



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Dear Gracies Dinnertime Theatregoers,

After several hours of intense bargaining, President Simone has decided to fund *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. However, some changes have been made. Here they are, in no apparent order—although if you read between the lines, a method becomes apparent.

Gone is our quarterly Cheesed Off at RIT™ contest, which provided hours of entertainment as spectators observed five lucky students eating fifteen-pound wheels of our own blend of aged goat cheese and then dealing with the ensuing constipation. According to Simone, a cheese-eating contest does not measure up to the administration's standards of an "educational activity".

Nor do the activities of the Intercollegiate Drunken Cockfighting League. They lost their funding (under the auspices of the McTorkelson Grant for the Cruelty to Game Foul) last month after representative Mark Randall accidentally shot off three of his toes in a drunken brawl that occurred during a heavily disputed semi-final match. Never fear, however, for the cockfights will continue every Monday night at 8:00PM in the Skalny Room (in the dank bowels of the RIT Interfaith Center) as usual. They will continue to operate on donations and advertising revenue. We only mention this because up until now they have been in the same boat as GDT.

Sadly, our score of bonobo monkeys will no longer be fed the scraps from RIT's proverbial financial table. Alas, the weekly diaries of Arnold Shiftenberger, the monkeys' caretaker and lover, must be relegated to the archives of GDT. We know how much our readership has enjoyed his licentious tales of leather and water sports and, of course, the monkeys'

natural proclivity for scatological projectile humor. Indeed, we fought hard for the money to maintain this popular GDT featurette, but the monkeys didn't fly<sup>1</sup>. On a related note, if anyone out there has plenty of paper towels and is looking for a pet, please e-mail us at [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)

On a happier note, Simone has approved our request for an eight billion dollar *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* theme park. We think we're going to call it "Gracies", but we're not sure if that will fly.<sup>2</sup> Maybe we'll call it "Chairman Diablo's Reculturalization Camp". Anyway, we'll come up with a name, but what we really need are:

RIDES! CULTURAL EXHIBITS! THEME  
PARADES! EDUCATIONAL ANIMATRONIC  
PUPPET SHOWS!

Basically, we haven't come up with any ideas for the actual content of our theme park. And, since Simone has been good enough to grant us the \$8 billion, we should really come up with some sort of plan.

That's where READERS LIKE YOU™ come in. We need suggestions on what to put in our theme park. We know you have good ideas, and we would like to publish them in a future issue. So, your assignment for this week is to wrack your brains for ideas. Get together with your brains, get drunk, maybe even drink some opium if you have to (hey, it worked for Samuel Coleridge<sup>3</sup>) and give us some ideas for park attractions!

E-mail all *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* theme park ride suggestions to: [gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org).

Yours in Valor,

The Staff of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*

<sup>1</sup> "Smithers, continue the research."

<sup>2</sup> See footnote 1

<sup>3</sup> Poet and opium addict, 1772—1834

# Cult Corner

by Sean T. Hammond, Castrati



hip me. Beat me. Make me bleed. This week, we take a look at those zany flagellants. Though the various flagellant movements never cooked up any really interesting heresies, any group of people that whipped the bejeebers out of themselves in a sadomasochistic

ecstasy is worth a peek.

Flagellation, in general, was condoned by the Church as a form of monastic discipline, either to be self-inflicted, or with the help of a friend. Today, most people prefer a little help from a friend.

A-hum.

Anyway, starting in the mid-13th century, social stress triggered periodic bouts of group flagellation. Just after the Italian plague of 1259, the Umbrian hermit Raniero Fosani began to organize large groups of flagellants. Called the *diciplinati*, their belief was that God was angry with humanity and had decided to wipe them out. The Virgin Mary begged God to reconsider, and he agreed, but only if mankind abandoned their adulterous, blasphemous, usurious, bla, bla, bla ways.

Led from town to town by a priest, the *diciplinati* would stand in the streets, or the square in front of the local church, flogging themselves for hours. With each town visited, more and more people would join. Some estimates say there were as many as 10,000 flagellants in Italy by 1260.

The movement was prohibited by the Church in 1261 and quickly disappeared in Italy, but some practitioners had moved north into

Germany. Between 1347 and 1349, when hundreds of thousands were dying of the plague, the flagellant movement blossomed. Wearing white robes with a red cross on the front and back, the flagellants were led from town to town by renegade priests, monks, and self-appointed leaders, all believing Jesus's return was imminent.

The leaders of flagellant processions took on the role of priests whether they were ordained or not. They'd hear confessions, give penances, and absolve sins. When these sore-backed rovers would reach a town, they would gather in front of the church, strip to their waist, and sing hymns while they beat themselves. Their leader would walk among them, thrashing himself, and stopping to beat his followers every now-and-then, saying "Arise, by the honor of pure martyrdom."

The spectacle of the beatings and the hymns was such a crowd pleaser that the Church began to worry, feeling that the people were substituting the normal sacraments for flagellation. Another decree was issued in 1349 by Pope Clement VI forbidding public displays of flagellation.

