

"We have a plan so cunning, you could put a tail on it and call it a weasel!"

Why do so many people always assume animation is for children? That's like assuming that inflatable toys are only for children ("Puncture repair kit on stand-by, sir"). These same people want their children to stay away from drugs and be nice to everyone (family values and what-not), but do they even think about what's really being presented on a typical Saturday morning?

Look at the old Warner Brother cartoons. You know: Bugs and all the gang before they started copying Disney. I'm talking way back when Daffy really was...well, Daffy (I wonder what happened to him. He started out so manic, then just got mean. When he first appeared on the screen, I bet he could have kicked Bugs' ass. I think that when Bugs won an Oscar, Daffy just gave up and became bitter). Those are definitely not for children. So much of the humor depends on adult experience (or maybe it depends on adults forgetting how to think absurdly on their own, and so Warner Brothers does it for them).

Then again, Rocky and Bullwinkle didn't exactly aim for the 5-9 year old demographic either. Sure, if your kid had a handle on contemporary world issues, and had a smattering of world history, he could've enjoyed all the bad puns and the "Ruby Yacht of Omar Khayyam" episodes. Maybe, judging from all the studies around today telling us how stupid children are becoming (as a side note, Hell Inc.® is now proud to offer Fuck'n Lame™, the latest in the anti-theft products to protect your children. For more information, see Volume 1, issue 14), the kids of the 50's and 60's could handle it.

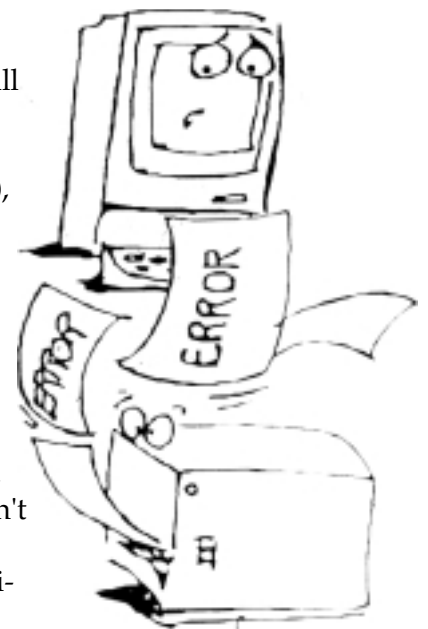
I think the moose and squirrel were the Ren and Stimpy of their day. They both started out underground and had crappy animation. As they grew in popularity, they kept the same material: Ren and Stimpy with abundant mucus and exploding eyeballs; Rocky and Bullwinkle with implicit references to sex and drugs.

I'm positive that Boris and Natasha didn't have a platonic relationship (we know they did it, we just haven't decided who's on top. We've seen the pictures, watched the restored footage, made the diagrams, done the physics, and still can't figure out HOW they did it). And do you think they didn't drop the animated acid? How do you miss 837 consecutive assassination attempts? At least the attitudes of this show made it easier for later cartoons to be more explicit, namely Scooby Doo.

Scooby-Doo. Oh. My. God. What a drug cartoon that was. Think about it. Particularly Shaggy and Scooby. The two of them would do anything for a "Scooby snack." And a few minutes after eating one, you could be sure to find both of them in the kitchen with the munchies. Even the way they walked made it look like they were stoned. That exaggerated leg thrust of Shaggy's...and how many people understand their dog when it talks to them, discounting David Berkowitz of course.

And the Mystery Machine? No mystery about that. Our beatnik friend Fred was definitely driving more than the van. More specifically, he was wooing Daphne. Daphne was the prep of the crew, you see, and helped support their drug habits, but since she was a nympho, her choice of payment was obvious. Hell,

Our illustrator is temporarily **OUT OF ORDER**



We apologize for the
inconvenience.



Daphne would pay for champagne to fill the six foot bong in the back of The Mystery Machine.

Poor Velma. Poor, poor, blind Velma. Always the fifth wheel. Shaggy had Scooby[†]. Fred had Daphne (hell, I'm sure they all had Daphne at some point or another). Velma had her glasses, and they just kept falling off.

The Hanna-Barbara studios must have been the opium den of their day. They didn't stop at Scooby. Remember Grape Ape and Speed Buggy? I'll bet you could've just LICKED the TV screen during an episode of Grape Ape to take a trip to the inner workings of your subconscious. Speed Buggy didn't take the unlaced gasoline, either. And it would explain the reoccurrence of speech impediments in these characters. Don't even get me started on the Laff Olympics. Far more than your usual caricatures of evil loonies vs. dopey good guys there.

