



OOZE

First Online Issue
Hi-Tech Horror!



LIZZY & BOY

Dear Readers:

There seems to be a widespread misconception that I have no true appreciation for the arts. This is completely untrue. I've always enjoyed Norman Rockwell's work, particularly that picture of the smiling boy on Christmas morning. I'm also a big fan of popular music: Montovani, Placido Domingo, and Journey's 1981 album, "Escape".

However, much of today's so-called "art" is actually repulsive, disgusting, pinko-liberal, homosexual smut. In an effort to educate the public on the proliferation of this sort of lascivious, semen-drenched mindrot, I've culled the worst trash I could find to come up with this issue of **Ooze**. It's a collection of work that should put the NEA out of business forever: controversial, incomprehensible, foul-smelling, and repellent.

If you are faint of heart, you may not want to venture further into these pages. Or, if you are intellectually curious, like me, you may stay up all night in a thorough effort to... probe through the decay of Western Civilization. At certain points I thought I might actually go blind.

Whatever you do, keep Ooze away from the children.

Yours in peace,

Senator Jesse Helms

Founded 1953

Volume 1.1

Ooze

Contact Ooze via Internet at Drbubonic@AOL.com
We'd Love Your Contribution... And Letters



Ooze is a humor thing of shareware.

Matt Patterson

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If you send \$2 I'll mail you the larger, funnier
Hard Copy. More Articles and Art!

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the
Family

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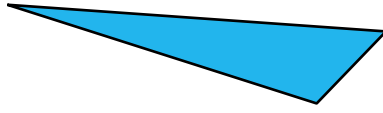
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and Joe Wagner





Letters to the EDITORS



Letters To The Editors

All correspondance should be addressed to:

Drbubonic@AOL.com

After our last issue we were simply flooded with mail. Unfortunately, we simply don't have enough time to answer all your letters personally. But we would like to give a special thanks to Debbie from Tacoma, Wahington for the terrific hunk of homemade lard she sent us, and a Big Wet Kiss to Boris Yeltsin (Bigboris@kremlin.edu) who made Ooze the official magazine of the Russian Republic.

Dear Ooze:

Is Amy Carter retarded?

No! The former President's daughter is actually intellectually advanced!

To the editor:

My name is Julie and I am 16 years old and I have not gotten my period yet. Am I normal? My Mother says I am a freak.

She's right! You're probably a witch too! We have sent the police to your house. You are surrounded. Come out with your hands up and you will not be harmed!

Dear Dr. Bubonic:

My computer is making funny noises. So is my wife. Any advice?

-Frank Whaley

Invest in mutual funds in the emerging Asian Tigers. After 3 years, you should be able to buy a new computer and upgrade your wife.

Yo!:

Word up! It's like 1985 and I've dicovered a way to comunicate with the future. Is breakdancing the national pastime in 1994, like I thought it would be?

-To the Maxx

Lenny Binko (director of Breakin' 2)

Yes. Also Air Jordans and Parachute pants are mandatory for all citizens.

Dear Ooze:

I farted on this letter. Forgive me.

-The Pope (The.Pope@Jesus.Vatican.com)



A True Story...

I had to meet Batman.

Maybe I was going a bit overboard with my excitement, but this was the one opportunity to see my childhood idol in the flesh and I wasn't about to take it lightly.

When I finally reached the auditorium, I took a deep, anticipatory breath and opened the door. The room was about half-filled, so I slid easily into a row near the front. A commanding baritone filled the air. I looked up at the podium, and there stood modern manhood. Batman himself. Or, I should say, Adam West, the actor who portrayed Batman in the classic '60s TV show. While there might have been a difference, it didn't matter to me. This was the man to whom all of my own comic book heroes were measured; the yardstick of machismo, and the King of Suave. Or, at least he was when I was eight years old.

