

K Folkteatern
Review Aftonbladet
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Folkteatern in Gothenburg puts on Katarina Frostenson's literary piece K as a monologue, with the incomparable Ylva Olaison in the role of the woman. She who is married to the rapist.

- Oh ma soeur, prend garde sings musician Lovisa Samuelsson in Parisian dialect. Then Olaison storms onto the Lilla stage in a trench coat and red lacquered stiletto heels. Without a trace of caution. K goes to attack. In a second she has close contact with each of us. Quick, prodding questions fly through the room and K's gaze is drawn to whoever happens to be sitting closest. She moves across the entire room, which has been discreetly framed as a club for the cultural elite. Then she abruptly lands an intellectual pirouette, refers to Camus, makes a sour joke and lets herself sink inward.

Olaison is elegant, intense and skilled. She gives K's poetic and anti-political universe exactly the right body, wrapped in French couture. She is completely integrated with her character. The sense of dynamic acting and the ability to live the text makes the time fly by. Embraced by composer Samuelsson's highly sensitive, musical structures, K slowly cobbles together a depressive but at the same time rock-hard cocoon where she alternately seeks perspective and bides her time.

Playwright Kristian Hallberg focuses entirely on the self. Figures in the literary version are toned down and K's experience is accentuated. Rage against political "choirs" and despair about phenomena such as guilt by association recur. Like the search for empathy.

Whether drives are righteous or not, everyone who knows them testifies to powerlessness. So does K. The darkest part of the monologue takes place in the streets around the waters of the Seine, tempting for those who can't take it anymore. At the same time, it is clear that the flame never really goes out and that the suicidal thoughts stand no chance when it comes down to it. This woman embraces her bitterness and braces herself, literally. In the final scenes, K steps out of the water, changes into silver lamé and completes with a harness that could have been created by Gaultier.

This is a fascinating, terrifying and moving portrayal of an extremely loyal and private person trying to survive an induced life crisis and ultimately triumph. The raw embrace of rage, paranoia and bitterness that the process boils down to is frankly liberating. K talks about the difficulty of getting rid of the shame. Letting the hate and sarcasm flow seems to be her survival strategy.

The aesthetic dimension of this set is central. The sparse scenography and video projections that are constantly rolling elevate the overall experience, together with the music. Ylva Olaison's vocal efforts go straight to the heart, as does Lovisa Samuelsson's veritable concert. The whole is most reminiscent of a devotional.

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