



*His mind metamorphosed into tapioca, his outlook shaved to a razor edge, his vision extending no further than the spit shine on his shoes, his individuality liquified to a smooth jelly, Swoof is poured into the molds. Presto. Out falls a shining ensign. From the hairless tadpole born on February 9 springs a toad through the gates of RTC on June 6.*

*Our mini-drama has drawn to a close. "A Day in the Life of OC Swoof"—one of the most convincing performances ever to come out of the Yorktown Theater of the Absurd.*

