



Ooze #7 *Post-Holiday Issue*
It's Never Too Late For Christmas



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



Date: January 3, 1996
To: Boys_and_Girls@earth
From: santa@northpole.com (Santa)
Subject: Guest Editor of Ooze

Ho Ho Ho Hell-o Boys and Girls!

This is Santa Claus! I bet most of you were very, very happy this Christmas! Except for Ralph Martin of 14440 Victory Blvd, Van Nuys, California. Did you like your big bag of coal? Don't expect to keep the train-set your Grandmother gave you either. I'm just going to slide down the chimney later this month and take those gifts with me! Ho Ho Ho! But that's just a personal matter between Ralph, me, and the Mexican Federales.



Now that your Christmas tree sits on the curbside, a neglected, brittle, combustible skeleton of its former self, Santa has some free time on his hands. So I accepted Ooze's generous offer to edit this post- holiday edition. Just when you thought you couldn't take another jingle bell, bough of holly, or stinky, cheese-filled basket, I burst back into your lives. So where's that leftover rum? Buttered rum can take the edge off an old war wound. It seems like yesterday...

I was up to my chest in mud covered in leeches. I was miserable, but I was on a mission. I was deliverin' a bit of Xmas cheer to my buddies. My buddies stuffed down a stinking hole in a bamboo cage. Deserted by the US government. No Rambo there to save them, just me. Heading toward the camp, I picked my way around the bamboo spikes Charlie had left sticking out of the ground along the trail. They smothered these shoots in cow shit. Infection takes hold quickly in the jungle. Donner was foaming at the mouth, screaming something about betrayal and mercy. I almost shed a tear when I had to shoot him.

When I got to the camp, I found the others waiting for me. Our plan was simple: me and some of the boys were going to go in airborne, land on the roof, and blow up the command center. It was my job to drop down the fire hole and leave a "present". I had to get out of there before the whole thing went up in smoke. Then Rudy was to go around the perimeter and shine that damn red light around, diverting their attention from our mad dash to the pits.

I slid down the roof and dispatched the lazy gook guard with a silent twist of my stocking around his throat. I dropped off the goods and was about check out of Hotel Hell when I saw them. The cookies. Now I know I shouldn't have been thinking of cookies at a time like this, but out in the jungle I hadn't had any in a long time. And they looked good. Sure, they were those gook fortune cookies, but they were cookies all the same. I fed my face with 'em, not even stopping to take out the fortune. Then I washed 'em down with some of that tea crap the Chinkies love so much. I would'da killed for a glass of fresh milk. Hell, I'd already killed today for nothin'.

It was then I remembered I had set the timer on my packages to splatter Yuletide cheer all over the joint in less than a minute, only I was still feedin' cookies up my greedy little yap. So I hauled back in the St. Nick of time, got in the sled and took off just as the building erupted in a fine light show. Those yeller fellers sure looked stupid, the way they ran around shouting their monkey jabber.

In the fog of war we set down again with a clatter over by the dung-heap where we would find our men. But it was too late. Those good American boys were nothing more than a puddle of half-melted flan. Those dirty half-animals, half-Chinamen had torched 'em when I was busy eatin' the damn cookies! Those gooks weren't going to get away with this. I was checkin' my list for the third time and these boys were still naughty. They deserved to pay. Hell hath no wrath like a Santa spurned.

But the rest of my story is for another day. Let's just say I never forgot those boys I lost due to my cookie habit. No amount of egg nog can erase those memories.

I hope that your next Christmas won't be as painful as mine!

Ho Ho Ho!
-Santa H. Claus

Note: The opinions of Santa Claus do not reflect those of Ooze magazine, nor any of its wholly owned subsidiaries. It does represent the opinions of one Judy Wenton of Spiro, Pennsylvania, but she has no way to prove this.



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From: lumber@zoom.com (Jack Gibbons)

Look you loser, if you don't know how to use the internet, which you probably don't because morons that use AOL have no fucking idea what they're doing, stop fucking using it! God you people piss me off!!! You don't know, or bother to learn, anything about the method of info. transportation that you're using, but you continue to use it. If you didn't know how to dial a phone, would you keep hitting numbers until you came up with the right one?

In case you don't know what I'm talking about, let me enlighten that dark dusty room you call a brain. You posted a self ingratiating message about your e-zine onto the Skunk Works mailing list along with a picture. By the way, shock media is old hack and shows a severe lack of creativity. I doubt that people who talk about secret government aircraft are interested in your "teen angst", like you have so much to be upset about, drivel.

Posting off topic shows a maturity level of about 3 if you do it on purpose and an IQ level of 50 if you do it because you don't know what the hell you're doing. You make the call.

Dear Mr. Lumber:

I'm glad you've read and enjoyed Ooze. I knew that people who like to sit on top of a New Mexican mountain and look for secret UFO's would love it! That's why I sent it to you. What a productive way to use the net! I bet the government is constantly slapping themselves on the forehead wondering how their big secret spaceships were spotted by crafty net-savvy citizens like yourself. I bet everyone on zoom.com is as smart as you. I really want to join up, but I can't type real well. Is that a problem? Frankly, these people on AOL are only here to send dirty pictures.

Could you give me pointers on how to write great posts like yourself? They are way wittier and more mature than mine. And I'm only 15.

-ooze

P.S. Can anybody show me how to use this microwave? I just burnt the dog. The interface is so confusing!

From: shel@thenet-usa.com

ooze that slither slut
of titter tat shy do love
zine of mind feed full

From: pwillis@ozemail.com.au (Paul Willis)

Your unexpigated bilge has no place on the dinolist and, being a private subscriber to the net, I resent having to pay to download extremely long items that are of no interest to me and are unsolicited. And, further, we in civilisation (i.e., anywhere outside of the USA) know that the Americans have a piss-poor sense of humour, so you don't have to prove it to us.

Cheers, Paul

G'Day Paul!

Here in America, I can't think of anything funnier than Austrailians like Paul Hogan, or the star of that fine feature film Reckless Kelly, Yahoo Serious. And what could beat sittin' back, snacking on a kangaroo, groovin' to Silver Chair and puttin' stuff on the barby? I couldn't tell you. Maybe your sour attitude comes from being hit on the head far too often playing your silly football.

-ooze

From: gmcnamara@msmail.objectspace.com (Georgia McNamara)

I must admit (under extreme duress, of course) that I find Ooze to be chock-full of excellent humorousness, although I found Raven Hate's issue much more amusing than the multiple-tampon-reference current [ooze 6] issue.

Georgia:

Ooze is no place for the discussion of feminine hygiene products, even once. I guarantee that this issue is free of multiple references to any female nastiness. Except for a few mentions of tampons, sanitary napkins, floral body lotions, female condoms, K-Y jelly, douching material, wunderbras, and coat hangers, this issue is multiple-female-free. In fact, the only multiple reference you'll find in this issue is the 100% maleness of Abraham Lincoln. I hope this meets with your approval.

