**2010**

2010, opens tonight at the Sacks Chatler and Somerville.

As with 2001, you will probably understand and enjoy 2010 better if you read the book first (and I recommend the book in any case). Some of the detail and ambiguity is inevitably lost in the transfer from text to screen. If some incidents in the movie seem to disobey the laws of physics, go back to the book to fully appreciate this movie's drive for realism as opposed to the chimera-creating fancies of Star Wars.

If you haven't seen 2001 you won't find yourself lost in 2010. There is a briefing to fill you in before the main action starts. All you might miss is the sense of déjà vu that revisiting the Discovery provides.

**Special Effects**

If you enjoyed the effects of 2001, you will love those of 2010. The only complaint I have about the effects is that the movie panders to popular trends. 2010 reflects Arthur C. Clarke's predictions about what the world of science and technology will be like in the future — modes of dress, the way people speak, art, the way people act aren't going to change radically in the next thirty years. Furthermore, it is conceivable that HAL-type computers could be developed within three decades. But computers will not develop useless displays to flash when they are not doing important work, just to look pretty. We saw more than enough of these in Star Trek; the displays supposedly allowed Spock and the rest of the crew to monitor the Enterprise's condition, but they were really just interactive but non-functional concentric circles moving in and out of the eyes.

The makers of 2010 fall into this trap too: the command room of the Russian spaceship Leonov is a jumble of colored switches and small monitors with ever-changing color patterns. Even displays which sometimes hold useful information must share the screen with confusing fractals. The only nice thing about them is that if you ignore them they go away.

Arthur C. Clarke suggests that there is a superior intelligence out there watching our progress of man. In 2010, the monolith is accepted as a symbol of the intellectual progress of man. In 2001, it becomes the super-powerful instrument of earth's salvation. This messiah-coming attitude is out of place in an otherwise realistic science fiction movie. I find the transition from the cut-and-dried technology of the spaceship to the mysticism of a ghost-like incarnation of David Bowie is just too much to swallow without some psychological hallucinations.

Overall though, I wholeheartedly recommend that you go to see this movie: It'll leave you supercharged enough to more than make up for the time lost to the effects.

As I walked back to The Tech after seeing 2010 Wednesday night, I saw a familiar sight and my mind started to imagine things. I stared for a long time, and then I walked home.

**Slowed I paced: 12 on one side, 24 on the other.**

**The sides of the Green Building are not in a 1 to 4 to 9 ratio**. I am walking this way with non-athletes dancing in my head.

Ronald E. Becker

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**U2**

*U2 Pride (In the name of love!)*

U2, in concert at the Worcester Centrum, December

U2 has an intensely loyal following, especially in the Boston area, and even a lack-luster performance would have satisfied the crowd that went to great lengths to obtain tickets to this show. But the band has a special, intimate relationship with its fans that would never allow it to panderm them and emerge the role of standard rock stars. Lead singer Bono said the band's answer for the future of U2 is to make the audience a part of the auditorium into one big living room, and the interaction that took place between the crowd and the singer was on a level that few bands of U2's popularity can accomplish in these days of arena-rock.

Blending elements from last year's tour on the War album with some fresh new innovations from The Unforgettable Fire, the band put on a show of high energy and charged emotions. The stage was a wide-open space, decorated with only a small Irish flag and an enormous projection screen covering the entire rear of the set, leaving the band members with maximum mobility. Bono took full advantage of this fact and engaged in some fluid movements and dancing.

At times when the emotions were flowing, especially during the song "Bad," which he explained was written about the rising tide of Dubliners who have sold themselves for heroin, Bono had the expressive moves and robotic lips reminiscent of a young Elvis Costello. He also assumed his familiar kneeling position at the front of the stage and crouned out into the first few rows of the audience. Most audience members, who correctly assumed Bono had played some tentative leads on guitarist the Edge's Black Strat, were taken aback by the opening song "Eleven o'clock Tick Tock." But while Bono was entrancing the crowd's eyes and belting out his intense verse, the rest of the band provided a musical background of dense textures. Moving from chiming, ringing sounds to neo-psychic drooling to thrashing, dissonant chords, the Edge chucked up the stereo that gives U2's music its unique combination of simplicity and depth. He also put aside the guitar attack and concentrated energies into some very expressive keyboard work. The chilling electric piano of "October" managed to send shivers up the spine even through a temporaril y poor sound mix, and the effect of his minimal, smooth-as-glass synthesizer lines on "M.I.K.E." combined with Bono's lullaby vocal and the lighting effect of furtive lightning over a black stage was pure serenity. Meanwhile, the drumming provided by Larry Mullen, ranging from heavy pounding to angry tribal beats, brought the crowd to a foot-stomping frenzy. And Adam Clayton's unobtrusive bass, often credited as the glue that seamlessly binds U2's sound together, was justly given its place on the sound system that literally shook the floor.

As expected, when the band launched into its upbeat, hard-rocking numbers, the crowd responded with enthusiasm. Letting the entire Centrum in the usual sing-along fashion, Bono could have brought an image of the street arches from the cover of War projected on the stage screen for enormous impact. There was some question, though, as to how the new material would come off, but all doubts were unnecessary. An incredible, stirring performance of "The Unforgettable Fire" was soaked in sweat and every inch of the stage was packed with fans. As I walked back to my car, I felt quite good about the show.