

**Chapters deleted from the final version of
Doppelgänger**

**CHAPTER 4
PARIS—JUNE 14, 1940**

Today was a Friday—reserved for the pleasant ritual of breakfast with Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier. In spite of the tension that gripped the city with the German army poised to enter Paris that morning, Walter was determined to continue at least that small gesture of civilized life. Sharply at 9:00, he walked out of his hotel on Impasse Royer-Collard, down rue de Médicis, and headed towards Adrienne’s apartment at No. 18 rue de l’Odéon.

Beach, the reigning doyen of the English literary world in Paris, was the owner of Shakespeare and Company Booksellers and a patron saint to a generation of writers like Joyce, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, MacLeish, and Ezra Pound. Monnier, Beach’s long-time former lover, owned the French bookstore *La Maison des Amis des Livres* across the rue de l’Odéon from Shakespeare and Company.

Sylvia, Adrienne, and Walter had become friends when Walter first came to Paris as a student, in love with the romance of the writers of the Lost Generation. He knew he needed to muster the courage to introduce himself to Sylvia, Adrienne, and the literary world of Odeania. For the first few months in Paris, he successfully found excuses to put off doing so. He could laugh at his youthful shyness now.

I'd walk past Shakespeare & Company and La Maison des Amis des Livres, he recalled, and peer through the windows at the treasures inside. I was like a kid with his nose pressed to Macy's windows at Christmas time staring at a marvelous world he couldn't enter. What do the French call that kind of hungry window shopping? Manger la vitrine—eating glass.

I was living in a tiny room in the attic of the Brasserie Lipp across from Café de Flore and Deux-Magots. There was no window, just a skylight, and the roof was so steeply angled that getting in and out of the narrow bed, especially after a night of drinking, was quite dangerous. There was no bathroom, but at each floor landing there was a “step on two pedals” toilet: you squatted on two raised, foot-shaped platforms in the middle of the drain, trying not to crap or piss on your partly-lowered pants, and when you were done, had to manage the trick of yanking a piece of newspaper from a nail in the wall to wipe and pull the chain above you to flush. Another risky prospect at any time, but especially when drunk.

Sylvia and Adrienne were almost daily visitors to Deux-Magots. Watching them from several tables away, I felt like I was spying on them. Mercifully, Bill Shirer at the Paris Tribune finally dragged me over to meet them.

Hemingway said of Sylvia “no one I ever knew was nicer to me.” I could happily have said the same thing. That wonderful refuge of books and conversation, warmed by a glowing stove in winter, became my refuge, as it had been for so many others. I became one of Sylvia's many “bunnies,” near-penniless students who borrowed books from Sylvia rather than buying them, whom she playfully named after the French word for “subscriber,” abonné.

Walter knocked at Adrienne's door and was immediately admitted, not by the concierge, but by Adrienne, her plump face now tightly lined with tension. "You came," was all she said. They climbed the long curving marble staircase in silence; when they entered her fourth-floor apartment, Adrienne's current lover, the young German-Jewish photographer Gisèle Freund, locked the door behind them. When Gisèle replaced Sylvia as Adrienne's lover, the three of them, Sylvia, Adrienne, and Gisèle, had become close friends.

Walter had never gotten quite used to Adrienne's choice of décor. Everything was pink—the toile wallpaper, the heavy drapes, the upholstery, the table linens. Every time he visited Adrienne, he felt as if he had been plunged into the midst of a rose garden gone wild.

Food had been scarce in Paris for nearly a week, but somehow Adrienne had been able to manage spinach and saffron omelets, some ripe strawberries, and fresh brioche. They had far too much on their minds and in their hearts for conversation. The only sound in the room was the clatter of cutlery. Like the rest of Paris, the four of them were holding their breath.

Adrienne's spacious kitchen had large windows overlooking the rue de Odéon. They provided a clear view of the broad expanse of the boulevard Saint-Germain, flanked by the surrounding buildings, opening up at the end of the street a few blocks away. It was, Walter thought, like an empty canvas in the distance, about to be filled by an artist whose brush was dipped in Hell.

