

PRESSEHEFT

★★★★★ SO LUSTIG, DASS ES WEH TUT! TIME OUT

JUNGS

HIP, ROWDY,
AUTHENTIC!
EMPIRE MAGAZINE

DIE KOMÖDIE,
DIE CANNES 09
IM STURM
EROBERTE.

BLEIBEN JUNGS

CÉSAR FÜR DAS PHÄNOMENALE DEBÜT VON RIAD SATTOUF

Das ist die Geschichte von zwei jungen Männern, die sich verlieben. Ein Film, der die Liebe zwischen zwei Männern zeigt, wie sie ist, ohne Klischees und ohne zu sehr auf die Unterschiede zu achten. Ein Film, der die Liebe zeigt, wie sie ist, ohne Klischees und ohne zu sehr auf die Unterschiede zu achten. Ein Film, der die Liebe zeigt, wie sie ist, ohne Klischees und ohne zu sehr auf die Unterschiede zu achten.

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MUSIK VON
FLAIRS
& RIAD SATTOUF



Eine Komödie von Riad Sattouf
Frankreich 2009, 90 Minuten

César für Besten Debütfilm
2 Lumières für Beste Nachwuchsdarsteller:
Vincent Lacoste & Anthony Sonigo

LES BEAUX GOSSES

JungsbleibenJungs.de
International: TheFrenchKissers.com

1 Million Zuschauer in Frankreich!

Im Verleih von

Kool *Filmdistribution*

Belfortstr. 37

79098 Freiburg

Presse: 0179 - 11 09 211 & 0761 - 26 76 3

www.koolfilm.de (Download der Bilder)

info@koolfilm.de

DARSTELLER

Hervé	Vincent Lacoste (Lumière für Bestes Debüt)
Camel	Anthony Sonigo (Lumière für Bestes Debüt)
Aurore	Alice Tremolieres
Hervés Mutter	Noemie Lvovsky
Hervés Vater	Christophe Vandeveld
Direktorin	Emmanuelle Devos
Valeria Golino	Porno-Aktrice
Riad Sattouf	Porno-Akteur



STAB

Regie	Riad Sattouf (César für Besten Debütfilm)
Buch	Riad Sattouf und Marc Syrigas
Bildregie	Dominique Colin
Schnitt	Virginie Bruant
Ton	Laurent Benaim
Schnitt	Hervé Guyader
Mischung	Emmanuel Croset
Musik	Flairs, Riad Sattouf
Ausstattung	Marie Cheminal
Casting	Stephane Batut
Kostüme	Mimi Lempicka
Produzentin	Anne-Dominique Toussaint

PITCH

- JUDD APATOW meets LA BOUM

Ein ganz normaler Vierzehnjähriger mit mehr Pickeln als Verstand und sein bester Freund auf der Jagd nach dem ersten Mal, gleich überfordert von der verständnisvollen Mutter und dem plötzlich zugeneigten Objekt seiner Begierde

- eine wahrhaftige Komödie über die stürmischste und lustigste Epoche im Leben jeden Mannes!



INHALT

Hervé ist ein ganz gewöhnlicher Vierzehnjähriger mit mehr Pickeln als Verstand, der von seiner Libido gebeutelt allein mit seiner aufreizend verständnisvollen Mutter lebt. Auf der Schule haben er und sein bester Freund Camel nur ein Ziel: endlich ein Mädels aufreissen!

Doch alle ihre Annäherungsversuche scheitern schmählich – bis ausgerechnet Aurore, eine der Schönsten, ohne ersichtlichen Grund Hervé mit ihrer Gunst beglückt. Hervé weiss fortan nicht mehr, wie ihm geschieht. Er wäre wie alle Jungs in seinem Alter gern schon ein Mann, aber der Weg dahin ist mit exquisiten Peinlichkeiten gepflastert, grausam für ihn und unverschämt komisch für jeden, der es hinter sich gebracht hat ...