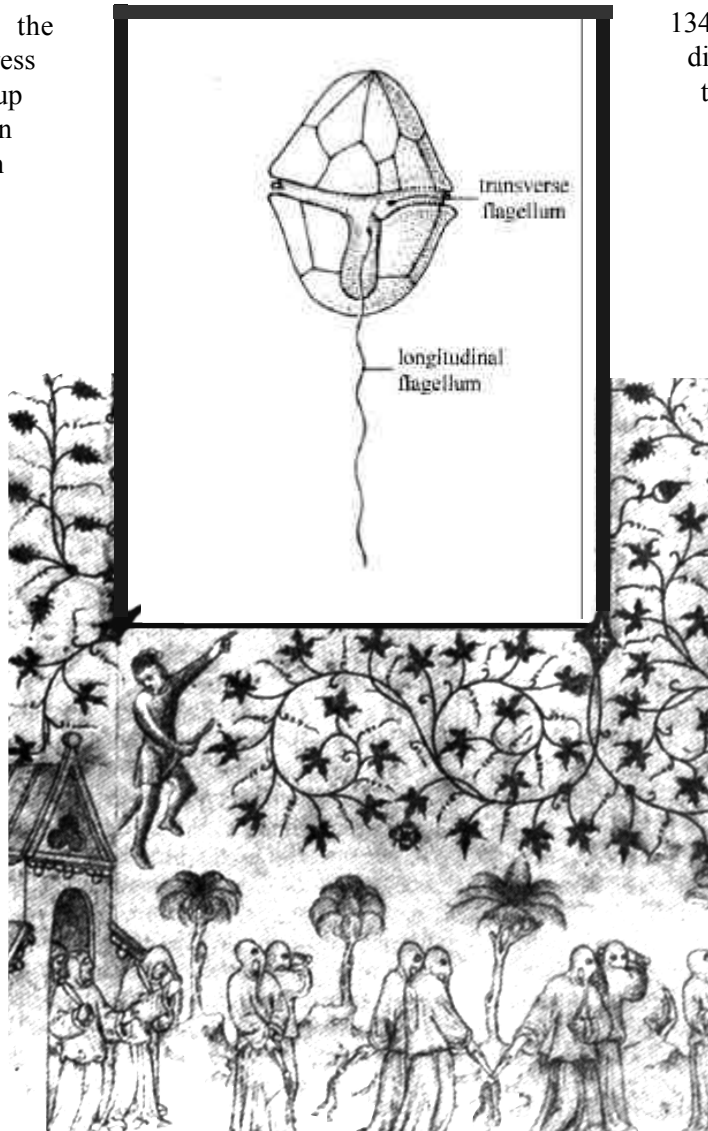
A revival in the early 1400's finally led to the condemnation of the practice by the Council of Constance (1414-1418). Difficult to enforce, flagellation persisted in Europe for centuries. Like the Inquisition, the last stronghold was Spain, where it was banned in the 18th century.

In this country an offshoot of the Spanish tradition of flagellation established itself in what is now New Mexico and part of southern Colorado where it combined with Native American traditions. Called the *Hermanos Penitentes*, the group continued to exist into the 20th century, despite condemnation by the Catholic authorities.

Until next time:

*If love isn't forever,  
and it's not the weather,  
hand me my leather.*

—"Leather," Tori Amos



**Ow! Quit it! Ow! Quit it!**

The following was broadcast Friday on the state run Yu-Info TV in Yugoslavia:

Esteemed citizens. I have just received the official notification that Vojislav Kostunica has won the presidential elections. This decision was reached by a body that has this right according to the Constitution, and I believe that this decision should be respected.

I wish to thank all those who showed their trust in me and voted for me at these elections, and also to thank all those who did not vote for me, since they have relieved my soul of a great burden of responsibility, which I have been carrying for 10 full years.

As regards my party, it will be a very strong opposition, and I have always said that a party cannot always show all its strength and all its qualities if it is not in the opposition for some time, since the time spent in opposition enables it to get rid of the burden of those who, out of greed, entered the party while it was a ruling party.

I am certain that these upcoming times will be of great benefit in this respect, both for the Socialist Party of Serbia [SPS] and the Yugoslav Left [JUL], and I am certain that this will strengthen [the parties] to such an extent that they will very convincingly win the next elections.

