

BACK TO SCHOOL

#6

OOZE



VICE-PRINCIPAL



"Journal of wit, mirth, and dangerous masturbatory habits"

MORNING ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM THE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF OOZE

Good morning Students --

I'm Jerry P. Reemer, Vice-Principal, disciplinarian, father, and the editor of this issue of Ooze. Summer is once again coming to an end and many of you fine young men and women will soon be roaming the hallowed halls of academia, ready to learn. Some of you, however, will not be so willing. These miscreants, and you know who you are, consider yourselves too "hip" for school. You'd

rather be outside on the front steps smoking your "funny" cigarettes than down in the math room learning how to solve quadratic equations. You'd rather poke your nipples full of holes with a rusty needle than be moved by the gripping poetry of Robert Frost! Won't you be surprised, Mister (or Miss) Generation Slacker when you saunter into school this Fall Semester in your ripped jeans and baggy underwear, and find a few things have changed? And for the better, if you ask me.



This year the United States Supreme Court gave me, your Vice Principal, the power to give you students a drug test, **ANY TIME I FEEL LIKE IT!** I can't wait. If I see any of you spaced-out "hippies" wandering the halls when you're supposed to be in the lunch room, I'm gonna whip out my specimen bottle and sample your urine **RIGHT THERE** in the hall. That way you can't do some chemical Hoodoo-Voodoo on it because I'll be right there... watching. And I can tell by sight, smell or taste whether or not you're flying high on the Jumbo Jet of Depravity. Then you'll be sorry you tried to make a fool of Big Jer Reemer. It's only a matter of time before the Supreme Court lets me mete out justice with my paddle again. Ever notice the heavily varnished oak paddle that hangs over the desk in my office? It's my "Board" of Education. A finely-crafted, hand-tooled, Rod of Smiting that the one-eyed shop teacher sanded oh-so-finely for me. It's got five large-bored holes chiseled in the middle to cut down on air resistance when I'm smackin' ass. As an added bonus the perforations create a piercing scream as the Rod arcs above a troublemaker's tender, red buttocks. I relish their naked fear, eyes bespeaking terrible horrors to come. My Rod falls again and again, soft as a gentle caress. Hard as a ...

Well, that's why I'm here. Who better than I to lend my firm discipline and benevolent presence to this magazine? You'll be free from the pornographic influence that has turned the internet into a cheap, sleazy red-light district. The kind of place you'd go into a booth and pump quarters in order to glimpse a woman and a donkey perform an unspeakable tango. A place where painted Women of the Night spurn you and your hard earned money because of the hideous sores that cover your body. Where you can purchase frightened immigrant children and make them do light assembly work in your basement. People have to be protected from these deviant activities. Now, I haven't done many of these things with any great frequency myself, but I know porno when I see it. Fear not brave info-naut! Together, we can make the internet as safe as any good American public school.

See you in class,
Jerry P. Reemer



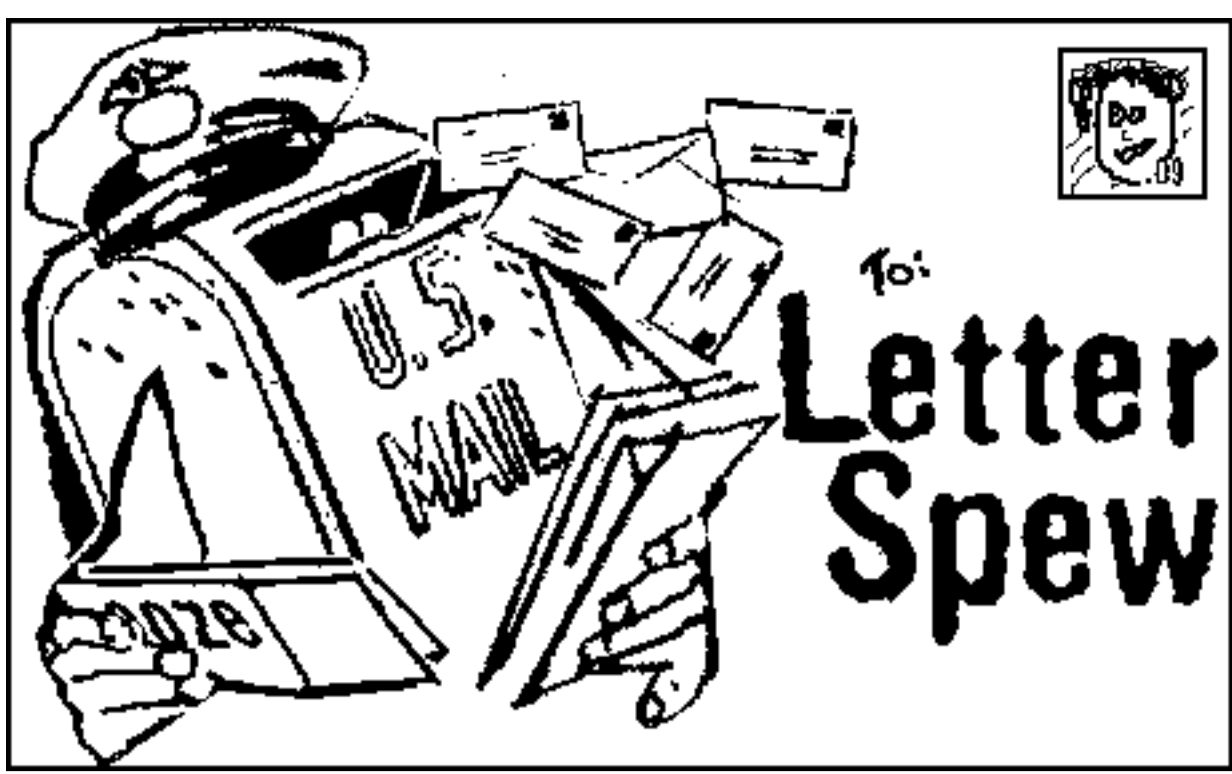
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See the end of this document for more details on subscribing and making contributions.





Date: Sun, Aug 6, 1995 3:15 PM PDT
From: calbary@jovanet.com (Don Wood)

I won't even bother to search any thing else on this [web] page. Why is it that today's humor is so banal and twisted? What's the point? Do you eventually want to see or draw pictures of dead people? Or better yet... pictures of newborns or...? Will you laugh at them? Just to get a little more powerful and knowledgeable and perverse? I'm not a preacher, but I make so much sense in statement, "the wages of sin are death." Perhaps it has nothing to do with the death of the sinner but the things he learns from and the world he creates...
Outta here!

You are right.

Much of today's humor is banal and twisted. I too yearn for those bygone days when humor was clean and pure! Like back in the 60's with Monty Python and the Smothers Brothers delivering their ... Oh wait, that's all sick stuff. Well, what about the 50's? The family humor of I Love Lucy. Those people knew how to promote family values! Like when Ricky would go off with all those women and slapped Lucy around offstage. Oh wait. That's not funny either. What about the great vaudeville acts of yesteryear? When they'd put on that blackface and sang those... Well, Shakespeare's funny! Those Elizabethan audiences sure guffawed at those comedic love scenes! The women's parts were played by boys! Hold on. If we go back to the dawn of western civilization, I bet we can find some safe family humor. Aristophanes play, Clouds, is considered one of the greatest comedies of the Greeks. It begins with a protracted fart joke... That's not acceptable either! What's left?

Gosh, how can humor be funny? What have I been thinking? Maybe you should stick to the Zima Home page. Nothing makes me laugh more than a web page designed to entice minors to drink. Or maybe the lightbulb joke page. No wait, sorry. Some of those jokes have dead people and newborns in them.

The wages of this magazine are enlightening letters like yours.

Yours in Christ,
Reverend Matthew Patterson

From: beyret@boun.edu.tr

Hi! I am the editor of a new e-journal, Imagination E-Journal, on the marvelous world of Internet. Imagination is a nonprofit international e-journal proposed by a group of students in Bogazici University of Istanbul Turkey as a sub-project of Imagination Project, whose objectives are:

- o To show the importance of imagination in our lives
- o To encourage people to explore their imagination
- o To encourage people to make use of their imagination in their daily lives
- o To explore alternative theories and their applications for current problems in various fields by combining knowledge and imagination .

