

Written by
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By Jesse Jose

A Cup O' Kapeng Barako

She was a legend and a beauty in the truest sense of the word.

She was a dark-haired goddess, with emerald green eyes. She was voluptuous. She was scandalous. She was amorous. And I loved her the most ...

Yes, I just want to say a little tribute to this beautiful, talented woman who died Wednesday this week of heart failure. She was 79. For six decades, she mesmerized the world through the big screen.

She was the present day Cleopatra, exactly like the movie, "Cleopatra" in which she played the

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role of Cleopatra, as if she acted her own self. She made over 50 films, more than half of which I've seen, and each time I'd watched her, I would fall in love with her. She had won two Oscars for Best Actress in two movies: "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" and "Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?"

I especially loved her as "Maggie, the Cat" in that classic movie, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof," a play written by Tennessee Williams that won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1955. She really displayed pure acting talent there and subtle sexiness.

And, I simply drooled at her as "Cleopatra." She was luscious there.

BEAUTIFUL BEYOND THE DREAMS OF PORNOGRAPHY: I've seen her in several movies, whose titles I can't recall now. I've seen her with fabled actors like Marlon Brando, Spencer Tracy, Montgomery Cliff, Paul Newman ... and of course with Richard Burton, the handsomely-rugged Welsh actor, who the world believed was the only man who had "tamed" her.

She was married eight times to handsome men of stature and wealth. Two of those, to Richard Burton. She's had several relationships with other celebrities, like Frank Sinatra, James Dean, Henry Kissinger and many others.

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She was shrew, you see. But I don't mean that in a derogatory way. Because to me, she was an adorable shrew. She was, as Burton said, "beautiful beyond the dreams of pornography." If y'all cannot imagine that, well, I can. Because, I, too, like Mr. Richard Burton, love beautiful woman "beyond the dreams of pornography." I, too, desired her, in a pornographic way.

Or, was it Ms. Taylor, who tamed the male shrew, in the person of Mr. Burton, to her liking?

Because ... Ms. Taylor loved jewels, and Burton showered her lavishly with gifts and priceless jewels and gems, like the Krupp Diamond and a 25-carat, heart-shaped necklace of diamonds, rubies and emeralds that was originally made for the bride of the king who built the fabulous Taj Mahal palace.

And that it was said that Burton once "outbid the billionaire shipping magnate, Aristotle Onassis, to a million-dollar, 69-carat diamond ring," that Ms. Taylor consequently wore on her ring finger for the rest of her life. That humongous jewel became known as the Taylor-Burton ring.

Taylor and Burton met on the set of the movie, "Cleopatra." Both were married to other people

A Tribute to Elizabeth Taylor: An Ingénue, a Female Fatale, a Grand Old Dame, a Legend - MabuhayRadio

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at that time. Their "adulterous" affair *daw* scandalized the pious, self-righteous people, world-wide, that the Roman Catholic Church condemned their affair as an "erotic vagrancy."

Really? What about those hundreds ... and counting, of pedophile priests who have abused thousands ... and counting, of children, world-wide? What do y'all call that? DSPD, perhaps? As in "Demonic Sexual Priestly Deviancy"?

And here in the United States, there was bill introduced in Congress that would ban Ms. Taylor and Mr. Burton from living in America because their adulterous affair would set a bad example *daw* to the young people of America

.

How funny *naman*? How many American politicians, congressmen as well as senators, city mayors and state governors, or even Presidents have been caught, LITERALLY, with their pants down in adulterous affairs?

What IS, is IS, ha? This world surely teems with "self-righteous" people and LIARS, ha?

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A MESMERIZING FIGURE, BLESSED AND CURSED: Anyway, I think I am getting off-track again. So, back to Ms. Taylor. According to

LA Times

: "Long after fading from the big screen, she remained a mesmerizing figure, blessed and cursed by the extraordinary that molded her life through many faces ..."

- A child star who bloomed gracefully into an ingénue;
- A female fatale on screen and in life;
- A canny peddler of pricey perfume, called Passion;
- A pioneering AIDS activist;
- A philanthropist.

And, according to a *New York Times* critic, "she has grown up in full view of the voracious public for whom the triumphs and disasters of her personal life have automatically become extensions of her screen performances."

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And this critic aptly added, "she's different from the rest of us."

Of course, she was different. She was an ingénue. She was a goddess, a female fatale, a talented actress. She had a generous heart, too. She was a philanthropist, who shared her wealth to the needy and poor. Yes, she was definitely different.

She was also, to the letter, a Grand Old Dame in her later years. In 2000, Queen Elizabeth bestowed on her the royal and prestigious title, "**Dame Commander of the Order of the British Order of the British Empire**", an honor equivalent to a Knighthood.

She had a life, well lived. She had accomplished a lot, and collected men like she collected jewels and honors, and the adulation of men, world-wide. She was a true Cleopatra and a Maggie, the Cat.

Rest in peace, Ms. Elizabeth Taylor. Thank you so much for the memories. And for the

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unforgettable erotic fantasies of my youth. You were truly a beautiful woman. **JJ**

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PS: Some of my readers have asked me, what happened daw to the continuation of my story, "An Encounter With Racism, a Chapter from my novel..." that I said would be continued in my column last week. Well, I've written it and had polished it somewhat, but I've not finalized it yet. Kaya, in my next column na lang next week, okay?

At saka, I had to fly to West Palm Beach, Florida last week to attend the wedding of my niece, Kirsten. Also, to visit my mother who lives there. And, to bond once more with my sisters who I haven't seen for several years. During the wedding reception, we all danced the night away, so to speak ... and along with it, we also danced our "samaan ng loob" to each other away. So now we are good friends again. Nawala na daw yun mga "bara-bara." So that long cross-country plane ride was all worth it. I am glad I came.

O sige, y'all take care, Dear Readers. # # #

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