

entertainment

Our hero encounters the enemy

by RICHARD K. ANDERSON

Our story so far:

Roger Armstrong is completely bewildered. He discovered an evil plot to assassinate President Downey, only to find that the brains, behind the plot seems to be President Downey himself! As if that wasn't shocking enough, the Middleman in the plot who delivers the orders turns out to be his own sister!

Roger first foiled a bomb attempt on President Downey, then impersonated him and met his sister, then impersonated his sister and met President Downey. Last issue Roger met with President Downey for the second time (or a man who looks like him) in the Underground, a sprawling complex beneath the University, accessed through the 'nonworking' elevator in Tilley Hall. There he discovered that President Downey seemed to be at the same time in his office in the Old Arts Building! Which is the real President Downey?

In this issue, all Roger's questions are answered except one...

As our exciting story unfolds, Roger is at home thinking of the meeting to take place with Agent Orange at Keddy's that night. He is having trouble concentrating on it however, as he has just counted the briefcase of money which President Downey had given him by mistake, and it comes out to exactly two and a half million dollars...

Roger was in shock. Absolute blinding complete all-consuming shock. Surprised too. He had counted the money which President Downey, or whoever he was, had given him, and it was two and a half million dollars. Even.

It certainly solved his rent problems.

Now he had to meet with Agent Orange at a room at Keddy's that night. His original plan was to meet Agent Orange, discover his identity, and then trap the whole rotten group. But now he wasn't sure that he should. President Downey was trying to have himself, or a double, done away with, and one of the main participants in the plot was his own sister!

As Roger sat and thought, his lovely sweet roommate Tracy walked in.

"Hi handsome, how's tricks?"

Roger came out of his daze.

"Huh?"

"I said, how was your day. You look shocked, like you just won the lottery."

Roger smiled to himself.

"Well beautiful, you might say that." He walked over to where she was hanging up her coat and picked her up in his arms.

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"Just getting your attention. Tell me, do you think you would like to go to Switzerland this summer?"

Tracy, looked up at him.

"You're going to go on that Cuts thing?"

Roger chuckled.

"No honey, first class, all the way."

"You're crazy," she said, "but I've always wanted to ski down an alp with a crazy person."

Roger put her down and they went into the kitchen to make supper together. On the way Tracy noticed the briefcase.

"What's in that Roger?"

Roger chuckled. "An alp," he answered.

After supper Roger received a phone call from his sister, the real Middleman in the plot. She said to meet Agent Orange at room 45 at Keddy's at 8:00.

At 7:30 Roger said, "Well, I have to go out for awhile Tracy."

Tracy was engrossed in reading. "Okay," she said.

As Roger left the apartment a chill went up his spine. He was about to meet Agent Orange, the real hitman, the one who had planted the bomb. And he was going under false pretences, impersonating the Brains of the plot! This could be very dangerous!

He drove around a bit to steady himself, and then up to Keddy's. He drove in and parked in front of room 45. The lights were on!

Roger was very nervous. His stomach was knocking and he had butterflies in his knees. He got out of the car and approached the room. His knuckles rapped loudly in the still night.

A voice sang out, "Come in." It had a pleasant, vaguely familiar ring to it. Roger hesitantly opened the door.

Would there be no end to the shocks Roger received? There on the couch, reading a book, lay Agent Orange, none other than his precious Tracy!!

They stared at each other for a moment with their mouths hanging open. Then Tracy said:

"Well close the door, it's cold outside."

Roger closed the door and came in.

"Tracy, I can't believe that it's you! You are Agent Orange! How did a nice girl like you get caught up in a plot like this?"

"That's a funny thing for you to say since you organized the entire thing," she replied.

Roger sat down in a chair and put his head in his hands.

"Tracy, Tracy. It's not true. I'm not the Organizer, I am an imposter. President Downey is the Organizer."

Roger broke down and told Tracy, alias Agent Orange, his entire story, from first discovering President Downey was the real Organizer. Throwing caution to the winds he unburdened himself to her.

When he finished there was a moment of silence.

"Now what do we do?" asked Roger.

"Well, first," said President Downey stepping out from behind a doorway, "you give back my two and a half million."

Another shock. Roger let out a small whimper.

"You knew when I walked in here that I wasn't the Organizer!"

