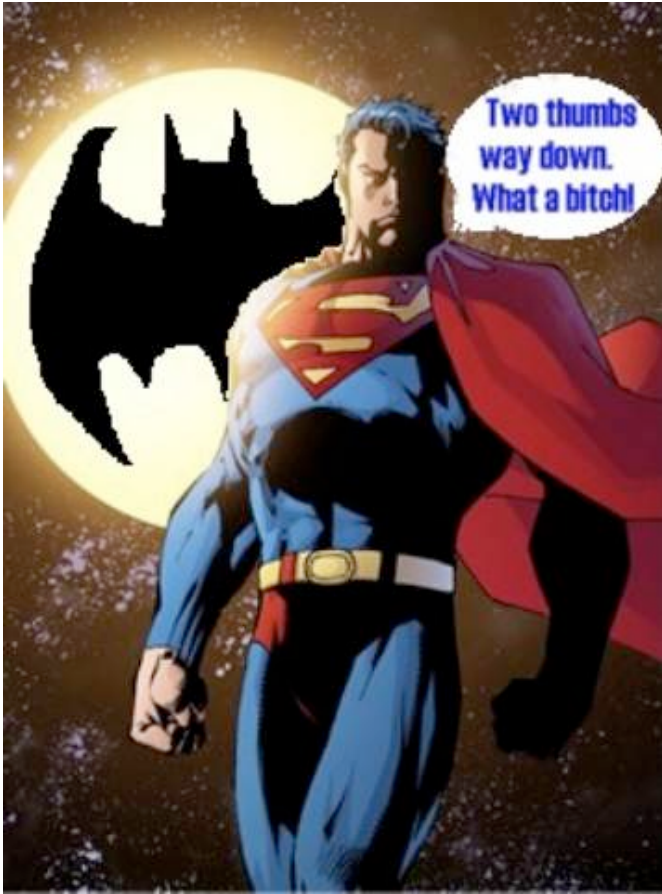




Batman Begins

by Superman (Bobby D. Lux, editor)

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know. It's September and I'm just getting around to a review of Batman. What gives, right? Here's The Flash of it...or I mean the long and skinny of it.

Sorry Flash.

Here's the deal. I was looking for some R&R on some planet way off down south and turns out the bastards put me on trial for something that allegedly happened down there. This is what happened, I met some chick at a bar and to be honest, I wasn't even looking to hit it, but when it just keeps throwing itself at you, I figure what the hell? I had some old rubbers on me, so we took off for the beach. An hour later, I dropped her

back off at her place and watched her walk up to the front door and took off.

Sure, she wasn't walking straight, but it wasn't from the alcohol...know what I'm saying?! I bet you do!

Next morning she turns up missing and they bring my ass up on charges. I'll spare you the details, but I played their game until we got to court and gave them my defense, which was as follows:

"Look, you can convict me if you want, but let me tell you something: at 3pm, I'm getting up and I'm walking the fuck out of this courtroom and I'm making a one-way trip back to Metropolis. You got it? A one-way trip, bitches. So, let's hear your case, bring up your evidence and uh...you know what, I'm out of here. Superman's got better shit to do. Peace!"

I tipped over the desk and walked out. Case dismissed.

Then, on my way back I got held up on Jupiter, where I had to deal with a nuclear storm that, if left to its own devices, the effect here on Earth would've been ... well, let's just say it would have brought new meaning to "getting bombed on the 4th of July."

So, I finally get back to my Fortress of Solitude up north because, seriously, trying to combat and control a nuclear storm makes one crave the cold (call me crazy). I pick up a newspaper on the way back to find out what I missed and I see that my old pal Batman went out and made another one of his God damned movies. And it was number one! Two weeks in a row! So, long story short, I had to cut my R&R time short of sitting in my glacier palace wearing nothing a Speedo, and I flew back to Metropolis to catch a screening of *Batman Begins*.

One word. Pussy.

Don't you hate when people do that thing where they go, "Two words...." and then they say three or say only

one, as if their vocabulary skills are so adept that their first word is so brilliant that it totally negates the need for the advertised second. I hate that crap. Lex Luthor used to pull that a lot.

“Hey Supes,” he used to say. “I got two words for you....Krypto-freakin’-nite!”

It’s so stupid.

Now when he pulls that shit with me, I just give him a swift kick in the nutsack and he’s done.

Back to the movie. Pussy. That’s the first thing that popped into my head after I saw it and I’m not talking about the low-rent Lois Lane they put in it. Granted, this Holmes lady is good lookin’ and all, but I like my women to be a little nuts. I mean borderline schizo, homeless, wandering into strange homes with a fucked-up-haircut-and-no-clothes-on nuts. I like them when they’re victims and I get to “save” them. I have a hero complex, what can I say?

No, I’m talking about Batman himself. I mean seriously, he’s gonna complain and whine like a little bitch about his mommy and daddy? Get over it! He got twelve good years with them and then scored a shitload of cash after they got whacked. More than enough to cover any therapy bills. It’s not like he had to be ejected from his planet because it was going to explode or anything. Oh wait, that was me, huh? I got about an hour and a half with mom and dad and then I got sent to another planet. Another planet! Because my race of people was about to die off! He goes on and on about living up to the Wayne legacy. My dad was Marlon Brando, and we all know how his kids turn out. Now that’s some grade-A pressure.

Also, let’s take a look at this costume of his. Could you be anymore of a drama queen? Christ, just when you think Wonder Woman is enough...we got to deal with Batsy and his “oh hey, I’ll just hide in the shadows and blend in...never mind my fucking cape and big ass and unnecessary ears on my head.” Such a passive-aggressive cry for attention. He’s the type of guy who begs for someone to ask what’s wrong and then he plays this game where nothing is wrong, yet he wants

you to keep asking and then he finally breaks down and then the guy won’t shut up. Anyone with half a brain—no offense Aquaman—can see right through this. Me, I unmask to go fight. How’s that for balls, huh?

And, I’m sorry, these were supposed to be villains he was fighting? I had to elbow the guy next to me and ask if this was it? Ra’s Al Ghul? The guy told me to shut up and has no idea how close he came to being strangled. I think to myself, a phony-ass, pasty ninja? I almost walked out right there.

He uses a sword. That’s it. Are you fucking kidding me? If it were me, this movie ends in the second reel and then Richard Pryor and I spend seven reels in Thailand banging teenage prostitutes. General Zod must be rolling in the glass shield I put him in. It would have been more interesting—and a much better fight—if he was fighting Chlamydia. Scene after scene of him going to the doctor, getting checked, going to the pharmacy, having to figure what chick gave it to him. Plus, you could totally set up a sequel where he faces the dreaded Gonorrhea. Now that’s a real Batman story.