

AXES AND ALLEYS

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AXES AND ALLEYS

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The year 2004 A.D. has been remarkable. Throughout this year we have seen monumental changes in politics, religion, economics, and agricultural machinery. While there are many naysayers out there who fear these changes, we at *Axes and Alleys* welcome this new world and urge our readers to do likewise.

Sure, there have been many widespread rare isolated incidents of cyborg attacks on ordinary citizens, and of cyborg-controlled farm machinery running amuck, but these occurrences, while ever increasing in their frequency and deadliness, are generally on the decline. Truly there is nothing to fear from these fearsome human-computer hybrids and the destruction they bring. Many thought the light bulb would lead to moral decay, yet here we are living every hour under the illumination of these wondrous tungsten-filled orbs.

Without a doubt, the most exciting news of 2004 was the development and release of implant technology from Movable Type Printing, *Axes and Alleys'* parent company. From now on, you good readers, need not be burdened with cumbersome pages, ink and covers. With just a quick bit of surgery you can now have a chip installed in your brain that will allow you to read *Axes and Alleys* online from the comfort of your own head. Just drop us a line if you're interested.

Yeah, it sure has been an exciting year. Can't wait to see what 2005 will bring our way. Ta ta for now.

Delores P. Grunion



Looking Forward to a Brave New World

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

To Whom it May Concern:

I dare say it, but the youth of today are by far less viable than the youths of previous years. When I go for my evening constitutional throughout the neighborhood, I see these shifty-eyed, lazy people standing about, listening to their rock, rap, house techno, and trip hop music. This music is terrible when compared to the music of my time. Throughout this land, these young people fail continually at school, their social lives, and their professional lives. They have no jobs, they do not volunteer for National Service, they do not seek gainful employment and they refuse to use rubber prophylactics when engaging in the copulative act. These youths should be rounded up and forced to participate in the activities of labor camps. Only this shall save our Republic, reversing our course; currently headed toward fiery abyss of hell, tucked comfortably away within the confines of a whicker hand-basket. I also dislike the Irish.

Dinsdale Piranha.

Dear Publishers,

Axes and Alleys is an excellent magazine, but why do you so rarely feature aircraft carriers (CV, CVA, CVAN, CVB, CVL CVN, CVS and CVT and so forth). Such wonderful boats. Or, as the Germans would say "Das vunderbar boots." I wouldn't know, my German is terrible. Either way, aircraft carriers are amazing. They need not oars.

CV-1 the U.S.S. *Langley*

Dear Sirs, Madams or Neuters,

What's all this then?

Chief Superintendent Harry "Snapper" Organs
Metro Police Force, London SW1

Dear People of *Axes and Alleys*,

While people may be quick to dismiss *Gidget*, Sally Field is one of the greatest thespians of our day and age. Her award winning performances on stage and screen are enthralling and well deserving of the accolades sent her way by critics, fans, etc. Her films are both amazing and inspiring. Works such as *Smoky and the Bandit*, *Steel Magnolias*, *Mrs. Doubtfire*, *Forest Gump*, and *Legally Blonde II: Red, White and Blonde* are among the greatest images ever put to celluloid. How could you claim such a wonderful talent shares a common ancestor with filthy and smelly chimps? Evolution is a lie.

Armatige Henry

To *Axes and Alleys*,

In the South things were better than we hoped from the Allied side. We managed to drub Davout and released one of our columns to attack on the center table, which stabilized that front for a short time allowing the Allied commander there to save face. We did draw French units on to our Southern board away from the critical action in the center. Our losses were very light and we had secured most of the major features on our table by 1400hrs and were at the point of driving Davout to destruction. I thank you all especially the referees, Pete and Jodie.

Dr. James H. Birdseye
Augusta State University

To the Publishers of *Axes and Alleys*:

Of all the spectacular (i.e. fabulicious) things in this world, I would perhaps rank bread near the top. Bread comes in a variety of flavors, textures and constancies. At the supermarket near my house they have nearly a whole isle devoted to bread and bread-like comestibles, including but not limited to rolls. Plus, they also have a bakery section with fresh-baked bread and bags of pita bread which is a sort of flat styled bread. They have much bread at that supermarket. Plus, there's this cute cashier girl Irene who is a bit young, but very hot, especially on Halloween when she was dressed all goth like. The other cute cashier, Marilyn, is nice, but sort of slutty. I'll let you know when they turn eighteen. Until then, I'm not going to count my chickens, if you know what I mean.

Jeffery "Sinclair" Lewis

A woman with long reddish-brown hair, smiling, wearing a black strapless gown with a lace bodice and a full skirt. She is positioned on the left side of the page, partially overlapping the text.

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A blue-tinted photograph of a sailboat's mast and rigging against a clear sky. The mast and rigging are dark, creating a geometric pattern of lines and curves. The sky is a solid, light blue. The text "Death has taken a break." is centered in the middle of the image in a white, serif font.

Death has taken a break.

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BOÖTIS

ELECTION SPECIAL

The People Have Spoken!

