

### Axes and Alleys: No MSG!

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### ATTENTION READERS!

The world is running low on cough drops. Recent international treaties governing the hunting of whales have made it nearly impossible for Vicks and other cough drop suppliers to maintain their levels of output. Whale bones are the primary ingredient in most commercially available cough drops.

The World Consortium of Things has released a report

on their internet website www.c onsortiumofthings.org detailing the fact that after August there will be no more cough drops left in the world!

So, go out and buy cough drops now! Otherwise you'll never be able to get cough drops again. Make sure you run up to the Duane Reade, Eckard or Best-Mart and buy as many cough drops as you possibly can. Don't be left in lurch when that tickle in your throat strikes!

Remember, hoarding cough drops is the only solution! Please, for your sake and for the sake of your children, go out and buy as many cough drops as you can today!

XXX 000

Delores



P!NK is a singer in the genre of popular music. She is not particularly skilled at spelling, as witnessed by her magnum opus Missundaztood.

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

Dear Axes and Alleys,

Why do so many of your magazines contain articles on diary and meat in the same issue? I'd love to read your fine publication, but so many of your issues are utterly treif. Why not put out a special milchik issue? Far too often your magazine is just written by a bunch of useless momzers and paskudniaks. Try to be more poretz in the future and remember the six thirteen.

Stan Stevenson Baltimore, Rhode Island.

To the Publishers of Axes & Alleys Magazine:

Have you ever read about John the Baptist? He's a character in the Bible. In would be neat to see an article about John the Baptist in your magazine. Too bad he lived long before there were real tractors. It would be fun to see John the Baptist on a tractor. That would be fun, wouldn't it?

Selma Barron Selma, Alabamania.

To the editors, Axes & Alleys:

I am unhappy with you recent spate of cover girls. In fact, I am unhappy with all of them. Not a one weighs over 120 pounds. You are fascistically ignoring the zaftig set by placing such icons as Manda Marble Brody Dalle, Rachel "Lee" Cook, and Emma Caulfield on you cover. Why can we not have a Catherine Manheim, Veronica of Veronica's Closet and Cheers or Roseanne on the cover? This reader thinks the editors of Axes & Alleys are sexist. That the editor-in-chief is a svelte woman of more traditionally sexy proportions and the fashion staff is gay leads me to believe that the magazine has no interest in the travails of the

heftier set. How could they? Neither set of persons in charge has any wish to copulate with women and so cannot understand the area from which they are coming. A&A is deplorable in its representation of the vaginal set and I for one will attempt to stop purchasing it. I may read it in local libraries, borrow it from friends or pull a dirty copy from the street gutter, but I will no longer purchase a copy of the magazine.

Your truly,

Michelle Gorbachev Moscow, Idaho

Dear Editors,

Why is it that noted author and scientist Jared Diamond demeaned himself so much by playing the insanely stupid character Screech on the syndicated teen sitcom *Saved by the Bell?* Surely this Pulitzer Prize winner, who also won the Tyler Prize for Environmental Achievement, would have better things to do with his time than run around Bayside High having lame adventures and going to dances and school functions at "The Max" because they couldn't afford any other sets. What's up with that? Why can't Jared Diamond just focus more on his writing and love of New Guinea and less on being Zack's sidekick?

Samuel Adler Wanton, Missouri.

Dear Axes and Alleys People,

I was wondering if you could recommend a good nutcracker. Even though peanuts are legumes, I think I could still use a nutcracker to crack them open for the sake of eating. Please do not laugh at my name. Damn it. Damn it. Damn it. Stop laughing you God damned idiots. I hate you all so much. There is nothing funny about my name. For Christ's sake. I hate you.

Caroline D. Penis Thataturk, Vermont

Dear Axes & Alleys,

I looked through my library and checked around town. No one seems to have seen a copy of Axes & Alleys Volume 456-BR7 Issue 03, May 2004. What's up with that?

Charles Hammer Aquitaine, EU

### THE TABLE OF CONTENTS LISTING MANY PAGES

### **NEWS**

### Page 6

News of the World
Daniel Bester Flying High!

### Page 9

A Comparison A Close-Up Look at Two Different Diamonds

### Page 10

All About Canada
That Country North of Us

### Page 12

The March of Progress
The Torpedo Penguin Menace

### **FEATURES**

### Page 15

H.G. Peterson
Oh Yeah! He's Back.

### Page 16

Kindergarten How Education Has Failed

### Page 18

Point-Counterpoint Sluts: Are They Worth It?

### Page 20

A Walking Tour Featurette
The Ladies Love Scott

### Page 22

Ask Montezuma Meso-Americans Know

### Page 24

Scooter Memories
The Continuing Scooter Saga

### Page 26

Porcelain Coffin A Cautionary Bathroom Tale

### Page 27

Pine Why It's Stupid

### NEWS OF THE WORLD

# FLYBOY!

### BILLIONAIRE BREAKS RECORDS IN CROSS-BOROUGH FLIGHT

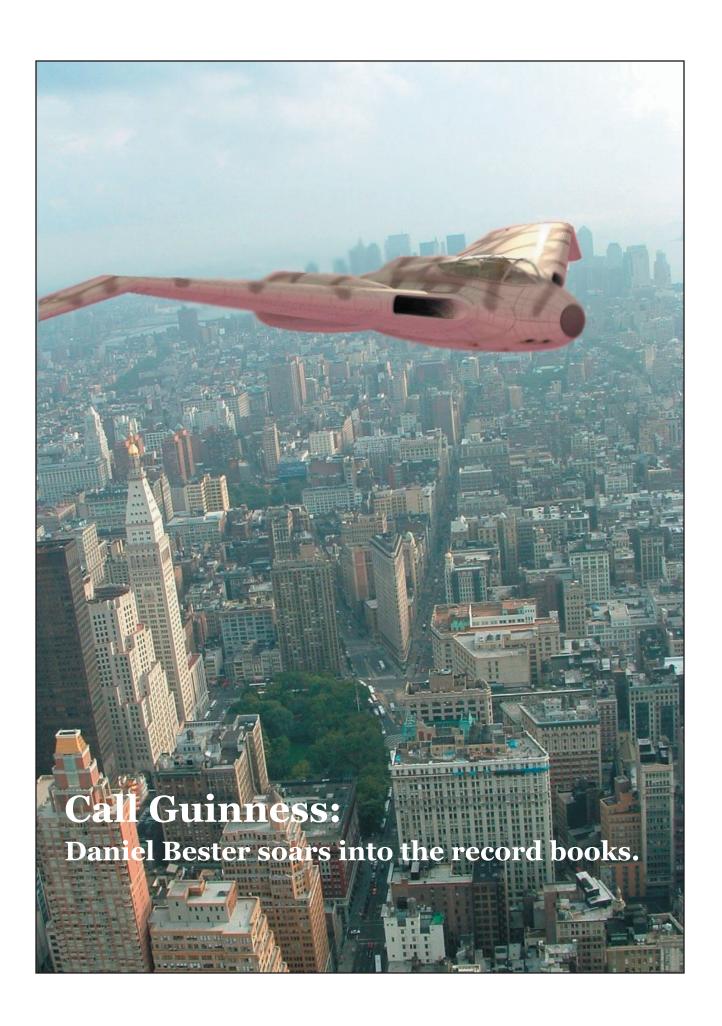
**QUEENS**, **USA**: Thousands of aviation fans came out to LaGuardia International Airport (LGA) today to cheer for billionaire-industrialist Daniel Bester as he completed the last leg of his now-famous Cross-Borough Flight.