I personally—precisely because of this great relief, because of the end of this great responsibility that I have been carrying for a whole decade—intend to take a short break, to spend more time with my family,

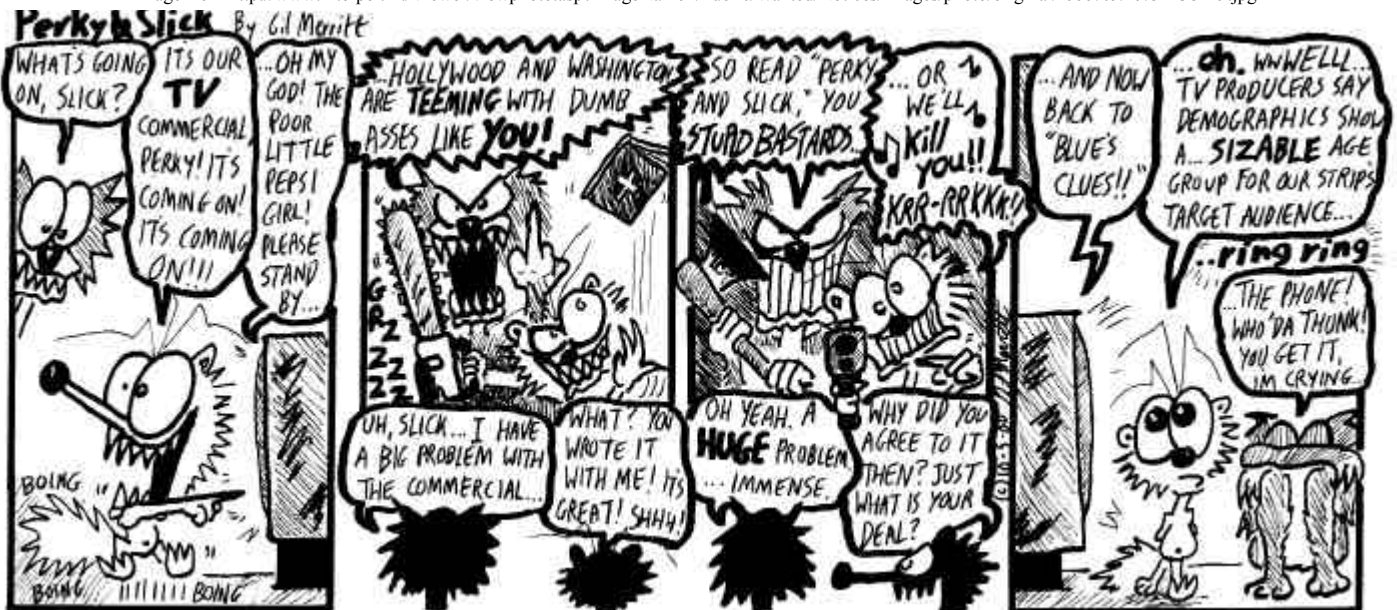


1999/29606 MILOSEVIC SLOBODAN Sloby, drunk, in an Interpol wanted poster.

especially with my grandson Marko, and then, afterwards, to primarily strengthen my party, so that it—in the social life of the Federal Republic of Yugoslavia—as well as the forces that are with it, contributes greatly to the further development of the country...

I congratulate Mr Kostunica on his election victory and wish all citizens of Yugoslavia much success in the coming mandate of the new president. Thank you.

Image from <http://www.interpol.int/Viewer/viewphoto.asp?ImageName=/Public/Wanted/Notices/Images/photo/original/1999/09/29/52238229.jpg>



An open letter to Thomas Wilmot, President Wilmorite Industries—

Dear Esteemed Sir:

No doubt by now you've received my previous plea on behalf of the student body of RIT to put your construction empire to the task of building a colossal parking edifice, the likes of which God himself has never seen. It is understood that you are truly a busy man, however, I must point out that I had to park in your mall parking lot and hitch to class today. As a concerned citizen of Rochester, and an active member of RIT's Board of Trustees, I implore you to take action! If not a gargantuan Wilmorite Parking Velodrome, then perhaps an equally magnificent Wilmorite Parking Monorail Tram (or at least one of those Wedway People-Mover devices from Disney World) to convey weary parking outcasts from DMZ lot to the campus. The cur parking devils that proudly envelop themselves in coward's yellow do little for the image of RIT. They might as well be wearing swastikas. I leave it to you, sir. Remove the parking scourge from this campus by putting the yellow-bellied bastards out of a job. Who needs them when one has thirty glorious stories of steel-enforced concrete and tarmac to park upon? Hell, the best parking lots are at malls, right? Why not extend your current mall projects to the borders of the RIT campus and connect the two? The one thing that RIT needs more than a parking garage is more commerce and you could certainly provide that. Not to mention killing two birds with one stone. I can see the headlines now:

“The Wilmorite Parking Garage—A Bridge of Peace...”

Students need to go to school, but they also need to park. They'll have to go through YOUR mall to get to YOUR parking lot. School would become an ancillary concern, and somewhere in the mix, they're bound to buy something. This is what we in the business call a Win-Win situation. But I shall say no more, trusting in your sage wisdom to deliver us from the parking nightmare we have come to loathe. Luck and good fortune in all your endeavors.

Faithfully Yours,

Sean J. Stanley



**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ**

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**A ZEN HI COW**

Still Pond

Person Looks

ALIVE

AWAKE

Rabbi Tdrahnier

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