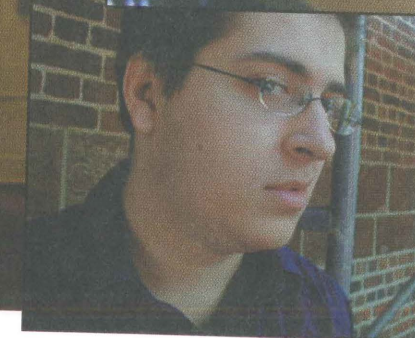
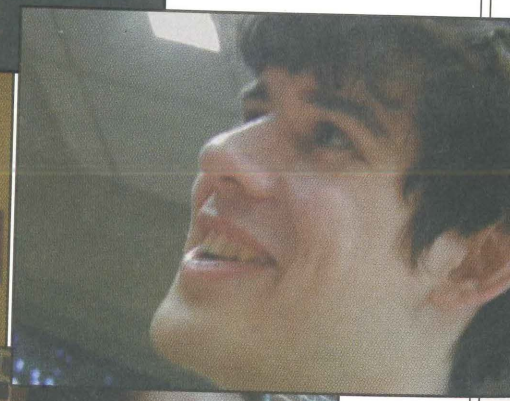
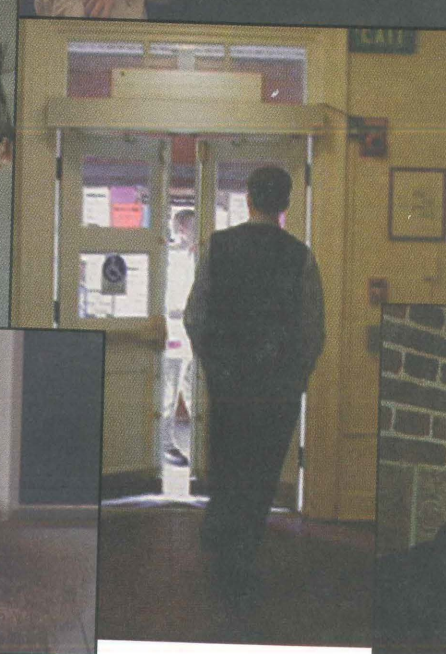
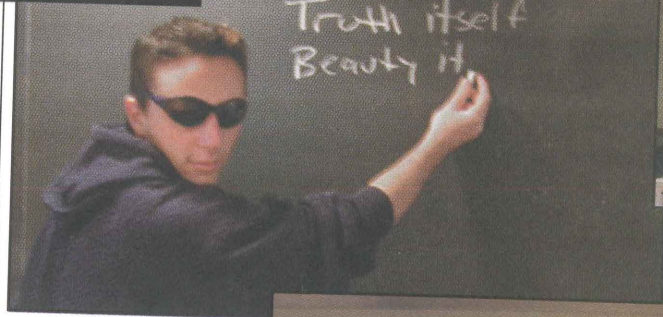


THE GADFLY STAFF



Gadfly Says Goodbye

By Ian McCracken
Gadfly Editor-In-Chief

Some of us *Gadfly* types pretend to be a lot less interested in the paper than we actually are. Mostly we do this in order to fit in—strange though it may seem to those of you who are good, kind, virtuous, and properly grateful, *Gadfly* staff members are frequently ostracized by students who feel it is their unalienable right to have a still-warm issue delivered to whatever door they might be behind, every Tuesday, at 10 a.m. sharp; furthermore, it is an unforgivable travesty if that issue does not contain the answers to the burning questions of our time—indeed, the answers to *every* burning question of our time—which we must have personally and thoroughly researched, regardless of their appropriateness and value to our community.

In fact, many people take any late delivery of the *Gadfly* as a kind of final affirmation of our staff's utter lack of skill, worth, and responsibility. I have actually been told, "Not only does the *Gadfly* suck, it's never on time." I did not retell the hauntingly similar joke of which that is the punchline (Briefly: Two women go to a restaurant. One woman says, "The food here is horrible!" The other replies, "I know—and such small portions!" See *Annie Hall*). I considered my restraint a personal victory.

Very few people realize the strain we go through every Sunday night to finish the *Gadfly*. Usually there are at least four of us there until 3 a.m., laying the bloody thing out. Lotsa people write articles instead of sleeping. I'm not bragging, I'm only informing. Cut next year's *Gadfly* a little slack, man.

Naturally very few of you care about when we get it out, but I'm damned if you'll give us any praise for less than professional-

quality articles. Of course we should try to write the best articles we can, but for the love of Pete, we're not journalists. You try finding news articles on a campus where nothing ever happens.

In any event, there's no point in bitching. No practical point, anyway. The only time bitching is useful is when it leads to social change, which doesn't happen in a society devoid of any initiative. Anyway, this is the place where we say, in the final *Gadfly* of the year, that it's been a bloody good run, and that we've had a lot of fun doing it, which is true. I have, anyway. Despite the hate mail, despite the derision, I've looked forward to every Tuesday meeting, every layout session, every staff dinner. Even when nobody writes articles, it's still fun. Though of course there's more yelling.

