

In Celebration

By **Davud Storey**

Play no. 251

Opening show : 06/1971

Creative team

Hebrew Version : Rivka Meshulach

Directed by: Michael Neacham

Sets by: Joseph Karl

Sets and Costumes : Joseph Carl

Music: Poldi Shatzman

Lighting: Micael Lieberman

Cast

Mr. Shaw: Naum Buchman

Mrs. Shaw: Shoshana Duer

Andy Shaw: Shmuel Atzmon

Colin Shaw: Rolf Brin

Steven Shaw: Avraham Seleckter

Mrs. Burnett: Tova Pardo

Reardon: Israel Rubinchik

Three sons travel up to Northern mining town – without wives, though two of them are married – to celebrate their parents' fortieth wedding anniversary. The eldest, Andy, is a dangerous, destructive jester who has thrown up his legal practice to be a painter, the middle one, bachelor Colin, is a socialist careerist, labour relations manager to a large industrial firm. The youngest, Steven, is a teacher who has just abandoned a study of Society that he's been working on for seven years.

Colin is the model son, correct and considerate but oddly unlovable. Andy is his opposite, a tousled charmer who under the affectionate banter nurses contempt for his tough father and vindictive hatred for his mother. Father, it emerges, got her with child four decades ago and they had to marry, though for mother it was a social come-down. She contented herself with enslaving father and emasculating her surviving sons (the first died at seven of pneumonia) by raising them in the social scale, they all feel a loss of identity, but only Andy feels vicious – regarding his mother as a sainted vampire and his father as a pathetic animal, plodding home from the pit every day to idolize his wife.

The reunion centers on a grand beano at the Hotel Excelsior. Andy has already given tongue before it, raising the forbidden topic of Jamie, the dead son, and hinting to his brothers that he wants to smash the sanctified image of mother. Afterwards, when they have returned home in a glow of togetherness, he breaks out wantonly in the presence of Father, mocking and scourging him with the damned-up contempt of years. But he doesn't fully confront mother with his hatred. They play ends with a sort of battred truce; the sons depart, and father, who has never quite understood what it was all about, wipes the whole thing from his mind and settles back into domestic bliss.