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fore WORD

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39. Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-92). *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*.

Who are the apartments reserved for?

The room draw announcement that was sent out recently (**remember, the \$200 deposit must be paid within a week**) mentioned that "Apartments 1, 2 and 3 are reserved for administrative assignments." I wondered what on earth "administrative assignments" are, and why these apartments will not be available next year (they were available for room draw last year). Here is the story.

One apartment will be used by married entering freshmen, who may need a place to live on campus before they find permanent housing in Santa Fe. The only place where they can live on campus is in a campus apartment, since the college forbids straight couples to share ordinary dorm rooms. Although it is absurd to prohibit straight couples from doing what gay couples have always done, there is nothing wrong in principle with letting entering

freshmen take some of the apartments. Freshmen have always been given spaces in the other dorms; it is reasonable to let them have a share of the apartments, too.

However, only one of the three "reserved" apartments will be for freshmen; the other two will be given to tutors and graduate students. In fact, tutors are given priority over students for the apartments; though no current tutors want an academic-year lease, the space is being kept available for new tutors. If new tutors and freshmen do not need the apartments, they will be given to GIs. It is unfortunate that tutors and GIs, who almost always live in town, are being given apartments which are some of the best rooms on campus; as the room draw notice says, "In all probability the demand for apartments will be greater than the supply."

—Randall Rose

Choosing Films

Montaigne said that "our life is nothing but movement," and found himself unable to define experience even though experience was the source of meaning and truth. A film, such as last Friday's Andrei Rublev, embodies the truth of Montaigne's observation more than the other arts we study here. Motion and the evanescence of experience are part of its essence. A director can choose to include an image in his film, with some idea of what he wants it to convey; but such images don't always lend themselves to any definite interpretation. A horse rolling in the grass, or the strange whiteness that floats downstream following the body of a boy just killed—such scenes seem spontaneous, even accidental in their lack of clear meaning, but it is these

moments that stick with us and unveil, if just for an instant, some layer of what experience is.

Films play a different role than the books at St. John's, because we have some choice over what is shown and when. **There will be a meeting on April 12, next Tuesday, at 6 pm in the Senior Common Room for anyone interested in helping to select the films for next year.** Following the lead of the Dean's Winter Film Series, we are planning on showing blocks of films by the same director, from the same country, with a common theme, etc. Anyone who is interested is welcome to attend—faculty and staff included—or send your suggestions to me through campus mail.

—Jillian Conrad

Freud on Seuss

a book review by Josh LeBeau (copied from the Koala, UCSD's humour newspaper, which has no copyright notices in it anywhere)

The Cat in the Hat

by Dr. Seuss, 61 pages. Beginner Books, \$3.95

The Cat in the Hat is a hard-hitting novel of prose and poetry in which the author re-examines the dynamic rhyming schemes and bold imagery of some of his earlier works, most notably *Green Eggs and Ham*, *If I Ran the Zoo*, and *Why Can't I Shower With Mommy?* In this novel, Theodore Geisel, writing under the pseudonym Dr. Seuss, pays homage to the great Dr. Sigmund Freud in a nightmarish fantasy of a renegade feline helping two young children understand their own frustrated sexuality.

The story opens with two youngsters, a brother and a sister, abandoned by their mother, staring mournfully through the window of their single-family dwelling. In the foreground, a large tree/phallic symbol dances wildly in the wind, taunting the children and encouraging them to succumb to the sexual yearnings they undoubtedly feel for each other. Even to the most unlearned reader, the blatant references to the incestuous relationship the two share set the tone for Seuss' probing examination of the satisfaction of primitive needs.

The Cat proceeds to charm the wary youths into engaging in what he so innocently refers to as "tricks." At this point, the fish, an obvious Christ figure who represents the prevailing Christian morality, attempts to warn the children, and thus, in effect, warns all of humanity of the dangers associated with the unleashing of the primal urges. In response to this, the cat proceeds to balance the aquatic naysayer on the end of his umbrella, essen-

tially saying, "Down with morality; down with God!"

