

The Volunteer

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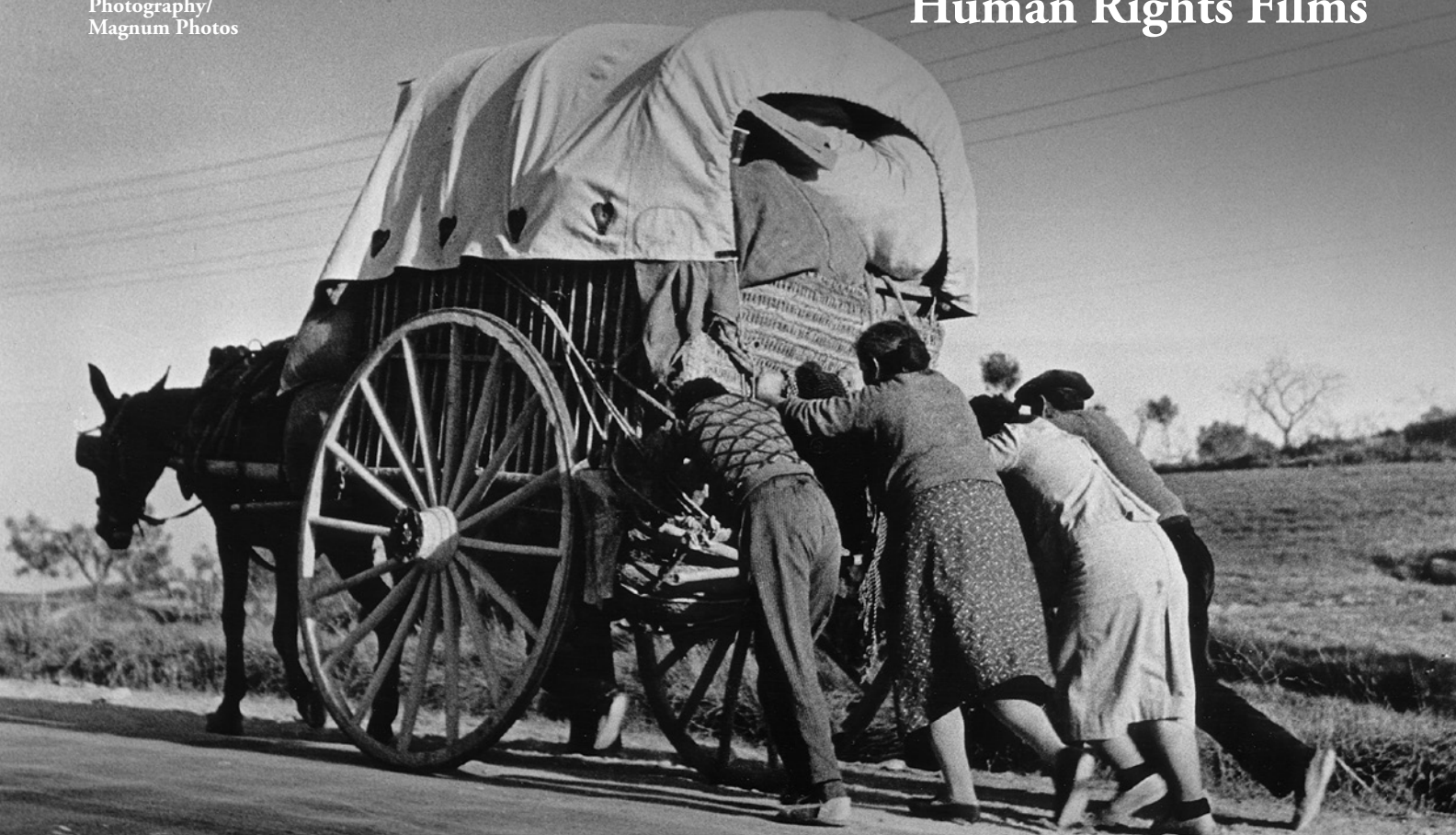
Max Aub on the Republican Exodus

Robert Capa.
Civilians from the
threatened town of
Tarragona pushing
their wagon on their
way to seek refuge
in Barcelona, before
that city itself had
to be evacuated,
January 15, 1939.
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Center of
Photography/
Magnum Photos

War and Moral Injury

Digging at Belchite

Human Rights Films



The Volunteer

Founded by the Veterans of the
Abraham Lincoln Brigade

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The Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives (ALBA) is an educational non-profit dedicated to promoting social activism and the defense of human rights. ALBA's work is inspired by the American volunteers of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade who fought fascism in the Spanish Civil War (1936-39). Drawing on the ALBA collections in New York University's Tamiment Library, and working to expand such collections, ALBA works to preserve the legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade as an inspiration for present and future generations.

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Dear Friends,

We have just returned from the Bay Area, where we joined close to 200 Lincoln family members, friends and supporters at our Annual Celebration honoring the Lincoln Brigade in Berkeley. We gathered for an afternoon of songs and to hear California writer and documentary photographer David Bacon, who described how his encounters with the Lincolns helped shape his life. (You can find his stirring speech in our online Volunteer at albavolunteer.org. We will also print an excerpt in the March issue.) Just as we ran into technical problems and the sound system fell silent, one person in the audience started whistling *The Internationale*. In seconds everyone in the theater had joined in. What an inspiring event! A lot has happened since the song's words were penned by Eugene Pottier in the aftermath of the bloody repression of the Paris Commune, but *The Internationale's* promise of a better world has inspired and provided hope for generations of activists.

As we come to the end of another banner year for ALBA, our educational and human rights activities continue to grow and impact new people (see pages 4 and 6). These programs are an invaluable way for us to meet and learn from the next generation of activists.

This year's ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism, granted to the Association for the Recovery of Historical Memory (ARMH), was of particular significance to all of us. The monetary prize provided by the Puffin Foundation has allowed the ARMH to resume their activities. More families have already been able to reclaim their loved ones, "disappeared" no longer.

After the event we were able to spend time with Emilio Silva and the ARMH volunteers who came all the way to NY in solidarity with ALBA. They shared their personal stories with us and, with tears in their eyes, told us that they will never forget the celebration.

As we approach the 80th anniversary of the arrival of the International Brigades in Spain—stay tuned for our exciting celebrations—we ask you to honor their courage and selflessness with a gift to ALBA so that we may continue to do our part in the struggle for social justice and human rights.

As history tell us, not all heroes wear capes. We salute Adel Termos and his little daughter, who were killed as they stopped a bomber entering a mosque in Beirut on Nov 13. Let solidarity prevail over hate, anger and fear.

As always, we are deeply grateful for the kindness and generosity of our dedicated members. Thank you for your support and for being part of this journey toward a more just society!

¡Salud!



Fraser Ottanelli
Chair of the Board
of Governors



Marina Garde
Executive Director

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Chris Brooks y compañeros/as-

Hearty congratulations on the terrific job you have done setting up the huge database on the Volunteers! This is the crucial information and you have made it very accessible, attractive and useful. I finally found an old friend of the family here at last. A splendid job!

Mil gracias,
—Leslie Correll
(family of long time contributors)

Dear Editors:

In the September 2015 issue of *The Volunteer* an obituary of Bobby Hall pointed out that in the 1960s Hall and Jeremiah Stamler "initiated a landmark and successful court case" against HUAC. You failed to mention the third member who walked out and sued HUAC: the vet Milton M. Cohen. Here is a website which has a biography of Cohen: http://keywiki.org/Milton_Cohen

Milton Cohen was one of three uncles of mine who were in the Lincoln Brigade. The other two were Abe (Albert Lionel) Harris and Joe Gibbons.

Thank you,
Robert A. Harris

The Necessity of Teaching Human Rights

By the editors



When should one government intervene in the affairs of another country? When, if ever, should private civilians violate laws to participate in foreign wars? And how do we teach high school students to think about these questions? ALBA's Peter Carroll considered these questions at the annual conference of the Ohio Council of Social Studies.

When ALBA launched its Teaching Institutes for secondary school teachers in 2008, the program focused on issues related to the Spanish Civil War and the motivations of the American volunteers of the International Brigades to undertake the dangerous business of going to war to help another country. Given the climate of U.S. politics in the 1930s—an era of appeasement and isolationism—it was appropriate to ask: When should one government intervene in the affairs of another country? When, if ever, should private civilians violate laws to participate in foreign wars? And in what ways were U.S. volunteers validated by the subsequent outbreak of World War II and the tremendous human suffering that followed?

Using ALBA's large and unique collection of archival material, we introduced teachers to the stories of various volunteers, such as Hy Katz who wrote to his Jewish mother about why he went to Spain to protect Jewish people in other countries from the fascist menace, or the Jamaica-born volunteer Canute Frankson who explained to his friend in America why he, as a black man, had to fight against racist degenerates who supported Jim Crow laws and lynching. We placed the story of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the context of the coming of World War II and the Holocaust.

As we told that story, we began to extend our subject to include larger questions of civilian casualties, uprooted peoples, the effect of war on children—topics that linked the Spanish Civil War intimately with the big war that followed. Last October, ALBA's former Chair, Peter Carroll, brought this story to the Ohio Council of Social Studies' annual conference in Columbus as the featured speaker on the topic "From Guernica to Nuremberg: Teaching Human Rights in the Mid-20th Century." He pointed out that this past summer the National Council for Social Studies endorsed the importance of teaching human rights issues at every level of education:

Human Rights Education, in both its civil and its humanitarian aspects, is a necessary element of social studies programs and should be integrated throughout the educational experience of all learners from early childhood through advanced education and lifelong learning

Carroll's talk integrated primary sources—such as Spanish children's drawings in wartime and letters describing bombings of Spanish towns—with the narrative of human rights issues that foreshadowed the tragedies elsewhere. From the bombing of the Basque town of Guernica by German and Italian planes in 1937, Carroll showed teachers how to continue that theme



James D. Fernández works with Spanish teachers.
Photo Andrés Fernández.

through Allied and German bombing of open cities during World War II, ending with the atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Besides creating enormous civilian casualties, such strategies also created refugee populations that demanded humanitarian aid. Ultimately, these horrors led to the Nuremberg tribunals and the U.N. Declaration of Human Rights.

