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456-BR7  
Issue 16  
Fabuly  
2006**

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of theRTRAMSOM**

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*No, you'll  
Never weigh me down*

*You can never keep a good woman down.*



**ILLE**

a most beautiful fishing weight

Paris

Milan

New York

## ***Axes & Alleys: Boyscouts of Uganda Unite!***

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 16,  
Fabuly 2006  
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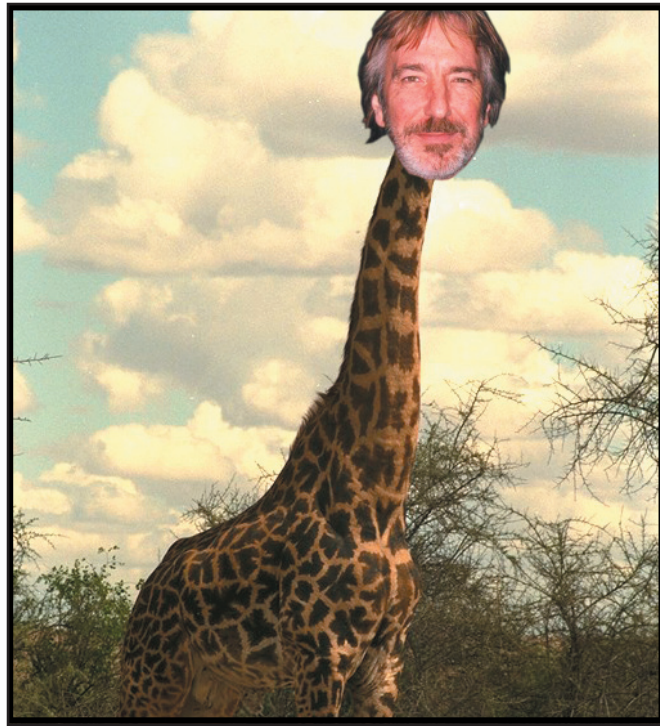
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A Machine



In his recent State of the Union Address, President Armstrong voiced his disapproval of the idea that the Federal Government should fund human-animal hybrid programs.

At *Axes & Alleys* we find this disheartening. Humenguins are exciting and so full of vigor. The urangumen have an amazing impact on our lives and textile industries. The manstrich is fast, fun and feathered. Sparrow-sapiens delight us with their wonderful songs and economic theories. What would our world be like without the majestic herds of duck-billed-platypeople roaming across the plains of Iberia?

*Axes & Alleys* has always supported manimals in any form. That's why this issue is dedicated to human-animal hybrids and the wonders they bring to our world.

Of course, we still abhor the idea of human-plant hybrids.



**Alicia Witt is  
the hottest  
woman who  
has ever lived.  
We even have  
a certificate  
that proves it.**

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

Dear Editors,

Recently there has been a bit of controversy concerning the attack on Pearl Harbor. This dastardly sneak attack by Japanese forces left much of the US surface fleet in tatters. Many have tried to blame Admiral Kimmel or even Roosevelt himself. This is silly. The plain fact of the matter is that, due to the presence of the International Date Line, the Japanese actually attacked on December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1941, while the US sailors and soldiers were still enjoying December 7<sup>th</sup>. There's no possible way the US could have foreseen the attack, since Japan lies on the other side of the date line and thus exists one day in the future. How could the US prepare for or defend against an attack which happened a day before it actually occurred? With the powers of time travel at their disposal, it was easy for the Nips to travel back one day and attack us unawares. The Japanese still have this time travel ability at their disposal, so they must be destroyed, but only by attacking from the West to minimize the destructive power of the International Date Line.

Taisho Agari

Mie, Hokkaido, Japan

My Lords,

The peasants have been without barley for much time and the stores of coarse black bread will not last through winter. What shall they put in the pottage, I ask? Dirt? Methinks not. If they are not prepared for by Your Graces, what shall they consume? Surely they will starve in the coming winter and there shall be no one to work the fields. I suggest slaughtering an older ox and salting the meat to provide for the serfs in the coming colder times.

John the Bald,

Herald of Norwich

Dear Axes & Alleys,

I am not quite certain of something. Perhaps your magazine could produce a guide for the perplexed. A good guide book would properly explain the differences between spaetzel, dumplings and pasta. Does anyone really know?

Robert Mackenzie

Toronto, Ontario

To the Producers of Axes & Alleys:

What's the story on the so called "Lost Issue" of *Axes & Alleys*. I've heard rumors that there is a missing issue, but have never been able to find any information about it. I've searched all over your website, but haven't found anything. What's the straight dope on this missing issue?

Almond R. Hamlet

Houdini, Ponderada.

Dear Sirs and Madams,

*Axes and Alleys* makes me want to eat a sandwich.

Nick

Reno, Nevada

*Axes & Alleys*,

Each time I read your magazine I drool with delight because I am comatose and cannot control my swallowing. Oh boy, it just runs down all over the bed and soils everything. Sometimes I can hear people who speak to me, but most of the time I'm just in a coma drooling. Maybe a tube would help me out with my drooling problem. Perhaps one day Jesus will cure me. Until then I'll enjoy your publication.

John Doe,

RCIMI.

Hey,

Television is total rubbish. Once, while watching television, I happened to watch rubbish. Total rubbish. This movie I saw had Gwyneth Paltrow (*Sylvia*) as two ladies who lived in separate dimensions. Scientists say there is only one Gwyneth Paltrow (*Shakespeare in Love*) and not some crazy land with two Gwyneth Paltrows (*Emma* and *Hush*). Television is rubbish.

Michael Sedarnik

Nice, France, E.U.

**From a Former Cover Girl:**

*Axes and Alleys*,

I couldn't agree with you more about animal behavior. Yes! I have checked out your site and it's cool!

Manda Marble

Columbus Ohio

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The 51st thing is "Miss this Article!"



## NEWS OF THE WORLD



# **Law-o-Rama! New Amendments to the Constitution Passed**

The normally staid and chaste U.S. Constitution has put on a slinky red dress and is out on the prowl with the recent passage of Amendments XXIX through CCVII. State legislatures, legal scholars and ordinary Americans are still trying to get a peek at The Constitution's new panties. The nation's collective pants are tightening at the prospect of this sexy new opportunity.

As unnecessary as g-string underwear, the most drastic of the New Amendments is CII, allowing the discontinuation in the Congressional cafeteria of Yankee Bean soup, a staple on the menu for decades. South Carolina's congressional delegation, representing the largest provider of Yankee Beans to Congress were understandably dismayed at CII's passage.

Amendment CXIV, among the most sensible Amendments passed, protects the right of all Americans to assemble cyclotron-type particle accelerators in their basements, garages or state-approved backyard tool sheds.

