

#9



INTERNATIONAL ISSUE



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

Welcome to Ooze #9! Sayonara, Bon Jour, Jambo!, and in my native language, 'Hello'. That means 'Greetings'. I'm Major Bud Rock, Marine veteran, and new OOZE editor.



The international conglomerate which owns this publication was concerned that OOZE's humor was too American and wouldn't earn enough foreign dinero. So they brought me in as a figurehead to speak to all the little peoples of the world. I said, "Are you kiddin'? I just finished deliverin' bombs to those lousy towel-heads, and now I gotta deliver jokes?"

But I accepted this challenge like the man I am.



I took a look at the material, and it was all this namby-pamby intellectual crap. Not like the kinda yuks you'd get from a good issue of "Soldier Of Fortune." What were they givin' me here? One piece was about Nietzsche on a rafting trip. Nietzsche! Where were the big bazooms? The leggy, foul-mouthed showgirls? The shrapnel stickin' to your privates when you greased up your monkey? That's the humor I know and love, and the kind of humor that translates into any language. Viva la comedia!



How's this? "A Jew, an Italian, and a Pollack walk into a bar. The Jew says, 'Bartender, give me a glass of your finest Manischewitz!' The bartender gives him a glass and he drinks it all in one gulp! "Oh Vey!" he says. Then, the I-Talian goes up and orders a glass of red vino. The bartender gives him a glass and he too drinks it all in one gulp. "Mama Mia!" he says. Then the Pollack goes up and asks for a glass of detergent. The bartender gives him a glass and he, too, drinks it in one gulp. "Oh

shit!," says the Pollack," I forgot the fabric softener!" Ha ha ha ha! Show me someone who can't relate to THAT!"

Sit back and prepare to laugh more furiously than an M-161A Assault rifle set on full auto.

Love, Major Bud Rock U.S.M.C.





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I'm not much of a world traveler. Once, when I was in high school, I went on a chorus trip to Ottawa, Canada, but virtually the only thing I can remember is someone puking on the rug in our hotel room.

Years later, in college, I went back to the Great White North to visit my (then) girlfriend, Sarah, in Montreal. Aside from passing a few French language Billboards and feeling uncomfortable trying to order "le muffin blueberry" at Dunkin' Donuts, I didn't really get a Gallic experience. The one restaurant I remember eating at was Polish (I had pierogies).

It is for these reasons, however, that I present to you my extremely general and totally off-base impressions of countries I've never visited. They say the world's a much smaller place these days, and I believe that. By golly, I feel smaller. And since I read a lot and have many friends who travel, my opinions are pretty valid. Hey, if you've never been out of the country then you have no reason to doubt me.

England

I've known a few people from England over the years, and I can truly say their command of English was excellent. The oft-heard rumor about poor teeth seems to be somewhat unfounded, although Shane McGowan, formerly of the rock group The Pogues, has terrible teeth, and is Irish.

Beyond a doubt, English cuisine is awful. One time I ate over my (then) girlfriend Sarah's house for dinner and our dessert was "Yorkshire pudding". Hardly pudding by any stretch of the imagination, this desert is actually just stale bread, fried in lard. What kind of treat is that?

The weather in Great Britain is foggy and overcast, as I've seen in countless art films on BRAVO. Music is generally quite good, and you can probably see some excellent live bands--The Beatles...The Rolling Stones...Kajagoogoo--as long as you avoid those angry, green-haired "mods" I remember from my

"Encyclopedia Of Rock" coffee table book. They might stick a safety pin through your cheek.

Spain

Everyone knows that Spaniards like to fiesta, and well, so do I. Who can complain about an afternoon nap? Apparently, native food consists of the familiar beans and rice, sometimes wrapped in a tortilla like thing and served with mushy, mashed up meat. Their terrain is hilly, and very beautiful, which makes sense since I was recently in the Hollywood Hills and someone said, "this looks a lot like the Spanish countryside".



The nightlife is fun, and has a lot of dancing, at least if you can believe that Madonna song, "La Isla Bonita". From magazine layouts I can tell you that Spanish men are quite handsome, and that the women quite beautiful, although sometimes totally nuts, as witnessed in the work of Pablo Picasso. Spain has lots of art. Fine art. That makes it a classy place.

Don't forget, when packing for your trip: the rain in Spain falls mainly in the plains, although I don't know where they are specifically.

France

The French suck. Who among us can think of anyone French we ever liked? Even their foreign exchange students are jerks. And they can deny it all they want, but any country that likes Jerry Lewis **that friggin' much** is out of its collective mind. The only thing cool about the French is that they have mistresses. I learned that on the NBC Nightly News, when they covered Mitterand's funeral and Tom Brokaw sneered as he uttered the words *Mitterand's mistress*. We have infidelity in America, only here we have the decency to lie about it.

French food is generally rich, and smelly. And everyone knows the French hate to bathe. You would, too, if you had to wash with stinky milk and garlic. Rotten food + rank flesh = one foul country. P.U.

I guess the Eiffel Tower is cool, but big deal. We have that thing in Seattle.

India

India is profoundly spiritual, a land of mystery and enticement. But, as my friend Yasmin explained, it's also a land where you have to squat over a hole in the ground to take a dump. Who wants spirituality so bad they'll crap in a ditch? Not me. And if you eat all that curry, you'll be over that hole day and night. Forget it.

There's also some sort of social caste system there, but why travel halfway around the world when we've got poor people right here?

If you're planning on going, though, I suggest visiting during Indian summer, which is supposed to be really nice. And, while you're there, pick up a sitar. George Harrison did, and look where it got him.

If you're short on brown dots, you could probably get away with taping a dead cockroach to your forehead.



Japan

Fish, fish, fish. That's all they eat over there in that Japan. Fish for breakfast? Now that's crazy. And I like sushi, so don't get me wrong. Japan is just wacky, period. I've seen those pachinko parlors on "60 Minutes", and for the life of me I can't figure out why people play that game. Little balls bouncing around a machine, with lights flashing? For that kind of excitement, throw marbles up in the air and play with the dimmer switch.

People in Japan speak Japanese, which to my friend's mother sounds an awful lot like "fuchi fachi fuchi fachi". Now, she's Colombian, but come to think of it, that is what Japanese sounds like. Maybe if you like Japanese gardens, you'll like going there: the whole country's full of 'em! And Japanese girls have less hair on their arms and like to wear their school uniforms when they do it, if you're into that.



Iran

My last girlfriend was Persian, so I feel that makes me a bona fide Ph.D. in

Persian 'Relations'. Neda was pretty Americanized, but sometimes I'd make her wear a veil and walk a few paces behind me, just for kicks. She taught me some cool words, like "gorbe" which means "cat", "koone" which means "homosexual", and "gende", which means "prostitute". Cool how "cat" is almost "prostitute", huh? Persians eat rice with berry-type things in it, and when I had Thanksgiving over her mother's house, she didn't make any gravy for the turkey. I find that very indicative of something. She also didn't like it when I called her a faggot cat hooker. No sense of humor, those Persians.

I seem to remember my uncle telling me something about Muslims hitting each other over the head with chains, but Neda is Jewish, and prefers whips. One thing do know for sure is that Persian cartoons suck, so if you're planning to visit and you have young children, that may be a problem. Bring a satellite dish.

And that's all for now. Be with me next time, as I mouth off about Egypt, Russia, and the Netherlands, where you can smoke pot and have sex in the streets!

EDDIE SCHMIDT is not allowed to get a passport.





A Questioner for the Foreign Ooze Subscriber

For this International issue, we appealed to some of our non-native English speaking Foreign Ooze Subscribers to help us understand them better. If they answered a few questions about themselves and their country, they'd earn a few cheap laughs AND be eligible to win a free, "[Baby With A Fork In Head](#)" Ooze t-shirt! Naturally, the wacky globalites were powerless to resist.

[Note: I have not changed any spelling or grammar- including my own.]

Would you be punished by your government for wearing a baby-with-fork-in-head-t shirt? How would they punish you?

Personally, I think it is repulsive and I won't even consider wearing, let alone the government allowing me to wear it.
-bhavesh3@singnet.com.sg (Singapore)

Singapore is not so 'frightening'. But that T-shirt is so...frightening. I wouldn't wear it. yeo3469@singnet.com.sg (Singapore)

YES, there are millions of people with a fork in the head running around Germany. All weared that t-shirt before and were punished by exactly doing what is on the shirt.
netangel@rbg.informatik.th-darmstadt.de (Germany)

How do you know I am not a member of your government trying to get you to say something treasonous and throw you in jail?

My government is not likely to call themselves Dr Bubonic.
-james.sanders@sol.kiss.de (Germany)

Do you think that snakes are bad? Why?

Snakes are definitely NOT bad. Don't dare to say otherwise! I would have to kill you and all the Ooze people then!!!
-scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

Many people see snakes as slimey creatures. However, if you've ever felt a snake and a woman at the same time, you'd agree that the woman is the slimey one. -james.sanders@sol.kiss.de (Germany)

I don't think they're bad...at least when they're far,far away from me. If someone found a snake laying around, there will be too much commotion. One of the onlookers would inform the police or 'pestbusters'. Don't know what will happen to it. Maybe be sold to be an experiment in a lab or sent to the zoo. -yeo3469@singnet.com.sg (Singapore)

What is an American custom you find repulsive? Have you ever done it yourself?

The annoying habit of misspelling "foreign". You have to put the "e" first and THEN the "i"! -scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany) [I misspelled it in the message header.]

Putting chemicals in beer. -james.sanders@sol.kiss.de (Germany)

I have been for 1 months in san francisco one year ago, there was one strange custom. Why are people not only brushing their teeths, but their tongue, too? In europe I think that there is no one out there who would brush his tongue. Did the TV tell americans that they are dirty if they don't brush their tongue? It seems that they are really manipulater by TV. -netangel@rbg.informatik.th-darmstadt.de (Germany)

Have you ever recieved/given a lapdance from/to a midget wrestler? How did it make you feel? Why?

I think the whole "ie" or "ei" business isn't your thing, is it? By the way, what is a "lapdance"? I do not feel very much about it, I am afraid. -scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

What is the funniest thing you remember about Ooze?

Dangerous masturbation habits[#8]. It was the only Ooze article I ever read. scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

Austrians would not find Ooze funny, in fact, Austrians don't find much of anything funny, Weltschmerz, you know. -pek@nepo1.iaea.or.at (Austria)

Where did you hear about Ooze, and what was it?

