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Vespril
2007**

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**Official Magazine of the
RTRAMSOM**



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The Atmosphere

Protecting you from Nothing.

**Volume 456-BR8 Issue 10,
Vespril 2007**

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Axes & Alleys

Indicted but Never Convicted!



It has come to our attention that the name of the legendary rock and roll quartet The Beatles is, in fact, a pun. You see, the spelling indicates a beat, or rhythmical interval relating to music, while the actual sound of the name is obviously intended to make one think the word refers to a certain order of arthropods.

This is a travesty.

A Group acknowledged as one of the greatest in recorded history both musically *and* lyrically, a group which penned such songs as "Hey Jude," "Ask Me Why," "Paperback Writer" "Borris the Mouse" and "I Want You (She's So Heavy)" did not have enough imagination to avoid a pun. At the least they could have attempted to conjure up the thousands of armoured species of beetle, or the Nazi car named after same.

But no; John, Ringo, George, and Paul resorted to pun. Way to go Liverpooldians.

Xoxo

Delores R. Grunion

**The
Tiberium
Cover Girl:
Azura Skye**



**Azura Skye
would be an
excellent
choice to play
Nutia Titelbaum,
should anyone
decide to make
a movie about
her life.**

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

Dear A&A,

Were you aware that page 12 of every *Axes & Alleys* issue between 2005 and 2007 is 0.0025% thinner than the other pages? I think this is on purpose. Maybe a disgruntled janitor in your printing facilities is twisting the page thickness dial at the plant. Maybe it's a coded government message. I'll put on my Sam Houston, Private Eye exclusive fan club trench coat and get to the bottom of this for you. Don't you worry.

Nouri Al-Maliki
Baghdad, Iraq

To the Editors,

A few days ago I injured myself using your Sticker Page. Please place a warning sticker on it in the future.

Roy Comport
Hollywood, CA

Dear Customer Service,

I just got my A&A nipple covers in the mail, but the As are backwards. Please send replacements with rightways As on them as soon as possible. I have an important business dinner next week.

Lem Stanczyk
Free City of Danzig

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

Your magazine is obviously intended for right-handed people only. Why, just look at it; all the page ends are on the right side. Oh wait, though, you say, the words go from left to right. Well great, but you forgot one thing: I'm not left-eyed, I'm left-handed. Please publish a leftie-friendly version of the magazine or I'll be forced to surrender Fort Necessity. It's no skin off my teeth if you don't believe me.

G. Washington
Trenton, NJ

Sirs,

I recall rumours of there being a secret hidden issue. This was maybe a couple of years back. Well, I went out to find it right after I read about it and I've only just gotten back from my voyage.

I've been to Xizang Autonomous Province, India, New York, Israel...all over. After two years in the field I can tell you the secret issue is not out there.

Steven Spielberg
Irvine, CA

Dear Reader,

If you've gotten this far, we would like to remind you that you, too, can send letters for inclusion in *Axes & Alleys* magazine. It's easy to do. We have a handy email address, comment forms on our web site and much more in the way of daguerreotype and telegraph technology.

The Editors
Astoria, NY

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

I'm very upset that your pneumatic delivery system, to which readers can subscribe for an additional \$300 per quarter, does not live up to its advertised capabilities. My last issue arrived mangled and missing several pages, while there were also pages from other magazines mixed in. Very offensive magazines. For instance, there were two pages from *YOLK love*. Yuck! Please fix this immediately.

Tommy Nemec
Newfoundland & Labrador, Canada

A&A,

I enjoy boxes.
Jim Tewerson
Beckinsale, FL

Dear *Axes & Alleys*,

Last time I ordered food, the local Chinese take-out place screwed up my order. When I complained, they were rude about it. But, I will give them one more chance. Usually, I would just never go there again, but when I watch *Babylon 5* and see G'Kar's spiritual journey, I realize that people, aliens and yes, even Chinese restaurants can change. It's just one more thing I've learned from snake people on cult 1990s Sci-Fi TV shows.

Dakota Bester
Bellingham, ND

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Enjoy adhesive paper.

Health Scare of the Week

Science Flats, Dalmatia- Clinicians, Pseudo-Scientists and Reporters from across the globe have voted to reconvene the International Congress for Panic. After issuing a report warning of the combined dangers of solar flares, nuclear autumn and asteroid bombardment, the delegates gathered in the Besterade Grande Hall here today to release information on the newest Potentially Deadly Health Scare of the Week. In what is perhaps the most prevalent and worrisome threat to the health of humanity this week, ICP Scientician-General Dr. Larry Toynbee predicted that “by week’s end, every man, woman, and child would be more aware of the latest, dangerous and potentially disfiguring development.”

After a 34-9 vote (with two abstaining), delegates decided that this week’s Potentially Deadly Health Scare of the Week would avoid the common tropes of food recalls and poison-laced

toys for a more mundane vector for the delivery of an increasingly debilitating disease.

“Look,” Dr. Toynbee says, “a single non-blind study we performed over the last month in three cancer patients shows that consuming food with metal, plastic or wood utensils increases the risk of developing cancer in every organ except the thyroid gland.” Researchers from the ICP now recommend that those at risk (mainly the non-comatose) begin an intensive program of eating only with sterilized ceramic sporks.

Dr. James Billabong, a researcher on the study, said that people should be certain to discard their sterilized ceramic spork after each bite, using only a newly unwrapped sterilized ceramic spork for each subsequent bite, so as to neutralize the potential spread of airborne bacteria. Experts recommend that the public worry incessantly about germs, toxins or chemicals that may be present on their utensils. “This is a serious



potentially deadly thing which should scare everyone this week”

The study, the first of its kind, also showed increased risk of developing multiple forms of amyloidosis including Creutzfeld-Jakob Disease, Kuru, and Fatal Familial Insomnia. The last, once thought merely inheritable, has now been proven conclusively by this study to be acquired by breathing in non-sterilized air. “Air is full of chemicals,” stated Dr. Belinda Torres, “chemicals like nitrogen and oxygen, which are actually used in rocket fuel. But that’s a problem you can worry about next week.”

Lazy members of the so-called mainstream media and the equally so-called blogosphere are already helping to get the word out as fast as possible. In fact, one social news site even posted a link to a mainstream media report gathered from the AP service wired in by a local Dalmatian stringer hired by a drunk Southeastern European bureau chief. Soon everyone will be aware of the threat.



Potentially Deadly Health Scare of the Week


**Last Week:
Walking Brief Distances**

**This Week:
Contaminated Forks**

**Next Week:
Dust**

**a & a Axes & Alleys
Info-Rectangle™**

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS



The Axes & Alleys Science and Technology \$50.00 Prize!

Bestoria, Montsylvania *Axes & Alleys* today announced the *Axes & Alleys* Science & Technology \$50 Prize. Winners of the A&A S&P in each of four categories will receive a \$50 prize, while runners-up will get an *Axes & Alleys* t-styled shirt. The prize was created by managing editors Scott Birdseye and Jeremy Rosen in an effort to solve the important issues facing them in their daily lives.

Said Mr. Birdseye, "Sometimes you wake up and you can't face the day because so many minor inconveniences exist. Usually I'll call in depressed to the office."

"I saw all of these prizes for useless bull hockey: rockets, math problems, vaccines. There's even the Grainger Challenge to engineer an economical water treatment system," said Mr. Rosen. "I challenge you to make me something useful, like a non-dribble spoon."

