



Film

Tracking Shots

## 'Air Guitar Nation'

by **Rob Nelson**

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My long strums are pretty fucking tight," gushes one faux-ax-stroker in this slick, hilarious, and at times even suspenseful ode to competitive mock-rock and/or the further decline of Western civ. Power-chord mimes here include Krye Tuff, Björn Türoque, and the kung-fu-styled C. Diddy, who handily wins stateside air-solo honors and proceeds to the world cup in Finland, whereupon nationalist air-envy takes center stage and this American Idle turns, uh, political. Director Alexandra Lipsitz plays her own instrument impeccably, not pushing too hard for humor (the material is outrageous enough on its own), nor resting on crowd-pleasing absurdity at the expense of vital journalistic investigation (e.g., she gets Türoque's mom to pull out one of the kid's old report cards, which indeed explains a lot). Nary a dull lick in the entire 80 minutes.