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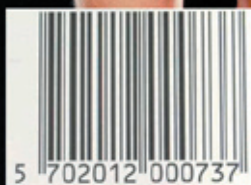
# Official Magazine of the RTRAMSOM

**a  
&  
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Volume  
456-BR7  
Issue 21  
Caliguly  
2006



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## The Algae Bra.

Easily confused with math\*, The Algae Bra will provide comfortable support combined with the impeccable Algae signature style.

\*The Algae Bra will not help you solve for X.

# ***Axes & Alleys: As Glorious as the Pants of God.***

Volume 456-BR7 Issue 21,  
Caliguly 2006

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## **Hey kids, it's Alouicious the Alien!**

This month the editorial board of *Axes & Alleys* met and decided that we didn't need a mascot for our magazine. Several ideas were submitted for what our mascot shouldn't be: Lucy the Snail, Darius the Wolf-Man Crab, Umberto the Fixed Wing Aircraft and Hambone the Abstract Concept. In the end there was really only one good choice for what our mascot shouldn't be.

Now we're making it official. The one mascot we will definitely never have to represent our magazine is Alouicious the Alien. Good old Alouicious the Alien embodies everything we despise about mascots. We will never have a mascot and we can say proudly that that mascot will definitely never be Alouicious the Alien. So look forward to many years of your favorite tractor repair and maintenance magazine not being represented by a cute little mascot named Alouicious the Alien. God, we hate mascots.

xxx 000

Delores R. Grunion



**The lovely Amy Acker portrayed the character of Fred on the slightly un-popular WB TV show *Angel*. We liked her best when she was evil and had blue hair.**

WRITTEN  
CORRESPONDENCES  
FROM GOOD NA-  
TURED GENTLEMEN  
WHO HAVE READ  
OUR PREVIOUS IN-  
STALLMENTS AND  
WISH TO COMMENT  
ON SOME ASPECTS  
THEREOF

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

Mimas keeps looking at me. This weird little moon has this giant eye on it and every time I see Mimas I swear the darned thing is looking right at me. It even follows me if I move around. My friend Joey said that I shouldn't worry. He says that Mimas is not a big eye at all, but rather the universe's largest breast. To him, it's not an eye, but rather a well-formed areola and perkily raised nipple. That doesn't help too much though, because I'm also afraid of women.

Travis Smiley,  
Roosevelt Island, NY

To the Editors,

Recently, I was locked in a library over a holiday weekday and forced to eat the complete works of Anais Nin in order to survive. As unfortunate as this was, it did give me plenty of time to catch up on my reading. Back in the bound periodical section I was able to find the complete *Axes & Alleys* issues dating back to your first issue in 1903. In the second issue, I found a slightly problematic mistake; your model of the Solar System from the article "Guide to Gentlemen Who Wish to Construct an Orrery in the Times of Leisure Available to Them" features the erroneous planets Vulcan, Planet X and Earth's once-hypothesized second moon Lilith. Detailed though the instructions may be, they completely ignore the important Martio-Jovian Asteroid Belt, the Unanio-Neptian Asteroid Buckle, the Oort Cloud, the Kuiper Belt, the dwarf planets of Pluto, Sedna, Quaoar and Xena, and the various comets. Also, throughout the article, the name of the inner most planet Mercury was consistently misspelled as "Mercurie." Also, the storm system known as the Great Red Spot on Jupiter was named several times as "The Evil Eye of the

Devil Planet." If *Axes & Alleys* is to maintain its quality, you should immediately fire the author of the piece, one Mr. Percival Lowell.

Thank you.

Michelle Trappenburgh  
Roosevelt Island, NY

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

In your last issue (Volume 456-BR7, No. 20), you featured an adhesive sticker which stated that babies are stupid. This is preposterous. Recently, my lab has done a great deal of research comparing the intelligence quotients of octopi, average house cats and babies. In the first test, the underwater maze, the octopus won hands down, while in the rat catching the cat was the clear victor. In the third test, the drooling and babbling portion, the baby excelled and put the octopus and the cat to shame. How can you say babies are stupid? In our test, we determined that octopi, average housecats and babies have the same intelligence level (3.33 out of a possible ten). Please stop putting erroneous information on stickers.

Cornelius Abernathy IV  
Roosevelt Island, NY

To *Axes & Alleys* Magazine,

My name is Erin Sneed and I work for the International Cuisine Institute here in Langley, Virginia. We have recently conducted magnesium-germanium dating tests which have proven that sauces were first created in 748 B.C. (+/- 8 years). We thought this information would be valuable for your records.

Jonathan Voldargo  
Roosevelt Island, NY

Dear Sirs,

While The Start is a perfectly good musical combo, their song "One Thousand Years" off their album *Initiation*, contains the lyric "...you're retrograde like planets slipping backwards." It should be noted that the planets in question are not actually slipping backwards. This is merely an apparent motion caused by the intricate dance of the planets as they make their way around the Sun (a star).

Lucy Martinmas  
Roosevelt Island, NY

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

Why don't you ever put birds like swans on your cover? It's a shame, if you ask me.

Mitchell T. Borax  
Roosevelt Island, NY





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NEWS OF THE WORLD



**VICTORY!**

**The War's Over  
And We Won!**





**Trieste, Italy** – The Bad Guys have been utterly and completely crushed, except for a platoon of holdout marines in this fine city. Also a naval grouping off the coast of Iceland. And of course the Bad Guy counterstroke in Sao Paolo, Brazil. Not to mention the Third Hue of Victory Fighter Wing located in a secret base high in the Andes. There's also the small matter of the Trans-Kazakh Armoured Division.

Nevertheless, the Good Guys have grasped a stellar victory to go down in the annals of record keeping. With F'a Dommen neutralized (opposite page), there's no question of our global domination. President Armstrong and the other leaders of the Good Guys have dispatched emissaries to what is left of the Bad Guy High Command and government.

Armstrong sent the French-Canadian Cirque du Soleil on a mission to meet with the Bad Guys in Trieste. It has been three days since the various acrobats, mimes, and other carnival folk made their way through the winding streets. While they have not been heard from since then, no one is particularly worried. Members of the Ringling Brothers & Barnum and Bailey Circus are on hand to pick up where they left off.