The *Axes & Alleys* editors are offering the \$50 prize for each of four inventions desperately needed in their daily lives.

Flopless Flip Flops

Mr. Rosen enjoys the comfort and convenience of flip flops, but is often embarrassed by the flopping flatulent sounds the footwear makes as he walks. To win the \$50 prize, the design must look like traditional flip flops, but be completely silent. A bonus \$20 will be thrown in for designs using some kind of sound-wave generating electrical device to interfere with the flopping sound.

Alarm Clock Employing the Smell of Frying Bacon

Mr. Birdseye on the other hand has difficulty waking up on purpose in the morning, even with multiple loud alarm clocks set for various times. However, he responds quite well to various smells, including chocolate ice cream, perfume, and ammonia. As the



latter is a bit too harsh, the winner of this \$50 prize must create an alarm clock which wakes Scott within 10 seconds using the smell (not sound!) of frying bacon.

Deodorant Application Flaps for T-Shirts

This should be a simple innovation. In fact, Mr. Rosen can think of a design himself, he's just too lazy to produce it and would rather pay you a \$50 prize. The winning design will allow the easy application of anti-perspirant, deodorant, or some combination of the two through easy-open panels under the sleeves.

Idiot Repellent

Often surrounded by idiots, Mr. Birdseye is in major need of relief from having to tell them to "bugger off." He'd rather have a non-verbal way to fend off idiotic conversation about horoscopes, the latest environmental scare, and what to do when Billy says he likes you. Winning repellent schemes may employ sonics, odours, or bright lights, but must not interfere with the normal operations of Mr. Birdseye.

Prospective winners must submit a working prototype of their design to Messrs. Birdseye and Rosen, who will be the sole judges of the *Axes & Alleys* Science & Technology \$50 Prize. Prototypes must be submitted before December 31st, 2008 with the prizes to be awarded at a special ceremony in Bermuda* in March, 2009.

For more information, please contact Mr. Birdseye or Mr. Rosen using the contact information at www.axesandalleys.com.

*location and definition of ceremony subject to change

ERIDS

GLOBAL



Let Eddie's Remarkably Ineffective Delivery Service Fail to Deliver Your Next Important Package.

We have the most incompetent drivers, the surliest customer service reps, a computer system that always crashes, trucks that constantly break down, and we don't even bother to use tracking numbers because you don't even need to bother tracking, we've already lost your package.

We deliver worldwide to the Scranton Regional Airport. Sure, you may want your package to go somewhere else. But, it'll go to Scranton.

And we only pick up or deliver on Mondays.

The Axes & Alleys HISTORIGON

2005 AD- Punxsutawney Phil rolls out the omni-directional lighting system he has been working on in his off-months for the last decade.

1997 AD- Sondra Macgillicuddy thinks it would be an original idea to include an Emily Dickens quote at the beginning of her 12th Grade English essay. Poor Sondra.

1932 AD- Herbert Hoover officially becomes the most sore loser of Presidential elections in U.S. history when he sends FDR a card reading "Congratulations on Your Polio."

1918 AD- Molly Pryer feels a sniffle coming on and wonders if it might be the flu.

1823 AD- Jefferson Davis also splits a rail, but the action fails to be noted by posterity.

1788 AD- At the insistence of Jacob Broom, the Constitutional convention votes down the idea of amending the historic document with the inclusion of over one hundred woodcuts of interesting song birds.

1745 AD- Carl "Greenbeard" Jones decides to be different and so marks his treasure map with a Y.

1639 AD- Swedish King Gustavus Adolphus revolutionizes warfare when he conceives of the brilliant idea of actually issuing ammunition to his troops. Catholic princes dismiss the idea as foolhardy, wasteful and expensive.

1605 AD- Traveling gunpowder salesman Guido Fawkes, tired of pushing his heavy goods-laden cart through the cold, decides to rest for a while in a nice, warm cellar.

1224 AD- Ghengis Khan, assured that he will love hot peppers, discovers the next day that he does not, in fact, love hot peppers nor the camp cook who suggested he would.

1100 AD- The reverse cowgirl sexual position is invented in southern China.

917 AD- Klingtan of a band of Indians on the Mississippi River invents the coupon by offering a two corn discount for anyone who brings a red leaf with them to market.

233 AD- Yu Fan of the Kingdom of Wu dies in an unfortunate reading incident.

2 AD- Yet another year goes by without the use of cellular telephones.

183 BC- Penguins reach South Africa on a dare.

204 BC- Using an elaborate system of pulleys and counter-weights, Sosibius allows the late Ptolemy IV to attend an official state dinner and orgy.

453 BC- In Athens Pericles institutes the world's first speed limit.

664 BC- Jimmu decides to invent popcorn before founding Japan 4 years later.

888 BC- Weighted down by his lack of stock, Barundo the Clothier uses the one hat he has left to devise "one size fits all."

986 BC- Uriah the Hittite wonders why he's being ordered to the front of the column, but hopes that Bathsheba will like the cloth he looted for her.

1194 BC- Captain Axandos decides that Helen isn't really that pretty, so he takes the armada's 1001st ship in search of purple dye instead.

1232 BC- Luktep the Egyptian makes the observation that female genitalia resemble house cats. While all of his friends think he's obviously wrong, the comparison endures for another 3300 years.

3301 BC- Rap group Leaders of the New School spit out rhymes at such a furious rate that they propel themselves into the distant past for a brief interval. Member Busta Rhymes accidentally shoots Otzi the Iceman with an arrow, mistaking him for a buck.

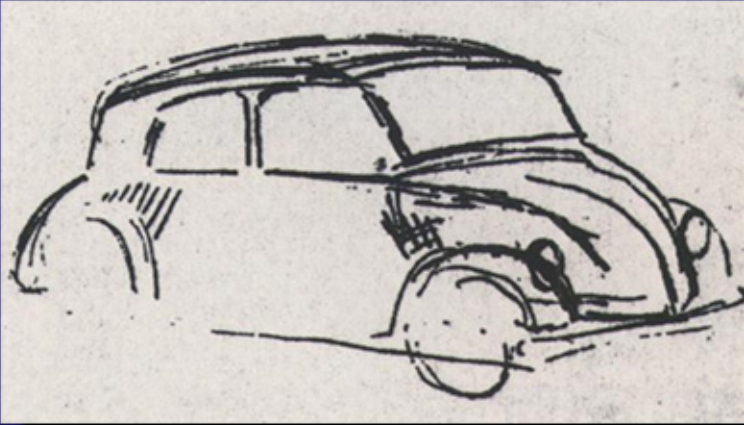
7000 BC- Fluntigartiponactitune the Wanderer discovers apples on the far Eastern frontier of modern Kazakhstan. He remains unimpressed until his wife invents apple pie.

9096 BC- Threatened by a cosmic energy overload, Grand Master Soron attempts to reverse the polarity of the psychic crystal matrix. He fails and Atlantis sinks beneath the waves.

407,223 BC- Nunto creates the world's first calendrical system when he begins making marks on a bone for each day his neighbor Gurt fails to clean up the rotten mammoth carcass near the hill.

407,224 BC- Gurt, neighbor of Nunto, dies in an obsidian flaking accident.

You've come a long way, baby.



