
EXILES AND DEMOCRACY

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new must now become part of our cultural soil. But in opening our minds and hearts to the persecuted and put-upon creative minds of Europe, we must not allow that to be our first consideration.

If ever there was a time when the integrity of each of the separate cultures of crippled nations must be preserved, it is now.

We Americas, in giving asylum to those cultures, are not inheriting them. We are as peculiar to ourselves as they are to themselves. We are merely helping to preserve their vitality and integrity.

The World of Today

BY HEINZ POL

I did not come to the United States solely to be safe in my own person and liberty—I might have obtained a visa to some other country from France.

No, I came here because I wanted to live in a land, a continent singled out by destiny to come into the heritage of Europe, regardless of how Europe will look after the war is over.

If this sounds like trite and fulsome flattery, I can only say that it is not intended to be anything of the kind. During the many months I had to spend in French concentration camps I had plenty of time to think things over. I inevitably reached the conclusion that the future belongs to America rather than to Europe.

To my way of thinking, the United States, regardless of whether it is forced into the war or not, will definitely assume the task of bringing to its shores the intellectual elite of Europe. I believe that this will lead to an amalgamation of the best in America with the best European traditions in the field of culture, science, and art, giving America world leadership in the realm of the spirit.

In the few months I have been in the United States innumerable outstanding men have been arriving from all parts of the unfortunate Old World—writers, musicians, painters, scientists, physicians, theologians—from Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Central and Eastern Europe. I am sure that not all of them have come here purely to save their lives—that many are aware that here in America, and here alone, the heritage of Europe is secure, that here it may be best continued and incorporated.

When I say incorporated, I do not mean grafted upon America. We have

not come here to teach but to learn. Among ourselves, there has been not the slightest occasion for European arrogance as regards America for some decades now; and I am certain that those of us who have recently come here still showing traces of that arrogance, have quickly dropped it. The contrast between the free culture of America and the hell from which we have escaped is too great.

Of course I had seen the New York skyscrapers a hundred times in print and photo, and the actuality did not overwhelm me nearly as much as did such a thing as the Public Library, about which I had heard very little in Europe. When I entered the building for the first time, I felt strange and at once at home. There was something universal about it—something European as well as American—but where in Europe are such institutions left?

Here in America is the world of today, and all the prerequisites for the world of tomorrow. Here there are freshness and vitality, resources that

have not yet been tapped, an utter absence of decay. America's resilience and freedom from prejudice are the very opposite of the fatigue, the jaded "wisdom" across the sea. At the risk of voicing a complete commonplace I must admit that I feel at least ten years younger since I am here. I should like to wager that most of my fellow exiles have had the same experience.

America looks exactly as Europe ought to look—and if Europe ever is to regain a semblance of its old aspect this can happen only through the aid of America. More is at stake than merely sending airplanes and destroyers to England. With the aid of such armaments England—today not only the outpost of Europe but also of America—may succeed in preventing the final collapse of Europe. But the material and cultural reconstruction of Europe is unthinkable without America.

I firmly believe that the political and cultural refugees who have found asylum in America have the bounden duty to blend their European traditions with American culture into a richer life. Only the performance of this task will entitle them to take part in America's reconstruction of a new Europe.

THE EXILED WRITERS

(Continued from page 5)

off like we exiled writers are, we are too well off than the writers in France."

Still others of the exiles (many of whom are in France) are deriving their sap from a root-ground altogether different from that of a Romains, or a Werfel, or an Auden, or a Kisch. The new roots of these writers have been driven deep into the bomb-torn, blood-drenched soil of the contemporary scene. In a letter from a concentration camp, Friedrich Wolf wrote: "Now, I have received here impressions unforgettable for a writer. I am not complaining. I would only like to bring into being my two other scenarios; the first about Dr. Niemöller, the anti-Hitlerian Protestant minister, who now has been held more than two years in concentration camps; the other, Lilo, the girl student, the first young woman whom Hitler had beheaded. To work, to work in my profession like an anti-Hitlerian writer! . . . I want to work as a writer today. Later, I shall be truly dead."

