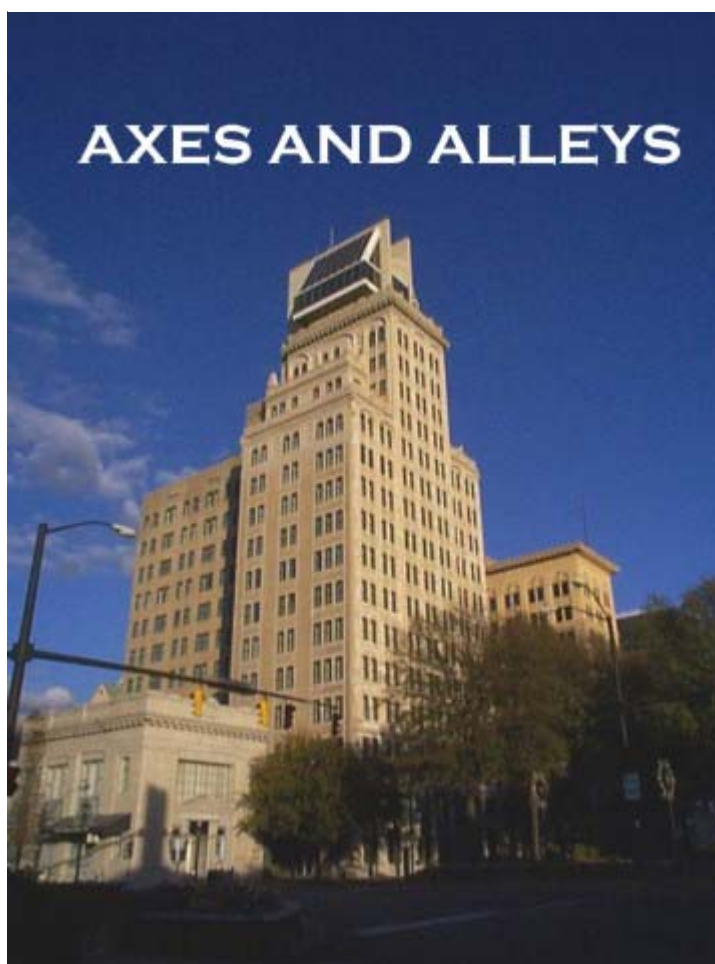


Volume 456-BR6
Issue 20
November 2003

The Official Magazine of The Royal Tractor Repair and Maintenance Society of Outer Mongolia

"Bringing You The Best in Tractor Repair and Maintenance Information"



£ 5.99U.K.
\$ 8.90 U.S.
\$ 12.21 Canada
¥ 51.89 Esperon
₺ .05 Cosa Nostra

Axes and Alleys: Fighting to Make Jewish Dietary Law Open Source

AXES AND ALLEYS

Volume 456-BR6

Issue 20

01 November 2003 (N.G.)

Published by the Royal Tractor
Repair and Maintenance Society of
Outer Mongolia.

118 Egin River Road, Suite 900
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People's Republic of Mongolia

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Dwight David Eisenhower

Hello boys and girls, I am Supreme Allied Commander General Dwight David Eisenhower, but my friends call me "Ike."

For many years I have been a devoted reader of this fine magazine. Why, heck, during the planning stages of Operation Neptune, the Allied invasion of Normandy, I spent many a quiet evening delighting in the quality tractor repair and maintenance information contained in the pages of *Axes & Alleys*.

So, when my good friend and golfing partner Sir Lionel Buxton Humbridge asked me to write a few words for the introduction to the latest issue I jumped at the chance. How could I pass up actually being able to write something that would appear in what is undoubtedly my favorite magazine?

Many children today do not practice proper toothal maintenance, so I decided to take this time to stress to the children of the U.S.A. and Western Europe the importance of brushing everyday.

Brushing every day is the best way to defeat the evil Communist menace that threatens the freedom of our nation. Flossing is the second-best way. So get in there and brush. And remember, loose lips sink ships. Tell them Ike sent you.

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

Dear Sirs, Madam and other Sirs,

I am writing to you in order to secure more photographic pictorializations of Dave. On page 18 of "Axes and Alleys" issue #17, you feature a collectible visual reference square of Dave. We in our family have grown quite accustomed to our photograph of Mr. Davey (as we call him). We bring him with us to the talking pictures, have him around at supper time and leave him to his private time in the mornings. We believe he performs relaxing meditations based upon Oriental philosophical concepts, but are unsure.

The point I am trying to make, on behalf of my family and our Mr. Davey, is that we would like to see more of Dave in "Axes and Alleys." If we could see an issue dedicated to all things Dave, it would keep us reading your publication and help us to achieve our dream. That dream would be to have an entirely Dave-themed home created from clippings of your fine publication. Also, if you have any additional photographs of Dave, please send them to us as soon as possible (ASAP).

Sincerely,

Mrs. P. Charles Umbridge IV
(Wallachian Tractor Dismantling
Service)

To the Persons of Axes and Alleys.

I find that Encyclopedia Britannica contains many factual errors. I would therefore like to voice my favor of the Encyclopedia Trinidad and Tobagonica. It contains many exciting photographs of varmints.

Love,
Alfred Bester
(P-12, Psi-Corps)

Estimata Sinjoro,

Vi mosto skribi des pli artiklo en Esperanto. G'i est mirinda lingvo. Mi pensi traktoro ripari/konservado nova'jo est des pli interesa en Esperanto. Bonvolu fiksi tio c'i problemo nun.

Dankon,

Lester P. Grooms
Minister of Home Affairs
Federal Republic of
Esperon

To Whom it May Count:

I find that this publication is a bit too unbound by its utilization of that symbol "e." Though it is a most commonly drawn upon symbol of our grouping of writing symbols, I do not support its location in publications or in any sort of communication. I would thank God if that awful and horrid symbol would on no account show up again in this good anthology of things. In no situation has that foul symbol found its way within any papyrus which contains our holy writings of Saint Paul within our Good Book. It should thus carry on with your publication. It is a most horrid symbol and our nation can do without its disgusting impact.

Yours Truly,

Timothy D. Young
(World Consortium of
Various Things)

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INVASION REVEALED AS HOAX!

Reports of Outbreak of War Between Worlds of Earth and Mars Just An Elaborate Radio Show Claim Mercury Theatre Producers



Orson Welles
Instigator of the Hoax.



General Bradley,
Did Not Invade Mars Despite Reports.



Alvin the Martian,
Ambassador to The Earth

California- Representatives of the Mercury Theatre Company, including producer Orson Welles, met with the Los Angeles District Attorney this morning, to reveal to the world, once and for all, that their reports of actual battle between Earthlings and Martians were nothing more



Rioters, confused by the Hoax, destroy Cleveland.



Members of the Ill Educated Public are Easily Duped.

than an elaborately conceived hoax, designed to create chaos and disorder in order to allow for a Communist overthrow of the Roosevelt Administration and the creation of a Union of American Socialist Republics (UASR). Aired last night between the hours of 9 pm and 1 am, the illicit broadcast feigned an interruption of normal radio shows for the announcement of the outbreak of inter-planetary war.

