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 hose young in the youth and Rimini be held at Centre next m.

visit her in London if ever we come to Eireland."

And what did they see while they were here?

London surprise

"Practically everything," said Mr. Carr. "Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, The Tower

GOT PLUMB AWAY

A quantity of brass and copper fittings were stolen by raiders who broke into a plumber's storeroom at New Broadway, Ealing, early on Thursday.

But this isn't 'My Fair Lady' - It's 'Pygmalion!'

BY a paradox which would have delighted them both, the two wittiest English dramatists happen to be Irishmen. They are, moreover, responsible for the two funniest (and most intensely, class-consciously, aristocratically English) scenes in post-Aristophanic stage comedy.

These scenes are the "hand-bag" duologue in "The Importance of Being Earnest," and the "Not b—— likely" conversation in "Pygmalion." (We can only regret that Shaw, reviewing Wilde's play on its London premiere, should have proved grudging towards a talent equal to his.)

Mark of great humour

For the mark of great humour, surely, is that it is evergreen. No matter how often we re-read the best of Wodehouse or re-see the best of Chaplin, we never cease to laugh. So with the famous Evans-Gielgud recording of the "handbag" episode.

And while the rest of "Pygmalion," as presented in Barbara Hutchins' current revival at the Questors Theatre, may elicit from the spectator no more than the mechanical smile bred of excess familiarity, in that third act, guffaws irresistibly, eternally break out.

Shock is diminished

Opinions may differ as to Miss Hutchins' wisdom in getting Eliza to lapse from her impeccably accented pose of solemnity when speaking the famous exit-line. My personal feeling is that the hilarious shock is diminished, rather than increased, by the reversion to cheery Covent Garden in formality.

This apart, though, I have just one other textual criticism of the Mattock-lane production: the alteration of the ending to suggest a happy romantic

future for Liza and Higgins. I know that it's the ending we'd prefer, and they had it in "My Fair Lady."

But this isn't "My Fair Lady": it's "Pygmalion," and should be given as written.

Customary neatness

Still, these are minor faults. The piece is cast and performed with the Questors' customary neatness and disciplined fluency. Julia Martin's Eliza, Bill Rudderham's Pickering, Joan Pyle's Mrs. Pearce, Alan Drake's Freddy, Dorothy Boyd-Taylor's Clara (twitteringly exquisite in her own sanguinary exit); Betty Ogden's Mrs. Eynsford-Hill (fully worthy of the Gladys Cooper-Joyce Carey tradition)—all are excellent.

And as Doolittle, Paul Imbusch reminds us that he, even more than Tony Worth among the Ealing company, has the gift of running off with any show in which he appears.

Like John Barron

Peter Jones—looking and behaving uncannily like John Barron, alias Dr. De La Roux of "Emergency Ward Ten"—plays Higgins with confident, if a shade monotonous, aggression. (Perhaps Rex Harrison's charm has prejudiced us beyond repair against the hectoring approach?)

In the same way, Pat Hooper makes Mrs. Higgins a bit too complacent for comfort. But nonetheless, here is an authentically Shavian evening.

DOUGLAS McVAY