

the rhythm and the typically materialistic American lyrics.

Entirely different musical styles can be found on some of the other tracks on this album. "For You" and "For my lover" both have the simpler, acoustic sound that characterizes her live performances. In contrast, "If not now..." has a light jazz sound with an acoustic piano and percussion. "Fast Car," her ballad about love and dreams in the ghetto, has melodic, all-American steel guitar part.

The only song that I'm a little dissatisfied with is "Talkin' bout a revolution." The lyrics are fantastic: "Don't you know/They're talkin' 'bout a revolution that sounds/like a whisper...Poor people gonna rise up/And get their share." I think this song is much better live because in the recording some of her vocal subtleties (like whispering the words "like a whisper") are drowned out by the excessive electric guitar and keyboard parts. Nevertheless, this is a very moving song, and a good piece to play in the morning when you're trying to find a good reason to get out of bed.

- Pippa Holloway

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UNUSUAL GENTLEMEN: BEFORE MATTACHINE

I dream of you silly old queen beloved
 shattered suffering huddled on you kitchen
 floor the tiniest bird your lips painted a
 horrified gash of red you kneel on shards of
 wedgewood china your man I gather he

roughs you up some breaks your pretty things
 the stuff of which your songs are made
 incessantly whimpered torch song prophesy

I'm haunted by your pink chintzy ghost
 Pansy brother unknowing martyr - even now
 - closet door unhinged I see you through
 hetero-hexed eyes eyes rubbed in playground
 dirt eyes which - above all - fear your magick

O forebrother even now your gilded
 laughter your supple perfumed body makes
 me bridle - hotly defensive You are my history
 recorded in girlish whispers and my tears
 speak for you still the tears I justify my
 modern-male tears political tears as wet and
 despised as your tears of shame I need to
 claim you as a brother and I need to fossilize
 you forsake you to know that I couldn't have
 been like you Are you merely a product of
 oppression? a bitter frightened soul
 bargaining with rough trade under judy's
 rainbow? speaking in code morning noon
 and night gang-banged by american formica
 discretion?

1949 Kinsey

who championed our very hearts to timidly
 beat who bade the disciples of Freud cease
 frying our very brains who bade the fairy fly
 undrugged unharnessed even he who re-
 searched us published us onto coffee-table
 chit-chat reality did it make a difference in
 your life?

Today I march chant make a nuisance of
 myself I speak so clearly of our butchery of
 our assembly line vivisection -- still no apology
 forthcoming The sheer leaden grief of
 knowing the diet of sewage force fed to you by
 your country/men the heads of heads flag-
 waving bleached tyrants - you didn't know
 how it stank you mandatory objet d'art

O forebrother

I grit my teeth and eulogize apologize agonize
 for you but I haven't been equipped to love
 you I was taught to hate you through TIME
 and thru LIFE thru their trench-coated lies
 Your smile of pearl your campy songs your
 coquettish gait your brilliant shameless-hussy
 spirit - the delicacy of which I've always
 dreamed our point of connection could get
 me killed on the street some night - no apology
 forthcoming

LAMBDA