I am deaf. I didn't hear anything. Someone hit me with an Ooze printout on the head. scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

Is there anything like OOZE in your own country? If so, describe.

"Penguin's Perversions" and they rule! If you would like one, send me

an address and i'll mail it to you (but remember that it's in Hebrew).
-anatom10@post.tau.ac.il (Israel)

Yes, we have cockroaches. They are brown with several legs and I used to eat them in one of my earlier lives.
-scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

Are Australian, American or German tourists more annoying?

American tourists are most annoying. Always using bathrooms without buying anything, whinning about having to walk long distances, and bitching about high prices. james.sanders@sol.kiss.de (Germany)

Male tourists are more annoying but definitely not the female tourists who are very nice to look at. -bhavesh3@singnet.com.sg (Singapore)

Write about a local custom or event that makes you uncomfortable:

Nudy surfing. -anatom10@post.tau.ac.il (Israel)

During the Fasching holiday, there is a day that women rule the country. They run around cutting men's shoelaces and ties
-james.sanders@sol.kiss.de (Germany)

Something in the southern parts of Germany called Kehrwoche, where the people absolutely HAVE TO CLEAN the pathways in/around the house by a certain time (usually Fridays or Saturdays)
-BECK@hbi-stuttgart.de (Germany)

Have you learned anything new about America or Americans from OOZE? Does it make you more or less likely to visit us or buy our products?

OOZE shows me that America is not totally insane. if it would , there could not be something like OOZE. It shows the truth of America. The pure America. I love America. I buy anything you want me to buy. TV tells me it's cool. Happy birthday Mr. President!
-netangel@rbg.informatik.th-darmstadt.de (Germany)

That Mike Fay deserved to be caned. He thinks he's from another country, so he's superior. The law is the law. If the Prime Minister's son would do such a disgusting thing, he would be caned too. The canes used to prisons are not normal canes. They're rattan canes, various sizes too. 1 stroke down and the flesh splits open. If that guy couldn't take it anymore, they're let him recover and save the rest of the strokes for another time. Maybe a Christmas present.
yeo3469@singnet.com.sg (Singapore)

Do you translate OOZE into your native tongue and share it with your friends? How would you translate "Weird AI" Yankovic?"

I would translate it in "irrer Kettensaegenmoerder".
-netangel@rbg.informatik.th-darmstadt.de (Germany)

It's "Umgläubliche AI" Yankovic -james.sanders@sol.kiss.de
(Germany)

AI Yankovic ha moozar -anatom10@post.tau.ac.il (Israel)

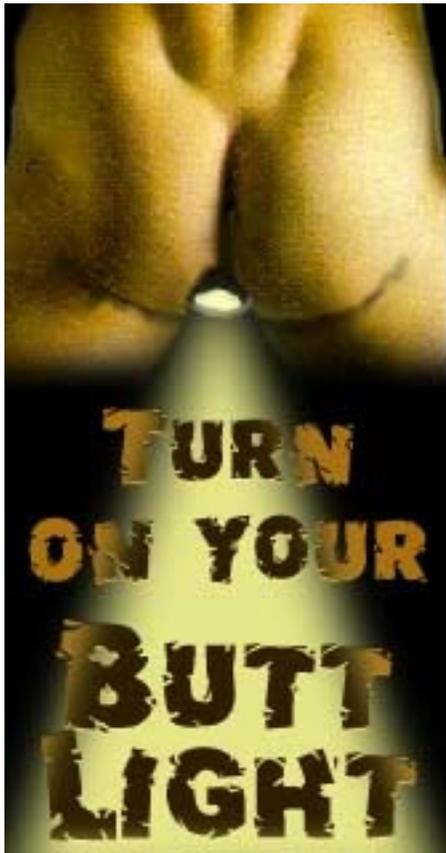
No, I wouldn't [translate "Weird AI"]. We have other artist who do things comparable to him like: Badesalz, Helge Schneider, Guildo Horn... -BECK@hbi-stuttgart.de (Germany)

[Translating Ooze] would be a reason for my government to punish me! And I would never translate "Weird AI", maybe I would fuck him, but maybe not- -scheid@imperator.cip-iw1.uni-bremen.de (Germany)

And the winner of the Free Ooze BWFIH T-Shirt is...

netangel@rbg.informatik.th-darmstadt.de





Dear Diary

Oh my fucking God. Today I saw the strangest thing I've **EVER** witnessed in the course of my employment at the Lusty Lady [A strip club in San Francisco where, to view the strippin', you go into a private booth where the window stays open as long as you pump coins into the slot while you pump yourself. -ooze] .

A guy comes into my booth with a briefcase and immediately takes off his pants, rubbing his dick and fingering his asshole the whole time. I pick up on the asshole thing and tell him how hot I think it is to watch a guy fuck himself, you know, for extra tips. He then manages to pull his own dick around and insert it

in his own asshole. I'm already pretty amazed by this (not to mention jealous) but he keeps going, alternating this trick with fisting himself.

From his mysterious briefcase he produces a dildo of epic Jeff Stryker-like proportions with a suction cup at the base. He sticks the dildo onto my window so I can see this monster plunging in and out of his ass. For the piece de resistance, he reaches back into the briefcase and pulls out a bottle (for a moment I worry it's glass, but it turns out to be plastic, like a smallish Evian bottle) that has had its top cut off. Inside the bottle is a LIGHT which he controls from a hand-held extension switch.

He plunges the whole contraption into his asshole and my jaw hits the floor. It's exactly like a segment from an operation show you see on the Discovery Channel with those little cameras that go inside people's bodies. I can see the color of his colon change, all these insane little mucus membranes, and lots of other scary details which look like the special effects from a David Cronenberg movie. The whole event was weird and hallucinatory; the Burroughs-like pulsing and puckering of a voracious asshole. How's that for science fiction?



Afterwards I was just kind of like, "Thank you, that was utterly fascinating". Some people charge more for guys that want to do something that perverse, but I must admit it made my day much more interesting. Apparently this guy performs his "show" fairly regularly, as most of the other girls have seen it. Maybe you just had to be there...

-shirlspawn





If any country has an image problem, it's

Mexico. American gringos portray Mexico as slimy, dirty, backwards and disgusting. But they also go there by the oil-tankerload. Tijuana boasts that it is the "most visited city in the world". Why? Could it be the exotic culture, the rich tradition, the promise of adventure... or the opportunity to buy colorful blankets and high-octane Tequila?

In preparation for this "International" issue, the gringo editors of Ooze decided to go South of the Border for a quick expedition. None of us had been in another country for a long time, and Tijuana is only two hours away from Los Angeles by car. Besides, Editor Matt's Friend Who Requested To Remain Nameless needed some cheap Prozac. Fast. So, off we went. Our objective was simple: get cheap drinks, cheap trinkets, cheap drugs, and find out if Mexico is really the dump everyone says it is.

As we climbed the long, maze-like stairways bringing us over the border, we saw a big sign on the highway below that read, "U TURN TO USA". Somehow that seemed to scream out: **"YOU SURE YOU WANT TO LEAVE AMERICA? THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, PAL! DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YOU."**



The urgency of our decision to cross was hammered in by the long, huge walls preventing anyone from "escaping" to the United States. Hey, welcome to Mexico!

After pushing through a subway-like turnstile, we were out of the reach of Big Brother and in the helpful hands of Hermano Pequeno. Just over the border sat an American-style pedestrian mall hawking "prescriptive" drugs, beer, and over-priced velvet tapestries of Stevie Wonder. Sensing not much of a story if

we just stuck around there, we made the trek across the bridge into downtown.

Imagine the sleazier aspects of Times Square, crossed with old-style Las Vegas set inside a poor community with no zoning laws. Tijuana is no out-of-the-way Mexican village. It's a booming metropolis, with over a million people with high-tech businesses moving in faster than a bad case of Montezuma's Revenge. Attracted by the city's riches, many jobless recent arrivals are drawn to fleecing naive tourists like ourselves. People shout and pester you to come and spend money in a store. Tiny children pull on your shirt trying to sell you "chicle". One enterprising woman stood on a street corner with a styrofoam cup in one hand and her baby in the other. The baby was nestled in a sling at the woman's bosom wearing a winter ski hat even though it was over 80°F. Upon closer inspection, the "baby" was revealed to be a small dog. Perhaps the child was on a mandatory lunch break.

The tone of the trip was set early on when a man aggressively tried to shine Editor Ed's Doc Martens. He politely said no thanks, but the man insisted. Ed, no ordinary Gringo, stood firm: "No, thanks, I don't want my shoes shined." "But WHY?" the shine-man replied, "they look like **SHIT!**" So does your city, buddy. Of course in the interests of peace, Yankee Imperialism, and naked fear, we didn't say anything. It was time for some sightseeing:

ATTRACTION: Tijuana Historical Wax Museum

COST: Only one dollar (US)!

FEATURING: Wax figures from Mexican History AND Hollywood!

Learn about the Mexican Revolution and how Laurel and Hardy translates literally into Spanish as "el Flaco" (the Skinny Guy) and "el Gordo" (the Fat Guy). Figure out why they are separated by a figure of Whoopi Goldberg ("el Whoopi") serving them tea. (It baffled us). Other notable wax statues include a vampire that looks exactly like Grampa Al Lewis from "The Munsters", and a headless Elvis statue that, despite this obvious handicap, still sings from his booth. Well worth the money.



ATTRACTION: Mexitlan- The World of Mexico!

COST: \$1.50 (US)

FEATURING: Miniature Mexican architecture from past and present.

Picture a miniature train set the size of a football field, without the trains, on the roof of a shopping mall. You are Godzilla, or "Godzillio", if you will. A lumbering giant among tiny, quivering Mexicans, frozen with fear under their ancient step pyramids!

frozen with fear under their ancient step pyramids!

But even stranger than the human-to-model size ratio, is that for all of Mexitlan's splendor, it's empty. Totally void of life. Stalls which once sold trinkets and refreshments are now filled with dirt and garbage. Wind whistles through the barren corridors. See this tourist "wonder" quickly, because it's two knocks away from death's door.

After so much native culture, it was clearly time for lunch. **"HEY SKINNY,"** a man in a doorway yelled at our Junior Editor Kathy, **"COME IN HERE AND EAT A BURRITO!"** A few doors down, another man addressed Editor Matt, a vision in his rather large prescription glasses. **"PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR! COME EAT HERE!"** Now fully christened with our Mexican names (Skinny, The Professor, and Shitty Shoes), we caved in to the badgering of waiters stationed in front of Margarita Village.

