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DANGER! DANGER! Don't try any of these new trendy ways to "do it" without reading this article! Safe sex isn't so safe anymore!

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Not-a-Bigotware© is not for sale in any store!

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AARON BURR BEER - All kids' gotta have beer!

(an advertisement)

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Stupidest Shareware Vol. V.

Learn how to turn your hi-tech machine into a home computing behemoth in one easy step.

Embarassing Letters from You

Read the horrid mail we find in our mailbox. It makes us cry.

Buy an All-American Ooze T-Shirt

The Ooze shirts have shipped and they look really stupid! Order yours today. People will stare at you... GUARANTEED!

Where is Ooze?

Ooze is here, but where else can you find it? Learn how to get a subscription and all that other stuff people put in the back of any magazine that nobody reads.



Send all inquiries, eviction notices, and
rabid dogs to drbubonic@aol.com





"Journal of Substance, Wit, and Dangerous Masturbatory Habits"

Ooze #8 - Summer 1996

THE REVIEWS ARE IN!

Ooze Homepage - Skal liksom være en humoristisk side. Mye av det du finner her er direkte smakløst. Styr unna! -<http://www.sn.no/~tomjohan/kult.html>

Ooze - Ha pedig olyan adatokra vagy kíváncsi, amik érdekesek ugyan, de soha az életben nem fogod hasznukat venni, akkor pont neked írták ezt az oldalt. - <http://www.isys.hu/support/13.htm>

WELCOME TO THE ZIPPY COOL TEEN ISSUE!

Hi! My name is Gayle! I'm 14, and I'm the new editor of of Ooze Magazine! I live with my parents, my brother Toby, and two cats named Fifi and Trixibelle, in a split level duplex in Suffolk County (that's Long Island)! As you can see, OOZE has gone through some big changes! I took out all that gross humor stuff and put in interviews with my fave stars, like Johnathan Taylor Thomas, David Faustino, and Bishop Desmond Tutu! Coming up, we've planned a whole issue dedicated to the best TV show ever, Saved By The Bell! Mario Lopez might be dreamy, but I just loooove that cute little Dustin Diamond! I mean, if Elizabeth Berkley can take off her clothes in a movie, why can't Screech? It's soooo unfair!



Y'know what else is unfair? That stoopid law that says I can't see swear words on the internet! It's sooooo dumb! I mean, I'm only 14 but but it's not like people don't scream, "f- you" at me all the time! Duhhhhhh! The government is so retarded, I bet they all get driven to work in little school busses!

I hear dorks on Rickki Lake saying a lot of kids are getting kidnapped and sexually abused by people online and stuff, but that's so untrue! I have a lot of pen pals who are older than me, some of them are like really cool! One guy called Marty lives in this really cool van with all this red shag carpet and stuff and he connects to AOL on a stolen cell phone!

Marty says he's only 20, but I don't really think that's true. He's got all these way cool tattoos of like bleeding skulls and bats and stuff he says he got in Singapore during the war. What a nardo! There hasn't been a war in like, 40 years so he's got to be older. But people who do as much coke as Marty does are bound to be loopy! Anyway, this is what was going through my head as he tied me up and pushed me into a gross hole in the side of an old building downtown.

Inside the hole, this really scummy guy who looked like



Editorial Cont.

the Wolfman turned from a crusty computer monitor and stared at me! His name was Herman, and he was the leader of a world-wide network of the so-called “child molesters, pornographers, and just plain threats to common decency” the government’s always talking about! He and Marty kidnapped me, and wanted to sell me into something like slavery. Whatever!

Besides the funky smell and having to ask permission to pee, staying in the hole wasn’t so bad. Sure, they only paid me minimum wage, but where else could I’ve got such a cool afterschool job at fourteen? Now they hire me out with lots of other kids to code web pages! We just know computers better than stupid adults and we work cheap! Anyway, that’s how I got the job editing this magazine. Plus those “tricks” Marty taught me

from his years in the Far East seem to keep those boys very happy!

So Hip Teens, I hope you enjoy our new version of OOZE! After all the changes the magazine went through, I decided to go in for some big changes myself! This summer, Mom’s taking me to her plastic surgeon for my very first nose job! I really like Courtney Cox’s nose, so I’m bringing a picture to show the surgeon what to do! I can hardly wait, because Mom says if this goes well, for my 18th birthday I can have my breasts enlarged! Radical!

I gotta run to a 3:00 liposuction before cheerleading class!

Stay cool! Ride the pork chop! Gayle





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Ads are available (surprise!) for any edition of Ooze (WWW, text, or application versions) at reasonable prices. We Sell Out To The Man For Cheap!

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

E-mail drbubonic@aol.com for more details, hate mail, subscriptions, and pottery.

Friday JUNE 28
7-10 pm
Golden Apple Comics
7711 Melrose - LA

Meet the editors of Ooze at the
The Fourth Annual
'ZINEFEST '96
and throw Crap at us!

starring... **Ooze**
and a bunch o' paper zines
Ben is Dead, UHF, yadda yadda
A thing for LOS ANGELES INDY PUBLICATIONS

Ooze #8
Summer '96

Am I Normal?

AM I NORMAL?

Do you think you're a freak of nature? Are you afraid to take a shower with the other students after gym class because of your grossly misshapen anatomy?

All the confusion and changes that occur during adolescence cause tons of teens to worry if what's happening to them is normal. Most of the time it is, but sometimes it's not. We've taken the time to answer some questions our readers have asked us.



Stacy@pimenet.com writes, "I get these funny black hairs around my lips. I hate them. Is this normal, or am I doomed to grow a full beard? I think they make me look like John Waters."

Unfortunately, the answer is yes, you're doomed. Contrary to what Europeans and lesbians may think, girls aren't supposed to have hair anywhere on their bodies other than the top of their heads and a wispy strip down the middle of the pubic area. If you experience any other growth you may possibly have a life-threatening hormonal imbalance. Check your temperature while you stare at a copy of Penthouse magazine. If your temperature rises, seek medical attention immediately.

bobbie@aol.com asks, "When I go to the bathroom, my urine is this awful yellowish color. My friend was sitting in the bathroom stall with me doing her make-up when she saw me get up from a yellow-tinged toilet bowl. She made a fuss over it and now everyone calls me 'Yellow Pee'. I am totally embarrassed and am afraid to show my face at school. My mom says that yellow urine is totally o.k., but I don't believe her because she's a Mormon. Am I normal?"



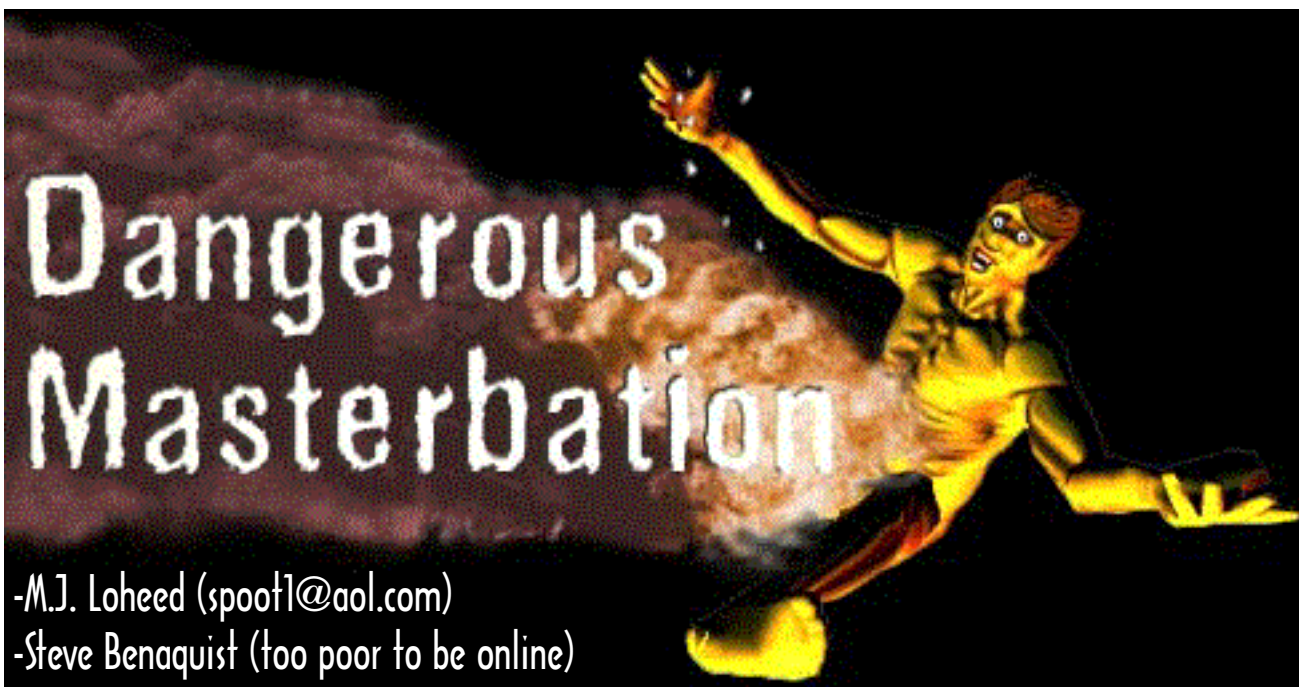
No. Urine that is yellowish in hue is directly attributable to the consumption of foods or liquids that are yellow: bananas, wax beans, and Chinese take-out. Stay away from these at all costs. Most people your age excrete about 2 pints of distinct blue-green liquid soon after a meal. If you continue to urinate yellow for more than two weeks, try looser-fitting undergarments or soaking in a pool for 45 minutes. If another week goes by and it continues, see a doctor or physician.



tootie@iz.netcom.com writes, "I masturbate two, three, sometimes as much as five times a week. Sometimes I can't think of anything but sex. Is this normal for the average 16 year old?"