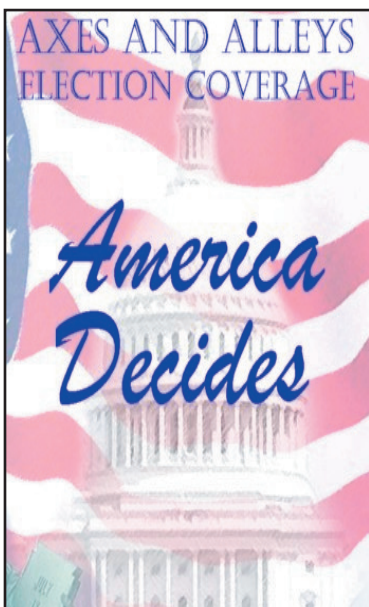
ARMSTRONG

DEFEATS

HANDLEY

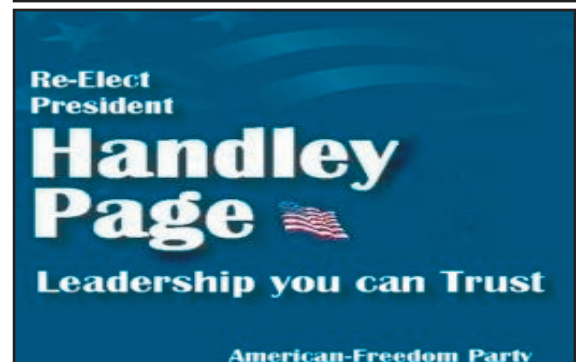
PACK YOUR BAGS, JOHNNY!

**Incumbent Loses to Challenger in
Biggest Landslide since 1980.**



Doing the Victory Dance: Armstrong (above) meets with jubilant supporters upon hearing the good news. Aides say official victory speech will be delivered at 9pm tonight.

HANDLEY



ELECTION SPECIAL

Axes & Alleys Political Analysis

6 January, 2005

Washington, D.C.

As 7 PM passed in the nation's capital, feelings were high at the Handley/Page local headquarters. So high, in fact, that John Handley was victoriously parading around in a pair of very short, very tight shorts with the Free-American Party logo on the seat, and only those shorts. Grasping a bottle of strawberry milk, his exultant shouts were unintelligible. Handley ran an often truculent and strange campaign. When trouncing rival Mitchell Focke in the primaries, he reminded the country that it wouldn't want to get focked up. Often in the debates he used a joy buzzer when shaking hands with his rivals, sometimes resorting to the classic water-spraying lapel flower when a rival seemed to be gaining rhetorical steam. Once he pulled a balloon from his pocket, blew it up while Dick Armstrong was giving a rebuttal, made it into a simian shape of some sort and then pointed to Armstrong while raising his eyebrows at the animal shape.

About the only piece of true policy expository to come out of the Handley camp was its engagement in a fierce denunciation of the Armstrong/Whitworth surplus budget deficit re-allocation plan. Handley and running mate Al Page often referred to the plan as "really stupid" and the Armstrong/Whitworth campaign as "a bunch of limp [expletive] drunkards who can't [expletive] their way out of wet newspaper." One would assume that perhaps they did not like the American-Freedom Party candidates, though it is true that Armstrong has no children and running mate Al Page scored poorly on the ACT.

Al Page, the former Accadian governor, gave the campaign momentum and energy. Mr. Page often starts his day with five cups of espresso, takes two cans of Jolt cola with lunch and snacks on coffee beans throughout the day. The moniker "Al Valdez" was never more appropriate. At the headquarters on election night, Page was heard giving a two hour monolog on how much he liked black brassieres, pausing only once to plow his way through six chocolate lady fingers.

The Armstrong/Whitworth campaign, spending election night fishing from the American-Freedom Party's trawler in Lesser Lake Eerie, was biting its nails after exit polling in New York showed a revitalized Focke/Wulf campaign gaining ground there. New York state had come into play when Dick Armstrong stated that the state had been nothing but a blight on the Armpit of America for decades and that the neighboring state of New Jersey would probably do well in invading New York City and forcing the state to come to terms. While Upstate New York supported the measure, The City became slightly unhappy, burning the Armstrong/Whitworth campaign headquarters in Queens to the ground as several campaign staffers and the American-Freedom Party chairman Charles "Pork Papa" Coltrane died in the ensuing riot in Little Italy, choking to death on an unidentified pasta product forcibly shoved down their throats. The Focke/Wulf campaign took advantage of the unrest to state "we, uh, really like New York."

Apart from this small setback, the Armstrong/Whitworth campaign had remained fairly steadfast and moderate throughout the year. When asked how moderate he was by a reporter, Armstrong replied "on a scale of one to three, I would say I'm about a two." The campaign was met with next-day headlines of "Armstrong Only a Two!" and most reports suspiciously left out the previous clause and question mentioning both the scale upon which Armstrong was measuring himself and what the scale measured.

When engaging John Handley in the last debate, Armstrong brought along a large plastic tarpaulin with which to cover himself during Handley's frequent outbursts of juvenile comedy. The Handley campaign immediately called a foul with the Presidential Debate Commission, citing the half-paragraph agreement signed by the two camps which they stated did not allow plastic tarpaulins. The Armstrong campaign quickly released the document, noting that it did not address the subject of tarpaulins or wide-brimmed 10 gallon cowboy hats, which Armstrong had also worn during the debate. The question is still in arbitration with the PDC as of the writing of this article, with an addendum by the Armstrong camp denouncing the inappropriate attire of Mr. Handley during the four debates. Mr. Handley wore an "I'm With Stupid" t-shirt, jeans and galoshes with a bright orange tam in each debate.

As 11 PM drew close, the election was still in doubt. With the Interconnected Network as always barren of information and news stations switching away from election coverage to the growing beer scandal in Jamaica, only New York had been clearly called because of its new "Voter-Vibrator" initiative.

Then something unexpected happened. Georgia, Florida, Accadia, Kentucky and South Carolina were all called for Armstrong. In the final analysis, it seems that the pollsters in those states had forgotten to actually poll anyone and had made up their statistics to meet deadlines. (Ed. Note —At this moment, the Senate Subcommittee on Business has been investigating polling operations in several states, with its chairman Ed Nasucs (A-MV) calling pollsters "those [expletive].")