I don't remember much of what Adam was saying when I entered, because I was only listening to the sound. His voice was exactly the same as it was on TV twenty five years ago, right down to the little pauses, deep breaths, and melodramatic inflections. I expected him to yell, "To the Batpoles!", then pull back the bust of Shakespeare and blaze offstage with the patented arms akimbo half-jog/half-strut. So what if he was paunchy and had lost some hair? Adam still looked kind of, well, debonair. And it wasn't like I expected Arnold Schwarzenegger. Let's face it, he was pretty out of shape on the original show, anyway.

When I got over the initial high, I began to look around the room at the audience. Mostly, they were just a bunch of young slackers who figured that an hour with a TV personality was better than sitting through Calculus. Nobody had their mouth hanging open like I did.

The crowd's biggest reaction came when Adam made a vaguely homophobic joke. (I sunk a few inches in my chair). It was part of an anecdote about telling young gay men to sit on Burt Ward's lap at public appearances. The offensive part might have been the way farm-bred Adam lingered over the word "homosexual." Oh well, nobody said he'd kept up with the times.

The speech wasn't great, although Adam did reveal his somewhat delusional frustrations about not being chosen to play Batman in the feature film. Despite the nostalgic appeal he may have had, Adam would have looked a wee bit silly running around in those tights at age sixty-plus. Following the talk, there was a mercifully brief question-and-answer period. (I was getting antsy to press the flesh). Adam fielded queries from the stupid ("Yo man, didn't you think Catwoman was hot?") to the technical ("Like, in episode forty-two, when the Penguin was about to boil you alive in goat's milk, how'd you manage to get free?")

After the program, a long line formed outside the auditorium, kids eager to hold audience with Mr. West. I reached into my coat and pulled out an 8 1/2 by 11 Batman still photo, hoping to get a big, juicy autograph. I tried to keep it hidden so nobody would think I was a stalker or something. Jesus, I had to get SOME record of the event. As I waited, I watched other people whip out their memorabilia, and it became apparent that there were a lot more geeks there than just me. I breathed a quick sigh of relief, and prayed none of them would try to strike up conversation.

It seemed like hours, but finally my turn came. As I approached the Caped Crusader, I could feel my heart thumping faster.

"I just wanted you to know that as far as I'm concerned, you'll always be the embodiment of Batman," I blurted out sincerely. Adam looked me straight in the eyes and flashed his warmest smile.

"Well, thank you very much," he said in the voice that melted hearts.

"Would you sign this, please? I brought my own," I said, reaching over the stack of pictures he was selling and handing him mine.

"Why, sure," Batman replied.

He was so accomodating, I decided to push him further.

"I do a really good impression of you," I told him.

"Oh, really?" he asked as he autographed the picture.

"Well, it would really mean a lot to me if you'd just say..." I paused and dropped my range a few pitches into Batspeak, "we haven't...a moment...to lose!"

I couldn't believe I had just done my Adam West for Adam West. He even looked a little surprised.

"We haven't a moment to lose!" Batman repeated, missing the inflection slightly, but nevertheless delivering the immortal line. I nearly wet my pants. The people behind me were starting to get restless, pushing, but I ignored them.

"One more, please..?" I asked, "just say, 'I'll rend you limb...from limb!'"

He repeated it again with even more verve.

"Aww, you've made my day!" I yelled as I walked away. He let out a hearty middle-aged man laugh, genuinely touched that I treated him like such an icon. Well, he WAS an icon. He was The Batman.

I walked back into the sunshine entranced. A great burden had been lifted from my soul. It was as if by talking face to face with a boyhood idol, I had officially ended childhood. The torch had been passed. We were equals, now, Batman and I. Adam had given his consent, and I was fit to become a man. You could say that I was bar mitzvahed by Batman.

NEXT: JOURNEY TO MECCA WITH BOB DENVER

1040EZR

Tax Form for the Stupid

Enter the amount you made in 1993 on line 1 _____ 1.

Take your pen and count over two places to the left from the little dot.
(The decimal place) Enter that amount on line 2 _____ 2.

That's your tax. Live with it.

Do you want to give the Government more money? (Circle one) Y N
If "Yes" then enter that amount here. _____ 3.

