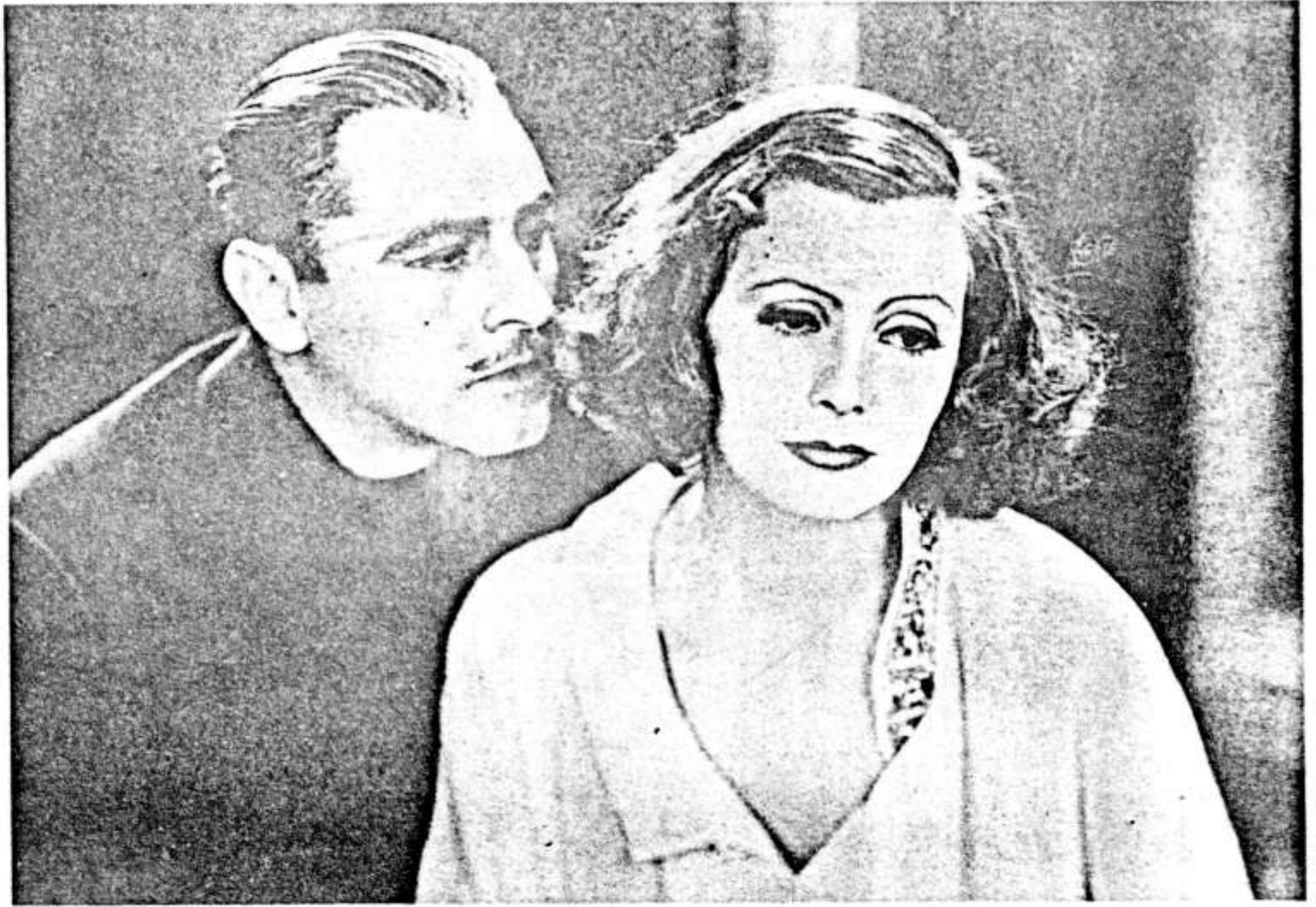


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*What the critics said about
GRAND HOTEL*

John Mosher
in *The New Yorker*:

In spite of the brevity of her appearance, against what many a star would call ground odds, Garbo dominates the picture entirely, making the other players merely competent performers, in my opinion; giving the tricky, clever film a lift, a spring, such as pictures without her, without that intense, nervous vitality she's got, cannot possess.

Percy Hammond
in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

When, not long ago, I questioned the infallibility of Miss Greta Garbo's deportment in *Grand Hotel*, I was unaware of the passionate esteem in which she is held by the film-lovers. Of course, it was known that, like many of her sisterhood, she was enshrined as something holy, sanctifying the places of her performance with the perfumed incenses of her Art. But it was not suspected that she was guarded by a numerous garrison of warlike knights and ladies sworn to shield her from agnostic assaults and batteries. I thought that one could speak of her with the same impudent freedom that one enjoys when disparaging the work of artists of the human drama, without fear of reprisals. No impression, however, could have been more erroneous. Since the publication of my doubts I have been peppered with so many angry letters that I am tempted never again to come within the measure of the screen-fan's wrath. To fellow foreigners intruding on cinema criticism the advice is hereby given, that if they don't like Miss Garbo they'd better go back where they came from. "When in a strange land worship the gods of the place, whatever they are."

Vicki Baum,
author of *Grand Hotel*,
in *Modern Screen*:

If I say that Greta Garbo as the dancer is much better than I expected, that's not of small consequence. For I expected the utmost. I expected that she'd be Greta Garbo and that would have been enough! But this time she did more than usual. She played, so to speak, two roles. First, the weary, lonely dancer, aching for success—and then the awakened woman experiencing a great love. I've always maintained that the ability to transform one's self constitutes great acting. . . . In *Grand Hotel* it's quite different. There were five main roles—the characters were there first and then came the actors—and I'm afraid that not a single one of the big stars viewed his part with much pleasure at first. Here Greta Garbo has achieved something which few people expected of her. She has fitted herself into a play and into a cast and has rendered a great performance exactly at that point where the role was contrary to her own being. The twittering, laughing, hopping about, in the tarlatan of a ballet skirt is certainly not what Greta would have sought out as her role. But she has accomplished it. She's gone the whole way which led from her first words, "I have never been so tired in my life," to the last words, "It will be sunny in Tramezzo. We'll have a guest, Suzette." That dead-tired face in the beginning—where did Greta get those small sad lines around her mouth and forehead? Then, that face in which—between laughter and tears—love awakens! That face full of wanton joy when she is happy. That face full of fear when she waits for her beloved in vain. Unforgettable! Thank you, Greta Garbo.