

# Popsturbation: The Grammys & the Gloved One

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The Grammys are only weeks away, and celebrities of the music world are already preparing for the big night. After serving as Vincent Price's doppelganger for the last year, Bob Dylan is grooming himself to resemble Anthony Perkins. Mariah Carey is still unsure what to promote—her latest greatest hits album or the Betty Ford Clinic. And Steely Dan, of all people, are looking to once again shock the world by showing up for the Grammy Awards.

But aren't the Grammys forgetting someone? A certain person whose influence on pop music is still felt and heard at oddly touching '80s nights and CBS specials? With a single sympathy nomination and a severe case of vitiligo, Michael Jackson has been left out in the cold. And he still only has one glove.

We're not saying the man deserves more nominations. No, Michael's PR juggernaut failed to turn a semi-comeback hit—the nostalgic tune "You Rock My World"—into intense album sales. Additionally, America does not believe that Michael would find a girl "bangin'." The man needs a serious career makeover. We said *career*, Michael.

This is why Michael Jackson must host the Grammy Awards. While Jon Stewart is a fine choice for a host, we believe Michael Jackson would make the Grammys a must-see event. Hell, if he could do it for a movie showcasing Joe Pesci as a dope dealer with a ponytail, the man can do it for a meaningless awards show. His 30th Anniversary Special on CBS already proved that he's a ratings draw. Jackson, not Pesci.

Why would the hosting duties be good for him? Michael needs assistance in public speaking. If you've ever seen

the guy talk, then it's obvious he has a volume problem that seems to stem primarily from tepidness. Reading

badly scripted jokes off a teleprompter and receiving similarly badly scripted laughs would be good for his pride.

That's right, they're laughing *with you*, now.

Moreover, Michael could do cool moves onstage as he moved from podium to aisle to deliver "spontaneous" comic interviews with audience members daring enough to get close to him before fainting like random European teens in the late '80s. Perhaps Michael could let his kids run around on-stage at points like Rudy Giuliani did with his fat, annoying son. (Children of celebrities are always more annoying when they're overweight, aren't they?) Michael's annual hosting duties would keep him in the spotlight, thus keeping him on entertainment radar and out of his damn house. Hosting the Grammys would ultimately help Michael live a more normal life. A tenure as center-square would surely follow. Then Michael could go live alone in relative peace.

Or we, the American public, can collectively pressure the man to vie for our affections and approval. No, Michael, we won't buy your new album. But if you sing your old songs and dance for us, we will see past ugly allegations and facial alterations and applaud you when the music fades out. You're 43 years old and still desperately trying to please us. Why? Don't you realize what we've done to you? Michael Jackson is trapped by the very system that created him, distorted him and continually threatens to throw him away. The television audience loves a good breakdown. So put him on for a few hours facing the cameras every year. We'll watch.



ZAK BOSAMUSE ILLUSTRATION

C'mon, wouldn't this be cool?

"Popsturbation fears William Dafoe in the film *Boondock Saints*."