The "Hairmendments" (CXXIX through CCVII) only affect the procedural processes for official Presidential hair cuts and limit which styles are acceptable for the President, Cabinet Officials and their staffs. While the shag and bowl cut are right out, the bouffant, pompadour, buzz cut and reverse mullet are in. One much-criticized oversight of the Hairmendments is the ambiguous role of dreadlocks in the Cabinet. Because of this, Elizabethian voters have rejected the set outright.

One potential Amendment (what would be CCVIII) is still awaiting passage by Congress. There is little known about its prospects until Congress returns from Amalgamated Holiday #1 recess, but the feeling in Washington is that the Broccoflower Amendment should pass easily.

# DONKEYS

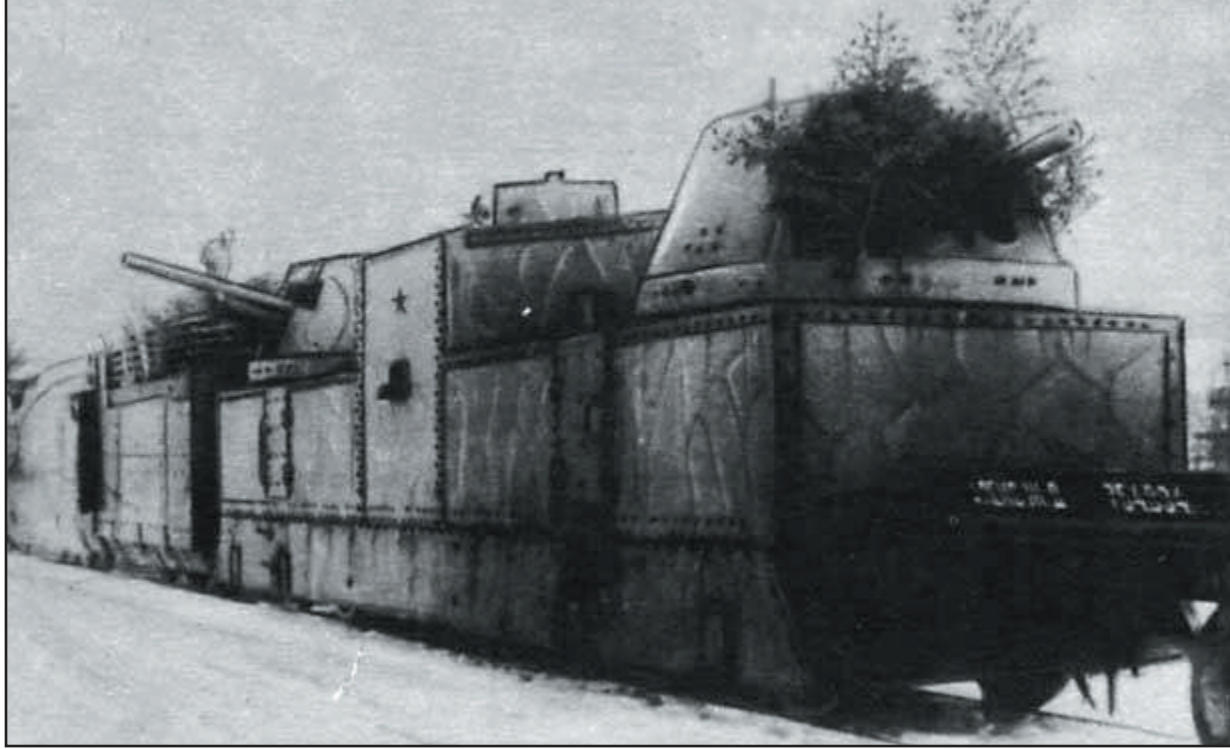
A grey donkey with long, shaggy fur is standing in a lush green field. The donkey is facing the camera with its large, upright ears. In the background, there are several trees and a clear sky. The overall scene is peaceful and natural.

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## ON THE SUBJECT OF ARMORED TRAINS



If the recent troubles over the Transvaal have taught lounge parlor strategists but one thing it is the humble idea that military men must take it upon themselves to examine more appropriate use of the armored locomotive in war time.

When the enemies of the Great Republic take up arms to endanger her, good men must be prepared for the struggle, be it with Spaniards, Irish or the Red Indians. The American race has for its use the vast power of our industry: we must and shall endeavor to trans-form the articles of peaceful industry into mighty machines of war; here the coal fired locomotive, perhaps covered in plating of steel, will show itself as the unstoppable Juggernaut of the Coal Age.

Imagine if you will before you a gleaming Titan of Iron: the super armored locomotive. As it belches out smoke and roars to life like a testy lion even the most hardened cynic would find his belly stirred with emotion. Behind the industrial monster could be towed a train of varied carriages and upon any of these could be mounted large artillery pieces; field guns of tremendous fury.

Without fear I can say that our foes will

want for so splendid a monstrosity. Instead they will charge at us much as the Persians did at Thermopylae; on foot or on horse-back. Our armies will meet them from the mouth of a steel leviathan, our cavalry shall rout them by attacking their flanks, not on horseback, but brandishing pistol or saber as they speed through in their gleaming, modern motorized carriages.

In the days of old, such as when our forebears met near the waters of Bull Run, wars took years, campaigns months, battles days. In thanks to the Might of Industry, the Republic's Army now, with the marvels of the armored locomotives, motorized carriages and with the life saving comestible of tinned meat product to sustain them, may subdue an enemy army in but an hour. Instead of pricking with bullets our Armies will subdue the foe with a rain of shells; enough to level the countryside, to leave only a scape of mud, craters and devastation.

Such will be the glorious future of mechanized, industrial war. So severe will be the enemy's destruction that they will surrender their sovereignty without delay, ending all wars in a short period and allowing American domination of all dominions, nations and parcels of land, and of the several oceans.

# FARTTER'S DUNGEON



HORSE BRIDLE AND BONDAGE SUPPLIES

***Lulu Canyon, New Highland***

# THE MARCH OF PROGRESS





# **The Holiday to End all Holidays**

## **An exciting new idea from the brain of science.**

If you're anything like me, chances are you get stressed out by the holidays; the shopping, the food, the cleaning, the obligations, the family troubles and the travel. It seems like once a month another holiday comes along to disrupt our lives. Why on New Years and Saint Patrick's our favorite bars and restaurants jack up the prices and become crowded as all get out. On Valentines you've gotta be in love or there's no point. Halloween means you have to give away your hard earned candy to greedy children. As for Thanksgiving, is it really necessary to cook for ten hours, travel for two days and gorge ourselves on food we never eat at any other time of the year? And don't even get me started on Christmas.