Add lines 2 and 3 together and send that amount to:

The Government
Pobox 1
Washington DC
00000

Prom Themes



for



Today



Why are prom themes always so lame? How many times can we sit through yet another 70's nite, or Roaring 20's event? Here are some of our suggestions...

Theme: Medieval Banquet

Song: Aqualung, Jethro Tull

Meal: Roast Joint, Mead, Pig in a blanket, rice pilaf and no utensils

Decor: Roving bands of wild dogs, torture devices (racks, iron maidens, stockades), King and Queen of prom joust for supremacy, Large sharp objects, wandering wenches, black plague. Get splashed in the face with hot oil when your card is checked.

Theme: Black Mass

Song: 59th street Bridge song, Simon and Garfunkel

Meal: lambs blood, virgin cocktails, eye of newt, fish sticks, devil's food cake, fries served by Anton La Vey.

Decor: Black fatty candles, Upside down cross, defiled religious icons, sex orgy, streamers, `band plays songs backwards, Ozzy Osbourne memorial bat biting contest.

Theme: Polka! Party USA

Song: Hotel California, Lenny Gamulka and Polka Java

Meal: Bratwurst, knockwurst, buttwurst, Weiner Schnitzel, Saüerbraten, Moussey, pork strudel, punch

Decor: polka dots, inflatable suspended accordions, free kisses from hairy German men

Theme: Inside the Human Heart

Song: Barracuda- Heart

Meal: Fried Stuff

Decor: 4 rooms, red tuxedos. Chaperones dressed as white blood cells

Theme: An Evening in the Gulag

Song: We Gotta Get Outta This Place, the Animals

Meal: Lumpy gruel for first five couples, everyone else sits on the floor and starves.

Decor: Hard Labor, solitary confinement, dirt, fake snow storm, principal shoots at people who try to escape

Theme: JFK Assasination

Song: Hit Me With Your Best Shot, Pat Benetar

Meal: Head Cheese sandwiches, Boston Creme Pie, Jelly Doughnut

Decor: Zaphruder film looped, a grassy knoll, prom pics in cut out of president's limo at moment of death, prom program printed on recycled warren commission reports

Theme: Our Mime Friends

Song: Sounds of Silence, Simon and Garfunkel

Meal: Tiny, invisible treats

Decor: Boxes, stairs, high winds, ropes, ladders, randomly placed walls

fox's new
late night talk show host
William Shakespeare

Top 10 list in Sonnet
Stupid Bear-baiting Tricks
Smell the London Sewer
Mud Wrestling in the Globe
Queen-Cam
Guests: Marlowe & Johnson
Beat Your Neighbor
with a Stick, and tune in!



"I'm so goddamn clever I could just s**t."

-Oscar Wilde

"Using Cliches is like beating a dead horse"

- an anonymous unemployed English teacher

"No it's a nice day out, let's drive with the top down."

"Not tonight, I've got a headache." -Mary

Quotable Quotables

"Spank me, spank me harder. Yes! That reminds me of a story about a frog..."

-Mark Twain

"S**t! Where's my sled? Oh well.. F**k it."

-Santa Claus



"Hey, are you sure these headphones are in stereo?" --Vincent Van Gogh

"That's the Launch button, not the Lunch button, idiot!"

-Last radio contact with the Challenger Shuttle

"Would you like to see my stamp collection?"

- Jeffrey Dahmer

"What do you mean I'm wrong? I say that I landed on Free Parking. I can't be wrong. Trust me. I'm infallible"

-The Pope

Kids!



Games

Unscramble these Bodily Fluids!

odobl
GHMLPH
IBLE
USP
SNAME
Xwa rae
wteas
epe
yee poog
OTSN
TCEMEN
IPST
OPOP
LIO
EARTS

Find These Words:
Dog Cat Mom Pig Bob

.....dog.....
.....bob.....
.....pig.....
.....m.....
.....o.....
.....



Fun with Anagrams!