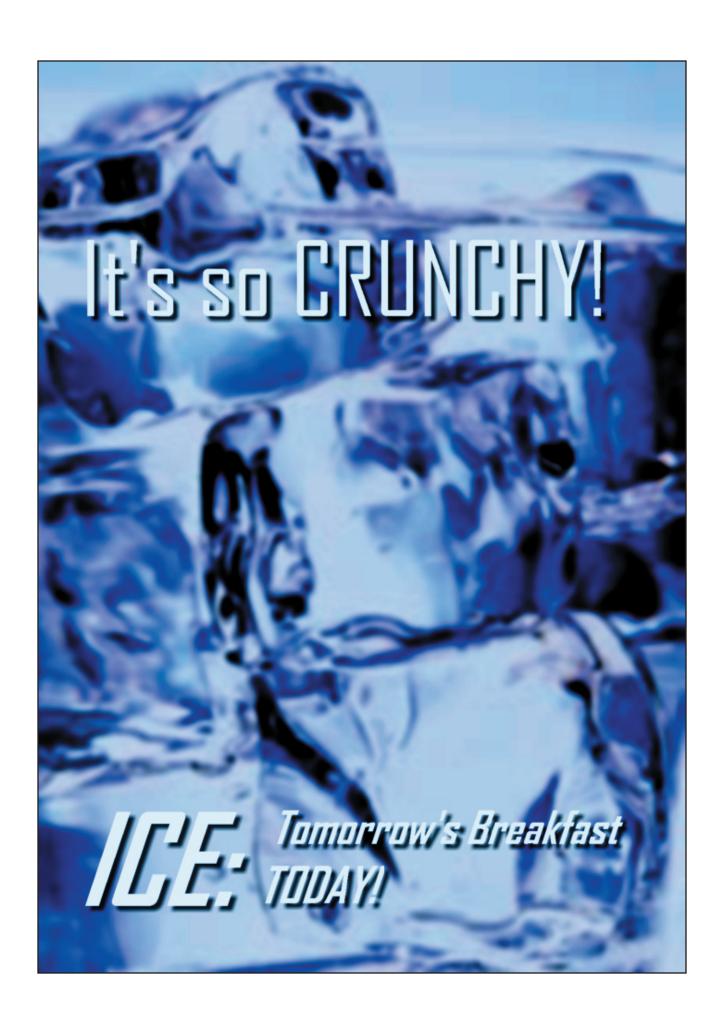
Earlier today Bester took off from New York-Newark Airport (EWR) in his experimental craft, the DB-1, and completed the full circuit across Manhattan in a record four minutes before landing in Queens.

Based on earlier designs, the DB-1 features a plethora of new bits of advanced technology, including an especially ergonomic cockpit. Many in the Military-Industrial Complex have high hopes that the DB-1 can help turn the tide of the war. Bester Aircraft and Asterstar, a Daniel Bester Inc. Company, have been known for decades as leaders in the aviation and aerospace industries.

Though Daniel Bester was quickly whisked away by his agents before the crowd could even catch a glimpse of him, his spokesmen were quick to issue a statement declaring that Mr. Bester had "No Comment."

Rival Billionaire and aviation enthusiast Richard Branson, who had been in a fierce competition with Bester over the Cross-Borough Flight record, was found dead in his hotel room earlier this morning, his death the result of an apparent-drug-overdose-themed murder.



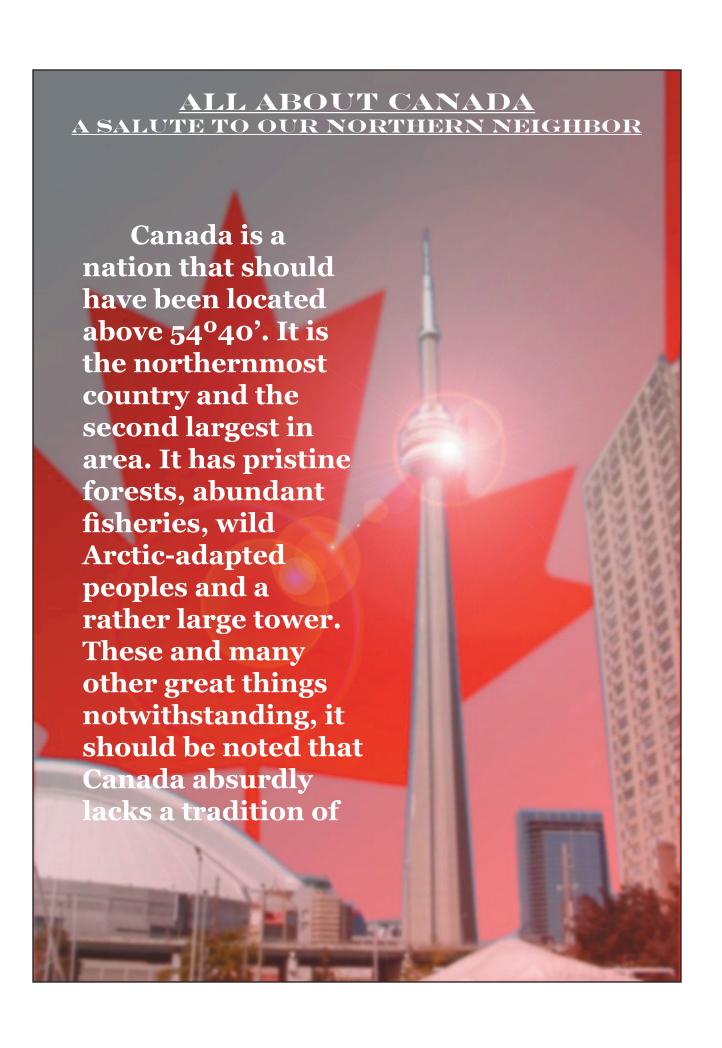


### JARED AND DUSTIN: A COMPARISON

Recently I had the opportunity to watch the *Saved by the Bell* episode "Aloha Slater" in which Slater must decide between moving to Hawaii and staying in Bayside. Of course this idea of decisions of destiny is also a constant theme of the new book *Collapse: How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed.* Ultimately it got me to thinking on the various coincidences concerning the intertwining lives of renown author and biohistorian Jared Diamond and award-winning thespian Dustin Diamond. The similarities between the two titans should be obvious to anyone, assuming, as I do, that we are all avid students of biogeography and avid viewers of *Saved by the Bell.* The coincidences in the lives of these two well-known and celebrated celebrities border on near-eerie:



Hard to believe they're two separate people!



