

**Review K Folkteatern Göteborg**  
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Many were waiting for Katarina Frostenson to take the leaf out of her mouth during the Academy Crisis and the abuse allegations against her husband Jean Claude Arnault during the fall of 2017. The queen of poetry was silent, but released the book "K" a year later. K as in Katarina, crisis and cabal – a nicer word for conspiracy. Jealous, vengeful women seek to overthrow the Academy and her innocent husband. She is one of a line of writers in exile, greats on the brink of time - who must be overthrown in order for a new order to come to power.

Four years later, the theater is ready to monologue Frostenson's paranoid, beautiful and insane text. The theater as the culture's equivalent of slow food – here subjects have time to boil over and cool before they are staged. Perhaps a distance in time and space from the debate is needed in order to be able to focus on the multidimensionality that rests in the work.

Kristian Hallberg's dramatization is skin to skin with the original but is shortened and placed in a stage now. Ylva Olaison does a brilliant job as the sharp, angry and indignant K, in red pumps and a trench coat haphazardly tied together by a pair of nylon stockings - nailing me to the chair for ninety (k as in concentrated) minutes. In the book, K's associative linguistic excursions and references to fallen literary giants serve as confirmation, understanding and comfort in personal crisis management. On stage, the references become a comical and distance-creating shield. The grip has a shimmer of laughter over it, in front of us she is naked.

Tobias Hagström-Ståhl has the triple task of director, scenographer and lighting designer. On two television screens, black-and-white surveillance images of the room's corners roll in a monotonous slide show that only continues – and reinforces the confinement of the situation. In the middle, a tiled bathtub, where K can take a cleansing bath or drown. A small line frames the stage and acts as a border between audience and stage, the country S and France, the river Seine and K. She balances on the border, falling in and out of the breakdown.

The performance is bathed in live music by Lovisa Samuelsson, who alternates between piano, accordion, cello and languishing beautiful singing. What would the show be without her? Less elevated, absolutely. Maybe also less impactful? When Samuelsson and Olaison burst into a song by Jacques Brel together, a giant cross lights up on the ceiling. We rest in the song, the warmth and light from the lamps, a moment of sanctity. K who in Christ has come.

Hagström-Ståhl's "K" offers a balancing act between the low and elevated. K is both a demigoddess and an outcast madman with a grandiose self-concept. In the book, as in the staging, I am thrown between sympathy and antipathy - and leave the salon k as if in a split second.

Ylva Olaison's brilliant work, on the other hand, can only be described as: K as in clean.

**Isa Andersson**  
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