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DOUBLE WEDDING, from Ferenc Molnar's play "Great Love"; screen play by Jo Swerling; directed by Richard Thorpe and produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. At the Capitol.
 Charlie Lodge.....William Powell
 Margit Agnew.....Myrna Loy
 Irene Agnew.....Florence Rice
 Waldo Beaver.....John Beal
 Mrs. Kensington Bly.....Jessie Ralph
 Spike.....Edgar Kennedy
 Keough.....Sidney Toler
 Mrs. Keough.....Mary Gordon
 Flint.....Barnett Parker
 Claire Lodge.....Katharine Alexander
 Felice.....Priscilla Lawson

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By FRANK S. NUGENT

Touched by Universal's success with "My Man Godfrey" last season, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has tried its darnedest to duplicate it in "Double Wedding," which was performed at the Capitol yesterday with the assistance of William Powell and Myrna Loy. "Godfrey" was lunatic enough, but it drew the line somewhere; the newcomer is gibberingly insane, stricken with violent attacks of slapstick and it recognizes no limits. There seemed to be some in the audience with an unlimited capacity for nonsense and their chortles became the picture's chief sound effects; after the first reel or so, I just became numbed and refused to surrender to the laughing gas the Metro men were pumping through every hole in the screen.

It is all such obvious horseplay, and so obviously a stolen horse. Mr. Powell is not a forgotten man living on an ash heap this time; instead, he is an irresponsible artistic vagabond dwelling in a trailer parked in an auto lot next to Spike's Place. He doesn't become a dimwitted rich girl's protégé and the target for her spiteful sister; he just pretends to be in love with the dimwit sister while he really is baiting a charm trap for the serious-minded rich girl. And he doesn't beat the stock market and become a night club genius before winning his true love; but he justifies his position by disclosing that

he actually could sell his paintings if he had to.

Ferenc Molnar's play, "Great Love," is supposed to be the source book, but I suspect Jo Swerling of pulling most of the story out of a hat—his own, Morrie Ryskind's or Gregory La Cava's. Molnar certainly couldn't have invented the Charlie Lodge Mr. Powell plays.

Somewhere in the script Katharine Alexander tells Miss Loy, "Just make up your mind you're in an asylum and married to the head lunatic." As the head lunatic, unchallenged world's champion, Charlie wears a beret and a raccoon coat; he has a gong in the window of his trailer and, when he is wanted on the telephone, Spike rings it with a pellet from an air rifle; and when Margit Agnew (Miss Loy) begs him to give up her sister so that she can marry the man of her (Margit's) choice, he assents on condition that Margit pose for him.

That sets the squirrel cage turning. Margit poses, hating him (superficially) all the while. Sister Irene interposes, loving him (superficially) all the while. Waldo Beaver (John Beal) indisposes, too timid to declare his love for Irene. And Charlie Lodge, serene master of every situation but the last—he was knocked cold that time—goes rollicking about, driven by the whimsy sticks of writer and director. Part of it is fun, especially the part entrusted to Mr. Beal as the lump-swallowing Waldo, but the jest has been carried too far. Our sense of humor doesn't reach all the way.

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