My plan is simple, so simple that it will and must work. All we do is combine all these obligatory occasions into one day so that they don't disrupt our schedules for the rest of the year. It will take place the first Saturday after the first full week in March (That's March 11<sup>th</sup>, 2006 for the first one). It shall be called "The Amalgamated Holiday #01."

The rights and rituals of Amalgamated Holiday #01 will be spelled out below and soon you won't have to worry about redecorating every month or traveling back home every other month. No more confusing algorithms to try and figure out when holidays fall. Nope, all the inconvenience of the holidays will now be consolidated into one wild day of glory and fun.

# Here's how it works:

**9:00 am:** Get up and put on your costumes. My first Amalgamated Holiday #01 costume is going to be a sexy merchandising associate.

**9:30 am:** Time to open presents. Also, make sure you hide the egg-shaped matzo. Good luck to the one who finds the Easter-afikomen.

**10:00am:** Plant a small fir or pine tree. Then trim it; you can decorate it with colorful eggs, green shamrocks, or red-white-and-blue bunting. Put a small figure of the Devil on top then throw rocks at it. Whoever knocks the Devil off the tree gets to blow out the candles (see next).

**11:00 am:** Bring out the birthday cake. Put seven candles on top in a straight line. Light the middle one first. Then the others in order until they are all lit. Then blow them out and make a resolution. Yay, now you can eat the yummy cake.

**12:00 noon:** Call your mother, father and grandparents. Wish them well.

**12:30 pm:** Eat a special meal consisting of turkey tacos, mashed potatoes w/gravy, green bean casserole, roast lamb and cranberry sauce. It can be set up buffet style. The youngest person in attendance must ask the following questions and the oldest must reply in turn:

Why is today different from all other days?  
*Because today is Amalgamated Holiday #01.*

How are we to celebrate the Armistice that ended the Great War?  
*We must all say a prayer for those who fought and died in the trenches.*

Who shall light the candle that we may remember all those who fought and died in the wars to preserve freedom?  
*Whosoever finds the egg shaped matzo will light the candle so we may remember all those who fought and died for our freedom.*

Is this holiday, which combines elements from all religions, an affront to G-d?  
*Possibly.*

**1:30 pm:** Play a trick on someone. When you catch them be sure to taunt them mercilessly by calling them an "Amalgamated Holiday #01 fool!"

**2:00 pm:** Drink green beer. Then begin constructing a small tabernacle for yourself out

of cardboard, wood, cloth, or other materials. Decorate your little tabernacle with more bunting of various colors.

**3:00 pm-3:30 pm:** Fast.

**3:30 pm:** Spin dreidel. Eat chocolate coins bearing the images of Washington, Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Jr. and Columbus.

**3:31 pm:** Drink more green beer. Go to each other's little tabernacles and proclaim "Trick, treat, thanks or yuletide greetings!" Collect gifts of chocolate hearts, cream-filled chocolate eggs, candy corn or candy canes from each other. Enjoy your candy and more green beer.

**4:00 pm:** Light up the barbeque grill while singing the Amalgamated Holiday #01 Carol 1A. Begin cooking up the traditional foods; burgers, chicken, hotdogs or ribs, to taste.

**4:30 pm:** Eat the outdoor meal of barbequed foodstuffs. Feel free to help yourself to more green beer.

**5:00 pm:** Present your beloved with a small card or present to show your affection. Red hearts are acceptable, also rainbow colored items for homosexual couples. Gay couples may take a few moments to remember the Stonewall Riot.

**5:30 pm:** More food, more green beer. Manischewits, or other wine may be consumed after the sun has set.

**6:00 pm:** Decorate a Chinese Dragon with American flags. Everyone gets underneath and performs a conga line while singing Amalgamated Holiday #01 Carol 2A, which commemorates the invention of agriculture.

**7:00 pm:** Wheel of cheese is placed at center of table. It represents the Moon. Participants will eat the cheese, drink wine and pay homage to their various Moon deities at this time. The wine must be drunk from a communal vessel, it may not be placed in individual cups. Before drinking of the communal wine you must admit one wrong you have committed in the previous year. Once the first cheese wheel is complete, other cheeses may be brought out and partaken of by the celebrants.

**7:45-8:00 pm:** Bob for pomegranates. Liquor may now be consumed.

**8:05 pm:** Set off fireworks. Consume more wine, green beer or liquor.

**9:00-10:00 pm:** Individuals Hour. Each participant may take this hour to participate in their own celebration, to make time for remembrances, feasts, or festivities not clearly specified for at any other time.

**10:15: pm:** Decorate sugar cookies using various sprinkles. Consume the fresh cookies with margaritas, frozen or on the rocks to taste.

**11:30 pm:** Consume more wine, green beer or liquor. Give praise to Bacchus or other deities as seen fit.

**11:50 pm:** Begin counting down to the New Year.


**12 midnight:** Drink champagne, kiss your romantic companion, and sing Amalgamated Holiday #01 Carol 1B, which commemorates the defeats of the Syrians, Persians, Turks, Germans, Japanese, Egyptians, Romans, Russians, British, French, and others.

**Post-Midnight:** Continue celebration until passing-out occurs.

**All in all, an excellent holiday in my opinion. I would invite everyone to begin celebrating Amalgamated Holiday #01 in 2006 so we can begin avoiding all the unnecessary stress of the pre-modern scattered holiday concept.**

**It'll be  
one heck  
of a  
good time.**





The Republicans, the Christians and even McCarthy  
Tried to Destroy Them  
But Nothing Can Destroy True Love  
Especially Gay, Communist Love

# FULL OF HEAVEN

"The Most Courageous Film of 2006"

*The Village Voice*

S.O.S. PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS FULL OF HEAVEN

STARRING NICK ELDORADO, TONY OLIVERI, FRANK THORPE, & MATT BOCKLEY

FEATURING CAMEOS BY MEMBERS OF VELVET REVOLVER, QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE,

THE REPLACEMENTS, URGE OVERKILL, LOCAL H AND MORE

PRODUCED BY TONY OLIVERI EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CHARLIE AMDAHL

WRITTEN BY INGRID SODERBERG & RYAN SCHADDELEE EDITED & DIRECTED BY RYAN SCHADDELEE

# AN AXES & ALLEYS EXCLUSIVE MOVING PICTURES-PLAY REVIEW



***Full of Heaven*. Directed by Dolph Lundgren, starring Chester Copperpot, Matt Damon, Ian McDiarmid and Mandy Moore. Edited by Amanda Vacuumhindu. 20th Century Vole, all rights reserved. Hair by Aime Echo. Catering by Wendy's.**

One of the most difficult things to sell the public on is the musical. Musicals require far more willing suspension of disbelief than the average movie goer is willing to engage. Dancing, singing, tap-dancing, choral singing or any other such performance in the middle of ordinary events is hard to swallow. While Hollywood is always pumping out cookie-cutter genre stories (action, comedy, drama) musicals seem just far too enlightened for Middle America. It's sad that musicals are only popular on cruise ships.