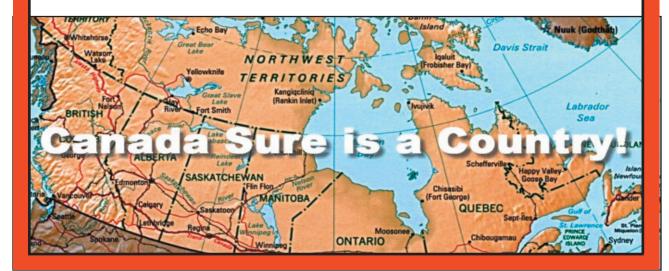
Indeed at no point in Canadian history has there existed a single Shogunate. Astoundingly, there was never even a competing collection of nobles; each one seeking to gain dominion over Kyoto and the Imperial House. Canada has failed to have any Samurai at all and, except for a poorly-documented case in 1847, has not even had Ronin.

Often lauded for their participation in Allied operations during World War II, it is a hypocritically overlooked fact that the Canadians lacked any sense of kokutai. No accounts exist in all the extant documentation of that conflict wherein a Canadian kamikaze fulfilled his glorious destiny in the personal destruction of a German aircraft carrier. Nor, in any engagement, did the Canadian Fleet bloom as flowers in death.

Canada, while full of commerce, possesses no zaibatsu. Not a one! Failed Canadians never properly honour their families and cleanse themselves through the ceremony of hara kiri Canada's legislative body wasn't even influenced, in part or in whole, on the German Reichstag.

### **Some Fun Facts About Canada**

- -Canada is not made up of the four major islands of Honshu, Hokkaido, Kyushu, and Shikoku
- -The Canadian flag does not show the Rising Sun, because its rulers did not descend from the Sun Gods at the dawn of time.
- -Not once in Canadian history has a Divine Wind defended Canada from a Mongol invasion. Pretty sad considering the fact that some countries have had this happen twice.
- -In the 1930s Canada did not set up a puppet state in Manchukuo.
- -Canada never defeated Russia in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century; because of this Canada has never gained control of the Manchurian railroads.
- -No Canadian ruler ever instituted the Meiji Restoration.
- -When given the opportunity, Canada did not base its written language upon that of the Chinese.
- -Famous National Film Board of Canada animator Norman McLaren never could get the hang of drawing larger than normal human eyes.
- -The only MacArthur to visit Canada was the inanely-named Arthur MacArthur.
- -No serious historian has ever written about Medieval Canada.
- -In the face of common sense, no Canadian film maker has ever directed an Akira Kurosawa film. One country even managed to produce 32 Akira Kurosawa films.



### THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

### TORPEDO PENGUINS DISRUPT KATHARINETOWNE



Not Related to This Story: A Soviet Tu-22M Backfire bomber.

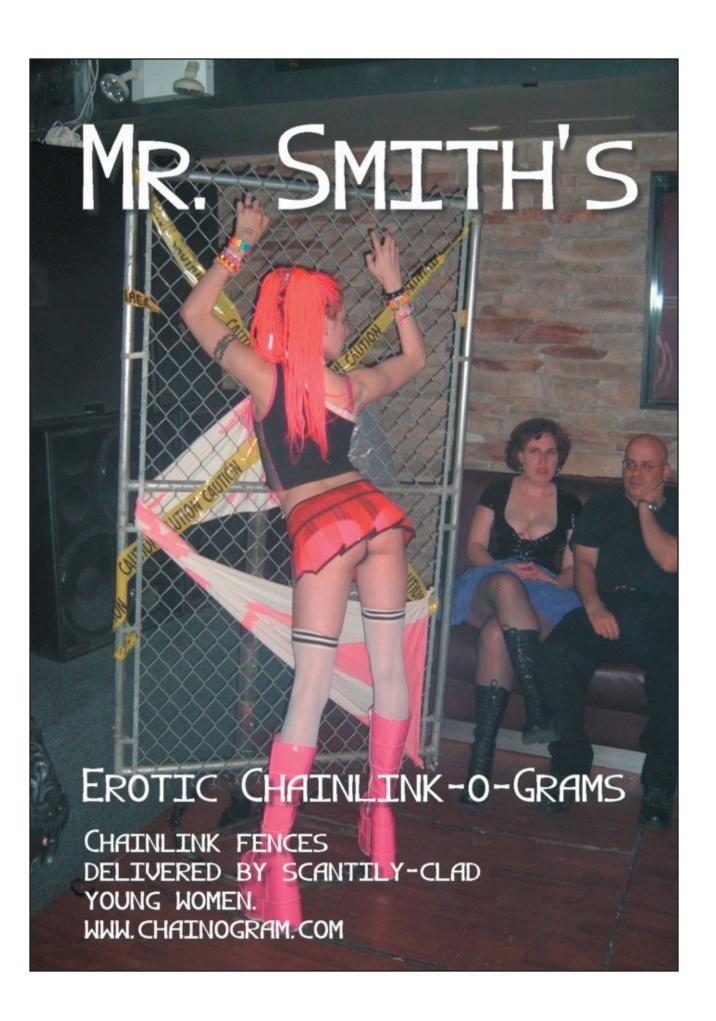
Grand Pine Square, one of Katharinetowne's busiest commercial sectors was disrupted earlier Monday by a newly unveiled form of Torpedo Penguin. These then unknown models featured scram-screw propulsion and a revolutionary new form of advanced magnetic aero-sonar. While witnesses reported the general negativity felt by those present at the time of the disruption, most were still visibly awed by the Super Torpedo Penguins.

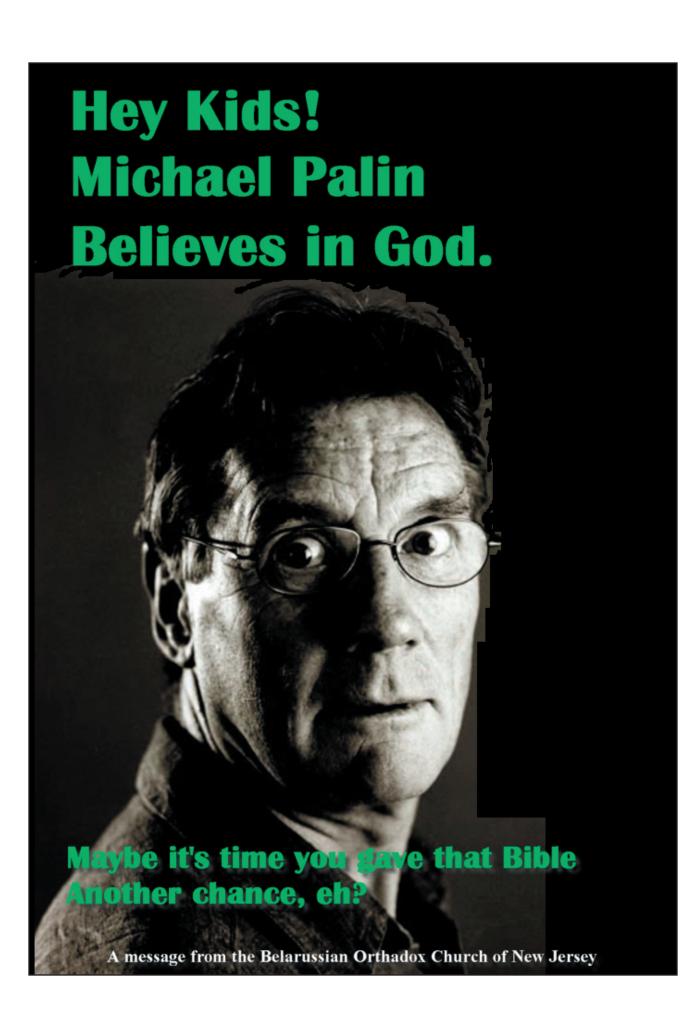
Though they still suffer from many of the same targeting problems which plagued the earlier models, the Torpedo Penguins have been judged "sleek and impressive" by an independent panel of experts. Those involved were unable to show causation, although it has been known for years that there is a strong correlation between the appearance of Torpedo Penguins and the incidence of Alzheimer's disease.