It soon became apparent why these waiters had to hustle so much. Other than a few Navy guys drinking beer, no one was there. We stuck it out though, and ordered a round of margaritas. Very good, our waiter said, only to return a few minutes later apologizing that the restaurant was "out" of margaritas. Huh? Was Mexico going through some sort of catastrophic shortage? Should we call the UN to airlift mixing supplies to the impoverished Margarita Villagers? Rather than question this odd twist of fate, we instead ordered "Blue Hawaiians" which turned out to be neither Hawaiian nor blue.



When the food arrived, it looked edible. Even tasty. But after a few bites, Editor Ed noticed a solid black thing ladled with cream sauce on top of his burrito. It was a large, dead, crispy fly. Mmm! We mostly stuck to the chips and salsa after that.

On the street after our "meal", one particularly ratty boy suckered Junior Editor Kathy into forking over a buck for a five-cent bracelet. As she opened her wallet and lifted the dollar, other kids banded together, eyes glowing, and descended upon her like a scene out of "Village Of The Damned".

Luckily, we dragged Kathy to safety off the main drag where we soon discovered a host of more authentic shops where people didn't yell so much. Kathy bought some clay pots, Ed sniffed the aromas of a tiny panaderia, and we visited a candy store where they sold big chunks of guava that looked like rotting sides of raw beef.

It was time for our final errand.

You can't walk ten feet from the border without tripping over a well-stocked Farmacia. Filled with five foot high displays of popular prescription medications like Retin-A, these steeply discounted drug stores serve a booming border-hopping clientele. People there simply can't afford premium prices for Valium, so it's cheaper. But how much cheaper?

Unless you have access to a nice health plan, a lot cheaper. Drugs are typically

retail 70-300 percent less than US prices, haggling (a practice met with open hostility in an American pharmacy) not included. The real savings however, is that you don't need to see a doctor to get a prescription.



Well, really you do, but only sort of. When you buy a drug like Prozac, the pharmacist doubles as your "doctor"- for no extra charge! This makes buying many drugs in Tijuana as convenient as getting an espresso in Seattle. Harder drugs like Valium require a proper prescription, but these are easily obtained from nearby doctor's offices for around \$30- no questions asked.

After some very poor haggling, Editor Matt walked away with a bottle of 100 Nuzac (Prozac in Spanish) for \$75. Compared to \$85 for 30 (plus \$50/mo. for a cheapo psychiatrist) in the US, this is 377% savings (600% including doctor's fees) for a drug you take every day until you die (or miraculously become sane).

After shelling out vast sums of cash for mood enhancers, we couldn't afford any of the prurient pleasures Tijuana is known for. And since there were no bullfights that day, and neither Ed nor Kathy wanted to eat another meal in Mexico, we decided to head back to LA. We then joined the mass exodus through an underground corridor to the USA, waved on by anxious border guards protecting the "freest country in the world". Everyone was all smiles. Aren't we lucky to live in the US, we thought as our bags were scanned by X-ray machines and rifled through by hand, where we are truly free?

The next time your trusted OOZE Editors go down to TJ, rest assured we'll get much drunker and watch some bulls die. If you're going South of the Border, you should, too.

-drbubonic@aol.com and caligula@aol.com





More Phone Tricks

-Shane CptNoitAll@aol.com

Bored? Pick up the phone and give these numbers a call:

Penile Enlargement Course(818)

881-0505

Deep in the heart of the San Fernando Valley lies the secret to massive male genitalia. Ever worry about having a small wiener? This brave, new company provides the answer: their barbell-like weights simply stretch it out! I'd recommend a steamroller first. But if you're perfectly happy with the family jewels, just call the line and enjoy hilarity at the potential discomfort of others.

The Snapple Consumer Service Line:

1-888-265-1122

Call and say, "I think your new Bali Blast made my semen turn pink." or "I gave my cat some Snapple Pink Lemonade and it died. Can I be on a commercial with the Snapple Lady?" They also get upset if you mention their billion dollar debt and declining marketshare.



On Telemarketing

- [Matt Foldenauer](#)



I live in Omaha, Nebraska, telemarketing capital of the world, where I've worked both outbound and inbound telemarketing. The most annoying callers, by far, are the ones calling for "that thing".

Normally, telemarketing companies handle hundreds of different loser clients with thousands of lame products advertised on late night television. The computer automatically displays--based on the number the caller dialed-- a list of anywhere from one to twenty possible products tied to that number. In fairness to the clients, the operator is not allowed under any circumstances to name individual products that appear on the screen in order to determine what the confused caller wants. Instead, they have to "probe" the caller for more information. The problem is, it seems many callers don't care what they're buying as long as it can be ordered with a delayed billing option.

Operator(me): This is Matt. How may I help you?

Caller: Yeah, uh, I want that thing-- (spoken through haze of alcohol in a

The Pat Buchanan Hotline:

1-800-GOPATGO

Call and pledge \$100 dollars for Pat's '00 Presidential bid in a friend's or enemy's name. The lucky sucker'll be deluged with mail until he's bodily recalled to heaven during the rapture. Pat will accept money from anyone, even if you call and tell them how he molested you as a child and you're finally getting the nerve to go to the press.. Hey, anything for a c-note.

Ohio Tourist Info. 1-800-BUCKEYE

I read that this was run by Ohio state convicts. Call and ask them (nicely) about how they got their job. They aren't very friendly if you inquire about the frequency of anal rapings in Ohio prisons but will warm up if you offer them naked pictures of your sister for \$5. Flex those creative muscles.

Send all weird phone numbers to

CptNoitAll@aol.com

strong Arkansas accent)

Operator: Ok, sir, what exactly is the *name* of "that thing"?

Caller: Uh, I don't know. It was just on TV and Regis Philbin has three of 'em.

How about this lady who called about storm windows: This scripted question is used to determine what kind of windows the caller currently has on their home. i.e. casement, sliding, crankouts...

Operator: What kind of windows do you currently have on your home, Ms Smith?

Ms Smith: Oh- they're all glass, darlin'!

Here's another call from a man with even less intelligence:

Caller: Yeah, I want to screw this chick I work with, and I'm calling for the tapes.

Operator: Do you know the name of the tapes, sir?

Caller: Yeah. Uh- it's somethin' like, 'How to Make Love at Work". Say, do those tapes work? Have you tried 'em?

The caller was in fact seeking "Making Love Work", a self-help program designed to show people how to save their marriages.

Enjoy hours of entertainment by calling 800 numbers found in late night advertisements. See who can keep the operator on the line the longest. Points will be awarded for the most inflammatory or frustrating comments made to an operator without being disconnected. This has the potential to be the next big party game. Maybe I should market it. Now all I need is an infomercial.



Imagine if Jeff Foxworthy, America's most famous Redneck, wasn't really a Redneck at all! What hack comedy would he spew if, in fact, he were actually an immigrant?

You might be a foreigner if...

...you speak English as well as you drive.

...you ran out of Saints to name your kids after.

...your wife is hairier than your dog

...you have two antennae on your head.

...you enjoy "Baywatch" for its clever storytelling techniques.

...your wife's idea of intimacy is removing the veil.

...you root against Steven Segal in his movies.





...you consider
7-11 "the family business".
...dinner at McDonald's is an exotic
change of pace from your normal diet
of stewed monkey brains.
...you burn incense to accent your body
odor.
...you think top-optional beaches are
cheating you out of half the fun.
...you hail from a country other than
'Merica.





You've had a lousy day and decide to go to a bar. It's time to ditch the usual freaks you hang out with and meet new, exciting ones. Perched on a red leatherette barstool, you order a drink with an umbrella when suddenly this creature takes the seat next to you. Smiling seductively, he runs his long fingers through greased back hair. You soon find your drink paid for—great—but it comes with a hitch. Adjusting the drape of something slick and polyester, he says:

Those clothes look awfully good on you, but honey, they'd look better on my bedroom floor.

-or-

Sweetheart—are you tired? 'Cause you've been running through my mind all night!

-or even-

Was your daddy a thief? No? Then who stole the stars from the sky and put them in your eyes?

OUCH. How do men ever get laid? I spit on these pathetic scum! Their genes are not fit to propagate the Earth. But you, dear reader, are not beyond hope. Here are some

Pick-up Lines (for Men) That Always Work:

Boy, are you horny or what?

I can smell your uterus from here.

Would you like to shave your name in my back hair?

I have a 7 inch long finger--with your name on it.

My, those glasses are becoming on you! But I'd be cumming too if I were sitting on your face!

Do you clean your clothes with Windex? I thought I just saw myself in your pants!

Have I introduced you to my friend, Mr. Harry Penis?

I am rich, good looking, and have a libido the size of Texas-- so I'll probably dump you after a night or two but you won't care.

Are those chocolate kisses on your boobs or are you just happy to see me?

Having sex with me is a tax deductible charity.

Can I borrow a cup of clitoris for this vaggie pie I'm baking? No? How about a pinch of labia?

My anus is on fire! Can I summon your water brigade?

May I stick my cock in your pussy now, or do I have to pretend I like you first?

My cock is a spy and it needs to seek your safehouse.



Go on! Try them at your favorite watering hole and tell us how you scored!



-caligula@aol.com

The French love Jerry Lewis. Germans dig David Hasselhoff. As any God-fearing, red-blooded American should know, our pop culture kicks the world's ass. Our biggest—probably our **only**—significant export in the 1990s is entertainment. However, this can lead to a slightly unusual phenomenon, whereby a particular performer actually has more impact in foreign territories than he does in his native land. We at **Ooze** decided to dig deeper into the rest of the world's pop culture appetites to find out which of our precious national resources were being swallowed elsewhere.

PERFORMER: Buddy Hackett

US STATUS: Old-timey comedian with slurred speech and naturally sleazy appearance

FOREIGN STATUS: (England) "Herbie, The Love Bug" (a noted influence on "Trainspotting") plays twice a night to sell-out crowds at Wembley Stadium, moving Queen Elizabeth to knight "Sir Buddy"; (Russia) People wearing Buddy Hackett masks are allowed to "cut" in bread lines.

MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: In Amsterdam, college students built a thirty foot high statue of Hackett, erected it in a state park, and smoked it.