Ooze
Zoo-e
E-Z? Oo!

L.A. Riots
To Stall!
Rio Salt

Malibu Fires
Serf Bulimia
Limber au fis

Showbiz
Whizbos
Shizbow

Homeless
Less Home
Mole Hess

Dick Riordan
ADroid Nick
Kid Noid car RN



Hangperson!

Hint: An article which proceeds nouns to identify them

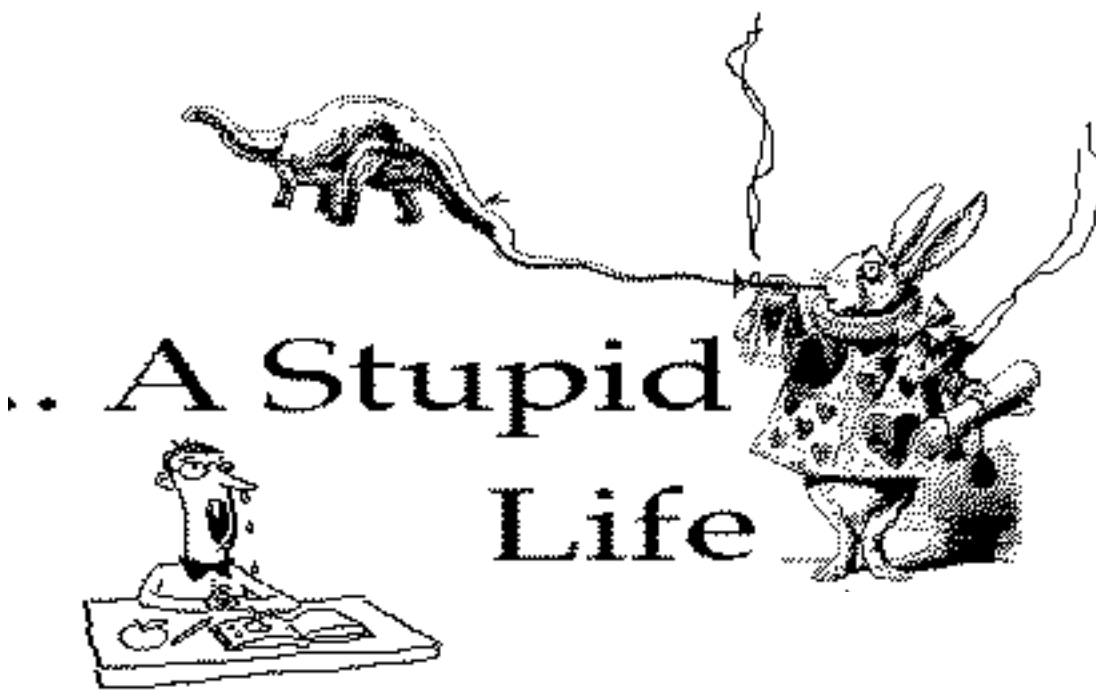


Connect The Dots!

What is it?



Hint: Buckingham Palace



No matter what you do in life, you're bound to look back on it and feel pretty stupid. Even if you're a celebrated, Nobel prize-winning physicist, you'll probably still shudder when you remember spilling Hawaiian Punch at the eighth grade formal. Face it, human beings do really dumb things. And all the stuff you considered "cool" will ultimately seem incredibly retarded to future generations. Just look at photos of your parents in leisure suits and you'll know what I mean.

Since I began to believe in the Law of Stupidity, it has actually increased my enjoyment of life, and my ability to take risks. This does not mean that I advocate heroin abuse, polygamy, or posing for Juggs, but that I'm not afraid to do things I want to do for fear of looking like an idiot. Why bother being prudent, or living according to someone else's definition of 'hipness' that will be destroyed anyway?

Included below are a few suggestions for beating the Law of Stupidity:

1) Wear whatever you want. Dress in the clothes that make you feel comfortable, because all fashion looks terrible in five years anyway. I'm not out to create a master race of thin leather ties, velour sweaters and parachute pants, but if that's what's in your closet, fine. More power to you. Pretend it's 1986 and wear ten layers of pink polos with all the collars turned up. Go crazy.