Absolutely not. Girls your age should be thinking about the prom, cheerleading, and homemaking. You shouldn't even know how to say the word 'sex' much less be practicing it (even if it's only on yourself.) You may be suffering from a wide variety of ailments including—but not limited to—distemper, diphtheria, malodorous fumigation, and/or rheumatic fever. I recommend you tie your hands behind your back before you go to sleep and have someone in the family stay in your room with a hickory switch to make sure you don't continue this vile habit.

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Since Ooze is the Journal of Substance, Wit, and Dangerous Masturbatory Habits, our readership is on the cutting edge of sexual expression, and demands to be kept abreast of the latest autoerotic techniques. Understanding that need, we've culled some new and potentially lethal solo practices from a number of confidential police, emergency room, and dental records. Remember- Safe sex is for the weak.

AUTO EROTIC ASS FIXATION ☠☠☠

Subjects who engage in this habit will start their cars in neutral and affix their anus over the hot tail pipe so the vibrating muffler will stimulate the prostate. This fixation is not without hazard and can result in severe rectal burns or, in extreme cases, cause the sphincter to be cauterized and sealed to the tail pipe. In these cases, the subject's intestines can slowly inflate until the entire gastrointestinal system is evacuated through the mouth, although this is rare.

This habit first gained national media attention when a pit mechanic of Mario Andretti's thought he could sneak in a little action before the Indianapolis 500. For over 40 laps no one noticed the hapless mechanic being dragged behind the car as it topped 240 mph! As he was being put into the ambulance he was heard to mumble: "It felt pretty good until I had an orgasm. Then I just wanted to stop and have a nice cappuccino."

Andretti went on to win regardless.

TIP: For an automotive thrill on a cold night, try giving yourself an anti-freeze enema!

HOT DOGGIN' ☠

The modern working woman barely has time to sleep, much less enjoy a short session of self pleasuring. A clever woman, however, can simultaneously get her dinner and still get off. "Hot Doggers", working over a hot stove with an aluminum pot, will stand on the stove, hike up their skirts, and position themselves over the burner. Then they will carefully insert the pan's aluminum handle inside their vaginas until both they and their dinner shoot past the boiling point.

AP reported a story in 1991 about Mrs. Flozzy Krebbs of Wilmington, DE who became the first known victim of this practice. Rescue workers responding to a 911 call found Mrs. Krebbs bloated corpse lying on the kitchen floor with a totally discharged CO2 fire extinguisher at her side. Her lower abdomen was covered with extensive third degree burns. EMT's were puzzled, but the autopsy revealed she had suffocated from the internal application of CO2 after her pubic area caught on fire. A chemical or water extinguisher would have been a wiser precaution.

Continued on next page

Masturbation

TIP: Try this method while cooking popcorn.

WHISKEY CAT RAPE ☠☠

A peculiar off-shoot of more common bestiality, this practice involves force feeding cheap blended scotch to a cat and sodomizing it as its anus becomes relaxed. Unfortunately, subjects rarely remember to declaw or bind the animals leading to lacerated testicles, glans, or shaft which can require stitches and uncomfortable explanations.

For those who require a challenge, the Great Cats pose their own difficulties. These fierce nocturnal hunters are terrible lushes and can hold far more liquor than the standard domestic cat. We recommend 10 quarts of Rebel Yell Whiskey (since they wouldn't know a good whiskey if you poured it in catnip) administered from a safe distance. After 20 minutes or so, get in, make your move, and get out quickly. These cats sober up quickly, and no one wants to be faced with a bleary, violated 250 pound pussy.

Caution is highly recommended. One account from the early **1980s relates the story of a poor fool who plied a cougar with five cases O'Douls, only to lose his genitals and right leg. He learned, too late, that O'Douls is a Non-Alcoholic Malt Beverage.

TIP: Older cats prefer bourbon.

WARNING: Those with allergies to cats should consult a doctor before attempting any feline encounters!

STATION TO STATION ☠☠

Subjects stand blindfolded on the roof of a moving train and masturbate furiously into the wind. The blast of turbulent air and the gentle rocking motion of the train provide an extremely erotic full body massage. Some subjects prefer standing over the caboose and others the engine, for the different vibratory properties of each. Livestock cars can provide an additional olfactory enhancement.

The practice first came to light in 1972 when Henry Dunning of Shreveport, LA, missing for three weeks, was finally found dangling over the entrance of a mountain tunnel. He had impacted on the rock face and was firmly supported by penile rigor mortis.

MILESTONE: Thomas Goodlong, of Labeck, MN recently set the world record of masturbating 114 times on one train ride when he vacationed on the Orient Express!

TIP: In a city where there aren't too many trains, try the bus instead. But watch out for traffic signals!

REANIMATED CORPSE FUCKING ☠☠☠

Medical students have long realized that a fresh corpse can be "reanimated" or brought back to a semblance of life, with some simple lab equipment and 1.3 Megajoules of electricity. These bodies exhibit little or no higher brain function, and are prone to drastic body spasms, but make an interesting lay.

Although not strictly masturbatory, it isn't technically necrophilia either since the body is moving around.

Besides severe electric shock, subjects can expose themselves and others to less obvious dangers. A University of Michigan medical student and 23 others were killed in 1989 as a reanimated corpse went rampaging through downtown Ann Arbor during rush hour, crushing several pedestrians and destroying a Jack In The Box franchise. Pitchfork wielding villagers then lynched the responsible student soon afterwards for messing with "Things Man Was Not Meant To Know".

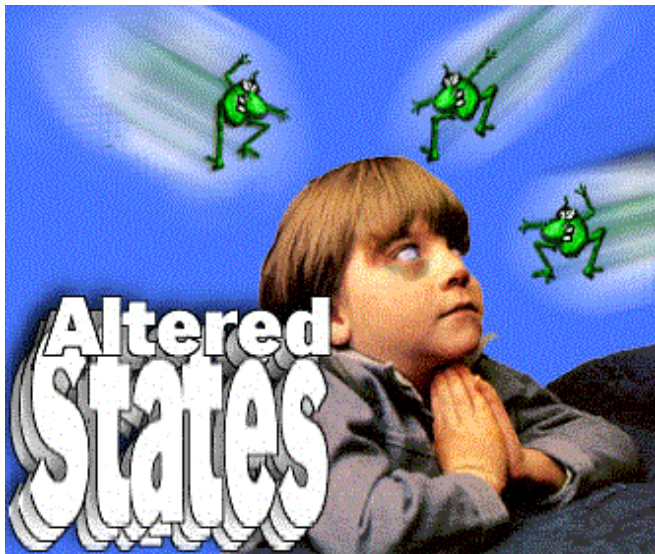
TIP: A reanimated corpse makes a great gag "blind date" for your friends!

FURRIER JACQUE'S FUCK BOX ☠☠☠☠☠

Developed by a French furrier along the lonely banks of the St. Lawrence River in the mid 1700s, the Fuck Box is simply an ordinary box with a hole in it housing a

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by mrnoitall1@aol.com

I heard somewhere that staying awake for 3 or more days would make you hallucinate like you were on drugs, but without the nasty side effects like addiction and heart attacks. I had to try it. For scientific purposes ONLY, I decided to stay up as long as I could (I was hoping for at least 3 days) and document it.

So I waited until spring break rolled around and then I armed myself with caffeine and chocolate. This is the journal I kept:

Day 1: This day went smoothly. I made sure I drank lots of caffeine and I invited a friend over to keep vigil on me through out the night. Late night TV like Jerry Springer helped pass the time. You can't beat a good white trash fight. I got sleepy early the next morning but the the sun came up so we went outside and stuff.

Day 2: The day went by quickly until about 7 o'clock that night. Then it hit. The twitching started; small but noticeable. I also caught myself drooling from time to time. The night was a tough one but lots of porn and Cheetos helped pull me through. I thought I was going to make it.

