

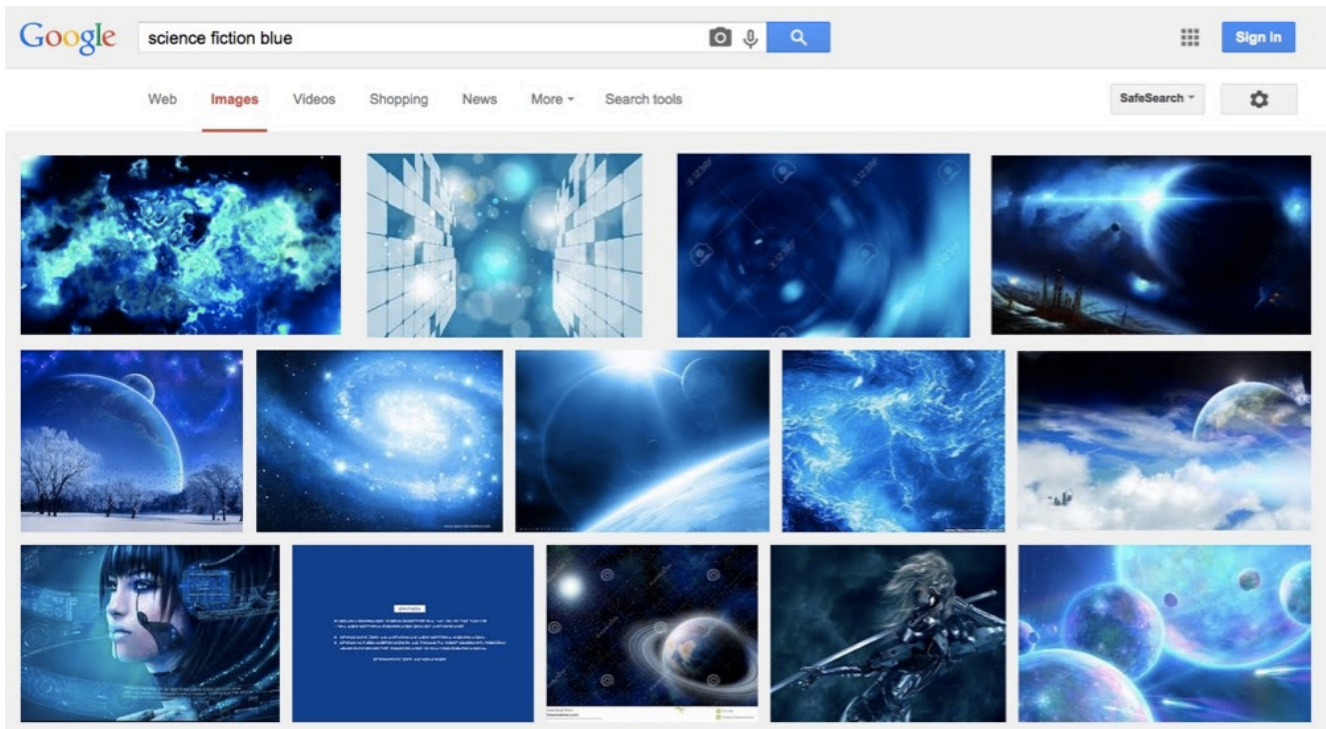
The suffocating genre-blue: On being wrong

I feel compelled to write about science fiction, which is something I really don't know much about. Whilst recently bedridden with the flu I watched more episodes of *Battlestar Galactica* than I care to relate. Suffice to say that by the time wellness again washed through me, my mind was a loop of Bear McCreary and Richard Gibbs' musical themes from the series – all taiko drums, mantras and the piercing, single note repeated in the theme for [Cylon Number Six](#).

The reason I don't know much about science fiction is because, despite my curiosity for most things, I used to ignorantly reject it on artistic grounds. I dismissed it as the 'blue' genre, just as fantasy was the 'brown' genre. These pervading colour-ways were indicative of limiting, banal and recurring narratives I did not want to subject myself to inhabiting, I thought.

Battlestar was indeed blue, but I pressed on and on, further into its operatic scope; its faster-than-light jumps and bleak, AI dystopia filled with flawed characters. Yet *Battlestar* ended very badly, in an overblown, mawkish, simplistic way. In its worst moments, it was filled with bright, life-affirming green that made me actually pine for the return of the suffocating blue genre I had always scorned.

I also realised I was quite wrong about the colour genre assignments when I finally read Ursula Le Guin's *The Left Hand of Darkness*, which is overwhelmingly white: a swirling, overwhelming, devastating blizzard of a book which encases you in a deep, white blanket of sorrow. These misconceptions prove to me in a very humbling way that you can construct a deeply ignorant critique of complex things via visually trained excuses.



Science fiction blue