
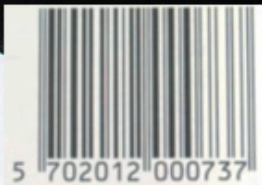


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Volume 456-B47
Issue 15
Gregor 2006

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Axes & Alleys: A Cornucopia of Wonder!

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 15,
Gregor 2006
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**“Certainty? In this world nothing is certain but
death and taxes.”**

-Benjamin Franklin, U.S. Postmaster General, Ret.

We're all familiar with this quote. It's the sort of gallows humor with which we can all identify. It allows us to know that even though our own lives seem frustrating at times, it's all right because everyone else is in the same situation. Even Christ our Lord had to pay taxes, using small coins he found in the mouth of a fish.

Axes & Alleys refuses to believe in this sentiment, so we devised a way to escape both death and taxes. It's so simple we're surprised no one else ever came up with it.

The answer is our new cryogenic freezing facility in the Cayman Islands. We've just gotten the plans approved and we're set to open the state-of-the-art facility in Spring of 2009.

So despite what Mr. Franklin seems to think, you can avoid death and taxes. Early enrollment starts this month, so drop us a line.

xxx 000

Delores R. Grunion



**Natalie Portman
has beautiful
skin, sexually
exciting cheek-
bones and a
wonderful pro-
Israel stance.**

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

To the Editors of *Axes & Alleys*:

Answers.com says Edward Lawrence Doctorow is a 74 year old American novelist best known “for his skillful blending of fiction and fact into reconstructions of eras in American history.” His famous book *Ragtime* was once made into a Broadway play. His latest, *Borden* (Movable Type Press, Bestoria, 2005) was inspired by the editors of this magazine. Eddie the Geez to his friends, E.L. circles the Sun once every 365 days and loves marbles.

It's true. I really love the pieces used to play marbles game! Right now I have a really neat collection of *four* marbles. It's bigger than any other collection I've ever seen. To be honest, I've never seen another marbles collection.

This is because nearly every magazine out there devoted in some way to marbles is about marble's game. House rules, different playing surfaces, how to make an opponent's marbles split in half with simple telekinesis...there's just nothing for me: the guy with a marbles collection!

The few magazines which do talk about marbles collecting and not marbles game are black and white on easily ripped and burned paper. I heard many of these publications lose a lot of copies because they often spontaneously catch fire on the way to their distribution points!

But still, not one of them is a glossy marbles collecting magazine featuring full-color photos of various marbles and scantily clad models with new kinds of marbles, marbles accessories or advertising marbling conventions, marbles cozies and marbles statuary.

I once did a very accurate survey of marbles collectors. I found out that most of them are male and in their late 40s or early 50s. They also live in the mid-West U.S. and the central

provinces of Canada. The Randalson Survey of 1997 also found out that most mid-West U.S. and Canadian males in their late 40s and early 50s prefer glossy, full-color magazines. The solution is pretty obvious, right?

The marbles collecting community should rise up and overthrow the federal republics of Canada and the United States. This is the only way in which our needs will ever be addressed. If that solution does not seem as obvious to you as it does to me, take some time to think. See! Beyond bloody revolution there aren't any other ways to get a glossy marbles collecting magazine printed.

Only by girding ourselves with big weapons, storming Ottawa and Washington, putting blade to the throat of the miserable non-marblers and taking the reins of power ourselves can we produce and distribute a highly-targeted trade publication with moderate advertising rates, attractive content and great layout.

When I did my accurate survey of marbles collectors, I also did a survey of magazines. Not a single magazine has been produced without an orgiastic and violent revolt of the reading and collecting class. *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Go Icecream!*, *People*, *Astounding*, *Tashkent Week in Review*, *W*, *National Geographic*, *The People's China Monthly*, *Cake or Death*, *Billboard*, *Philatelic Jargon*, and *Foreign Affairs: Nude Edition* were all started as a direct result of revolt. It is blood, always blood that oils the machines of publication.

I've dared plenty of people who disagree with my conclusions to come up with a factually-based alternative. They can't! You can see I've based my conclusion on facts and when that happens there's no way to argue with it.

So, if you don't believe there's a need for a glossy marbles collecting magazine and a violent confrontation to get it, you better stay out of our way when it's time. If you're with us, you better get an accurate watch because when the revolution comes, you'll be late and you'll shot as a traitor.

I remain, as always, your humble servant.

E.L. Doctorow
Gambia

Ed. Note – *Axes & Alleys* was indeed founded after the Revolution of 1902.

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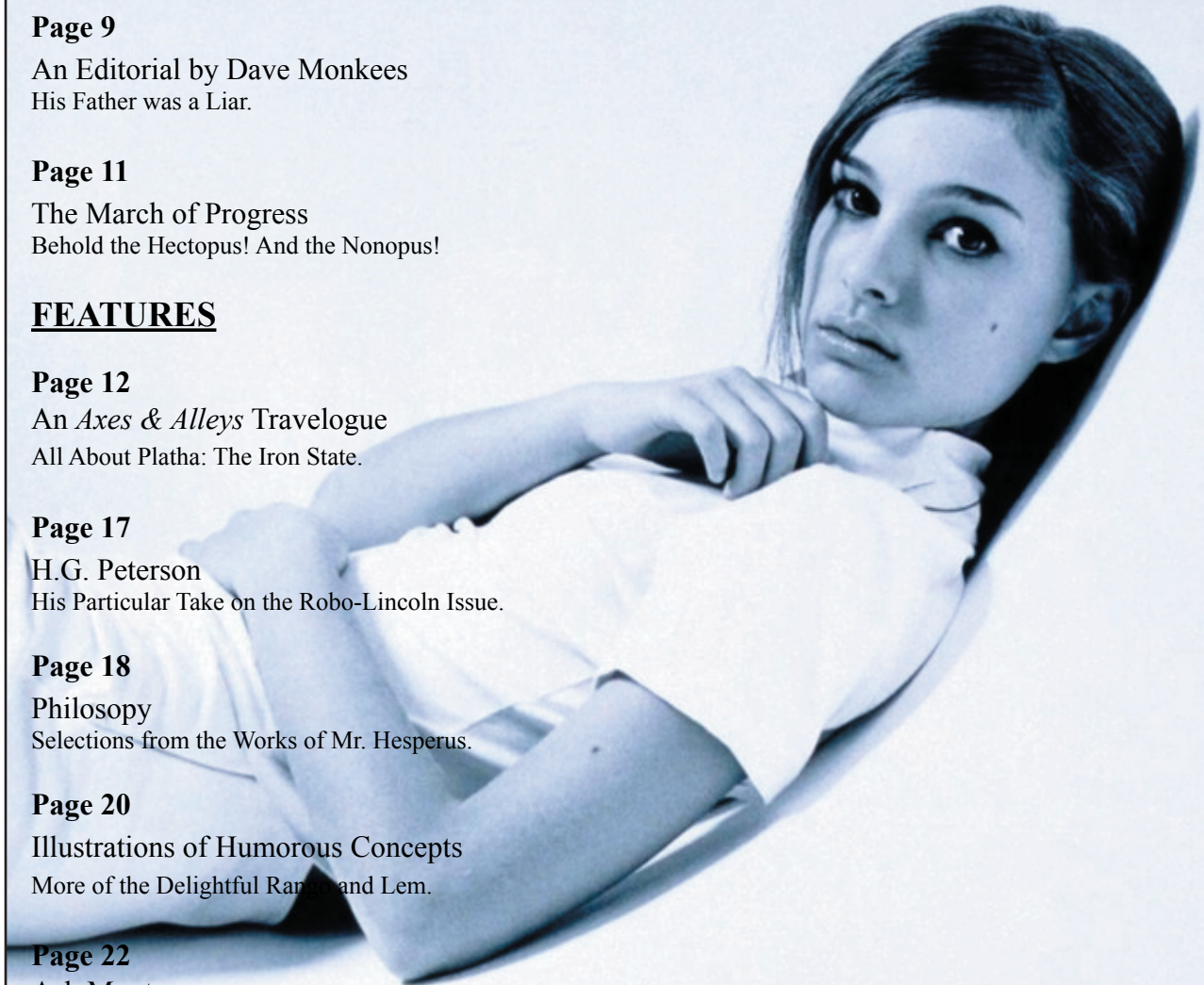
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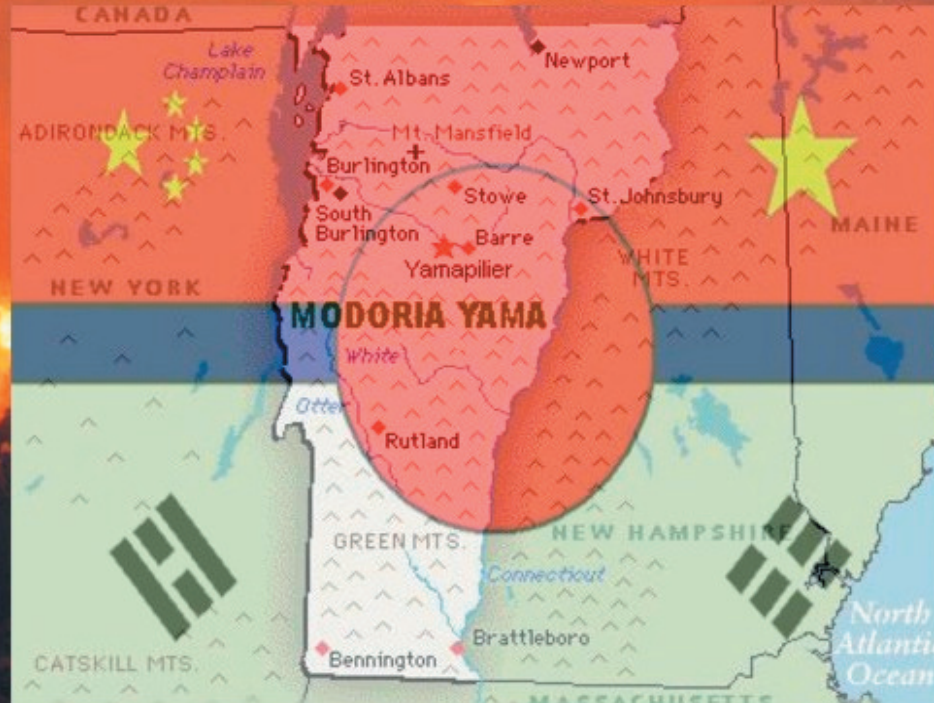
Fun For the Easily Excitable.