Anyway, I won't be your editor next year. Continuing in our one-year tradition, next year's staff will be made up almost entirely of sophomores! Our Editor-In-Chief: Hayden Brockett. Our Production Managers: Martin Anderson and Melissa Thomas. Our News Editor: Geoff Deimel. Our Features Editor: Laura Mangum (Febbie!). Our A&E Editor: Anderson Tallent. And finally, our Sports Editor: Jenny Windstrup, a rising Junior, just so we can pretend we represent the interests of the entire polity. Hey, if you people would show up, we'd give you fancy titles too.

Incidentally, the little pictures which make up the big picture on the front page are actually St. John's-related, even though you can't tell. We took them all. None of them are your I.D. pictures.

Actually, we took every picture in this issue. Almost.

Also, sorry this issue is late. It's mostly my fault.

Enjoy this friendly paper next year, and always remember: the owls are not what they seem.



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Letters of 200 words or less have a better chance of being published than those longer. Letters submitted will be edited for grammar, punctuation, and spelling in most cases. The *Gadfly* is not obligated to publish all submissions and will not print anonymous submissions except under special circumstances.

Founded in 1980, the *Gadfly* is the student weekly distributed free to over 600 students, faculty, and staff of the Annapolis crehearsal.ampus as well as tutors emeriti, members of the Board of Visitors and Governors, and the offices at the St. John's Santa Fe campus. Opinions expressed within are the sole responsibility of the author(s). The *Gadfly* reserves the right to accept, reject, and edit submissions in any way necessary to publish the most professional, informative, and though-provoking newspaper which circumstances at St. John's permit.

Yearly subscriptions are available for \$30.00. Tax-deductible contributions are greatly appreciated. Please make checks payable to the *Gadfly*. For display advertisement prices and information, call 410-263-2371, x2212.

Deadline: Friday at midnight unless permission for a delay is granted in advance. Submissions will be accepted as long as they are legibly written, but typed copies, diskettes, and e-mail submissions are greatly preferred. Please e-mail submissions to sjcgadfly@yahoo.com.

Bush Spends 100 Days in Office

Later Released Unharmmed

By Emma Elliot, '04
Staff Writer

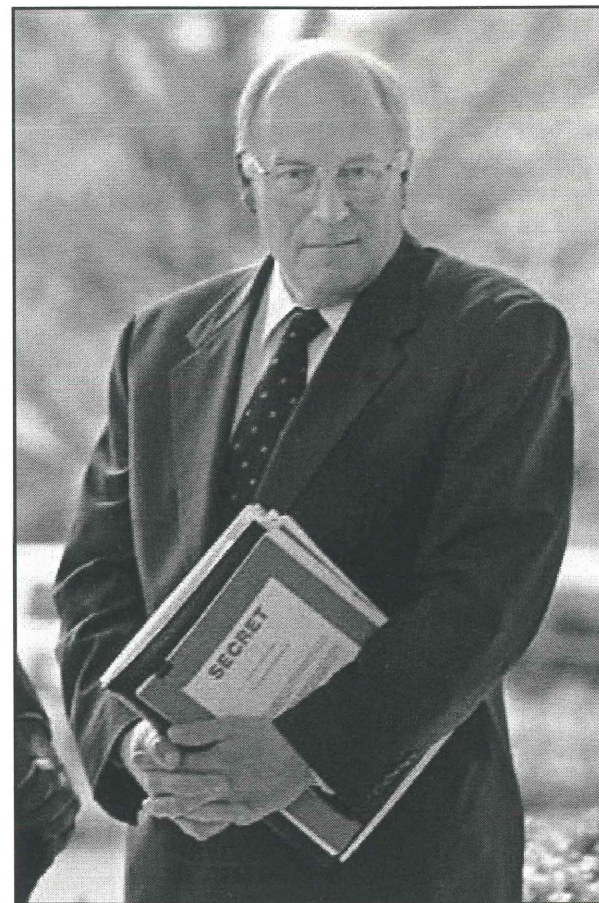
Ever since Franklin Delano Roosevelt, an American president's first one hundred days in office have been scrutinized. George W. Bush rose to the occasion by giving a numerous interviews and highlighting his accomplishments in a radio address. While this brief period is no clear indicator of how a president will fare (Clinton's administration was described as being in chaos, while Jimmy Carter got great reviews) it is a good time to stop and reflect. Indications seem to be good right now. Bush enjoys 63 percent approval rating, policy efforts are on track and there have been no major mistakes yet.

One of the centerpieces of the Bush campaign was character and returning civility to Washington. His efforts to charm Democrats have proved largely unsuccessful. They continue to challenge the validity of his presidency, launching a sort of 4 year presidential campaign against him. Terry McAuliffe, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has adopted the slogan, "Show Bush the door in 2004." Some Republicans feel Bush needs to work

more on winning the loyalty of centrist members of his party who sometimes vote with Democrats. To maintain a majority in the 50-50 split senate, Republicans need all their senators plus Vice President Dick Cheney to break the tie. Bush's character and overtures of friendship to Democrats have, however, gone over well with the public.

