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Jason Stuart: I'm sitting here with my comedy pal Bob Smith at the trendy, eye-candy-packed Abbey having cocktails. We are having \$9.00 apple martinis, really \$10.00 'cause I had to tip the hot waiter because I think he wants to have sex with me. And he's certainly worth a dollar.

Bob Smith: He does not want to have sex with you.

JS: (ignoring him) I don't usually drink but I wanted Bob to think I was really hip and I'm dieting and the apple is on my food plan, so what the hell, I had a good year. Bob and I are both standup comics. He has chosen to take the writer route and 1, the actor/catwalk wannabe path. He has written three books Growing Up Gay with his pals Jaffee Cohen and Danny McWilliams (Hyperion), Openly Bob and Way To Go Smith (Harper Collins). Bob is very sweet and mild-mannered, sort of a Clark-Kent type. His books have been so revealing that I'm almost embarrassed to see him in person sometimes because I feel I know just too much! We met in the early 90s when I was in the closet. You know how hard it is to get out of the closet with all those hatboxes and stuff in the way. It was at a bar called Daddy Warbucks where Bob and his pals, "Funny Gay Males," were doing their comedy show. As far I can tell these guys were the first openly gay comics to make an impression in the hetero world of stand-up comedy. So as we're drinking our NINE-dollar apple martinis Bob noticed these two Abercrombie and Fitch clones wearing matching sweaters.

BS: They probably met last night and moved in together this morning.

JS: God, I hate them on sight! SO, now that you're back in the dating world you seem to be doing quite well. I saw you at the Outfest closing party with a real hottie. This blonde and buff guy. Remember?

BS: Really, I don't remember.

JS: You are so cool Mr. Kent. (Bob blushes.) So, let's get to the issue at hand. This one is all about books. You have written three. I really admire people who can write.

BS: But you write too.

JS: Oh, not really. I just tell my feelings, tell some jokes and pray that the spell check works. I feel I don't have as much control on the page as I do in my act.

BS: On the page you can rewrite it, fix it, edit it and make it your own.

JS: Yeah, but you went to college.

BS: It taught me how to learn and gave me structure. Why didn't you go?

JS: I thought I was going to be a fucking star and didn't need to know how to spell or use grammar. I would have my "Eve Harrington" for that. I recently decided to learn how to spell and use grammar.

BS: You have done real well as an actor. I see you on TV all the time.

JS: I am going to Provincetown this summer at Tropical Joe's. You and your "Funny Gay Males" were there in the early '90s and lead the path for everyone. SO, you got any advice?

BS: Work your ass off.

JS: What's coming up in the future for you?

BS: I am writing a novel about a Hollywood guy who falls in love with a man from Alaska.

JS: I remember you told me you went to Alaska. Is this autobiographical?

BS: Well, we met fishing.

JS: Fishing! I bet your definition of tackle and his definition were not the same thing. We are so different. But our moms are sort of the same in a way. We both use them in our acts and they have given us a wealth of material.

BS: Well, last year my mom went to her first Passover dinner. Everyone was reading the prayers out loud which is tradition. She didn't want to read aloud. She said, "some people are just show-offs!"

JS: Not mine, my mom was the first mom on the block with hot pants.

BS: I hear you are also writing a screenplay with Jason Ross who won best screenplay at Outfest a few years ago.

BS: It's called Dirty Laundry. It's about a gay son, daughter and grandmother who want their parents to get divorced.

JS: Sounds like my family!

BS: We're almost done with it and will be shopping it around.

JS: Boy, I know how that is, I just finished recording my new comedy CD Gay Comedy Without A Dress available on my website [www.jasonstuart.com](http://www.jasonstuart.com). Plug, plug!!!

BS: Same old Jason always out there on the edge.

JS: Same old Bob. Let's play the bill before we have to name our next house keeper after the waiter, I still think he's looking at me.

BS: (Smiles.)