

## 45 Years – Review

Cinematic **depictions** of long-term relationships are **exceedingly** rare. There's a reason for that, of course; the **familiarity** and routine of a couple who know each other inside out is an inherently less dramatic situation than the opening stages of a romance, wherein **doubt**, **wonder** and excitement all register in a **dizzying** whirl of emotion.

Yet, there are such films out there - Ira Sachs' *Love Is Strange* is a good recent example - and *45 Years* is another **gem** to add to the small, but growing **pile**.

Adapted from a short story by David Constantine, a British poet, author and translator, Andrew Haigh's third feature film as director is a **mature**, restrained picture, carried by two exceptional performances by Charlotte Rampling and Tom Courtenay as

married couple Kate and Geoff Mercer. Into their **comfortable**, companionable lives as they near their 45th wedding anniversary comes news from the past concerning a tragedy, the **ramifications** of which, it is revealed, were never fully **divulged** by Geoff to Kate.



Haigh, who has worked on numerous films and as a writer/director on HBO's *Looking*, follows features *Greek Pete* and the **acclaimed** *Weekend* with a beautifully directed, **moving** piece of



work; one which should seriously **reward** fans of accomplished, adult **storytelling**. It would be a great **shame** were Rampling's recent, incredibly ill-advised comments regards diversity at this year's forthcoming Academy Awards to **overshadow** its quality (and indeed, how good Rampling herself is in the film, though they will surely affect its chances of success), but *45 Years* is enough of an **achievement** to surely **outlive** any controversy.