And look at the Smurfs. Another cartoon with societal

deviancy as its theme. Little blue guys that live in mushroom rooms? Ah-huh. And only one female for 100 guys? I'm sure Smurfette made the rounds.[‡] Baby Smurf had to come from somewhere. Smurfette's birth control was only 99% effective and, well....

Let's face it; if I were walking through the woods and saw a bunch of Smurfs, my first reaction would be astonishment. That would quickly fade after they sang 17 verses of their one and only song. Then I'd just start squashing those little blue shits. To hell with the gold, I want to see blood.

[†] I sometimes wonder if Scooby-Doo wasn't a metaphor for all of our lives. A group of people, driving through the world in a vehicle that is mystery, even to themselves, struggling to solve the mysteries of others. Maybe there is some sage advice in Scooby's catch phrase. Maybe there's an anagram in there. A phrase that could set us all free from the shackles of mortal thought....Then again, maybe it's just a stupid phrase like "Ri rove rou Reorge."

[‡] It's interesting to note the similarity between the creation of Smurfette and Eve. In The Smurfs, Gargamel made Smurfette to trick the Smurfs so he could catch them and turn them into gold. Was the writer trying to say that God had evil intentions when he made Eve? Or was he just saying that all females are inherently evil?

Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode II

The little sports car was skimming down the dirt road toward the lights to the north. The driver was smiling.

"Yeegah! What did I tell you, little darlin'? We gonna be all right!" Vic smiled through his teeth at her, and she could barely suppress the urge to punch them out. Instead, she giggled lightly, and Vic smiled broader as he turned off of the dirt road.

A few hours later, the little sports car pulled into a gas station just off the highway, and from the hill above them, a pair of bloodshot eyes watched the two go in to get a snack from the mini-mart after they filled their tank. The bloodshot eyes walked down from the hill slowly, checking all around for anyone suspicious, but no one even gave them a second glance. They got into the little sports car, and quickly, deftly searched inside. Having found nothing of immediate interest, they started the engine and headed for the highway, glancing only once in the rear-view mirror to check for the pair who's car had been commandeered. They were nowhere in sight; the little sports car turned smoothly out onto the highway, and began to pass the other cars quickly.

Vic was still smiling as he rounded the corner of the van, and stopped suddenly short as his chin slapped his chest. Sandy, behind him a few feet, didn't notice at first, but then looked up and asked, "What's wrong, Vic? Let's get out of here...You alright?"

Vic looked at her slowly and stuttered, "The car, it's...it's gone. I swear we was right here by the street lamp, I swear we was...."

"Gone?! What do you mean gone!?! You stupid hick! How the hell could you lose a car in the middle of a goddam parking lot! Now we had better find some way to make the delivery on time before..." She looked at Vic hard, and his face fell sharply into that of a scared child. "Don't tell me you left the stuff in the car, Vic, I will not be happy with you, and neither will your boss....You did, didn't you? You lost it." At his tiny nod, she gave in to her urge, and the punch sent him sprawling backward over the asphalt.

There was a large man sitting behind a large desk, in a high-backed oak chair. He picked up the phone after the third ring, and casually answered the hysterical caller.

"Hey, Boss, I got bad news for ya. I stopped at a gas station to fill up the tank, and somebody stole the car with the stuff in it. I don't have the stuff, boss, I lost it. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you boss, really I will."

"Of course you will, Victor, of course you will," the large man slowly put the phone down, and looking straight ahead, said to the room, "I hear from a reliable source that my friend Victor has been left alone too long. Go now, accompany him and teach him a lesson about failing me so utterly." The large man closed his eyes slowly and opened them again. A small man nodded his head, picked up his gun, and left the room through the small door into the garage.

To be Continued...

