

**Actually, nothing happens, and yet the interconnected layers of existential being unfold.**

**P.S. – pszeitung.ch, Thierry Frocheaux, 08.11.2024**

In Anton Chekhov's work, the aristocracy languishes on their summer estates, suffering from heat and boredom, purposelessness, and the existential questions that arise from it. The weary decadence of *Three Sisters* dreams of a working life as the key to happiness. In Lea Moro's *Six Sisters*, three individuals work in assembly-line fashion, dressed in work attire, without any discernible purpose, artfully knotting ropes. They meticulously describe each act of their labor, the patterns that emerge, the effects on their bodies, and soon demonstrate their ability to perform the same task with equal diligence in any conceivable physical posture.

And suddenly, *Six Sisters* transcends the visible realm, broadening its horizon: domestic labor, self-discipline, women's roles here; entitlement, self-fulfillment, and personal satisfaction there. Alongside Emmilou Rössling, Lau Lozza, and Minh Duc Pham, a disembodied voice takes part in this hybrid narrative, extending the story to the point where the mere description of choreographed movements in the center of the stage causes these images to materialize vividly in the audience's imagination, even as nothing of the sort is physically visible. Once again, *Six Sisters* evolves to another level.

One's own perception and the idealized longing in Chekhov suddenly seem perilously akin, and the hidden articulation of goals—whether as a daily duty or as a life's dream—suddenly comes under the crushing weight of interrogation. What exactly determines these aspirations? What parameters ultimately influence them? To what extent is one's own awareness even tuned to whether the artfully expressed desire truly aligns with one's innermost self? And so the three performers continue knotting, seemingly without purpose. Steadfastly and conscientiously.

Until the knots are undone, and they embark on their own physical self-expression—dance—through which they, once again intertwined, find their greatest sense of security. This brings into play an additional dimension: community, interconnectedness, dependence, affection, trust, and openness in all their vulnerability. The performance grows into a veritable carousel of consciousness levels and their integral interconnections.

In the end, it turns out that actually, once again, nothing happens—except the sharpening of awareness.

**“Six Sisters,” through Nov. 10, Tanzhaus, Zurich.**