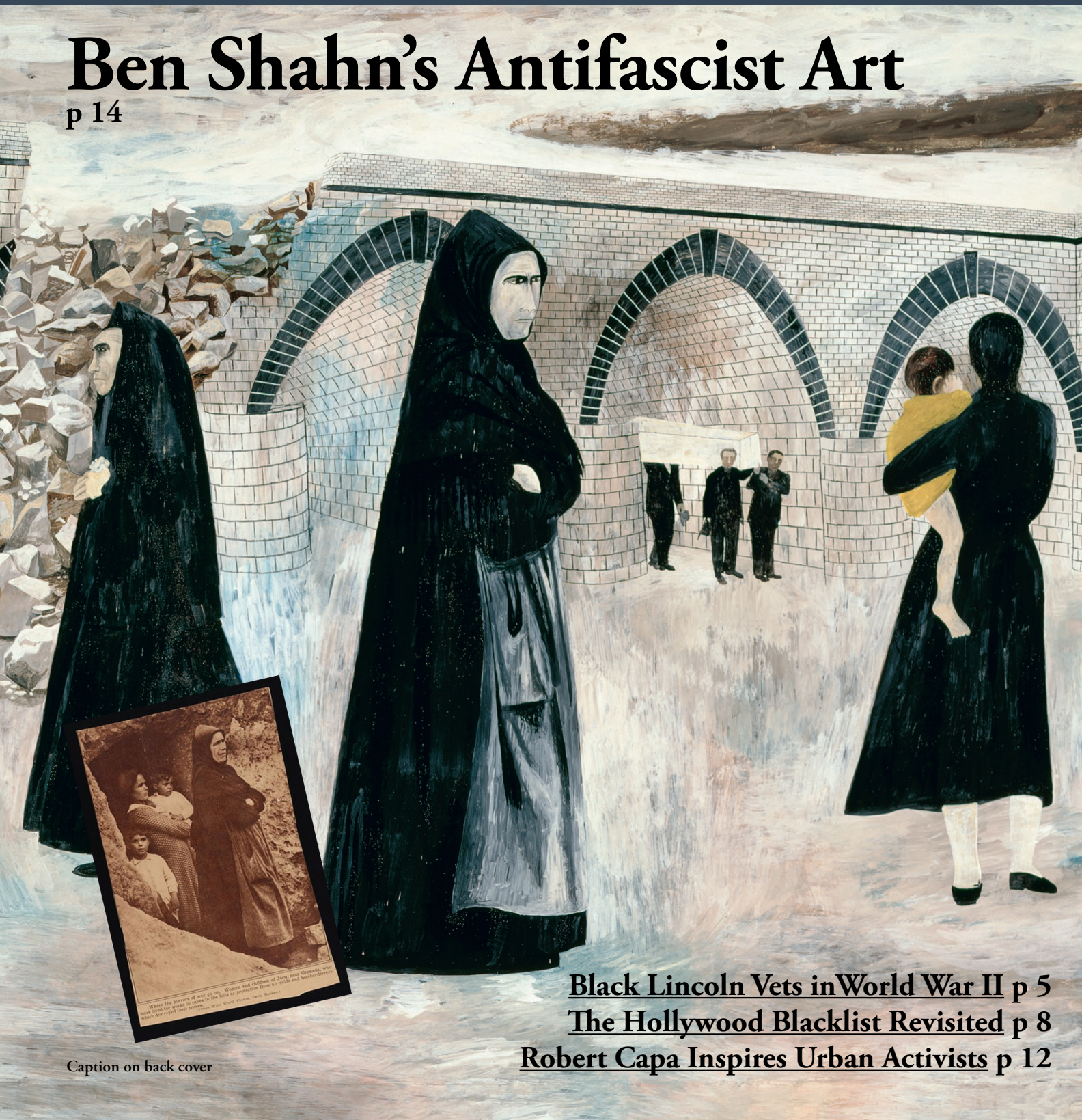
Vol. XLII, No. 3 September 2025

The Volunteer

FOUNDED IN 1937 BY THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE LINCOLN BRIGADE.
PUBLISHED BY THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE ARCHIVES (ALBA)

Ben Shahn's Antifascist Art

p 14



Caption on back cover

The Volunteer

Founded by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

239 W. 14th Street, Suite 2
New York, NY 10011 (212) 674-5398
www.alba-valb.org

Editor Print Edition
Sebastiaan Faber / James D. Fernández

Online Edition
www.albavolunteer.org

Editor Online Edition
Sebastiaan Faber

Associate Editor
Aaron B. Retish

Book Review Editor
Joshua Goode

Graphic Design
www.eyestormdesignstudio.com

Editorial Assistance
Phil Kavanaugh

Manuscripts, inquiries, and letters to the editor may be sent by email to info@alba-valb.org The editors reserve the right to modify texts for length and style.

