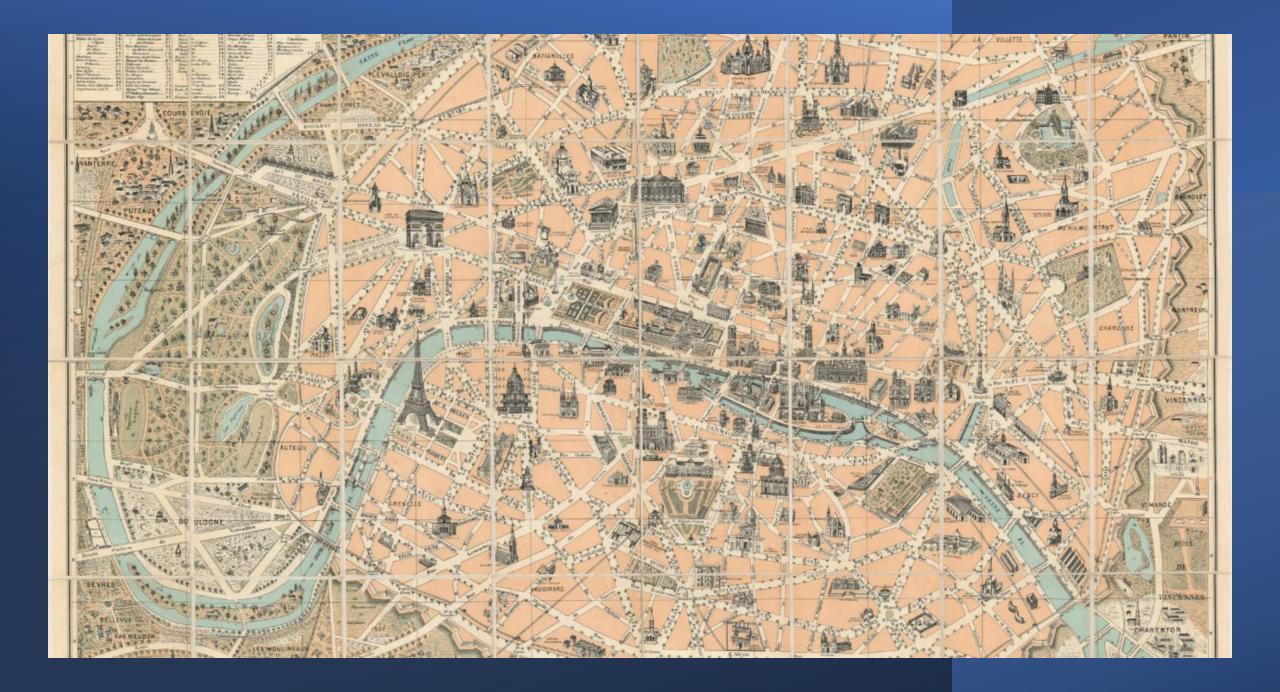
"The scandal must be greater even than that of *Phèdre* or *Hernani*. The performance must not be allowed to reach its conclusion, the theater must explode!"

-- Alfred Jarry

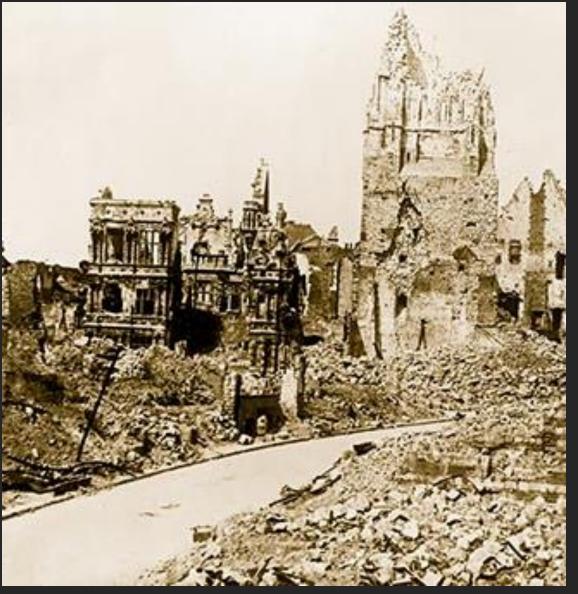


- France and Paris in the 1890s
- Concealed wounds: the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune Massacres
- Bel Epoque in the Boulevards, squalor and ferment in Montmartre
- "Boulangerisme," the Dreyfus Affair, and political discontents
- Early outbreaks of what became Dadaism, Lettrism, Situationism ...
- Countercultures and underclasses as bourgeois entertainment
- Jarry, the kid from Laval -- with a fixation on one physics teacher.
- Ubu breaks out, shuts down, moves back up the hill
- Ubu legacies