They heard the German army enter Paris before they saw it. Walter had never listened to the piercing metallic squeal of tank treads and the frightening low diesel growl of tank engines before. It was a sound he knew he would haunt him the rest of his life. More faintly, breaking through the noise of the tanks, they could catch the sound of a marching band.

The harsh grating clamor of tanks stopped. Walter imagined them now in defensive positions, tank commanders sweeping the surrounding buildings with binoculars for threats, gun crews at the ready. The sound of marching bands grew closer, then, seconds

before the first Germans appeared, Sylvia, Adrienne, Gisèle, and Walter clearly heard the clatter of hundreds of iron-clad horse hooves. Lines of *Wehrmacht* cavalry entered the scene in front of them on elegantly-groomed mounts, eight abreast, their riders tall, blonde, eyes forward—stern—terrifying.

The four friends lost track of time as thousands of Germans paraded through their small picture frame into the heart of Paris: an interminable stream of tanks, nasty little whippet-like armored cars, truck and horse-drawn artillery, half-tracks full of soldiers staring straight ahead like robots, and endless files of grey-clad, jack-booted infantry. The infantrymen sang lustily and triumphantly as they marched, their massed voices bouncing off the stone walls around them.

Walter recognized many of the songs and understood the lyrics: the *Horst Wessel Lied*, *Wenn Wir Fahren Gegen England*, and of course, the *Wehrmacht's* favorite, *Erika*.

“In der Heimat weint um dich ein Mägdelein, und das heißt: Erika. Back at home, a maiden weeps for you, and she's called Erika.” As he watched what felt like an endless river of young Germans march by, Walter thought: I wonder if in time you'll wish you'd never left her.

Finally, the procession ended with a column of heavy supply trucks and petrol tankers. As silence returned Sylvia said, “What makes it worse is that they actually sing very well.”

“C'est tout très impressionnant, mais moi, je dis que ce n'est pas que la merde,” said Adrienne. “It's all quite impressive, but I say it's just shit.”

Walter looked down at his half-eaten omelet, now cold and soggy. “Well, their entrance into Paris has certainly started badly. They managed to ruin what should have been another of Adrienne's marvelous breakfasts.” He waited a few minutes before asking the question he knew was on all their minds. “Sylvia, what do you imagine you will do now? Stay in Paris or leave?”

“I became frightened yesterday and tried to get out but couldn’t. There were no trains. And the stories one hears of the Germans bombing and machine-gunning the refugees on the roads ... No,” she shrugged, “I will stay here with the rest of Paris and see this through.”

Seeing the worry on Walter’s face, she added, “I should be all right. Ambassador Bullitt issued red cards to identify American-owned businesses.” In a resigned gesture, Sylvia pushed her empty coffee cup away from her. “And this can’t last forever. I simply cannot imagine a world in which the Nazis are allowed to triumph. This is like a disease—we must endure the horrors until the sickness passes.”

“Well put, Sylvia,” Adrienne declared. “And I, too, will remain.” She did not need to mention the risk involved in that decision. Over the past few years, Adrienne had published scathing articles in her journal denouncing the Nazis’ treatment of Jews. The articles had been widely read in France and, Walter had no doubt, in Germany as well. What Walter also knew, but didn’t say, was that Adrienne had been actively helping Jews escape France since the start of the war, hiding some, like the writer Arthur Koestler, in the rooms above her bookstore until their forged papers could be completed. Her bravery might come at a much higher price than Sylvia’s.

“What about you?” Sylvia asked Walter.

“I don’t know. Really. I imagine the Germans will respect American neutrality and not want to offend us. I doubt they think the American people will have much interest in what happens over here. I suspect life at the Sorbonne will continue as usual, and I have a book to finish.”

“Ah,” Adrienne said. “Ronsard and the *Pléiade*.” She raised her eyebrows in what Walter sensed was a gentle reproof. “One might wonder how you could write about ideal love in a time like this of such hateful violence?”

“When it comes to poetry,” Gisèle said, “I much prefer Brecht these days, although one is not permitted to read him now in Herr Hitler’s Germany.” She thought for a moment. “Yes. I think it goes like this.”

