

ROB DITTO: And, here we are. Hello. Hello.

MIKE LEONE: Hello. Well, I'm on. I'm not sure you're on. Try it now.

ROB DITTO: Am I on now?

MIKE LEONE: I don't think you're on yet. And I put you on mic six. And that is mic six.

ROB DITTO: Mic six and I'm not on.

MIKE LEONE: OK. Then maybe it's not plugged in properly here.

ROB DITTO: OK. So the question on everybody's lips is, where's Buddy? Well, Buddy's kind of under the weather. How are you doing in there, Kay? Can we hear you now?

KAY HARPER: Not if I don't have a mic in front of me.

ROB DITTO: Now, you do. OK. Well, so where's Buddy? Well, Buddy is under the weather. And we're going to be filling in for him tonight here. You're *Afterwords* crew. We have today for you a very special show which is a tribute to Black History month. We're going to be hearing some words by Black authors.

And we're going to be hearing some music by Black artists. And I think you're going to like it a lot. But first of all, we're going to remind you to do that thing that we always remind you to do you. Stand up for your rights, and stand up for your love rights on *After Hours*. Radio celebrating life from the heart of Montrose.

[MUSIC -YAZZ, "STAND UP FOR YOUR LOVE RIGHTS"]

That's right, Houston. Stand up for your love rights. We're listening to *After Hours* here on KPFT 90.1 FM. Listener-sponsored Pacifica radio. And this is *After Hours*. Radio celebrating life from the heart of Montrose. I'm Rob Ditto filling in for Buddy Johnston who got sick. And it's a good message in that song from Yazz. Stand up for your love rights.

[MUSIC - BILL WITHERS, "LEAN ON ME"]

Call me when you need a friend. That's what club nouveau is saying in "Lean on Me." And we want you to give us a call. And the reason why we want you to give us a call is we're giving away tickets to the movie *Torch Song Trilogy*. *Torch Song Trilogy* is showing at the Cineplex Odeon Theaters.

And if you've been listening to *After hours* and *Afterwards*, you know that it's a really terrific film. You know that I've been raving about it for a while. So give us a call. We're going to give it away to the fifth caller. The number to call, 526-4000. At 526-4000 is the number for KPFT, and you can reach us to get your free tickets for *Torch Song Trilogy*.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

As Black History month draws to a close, we at *After Hours* want to commemorate the contribution to Black history and to gay history by writers who are themselves Black and lesbian or gay. Joining me in this tribute are some of our afterwards regulars, Kay Harper, and Mike Leonie, and Jason McGuire, and Jim Carper.

One of the most important anthologies of writing by Black, gay men is called *In The Life*. And this book was edited by a man who died recently of natural causes, his name, Joseph Beam. Joe Beam had some valuable things to say in the introduction *In The Life*, and these words make a fine introduction to our readings today.

He wrote, "The words and images here, by, for, and about Black, gay men, are for us as we begin to end the silence that has surrounded our lives. As we begin creating ourselves, as we begin to come to power. We are survivors and have come to tell our stories of men loving men.

We speak for the brothers who silence cost them their sanity. We speak for the brothers behind bars whose words, at the very least, must be liberated. We speak for the strange fruit hung from trees. We speak for the brothers who drowned in alcohol and whose spirits were pierced by needles.

We speak for the brothers who have never been allowed to dream. We speak for the 2500 brothers who have died of AIDS. We speak for the brothers killed in Nam, Grenada, South Africa, on street corners, and neighborhood bars.

The bottom line is this, we are Black men who are proudly gay. What we offer is our lives, our love, our visions. We are rising to the love we all need. We are coming home with our heads held up high."

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Begin the song.

[MUSIC - STEVE ARRINGTON, "DANCING IN THE KEY OF LIFE"]

And you're listening to *After Hours*. Radio celebrating life from the heart of Montrose. We have a winner in our asking you to call us for *Torch Song Trilogy* tickets. The winner is Al. Congratulations, Al. You're going to see a really wonderful movie. One of the most important films featuring gay men that's been released.

Continuing our tribute to Black artists who have contributed to our culture, here's a song that was big in the discos a few years ago that you may remember. It's really inspirational by Steve Arrington. "Dancing in the Key of Life" on KPFT 90.1 FM.