Human Rights Education is a necessary element of social studies programs. If you don't address these questions in classrooms, no one else will.

Carroll urged his audience of Ohio teachers—about 40 attended the presentation—of the importance of teaching these matters as part of the regular social studies curricula for U.S. and World History classes. “These are not topics ordinarily discussed around a family’s kitchen table,” he said. “If you don’t address these questions in classrooms, no one else will. It’s our duty as teachers to prepare our students to become good citizens, moral citizens.”

Following the talk, two Master Teachers, Tracy Blake of Oberlin and Roberta Mucha of Columbus, presented four new ALBA lesson plans that specifically deal with these human rights subjects. ALBA provides this material free to all teachers for classroom use. They are available on our website:
<http://resources.alba-valb.org/> ▲

A Living Archive

By Andrés Fernández Carrasco

ALBA kicked off the teaching year with three institutes for high school teachers, bringing together nearly 100 educators to explore ways of incorporating the legacy of the Lincoln Brigade into their classrooms.

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a day-long program co-sponsored by the Massachusetts chapter of the

American Association of Teachers of Spanish & Portuguese (AATSP), and Collaborative.org, ALBA’s James D. Fernández (NYU) and Carlos Ramos of Wellesley College brought their archival projects and cultural studies to teachers of Spanish in the Boston area. Amelie Baker, a teacher at the Boston Latin School and member of collaborative.org, also offered a discussion sponsored by the Library of Congress on strategies for the effective use of primary source materials in high school classes.

On Election Day in November, 38 high school teachers from New York City, as well as a few from Connecticut, attended the workshop led by ALBA’s Chair Emeritus Peter N. Carroll and James Fernández. Teachers from a variety of disciplines studied documents written by Spanish Civil War volunteers like Evelyn Hutchins, Canute Frankson and Hy Katz. They discussed, for example, how a Spanish folk song that had been transcribed, arranged and recorded by Federico García Lorca would end up being sung, with transformed lyrics, by the legendary Paul Robeson. And together, the teachers worked out ways to make these types of primary sources available and meaningful to their students.

The following day, Carroll and Fernández also ran the most recent teaching institute at Bergen County Academy in New Jersey. The workshop was held in the classroom of history teacher Sergei Altschen, an alumnus of the very first workshop organized by ALBA in 2007; both Sergei and Gabriela Calandra, a Spanish teacher at Bergen, and also an alumna of that same institute, explained how they have made ALBA a center piece of their teaching ever since.

Based on the reactions (and, in many cases, requests) of the participants in these three workshops, there will be follow-up institutes next year. As Tim Casperson, administrator of Bergen County social studies, put it: “Teachers become invigorated by these workshops and the materials presented in them. The experience of the ALBA institutes reminds them of why they became teachers in the first place. And you can see at the end of the day how they are excited about finding ways of introducing their students to this material.” ▲

Andrés Fernández Carrasco, a recent graduate of Wesleyan University, is ALBA’s newly-appointed Educational Outreach Coordinator.



BAY AREA HONORS ACTIVIST HERITAGE

“We have to reclaim our history, not discard or forget it,” labor organizer David Bacon advised an enthusiastic crowd honoring the legacy of the Lincoln Brigade at the 79th Bay Area reunion event in Berkeley, California on November 8. His talk, together with tributes to Emilio Silva, this year’s winner of the ALBA/Puffin Human Rights Activist Award, a slide show featuring the young U.S. volunteers in Spain, and the traditional songs of the Spanish Civil War highlighted a spirited afternoon, mixing entertainment and exhortation to carry on the work for human rights and social justice. “If there is to be any alternative [to current injustices],” said Bacon, “it will only exist because those who don’t benefit from the current system fight to bring a new one into being.”

For David Bacon’s full speech, go to albavolunteer.org



Top to bottom:
Singing the Internationale;
David Bacon; Freda Tanz;
Velina Brown & Stephanie
Brown; Freda Tanz & friends;
the band; Fran Krieger.
Photos Richard Bermack.

IMPUGNING IMPUNITY: HUMAN RIGHTS DOCUMENTARIES

By Jo Labanyi and James D. Fernández

ALBA's fifth annual Human Rights Film Festival featured 21 documentary films from 12 countries (four world premieres, 12 New York premieres). The Randall Award went to *Among the Believers*, about girls' education in Pakistan.



Still from "Cast in India."

OVER FOUR DAYS, New Yorkers had the chance to enjoy artistic and provocative explorations of some of the world's most pressing problems—racism, political oppression, refugee crises, and religious fanaticism—at the 2015 edition of ALBA's Human Rights Film Festival. Spectators were also treated to uplifting portraits and inspiring stories of human rights activists working with drug addicts, the disabled, ex-convicts, and gang violence, as well as to films that chronicled the rich history of activism and civil disobedience in a wide range of countries and contexts. Though astoundingly diverse in topic and tone, practically all of the films screened

at Impugning Impunity share a basic desire: to document and denounce the violence and inequality generated by globalization.

The festival showcased the wide variety of documentary styles that co-exist today, ranging from the didactic use of montage and voice-over, reminiscent of the heyday of social documentary in the 1930s and of Latin American Third Cinema in the 1960s, to films that eschew the voice-over and instead let the images and the voices of the cinematic subjects speak for themselves. This "insider view" style is favored by both of



Still from "Among the Believers."

the films that received this year's prizes: Best Short, *Cast in India*, whose stunning imagery (subdued colors, pans and close-ups), and minimal dialogue (of workers in a factory in Howrah, India, manufacturing manhole covers for New York City), is so effective precisely because of the lack of "outsider" commentary; and the winner of the annual Harry Randall Award, *Among the Believers*, which lets the teachers and pupils at the Red Mosque madrassa in Pakistan, and girls denied education because of the closure of their schools due to threats from the Taliban, tell their own stories. The award is named after Harry Randall, head of the photographic unit of the Fifteenth International Brigade. Presenting the award was his daughter, Sue Phillips Randall.

Two other films that let the images speak for themselves dealt with Spanish subjects: one, *Bury Them and Keep Quiet*, about the vast and systematic theft of babies that plagued Spain from the onset of the Franco regime and, most shockingly, well into the years of the democratic transition, and another, *What Remains*, about an exhumation of a mass grave of Franco's victims in Abenójar, Ciudad Real, Spain.

Some of us recall how at an Annual Event some 10 years ago, the normally eloquent Lincoln vet Moe Fishman was at the podium making remarks, when he stumbled on a word, and just couldn't get it out: "global, globaz, glozbal..." And then, without missing a beat, he quipped "it was so much easier when we just called it imperialism." ALBA's annual film festival honors the human rights legacy of the vets by putting the focus squarely on the often invisible "collateral damage" of the process of globalization, which only seems like a harmless word. ▲

Jo Labanyi and James D. Fernández are members of ALBA's executive committee and colleagues in NYU's Spanish department.

IMPUGNING IMPUNITY

ALBA HUMAN RIGHTS DOCUMENTARY FILM FESTIVAL

Official Selection (films are selected through an open call):

Then Then Then / Daniel Schioler / Canada (2015)
Bury Them and Keep Quiet / Anna López Luna / Spain (2014)
100 Second Chances / Drew Dickler & Jacob Hochendoner / USA (2014)
Keeping Balance / Bernhard Wenger / Germany (2015)
Natural Life / Tirtza Even / USA (2014)
612 Words on Wire / Cecilia González Rufo / Spain (2014)
Among the Believers / Directed by Hemal Trivedi & Mohammed Ali Naqvi, Produced by Jonathan Goodman Levitt & Hemal Trivedi / USA (2014)
Stopover in Pajol / Mahamoud Ibrahim / Comoros-France (2014)
Power and Impotence: A Drama in 3 Acts / Anna Recalde Miranda / France-Paraguay (2015)
Cast in India / Natasha Raheja / USA (2015)
Daisy and Max / Jennifer Taylor / USA (2015)
In the Image / Judith Montell & Emmy Scharlatt / USA (2015)
She's Beautiful When She's Angry / Mary Dore / USA (2015)
Once Upon a Time There Was a Man / Siavash Jamali & Ata Mehrad / Iran (2015)
Black Square / Nikoloz Bezhanishvili / Georgia (2015) / 52min
The Dictator's Hotel / Florian Hoffmann / Germany (2015)
Too Small to Swing a Cat / Marie Bakke & Ines Gerber / USA-China (2015)
Time Simply Passes / Ty Flowers / USA (2015) / 53min
What Remains / Lee Douglas & Jorge Moreno Andrés / Spain-USA (2015)
Tell Spring Not To Come This Year / Saeed Taji Farouky & Michael McEvoy / U.K. (2015)
Poverty, Inc. / Gary Null / USA (2015)

Harry Randall Award Jury: cinematographer **Rachel Anderson** [*First to Fall*]; actor and director **Gael García Bernal** [*Motorcycle Diaries*, *Babel*]; novelist and journalist **Francisco Goldman**; and documentary filmmakers **Patricio Guzmán** [*Nostalgia for the Light*] and **Sam Sills** [*The Good Fight*].

Harry Randall Award Presented by: Sue Phillips Randall

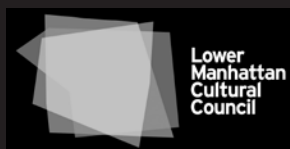
**"Also, holy cow - that's quite the jury you've put together!!!
 It's an honor to be a part of this!"** —Dan Schioler, director of *Then, Then, Then*

"Impugning Impunity is one of the best and most authentic human rights film festivals in New York," —Derek Shuman, historian

"I am honored to be part of the Jury."
 —Frank Goldman, novelist and journalist

"Ordinary people can change the world."
 —Mary Dore, filmmaker

Credits: Marina Garde, director and producer ; Yehudit Mam, programming director; Liana Katz, festival assistant; Pablo Guerrero, technical advisor; Nancy Saleme, visual designer; Galeria Galou, graphics; Dancing Diablo Studio, festival intro design; Ramón Fernández: Projectionist



Lower Manhattan Cultural Council, New York State Council on the Arts.