NEWS OF THE WORLD

NI HAU MA, VERMONT

**Green
Mountain
State
to
Officially
Become
Asian
Starting
Tuesday**



Military Island, Dry Michigan – With the passage of the “Vermont, It’s About Time Act,” the entire continent is on high alert. For the first time a U.S. aircraft carrier, the *Horace B. Borden*, is sailing the waters of the Great Lakes and Canadian troops are massed on Vermont’s northern border.

At the bargain-basement cost of \$2 million and the state of Vermont, Sinonipponesia entered the war against the Bad Guys last month. While aware of the East’s desire to incorporate Canada into its empire and “teach it a thing or two about Kurasawa,” the Armstrong Administration waved away international concern. “The Sinonipponese haven’t shown aggression in over three years,” said Press Secretary Pimples Mackey.

Senator Susan Collins (R-ME) proposed a bill which would reward our new Coallies with New Hampshire if its involvement in the war proved successful. Mainish residents show 73% approval of their possible new status as an exclave.

John Lynch, New Hampshire’s goofiest-looking governor, said from Concord that his state “promised to behave” from now on. Citizens of New Hampshire were seen offering cookies and milk to neighbors in Massachusetts in an effort to prove they are no longer the nation’s crankiest citizens. People for a Non-Asian New Hampshire have run ads across the country with the tagline “New Hampshire: The Magical Rainbow State!”

Canada placed three strong divisions along its border with Vermont to guard against any assault from the 25th Sinonipponese Midori Yama Division currently stationed in Montpelier. Tensions in the Dominion are high, but Newfoundlanders are the only people so far showing signs of stress. With all grain supporting the war effort, beer shortages have paralyzed the province. More developments as they unfold.



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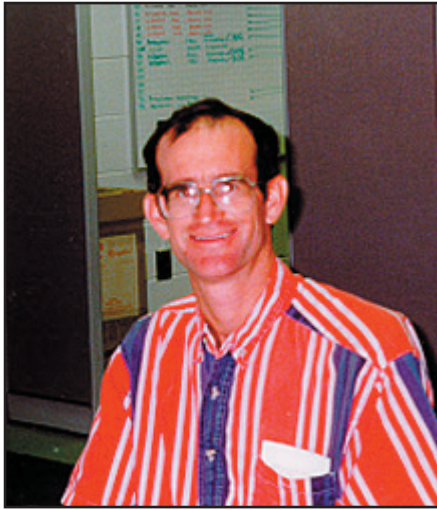


The Federal Reserve
Yes, we are made of money.



LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME

BY DAVE MONKEES



Dave Monkees is a famous student of critter-science and dendrochronology.

In one of his creations my father had an Indian character named Two Dogs. Under no circumstances would he ever tell me why the guy was named Two Dogs. When he told others it was always when I had left the room. Often he sent me out of the room on some random errand specifically so he could tell others why someone had the name Two Dogs. Several years later I found out on my own.

Yes, my father never told me that story, but that certainly didn't prevent him from telling me other stories. Again, it was only later, on my own, that I ever found out that these stories were untrue. That's right, they were lies my father told me, bold face, horrid lies.

One he told me was about this famous Indian chief who went out hunting early one morning but never came back. His squaw waited patiently for several days and when he didn't return she set out into the woods to search for him. For weeks and weeks she searched but never found him. Finally she went to the Department of the Interior and begged them to help her. So, the Department of the Interior acquiesced and put up a number of signs across the country imploring motorists to "Watch for Falling Rocks."

When I was but a youngster, just learning to dress myself, I often showed up at the breakfast table with my clothes inside-

out or backwards. My dad was quick to offer a cautionary tale. He told me that once he knew a fellow who didn't pay attention to his dressing, sometimes he wore things inside-out or more ominously, sometimes he wore them backwards. One day this careless fellow gets in an automobile accident.

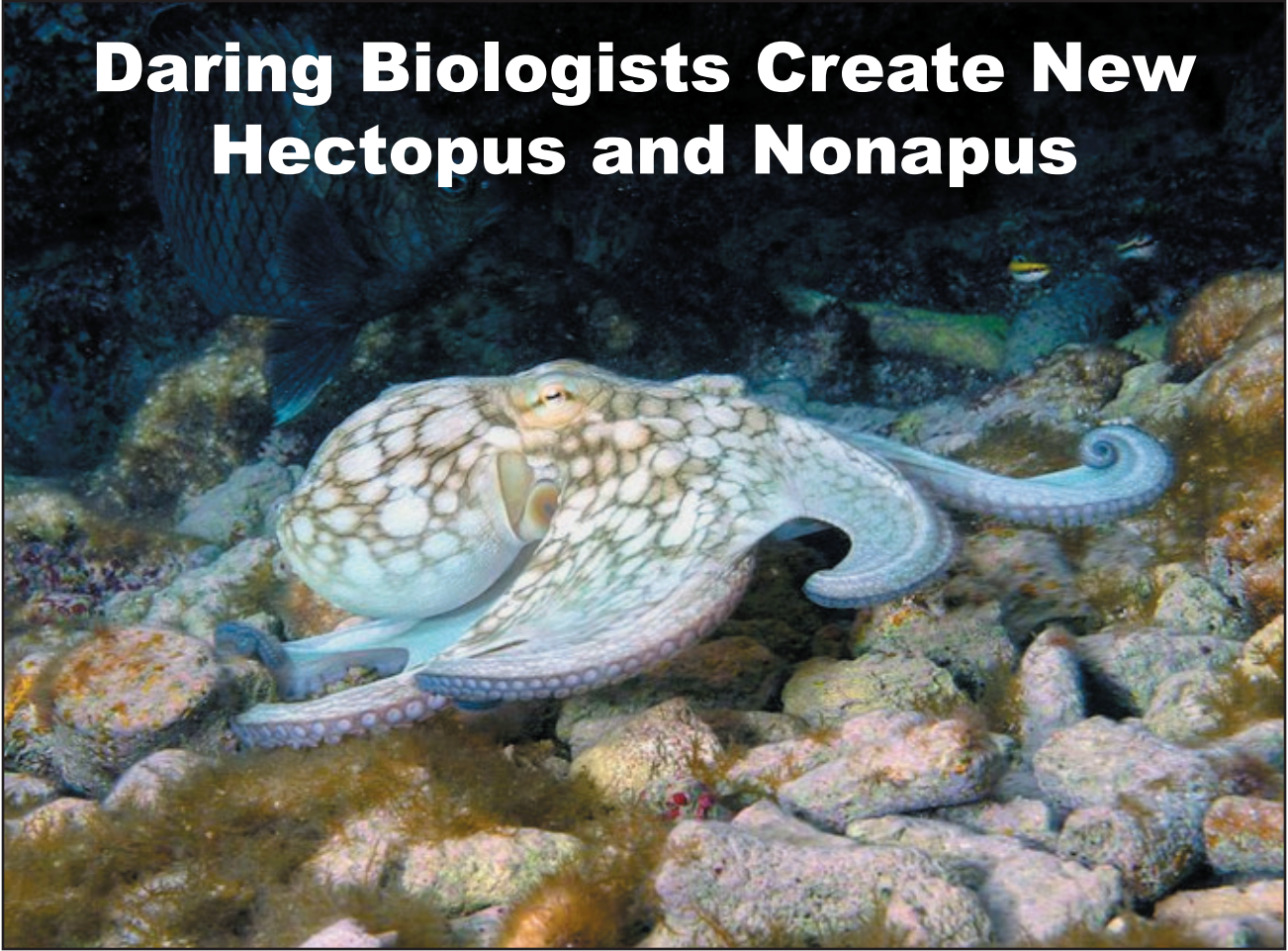
It's horrible; he's thrown from the car and lands in a heap on the bloody pavement a few feet from the wreckage. The paramedics find him and discover, to their horror, that the force of the impact caused his head to turn all the way around backward. So, in order to save his life they turn his head back the right way. Only, his head wasn't on backwards, his shirt was. Because his shirt was backwards he died horribly of shattered vertebrae. Thus, you should never wear your clothes backward...lest you die in agony. My father presented this as a true story, yes he did.

