



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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The Magic Wondershow

By Sean J. Stanley

This week:

"Oh Kevorkian, where art thou?"

My grandmother had Alzheimer's. When she had a stroke, she was clinically dead for somewhere around a minute or so. My grandfather and aunts were screaming, explaining to the paramedics busy firing up the defib that she had specified DNR in her living-will. Unfortunately, since the actual living-will document was not conveniently available for EMS perusal, my grandmother was revived. When she did die, seven years later, my grandfather was weary, grateful, and, as a probate attorney, had power-of-attorney documents drafted for his entire family.¹

And now, way down South, everyone is turning their unsolicited attention to someone else's personal struggle to shuffle off. Let's not kid ourselves; dignity left the building years ago. With last night's "emergency" session of congress and the Presidential approval of a measure to get the Federal courts involved in the Terri Schiavo case, I think we've really turned a corner in American history. Make no mistake; these are Bible-thumping idiots. Bible thumping idiots at the helm and they don't even have the good sense to read the goddamned manual:

"Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and He is the savior of the body" --Ephesians 5:21

Head of the wife. No mention of parents. No mention of the courts, or the governors, President, or FoxNews. This is our government? A cadre of

apocalyptic cretins who rail against the evils of scientific endeavor (stem cell research, natural selection, genetics)...but when it becomes politically convenient, will kow tow to prescription drug lobbyists, "scientists" who refute evolution, and of course, tubes? Tubes are a very divisive subject indeed. I submit that doctors should refuse to treat Christians who believe God created man from clay. If the medical community, the most well-paid, well-respected, and well-educated *scientists* in the world, proffer treatment to suffering Christians, is that not intellectual pride? Does that not fly against God, who deserves the eternal soul? After all, you're only renting it, and don't forget that God hates late fees just as much as everyone else.

Science would deny God his chosen, and yet we see conservatives "resting comfortably" after triple bypass surgery, chemotherapy, and a myriad of hip replacements. I'll wager that conservative politicians have benefited more from vasectomies and liver transplants over the years, than from doomsday brimstone sermons. Why, if Strom Thurmond had been given access to invasive contraceptive technology, he never would have sired that inconvenient mulatto child with one of his slaves.

Perplexing is the lack of consistency among the conservatives. Until recently, Texas and Virginia unrepentantly executed retards as casually as flicking a cigarette in a urinal. Hockey helmet and adult undergarment manufacturers have lobbied against this for years, but it didn't stop until someone (US Supreme Court) finally told them that it was bad PR. Fine, if you want to kill some retards, then let's go kill some fucking retards. Lord knows we could use the extra space. But please don't waste our time distinguishing between homegrown retards ("OrganiTards", if you will) and those that become retarded as a result of injury ("SynthTards"). Both SynthTards and OrganiTards waste time and money in our ailing public

¹ Can these be stored on one's person in a convenient way, like the way a little Torah scroll goes into a portable phylactery?

school systems, and consume more than their share valuable planetary resources, sometimes even with the munificent use of tubes.

If the parents do win this, and Terri Schiavo is kept alive, I want them to put their money where their mouth is. And her mouth, for that matter. What kind of loving parent feeds their daughter through a tube? Maybe some weirdo family in a Japanese horror film, but this is America, dammit! My 83-year old grandfather fed his vegetable of a wife morning, noon, and night for seven fucking years. If the argument is that she is unable to chew, they should either accept the fact that people who can't chew *shouldn't eat*, or suck it up and sponsor a contest for all of their protesting friends to devise a sort of Rube Goldberg feeding machine to sustain her. Headline: Terri to do the Truffle Shuffle for her supper. I want them to really "enjoy the company" of their vegetable. Since she is basically a lawn gnome that shits, I want to see that quirky photo scrapbook on Good Morning America. "Here's us and Terri at the Grand Canyon! Here we are at Venice Beach! Ooh, and there's Terri and Bob tandem-skydiving. Here's us at the Lion King on Broadway. You can see where a New York sewer rat gnawed off a few of Terri's fingers. We wanted to re-attach them, but Michael said we couldn't. We've gone ahead and called our Congressional Representatives."

The husband, Michael Schiavo, has been assailed on all sides. A rift has formed between himself and her parents, neighbors, and friends. He has received monetary offers to keep her alive, some in the million dollar range. He has also been inundated with anonymous postcards, libelous press suggestions that he beat her into her "persistent vegetative state", and death threats. Death threats?

Just this week, former Green Beret colonel James "Bo" Gritz, a militia leader and all-around crank from Nevada, says he is in Pinellas County to serve Michael Schiavo and Judge George Greer with "citizen's arrest warrants". It should be noted that in the 1980's, Gritz staged several (unsuccessful) commando-style missions into Laos to rescue U.S. prisoners of war. When an A-Team soldier of fortune named "Bo" threatens you with documents he printed himself on special certificate paper from Office Depot, you're pretty much through the looking glass. Life imitating art imitating life. It's a very special "Everybody Loves Raymond" in which Ray slips in the shower, splits his skull open, and the final season is spent in a bitter feud between his wife and his overbearing parents on whether to disconnect his wise-cracking heart-lung machine. As someone who has watched close family members suffer and die via terminal illnesses, I want to wish Michael Schiavo all the best, but I won't. Because it ain't my business. It ain't anyone's business but his.



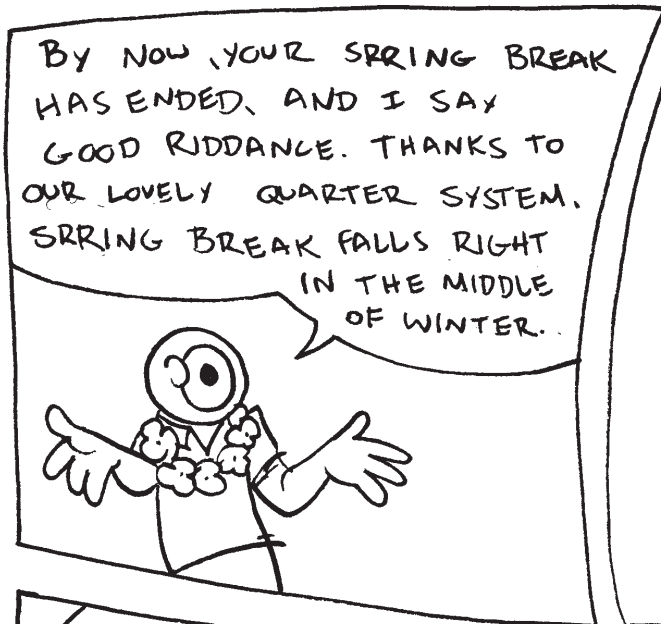
**WATCH
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GDT MEETS AT 8PM ON WEDNESDAYS AT CROSSROADS!

GDT@HELLSKITCHEN.ORG

JOE CORNEA!

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Poetry

By Joanna Licata

Pain

The pain you cause is great
You think nothing of it
But inside, I hurt
Because of your ignorance
Because of your silence
If you want me so badly
Then why can't I be your girl
Night after night
You talk about how you want me
But never follow through
You build up excitement in me
And then I am crushed
From inactivity on your part

Hands

I want you hands
All over me
Touching me
Caressing me
Fucking me
Because I know
Those hands
Are filled with love

To anthony

If I had a bat
I'd bash your brains in
Make you pay for what you did
But
I wouldn't kill you
Just give you a TBI
So you can feel what hell feels like too



S U B M I T
g d t @ h e l l s k i t c h e n . o r g



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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