Day 3: All right, time for the fun to start. I couldn't wait. But then unexpected thing started to happen. I would sit down on the couch for some good quality TV time and the next thing I knew, I was standing in front of

the fridge with the door wide open. Cool. While I was there I consumed some more caffeine. Then I made my way over to the computer. Surely a good game would help out. I was chugging along on some game and then BAM! I'm sitting on the toilet with my pants down. HHmmm...not as fun as the fridge but it was kind of neat. This happened through out the day and then night came.

I won't say much because it still frightens me, but these horrible little "sleep goblins" came and attacked me with their little wands or whatever. I was out like a light.

Day 4: I woke up at 2 in the afternoon. Damn! All that work and I was only magically transported around the house (I think I just sleep walked a little bit) and then I'm attacked by goblins. I wanted to see naked chicks and stuff, but I guess beggars can't be choosers.

CONCLUSION: It was a vastly entertaining experience and gave me a slight buzz for the next several days. More experimentation is necessary before any final conclusions can be drawn, but I would highly recommend that any enterprising student of science try this for themselves.



Should I use a **Tampon?**

Brought to you by
STAYEE-FREE MEGA PADS

I was so excited! That magical day every girl looks forward to had finally arrived! It happened right after gym class, when my best friend Debbie and I were changing before our 4th period English class.

"I didn't know you wore tie-dyed underwear, Martha!" Debbie squealed. Uh-oh. I peered down fearfully. It looked like the 4th of July in my panties.

"Oh my God! I'm not a little girl anymore!" I shouted, my twin baby-mumps swollen with pride. "But how can I go to English looking like a poorly colored Easter egg?"

"Don't worry, I'm prepared!" Debbie was always ready for the worst. She pulled a long, cigar-shaped object out of her purse and handed it to me. "It's a tampon!" Just then Ms Loussa, our gym teacher, walked into the locker room.

"What's going on in here?" Ms. Loussa paused and took a deep breath. I can only imagine what she thought was going on. Stained skivvies around my ankles, blood coursing down my inner thighs. Had Freddy Krueger scrubbed me without a loofah? Did I drop a plate of Spaghetti-s down my lap? Debbie was quick to break the silence.

"Martha got her first monthly visitor and I was giving her a tampon!"

"But Ms Loussa, I've never put anything up there before! Won't that steal away my precious virginity?"

Debbie protested, "No way! Only a boy can do that, right Ms Loussa?" Ms Loussa was very wise. She'd been a gym teacher for many years and had obviously seen the same scene replayed a thousand times.

"When I was young, like you girls, I thought that a tam-

pon was the best way to ride a crimson tide. But I was wrong. A simple tampon can spoil you. Sure, it was convenient and didn't leave an embarrassing bulge in my shorts, but its wanton use changed me. I may have technically been a virgin, but once those floodgates opened, I couldn't stop filling up my holy temple. First I used small tampons, then medium ones, then the big heavy flow ones...even when I wasn't having my period! And it didn't stop there! Candles, turkey basters, curling irons, 2 liter soda bottles, eggplant...even a small armadillo found its way into my unsated sugar walls. And when it finally came time to find a boyfriend, there just wasn't any room. Besides, no one would have had ol' 'Loose Loussa' anyway. All because I used a tampon."



We sat there silently, slowly realizing the road of depravity we had almost taken. Debbie looked into Ms Loussa's sad, tired eyes and said, "Thanks. I didn't know."

"Now you do." She tossed Debbie one of those Stayee-free Megapads you can buy in the girls room for a nickel. Suddenly the other gym teacher, Ms Boora, peered around the corner. I heard a faint humming sound from something mechanical. A smile widened on Ms Loussa's wizened face. "Girls, I have to go." As she left the locker room, I picked up the Stayee-Free MegaPad, unpeeled the sticky paper off the back, and knew what had to be done. I was a woman now. And a pure woman at that.

STAYEE-FREE MEGA PADS: A Friend Forever!
(an advertisement)

Ooze #8
Summer '96

don't be smart about ...

POLITICS



Boys like a girl who's smart. Not smarter than them, of course, but still smart. If you want to dazzle the man of your dreams with your intelligence, especially in this election year, here's what you need to know to win the campaign for his heart!

GOOD FACT TO KNOW: Right now, Bill Clinton is the President of the United States.



RELATED FACT YOU SHOULD IMMEDIATELY FOLLOW-UP WITH SO THAT HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: "Weird Al" Yankovic is the Vice-President of the United States.

GOOD FACT TO KNOW: Bob Dole wants to be the new President of the United States.

RELATED FACT SO HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: For thirty-five years, Bob Dole was a leading force in the PINEAPPLE INDUSTRY.

GOOD FACT TO KNOW: Each candidate is the representative of a "party" which advocates certain political beliefs.

RELATED FACT SO HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: In this year's election there will be a represen-

tative from the Democratic Party, the Republican Party and "Party Of Five".

GOOD FACT TO KNOW: The Presidential election is held every four years in November.

RELATED FACT SO HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: Old men can only get it up every four years around November.



GOOD FACT TO KNOW: The President lives in the White House.

RELATED FACT SO HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: The White House is in SEATTLE, the nation's capital.

GOOD FACT TO KNOW: The candidates for President traditionally debate each other on national television several times before election day.

RELATED FACT SO HE DOESN'T THINK YOU'RE TOO SMART: One of the many topics which they will assuredly cover this election year is THE SHOCKING SEASON FINALE OF BEVERLY HILLS 90210.

NEXT MONTH: Teen Spotlight on - ELECTROCHEMICAL ENGINEERING!!



T-Shirt Designs for Reformed Bissos

I Go 4 Gooks!
I Like Kikes!
Spics Aren't Lazy (They Just Need Love!)
Faggots And Me Both Like It From Behind
Up With Retards!
Chinks Don't Stinks!
I ♣ Baby Seals!

Ooze #8 Summer '96

Historical TEEN IDOLS

Eddie Schmidt (caligula@aol.com)

Thought you learned a lot in all those history classes? The dates of the Civil War, insights into Nixon's relationship with China, blah blah blah. Fine. But do you really know your history makers? Can you comprehend how these men and women made young hearts swoon? Why their rhetoric and deeds led to fruitless crushes and 8x10 posters in high school lockers?

We here at OOZE, in the continuing quest for journalistic integrity, dug up a huge, moldy stack of periodicals from a time long past (even going to microfiche for some of the Old Testament stuff) in order to find out just how HOT these newsmakers were in their day. You'll be surprised at the data we dug up.

Abraham Lincoln

NICKNAMES: Honest Abe, Honest Hebe, Stinky Linky

HIS IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: the theater—no interruptions—followed by

a long, impassioned speech

FAVORITE BOOK: Benjamin Franklin's "Private Parts"

WHAT WE MIGHT FIND IN HIS WALLET: dead presidents, and one live one

WISH FOR THE FUTURE: "shave beard, grow mustache, don eye-glasses and record song parody of 'Star Spangled Banner' entitled 'Star Spangled Banana'".

OPINIONS OF HIM IN HIS DAY: "The Prez wears a fez!" (Sassy) "even if he doesn't free the slaves, he can still free me!" (Ebony)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Somewhere between Corey Feldman and Professor Irwin Corey.



Genghis Khan

NICKNAMES: The Genguin, Genghis Fungus, Khan Artist

HIS IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: gorging on free buffet while peasants slice each other apart with swords

FAVORITE SONG: "Chopsticks"

WISH FOR THE FUTURE: hot bath and a pedicure

WHAT WE MIGHT FIND IN HIS WALLET: someone's finger

OPINIONS OF HIM IN HIS DAY: "He can slay my village any day" (Sassy), "The sexiest savage alive" (People), "No match for Ricardo

Montalban" (Starlog)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Not quite Antonio Banderas; hunkier than Jackie Chan

Jesus Christ

NICKNAMES: Jeez, Gee Whiz!, Christ-o-Rama-yo-Mama

FAVORITE COLOR: balsa wood with turpentine finish

HIS IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: Mary Magdalene in a thong bikini

FAVORITE SONG: "Spirit In The Sky", Norman Greenbaum

PET PEEVE: stigmata, thorns

RECURRING DREAM: "born of Virgin birth and chosen to save mankind from sin, I then turn into a giant waffle and float over Yankee Stadium."

OPINIONS OF HIM IN HIS DAY: "dreamy stigmata!" (Tiger Beat), "He's the savior, all right...the savior of my lap!" (BOP) "Easily kicks Moses' ass" (Spy)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Miles above today's competition

Betsy Ross

NICKNAMES: Backroom Bets, Betsy Wetsy, Ross Hogg

FAVORITE COLOR: Red, white, and blue, red, white, and blue, red, white, and...

HER IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: rumpy pumpy with John Quincy Adams underneath signing of Declaration of Independence

Continued on next page ...