**CELEBRATING
SEVENTY YEARS
OF THE
PEOPLE'S CAR**





Helpful Hints for Daily Life

Ten Great Tips for Stalking Azura Skye

1. Wear comfortable shoes. Often overlooked, but important, comfortable footwear will help you a great deal, because stalking Azura Skye will keep you on your feet for long hours. Why not try sneakers with some gel insoles. We hear she really likes gel insoles.
2. Eat well. Following Azura Skye around is almost a full time job. Often you don't have the time to grab a real meal so you'll end up stopping at a fast food place for something to keep you going. That means you keep eating greasy junk food. Why not take some bags of sliced celery or baby carrots with you to munch on? That way you can grab a bite of something good for you and keep an eye on Azura Skye the whole time.
3. Get a good breakfast. Remember, breakfast is the most important meal of the day, don't neglect it because you're in a rush to get out of the house to start stalking. A car won't run without gasoline and you won't stalk well without breakfast.
4. Warm up before hand. How many times have you been chased by studio security guards only to develop shin splits after a hundred yards or so? Be sure to stretch those calves and leg muscles. Do a few warm up exercises before you try and sneak into Azura Skye's window.
5. Dress in layers. Since stalking Azura Skye involves spending a lot of time outside, be sure to wear a few layers so you can adapt to temperature changes. It can get chilly, even in Los Angeles, so take your jacket.
6. Carry an umbrella. You never know when it might rain, so why not be prepared? It's no fun stalking Azura Skye when you're soaking wet and shivering.
7. Plan your route before hand. No one likes endless driving or sneaking around. Before you leave in the morning, plan the day. Will it be spent hanging out in the bushes by her house, or trying to sneak into the studio where she works? Planning ahead will save you aggravation and gas money.
8. Go the extra mile. Why send your love letters on plain old copy paper when you can get fancy resume paper for as little as 10 cents a sheet at most stationary stores? That extra little effort may pay off in the end.
9. Take a flashlight. How many times have you been in the dark shrubbery near Azura Skye's home and gotten lost because of the lack of light. Take a flashlight and you'll find your way every time. Be sure to take extra batteries, just in case.
10. Have fun. In this hectic world, it's easy to get caught up in things. Remember, stalking Azura Skye is supposed to be fun, so don't take it so seriously. Have a good time with it and enjoy yourself.

A man in a green tunic and brown vest walks through a forest, holding the hand of a woman in a red cloak. The scene is set in a lush, green forest with large trees and dappled sunlight. The title "An Axes & Alleys Fairy Tale" is overlaid in large white text on the left side of the image.

An Axes & Alleys Fairy Tale

Once upon a time in the far away kingdom of Vandin, there were a very old king and queen who spent the days all alone in their huge castle. For many years, they had been trying to have children but had been unsuccessful. What truly frightened old King Fim and old Queen Mavis was not that they were all alone, but rather the thought that if they never had an heir, the kingdom would fall under the control of Savius, the evil king of the neighboring land; a wicked man whose penchant for tyranny would be sure to bring death, famine and war to little land of Vandin.

At last Queen Mavis decided to call on a local witch for help. She sent one of her servants to bring the witch to the castle, but when the servant returned later that night he did not have the witch. Instead he had a little pouch full of cherries.

"What is this?!" the Queen cried in dismay. "I asked you to bring me the witch and all you have brought me is cherries! Now I shall never conceive a child!"

"No, my Queen, you don't understand!" said the servant. "The witch told me that if you eat the cherries in two months time you will conceive a child...a girl child to be exact."

Though Queen Mavis had her doubts, she ate the cherries and, like a miracle, in two months time the queen became pregnant and nine months later she gave birth to a perfectly healthy little princess, who they named Arielle. By the time she was eighteen years of age she was intelligent, polite, talented in music and art, extremely well spoken, and kind. But there was one problem; unlike other little princesses you read about in fairy tales, she was not the least bit beautiful. Instead of blonde tresses, she looked as if someone had thrown a mop on her head. Plus, one of her eyes was blue and the other brown and her nose was crooked.

"How will we ever find her a husband?! No one will want a princess that looks like that! My kingdom is lost!" cried poor King Fim.

Hating to see her husband so unhappy, the Queen decided to once again call upon the witch for help. No sooner had she made up her mind than a messenger arrived with a letter from the witch. The note said simply: "

You're ugly girl will be made a beauty
But for this she must pay a duty
For the kings and princes from many a land
Will come before her, to seek her hand
But not one who gives her a glance
Shall ever find, in the real her, romance
Her beauty will trap them, yes this I can swear
But her joy, her thoughts or tears, they will never bear
If ever they look into her face
Then in their hearts, she'll n'ere find a place.

After reading the strange note Queen Mavis went alone to her chambers to ponder the situation. It had been made clear in the witch's note; her daughter could be beautiful, could find a husband, and could save the land of Vandin from the evil machinations of King Savius, however the price would be high; the young princess Arielle would, despite her beauty, never find true love. For if any man were to look upon her beauty, he would be smitten, but never truly love her. As Queen Mavis sat pondering, her husband burst into the chamber and exclaimed "Evil King Savius has ordered his soldiers to march, there will be war unless our daughter Arielle is wed! Whatever shall we do?"

So the Queen and King sent word to witch and that night a messenger returned, this time with a small sack of strawberries. That very night, Princess Arielle ate them and when she awoke in the morning she was at least three times prettier than the land's previous holder of the most fair title. After her morning tea, she went for a stroll in the courtyard where she came upon Sir Bastion, the most handsome and bravest of all the king's knights. When he looked upon her, his heart skipped a beat, so he swooped her up into his arms and said "My fair princess, I am awed by your beauty, for your face makes even a field of daisies in the morning sun look as grotesque as putrid ox carcasses."

"Why, thank you, Sir Bastion" the Princess replied "Shall we go into the field and walk through the daisies? It would make me so happy."

"Who cares what makes you happy?" he said as he kissed her on the cheek "Let us not wander through foliage, let us instead get married tonight and live happily ever after."

But Arielle shook her head and ran away, tears streaming down her face. So incensed was she by the knight's callus remarks, that she didn't noticed when she ran right past the castle gate and out into the village. In fact, she was crying so hard that she didn't even notice when she ran right into Count Bernu, the richest merchant in the land. When he saw her, his eyes opened wide and a smile came across his face.

"Princess Arielle, I do declare that you are the most beautiful girl in the land."

"Thank you" she sobbed "But that mean Sir Bastion has hurt my feelings."

"Who cares about your feelings, my dear?" he said with gusto "Let us go get married tonight and live happily ever after."

Instead of making Arielle fall in love, Count Bernu's proposal only made her weep harder. Turning around, she ran away from him, so fast that she missed her footing and fell in a big pile of mud. Picking herself up, she looked down at her beautiful gown and only felt more dejected.

Just then, a young man with a wrap around his eyes came up to her. His outstretched hand held a cloth and his face held a kind smile.

"I heard you crying and I heard a big splat. You must have fallen in the mud and ruined your clothes. Here, take my cloth and clean yourself off," said the stranger.

"Oh, thank you, sir" she said as she tried to clean herself off "But why do you have that bandage over your eyes?"

"Long ago, an evil witch put a curse on me which made me blind. So, I was forced to leave my home and travel as a beggar."

"And yet you stopped to help me? Why? You do not know who I am?"

"No, I do not know who you are, but I could hear your crying and knew that you were saddened, and I could not bear it to let you be sad."