After poohpoohing the righteous rantings of the waterlogged Christ figure, the Cat begins to juggle several icons of Western culture, most notably two books, representing the Old and New Testaments, and a saucer of lactal fluid, an ironic reference to maternal loss the two children experienced when their mother abandoned them "for the afternoon." Our heroic Id adds to this bold gesture a rake and a toy man, and thus completes the Oedipal triangle.

Later in the novel, Seuss introduces the proverbial Pandora's box, a large red crate out of which the Id releases Thing One, or Freud's concept of Ego, the division of the psyche that serves as the conscious mediator between the person and reality, and Thing Two, the Superego which functions to reward and punish through a system of moral attitudes, conscience, and guilt. Referring to this box, the Cat says, "Now look at this trick. Take a look!" In this, Dr. Seuss uses the children as a brilliant metaphor for the reader, and asks the reader to re-examine his own inner self.

The children, unable to control the Id, Ego, and Superego allow these creatures to run free and mess up the house, or more symbolically, control their lives. This rampage continues until the fish, or Christ symbol, warns that the mother is returning to reinstate the Oedipal triangle that existed before her abandonment of the children. At this point, Seuss introduces a many-armed cleaning device which represents the psychoanalytic couch, which proceeds to put the two youngsters' lives back in order.

With powerful simplicity, clarity, and drama, Seuss reduces Freud's concepts on the dynamics

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BY DAY...



PLATO

MILD-MANNERED philosopher

BY NIGHT...

THE AVENGING

INTERLOCUTOR

BY Stephen Conn

Upon Socrates' death, Plato makes a vow...
Rest easy, dear Socrates, your sacrifice will not have been in vain; for I shall carry on your mission for justice and virtue, ideals for which you preferred to drink poisonous hemlock rather than relinquish!

LOVE IS LOVE,
NOT Phas-o-
WAY

Although you never could turn down a drink, you old lush!



Thus, Athens had a new protector...



One night, while grading papers for the academy



When are these kids going to learn their Greek?!

HARK!
A CITIZEN IN
NEED OF MY AID, or
Crito's being
swindled in the
marketplace again!
Either way,
I'm outta here!

And soon...

So, you punks think you're going to assault this helpless mother and her child, eh? Well, first answer me this one question: Is the mugging of someone just?

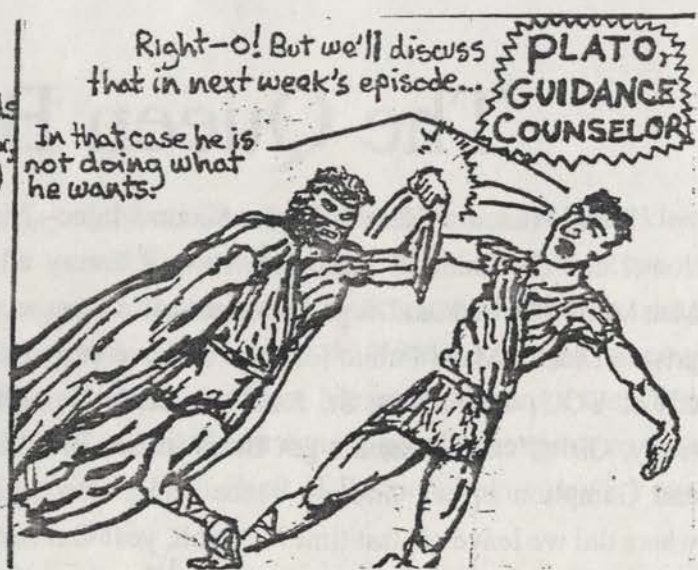


Hence, it is for the sake of what is good that this is done?

Certainly, if it is to the benefit of the muggers.

Indeed.





Seuss, continued...

of the human psyche to an easily understood gesture. Mr. Seuss' poetry and choice of words is equally impressive and serves as a splendid counterpart to his bold symbolism. In all, his writing

style is quick and fluid, making *The Cat in the Hat* impossible to put down. While this novel is 61 pages in length, and one can read it in five minutes or less, it is not until after multiple readings that the genius of this modern day master becomes apparent.



