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杳无此人

双语珍藏本

[美] 凯瑟琳·克雷斯曼·泰勒 著
张霖 译

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前言

1938年9月，《查无此人》在美国的《故事》杂志首次发表之际就引起了轰动。这部作品以一位居住在旧金山的美籍犹太人和他的一位已经返回德国的生意伙伴之间的通信为主要内容，最早向美国公众揭露纳粹思想的毒害。

《查无此人》甫一出版，仅十天，刊载该作品的杂志便被抢购一空，热情的读者甚至用油印机将这部小说复印下来送给朋友阅读。美国国家电台的评论员沃尔特·温切尔热忱地称赞这部作品是“月度最佳作品，不容错过”。《读者文摘》也把本刊长期以来只刊登非虚构作品的宗旨置之脑后，为超过三百万的读者重印了这部小说。

1939年，西蒙·舒斯特出版社出版了《查无此人》，销售量超过五万册，在当时这一销量是惊人的。哈米什·汉密尔顿随后在英格兰出版了本书的英国版，此后，各种语言的译本相继出版。然而1939年也是闪电战爆发的年份，欧洲在几个月内就被希特勒控制，不仅荷兰语版的《查无此人》不见踪影，仅有的其他欧洲语版的《查无此人》也都被列入“帝国专员”的禁书名单。所以，尽管该书在美国和英国产生了巨大影响并获得成功，但是在接下来的六年中，它在欧洲大陆上却鲜为人知。

本书的作者克莱斯曼·泰勒，被称为“撼动美国文坛的女作家”，原名凯瑟琳·克莱斯曼，1903年生于美国俄勒冈州的波特兰，1924年毕业于俄勒冈大学，后赴旧金山，成为广告撰稿人，业余时间为一些小型文学期刊写稿。1928年，她所钟爱的

《旧金山评论》的编辑邀请她参加一个晚会。其间，她遇到了广告商艾略特·泰勒，两周之内他们就结婚了。由于大萧条对广告业的冲击巨大，这对夫妇带着两个孩子在俄勒冈南部买了一个小农场。1935年，他们又生了第三个孩子，他们把这段靠种田和淘金为生的日子称作“靠土吃土”。

1938年，他们搬到纽约，艾略特当编辑，凯瑟琳完成了《查无此人》的写作。艾略特把这部作品带给《故事》杂志的编辑怀特·伯纳特，他立即希望发表这部作品。他和艾略特认为，这个故事“充满力量，如果把它置于一个女性的名下则显得不相称”，于是给凯瑟琳取了一个笔名——克莱斯曼·泰勒——她接受了这个名字，由于《查无此人》获得了巨大的成功，这个名字被她终生使用。凯瑟琳这样描述创作这个故事的初衷：

在战争爆发前不久，我的一些在美国生活过的德国朋友回国了。他们都是有教养有知识且热心的人。他们在很短的时间里就宣誓效忠纳粹，拒绝听取有关希特勒的最轻微的批评。在重返加利福尼亚期间，他们在街头遇见了一个亲密的老朋友，他是犹太人。他们不和他说话。当这位犹太朋友伸开双臂来拥抱他们的时候，他们居然转身背对着他。

怎么会发生这种事情？凯瑟琳大惑不解。是什么改变了他们的心？是什么让他们走到如此残酷的地步？

这些问题在我心中萦绕不去，难以释怀。我所认识且尊敬的这些人会受到纳粹思想的荼毒，沦为纳粹分子，这简直令人难以置信。我开始研究希特勒，阅读他的讲话及其顾问们的文章。这些文章令我惊骇莫名。最使

我焦虑的是，在美国没有人意识到德国发生了什么，他们也不关心那里的一切。1938年，美国的孤立主义运动势力强大；政治家声称，欧洲的事务与美国无关，德国很好。查尔斯·林白从德国回来后甚至说，那里的人民多么美好。但一些在德国学习的学生却说出了纳粹暴行的真相。大学联谊会的学生们本以为，给德国的朋友们写封信开一开希特勒的玩笑很有趣，但朋友回信说：“别干傻事。我们处境危险。这些人并不是吃闲饭的。写信就能陷害一个人致死。”

此类事件不过是报上的一条小消息，却引起了艾略特的注意，他把这条新闻带给凯瑟琳。他们一起想出了以书信作武器的点子。她在自己构思的故事中采用了这个想法。

我想写纳粹的行径并向美国公众揭露真相，活生生的人被扭曲的意识形态洗脑。

于是，《查无此人》诞生了，并且大获成功。1939年，《纽约图书评论》盛赞道：“这部现代小说是完美之作，是对纳粹的最有效的控诉。”1942年，凯瑟琳相继出版了另一部控诉之作《直到那一天》。

战后，对纳粹的进一步控诉似乎不再那么必要了，除了偶尔被收进作品选集之外，《查无此人》渐渐淡出了公众的视野，被人们遗忘。艾略特·泰勒于1953年去世。凯瑟琳寡居了十五年，继续在宾夕法尼亚的盖茨堡大学教写作、新闻和人文课程。1966年，凯瑟琳退休，搬到了意大利的佛罗伦萨，同年11月，她经历了那里发生的亚诺河大洪水——这一经历促成她的第三部作品《洪水中的佛罗伦萨日记》的

完成，出版后得到英美批评界的交口称赞。

1966年，凯瑟琳赴意大利旅行。在意大利的“米开朗琪罗”航线上，她遇到了美国雕塑家约翰·路德。他们迅速恋爱并展开了一场船上罗曼史，并于次年在约翰·路德居住的明尼阿波里斯市结婚。之后，他们每年一部分时间居住在明尼阿波里斯市，一部分时间居住在佛罗伦萨郊外的瓦尔德皮。1974年路德去世后，凯瑟琳以约翰·路德夫人的身份深居简出，在每一处居住半年，维持两个家庭近二十年之久。

1995年，在凯瑟琳九十一岁高龄之际，“为纪念解放集中营五十周年”，《查无此人》在《故事》杂志社再版。正如《故事》杂志的编辑路易斯·罗森塔尔所说，该书“如此重要，其价值超越时空”，对美国来说“是值得永远珍藏的书籍”。

《查无此人》深受读者欢迎，凯瑟琳欣然签名并接受电视和报刊的采访，她十分高兴该书再次出现在读者的视野中，并对它被确认为美国文学的经典深感欣慰。

凯瑟琳·克雷斯曼·泰勒·路德于1996年7月逝世，享年93岁，她机敏、感性、热忱，直到生命的最后一刻。在去世前的一周，她说：“死亡是平常的，正如出生一样。”她已经做好了准备。她的一生是成功的：作为一位妻子、一位母亲、一位受欢迎的老师、三部长篇小说和十余篇短篇小说的作者。其中，《查无此人》还在她的有生之年被确认为文学经典。

在她去世后不久，1995年再版的《查无此人》被一位出版人——来自巴黎欧特蒙出版社的亨利·道基发现。他立刻看出该书与整个欧洲社会——无论是对那些被纳粹统治过的国家，还是对那些有必要知道真相的国家——关系重大。他决定着手出版法文版，该译本由米歇尔·李维·勃拉姆翻译，成功进入1999年年底的法国畅销书榜单。1999年销售量达到五万册，2000年年初又销售五万册，其在法国的销量超过了美国。欧洲其他国家也竞相翻译该书，已经出版了西班牙语、加泰罗尼亚语、意大

利语、希伯来语、德语、希腊语、挪威语、瑞典语、丹麦语、葡萄牙语等多个版本。华盛顿广场出版社新版的《查无此人》将为该书的继续成功揭开新的篇章。最令我感到欣慰的，仍然是我的母亲在有生之年亲眼见证了这本小书被视为文学经典。

凯瑟琳·克雷斯曼·泰勒之子

查理斯·道格拉斯·泰勒

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舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1932年11月12日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

回德国了吧！我多么羡慕你啊！虽然自学生时代之后，我便无缘再见菩提树大街^[1]了，但它的魔力仍强烈地吸引着我——那思想的自由空间、那些讨论、音乐，还有轻松愉快的友谊。如今，老容克^[2]精神、普鲁士的傲慢和军事主义已经消失了。你回到的是民主的德国，一片文化气息浓厚、开启良好的政治自由的土地。那里的生活将是美好的。你的新地址很好记，艾尔莎和你的小家伙们喜欢他们的越洋旅行，我也很高兴。

至于我，就没那么快乐了。星期天早上，我发现自己无所事事，孑然一身。和我共度周末的一家人已经漂洋过海。我想念那个山顶的大大的老宅——你热情欢迎道：我们再次相聚，日子才能圆满啊！还有我们亲爱的、快乐的艾尔莎，会满脸笑意地迎出来，抓着我的手大喊：“麦克斯，麦克斯！”又冲回屋打开我最喜欢的杜

松子酒。可爱的孩子们，特别是英俊的小海因里希，等我再看到他，他该长成大小伙了吧。

晚餐——我恐怕没法吃到以前那些美食了吧？现在我去餐馆对着单调的烤牛肉，眼前浮现的却是浇了勃艮第红酒汁的热气腾腾的烤火腿，配鸡蛋面疙瘩，啊，鸡蛋面疙瘩和白芦笋！不，我再也忍受不了美国饭菜了。还有酒，那些从德国船上小心翼翼运上岸的美酒，斟满了酒杯，四次、五次、六次，我们频频举杯，说着各式祝酒词。

当然，你离开是对的。尽管你在这里获得了成功，却永远不会变成美国人，现在生意蒸蒸日上，你必须带着你那群结实的德国小伙返回故土，在那里接受教育。艾尔莎一定想念久别的家人了，他们也一定很高兴见到你。一文不名的青年艺术家现在资助了整个家族，这一定让你感到相当心满意足。

生意进行得很顺利。我很庆幸，莱文太太以我们的定价买了一幅毕加索的小画。还有一位弗莱施曼老太太，我让她对丑陋的圣母画这个概念产生了兴趣。没人多嘴告诉她，她所收藏的哪件东西多么糟糕，因为她所有的收藏都太糟糕。不过，我可没有你那种向犹太老夫人推销的能耐。我能说服她们为了投资而买画，但只有你能走进作品，让画作本身征服她们的心。再说，她们可能永远不会完全相信另一个犹太人。

格丽赛尔昨天寄来一封信，内容令人欣慰。她写道，我将要为她这个妹妹感到骄傲了。她在维也纳的一出新剧中出演女主角，反响极好——她和小公司合作的种种挫折终于有回报了。可怜的丫头，她能有今天不容易，却从未抱怨过。她有良好的心态、美丽的容貌，但愿也有天赋。她也问起了你，马丁，而且语气非常友好。没有一点痛苦的意味，像她这个年纪，一切都会很快过去的，几年后，当时的痛苦

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只是回忆了。当然，你们二人都没有错。那些事好像疾风暴雨，你湿透了，凄惶无助。但不久之后，太阳出来了，虽然你还没有忘却风雨，心中却只留下柔情，再无悲苦。就算重来一次，你也不能改变这个结局，我亦不能。我没有告诉格丽赛尔你也在欧洲，但如果你觉得合适，也许我应该这样做，因为她交朋友不容易，我想，要是知道老朋友就离自己不远，她肯定会非常高兴。

战争[3]已经结束十四年了！你纪念这日子了吗？和人们一起，我们历经苦难，走过了多么漫长的一条路啊！我亲爱的马丁，让我在心中拥抱你，并对艾尔莎和孩子们寄上最真挚的思念，相信我。