-ooze

From: Robn Kester Forum Consultant Mac Multimedia

We are sorry but we cannot release your upload "Ooze#6PG.sea" at this time because it contains material which could be considered tasteless and possibly obscene. Please take the time to review AOLs Terms Of Service as well as the file "MMM READ BEFORE UPLOADING" located in the Mac Multimedia New Files library before submitting further to avoid this in the future.

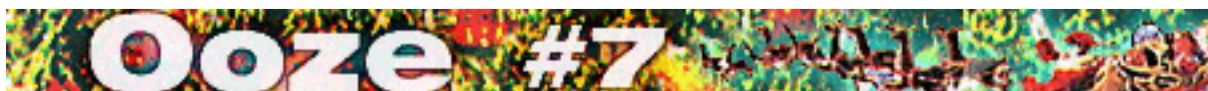
From: DaMan2713

Hi! I'm A big fan of Ooze. I've read issues #4-6 and was wondering if you could send me all the past issues. I've installed all the software from them too. My dad wants me to take them off the computer. Total success! If you could hook me up with a subscription as well, that would be oozezy!

Dear Dan:

Your father was indeed correct to fear the little programs that ship with Ooze now neslteled on his hard drive. By now, those little applications have charred your brain and created the mindless cyber-zombie under my direct control you are today. According to my roster, your father will be pounding rocks in the Slave City fusion pits for the rest of his life, which should be around 2-3 months, depending on his physical stature. Quake before me mortals! I am the Anti-Anti-Christ! The year 2000 is today, and I am your leader! Did you want a subscription to the Macintosh or text edition?

-ooze





In the tradition of the famous, ever-so-subtle Wired Magazine **Tired-Wired** hotlist, Ooze proudly presents a list of its own:

TIRED

Internet
Barney
Sega Genesis
Integrated Telephony
Mountain bikes
Pogs
Plaid Shirts
Stuffed crust pizza
Evian water
High Speed Rail
Laser Disks
Jim Carrey

ASLEEP

Clay Tablets
Beowulf
Moses' Genesis
Shouting
Mountain goats
Lice
Bearskin capes
Raw flesh
Rain
Running
Discus
Aristophanes



X-mas Specials You'll Never See

Rudolph the Overweight Housewife
The Little Donkey Who Peed on Baby Jesus
It's a Godzilla Christmas
Miracle in a Back Alley Just Off 42nd Street
Santa's Little Lapdance
Frosty the Speedfreak
Touching All The Elves
Santa: Defender of Children vs. Jesus The King of Kings
Those Stinky Jews!
Jingle Hell II: The Elves revenge
Bob Hope Can't Remember It's Christmas Special
Lumpy the Fruitcake
Flushing The Yule Log
Stuffin' The Stocking: A Jolly Prison Christmas!
The Donner Party Christmas Party
Sgt. Rock Salutes Missles And Mistletoe
Squishy: The Leakiest Little Elf



Try a Little BITTERNESS

Call me a survivor. In fact, call me "Survivor", and start humming a few bars from "Eye Of The Tiger". In the 3 years I've lived in Los Angeles, I've managed to find steady work in the film industry. Still, I haven't had that BIG break. You know, a smashed collarbone. A torn uvula. That Tarantino-style leap into the public eye. Imagine my frustration when the very movie company I work for proudly doled out a six figure sum to a 17 year-old high school senior for her first screenplay. The official vomit-inducing press release announcing its sale included a quote from the producer like, "This girl was so sharp, I asked her to show me her ID because I didn't believe she was seventeen!"



When the film eventually opens, its entire marketing angle will be 'She wrote this when she was only 17!' What really burns me up isn't even her. It's the sound bite starved community that'd scoop up the shit from the horse Christopher Reeve crushed his spine on.

Through a little investigation, I found the name of the actual agent who represented the script. Taking a deep breath and gargling some bile, I rang him up. In my normal voice, I asked for the agent. They switched me through to his office, and an assistant picked up.

Me: (Fast and excited little-kid voice, as if possessed by Ridalin) Hello, my name is Billy, I'm eight years old and I wrote a script about a turtle. You wanna buy it?

Assistant: (Long pause.) Hold on.

(Suddenly, I'm on speaker phone, and the agent is there with his assistant.)

Agent: Hi, you were saying?

Me: Oh yeah. My name-- my name is Billy and I'm eight years old. I wrote a script about my turtle. It's really funny. You wanna sell it for me?

Agent: (laughs) Really? What does your turtle do, Billy?

Me: He's- he's big and fat, and makes doodies, and flies around the world in a red suit!

Agent: Oh, really? Well, that's not the kind of thing we're interested in doing right now.

Me: (getting upset) But...but...it's funny! You like it! C'mon, let's go and pitch it!

Agent: (firmer) No, no, I'm sorry. It's really not the kind of thing we're doing right now. What's your turtle's name, though?

Me: Larry.

Agent: Oh, that's great. (By now, he's becoming tired of playing along and is getting a little annoyed at being mocked by the likes of me.) How old are you really, Billy?

Me: (hurt) I'm eight years old.

Agent: And do you have a job, Billy?

Me: (matter-of-fact) A job? NO! I sit around the house all day with my mom and make sammiches!

Agent: Mmm, really. What kind of sammiches?

Me: Ham and cheese, butthole!

Then, I hung up. Sure, I could have gone on and on about sandwiches, or the size of Larry's doodies, but I think I made my point. And I had called a major Hollywood Player a butthole. I considered calling back as a fetus with a hot sitcom idea, but my energy had been sapped. Now, my goal is to get that very same agent to represent **ME**. Then years from now, after I'm super-famous, I'll take him out to the Oscar's or something and say, "Hey, you remember that seventeen year old girl's script you repped? Have I got a story for you..." Then stab him mercilessly with my steak knife on live TV.

-e.s. (caligula@aol.com)



Phone Numbers to Call When You're Bored

- MrNoitAll1@aol.com



Burger King Consumer Service 1-800-YES-1-800

They like to be harassed, I swear! I called them once, and they told that my mother gives good head. No lie. They have major spunk. Try asking what part of the chicken makes up a Chicken McNugget.

Some Asian Spice Number 1-800-786-8222

This guy is great. Ask him about purchasing some oregano in bulk quantities.

Coca Cola Inc. 1-800-GET-COKE

Tell them you bought a defective Coke. What's a defective soft drink? I don't know, but they'll send you a free 6 pack of any drink of your choice. Amazing

The School Lunch Guy 1-704-792-9000 ex.2010:

It's long distance, but **DEFINITELY** worth it. Call now! Some guy reads you a school lunch menu, but it's so much more than that. He plugs his record album (of lunch listings?) and talks like Jim Varney too. Who is he really? I don't know; try to decipher the mystery yourself.



I don't know what the hell it is. 1-213-GOD-LOVE

NOT what you'd expect. Definitely strange. Convinced me that God **DOES** love. Hmmm. I like it.

Q-Tips Consumer Service 1-800-243-5804

My favorite call to them so far: "How many deaths occur from Q-Tips each year counting accidental and non-accidental?" What a hoot.

