

*Knee deep in something...*  
**Doom dreadfully dull**

**BOOK**

**Doom: Knee deep in the Dead**  
 by Dafydd Ab Hugh and Brad Linaweaver

Make no mistake, I like a good video game. There's nothing better for the old testosterone than blasting the head off some ugly creature from the Great Unknown, or completing a cool fatality in *Mortal Kombat*. So it's with a heavy heart that I load up my shotgun to blow away *Doom: Knee deep in the Dead* by Dafydd Ab Hugh and Brad Linaweaver.

For those who do not know, *Doom* is a popular series of computer games which lets one do battle with various alien beasts using a variety of firearms. Those searching for deep-meaning games that will challenge the mind will find nothing of the sort in *Doom*. Nonetheless, the game is immensely popular for its non-stop action and trademark gore.

But the book? In a word, crap. "In the Grand Tradition of Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*," is the intriguing hook on the back of this flimsy little paperback. About the only thing this book has in common with *Starship...* is that both are books. They could easily be a Goofus and Gallant cartoon: right way, wrong way.

The plot of Ab Hugh and Linaweaver's novel is pathetically simple: a young marine by the name of Flynn Taggart is trapped on a base on one of the moons of Mars. A strange portal to another universe has opened, unleashing a horde of vile, alien beasties

which gleefully kill everyone but Taggart. He finds himself alone on Phobos Base, with only a gun and his wits to help him. As the novel progresses, we learn more about the aliens and their nefarious plans for Earth (Why do they always want Earth? What have we got that's so important? Cable? Doritos? What?).

This book is exactly like the movies you see at Blockbuster which seem kind of cool, but just don't make it to the big screen. Classics like *Death Wish V*. There are holes in the plot big enough to drive a freakin' Mack truck through and the characters are all cardboard cutouts. In *Starship Troopers*, there was a sense that the lead character was an actual person, and that his actions had real consequences. There's no such feeling in *KDITD*, and Flynn Taggart comes off as an invincible, gung-ho, and flawless hero who's never in any real danger. Sure, he's put into potentially lethal situations, but there's no feeling of suspense. He's going to get out of it, save the girl, and stop the monsters. It's how this kind of plot works. A to Z with no new concepts! Anything would have made this book better!!!

Sorry. It's just when I think of how many trees were sacrificed to print this abomination of literature, I get a tad upset. But it's your \$5.99, so if you like the game and want to see if reading is better than gaming, go ahead.

But if you're looking for the perfect blend of gaming adrenalin and literary suspense, this ain't it.  
**STACY DOOKS**

**BOOK**

**The Tree Planter's Survival Guide**  
 by Kevin Miller

When I travelled to British Columbia last summer to tree plant, I knew almost nothing about the impending "adventure." Had I been aware of the pain, suffering, and mental and physical torture awaiting me in the bush, perhaps I would not have ventured to the west coast at all. Yet, I had an amazing time and am returning this summer, albeit with a slightly different attitude.

Kevin Miller hung up his planting bags after only two seasons in BC, in order to pursue a writing and publishing career. His first effort, *The Tree Planter's Survival Guide*, aims to elucidate the tree planting experience for rookie planters. It reads like an extended brochure, complete with ads and coupons for various outdoor equipment stores across the country.

The guide's content is superfluous — a forty page manual extolling the virtues of caulk boots and creamy land is no more useful to a rookie planter than giving an expecting mother tips on how to be a good parent. Theoretically, the advice is interesting and mildly useful, but the real learning occurs only in practice. Besides, half the fun of tree planting is the quest into the unknown.

At the same time, the book does not exhaust the subject. I have only planted for one summer, yet many of my experiences are distinct from the book's description,

and I am reluctant to believe that Miller is an "expert" on the topic of tree planting. I can relate to "a typical tree planting day" according to Miller; however, much of this section and the rest of the guide are specific to his own company.

An inquisitive and observant rookie planter will catch on very quickly out in the bush. It is impossible (and unwise) to ignore the constant inundation of advice, criticism, and other help given by foremen, supervisors, tree checkers, and other planters. There is so little contact with the outside world that the job dominates almost all conversations, even on days off.

Miller does include some useful information for hopeful job-hunters, such as a directory of tree planting companies across the country and a checklist of gear to bring into the bush.

He suggests checking with the company before you bring equipment, such as a tent. I spent most of last summer in a hotel, but you never know when the company is going to send you to another contract where you will need more gear.

Miller also answers basic questions like "How much money will I make?" and "How much of an investment will planting be for my first year?" Evidently, these answers are dependent upon the company and the (mental and

**THE TREE PLANTER'S SURVIVAL GUIDE**



BY KEVIN MILLER

physical) strength of the planter. If you must inquire "Where do I go to the bathroom?," perhaps reconsider tree planting.

The best advice I can give a potential tree planter is to talk to people who have done it before. Miller's book alone may be misleading to a planter who believes it indiscriminately.

When you do go planting, remember to drink lots of water, eat lots of healthy food, and most importantly, keep planting (no matter how monotonous it is). Knowing this basic information will allow you to concentrate on more important things, like making bundles of cash!