We want to meet with other e-journals which have already started their adventures on Internet. I would be happy if I could get some info about your e-journal.

Hello, fine fellow electronic periodical! We here at Ooze would like to welcome our brother's in Turkey with open arms.

We will use our imaginations to think of you smoking Turkish cigarettes, drinking Turkish coffee and wondering why you are so hairy and your growth is so stunted. Do you live in a harem? I read that the sultan's offspring had to murder their brothers so there would be no other claimants to the throne. What's it like to kill all your brothers? I know I sometimes wish I could kill my brother!

It must be fun to live in Constantinople. Unless you are a eunuch I guess. Do you have a harem of concubines? I don't even have a girlfriend. Maybe I'd be better of being a eunuch. Do eunuchs play videogames better because they aren't thinking of girls? That might be a plus.

Good luck with your zine, and don't let those Ionians give you any trouble. Even the Greeks hate them!

From: CramWorks@aol.com
Subj: OOZE #5

I could play along and say a whole bunch of stupid things like: "Your magazine was so good, I vomited my own intestines from the uncontrolled chortling..." But I'll refrain.

The truth is, the magazine is funny. It has a very professional look to it, and the humor is a lot less stale than that of the current cast of Saturday Night Live. My only comment would be that you might consider including a little less gimmick and a little more satire. You have a budding National Lampoon's on your hands, my friend, and I envy you. Please enter my subscription to this ripping good read. Thank you.

From: Abrat2@aol.com

What can you tell me about the OOZE family??

THE OOZE FAMILY

The Ooze family has a long and glorious tradition spanning generations. The famous branch of the family spawns from the unholy union of a Germanic Barbarian, and a semi-intelligent undersea creature. For many years, the family name was masked in obscurity as most male members were high ranking officials in the Bavarian Illuminati. One member, Alolphous Ooze the Second, was elected Pope Gregory IX in 1796, but soon fell from favor and had to flee to America leaving a trained pig to stand-in as the leader of the Catholic church. Amazingly, this pig went on to be a very successful patriarch, instituting massive reform and seeing to the end of the Spanish Inquisition.

Aldolphus went on to head many a successful business venture in the newly-formed United States. He married a Mohawk Indian from Upstate New York and had 17 children, only one of which, Aldolphus Jr., survived.

Aldolphus Jr. lived in a sealed cave most of his life, cut off from the world. A servant in charge of his food accidentally smeared herself with his detritus, impregnating herself. Her father, enraged that the Ooze family would not recognize their son, Aldolphus III, as their own, went on a rampage axing the entire Ooze family. Aldolphus III was doted upon by his adopted family and soon rose to the head of a multinational conglomeration by age 14. Today he lives in solace in a small domicile in Northern New Mexico hardly seen by the public. Ooze: The Magazine, was founded in this fortune. A sole voice for truth in a field otherwise blanketed by lies.

That is, what we know about the OOZE family. You might want to refer to the August 27, 1982 edition of National Reporter Magazine for further details and an expanded bibliography.

From: epzines@dreich.ba.ar (Mauricio Drelichman)

Please suscribe me to ooze Mac version full color. I have as unique version the #3. if you can send me any other or avice me any ftp site were their are I will be galde. I am in Argentina. Your fame (and your publication) was arrived here! Thank you.

¡Hola Argentinos! ¿Como está usted? ¡No me fusilás, soy americano!
¡Tús albondigas son grandes senorita! ¡Adios!

Let us make fun of YOU! Send your letters to drbubonic@aol.com... TODAY!

Are Your Kids On DRUGS?

Many parents today are concerned that their offspring might somehow be involved in the world of illegal pharmaceuticals, or "drugs". This is a healthy concern. Knowing your kids are "high" is the first step toward helping them avoid problems with their health, their grades, the law, and getting those hard-to-clean vomit stains out of the Oriental rug.



KNOW THE WARNING SIGNS - *select the option which best describes your child.*

1. Your child's idea of a fun sport to play is: **A)** tossing a pigskin ball around **B)** throwing an orange rubber ball into a netted hole **C)** inserting a pointy needle into a vein and mixing foreign substances into the human bloodstream.
2. Your child's idea of a responsible adult is: **A)** Bill Clinton **B)** Tom Hanks **C)** Charles Manson.
3. Your child's favorite hobbies include: **A)** Model Rocketry **B)** Baseball **C)** Taking white, powdery substances from a big bag and breaking it down into many smaller bags.
4. Your child's pet is: **A)** a puppy dog **B)** a 16' python **C)** a colony of imaginary bugs and spiders that crawl under their skin.
5. Your child's breath smells like: **A)** a fresh, minty mountain top **B)** lunch **C)** an opium den.
6. When your young ones dress up to go out, they look like: **A)** Fred and Ginger **B)** Regis and Kathy Lee **C)** Sid and Nancy.
7. Your child would identify Tijuana Gold as: **A)** a precious metal **B)** a Mexican theme park **C)** a good deal, but not as potent as the stuff from Thailand.
8. When you ask your child how their day at school was at the dinner table they answer: **A)** they scored a goal for their soccer team **B)** they got the highest grade in class on a math test **C)** they scored a dime bag and got high.

Total up the number of times you answered "C" to the questions above, and consult the table below.

- 0 "C's"- Chances are your child is not on drugs. They probably aren't that exciting either. Kick them out of the house and force them to live on the cold streets for a few months to let them really appreciate life in all it's murkiness.
- 1-3 "C's"- Your child might be on drugs, but you can't be certain. Put a flashlight up to their face and flash it in their eyes. This doesn't really tell you anything, but it scares the pants off your kids and is kind of fun.
- 3-6 "C's"- You may as well face it, you've got a little druggie on your hands. Your child is a menace to society and must be dealt with accordingly. We suggest a good flaying to help them kick their nasty habit. Confiscate all their stash and send it to Ooze.
- 7-8 "C's"- Your child has never used drugs. No sir. Just smile nicely at them and slink out of the house. Never return.



COOL AND UNCOOL



Do you want to be Cool like the staff of Ooze? This guide will help you recognize what is Cool and what is Uncool in your life. If you use this guide to identify and eliminate the Uncool stuff, you'll wind up cool. So cool, you'll be invited to all the hippest parties... again and again!

COOL:

Six hot, naked babes in a hot tub all to yourself.

UNCOOL:

Six hot, naked babies in a bathtub, who shit on themselves.

COOL:

You're dying of thirst in the desert but find a canteen in the sand.

UNCOOL:

It is filled with gourmet mustard.

COOL:

The cash machine accidentally gives you extra cash.

UNCOOL:

The cash machine accidentally gives you herpes.

COOL:

Inexpensive used clothing.

UNCOOL:

Inexpensive, used tampons.

COOL:

A party with unlimited beer.

UNCOOL:

A party with unlimited leprosy.

COOL:

Kurt Cobain rises from the dead to play a concert for your birthday.

UNCOOL:

Harry S. Truman rises from the dead to play with your genitals for his birthday.

COOL:

You finally get reunited with your long lost, biological mother.

UNCOOL:

Mom starts giving you the eye.

COOL:

A sexy woman performs an exotic dance of the seven veils exclusively for you.

UNCOOL:

Her prosthetic arm falls into your wine glass.

COOL:

Your Mom cooks you a giant, succulent turkey.

UNCOOL:

When you go to carve it, your Dad's hand thrusts out of the back waving wildly, covered in stuffing.

COOL:

You sell your soul to the Devil to be a famous guitarist.

UNCOOL:

You still can't even play an E chord. The Devil laughs at you. What a Sucker!

