



Movie Dunce

M A G A Z I N E

Volume 3, Issue 29/30--DOUBLE ISSUE!

September 2011

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BACK TO SCHOOL

By the Movie Dunce

Welcome to the Movie Dunce back to school special. There are certain things that returning students can look forward to with each passing school year. Among them are the daily beatings, the atomic wedgies, the poorly timed boners, flat-chested girls who return from the summer with big boobs, as well as the occasional unwanted pregnancy. Sometimes students need an escape from all those school day activities, so that's why we're here at Movie Dunce have compiled a list of the best places to play hooky.

THE CANDY STORE

Go to the mall and fulfill one of your childhood dreams by spending your entire paycheck from McDonalds, all \$32.48 of it at the candy store, and eat it all.

THE BACK ALLEY

Go hide in the glass strewn syringe filled alley where all the cool kids with the pierced eyeballs hang out. Go up to one of them and bum a ciggy. Inhale deeply. Then throw up all of the candy you had just eaten. Decide to find new friends to hang out with.

THE RECORD STORE

Go to the record store and mentally make a note of all the

CD's you will someday own, but continue to tell people that vinyl is so much better because it's old school, plus you have a killer sound system at your apartment. When they stop laughing, go hang out near that long haired dude that's always looking for that one lost Jimmy Page album. Wonder what that smell is. Let him tell you rock'n'roll stories about him and his band and how they played this bitchin' kegger last weekend, and all the hot girls wanted him, but the police came and took away the drummer because of this one chick that lied about her age. Decide instantly to become a rock 'n' roll star, but wonder why he has all those sores on his lips.

THE FOOD COURT

Go back to the mall and go to the food court. Ask out that really cute girl at Mrs. Fields and get turned down. Tell her that's okay, because she was fat anyways. Move on to the cute girl at Orange Julius. Repeat process.

THE VIDEO ARCADE

Go to the video arcade to play a few rounds of Galaga. Wander around aimlessly inside because all of the good games have been taken by kids that

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COMING SOON



"ANTONIA'S LINE"

THE ZODIAC

ARIES is the sign of the Ram, you know, like how I was ramming my d-ck in your mouth the other night?

TAURUS is the bull. Taureans are notoriously stubborn. Just like my girlfriend who won't put out for me. F-cking prude.

GEMINI means "twins", like tits, or balls, or those two sores on the right side of your d-ck.

CANCER is the sign of crabs, which by the way you now have. Wait, have I done this one before?

LEO is for lions, which are strong, and masculine. Not like that scrawny waif-boy Leonardo DiCaprio.

VIRGO means virgin. This constellation has already been deflowered. It now goes by the name of the Crackwhore Constellation.

LIBRA stands for the scales. You know, those little square patches of the ground that you avoid, you fat f-ck!

SCORPIO is the sign of the scorpion, it is a sign of sexuality. I am only similar to these two traits in that scorpions have a tails that sting and I have a d-ck that stings...when I pee.

SAGITTARIUS is a centaur. Half man, half horse. Well, hung like one at any rate. Rather like Kevin Bacon.

CAPRICORN is the goat. A male goat. A ram. You know, like how I was ramming my d-ck down your throat the other night? Yes, I know I just did this one, but I felt the need to remind you of how you enjoyed chugging my salty c-ck.

AQUARIUS is the sign of the water bearer. And if the 60's (the Age of Aquarius) are any clue, then it is also the sign of dirty hippies everywhere.

PISCES is the fish. The rancid, smelly, vomit inducing dead fish. Insert your joke here:

Editor in Chief

The Movie Dunce

Head Writer

The Movie Dunce

Production Assistant

DCastle

Consultants

DCastle

Contributing Writers

DCastle, Anonymous, and a cast of thousands.

New On Video

THIS MONTH ON VIDEO

September 6

- Everything Must Go
- Hanna
- Assassination Games
- Clash of Empires
- Entitled
- Conan O'Brien Can't Stop

September 9

- X-Men: First Class

September 13

- Hesh
- Incendies
- Meek's Cutoff
- Thor

September 27

- Viva Riva

ALREADY IN STORES!

September 6 Everything Must Go

This is a Will Ferrell drama. I repeat, this is a Will Ferrell drama! It's about a guy who loses everything because of his drinking, and just keeps right on drinking as he lives on his front lawn. This is not "Anchorman", this is not "Talladega Nights", this is not freakin' "Old School" even though this may sound like his character from "Old School". Okay, you've caught me, I've never actually seen "Old School". But the point is this, it is a drama, not a comedy. That being said, you will still get to see him in his underwear. Based on a Raymond Carver short story. Two and a half Duncenaps.

Hanna

It's a nearly two hour movie about a fifteen year old super-assassin. You get basic training for about the first twenty

minutes, which is cool, and then she spends the next hour and a half taking an extra long sightseeing trip which is followed by a weak ending! It was a waste of my time, so hopefully I can keep you from wasting yours. Secret reviewer #1 loved it, but I don't understand why. I'm only giving this thing One and a half Duncenaps. See "The Professional" with Jean Reno and Natalie Portman instead. Way cooler.