Another one of the main features of Bush's campaign was his tax cut. He got some early help from Alan Greenspan who told congress tax cuts would help the slowing economy. The House approved the full 1.6 trillion he proposed, but the senate passed only 1.3 in its budget resolution. Conferees are now resolving the differences. The White House is optimistic it will be able to push for more tax relief next year. Democrats claimed a major victory over the decrease in the amount. Republicans say the fact that the principle of tax cuts has been accepted is a victory. One critic went so far as to say the Democrats sold out the moral high ground of their principles, "faster than a college girl on ecstasy."

Bush has been working on a national energy plan. He has



Vice President Dick Cheney has a secret to tell.

signaled that he will allow exploitation of the energy of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. He has also been working to bar some of the last-minute environmental regulations of the Clinton Administration.

On the foreign policy front, Bush said in his radio address that the United States' relationship with China is, "maturing." He also said: "There will be areas where we can agree, like trade, and areas where we won't agree—Taiwan, human rights, religious liberty, and where we disagree, I will speak frankly." The detention of 24 U.S. surveillance plane

crewmembers in China was his first mayor foreign policy test. Most commentators agree Bush handled that coolly and competently. After the incident he approved a defensive arms package for Taiwan. For the most part, though, Bush has had very little international involvement, notably the Middle East. Even while Bush put a positive spin on his first one hundred days, it should be noted that the Great Depression, which caused so much focus to be put on those of FDR, continued for 10 more years, only ending during the Second World War. While a great deal has happened, the true impact of many of his policies, especially Medicare and Social Security, will not be felt till much later.



President Bush greets students in Kentucky.

Sylvia Plath Buying a Car: A Dialogue

By William Young, '03
News Editor

"I don't know what I want," the frail young woman said. She wanted everything, could choose nothing.

"Well ma'am, if you don't think I'm being pushy, here, try this model. It's a certified pre-owned BMW. It's better than anything offered by our competitors, even new. The paint matches your eyes, and the leather interior stands as a metaphor for your beaten soul. Here, take a seat."

"I don't like glass. There's too much glass." They just couldn't feel what it was like, what all the metaphors for insecurity and powerlessness were, they just didn't understand that the glass surrounded her, consumed her as if she were mere candy, they didn't understand, and she couldn't tell them.

"Okay, okay, calm down dear. You're lucky that's unbreakable glass. Maybe that was a bad choice; let me show you another model."

She said nothing. Could say nothing.

"You don't like glass? Well, here we go, the new 330 Convertible. Goes zero to sixty in seven point two seconds, you can feel the engine hum. It's powerful, it's breathtaking. I sold my brother one."

She could but whisper: "The jar, the horror!"

The man went on. "I've always thought this model was quite sensual. It has curves, but it's solid, it bespeaks a subtle mind and, I think, a sophisticated driver. It's a car with a soul."

What did she know about sensual? What did she know about a soul? She was nineteen, couldn't read, couldn't write, couldn't eat. She said nothing. This was funny to her, the irony that this over-

weight, ugly, insipid man was more human than she. He had lost his virginity, had loved and had prayed, could speak and could relate to other people. This was quite funny.

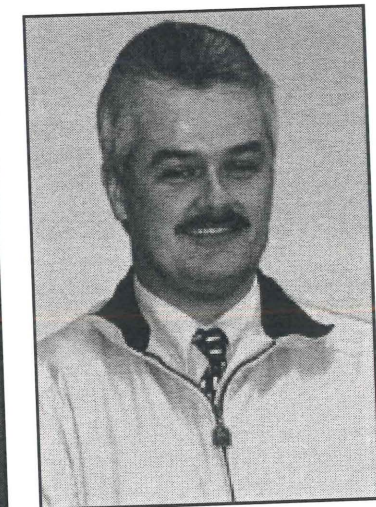
He said, "I can see by your smile, you like this car. It's a good choice. Let me find the key, one second." He toyed with a ring of identical keys.

She thought, *"They're all the same, argent metal, jet plastic—but bound together! Bound to the same ring, to the same fate. Hey! That's a metaphor, I must be a really good poet."* The man would never understand her. She was a poet! But woe! She could not speak, could not even read. And who was this man, stick-



dred point inspection—and the best warranty in the business." He winked.

What was he so happy about, that his cars needed a promise that they should work? Couldn't they just work? Oy vey, these Catholics, so convinced in the sanctity of the word! Didn't they know there was no God, nothing to care about



Ms Plath and her dealer during happier moments.

ing his hand in her face—and was that a knife? She panicked. "No, please, I just—"

"It's ok, honey." Oh, her mind had drifted. This was the car dealer, that was a key. "You don't want to drive it? I can take it for a spin. It's ok, we have a three-hun-

them, just empty tradition?

"Here, squish over." The fat man again. "Just kidding. Salesman humor."

She laughed. He was speaking, and was saying nothing. Another metaphor!

"You probably want to go

sit in the passenger seat, beautiful."

She nodded, did not move. She was going for a drive? But she couldn't go for a drive, she had to be back at the asylum by six! What time was it? Oh god, if she missed curfew, she'd be locked in there even longer! And they'd give her more of the shocks, they didn't know about the blue chords, the noise, the fear!

