

MARIA HELENA DOLAN

# Slouching Toward

# LESBOS

"Don't want no plastic saddles;  
I want to feel the leather when I ride"

## TEARIN' THE ROOF OFF THE SUCKER

**I**t was the Queerest weekend in recent memory. Joanne Loulan brought her "Lesbian Sex" show to town. Rebecca Ranson's new play "For Love and For Life" opened at the Alternate Roots Festival, focusing on The March, AIDS, and Queer oppression.

But for me, the cultural/sensual high point was the renaissance of Moral Hazard. Visitors to Charis who expected to see Jan Gibson's second performance in four years instead got the unpublished and surprisingly tight garage band sound of Moral Hazard.

You see, the world is divided into two classes of Dykes: Moral Hazard Virgins, and Moral Hazard Groupies. The Groupies waited five years for this performance. Master-mind Jan captured those feelings in a pre-show interview: "Tonight is just a kind of homecoming. Charis is such an intimate place. Really, (this performance) is just about sharing songs I really like. Also, Moral Hazard was just a natural thing to work toward (again). We can't wait to do it."

The audience, happily

stunned, couldn't wait, either. The excitement these four Womyn generate is reminiscent of nothing less than the early Beatles. Womyn scream and holler and jump around, particularly at the "good parts" ("No matter how you do it with a Woman you can do it all night long"; "You're easier to eat than to love...eat your career/feet your very best year/feet your goddam heart out").

Ready. Willing. Able. Trembling. The audience absorbed Jan's for starters (ie, Jan Gibson and Jan Reilly). It felt so achingly good to hear Jan croon again: "Your breasts are two sexual gypsies/They just make trouble, double trouble, for me... when you hold me, green bronze is brought up from the sea." Even though Jan was nervous and had to start a few songs over, all was forgiven.

And when she sings "I was born a survivor, and a survivor I will long be," it shows all over her face: the concentration, the triumphs of self over painful obstacles, the return from "crazy" status.

Jan had earlier told me that "after going crazy, I had to reevaluate my whole value system. It's hard to explain...

I felt my credibility with myself was shattered. I've seen and heard 'things' all my life. I never believed they were anything but a sign of divinity in the universe."

And she wants to share these visions/signs. "Performance has always been very much (about) communication. I always wanted my intent to be very clear to myself - it's not about just entertaining people. The philosophical and spiritual basis for what I'm doing isn't rational, just lucid."

And that lucidity radiates through the band too. Jane Black, drums - Safety Hazard; J.B. Sapp, bass - Road Hazard; K.C. Wildmoon, guitar - Fire Hazard (Jan is Hap Hazard).

Jane maintains that reforming the band which has been missing in action for half a decade "is like recovering the girl you thought you'd never get back. It's better than sex."

K.C. played "So You Want to be a Rock 'n' Roll Star" before she left WRFG the afternoon of the gig to set the tone.

And J.B. believes that Moral Hazard is "better than ever. We're all older and wiser, too."

The three Graces (as Jan refers to them) all share her perception of "a sense of passion in me that's alive and can be directed outward. The simple forcefulness of my ideas wasn't appropriate outside of a rock 'n' roll context."

One could, for instance, decry the internalized homo-

phobia and 'professional Women' dissembling so apparent these days. Instead though, isn't it more satisfying to slip into the chorus of "Lavendar Jane Loves Money": "She used to want her rights/But now she's set her sights/On a brand-new Coupe de Ville" while the band pushes the song like a pack of hounds worrying a prey's heels, and Jan sounding a clarion call with a soaring harmonica. Sure, the most hedonistic can abandon themselves in the music with a "Fuck art, let's dance" posture. But if you can get both at the same time, why the hell not go for it?

Of course, "Punk Lover" still makes me scream aloud ("Sweet all over me, Jan!") As the lyrics stress, "It's cold-blooded soul/That sweet snake/It's rock 'n' roll." And how!

But the band's signature song, "Take a Walk on the Dark Side," encapsulates their message. "We love our love just so radical/We're proud to be Moral Offenders/They'll say 'you'd better apprehend her/She's kissing all the girls again!... You can't stop our love, no matter how hard you try/Our love will rage inside you, 'till the day you die."

The overflow crowd greeted this piece and others like long-lost friends. And the announcement of a new show in the works and a possible album engorged the starvelings. After all, we've been famished so long for some of that rich, sweet stuff only Moral Hazard can supply. Stay tuned for further feedings.

\*Two points if you recognized these as lines from a local songwriter's tune, three more if you can name her.

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