

Gauragangur (Young men walking) – Icelandic film – critique from Romania



Ormur is a 16 years old young man. He is a rebel, he likes to write poetry. It seems that the school is not very important to him because he behaves very badly with his teachers. He is not a role model: a young man who is drinking and smoking. He has friends not paying them any attention, being interested only of the girl he is in love, Linda.

Ormur is a young man who is not paying attention to his classes, who is arguing with the teacher just because the two had different opinions. He was not socializing with his mother or stepfather. The sister is the only one with whom he is having some kind of relationship.

The main character is a young man who only knows his rights, not his duties. He believed that he can get whatever he wants. He was behaving inappropriate at school. He has no manners, he is standing with his hands in his pockets in Linda's house. He taunted people, he put his feet on the chair when he was watching a movie.

At home, Ormur has the freedom to say whatever he wants. He could express his feelings, his wishes. At school he isn't behaving. A teenager has the right to object at home, but at school a student has to respect his teachers.

The Icelandic teenager is a sober, quite boy who likes to analyze everything. He is a dreamer, a careless and absent boy. He is not very careful with Linda, leaving her pregnant.

Ormur behaves harshly, but also has a sensitive side: falls in love with Linda. Unfortunately he is indifferent to the others' needs.



The Romanian movie

Since the Irish students did not make the film critique for the Romanian movie, the Romanian team offers you a review from „Cineuropa”

Amintiri din epoca de aur
(*Tales from the golden age*) – Romanian film – review

Mungiu & co. entertain in *Tales from the Golden Age*

by CAMILO DE MARCO

<http://www.cineuropa.org/2011/nw.aspx?t=newsdetail&lang=en&documentID=108732>

20/05/2009 - The story goes that after a screening of *4 Months, 3 Weeks and 2 Days* someone in the audience approached the director of the Palme d'Or winner, **Cristian Mungiu**, and said, “It’s such a shame! There are more and more films being made for festivals and fewer and fewer for audiences. Couldn’t you do something to turn the situation around?”

Thus was born *Tales from the Golden Age*, a collective film in five episodes, each directed by a different filmmaker (**Mungiu, Ioana Uricaru, Hanno Höfer, Razvan Marculescu, and Constantin Popescu**). Starting with the ironic title itself, the film makes no bones about its intentions: re-evolve Romanians' lives in the waning years of the Communist dictatorship (by far the worst) by means of the so-called urban legends.

Co-producer of the film with **Oleg Mutu**, Mungiu's idea was a lot like those long lines to get into the stores in the Communist era: you never knew what you would find. This is why different screenings of the film will feature different combinations of episodes, so no one will see the same film.

With its directorial verve, its sarcastic tribute to the 80s in a faux-nostalgic vein, featuring period songs, styles, images, and stereotypes, *Tales from the Golden Age* hits the mark. It constitutes a group portrait of a people who struggle to survive, seeking some kind of rhyme or reason in the Communist Party's directives.

Three of the five episodes highlight the comic aspects of the regime: the wait for an official visit by the party leaders winds up as a mad ride on a merry-go-round that no one is able to stop; during an visit by president Giscard D'Estaing, the official Party photographer is asked to doctor the front-page picture so that the dictator Ceausescu will look just as tall as his giant colleague; a family is gifted a live pig by their country cousin but in trying to kill the thing, with the fumes from the gas stove they blow their entire apartment to kingdom come.

The other two episodes are not such laughing matters and point the finger not only at the regime's idiocies but also its dangers. Whoever tries to make a little extra income on the side, just to get by, or purchase goods that have disappeared from the shelves, like a dozen eggs, runs the risk of ending up in the cooler.

Whether these are true stories or just products of the Romanian imagination, or its sense of humour, is beside the point. Amazingly vital, thanks to the fact that Romanian cinema has finally found an outlet after years of silence, this film, with its variable geometry, calls to mind the Italian cinema of the 60s and 70s, as Mungiu himself pointed out: popular, immediate, and entertaining.



(Translated from Italian)