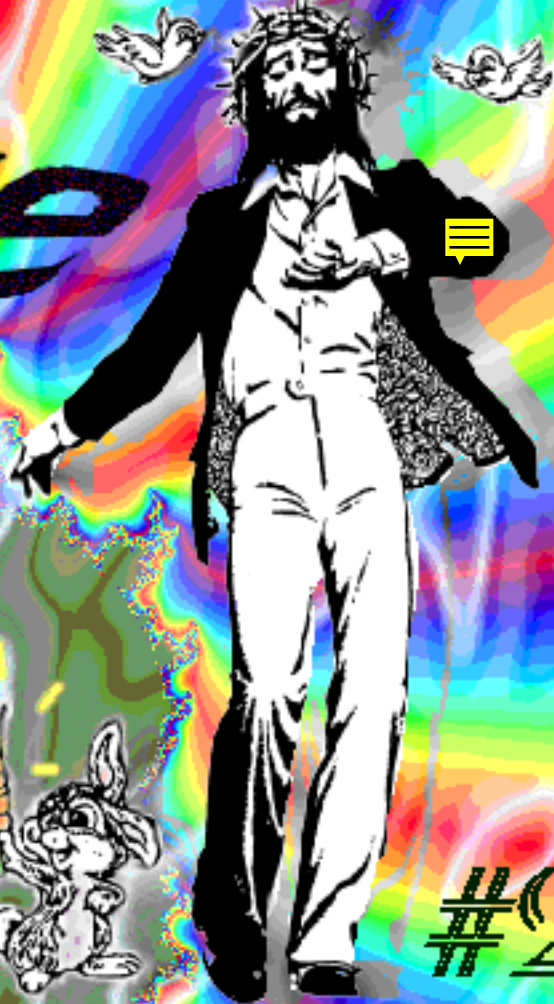


OOZE

Comedy for
Sinners



#2

OUZE

Vol.1 No.2

Unedited Version 1.2

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Ask Dr. Speckman: Advice for the Lovelorn

Dr. Speckman,
Sometimes, for no apparent reason, I just feel really itchy. My husband, who teaches shop at a local junior high school, has often offered to sand me down at no charge. I feel terrible because, I hate to complain, but the itchiness is beginning to affect my whole life. I quit my job. My sister recently had a heart attack. This morning I even lost my car keys. I've tried everything: lotions, potions, chants, even a tourniquet. What should I do?
Signed, Dead Skin Cells.

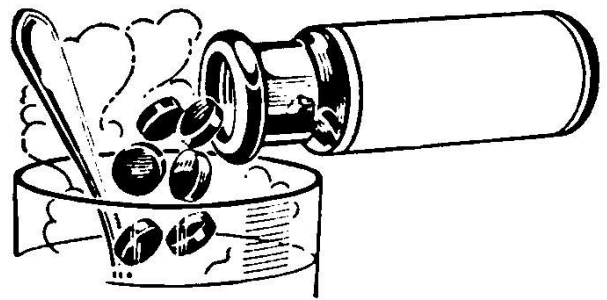


Dear Cells:
The human body is a wonderful instrument. Just because you are feeling itchy is no reason to cash in your chips. Of course, someone who is as pathetic as you seem to be may actually want to consider suicide seriously. If not, well, try putting a paper bag over your face and breath into it heavily. Or have your husband hold you upside down by the legs and shake real hard. This should probably cure you of unwanted demons and provide you with a fine aerobic work out.