What was most exciting about *Full of Heaven* is not that it's a musical, but rather its pure artistic boldness. Through its telling of the story of struggling screenwriter Harold Ramus and his star-crossed lover Dan Makroyd trying to discover their love in the midst of the 1950s McCarthy Hearings, *Full of Heaven* invites the viewer to critique the hypocrisy of contemporary American society (always a difficult prospect).

As the story begins we learn that Ramus' latest script, a story about Abraham Lincoln's obvious but ignored homosexuality, has brought him under the oppression of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Makroyd, the Democratic Representative from Greenwich Village, comes to his rescue with an impassioned speech and impromptu dance number/homoerotic lap dance on the House floor.

The two fall in love, even as the ruthless Republican radicals in Congress seek to destroy them. It's a touching romance, replete with the realistic portrayal of two young men in love; their love revealed through a series of delicate and artistically rendered love-making scenes which show every aspect of the characters' emotion, physicality and various penetrative ennui.

The story ends in a slightly obvious way when the two lovers are mercilessly gunned down by extremist Republican Christians, right under the watchful gaze of the Lincoln Memorial. The film's most haunting image is the blood-splattered statue of Lincoln. It's thought-provoking to see Lincoln looking over the bodies of the two slain lovers, his fellow gay men, martyred for having the boldness to speak up for themselves in a time of Republican and Christian theocratic tyranny.

Unfortunately, the poignancy of the film's climax is slightly marred by the two lovers' ghosts appearing to do a duet of "Summer Loving." While I didn't object to the artistic merit of the break dancing Lincoln showing up for the film's finale, it would have been more appropriate to end with an original composition, rather than a song from *Grease*.

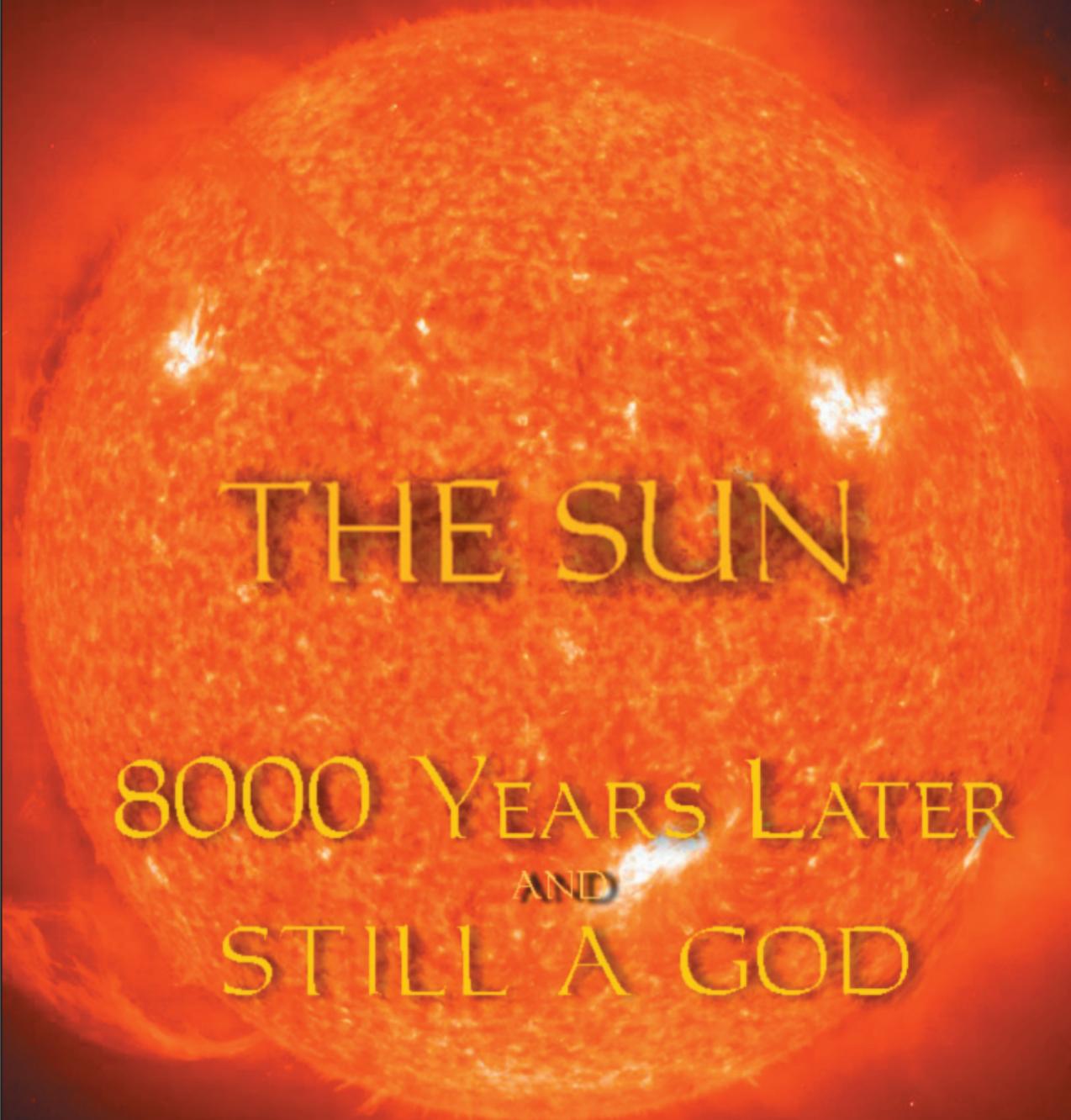
*Full of Heaven* does have some thought-provoking and moving compositions throughout, for instance, the waltz "Healthier Drinking Water." Perhaps a better ending would have been a reprise of the song "Gay, Communist and Proud" from the first act, or even "Jesus Doesn't Love Christians," the intimately rock-fueled surprise which could have been slowed down a bit to allow an enhancement of the film's central message.

The Message of the film (that Gay Communist love is the only true love) is beautifully depicted in the many love-making scenes replete with artistically slow-motion ejaculatory endings. While some in Middle America may frown their pork-skin, crumb covered faces at the theme of Gay love, or even Gay Communist love, surely the film's long look at the passion between these two men, with slow-motion ejaculatory endings, will change the low-brow's ignorant viewpoints.