August 23 The Beaver

Mel Gibson flushes his life down the toilet as he goes insane and tries to make a comeback with the help of a talking beaver. By an amazing coincidence, this is also the plot of this movie. The problem is that you cannot take your eyes off of Mel Gibson even when the beaver is supposed to be talking, be it from wondering what the hell happened to his mind, or what the hell happened to his hair. There is also a seemingly pointless subplot about his alienated son and a girl that his son likes. As much as I enjoy a good train wreck, I fell asleep halfway through this and never felt the need to rewind it, except maybe for the scene with Mel Gibson and the powersaw, which seemed a little out of place in what I understood was to be a light-hearted comedy. All in all "The Beaver" only gets One and a Half Duncenaps.

POM Wonderful Presents: The Greatest Movie Ever Sold

In this documentary, Morgan Spurlock, of "Supersize Me" fame, takes you step by step through the business of prod-

The Two-Word review

Bedazzled (Moore): Pretty good

Beddazled (Fraser): Sexy Satan

Bedknobs and Broomsticks: Disney witches

Beetlejuice: Afterlife adventures

Behind Enemy Lines: Action Owen?

Being John Malkovich: Being weird

Being There: Serious Sellers

Beneath the Planet of the Apes: Nuclear society

Best Defense: Comic offense

Best Friends: Writers romancing

Best in Show: Dog nuts

Best Little Whorehouse in Texas: Burt sings!

Best of Times: Nap time

Better Off Dead: TWO DOLLARS!

Beverly Hills Cop: Foley's follies

Beverly Hills Cop 2: Foley's fiesta

Beverly Hills Cop 3: Foley's fiasco

Beverly Hills Ninja: Fat fighter

Bewitched: Be crap

Big: Sooo overrated

uct placement in movies by having the entire documentary paid for through product placement in the movie. It is so absurd that it's funny, and if the sheer concept of the film doesn't make you want to see it, then there's no need for you to watch it. But otherwise it's a fun movie through and through. It gets Three and a half Duncenaps.

Little Big Soldier

Oh my God! Jackie Chan has made a good movie again!(I've seen so many of his bad early ones that a good one is always a welcome change of pace) In it he plays a soldier who played dead while the armies of ancient China clashed about him and killed each other off. Among the fields of bodies he finds a living enemy general and decides to take him back to his country as a prize of war. That is if he can hold onto him. Lots of laughs, and just enough Jackie Chan signature

stuntwork to remind that although he is getting old, he could still kick *your* ass. This one gets Three and a half Duncenaps.

Troll Hunter

This is the Norwegian equivalent of the "Blair Witch Project". It's a cool idea with a great DVD cover, but they waste no time in showing you the computer generated trolls (as opposed to the real life trolls?) when they would be far better off leaving it to your imagination and showing only glimpses of them. Although I've got to admit that the Mountain King troll at the end was pretty bad ass. It's fun to watch as long as you don't expect too much from it, "Cloverfield" it's not. Still, it has a good ending, and might be worth checking out. I'm going to give it Two and a half Duncenaps.

Continued on page 4

New on Video Reviews Continued

Win Win

Paul Giamatti takes an old man (Burt Young, yes, he's still alive) that he is guardian of to the proverbial cleaners when the old man's runaway grandson suddenly shows up to turn Giamatti's life around. Then the runaway's junky mom shows up to buy them all a one way ticket back to Loserville, USA. Oh, how will he ever get himself out of this mess of his own creation? It's not very funny, nor overly dramatic. Basically it's a "Lifetime Movie" made for men because of all the wrestling (I have a theory that Wrestlemania is just soap opera for guys). Let's be honest, we all like Paul Giamatti, but you could get a much better rental for your money. Two Duncecaps.

August 9 Paul

Per their profession as public proxies, Pegg and Frost have concocted a comedy complex complete with random and riotous references to magical movie moments meticulously memorized and spuriously spouted out by spunky sports splayfully...I mean playfully. Wait, what was I waxing on about? Well, what about a well deserved Three Duncecaps?

Super

"Super" is a decent low-budget superhero movie about a guy named Frank (Rainn Wilson) who is touched by God (or loses his sh-t, depending on your perspective), after his wife (Liv Tyler) leave him for a life of drugs and debauchery. Frank then devotes the rest of his existence to saving her from Kevin Bacon's evil clutches as the Crimson Bolt.

Along the way he meets his sidekick Bolty, a psychotic comic book nerd played spastically by Ellen Page. As low-budget superhero movies go, it had a little more depth of character than I was expecting and gets better as it goes, climaxing (huhuhuh, I said climax) in a surprisingly violent ending. Do not go into it expecting it to be "Dark Knight" or you are bound to be disappointed. Think more along the lines of a guy you work with making a superhero movie, with a big name cast and no budget. Secret Reviewer #1 hated it, citing that it wasn't "Kick-Ass", but I think that it might be worth checking out. Just keep in mind it comes from the Independent Film Channel. I'm giving it Two and a Half Duncecaps.

