



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Volume 16, Issue 8  
[www.hellskitchen.org/GDT](http://www.hellskitchen.org/GDT)



*Pillowtalk*, By Todd C. MacGarvey



Member of  
Hell's Kitchen  
[www.hellskitchen.org](http://www.hellskitchen.org)



Please Recycle

# The Magic Wondershow

## PRESENTS

# Cruel and Unusual

I recently watched one of those spectacle video compilations of people being killed, maimed, or injured on film. It was morbidly fascinating in a psychological way in that the people I watched it with are by all standards of society “sane,” and seemingly “compassionate,” but at the same time unwilling to turn their eye to another human’s suffering. I include myself in those definitions because I too was wholly immersed in the experience. What really got me was watching a thief in Iraq having his hands and feet amputated one at a time with a key-hole saw. On the tape, you can hear the crunch of the saw, see the sinewy tendons as they are wrenched from the limbs, and smell the metallic odor of human blood as it is spilled on the dirt floor. Not to mention the pathetic wails of the thief, blindfolded, bound, and anaesthetized. His bloody stumps are wrapped in wax paper and he is left to fend for himself. Weeks later, I still lament on that viewing experience. People in America shouldn’t have the audacity to complain. About anything. That in mind, I think that they should repeal the Eighth Amendment.

Why should the US government be worried about such an oxymoronically concept as *nice and usual punishment*? Why do prisons have such luxuries as cable television and weight rooms? Let’s do a little math, shall we?

Prisoners + Free Weights + A lot of free time = \_\_\_\_\_

Prisoners are allowed to weight train??? Is that a good idea? What does America need? I don’t know. I do know that America would probably be better off without ex-cons that can bench four-fifty and have a track record of impulsive violent behavior let out on weekend furloughs and paroled early for good behavior on a sliding scale. If anything, prisoners should be held in restraints until their muscles have atrophied to the point of near-uselessness. First off, legalize drugs. Get rid of the majority of imamate. I don’t care if a crackhead dies in a slum. If he hurts someone, then lock him up; I care about violent people being put away, not wasted people. If the Eighth Amendment were repealed, Mary Kay Cosmetics would never have to worry about dropping rouge into the pried-open eyelids of cuddly albino lab rabbits. All the money spent on prison guards could be applied to perfecting various medical researches. The Manhattan Project and the space race proved that if enough money is thrown at a problem, it gets solved. Such is the case in a technical field, where the goal is an object and not a cure. Things are a little different when you need human test subjects. Just imagine, diseases like cancer and homosexuality could all be cured within the decade. Offshoots of medicine, novel-



ties if you will could also be perfected. For example, gender reassignment technology is pretty much perfected if a man becomes a woman. The change from women to man on the other hand provides a unique series of challenges that require more research before they can be surmounted. Today's female correctional institutions would provide excellent candidates for such research. How big can we get breast implants? What would a barkerlounge feel like if it were upholstered in human erectile tissue? Can you harness fart methane for the good of society? Flying Monkeys? The list goes on.

Other uses of prisoners could be filling in those gaps in *Hands Across America*, providing contestants for the *Thunderdome* and *The Running Man* game shows, as well as an endless supply of donor organs for those who really need it.

But the real thing I'm getting at here is removing the luxury of prisons. That's millions of dollars of my tax money each year. We can do without that. I've heard tales of prisoners being allowed to assist mentally retarded children ride horses. I'll never understand the healing effects of equestrian sports, but that's not the issue. I'm concerned about the order of things in that scenario. Why not have the retarded kids help the horse ride the prisoners? That to me would be justice served.

The Germans import Turkish people to do the jobs they don't want to, just as Americans import Hispanics and Blacks to do the jobs they don't want to do. The escape factor is too great at this point to allow prisoners out and about to handle the gruntwork. The problem lies in the eight amendment preventing us

from using the technology we have to ensure the safety of the non-prisoner in the workforce. Exploding neck collars and magnetic lock-down boots are noble ideas; however, we need something that can work in an everyday environment, like at McDonalds. You figure that most prisoners are addicted to something anyway, right? We must harness this like we have harnessed the power of the atom! Science is trying to perfect an internal insulin pump when they should be working on an internal morphine pump. Couple that with a GPS tracking device and cellular activation transponder and you've got tomorrow's fry cook.