Dr. Speckman,
I never believed that these things could happen to anyone until they happened to me. I'm a reasonably attractive man: 6'2, 180lbs, with a solid build and a hearty appetite. I drive the ice cream truck in Melrose Park, Indiana, and it isn't really the best way to meet members of the opposite sex. Until the day I saw her. A buxom blonde with 32" double F cups and a large, luscious behind, she was wearing a cute green striped tank top and beige hot pants when she ordered a Bomb Pop from my truck. Boy, did my bomb pop. She opened it right there, running her tongue lusciously along its red, swollen tip. I was mesmerized, and almost drove the truck into a crowd of small children. Suddenly, she threw her head back and swallowed the whole pop. I was impressed, and had only seen this trick once before in the back room of a tavern in Atlanta. But then, she started to gag. As she was ejecting the wooden stick, a loose piece became caught on her tongue. It was a class A splinter. I didn't know what to do. I tried to carve it out with a plastic spoon, but that didn't work. Just when I was starting to panic, a kindly police officer came and was able to remove the unwanted particle using a watermelon Now And Later candy. He was 6'4", 225 lbs. and had big blue eyes that some would describe as gorgeous. I preferred his wavy brown locks. How can I prevent this accident from happening again?
Signed,
Frank Whooley D.D.S.

Dear Frank,
In the future, try pulling the ice cream off the stick before serving it to your patrons. Some children may complain when you dump a Toasted Almond Bar into their bare hands, but hey—you're saving their lives. If you find that patrons are still choking on their warm-weather treats, try removing the almonds, or the chocolate coating.

Dr. Speckman,
Recently, my lover and I were taking a romantic bath together at his place. Soft music was playing, the blue lights were on and eros was in the air. We were just starting to soap up and exchanged longing glances. My lover has always been something of a joker, and he took delight in demonstrating how one of his testicles floated higher in the water than the other. Unfortunately, as he did this, he slipped on the tube of Prell shampoo and cracked his head open on the side of the tub. Blood spurted everywhere—I thought I could even see his brains pulsing. I was frightened, and I thought about dialing 911, but those jerks never know what to do. You're the only one I can really count on for advice. Please print this letter so I will know what to do. I don't think he has much longer.
Signed, Emergency



Dear Emergency,
Immediately apply a tourniquet to his neck. This will stop the blood flow to his head, which may kill him, but it will also prevent further blood stains in the carpet and your new fluffy towels. Furthermore, when confronted with a situation of this magnitude, the best number to call is Dial-A-Joke. The voices on the other end are always friendly, and they never cease to provide you with a chortle you need to keep going. Those stiffs at 911 are a pretty sorry lot by comparison.
-Dr. Speckman MD

My Pee Story

Yesterday at DOLLAR WORLD i got a package of "Serenity" a device to aid bladder control problems for women (a diaper). i was all excited cuz it was onlya dollar and there were three in the box. i peed in it last night, in front of my housemates who all gathered round. james took pictures, and i peepeed a whole forceful stream. unfortunately, the motherfucker leaked and i had big pee spots all over my pants. it was a big night for us all.

i think it might not have even really leaked, it just wasnt hefty enough for a bladder like mine. it was super absorbent though and it just made me worry that maybe people all over the land were, like me, subscribing to the notion that these super absorbency things could really protect them, especially since the box says that it has a GEL. but it didnt work. it just got all full of pee and splattered across my jeans. elana says we should write the company, and enclose the photos of my wet jeans, or even better, send them the stinky jeans. i ought to sue them too. -rebecca berman



Out Weriding Al

Many have asserted that "Weird Al" Yankovic's song parodies are so popular because the number of his competitors can be counted on one hand. Yet, these same people secretly believe that anyone could make up silly lyrics to go along with popular songs, and that Al simply lucked out in getting a record deal. "Little kids do it all the time," they say, and write the Weird One off forever.

A careful investigation into the lower ranks of the Billboard charts reveals that many imitators have tried to match Al's wacky canon, but with little or no success. Say what you will, but here's just no substitute for the genuine article.



