

Chase on and the Golden Fleece

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Dressed in the rugged basics of ... well ... nothing ... and showing a lot of skin – that's how I have typically accessed the MCOF. Bunny girl or bummy girl, or some other type of B-grade mover.

But then there was an outfit that I saw at Animal Farm. Well, it was sort of a group outfit, because the meaning was evident in the totality. Being a party of three, two of the revellers were woollen sheep and the other person was the wolf dressed in sheep's clothing. The wolf was a large person (I refrain from guessing that he was a man ... lest I show my bias ... or is that baaah-is). That wolf was not only large but also tall and had the longest, sharpest teeth and the scruffiest body-cover hair-do all in grey, with bits of white sneaking underneath. The sheep were smaller and rounder, and, as sheep go, cute!

The beauty of their creative decision is this: in many quarters (gay and straight), the threesome is still the icon of decadence. And the MCOF is about decadence.

But their intertext was Biblical – I think the Book of Matthew has something to say about the wolf in sheep's clothing? Of course, wolves are not vilified in all cultures. But, taking that Biblical reference, the wolf is adversity or evil, and the sheep are innocent and good. And perhaps that is part of the statement of the MCOF: is the gay struggle not about innocence in the face of adverse, conservative opinion? So, what they're saying goes beyond the pleasure principle of decadence.

Wolf stories abound in fairy tales. Little Red Riding Hood and the wolf is all about naivety failing wisdom, which is rescued from adversity only by brute force ... Basically, the story is about the pleasure principle and the reality principle (if we are to believe Bruno Bettelheim in *The Uses of Enchantment*: if only Little Ms RRH hadn't dawdled picking flowers in the woods while her sick grandmother waited!) ... and what about unprotected sex and circumcision? ... but we'll leave that interpretation for now.

And then you get the wolf and the three little pigs: once again, pleasure principle versus reality principle. Work harder at building a better house, because in the face of reality you'll be grateful that you didn't opt for straw and fun. That's awfully Calvinistic, isn't it?

But references aside – the wolf and the sheep at Animal Farm were having a lot of fun. They were chasing and running and playing hide-and-seek all night – over dance floors, over hills and dales, via the bar, via the baaah.

I was jealous! I mean ... they could dance, run and sprint, and duck and dodge, and then dance some more. All the running and jogging was part of the act. And you see, exercise is the ultimate combo of escapist pleasure and aching reality. You can have it all! (And yes, sore bum muscles I did have, to testify.)

