

## Good French Movie Alert



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When choosing a Friday night movie, one of the big statements that I accidentally often deliberately say out loud is, 'but it's got subtitles, hasn't it? I'm not in the mood for subtitles'. I always regret this statement, as invariably when I finally get round to watching a foreign film that everyone says I will love, guess what, I love it. Which I'm happy to say was the case with Mia Hansen-Love's *The Father Of My Children*, which I saw as part of the Birds Eye Film Festival on Friday night, and enjoyed very much, subtitles and all. As is the way with lots of French movies, if they were British, they would probably be terrible. Pitch the premise of *The Father of My Children* - a maverick but flawed film producer's life falls apart at the seams, forcing

his family to pick up the pieces - to a British film producer, you'd probably be told the following. 'Pah! But what happens?' Well, nothing happens, of course, but everything happens, as is the French way. I don't want to spoil the plot for you, so I can't really tell you too much of those happenings, but I can tell you it's about lost dreams, and false hopes, and that anyone who works in the film industry will love it. As will anyone who doesn't, as its themes are universal, which is what makes a really good movie, n'est-ce pas? If I were to be super honest, I'd have to say don't go and see *The Father Of My Children* if your attention span is short, and you've had a busy day. You may well nod off. But if you're up for the challenge of watching a beautifully acted, well crafted film, that will probably bring a few tears to your eyes, then this is the French film for you. Go on, risk those subtitles! Make like Piaf, you won't regret it.