"Boss?"

"Yeah?"

"Dwayne's looking at the customers funny again." (*Reaches for his manager's key*)

"Really. I guess I'll have to crank up his M's"

White-collar criminals could be outfitted with a wide variety of drug-inducing pumps that would allow them to be effective in any given situation. You could have crystal-meth pumps for porters and log-choppers, sodium amatol pumps for school crossing guards, you could really stick it to the OPEC nations by implementing crack-pumps in prisoners and attaching them to those hand chariots you see in China. We have lots of prisoners, but not a lot of oil. There's some math for you. Granted every once and a while, a prisoner's pump would malfunction and wackiness would ensue, but at the very least, America could establish a penal colony on the moon to cultivate a legion of Sardaukar troops to be deployed at our leisure. We just have to get the bleeding hearts out of Congress and we'll see some REAL progress...

---

## Nation Nearly Forgets About Columbine

UNITED STATES, WORLD—The American Nation is reportedly "relieved" to be reminded of the Columbine massacre, which occurred one year ago.

According to sources close to the Nation, if it weren't for all the attention being lavished on the one-year anniversary of the Columbine shooting, the Nation would probably have completely forgotten about it.

The Nation was far too busy to grant an interview, but its cousin, Nationalism, informed us that that Nation was grateful for the reminder because it had been distracted by recent reports that instances of youth violence are the lowest in ten years.

"The reports about how Columbine students are observing moments of silence and are remembering the horror really gave the Nation pause...even if it was only for a few seconds," Nationalism said.

The President, the Governor of Colorado, residents of Littleton, and many others selected the arbitrary demarcation of one year as the best time to commemorate the terrible tragedy, and the Nation was immediately informed of the commemoration thanks to the tireless efforts of its personal messenger, the Media.

According to the Media, this kind of reminder is important and will keep the Columbine incident fresh in the Nation's mind "for a long time...or at least until the two-year anniversary."

### The Plain

*A very short story by Randall Good*

Roy looked across the smelly blacktop. His comrades were all around, struggling for life, drowning in the light. There were hundreds, maybe thousands who lay dead or dying like victims of battle. A kind of steam (or was it mist?) rose from the pavement.

Passers by couldn't care less: at first, they were repulsed by the sight and smell, and forgot the very thought as doors closed behind them. Too busy to care.

But Roy was here, conscious of his own end. And conscious of the end of all his friends and enemies and those whom he had never known. Wesley, June, Sarah—they were all there. Had anyone he known made it? Had anyone at all escaped the moisture they sought?

Roy thought of his parents' death. His father had died this way—a corpse even before death gripped his slippery

body. But then for a brief time, he'd had two mothers. Yes, that's right—two. If only for a few moments.

He remembered how she was taken out of the metal prison. He had cried when she went, but she was solemn as she bid him farewell.

And then he watched her, as the two passers by exchanged some words then tore her in half. And then, she was two. Two bodies free of each other, wriggling about in the hands of the passers by.

It was just only for a moment, but Roy had known two mothers. It seemed to him the stuff of riddles.

And then the moment was over, and Roy had watched his two mothers hooked and cast—as good as dead.

Roy had his moment, completed his thought, and expired. His smell mixed with that of the wet blacktop, causing the passers by to wish for nicer weather.

## MUCKRAKER

By Jason K. Huddy, [muckrakercomics@yahoo.com](mailto:muckrakercomics@yahoo.com), <http://www.losdisneys.com/muckraker.html>





