

### More Grim[m] Desires

*More Grim[m] Desires* really does not leave much to be desired. Initially a site specific work, *Grim[m] Desires*, created for the Wapping Power Station Jerwood project, it is now a stage production set for touring throughout April and May.

The gloomy almost dungeon-like boiler room in the Power Station was an ideal set for the piece, with ghostly light coming in through the tall windows. The stage version can't quite capture the same eeriness. Maresa von Stockert still delivers her take on the popular collection of stories by the Grimm brothers with dark humour, possibly even darker than in *Grim[m] Desires*. The highlight remains the deadpan voiceover. Dancers grapple with the moveable parts of the scenery, two huge, wardrobe-like, black boxes, which replace the walls, doors, pillars, and balconies in the boiler room – a whole new challenge for the performers, who have to push them into place, turn them, open them and lift them. The boxes turn into tables, doors to forbidden chambers, cupboards and Rapunzel's tower. The stage works on a bigger scale than the small boiler room with its nooks and crannies, so there is even more artificial hair flying about when Rapunzel has everyone in her prince's kingdom shorn and there is the added delight of two plastic frogs which adds to the "yuk-factor". It is highly enjoyable to try and follow the cleverly constructed story's little twists and turns and work out who is related to who as various princes re-marry acquiring step mothers for their various Cinderellas and Snow Whites. Maresa von Stockert pondering on desires has gone beyond the boy-loves-girl dimension, which in one way or another is the stock scenario in most fairy tales. She has emphasised other kinds of desire in the Grimm tales – the desire to be beautiful (Snow White's step mother), the desire to be accepted as equal (the Frog), and quite mundane desires, too, like the obsession with beautiful hair Rapunzel comes to despise so much. It is a nod and a wink to all of us when Cinderella's prince during his long search for the girl to fit the silver slipper, forgets the object of his search and becomes absorbed in shoes of all shapes and sizes. Wouldn't we all live happily ever after, if we had unlimited access to "all kinds of footwear"? Lydia Polzer