你最忠诚的，

麦克斯

[1] 菩提树大街，位于德国首都柏林的一条著名街道。

[2] 容克，德语音译，原意为“地主之子”或“小主人”，最早是指1525年条顿骑士团建立普鲁士公国后那些靠对外军事征服获得土地的小地主，后指一切普鲁土地主与贵族。

[3] 指第一次世界大战。

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蓝森伯格城堡，慕尼黑，德国

1932年12月10日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

亲爱的麦克斯老兄：

支票和账目这么快就寄来了，多谢多谢。你大可不必这么详细地告诉我生意的细节。你知道我一向认同你的想法。近来我在慕尼黑的新工作正热火朝天地展开着，真是够乱的！你也知道，房子的问题我考虑了很久，现在都解决了。三十个房间，十英亩的停车场，价格便宜得让你无法想象。不过，你不会理解，现在我在的地方穷到什么地步。雇工的宿舍、马厩和工作间都非常大，另外，你相信吗，在旧金山雇两名工人的工资在这里能雇到十个人。

我们用运过来的挂毯等艺术品举办了一个盛大的展览，我还弄到了一些漂亮的家具，包括四套最精致的瓷器和许多水晶制品，还有一套艾尔莎最钟爱的银器。大家都称赞我们，甚至可以说是妒忌。

说到艾尔莎，讲个笑话给你听！我给她买了一张大床，尺寸惊人，有双人床的

两倍那么大，雕花的木头上还有巨幅装饰画。床单得定做，因为没有现成的，并且定做的是亚麻的，那可是最好的料子。艾尔莎乐开了花，她的老祖母却不住地摇头，嘟囔着说：“不行，马丁，不行。你买了这么大一床，可得小心她越长越胖。”“行啊。”艾尔莎说，“我再生五个男孩，就把床填成温暖舒适的窝了。”她说到做到，麦克斯。

男孩子们有三匹小马和一位家庭教师（不过，小卡尔和沃尔夫冈还太小，骑不上去）。他们的德语很糟糕，大都和英语混着说的。

现在，艾尔莎的家人生活艰难。她的兄弟们都是专业人士，虽然备受尊敬，但仍然必须挤在一个屋檐下。在家里人看来，我们就像美国的百万富翁，其实我们还远达不到那个水平，不过在美国的收入足以让我们过上富裕的生活。这里好一些的食品的价格也很高。兴登堡^[1]总统是一位很好的自由主义者，我非常敬佩他。即便如此，在他的统领下，这里仍常常发生政治动乱。

已经有些老朋友劝我参与小镇的行政管理事务了，我也正在考虑此事。如果我去做官，或许会对我们在本地的生意有益。

至于你，我的好麦克斯，我们把你一个人留下了，但你千万别离群索居。赶快给自己找个丰满的、可爱的小太太吧，她会忙着照料你、喂饱你，让你快乐。这就是我的建议，这个建议很不错吧，我可是边写边笑呢。

你在信中提到了格丽赛尔。她成功了，真好！我和你一样高兴，尽管我不愿她一个女孩子孤身奋斗。正如任何一个男人所见，她是为奢华而生的，是为奉献而生的。在令人陶醉的美妙生活里，闲适会让感性发挥作用。她深色的眼睛里藏着温柔而勇敢的灵魂，也有钢铁一般坚强和非常大胆的东西。她是一个不会轻易行事，也

不会轻易付出的女人。唉，亲爱的麦克斯，我总是如此，藏不住自己的心思。但是，尽管你在我们的爱情风波里保持沉默，你一定知道，分手的决定对我来说着实不易。你没有责备我，我的朋友，甚至当你的妹妹陷入痛苦，你也没有那么做。长久以来，我能感觉到，你深知我也陷入了最深的痛苦。我又能怎样？我已经有了艾尔莎和年幼的儿子们。别无选择。对格丽赛尔，我仍怀有一丝持久的柔情，尽管她找了一位年轻那么多的男人做丈夫或情人。昔日的创伤已然痊愈，伤疤却偶尔还会悸动，我的朋友。

我希望你把我们的地址给她。我们离维也纳很近，这样，她可以感到有一个近在咫尺的家。艾尔莎也希望如此，她不知道我和你妹妹的事，你也见识过她的热情，她会像欢迎你一样欢迎你妹妹。真的，你必须告诉你妹妹，我们在这儿，期盼她尽快跟我们联系。对于她取得的巨大成功，替我们送上最热烈的祝贺。

艾尔莎请我转达对你的祝福，海因里希也要我问候麦克斯叔叔。我们都惦记你，麦克斯。

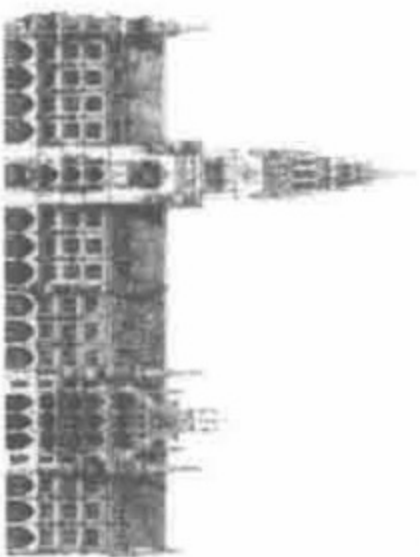
送去我最真诚的祝福

马丁

[1] 兴登堡：即保罗·冯·兴登堡(1847-1934)，德国陆军元帅，政治家，魏玛共和国第二任联邦大总统、一战中，德国战败，之后经历了从帝制向英国君主立宪制的转变，成立魏玛共和国。但出于政局不稳，国内经常发生暴乱。兴登堡本人是保皇派，但他遵照宪法，真正加强了总统的权力。

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Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany



Mr. Max Eisenstein

Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries

San Francisco, California

U.S.A.

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年1月21日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

我很高兴把你的地址转给了格丽赛尔。就算她还没有收到，也该快到了。她见到你们大家，那场面该有多热闹啊！我在心中也和你们畅快地欢聚了一场，就好像我也身临其境一般。

你提到了那里的穷困。今年冬天这里的生活条件也在恶化，当然我们对你所见的德国的物质匮乏情况还一无所知。

就个人而言，我们还算幸运的，有一家收入稳定的画廊。当然我们的客户已经削减了购买开支，但就算他们只买之前的一半，我们也还过得不错，只要不铺张浪费，还是相当不错的。你寄来的颜料非常好，价格不菲。我立刻就卖掉了，而且获利惊人。丑陋的圣母像也卖掉了！没错，卖给了弗莱施曼老太太。我对她的“识货的敏锐眼光”表现得那么惊讶，还吞吞吐吐不说价格！她就怀疑我还有其他主顾，于是我说出了一个不怎么体面的人。她就急着出手，写下了支票，脸上还带着狡猾的微笑。她把那个难看的作品拿走的时候我真是狂喜不已，这种感觉你一定明白。

唉，马丁，我常常暗自羞愧，我在这些无甚意义的小胜利中获得快乐。你在德国，住着乡间大宅，在艾尔莎的亲戚面前炫富；我在美国，得意扬扬，用花言巧语骗一位老眼昏花的妇人买些丑陋不堪的作品。这就是两个四十岁男人的人生巅峰时刻！我们的人生难道就是为了骗取钱财，然后当众炫耀吗？我总是严厉地自责，却依然恶习不改。唉，我们都被扔进了同一个磨坊，昔日的纯真被碾得粉碎。我们虚荣，我们不诚实，因为我们必须战胜其他虚荣、不诚实的人。如果我不把那些糟糕的画作卖给弗莱施曼夫人，别人会把更糟糕的卖给她。我们必须接受，这样做是必须的。

但是，总有一些地方可以让我们找到真诚，找到在炉边促膝谈心的朋友。在那里，我们抛掉自负，找到温暖和理解；在那里，没有自私；在那里，美酒、书籍和交谈都有着不同的意义，而不再是炫耀；在那里，我们真诚相待，宛若身在家中。

这个阿道夫·希特勒是什么人？他在政坛似乎爬得很快。不过，我不喜欢有关他的报道。

拥抱所有的小鱼苗，还有我们胖胖的艾尔莎。

你的深情的，

麦克斯

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蓝森伯格城堡，慕尼黑，德国

1933年3月25日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

亲爱的老麦：

你已经听说德国的新鲜事了，你可能想知道在德国国内，我们怎么看这些事。说实话，麦克斯，我认为，从各方面来说，希特勒对德国有利，但我尚不确定。他现在是相当活跃政府首脑。我怀疑，现在连兴登堡也无法罢免他，因为他是迫不得已才让希特勒上任的。希特勒像一道电流，如伟大的演说家般狂热。但我自问，他足够明智吗？他的褐衫军就是一群乌合之众。他们抢劫，并开始了糟糕的排犹措施。但是这些事都微不足道，正如一个大运动来到之前，水面上总有些浮沫。我告诉你，我的朋友，这是一个巨浪——真正的巨浪。

各处人民都被鼓舞起来。在街道上和商店里，你可以迅速感到这一点。昔日的绝望好像一件旧外套被远远地抛却。人们不再被耻辱包裹，他们重又满怀希望。也许是贫穷终结的时候了。有时，我不知道将会发生什么。我们找到了一位领袖！但

我也会谨慎地自问，他会带我们去往何方？为了结束绝望，我们常常会被带往疯狂的方向。

在公开场合，我自然不会表达出任何异议。现在我是这个新政权的官员和劳动者，我必须欢呼雀跃。我们想平安度日的所有官员都迅速加入了国家社会主义工人党^[1]。希特勒是这个政党的党魁。但这也不只是权宜之计，还有别的意义，是一种这样的感觉：我们德国已经找到了自己的命运，未来正以一种势不可挡的潮流向我们横扫而来。我们也必须动起来。我们必须跟上这个潮流，哪怕做了一些错事。纳粹突击队员已经用血淋淋的头和凄惨惨的心向人们彰显了他们的胜利。但这些都过去了；如果未来的结果是对的，这些事就会过去，并且被遗忘。历史会写上崭新的一页。

现在，我所能问我自己的，我只能对你说，而不能对任何人提起：这结果会是对的吗？我们的所作所为是为了一个更好的目标吗？你知道的，麦克斯，自从我回国以后，我见到了我的国家的人民，了解他们所遭受的痛苦挣扎：一年又一年，面包越来越少，身体越来越消瘦，希望终于破灭。他们在绝望的流沙中，几近灭顶。然而就在他们快要死去的时候，一个人出现了，把他们从绝望中拖出来。现在他们所有人都知道自己不会死。他们为自己得救而兴奋得歇斯底里，几乎膜拜起那个人。但无论那个救世主是谁，人民的反应都是一样的。上帝保佑，人民如此快乐地跟随着的是一个真正的领袖，而不是恶魔。我只告诉你一个人，麦克斯，我真的不知道，我真的不知道，但我希望这是真的。

说了太多政治。至于我们自己，在新家过得兴高采烈。今晚市长来做客，请了二十八位客人。我们有点铺张，也许吧，但还是可以原谅的吧。艾尔莎有一件蓝天鹅绒的长礼服，她很担心是不是还穿得下。她又怀孕了。怀孕是让太太心满意足的

方法，麦克斯。她为孩子操劳的时候就没时间焦虑了。

我们的海因里希已经开始社交了。他骑着他的小马出去，从马背上摔了下来，你知道谁把他给扶起来了？是冯·弗莱里希男爵。他们聊了很久有关美国的事。有一天，男爵召见我们去喝咖啡。下一个星期，海因里希又被请去吃午饭。这个小孩子！他的德语不怎么好，不过他倒是讨得了每个人的喜欢。