Idols

FAVORITE BOOK: "Men Are From New Hampshire, Women Are From Delaware"

OPINIONS OF HER IN HER DAY: "her knit's da shit" (Vibe), "Sew what?" (Sassy), "Ms. Ross' performance as 'Marion' in the TV series 'Happy Days' is a welcome change from past roles" (Vincent Canby; NY Times)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Two rungs above Liz Phair, a rung below Lisa Kudrow

Mozart

NICKNAMES: Wolfgangbang, Mozart Garfunkel, Bodacious Amadeus

HIS IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: naked woman on top of a naked piano, holding a naked monkey

FAVORITE SONG: "Rock Me Amadeus", Falco

WHAT WE MIGHT FIND IN HIS WALLET: incriminating Polaroids of Ludwig von Beethoven

PET PEEVE: pubic lice

OPINIONS OF HIM IN HIS DAY: "I don't eat meat, but I'll make an exception for his Vienna sausage!" (Sassy), "Alternative rocker sells out" (SPIN)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Comparable to Macaulay Culkin, if he still had a career.

Joan Of Arc

NICKNAMES: Joan Alone, Joanie Loves Chachi, Arc The Herald Angels Sing

HER IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: sharing sodas at the maltshop fol-



lowed by a religious epiphany encouraging her to join French resistance

FAVORITE COLOR: first menstruation

FAVORITE BOOK: "Are You There God, it's Me, Margaret" (Judy Blume)

FAVORITE SONG: "One Of Us", Joan Osborne

SECRET CRUSH: Marky Mark

OPINIONS OF HER IN HER DAY: "a real teen leader!" (Young Ms), "a precocious anorexic" (Spy), "the hottest little minkie on the battlefield" (Penthouse)

Sigmund Freud

NICKNAMES: Sig Newton, Sigmund The Sea Monster, Pink Freud

FAVORITE COLOR: well-formed ink blot

HIS IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: mutual confession on leather couches followed by a midnight touching of the beard

FAVORITE SONG: "Obsession", "Animotion"

OPINIONS OF HIM IN HIS DAY: "dreamy little round glasses!" (Tiger Beat), "My desires for him are obviously the result of a distant father" (Vanity Fair), "Went corporate after the whole id thing" (SPIN)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: Seinfeld, without the jokes

Mona Lisa

NICKNAMES: Mone Alone, Mona Leeza Gibbons, Mona Lisa And Cult Jam

FAVORITE COLOR: paintbrush brown

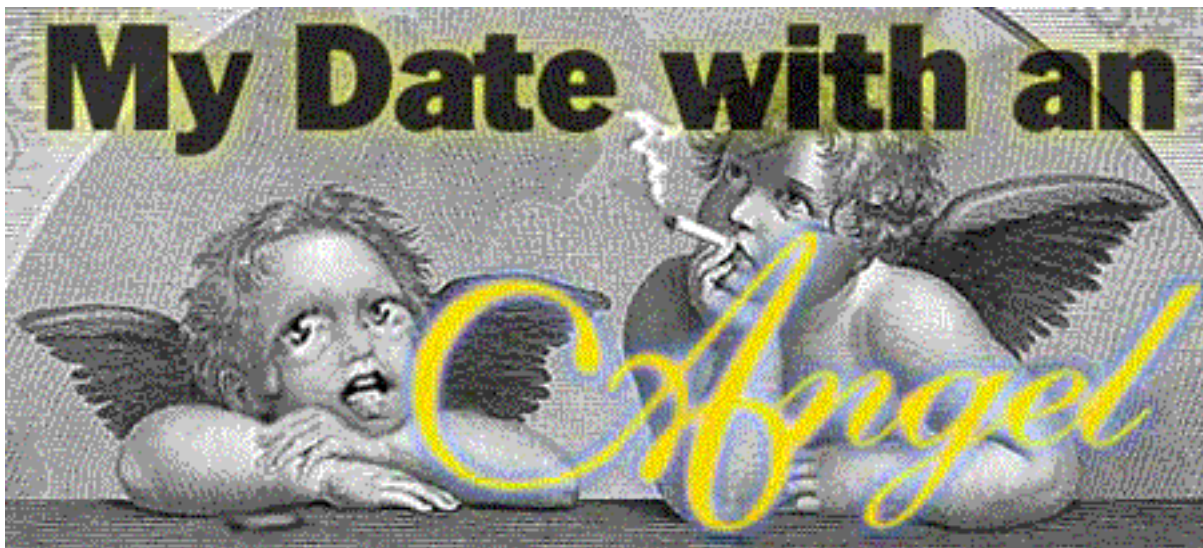
HER IDEA OF A PERFECT DATE: sitting still for days, weeks, and months on end

WISH FOR THE FUTURE: to move again

SECRET CRUSH: Fabio

OPINIONS OF HER IN HER DAY: "skinny little ho" (Sassy) "not exactly what her image suggests" (Vanity Fair), "just another girl who slept her way inside a picture frame" (Ms.)

CURRENT HEARTTHROB RATING: the original supermodel



Exodus 33:31

Then the LORD opened the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the angel of the LORD standing in the way, and his sword drawn in his hand: and he bowed down his head, and fell flat on his face.

Angels like to get going pretty early. By ten on an overcast, but hardly apocalyptic, Saturday morning the sixth floor of the Candy Factory in Knoxville has undergone an angelic transformation. A formerly staid gallery space and conference area has become a full-blown Angel Day arena.

20 vendors from around the southeast dispense a full array of angelic merchandise. There are angel t-shirts, angel tapes, angel paintings, angel magazines, angel post-cards, angel candles, angel lotions, angel books, and all different shapes and sizes of angels; wax, ceramic, wooden, corn husk.

In the corner, a snack bar has miraculously become the Angel Cafe, where one can dine on angel biscuits (with or without sausage), angel hair pasta (with or without meatballs) and angel cake. Clearly, angel's diets are not constrained by the FDA's food pyramid recommendations concerning fruits and vegetables.

Though this is only Knoxville's First Annual Angel Day, the angel phenomenon is national trend. Books on angels and angelic experiences have sold more than five million copies in the last several years. A recent poll

has revealed that sixty-nine percent of Americans believe in the existence of the winged minions of the Lord. 1996 alone saw the opening of more than three-hundred and fifty specialty stores and catalog merchants that deal almost solely with angel-themed products.

And though the mercantile aspects of Angel Day dominates the sixth floor, the seventh concerns itself with rather more serious consideration of angels and their doings. In a room at the rear of the floor, a brick walled, fluorescently lit chamber with a sign on the wall reading Angel Workshops. This is Phyllis Ransom's room.

Ransom is an Angelologist.

"An angelologist," says Ransom, "is a person that studies all about the philosophy of angels. They study the ancient texts. They make their occupation and their livelihood studying angels."

Phyllis Crowe Ransom is a handsome woman. Middle-aged, with a strong, angular nose and red hair tending towards brown. And, like many of the more serious Angel Day players, Phyllis reveals a sartorial preference for white and gold, as evidenced by her white blouse flecked with veins of gold and white stirrup pants tied with a gold and white rope. On her very dainty feet are golden slippers.

Continued on next page

Date

Matthew 13:41

The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Angels, or the belief in them has been around for a long time. All three of the main western monotheistic religions describe angels. In Exodus the lord sends an angel before him to, "...drive out the Canaanite, the Amorite, and the Hittite, and the Perizzite, the Hivite, and the Jebusite." In Islam, angels are known as Malaa'ika which means messenger or envoy.

The Koran also describes four angels for each person who are there to record their actions – two record good deeds and two record evil. Christianity too is rife with angels though for many years the Protestant churches and conservative post-Vatican II Catholicism played down their role in the Christian cosmology. But make no mistake, angels are back.

The first seminar of the day is called Angels Unaware, an intro to angels for those of us just getting acquainted with the phenomenon. Phyllis sets up an easel holding a large, Ross Perot-style flip chart. There are chairs for about forty people but only seven, including myself, arrive. Like the rest of Angel Day, the participants in the workshop are, with two exceptions, women.

We spend the first part of the workshop doing getting-to-know-you exercises. We pair off, but since everyone else came in with another person, I'm left in the old schoolyard dilemma and end up being picked by the teacher. Phyllis and I sit facing each other and take turns issuing the command, "Tell me something I should know about you." To which the interrogated one answers, "Something you should know about me is..."

The exchange is sealed by the interrogator pronouncing the words, "Thank you." Phyllis, as she does with

everything, encourages me to answer and thanks me with great sincerity. And then we begin to talk about angels.

Abashed by the good faith of the rest of the group I admit my skepticism. My nervousness is eased by Phyllis who tells us, "Angels love skeptics because they're just as important and valuable as everyone else." Which may be one of the nicest things anyone has ever said about skeptics.

During the workshop we learn that angels are great facilitators, they are helpful, they are caring and they can be gotten in touch with through meditation. We prac-



tice this, closing our eyes and listening to Phyllis' very soothing voice as she instructs us to breath and visualize various colored lights enwrapping our feet, our legs, our abdomens, heads, etc.

At the end of the meditation, she tells us, we should expect to receive either a name or a few letters; letters which will eventually, upon repeated meditations, grow Ouiji-like into the name of our guardian angel. Several women get names, one gets the letter G which could mean she's drawn the archangel Gabriel from the angel grab bag. Despite the angel's great love of skeptics, the exercise gets me very relaxed but fails to raise even a cosmic dial tone.

