



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre



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The Magic Wondershow

Sean J. Stanley

This week:

"Be Like Mike"

Everything that I'm about to tell you
is true.

"Why do *you* care about Michael Jackson?"

This simple question should be asked of anyone who is of speaking age in this country. "Why, sir or madam, do you care about Michael Jackson?" If you don't think the answer to this very important question is worth more than a moment of your time, I don't think you're worth any more than a few minutes of my own. If I ran this godforsaken country, the Longest Arm of the law would be dispatched, post-haste, to do something about that man. There are only three courses of action on the table here, people. One, we shoot him. This is a perfectly acceptable recourse, and we could end the discussion right there, for reasons I shall explain in a moment. The second option is to study him, but you should know that already, dammit¹.

Simply shooting him is a popular notion among your average conservative consumer. Liberal consumers will probably want to study him instead. They'll gather every immediate personal detail of Michael Jackson's life so that they can answer two questions: Why do Michael Jackson and Macaulay Culkin hang out? And, secondly, why did Michael Jackson try to procreate with Elvis's daughter? This research data trickles down to your average liberal consumer as "Where does Wacko Jacko appear in my daily quest for food?" Is he popping up at the checkout line, his sick warped face

lurking above a kit-kat bar? Or do you prefer instead to peruse his hefty legal documents made available on the Internet, as you drink your morning coffee?

Both of those options are fucking great, but there is a third: We study him in his natural environment until such time as there is sufficient evidence to shoot him legally. A *seriously* interested subgroup of smart people, myself included, would very much like to achieve this, and probably will.

You see, there are two types of people in this world: those that wish to leave this planet and those that do not. If you are a smart person, space has unlimited appeal; but most other superficial elements pale in comparison to the awesome prospect of not living with stupid people anymore. When you live in space, you adapt to not needing a body. And when you get rid of your body, you might not have to die. I think our smartest minds are working on this. Right about now, I suspect that Stephen Hawking, after deciding that he didn't need a body anymore (so he killed it with his mind), and considering the myriad of trivial logic problems floating around (fusion, big bang, string theory, etc.), is working on the very real problem of extending his gameplay. When you're basically a brain on wheels, I doubt you could think of anything more interesting. And interest is key to someone like Stephen Hawking, who sits around telling people how to build machines to talk to him, so he can basically tell them, "Freeze my brain, no?" Whether or not consciousness and self are directly related to an intact biological specimen is unknown, but I'm sure Stephen has made arrangements so he can keep on thinking about it during his nap.

The other type of person is the person who finds absolutely no need to seek "outside" for the god-like feeling of living forever, because they have discovered a shortcut to feeling that way, *right at home*. Instead

¹Don't worry, I'll get to the third in just a moment. Keep your pants on!

of attending a university or designing some money-making scheme to buy their way into space, they tap into some artistic medium, make a boatload of cash, then try very hard to make the outside world reflect their most inner fantasies and desires. There is a preponderance of evidence suggesting that Mr. Jackson is doing just that. This is why *I* care about Michael Jackson. And so should you. These are the people we really need to keep a eye out for. Partially because, unchecked, this sort of primary communicator can cause some problems (cf. Hitler), but more importantly, who has the better school of thought, Steven Hawking or Michael Jackson? Which could possibly be more amusing?

Because Charles Manson didn't have enough money. Because Elvis had enough money, but not enough time. Because God tells some killer shaggy dog jokes involving children and capitalism.

Why didn't anyone in the CIA see this? If you can't look at Michael Jackson's bank statement, no, wait, I'm sorry, that's condescending. If you can't watch three of the obligatory five minutes devoted each HOUR to Michael Jackson on the "E" network, and not arrange for his immediate assassination, there is not a snowball's chance in hell that you're gonna see another 9/11 coming. I am dead serious. There's not a day that goes by that I don't ask myself "What's Mikey doing right about now?" I will wait to find out, or if circumstances allow, I will pay to find out sooner. Based on the most casual of research efforts, you can discover that he has obtained several items over the years that will give any rational fellow great pause. In no particular order:

1. A remote parcel of primo Malibu land, suitable in size to erect, among other things, a giant amusement park and some very high fences.
2. A decent legal team.
3. A monkey affectionately named "Bubbles"
4. Elvis' Daughter.
5. The elephant man's skeleton.