*Gegen abends versammle ich um mich Männer
Wir reden uns da mit ‘Gentlemen’ an.
Sie haben ihre Füße auf meinen Tischen
Und sagen: Es wird besser mit uns.
Und ich frage nicht: “Wann?”*

Walter translated for Sylvia. “In the evening, I get together with my friends. We greet each other as ‘Gentlemen.’ They put their feet up on my table and say ‘Things will get better for us.’ And I never ask When?”

CHAPTER 13

PARIS—JULY 28, 1940

* * * * *

Throughout Walter's convalescence, Sylvia had kept him up to date on conditions in Paris. Her news was increasingly grim. "The first week or so," she said, "the Germans acted like tourists on holiday. I was on the Métro one day and saw a German enlisted man sitting down in front of a pregnant woman standing in the crowded aisle of the car. An officer nearby saw it and angrily ordered the enlisted man to get up and give the woman his seat. They don't do that anymore.

"The average Parisian treats the Germans as if they don't exist—nobody talks to them, people don't make eye contact—when Germans are in a restaurant, it is as if an invisible wall, a *cordon sanitaire* has been raised around them to prevent their infection from spreading. It's strange. The Germans officially need to be feared in order to maintain control. Nowadays we have to carry and produce on demand so much paperwork: an ID card, properly-dated food and clothing ration cards that match our ID cards, a tobacco purchase voucher, regardless if one smokes or not, and as appropriate and needed, travel permits and work permits. "Food was hard to find right after the Germans arrived. Now it's almost impossible. We've all been given ration cards—limited to 1,200 calories a day. Among the products rationed are meat, milk, butter, cheese, bread, sugar, eggs, oil, coffee, fish, wine, soap, tobacco, salt, potatoes, clothing, for God's sake, and shoe leather. We walk everywhere. So when our shoe leather wears out I guess we'll line our shoes with cardboard.

"And the rationing is a joke—a bad joke. It does you no good to have a bread ticket for 50 grams of bread each day

when there's no bread. I scurry all over Paris on my bike, chasing rumors that such and such a shop has meat or butter. When you get there, the lines are huge and if the shop has anything available, it's usually gone quickly.

“Wealthy residents, and the Germans, of course, can get food. The best restaurants that cater to the Germans and *bourgeoisie*—Maxim's, Lucas Carton, Lapérouse, Tour d'Argent, and the Ritz—are still thriving, but ordinary people like us fight for crumbs. The other day I stood on the street looking up at the crowd at the Tour d'Argent, dining on sole and the famous ducks. They were looking down with a diabolical satisfaction, like gargoyles, on the gray ocean of roofs under which the hungry struggle to survive.”

CHAPTER 38

PARIS—SEPTEMBER 6, 1941

Walter's first appointment the next day was with Dr. Jackson at the American Hospital. He exited the Métro at the Pont de Levallois-Bécon stop and wandered down the pleasant, tree-lined rue Paul Vaillant Couturier to the entrance on rue Victor Hugo. Except for the Nazi flags everywhere and the gloomy pall over the city, it would have been a perfect late summer Paris day. He entered by the Memorial Gate in the interior courtyard of the handsome stone and brick cluster of buildings. Looking around, he noticed the flower gardens below the terrace that he had enjoyed as a patient had now been turned into vegetable gardens.

When he entered Dr. Jackson's office, Walter's first, instinctive reaction was shock—and concern. In his eyes and demeanor, Dr. Jackson still looked like the incredibly strong man Walter had met a year before; physically, he looked like a frail old man. He'd taken off his lab coat and was wearing a tattered sweater with holes in the elbows over a shirt with a frayed collar. Dr. Jackson noticed Walter's expression.

“A year trying to survive on a starvation diet will do this to you. As your body declines, so does your overall health and resistance to infection and disease. There's no easier place to get sick than a hospital. And this past winter was brutal. Coldest we've ever had in Paris that I can remember, with scant coal for the fireplaces. I felt like I was back in Spruce Head, Maine—but without any warm clothing. But enough of me. How's your knee?”