Their information was clearly incorrect as Armstrong captured those states by margins as great as 30 points. In hindsight Armstrong's strong stance on cockfighting and mullet subsidies paved the way for his victory. In Accadia a ballot initiative forcing the state to pay for mud flaps brought out the vote for Armstrong, a former CEO of American Mudflappery and lobbyist for the flap industry.

An interesting side note: the Libertariat campaign of Focke/Wulf, even with Adrian Wulf, former Accadian governor on the ticket, received only 17 votes in Accadia. It's likely that voters there remembered his poor stewardship of the state's large tarmac industry.

Things seemed in the balance again as California, New Jersey and Massachusetts were all called for Handley. Apparently some backlash had come from the insinuation made by Armstrong that New Jersey was the Armpit of America, a title bequeathed by Congressional legislation to Iowa decades ago. The margins were narrow in those states, but Handley had played a major county by county coup in sending in a corps of whisperers.

These Whisperers for Handley consistently repeated his name wherever they were in the three weeks leading up to Election Day. Handley's name could be heard in the lavatory, grocery, toll booth and even movie theaters as a continuous background noise. Psychology experts, who have strongly assailed the viability of subliminal messages, are left baffled.

By 11:35 PM, the totals were Handley/Page 113 E.V.'s to Armstrong/Whitworth's 65. Shortly thereafter, yet another upset was recorded. Garnering the entirety of its national votes from the Bellamure State of Montsylvania, the strained partnership of Silas Mikoyan and Jim Gurevich; Communazi candidates running on a policy of threatening reporters, vowing to destroy the Moon and racial purity, flipped the percentages in that state virtually handing its electoral votes to the Armstrong/Whitworth campaign. With Minnesota and Kalisotta following Montsylvania's lead, Armstrong was ahead 114 to Handley's 113.

ELECTION SPECIAL

114 to Handley's 113.

From that point on, state after state was called for Armstrong. Armstrong and running mate Neil Whitworth (a former show girl) even made a rare mid-evening television appearance wherein they held up a Handley/Page campaign sign and laughed for two and a half minutes. This is suspected to have swung Alaska's votes towards Armstrong as Alaskans have a reputation for enjoying laughter. Hawaii eventually went to Handley/Page, which is likely due to the traditional Hawaiian dislike of laughing.

At this point in the night, Handley, dressed in a flowing kimono and kabuki makeup, made his concession speech.

Al Page had been rushed to a nearby hospital to have his stomach pumped. After Kalisotta was called for Armstrong, Page had proceeded to swallow his own tie and down what he thought was a bottle of tequila but which was actually a container of lemon-fresh deodorizer left behind by a thoughtless janitor.

Handley told reporters and the nation that he no longer wished to be president and was going to pursue a career in puppetry, hoping to further his cause with giant puppets paraded at world-wide anti-globalization protests. When a reporter referred to him as Mr. Handley, Handley interrupted her and asked to be referred to as Chester Copperpot,

Explorer, from now on. As of this writing, Handley is believed to be sequestered in the high-security wing of an undisclosed psychiatric hospital.

At the end of the official counting period, the final totals showed Armstrong/Whitworth with 443 Electoral Votes to Handley/Page's 198. The American-Freedom Party had garnered a true mandate in America with nearly 109 million votes, leaving the Free-American Party to wonder how horribly it had screwed up, holding a paltry 48 million votes. Free-American party leadership appears to have given up as no one from that party has shown up for this session of Congress except for George Garrity (F-NY), who stated he liked Congressional Cafeteria sandwiches very much. What this means for the future of the nation is uncertain as a quorum of voting members in Congress is unavailable. President-Elect Armstrong may be forced to attempt to use directives to run the country and will have no cabinet, running the nation with two office secretaries and Vice President-Elect Page running notes to and from the Executive Office Building, where one of the secretaries works. It may be impossible to move that secretary from the Executive Office Building to the White House because staff changes require Congressional oversight due to recent legislation passed by the majority Free-American Party lame-duck Congress and signed by the outgoing President.



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ELECTION SPECIAL

Electoral College Votes

Handley / Page
(American-Freedom)

California: 55
Connecticut: 7
Delaware: 3
D.C.: 3
Hawaii: 4
Idaho: 4
Illinois: 21
Maine: 4
Maryland: 10
Massachusetts: 12
New Hampshire: 4
New Jersey: 15
New York: 31
Oregon: 7
Rhode Island: 4
Vermont: 3
Washington: 11

Armstrong / Whitworth
(Free America)

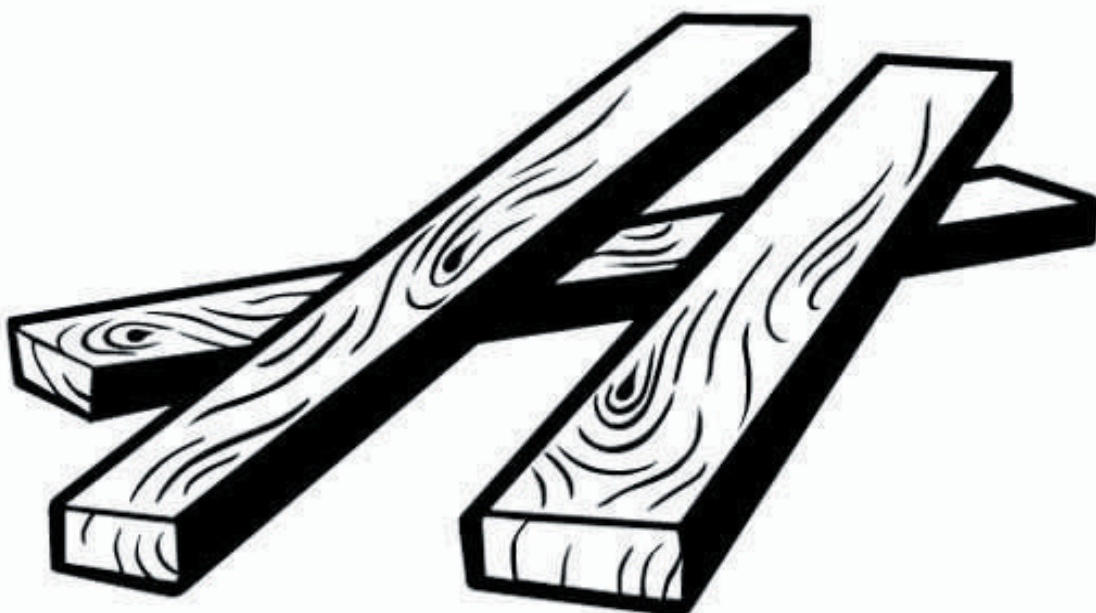
Accadia: 15
Alabama: 9
Alaska: 3
Algonqua: 6
Arizona: 10
Arkansas: 6
Colorado: 9
Elizabethia: 10
Florida: 27
Georgia: 15
Indiana: 11
Iowa: 7
Kalisotta: 12
Kansas: 6
Kentucky: 8
Louisiana: 9
Michigan: 17

