“...South of the border, down Mexico way...”

December 11, 2008 By David Capogna

After years of Sculptra injections, I’m heading to Tijuana for permanent treatment of Polymethylmethacrylate (PMMA) for lipodystrophy of my face.

Yes, I’m taking the plunge! Going from my Park Avenue dermatologist to a country that manufacture all of Levi’s jeans, build cars and trucks for the Big Three, and tons of other product sold in the USA...MEXICO! If Mexico is good enough for all of those products, why not my face?...on second thought, don’t answer that!? The fact is the FDA hasn’t approved the use of PMMA in the US (well, not for HIV+ people), there’s a PMMA product called ArteFill, for what I would call

“aesthetic dermatology.” I, on the other hand, look a like monster! The cost of Scultpra is to expensive for lost time use, as far as I’m concerned. Scultpra eventually dissolved into the skin over a matter of months. Tijuana is also the most logical place to have the procedure done, right over the border from San Diego. Other well known dermatology offices are located in Rio de Janeiro, or Europe. My flight leaves 6:05am tomorrow from Newark direct to SAN (or San Diego Airport,) a medical shuttle driver will be expediting me (with sign in hand) for the one hour trip to Dr. Casavantes’ office, Center of Reconstructive & Cometic Dematology. No, I’m won ’t be driving all alone like Nancy Botwin in Weeds, peeing into a cup, and smuggling marijuana through customs. And you KNOW I’m was looking for the video clip for hours, but I guess ?pee? in a clear plastic Starbuck’s cup isn’t YouTube family friendly.

Dr. C did a little ?drawing? on my face photos to show where the PMMA will be apply. Those photos were taking a few months ago, and don't really show the fat loss, especially on my temples. Last night, I went even farther, I photographed myself with my head turn to expose my temples, and my sunken cheeks smiling, and with a flash, no less. (There go my chances of getting a date!) It was not easy posted this photo, to you I might appear okay, or slightly anorexic, or maybe I have AIDS, but I look healthy...whatever. When I leave New York, it gets even worse. I love running into high school classmates at the super market when I'm in update New York...NOT!!! You know what really freaked me out, when little kids stare on me. I know they want to ask their mommies, ?What wrong with my man's face?? Maybe it's my own problem of being bully as a child in grade school. That's why I detest Halloween, I feel like I'm already dressed like I'm one of the living dead. Okay, maybe I'd being melodramatic, but if you could see what I looked like just five years ago, you'd understand. In less that 24 hours I'll be in Tijuana, with a new face, probably bruised, a little manhandled but with a new face or maybe my old face, even better. Now I'm have almost a year to plan my Halloween costume...any suggestions?

Wish me luck!
Dplus

BTW, here's a plug for POZ's World AIDS Day page, because EVERY day is AIDS day for Dave!

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