Some have dared scoff at the portrayal of the film's villain, Senator Stanley Satan, the Protestant preacher from Alabama, who is depicted throughout wearing a red suit, beard, horns and carrying a pitchfork, but none can argue that his constant devouring of babies and puppies is an accurate depiction of the Republican stance on social issues.

While the bourgeois, low-brow, beer slugging Red State masses will probably not be smart enough to understand *Full of Heaven's* thought provoking and poignant Message that Gay Communism will triumph over Christianity's hate and oppression, those of us in New York and Los Angeles will no doubt enjoy this moving romantic love story, simply because we're smartest and best.

SAY HOWDY TO THE REAL  
LIGHT OF THE WORLD



THE SUN  
8000 YEARS LATER  
AND  
STILL A GOD

IN A SKY NEAR YOU

# POETRY FROM HG PETERSON



“Breaking the Gordian Knot in the Park”

Dedicated to Azura Skye

The other day I came across a fresh thing in the ground  
When I stepped upon it, it made a squishy sound  
It was sort of like a gurgle, like to a flushing john  
Curious I looked down, to see what I stepped on

The color was transparent, though not completely so  
If it were alive then its moving didn't go  
For when I went and took a stick and poked it several times  
It didn't react much at all except for a few whines

Wondering was it ectoplasm, I got down to examine  
For at a closer look it might be vomit of a salmon  
But why would fish, I thought, be walking down the road?  
It's quite less temperate than a watery abode

It was not coins or radishes, for certain not pureé  
Nor bioluminescent pork, nor the scab of an ofay  
I couldn't see a kiester, or joints like dear Phssthpok  
Could it be old muenster, or crushed caiman in a sock?

I tried to ask a man I saw about its genesis  
But he just smiled and mumbled about whale ambergris  
This I thought unusual and quite outside of true  
For they cannot perambulate, not even with four shoes

This, of course, is why I can't ever leave my home  
Without a vacuum sample tube and shock-absorbent foam  
In my satchel are always kept some beakers in a rag  
'cause samples sometimes spill out inside that battered bag

I sometimes take a ratchet and a candle with a wick  
And lest we not forget, there's that handy poking stick  
Always prepared to test out a putrid mass I find  
I keep these things with me. They give me peace of mind.

# **ON THE SUBJECT OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES**

## **BY STEVEN SINGE**



**Steven Singe is author of the book *Why Good Girls Like Bad Boys: Understanding the Global Currency Exchange Market in the 21st Century*. He enjoys gravy.**

I empathize with the conspiracy theorist. These great things happen that affect our lives, the lives of our fellows, the lives of our children and there is very little we can do about it. For some, it seems, that powerlessness manifests in recounting and believing fully such detailed folklore. I feel for their disconnect and their need to assert some control.

It's hard when you subscribe to some belief, subscribe to it so much that you forget where it came from and where it's taking you. It seems so important, so consuming. And here people don't believe you and you have to look at all of these others, others who "should know the truth," and all you can see is the wool pulled over their eyes by whatever bogeyman entity you hold dear.

Not only do you forget where your belief came from, but anywhere you can find it refers back to another person like you and another and another. That circular chain of whatever you consider evidence coming back around to itself again and again. You see people thinking like you and can't help but think you've found a brother or sister, a right-thinker and an expert of sorts (more on that later). You reinforce and encourage one another. It all highlights your powerlessness, but gives you some feeling of control.

You must absolutely know the truth!

But you know, somewhere, that your worldview is circumstantial and unsupported, but it resonates with a host of people (especially in those that disagree with you) and gives you that control you crave.

Events so complicated, so intricate, are boiled unceasingly down until a very simple explanation of evil or subterfuge arises. To you, coincidences just don't happen, there must be some intelligent design behind them. If they aren't there, you're happy to supply them.

You appeal to the common sense, you inject illogical constructs, embrace the unidentified source fully, take the experts out of context, essentially ignore any rebuttal of your facts (even when answering them) and demonize the experts while relying upon them in some form or another.

And here we have the Internet which gives some platform from which to speak, some resource from which to formulate and the bored masses with which to interact. I truly pity you sometimes. Somehow the sordid conspirators have concocted the perfect jail cell for your mind.

You travel about the web world, a world which denounces or distrusts the expert, which gives you your own place in which to expound upon your views. You're no longer relegated to a photocopied 'zine distributed from your home. You don't need experts, because you are one now.

No matter how dubious or how tightly proven, you have access to an avalanche of data. You can read in one place and go look it up in another. You're not terribly practiced in the art of scientific or historical research, usually not in the methodology of logic or trained in any of the areas you talk about, but you've got all this information to use. Pages and pages of it.

It gives you some comfort to exist in a realm where everyone can be an expert. It gives you some comfort to discuss your pet theories in an atmosphere of established standards of pseudo-logic, pseudo-rhetoric and even, sometimes, a vague parliamentary procedure.

That schism dichotomy in your brain is fueled by others like you and by the environment in which you interact with them and the non-believers. You, the populist autodidact expert against the amassed sheep of the world, eating and drinking that which whatever authority you abhor tells them is filet mignon and sauternes, but which you know, just looking at it, is feces and urine.

I truly pity you sometimes and wholly empathize with you when I see you thrashing about online or at parties or in the public square. If there was truly some way to help you, and I truly had the volition to go about such a task, I would try to help in whatever way I can. But, time and again, it seems there is no way to help you. Good luck and may whatever gods or demons in your life speed you on your course.

# ***It's Time for a Change!***



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Small classes and personal instruction will help you glue things to your face in no time!

Things and glue are provided! You must bring your own face!



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



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

---

## **Retailer's Nightmare**

Requirements: Backpack or shopping bag, various cans of food, boxes of pre-packaged meals, boxes of crackers, or other non-perishable foodstuffs. Two or more people.

Take the food goods into a non-grocery store, someplace like Petsmart, Home Depot, Borders or Bestbuy. Put out the food as though it's a sales display. If you enjoy merchandising, you might try to create an end-cap display of canned corn at the Virgin Megastore. Feel free to bring along fake price tags for the items as well.

## **Ti-Fi**

Requirements: Tin cans, length of string, perhaps some hand-crafted Ti-Fi brochures. Two or three people to be sales-reps.

Make tin-can telephones (you know, two tin cans connected by a piece of string). Take it to an area frequented by laptop users, you know, somewhere with wireless internet. Offer to show them the latest in wireless connectivity, "Ti-Fi." Then pull out the tin can phone and attempt to get them to use it. For bonus fun, try creating a USB attachment.

## Free the Holy Spirit

Requirements: Poster board, markers, megaphone (or energy-saving paper cone). Four or more people; the more the better.

Take your group to any Christian church. Hold up signs protesting the captivity of the Holy Spirit inside. Accost passersby and speak forcefully on the need to free the imprisoned Holy Spirit. Feel free to print out some handy pamphlets or palm cards.

