

"Conan IV"

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In my never-ending search for truth, justice and the chiropractic way, I decided recently to venture forth into the pits of technique and see if I could get a good adjustment from a good chiropractor.

Having given up on the Yellow Pages and the ethical carnage they left, I felt that the best thing to do was to drive around in my car and just take a chance. So -- haven't I been doing that anyway?

As I drove along I noticed a sign in neon stating that there was a chiropractor inside, so in I went.

Inside the reception area, one wall was covered with pictures of athletes along with a personally autographed photo of G. Gordon Liddy. Looking closer, it read, "Doc -- You rascal, I didn't know anyone could make it hurt." Also on the wall was a portrait of the Marquis De Sade. Feeling a little funny at this point, I started to edge toward the door.

CA: Dr. Fist will see you now.

RHT: Well---I think I'm feeling better.

CA: Nonsense, you wimp. Come in and take your treatment like a man.

Unable to overcome the power of her grip on my neck, I went into the treatment room. Soon Dr. Fist came in. He looked like he had just come in from a garage. He wore a shirt that exposed the hair on his chest and had his sleeves rolled up to his elbow. A study in total unprofessionalism. His appearance alone was enough to set the profession back some 50 years.

Fist: Lie down.

RHT: Are you going to palpate?

Fist: Say what?

RHT: Palpate.

Fist: You mean feel around the spine

RHT: Well, yes -- something like that.

Fist: Who has time for that nonsense? We'll just hit you a few times and see if anything gives.

The next thing I remember, I was on the sidewalk with a police officer leaning over me. "Who hit you buddy? Did you get the license number?" Not wanting to tell him that a chiropractor had done the dirty work, I said I was okay and staggered away.

Now I really needed a good adjustment. The only thing I gained was a new admiration for G. Gordon Liddy. But did he go to Fist regularly?

The next place I went to was a Dr. Twinky Feathers. The entire office was done in pink with flowers all around. What a contract. On her card was an embossed chiropractic emblem with the figure holding a feather in each hand. Clever.

Soon I was in a treatment room. After a short pause I began to smell the overpowering odor of perfume. The door opened and in came Dr. Twinky Feather all dressed in white lace.

Feather: Hi, I'm Dr. Feather -- but I want you to just call me Twinky.

RHT: Okay, Twinky.

Feather: That's Dr. Twinky. It's cuter that way.

RHT: Right---Dr. Twinky.

With that I got on the table. After about ten minutes of waiting I lifted up my head to see what was happening. No one was in the room. Gingerly I got up and put on my shirt. Not knowing what to do, I started to leave.

CA: Where are you going, dearie?

RHT: well, Dr. Feather -- I mean Dr. Twinky -- left.

CA: How did you like the adjustment, dearie?

RHT: Adjustment?

CA: Light as a feather, wasn't it? Now let's lighten up your wallet a bit.

Sitting in the car I was quite discouraged and still in great pain from the mugging I'd received from Dr. Fist. Maybe I should try just one more.

Before long I was in the treatment room of Dr. I.M. Splendid. What a difference from fist. Splendid was dressed in a white jacket that was so starched he couldn't bend his arms. Even his tie was starched and hung around his neck like a knife blade.

Splendid: Lie down on your back and hold your breath. Then turn your head while I place this onion under your left nostril. Now flex the toes of the right foot while making a fist with the left hand. Next I want you to roll your eyes upward and say "maloosa."

RHT: "Maloosa?"

Splendid: Not yet -- keep holding your breath. Now where is that onion? Hmmm -- maybe I'll use a radish.

RHT: Radish?

Splendid: No -- I want you to say "maloosa" when I put the radish or union under your left nostril.

Open your mouth. Maybe if you chewed on a carrot as I tested your quadriceps-----

As he was contemplating his next test to determine how I should be adjusted -- if at all -- I quietly left. After this visit it was getting late and I decided to go home. On the way back I passed a flashing neon sign that said, "Open All Night -- Adjustment and a Shoe Shine While You Wait." As desperate as I was, I knew I didn't need a shoe shine.

In bed and in pain, I stared at the ceiling wondering what ever happened to motion palpating the spine for fixations and then mobilizing them with specific adjustments. It will come back -- and with that happy thought I fell asleep.

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