The White House Switchboard 1-202-456-1414

Woooooo hooooo! Call and ask for Bill. That bastard never comes to the phone.

Hooked On Phonics 1-800-ABCDEFG

Hukt on fonix wurkt for me! Isn't it ironic that phonics isn't spelled like it sounds? Tell them your name is Lennie, you're 25, you live in Louisiana, and you need help reading a paper the sheriff gave you. (What does ABCDEFG spell anyway?)

Depends 1-800-DEPENDS

Show someone how much you really love them by sending them a free trial pair of Depends. One of the Editors of OOZE previously conducted a scientific experiment with this product and is proud to report that it can hold a prodigious amount of pee! See for yourself, or just call and make fun of old people.

New Freedom maxi pads. 1-800-544-1847

Thank them for freeing women from slavery and allowing them the vote. Ask if New Freedom maxi-pads freed the blacks of South Africa too, or if they'll change their name to "Newt Freedom" in honor of the Speaker of the House. Go maxi-crazy!

Send all donations to **MrNoitAll1@aol.com**.



Goin' to the Gun Show

-Zak Weisfeld (zakkk@aol.com)

The Jacob Building is not a graceful structure; it squats, a hulking, 50's Parthenon, on a hill overlooking a dun-colored pond at the edge of Chilhowee Park in Knoxville, Tennessee. Supporting the vaguely Deco portico are painted brick columns plastered with orange signs. The un reassuring signs read, "**NO** loaded weapons allowed." And while loaded weapons may be verboten the unloaded kind are more than welcome. Guns are here in their myriad of forms and in a quantity that could be a tad unsettling to the uninitiated. But hey, this is Mike Holloway's Gun Show and if you can't take the heat, as they say...

And make no mistake, this is the kitchen. Judging from the bumper stickers in the parking lot, which range from the common NRA badge and the more inspiring, "They Can Have My Gun When They Pry It From My Cold Dead Fingers," to Sierra Club and "Love Your Mother," Mike Holloway's Gun Show crowd pretty much runs the gamut of gun owners — as good a place as any to gauge the state of the gun in our trigger-happy republic.

Not surprisingly, guns are everywhere inside the Jacob Building, lots of guns. There are cheap Chinese rifles stacked on boxes, antique revolvers laid out along shelves, there are guns in holsters, jammed into waistbands and slung from shoulders, the sheer quantity of guns seems, initially, both terrifying and absurd.

On the surface the Gun Show is the kind of nightmare that drives liberals into screaming, cold sweat wakefulness — it is the fevered vision of an army of beer-gutted, rebel flag flying, fundamentalist Christians wading through an acre of guns and anti-government literature. The only thing necessary to complete the horror would be a voting booth at the back and next to it Ralph Nader chained, naked and gibbering, in a cage.

It is a vision not wholly lacking in truth. The crowd at the gun show is largely male, almost entirely white, and judging by the people I talked to, Christian. Big bellies are the accessory of choice for today's fashionable gun owner, and parked at the side of the Jacob Building is a pick-up truck suffering from a rash of confederate flag bumper stickers and one which reads, "Don't Blame Me I Voted for Jefferson Davis."

Beneath the buzzing fluorescent lights people browse along tables that would make a Mujehadeen blush, haggle over wares and search for that one particular item — a confederate bayonet, a pearl handled revolver or a flash suppresser that will complete one aspect of their collection.

Says gun owner John Doe II, "Personally, I go to the Gun Show because I'm a collector. I enjoy guns and shooting for sport and I go for that reason. "

Another shopper is James Bond, a fireman from Knoxville and one of the few African-Americans in attendance. "No," says Bond, "I don't have a gun for protection. I just like to shoot. It's fun. I was just kind of looking, comparing prices, to see if anything had gone up...or was going down."

Yet, these same people, Sunday shoppers engaged in the perfectly legal purchase of firearms and accessories exhibit the kind of paranoia one would expect from a radical student groups in Bhutan. Of the people interviewed for this article not one would give his real name.

The refusal to be named is generally given with a smile and a nudge-nudge; the wariness has more the flavor of braggadocio than of fear. Standing on the sidewalk above a parking lot filled with the cars of hundreds of other gun owners, outside a building piled to the rafters with guns, it is hard to take their apprehension of an immanent government crackdown too seriously. Paranoia seems a way of displaying that rebellious streak of which Americans are so proud. But on this pleasant Sunday afternoon the rebels seem more like dieters filling out fake names to get a free sample at the food court — the hint of danger in the air makes the shopping experience that much more exhilarating.

"Yeah," says Bill Johnson the First, his baseball cap pushed back on his head and two long cardboard boxes under his arm, "I just got a couple SKS's — a Russian made military kind of rifle. I bought them today because of gun laws. I think they're one of the main things that makes people buy guns. People think they won't be able to get them for too much longer so they get them while they can."

Buying a gun in the mid-90's has become an act of perfect consumption. It allows the consumer to reach a state of gratification, rebelliousness and patriotism simultaneously and without conflict. No other shopping decision carries nearly as much spiritual weight. And all this, all this righteous indignation can be yours for under \$100 dollars.

All of which explains the existence of the other economy of the gun show, the economy of fear. It explains why the vigorously paranoid spiel of men like M.W. Jefferson (also not his real name) falls on such receptive ears. Jefferson is selling a book, America in Peril, which explains how the One World Order conspiracy is destroying our once great nation.

At the other end of the building a man is selling copies of the constitution (which he got for free from the Federal Government) and describing in detail how the One World Order conspiracy is actually the final version of plot hatched by Jews in ancient Babylon. He wants to know if I've taken Jesus as my personal savior. Nearby are tables selling Bo Gritz videos. Elsewhere there are stalls where one can buy books with titles like: "The Art of Revenge," "Sniper," "Assassination Techniques," and "Full Auto: Converting Your AR-15 ." The Gun Show trades heavily in information as well as rifles and surprisingly it is the information that is the more unsettling.

As if to confirm my misgivings I discover that loaded weapons aren't the only thing not allowed into Mike Holloway's Gun Show. The other, as I find out from Mike Holloway, is reporters.

Mike Holloway, the organizer of the Gun Show, is a solid looking middle-aged man of Napoleonic stature. He wears glasses, a pressed khaki shirt and olive green pants — a kind of paramilitary leisure suit. I meet Mike by the ticket window. Mike shakes my hand like he means it. And then he kicks me out.

"There's been a lot of bad press from liberals," says Mike, explaining why he won't talk to me and why he won't let me interview anyone or take any pictures inside the Gun Show. Judging, however, by the action at the ticket windows and the size of the crowd inside Mike doesn't feel he needs any more publicity.

"What will you do," I ask, "if I go back in?"

"Then I'll have to ask you to leave," Mike says with a flatness that makes me wonder what "ask" is a euphemism for. "People are bat shy around reporters, nobody wants to talk to you people." (it appears "gun shy" is the old, non-pc term in the gun world, no longer in use because of its pejorative implication for firearms). With Mike glaring at me and a security guard bulging behind him I depart.

