

Berlin N. Schellingstr. 6.

Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 88.

AL/3720

My dear Kelly

I hope Sophia Lach will send the Schellingstr. 6. to you so that you will be able to read it now and take it.

Do not be afraid I am trying to get up a breathless correspondence — I only want to spend a lonely evening in pleasant company and to thank you for writing to me so much sooner than I had expected. Mind, I do not expect an answer to this letter — it shall not count, so you need not even read it if you are too busy.

Mr Lach left yesterday night, which really makes one feel more lonely, though, strange to say, I could not to the last get up any personal liking for him. Indeed I am so far inclined to agree with your taste about the sexes, that I find females



friends ever so much more enjoyable than  
male ones, except perhaps when the latter  
are in a stage of arrested development between  
friend and lover, and I am afraid that sort  
of thing never will keep for any length  
of time. But at any rate I enjoyed seeing  
pictures with Mr. Lach - he has such fine  
artistic instincts, and is eminently appre-  
ciative. For a few days I indulged myself  
with quite a life of dissipation, as if I  
were travelling, all the time wishing -  
oh how ~~wish~~! - that you could have  
been with us. The fact is that at the end  
of last week I got so much ahead of my  
business programme, that I went to dine  
and with Mr. Lach at ~~a~~ restaurants, in  
the afternoon, which feast had a pleasant  
little taste of piquancy about it, for  
the reason that I should not exactly

have cared to be such and identified in the act.  
It had lovely weather, and after our meal  
went one day to the Museum and the next  
to the Picture - Exhibition, where there were  
a good many splendid landscapes. X  
But the chief treat was on Sunday, when  
we made a trip to Potsdam, seeing the  
Presidency - Schloss there, the parks of Babelsberg  
and Glienicke and Sans Souci. If you  
had but been at this last place! But  
possibly you must come to Berlin <sup>another</sup>  
time, were it only for this purpose. I never  
saw anything so inimitable in its style  
of gay rovec - splendour, and yet with  
a something of gentle melancholy was  
breathing in these historic rooms and  
galleries, where the great and solitary <sup>man</sup>  
lived and died. I imagine a park with  
splendid trees and lawns with most  
gorgeous flower-beds, large marble-basins

I changed them to send on my letter of yours which had come to hand at last



into which splendid fountains were dashing  
and from this lovely pedestal a set of  
5 or 6 terraces with wide flights of steps  
leading up to them in the middle. Each  
terrace is a very triumph of gardening such  
in fruit and flower arrangements, and  
each offers a more beautiful view into  
the silvery distance, flashing with lake  
and river amid wide expanses of rolling  
woodland. As you may perhaps have had the  
little palace in front, <sup>at the top</sup> a very jewel of  
rocco, covered with the gayest ornaments  
and everywhere among the trees marble  
statues of gods and goddesses or nymphs  
are gleaming. The inside is more elaborate  
and splendid still, yet in so true a style  
and of such wonderful gracefulness, that  
you never feel its richness ~~or~~ oppressive.  
The bronzes and marbles and buhl ornaments  
are all in keeping with the architecture