

and amiable) tying his white tie. They think, if they have time to think "That man is a foreigner and as we passed him he was tying a white tie." They think, if they have time to think, "What is it that prevents us Germans from being able to tie a white tie?". But I, for my part, who am by then putting on my waistcoat, I think only, — "What on earth is it which gives this town its charm?"

Movement in the first place. There is no city in the world so restless as Berlin. Everything moves. The traffic lights change restlessly from red to gold and then to green. The lighted advertisements flash with the pathetic iteration of coastal lighthouses. The trams swing and jingle. The jaguar in the Zoo paces feverishly all night: the Planetarium when closed flings revolving planets upon its ceiling: the directors of the museums pace their corridors alone at midnight. They are showing the Luca Signorelli by the light of an electric torch; they are explaining to a photographer from Holland the importance of the Turkestan frescos: they are merely unable to sleep. In the Tiergarten the little lamps flicker among the little trees, and the grass is starred with the fire-flies of a thousand cigarettes. Trains dash through the entrails of the city and thread their way among the tiaras with which it is crowned. The jaguar at the Zoo, who had thought it was really time to go to bed, rises again and paces in its cell. For in the night-air, which makes even the spires of the Gedächtniskirche flicker with excitement, there is a throbbing sense of expectancy. Everybody knows that everynight Berlin wakes to a new adventure. Everybody feels that it would be a pity to go to bed before the expected, or the unexpected, happens. Everybody knows that next morning, whatever happens, they will feel reborn.

This physical and luminous movement finds its parallel in the dynamics of the brain. At 3.0 a. m. the people of Berlin will light another cigar and embark afresh and refreshed upon discussions regarding Proust, or Rilke, or the new penal code, or whether human shyness comes from Narcissism, or whether it would be a wise or a foolish thing to turn the Pariser Platz into a Stadium. The eyes that in London or in Paris would already have drooped in sleep, are busy in Berlin, inquisitive, acquisitive, searching, even at 4.0 a. m., for some new experience or idea. The mouths that in Paris or London would next morning be parched for bromoseltzer, in Berlin are already munching sandwiches on their way to the Bank.

Second to movement, comes frankness. London is an old lady in black lace and diamonds who guards her secrets with dignity and to whom one would not tell those secrets of which one was ashamed. Paris is a woman in the prime of life to whom one would only tell those secrets which one desires to be repeated. But Berlin is a girl in a pull-over, not much powder on her face, Hölderlin in her pocket, thighs like those of Atalanta, an undigested education, a heart which is almost too ready to sympathise, and a breadth of view which charms ones repressions from their poison, and shames ones correctitude. One walks with her among the lights and in the shadows. And after an hour or so one is hand in hand.

Movement and frankness. The maximum irritant for the nerves corrected by the maximum sedative. Berlin stimulates like arsenic, and then when one's nerves are all ajingle she comes with her hot milk of human kindness; and in the end, for an hour and a half, one is able, gratefully, to go to sleep.