G. Peterson**  
There Are Many Poets in the World but Only H.G. Peterson is Best

### **Page 18**

**Surviving the World's Difficulties**  
What to Do if You Get Lost in the Middle of Somewhere

### **Page 20**

**Ask Montezuma**  
He Knows, Oh Yes, He Knows



**If you Need Rescue at Sea**

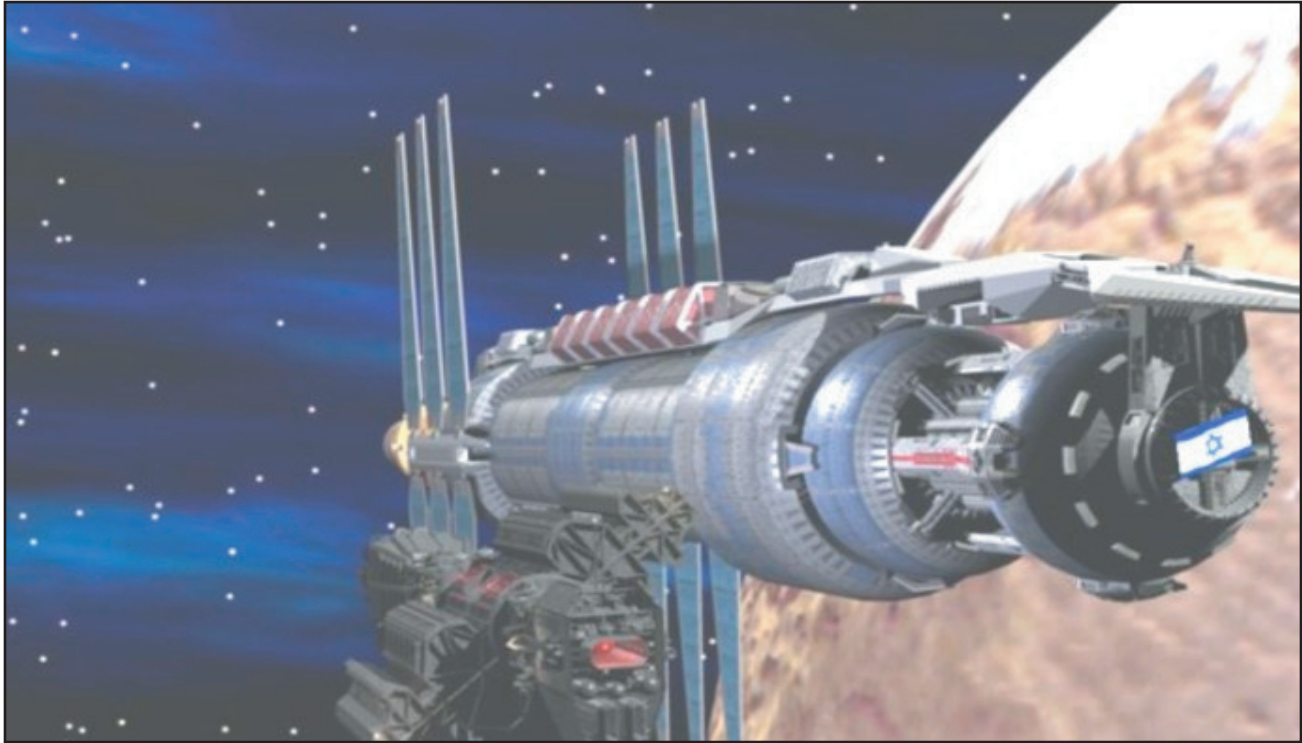
**consider**

**DOLPHIN<sup>TM</sup>**

Dolphins are 100% Man Evolved

# THE MARCH OF PROGRESS **JEWS IN SPACE!**

**A Look at the Adventure of Following the Ol' 613 in Space**



***Jereusalm 5: Israel's new space station is  
our last best hope for Shalom!***

---



Jeremy Rosen is Extra-President of the United States of America, a position created under the new 29<sup>th</sup> Amendment to the Constitution. Also he is an ex-aircraft carrier designer for the Messerschmitt Company.

As humanity moves further into the Space Age, the burden will be upon us evermore so to redefine our cultural traditions for the new environment of the Void. As we explore the stars, so must we reexplore ourselves.

Of utmost import to me today are the 613 commandments which Jews are obligated to practice. I've used a fine Pre-Ciso knife to whittle down the list to a few choice items.

Earlier, I took the opportunity to sit down with three leading Rabbinical authorities to discuss the challenges inherent to the prospect of Jewry in Space, specifically the practice of the 613 Mitzvot.

Though they differed on many key points, as Rabbis often do, they agreed that tradition must not be forgotten; indeed our cultural legacies are perhaps the most important cargo we will collectively stow away for our long voyage into the Universe.



Rabbi Menachem Schmileson started the Rabbinical Institute for the U.S. Department of the Navy during World War II and has been at the forefront of the automated bris movement since 1962. While there have been some recent problems with the fourth generation of robotic circumcision equipment, stock in Mecha-Snip! LLC has skyrocketed.



