

BOBBY: John Lithgow is great.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, that's *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai. Across the 8th Dimension*. Then August 16th and 17th, we have *The Never Ending Story*.

PRESENTER 2: I love that. I like that. You know what? I used to have a pet dog that looked quite like that one that was in the movie.

PRESENTER 1: Oh, my. Then August the 23rd and the 24th-- and I can personally recommend this movie-- it's *Elvira's Haunted Hills*.

PRESENTER 2: What about the *Twin Peaks*?

BOBBY: Oh, I'm so not going there.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, and that's exactly what it was--*Twin Peaks*. You got it. And this film was premiered at the Houston Gay and Lesbian Film Festival this year.

PRESENTER 2: And she was there.

PRESENTER 1: And she was here-- yes-- in person to talk about it. We got a lot of dish about Hollywood and some of the people who were in it plus her experiences over the years. So that is August 23rd and 24th.

PRESENTER 2: My birthday.

PRESENTER 1: Both days?

PRESENTER 2: Well, the first one.

PRESENTER 1: Took a lot for you to come out, huh?

PRESENTER 2: The first one.

BOBBY: Yeah, look at him. I mean--

PRESENTER 1: Yeah. August the 30th and 31st, September the 1st--*Flash Gordon*.

PRESENTER 2: Oh, that is a fantastic--

PRESENTER 1: Oh, that is just wonderful. Yes.

PRESENTER 2: I've got that in my collection.

PRESENTER 1: Yes. Impressive special effects and animated sequences highlight this outrageous cult spoof of sci-fi films and serial classics.

PRESENTER 2: Can I mention a little blurb about that movie?

PRESENTER 1: Yes, go ahead. No one under 18 admitted, by the way.

PRESENTER 2: There is a scene in there where because he does something to help somebody out, Flash Gordon gets blowjob privileges for life. You got to see this movie, folks.

PRESENTER 1: It's a wonderful movie. Yes, it is.

PRESENTER 2: Very gay.

PRESENTER 1: September 6th and 7th, we have *The Dark Crystal*.

BOBBY: Yay.

PRESENTER 1: Yes. That's directors Jim Henson and Frank Oz.

PRESENTER 2: Oh, Jim Henson is fantastic.

PRESENTER 1: Join forces to create this exhilarating fantasy about the power struggle between the evil lizard-like Skeksis and the benign Mystics of the far-away world. That is wonderful. September 13th and 14th-- *Xanadu*.

BOBBY: Xanadu.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, yeah. OK, whatever.

BOBBY: Oblivion neutron bomb. There she goes. You go, girl.

PRESENTER 1: And September 20th and 21st, it's *The Big Lebowski*. Joel and Ethan Coen, creators of *Fargo* and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, hit pay dirt with this offbeat thriller starring Jeff Bridges as an unemployed man who, through the case of mistaken identity, finds himself swept up in a ridiculous caper involving loan sharks and kidnapping. John Goodman and Steve Buscemi co-star. Ah, cool. That's what's going on at Landmark. I've seen most of them, and I would love to see them again. So maybe I'll play hooky on Esoteric Adventures and go see a movie.

BOBBY: Yeah, that'll happen.

PRESENTER 1: So, Bobby--

BOBBY: Yes?

PRESENTER 1: You have some guests here tonight.

BOBBY: Yes I do. I have some friends.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah. Tell me about them. Or maybe they can tell me about them.

BOBBY: They're an eclectic arrangement of characters.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, I see that.

PRESENTER 3: Crap, we're on.

BOBBY: This is one of the only--

PRESENTER 1: He's pointing. This is radio. This is.

BOBBY: The person to my immediate left--

SEAN: Immediate right, you mean?

BOBBY: Right. Whatever.

DOUG: It's radio, man.

BOBBY: My other left.

PRESENTER 1: You can say left, right. You can say behind you.

BOBBY: It's--

PRESENTER 1: They don't know.

BOBBY: --three something in the morning. The--

PRESENTER 1: What?

BOBBY: That's Sean.

PRESENTER 1: Hi, Sean.

SEAN: Hello.

PRESENTER 1: I see this man everywhere.

BOBBY: This is one of only-- there are only three of us, as far as I know, who, on a regular basis, actually wear these earrings.

PRESENTER 1: Oh, yes.

PRESENTER 3: Our Bajoran-style earrings from Star Trek, handmade by Merlin himself.