Minnesota: 10
Mississippi: 6
Missouri: 11
Montana: 3
Montsylvania: 27
Nebraska: 5
Nevada: 5
New Highland: 9
New Mexico: 5
North Carolina: 15
North Dakota: 3
Ohio: 20
Oklahoma: 7
Pennsylvania: 21
Platha: 3
Ponderada: 11
Pueblon: 7

South Carolina: 8
South Dakota: 3
Tennessee: 11
Texas: 34
Utah: 5
Virginia: 13
West Dakota: 3
West Virginia: 5
Wisconsin: 10
Wyoming: 3



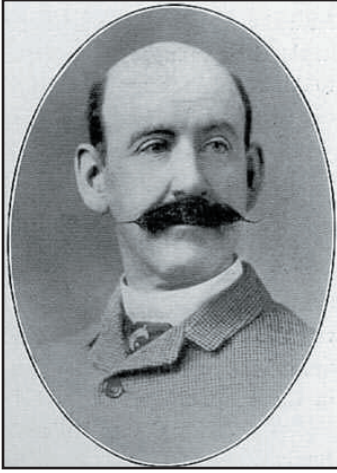
Nothing Fails Like Failure: Vice President Al Page (left) and President John Handley (right) make their concession speech.



WOOD

**ONE HELL OF A
MATERIAL.**

HISTORIOGRAPHY DE JOUR THE STORY OF COLONIAL MEXICO CITY



Dr. Scott Birdseye is the Rufus Palmeroy Scholar in Pan-International Historitcal Studies at the Montsylvania College of Agricultural Technology Design Arts. His menagerie includes two giraffes, a condor, twelve different species of monkey and a salamander named Clem.

Peace in Colonial Mexico City was a product of the system of social order based upon economics and racial relations. Division defined the social structure, ethnic and economic division between the ruling elite and the plebian subjects, and racial division within the plebian lower classes. As the wealthy Spanish ruling class formed only a small percentage of the population as a whole, the elite used governmental regulations and politically based legal system to maintain a high degree of official separation between the races which made up the lower classes.

Fearing for loss of control, the elite used lower class division as a means to ensure continuation of their own power and to ensure greater stability within society. Racial division and upward economic mobility, while maintaining the social order upon which the elite based their domination, also increased random, sporadic violence between racial groups in the lower classes, diminishing the effectiveness of the system for maintaining overall social order.

Colonial Mexico City was characterized by racial diversity and by a high degree of interaction and intermarriage between different ethno-linguistic groups. The early racial division concerned only Spanish and Indians, however, later institutionalized slavery defined the three main racial groups in Mexico as Africans, Spanish and Indians. While a wide variety of racial identifications existed to distinguish people whose ancestry crossed the clearly established lines of race, initial Spanish political rulings overlooked the more complex racial identities present. Within the intermediate ethnicities there existed a lack of definitive methods of racial identification, blurring and obscuring the once clear borders of race. In the daily life of the castas, race was not an important issue, and racial identity tended to be ascribed only by interaction with governmental institutions. Strict categorization was unnecessary in plebian life, where loyal affiliation involved family and neighborhood rather than race or class. Spaniards, both Criolo and Peninsulares were generally the only group concerned with strict records of ancestry and racial purity. Thus, it was only in these groups, which formed the elite, that exact racial identity was known.

For the plebian elements in society, fixed racial identity was unimportant, and it was common for an individuals race to change, due to both changing economic status and to the differing opinions of governmental recording agents.

Spanish distaste for the castas was common, and aversion quickly evolved into fear, fear which was amplified by the fact that the ruling elite were in the minority. The Viceroy of New Spain declared that mestizos, mulattoes and free blacks were dangerous and implemented a series of policies designed to halt social unification of the underclass. Conspiracies by Africans in 1608 and 1612 only furthered Spanish fear and desire to control the commoners. It was legally forbidden for Africans and anyone of even partial Spanish blood to take up residence in Indian villages. Despite these ordinances, interracial socialization, particularly in Mexico City's pulquerias and gambling dens continued. Through people of different races interacted regularly, different standards applied in the legal arena. Castas were subject to harsher laws and economic regulations than were Spaniards. Indians were still required to pay tribute, and mestizos were often subject to the Republica de los Indios. Thus, the plebian classes had many divisions under the law, divisions which eventually evolved into de facto separations within the lower class.

People of the lower classes however, continued to use the Spanish legal appeal system, illustrating a recognition of the Spanish law and its institutions.

