

Repertory Society's Success

THE CAST.

Edward Brett J. H. Steyning-Brown
Ellen Hope Beryl Rickard
Lucy Brett Vivienne Chance
Ronald Vaughan Ralph Taylor
Sir Maurice Stanley Dave Doyle
John D. Kellett Cameron
Laura Cunningham Ailsa Turbayne

Last night the Brisbane Repertory Society scored what was probably one of its biggest successes when Miss Clare Clarke produced "Worse Things Happen at Sea" at the Princess Theatre.

Keith Winter's play is one of the most delicious bits of satire achieved by a modern playwright—three acts of salutary fun-poking at the humbug practised in certain circles in the name of modern art. Post impressionism, experimentalism, every other kind of "ism" come under the lash of his witty tongue in a comedy which never strikes an arid patch and which probably has done more to cure many an "arty" young man of his lack of perspective than all the good advice in the world.

Ridicule is a devastating weapon against this sort of thing, as Professor Murdoch proved so brilliantly in the essay which he has called "Nihilism In Literature," and the play as well as providing three hours' joyous entertainment was obviously intended as a sort of "throwing up the windows" gesture to relieve the stuffy atmosphere of artistic attitudinising.

CAST REVELLED IN PLAY.

The cast last night revelled in this play, which gave Ralph Taylor in particular a golden opportunity to set the seal on much good work for amateur theatricals in Brisbane. The part of the humourless young man addicted to gaudy pull-overs and "sub-humanity," provides a severe test for the ability of any actor, and Mr. Taylor gave a grand performance. Vivienne Chance was splendidly cast as Lucy Brett, the selfdramatising matron to whom the author has presented some of his wittiest lines, and Ailsa Turbayne contributed a characteristically sound reading of the part of the clear headed young realist who did her best "to drag a genius down to her own level." Beryl Rickard as the secretary, D. Kellett Cameron as the snobbish butler with a taste for Proust, Dave Doyle as the amiable humorist "Sir Maurice," J. H. Steyning-Brown as "Edward"—they were all really good performances missing nothing of the subtleties in

dialogue and characterisation intended by the author.

It was a pity amid so much that was good that the voice of the prompter was

called upon so often, and the last act curtain needs licking into shape a little to make a really effective climax.

Miss Clarke's production was as efficient as ever, and both producer and cast deserve a special pat on the back for achieving that difficult second act finale when the entire Brett menage busily set about tearing up one another's manuscripts and smashing one another's pictures, with professional skill. The timing of that one word "Home!" from the level-headed young woman who insisted on finishing her game of indoor croquet amid the surrounding bedlam was perfect. Hats off!

J.R.S.