BOBBY: Handmade by yours truly. And anyhow, he's cool because he doesn't he doesn't do things like everybody else. It's a wonderful thing. Matter of fact, that could be said for all three of the young men-- none of them do things in that oh-so-typical Abercrombie & Fitch young, gay world--

SEAN: Oh, you had to go there.

BOBBY: --quite the same way.

DOUG: We're freaks, man.

SEAN: Yeah. Freaks are us.

BOBBY: I'll let the other-- introduce yourselves here.

PRESENTER 1: This would be a really good--

BOBBY: This is Doug.

PRESENTER 1: This would be a really good night to do nude radio.

BOBBY: Yes, it would.

SEAN: Oh, hello. Funness, and I'm in the mood. Whoops. I let that cat out of the bag. Oh, well.

PRESENTER 1: Yes. Hi, Doug.

DOUG: Hi.

BOBBY: One of the long-haired hippy, poet-type folks. We love him.

DOUG: That sexy long hair.

BOBBY: With his beautiful long hair. Long-haired hippie boy. That doesn't happen very often nowadays.

DOUG: They all shave.

PRESENTER 3: And the young man with the beautiful smile and the sparkling eyes [INAUDIBLE] is Jason.

PRESENTER 1: Hello, Jason.

BOBBY: One of the sweetest human beings I know.

DOUG: Aw.

BOBBY: Then he's just going to sit there and be nice.

PRESENTER 1: So how do you know these guys?

BOBBY: I know all of them from hanging out at places like Crossroads and Lobos.

DOUG: Or we are we just all met through various other friends.

BOBBY: And we all met through various other people.

PRESENTER 1: So what's the common bond? Sci-fi?

DOUG: Well, for some of us for.

BOBBY: For two of us, it's sci-fi.

SEAN: And comics.

DOUG: I like sci-fi-- science fiction and comics.

BOBBY: Science fiction and comics, poetry, and--

PRESENTER 1: He's raising his hand. Sorry the television cameras couldn't make it tonight.

SEAN: OK. Well, then I guess we can be nude.

BOBBY: And I met him because he's friends of a friend.

PRESENTER 1: You met who?

BOBBY: I met Jason. This is Jason.

JASON: That's how, normally, people meet me-- just through someone else.

BOBBY: And I just think he's fabulous. I think he's magical. I love him. He's cool. He's very sweet.

JASON: Aw.

BOBBY: And so not like a lot of people.

PRESENTER 1: So what have you guys been up to tonight?

BOBBY: There's a dangerous question.

DOUG: Jumping up and down. That's all we do is just jump up and down.

BOBBY: He was doing that earlier. Don't ask me why.

DOUG: He was climbing up poles. You were climbing up trees.

JASON: And lamp posts.

SEAN: The lamp post outside Lobo.

BOBBY: He was climbing up the lamp post outside Lobo. This boy--

PRESENTER 1: I understand why these guys are friends of yours.

BOBBY: Which allowed me to make the joke, since he had the lamp post between his legs.

SEAN: I was playing mini me with the laser cannon.

BOBBY: Yes. I made the joke that at least in E.T., it was the end of his finger that lit up-- not the-- you know.

SEAN: Ooh. It got you.

BOBBY: Yeah.

SEAN: I have a visual on that.

BOBBY: Yeah, I thought you would.

DOUG: Oh, really?

BOBBY: But we--

SEAN: Yes?

DOUG: We got more wanderers.

BOBBY: Out. We got people in the background making faces.

PRESENTER 1: Our intrepid photographer has just walked in.

BOBBY: These are all people I have met in the course of my years in Montrose, and they're just wonderful little eclectic, gay happy, people.

PRESENTER 1: Cool. Welcome to *After Hours*, guys.

BOBBY: And some of them identify as--

PRESENTER 1: As what?

BOBBY: --Goddess knows what. I don't know exactly.

SEAN: Too many things to be defined as one.

BOBBY: Queer, gay, bi--

SEAN: Oh, you're talking about our sexuality?

BOBBY: --straight.

DOUG: I just don't think human sexuality is defined in three labels. It doesn't work that way, you know?

PRESENTER 1: The older I get, the more I realize that sexuality is fluid.

DOUG: Really it is, yeah. There's certain people you're attracted to. And some people, it's mostly people of the same sex or the opposite sex, so they might call themselves gay or straight, but a lot of times it's some very specific trait that may or may not transcend gender. And to say, well, I'm bi because I like women of this kind or men of this kind-- well, it's not the same. Bi implies an equality that may not be there. You just kind of go through your life and be attracted to who you're attracted to.

