

Shanghai fern von wo

**Seite 8-9: Von “Daß” bis “durfte.”**

That Tausig believed, one could speak law and feel legally, enforce a law with the help of a lawyer, was not wrong. No belief was wrong, when one held it. That he himself would once become lawless, he had never thought, perhaps there was also a lack of imagination to do so. Why imagine something with power, that is unimaginable? Tausig was a Hungarian lawyer from Temeswar, Temeswar was a part of Austria-Hungary, there was no doubt about that, both German and Hungarian were spoken in the city, the judgement was Austrian, that confused nobody, it was a wise time, in which one could be Agnostic or Jewish or Protestant in Karlsbad and Catholic or not Catholic in Linz and Muslim or not Muslim or Agnostic in Mostar, that was Austria-Hungary, one did not need to judge, one could invoke a right that was wide-reaching. The heads in Temeswar were Romanian and German and Hungarian, that did not matter, you went into the Cafe, smoked, drank, waved to the waiter, let yourself be called to the phone. To be called for was a great novelty: Mr. Lawyer Tausig, please! The lawyer Tausig straightened himself up, rose, he was tall, strode through the Cafe powerfully, perhaps a bit clumsy, he took the receiver in hand, listened, listened, and cradled his head apprehensively, professional discretion towards the client, who seemed to be a future client, serious weighing up, nodding his head into the phone, which was nonsense, he noticed it himself, and confidentiality. I'm coming right away, he said. But no such client had called, his young wife Franziska wanted to speak to him, just to hear his voice! The deep, soft, exceedingly polite Hungarian voice. And he laughed into the Cafe, whispered in the mouthpiece, laughed with amusement at the longing of his wife, a longing to hear, to love, to be happy, whose creator and receiver he was at the same time. He paid and left the Cafe. So he had explained it to Lazarus, and so had Lazarus passed it along, full of wonder about love, as he was not allowed to know it.

**Seite 22-23: “Ein Rechtsanwalt [...] Produkt.”**

A Lawyer had terrible cards, especially terrible cards if he was old and hard of hearing. Lazarus too did not tire of saying: “The Lawyers were essentially as good as lost, because what should they do with German or Austrian law in China?” He knew of several who were admitted to

Chinese courts, and a legal expert who was a judge in Breslau was employed at the arbitration court by the Jewish community, which was also not everyone's cup of tea. Mr. Tausig prepared himself in that he did a course in machine knitting. A knitting machine with many clattering teeth, not just two needles but a whole set of teeth: that was the latest craze. And he even brought a product of his newfound skill with him, a scarf that he knit for his wife. He twisted it and balled it in his hand, but nobody was interested in his product.