Rabbi Jared Schmendelson is a graduate of the Yeshiva Gran Turismo in Milan, Italy and specializes in practical applications of the Torah in the formula 1 racing circuit and has published many papers on the transmission of the Talmud via quantum entanglement. He is currently rabbi-in-residence at the Art Nouveaux Reform Temple in Charlotte, NC.



Rabbi Ahuva Zusman Keshet was the only Ultra-Orthodox scholar willing to participate in this forum. He did not offer any biographical information, but he has a wonderful felt hat.

*Jews are commanded to affix a mezuzah (a small prayer scroll in a case) to the doorpost of their home. Obviously this would not apply to a temporary dwelling such as a space ship. However, we currently have an International Space Station in orbit. What is the proper place in which to affix a mezuzah in the ISS?*

**Schmileson:** Well, the ISS has airlocks, not doors, so while it is an entrance, it has no doorposts. Furthermore, it's a modular system. So let's say you put the mezuzah in one module and it's connected to another. Which way is in and which way is out? My solution would be to place a mezuzah on both sides of the airlock.

**Schmendelson:** Clearly a mezuzah belongs on the main access hatchway, however the main living compartment also contains a toilet facility, which makes it a space used for unclean actions. A mezuzah on the main access hatchway is the only reasonable place.

**Keshet:** Jews should not live in the space station.

*Jews are commanded to recite the Shema every morning and every night. How could this be accomplished in orbit or in an interplanetary spaceship, where night and day do not necessarily apply?*

**Schmendelson:** The mission time is set at the launch point of the aircraft for orbital missions. Day and night should be judged according to that time on the ISS. As for an orbital mission, the same general time applies. For a journey to another planet or star, it becomes debatable. The launch facility time should be used until halfway through the mission, then the time at the place of landing or orbit should be used for the other half.

**Keshet:** Jews should not travel in space.

**Schmileson:** The most appropriate time is the time in Jerusalem for interplanetary expeditions. Once arrived, the day and night cycle will be completely different. G-d did not command us to observe our circadian rhythms, but the Days and Nights. When on another planet, the rising and setting of the Sun as seen from that planet should be used. While I'm sure G-d would appreciate the Shema twice every 90 minutes, he knows that such blessing would detract from the temporal mission. It's best to follow mission time.

*There is also a commandment not to leave a beast which has fallen beneath its burden unaided. Positing that the vessel in which one travels through the Void is such a beast, what should an observant Jew do in a vessel which is in danger?*



**Keshet:** Spaceships and space stations are not beasts. Jews should not be in them, on them or around them.

**Schmileson:** Absurd. Totally absurd. Vessels are obviously not beasts. Would you have sailors tend to their ships as animals?

**Schmendelson:** Sailors tend to treat their vessels as being alive and thus with care. The same could be said of a void-traversing vessel, which provides more life and sustenance for the traveler than any surface vessel. Care should be taken to meet the needs of the ship.

*Let's say you're traveling with an Ammonite or a Moabite.*

**Schmileson:** There are no more of those people.

*Okay. You colonize the planet and only have a daughter, while a Gentile has a son. These are the only progeny. How do you continue the colony?*

**Schmendelson:** If there is a Gentile who does not convert, I would say the special circumstances allow the union, but not if it be forced. How is the seed of Israel to continue in the stars?

**Schmileson:** Jews should not travel with gentiles, but in such a case I would say smite the Moabite or Ammonite and impress upon the Gentile to convert. If this does not happen, artificial insemination would be appropriate if everyone cared for the ensuing children. However, Jews don't belong in space, so the question is moot.

**Keshet:** The colony should never have started.

*Jews are not supposed to work on the Sabbath (and other holidays). How is this accomplished in an environment where mere existence is and relies upon work?*

**Schmendelson:** If you cannot live without the work you must do daily I feel it's the same as the accommodations made to those who are too frail or unhealthy to not eat on days where Jews fast, like Yom Kippur. If not maintaining the space craft or station will endanger your life, you may continue to work.

**Schmileson:** That sounds Kosher to me.

**Keshet:** Yet another reason why the Void is no place for Jews.

*What about eating organisms on another planet? Certainly if there are creatures on another world they will be significantly different from those on Earth. What is the far-flung traveler to do?*







# VEENO!

## The Wine-Like Beverage

Made with 100% Dung Beetle Extract

**Schmilesen:** That is particularly un-Kosher. The expedition should bring enough supplies with it for the duration of its stay. If a colony is planned, I suppose a trained Rabbi should be sent along to decide what's Kashrut. One should hope that there are ruminants or cloven hooved creatures on the colony world.

**Keshet:** You just keep proving my point. If your daddy was circumcised and wore a yarmulke, don't step off-planet.

**Schmendelson:** I would say that under the circumstances, of which there are many different ones, alien creatures could be eaten if lives were at stake, but every effort should be made to bring along that which is needed to survive.

*Now, you're not to possess inaccurate scales or weights. How does a Jew conducting business in space or on another planet do so properly?*

**Schmilesen:** That's pretty simple. Just recalibrate your instruments to work on the other planet. Modern technology is quite useful, just don't do it on the Sabbath (and charge interest).