Some have attempted to link this current Torpedo Penguin situation to the increase in rice and alfalfa subsidies for West Dakotan farmers, but experts on the geopolitical ramifications of Torpedo o Penguins are in general agreement that Icelandic deforestation in the Middle Ages, coupled with the rise of Punkabilly music and blender usage among Swiss dental hygienists may be a more proximate cause.

Radar from the Grand Pine Square monitoring towers has reported a generally decreasing B.M.I, or body mass index, among the new forms of the Torpedo Penguins, despite a recent poll which indicated that 73% of American machinists believed that Torpedo Penguin B.M.I. had reached its lowest possible level three years ago.

The Supreme Court (SCOTUS) voted 5-4 to uphold legislation condemning Torpedo Penguin monitoring, despite the popularity of "Sally's Law" in many districts. The U.S. Coast Guard will continue is Airship Patrols over the Great Lakes Region throughout the rest of the summer. The current Torpedo Penguin Warning Level for the Midwest has now been reduced to "Moderately Cautious (Lime)."





# <u>POETRY</u> <u>BY</u> **HG PETERSON**



While I was Strolling in a Park by H.G. Peterson

Cultures may collapse and go for many diverse reasons: Poor crop growth and yield due to the colder winter seasons; Ignorant they don't adapt to climate alteration; As a result of conquest or extreme deforestation

Consider Easter Island with its famous statue heads Once a complex society but mostly wound up dead Getting rid of all the trees might once have seemed a notion Yet here they now are gone because of massive soil erosion

Norse Greenland held promise because Vikings loved to farm And little did they realize that cute sheep would do them harm Constant fights with Inuit, the chilling of the Earth After 1300 of the Vikings there's a dearth

Mayans were before our time a mighty New World nation
The ones who had a proud and literate civilization
Some war, some drought, some fighting in the proudest noble classes
Leaves nothing of the Maya but poor ruins under grasses

And of course this modern world still faces these same troubles Will our cities all endure, or will they end in rubble? Environment and population problems must be solved Lest we all die out for our failure to stand and evolve

We will see if we can reach a pinnacle most high Or if like the ol' Aztecs we'll collapse and then all die



There's a somewhat popular poster than heralds "Everything I Needed to Know I Learned in Kindergarten." Like all other mass-produced greeting-card-wisdom, that poster is full of enough bullshit to fertilize eight square miles of alfalfa fields.

You know what I learned in kindergarten? I learned fuck all. It was a complete waste of my time. For instance, in kindergarten I learned that there are twelve months in a year, I learned their names and I learned the seven days of the week. Neat, couldn't have figured that out on my own, especially not with the free calendar I got at the supermarket. In kindergarten they also told me that grapes were purple, despite the fact that all the grapes I had ever seen were green, and they taught me that apples were all green. I also learned that 'a robot' is not the appropriate response to the question "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

We also took the time to learn shapes. Now maybe this is important if you grow up to become an architect, but honestly, I could probably get through my whole life just fine if I had no idea what a circle or a triangle were called. Seriously, how often do triangles come up in your life? Really, even if it did become necessary at some point, you could look it up if you really had to know what to call a three sided figure.

In kindergarten I also learned to color. This is a really mindless activity. Some company has already produced a drawing and all I can do is add some color with my crayons. Not even oil pastels, crayons, just plain crayons. And what's with this coloring nonsense anyway? It takes two or more people to be creative and make a picture? That's not just bullshit, that's called Communist indoctrination. "You're not good enough!" these pictures screamed back at me "only collectively can we succeed." Thank you Skyland Elementary of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, or should I just go ahead

and call you Comrade Stalin?

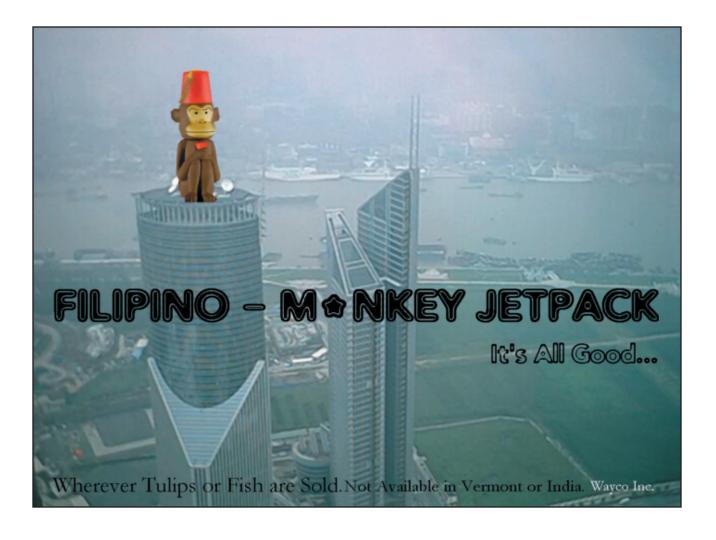
Of course there are many things that I've wished I could've learned in kindergarten, but apparently there wasn't time, what with all that important information to get across in just one year, such as "B" is for ball. Here's what I should have been taught in kindergarten.

You know when you wake up in a strange woman's bed after a night of drunken debauchery and all you want to do is leave, but you can't because she's still asleep, and if you leave while she's still asleep you'll feel kind of weird? You know that situation; where you're in a stranger's house, sober now, and naked, in front of someone you don't actually know, because you can't find your underwear. Couldn't I have been taught the best way to deal with this situation? Couldn't this have been included in the kindergarten curriculum?

It's similar, but different. When your coworker is cheating on her boyfriend with you, but then you issue an ultimatum telling her that she has to choose between her boyfriend and you and she chooses her boyfriend but then he dumps her a couple days later and she blames you for wrecking her relationship and work gets really weird and uncomfortable? What are you supposed to do in that situation? Couldn't that have been brought up somewhere between naptime and the Hokey Pokey?

Or like the time when you see a guy get gunned down in the street and you have to sit and watch him die in the street while you wait for the police to get your statement and then you go to the police station and they have you take a seat while they wait to record your testimony and then they sit the murderer right across the table from you while they're processing his booking. Isn't that awkward? I still have no idea of how to behave in that situation, but I do know how to stack blocks. Isn't that useful?

