



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Mission Statement

When I tell people that I edit this fine magazine, many are rather surprised. The primary reason for their surprise is they presume I have no language skills because I'm an Electrical Engineer. They presume that Engineering has no bearing on Literature and Satire and vice-versa.

Now, I've known of some Engineers in the past putting some wonderful polemics in their Senior Design papers, only to chicken-out due to their own word choice and lack of gumption.

So then, I put forth that since we are a project, of a sort, we need a Mission Statement. A Mission Statement describes the role or purpose that a project is supposed to fulfill.

But there's a problem with Mission Statements: they're written by the project for the beneficiaries of the project. This can be okay for simple projects or projects where the beneficiaries are the producers. However, in all other cases, it can be a problem. So the project managers run the Mission Statement and its justification past the stakeholders to see if they approve.

Little Sociopath

By Peter C. Gravelle

I've got this voice
"Toddlers can be kicked far"
"She's small and weak, I could do
whatever
I
want"
"I could break her heart just
because
I
can"
"Just because he's the professor doesn't mean I can't
kick
his
ass"

Everyone hears this voice
The passion against the reason
The senseless violent mind

right?

By Peter C. Gravelle, Editor

The mission of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is to produce a weekly magazine with the highest quality of content that is submitted by anyone, delivered free-of-charge in paper form to the Rochester Institute of Technology and electronically by the Internet to the world at large.

My justification for this is drawn from a few places. When I was handed the reins of the magazine over a year ago, I was told to do whatever it took to keep the magazine coming out every week. To that end, I've included the "weekly" language in the statement. At the same time, Ray Wallace became an Editor with me, and he wanted to maintain the open atmosphere of *GDT*, so I have included the "submitted by anyone" language. And, because I hate myself, I included "free-of-charge."

Comments about this statement will be taken at gdt@hellskitchen.org, along with submissions, Letters to Editors, or whatever. *GDT* staff knows where to reach me, and I'd prefer if they used the list.

The Attempt

By Govind Ramabadran

This is an attempt to write a sonnet
The teacher got us through this exercise.
I breezed through this at speeds supersonic
While looking at terms that I memorise
I can't decide what I should really write.
Should I write on fear, joy, hope, sports, or love,
Or maybe on topics that are right?
Maybe describe a dogfight skies above?
Regardless, I really don't have a clue
What should I do as my course of action?
One of the many things done in my school
Is to write a lot within this bastion.
Well, then, I guess I should just do this then
And not to worry about this again.

Poetry
submit to
gdt@hellskitchen.org

I Want My Color Back

By Josh Karpoff

So Election Day has come and gone, Bush trounced Kerry after Kerry helped Bush by mobilizing the conservatives and telling the left to shut up. Now we're pretty much back to where we were last February. Watching the election coverage on CNN, there was a phrase that the talking heads kept repeating over and over, "Red States." I don't know about the rest of you, but when I think of Red States I don't think of Wyoming, I think of states that have overthrown capitalism and given democratic control of the workplaces to their workers.

So I've decided that we should stop using the term Red with anything that has to do with Bush or Kerry. In future elections I think any state the Democrats win in the Electoral College should be colored yellow for the fact that in the past four, no wait, twenty-five years the Democratic Party has rolled over for the Republicans and provided no real opposition to their agenda. This is because when one looks at the two parties' long term agendas one sees that in nearly every regard they agree, and their disagreement is how to best achieve their common goals.

What we need now is to realize that neither the Democratic nor Republican party represents the interests of the vast majority of Americans. We need to organize ourselves to fight for our interests, not rely on some party run and funded by interests opposing our own. If we want to stop the war in Iraq we're not going

to achieve this by shutting up and falling in line behind a pro war candidate and its just plain naïve to think that he's lying and really wants to end the war, but is just talking right to get elected.

Well now, Kerry hasn't gotten elected and there's still a war in Iraq, nearly 50 million Americans still don't have healthcare, Gays and Lesbians are worse off and women still make less than men for equal work. Now what do we do? Cause that whole "Anybody But Bush" thing sure didn't work out for us, cause the anybody that was put forward was trying to be as much like Bush without actually *being* Bush.

Many talking heads on TV are saying that it was the fact that America is so conservative that kept Kerry from getting elected; that the Democrats need to move even further to the right in order to retake the White House. I say let the Democrats move to the right, let them move so far to the right that they join the Republican Party. That way the rest of us can start organizing for ourselves. There won't be an electoral shortcut for the things we want: healthcare for everyone, and end to the war in Iraq, equality and more. What we need to do is get organized and get out there and start doing something to change the world, whether you're a Socialist, a Green, a disgruntled Democrat, an Anarchist, a disenchanting Republican or a sane Libertarian or someone who before now never cared about politics, the time to act is now.



Poetry

By Joanna Licata

Whispers in the Wind

If I was gone, would you miss me?
And if you did, for how long?
Until the sadness went away?
Or would that even be there at all?
Would you care that I once existed?
Touched your life in some way?
Or am I a shadow in the background
Unnoticed and ignored?
How often would you think of me?
And would you cry or smile?
Would the memories feel like yesterday?
Or would it have been a while?
What things would you think of?
The good times or the end?
Or would I be
Just a still picture in your mind?
But the question here asked
Is would you miss me at all?
Or would you just move on with your life
And let your memories of me fade like whispers in the wind?

Broken

I
Am Broken
Cannot be loved
By anyone because they
Are too embarrassed to be seen
Loving the broken girl, accident girl

Him

Perfect yet flawed
Rare yet plentiful
Extra special yet ordinary
Cool yet geeky
Unreal yet real
My hero yet my demise

Defining Me

It defines me
I am nothing more
Than medical definitions
I am what happened to me
Not a person
But an event
Nobody sees me for who I am

I Once Loved You

You know that I once loved you,
And maybe I still do.
But you choose to ignore that fact.
It is only my friendship you pursue.

The love I had
Made my world go round.
But with one "no"
You caused it to fall down.

And yet you still like me.
Although, just as a friend.
Before, around you, I was myself.
But now I just pretend.

It drove me mad with joy
To see your smiling face.
Then, I saw clearly through my eyes.
Now, a cloud has settled in that place.

And although you do not think of me,
I still can't erase the love.
I think we'd be perfect together.
I'd fit you like a glove.



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Publisher: C. Diablo

Editors:

Peter C. Gravelle
Pete Lazarski
Tom Samstag
Ray Wallace

Layout:

Adam Fletcher

Contributors:

Josh Karpoff
Joanna Licata
Govind Ramabadran

Printer Daemons:

Danica Rice
Matt Lipschutz

Sponsors:

Mark Schindlbeck

Folding Machine:

Alex Wendler

Musical Inspiration:

Scissor Sisters - Filthy/Gorgeous

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Contact us at

gdt@hellskitchen.org