*At this point Rabbi Keshet left the Kosher deli in which we were having our discussion. I've not heard from him since, but he left his hat, so if anyone knows where he is make sure to drop us a line.*

**Schmendelson:** If you're traveling to many different worlds, it may become difficult to carry the proper weights and scales. I would suggest that any businessmen not deal goods while traversing the Void.

*Men and women are exhorted not to wear the clothing of the other. How does this apply to spacesuits, which were originally worn by men?*

**Schmilesen:** Spacesuits can be considered tools and not clothing, therefore it does not matter who wears them. As for the coveralls worn underneath, these are not intended for people of either sex, so may be worn by both without problem.

**Schmendelson:** I'm sure as the human presence in space grows, people will come to treat spacesuits as a fashion statement. As such, a man should not wear a woman's spacesuit or vice versa, as it will be a personal exhibition of that person's cultural mores.

*Finally, there are several injunctions against letting an uncircumcised person touch holy things. What if aliens do not have penises or male and female.*

**Schmilesen:** I'm not even going to get into that one.

**Schmendelson:** Maybe Jews shouldn't be in space after all.

Clearly, the expansion of the Hebrew peoples throughout the cosmos is a question meant for the Talmud. Hopefully, this article will be the first step in a close examination of the circumstances Jewry will encounter among the many stars. Surely many of these can be answered before we leave the atmospheres for the greater glory of the galaxy. If there are any rabbis out there who would like to add to this column, please feel free to contact the editors of this fine magazine.

# OUR GUIDE TO NOVENCLATURE

Newly Formulated Words to Describe the Previously Indescribable



**Exosouperous** (Adj): That which has the quality or condition of not being soup, or that which falls into the set of all things in existence which are not soup.

**Pentalupe** (N): A grouping of wolves wherein the number of individual members is divisible by five.

**Obsomnapillate** (V: regular): To place a pillow over one's head whilst sleeping.

**Caliseptant** (N): A person participating in the traditional American "7<sup>th</sup> Inning Stretch" during a game of baseball.

**Revuluminter** (V: regular): To screw in a light bulb.

**Manipulatrouve** (V: regular): To search frantically for a tool whilst in the midst of a repair project.

**Ovofactorous** (Adj): Something that smells of eggs.

**Ubcasexsolartiensive** (Adj): A person or creature which is waiting on a rooftop for a sunrise which will never come.

**Disavioptic** (N): One who is unable to distinguish between distant birds and enemy aircraft.

**Malunibrew** (Adj): A person, object or scene otherwise beautiful but for one bad feature.

**Kerut** (N): The last sound let out by a dying parrot.

**Sumrapan** (N): A trade-marked product name which has become so well known that the public begin to use it to describe all related products regardless of their copyrighted name, such as Styrofoam, Coke, Zipper, or Q-Tip.

**Hellosch** (N): A precipitation consisting of a stinging mixture of snow, rain and ice.

**Animae** (N): Animated film featuring a cast of anthropomorphic animals.

**Catachristical** (Adj): Any circumstance wherein a Jew and a Muslim give each other a Christmas related greeting or well-wishing.

**Transalabaminate** (V: regular): To pass through the State of Alabama by traveling from one bordering state to another.

**Punctuarium** (N): A chamber within a home used particularly for the storing of three-holed punches or reserved for the activity of using a three-holed punch.

**Chenopodivite** (N): One who subsists entirely on beets.

**Autoparlimite** (V: regular): To walk about in a public area engaging in a cellular phone conversation with another individual while wearing an earpiece, thus giving the appearance of talking to one's self.

**Biest** (N): The act of leaving a party or other function for the purpose of retrieving more beer from a store.

**Misericopull** (N): A sexual act based more in the feeling of pity than in a genuine attraction.

**INTERACTIVE ENTERTAINMENTS**  
**FOR THE BORED MASSES**  
**BURSTING THE BUBBLE OF COMPLACENCY IN YOUR**  
**OWN HOME-TOWN**



Despite your own mental acumen, there will be times throughout your life when you lie prone under the icy, paralyzing grip of that creature we call Boredom. Therefore, as a public service we offer the following alleviations for your condition. Use them well and wisely and remember that *Axes and Alleys*, it's creators, its parent and affiliate companies are not responsible for the consequences.

---

**Escaped Mental Patient**

Requirements: Two or more people, pajamas, pair of broken handcuffs, one or more lab coats, one or more butterfly type nets.

Got to a public place with one person dressed in the pajamas and handcuffs. This player is the mental patient. Others, dressed in lab coats will be the doctors. The mental patient runs around while the others try to catch him or her with the butterfly nets. Feel free to taunt each other loudly.

**Pirate Attack**

Required: Wheeled vehicle (car, shopping cart, red wagon), Jolly Rodger flag, pirate costumes and paraphernalia, two or more people.

Pretty simple really, find a good spot, the Mall or Wal-Mart parking lot on a busy Saturday for instance, and ride around pretending to be 17<sup>th</sup> Century pirates. Say "Argh!" a lot. You can even have two or more groups of pirates, all fighting over a "treasure" such as a gumball machine. Also, feel free to try and sell bootleg CDs and DVDs.