Books for review may be sent to Joshua Goode
Claremont Graduate University
Blaisdell House, #5, 143 East 10th Street
Claremont, CA 91711

www.albavolunteer.org

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.

IN THIS ISSUE

Dear Friends,

"There will be Brigades forming again," John Garfield's character says at the end of *The Fallen Sparrow,* the 1943 spy thriller in which he plays Kit McKittrick, a traumatized Lincoln vet who singlehandedly foils a Nazi plot. Although the phrase is easy to miss, it is key to understanding the story's political point—or, at least, that's what we concluded when we discussed the film as part of ALBA's online movie sessions, in July. When Kit left Spain, we learn as the story unfolds, he risked his life to secure his Brigade's battle standard; the Nazis are after him because they are out to destroy it. Kit is determined to protect it with his life. Not because he's bought into ideas of heraldic honor, but because, to him and his fellow volunteers in the International Brigades, it represents the spirit of the worldwide antifascist struggle. In the final scene of the movie, which is set in 1940, Kit takes off to recover the standard. The implication is clear: The war in Spain may be over, but the collective struggle goes on.

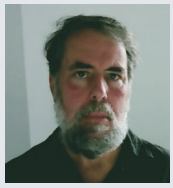
Brigades will be forming again. At ALBA we think of you—our supportive, combative community—in much the same way. As we discuss, teach, and honor history of antifascism together, we are securing its battle standard, keeping its spirit alive, because we understand that the fight has not stopped, to the contrary.

In fact, it was much the same idea that radicalized Black Lincoln vets like Bunny Rucker and Walter Garland who joined the US armed forces during World War II, as Anna Duensing shows in a compelling piece (page 5). Our other stories also connect fascism and antifascism across time. On pages 8 and 12, we cover two highly relevant exhibits on the Hollywood Blacklist and the antifascist painter Ben Shahn. On page 10, we speak with one of Spain's best-known graphic novelists. Cynthia Young shows on page 14 how two of Robert Capa's photographs inspired citizen activists in Germany and Spain. We feature a touching poem by Alan Entin about his uncle Bernie, who died at Brunete (page 16). We are also thrilled to report that the Lincoln volunteers from New Hampshire are finally honored with a plaque (page 3). And don't forget to check out our online edition at albavolunteer.org for new stories on Salaria Kea and the CPUSA!

This magazine and ALBA's extensive programming would be impossible without all of you. It's up to all of us to keep the antifascist spirit of the Lincolns alive. We are deeply grateful for your steady support.

¡Salud!

Sebastiaan Faber,
Co-Editor



James D. Fernández,
Co-Editor

P.S. Did you know that it's easy to set up recurring monthly donations?
Go to **alba-valb.org/donate** for more information.

To the Editors:

As a longtime supporter of VALB and ALBA—and as a 76-year-old "red diaper baby" having been brought up in a "Brigade-adjacent" family—I was excited to see the announcement for the play *At the Barricades,* brought to us by a younger generation of activist theater makers. The performance was so impressive that I actually saw it twice in one week. The way in which Sam and James constructed the characters and introduced a new audience to this history was nothing less than inspiring. I sincerely hope that ALBA can feature a talkback/interview about the play.

I think all supporters and folks interested in ALBA and this history would be interested in hearing about the process Sam and James followed to research and develop the play, the content and the ways in which contemporary themes are effectively woven into the history, and the response they've received from audiences. Also, the fact that ALBA's online events include a national audience may open up avenues for showing the play in other venues.

In solidarity,

Elissa Krauss (New York City)

ALBA NEWS

New Hampshire Rededicates ALB Plaque

A quarter century after being commissioned, a plaque dedicated to the New Hampshire Volunteers of the Lincoln Brigade was finally unveiled in a joyous celebration on Sunday, July 13 in Albany, NH. Initially commissioned in 2000 to be displayed in the New Hampshire statehouse, its unveiling was blocked by backlash from rightwing legislators. Thanks to former NH state senator and ALBA Board Member Burt Cohen, the World Fellowship Center now hosts the plaque.

The rededication ceremony was well attended. Dan and Molly Watt performed selections from their moving play *George and Ruth*. Burt Cohen told the saga of his attempts to memorialize the New Hampshire heroes. ALBA Executive Director Mark Wallem reminded the crowd of ALBA's relevance today as we see fascism on the rise again. NH House Rep Luz Bay (D – Dover) also spoke briefly.