Your Highness

As nice as it is to have Natalie Portman in a thong bikini, I am clearly not this movie's audience. With a title like "Your Highness", I was expecting a comedy with lots of dirty jokes and pot smoking, but instead I received a fantasy action adventure with lots of the F-word. I mean, fuck, I've got no problem with the F-word, but could you at least make the damn film funny, or did I miss the disclaimer that said that you need to be stoned when you watch it? As it is, it only gets One and a Half Duncecaps, and only that because I like Danny McBride, and you can pause on Portman's posterior. Oh, if only I had a zoom button.

July 26

Source Code

This is a short but sweet sci-fi thriller starring Jake Gyllenhaal

as a chopper pilot who is sent back in time (sort of) to relive the last eight minutes of a terrorist bombing on a train again and again and again until he can find out who did it. And in spite of what you might think, being burned to a crisp every ten minutes or so is not a whole lot of fun. Just ask those suicide bombers in Hell. Or Gandhi, or Buddha, or whoever isn't your particular sect in Christianity. Probably abortion babies too, although the jury is probably out on Apalachian incest babies. Anyways, "Source Code" is fast paced, funny and over before you realize it. It was overshadowed by the flashiness of "Limitless" but is well worth watching on video. Check it out! This one gets Three Duncecaps.

July 19

Limitless

Have you ever wanted to know what it would be like to be super-awesome? To have mind powers that would put Rain Man to shame? To be able to learn a new language in hours, the guitar in minutes, or to be able to make a million dollars on the stock market overnight? To be able to outsmart every person in the room, and bed any one of them that you deem worthy of your greatness? If so, then have a glimmer, the faintest hope, the most infinitesimal whisper, the teeniest tiniest most indescribably, unimaginably, unattainably, and unbelievably small taste of what it's like to be me. See what a website can do for you? "Limitless" gets Three Duncecaps, but I get the stars. And by that I mean that someday I'm gonna nail Winona Ryder.

Key to the Dunce Caps Ratings System (for idiots).



Four Dunce Caps means it's Freakin' Awesome!



Three and a Half Dunce Caps means that it's Really Good.



Three Dunce Caps means that it's Good.



Two and a Half means it's Pretty Good, it maybe worth watching.



Two means it's Just Okay.



One and a half means it's still crap, but it has a moment of merit.



One means it's just plain crap!!

By the way, there is no listing for BOMB or just a 1/2 Dunce Cap rating because as bad as the movie may be the people still made a freakin' movie, which is a lot more than I can say about my own accomplishments.

The John Hughes Reviews

Sixteen Candles

By the Movie Dunce

Poor Molly Ringwald is turning sixteen and nothing is going right for her. Her boobs aren't big enough, she has a horny foreign exchange student living in her house, she's getting hit on by nerds, and her grandmother is feeling her up. Okay, actually that does sound kind of bad. And to top it all off, the love of her life doesn't

even know that she exists! There is only one thing that she can do: party! Because there is no problem in the world that a good kegger cannot solve. It's become somewhat of a rite of passage from mother to daughter, kind of like what a spank mag is from father to son.



Jailbait and the American Cinema

A New Look at John Hughes by the Movie Dunce

She's sixteen, she's beautiful, and she's mine", or so the story goes in pretty much every high school romance I've ever seen from "Grease" to "Pretty in Pink". But in real life if you so much as hug a person under eighteen years of age there is a very good chance that you'll spend the rest of your lecherous life behind bars being boffed from behind by Bubba from B Block because you have just fallen prey to that age old pecker trap known better in colloquial terms as jailbait. You can look, but you just can't touch. I repeat, you can look, but you just can't touch.

Except that now you can't even look without having your name appear on on some child molester website. Yet at the same time Abercrombie and Fitch is allowed to publish catalogues of children in

lingerie and Shakespeare's most famous play, "Romeo and Juliet" a story about forbidden love between two pre-pubescent emo brats is supposedly the world's greatest romance, considered a must read by teachers everywhere, and is forced down our throats in every high school across America. Doesn't anybody see the contradiction here?

We're being told to buy, buy, buy these young American beauties two for a dollar as they sell, sell, sell them to us in so many pictures and words, and then they slap, slap, slap the living sh-t out of us when we so much as smile at a cheerleader. They shove these images down our throats 24/7 on movies, TV and magazines and then they get upset at people who act on them. One of the kings of teen

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Weird Science

By the Movie Dunce

"Weird Science" is a cautionary tale about what happens when you get exactly what you want. Essentially it's about two high school nerds who just want to get laid, and barring any actual social interaction on their part, the most obvious solution that they come up with is to hook up electrodes to a Barbie doll (why on Earth do they have a Barbie doll in the first place?) pull some underwear over their heads and pray for a miracle. The miracle comes in the form of Kelley LeBrock in her party panties.