BOOK PREVIEW

NEWT'S UNEXPURGED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Through a series of ruthless bribes, cheap extortion attempts, dumb luck and one or two really hot transvestite hookers, Ooze was able to obtain several original chapters of Newt Gingrich's book, *To Renew America*. While the Ooze correspondent who managed to capture these pages tried desperately to sell them to traditional media outlets --rather than give them up



to his own notoriously stingy employer-- he was told explicitly (in one case was struck repeatedly in the groin and face by an editor at Newsweek) that they would never reveal the terrible truth to a public whose brain would be too addled to buy new Power-aide or handcrafted, environmentally responsible tampons. They were probably also afraid of getting sued for printing something that no jury would ever believe were the actual words of one of the most powerful men in America. Luckily for the open-minded public, Ooze has no qualms about lying, falsifying documents and otherwise whoring itself in the public interest. It also has no assets worth seizing. **Viva la libertad!**

The Unexpurgated To Renew America

Formerly titled: **America, Bitches Under My Thumb**

By Newt Gingrich

When I was a child growing up in the orphanage there was a little kid there named Maury, who was obviously a jew and most likely a faggot. He was always complaining that a gang of kids was harassing him, beating him up, trying to drown him in the toilet. You know, funny kid stuff like that. He tried to convince the priest that I was the leader of this little gang.

He said that I picked on him because he exposed a ponzi scheme I was running, bilking the other orphans out of candy and money. Everything Maury said was true. I was the leader of this gang and I had either conned kids out of their money or just taken it from the weaker ones. But you know what the priest did when Maury tried to rat me out? He slapped him and told him that his little kike soul would burn in hell for murdering Our Lord Jesus Christ and never to bring it up again. What makes the story so interesting, and so educational, is that the priest also knew that Maury was telling the truth.

In fact, I would say that this event was probably the most important political learning event of my early life. See, what Maury didn't know is that after dinner I would often go to the priest's room and give him a hand-job or let him dress me up like the baby Jesus. The priest took photographs of our little get together and I managed to get a hold of one and keep it in a safe place. I had the priest right in the palm of my hand, so to speak.

He would never do anything to hurt me, or even cause me an inconvenience, because he knew I could destroy his life. Even if Maury had told the priest I'd strangled a little kid in the showers the priest would help me cover it up. And by the way, the rumors about that are just not true. See, what I learned that day is that you should always ally yourself with power so that the power has a vested interest in your success.

Today I'm using that very power to suck up to corporate interests and to pulverize the weak -- poor people, black people, poor, black people, etc. And every time I do that I gain more supporters. And if you have any doubts about my strategy just remember, I'm the Speaker of the Fucking House and could have your ass for breakfast.

Now, some of you are probably wondering what happened to Maury after this story. Well, once the priest turned on him, and after we took away everything he owned and tormented him for a while, we got tired of it and convinced him to run away. I think he died later, but I'm not sure.

Newt's Saying: *You can be on the winning team or the losing team. But it's better to be on the winning team because then you get to win.*

DK B18 Test Revealed!

Perhaps one day you will be led down a long, white, sanitized hall and led into a thickly carpeted, paneled office where a cheerful, pipe-smoking, mental-health professional will ask you what you see in some pretty blots of ink. The first publication of Hermann Rorschach's 10 inkblots was in 1921, but few outside the field of psychiatry know what they look like much less what they mean. Here, for the first time, we present the five blots we managed to sneak out of Leipzig and their accepted "answers". It might be good idea to familiarize yourself with these responses so they won't know how crazy you really are.

1) Many disturbed people misidentify this blot as a misshapen hotdog, wounded mastodon, or tax collector with a large Armani briefcase about to rape an ibex. You might not guess at first glance, but this card represents what you think of your father. The brownish authority figure looms over the small dots around it, its "third leg" swaggering in its full display of proud manhood. A good answer to feed mental health professionals is to point directly at them and say, "you". They'll warm right up to you.



2) This inviting figure is representative of the mother-figure. Abnormal responses to this lusty vaginal shape include: hairy vagina, warm slippery cave, or airport hangar. An 'Insane!' warning bell will go off if you insist it's a mutilated cow, or the bust of Redd Foxx. Stick to either 'nice lady in the library', or the bust of a more innocuous celebrity, like Ricardo Montoban.



3) Beware of this "trick" inkblot. Answers that typically suggest a problem here include: flatulent milk-cow, potato salad, or the President. Although at first glance it may appear to be something else, in reality, it's just some splotches of ink. Explain to the tester you will not be so easily fooled as the other dupes that come into the office. No matter how much they plead, remember, it's just some crappy ink. It's not a flower, a doggie or two demonic zombies raping a six-fingered woman. I swear.



4) This inkblot represents how you see yourself in your environment. Cloud-like white blots surround a globe-shape and a black shadow hangs over the whole scene. Good answers include: Supreme Commander, OverLord of Earth, Hitler, and XathNon Stealer of Souls. Answers that could be interpreted as crazy would include: Postman, turnip, or anything alluding to shoes. If you want the tester to think you're incredibly intelligent, turn the card sideways and tell them it looks like the boundaries of pre-unified Prussia circa 1861.



5) The best response to this blot is to chortle merrily and expose your genitals to the tester. This might distract him long enough to let you leap out the open bay window and flop down three stories down to freedom.



Study this document hard, and good luck! You'll be back on the street mumbling to yourself before you know it.

UNSUCCESSFUL BEN & JERRY'S FLAVORS

Chunky Shit
Cherry Lewis
Nutty Professor
Banana Nut Lemon Sausage
Stinky Dead Monkey
Mint Garlic Bread
Baked Alaskan King Crab
Bloody OJ Fudge
Ben and Jerry flavored
Heath Bar Duck
Weird Apple Yankovic
Che Guava-ra
Jelly Beany Mussolini
Oreo Cookie Bone Fragment
Salty Old Sailor
Foreskin Fudge
Fudgepacker Munchball
Carmel Furball
Latrine Licorice Supreme
Cunninlingus Confection Crunch
Bleu Cheese
Tuna Frutti
Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Tripe
Raspberry Haggus



The local paper in my hometown in Connecticut is almost beyond parody. It's a weekly called The Newtown Bee, and it features stories on escaped hogs, sewage commission meetings and church raffles, besides its folksy gossip column and prizewinning Little League coverage. Despite any inherent comic potential, The Bee takes itself very seriously, and positions itself as the cornerstone of our quaint New England community.



Naturally, this makes them the perfect target for a Grade-A media prank.

My friend Paul called the Bee to tell them he was a member of a traveling mime troupe called Rapproachment (which means peaceful relations between nations after wartime, a name we picked randomly from the dictionary) and that the troupe would be rehearsing in the Town Hall gymnasium. The troupe would be preparing for a local tour in the spring. Hooked, their Arts Editor agreed to meet us at the town gym that afternoon for a full story and some photographs. My friends, Paul, Jim, Josh and I were thrilled. Quickly, we secured the use of the gym and began searching for black turtlenecks and berets.

Understandably, we were more than a little nervous when we showed up to the gym an hour before our ace reporter did. We snuck off to the men's locker room and covered ourselves in whiteface, both to cement our "image" and to help conceal our real identities (we'd all been photographed in the Bee several times in our "straight" lives). Unfortunately, theatrical whiteface is not all that easy to come by in a small suburban town, so we settled for white lipstick. The stuff was painfully thin; we ended up having to squeeze out the whole tube just to make it work. I only succeeded in looking like Cesar Romero's Joker from the "Batman" TV show, as the whiteface was too thin even to cover my stubble. We added some eyebrow pencil around the mouth and eyes to round out the look, with Jim etching himself a tiny black tear for extra pathos.

Our "act", which had about twenty minutes worth of rehearsal time, consisted of various pretentious performance art pieces like "The Egg", by which three of us would form a circle (the egg) and the fourth would step inside, crouching, pushing and then slowly emerging as the new baby chick, who would then celebrate life by dancing with us. This was our piece d' resistance. We also just pranced around ridiculously, attempting to play "Mime Basketball" on the gym court.

Shortly the Bee's Arts Editor, a pleasant woman in her late forties, arrived with camera in tow. Jim was our chosen spokesperson as he had the least difficult time keeping a straight face, so while the intrepid reporter took snapshots of us dribbling and dunking an imaginary basketball, Jim filled her in on our history. She didn't even blink an eye when he told her our mime heroes were "Marcel Marceau and Simon LeBon, the great mime who was persecuted by the Catholic church during the Middle Ages."

"Sometimes people confuse us with clowns, but let me tell you, we are not clowns," I said.

"No, no, what you do is different," the reporter replied.

"Exactly. If we're doing comedy, it's not just to be funny, it's to approach a higher truth," I continued.

She nodded.

"I mean, don't get me wrong," Paul chimed in, "some of our best friends are clowns."