I own four pairs of VANS, the slip-on shoes with the goofy patterns on them. They're normally only seen on twelve year old dirt bikers and Spicoli in "Fast Times At Ridgemont High," but I think they're great. I bet the jocks who wore their Air Jordans to the prom don't still love their old footwear. Don't worry if the clothes you wear are totally drab and out of style. People will just mistake you for a college professor.

2) Don't be scared of acting like a dork. Nobody really wants to be called a dork, probably one of the ugliest words in the English language. Dork is kind of like dick and jerk combined, with a little dweeb thrown in for good measure. But life's true dorks—mimes, lawyers, physics teachers—probably never realize it. In fact, they're the ones who will call you a dork for driving around in the car listening to the Ethel Merman Disco album at top volume, or for wearing a Depends undergarment and peeing in your pants just to see what it feels like. So who cares what they think? If people can't take a joke, it's not your problem. If you want to throw spaghetti out of a ten story window, or prank phone call televangelists, live it up. You know how to have a good time. This way, if you laugh at yourself later in life, at least you'll have been in on the joke. Who wants their life's regret be that they never dropped pennies on people's heads at the Air and Space Museum?

3) Don't try to impress anyone. I always get very angry when people refer to something they like as a "guilty pleasure." What the hell does that mean? That you're too wimpy to admit you really liked it? Fuck you, snob! It's not like your girlfriend is going to leave you when she finds out you thought "Cannonball Run II" was the funniest movie you'd ever seen. (Well, maybe she would). But why snooze through some foreign film just to win intellectual nods at boring parties with bad cheese? If you loved "Cannonball Run II", tell the world!

When I was a kid, my favorite TV show was "Harper Valley PTA," a n early 80s sitcom starring Barbara Eden. I thought this was the greatest program in the history of television. When it was cancelled, I actually collected 100 signatures for a petition to keep the show on the air. I sent this to the President of NBC! Dorky? Of course. And to top it off, I saw the show recently and it sucked. Big time. But so what? I'm not afraid to admit I had bad taste, not when most of my snot picking peers were cracking up over "The Dukes of Hazard" or "BJ and The Bear." Face it, the Law of Stupidity rules the galaxy. Don't get uptight about it.

I just hope the audience that plans its schedules around "Melrose Place" remembers this when they're watching the show in syndication at the nursing home. Don't be ashamed to feel stupid. It's inevitable.

Fads That Never Quite Caught On

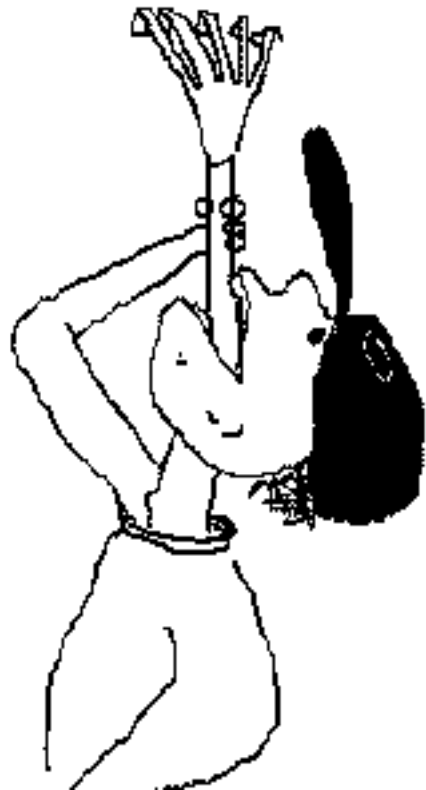
Remember those Kooky fads of yesteryear? Golfish Swallowing? Stuffing people in a phone booth? The Cold War?

What you don't remember are the failures....