The plebeians saw the legal distinctions as valid in many cases, and followed them as was expected under the Patron-Cliente System. The commoners viewed the rulers as their Patrons, who would protect and provide for them, and in exchange the commoners understood their obligation to obey Spanish law. In economics, like law, racial identity became a way for the elite to secure division amongst the lower classes. Labor and types of available employment were tied to race, as Indians were still forced to provide *encomienda* labor and *castas* generally were limited by the occupations of their families. Thus, occupation provided a way to create and perpetuate separate and distinct racial identity. With the constant silver shipments to Spain, money was rare in Colonial Mexico, and what cash was available was concentrated in the hands of the elite. Accumulation of liquid assets was nearly impossible for non-Spaniards, and any wealth was in the form of land or goods. Upward social mobility, while difficult, was accomplished in Colonial Mexico through economic means, ensuring that within the non pure Spanish population racial identity could change.

Thus, while the different races were divided, within individual ethnicities, loyalty to the race was unknown, as racial identity could change through economic means. The Patron-Cliente System dominated racial mobility, as economic mobility often depended upon the willingness of the elite population. This system created an inherent instability within Mexico City's population. Elite patrons were required, within the confines of the system, to provide economic protection for the commoners in order to insure social stability. Food scarcity and price increases were seen by the lower class as a failure of the rulers to meet their obligations, and in such situations, the plebian masses saw obedience as unnecessary. The lower class often used the threat of riots and violence as a means to manipulating the bureaucracy to get better or fairer treatment under to law. Conditions of this sort in Mexico City in 1692 became so intolerable for the lower class that they were able to unite and, through a massive riot, threaten to terminate the rule of the elite.

Plebian unity, however, was short lived, and division within the lower classes, fuelled by racial distinctions, brought about the end of the riot and the reestablishment of the elite control. After the ferocity of the riot of 1692, the Spanish elite reiterated and expanded upon their policy of racial division as a means to ensure their own political and economic dominance. In the end, internal division within the lower class made radical social or political change in Mexico an impossibility. While the system of division based upon racial identity did enable the elite to maintain their control over the political and economic systems of Colonial Mexico City, it did little to maintain peace within the city. Personal violence and crime created by the divisions were unabated, and riots and violence by the lower class, though unsuccessful in bringing about political and economic change, disrupted daily life and the social order within the city. In one respect the system was successful, in that it enabled the elite to maintain control, however, the elite, through their own system, failed to provide true stability and safety for the commoners in the manner of a proper Patron.

Not Another Dead Pumpkin!



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Orange Caulk
and Pumpkin Restorative



AN EDITORIALOGRAPH

BY STAFF CLOUDBERRY EXPERT

KATIE STALIN



Katie Stalin, the great-granddaughter of Soviet Premier Josef Stalin, has spent her life preserving her family's legacy of terror, ruthlessness, violent purges and Five Year Plans.



Originally, this was going to be a message about the importance of cloudberry to Norwegian culture and cuisine, only I saw something which infuriated me as a human being and as one of the pedestrians of the world. Above you will find the photograph which has launched me into this tirade. What an ignorant child. What a useless youngster. How could this worthless waste of space insult the brave sailors and seamen of America's Navy by producing such a crude and inaccurate building-block model of an aircraft carrier.

There are so many inaccuracies to contend with, I'm not even sure where to begin. Well, for starters, how about the fact that the model features the characteristic angular flight deck of a nuclear powered carrier, first introduced in 1953 in the design of the *USS Antietam* (CVA 36), yet the aircraft on the flight deck of this model are prop-driven planes featuring folded-wing designs characteristic of WWII Navy fighters such as the F6F Hellcat or the F8F Bearcat. Even more horribly out of place are the bi-planes, which to my knowledge have never been deployed from even an *Essex*-class carrier, much less a *Nimitz* or *Kennedy* class.

And I must ask "How exactly did those aircraft get from the main hangar deck to the flight deck?" By magic I guess, since this model doesn't feature a single elevator while everyone knows that a *Nimitz* class carrier has four aircraft elevators. Who knows, maybe there is an elevator somewhere on this model, but if there is then it's not very clear, just another indication of poor craftsmanship. I pray to God that no airplane ever does try to land on this deck, which features a startling lack of crash barricades, arresting wires, or a Fresnel Lens Optical Landing System.

Take a look at the island. Where are the designation numbers which would allow us to know which carrier this is? The island seems to feature only one windowed deck, which I must assume, based on the noticeable absence of the vulture's row, that this is not the *Pri-fly*. So, is this one deck the bridge? The flag bridge? So bad is this model that I have no idea. And look at the two flags atop the island where the radar and communications array should be. One appears to be either a German or gay flag, which is odd because last I checked neither the Federal Republic of Germany nor GLAAD have ever deployed an aircraft carrier. The other flag is definitely a Lego™ symbol. To assert that the LEGO Group is a military force is just stupid.

What an idiotic child. I hope his parents have the decency to take him to a library or something before he even attempts to look at plastic building block toys again.

A MESSAGE FROM DAVE

HOW TO BE AMERICA'S FIRST EVIL DICTATOR

BY DAVE SHMERSON

America is clearly in need of its first evil dictator. While Aaron Burr's attempt was essentially stillborn and Calvin Coolidge failed completely in showing any sign of antagonistic tyranny, it is still possible for one of you to be at the forefront of fascist autocracy in America. Here's how:

Found your political party. Complicated? Not at all. Merely register with your state elections board, then grab a bunch of friends or like-minded folks you meet at the bar, Sunday school or singles picnics sponsored by on-line dating sites. Build on this through compulsion. Nothing makes someone want to join your party more than the capture and threatened ruthless murder of close relatives. You may also wish to try poison.