With the support of the Puffin Foundation, Instituto Cervantes, Pragma, Ambulante, and Balance Water. Special thanks to the Instituto Cervantes and its Director, Ignacio Olmos

ALBA's International Essay Contest Rewards Exciting New Research

By Aaron Retish

THE GEORGE WATT PRIZE for the best student essays received submissions from across the globe, the various entrants writing on topics of history, literature, politics, and culture of the Spanish Civil War, or the global political and cultural struggles against fascism in the 1920s and 1930s, or the contributions of the Americans who fought in support of the Spanish Republic from 1936 to 1938. The award is given annually to one undergraduate and one graduate student.

Carlos Nava, who graduated from Southern Methodist University in May 2015 with a BA in History, received the undergraduate award. Nava's stimulating paper, "Mexican Divisions in Support of Republican Spain" examines the popular debates in Mexico over which side to support in Spain. He recognizes the unique role that Mexico played as the only Western country to support the Spanish Republic. Nava describes Mexico's monetary and military aid to the Republic and how the country accepted Spanish refugees and the Republican Government in exile after the Civil War. The essay most importantly demonstrates how divided Mexico was in its position toward Republican Spain. Most of Mexico's conservatives, economic elites, and members of the clergy spoke out against the policies of President

Cárdenas and used his support of the Spanish Republic to speak out against his regime. Nava concludes that only a minority of workers, intellectuals, and peasants sided with the Republicans. Carlos notes that his Mexican heritage guided his decision to write a research paper on Mexico's involvement in the Spanish Civil War. His full text can be read [here](#).

Jonathan Sherry, a PhD student in history at the University of Pittsburgh, received the graduate student award for his essay, "The Soviet show trial as export: justice and legal culture in the Spanish Civil War." Drawing on exciting archival research, Sherry examines the Soviet-style show trial of the POUM leadership in 1938 Barcelona. He details how Soviet operatives hoped to discredit the POUM and Trotskyism in general with the trial, in much the same way that show trials were being used in the Soviet Union at the time. Soviet hopes failed with the acquittal of the POUM because leaders in Republican Spain used the trial to portray itself as part of the Western liberal-democratic judicial system. The full essay can be found [here](#). This paper stands as a chapter of Sherry's dissertation on Soviet involvement in the Spanish Civil War. The Watt Prize is one of a long string of awards for Sherry, who has also been awarded

Andrew Mellon and Fulbright fellowships for his work.

This year's jury was made up of three scholars: Josh Goode (Claremont Graduate University), Gina Herrmann (University of Oregon), and Aaron Retish (Wayne State University). The submissions were of remarkably high quality at both the undergraduate and graduate levels. They included diverse essays that together represent the liveliness of work being done on the Spanish Civil War, including: Irish volunteers to Spain, women in the Spanish Republic, Welsh coalminers' support of the International Battalions, art of the Spanish Civil War, the impact of Spanish Civil War refugees on the American Left, and analyses of Hemingway's writings and Civil War poetry.

The annual George Watt Memorial Essay award honors the memory of Abraham Lincoln Brigade veteran George Watt (1914-1994), a social worker, writer, and lifelong activist central to the creation of ALBA. ▲

Aaron Retish, Professor of History at Wayne State University, heads the Watt Award committee.

Mexican President Cárdenas with Spanish Refugee Children



SOVIET SHOW TRIAL IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

By Jonathan Sherry

The trial of the POUM in October 1938 is often seen as a Spanish version of the Soviet "show trial." But it makes more sense to examine it as an attempt by the Republican government to build stable judicial institutions.

The essay I submitted for the award, "The Soviet show trial as export: justice and legal culture in the Spanish Civil War," is a chapter in my dissertation, which examines Soviet involvement in the Spanish Civil War through the lens of the "show trial" of the POUM (Partido Obrero de

Unificación Marxista) in October 1938. Drawing on Spanish, Russian, Austrian, and U.S. archives, it challenges head-on the interpretation that the prosecution represented a "Moscow Trial in Spain." Instead, I examine the failed Soviet attempt to export its legal culture to the Spanish Republic and recast the

trial as a part of Spanish Republican antifascist politics—a small but integral part of the government’s attempt to build stable judicial institutions and portray the rule-of-law, western, liberal-democratic character of the Republic. The essay sheds light on both Soviet and Spanish Republican legal culture at the height of Stalinist mass repressions.

Using a transnational approach, I look at Soviet and anti-Soviet campaigns that tried to influence the prosecution of the POUM. These included actions by both the Comintern and Soviet operatives, as well as by those who advocated from France, Britain, and the United States on behalf of the imprisoned POUM

POUM poster from the Spanish Civil War



DIVISIONS OF MEXICAN SUPPORT OF REPUBLICAN SPAIN

By Carlos Nava

Mexico was one of the very few countries to stand by the Second Spanish Republic as it was attacked by fascism—but in practice, not all Mexicans agreed with their government’s position during the Spanish Civil War.

Mexico’s involvement during and after the Spanish Civil War under President Lázaro Cárdenas proved to be one of the most appreciated generositys towards the Spanish Republic. As the western democracies shunned Republican Spain, Mexico stood as the only country along with the Soviet Union to publicly denounce the British-French policy of non-intervention and support to its fullest ability the Spanish Republic. Given its limitations, Mexico assembled \$2,000,000 in aid and material, including small arms, aircraft, and volunteers. This support provided great comfort for the Republic. Following the war, Mexico accepted thousands of Spanish exiles and refugees and allowed the establishment of the Republican Government in exile in Mexico City.

This essay, “Divisions in Mexican Support of Republican Spain” shows, however, that even as the Mexican government fully backed the Spanish Republic, it did not receive the full approval of its people. Division in opinion ranged throughout the nation’s population, press, and political arenas. The Cárdenas government acted without the intention of following the will of the Mexican people, but instead, acted on moral grounds. With continued turmoil between Mexican conservatism and liberalism after the Mexican Revolution, and with a populist President, the right and left sought to use the conflict in Spain as another political statement in their efforts on the home front. The majority of Mexico’s economic elite, newspapers, religious community, Spanish community, and college educated class aligned to the right in support of the Nationalist cause. Only a minority of workers, Intellectuals, and peasants, sided with the Republicans. As for the vast majority of the Mexican peasantry and lower classes, they remained misinformed and ignorant on the issue.

leadership. I analyze “show trials” as communicative texts that provided narratives to mobilize the populace. In addition, I trace the transmission and reception of politics as legal performance and public spectacle. This framework illustrates how high-level Spanish imperatives and transnational campaigns shaped the performance of justice. Ultimately, the essay speaks to several interpretive debates about the extent of Soviet power in the 1930s, western European anti-communism and the politics of appeasement, and the contingencies of late 1938, when Europe was on the brink of World War II and the POUM leadership sat in the dock.▲

Carlos Nava is a 23-year-old Mexican American who graduated from Southern Methodist University in May 2015 with a B.A. in History. His Mexican heritage was a great influence in his decision to write a research paper on Mexico’s involvement in the Spanish Civil War.▲

Title: *Choferes contra “Camisas Doradas” en el Zocalo de la ciudad de Mexico, 20 de Noviembre de 1935*

Artist: Alfredo Zalce 1908-2003

Collection: Taller de Gráfica Popular (Mexico City, Mexico)
Story behind the image: On November 20, 1935 the Mexican fascist group named The Revolutionary Mexicanist Action or “Las Camisas Doradas” demonstrated in Mexico City during the anniversary of The Mexican Revolution. The “Dorados” on horseback clashed with motorized forces of the Communist Party of Mexico during a pitched battle in the Zocalo of central Mexico City.





HUMAN RIGHTS COLUMN

MORAL INJURY: ANOTHER CASUALTY OF WAR

By Alice Lynd

Some soldiers instinctively respond to concepts in international law of which they may not even be aware. When men and women in the military do or see things that offend their deeply held sense of right and wrong, they may experience *moral injury*, a condition that overlaps with but is not the same as PTSD. Can anything other than rejection of warfare can truly bring about healing?

A Coast Guard assault transport comes this Marine after two days and nights of Hell on the beach of Eniwetok in the Marshall Islands. February 1944. US National Archives, Public Domain.

DECADES AFTER THE VIETNAM WAR, Dr. Jonathan Shay, a psychiatrist working for the Department of Veterans Affairs, used the term “moral injury” to describe the reactions of Vietnam veterans to atrocities commanded or condoned by their superiors. In recent years, the definition of moral injury has focused less on the betrayal of trust by higher military authority and more on acts by an individual soldier, including oneself or others, that violate the person’s fundamental sense of right and wrong.

“Moral injury” is an emerging concept, increasingly recognized by the Armed Forces and the Department of Veterans Affairs. When men and women in the military believe they did or saw or failed to prevent something that offends their deeply held sense of right and wrong, they may experience moral injury. Having been a killer, or having failed to prevent death and injury, they may become convinced that what they did or saw is unforgivable.

Since the end of the war in Vietnam, the United States has had an all-volunteer military service. Experience in the military may compel the volunteer to reconsider what he or she believes and why. The circumstances of modern warfare include fighting an enemy who cannot be clearly identified, or in which it is hard to tell who is a combatant and who is a civilian; or situations where people are being killed and there is nowhere to return fire; or taking part in a war that lacks moral clarity, or is opposed as unjustified or futile. Men and women who would defend their country may come to regard what they have experienced while in the military as a betrayal of what is morally acceptable.

An article published by the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs explains that moral injury may stem from direct participation in acts of combat, such as killing or harming others, or indirect acts, such as witnessing death or dying, failing to prevent the immoral acts of others, or giving or receiving orders that are perceived as gross moral violations. The act may have been carried out by an

individual or a group, through a decision made individually or as a response to orders given by leaders.

While in the military, some men and women instinctively respond to concepts in international law of which they may not even be aware: don’t kill civilians; don’t use disproportionate or indiscriminate force; collective punishment is unfair and wrong. International agreements call for protection of persons who are not in a position to defend themselves, such as enemy prisoners, wounded, noncombatants, or civilians. International law also requires personal responsibility for crimes against peace, or participating in war crimes or crimes against humanity.