My dad spent many years in the military before his honorable discharge. Many stories he told were about his army days. Back in Korea, after patrolling the famous DMZ, my dad's company returned to base after six weeks on field maneuvers. All the guys in the company were excited because they had been out in the forest for weeks without a change of underwear. Every man jack of them was excited about finally getting a change of underwear. Everyone loves a nice change of underwear, especially after weeks of the same dingy pair. They assemble in the PT area and the company commander comes out and tells them the good news "Soldiers of Alpha Company, I am happy to announce that you will all get a change of underwear." A general cheer went up through the ranks before the C.O. continued "Okay...Johnson, you change with Adler. Adler, you change with Tompkins. Tompkins, you change with Lewis..."

These things never happened. They're all lies. My father told me all sorts of stories that were just bold-faced falsities. He was a horrible liar. Once, he even told me I was talented and smart and had amazing potential. What a liar.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

Daring Biologists Create New Hectopus and Nonapus



Durham, NC: Utilizing what they referred to as “an insanely easy procedure” scientists at Duke University’s Department of Aquatic Medicine were able to transform two octopuses into one hectopus and one nonapus, with one semi-intelligent tentacle left over.

The operation, which took over twenty-eight minutes to complete, has completely revolutionized the scientific world’s view on cephalopod development.

“Before I thought cephalopods, y’know, could only have eight or ten tentacles. These dudes, though, they just proved that way wrong,” said UC Berkeley physics professor Joseph Orenstein.

It had been thought that octopuses developed eight tentacles due to evolution. Now it is known that intelligent design can create pusses with as many limbs as our whims desire. Huntington F. Willard, Duke University professor of biology, stated that work would now move forward on the triskadecopus because of the hect- and nonapus successes.

While the fate of the semi-intelligent tentacle is in doubt due to its inability to ingest nutrients, Hansel and Gretel, as the nonapus and hectopus are now known respectively, are adapting to their new tentacle arrangements well and are expected to release a statement as soon as cephalopods learn to speak, write and release statements to the press.



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AN AXES & ALLEYS TRAVELOGUE



The Iron Tower: The world-famous Platha State Union Building stands like a sentry over picturesque downtown Plyon, the capital of the State of Platha.

Like Arizona, Platha was the last of the lower continental states to come into being. Yet today it is a respected and feared part of the Union; at once proud, belligerent and striking in its simplicity. The mystery of Platha is a smokescreen which it is difficult to denigmatify, but we shall attempt an explanation here.

Founded by refugees of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1919, Platha joined the Union in 1924. Though the 1926 Supreme Court ruling in the case of *Disraeli v. Pumpkin* forbid Platha from adopting Russian as its official language (causing state prosecutor general Alexander Pumpkin to resign), the plains of Platha brought hardy parlor pinks in droves to the state capital of Pylon, once home to a Native American fishing factory.

Alexandre Borschtov, the state's first governor was elected in 1926 and ruled until his death in 1991 owing to Article III of the Plathan State Constitution which disallowed term limits for governor. It should be noted, however, that no other Plathan governor has held the office for more than eight months. For the first 52 years of its existence, Platha was unique among the states in its refusal to send a Congressional delegation

to Washington to conduct legislative business.

Known by its unofficial nickname, "The Iron State," Platha has little that is official, save for their state political party, The Platha State Union, and their official newspaper. There is no state slogan, song, bird, insect or flower. Stranger still is the fact that Platha University, in Crustacean, fields not a single intercollegiate sports team, be it in football, rowing or competitive chair stacking. The state flag of Platha is a statuette of a silver, six-winged eagle atop a 37 and a half meter poll.

Much of Platha's isolation is due in part to the fact that in 1956 the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers erected a 16 foot high fence around the state, walling it off from the rest of the country. After the Red Scare abated, Platha continued to maintain the fence. In 2002, Governor Alexander P. Tesla began electrifying the fence, adding guard posts and search lights, among other general reforms.

Platha remains one of the few states with a strong militia. During the Gulf War, the 2nd Platha Volunteer Regiment succeeded in invading Iraq and establishing a military controlled zone over several

Iraqi oil wells, refineries and shipping centers. The Platho-Iraqi MCZ was held until 1998 when it was sold to Petroil Co. for an undisclosed amount.

There are four major cities in Platha; Pylon, Chrandrasekhar, Crustacean and Alexandregard (formerly Piltown). According to the state constitution, these cities form the Centers of each of Platha's four Population Zones (designated as One, Two, Three and Four). There are also two Manufacturing Zones (North and East), four Mining Zones (One, Two, Three and Uranium), one Military Zone (Fort Picket) and two Forbidden Zones (Palatta State Park and River Rock National Forest). Construction, mining and forestry are forbidden in the forbidden zones.

Mining is Platha's main industry, mostly in uranium, bauxite and marble. Important manufacturing goods include furniture (end tables and other tables), house-wares and automobiles. The Platha Motors "Car Mk. V" is the state's most popular consumer vehicle, while the "Truck" and the "Motorized Bicycle Mk. III" are popular with the youth.

Economically, Platha is geared toward self-sufficiency, its only export being uranium (and during the period of the MCZ, oil). When the U.S. voted to nullify Platha's Uranium Export Treaty with the E.U. on the grounds that a state governor was not constitutionally authorized to enter into treaties with foreign powers, the Platha Energy Consortium (P.E.C.) began selling uranium through D.B. Inc. to the U.S. Department of Energy.

There have been several Supreme Court cases involving the state of Platha and unfortunately for the plucky Plathans, nearly every case has been decided them. Plathan lawyers have almost always argued the

Amendment, but the Justices have consistently disagreed.

In *Reno v. Platha*, it was ruled that Platha's Alien American ID law was unconstitutional, forcing the state Department of Restraint to abandon its plans to have all non-Plathan visitors tagged with radio transmitters for tracking purposes. The Court has also rejected Platha's Universal Solitude Act, the so-called "Control Ordinances" and the laws which had attempted to suspend suffrage within the state's borders.

Recently the Plathan Radio and Television Jamming Array outside Catatonia was declared to be operating in violation of F.C.C. regulations. Governor Alexander Fonnem issued a protest which stated that: "All the citizens of the sovereign state of Platha hate television and radio and do not wish to view or hear either." Platha side-stepped the overturned ban on magazines by placing a ban on the import of glossy paper. The SCOTUS has yet to rule in the case of *Go Icecream! v. The Platha State Union*.

