

'Mysterious castle' saga continues

By ALAN DOERKSEN

I had sunk up to my waist, and the alligator was breathing down my neck when, out of the blue (again, literally!), a baboon came swinging down on a vine and pulled me out of the mud. Grasping me on one powerful arm, he swung up to the top of a cypress tree and landed on a branch.

"Gee, thanks," I said, "But why'd you do it?"

Much to my surprise, the ape replied, "I couldn't very well

leave you there, could I? Besides, that alligator's got to stick to his diet of gophers and golf balls!"

"Now, just hold on a second, here. Are you a robot, or is there a human under that outrageous costume?"

The baboon sighed. "It never fails. A stranger comes here to visit the baron and treats me like some kind of freak on display."

"Don't tell me you're one of the baron's 'creation'!"

"You might say that. He saw me at the Bronx Zoo once and

got permission to do experiments on me. He brought me back to this castle and taught me fifteen languages, among other things. So who are you?"

"I'm Alex Zuma, the famous writer. I came here to get some information about the baron and his experiments. By the way, have you seen the old geezer?"

"Uh-uh. I've been wondering where he is myself. He usually feeds the animals and trims the plants, but I haven't seen him for a week. Say, you got a

light?"

He had taken out a cigar (from where I don't know), so I took my lighter and obliged.

"Say, how'd you like a drink or something?" asked the ape.

"Where do you live, in the castle?"

"Nope, I've got a pad of my own, just a few trees from here. Wanna see it?"

"Sure," I answered, so he grabbed a hanging vine and swung away. I did my best to follow him, but there weren't always vines to be found when I needed them, and if there were, they would not always reach to the next tree. We crossed the swamp quickly and entered the jungle again. After awhile we came to an enormous Redwood tree, where the ape stopped, to scale it. I swung to the massive trunk, but discovered there weren't any branches, at least where I landed. Desperately, I clutched the trunk but found myself slowly sliding down. I glanced down and noticed that I was at least a hundred and fifty feet above the ground. Then I looked up and saw a tree-house fifty feet above my head. I tried to scramble up the tree, but didn't make much progress until I saw a rope ladder descending from a trapdoor in the treehouse. I took the hint and climbed up the ladder.

Inside the treehouse was a tastefully furnished penthouse suite a la Tarmac of the apes. I took a seat on the bamboo couch near the colour TV set, and looked out the picture window.

"Nice place you got here," I said.

"I manage," the ape shrugged. "Want a drink, or something to eat?"

"How about a pina collada?"

"Coming right up." He went to the next room and came back with the drink as well as a bunch of bananas.

"I mulled that over for a minute, then answered, "First, we'll have to head back to the castle to look for some clues."

"Don't tell me that's all you ever eat!" I quipped.

The ape shook his head and answered, "To tell you the truth, I can't stand them but the baron refuses to give me much else. I have Quasimoron smuggle me in some supplies, every month, though."

Tell me, what other weird and wonderful creatures does the baron keep here?" I asked as I sipped my drink. He proceeded to tell me about the baron's childhood love of the early horror classics, such as "Frankenfurter," "King Gong" and "The Mysterious Island of Dr. Moron", as well as his later interest in recombinant D.N.A. experiments. This, with the help of his considerable family fortune, had led to his cross and interbreeding of plants and animals, adapting them all to the Black Forest climate. Lately von Gut had been examining fossils and dinosaur bones.

"I'd hate to think where that might lead!" I commented.

"Don't worry about that. He could never support an Iranosaurus Rex around here. Those things ate hundreds of pounds of meat every day!"

"Oh no... that's it!"

"What?"

"I just remembered reading about a monster being sighted somewhere near Strasbourg. If it's a dinosaur, we'd better get down there right away, and stop it."

"Are you kidding? We might get killed! Besides, the baron never lets one of his creatures get out of his sight."

"But if it's a dinosaur, it could have escaped pretty easily, if you ask me."

"Who asked you? Besides, how are we gonna stop it?"

I mulled that over for a minute, then answered, "First, we'll have to head back to the castle to look for some clues."

(continued next week)

Creative arts reminder

This note is to remind subscribers and friends of the Creative Arts Committee that we have three events scheduled for January: two events at The Playhouse (the fourth and fifth events of our Main Series), and one noon-hour concert in Tilley Hall auditorium.

Thursday 13th

8 p.m. Playhouse. Gisela DEPKAT with the Brunswick String Quartet. Quintets by Boccherini and Schubert, Cello Suite no. 3 by Bach.

Wednesday 19th

12:30 p.m., Tilley 102. Brunswick String Quartet continues the Mozart cycle, with the A major Quartet, K.464.

There is also a recital by the

Acadian chanteuse, Charlotte Cormier, to be given as part of the d'Avray Hall noon-hour series, on Wednesday 19th.

Sunday 30th

8 p.m., Playhouse. The Don Palmer Jazz Quintet from Halifax.

Subscribers and students of UNB and STU are admitted free to all events mounted or sponsored by the Creative Arts Committee. The noon hour concerts are free to all, and no tickets are required. Tickets are required for the concerts in The Playhouse. Subscribers have theirs already (kindly note that the date of the 13 January concert is not printed on the ticket). UNB and STU students should obtain a ticket in advance, from the SUB or from the Art Centre, if they wish to be sure of a seat; they will also be admitted, unless the hall is full, at the door, on production of their ID card.

Non-subscribers are very welcome; a charge of \$6.00 (less for school children and senior citizens) will be made for the two events at The Playhouse.

What is art?

The University comes to the gallery in a course introducing the Philosophy of Aesthetics to be held at the Fredericton National Exhibition Centre this winter. Taking place on Monday evenings 7-10 p.m. and beginning January 10 this course is offered through the

extensions department of the University of New Brunswick.

It will examine fundamental questions regarding our experience of the arts. All those interested in further information are asked to contact the exhibition centre at 453-3747.

Folk festival held

The Atlantic Folk Festival will be held on Feb. 6, 1983, 8:00 p.m.

First prize - \$150.00
Second prize - \$75.00
Third prize - \$50.00

If interested contact Norman Purdy or Mike Doggett before Feb. 1, 1983. c/o Mount Allison University, Geology Dept., Sackville, N.B. E0A 3C0
Phone 536-2040, ask for Geology Dept., extension 532.

TIBBITS HALL

VALENTINES FORMAL

FEB 4

Featuring Street Legal
\$15.00 per couple
9 pm - 1 am

All UNB students are welcome

Tickets on sale in Tibbits Hall
Mon. Jan 31 to Feb 4.

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STUDENTS PLEASE TAKE NOTE...

The deadline for refunds on texts for the fall term is January 21st. Sales slips and student I.D. are a must. Texts on previous courses are not eligible.

**No Refunds Will Be Given On
Text Books Purchased After
January 21, 1983**

Hours - Mon. 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Tues. - Fri. 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

