

Hub Magazine

SCIENCE FICTION HORROR FANTASY

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ISSUE 135 · 21ST FEB 2011

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EDITORIAL:

by alasdair stuart

Happy Christmas!

I know, I know it's nearly the end of February but Christmas in Hub Towers didn't really happen. I had the Doomflu, which swept across me like the Mongols across the plain and where the Mongols left devastated cities, the Doomflu left crushing fatigue, a headache, blocked nose, nausea, cough, cold and general feeling of wanting, quite badly, to just fall asleep and wake up six months later when the virus had finished ravaging my immune system. Oh and all this took place over Christmas. And took six weeks to clear. And then I got another cold. To make matters worse, Lee also had the doomflu over Christmas so two quarters of the intrepid Hub team (The third quarter being the mighty Mr Phil who recently appeared in the Rover's Return on Coronation Street) were mewling weakly and thinking about maybe working up to eating some soup for six weeks. Hence our down time.

But downtime no more! And just because we missed Christmas doesn't mean we shouldn't celebrate it! So, this issue's story is by one of my favorite writers, Ro Smith, and is intimately concerned with, shall we say, a very deep connection to the festive season. It's a great story and there's no way we were waiting eight months to run it so, Happy Christmas everyone! Again! We'll see you next week. In the meantime I'm off to inhale some cold medicine and Vitamin C, y'know, just to be safe...

FICTION

The Twelfth Day

by ro smith

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my true love's ritual was complete.

First had been the bird, placed in the tree whose branches hang low over my grave. Poor little thing'd been wired in place, and as the blood dripped down to the frozen ground above me, I began to hear its last song. Beautiful, heart-rending, desperate. I had no idea what it was, at first, but I heard it, and it called to me. Called to me in the last crack of my being that'd yearned towards life. Called to that last moment where I'd lain, clutching my lover's hand through the pain, as though she could pin my spirit down and keep me with her.

Second, the doves. Their delicate, spotted wings stained with red as she slaughtered them together in the stone bird bath, under the arbour. I felt their pain as ours – as it had been the day that death stepped between us – and I came to them.

For a moment, I felt her spirit joined with mine again. It was a joining of solace and sadness, fragile and untethered by warmth. It fractured with the ice-crystals that formed in the cooling blood.

The hens had it easy. Three of them fattened and goaded by her magic to lay twice on one day. She broke all six eggs over my grave, and I felt life touch me again.

On the fourth day I had begun to stir, and I came swiftly to the song birds as they began to sing. Four in a cage in our conservatory, where she and I would sit to watch the sun rise and set. She snapped their necks to time: on the bell of our old grandfather clock every six hours. The last fell silent at midnight. I returned to my grave, barely sensing where I had been, but knowing I had been with her again, and heard beautiful music.

The next day she placed the last songbird – the midnight bird – at our kitchen door. Its broken little body called to me at the dawn, when I thought it might sing again. For the first time I began to be aware of where I was, and what she had done. She was so changed. Her hair hung lank and unwashed; her face was pale, and sunk with new lines. I tried to speak to her, to tell her to kill no more birds for me, but she did not hear. I followed as she went through our dark, grey house, laying the rings with the bodies of the birds, their heads lolling – sad, and without understanding. One in the kitchen. One at the front door. One in the conservatory. One at the door for servants' use. I wondered where the servants were.

The last ring she had no bird for, and no more doors. I followed her with curiosity into the ballroom. And there, for the first time, I saw me. Me as I was to be, me as I had never been: the statue me. At my base she laid the last ring, and it called to me like a chorus praising the dawn, and I hung suspended for a time in its golden song. It wasn't until midnight struck again that I realised I couldn't leave.

I wasn't sure what she was doing, then, for she went away, out of the house. I tried to follow her, but found I could not cross any of the thresholds. The rings and their sad little guardians repulsed my efforts, and if I strayed too far from my statue I quickly wearied, and was drawn back. Night followed day, and day followed night. For a whole week, I reluctantly haunted my empty house.

When she returned, she did so laden down with produce. She had help - eight maids and seven men – but I did not know them. She seemed to be preparing a feast.

Six times six eggs, along with the six geese that had laid them (dead, of course), seven swans, and a quantity of milk that beggared belief. The maids began work on the geese and the eggs: roasting and slicing, mixing and garnishing; but it was the use she put the swans to that broke my heart. No swan should be killed for cream soup.

