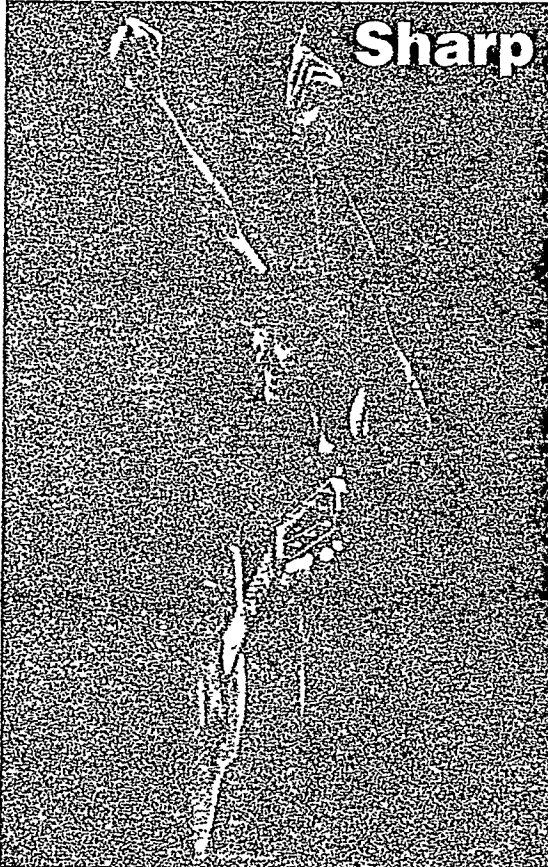


Shockingly Sharp



By Robin Marks **7830BA**
Political correctness is a severe social disease in this country, dangled Michelle Shocked, explaining to the enthusiastic audience that militant politics gave her hemorrhoids. Her proctologist's advice: shake your booty. I found no shortage of hip-swags during Shocked's performance Tuesday night at the Orpheum. You could call it a

political party, backed up by a fine band and armed with Mother Jones' famous slogan: If I can't dance, I don't want to be in your revolution. Shocked spouted her sentiments into the bloodstreams of a few thousand fans. The swinging Shocked found that the way into her fans' hearts was through their feet, and by the time a half-hour had passed, the whole crowd was gyrating in the aisles and hooting echoes of

Shocked's ideology. Her six-member band, complete with synth, sax, and a trumpet player borrowed from Tower of Power, provided all the musical help she needed. Trumpet solos ripped through the melodies like a brass tornado. Then, in a more subdued moment, when the band had left the stage, Shocked was joined, onstage, by her father for a slightly haunting instrumental mandolin duet, after which she sang the a

cappella. Penny Evans. When the time came for encores, I could stand still no more: I stopped taking notes and succumbed to the swing. While she played a well-orchestrated Anchorage, somewhere in the back of my mind I recalled that I never particularly favored that song. But Shocked's live presentation seemed more like a gift than a performance. City Pages music guru Jim Walsh commandeered my notebook for long enough

to scribble in it. Anchorage, the perfect song, it nodded surprisingly stuffed with emotion. From the first song to the last, there was rarely an unfriendly moment, and Shocked has the right idea when she loses the preacher's podium to exchange it for more light-hearted noise. Her Captain Swing gets the message across far better than the Texas Campfire girl I've ever could. **D**