INTERNATIONALE PRESSESTIMMEN

"French cinema has a new coming-of-age classic. One of the ten best films of the year!"
TIME OUT

"Marvellous! One of the most astutely observed films about teenagers I've ever seen."
LIMELIGHT MAGAZINE

"Hip, rowdy, authentic, keenly observed – presents the highs and lows of kidulthood with excitement, humour, energy and embarrassment. This cool, anachronistic euro vision graduates with flying colours!"
EMPIRE MAGAZINE

"A fresh, sincere and bitingly funny comedy, a winning debut that makes for big laughs in any language!"
FILMINK

"Humour that's so wrong... but oh so right!"
GQ

"Smart, raunchy and funny because it rings true, in any language!"
THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"What ultimately distinguishes THE FRENCH KISSERS from other contemporary fare is its considerable charm coupled with a lingering sense of innocence – and therein lies the delight of the film. THE FRENCH KISSERS will leave you laughing!"
PARISUPDATE.COM

"A notable directorial debut for comic book writer Riad Sattouf, this French teen sex comedy possesses a nice blend of humour and intelligence that places it somewhere between AMERICAN PIE and WILD REEDS." SCREEN INTERNATIONAL

Australisches Presseecho zu finden unter:

http://www.rottentomatoes.com/m/french_kissers/



ÜBER DEN REGISSEUR + INTERVIEW

RIAD SATTOUF WURDE AM 5. MAI 1978 IN PARIS GEBOREN.

BIS ZUM ZEHNTEN LEBENSJAHR LEBTE ER IN ALGERIEN, LIBYEN UND SYRIEN. SEIT 2000 ARBEITET ER ALS ZEICHNER UND AUTOR VON COMICS IN PARIS. ZU SEINEN ERFOLGREICHSTEN TITELN ZÄHLEN RETOUR AU COLLÈGE, PASCAL BRUTAL, MANUEL DU PUCEAU, MA CIRCONCISION ...

JUNGS BLEIBEN JUNGS

(Les Beaux Gosses / The French Kissers)

IST SEIN ERSTER FILM.

What is *THE FRENCH KISSERS* about?

It's the story of Herve and his mates, high school students in Rennes, Brittany. Outcast, unattractive, a bit dumb, obsessed with girls. It's a film about the secret world of boys, as I experienced it with my friends. Many boys have trouble expressing their adolescent crisis, unsettled by the end of their childhood. Their bodies are changing, not the way they had pictured it... they feel very inadequate in the world.

Is there a difference between the story and that of your graphic novel 'Back to High School'?

Yes, this is an original script. 'Back to High School' came out of an experience that I forced upon myself - going back into a classroom amongst students.

Your trademark is sexual frustration, clumsy youngsters misguided by their instincts and who get nowhere; the disasters of puberty. Is it autobiographical?

It's not an autobiography. I was a shy, ordinary teenager. The story of my life would have been too boring! My mother is nothing like the one in the film... but the relationships that I had with my mates were similar to the ones I describe. We had very high-pitched voices, ridiculous names (me in particular) and frail physiques.

It was unthinkable to smoke joints, to spray-paint in the streets or to run away; we were petrified of getting caught or going to jail. That natural anger has to come out, but it was invariably turned inwards. What's fascinating with adolescence is how wild the urges of life and death are. I didn't want to make a film about the codes of today's teens, the way they talk, their arsenal of electronic devices... I wanted to make a film about the intensity of their emotions.

We wonder precisely when the film takes place. There are no mobiles, iPods... but it still feels current.

I wanted to find a balance between my experience and that of my actors. I didn't want to make a realistic film, I wanted something slightly askew, to "build an environment"... to be honest I find it very boring to listen to talk about mobiles, computers, text messaging. And not all kids have access to that technology. My characters are excluded from progress, in a way! My actors, who were my best advisers, would say: "These people are complete losers, we'd never talk to guys like that..."

How did you arrange the casting?

