

CHRISTOPHER

Paul Jarrow

I knew Christopher for the whole of his short life.

When he was very young he learnt to swim and became outstanding at this sport. Every day he was at the pool and for as long as he could be. He went to school, did his homework but lived for swimming.

He was never interested in girls, never kissed or even cuddled one. His parents were good living people and there was no heart problems, cancers or other major illness in them or their antecedents.

Christopher was a congenial man. He did not smoke or drink. He did not swear and, apart from measles, had no illnesses. He was quiet and something of a loner. He never had any blood products or transfusions.

In anticipation of a question some may ask, Christopher was not gay. In fact, the only time I heard him to be angry was when he said, "How can a man push someone else's shit uphill?".

Christopher was a champion swimmer all his life. He never won bronze; he never won silver; he always won gold.

He was fastidious about hygiene. He would always clean the lavatory seat before using it. If he had to travel by public transport, he would always investigate the seating to ensure it was both clean and safe.

On a trip to America, he refused to train or take part in a competition since homosexual men used the pool and he knew that some such men made discharges into the pool. He was aware that HIV and AIDS could be transmitted in the pool through any contaminated bodily fluids.

He made these views known and suffered severe criticism as a result from the governing body of swimming associations and from tourist offices. Such organisations could not afford to lose money and regular income. Making money was more important than people's health

Christopher produced documentary evidence to prove his points from expert virologists and immunologists. He was never aggressive or impolite when dealing with these issues.

Despite what may be thought, Christopher was not conceited or self-opinionated. He was not an upstart. He did object to people going to the pool or the seaside to be voyeurs. He found that girls were the worst offenders looking at men for the grand bulge.

Eventually, Christopher was taken ill. He was diagnosed with AIDS and died. The medical profession, looking at his records, found no illness or blood transfusions or any such thing, and declared that his death must have been because he was gay. His parents strongly objected but the authorities would not accept that Christopher had caught AIDS in a swimming pool which was the only possible answer.

The owner of this site had a Vietnamese girl friend who died of another virus contacted in a swimming pool in the mid 1960s.

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