PRESENTER 1: That's right. Yeah. I do have a bi segment on this show and--

BOBBY: Speaking of nude radio.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah. Boy. Yeah, thank you nude radio. And I don't get a lot of perks here, but that's one of them. Anyway, the kind of bisexual outlook on life is that you fall in love with the person, and you work out the plumbing later.

DOUG: Right. Everybody needs plumbing.

SEAN: The plumbing gets worked out later.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah. So there we are. Let's go to a piece of music while we regather our thoughts here. I've got something-- what have I got? Oh, gosh. Mark Alan Smith.

BOBBY: Oh, by the way-- before you get into that, there is something I want to say from way back in the earlier segment with the hatch folks.

SEAN: Uh oh, here it comes.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah?

BOBBY: A question was asked during that segment. How would your life have changed if there had been a hatch?

SEAN: Oh, OK. I thought this was something else.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, I would have been active in the community in the '60s.

BOBBY: Very simply put-- for me at least-- I probably wouldn't have tried to kill myself twice as a teenager.

PRESENTER 1: There you go.

BOBBY: And become a much more functional human being and been able to deal with my Roman Catholic Republican family.

DOUG: Yeah, I had the same one.

BOBBY: I'm a happy little pagan Democrat nowadays.

PRESENTER 1: There we go.

BOBBY: Anyhow-- now about that music.

PRESENTER 1: About that music. Mark Alan Smith. Before I go to that, I'm reminded because Mark Alan Smith is good friends with--

BOBBY: Charlie?

PRESENTER 1: No. No teeth Aretha-- Donna Day, ex-drag queen extraordinaire, in Dallas now. She relocated to Dallas, and they're very good friends. But a lot of people may not realize that there's going to be a Black Expo, 2002, here in Houston from October the 4th through the 6th. For more details, you can email PaulGuillory@yahoo.com. That is P-A-U-L G-U-I-L-L-O-R-Y. PaulGuillory@yahoo.com. And he's looking for suggestions and recommendations for vendors for the for the Expo. It's going to take place at the Marriott Courtyard. 10:00 AM to 11:00 AM, there will be a vendor set up. Noon to 6:00-- business, art, health fair. And artists and community organizations will be involved. So that's that.

SEAN: It's always something going on in this community.

PRESENTER 1: You bet. You bet. Paul Alan Smith is a drag queen from Dallas who sings in his own voice. This is from his CD called--

SEAN: Now, there's something you don't always want to hear.

PRESENTER 1: --"Who Does He Think She Is?" And it's his version of "Harper Valley P.T.A.".

BOBBY: Oh, I love this song.

PRESENTER 1: And he does a little thing of Donna Day-- imitation-- in there. This is great, and you're listening to it on *After Hours*, queer radio with attitude, on KPFT Houston and KEOS College Station.

[MUSIC - PAUL ALAN SMITH, "WHO DOES HE THINKS SHE IS?"]

Whoa. That's new artist, Virgo, with a song called, of course, "You Suck", and that's kind of a little different sound to queer music. By the way, if you haven't been listening to us for a very long time, all the artists that you hear on *After Hours* are queer. Either GLBT-- I've got artists of every description. So if I don't say-- actually, if it's a straight artist, I'll tell you. If I don't, just assume they're gay. And we've got something else going on in the studio. Hi.

DOUG: Hi. How are you doing?

PRESENTER 1: I'm doing great.

DOUG: Oh, man, I'm doing fabulous. I got a couple of poems for you. It's fun. It's a lot of fun. One of them is racy, but it's not going to get you sued or anything. So that's worth something. It's called "Green Boy". All right.

"Green boy. Yeah, you, stocking celery. That's right, shaggy hair. Tell me, what's underneath those cotton trousers of yours? Could it be corn, cucumber, or a green bean? Let me juice your vegetable. Nibble my toes like a fish at broccoli. Lay on nuggets of guacamole and potato salad in isle six, t-crossed from the wall o' milk. Peel my banana. Stick my pickle up your poet and let me vinegar your bird, meat, and taco salad. And then we'll have sex."

That's one.

PRESENTER 1: That is great.

DOUG: Well, I'm glad you liked it.

PRESENTER 1: Oh, I love that.

BOBBY: Now do you know why I love this kid?

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, no kidding.

DOUG: The next one's a little longer. It's about 2 and 1/2 minutes. If you're into Slam Poetry, you have to time all your stuff. That one is way under time. This is about 2 and 1/2 minutes, and it's about a very famous queer poet known as Allen Ginsberg. It's not by Allen Ginsberg, or I'd probably have to use the bleep button. But this is actually something that even my grandmother could listen to.

