



Test Tube Boys and Other Acts of Chemistry

April 16, 2009 By [Richard Ferri, PhD, ANP](#)

I am just staring blankly at the young gay “man-boy” sitting in my exam room. I know my eyes have glazed over and am hoping he doesn’t notice, but then I remember he is a test tube boy. He is not going to notice unless I pour in some requested additives to him.

The story has pretty much become the same. The test tube boys are simply open caldrons with a mixture of vodka, pills, meth, sperm, and abuse brewing. It is typically a messy recipe that really only alters in the percentage of each ingredient. Otherwise it is pretty much the same.

Something is wrong with the test tube boy sitting in front of me. He cannot really tell me what it is but he is damn certain some pain killers or tranquilizers will make it all better. I look at him looking through me. I understand that I am not even human. I am simply a life form with a prescription pad. All this boy is hoping for is that I am going flop out my pad and write something on it. This is when; if I am very careful I can see a little spark of hope glimmer, in their eyes.

However, this spark fades very rapidly when I suggest that all of life’s problems not answered by pills, potions, and other forms of magic. Life sometimes takes work.

Looking pretty, slamming meth, and fucking bareback does not make a man. It makes a chemistry set that even Mr. Wizard would not want to touch.

Sometime I do something really foolish. I offer a plan on how they may consider changing their lives. No one really listens. They just shuffle out of my office and I wait for them to eventually return with an AIDS diagnosis and I am rarely “disappointed”.

I am not made at the test tube boys. I may be perplexed on how to help them but I am never mad. After all I was a test tube boy once myself many years ago.