我的朋友，也许我们正在成为伟大事件的一部分，也许只是为我们的生活找出路，但永远别忘记真正的友谊，你说得那么动情。我们的心飞跃大洋和你在一起，当斟满美酒的时候，我们一家会一起举杯：“敬麦克斯叔叔。”

致以深挚的爱，

马丁

[1] 国家社会主义工人党，又称“纳粹党”，创立于魏玛共和时代（1919—1933），1920年改现名。1921年希特勒担任党魁。1933年1月30日该党在德国大选中获胜，希特勒担任总理。之后，德国进入由希特勒独裁的纳粹德国时期。

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舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年5月18日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

美国的报纸连篇累牍报道从祖国来的消息，这些消息让我非常悲伤。我自然只能从你那里得到一些不一样的、光明的内容，这里的报纸上只有相互矛盾的故事。我相信事情并不像他们描绘得那么糟糕。我们美国报纸的舆论认为德国正在进行一个恐怖的计划。

我知道，你的自由观念和热心忍受不了恶意攻击。我只能从你那里得到真相。阿隆·贝尔西曼的儿子从柏林回来了，听说是死里逃生。他讲述了所见所闻，犹太人被鞭打、被强行往紧闭的牙齿缝里灌几夸脱^[1]的蓖麻油，接下来的几个小时里，因为内脏破裂的痛苦而慢慢地被折磨至死。这可不是闹着玩的。这些事可能是真的，

但也许，如你所说，是人类革命的残酷表象，无关紧要。呜呼哀哉，这是千百年来犹太人所熟知的悲惨故事的重演，我简直无法相信这种古老的殉难会发生在今天的文明国家。给我写信吧，我的朋友，让我放宽心。

格丽赛尔的戏剧取得了巨大的成功，演出在六月底快要结束了。她写信来说，在维也纳得到了一个新角色，秋天在柏林也有一个不错的选择。她谈得最多的是柏林的那个工作机会，但我写信给她，劝她等反犹情绪消除之后再说。当然，她没有用犹太名字，换了一个新名字（用爱森斯坦这个姓氏是不可能登台的），但并非只是名字会泄露她的身份，她的面貌、举止、她富有感情的声音都表明她是犹太人，无论她叫什么名字。如果反犹情绪真的很强烈的话，她最好不要冒险现在就去德国。

原谅我，我的朋友，我的信写得这么心不在焉、这么短。因为我惶惶不安，除非你来向我确认真相。我知道，你会不偏不倚地告诉我真相。求求你快点写信来。

向你和你的家人致以我最热情的保证，我保证忠诚于我们的友情，你最忠诚的，

麦克斯

[1] 夸脱：英美国家使用的容量单位。

德国民族银行与贸易公司

慕尼黑

1933年7月9日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

亲爱的麦克斯：

正如你所见，我用了我们银行的信纸给你写信。我必须如此，因为我对你有个请求，而且我希望能够避免新的、最严格的通信审查。目前我们必须中断书信往来。我不能和一个犹太人通信，就算我不是政府官员也不行。如果是必需的交流，你千万要把信附在银行汇票中寄来，而且不要再寄往我的家庭住址。

至于那些让你难过的严酷手段，我开始也不喜欢，但我渐渐看出这些痛苦的必要性。犹太民族对任何收容他们的国家来说都是麻烦。我对个体的犹太人完全没有恶感——我永远把你看作我的朋友；但是你要知道，当我真心诚意地对你说我爱你的时候，并不是因为你是犹太人，尽管你的确是。

犹太人是世人的代罪羔羊。这不是没有原因的。当然不是因为“谋害基督”这个老掉牙的迷信让犹太人得不到世人的信任。但是，犹太问题在德国不过是小事一

桩，这里有更重大的事件正在酝酿当中。

如果我能让你看见，如果我能让你明白——在我们温和的领袖的领导下，德国获得了新生！伟大的人民绝不会永远在压迫中臣服。战败后的十四年中，我们垂头丧气。我们忍辱含羞，吃着苦涩的面包，喝着稀薄的燕麦粥，穷困潦倒。但是现在，我们自由了。我们要在其他民族面前彰显我们的力量，抬起我们的头颅；我们要净化血管中不纯正的元素。为了完成这一全新的事业，我们忍着肌体的剧痛，辛苦劳作；我们唱着歌穿过山谷，充满喜悦——在山顶，回应我们歌声的，是主神沃登和雷神托尔，是我们日耳曼民族古老大神的聲音。

但是，我不可能让你看见、让你明白。我知道以我新的、热情洋溢的观点所写的都是事实，但是你看不到这所有的一切对德国来说多么必要。你只会看到你的人民遇到的麻烦。你不明白少数人的受难将拯救数百万人。你首先是个犹太人，会为你的人民哀号。这个我理解。这是闪米特人[\[1\]](#)的特性。你哀叹，却永远没有足够的勇气反击。这就是出现大屠杀的原因。

唉，麦克斯，这会让你痛苦的，我知道，但是你一定要认清真相。这场运动比它的组织者所想象的要宏大得多。对我来说，我是这运动的一部分。海因里希是男童子军的干部。冯·弗莱里希男爵是他们的领袖。男爵经常来看望海因里希和艾尔莎，他对他们两个赞不绝口，而他的军衔也让我家蓬荜生辉。我自己，也忙得脚不沾地。艾尔莎除了向领袖致敬之外，不怎么关心政治。最近一个月她太容易疲劳了。也许孩子很快就要降生了。等这个孩子生下来，她就该好多了。

麦克斯，我很遗憾，我们的通信马上要以这种方式结束了。也许在将来的某一天，我们会在一种更好的相互谅解中重逢。

你一如既往的，

马丁·舒尔

[1] 闪米特人，出自《圣经·旧约》，是阿拉伯人和犹太人的祖先。在纳粹时期，反犹种族主义者认为闪米特人是血统不纯的族群。马丁使用这个名词来指称犹太人，有贬义，表明他的思想受到了纳粹种族主义者的影响。

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Deutsch-Boellische Bank und Lind-Farbengesellschaft,
München



Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California
U.S.A.

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年8月1日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

(杰米·莱德瑞转交)

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

马丁老友：

杰米·莱德瑞赴欧洲度假，会路过慕尼黑并稍做停留，我托他将这封信带给你。读了你最近的来信，我无法平静。那语气一点都不像你，我把它归咎于可怕的通信审查。我爱如兄弟的那个人，满心充盈着同情心与友爱，不可能参与对无辜人民的屠杀，甚至连消极地合作都不会。我相信并且祈祷我的猜测是真实的，你不必向我详细解释，这对你可能是危险的，只要你回复一个简单的“是的”就可以。这样我就明白你所做的都是权宜之计，你的心没有变，我就不会被欺骗，我相信你永远拥有高尚而自由的灵魂，能够分辨他人的错误，无论这些错误是以什么好听的名义所犯，都是错误。

就算我的族人中没有任何一人在德国受到迫害，这些审查、这些对人们自由思想的迫害，烧毁图书馆、贪污大学资产你也会反对吧。你是自由主义者，马丁。一直以来，你高瞻远瞩。我知道你不会被一个如此糟糕却流行一时的运动冲昏头脑，失去理智，无论这运动多么声势浩大。

我明白为什么德国人称颂希特勒。自从战争灾难之后，他们又重蹈覆辙，犯下严重的错误。但是你，马丁，自战争以来几乎都变成美国人了。我知道，那封写给我的信并非出于我朋友的真心，这不过是小心谨慎和权宜之计的证明。

我急切地等着那个让我的心恢复平静的字。快点写一个“是”字来。

我爱你们大家，

麦克斯

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德国民族银行与贸易公司

慕尼黑

1933年8月18日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

亲爱的麦克斯：

我收到了你的信，我要写给你的是一个“不”字。你是个感伤主义者。你不明白，不是所有人都能套进你的范式。你给他们贴上一些美其名曰“自由”的小标签，希望他们如此这般地行动；但是你错了。那么，我是个美国的自由主义者吗？不！我是个德国的爱国主义者！

自由主义者是一些不相信行动的人。他会谈论人权，但也只是谈谈而已。他会大声疾呼所谓言论自由，而什么才是言论自由？只是屁股稳稳地坐在一旁，对积极采取行动的人们指手画脚，批评他们的所作所为吗？自由主义者难道不是没有出息的人吗？我太了解这种人了，因为我曾经就是这种人。他不满政府的无所作为，理由是政府没有带来任何改变。但是，让一个有力量的人崛起，让一个有积极行动能

力的人来改变，那你的自由主义者又在哪里？他反对改变。对自由主义者来说，任何改变都是错误。

他所谓的“高瞻远瞩”，不过是自己害怕行动、害怕必须做点什么的托词而已。他喜爱空谈，喜爱动听的箴言，但是对于那些创造世界的人来说，他一无用处。只有实干家，才是真正重要的人。就在这里，在德国，已经出现了一位实干家。一个至关重要的、改变着一切的人。人民的生活在顷刻之间掀起了变革的高潮，因为一个实干家出现了。我加入了他的队伍。我并不是被现时的洪流裹挟着前行。一生空谈，庸庸碌碌，我到死都会一事无成。我要在这个伟大的运动中胼手胝足，奉献我自己。我行动，故我能成为一个人。在此之前，我不过是一句空话。我不会质疑我们行动的结果。这没有必要。我知道这行动是好的，因为它如此充满活力。人们不会在恶行中得到如此多的欢愉和热望。

你说我们迫害自由思想，我们烧毁图书馆。你该从你落后的感伤主义中清醒清醒了。难道一个外科医生因为要切除癌变部位，就对癌症心慈手软吗？我们是残酷的。我们当然残酷。正如所有的出生都是血腥的，我们的新生也一样。但我们欣喜。德国在世界民族之林中高高昂起了她的头。她跟随着她光荣的领袖走向胜利。你这样只会坐着做梦的人怎么会明白这一切呢？你永远不会了解希特勒。他是一把出鞘的利剑。他是一道白光，又如新的一天的阳光一样炽热。

我必须告诉你，不要再写信来了。现在，我们必须都要明白，我们分道扬镳了。

马丁·舒尔

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年9月5日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

德国民族银行

与贸易公司

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

信封里是汇票和月度账单。我还必须寄给你一封短笺。格丽赛尔已经到柏林了。她太冒失了。但是她等待成功等得太久，所以不会放弃这个机会，她还嘲笑我胆怯。她会在柯尼希剧院演出。你是政府官员。看在老朋友的分上，我求你关照她。如果你能去柏林的话，看看她是否有危险。

你注意到我把你的名字从画廊的名称中去掉了，你会不高兴吧。我也是不得已而为之。你知道我们的主要客户是些什么人，他们现在不会从一家德国公司买任何东西了。

我不会评论你的新态度。但是你一定要理解我。我不希望你对着我的人民举起武器，不仅因为他们是我的族人，也因为你是一个热爱正义的人。

我把冲动的格丽赛尔托付给你了。这个孩子尚未意识到她所面临的危险。我不会再写信来了。

再见，我的朋友。

麦克斯

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年11月5日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

德国民族银行

与贸易公司

慕尼黑，德国

马丁：

我又写信来了，因为我别无他法。我有一个不祥的预感。格丽赛尔一到柏林，我就给她写了一封信，她也很快回复了。排演很成功，而且大戏很快就会开演。我写了第二封信去鼓励她，而不是警告她。但是这封信被退回来了。信封没有打开，只是盖上了“查无此人”的印章。这几个字多么可怕啊！她怎么会无人知晓？这必定是她遇害的信息。他们知道她的事，那些盖上邮戳的信说明了一切，我却什么都不知道。她变成了一个空白，想要找到她是徒劳的。“查无此人”，他们用这四个字告诉了我一切。