Moral injury overlaps with but is not the same as post-traumatic stress disorder. The same person may suffer from both PTSD and moral injury. A person may experience PTSD if he or she has been the target of others’ attempts to kill or injure, or has survived when others did not. An individual with moral injury may view him or herself as immoral, irredeemable, and un-reparable or believe that he or she lives in an immoral world. A person with PTSD has lost his sense of safety; a person with moral injury has lost his ability to trust.

People with post-traumatic stress disorder and moral injury experience some of the same things: anger, depression, anxiety, insomnia, nightmares, reckless behavior and self-medication with alcohol or drugs. They recall and re-experience painful thoughts and images. Their emotional intensity may be uncontrollable and inappropriate. They may avoid situations or people that trigger memories. Close relationships with family and friends, especially those involving intimacy, suffer and deteriorate when normal emotional responses become numb.

People with moral injury also experience sorrow, grief, regret, shame, self-condemnation, loss of faith, and spiritual damage. If they focus on their own internal distress, they may have less em-

Men and women who would defend their country may come to regard what they have experienced while in the military as a betrayal of what is morally acceptable.

pathy for others. They fail to forgive themselves and they expect to be judged and rejected. They distrust other people, withdraw from relationships and isolate themselves, feeling helpless and hopeless. They engage in self-harming behaviors. Suicide is the ultimate self-punishment.

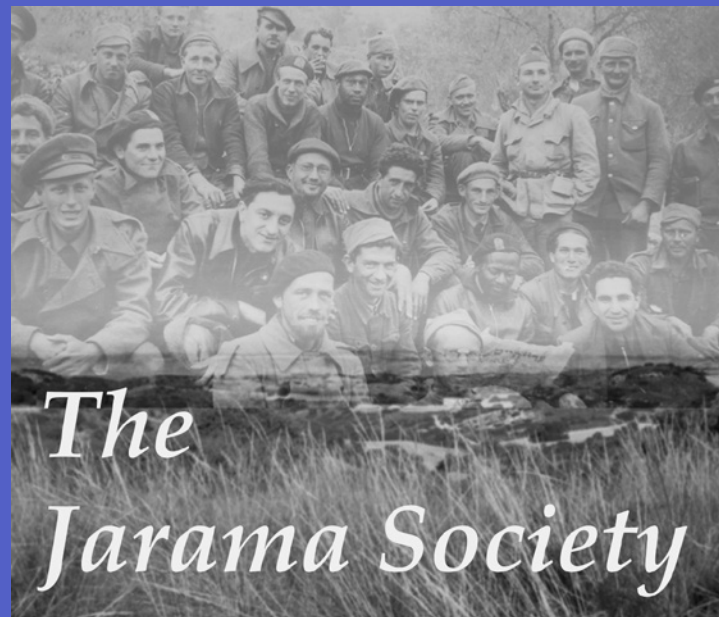
Military spouses and children can experience moral injury directly when they hear stories or see images of death and carnage, especially of women and children, and indirectly when the military parent withdraws or resorts to violence or self-destructive behavior.

The Department of Defense does not formally recognize moral injury, but the Pentagon is funding a program to explore ways to adapt PTSD therapies for Marines suffering from moral injury. At an Armed Forces Public Health Conference, methods and goals of treatment for moral injury were listed as rationally assessing one's own or others culpability, making or seeking amends, and compassionate forgiveness of self and others. There appears to be general agreement that self-forgiveness and forgiveness of others is central to healing from moral injuries. But little is known about what treatments best promote forgiveness and atonement for moral injury. The question remains whether anything other than rejection of warfare and taking action in affirmation of life can truly bring about healing. ▲

Alice Lynd was a draft counselor during the Vietnam War. Later she earned a law degree at the University of Pittsburgh where she first encountered international human rights law. In retirement she has worked with death-sentenced and high maximum security prisoners in solitary confinement. This column was condensed from a lengthy article called "Moral Injury and Conscientious Objection: Saying No to Military Service" available at <http://historiansagainstwar.org/resources/militaryservice.pdf>.



Saigon Viet Cong dead after an attack on the perimeter of Tan Son Nhut Air Base c. 1 February 1968. Photo by: SP5 Edgar Price Pictorial A.V. Plt. 69th Sig. Bn. (A), Vietnam Center and Archive, Public Domain



What you leave to friends and loved ones--and the causes you champion--are ways of expressing your hopes and dreams for the future and perpetuate your part in the story of the Lincoln Brigade. As you make your plans, please consider including ALBA in your will or living trust, or naming us as a beneficiary of your state. ALBA can accept legacy gifts in any amount, large or small. Please help us to continue to expand our horizons, and your beliefs, and help us to carry our shared legacy to the next generation and beyond.

If you have additional questions or would like to discuss your choices, please contact executive director Marina Garde at 212 674 5398 or mgarde@alba-valb.org. All inquiries are kept in the strictest confidence.

Special welcome to our new Jarama Society Members Steven Jonas from New York, Judy Swartz from California, and Judy Montell from California.

Thank you for designating ALBA in your will.

None of them had an ounce of Spanish blood in them and yet they were willing to lay down their lives for a cause they believed in.



Digging History at Belchite

By Steve Dinnen

British and Spanish archaeologists have spent two years investigating Spanish battle sites. American journalist Steve Dinnen joined the dig at Belchite. “We are not here to tell nice stories about the past. The past hurts.”

WHEN ARCHAEOLOGISTS asked me to help dig up latrines used by Fascist fighters outside of this small Aragon town during the Spanish Civil War, I began doubting the wisdom of volunteering for this adventure. At the site, I discovered luckily that it had been airing out since 1938 when it was blasted to smithereens as Republican forces that included the Abraham Lincoln Bat-

alion battled their way toward Zaragoza.

The latrines, as well as trenches, observation outposts, and farm fields around Belchite, are part of a two-year undertaking mounted by British and Spanish archaeologists to better understand the forces of war that collided here, and across Spain, during the carnage of 1936-39. For me, a journalist from the Midwest, it was an effort to pay homage to Lincoln vets

who I had known and who had fought at the very sites where we were digging in September 2015.

This was my way to say goodbye to people I first met in 1996 while writing about their reunion in Spain for *The Christian Science Monitor*. Among the people in Madrid who I interviewed then were Clarence Kailin, of Madison, Wisconsin and Jacob (Jack) Shafran, a New Yorker.

None of them had an ounce of Spanish blood in them and yet they were willing to lay down their lives for a cause they believed in.

I got to know Jack well, and through him Lincoln vets Harry Fisher and Norm Berkowitz. The three of them had belonged to a team of 11 men from a department store workers' union in New York City who had volunteered for Spain. Both Norm and Jack were wounded as they fought as infantrymen, or on a machine gun crew, or as they patched frayed field telephone lines as part of the *transmisiones* squads. Clarence likewise was wounded in Spain.

The three New Yorkers later fought in World War II (Norm was wounded again, in the same leg). Harry wrote a well received book of his days in Spain, *Comrades*, and in his late 80s went on a speaking tour of Spain and Germany. In the late 1990s I tagged along with him and his family as they visited Spain and wrote about his wartime experiences for *The Star Ledger* (Harry lived in northern New Jersey). As we entered the 21st century, they passed on; first Harry then Jack, then Clarence and finally Norm. In 2009 I accompanied Jack's daughter to Spain so we could scatter his ashes on the Ebro River and at the grave of John Cookson.

So my history with these men went back some ways. So did my admiration for them, as none of them had an ounce of Spanish blood in them and yet they were willing to lay down their lives for a cause they believed in – ridding the world of fascism and standing up for the common man.

Theirs was a noble cause, I thought but it was not until I heard of UK-based archaeologist Salvatore Garfi that I saw a way to honor them by participating in an excavation of the war's battle sites. Garfi, a research fellow at the University of Nottingham, has long been interested in what is called conflict archaeology – the study of war. In 2014 he decided that the relatively high level of international interest in the Spanish Civil War and the International Brigades that fought there merited a review from his perspective. Thus was born the International Brigades Archaeology Project.

"People will gladly visit IB conflict sites and walk the routes they trod, so why not get involved in a real nitty gritty way,



and actually explore those sites through archaeological fieldwork?" Sal said of his interest in Spain. Speaking in 2014 to the BBC, Garfi said that he intended to conduct excavations and surveys of the landscape in order to build a picture of what happened, and compare that to written evidence of a battle "so we can question the truth of those accounts."

Garfi and his Spanish counterparts focused on Belchite. It was there that the Republican Army of the East, joined by the XI International Brigade and the XV International Brigade—of which the Lincolns were part—decided in August 1937 to attack. Their aim was to push the battle line toward Nationalist-held Zaragoza, and also to divert Nationalist troops from other battles. Between August 24 and September 7 1937, some 160,000 troops — evenly split between Republicans and Nationalists — fought over a miles-long front with Belchite as a centerpiece. The town was mercilessly pounded by artillery, rifle, and mortar fire.

After entering Belchite, Norm Berkowitz recalled to me that he ducked into a peasant's hut because enemy snipers awaited anyone venturing into the street. He and other troops advanced their position by using the butts of their rifles to smash through one flimsy hut wall and into the next. Republicans made strong advances along the offensive line, but got bogged down in Belchite by an estimated

7,000 Nationalist troops. They finally routed them on September 7, 1937.

Many Spanish cities were heavily damaged by the war. Dictator Francisco Franco preferred to leave Belchite as it was, as a "living" monument (and perhaps as a reminder to Spaniards of what might happen if they challenged his dictatorship). The town of new Belchite rose adjacent to the ruins, which for decades have been open for inspection by anyone.

We diggers, as I called the team, planned to comb through selected parts of the battle area, looking for remnants of munitions, food, clothes — pretty much anything that soldiers would have left behind and scavengers had not already carted off.

We numbered about two dozen. There were three Spaniards who were paid staff, and they were aided by more than a dozen Spanish volunteers, mostly university students studying archaeology. There were other diggers from England and other European nations, and four Americans. I alone had any direct tie to a Lincoln vet.

Our first day was spent to the north of Belchite, walking around treeless hillsides in search of the detritus of war. Team leaders had maps showing trench locations during the battle—who knew they kept such records?—and directed us to fan out and keep our eyes glued to the ground for anything that looked out of place. Like pieces of shrapnel, which we found in an abundance. Some were from grenades, others from mortar rounds and still more from artillery shells. When we found something we would plant a small stick in the ground and wait for it to be inspected by our leader, Alfredo González-Ruibal.

