

Downstairs there is a dance place which is rather reminiscent of the arcades of the Palais Royal in Paris on the 14th of July, whilst two floors up, in another novelly lighted hall, the extreme youth of Berlin behaves itself exactly as its elders are doing down below, and in fact dances to the same music which is broadcasted from one central band.

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A large hall where at least 300 men are dancing together is a sight which is quite common in Berlin. The seriousness of the affair is really what is most amazing: and although gestures of affection are not lacking there is usually a fair amount of restraint. These places are to a certain extent used as clubs where men can talk together without having to pay for a girl's drink. Although one or two women may get into such company, it is more or less impossible for a man to get admitted to a similar place reserved for the opposite sex. Although the presence of a mere man causes pleasure to some, it causes great anxiety to the others — and women's boxing matches have been prohibited in Berlin.

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The propaganda lectures on free love at the cabaret that seeks to be informing are taken very seriously, but, in spite of the lecturer's assurance, it is extremely difficult to understand how a man can really find delight in the thought of his wife's unfaithfulness. These performances are attended almost exclusively by men, but numerous ladies of the house appear in time for the lighter side of the evening's entertainment which includes „tableaux vivants“ and dancing.

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One can sit in the midst of a Bavarian village in the heart of Berlin. Typical Bavarians in national dress — natives of Berlin — serve beer, drink beer and sing to their hearts content but quite regardless of the guests, except to stop to hit new arrivals on the back as they enter. An aged monk leads one down to a crypt, where to the assembled congregation sitting on coffins he expounds the erotic life of Berlin.

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The „Bummel“ could be prolonged indefinitely but it is limited by one's capacity for drink and by the 3 o'clock closing time. There are „boites“ copied from Paris — French songs but no French. Students „Kneipe“ underground or in imitation grottoes, where one can join in with their songs. Bars remarkably like the „Puffs“ of former days and cabarets which, in spite of excellent performances, look as though they could never pay for the artists, barmaids and attendants far outnumber the beer-drinking guests. One can dance in huge halls which are disguised as the Bavarian Alps or with the aged in places reserved „Nur für ältere Jugend“. And then to wind up at one or other of the few places which still have night concessions — crowded and very smoky of course — where to the music of a guitar or a piano one drinks beer out of the bottle and seeks to recognise popular actresses or stars of the criminal world. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*