Wacky hijinks then ensue because they quickly discover

that they have no ability to control their sexbot's actions, let alone what goes in or comes out of her mouth (am I making this needlessly dirty?). Things go from bad to worse when she meets their parents and throws a kegger. Among the attendees is horrorfilm workhorse and superstar Michael Berryman, whom you might remember better as Jupiter from "The Hills Have Eyes". It's great fun for teenagers, but the raucy jokes don't hold up as well when you're grown up.



Robot Sex and the American Teenager

A New Look at John Hughes by the Movie Dunce

Every teenage boy dreams of a sexbot. Every teenage boy, regardless of race, creed, sexual orientation or country of origin wants a sexbot, be it a girlfriend, a hooker, a chained up zombie or even a porta-pussy. It's in the genes (or in the case of the porta-pussy, it's in the jeans). It is a timeless worldwide male archetype that John Hughes tapped into when he made "Weird Science", a movie about two geeks who build the ultimate sexbot, with Kelley LeBrock as their queen.

In a certain sense, the sexbot sums up the entire male

experience from puberty until death. It begins around the age of thirteen when the sasquatch genes click on and we suddenly become furry raging sex monsters. We rub, caress and otherwise fondle our genitals until we get a sexual release. It's almost as though our twigs and berries are covered with poison ivy and and no man, woman, gerbil or sheep is safe until we scratch that itch.

In video game terms, it's a bit like "Doom" in that we spent our entire childhood playing "MarioKart" and now we just

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The John Hughes Reviews

The Breakfast Club

By the Movie Dunce

Five teenagers from different social castes are forced to spend an entire afternoon of detention together by their common enemy, the hardass teacher, and they find that they have more in common than they would have ever previously believed. I mean aside from being white Anglo-Saxons who are relatively well off, middle class Americans who don't have to worry about jobs, money, hunger, a roof over their heads, and who share 99.9% of their DNA code, or anything else that really matters. But aside from that they have nothing in common but can still learn to be friends.

This is the second best film by '80's genius, John Hughes (the best of course being "Ferris Bueller's Day Off") who knew how to speak to teenagers better than anyone else alive, except of course for crack dealers. This is one of those rite of passage movies for teenagers who want to grow up and is the greatest highlight in the careers of everyone in the cast with the exception of Emilio Estevez who went on to make "The Mighty Ducks". I mean "Young Guns"! Remember, I said, "Young Guns". This film is truly a must see.



Teen Angst and You

A New Look at John Hughes by the Movie Dunce

One of the most important stages in every teenager's adolescence is the stage of "teen angst". This stage will most often occur between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, unless of course you are Winona Ryder in which case you can milk it well into your middle age.

Before you can begin teen angst, you must first prepare yourself by being outside of the norm. Being an outsider cuts to the very nature of teen angst because no one else knows what it is like to be in your shoes. None of the other millions of teenagers around the globe who also have the exact same problems with their

boyfriends, girlfriends, parents, teachers, homework, acne, and lack of a cool car know what it's like to be in your shoes. You are alone in the world and no one in the history of Earth has ever experienced the pain that you did when Billy didn't ask you to the prom. None of the millions of Jews who died in the Holocaust or women who were burned at the stake of being witches in the Middle Ages can hold a candle (pardon the expression) to the physical pain and suffering that you went through that night.

The next thing you need to do is decide what kind of angst suits you best, for there

Continued on page 6

Ferris Bueller's Day Off

By the Movie Dunce

Most awesome. John Hughes movie. Ever. In fact, most awesome Matthew Broderick movie ever, also, and I say this being a huge fan of "Wargames" In it, Broderick plays the title character, Ferris Bueller, the coolest, most laid back high school student ever, whom is adored by everyone and decides to play hooky from high school because the day is just too damned nice to waste it. Together, he and his cohorts take a tour of the best that Chicago has to offer, from Wrigley Field to the Sears Tower, and enjoy life instead of huffing airplane glue from

a paper sack like trolls under a bridge which is what most real kids do when they play hooky. A stand out performance, though, is given by Jeffrey Jones as principal Ed Rooney, who is bound and determined to outwit the little f-cker, and make him repeat high school all over again. Snappy dialogue and catchy lines which will want to make you watch this movie over and over and over again and again and again. Why else did you think that I gave it four Duncenaps?



Ferris Bueller:

American Hero or Lowlife

A New Look at John Hughes by the Movie Dunce

Handsome, dashing, debonnaire, a lover of the arts, a dreamer, a realist, someone who desires to make all around him happy and is willing to cover for their every mistake. Ferris Bueller is all of these things and more. He is also a liar, a thief, a hacker, an instigator of misdeeds and an overall delinquent. But who is the real Ferris Bueller? Is he really a modern day Tom Sawyer, or is he just another miserable lowlife no longer content in wallowing by himself in the gutter and now has to drag all of his friends down to his level?

At first glance, Ferris Bueller is the kind of guy we

all wanted to be like in high school. He was suave and had a rapier wit, like the teenage version of Fletch. He's the kind of guy we looked up to and wanted to hang around hoping that some of his coolness would rub off on us, as he and his rag-tag band of acolytes go off on their merry misadventures that you'll be talking about for years to come. Basically he's Peter Pan in a leopard vest.

