Prescient Scottosaurus

June 10, 2008 By Paul Dalton

I just got back from a quick trip to Kona, Hawaii. I would have blogged from there, but couldn?t avoid corny puns about getting ?leid?, so I took a few days off. I am back in Cali and in the swing.

Upon returning I learned that an old acquaintance of mine Scott had recently died. Scott was not really a friend, and I hadn?t even seen him for many years. He was quite a character, a giant bear of a man, obsessed with security matters and on a life long quest to perfect his ?outfit?: a set of dark blue coveralls with an ever changing array of tools and devices placed strategically for maximum efficiency. He was a true Berkeley wingnut.

We called him ?Scotosaurus? for reasons I can?t quite remember.

In late 1992, I had recently receive an ?indeterminate? HIV test result. I was an HIV test counselor at the time, and knew that most indeterminate results would eventually become positive. My doctor- or the woman who would become my doctor, ran a PCR for me which came back reactive.

I was working at the Berkeley Free Clinic at the time. I had just learned about the reactive PCR and was sitting in the back room with a few close friends- John, Bryanne, Kim and Jim, if I remember correctly.

We are all sitting quietly digesting the test results when Scottosaurus walks in to the room. He notices the quiet and asks what?s up. I didn?t feel like sharing, so just said something vague about having a bad day. Scott replied, ?Well at least you have you health?

We all burst in to laughter. How else could we react? I just found out I had HIV after all, and it was 1992. At least I had my health?! Funny.

Well, turns out Scott was righter than I could have imagined. I am still alive and he is not.

So, today I remember Scottosaurus and reflect on how much has changed in the world of HIV since 1992.

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