But she couldn't say any of this, she couldn't say anything. She couldn't read, but she could tell time—quarter of six. Barely enough time to get back as it was, barely enough time to breathe, barely enough time to think. The salesman bantered and bantered, and while she counted the seconds, smiling, laughing, sticking her arms out the window, hoping against fear for some accident, anything, a dumpster to tip, a scooter to slide, anything—she could say nothing.

She opened her mouth. She could feel the seconds flipping by like memories, like friends, like security. There was never enough time. What time was it again? She forgot. She didn't enough have enough time to check the time.

She laughed.

And the man spoke. "So you like it?"

Review of KWP Production of Othello

By Andrew Hui, '03
Staff Writer

I received this letter via campus mail Sunday afternoon:

Dear Andrew,

It has been brought to my attention that you intended to write a review of 'Othello' for the *Gadfly*. I am writing to ask you to please not do so. There is a strong feeling amongst KWP members that you are not experienced enough in theatre to be a good judge of our performance, and that your past reviews have been offensive, incorrect (both in regard to fact and the interpretations of the plays' plots and characters), and just generally unsuitable. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely, Rachel Roccia
KWP Archon

That this letter was written at all suggests that either KWP is insecure with the success of their productions or that KWP smacks of utter elitism and high-brow scorn. The reader can certainly see for himself the attitude, manner, and the lack of taste the writer had. I had not intended to write a review of the play, nor even to go see it. Yet again I am prompted to pick up my pen as my sword.

This article will do two things: first, to publicly answer the indictments against me, which will hopefully be an occasion for all of us to reflect on and discuss the nature of extra-curricular activities and artistic performances on the Program as a community; and second, give my review of 'Othello.'

Let me answer my charges:

1. *I am not experienced enough in theatre to be a good judge of KWP's performance.*

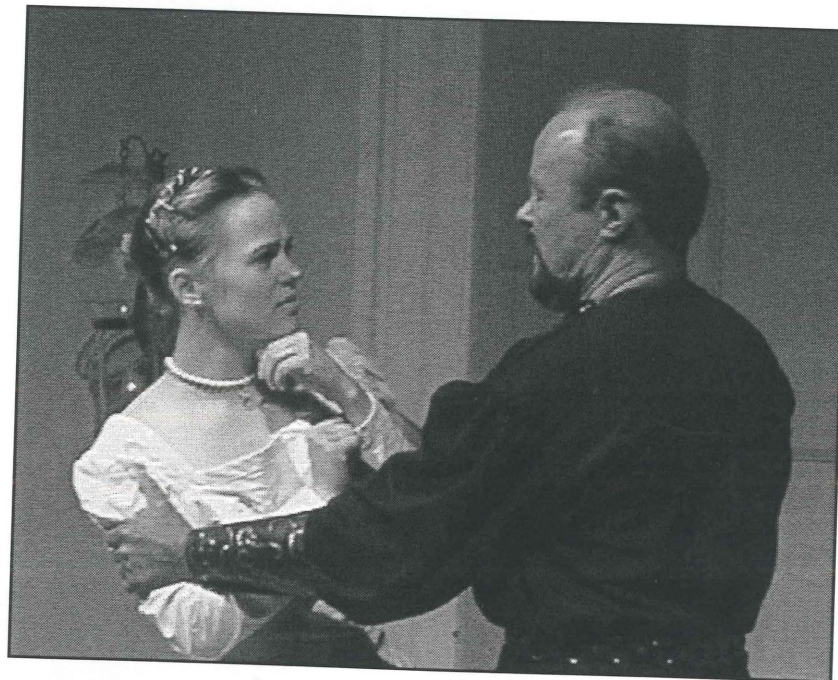
What kind of a judge do you want? The spirit of extracurricular activity at St. John's, I think, prides itself on the fact that we are all ama-

teurs and not professionals. Many students abandon their hobbies when they enter into college because they find competitive programs designed only for the select few. Here, we are able to rediscover the joys of amateur activities in a welcoming setting.

As such, intramural sports invites everyone, not just the Aleck Chances or Tiffany Jolis of the class, to go out and play soccer, basketball, and handball. Like-

works in theatrical history. What qualifications do you require of a reviewer, or for that matter, what expectations do you have on the audience in general? None of us here are Shakespeare experts. I take it that we are all here to gain experience while having some fun. My main point is that the KWP's objective is to learn how to mount good productions, and I am here at the *Gadfly* to learn how to write good reviews.

2. *My past reviews have been of-*



wise, the chamber orchestra does not have auditions to determine seating. Mabel is open to everyone, and I far as I know, KWP is opened to every student upon audition, whether she has studied at NYU Tisch School of Drama or has never acted in her life. If we can talk about and discuss the *Iliad* in seminar without any prior knowledge of Greek culture or warfare, then why should one need previous experience in theatre to write reviews for the *Gadfly*? Likewise, KWP productions do not presuppose the cast to have prior experience in drama to put on performances of the greatest master-

ful, offensive, incorrect (both in regards to facts and the interpretations), and just generally unsuitable.