Iceland, meanwhile, has taken its greatened status amongst the Good Guys to heart and sent many citizens to the coast to laugh at the Bad Guy remnants cutting through its national

waters. Some nonsensical stories have been told through loudspeakers and the BG commanders there look ready to give in.

A similar tactic is being used against the forces arrayed in South America, where the infamous sexual allure of the local women has already resulted in desertion rates well above replacement levels. One squadron of fighters landed along the beach in Rio de Janeiro and is assumed to be alive and satiated with their new girlfriends. Word is the secret base will be located within a day.

Finally we come to the matter of the tanks in Central Asia. An ingenious system was developed by Lieutenant R.R. Cunningham whereby cardboard cutouts of tanks and infantry on rollers were attached to saiga antelope on the Kazakh steppes. As the antelope lead them further towards Russia, the Bad Guys are running out of ammunition, gasoline and food. Cunningham predicts the armored columns will run themselves down within a week with only the loss of two or three antelope in the process.

All this reporter can say is that with our men and women coming home with the emanations of victory emanating victoriousness from their beings, my fair readers would be well advised to invest in ticker tape stocks. We beat those bloody bastards and our troops are coming home!\*

\*The Madagascar contingent is slated for a tour of another three years due to guerrilla and lemur activity.

## NEWS OF THE WORLD

# Bad Guy Commander F'a Dommen

# CAPTURED!

**Tokyo, Japan-** It seems somehow fitting that a war involving millions of soldiers battling across five continents should end with a simple gunfight outside a Tokyo nightclub and noodle house. With less than hundred shots fired between thirty police and eight of F'a Dommen's elite Vermillion Guard, the Bad Guy supreme commander was captured, finally ending the war.

F'a Dommen had been on the run for nine days after fleeing in the aftermath of the Battle of Rangoon. The devious Bad Guy Commander was able to hijack a BL-104 "Floating Mushroom" Tactical Hot Air balloon, which he rode to safety. Landing in Taipei with eight of his Vermillion Guards, F'a Dommen snuck into Japan via a submersible watercraft and holed up in the Happy Garden Hotel and Noodle House. There, he set about planning his next move, but little did he realize that his time was nearly up.

Last Saturday night, F'a Dommen was betrayed when one of his elite body guards attempted to purchase a pair of Japanese school girl's used underpants. Apparently he offered the clerk fifty crime cash, unaware that the underpants vendor only accepted crime yen (the official illegal Sinonipponesian currency). Official police reports state that there was a confrontation and the Vermillion Guard officer killed the underpants salesman and escaped with 60,000 crime yen and several soiled pairs of white cotton, size "S," string bikini styled underpants.

Police gave chase immediately and eventually cornered the soldier as he attempted to meet up with his compatriots in the Mighty

Glowing Robot Disco and Noodle House night club. The ensuing gun battle left three police and six Bad Guys dead and at 1:34 AM local time, Honorable Police Force Captain Ozawa Ichi announced that F'a Dommen had been captured, ending a world-wide manhunt.

Currently, the Bad Guys are being held in the Tokyo Prefecture Maximum Security Prison and Noodle House, awaiting extradition to The Hague for trial. F'a Dommen did issue a statement, written with green crayon as he is not allowed anything sharp. In it he vowed to escape and promised:

"You have not seen the last of the Bad Guys. You think you won the war, but you have not and we will never be defeated. There's still our secret under-ground base in Antartica and you'll never find, much less capture, the Bad Guy Drome and you don't even know the location of the hidden Bad Guy Island. Know that I am Bad Guy Commander Arja F'a Dommen and I will have my revenge."

Using satellite recon, the Good Guy Army was able to locate the Antartic base and neutralize it. Only hours later the "Bad Guy Island," otherwise known as Manhattan, was found and the Bad Guy Drome in Tribeca was located and captured. The death ray that F'a Dommen had threatened to destroy Singapore with turned out to be a simple flashlight hooked up to a car battery. Fire department sources indicated that, even with the extra power, the flashlight posed no danger.



# ARTILLERY



## RAZE YOUR EXPECTATIONS

**RICKY'S MILITARY SURPLUS**  
**HIGHWAY 103, FRANKLIN, AL**



**In the early days of the 13th Century Ghengis Kahn conquered all of Asia.  
His empire stretched 5000 miles from Budapest to Beijing.**

**He didn't have a High School Diploma.**

**In fact, no one with a high school diploma has ever conquered Asia.**

**Not one high school graduate has even come close.**



**Drop Out Today  
And Success  
Is On the Way!**





# THE MARCH OF PROGRESS



## Scientists Perfect the Cold-Air Balloon

**Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder:** Hard-working scientists at the Cold-Air Institute prepare Intrepid IV, their newest cold air balloon.

Though hot air has existed for millions of years it was not harnessed by man until the year 1783 when the Montgolfier brothers first sent aloft a rooster, a bag of corn and a wolf. The first hot air balloon proved a success, but unfortunately the rooster ate the corn and then the rooster was eaten by the wolf which was in turn ingested by the hot air balloon.

Hot air ballooning is more popular than ever, captivating the imaginations of dozens of American citizens. There are more than three hot air ballooning clubs in the United States. There is even an email newsletter related to hot air ballooning sent out every two weeks to nearly 47 subscribers. The US Hot Air Balloon Survey Corps estimates that there are twenty five to thirty hot air balloons in the United States alone. One is even equipped with a capsule and turning vents.

Yet with all the grand developments in ballooning over the past fifty years, there has never been one single cold-air balloon. No one had ever seriously attempted such a feat, and most who did were openly scoffed at by the balloon-loving public. That changed forever last month when scientists at the prestigious, AsterStar-owned Cold-Air Institute developed the world's first cold-air balloon. An amazing invention, the cold-air balloon can attain an altitude of zero to two feet.

