

**Monday, September 25, 2017**

**Lost in transgression.**

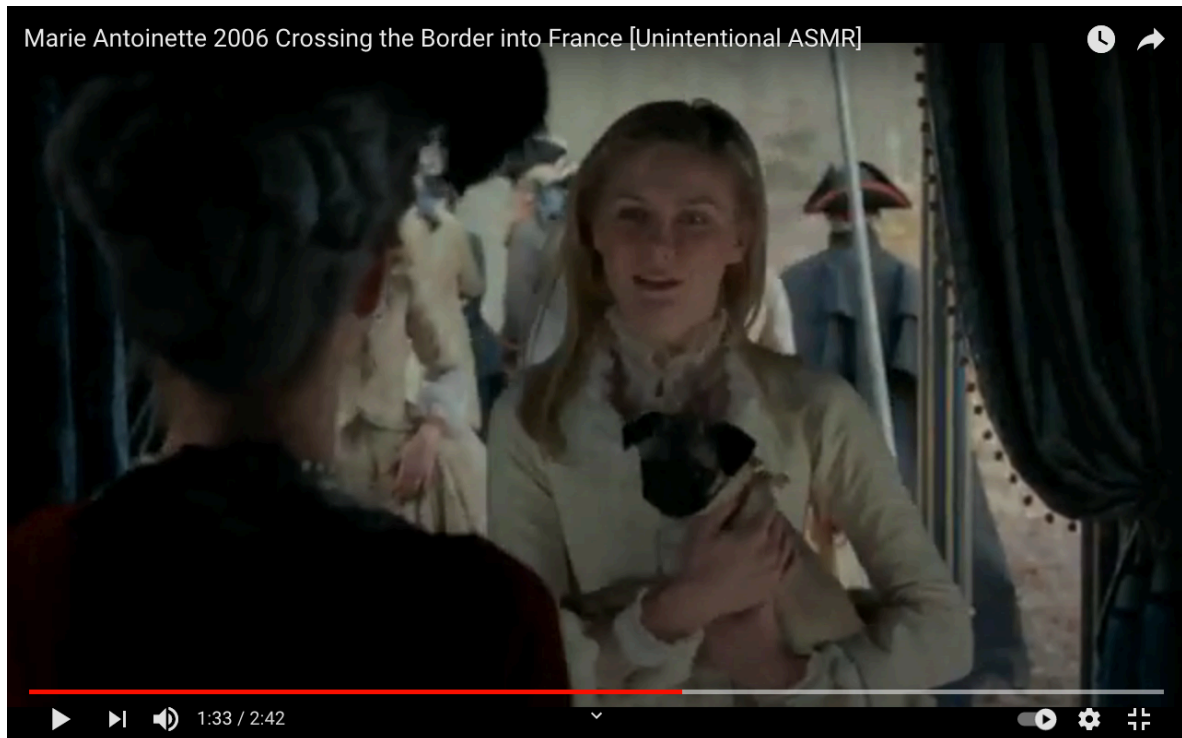
**Whatever the suffering that is imposed on you by the entanglement.**

**After being invited to Versailles, I was bring-back-to-ask-myself some questions, before deciding to stop the journey.**

**I was in a city where time seems to be stopped.**

**A step back in a modern era.**

**So, after several days, I thought about Marie Antoinette by Sofia Coppola. And how much I had been touched.**



**Mme Vigée-Lebrun painted a portrait of Marie-Antoinette in which she is dressed in a manner that was deemed to be inconsistent with the solemnity befitting a queen of France. The canvas was unhooked from the wall.**

**Inspired by the biography of Briton Antonia Fraser (2001), the filmmaker intends to be as close as possible to the historical truth while claiming the freedom of her brushstroke and pleading the right of the monarch to live as she sees fit. .**

**Kitsch and roc (k) oco, Marie-Antoinette consciously displays her anachronisms. Rather than a diplomatic stake, then a maneuver intervening in public affairs, the Archduchess who arrives in France at the age of 14 to marry the heir to the throne is seen as a kid, foreign and misunderstood by the world in which she is immersed, victim of a rigid environment and determined not to proscribe the pleasure of his private life.**

**More than an access to the throne, it is a passage to adulthood, and what the daughter of the Emperor of Austria discovers while crossing the border in her carriage lined with velvet, is the duty to obey rites which are not of his age, social precedence which will never be to his liking.**

Before becoming that sort of Lady Di running masked balls and parties, a slandered queen suspected of being lost in transgression, the Dauphine is a teenage girl suffocating in the indolence of her candy-pink decorations, a virgin sold to a Louis XVI unable to consummate his marriage.

Sofia Coppola clearly shows that in what her lady-in-waiting imposes on her, the worst thing is not to get naked (a test which she carries out with a certain playfulness), but to undergo the monarchical ceremony, by virtue of which there is no privacy.

In Sofia Coppola's first film, *Virgin Suicides*, teenage girls assigned to their bedrooms communicated with the boys by operating their pickup trucks.

Signing a film where the queen prefers the rock of Bow Wow Wow, The Cure and New Order to the minuets of Jean-Philippe Rameau, the filmmaker is interested in the emancipation of this noble with decadent wigs to which she attributes teenager aspirations .

Lavish, Marie-Antoinette lost interest in politics, except for Louis XVI's support for the American Revolution, then the encirclement of Versailles by the unleashed crowd.

Sofia Coppola paints the portrait of a young girl in search of the major chord, a woman drunk with dresses, guitars and jewelry, parties and fireworks, who consoles herself for her marital setbacks by reading Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his *Petit Trianon*, and abuses sleepless nights.

Happenings, floods of champagne, country parties until dawn: the King is hunting and the Queen is having fun.

Everything is good for getting away from it all, and in its delight in looking at the alcove with modern eyes, this beautiful film violates the modesty of historians: it makes no secret of the relationship that Marie-Antoinette maintained with the Swedish Count Fersen, the boy next door.

Because being a film about eternal adolescence, it is also a film about the fear of boredom, the recklessness of spending, sex, the cult of new wave, of everyday life. ethereal, dissipated life.

Dreamed of by a Miss California, Marie-Antoinette is a sensory film, in which the schoolyard gossip is orchestrated around Du Barry or Mme de Polignac.

Sofia Coppola lets go, leaves lying around a pair of pink Converse.

In this eighteenth eighties way, we bathe in a lethal and nevertheless laughing melancholy, in the recklessness of the Revolution and wars.

As Sofia Coppola shows us, Marie-Antoinette will die without having been able to grow up.

S. Zweig looked at Marie-Antoinette as a psychologist.

**He does not deify her.**

**He analyzes the chemistry of a soul overwhelmed by events, which, under misfortune and history, reveals itself to itself and redeems itself, passing from the shadow of pleasure to the light of suffering.**

[youtu.be/fuhhztDDIc0](https://youtu.be/fuhhztDDIc0)

[youtu.be/GOIkCDzH4U](https://youtu.be/GOIkCDzH4U)

Posted by [Veronica IN DREAM](#) at [10:39 AM](#)