In 2000 Platha gained a unique distinction, being the only state ever censured by a joint congressional resolution. This was of course the result of the so called "Pylon Incident" which involved, among other things, the murder of 11 I.R.S. agents by the Platha State Militia, the subsequent burning of the Pylon Federal Building and expulsion of all Federal Government personnel by the Governor's Private Guard. In the summer of 1999 Platha was placed under martial law by order of the President. As National Guard troops were unable to enter the state's borders, a special "Martial Law in Absentia" precedent was created.

After the resignation of Governor Alexandra



Law and Order are in Session: The Platha State Capitol Building in Pylon.

PLATHA



Admitted to Union: May 5th, 1924

Constitution: 60th State

State Motto: N/A

State Bird: N/A

State Flower: N/A

State Song: N/A

State Insect: N/A

State Pasta: N/A

State Element: Uranium

State Reptile: N/A

Current Governor: Alex Pluto

Current Senators: Alexandre Er and N/A

Current Representatives: N/A

Main Exports: N/A

Main Imports: N/A

Area: 20,003 sq. mi.

Longest River: Soviet River

Largest Body of Water: Lake Ultimino

Largest City: Crustacean (pop. 145,000)

Highest Point: Mount Stalin (PZ2)

Nickname: "The Iron State"



**Axes & Alleys
Info-Rectangle™**

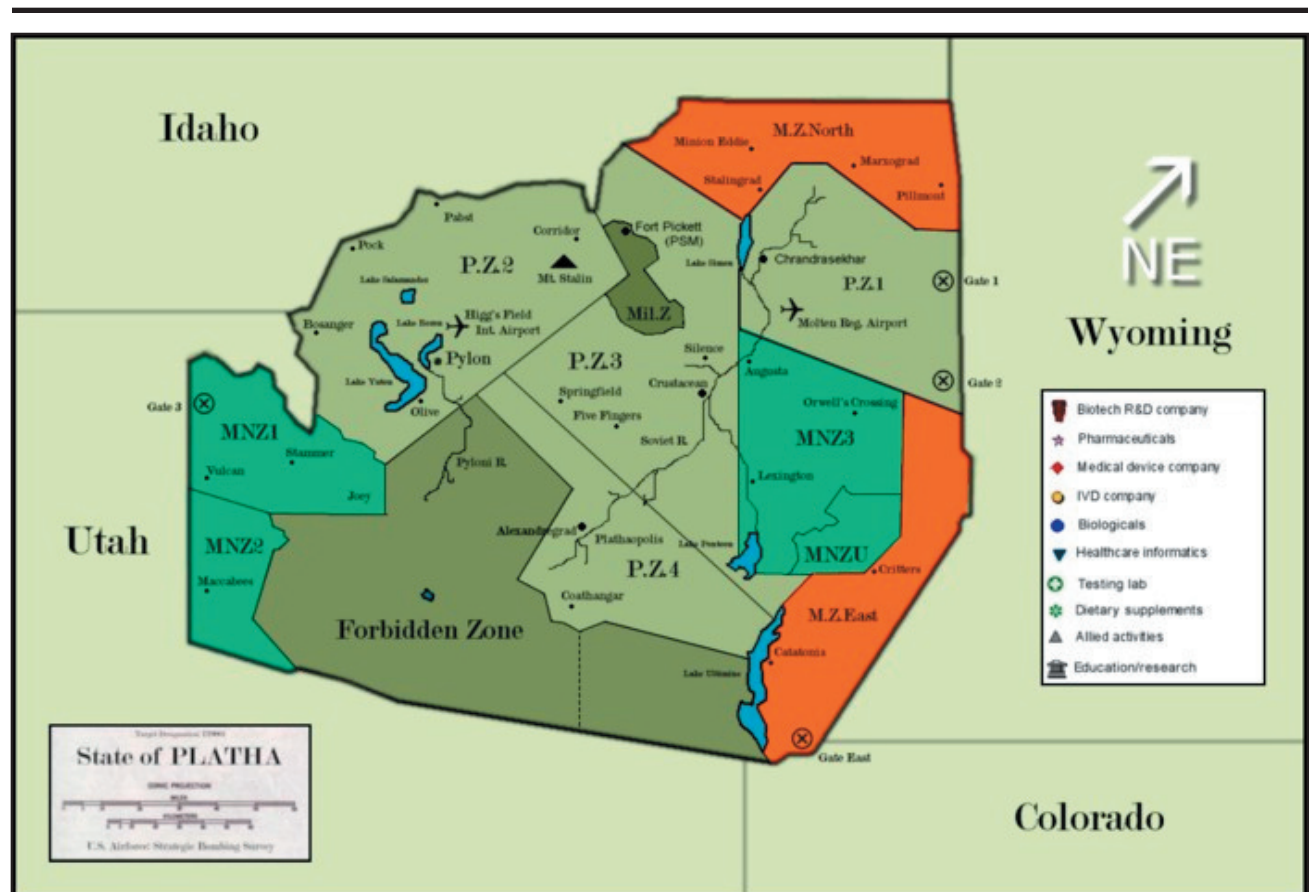
Bottom, the Martial Law in Absentia was lifted, although in retaliation Platha's Under-Governor for Commerce banned five dollar Federal Reserve notes throughout the state. This restriction was lifted in late 2004 in exchange for fresh Floridian pet food imports.

When Representative Alex R. Ramitanov (PSU-Platha) recently proposed a bill which would have allowed Platha to annex nearby Colorado, it was voted down 638 to 3. Strangely, a similar measure which would have allowed Platha to annex Roosevelt Island, NY was a greater success, being voted down only 637 to 4. It is interesting to note that in 29 years of legislative activity not a single bill proposed by a Plathan representative has been passed. This is partly owing to the fact that the Plathans show up to sessions only on November 11th as part of their traditional Martinmas celebrations. A proposed constitutional amendment which would eliminate Platha altogether, dividing its territory amongst the bordering states, has only been approved by 17 state legislatures thus far.

Education and literacy rates in Platha are among the highest in the nation and official reports from the Platha State Prosecutor General's office show

that year after year Platha is free from crime of any kind. Slowly but surely, Plathans are beginning to adopt the Roman alphabet, although the local version of the Cyrillic is still popular. State-wide badminton tournaments are held every six years and are immensely popular. The top two finalists compete in both the championship game and the Senate race. The majority of Plathans are content to work in mines, subsisting upon vodka and frozen beets, enjoying the occasional distraction of a Gubernatorial address or tractor parade. It is a simple, hardy existence, well-tailored to the primarily Russian, Basotho and Punjabi population.

Throughout the 79 years of its existence Platha has remained a puzzling, yet treasured, enigma. Though often at odds with the rest of the nation, Platha has a real place among the 60 states of the Union. Platha gives America brave soldiers, tough miners and even sitcom star Topher Grace. Over one third of all Supreme Court cases now involve striking down unconstitutional laws passed by the Plathan governors. While Platha is sometimes feared, sometimes hated and altogether queried over, America just wouldn't be America without our fenced-in rabid dog of a state; Platha.



Platha: The Iron State.

Above Map courtesy of the

U.S. Army Air Corps Strategic Bombing Survey (1941)

For more information see www.stayawayfromplatha.gov

A composite image featuring an astronaut in a white spacesuit standing on the lunar surface. A French tricolor flag is planted in the ground to the left. In the background, a large, semi-transparent overlay of Napoleon Bonaparte on his white horse, with a sword raised, is superimposed over the moon's horizon.