But is he really that cool? If you take a good hard look at what he does, are his misadventures really that wacky, or is he just kind of a douche? Have you ever considered that perhaps

Continued on page 6

HERO OR LOWLIFE CONT.

Principal Ed Rooney is right in that Ferris Bueller gives good students bad ideas? Let's take a good hard look at how Ferris spent his fabled "day off" and see for ourselves.

Ferris wakes up and he lies to his parents. As soon as they leave the house we see him by the pool, presumably with the contents of their liquor cabinet, and he then proceeds to drunk dial his friends. Ferris claims that Cameron is his best friend, but he bullies him into making prank calls to the principal of the school and physically assaults him when the opportunity arises. Is he really Cameron's best friend, or in fact is he just using Cameron for his car. In fact, Ferris doesn't like Cameron's car, so he bullies Cameron into showing him his dad's Ferrari. When Cameron tells him no, Ferris just takes it (re: steals the car) anyways. What's the first thing he does after he steals the car? He picks up his girlfriend from school so he can spend the day with her. I ask again, are these really the actions of a best friend? That sounded pretty douchey to me. He then throws money at practically everyone he meets while wining and dining in the most expensive restaurant he can find. Wait, who's money was that? Certainly not Ferris' who it is implied does not even have a job yet. Is it his parent's money? Is it Cameron's? Maybe Simone's? Knowing Ferris, probably all of them. In fact the only truly cool thing that Ferris did in the entire movie was to offer to take the heat for Cameron's crashed car, and I am no longer convinced that it wasn't a piece of reverse psychology.

Now, keeping all of that in mind, watch the film again and ask yourself, "Are these really the actions of a friend?" If someone did those things to you, would you consider them a cool person? Or does it sound more like someone you enjoy talking about in the past tense but are in reality overwhelmingly relieved that they are no longer a part of your life?

TEEN ANGST CONT.

are more than one. Typically they fall into the five categories depicted in the John Hughes movie, "The Breakfast Club": They are the rich bitch, the jock, the punk, the emo and the nerd.

The rich bitch was portrayed by Molly Ringwald, and her typical line of angst goes like this: Poor her. No one knows what it's like to be her. She has all the money in the world, an expensive car, brains, beauty, and she eats sushi for lunch. All of the girls envy her and all of the guys want to date her. She is a cheerleader, prom queen, will probably get into the best universities and marry a wealthy doctor. Nobody knows the hell that is her life, and nobody knows her pain. Poor, poor pitiful her.

I know what you're thinking, "She has nothing to complain about, her life couldn't be better! There are real people with real problems in the world and she's not one of them." And you'd be right because that's the whole point of angst is to complain about how awful your life is and how nobody understands. To pretend that you are alone in a world approaching six trillion people, and to totally blow everything out of proportion.

When I was in the third grade and the class was about to have a sing-along, I was handed a tambourine to play instead of a drum and I bawled my eyes out because I was given a girls instrument. It was a total over the top reaction to something that meant nothing to anybody except for me. Teen angst is the teenage equivalent of that, being a crybaby. It follows us all of our lives and it goes under different names, but we will all always be crybabies. Imagine that, crying your eyes out because I got a peanut in my peppermints, and by that I mean that I got a little bit of salt when all I wanted was sweet.

There are many other forms of angst besides rich, emo, punk, nerd and jock. There is also goth, fat, ugly, gay, musician, religion and racial angst to name a few. There are as many types of angst as there are social strata, and mixing and matching is encouraged, such as in the case of the fat ugly gay nerd and all of the angst ridden baggage that he has to carry.

As you grow older teen angst eventually makes room for the bitching, griping and complaining that rules the mundane drudgery of our everyday lives, and you never again feel that bitter sense of guttural outrage that accompanies the hormonal imbalances of the teenage years, but each decade will present you with a new set of neurosis that will make your blood boil and keep your rage as fresh as the morning dew.

In your twenties it's your sucky menial job and the fact that you have to wear a nametag. In your thirties it's your sucky retard children

who are bleeding you dry. In your forties it's your sucky life and how you want another one. In your fifties it's your sucky body and how it's falling apart. In your sixties, well, everything just sucks and just keeps on sucking until you are finally in your seventies when you are dead and in your casket, and that will probably suck too.

See all of the fun that you have to look forward to? Teen angst will no longer seem so bad then because everything in your life will have sucked so much by then that the things you were complaining about in high school will seem trivial in comparison. So buck up, buckaroo, and enjoy your ride because it only gets worse from here. And remember, nobody knows pain more than you. Poor, poor pitiful you.