With each dish I felt more... present. And the call back to the ballroom, to the statue, became stronger.

A great many musicians arrived and began to set up. Each was given a glass of milk, and as they drank I felt my connection to them and their music strengthen. There followed, as evening drew in, a number of guests – friends and cousins. I was puzzled, for it seemed ill-judged that there should be more gentlemen than ladies. Each guest drank uncomfortably of the milk before helping themselves to wine.

At last, I saw that the uneven partnering was but another part of her design, for it seemed that the ladies were not to be paired with the gentlemen. In ghostly fashion, to no music at all, they danced alone. And with each rotation of their silent steps, I found myself bound tighter into the stone.

As the ladies finished, the lords began. They leapt in wild dance about my statue, and with each crashing fall to the creaking floor they shook the grave dirt from my spirit. I was not a body in a grave anymore. I was the stone.

Things moved quicker now, and as the lords finished, the pipers began. I hated their tune, for it reminded me of the birds, and I wanted no part of it. But, whether I willed or no, some my spirit responded. I felt as though the statue and I were one. I felt cold.

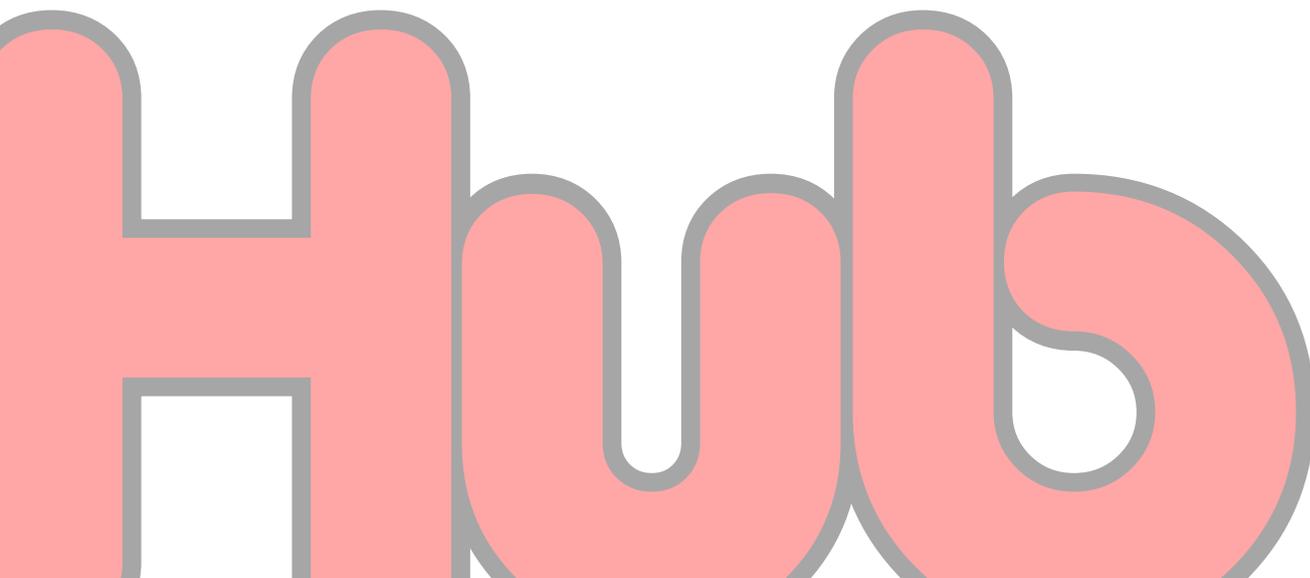
And then began the drums. Thundering in my head, they seemed to pound me back to the mortal realm, and it was no longer simply that I was bound to the statue: I was the statue. I wished to block the sound out, and stared in disbelief as my cold hand rose to my cold ears.

The music ceased; the guests stilled.

My love stepped forward, tears in her eyes and a smile on her face.

And all I could find in my heart to say was: "Love, what have you done?"

fin



The Way of Kings

reviewed by jared shurin



by Brandon Sanderson
Gollancz
rrp £16.99

Brandon Sanderson has gained a popular following for his ongoing work finishing Robert Jordan's *Wheel of Time* series. His own trilogy, the *Mistborn* series, also showed great promise: Mr. Sanderson skilfully blended existing fantasy tropes and described a detailed magical system that piqued the curiosity of readers.