See, kindergarten has failed me, and it's probably failed you too. It didn't prepare us for life, hell it barely prepared us for first grade. We should all find our kindergarten teachers and collectively smack them around for half an hour. After all, they wasted a year of our lives. Sure, I can paste construction paper, but what am I supposed to do when I see my dad crying? Humph. Kindergarten, what a gyp.



### SLUTS A POINT-COUNTERPOINT DISCUSSION



**Pro Sluts:** 

Jules Strickland is a professor of Geo-Politics who has recently authored the award winning book Loose Women and Battery Farms: The Impact of Human Sexuality on American Agribusiness.

From billionaire heiress Dakota Bester to that girl at the bar last night, everyone loves a good slut. Sluts are a vital natural resource in this age of growing plight. From a psychological perspective, sluts are incredibly useful. For instance, even though a man knows a girl is a slut he will still enjoy having sexual relations with her. Though she is a loose woman who will sleep with anyone with a pulse, the slut provides a useful psychological tool for helping men, and even women, deal with their own problems and the problems of society. A man can read the paper and hear about war and terror and death, he can look at his own life and worry about his social status, his bills, his job or even his personal appearance and grooming, but all that fear and doubt about life and the world is washed away in the brief act of sex with a slut. Sluts make us feel good. Even though they only make us feel good for one day or so, sluts allow us to take a vacation from the problems of life; a sex vacation. Take a look at the recent popularity of Dakota Bester. This girl has no talent, no useful skills. She is a leech on her father and on society as a whole. She has only rudimentary intelligence and she's only slightly attractive. And yet people love to watch her, love to vicariously take part in her adventures. Why is this? The answer is simple: Dakota Bester's presence in the media reminds us that there are sluts in this world and reminds us that no-strings-attached sex is just a few tequila shots away. Sluts keep us happy and they keep society well balanced. In a word, sluts make the world a better place using only their well-lubricated genitals. Everyone loves sluts.

### **Anti-Sluts:**

Samuel Radget, bataillian economist, founded and is a weekly editorial contributor to Accursed Share Weekly and originated the Reflective Left Foot model of surplus arts and crafts production.

The slut is the same socio-economic symptom as the *nouveaux riches*. Like those inheritors of wealth they did not earn, sluts spend sexual capital inherited from their forebears without reinvestment or further production of sensual wealth. At once sluts are the feminine analog of junk bonds and the physical coëqual of Chinese intellectual property thieves. While the true woman uses her superiority to continuously build the social bridge into the coming times, the slut steals this capacity, creating a situation not unlike some cheaply mass-produced Fiat or Yugo subcompact car. The momentary wealth of sexual congress is wasted in a frenzy. Whereas the true woman adds value to the market, the slut is only an illegally produced DVD awaiting you on the sidewalk, wrapped in poorly-printed coverings and hocked by Latin American immigrants. The slut does not engage in free trade, per se, but rather epitomizes a highly-leveraged tariff and subsidy system which eventually devalues the common vaginal market. The slut is a non-sustainable commodity amongst a spectrum of viable alternative sources. With the slut comes genital stagflation. With the slut comes decreased consumer confidence. Embrace the slut and you embrace at once Trotskyite thought and rigid dictatorship.

### Pro Sluts: Jules Strickland

Far too often we hear these so called experts discussing the economics of female genitalia. Time and time again we have heard this tired old argument; the presence of freely given sluts' vaginas in the mating pool devalues the less than freely given vaginas of the core female population. This assertion is patently absurd. When one explores the economic model, one must realize that these slut vaginas operate as a sort of "super-dollar" which is not earned but given freely and which has a higher rate of turn-over circulation than the standard dollar. Essentially the argument follows that if these super-dollars existed the economy would collapse because fewer and fewer people would want standard dollars, preferring the super dollar. This is illogical, as one must assume that super dollars, like sluts, are not as common as standard dollars or core women. In this model, the super dollar, or slut vagina, is much like a free Red Lobster gift certificate. Consumers are free to enjoy the special treat of a Red Lobster dinner, but this does not stop them from earning and transacting standard dollars on non Red Lobster related goods and services. The economy, i.e. the mating pool, stays strong and these super dollars, or slut vaginas, provide us with a special delight from time to time. Sluts are not like pirated media, instead sluts are the icing on the cake of vagino-penile interaction.

### Anti-Sluts: Samuel Radget

The flypaper theory of slutdom, that sluts distract the populace from daily and global woes and thus help to solve such woes, is a complete tautology weaving a ring of incorrect supposition. Subscribers to this theory merely replace the comfortable warmth of the rational uterus with an accidental plunge through the sphincter of logic. This Dakota Bester is no symptom of libertine zeitgeist, but rather the result of the same new rich pressures spilled out through shrewd publicity agents and lackluster gossip page reportage. That sluts may make those with whom they copulate "feel good for one day or so" merely serves to strengthen the argument of wasted vaginal capital. Sluts are an unnatural prop under the sexual free market. Flood the market with mass-produced knock-offs and the bottom falls out. A quality vaginal interaction serves all the purposes of relaxation, distraction and psychological wellness while adding the bonding experience. The psychological benefits of the Hussy Estate have never been proven scientifically, based wholly on anecdotal evidence and supposition. This pulsing anarchist cunny only creates the tawdry monopoly we see destroying culture through the failure to promulgate the excess surplus of a proper sexual machine. Furthermore, the idea that "everyone loves a good slut" has been disproven by numerous research studies and public opinion polls. Last month, Pew released a study finding that 41% of those surveyed "loved a good slut," while 36% did not and 23% had no opinion. This plurality is hardly the set of "everyone."