[MUSIC - SYLVESTER, "YOU MAKE ME FEEL MIGHTY REAL"]

One of the most important Black musicians who came out of the closet was Sylvester. And for those of you who didn't know, he died late last year. We have a song here that we're going to play that is probably his best known song, and it was featured real prominently in the song-- in the film, *The Times of Harvey Milk*. This is "You Make Me Feel Mighty Real" by Sylvester.

We have an announcement for you. Tomorrow, from 2:00 to 5:00 PM, the Houston Mission Church at 3217 Fannin is sponsoring a blood drive. And the blood will be drawn by Harris County Hospital District staff. So if you feel comfortable giving blood, might be a good thing to do at the Houston Mission Church, 3217, Fannin.

Coming up next, we have more poetry. Kay Harper is going to be reading a poem-- or a section of a poem that is by Audre Lorde. So stay tuned.

KAY HARPER: Along with Pat Parker, Audre Lorde serves as a Martin-- serves as a mother figure for Black, lesbian writers everywhere. In her poem, "Outlines," Lorde places a mixed-race lesbian couple in a rural setting, the perfect background for her reflective tone and message. This is an excerpt from sections 2 through 4 of "Outlines" by Audre Lorde.

"A Black woman and a white woman in the open fact of our loving. With not only our enemies hands raised against us means a gradual sacrifice of all that is simple. Dreams, where you walk the mountain still is a water spirit. Your arms lined with scalpels, and I hide the strength of my hungers like a throwing knife in my hair.

Guilt wove through the quarrels like barbed wire. Fights in the half forgotten schoolyard. Gob of spit in a childhood street. Yet both our mothers once scrubbed kitchens and houses were comfortable women died a separate silence. Our mother's nightmares trapped in familiar hatred. The convenience of others drilled into their lives like studying into a wall.

They taught us to understand only the strangeness of men. To give, but not beyond what is wanted. To speak, as well as to bear the weight of hearing. Fragments of the word "wrong" clung to my lashes like ice, confusing my vision with a crazed brilliance. Your face distorted into grids of magnified complaint.

Our first winter, we made a home outside the symbol. Learn to drain the expansion tank together. To look beyond the agreed upon disguises, not to cry each other's tears. How many February shall I lime this acid soil inch by inch, reclaim through our gathered waste? From the wild onion shoots of April to mulch in the August sun, squash blossoms. A cement driveway, kale and tomatoes. Mussel edge the difference between I need and forever.

When we first met, I had never been for a walk in the woods. Like her just two women on a trail together, embattled by choice. Carving an agenda with tempered lightning and no certainties. We mark tomorrow, examining every cell of the past for what is useful.

Stoked by furies, we were-- furies-- we were supposed to outgrow by 40. Still we grow more precise with each usage like falling stars or torches. We print code names upon the scars over each other's resolutions. Our weaknesses no longer hateful.

When women make love beyond the first exploration, we meet each other knowing in a landscape, the rest of our lives attempts to understand. Leaf dappled the windows lighten after a battle that leaves our night in tatters and we, too, glad to be alive. And tender, the outline of your ear pressed on my shoulder. Keeps a broken dish from becoming always."

ROB DITTO: And you're listening to *After Hours*. Radio Celebrating life from the heart of Montrose. My name is Rob Ditto. And if you're wondering where Buddy is, he's under the weather. So we're going to be playing some more music, and we're going to be hearing some more poetry. I hope you enjoyed that poem by Audre Lorde that carried Kay read. I think it's an excerpt from a poem actually.

It's a really nice poem called "Outlines," from a book called *Gay and Lesbian Poetry of Our Time*. The books that we tell you about on *After Hours* are available at Lobo, which is located on Westheimer at the Curve and the Cross Street at the Curve for Lobo is Windsor. It's right behind Sheer Insanity.

And we want to hear from you. We definitely want to hear from you. You can write to us here at *After Hours*. You can write to Buddy, or you can write to me, or you can write to Mike, or Kay, or anybody you like. But we definitely want to hear from you.