PERFORMER: Downtown Julie Brown

US STATUS: ex-MTV personality with voice to stop a truck

FOREIGN STATUS: (Japan) Reruns of Brown's E! network "Gossip Show" pre-empt national news events. Popularity skyrocketed after she wrapped herself in rice and seaweed and gigged for the national tourism board as "Miss Sashimi"; (Italy) Brown, known there as "Il Veejayario", is the nation's top centerfold, and starred in Fellini's last film, "Booty in a Gondola."

MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: Crop circle in Ireland believed to read "Wubba Wubba" to planes circling at 30,000 feet.

PERFORMER: Scooby Doo

US STATUS: Gen-X beloved animated dog with constant munchies

FOREIGN STATUS: (Mexico) Several Mexican churches canonize noble dogs under the auspices of "San Scooby"; despite being imaginary, the marble-mouthed dog received 137 votes in the last Presidential election.
MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: In Iran, Muslim extremists placed a death warrant for Scrappy Doo, whom they believe to have ruined the Hanna Barbera series.

PERFORMER: Anna Nicole Smith

US STATUS: Vaguely frightening zaftig pinup girl

FOREIGN STATUS: (Sweden) Smith's F-cups are used to promote new line of dairy products made from human breastmilk; (Uganda) Prime Minister proposes Smith's plump and chewy thighs be used to solve nation's famine.

MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: Throughout the Ukraine, 11x18 photos of Smith bearing her teeth are placed under the beds of young children to "scare away the monsters".

PERFORMER: Bon Jovi- click the pic to hear him sing!

US STATUS: Way 80s lite metal rockers

FOREIGN STATUS: (France) Bon Jovi's music so permeates the culture that Frenchmen use "Bon Jovi" as a greeting instead of "Bon Sua". (Austria) Popularity of rock epic "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" moves Austrians to change the title of Mozart's opera to "Bon Giovanni".

MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: In Napoli Italy, the DiFranco chain of pizzerias offers the "Chovy and Jovi" pie, a mixed topping of small, salty fish and creamy hair care products.



PERFORMER: Jaleel White

US STATUS: Ultimate black nerd on TV's "Family Matters"

FOREIGN STATUS: (China) Thousands of cardboard Urkel heads line the Great Wall; (Brazil) Sexy dance song, recorded as duet between White and bosomy children's show host Xuxa, is called "The Mammarena."

MOST NOTABLE HERO WORSHIP: At the Hall Of Fame Wax Museum (Orlando, Florida), museum curator Joseph Higgenbottom kept up with the times by lopping the head off the Gary Coleman figurine and replacing it with White's.

Love,

Eddie Schmidt (Caligula@aol.com)



-M. J. Loheed

If you're in Illinois, you don't even have to leave the state to see Paris, Havana, or Cairo. Lying within its borders are many towns with foreign names, all of which hint at the deep American need for heritage. How else to explain a moorish castle on the Mississippi or an Egyptian deli in Cairo? These towns are exotic yet familiar, like the missionary position.

But do these Illinois towns stack up to their foreign namesakes? Are there similarities? Differences? If I stop and ask the locals, will I be branded as a gypsy and tarred and feathered? I'm a curious guy, so some friends and I went looking for the old country.

Marseilles

It's Friday night in Marseilles and Main Street is abandoned. The hand laid bricks of the town center bleed a dull red. Jessica's Lounge looks inviting, so we step inside. The juke box is playing Arrested Development but the atmosphere is pure Middle America. Bob the bartender takes a few moments to answer our questions:

- on life in Marseilles: "Boring."
- on the origin of Marseilles' name: "Well it's pronounced Mar-Sell-Us, if it was pronounced Mar-Say it would be French, I guess. I don't know."

Bob wasn't our man. None of his answers even remotely matched the password we were looking for. After failing to contact with the French Resistance, we get some burgers.

Rome

A mist begins to slick our windshield and the road blends with the night horizon. We never find the road which leads to Rome.

Havana

I doubt the capital of Cuba is cobbled as immaculately as the town center of Havana, IL. We step into Wentworth's Restaurant/Lounge to have a late breakfast. Tim's pork tenderloin sandwich measures almost a foot across. "It looks like a shingle," he says. If nothing else, there are no food shortages here.



On the wall, a fantastic sign for "Hamms On Tap" eludes our understanding. Some mechanism makes a flowing river scene roll continuously past. The water in the scene runs in twisting eddies and rushes down waterfalls. A gentle light from inside the sign gives the river a flawless serenity. Fidel Castro would light up a stogie with pride.

We resolve to chip in and buy it, figuring we can get it for \$70 or so. It turns out the sign is a collector's item valued at a \$1500. "Valued" means somebody will actually pay that much money for something that stupid, so we quickly give up.

Refreshed, we bounce out of Havana and head west. A rare glacial hill looms by us and inky black mastodon cows stand atop it watching our passage. I could swear one of the cows yells "Babalu, Lucy!" as we get in the car.

Villa Kathrine

Just south of Warsaw on the Mississippi there stands a Moorish castle. Inside, ornate wooden lattice work twists shadows up the walls of a narrow stairway. Railings, doors, windows, ceilings, all are beautifully carved. It is as if you stepped into a rich merchant's home in northern Africa, but there is not furniture. George Metz, rich playboy and world traveler of the late 1800s, built the castle for his sweetheart, who died before its completion.

Rumor also has it that Metz buried his pet dog Bingo with a big cache of gold somewhere on the property. Numerous attempts to exhume Bingo prove fruitless.

At a road stop south of Villa Kathrine I get some Swedish Massage oil from the vending machine in the men's room.

Sparta

When we see the great scar in the earth where they mine nickel, we know we're in Sparta. Further on, we find the Old Broadway hotel. Once a major figure in Randolph County's 1920s social scene, its rooms are filled with what the present owner calls "antiques". Strangely, it looks a lot like "junk".

An abandoned flea market sits in what was once the downstairs ballroom. A defunct arcade version of Tetris, a game designed in Russia, stands idle in the corner. The magnificent dance floor is covered up by doormat-sized acrylic rug remnants.

This is a hard place, not unlike the ancient Sparta. Comforts are few and hardships are many. Discussion with the owner of the mall reveals the change from an agricultural community to a service economy is not proceeding smoothly. When I ask her how she feels about this change, she shrugs her shoulders as says, "What can you do? Grin and bear it."

Very Spartan.

Thebes

A small shop operated out of the corner of a home is the only sign of living civilization. I step in to ask for directions to the historic court house were Dred Scott was imprisoned and Abraham Lincoln once did some lawyering. Out of the back room a woman comes from the ebb of a television's glow. Deep circles undercut her eyes. She directs me to the courthouse apprehensively. Middle America's cultural landscape is feeling like the Twilight Zone.



A vacant school building stands in squalor, windows broken, swing set empty, as we approach the courthouse. I'm loading film when Tim discovers that the courthouse is occupied. In the back window, a legless mannequin dressed as Honest Abe waits for the passerby to peer through the cobwebs. He stares petulantly at the window frame, concentrating on nothing. He has no riddles for us.

Very Thebean.

Cairo

Cairo lies at the confluence of the Mississippi and the Ohio, much as Cairo, Egypt lies in the Nile delta. Unlike Cairo, Egypt, which produces 2/3 of Egypt's gross national product within the city limits, Cairo, Illinois is going through a declining period of economic growth. Every door on Commercial Street is boarded. The park at the confluence of the rivers with the riverboat memorial is closed due to flooding. All this way for nothing.



Coffee at the gas station on the way out of town is only 25 cents and we discover that Cairo, is pronounced like Karo syrup by the locals.

Paris

We miss our 7:00pm dinner reservations by 2 hours. L'Auberge, the French cafe of Paris, Illinois is closed. At \$15.00 an entree, I think we're pretty lucky. Instead we settle down to dinner at the Savoia. The smorgasbord is exhausted by the Sunday evening rush so we opt for the Savoia Special: pizza with everything. We order onion rings and build a mock-up of the Eiffel Tower.



No fashion models, no berets, no dangerous liaisons, no mimes, and no one offers us a skinny cigarette. We head north again and at last the clouds break up. A pale moon swathes the prairie in a deep pallor.

In Danville we stop for gas at a combination Burger King/7-11. After explaining our trip to the woman working there, she will not stop recommending towns for us to visit. After repeating a number of times that the towns need to have foreign names, I feel like I'm asking for directions in English in a foreign country.

The reek of a pig farm (30,000 head) about a mile west of the station makes me want to vomit. No more traveling.

We drive back to Chicago as fast as we can, cursing the new world order.

M.J. Loheed slaves away at a job in his spare time.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER:

A story of Racism and Electrocution

If you go over the river three miles from the upper-middle class suburban neighborhood where I grew up, you enter a blighted inner city. Just off the main drag downtown is a house that once belonged to my Great-Grandfather, Ebenezer Patterson. The house is old; peeling paint and rotting wood adorn a three story turn-of-the-century tenement. Along the almost-dead waters of the Passaic River in northern New Jersey lies the United States' first "planned" industrial city, Paterson. Alexander Hamilton feared the agrarian Jeffersonians would create a decentralized, agrarian state so he created Paterson to fight them off. It was Hamilton's fault my family was lured to America.



Like most cities at the turn-of-the-century, Paterson contained a highly concentrated ethnic population that did not mix racially even if they lived only a block away from each other. The more poor and underprivileged the group, the closer they lived to the city's decaying center. Ebenezer's place as a Scottish immigrant was pretty low, but better than most. Before the advent of movies, Ebenezer spent many evenings at the rail station with hundreds of others. They all waited for the infamous "immigrant train" to roll in. The city's newest residents arrived at night, still garbed in their wacky native costumes. These gibberish-speaking bumbling foreigners were funnier than any Tim Allen sitcom! Besides drinking, the only other entertainment option in town was to attend the frequent public hangings. Bets would be placed on how long it took the condemned to die. Paterson was a kindly hamlet.

During the 1920's, Ebenezer became a factory machinist, earning his very own machine shed. Unfortunately, the shed was not in prime real estate. Every day at noon, a whistle blew signaling lunch hour. This sound terrorized Ebenezer. Seedy immigrant laborers from the factory would file down the alleyway next to his machine shed to the outer yard. Lacking nearby sanitation facilities, these rascals would piss on Eb's shed. Not happy about the defilement of everything he had ever worked for, Eb continually tried to chase them off, but to no avail. He even asked the factory foreman to help stop this heinous routine. The foreman just laughed at the fuming Scotsman. Eb decided he would have to stop this nonsense himself once and for all.