Genesis 16:7

And the angel of the LORD found her by a fountain of

Date

water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur.

Continued on next page

Much of the workshop is spent discussing the dramatic rescue of a Down's syndrome child that took place earlier in the week. The child had been lost in the Smokie Mountains overnight in sub-freezing temperature. In the morning, rescuers were led to the child by the barking of two dogs. He was found alive and in good health.

The child's rescue is described as a miracle and the dogs are imputed to be transmogrified angels (angels are able, like the Greek gods, to take on any form they wish). This clear and heartening evidence of angelic intervention is muddled, just slightly, by the information one woman provides that it was the dogs that led the child away from his parents to begin with. No one's faith is shaken, however. It is obvious to all that the child's survival and rescue could only have been the work of angels.

This conundrum is a recurrent problem not just with angels, but with any theology that imputes a benevolent cosmic power. Guardian angels, though not at the top of the overall angel scheme, are the ones with whom humans have the most contact. As the name implies, guardian angels are an angel assigned to each of us (and some would say animals as well) at birth, like a social security number. One's guardian angels stays for life, ostensibly protecting the guarded one from harm.

After listening to a number of angel stories it became obvious that guardian angel is a misnomer. These angels don't seem to keep us out of trouble. The guardian angel isn't a prophylactic against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Instead, they are there to help us once the trouble starts – preventing us from going through the windshield when we drive our car into a post, or saving us when the cancer cells, described as unstoppable by the specialist, are running riot through our lymphatic systems.

Like the capricious god whom they serve, the capriciousness of angels receives a dispensation from those who

believe in them. If bad things happen it is so that we can learn. "The earth," Phyllis tells us, "is a kind of school for us to evolve."

The tautological (and often selfish) reasoning behind angelic intervention is best summed up by something Phyllis mentions in the Angels Unaware workshop, "Special needs children are here to teach unconditional love."

Which is all well and good for those of us doing the learning, but what about the poor bastards who have to teach us the lessons – where are their guardian angels?

Revelation 8:22

And I saw the seven angels which stood before God; and to them were given seven trumpets.

The other workshop of the day is called, "Exploring the World of Angels." It begins with a brief lesson in angel morphology. There are, according to Phyllis, three different spheres of angels. The first sphere consists of Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones; the second of Dominions, Virtues and Powers; in the third reside the big boys, the Principalities (otherwise known as guardian angels), Angels and Arch-Angels.

While we didn't get down to how many angels can dance on the head of pin it becomes apparent that whoever's considering the experiment should have a pretty big pin. There are millions of angels and their job descriptions vary considerably. Some of them simply flit around the throne of god, casting a cheerful light and being worshipful. Other angels – Angels and Arch-Angels particularly – are given much more autonomy and interact mostly with the earth and its most peculiar denizens, people.

In addition to guardian angels for every man, woman and child there are environmental angels (who, apparently, are unable to vote) angels of music, healing arts, teaching and technology. Not to mention angels of busi-



Date

ness, whose self-promotion department must really be booming.

Continued on next page

Marti Martin, of the Angel Emporium in Atlanta, is one of the vendors experiencing Knoxville's first Angel Day.

"The angel market's still growing," Marti says with a knowing smile, waving a hand at the other vendors. Her table sells handmade angels, Angels of Friendship with rhyming cards attached, Silver and Golden Anniversary Angels, a host of occasion specific cosmic servants.

"People all over the world are searching for a peace and a happiness. And more and more people are beginning to believe in the guardian angels. The angel market is certainly growing, up into the billions by now worldwide," Marti says.

But how do the angels feel about their recent, and expanding, commodification?

"Angels love to help business succeed," says Ransom. "Angels are about bringing order to our lives and the world. Angels can help business by giving us the ability to harmonate the incongruencies in the way we run a business."

Revelations 8:13

Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound!

Today's angels have mellowed quite a bit from their Biblical forebears. No more flaming swords or quaking shepherds, angels today are care givers, facilitators, here to help us communicate better with each other and with ourselves.

Even the Angel of Death has discarded his dark robe for a nice white suit and comes with a retinue of helper angels to ease the passage from world of the flesh to the eternal mall in the sky. What's better, according to Ran-

som, is that, "He can be talked out of it." Apparently, the 90's Angel of Death is one hell of a salesman.

And the explanation for this softening?

"Angels are very much reflections of where we're at. And we were very tough, very hard," says Ransom, "ancient rules, eye for an eye, and our experiences of angels are created by who we are." Plus, the 600 foot tall, four eyed, multi-winged angels with the flaming swords are hard to fit comfortably in the back of an Explorer.

Still, the question is not so much why angels, which have been worshiped for centuries by many different cultures, as why now?

"The world as we know it is changing very rapidly. The normal structures are no longer there" Phyllis explains, echoing the sentiment of many a presidential candidate. "And when everything sticks out around us we suddenly realize that we need to go deeper and find something else. You're not just a physical being, but a spiritual being as well."

Others, however, disagree. Anne Simpkins, of the Unity Church and one of the event's organizers provides the other accepted angel argument, "There's not more angel activity, just more reporting of it."

Now, facing a calendrical odometer rolling implacably towards a new millennia, people are feeling more comfortable letting it all hang out. Whether the world is really any more chaotic now than it ever was is another question entirely. What's undeniable is that people think that it is.

This is bad when it means Patrick Buchanan can be considered a semi-serious presidential candidate. But what about when it means believing there's a benevolent cosmic force attending to our fears and insecurities?

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I'm Walter Hudson for Aaron Burr Brewery. Right now, my 11 year-old son and I are enjoying a bottle of my new Honey Mushroom Lager.

First brewed in the 17th century by Franciscan monks on a remote island in the Adriatic, this Lager was a popular drink among people too poor to notice it tasted awful. To make the Lager, these monks would seduce shipwrecked sailors who found their way onto their rocky shores and drag them down to the monastery cellars. There, they would hang these hapless seamen by their ankles for a little over six months. All the while, the crafty monks would flagellate their victims slowly and painfully, collecting their copious drippings in a seaweed basket. After removing the big pieces of flesh that are often difficult to digest, they'd churn this fluid into the hearty brew we still drink today.

People ask me why we call this cool, rich tasting drink "Honey Mushroom Lager" when there are no mushrooms or honey in it. I say it's because no one would want to buy Bloody Dead Sailor Beer. Right, Timmy?

Right Dad!

Now finish that cool, refreshing Aaron Burr's Honey Mushroom Lager and get your little butt down to the cellar!

Aaron Burr Beer- Available at fine supermarkets.

Ooze #8
Summer '96

Fashion Tips (for the very very poor)

Being peniless doesn't mean you have to dress without style. A smart girl finds high fashion lurking in any pile of cast-offs. With a little pluckishness, hard work, and the keen advice of Ooze, you'll be the envy of every kid on the block!

Two scrap 2 x 4s, available at any construction site, can be transformed into a pair of hip, 70s-style clogs with only a sharp knife, wood glue, and some heavy twine. The ultimate in platform shoes!



Old bathroom throw rugs make great sweaters!

Chrome bumpers, split around the corners and accompanied by a lawnmower grass pouch, can approximate that "tiny silver backpack" thing that's really hot with the baby t-shirt and barrette set.

Like the cool, "keys on a janitor's chain" look that's so popular with the club kids? Any metal gate, cut apart with a hacksaw can be wound to your jeans to create that "workingman's" look for a bargain price. If all the metal gates near your house are electrical, try shorting the circuit with your kid brother!

Old toothpaste caps, cut in half and glued to your gums with epoxy, can cover up any embarrassing gaps in your smile caused by rotting teeth!

Large plastic garbage bags can be cut into a variety of snug fitting and sexy dresses for all occasions! Just make sure to make airholes in the bag so you don't smell like a sweaty pig!

Gangrenous sores threatening to ruin your prom? A healthy dose of colored electrical tape can cover them



up in minutes. Tell your friends you are wearing red tape to signify your support for AIDS victims. **They'll be so impressed with your social awareness, they won't notice any tell-tale rotting!

Think of yourself as "Mr. Retro" but don't have the wallet to back up the claim? Create your own JAMS, those colorful Bermuda shorts from the Reagan era, by duct taping rotting vegetables to your thighs! Look out, Spuds McKenzie!

Proud of your African heritage but too unskilled to weave a multi-colored tapestry? Old bath towels, even those with "Roger Rabbit" and "Pee Wee's Playhouse" insignias, can be cut into great African daishikis!

Live in a shanty-town with no services? A fully-juiced car battery can provide up to two hours of electrical power for your curling iron!

Professional tattoos are expensive, and homemade ones make you look like you've spent a lot of time in jail. Now you can mutilate your skin the discount way! Clods of dirt, colorful industrial chemicals, and hunks of hot tar fresh off the summer street can be mixed together and seared into human flesh to create exciting designs!