Jim lied his way through a convincing story about the history of the art form ("Mime began in ancient Greece, and resurged during the Renaissance after a long period of persecution") and went on to explain that our new show, "An Immigrant's Tale" would debut soon, and that we had long wanted to do a series of vignettes on "The Melting Pot". Just HOW silent actors intended to portray the friction between various cultures was never really explained.

To insure the preservation of our true identities, we chose fake names. I became Larry Wilcox (you may remember him as "Jon" from "CHiPs"), Jim became Geoff Holland, Paul was Quentin Crisp, and Josh identified himself as Wendell Maas, a character from a Thomas Pynchon novel. Post-interview, the Bee's reporter took a number of photographs of us, sort of mime versions of the U2 "Unforgettable Fire" album cover. We said our thank yous and goodbyes to the reporter and went on to fall on the floor laughing for about fifteen minutes. Then when we went to pay for the rental of the gym, the Town Hall people refused to take our money because they were so impressed with our dedication as mimes. Unbelievable.

Several weeks later, right smack in the middle of Enjoy! (The special Bee arts supplement), was our full-page article, complete with a great picture of the four of us posed like the tender and sensitive artists we claimed to be. The profile was entirely straight faced, and best of all, the reporter hadn't checked any of our facts. She dutifully reported that we had won third prize in last year's International Festival of Mime (held annually in Ottawa, Canada), for our piece entitled "The Ashes of Tianamen Square". Apparently, our faux performance art sounded as bad as the real thing.

We were so impressed with the scam that we briefly considered performing as Rapproachment somewhere in our town. Thankfully, we didn't carry it through. Our fifteen minutes of mime fame had been enough, and it had satisfied our restless boredom. We had sabotaged the Bee right in its own pages. To this day, though, I can't flip through the arts section without thinking, "this can't be true...can it?"

-- E.S. (Caligula@aol.com)



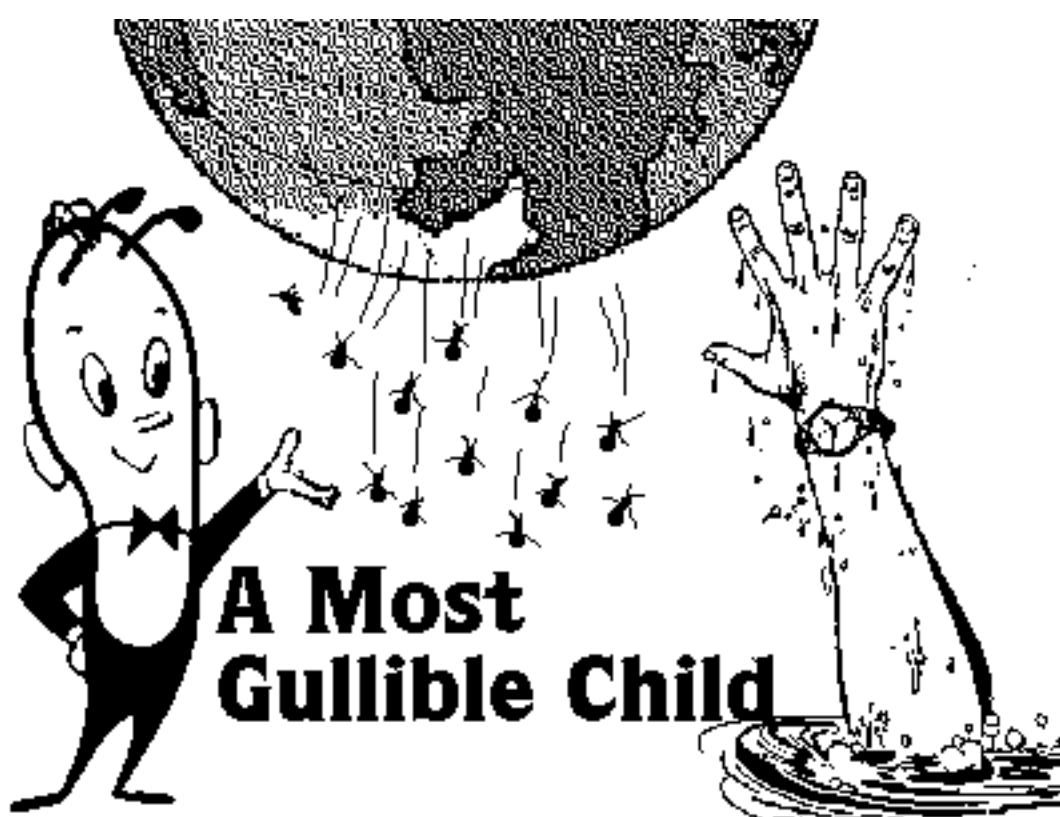
The following is a list of newsgroups that have been discontinued this month, due to lack of interest.

alt.fan.larry_hagman.testicles
alt.comedy.slapstick.donkey.turnip
rec.arts.painting.velvet.dogs_playing_pool
soc.anthropology.earth.interior.nazi_hell_creatures
comp.graphics.commodore.vic20.virtual_reality
alt.fan.burger_king.herb
talk.long_winded.boring
poli.president.ross_perot.ears.flying
rec.boating.mob.shoes.cement
poli.activism.save_the_dodo
food.preparation.wonderful_world_of_mud
alt.binaries.ed_macmahn
alt.sex.fetish.geriatric
alt.heathcliff.die.die.die
rec.volleyball.girls.sagging_hooters
alt.love.joe_wagner.girls.none

I was

a very gullible kid. The more fantastic the lie, the more likely I was to take it as gospel. My first grade report card reads, "Matthew has trouble

distinguishing between 'Fantasy' and 'Reality'." But isn't that what being an American is all about? My imagined universe was hardly different from any half-hour of TV. And my histrionics gave the other kids an immediate thrill watching me freak out over their outrageous lies.



My friend Albert was a self-proclaimed authority on everything. He was in third grade, a full year older than me, and never let me forget it. On the way home from school one day, Albert told me a fantastic bit of news. Space Aliens had landed in the baseball field behind our suburban town hall that very afternoon! I was shocked. No one had mentioned it earlier that day. He told me not to worry because they had come in peace. They were going to give mankind the power to travel freely among the stars! A sigh of relief escaped my lips as I waved goodbye to my best buddy. I broke out into a run so I could go home and tell my mother she could sell the car. We were getting a spaceship!

My mom was in the kitchen. Without waiting to catch my breath, I blurted out that aliens had landed behind town hall. My mother didn't even look up. I misread her uninspired response as shock. I quickly assured her these the aliens were friendly.

"Who told you this?" She looked up at me, incredulous. Didn't she realize that the Earth was to be saved? I imagined my new alien jet-pack I could fly to school with. "You can't be serious," she added.

"It's true!" I yelled, but she wasn't buying any of it. My own mother! In the end it took her over an hour to convince me that I had been lied to. I reluctantly started to accept the truth only after turning on the TV and checking the news. There was no mention of aliens at all. Anywhere. Nothing more had dropped out of the sky than birdpoop on the baseball field.

One day at lunch, some kids at school went out to play in a tiny wooded patch behind the baseball field. Inside this innocuous looking glade I was about to be subjected to a horror I would never forget.

"See those tree branches over there?" Some older kid pointed to a bunch of dead sticks off in the dense underbrush. "That's where David Bowie is buried!" "Who?" I asked.

"David Bowie was a really tough cowboy in the olden days. Do you know what a Bowie knife is?"

"No."

"It's a really big knife, and David Bowie invented it. If you tell anyone where he's buried, his knife will come out of his grave and hunt down every member of your family." He made a timeless gesture across his throat, "slitin' their throats!" Frightened, I nodded my head and vowed never to reveal the true burial spot of David Bowie. I ran out of the copse, and didn't look back.

Word must have gotten around that I was an easy mark. Maybe I might have not been as freaked out about rampaging cutlery if I had realized that David Bowie was still very much alive and probably making out with Mick Jagger at that very moment. I guess the kid had meant to curse me with the spirit of Daniel Bowie, hero of the Alamo, and not David. If I had been smart enough to know the difference, I would have realized that David Bowie would be too zoned out to be a threat to anyone. Well, maybe if he rustled up a rusty needle and runs around screaming his lines from Dune.

