

My Dearest Judith,

My lady, if you still cherish any warmth in your heart for me, please rekindle that sentiment to a tender glow, and by its renewed light see my older face in kinder shadows. You shall see a pair of eyes that drink still of your beauty, a pair of ears that delight still in your laughter, and a pair of lips that remember still the soft press of your own. For the memory of what we were, please hearken to me now. Once more I need your help.

I have recently received this letter from an old friend of mine, a Dr Hans Kleiter of Saxony. He lived in Boston once upon a time. You met him briefly at the Tremont Theatre, when we saw Figaro—that happy year, that cursed year. You will recall him as the "Dresden physician" in the company of Miss Charlotte Cushman.

*I know his letter may seem the handiwork of a madman; but I ask you to read it nonetheless. I assure you, this is not another *da Chieti*, no "*costellazioni nere*" shall haunt your dreams. I have copied it faithfully, even retaining Kleiter's inscrutable German. The events Kleiter describes took place in Berlin; I recall you once telling me of just such a place as this Tegel bordello. I hope against hope you will help me interpret these phantasms.*

I must know if you can contact this Amon Stockhausen. Just as you did with R— in '29, and C— in '31. I have already written to Dr Kleiter to ask for the snuff box.

And Judith, you must destroy the letter when you have finished reading it. As far as the infernal names are concerned, I advise you against repeating them aloud. But I suspect you already know this.

And to answer the question I already see on your trembling lips—

*Yes, Judith, it has to do with *les Bons pêcheurs*. I shall think no ill of you should you refuse my request. Nor have I told Rowena or the other *Quéraudes*. Know that I am—*

*Forever yours, and a day,
—G. S.*