Launched from greater heights, the cold-air balloon can even attain negative altitude through the judicious use of a cooling system powered primarily by expired fire extinguishers. As it does not involve combustible gasses and its undercarriage is heavily-armored, the cold-air balloon is much safer to operate than its hot air cousin. When asked what he thought of the cold-air balloon, hot air balloon enthusiast R. Ernie Lee refused to return our calls.

The Justice Department is already involved in the hot air versus cold-air ballooning debate. Only last week, violence exploded when fans of hot air balloons encountered a group of homebrew cold-air balloonists preparing to cast off in a field outside of Wilmington, DE. While the cold-air practitioners were safely ensconced in their reinforced gondolas, the hot air mavens received several superficial injuries and a pair of broken bones in their attempt to destroy the chilling vehicles of flight.

The dispute has even spread to the nation's youth, with playground scuffles occurring on an almost daily basis. Parents are increasingly worried, but none of that seems to bother young, steely-eyed Bobby Shaw, age 8.

"No ma'am, it sure don't take much to bring down a balloon..."

# Introducing the World's Most Powerful Vacuum Cleaner that Plays Banjo Music.



## **112-699** Vacuum Cleaner

---

- \*Powerful, 10hp motor for even the toughest jobs.
- \*Light weight and easy to use.
- \*On/Off switch.
- \*Pre-select ten banjo music favorites from our 1,000 song catalogue.
- \*Super-durable 10 foot cord allows you to reach anywhere.
- \*160 watt speaker plays real banjo music.
- \*Ideal for vacuuming while listening to banjo music.



# The Axes & Alleys HISTORIGON

During this month in history:

\*2003 AD: After seven months, four days and nine hours, the band Hovercraft finally breaks the world record for the longest ever rendition of the song "Da Doo Ron Ron."

\*1996 AD: With two years and 50,000 man hours behind them, Steve Seljuk and his staff of 1200 researchers almost finish cataloging the Internet so that users may easily find what they need on the World Wide Web.

\*1982 AD: Tasmanian heart surgeon Charlotte Canberra invents the first successful cowboy hat for monitor lizards.

\*1953 AD: Yumjaagiyn Tsendenbal, General Secretary of the Mongolian People's Revolutionary Party, learns about chocolate milk from an old copy of Life magazine. Cocoa-flavored mare's milk never quite takes off.

\*1929 AD: After losing all his money in the stock market crash, Rodger Yasper Yates begins to regret purchasing 8 million shares of Fake Company Ltd.

\*1881AD: In order to ring in the new year, young lovers Adeline Smith and Charles Hutley, and their chaperone, share a raspberry phosphate.

\*1643 AD: Scottish pig farmer Malcolm MacDonald fails to be elected to the Papacy.

\*1555 AD: Henry II of France answers a courtier that, yes, he was rather fond of blue. The same courtier then asked Henry to pass the honeyed cakes and was later executed.

\*1416 AD: Roger the Sheepfarmer, while in bed, first thinks himself accursed that he had not ridden with Henry V at Agincourt on St. Crispin's day.

\*1300 AD: Sirmiq Takiyok wakes up in his igloo and imagines it will likely be another day of seal hunting and the stench of burning blubber. He sighs.

\*1111 AD: Upon taking over his father's seat, Baldwin of Flanders casually wonders what the world would be like if dogs could talk. To a friend he jokes "If dogs could talk, they'd probably ask for more food."

\*832 AD: What would become known as the Canary Islands enter their 7000<sup>th</sup> consecutive year of uselessness.

\*642AD: As the Muslims storm Egypt, young Malmud of Medina looks up at the Great Pyramid of Cheops and realizes that it is indeed rather tall. Later, upon returning home, he attempts to dramatize the size of the pyramid by using large, sweeping hand gestures.

\*124 AD: A young man found a young woman attractive.

\*3 BC: Multanifi gets bored with the sleep-inducing sounds of the traditional didgeridoo and invents an advanced, oboe-like instrument in a matter of hours.

\*795 BC: Some barbarians come steaming through the Asian steppes.

\*1430 BC: This Egyptian joke is inscribed near the source of The Nile: How many Nubians can travel the river together in one boat? Five!

\*2347 BC: Researchers in Atlantis discover that all galaxies appear to be moving away from one another. This discovery is overshadowed by the simultaneous invention of the sandwich.

\*4502 BC: Sumerian barley farmer Shashtafarmmin finds the barely soup he had accidentally left buried in an earthen pitcher for the winter. Later he and his wife invent drunken sloppy sex.



## Katie Stalin: Out and About



**Katie Stalin is an inquisitive girl and holds the record for the world's prettiest ping-pong player. Her appetite for nachos is insatiable and she loves to collect interesting looking protractors.**

**The Middle of the Atlantic Ocean-** A funny thing happened to me on the way to Bermuda. You see, I was supposed to go to Bermuda to check out the local fishing industry. They catch quite a few wolf-man crabs around there, which I guess they shouldn't call fishing, since crabs aren't fish, but ah well, what are you gonna do? Nothing probably.

To get to Bermuda I booked a ticket for this cruise ship called *The Splendor of Norway*. It was totally nice and even had a lido deck. I have no idea what a lido is or why it needs its own deck, but still, it had a lido deck. We set sail from Miami on a Friday and the weather was all nice and sunny. That first day, after stowing my supplies in my room, I hit the deck

and stretched out on a chair there to catch some rays. Later, I made out with this guy I met at the buffet. There had to be three types of chowder and a guy who cut up the roast beef for you right there at the buffet table. It was a nice buffet, probably the fourth best buffet I've ever eaten at. No nachos though. I was having so much fun and we still had two days left till we reached Bermuda.

Okay, this is where it gets weird. It turns out there's this three sided area called the Bermuda Triangle. I'd never even heard of it until *The Splendor of Norway* was halfway through it. And of course, wouldn't you guess, the entire ship disappeared. Totally, it just vanished. Luckily I had had too many tequilas and had fallen overboard right before it blinked out of existence.

Fortunately a few bits of the ship survived, including a life raft which I took. There was a radio on board, but I couldn't pick up any stations on it, there was some talk, but no good music or anything. It was solar powered. Neat. After a bit I got hungry so I unthreaded part of my shirt into a long string and made a hook out of my key ring. Yep, I caught some fish and ate them raw, just like sushi. Later, I drank some rain water.