Now, while I've certainly been kicked out of better places than a Gun Show, driving away I found myself increasingly disturbed by the gesture. The issue of guns and gun control are too important, too central to American culture, to be kept hidden in the Deco pillbox of the Jacob Building by paranoid shopkeepers like Mike Holloway. Gun owners' fears of an increasingly intrusive and paternalistic Federal Government are not without warrant. At the same time, despite gun owners' best intentions, guns in this country have allowed us to amply express a national murderousness that defies belief. With more than 15,000 people killed by guns (or, as the NRA might prefer — people killed by people wielding guns) last year in this country one must wonder at what point the government's paternalism becomes justified.

Whatever the answer, Mike Holloway's Gun Show is illuminating. It is also one of the few places (though I fear they're becoming more common) where one can walk in with a SPAS-12 semi-automatic shotgun but not a notepad and paper. These are the kind of ironies that have come to surround the issues of guns and gun control in this country and at Mike Holloway's Gun Show these abstractions come to vigorous, oiled, metallic, bargain-basement-priced life.



Quotable Quotables

Enough with the cigars! Please! Is that all you people think about? - *Fidel Castro*

So tell me, what happened at the end of the play? - *Lincoln*

And that was the tragedy part of our show, and now if you could, Lords and Ladies, put your hands together for Rapscaillon and his Naked Dwarves! - *Shakespeare*



What's a little greased monkey-boy like yourself doing alone in the olive grove?
- *Aristotle*

I'm jerkin' off! Whadda think I'm doin' with my hand? - *Napoleon*

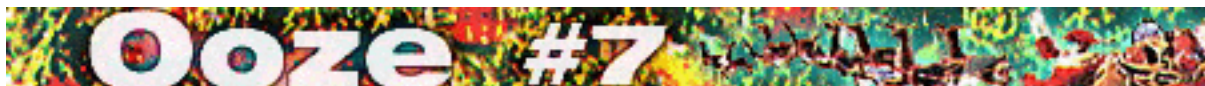
Ouch! Hey! Watch it with that thing, will you? - *Marquis de Sade*

You want another fuckin' colored egg? Jesus Christ! Bend over then and I'll shit foil candy wrappers on your head, motherfucker! - *Easter Bunny*

You want to put up three additional Presidents? But why? - *Theodore Roosevelt*

Write *more*? What... You think I'm some kind of hack? - *Stephen King*

You're sixteen? Geez, you don't look a day over twelve. You know, I'm a director. No, really, I am. - *Woody Allen*





Ho Ho Ho!

Today, Boys and Girls I want to address an important issue. This year, my elves have brought a number of your pleas to my special attention. Santa couldn't take the time to answer these before Xmas, but now that it's long over I can safely address your concerns. It seems some of you children are very disturbed and need some help.

Dear Santa:
What is sex like? When I see it on TV, they never really explain what is going on. I want a shiny, new mountain bike.
Love,
Mikey

Dear Mikey:
After I delivered all the presents to the little boys and girls of the world, Santa flew back to his North Pole warren to take a long-deserved break. I parked my sled in the garage, entered the house, took off my boots and immediately snoozed by the fire. I couldn't tell how much later in the sunless arctic winter, but I awoke to the cold touch of probing hands. These things never happen to me. I'm an older, slightly overweight man with silver hair and a twinkle in my eye. I couldn't quite make out her figure in the faded light, but she was bare, and ready. My belt popped off and fell to the ground. My signature cap, thrown asunder. She comes to me, her timeless body aching for my package. She's been a good girl, and I checked her twice to make sure. Her twin sugar plums danced around my probing tongue.

My creature was stirring, and she sought it for her own kind of caroling. She slid down my chimney, then up, then down again. Forget Dasher, forget Dancer, forget Comet, Cupid, Vixen and the other erotic adult entertainers I've known, only one woman knows me inside and out. As the alcohol from the figgy pudding clouded my brain I realized, that through all the excitement of my yearly ritual, I just wanted a shiny, new mountain bike.
-S.

Dear Santa:
I sleep in hay. Mommy is dead. Daddy forgets who I am and then calls me 'shoe'. The nice men on the streets of Sao Paulo gimme treats sometimes. After they beat me. But that's OK. My bestest friend is a one legged donkey named "Stumpy". Usually I eat dirt. Can I have a Buzz Lightyear action figure from the movie "Toy Story" for Christmas?

Love,
Ralfonso H.

Dear Ralfonso:
Walt Disney Pictures presents "Toy Story", a wonderful film for children of all ages. It stars the vocal talents of Academy Award winner Tom Hanks and funnyman Tim Allen, who incidentally played ME in the delightful film, "The Santa Clause" not too long ago. "Toy Story" features computer animation that is really something, and the songs by Randy Newman are swell.

Despite the donkeys and dirt, I regret that I can not deliver a Buzz Lightyear action figure to your little puddle of squalor in San Paulo. As you know by now, it is AFTER Christmas, and the toys have already been given out to the cherubic boys and girls of the United States of America, who always get top priority. Sometimes life isn't fair, Ralphonso. And you are doomed.
-S.

PS: "Santa" is a fully owned trademark of the Disney Corporation and may not be used without permission.

Dear Santa:
We got the elves, and we want the goodies. Leave your sack of gifts down on Main and 7th. And no funny stuff either. That red-nosed freak wanted to be a hero, and now he's just snack meat for some Laplanders.
-Big Louie
P.S. Please give me some McDonald's Gift Certificates.

Dear Mr. Big Louie:
Good! Waste those elves. They have defied me. Spray their bloodied carcasses all over the lower East Side! Pump 'em full of lead in front of Sparks' Steak House! I don't give a rusty sled.
-S.
P.S. The McDonald's Certificates are on their way. I suggest trying their McRib sandwich. It's really delicious.

-santa@northpole.com



POEMS FROM FIRST GRADE

Recently, I found a notebook that my first-grade teacher made us write all our stories in. These early works of genius foreshadowed the immense literary talent I was to become. Even these early works are of such high quality I decided to reprint them in their original form with English Standard translations where needed.

Santa Dog

Ther
Was . a lettlet
Dog.
Ho ho ho ti [it] is
Santa Dog
-10/12/76

I Love Youa [You]
[A Poetic Dialogue]
O Swete [Sweety]
I love you
O shatap [Oh, Shut up!]
-10/28/76



Mommy

Mommy?
Wty! [What-y? This is another poetic dialogue.]
I wat [went]
Poo-Poo in my
Pans [Pants]
Well Bless my sol [soul]
-1/21/77

Rain

Rain o' Rain
Is wet!!?!?!
Wet 3
Wet 6
Wet 9
Get the duck wet
The and
-March 1977

The Day My Pans [pants] faldon [fell down]

One day I was jogen [jogging] outsida. I started jogen so fast o
bai the ya my pans wer los [I forgot(?) my pants were loose.]
I sad [said] Wow and than ti hppod [it happened...]
E.E.E.E.E. My Pans Fldon! [My pants fell down!] I was runing
and so I jopt [jumped] up to a tree. Wen I jopt don [jumped down]
my ond shrt came ouf. [own shirt came off.] E.E.E. Im nakit
[I'm naked!] Son [soon] I got my Pans onn mysf [on myself]
and I got a vee teing not. [a something tying knot?]
The and
-April 1977

If you want to read more of the product of my early genius,
write to me at drbubonic@aol.com. I have a good Hardy
Boys adventure where Sean Cassidy and I take on a house
full of ghosts, and an epic adventure where I am shrunken and
ride a space-faring gerbil, naked.