Later that day, my parents asked if anything interesting had happened at school. I tried to change the subject, but they persisted. I said that I couldn't tell them what I had done that day and it would be best for everyone if nobody asked me any more questions. I loved my parents and didn't want to see them dead on the ground, throats slashed, bodies pale from the loss of blood. They persisted. I started to sweat. David Bowie's mutilated corpse danced in front of my eyes, blaming me for his betrayal. My dad threatened me with a loss of television privileges. The knife of Daniel Bowie burst from the copse and crept along the sunny, suburban streets of New Jersey, cutting a swath of terrible vengeance.

Left with little choice, (How could I miss the Six-Million Dollar Man?) I spilled my guts and told them how I stumbled across the grave of a great Western Hero. I burst into tears screaming, "Now you've done it! David Bowie's knife is gonna get us all!" They laughed. It was horrible. How could they just shrug off the dreaded curse? In desperation, I ran to my room and slammed the door and hid in the closet. Obviously the adults in the household weren't going to take any precautions defending themselves against the renegade blade. Maybe its bloodlust would be satiated by the other members of my family before it sucked the life juices from my body. My mother startled me as she came into the room. She gently explained that it was impossible for a knife to go after anyone by itself, since it wasn't even alive. She also explained that David Bowie was a singer in a rock band, and not from the wild west. He wasn't even dead. I poked my head out of the closet. My mom had a bitchin' collection of 8-track tapes and would probably know these things. I did however, keep an eye out for any ghoulish, strung out men wielding an animate, rhinestone-studded hunting knife for the next few days. You never know.

During one recess that spring of first grade, two of my "friends" informed me that the Earth was going to turn upside down that midnight. Everyone was going to fall off the planet! They told me not to worry though, because everyone would safely float to Venus. Well, everyone but me and my family. It took a minute for the whole enormity of the situation to sink in. My family... Alone on an upside-down, depopulated Earth! Couldn't anyone help my poor family?

I ran to Mrs. Cruzen, my first grade teacher, and my family's only hope. "M-Mrs. Cruzen? (sob, sob) M-M-M (sob)rs. Cruzen? E-Eric and David said th-that the world was gonna turn upside down and all the people are gonna go to Venus and...." She was giving me that blank look. I began to suspect that she already selected a prime Venusian glade for her new home, but I continued. "Everyone is falling to V-Venus but my family! You've got to do something!" I burst into tears.

Then the teacher started yelling at me, "How can you believe something so stupid?" I tried to argue with her. How could she be so POSITIVE the world wouldn't turn upside down AT THAT VERY MOMENT? As her temper flared and her face turned red, I became convinced she was definitely hiding something from me. Fed up with my "antics" she sent me back to the classroom, alone to ponder my fate.

Now I know better. But I must tell everyone on the Internet to watch out! Why? My friend Joe, who knows everything, just told me yesterday that next week, all the dogs in the world are going to go psycho. It's true! He said that roving packs of every kind of dog will get together and eat your face off if they catch you outside. And if you own a dog, you gotta put it to sleep or else it'll eat you. I swear! I should know, I'm 25.

Drinking Games

FOR THE SOLITARY ALCOHOLIC

It's hard to capture the free-spirited, humorous spontaneity of the drinking game when you're the only one drinking. That's why we have thoughtfully prepared this list for the alcoholic who is still boozing long after everyone has left the party, and your life.



SOLO SPIN THE BOTTLE

RULES: Spin the Bottle, and whoever it points to, drinks. If the bottle doesn't point directly at anyone, the person nearest to the right drinks, and since you are playing alone, it is always you.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS: Make sure the bottle is empty before you start.

SPOT THE LIVER

RULES: Take off your shirt and start drinking. If your liver swells up to such an incredible size that you can see it poking out beneath your rib cage, you lose.

NOTE: This game usually takes a few years, so stock up your supplies before commencing your solo festivities.

WHISKY AT WORK

RULES: Bring a hip flask full of whisky to work. Every time someone tells you to do something, take a drink. If someone asks you if you're drinking on the job, take two drinks. Score double points if you vomit on your boss.

NOTES: This game helps you get through a grueling workday quickly, so you can head out to a bar after work.

GET DEPRESSED

RULES: Sit at a table or bar and get a drink. Think about your life. Every time you have a depressing thought, take a swig. Play proceeds from the left to the right hand. You always lose.

IDENTIFY THAT MEAL

RULES: This game calls for a steady hand, and the detective skills of Sherlock Holmes. After a bout of post-party puking, examine your vomit. For every meal-part you correctly identify, take a drink. For any piece you find that you can't remember eating, (You were blasted!) Take three drinks. If you find another living organism in the mess, drink a whole bottle. This game adds challenge and excitement to a normally excruciating experience!

I hope these simple games will provide you with even more reasons to drink. Have fun!

Additions to the Course Catalog for Semester A

AMCL 134a. Gilligan's Island: Icons of a Generation

(4 Credits)

This class will explore the philosophical [If the Professor was so smart, why couldn't he get them off the island?] and physical [If it was a three-hour tour, why did they have so many clothes and furniture with them?] questions behind this American classic. Is the island a microcosm of society? The class will trace the development of Gilligan as Ubermensch. From the early black and white days to Gilligan's Planet we'll examine the show's impact and enduring influence on post-modern society. Field trips to the Gilligan's Island pinball machine at the Goofy Golf.



Instructor -- Mr. Winnipeg.

Open to all classes

ASTR 386b. The Earth Is Flat

(2 Credits)

Learn how us astronomers have been pulling the wool over the eyes of the public for 400 years. In this course we will learn how to properly traverse the rectangle without falling off, as so many do in the course of a year.



Instructor -- Ms. Allah.

Open to freaks and deviants.

VICT 205a 19th Century Victorian Undergarments In 20th Century Short Stories

(7 Credits)

The corset, the garter belt, the bustle and the bustier all had a profound influence on the modernist movement of the early 20th century. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, King, and Seuss all have sublimated references to these garments in their texts and their wardrobes. Explore this exciting world as we try on each of these items, culminating in literary reading/fashion show second semester.

Instructor -- Mr. Blackwell.

Open to sophomores under 5'8".

POLI 100a. Intro to Assassination

(1 Credit)

This course is an examination of this popular method of control, with a hands-on emphasis. A study of the major assassins of our time, the methods they used, and the people they killed. Film Screenings include Rosemary's Baby, JFK, and The Ghost and Mister Chicken. Readings include The Catcher In The Rye as well as selections from Anton LeVay. Students are encouraged to create a final project that might include a coup, death of a popular entertainer, or an original research paper.

Instructor -- Mr. Chapman.

Fulfills requirement as a Freshman Course in Mathematics.

CNSR 105. Consumer Studies:

The Wealth and Wonder of K-Mart

(3 Credits)

A historical study, from it's foundings as "Kresgees" to it's present empire. Aspects of the course include: proper aisle placement, K-Mart geography, and comparisons to Bradlees and Caldors. Explore the Polynesian Island where the fabled "blue light" was first discovered. Discover why K-mart is the only department store that employs a maitre d'. Are the insides of the gumball machines ever cleaned?

Instructor -- Ms. Wanfoerd

Open only to Seniors who want to pick up cute freshmen.

Career Center Bulletin *Actionline*



Careers in Petroleum Transfer

With skyrocketing prices and a tense international situation, the Oil industry has experienced a recent boom. Most Oil companies are now hiring Petroleum Transfer Engineers in entry level positions now. A solid Liberal Arts education can only begin to prepare most people for the rigors of petroleum transfer. Described in Fortune magazine as the "feel good" occupation of the 90's, pumping gas at a full service pump for spare change is the wave of the future. English majors preferred.

How to Write Goodly

When you goes out to the world, it alwayz help to get an good job if youz know how rite. No one would never hire no one who don't know how to right wright and spell corectily. Wes should knows. Com to our semminar and learn whow to write at your most bestest. Your fututre depends on it. Reely...

Make \$30,000 This Semester!

Steal it!

Campus Recruiting

RJR Nabisco is looking for Seniors who want to start a career in taste testing. Upcoming projects include testing a new line of sour cream and chive flavored cigarettes. Graduates with a hankering for coughing up black phlegm should apply.