Both these impressive efforts are dwarfed by Mr. Sanderson's monumental new book, *The Way of Kings*. As the first volume in an epic high fantasy series, Mr Sanderson's latest work has gathered attention and praise from fans and critics alike. *The Way of Kings* is present on many bloggers' best of 2010 lists, and, according, at least according to a survey on Tor.com, is viewed as one of the best fantasy books of the last decade.

There's no question that Mr. Sanderson has written an immensely popular and entertaining high fantasy. But he has also exposed, and fallen into, many of the genre's lingering faults.

Roshar, the setting of *The Way of Kings*, is a tense and violent world. Raging storms frequently scour the land, which is mostly composed of broken deserts and harsh mountains. The land is also permeated with magic. Virtually every aspect of life comes with a "spren" – windspren frolic in the breeze, rotspren infect wounds and gloryspren are attracted to moments of great triumph. A few scholars study the spren, but Roshar's infusion of specialized sprites is taken for granted by most of the population. A more potent form of magic appears in the form of Shardblades and Shardplates: enchanted weapons that make their wielders invincible. The possession of these items dominates both the treacherous politics of Roshar and the plot of *The Way of Kings*.

The Way of Kings follows a handful of different characters, as is now the industry standard. Kaladin was a promising "dark eyes" surgeon, but followed his little brother off to war, and has now been reduced to slavery under the banner of his "bright eyes" warlord. Shallan is a "bright eyes", and the daughter of a noble house to boot, but still has plenty of problems with which to contend. She has apprenticed herself to a member of the Alethi royal family in the hopes of stealing a powerful artifact to help her brothers.

Dalinar is part of the Alethi royal family. He's a great warrior and noted general, but, as of late, has been receiving strange visions that are causing him to reflect upon a life soaked in blood and glory. Adolin, his son, is dealing with his father's growing instability. He's torn between filial piety and a concern for the greater good of his people.

It takes a while – and bit of acrobatic finessing on the part of some minor characters – but by the end of *The Way of Kings*, the connections between the protagonists begin to solidify. The great quest of the book also takes its time in unfolding – only at the end of *The Way of Kings* does the shape of the series begin to unveil.

With *The Way of Kings*, Mr. Sanderson may have achieved his potential as one of today's predominant fantasy writers. He has crafted an epic story using familiar genre tropes and archetypes. Importantly, he has shown himself to have a rare and impressive talent for balancing the narrative requirements of character, world and story. In fact, Mr. Sanderson's book is such a technically proficient exemplar of the fantasy genre that it invites criticism on the categorical level.

The first problem is simply that of length. While I'm not one to complain about the obvious economic

benefits of getting a thousand pages for the cost of a single book, the ludicrous size of this volume exposes the genre's tendency to glorify the over-written. Mapping the development of the characters and the plot of *The Way of Kings* over time, a great deal of the book was simply unnecessary.

Kaladin is not once but *repeatedly* on the brink of despair, only to try something new, find his situation worse, chat about it with his pet spren and then circle back to the brink all over again. Equally, Dalinar and Adolin make for an interesting, politically-infused subplot, but their familial tension is no more the well-developed for being revisited a half-dozen times. Mr. Sanderson is talented enough to keep each individual episode from being dull, but that doesn't excuse the sheer excess of episodes. Without espousing some sort of utilitarian view where every page should be written in Newspeak, the fantasy genre needs to question its long held belief that volume equates prowess. A book *can* manage to be suitably "epic" without being bloated.

The second genre-wide flaw that is exposed in *The Way of Kings* is one of fantasy's oldest traps: the strangely Objectivist worldview that you're simply not *special* unless you're born that way. This is the Harry Potter syndrome, where heroes are selected by the fickle whims of predestination rather than by merit. (Hermione Granger is born low, works her ass off and is rewarded by spending seven books as a comic sidekick.) In the strangely conservative realm of high fantasy, stableboys stay stableboys *unless* they were actually born to be kings. And if they were, *class will out*.

The Way of Kings begins encouragingly enough. Both Kaladin and Shallan are hardworking, middle-class protagonists who attempt to achieve their goals through education, persistence and practice. However, their efforts are stymied until they each learn to accept the inborn magical power that lies deep within them. Their eventual success is due to the supernatural uniqueness that is their supposed birthright – and not because of their hours of training and effort. I suspect that, could Kaladin do it all over again, he'd spend less time on the training field and more in the pub.

