

# *Legally Looney*

from the book: Gods, Demons and Genitalia: A Collection.

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The gavel struck and the judge called the court to order. Standing to face the jury is a stern prosecutor who cuts to the chase:

So here we are at the cusp of a decision that will affect the precious minds of our children, our next generation.

We have seen all around us the signs of mental decay, confused priorities, uncertain values, a general decline in moral values and demeanor. Where do these disparate attitudes that divide us come from? What are their origins — the origins of our decayed culture?

We can see it plainly now, in retrospect, the results of a philosophy of looniness. We sing a Looney Tune today and how could we not suffer this fate after having brainwashed generations of young people with blatant violent and extremely undesirable role models.

With the series of so-called “Looney Tunes and Merrie Melodies” these perpetrators have poisoned our society in ways which must be healed.

Let’s look at this menagerie of deleterious icons of the seemingly duplicitous cartoon industry.

**OBJECTION, your honor.** There is no record of duplicity in the cartoon industry. Observe the Disney studios. Straightforward ... family values.

## **SUSTAINED**

Yes, your honor, there are exceptions that exude goodness. I refer primarily to the makers of these ... animated atrocities, the notorious Warner Brothers of Hollywood, whose feature films are also permeated with evil, wallowing in crime and seedy characters.

It is no wonder that they would also pollute their satellite cartoon business with their .... business philosophy of catering to perverse tastes, to capture an audience of voyeurs — from Bogart to Bugs Bunny.

**OBJECTION, your honor,** The prosecutor is off on a fantasy rant about a studio’s production and marketing of which he knows nothing. Warner produces great musicals and comedies as well, even as it capitalizes on a legitimate genre market, the internationally acclaimed film noir market. And in Warner films, good always prevails. Crime is always punished.

**SUSTAINED.** Prosecutor is advised to stick with the subject at hand — the alleged cultural degradation fomented by this collection of imaginary cartoon characters, created ostensibly to entertain our children.

Precisely, your honor, to brainwash our children into a false reality. Take these characters one at a time.

Porky and Petunia Pig. These have already been retired from promotion. Largely responsible for the denigrating term of porky, a scurrilous insult to all those American who suffer from an obesity disorder.

What's more, the rotund caricature was an incessant stutterer, ridiculing and hurting the many Americans with speech disorders. Porky was clearly a double Hammy.

And there's the blowhard Yosemite Sam, always angry, always on edge and aggressive. The results are clearly visible today, Our world is the same way. I mean — duh. Another awful role model.

And how about Sylvester the cat, with a horrible lisp voice that again insults those with such disorders.

And his character is abominable, forever trying to kill and devour an innocent and cute canary bird named Tweety.

And we have to ask. Did Tweety of yesterday foretell the Twitter of today, an endless chatter of verbal signage. Tweet, Tweet, Tweet all day long. Such a trap for the human psyche. The supposed little chirps coming from a lovably cute cultural icon evolve today into a mindless stream of inane, time-wasting chat that does much to bog down the productivity of evolving humans and enforce simplistic thinking.

**OBJECTION, your honor.** Too grandiose. It's commonly know that Twitter was developed for Twits and had nothing to do with the unreality of cartoons.

**SUSTAINED.** Prosecutor is urged to refrain from speculation and offer some hard evidence for his claims. I would note that cats do, in fact, pursue and eat small birds.

Yes, your honor, we would simply urge you to consider the dominant traits in these characters. Sylvester is obsessed. They are all obsessed. And this makes them alienated from one another, much as we are today. Society has truly suffered because of these dangerous role models.

Such as Pepe LePew, a skunk who actually stinks, but tries to cover it over with perfume and a romantic, transparently lustful intentions. How despicable? He ridicules the necessity of facing one's own shortcomings with a smelly cover-up — a mental facade of proclaiming they don't exist. He turns to sex instead in his confused, separate reality.

We see the results again in today's numerous gender conflicts, the division of humanity into categories of judgment and style over substance.

There is the blowhard rooster Foghorn Leghorn, who caricatures our senators and congressmen as feathery, fowl bloviators, in a southern plantation owner dialect, of all things. This has led to widespread disrespect for our legislators and our very form of government today.

The devious political rooster pulls up the tail of a peaceful, sleeping dog with a wooden paddle, reminiscent of the corporal punishment that schools used to inflict as a matter of crude coarseness. An invasion of privacy. A cruel butt slap. And then the ultimate ignominy — the dog's quest for retaliatory justice is cut short with the chain around his neck, stretched to breaking point.

Of course, this symbolizes the frustrations of modern humankind. It's no use struggling. We are under control. The system rolls on, and over us, and we are helpless to stop it That kind of attitude permeates society today, a collective hopelessness that keeps millions of us meek, docile and subservient to their manipulations of our economy and our society.

On top of all that, we have seen the inspired and complementary cruelty of people actually chaining their animals outside, in all kinds of weather, and subject to taunting — and worse.

**OBJECTION.** Serious overstatement. Humankind is more ambitious and productive than ever before. And we have developed organizations and laws that seriously opposes animal cruelty.

**SUSTAINED.**

But, with due respect, you don't count the victims of this looney tunes conspiracy. Those millions who are NOT ambitious or productive and can't think clearly. Dupes must also be protected by law.

They are also deleteriously inspired by Scrooge McDuck to worship and wallow in wealth, showing the millionaire as joyfully self-centered. Yet we know that self-indulgence is a curse, yet promoted by this studio. May I also submit . . . Daffy Duck celebrates daffiness, which we don't need in society. And again mocks those with speech impediments. Goofy celebrates goofiness, at once mocking the mentally retarded and defying the education ideal.

**OBJECTION.** Goofy is a Disney character, and has also been retired due to a backlash from Intellectuals.

**SUSTAINED.** Prosecutor should confine his characterizations to characters actually created and promoted to the American public.