## The Pottyhouse

By Ben Zindle

Nothing's so rough as the smell of a pot  
 In the shadowy depths of a john-on-the-spot.  
 She'd lain on the grass to watch the stars twinkle  
 When she realized she needed to tinkle.  
 She snuck through the forest, silent as a mouse  
 'Til her dark eyes of chestnut fell on the outhouse.  
 She set herself up and exhausted her store,  
 Then she felt she had something a little bit more.  
 The pressure was building, her booty was quaking.  
 Nauseous, she teetered, her body near breaking.  
 Abruptly a silence swept over the room,  
 Then withered and fell to the great sonic boom.  
 Thank God she'd been seated, else she might have died,  
 She groaned through the pain, all the while she cried.  
 Then the action was over, an end to the issue,  
 When she saw to her horror there was no bathroom tissue.  
 She rose from the toilet, and ever so slow,  
 Her dignity afloat in the water below.  
 She sure couldn't leave but she just couldn't stay.  
 The choking stench drove her thought process away.  
 She pushed on the door but she found it was stuck.  
 She bitterly grimaced and shouted. . . .a profanity.  
 She couldn't escape by available means,  
 She berated herself for eating baked beans.  
 She fell to her knees and she cried as she sank,  
 "I just dumped a lump and God help me, it STANK!"  
 Tears welled in her eyes, nothing else she could do,  
 But stand there and stare at the fatal poo-poo.  
 She stared out the window, resigned to her fate  
 Then she sat down upon the cold porcelain to wait.  
 The hours were long, her consciousness dwindling,  
 Had she lit a match, the outhouse would be kindling.  
 The hours dragged on, her hands holding her head,  
 But by the time her friends found her she was already dead.

You write it, we print it. The (Sub)Mission section is designed as an outlet for anyone to express themselves. If you send it to us as a submission, we'll print it.

[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)



My name is Joeda Commuter. This is my very first professional writing contact with *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Today I watched TV. I realized that both Jay Z and Sisqo each have more fine girls in their videos than at all of RIT. That doesn't matter much to me. I've realized thong honies are out of my league.

Actually, RIT needs more cuties. Yes, that's it. Just the ones that are great to look at and have a nice smile. More cuties.

Well actually...I don't fair all that well there either. But we could definitely use some more average girls. Definitely be a better campus with more average girls walking around. But see...I really don't have anywhere to take these average girls cause my Mom is always home.

Maybe if we had a whole lot more ugly girls. And fat girls. Ones that don't care much about who's around or romance and intimacy and that sort of crap.

Yeah, RIT needs a whole lot more fat and ugly girls that just want to take me back to their dorm or the bathroom in the SAU. Damn, I never knew Jay Z and Sisqo were so deep. They got me thinking about love and the fairer sex and all kinds of shit like that. I'll be back again once I have more time to philosophize of the general shiznits of life.

## The Art of Hate

*“Live the greatest story ever told...”*

—Spock’s Beard in “My Shoes,” my article to  
Gracies Dinnertime Theater

By David Klint

I would like to talk a minute about everyone’s un-favorite subject: Hate. Not too much attention has been payed to the subject of hate in the past few years. What, with the recent signs of the apocalypse making themselves apparent, hate is not a subject that many people want to discuss. Now, the apocalypse is an entirely different subject that I could wax at length about, but that is not the point of this essay. The point is the wonderful and illusive emotion that is hate. And mind you that I do not write these words with reckless abandon, and I have reread this many times.

It seems that in the last few years, and no doubt many years before I was able to remember, hate—and just anti-positiveness in general—has been looked down upon. It has become uncool to be the decenter, and if you are a fan of that which is not the norm, you are flagged as the “weird one” and will therefore bring your gat to school and pop a cap in everyone’s ass. Don’t misunderstand me; it is *definitely* cool to be an outcast now a days. I mean, just look at the whole cyber-culture. If you are in any way accepted as a jock or a geek or a whatever, you aren’t cool at all. You have to, in some way, be outside of everyone, and then and only then are you accepted by everyone. It’s quite a paradox, and very interesting if you think about it. But the really amazing thing is the amount of hate that the whole thing is dependent on. If there is no hate, there is no difference, there is no dissention, there is no outcast, it is sickeningly acceptant, and the world suffers because of it.

I’ve had many introspective moments in my life. I’ve been out of my mind so many times, and looked around me, and seen people who are just not fit to be human, yet humanity as we know it depends on them being them. Without evil, there can be no good, isn’t that right? Again, the whole issue of good vs. evil is another topic, to be explored later. But now the issue at hand is that of hate. It is said that the opposite of love is not hate, which means that hate is in a different category entirely. So if it is not the opposite of love, then what is it? Is it some odd cosmic fuck-up that somehow fell through the cracks and exists in our psyche? Or does it, like everything else in this screwed up life, serve a def-

inite and unforgettable purpose? I vote for the latter; not because I have to wish death on most of my piers, but because I believe that everything has its place. Just think about it.