An accomplished electrician, it was a simple matter for Eb to lead a set of cables from his DC generator to outside to the metal gutter that ran the length

of the shed. Eb simply waited inside his shed for the workers to pass by at the dreaded drenching-hour. He waited until he heard the unmistakable pitter-pat of urine splashing against corrugated tin and pulled a lever. The unsuspecting workers were quite shocked-- literally. A few hundred volts of electricity ran from the shop to the gutters and up the offending streams of urine. Howling like wounded coyotes, the smoldering workers scurried away never to pee on Eb's shed again.



Ebenezer's disdain wasn't always so violent. In the late 1950s, my father fondly remembers sitting on Eb's front stoop on Sundays after church. The old man would ramble on about the days before TV, talking about guns, hunting, and lost family fortunes. He'd offer my seven year-old father "worldly" advice. Unfortunately, every time anyone would walk by his house, Eb would stop mid-sentence to hurl an insensitive insult (based on the race, sex, or religion) of the offending passerby.

"Watch where you're goin', you damn Papist Wops!" " Go back to Africa, you Porch Monkey Spearchuckers!" " Hey, here's a penny for ya, ya money-grubbing Kike Hebe!" Chinks, Micks, Spics, and even the all-inclusive 'bastard-sons-of-bitches' would not escape unscathed. After delivering this verbal assault, Eb would turn around and continue with the conversation like nothing had happened.

Once, a man walked by and Ebenezer called him a kilt-wearin', bag-pipe throated Scotsman. My young father pointed out politely that Ebenezer himself was of Scottish descent. Ebenezer screamed, "They're all bastards!" and left it at that. Apparently, in his old age, Ebenezer became less racist and developed a healthier, more mildly misanthropic attitude.

Sure, life in a decaying urban center can be rough, but if you extend some common courtesy and show a little compassion every once in a while, you might not end up like Ebenezer Patterson. Of course, then you wouldn't get an article about electrocuting people through their urine streams written about you either.

Matt Patterson (drbubonic@aol.com) is a professional whore and will do anything for money.

UN-Health Food

-The Esteemed Reverend Arnold Joy

If you're like many people today, you may unwittingly be part of the Big Lie: the health food craze. "Health food?," you may ask, "I always thought it was good for you." Think again. Health food is nothing less than Satan attempting to take control of your body, physiology, and your mind. Health food promotes an awareness of the physical and the Earthly over the heavenly and spiritual. What may be 'good' for your physical being will rot away at your spiritual being like a cancer. While you may live longer on Earth, "organic carrots" will be of no aid to you in an eternity of fiery hell. Are those extra few years of life worth risking what lies on the other side?



1. Does food possess nutrition, or does food possess us?

Be not desirous of his dainties: for they are deceitful meat.

-Proverbs 23:3

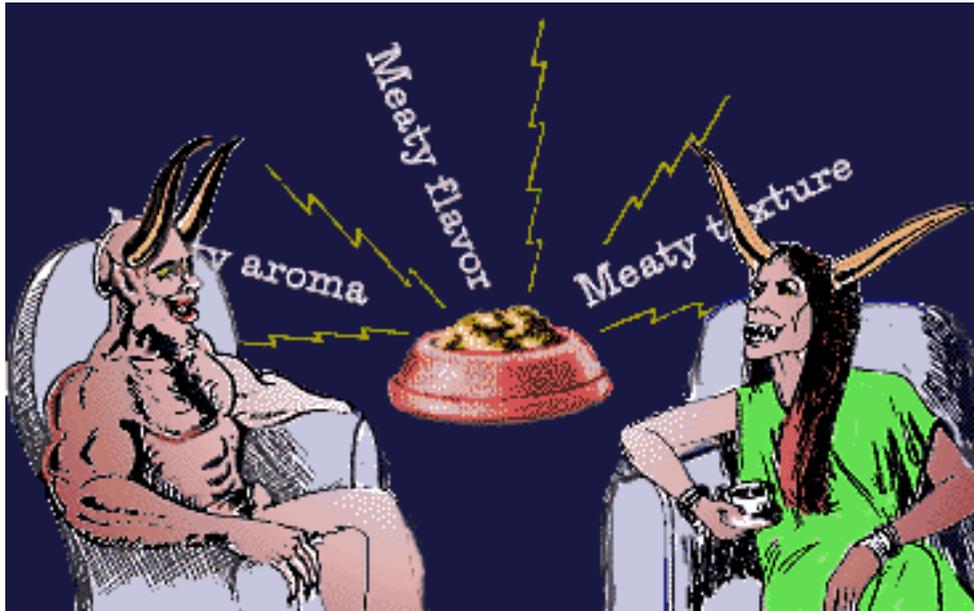
Health food is eaten for physical well-being, illustrated by a physiological change. This change in your bodily functioning may seem insignificant, but it is in fact just enough to alter your mind and in turn let other nasties into your system: vegetarianism, the 'New Age religions', crystals, 'horror-scopes', meditation, and sexual yoga positions. All of these will join forces to destroy the True Word replacing it with greed and false idolatry.

2. Pagan Proteins

And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

-Genesis 3:4-5

What then do the intake of pagan proteins like 'tofu' and fibers like 'oat bran' do directly to your spiritual life? The after-life is no longer important



as 'health-food' freaks seek to achieve virtual immortality, defying God to let Nature run its course. Nor do they care that Satan may be upon them, as they arrogantly believe their physiological form to be of stronger constitution. If Slim Goodbody were to wrestle Satan, who do you think would win?

3. Eats of Eden

Thus saith the Lord; Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.

-Jeremiah 17:6

When God created the Earth, He gave man ultimate domain over the kingdom of beasts. The strong urge towards vegetarianism promoted by the serpent-like Big Lie of health food not only goes against God, but it goes against Nature, His Creation. To not eat animals lowers humans to the level of them, giving equal place to humans and animals on Earth denying humans their gift of dominance. Vegetarianism is the Great Tool of Satan! Satan believes that he can trick you into believing that humans are beasts and before long, you will be acting as such: strutting around naked, copulating with anything that moves, man woman, OR BEAST! We must eat the flesh of animals, maintaining our control over the lower beings!

4. 'OAT BRAN': the False Prophet

Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye... the morsel which thou hast eaten shalt thou vomit up, and lose thy sweet words.

-Proverbs 23:6-8

Satan has so blatantly encoded his word into the health-food craze, revealing the terrible hoax in an obvious manner. Seek the message implicit in the words, O-A-T and B-R-A-N. Oat bran is certainly the greatest force in the popularization of health food. And strangely enough (or not) there is a hidden meaning. If one adds up the numeric values of the letters (A=1, B=2,

C=3...Z=26), the message becomes clear.

$$\begin{aligned} O(15) + A(1) + T(20) &= 36 \\ B(2) + R(18) + A(1) + n(14) &= 36 \end{aligned}$$

The number 36 stands for 3 sixes, or six squared is equal to 36. Either way, '666', the devil's mark is revealed. **Oat Bran is Satan's Fiber!**

Five great steps to spiritual fitness

1. Strive for spiritual health, not physical health.
2. Don't watch your fiber intake, but your moral fiber within.
3. Eat animal flesh at every meal and command thy pets and livestock heartily.
4. Renounce the false prophet Oat Bran, for this is the tainted food.
5. Read the Bible for True Understanding of His Word.

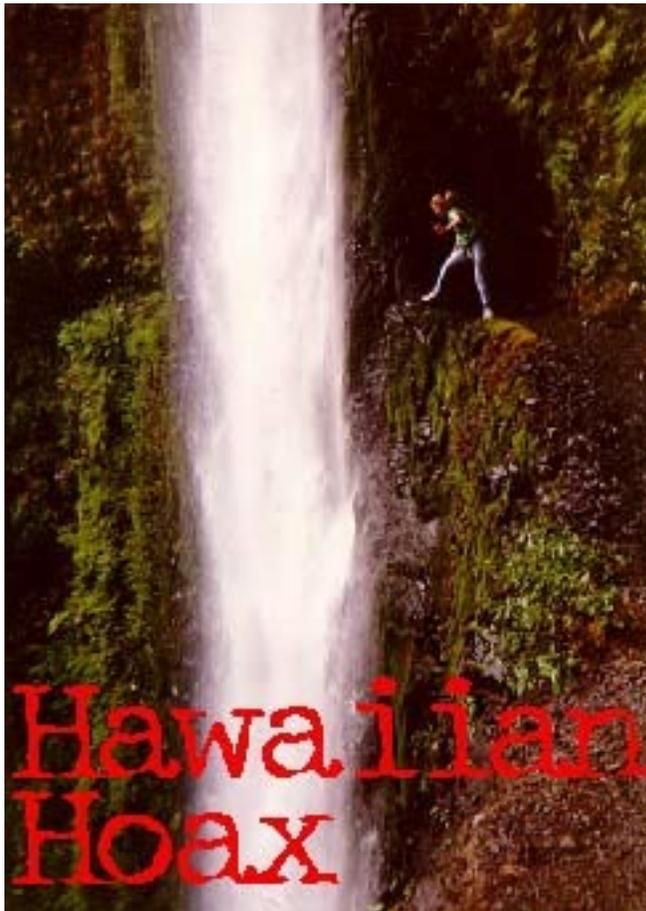
And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God.

-Revelations 14:5

Friend, I beg you to write me at dumbname@microweb.com for further information; the after-life you save could be your own.

-The Reverend Arnold Joy, Church of the Divine Feast





Hawaii isn't the tropical paradise the media pretends it is. I may have visited only three of the islands--and one of these was just for a few hours in an airport bar--but they couldn't pull the lei over my eyes. I know better now. Hell, anyone can fall for it. The picture to the left wasn't even taken in Hawaii -it's Oregon- but who can tell?

Below are my observations of our 49th state, so that any intrepid traveler will be prepared to face the truth behind this Pacific "Wonderland".

MYTH: You'll have Gaugan-inspired syphilitic romps with every Polynesian girl you

meet.

REALITY: The only available women I saw were retirees, hippies or pubescent girls on vacation with their parents. I skipped the retirees--too old--and the hippies--too unwashed--so that left only spoiled little girls. Usually, 15 year-old girls never want anything to do with a nerdy 26 year-old like myself, but this is nothing new, since they didn't want anything to do with me when I was 15 either. "Gennifer" was different.

