

**Kulturport. de**

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**Theatre horror at its best - "Mummy Brown" by the Norwegian group Susie Wang shocked at the International Summer Festival at Kampnagel.**

The program booklet did not promise too much: Such a bloody, grotesquely exaggerated Horror Picture Show has never been offered in Hamburg.

"Mummy Brown", the second trilogy part of the Norwegian theatre group Susie Wang, plays as lustfully as furiously with theatrical means - and our abysmal fears of black holes.

"You can touch it". "It's from the past". "It's from outer space". Monotonous and emotionless like a robot, the female Attendant (Mona Solhaug) repeats these sentences as soon as someone enters the room. And: "Pay attention to the hole in the floor, it's very deep". We are in a museum, nobly equipped with marble tiles and a marble column. Left and right rows of pedestals with "extra-terrestrial", silver and gold-coloured amorphous sculptures.

Like in a real museum, nothing happens for a while. The Attendant unpacks her sandwich, sits on her chair and chews. Then a visitor enters the room, sits down on the bench in front of a large golden metallic circle opposite the audience - and leaves a thick, fat stain of blood behind when she gets up.

From this moment on it becomes spooky: the blood stain cannot be wiped away. An egg-shaped sculpture begins to rotate as if by magic. Another one bites fingers bloody. And finally, the ominous hole: the black hole in the middle of the room, which of course is not closed off and which, when the round Margit (Julie Solberg) appears, apparently smells food. With tremendous attraction forces (accompanied by suggestive roaring storm noises) draws the pregnant woman towards the hole like a plug in the sink - and the unborn baby into the depths. What is left is a woman with her stomach ripped open, her mother's milk shooting in and a metre-long, slimy bloody umbilical cord ( or better: a thick umbilical cord), who is still fit enough to rope her husband Frank (Kim Atle Hansen) down into the depths a little later to fetch the baby. He reappears - alone, but with his penis in his hand, torn or bitten off. When the Attendant - long identified as the guardian of evil - drops the slippery something into a glass of water, where it swims around like a fish, the laughter of the gentlemen in the auditorium seems to be a bit awkward.

This horror satire is not for tender minds, whether female nor male. But in the end, it is all so incredibly absurd, so surreal and wacky, that it's funny again.

And the horror goes on. The baby lives and wants to be fed, you can hear it crying in the depths, then the sound swells to a monster growl. Involuntarily you have to think of Stephen King's "Es", the horror shocker with the man-eating creature in the sewers. No question

about it, in "MummyBrown/ Mumienbraun" the Norwegians play really grandiose on the keyboard of theatrical possibilities.

In the end the mother sacrifices herself completely. Once and for all she enters the devouring hole. "It's my child, my life, my future," she cries out to the Museum Attendant as a reason. She only answers dryly: "We are not too keen on the future", True, indeed. It's about the past. It is about a dark power that lurks in secret and slowly awakens to life again. In this respect, one can also read this ludicrous piece of post-dramatic theatre as a metaphor for the resurgent fascism. Those who had the nerve to hold out experienced an unforgettable evening.

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