

An event takes place. Shall I call it a performance? The word immediately creates so many expectations about how the game is played. Or how we think it might be. It is precisely against prefabricated theatre that Jan Ritsema intends to act. And in recent seasons he has done so with so much urgency that he gave performances in which the laws of theatre were blown sky high. Just to see what happened. In the hope of arriving somewhere beyond the basic premises of the theatrical situation. This happening is called *TODAYulysses* and is set in the rehearsal room at the Kaaitheater Studios. When you enter this room, you first pass through an unused space, then past collapsible seating and finally you end up on the stage floor: a shallow strip no more than five metres deep. You realise how far this happening withdraws from normal practice, pressed together as it is on the extreme edge of a rehearsal room. How unheeded this will make it, how vulnerable it is.

On the other hand this is a meeting place in the true sense of the word. Small and therefore easily surveyable. Comfortable in its simplicity, you almost get the feeling of being at home here. Ritsema and Cvejić are sitting at the two ends of the front row. They talk to the spectators next to them. They gradually address their words to each other. The audience is literally in between them. We are all in it together. In a nest. In the following hour, the actors take alternate possession of the stage floor. The other remains sitting with the audience. There are no finely-turned words. The sometimes unpolished English emerges as if it has just entered the speakers' minds. Sometimes it goes fast, as if inspiration brings lots of ideas at the same time that all have to come out as quickly as possible. Then it's difficult to follow. The thoughts merge into one another even before they are rounded off. The lighting continues to swell and fade throughout the happening, with complete irregularity and no relation to what is going on. It is as if it wants to draw attention to itself, but then only to say that we need not look for any hidden meaning. Look, I'm not here. The same goes for the music. A few barely audible fragile piano notes occasionally ripple through the room. Or did they come from the cafeteria?

This happening is called *TODAYulysses*, but I don't know whether it has anything to do with James Joyce. It seemed more like a leafing through the

aphorisms of Elias Canetti. With the occasional observation, a clearly developed idea, a *bon mot*. Here and there quotes from popular songs also appear, by the Eurythmics or Björk. And Schubert. The most forceful ideas are about the possibility of creating theatre, about the 'we relationship' that determines the scene and the factor of belief in learning. Once again, Jan Ritsema has disrupted relations between theatre as we know it and that which is no longer communicable. He continues to seek out this near impossibility with stubborn determination.