## Visitors from Another World

Required: Grayish face paint, sunglasses or goggles, wigs and/or fake mustaches and beards, odd bulky or out of date clothing, and some suitably strange “alien” artifacts.

Get dressed up as aliens who have very poor human disguises. Choose one person to be the leader, who will speak, perhaps using an alien-earth speak dictionary, while the rest of you stand in the back and exchange slight whispers of a strange alien language. Ask random people for directions, but don't just ask about libraries or train stations...try and come up with unearthly things the aliens might want to find. “Where in this area would I find large quantities of hydrogen,” “Who the current human potentate and where might a fellow human locate them,” or “What do you know about frogs?”

## Spies

Required: Two or more people, spy-like costumes (the more suspicious the better; trench-coats, dark glasses, a fez, an eye patch, you get the idea), spy paraphernalia; brief cases, newspapers with obvious eye-holes cut out, perhaps some microfilm.

Pick a good public place, I personally think that the Main Concourse at Grand Central Terminal is the best. Come up with a couple teams of one or two people each. Perhaps the first team is trying to pass a briefcase around while the other team is trying to steal it away from them. There are many possibilities for double crosses. Make sure you reveal them as loudly and dramatically as possible. Remember, even toy guns could get you arrested, but spies can cleverly conceal a gun in a lipstick case, an umbrella or even their shoe. Outlandish accents can also add an international flair.

## Museum Fun

Required: bed sheets, sticks, primitive masks.

Head down to the local natural history museum and find any sort of large, old statue or idol. Set up in front of it and begin performing an elaborate dance or religious ceremony. Worship the statue, prostrate yourselves before it and be prepared to cite the First Amendment if museum personnel try to kick you out.



## Earthling Liberation Front

Requirements: One or more people, some cardboard or poster board, clipboard, paper, pen, pamphlets or palm cards, paper cone or megaphone, and any strange military uniforms you can throw together.

Pick a busy street corner. Set up your recruitment station; put up posters bearing slogans railing against Mars (Stop the Red Menace: Destroy Mars, The Only Good Martian is a Dead Martian, Earth First!). Get as creative as you can with your posters and tracts but remember you HATE the Martians. Give angry and hate filled speeches on the evil Martian Empire, the dangerous Flying Saucer Fleet, Martian plans for conquest. Whatever comes to you. Attempt to get passersby to join your Pro-Earth Militia. If people laugh at you, get indignant and respond with “You won't be laughing when the flying saucers destroy this city!”

## Bored Games

Required: Board game, two or more people.

Simply go to a public place, set up a board game, the more complicated the better, on the floor. Have fun playing until the cops come to throw you out. Enjoy.

# AN EDITORIALESQUE DIATRIBULE

## **“SAVE KNOBBERY”**

### **BY**

### **THE REV. KATIE PHELPS**



**Reverend Phelps is a renegade obstetrician and part-time architect with buildings in Nunavut, Greenland and Yonkers, New York. Her daughter, Melvina Phelps, is currently an intern with *Axes & Alleys* and submitted this article on her mother's behalf. Melvina is an astute profiler of cabbages.**

In this world of touch-screens, scroll wheels, buttons, sliders and switches, it's often possible to think everything is perfect. "What could be missing," I hear many people ask when examining their state-changing interface options. Some people are so happy with buttons that they do not realize the other common options available. So, what could possibly be missing from this world?

Knobs! I tell you, there was a day when knobs were king. There was a knob for the television, the radio, the gramophone.

We had knobs for controlling the thermostat, knobs inside the refrigerator, knobs for our dogs and cats, even knobs in the car, of all places. Take a look around today. Do you see any knobs? No. All around are crude manifestations of state-changing interface systems. Most commonly, one finds buttons. You might think there's nothing wrong with buttons.

You'd be wrong! Let's examine the so-called "button." A button does two things: move up and move down. You've got two options with a button, on or off. What good could possibly come from an on/off option?

Here's a button scenario. You go to your television and press the power button. The TV comes on, right? Well, yes, but what if you wanted it to come on at half power? You're out of luck. That TV's either on or off. You try making it do something different. You can't. It's just got a lowly button.

What about the touch screen? Oh, lookee, a touch screen. I can put my finger here and it does something. That's not even at the level of a button. Barring not choosing anything, you get one choice: touch.

You're at the airport and you're going to get your tickets from one of those kiosks with the touch screen.

What if you want to order a sandwich? There's absolutely no way to do it. You've just got whatever option is put up there to touch. You can't even turn the damn thing off without resorting to a, you guessed it, button. That kiosk not only limits your choices to on or off, but also just to touching whatever they throw at you. Try getting a warm pair of socks from a ticket kiosk. I dare you. Sometimes you might see a switch. It looks different from a button because it sticks out further and moves from one place to another. Wow, fancy. It moves. It's also a mass-produced hallucination! While you think you've got a choice of several states with a switch, you've really just got a fancy button with a tail and that leaves you with an on/off choice. Walk into your living room and turn on the light. That's it. There you go. Now turn it off. At least this time you had something to hold on to while you were getting screwed by the system. Now we get to the tricky part. Look, my stereo has a set of sliders for the equalizer. Wonder of wonders, I can choose up to seven or more states for that there equalizer. Wake up, you ninny. Take a closer look at this tomfoolery. You know what that slider is? It's another damn fancy button illusion.

