



"He was the man BYRON would have liked to be!"

TRELAWNY

"BIOGRAPHY THAT INCLUDES ALL THE CHARMS and VIVACITIES OF FICTION."

By Margaret

Armstrong

TRELAWNY

Midshipman in His Majesty's Navy at the age of 14.

TRELAWNY

Pirate in the Indian Ocean at 18.

TRELAWNY

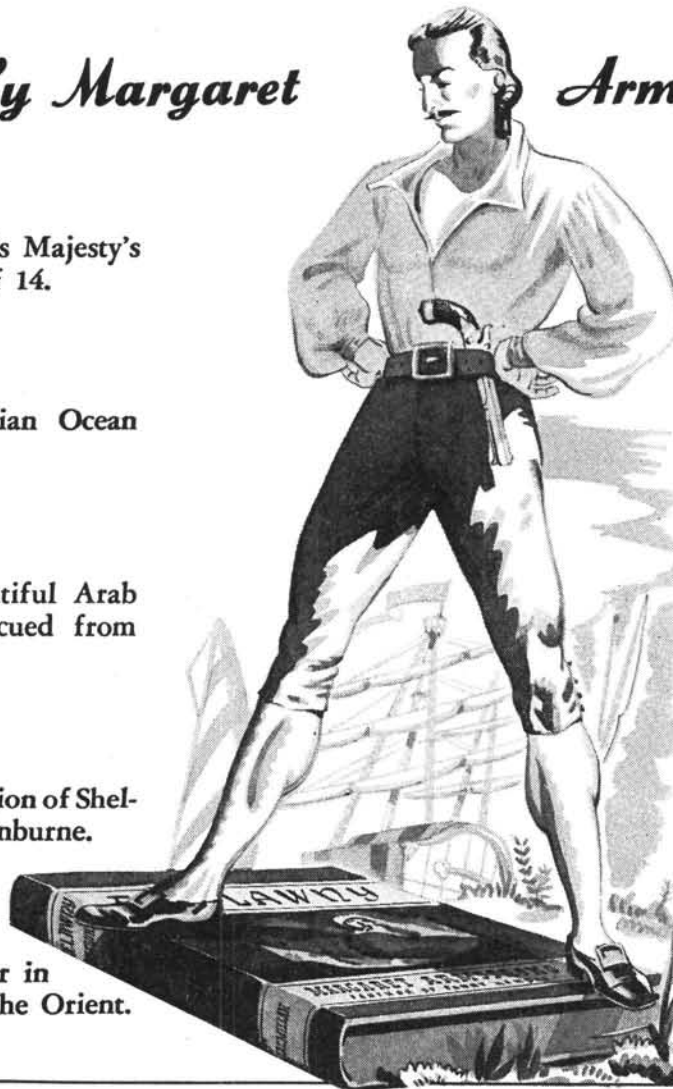
Married to a beautiful Arab girl whom he rescued from slavery.

TRELAWNY

Fascinating companion of Shelley, Byron and Swinburne.

TRELAWNY

Dashing adventurer in India, Arabia and the Orient.



TRELAWNY

He snatched Shelley's heart from the blazing pyre.

TRELAWNY

With Byron he fought for the Freedom of Greece.

TRELAWNY

He lived in a cave on Mount Parnassus, blood-brother to Odysseus, robber outlaw chief.

TRELAWNY

Champion of liberty, arch adventurer of all time, flesh and blood man whose legend will go on as long as courage is a virtue.

\$3.00

"Here is a book to make the reader exclaim on every page:

'But this could *not* have happened,' knowing full well and rejoicing that it could and did."—*Wings*

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NEW YORK

The Committee of Publishers, which has organized the Dinner for the Benefit of Exiled Workers on October 17, appreciatively welcomes the co-operation of THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE in bringing out this special issue to coincide with the occasion.

We contend that the extension of aid to exiled writers is no charity. For publishers and for anyone with an interest in literature such action is merely some repayment of the debt to the great continental authors of recent years whose work has enriched our culture and our lives. These writers have kept alive the real traditions of Europe; they now preserve the truth while their world is being pillaged.

Furthermore, we have a great common interest with these creative men and women. They have had the courage to face exile and persecution for their beliefs. If we are to preserve our own

traditions and our democracy we will follow their example and be prepared to give up many things which may be part of an orderly world but must be thrown overboard as excess baggage in the present world struggle of ideas and of arms. Fundamentally the aims of the exiled writers are the same as our aims and they have shown us the way.

In these difficult days we more than ever welcome European authors to this continent. We are proud to give them asylum and we applaud their fortitude.



For the Committee of Publishers.

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The Exiled Writers

BENJAMIN APPEL

I often think that we have the same adventures to undergo as Odysseus. Only the gods are not in the story. *From the letter of a refugee writer.*

THE bomb of fascism was first manufactured in Italy, then in Germany. Manufacture of the bomb spread throughout Europe. And the bomb exploded, wrecking the great rooms of the nations, smashing the studies of the writers, blowing the books out to the bonfires on the streets.

In Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Oslo, Paris, all sorts of writers, ivory tower writers, historical writers, leftist writers—became participants with housewives and lawyers and farmers in the bloody terror of the time. Instead of peace there was flight. Instead of work there was flight. And the writers fled. Behind them, their books lit the sky from Germany to the Atlantic.

Some did not flee. In Spain, the poet Garcia Lorca was shot by Franco. The *index librorum prohibitorum* banned the dead man's poems, banned the books of Ramon Sender and Jose Bergamin (both now resident in Mexico),

banned Dickens, Balzac, Tolstoy. The Fascists did not care when the honest writer had written. In Greece, the plays of the ancient Grecian masters, plays attacking despots long since dust, were forbidden. Everywhere, the great dead joined the new dead and the living in exile.

Everywhere, the living pens of Europe stopped the writing of stories, novels, essays, poems. A new transitional literature was being composed on the trains and in the concentration camps, a literature of letters whose envelopes carried the same address: U.S.A., whose enclosures carried the same message: *Save us or we perish.*

The exiles wrote of their sufferings:

"When you get this card I don't know what has become of me. Anyhow I know how a mouse in a trap feels. I send you—perhaps—my last greetings."

They wrote of the concentration camps:

"Straw mattresses were placed one above the other and others back to back. A thick coat of dust covered everything. The smell was poisonous and the air suffocating. Sixty-four women were packed into this room—16 metres long, 7 wide, and 3½ high—

and provided with only two windows and one door."

They wrote of flight, always of flight:

"I shall some day write down our fantastic flight through France. It was rather grotesque how we, the only ones on foot at all, got through in the end against all reason and foresight, caught up continuously by motorized refugees in panic, behind, to the right, to the left, and even sometimes ahead, the German tanks and bombardments."

BUT some writers "got through" to America "against all reason." And the inevitable questions arise in American minds. What will the exiles write about? Will the loss of their roots hinder their creative growth? What effect has their experience had upon their future work?

I went to see Jules Romains in his apartment a few blocks north of Columbus Circle in New York City. The tricolor flag of the French Republic was tacked to one corner of the bookcase in which the many volumes of "Men of Good Will" filled the shelves. Their author was in his study in the adjoining room. He was seated at a