

## **Document Citation**

Title The pirate

Author(s)

Source University of Nebraska

Date

Type program note

Language English

Pagination

No. of Pages 2

Subjects

Film Subjects The pirate, Minnelli, Vincente, 1948

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## THE PIRATE

U.S.A. 102 minutes 1948 Color

Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Produced by Arthur Freed. Screenplay by Albert Hackett & Frances Goodrich, based on the play by S. N. Behrman. Photography by Harry Stradling. Edited by Blanche Sewell. Music Director, Lennie Hayton. Songs by Cole Porter. Dances Staged by Robert Alton & Gene Kelly. Production Company, M-G-M. Print provided by Films, Inc. Cast: Judy Garland (Manuela), Gene Kelly (Serafin), Walter Slezak (Don Pedro Vargas), Gladys Cooper (Aunt Inez), Reginald Owen (The Advocate), George Zucco (The Viceroy), Nicholas Brothers (Specialty) Dance), Lester Allen (Uncle Capucho), Lola Deem (Isabella), Ellen Ross (Mercedes), Mary Jo Ellis (Lizarda), Jean Dean (Casilda), Marion Murray (Eloise), Ben Lessy (Gumbo), Jerry Bergen (Bolo), Val Zetz (Juggler), Cully Richards (Trillo).

The difference between the talents of Gene Kelly and Judy Garland and those of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne is as night is to day. The Pirate was fashioned most purposefully for the celebrated pair from Genesse Depot, so Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wisely set about making little, but significant, changes here and there in filming this fantastic conglomeration of legerdemain, dancing and romance. The Pirate which came yesterday to the Radio City Music Hall is a dazzling spectacular extravaganza, shot through with all the colors of the rainbow and then some that are Technicolor patented.

It takes this mammoth show some time to generate a full head of steam, but when it gets rolling it's thoroughly delightful. However, the momentum is far from steady and the result is a lopsided entertainment that is wonderfully flamboyant in its high spots and bordering on tedium elsewhere. Perhaps such unevenness is the inevitable consequence in the case of a will-o'-the-wisp romance so extravagantly larded with bizarre production qualities. But Vincente Minnelli, the director, doesn't permit the show to drag too much, for most of the scenes are crowded with people and—should we mention it again?—color.

Gene Kelly is doing some of the fanciest gymnastic dancing of his career in The Pirate—and he's good, very good, indeed. As the strolling thespian, Serafin, who masquerades as the bold pirate Macoco to capture the fancy of the fair maiden, Manuela, and prevent her marrige to the flabby and stuffy Don Pedro Vargas, Mr. Kelly scales balconies and swings through the air with the authority and grace exhibited by the late Douglas Fairbanks. When he is whirling about the screen, serenading beautiful Caribbean damsels, or vigorously performing a ballet depicting piratical exploits that is brilliantly photographed in flaming shades of red and punctuated with yellow bursts of flashing gun powder, The Pirate achieves the pinnacle of spectacle.

The story line of the S. N. Behrman play has been straightened and strengthened somewhat in the script provided by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, though it does not quite match the original in humorous content. For some reason Mr. Kelly doesn't attempt to duplicate Mr. Lunt's feats of magic, being content to hypnotize the unhappy Manuela (Miss Garland) into admitting her love for him and, again, to mesmerize the crafty Don Pedro into confessing that he is in fact the infamous pirate, Macoco.

Miss Garland teams nicely with Mr. Kelly, singing or dancing, and she throws herself with verve into a wild, slapstick exercise, tossing everything that's not nailed down at the dashing trouper. It's funny, but a mite overdone. However, the finale, which finds the pair on the threshold of living happily ever after, is a lively roughhouse session of clowning set to the tune of "Be A Clown," easily the best of Cole Porter's several songs. Walter Slezak as Don Pedro, Gladys Cooper as Aunt Inez and George Zucco as the viceroy do well by their roles. But *The Pirate* is Mr. Kelly's picture and



he gives it all he has, which is considerable and worthy of attention.

—Thomas M. Pryor, New York Times, May 21, 1948