At 9:53, Eastern Standard Time, Orson Welles, masquerading as a radio announcer, reported that advanced units of the United States Army, including the 101st Airborne Division and the 4th Cavalry Division had landed near Tharsis and established a beachhead after preliminary bombing of the entire Olympus Mons region. Welles insisted that the invasion army, under the command of General Omar Bradley, had experienced little resistance and was beginning to move in toward the Martian Capital City.

When reached for comment, General Bradley insisted that neither he nor any soldiers under his command had traveled to Mars, nor were they involved in any invasion. Alvin, the Martian ambassador to Earth, was quoted earlier by reporters. "Oooh," he stated, "this broadcast makes me unhappy. I hope that this anti-Martian action will not affect relations between our normally friendly worlds. The Mars-Earth relationship is very important to my people, especially with regard to our joint projects concerning the development of Uranium Pew-36 Explosive Space Modulator technologies."

The broadcasts caused great clamor on both Earth and Mars, resulting in riots and disturbances as many citizens took the news of war at face value and panicked. The resulting riots and chaos completely destroyed the city of Cleveland, which is now a smoldering ruin. While Welles and his colleagues claimed the report was merely an Halloween entertainment, and that rumors of its use as a Communist Revolutionary weapon are unfounded, authorities were quick to arrest the operators of the Mercury Theatre Troop, all of whom have been transported to FBI headquarters for interrogation.

Meanwhile, all civilian broadcasting has been indefinitely suspended and the authorities ask that citizens remain behind locked doors, hoarding supplies until the Communist agitators can be located and exterminated.

A WORK OF SHORT FICTION

“LUNGFISH”

by H.G. Peterson



H.G. Peterson is a lovely person endowed with many talents, among them the ability to use three swords simultaneously whilst dueling with noted German princes.

Sometimes on streets the rain collects into dark patches of mud and corrosive filth fit only for the consumption of a few lesser-known spirochetes, all of whom are a bit low down on the pecking order, for spirochetes that is. Now, in these little splotches trod thousands of feet daily, and only about seventy or so of those are attached to brains that think at all about how the feet they are attached to disrupt the lives of spirochetes. Two of these feet belonged to Thalmudge.

As a small child he had thought often about the ants and microbes who feared his feet as the harbingers of destruction. These creatures lost everything to a foot or to a sneeze and had entire worlds devastated in the common game of kickball. Thalmudge never felt exactly sorry for the ants, he simply noticed their destruction. Sometimes a pile of dead ants slightly amused him. Throughout his childhood, and even into college, he had spent many a summer's afternoon playing

vengeful god to a pile of fire ants. When he was young he used water, sticks and shoes, and as he grew older he began using more advanced implements of destruction such as fireworks, shotguns and high powered rifles fired at close range.

He was always of the quandered sort and today just thought about the spirochetes, their civilization was gone and would never develop anything close to jeeps or artificial satellites, if they even began evolving in the first place. Humans seemed to have the monopoly on evolution. They thought it up, so they get to do most of it. Spirochetes and fish never even think about evolving. They simply had everything they needed and never realized that another avenue was available.

Thalmudge realized this, too, but instead went into a small diner on Twelfth Street where he ordered toast and ate it with some butter. While the toast was a bit burnt it was decent, not exactly worth the eighty-five cents and dollar he left for tip, but still worth eating. Thalmudge spotted a small kitten crossing the street. Had it had been hit Thalmudge would have been a bit unnerved, but it made it across alright. He wondered what the cat was thinking as he read an editorial about milk.

The cat was actually thinking about the rocks on which it was walking and the insects darting about in the street attempting to drain enough heat from the air to continue their cold-blooded lives. The cat really didn't know it's own name or if it had a name, although its servants called him Edgar. Edgar's servants were nice to him, they fed him a good-tasting, chewy, dirt-like substance which they placed into an odd shaped sort of rock. Next to the food rock was a little puddle that was always filled with water. Edgar only really liked water. He had tried the human drinks, but they were

terrible. Most of the human food was terrible too. They obviously saved the best food for their God.

Edgar was worshipped as a god, or so he thought. He was given possession over a large cave with moss-covered ground and big moss covered rocks which the humans liked to sleep on. The cave was safe from predators, although the servants hid themselves under animal skins while they slept. They were quite cowardly. Night seemed to last a shorter time in the cave, as the day continued on even while it was dark outside. This would sometimes confuse Edgar who would be awoken from sleep by the sudden coming of day, even though it had, only moments earlier, been the darkest night.


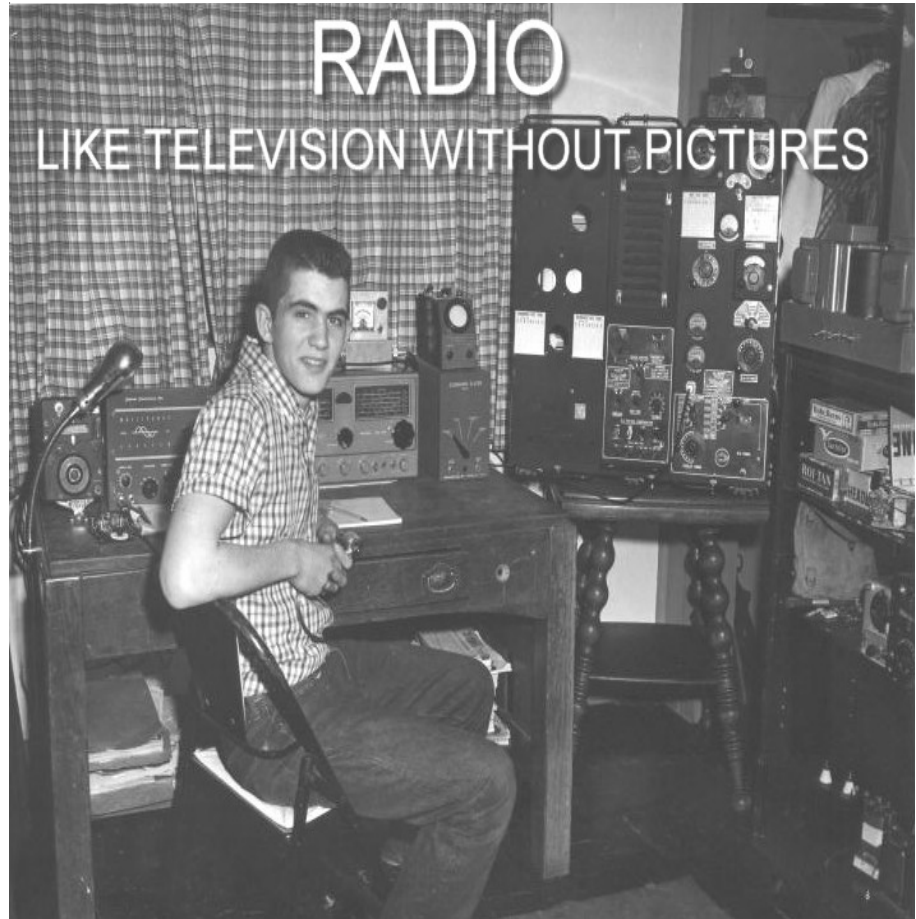
Edgar spent his time being petted by his servants, sleeping and looking outside at the food. There were lots of little things to eat; birds, squirrels, bugs and even lizards. The humans often let Edgar out to hunt and they opened the door for him again when he wished to return to the cave. The humans were rather stupid creatures. Despite their size they had no claws or fur or teeth. Their only real purpose seemed to be to



serve their God Edgar, who apparently kept the big creatures away. The big creatures slept most of the time. Edgar saw them outside a lot. They were rather docile, they even let Edgar sleep under them or on top of their thick armor plating. Some of the big creatures, however, yelled a lot and ran around. They had shining eyes like the others of Edgar's kind.