Want to look smart, but can't afford eyeglasses? Discarded jelly jars, held together by a wire clothes hanger can make even the biggest dullard look like an instant Pointdexter!

If you have any tips you'd like to share, e-mail drbubonic@aol.com with the details and enter to win a free brick which can be used to stuff your bra!

-matt & ed

So you want to be a Vampire?

-Matt Patterson



They creep into the night. Some paint their faces white, with red specks of fake blood. Others wear long cloaks to conceal their wispy, undernourished frames. The rest appear perfectly normal, not unlike you or me. They gather together in hotel conference rooms across the country to share in a night of conflict, feasting, and fantasy. A fantasy in which they're stalking, blood-thirsty vampires. Unfortunately some people there seem a little shaky on the vampire part.

I decided to join a convention sponsored live-action role playing game of Vampire: The Masquerade. Basically, a bunch of overacting High School Drama Club dorks get together and pretend they're undead. Being one of those dorks myself, I seemed qualified to play. The rules were unclear, but they appeared to involve a lot of yelling and waving your arms around. I looked forward to joining this sickening orgy.



Right off the bat, I was disappointed. The evening's objective was not to suck the life from innocent, virginal hotel guests, but to unite the feuding vampire clans together. What happened to Van Helsing? The leaky castles? The garlic? Apparently they don't do that "Stoker stuff". When we broke into smaller groups to discuss what had to be done to achieve our dubious objective, my spirits sagged.

"Harken to me! The other Clans will not hear of us uniting and will strike us where we stand!", the speaker droned in a nasal, Shakespearean tone. I stared in disbelief. Did he really say, 'Harken'? What good ghoul talks like he is hawking sausages at the Renaissance Faire? If there were any justice, Bela Lugosi's morphine-preserved corpse would've made an unannounced visit and given this faux-fiend some speech lessons.

I was also astonished at the stupid-looking hats some people were wearing. I'm not talking about hooded cowls or gauzy veils, (which would have been acceptable) but leather safari hats, purple velveteen raver's headgear, soiled baseball caps, and even a cowboy hat! What ever happened to a good old-fashioned widow's peak haircut? Is that so out of style for a bloodsucker?

Turning their backs to The One True Vampire had crushed these once powerful creatures into petty beings, forever bickering and fighting amongst themselves. I vainly tried to warn them of the error of their ways, but was quickly silenced. When did Morrissey's Xtacy-loving fans become the poster children for the undead? I blame Anne Rice. I blame those Sandman comics. I blame YOU for standing by idly while the very concept of vampire mutates into something hip and sexy! I left the game, grabbed my trusty pitchfork, a flaming torch, and marched back to my peasant village vowing to become a minion of the true Romanian über-vamp, Dracula. The monsters I left behind would pay for their disrespect!

It didn't take long for my plan to unfold. A new Aaron Spelling TV show based on the very same Masquerade mythos premiered soon afterward. No doubt that same program will expose these faithless creatures to a media glare so harsh, it will turn them into dust faster than sunlight ever could. And what moody hipster would want to simply rehash a TV show like a common Trekkie? Those punks will crawl back into their hidey-holes faster than you can say Melrose Place Live Action Game.

Now that's something I could get into.



HOW TO PLAY: Print out this sheet. Find another person. Do not let this person read the stories below. Ask them for words that fit the guidelines below. If the blank requires a noun, ask for a noun from the other person, and write it in the space provided. If you do not know what a noun is, go back to school, learn basic English, and return to this game.

DEATH NOTICE

(YOUR FIRST NAME) (YOUR LAST NAME),
A _____, age _____
(RACE) (SEX) (AGE)
Worked as a(n) _____
(OCCUPATION)
Survived by _____, a(n) _____
(FAMILY RELATION) (OCCUPATION)
Found dead on _____, at _____, around _____
(DATE) (PLACE) (TIME)
The immediate cause of death: _____
(WAY TO DIE)
If obvious marks of distress are present,
their location: _____
(BODY PART)
Wound appears: _____
(ADJECTIVE)
Suicide? _____
(YES OR NO)
Method of disposal: _____
(BURIAL METHOD)
I hereby declare this to be the truth:
_____, _____
(NAME OF COUNTY CORONER) (DATE)



CLASSIC LITERATURE

Beowulf wæs breme (blæd _____ sprang),
(ADVERB)
Scyldes _____ Scedelandum in.
(VERB)
_____ seal geong _____ gewyrcean,
(DANK PLACE) (BLOOD-SOAKED ADJECTIVE)
_____ feohgiftum on _____ bearme,
(VIKING EXCLAMATION) (FEARSOME NOUN)
flæt _____ on ylde eft gewunigen
(SMITING VERB)
wilgesiflas, flonne wig _____
(GUTTERAL SLUR)
leode _____ lofdædum seal
(DANISH TERM OF ENDEARMENT)
in mægfla _____ man gefleon.
(SNEEZING SOUND)
Him a Scyld gewat to _____!
(WORD FOR GERMAN DRIVING COMFORT)

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CELEBRATE GOOD TIMES (c'mon!)

The cake is set. The candles are lit. A surge of accomplishment races through my body, something like the euphoria that follows after landing a plane, writing a novel, or pulling a mousetrap off of one's thumb. Bring out the marching bands! Throw the ticker tape! It's my 10th anniversary of sex.

Or is it?

When 1986 reared its swollen, pimply head, I was just a high school sophomore praying somebody would want to do me before I died. The terrible thought permeated my entire existence: what if I was hit by a bus tomorrow and never got to experience sex? That warmth, that softness, that beautiful moment when the condom snags your pubic hair as you try to roll it off. Ah, the humanity.



As I bided my time collecting PEZ dispensers and playing Squeeze covers with my band—The Management—this attractive young pixie (we'll call her "Sue") waltzed into my life. Actually, she stared me down several days in a row as I waited to get into history class after lunch. Then she and a friend of started sending me wacky "appreciation" notes through an English teacher. Finally, her devotion to The Management won me over. Sue faithfully attended our concerts, impressing me with what I later realized was an artificially-created mountain of cleavage (this in the days pre-Wunderbra). Things started to heat up. And, in an amazing high school moment, her old boyfriend destroyed an entire bathroom when he found out she liked me. Wow! I was somebody.

Our first date was to my sister Laurie's dance recital. Our REAL first date was going to be the day after (to see "Poltergeist II"), but teen-love burned so badly that Sue agreed to come along on this Friday night family outing. We sat far, far away from my parents, up in the balcony, where she proceeded to chew my ear and lick my neck as pre-pubescent little girls pranced in sparkly costumes to "Let's Hear It For The Boy". At intermission, we ditched the show for the cozy privacy of a park bench directly in front of the theater. It was there I asked if I could kiss every inch of her exposed legs. (She was wearing shorts).



Later, we shared our first kiss and she said, "you need a lot more practice." I should have known her sensitivity would progress into later statements like "this will all mean a lot more to you than it does to me" and—after breaking up with me for my friend—"Max has a much better body than you do."

But our relationship continued, lasting almost a year. It was a year of many milestones. A year in which I refused to visit my aunt so that I could play hooky and touch real breasts for the first time. A year in which I was giving head and suddenly heard my mother's car pull up in the driveway below. A year in which Sue gave me mononucleosis, strep throat, and chicken pox. Of course, I once gave her a hairful of semen prior to boarding a flight to Dallas, so I guess we're even.

During this year, we only attempted vaginal intercourse twice. Both times at her place, with her younger

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TEENAGE WORLD RECORDS

-excerpted from Ripley's Book Of Absolutely True, Totally Useless Facts (Harper, Roe, Wade; 1984)



● Russell Hoffmeier of Nutbush, Wisconsin, suffered the **Biggest Acne Outburst In One Day**: a whopping six pimples and nineteen blackheads! These blemishes appeared throughout a Saturday in 1963 after he ate nothing but chocolate and potato chips and refused to wash, even after an afternoon of olive oil wrestling!

● Leroy Mason of Ossining, New York became the first **Teenager To Admit He Never Masturbated!** A close inspection of Mason's palms, genitals, and secret magazine stack in the woods revealed that the boy had no normal sexual interest whatsoever! However, Mason later testified in court that he had several intense orgasms after murdering most of the neighbors on his block.

● Claire Chapman of Surrey, England holds the title for **Teenager Never Exposed To Drinking, Drugs, or Illicit Substances**. Wabash's formative years (1952-1959) were spent inside an 8' by 12' black box designed by psychologist B.F. Skinner. While she had many friends during this period, most were either imaginary or shaped like dust bunnies. Though Wabash never turned to drugs or to drink during her life, she did harbor an addiction to strong electrical currents.

● Peter Weiner-Dickballs of Edmonton, Alberta, is the **Most Ridiculed Teen**, with an incredible 23,789 recorded

cases of mental and physical abuse. Amazingly, none of these incidents had to do with Weiner-Dickballs' unusual name, but rather because he was a cripple!