Let’s get down to business: what is hate? I don’t know, I haven’t looked it up on m-w.com, but my definition of hate is a complete dislike of the situation that you are in. That situation being a specific time, or person, or place. For example, I hate mustard. I don’t like the taste, I don’t like the smell, and I would rather be doing almost anything else than eating mustard. Then again, I would much rather eat mustard than get my toenails ripped off, so I guess I hate that more. Hate, like just about everything else in the world, is not Boolean, and it has a grey area. I can hate something more than another, which sort of fucks up the whole works. So let’s just forget about that for a moment, and focus on the fact that hate exists, and why it cannot and should not be eliminated.

What if you were a 10-year-old person born in communist Russia in 1978? When you were born, you could look around you and see the restrictive and self-eliminating form of government that is socialism. You could watch as your mother went to work for 16 hours and come home and still not have enough money to give you bread to eat in the evening. I’ve heard the stories coming from the communist nations, I’ve heard of the times of turmoil and suffering. I’ve read of the various “occupations” that the United Soviet Socialist Republics had over so many countries. Would it have been wrong for you to hate the oppressive people that were forcing you to work for the man and seeing no benefits? You want to know what I find amazing? The fact that the People’s Republic of China saw socialism as this Emmanuel of a savior, rescuing them from the depths of a feudal society, bringing them into the forefront of modern economics. Yet, this is the same system that the raped and burned so many now independent countries of the former USSR. But again, that is a different discussion. What if you were born then? Should you not have hated those holding the iron fist over you?

Hate is both the instrument of destruction and the instrument of liberty. It is both the tool that brings the most vile of all events, and that which can save us all. Ladies and gentlemen, hate is an extreme, and what did our good Lord say?

“But because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I am going to vomit you out of my mouth! (Revelation 3:17)” The world needs the extremes, my

friend. Have you ever noticed that if you turn the contrast on your monitor down really low, you can't see the difference between dark and light?

You sit there, and I sit here, emotions filled to the brim with that glorious emotion we call hate, and you are wondering what to do. Do you go to the local gun shop and buy a nine and blow away your xgf? Do you go downtown and buy a ream of crack and smoke your hate away? Do you just bottle it up and wait until the mason jar bursts and you go postal? My friends, embrace the wonderfulness. Don't be afraid, just because you don't like the person next to you doesn't mean that you are a bad person. It just means that you have a different perspective on life. I had a very scary moment in my life a little while ago; I realized that I wasn't different, and that everyone else had, at one time, seen the light that I saw, and moved on. They were once me, and then they grew up. I realized that I wasn't better, I was just stuck in a stage that everyone else grew out of when they were five or fifty or whatever. This feeling scared me, but I didn't accept it. It might be true, but I don't care. My perspective has been tried and tested, and it has only grown from the small seed that it used to be in my youth to the slightly experienced ones that it is now, with each step confirming it on the way.

If you have no hate, if you look around at the people around you and you love everyone, then I give you props. I give you Flower Power (great group) and LSD, I would ask that you take this article and sacrifice it to the Gods of Love and forget every word I say. But if

you look inside of yourself, and you can't understand why the hate flows through your veins, take heed: you are not wrong. Like I said before, without 1 there can be no 1. Hate is the thing that builds empires, starts wars, wins elections, drops bombs, fights for freedom, and shoots niggas. Take it, use it, make it work for you instead of against you.

I was sitting on a bench on the island in the middle of the Seine River last year, and I saw some dorky looking dude some running around the island, with his sweatband and jogging shorts on. He went to the end of the island, ran in place for a moment, and then turned around and ran back past me. He noticed me smoking my cigarette and was taken aback for the smallest of moments, and then continued on. I hated that guy. I knew that he looked at me, thinking I was a bum, convinced that his 9 to 5, church going ass was better than mine. I knew that if I had good enough reason, I probably would have killed that guy, but I didn't. Why? Because I knew that the hate wasn't good enough for him. It had to be saved, and used in another situation. Sometime where I needed that extra boost of something, then I could just reach down into the bottle and grab a fist full of reason, and it would be there.