Armour Beef Corp. is seeking Seniors interested in entry-level veal farming. Raise cute little cows stuffed into wooden crates in the loving environment of your own home. All for big profit! Hormones and saws for severing limbs are provided.

NASA will be interviewing students to test a new potentially fatal G-force machine. Great benefits for those who survive.

Internships

Hustler is looking for Juniors and Sophomores interested in the burgeoning pornography industry. Learn photography, editing, and full body massaging from the pros. All interested parties, please send a resume, cover letter, and naked photograph. Stipend varies with duties performed. Other opportunities available at Oui, Juggs, Cheri, and Inches. Light typing required.

Con Edison - Work in a nuclear facility under completely safe conditions. Absolutely safe. Really. Process plutonium with the pros and glow.

Tampax is looking for women to work in their special testing lab this summer. Earn a \$2000 stipend and all the tampons you can eat testing their new foot-long uterine-blocker.

The Mafia is hiring economics majors to learn how to juggle finances. They are also seeking Physical Education majors who would like to learn more about bodyguarding and beating uppity shop owners. Large stipend and bonuses. Numerous opportunities for advancement within the family.

The Galleria Mall is interviewing potential interns in the security department. Learn how to harass and apprehend roving gangs of snot-nosed shoplifting punks without a weapon. Spiffy new uniform and \$4 stipend provided.

With the ample opportunities we've provided for you at our college, it shouldn't be hard to find employment at any fast food restaurant you wish.



The success of "The Flintstones" and "The Brady Bunch Movie" pretty much assures that we'll see more big screen versions of television shows in the future. But why hasn't anyone had the brilliant vision to channel that other electronic, wave-driven national medium into cinematic genius? No, not the telegraph. I'm talking about radio. Big stars. Big ideas. Big box office. Here's the pitch:

"SEX BOMB" (Action/Adventure)

Dr. Ruth Westheimer plays a sex therapist who is thrown into a web of international intrigue. When Libyan terrorists kidnap our President and threaten to blow up the First Lady's G-spot, Dr. Ruth must play a deadly cat and mouse game with the terrorists' knowledge of human anatomy to insure that they never find her G-spot. Annette Benning and Robert Graffenberg co-star.

"FREE FREDDIE: FRED THE ELEPHANT BOY FLIES HOME" (Cartoon)

Forget Howard Stern's "Private Parts". Next summer's screens will be dominated by one of the most colorful characters in Stern's radio "Wack Pack": Fred, the Elephant Boy, who lends his voice to this animated feature about a severely retarded pachyderm who joins up with a lisping little boy to travel across the African jungle, to a land where big-breasted women are willing sex slaves and speech impediments are cool. Kenneth Keith Callenbach and Amy Lynn supply voices for the fabled tribesmen Chomsky and Bromski.

"SILENCE OF THE LIMBAUGH" (Thriller)

Making his big screen debut, Rush Limbaugh plays a right-wing cannibal extremist who sneaks a seat in the House Of Representatives by eating the carcass of Sonny Bono and disguising himself in Sonny's epidermis. Jodie Foster plays a detective and close friend of Cher's, who when visiting the rockin' Congressman, begins to get a little suspicious upon noticing Sonny's stretched out chin melting into the Pan Fried Duck during dinner.

"LARRY KING LIVE...IN CONCERT! (ZOO TV)" (Music)

CNN's talkmeister steps out and shows his true colors as a rock n' roll legend. Backed by the band U2 on a national concert tour, filmed at Giants Stadium and the LA Sports Arena, the King performs such standards as "Lamb's Blood For Virgins", "Bone Butcher", and "Satan Is Alive And Well and Living Inside The Frames Of My Glasses". Watch as Larry flies over the audience on a pair of wires and check out his fifteen minute drum solo in the rotating cage! But, be sure to go for the snack break during "Space".

"THE JERKY MECHANICS" (Comedy)

The two middle aged hosts of the popular show "Car Talk" here play two wisecracking Brooklynites who make a series of hilarious prank calls to invalids and members of the priesthood. "Bobby Z" and "Jamal" find themselves running from the law when they accidentally tell an old crippled woman she can fix her car engine with Liquid Plumber, Baccardi, and a butane lighter. Ha ha ha! Estelle Getty co-stars as the rightfully pissed, burned-to-a-crisp old biddy.

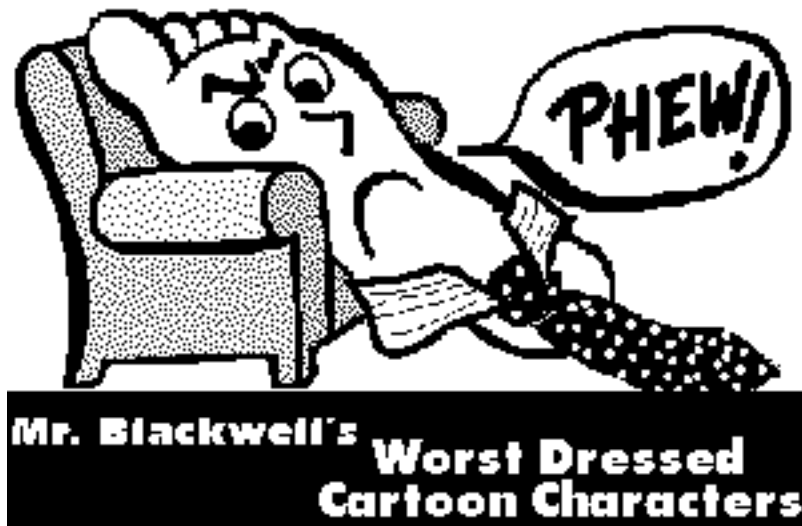
E.S. -Caligula@aol.com

ANIMALS HANNIBAL UNSUCCESSFULLY TRIED TO CROSS THE ALPS WITH

Trout
Dashound
Ostrich
Cow
Ferret
Squirrel
Giant Squid
Mr. T

--nubba@aol.com





Mr. Blackwell publishes an enormously popular yearly list of the 10 worst dressed celebrities in People magazine. This year, he's contacted Ooze to publish his first-ever list of terribly dressed animated stars. And here they are!

10) **Space Ghost**-- Oh, that mask is a tragedy! And the white suit...WAY after Labor Day. A pathetic, K-Mart Batman at best.

9) **Velma From Scooby Doo**-- The glasses are very hip, very Lisa Loeb, Generation X,Y and Z! That sweater though, has got to go. And the big question remains: Is she or isn't she?

8) **Dynomutt**-- All that silver is so passe on a dog. No sense of accessory at all. Ugh, gag me with a Blue Falcon!

7) **The Shmoo**-- WHAT dress? Is he supposed to be naked? What's a Shmoo supposed to be anyway? My guess is a waddling puddle of goo.

6) **Hong Kong Phooey**-- Bonus points for the mask, very Zorro, but those rags and tatters are what sent the grunge look into the department stores. Yesterday's news. Hong Kong Phoney.

5) **Hula Hula from Plastic Man**-- Who does he think he is in those shirts? Weird Al's Hawaiian cousin? Tom Selleck's worst nightmare? Egad!

4) **Butt-head**-- Excuse me, is it still 1991? White man's burden, indeed!

3) **Huckleberry Hound**-- Pastel blue, big mistake! And that hat... A nice fedora, and this hound might not be such a bow-wow.

2) **Davy from Davy & Goliath**-- That little-boy-claymation look is so tired. And that hair, ugh! Ronald Reagan in reverse.

1) **Captain Caveman**-- He is in desperate need of a shave and a hosedown. The three ratty whiskers around the nose are a major turnoff. The club, however, is fantastic!

The following are REAL summer vacation essays from children around the country. If your child has a funny report, send it to Ooze, and if we print it we'll send you a check for Fifty (50) Cents! Aren't these kids cute?

This summer vacation I went to the state of Arkinsaw. People wore funny hats and spat brown stuff at my dad. He got mad and yelled but the man pulled out a double barreled 10 gauge shotgun and shooteted out our windows. Daddy says he wants to go to Pennsylvania next year.

-Ralph Nardo, First Grade, Trenton, NJ



This summer I did lots of things. Then I went to school and wrote this.