The other two protagonists, Dalinar and Adolin, are not only born to rule, but also, at least in Dalinar's case, further chosen to receive prophetic visions. All four characters may show it differently, but they are each a hero because they were handpicked to be one by the vagaries of god and prophesy.

Perhaps most grievously of all, *The Way of Kings* inherits a final flaw from the fantasy genre as a whole: an unfortunate, if unintentional, racial subtext.

In the case of *The Way of Kings*, the light-skinned Alethi people are the rulers of the world of Roshar. Their society is divided between bright- and dark-eyed people – a division that is rightfully denounced within the text itself and, given the events of this volume, something that will clearly be rectified as part of the series' plot. Mr. Sanderson is clearly on top of this particular division.

More disturbing, however, is the depiction of the Parshendi. The enemy of the Alethi are a dark-skinned, semi-human barbarian race from a different land. The Parshendi are also distant cousins of the Parshmen – another dark-skinned, semi-human race, but known for both their docility and great physical strength. They are used as slave labour in every aspect of Alethi society. Without spoiling the dramatic reveal at the close of *The Way of Kings*, it is worth noting that the book's conclusion not only enhances the alienation of the Parshendi race, but also provides an exceedingly awkward contextual justification for their treatment.

The unfortunate Parshendi are joined in Roshar by both the Shin and the Herdazian races. Both of these races can also be easily paired with real world analogues – both in physical appearance and in the use of cultural stereotypes.

The depiction of race, and the abysmal use of stereotype as a short-hand for reaching the reader, has been gnawing at the genre since its origins. Looking back to the roots of fantasy, this is literature that has always relied heavily on creating an "other" to conflict with the goodness, purity and civilization of the "good". Even examining a few of the genre's giants, Eddings and Tolkien, it is easy to see why they have received criticism for using real world jingoism to populate their fantasy worlds. Tragically, in crafting the imaginary, it seems that fantasy often draws too easily from the wrong kind of real.

It is unfair to *The Way of Kings* that this review dwells so greatly on the book's flaws: flaws that are

genre-wide and in no way limited to Mr. Sanderson's excellent work. Taken on its own, *The Way of Kings* is entertaining and hugely dramatic. And even if Mr Sanderson doesn't break any new ground with *The Way of Kings*, he certainly covers old ground in the most enjoyable way possible – much like Patrick Rothfuss did with *The Name of the Wind* (2007). *The Way of Kings* is as good as a book can be without being exceptional – a jubilant celebration of the genre's status quo.

High fantasy has recently made great strides in storytelling, but there is still much that can be improved qualitatively. Mr. Sanderson has inadvertently exposed many of fantasy's persistent flaws. *The Way of Kings* allows us to look past the debate between world-building and character development and take a broader, more critical view of where fantasy stands. Mr. Sanderson has clearly mastered the genre as it is today, and, if he chooses to, would be well-placed to carry its banner forward into the future.

This review first appeared on www.pornokitsch.com

Black Swan / Never Let Me Go

reviewed by richard whittaker



Black Swan

Starring: Natalie Portman, Mila Kunis, Barbara Hershey, Winona Rider, Vincent Cassel

Directed by Darren Aranofsky, written by Mark Heyman, John McClaughlin and Andres Heinz

Never Let Me Go

Starring: Keira Knightley, Carey Mulligan and Andrew Garfield

Directed by Mark Romanek, Written by Alex Garland and Kazuo Ishiguro

It's a curiosity to think that the two actresses who played Padme Amidala in the *Star Wars* films are both appearing in critically-acclaimed genre movies. It's just as curious to think that no-one is admitting they are genre movies.

For Natalie Portman, *Black Swan* is as much a nod to 1970's Italian horror as it is to art-house drama. Meanwhile, Keira Knightley (who, before getting all piratical with Johnny Depp, served as Padme's handmaiden/body double Sabe) gets to stick her fingers in the cloning tank for *Never Let Me Go*.

It's no surprise that Darren Aranofsky could take something like *Black Swan*, which has all the trimmings of a psycho-sexual potboiler, and turn it into a screeching, sweat-drenched fever dream of mental collapse and metamorphosis. In many ways, it's a riposte to his own work on *The Wrestler*. Yet whereas that was about machismo and the male ego, *Black Swan* is a dark, curdling pool of menstrual blood. If that sounds a little lurid, then look for the exit now. *Black Swan* is a hodgepodge of iconic clichés about sexuality and insanity in the arts, fetishizing its mostly female cast as animalistic, lascivious beasts scarcely in control of their erotic urges. Genre is almost an irrelevancy here, because what kind of film it is only becomes obvious in the final frames. What is clear is that Aranofsky has returned to the fever dream meltdown of his debut, 1998's arithmetical/metaphysical horror *Pi*, and added the brooding violence and dark eroticism of the supernaturally-tinged Italian *giallo* genre.