—Josh Foster

The Queen Bee Returns

Well, Possums, Here it is, the Second Injection (I like the sound of that): Part Two of Fanny Mae Maria Maraschino Diego Schwartzkoff's most private Diaries Made-Public for the exclusive benefit of YOU, the Flailing St. John's Queen! Get ready, Girls, 'cause Mama's got Burrs in her Bra and Gumption in her Girdle—Yeeee-Haw! Now, where did we leave off last time?..Ooooh, yes! Our poor Deviant Straight Boy was in Your Bed rolling a Cigarette and trying not to remember Last Night's Festivities....

DREAM SEQUENCE! [Now, Honey, this requires using some, shall we say?—Poetic License, Literary Permits, etc. etc. because you must imagine that you are able to penetrate the thin, wispy Fibers of the Straight Boy's Brain! Just picture what he's fabricating out of his own memory, or lack thereof]: "If only I could recall who was wearing that Wicked Disgusting Trashy Sinful Hot Pink Tutu...Oh No! Was it Me?!" Ahh, the Glories of the post-coital Afterglow! (Or Aftermath, as the case may be).

In her seemingly endless, relentless, exhausting but not quite exhaustive search for Mister Right, your beloved Mamacita nearly fell into the Depths of Hetero-Mating Ritual Hell. That's right, Missy, I'm talking about that Treasure of Treasures among the "throng" of Santa Fe Dance Clubs, The Zone Child, the basement of the Ramada Inn on Cerrillos will never be the same again! That's right! You guessed it, Girlfriends, they actually built a Dance Club in the Lower Regions of some Cheap Motel on Santa Fe's Illustrious Strip!

You see, My little Furry Faerie-Queen Pets, it all started Once Upon a Time when The High Priestess of Hair, Ms. Steve-O'Linda Archuleta the Ninth, asked yours truly, Curlers, Housedress and all, on a date! I accepted the offer with grace, of course, partly because it had been days since someone had asked, but mostly because I knew that Miss Stevette of the Most Powerful Clippers has a Mouth Bigger than Bette Midler's! If I dared to refuse even such a Platonic Invite from her Majesty on Fire, I would never live it down in the Society Pages! So, we went for an Elegant Dinner at the smart little Baja Tacos, then to watch a disturbing film with Jeff Bridges and the delectable Tom Hulce, also starring the Brazen Euro-Hussy, Isabella Rossellini... And, before I knew it, I was headed back down the Adobe Brick Road, careening out of control, on a Crash Course with Destiny!

Fortunately for us, we were in Boy Drag, and we were expected to meet two lovely Straight Girls. We decided to wait in the Lobby of the posh Ramada Inn for our Faux-Dates (for you Slow Queens, that means Decorative, as in Jewels!—Like Faux pearls or Diamonds, not that I would know anything about THAT!). This was a Crucial Moment in our Performance. Looking as Flawless as we did, it would have been ridiculous to try to suddenly become Un-Gay for our Debut Straight Bar Appearance, especially with out Hair so stunningly in place! Hence, we strived for the Bored Stiff Look, trying to be casual, cool, relaxed. We even pretended NOT to be phased by the Divine Vision of all those Fine Specimens of Hunky Hetero Manhood walking around everywhere we looked! And then, finally, after what seemed like hours, our Go-Go Dates showed up.

Can you imagine my shock and dismay, Ladies, as I trudged down those fateful steps? I could have sworn I saw an Inscription above the entrance into the Club, saying: "ABANDON ALL HOPE,

YE WHO ENTER HERE..." and then, in fine print: "...And God Help You If You Are A Queen...." I was Horrified. Miss Steve O'Linda of the Lovely Locks was the most flamboyant Hair Artiste I've ever tripped on a dance floor, only to pretend Some Troll did it! Soon after this, we became instant best friends. Anyway, she led the three of us into the pit of despair with a glow on her face (perhaps indigestion) and a cackle in her throat...

My first impressions of the hovel? Oh, Joy, Rapture, and Goosebumps! According to our "dates", it was Party Time! The ladies were in a Struttin' Mood! Our Decorum got thrown out the window as all four of us began Giggling, Shrieking, Cackling and Squealing our approval/disgust for the debauched scene...