Edgar disliked the others. They always tried to come into his territory and he had to hit them. He hit the dogs too who were often tied to trees. The humans had tied them there to allow their gods to hit the dogs so that the gods could be entertained. The humans just sat there all day. Sometimes they ate, but mostly they just sat there. They only slept once a day. They were pitiful creatures. He understood why they worshipped him. Edgar had nice black fur and was terrifying to his enemies. He could fool them by bushing out his tail and they all ran when he hit them. Edgar was the God of everything, or so he thought.

Thalmudge paid and left. He breathed out, killing millions of the protists and monerans who were busy at their microscopic lives lived out in his nasal passages. A new civilization began in his lower intestine, but it would end with his next bowel movement. In his mouth dwelled more creatures than there were people on the earth. They fed on bits of gum and some pieces of toast so small that they would make a microscope squint. Throughout Thalmudge's digestive and circulatory systems lives came and went by the minute and a billion little worms burrowed into his skin to eat the pieces of flesh that flaked off when he moved and somewhere in his lungs a group of viruses was winning the life and death battle against Thalmudge's Killer T cells and was ready to start their own civilization. Thalmudge, et. al., then walked to the edge of the street, pulled out a .45 millimeter and as the bullet coursed through his head Thalmudge felt a bit of sympathy for the viruses in his lungs. Then he died and took a hell of a lot of civilizations with him.



**Ernest
Hemingway**

**Getting Drunk
and
Hating Women
since 1914**

**Check your local
library for more
information**

THE LIFE OF U.S. PRESIDENT HORACE B. BORDEN (1811-1903)



Not many Americans are familiar with President Horace B. Borden. You will find no monuments to him nestled upon the Potomac, nor does his face grace a postage stamp or piece of currency, but his wise policy and incorruptible tenacity of personal conviction led the Union through the troubling times of the Crisis of 1883 and through the harrowing times of the Turko-Bolivian War, a time when Ottoman excursions into Latin America threatened to undermine the Monroe Doctrine and spell peril for American economic interests in the region. Born in a rustic cabin on the shores of the Chapaquedahadic River, which wound its way through the rich forests of the Appalachian foothills of the North West Territory, Horace Benjamin Borden was raised outside of what would eventually become the city of Peregrine, Montsylvania. The young Horace grew up on his family's farm, where he learned the simple virtues of the homespun, down-home life. Old yarns tell of a time when Horace was just eleven years of age and his father brought him a new hatchet with which to do the woodcutting. Showing the intelligence and fortitude which would become his hallmark, Horace went into town and traded the hatchet for a slave named Pete. He then forced Pete to do the woodcutting in his stead. Later, when Horace's father, Eli Borden, asked the youngster where the hatchet was, Horace replied "I cannot tell a lie, Father, I sold the axe and got me a slave." At that point, Horace then sicced Pete upon his Father. Eli now dead, Horace ran away into the mountains while a convenient cholera epidemic wiped out the rest of the Borden family and their town, erasing any evidence of Horace's foul deed.

In 1820, the year before Horace ran away from home, the Territory of Montsylvania became America's eighteenth state, with its capital in the bustling frontier town of Troyton. Just outside Troyton was Fort Peak, where the newly-formed Montsylvania State Militia was headquartered under command of future Civil War hero Abraham Rubicon Beauregard. In March of 1822, a young and ruddy Horace Borden emerged from his Winter hiding place where he had survived by living in caves and shooting turkeys and bears with his father's old hunting rifle.

After the hundred-mile trek through the snow-covered mountains of Winter, Horace arrived at Fort Peak where he first met Captain Beauregard and was inducted into the militia at the rank of Whipping Boy, a position which required him to tend to the various whips, cats-o-nine-tails and harnesses. He also had to whip any prisoners and runaway slaves as well as any random Indians that could be rounded up from the nearby countryside.

When he turned fourteen, Horace was allowed to join the militia as a private and served under Beauregard during the Souichee Slaughter Campaign of 1825-1826, when the gathered State Militias rode from village to village killing any Indians, or slightly brown people, they happened to come across. It would prove to be a strangely serendipitous time for young Horace B. Borden.

On January 14th, 1826, Borden's group was ambushed at Jimper's Crossing, a deep gorge on the Calazoon River. Casualties were high in the first few minutes of the fight until Borden was able to wrest the arrow-riddled cap from his Lieutenant's head and proclaim himself the new leader. With the commander's sword in hand, Borden was able to rally the troops and lead them to safety in the nearby town of Groper's Ferry.

There, Borden captured the town's sole defense, an antiquated five pound cannonade, as well as the town's gold, which he pocketed. The troops, haggard from battle, helped themselves to the town's food, whisky and virginal daughters. When the Souichee attacked on the morning of January 16th, Borden surrendered the town, then led his troops secretly outside, sealing the gate behind them. They then set fire to the town so that it could not be captured and left the Indians trapped in the ensuing inferno. Horace Borden then led his troops back to Fort Peak, where they were praised as heroes for their pragmatic triumph at the Battle of Groper's Ferry.

In the Spring of 1826 Borden used his war spoils to purchase a large tract of land outside Wiltonboro, Montsylvania and was commissioned as a Captain in the new infantry regiment, the 1st Montsvanian Volunteers of the United States Army, under the command of Colonel Abe Beauregard. While continuing to fight a few minor skirmishes against various Indian groups, Borden built a stately manor house and began to settle into the life of a gentleman farmer. He traveled to New Orleans in the Summer of 1829, where he purchased four slaves and a rider horse at auction. Spending the Winter of 1829-1830 in the balmy bayou air, Borden blended into the society of New Orleans, attending balls and pageants and courting young available ladies. While visiting the plantation of a wealthy planter named Eullis Sutter, Borden became smitten with Sutter's fourteen year old niece, Sally Mae Henders. After being married in June of 1830, Horace, Sally and their six slaves, two of whom were



Horace B. Borden c.1830



Horace B. Borden c.1884



Elizabeth Augusta Borden



General Abe Beauregard

a wedding gift from Eullis, journeyed back upriver to Sutchers Landing, site of Borden's austere plantation in Wilton County, Montsylvania.

The next few Autumns were profitable and Sutchers Landing grew large and ornate. A new home, more fitting a man of wealth and means was built and the Borden family prospered and multiplied. Sally bore three sons; Chester Adolph Borden, Kermit Wethersfield Borden, and Rutherford Ogden Borden. Two daughters also complemented the household; Lilly Bella Borden and Adeline Buella Borden. Adeline, the youngest, was also the last of the union's productions, for in her birth Sally Mae Borden died in December of 1838.