The plaque is dedicated to NH Vets Homer Bates Chase, Van Chase, Frederick Leon Copp, Joseph Dallet, Danny Fitzgerald, James Jones, Orvo William Kemppainem, Christo Litsas, Mathew Irving Matison, Evan Shipman, Owen Jefferson Smith, and Richard Chester Thompson.

ALBA Celebrates Pride Month with Spanish Senator

ALBA's annual event celebrating Pride Month featured the Spanish Senator Carla Antonelli in conversation with Carmen Hernández-Ojeda, who in addition to both being from the Canary Island have been lifelong LGBTQ+ advocates. Among other topics, they discussed the role of LGBTQ+ activists in the anti-fascist movement from the anti-Francoist resistance to the present. A well-known actress, Ms. Antonelli holds the historic distinction of being the first openly transgender person elected to the Cortes Generales, as well as the first to serve in a regional legislature in Spain. Visit ALBA's YouTube channel for a recording of the event.

Bay Area Hosts Film Screening on Irv Norman

On August 3 in San Francisco, the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives, in collaboration with Veterans for Peace, hosted a powerful event featuring the documentary *The Truth Be Told: Irving Norman and the Human Predicament*. Produced and directed by Ray Day, the film explores the haunting social surrealist paintings of Lincoln Brigade veteran Irving Norman (1906-89), created during the 1950s to reflect the human condition and political repression. Following the screening, Day spoke about Norman's life, the creative process behind the film, and the striking parallels between the McCarthy Era and today's sociopolitical climate. Paul Cox and Richard Berman spoke as well, and the program featured moving presentations by children of Lincoln Brigade veterans— Paul Harris (Sidney Harris), Martha Olson Jarocki (Leonard Olson), Margo Feinberg (Helen Freeman), Marci Rubin (Hank Rubin) and Cecilia London (Harold London)—who shared personal stories of trauma, resilience, and resistance, highlighting the enduring legacy of activism and the challenges faced in the present day.

Popular Film Series Continues

ALBA's popular series of Spanish Civil War movie discussions continued with sessions covering *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Fallen Sparrow*, both from 1943, led by Prof. Alex Vernon (Hendrix College) and Prof. Sebastiaan Faber (Oberlin College), respectively. On August 21, Prof. Gina Herrmann (University of Oregon) will lead a conversation on Alain Resnais' classic *La guerre est finie (The War is Over)*, written by Jorge Semprún and featuring Yves Montand. Recordings of all sessions are available on ALBA's YouTube channel.

ALBA at Socialism 2025

In July, ALBA Executive Assistant Dennis Meaney attended the Socialism 2025 conference in Chicago to connect ALBA's work with the revived leftwing movements in the US and to situate our historical memory and our educational work within these movements. He attended several of the stimulating panels to speak about the movement and ALBA's place in it. While in Chicago, Dennis met with several relatives of Brigadistas, including Amanda and Michael Klonksy, Dean Burrier Sanchis, and Jeff Balch.

ALBA Protests Threat to Lincoln Vet's Grave

ALBA Chair Aaron Retish sent a letter to Provincetown officials to protest a threat to the resting place of Douglas Roach, one of the 90 African Americans in the Lincoln Brigade. A proposed new housing development would disturb the graves of Roach and his extended family, whose burial plot falls slightly outside the town cemetery—likely due to racial discrimination at the time. "We hope you consider the historical weight of this burial site of a man who volunteered to fight fascism before many others saw that threat for what it was," Retish writes. "He was an American hero."

DNA Sought to Identify ALB Volunteers

Our friends at the Alvah Bessie Project in Catalonia have informed us that they are prepping for archaeological work and exhumation of the mass grave at La Bisbal de Montsant. Among the Lincoln volunteers who died and were possibly buried in the mass grave were Milton Gale from New York and Granville Paine from Everett, Washington. We are looking for any known familial relations of Gale and Paine that could be used for DNA identification. Please email us at info@alba-valb.org.

Save the Date: ALBA's End-Of-Year Gathering

On December 7, in the afternoon, ALBA will hold its annual end-of-year gathering at La Nacional on West 14th Street. More details to follow!

Burt Cohen, Mark Wallem and Molly Lynn Watt at the rededication ceremony. Photo Arnie Alpert

Robert David Caminiti (1937-2025)

Bob Caminiti, who passed away on June 26 at the age of 88, spent much of his life behind the scenes in the television business. Born to Italian immigrants in Brooklyn, NY, he joined NBC in 1956, became Associate Director on *Jeopardy* in 1967, and worked on the production staff of *Saturday Night Live* from 1982 until his retirement in 2019. Along the way, he played small roles in several films. As a longtime Directors Guild of America (DGA) union representative and labor negotiator, he fought tirelessly to protect the rights of union members. He loved ballet and opera and was passionate about flying.