With your base firmly established, you can now go on to forcefully spread the word. Ideally The Party of Evil will have catchy branding and forced ballot access in all 50 states. Target that all-important 18-24 demographic with ads touting The POE. Avoid Edgar Allen references and play on people's fears. They won't know what a fright they're in for after they vote you in.

Say anything to get a vote. It may seem like politicians already do this, but they really don't. The POE will say absolutely anything to get a vote. When cornered by journalists, threaten the lives of themselves and their families. As you can see, using the relations of those placing themselves as obstacles in your way is an important tactic in furthering your career as an evil dictator. Make sure to keep in practice with unruly grocery store clerks and perfume sprayers at department stores. You will also be spending a lot of time in grocery and department stores, but we'll get to that later.

Spend most of your campaign money on issue ads directed at destroying the Moon. This is not only classic evil, but will draw attention to The POE and away from the two major parties. Make sure to spend Sunday mornings listing reasons why the Moon will be destroyed. Do not threaten Sunday morning commentators. They are an already prepared arm of evil and should be coddled. Whenever the "opposition" is given an opportunity to speak, interrupt, lambast and bring the



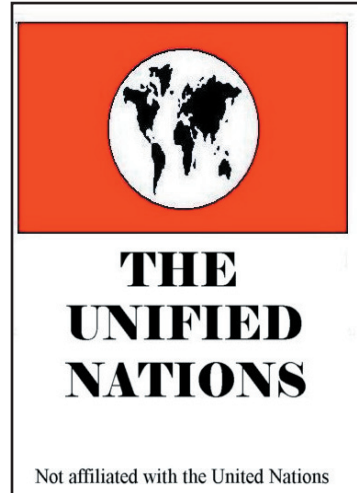
Dave Shmerson is the writer of several informative pamphlets on the subject of knot tying for seamen as well as a mid-level party functionary in the People's Republic of Mongolia and ambassador plenipotentiary to the Unified Nations, an alternative to the United Nations.

conversation back to the topic of the Moon. You'll win handily every time.

You may be asked about our interactions with international powers. Be aggressive with foreign relations. When asked policy questions, respond that our enemies will be destroyed by our grand, victorious armies. Shake your fist and vow to finish what James K. Polk started.

Criticize historic dictators whenever asked about the policies of the incumbent. Say how soft Stalin was on political opponents. Carry around a pyramid of grapefruit which demonstrates the proper way to stack skulls. Make sure to deride Pol Pot's method. Compare yourself favourably.

Threaten critical opinion writers. Send your "men" around to their houses early in the morning and late at night. They don't have to do anything they just have to be there, though an occasional menacing glare helps. Send strange packages and have your lackeys call in bomb threats on their homes. It's not high political manoeuvring, but it sure is fun.



Falsely identify generals and admirals as military allies. Hint at the words "junta" and "coup." Force them to defend the ridiculous allegations, bringing you publicity. If you see any sign that their defences are being taken seriously, comment on their fair-weather attitude and lacklustre military prowess. Ask about the last time they fought a successful war.

In the week before the election, state that you're not sure what party members will do at the polls. Tell reporters that you really have no control over what your partisans will do (you can joke about this back at the POE lounge later). Make voters feel unsafe. Post uniformed party members one foot past the legal bounds for campaign workers near polling places.

On election day, ride through a major city in the tank you bought earlier in the year. Have your face painted on the side of the war machine. Cackle a lot.

Once you've one, immediately storm the White House and remove the current occupant. You don't want any lame duck officer creating policy before your ascendance. Force the Chief Justice to swear you in, then have him shot.

What you do with the office of President is really up to you, but remember the three keys to being a dictator.

1. Always kill the overconfident underling.
2. Make sure to eat one strange combination of foods.
3. Great uniforms.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMOROUS CONCEPTS "THE RANGO AND LEM CHRONICLES"



VERSE FOR THE MASSES

WITH

H. G. PETERSON

“Papal Love Song”



H.G. Peterson is the founder and former-Viceroy of the British colony of East Sungir. Besides being a Pulitzer Prize and Peabody Award winning poet, he also collects potato chips shaped like cast members of the television show *Maude*.



I see him walking down St. Peter's Square
His bulbous nose, his short white hair
His golden robes, his pointy hat
I think "I've got to get me some of that"

If only he would talk to me
I'd tell him how I'd want him to be
I want to be with him forever
Spending our days and nights together

We would go out in the morning sun
Through the streets of Rome searching for fun
And long after the sun sets in late afternoon
Together we'll gaze up at the moon

Under the bullet proof plastic dome
I would whisper in his ear my love poem
And as he got turned on by my rhymes
We'd get in the backseat and have a good time

Then back in the walls of Vatican city
Where the sunlight makes him look so pretty
We'd dance until the sun rise came
And I would say his name....

John Paul, I love you, I want you to know
That I think our love should grow
And we should always be together too
Just hanging out, me and you

Pontiff, my pope, with your big pointy chapeau
I really want to jump your bones
Get me some of that wild and rough papal action
Ram you so hard you break a hip, and end up in traction

But I would come to hospital to visit you
Then you would know that my love is true
And you would look down at me with your big glassy eyes
Saying "I love you, and that is no lie"

Then you cough a little, because you're so old
But then you speak again, you're voice noble and bold
Holding my hand you say "You know, laddy
Why don't you tell me, who's yer daddy?"

Then we'd make love in that hospital bed
So eager and free that you'd end up dead
Because like I said, you're really old and frail
But still you're my idea of a hot sexy male

Then I'd take your withered member and put in my mouth
Till in total ecstasy my name you'd scream out
Your heart would ache, you'd beg me for more
I'd ram your ass till you moaned like a whore

With these thoughts on my mind, I watch you on the balcony
And for a moment I think, you look right at me
Then you go right back to conducting your mass
And I just melt, thinking about your hot papal ass.