"Why thank you, but I do not even know your name, kind beggar. But you shall know mine, I am Princess Arielle, and that castle is my home. Tonight you shall come and dine with my family, as a show of thanks."

And so that night, there was a lavish feast with all manner of food. Expecting their daughter to soon be engaged to the various knights and merchants who had proposed, King Fim and Queen Mavis had invited many guests, including the mysterious witch. In fact, they had even invited evil King Savius who they thought could witness for himself the Princess's engagement and the victory for the land of Vandin.

Seated next to the Princess was the blind beggar she had met, though many other men were trying to get her attention. After the main course was over, King Fim stood up and held aloft his glass, proclaiming "Now, all in attendance will witness the engagement of my daughter Princess Arielle, heir to the Kingdom of Vadim, to the man she chooses."

"She will choose me" stated Sir Bastion "for I am the bravest knight in the kingdom."

"No, she will choose me" stated Count Bernu "For I am the richest merchant in the kingdom."

Rising, the princess smiled "No, I will choose the only man who has ever been kind to me, who ever cared about my feelings and ever loved me for who I am." And with a flourish, she turned to the blind beggar, who stood up. Pulling the bandaged off his eyes, she took his hands.

"Oh no!" cried the evil King Savius "It is Prince Agald, the son of my older brother, the rightful heir to my kingdom, the one who I had the witch curse with blindness and who I exiled into a live of poverty!"

Then Princess Arielle and Prince Agald kissed and in an instant the witch's spell was broken. Not only did his sight return, but Princess Arielle became even more beautiful. King Fim ordered the guards to take the evil Savius and his witch to the dungeon and that night Arielle and Agald were wed, joining the two kingdoms into a peaceful union forever.

And Princess Arielle and Prince Agald lived happily ever after.

The End.



A Simple Guide to Living in a Haunted House

Whether your home was the site of a series of grisly murders by an underrated symphony conductor in the 1940s, or was built on a gallows where an innocent man was hanged, chances are you'll have to deal with a house chock-full of restless spirits. No one likes waking up to the sounds of woeful moans and footsteps. And spirit writing just wrecks your freshly painted walls. So, here are some hints to living in peace with that ghost or getting them the hell out of your abode.

Many spirits are simply confused by the trauma of passing on and do not realize that they are dead.

Leave the obits out conspicuously on the coffee table with a few funeral home brochures and headstone catalogues. Chances are they might just get the hint.

To encourage a ghost to leave your home and move on, you should remind them that you legally occupy the house and that they are a guest. When writing out your rent check, loudly lament that the rent is so high and that you wish that everyone in the house would pay their fair share.

If a poltergeist starts flinging objects around or breaking glasses, an-eye-for-an-eye is a good thing to remember. Go to the person's grave and smash the headstone with a big hammer. See how they like them apples.

Try just ignoring the ghost. If that doesn't work, annoy them by talking loudly and often about how awesome it is to be alive. Say things like "Gee, sure glad I'm alive and not dead so I can enjoy all of this delicious ice cream."

If you find yourself dealing with a particularly persistent ghost, you may need to call in an expert to help exorcize the house. Or you can just do it yourself, because with a simple prayer you can turn the toilet into a fountain full of holy water.

When performing your own exorcism, remember that not all dead people are Christian. Have nearby handy copies of the Talmud, the Koran, the Bahavagita, Dianetics, the Communist Manifesto and the Zoroastrianistroke.

Should you actually see an apparition, offer it a cup of tea. No need to be rude, after all.

Spirits often attempt to communicate through spirit writing or through EVP. Just ignore them. They never have anything useful to say.

Sometimes a spirit is traumatized by its death and needs closure before moving on. Remind the ghost that you're not its damn therapist and that you have better things to do than to help it deal with its magazine rack full of issues.

If, through research in musty volumes at the library, you discover that your house was built on top of an old Indian burial ground, go down to the basement, dig up the bones and move them somewhere else, because we conquered it, it's our country now and we don't need stupid, defeated natives' spirits bugging us all the time.

Turn the tables on the ghost and walk through it repeatedly. Do this especially if the ghost is trying to communicate with you. They find it unbearably annoying.

Only rarely do ghosts appear in photographic or video images. Use this to your advantage by turning your home into a discount portrait studio.

A little-known fact about visitors from the netherworld is that more than anything they hate artificial watermelon scent. Modern air-freshening technology can help you immeasurably.

Knick-knacks while generally an eyesore are also a no-no. Poltergeists can fling such objects all over the place at the least causing a nuisance, at most mild pain and property damage.

If the haunted house you're living in happens to be part of a theme park or annual holiday celebration, this is not the article you're looking for. Please see our Tiberium 1966 issue.

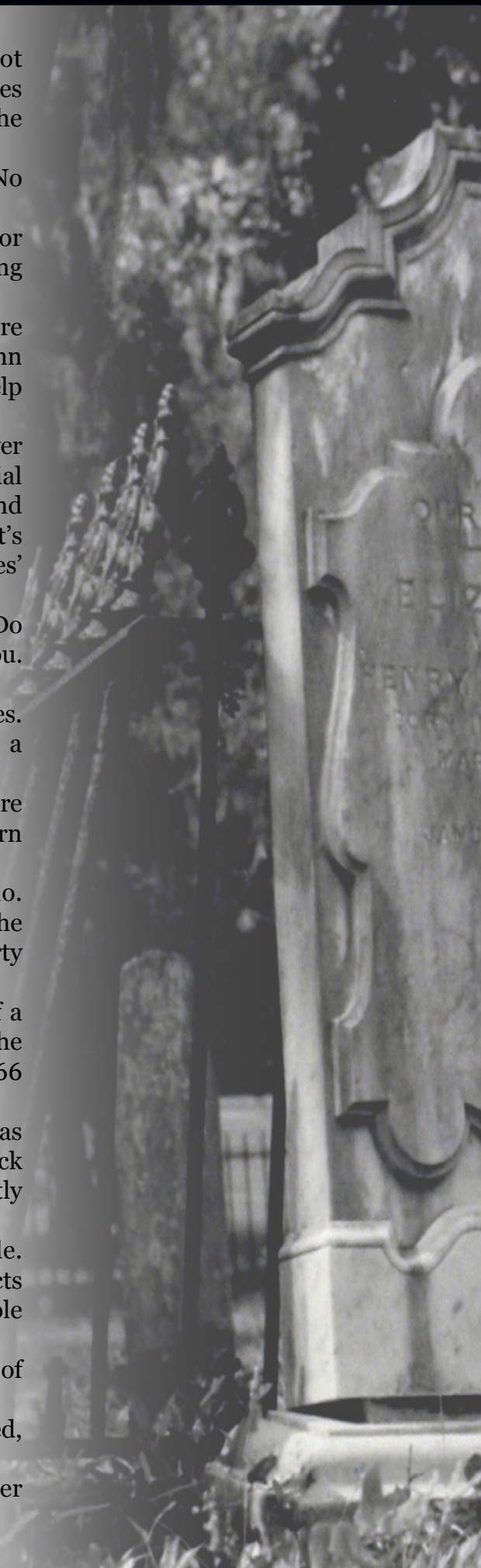
Ghosts can be attached to certain objects. If yours is one such as this, do not dispose of the object in the curbside trash pick up as the disposal of paranormal refuse has been strictly regulated by the EPA since 1984. Use the recycling bin.