Bob believed in the importance of dialogue and the power of fearless expression to bring about political transformation. He served his country honorably in the United States Army and was deeply influenced by the history of the International Brigades—volunteers who, despite overwhelming odds, stood up to fascism in defense of democracy. Their idealism and courage left an indelible mark on his worldview, fueling his belief in principled resistance and the enduring power of collective action.

Bob is survived by his loving wife, Nathalie Watson Caminiti; his children, Marc "Chris" Caminiti and Susan Fallon; and six grandchildren: Karli Caminiti, Olivia Fallon, Samantha Caminiti, Maggi Caminiti, Matthew Caminiti, and Conor Fallon. Donations may be made in his honor to two organizations he was extremely passionate about because they embodied his lifelong commitment to justice, truth, and hope for a brighter future: the Center for Cuban Studies and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives.

To the Editors:

An article by Kathryn Everly in the March 2022 *Volunteer* on Salaria Kea's life and her experiences in Spain focused on the fairness of comments found in the ALBA Collection at the Tamiment Library. When Fredericka Martin reviewed materials by and about Salaria, she found that some accounts of incidents were either false or exaggerated. Freddie asked another nurse, Anne Taft, to review her assessment, and Anne agreed. In her article, Everly suggests these negative comments were the product of racism on the part of the white nurses who negated the effects of racism Salaria experienced throughout her life.

For an African American woman living and working in the United States, racism was ever present and constantly resisted. The Lincoln Brigade Vets were human and therefore not perfect—but racism was not a prevalent characteristic. I did not know Freddie Martin and Anne Taft, but they were friends of my mother, May Levine. If they were racist, they would not have been her friends. Unfortunately, they are not around to defend themselves.

After the war, Freddie worked in the Pribilof Islands with the indigenous Aleuts. She wrote about her experiences there and contributed to an Aleut language dictionary. Later she moved to Mexico. This is not the expected behavior of a racist.

In December 2011, the *Volunteer* ran another article about Salaria by Emily Robins Sharpe, who indicated that one of the difficulties in studying Salaria's life is "that subtle details change from memoir to memoir." These changes may help explain Freddie's and Anne's comments, given that the passages in question did not correspond to their own memories.

Beyond any disagreements about particular events, Salaria's contributions and sacrifices during her time in Spain were important and need to be honored. The point of this note is that charges of racism should be backed up by evidence. I don't believe that sufficient evidence has been provided in this case.

Peter Hartzman (Sunnyvale, CA)

Bert Jackson in Spain. Tamiment Library. ALBA.PHOTO.011, 11-0667.

Two-War Antifascists

Black American Volunteers Take Stock of the Jim Crow Military During World War II

By Anna Duensing

The African American veterans of the Lincoln Brigade who joined the US armed forces during World War II were demoralized and embittered by the gross inequalities and color lines they experienced daily. The purported stakes of World War II—crushing fascism and saving democracy—intensified their outrage, which turned into militancy.

James "Bunny" Rucker enlisted in the 92nd Infantry Division of the U.S. Army in 1942 because he wanted to kill fascists. It was as simple as that. "I took personal pride in that I acted on the basis of my hatred against Hitlerism at all times," he later explained, "and I had personal hopes that I'd be given by my own country even a limited opportunity to express that hatred through some measure of participation in our armed forces." He understood that the front lines were in Europe. But as a militant Black antifascist, he refused to distinguish between the urgency to destroy fascism on the battlefield and the need to do so at home. He believed in his bones that the struggle would not be complete until it had achieved "full equality for Negroes in all phases of American life without compromise."

Like many Black soldiers in the Jim Crow military, however, Rucker's hopes were quickly dashed. He joined the ranks of an army mobilized in total war against fascism, only to spend mindless months toiling on labor detail in North Carolina: collecting trash, hauling scrap metal, and trimming shrubbery. "This is narcotic," he wrote to his wife in desperation. "I'm losing touch with the struggles that my uniform represents, and that hurts." Like countless other Black servicemen and women, war workers, and Black Americans more generally, Rucker was demoralized and embittered by the gross inequalities and color lines that cut across the armed forces and defense industries. Although the system operated in parallel to the barriers and degradations of civilian life, the purported stakes of World War II—a great global showdown to crush fascism and save democracy—intensified his outrage. In the face of such American hypocrisy, Rucker and other Black soldiers found themselves radicalizing as their indignity spilled over into militancy. On the home front, this experience coursed across the Black public sphere, embodied most famously in the popular antifascism of *Pittsburgh Courier's* "Double V" campaign, which insisted that the fight against fascism must take place "over there" *and* at home.

