Oh Dad, Poor Dad' Memorable show — a 100-minute sick joke

By Our Drama Critic

Arthur Kopit's strangely undisturb-ing play Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet, and I'm Feeling So Sad is not a black-heart-ed comedy (as advertised), but a lilylivered quasi-tragedy which reeks of clotted blood. In fact, it is a long sick joke, lasting for 100 minutes. sick joke, lasting for 100 minutes. The cuckoo clock is possibly the funniest thing on the stage, which being cuckoo is some fun, figures; isn't it?

Death stalks everywhere. The un-



merry widow ac-companied by the stuffed body of husband her (whom she had killed) and by her over-protected son props and and appurtenances like collections stamps and coins, carnivorous plant and a pir-anha fish, comes hotel in to a search of more

misery and money. There the son is set upon by a girl while the mother sets upon a creaking old commodore. And after a series of well-delivered orations of her vampire philosophy, she leaves the scene with practically everything and everyone (bar the old salt) dead salt) dead.

Death has its comic and its tragic faces; so do sex, frustration, cynicism, world-weariness and greed; but surely a mad mixture of all this and apparent symbols of cruelty and ugliness cannot make drama, or can it? It adds up to little more than a dare, an aberration, a spittin gat the clouds.

Pearl Padamsee's widow is compelling enough. Sabira Merchant plays the slut with enchanting seductiveness. Raghu Sudon as the son and Sylvester da Cunha as the decrepit sailor are wonderful. But why, why? It is an impertinence to inflict such monstrous theatrical experimentations on a playstarved Bombay, however sophisticated and slick the production.

The Theatre Group is wasting its time and talent by indulging in this Adaptation, grotesquerie. kind of and direction by Alyque design Padamsee. Three more shows at the Tejpal.

Vacation libraries will be conducted by the municipal education department in 50 centres in Bombay for 20 days

TVE

by Raza

By Our Art Critic

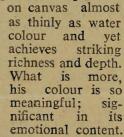
The one-man-show of S. H. Raza, now on at Gallery Chemould, will be remembered by the art lovers in Bombay for a long time as an extreme-

ly satisfying display.

Raza has been living and working in France since 1950. It is after a long time that he is holding a show living and working 1950. It is after a of his paintings in Bombay. Most of the exhibits have been prepared in the last few months of his sojourn in Bombay, which he is visiting for the second time since he migrated to

second time since he harmonic second time painter. Each painting is carefully planned and meticulously executed in every detail.

Colour has always been Raza's strong point. He spreads the pigment Raza's



Ranging black the simple

and white to sombre browns and luminous yellows and greens, the hues he selects appear in effortless juxta-position, in poignant depiction of the burst of light through the billowing clouds, the blinding blaze of the troverdure of a pical sun or the lush river valley.

MULTIPLE PLANES

The success of Raza's canvases is no less due to their formal arrange-ment and feeling of space. In simple shapes the artist has broken up the two-dimensional surface of the canvas into multiple planes, thereby giving it

a highly intensive quality. The most charming aspect of Raza's pictures is that they ring a bell, bring-ing back a familiar feeling or an experience, at times rather elusively. not unlikely that Raza's paintings will mean different things to different Yet the impact is unmistakpeople.

able. Indeed, many a piece on display is masterpiece of thought and condensed expression.

The show remains open till April

"IMPRESSIONISTIC LANDSCAPES"

By Our Art Critic In his second solo exhibition,

gank Joshi exhibits 16 oils at the Je-

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