



Alexandra Dahlström Writes About her Time with *Show Me Love*

700,000 Swedes have seen the film *Show Me Love*. On Monday, they took home five Guldbagge awards. Alexandra Dahlström, Elin in the film, explains how it happened as it happened. Alexandra is also ready for a role in Kjell Sundsvall's next movie.

THE GULDBAGGE AWARDS ARE COMING UP SOON. I hope we win some. The Guldbagge's are cool in and of themselves, but also not. It's fun to dress up even though it's quite uncomfortable. I will probably vomit from nervousness. It's been four months since *Show Me Love* premiered. The first time I saw the movie was on video with just a few friends, so it was relaxed. It's probably a very good movie, too bad I'm in it because I think of the most superficial things like "Oh, after that scene we ate pizza" or "What big hair I had there" or "I don't have oily hair because I fought with the makeup artist so we had to wash it in a sink in a jam at the school."

I CANNOT SEE IT FOR REAL. It's good I'm in it because if someone else portrayed Elin, I would hate her for different reasons. Sometime after that we saw a press preview of the film. We didn't dare go in, so we went to a coffee shop. Then we went back and were curious so we watched the last scene with the journalists. They all responded quite well and gave a lot of applause when it was over. Lukas said it was good because they are journalists and they are sometimes so heavy that they rise up ostentatiously to be cinematic and cool. And they usually never clap. And they did so it felt good.

LATER WAS THE PREMIERE IN TROLLHÄTTAN and as we drove through the town, I became very nostalgic and read all the hairdresser, mechanic and pizza signs and said "Ahhhh..." Trollhättan's nice. Hollywood pizza, I recognized the real thing, this is where they have summer pizza. At the unofficial premiere where they also reviewed the movie Mats Bråstedt from Expressen was there and Rebecca said that he was evil, so we didn't talk to him much.

A WEEK AFTER THE PREMIERE there was a girl I usually see on the bus and she came up to me and said I was good and we talked about Swedish youth films in general, she was quite familiar.

Then there was the gala premiere in Stockholm. It was the biggest, scariest and coolest thing I've experienced. When the movie was over, people clapped so much that we got an earache. Then we had to go up on stage in front of the big screen. The PR woman said Dregen is my idol and asked him to come forward. It was terribly embarrassing and he looked totally embarrassed.

Two months later Vecko-Revyn wrote an article for BREAKING NEWS! Saying I got a hug from Dregen and that only we knew what he whispered in my ear. He probably said nothing, if he did, I still cannot remember what it was because I was so embarrassed. Outside, my cousin and my sister came up and hugged me and cried so then I started to cry. Totally cliché but everything was so scary.

THE DAY AFTER I was even more afraid. The whole time, I saw myself lying on the asphalt with my teeth knocked out in a smeary mess. Has-been when you're fifteen, don't be stupid now, don't be stupid now, I must keep myself down to earth.

I went to my nicest friend who has the kindest family. We saw thousands of videos and played Ludo with her little brother and went out with the dog.

When I got home, a guy I know had called and asked me if we could go for a snack. I didn't think so, it was just uncomfortable. In two weeks, we had work experience so I didn't go to school and that was good because I was completely worried that people would be weird or annoying.

It wasn't so bad; everyone in my school who lives near the city has lived next door to Orup or seen Adam Alsings trying on glasses and they are all damn subtle and urbane. So almost no one said "You were good" even if they did, out of of pride I would think "God what a pain that I still have to hear it, it doesn't matter if I say it either,"

A few times people my age said "you were great." I can count it on my two hands.

NOTHING BAD from the past got out either, there are enough that it would be VERY embarrassing for me. Ali in my class was probably the one who reacted the most. And Ferhat. They screamed "Do you think this is Åmål?" Everytime I said something strange or screamed. But then they said that it was because they are proud. Rebecca and I had to go to Åmål with a journalist. After that I got to be part of the debate - ER on television. At first I was really scared that everyone would be throwing old food at me since we recorded in Trollhättan and not in Åmål. But they were nice. Siewert Öholm was pretentious and clumsy at the same time, but that's another matter.

THE MORNING AFTER a bunch of teenagers died in Gothenburg. It was weird and scary and hard to understand. The same day we were told that we were Sweden's Oscar contribution, but it wasn't much fun that day. A lot of newspapers wrote nice things. And some not good things. Like when an interview appeared in an I'm-eleven-and-I-like-Dr. Bombay newspaper. Unfortunately I'd never done the interview. The media is disgusting and should be nice and clean.

BIG THINGS happened last fall, two bad and one good. I got a really nice guy friend for the first time in forever, he wanted me to write on his cast and so I did. And then we emailed and I came to the conclusion that he was a very good person. The best of everything (almost) was this sweet letter I got.

"You have real girl power!" and "You mean more to me than anything the Spice Girls have ever done," and they wanted to pen pal with me. This is so nice that I want to hug every sweet eleven year old and say something nice so they will be happy.

I got a necklace, chocolates and many warm words. I didn't answer many and have a guilty conscience. I could not afford to respond to all the letters, the postage would have been expensive.

I NEVER got fun invitations to premieres. But I think I know why. Sometime Michael Biehn had blown up at a PR woman and was totally upset because he had not received my address from her. Then she explained that Alexandra is FOURTEEN years old and should not be getting drunk with the E-Type. He nodded understanding and said "sure it needs to be avoided," so now I get invitations to *Sleepless in Seattle 2* and the like.

IT'S BORING. In a week, I actually want to go to the cinema. I want to see the Terminator movies!!

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