ARTIST	SONG
"Crazy Walter" Jonkostein	"Blinded By The Sprite" #82, 10/16/77
"Madcap Bob" Mankapick	"Hill Street Flu", #49, 8/26/88
"Eccentric Hank" Turnspout	"Nights In White Castle" #102, 1/12/85
"Odd Alice" Beenbaum	"Dude Looks Like James Brady " #113, 11/6/87
"Depressive Lou" Yakkosmiptz	"Get Out Of My Dreams (Get Into My Carnosaur)" from the motionpicture soundtrack; #220, 7/27/93
"Eager Mike" Lanolin	"I Know That's Roy's Bike" #64, 2/15/82
"Queer Rick" Spednovitch	"Kashmir Sweater" #48, 3/27/78
"Punctual Ned" Leebling	"Fight For Your Right (To Marty)" #55, 9/10/88
"Agoraphobic Pete" Moscowwitz	"Secret Asian Man" #63, 8/5/79
"Infamous Zack" Parmutter	"Purple Stain" #105, 8/29/94
"Licentious Fern" Quilliopuss	"La Isla Pat Morita" #362, 4/14/87
"Abnormal Steve" Blomberg	"We Built This City (On Concrete, Steel, And Teamsters) #41, 3/26/86

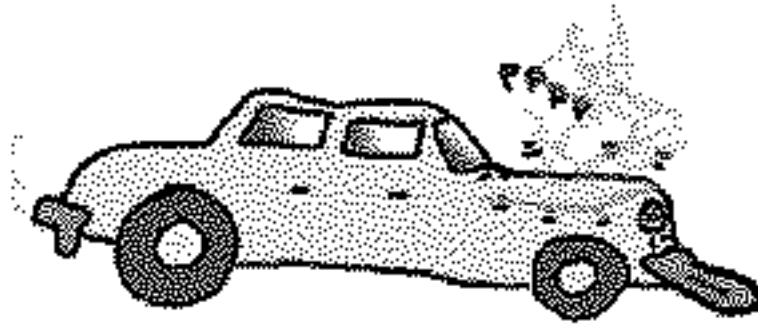


"Punctual Ned"
Leebling



"Infamous Zack" Parmutter

HOW To Buy A Crappy Car



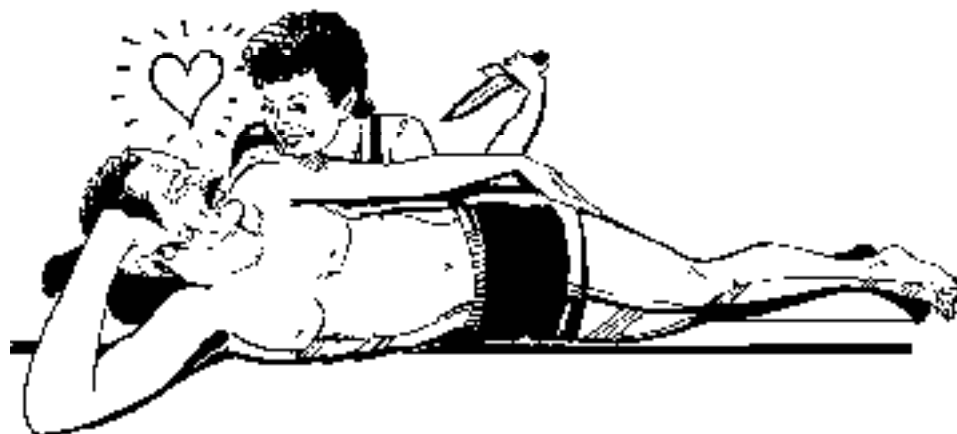
1. After finding an ad and arranging to see the car, **Arm Yourself**. The scariest people in the world sell crappy cars.
2. **Kick it**. A lot of people tell you that this is futile. I say, if a car can't stand a few kicks to the body, then it's not worth buying.
3. **Ask** if anyone has ever died in it. If so, you can usually get a better price.
5. Try and barter before you pay cash. Why pay when you can give the previous owner your excess cattle and firstborn son?
8. **Never ask** about the mysterious stains on the driver's seat.