There is a chain of ballerinas, or possibly one woman at different stages in her life. Portman plays Nina Sayers, a rising talent of the ballet world in awe and admiration of aging star Beth (Ryder.) Beneath her in the pecking order is the ingénue Lily (Kunis), who either wants to be her best friend or is warming up for her place in the spotlight. Circling in the background is Nina's mother Erica (Hershey), whose protection of her daughter's naivety verges on the pathological. The rock thrown into this millpond is the sole male present: Company director Thomas Leroy (Cassel) decides Beth's day has passed, and Nina shall take her place in the new production of *Swan Lake*. Yet while Nina has the blushing innocence for the lead role of the white

swan, she lacks the untrammelled physical abandon to play her evil twin, the black swan. Lily has all that, but no finesse; Beth has both, but is burnt out of Cassel's viewpoint; And Erica wants to make her daughter a star and keep her a child.

For all his undoubted visual acumen, Aranofsky is undoubtedly an actor's director, and it's hard to find a performance that's not a career-best in here. Portman's core role in particular is a raw wound, caught between a delayed maturity and mommy issues that scream of a Sapphic Elektra complex. Nina is two halves, and Portman gives them both shocking life. The white swan takes the fragile psyche of Moira Shearer in 1948's *The Red Shoes*, but with added sexual repression: Yet the black swan takes her to a darker place. She is deep into the waters of imagined depravity in which *giallo* auteur Lucio Fulci tried to drown Florinda Bolkan in 1971's *A Lizard in a Woman's Skin*. By turns crushed and treacherous, blushing and lascivious, Nina is laid bare (sometimes literally, and sometimes by Kunis.) Oh, and add on that, aside from going slowly insane under the stress, she has started finding feathers under her skin.

Subtlety be damned: Just as *Pi* was overwhelmed by a deluge of Talmudic imagery in its closing act, Nina's struggle to balance her black and white swans is a bold, metamorphosing trip into the atavistic. Cassel surpasses as the trigger for the collapse of all the women around him, by turns user and mentor, but even he becomes sympathetic as it becomes clear what an unreliable narrator Nina is. Whether her intensely sexual and graphic grapplings with Lily are delusion, wish fulfillment or E-stoked club bathroom antics is as unclear as her belief that she is growing wings.

Romanek has had his own cinematic brushes with this kind of visceral depiction of collapsing sanity. His 2002 psycho-drama *One Hour Photo* had an unhinged Robin Williams dream he was gushing blood from his eyes, while his failed attempt to bring the ultimate man/beast struggle of *The Wolfman* to the screens (only to be replaced by an unhappy Joe Johnston) is one of the great unmade movies. While the studios have not always indulged his creative vision in the same way that they have Aranofsky, his career trajectory has gone from the freneticism of his music videos to the quiet, washed-out elegance of *Never Let Me Go*.

Kazuo Ishiguro, on whose novel this is based, has taken the old Pink Floyd line about quiet desperation being the English way thoroughly to heart. He has found a cultural symmetry between traditional Japanese and British culture: The ideas of reserve, of self-sacrifice are strong in both, just as Yorkshire-born crime writer David Peace has transferred the 'nothing to see here, officer' mentality of British law enforcement into the post-war denial of Japan (Peace has been doing his own genre-smashing recently, recasting the police procedural as a séance in *Occupied City*.) There's a deep continuity between this story and *The Remains of the Day*, not least in the depiction of aristocratic entitlement and servile acceptance: But whereas questions of breeding and place in society were purely conceptual in his earlier work, they are literal here. Tends to be that way with clones.

Although the c-word is never explicitly used, that's exactly what Kathy (Mulligan), Tommy (Garfield) and Ruth (Knightley) are: Clones reared in a strangely static 1930s-style boarding school, bred for the explicit purpose of having their organs harvested. It's scarcely a new concept, having been dealt with during the 1970s in high-end grindhouse classics like *The Resurrection of Zachary Wheeler* and *Parts: The Clonus Horror*. But those films dealt with how the organ recipients deal with the guilt of factory-farming humans: *Never Let Me Go* is a cows-eye view of the path from pasture to slaughter house.