Adults, take your emotions and tame them. They can be your allies when you least expect it. Have no regrets, because regrets are like wishing you had another life to live, and no one has that. Take your hate, and use it. Use it to rock the house at the next show, use it to beat the shit out of your next victim, use it to ace your next test, just friggin' use it. That's all I gotta say.





**Regarding the 'Blame Game' article from last issue (Volume 16, Issue 7). Letters are not edited for spelling or grammar.**

Hi there!

I just picked up the most recent GDT and, as usual, it was an enjoyable read. However, I have to take issues with Randall Good's journalism in 'Blame Game,' about the issue of papal infallibility and the pope's apology.

I agree that the church certainly has its problems, and is worthy of a decent amount of criticism. I don't even mind catholic bashing when the basher knows what they are talking about. However, I am sick of people (Catholics, ex-catholics, and non-catholics) who criticize the church and \*don't know what they're talking about\*.

Papal infallibility is one of the most misunderstood concepts that critics love to (unintentionally) proclaim their ignorance about. There is no belief that the pope or the church is completely infallible – in fact the church has admitted to being wrong in the past and so have several different popes. Papal infallibility is something that is evoked in specific circumstances, and if Mr. Good want's to be a decent journalist (or even just voice his opinions in an intelligent fashion), he'd bother researching and figure out just how rarely it is evoked.

Perhaps he has issues about it being evoked at all... That's fine, because at least he can make an informed argument about why that par-

ticular belief would be silly from his (or whomevers) perspective.

Another issue I have is his summary of the pope's apology. He either heard it second hand (and incorrectly) or just wasn't listening to what was said. (I leave it to the reader(s) of this message to go back and listen to it themselves, and compare with Mr. Good's summary).

I find it interesting that Mr. Good, and a whole lot of other people 'raised catholic' have left a church that they know little-to-nothing about. If you disagree with the church, that's fine. But at least figure out what you're disagreeing with!

Patrick D. Freivald  
Instructor Department of Physics

---

I am writing to address the article written in the Volume 16, Issue 7 (4.20.2000) issue of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre by Randall Good, entitled "Blame Game." This article seems to be based on Randall's misconstruction that the Catholic doctrine of "papal infallibility" means that the Catholic Church holds itself and the actions of its chief officer to be free from error. This is a common misconception held by many disgruntled Christians and unresearched atheists.

In actuality, papal infallibility only applies to the office of the Pope. It states that the office is protected by God from error on pronouncements of Church doctrine. It does not imply that popes do not sin. Nor does it say that the pope or any other member of the Church will never tell a person to do something morally reprehensible. Its purpose is primarily to protect Catholics from the



consequences of being wrongly lead by the Church. In other words, one will not go to hell for following the pope's doctrine. However, one could certainly argue that the pope could go to hell for giving bad doctrines.

In response to the rest of the article, I don't know why it would be necessary for the pope to apologize for the small number of his predecessors when he had just apologized for the actions of billions of Christians throughout history, which would already included Church leaders. Furthermore, I would suggest that Randall not finish any more opinion pieces with a rambling string of disclaimers because they makes his writing seem weak and apologetic.

Good day,  
Dan Hill

---

Please note that the following letter to the editor is not funny, satirical, or humorous in any way...

In the article "Blame Game" in GDT Volume 16, Issue 7 (there was no date), there was one fallacy that I feel I must set straight: the pope is not always infallible. The pope must speak "ex cathedra" in order for the infallibility thing to take. Following is Vatican I explanation...

...the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks ex cathedra, that is, when, acting in the office of shepherd and teacher of all Christians, he defines, by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the universal Church, possesses through the divine assistance promised to him in the person of St. Peter, the

infallibility with which the divine Redeemer willed his Church to be endowed in defining doctrine concerning faith or morals; and that such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are therefore irreformable because of their nature, but not because of the agreement of the Church."

