

Naked Curiosity

by Dennis Scott-Bush



Second Class, My Ass

I've lost count of the 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 my primary care physician and was dive-bombed into depression by a chemical interaction triggered by the local anesthesia. Then, I was referred to a dermatologist for removal of an even larger section of skin,

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 Burger King's drive-through option, when they did the remodel. I could have pulled up, dropped my pants, put my ass through the window and motored merrily on my way, after the brief procedure was com-

A recent study reported that not all gay people are affluent. That may surprise many Americans who believe that our community is awash in disposable income, as the media and our own gay marketing executives have tried to convince them. But middle-class, 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. E-mail may be directed to NakedCuriosity@aol.com.

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because results from the initial biopsy showed a slight abnormality.

The dermatologist is part of a practice that also does a variety of cosmetic surgery procedures, including hair replacement and breast augmentation.

The woman ahead of me checking in with the receptionist was back for a follow-up visit after having a boob job. She was complimented on her hairstyle, clothing and make up. She was coddled and prized.

The gentleman seated next to me in the waiting room was there to discuss stemming the tide of his hair loss. While we sat, watching a video loop on eliminating varicose veins, he was offered a cup of water and given a selection of magazines to peruse.

It didn't take long for me to realize that, to the staff of this particular practice, the kindness and attention bestowed upon a patient was directly proportional to the income generated by the task at hand.

I wasn't a big-bucks boob job or lucrative hair restoration. I was a funky mole.

Even with that knowledge, I was surprised by

plete.

My old friend, Harold, would never set foot in a fast food restaurant. That's not to say that he wouldn't scarf up a burger and fries like a starving refugee. But someone else had to make the purchase and transport the clandestine meal to him inside a small Bloomingdales bag.

Harold came from a wealthy family and he'd made even more money on his own. He was a generous donor to several gay organizations and he considered himself to be living the archetypical gay lifestyle. His lover, who had a successful career of his own, completed the Double-Income-No-Kids package.

They knew politicians and porn stars. Doors were opened for them, as were with the legs of eager, young social-climbing slut-boys-about-town. Harold and his husband were the embodiment of the results of every marketing survey about gay people.

Bring on the Absolut, the all-white carpet and the leased Lexus. We're here, we're queer and we can afford it!

Or not.

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