

THE DILITHIUM CRYSTALS CANNAE TAKE IT, CAPTAIN!

THE REFLECTOR'S HUGH GRAHAM SLAPS TREKKIES
UPSIDE THE SKULL AND TELLS 'EM TO GET A LIFE.

How many Trekkies does it take to change a light bulb? 435—one to do the job, the other 434 to kvetch about whether or not it violates the Prime Directive.

Only the followers of that quasi-religious media icon, *Star Trek*, would understand such a lame joke (sorry, short notice). What is it about

a twenty-five year old space-opera about a ship full of polyester-clad (the women were semi-clad) zees that has spawned six movies, two spinoffs, and enough commercial junk to fill a space the size of the Andes Mountains? The effects of this burp of half-digested sci-fi pap are as far-reaching as they are bizarre. I have been privy to conversations on the erotic potential of Spock's

pointed ears and was once held captive by a roving round table discussion of Captain Kirk as a recurring Christ figure!

The question that needs to be asked is this: why? William Shatner's only claim to fame, indeed that of the whole crew of *Star Trek*, is that he never needed to be lumbered with talent in order to be immortalized by basement-dwelling thirty-year old nerds who have never had a date.

This is not to say that everything about *Star Trek* was trash, but Jesus H.M.S. Christ, some of the episodes! "The Search for Spock's Brain"? "Attack of the Cute and Fuzzy but Overly Horny Tribbles"? "Invasion of the Purple Dongbiters from Mars"? I swear, some of the plotlines for this series were obviously written not so much for dramatic tension but to fill an hour of prime time with pseudo-science and large-breasted women with plunging necklines and micro skirts cut to the navel.

Speaking of sex, avoid the twenty-fourth century like the plague. Unless you're a girdle-wearing, toupeed captain of a star ship, the only nookie anyone is going to get is in the minds of the audience. Come on, which one of you adolescent, zit cream addicts didn't want to "beam up" Lt. Uhura?

Not to say there was never any danger on the wollopingly

funky Enterprise. God help anyone in a red uniform without an ersatz Scottish accent unfortunate enough to beam down with the landing party. These expendable crew members had the life expectancy of fur seal pups in a microwave. If there wasn't at least one dead "security" man (how secure would you feel if your bodyguards could not outlive a three-minute

egg?) by the first commercial break, you knew it was going to be one of those "brainy" episodes.

Today the old crew of the Enterprise are now on the downhill side of raging senility, but the spiel just keeps rolling along. Aside from the spin-offs, there are the conventions and enough souvenirs to make even a Klingon

lose control of his otherwise iron sphincter. What's a *Doctor Who* fan to do in the face of such overwhelming publicity and overly inflated special effects budgets? Just take a deep breath, toss back a Scotch and Maalox, grab a copy of *Omni*, and lock yourself in the loo until *Star Trek XXIV: The Search for Dependable Undergarments* comes to a theatre near you.

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"Captain's Log; Star Date 17: ordered new corset from ship's lingerie shop; think I've fallen in love with Scottie (again!)."