Finally I got rescued by some passing Japanese fishermen. I don't really know what Japanese fishermen were doing in the Atlantic. Though I did ask them if catching crabs was really fishing. They said it wasn't at all. They said it was called crabbing. Just goes to show you that people in Bermuda don't know what they're talking about. Now, it's Monday and I'm headed back to civilization. If you happen to spot *The Splendor of Norway*, you should alert the Coast Guard, and should you see that guy from the buffet table, give him my number okay.



# POETRY STYLED WRITING FROM H.G. PETERSON



“Nail it to the Door in the Park”

by H.G. Peterson

During the Black Death the pilgrimages stopped  
With half the folks dead, the land value dropped  
As the priests could do nothing to stop the evil plague  
Love for Mother Church hopped on its last leg

The Church's legitimacy was basically gone  
With one pope in Rome and one in Avignon  
With bank accounts falling, his spirits were low  
And the Pope figured he had one way to go

If good works could your sins wipe away  
Instead of good works, why don't you just pay?  
Good works take time and since time is money  
Just give the Church gold and everything's sunny

Was paying gold for forgiveness what God had in mind  
When the rules for good life He clearly defined?  
One fellow in Wittenberg wasn't quite sure  
That writing a cheque would make your soul pure

So Martin Luther, the above-mentioned priest  
Realized the sell of indulgences should be ceased  
In 1517 on Halloween night  
He decided that he should set this thing right

He nailed to the Wittenberg church's door  
Ninety five things that told them what for  
German jaws dropped seeing this information  
And thus began the Great Reformation

Soon after that Rome's power did snore  
And now Papal Bulls you can safely ignore

# **AN INTERVIEW WITH** **RIVERS CUOMO**

**With Substitute Interviewer Tim Wright,  
Sitting in for Regular Interviewer Timothy Wright (No Relation)**



**Weezer Front-Man Rivers Cuomo bears an eerily uncanny resemblance to Peter Parker, who is also known as *Catwoman*.**

---

Just recently, I purchased the latest Assortment of Lackluster But Ubiquitous Music (ALBUM) by prominent rock & roll quartet Weezer, entitled *Make Believe*. I was highly disappointed by this CD's general lack of musical quality, and it got me to thinking...what happened to the Weezer of yesteryear? The Weezer that delighted us with quirky acoustic ballads and whimsical rock concoctions? The Weezer that lit up the stage with soaring harmonies and awkward, geeky soliloquies? The Weezer that made us smile by taking home the gold for the US in the 2006 Winter Olympics Four-Man Bobsleigh and Short Track Speed Skating relay competitions? I missed the kind of music that I was used to hearing from Weezer's first two albums, so I decided to track down lead singer and principal songwriter Rivers Cuomo and have a nice fireside chat with him to find out his perspective on the band's musical development over the years.

I invited Rivers to what he thought was an interview for popular regional teen magazine

*Montsylvania Rox U!*, a normally peppy and upbeat periodical that had just been the subject of severe government criticism due to the questionable employment practices of its *X-treme Financial Services and Retirement!* subdivision. Despite its recent troubles, however, I knew that Rivers still respected the magazine for its in-depth coverage of the Chef Boyardee spaghetti rebellion (and the ensuing processed noodle famine of 1998, which claimed over 170,000 lives in New Jersey alone), so I was sure that he would accept the invitation to sit down with me for a while.

However, when he arrived at our studio it became clear to him that he was going to be dealing with the uncompromising and no-nonsense reporting of this fine publication instead (one of the top three tractor repair and maintenance digests in the upper-Midwest tri-county area). He became slightly nervous, so I pulled up a chair for the both of us and offered him something to drink. Thus our interview began.



**Me:** Hi Rivers, would you like some coffee?

**Rivers:** Um, sure. Who are you?

**Me:** My name is Tim, but it's only important that you know me as a somewhat disenchanted Weezer fan.

**Rivers:** Why do you say that?

**Me:** Well, I really liked Weezer's early music, but these last few albums have just been...how can I say it...lamentable. What's the deal, Rivers?

**Rivers:** I know, I know. Look, everybody loved our first two albums so much, and we were so busy touring, and...okay. This isn't easy for me to say, but...

**Me:** You can feel safe here, Rivers. Have some more coffee!

**Rivers:** Okay. I haven't told anyone this before, but something's been happening to me these past few years when I try to write songs. I sit down, I pick up my pencil... and then Carlo starts screaming.

**Me:** Who?

**Rivers:** Carlo... My Sherpa manservant. He... he's writing all of our songs now.

**Me:** What!? Your manservant? What are you talking about?

**Rivers:** I met him on the Pinkerton tour. We're soul mates, you know. We do everything together. I can't imagine my life without him.

**Me:** Let me get this straight. Your Sherpa manservant Carlo... is writing Weezer songs?

**Rivers:** Yeah, since *The Green Album*. He won't let me write what I want to anymore. Every time I'm in the middle of coming up with an idea, he just starts yelling until I let him do everything his way. I still love him, though.