In many respects, Rucker's despair and frustration, as well as his understanding of fascism and Jim Crow as twin enemies, were commonplace in wartime Black America. Still, he was among a small cohort of soldiers uniquely poised to rage against Jim Crow in uniform and find the idea of a segregated mobilization against fascist forces absurd. Rucker did not simply crave combat; he wanted to *return* to it. Pulling weeds at Fort Bragg was especially insulting to someone seasoned in armed antifascist struggle, who knew the wail of Nazi bombers, whose white superior officers readily admitted he had more experience and knowledge than they did. Like countless other disgruntled and battle-hungry Black soldiers, Rucker's understanding of what fascism was, and how to fight it, was rooted in his coming-of-age in Jim Crow America. Unlike most of his comrades-in-arms, however, he was a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

As readers of this magazine will know, at least 83 Black Americans were among the roughly 2,800 volunteers from the United States who joined the International Brigades in Spain. Rucker, a communist from Roanoke, Virginia, who lived in Columbus, Ohio, sailed for Spain via France on the President Roosevelt in February 1937. As Robin D. G. Kelley, Cedric Robinson, and others have noted, many Black volunteers were drawn to the struggle of Republican Spain in 1936 through the surge of antifascist militancy and grassroots solidarities fueled by Fascist Italy's invasion of Ethiopia the year before. In making this connection, scholars have elevated Black perspectives, making clear not only that the fight against fascism extended beyond Europe, but that fascism itself was understood as a racist and imperialist project. Still, few scholars have looked

Walter Garland in Spain, Feb. 1937.

Bunny Rucker with Langston Hughes in Madrid.

to the handful of Black Americans who returned from Spain and then, in a few years' time, found themselves as soldiers back in Europe.

Black antifascists like Rucker initially grappled with fascism's familiar contours—its racial-imperial grammar—between Scottsboro and Addis Ababa; then amidst blood and dust in the Ebro Offensive; then in basic training in the Deep South, followed by the segregated ranks of the U.S. armed forces as they pushed their way northward into Italy and across the wrecked expanse of the western front into the Third Reich. What perspective did a seasoned antifascist soldier like Rucker bring when he finally volunteered for the front and returned to Europe to fight in Italy in July 1944? How did his antifascism differ from that of U.S. War Department propaganda and the more tempered strains of patriotic antifascism printed daily under the banner of "Double V"?

Letters written by Black antifascists like Rucker who saw combat in both Spain and during World War II make clear that, throughout, they held on to their earlier understanding of what it meant to defend democracy by fighting fascism and racism head-on. As two-war antifascists, they were better positioned to understand the war as but the latest front in a larger struggle to destroy fascism in all its forms—and to cultivate a world where its permutations and afterlives wouldn't stand a chance.

This view certainly put them at odds with the mainstream. As we know, the Second World War generated a remarkable, though fleeting, moment in U.S. political and popular culture in which limited strains of antifascism became not only acceptable but seen as outright patriotic. In contrast, the voices of two-war antifascists like Rucker demanded a more radical reflection. What was at stake was not only the nature of the war and what it should mean to Black Americans, but, more broadly, the relationship between democracy and fascism once the war was won. Historians have long argued for the role played by Black soldiers and other veterans to the Black freedom struggle before, during, and after World War II. But the perspectives of this small cohort of Black volunteers in Spain who went on to fight in the Jim Crow Army in Europe remind us to situate their "martial freedom movement" in antifascist terms—as something far more visionary than official U.S. policy.

Another one of these two-war antifascists was Bert Jackson, a Black artist from New Jersey who had joined the CP in 1935 and sailed for Spain in May 1937 and returned in December 1938. In February 1942, he enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps. As he wrote soon after, despite the new uniform, he held fast to the idea that he was still, or perhaps once again, "a member of a fighting anti-fascist Army." Jackson meant that his aims remained the same as they had been five years earlier. His vision of democracy—a democracy not yet realized in the United States—was inherently antifascist. More importantly, democracy was not to be taken for granted, nor was it a given that it would flourish from the postwar rubble, like some force rushing back into the crater left by Nazi Germany's surrender. For Jackson, the fight for democracy, and democracy itself, must necessarily be an antifascist project. It was a subtle but important distinction.

Jackson's friend Walter Garland, a Black musician from Brooklyn who served in Spain and enlisted in the Army in 1942, took a similar position to his comrade. Early in the line of duty, Garland wrote that he found the U.S. Army was falling short in developing its men into "the mighty anti-fascist force needed" to beat fascism once and for all. Of course, he observed, the military's pervasive culture of white supremacy and attendant low Black troop morale were the main reasons for this shortcoming.