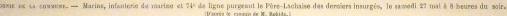






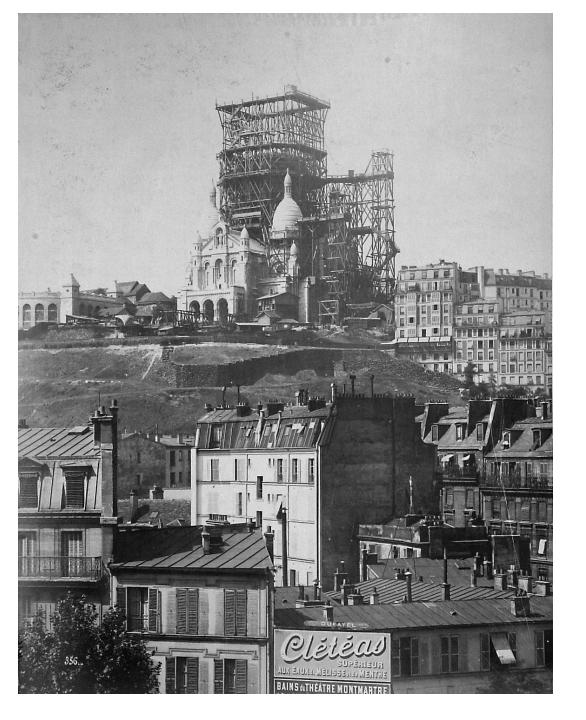










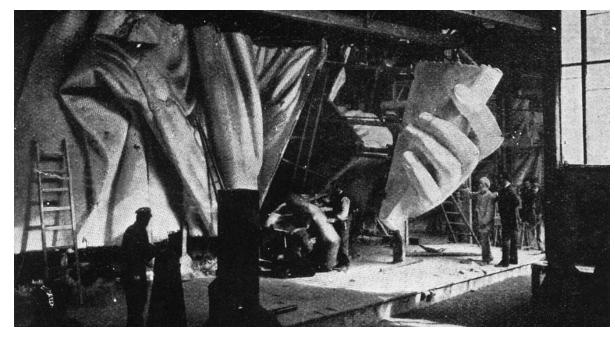


1875-1897





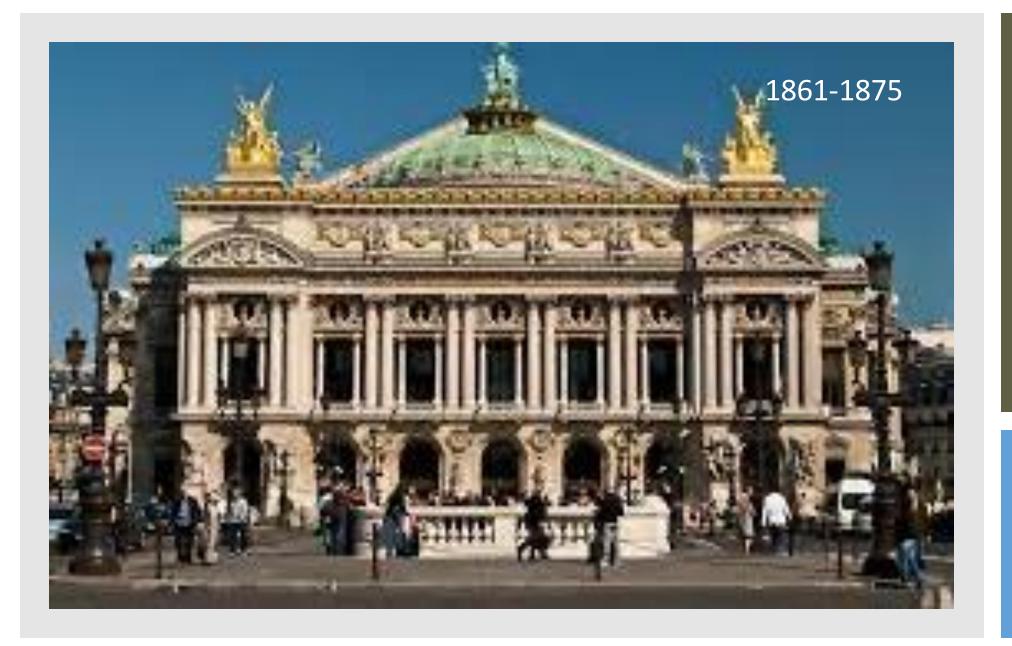


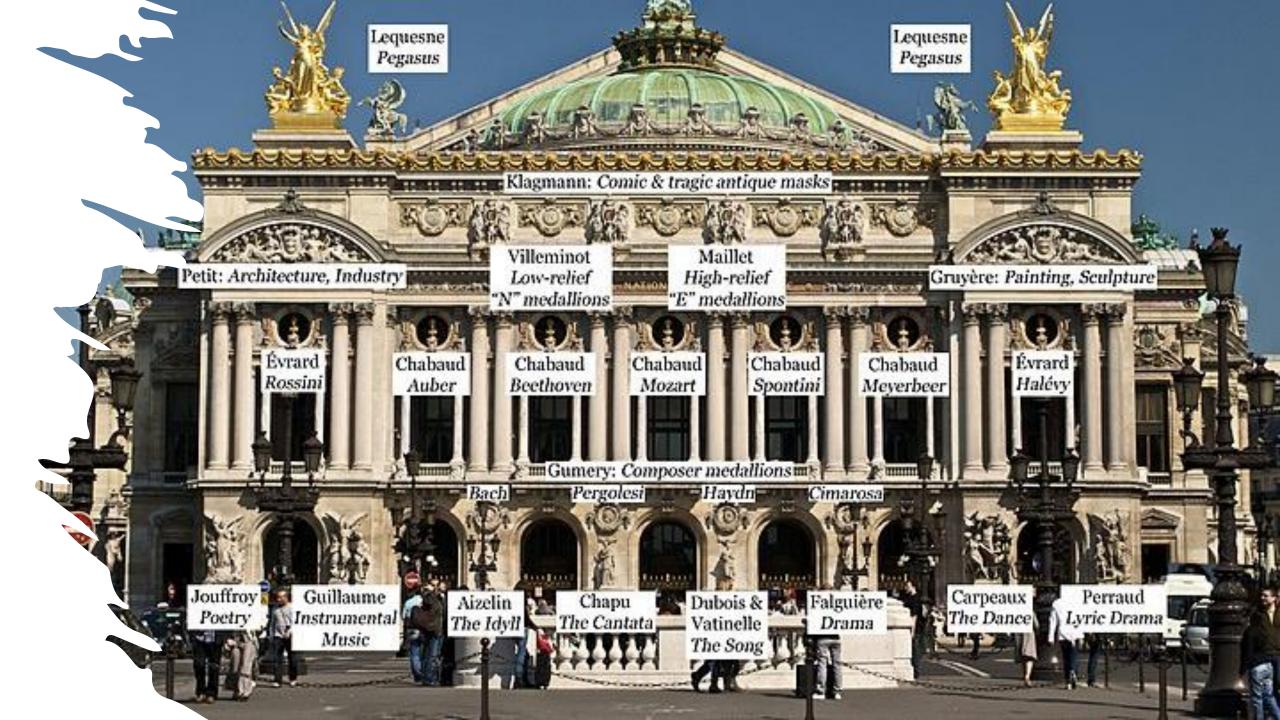






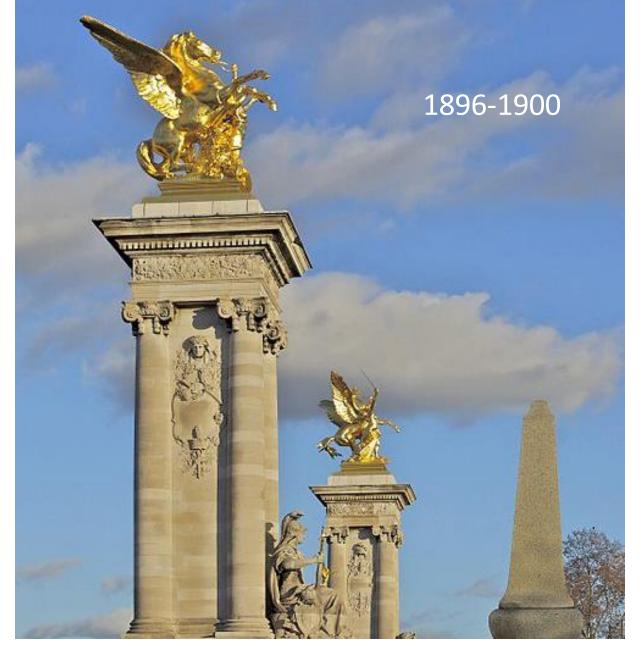
1875-1886

















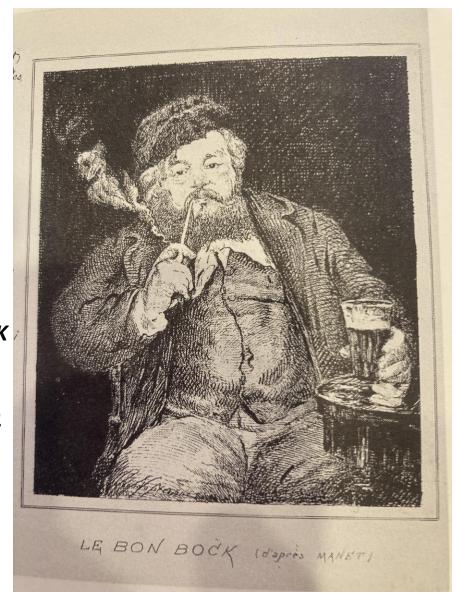
1886-1889



M A N E T

LE BON BOCK

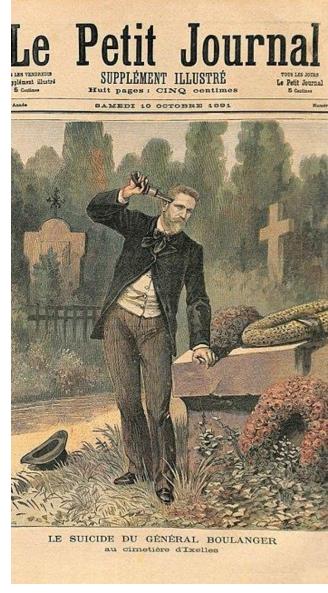
1872

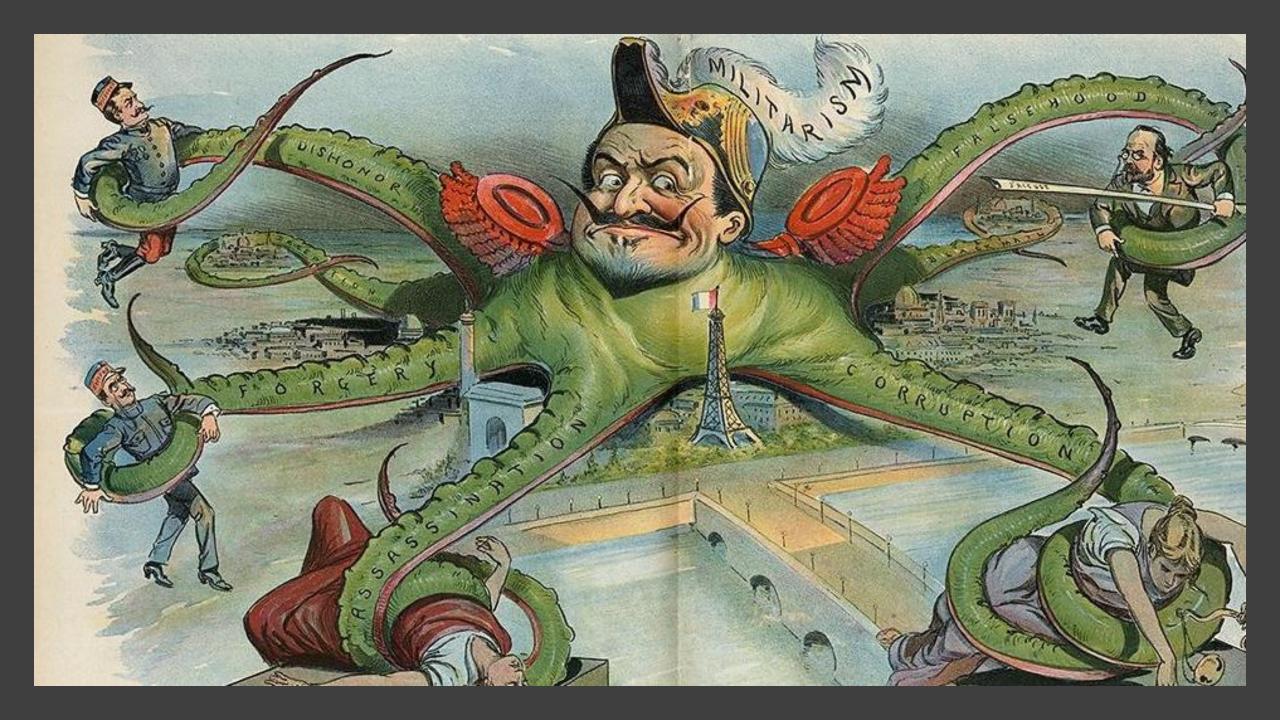


