

reveal the captive within. Lining up in sun-kissed hallways, their heads spin 360 degrees as they hiss at each other like restless felines — which one of them eventually morphs into by way of handrawn animation superimposed on the screen.

Tsangari's barrage of experimental conceits start to drizzle in these early scenes, but once it rains, it pours. The longest sequence of *The Capsule* finds the woman leading goats in slo-mo to a nearby area where they perform a series of confessionals for their overseer in addition to a deadpan rendition of "A Horse With No Name." Never fully engaged in conversation or displaying much emotion, their collective identity is entangled with their hyperbolic outfits, which in no uncertain terms advertise costume design by the likes of Marc Jacobs, Bordelle and Tsangari herself. But even as it shows off the clothes, *The Capsule* maintains its captivating edge, interrogating the roots of sexuality and forcing viewers to sort through it.

Produced in conjunction with a video installation that recently screened in the window of Barneys in New York City, Tsangari's project reflects the DESTE Foundation's stated intention "to draw parallels between the actual objects and the artist/curator's interpretations" with new work commissioned on an annual basis. The multiple dimensions to *The Capsule* expand this notion into several contexts. (To reflect its extreme dimensionality, the projected work contains a 3-D component.) Viewed on its own terms, however, this concise movie-thing gets the job done.

Eventually a lesbian vampire dance piece about bodily urges, *The Capsule* cogently explores the ability of material objects to relate sensuality through their reflection of otherwise inexpressible desires. A feminized take on Matthew Barney's *Cremaster Cycle* in a tightly wound half hour experience, *The Capsule* is finally about a universal moment of revelation. "You don't know what you are," the leading lady eventually tells her followers. "You are woman." While she cautions them that "this infinite cycle must end," Tsangari in fact shows it in a constant state of renewal. ♦

Coming soon to Acropolis:

- *Two Seasons, Two Strangers* (Dir. Sho Miyake, 2025)—Los Angeles premiere, May 28 at 2220 Arts + Archives

Acropolis Cinema presents:



May 17, 2026 – Vidiots

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

FIT (Dir. Athina Rachel Tsangari, 1994, 8 min)

Lizzie discovers her inability to (and obsession with) fitting things inside of other things.

Reflections (Dir. Athina Rachel Tsangari, 2009, 8 min)

Mapping projections of analogue and digital animations at Acropolis Museum Opening Ceremony, 2009.

The Capsule (Dir. Athina Rachel Tsangari, 2012, 35 min)

Seven young women. A mansion perched on a Cycladic rock. A series of lessons on discipline, desire, discovery, and disappearance. A melancholy, inescapable cycle on the brink of womanhood - infinitely.

24 Frames Per Century (Dir. Athina Rachel Tsangari, 2013, 2 min)

A pair of film projectors discuss their impending obsolescence.

Secret film (Dir. Athina Rachel Tsangari, ???, ???)



TRT: 76 min~

In person: Athina Rachel Tsangari

Housekeeping and Other Feudalisms by Kiva Reardon

The following is an excerpt of an article originally published by cléó, Vol. I, Issue 2 (Summer 2019)

Profiles inherently require attempts at classification. In the case of cinema, directors, stars, and their films are most frequently fitted into tidy categories of genre and nationality in order to place them in relation to a broader, exterior context. It is an attempt to point to where they came from—their homes, as it were—in order to grapple with how they relate to our own. This tension is laced with ethnographic impulses and power structures (see: debates over the use of “World Cinema,” which suggests North America lies outside of this global qualifier), but also acts as an enzyme of sorts: with categorical expectations in place, films are pre-digested for consumption. The films of Athina Rachel Tsangari complicate this.

Though internationally recognized as a cornerstone of the new—and now struggling—movement in Greek cinema, Tsangari resists neat categorization. Born in Aspra Spitia, Greece, her family moved to Athens when she was five, from which she decamped at the age of 18 for Austin, Texas. She remained there until her mid-30s, before returning to Greece’s capital. Home, as she discusses below, was never merely one place. Moreover, Tsangari isn’t only a director, she also produces her own films and those of the likes of Yorgos Lanthimos and Richard Linklater. In addition, she started the avant-garde showcase Cinematexas International Short Film Festival in Austin, founded the production company Haos Film, lectures at her alma mater the University of Texas, and can currently be seen in *Before*

Midnight (which reunited her with Linklater after her small part in his 1991 film *Slacker*). Just as her diverse curriculum vitae isn’t easy to peg, her films don’t neatly fit into one genre, and they actively resist definitive readings as part of a broader national identity.

Her first short, *Fit* (1994), was made during her time in Texas. The film offers an anthropological-satirical examination of the daily life of Lizzie (Lizzie Curry Martinez), during which the young woman’s mundane actions are narrated by a David Attenborough-esque voice. Infused with the sounds of cicadas, reality takes on a surreal quality as the animal world fuses with the human. (A reminder that we are animals, too, after all.) *Fit* fixates on re-occurring themes of biology and ethnography. Six years later, Tsangari made her first feature, *The Slow Business of Going*, which sprung from her thesis film at the University of Texas. Following a pseudo-cyborg who travels the world to record moments with strangers, the film interrogates the homogeneity of modern space and its impact on memory. It was with her sophomore feature, *Attenberg*, that Tsangari was launched into the international spotlight after the film’s premiere at the Venice Film Festival in 2010. Made on the cusp of the Greek economic collapse, *Attenberg* became a crucial film in the contemporary Greek cinema—a point Tsangari takes issue with. Her latest work, *The Capsule*, diverges stylistically from what Tsangari has done before and overtly explores the limits of genre and gender expectations. [...] ♦

The Capsule by Eric Kohn

The following article was originally published by Indiewire, August 4, 2012

Greek director Athina Rachel Tsangari’s terrific coming of age drama *Attenberg* was largely about a young woman coming to terms with her body. While playfully irreverent and sometimes borderline surreal, *Attenberg* nevertheless rooted its exploration in a conventional storyline made fresh. Tsangari’s 35-minute avant garde follow-up *The Capsule*, one piece of a installation work commissioned by the DesteFashionCollection, advances similar ideas in lively, shocking abstractions. It is truly a capsule of the filmmaker’s vision boiled down to radical expressivity.

Commissioned by art collector Dakis Jaonnaou, *The Capsule* is less pure cinema than a mixed media deliberation on identity. The narrative, if you can call it that, follows a group of seven stone-faced women awakening by candlelight in a creaky mansion perched at the top of a Cycladic rock and engaging in a bizarre series of ritualistic endeavors for their apparent matriarch before receding back to their lair. A few of their faces ring familiar, such as *Attenberg* actress Ariane Labeled and Clémence Poésy, whose previous credits include episodes of *Gossip Girl* and the last two *Harry Potter* movies. In *The Capsule*, however, the setting and exceedingly strange events quickly defamiliarize them. Adorned in deeply expressionistic and revealing outfits while engaging in wildly unpredictable and sometimes blatantly animalistic behavior, the women transform into unadulterated ideas.

In the opening minutes, the residents of the castle rise from a series of increasingly absurd hiding places: beneath a pile of chairs, hidden behind a vase, emerging in miniature from the mouth of another woman and then hidden within the crevice of a human face peeled off to