

# **TABOO OPINIONS #115**

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## **4-26-10 THE VIEW FROM EIGHTY-TWO**

**From 82 years, that is.**

**It's been a long time since I last wrote one of these, so let me give you a horrifying picture of what and who I am now.**

**Physically I'm a mess. What you might expect of a man my age. I've had four operations (Laminectomies) on my spine to keep my spinal cord from being cut into and/or strangled by encroaching calcium deposits and broke-down vertebrae. I can no longer walk, nor stand up for more than a second or two because of the accompanying severe pain.**

**So I live in bed, in my wheelchair, and in the living room sofa. I hope soon to get a motorized wheelchair because my legs and arms are gradually losing strength. I'm not sure if this debility is from some arcane disease, a side-effect from my intensifying cerebral palsy, or from a natural, progressive age-related feebleness.**

**Hey, you deal with reality. My family's history shows only one who lived beyond 82. She was my aunt, who died from cancer all-over-her-body at age 91 after six years in a nursing home. But I've been a vitamin & wheat germ fanatic since age 15, so I'm hoping that lifelong regimen will add a few years to my still-enjoyable life.**

**My most recent encounter with an operating table was on**

**Feb. 18 of this year when I went under the knife for left eye cataract surgery.**

**If you're like me you go cold squab at the thought/image of hypodermic needles going into your eye muscles to immobilize them and maybe some horrible procedure to stop the blink reflex, and you recoil with horror from the mental vision of a scalpel slicing into your eyeball ...**

**I had to make a pre-op visit to the operating room to see if I could lie flat on my back on The Table without extreme pain. [I always sleep on my left side in a foetal position, in bed. Any other position soon wakes me because of pain.]**

**Turned out the staff could arrange pillows and knee support which allowed the operation to be done. Every objection I raised --- cerebral palsy twitching and jerking, severe arthritis, the prone pain, the terror reaction because I would not be completely unconscious during The Ordeal --- all were overcome and I could not escape my fate.**

**The morning hour arrived. A close friend who drives me where I must go for such tortures drove me to the clinic ...**

**I must tell you that because of my age I have fewer vocal inhibitions, and as the pretty, busty nurse set about inserting an IV in my left forearm for the exact amount of pain-killer and tranquilizers and whatever other arcane fluids they use to keep their victims quiet, I said, "Be sure to keep my hand from getting too close to your breast."**

**She said, "Thanks for the warning."**

**And I finished the jest by saying, "I have a grope reflex."**

**She laughed, and continued raping my vein with that big-ass needle.**

**And so, doomed, I was rolled into the OR, switched onto The Table, made comfortable, the anesthesiologist did things I could not see, and I don't remember a damned thing. The Kickapoo Joy Juice he used put me under just enough, and the short operation went well, I'm told.**

**Afterward I had to wear special no-sunlight-permitted sunglasses when outside, had to use three different prescription eye drops for a week or so, and had to go back for several post-op eye exams.**

**Today, April 21, I have to use one kind of eye drop three times a day, like forever. A small price to pay for vastly**

improved vision. Now I can read a newspaper and see detail on the TV screen.

My back is bothering me now so I got to lie down for a while.

Today, April 26, I'm more and more aware of faint (so far) pain in my left hip joint which pain has been increasing for weeks from far on the horizon to plain sight, so to speak. This tells me I'm on the way to yet another major operation to replace the joint. Oh, joy.

This is old age, folks, being increasingly damaged goods until something really vital fails and there are no cures or repairs possible. But it's all part of life and there is precious little you can do about it.

In my case I still have my mind and my talent and an occasional need to write, which translates to an enjoyment of bedeviling you readers with these thoughts on age, aging, and dying. I am in a pessimistic cynic's heaven

Yes, I even have a fantasy of lying in a hospital bed, dying, and writing my last few wor

No, not yet!

## # SEX AND THE OLD MAN

I still get viable, orgasm-possible erections about once a week. And I'd love to have a sweet young woman give me oral sex or hand sex on these occasions ... but circumstances make that impossible. So I resort to the free porno sites in the internet, and manage to crank the handle until the ancient motor coughs, grunts and finally turns over.

It's still worth the time and effort.

Writing porno is still in me, but nowadays I find myself writing more 'content' in my fiction, and more sexual detail --- like to the point of the participants having to deal with the semen, afterwards.

Incidentally, there is an extremely low-paying market for written porno, but it's dedicated to women readers, and the stories have to cater to women. And if there is anything women readers (and editors) hate, it's having to deal with semen. Porno is fantasy, and I'm now finding I insist on realism. It has

**something to do with inner integrity (the pretentious, 'artistic' reason) or a desire for rejection or stupid stubbornness.**

**Anyway, I'm stuck with being a man with too much perspective, out of synch with the times. I remember living through the 1930s, I remember when we lived in a republic instead of a 'democracy' or a 'representative democracy' or a 'constitutional democracy'. Now the media and the politicians would rather cut out their tongues than utter the 'r' word.**

**Okay, I'm going to try to send this now to Bill.**

**END TABOO OPINIONS #115**