General Georges Boulanger, 1837-1891









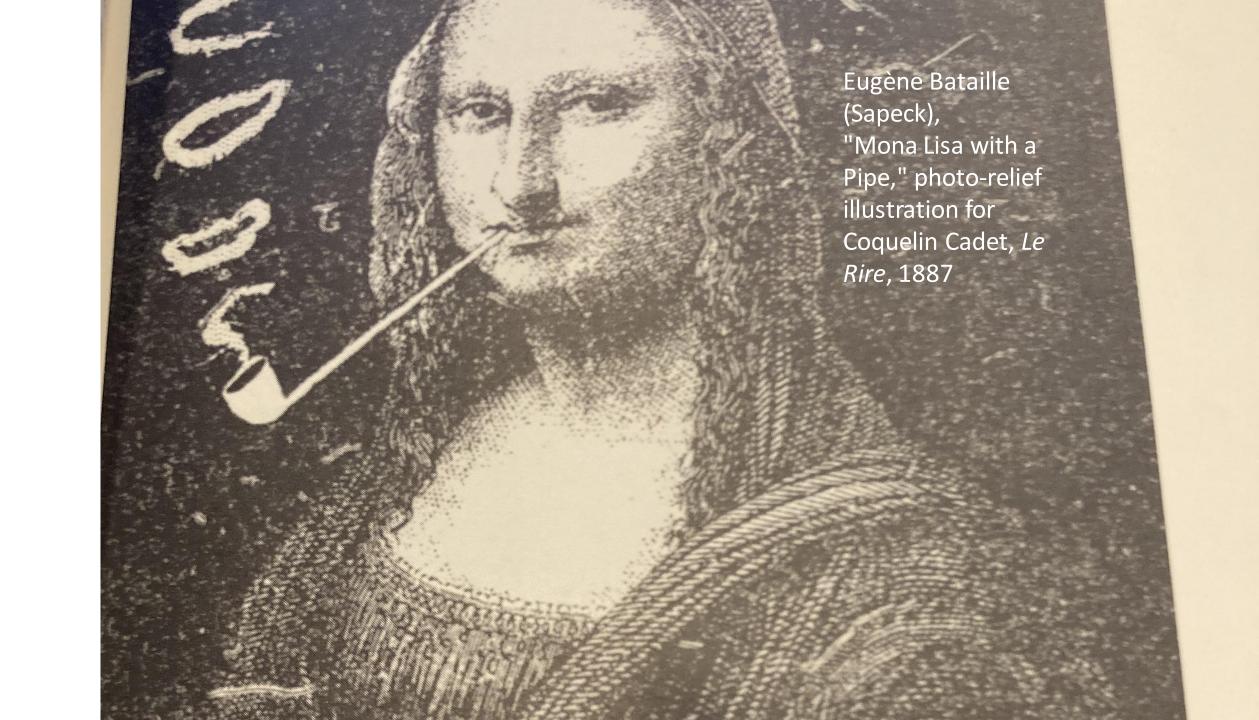


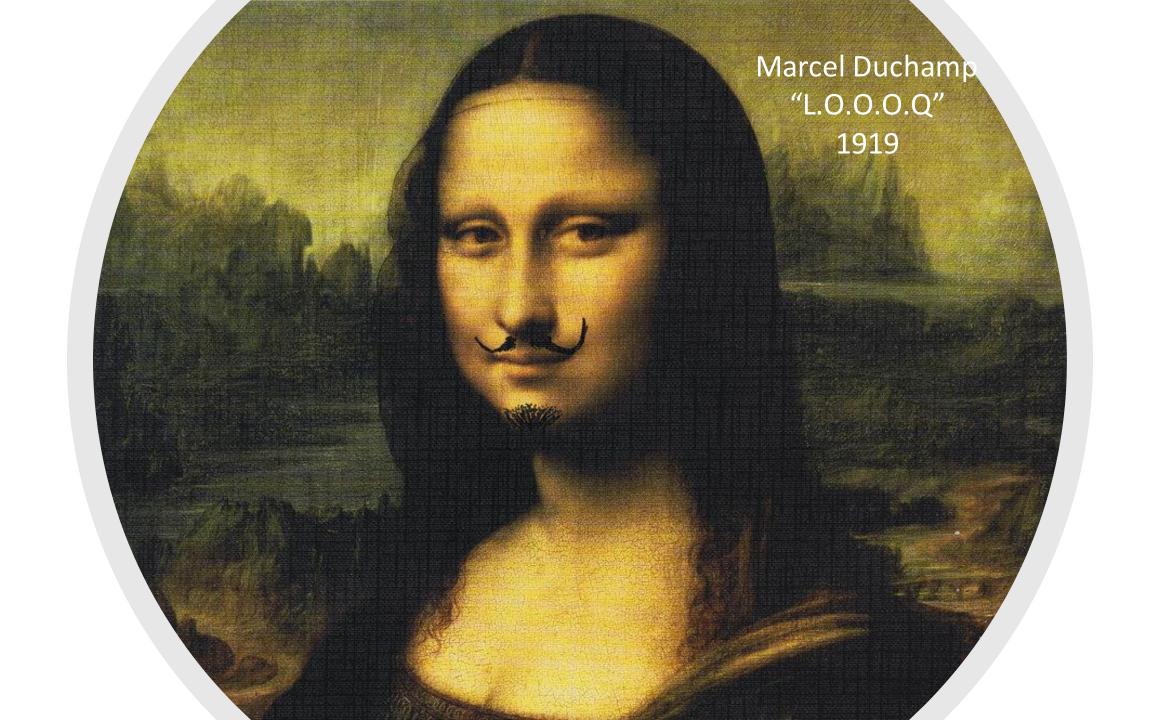




The Dreyfus Affair, 1894-1906





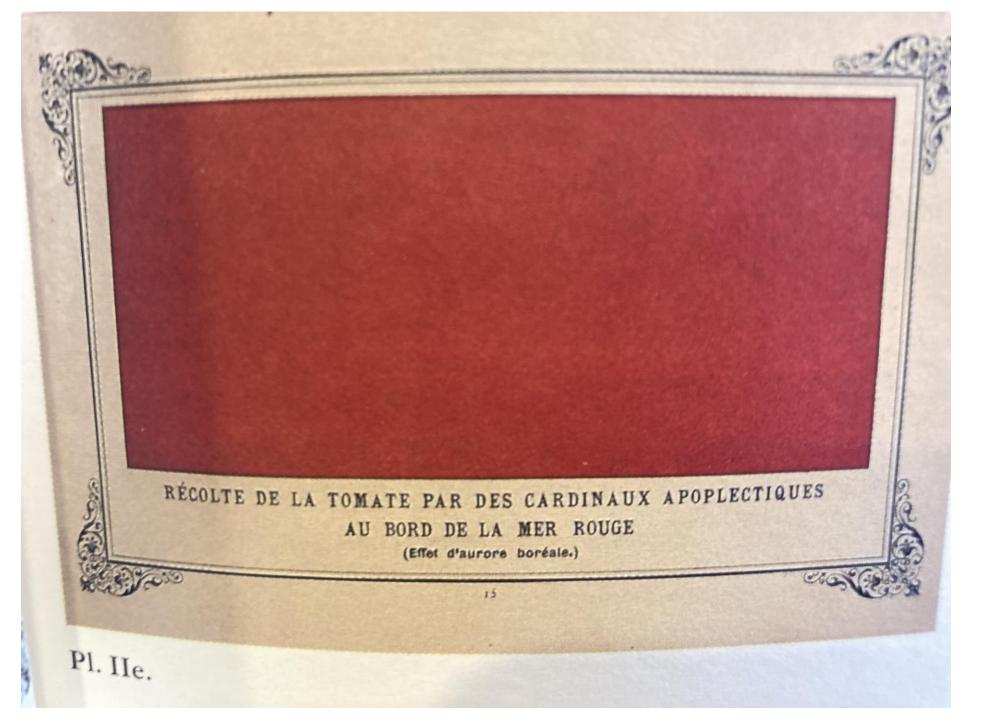




Rene Magritte, 1919

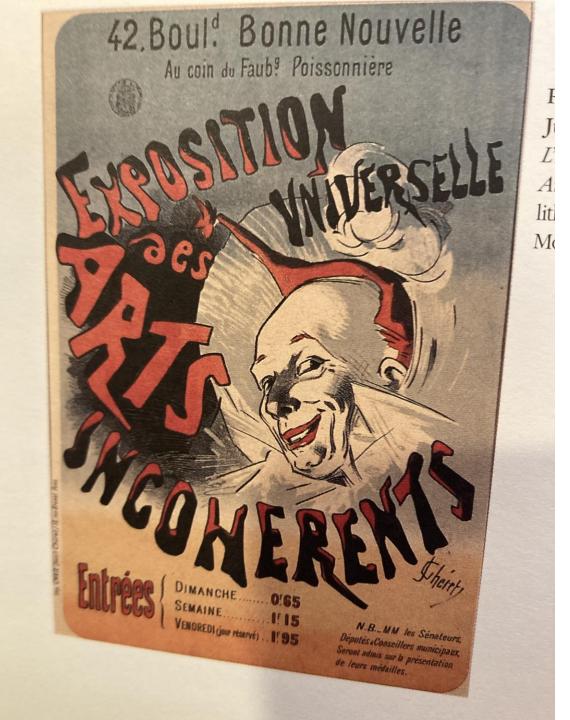


... and 1929

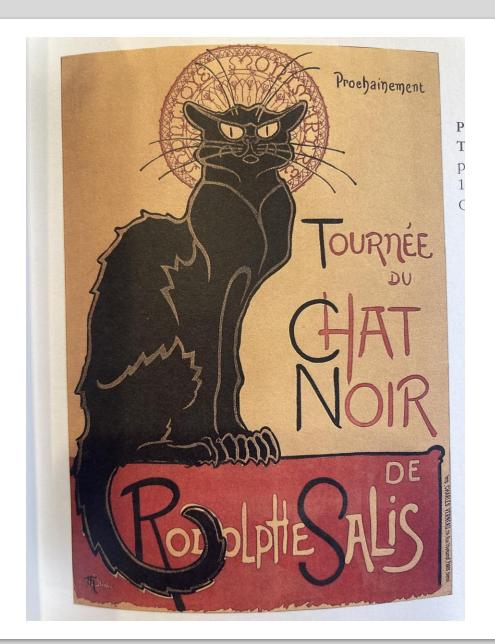


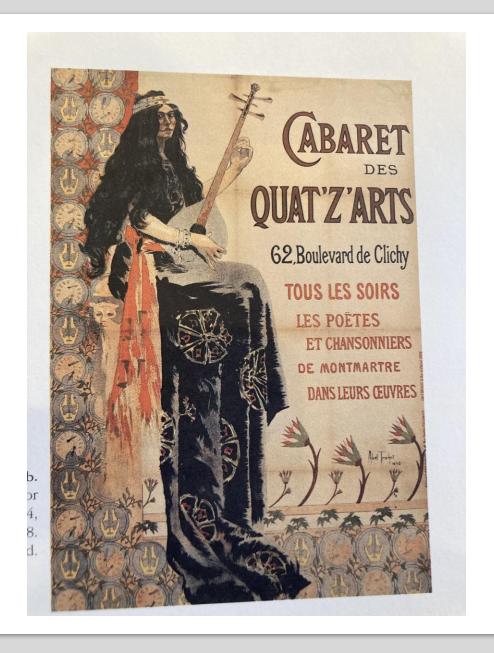
Alphonse Allais, cover and seven monochromatic images for *Album primo-avrilesque*, 1897.





DI IV.







The Chat Noir is the most extraordinary cabaret in the world. You rub shoulders with the most famous men of Paris, meeting there with foreigners from every comer of the globe. Victor Hugo, Emile Zola, Barbey d'Aurevilly, the inseparable Mr. Brisson, and the austere Gambetta talk buddy-to-buddywith Messrs. Gaston Vassy and Gustave Rothschild. People hurry in, people crowd in. It's the greatest success of the age! Come on in!! Come on in!

