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Witnesses of survival

Peeping Tom shows "Moeder" 3 times at the Schauspiel

The city of Cologne, these are clogged bridges. But where other than here there is an audience waiting patiently in the Depot 1 for the latecomers of the traffic impact? It was worth it, because the dance performance of the Belgian ensemble Peeping Tom exceeded all expectations. "Moeder" begins at the funeral institute, where the coffin lid is closed over the mother, and ends with the removal of the coffee machine. The mother as the guardian of modern hearth fire - the Belgians unite tragedy and comedy. Hospital and museum, these two places of public life are interwoven in the stage design. Places, where the battles of birth and death take place, here they are reflected in art, and the director couple Gabriela Carrizo and Franck Chartier find the images for it. This is how the arms of a midwife reach until the ground, because of the many children she has drawn out from bodies of mothers. And one becomes a witness of a survival struggle of a woman who threatens to drown. A choreographic stroke of genius. We see the panicking woman and hear the sounds of the water she produces, but do not see the water. They play in a clever way with the possibilities of sound and tone, which give rhythm to the happenings. Peeping Tom comes straight to the point. We hear a heart beating: Is it that of a mother or a child? On the wall is the anatomically accurate drawing of a baby from which blood is dripping. Right next to it there is a seven-year-old in an incubator, that the parents cannot take home with them. At some point she grew up to be a chubby woman, whose body threatens to break the plexi glass. Is this a metaphor for the ambivalence of motherly care or the stranglehold, which makes development impossible? The Belgians surprise with powerful, poetic metaphors that cut into the soul's flesh. How could one forget the young mother in the long dress, that carries a bundle in the arm and protects it with her own body, by making standing somersaults. Such dance passages are inserted as perfectly prepared moments of *choque*. Here, it is a couple of parents who dance their grief out of the body, over there the anger explodes into movement. Carrizo and Chartier are too clever to dig for archaic mother forms. The maternal (manner) is not personified, but is explored as a phenomenon, which our enlightened world still passes through with fate. This is what the intelligent sensuousness/sensitivity of this brilliant troupe seeks for on the planks of European theaters.

- Thomas Linden