



## Ratiocination & The AIDS Researcher

### Two PhDs Illustrate AIDS Think Through a Looking Glass, Darkly

*"The curtain might open anywhere ... "*

In the middle of an overly extended, sometimes hostile seeming, overtly theatrical, "group-grope" email involving perhaps eight people, XXY writes to YXX privately ...

**XXY:** Blah blah blah blah....You are a very sick person.

**YXX** (after time for thought): You mean like with renal small cell carcinoma?

**XXY** (after sufficient time for thought, but apparently with none):

I'm sorry about your kidneys. I think you should think about what it means, symbolically. The kidneys clear the blood of toxins -- a vital role. You, as an individual, spend too much time being toxic towards others. Perhaps if you altered those toxic attitudes and behaviors, you would have a better chance with

your kidneys. You're going to have to let go of your toxic anger if you have any chance at all of beating this thing, YXX

**YXX** (within minutes): You are a wise and thoughtful person, with extraordinary compassion too. Please do not tell XYX about my condition it will just give him pleasure. I hope you will understand if I stop writing you for a while.

**XXY** (within minutes): You are a wise and thoughtful person too, Your condition would not give XYX any pleasure, but I won't tell anyone, because it is a highly personal thing. I do encourage you to reach out to others who can give you sustenance during your time of need. The mind is a very powerful thing -- it can exert tremendous change on the body's condition. Stay away from toxic exchanges and toxic feelings. Visualize the carcinoma shrinking and disappearing. Your mind is a particularly powerful mind. Look at how dramatically it can destroy a thing. Now think about how dramatically it could heal a thing, If you direct it to do so. Return to your orchids. Put you life's emphasis on growth, beauty, and love. Put your mind on those things as well. I will think often of your kidneys healing themselves. I will hold that image for you.

**XXY** (Simultaneously to "the group". Unless otherwise noted all Further emails are copied to "the group"): YXX and I are reconciled. As far as I am concerned, there is no more animus

between us. The details are private. I have learned from this unfortunate circumstance. I hope everyone has. I too hope we can all eschew hateful language.

**YXX:** Imagine, keeping personal matters, personal. Like Claude Raines in Casablanca, "I am surprised." (Was Claude queer?)

**XXY:** You are not writing now as the same person I had a very intense, compelling and forgiving email exchange with this morning. You are not writing as the person who confided in me something very private this morning. I'm not sure who you are writing as, but I am going to ignore this person. We are reconciled. Time for you to get off the computer now and tend to your orchids. XXY

**YXX:** Honestly, XXY, and everyone else, I have never had an "intense, compelling and forgiving" email exchange with XXY ever, and certainly not this morning, and I have only the haziest idea about what he might be ranting about. And XXY, who the fuck are you to suddenly tell me tender things like, "tend your orchids". Best to do what you suggested and always do, refuse to acknowledge what you do not like to hear, and invent things from close to thin air.

**XXY** (within minutes): YXX needs everyone's love and support now, and all our good thoughts as well. Don't worry about striking out at me, YXX. I let it go. I remain unchanged in my

thinking about you since this morning. I am going to keep thinking about you and praying for you as well. Everyone will. You have everyone to lean on if you need to. You aren't alone.

[And quotes:

"I'm sorry about your kidneys. I think you should think about what it means, symbolically. The kidneys clear the blood of toxins -- a vital role. You, as an individual, spend too much time being toxic towards others. ... You're going to have to let go of your toxic anger if you have any chance at all of beating this thing."

"You are a wise and thoughtful person...with extraordinary compassion too. Please do not tell YXX about my condition...it will just give him pleasure. I hope you will understand if i stop writing you for a while."

**YXX:** Well thank you very much Dr. Keep Some Things Private.

It didn't take a lot to find out just how much integrity was behind your word *this* time. You determine the sarcasm quotient in my *partially* quoted reply. My mother used to tell me about some rare people she knew who couldn't keep their mouth's shut *no matter what*, because they were so full of themselves they could not think about anyone else. She warned me at a young age about trusting such people. Like every piece of wisdom my mother tried to impart to me before she left this planet, I wish I had taken it to heart at an earlier age than I did, and I might

have avoided a lot of knife thrusts to my poor right kidney over the years, and my left one too, and even the ole pancreas!

XXY: "YXX needs everyone's love and support now, and all our good thoughts as well. Don't worry about striking out at me, YXX. I let it go. I remain unchanged in my thinking about you since this morning. I am going to keep thinking about you and praying for you as well. Everyone will. You have everyone to lean on if you need to. You aren't alone."