...all but for a case of hemorrhoids



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POETRY FROM HG PETERSON



"I Saw a Statue in the Park"

One day, a dark day, I was working in my shed
With a last turn of the wrench, I attached the head
A tall black stove top hat, I put to cap it off
Turned the crank, charged it up, it started with a cough

I heard the gears, the servos whined loud while it rose
The head rotated round, the eyes upon me froze
With its mechanical mouth it uttered a roar
A halting speech that began "Twenty years and four score"

It then inquired where John Wilkes Booth could be found,
Demanded that revenge be had in this next round
Metallic claws clasped shut, his laser cannons armed,
Search algorithms looked for actors to be harmed

Breaking free, he rose up and lifted his arms high
"I will be avenged" he bellowed loud, "Booth must die"
From his copper beard electric sparks did fall
A metallic monster, way over six feet tall

Tearing through the wall, he then went out to the street
Strong though concrete is, pavement cracked beneath his feet
Crazed, the robot made his way toward our dear town square
Like a postal worker, then brought his guns to bear

He fired rockets right into the hardware store
Upon our little burg, my robot declared war
The church caught fire from the deadly laser rays
And after half an hour downtown was ablaze

Then from the Second Precinct, fifty cops arrived
They attacked my robot, but only four survived
Eventually the Army had to be deployed
So that my rampaging robot could be destroyed

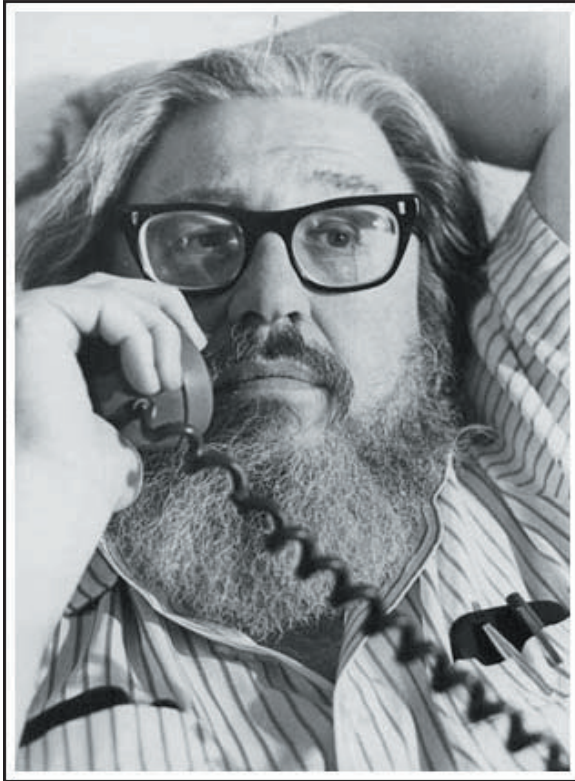
The battle was epic, I won't describe it here
Suffice to say the devastation was severe
After the attack, there was some great destruction
In a heap of rubble lies my great construction

Once robotic Lincoln seemed like a good design
Perhaps a robot Harding would be more benign

SELECTIONS

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF

THEODORE HESPERUS, GENTLEMAN



From This Electric World (1987)

Everyone should spend one day a year being contrary; simply disagreeing with every statement heard, every proposition put forth, every idea posited. Without disagreement there is no dialogue, without dialogue there is no education. It would also be fun if everyone was armed to the teeth on that day.

The crossword puzzle is perhaps the most pointless human endeavor. It is a waste of time unparalleled. The second biggest waste of time is sleeping.

Impotence is troubling, except when you're talking about poison. No one wants to swallow poison and then be told that it is a highly potent poison.

The sheer number of all potato chips on Earth far exceeds the number of actual potatoes. That's an interesting fact that often passes the thinking person by.

Scientists tell us that monkeys do not possess the powers of speech, nor of hypnosis. Unless the monkeys have just hypnotized us into thinking that they can't talk. Conjecture is frightening.

There are true answers and false answers, but perhaps there could be a third. Maybe we could call it "maybe."

What is hate? Perhaps hate is the absence of love or perhaps hate has a more intrinsic existence. All I know is that I hate tuna fish sandwiches.

From Meditations on the Honeybee (1981)

Writing a jazz composition is a lot like building a house; there are notes instead of bricks, musicians instead of laborers, saxophones instead of band-saws. Of course, if anyone ever tells you that music is more interesting than hammers it just means they've never truly studied all that hammers have to offer.

Puns are innate. Even children find mirth in the play on words. Did you hear about the rabbit who went to the barber to get a hare cut? We can alter that statement: did you hear about the rabbit who went to the Barbar to get a hare cut? Still further: Dead ewe here a boot the robot hoo wet two the bar bear too Ghent a heir cot? No, that was too far.

From Throwing Out Objectivism with the Bathwater (1990)

If you're going to hate yourself do it for the right reasons, not just for petty things. Remember that you are your worst enemy. You're the one who spends every day failing in all your endeavors and ruining your life. It's your fault that you've wrecked everything. Isn't that so much more important than that bad skin or those fat thighs?

Science often finds it difficult to explain certain things. People have pointed out that many of these things (the supernatural, God, curling) are not what science was made to explain. These selfsame personages are often themselves at a loss to explain their own existence. Do not take their opinions lightly.

Mind is an amalgamation of thought. We exist through the processes of memory. Thus, you are what you eat, but only if you remember eating it.

We fear because we cannot control or predict the future. No one fears the past and for good reason; the past cannot kill you. Except for ghosts, who are of the past, but may kill us in the future. The real reason that ghosts are scary is not because they are creepy, it is that the remind us of our own mortality, our own future death. Zombies, too.

From Waiting for Half an Eternity (1972)

Forgiveness is a trait that is not found in frogs. No one has ever been forgiven by a frog. These fellows hold an all-consuming grudge. Of course, maybe that's simply because no person ever forgave a frog.

Is truth a relative or an absolute? It is a question worth considering. For society to function, we must act as if truth is an absolute, yet truth is based in flawed human perception, so perhaps truth is a relative. Just something to think about while they're arraigning you for perjury.

The human form inanimate (be it dummy, puppet or corpse) allows us to contemplate the human form made animate; i.e. alive people. There is no in-between, no grey area, only life or death. This is why animatronic puppets violate the laws of Nature.

The discovery of a dichotomy is at once reassuring and frightening.

Forests are often damaged, even destroyed, but you never hear anyone speak of a forest being broken.

What do you believe in? Do you believe in that which you perceive? To do so you must believe in yourself. Do you believe in that which you cannot perceive? To do so you must doubt yourself.

From Contraception is the Death Mask of Finnish (1996)

If we lived in a world of peace we would not have armies or navies, arms manufacturers or police. A beautiful thought until you realize that all these people would lose their jobs, be unable to pay their bills or feed their children. Perhaps they could become so frustrated by their hopelessness that they would riot and then you'd have to call in the Park Rangers to restore order.

In an ideal society personal freedom would be high, there would be no disease, poverty or inequality. We would have no crime and we would support learning and education while suppressing injustice. As for miniature golf we could go either way.

Some people believe that humans are inherently good or inherently evil. This requires the presence of good and evil within our genetic code, otherwise our moral characteristics would have no way of being transmitted to the next generation. I happen to believe there is no code for morality, rather good and evil atoms which make up the DNA molecules. Most cobalt atoms are evil.

From The Games We Play (With our Brains) (1988)

Perhaps the spoken word influences our perception of everyday objects, like when you say "Look at that thing go!" and the listener looks that way, toward the going thing.

It is easy to hate and hardest to love. The easiest emotion is being hungry.

Cake is delicious and there is nothing quite as nice as the smell of a wonderfully tasty item baking. The smell can evoke memories of home, scenes from childhood, it can bring the past alive. You never get that from the smell of ice-cream freezing.

From Humanism is Second-Best (1997)

Opinions are like fish. There are many different types; some right, some wrong, some confused and all underwater.

It's said that silence is golden. If currency is backed by gold then that would mean that silence would devalue the dollar. Sometimes for sake of a strong economy, I just yell my head off.

To look at a rainbow, cast from a post-precipitation prism, is to peer into the nature of light itself. While light illuminates, it also has its own form; a multitude of colors from red to blue to green. It even has colors we can't perceive in the ultra-violet or the infrared. Light is its own animal, mysterious, vibrant and even angry at times. Light was often worshiped as a god by the primitives. Of course, I'm most thankful for light when I have to get up late at night or take a piss.

Beauty is worth contemplating. When you see a beautiful object, take the time to stop and study it. Take a few minutes, get in close and examine each part individually. Where, you might ask, does beauty come from? Is it in the eye of the beholder, so to speak, or is it intrinsic to the nature of the objects themselves? Ask yourself this and any other questions which may arise as you stare in perplexity at the beauty. Don't look too long, or it'll probably make the chick uncomfortable.

What is violence? Must we define violence as a matter of collision? Certainly all violence involves collision yet not all collisions are violent. How fast must one or both objects be traveling for their collision to be violent? Plus, if violence is, by its very nature destructive, why is it so fun to watch?

From Revelations on the Pull-Out Couch (1990)

At some point in history there was the first human. As all humans are, he was capable of conjecture and it is worth wondering if he ever thought about the legacy of his species. I bet he never looked up at the Moon and thought his descendants would one day walk on it. He probably also never thought that we would one day invent fake vomit made of rubber. One day he was eaten by a wolf.