WHY You Should Buy A Crappy Car

9. Will **chicks laugh** at your crappy car? **Yes**. Having a crappy car is like having a small dick. Girls won't tell you to your face that it sucks, but deep down inside they all like a flashy car/dick. See if they laugh when her seatbelt fails when you ram into a wall in sheer frustration.
10. **No one will carjack you** unless they are really screwed up, or you slather the rear with stupid bumper stickers about hating "Barney".
11. Is the car dented already? If so, any dents you put in it won't "count" unless the other guy calls the cops. It's cheaper to dump your car off a cliff than to pay jacked-up insurance premiums .
13. All other decades are **"in"**. Cash in on 70's nostalgia!
14. After all the abuse you give your crappy car, it will still **love** you like a battered wife who comes back for more abuse!

HOW TO MEET THE PERSON OF YOUR DREAMS, OR GET ARRESTED TRYING

by Whitney A. Fitzgerald



As I write this, I am single. Bitterly single. Jadedly, bitterly single. Cynically, jadedly, bitterly single. If I see one more couple walk past me, holding hands, I will feel no remorse when I stab them to death with the knitting needles I used to wear in my hair before I got it cut. This does not mean I am not looking for someone. Oh, Lord, no. Ever since my last boyfriend (who, from now on, will be referred to as "**The Lying Bastard**") broke up with me and started dating his housemate (who, from now on, will be referred to as "**The Slutty Bitch**"), I have been on the hunt for a new significant other. It is a constant, continuous process, similar to the phases of the moon.

If you have no idea how to find someone, where to go, what to do, I can help. I have found a formula that works wonders for seeking the men and women you so desire. As for farm animals, you're on your own.

1. FIND A GUY TO BE INTERESTED IN. This is not hard. All you need are some simple criteria. For example, I would say, "I am looking for a guy with brown hair, blue eyes, who won't turn into a complete jerk and abandon me just when I was really, really, REALLY happy, like **The Lying Bastard** did." Eventually, you'll be walking down some sidewalk, somewhere, and WHAM! You'll see HIM. Twinkles will appear in your eyes, like what happened to Davy Jones on every episode of "The Monkees". Another sign is if you start singing Bryan Adams songs. When that happens you're either in love or on the verge of a nervous breakdown, although the two are basically the same thing.

2. FIND OUT THE GUY'S NAME. This can be as easy as walking up and introducing yourself, or it can be as complex as creating a major diversion in the middle of your college dining center (an emergency tracheotomy is always a good attention-getter), or even stealing his wallet, and reading his driver's license. At any rate, once you know the name of your desire, you should begin to think of any and all permutations of your name and your looooooooooove's name together. For example, say your obsessee's name is "John Johnson." You would immediately give up and start again, because I have never known any person with the last name of "Johnson" who was worthy of anything except vicious, horrible death and this has nothing to do with the fact the **The Slutty Bitch's** last name is very similar. It just proves my point. The same rules also apply to the last name "Arnold", and the first names "Holly" and "Jason".

3. ASK ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS IF THEY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS GUY. Incessantly. Find out his major or job. His home town. The name of his first grade teacher. Find out if everyone calls him **The Lying Bastard**. What does he look for in a significant other. If he doesn't exactly match your personality, change yourself.

4. THE FINE ART OF STALKING

Now, first and foremost, let me explain that I do NOT mean the type of stalking that you always see on Network TV's Sunday Night Movie, where the dorky-looking guy stands in the shadows following the every move of the woman until he finally buys a gun and kills her. (Although I will readily admit I have performed this type of stalking. One night for about an hour I followed **The Lying Bastard**, about a month or so after he started screwing **The Slutty Bitch**.) No, no, no. This is gentle, innocent, flattering stalking. It is very simple.

4a. Walk past his room or house once, twice, twenty-five times a day. Even if his room is in another dorm, or half-way across the state, and they're predicting weather of Apocalyptic dimensions.

4b. Get inside his room. Don't leave. If he's not there, wait on his bed for him, and hope that the guy whose form you are warm for will be the first to show up, and not Goozbar, his insane roommate who communicates only with mice and eats small shiny metal objects.