**KATHARINE DUNN**

**007**

Wormwoods is showing some of the best of the James Bond flicks on the big screen this month. Every Saturday at 11 p.m. and every Sunday at 2 p.m., 007 becomes larger than life, and much cooler than he could ever be on video. *Thunderball* played last weekend and the remaining films are: *You Only Live Twice*, *For Your Eyes Only*, and *Goldfinger*. The score is Connery 3, Moore 1. Mmmm...Sean...

**Minstrels of the Gods**

**CONCERT**

**Sanisoft/Gandharvas**  
*Birdland Cabaret,*  
 Saturday February 3



**Paul Jago**

GAZETTE PHOTO BY MIKE GRAHAM

The name "Gandharvas" is the name the Dalai Lama gave to the Beatles when they played for him. It means minstrels of the gods. Pretty lofty credentials for this Ontario band to try and live up to in both respects as they took to the Birdland stage last Saturday.

When someone asks me what kind of music the Gandharvas play, I always have trouble answering. They incorporate many different styles and end up with a kind of quirky, pop-rock sound. It does not sound like anything I have heard before, which is probably why I like the band so much. It is the kind of music that just makes you want to dance around and laugh. Happy, fun, irreverent!

The turnout was light for opening act Sanisoft on a miserably cold Saturday night. They put on a good show in between guitar tunings. The last song they played was a cool, spacy instrumental.

The crowd was much bigger by the time the Gandharvas came on and by the second song, the dance floor was packed. No mosh pit, just people dancing and grooving to the music.

The band opened with "Hollow You Out" from their new album, *Kicking in the Water* and the rest of the show was a combination of songs from the new album and 1994's *A Soap Bubble and Inertia*.

They played almost everything from the new album and most of the songs from the previous one.

During the instrumental "Cans," vocalist and part-time guitarist Paul Jago brought out a strange contraption made of what looked like paint cans held together by duct tape. He made some cool noises by banging away on it with drum sticks. This device also resurfaced later during "The Circus Song." Other standout songs were "A Quick Feel," where Jago goes into a weird chant in the middle, and "The Supreme Personality," which involved a strange show and tell during the chorus.

Jago was in full form as front man of the group. He was very energetic and constantly moving about. This, along with his distinct vocal style, provided for a great stage presence. Maybe this

is why there was such a great number of females in the audience that night — he's just so darn cute (sarcasm intended). The rest of the band were also great, but Jago owned the spotlight.

The only thing I did not like about their performance was their reliance on samples for the intros to some of their new songs. It detracts from a live show if you hear music and don't see anyone playing. There also seemed to be something lacking in the audience interaction aspect of the show. The band pretty much restricted themselves to introducing the songs and saying the obligatory "this is our second time out here."

It has been a while since I have seen a performance where I knew every single song the band played. It was the type of show where you could just let go and flow with the sounds.

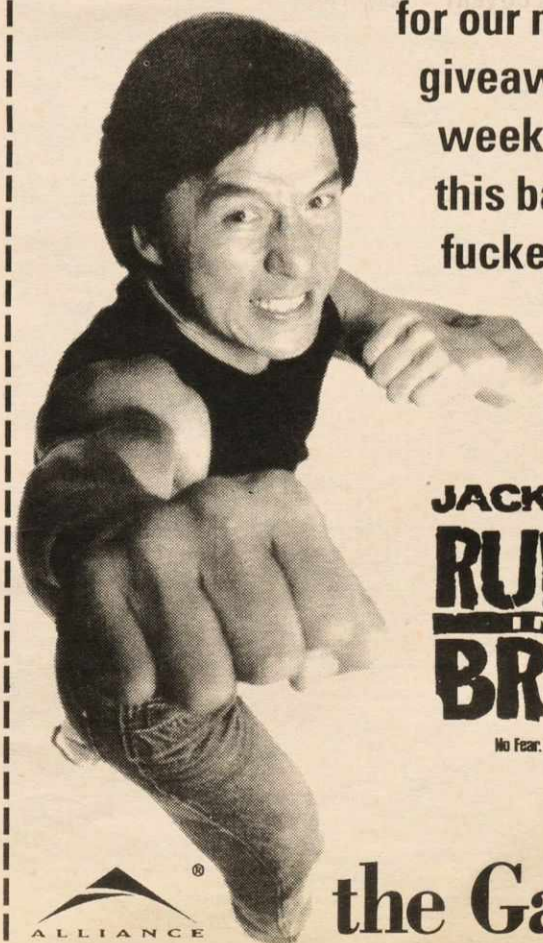
**NEIL FRASER**

**Choclairs Slogan Contest**

Think advertisers are full of it? Think you could sell a product better than anybody? If you can come up with the best slogan for Choclairs, you will win Choclairs merchandise!

Simply write your slogan, your name, and your phone number on a piece of paper and drop it off to the Gazette in SUB Rm. 312. You get a Choclairs just for submitting your slogan! How about this one: "Choclairs — Eat them with a knife and fork. Just like George." Hmmm...

**Keep your eyes peeled for our movie pass giveaway in next week's issue, or this bad mother-fucker will kick your ass.**



**JACKIE CHAN RUMBLE IN THE BRONX**

No Fear. No Shortman. No Equal.



**the Gazette**