BOBBY: We already have a bleep button.

DOUG: All right.

"I look at you, Allen Ginsberg. I sit and marvel at your feet. I, an individual among the flock of the star-struck literary elite-- I look at you, Allen Ginsberg and feel your struggle of outcast and secretly yearn for your willingness to cast away your protective clothing and dance naked, revolting, beautiful in front of the soulless crowd. I look at you, Allen Ginsberg, and lust for your fame and resent my own lust and the insatiable insecurity that causes it and the impurity that results. I look at you, Allen Ginsberg, staring blankly at the silent, odd sheep who tried to stone you before the world adored you. They think they know you, Allen. They think they can feel your pain through their three-piece chain mail and ties. They think their sheltered hearts bleed. They study your biography, and they read 'Kaddish'. They read 'Sunflower Sutra' and 'A Supermarket in California'.

They read 'Howl' and study all your illusions. They think they understand you. I understand you. I look at you and see a mirror, six feet by two feet by one foot, reflecting through a 50-year rift in time. I look at you and see a mirror tailored to fit my dimensions of the perfect man, meticulously hiding any flaws like the makeup of a street whore. Wash your face, and I can't see you at all. I study your biography, and I read 'Kaddish'. I read 'Sunflower Sutra' 'A Supermarket in California'. I read 'Howl', and I catch your illusions. I think I understand you. I understand the mirror that stands before me, Mr. Ginsberg, melted and twisted into an illusionary swirl of our juxtaposed images-- yours and mine. More mine than yours-- my fantasy. I understand you, who never sleeps at night; you, who never has to eat; you, who never needs to go to the bathroom; you, whose mother, Naomi, was an insane Commie somewhere in the negro district, or so you tell us. I understand you, who doesn't care what others think; you, who'd never sell us poetry for money; and most of all, you, who knows I exist. No. I look at you, Allen Ginsberg. I sit and marvel at your feet. E pluribus unum and the flock of the star-struck literary elite. You, sir, are nothing but legend."

[MUSIC PLAYING]

PRESENTER 1: "Pride", by Jon Gilbert Leavitt. I used to like to play that song. It's educating, and it's empowering. I don't really like the word empowering, but I don't know any other word that describes that kind of feeling that you get.

BOBBY: It makes you feel good on the inside.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, that. And now--

BOBBY: And now, I would like to tell some folks about what I just did was an example of Slam Poetry.

PRESENTER 1: And what is Slam Poetry?

DOUG: Well, Slam Poetry started at the Green Mill Bar in Chicago in 1986. A man by the name of Mark Smith noticed that his Sunday evening poetry readings were getting a little dull. People were kind of reading into their notebooks, and the audience wasn't getting into it. And he said, well, man, what can I do to get the audience into this? What can I do to liven it up a bit? And he suddenly had the idea, bam, maybe I will have the audience judge the poet and give the winner money.

Well, this is a terrifying concept if you're ever on stage. It's terrifying that they're going to judge you and the winner is going to get money. But at least-- what happened was the poet suddenly had reason to interact with the audience, to be fun, and to be uplifting, and to raise the roof, and to really be lyrical, and have a beat, and enjoy things, and enjoy what they're doing, and have the audience enjoy what they're doing. And that was the first Slam Poetry, and it spread throughout the United States and throughout Canada and into Europe now.

And every year, there is a National Slam. Mark Smith, who founded it, is still on the National Board and is keeping organizing it-- making it a family. And every year, there's a National Slam. And Houston has never sent a team to Nationals before. But this year, this is the very first year that we're sending a team. And that'll be next month, August 13 through 17. We will be in Minneapolis, Minnesota representing Houston at the National Slam. It's a beautiful thing.

PRESENTER 1: Nice place to be in August.

DOUG: Yeah, it's a great place to be in August.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, no kidding. So who's going?

DOUG: Yeah. Well, Marcell Murphy, Tamara Nicole, Corega, Marie Brown, and, Murph. Murph is the Slam Champion of the city. Marcell and I are co-Slam Masters of the city because we both organize separate monthly slams, and the team was determined from the best folks from each of our venues. And Marcell is a wonderful guy. He's really kept the poetry community together. It used to be-- and it still is to a large extent-- that the poetry community is divided. People don't really leave their venue.

