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**Roger Waters - Auckland, January 2007**  
Roger Waters has every right to stand coolly on stage while his 10-piece band recreates his magnum opus, Pink Floyd's 1973 release *Dark Side of the Moon* – but he does not do such thing. Instead, the 64-year-old grins, howls and tears his way across the massive stage with the emotional intensity of a 21-year-old. It's invigorating to see that Waters' political bent hasn't cooled in recent years – new war protest track 'Leaving Beirut' and the 'Impeach Bush Now' scrawled across the rump of his ubiquitous flying pig reassure us that his passionate disdain for authority is still alive and well. If only Waters kicked off the encore with a mind-blowing rendition of 'Another Brick in the Wall.' Oh wait, *he did*.



**Film Review**

**The Descent**  
Director: Neil Marshall  
This discomfiting little horror will do for the sport of caving what *Jaws* did for night swimming. Neil Marshall's follow-up to 2002's *Dog Soldiers* is a claustrophobic 95 minutes of terror that obeys the rules of horror and makes clever use of cliches. The movie's six characters, transatlantic power-femmes with a taste for extreme sports, brim with self-confidence, but you just know it's going to go pear-shaped once they're two miles underground. For a movie set almost entirely in a cave, Marshall makes great use of the blind terror of darkness and the heart-racing panic of confined space without having you wondering what the hell's happening. With some truly nightmare-inducing scenes, an air of constant unease and a shock ending, this is one of the best horror films since *Evil Dead*. *By Tom Museth*



**Film Review**

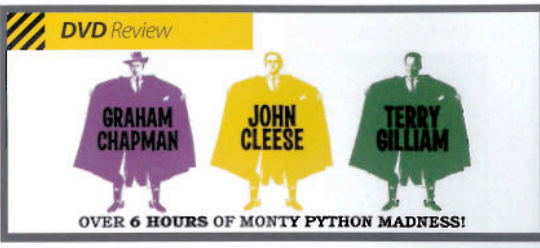
**History Boys - Director: Nicholas Hynter**  
Alan Bennett's infectious and engaging screen adaptation of the Tony Award winning play is a straightforward exercise in cajoling, witty banter and lyrical tongues. Set in a Yorkshire boys' school in 1983, the plot centres around eight students who team up with a powerful trinity of teachers to pass their elite university entrance exams. The film is an enchanting and vigorous classroom performance that relies heavily on its warm, enthusiastic cast of characters. A particular treat is Stephen Moore's portrayal of the polished, affable Mr Irwin, who sees passing entrance exams as a manipulative art. Naturally, the boys are dashing, covering the gamut from an elfin gay misfit to the effortlessly smart jock. *Study up. By Karen Fu*



**CD Review**

**Clap Your Hands Say Yeah**  
*Some Loud Thunder*

Ah, the tragic side of premature 'indie' rock glory – firstly, it teaches us what hyped media lore can do, and secondly, what falling prey to and deviating from one's organic musical roots sounds like. Too much swarm and not enough crispness bogs this second album down in hazy muck, with problematic tracks like the unfinished, amateur air of 'Underwater (you and me)' and the pumping rapture, but oddly oxymoronic tone of 'Satan Said Dance.' Vastly stranger-than David-Byrne chops, psychedelic delicacy, jittery wit and aquatic harmonies all remotely exist in glimmers like 'Emily Jean Stock,' and the fantastic melody 'Yankee Go Home.' But the hidden gems of CYHSY's cacophonous sound now seem like artefacts. *By Karen Fu*



**DVD Review**



**CD Review**

**Bloc Party Weekend In The City**

Move over Mars Volta: Bloc Party are the new sonic scholars, and thanks to the expressive lyrics and searing instrumental ebbs of lead singer Kele Okereke, Bloc Party are poised to spearhead modern-day pop-punk adaptation. While the group still slips into high and mighty mode, like with the anathema 'Uniform,' they redeem themselves in songs like the layered confessional 'On,' the surreal fantasy 'The Prayer,' and the bouncy earnest ballad 'I Still Remember.' With deliberately vulnerable mantras, sometimes complex nuances and always swept-up instrumentals, Bloc Party are the new role models for 'indie' rockers who dare to break out of the box. *By Karen Fu*

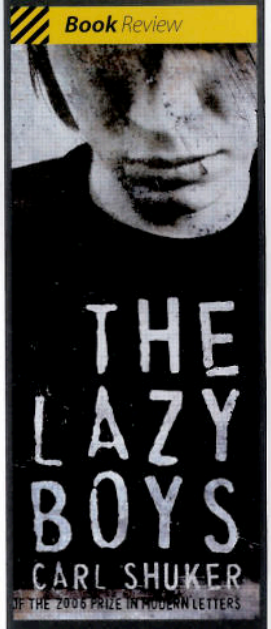


**Tech Review**

**Nokia N93**

Forget the trend of shrinking cell phones – the first thing you notice about the Nokia N93 is that it is large. Very large. The second thing you notice is that it has a *lens cap*. This phone takes its duties as a camera very seriously. But that's all right because as phone video cameras go, it's quite good. It has 3x optical zoom built into its Carl Zeiss lens assembly, and the liquid smooth video ensures that jerky postage-stamp phone 'movies' are a thing of the past. Rumour has it that the N95 – the N93's slimmer, higher-res kid sister – is on its way from overseas. Best wait. *By Beau Butler*

**Monty Python's Personal Best**  
In a recent interview, original Python Terry Gilliam admitted, "Everything we can get our hands on we will sell for money. We're shameless!" That intent rings loud and clear with *Monty Python's Personal Best*, an interesting packaging concept that ultimately falters in delivery. While there's a certain charm in watching each Python's hand-picked personal favourites, the introductions are disappointing and the forced 'links' between each sketch detract from the spirit of the originals. Since the complete Monty Python series has just been released, this six-disc set probably won't be around for long.



**Book Review**

**The Lazy Boys**

Richard Sauer, the 18-year-old protagonist of Carl Shuker's second novel, abandons family life in Timaru for Otago University and a degree in marketing, but succumbs to the culture of drugs, binge-drinking and self-harming. A theme, as Shuker has expressed, is the dangers of all sorts of figurative poverty; poverty of opinions, potential, experience, imagination and guidance. The incentive for the reader to bear the malaise lies in hoping the end won't be too terrible. The publisher describes it as a chilling satire, but really it's best read as a semi-authentic portrayal of home-grown, but otherwise universal, youthful nihilism. *By Nicholas Sheppard*



**Film Preview**

**Grindhouse**  
Directors: Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino

With one of the most exciting pairings of A-list directors in recent history, Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino take turns trying their hand at B-grade slashed exploitation horror flicks, in the double feature *Grindhouse*. The name comes from a slang term for American theatres that screened double features of B-grade exploitation films during the 70s – which pretty much explains the entire concept. The project, in which Tarantino and Rodriguez have created two completely separate horror flicks that run back to back, is a collaborative and loving homage to the world of exploitation cinema, right down to the lovingly crafted fake trailers that run between the films. Intriguing.



**Tech Review**

**Samsung K5 MP3 Player**

Pop stars sure do love the K5 – both the Pussycat Dolls and Fergie 'ooh' and 'ah' while back-up dancers enthusiastically gyrate around it in their music videos. The rabid admiration is directed at the stylish slide-out speaker, and rightfully so – it instantly turns the player into a nifty mini boom box. It's incredibly handy – and not only because it makes the annoying practise of sharing half a song via earbud headphones a thing of the past. The sound quality is sufficiently sharp and loud, the software is sleek and effortless and the whole thing is only slightly thicker than an iPod. They will sell out. Get one.