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Open your eyes to hope and resistance!

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<http://textur-buero.de/sehend-hoffen-und-widerstehen/>

The stage design is sombre: black boards are arranged in a semicircle with a high wooden pedestal in the middle. Is it a ship or a gallows? Who will steer it, who will be hanged from it? Right at the beginning, a man pulls a cart on which a human figure is lying curled up. And another authoritatively directs the faltering man to nail the person lying in the cart to the rocks.

This time, the traveling theatre group Ton und Kirschen has invited us to their Aeschylus premiere of *Prometheus Bound* at the Neue Ziegelei (New Brickworks) in Glindow, a former industrial site that has now been revived and into which art and culture is breathing new life. Sculptor Chris Hinze has his studio here; his dystopian-feeling *Traumschiff* (Dreamship) stands in the yard.

Prometheus, chained forever for stealing fire for mankind, does not want to reveal (his) secret knowledge to Zeus. And after Hermes, the messenger of the gods, asks him one last time to finally name the hetaira who will cost Zeus and his followers their eternal reign, the Titan still remains silent and is banished to the shadowy realm of Hades.

That is the short version of this story of the gods, seemingly far removed from the here and now. But not as far as one might think at first glance. The play announcement speaks of "resistance against almighty authority" and of a "political prisoner". And as David Johnston struts through the gloomy scenery wearing dark glasses and a similarly dark suit, one doesn't think of a play from antiquity but of a contemporary and ubiquitous drama. What's more, obsession with power and cruelty go hand in hand to this day.

But the real focus of the production is not Zeus, but Prometheus. For Ton und Kirschen he is a larger-than-life wooden puppet character – operated by Daisy Watkiss – with burning eyes and a troubled soul, who is given great vocal power and mental clarity by Margarete Biereye.

And this character, who undergoes an extraordinary physical transformation over the course of the hour-long performance, straightens up more and more before finally transforming the wretched scaffold into a radiant throne, which practically shines and is capable of signposting the way for others. He is reminiscent of someone like Julian Assange.

For this Prometheus is a seer; he "knows" that the world keeps turning and tyrants will (eventually) fall. In this context, he is superior to

humanity, whose evolution he promoted through culture, because, according to the myth, he could/would only give them "blind hope".

And that is precisely where the relationship with the here and now is palpable: finally seeing, not trusting in (blind) hope, but searching, thinking and feeling for ourselves and developing alternatives to that which (currently) prevails. And so the evening, which ends in clouds of smoke at the theatre, leaves a powerful spark in the soul.