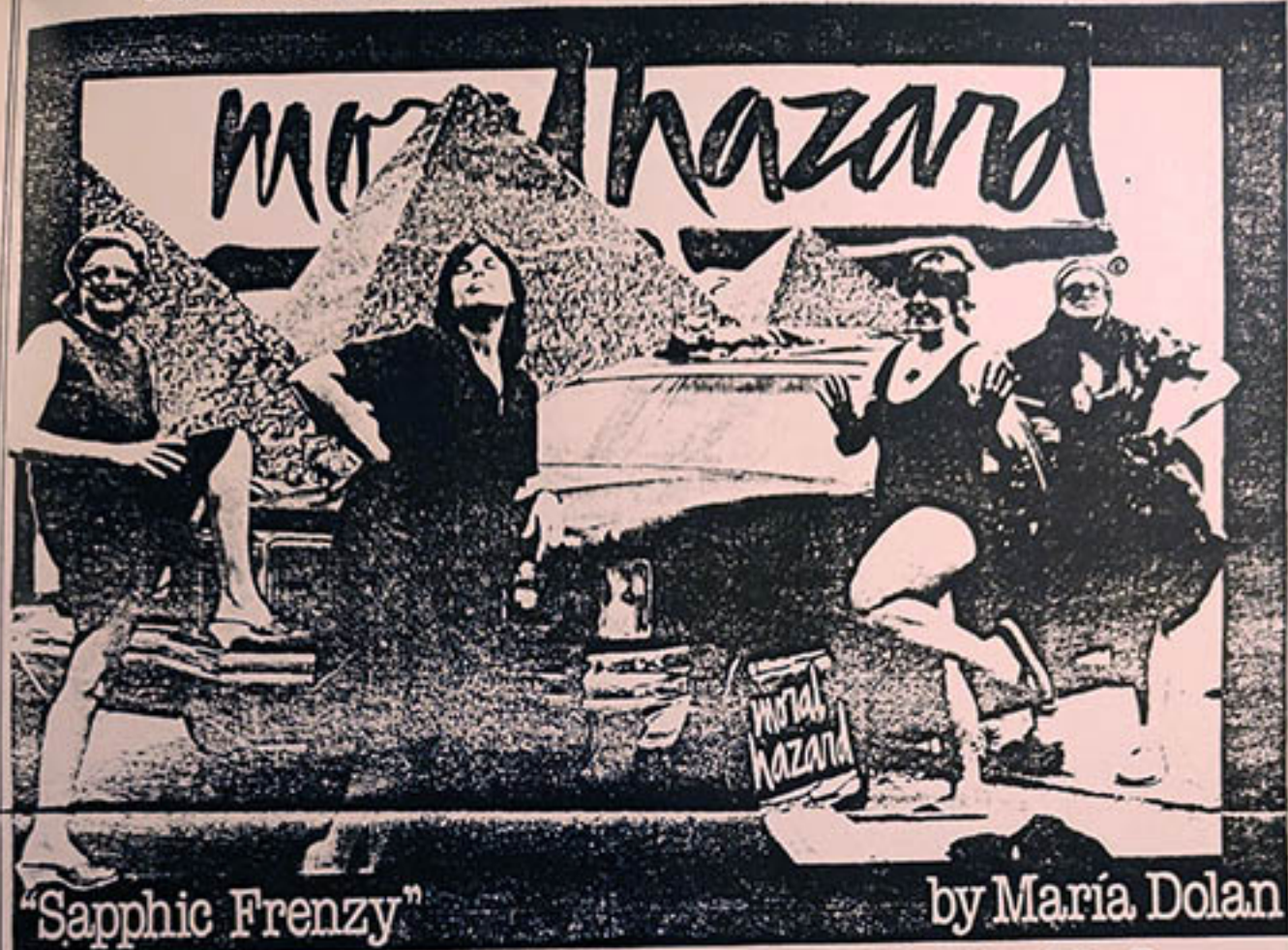




SIGNALS FROM SHEBA

"Signals from Sheba"

• A Special Show by Moral Hazard •
Live Music/Comedy Revue

July 17 & 18, July 24 & 25, and
July 31 & August 1 (Fri. & Sat. notes)
Seven Stages Theatre, 430 Moreland
9:00 p.m. / \$4 adm. / Call 523-7647

"When the mode of the music changes,
the walls of the city shake."