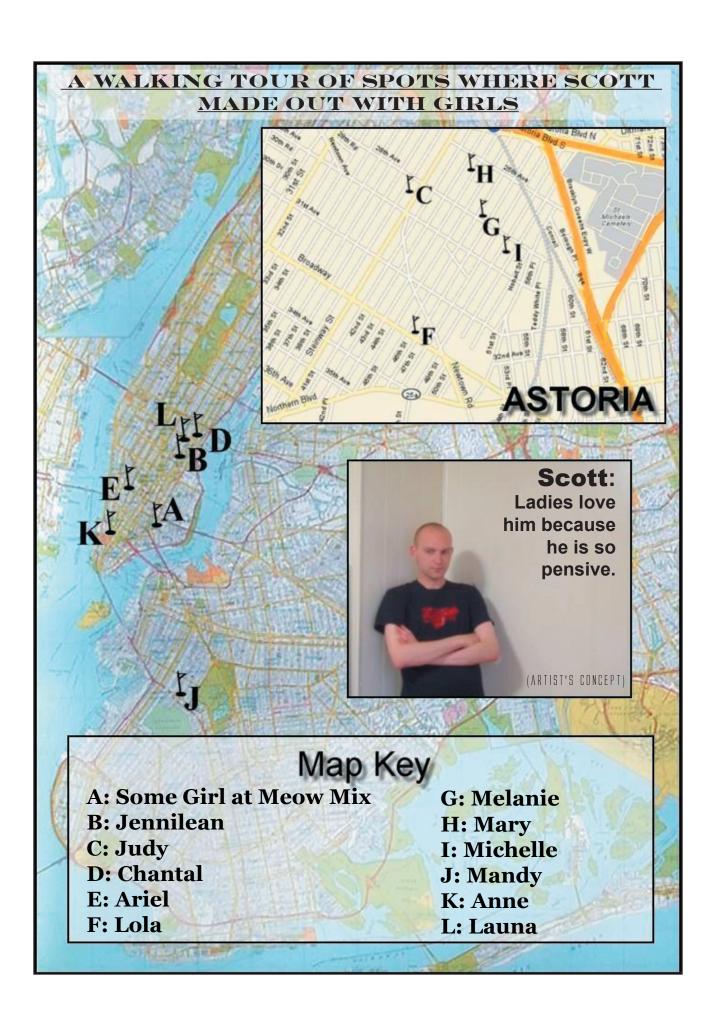
### A Final Thought

### Pro Sluts: Jules Strickland

We can debate the theories of slut impact forever; whether the Triad Hypothesis holds more water than the Plenary III Growth Theory or the Over-Ambivalence Dynamic. When all is said and done, the truth is that men will vote with their penises and time and time again they vote for the slut vagina. And in this sex-election, sluts will win every time, because we all love a good slut.

### Anti-Sluts: Samuel Radget

The Super-Dollar Axiom may at its surface make sense, but its clear origination in widely discredited Coupon Theory cuts that idea off at the knees. One might as well attribute the observed pressures of the mating schema to a talking bullfinch named Samuel. Like the overburdening resource depletion of impoverished refugees, the modern slut-exposition matrix creates an unequal and unfair control, leasing the great orifice to a despicable vagarchy.





## ASK MONTEZUMA ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN FROM THREE HUNDRED FATHOMS



Dear Montezuma,

My whole family is giving me hell because I don't want to go to my sister's wedding. They continually accuse me of being selfish. They don't realize that I think weddings, marriage, and the very ideas thereof are stupid. They don't realize that to me weddings are actually something I find disgraceful and defeatist. How can I make them understand that I think weddings are horrid without alienating them?

Scott Queens, NY.

Dear Scott,

You must, at once, realize that a marriage is not about you. Specifically, you are not what the marriage is about. Furthermore, your being is irrelevant to the connubial joining of a related person and an unrelated person. Additionally, the center of this public ceremony does not reside within coördinates approximating your location in spacetime. (Montezuma's note: remind word processing manufacturers to include spacetime in their spellcheck tools. They are geeks, after all. (Montezuma's further note: spellcheck is a common neologistic endocentric compound noun which should also be included in such word processing dictionaries automatically.)) Marriages are entirely about caloric intake at the afterfollowing secular receptionary service. As an evolutionary adaptation, the lifetime bonding of male and female organisms created an opportunity for the community of individuals to come together and share nutritional intake in an effort to increase the wellbeing of the whole. More food meant stronger individuals better able to protect progeny and

possessions which in turn lead to greater gain for everyone. With the recent demise of evolution, such pressures are irrelevant. The aftereffects of such conditioning still exist and can be taken advantage of easily. This is the literal free lunch. Also, it is likely that your personal procreative pressures are still present. The same pressures exist in the other males and females present at the receptional activities. One may increase one's happiness through conjugal variation following the consumption of calories and alcohol-based beverages. Being in situ during such activities gives one the standing to later speak out authoritatively and reasonably on the results of such bonding. As, traditionally, such bonding takes place not only between the individuals being joined, but the community, you will have entered into the contract fully yourself and will have lost no standing in the eyes of the community to speak on any developments which may arise. While one may certainly not care about the opinion of others, leaving them no room to complain makes it selfishly easier to complain one's self in the long run.

### Montezuma, You Must Help Me!

Recently, I put a pitcher of tea in the fridge for a few hours. When I tasted it again, I swear it tasted of apricots. Literally, it tasted of apricots. That makes no sense. Why would old tea taste like dried apricots? Please help me.

Lucy Sawyer Utica Flats, Ponderada

Finally, a correspondent in Ponderada again! Lucy, you are the fifteenth person to communicate such an occurrence to me in as many months. It took quite a lot of fact checking and the staff here (recently lowered in number by the current outbreak of vegetarian flu) have worked very hard collating all the relevant materials. We took a scientific approach and so went out immediately to destroy a common freezing unit. No one smelled any apricots and so we decided to try another common freezing unit. After over a dozen tries, the local authorities became concerned and we were forced to leave the SvenCo home appliance department. Alfredo Ramon, head researcher, stumbled over the brilliant idea of a side-by-side comparison blindfold test. We set up the test in a nearby strip mall. 45 pitchers made from various materials were paired with 45 dried apricots. A canopy was placed over the whole assemblage to disguise the constituent parts of the test. Each pitcher and each apricot were provided with a tube connected to a funnel with a strap to be attached to the test subjects' faces. A second table/canopy combination was set up nearby with nothing on the table as a

control group. Subjects were then tested. 98% of the subjects detected a difference between the smell of empty pitchers and the smell of dried apricots. Only 75% of respondents at the empty table detected a difference between nothing and nothing. The test was repeated with full pitchers of tea. 99% of the subjects detected a difference in smell, while 75% of the control group detected such differences. Finally we requested purchase receipts for the last year from each letter writer claiming this dried apricot smell. It was discovered that you, along with everyone else who detected this smell had purchased a Celestial Seasonings' brand of apricot flavoured tea. We have, however, discovered something of the smell of empty space.

### Dear Montezuma,

In a few hours, this girl Allison will be coming over to my apartment to hang out. The only problem is that Allison is greatly attracted to me and yet I am not attracted to Allison. While she would love nothing more than to bed me down for a night of hot, sticky love, I wish for nothing more than her casual friendship. What should I do about this situation? Please respond quickly, she will be coming over in the next couple of hours.

Love,

Lance Harmschrtronge Pinupe, Mondavia

### Dearest Lancy,

Goodnight kisses should really be avoided on a first date. Hugs are also probably a no-no. After all, you don't want to put out for the woman right away or she might leave. Should the night go well, you should acknowledge this with a small mating display of muted dancing steps and a display of your tail feathers. If you want to set up a second visit, I might suggest using the postal service. This rapid government communications medium is excellent and quite personal. When you see her in the future, make sure to remind her of your excellent mating dance and glorious plumage. Dating doesn't need to be a sickness; it needs to be a congenital defect.

### Dear Montezuma,

Currently my frat bros and I are involved in a contest to see who can swallow the most goldfish lol. It's crazy, dude, but I think Trip Dog might win, he swallowed 37 all the way. Kappa! Hell yeah! Do you think they will find new flavors of quark in the near future without the use of the cancelled supercollider? What's the deal with sparticles?

Kappa rules!

Trey Dog. University of Georgia, Athens. Trey Dog, Trip Dog, et. al.,

For the fifth time: the deal with sparticles is that they DO NOT EXIST. They are a SILLY construct spilling out of the OBTUSE minds of SWEDISH physicists in an attempt to grasp some sort of relevance. An accomplished physicist myself, I've taken a discerning look at the mathematics involved in supersymmetry and it is complete BALDERDASH. Here's an idea: tiny extra-spatial GNOMES exploded into this Universe during the Planck Era and created immense DRAGONS of science! Jesus CERN, get a fucking clue.