In other words, you are accusing me of being mean-spirited, stupid, and crass. I recall having written three reviews for the past school year: *Private Lives*, *Equus*, and the *Bachae*. The first was mixed (I apologize for the rather uncouth comment made on atrocious pronunciation of the French maid. I guess that was offensive...), the second glowing (It was the best production I have seen at St. John's. Is that suitable?), and the third sarcastic (The mannequin of Pentheus' decapitated head had unintended comedic effect. Is that in-

correct?). I apologize if I don't give nice cheery hey-everyone-did-a-good-job-and-everyone-go-see-it reviews. They are not advertisements for the play, urging the community to go see it; nor are they feature articles on how the play was produced, how hard participants worked, and what obstacles they overcame (cf. the article on Othello on pg 3 of the April 25th issue). A worthy artistic performance merits a genuine aesthetic response. In a nutshell, they are either pro or against—either you like it or don't. But a good review should go beyond this and encompass critique, appreciation, and interpretation. A reader should read the review to illuminate the performance and take it as an invitation to ponder on aspects of the play. At it's best, it brings fresh insights on the performance; at it's worse, it is blind praise or empty condemnation.

Imagine how utterly boring and how sycophantic, disingenuous, and detrimental to the polity it would be were we to publish such reviews.. The nature of the *Gadfly* and its namesake (cf. Apology 37d) is to be annoying, controversial, and above all, critical. Nobody goes to the Delegate Council to request that KWP not be given any money because they are offensive, incorrect (in facts and interpretation) and unsuitable. One could even say that putting an ancient Greek drama is offensive to the original playwright's intent, historically incorrect, and unsuitable to a college repertoire. I should also like to remind you that KWP productions are not only for the students and faculty, but also the public at large. The danger is that others perceive the quality of the productions as representative of the school as a whole.

Furthermore, if my comments were so offensive, why hasn't anyone written to the *Gadfly* about it? People wrote in furiously over Hayden Brockett's coverage of the Israeli/Palestinian conflict, and also Mary Townsend's comment on Alan Rubinstein's behavior at Mr. Kass's Q + A period, and both of these features generated healthy debate. But there has not been a single letter in response to my reviews of either lectures or concerts. People must think that my reviews are stale or so poor that they are not worthy to be commented upon. But I hardly think this is the case.

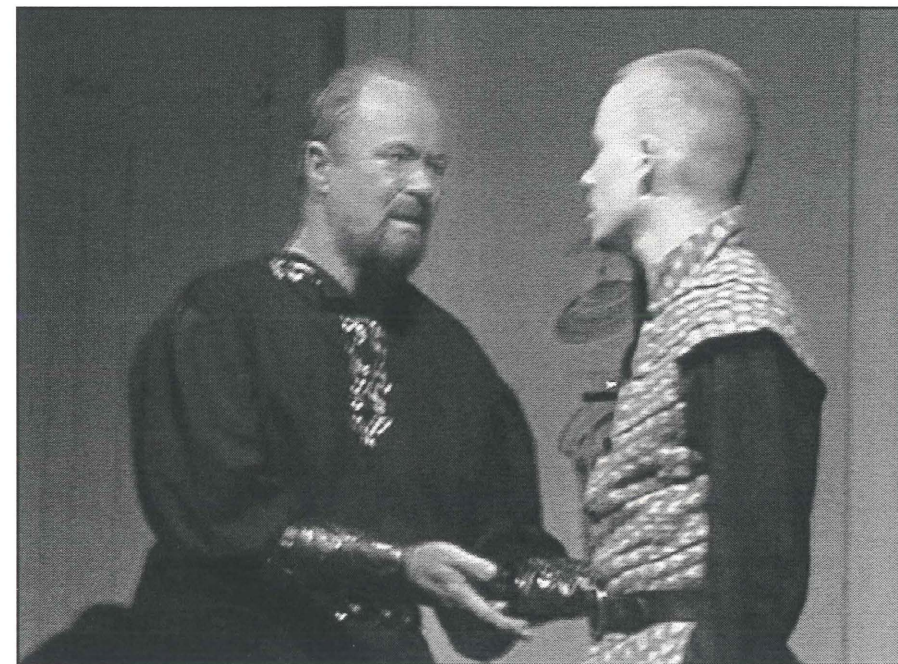
Related to the fact that the previous April 25th issue of the *Gadfly* included a letter from Stephanie Porcaro citing that *Gadfly* had neglected to give attention to the Jaspersen One Act festivals and wanted more attention given to *Othello*. She said, "It's a tragedy more of you didn't show [up]... I have a special interest in this issue, having endured two months of toil partially for the anticipated entertainment of my classmates and greater community. I do know that not all the joy in working for a production lies in the audiences' fresh re-

action; in fact directing a show is extremely personal, if not outright selfish. Yet, there's always the tense undertow[sic] of hope that my, or anyone's show communicated beauty, and that there would be recipients for that gift." I think Ms. Porcaro is right. It was in hopes of being a recipient of this gift that I write reviews. But I am caught in the predicament that if you don't cover it, people get angry; and if you do, people still get angry for not actually seeing beauty. Sometimes shows *don't* communicate beauty.