4c. Strike up a conversation. Something meaningful, significant, something he will remember for the rest of his life. I recommend "The Role Of The Plow in the Buffalo Bills' Slaughter in The Last Four Super Bowls." Ignore all the questions pertaining to how you got naked in his bed in the first place.

4d. Move across the street from him and ask to borrow eggs a lot.

4e. Center your entire life around this guy. Make sure he knows how much you have sacrificed for him.

5. GET COMPLETELY DRUNK AT A PARTY, THROW YOURSELF AT THIS GUY, AND WATCH WITH HORROR AS HE REMOVES HIMSELF FROM YOUR LOVING, ENVELOPING ARMS, SAYS "I LIKE YOU AS A FRIEND," AND GOES BACK TO THE MAKESHIFT BAR FOR ANOTHER DRINK.



6. Call him a **Lying Bastard**.

7. Repeat until you are married or die. **Good luck!**



Wrap Your Mickey in a **MICKKEY**®

Hi Boys and Girls! This is Mickkey Mouse here to tell you all about my new brand of condoms, **MICKKEY'S RUBBERS**! Sometimes when Minnie and I do the nasty on Space BigHill, Minnie just can't seem to lubricate that well. That's why all of **MICKKEY'S RUBBERS** are coated in non-oxynol-9. They also feature two large ears, *for her enjoyment!* Incredibly strong 100% Latex make it safe, and with the New Dual Receptacle Endz®, you can enjoy twice as many uses!!

MICKKEY'S RUBBERS make Fornication Twice As Fun!

RUN OUT AND BUY THEM BY THE BOX!

These rubbers are able to unroll TO ANY SIZE!! So they are good for men and rodents ALIKE! Order today and receive a catalogue of other Disney Reproductive Aid Products: IUDonald Duckk Minnie Pills and more!





WHY do so many people hate Los Angeles? How can you hate the future center of the biblical apocolypse? No one complains about other religious centers. No one complains about public transport in Jerusalem. No one thinks Mecca is full of "a bunch of freaks who trample each other to death all the time."

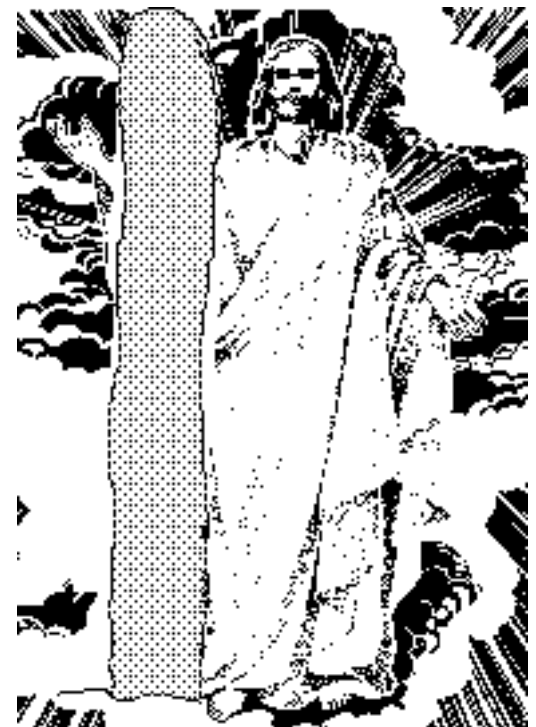
How can I even claim LA is a religious site? Besides the obvious fires, earthquakes, riots, and biblical concentration of taco carts, I have stumbled upon these obvious portents indicating that LA is the City Of God.

Down my road is a man who is grey. I'm not talking pedic, or under the weather, but a crayola-colored London-mist grey. Like someone smeared him up in greasepaint. This alone wouldn't make him the anti-christ or even Jesus, but combined with his bright red wig, and the fact he yells in tongues at passing cars helps him qualify. We usually go around the block a few times in hopes of just capturing a bit of his wisdom.