马丁，我能不能求你找找她，求你去救救她？你了解她，她是亲切的、美丽的、甜蜜的。你曾经拥有她的爱情，她从来没有把爱情给过别的什么人。你千万不要给我回信。我知道我甚至不必向你求助，只要告诉你出事了，只要告诉你她一定是遇到了危险，你就会出手相救的。

我把她托付给你了，我实在求告无门。

麦克斯

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1933年11月23日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

德国民族银行

与贸易公司

慕尼黑，德国

马丁：

我在绝望中向你求救。我不能再等上一个月了，只得在军事封锁中向你传递消息。你也许希望我做点改变，而我所能做的就是在一封银行信函中寄上我的求助信。

还是格丽赛尔的事情。两个月以来，她音讯全无，现在谣言开始传到我的耳朵里了。有关她的故事在德国的犹太人中口口相传，这些传闻如此恐怖，我宁可变成聋子，充耳不闻。但是我根本做不到。我必须知道在她身上到底发生了什么。我一定要得到确切的消息。

她在柏林演出的一个星期。然后，她的犹太身份就遭到了观众的奚落。她太死脑筋、太强硬，这勇敢的孩子！她还击了他们的恶言相向。她告诉他们，自己因身为犹太人而感到自豪。

一些观众对她怒目而视。她跑回后台。一定有什么人帮她从一大群紧随其后的追捕者中侥幸逃脱了，她在一个犹太家庭的地窖中躲了几天。然后，她乔装改扮向德国南部潜行，希望能够步行回到维也纳。她不敢坐火车。她告诉别人说，如果能到慕尼黑找到她的朋友，就可以脱险。这也是我所希望的。她已经到了你那里，因为她自己是无法回到维也纳的。给我回信吧，马丁，如果她没能去你那儿，就悄悄地、尽你所能地调查一下她的情况。我无法平静下来。冬天快要来了，一想到那勇敢的小东西正在一个充满敌意的国家里长途跋涉，我就无时无刻不心惊胆战。上帝保佑你能告诉我一个好消息！

麦克斯

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德国民族银行与贸易公司

1933年12月8日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

舒尔—爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

希特勒万岁！很抱歉，我要告诉你一个坏消息，你的妹妹已经死了。真遗憾，正如你所说，她实在是个傻瓜。不到一个星期之前，她来过这里，还有一群纳粹突击队员紧随其后。她来得不是时候。当时这房子里相当热闹——艾尔莎上个月刚刚生下了小阿道夫，身体还不太好——医生在这儿，还有两个护士和所有的仆人、孩子，都急匆匆地赶来，挤在一起。

幸好是我去应的门。起初我以为是个老太太，后来，我认出了那张脸，之后我看见纳粹突击队员已经拐进了公园大门。我能把她藏起来吗？这是万万不能的。仆人几分钟之内就会发现她。我能让我的家遭受搜查的洗劫吗？艾尔莎还病在床上，我能冒险窝藏一个犹太人而被捕吗？我能失去在这里建立的一切吗？作为一个德国人，我当然清楚自己的职责。她在纯洁的德国青年面前展览了她的犹太身体。我本来应该把她扭送到纳粹突击队员那里，但是我没有这样做。

“你会毁了我们的，格丽赛尔。”我告诉她，“你必须跑回公园里去，跑远点。”她看着我，微笑着（她永远是个勇敢的女孩），然后做出了她的选择。

“我不会连累你的，马丁。”说着，她跑下台阶，向树林里奔去。但是她肯定是累了，跑得不快。纳粹突击队员发现了她。我无能为力。我进了屋子，几分钟后她不再叫喊了。早晨我把她的尸体弄到村子里埋了。她回德国来真愚蠢。可怜的小格丽赛尔。我为你感到悲伤，但是正如你所见，我帮不了她。

现在，我必须要求你不要再给我写信了。寄到我家的每个字都会被审查，我也不知道他们什么时候会拆开银行寄来的信。我不再和犹太人有任何瓜葛，除了签收汇款之外。一个犹太女人来我这里避难对我来说非常不利。我再也不能容忍任何进一步的关系。

新的德国正在形成。在英明领袖的领导下，我们很快就会向世人展示这一伟大的成果。

马丁

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CABLEGRAM

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电报

慕尼黑，1934年1月2日

马丁·舒尔：

合同条款已接受。11月12日查账表明增长13%。2月2日必翻四倍。市场若未按预期开放，器皿展览将于5月1日移往莫斯科。财务说明将寄往新址。

爱森斯坦

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1934年1月3日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

我们亲爱的马丁：

不要忘了奶奶的生日。她8号就64岁了。美国捐助者将为你的德国青年画家联盟提供1000支画笔。曼德伯格已经参与支持你的画家联盟了。你一定要在25日把毕加索的复制品送到各画廊的分店，11幅，规格20×90，立即。红色和蓝色为主。现在我们可以给你8000美元，并且开一本新的账簿。我们日夜为你祷告，亲爱的兄弟。

爱森斯坦

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1934年1月3日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

马丁，亲爱的兄弟：

好消息！我们的股票五天前涨到了116点。弗莱施曼家族又加了10000美元。这笔钱用于你的青年画家联盟一个月的开销。如果机会增加了的话，一定要告诉我们。瑞士正在流行微型绘画。你一定要关注这个市场，如果有任何意想不到的机会出现，你要计划在5月之后先前往苏黎世。索罗门叔叔将会很高兴见到你，我知道你非常信赖他的判断力。

现在天气不错，不过接下来的两个月可能有暴风雨。你要让你的学生们准备好下列复制品：凡·高，规格15×103，红色；普桑，规格20×90，蓝色和黄色；维米尔，规格11×33，红色和蓝色。

我们盼望着你的新进展。

爱森斯坦

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1934年1月29日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

你最近的一封信被错送到了基立街457号4室。丽芭阿姨说，告诉马丁，信一定要写得再简明一点，好让他的朋友们明白他的意思。大家都为15号的家庭团聚做好了准备。这个大庆典之后你会很疲倦，也许想带你的家人去苏黎世旅行一下。

在离开之前，为了能赶上五月或者更早些时候的展览，无论如何，要让德国青年画家联盟的各个分会设法弄到下列复制品：毕加索，规格17×81，红色；凡·高，规格5×42，白色；鲁宾斯，规格15×204，蓝色和黄色。

我们为你祈祷。

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蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

1934年2月12日

麦克斯·爱森斯坦先生收

爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加州，美国

麦克斯，我的老朋友：

我的上帝啊！麦克斯，你知道你在做什么吗？我只能把这封信让一位我遇到的美国人私带出境。我在你无法想象的绝望中向你求救。这疯狂的电报！因为你寄给我的这些信，我被他们抓起来讯问，他们要我做出解释。这些信都没有投递到我手里，但是他们拿出来给我看，并且要我给他们破译密码。密码？你怎么能对我做这些？我们是多年的老朋友啊！

你是故意的吗？你想毁掉我吗？你的疯狂已经造成了严重的结果。我被勒令辞职。海因里希也不再是童子军了。他们告诉他说，参加童子军对他的身体不好。老天在上，麦克斯，你明白这意味着什么吗？艾尔莎，我什么都没敢对她说，她不明白为什么官员们都拒绝她的邀请，弗莱里希男爵在街上遇到她都不和她说话。

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是的，是的，我知道你为什么这样做。但是，你难道不明白，我当时无能为力啊！我又能怎么做呢？我连试都不敢试。我求求你，不是为了我自己，而是为了艾尔莎和孩子们。想想吧，如果我被抓走了，且生死不明，这对他们意味着什么！你知道如果被送进集中营会怎么样？你能让我站在墙边，然后对我举枪瞄准吗？我求你了，停止吧！现在就停下，趁所有的一切还没有被毁掉。我害怕，为活命而担惊受怕，麦克斯。

这是你做的事情吗？不会的。我像爱亲兄弟一样爱你，我的老麦克斯。我的上帝，你没有怜悯心了吗？我求你了，麦克斯，我再也不会为别的求你，再也不会！停下来吧，我还有救。我求求你，看在我们多年交情的分上！

马丁

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1934年2月15日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

亲爱的马丁：

这里18天内下了7英寸^[1]的雨。这是什么鬼天气！这个周末，给你的画家们准备的1500支油画笔应该已经到达柏林分会。在大展以前，还有练习的时间。美国的赞助商将为所有的艺术家提供力所能及的帮助，不过，你必须统筹安排。我们离欧洲的市场太远了，鞭长莫及，你则有能力判断，这样的展览在德国会受到多大程度的欢迎。到3月24日之前，准备好下列复制品以便分销：鲁宾斯，规格12×77，蓝色；乔托，规格1×317，绿色和白色；普桑，规格20×90，红色和白色。

小布卢姆上周五带着毕加索的规格说明出发了。他会把颜料留在汉堡和莱比锡，然后听你调遣。

祝你成功！

爱森斯坦

[1] 英寸：英美长度单位，1英寸约合25.4毫米。

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爱森斯坦画廊

旧金山，加利福尼亚，美国

1934年3月3日

亨利·马丁·舒尔收

蓝森伯格城堡

慕尼黑，德国

马丁，我们的兄弟：

朱利叶斯表兄生了两个九磅重的男孩子。全家都很高兴。我们相信，你即将举行的艺术展览一定会成功。由于国际汇兑出了点问题，最近通过海运送来的画布会延迟，但是稍待时日就能运到你的柏林合伙人手里。请确认复制品的收集工作已经完成。从毕加索的爱好者中，你能获得最强有力的支持，但是也不要怠慢其他渠道。

最后的计划由你全权自行决定，但为了展览能大获成功，我们力主将展览日期提前。

摩西神将护佑在你右首。

爱森斯坦

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爱森斯坦画廊
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德国

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FOREWORD

When "Address Unknown" was first published in the United States, in Story magazine in September 1938, it caused an immediate sensation. Written as a series of letters between a Jewish American living in San Francisco and his former business partner who had returned to Germany, the story, early on, exposed the poison of Nazism to the American public.

Within ten days of publication, the entire printing of that issue of Story was sold out, and enthusiastic readers were mimeographing copies of the story to send to friends. National radio commentator Walter Winchell heartily recommended the story as "the best piece of the month, something you shouldn't miss," and Readers Digest put aside its long-standing no-fiction rule to reprint the piece for its more than three million readers.

In 1939, Simon & Schuster published Address Unknown as a book and sold fifty thousand copies—a huge number in those years. Hamish Hamilton followed suit in England with a British edition, and foreign translations were begun. But 1939 was also the year of Blitzkrieg; within months most of Europe was under the domination of Adolf Hitler, the Dutch translation disappeared, and the only other European appearance of Address Unknown was on the Reichskommissar's list of banned

books. So the story remained unknown on the Continent for the next sixty years, despite its great impact and success in the United States and England.

Author Kressmann Taylor, "the woman who jolted America," was born Kathrine Kressmann in Portland, Oregon, in 1903. After graduating from the University of Oregon in 1924, she moved to San Francisco and worked as an advertising copywriter, writing for some small literary journals in her spare time. In 1928 the editors of the San Francisco Review, a magazine she particularly liked, invited her to a party, where she met Elliott Taylor, the owner of his own advertising agency, and they were married within two weeks. When the Great Depression hit the advertising industry, the couple bought a small farm in southern Oregon. Taking their two small children and adding a third in 1935, they literally "lived off the land," growing their own food and panning for gold.