One of the more compelling arguments that others have brought against my writing reviews is that I

have alienated myself from my classmates and community. I live, eat, go the class with the cast members, and they dislike seeing printed criticisms or praises of themselves. And therefore they dislike me, the writer. I am creating tension and conflict in the community. This argument tells me to stop writing them because I am creating enemies. Well, I never meant to offend anyone nor make them cry. And I don't want to be a misanthrope. Friends at this point in my life are just as dear as truth. But this is a risk I am willing to take.

With all that said, let me be-



gin my review. I will try my best to be correct in regards to facts and the interpretations of the plays' plots and characters. The last time I checked, I do believe that one of the characters (I hesitate even to say the *main* character) is Othello and he is black.

The essential three parts of *Othello* are Iago, Desdemona, and Othello. Their enormous personalities eclipse the stage and leave everyone to feed from their charisma. Without such a strong trio, the production would be a defeat. KWP's production of 'Othello,' last weekend at the Great Hall in this sense succeeded, having three strong solid

leads. The rest of the minor cast, however, left much to be desired.

Mr. Williamson is a gifted Shakespearean actor, with a commanding stage presence and a full command of the language. His Othello was proud, righteous, and was brought full in his penultimate speech, "O ye mortal engines whose rude throats Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit, Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone."

Iago is a tough role to play on the stage because he can't really act sinister since everyone in the play trusts him. One can't play him as pure evil, because he feigns good-

sation with Emilia does Desdemona begin to talk like a woman, and begins to realize the meaning of adultery as a fact of life. Ms. Taylor-Burns played for with the right sort of innocence and panache. Her "Willow Song" before her death scene had a particular poignancy.

I should say that three strong character and good blocking does not guarantee a triumph. Disappointing I thought were the minor characters. The rest of the cast should take lessons from Mr. Williamson on diction, projection, and pronunciation.

Especially interesting was freshman Martin Marks's portrayal of Rodrigo, depicted as a love-sick puppy vulnerable to any desperate attempt to win the love of Desdemona. I'm not sure if this is a faithful reading of the character, but it brought the right amount of comedic relief. (KWP opted not to include to scene with the clown in Act 3 scene 1, I wonder if this was to make up for it.)

In terms of staging, I particularly like the use of the whole Great Hall, the balcony and the center aisle and not just the main stage. The entrances and exits flowed nicely. It made the audience feel that they were in the center of action.

One of the most impressive visual moments was the last scene, when Desdemona, Othello, and Emilia all lie sprawled upon the intended marriage bed. Iago is slightly off stage to observe the full destruction he had laid waste. The color scheme of the clean white sheets, Desdemona's pure white dress, Othello's black uniform, and Emilia's scarlet dress brought into vivid contrast the underlying tensions of the play among race, passion, and jealousy.

Only in her last conver-

Croquet: Loss, Lovely Day Had By All

By Laura Mangum, '04
Staff Writer

Last Saturday St. John's marked the approach of summer with the annual croquet match against the United States Naval Academy. It was a great day for croquet. The scene was set perfectly for a day of ease and an easy win over Navy. By sunset however, the day's feasts of chocolate covered strawberries, fine cheeses, and champagne were tainted with the sad and completely unexpected outcome of the game. We had lost.

The tournament was as close as it could have been, but the Middies pulled off a final victory with the fifth and final match to take the Annapolis Cup. It's quite sad, but our defeat has been known to occur, and most Johnnies agree that it must happen every once in a while, if only to encourage the Middies so that they continue to play year after year.

Explanations for the improved showing by Navy have ranged from rumors of a new croquet coach to the implemen-

tation of a new rule by the 28th Company (those swell guys in charge of the Navy's croquet legacy) that states that no Midshipman playing croquet may proceed unto intoxication until it is inevitable that Navy is going to lose the match. Very clever, but, as one Hayden Brockett observed, "When you care so much that you don't drink, there's a problem."

George Deans, though he spent the day in Baltimore and had absolutely no grounds for comment, seemed quite sure that "they" had sent "some genetically engineered guys from Bethesda," to compete on behalf of Navy. Others say that St. John's just got too cocky and too comfortable on our pedestal. However, I do not wish to cast aspersions upon our esteemed Imperial Wicket, Paige Postlewaite, and our dedicated Croquet team. Indeed, I have never seen any group of people do anything quite so well when completely blathered as our chaps did laying it on.

The day itself was not at all a loss. The weather was abso-



Photos courtesy of Brendan Bullock

lutely beautiful, and people did seem to have a great deal of fun at the bustling event. The lawn was filled with well-dressed revelers, straight out of F. Scott Fitzgerald, or P.G. Wodehouse I

suppose, depending on one's mood. Although the Croquet Day celebrants were interested in the final outcome, the majority of them did not pay close attention to the tournament, turning instead to their blankets