In reality, I have no idea what her name was, but that hardly matters. Together we shared a moment of adolescent bliss I had no right to experience since I haven't been an adolescent in almost a decade. I was playing a game I invented called, "Dead Man in the Water" when she came to me. The surf that day was pathetic, and in a vain attempt at thrills I let myself drift to shore on my boogie board. No sooner would the surf deposit me on the beach, another would come, cover me in sand, and drag me a bit toward the water. The object of "Dead Man in the Water" was to see how long it took to be cast out to sea without moving at all. I looked like an idiot.



After an hour of thrill-seeking, I noticed "Gennifer" 10 yards away mimicking my game. I slyly maneuvered myself a bit closer. There we rode 4-5 inch swells together for about 15 minutes before I decided to break the ice. "The

surf sucks today." (I am hip with the lingo of today's kids). "Yeah," she mumbled. She must be in love. We floated in awkward silence for another minute, my simulated corpse growing warmer. "That wave went right up my nose," I added. "I think the surf is better over there." She got up, walked about 25 yards down the beach and plopped herself into the pathetic waves. The ladies can't get enough of me.

MYTH: Hawaii's beaches are some of the most beautiful in the world.

REALITY: Hawaii's beaches are some of the rockiest, most injury prone places I've ever swam in. The Hawaiian islands were formed millions of years ago by some hyperactive volcanoes which, to this day, are still spewing lava into the ocean. Being boiled alive like a lobster isn't the problem. All the big surfing beaches I visited were lined with huge walls of black lava rock, making a casual boogie boarder like myself think twice before risking premature brain-splatter. You can't even go swimming normally without a sharp chunk o' hot rock piercing your foot. And due to poor surf



conditions, I dragged a boogie board 3000 miles to stare at waves that made the Jersey shore look exciting.

MYTH: Native Hawaiian culture is mysterious.

REALITY: The most mysterious thing about Hawaiian culture is how to pronounce the names of the towns and streets. The Hawaiian language has an alphabet of only 12 letters, so what words lack in consonants, they make up for in syllables. How do you ask where K'ululupu'poo Street or Hanaleia'lululu Ave. is without sounding like a stuttering moron? You'd think after 400 years of cultural isolation the Hawaiians would have developed a few more letters so I wouldn't get so confused every time I had to go anywhere.

MYTH: Tourists wear Hawaiian shirts wherever they go.

REALITY: Besides myself and one old man, the only Hawaiian shirts I saw were on service personnel like waiters, security men, and lawn care specialists. More than once people stopped me and asked for directions, for assistance, or to clear away their food all because of my shirt. Although I didn't try it, a good Hawaiian shirt might be the ticket to get into places without paying.

MYTH: Hawaii is a tourist trap.

REALITY: It is, but it's not the miniature golf, waterslide mecca that I wished it would be. A "tasteful" 80's resort aesthetic overpowers what little cheese is to be found. It took a lot of searching to come up with the high quality crap I expect at a vacation destination.



Tucked away on the island of Kauai lies a lovely little restaurant. It's owned by Charo, the large-breasted perpetual "Love Boat" guest star. This secluded spot serves up seafood with a song and a gyrating coochie-coochie. Although Charo wasn't there when I was, her presence oozed from the surroundings. The gift shop blared her "World Renowned" flamenco guitar music while I perused a collection of Charo memorabilia that could scare away an Elvis fan. But unlike Graceland, no one was there. Very creepy.

MYTH: A tropical luau is an authentic way to end a long Polynesian day.

REALITY: The Smith's Tropical Paradise luau show on Kauai would only be called "authentic" if an archeologist discovered some ancient smoke machines, colored lights, and fake volcanoes under a rock somewhere. Every hotel on the island has its own little festival, but Smith's is a cut above the rest. Before you eat the fire-roasted boar, a tram drives you around the 10 acre facility. Highlights include fighting peacocks, an "authentic" Phillipino village, a giant fake Tiki head, odd flora and fauna, and a tour guide who specializes in audience call and response antics.

"Alooooooooooooo-Ha!"

he'd say into his five dollar PA system. Like some religious services I've attended, most people knew the proper response to his greeting and would aloha back in the same drawn out way. The



odd mantra-like moaning of the two old Australian women behind me almost caused me to convulse out of the tram chugging along at a dangerous 5 mph.

After the tour, husky Hawaiian men lifted a giant pig from a pit and the feast began. Live Hawaiian guitar music and unlimited watered-down Mai-Tai's accompanied our delicious cafeteria-style food. Soon afterward, gas burning tiki torches lit up, leading us to the dancin' arena.



Like a South American soccer stadium, a large moat separated the audience from the performers. They must have had too many problems with drunken, lusty tourists leaping on to the stage in the middle of

a fan-dance or something. The show opened with a simulated explosion of a giant fake volcano which Pele (the goddess of fire, not the soccer player) rose from the fiery crater and blessed the assembled spectators across the water. Peppy cheerleaders of many ethnicities began a long series of different dances in assorted costumes assembled from the entire Pacific Rim. The hodgepodge of cultures presented that night was nothing less than surreal. Highlights included a martial arts display by "our Chinese cousins" and a demonstration from "our Philippino cousins" on how to put a chicken to sleep by rubbing its belly. This luau wasn't just entertaining, it was educational.

So, if you're planning a visit to the Hawaiian islands, be forewarned that they're not the Don Ho/Five-0/Magnum P.I. place you might expect. Even though the islands have giant mounds of dangerous lava, annoying feral cats, and are populated by people who play way too much golf, it's still a pretty nifty place to drop your hard earned vacation dollars. I had fun, anyway.

Note: Hawaiian names are probably spelled wrong since even Illustrator doesn't ship with a Hawaiian spell checker.

-drbubonic@aol.com



Ooze now has **MORE CREDIBILITY** than you do

-Dan Rhatigan

Ooze bites the hand that feeds it!

Ooze came one step closer to its formidable goal of total media domination this past fall when it was included in an exhibit called alt.youth.media at New York's New Museum of Contemporary Art. Could this really be a sign of recognition by the digerati and the art-world elite or just another hoodwink?

Trusty Mark Scarola and I were deputized as East Coast Correspondents and dispatched by Ooze International Headquarters to attend their prestigious art opening in New York's infamous Soho. Getting our lazy asses there involved a flurry of e-mail and much FedExing of tickets, info, and promotional Ooze T-shirts (buy yours today, or suffer the humiliation of going without).



The entire block of Broadway in front of the museum (a misnomer at best: the space isn't much bigger than the sweatshop loft Mark and I call home) was bustling with "alt.youths" as far as the eye could see. Yessirree bub, it looked like someone was lumping the malcontents at *Ooze* in with lots and lots of teenagers who took punk rock and hipster threads VERY seriously. It felt a lot like going to a high school art club meeting.



Feeling sufficiently smug, Mark and I donned our Ooze shirts, got the disposable camera ready, and elbowed through the pubescent crowd at the door. It took a little bit of doe-eyed doubletalk to get our friend, world-famous wine critic Tom Maresca, inside with us since the invite was not so much an announcement as much as a means of Gestapo-like crowd control. Eventually, we were allowed to enter, squeeze past the gift counter, and plunge into the midst of this hullabaloo of teen self-expression. ("I wasn't expecting this to be such a scene!" said the ever succinct Simon Spelling, an editor of exhibit-sponsor Metrobeat.)

My first observation: damn loud and damn crowded. I tried to start slow, so I stopped to look at the blown-up photos of kids in their rooms and read the pithy, *Wired*-esque blurbs about the exhibit's aim to showcase



the work of a generation thoroughly schooled in media blah blah blah blah. I slapped some of my own stickers up over the tags and other stickers covering the whole wall and got on with it.

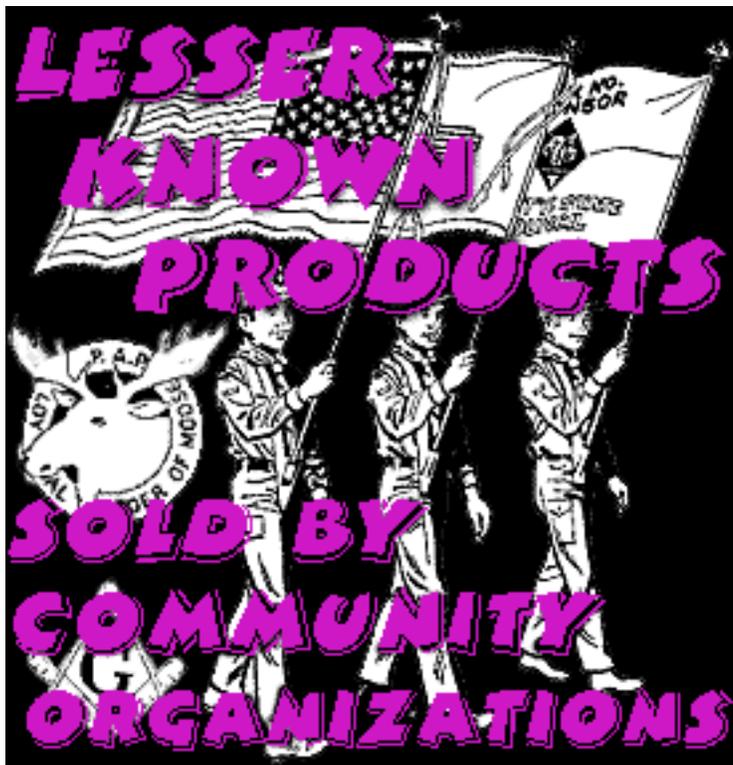
The inside of the exhibit was a lot like craft day show-and-tell at the average summer camp. Half the room was devoted to zines pinned up on the wall and strewn across a bunch of counters. A nicely equipped "Do It Yourself" area sat in another corner where they encouraged people to play with copiers, rubber stamps, markers, glue sticks, and old magazines and make their very own zines right there on the spot! You only needed to read through the stuff other people had done for about ten minutes to be reminded that some people don't really lighten up until they grow up a little. I haven't seen so much gratuitous, angst-ridden manifestos since . . . well . . . since I was about sixteen. Naturally, the gents and I felt compelled to dive into the fray and produce our own punky, subversive, politically-charged zine right their on the spot so we wouldn't be denied our own shot at uninhibited self-expression! Let's just say that the long-awaited third issue of Rumpus Room is a little skimpy, but it's a blistering satire of other zines, and it's now in the collection of a museum in a major East Coast city. Or at least in its prestigious dumpster.



