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The Torch of Freedom: Twenty Exiles of History.

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THE TORCH OF FREEDOM: TWENTY EXILES OF HISTORY
Edited by Emil Ludwig and Henry B. Kranz
(Farrar & Rinehart \$3.50)

Reviewed by K l a u s M a n n

The editors of this colorful and highly instructive volume present a series of historical sketches, written by contemporary refugees about classic exiles. "They were all fighters," claim Messrs Ludwig and Kranz. "Men who did not fight in exile for freedom and human progress were not included."

Yet the collection opens with a paper by Lion Feuchtwanger on the Roman poet Ovid, whose exile was due to an erotic scandal and ~~was~~ seemed to the involuntary martyr "nothing but a piece of colossally bad luck." Feuchtwanger calls Ovid a "lackey who had been suddenly chased away," and insists that the banished bard had positively no interest in politics. As for the last character of the gallery -- the Austrian Stefan Zweig, analyzed by his compatriot Raoul Auernheimer -- he hated fighting so much that he chose suicide, simply because he could not stand life in a world at war.

Sigrid Undset evokes the half-legendary figure of the Norwegian King ~~#~~ Olav, chivalrous champion of freedom and Christianity; Karin Michaelis tells the fascinating story of Tycho Brahe, the Danish nobleman and stargazer who had to leave his country and served the art-loving Emperor Rudolf in Prague. The French poet, Ivan Goll, writes with eloquence and sensitivity about Voltaire's spirited struggle for tolerance and justice, against infamy; another Frenchman -- the distinguished critic and correspondent, Robert de Saint Jean -- pays homage to Victor Hugo, to whom "exile was joy... because it was power." The same unquenchable

flame that guided Voltaire and Hugo -- the spark from the torch of freedom -- transfigured the slow agony of a German Jew and genius in Paris: Heinrich Heine, whose triumph and tragedy are described by a modern fugitive from Teutonic barbarism, the novelist and biographer H.E. Jacob.

Joseph Wittlin's piece on Tadeusz Kosciuszko is candid and competent; Hans Habe contributes a dramatic study on the Hungarian hero and martyr, Kossuth; Jan Masaryk, a concise resumé of his father's constructive efforts during his years of exile. Lydia Nadejena's portrait of Lenin is by ^{no} means stirring original but informative and pleasantly unassuming.

Maybe it was not a fortunate idea to include two separate essays on Mazzini and Garibaldi, whose experiences and philosophies are so closely interrelated; yet Sforza's presentation of the militant thinker and Panunzio's treatise on the inspired ~~soldier~~ warrior are both valuable and relevant.

Alvarez del Vayo, in his brilliant survey of Simon Bolivar's erratic career, does not quite succeed in proving that the South-American Liberator was an "exile", in the accepted sense of the term. Nor can Emil Ludwig convince us that that Carl Schurz, that exemplary American of German stock, should be counted among the classic refugees.)

What about Lord Byron? His biographer, André Maurois, is right: the pilgrimage of the English romantic was not exile but travel, whimsical wandering, indulgence in a ^{luxurious and fatal} ~~capricious~~ spleen.

The two outstanding contributions, from a literary point of view, are Alfred Neumann's "Feodor Dostoevski" and the "Emile Zola" by Heinrich Mann. But the question remains whether exile played any essential part in the life of the French novelist and ^{crusader,}

and also, whether the abysmal mystic and psychologist, Dostoevski, ranks among the heralds of freedom and human progress.

In short, the book proves one point, if anything: that a group of characters presented under the label of "exiles" is likely to be motley and incongruous. There are too many different kinds of exile and too many different types of refugees.