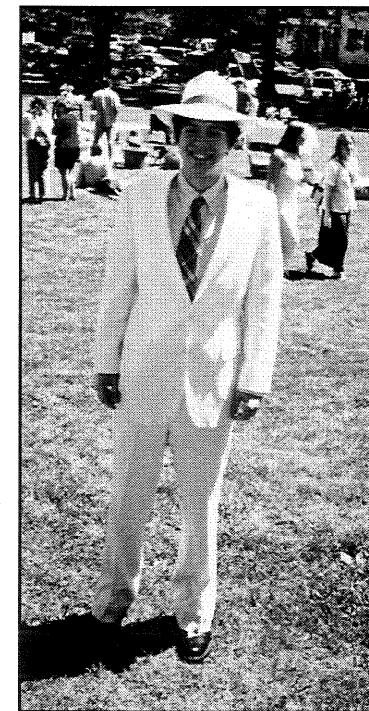
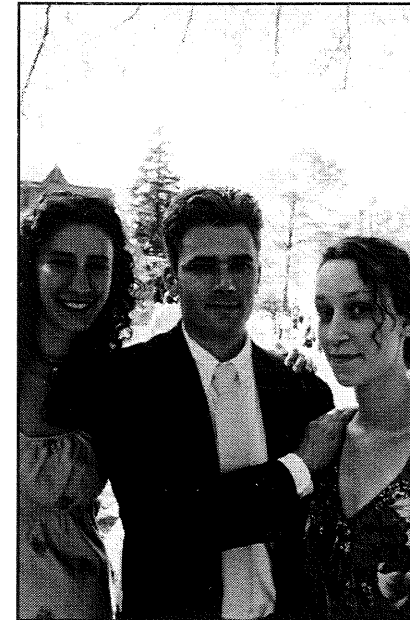
and wonderfully adorable picnics, to friends and old classmates, and to drink. The hats, suspenders, and kilts came out of the closet and onto the field. For the linen and lace clad spectators, the brick walk in front of the Barr Buchanan Center afforded a ready dance floor. They jitterbugged and waltzed to tunes by a jazz band of Midshipmen, (who were not half bad, really). The sloping lawn topped with such amiable company did justice to the ideal of what croquet ought to be at St. John's.

On such a day, who could help but enjoy him- or herself? Even Neil, a dropout from Santa Fe, said that it was "rad." Stephen Clark said that it was, "not rad that we lost, but that besides that it was rad." Kerne Fehey, aka Stickboy, claimed that it was "not rad." However, after being corrected by his lovely ex-girlfriend, who also happens

to be a photographer for *The Gadfly*, changed his mind and agreed that the event had indeed been "rad." Febbie Steve then commented that if your egg is weird that you should not eat it, but get another egg. Cecily Martin broke back in and proclaimed that Mary Townsend had said that Croquet was "rad." Sir Robert Burbidge said that Croquet was, "apparently rad," to which Mr. Mawhar replied that it was, "either rad or not rad." Mr Mawhar then slept.

In spite of the merrymaking, we must remember that something has gone terribly, terribly wrong, and ought to be righted. St. John's is not supposed to lose at croquet. Everyone knows this; it is part of the fun. If St. John's cannot keep its one place of distinction (let's forget all that stuff about Great Books for right now) as Croquet Champions, then what do we have? A darn fancy afternoon and the cutest little Cotillion, and by the Gus, that's enough for me.

Even so, to next year's Imperial Wicket, Jonathon Polk, and the rest of the croquet team I have but one request—beat Navy.



Yearbooks
on sale
for \$25

Remember
your
classmates as
they really
were.

Spring Collegium



(continued soon at www.subrevolt.com)

Well, there go the MATLA and their disgusting sidekicks...Mr. Hyper, drink your effedrine Jolt and try to find some help again. I'll distract the Koala.

I'll get Gus and his Buban!

Now to distract the Koala and his freakish servant...Since the troll is a troll, he has to obey all the troll rules. If I can call his name out,

his true name, then he'll
vanish back to his own
dimension....but what could
his real name be?

Hell, I'm historically
a lucky guesser..

RUMPLEFORESKIN!!!

Get down here!

eou
no
eou

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM
TO RUN A SHOW YOU'VE
NEVER HEARD OF... IN
CARTOON FORM!!
(THE EVENTS ARE REAL,
BUT SURE.)

A hand-drawn sketch of a building facade. The name 'PINKNEY 420' is written in a stylized, hand-drawn font above the building. The building has several windows and a door, with the number '420' also written near the door.

AFTER HIS LONG BATTLE
AGAINST MR. WORLD, MR.
I-HATE-EVERYONE JOURNAYS
TO PINKNEY 420 TO REVIVE
HIMSELF WITH THE "Life Insurance
for the," AND STRENGTHEN
HIMSELF WITH ...
MR. NIKOTINE!

I AM SORRY. What you
SEEK is not here. We
MUST QUEST for it.

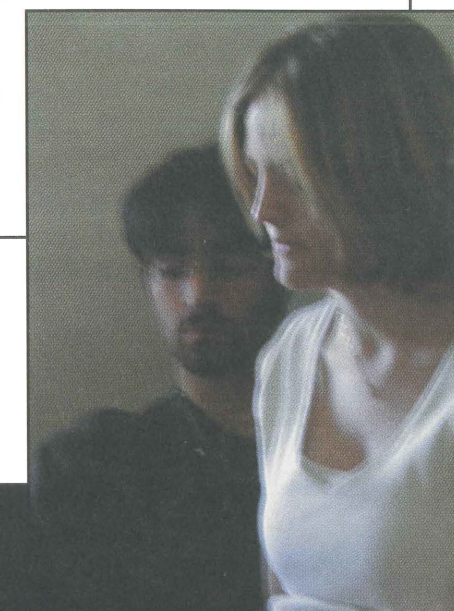
WE MUST
DO THIS
BEFORE
MY HATRED
SELF -

DESTRUCTS
AND TAKES
THE WHOLE
WORLD
WITH IT!
HA HA
HA!
♩ DUM
♩ DUM
DUM
♩
(whole world
SHAKES ON
FINAL CHORD)

I now pass on the Gadfly cartooning to Mr. Misanthrope, and his lovely new comic, "Pinkney 420." See ya in Fe! -dave p.