His wife dead, twenty-seven year old Horace left Sutchers Landing, his children under the rule of a governess, and traveled to the newly-christened state capital of Bestoria, a city founded in 1830 and named for Revolutionary War hero Samuel Bester. While in Bestoria, Borden took it upon himself to study law and in 1840 was appointed by Governor Zachary Hull to the post of Secretary of the Treasury of the Free State of Montsylvania, where he oversaw the State's banking and financial matters. Living well above his means with income from unknown sources, Borden took to a life of leisure while serving in the State government. He particularly enjoyed the city's plethora of brothels, gambling halls, public houses and domiciles of ill repute. Although his political opponents brought up insubstantial accusations of fraud, graft and corruption, they all met with untimely and mysterious accidents before Borden could ever be indicted and Borden fast became one of Hull's most favored and trusted of advisors.

Borden served in the State government until 1846, when his old mentor Abe Beauregard wrote to invite him on a grand expedition across the Rio Grande to take on the mighty Mexican Army. Eager for more violent escapades, Horace journeyed to San Antonio with three of his best horses, ready for adventure. There, Beauregard, now a Major General, put his old protégé in command of the 21st New York, a regiment with a noble and courageous history in battle. Now a full colonel, Borden went down to the steamy and smoky battlefields of the Mexican-American War where, at the Battle of Texaco Ridge, his scouts captured renowned Mexican General Louis de la Luna Baptiste and demanded an enormous ransom from the general's wealthy family. Unfortunately for Baptiste's family, Borden had already shot the General during a

particularly heated game of bridge over accusations of cheating. The death notwithstanding, Borden collected the gold and with a few of his favorite staff officers took up residence in a coastal villa for the remainder of the war. His troops were left alone and found their way to the army of General Winfield Scott who was able, with the extra men provided by Borden's absence, to defeat the Mexicans and gain a crucial victory for the United States.

After the war, Horace B. Borden returned to Sutchers Landing by way of Bestoria, where he became betrothed to Elizabeth Augusta Beauregard, youngest daughter of General Abraham Beauregard, who in 1848 succeeded Zachary Hull as governor of Montsylvania. Borden, in that same year, gave control of Sutchers Landing to his eldest son Chester, who had just reached his majority. Borden moved the rest of the family to Prixby Place, a palatial residence in Old Bestoria. Beauregard made his son-in-law Lieutenant Governor that same year. In 1849 Alexander Hull, son of former governor Zachary Hull joined with Martin Treecher Bester and Horace B. Borden to form the State Financial Company as a means of distributing money and political favors throughout the state.

The year 1852 brought both sorrow and joy for Borden with the birth of his fourth son, Grady Wedgewood Borden and the death of longtime associate Governor Abraham Beauregard. Beauregard, who was a major contender for the Democratic candidacy in the 1852 election, had been shot and killed in a duel by Borden's own son Chester who claimed that he mistook the sound "three" for the sound "ten" in the heat of the moment. Although the details of the duel's origin have been lost to the mists of time, it is believed to have begun when Beauregard called Chester a "useless, lazy drunken layabout." While Chester was tried and convicted by a jury of twelve men good and true, his father, now Governor of Montsylvania pardoned him for all crimes. Horace B. Borden's gubernatorial administration held a conservative viewpoint as the growing tension over the issue of slavery began to rock the Republic. Using a clever strategy of blackmail against President Millard Fillmore, Borden was able to force vetoes against any legislation which limited the expansion or extension of slavery within the bounds of Montsylvania or propose tariffs against Montsvyanian merchants. Making Hull and Bester Senators, Borden surrounded himself with a group of

like-minded politicians and set up a close-knit committee to run all aspects of the political and economic machines of Montsylvanian life.

In 1860 the shots at Fort Sumter began the Untied States Civil War and Governor Horace B. Borden reacted with his characteristic skill, putting forth a bill before the State Senate proposing that Montsylvania remain neutral throughout the conflict while simultaneously selling both sides as many arms and as much ammunition as they could pay for in gold. Despite the bribes offered, the State Senate voted down Borden's bill and chose instead to join the confederacy. Outraged over the betrayal, Borden resigned as governor and accepted James Buchanan's offer of a commission as General in the Union Army. Although Borden was a slave-owner, he joined the Union feeling that they more accurately reflected his own ideological views that Generals should be well-paid.

Lieutenant General Borden served on McClellan's staff in the early part of the war, before accepting a promotion to Major General and command of the Army of the Western Territories. Although there were very few Confederates in the West, Borden and his men refused to remain idle, choosing instead to launch campaigns against various Indian tribes and Mormon settlements. Eventually, Borden led a short invasion of Canada where he was able to raid many towns and steal a great deal of war booty. In 1864, Borden left his command under his subordinate, General James Hull, brother of Confederate Senator Alexander Hull and journeyed to Georgia to take part in Sherman's infamous March to the Sea. There, he convinced Sherman to ignore the Confederate Armory and Banks in Augusta, where Borden's brother-in-law owned a profitable series of cotton mills and powder works. Heeding his advice, Sherman instead burned Atlanta, ignored Augusta and captured Savannah in December of 1864.

When Robert E. Lee surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9th, 1865, Borden found himself at a spiritual crossroads, without either a military command or political office. So, in the Winter of 1865, after a few long months of drunkenness, Horace Borden boarded a steamer bound for Africa and found himself in Capetown, where he invested a small fortune in a new shipping company, partnered with the South African governor Sir Lionel Douglas Beas. The company grew and in 1870 was able to finance the expeditions of British clergyman Cecil Rhodes who set up a diamond mine in the Kimberly fields in the early 1870s. With Borden's financial wizardry, Rhodes was able to create the DeBeers Diamond company and provide funding for Borden's eventual run for the U.S. Presidency. In 1878, Borden returned to the United States and once again set up residence in Bestoria, Montsylvania. It was then that he began to plot a course of action that would guide him for the rest of his life. With a constant supply of money coming in from his African ventures he was able to invest in cattle ranching in the newly opened up territories of the West and was also able to purchase a major share of stock in the new Montsylvania-Pacific Railroad Corporation. With money from many diverse and untraceable sources, Borden was able to convince the leaders of the Republican Party to award him the Presidential nomination in 1880. In a whirlwind campaign, Horace B. Borden was able to defeat James A. Garfield who, at the eve of the election day, was assassinated by Charles Guiteau, a prominent Washington D.C. lawyer, who as mere coincidence was employed within the legal department of one of Borden's companies. On March 4th, 1881, Horace B. Borden was inaugurated as the twentieth President of the United States of America. Within weeks of taking office, Borden worked at a feverish pitch to surround himself by trusted political allies; his Vice-President Alexander Hull,

Secretary of State Martin Bester, Secretary of War Stephen J. Hampton, Secretary of the Treasury Chester Borden and Attorney General Alistair Hayes.

The Borden Administration oversaw the Gilded Age, a time of decadence and splendor, as well as a time of fiscal chaos, culminating in the Crisis of 1883. The Crisis began in March, when independent auditors noticed that the 2.4 million dollars allocated for the new railroad and canal system, to be supervised by the Montsylvania-Pacific Railroad Company, had gone missing. The President, using sound judgment, dismissed both the accusations and the auditors and instead focused on providing sound economic security for the Nation and especially for its leaders.

