

The plot thickens. . . .

By RICHARD K. ANDERSON

Our exciting saga continues. Last issue, our hero Roger Armstrong unwittingly eavesdropped on a conversation by computer terminal. Two agents were describing an evil plot to assassinate President Downey, the messages flashing on Rogers's terminal also by mistake, as he worked on an assignment. The attempt was to take place the next day. The plot included, as far as Roger was able to tell from the messages on his computer screen, an Organizer, a Middleman, and a university student called Agent Orange who is the Hitman. The Organizer, the brains behind the plot, told the Middleman to direct Agent Orange to blow up President Downey's car as he drove to a meeting. Then the Organizer was to meet the Middleman at the Cosmo to pay him on Thursday night. Fortunately for President Downey, our courageous hero Roger Armstrong foiled the plot, taking the Lomb and throwing it off the Princess Margaret. The bridge, not the person. As our story begins again, it is Thursday night, and Roger is planning to foil the meeting between the Organizer and the Middleman at the Cosmo that night, at great risk to himself. Unfortunately, he's not yet sure how.

It was a clear and lovely night. The stars shone brightly outside, and even inside several celebrities flickered on the TV. Roger Armstrong was engaged in a heated discussion with the present love of his life and roommate, Tracy. He was doing his best to convince her to accompany him to the Cosmo club that night. He needed her for cover as he met with the Organizer and Middleman and risked his life, his career, and his Cosmo membership for President

Downey's security.

Since Tracy's presence was so vitally important, Roger exercised to the utmost his charm and tact.

"Goddamn it, you stupid bitch, you're coming to the Cosmo whether you like it or not!"

Tracy, mollified by Roger's gentle tones, softened her position.

After several minutes of similar diplomacy, Tracy agreed to go.

Roger had been thinking furiously all day long trying to come up with a plan for that night. Finally he gave it up and decided to do what he had done so well on three years of exams, make it up as he went along.

Supper was over, and the evening was about to begin! Tonight Roger was going to visit the world of intrigue, a world where people planned and rejoiced over a man's impending death! Roger felt so unprepared, so unready, so . . . naked!

He called for a student taxi. Tracy seemed to notice that somehow Roger was nervous tonight. She took his hand.

"Roger? Are you nervous tonight?"

"No, not at all, what would give you that idea?"

"You seem so unprepared, so unready, so . . . naked."

Roger dressed sheepishly. The taxi came. The night declared that excitement was at hand! Not to be outdone, it was afoot as well.

Roger looked at his watch as they entered the club. The time was almost 9:00, when the evil Organizer was to meet with the Middleman! They quickly got a table and drinks, and Roger baffled Tracy by immediately leaving.

Roger checked the entire club, looking for the sign of the Middleman, a silver Seiko placed on top of a pack of wine

tipped colts. As he made his second round he began to get nervous! Where was he!

On his third trip, suddenly out of the corner of his eye he saw someone carefully place a silver Seiko on top of a tall tale pack of wine tipped colts. He darted over to the table and sat down, then looked up at the person who must be the Middleman.

Roger then got the shock of his life. He was looking into a face that he had known for years. Sitting across from him, looking as surprised as himself, was his own sister!

"Hannah! My God, I never thought it was you!" he said.

Hannah said, "!"

She was speechless.

Roger thought fast. First he picked up the pack of colts and lit one, destroying the signal so that the real Organizer, somewhere in the club, would keep looking. Next he said, as calmly as he could, not very calm while smoking cigars for the first time.

"Well Hannah, what the hell happened the other day?"

Hannah searched for her voice. Finally she leaned over to another table and borrowed a friend.

"Roger, you are the Organizer of all this?"

"That's right honey. Now tell me, how did you screw up the other day? How come president Downey hasn't been

blown into orbit?"

Hannah forgot his initial reaction.

"I tell you I don't know! Somebody screwed up!"

"Hannah, don't swear in front of me!" he said by reflex. "Now what happened?"

"Roger, if I knew I'd tell you. Somebody got to the bomb and removed it. It wasn't our fault, it was a security leak!"

"I see," said Roger. "Was it Agent Orange?"

"I don't know."