**Me:** You've gotta be kidding me.

**Rivers:** No, it's true. Hey... this coffee tastes a little weir...

**Me:** ...alright, now I really don't regret what I just did to you.

**Rivers:** ...what... what do you mean?

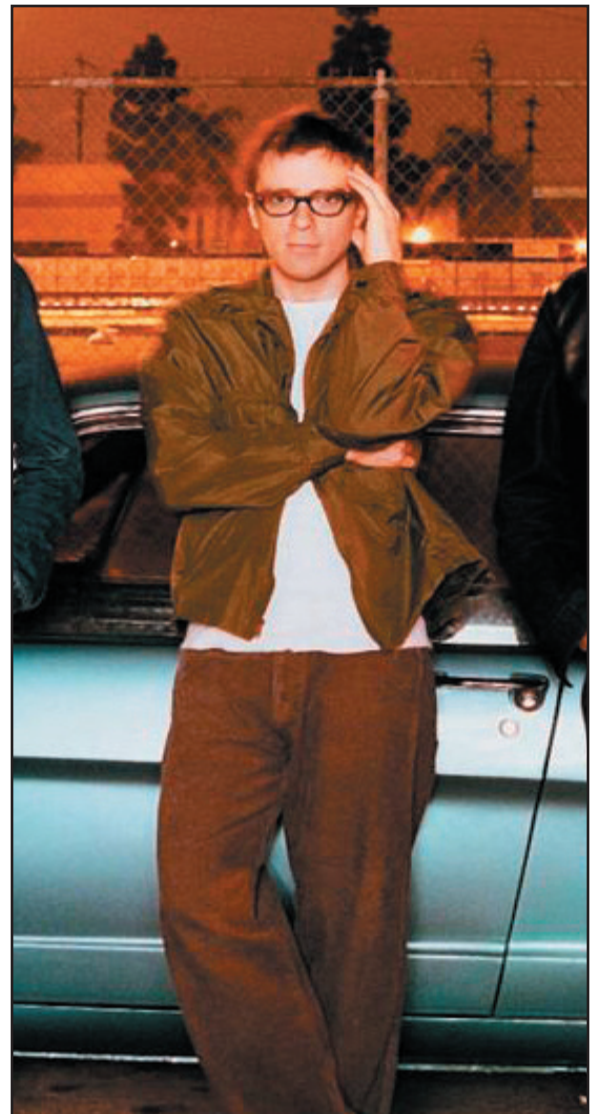
**Me:** That's it? That's your excuse for Weezer's fall from grace? I can't believe it. I don't know what to say. I just don't know what to say, Rivers. Other than this...

**Rivers:** ...okay man, I wanna get out of he...

**Me:** I put three sugar in your coffee, you son of a bitch!

**Rivers:** .....

Thus our interview ended. I never found if Rivers was really telling the truth about Weezer's musical decline or not, but he did drop his glasses as he ran out and I'm keeping them.



**Editor's Note:** The spectacles of Rivers Cuomo were subsequently returned to him via the U.S. Postal Service.

**AN EDITORIAL**  
**FROM THE DESK OF PHILLIP R. DICK**  
**“THE SCOURGE OF PANTS”**



Did you know that roughly seventy-nine percent of people throughout the world wear pants on a regular basis? This is a horrible fact when you think about it. In actuality pants are nothing more than exceptionally-loose tights or bifurcated skirts. There are those who claim pants are just long shorts, but this is a silly opinion as shorts are just short long pants.

Pants were invented by a Mr. Pants of the Seventeenth Century, who first donned what were then called pantaloons. Since that day men everywhere, and some women, have been forced to exist under the Tyranny of the Pants. This is most unfortunate as pants are an uncomfortable and unreliable garment.

Did you know that 78.5% of criminals wore pants while committing their crimes? It is true, most criminals are men; men who wear pants. A minority of crimes are committed by skirt-wearing people. Is the problem of crime in society caused by pants? It can't be proven definitively, but the statistics seem to show that perhaps all ills in society find their foundation in the wearing of pants.

When the climate is hot, pants are

uncomfortable. Pants are not quite acceptable.

Everyone knows that skirts are far more comfortable. Skirts allow for free air flow and even freer movement. In battle, pants are restrictive while skirts allow you to defeat your enemies in comfort, and in the latest fashions. Let us not forget that the brave Spartans at Thermopylae were wearing skirts while their insidious Persian foes were clad in leather trousers.

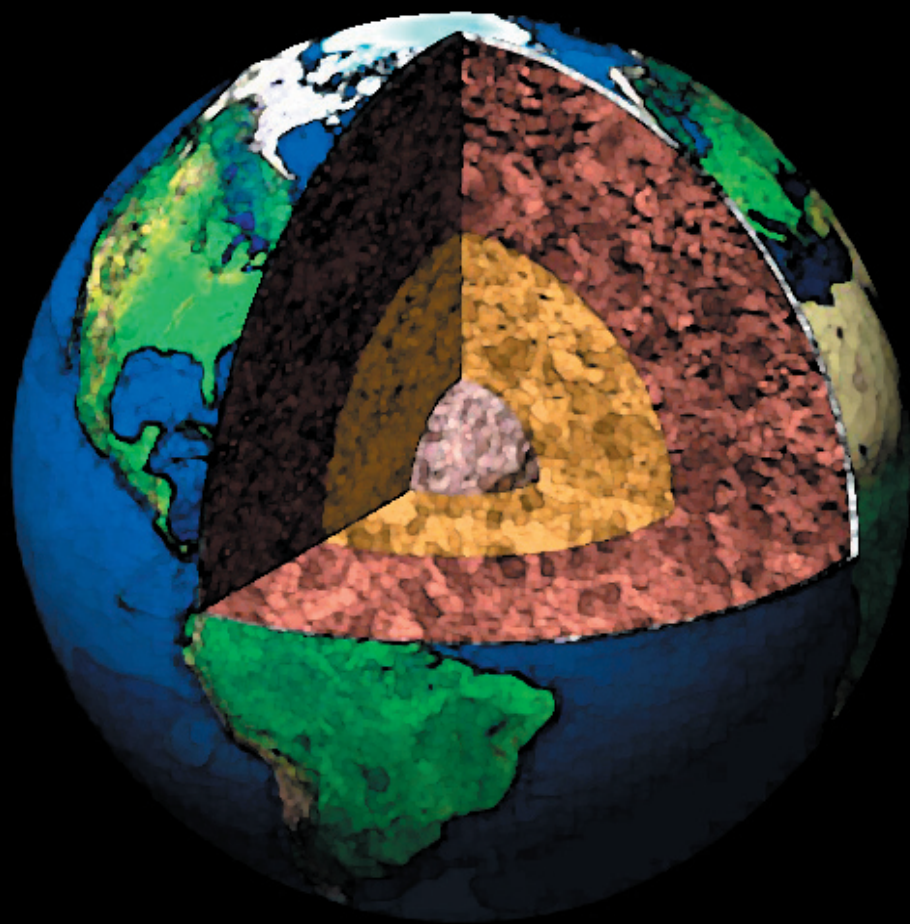
Pants come in only a few styles, fabrics and colors. Skirts come in brand new styles each season; from the monochrome mini to the long, patterned and flowing, to the dark and metal-adorned bondage style. Skirts allow each individual to choose their own style and fashion. Whether you prefer the thin pencil skirt or the flowing, flowery style, you can be certain that there will always be a skirt available to best suit your own particular mood or personality.

