The Other Cheek
Ted Rall

AFTER COLLEGE, I LANDED A JOB AS A CREDIT ANALYST AT PRU-BACHE. EVERY DAY, I RODE A MOTORIZED HABITRAL TO WORK.

BACK IN '87, I GOT SICK A LOT. FINALLY, MY DOCTOR GAVE ME AN AIDS TEST. 'BUT I WAS STRAIGHT, WHITE AND DRUG-FREE,' I SAID.

'OH, COME ON,' HE AND DAD SAID. AFTER ALL THE DENIALS, I GOT CANNED. I FELT LIBERATED. WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THOUGHT MEANT ZIP!

NOW I'M ACTIVE IN GAY RIGHTS. MY FRIENDS THINK I'M WEIRD TO ALWAYS BE TALKING ABOUT DEATH, ANGER AND POLITICS OF AIDS...

I'VE ONLY GOT A YEAR, AND I'VE NEVER BEEN SO ALIVE. I'M PLANNING, I'M PREPARING, I'M ORGANIZING—AFTER ALL, EVERYONE'S TERMINAL.

WE ALL HAVE AIDS. WE JUST DON'T KNOW IT.

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