He claimed in a *60 Minutes* interview that while he will visit the Neverland Ranch, he will not live there. He says it is a house, but not a home. Hmm. Also, it is useful to examine some of the darker landscapes of

his media projects, shall we? Take "Moonwalker", the video game. From a comment on the game on a Kevin Smith message board (Smith was in talks to direct "The Nightmares of Edgar Allan Poe," about the last years of writer Edgar Allen Poe, starring Michael himself as the doomed author):

"Any gamer who's ever played "Michael Jackson's Moonwalker" by Sega in the arcades (not the shitty Genesis title) knows that it was far weirder. You played as one of three Michael Jackson's (red, white or blue suit, if I remember correctly) and your goal was to save some kidnapped children. Along the way, you could use the almighty smart-bomb (a spotlight on Michael drops and he dances, damaging every enemy on screen. The enemies might have even danced with him, a la "Thriller," but I can't recall). When you saved a child there was a chance of a power-up drop, be it another dance or some health. Also, if you saw Bubbles the Monkey on screen and touched him, you turned into a robot."

What?

From IMDB:

"He does not own the right to the entire Beatles catalogue. For example, George Harrison owns songs he wrote including 'Something', and Sony music owns 50% of the catalogue after Michael sold it to them because he needed the money."

Needed the money, perhaps, so that nobody could disrupt the activities inside his underground soundproof fuck bunker?

When God is having a bad day, so do you. I guarantee you that if God shoots a little over-par on the back nine in Palm Springs, here is what happens to your existence: You wake up as a Hispanic child with terminal lymphoma. Your mother will put faith in a kindly gentleman (and rock superstar) who offers to provide you with medical treatment, no questions asked, so long as you sleep over at his house. Then, the man invites you to see the catacomb he's built beneath his private roller coaster. Maybe he's wearing his blue suit. Maybe he's wearing his red suit. Maybe he's completely naked, except for his signature fedora and his jewel encrusted glove. He straps you to a table and you watch in abject horror as one of the many coffins littered about the room opens. Bubbles leaps out, furious with copious amounts of excrement bursting from the seams of his diaper. You realize that he's trying to get a better view of what he knows to be an amazing spectacle. After some screeching, the

monkey finds its regular purchase astride the looming skeleton of the elephant man. Michael Jackson peers at you with those cold psychopathic shark eyes, his penis erect, oozing. He peers at you, you - a child dying of cancer - you, a child who would die from poverty or gang violence otherwise. He stares at you and asks you what any caring, nurturing human being would ask at that moment:

“Nose on, or nose off?”

I would like to think that among the percentage of Beatles material that he still owns, “The Walrus” is floating around there somewhere. I imagine it playing

softly from the original master tape as he sodomizes you repeatedly, all the while choking himself with that fucking glove. And though you may scoff at this grisly image, please recognize that it is well within the realm of possibility. Hawking has thought about this, I’m sure.

Basically, I can’t wait until both of them die. Hawking’s solution will be most interesting. So will Jackson’s, once he is out of his misery (and our television sets) for good. He will either be killed, or kill himself. Both are acceptable to me. I mean, if we’re gonna wage war in someone else’s backyard, had we not better rake the leaves out of our own?

Mad Libs

By Juan Gonzalez

Since none of you motherfuckers are submitting, and since I was finally able to find a copy of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* only to see, to my disgust (but it was kind of funny at the same time), that it was but one sheet of paper! Thank God it was at least front and back — and forget trying to put out multiple sheets for next week since Crazy Al, who has obviously been informed by his soothsayers that RIT’s economy is currently in a recession (per capita is a bitch), has issued the following edict which has been written on pig flesh and nailed to the doors of Tower-1 (formally known as Building 1):

The use of office supplies including pens, staples, paper, and any consecutive string of thoughts coming from any RIT student can no longer be used in the creation of the *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* publication due to its arrogant violation of the intellectual property Reich established by the Supreme Chancellor of Reserved Lots and Unmentionables

Pretty soon, we’re going to see issues of *GDT* scattered around the campus next to the Friday night club promos, glossy and tacky as shit, with 17 articles around an index card, overlapping each other to conserve space. I dare anyone to try and put out a Joe Cornea™ or other comic on that format.

Now I don’t know about you readers, but I certainly don’t remember casting my vote for Al Simone during the elections; I voted for the Inconspicuous Can of Beer™. So I say we do as the Californians did and hold a recall election, it’s an election year for fuck’s

sake!

And here’s another thing, where’s the cursing and political incorrectness I remember from the Golden age of *GDT* back in 99-00? If funding is falling faster than the retention rate, we might as well make it a good time and piss as many people off as we can — let’s have a recall election.