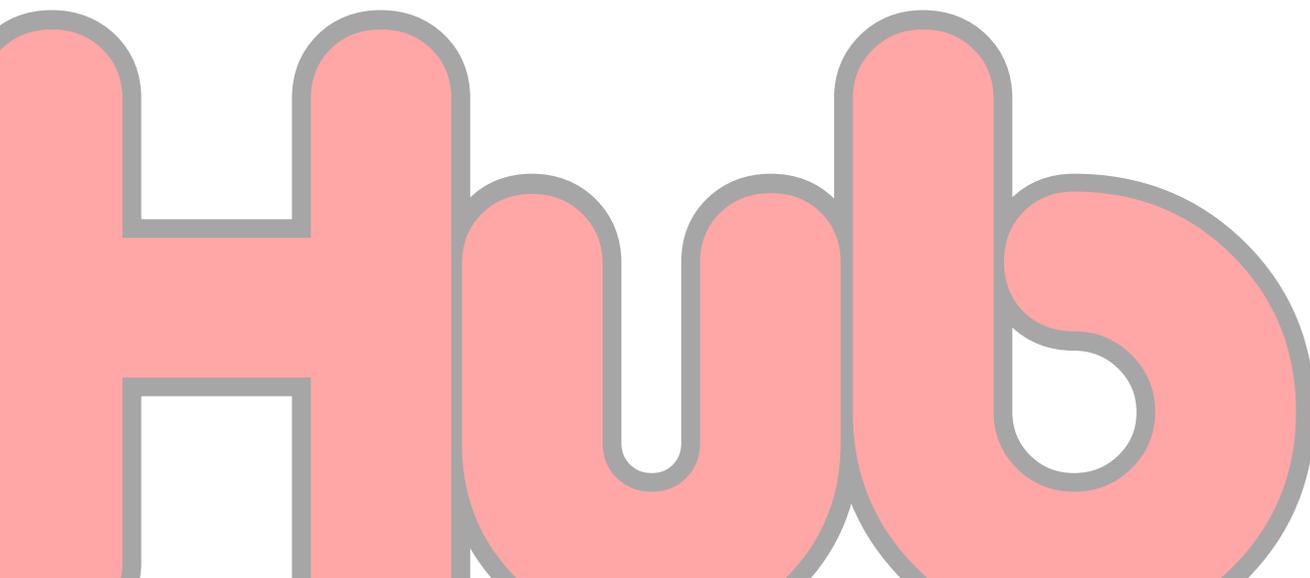
Where *Black Swan* is all *grand guignol* gory glory, Romanek's color palette draws its shades from old curtains. This is an England of deferred modernity, where the only obvious scientific advancement has been transplant surgery. Everything else is hidebound and bleached, and the screen almost reeks of mustiness and fading antimacassars. In the midst of this, the three friends are agonizingly aware of their fate, but do nothing to evade it. If this was *Blade Runner*, Roy Batty would have thrown them off the top of the Tyrell Corporation headquarters. There is no railing against mortality, no bold strikes against authority or against their natural-born oppressors. Instead, they accept their pre-ordained evisceration with an antiquated sense of quiet, shrugging acceptance. Their one failing, or hope, like Nina's, is their budding sexuality. Yet there is no frantic frottage or NY cab-ride fumbblings here: Instead, the quiet and unrequited love triangle is

solely about innocent sympathy and tenderness. While Nina's sexual awakening at the edge of madness is both breathtaking and perturbing, their couplings are the last tender gasps of life before the surgeon's knife.

Just because there is no mad scientist talking about perfect beings, doesn't mean this isn't just as much of a medical horror as *The Human Centipede*: And just because there are no scars or sutures, doesn't mean the three characters aren't bound together, female-male-female. Ruth's petty determination to steal away Tommy and emotionally exile Kathy would be harsh enough if the three weren't scheduled to be turned into spare parts before they turn 30. In a lesser film, there may have been some showdown, but instead there is tea and biscuits and a long, slow, grey shuffle from school to the operating table.

