

NEWSLETTER No. 6, April 20th 2000  
Newsletter of the Marlene Dietrich Collection Berlin (MDCB),  
a division of Filmmuseum Berlin-Deutsche Kinemathek

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After having waited so long for the so called "love letters" of Greta Garbo to Mercedes d'Acosta to be unsealed, it came as great disappointment that no lesbian attitude could be detected. The Rosenbaum museum in Philadelphia did a great publicity job, but one thing is for sure. They do not have the spiritual capacity to get in close contact with the stars in heaven. With the aid of the live spirit of Marlene Dietrich we were able to get in contact with the Elysium Press Agency who trusted us with the following message:

### **Hot News**

Secret meeting of Garbo and Dietrich revealed.

Did they fall in love? Why did they leave separately like secret lovers do? What did they have to hide? Read everything which Garbo and Dietrich never wanted the public to know.

Authentic! History proven! From the Elysium Press Agency!

Here are the facts. Read all about it:

Garbo steps out! Visits Cafe! Sits Near Dietrich! Big Story? It is Colossal!

It is all very terrific! - Stupendous, exotic, tremendous! - Garbo out at midnight in a cafe - IN PLAIN VIEW! - Oops, my dears! - And a table away - Dietrich! Exotic face to face with exotic! The orchid facing the camellia! So what?

Oh!

Breathe slowly, palpitating readers, for there is a difference of testimony on just what happened when the rival stars met in the small hours this morning at the Cafe Trocadero, which is situated according to the management on El Boulevard Sunset.

Some aver that La Garbo twinkled her eye at La Dietrich at the midnight meeting by otherwise staring at her in a contemplative way without recognition.

Some say they did not even look at each other although the orchid and the camellia were seated about five scallions apart.

Some say that haunting smiles - sort of Mona Lisa smiles - were exchanged!

It is all so deep, so important, so wonderful, that naturally there is a confusion of stories in a heavenly Hollywood that is wildly agog.

With Miss Dietrich was Fritz Lang, a young film director, and rumor has it, that Miss Garbo and Lang are good friends.

Skipping all that, it may be stated on the best authority that La Dietrich outstayed La Garbo, that La Garbo arrived last and departed first; but there was at least one vital hour during which caviar was untouched while nothing happened, nothing happened, nothing happened as Gertrude Stein commented from a cloud nearby.

So something occurred, something occurred as Miss Stein described it, that has Hollywood jittery.

Get to the Trocadero - Garbo is coming.

Many persons of consequence were waiting for Garbo at the Trocadero.

With Max Reinhardt, noted producer, Natalia Paley, daughter of Grand Duke Paul - Rheinhardts son Gottfried - Felix Rolo and Salka Viertel, writer, Garbo dined at a small cafe.

Then they made their way up to the Trocadero.

As Garbos car drew up in front of the cafe and Garbo stepped out there was a crowd standing around gaping.

There she is, some angel sighed ecstatically, and one would have thought the millenium has come again. Garbo got back in her car but finally she overcame her shyness and went into the restaurant.

She wore a black tailored outfit and a black beret and looked pretty fetching. With her party she took a table next to the one occupied by Lupe Velez and her Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller. Ronald Reagan, the actor, sat pretty close and when he saw Garbo he opened his mouth so wide he could have swallowed her. Also there were Joan Bennet and her husband, Ernst Lubitsch and his wife, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan Crawford. About every columnist in town was there, too.

The tremendous drama was in progress from approximately 10.30 at night until 2.30 a.m., as historians will write it down.

Until 2.30 Garbo remained at the table and people came over and talked to her and the entertainers sang for her and it was all very simple and unpretentious and you wouldn't have thought she was the mysterious Garbo.

Finally, her chauffeur backed the car over the lawn right up to the back steps and Garbo ran out to it, climbed in and was driven away. Then Dietrich went home!

So nothing happened, nothing happened, nothing happened.

But something occured, something occured, something occured...

This is the report from the Elysium Press Agency. The staff of the Marlene Dietrich Collection Berlin was eager to see if anything in the Marlene Dietrich archive would relate to that sensational evening. Hold your breath, folks, we have tremendous news for you - the proof is there, right in our hands: the menu of the Trocadero from that very night, with personal notes of La Dietrich and La Garbo.

Read our next number: The secrets of the menu - what Garbo really ment by twinkling her eye at Marlene - why Garbos chauffeur disappeared.

It is all coming to you, for free. Meanwhile - have a happy easter.

End of Newsletter