In 1938 they moved to New York, where Elliott worked as an editor and Kathrine finished writing "Address Unknown." Elliott showed it to Story magazine editor Whit Burnett, who immediately wished to publish it. He and Elliott decided that the story was "too strong to appear under the name of a woman," and assigned Kathrine the literary pseudonym Kressmann Taylor a professional name she accepted and kept for the rest of her life, largely because of the success of Address Unknown. This is how she describes the original motivation for the story:

A short time before the war, some cultivated, intellectual, warmhearted German friends of mine returned to Germany after living in the United States. In a very short time they turned into sworn Nazis. They refused to listen to the slightest criticism about Hitler. During a return visit to California, they met an old, dear friend of theirs on the street who had been very close to them and who was a Jew. They did not speak to him. They turned their backs on him when he held his hands out to embrace them. How can such a thing happen? I wondered. What changed their hearts so? What steps brought them to such cruelty?

These questions haunted me very much and I could not forget them. It was hard to believe that these people whom I knew and respected had fallen victim to the Nazi poison. I began researching Hitler and reading his speeches and the writings of his advisors. What I discovered was terrifying. What worried me most was that no one in America was aware of what was happening in Germany and they also did not care. In 1938, the isolationist movement in America was strong; the politicians said that affairs in Europe were none of our business and that Germany was fine. Even Charles Lindbergh came back from Germany saying how wonderful the people were. But some students who had returned from studying in Germany told the truth about the Nazi atrocities.

When their fraternity brothers thought it would be fun to send them letters making fun of Hitler; they wrote back and said, "Stop it. We're in danger: These people don't fool around, You could murder one of these Nazis by writing letters to him. "

When that incident occurred, it rated only a small article in the news, but it caught EUiott's eye; he brought it home to Kathrine, and it gave rise to their joint idea of using a letter as a weapon. She took that idea and went to work on the story she wanted to write.

I wanted to write about what the Nazis were doing and show the American public what happens to real, living peoples wept up in a warped ideology.

The result was "Address Unknown," a great success about which The New York Times Book Review stated in 1939, "This modern story is perfection itself. It is the most effective indictment of Nazism to appear in fiction." That indictment continued in Kathrine's next book, Until that Day, published in 1942.

Following the war, when further indictment of the Nazis no longer seemed necessary, Address Unknown slipped from public notice and was Jargely forgotten, other than its inclusion in an occasional anthology Elliott Taylor died in 1953, and Kathrine lived as a widow for the next

fifteen years, continuing to write and to teach writing, journalism, and humanities at Gettysburg College, in Pennsylvania. Retiring in 1966, she moved to Florence, Italy, where she experienced the great flood of the Arno river in November of that year-which inspired her third book, *Diary of Florence in Flood*, published to critical acclaim in England and America the following spring.

En route to Italy in 1966 On the Italian Line's *Michclangelo*, Kathrine met the American sculptor John Rood. The two felt an immediate attraction, had a shipboard romance, and were married the following year in Minneapolis, where he made his home. ThereaRer, they lived part of each year in Minneapolis and part in the Val de Pea, outside Florence. Even after Rood's death in 1974, Kathrine kept both homes for nearly twenty years, living quietly in each six months a year, simply as Mrs. John Rood.

Then, in 1995, when Kathrine was ninety-one years old, Story Press reissued *Address Unknown* "to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the liberation of the concentration camps" and because, as Story editor Lois Rosenthal wrote, its "significant and timeless message" had earned it "a permanent place on the bookshelves" of America. The book was well received, and Kathrine, happily signing copies and granting television and press interviews, was gratified at its re-emergence, this time with the status of an American literary classic.

Kathrine Kressmann Taylor Rood died in July 1996, late in her ninety-third year, sharp-witted, perceptive, and enthusiastic, even about the end of life. "Dying," she said in her last week, "is normal. It's as normal as being born." And she was ready. She had lived several successful lives: as a wife and mother, as a popular professor, and as the author of three books and a dozen short stories, one of which, *Address Unknown*, was recognized as a classic while she lived.

Shortly after her death, a copy of the 1995 reissue came into the hands of French publisher Henri Dougier of Editions Autrement, Paris. He saw at once its relevance to the entire European community, both those members who had lived under Nazi domination and those who needed to know what it had been like. He determined that a French translation must be undertaken, and that translation, by Michele Levy-Bram, hit the French bestseller list in late 1999. Fifty thousand copies sold that first year, and another fifty thousand in the early months of 2000; the book was selling far more than it ever had in the United States. And other Europeans were reading it, calling for its translation and publication in their own languages: Spanish, Catalan, Italian, Hebrew, German, Greek, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Portuguese. This handsome new edition by Washington Square Press is yet another chapter in its ongoing success story I am most gratified that my mother lived long enough to see this little book recognized as the classic it's become.

CHARLES DOUGLAS TAYLOR,

SON OF KATHRINE KRESSMANN TAYLOR

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SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

November 12, 1932

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

My Dear Martin:

Back in Germany! How I envy you! Although I have not seen it since my school days, the spell of Unter den Linden is still strong upon me — the breadth of intellectual freedom, the discussions, the music, the lighthearted comradeship. And now the old Junker spirit, the Prussian arrogance and militarism are gone. You go to a democratic Germany, a land with a deep culture and the beginnings of a fine political freedom. It will be a good life. Your new address is impressive and I rejoice that the crossing was so pleasant for Elsa and the young sprouts.

As for me, I am not so happy. Sunday morning finds me a lonely bachelor without aim. My Sunday home is now transported over the wide seas. The big old house on the hill — your welcome that said the day was

not complete until we were together again! And our dear jolly Elsa, coming out beaming, grasping my hand and shouting "Max, Max!" and hurrying indoors to open my favorite Schnapps. The fine boys, too, especially your handsome young Heinrich; he will be a grown man before I set eyes upon him again.

And dinner — shall I evermore hope to eat as I have eaten? Now I go to a restaurant and over my lonely roast beef come visions of gebackner Schinken steaming in its Burgundy sauce, of Spatzle, ah! of Spatzle and Spargel! No, I shall never again become reconciled to my American diet. And the wines, so carefully slipped ashore from the German boats, and the pledges we made as the glasses brimmed for the fourth and fifth and sixth times.

Of course you are right to go. You have never become American despite your success here, and now that the business is so well established you must take your sturdy German boys back to the homeland to be educated. Elsa too has missed her family through the long years and they will be glad to see you as well. The impecunious young artist has now become the family benefactor, and that too will give you a quiet little triumph.

The business continues to go well. Mrs. Levine has bought the small Picasso at our price, for which I congratulate myself, and I have old Mrs. Fleshman playing with the notion of the hideous Madonna. No one ever bothers to tell her that any particular piece of hers is bad, because they

are all so bad. However I lack your fine touch in selling to the old Jewish matrons. I can persuade them of the excellence of the investment, but you alone had the fine spiritual approach to a piece of art that unarmed them. Besides they probably never entirely trust another Jew.

A delightful letter came yesterday from Griselle. She writes that she is about to make me proud of my little sister. She has the lead in a new play in Vienna and the notices are excellent — her discouraging years with the small companies are beginning to bear fruit. Poor child, it has not been easy for her, but she has never complained. She has a fine spirit, as well as beauty, and I hope the talent as well. She asked about you, Martin, in a very friendly way. There is no bitterness left there, for that passes quickly when one is young as she is. A few years and there is only a memory of the hurt, and of course neither of you was to be blamed. Those things are like quick storms, for a moment you are drenched and blasted, and you are so wholly helpless before them. But then the sun comes, and although you have neither quite forgotten, there remains only gentleness and no sorrow. You would not have had it otherwise, nor would I. I have not written Griselle that you are in Europe but perhaps I shall if you think it wise, for she does not make friends easily and I know she would be glad to feel that friends are not far away.

Fourteen years since the war! Did you mark the date? What a long way we have traveled, as peoples, from that bitterness! Again, my dear Martin, let me embrace you in spirit, and with the most affectionate remembrances

to Elsa and the boys, believe me.

Your ever most faithful,

Max

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SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.



Mr. Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich

Germany



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SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

December 10, 1932

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

Max, Dear Old Fellow:

The check and accounts came through promptly, for which my thanks. You need not send me such details of the business. You know how I am in accord with your methods, and here at Munich I am in a rush of new activities. We are established, but what a turmoil! The house, as you know, I had long in mind. And I got it at an amazing bargain. Thirty rooms and about ten acres of park; you would never believe it. But then, you could not appreciate how poor is now this sad land of mine. The servants' quarters, stables and outbuildings are most extensive, and would you believe it, we employ now ten servants for the same wages of our two in the San Francisco home.

The tapestries and pieces we shipped make a rich show and some

other fine furnishings I have been able to secure, so that we are much admired, I was almost to say envied. Four full services in the finest china I have bought and much crystal, as well as a full service of silver for which Elsa is in ecstasies.

And for Elsa — such a joke! You will, I know, laugh with me. I have purchased for her a huge bed. Such a size as never was before, twice the bigness of a double bed, and with great posters in carved wood. The sheets I must have made to order, for there are no sheets made that could fit it. And they are of linen, the finest linen sheets. Elsa laughs and laughs, and her old Grossmutter stands shaking her head and grumbles, "Nein, Martin, nein. You have made it so and now you must take care or she will grow to match it."

"Ya," says Elsa, "five more boys and I will fit it just nice and snug." And she will, Max.

For the boys there are three ponies (little Karl and Wolfgang are not big enough to ride yet) and a tutor. Their German is very bad, being too much mixed with English.

Elsa's family do not find things so easy now. The brothers are in the professions and, while much respected, must live together in one house. To the family we seem American millionaires and while we are far from that yet our American income places us among the wealthy here. The better foods are high in price and there is much political unrest even now

under the presidency of Hindenburg, a fine liberal whom I much admire.

Already old acquaintances urge me that I interest myself in administrative matters in the town. This I take under consideration. It may be somewhat to our benefit locally if I become an official.

As for you, my good Max, we have left you alone, but you must not become a misanthrope. Get yourself at once a nice fat little wife who will busy herself with all your cares and feed you into a good humor. That is my advice and it is good, although I smile as I write it.

You write of Griselle. So she wins her success, the lovely one! I rejoice with you, although even now I resent it that she must struggle to win her way, a girl alone. She was made, as any man can see, for luxury and for devotion and the charming and beautiful life where ease allows much play of the sensibilities. A gentle, brave soul is in her dark eyes, but there is something strong as iron and very daring too. She is a woman who does nothing and gives nothing lightly. Alas, dear Max, as always, I betray myself. But although you were silent during our stormy affair, you know that the decision was not easy for me. You never reproached me, your friend, while the little sister suffered, and I have always felt you knew that I suffered too, most gravely. What could I do? There was Elsa and my little sons. No other decision was possible to make. Yet for Griselle I keep a tenderness that will last long after she has taken a much younger man for husband or lover. The old wound has healed but the scar throbs at times,

my friend.

I wish that you will give her our address. We are such a short distance from Vienna that she can feel there is for her a home close at

hand. Elsa, too, knows nothing of the old feeling between us and you know with what warmth she would welcome your sister, as she would welcome you. Yes, you must tell her that we are here and urge her to soon make a contact with us. Give her our most warm congratulations for the fine success that she is making.

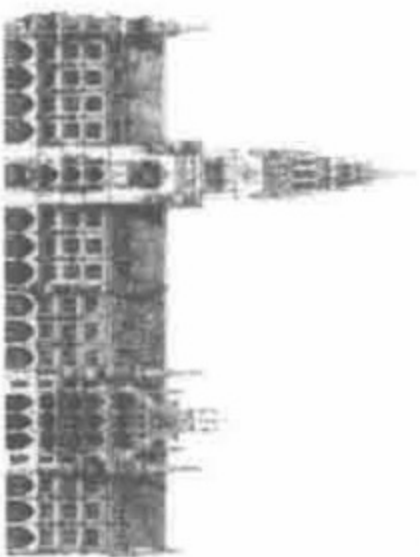
Elsa asks that I send to you her love, and Heinrich would also say "hello" to Uncle Max. We do not forget you, Maxel.

