

Ubu, one of us

Ubu was terrific! That's more or less how I imagined the main character while reading Alfred Jerry's drama. Humpbacked, with familiar crooked face, patched clothes (orthalon and jacket, of course), scraping shoes (adiddas shoes, of course), all in all: lazy gait with bit empty, self-confident look. Shortly speaking: real stench – not definitely in the negative sense. „For my green candle!' - that's him. I don't know if ,merdre' sounds better than ,grówno' (french and polish modifications of the word ,shit', so in english could be maybe ,shrrrrrit'), but the second one heard on stage sounded really good. Naturally, this spectacle can not have it's scandalous resonance like it did have during its' the premiere, but it's absurdity will remain immortal. If I would ask myself how ,Ubu the King' should be played in 2016 – I would put on today's show. I liked everything in the spectacle and I assume I am not the only one claiming so. Warm applause after the spectacle and gales of laughter during the play prove that. It was really Ubu, authentic and Polish. (The scene of eating the soup doesn't need any comment). Captain Bordure was also comical. Mama Ubu was contrasting her husband. Additionally King Wenceslas (Aleksy), Queen and of course...Byczyslaw, who was indeed very rude. The role of symbolic simple props and scenographic elements was not less important. As widely known, the author had precise guidelines concerning those, but the solutions I observed were accurate and absurd – let's take cardboard judges as an example. And the final consisting video record of the boat scene, the boat that needed to be reached first... And shrrrrrit! Really excellent spectacle.

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