

Moral Hazard

**DANGER: CONTENTS MAY BE
HAZARDOUS TO YOUR MORALS**
Music-Comedy Group "Moral
Hazard" Wows 'Em at 7-Stages

—A REVIEW—

Lock up the wimmin and chilluns! There is a Moral Hazard. It's wending its insidious way into your consciousness with great doses of blasphemous comedy and graage-band rock 'n' roll.

Moral Hazard? No, not an insurance concept. It's Jerry Falwell's nightmare, Atlanta's only all-Lesbian rock-comedy group. Four perverse white wimmin who insist that "Queers got soul," and proved it the past three weeks at Seven Stages Theatre.

Public response? Not so much outrage as adulation. The group sold-out the Seven Stages' miniscule house for each appearance, and was forced to add a third weekend. (Of course, Seven Stages is located in the heart of Little Dyke Five Points.)

The band? Oh, they *look* normal enough.

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Just your everyday musically-inclined Southern Dykes. Jan Gibson, the jaded rose of Texas, fronts the band. And it's where she belongs, instead of her previous solo singing with acoustic guitar. She performs the often-hysterical monologues, and the rock-'em, sock-'em lead vocals.

Why, on "Death Dealers," a song about the necrophiliac consequences of testosterone poisoning, she even exudes a middle-period Elvis persona. Her artistic growth is strikingly evident in the context of this new band. Even the old favorite "Punk Lover" assumes more texture and force from a rock treatment—thanks to guitarist-arranger Kay-Cee Thomason and two charming snake dancers. ("She called me Punk Lover/She called me Snake Brain. . . talking 'bout a real reptilian revolution").

All that sinuous slithering and reptilian tongue-flicking. . . what primeval appeal! Also, the song makes a pertinent point of throwing off dry celebrations, and returning to the important things in Lesbian life, such as hot sex and abandoning conventional strictures. (And what about the shadow of that ethionic snake-goddess?) Honey, it leaves you wet in your seat and hollering for more.

Yeah, the music is the message. And the comedy too. But what do these Lesbians do. . . ? Well, these Hazards take on the Gideon Bible thugs, as well as the Catholics, Southern Baptists, and born-again. Definite v not for the faint-hearted. They spread the Word of God (a page at a time). They explain the origin of the Petus Fetishists. Basically, they leave no bull ungrounded.

As for the band. . . Kay Cee plays crotch-guitar—getting so into it that she occasionally rolls on the floor, endangering the band and the audience with the force of it all.

The musical touchstone, she also makes a grotesquely appealing Gideon Thug and Vampyre. (?)

J.B. Sapy plays meacing black Perder bass, makes an unconvincing celibate, and affects a "torrid" type in her black leather jacket. (Lay down that line, honey). As all good bassists in a trio, she stitches the rhythm to the lead, making an often seamless fabric.

And last, but hardly least, Jane Black whips these wimmin along with her pounding drums. She's also a Gideon Thug and does a passable imitation of a "normal" woman.

The only criticism appropriate for these delightful diablitas ["Little devils"—Ed.] is their occasional sloppiness. The material is hilarious, the talent self-evident. But the presentation would be more potent if they acquired a director; someone to work on stage presence, blocking, etc. This is a pitfall a number of young bands fall into, since it's easy to be so loose that things begin to unravel. Of course, a larger space and their own lighting designer would make a difference too.

Despite these reservations, all four of these smiling, self-professed "proud to be moral offenders" are exciting peculiar passions in the breasts of many wimmin—and men, too. In fact, there's an official fan club, the "Dykes of Hazard," with branches in Atlanta and Athens ("Go Dykes Go").

Find out about these stellar wimmin at Charis Books & More, 419 Moreland Ave. You too can become a delectable Dyke of Hazard! They're always looking for. . . talent.

—Mercédès DeLaGata

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