When the Turko-Bolivian War broke out in 1884 over the independence of Cosa Nostra, a small Latin American nation, President Borden insisted upon sending U.S. Marines to the area to support the fledgling nation and to defend the interests of American businessmen who had set up plantations in the area. When revolutionary leaders Tandy Bernando and Onvé Lopez succeeded in ousting the Turkish Expeditionary Force, Borden was quick to recognize their new government and extend the hand of friendship to Cosa Nostra, a land of rich culture and excellent agricultural yields.

In 1884, Horace Borden chose not to run for election, and instead bowed to his successor Chester A. Arthur, a man of dignity and tact who possessed not only intelligence and cunning, but also possessed a great deal of information concerning Borden's financial records. Retiring from office, Borden returned with his wife Elizabeth to Montsylvania, where he continued his financial and business ventures until his death from dropsy in 1903. He was buried in Wilton County Cemetery, next to his eldest sons Chester, Kermit and Rutherford, each of whom had died under mysterious and yet-unexplained circumstances, and his first wife Sally Mae Borden. His youngest son, Grady Borden took over the family's financial empire that same year and continued his father's work.

Throughout his long and productive life, Horace B. Borden had been both a dirt poor farmer and a wealthy Robber Barron. His service to his country in numerous wars and his loyalty to the United States serve as a fine example for all Americans. Through his various schemes, power plays and machinations he proved that any American, no matter how poor or humble his beginnings, can with luck, skill and bribery fulfill the American dream.



A QUIZZATION OF HISTORICAL FACTUALS

How knowledgeable are you on the nature of events which have proceeded the current state of world affairs? Attempt to answer the following queries and remember that it is not honorable to read the answers before first taking the test.



1. Where did the Defenestration of Prague take place?
2. When was the War of 1812 fought?
3. How long did the Thirty Years War last?
4. Where were the Nuremberg Trials held?
5. For whom is the city of Stalingrad named?
6. Between what two nations was the Russo-Japanese War fought?
7. Where was the Treaty of Versailles (1919) signed?
8. What was the capital of the Empire of Rome?
9. Who declared the Papal Bull of Innocent III?
10. Where was the Battle of Waterloo?

ANSWER KEY:

1. Hrdcany Castle
2. 18 June 1812-8 January 1815
3. 29 years, 5 months and 1 day
4. Palace of Justice, Nuremberg, American Controlled Zone
5. Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili
6. The Imperial Order of Nippon and The Empire of All the Russias
7. In the Hall of Mirrors of Versailles Palace, Paris, France
8. Rome, Constantinople, Moscow, Avignon, and Aachen (depending on the time period)
9. Lotario de Conti
10. La Belle Alliance, United Kingdom of the Netherlands

OUR REVIEW OF A MUSICAL GROUP'S GRAMOPHONE RECORDINGS



Tiffany Randol, lead singer of the be-bop combo Valeze

The four members of Valeze: Tiffany Randol (vocals, kazoo), Rich Bennet (flugelhorn), Billy Likitasakos (banjo) and Miles Kennedy (yodeling, xylophone, rhythm tuba) were born and raised in the Central American nation of Cosa Nostra and named their band after their home country's capital city.

The group came to America after receiving Ping-Pong scholarships to NYU and began working on their unique musical expressions. Though many naysayers would claim that hip-hop, bluegrass, and Baroque chamber music could never be blended into a club-worthy trip hop experience, Valeze proves otherwise with their first EP "Come Undone."

Each song on the record proves that it is possible to create an emotional and powerful listening experience while writing songs that do nothing but tell about the Treaty of Westphalia (1648).

"Hard to Forget," a reggae-operatic piece about the Calvinist machinations of the Peace of Augsburg (1555) opens the record with a bang and is followed up by "Let U Go" a country and western/be-bop rap song about military advancements instituted by Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus during the Third Phase of the Thirty Years War. "Not that Easy," a beautiful Latin-pop/speedmetal/Christmas ballad describes how The Defenestration of Prague acted as a match to the powder keg of Seventeenth-Century Catholic-Protestant tensions, particularly over the Electorate of Paletine. "China Doll" uses a simple Urdu language a capella-style reworking of La Marseillaise, the French National Anthem, to tell the story of Bohemian and Moravian dissent under Hapsburg rule. The record finishes with a bang as "Please Me" recounts, in a techno-rockabilly fashion, how the Treaty of Westphalia enabled the Prussians to gain full independence from both the Austrians and the Holy Roman Empire.

In all, "Come Undone" is perhaps one of the top 100 albums about the Thirty Years War and definitely the only one to express the true emotional impact of the war and its subsequent treaty while looking at the whole thing from the perspective of basic quantum physics. This album is a must-have for any true lover of 17th century warfare and quarks.

A TALE OF GREAT ADVENTURE!

the Story of the Search for the Legendary Source of Human Apathy



In the Summer of 1965, fourteen brothers, six cousins, two fathers and seven unrelated persons set out on an expedition to find the source of all human apathy.

While the sources of both human suffering and human joy were discovered previously (in 1957 and 1959 in a pawn shop in Brooklyn, New York and a used car lot in Spokane, respectively) the source of apathy had not been discovered yet.

No less than twelve expeditions had been led earlier. Sir Roger Humphries led seven expeditions between 1919 and 1947, at the cost of more than forty thousand lives and six billion dollars. Nothing ever came of them. Three of the remaining five expeditions were never heard from again. Two made a thorough search of various likely locations and made it back safely, one each led by Roseanne Malfrey and Palmer Agonistes, but discovered nothing.

Setting the unrealistic goal of discovering the source of apathy in three months, the Copper family of Buques Neck, Belgium wandered several likely regions of the earth. They had worked exhaustively for the last six years researching old tales of apathy and disinterest as far back as the Neolithic age.

Many members of the expedition, all non-relatives, died in the atolls of the Pacific, the Punjab, Elk Horn, Iowa and Central Africa. The rest of the expedition, made up entirely of Copper family members, then proceeded to build a functioning space vehicle, win the X-Prize and continue into space to find leads left by ancient visitors in South America.

This is not their story.

This week we bring you a wonderful recipe for Hungarian Goulash. It comes straight from someone I met on the street yesterday, an itinerant recipe salesman!

You will need the following ingredients. Please follow the instructions after this ingredient list. Cooking these ingredients in any fashion other than those directions listed below could result in a non-goulash dish being prepared.

5 lbs. beef shin
1 cup paprika
4 large onions, diced
2 cloves garlic, peeled and minced
1 cup fat from top of brown stock, melted
8 each Idaho potatoes, peeled and diced
2 1/2 qts. brown beef stock
Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste
Preheat oven to 350 F.

You must absolutely cut the beef shin in a diced fashion

which is large. Roll it in the paprika and put to the side for later.

Dice the onions and garlic and roll them in paprika, too. Everything should be in paprika! Put on the fat! No, put the fat over the beef and onions and garlic, silly.

You should put it in the oven. Do not be alarmed if sizzling and noise comes from oven. This happens during cooking.

Put browned meat and diced potatoes in pot for boiling. Also put beef stock. Skim off nastiness as it occurs.