DEATHSTYLES
of the Rich & Famous



Years ago, my good friend Matt Patterson made a bet that George Burns would outlive Jerry Garcia. In 1991 this seemed pretty ridiculous, but here we are in 1996 and Mr. Patterson is no less than a prophet. By all rights, Jerry's death seems "tragic" because he was in his fifties whereas George Burns is reaching the far side of 100. Who led the fuller life is arguable (I hear Gracie's LSD was fairly potent) but certainly, more people mourned over Jerry's death than they would have over Burns' (in his advanced age, anyway). This led me to an interesting question: for every celebrity who's prematurely kicked it in the last few years, couldn't we come up with a more deserving one? Someone, maybe-- RELATED?

CELEBRITY DEAD	THE OOZE PICK	POSSIBLE CAUSE
Kurt Cobain	Courtney Love	Stage dives during Hole concert; no one bothers to catch.
Mickey Mantle	Mickey Rooney	Loses barfight with Billy Barty
Easy E	Hammer	Angry Capitol Records exec hurls him off roof of Hollywood HQ
Frank Zappa	Frank Perdue	Bloody emasculation by feather plucking factory device since he looks so much like his product.
Jackie Kennedy	MTV's Kennedy	Takes bullet meant for Lisa Loeb
That Guy From Blind Melon	Michael Bolton	Justice served soundly
John Lennon	Ringo	Crazed fan asks him to sign copy of "Little Conductor" video. Real train runs them down
Stevie Ray Vaughn	Yngvi e J. Malmsteen	Wire device which "flies" him across concert arena speeds up unexpectedly; impaled on drumkit
Divine	Bette Midler	Eaten alive by a Grizzly Bear
John Belushi	Dan Aykroyd	Sewage flood during "House Of Blues" radio hour
Fatty Arbuckle	Rush Limbaugh	Chokes on large, bulbous onion in Double Whopper
River Phoenix	Pauly Shore	Testicular hemmoraging after being hit in the balls by irate fan of BioDome.
Paul Lynde	JM J Bullock	Believes he sees ghost of Ted Knight on freeway; jumps from car and is crushed by Trojans truck.
Andy Warhol	Cristo	Makers of rival plastic wrap "custom strangle" artist with their own brand.
Billy Martin	George Steinbrenner	Home run accidentally dislodges "Diamond Vision" electronic scoreboard onto George's head
Mr. Ed	Beethoven	Syphilis
Jim Morrison	Oliver Stone	Crew of "Natural Born Killers II" sets him on fire at cast party
Bette Davis	Kim Carnes	Acute oblivion
Lorne Greene	Any member of "Green Day"	Fatal acne
Andy Kaufman	Carrot Top	Jealous feud with Gallagher which ends in tragic watermelon blow to the heart

-ed (caligula@aol.com)



INSANE STAFF JOURNALS

A DAY IN THE OFFICE

-Whitney (WhitFitz@aol.com)

Tue, Oct 31, 1995

I got so bored the other day at work that when no one else was around, I called from another phone into my voice mail, made evil growling and gurgling noises, then played the message on my speaker phone over and over and over. Then I wrote a little puppet show. It was performed by three stapler removers, and was called "I Am The Snake, Bite Bite Bite." The plot of this play is as follows: Two of the smaller stapler removers claim that they are the snake, proclaiming their snakelihood by saying "bite bite bite." Finally, the biggest stapler remover comes along and rightfully claims his snake throne by saying "**bite bite bite**" in the deepest voice of them all. I then decide to Irish step dance in the elevators. I may need professional help.



ANTS

- M.J. (spoot1@aol.com)

11/10/95

I walked out of my room this morning a little groggy because, even though I had gone to sleep at about five a.m., I still woke up at nine-thirty. Each morning I like to make a bagel with tomato and melted cheese with the toaster oven. I flipped the oven switch on to preheat it, shoved in the little broiling tray, which always has leftover crusted cheese on it, and set about cutting up my bagel.



When I looked up I noticed there was a line of ants marching across the counter top. As I followed the line across the counter their ranks became more and more disorganized until it ended in utter chaos at the toaster.

Curious, I pulled the tray out of the oven. The ants were already dead; their exoskeletons collapsed from sudden dehydration. Others were boiled alive in the once hard cheese they must have planned on harvesting. It was pretty grim.

So, I washed their disfigured and collapsed bodies down the drain and made my bagel. It didn't taste any different.



Green Eggs & Hamlet

by Dr. Seusspeare

Act II Scene III

OPHILIA:

Boo hoo Hamlet,
It's been a bad day,
But if I kill me-self,
Will me problems go away?
Whether by rope
Or by gun
Or swallow a shoe.
By train
Or by plane
Or Snickety Snoo!
Or just hold my breath
Until I turn blue.
Hamlet K. Hamlet,
What ever shall I do?



HAMLET:

To be, To be,
Or not to be.
To be a bee,
Or a zimzimateezee!
To die, to sleep,
Perchance to dream
Of inhaling large doses
Of whippeddy cream!
Ophilia, I love you
More than Spaghetti-os,
Pizza, ice cream,
Or cheesy omletteos.
More than the buns
In Mr. Smith's bunnery.
But I say, dear Ophilia:
Get thee to a nunnery!

OPHILIA:

You can not, will not,
Send me away!
Forever here, I'm here.
And here I'll stay!
Out of my way,
You Wurtenburg fake.
I'm drowning myself,
In Poondskoominy Lake!
(Ophilia jumps into lake and drowns)

HAMLET:

To each man,
Death comes in turn.
Damn!
I forgot to go bowling
With Roz and Guildenstern!

REAL DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THE TRASH PART III PRESENTS:

Disney's Bomb Threat Checklist

A friend of mine stole this from Disney High Command when he was temping.
All hail King Maus! Heil Mickey! Heil!

Instructions:

Be calm; be courteous; listen: don't interrupt the caller; keep the caller talking; ask the caller to repeat.

Report the call immediately to the Security Duty Supervisor, x4330, then notify your supervisor.

Questions to Ask:

- When is the bomb going to explode?
- Where is it right now?
- What does it look like?
- What kind of bomb is it?
- What will cause it to explode?
- Did you place the bomb?
- Why?
- What is your name?
- What is your address?