Now this is gonna be tough to pull off, so we’ll need all the colleges to come together for this one. First, we’ll need to set up a political party and give it a kickass name; I’ll leave that one up to all of you in Building 6 since you’ll find some eloquent title for our organization. We’ll need some banners and other such sorts of eye-catchy shit, so Building 7, you’ve got that detail. Building 9, help Building 7 by attaching some LED’s to make it sparkle. Ok, now for financing we’ll use the College of Business, and Building 8, don’t think I left you out. Since you’re scientific with numbers and all that, you can keep track of our polls and create biotoxins that we can use to blame on the current administration. That’s right, we’ll play some dirty politics. Oh, and all the other colleges that I left out should construct some sort of ramming device and a moat.

So let’s get our shit together and pull this off because I can do without having to get the lobotomized version of what’s going down on campus by reading *The Repeater* *COUGH* — sorry about that, I’ve got some sarcasm stuck in my throat — I mean *Reporter*.

The Pen is Mightier

By Patrick Saccoccia

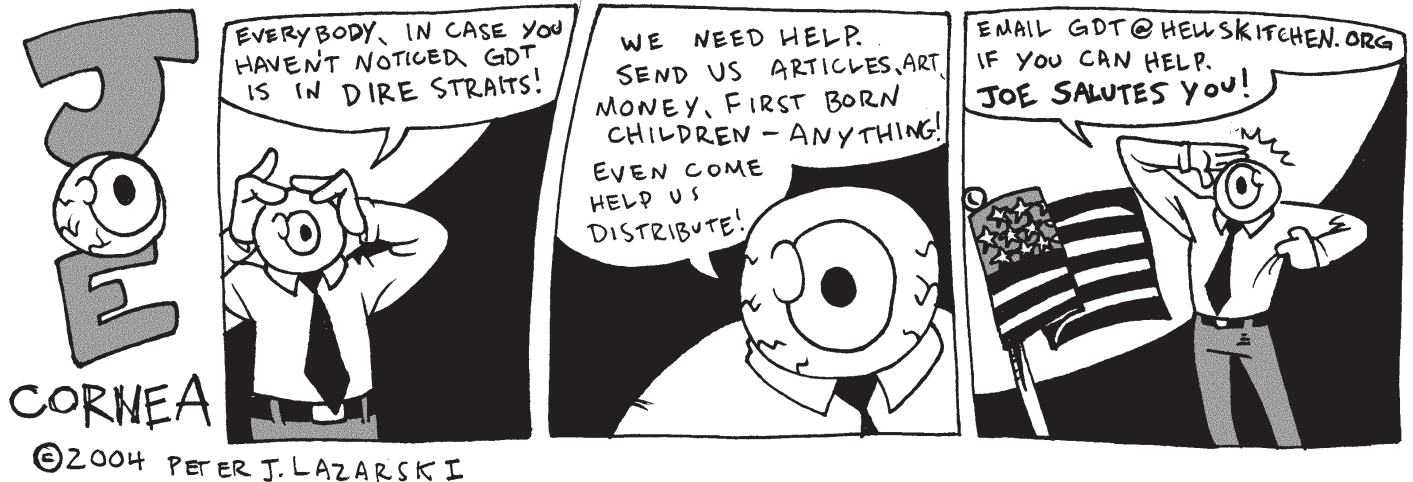
In light of recent events on campus, the need has arisen for a new deterrent to violence at RIT. Laws have little effect on the criminal mind so new legislation is useless. Nor can we turn to local law enforcement, as their powers are limited by their need to follow the very laws that they uphold. Clearly RIT is in need of a new crime fighting group, a group not hindered by the laws of man. But where can we find such a force? The answer is right in front of you every day, in every class you take. I am of course referring to our very own beloved faculty. Imagine, a collection of heavily armed, highly motivated, and slightly lost academics, ready, willing, and able to put the hurt into lawbreakers foolish enough to enter their brick city. Without the U.S. Constitution holding sway, they could enact the most cruel and unusual punishments known to man.

News Reporter: "This would-be car thief was apprehended by the RIT history department's tank division, and was brought

before the Academic Court. After forcing the confused youth to solve differential equations for most of the afternoon, they then fined him 130 thousand dollars and sentenced him to 5 years as a CS major, without parole or the ability to commute his sentence to hotel management. The United Nation's accusations of war crimes were ignored as usual."

This may seem drastic or brutally insane, but even the most hardened criminal would cower in terror at the thought of living in a shared 18'x10' cell, with starchy food and 20+ hours of programming classes a week. Other offenders could be kept at bay by the screaming alone. Providing high speed Internet access and an enclosed exercise yard impervious to weather should decrease the inmate suicide rates.

Other benefits include less talking in the back of the class, weapon sales to professors stimulating the economy, and no more paper wasted on ticketing faculty-owned vehicles.



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