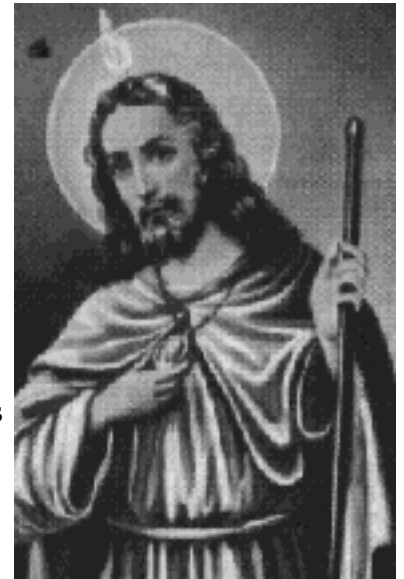
Martyr

OF THE WEEK

Welcome to the inaugural edition of the **Martyr of the Week** column in GDT. BASICALLY[†] this page will update and inform you as to who of significance in the Catholic Church was martyred during the coming week. Whether you wish to put aside time during each of these saints feast days to remember them quietly(remember, it's their party-they'll cry tears of blood if they want to!) or if you are simply reading this for the sadistic pleasure of stories about maiming, torture and ecstatic death, enjoy.

[†]Unfortunately we were not able to officially get this page sponsored by Brothers And Sisters In Christ.

The martyr of the week for Oct. 23-Oct. 29 is St. Jude(Thaddaeus). St. Jude was a blood relative of Christ and one of the 12 apostles. St. Jude (referred to as Judas in the gospels of Mark and Luke) is the Saint invoked in times of hopeless, desperate or impossible circumstances. It is due to the fact that his name is identical to that of Christ's betrayer(but what a kisser!) that he received little veneration in the past. His martyrdom occurred when he and St. Simon traveled to Persia to preach-they were beaten to death with clubs.



St. Jude Oct. 28

Below are some of the martyrs we missed from earlier in the month.

Oct.9

St. Denis was sent from Rome to minister to the pagan Gauls in the year 90. He became the first bishop of Paris, but was martyred by decapitation. He then picked up his head and walked 6 miles to the spot on which a cathedral dedicated to him stands today.



Oct.21

St. Ursula was martyred on the return journey of a pilgrimage to Rome. In an attempt to delay her marriage to a pagan prince, she made the trip(with 11,000 virgin handmaids)to see the Pope. She was told of her impending death by an angel, and when her ship docked in Cologne she, the virgins, the Pope and her newly converted fiance were killed by the Huns.



This week also sees the festival for the 40 martyrs of England and Wales (**Oct. 25**). I can't list all of them here, but most of them have their own days anyway(bunch of gloryhounds).

No Title

-Hanna Thomas

Try as I might, I could never really hate anyone...that boy included. But you, you were the closest I ever came to it. That boy may have defiled my body, but you surely defiled my mind.

As I sat across your desk from you and you assumed the mask of my friend and confidant, you really thought you played the part well didn't you? And I rewind the moment back to a night. That night when that boy ground and smothered me in an empty place with the fullest audience of the sky sparkling down their approval.

That night when I said no, but my body said yes. The yes was enunciated while that boy would not listen to me inside and I left a hollow outside behind, hollow, mistreated, ignored shell behind. I journeyed to the sky so full of companions as if almost to completely ignore all physical sensations and returned once that boy could do no more.

Later on that boy was to say that he was not accountable for his actions, but that I was. I was accountable because of all of the littlest things I do that I never even thought about. Things I do all the time, except now they had been done for his benefit only. I suppose even when he was not around. For a year afterward I watched everything I did, I stopped myself from ever becoming comfortable so that no one else would have the right to do this to me, a right they had never possessed in the first place.

Once again I returned to the room with a man, my advocate, my friend? No, I don't think so.

"Why didn't you scream?"

"There was no one there. There was no one to hear me."

"That doesn't matter. Screaming is a disabler whether anyone else is around to do anything or not."

I'm sorry I must have forgotten all of my lessons from grade school on how best to get sexually assaulted....

"Being raped is a disabler as well."

If a girl screams when she's being raped in an empty place with a rapist who has not listened to her up to this point, does she make a sound?

Survey

"Would you rather accidentally kill a dolphin or purposely kill a Nun?"

"Would you rather get flattened by a steam roller or inflated with a garden hose?"

Send replies to GDT c/o:
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"When engaging this kind of target, the weapon which poses the greatest threat should be engaged first. When this target has been eliminated or no longer exists, engage the target at the center of the near half of the target."

-from *M202A1 Flame Weapon*, 7th edition.
U.S. Army Infantry School
Fort Benning, Georgia

Devoted Readers of GDT:

Issue 6 of Volume 2 is still MIA. It appears the U.S. Postal Service has truly lost it.

Please wear a black arm band in mourning, or even better, read next week's issue. We will be including a chain letter which we encourage you to copy and mail.

Let's keep those bastards busy!

-GDT

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