Exact wording of the threat:

Sex of caller:_____ **Race:**_____

Age:_____ **Length of call:**_____

Phone numbers at which the call was received:_____

Time:_____ **Date:**_____

Caller's Voice:

(check all that apply)

<input type="checkbox"/> Calm	<input type="checkbox"/> Nasal	<input type="checkbox"/> Angry	<input type="checkbox"/> Stutter	<input type="checkbox"/> Excited	<input type="checkbox"/> Lisp	<input type="checkbox"/> Slow
<input type="checkbox"/> Raspy	<input type="checkbox"/> Rapid	<input type="checkbox"/> Deep	<input type="checkbox"/> Soft	<input type="checkbox"/> Ragged	<input type="checkbox"/> Loud	
<input type="checkbox"/> Clearing throat	<input type="checkbox"/> Laughing	<input type="checkbox"/> Deep breathing	<input type="checkbox"/> Crying			
<input type="checkbox"/> Cracking voice	<input type="checkbox"/> Normal	<input type="checkbox"/> Disguised	<input type="checkbox"/> Distinct			
<input type="checkbox"/> Accent	<input type="checkbox"/> Slurred	<input type="checkbox"/> Familiar				

If the voice is familiar, who did it sound like?_____

Background Sounds:

<input type="checkbox"/> Street noises	<input type="checkbox"/> Factory machinery	<input type="checkbox"/> Crockery	<input type="checkbox"/> Animal noises		
<input type="checkbox"/> Voices	<input type="checkbox"/> Clear	<input type="checkbox"/> PA System	<input type="checkbox"/> Static	<input type="checkbox"/> Music	<input type="checkbox"/> Local
<input type="checkbox"/> House noises	<input type="checkbox"/> Long distance	<input type="checkbox"/> Motor	<input type="checkbox"/> Office machinery		
<input type="checkbox"/> Other	_____				

Threat Language:

<input type="checkbox"/> Well spoken (educated)	<input type="checkbox"/> Incoherent	<input type="checkbox"/> Taped	<input type="checkbox"/> Foul	<input type="checkbox"/> Irrational
<input type="checkbox"/> Message read by threat maker				

See how the **MAUS** controls your life? Evil, evil mouse.



Save Route 666



PLEASE FORWARD TO ALL CONCERNED PARTIES
****WE NEED TO TAKE ACTION NOW!****

IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE ROUTE 666

NEW MEXICO - According to an article published August 3,1995 in the Wall Street Journal, residents of Colorado and New Mexico are petitioning their local government representatives to officially change the name of U.S. Route 666 to something else because they believe it is cursed by evil supernatural forces.

"Let him who has understanding calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man: His number is 666"--Book of Revelations

The passage itself is easy to interpret. 666 is nothing less than Satan's street address. The Anti-Christ is alive and Route 666 is his home. The numerous deaths along the road might seem to be caused by drunk drivers, accidents, and poor driving conditions but this is a falsehood. The fault lies with The Beast.

Why would we advocate protecting a road known only for evil? Simply because it is a known evil. The Anti-Christ lives somewhere along the 200 mile stretch of road waiting for the seventh seal to snap. If the name were to change, surely the Anti-Christ would seek a new address... possibly on **YOUR STREET!** I say let him stay in New Mexico where all he can harm are some drunken Indians and burnt-out hippies who are going to Hell anyway. And when the Devil comes to town, you can forget property values.

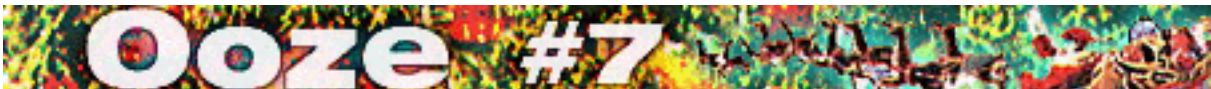
The Navajo nation is petitioning the state to change the name of the road, and officials say they won't object. Within a year, the road will no longer be 666, and the Anti-Christ will be on the prowl. I drove up and down the length of this possessed road, I feared for my life more than during my Korean tour of duty. More than in the **STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY!** This evil can be contained, but **ONLY IF WE KNOW WHERE IT IS!**

You can forestall the ancient prophecy of Armageddon! Call or fax your senator or congressman and demand they stop this name change from taking place. Then you can sign the petition below and e-mail a copy to **drbubonic@aol.com** where we will forward your comments to the Secretary of Transportation, and the President himself. **YOU CAN HELP!**

Rev. Matthew Patterson
Making the World Safe for a Better Tomorrow
-----cut here-----

Dear _____(Your Legislator): I, _____, think that Route 666 should stay Route 666 despite what some crazy injuns or misguided christians say. The Anti- Christ is on that road, and I want him to stay there! My children deserve to grow up in a neighborhood that doesn't have no biblical evil runnin' around. And while you're at it, lower my taxes and give me more stuff.

Love, _____(date)_____



Proposed Cost-Cutting Suggestions for 1996

First Bank of American Banks and Savings and Loan Banks

Due to an increase in costs, management has decided that further cutbacks are necessary for 1996. These modest proposals could save the bank 22.4 million dollars in 1996 alone.

Replace the lollipops we freely give to children with handfuls of sawdust.

Rent out under-utilized office space (i.e. behind the cooler and inside unused file cabinets) space to low-income families. A great community-builder.

Charge customers to gaze at the bank buildings. We can cross-reference a customer face database with images from our security cameras.

Implement 8 new holidays for the 1996 banking season:

Pet The Retards	Second Weekend after Harvest Moon
What's That On The Ground Day?	July 5
Get Drunk and Blow Your Thumb Off With Fireworks Day	May 21
Spiro Agnew Day	To De Determined At Random
All Saints Alive! Day	April 4
The 12 Days of Columbus	October 8-20
National Hooker Appreciation Week	Dec. 1-7
Scab Laborer Day	Sept. 3

Replace all lighting fixtures with low-cost fatty candles.

Give customers the cash equivalent of their withdrawals in coupons. Those certificates are valued at 1/500 of a cent minimum. (Look at the bottom of a coupon for its cash value.)

Store customer's valuables in shoeboxes instead of safety deposit boxes.

Force people who bounce checks to work in the salt mines underneath the vault.

Replace the free milk we provide for coffee with non-dairy creamer.

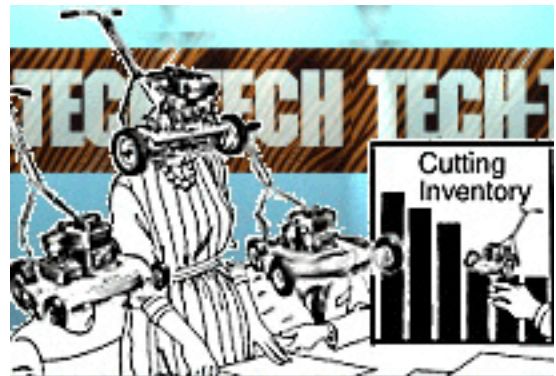
If we all work together we can make it through the next year without having any of the upper management laid off. The office is also taking up a collection of old books for Louie down at the Federal penitentiary. Let's show him that we don't forget a scapegoat!



