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Cursum Perficio.

The End of the Road

A trip through the darkness of night, a hallucinated nightmare, a descent to hell. The vivisection of the legend called Marilyn, Marilyn Monroe. Or simply M, a symbol, a sign, which of “that” Marilyn represents only one (or more) possibility.

Anna Eriksson, multi-media artist, star of the Scandinavian musical scene with over 440.000 copies

sold, unexpectedly burst into the Seventh Art with a fascinating cinematic object, as far as possible from a biopic or from narrative, “written” cinema. No shortcuts. No escape routes. No comfort zone.

Abandoning any temptation of biographical (but not of philological) research, the director advances by fits, in an obstinately unrealistic direction and dives without looking down, into a ferocious process of stripping down the myth and its image. Eriksson goes for an arduous and radical approach, genuinely post-modern (not resorting to citations), experimenting audacious visual and sonic juxtapositions without worrying about making anyone happy. Renouncing traditional storytelling, the director works by suggestions drawn directly from the sensorial matter and from the mythology of cinema. Therefore, rather than giving answers, she evokes specters.

She personally curated every single detail of her opus magnum: from production to the complex sound design, from editing to the mise en scène of her body; a body that becomes the viaticum to enter in the darkest corners of the soul, as with a Cronenberg style dichotomy between the “in” and “out”.

Between the outside—the reflected image, the body, the landscape, and the inside—what lives, dies or finds a refuge under the skin.

In the realm of fiction, cinema is the place where

one can try to deconstruct and reconstruct the most authentic and deep side of pain, where it becomes possible to explore without inhibitions the close correlation between Eros and Thanatos, the nature of an abyssal desire that tends in a morbid manner towards opposite forces; now life, then death. Marilyn's obsession for a denied motherhood is on the foreground of this mysterious filmic creation. The miscarriage, the grief and again death, signs of which are disseminated everywhere: moths, ghosts, the presence of the god Anubi, Marilyn's lifeless body dressed with only perfume and despair. According to Nietzsche's idea that there are no objective facts but just interpretations, the author keeps her distance from the factual story, reinventing it, digging in the essence of the unhappiness of a woman who is desired but not loved, who is hurt, offended, lacerated. Crucified and dissected. The visual compositions offer surprising outcomes. M, or the filmic double of Marilyn, has no longer the soft and reassuring shape of the original. Instead, she presents an athletic and bony body, nevertheless recognizable through other signs or fetishes: the way she moves, the house, the white shoes that she had in Mexico, her platinum blonde hair, the blood red lipstick. As if a Bacon painting encountered the tonalities of the masters of the Italian giallo; darkness alternating with bright contrasts in a hyper-realistic definition. The photography also brings the anxiety and schizophrenia of a dark vision of the world. Although, one mustn't think that M wears out its strength in the form. Becoming advocate of an unsettling idea of feminism, it offers a political message very much in tune with contemporary times. It clearly exposes Hollywood's sexual scandals, destroys the myth of beauty, it literally tears to pieces the representation of the absolute ideal of femininity, focusing on the mortification of the body, the agony of the flesh and the incurable wounds of the soul. M can be considered a body horror in all fairness. Enigmatic, disturbing and inhospitable. This unstoppable creative explosion, in its

violent beauty and
with the tragic strength of unimaginable anguish,
manages to never lose its capacity to move.