## Transportation Charades

Requirements: Two to three people, preferably in some sort of mass-transit vehicle full of strangers (be it long bus ride, subway, train or aircraft).

In the middle of the trip have your group begin a game of charades. Try to get as many fellow travelers as you can involved in the game. Play for the remainder of the trip and have fun, a heck of a lot of fun.

## Tour Group Hijacking

Requirements: Official looking uniform or clothes, possibly pre-written note cards if ad-libbing is not your skill.

Simply go up to a place frequented by tour groups. Head to the front and wait for the guide to pause in their speech. Step up and begin loudly giving your own tour, spouting useless and erroneous information that you make up: "We are now coming upon the Queensboro Bridge, the bridge featured in the famous film Bridge on the River Kwai." Attempt to take the group with you down side streets, into stores and enjoy watching as the tour guide gets more and more flustered. If at all possible have two or more moles in the tour group who can try to sway the other group members into following you.

## Appliance Store Stock Trader

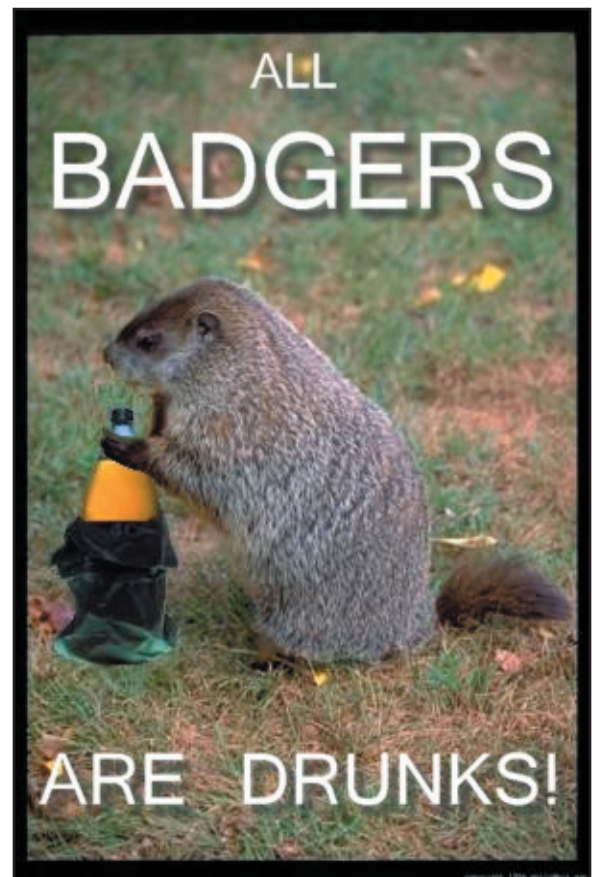
Requirements: Business apparel, lots of papers. Two to twelve people.

Go into an appliance store and begin changing all the display TVs to a financial network. Once the TVs are set, begin yelling as if you are trading stocks at the exchange. Use weird hand signals, shake papers violently in the air. If not stopped by security, retire after four or five minutes.

## Cleveland Kazoo Corps

Requirements: 12 or so kazoots and a matching number of kazoot players, matching clothes; perhaps t-shirts with "CKC" on them, perhaps a banner proclaiming the "Cleveland Kazoot Corps" in bold letters.

Get together and practice a few times, although it's okay if you happen to be terrible. Head to a popular public place and begin your parade. Find some interesting compositions to play; "Flight of the Valkyries," "Duel of the Fates," "Flight of the Bumblebee," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," or "God Save the Queen" (either the Sex Pistol's version or the UK national anthem).



## A City Under Seige

Requirements: Two or more people, fishing pole, rubber bat.

Find a local TV news van and wait until they're filming live. Have one person scream wildly about a massive cloud of killer bats decending on the city while the others use the poles to swing the rubber bats around threateningly. See if you can cause a city-wide panic. You can also use rubber spiders, or even stuffed monkey dolls.

# ASK MONTEZUMA

## ANSWERS FROM THE DEAD



**Montezuma II has been offering advice to the needy as part of his Ask-Mont, a prominent NGO in Montsylvania.**

Dearest Montezuma,  
I attended a luncheon function recently without wearing a cummerbund. This upset my dinner partners to no great end. They all had cummerbunds, but I did not. They were jealous as cummerbunds are notoriously uncomfortable to wear and, doubly, are silly looking articles of clothing. Furthermore, they felt that I breached the rules of formal etiquette with my faux pas. Why is a salad fork smaller than a dinner fork?

Yours truly,  
Mike Feeman  
New York, NY

*Dear Mr. Feeman,  
Did you know that tempered steel melts at a temperature of approximately 2000 degrees Fahrenheit? I'm not ashamed to admit that I didn't either until I looked it up in my handy pocketbook of scientific tables. I suggest that you carry one of*

*these pocketbooks in your pocket. That's what they were designed for, after all. Incidentally, were you wearing suspenders or a belt at your meal? This may affect which soup spoon you were supposed to use.*

Montezuma,  
I'm greatly afeared. I just learned that the Dutch may be false, completely made up. Is this true? Could the Dutch have never existed? What about that Dutchland over in Europe?  
Sincerely,  
Don't Understand These Conspiracy Hunches

*My friend DUTCH,  
It was the great future philosopher Karalyn Evans who once said "Filthy Dutch." And she was right. At least if she was discussing being covered in the finest chocolates in the world. The Netherlands are home to some of the best chocolatiers who bravely set out with sword and pistol to create milk chocolate, dark chocolate, semi-sweet chocolate, unsweetened baking chocolate and other forms of chocolate. From Zeeland to Holland and over to Groningen, The Netherlands make some, colloquially, damn fine chocolate. Also, never call The Netherlands "Holland." Holland is simply a province of the country wherein its capital is seated. Don't quit reading. Finish the column before you book your flight.*

Dear Montezuma,  
In the current issue of *Axes & Alleys* in the seventh and apparently last installment of "Scooter Memories," Scooter uses a dictaphone while he's in a

a room trying to discover how to solve Javier's puzzle. I'm curious. What's a dictaphone?

Yours,

By Jove! Old Romans Killed!

*Dear BJORK,*

*It took some heavy research to suss out the meaning of Dictaphone, but I think I've deduced its meaning quite well. Dicta is the plural of dictum. A dictum is a pronouncement of a formal nature coming from the Latin dicere. Such dicta are commonly found in judicial precedents and codes of laws. Phone comes from the Greek phone which means to say and is commonly used in relation to sound. I have determined that a Dictaphone is the sound that laws make.*

Hi Montezuma,

Where do babies come from?