It took three months to find Hervé and the other characters. I explained to Stephane Batut and his team - experts in casting teenagers - what I was after and they sent me a tape with 500 kids, selected from high schools in Paris.

And you'd approach them how: "Hi there, young man, you look like a virgin with lots of pimples, do you want to do a screen test?"

I didn't want models: good looking, wild; the nymph, the gypsy, the rebel, the jock etc...I wanted ugly ducklings with unusual features, and their own way of talking, of walking. We gave them small scripts... those who managed to stay natural, to express feelings without "acting", I kept. Vincent Lacoste (Hervé) was super shy, forlorn, with a baby face hiding behind a deep husky voice. But he imitated his teacher with finesse. Anthony Sonigo, who plays Camel, was an obvious choice from the start. Alice Tremolieres (Aurore), is very different from the role she plays in the film. She's a bit of a bohemian, shy, a dreamer... who also plays many instruments. I immediately thought that, at 14, I would have fallen deeply in love with her!

Being a super-shy ex-maniac, how have you directed these young guys?

We rehearsed! It was quite instinctive. During casting, I turned off the lights and asked the boys to light a match and bring it close to their partner's faces. I chose Vincent Lacoste to play Herve because behind his awkward look, he nearly burnt the girl he was with! He was not afraid of anything. Then I drew out the animal in them; we played monkey. Like in a sect, we weren't allowed to talk, we were monkeys. They'd rehearse whole scenes as monkeys. They managed to express very subtle emotions as monkeys, using their bodies - much better than with words... it freed them. During the shoot, when they couldn't express certain emotions, we'd sit aside and play monkey, trying to find a way to unlock things; we don't think about that often enough!

OK. And for a first film, everything went amazingly well?

Well, yes. Except that three days before the shoot, Vincent Lacoste broke his knee at a rock concert that he was forbidden to attend, by the production and his mother! The film nearly didn't go ahead. But I took him despite the limp - he was too perfect. The limp has even added something to the character.

Did you have references, films on teenagers that inspired you?

Not really...Of course, I love THE 400 BLOWS, POCKET MONEY... I was obsessed by the idea of getting the kids to act spontaneously. I cast Noemie Lvovsky before I saw the film PETITES she directed. It's one of my favourite films on teenagers because of the intensity, the untamed and unrestrained qualities it has. I wanted to show how the unattractive physique of my teens was beautiful. I wanted to be very close to them, hold the camera so close that you could feel their oily skin, every imperfection, and smell their BO.

I understand you were voted the "ugliest kid" at school. The haircuts, braces and pimples, were they your way of taking revenge?

The pimple on Vincent's lip evolves during the shoot from white blob to a scar...the make-up artist was following it very closely! Camel's hairdo is the one I was dreaming of harbouring in ninth grade, but my hair was too curly. It wasn't revenge - I enjoyed myself!

There are some hilarious scenes; the séance and the gym are terrific.

I had mates in Rennes who dabbled in séances. Somehow, when they connected with spirits, it was always famous baddies...Napoleon, Hitler, Jack The Ripper...or Satan, Lucifer. They must have felt so pathetic. And sport appeals to all. It's a moment of competition where you need to prove something with your body. You can experience moments of utter humiliation. I didn't want to fall in the trap of the typical film for teens: morons, good at sports and who succeed in everything on one side, and the nice little maniacs on the other... that's why my main character is so cruel sometimes - that was intentional. He's not perfect. Everyone is just doing what they can to get by.

Camel likes heavy metal; the deputy is black; on paper you run the risk of cliché, but the film touches on multiculturalism and integration without falling in the usual traps. You were born in Paris, have lived in Libya, Syria... and came to Rennes aged 11. Is this 'your' France?