I love you, John Paul...call me.

HOW TO DO IT

WITH REGULAR COMMENTATOR

LEMUEL LEBRATT

By Permanent Guest-Commentator Marcia Spatzelberg

BUILDING A BOMB SHELTER



With the current situation in America these days, you can't help but feel more secure with a tiny, miniature version of your house underground in the subterranean section of your background. So, grab a spade and let's get working.

Step 01.

Dig a big hole. Line the sides of the hole with corrugated tin (easily obtained from the roofs of the hovels in your city's shanty town district). Then, put a lid on it and cover the whole thing back over with dirt. Make sure to leave a door. New sod will restore your lawn to its pre-survivalist bunker glory.

Step 02.

You'll need some basic survival items. A generator is a good thing to have on hand. That way you can have electric powered light instead of having to relying on your candle-making skills, which probably aren't that good unless you happen to be employed as the candle-making lady at Colonial Williamsburg. You're also going to need a lot of water, and if you're like me, you're gonna want tequila as well. Limes go well with tequila. Canned foods are good, but you'll need a can opening tool, which can often be obtained as part of a set. If you join the Swiss Army they will issue you a multi-purpose tool called a Swiss Army Knife, which has a can-opener included. Any supermarket, check your local phonebook for supermarkets in your area, sells canned food. Canned food comes in many varieties, although the most popular are olives, pineapple chunks in syrup, collard greens, French cut green beans, herring, sardines, beets, chickpeas, sliced peaches, apricots, string-beans, mustard greens, red beans, Spam, corned beef hash, pink salmon, tuna, clam juice, chicken broth, tomato sauce, lobster pieces, mushrooms, pineapple juice, orange juice concentrate, baby corn, jalapeno peppers, refried beans, artichoke hearts, white potatoes, and Beef-a-Roni, which is a macaroni and beef dish native to Italy. Cigarettes and porn will also help you through the lonely nights, or if you're afraid of committing Onan's sin, you might pick up a Russian lady or gentleman from one of those internet sites or catalogues. Twine is also good, because, you never know.

Step 03

Survive and live on to build a new society on the ruins of the old.



Introducing the
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The perfect tool for a job well done.



THE MARCH OF PROGRESS

SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT CARRIER HYBRID CRAFT REMARKABLE FAILURE



**Sir Jeremy-Joseph Rosen,
Bart. VC. is Caretaker of the
Crown Spoons Collection for
Her Majesty.**



Secretary of the American Naval Kriegsmarine (SECAMNAK) Grand Admiral Alouicious R. Humphrey announced yesterday, with a published report, that the United States will no longer seek the deployment of the experimental submersible aircraft carrier. Following weeks of testing in the North Atlantic, the project was finally scrapped after no fewer than seven F-3.14 "Cascading Walnut" air superiority aircraft failed to take off from the deck of the submerged aircraft carrier. The first of the submarine carriers, CVJ-01 the USS *Al Gore*, returned to its base at Norfolk, Virginia where it will be converted into a cargo transport.

Project Orient officially began in 1996, when the Pentagon drew up plans for a submersible aircraft deployment ship which was to act as the center of a new submersible fleet group to operate worldwide. The strategic aim of the project was the creation of an advanced fleet group undetectable to enemy satellites, which could project American military power globally. Throughout the next eight years this dream would become a reality, except for the fact that the prototype submersible carrier suffered from many design failures.

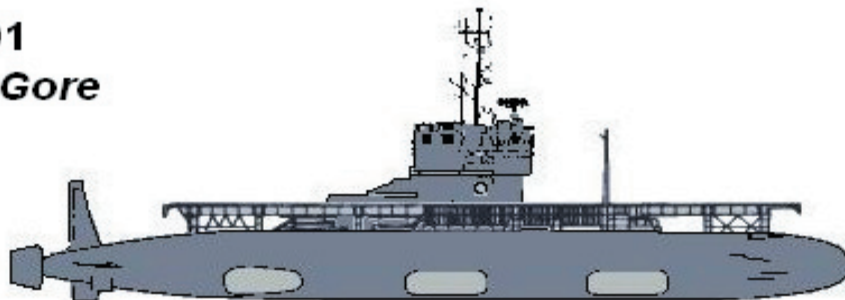
In May of last year, the initial testing of the *Al Gore* led to the destruction of three airplanes, when the pilots were unable to land properly on the submarine's small flight deck. While initially the Navy chalked this crashes up to pilot

error, a later inquiry revealed that the two hundred and thirty foot long deck provided insufficient space for the landing of aircraft. Even when eighty four separate braking cables were installed the carrier project continued to suffer from problems, as planes equipped with the necessary eighty four tail-hooks proved difficult to maneuver, especially on landing.

Despite the difficulties and design problems, the second phase of testing began in January of this year, when four separate take-off attempts were made by aircraft from the "Yellow Jacket" Squadron of the First Naval Air Wing. The first two tests went swimmingly, as the catapult launched aircraft were able to easily take off. The submerged take-offs however, proved far less successful. Modifications made to the Walnuts to allow submerged operation, including the oxygen tanks attached to the front of the jet intakes and the large valves added to the aft burners to allow combusted gasses to escape while keeping water out, made to planes too unwieldy for flight. The second tests, with highly modified rocket powered Walnuts were also unsuccessful, leaving four experimental craft lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

In recent article in the *Navy Proceedings* announced the final death of the *Al Gore* project. Admiral Humphrey addressed the program's critics, many of whom had long claimed that a submersible aircraft carrier was just stupid. "Yes," the Admiral stated in the report "Now that I think about it, it was a really stupid idea. I'm not sure what we were thinking."