Apologies, your honor. I would submit instead, one Elmer Fudd, who always carries a gun and incessantly tries to kill a small furry animal, all while exhibiting yet another in a string of feigned speech defects. Fudd's example has led to a massive gun ownership in this country with resultant violence and a proliferation of so-called 'deer camps.'

And then we have that icon of a hard-nosed outlier, the very rude Bugs Bunny. He disdains all pretense of gentlemanly behavior by uttering the ubiquitous "What's Up Doc?" while discourteously munching on a carrot. Who needs decorum when you've got a wise-cracking rabbit, an icon to a don't-give-a-shit attitude. And we see that today — everywhere! Can we save ourselves from ourselves, our own monuments to mockery and mayhem?

And there's the runaway fowl called the Road Runner. Cowardly. Teaches us to instinctively run from our problems. No courage.

And the persistent predator, Wile E. Coyote, always anxious to kill, and always incorporating the corporate Acme and Ace war industry products to do the dastardly deeds.

Just as we rely on corporations today for every facet of our lives. We are finely conditioned and brainwashed consumers. We rely on the giants of commerce to make our lives worthwhile. Such a travesty of illogical idiocy. How did we get this way?

Well, for many years, all through childhood, we were subjected to an instant acid rain of bad attitudes and violence. They appeared, mogul scheduled, prior to every Warner motion picture. Like little life-sucking barnacles on the hull of a rotten ship.

And so these Warner-created creatures of corruption roll on today — inspiring our worst and carrying us, generation after generation, toward cultural collapse. We are on the way, we are a world divided, each singing an alienated Looney Tune to drive selfish agendas.

Humankind can do better. We can ban these cartoonish cretins forever with your righteous retaliation today. Bring the Loonies to Law! Save our children from their acrimonious agenda. Free our young people from their ruinous rants of self-serving subterfuge and septic slime. I rest my case.

The court shuffles to recognize the attorney of the defendants, Looney Tunes Inc. The lawyer, appearing purposefully affable and friendly, addresses the jury.

My dear friends, you have been just been subjected to a series of mass exaggerations. Instead of being nefarious, these characters only reflect the various emotions of humankind, showing us our follies, holding them up to honest and hardy laughter, and forthright calling them "looney."

Yes. Our studio makes no bones about that, but never considers these characters are evil in any way. They have never permanently harmed any other personality at all, just an occasional slap on the butt or a pratfall off a banana peel. Hunting is already a national pastime, recognized as a legitimate enterprise since caveman days.

The DA should simply lighten up, cool it a bit and quit demonizing animal characters who are acknowledged as simple-minded and not associated with any imaginary mind control agenda. I ask you to dismiss this case as absurd and free my clients from this persecution.

In further support of my case, I offer certified documents for the record from speech therapists nationwide as to the influence of these cartoon characters on their juvenile patients. An overwhelming number expressed favorable approval of the aforementioned characters, i.e. Porky, Sylvester, Daffy and Mr. Fudd for both humor and self-identification. The characters show them that ... they are not alone.

There is a great deal of empathy out there and you may as well take your often correctible condition in good humor, live with it, laugh with it and — it's all right.

And Bugs Bunny — our champion. He is always Cool.

And if you can't appreciate Cool, then ... you must live you life Up Tight. Lighten up! And the light will shine. I rest my case.

THE JURY deliberated for several days and finally come to a decision. The foreman rose to address the court and explain their collective decision.

Your honor, members of the court, and all present. I must say that these deliberations have become a centerpiece for the jury's philosophical journey. This situation has forced us to examine the many influences around us, and how and why we accept and embrace certain ones of these which may or may not reflect the flaws in our own egos, our own ability to think and act from analytical logic, or from deep-seated defenses instead.

At any rate, some of our members have been moved and positively inspired by these cartoon creations, which can become a kind of reality because of their repercussions in society and in countless lives.

Road Runner .... an example of blazing speed. One of our jurors was so impressed that he became a long distance runner. This past year, he placed second in the Joliet, Illinois annual Shriner Scramble Marathon.

The moribund, lovable hound dog, Droopy, inspired another juror to establish a dog shelter.

The example of Tweety encouraged another juror to adopt scores of tropical birds and establish a Kiddie Walk, where she also sells homemade ice cream.

Several jurors lauded Bugs for promoting an easygoing, friendly personal style that resonates with our citizenry today. Not stuffy, loose, Not tight as a tick, loose as a goose. We are a nation of shorts and shades, casual to the extreme. We can thank Bugs Bunny as the inspiration for much of that.

What's up doc? We are. The glory of self.

While one juror admitted that he joined a survival militia because of Yosemite Sam's macho example, he relates that he didn't see anyone with a big, flaming red mustache among the militiamen, while most of them had beer guts and smelled bad. He quickly resigned and hocked his AR-15 to buy some groceries.

In short, your honor, we find the Warner characters as a reflection of humanity as it is — a cartoon that encourages us to laugh at our looney natures. They are actually called Looney in their name, a fact which apparently many up-tight people totally miss. Our advice: Cool it. It's all for fun and "That's All Folks!" Not guilty.

**OBJECTION.** Um ... um .... the jury is supposed to give you the paper, your honor, and you are supposed to read the verdict, not them! We will appeal.

**Judge:** Of course you will. You always do.

**Defense:** And, your honor, be apprised that we will now file for civil damages against Warner — money.

**Judge:** Of course you will. Never a question.

From the audience, a man stands up.

Hey! Is the court system bogged down with trivial shit that eats up vast amounts of time and money and with criminal convictions only used as a tool to launch civil suits for MONEY?

**Judge:** Of course it is. (*Slams gavel*) Court adjourned.