When I was at school, there was one black kid, and I was the only one with an Arabic name. It wasn't a private school, that's how it was... for my film I didn't decide: let's take three blacks, five Arabs and a couple of Asians... I didn't write the script with that in mind. The deputy is black as it happens, and Camel's name is Anthony Sonigo and I think he does a great impersonation of the little Arab who likes heavy metal. What I find funny is to mix all these references. Herve loves rap, his mother scolds him for listening to "Arab music", his mate who's Arab, listens to Metal... I don't care and just wanted to have fun; these questions are so serious! People often don't give a damn about their origins; it's society that sets all these labels. Lots of youngsters are dull: not good, not bad, not violent, not dunces, nothing - they're 'lacklustre'.

Can we talk about socks and masturbation?

Masturbation: I love it. I have no problem discussing it for hours, it's my favourite subject. For me it's the expression of life's impulses. As for the sock, everybody knows, it allows to get rid of the sperm without leaving traces. You put it in the washing and your parents don't see a thing. Voila: grand household mystery solved!

Anthony and Vincent were very comfortable while shooting these scenes. 25 people around them? No worries! They'd ask: do we really put our dick in the sock? And I'd answer: are you nuts? You're 14, it's not allowed. We'll pretend. And they'd say "bummer, it's my favourite scene!"

The slow kid in class, is he the one for our guilty conscience?

You're talking about Mahmoudé... He goes through hell and we don't know what will become of him; he's trying to survive. There was one like him in my class...the others were merciless. That guy was a martyr. His parents refused to put him a different school. Kids would bully him endlessly in the schoolyard. It was hard to witness.

The film starts with an unforgettable kiss.

I find teenagers kissing incredibly violent; I wanted to start the film with a bang, something super real to throw the viewer right into it. And it's a wink to Larry Clark's *KIDS*.

Were these scenes difficult for your actors?

Not a bit. Pushing is like a hug. They kissed with their mind elsewhere. At their age, I would have had a heart attack!

You chose the adults after the teens?

I wanted unknown actors. I had a phobia of stars. I wanted the actors to be mine. I love Noemie Lvovsky in *ACTRICES*. There's something very uncanny and sensitive about her. She's an amazing actor who brought to the part things I would have never thought about. Yannig Samot, Herve's stepfather, makes me happy, no one has seen him before - he's mine! As soon as I look at him: he has this virility, but also so naive and relaxed in his perversity. Fred Neidhardt, the depressed biology teacher, is so handsome, and can suggest incredible things with small gestures, his beard...