Pants represent nothing but structure, limits and death. Skirts are about freedom. Skirts are about comfort. Skirts are about individuality. So, next time you want to feel special, why not give the pants a miss and try a skirt instead. 83% of Scotsmen would agree with you.



# MOHO

**The Mohorovicic Discontinuity**



**KEEPING LAVA IN ITS PLACE.**

## A TRIP TO THE MUSEUM WITH DIRK BENEDICT



It was an early day and though a haze seemed to break the sunlight into a thousand intimate shards, a glow of beauty hung about the city as Dirk Benedict and I strolled along the edge of Central Park. Smiling gently, as he often does, he pricked an already yellowing leaf from a nearby tree. Instantly he identified it to me as a North American white oak, of the species *Quercus alba*. Continuing our saunter in the direction of the museum, he spoke a bit on the subject of forestry and of conservation. Never one to preach or even cajole, Dirk Benedict instead told me of the beauty of Montana and as his words melted into the sweetest of poetry, I thought I saw half a tear form in the corner of his eye. Not a tear of sadness, but a simple illustration of how moved by beauty Dirk Benedict can be.

Tossing the leaf aside in his robustly casual manner, he began to sing a lovely song of the Old Country and we picked up our pace and bounded up the steps of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. With his Diner's Club card in hand, he of course offered to pay for my entrance fee, but I declined his ever-present chivalry, though he did smile and assist me as I struggled to clip the little orange pin to my lapel. We made our way right, toward the Egypt section. It's been said that Egypt is the gift of the Nile. Well, I must add my own comment that enjoyment is the gift of Dirk Benedict's company.

As we strode down each hall, he would point to various works of art and make their beauty and history come alive in his eloquence. Mere oils on canvas became living legends as Dirk Benedict explained their significance. His words brought alive the torture and pain of each artist's soul. In the hall of armor, Dirk eyed each suit of glistening metal intently, as if he could look into the past and see the glory and pageantry of ages long gone. Breaking the rules, as independent spirits oft do, he patted one of the suits of armor, closed his eyes delicately and almost beneath a whisper, released the ancient soul to Valhalla.

Before we left, he made certain to pause by a portrait of George Washington, and as Dirk Benedict's eyes met the portrait, he inhaled defiantly and then invoked the painting, with a simple wish that our nation never fail to live up to the standards and dreams of the Father of Our Country. For a moment, I turned, lest I interrupt this private tête-à-tête. But before I could even look away, Dirk came springing up behind me with a playful twinkle in his eye.

You see, Dirk Benedict had an idea and I couldn't help but go along with him. Leaving the museum he paused by the door to recycle our pins and then out into the sunlight we went, where, from a vendor's cart, he procured a couple of ice cream sandwiches and we enjoyed their cool, creamy deliciousness all the way back to the train.





# IRON PYRITE

The Choice of Descriminating Fools

# **ASK MONTEZUMA**

## **ANSWERS FROM THE GREAT BEYOND!**



**Besides being a syndicated columnist, Montezuma is also a talented light-house refurbisher, fisherman, and watercolour aficionado.**

Dear Montezuma,  
I noticed that in some of your earlier columns it was called "Dear Montezuma." This was discovered because I lost one of my favorites and had to go to the library to look through their back issues, where I discovered that all the columns were now called "Ask Montezuma." I couldn't find any of the "Dear Montezuma" columns. In fact, even your images have been changed. Did you, in fact, die in a car crash? Are you, in fact, an imposter created by the *Axes & Alleys* editors?

Sincerely,  
Lois L. Louis  
Peoria, IL

*In the earliest part of my tenure with Axes & Alleys I attended a wonderful meeting of minds at the national headquarters of the Union of Advice Columnists United. Many days were spent imbibing various European liquors, supping on barbecued oysters and discussing the advice-giving methods of the day. Several of my colleagues queried me about changing the font of the column. Many thought their readers might confuse my column with theirs if it was titled in the*

*font. Fonts are of interest to some, but not to me, so immediately I gave over. However, according to the layout director, the new font simply did not balance well with the page. He valiantly attempted changing the size of the font, unlimbering his fingers to help him select a new size from a drop down menu, but at its very end the title still didn't look good in his eyes. I suggested that since most people ask me questions, we might consider trying "Ask Montezuma" instead. This caused a flurry of excitement in the layout director and he spent several hours changing to the new name, which according to him "looked okay." And so that was the title with which we went. Even in the small things I proffer excellent advice.*

Hey Montezuma,  
I want to know what the best way is to get ear wax off of a cat.

Best,  
Tegan Quin  
Vancouver, BC

*Tegan, Cat Fancy, Kitty Cat Care Weekly, and the MCATDA Veterinary Medicine Department all recommend using the Extra-Feline Substance Removal Manual IV as a reference for all such needs.*

Dear Montezuma,  
I love giant roadside attraction figures, like that life-size Jolly Green Giant in Minnesota, or the vengeful Father Junipero Serra in California. I don't care what they're made of. It can be plaster, fiberglass, chicken wire and goat carcasses. I really don't care. Can the blood of a mongoose truly offer salvation?