They are building a "subway" under some very busy roads near my home. I have seen some escalators which purport to connect to this RED line, but I have never seen anyone coming out. I have heard the faint whispered tales of

rotating knives and inescapable slave pits. These tunnels are the "chariots of the underworld" as prophesized in Revelations.

There's also a constant blaring of trumpets from outside my window, I know this to be the angels announcing Christ's return. My friends tell me it's just that MexicanPolka stuff Mexicans like, but I know those are just plain lies. Jesus is coming, and he's going to host his own talk show from Burbank. It's in the stars. Personally, I can't wait for the rain of frogs.



SURF' S UP J-BOY

Ooze Presents:

REAL DOCUMENTS FOUND IN THE TRASH

[DELETED MOTION PICTURE COMPANY] Post Production

DATE: September 23, 1992
TO: LARRY
FROM: BOB

RE: GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

Following is a list of picture problems which exist in making the TV version of GLENGARRYGLEN ROSS. Although there is only one picture change needed for content, there aren't any shots in which characters say bad words in close up.

[DELETED MOTION PICTURE COMPANY] will not accept a tv version where a character's lips can be easily read saying a word not permitted on television. (Please keep in mind that this is not all of the bad words in this film, this is a list of the ones that may require picture changes to fix.)



10916 "I am not fucking with you."
10934 "You son of a bitch."
11037 "You can't close shit!" *
11038 "You are shit" *
11157 "Cause it's fuck or walk!"
11313 "Fuck you go home and play with your kids."
11532 "Fire your fuckin' ass." *
11546 "Bunch of fuckin nonsense."
11520 "Bull shit, Bull shit" *
12523 "No fucking loss"
13006 "You fucking asshole "
13248 "Stuff with this fucking shit."
14106 "The great fuck you had."
14917 "So fucking what" *
15003 "Bullshit."
15115 "Don't Fuck with me."
15116 "I'm talking about a fucking Cadillac."
15128 "Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, Fuck."
15439 "Hey, fuck that shit." *
15536 "What do you fucking care."
15804 "Fuck you. Fucking Shiva. Fuck you Job."
15843 "Pick up the fucking chalk "
20240 "How fucked up you are."
20257 "Fuck you."
20543 "So fucking great *
20716 "You are fucked." *
20832 "You're a fucking secretary. Fuck you.
 Fuck you and kiss my ass
20842 "Fuck you."
20856 FINGER
23219 "You stupid fucking cunt."
22403 "Not to fuck us up"
22707 "Don't fuck with me. Don't fuck with me."
22951 "Big fucking deal." *
23237 "Fuck you."

* Those marked with an asterisk rmay be okay if the adr line is very similar.

My Colon

My Colon is a fun place to play and frolic. I know. I've been there thanks to a colonoscopy. This term is derived from a Latin root which roughly translates into, "camera up my butt".

The morning of the procedure, I sat myself naked on the cold bathroom floor and gave myself an enema. You can't imagine the fun I had insert squeeze bottle into my

rectum. All in the name of science. Some people do this regularly in California for fun or "health reasons". I think I'd rather die a few years early.

When I got to the doctor's, a nice nurse set me up in a little examining room, and romantically dimmed the lights. The Doctor, spoiling the mood, came in and pulled out this giant mechanical octopus-like device. This was the camera. It was built utilizing fiber-optic technology. Like the camera's you occasionally see on TV that the FBI use to spy into a room filled with hostages or terrorists armed with an errant nuclear warhead. The doctor assembled the camera, and asked if I wanted my own view-port. This was a chance not to be passed up. I was to be a But-o-naut charting the nether regions of my digestive system. Perhaps we would find new life down there, or valuable mineral deposits. Then I remembered my earlier "flushing" and mourned for the millions of intelligent life I must have so carelessly wiped out. I think I was on painkillers. While the lovely nurse lubed up my butt, the doctor slid the device into my rectum. Imagine what it would be like to have a big piece of shit decide to crawl back up into your body. That's never really happened to me, but I think I understand how it would feel. Soon the alien landscape came into focus. My rectum was lovingly pink and tender, with a few little yellowish mucus spots. The room's piped in classical music swelled in time to my inner throbbings. The doctor then hooked up this polaroid camera to the fiber-optic lens. I was going to be a colon model! Hand models make a lot of money. I wonder how much money I could make if photos of my colon began to grace nation-wide media. My colon could be used to stop kids from drinking and driving, to sell dishwashing liquid, whole new avenues came open to me. I even got to keep one.