-Marcy Ullmer, 3rd Grade

The scorching summer sun burned like leaves on hot asphalt. The picnic table before me was long, like the strands of time, but then thin and woody...like Allen. A pleasant middle aged woman with a crooked smile and her hair in a bun entered the backyard, slowly, carrying a round and frosted cake, its little candles burning like so many tiny fireflies. Then my fat friend Ralph let out the biggest fart! Stink-EE!

-Carl Euberbachler, 3rd Grade, Cambridge, MA

This summer I was a cow. Moo. Hey, what are those rotating blades doing in my--

-Nate Tumkins, Grade 2, Fifo, Kansas

Everyday this summer I went to the mall and Mommy bought me lots of things I didn't need. Then we ate steak and made fun of homeless people.

-Consuela Helmsley, Grade 4, New York, NY

This summer I went with my Mommy to Texas. We lived in a big camp with big walls and big towers. The big men said we couldn't leave but that was O.K. One day, Mommy asked me if I wanted to get married, but I said no. She said God wanted to marry me, and I would burn in Hell if I didn't. So I went up to the hairy man's room and he "made me his woman". It wasn't much fun, but then he burned to death with my mom. That was my summer.

-Jenny Quimkins, Grade 1, Waco, TX

At summer camp I made a boat.

-Hymie Wontom, Grade 5, Glendale, CA

THE GREAT MOLASSES FLOOD OF 1919

History Fun Facts!

When: January 15, 1919

Where: Downtown Boston where the New England Aquarium stands today.

How: It is believed that a quick rise in temperature (from 2 degrees above zero on 1/12 to 40 degrees above zero on 1/13) caused the molasses in a storage tank at the Purity Distilling Co. to burst out of the tank.



Results: 21 people killed, 150 injured. 2.2 million gallons of molasses were released, pouring out of the tank in 8- to 15-foot waves. It moved at speeds of 35 mph, with a force of 2 tons per square foot. The flood destroyed buildings, crushed cars and knocked over elevated train trestles. The company paid \$1 million in damages.

Source: *The BPL Reference Desk* --discovered by David Zubkoff

Testicular TRAUMA

Thoughts of Designer Impostor Body Spray

-Andrew Ian Feinberg (afeinber@panix.com)



I can remember the first time I saw the commercial vividly. I was scarred eternally, not unlike the first time I had a woman look me square in the eye, force a smile, and mumble "Don't worry, I heard it happens to a LOT of guys." While channel surfing a few months ago, I found myself landing on MTV. My favorite episode of The Real World Two was on. Tammi had purposely wired her mouth shut to lose weight and I was hoping it would stay shut forever. A commercial interlude began and I had to watch it when I heard my RCA beckon: "The following demonstration has been made suitable for television." I figured I'd watch the commercial. Big mistake.

A naked woman, covered only by two blue bars that followed her around covering her breasts, and her holiest of holies was prancing around the screen with a spray can. "First, spray Designer Impostor Spray on your arms, and then spray some on your (*beeps!*)" The woman, seemingly in ecstasy, went on to spray the stuff all over her body. If she were to spray shall we say, below the equator, this would not produce the ecstatic result she experienced elsewhere. I believe the correct word to describe the sensation that would result would be called "agony". Why? Let's just say that an alcohol spary coming into contact with thin epedermial tissue, the inside of your nose, your vagina, will cause a deep burning sensation. Little did I know that in just ten seconds, I would be huddled in the corner of the room, rocking in the fetal position, hand immersed in my pants.

Like all horrible things in my life, I saw it in slow motion. A nude man appeared on the screen, bottle in hand, blue bar on crotch. The voice-over triumphantly announced, "Available for men too!" The man, with a smug as hell grin, **SPRAYS HIS CROTCH AND CHUCKLES!** He laughs with this smirk on his face, as if it were the most euphoric and wonderful experience he had ever experienced. My brain overloaded and I must have gone into shock. My entire life passed before my eyes. Well, okay, not my **WHOLE** life, but an incident in particular that involved me and my precious cajones.

It was seventh grade, and I must have been around twelve or thirteen years old. It was back when I was in a tiny 5'4 boy. I knew that one day I would grow and grow and finally conquer that freaking sign that said "**YOU MUST BE THIS TALL TO GO ON THIS RIDE**". Now I'm twenty-five. Hey, it's not that I'm still not allowed to go on certain rides, I just **CHOOSE** not to okay?? I could go on any ride I want, I just don't like waiting in line! Wait, I'm mixing up my traumas. Let's go back to my being twelvish.

My dream girl, Penelope Horowitz, had asked me over to her house on Sunday and study with her for an algebra exam. I could hardly sleep that night. I knew in my heart of hearts, that while perusing the subtle nuances of algebra, we would look up from the book, stare into each other's eyes, admit our undying love, have a torrid affair, get married, have children, and happily grow old together. I just had to make sure everything was right. Sunday morning, I spent two hours getting myself absolutely perfect for the big study date. Just when I was about to leave the house, I realized I had forgotten the key to getting a woman to think of me as real man. Cologne.

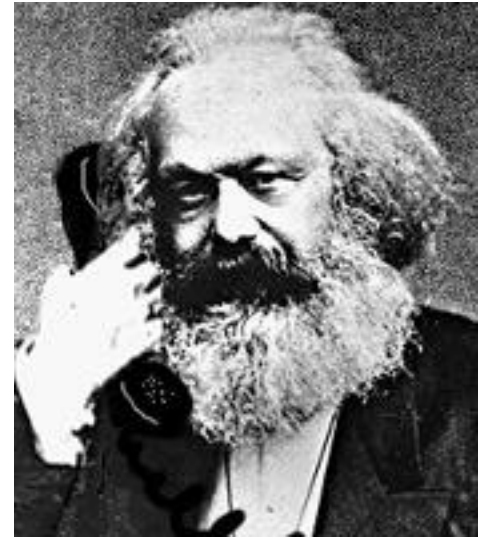
I backed into the bathroom and covered myself with my dad's English Leather. As I was lathering and singing along to "Islands in the Stream" on my radio, I wondered what if Penelope begged me to have sex with her? This was a real possibility. The prospect of her finding me "not so fresh" was strictly unacceptable. So in the middle of singing the Dolly Parton part of the chorus, I pulled out the waistband of my underwear, and did my final spray. "Islands in the stream...that is what we **AREEEEEEEEE EGHHHHHHH!**" I had never experienced such excruciating pain in my entire life. I had to cancel the date. I spent the remainder of the day holding my wounded huevos and cursing the day I had tried to spray myself "there". Penelope went on to date and marry my best friend. Oh Penelope, I miss you so... If you're reading this call me. I know that only I can make you happy!

Back in the present, the man in the commercial had made the same mistake I had made, yet suffered no ill consequences. It was the most unreal and unjust act I had seen since Marisa Tomei had won the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress. But unlike the Tomei tragedy, this wrong could be made right. I knew then why I had been put on this earth. It was to get that commercial modified. I wrote letters. I made urgent phone calls. I wrote this article. I boycotted using the product. Okay, I hadn't really used it in the first place, but hey, manufacturers don't know that. Yet every day that blasted commercial would come on time and time again. Hundreds of times, I saw that smug, sadistic bastard spray his crotch. Is there no justice in the world? The horror, the horror. But just as I began to give up hope, it happened. The commercial began the same way, bimbo dancing around in her Impostor glory. Same guy, blue bar on privates. But this time, he sprayed his **CHEST**, smirking and chuckling. Glory, hallelujah! Can I get an amen? There's no need to thank me. Just knowing that I might have saved one pubescent boy from making the same mistake I made is enough. All I ask for is a page in the history books documenting my selfless effort to make the world a better place to live. Or maybe a granite statue.

