

## Lifeline is a muscle

by Annette Hoffmann

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**"Legacy": The Compagnie LaPerformance tells of the bond between the generations in the Freiburg E-Werk.**



Women and Meat: Scene from "Legacy" Foto: Maurice Korbel

The playing field is clearly defined. Slightly raised, laid out with foam and with four platforms on which Tjadke Biallowons, Alice Gartenschläger, Julie Jaffrennou and Olivia Maridjan-Koop sit. The audience is distributed in the chamber theatre of the E-Werk with a respectful distance to the stage. For the four women, wearing differently cut, skin-coloured, light dresses, silently look at a pile of meat - meat that is hardly known today, several heavy-looking cattle hearts connected to the throat. One quickly speaks of the love symbol or takes it pathologically, but here lies the organ, dead and sensual at the same time and a little grotesque.

Only Julie Jaffrennou, head of the Compagnie LaPerformance, makes such ambivalent and radical pieces in Freiburg. To "Vermächtnis I", which premiered about a year ago in the Südufer, she has now added a second part with four children. The always somewhat problematic structure of an addition of images is thus given a linear quality by carrying on family stories.

Women and meat, who would not think of the Parzen or Bacchantes, but at least of birth, Eros and death? In any case, the four women stretch one foot after the other into the mountain of meat, Alice Gartenschläger will throw herself into it several times, once they will smash their hearts into the rest of the ground. It hurts to watch, for the organ may be dead, but respect for it remains. Another time they will squat and pull out the heart under the legs of the others. The thread of life that is passed on here is a muscle. It is cherished, massaged, like a precious heirloom around the neck. The pathos is never far away, and the wordless performance is

somewhat caught in the trap of the supposedly authentic. What seems original happens on a stage.

A short Black, Lorena and Felipa Calero, Nurya Cremonesi and Lilith Korbel have peeled themselves from blue overalls and shoes and are standing in a wool shirt on the playing surface. The next generation takes over tenderly and impartially, they too test how the raw flesh feels, will run carefully through it, drag it around with them, lay it to ornaments and bury Lilith Korbel under it. Some things repeat themselves, but the meaning shifts towards greater carelessness. Here, too, death is present and the ambiguous closeness between mother and child becomes obvious, if these wedge like two links of a chain, it is less meaningful. Sometimes curiosity has something ahead of maturity.