The photo sort of looks like the planet Mars, red with swirling clouds. The odd shape forms because the lens of a fiber optic camera is VERY wide (in lens terms) causing massive distortion. (My butt isn't THAT messed up.) I proudly displayed the star pic on my refrigerator. People always ask what it is, and when I tell them that it's the inside of my butt, they either don't believe me, or begin to feel they know me a bit too well. That is the rambling story of my colon.

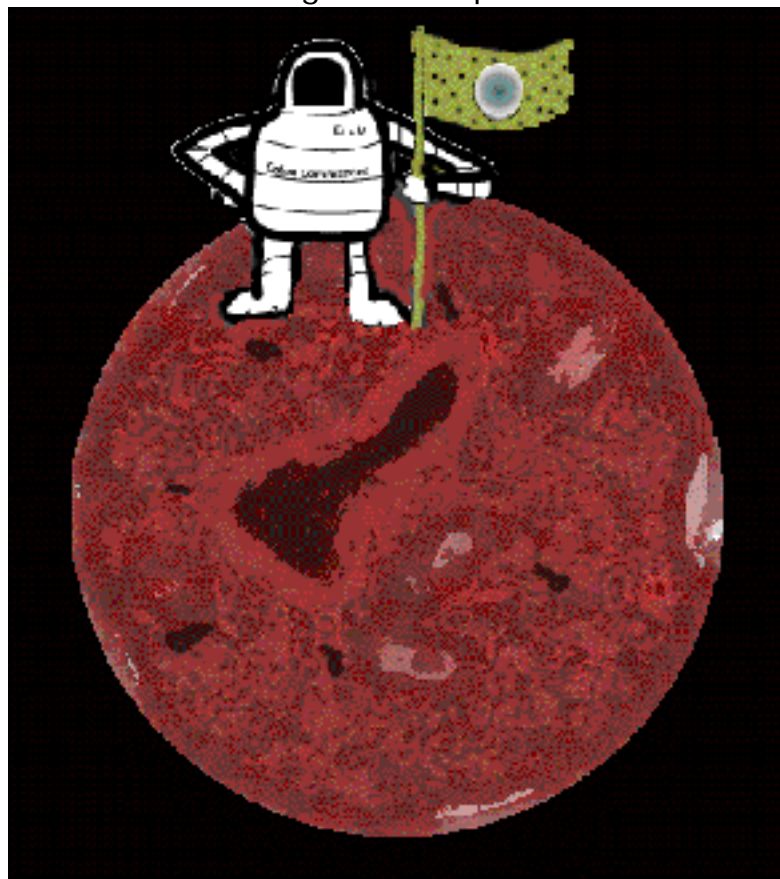
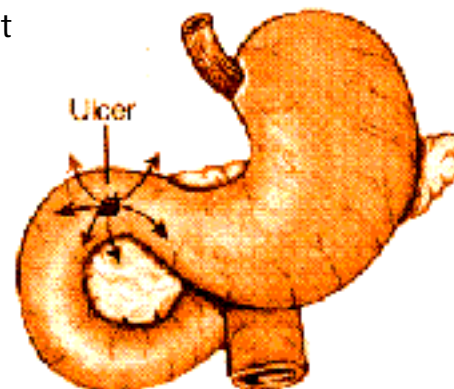
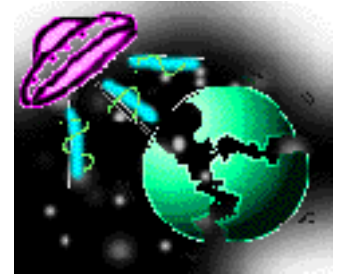


Fig 1.1 Interior of colon. Butt-o-naut makes first confirmed landing.