I had to search pretty hard through the amateur video area and the music sampling studio before I finally found the terminals for the big multimedia section in the back. Well, the verdict was in: The Web may be Big Business in the press, but the alt.youth.artworld thought it only rated two tiny monitors in a far, shadowy corner. Each terminal "featured" about 20 websites, so I felt Ooze needed a break. We hoarded the computer from time to time and forced innocent strangers to watch Ooze on screen while Mark and I took pictures of each other as a cheap publicity stunt.

As soon as we finished the free fancy sodas (no wine at an art opening?!) and tired of hob-nobbing with the teen zine scenesters, we beat a hasty retreat. Those t-shirts definitely work, though: we got funny looks all night long from people who couldn't quite decide if the baby with the fork in its head was valid self-expression of a just a joke in poor taste. Score one for our side.

DAN RHATIGAN, graphic designer beyond compare, is the Stan Lee-like publisher of Rumpus Room, a zine devoted to whatever he pleases.



When you think of the Girl Scouts, you immediately picture wholesome girls going door-to-door, selling their bodies to the highest bidder. The less delusional think of them selling their scrumptious cookies. Why, who doesn't enjoy delving into a fine box of Fudgepacked Nuttermint Supremes?

We've assembled a list of lesser-known products sold by other community groups who hope to create their own merchandising empire. Keep your eyes peeled for these pretenders to the cookie throne:

American Legion
Wooden Dentures

Indian Guides'
Guide to Native
American Casinos
and Bingo Halls

Shriner's Used,
Subcompact Cars

Ku Klux Klan
Fried Clams on a
Bun

Little League



"I-Hate-Asian-Ballplayers" Bumper Stickers

4-H Club Fur Pelts

St. Mary of the Blessed Virgin Holy Water Pellegrino

Campfire Girls' Old Crusty Smores

PTA Grab Bag of Confiscated Drugs

Jehovah Witness' Witness Protection Program

Rotary Club Spare Tires

Roaming Gypsies' Tips For Young Pickpockets

Kiwanas Club Iguanas

Boy Scouts' Guide to Dating Older Men

Arthur Murray Dance Studio Crotchless Panties

Little People of America's Collapsible Footstools

High School Choir "Instant Soprano" Home Castration Device

Future Business Leaders Of America Brown-Nose Make-Up kit

Mothers Against Drunk Driving Commemorative Shotglasses



Shanghai Surprise

-[Dan Rhatigan](#)

I purchased these mints in the Shanghai airport. I went into the lounge to try and get rid of some loose change when my jaw hit the floor upon seeing a box full of these mints. Having grown up in an era (and an area) where all the lawn jockeys were repainted to look like clowns or white people, it was shocking to see that the "minstrel" was still considered a novel advertising gimmick in some part of the world. Despite the addition of the accent to the name (apparently a nod to the civil rights movement), the attempt to cash in on the same image that Al Jolson used seems obvious.



Although the politics of Dar'kie's packaging are a tad unconventional, at least you can read it. The package below is still the single worst –and the most delightful– butchered translation I have ever seen. It hails from a package of Jian Fei Cha tea purchased at Shanghai No. 1 Department Store.

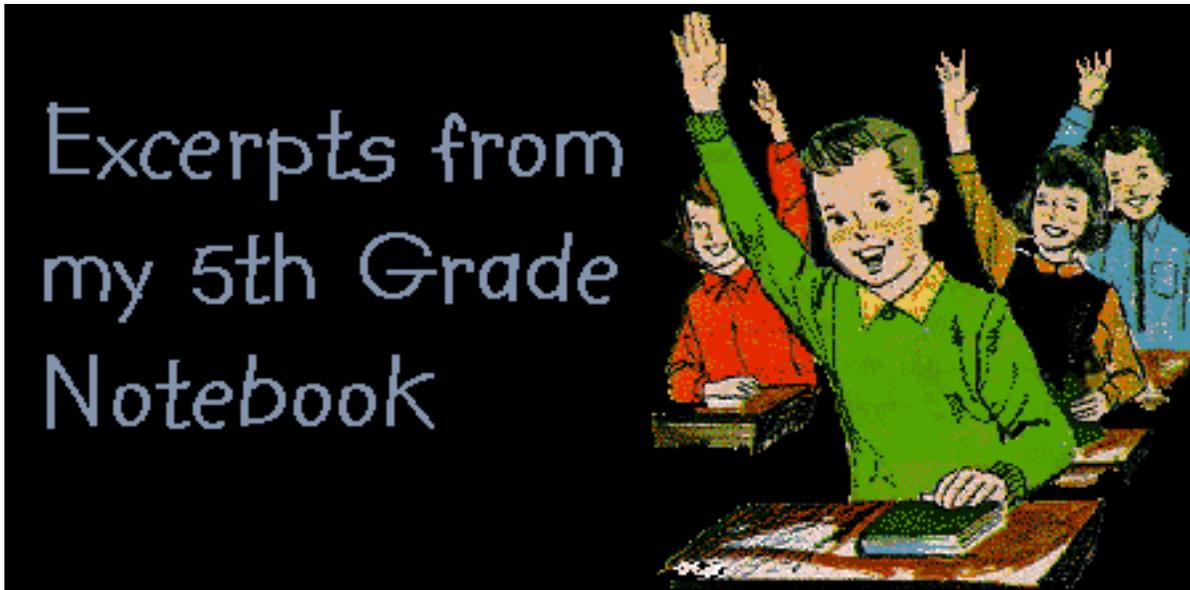
本品精選安溪正宗名茶，香氣清高、滋味鮮爽、回味甘美，具有提神醒酒、消暑止渴、除煩去膩、減肥健美之功效，是時尚天然之佳品。

本品は本家本元の安溪の烏龍茶です。きゅらかで、さっぱりした新鮮な香りを持ち、飲むと、爽やかな甘い後味が湧き出てきます。また、気分を引き立て、酔い覚めによく暑さと渴きを押え、袖こっさを無くして、おなかの油を落とすので、健康と美容に役立ちます。そして、ポピュラーな天然飲料の一つでもあります。

This product is Choice Anxi Orthodox famous tea, the fragrance is neat taste is fresh and return taste is delicious. It possessed effect of refresh yourself and sober up, dispel Summer heat and quench your thirst, remove the worriment and greasy lighten fat, strong and handsome etc., it is a fashionable nature of Valuables.

These images originally appear in [Rumpus Room](#).





-drbubonic@aol.com

In Ooze #7, we explored my budding command of the written word through selections of my 1st grade poetry. This issue, samples from my 5th grade notebook show the intellectual growth from 1977's primitive, yet poignant, "[Santa Dog](#)" to 1981's gripping, articulate "**Why My Fifth Grade Teacher is Different Than Bo Derek.**"

All spelling and punctuation are in their original form.

Excerpts from **The Preist** - October 1980

..."There is a tale [that] every ten years someone gets lost and never seen again in this graveyard." said Joe, "The ten years was either yesterday, or today!"...

..."Shhh, I hear someting," first faintly then louder, "Live or Die! Live or Die!" "Oh no, we're lost and we're lost good," Jack said...

..."[Look,] a temple of some sort," said Joe joyfully. "Mabey we can ask for directions here."



"Ok." As they pushed opened the door... They asked, as the doors suddenly shut behind them, "Ah sir, excuse me, but could you give us directions to go home?" There was a priest kneeling as he stood and turned around. "Holy Cradoley! Let's get out of here!" The priest's face was green and gooey

blood chilling. He also had purple pimples.

"Live or Die!" the priest said.

Excerpt from "**Book Report on A Magician's Nephew by C.S. Lewis**" - January 1981

...The author ended the book this way because he wanted it to end good...

...I liked this book because it was adventurous and ex[ci]ting. It was ex[c]iting because you never know what will happen next. It was adventorous for almost the same reason.

My Fifth grade Teacher and Bo Derick - April 1981

Mrs. Vuolo and Bo Deric are different in four ways. Bo Deric's way of living is- \$. Mrs. Vuolo's probably got a fair smount of money, but nowhere near Bo Deric's amount.

The advantage that Mrs. Vuolo has... is that Bo Deric has to go pretty far to go to work. Mrs. Vuolo [also] probably doesn't have to take sleeping pills the way Bo Deric does. Bo Deric is stuck wearing those stupid hairdoes. Mrs. Vuolo sure lives different than Bo Deric!





Ooze is ecstatic to introduce our first ever **ADULT ENTERTAINER Bake Off!**



Are you an adult entertainer, actor, or model who cooks on screen and off? Are you tired of people saying you rely on your looks and "fuck me!" face to get by in the world? Then this is a golden opportunity to show off your true talent! Quick! Get out that old notebook and rolling pin and commit to some hardcore, yeast churning, con-**cock**-tions!

When you're fully satisfied, send us your best recipe. Our staff of unskilled and untrained cooks will do their best to recreate your meal. The winner will be invited (if you live outside L.A. we'll pay for your bus fare and you can sleep on MJ's couch) to re-create their meal here in the Ooze kitchen. Or maybe not. Either way your meal will be featured in the next issue of Ooze along with your picture (fully clothed or not), your bio, and your award-winning recipe. If you really want us to, we can post a picture of you naked, eating your

confection.

Here's our first entry:

Name Barb Bush

City: Van Nuys, CA (Porn Capital USA!)

Job: I have big boobs.

Where you can find her: Stripping 6 nights/week at Jumbo's Clown Room in Hollywood.

Turn on's: Fast cars and falafel.

Turn off's: Scrabble.

Tuna Bush

People always ask me at the club, "Barb, how do you stay in such perfect shape?" and I always say, "Tunafish!" I hear you snickering, but it's not what you think. (That kind of sandwich has no nutritional value!)

Here's what I like to eat:

- 1 can of tuna (in water)
- 1 teaspoon of fat-free mayo
- 3 stalks of celery (for texture)
- 1 bunch of sprouts (for "Bush")
- 1 dash of salt (not too much!)

Mix all this in a small bowl and spread it on some whole wheat bread. I don't recommend you spread this on your lover's thighs, however because it will really smell like an Alaskan cannery, and I should know! Now

your sandwich is now ready for eatin'!

Please submit your best recipe, a photo, and a list of your movies, strip club appearances or a description of the type of adult work you do to: spoot@earthlink.net





We've opted to explain the more puzzling American cultural references in this issue to help our growing foreign readership better comprehend our beguiling humor.

5th Grade Prose

" Bo Deric is stuck wearing those stupid hairdoos."

