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AT THE FROLIC THEATRE

"HURRICANE"

Richard Herndon presents Olga Petrova in a play by Mme. Petrova.

THE CAST.

Martha Olczewski (Deeney)	Camilla Dalberg
Nasha.....	Katharine Roberts
John Arkwright.....	Lewis Willoughby
Richard Peterson.....	Manuel A. Alexander
Rose Peterson.....	Dorothy Ellin
Ilka.....	Olga Petrova
Joe Jennings.....	Joseph Granby
Michael Deeney.....	Patrick S. Barrett
Walter Welch, M. D.....	Percy Carr
Butler	Dan O'Brien

Olga Petrova acts some of the finest scenes of her career in the new melodrama "Hurricane," which she wrote for herself and which she brought to the Frolic Theatre last night. And still this play—one of those "strong" bits of writing in which the heroine early in the first act is called something unprintable—has scenes, perhaps acts, in which the actress seems to have forgotten her own limitations as she sat at her typewriter.

"Hurricane" abounds in separate and distinct torrents of tragic incident. Here Petrova rises to the extreme heights of her ability as an emotional actress. And here she is irresistibly effective. Still, there is a first act in which she has made herself a clumsy, illiterate immigrant, washing dishes in a squalid Texas farmhouse. And one who once has seen the majestic sweep of this gorgeous lady of tears as she advances across a theatre stage looks on with a grin at seeing her pull on cotton stockings and peel potatoes. This is not Petrova. She assumes dirt and crudity only with great effort. Nevertheless, there is a sturdiness and a fighting fire of revolt in her eye which carried her through.

In the first act, she engages her cruel father in combat and, upon announcing that she intends to leave for St. Louis, her daddy bellows out to her that she is nothing but a—. And in the second act, the girl is seen occupying a flashy room in an immoral hotel in Kansas City. Two years have passed, in which she has traded on her father's label.

Even in this act, while Petrova seemed at times to catch the meaning of the part she was playing, there was a general lack of sincerity in the evidence of waywardness which she piled up against herself. In her attitudes of youthful and flippant toughness and general all around moral disintegration in Kansas City the actress seems at the lowest ebb in her play. Whether it is because she is not broad enough, or, on the other hand, too obvious in her method, is uncertain. At any rate she doesn't seem much like a lady to get fresh with. And her meeting with a kind physician who had fallen in love with her seemed quite preposterous.

However, there was a third act, and a fourth. And here moments of compelling beauty of expression she has placed at her own disposal. Here she was very near to perfection.

Seven years have passed when the third-act curtain rises on the balcony of a fashionable hotel in Miami, Fla. Together with the doctor, she has gone there to rest. But one day the young man comes! The same lad whose car blew a tire in front of her Texas home seven years ago. The boy she loved from the beginning. And now he asks her to marry him.

The task before her is clear. She cannot consent. She must tell him what she has been. All of it. Then he will not want her. Here was Petrova in white silk, romantic calamity on her hands. Here was the moment she had pictured herself acting as she wrote it. The result was magnificent.

Always a striking figure before the footlights, Mme. Petrova, seemed last night even a little more charming than usual. Her cast is fairly good

in its important parts, and her curtain speech is terrible in its sentimentality.

Q. M.