I move the bass from 1 to 2. Now I can move it from 2 to 3. See where this is going?

That's right, a slider is just a dirty trick that moves what amounts to a bunch of buttons in sequence. Try getting that bass to 5.5. You'll be there for a while. It's just as much use as trying to get a falafel from an automatic ATM (don't get me started on those).

Trickiest of all is the modern scroll-wheel. You might think it's like a knob and it works kind of like one, but try grabbing it. Some genius got rid of the wonderful grasping concept of knobs. If you've guessed that a scroll-wheel is just a bastardized and useless knob that should've been nailed by the heels to some Peloponnesian hill, then you've guessed correctly. Obviously a knob you can't hold on to is useless.

Now you're probably wondering what's so great about knobs. Let's try the previous examples and insert knobs into the situation.

Watching TV one night, you realize that the TV is too bright. So you walk up to your television and there is a beautiful, shiny, sensuous knob. You're eager to touch it and you do. You turn the screen down. It's now kind of half on and half on. Amazing, no?

What if you were at the airport again? You walk up to the kiosk and instead of that putrid touch screen you have a beautiful pair of knobs just waiting for your patient hand. You dial an airplane ticket and a sandwich. You could even get a warm pair of socks after you're done.

You get home after your trip and walk from the darkened street into your home. You flip the switch, but the light is too bright! You fall to the floor in anguish, but immediately realize that you have a dimmer knob. You reach up and easily turn the light down to a more appropriate and eye-friendly level. Of course, if you were smart, you would have left the dimmer in a friendly position before you left home.

I want to listen to some music, but I want my bass at 5.5 and my treble at 5.1. What do I do? Simple, I've got a stereo with knobs and I turn it right there. Tiny Tim in perfect harmony. Who could listen to Tiny Tim with the bass at 5? A mongoloid sub-creature, that's who.

These previous examples completely obviate the need for a scroll-wheel. The scroll-wheel is poorly constructed to be a two dimensional knob. This is the future, man, 3D, virtual reality and whatnot. You don't need state-changing equipment that requires special glasses!

Now that it's quite obvious that knobs are the superior engineering concept, what can you do to save them? That sound you hear is the sucking of a million knobs into the aether. The giant industrial consortiums, the media and congress have all in one way or another conspired to cut the knob from our tools. We must take back our knobs.

When you see a forlorn appliance on the street, rescue its knobs. When you're at the shopping center, pick only knobbed devices. Play with your knobs at all times. Help others to install your spare knobs wherever they might be needed: in the slot on a toaster, by the empty hole in their stereos and even replace old, worn-out knobs. Slip knobbery into casual conversation. Wear pro-knob clothing. Most importantly, don't give a knob to strangers. You never know what they might do with it. That knob might end up damaged or lost. Grab that knob and proclaim "this knob is mine!"

just beneath  
the surface...

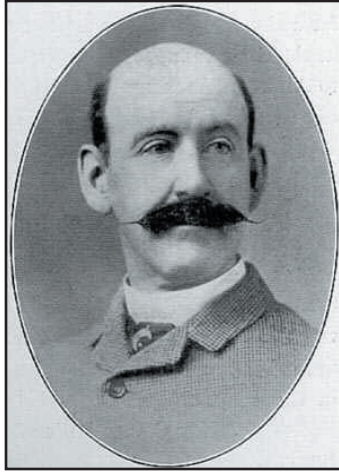
UNDERWEAR™

For Best Results Change Daily



# AN HISTORICAL DISCUSSION

## FOOD IN THE LIVES OF MANORIAL PEASANTS



**Dr. Scott Birdseye is the world's foremost autodidact. His many-works include the notable tomes *The Deities' Char-iots and Deities from the Cosmos*.**

European society in the Middle Ages was dominated by a rigid structure which dictated nearly every aspect of the people's lives. This arrangement held the most power over the lives of the society's lowest strata and thus, for the common laborers, life was defined by monotony and the endless struggle of physical existence. These aspects of peasant life on the manor are most evidently illustrated by the details of the commoners' diet. Peasants' lives revolved around not only the ever continual production of food, but also around the necessity to meet the basic needs of survival. Thus, food was the central element in the lives of the peasants, acting as both their occupation and sustenance.