**BONUS QUOTE
OF THE MONTH**

Brought to you by

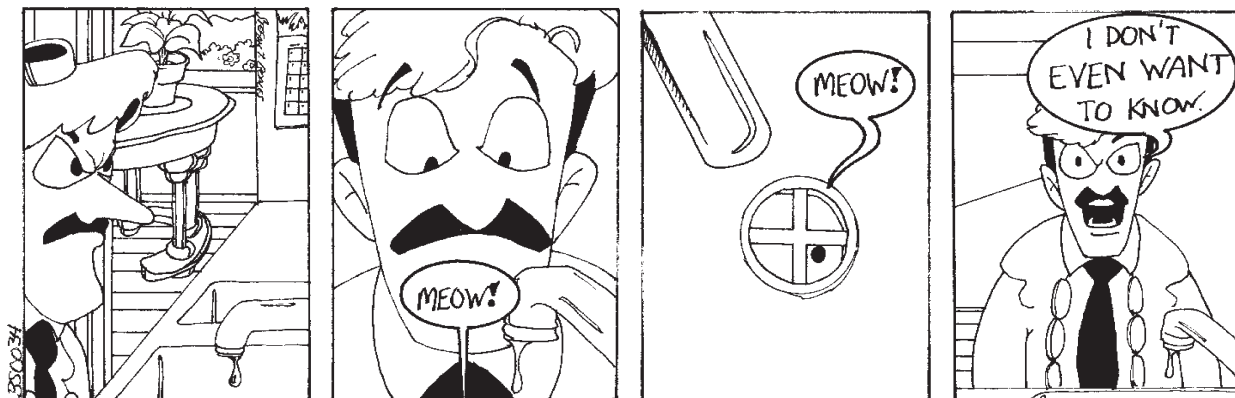
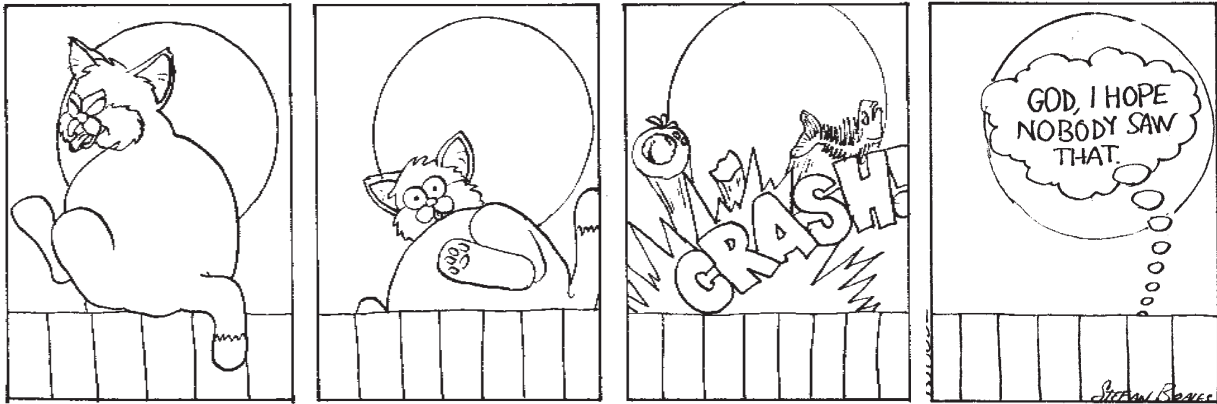
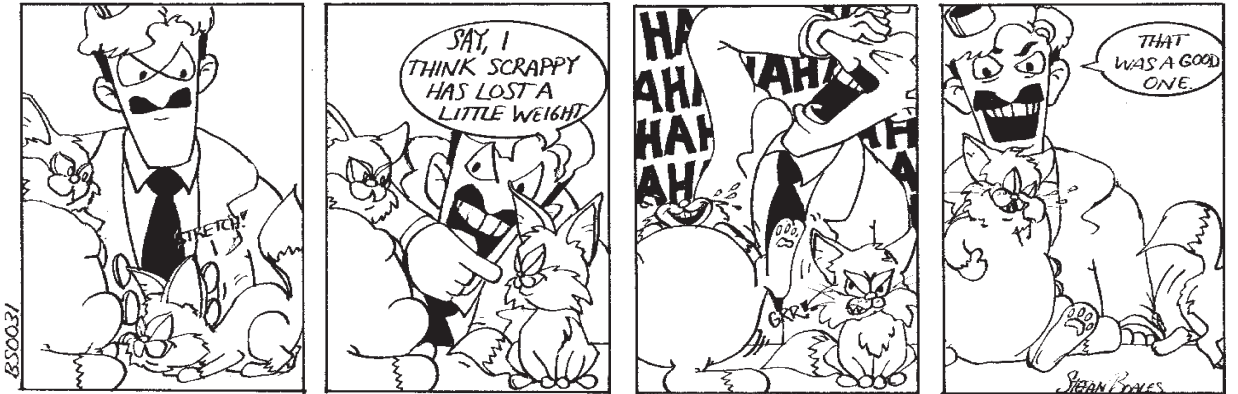
Darin G."That's always the
case, sometimes."**THIS MONTH IN STAR TREK:
(FOR NERDS ONLY)****September 8, 1966***Star Trek: The Original Series* premiers**September 8, 1973***Star Trek: The Animated Series* premiers**September 9, 1966***"The Man Trap"* (TOS) first airs**September 14, 1936**

Walter Koenig is born.