Sometimes your standard apparitions are semi-permeable. Spraying them with a mister produces lovely visual effects including rainbows and hilarious distortions of the people or objects directly behind the spirit.

If it's a tree on your property which happens to be the source of the haunting, why not employ the use of a chainsaw?

If you're willing to strike up a relationship with the deceased, they can really help when cheating at cards.

Ghosts are supposedly kept at bay with iron, but a better repellent is pure disbelief.



Visit Beautiful, Picturesque

DOTHAN, AL



Why not visit for some reason?
Like the new Dairy Queen or the peanut farms.
C'mon. Please?

Dothan, Alabama. It's in Alabama!

Reject All American



The Final Proof That Kathleen Hanna Supports the Terrorists

When you examine the facts completely, it is quite easy to see that indie rocker and Riot Grrl founder Kathleen Hanna hates America and supports terrorism. Why, these findings should be obvious to anyone who has done any research into Hanna's personal life, beliefs, actions and statements. Time after time, the fierce and aggressive Hanna passionately calls for violence, murder and bloody revolution. Truly she is a terrifying menace.

Note the name of Hanna's first band. It's not Bikini Negotiate, it's Bikini Kill, because she believes that killing through violence is the only means to achieve her goals. Of course, she has also acted as a guest for the band Atari Teenage Riot, while strangely never appearing on a single recording of rival band Atari Teenage Peaceful Gathering. Her writing even appeared in the Xerographic magazine *Revolution Girl Style Now*, the title of which suggests that Hanna supports the immediate overthrow of the lawfully elected United States Government, via a girl themed revolution.

Even Hanna's musical lyrics show her violent and terroristic hatred of America. Of the terror attacks she states in *Lil Red* "You are not the victim, but you try to make it that way...All you do is destroy / All you do is f*ck up / All you ever do is take take" thus blaming the attacks not on the terrorists, but on America's capitalism and foreign policy decisions. In *Double Dare Ya*, Hanna brazenly commands her elite Riot Grrl legions to take to the streets, perhaps in a riot, by stating "We want revolution...You've got no reason not to fight." Later on *This is Not a Test* she continues to threaten American society and lawful government with violence "You don't make all the rules, yeah! / I know what I'm gonna f*ckin do/ Me and my girlfriends gonna push on thru / We are gonna stomp on you, yeah!" It should be noted that many Riot Grrls wear large boots and could cause internal trauma or death via their stomping.

And let us not forget her most obvious anti-American manifesto, the aptly titled album *Reject All American*. In this most horrid attack, Hanna demands "loads of execution" and "more fear." Fear, is of course, another word for terror. And yes, Hanna does demand that her brainwashed followers reject "All American," likely including American made manufactured goods and sacred American institutions such as Democracy, Freedom and the Post Office.

While no Le Tigre lyrics specifically mention hatred of America, it's probable that the name Le Tigre is a reference to General Yamashita Tomoyuki, the so-called "Tiger of Malaya" who committed numerous war crimes against Americans, including the infamous Bataan Death March. Only someone who vehemently hated America would want to honor this butcher and murderer by naming their band after him.

Why Kathleen Hanna has not been imprisoned and put on trial for treason is a mystery. All good Americans should call for Hanna and her Riot Grrl legions to be arrested immediately and their poorly Xeroxed zines and Emily the Strange paraphernalia confiscated as evidence.

ASK MONTEZUMA IT'S THE ANSWER MAN FROM TENOCHTITLAN



Montezuma once spackled an entire wall using only toothpaste. His favorite atomic element is Neon but he also loves learning about voles and foxes.

Dear Montezuma,

Is it possible for a ray of light to go into orbit around a black hole?

Stan Foley
Boron Park, FL

Stan Foley of Boron Park, Florida. Stan Foley...Stan Foley. Where have I heard that name? Ah, yes, in the letter I just received from you, of course. It was actually on the outside, too, written in the correct spot for the return address. Excellent work in that regard Stan Foley, excellent work. Keep it up.

Montezuma,

It's difficult for me to take cookies with me wherever I go so I can have them whenever I want them. I'm an important person on the go, you know? Is there some way I could take this cumbersome food

along with me on trips, while jogging, or perhaps even on the train?

Peter Oregon
Cape Town, South Africa

Mr. Oregon, I wonder how much of a person on the go you truly are. In my plush leather chair here in my study I sit pondering if perhaps it's only your arms that are this "on the go." Perhaps they move on ahead of you just a little too quickly, floating there in the grocery store aisle waving ineffectively at the cookies while they wait for the rest of your body to catch up. Or, even better, what if it is your nose that speeds on ahead of your face, saving up the smells along the way for you to savour when you finally reach it. Your life must be incredibly interesting my friend.

Dear Montezuma,

I just entered the modern era with the purchase of a cellular telephone after years of deriding the devices as vainglorious and superfluous. The tipping point was when I realized all the women I was trying to meet had cellular telephones and expected me to as well. On top of that it would come in handy from time to time when trying to plan dinner with the person who shares my flat. He has known me for years and consequently made fun of me. Should I have murdered him in his sleep through the clever use of fire-escape-trained green anoles, or should I continue to poison him slowly with my arsenic-laden s'mores?

Steve Crowsfeet
Ozone Park, NY

Technology, Steve, has forever been central to the attainment of one's reproductive and pleasurable goals. For instance, Dubner Mulcahy created the avocado slicing catapult system merely to impress the future Mrs. Mulcahy, whose bosoms were ample and seductive. Fire, it is presumed, was originally brought into the cave rather than left outside in order for male humans to become titillated by the sight of their fellow cavewomen. This may have prompted the arms race of masquerade and obfuscation that is the subtle and not-so-subtle plays of appearance the female of the species has engaged in for millennia. Best to avoid tuna fish canneries until at least mid-August.

Hey Monty,
My girlfriend and I recently broke up after several years of dating. In fact, I arrived home just the other day to find a box of my stuff waiting for me at my apartment with a bit of an unfriendly note contained within letting me know she would not be speaking to or seeing me. After contemplating whether or not to respond, I did so by email, though I did know there was no way by this point to disabuse her of some strange notions. In fact, I received an electronic mails reply back with some more strange notions and one which was even silly. Again the missive closed with the notice that she did not want to see or talk to me. Now, the crux of the matter is that she frequents the Irish pub at which I prefer to engage in the game of darts and have done so for the better part of the last decade. Obviously the injunction against seeing her (which I must respect) precludes me from going to said pub because I might see her. What should I do?
Joshua Marigolden
Hollis, NY

Joshua, she doesn't own the pub. Go, make merry, and should you run into her, pretend to be a visiting Canadian of the same name and personality.

Montezuma,
You know what I don't understand about things? Why does it seem that only retarded, college-age boys who don't know how to shave are into banjo

music? The same goes for that mandolin. Seems like just a bunch of overwrought hogwash to me.
Simon Pepperidge
Burlington, Province #1

Because that is who is into such music Simon, that's who's into such music.