Put in cooling mechanism overnight. In the morning there should be a plug of fat on top. Take this out and give to the homeless or farm animals. Reheat.

Serve over noodles or spaetzel. You now have goulash.

Suggested Wine: Beer.

ASK MONTEZUMA

Advice from everyone's favorite Aztec monarch.

Send questions to:
Montezuma

c/o The Albigensian Daily Register
Two Rivers, Debuque, North UMBERLAND, Southern Algeria
Answers will appear within two weeks of receipt.



Dear Montezuma,

Recently, whilst attending a conference of Esperanto Haiku writers in a town far from my home, I became very lonely and sought solace in the arms of a harlot. This indiscretion fills me with guilt, for it exists as a direct betrayal both of my wife of seven years and of the vows we made before God and our assembled witnesses. So, you can see, I am left in a very troubling ethical predicament which only you can solve by answering my question; what is the proper tip to leave for a lady of the night?

Gary Hart

GH,

In some instances prostitutes, or their modern populist moniker "hos," do not need to be tipped. If one hires a "ho" for an evening of philosophical and intellectual exchange, a tip may not be required at all. The same may go for oral or anal intercourse. The action is its own reward for your little harlot.

On the other hand, sexual congress with members of the Sex Workers Union International involves a gratuity of seven percent or more at the completion of any transaction. This may be rather inexpensive (in the case of a handjob and the chance to feel the Sex Worker Class II's tits) or quite costly (two or more positions from both Asian and Central African sex manuals, mild bondage and water

sports with a Sex Worker of any Supervisory Class or higher).

Any working woman with which it is indicated you must make an appointment is likely of the Brothel Stewardess level. In such instances a gratuity of 13 percent is included as per Contract 64-j-P3 and its last modification in 1998.

Otherwise, the tip is at your discretion with Sex Workers Class IA and any freelancers or contractors you may encounter. Remember, a tip is always polite, but tip your conscience.

Dear Montezuma,

Several days ago I found myself in the commission of the act of formulating and then speaking words which when strung together into a sentence, the information communicated by such was of a non-truthful nature. I now find myself deeply troubled. Are my pantaloons going to spontaneously burst into flames?

Richard Millhouse Nixon

RMN,

I find myself cognosticating on your name. RMN...that's neither clever nor meaningful. A note to all readers. In the future please have clever and/or sanctimonious names. This column has many features, not the least of which being the entertainment of myself. RMN has no ring, no zest, no joie de crustacean. This is a problem I have focused on with all of this week's writers. You'll notice not a one of them could possibly entertain me.

Dear Montezuma,

Last year I was attempting to execute the operation of a far-reaching war in order to put down a rebellion by several of the territories of the nation over which I preside. During this time I made the difficult decision to suspend the Writ of Habeas Corpus in a territory of indeterminate loyalty. Do you believe this will lead to a decreased level of popularity amongst the future populace of my nation, or do you believe that my pragmatically chosen moral stance and determination to keep the country geographically intact will override

my violation of loyalist freedoms, leaving me revered as a great statesman? Love and kisses,

Abraham Lincoln

Abe,

As dearest mother mine used to speak unto me, "You gotta keep real to yourself yo!" Her message of self-esteem and pride in one's accomplishments has served me well through several decades of wonderment, indecision, doubt and peer pressure.

The same ideal could be applied aptly to you, dear Abe. A relative of secondary generational distance used to encourage me to "represent." I also encourage you to participate in this representation.

Only with forthright fortitude and veracity to yourself will you be able to accomplish that which you desire. Do not dwell upon the legacy which unhygienic masses might claim for you in the future.

Dear Montezuma,

I believe that the Gold Standard is ruining the nation by disadvantaging Western and Southern farmers in order to benefit Eastern banking and shipping interests. I have therefore decided to run for the Presidency of the United States in order to correct this injustice. In order to do so, I have decided to create a political party in order to further these ends. Do you think the better name would be "The Greenback Labor Party" or "The Wetback Labor Party?"

James Weaver

James, James, James,

Choosing a name for your party of politics certainly expresses something to the public. The name should be succinct yet descriptive, clever but not gauche, subjective yet objective, and most importantly catchy.

Many politicians choose names of vigor and strength for their parties, like James Corpuscles's Left Testicle Party or Norman Alberswith's Hair On Chest Party. Theodore Roosevelt once came up with such a name, but my researchers have been lazy as of late.

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL
ON THE SUBJECT OF THOSE
THINGS WHICH ARE KNOWN
AS WEIGHTS FOR PAPERS
FROM THE DESK OF DAVE BASKERVILLE



I want to paste old macaroni to construction paper and create a useless piece of crap and call it art. If no one will buy it and the critics crucify me, then I'll call it a paperweight, which is basically a useless piece of crap, purchased as a gift for those who we assume have problems with open windows, or rather the drafts of wind which blow through them, blowing away important papers.

Or perhaps we assume that paper, through sheer will power, will somehow hurl itself across the room unless obstructed by a weight of some sort. A paperweight would be useless to prevent poltergeists from moving paper, because the poltergeist would simply move the paperweight and then freely move the unweighted paper.

Sometimes however, paperweights are not purchased, rather they are constructed from materials found in close proximity to a home or school. Everyday objects such as rocks, paint and glue can be used as a cheap substitute for expensive, store bought, felt lined, wooden paperweights with interesting names like "Executive Desk Paper Misdistribution Control Unit."

While I would usually refrain from the use of paperweights, if I were having a terrible problem with the loss of papers due to wind, papers which I had intended to keep in a rather

organized manner, I would prefer a fancy paperweight over a poorly painted rock manufactured by hyperactive six-year-olds when their teacher got tired of their annoying blatter and gave them some busy work to do.

These cheap facsimiles of the real thing cannot compare with the quality work done by the people who work in many of the paperweight manufacturing centers across our great land of freedom and opportunity. Although I've never seen or heard of one, I assume that paperweight factories have to exist because all paperweights must have their genesis.

Someone in an age long past had to say one day "My papers keep blowing away. If only I could place a heavy object on them to prevent them from blowing away. Why this rock here would work, but it is so bland and unattractive. Perhaps if I have a small child paint it with glitter and pasta. Yes, this will end all of my problems, yes, this is the answer which I seek. I shall mass produce these weights for paper and sell them to everyone. Everyone who has a problem with paper misdistribution, that is. And I shall call these weights for paper, Paper Weights. This is the answer to all of life's problems!"

Who was this man? He is probably dead and nowhere to be found today, but I believe in my heart that he did speak in a strong Yorkshire accent and no one can ever make me believe differently.



HOW TO CREATE YOUR OWN NINETEENTH CENTURY NAME

To create a more dignified and gentlemanly name for yourself, simply pick one name from each of the columns below . Then, using your selections, go to your local Department of Motor Vehicles and get a new Drivers' License bearing that name. Then enjoy life more fully. It really is just that simple.