Drew Feinberg is twenty-something and resides in East Meadow, NY where he is currently a full-time philosopher. He enjoys watching movies and then bitching about them, joining crusades he knows he cannot win, and singing TV theme songs to anybody within earshot especially the "Facts Of Life." Drew and his partner-in-crime Jen are starting their zine "Marvin Nash'sEar" in the very-near future so they can rant as long as they like to make the world smile and/or think, preferably both. For a free subscription, just send a request, and the name of your favorite childhood board game to afeinber@panix.com

Dial-Ectics

While contemplating the logistics of Marx's dialectic, as I usually do Tuesday nights, I was struck with a sudden and quite disturbing revelation. How would Marx's work have developed with the advent of the touch tone telephone? No longer limited by the lengthy rotary dial, Marx's writing could have expanded unfathomable lengths. Breaking from circular reasoning, the touch tone expands beyond one realm of thought working on nine separate planes, individual, yet connected. Rather than rerouting a dial in circles over and over again, his revolutionary fervor might have been tempered by the forgiving keypad of the modern phone. This might be regarded as touchtonelectics. In a more advanced state, this could transform into Faxelectics, or even internetlectual thinking. Marx could truly make a comeback in the 21st Century if he just could get access to modern technology.



Soon after this revolutionary brain storm, I was plagued by a series of horrible coincidences: I was minding my own business when suddenly my phone rang and on the other end was one of those computerized voices methodically chanting "Automated Computers of the world, Unite!" Then Pacific Bell informed me my phone bill is excessively high and includes many calls to unlisted numbers in Bavaria. I discovered that Marx has been using my calling card to carry out lengthy discussions with Milton Friedman about the advantages of velcro shoe fasteners in an egalitarian society. Marx had also been using my phone to vote for the new Michael Jackson video on the \$2.00 a minute MTV hotline. Is this not proof enough that the father of Socialism has changed his ideals in this age of information? Too bad he's dead.

--Gabe Wardell



Japanese master of poetry, Issa (1763-1825), joins our staff this issue to review books, computer games, movies, and stuff the best way he knows how: through the minimalist beauty of the Haiku.

VIRTUAL LIGHT -- Novel by William Gibson

Is this the same guy
Who wrote us Neuromancer?
Leaves flutter in wind



LOS ANGELES -- American city

Annoying movies
Why don't people buy my script?
City falls into sea

"Alternative" MUSIC -- Radio format

If they sell millions
Is it still "Alternative"?
Groupies fall from sky

FROG BOG-- Video game for the Intellivision (1982)

Dueling frogs eat bugs.
Hop! Hop! Excellent gameplay!
4-bit graphics rock!


MORTAL KOMBAT -- Movie by New Line Cinema

Fighting little guys
Based on bloody game for kids
Kapow! Fall on floor.

Do you want Issa to review your product? Send your books, movies, art, magazines, records, cash etc. to:

"Issa" c/o Matt Patterson 968 Tularosa Dr. #2 Los Angeles, CA 90026

STUPIDEST SHAREWARE

It's once again our privilege to present **THE STUPIDEST SHAREWARE EVER VOLUME IV** . This issue's offerings are just as stupid and offensive  a program can be.



SHIT EATIN' GRIN

In the tradition of our popular "poop" series of quality shareware, pigpile1 (pigpile1@aol.com) offers us this nasty game. A large turd is lobbed onto the screen, and you have to catch it... with your mouth. Stunning graphics and superb gameplay. This cophrophilic wonder is a must for any gamer. Press the button above to go directly to this fine game.



THE COMPLETE STATE

Freedom is irrelevant. The State (**not** the people from MTV but the real Zionist, illuminated, Shriner Conspiracy) orders you to install this program. After successfully following the instructions enclosed you will be greeted by a directive of the State every time you start your mac. You Will Love This Program. Written by Zak Weisfeld (Zakkk@aol.com) and programmed by Ian Smith (freeverse@aol.com) of **HEARTS DELUXE** fame. (1994 Mac User Shareware award winner)



OOZEme.MOOV

A masterful MIDI composition recalling the bygone days of Ooze majesty all in convenient Quicktime 2.0 format. Maestro Jelks (KB5QL@aol.com) studied classical piano in Lezpig and Stausburg and has conducted the Krackow symphony in Poland. Press the icon to the left to play it.

SEND US YOUR SUBMISSIONS

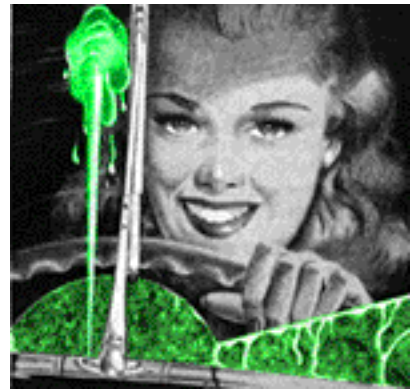
If you've got a really dumb, semi-functional program you want to share with the world submit it to ooze. Files over 32k should be sent to ooze@io.com for evaluation.

WHERE TO FIND OOZE

OOZE WEB SITE!

Just point your web browser to:

<http://www.io.com/~ooze/> and unlock the mysteries of Ooze! View unedited text editions, or download current or previous Mac versions of this award winning publication. Included are cool sites to link to, and subscriber Home Pages! Link Ooze to your Homepage and we'll link you to Ooze! Then you can marvel at my inability to grasp even the simplest of programming languages! Link the Ooze home page to your system TODAY! Look for Ooze to move in September to a new, bigger site!



SUBSCRIPTIONS! ARE A GREAT GIFT

Get Text or Mac Ooze in your mailbox! Send a groveling letter to Drbubonic@AOL.com stating whether you want Mac or Text Ooze. We send Mac Ooze to CompuServe, AOL, eWorld and internet accounts. Make sure your account can handle 1 meg+ bin-hex files if you are subscribing to the Mac version over the internet. BACK ISSUES ALSO AVAILABLE!

WWW ANNOUNCE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Send us your e-mail address with the statement in the body of your message that you want to be put on the WWW ANNOUNCE list, and we'll send a short e-mail notifying you that a new issue of ooze has been posted on our website. It's easy, fun, and takes a lot less room in your mailbox.

SELL OUT YOUR FRIENDS

Give us all the e-mail addresses of your friends, and we'll send them Ooze, **ABSOLUTELY FREE!** Our **ALL-STAR FINK** this issue is Ming Leung (Ming_Leung@notes.pw.com) who sent us 30 of his friend's names!

Other spots featuring Ooze:

Ftp the current **MAC VERSION** from the info-mac archive (sumex-aim.stanford.edu or any one of many mirrors) in the Periodical directory.

Ftp the **TEXT VERSION** from ftp.etext.org (file path is /pub/Zines/Ooze/) America Online- Mac Games Forum (Keyword: MGM) Old issues in the publications archive. [edited for content etc.]

CompuServe- Go MACFUN. Ooze is in the Game Aids/Add-ons Library. Issue #5 is in the Glamour Illustrations Library. Why? I have no idea. [edited for content] eWorld - In the Mac Shareware Games area and the Ziff Net section. [edited for content]

AND AT THESE FINE BBS's

ECN BBS 310.204.6009 or Telnet to ecn.ecn.com
virtual.village/a FirstClass BBS 508.368.4222

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Besides writing or making art for Ooze, we need **Distributors** - Even if you aren't funny, you can spread the word of Ooze. Put it on your ftp site, forward them to all your friends, etc. As a bonus, you'll get the beta issues too. Your input is needed!

Send all contributions (sounds, games, articles, art, oriental rugs) to Drbubonic@AOL.com

Ooze #7 is the **Holiday Issue**. Expect it around the end of November. Deadline for submissions is around the end of October. JOIN OUR STAFF TODAY!

Ooze #6 **Fall '95**

Shirt Sale

OOZEWEAR

Befuddle your neighbors! Frighten children! Make friends with freaks **INSTANTLY!** Wear an **OOZE T-SHIRT!** Be the first kid in your domain to have one of these beauties. This high-quality cotton shirt is emblazoned with a portrait of the Ooze mascot, "**Baby With Fork-In-Head**" ... in glorious black and blood red colors on a white shirt! This one-size-fits-most XL shirt is only **\$12.97 (US)** and includes shipping. (Foreign orders add \$4.03) **US money only.**



Send checks, money orders or cash to:

Matt Patterson 968 Tularosa Dr. #2 Los Angeles, CA 90026

Profits made on this venture will go to the "Buy Ooze a New Computer Fund". You can read all about how my computer was kidnaped from my apartment in July on the Ooze Homepage.

And this is the **End of Ooze #6!**

Next issue: December 1, 1991

Ooze #6 **Fall '95**