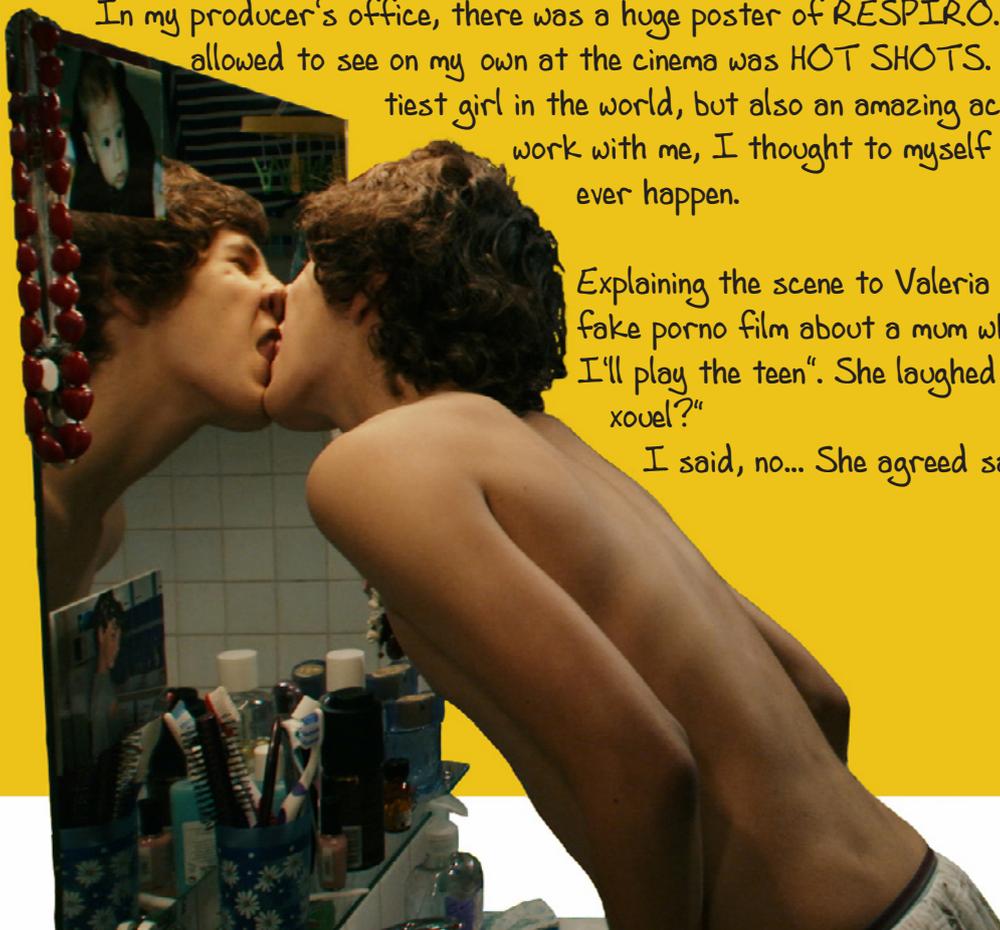
But then I thought I might never make another film in my life... so I set a list of all the actors I loved: Emmanuelle Devos, Irene Jacob and Valeria Golino - of course - she's my muse! And they all accepted. So lucky! I love them all - dumb, hey?

And you decided to ask Valeria Golino to do a porno scene with www.hotmum.com

In my producer's office, there was a huge poster of *RESPIRO*. The very first film I was allowed to see on my own at the cinema was *HOT SHOTS*. Valeria Golino is the prettiest girl in the world, but also an amazing actress. When she accepted to work with me, I thought to myself that nothing better could ever happen.

Explaining the scene to Valeria was a bit tricky: "Well, it's a fake porno film about a mum who screws young teens, and I'll play the teen". She laughed and said "not rreally sexual?"

I said, no... She agreed saying: "Ok, u're so founny!"



Your comics 'The Secret Life of Teenagers', 'The Book of the Virgin', 'Back to High School' and 'Pascal Brutal' are legendary, but are totally unrelated to cinema. Why did you want to make a film?

I didn't really want to. I love cinema - I nearly see everything that comes out - but I was certain that making a film would be something exhausting: writing a project, finding producers, convincing them (they are so spineless...), rewriting a script 100 times, deleting what could shock a Catholic group... but in fact, I didn't have to do any of that.

What do you mean?

Anne-Dominique Toussaint, the producer, contacted me after reading my cartoon 'Back to High School'. She had a film on teenagers in mind and asked me if I wanted to write the script. I didn't know her, no friends in common, but she just happened to like my cartoons. We immediately connected. She had produced films that I really liked; *Respiro*, Emmanuel Carrere's films... It sounds like I'm brown-nosing to say so now that she has produced my film but I realise it was a unique experience. She tended to want me to add things instead of deleting.

And then?

Then I said that the person who wrote the original script should be the one to do the casting, choose the technical team, the sets...she agreed straight away.

We did it in stages and we could stop at every step. I wrote a synopsis, then a longer one, it was OK so I kept going. I wrote the first version of the script. When I got stuck I called Marc Syrigas to the rescue and we started all over again. He's a friend and a great scriptwriter. Until we started shooting, I couldn't believe it was actually happening.

What makes you laugh?

Very hard to say. Serious shows on TV, very serious people, politicians... partner-swappers make me laugh. I laugh about sad things to make them less sad.

What did you really enjoy during the shoot?

Making my actors cry for real!