● Susan B. McGinty of Belfast, Ireland, is far and away the **Teen With The Widest Ass**. It measured almost 6' in diameter in the summer of 1972. Despite what some would call a debilitating handicap, McGinty proved very popular with the boys and went on to pose for the Irish version of Playboy magazine ("Father O'Malley's Catholic Follies").

● Luigi Pantolillio of Naples, Italy, is the amazing **Teen To Never Be Refused For A Date**. Pantolillio, an exceptionally handsome young man during his peak years (1878-1880) asked out one hundred eleven women, and all said yes almost immediately! But even with these romantic successes, Pantolillio was terribly insecure. He only found true carnal happiness later in life, with a long black leather belt named "Susan". He was survived by 436 children, none of whom he had ever met.



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Is Your Boyfriend...

Complete the following sentences with the phrase that most describes your boyfriend.

... a Criminal

Your boyfriend sees an elderly woman injured by the side of the road. **He would: **A)** help her up and call an ambulance. **B)** ignore her. **C)** rifle through her pockets, take any change and roll her into oncoming traffic?



Your boyfriend treats you like: **A)** a princess. **B)** his own mother. **C)** one of his stanky 'ho bitches.

Your boyfriend comes home with a new Mercedes. He tells you not to worry about the expense because: **A)** he's been saving his meager income for years. **B)** he just had a special visit from Ed McMahon. **C)** he jacked it from an undercover cop who's still in the trunk.

If you were to rifle through your boyfriends's sock drawer you would most likely find: **A)** a picture of his family. **B)** dirty magazines. **C)** Louie "Two Fingers" Boomba's index finger.

... a Girl



When you have sex with your boyfriend he **A)** kisses you gently and carefully slides his penis into you. **B)** smacks you roughly and slaps his penis against your belly **C)** doesn't have a penis.

When your boyfriend goes to the bathroom he uses: **A)** the urinal **B)** the nearest tree or bush. **C)** Tampax

Your boyfriend's chest looks: **A)** broad and strong. **B)** flat and weak. **C)** to be about a B cup.

Once a month, your boyfriend: **A)** cleans out the garage. **B)** cleans out the gutters. **C)** cleans out his uterine lining.

... an Electrical Appliance



When you say hello to your boyfriend, he says, **A)** "Hello sweetie!" **B)** grunts passionately. **C)** hums gently unless you unplug him.

Your boyfriend uses too many **A)** bottles of after shave. **B)** tissues. **C)** batteries.

The celebrity that looks most like your boyfriend is: **A)** Art Garfunkel. **B)** Art Carney. **C)** R2D2.

After a furious session of lovemaking, your boyfriend likes to: **A)** tell you he loves you and snuggle. **B)** light up a cigarette. **C)** be plugged back into the television.

... an Alien

Your boyfriend: **A)** smashed his car into a pole when he drove home drunk. **B)** smashed his bike into a pole when he rode home drunk. **C)** smashed his X-11 Scout Saucer into Mars when he hyperspaced home drunk.



Your boyfriend has: **A)** a large penis. **B)** a large gut. **C)** a large third eye in the middle of his forehead.

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STUPIDEST SHAREWARE VOL. V.



EMULATE A \$70 THRIFT STORE COMPUTER!

I was in a thrift store and saw it. The computer of my youth. An Apple IIe with a monochrome monitor and a single disk drive. This 64k powerhouse led me through Junior High and High School with its superior games. Atari? Don't make me laugh. Commodore 64? Pathetic. Apple was the shit, and I was in the bathroom a long time.

But I didn't get it. Why? Well, seventy bucks is expensive, and the old machine is still in my parents attic, but moreover because jimmod@aol.com pointed me to the web/ftp site below:

ftp://ftp.asimov.net/pub/apple_II
http://www.asimov.net/apple_II

The site describes itself as a place you can learn "How to turn a \$5,000 PC into an Apple II+ in 3 easy steps! Everything you need to turn your IBM PC, Macintosh or high-powered Unix workstation into an Apple can be found here!" Not only that, but it has disk images of almost every single game I used to play. Woah!

Now getting it to work on your system might seem like a herculean task, but it isn't. But I wouldn't call it EASY either. The results are really cool though. I can run

M.U.L.E., Choplifter, SunDog, Ultima I-V, Mobius, ANYTHING that ran on that old machine! Sure, it's slow and relearning an old operating system is a bitch, but it's anachronistically cool. And cheap. These games cost \$40-50 bucks a piece but are now free! (well... they're not exactly freeware but I don't think that anyone is going to get mad)

I downloaded a copy of STM, an AppleII+ emulator for the Mac and got it running on my old 33Mhz 030 Mac no problem. From the program you mount separate disk images which represent the old 300k disks, and simply run them.

To get the disk images to work, you need a program that can uncompress the Gnu Zip or .gz compression scheme. Then you may need to run a program that will enable the emulator to read the .DSK format. For STM I used DSK Autotyper. (available on the asimov.net site or the Ooze Emulator site below)

CONTENTS OF <ftp://ftp.io.com/pub/usr/ooze/iie/>
Blank.DSK- a blank disk you can use to save games on.
STM 0.85- an AppleII emulator for the mac
Some Games-

I have some other emulators too, like a Commodore 64, and even a Virtual Game Boy that work pretty well, but I liked the Apple the best, although its #1 slot might be usurped. I heard there's a program that lets you emulate a Timex Sinclair 1k computer. Now that's really stupid.





The only good piece of hate mail we got was sent by someone who read a website review I wrote for the [March '96 issue of net magazine](#) (Check out my reviews from March-June '96). The review in question was critical of a guy's webpage ([Phil's Plethora of Pages](#) at <http://falcon.jmu.edu/~pollarpe/index.html>) which is based out of [James Madison University](#). I said, "[The poor organization of the site] could have something to do with living in Lynchburg, VA. Last time I was there it reeked of dog food from a local factory."

Dear Mr. Patterson-When was the last time you were in Lynchburg, VA? I don't know of anyone who has heard of a dog food factory anywhere around here. I don't think that anyone living in the crime infested armpit called Los Angeles has any room pointing noses at anyone else's cities. I would like to see an apology in 'the net' magazine in the near future.

From the city that smells better than yours, JEFF.INKS@centrahealth.com Lynchburg, VA

Dear Sir: James Madison University, where the web page is based, is actually located in Harrisonburg, a progressive city of 30,000 located in the heart of Virginia's historic Shenandoah Valley which I visited in 1991. I mixed the that city's name up with yours. Those Virginian "burg" cities are easy to confuse. Lynchburg is that charming little city where everyone wears tri-cornered hats and makes candles by hand. My mistake! All the crime and smells around here are so distracting. —From: Doug_Metzner@NBMI.COM (Doug Metzner) To: drbubonic@aol.com

Dear Ooze: You don't have enough funny reading on the subject of turds. Thank you. Also, my friends say you never spoofed on Robert Frost's "Mending Wall". Maybe you could throw in some sort of turd tie-in.

Doug: I haven't read the "Mending Wall" since 8th grade, but I can throw in all the Frost references I can think of into a single epic:

POOP WALL

Two paths diverge in my as
But my Turds choose
the path less traveled
A good poop makes
good neighbors
and miles to go before I shit
and miles to go before I shit

I could publish an Ozymandius where he proclaims he is King of Turds, or a Xanadu where Kubla Khan makes a stately pleasure turd, but I am out of poetry for this issue.

—I like to describe, how may this be done?

-Zeeberex@aol.com thanks

Continued on next page



Letters

Zeeberex: Dear Zeeberex: Describing, like any profession, takes a great many years of study and professional aptitude testing before you can receive a federal license. Many undergraduate programs have professional training in adjectives and adverbs, as well as the more advanced techniques like metaphor and simile. Oxymorons and their ilk are strictly post graduate work and we suggest you try applying to Harvard, Princeton or Oxford's advanced description labs. Are you sure you didn't want a subscription? -MJ

From: JFinley502 My buddy has been sending your Mag since the first issue and there is now quite a following in the dark halls of Apple. As a wage slave I find it a joy to sneak a look at the great articles and images while my slave driver boss is away. Thank you for giving me something to do other than playing Marathon for 9 hours a day. And they wonder why Apple is falling apart...

Dear JFinley502 Apple was a pretty difficult nut to crack. We originally started sabotaging your company with a cleverly designed psychological campaign after Ooze's first computer was stolen and we wanted to drive the price of our hardware down. What better way than to make you overstock billions of dollars of cheap Performas? With Apple out of the way the market will be awash with cheap used equipment perfect for constructing our empire of sin and depravity. Incidentally, we were also responsible for putting the quabosh on Interactive TV, and after we're through with you, we're going to destroy Microsoft, NetScape, and AOL too! That will leave OozeOS '97 and The Oozenet as the only options available to the masses. Oh, how we look forward to that day. -MJ

From: Hydro C

Subj: fish candy

Ha Ha, clever boy, I've got you now, don't I? Nice publication. How come no funny boys go to school with me? Why do only stupid boys ask me out? Why does everyone lie so much? Why do I lie so much? Where's my candy? Why can't I get a job? My weasel bites my legs while I sleep. I want five dozen ampules of AMYL NITRITE, please. FIVE DOZEN!?! Yeah, I've got one fuck of a case of ANGINA PECTORIS.