"Yes, this is a 9mm cartridge from a fascist rifle," he would say. Or, this is a German grenade fragment. From rusted, dirt-caked pieces of war that were sometimes the size of a thumb nail, he could discern the difference between Fascist and Republican munitions.

Alfredo, a senior archaeologist with Incipit, a branch of the Spanish National Research Council (CSIC), likewise knew the difference between a remnant of a shoe or boot worn by a Nationalist and

a Republican. Ditto for glass: did those shards come from a bottle of wine, or a bottle of absinthe?

These subtle differences were key to determining the situation that the troops faced when they were in trenches that sometimes were just 100-200 yards away from the enemy. As Alfredo said, archaeology allows historians to gather a very different understanding of war from that provided by texts or oral histories.

"We deal with the materiality of conflict," he said, "from the entire landscape that was experienced by fighters to the cartridges they were shooting.... This is not so much about discovering the past as about understanding how history was experienced by its protagonists."

From what we were able to piece together (both in 2015 and during an earlier dig), Alfredo and his team have assembled a "fairly detailed picture of trench warfare," which he said is pretty much absent in books and testimonies about the war. "We know more about the little details of the everyday life on the front line," Alfredo continued. "The difficulties and importance of keeping clean and healthy, the diet (we found many sardine cans), the problems with faulty munitions and explosives." On that last point, we clearly had an example when, scouring that field a few days later, British college student Harry Guild came across an unexploded mortar round. This same field had earlier given up a 155mm artillery shell that was identified as Italian.

The next day we went to the latrines. They were built by Fascist troops who had taken over a seminary that stood south of town. As elsewhere, the idea was to dig through the remains to see what might have been left behind. First we had to clear brush and topsoil that had overrun the remains. Then we carefully dug to the floor of the latrine, so the experts could photograph the scene and make note of what they found.

As a rookie non-expert, I helped with weed and dirt removal. This was bone-dry soil laced with heavy rocks. We used picks, hoes, and spades and by day's end were covered with dust and sweat and aching muscles. I hadn't worked so

hard since bailing hay in Missouri as a teenager. Archaeology, I learned, was grueling.

Our toils were suddenly interrupted when word came that Alfredo and the other professionals were being evicted from apartments they rented from the

Archaeology allows historians to gather a very different understanding of war from that provided by texts or oral histories.



town. A new mayor had recently been elected, from the conservative *Partido Popular* (People's Party), and he wasn't happy with us nosing around. He couldn't stop the dig, but he could disrupt our efforts.

Alfredo, who knows of mass graves of civilians and military personnel in the area and would like to continue to work in and around Belchite, said it is obvious that the wounds of the war have not yet healed. "Many people find archaeological work on the topic uncomfortable, to say the least," he said. "But this is the job of the social scientist. We are not here to tell nice stories about the past. The past hurts."

Once the leaders secured new housing, we pressed on to a field immediately adjacent to the Belchite ruins, finding more glass shards and munitions. It was here

that the story of the Lincolns hit home, as a team leader noted that soldiers in that field had taken fire from Fascist machine guns mounted both in a church bell tower and the town's main gate.

Jack Shafran told me years ago that he and a comrade had somehow gotten ahead of the rest of the troops at Belchite and found themselves in a field, pinned down by gunfire. But all the bullets were landing behind them. It seems they had advanced so close to the bell tower that the machine gunners could not lower the gun barrel to get a bead on them. Jack and his pal buried themselves as deeply as they could behind a furrow in that field and waited for nightfall.

Here I was, 78 years on, standing precisely where my friend had beaten certain death! I'll never know the terror of bullets flying overhead, or come close to the experiences that Jack and so many other Lincolns had in Spain. But that day I touched the same earth they had touched, and I knew that as they fought in a large way for a better world I was working in a small way to continue their effort.

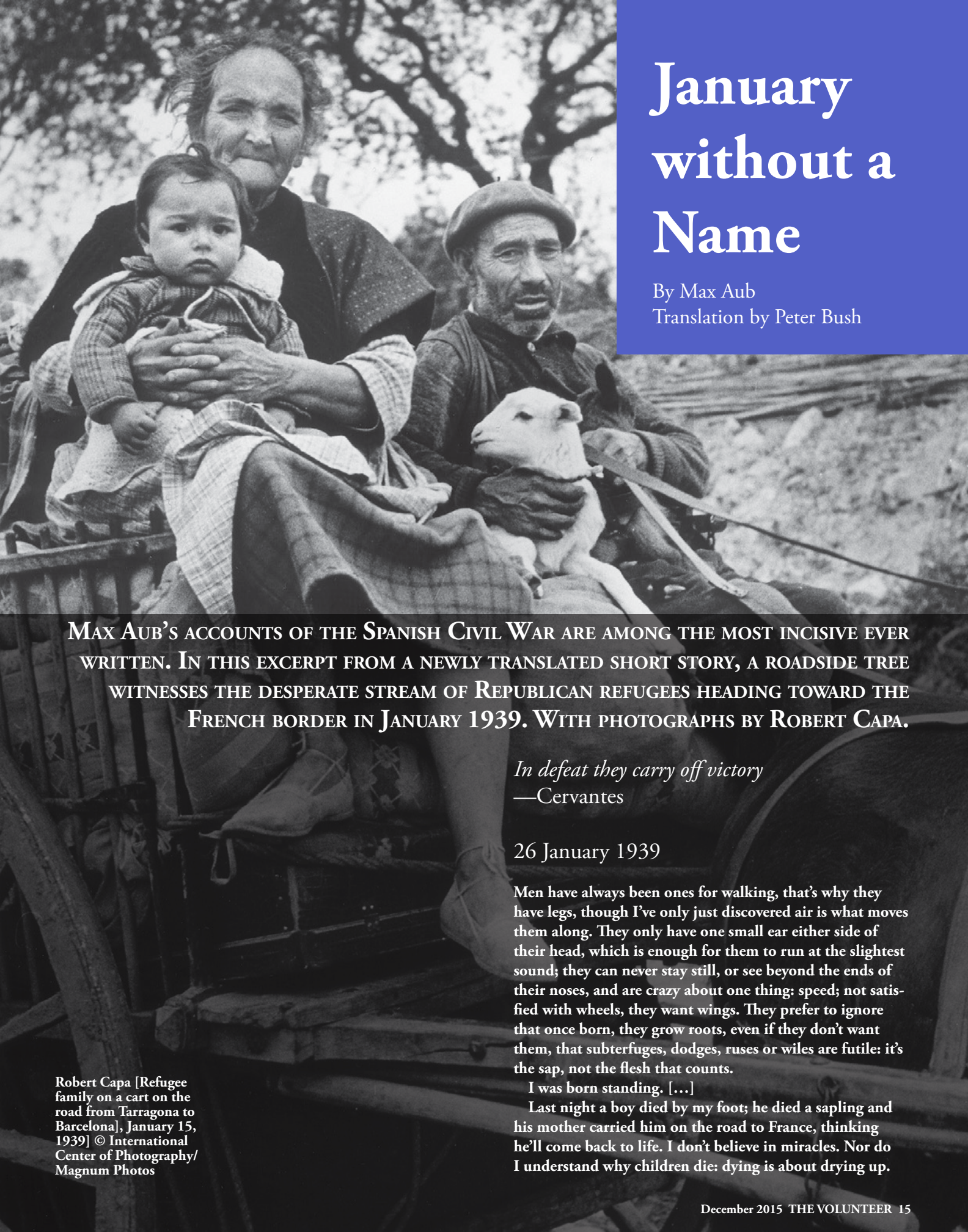
My wife figured it out, when I called her back home to tell her about the Mayor's efforts to thwart us. "It's when they tell you to stop digging that you need to keep digging," she said.

For more insight on Belchite and the archaeological work being done, visit IBAP: <https://sites.google.com/site/internationalbrigade-sproject/>

Geoffrey Billett, a retired mental health worker from Southwest England, participated in the dig at Belchite in September 2015. An accomplished photographer, he assembled this series of photos of the work there:

<http://sannyassa.co.uk/returning-to-where-we-have-never-been/> ▲

Steve Dinnen lives and works in Des Moines, Iowa. He travels to Spain frequently and has long held an interest in the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.



January without a Name

By Max Aub

Translation by Peter Bush

MAX AUB'S ACCOUNTS OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR ARE AMONG THE MOST INCISIVE EVER WRITTEN. IN THIS EXCERPT FROM A NEWLY TRANSLATED SHORT STORY, A ROADSIDE TREE WITNESSES THE DESPERATE STREAM OF REPUBLICAN REFUGEES HEADING TOWARD THE FRENCH BORDER IN JANUARY 1939. WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA.

In defeat they carry off victory
—Cervantes

26 January 1939

Men have always been ones for walking, that's why they have legs, though I've only just discovered air is what moves them along. They only have one small ear either side of their head, which is enough for them to run at the slightest sound; they can never stay still, or see beyond the ends of their noses, and are crazy about one thing: speed; not satisfied with wheels, they want wings. They prefer to ignore that once born, they grow roots, even if they don't want them, that subterfuges, dodges, ruses or wiles are futile: it's the sap, not the flesh that counts.

I was born standing. [...]

Last night a boy died by my foot; he died a sapling and his mother carried him on the road to France, thinking he'll come back to life. I don't believe in miracles. Nor do I understand why children die: dying is about drying up.

Robert Capa [Refugee family on a cart on the road from Tarragona to Barcelona], January 15, 1939] © International Center of Photography/ Magnum Photos

THE CITY IS BRIMMING WITH CARS AND TRUCKS, A STREAM OF BLACK BLOOD BUBBLING FROM A HUNDRED WOUNDS NIGHT-TIME HAS INFLICTED.