Chat Noir newspaper advertisement, April, 1882





Action in Le Chat Noir, 1882





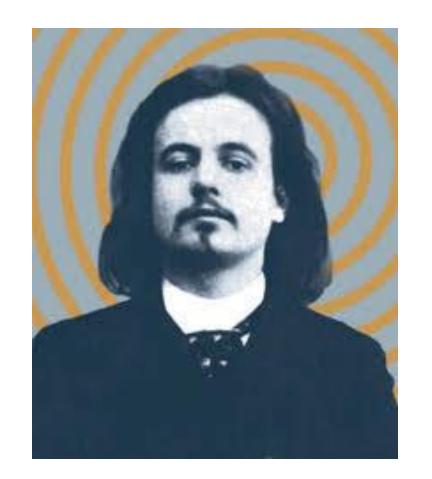


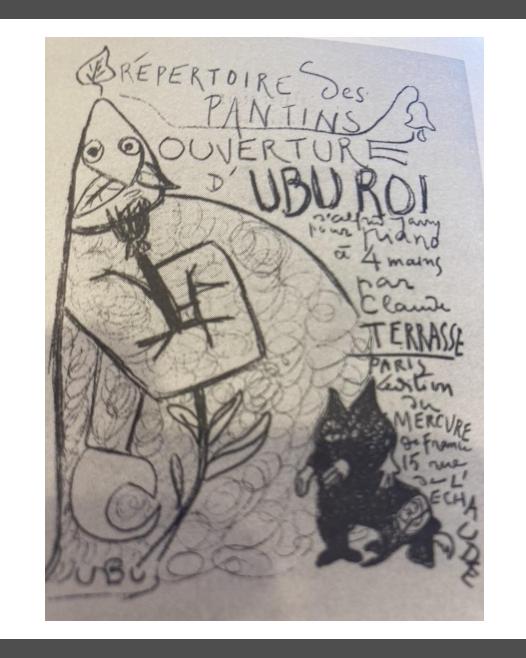


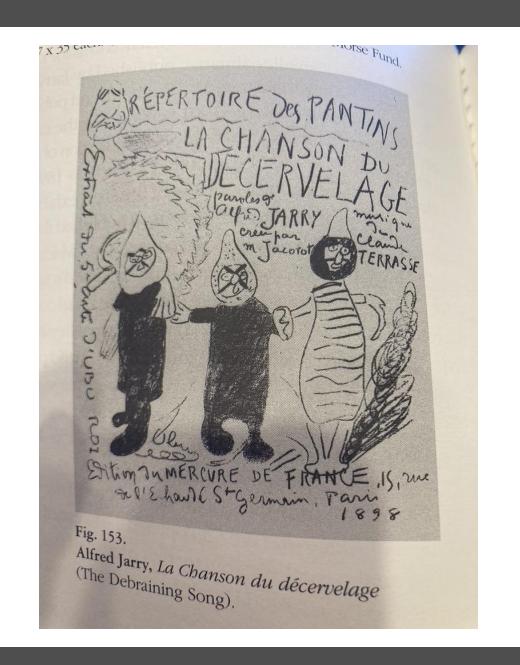


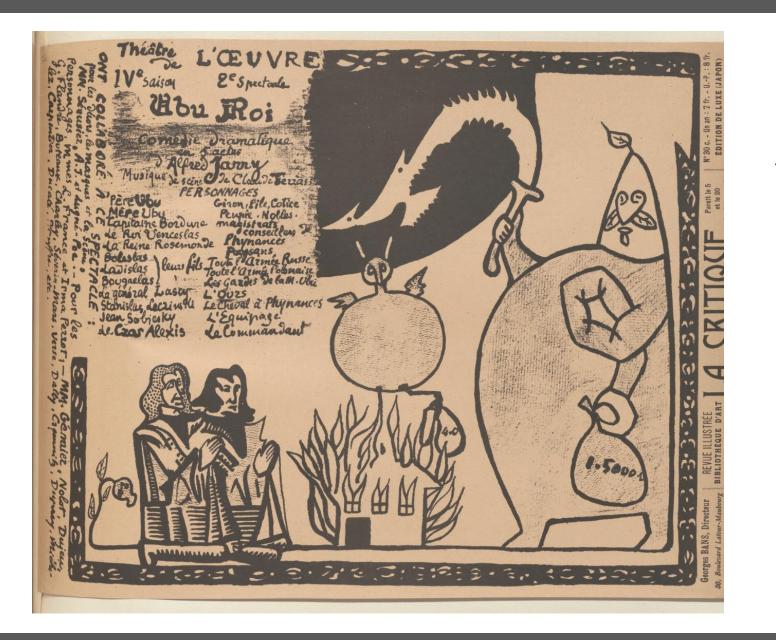


Véritable portrait de Monsieur Ubu.





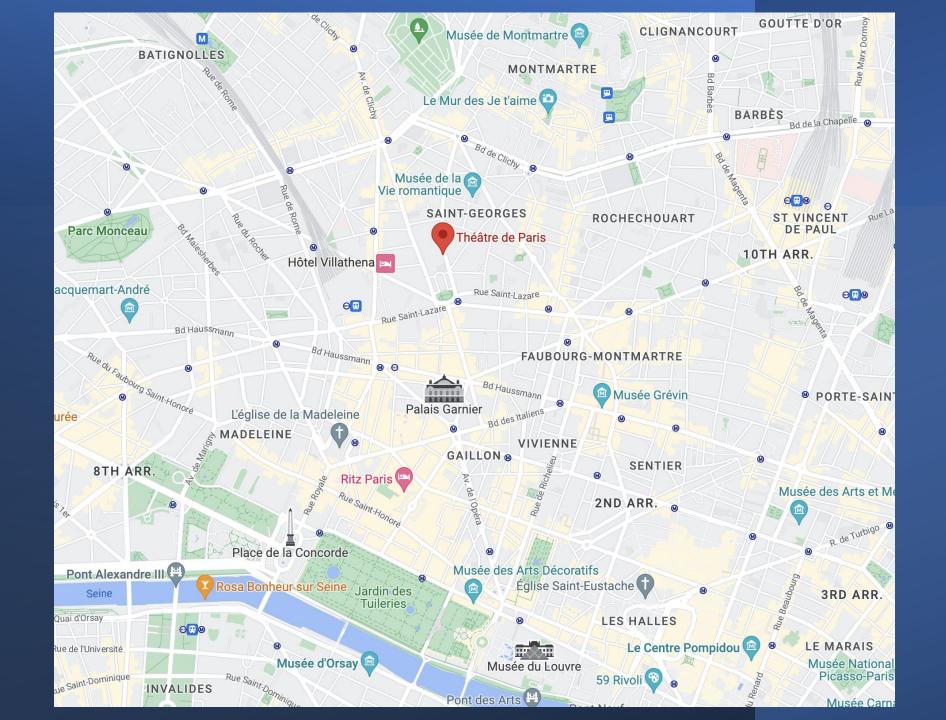




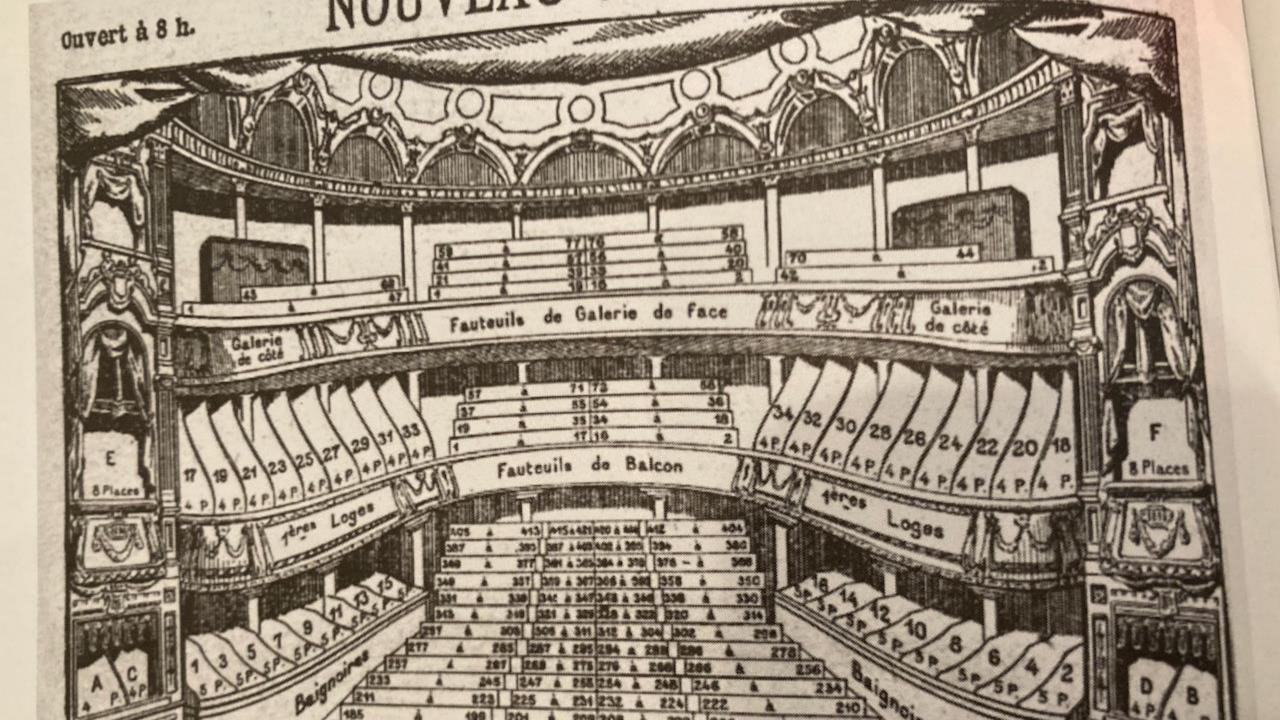
The Program, by Toulouse-Lautrec











Characters

MAMA UBU.