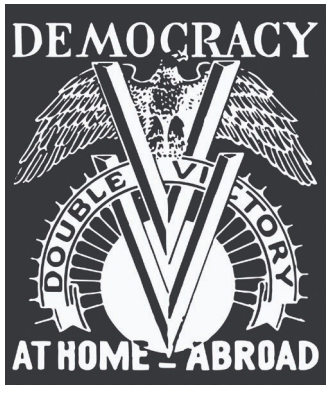
Bunny Rucker's letters home indicate he would have wholeheartedly agreed. Early in his service, he was transferred to "non-combatant limited service"; like many Black GIs, he was denied a combat role. In a letter to his wife, he grieved this "truly foul blow." "Even my own commanders recognized the insult," he remarked, given his ample combat experience in Spain. Strategically speaking, he pointed out, the fact that both military leadership and the federal government remained so committed to the inefficiencies of Jim Crow "in the midst of a life and death war with the most ruthless, most destructive enemies of mankind in all the history of the world," suggested a sinister disregard for actual antifascist struggle—and for the freedom and justice antifascism promised in the wake of victory. In Spain, Rucker had served in a "people's army." By contrast, what he suffered while wearing an American uniform amounted to "chain-gang, concentration camp measures of oppression, which is national minority oppression carried to a high degree and the Jim Crow Army has nothing whatsoever in common with a democratic Army of national liberation"

While Rucker wrote of his own struggles with the Army's color lines, he also warned of their extension back to U.S. soil—clear evidence, from where he stood, of Jim Crow's close kinship with fascism. For Rucker, the army's commitment to the Jim Crow status quo prevented the United States from ever reaching its purported war aims. In his correspondence he pressed further, warning that the country's overt and latent fascist sympathies

Nazi captured by 92nd Infantry Division in Lucca, Italy, Sept. 1944. NARA, Public Domain.

meant it would never land on the right side of the antifascist struggle.

Despite everything, men like Rucker, Jackson, and Garland found pride in returning to combat and once again facing off against a fascist foe. Rucker stood strong. He garnered recognition from select white superiors, while his combat experience eventually earned him a heavy weapons post, which surpassed that of his Commanding Officer. Meanwhile, although Bert Jackson's antifascist fighting spirit suffered gravely while stationed in Alabama, he too remained eager for combat, linking his suffering under Jim Crow to the suffering the fascists caused the world. He longed, he wrote, for "a chance at the major perpetuators of racial superiority," and considered himself the ideal antifascist agent to take on the Nazis. "And think how 'der fuehrer' will feel," he wrote, "when he sees his prized air force knocked out of the sky by people he has taught his 'Aryans' to despise."



Although these men took far more critical perspectives on Black military service and the hypocrisy of U.S. ideals in the war effort, they nonetheless recognized the urgency of the historical moment and the significance of having Black soldiers at the helm in crushing the Axis. In a way, their positions straddled the conditional wartime patriotism embodied in the "Double V" campaign and the vision of Black radicals like W.E.B. Du Bois, Claudia Jones, and C.L.R. James, who interpreted the war as a racial-imperial catastrophe unfolding on both sides, even as they recognized the short-term need for an Allied victory.

In framing democracy as inherently antifascist, this cohort of two-war antifascists showed remarkable resolve and prescience about the problems of peace, captured well by Du Bois in May 1945, when he wrote: "We have conquered Germany but not their ideas." Their correspondence in combat shows exceptional concern over the risks of abandoning the struggle against fascism on the battlefields of Europe, even as the dust settled, and the grind of tanks came to a stop. In the midst of the war, they warned against ceasing the fight for democracy at home after it had purportedly been secured in Europe.

In the final months of the war, Bunny Rucker fixated on what he viewed as a bleak future despite the impending realities of peace. Reporting from combat in Italy in January 1945, he was focused on battles to come. Jim Crow, he insisted, was the opposite of democracy. In fact, "Jim Crow is fascism and fascism is death." That April, the end of fighting in sight, as Rucker was wounded and faced a long recovery, his morale collapsed despite the positive reports from abroad. News of peace in Europe and later in the Pacific came to him in a hospital bed, where he fell into despondence over the false promises of the war's end. "I'm very disgusted with the whole Goddamned mess," he confessed in a letter in October 1945. "The hospital, the Army, the Government, the country and the people in it."

His frustrations over his long and fitful recovery paled in comparison to the disaffection he felt for his country and his disillusionment with its capacity for change. On the U.S. role in denazification and democratization in Germany, he wrote: "there is such a small part of American life that has any more integrity than there was in Germany." To Rucker, in other words, the antifascist struggle was far from over. "The purpose of the war sacrifices was to make living tolerable," he remarked: tolerable for the racialized and colonized, for the subjugated and oppressed, for the workers and toilers all the world over. To be sure, many Black servicemen and women suffered similar disappointment and trauma in the wake of the war. But in light of the longer march of Rucker's antifascist militancy, his frustration hangs especially heavy.

