

On Tuesday, this week, the world stood still to celebrate the life of Michael Jackson ... and to bury him. A memorial that unfolded live on several TV channels, movie screens, computers and mobile phones, here in America and abroad.

Nakalimutan ang guerra sa Iraq at Afghanistan. □ Nakalimutan ang Iran at North Korea

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Nakalimutan ang deficit at health care dito sa Amerika.

At natabi sa isang tabi si Barack H. Obama.

(People forgot the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. They forgot Iran and North Korea. They forgot about the deficit and healthcare problems of America. And President Obama was on the sidelines.)

Yes, I, too, have a few words to say about Michael Jackson. □ But first, I'd like to say: May he now rest in peace.

Or, shall I say, the media should now allow him to rest in peace.

For two weeks, his unexpected death has been turned into a spectacle ... like a Barnum and Bailey circus, with clowns and all.

Thank God, Tuesday this week, was the finale of that circus galore. On that Tuesday, it seems that the world stopped turning.

All eyes were cast on the man who they called the “man in the mirror.”

Really, I don't even know why he was called the “man in the mirror.”

From what I understand, he had a CD/DVD and they dubbed that: “The man in the mirror.”

Oh, yes, he was a dancer, all right. Like a *kiti-kiti*. And, oh, yes, he can moon-walked all right.

But hey, I can do that, too.

And I can also moon-talked.

Just kidding, of course.

Seriously now, Michael Jackson was truly a brilliant performer. Way, way back when I was still in the Navy, I remember dancing the “sweet” with some

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cute Southern girls to some of Michael's Motown songs, like that sweet song, "I'll Be There" at the YMCA in Norfolk

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Virginia

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And I remember so well that song, "We are the World," when it was sang by Bong-Bong Marcos and his sister, Imee, and their exclusive group of friends during one of Bong-Bong's birthday bash at the Malacanang Palace. It was televised and I saw it and I thought it was ... well, a fitting and profound song for them at that time, because they were indeed "the world" at that time.

For the Marcoses, though they ruled and "owned" the Philippines
, were in another world of their own, at that time.

I also remember, "Billy Jean." Disco dancing was at the height of its popularity when that song became a top tune.

And I used to dance to that music, too, at "Where Else," in Makati
, my favorite hang-out during those days of wine and roses and real good disco dancing.

Yung mga taga "promdi" (from the province), I don't think they've heard of "Where Else." During those times, too, we didn't dance the cha-cha or the tango or the *kukuratsa*, or any kind of ballroom dancing for that matter.

Sa mga probinsiya lang isinasayaw ang mga indak na ganon.

Now, where was I? I am supposed to be talking about Michael Jackson. As I said, he was brilliant ...

He composed his own songs.

You have to be a poet at heart to be able to compose songs, I think.

So, Michael, aside from being a complete entertainer, was also a prolific poet.

He was multi-talented. He sang and danced, like no other. And, as an entertainer, he broke the color barrier.

As the Rev. Al Sharpton said in a rousing sermon during Jackson's funeral,

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Michael Jackson had created a “comfort level” that opened the way for the achievement of others, including “a person of color to be president of the United States

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I agree. Although Michael’s ever-lightening skin over the years had gotten much attention, his crossover appeal into the mainstream was hailed “as an achievement in civil rights.” Yes, indeed.

But for many people, there were many Michaels. To many, he was also a pedophile. A child molester, as we all know.

Was he, really?

He was accused twice and charged in the court of law for molesting children.

In the first accusation, he settled out of court and paid mucho bucks – several millions, in fact – to the “victims”

daw

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Years later, he was again accused of molestation, this time for molesting a 13-year-old boy, who was stricken with cancer, and who was staying at his Neverland ranch. The boy was staying at the Neverland on Michael's invitation. Y'all know the story right?

And, as y'all know, too, a Filipino couple -- the man worked as a butler, and his wife, as a maid, in the Neverland -- were the primary witnesses to this accusation. *Nakita daw nila.... Baka nakita, pera.* During the investigation, it was found out that these couple were both TNTs.

Kaya, mga
nadeport in the process.

Pero, mga nakakuha din ng konting pera
for their "paid" revelations of Michael's so-called depravation, perhaps paid for by Michael's envious, green-eyed enemies.

But the couple's statements were considered "incredulous," thus it was thrown out by the court overseeing the case ... and Michael was acquitted.

Michael said that "true, he slept with children," but there's nothing "sexual" about it. He said, "it is sweet" to be sleeping with children. The problem, he

said, were the people out there “who thinks that a bed is merely a place for sex.”

I really dunno if Michael was a child molester or not. I know he was kind of weird. His clothes. His demeanor.

His girlish voice.

His increasingly whitening skin.

His Pinocchio-like aura.

His self-mutilation (facial-cosmetic surgeries) that transformed him from a handsome black man into an ugly “white” man.

His whole self per se ... was weird and out of this world.

But all artists are weird and out of this world!

Is there anyone out there who is not?

So on Tuesday ... those who adored Michael Jackson, those who danced to his music and even those who thought he was a freak, came together to say good bye to the man who they called “the man in the mirror” ... the man who mirrored their souls through his songs.

On that day ... Maya Angelou, an American poet and writer, in a poem read by Hollywood Actress Queen Latifah, captured the day in this way: “*Today in Tokyo,*

*beneath the
Eiffel
Tower
, in
Ghana
's
Black Star Square*

.

*In
Johannesburg
and
Pittsburg
, in
Birmingham
Alabama
and
Birmingham*

*,
England*

.

We are missing Michael.

”

How true. So ... goodbye, Michael. Thanks for all the wonderful memories. Jean.”

Most especially for “Billy
For that was my

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favorite tune in dancing the “
maskipaps
with....

That's all.

JJ

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