BORDURE.

WENCESLAS.

ROSEMONDE.

BOLESAS, LADISLAS, BOUGRELAS: THEIR SONS.

THE GHOSTS OF THEIR ANCESTORS.

GENERAL LASCY.

STANISLAS LECZINSKI.

JEAN SOBIESKI.

NICOLAS RENSKY.

THE EMPEROR ALEXIS.

LAP, BATTERY, COTICE: PALADINS.

CONSPIRATORS AND SOLDIERS.

PEPPLE.

MICHEL FÉDÉROVITCH.

NOBLES.

MAGISTRATES.

MICHEL FÉDÉROVITCH. NOBLES. **MAGISTRATES. COUNCILLORS.** FINANCIERS. LACKEYS OF PHYNANCES. PEASANTS. THE WHOLE RUSSIAN ARMY. THE WHOLE POLISH ARMY. THE GUARDS OF MAMA UBU. A CAPTAIN. THE BEAR. THE HORSE OF PHYNANCES. THE CREW.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

Act 1

Scene I

Poland – that is to say nowhere.

Papa Ubu, Mama Ubu.

PAPA UBU. Pshite!

MAMA UBU. Oh! that's a fine thing. What a pig you are, Papa Ubu!

PAPA UBU. Watch out I don't kill you, Mama Ubu!

MAMA UBU. It isn't me you ought to kill, Papa Ubu, it's someone else.

PAPA UBU. Now by my green candle, I don't understand.

MAMA UBU. What! Papa Ubu, you're content with your lot?

PAPA UBU. Now by my green candle, pshite. Madam, certainly yes, I'm content. I could be content with less. After all, I'm Captain of Dragoons, Privy Councillor to King Wenceslas, Knight of the Red Eagle of Poland, and formerly King of Aragon. What more do you want?

MAMA UBU. What! After being King of Aragon, you're content with reviewing fifty flunkies armed with cabbage-cutters, when you could put the crown of Poland on your head where the crown of Aragon used

to be?

PAPA UBU. Ah, Mama Ubu, I don't understand a word you're saying.

MAMA UBU. You are so stupid.

PAPA UBU. Now by my green candle, King Wenceslas is very much alive. And suppose he snuffs it – hasn't he got legions of children?

MAMA UBU. What prevents you from slaughtering the whole family and putting yourself in their place?

PAPA UBU. Ah! Mama Ubu, you do me wrong. Watch out you don't end up in the soup.

From "The Song of the Disembraining" – to close the play

Voyez, voyez la machine tourner, Voyez, voyez la cervelle sauter, Voyez, voyez les Rentiers trembler; (CHŒUR): Hourra, cornes-au-cul, vive le Père Ubu!

Aussitôt suis lancé par-dessus la barrière, Par la foule en fureur je me vois bousculé Et je suis précipité la tête la première

. . Dans le grand trou noir d'où qu'on ne revient jamais. Voilà ce que c'est que d'aller se promener le dimanche Rue de l'Échaudé pour voir décerveler, Marcher le Pince-Porc ou bien le Démanche-Comanche, On part vivant et l'on revient tudé.

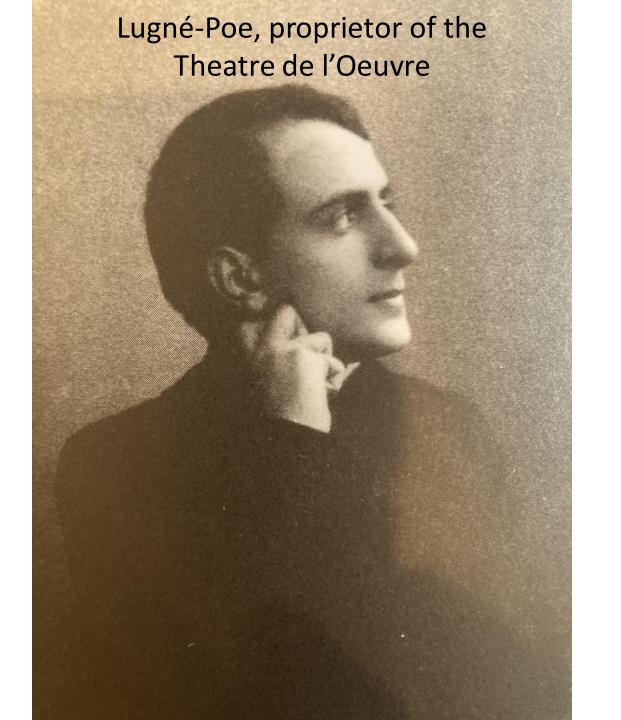
Voyez, voyez la machine tourner, Voyez, voyez la cervelle sauter, Voyez, voyez les Rentiers trembler; (CHŒUR): Hourra, cornes-au-cul, vive le Père Ubu! Behold, behold the device spinning Behold, behold the brains flying off Behold, behold the trembling Fat Cats (choir) Hooray, horns-in-your-butt, long live Papa Ubu!

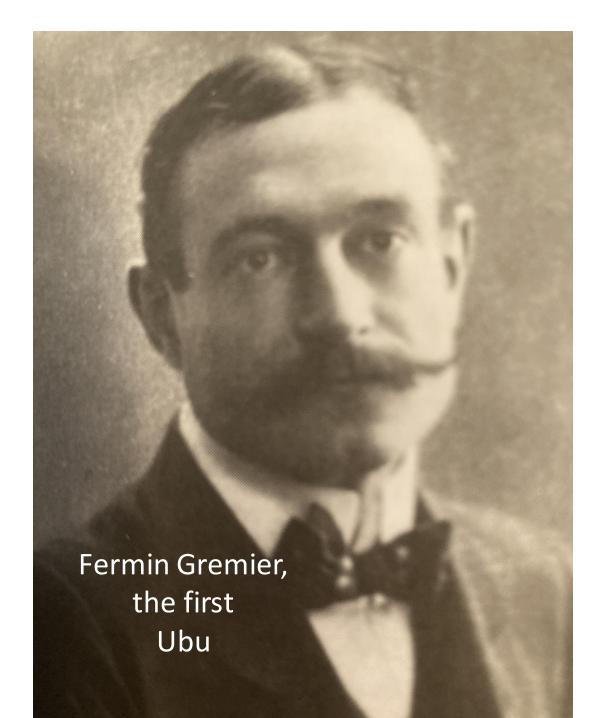
Immediately, the enraged crowd jostles me about and I'm bodily flung over the barrier only to land head first into

...the black hole no one ever returns from.

This is what you get for taking a stroll on Sundays in the Échaudé street to behold some decerebrating, watch the hog-pincher or ruffian-shredder at work. You set off alive and you come back all killed.

Behold, behold the device spinning Behold, behold the brains flying off Behold, behold the trembling Fat Cats (choir) Hooray, horns-in-your-butt, long live Papa Ubu!