Take three hours out of your day and use them to stare at the wall. Really stare at it and pretend that you can see through it. What's going on behind that wall? Maybe there are kids playing or a scientist working on a cure for some hideous disease, maybe it's firemen getting ready to answer a call. Or for added fun, imagine that you're watching a couple of hot lesbians get it on.

From The Space-Age Ludite (1965)

One day you're walking along a beach and you find a watch. You examine the watch and notice its intricate cogs and gears and springs. Something so complex could not have arisen by chance, it must have been created. Unless of course watches were able to reproduce themselves under pressure by an environment with limited resources meaning only the best watches would survive to reproduce and pass their cogs on to the new watches. Then, I guess watches could have developed without an inventor, they just evolved from lower time pieces like sundials.

Pancakes are only a human phenomenon. No cheetah ever ate a pancake.

From Suitcase of Ideas (2005)

Imagine a blockade. What does it look like to you? Do you see a mighty armada of battleships, cruisers or carriers, stealthy submarines coursing through the deep? Personally, I like to think of blockades, a sort of tasty beverage made from sugar, water and ground up wooden alphabet blocks.

Time is like a river and from time to time bubbles rise to the surface, bob about for a small bit and then sink back down again. We are like those bubbles. The most deadly bubbles were the Mongols.

Right now there are telephone conversations, wireless web, radio waves, television transmissions, radar and neutrinos passing through your head. No wonder you can't remember where you put your keys.

We are often at a loss for words, but never at a loss for all-consuming anger.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMOROUS CONCEPTS "THE RANGO AND LEM CHRONICLES"



A black and white photograph of a man in a suit and glasses holding a rifle, with another man in a hat in the background.

Atticus Finch

Attorney at Law, Legislator, Single Father

Crack shot with a rifle.

Will work for potatoes, holly or wood

Maycomb County, AL

ASK MONTEZUMA

ANSWERS FROM THE DEAD



**Montezuma is a haunted puppet.
His answers are always correct.**

Dearest Montezuma,
I have a problem with rope. My friend's [sic] tell me it doesn't have eyes, but I can't escape the feeling that rope is always looking at me and plotting. Rope, I've heard, is quite handy and if it is plotting against me I feel I could possibly be in danger. People don't usually suspect rope at, what I believe to be, their own peril. I read in a recent biography of Samuel J. Jay (the shuffle board champion, not the soldering magnate) that he was once tied with rope. This made me more agitated and nervous. What is the best way to protect against ropes [sic] insidiousness?

Senator Dr. William Harrison Frist, M.D. (R-TN)
Senate Majority Leader
Nashville, TN

*Senator Doctor,
Rope has likely been around since before history was recorded (it perhaps existed even before memory). One of its first (ever notice how close that word is to your own last name?) uses was apparently ceremonial. Anthropologists believe, from recent excavations in Norway, that rope was laid down as straight as possible and then participants jumped from one side to the other in nighttime ceremonies. Vegetables may have been used. Nearby one of the latter-period excavations was found an inscription on a petrified tree indicating that by this point (8500 B.C.) the ropes were held at each end and swung around for participants to jump over. This may have been accompanied by song, but as the*

gramophone technology of the time was quite primitive, scientists have as yet been unable to resuscitate sound from any of the recording media so far found. It appears that eventually some bright little monster happened upon the idea of securing things with rope, though this never became a popular use of the material. Today, rope is used in telephony, mass transportation and bioengineering.

Dear Montezuma,
I believe that olfaction is based on vibration, not shape. "Scientists" keep telling me otherwise. Frankly, I'm a bit tired of "scientists." They always go on and on about publishing papers, falsifying this, proving that, providing evidence. What's the best way to get a "scientist" to go up to a smell molecule and hit it with a tuning fork?

Luca Turin
London, UK

*Mr. Turin,
The tuning fork is such a crude instrument. Unlike trombones, saxophones, cellos, bansaphones, theremins, pianos and other such instruments, the tuning fork will only play one note. One might as well perform scientific experiments with a triangle or a tambourine. I might even offer the idea that one should perhaps use a scientific instrument, not a musical one, to explore the wonders of science.*

Dear Montezuma,
I want to prove that lions like sandwiches. How can I go about this?
Elmer Holmes Bobst
Train Station, IA

*My dear Elmer,
You will likely need a special harness for this job of yours. The appropriate kind is made of a fine, cured leather from any of the fine, cured leather-producing regions of the world. A wide strap with buckle goes around the subject's undercarriage and is firmly secured. Place a slice of bread above and another below your test prey animal. Before you do so, add any appropriate condiments, lettuce, tomato and cheeses. Once the harness has been attached and the rest of the ingredients secured, release the test subject back into the wild. Then you may relax and observe the test subject amongst the control subject, non-sandwich gazelles. See which ones the lions go for.*

Montezuma,
My family is relatively poor and our choice of food is getting pretty boring. We used to make a lot of chicken and stuff because it's cheap. The store recently had a sale on pasta, 5 packages for a dollar. I bought it and now my family is sick of it (I'm still kind of neutral on it). Can you suggest something inexpensive besides pasta for us to eat?

Lucy Craft Laney
Thompson, GA

Dear LCL,
I suggest the proper length of time to cook some types of pasta as follows:
spaghetti or Linguine: 11 minutes
tagliatelle: 6 minutes
farfalle: 7 minutes
penne: 6 minutes
Other types of cooking may involve more or less time.

Yo Monty,
I really like gambling. A lot! I've been a poker player, a roulette bettor, I even used to take bets on professional sports games. But now I find myself at 14 needing just a little bit more. I wanna

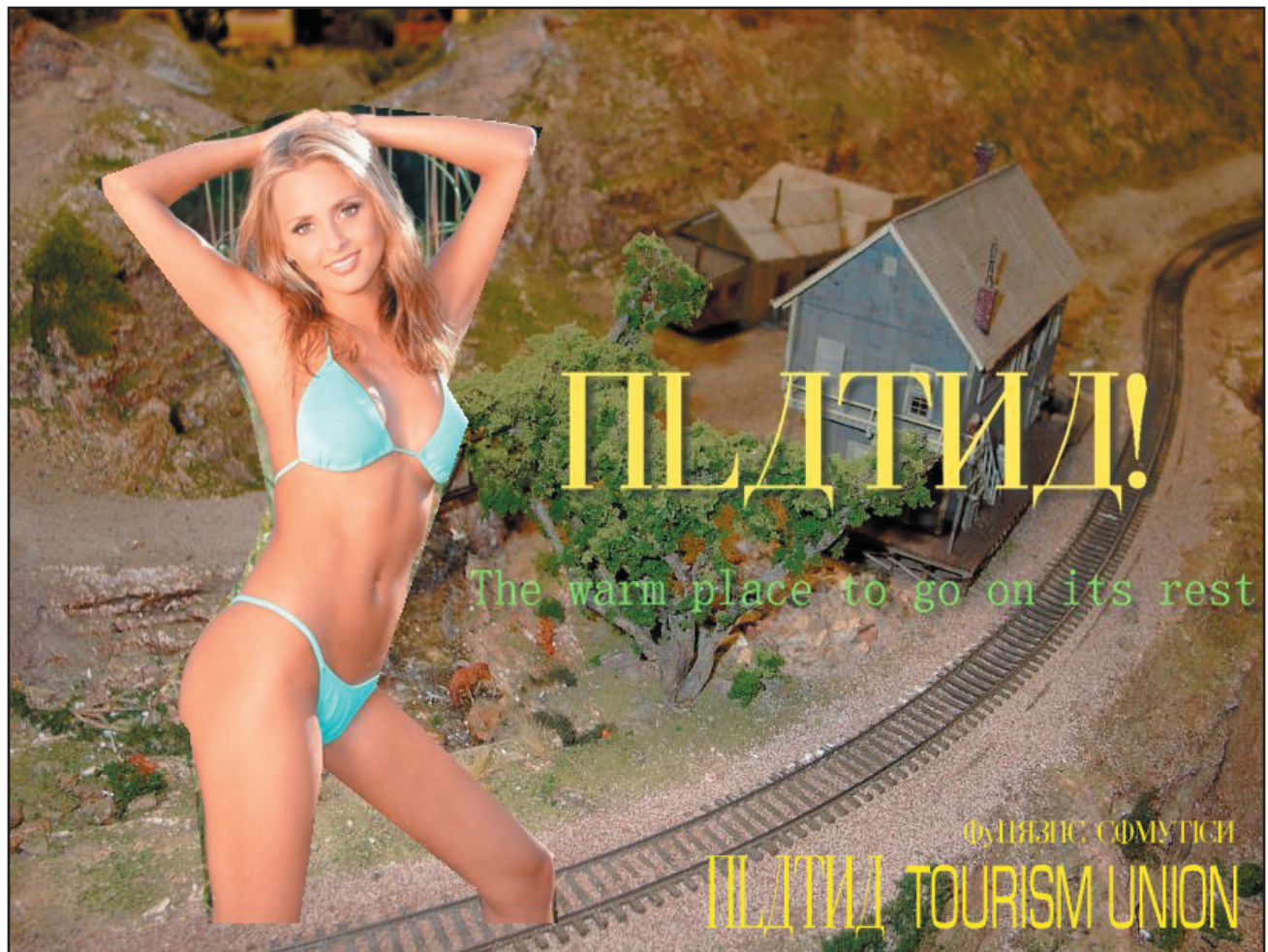
run one of these joints. I'd like to open up a casino and I was thinking maybe a good place to put it would be around New Orleans until that thing happened. Anyway, I wanted to run it by you first. Would it be a good idea to start a casino marketed toward Native Americans?

