

I-am-bad in Islamabad-again - Week 5 (from Tucson actually), 29 July 2012

China, Flooding in Beijing, Under water and under fire. Paper issue, The Economist magazine, July 28th, 2012, p. 37. "In a since-deleted essay posted on his microblog, Li Chengpeng, a social critic, praised the heroism of the volunteer rescue workers and castigated officials for not doing more. Stressing the "historic" nature of the huge storm, the government tried to redirect public attention towards official clean-up efforts. But many Beijingers remain skeptical. Take one wry comment on a microblog translated by China Digital Times, a website: "In my brief existence, a once-in-a-century solar eclipse has happened twice, a once-in-a-500-year flood has happened ten times, and a once-in-a-millennium earthquake has happened twice. The only thing that hasn't happened is a once-every-five-year general election." Online censors swiftly removed the post.

From Dr. D in Toronto. *Two priests decided to go to Hawaii on vacation. They had been friends since seminary. To make this a real vacation they planned not wearing anything that would identify them as clergy. As soon as the plane landed they headed for a store and bought some really outrageous shorts, shirts, sandals, sunglasses, and hats. The next morning they went to the beach dressed in their 'tourist' garb. They were sitting on beach chairs, enjoying a drink, the sunshine and the scenery when a 'drop dead gorgeous' blonde in a topless bikini came walking straight towards them. They couldn't help but stare.*

As the blonde passed them she smiled and said 'Good Morning, Father ~ Good Morning, Father,' nodding and addressing each of them individually, and then she passed on by. They were both stunned. How in the world did she know they were priests? So the next day, they went back to the store and bought even more outrageous outfits.

These were so loud you could hear them before you even saw them! Once again, in their new attire, they settled down in their chairs to enjoy the sunshine. After a little while, the same gorgeous blonde, wearing a different colored topless bikini, taking her sweet time, came walking toward them. Again she nodded at each of them, said 'Good morning, Father ~ Good morning, Father,' and started to walk away. One of the priests couldn't stand it any longer and said, 'Just a minute, young lady.' 'Yes, Father?'

'We are priests and proud of it, but I have to know, how in the world do you know we are priests, dressed as we are?' She replied, 'Father, you don't recognize me; it's me, Sister Kathleen.'



Confused over US racial politics. Colleagues, as you know, I mostly work abroad. So why am I so shocked? Before I left for Pakistan recently, there was this enormous national outcry by black activist leaders over the traffic *unintended* death of Trayvon Martin by George Zimmerman because Martin was a black youth and perhaps Zimmerman wasn't. So many protests, black leaders, even President Obama announced if he had a son, he would look like Trayvon. So where are these black leaders when it comes to the thousands of black-on-black murders? Now I am back in the US and heard that the black man who *premeditatedly* killed black singer Jennifer Kate Hudson's black relatives was given three life sentences, William Balfour. I read Balfour is Hudson's sister's estranged ex-husband. Cook County Circuit Judge Charles Burns, meanwhile, had some very stern words for Balfour during his sentencing. "You have the heart of an arctic night," Burns said to the killer. "Your soul is as barren as dark space." So where are the black leaders? Where is President Obama on this? Could he announce if he had a son, he would look like Balfour? I find the US so confusing! I seem to understand political life better in the fragile countries where I typically work. That's all.

Swedish jokes from S in Maryland. *A Finn and a Swede are sitting in a bar. After about 4 hours the Swede lifts his glass and quietly says "Skall." The Finn responds, "Are we here to drink or talk?"*

Ole and Lena got married. On their honeymoon trip they were nearing Minneapolis when Ole put his hand on Lena's knee. Giggling, Lena said, "Ole, you can go farther if yew vant to"... so Ole drove to Duluth.

Lena passed away and Ole called 911. The 911 operator told Ole that she would send someone out right away. "Where do you live?" asked the operator. Ole replied, "At the end of Eucalyptus Drive." "Can you spell that for me?" the operator asked. There was a long pause and finally Ole said, "How 'bout if I drag her over to Oak Street and you pick her up there?"

Amos 'n Andy does American politics. I don't have this exact, but I recall hearing a version on Old Time Radio which I track when abroad (<http://archive.org/details/oldtimeradio>) where the Kingfish asks Lightnin, I think, if he's a Democrat or a Republican in preparation of a Presidential election. Something like, "Lightnin, is you is a Democrat or is you is a Republican?" "Well, I don't know, Kingfish, what's the difference?" "Lightnin, let me 'splain you: a Democrat is a jackass and a Republic is an elephant." "Oh, I guess I is a Republic, den." "Listen, Lightnin, what is your daddy?" "Oh, my daddy is Democrat." "Then, Lightnin, you should be Democrat like your daddy is!" "Well, my daddy never did me no good, so I think I should be a Republic." "Lightnin, yes, you have something there but I thinks you be a jackass too!"



Chicano activists take on Tucson. We hosted out-of-state gay/ lesbian Chicano activists/ occupyists here to support Mexican American Studies. We went to their Friday night art exhibit. Nice to know "I'm undocumented and queer, F'U," "It's my pussy and I'll F who I want to," "Anti-immigrants: they fear brown babies most," and "Occupy this! (showing a prominent middle finger) from their poster art. Ugh, LSW, her relatives and friends think that's great. They have a U.S. Constitutional first amendment right to be ridiculous.



Rick Nelson's Garden Party

***I went to a garden party, reminisced with my old friends
A chance to share old memories and play our songs again
When I got to the garden party they all knew my name
But no one recognized me I didn't look the same***

***But it's all right now
I learned my lesson well
You see you can't please ev'ryone so
You got to please yourself***

***People came from miles around everyone was there
Yoko brought her walrus there was magic in the air
And over in the corner much to my surprise
Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes wearing his disguise
Chorus la da da da***

***I played them all the old songs I thought that's why they came
No one heard the music, we didn't look the same
I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me
When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave
Chorus la da da da***

***Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode
Playing guitar like a ring an' a bell and lookin' like he should
If you gotta play at garden parties I wish you a lot a' luck
But if memories were all I sang I'd rather drive a truck
Chorus la da da da - Repeat chorus***

Have fun, be happy, and don't worry! It doesn't help! It's really more fun in the Philippines! And Tucson!