1. Mood Shoes

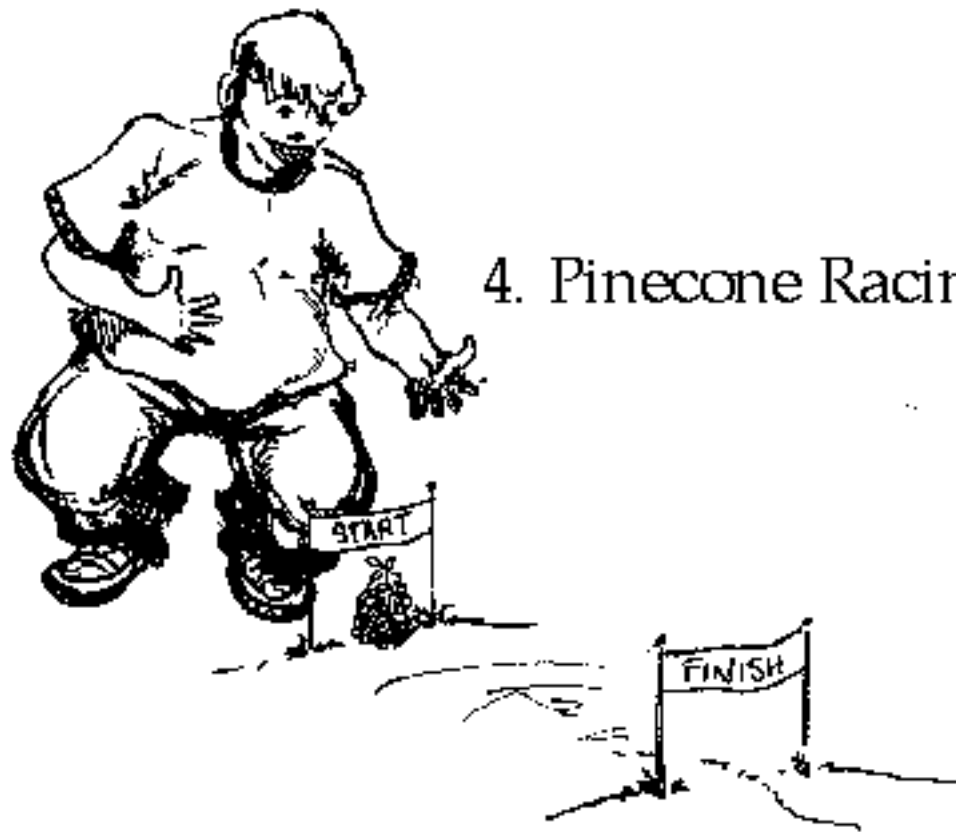


2. Rake Swallowing



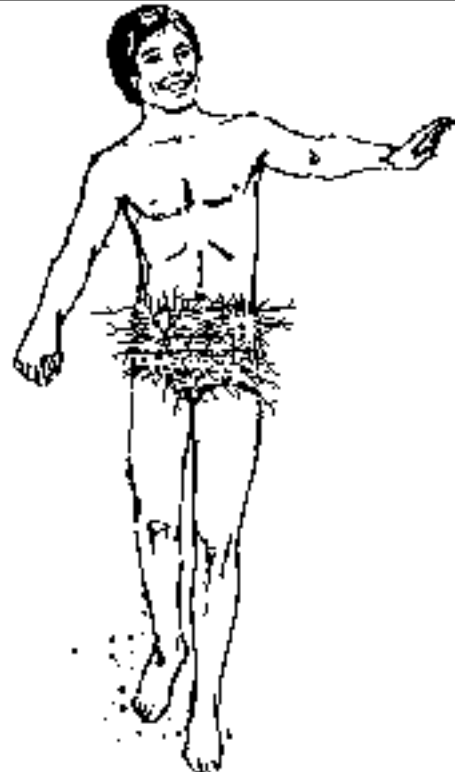
3. Hula - Hats

4. Pinecone Racing



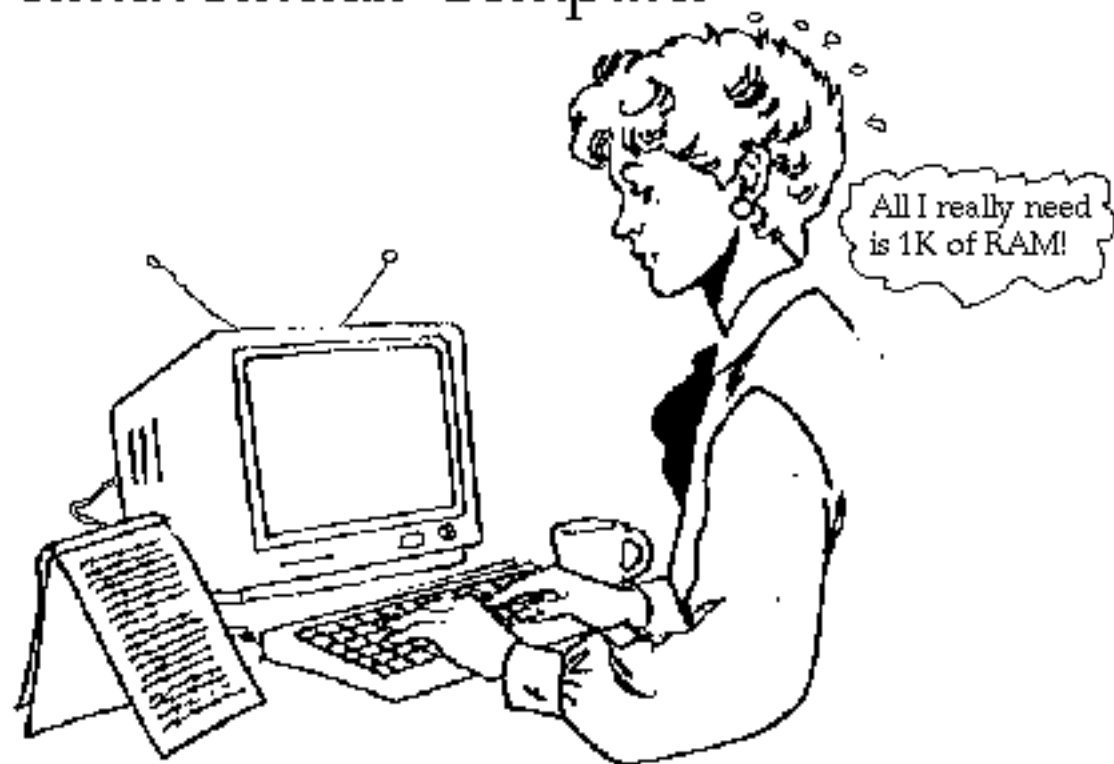


5. Inflatable Tube Socks



6. Chia Underwear

7. Timex Sinclair Computer





CLASSIFIDES

\$.25 buys you a little scrap of paper seen by all your cool friends. Meet the person of your dreams! Sell something, I DON'T CARE.

Gail Weimer rocks the house!

Happy Birthday Kevin! Hope your herpes goes into remission soon!

Pretension Nite at Cafe Cool. Bring a black turtleneck and a small french cigarette and get a free cappucino!

1980 Datsun, license plate 1ASD435, your lights are on.

Metrics rule! Kill anyone caught using the "English" system.

Huge Bookburning at the newly opened library downtown. Bring your favorite copy of Ulysses!

Don't forget the Sperm Drive this weekend. Vans will be coming to your neighborhood. Bring a cup, bring your stuff, and your fav lubricant. Give the gift of life this Christmas- Give your sperm!

Found: One green hairy thing living in my garbage. (213) 621-4333

I want to announce to the world that I am very happy. As long as you don't take the pills away.

Extra Tix to Monster Truck Show On Ice at Anahiem Arena. \$35 OBO Pobox 15 LA

Screaming WeinerHeads to play free concert in desert. No Hare Krishnas Please.

Smell My Undies