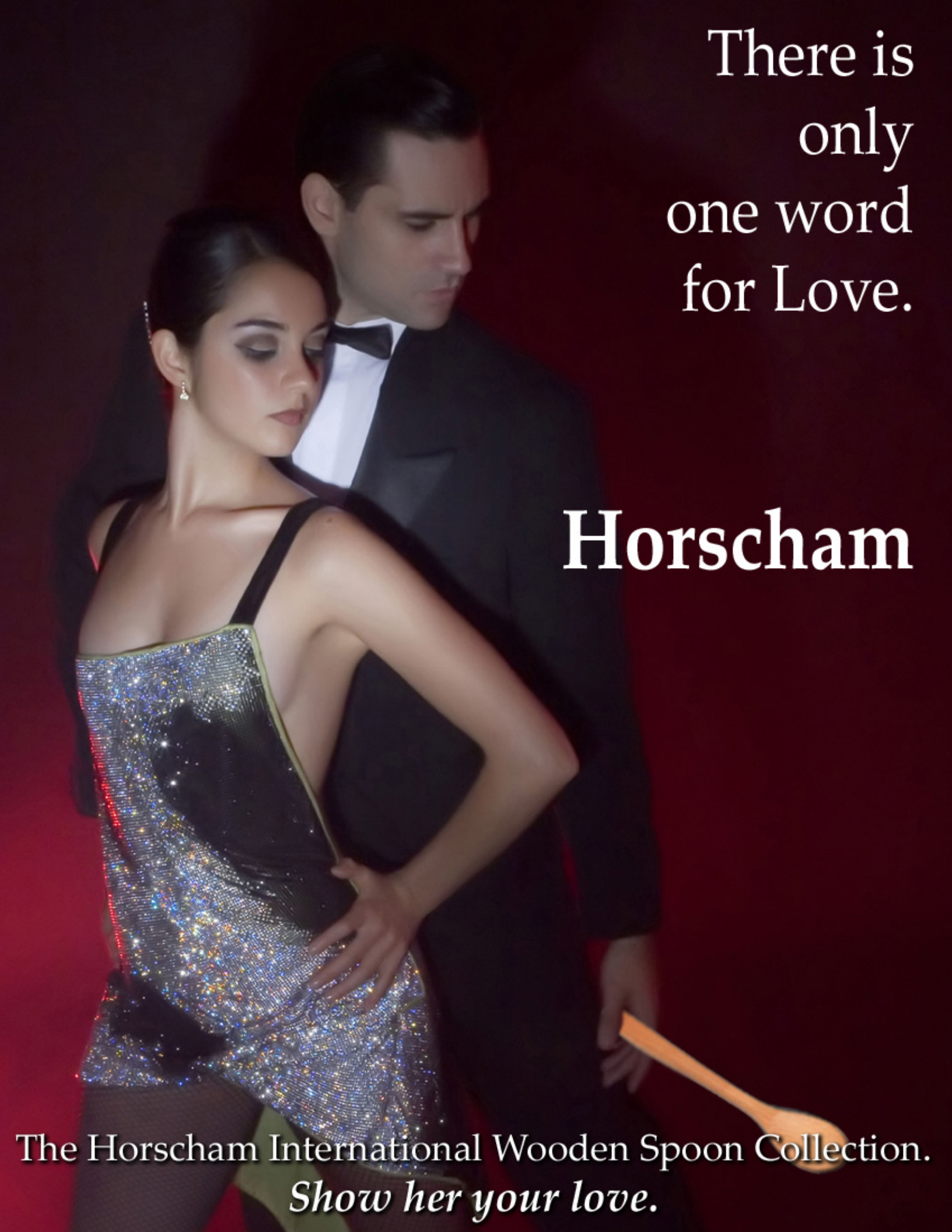
Dear Montezuma,
My family and I are missionaries in Bosnia. I have a friend who has prayed with us at dinner, done devotionals with us and gone to church with us many times. She says she's half Muslim and half Christian. I've prayed for her many times, but I feel as though God isn't doing anything. I don't know when Jesus will come back, but I know if He came tonight she wouldn't go to heaven, right?
Darlene Fitzgerald
Michandi, Bosnia

*Ms. Fitzgerald,
The half-Christian/half-Muslim person does in fact exist and theologians have named them Chruslims. They can live quite happy lives and enjoy saying grace before ham luncheons except they they face Mecca while doing so. One interesting fact about Chruslims is that like zonkeys, (the zebra-donkey hybrid spoken of in the scientific literature) Chruslims are spiritually sterile and are incapable of reproduction via evangelism. Why not give your friend a copy of The Qa'bible to show you care.*



Montezuma's Helpful Hints for the Home

Opening cans of tuna fish (in water or oil) is one of the most dangerous and difficult operations in the home. Lost limbs are the hallmark of the seasoned and foolhardy tuna fish can openers. When opening the can, make sure to place it firmly on a surface such as a counter or table. Never try to open a can of tuna fish with the bottom placed against a wall or person! Next, you'll want to make sure you have a can opener handy. The rotary can opener has been the standard for nearly a century. If you are left-handed, do not use a right-handed can opener. You risk death or worse! Once in hand, place the wheels of the can opener around the rim of the can and bring the handles together. Make sure your fingers are not in between the handles. Hold the can firmly with one hand while twisting the knob with the other. Do not stop until you have completely cut around the metal top of the can. Remove the opener, remove the lid, and enjoy tasty tuna fish.

A man in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and black bow tie stands behind a woman. He is holding a long, thin wooden spoon behind her back. The woman is wearing a black spaghetti-strap dress covered in multi-colored sequins or crystals. She has dark hair and is looking down. The background is a solid dark red.

There is
only
one word
for Love.

Horscham

The Horscham International Wooden Spoon Collection.
Show her your love.



Katie Stalin

Out and About



Rascard, NH- Set in the darkest and deepest hollows of New Hampshire's forested hinterland bordering Sinonipponesia, Rascard, a sleepy little New England town right out of a picture postcard, nestles within a large meadow. But, I wasn't coming here to look at the local scenery, nope. Trees I've seen. Wildflowers are old hat. I came here to see the local color, specifically Hermie Luger, who the townsfolk affectionately call "The Measuring Man."

Mrs. Gina Wilkins, The Measuring Man's long-ago high school sweetheart spoke to me for a bit on her rooster-decorated verandah. The closed-in porch was filled to the brim with rooster paraphernalia and the diminutive, middle-aged Mrs. Wilkins made no bones about her continued visits with Hermie. Visits some townsfolk consider scandalous.

"Why, Hermie comes on by any old time he likes to measure the cocks. He's brought his own over sometimes," Mrs. Wilkins told me. I wondered how a man could measure so many things throughout the course of his life, but then I met The Measuring Man himself at the local diner comparing stacks of flapjacks.

Armed with his trusty and ever-present tape measures, rulers, yardstick, calipers and a smile, the former landscape architect spends his every waking hour measuring. From dawn till dusk he wanders throughout the town measuring everything he can get his hands on. The guy can't even walk by a picket fence without stopping to measure every single picket in all three dimensions.

His cargo pants and measurer-laden halter are both made by hand by his mother Mamie Luger, whose measuring cup and measuring spoon-filled kitchen may have something to do with The Measuring Man's proclivities. Mamie has the state's largest collection of such objects, with over 3000 1/4 teaspoons alone. She also gave Hermie his first laser calipers, which he now uses almost constantly.

"Four point one eight inches," Hermie triumphantly declares, holding out a pine cone for me to examine. It seems he knows the width, breadth, height and circumference of every single object in this little rustic town. From the campus bell tower to the shoe size of every man on Lenton Street, The Measuring Man has a notation in his workbook. Neighbors say he's friendly, helpful, and always ready to measure anything be it a lead pipe or a robin egg.