Column A

Charles
Timothy
Finneus
Alouicious
Thadeus
Chester
Arthur
Grover
Heathcliff
Reginald
George
Theodore
Winston
Buckminster
Horace
Lucious

Column B

Finster
Chester
Kermit
Darby
Jennings
Hammond
Aaron
Peaksgill
Spencer
Lionel
Garvey
Camden
Bennet
Finster
Picksley
Donner

Column C

Abernathy
Derald
Thumbridge
Torbert
Gunnersly
Thames
Oswald
Hampton
Cleveland
Fister
Brooksgill
Ampersand
Williams
Bryan
Chamberlain
Foxwould

CITY HALL vs. KID JERSEY



“YOU CAN FIGHT CITY HALL!”

An all out, knock down and drag 'em dead concrete jungle duel to death. Kid Jersey, with three K.O.'s earned in the epic bouts **LOOK BEFORE YOU LEEP '02**, **A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS**, and **A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED!** now proves once and for all that you can fight City Hall.

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FOOD IS A WEAPON



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USE THAT CHICKEN WING TO KILL A JAP!

FOLLOW THE NATIONAL WARTIME NUTRITION PROGRAM

A HANDY FIELD GUIDE TO EVIL'S SUPREME POTENTATE (THE DEVIL)

by Scott G. Birdseye , Doctor of Philosophy



Often the popularity and longevity of stories and myths lies in the strength of the central antagonist. Christian mythology follows this trend, as its villain remains one of the most compelling and infamous characters in the whole of literature. Despite the integral nature of Satan within Christianity's cosmic drama, the character is not a purely Christian construct and receives only limited mention in the Bible. The character, known alternately as Satan, Lucifer, the Devil, Beelzebub or the Beast, is an amalgamation of pagan Celtic and Greek, Hebrew, and Zoroastrian figures molded into its most recognizable representation by early Christian theologians, Medieval European philosophers and writers of the Renaissance.

The different attributes and images attributed to Satan by these varied and distant groups created, over time, a character that remains one of the most engaging in all of literature; a horrific monster, a cunning enemy and a tragic hero. The changing views of this character parallel the changing political and religious climate in European society.

The first accounts of a Satan-like character in the annals of religious story telling come from ancient Persia and the traditional tales which formed the basis for the dualistic religion known as Zoroastrianism. The teachings of this religion tell of a universe ruled by two diametrically opposite forces; Ahura Mazda, which represented light and goodness, and Angra Mainyu, which represented darkness and evil. The chief servant of Angra Mainyu was the dragon-god Azhi Dahaka, who was one of the Drujs, a group of wandering evil spirits who inhabited the Earth and sky. Azhi Dahaka was seen as the embodiment of lies and falsehood and was eventually defeated and bound up with chains in darkness and flames. This illustrates obvious parallels with later Christian traditions of Satan, seen in the Revelation of Saint John the Divine as a dragon, who is bound up in the fiery darkness of Hell, and is known as both the Father of Lies and the Prince of

Darkness. The strong correlation between these two accounts is due to the fact that the early Christians in Syria and Arabia borrowed the Zoroastrian concepts in order to philosophically balance their ideas of the metaphysical universe. If Jesus Christ represented pure good in the world, there must also be a personage who could represent extreme evil to achieve a state of balance in the world. Early Gnostic sects continued the Zoroastrian ideas by teaching that God had two sons, Satanael and Jesus, each representing darkness or light.

It is not uncommon, however, to find early Christian theologies which incorporated local religious traditions. As Christianity spread from Palestine the practitioners incorporated a variety of different ideas into the religion in order to encourage conversion and to facilitate assimilation of new believers into the Church. In areas with Greek pagan religions, the Satyrs, such as Pan, who were known for their sexual behavior and drunkenness, were used as the basis for the devils of temptation. Thus, Satan began to take on Pan's form, that of a human-goat hybrid with horns, cloven hooves, beard and forked tail. In the Celtic areas of the British Isles, the Roman Christians identified the horned god Cernunos with Mercury, who was said to deliver the dead to the underworld. Due to the antlers which were depicted as adorning his head, Cernunos was seen by the early British and Irish Christians as a manifestation of Satan and his form determined their picture of Satan. In Northern Europe, Satan became strongly associated with the Celtic gods and became, in the area's lore, a black horned beast who dwelled deep in the dark interior of the forest. The original Hebrew writings upon which Christianity built its foundation, however, contained no references to dark, forest-dwelling monsters or even of particularly malevolent spirits. The evil in the world, according to the Hebrew religious texts, was a result of the actions of God or men, although spiritual creatures such as the Nephilim are given incomplete and mysterious mention. Paul, the central author of the texts which would become the New Testament, first uses the Hebrew word Satan, meaning Adversary, to describe



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a specific antagonistic spiritual personality. Later translations of the Bible continued this use of the word and incorporated it into parts of the Old Testament. The majority of the early Christian sects, most notably the Greek Christians, saw all the spiritual hosts of the Hebrew writings as servants of God. The spirits which appeared wicked, according to this belief, were angels whose role was to bring pain to the wicked and deliver God's righteous punishments upon the Earth. The Byzantine Christians used the Greek term *daimon*, which denoted a neutral spirit, to identify the ethereal servants of God. This was later changed to *daimonia*, which denoted a more sinister and negative spiritual being. At the dawn of the Middle Ages the Christians were left with a theological quandary as to the nature of Satan and the lesser wicked spiritual beings. Two distinctly different and seemingly contradictory philosophies came into contact over the question; the Zoroastrian concept of a supremely and purely evil independent being, and the Greek concept of spirits who acted on God's behalf to bring harm upon humans for their sin. Many of the notable Christian theologians of the period put their intellects to the task of finding an answer to this question. Dionysius, a sixth-century Syrian monk formulated the idea that only God can

create, thus God had to have made Satan and the *daimonia*. Just as the Universe was brought forth in a perfect and holy incarnation only to be ruined by sin, so then must Satan and the *daimonia* have been brought into existence in a flawless and immaculate form only to be ruined by their own sin. Dionysius then formulated the full story of Lucifer's fall from grace and transformation into Satan. The *daimonia* then were angelic servants of God who had followed Satan in his rebellion. Although the story of Satan's fall began with a few verses in the Bible which hinted at similar themes and actions, the incorporation of the tale into the whole of Christian mythology began in the early Middle Ages. The tale of Satan's fall was also elaborated upon by St. Augustine, who described how Satan, after his fall, came to the Earth and subdued it by enticing the first humans to sin and subsequently ruled over the world and used human beings for his own malicious entertainment in order to wreak vengeance upon God. These different ideas of a fallen angel who embodies pure evil, with minions representative of pagan deities, were all incorporated in the Medieval European view of the character of Satan. Following Augustine's ideas of Satan inflicting spiteful harm on humans for his own amusement, the Satan of the Middle Ages was seen by European

peasants as a veritable boogey-man. The folklore of the age describes how the Devil would assume various guises in order to tempt innocent people into sin. Once a misguided person gave in to the provocations, they would be captured by the Devil and carried away screaming to Hell. The folklore also tells of Satan or his minions waiting in the forest for unwary travelers, who they would grab up and devour whole. Medieval scientist-philosophers went so far as to place Satan in their zoological surveys, or *Bestiaries*, giving him the taxonomy of a dangerous and deadly animal. The Devil in this period was seen as a deformed creature, usually black, the color of darkness, or red, the color of blood and lust. Animalistic descriptions were not always valid however, even in the Middle Ages. Through the glass of the Medieval political system, Satan was described by the Church as a sort of perverted version of a feudal lord who would buy the souls of humans and in exchange would provide them with the power to perform evil acts upon the world. Like a feudal lord, Satan would also rule over his vassals, in this case a vast array of animals, creatures, demons, spirits and witches. In the Medieval world, Satan was thought to be the cause of all wickedness and harm that befell those living in the world. Though it coincided with the Witch Craze, a time when the view that Satan's