Paul it may be these days to quote Tuli Kupferberg (you do remember The Fugs, don't you?). Yet, the embodiment of his satirical music-political mayhem lives, to make an actual/visual impact on (mostly) Atlanta. I refer, of course, to a tempestuous amalgam of Queer musical/poets/punks called "Moral Hazard."

Moral Hazard, incredulous reader, is neither an insurance term nor a moral-majority-computed beta male. Moral Hazard is rather an insidious cadre of Queers whose frame of reference will, once injected, explode your static mental state. You psyche will be irretrievably altered!

I freely admit to my own addiction to this bizarrely and growthy thing. I saw their show last January five times, despite the late hour, and unlikely location. And yes, the slush-spews will surely inform you that I only attended because my "ex" (then current) played in the band, but I'll testify here and now, as the Goddess is my witness, that, despite our acrimonious parting, I enthusiastically

delivers myself up to the untender mercies of these serious sirens and their mission. (Or, as Tuli iter, "When Beauty Barks, I Heel.") Speaking of delivering, I had an inspirational, alcohol-furled interview-cum-grease session last week with none other than Ms. Jan Gibson—self-styled "Yellow Rose of Texas," object of unnatural groupie fantasy (honey, even boys want to be her groupie), growned homosexual, an! group mouthpiece. As I sat down to reconstruct passages of this session in a semi-coherent fashion, snippets of an old Doors song viral into my aural recall:

"I love the friends I have gathered together in this dim room."

"We have constructed pyramids in honor of our escaping."

"I'll tell you about Texas Radio and the Big Beat—soft, driven, slow and mad, like some new language."

— "The WASP (Texas Radio and the Big Beat)"

Present, that Morrison, anticipating and describing the effect of a band whose major purpose is to set back western Ethology 5,000 years. How do they accomplish this? Let me count the ways...

But first, an explanatory note for the strictly critico/disco types who suffer from "Living Death Syndrome," especially in relation to Queer culture. Moral Hazard is what my good friend and arch-rival, Mercedes DeLaGata, has in these very pages called "Atlanta's only all-Lesbian Rock-

Comedy band." (But then, Mercedes lives in a primeval state of brain-damage boogie.) M.H. bills herself as a "theatrical concept band." They constitute a cadre of "cultural workers who have decided that comedy is a good vehicle to raise consciousness in a sneaky way—it whips people." Their basic equation is absolutely anti-centric: Comedy = Rock + Dynamic.

This show, as all others, is about transformation. Through the acts of songs, electronic guitars, relentless rhythms, and gut-splitting skits, they challenge you to transform yourself! Cut away the self-denying dick, absorbed from this homophobic Gehenna around you, and fashion another reality.

This is the land where the pharaohs died, and this is where the Queen of Sheba comes in. Sheba is one of Jan's earliest mytho-figures. (The show itself is called "Signals from Sheba," shown against a pyramidal background.) But what is she?

"She is the part inside people which is DISIRE—desire that fulfills itself by stepping outside the narrow circle of approval. All those voices which rant 'who the hell ya think you are?' well, you are Sheba. Sheba is not being intimidated by the spittle-lessness around you. She is the light inside which is in love with life, which mutes survival through courage and honesty."

"She is the spirit that returns and returns, and cannot die. The role of Moral Hazard is

to educate the world back to positive energy—the energy that dares to love. We live in a country where people are fed by lies, and they're desperate. We feed truthfulness. Moral Hazard translates."

They translate desire into vision, into art, into participatory experience, and back again. Perhaps this does not sound like an "objective" appraisal. O.K., that false notion of phalloscentric values which, of course, "objects" to my feeling the pulse of true desire.

That pulse which you can put your finger onto, on your face into; or, your Snake Brain is short-wave connected to. The Snake Brain knows you as a body whirling madly in groves under the full Moon, not just numbly sitting in front of a cathode-ray tube.

The audience at a Moral Hazard show participates as well as experiences. They sing the choruses on "Bi-Sexual Girls," jump around frothing at the mouth when given the "Snake Brain" cue, howlingly demand blood when the Gideon Thugs try to convert, and in general undergo a comedic catharsis. (As the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence say, "Let, and feel guilt no more.")

As for general audience-band relations, there is not a great differentiation, inside or out. In fact, Jan maintains that "our audience is out there, too" attending to the message. Moral Hazard is working slowly.

(Phone see "Moral Hazard" on page 4)