Of course, I say The Measuring Man is a creepy weirdo. For one thing, he offered to measure my vaginal depth and then even tried to measure the circumference of my left areola. So, I kicked him in the balls and then smacked him in the face with his own meter stick. Pretty ironic, huh? And then I told him to measure how far I'd shove my boot up in his ass. Stupid Measuring Man.

Hopefully these laser calipers will come in handy at some point. See ya next month!



FIFTY REASONS TO LEAVE

H.R. GIGER ALONE

1. He asked you politely to do so.
2. The long-bore rifle in his closet.
3. You want to sleep with his daughter.
4. Remember what happened last time?
5. You are not "the same way" he is.
6. There can be only one. You make two.
7. H.R. Giger reengineered death to be more efficient.
8. He's a figment of your imagination.
9. Like the signs say, "Just don't screw with H.R. Giger."
10. H.R. Giger's made of anti-matter.
11. Ron Popeil and H.R. Giger are bosom-buddies.
12. It's not a nervous tick. It's a highly-contagious disease.
13. His business card doubles as a sushi knife. That's just geeky.
14. Dude brings you coffee in the morning. Why ruin it?
15. That one time H.R. Giger made you a drawing of bunnies and rainbows.
16. That biohazard tattoo on his arm isn't referring to the band.
17. Your handlers would get suspicious if they knew.
18. He caused an earthquake and no one knows how.
19. H.R. Giger's the only H.R. Giger you actually know.
20. Only he knows where to get that amazing tequila.
21. 25% of people named H.R. Giger are likely to give you money randomly.
22. He paid me to write this.
23. His birth name was Wilhelmina Hitler.
24. Poll numbers for H.R. Giger are through the roof.
25. If the government says so, you should do it like the good sheep you are.
26. There was the time he lent you his hat when it was cold.
27. He's not the guy who signs your checks, but he's the guy who gives your checks to the guy who signs your checks.
28. Remember that sealed court file in Fort Lauderdale?
29. His righteous window herb garden.
30. Remember what happened to Polyphemus?
31. H.R. Giger defeated the I.R.S., image what he could do to you.
32. He's a vampire.
33. On his time off, he attends furry conventions dressed as a sexy Snoopy.
34. In his house he has forty three hammers and no pillows.
35. Fred already gave you eight dollars to leave H.R. Giger alone.
36. You already stole all his atlases, isn't enough enough already?
37. Do you really want to get stabbed with a barbeque fork again?
38. The restraining order kind of mandates it.
39. The guards really don't like it when you tap morse code on the walls with your spoons.
40. Leaving H.R. Giger alone got three stars in the Michelin Guide and two thumbs up from Roger Ebert.
41. Every time you bother H.R. Giger, Zeus throws more lightning bolts.
42. Thom Yorke said Radiohead would play a special concert for you in your bedroom if only you would leave H.R. Giger alone.
43. H.R. Giger's wife is tired of cleaning up after you.
44. Because Grover sang "Be is for you can bemoan, L is for leave H.R. Giger alone."
45. The Cray supercomputer has computed that leaving H.R. Giger alone would be advisable to eight hundred and nine decimal places.
46. Leaving H.R. Giger alone will help you avoid that pesky Gypsy curse.
47. What would Jesus do? Yep, Jesus would leave H.R. Giger alone.
48. Leaving H.R. Giger alone would get you two free stamps on your Subway Club card.
49. H.R. Giger is just so, so tired.
50. Leaving H.R. Giger alone would give you more time to pester Anne Bachelier.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED

A way out of this interminable war. Seriously, we didn't mean anything by bombing your Pacific fleet to hell. We were just a little drunk. Send exit strategy to: Japan.

FOR RENT

Friends for your next sleepover! Not having anyone show up is probably getting old, right? Well fear no more! Rent-a-Sleepover-Friend is your one and only stop for sleepover friends! Swing on by today: 900 Commons Dr., Dothan, AL 36303

WANTED

Living red head not descended from other red heads so I can win a bar bet. Call McGunthley's Pub and Sanitorium, 455 Winchester Way, Pylon, PL.

WANTED

Incredibly attractive weird girl who'll just take what she wants. Also, no games (unless they're Parcheesi, Axis & Allies, or capture the flag). Music fan a plus. Send an email: jeremy@danielbester.com

FOR SALE

Two diary entries. I, Helmut K. Klemholtz will write them for your diary! Three cents per word or best offer. Call Helmut K. Klemholtz a jackaninny on the corner of 4th St. and South Bottom.

WANTED

One ship's stoker. Preferably Romanian. No Germans! Contact Mr. Achibald Henricot Shubal at Pier 47, New York, NY (West Side).

FOR RENT

Cored out cabbage. Fit for ants, centipedes, gnomes, and other fictional creatures. Smallish, but well-kept and clean. Linoleum available upon request. No pets. Simon Bar Finkle, 33 Shimon Stupfemeyer Way, Tel Aviv, Israel.

FOR SALE

Proof that your diamond engagement ring was actually smuggled out of Africa in the anus of a slave miner working on barely enough gruel to keep his buttocks in clenching order. Call the Anal African Diamond League of South Carolina at 888-Butt-Rox.

WANTED

Awesome female rock trio who sings songs about Dr. Who. Must have one member who lives in Astoria, one member of Caribbean extraction, and one daughter of Romania. No asshole guitar snobs, please. Visit www.axesandalleys.com and post a comment.

FOR SALE

Summer camp for awkward, troubled inner-city youth who have not yet understood the true meaning of friendship or believing in themselves. For sale cheap to greedy developers. Camp Ikinaki Management Office, Lake Otama, WA.

WANTED

Children's drawings of avocados. Crayon, marker or watercolor on paper. Will pay up to \$4.00 each. Milly at Avocado Junction USA. (www.avacadojunction.com).

FOR LEASE

One half gazebo. Vernon's Half Gazebo warehouse. Starting at only \$10.00 per month. Buy two to have a full eight eighths of a gazebo. www.halfgazebo.org. All profits donated to Walloon independence movement.

FOR SALE

Seventy-five cork dartboards, all missing the number 17. Free signed copy of Abbot's Flatland (hardcover) included. £25.02, or best offer. Gordon Brown, 10 Downing St. London, SW1. U.K.

FOR RENT

DC3 (airplane) cockpit mockup built out of wheelbarrow and RV parts. Perfect size for infants or spider monkeys. I'm also working on a suit that makes a golden retriever look like an Apache helicopter, but that's not ready yet. \$5 per hour, photographs \$1 extra. Norman Lear, Talladega, AL. Ring top bell.

WANTED

Book about my life written by Tom Wolfe. Tom Wolfe (the author) must refrain from using the letter "e" and from mentioning the period from 1991-1995 when I was in Burma. It's just too painful a period for me, I can't go back there, though it still haunts me in every waking nightmare. It eats my soul like so much chocolate pudding. Ratcher Finley, 108 Meecham Park Road, Providence, RI.

FOR LEASE

Fettid dingoes kidneys (pair). F. Prefect, Islington, London, UK. Box number 42.