Walter dropped his trousers and Dr. Jackson knelt down to inspect his handiwork. “Fine, fine. Hop up on the desk, if

you please.” Walter sat on the edge of Dr. Jackson’s desk. “Now flex your leg.” Walter easily raised his leg against the pressure of Dr. Jackson’s hand on his ankle. Dr. Jackson then cupped Walter’s ankle in two hands at waist height. “The other way please.” Walter lowered his leg without difficulty.

“Excellent muscle tone,” Dr. Jackson nodded approvingly. “You’ve been quite diligent in your rehabilitation.”

“The Brits that I trained under had a lot to do with that, Dr. Jack.” By now, Walter was comfortable using the same name everyone else used with Doctor Jackson.

Dr. Jackson waved Walter off his desk to pull his pants back up and sit in the chair by the desk. Dr. Jackson sat down behind his desk, let his fatigue wash through him, and took a deep breath.

“In any case, I’m quite pleased. And you’ll need all the strength you can summon for what you’re planning to do.” He looked at his watch. “I’m due in surgery in an hour. We’d better get to work. Do you have the papers for your alter ego?”

Walter had brought a briefcase with its own secret pocket. He extracted the false passport for the British RAF pilot who would return to England using Walter’s identity, along with the stamped customs documents, entry, and exit forms. Dr. Jackson examined the papers. The photo of the man on Walter’s passport was close enough to get through any normal inspection.

“Good,” Dr. Jackson said. “Would it be convenient to make the swap in two days—let’s say at 9:00 in the morning?”

“I need to meet my new employer—I guess the less I say about him the better?”

“Very much the better. In this business, the old saying holds that the left hand should never shake the right hand.”

“I will call on Sylvia Beach, too. But I can get that done today and make the meeting.”

“I haven’t been told anything about your mission other than that for a while, you’re disappearing under deep cover. That’s all I want to know. You’ll need a contact with the *résistance*, however. I’ll arrange that for when you return on the 8th. You should know that I work with two different groups, which I keep scrupulously separate: the escape network for shot-down airmen and escaped POWs that I run out of the hospital, and the intelligence network that uses my home on avenue Foch for meetings and a drop point for messages. It used to serve as my office when I had a private practice, so there’s a handy first-floor side entrance that’s well-screened from the avenue.”

“Avenue Foch? Isn’t that where...”

“Where the Gestapo headquarters and other German military offices are located? That’s why they call it ‘avenue *Boche*’ now. Yes. The Gestapo are right up the street. Some might find that a bit intimidating; in fact, we’re actually hiding in plain sight. Same thing with the hospital. The *Wehrmacht’s Neuilly Kommandatur* is just across from the hospital’s main gate. Because the Germans would never think to do something as brazenly risky as this, our intelligence and escape activities are actually invisible to them.”

“Still...” Walter began.

“Really, it’s simple. I couldn’t live with myself if I *weren’t* doing this.” He rose slowly from his chair and walked to the window to gather his thoughts before turning back to Walter.

“Now we’ll need some communication points. Let’s see ... chalk marks in places you’re likely to pass each day on your messenger rounds.”

“I’m staying near the Luxembourg Gardens. I’ll have a bicycle.”

“Fine. You know the *pissoir* off rue Bonaparte near Saint-Sulpice?”

“The 5 centimes one—*Cabinets Inodores*? Prettier than most and less smelly. I’ve used it before.”

“Exactly. Look for two diagonal chalk marks low down on the South side wall. The other signaling spot we use is the *pissoir* on the Place du Louvre near the intersection with rue de l’Amiral de Coligny.”

“Across from le Fumoir restaurant near the Louvre-Rivoli Métro station?”

“Yes. That’s the one. Same arrangement. Do make a point of riding by one or the other each day and coming to the hospital to meet with me if you see the message. If I’m not at the hospital, come to 11 avenue Foch. But check the window curtains by the side entrance first. If they’re open, it’s safe to come in; if they’re closed, there’s a problem. In that case, don’t enter ... keep on going on your bike and turn off avenue Foch as soon as you can. rue de Traktir if you can make it, or cut through the embassy to the shops fronting on avenue Victor Hugo. ... Oh, and one other thing that’s really quite important. ... If you ever pass one of these signaling places and there’s an ‘X’ chalked on the wall, get the hell out of Paris as fast as you can.”

