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"The Hurricane" Sinks At Times to Soft Zephyr

Olga Petrova's own play, "The Hurricane," with the author starred under the auspices of Richard Herndon, came to the Frolic, at an invitation performance, last night. Putting it bluntly, the piece has a negligible chance among the many sterling attractions on the main street, although it has a whale of a first act and a second act in which there is a good deal of deft comedy.

The dulllest third act of the season puts the unalterable curse on the whole thing, backed up by a blundering and clumsy final session that started from nowhere and made a round trip.

The third act is truly awful, being made up of the bromidic situation of the woman with a past "revealing all," as they have it, to the man who would marry her. This matter is separated with long, tiresome speeches by bores. The final suddenly springs upon a rather startled audience that the scarlet woman who has redeemed herself is, unknown to herself, the victim of a loathsome disease. She takes morphine with suicidal intent, dies off-stage, and upon being brought back into sight, the doctor bends over the deathlike form and says, "She is still breathing."

Maybe the allegations about the disease were a mistake, although we saw the doctor experiment with the knee reflex action without getting any results whatever, and it looked like a bad case. And maybe the doctor off-stage had stomach-pumped the lady and beaten the hop to it. As between the happy ending and the tragic ending, this was what a faro dealer would call a split.

Mme. Petrova gave a fair impersonation of Florence Reed, except for the foreign flavor in her speech, while the rest of the company were no better than fair to satisfactory players.