**CVJ-01
USS *Al Gore***



ASK MONTEZUMA

ADVICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE



Montezuma II is back from his wonderful vacation last month and if greatly refreshed and ready to take on the day, so to speak. Montezuma II and Axes & Alleys regretfully inform our readership that a continued column by guest advice-giver Montezuma I is not possible at this time.

Dear Montezuma,

I was really good at musical theater, but then I gave it up. I had performed all the great parts; John's butler in "A Tuna Passes to the North," Abigail in "Disco Temblor" and even Deric Ventress in the great 1930s smash-hit "Destiny Pilots a Metaphor." For the last several years I've been working as a Wall Street analyst for a company I shall not name. I make a lot of money, live comfortably, but am unhappy because this is the life my parents wanted for me. Recently I was offered the part of Robert Drejer's understudy in a high-school friend's production of "Cleave to Me Oh Petty Officer." The pay scale is somewhat less than my current occupation and the job is full-time. In taking the positions, I'd have to find a smaller home and scrimp on luxuries. My parents will be unhappy and my car model girlfriend will probably leave me for my team-partner Gary. Should I rewrite the classic blocking for the scene where Robert tries on sun dresses at the Alsacien Boutique?

So Proud Here In North Charleston Township
Emergency Room

Dearest SPHINCTER,

The character of Robert Drejer launched the careers of so many fine actors and distinguished pedestrians. The scene where Robert passes out from the excruciating pain of his hangnail when Marian spills lemonade on his sandals was a paramount performance coup for Bollywood it-boy Chandershekrem Rikutaporti. The metaphysical implications of Robert's choice of bow-tie over the bolo tie when he marries Andrea though he is still in love with Henry required the most subtle approbation of the choice of tie that the successful performance of such by Mike Zemin led to his lauded career as a Palmolive spokesmodel. M. Smethurst, whom you may recall to memory as the founder of the Obnoxious school of acting, so astounded Queen Elizabeth II when he portrayed the aching loss of Robert's pet salamander in the S-Mart shopping aisle that she stood up at the curtain and declared a 10 day national period of thanksgiving in Smethurst's honour. Alas, the poorly articulated performance of Robert Drejer by several actors has resulted in their loss of career and virtual non-existence in the theatrical and greater world. The actor formerly known only as Dan, you shant remember him because of his poor performance, is now relegated to taming pygmy hippopotami at a Venezuelan sweat-zoo. Aaron Warner, last seen completely fumbling Robert's elegant monolog on trusses, currently resides in a size 40 refrigerator box on the Nova Scotia coast. Once quite popular in Africa as a character actor, Jimmy Birdseed is now blessed with three mortgages and teaches high school remedial physical education in South Carolina. Again, as you likely don't remember, his great beard and bald pate completely ruined the scene where Robert is assaulted and robbed by countless be-leathered homosexuals in a Baltimore strip mall and mini-amusement park. These are a few of the thespiatric road kill left in the wake of a poor Robert Drejer performance. Remember that the sun dress scene is the pivotal portion of the second act and serves to illuminate and enlighten, as well as elucidate and expound, Robert's utilitarian ennui and post-pointillist angst. Keep this and the occurrences mentioned above in mind as you make your decision.



Dear Montezuma,

My friend Frank and me was talking and we gots ter this thing. See, he says ya can't run off on no tangent wit no bullwhip tryin ter find a dead horse. I says ya can. He says ya can't. Then he takes my juice. Now, I gots ter thinking maybe he were jus tryin to distrect me from that there juice wit his horse-talkin. Whaddya think?

Ernie Anastos

Mr. Anastos,

I am a bit curious as to what kind of juice you were drinking. Was it orange? Another kind of citrus drink? Perhaps an ade of some sort? Or maybe you were consuming an apple beverage, perhaps a cider or an apple-cranberry admixture. This columnist is truly baffled. Could it have been one of the exotics, such as guava or mango? Or was it a mixture of exotics, like Caribbean Punch surprise? I really would like to know more about the juice because it is most certain that such knowledge would help me gain a better understanding of your situation. Perhaps Frank was trying to point you in the right direction, a direction whence you may come to comprehend the inscrutable. Certainly his classic example signifies such a stance. However, the juice thievery places an odour of chicanery about the whole exchange. Write me with this information when it is to your convenience and I will answer further in a future column.

Dear Montezuma,

I have 3 and a half feet of rope, a litre of petrol, 12 stone of dried barley, an air conditioner of 4500 British Thermal Units, a 3 cubit restaurant-style aluminum roasting pan, 7 2-count packages of wooden dowels, a 14,000 lumen camping light, 6 molar Hcl, a baker's dozen of ornamental iron column capitals, 1703 lingen berries, an angstrom of electromagnetic radiation, 3 wallet chains, a murder of Lithuanian crows, a pair of catheters, 2 pints of caulk, 2 drams of synthetic oil, 1 penny-weight of palladium, a perch of schist, 1 scruple of cupric carbonate and a large plastic container of unspecified odds and ends. How many more pounds of sand do I need?

Rodney Iles

Sir RILE,

A wise man (there are many of these, but this one was particularly wise) once said that 5 drams of synthetic oil could get you to the Faroe Islands and back, no problem. I am inclined to be agreeable with this man. Clearly, one should also be searching for a 12 molar concentration of acid. Avogadro was also a wise man, but he was notoriously miserly. The sage creator originated our species, if you are in fact human, with two representatives. You should consider the same for your marooned penny-weight of palladium. As you can see, with these changes no sand is necessary.

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