Walter’s next stop was his bank on boulevard Haussmann. After presenting his card to a fawning attendant, Walter was ushered through the cavernously empty lobby into the office of the manager, Charles Suchet. The office was elegant—gleaming wooden paneling, rich brocaded curtains framing a massive Second Empire desk adorned with what Walter guessed was a Napoleon III gilded green crystal inkwell. Suchet, with his pince-nez glasses, formal morning coat, and black patent-leather shoes, was just as elegant. He looks like Hercule Poirot, thought Walter, and acts just as fussy. I have no idea how he gets his mustache to curl like that.

Suchet desperately wanted to talk; Walter wanted to get out of the bank with his money as fast as possible. Their conversation turned into an awkward dance of half-finished sentences and polite interruptions punctuated by Suchet's anxiously smiling, lacquered head bobbing like an absurd street corner marionette:

“No, Monsieur Suchet, I'm not planning on staying in Paris ... Thank you, really, but I wouldn't at this time be interested in ... That's quite kind of you, I'm sure, but might we return to....”

Step by tedious step, Walter verified that yes, his money was still in his account (and hadn't yet been looted by the Nazis) ... yes, while it was a considerable sum, he could if he chose, withdraw all of his funds ... the bank was, of course, more than happy to accommodate him—and close his account ... today ... before he left.

Walter toyed briefly with the idea of asking for his money in German Marks, then resigned himself to taking devalued francs and making his escape back onto the nearly empty boulevard Haussmann.

Shakespeare & Company's sign had been painted over, curtains had been drawn across the windows facing the street, and a sign hung by the door announced:



Walter stepped back into the street and called out, hoping Sylvia was still living in her second-floor apartment. “Sylvia! Are you there? It's Walter!”

A window opened above him. Sylvia's head popped out. "My goodness! What a surprise, Walter! I'll be right down!"

Sylvia opened the door and Walter entered the familiar shop he had come to love as a second home. It was now desolate, dusty, and completely stripped of books. Even the shelves had been removed.

"Sylvia! What in the world...?"

"The Germans warned me that they were going to confiscate all my books. So I had all my French friends—the ones who are still here—move all my books to the fourth floor where no one can find them. Adrienne has the treasures like Joyce's works—the Germans would destroy if they found them. So when the Germans showed up and looked in the windows, they saw nothing. They got back in their big cars, and left me alone."

"Can you come up for a visit?" she asked. "I don't have much. Perhaps some biscuits...a little wine..."

"No, Sylvia, I'm so sorry. I really can't." Walter had instantly noticed how haggard she looked, just like Dr. Jackson. "I'm here only for a day or two to get some things. I just wanted to know that you were OK." He decided not to comment on her appearance.

She reached up to take his face in her hands and kiss him. "I'm a survivor, Walter. I'll get through this, hard as it is. And I'm not alone, I still have dear friends here to look after me."

It was a painful moment for Walter. "I know you do, Sylvia, and bless them." After a moment he asked, "And Adrienne?"

"Adrienne's a survivor, too. She's stronger than me, you know."

He paused again, searching for the right, the safe words. "There's something else I have to tell you, Sylvia." He noticed

the look in her eyes. She suspects, Walter thought. “Walter Hirsch is leaving Paris in a few days for America. He won’t be returning—as a civilian, anyway, until the Nazis are defeated and Europe is liberated. From time to time, you may see someone who *looks like* Walter Hirsch—a bicycle messenger—riding around.” He met her glance. “You don’t know him. In fact, you’ve *never* known him. Please.”

“Not to worry, Walter. I’m getting on in years, my hearing is going, my memory has abandoned me, and I’m becoming blind as a bat. If I’m ever questioned, as far as I know, Walter Hirsch has gone off to Cuba to fish with Hemingway.”

She gave him a final hug and kissed him on both cheeks. “I don’t know what you’re about, Walter, and don’t want to know. *Quand le vin est tiré, il faut le boire, qu’il soit amer ou sucré.* Once the bottle is opened, we must drink the wine, whether bitter or sweet. But where ever you go, my prayers will be with you.”