This refrain is repeated 4x in near instantaneous succession to increasingly aggravated calls from YXX to "Please tell me and the rest of the world who might not know yet, why exactly in your opinion, I need not only anyone's "love and support right now", but "everyone's" too?" and finally to write]

**YXX:** Please wise and compassionate and autistic XXY, do excuse me for the rest of the evening, as a few other things in my life have some attraction, and even necessary taking care of, even if they are not as edifying, and spiritually uplifting and strength giving as exchanging, intimate emails with you and 34 others. I think I wrote you in an earlier letter (not reproduced in this looking glass) that there was something attached to it you might want to read that I thought was really interesting. I was hoping that in your new found compassion and respect for me, you might have read it sometime in the last days and even written

me about it. But I didn't really expect that. What I expected was just what I got, and so I bet did every one else you copied and forwarded all or parts of this to.

He reads it, finally.]

XXY: I would appreciate it if you would remove the posts you wrote as me. They do not represent my opinions, and just because you change some letters in my name does not protect you from accusations of falsely representing yourself as me. On the contrary, the spelling change makes it look extremely obvious. I would appreciate it if those posts were removed by the end of the day. If they're not removed, then I am going to ask ACDC and RA for their assistance. I am blind cc'ing this email to my attorney and to law enforcement. Thank you, XXY

**YXX:** I see. You read the entire piece and that is the only thing you have to say? Here's your answer, from "a very sick person", who you think to bother with this shit. Go F\*\$#\$ yourself and leave me the F\*\$#\$" alone. I need to tend my orchids!

**XXY:** Please stop this. You are going to make yourself sicker than you already are. You should not be fighting with people, you should be fighting against your illness, and we should be helping you, not allowing ourselves to get drawn into your need to pick a fight. I can tell you're angry, and you have a right to be,

but you're not angry at any of us. You're angry because you've gotten a rotten diagnosis -- believe me, been there. I get it. I was pissed too. But this isn't going to help. So, please stop. Please rest. Take care of yourself. Engaging in these fights is not anything remotely like taking care of yourself, and that is really what you need to be focusing on right now. If you respond to me with a taunt or with anger, you will not get a response. I suggest that everyone help, and follow suit.

**YXX:** I agree with you 100% when you wrote in your last email saying that we BOTH got really bum diagnoses. Please look carefully at my own, and see if you can understand why which of us got the bummer one is a very real question that borders on the *actual* paradoxical.

**XXY:** I'm happy to discuss this with you privately.

**YXX:** Excellent, privately then. Send me and me only an email answering my very real, absolutely non-sarcastic or otherwise tongue-in-any-cheek whatsoever question, and please trust me to know what is to be kept private. But no deep sounding palaver. Just answer my question as a scientist not as a homosexual. Thanks

**XXY (to YXX only):** We can chat about the strange paradox, which I agree, exists regarding our diagnoses. First though, you have to remove those postings you made as me.

Thanks. P.S. I answer questions as a human being, not as a scientist or a homosexual.

**YXX:** XXY, You think I am dying from renal small cell carcinoma.

Once you thought you were dying from an HIV antibody test.

Why is it necessary for me to do something for you before you answer my question? This seems rather selfish given the circumstances. There is absolutely nothing in your "private response" except more deception coupled with a further demonstration of a total inability to see anything past yourself.

Did you not even read the article to which those and other comments were appended? So why then are two, short, *funny* comments the only things that concern you?

But now that I am copying all on this, let me ask my question in a different and more public way. You believe I have a cancer that presents what I think is as paradoxical (almost) a problem as your own diagnosis of an inevitably fatal disease based on an antibody test and your homophilia.

I am a homophiliac too, and although I would never take an antibody test, or care a hoot about the result if I was somehow forced to, like people in your country would be if Fauci et al. had their way - which they won't thanks to the chaotic insurgency - and I am also a person a little knowledgeable about cancer: What was one of the first things you did when you got your antibody diagnosis, as a human, scientist and homosexual? What do you think was one of the first things I thought you would do when you decided how

terrible mine was? Why do you think I keep providing you with some incentive to do this? But like each and every time I have suggested, without subtlety, that you might learn something by reading this or that, you never do. So I was a little, but only a little, subtle in my hints to you of where you might discover real data pertaining to the strange diagnosis YOU gave me.

There are many lessons here XXY: About scientific method, and jumping to conclusions, and reifying those conclusions based on what you want to believe instead of objective data, and confusing scientific issues with cultural ones, and more ...

**XXY** (to YXX only): Now you've got me very confused indeed, but that's alright. In any case, no discussion with me goes public. Gotta stop that. I didn't read anything you sent me.