Lion Feuchtwanger's "Paris Gazette" has related the struggle for an exiles' newspaper in the Paris of 1935 between the Nazis and anti-Nazis. One passage reads: "In the old German language there were two words

for the exile: the word 'Recke' which meant simply an outlaw, and the word 'Elend' which meant a man without a country, a miserable creature driven from the land . . . Yes, exile chafes men, makes them small and wretched, makes them elend, but exile also hardens men and makes them great and heroic outlaws, Recken . . . Many hopes both inside and outside the Third Reich were fixed on these emigrants. These outlaws, people thought, were called and chosen to drive out the barbarians who had taken possession of their homes."

These are the pages of a Feuchtwanger come into being out of the bookburnings of the Manns, out of the flights of the Undsets, out of the murders of the Lorcas. The exiles in France, one hundred and fifty men and women, are now facing Lorca's fate or continued internment in the camps. Their varied creative drives, indicated in this article, can only enrich American writing.

The time is growing short for one hundred and fifty men and women, trapped in the French camps. Here, in the United States another group of exiles, one hundred and fifty of them, have received the chance to function again as writers.

Notes on the Contributors

Hermann Broch ["Ethical Duty," p. 8] is the author of "The Sleepwalkers" and "The Unknown Quantity," both published in this country. Born in Vienna, he began a conventional business career in his father's textile factory. In this connection, he lived and traveled in Czechoslovakia, Alsace, and North America. He did not turn seriously to writing until about the age of forty. He came to the United States several years ago.

Pearl Buck, who received the Nobel Prize for Literature in November, 1938, was born in West Virginia, of a missionary family. She lived in China for many years, teaching in various Chinese universities from 1921 on. Her books include "The Good Earth," "Sons," "The Mother," a translation of the Chinese classic, "All Men Are Brothers," "House of Earth," "The Patriot," and, most recently, "Other Gods."

Erich Kahler ["Collectivists," p. 8] was a historian and scientist of wide reputation in Europe. He was born in Prague, and studied in Vienna, Heidelberg, and Munich. About twenty-five years he took part in a famous controversy with the economist, Max Weber, on the meaning and purpose of science. He lived in Munich, Prague, and Switzerland, and his books include the outstanding "Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas," "Israel unter den Völkern," and "Der Beruf der Wissenschaft." Dr. Kahler came to the United States in 1938, and is now living in Princeton.

André Maurois ["Men of Good Will," p. 6] has twice served in the French army as liaison officer with the British forces. A native of Normandy, educated at Rouen, his first book came out in 1918 as the result of material which he had collected during his service as an army officer. "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" became an overnight success, and from this followed biographies—of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli, and Voltaire. Captain André Maurois was in Belgium last spring with the British forces; from there he was sent on a mission to London. After the French armistice, he was demobilized, and reached this country via Canada. His "Tragedy in France" was published two weeks ago.

Maurice Maeterlinck [Poem, "Serre Chaude," p. 7] was born in Ghent (Belgium), but moved in 1887 to Paris, where the influence of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and the French symbolists shaped his development as a poet. Up to the time of the first World War Maeter-

linck's work was characterized by a mystical interpretation of human life expressed in a simple, carefully-pruned style. He returned to live in Belgium, and wrote a play about the then German occupation of his country. Maeterlinck has long been known to the English-reading public through translations of "The Blue Bird" and "The Life of the Bees," but not so well known is his interest in English literature; he is the author of a translation of "Macbeth" and various essays on Shakespeare.

Hans Alexander Mueller [some of whose woodcuts appear in this issue], arrived in New York City in March, 1937. A native of Nordhausen, Germany, he had worked and taught for nearly twenty years at the Leipzig Academy of Graphic Arts. His first impressions of the United States are charmingly set forth in a small volume, "Woodcuts of New York," published two years ago. Mr. Mueller is now art instructor at Columbia University.

Heinz Pol ["A New Life," p. 7] a native of Berlin, was political editor of the "Vossische Zeitung," and a friend and collaborator of Carl von Ossietzky. Before 1933, he obtained interviews with Hitler, Goebbels, and participated in secret meetings of the Nazi party. On the night of the Reichstag fire, Pol was arrested, but a few days later managed to escape to Czechoslovakia, whence he edited the anti-Nazi "Der Simpl." Persecuted by the Gestapo, he went to Paris in 1936, and engaged in anti-totalitarian journalism until May, 1940, when he was interned by the French Government. He escaped from the camp, and crossed the Atlantic Ocean on the last French steamer to leave a French port. His "Suicide of a Democracy," dealing with the collapse of France, was just published.