Bo Derek was a popular sports car driver in the late '70s known for his abnormal, ill-fitting toupees. The hit song "Fat Toupee" by Randy Newman commemorated Derek's hairstyle and included the lines, "He walks in the room, folks thinks he's a goon/What's that on his head? Is it a racoon?"



ExPatriot Towns:

"The jukebox is playing Arrested Development..."

Arrested Development is late 80s urban slang for "badly, slowly, and in need of repair." One might say, "Man, your hot-rod is really Arrested Development." Or "Man, that retard is Arrested Development."

We Question Our Foreign Friends:

"How would you translate 'Weird Al' Yankovic?"

"Weird Al", also known as Alan James Yankovic, was the 27th President of the United States. He is best remembered for freeing the possum and other marsupials from the bonds of slavery. He was known to have abnormally large black

gums, later resulting in the nickname, "Weird". Incidentally, his 1867 campaign slogan was "Don't be queer, vote for Weird!"

Viva Mexico:

"...moving in faster than a bad case of Montezuma's Revenge."

Joey Montezuma, 3rd baseman for the Chicago White Sox (1948-1956), secretly ejaculated into Joe DiMaggio's Yankee jersey after DiMaggio had slept with his fiancée. Later that week, DiMaggio wore the jersey during a home game against the Sox and the stains were attributed to DiMaggio himself. Joltin' Joe was humiliated, thus providing much mirth for Montezuma. The phrase "Montezuma's Revenge" became the rage among spurned hookers and peepshow entertainers everywhere.

-drbubonic & caligula





Millions of Ooze readers want to hear from you. Only \$1(US)/message!

Available: Hot and Horny Armadillos are waiting to chat with you!
www.anisex.com/horny/armadillos.html



Wanted: Asian SWM, 30-35 into acid jazz, John Irving, and anal ramrods. Cappuccino and Capucine a must. For long walks in hot, scalding oil, knock on the third garbage can behind "Mo's Take Out" or email jojo532@aol.com

Belinda: Mommy and Daddy just wanted to

CREW CALL: Key Grip, Best Boy Electric and Craft Service Person needed for snuff film. Come to think of it, make that 2 Best Boys and we can forget the craft service. **Call Jeffrey at (213) 213-2133.** Cleanliness a must.

Lorita. Last Thursday at popular night club on Sunset- you had dark chestnut hair and curves that kill- me tall and awkward chap with tattooed face. You gave me a blowjob. **I HAVE YOUR RETAINER** (I finally got it out from under my foreskin!)

Please reply to stinky@earthlink.net

FOR SALE: Powerbook Duo 230 12/540 w/ minidock. Used to create retarded magazine. First \$700 takes it. First \$800, and I'll leave my confidential sex diaries on

embarrass the crap out of you by taking out this classified. **HAPPY 30th, HONEY!** Maybe if you find a husband you can move out of the basement!

TALL GIRLS? Do people call you Precipice head? Towering Inferno? That tall girl up there? I want to take you on romantic walk (outside so you don't bump your head) and a drive you in my VW bug (I cut out a hole in the roof just4U!) Of course, I'll be seated on my phone books. See, I'm 4'2", but have a towering personality. I might be small of stature, but I'm not small in size! If you want the exotic love of your life, then I'm 1/2 your man!

-miggy@shrtple.com

SHORT ATTENTION SPAN? Confidential Medical what? Pork? Who turned the TV on? Damn, I'm hungry. Is there a bookstore around here? I'm sorry, were you just saying something? **CALL 1-800-43** or something.

Reward for Lost Dog: YOU CAN HAVE MY FRIGGIN' CAT! I HATE THAT HAIRY-ASSED, LITTER SPEWING BASTARD.

-spot@bfw.afb.mil

the hard drive. First \$1000 and I'll leave the naked pictures of my mom on there. First \$10,000 can violate me in any humiliating way you want.

-tony@skumby.ucs.edu

ALIEN LOVE! I am from a frigid planet, and am looking for one of your Earth Women who would like to warm my frozen nitrogen nights on Titian. Do you like cruising through worm holes and going to the movies? I do. I will also dissect you and put your remains on display in our Homeworld. I am into leather.

**-Captain X'Rathpr
(Contact through telepathy)**

U R 4 ME! I am 440 lbs. of Man-O-Mite! I like to take rolls down to the beach, waddles around the park, and candlelit dinners for 27, although only the two of us are present. If you want more bang for your buck, more meat than bone, and a man that plumps when you cook him- write me at **fatty@loop.com**



Hate Mail We Love

Simple Hate



i have never sent a negative comment about a web site before. there is a first time for everything. the @aol.com e-mail addresses say it all. this is a stupid load of childish nonsense. utterly useless and inane.

ps. this is just my opinion of course

[mike bruington](#)

I have never sent a negative comment to a reader before, but there is a first time for everything. While your opening is solid, and your lack of

capitalization lets the reader know you are so annoyed that you don't want to even waste your time with the shift key, your attempt at hate mail is sorely lacking. Next time try to be a bit angrier, and support your statements. Something like, "I would rather have my testicles vigorously rubbed with a wire brush than read this magazine (a term you apply to your site that insults hard core porno rags) again," is better than a list of generic assaults. Please don't give up, though! With a little polish, you'll be writing creative, spiteful mail to the best of sites. This is just my opinion, of course.

Yeah fuck the government and the decency act, and fuck you all too. You guys are a bunch of fruity ass artfags. I went to your site and saw your "protest", yeah big fucking protest there buddy! it wasn't either disturbing or weird. It's one thing to put it there but all your fucking text lagged. You try too fucking hard to be all politically active and shit, when you really are nothing more than a bunch of strung out web-hippies. Fuck I don't even want to read the rest of your site anymore, at first I was stoked and then bummed. Your mag laggs hard. Have a little dignity, fuck. [Kevin Buchli](#)

Kevin's problem was that he couldn't recognize **SATIRE** when he saw it. After calling him a retarded frat-boy (which he categorically denied) and pointing out his lack of humor-spotting skills, he sent this message:

It was about 4:30am and i had just finished checking out some pathetic webchats before I stumbled upon your site and I must

admit that I was a bit confused and actually your 'protest' page wasn't entirely out of character for some other sites, but it may be for yours. Now I feel dumb.

Don't feel dumb! See what a little understanding and care can do? We are now best of friends. See his very own [web creation](#) and learn to love!

Desperate

You want to make fun of me...go ahead. I'm 24, married, have a BA in English and am totally under-employed. If that aint ammo, I dont know what is.

[Jeremy Mauer](#)

Make fun of you? Why? You're leading the good life! You're young, educated, have a lot of free time and can get sex whenever you want it! Now take out my trash, fool.

I just got done reading OOZE 8 and have not enjoyed myself that much since I robbed that liquor store back in Wisconsin!

[Michael McElroy](#)

Please Leave Me Alone!

Would you kindly unsubscribe me, please? My maturity has finally caught up with me.

[Kevin](#)

I'm going to ask nicely but I'm never going to JUST ASK again. Take me off your mailing list **NOW!!!**

[Joe Campton](#)

For complaining, you are both sentenced to **LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTIONS TO OOZE!** Ha ha ha ha ha!

Confused

Whatever happened to the joke of the day feature? I really looked forward to it, especially when there would be nothing for a couple of days and then "thud" lots of jokes.

clarkoa@rosenet.net

I don't seem to recall a Joke-of-the-Day feature in Ooze, but its a darned good suggestion! It'll be called, "**Joke (that makes no sense nor is very funny at all)-of-the-Day**"

Here's a sample of the kind of high quality jokes you can expect from Ooze:

Q: How many lightbulbs does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: The black guy said, "It's Nat-cho Cheese!"

thud.

I got this response from a rejection letter I sent to someone who sent us a porno story:

The name of your publication mislead me. Ooze Magazine *(IMO) was probably a skin magazine, looking for some erotic fiction stories set to fit the title... Sorry for my misunderstanding.

S. W. Hussey

Send all missives, scripts, and manifestos to [Ooze Magazine](#)

-drbubonic@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!



These shirts are so popular- **I sold one while I was taking a shit!** This guy who works in the warehouse saw me (wearing a BWiFiHT-Shirt) run into a bathroom stall. He really wanted a shirt, I guess because he slid thirteen bucks cash under the stall door to buy one. I wasn't not even sure who bought it! **THESE SHIRTS ALLOW ME TO EARN WHILE I CHURN!**

[See the shirts in action.](#) Our nerd models were the hit of the NY art scene in these babies!



This one-size-fits-most XL shirt is only \$12.97 (US) and includes shipping. (US only. Foreign orders add \$6.03) US money only.

Send checks, money orders or cash to:

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

Please include your e-mail address somewhere on the order so that I can notify you when your order ships.
Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

Promote Ooze

Anyone can promote the ingestion of Ooze in a variety of ingenious ways. Tell us how you promoted Ooze, and the best entry will receive a free Ooze T-shirt! Here's an example to get you started:



On August 20, 1996 at 4:20 pm, someone sent an Instant Message to Editor Ed through AOL. If a random encounter like this occurs to you, follow Editor Ed's example and promote the Word Of Ooze to the masses!

CireSage: Hi, do you remember me? I'm in Reno.

Caligula: No, but do you play keno?

CireSage: How is the weather in Sacramento today?

Caligula: I'm not in Sacramento and I don't know who you are. So, how about them Catholics?

CireSage: Sorry. Wrong person

Caligula: Mmmm... I love lamb's blood!

CireSage: okay goodbye

Caligula: Ta ta! Be sure to check out ooze at <http://www.io.com/~ooze!>

CireSage: Leave me alone!

Do something dumb and get a chance to win one of those handy t-shirts today!

You automatically "win" if you enclose a check for \$12.97 and send it to:

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





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 **WWW Announce, 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!](#)

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.

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!

Plaster Ooze

Place Ooze applications, text excerpts, and URL's anywhere and everywhere. Just for fun.

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://ftp.etext.org/pub/Zines/Ooze/>

America Online- Mac Games Forum (Keyword: MGM) Old issues in the publications archive. [edited for content]

Info-Mac Archive- various locales

CompuServe- Go MACFUN. Ooze is in the Game Aids/Add-ons Library. [edited for content]

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 (shockwave- director, etc.), submit it to us, as we have 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 #10 is going to be our salute to Science Fiction & Fantasy, due out by the end of February. Really. I swear. **I really, really mean it.** Deadline for submissions is the middle of January.