Yes, I did think you told me you had been diagnosed with renal cell carcinoma -- you didn't tell me the stage though, which is kind of critical to know, and which is information I imagine you have. I did actually look into the diagnosis -- ACS had some good information on it. But without knowing the Stage, I didn't know much at all. In any case, if you want to share that info., that would be great, but I'm not going to engage in little question and answer games with you. I've got nothing to prove, and I don't see how it would help you. I'm leaving work now. Won't be around this evening -- seeing a concert. If indeed you do have renal cell carcinoma, I hope that it's Stage 1 and that things look good for you.

And I never thought I was dying from an antibody test --- no one thinks that. That's not what they tell you. They tell you that you will die, but not as a result of the antibody test. In any case -- I never believed I would die of AIDS. It never sat right with me when I was told that. Even after I buried two friends. Maybe I thought I was invincible or something, I don't know. But I never accepted it as a death sentence. That's probably why I was able to wake up to the scam that it is -- I never fully believed it. Anyway -- I would really appreciate it if you would pull those comments down. It's not because I fear anyone will see them -- it's just because it was a hurtful thing to do. And it's still out there.

**YXX** (to XXY only): Renal small cell carcinoma.

**XXY**(to YXX only): I can't recall exactly what type of carcinoma you said previously, and I didn't keep the email. I just looked up kidney cancer on the ACS site. You know I don't read anything you send me. The only thing I noted was you pretending to be me. It's not that the material isn't excellent, it's just better for me, now that I know the truth, to stay away from the data entirely. It's healthier. Gotta run. Important question to ask yourself: Why do you persist in this correspondence with me? Honestly, I don't know why. Do you?

**YXX** (to XXY only): Yes I know perfectly well why I write to you, always. Too bad you threw away an important email, but I sent the correct name several times now so you should have

some data to proceed on and see if you can at last understand what the *almost* paradox is and why I wrote that YOU gave me the diagnosis...and NO one else ...

**XXY** (to YXX only): You must simply say what it is you want to Say. I am not interested in paradoxes, nor do I care in the least, what you think of me. I know how I feel about you, what I think about you. But I don't need you in my life, so if there is a place for you, you'll have to stop with the games and simply say whatever it is you want to say. Then I would be interested in making a place for you in my life. But as our interaction currently exists? No, I'm not interested in pursuing it. Final word.

**YXX** (to XXY only): Between a diagnosis of HIV positive and renal small cell carcinoma which is worse?

**XXY** (to YXX only): Cancer is worse. I wouldn't want either diagnosis, but I have an AIDS diagnosis, and I think cancer is worse.

**YXX** (to XXY only): Renal small cell carcinoma is *exactly* the same diagnosis you have.

[After an *entirely* unusual period of no reply....

**YXX** (to XYY only): I have the feeling that you have finally figured out to type "renal small cell carcinoma" in your favorite search engine and discovered that there are only 17 reported

cases of this rarest of malignancies in the entire medical literature. I get this feeling because you have grown very unusually silent since my last email in which I made a *slight* exaggeration in order to guarantee (almost) that you became enlightened to this fact before the present missive. Now I ask you to recall the following:

You sent me an email in which the last line was "You are a very sick person." I wrote you back a bit later a no-content body, single subject line that read: "You mean like with renal small cell carcinoma?", and immediately you alerted the entire CC group that we had reconciled (in your view) and dropped the irresistible tidbit that "it was a private matter". Simultaneously you wrote me one of the most hypocritical emails I have ever received, and continued thereafter to further demonstrate hypocrisy and selfishness that reached new levels in my experience. Does this list remind you of anything else?

1. Blind belief in data-less conclusions.
2. Pretend fawning concern for the well being of others.
3. Avoid all discussion of substantive matters in favor of "humanistic rhetoric", all of which is bugged immediately by hypocrisy that makes one shiver.
4. Erase prior data, and replace it with further iterations of the basic, erroneous theme, sometimes turning meanings on their head in the process.
5. Hide head in the sand when found out.

[And I thought to add: 6. Become indignant and resort to invective, when exposed. I didn't because I did not want to spoil XXY's last lines]

This exercise was from my point of view designed to do only one thing:

Wake you up to the fact that 1-5 above *are* exactly what AIDS, Inc. does, and all it has ever done. It is a history of the psychology of AIDS research

from 1983 until today.

**XXY** (to YXX only): I don't understand a word you're talking about -- and you know what? I couldn't care less. Eat shit. Die. But just do me a favor and forget you ever thought you knew me.

**"The curtain might close anywhere ..."**

The above is an invented work for the cyber-stage.