Rudolph Charles von Ripper [etching, p. 11] was born in Klausenburg, Transylvania, the son of a general in the Austrian Army. He studied in Salzburg, Vienna, Düsseldorf, and Berlin, and was well known in Parisian and Berlin art circles. Leaving Germany when Hitler came to power, he was ar-

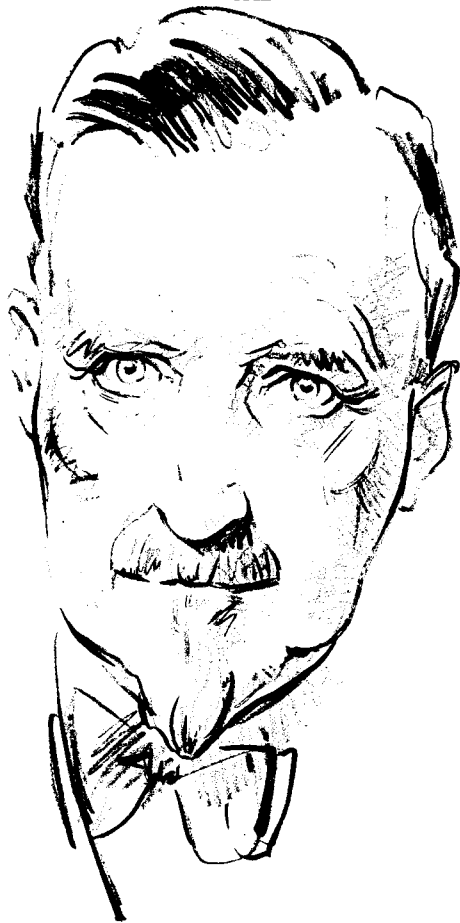


rested and imprisoned in Oranienburg, whence he was released through the intervention of the Austrian Government. He then lived in Majorca and in Salzburg, but with the Nazi occupation of Austria imminent, he was forced to flee. He arrived in the United States in February, 1938. Mr. von Ripper has held two one-man shows in New York City at the A. C. A. galleries; some of his work has been acquired by the Museum of Modern Art and the New York Public Library. The Bignou Gallery will soon show a series of etchings entitled "The Body and Soul of John Brown."

To Americans Jules Romain ["Democracy's Sin," p. 6] is well-known as the author of the "Men of Good Will" sequence, but in France his dramatic pieces and writing in the field of psychic-scientific research are immediately connected with his name. In 1908 he published "La Vie Unanime," in which may be found his philosophy of unanimism, a socio-psychological point of view which underlies his fiction. Romain's research in visual perception led to the monograph "Extra-Retinary Sight," a minor landmark in its day. The farce "Knock," which came out in 1925, was a great theatrical success, and Romain also explored tragic drama in "Le Dictateur" and "Jean le Maufranc." Born Jules-Louis Farigoule at St-Julien-Chapteuil, in Velay, he spent his childhood and youth in Montmartre, to which readers will refer the background for Louis Bastide's adventures. Romain taught school for about ten years, in the provinces, then settled down in the Belleville quarter of Paris as a serious novelist, moving later to a country place in Touraine.

Princess Paul Sapieha ["The Lessons of Poland," p. 9] was born in New York, and, as Virgilia Peterson Ross, contributed reviews to the *Herald Tribune Books*, and stories to *Harpers* and *Scribner's*. She went from Vassar to the University of Grenoble where she met Prince Paul Sapieha, and, quite a few years later, married him. From 1933 until September 1939, she lived in Poland, and the record of these years was given in the recently-published "Polish Profile."

Georges Schreiber [Gallery of exiles, pp. 16 and 17] was born in Brussels, and studied in Berlin, Düsseldorf, Paris, and London. He came to the United States in 1928 as the country of his chosen adoption. He has crossed to the West Coast four times and his travels in every state were represented at the Exhibition, "The Panorama of America," held by the Associated American Artists a year or so ago. He won the Tuthill Prize at Chicago in 1932, and his work is in the Metropolitan, Whitney, and Brooklyn Museums.



Heinrich Mann



Lion Feuchtwanger



Lutz Romain



Arnold Zweig

A GALLERY

By
Georges Schreiber

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