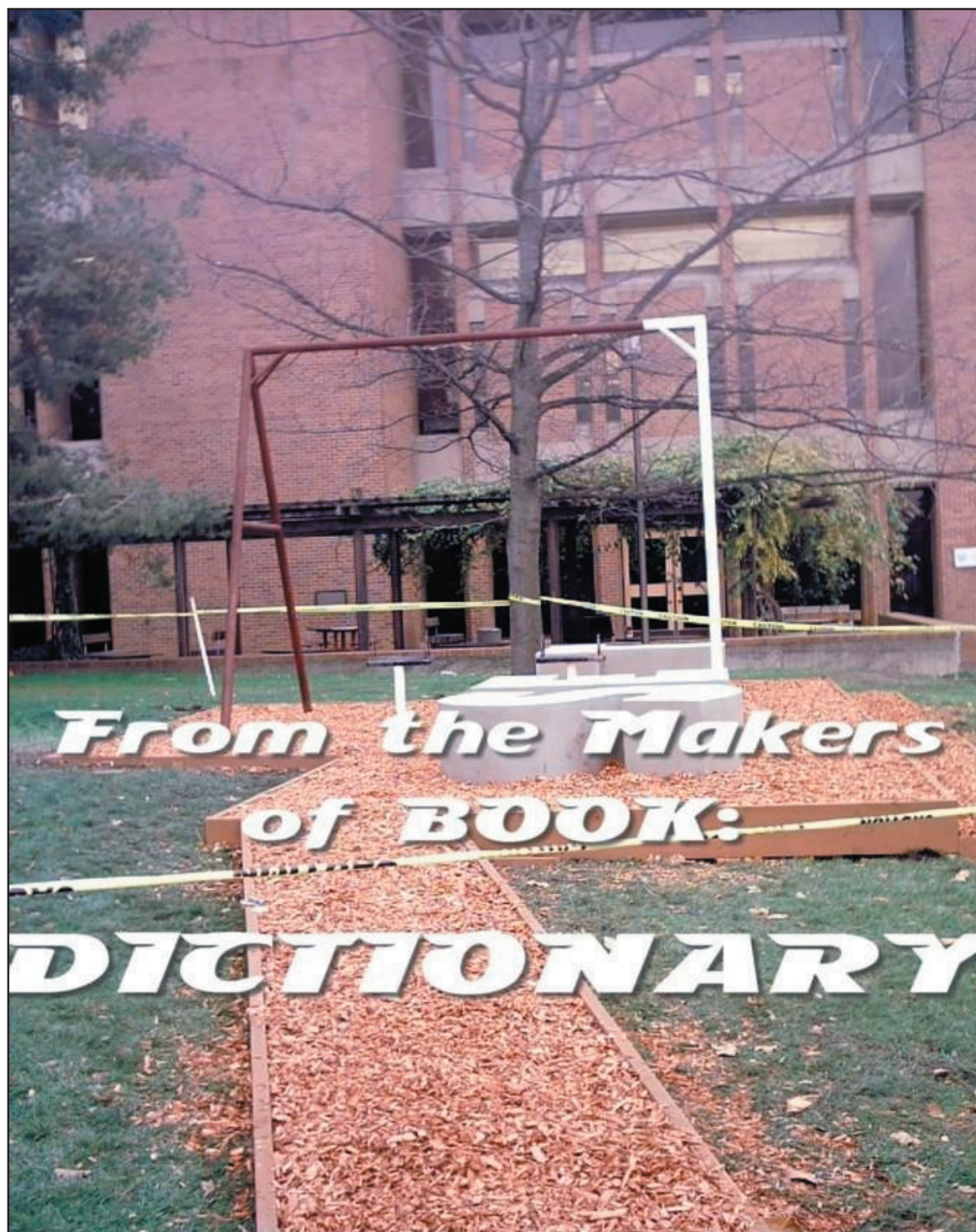
Agricultural production was the singular purpose of the lives of the Medieval peasantry in Europe. The population of the Middle Ages was stratified into three major groupings: the nobility, the clergy and the laborers, although there were many other groups such as merchants and craftsmen whose roles did not fit with this concept. Within the three major ranks of occupation, the nobility, whose place was to provide defense, and the clergy, who focussed on matters of religion and learning, were together only a small percentage of the population as a whole. The majority of the people were classified as Laborers, commonly called peasants or serfs. It was the duty of the peasants to provide the actual labor which allowed the other divisions of society to exist. Thus, the life of the Medieval peasant consisted entirely of performing the tasks of farming; producing foodstuffs and other agricultural goods.

The Manor System provided for the organization of peasant labor output in Medieval Europe. The manor acted as a relatively self-contained agricultural unit, consisting of peasant homes clustered into small villages, plow lands, pastures, forests, water supplies such as rivers, streams and ponds, and the manor house, home of the manor lord, the noble land holder who ruled over the entire unit. While the primary purpose was to provide food, the manor also functioned as an economic entity to provide labor management and to produce a profit for the land holding lord. A system of mutual responsibility governed the manor; in exchange for labor the lord was expected to treat the peasants properly and not over work them. The lord was also expected not only to provide protection to the peasants as well as gifts on special occasions, but also to act as a mediator, judge and political and legal authority over his holdings.