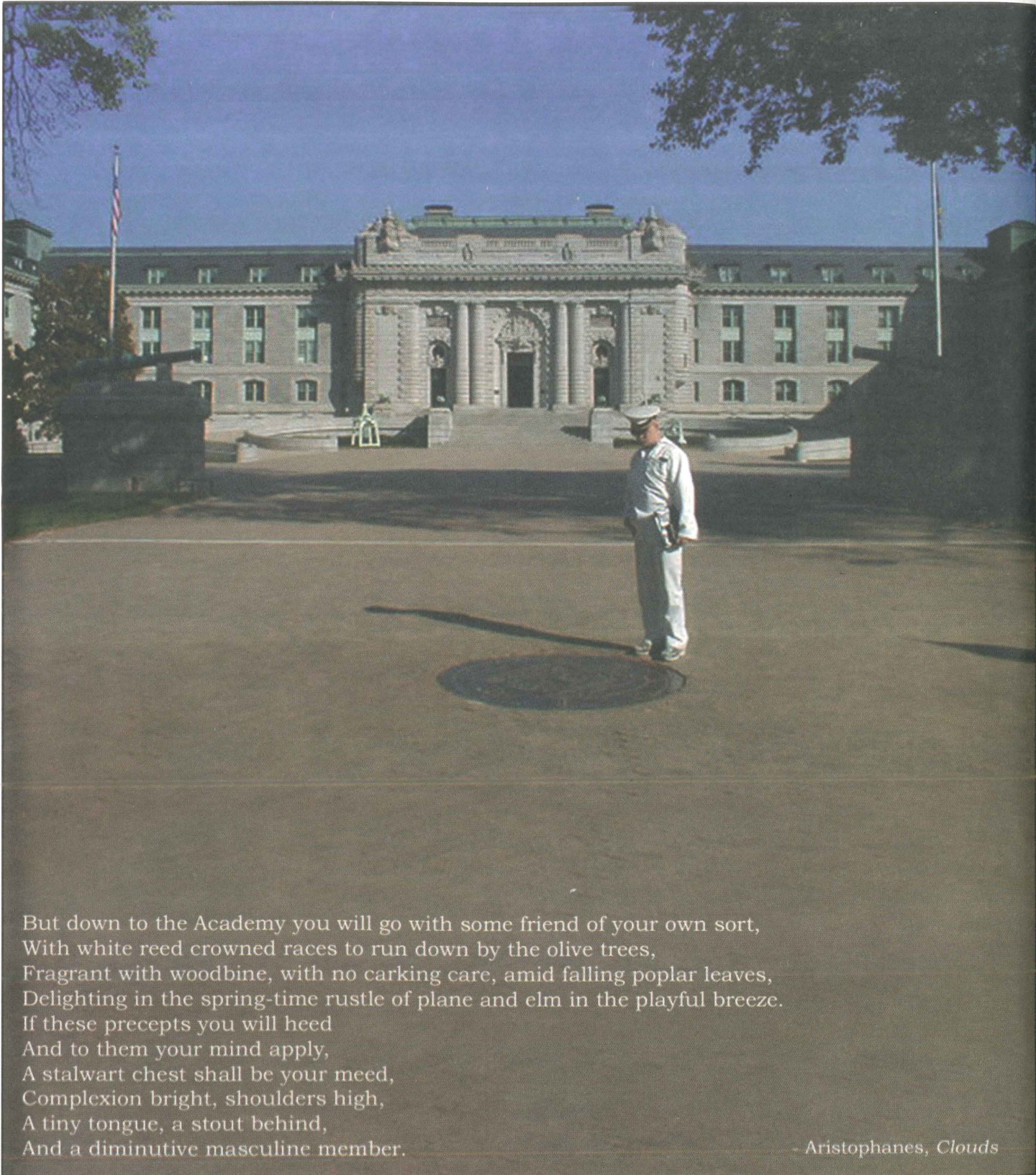
SPRING!

These are some happy-looking couples.



THE GADFLY

St. John's College
P.O. Box 2800
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But down to the Academy you will go with some friend of your own sort,
With white reed crowned races to run down by the olive trees,
Fragrant with woodbine, with no carking care, amid falling poplar leaves,
Delighting in the spring-time rustle of plane and elm in the playful breeze.
If these precepts you will heed
And to them your mind apply,
A stalwart chest shall be your meed,
Complexion bright, shoulders high,
A tiny tongue, a stout behind,
And a diminutive masculine member.

- Aristophanes, *Clouds*