Men know that only too well, and admit as much. One can also rot to death, from the worms gnawing one's guts. Men die ravaged on the outside, faces devoured by blood and bandages, by pus, mange, lice and pain. From what I heard last night, hunger kills too. What's hunger? The land provides all our needs. "Yes, whatever you want," said one. "But the day before yesterday, I don't remember if it was Tuesday or Wednesday, whatever, they called my home. It was two a.m. The sirens had wailed; a clear night, searchlights, the whole malarkey. You know, it was to deliver a child. Off I went, scared of the ack-ack guns, and unable to light the torch with a brand-new battery Vicente had brought me from Perpignan. The child was still-born: his mother's lack of nourishment. A neighbor helped me. 'Now come and have a look at mine,' she says, when we've cleaned up. I curse all the way, the alarm's over and the electricity comes back. Naturally, the famous childbirth took place by the light of candles they'd had to requisition from the whole staircase and a nearby bomb-shelter; can you imagine? The lobby was a room to pay respects; each neighbor came for their candle and to ask after the woman who'd given birth. It was like a movie, kid. I heard nobody say: 'Good, it's better that way.' No, they all said: 'A pity, there'll always be a next time.' The mother was desperate. And then I go upstairs with her neighbor and look at her child, a one-year old. 'This boy's dying.' We give him a warm bath and an injection of camphor oil: 'I knew as much,' the mother rasps, 'he didn't eat.' And that was that. Not a single cry of protest; not one complaint. What a people! My God, what a people!"

Men haven't a clue what it's like to have birds on your fingers; men and animals are like rocks, the wind doesn't move them, they take refuge from hurricanes and cyclones, they've not the roots to withstand them, they're pure stalk, they only grow outwards, if they grow inwards, it's invisible, and I believe what I see: and that's how I tell it. Men give you an idea of what makes a passing phenomenon: they're like storms or better, as they like to say, they are tormented. [...] The human condition is a sorry affair; if they want to make their mark, they must die in the attempt; blood is a shocking sort of sap, and men always seem to be spurting forth; they only know how to bear fruit in pain, and as for blossoming like flowers, they should be so lucky. [...]

27.

"Did you ever think we might lose?" [...]

A world passes down this road with ears, and without a tongue, and has emerged out of nothing, swept along on a southern breeze that bottles it up in Figueras; the road to La Junquera is like a funnel. Suntraps have become garages. The city is brimming with cars and trucks, a stream of black blood bubbling from a hundred wounds night-time has inflicted. A half-dead world walking on two legs as if it had but one, a world that only knows how to walk yet knows that walking solves nothing, walking simply to prove to itself that it's

MAX AUB



Max Aub (1903-1972) was born in Paris to a German-Jewish family that moved to Spain when he was 11. During the Spanish Civil War, he worked for the Republican government. After Franco's victory he was arrested in France and spent three years in concentration camps, after which he fled to Mexico. He spent his 30 years in exile writing a massive epic about the Civil War: a collection of novels and stories he called "The Magical Labyrinth," from which the story here is taken. "January without a Name" is narrated by a tree—yes, a tree—on the road between Figueras and the French border. Witnessing the Republicans' desperate exodus in early 1939, he is baffled by the humans' folly—but shares in their suffering nonetheless. The scenes described by our botanical narrator in late January are the same ones that Robert Capa framed with his Leica two weeks earlier.

The excerpt published here is from a first-time translation by Peter Bush that will appear in a new Spanish Civil War anthology, *No Pasarán*, edited by Pete Ayrtton and published by Serpent's Tail. Unlike previous anthologies, *No Pasarán's* 38 texts include a large contingent of Spanish writers alongside authors from the US, the UK, Italy, France, Russia, Cuba, Argentina, and Mexico.

still alive. They flee their shadows not realizing that night alone can solve that problem, they walk and light bonfires when darkness falls; their shadows are reborn with fire. The world has aged in forty-eight hours. A very, very old man comes by, in mourning, like all old Spaniards. Mourning becomes winter. One woman says: "Look at him, so old and scared of death." They walk. The first brightness of day blows up from the sea. The road is full of trucks, customs police, soldiers, cars, assault guards, old people, torn newspapers, old people, petrol tankers, three cannons abandoned to my right, children, soldiers, mules, old people, wounded, cars, wounded, women, children, wounded, old people. Opposite me, a woman crouches by a fence crying, showing her legs in cinnamon-colored stockings, and, around the top, thighs the color of almond blossom, weeping her heart out. Nobody stops, everyone with their tiny stretch of the road on their shoulder.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF CARTS; THE HORSES MANAGE, EFFORTLESSLY, THE WEIGHT ISN'T MUCH, THE BULK IS: THE BURDEN OF THE PEOPLE FLEEING IS LARGE, BUT NOT HEAVY.

"The government's to blame."

"The communists are to blame."

"The CNT is to blame."

"The republic is to blame."

One child is alone, with an umbrella.

"Where's your mother?"

"In France."

"Where's your father?"

"Dead."

He's by himself, still as a small island, in the thick of it, creating eddies.

People come, go, walk, pass by, move, stretch, peer, slip, wear out, wither, age, die. By dint of all that walking, everything comes to an end. Women are more burdened than men; nobody helps anyone. The soldiers, guns adrift, seem determined, but don't know why. [...]

There are thousands of carts; the horses manage, effortlessly, the weight isn't much, the bulk is: the burden of the people fleeing is large, but not heavy. Mattresses take up space, cages are mostly air, rabbits and hens need space to move. Wooden beds act as sides for the carts; pots and pans travel in big vegetable baskets. They're not covered wagons rolling across the plains, they're rural carts with broad metal rimmed wheels and screeching axles that have never left the farm.

The bags of goods underneath hang over the sides like big bladders; a cart transforms into a swaying bunch of fruit; a rope or lone animal pulls it along, snout down, mane and coat caked in filth, withers and flanks scratched, hocks bleeding, fetlocks and hoofs like clods of earth. When the road jams up, stopping brings no respite, is only cause for impatience; jerky movements bite into backsides, send everything flying. Then some animal lifts its head and looks, collar tinkling: the heavens in its eyes. There's no space on the cart for anyone, lest an old woman has turned into a black, prostrate item; neither reins nor straps guide the beast, nor a bit pulled right or left, the crowds carry it along; each cart is a world with its satellites in tow on their way to the French frontier. Every burden is different; no cart is like another, but they *are* all the same. [...]

I've never seen so many people together, so many old folk or so many dressed in black. A woman with a blanket keeps repeating: "My papers are all in order, my papers are all in order..." [...]

And kids bawling, vehicles hooting and changing gear, others starting up. Now it starts to drizzle. Two people are walking along under the same blanket.

"Azaña is to blame."

"Like fuck he is."

An old man is pushing a covered cart, feels tired and stops; a child pushes it, he can't manage more than five meters; his mother takes over, thirty meters further on granddad pushes it again. A soldier's carrying a barren sheep over his shoulder.

A woman: "They're probably not as bad as they make out."

And walks on. Things gradually lose their color. Night falls fast, as if it's been snuffed out. I can feel my branches. It rains, then starts raining again. Cars honk like crazy, switch on their headlights, off, then on again, to see through the drizzle and not crash; mark out a path, then collide. More wounded. Where are they going? They're running away. Why? They're running away. I pity them at times like this. Yes, men are so pitiful, they're so stupid. A tree will always be a tree and a man, even though he'd like to, will never come up to our shins. The

night sparks bonfires along the road to France, like fire-flies. It's cold. The wind blows explosions our way, but the night keeps its secrets. [...]

Sirens. Everyone hesitates for a second, then scatters frantically in every direction in small trickles cross-country or towards Figueras: the plight of refugees. Any cheer disappears. You hear any engines? Some old women have stretched out in ditches while, further up the road, people scamper towards open fields. Some use a dyke as a shield, soak their buttocks

and more besides, some shelter against a wall, sit behind a tree, squat in a watercourse, think the plain will protect them, squeeze between ridges and riverbeds; many decide their lucky star will defend them and look up from the place they first scarpered to. The ack-ack battery spits sparks and shoots into the sky in futile competition with the clouds. I see the planes before anyone else. Five shining, three-engine efforts coming from the sea. A few cool characters discuss makes and models on a roof terrace. Most of the cars have emptied out; a bowl's been dropped in the middle of the road, a cap's lost at my feet, a meter along a corset. The planes, parallel to the sun, open fire. The sirens stop howling. Only the little ack-ack battery, chained to the spot, barks stubbornly. Not a single vehicle, dog or rooster; only the squadron approaching. Some rush off in search of a better fence. It must stun people to think their death may be up there, approaching silently, slipping through the air. They say planes go very fast, I think they always exaggerate; they're still not overhead. Some idiot starts wailing. They're right over me. Flying by now.

"There she goes."

A faint whistle fanning outwards. A shrill tone growing like a pyramid being built from its pinnacle. A ray of lightning



I SEE THE PLANES BEFORE ANYONE ELSE. FIVE SHINING, THREE-ENGINE EFFORTS COMING FROM THE SEA.

turned thunderbolt. A horrible crimson morass. A tremendous blast from the entrails of the earth, gouging a man-made, so genuine crater, splitting and dismantling walls, that cracks, slices and shatters beams; sunders iron bars; fissures and flattens concrete; yellows, disgorges, disembowels, de-legs and dispatches living people over the edge who in a fraction of a second are reduced to bits and liquid. Burns, breaks, twists, crumbles and collapses cars, smashes their windows; squashes old wagons, pulverizes walls; crushes wheels, converts them into compasses; dissolves stone into dust; dismembers a mule; guts a greyhound; de-grapes vineyards; dislocates dead and wounded; destroys a young girl and de-brains a customs policeman crouching opposite me; de-limbs a couple of old men and the odd woman starting with their feet; ten meters to my left beheads an assault guard and hangs a piece of his liver from my branches; disembowels three children in the dyke down the lower slope; de-leafs and de-grasses fifty meters all round and, further off, demolishes a hovel's walls, discovers tiles from Alcora; skins the air, turns it to dust for a hundred meters up, lops off men's ears, leaves them like the man hanging opposite, naked, silk socks all neat and tidy, testicles driven into his stomach, no sign of hair, bowels and intestines in the air, still pulsing; lungs de-ribbing, face disappearing – where? – brains in place, for all to see, gunpowder black.

