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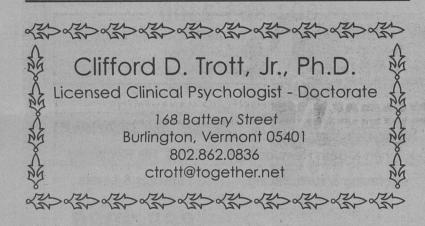
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# Naked Curiosity

by Dennis Scott-Bush

### Second Class, My Ass

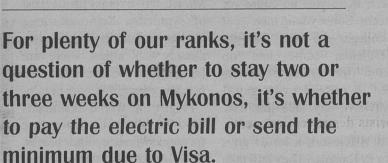
number of hands I've had on my ass, in the past few weeks. Grabbing, jabbing and medically man-handling.

Soon after writing about how my friend, Barry, dumped a new boyfriend because he noticed a mole on the man's butt, I discovered a discolored spot on my own rear end.

Since then, I've had the majority of it removed by and was dive-bombed into depression by a chemical interaction triggered by the local anesthesia. Then, I

I've lost count of the how much haughtiness was hurled at me by folks whose medical office was located in a converted Burger King. Pseudo-chic furniture and fixtures have replaced deep fryers and shake makers. But, for those seeking big breasts, the transformed edifice was still home of the whoppers.

As quickly as I was rushed in and rushed out, it might have been wise for them to have kept the my primary care physician Burger King's drive-through option, when they did the remodel. I could have pulled up, dropped my pants, put my ass through was referred to a dermatolo- the window and motored gist for removal of an even merrily on my way, after the larger section of skin, brief procedure was com-



because results from the initial biopsy showed a slight abnormality.

variety of cosmetic surgery mentation.

checking in with the recep- inside tionist was back for a fol- Bloomingdales bag. low-up visit after having a was coddled and prized.

next to me in the waiting himself to be living the stemming the tide of his hair His lover, who had a sucloss. While we sat, watch- cessful career of his own, ing a video loop on elimi- completed the Doublenating varicose veins, he Income-No-Kids package. was offered a cup of water and given a selection of and porn stars. Doors were magazines to peruse.

to realize that, to the staff of income generated by the about gay people. task at hand.

job or lucrative hair restora- leased Lexus. We're here, tion. I was a funky mole. we're queer and we can

Even with that knowl- afford it! edge, I was surprised by

My old friend, Harold, would never set foot in a The dermatologist is part fast food restaurant. That's of a practice that also does a not to say that he wouldn't scarf up a burger and fries procedures, including hair like a starving refugee. But replacement and breast aug- someone else had to make the purchase and transport The woman ahead of me the clandestine meal to him

Harold came from a boob job. She was compli- wealthy family and he'd mented on her hairstyle, made even more money on clothing and make up. She his own. He was a generous donor to several gay organi-The gentleman seated zations and he considered room was there to discuss archetypical gay lifestyle.

They knew politicians opened for them, as were It didn't take long for me with the legs of eager, young social-climbing slutthis particular practice, the boys-about-town. Harold kindness and attention and his husband were the bestowed upon a patient was embodiment of the results of directly proportional to the every marketing survey

Bring on the Absolut, the I wasn't a big-bucks boob all-white carpet and the

Or not.



A recent study reported that not all gay people are affluent. That may surprise Americans many believe that our community is awash in disposable income, as the media and our own gay marketing executives have tried to convince them. But middleclass, blue collar and poor gay folks have always known that our tribe is as separated by economic classes as the straight world.

For plenty of our ranks, it's not a question of whether to stay two or three weeks on Mykonos, it's whether to pay the electric bill or send the minimum due to Visa.

Some of our well-to-do brethren flaunt their monetary superiority and expect preferential and deferential treatment. And many of us seem more than willing to confer VIP-status on people just because they can afford to pay extra to sit in the VIP section.

We need to make sure the Harolds of our community speak for all of us, when they use their positions of power and wealth to impact policy. The men and women who can't afford to contribute to our rights-fighting organizations need to be recognized and represented just as aggressively as the big donors.

In a community that should be especially sensitive to discrimination, no one should be treated like a funky mole.

Dennis Scott-Bush has always been curious and is often naked. His work appears in publications throughout the country. Email may be directed to NakedCuriosity@aol.com.