Notwithstanding the tedium of this tiresome, feeble and nauseating farce, I repeat, that for myself [...] this performance resembled more a sort of deliverance, a literary ninth of Thermidor. At the very least, it is the beginning of the end for this Terror which has reigned over our literature. The time has now come to depose this symbolic tyrant many of whose traits are present in the person of King Ubu, and who resembles it in so many respects. [...] Empty of ideas, but bloated as Ubu's belly, this despotism of the mind at least had the stroke of genius to realize that one can easily found an empire by relying upon human credulity. It is enough to persuade a herd of imbeciles that everything new, or promoted as new, is superior, that tastelessness is strength, that all obscurities are profound, and that anyone who does not agree is stupid and backward, for this herd to obey and follow, cheering all the while. And really, for the past few years, this abstract and impersonal tyrant, this literary Ubu, terrorist of snobs, has become a dictator who has subsequently turned on the public. But he overestimated its complaisance and counted too much on its docility. The public became angry, and I am delighted to have been present at its revolt.

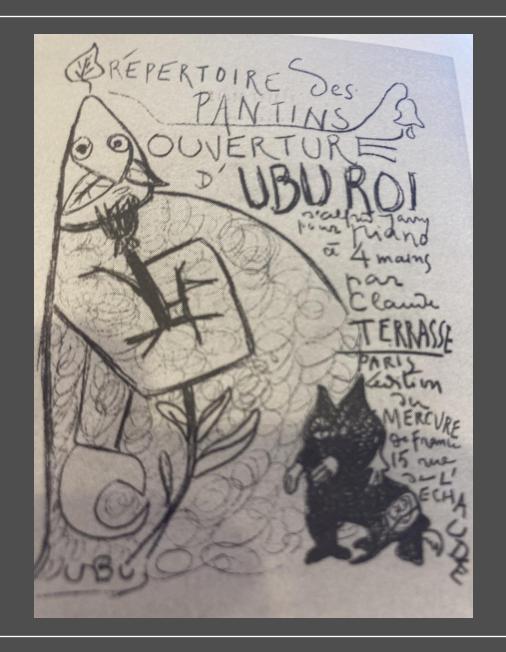
"Feeling bound to support the most spirited party, we have shouted for the play, but that night at the Hôtel Corneille I am very sad, for comedy, objectivity, has displayed its growing power once more. I say: "After Stéphane Mallarmé, after Paul Verlaine, after Puvis de Chavannes, after our own verse, after all our subtle rhythms, after the faint mixed tints of Conder, what more is possible? After us the Savage God."

--William Butler Yeats"



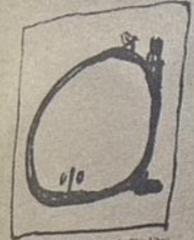
Fig. 150.

Alfred Jarry, puppet of Ubu for Le Théatre des Pantins, reproduced in Paul Chauveau, Alfred Jarry ou la naissance, la vie et la mort du Père Ubu (Paris: Mercure de France, 1932), 111. Schimmel Fund.

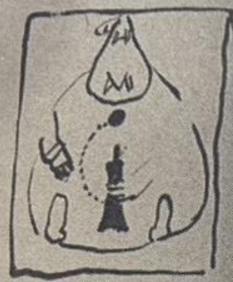


ALPHABET

Voyelles



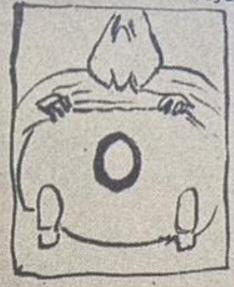
A - La faim (la parse du Pere L'buil.



I. - La jubilation du Père Ubu.

DU PERE UBU

Voyelles (Suite)



O. - L'admiration (Le nembril du Père L'bu).



Pierre Bonnard, Alphabet du Père Ubu, XXème siècle (1901),



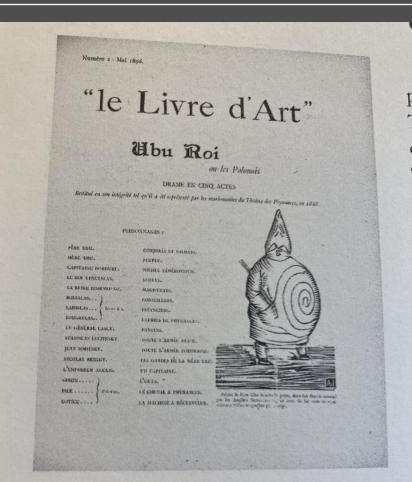
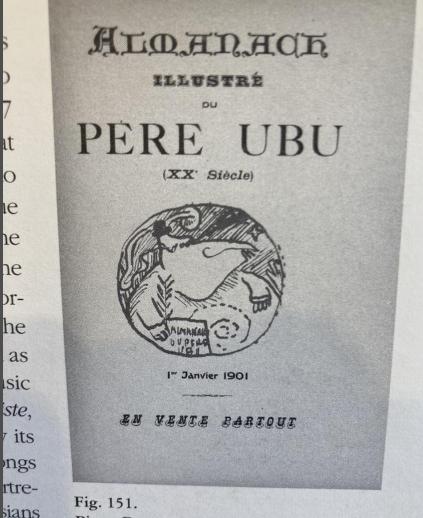


Fig. 148.

Alfred Jarry, "Ubu Roi," woodcut illustration for *Le Livre d' art*, no. 2 (May 1896). Schimmel Fund.



Pierre Bonnard, color lithographic title page for Alfred Jarry, Almanach illustré du Père Ubu, XXème siècle (Paris, 1 January 1901).