My main branch is damaged and twisted, and most branches have crashed to the ground. A black kerchief and a few colored ribbons hang from the one I've still got. The countryside breaks into a howl, under clouds of dust. Cocks crow. Shrieks furrow the acrid dust. I see people begin to stir, choking. Blood. Every bit of me hurts. The earth is full of dust, blood, shrapnel, branches, glass. Let them prune me now, I'm less than a third of what I was. Blood, and more blood. The dust hovers in the air as if the air *was* dust. People start shouting their names out. Heartache, sobbing, retching, bleeding, bleeding. Scarves flash again. Acrid smells, sour smells, pungent smells. Men stir amidst yellow dust, dust on their shoulders, heads old and grey. Two are pulling a kind of bloody bag, mush hangs where a head once was, no feet either, take it off round my side. Blood-soaked earth. Ambulances drive up, turf out huge willow baskets, yellow outside, grey inside from dried blood, where they throw the chunks of flesh they find, lots of feet. Bodies stack up in another van; as there aren't enough ambulances, they pile the wounded on top of corpses.

Vans drive off ringing their bells. A company of sappers arrives and sweeps the debris and branches off the road, villagers collect firewood, people emerge from their hideouts, a mass of sobbing, loud and clear. [...] Now the peeping-toms appear, a French journalist I know, because he comes every week, in an empty car he drives back loaded with bread and parcels. [...]

The slow beat of marching troops slices through the silence. Where are they coming from? After the atonal, dragging noise of the crowds, what's drumming the earth, where is this hidden rumble born? People crouching down lift their heads, those hiding peer out, those who reckon they're intrepid come nearer; children run to the road-side. Troops are on the march, coming from the direction of France. What makes hope rise like steam? There they are, in full view: in rows of six, fair lads black as Castilian bread, olive-skinned lads toasted like Andalusians.

Thirteen hundred men returning because they want to, a fragile respite against so much ignominy. Thirteen hundred men of the International Brigades returning, because their foreign blood is Spanish blood. One, two, one, two. As they walk, they leave their footprints, right fists scouring the air from right to left, from left to right. They smile, their strength is everyman's; the grief is Spain's.

"No pasarán."

"No pasarán."

A miserable, pitiful old lady sheltering by my trunk shouts too them: *"Pasarán* overhead, but *no pasarán* down below."

"No pasarán."

Nobody believes a word of it; the hoarse shouting burns their throats. They weep.

"No pasarán."

They're entering Figueras now; you can hear the clamor. People stay quiet, waiting for the end of the alarm, salt in

their eyes, dawn on their faces.

The tide rises again. It's night-time, the people onwards to the frontier.

"I'm going to the Center."

Nobody asks, when will we be back? They're all convinced it will be a few months: two, three, six at most. The world won't allow something so shameful.

"Now for sure, France will have no choice but to intervene."

"Now they've got the Germans at their frontier..."

A girl, maybe five years old, bellows; an older child, by her side - how old is she, nine or ten?

"Shush, the airplanes will hear you."

And the litt'un shushes. ▲

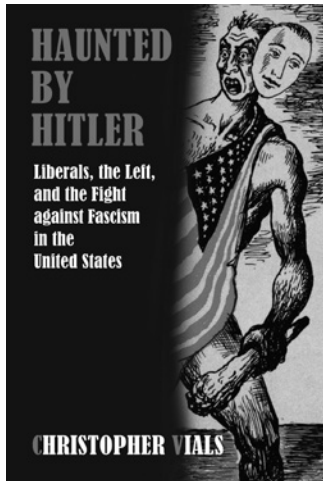
Translated by Peter Bush



Book reviews

Christopher Vials, *Haunted by Hitler: Liberals, the Left, and the Fight against Fascism in the United States*. University of Massachusetts Press, 2014. 296 pages.

Reviewed by Victor Navasky



Although less a history than a series of episodic essays about aspects of a history, *Haunted by Hitler*, a new book by Christopher Vials, contains valuable information, speculation, and analysis about how activists have anticipated, reacted to, and portrayed the threat of fascism in the U.S. public sphere. Starting with the birth of fascism in Europe, the book is organized more or less chronologically into seven chapters, the most interesting of which

are two that focus on McCarthyism and the gay rights movement, respectively.

Vials' analysis of McCarthyism documents the sustained attempt of figures ranging from J. Edgar Hoover to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. to conflate fascism and communism under the headings of "Totalitarianism" and "Red Fascism," a conflation that has long been both simplistic and wrong. The final chapter, called "Queer Anti-fascism Pink Triangle Politics and the Christian Right" powerfully shows how the gay community has re-deployed the use of the pink triangle as a marker of gay men in Nazi concentration camps to remember the suppressed story of gay oppression. Vials argues that it was the gay and lesbian movement that introduced the idea that an "American incarnation of fascism may well have an evangelical Christian face." He also demonstrates how gay activists have effectively used anti-fascism "to highlight very real dangers — dangers to everyone of rightwing social movements that strive to create national purity as cultural homogeneity."

Haunting Hitler makes clear just how prophetic Sinclair Lewis was in his oft-quoted observation that "when fascism comes to America it will be wrapped in a flag and carrying a cross." But along the way the reader benefits from a variety of observations that Vials makes *en passant*. Among them, the author notes that figures like Arthur Miller "looked backward because the earlier struggle against fascism—culminating in the victory that seemed to spell the end of rightwing nationalism—augured hope for a better world which they felt was forgotten and betrayed in the America of the cold war years that followed." On the subject of state-sponsored racist policies, he writes: "the lesson we draw from 1942 [which saw the internment of the Japanese-Americans] is not to wait...until we have positive, irrevocable proof of racism" because then

it's too late to do anything about it. Noting the traditions that shaped one recent figure from the right, Vials notes that Sarah Palin emerged from "a theocratic strand of the Christian right which is the closest functional equivalent of the fascist movement in American politics." It should be noted that the right is not Vials' only target. He reminds us in his work that an association between Nazism, anti-communism and the common American call for law and order "was common across the left during the Vietnam war."

Yet Vials seems to argue that the threat is most dangerous from the right. His epilogue summarizes a 2009 Department of Homeland Security Report on the resurgence of right-wing extremism. Concerned that the mainstream is moving toward the right with no mass movement on the left to counter it, Vials recommends a national debate on the subject of domestic violence. He concludes with a call for greater action to counter this mass movement of the right: "an anti-fascist movement is as necessary now as it has ever been." America, he writes, must recognize a "formidable anti-fascist tradition" and begin calling it by its rightful name. ▲

Victor Navasky teaches in Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. Among other books, he is the author of *Naming Names*, which won the National Book Award, and is the former editor and publisher of *The Nation* magazine as well as the chairman of the Columbia Journalism Review.

***Las Brigadas internacionales a través del cómic: 1977-2012*, Ángel Luis Arjona Márquez, Albacete, 2014.**

Albacete, the provincial capital that was home to IB Headquarters and whose surrounding villages were home to thousands of volunteers during their preliminary training, is unsurprisingly, one of the places in Spain where a keen interest in the history and the study of the International Brigades has remained vibrant.

Las Brigadas internacionales a través del cómic: 1977-2012, (*The International Brigades through Comic Books*), by Ángel Luis Arjona Márquez is the most recent publication from the Instituto de Estudios Albacetenses. The 356-page Spanish language text approaches the subject of the IB through their representation in comic books and is divided into two parts. The first section is mainly concerned with short summaries of the 16 comic books in which the International Brigades or individual volunteers are the main plot focus. Some of the other 37 titles which Arjona has identified include anecdotal references to the IB. The second half of the book is composed of appendices, including a list of over 100 comic books which refer to the IB, the Spanish Civil War or "other related subjects." Color reproductions of pages from different comics turn out to be a key attractions of the study.

Those interested in the Lincoln Brigade history will be pleased to learn that "Robeson in Spain" published in *The Volunteer* in 2009, is duly mentioned. What is described as a mini comic book, "Brigada Lincoln" published in Spain in 2012 is also described in depth. The other works were mainly published in Spain, but also in France, Italy and Belgium. —Robert S. Coale.



INVISIBLE IMMIGRANTS: SPANIARDS IN THE US (1868-1945)

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This simple six-sentence story is a composite thumbnail sketch of the lives of tens of thousands of Spanish immigrants who settled in the United States in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century. The fable structures this book of photographs, co-curated by ALBA board member James D. Fernández, and Spanish journalist and film-maker, Luis Argeo. Each of the six sentences serves as the heading of a chapter, in what Professor José Moya of Columbia and Barnard has called "...a veritable kaleidoscope of immigrant lives and memories," and Francis Lam in the Sunday magazine of the New York Times "*a beautiful haunting historical photo album of the Spanish in America.*"

Of particular interest are the photos that Fernández and Argeo have rescued from family albums for Chapter V, which documents the intense pro-Republican mobilization of Spanish American communities all over the country.

The book can be ordered at invisibleimmigrants.com

[Photo courtesy of the Conde family of Canton, Ohio]

"SPANISH DOCTORS" IN CHINA

By Nancy Tsou and Len Tsou

Twenty medical doctors serving in the International Brigades went straight from Spain to China to help the country defend itself against Japanese aggression. They are remembered fondly in China today.

IT IS WIDELY KNOWN that hundreds of doctors from all over the world volunteered to join the International Brigades to fight fascism in Spain during the civil war of 1936-1939. However, few in the West are aware that some of these doctors, immediately after serving in Spain, volunteered to serve with the antifascist front in China against Japanese aggression. In fact, 20 of these doctors volunteered from 11 countries. The Chinese called them the "Spanish Doctors," because of their earlier activities in Spain, even though none of them were Spaniards.

Among these doctors, the Canadian Norman Bethune was the first to arrive in China in 1938. He is well known and honored to this day in China. He brought mobile blood units to the battlefields in both Spain and China. After working tirelessly in China for over a year, he died of an infection contracted while operating on a Chinese patient.

Following in Dr. Bethune's footsteps to China, was an Indian, Dr. Menhanlal Atal. After serving in the International Brigades in 1937, he was called back to India by the Indian National Congress for a mission to China. He led a team of five Indian doctors bringing medicine and medical equipment, and arrived Yan'an in 1939.

The third Spanish Doctor was an Indonesian, Dr. Tio Oen Bik. After serving in Spain for two years, Bik was interned in Camp de Gurs in France in 1939. After much trouble, he left the camp and reached Yan'an in 1940. He served in China for eight years.