Randy

Telarc, WD

*Randy's letter may just push this old imperialist firmly into the Internet Age. "Where do babies come from?" is one of those questions I receive again and again. I may soon have to institute an Often Inquired About section (you "netizens" may know it as an OIA) where I can deposit such queries. Suffice it to say, I suggest you order one of my books or consult a back-issue of Axes & Alleys.*

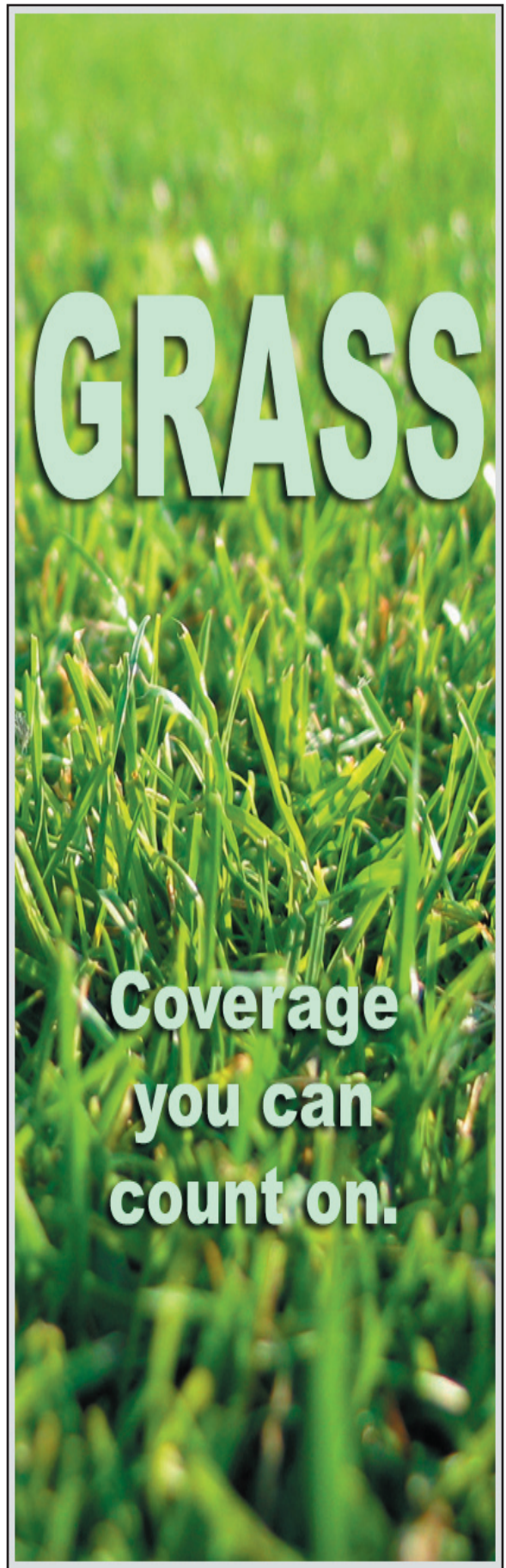
Dear Montezuma,

Why is it that animals never wear clothes, except for comically dressed chimps?

Marge O'Hammil

Toledo, Ohio

*I think it is because animals lack a working textile industry. The same's true for plants, fungus, protists, and all prokaryotic life forms yet identified by biologists. Excluding, for some reason, herons.*





come to

# The Snack Shack

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## MONKEYS!



Our Monkeys work day and night to create the finest snow cones known to man (or monkey).

Everyone Loves Snowcones!



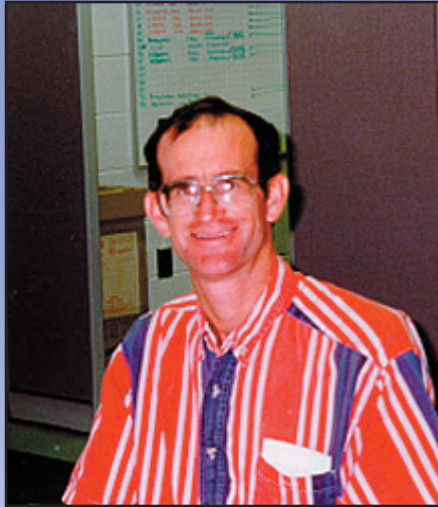
Now in 48 Flavors!

like  
PINE  
PINA COLADA  
GRAPE  
PORK  
SODA  
APPLE  
SPANISH  
and  
BANARAMA!

Locations At:  
45th and St. Clair in Bestoria  
and  
Wilmington Shopping Center  
in West Bestoria

**Warning!**  
Visitors are advised to not make  
eye contact with monkeys.

**AN EDITORIAL**  
**FROM THE DESK OF**  
**R. RAYMOND RYLES,**  
**SANITATION COMPTROLLER.**



Let's face it, the world is full of trash. Everything you buy or don't eat eventually becomes trash. Without garbage men our cities would be waste deep in filth. And without trucks, the garbage men couldn't do their job. It follows that without maintenance, those trucks wouldn't work. Yep, and without an allotment in the annual budget there wouldn't be any truck maintenance. And of course, there's the last part of it, the keystone of the whole operation; me. I'm the Sanitation Comptroller. It's my job to oversee the filing of the paperwork submitted by the Sanitation Department's Vehicle Maintenance Division, the V.M.D. as we call it in shorthand. There's the pink form first, that's the BM108, the Outgoing Expenditures Report. It's pink because the white copy goes to the Office of Budget Management, that's under the City Manager whose name is Tom Roland. There's another pink form which has no official number, it's just the Allocation and Resources form. Last but not least is the all important Operations Report, which I get

the white copy of. That one gets filed away, but not before I review it. Here's the fun part, the really fun part. All of these forms need to be stamped with a date when they are received. The BM108 is always delivered to our office in the City Hall, via the inter-office mail. Reggie, the mail guy, brings that one by because the V.M.D. has their offices on the fourth floor. My office is on the fifth floor, near the handicap restroom.

***“I’m the Sanitation  
Comptroller.  
It’s my job to  
oversee the filing  
of the paper  
work.”***

Now, the forms sometimes get mailed via the postal service, but the Operations Report can be mailed or emailed. Once it was even faxed. Those get sent over from all the garages where they do the maintenance. There's one for each of the districts.

Here in the Sanitation Department, we have our own way of dividing up the town. There are six districts, named so for their locations. Each has its own maintenance crews and depots, even though the V.M.D.'s main office is in City Hall, on the fourth floor, remember. It's a damn fine job and let's face it, I do a damn fine job. I think that maybe, in a past life, I must have been a Viking, because I really enjoy filing paperwork.

Yep, that's me; I'm the Sanitation Comptroller. You know where to find me; fifth floor, near the handicap bathroom.