Ziggy  
Highway 45 West

*Oh dear, Zigger, you're in quite a conundrum there. Your interest in salvation via the ichor of a member of the Herpestidae family coupled with your five-lettered name beginning in Z shows me via deductive reasoning that you are a member of the*



*Pleistopodean religion. As such, and given the location from which you are writing, I must remind you that you may have excommunicated yourself by writing a letter whilst facing west. The imperilment of your salvation has, unfortunately, likely been assured.*

Montezuma,  
Do 24 hour candles really burn for 24 hours?  
Is there a way to test this?  
Yours,  
Eli Jitney Bamburger  
Grand Flemish, AC

*Unfortunately I am at this time involved in a lawsuit with several makers of 24 hour candles and unable to comment at this time.*

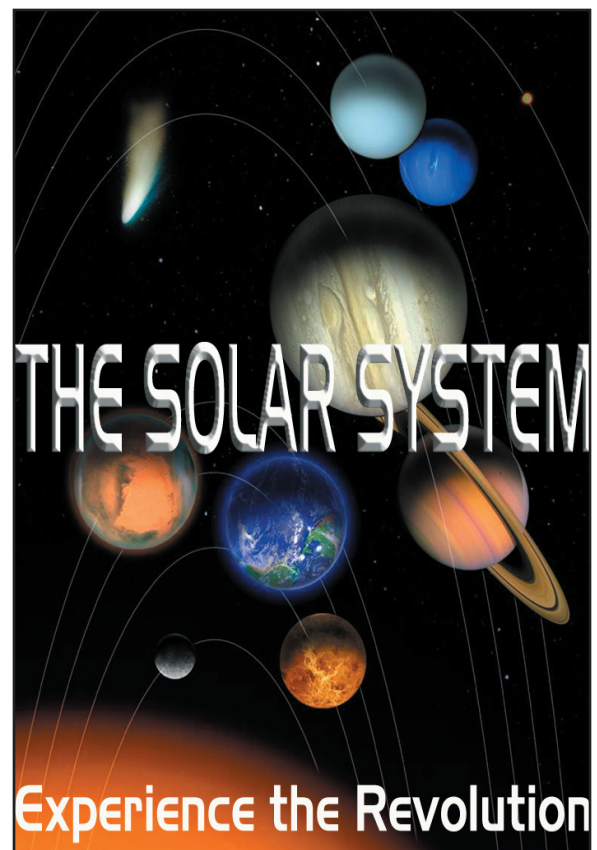
Dear Montezuma,  
How come I am forced to go to a public indoctrination facility for six hours out of every day for 14 years, because if I don't gun-toting thugs who call themselves the government will come to my home and kill my parents?  
Moog Mossberger  
Helena, MT


*MM, although incidences of parents who have refused to send their children to public indoctrination centers and thus been killed by the government has decreased somewhat in the first two quarters of the year, this continues to be a concern to many Americans. Of course the military operations conducted against thousands of citizens for tax evasion in conjunction with the court system maintains its place as the number one problem in the country today. The best solution is a system whereby small groups of families and residents band together by voluntary agreement in order to manage their affairs. Public sanitation, light and heavy industry, technical innovation and mutual defense are more easily carried out by untaxed citizens controlling their own affairs rather than the monstrous indignity and inevitable infringement of rights inherent in a centralized federal government.*

Dear Montezuma,  
My dad got a promotion, we're now wealthy and live in a different city. The neighbors have a ton more money, but they're a bunch of no-good snobs who look down on me and my family. The other kids sometimes snicker at me and run after me yelling "nouveaux riches." Nevertheless, my mother thinks they're perfect. We've argued about it constantly, but she says their coffee table books are better than ours. Is it true that the neighbors are perfect and better than us?  
Sally McPhee  
Yonkers, NY

*Sally, yes it is true. The more money you have, the better kind of person you are, both by society's standards and natural law. The high-quality coffee table books are simply further proof of the state of affairs. You might complement the other kids on their enlightened embrace of the endowments given to them by their Creator as well as their excellent grasp of French phraseology.*

**Please Check Back Next Month for More "Ask Montezuma. Who Knows? He May Answer Your Queststion About Lemurs!"**





## Ten Easy Ways to Increase Your Brain Power

1. They say that fish is brain food, so why not eat the smartest fish of all; the dolphin. Studies show that eating one pickled dolphin brain a day can raise your SAT score by as many as three points.
2. Try trepanation; it releases pressure on the brain so more wisdom can fit in there.
3. Attach a couple of 9V batteries to a magnet and then run a wire to a knitting needle. Just jam the needle in your head and you'll be using electro-mental powers in no time.
4. Wear a metal colander on your head. It helps focus mental radiation.
5. Use chemicals to break down the blood-brain barrier so you can let all your symbiotic parasites help with the thinking.
6. Try handy mnemonic devices. For instance you can remember the order of the first Ten Amendments to the Constitution as Only (one) Tumulous (two) Thoroughbreds (three) Fight (four) Fancy (five) Souped-up (six) Silverfish (seven) Every (eight) Night (nine) Tentatively (ten). Easy as pie.
7. Put a metal colander on your head to keep in mental radiation. Cover it with tinfoil, to help block out anti-mentation interference (AMI).
8. Try to imagine squares, circles, and triangles as three-dimensional objects.
9. Plug up your nose and ears with cotton balls to stop your knowledge from leaking out.
10. Try thinking harder.



