

Irreversible

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10 April 2020 – I am well aware of the fact that by the time the following text goes to print, or when it finally sees the light of day, we may be at a different point in the crisis or even in a post-crisis phase. It is a snapshot of a moment in time, of something that has not yet occurred or something unknown that is linked with fear and curiosity at the same time. And consequently, as the oracle will tell you or simply if you think about it for a while, you will see that things will never again be the same again. Life is irreversible...

It is Easter Friday but no-one seems bothered. The days pass by without anyone really noticing, and even the weather is still, with barely a cloud crossing a permanently blue sky. Some might pick up on the fact that there is another full moon. It seemed like there had been one just recently, but the last time, we danced together. And look, there are the first cherry blossoms coming through.

Hanami – how beautiful! Now, this unacknowledged Good Friday means fish for lunch if we are making an effort, and then the usual ticking off of the hours via the new "normal" that has quickly become routine. Home-office, home-work, home-schooling and home-entertainment – my home is my world – and all these regular and disciplined walks on overpopulated paths where the main aim is not to be too close to one another, keeping a respectful distance and showing distant respect. Thank God you are allowed to get as close as possible to your own persona, with no social distancing required when it comes to me, myself and I. Or perhaps you would actually

like to maintain a little distance in this rather particular case. What on earth can you do with this person called "I", whom you now come across so often, unsolicited? Coast to a halt – take your foot off the pedal as you leave the motorway and head into the pedestrian zone. Wait, as long as it takes, until the end of the fear, until we are released back into our everyday routines and the freedom after the sacrifices of self-quarantining. Until we are released, irreversibly ...

Why am I explaining all of this here, at this precise juncture? Because this crisis has turned our "normal" totally on its head, because it suggests to us that the kind of active life that represents normality to us has remained so unchallenged that it will likely not be until after the end of our currently eerily passive life that we can find descriptions for what is actually happening to us.

Respectful
distance,
distant respect

This is where
the Theater
Casino comes
into play



And this is where the Theater Casino comes into play. I miss our building, I miss the dancing on the main stage, the chamber music in the Festsaal, the laughter in a packed Theatersaal when comedians are in there. I miss the intimate jazz concerts in the bar, the dinners on the sun-lit terrace, and above all I miss you, our audience. Seeing one another, a hand-shake or a kiss, whatever feels right, enjoying a chat, relaxed, looking forward to whatever awaits us behind the as yet still locked doors of the building. You know what I am talking about ...

Our Theater Casino is a meeting place that is currently unable to fulfil its most important function. It is like a village square which, beyond any political health campaigns, embraces us as the social beings that we are, despite any looming threats.

I wonder how we will eventually be allowed to spend time with one another inside the theatre. How will it look, with all the new rules, masks, distancing, hands disinfected to the very pore? Will fear persist? Or will our old confidence return and allow us somehow to carry on as before?

And what about art? Yes, art: can a pas-de-deux be performed in pointe shoes and protective gloves? Or will the two-metre rule make it impossible? Will we have reduced symphony orchestras spaced out on a stage? Will opera divas perform in masks? After all, it is not just emotion that comes out of their mouths when they sing. Will only every third seat in every second row be used? A maximum of three people at the bar? At least the coats will be able to touch one another when they are hung up in the cloakroom. It all sounds frightening!

Opera divas
performing in
masks

And yet. The end will be a beginning. It will lead us into a terra incognita, waiting to be approached and discovered, that we will be able to appropriate as soon as we free ourselves from the past and throw ourselves into all the thrills that the unknown holds for us. Irreversibly...

One thing is certain: the artistic content will be particularly exciting post-crisis, once we have acquired a little distance from what we have just survived. Explanations of feelings, recounting and putting a semblance of order to what we have thought and lived through, insights, shortfalls, the longing to understand the complex societal interdependencies and their effects on the present and the future. Will new styles and new projects be created – here in Zug or around the world? By the general populace? Will new art forms appear?

Will online and offline work together? A second thing is certain: the Theater Casino Zug will open its arms to it all. Take down the "postponed" signs and replace them with ones that say "coming soon". It will be a place to meet, exchange, work together and enjoy. I can hardly wait!