

# TABOO OPINIONS #60

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What can I say? I've lasted this long (I think) because my mom got me started on vitamins and food supplements in my childhood [But Ghod, how I hated the taste of cod liver oil], and I became re-focused in my teens with my discovery in myself of a desire to live a loong time, I can still hear Victor H. Lindlar saying, on his 1930's morning radio program (as I ate my oatmeal), "Remember, you are what you eat."

And, yes, I still eat a bowl of oatmeal every morning---raw, uncooked 'natural' oats mixed with milk to a soggy mass, with a dollop of canola oil stirred in, with handfuls of grapes or a sliced banana to top it off. This after gulping down a big handful of vitamins and supplements. And during this breakfast, as I read the morning deception newspaper, I drink a mug of black coffee with artificial sweetener.

Years later in my thirties Adelle Davis and her landmark vitamin-nutrition books, notably Let's Eat Well, became my Guide and my Bible. [But I must admit her death of liver cancer in her seventies was a betrayal and a shock.]

But I must be doing some things right, since my mother died at age 67 and my father at age 73. She of a burst artery in the brain, he of a stroke.

And there is a longevity gene in the family: my aunt died at age of almost 92...of colorectal cancer.

Currently my physical health is okay, for me, since I don't count my cerebral palsy and high blood pressure (both controlled by Propranolol), and my arthritis is so chronic I've forgotten when it crept into me and said "Now I've got you, you sonofabitch!" (I take aspirin and Ibuprofen for arthritis pain, etc., alternating every month.

It's my lurch&stagger walking which is an ordeal I hate. My balance is almost gone (forcing use of a walker or using walls and furniture for balance aid. The lack of 'balance' is actually due to slowly increasing lack of muscle control in my legs. A doctor said recently the nerves were disconnecting from the muscles. But doctors have a pact which prevents

them from really explaining WHY to patients.

There is also my tinnitus---ringing in the ears---which I've had since 1972, and 'floaters' in my eyesight, also dating from the early 70's.

Oh. Lower back pain remaining from my two low spine operations due to squeezing of my spinal cord... I call the cause 'bone spurs in the spinal cord channel' and nobody corrects me. Wotthehell. I also had two neck/spine operations (all four called 'laminectomies' in surgeonspeak) of the same type for the same reasons.

Hey, I don't intake that much calcium!

Anyway, those operations were five-ten years ago and the pain is minimal now except when I try to get out of bed in the morning. That first vertical stand-up is an adventure.

Well, I've run out of ailments, so I'll quit this enjoyable rundown. Sometimes I really enjoy talking about myself.

## **A FEW SHORT TOPICAL NOTES AND A MOVIE REVIEW**

### **WHEN IS A TERRORIST NOT A TERRORIST?**

He's not a 'terrorist' if he's a Christian who bombs and kills. He's a 'monster' and a 'lone bomber' and a 'coward'.

Only Muslim bombers are terrorists in American mediaspeak.

### **LOVE LETTERS**

The most notable scenes in Love Letters (1984) are the six or seven short nudity/topless views of star Jamie Lee Curtis. She was really endowed.

In point of fact, in retrospect, it seems to me the entire movie was designed as a vehicle for the adroit and frequent display of her body/breasts.

A bit later in her career, Jamie made Perfect, co-starring John Travolta, and in that film did one brief breast-exposure scene. That glimpse has since been edited out of the prints used for cable showing, which is a shame.

But there is still Love Letters to clutch to our voyeuristic bosoms. Until or unless she is able to command its bowdlerization, too.