

Quartet back with movie



They're back: The girls from *Sex and the City* (from left) Sarah Jessica Parker (Carrie), Cynthia Nixon (Miranda), Kristin Davis (Charlotte) and Kim Cattrall (Samantha).

By DOUGLAS MACLAURIN

CARRIE, Samantha, Charlotte and Miranda are back — *The Sex and the City* TV stars took to the big screen on Tuesday with the world premiere in London of their tales of love and high fashion in New York. The film takes up four years on from where the hit series left the sassy singletons, who were so blatantly honest in their desire to have “sex like men” but also lusted as much for a new pair of Manolo Blahnik

heels as they did for the perfect beau. The stars were greeted by hordes of screaming fans in London’s Leicester Square where Sarah Jessica Parker said: “This is a movie for all genders, gays, straights and everybody in-between.” “Men are not vilified. It’s a movie for everyone,” she said. Parker, who plays Carrie and is also a producer of the film, said she had been working on the project for two and a half years. But getting everyone together again was not easy. There were reports that when talks about a film

began, Kim Cattrall, who plays Samantha, had demanded more money and creative control. “It was a really hard time,” said Cattrall, who at the time was in the midst of a divorce. Her father had also just been diagnosed with dementia. “I needed to spend time with my real family and I’m really glad that I did because in the four years, you know, coming back, I think the film is where it should be,” Cattrall said in New York before the film’s London launch. Asked why it was being premiered in Britain, Cattrall said “We are very New York-based, three of us

live in New York and most of the crew is in New York. We shot in New York”. “But I also think it’s not just a show about New York anymore. “In the four years we were not making the show, it went all over the world,” she said.

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Half a job

MATE
MARK WILSON



THIS is a term — half a job — I have become familiar with over the years and have been brutally reacquainted with recently. Anyone familiar with the guy who mows the lawns in segments, with breaks to watch the cricket or to grab a toasted sandwich, which invariably results in the lawnmower being found days later still embedded in the lengthening grass, catcher full and the job only half done? The mate who was going to come over and help you fell that pesky tree blocking the evening sun from the deck, who arrives late, twisting your rubber arm into having a few quiet and a laugh while the sun fades behind the tree’s outstretched branches for yet another day? What about those memorable occasions when a road is ripped up, followed by a lengthy rebuilding process complicated by the laying of a few new sewage pipes? Then when it’s finished someone decides they should have laid some fibre optic cable and the road is ripped up again, much to the dismay of motorists crawling through the endless temporary 30kmh zones, being pelted with rough chip missiles. My most recent example reads something like this: In my infinite wisdom, I lugged what, to many innocent bystanders, would have appeared to be a body bag with at least two people inside 24,600km via sea to London. The master plan — to spend a winter in the French Alps frolicking with more than slightly attractive ski bunnies fully decked out in my 1976 full-length Speight’s Centenary Swannndri. However, I had to divert home early for an ankle operation. On my departure, I consigned my giant monstrosity of a ski bag, packed with my ski gear not to mention my Great Beer Delivery memorabilia, to Sevenseas for a delivery service advertised as DOOR to DOOR. After battling my way through a commute longer and more painful than watching *Titanic* on the big screen, I jetted out of the UK en route to a scorching Kiwi summer. But the arrival date slipped by. So did Christmas, and after waiting longer than a Telecom mobile phone customer on hold (five months), all the while dealing with something far worse than four years of *Nature’s Best* as the hold music (call centre staff whose grasp of the English language was limited, at best), I was told my bag had been misplaced. It got worse: since their records show it did, apparently, make it to New Zealand, I was not to get a refund. So in reality it was a DOOR to COUNTRY service — seems if your bag makes it to your country, their job is done regardless of whether you actually receive it. Another fine example of half a job. But congratulations to Swannndri for doing a full job by helping me replace my lost kit. Good on ya mate!

Sorting out the laundry ...



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