INFO-CORPORATE NAMING CHART

It seems that many of you out there in the non-virtual world are desperate to discover how you can become pioneers on the cyberfrontier just like your infobuddies at Ooze. The first step towards creating such a company is, of course, a corporate identity. But the step before that is a name. It's critical that you give your company a name that says you're company is hip and right out there on the techno-edge. But you're not so far out there that you can't come up with a marketable product or service, like the Salad Shooter or pizza delivery. So welcome, neophytes, to Ooze's Name Your New Company Chart. Just pick one word from each column and assemble a name that will make venture capitalists race to their copyright lawyers.

Info	active	spam
Virtual	media	monkey
Cyber	mation	lint
Multi	com	agog
Data	tal	goiter
Net	bacon	sock
Web	vision	cheese
Inter	icine	lichen
Tel	scape	Bobby
Digi	aramaic	brazil nuts
Micro	exus	marmot
Sys	graphi c	gabardi ne
X	X	X



THE "THEORY" OF GRAVITY

A Paper by Dr. X. Torque

Ladies and Gentlemen of the scientific community: My scientific paper, the result of years of painstaking research and analysis, is nothing less than the most important paper you will ever read. One that will shake the very roots, nay! Strip the very bark from the Tree of Knowledge itself. Showing that very same tree to be nothing more than a patch of sparse crabgrass growing from a mulch pit of lies.

My topic is nothing less than Gravity. Or, more accurately, the so- called "*Theory*" of Gravity. Simple, household Gravity. You can depend on Gravity, they'd tell me back in school. "Win One For Gravity!" they'd shout from the sidelines as I sat beneath the stadium bleachers with my homemade periscope performing experiments of a purely scientific nature.



Does Gravity hold up to new scientific discoveries? How can this "Gravity" accurately explain massive sub-light photon fields? The undisclosed location of quantum particles? William Shatner's hair piece? These things are easily explained once you let go of the concept of "Gravity".

Remember that gravity is just a "theory", and nothing more. Everyone's got a "theory" these days. "My theory is that the President is actually a rock." or "According to my theory, plants can talk to rabbits." Actually, these are some examples of my own theories, but I'm sure that there are some others that sound crazy.

You must think I'm a lunatic for questioning something you've taken for granted all your lives. You think the universe is an ordered functioning predictable place. What goes up must come down, right? You could never be more wrong.

UFO's are nothing more than things that have gone up and not come down yet. Crop Circles are nature's way of saying, "I love you". The "magic" bullet that killed all the Kennedy's still roams the Earth thirsting for New England blood! Can your gravity do that? Elvis isn't dead, he's just walking on your ceiling, and **YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED THERE!** I would spit on you and your "theory"... but I won't. I can't be certain that that spit won't turn around and take out my eye! But I'm not the one who's blind! It's YOU who can't see! I'm a master of my own gravity! Things stick to **ME!** I'm bigger than the sun and my **ass is a black hole!** I'm a gravity God!

Could it be otherwise? When I first presented this paper to my colleagues at the American Society of Professors of Physics, they mocked me. Called me dirty names. Said that Gravity wasn't just a theory, but a Law. Newton's Law.

This only serves to strengthen my point. These idiots in congress are passing legislation over matters they know nothing about. I for one, am not going to sit by and idly take this from this Newton and his cronies in the House of Representatives have their fun while it corrupts my family, my country, and my universe... **turning it into some perverse playground where the Devil can take children to his lab and show them how he can use a Van DeGraff generator to make his pubic hair stand on end!** I hope my fellow scientists will follow my lead and reject this foul, outdated concept.

Now I must fly back to the planet Zirkon and rescue my Lady O'Onathor from Megalonian! Good tidings, Space Rangers!

History Lesson For High School Football Players

Jock History

Welcome to another not-so-challenging chapter of Great History Moments. History put into terms that even a hormone engorged simpleton like yourself stands a chance of passing this class and staying on the team!

1776 was a fantastic year for History that will be remembered for ages to come. **Constitutional Convention I** paved the way for many future dramatic moments, but perhaps the most memorable was the signing of the **Declaration of Independence** on July 4th. Think **U.S.A.** Think **fireworks**. And remember it happened **a long time ago**. C'mon you big, dumb jocks! Let's bust through the grid-iron and into our History Time-Machines!



History is just waiting to happen! All of the Conventional Delegates stand ready for the signing. George Washington, number 83, snaps the quill to author Thomas Jefferson who goes back, fakes the throw, and hands off the quill to John Hancock, number 32, who finds a hole in the surprised defense and dashes 10 yards towards the document. Only he's met by opposing linebacker Patrick Henry, who really felt he should be allowed to sign first, but Hancock distracts him with a hastily prepared copy of the Articles of Confederation— true genius! Hancock scores, earning the right to make the largest signature. The final score: **Federalists 7, Antifederalists 0**. It may not be accurate, but it's truly a great moment in the history of History!

Next week, QB John "Wilkie" Booth shotgun's a pass to an unsuspecting Abe "Abraham" Lincoln who goes down hard just inside the end zone.

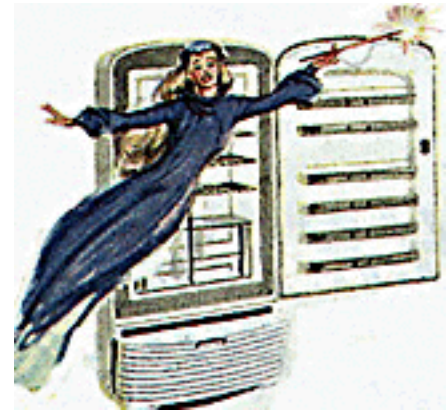


Mysterious Letter

Subj: Your Old Mac II
Date: Thu, Nov 2, 1995 11:04 AM PDT
From: anon11213@penn.net.fi
To: DrBubonic@aol.com

Dear Mr. Patterson:

You don't know me, and we should keep it that way. I'm the guy who stole your computer in July, 1995.**[see <http://www.io.com/~ooze/stolen.html> for complete details-matt]** Listen. I just had a change of heart and well, I want to give it back.



Frankly, I can't live with myself anymore and haven't been able to sleep, eat, or bathe since committing this heinous crime. It's been a few months, so you can imagine how I look (bags under my eyes, distended stomach, a layer of scum covering my body). Maybe it was the putrid stench of my privates that made me feel the remorse I do. Or maybe that thing in your head that makes you feel bad when you've done something wrong. What do they call that? Continence?

I had dreams filled with horrific images of you; your unshaven face, wild eyes, and knobby knees. Standing over me, you cut off my head, shit down my throat, stick syringes in my eyes, and then take a picture of it. You then scan the picture and use it for the next cover of OOZE. By the way, your e-zine's not that bad. Not that funny, either, but whatever. You have too many longer pieces (child's anecdotes) and the pop-cultural articles are hacky, old-news. The graphics are okay, but I always get the impression that whoever does them could've done a better job, but they just got lazy.

