



Aggeliki (Chloe Bolota) jumps from the balcony of her home on her 11th birthday to the sounds of Leonard Cohen's 'Dance Me to the End of Love'. The police and social services (Maria Skoula) investigate. It's dealt with politely - the family patriarch (Thamis Panou) is gentle and kind but he commands and defines the way the family functions. It's a tragic accident without explanation and now the family must resume an air of normality. Life carries on behind closed doors. But who's who in this normal family? The connections are confusing. Is Aggeliki's mother Eleni (Eleni Roussinou) wife or daughter to the unnamed patriarch. We learn that Eleni is the patriarch's daughter, the children Filippou (Konstantinos Athanasiades) and Alkmini (Kalliopi Zontanou) are Aggeliki's siblings and Myrto (Sissy Toumasi) is Aggeliki's aunt. It's a close family. The door closes and we see nothing. The patriarch's wife (Rami Pittaki) remains distant and disinterested.

The cast are excellent and Thamis Panou is outstanding as the patriarch, his gentle and kind exterior covering a fearsome inner self. Chilling, controlled and disturbing and we the viewers observe from a distance. The door closes and we see nothing. The design of the apartment, Olympia Mitilinaiou's camera work framing the moment and the muted colours reflect the unspeakable until the brutally explicit finale and the door closes and is locked. The memories remain with you.

Disturbing and chilling, a film of impressive power.

Clive Botting, Huffington Post

Miss Violence, the new film from Alexandros Avranas, is considerably easier to talk about than it is to watch, and talking about it is no picnic. It opens on a closed door: Avranas's film is a still-tempered, mountingy nasty account of the things that have been going on behind it.

The door leads to a yellow-grey apartment in the middle of Athens, where two generations of the same family – or is it three? – are celebrating an 11-year-old's birthday. A Leonard Cohen song plays on the stereo while Angeliki, the birthday girl, slow-dances on her grandfather's shoes. Then, without a word, she walks out onto the balcony, climbs over the handrail, smiles at no one in particular, and drops out of shot. The camera tilts downwards and we see her lying still on the concrete slabs below, surrounded by a spray of blood.

The rest of the film concerns itself with decoding the family's very odd reaction to the tragedy, which seems at first more rooted in puzzlement than grief. "It almost seems like nothing has happened," says a baffled social worker, who interviews the family in the wake of the suicide. "Thank you," replies the grandfather. "We've worked very hard to make it that way"...

It's easy enough to guess at what horrible business might be afoot, particularly for followers of new Greek cinema, where broken, isolated, abuse-riddled families are a regular and topical concern. (In these films, for "family", you can more or less read "Greece".)

Robbie Collin, Daily Telegraph

WRITING CREDITS: Alexandros Avranas/Kostas Peroulis **CINEMATOGRAPHY:** Olympia Mytilinaiou

CAST: *Father* Themis Panou | *Mother* Reni Pittaki | *Eleni* Eleni Roussino | *Myrto* Sissy Toumasi

VOTING FOR *Leviathan* A44 | B36 | C5 | D0 | E0 | Rating 86.5% | Attendance 90

Our next screening | **Museum Hours** | Tuesday 1 March 2016. 8.00pm

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