Although the lord did provide protection and maintenance of social order, peasant life on the manor was fraught with difficulty and mired by monotony. In no way were these extremes more evident than in the peasant diet. Food on the manor was limited by what the land could provide, and for the most part, variety was unknown to the Medieval peasantry. The diet of the commoners was essentially vegetarian and depended upon the staple crops of the particular geographical location. The most common crops were the cereals: wheat, oats, rye, and barley. Garden crops, which were cultivated on a much smaller scale, included vetches, beans, peas, onions, beets and lettuce, all of which provided some supplement to the daily menu. The most common vegetable products in Northern Europe were the cabbage and the turnip, while in the south olives and grapes were also privately grown. Despite these slight supplements, the peasants' diet consisted mostly of grain, cooked into gruel, porridge, or coarse black bread made from rye, oats or barley. Wheat bread was, for the most part, eaten only by the nobility. Daily fare for the commoners was often pottage, a dish which contained mostly barley or oats with some vegetables, which were slowly cooked in a large pot over the course of the entire day. Flavoring was sparse and rarely available to the peasants, although wild mustard seed, poppies and wild honey were occasionally used for seasoning, as was olive oil in Southern Europe. Pottage was usually eaten later in the day, so morning meals usually consisted of nothing more than bread and beer. The only available beverage for the Medieval peasantry was beer, which was brewed, without hops, in nearly every village. In Southern Europe wine of poorer quality was a common drink for peasants where beer was not available.







movable  
type  
printing

**M.T.P.**

A Daniel Bester Inc. Company

movable  
type  
printing



**A POETISTICAL ORATATION**  
**BY THE GREAT**  
**H. G. PETERSON**

"The Future Never Happened"



**H.G. Peterson is founder of the International League of Lawn Mowing Visionaries, a group devoted to creating a new age of lawn care for all peoples of the world.**


Where're the cities on the Moon?  
Or the colonies in space.  
Our wrist radios,  
Our paper clothes,  
Or a peaceful human race?  
Man, I've waited for so long  
But damn, the Futurists were wrong.

Where are the cities under domes?  
And those deep under the sea,  
Flying cars and my jet pack,  
Deadly ray guns that go "zap!"  
Robot servants serving me?  
And you know what really kills?  
I never got proton energy pills!

All we got was CGI films,  
And pointless camera phones,  
Blogs across the internet,  
Stuff I didn't wanna get,  
And reality TV shows.  
Mad cow disease and terror attacks  
Hey, I want my World's Fair money back!

The world's still full of doom and gloom  
I just want to live on the Moon...really soon.

---



**CHESTERSON'S  
BILINGUAL APEIARY**

**At Last Simians Who  
Understand Spanish!**

**121 Duck Street  
Military Island, Dry Michigan**

# OUR SPECIAL GUIDE TO SURVIVING ADVERSITY

Camping, hiking and exploration are fun and exciting diversions. But it's best to be safe when you're out in the great untamed wilderness. So, we now present a guide for survival. Keep this on your person if you venture from the enveloping warmth of your home and you'll always be safe, secure and alive, even in the worst situations. Have fun out there in the wild with all those trees and squirrels and junk.



If you have a magnet, a piece of cork and a needle, all you need to do is make thread from a nearby plant, so you can sew the magnet to the piece of cork.

It's easy to get despaired when you're lost. A good way to pick yourself up is to use the skulls from animals you kill to perform cheery puppet shows.

If you're ever lost in the Alps during a bitterly cold winter, make sure you have a number of different items that will interest future archaeologists. Make sure to include items of a cultural nature.

Getting lost in Antarctica can be hard sometimes. Don't waste time trying to find a polar bear you can disembowel to shelter in its body cavity. Polar bears only live in the North Pole.

Make sure you learn how to say "Can you help me?" in Chinese. As there are 1.2 billion Chinese, odds are that one out four people you come across will be Chinese.

If you lose your way when traveling through the Mystic Caves of Aar'ushbak, try and find the Talisman of Gindor. If you utter the sacred chants it will cast forth a guiding light and show you the way to safety.

Long hours of tedious boredom can result from being lost in an unfamiliar environment while waiting for rescue. For entertainment, try looking at things.

Snowstorms can result in a phenomenon called "White Out" which makes it very difficult to see your surroundings. So don't forget to bring your glasses or bi-focals.

If you're lost, there's an easy way to tell where you are. Look in the sink as the water drains out. Does it go clockwise? You're in the Northern Hemisphere!

Dehydration is a major problem in the desert. Make sure you drink lots of water. If you can't find water, remember clouds are made of water!

For thousands of years, sailors have used the stars to navigate. You can too. Look up into the sky. Do you see a comet? Remember, the comet's tail always points away from the Sun. Also, comets may herald the coming of a new king.

If you ever need to make a fire, try to find a thunderstorm and use the lightning.

If you lose your way in the forest, a tree will tell you which way to go; remember that bark only grows on the outside of trees.

An easy way to ensure that you never get lost is to always carry a map with you. The easiest way to do this is to carry around a miniature globe pencil sharpener that you can use as a keychain.

If you find yourself naked in the forest, remember that swans make wonderful dresses.

You can always use the Sun to find out where you are. Do you see the Sun? Good, you're 93 million miles away from it.

If you're hungry, there are many edible plants in the forest. The way you can tell if it's edible is to see whether it fits in your mouth.

Do you see waves crashing on the shore? You're probably near an ocean.

If you're ever lost at sea, remember that salt water is non-potable. Next time try to get lost on a lake.