Indeed, Romanek may have made the cinema's most glacial science fiction horror, and much as both he and Ishiguro seems to have rankled at the term, that's exactly what this is. The characters may submit quietly to death – or, as it is euphemistically dubbed, completion – so it is left to the audience to be appalled on their behalf as they are hollowed out for spare parts. It is, like *Black Swan*, an actor's film but with a much lighter directorial touch. Romanek leaves the camera on the three main characters for great lengths, allowing the slightest flickers – of jealousy, of passion, of unrequited love – to break the surface for the briefest glimpse.

Just remember – don't tell anyone these are genre films. It'll spoil the surprise.



FEATURES

Being Original

by Lee Harris

There is a proud tradition of selling TV programme formats between countries. Inevitably, the vast majority of remakes are viewed as inferior by the fans of the original; partly because they are used to the characters and the style of their own show, partly because the remake is made with a different audience in mind, with different expectations and different cultural and sociological references and ideals.

With this in mind, I grabbed a bottle of Diet Coke and a big bar of chocolate, and settled down to watch the first few episodes of the Syfy Channel's remake of *Being Human*.

Toby Whithouse's saga of three supernatural beings living together as flatmates is one of the big success stories for the BBC in recent years, and it's been a favourite of mine since the second episode, so I was naturally cautious when I approached the US version.

The original is not without its faults. I like the character of Herrick, and I like Jason Watkins, who plays him, but I don't like Watkins in that role. I don't believe he imbues the character with the high levels of menace demanded by the script. He's a bit... Well, I find him a bit too short to be frightening, to be honest – a bit weedy. I recognise that I'm in the minority here, though. I've also never quite loved Annie as much as I think I'm meant to, and I'm not convinced that Lenora Crichlow is quite strong enough a performer for the role.

Those niggles aside, the writing is strong, the direction superb, Aidan Turner as Mitchell and Russell Tovey as George never fail to give anything but excellent performances.

So, how does the US version stand up?

Like the British original, there are some aspects of the show that work for me, and some that don't. The writing is good – though much of the plotting so far has mirrored the early episode of the UK version. As the US has ordered 13 episodes per season (the UK has 6) I would expect the story lines to divert, pretty soon. Although there have been some pretty intense scenes, it isn't imbued with the same level of visceral horror that the original often employs. The biggest turn-off for me, however, is the incidental music, which is cheap, and a little distracting.

What about the characters and the performers?

There have been some name changes, but the characterisations remain fairly true to the UK version – right down to the character types.

Sam Witwer plays Aidan (a nod to Aidan Turner, who plays Mitchell, his UK equivalent, perhaps?) and like Turner he's an impossibly pretty actor. He manages to bring a decent level of intensity to the role, but if you were betting on a fight between Aidan and Mitchell, all the smart money would be on our guy.

Meaghan Rath plays Sally (Annie in the UK). Again, a physically beautiful performer, but her performances are stronger than Crichlow's, with more depth. She gives the impression that there are more layers to her character than Annie has ever displayed. Her insecurity, and inner strength is never in doubt. A win for the US team, here.

Mark Pellegrino (*Supernatural*'s very own Lucifer) plays Bishop (Herrick). As with the UK edition, he's

a cop with the local force. Unlike Herrick, however, his performance absolutely drips with menace; you believe in his capacity for evil, even without his vampiric nature.

And what of Josh (George)? Russell Tovey is a fan-favourite – even having recently won the SFX readers' award for Cult Hero. This was always going to be the hardest character in the remake to like. Sam Huntington is more than up to the challenge, though. His portrayal of a slightly geeky hospital porter who just happens to turn into a savage beast once a month, is as good as Tovey's. I'm truly on the fence about this one. Huntington also makes you believe in the dangerous nature of the character, far more than Witwer. Josh is a nice guy, but he has a darkness under the surface. A great performance. I want to prefer Tovey's performance, but they're neck and neck.

Both versions of the show mix drama and humour, and strive to be set in the world in which we exist, although lately, the UK episodes have been heavy on the farce – dogging gags, gimps and middle-aged vamp orgies, a chav zombie WAG who doesn't know she's dead – and this is sometimes detracting from the dramatic tension that previous episodes have built up.

So, the £750 question (that's the recession for you): which is better?

Individual performances aside, and taken as a whole packages, the UK version edges out in front – just – but the US remake is only 4 episodes old, and still has the chance to improve. But if the UK show continues to move in a Ray Cooney direction, SyFy's version won't need to improve much to be considered the better show.

If only they'd tone down that bloody incidental music.

This article first appeared on www.leeaharris.com