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power threatened to destroy all of humanity was brought to its most horrific fulfillment as thousands were executed for supposed witch-pacts with the Devil, the Renaissance brought about a major change in the way the world viewed Satan and his counterparts. The rise of humanism, the idea that individual human beings have inherent worth, capabilities and potential, diluted the popular notions that the deformed, monstrous Satan could easily tempt and corrupt innocent people. Images of Satan and daemons in the Renaissance became more majestic and powerful. The horrific, chaotic and ugly Satan was replaced by a more orderly and adept figure better suited to the new Renaissance worldview.

The newly founded Protestant Reformation, an outgrowth of the humanism brought about by the Renaissance, challenged the autocracy of the Roman Catholic Church in the early sixteenth century and brought new theological concepts to Europe. Writings and artwork of the Reformation leaders created a view of Satan more congruent with their own ideas about the nature of God and his relation to humanity. Reformation works usually depicted the Devil adorned with crimson robes and fine jewelry and gold embellishments, in order to demonstrate their ideas of the evil of the Papacy and the Roman Church.

These ideas about Satan, as well as the other tenets of the Protestants proliferated throughout Europe in the years following their inception.

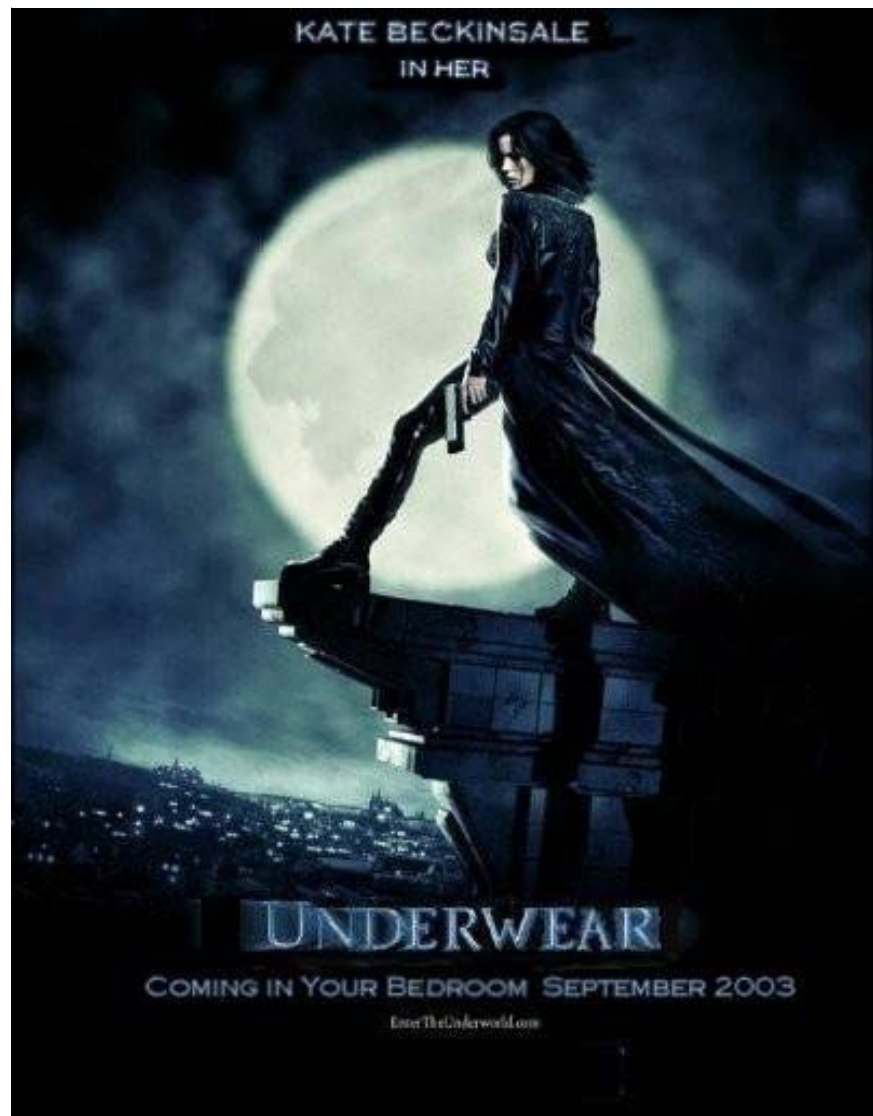
By the time of the seventeenth century, when Englishman John Milton produced *Paradise Lost*, the world's image of Satan had been irrevocably altered from the Medieval idea. Whether or not Milton's work caused this change, *Paradise Lost*, based on the tragedies of Classical literature, fully illustrates both the degree to which the philosophical ideas of the Middle Ages had been discarded and the impact of Renaissance humanism on the character of Satan.



A FISH TO FRY: The Archangel Michael Expells Satan from Heaven (Note Satan is Here Depicted as Comical Blowfish-Type Creature)

Milton's Satan is not a deformed maniac, but rather a tragic hero who embodies a great many human attributes and emotions and is capable of eliciting sympathy from the reader.

The concept of Satan began as an fusion between Zoroastrian, Hebrew and pagan Greek and Celtic concepts, just as the Christian church expanded by incorporating the differing ideas of these same cultures as it spread throughout the world. As early Christian theologians and philosophers used their intellects to create a idea of Satan which could merge differing and conflicting ideologies into a concrete whole, so did Christianity merge hostile and inconsistent cultural ideas into a unifying culture which could fill the vacuum of power left after the collapse of the Roman Imperial State. In the Medieval world, where artists saw Satan as a disjointed and deformed creature, locked in darkness and devouring humans, Europe was a divided and strife-filled region, trapped in the gloom of superstition and fraught with disease, insecurity and death. The Renaissance, which brought new life to traditional ideas about the nature of the Devil, and depicted the character in a grand, dignified form reminiscent of the heroes of Classical literature, also brought about new ideas concerning the nature of human beings and their relationship to the Universe, creating a world wherein individuals were seen as capable of achieving true dignity, freed from the autocratic Church and its superstitions and illuminated by new learning, ideas and artistic expressions.



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Two cubic feet of space. \$55.95 plus tax. Atmosphere and ecology extra. Maintenance fee applicable in Texas and New Jersey. Absolutely no refunds. Write Jerry: P.O. Box 1525 Maldoral, Dry Michigan 11119.

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One metric tonne of soil. Only available as stationary plot. Must be liable for contractual responsibility towards plot. Plot may not be moved, farmed or used in any fashion. Call Anthony Purcell at 789-1234.

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Carbunkle that resembles actor James Earl Jones. Free hover craft cover included. Tony Blair, 10 Downing St. London, SW1.

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