My heartiest greetings to you,

Martin

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Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany



*Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California
U.S.A.*

SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

January 21, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

My Dear Martin:

I was glad to forward your address to Griselle. She should have it shortly, if she has not already received it. What jollification there will be when she sees you all! I shall be with you in spirit as heartily as if I also could rejoin you in person.

You speak of the poverty there. Conditions have been bad here this winter, but of course we have known nothing of the privations you see in Germany.

Personally, you and I are lucky that we have such a sound following for the gallery. Of course our own clientele are cutting their purchases but if they buy only half as much as before we shall be comfortable, not extravagantly so, but very comfortable. The oils you sent are excellent, and

the prices are amazing. I shall dispose of them at an appalling profit almost at once. And the ugly Madonna is gone! Yes, to old Mrs. Fleshman. How I gasped at her perspicacity in recognizing its worth, hesitating to set a price! She suspected me of having another client, and I named an indecent figure. She pounced on it, grinning slyly as she wrote her check. How I exulted as she bore the horror off with her, you alone will know.

Alas, Martin, I often am ashamed of myself for the delight I take in such meaningless little triumphs. You in Germany, with your country house and your affluence displayed before Elsa's relatives, and I in America, gloating because I have tricked a giddy old woman into buying a monstrosity. What a fine climax for two men of forty! Is it for this we spend our lives, to scheme for money and then to strut it publicly? I am always castigating myself, but I continue to do as before. Alas, we are all caught in the same mill. We are vain and we are dishonest because it is necessary to triumph over other vain and dishonest persons. If I do not sell Mrs. Fleshman our horror, some body else will sell her a worse one. We must accept these necessities.

But there is another realm where we can always find something true, the fireside of a friend, where we shed our little conceits and find warmth and understanding, where small selfishnesses are impossible and where wine and books and talk give a different meaning to existence. There we have made something that no falseness can touch. We are at home.

Who is this Adolf Hitler who seems rising toward power in Germany? I do not like what I read of him.

Embrace all the young fry and our abundant Elsa for me.

Your ever affectionate,

Max

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SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

March 25, 1933

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

Dear Old Max:

You have heard of course of the new events in Germany, and you will want to know how it appears to us here on the inside. I tell you truly, Max, I think in many ways Hitler is good for Germany, but I am not sure. He is now the active head of the government. I doubt much that even Hindenburg could now remove him from power, as he was truly forced to place him there. The man is like an electric shock, strong as only a great orator and a zealot can be. But I ask myself, is he quite sane? His brown shirt troops are of the rabble. They pillage and have started a bad Jew-baiting. But these may be minor things, the little surface scum when a big movement boils up. For I tell you, my friend, there is a surge — a surge. The people everywhere have had a quickening. You feel it in the streets and shops. The old despair has been thrown aside like a forgotten coat. No

longer the people wrap themselves in shame; they hope again. Perhaps there may be found an end to this poverty. Something, I do not know what, will happen. A leader is found! Yet cautiously to myself I ask, a leader to where? Despair overthrown often turns us in mad directions.

Publicly, as is natural, I express no doubt. I am now an official and a worker in the new regime and I exult very loud indeed. All of us

officials who cherish whole skins are quick to join the National Socialists. That is the name for Herr Hitler's party. But also it is not only expedient, there is something more, a feeling that we of Germany have found our destiny and that the future sweeps toward us in an overwhelming wave. We too must move We must go with it. Even now there are being wrongs done. The storm troopers are having their moment of victory, and there are bloody heads and sad hearts to show for it. But these things pass; if the end in view is right they pass and are forgotten. History writes a clean new page.

All I now ask myself, and I can say to you what I cannot say to any here is: Is the end right? Do we make for a better goal? For you know, Max, I have seen these people of my race since I came here, and I have learned what agonies they have suffered, what years of less and less bread, of leaner bodies, of the end of hope. The quicksand of despair held them, it was at their chins. Then just before they died a man came and pulled them out. All they now know is, they will not die. They are in hysteria of

deliverance, almost they worship him. But whoever the savior was, they would have done the same. God grant it is a true leader and no black angel they follow so joyously. To you alone, Max, I say I do not know. I do not know. Yet I hope.

So much for politics. Ourselves, we delight in our new home and have done much entertaining. Tonight the mayor is our guest, at a dinner for twenty-eight. We spread ourselves a little, maybe, but that is to be forgiven. Elsa has a new gown of blue velvet, and is in terror for fear it will not be big enough. She is with child again. There is the way to keep a wife contented, Max. Keep her so busy with babies she has no time to fret.

Our Heinrich has made a social conquest. He goes out on his pony and gets himself thrown off, and who picks him up but the Baron Von Freische. They have a long conversation about America, and one day the baron calls and we have coffee. Heinrich will go there to lunch next week. What a boy! It is too bad his German is not better but he delights everyone.

So we go, my friend, perhaps to become part of great events, perhaps only to pursue our simple family way, but never abandoning that trueness of friendship ,of which you speak so movingly. Our hearts go out to you across the wide sea, and when the glasses are filled we toast "Uncle Max."

Yours in affectionate regard,

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SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

May 18, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Dear Martin:

I am in distress at the press reports that come pouring in to us from the Fatherland. Thus it is natural that I turn to you for light while there are only conflicting stories to be had here. I am sure things cannot be as bad as they are picture 'd. A terrible pogrom, that is the consensus of our American papers.

I know your liberal mind and warm heart will tolerate no viciousness and that from you I can have the truth. Aaron Silberman's son has just returned from Berlin and had, I hear, a narrow escape. The tales he tells of what he has seen, floggings, the forcing of quarts of castor oil through clenched teeth and the consequent hours of dying through the slow agony of bursting guts, are not pretty ones. These things may be true, and they

may, as you have said, be but the brutal surface froth of human revolution. Alas, to us Jews they are a sad story familiar through centuries of repetition, and it is almost unbelievable that the old martyrdom must be endured in a civilized nation today. Write me, my friend, and set my mind at ease.

Griselle's play will come to a close about the end of June after a great success. She writes that she has an offer for another role in Vienna and also for a very fine one in Berlin for the autumn. She is talking most of the latter one, but I have written her to wait until the anti-Jewish feeling has abated. Of course she uses another name which is not Jewish (Eisenstein would be impossible for the stage anyway), but it is not her name that would betray her origin. Her features, her gestures, her emotional voice proclaim her a Jewess no matter what she calls herself, and if this feeling has any real strength she had best not venture into Germany just at present.

Forgive me, my friend, for so distraught and brief a letter but I cannot rest until you have reassured me. You will, I know, write in all fairness. Pray do so at once.

With the warmest protestations of faith and friendship for you and
yours, I am ever your faithful

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**DEUTSCH-VOELKISCHE BANK AND UND
HANDSELSGESELLSCHAFT, MUNCHEN**

July 9, 1933

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

Dear Max:

You will see that I write upon the stationery of my bank. This is necessary because I have a request to make of you and I wish to avoid the new censorship which is most strict. We must for the present discontinue writing each other. It is impossible for me to be in correspondence with a Jew even if it were not that I have an official position to maintain. If a communication becomes necessary you must enclose it with the bank draft and not write to me at my house again.

As for the stern measures that so distress you, I myself did not like them at first, but I have come to see their painful necessity. The Jewish race is a sore spot to any nation that harbors it. I have never hated the individual Jew — yourself I have always cherished as a friend, but you will

know that I speak in all honesty when I say I have loved you, not because of your race but in spite of it.

The Jew is the universal scapegoat. This does not happen without reason, and it is not the old superstition about "Christ-killers" that makes them distrusted. But this Jew trouble is only an incident. Something bigger is happening.

If I could show you, if I could make you see — the rebirth of this new Germany under our Gentle Leader! Not for always can the world grind a great people down in subjugation. In defeat for fourteen years we bowed our heads. We ate the bitter bread of shame and drank the thin gruel of poverty. But now we are free men. We rise in our might and hold our heads up before the nations. We purge our bloodstream of its baser elements. We go singing through our valleys with strong muscles tingling for a new work — and from the mountains ring the voices of Wodan and Thor, the old, strong gods of the German race.

But no. I am sure as I write, as with the new vision my own enthusiasm burns, that you will not see how necessary is all this for Germany. You will see only that your own people are troubled. You will not see that a few must suffer for the millions to be saved. You will be a Jew first and wail for your people. This I understand. It is the Semitic character. You lament but you are never brave enough to fight back. That is why there are pogroms.

Alas, Max, this will pain you, I know, but you must realize the truth. There are movements far bigger than the men who make them up. As for me, I am a part of the movement. Heinrich is an officer in the boys' corps which is headed by Baron Von Freische whose rank is now shedding a luster upon our house, for he comes often to visit with Heinrich and Elsa, whom he much admires. Myself, I am up to the ears in work. Elsa concerns herself little with politics except to adore our Gentle Leader. She gets tired too easily this last month. Perhaps the babies come too fast. It will be better for her when this one is born.

I regret our correspondence must close this way, Max. Perhaps we can someday meet again on a field of better understanding.

As ever your,

Martin Schulse

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Deutsch-Boellische Bank und Lind-Farbengesellschaft,
München



Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California
U.S.A.

SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

August 1, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
(kindness of J. Lederer)
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Martin, My Old Friend:

I am sending this by the hand of Jimmy Lederer, who will shortly pass through Munich on a European vacation. I cannot rest after the letter you last sent me. It is so unlike you I can only attribute its contents to your fear of the censorship. The man I have loved as a brother, whose heart has ever been brimming with sympathy and friendship, cannot possibly partake of even a passive partnership in the butchery of innocent people. I trust and pray that it may be so, that you will write me no exposition, which might be dangerous for you, — only a simple "yes." That will tell me that you play the part of expediency but that your heart has not changed, and that I was not deluded in believing you to be always a man of fine and liberal spirit to whom wrongs are wrongs in whosoever's name they may be

committed.

This censorship, this persecution of all men of liberal thought, the burning of libraries and corruption of the universities would arouse your antagonism if there had been no finger laid on one of my race in Germany. You are a liberal, Martin. You have always taken the long view. I know that you cannot be swept away from sanity by a popular movement which has so much that is bad about it, no matter how strong it may be.

I can see why the Germans acclaim Hitler. They react against the very real wrongs which have been laid on them since the disaster of the war. But you, Martin, have been almost an American since the war. I know that it is not my friend who has written to me, that it will prove to have been only the voice of caution and expediency.

Eagerly I await the one word that will set my heart at peace. Write your "yes" quickly.

My love to you all,

Max

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**DEUTSCH-VOELKISCHE BANK AND UND
HANDSELSGESELLSCHAFT, MUNCHEN**

August 18, 1933

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

Dear Max:

I have your letter. The word is "no." You are a sentimentalist. You do not know that all men are not cut to your pattern. You put nice little tags on them, like "liberal" and expect them to act so-and-so. But you are wrong. So, I am an American liberal? No! I am a German patriot.

A liberal is a man who does not believe in doing anything. He is a talker about the rights of man, but just a talker. He likes to make a big noise about freedom of speech, and what is freedom of speech? just the chance to sit firmly on the backside and say that whatever is being done by the active men is wrong. What is so futile as the liberal? I know him well because I have been one. He condemns the passive government because it makes no change. But let a powerful man arise, let an active

man start to make a change, then where is your liberal? He is against it. To the liberal any change is the wrong one.

