

# Star Trek: the adventure continues

by Glenn St-Germain

Space. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Enterprise. Its five-year mission: To explore strange new worlds. To seek out new life, and new civilizations. To boldly go where no man has gone before!

The voice-over in the opening credits to *Star Trek* have become household words. It was twenty years ago this fall that *Star Trek* burst upon the world — to less than rave reviews.

The date was September 8, 1966. The episode was "Man Trap", and it introduced Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy, and the crew of the Enterprise to television audiences. "Man Trap" dealt with a routine stopover at a lab outpost that turned into a cat-and-monster game with some kind of salt vampire. It was not one of the better episodes of the series.

*Star Trek* was the brainchild of Gene Roddenberry, a policeman-turned-television writer. As a desk sergeant for the Los Angeles Police Department, Roddenberry moonlighted by writing for TV, until the Department told him to stop moonlighting. He did — by turning to writing full-time.

In the early sixties, Roddenberry was the executive producer of a series called *The Lieutenant*, starring Gary Lockwood. It was during this time that he started the ball rolling towards making *Star Trek*.

His concept was a "Wagon Train to the Stars" idea, with a starship manned by an international crew, exploring space. It would be a United Earth ship, not an American one.

The first pilot was made in 1964. Entitled "The Cage", it starred Jeffrey Hunter as Captain Christopher Pike. The first officer of the good ship Enterprise was the Mysterious Number One, an intelligent, emotionally cool woman played by M. Leigh Hudec. Also on board was an alien: Lieutenant Spock, science officer from the planet Vulcan.

CBS wasn't interested in the show, saying they had a science fiction series already. ("Lost In Space" was the series CBS spoke of.)

NBC liked the idea, but requested changes, giving the go-ahead for a then-unprecedented second pilot. Among the changes: get rid of the female first officer and get rid of the alien.

A second pilot was made in 1965. "Where No Man Has Gone Before" starred William Shatner as Captain James T. Kirk; Leonard Nimoy reprised his role as Spock, the alien science officer (now also first officer and a lieutenant-commander).

Despite the fact that Roddenberry kept the alien in the show, NBC liked it and gave the go-ahead to the series. Hudec, who played Captain Pike's Number One, joined the cast as nurse Christine Chapel, billed as Majel Barrett, the name most people know her as. (She also eventually married Gene Roddenberry.)

The first season did okay ratings wise. It was not, however, a hit. It almost was cancelled after the first season; letters from fans stayed the execution.

One thing noticed by many was the international nature of the crew. The central characters included an American, an extra-terrestrial (albeit half-human), a Scot, a Japanese, an African, a Russian, and a man from the Deep South. Other cast members were just as multi-national.

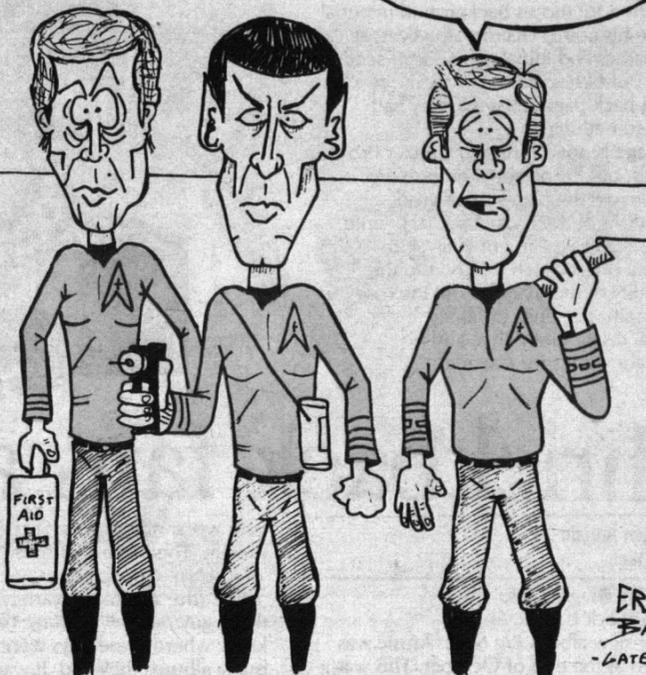
The second season of *Star Trek* was almost its last. Ratings again were the culprit. A massive write-in campaign with over one million letters (!) saved the series. For the moment, anyway.

What eventually finished off the series was the third season. The quality of the episodes of the third season is generally held to be lower than the previous two. The time slot of the series that season (1968-69) was also a poor one: Friday night, a time when most of its major audience (young people) were out socializing. Not even another massive letter campaign by the fans saved *Star Trek* this time.

The series, now over, went into syndication. It was then that the series finally took off. People who weren't watching it while first-run were watching it syndicated. *Star Trek* took on a cult following that grew. And grew.

GREY CUP  
TICKET  
OFFICE  
←

YA,.... THE BEST I  
COULD DO WAS 30  
ROWS UP ON THE  
15 YARD LINE!!.....



The first *Star Trek* convention was held in the early seventies. Science fiction conventions were a standard of fandom at the time, but a convention devoted to television show was unheard of. It did not take long for *Star Trek* conventions to become another standard.

The fans wanted more *Star Trek*. Fan-

zines with stories of the Enterprise crew appeared. A short-lived animated Saturday morning *Star Trek* cartoon added 23 half-hour episodes to the 79 hour-long live episodes.