A Gallic American Pie without the sugary taste,

The French Kissers serves up slices of male teenage life in all its awkwardness, ugliness, and sexual desperation. Hervé (Vincent Lacoste), 14, has fallen into the geek caste at his local school. Afflicted with braces and acne, tormented by the cool kids and erotic urges, he swaps lingerie catalogues with his heavy-metal freak friend Camel (Anthony Soningo) and fantasises about girls. Hervé gets no relief at home: his high-spirited mother (Noémie Lvovsky) finds it hilarious to embarrass him, teasing him about his mas-turbating, buying tampons in front of him, even following him into a house party to which she has driven him.

Then one of the popular girls, Aurore (Alice Trepoilières), takes a shine to Hervé. And of course, he can't quite believe it at first – the flipside of teen sex mania being the utter fear of females. Will she let him sleep with her? Will her sophisticated friends accept him? What rumours will make their way around the schoolyard? And how will Hervé stuff it up – the stuffing up of teenage first-love being a universal given? The French Kissers puts glorious lie to the assumption that the French are all born with their savoir faire perfectly in place.

This is the painfully funny debut film of Riad Sattouf, who has written several graphic novels about adolescence. A massive hit in France, the film catalogues the difficulties of puberty so accurately that it makes you wonder how teenagers even get through the day, what with bullying, humiliation, moodswings and unwanted erections. (You also wonder how their poor teachers put up with them – and as the film suggests, some, tragically, can't.) Sattouf's eye for authentic and sordid details is unflinching: a curious eye that opens during a kiss; a urination malfunction; practice pashing on a mirror; the use of socks as a receptacle for semen; and the blind call-ousness of which 14 year olds are capable.

Sattouf deliberately sought ugly ducklings from Paris schools in his casting process and the performances by these first-time actors are all wonderfully natural. Lacoste in particular, with his unforced deadpan presence, is a real find. French cinema has a new coming-of-age classic to go alongside Au Revoir les Enfants and The 400 Blows (you could almost call it The 400 Wanks). Wondering what to go see among the rush of Boxing Day releases? This one's the pick.

Nick Dent, TIME OUT



Oubliez Lol !,

LES BEAUX GOSSES est LA comédie adolescente de l'année.

Hilarante, stylée, poétique... bref, irrésistible !

L'argument : Hervé, 14 ans, est un ado moyen. Débordé par ses pulsions, ingrat physiquement et moyennement malin, il vit seul avec sa mère. Au collège, il s'en sort à peu près, entouré par ses bons copains. Sortir avec une fille, voilà qui mobilise toute sa pensée. Hélas, dans ce domaine, il accumule râteau sur râteau, sans toutefois se démonter. Un jour, sans très bien comprendre comment, il se retrouve dans la situation de plaire à Aurore, l'une des plus jolies filles de sa classe. Malgré des avances de plus en plus évidentes, Hervé, un peu nigaud, ne se rend compte de rien. Quand enfin il en prend conscience, Aurore refuse de sortir avec lui. Puis, sans prévenir, elle se jette dans ses bras. Enfin, il sort avec une fille ! Grand amateur de branlettes et de films X, Camel, son meilleur ami, convainc Hervé d'essayer de coucher avec sa copine. De-vant son copain, Hervé se vante de sa virilité, mais quand il est avec Aurore, c'est une autre affaire...

Notre avis : Les beaux gosses, c'est LA comédie adolescente de l'année, un teen movie qui puise son énergie dans l'universalité de situations fraîches, nichées quelque part au cœur de la crise d'adolescence, au croisement entre un bouton d'acné, un pull bon marché et la peur du premier baiser. Pour son premier film, Riad Sattouf s'est souvenu des années collège et de ses galères pour en extirper le plus drôle. Partant du principe qu'à l'adolescence, tout est tordu et moche et que l'humeur en dents de scie du jeune rend toutes ses tentatives de rationalisation impossibles, il signe une comédie, une vraie, en partant souvent de situations délicates, voire traumatisantes qu'il désamorce par un humour salvateur. Il aborde frontalement la sexualité des jeunes, la tyrannie des camarades populaires, la dépression d'une mère ou bien celle d'un prof qui ira jusqu'à se suicider. Mais rien ne revêt jamais un caractère pathétique ou dramatique, tout étant de l'ordre de la bonne grosse déconnade.