September 5, 1966*"Charlie X"* (TOS) first airs**September 22, 1966***"Where No Man Has Gone Before"* (TOS) first airs**September 26, 2001***"Star Trek: Enterprise"* premiers**September 28, 1987***"Star Trek: The Next Generation"* premiers**September 29, 1966***"The Naked Time"* (TOS) first airs

COMICS, COMICS, COMICS!

BUCKY AND SCRAPPY



BACK TO SCHOOL CONT.

are at least five years older than you and have body hair in weird places. Feel uncomfortable and decide to move elsewhere.

THE ADULT VIDEO STORE

Go hang out in front of the adult video store. Decide to go in. Stay outside. Decide to go in. Stay outside. Decide to go in. Stay outside. Decide to go in. Stay outside. Watch as a shifty eyed old man with about thirty videos comes up to you. As he gets a little too friendly and starts talking in a really creepy manner, decide it's time to go back to school.

JAILBAIT CONT.

sex cinema is the loveable John Hughes, whose recurring depiction of pubescent virility can be found in virtually every one of his films, from "Weird Science" to "Uncle Buck", and probably his magnum opus for teenage debauchery is "Sixteen Candles" which every parent now eagerly shows their sons and daughters. Well, mainly daughters.

The entire point of "Sixteen Candles" is that Molly Ringwald has fallen for an older guy and wants to go out with him. Why does she want to go out with him? For the romance? For the money? For the prestige among all of the other high school bimbos of dating an older guy? Sure, probably all of those things, but mostly because she wants to sleep with him. She's hot and horny for him and wants to honk on Bobo's nose. She's waited sixteen years for this moment and she's not going to be stopped by some silly piece of paper called the law. After all, it's his ass that'll be

thrown in jail, he's the predator, not her. Not silly, little, innocent, stalker her.

By coincidence, there's another tale of teenage lust in that same movie, about how nerdy Farmer Ted is trying to get with her. But that's totally different. It's disgusting! It's laughable the way he desperately throws himself at her begging for love. What's that? It's the exact same thing that she was doing, only he was more upfront about it and honest with his feelings, exactly what a girl says she wants from a man? I am so sure! It's totally different, totally! I mean, gag me with a backhoe! (huhuhuh, I said 'hoe') Apparently what's good for the goose is good for the gander unless the gander is a girl in which case his goose is cooked. Welcome to the website, buddy. The cops found you in possession of Molly Ringwald's underwear. You're busted!

The point I'm trying to make here, however tangential it may be, is that once boys and girls hit the age of puberty, they are hardwired to breed, regardless of their mental maturity or lack thereof. And just because we (and by we, I mean men *and* women) are over eighteen, it doesn't mean that we can automatically override our biological urges in favor of artificial social constructs, such as age limits which apparently changes from state to state. Let me be clear here, I'm not saying that we should start hitting on girls once they start having their period, I believe the laws are there to protect the children, and in most cases I believe they are good laws (there are always exceptions to the rules, especially when an adult is eighteen and a day and the

minor is one day under eighteen). What I'm saying is that sex sells and that our biology feeds into that. I'm saying that we are getting mixed messages when our own government tells us that the age of legality is eighteen, no it's sixteen, no it's thirteen as long as you get parental permission and are married, unless you're a Mormon in which case you go to jail. And it doesn't help matters when our society, admittedly puritanical, tells us that young love is a beautiful thing, unless you think or act on it, in which case you'll be shot.

Who do we root for to get some tail? Juliet? Molly Ringwald? The Little Mermaid and countless other Disney cartoon maidens? And who are the bad guys? Apparently any male of any kind unless it's Jack Nicholson in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" who pleaded insanity to avoid a jail term for scoring with some underage hottie. Or for that matter Jack Nicholson in real life, or Jerry Lee Lewis, or Woody Allen, or for that matter any other celebrity, because that's different. They're popular (the sole exception being Michael Jackson, which might indicate a racial motivation, which is weird because the photo's clearly show he was white).

So let's stop pretending that high school girls aren't cute, let's stop pretending that the law is clear, and let's stop pretending that they're children. They're teenagers, they're in that limbo-land between the ages of childhood and young adulthood. They're biologically ready to breed, but they can't drive a car, they can't cast a vote, and they can't even drink a beer, unless they're in a movie,

especially a John Hughes movie, in which all of those things are encouraged, extolled, and considered the societal norm.

In "Sixteen Candles", John Hughes gave us the art of jailbait in the form of Molly Ringwald, a typical between-ager, not a fifteen year old hosebeast from Pasadena, not a Long Island Lolita, but your standard American youth. It is normal for people to want what they can't have it a Big Mac, a Cadillac or a celebrity. And if it's okay to look at but not touch a celebrity, should it be any different for a teenager, or do we deny a person their freedom of thought? As for me, I hold the right to think about whomever I wish, however I wish, just as I hold the right to not think about them at all.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Brought to you by

Darin G.