The remaining 17 Spanish Doctors responded to the call by the British and Norwegian Committee for Medical Aid to China in 1939. At the time, many of them were still interned in the French camp. Their urge to fight fascism was only strengthened after being defeated in the Spanish Civil War. They were excited to learn that they were chosen from some 50 physician applicants to head for China.

They came to China via three groups. The first had three doctors, Becker, Jensen, and Kisch. They sailed on ship Eumaus from Liverpool, England on May 1, 1939, and reached China a month later. Then on August 5, 1939, another group of four doctors, Baer, Freudmann, Iancu, and Kaneti boarded the Aeneas from London to Marseille to pick up eight doctors, Flato, Jungerman, Kamieniecki, Kriegel, Taubenfligel, Kranzdorf, Schoen, and Volokhine along with two medical assistants, Ms. Markus and Mrs. Kamieniecka, who had also served in Spain. They traveled via Hong Kong to Tuyunguan on October 16, 1939. The last group of two, Coutelle and Kent arrived China in 1940.

In the beginning, they expected that their destination would be Yan'an, the center of the Chinese revolution. Instead, they were sent to the headquarters of the Chinese Red Cross at Tuyunguan near Guiyang to join the Medical Relief Corps. They were very disappointed. Zhou En-Lai convinced them that they could make significant contributions regardless of where they served in China, since the Kuomintang and the Chinese Communist Party had already united to fight against the Japanese invasion. Reluctantly, they agreed to serve at Tuyunguan in the territory of Kuomintang.

In the past, many foreigners came to China for money or fame. But the Spanish Doctors asked nothing from China. They ate the same rations and slept on the same kind of straw-padded beds as Chinese soldiers. Their only request was that they be sent to the battlefronts. They were anxious to apply the lessons they learned from the battlefields in Spain.

They were divided into several teams as mobile medical units. One or two Spanish Doctors led a team of stretcher-bearers and translators. Each group was provided with a map, detailing the route and their destination. In this fashion, they traveled all over China reaching many provinces. German Dr. Rolf Becker recalled later that often the roads became inaccessible due to Japanese bombings. Sometimes, the Chinese would destroy the roads to slow the enemy's advancement. "We had to walk on foot, each carrying a 45-kilo backpack and marched 20-30 kilometers a day to reach battlefronts," Dr. Becker said.

The extreme shortage of resources in wartime China prompted them to be creative. Bulgarian Dr. Ianto Kaneti said, "Bamboo is very useful for food or building material. We used bamboo to construct bathing devices. Water was warmed by sun, and then flowed through bamboo troughs to bathing stands for soldiers to take warm showers."

They established field hospitals wherever they went. Once Dr. Becker evacuated all the tall Buddha statues from a temple near the Cambodian border and set up rows of wooden boards, each on top of two columns of bricks, as makeshift beds for patients. Although he was the only doctor there, he was able to treat 500 patients with only the help of a few nurses.

A few Spanish Doctors had some unpleasant memories from Tuyunguan. German Dr. Karl Coutelle complained that he had to wait a long time for his job assignment. Moreover, he said, "We almost became prisoners. Every week we had to report to the police station in Guiyang." This was because they were citizens of enemy countries.

In the early days at Tuyunguan, they slept in a rat-infested warehouse. Austrian Dr. Walter Freudmann was bitten by a rat while sleeping and lost part of his earlobe. One day, he wrote, they woke up and found their passports missing. A few days later, their passports miraculously reappeared. Presumably the Kuomintang authority suspected these Spanish Doctors of being Communists, so it "borrowed" their passports for examination. But the people in Tuyunguan were friendly. Dr. Robert Kesheng Lim, the head of the Medical Relief Corp in Guiyang, was a liberal; he embraced all who

wanted to help China, regardless of their political views. He protected the Spanish Doctors from political interference, and became their trusted friend.

In 1942, nine Spanish Doctors (Baer, Coutelle, Flato, Freudmann, Iancu, Kisch, Kriegel, Taubenfligel and Volokhine) were on loan to work as Liaison Doctors under U.S. Army General Joseph Stilwell in the battle against the Japanese army in the China-Burma-India Theater, where they worked in harsh jungles. Freudmann was once sick with fever in a bamboo *chabola* outside of Mytkina in Burma; but he insisted on cheering a group of wounded Chinese soldiers with a famous German song "Freiheit." They understood him, because he sang the entire song in Chinese! This was the same song he had sung a few years earlier when he treated wounded soldiers in Spain.

After the victory against the fascists in 1945, the Doctors returned to their own countries with the help of General Stilwell. Dr. Kaneti arranged his return to Bulgaria along with his young family. The remaining eight Spanish Doctors and two medical aides remained in China to join the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration to help China from 1946 to 1947.

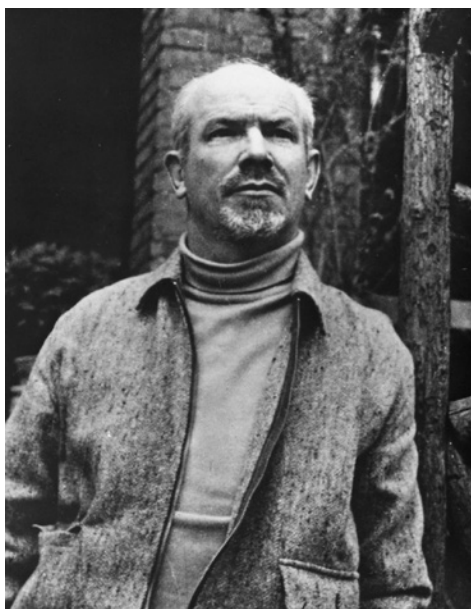
It is extraordinary that the Spanish Doctors risked their lives in not one, but two antifascist wars! But Dr. Kaneti considered it a natural response, not a heroic action. He said, "If history repeats, I would make the same choice."

To commemorate the Spanish Doctors for their contributions in the war of resistance against Japanese aggression, a monument was erected in Tuyunguan in September 1985. This monument took the shape of a three-point star representing the logo of the International Brigades. On the three faces of the monument are the names of the Spanish Doctors in golden letters.

All the Spanish Doctors are dead. In 2015, the Chinese government was able to track descendants of eight Spanish Doctors and invited them to Tuyunguan for the 70th anniversary of the victory of the antifascist war and the International Medical Relief Corp (IMRC). The majority of the foreign doctors serving in IMRC were Spanish Doctors. At the commemoration ceremony on August 31, 2015, the descendants of the Spanish Doctors crowded around the monument, reaching with their fingers to gently touch the golden names. Then they walked to a nearby monument for the Medical Relief Corps of the Chinese Red Cross. Someone handed them yellow chrysanthemums. They unfurled a Spanish Republic flag with the logo of the International Brigades. A crowd of reporters rushed over to capture this historic image.

The Chinese people keep the memory of the Spanish Doctors, just as the Spanish people remember the veterans of the International Brigades. The Spanish Doctors live on in the hearts of both the Chinese and the Spanish peoples. ▲

Nancy Tsou and Len Tsou are authors of Los brigadistas chinos en la Guerra Civil: La llamada de España (1936-1939) (Madrid, 2013).



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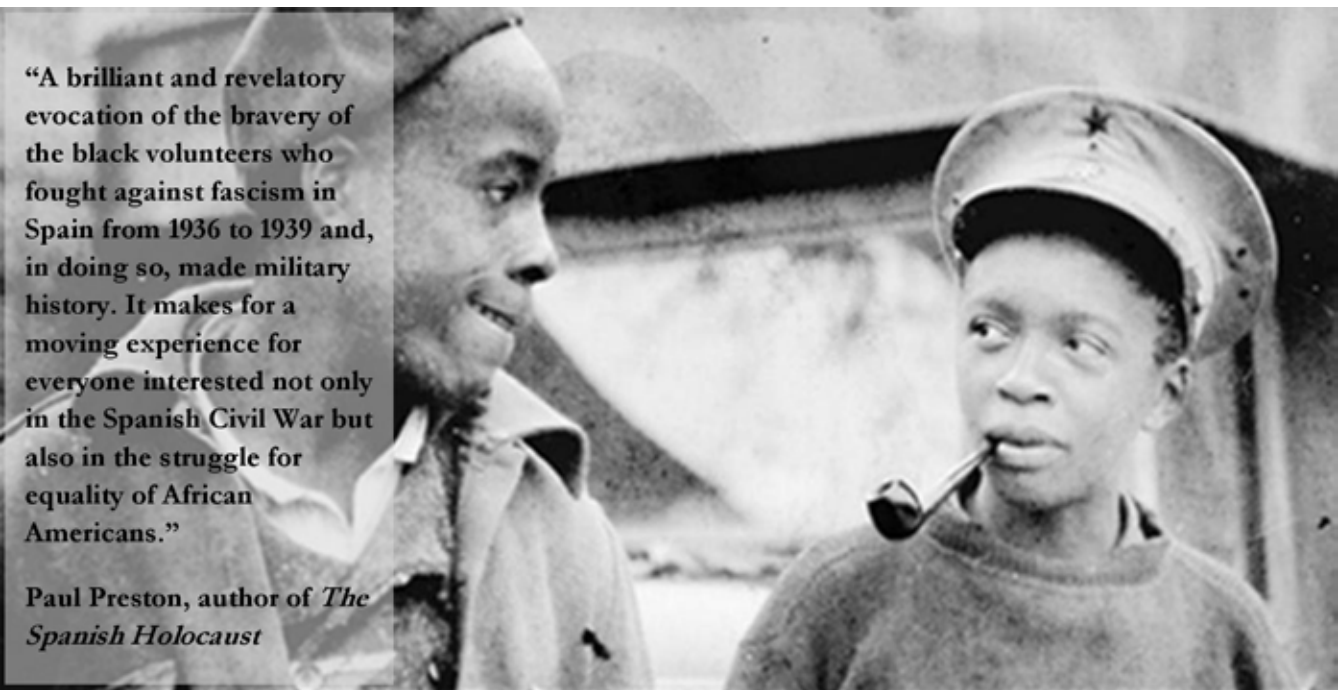
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