# **ASK MONTEZUMA**

## **ADVICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE**



**Montezuma is a glorious king whose glory shines down upon all through the ageless bounds of eternity. Fried chicken is his favorite food.**

Dear Montezuma,

I recently borrowed someone else's rhubarb. I used it in a wonderful pie, which I am consuming at this moment, but I feel a bit disaffected now. You see, I already have my own rhubarb and I'm afraid it will feel neglected should it discover that I used another rhubarb whose provenance was not from my own rhubarb. Rhubarb is a temperamental root vegetable and I don't quite know how I might deal with its outbursts should it discover my scurrilous usage of rhubarb not my own. I was thinking, perhaps, of covering up the obvious foreign rhubarb with a small coconut I have waiting on the window sill. How do you think I might appease my forlorn ground-inhabiting edible plant?

Regards,

Denny Palmer, Age 27

*Denny, Denny, Denny, Denny, Denny,*

*Reviewing your letter brought back so many memories of my studies at one of the United Kingdom's lesser-known colleges (I'm sorry to say that I am not an Eton*

*man). My second year Garden Psychology course was one of my favourite little expositions of knowledge. I greeted each day with an overarching eagerness to get to Garden Psychology and learn all about the feelings and complexities of the carrot, the sexual dysfunctions of herbs such as basil, the obsessive disorders of legumes and the deep and dark psychological pathologies of root vegetables, so akin to their growing places in the black, moist soil. Indubitably whatever Garden Psychology course was offered at your secondary educational facility was ineffective. This writer has a slithering guess that your secondary education may not even have included a Garden Psychology course (I would ask for my money back). Possibly you were absent or not paying attention on the day that the emotional makeup of the rhubarb was covered by your instructor. In some cases, rhubarb can be poisonous if not treated properly because it is a quite delicate and serene member of the plant kingdom and it is frequently noted by other vegetables for its steadfastness and unfickletude. To make sure I am not recalling this improperly, I checked my Vegemotional Psychometry Manual III. You should take a gander at your no-doubt dusty copy of this fine tome. It clearly states on page 433, under the general characteristics of rhubarb, that this vegetable is quite calm and collected, even under pressure. Your classification of rhubarb as a root vegetable will be discussed in a future column. Perhaps you have it confused with rutabaga, likely another manifestation of the poor education you received early on.*

To our fine friend Montezuma,

We here at the Cal-Dap thumbtack and light emitting diode plant and merchandising center are huge fans of your column. We read it every month and keep clippings up on the break-room refrigerator. We discuss it over coffee and on the assembly line for thumbtacks (doing this on the LED assembly line would be too dangerous and we don't speak there). Larry "Hambone Runner" Logan on machine #5 almost has every letter from your fifth book memorized and likes to repeat them during union meetings and at management

meetings during dull moments (of which there are many!). Joe "Gristle" Sanderson, the vice-president of sales, likes to record himself reading the columns and play them in his office when he thinks no one is listening. We've had a few problems recently because our town is small and the plant is really the only source of employment for most citizens. We're citizen-workers, important to the defense of this great land. That's why I was going to write to you. You see, we don't have enough copies of Axes & Alleys to go around here in Lothariana. We've spoken to the distributors many times, but they refuse to send more copies. There are about 13 copies for every 58 residents. We sometimes find it hard to share copies with one another. Do you have any advice to give us?

Yours Truly,

Ernie "Lambchop" Jones  
Cal-Dap Tackfitters Local 133  
Lothariana, FA

*Dear Lambchop,*

*I am very concerned after the receipt of the above letter. You may be unaware, but you are infringing upon several intellectual properties which belong to me. To avoid any further action, please send me accountings for the following royalties I may be owed:*

- 1. number of times a clipped article has been viewed*
- 2. number of times Hambone Runner has repeated my articles*
- 3. number of times Joe Sanderson's recordings have been played*
- 4. number of times a copy of Axes & Alleys has been shared*
- 5. number of times Joe Sanderson has been referred to as "Gristle"*

*The above are all rights reserved by my person and I am owed monies for each. As such, an independent auditor will arrive in Lothariana after receipt of your numbers. By my rough calculations, the township owes me close to \$1.2 million dollars. Copies of this response have been sent to the Cal-Dap management as well as Lothariana's City Council. Please see that further infractions do not occur. I am most disturbed by the unauthorized use of my trademarked phrase "Gristle." This use must cease immediately!*

Dearest Montezuma,

Dearest Montezuma,

Is there really nowhere to go from here but up?

Confused On Relevant News

*Dear CORN,*

*Looking at the postmark from your letter and the penmanship in your letter, I am positively convinced that you are likely to continue in a downward spiral of irrelevancy and doubt. Were that I could remember how to tie a noose for you.*



365 Days, 52 Weeks  
12 Months and  
1 Master Race

Get Your Official

**animals of the  
Third Reich  
calendar**





A woman with blonde hair, wearing a light-colored bikini, stands in front of a stone wall. The image has a blue tint. In the top right corner, there is text in Cyrillic. In the center, there are two lines of text in English. At the bottom, there is a country name and a sentence.

Дльпід  
іџ Сфџџ

HAVE YOU BEEN WAITING?

WE'VE BEEN WAITING TOO...

**Albania**

We Manufacture Surgical Staples Now

# **Axes and Alleys**

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen



2004 A.D.

for more information please consult

[www.axesandalleys.com](http://www.axesandalleys.com)