"I scare everyone. It's my job."

TOP TEN Thrillers

10. Apt Pupil
9. Wild Things
8. Zodiac
7. Fargo
6. Copycat
5. Seven
4. Memento
3. Outbreak
2. Silence of the Lambs
1. Manhunter

ROBOTSEX CONT.

want to blow some sh-t up. We're horny for blood, horny for bud and horny for pud, be it our own or somebody elses. As with sex, in video games we don't care if we play by the rules or cheat, just as long as we get what we want, which is to score more than everybody else. It is also why teenage boys are so eager to get "Spanish Flies" and video game "Mod[ified]" controllers because it will supposedly give them an edge over the other Neantertals in heat (the Robert Downey Jr. character in the movie) because a Neandertal will f-ck your sh-t up, and then they'll take the girls and f-ck up their sh-t too, making them so damaged that they'll hate men for the rest of their lives. And if you think that you're the exception to the rule then you are seriously deluding yourself. Also, if they refer to you a a "nice guy", you can forget about sleeping with them ever. Your d-ck is dead to them.

Then we move onto phase two: The f-ck buddy. That's when you want your f-ck toy to do more than roll over and beg and call out the names of various deities. Maybe you want them to talk to, or make you breakfast, or (shudder) to cuddle. Or in the case of the "Weird Science" geeks, to play chess with. The point being that you want a little bit more buddy to go with the f-ck. I mean, I guess you could f-ck your actual buddies, but it might be kind of awkward afterwards when you slap him on the ass, wipe off his chin and tell him to get you a beer. But what it comes right down to is that you want more out of your f-ck toy than just a f-ck. You want a relationship.

In technology terms, it's like we have telephone, which is great, we have a camera, which is great, and we have a a computer, which is great. But after a while you get tired of having to switch from one to the other to the other, and wish that they would be all rolled up into one for convenience sake, which they did, it's called the Blackberry. It is a telephone, camera and a computer all rolled up into one and it conveniently fits in your pocket. It is a technological porta-pussy, and with the amount of time you spend on it, you are clearly in a relationship with it.

The final stage of the experience is old age, when the sexbot begins to breakdown and malfunction. It's frayed and scuffed around the edges, and doesn't work all of the time anymore, and sometimes it overheats. In rest homes they call it hot flashes. But you still hang onto it for sentimental sake, like an old teddy bear, a faded photograph, or a f-ck mag from your youth. You might not be able to turn it on anymore, or turn the pages, but it's still a part of your life, and it always will be. This phase is also called being your grandparents.

Your f-ck buddy is now just your buddy and as much as you would like a new f-ck toy, frankly all the newer models are just so complicated that you wouldn't even know how to turn one on. That goes for robotic f-ck toys too. Now all you have to look forward to is death, the final release, when you let your buddy go and you move on into a new world. Sadly, there was no actual death in "Weird Science", but the geeks did leave behind their nerdalicious

lifestyles and find that they must release their sexbot into the wild because frankly it was beyond their ability to control anyways.

In short, the John Hughes genius has summed up the entire sexual journey of man in the space of ninety minutes as told through the eyes of two nerds, a feat worthy of Freud himself, being both a heartwarming tale and an astonishing treatise on the sexual forays and morays of mankind. Or it could simply be a story about guys trying to f-ck their computer.

100% All American
Space Filler!
Made in Taiwan

**BONUS
TOP TEN***Best War Movies*

10. 300
9. Jarhead
8. Platoon
7. Good Morning Vietnam
6. Enemy At The Gates
5. We Were Soldiers
4. Full Metal Jacket
3. Band of Brothers (HBO Miniseries)
2. Saving Private Ryan
1. Glory

BONUS ZODIAC!

ARIES: If we're really all related to monkeys, why don't monkeys have curly pubes?

TAURUS: Speaking of which, do monkeys also make goofy faces when they cum?

GEMINI: Do chicks who have cornrows cornrow ALL their hair?

CANCER: You will once again be C-blocked tonight when your wife follows you to the bar.

LEO: Do albinos have white pubes also?

VIRGO: I will say this only once: Never try to stop the blades of a chainsaw while it is in motion using either your hands, feet, teeth, eyeballs, nipples or penis.

LIBRA: Your boyfriend is lying when he promises not to shoot a load in your

mouth while you're giving him a blowjob.

SCORPIO: Now remember, homosexuals have just as many feelings as you do, they are a fruit, not a vegetable.

SAGITTARIUS: The good news is that your farts now smell like honey, the bad news is that it's because a swarm of killer bees made a hive out of your ass last night.

CAPRICORN: The good news is that it's not a tumor, the bad news is that you're just one really fat f-ck.

AQUARIUS: Excuse me, is that a pickle in your pocket, or do you just have a really big boner and genital warts?

PISCES: I know you like to eat a bowl of cottage cheese every morning for breakfast, but seriously dude, your wife should get that thing checked out.