Le réalisateur donne dans le déboulonnage de situations convenues (le premier baiser du puceau, les branlettes sur catalogue, la découverte du syndicalisme, la perception des communautés – les Arabes, les gays...) en déployant une armada de gags qui collent à l'insolence de l'âge des comédiens en ne s'estompant jamais. Même en fin de métrage, le dynamisme de la narration ne fléchit pas, contrairement à beaucoup d'autres productions de ce type, Lol la première, qui préfèrent s'acheminer vers des conclusions mièvres et sans grand intérêt.

L'une des grandes réussites du film de Riad Sattouf réside dans sa volonté de prendre à contre-pied les comédies adolescentes traditionnelles. Les héros ne sont pas des "bogosses" stylés XVIe ou Neuilly, bien fringués et à l'avenir tout tracé, même en cas d'échec scolaire pour cause de chagrin d'amour ; ce ne sont d'ailleurs pas des caricatures de perdant, ces fameux nerds, dont les Américains sont si friands ; ce ne sont pas plus des échantillons issus d'une banlieue difficile... ce sont juste des mômes lambda, vivant à Rennes, sans grands repères esthétiques et sociaux, à l'image de leur famille, d'une simplicité confondante. Le cinéaste, au lieu de s'atteler à exploiter le cliché du bourgeois ou du sauvageon, a préféré donner la parole à la majorité de mômes sans histoire sous représentée au cinéma, dont pourtant le quotidien regorge d'énergie et de cocasserie.

Film de bonne humeur collective, Les beaux gosses donne la parole à chacun des protagonistes qui y vont de leur personnalité pour nourrir l'hilarité : il y a bien sûr les deux mômes losers, Hervé et Camel, qui pratiquent la masturbation à deux, dans leur chaussette, et qui fantasment sur des collectors vintage de la Redoute (en gros, les numéros des années 80, quand les modèles n'étaient pas encore retouchés). Niveau poilade, on peut également compter sur les parents – la maman dépressive d'Hervé, jouée par une Noémie Lvovsky fofolle, est obsédée par la vie sexuelle de son fils. De même, les profs aussi ne sont pas sans caractère, comme cet enseignant de lettres à la sensibilité à fleur de peau qui s'avère être un auteur trash qui aime à dépeindre la scène underground gay rennaise. Pour ajouter une couche d'humour et de désin-volture, on mentionnera aussi le personnage de la principale (incarnée par une Emmanuelle Devos loufoque), qui offre une belle composition d'autorité humoristique en claquant le bec des élèves les plus durs tout en se tapant en secret le C.P.E. black de l'établissement.

Tout ce grand déballage d'exubérance, qui se retrouve fortement dans le parler iconoclaste et fleuri de nos grands dadaïstes, aurait pu donner naissance, dans de mauvaises mains, à une vul-gaire comédie potache, pourtant jamais on n'assiste à un ersatz d'American pie ou de Quatre garçons plein d'avenir, pour citer une référence française dans le domaine. Avec talent, le réalisateur a su éviter de tomber dans la grossièreté insipide, en chargeant ses personnages d'une sensibilité attachante. Le recours surprenant aux spirales synthétiques en guise de bande originale, permet au film d'envoûter avec fraîcheur et poésie, en s'éloignant définitivement des arte-facts pour mômes gavés au rap et au rock commercial. Finalement, cette démarche permet aux Beaux gosses de se rapprocher de la plus grande réussite de ces dernières années dans le genre ado, à savoir Naissance des pieuvres. Et ce n'est pas la moindre des comparaisons !