*—First Dogmatic Constitution on the Church of Christ*

Since this was an "apology" by the Pope I don't believe it was an official church teaching and wouldn't be even covered under the infallibility umbrella.

I felt that I needed to point out this common misconception. The article brought up relevant issues and the whole of the GDT was good, if not rather short. I am looking forward to Volume 16, Issue 8.

Anthony Gerardi

---

Dear Mr. Freivald, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Gerardi:

Thank you very much for your responses to the article. Too many readers remain silent; so it is refreshing to read the responses of those who read our material, whether they are positive or negative.

I suppose that I should make some apologies of my own, as well as offer some explanations. I'll also try to combine the responses to both of your letters as best as I can.

Firstly, I admit that I did not research the specific topic of the doctrine of infallibility. Instead, I relied on my education in CCD. CCD is a kind of "Sunday school"—a Catholic education for children not enrolled in Catholic school. I attended well into my teenage years.

I vividly remember being taught year after year about the pope's and church's infallibility, which was defined to the class as "never being wrong...ever." I can remember it so clearly because as I grew older, I began to doubt its validity. Being young and ingrained

with this “dogma,” I never bothered to investigate it past the word of my elders.

However, after reading your respective criticisms, I took it upon myself to do some real research to see if you both knew what you were talking about. I went to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen>) and found that you are both quite correct. My education has failed me.

According to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the “true meaning of infallibility” (<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/07790a.htm>) is very vague, but from what I can gather the doctrine says that the church and Pope and infallible because Jesus founded the church “to be infallible in doctrinal authority.” My interpretation of this is that the church and Pope may do bad things, but their decrees are to be followed regardless of “unworthy human motives that in cases of strife may appear to have influenced the result.”

Mr. Hill, your theory of the doctrine of infallibility’s purpose being “primarily to protect Catholics from the consequences of being wrongly lead by the Church” seems to fit this definition. Your argument is certainly more clearly worded, and I commend you for that.

Mr. Freivald mentioned that “the church has admitted to being wrong in the past and so have several different popes”. I have searched in vain for examples of a pope apologizing for his own doctrinal decisions. If there are such instances out there, then by all means present them. I am very curious. The only topics I found which were even close were examples of popes condemning the doctrines of their predecessors.

Mr. Freivald, you also later stated that I must have “heard (the Pope’s apology) second hand.” Indeed, what incited me to write the article was information obtained from CNN. I quote the inciting section of the article as follows:

“The document acknowledges sins only by those acting in the name of the church. It does not acknowledge any sins by the church itself or those have served as its popes; both are considered infallible.”

(<http://www.cnn.com/2000/WORLD/europe/03/07/vatican.pardon.02/>)

I searched high and low, but could not find a direct copy of the official apology. I was disappointed, but I assumed that CNN was a reliable source of information. Perhaps I was naïve to believe their headline article. The accuracy of CNN’s reporting is open to argument, but here I seek merely to explain my motives and research. In my experience, I have known CNN as an impartial and reliable source of news. This is why I believed what I read.

And, finally, in response to Mr. Hill’s concluding criticism about finishing my piece “with a rambling string of disclaimers because they makes his writing seem weak and apologetic,” I retort that I am unashamedly apologetic. I hope that is one of the messages conveyed by this response. Guess what, folks, I can be wrong and I do make mistakes; we all do. I am not afraid to apologize if I feel that I have erred. My conclusion was in the spirit of open-mindedness. Just because I have an opinion doesn’t mean that it can’t be changed.

All three of you changed my opinions; be glad.

Love,

Randall Good



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**Publisher:** C. Diablo

**Editor:**

Adam Fletcher

**Layout:**

Adam Fletcher

**Writers:**

Randall Good

Sean J. Stanley

David Klint

**Contributors:**

Ben Zindle

Joeda Commuter

**Cartoonist:**

Jason K. Huddy

**Rad Proofer Man:**

Mike Fisher

**Printer Daemons:**

Mike Fisher

Giles Hall

Jennifer Martorana

**Feedback:**

Send email to

[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

© 2000 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.

Don't reprint the contents of this publication without permission; that's stealing. All the work remains copyright the Authors, bitch.