Axes and Alleys

was

Conceived, Written and Produced

by

Scott Birdseye

and

Jeremy Rosen

with Special Help from

Arielle Phillips



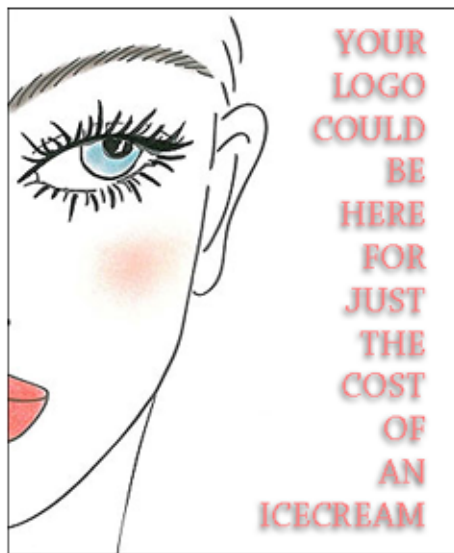
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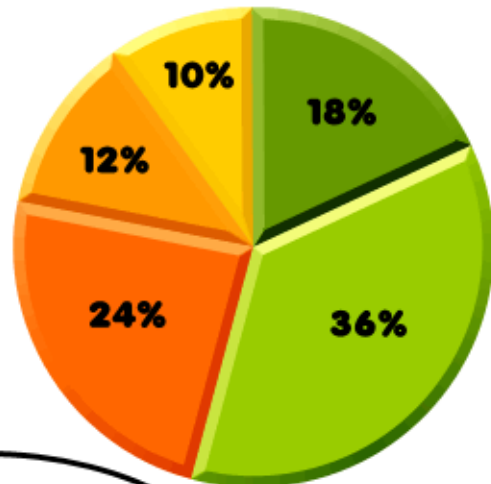
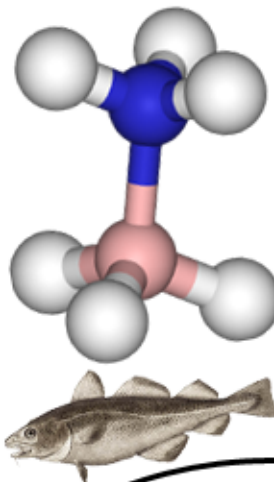
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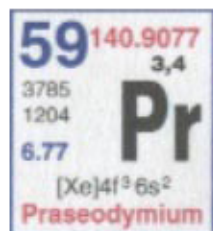
Just print these out on adhesive paper and then stick them on objects.



Greeks Love Waffles



Look at the
Oort Cloud



HIERONYMOUS?



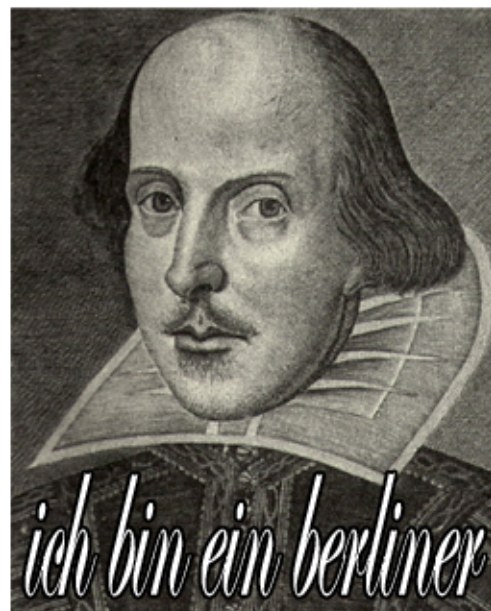
In Hell they bury you in cotton candy.



PEPPER SMELLS OF SNEEZING



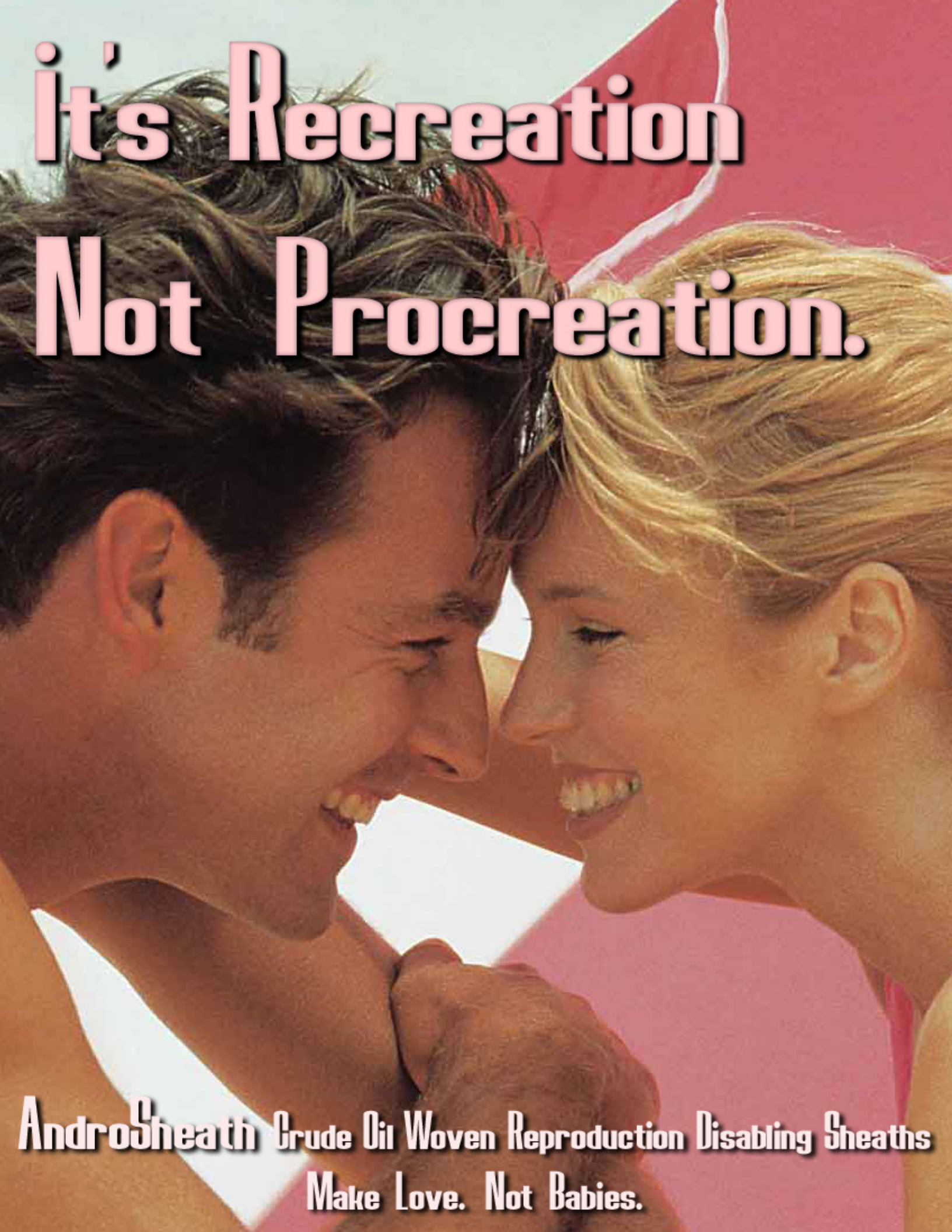
YOU'RE SPECIAL JUST LIKE ME



Practice Random
Acts of Gardening

That Is Not a Fish





**it's Recreation
Not Procreation.**

**AndroSheath Crude Oil Woven Reproduction Disabling Sheaths
Make Love. Not Babies.**