The point here is my request for subscription to ooze, in the macintosh format. Hi, nice to meet you. Would you like to go out sometime? I can't help it, I am obsessed with monkeys. Shut up, you're just babbling at this point. Why do you always bother me when I'm just about to make my point? You've never made a sane point in your life. I'm sorry. Please don't be afraid. The boys who ask me out rarely have Spectacles and they think D&D is a Satan worship game. Are you afraid that If you give me your real name I will come Stalk you? I'm a good stalker.

To answer all your questions: 1) No, you don't have me. 2) Funny boys probably do go to school with you, but they're smart enough to know you're obviously crazy. 3) To ask you out would involve a lot of pain, paint, and pants. 4) No one is lying to you. You're just crazy. 5) You must like lying because you're crazy. 6) Someone ate your candy bar or it's where you left it. Possibly, since you're so crazy, you think your pet bird is a candy bar, and it has since flown away. 7) No one will hire you because you're clearly crazy. 8) I would love to go out sometime and perform a simple operation on you. 9) I haven't interrupted you once, in fact that's impossible to interrupt someone in written discourse, unless of course, the computer "speaks" directly into your head. 10) No, I'm not afraid that you'll stalk me because I am well armed. Very well armed. -MJ

Send your psychotic ramblings to drbubonic@aol.com

-MJ is MJ at spooti@aol.com



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 MADE MORE! And they are finally here and shipping! (If you sent an order and did not get a shirt, e-mail me and I'll rush one to you.- sorry but I had to change printers TWICE!) DO NOT DELAY!



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 More Computer Crap Fund". Read all about how my computer was kidnapped from my apartment last July. (<http://www.io.com/~ooze/stolen.html>)

Ooze #8
Summer '96



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 scan 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 ASCII Text, Adobe Acrobat (PDF) or Mac Application 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 all internet accounts, but make sure your account can handle 1 meg+ bin-hex files! 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 the current 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. [ledited for content](#)

CompuServe- Go MACFUN. Ooze is in the Game Aids/Add -ons Library. [ledited for content](#)

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 #9 is going to be our International issue due out September 1. Deadline for submissions is the end of July.

JOIN OUR STAFF TODAY!



Normal

reena@ios.com writes, "I recently found two lumps on my bosom. I am worried that this could be something serious. I am 40 years old. Is this normal, or do I have cancer?"



chest are your breasts! A girl your age goes through many changes, including your first period, a sudden interest in boys, strange new hair, and the swelling of your chest. Boy, are you dumb!

Christine Devine, M.D. is a medical doctor who did not write this article.

Of course it's normal, silly girl. Those two lumps on your

Masturbation

starving wolverine. Although Furrier Jacques's calloused weiner was impervious to the wolverine's voracious antics, modern practitioners are careful to defang and declaw these little monsters. They recreate the hungry bloodlust which provided the only real pleasure in a lonely furrier's life.

In 1995, a barely conscious 21 year-old was admitted to Los Angeles County Hospital with a mysteriously shredded groin. It took doctors four hours to identify that the patient was even a man. EMT personnel on the scene identified a blood-soaked "Fuck Box" next to the subject's bed. Inside they found the rotting remains of his ravaged manhood, and 12 hungry newborn

wolverine pups.

TIP: Try spreading peanut butter on your penis for extra pleasure!

Next issue read updates on:

EXPANDING DINO-SPONGE INSERTION: They're not just bath toys anymore!

BOMB FUCKING: For intense and sudden stimulation.

'GATOR WRESTLING FUN: Crocodile tears? No way!

If you have the opportunity to try any of these methods, let us know if you find them as fulfilling as we do.

Boyfriend

Your boyfriend says he wants to be with you because: **A)** he can't imagine life without you. **B)** you're better in bed than your mom. **C)** Mars Needs Women.

Your boyfriend's last name is: **A)** Smith. **B)** Sabibsalam. **C)** a high pitched squeal almost imperceptible to human ears.

ADD UP THE NUMBER OF C'S IN EACH SECTION

No C's: Your boyfriend is none of these things, but that doesn't mean he isn't a jerk or something worse.

1-2 C's in one or more categories: Your boyfriend may

possibly be a criminal/woman/appliance/alien. Follow him around for a while, taking careful notes. Ask some rude questions. Possibly start an FBI security file.

3-4 C's in one or more categories: Face it, your boyfriend is probably a criminal/woman/appliance/alien. That doesn't mean you still can't love him, it's just going to be harder on you. Try a romantic weekend getaway to brighten a sore relationship.

If you answered C to a majority of ALL the categories: You're definitely going out with an electric female alien criminal. I have no advice for you. The end is near.

Date

Throwing restraint to the winds, we're indulging ourselves with confessions and daydreams – of angelic intervention, alien abduction, government conspiracy – calling out in the lowering darkness like a man revealing his love to a seatmate on a 767 with both engines flamed out. Which, when the plane lands safely may seem silly, and even a little embarrassing, but hardly disastrous.

As Phyllis Ransom put it, "We just go from one extreme to the other and then we find a balanced perspective. Whatever is real will last and whatever is false will fall away."

A Thirtieth Annual Angel Day, anyone?

Mad Libs

MODERN LITERATURE

My buddies and I were hanging out in a bar when she walked up to me. The way she was _____, it
(VERB ENDING IN ING)
was obvious she wanted to _____ me, bad. She had a beautiful set of _____ that would make any man
(VERB) (BODY PART(S))
go _____! She grabbed me and screamed, "_____ me! _____ me now on this _____!" as
(EXCLAMATION) (VERB) (VERB) (FURNITURE)
she ripped off my _____, exposing my _____ for all to see. I wasn't embarrassed though since
(PIECE OF CLOTHING) (BODY PART)
it's _____ inches long and would make any man _____! This girl was so _____, it made me _____
(NUMBER) (ADJECTIVE) (ADJECTIVE) (VERB)
my _____ a bit too _____. She yelled _____, _____ as I started screaming _____
(NOUN) (NOUN) (EXCLAMATION)(EXCLAMATION) (EXCLAMATION)
and _____ all over her _____. But that didn't stop her. _____ other guys followed my lead and all
(VERB)ED (BODY PART) (NUMBER)
started to _____ her simultaneously. I have never seen a girl get _____ so _____ by so many people!
(VERB) (VERB)ED (ADVERB)
What a great _____ we had!
(PERIOD OF TIME)



Records

● Heidi Olafson of Holland, Amsterdam, won fame as the [Least Rebellious Teenager In History](#). During her teen years (1922-1929), she was kind to her siblings, listened to teachers and parents, and never lied to anyone. Olafson rarely spoke, which unfortunately led to her parents mistaking her for a bookcase (1927-1928). She went on to live a long and healthy life, even burning her bra as a senior citizen during the turbulent 1960s! It was later discovered, however, to be the result of a gas fire and not a political act.

-eddie “never a teen himself” schmidt (caligula@aol.com)



Good Times

brother—a diminutive serial killer in training—smashing his fist on the bedroom door and screaming, “SUSAN, SUSAN, LET ME IN!” Although penetration did occur both times, it was unmercifully brief. And traumatic. My 16 year old weenie was so scared it didn’t make much of an appearance. Afterwards we just stuck to a steady diet of oral and manual sex (easier to disengage). Still, I considered these aborted attempts to be “my first time”. After we broke up, I heard that Sue claimed she was still a virgin until she “lost it” with Max. I disputed this fact aloud one night, and my friend Phil gently countered with, “well, there’s that piece of skin you’re supposed to break...”

Hey, her hymen was already gone by the time I got around to it (Horseback riding, I think). So that was no help. Left alone, I wondered whether to count those two times or not. I usually have. But there’s no way to “check”; I lost touch with Sue a long time ago. And the “next time” didn’t come until a full year later, when an old friend came back from college to seduce me in her father’s study while MTV flickered about 16” away from

us on the floor. They say the third time’s a charm. It was.

Despite any residual bitterness—or weirdness—I have to admit that there was a lot of good in my relationship with Sue. She was supportive, fun, smart, and had a great sense of humor. She set the precedent for many healthier, more mature relationships to follow. And she can’t complain either. My Dad taught her how to drive.

So is it my 10th anniversary of sex, or just my 10th anniversary of sexual activity? Call me deluded, but I’d say I’m right to celebrate the mark. Who really determines the rules for sexual intercourse, anyway? An umpire? The Pope? I may not have bowled a strike, but I didn’t exactly roll a gutterball either. Any disputers out there will simply have to take it up with my memory bank.

EDDIE SCHMIDT recovered from adolescence to have a healthy, if sometimes sporadic, adult sex life. He is not technically a pervert, but does admit to a late night encounter with a Veryfine juice machine.