Finally, the demand for more live *Star Trek* (the cartoons were good, but not that good) gave way. After toying with the idea

of a syndicated series of all-new episodes (one 90-minute episode every few weeks), the decision was made: a movie!

*Star Trek: The Motion Picture* reunited the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise in a movie loaded with special effects and a weak plot reminiscent of a few television episodes. Although a success, the fans were disappointed once the furor of new *Star Trek* wore off. The actors were there as the familiar characters, but the feel of the series wasn't.

*Star Trek: The Motionless Picture* (as some fans dubbed it) was in 1979. Three years later, they tried it again: another *Star Trek* movie.

*Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* reunited the cast and brought back Ricardo Montalban as Khan, who tangled with Kirk in a first season TV episode, "Space Seed." This movie was what the first one should have been — real *Star Trek*. Admiral Kirk and Khan faced off again, with one significant casualty: Spock, who died saving the Enterprise.

The year 1984 brought us *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*, who somehow survived his apparent death in *Trek II*. The Enterprise was destroyed, Spock was saved, and Admiral Kirk's son, with whom he was reunited in *Trek II*, was killed. The movie also featured a special effects first for *Star Trek*. Up until then, models were used for the space sequences. In *Trek III*, computer animation gave a new, more complex, more realistic feel to the ship exteriors.

*Trek II* and *III* were real *Star Trek*, like the series: three-dimensional characters, action, suspense. It could (and did) make you laugh, it could (and did) make you cry. *Star Trek IV* should continue in this vein.

*Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* premieres in Edmonton on November 26. Details are sketchy as yet, but popular rumour has it that time travel will be involved. It should do extremely well at the box office.

And so the adventure continues.

## Blake play is window into tormented soul

**Blake**  
**The Citadel**  
review by Cam White

Elliott Hayes' play, *Blake*, enjoyed as relatively brief and brilliant a stay in Edmonton as the celebrated poet William Blake did on earth. Edmonton had only three days to catch the production at the Citadel.

The play, which focuses on Blake the man, presents him as a mystic who held prolonged conversations with his long dead brother and longer dead Shakespeare. A bitter man who failed to receive the praise he so craved, Blake launches bitter invective after bitter invective at those he believed to be denying him credit. "Sir

Sloshua" Reynolds of the Royal Academy was off on the receiving end of these onslaughts.

Douglas Campbell, who played the role of William Blake at Stratford in 1983, was excellent as the artist embittered by the lack of recognition and obsessed by his mystic visions. At times, however, Campbell's performance was too powerful for the intimate Rice stage. Campbell spent the past summer playing Lear at Stratford; perhaps he is having trouble toning down his performance to suit smaller venues.

*Blake*, the play, would have been but a string of poems were it not for Campbell's searing interpretation of the poems. The

*Songs of Innocence* gain new depth when they are actually sung, and *The Tyger* can be nothing but the poet's pitiful plea for an understanding of God's meaning and purpose.

For those familiar with William Blake, the play gave new life to his work. As an introduction to the poet, the play was also effective. All present will now recognize the lines:

Love seeketh only Self to please,  
To find another to its delight;  
Joys in another's loss of ease  
And builds a hell in Heaven's despite.  
as, most surely, William Blake's.

## Making Waves

by Dragos Ruiu

**WARNING:** This column makes references to sexually explicit material. Reading might encourage thinking. **READ AT YOUR OWN RISK.** Censoring it is recommended.

In case you didn't know, most movie rental stores have two kinds of porn movies...

They come in two different flavors. The first is the Ontario censored version. This is out on the shelves. Then there is what they have under the counter, and you get it if you know the right people. These are the much more explicit U.S. versions.

The Ontario flavor is usually cut so badly that, whatever there was of a plot (plot?) to begin with is now rendered into mindless repetition of the biological act (it probably was that to begin with). And usually it is half the running time listed on the jacket. (Not that it's a big loss!)

There are prudes in Ontario. It makes you wonder how anyone gets pregnant there, such is the way they shun biological facts.

To get the under the counter flavors, you seem to need to be in some kind of word-



of-mouth gossip network. But why bother, you will probably be just as bored by either flavor.

The problem being that there is a finite number of permutations of the sex act. After reviewing the first few, you need to pass the coffee to stay awake. Or even bet-

ter, you can just leave...

A tradition among stag parties, one wonders why anyone watches these things. It seems to go along with our society's perpetual fascination with sex. One wonders why anyone would want to stop other people from watching these things even more.

If someone really feels like subjecting himself to two hours of mindless humping, why not let him? Odds are, if they have any intelligence, he or she will tire of it. And it is probably better for him than two hours of the A-Team.

If clinical close-ups of anatomy turn someone on, why not let them along. To each their own...

But NO, the state must safeguard your mind; you could see these evil things and, in your sexually aroused state, go out and kill everyone in sight. So to prevent this, we have squads of Edmonton's finest diligently and bravely scrutinizing this demon-spawned filth to protect us.

Imagine that. These men risk their sanity every day to make sure that none of the 'erotica' that is out there could affect our sainted morals. When they discover this 'smut', they valiantly 'confiscate' it...

I have two questions. Who protects the morals of these men? And has our fight against crime progressed to the point where we can let policemen be occupied with matters like this?

We all know there are no murders or robberies out there...