The postwar activism and militancy of Rucker, Garland, Jackson, and their comrades show that they kept up with the struggle to destroy fascism: this time on U.S. soil. And while postwar politics may have kept them from framing their ongoing activism in antifascist terms, their antifascism did not end in 1945, just as it did not start in 1941. Their legacies compel us to unshackle histories of U.S. antifascism from the narrow, triumphalist window of the World War II era, and place them instead in the long arc of the Black antifascist tradition.

Anna Duensing is a historian specializing in African American history, Black radicalism, transnational social movements, and the evolving global politics of white supremacy. She teaches at Villanova University, where she is a Faculty Affiliate of the Albert Lepage Center for History in the Public Interest.

Seven of the Hollywood Ten (Left to right: Samuel Ornitz, Ring Lardner Jr., Albert Maltz, Alvah Bessie, Lester Cole, Herbert Bieberman, Edward Dmytryk), 1950. Courtesy of Photofest

New York Remembers the Hollywood Blacklist

By Sebastiaan Faber

As the government's attempts to control and punish US universities and the media are conjuring up memories of McCarthyism, the New York Historical is hosting an exhibit, on view until October 19, that revisits the time when the House Un-American Activities Committee took aim at the entertainment industry.

"Blacklisted: An American Story," conceived in 2015 by Ellie Gettinger, then curator of the Jewish Museum in Milwaukee, was first shown there in late 2018 and has since been traveling the country. Objects on display include touching letters to and from Alvah Bessie, the only Lincoln vet among the Hollywood Ten, and Ring Lardner, Jr., also among the ten individuals sentenced for contempt of Congress in 1947. (Lardner's younger brother James died in Spain.) The show aims to "prompt visitors to think deeply about democracy and their role in it," said Louise Mirrer, president of the New York Historical. "The exhibition tackles fundamental issues like freedom of speech, religion, and association, inviting reflection on how our past informs today's cultural and political climate."

Although the New York Historical uses a lot of the material from the original exhibit—Wisconsin, in addition to being Joe McCarthy's home state, also houses the archives of more than half of the Hollywood Ten—it has updated and expanded Ettinger's original design. The first section of the installation, for example, covers the three decades preceding HUAC's focus on Hollywood at the beginning of the Cold War, from the first Red Scare in the 1910s to the Great Depression. In the 1930s, the entertainment industry got involved in the fight for social justice, against racial segregation, and against the rise of fascism—causes in which the CPUSA, which had been founded in 1919, played a central role. A 1932 lithograph on view depicts the CP's

John Garfield in *Force of Evil*, 1948. Courtesy of Photofest

interracial presidential ticket of William Z. Foster and James W. Ford, the first African American to run for vice president in the 20th century, which reads: "Equal Rights for Negroes Everywhere! Vote Communist." "We decided to make more space for this part of the story because we wanted to make sure that HUAC did not get to define for us, or for our viewers, what role the CPUSA played in the 1930s and '40s," Anne Lessy, assistant curator of history exhibitions and academic engagement, explained in an interview.

Other additions to the original exhibit include a painting by Lincoln vet Ralph Fasanella, "McCarthy Press," from 1958, on loan from the American Folk Art Museum, and a US map showing all the locations where HUAC held hearings over the close to four decades from its founding in 1938 to its abolition in 1975. Panels listing the Hollywood individuals who were obligated to work anonymously, forced into exile, or died prematurely (including John Garfield and Canada Lee) showcase the impact the congressional investigations had on the livelihoods, and often lives, of the more than three hundred individuals from the entertainment industry who found themselves on a blacklist somewhere. "Although some of those blacklisted were able to work again under their

own name in the early 1960s, it's hard to exaggerate the long-term chilling effect HUAC had on the place of activism in the entertainment industry and the political culture of this country more generally," Lessy said.

The show closes with a look at the New York theater world, which tells a different story. While the Hollywood unions eventually gave in to political pressure, the New York actors' unions did not. Instead, they defied HUAC both on and off Broadway. In 1952, for example, at the height of the Red Scare, Lillian Hellman—who had been blacklisted in Hollywood—would direct a revival of her own 1934 play, *The Children's Hour*.

To illustrate the kind of suspicions that the second Red Scare stirred up, a display reprints a page from the section dedicated to Langston Hughes in *Red Channels* (1950), a booklet that claimed to expose more than 150 writers, musicians, broadcast journalists, and others as subversives. Among the evidence listed for Hughes is a poem, "Goodbye Christ," written in 1932, which the pamphlet claims is a "typical example" of the "vicious and blasphemous propaganda Communists use against religion."