Roger thought fast. He has a plan. He would set up a meeting with Agent Orange, and then he would know who all the participants in this crazy plot were. Then he would trap them.

"We can try again tomorrow."

"No! I mean, I will have to think about it," said Roger. "In the meantime, I think Agent Orange and I should meet."

"Okay, I will book a room at Keddy's tomorrow night. A red Mercedes will be parked outside the room, eight o'clock."

"Good. You should leave now."

"Okay. You will be in touch?"

"Yeah. If I want you I will phone you, now that I know who you are. Say hello to Mom."

She left. Well that had certainly been

a shock. He hoped things would go smoothly now that things were getting somewhere, Roger thought as he arranged his silver Seiko on top of his own pack of colts. He had just met the Middleman impersonating the Organizer, now he would meet the Organizer while impersonating the Middleman. He would quickly find out who the Organizer was, meet Agent Orange tomorrow night, and then trap them all. Now he just wanted to get home with Tracy. He really should marry that girl. They had been living together for a year, and she was awful nice to him. He would graduate next year, and would like to bring her with him wherever he went. Yes, he'd made up his mind, and -

"Okay, I know this is a surprise, but keep calm. I am the Organizer."

Roger snapped his head up to look into the eyes of the Organizer. He was speechless. He felt like the entire world had been turned upside down. There was something wrong. This couldn't be right. This was the man behind the bomb attempt, the bomb which Roger himself had thrown over the bridge and seen explode violently over the ice?

Sitting in front of him sat the Organizer, none other than . . . President Downey.

To be continued next week. . .

Rave review for York Winds

By LOUISE MICHAUD
Brunswickan Staff

On Monday, March 1st, the York Winds made their first appearance at UNB. They were well received by an attentive audience in the auditorium of MacLaggan Hall. In the performance that followed, the musicians proved that they were worthy of their reputation as five superb virtuosi. The program offered something for everything. It opened with Quintet in G Minor Op. 56 No. 2 by Franz Danzi. This proved to be an excellent opening

piece, allowing each musician to display his technique as well as his ability to support the other musicians in the piece.

Eight Russian Folk Songs, Op. 58, by Anatoli Liador proved to be a favourite of many. The Russian rhythm can be subtly heard throughout the piece and each movement was easy to identify. The animated movement of the scherzo; "I danced with a mosquito," with its sharp and unexpected contrasts in rhythm and harmony made it one of the leading features of the folk songs.

The first part of the program

concluded with J.P. Sweelinck's variations on Mein Junges Leben Hat Ein End. ("My young life has no end"). The plain melody of the piece was highlighted by solo's on each instrument, each musician giving an exciting display of style and texture from the clear, lingering, long-times and light airlines of phrases from the first four variations to the various rhythm changes in the fifth movement. The variety of dynamics and expression in this piece delighted the audience.

After the intermission the York Winds were joined by the Brunswick String Quartet in what proved to be the highlight of the evening. Octet, Op. 76 by Anton Reicha was presented with the manner and emotion so predominant to its classical style. The Strings combined with the wind instruments provided the audience with an example of many facets of music employed in a balanced, unified work. At the finale the musicians were greatly applauded.

The presentation of the York Winds ended successfully and they have proven to be worthy of their rave reviews.

Can we Help?

Transition House

A refuge for emotionally or physically abused women and children.

24 hours a DAY-7 days a week.

455-1498

SPEECH ANXIETY WORKSHOPS

Do you become anxious when you have to address an audience, dread having to give a class talk or seminar, avoid asking questions during class because it makes you tense? Do you become confused, stumble over words, perspire, tremble or feel your heart race in these situations?

The SPEECH ANXIETY WORKSHOPS are designed to help you reduce your anxiety when speaking in public.

These workshops will be offered during the winter term as part of a project being conducted by a graduate student in Clinical Psychology at U.N.B. on this occasion, only a limited number of people will be able to participate. If you are interested and would like more information on these workshops, please phone the Psychology department at UNB at any one of these following numbers during office hours:

453-4708 453-4709

Please leave your name and number for the attention of Gary Fecteau OR you may contact Gary Fecteau in Keirstead Hall, room 16X.