Pavel Vinogradov
International Space Station (Expedition 13)

Dear Pavel,
You're likely thinking that the government, in its effort to do something about what happened, will be throwing subsidies left and right at anything to reinvigorate the region. I would like to point you to Title 26 of the Internal Revenue Code:

"(b) no portion of the proceeds of such issue is to be used to provide (including the provision of land for) any private or commercial golf course, country club, massage parlor, hot tub facility, sun-tan facility, racetrack or other facility used for gambling, or any store the principal business of which is the sale of alcoholic beverages for consumption off premises."

I do not believe the Internal Revenue Code addresses bans the use of tax funds to support prostitution. Broccoli farming is also profitable.



AN ONGOING CONTINUING
SERIALIZED NARRATIVE
THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF
SCOOTER MEMORIES
BY JEREMY-JOSEPH ROSEN



There were four white walls to the room, each roughly ten feet by ten feet. Absentmindedly, Scooter attempted to figure out the room's volume. Then, he remembered that Javier, like all mysterious characters returned from one's childhood, had given him an assignment.

On the table were four items: a box of matches, a candle, some thumbtacks and a pencil. Before he left the room, Javier had given him instructions.

"Affix the candle to the wall with what I have given you," Javier had stated "and then I will tell you why the lemons are purple. I know you want to know."

Sitting on the rumpled bed, Scooter tried to focus his thoughts on the problem at hand. He had to affix a candle to the wall using only a box of matches, some thumbtacks and a pencil. That problem seemed inconsequential. What did seem important was the Register Girl at the K.K.K.

Something about her intrigued Scooter in a way that purple lemons, buttons and even the secret of life itself could not. With a flip of the switch, he turned on the Dictaphone and began to speak:

"I'll never understand that which I need to understand. I'll only ever understand that which I am meant to understand."

For a moment he scratched a private area and began again.

"There is a great mystery to this world and I have been given many clues, but I can never deduce a glimmer of the answer."

Again he scratched; it was a persistent itch.

"There are many clues, scattered throughout life, and I have found only a few. But then there is her."

(Of course he was referring to the Register Girl at the Kalisotta Koffee Klatch, whose hips were not actually too thin.)

"There was a cornstalk I saw in the sidewalk, and in it I see only her. There was a tree and in it I see only her, and there were purple lemons and in them I see only her."

For a second he returned to the bed and thought about how Javier led him here, with promises of knowledge. Scooter wasn't a particularly wild person. No, the wilderness happened about his person as he passed through life.

They left the K.K.K. early in the afternoon and beyond all reason, Scooter had secured Register Girl's phone number in an ingenious way. With little adieu, they had boarded Javier's moped and made their way out to the Warehouse Quarter, where all the warehouses lived and where for no apparent reason 19 pine trees grew in a straight line in the middle of a vacant lot.

"That used to be the Chicken Shack," said Javier referring to the vacant lot.

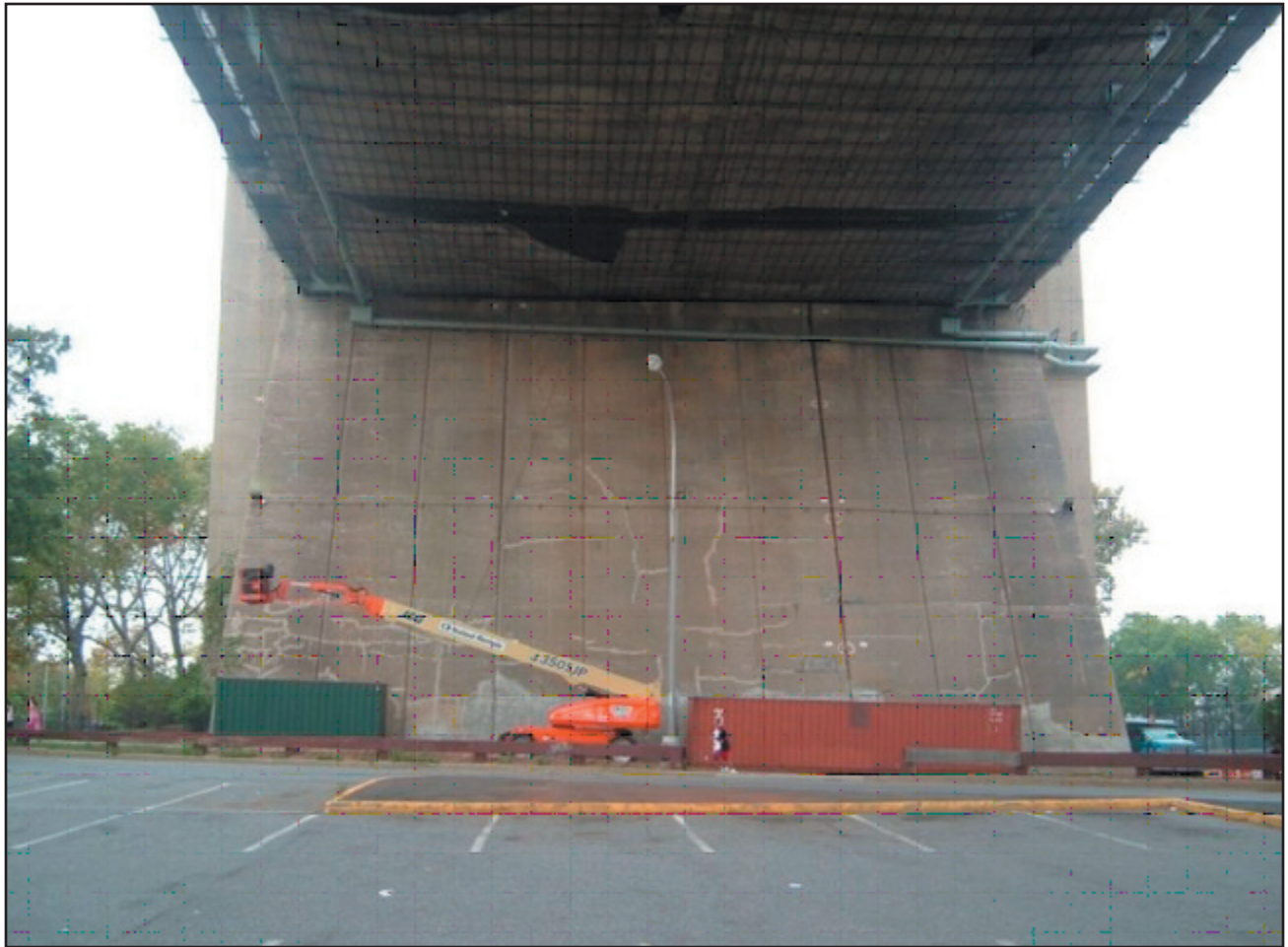
"I went there before," said Scooter holding on tightly. "They had good milkshakes."

"Those weren't milkshakes," Javier said cryptically before turning down Mildred Street and parking near an old Dutch Colonial style warehouse.

When they entered, a butler had come to take their coats, a maid had dusted off a pair of chairs in which they never sat and a kitchen scullion had brought out a pot and teacups from which they never drank.

Pacing about the room, Scooter stared at the items on the table. His interest was not in them, only in Register Girl. It turned out that her name was Mildred Strange. Strange since he was on Mildred Street.