"Yes," said Tracy, "we knew that we were going to meet the person behind our security leak, but we thought he would be a professional spy, not you! What a surprise!"

"Listen," said Roger, "tell me about it. I try to prevent President Downey from being killed by a gang of cutthroats, and I find that the leader is the target, my sister is the middleman, and my girlfriend is the hitman. Next I'll find out my mother is my car!"

"I think that we should tell him everything," said Tracy.

"You could be right," said President Downey. He turned to Roger and said,

"What would you like to know?"

"At last, some answers!", said Roger. "First things first, who are you?"

"I am James Downey."

"Then who are you after? Who is the man pretending to be you?"

"Behind the plastic surgery," said Tracy, "is your enemy and mine, a brilliant evil mind by the name of David Benzadrine."

Roger gasped. He'd heard that name before! Who hadn't?

"You mean, David Benzadrine, alias Davy Uppy?" he said.

"Precisely," said President Downey. "Davy Uppy has been

sent here with two objectives, and he will steal, pillage, burn, murder, even lie to achieve them."

Wow, thought Roger. "What - what are they?"

"First to penetrate the Underground, the sprawling research complex hidden under the University, to steal some vital information on genetics, and second to fulfill his insatiable appetite for money. Davy Uppy won't leave until he has stolen one million dollars from the University coffers."

"But why don't you simply expose him as an imposter?"

"Because then he would reveal the existence of the Underground. That revelation would effectively destroy the complex."

"What can you do?"

"Well we had figured out a way to kill him and dispose of his body, but you fouled us up. Since then I have been able to feed him false data on the genetic research, but our best minds haven't been able to stop him from his plan to steal one million from the university. He will withdraw the money at one o'clock tomorrow, Friday. We have tried everything, used all the expertise and funds at our disposal, to no avail. If Davy Uppy succeeds, the questions that will arise will surely expose the Underground as if he had submitted a story to the Brunswickan. All our work will be lost."

As Roger listened, he was thinking furiously. His thoughts were spurred by the fact that he didn't want to give back his two and a half million. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to him. He was sure this idea was brilliant. He had so few brilliant ideas he had no trouble picking them out when they happened along. It was so simple, so obvious, so perfect. He hesitantly broached the subject.

"If I can stop Davy Uppy from stealing the money tomorrow will you let me keep the money you gave me?" he asked.

President Downey looked at Tracy. "Yes, we will even show you how to keep all of it tax free. But how?"

"I have a plan. I am pretty sure it will work."

"Oh Roger, really?" said Tracy. "If you could save the Underground from revelation you would have friends across the country."

Not to mention a briefcase full of hundreds, thought Roger.

"Yes," said President Downey, smashing his fist down on the table, "this university had had enough of Uppy and his evil ways, we need a Downey! We need all the help we can get!"

"We will put our faith in you Roger," said Tracy, "you are our last hope."

The exciting conclusion next week!

"M" is museum piece

Released in 1931, *M* is the masterpiece of the great German director Fritz Lang. His stark, lucid, and expeditious in its simple, if melodramatic technique. It has long been a museum piece and is surely (despite its blatant thrill-structure) the most "serious" film on this particular criminal subject, if only through Peter Lorre's marvelous rendering of a man as incapable of not committing evil as of not suffering from committing it. The frankness of Lorre's delineation, its alert reporting by Lang's camera, and its repulsive reality constitute another unique achievement in filmic annals.

Relentlessly, with a grave, tragically deliberate rhythm, the film proceeds from one of the murderer's crimes (luring a little girl to assault and death), to the growing public alarm and the decision of the police

to apprehend the criminal. *M* would lack its peculiar force - the final sweat of its "will to terror" - if the actual hunting-down of the pitiful criminal, at last hemmed in like a terrified animal, were not the feat of the criminal world itself, disturbed by so much police activity and horrified by a crime so abnormal, so monstrous. The whole organized underworld of crime is self-enlisted to bring the fugitive to bay.

The way it succeeds, and the fantastic dehomement of *M*'s arraignment before an underworld court, is truly a melodrama of the soul, unexampled in any other crime film. Lang filled decorative pattern, employed breathtaking pace (both fast and slow), with maximum content. As for Lorre, his career was "made."

M will play at Tilley Hall 102, March 19 and 20 at 8 p.m.