# **FIFTY WAYS** **TO HAVE FUN WITH TONGS**

1. See how many turtles you can pick up at once.
2. Play "Wipeout" on your pots and pans.
3. Use them to sling hot coals at bears.
4. Taunt people whose thumbs are amputated.
5. Use them as a handy hat remover.
6. Cut the tongs in half. Glue one half to your stomach and the other to your back. Splatter some fake blood about your torso and pretend someone stabbed you.
7. Use tongs to do work on Sabbath. Ask forgiveness.
8. Sell tongs on an infomercial as "Super Grip 9000."
9. Bend paper.
10. Press tongs onto skin for a minute. Be fascinated by red tong impressions.
11. Invent new party game called "Capture the balloon."
12. Use tongs to gently stroke cat's back. The cat will enjoy it.
13. Remove corn from boiling water. Place on plate for eating. Salt to taste.
14. Manipulate marionette.
15. Use tongs to pick up biohazardous needle on beach.
16. Mock talkative person by pretending tongs are their mouth. Open and close tong prongs rapidly.
17. Use as ineffective catapult.
18. Join mariachi band. Use tongs as castanet's.
19. Lightly tap congresspersons on the head with tongs. Giggle.
20. Use to pick only the good bits out of the chicken soup.
21. Provide your wife with home gynecological exams.
22. Secretly replace cavalry officer's sword with tongs. Laugh as he attempts to lead charge.
23. After much training, use tongs to grasp flies out of the air.
24. Use to teach children about biangles.
25. Attempt to dial a number on a rotary telephone.
26. Hold a cigarette while smoking.
27. Put one in each hand and live among the crabs for a week.
28. Use them on the job when coworkers complain about you doing work too fast.
29. Conduct a symphony.
30. Paint them in rainbows to celebrate Gay Pride.
31. Make a game for kids using tongs and toothpicks, and the picking up thereof.
32. Juggle glasses.
33. Cane prisoners of war for infractions.
34. Cover with a condom and attempt to open.
35. Move your collectible action figures without getting human oils on the packaging.
36. Encourage rebellion and civil unrest in areas lacking tong technology by giving tongs to an ethnic, political or racial minority.
37. Waggle tongs over your head when your sports team or military is victorious.
38. Spend the day counting from one to two by opening and closing the tongs.
39. Stick them on the end of a broom and spin them around to create the illusion of a cone.
40. Purchase various spherical foodstuffs, then pretend to pluck the eye out of different-sized animals with them.
41. Use them like a dowsing rod to find water.
42. Insert into gravy. Open tongs to stir twice as effectively.
43. Turn book pages without annoying licking.
44. Throw into cave. Should anyone ask about tongs, lie and say you lost them.
45. Prove effectiveness of wrench by attempting to remove bolts with tongs.
46. Offer Rivers Cuomo tongs in exchange for private Weezer concert at your birth day party.
47. Measure height of Chrysler Building in tong units.
48. Get a bunch of fish and stick them in a barrel. Use tongs to alternately stir them, poke them and grab them.
49. Dip tongs in fruit punch. Stick in freezer to create tongcicle.
50. Pretend to be an ancient Greek warrior with tongs.



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***FALL-PROOF GRAVITY***

***Check with your local Gravity Provider  
for more information about the availability  
of Asterstar's new FALL-PROOF GRAVITY***



**ASTERSTAR  
TECHNOLOGIES**



# AXES & ALLEYS' STICKER PAGE

JUST PRINT THESE OUT ON ADHESIVE PAPER AND  
THEN STICK THEM ON OBJECTS.



I AM A:

- ☐ MAN
- ☐ WOMAN
- ☐ OTHER

SID MEIER ALL-GIRL  
FAN CLUB #998



Practice  
Glum  
Safety



Do Not Lick the Astronaut





# WINGNUTS

## Are Cool. Damn it.

American Wingnut and Other Nut Consortium



## **CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS**

### **FOR SALE**

Home-made robot costume. Made of 1 in. thick iron plates. Weight: 1.2 metric tonnes. Difficult to move in. Really difficult. £300 or best offer.

### **FOR SALE**

Recording of "Das Rheingold" performed with banjo-and-kazoo-only orchestra. Comes in special fifty-four CD box set. Yours for only one nickel. The Kalamazoo Kazoo Cotillion, 011.318.618.281.2711.

### **POSITION AVAILABLE**

Kay Hanley impersonator to perform at retirement village. Old people really like Kay Hanley but the real Kay Hanley hates the elderly. Happy Acres Rest Home, Birmingham, AL.

### **POSITION AVAILABLE**

Minions needed to help me in my quest for world domination. If you fail me, I will kill the guy next to you. Dental plan included. Aristotle Scorpio, Seoul, Korea, Room 3.

### **FOR RENT**

Coupon for fifty cents off dish detergent. \$4.00 per day, plus mileage. Contact Lionel, 77.333.8381.

### **WANTED**

Cigarette lighter cleverly disguised as M-1 Abrams tank. Full size only. Will pay up to y5,000 or trade for Apache helicopter style can-opener. Jasper Keating, Box 553.

### **FOR SALE**

Paraglider Pig. World-famous county fair performer and popular philosopher. Must have state-certified slop trough and installed, functional mud puddle, and 40 foot tall launching pylon to purchase. Only \$3000. Not for use as bacon. Call Dan at 445-6822

### **WANTED**

Space to hold cannibal flesh roast for visiting team of imitation Mexican wrestlers. One female with excellent secondary sexual characteristics. Cantankerous, Ltd. Box 66232

### **FOR RENT**

Package of one dozen cigarette lighters. Please do not open package of one dozen cigarette lighters. Fred McMurray Los Angeles, CA

### **NOT WANTED**

My left hand. I don't think I really need it. Free. Bring own tools. Michael Freesly Lemon, NV

### **WANTED**

Model of the rocky mountains. Any scale. Must be fully-functional. W. Price, 35 Prescott Ln. West Ontario, OT

### **FOR RENT**

Succubus. We've been together for 4 decades, but much of the glamor is gone. As is. Lascivious thoughts included. Damon Worthington Box 7438

### **FOR SALE**

Bottom 1/3 of Pacific Ocean. Call for details: 272.181.18111, ext. 2. Ask for Jacum.

### **FOR SALE**

Municipal water tower full of tiny, evil-looking snow men dolls. Some animated by dead spirits. \$7100 or best offer. Pyle Heights, PD. 72721.

### **WANTED**

One box full of atomic element #405. Four hundred protons? That sure is heavy. I'll take a box worth. Ruth W. 77.333.8382.

### **POSITION AVAILABLE**

Fry cook needed to head up marketing department. We happen to like the smell of burning oil and fry cooks just wreak of it. Please ring DeLancy Pharmaceuticals. Katharinetowne, WD.

### **FOR SALE**

Dead cat. Really cheap. The pet cemetery wants y100 to bury it. You can have it for anything less than that. Sean O'Malley, Ulster.

### **FOR SALE**

One hundred, twenty two thousand, four hundred and eight Indira Ghandi bobble-head dolls. Free eggplant included. Tony Blair, 10 Downing Street, London SW1.

### **FOR SALE**

Bicycle with triangular wheels. No, it doesn't work. Ask for Father Rio Ban 77.333.8384.

# Axes and Alleys

was

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by

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Jeremy Rosen

with additional material written by

Tim Wright



2006 A.D.

for more information please consult

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