He calls this the "long view," but it is merely a bad scare that he will have to do something himself. He loves words and high-sounding precepts but he is useless to the men who make the world what it is. These are the only important men, the doers. And here in Germany a doer has risen. A vital man is changing things. The whole tide of a people's life changes in a minute because the man of action has come. And I join him. I am not just swept along by a current. The useless life that was all talk and no accomplishment I drop. I put my back and shoulders behind the great new movement. I am a man because I act. Before that I am just a voice. I do not question the ends of our action. It is not necessary. I know it is good because it is so vital. Men are not drawn into bad things with so much joy and eagerness.

You say we persecute men of liberal thought, we destroy libraries. You should wake from your musty sentimentalizing. Does the surgeon spare the cancer because he must cut to remove it? We are cruel. Of course we are cruel. As all birth is brutal, so is this new birth of ours. But we rejoice. Germany lifts high her head among the nations of the world. She follows her Glorious Leader to triumph. What can you know of this, you who only sit and dream? You have never known a Hitler. He is a drawn sword. He is a white light, but hot as the sun of a new day.

I must insist that you write no further. We are no longer in sympathy,
as now we must both realize.

Martin Schulse

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

September 5, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany

Dear Martin:

Enclosed are your draft and the month's accounts. It is of necessity that I send a brief message. Griselle has gone to Berlin. She is too daring. But she has waited so long for success she will not relinquish it, and laughs at my fears. She will be at the Koenig Theater. You are an official. For old friendship's sake, I beg of you to watch over her. Go to Berlin if you can and see whether she is in danger.

It will distress you to observe that I have been obliged to remove your name from the firm's name. You know who our principal clients are, and they will touch nothing now from a firm with a German name. Your new attitude I cannot discuss. But you must understand me. I did not expect

you would take up arms for my people because they are my people, but because you were a man who loved justice.

I commend my rash Griselle to you. The child does not realize what a risk she is taking. I shall not write again.

Goodbye, my friend,

Max

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

November 5, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany

Martin:

I write again because I must. A black foreboding has taken possession of me. I wrote Griselle as soon as I knew she was in Berlin and she answered briefly. Rehearsals were going brilliantly; the play would open shortly. My second letter was more encouragement than warning, and it has been returned to me, the envelope unopened, marked only addressee unknown, (Adressat Unbekannt). What a darkness those words carry! How can she be unknown? It is surely a message that she has come to harm. They know what has happened to her, those stamped letters say, but I am not to know. She has gone into some sort of void and it will be useless to seek her. All this they tell me in two words, Adressat Unbekannt.

Martin, need I ask you to find her, to succor her? You have known her graciousness, her beauty and sweetness. You have had her love, which she has given to no other man. Do not attempt to write to me. I know I need not even ask you to aid. It is enough to tell you that something has gone wrong, that she must be in danger.

I leave her in your hands, for I am helpless.

Max

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

November 23, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany

Martin:

I turn to you in despair. I could not wait for another month to pass so I am sending some information as to your investments. You may wish to make some changes and I can thus enclose my appeal with a bank letter.

It is Griselle. For two months there has been only silence from her, and now the rumors begin to come in to me. From Jewish mouth to Jewish mouth the tales slowly come back from Germany, tales so full of dread I would close my ears if I dared, but I cannot. I must know what has happened to her. I must be sure.

She appeared in the Berlin play for a week. Then she was jeered from the audience as a Jewess. She is so headstrong, so foolhardy, the splendid

child! She threw the word back in their teeth. She told them proudly that she was a Jewess.

Some of the audience started after her. She ran backstage. Someone must have helped her for she got away with the whole pack at

her heels and took refuge with a Jewish family in a cellar for several days. After that she changed her appearance as much as she could and started south, hoping to walk back to Vienna. She did not dare try the railroads. She told those she left that she would be safe if she could reach friends in Munich. That is my hope, that she has gone to you, for she has never reached Vienna. Send me word, Martin, and if she has not come there make a quiet investigation if you can. My mind cannot rest. I torture myself by day and by night, seeing the brave little thing trudging all those long miles through hostile country, with winter coming on. God grant you can send me a word of relief.

Max

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DEUTSCH-VOELKISCHE BANK AND UND HANDSELSGESELLSCHAFT, MUNCHEN

December 8, 1933

Heil Hitler! I much regret that I have bad news for you. Your sister is dead. Unfortunately she was, as you have said, very much a fool. Not quite a week ago she came here, with a bunch of storm troopers right behind her. The house was very active — Elsa has not been well since little Adolf was born last month — the doctor was here, and two nurses, with all the servants and children scurrying around.

By luck I answer the door. At first I think it is an old woman and then I see the face, and then I see the storm troopers have turned in the park gates. Can I hide her? It is one chance in thousands. A servant will be on us at any minute. Can I endure to have my house ransacked with Elsa ill in bed and to risk being arrested for harboring a Jew and to lose all I have built up here? Of course as a German I have one plain duty. She has displayed her Jewish body on the stage before pure young German men. I should hold her and turn her over to the storm troopers. But this I cannot do.

"You will destroy us all, Griselle," I tell her. "You must run back further in the park." She looks at me and smiles (she was always a brave

girl) and makes her own choice.

I would not bring you harm, Martin," she says, and she runs down the steps and out toward the trees. But she must be tired. She does not run very fast and the storm troopers have caught sight of her. I am helpless. I go in the house and in a few minutes she stops screaming, and in the morning I have the body sent down to the village for burial. She was a fool to come to Germany. Poor little Griselle. I grieve with you, but as you see, I was helpless to aid her.

I must now demand you do not write again. Every word that comes to the house is now censored, and I cannot tell how soon they may start to open the mail to the bank. And I will no longer have any dealings with Jews, except for the receipt of money. It is not so good for me that a Jewess came here for refuge, and no further association can be tolerated.

A new Germany is being shaped here. We will soon show the world great things under our Glorious Leader.

Martin

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CABLEGRAM

MUNICH JANUARY 2 1934

MARTIN SCHULSE

YOUR TERMS ACCEPTED NOVEMBER TWELVE AUDIT SHOWS
THIRTEEN PERCENT INCREASE FEBRUARY SECOND FOURFOLD
ASSURED PAN EXHIBITION MAY FIRST PREPARE LEAVE FOR MOSCOW
IF MARKET OPENS UNEXPECTEDLY FINANCIAL INSTRUCTIONS MAILED
NEW ADDRESS

EISENSTEIN

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

January 3, 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Our Dear Martin:

Don't forget grandma's birthday. She will be 64 on the 8th. American contributors will furnish 1,000 brushes for your German Young Painters' League. Mandelberg has joined in supporting the league. You must send 11 Picasso reproductions, 20 by 90 to branch galleries on the 25th, no sooner. Reds and blues must predominate. We can allow you \$8,000 on this transaction at present. Start new accounts book 2.

Our prayers follow you daily, dear brother,

Eisenstein

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

January 17, 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Martin, Dear Brother:

Good news! Our stock reached 116 five days ago. The Fleishmans have advanced another \$10,000. This will fill your Young Painters' League quota for a month but let us know if opportunities increase. Swiss miniatures are having a vogue. You must watch the market and plan to be in Zurich after May first if any unexpected opportunities develop. Uncle Solomon will be glad to see you and I know you will rely heavily on his judgment.

The weather is clear and there is little danger of storms during the next two months. You will prepare for your students the following reproductions: Van Gogh 15 by 103, red; Poussin 20 by 90, blue and yellow; Vermeer 11 by 33, red and blue.

Our hopes will follow your new efforts.

Eisenstein

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

January 29, 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Dear Martin:

Your last letter was delivered by mistake at 457 Geary St., Room 4. Aunt Rheba says tell Martin he must write more briefly and clearly so his friends can understand all that he says. I am sure everyone will be in readiness for your family reunion on the 15th. You will be tired after these festivities and may want to take your family with you on your trip to Zurich.

Before leaving however, procure the following reproductions for branches of German Young Painters' League, looking forward to the joint exhibit in May or earlier: Picasso 17 by 81, red; Van Gogh 5 by 42, white; Rubens 15 by 204, blue and yellow.

Our prayers are with you.

Eisenstein

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SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

February 12, 1934

Mr. Max Eisenstein

Eisenstein Galleries

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

Max, My Old Friend:

My God, Max, do you know what you do? I shall have to try to smuggle this letter out with an American I have met here. I write an appeal from a despair you cannot imagine. This crazy cable! These letters you have sent. I am called in to account for them. The letters are not delivered, but they bring me in and show me letters from you and demand I give them the code. A code? And how can you, a friend of long years, do this to me?

Do you realize, have you any idea that you destroy me? Already the results of your madness are terrible. I am bluntly told I must resign my office. Heinrich is no longer in the boys' corps. They tell him it will not be good for his health. God in heaven, Max, do you see what that means? And Elsa, to whom I dare not tell anything, comes in bewildered that the

officials refuse her invitations and Baron Von Freische does not speak to her upon the street.

Yes, yes, I know why you do it — but do you not understand I could do nothing? What could I have done? I did not dare to try. I beg of you, not for myself, but for Elsa and the boys — think what it means to them if I am taken away and they do not know if I live or die. Do you know what it is to be taken to a concentration camp? Would you stand me against a wall and level the gun? I beg of you, stop. Stop now, while everything is not yet destroyed. I am in fear for my life, for my life, Max.

Is it you who does this? It cannot be you. I have loved you like a brother, my old Maxel. My God, have you no mercy? I beg you, Max, no more, no more! Stop while I can be saved. From a heart filled with old affection I ask it.

Martin

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

February 15, 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Our Dear Martin:

Seven inches of rainfall here in 18 days. What a season! A shipment of 1,500 brushes should reach the Berlin branch for your painters by this weekend. This will allow time for practice before the big exhibition. American patrons will help with all the artists' supplies that can be provided, but you must make the final arrangements. We are too far out of touch with the European market and you are in a position to gauge the extent of support such a showing would arouse in Germany. Prepare these for distribution by March 24th: Rubens 12 by 77, blue; Giotto 1 by 317, green and white; Poussin 20 by 90, red and white.

Young Blum left last Friday with the Picasso specifications. He will leave oils in Hamburg and Leipzig and will then place himself at your

disposal.

Success to you!

Eisenstein

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

March 3, 1934

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

Martin Our Brother:

Cousin Julius has two nine-pound boys. The family is happy. We regard the success of your coming artists' exhibition as assured. The last shipment of canvases was delayed due to difficulties of international exchange but will reach your Berlin associates in plenty of time, Consider reproduction collection complete. Your best support should come from Picasso enthusiasts but neglect no other lines.

We leave all final plans to your discretion but urge an early date for wholly successful exhibit.

The God of Moses be at your right hand.

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EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA. U.S.A.