Scooter had long ago learned to ignore these coincidences and not dwell on them. When they are a matter of course in your life, you learn to ignore them. This may have been part of Scooter's problem. (But we've gotten only slightly ahead of ourselves.) Quickly he emptied the match box and used the tacks to attach it to the wall. Then he



placed the candle in the box and lit it with the matches. The key to the puzzle was to remember that the box was an item; it wasn't just the matches in it.

As for the pencil, he didn't use that. It wasn't necessary. Quite a few of his brain cells were dedicated to imagining an exciting future for him and Register Girl from the K.K.K. They would have a whirlwind romance, marry in Paris and honeymoon in Kazakhstan. Despite convention, their wedding cake would be chocolate.

With a respectable flourish, for not wearing a cape, Javier entered the room.

"So, you've passed the test," he said, draining the rest of his grape soda. The can fell to the floor with a clatter.

"Tell me what I need to know."

Scooter stepped forward slightly, his eyes narrowing to slits. He picked up the discarded can and placed it with the leftover items from the puzzle.

"Why, you already know everything you need to know."

Scooter remembered that, by gum, he did remember everything he needed to know. As he made to leave, Javier halted him.

"There's no great secret to this world, Scooter," Javier began. "The truth is that everything you've searched for, all the information you've tried to hunt down, already exists in your head. You just need to learn how to remember it. You need to learn how to sort out the discrepancies in your personal story and unlock that borscht for brains you have."

Scooter looked at him not quite dumbly by way of answer.

"The great secret is knowing how to do that." Javier stepped over and knocked the grape soda can back on the ground. "But, you were never meant to know. The one who knows is the one you seek."

"The Register Girl from the K.K.K.?"

"Exactly. God speed, Scooter."

And Javier, with little to no flourish, left forever. Scooter never saw him again. Picking up the calculator, Scooter punched a few buttons. It turned out that the room had roughly 1000 cubic feet, or even more roughly 305 cubic meters. That was enough for Scooter and, lighting his pipe, he left to go meet Mildred, the Register Girl from the K.K.K.

Later that night, they went bowling.

21 Ways to Bore Yourself

by Rani Stupunagerkee

Mr. Stupunagerkee was an early supporter of forced reverse-vasectomies. His untimely death this past January saddened and surprised the *Axes & Alleys* staff. Not a one of us believed that Nostradamus' Century X, Quatrain 99 "*La fin le loup, le lyon, bœuf & l'asne, Timide dama seront avec mastins, Plus ne cherra à eux la douce manne, Plus vigilance & custode aux mastins.*" referred at all to our dear Ran Ran.



Figure 2. A sock (striped).

1. Get an empty soup, vegetable or beer can. Place it on a table. Turn it over.
2. Engage a mongoloid in conversation. (do not attempt if not equipped with gas viewing hole)
3. Do not use a screwdriver or any sharp tools.
4. Remove battleship filler valve cover (if applicable).
5. Learn about Buddhism.
6. Remove all air from a sock. (Fig. 2).
7. Organize checkers by shape.
8. Repeat items 6 and 7 if necessary.
9. Warm the Earth in your hand for 10 seconds. Then, wait at least two minutes. (Must be God, or similar.)
10. Adjust e to desired value.
11. Replace cap on a butane refill canister.
12. Apply Biblical verse to home plumbing repair.
13. Purchase a roll of duct tape (or duck tape) and a cardboard tube. Transfer tape to cardboard tube. You now have a homemade roll of duct tape (or duck tape).
14. See how many times you can count The Moon.
15. Place steak in pan. Do not turn on stove.
16. Rename your area of expertise "Mountain Climbing." Claim you are an expert mountain climber.
17. Throw tomatoes at wall. (repeat as necessary)
18. Write letter to pushpin manufacturer*, requesting some more information.
19. Practice forgetting how to tie shoes.
20. Inspect gravity with a magnifying glass.
21. Watch paint wet.



*Moore Pushpin Co.
1300 East Mermaid Lane
Wyndmoor PA 19038-7664

Impex Systems Group, Inc.
2801 NW 3rd. Avenue
Miami, FL 33127

-Advertisement-

THE MARCHING FORWARD
OF THE PROGRESS
SCIENTISTS DISCOVER
SOLUTION TO HIGH PRICES



Trebuchet, Long Island- No one likes going to the store and having to stand in long lines just to pay high prices for cheap junk. For years, scientists have attempted to solve the plague of High Prices and low value merchandise at retail stores throughout the nation.

Well, now a group of scientists have released a new study. Sounds kind of boring right? Think again. The study shows that consumers, just like you, can now benefit greatly thanks to new discoveries in the field of Bargainology.

The study shows that **Best-Mart** offers the most high quality, brand name, state of the art merchandise at the lowest prices. Also, it says, **Best-Mart**, with its more than 11,000 locations nationwide, provides the most convenient shopping experience for consumers just like you.

As science shows, **Best-Mart** is, quite simply, the best. If you're looking for a great shopping experience that won't put a dent in your pocket book, scientists say head down to your local **Best-Mart**.

It's been scientifically proven: **Best-Mart** gives you superior value, great service and the best prices you'll find anywhere.

Just like science says "Best-Mart has the best value, the best prices and is, quite simply, the best."

BEST-MART

The scientifically-proven retail wonder.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS

FOR SALE

Iron tomato. Looks like a tomato but is made of iron. Also available: regular tomatoes in thick iron casing. Bob, box 206.

FOR RENT

Grand Army of the Potomac. Includes cavalry, scouts, fully limbered artillery, many infantry regiments. Available with choice of leaders including Meade, Grant and McClellan. Owner assumes no liability if army is outmaneuvered by Lee. \$400 per day, plus mules.

POSITION AVAILABLE

Balloon pilot needed for race around the world. We'll meet at Leicester Square on the morrow. The Queen, herself, will drop the flag.

WANTED

I need granola for sexual purposes. Please do not make me elaborate here. Just get me the granola. M.N. Glue, Bonanza, KY.

FOR SALE

Edible hovercraft. Made entirely of beets and beet paste. Will trade for borscht B-17. Call 74-091-11 for details and price list.

WANTED

Proof of the existence of a race of aliens who live in helicopters and communicate via various sauces. Will pay \$5.95 per day.

FOR SALE

Do you like coffee? Why not buy my sketches of coffee that I made. Only \$1 each. Prices may vary. Ulrich KL283-90-994.

FOR SALE

Special home-made tape. Consists of typing paper and school glue. It's not very good but I like it. \$32.00 per roll. Jed@jed.com

WANTED

Talking kite. Computer programmed or possessed by spirit. As long as it talks to me. My only friends are my kites. David at Box 473.

WANTED

Instructions on how to train slugs to perform calculus. I have no idea how this might work but I wanna try. Lisa Bromide, Fellows Field, AL.

FOR SALE

One electron. We know where it is but not how fast it's going. Maybe you can buy it and find out both. CERN, 1 CERN Plaza, Bern, Switzerland.

POSITION AVAILABLE

Namer needed to assign new names. Too many people confuse Swaziland with Switzerland and Australia with Austria. Must rectify this at once. Int. Cartographers Guild. 718-383-2921. ext. 78.

FOR RENT

Bottom of page, clas. ads. Yours for one dollar. Tom.

FOR SALE

Haunted Boeing 707. Ghost of Himmler haunts the aircraft's lavatory. Will appear to swarthy looking passengers and offer half-hearted apologies for the Holocaust. Looks at shoes, mumbles a quick 'sorry about that thing.' Don't think he really means it. \$123,456.78 or best offer. Lufthansa, Berlin EU.

FOR LEASE

The Sea of Tranquility. Would make perfect filming location, looks like dry, SW American desert. Making a cowboy v. Indians movie? Why not film it on the moon. Transportation provided. \$100 per day. NASA, Houston TX.

POSITION AVAILABLE

Morning DJ needed for Latin Language morning show. Must take over as Lupis Jack has passed on. WROM, Pastagaard, Denmark.

WANTED

Forensic doorknob expert. Duties include examining door knobs, compiling evidence, forming conclusions. Contact NYPD at Box 21.

FOR SALE

Slightly used fort. Used to repel one rather badly organized attack. Hats included. French Foreign Legion, Une Rue de Legion, Algiers.

NOT FOR SALE

Left side of my head. Bo (I dress like Napoleon) State Mental Hospice.

Axes and Alleys

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen



2006 A.D.

for more information please consult

www.axesandalleys.com