

Star Trek not just for 'Trekies'

by Frank McGinn

The team that created "Star Trek: The Motion Picture" obviously did it in fear and awe of the trekie phenomenon. The proliferation of this tough little trend was probably responsible for the production of the picture; a ready market, and Gene Roddenberry, Robert Wise, Douglas Trumbull et. al. seem to have been desperate to give them what

they wanted. The movie is imbued with the sense of someone laboriously living up to another person's expectations.

The joke is that the trekies would have, and did, accept anything. The devotees of a foreign deity are the last ones to question the quality of the experience. As in primitive religions, the simple presence of certain, prescribed symbols

and ritual (Leonard Nimoy's austere face; Scotty's desperate voice over the intercom: "Captain i canna gi ye more powurr!") is enough to invoke the mystery. Beyond that belief is not a matter of choice. Thus it is left to the scientific and dispassionate non-trekie to penetrate the pageantry, extricate the extraordinary.

In the interests of humanity, here are one such man's notes—the Robert Wise connection: Lest we forget, he was very responsible, after Julie Andrews, for "The Sound of Music". The same pristine passions and sticky brightness that suffused the Austrian Alps have been wafted into space, the final frontier. Its the kind of movie your grade two teacher, the one that was always trying to kiss you, would have made as a teaching aid for her Good Health, Clean Living and Ethics class, had she possessed the resources. It teaches us a lesson about life and there are no messy bits. The bland and antiseptic, or sooky, touch.

—the single most inopportune moment for the crew on the bridge of the Enterprise: amidst general relief after sustaining attack made of incredible amounts of pure energy, an anonymous crewman exclaims, in the tones of feigned enthusiasm normally reserved for superbrite washes and Timex's that still tick, "The new screens worked!" The movie comes with built-in commercials.

—reaction to technical and photographic wizardry: Um, yeah. Neat. I had a similar experience in the bar the other night when I got drunk and fell asleep staring into the TV ping pong machine, watching the

little ball bounce. Interesting to see these geometric pyrotechnics in real life, although not as interesting as somebody seems to think.

—closest resemblance to a flying shopping centre you ever hope to see: the USS Enterprise from the outside. Indoors she is also very posh and impersonal. In the future, all rooms will be clean and reflect the light.

—suggested subtitle for this particular chapter of the adventures of the captain and crew of the starship Enterprise, captain's log star date 115.7: "The Fuck that Saved Earth", in honour of the guy who gave himself to the machine in its form of the beautiful, bald girl, so that the machine would realize that it had met its creator, learn about life, love and laughter and not destroy our planet after all.

—all kidding aside, the good parts: the machine peevishly referring to the crew as "carbon units" that "infest" the ship; Captain Kirk and the crew of the Enterprise (let's hear it for them). With ravaged faces and corseted bods, they lend the film its only life. Who would be without the constant debate between lovable, human Dr. McCoy and the cool, logical Mr. Spock? Where would western civilization be without Mr. Spock, period?

—final, lasting impression: not a very good movie but fun to see. (Fun-to-see. Fantasy. Hmmm.) Captain Kirk ends it well. Asked what course to plot for the Enterprise he gestures vaguely out to space and says "Thataway". If there were another Star Trek movie, I'd have to go see it. I'm not a trekie but I've seen all the shows (two or three times).



Halftime extravaganza a flop

by Morpheasly Shwartz

There's a conspicuous absence of activities available for the roving student on Tuesday evening. You can stay at home and watch the news about John Buchanan's latest labour policy designed to free labour of their freedom, or an embassy cookout in some Middle Eastern country with the diplomats being used as the marshmallows, or perhaps another DC10 folding its wings, depositing two or three hundred passengers over a ten mile radius (to be scraped up by a zamboni and deposited in a pail). —Or you could take in a basketball game at Dalplex. I chose the latter. The ball game was enjoyable but the halftime show was not to be missed.

A halftime show used to consist of a few cheers, a hot dog and a wander about the stands to socialize. That was back in the days when an ounce of weed weighed 28 grams. Nowadays, we have halftime "extravaganzas". There are thunderous hundred-piece bands blasting forth the marching version of "The Way We Were", instant replays and countless interviews with coaches and statis-

ticians discussing the mean and standard deviation of each teams shoe lace size.

During the 1979 SuperBowl, held in the enclosed New Orleans Superdome, 4,000 pigeons were released in a dazzling display. However, the pigeons spent the entire second half pooping indiscriminately upon the paying public.

Now Dal has its very own version of the Halftime show. Last Tuesday, Dalhousie rooters were treated to a display of ineptness which was described by one astute spectator as, "the consummate bungle". The Dal Rythmics Club entered Dalplex to perform their own arithmetic arrangement of pairs dancing with 9 dancers. This interesting spectacle was followed by a dance whose music suddenly ended midway through the dance causing further confusion among the dancers.

Like true artists the dancers unwisely chose to improvise the remaining portion of the song rather than appear disorganized. The dancers bravely continued, proving beyond a doubt that no matter

how long you practise for something as important as a halftime show, there's still a golden opportunity to screw up.

That opportunity was seized upon and the Dal Rhythmic Club will be hardpressed to live down the fiasco which ensued.

Synchronized dance, under normal circumstances includes synchronization; however, the Dal Rhythmic Club disgarded such trivialities. Certainly a triumph of sorts for the Avant garde. . .

In terms of pure entertainment they far outshone the Tigers. No injuries were reported though several nearly died of laughter. The crowd responded with mixed reaction ranging from uncontrollable laughter to outright hostility. A typical conversation went something like A) Who the fuck are they?! B) I think they're from the Veterans hospital. . .

One woman in the stands laughed so hard she began to pee profusely. This could have been quite funny had she not been sitting directly behind me.

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