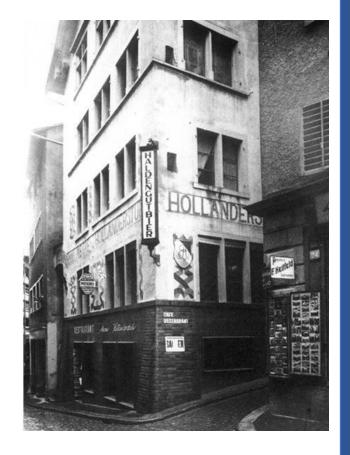
oing

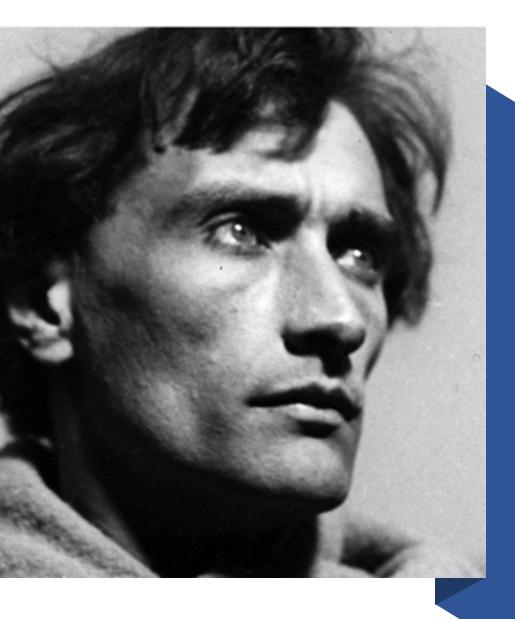
Zurich, 1916 – the birth of Dadaism







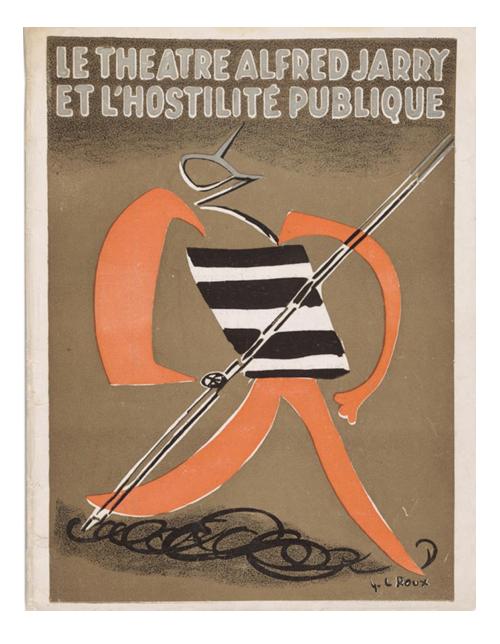






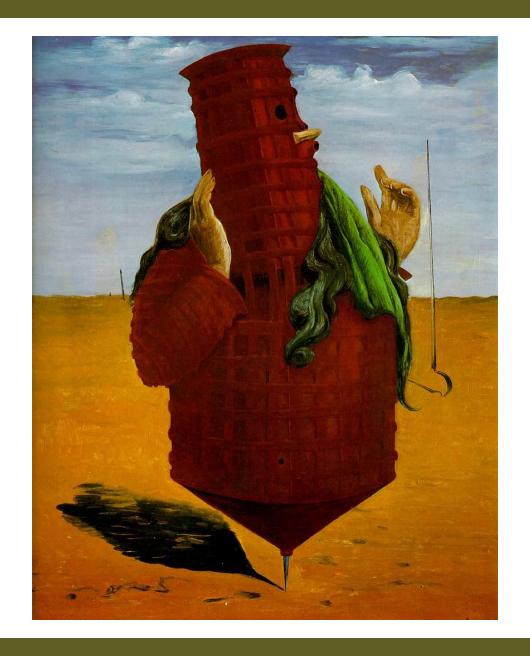
Antonin Artaud, 1896-1948







Marcel Duchamp, Ubu Book-binding, 1921



Max Ernst "Ubu Imperator,"

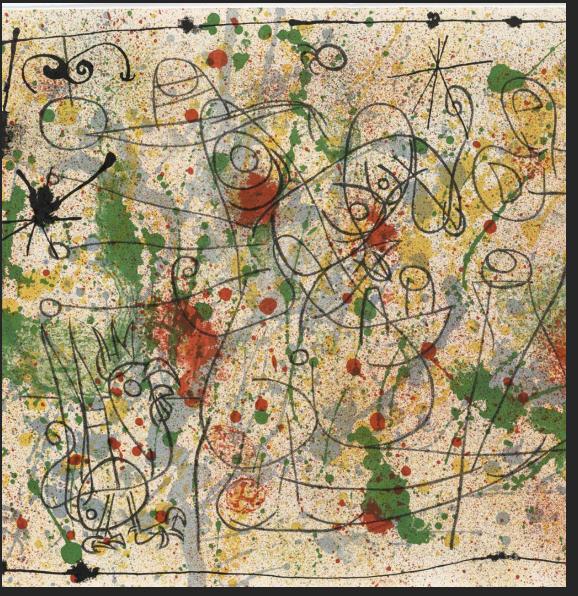
1923





Joan Miro, Ubu Series, 1965-1966





V&\ South Kensington

UBU

In Paris of 1896, the first word of the first piece of absurdist theatre resulted in a riot. From 01 – 08 September 2018, a reinterpretation of Alfred Jarry's Ubu Roi will be performed in the V&A's tunnel entrance.



UBU is an electronic opera – an immersive spectacle composed by Jerskin Fendrix and featuring a collective of young actors and artists. Jarry's masterpiece will be defaced and defiled, in celebration of all things monstrous and beautiful.





EN DECEMBRE

de 17h. à 02h.

Découverte de quelques

BRASSERIES ARTISANALES DE SUISSE ROMANDE

Du Dimanche au Jeudi de 17h à 21h

LA BIERE DU JOUR

Servie avec une planchette charcuterie ou fromage "accords bières et mets"

OFFERTE

Au Roi Ubu - Grand Rue 30 - Vieille Ville - Geneve









The Actors' Gang Extends UBU THE KING Through Early December

Ubu the King is a rough play full of obscene humor and inappropriate behavior and is not for the faint of heart.

U of A | STUDIO THEATRE

TIMMS CENTRE FOR THE ARTS DECEMBER 01-10, 2022

Ubu Roi

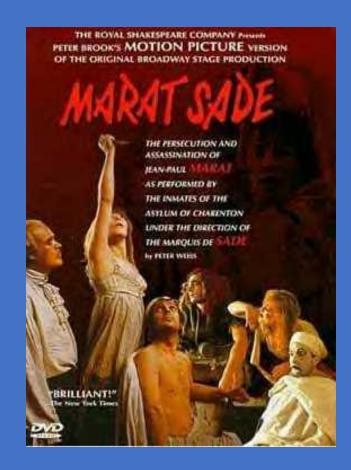
by Alfred Jarry directed by David Woroner



UALBERTA.CA/ARTSHOWS





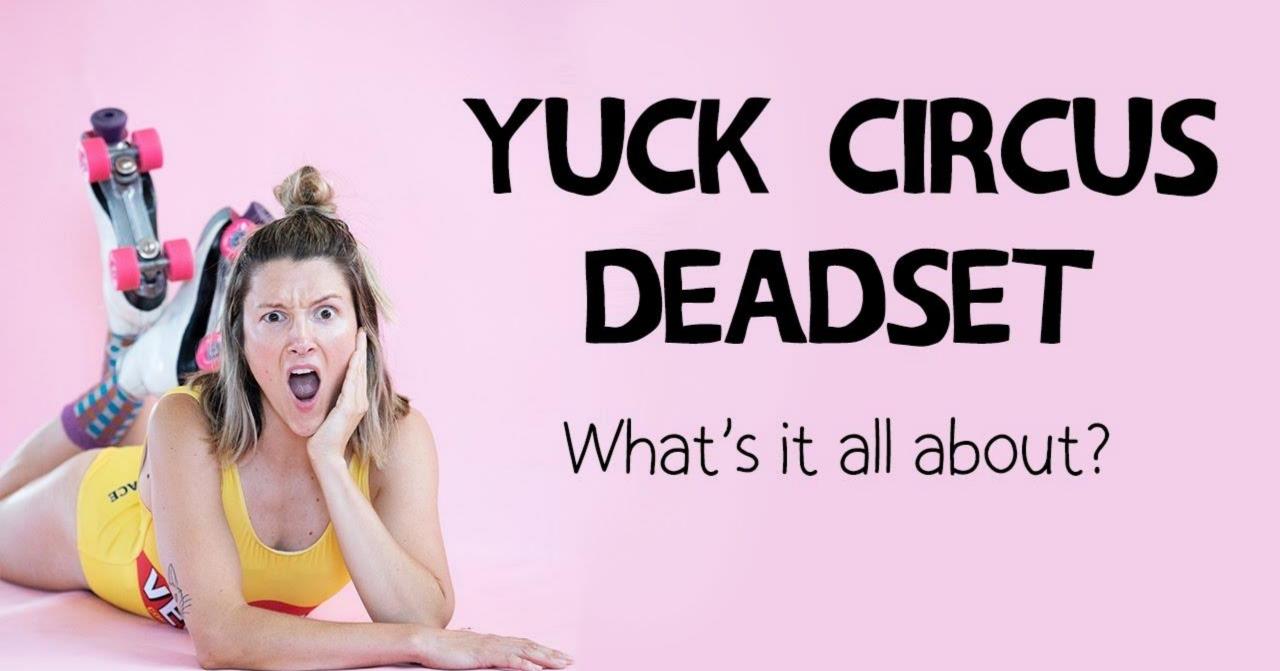














Pompous Prick, 2019 by Jan Agha. Photograph: Courtesy the artist and New Contemporaries

Jan Agha's painting *Pompous Prick* is a stinging satire that holds its own as an image. The member in question is blue, and upright, with a face like thunder and a ludicrously outsize Dalí moustache - a cathartic Ubu Roi for the #MeToo generation. And maybe he has a priapic follower in Taylor



Bloomberg New Contemporaries 2019 review a vintage year for emerging artists

★★★★☆

South London Gallery (both sites)

















Serendipitous UBU