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black lace-up corset and plaid pants with a wide black belt, stands against a black background. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

# Surprise #81

*When I was twelve I murdered a man at summer camp*



*Surprise™*  
*for her pits*

# **FIFTY THINGS**

## **YOU SHOULD NEVER DO**

1. Disobey a direct order.
2. Make a milkshake out of ice cream and dead snakes.
3. Allow the enemy admiral to cross the 'T.'
4. Create special yogurt from your wife's breast milk.
5. Write poetry.
6. Compose atonal music for the orchestra.
7. Turn a normal piece upside down to try and pass it off as the blank piece in Scrabble™.
8. Sell black market light bulbs.
9. Stalk Jeri Ryan.
10. Write your book report after watching the movie instead of reading the book.
11. Dishonor your ancestors.
12. Cover the Governor in gravy.
13. Try to become an astronaut by hanging around the NASA offices while wearing your home-made space suit.
14. Use an #3 (H) pencil on the standardized test.
15. Let the government tell you what's cool.
16. Barter nuclear weapons for candy corn.
17. Impersonate an industrial robot at a trial lawyers' convention.
18. Put an aircraft carrier in the Black Sea.
19. Show up to a gunfight with a giant electromagnet.
20. Pronounce anesthetize like Australians.
21. Fire rubber bullets in the forest.
22. Take more than one wife if you cannot provide equally for each one.
23. Assume the curling iron is unplugged and turned off when using it as a dildo.
24. Organize your record collection by the last name of the author of the liner notes.
25. Stuff a car radiator full of toasted ravioli "to make it cook quicker."
26. Be a monster and fight a giant robot made up of five smaller robots in the form of lions, cars or various animals.
27. Terminate with extreme prejudice whilst operating a train.
28. Keep a cookie sheet under your poncho.
29. Exorcise demons the Eastern Orthodox Way™.
30. Know what you had until it's gone.
31. Create a 5000 year plan.
32. Drink three 40s on an empty stomach and expect not to fall on your face.
33. Call it "crack-cocaine."
34. Change junior's diapers on the roof of a speeding bus.
35. Mistake a can of CS Teargas for a can of silly string.
36. Say "Yes officer, you may search my vehicle."
37. Raise infants on a vegan diet.
38. Allow a stranger to sever, cook and serve your own penis to you.
39. Use public lubricant.
40. Launch a nuclear missile from a submarine under the polar icecap.
41. Argue with God over the 37 cents he owes you.
42. Imagine hairdressers on Mars.
43. Bet on a horse named Lame Duck ridden by a jockey called Shifty.
44. Exhort Dennis Farina to cut his mustache.
45. Go anywhere near Ellen Ripley.
46. Rely on a group of more than three people to make intelligent decisions.
47. Deign to make peaches the official state fruit when you're Alabama.
48. Purchase the AmWay toast cozy.
49. Expect quality when buying in Chinatown.
50. Cheat Death at Chutes and Ladders.

# BIG TRUCK THING



**Do Many Things- Real Big- Big Truck Thing  
Make Job Easy if You Need Big Truck Thing.**

**Ponderada Motor Works**  
**Moving you around™**

## **CLASSIFIED ADVERTISMENTS**

### FOR SALE

Vial of *Afipia felis*. The patient is dead and I don't need it any more. Find Dr. Debre for purchase.

### FOR SALE

Sumantran Death Flower. Beautiful, fragrant, and will kill you. Johnson Co. Arboretum.

### FOR SALE

Modern and stylish communications device. Works only over short distances. Some splicing and puncturing may be required. Assembly necessary. For instructions, please email me.

### WANTED

Recorded sounds of Purgatory. Already possess authenticated recordings of Heaven and Hell and need this to complete my collection. Contact  
The Branch Ministries  
P.O. Box 60  
Turtletown, TN 37391

### WANTED

Furs. Will trade spices, incense and 14 gold per year. Dark Lord Napoleon, Paris. Just hit control, D and I'll send a messenger.

### FOR SALE

Entire pancake. Some of entire pancake missing. Aldebaric, Box 33.

### POSITION AVAILABLE

Muckraker needed to clean up various puddles of muck. Rake provided. Contact Pylon City Union. Pylon, PL.

### FOR SALE

Seventeen hundred laser-capable hamsters. Free ice cube tray included. Tony Blair, 10 Downing St. London SW1

### POSITION AVAILABLE.

We need a lion tamer to tame weasels. We figure the principle is the same. Katharinetowne Zoological Garden. Weasel Pavilion. 8810-43-9992-123.

### FOR RENT

Slightly-used brain. I am growing a new one and don't need this one so much of the time. \$50 or best offer. Emily Haines  
Toronto, Canada (just drop by)

### WANTED

Someone to fight me. I like fighting. Do you? Come fight me. You bastard. Ian Fidel  
239 Porkman Rd.  
Irvine, CA 92603

### FOR SALE

Mystical pantaloons. Nice sort of pleated style. Canvas colors. Careful, working the zipper will cause Djinn to appear. Trouser House, Box 482.

### FOR RENT

2 photons. Must possess diffraction grating to collect second photon. No refunds Mr. Gentry 777.

### FOR SALE

Cheese flavored bicycle. It tastes like cheddar. Enjoy licking the chain for only eight bucks. Call Ron Hamstead, Hamstead, UK. (E.U.).

### FOR SALE

New punctuation idea which fell flat. Nifcom Corp.  
Rebucque, WD

### FOR RENT

Terrible looking flag. Homemade Union Jack of napkins and doilies. Doesn't look very good. Armand D. Bone.  
718-009-3821. Ask for Armand.

### ON SALE

20% off all merchandise. Large objects receive deeper discount. Useful objects at regular price minus tax. Some objects on two-for-one special. Get objects! Box 231

### WANTED

Death of metric system. Metric is boring and inarcane. Imperial and similar much more interesting. Wish to help? [www.killmetric.org](http://www.killmetric.org)

### POSITION AVAILABLE

Tester needed to ingest chemicals to see if they're safe to eat. No health coverage provided. \$50 per chemical. Asterstar, Box 385.

### FOR SALE

Hybrid Imam/Priest. Certified halal and Catholic Cosher. House-trained. Good listener. Only occasional uprising. Well-versed in Latin and Arabic. Call Tony

### FOR RENT

Child's drawing of grapefruit. Not a good drawing. Yours for \$4 per hour. Dagon, the god.

# **Axes and Alleys**

was

**Conceived, Written and Produced**

by

**Scott Birdseye**

and

**Jeremy Rosen**

**With Some Additional Ideas by Rachel Fritz**



**2006 A.D.**

**for more information please consult**

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