Flocking like pigs around Circe, the MEN WITHOUT DATES (MWD's) herded themselves around a Massive Bathtub filled with ice and cheap bottled American light beers, and, can you believe it—Wine Coolers! The MEN WHO HAD DATES (MHD's) were very territorial in protecting them. Oh, My Little Trashitas, I cannot tell you how many times I tried to compliment a woman on a Lovely

Fashion Choice or other aspect of her Bedecklement and Bejewelment, but was forced to desist when ward off by the mating call of her testy companion. Alas! What's the World coming to when your own Queen Mary Margaret Megan of the Ultimate Line of Credit cannot pay her respects to a Stunning Waif-Pupil of Fashion from today's Younger Set?

Well, my devotees and Clueless Ones as well, it's time for your Dear Mama to get her beauty rest. I only began writing these nuggets of nineties wisdom as a favor to someone else, so we won't get your hopes up with references to the next chapter. Besides, the truth be told, the Queen Mother (that's me, Mary) is really a spirit, and the poor innocent Gay Boy I chose to inhabit hasn't done a lick of his homework since I started paying him these nightly visits. Nevertheless, I'd love to enter the flesh of some Studious Straight Boy, so watch out, Macho Hipsters, because you are not immune to my powers, and YOU ARE NEXT!!! Ta Ta for now my little Gelflings, don't pick up any of those horrid little diseases that's going around. Love, your Mama, the phantom of the word processor.

—The Queen Bee.

People to bitch at if you don't like what's going on here:

Randall Rose
(editor)

Alexa Van Dalsem
(layout & delivery)

Aaron Fredrickson
(filler-inner)

Cass Carrigan, Hope Del Carlo,

Kathryn Hoar, Tom Jacobson
(taste & judgment)

There will be a meeting in ESL-115 on Wednesday at 2:45 PM; any new people who want to contribute should come.

DROW *kcab*

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s'nhoJ
ylkeeW

The Revenge of the Son of Grubbus' Uncle from Out of Town Hangover Stew

Once upon a time there was a diligent ant and a lazy grasshopper. While the ant busied itself all day collecting potatoes and celery and such, the grasshopper just lazed around and watched. While the ant scrubbed and chopped, the grasshopper just lazed around and watched. While the ant got a good Hangover Stew goin', and put the leftovers in easy-access tupperware™ containers, the grasshopper just lazed around and watched. "Ant," the grasshopper was known to say, "y'know if you don't quit workin' so hard, you're gunna go nuts." The ant paid no attention. At least for a while. Eventually, the grasshopper talked the ant into checkin' out a shindig over at firefly's, I mean what the hell, it's spring, right. So they went to the party, and had a good time and both got so blitzed they couldn't see straight. Eventually, they stumbled to their respective homes, and got into their respective beds, and fell into very deep slumbers. When the ant woke up, he had a splitting headache; so did the grasshopper. The ant

made his way into the kitchen, the grasshopper made his way into his. They both got out the coffee. It didn't really help. They both helped themselves to a beer from the fridge. It didn't really help either. The ant got out a tupper-ware™ container of Hangover Stew, heated it up, ate it, and was fully functional within an hour or so of sunset. The grasshopper was completely useless and in great pain for a better part of the next week. The moral of the story being crystal clear, I'll just skip ahead to the recipe...

How to make enough hangover stew to last you a while. (You can freeze it if you're going for the serious long term)

What you'll need:

3 stalks celery
5 red potatoes
1 leek
1 large white onion
1/2 c. (or more or less,
depending on your tolerance)
thawed green chili

4 medium tomatoes, peeled
salt
pepper
tabasco
chicken or vegetable broth.

Chop everything very coarsely. (this refers to the size, not the approach). Fill a large pot about 2/3 full of very light broth. (I use the 3 of the little bullion cubes for this). Dump everything but the chili into the pot. Bring it to a boil. Add the chili whenever you feel up to it, keeping in mind that the longer this stuff cooks the hotter it gets. Also salt and pepper and tabasco to taste. Reduce heat and simmer the whole shebang for a little over an hour, or until the potatoes are soft and it tastes good. If your eyes water a little when you eat it, and you start to sweat, you've done it right.

Though this is an excellent and seriously cheap meal in general, it does possess odd powers to get rid of hangovers. I still don't know why. Somebody said it was endorphins.

—Eli Castro