We had a really nice letter a week ago from a guy named Michael. And he said hi to all of us *Afterwards* gang. And I just want to say, hi, Michael, and thank you so much for writing. Thank you for listening. The letter really made our week.

If you want to write to us, the address is 419, Lovett Boulevard, Houston, Texas, 77-006. And you can write to anything *KPFT After Hours*, Buddy. It'll get to us, don't worry.

And coming up next, if you saw the film *Rain Man*, you may have heard this interesting, little, reggae ditty at the beginning called "Iko Iko." It's a-- let me say it again. It's a traditional song. [GIGGLES] But the people that did it in the movie are the Bell Stars. And they were a group-- multiracial, mostly Black women, who are around in 1982 and 3. If you want to hear that song, here it is. "Iko Iko" by the Bell Stars.

[MUSIC - BELL STARS, "IKO IKO"]

Hey, Jimmy. How are you doing?

JIMMY: Oh, hi. What's going on?

ROB DITTO: OK. We're going to hear a poem from you. Isn't that right?

JIMMY: That's right.

ROB DITTO: OK. Tell us about it.

JIMMY: Well, this one's by Philip Robinson. And he's the youngest of the poets whose work we're reading today. He was born and raised in New York City. Robinson writes about Black family life and the construction of barriers between father and son, especially in this poem, "When I Stopped Kissing my Father."

"When I stopped kissing my father, roofs and ceilings fell hard upon my shoulders. In the middle of the floor, no one experienced the pain but me. Self pity calls out for such recognition. Distance came between us as I carried my message defining love to his now new embrace.

Mommy couldn't wait for her kissing and hug combination. One without the other, an incomplete welcome. Daddy smiled as mom and I exchanged so much energy. It freed him up. Compensations step into spots never filled.

No one knows how age and years begin to separate one from foundations built to shore one up. When I stopped kissing my father, his love seemed to fade. When I stopped kissing my father upon his request, I couldn't ask for anything else. When I stopped kissing my father, love had a newer meaning called restriction. When I stopped."

ROB DITTO: Thanks a lot, Jimmy. And we have yet another set of tickets to give away for *Torch Song Trilogy*, which is playing at the Cineplex Odeon Spectrum Theater on Augusta Drive, which is between Chimney Rock and Fountain View off of Westheimer. So if you are the fifth caller at 526-4000 here at KPFT, you can get your own free tickets to see *Torch Song Trilogy*. Take advantage of this opportunity because it's a wonderful movie and Matthew Broderick is real cute.

Coming up next-- what is coming up next? We have a song that you may remember from antiquity of the disco days. But it really pep's you up and it really sums up what our movement is all about, what the Black movement is all about in just a few simple words by Cheryl Lynn. It's called "Got to be Real." Hang on. Coming up next.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

(SINGING) After hours. After hours.

And we want to congratulate William who has won a pair of tickets to a terrific movie called *Torch Song Trilogy*. You're listening to *After Hours*. What Buddy likes to call, homosexual criminal radio. And it's sort of criminal that Buddy's absent. But we miss him. We love him. We love you, Buddy.

Coming up next, a song that I want to dedicate to Buddy and to everybody who's listening up there because it's about love. And it's about the love that we feel for each other. "A Love Supreme" by Will Downing.

"A Love Supreme," Will Downing on *After Hours*. Radio celebrating life from the heart of Montrose. Here's a song by Aswad. "Don't Turn Around." Don't turn around. The news is coming up right now.

And you're listening to *After Hours*. Radio celebrating life from the heart of Montrose on 90.1 FM KPFT in Houston. Houston's listener-sponsored Pacifica radio station. In each week at this time, *After Hours* presents Houston radio magazines of lesbian and gay culture.

Welcome to *Afterwards*. I'm your host, Rob Ditto. And joining me today is Mike Leonie with the second of a three part series describing the wide variety of services available at the Montrose Clinic.

And also, we'll have a couple of book reviews from our newest addition to the *Afterwards* crew Jason McGuire. And Kay Harper will be here with the *Afterwards* community bulletin board. Stay tuned. We'll have the lesbian and gay newsreel coming right up.

[MUSIC - ASWAD, "SET THEM FREE"] But you can't fool all the people all of the time. Those who invest in Botha's regime. Yes, they are living apart.