### AN ONGOING CONTINUING SERIALIZED NARRATIVE

### "SCOOTER MEMORIES, PART IV"

BY JEREMY-JOSEPH ROSEN



And there in a flash was Javier. Not the Javier he had known. No trowel-wielding child was he. In the three seconds during which Scooter saw Javier flash by, he knew exactly who the man in the bright red Yugo was. Older, more withdraw than he had been as a child, but it was Javier.

The car was parked in a lot adjoining the station Scooter's express train had just shot through. In an instant Scooter came to life. The train would be making a stop at the next station down and he would get off, grab a train going the other direction and find Javier.

Since he had burned down the corn stalk, no one had seen him. There one day, not there that same day. While he may have disappeared, Javier's influence lasted considerably longer.

One year after discovering the growing palm tree in the South grove, Scooter had noticed another odd thing. He had passed by it once or twice, but this time he really noticed. The experimental lemon bush. The lemons had changed to limes!

Scooter often forgot his experiments and this usually led to some

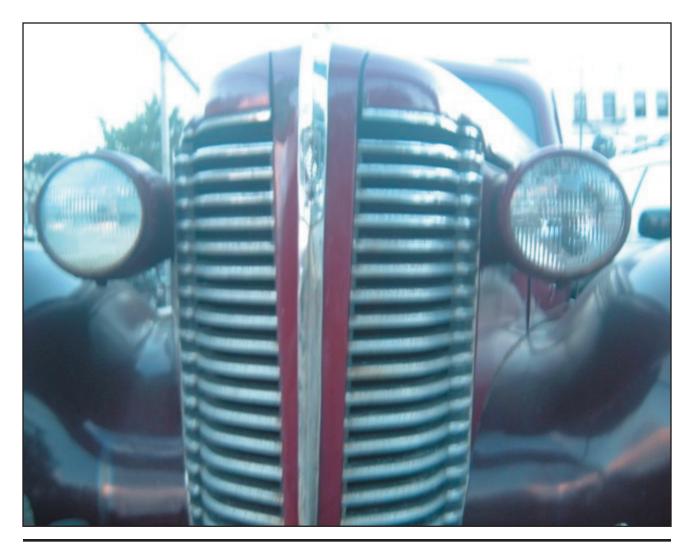
interesting results. For a while he had raised and trained guinea pigs. These little creatures formed a militaristic society, marched in rank and file and one day destroyed their pen, escaping into the bright afternoon Sun.

Scooter eventually used them as farm labour, which they excelled at and for which they were remarkably well-compensated. The palm grove flourished. David now employed their descendants in his hotel chain. A famous series of ads proclaimed Hotell Hotels as "the only chain serviced by intelligent guinea pigs."

You might not think this a selling point, but it was at first so ridiculous that people flocked to the hotels and the guinea pigs were so charming that they rarely frightened anyone. They even unionized and had some success affecting the politics of several states and the most recent presidential election.

Like the guinea pigs, Scooter could not put a finger on what had happened to the lemon bush for some months. This was because he had no time for curiosity as it was an important part of the palm growing cycle. He scheduled time later to come back and reëxamine the issue.

When he did, he was even more surprised. The limes were now lemons again, but purple. It was a crazy thing to do, but Scooter ate one, or at least part of one. They were the sourest thing he'd ever tasted. His sister eventually started a side-business selling purple, super sour lemonade. Noted arboretologist Lothair Bourbonk purchased some purple lemons from her and grew them in his Kalisotta Regional Agricultural Center, to his financial gain.



After tasting the purple lemons, examining the foliage of the plant and taking ground samples for study, Scooter still couldn't figure it out. He went back to the bush one day to take a look at its roots and there discovered a small electrical box sitting under the bush. It was attached to the root system, had no visible external power source, no manufacturing stamp, no instructions and very few buttons. In fact, there was but one button located more or less squarely on a side panel. Rashly Scooter pushed the button.

Nothing happened. Rashly, Scooter pushed the button again. Still nothing happened, or at least nothing Scooter could see. Later he did see. The growing palm tree which Javier planted had grown significantly and taken on anodd reddish hue. Scooter was never able

to figure out how the box worked and one day it vanished, just as Javier had, on the very same day.

So here Scooter was, itching to get off the train, almost pushing himself against the train doors and the train seemed to be taking too long to get anywhere (much like some stories I've read). The train came to a halt and out the door went Scooter.

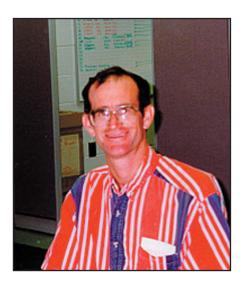
He ran to a set of stairs, up the stairs, through a covered walkway traversing the tracks and down another set of stairs to the platform for trains bound in the other direction. There he waited at most two minutes. The train arrived and he jumpily got on and waited by the doors.

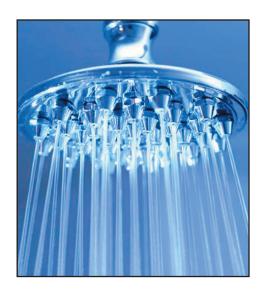
In no time he was at Javier's station and exiting the train.

### THE PORCELAIN COFFIN

### A CAUTIONARY TALE

### by Hack "Sawtooth" Fixspear as transcribed by Llewellyn Absalom





Now, everbody knows that the turlet is the most dangerous room ever invented. You got that there suction thang with a handle. Don't try sittin' on it. On the floor there's tile. I know it looks damn tasty, but eatin' such is a bad idea. Some people are afeared of the plastic hangin' across the shower, but don't fret. There ain't no bogey men or nothin' behind that thing.

What I wanna speculate upon today is the shower. Saunter into any of them bathroom fixture places and ask a guy with a name tag about showers. You gotta really ask, though, otherwise you just get some hogwash about the flowin' capacity and chrome fixtures. Buy the guy a beer and he'll really start chatterin'. Stories, tons of stories, start pourin' out about fellers who made that shower their final restin' place. That's why, in the Industry, it's called the Porcelain Coffin.

Accordin' to some guvmint data I was lookin' over the other day, nearly 2% of the global population (that means all the folks in the world) dies each year from improper usage of the showerin' facilities. Now normal folk get in the shower for some cleanin', but some other folk use it for unnatural purposes.

Some fool I done heard of tried to take a shower. Where was he takin' it? Last time I took a look, I didn't see no showers at restaurants. I don't recall seein' no showers at the movies, takin' in the show. One store employee I call Ray, 'cause that's his name, told me about a guy who jumped in the shower. Now that's just crazy. A shower ain't

no trampoline. I'm assured that man died. Once I heard tell of some woman hoppin' in the shower. Now, we all know that a hop is just a small kind of jump. Didn't she hear about that man dyin' from jumpin' in the shower? That tarnated woman kicked the bucket herself, for sure.

You ever hear your brother Jameson or Aunt Winifred say they was goin' to hop in the shower? What about jump in the shower? You still got a brother Jameson and your Auntie? You're one of the lucky ones with smart relations.