People go to the Mausoleum, people go to Paisano, people go to South Morehouse. But it's gotten to where since the team has actually happened-- and the team is going around to different places-- other people are starting to mix. And the community is starting to come together. You're starting to know who people are, and that wasn't the case a couple of years ago. It's a beautiful thing. We've got two monthly slams in Houston now. One of them is at the South Morehouse, and that's on the third Tuesday of every month. And that's at 4405 La Branch at Wheeler. And you can call me for that one at 713-299-4996.

PRESENTER 1: Wait. Let's have that number again a bit slower.

DOUG: OK. Well, I'll give you a different number. Hold on. I'm sorry about that. 713--

PRESENTER 1: Wait a minute. 713--

DOUG: --928

PRESENTER 1: 928--

DOUG: Doug.

PRESENTER 1: D-O-U-G.

DOUG: That's right. 928-DOUG. 928-3684. That's me. I'm Doug. And that will tell you all about the South Moore Slam. And then there's another slam-- the Paisano's Slam-- downtown. I don't have a contact number for that, unfortunately, but that's on the first Sunday.

PRESENTER 1: Sunday, Sunday, Sunday!

DOUG: That's right. Sunday, Sunday, Sunday-- the first Sunday of every month. And they start at 7:30, I believe. And they have a lot of fun also. Now, the Paisano's is more a traditional slam. They're in a bar, and they have a disco ball, and they have the things that you would most likely see if you were to go any slam around the nation. It's a really good slam as far as the-- good people go there, and it's much like what you will see at Nationals, for instance. Southmore is a little offbeat. You're more likely to take off your shoes and get crazy people in there. It's goofy. The place changes all the time. Southmore is an artistic community. The upstairs is a residence where the artists live, and the downstairs is a big room that changes all the time. And that's where we have-- every slam, I go in there and not knowing what the place is going to look like. It's always a surprise.

BOBBY: That sounds like an awful lot of poetry readings I've been to, and I've been to quite a few at this point. He's a fabulous poet, this young man.

PRESENTER 1: Who?

BOBBY: Him.

PRESENTER 1: Yes, he is. He is. He is.

DOUG: But there's some much better poets than me in the city, and you should come out and see them. I've been slamming for seven years. I've never won a slam. I've never even placed. I didn't make the city's team. It was my venue, and I didn't make the team. There are so many excellent poets in this city who very fairly beat me out because they're such damn-good poets.

PRESENTER 1: Now, the slam is that the audience rates you?

DOUG: Exactly. The word "slam" implies a competition.

PRESENTER 1: Now there are also just poetry nights.

DOUG: Right. There are lots of those around town.

PRESENTER 1: One is at the community center.

DOUG: Is it? When is it?

PRESENTER 1: That is the first Friday of the month at 8:00 PM. Are you involved in that, Bobby?

BOBBY: I haven't gotten into it yet, but I met--

PRESENTER 1: It's Michael [? Fulman ?].

BOBBY: Yeah, I missed it the last time. I may make it-- if I'm lucky-- this time because I didn't find out about it until afterwards the first time.

DOUG: Where is the community center?

PRESENTER 1: 803 Hawthorne at Stanford.

DOUG: 803 Hawthorne at Stanford.

PRESENTER 1: If you know where the Walgreens is on Montrose-- from the parking lot with a drive-thru thing, you can just see it. I mean, it's kind of catty-corner a block away. It's an old gray house, and there's signs up there saying the Lesbian and Gay Community Center.

DOUG: That's the first Friday at 8 o'clock?

PRESENTER 1: First Friday, 8 o'clock.

DOUG: OK, cool.

PRESENTER 1: Coming up in just a little bit is going to be Zydeco Pa' Sale with Mary Thomas. And I want to thank everyone for being here on *After Hours* tonight. Thank you, Doug.

DOUG: Yay.

PRESENTER 1: And Bobby and Sean and Jason. God, I got it right. I can't believe it. And of course, Lynn and Big Roy and Chris.

BOBBY: Fabulous young people.

PRESENTER 1: Yeah, this has been young people's night.

DOUG: Yes, It has.

BOBBY: A lot of young people tonight.

PRESENTER 1: In the background, you're hearing a wonderful, wonderful version of-- this is Cris Williamson-- called "Cry, Cry, Cry", and she's getting some help from a heterosexual woman by the name of Bonnie Raitt. We'll see you here next week, same time, same station. 1:00 to 4:00 AM on KPFT Houston and KEOS College Station. Good night.

[MUSIC - CRIS WILLIAMSON, "CRY, CRY, CRY"]