Mr. Martin Schulze
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich
Germany



Adresse
unbekannt

活着的理由

——《查无此人》导读

曾拜读刘小枫的《这一代人的怕和爱》，其中《记恋冬妮娅》一篇，令我印象深刻。冬妮娅没有接受保尔附有条件的爱，没有跟随保尔献身革命。“冬妮娅悲伤地凝望着闪耀的碧蓝的河流，两眼饱含着泪水”。文中描写了“文革”期间那些残酷的斗争，年轻人为了某种意识形态，放弃了自由和理性，举起枪口对准自己的朋友、同学、爱人……对于所谓的“革命者”来说，“在诸多革命中，许许多多‘这一个’年轻身体的腐臭不足以让人惊悚，陈示许许多多的‘这一个’青春尸体，不过为了革命的教育目的：这是个体为认同‘人民’必须支付的代价。”结尾引用了法国作曲家Ropartz的话：Qui nous dira la raison de vivre?（谁会告诉我们活着的理由？）

吾师张霖女士新近翻译了这部小说《查无此人》。小说由美国女作家凯瑟琳·克莱斯曼·泰勒发表于1938年9月，最早向美国公众揭露了德国纳粹思想的毒害。书中的两位主人公——马丁和麦克斯，在面对纳粹做出抉择时，对于“活着的理由”这个问题给出了不同的答案。

关于小说本身

小说采用书信体这种文体。书信体是一种古老的小说文体，以主人公之间的书信作为基本结构格局来推动整个故事发展，著名的书信体小说有人们熟知的《少年维特之烦恼》。作者可以通过不同人的书信来对同一事件进行记录、描述以表达多种观点。曾有学者提出，如果将小说根据虚构世界与真实世界之间的距离进行排列的话，那么，其中距离最大的当属神话和史诗，距离最小的便是书信体小说。采用书信体能够让小说写起来很生动，读者仿佛与叙述者对话一般，具有强烈的代入感。在这部小说中，叙述者是谁呢？小说叙事学认为，作为一部已经完成的作品，即文本而言，作家是被划在其外的。我们在作品中听到的和感受到的是属于叙述者的，而不是作家本人。《查无此人》是以第三人称的视角来叙述的，作家所操纵的“我”并没有出现在叙述层面，主人公麦克斯和马丁处于同等地位，都是故事层中的叙述者。小说文本存在两个叙述者，这两个叙述者又构成了两个叙述层次，进而使整个叙述结构丰厚起来，具有了深度。

美式冷幽默

传统意义上，我们认为英式幽默冷、美式幽默热。其实也不尽然。美式幽默也有冷的一面。有一部玛丽莲·梦露主演的老片《热情似火》（Some Like It Hot），在影片末尾，当男扮女装的杰瑞对着“情郎”奥斯古说：“奥斯古，我们不能结婚，我不是天生金发。”奥斯古答道：“我不在乎。”杰瑞无奈道：“我的过去不堪回首，我跟萨克斯乐手同居了三年。”奥斯古答：“没关系。”杰瑞说：“我们不会有孩子。”奥斯古答：“我们可以领养。”最后，杰瑞绝望地道出真相：“我是男的。”没想到奥斯古竟淡定地说：“哦，没有人是完美的。”影片戛然而止，让人捧腹的同时又富有哲理。

《查无此人》的作者凯瑟琳也偏爱这种美式冷幽默。比如，麦克斯半蒙半骗地哄得弗莱施曼老太太买丑不忍睹的圣母像。他先是对她的“识货的敏锐眼光”表现得很惊讶，然后吞吞吐吐不说价格，直到她怀疑还有其他主顾时，麦克斯赶紧提到了一个不怎么体面的人，老太太不明就里，急急写下支票。老太太自以为占了便宜、抢了先机，实则被人算计了，最后脸上还带着狡猾的微笑。“狡猾”二字把老太太那种滑稽可笑的性格刻画得入木三分。再比如，提到格丽赛尔，马丁这样描述她：“正如任何一个男人所见，她是为奢华而生的，是为奉献而生的……她深色的眼睛里藏着温柔而勇敢的灵魂，也有钢铁一般坚强和非常大胆的东西。她是一个不会轻易行事，也不会轻易付出的女人。”句中充满了相互矛盾的词语，明明再三保证，已将昔日恋情放下，仍掩不住惆怅。再看，麦克斯自嘲自己的生活：“你在德国，住着乡间大宅，在艾尔莎的亲戚面前炫富；我在美国，得意扬扬，用花言巧语骗一位老眼昏花的妇人买些丑陋不堪的作品。这就是两个四十岁男人的人生巅峰时刻！”如此自我解嘲，令人大笑之余，一声叹息。

从这二人的通信中，有多年的情谊自不必说，更重要的是，不难看出，二人都是有教养有知识且热心肠的人，哪怕为了生计不免耍些商业小手腕，却仍是对生活有思考有追求的思想健全的人。更何况，他们谈起战争（第一次世界大战）都心有余悸，深知和平来之不易。这样的人怎么会因纳粹思想而再造悲剧？

两个转折

整个故事有两个转折点。马丁和麦克斯，一个在德国慕尼黑，一个在美国旧金山。他们本是多年老友，曾在美国旧金山合作经营画廊。大洋两岸的他们用书信延续着友谊。第一个转折点出现在马丁回到德国，这也是故事的开端。德国在第一次

世界大战中战败，失去部分国土，又面临严重的经济危机，在人民生活水平和民族情感方面都遭受到沉重的打击。纳粹党便充分利用了这种民心低迷的机会，大肆鼓吹“种族优越论”“生存空间论”。正是在这样的背景下，马丁一步一步地被洗脑，慢慢滑入了纳粹的深渊。在纳粹的问题上，马丁与麦克斯产生了激烈的争执。马丁热情拥护纳粹，认为这是德国新生的希望，麦克斯却隐隐感到纳粹对人性的迫害，他劝说马丁回归正途，马丁断然拒绝：“不要再写信来了。现在，我们必须都要明白，我们分道扬镳了。”

第二个转折是麦克斯妹妹格丽赛尔的死亡。格丽赛尔曾经和马丁有过一段美好的恋情，后来因为马丁顾忌家庭，无法“有情人终成眷属”。但是，这丝毫没有影响他和麦克斯的友谊。麦克斯宽容地原谅好友选择跟自己的妹妹分手，写道：“就算重来一次，你也不能改变这个结局，我亦不能。”然而，格丽赛尔被纳粹追杀，求马丁救她一命，马丁冷漠地拒绝了，任由她被纳粹活活打死。这其中当然有马丁害怕被牵连、贪生怕死的原因，但是，有一个值得注意的细节是，马丁认为昔日恋人也算死有余辜，因为“她在纯洁的德国青年面前展览了她的犹太身体”。一年前，马丁还不无柔情蜜意地描述格丽赛尔，转眼便被纳粹洗脑，憎恶她的犹太血统到入骨的地步。格丽赛尔死了，麦克斯和马丁多年的友情毁于一旦。仇恨像种子一样在麦克斯心里发了芽，他悄悄开始了自己的复仇计划。

比欧·亨利更欧·亨利的结尾

麦克斯曾经这样描述他和马丁的友情：“总有一些地方可以让我们找到真诚，找到在炉边促膝谈心的朋友。在那里，我们抛掉自负，找到温暖和理解；在那里，没有自私；在那里，美酒、书籍和交谈都有着不同的意义，而不再是炫耀；在那

里，我们真诚相待，宛若身在家中。”其中温情让人动容。

然而，在妹妹死后，麦克斯开始了对马丁疯狂的复仇。他用本姓爱森斯坦，不停地给马丁写信，信的内容看起来像是马丁和他做着秘密的地下活动。纳粹终于怀疑马丁并开始迫害他的家人。马丁唯有向麦克斯哀求不要再写信：“我像爱亲兄弟一样爱你，我的老麦克斯。我的上帝，你没有怜悯心了吗？……停下来吧，我还有救。我求求你，看在我们多年交情的分上！”此时麦克斯的心已然冷如冰霜，他继续写信寄信，终于一个多月之后，信件被退回了——“查无此人”。读到这里，相信读者和我一样，倒吸了一口凉气。故事沉重得令人窒息，却真实得使人落泪。这是无声的杀戮，却比那些血淋淋的战场更恐惧更压抑。小说一波三折，看似有着欧·亨利小说惯有的出乎意料的结局，实则比欧·亨利更深刻更震撼人心。故事开放式的结局，留下了更多的思考空间——当麦克斯复仇成功之后，留给他的又是什么？！

永远的人性，活着的理由

二战爆发前的1938年，美国国内发生严重的经济危机，普遍的恐惧感使人们只关心经济复兴和就业问题，国内孤立主义情绪高涨，认为美国不应干预美洲大陆之外的事务。这就是《查无此人》的写作背景。

凯瑟琳以敏锐的触角发现了一些奇怪的事情，她这样描述创作这个故事的初衷：

在战争爆发前不久，我的一些在美国生活过的德国朋友回国了。他们都是教养有知识且热心的人。他们在很短的时间里就宣誓效忠纳粹，拒

绝听取有关希特勒的最轻微的批评……他们在街头遇见了一个亲密的老朋友，他是犹太人。他们不和他说话。当这位犹太朋友伸开双臂来拥抱他们的时候，他们居然转身背对着他。

凯瑟琳不明白为什么纳粹思想的荼毒会让善良而有知识的人沦为纳粹分子，她希望通过小说的探讨来唤起美国公众对德国纳粹的关注。在纳粹统治下的德国，希特勒为首的纳粹党打着清除腐朽、迎接新生的旗帜，歌颂对领袖的膜拜，煽动他们对于敌人的仇恨，鼓吹德国青年的牺牲精神。文中的马丁从一个信奉自由、头脑清醒的年轻人，被纳粹思想慢慢地洗脑，把纳粹主义等同于民族主义和爱国主义，他说：“我们当然残酷。正如所有的出生都是血腥的，我们的新生也一样。但我们欣喜。德国在世界民族之林中高高昂起了她的头。她跟随着她光荣的领袖走向胜利。”马丁认为“迫害自由思想，烧毁图书馆”只是虚弱的感伤主义，而要获得新生就必须像一个外科医生那样把病毒清除掉。此时的马丁正如千千万万个德国青年一样，狂热地迷恋上了纳粹主义，绝对服从、献身革命是他们的信仰，为了信仰可以随意践踏他人的尊严和生命。麦克斯和马丁，他们的友谊原本超然物外，质朴纯洁。纳粹的出现，打破了这一平衡。先是马丁为了纳粹革命粗鲁地牺牲了这份友情。马丁活着是为了加入纳粹实现德国的新生，所以他践踏了和麦克斯的友谊，践踏了格丽赛尔的生命。格丽赛尔死后，麦克斯活着是为了复仇，所以他践踏了马丁以及他家人的生命。两次“查无此人”，折射出同样的悲剧。

有人这样界定人性：“人性就是在一定社会制度和一定历史条件下形成的人的本性。”虽然不同的历史条件下不能准确地比较人性，但是我认为在任何历史条件下人性总有它的共通点。每个读者都在想：如果我是麦克斯，我会怎么做？有时候，人生就是一步，仅仅就一步，这一步到底是天堂还是地狱？人性往往要在极端

的环境里才能看出真伪。麦克斯说：“我不希望你对着我的人民举起武器，不仅因为他们是我的族人，也因为你是一个热爱正义的人。”就是如此善良的麦克斯，在妹妹因马丁的懦弱而被打死之后，绝望、痛苦、愤怒，诱发了他内心最恐怖的恶魔，他对马丁的报复如此决绝，让人不寒而栗。他最后胜利了，却是作者对人性阴暗的控诉和失望。麦克斯一直反对纳粹的暴力，而自私和背叛让他自己恰恰就成了暴力的工具！每个人心中都有一个恶魔，因为我们每个人都有可能和麦克斯一样被背叛或者被自私和仇恨蒙蔽了双眼，所以我们每个人都有可能成为恶魔。我们要警惕自己，别让自私和仇恨击倒人性，别让纳粹的幽灵在我们身上复活。

结语

2015年是世界反法西斯战争胜利七十周年，穿越了七十余年的历史烟云，这部小说依然焕发着蓬勃的艺术生命力。面对困境时的人性拷问是人类永恒的主题，我们究竟为了什么而活着？我们该何去何从？我们需要读一下这篇小说，然后掩卷沉思.....

2014年秋 王赛男

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