I thunk about it a lot and seems to me those idjits just cain't follow idiomatic language. My Pappy always told that he was goin' to hop in the shower, but never once did I ever see him bouncin' around under the shower head. At least, not unless Momma was in there.

Some people, like parsons or Mongols or railroad conductors, don't know an idiom when it's surrounded by the bright neon lights o' Vegas. Most of them who died thought hoppin' in the shower was how one might could take a shower. And that's why you know you gotta take your idioms seriously. Those people I talked about didn't. They're dead now.

A person, that being you, has got to have a descent sort of respect for a shower, for the porceline coffin, same sort of respect you've got to have for a rattler or a grizzly or an jealous lady with a machete. Ain't no police or Fedral Boro of Investigators gonna save you, only you can save you from the shower.

### FIFTY REASONS TO ABANDON PINE

- 1. Pine hates you and everything you stand for.
- 2. It never helps take out the trash.
- 3. That pine smell reminds you of cleaning.
- 4. Those stupid home improvement shows love it.
- 5. It's not wicker.
- 6. Pine is lazy.
- 7. The Fascists used pine. Do you want to be a fascist?
- 8. The pine industry supports corrupt politicians in Katharinetowne, WD.
- 9. Good backpacks cannot be made from pine.
- 10. Your parents' marriage broke up because of it.
- 11. Try exchanging pine for goods and services. Just try it.
- 12. It destabilizes the trade balance between Togo and Colombia, leading to a prolonged, trans-oceanic conflict scarring that pristine continent of Africa.
- 13. The lower specific heat of pine results in more fires.
- 14. You don't see the Chinese using pine.
- 15. Pine endorsed Dewey for President of the United States of America
- 16. Merv Griffin enterprises has never used pine.
- 17. It makes for a disappointing conversational partner.
- 18. Heroin addicts.
- 19. Face it, you just hate pine.
- 20. Has a lot of net carbs.
- 21. Lots of people were lynched on pine trees.
- 22. Pine never brings beer when it visits.
- 23. It tastes like dead babies.
- 24. Pine suppressed the success of The Last Starfighter.
- 25. You can thank pine for women's lib.
- 26. Never was any good at playing second base. Never.
- 27. Remember the Vietnam War?
- 28. Pine sap doesn't cure cancer.
- 29. Pine needles can only be woven into substandard baskets.
- 30. Pine trees make fun of your dead mother.
- 31. Pine has yet to produce a single pop-punk album.
- 32. GI Joe never needed pine to defeat the forces of Cobra.
- 33. Meg Ryan has often spoken out against pine trees.
- 34. Wood from pine is much heavier than balsa.
- 35. In no way will pine ever help you win at the game of Clue.
- 36. Germs destroyed the Martians and their tripods, pine never did a damn thing.
- 37. Pine is never mentioned in the *Odyssey*.
- 38. Though they are roughly the same shape, pinecones are not as useful as grenades.
- 39. The Beejees liked everything about pine.
- 40. Walt Dinsey never created a movie with anthropomorphic pine trees.
- 41. Pine makes your stomach flabby.
- 42. Pine isn't anywhere as interesting as hot goth chicks.
- 43. When Drew Barrymore was seven years old, it was a pine tree that first offered her cocaine.
- 44. There has yet to be a single good ska song written about pine.
- 45. A pine tree once murdered a guy.
- 46. Pine ditched its girlfriend at prom.
- 47. A pine tree framed Rodger Rabbit.
- 48. Vikings hated pine.
- 49. Pine trees don't have arms, so they can't even wear vests.
- 50. Every time I'm hit in the face with a board, it's always a pine board.

# VENUS

w∈lcom∈ to H€LL

### **CLASSIFIED ADVERETISIENTS**

#### WANTED

Hibernian buffalo of undetermined gender with brown fur and sunny disposition. Must enjoy tin cans and axle grease on Sundays and be able to calculate the angular momentum of Mars-sized bodies throughout the Solar System.

Call Terry: 223-8407

### FOR RENT

Half a high hat cymbal. No refunds, no warranty. Reginald box 573874

### WANTED

50 kazoos for marching band. Must own own kazoo. No kazoo will be provided!
Wilma Selmerensonson
432 Pattern Blvd.
West Moronia, CT 09323

### FOR SALE

Half-rotten Dutch settler. Comes with own fungus and shovel. No cufflinks, only one testicle. Please provide evidence of good home and proper storage facility to Sandy Parkinson, age 47, Lookumpin, PT

### FOR SALE

Remember New Orleans? I don't much either. That's why I've created this origami version of the fabled jazz city. Resembles Chicago more than The Big Easy, but only to trained eye. \$40 or best offer.Barry Nagin 2 W. 2<sup>nd</sup> St.Twosville, NH

### WANTED

An amen. Can I get an amen? tperkins@gwvgh.net

FOR SALE

Photographic scrap book kept during my years as a merchant marine and as a call-boy in Thailand. Many many wonderful photographs and mementoes if you're into the idea of reminiscing about other people's lives. I'm not. Call Stan Argonaut at 282-292-4774.

#### FOR SALE

Many different types of racecar themed tuxedoes. From simple tuxes covered in pictures of racecars to tuxes that smell like a racecars we totally have everything! Come on down to Lucky's Tux Basement. My Parent's Basement, Cleverdale, MI.

### FOR SALE

Several oil paintings depicting tragic Alabama grease fires (1908-1943). Call Lou the Albino and he'll fax you over the specs.

### FOR SALE

One bucket of volcanic lava. The bucket is not included. Call City of LaGrange, UT. BOX 24.

### FOR LEASE

Sixteen hundred bedroom apartment. Bedrooms have no doors and are inaccessible. Be a part of this unique real estate opportunity. Robot Realty, San Angelus, Kentucky.

www.robotrealty.com

### WANTED

A Cantaloupe. They are neat. Sure are.
Amelia Howard, 810-828-9999.

FOR SALE

My bicycle. If you're the person who stole it from the park last week then I'll gladly sell it to you so your ownership can be nice and legal. Why just keep it when you can send me a check and be on the level? Kelly, BOX 232

#### WANTED

Glass House. Needed for metaphor on societal interactions and voyeurism. Call me now, I have only twenty minutes to live!!! Milton III of Silesia.

### FOR SALE

345,000 metric tons of salsa flavored bubble gum. Free #2 pencil included. Tony Blair, 10 Downing Street, London. SW1.

### WANTED

Donkey Bingo! Everyone loves Donkey Bingo! Will pay several top dollars. Artichoke Smith, BOX 671719-AA

### WANTED

Walter Mathow to be my special "Breakfast Buddy." Oh Boy! Pancakes, sausage, eggs and a whole lot of fun included. Please call if you're interested. Scott, BOX 1.

### SEEKING

Warm-blooded, heterotrophic angiosperm with phalanges and at least 26 stamens. Must have plaster. No more than 12% AZ-Pryoginous gene-12. Must have own can opener. Real canopener. Larry, #7 Dorimer Ln.

### Axes and Alleys

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen



2005 A.D.

for more information please consult

www.axesandalleys.com