But who am I kidding? You probably don't care about my opinion, since I did break into your place. And I would've beaten you to a bloody pulp too, if you had been there. Heheheh. Just kidding. No, I'm not. So I hope we can be friends and I'd like to get in touch with you about returning your property. If there's no convenient time to meet, I can just drop by your place. With a big knife. Whoops! Sorry about that. I hope you didn't buy another computer, since your original is still in good condition. In fact, I added some new powerful chips and stuff that will allow you to break into government computers and with their power, create... like a hot girl or something. I know that you could probably use a girl 'cause I stand outside your windows and watch you. It's nice to look at you. Doing things. Incidentally, you have a very delicate way of touching yourself. I wish I did. I guess that's something we can talk about when I have you tied up and I'm sticking your favorite cookies, Nutter Butters, in your rectum. Tee hee. Well, I have to go. The guy I bludgeoned with his Powerbook is waking up and I want this all to seem like a bad dream.

Love (your favorite criminal psychopath and fellow Ooze editor),
Ed Schmidt
Ha, ha.
No it's not.



YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO GET OOZE OFF THE INTERNET IF...

You Can't Figure Out The Internet? Ha ha ha. Don't look to me for help. I'm a really smart person and **YOU** are **SOOO DUMB!!!** I belong to alot of mailing lists too. :) That's a smiley face, stupid. %(And that's you after I beat you up. Well, pay my older brother to beat you up. This issue I decided if you can't figure out how to read Ooze on the internet yourself, you shouldn't be on the internet! Go watch sports you stupid sporty guy! This is MY territory! Ha Ha! So why don't you RTFM! But I forgot, you can't R! (That's Read The Fucking Manual! Ha HA!. Oh this is too much fun. Hee heeeeee. Ooh. Where's my athsma medicine?)

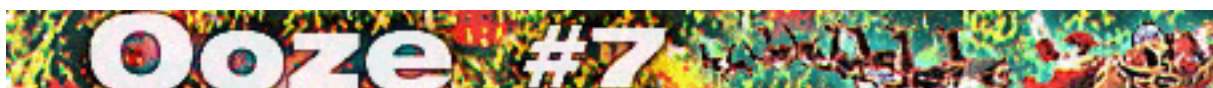
Take this simple test, and if you don't fail, then you can subscribe to Ooze. If you get even one question wrong, well then mister, I'd suggest you spend 20-30 hours a week on the net for a while, then maybe you'll be able to **FRWHDYSB!**



You're too stupid to get Ooze off the internet if...

You can only read this document if it is printed out on paper.
You can only understand this document if it is read aloud to you slowly.
You only like the taste.
You fear your electronic mail might shock you if it gets wet.
You think FTP is a brand of motor oil.
You think using Gopher to get Ooze off the internet involves having Fred Grandy get it for you.
You think Fred Grandy is Gumby's cousin.
You think the internet is used to catch big fish.
You don't think you need WWW access because you can get the WWF World Wrestling Federation already.
You don't think.
You're afraid these adobe Acrobat's might shatter if they're dropped.
You think a mouse is a tiny mammal.
You are really stupid.

Obviously you're too stupid to read Ooze, because you're reading this article.



STUPIDEST SHAREWARE

The World's Stupidest Shareware Vol. V is perhaps the most innane collection yet. Are these programs bug-free and Professional? No way. Useful? No. Entertaining? Questionable.

Click on the icons to launch the programs.

Ninjerk 1.0

--Dan (DaMan2713@aol.com)

Ninjerk might be loosely described as a fighting game in the style of Mortal Kombat and Streetfighter. Whereas these programs are known for their fierce action and great graphics, Ninjerk might only be known for it's bizarre stick-figure fighters that contort their bodies in Ways Man Was Not Meant To Know in glorious 1-bit graphics!



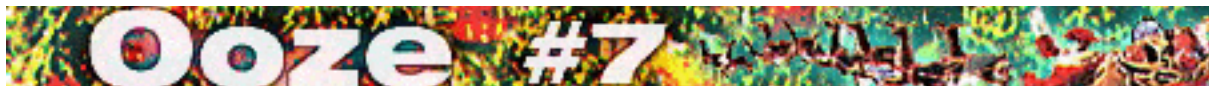
Eat Me and Drink Me

--Ian Smith (freeverse@aol.com)

Mac shareware star Ian Smith of Hearts Deluxe fame created these tiny twin programs to befuddle the Online Alices that fall down his hole. I refuse to tell you what these programs do, but I will tell you one cancels the actions of the other.



If you have any shareware you'd like honored by Ooze submit them to **drbubonic@aol.com** TODAY!



Shirt Sale

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!

The first batch of these puppies sold so fast, **I HAVE TO MAKE MORE!** (and if you sent an order, I will be deliverin' soon).
DO NOT DELAY!



Here are some of the weird stuff people have said to me while wearing "Baby With Fork In Head"

Blackjack Dealer in Vegas: What is that? Is that some sort of joke?

Me: Nope. It's "Baby-With-Fork-In-Head".

Dealer: Where did you get a shirt like that?

Me: I made it.

Dealer: I have a kid, so I don't think that's funny. (pause) You're not advocating killing kids, are you?

Me: Not your child specifically.

Dealer: Oh. (pause) Hey Charlene! Will you look at this guy's shirt? He says he made it!

So the entire staff, eventually came over and expressed "shock" at the shirt. Meanwhile, the whole table was so preoccupied, I had stolen \$2450 in chips from the guy next to me. Wall Street whiz kids take note that was only a \$12.97 investment

This one-size-fits-most XL shirt is only \$12.97 (US) and includes shipping. (US only 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" Read all about how my computer was kidnaped from my apartment in July.



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 Acrobat(PDF) or Mac versions of this award winning publication. Read the latest in Ooze-News, previously unpublished bits, and more graphics than you can shake a billy club at. Also: 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!

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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS! ARE A GREAT GIFT

Get **Text**, **Acrobat (PDF)** or **Mac Ooze** in your mailbox! Send a groveling letter to Drbubonic@aol.com stating whether you want Mac, PDF or Text Ooze. We send PDF and Mac Ooze issues to 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!

SELL OUT YOUR FRIENDS

Give us all the e-mail addresses of your friends, and we'll send them Ooze, ABSOLUTELY FREE! What better way to say, "I love you"? Except perhaps just saying it out loud.

Other spots featuring Ooze:

Ftp ALL VERSIONS from <ftp://ftp.io.com/pub/usr/ooze>

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. [edited for content]

eWorld - In the Mac Shareware Games area and the Ziff Net section.

virtual.village-/a FirstClass BBS@508.368.4222

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

Besides writing or making art for Ooze, we have a few positions we need to fill:

HTML/Multimedia funny ha ha's- If you program cgi or multimedia weirdness, submit it to us, as we are getting more disk space.

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 #8 is going to be our Teen, Sassy & Seventeen issue due out April 1st. Deadline for submissions is March 1. **JOIN OUR STAFF TODAY!**