40 Ways YOU Can Help Destroy the Earth!



People these days are constantly harping about the upcoming Armageddon. But WHEN is the world going to finally end? Most people don't realize it can't happen without THEIR help. Below are a few little things YOU can do to help end the world.

1. Use motor oil to fertilize your lawn.
2. Feed lead to Pigeons.
3. Vacation by your local polluted river.
4. Serve Chlorofluorocarbons as appetizers at your next party.
5. Find the remaining woodland in your town and use it for kindling.
6. Leave your car running all day.
7. Drive to the bathroom.
8. Spray your yard with DDT and not those other wimpy pesticides.
9. Pour Agent Orange into local reservoir to enhance flavor.
10. Only wear polyester, and never more than once.
11. Become a megalomaniac and gain control of vast nuclear stockpiles. Use them.
12. Dump your food leftovers into the recycling bin.
13. Keep the Bubonic Plague virus around as a lovable, low maintenance pet.
14. Use at least three gallons of water for each tooth when brushing
15. Create an oil slick in your back yard for fun science experiment for the kids
16. Have 37 children
17. Name them all Bill.
18. Strangle a bald eagle
19. Spread styrofoam balls all over your lawn for winter fun all year round
20. e-mail Al Gore petitioning to test nuclear arms above ground in major cities.
21. Wage chemical warfare in local elementary school. It's fun and easy!
22. Experiment in biotoxins buy not burying dead pets.
23. Offer free cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs to pregnant mothers.
24. Own at least 43 televisions per person per household and watch them all at once.
25. Build a simple coal burning power plant in your basement.
26. Remove your catalytic converter and muffler. They just ruin the fun.
27. Aim X-ray machine at unsuspecting patients in Dentist's office.
28. Sunscreen? It's for wimps.
29. Carve holes in the ozone layer. They make great gifts.
30. Drive a M-1A Abrams tank to work.
31. Disrupt local mass transit with campaign of terror.
32. Develop condominium complex in beautiful Chernobyl.
33. Fart 40 times or more a day.
34. Develop a secret neurotoxin that makes females pregnant with dinosaurs.
35. Buy something you don't need every day, three times a day. Dump it on the freeway.
36. Defecate in reservoirs.
37. Work for the government.
38. Aerosol hairspray can be used for a lot more than personal grooming! Putting up posters, cooking lubricant, antiperspirant, ant and roach killer, personal defense, and party favors.
39. Burn your own garbage for fun and profit.
40. Encase dead relatives in Lucite blocks.

We hope that these simple ideas will inspire you to create your own methods to drag this planet further into its grave. Every person counts!



Reader Survey Card #1

1. Did you pay for this issue of *Ooze*?

yes No I stole it.

2. Where did you get this copy of *Ooze*?

online mail jail

some freezing bum's box insulation



3. Do you make... alot of money no money

4. Are you.. male female

5. I am... under 16 16-30 30+other

5a. If you are female and between 16 and 30,

would you consider going out with some editors of a

humor zine? They show alot of income potential, and aren't bad looking at all. In fact, it's a miracle that they aren't already staked out and claimed because they are such prizes. None of them have any sexual disorders. And if you act now, we'll even throw in a free year's subscription.

yes no I'll hold out for 10 grand

5b. If the answer to 5a. is yes, then please include a photocopy of a valid photo ID. (we figure this is you looking your worst)

5c. On a first date with the editors, I would like to... go to a movie

go to dinner puke commit crime together sex sex sex other



Clip 'n send survey to *Ooze* 968 Tularosa Dr. #2 LA CA 90026. or drbubonic@aol.com Send it in today! *See you Next Issue!*