The exhibit includes several viewing stations with clips from movies whose political content was considered suspect by HUAC and the FBI. These include films like *A Gentleman's Agreement* (1947), with John Garfield and Gregory Peck, which puts the spotlight on the persistence of antisemitism in postwar US society. John Garfield's FBI file, which runs more than 1,100 pages, claims that the film "followed the Communist Party line in that it caused racial agitation which otherwise might not come about unless portrayed in a film of this sort". "For HUAC and the FBI, the fact that injustices were openly addressed was often considered more of a problem than those injustices themselves," Lessy said.

ALBA Board member Sebastiaan Faber teaches at Oberlin College.

Paco Roca. Photo Marcus Fernandez. CC-BY-SA 4.0

"As a Documentary Genre, the Graphic Novel Offers Huge Advantages"

Paco Roca Looks Back on His Career

By Sebastiaan Faber

One of Spain's best-known graphic novelists, Paco Roca, was honored this summer with an eye-catching exhibit at the headquarters of the Instituto Cervantes in Madrid. His latest book tells the true story of a woman who goes in search of the remains of her father who was executed by the Franco regime and buried in a mass grave.

If the Spanish graphic novel has come of age, it is due in no small part to the Valencian writer Paco Roca. Over the past thirty years, his work has developed from gritty underground comics into award-winning, book-length stories that explore life under Francoism, the devastation of Alzheimer's, or the legacies of the Spanish Civil War—as well as self-deprecating autobiographical takes on his own daily struggles as a graphic artist in twenty-first-century Spain.

Some of Roca's best-known titles include *Arrugas* (*Wrinkles,* 2007), whose main character lives with dementia; *El invierno del dibujante* (*The Winter of the Cartoonist,* 2010), about a group of rebel comic artists in Francoist Barcelona; *Los surcos del azar* (*Twists of Fate,* 2013), about the Spaniards who helped liberate France from the Nazis (a story inspired by the work of ALBA's own Robert Coale); and, most recently, *El abismo del olvido* (The Abyss of Forgetting, 2023), written with Rodrigo Terrasa. A 300-page tour de force, *El abismo* tells the true story of Pepica Selda, a woman in her eighties who goes in search of the remains of her father, José, who was executed by the Franco regime in 1940 and buried in a mass grave.

Roca, who turned 56 this year, has had his books translated into thirteen languages. He was honored this summer with an eye-catching exhibit at the headquarters of the Instituto Cervantes in Madrid. *The Volunteer* spoke with him in July.

What place did comics have in your life when you were growing up?

A very important one! For as long as I can remember, I liked drawing and telling stories. I really wanted to be a cartoonist like Walt Disney. But at that time, unlike today, making movies was not something a middle-class kid could do easily. So instead, I started drawing comic strips, which I read all the time, starting with those published by Bruguera, like *Mortadelo y Filemón* or *Zipi y Zape*. Later, I moved on to Franco-Belgian series like *Astérix* and *Tintin,* superhero comics, and to what was then called comics for adults, like Moebius. Comics have always spoken more to me than regular novels. After all, the artists bring you in direct contact, right there on the page, with entire worlds they have created visually—something that movies can do today with digital effects, but that, back then, only comics could.

When we were kids, comics were not considered "serious" reading.

Yes, I also grew up with my parents telling me to stop reading comic strips already and pick up a "real book" for once. *(Laughs)*

That's perhaps why they often had a subversive charge.

Absolutely. In fact, my teenage years coincided with the height of Spanish underground comics, which were published in magazines like *El Víbora.* The stories in there touched on all the themes of our daily lives on the street: sex, alcohol, rock and roll, relationships of all kinds. The authors clearly lived in the same world as we did. Their characters even talked like us.

Is that subversive element weaker now?

Well, thanks to the format of the graphic novel, we certainly have earned a kind of respect that we didn't use to have outside of the world of comics, which wasn't considered to be at the same level as film or serious literature. Even when adult comics emerged in the 1970s and eighties, the stories remained quite self-referential. They were still mostly about adventures, mysteries, and the like—just with more sex and violence than the series written for kids. More importantly, they were restricted to set formats: series of albums of between 46 and 54 pages each. That was all that the industry—that is, the French market—allowed for at the time. For the artists, that format was quite restrictive. Moreover, the kinds of stories that filmmakers and novelists had long been able to tell, including nonfiction and autobiography, were considered off limits. The graphic novel, by contrast, is not bound to any particular format, style, length, or genre. It allows for longer stories and albums that are not necessarily part of a series—but it also gives you the option, for example, to include less exuberant drawings in order to privilege the story.

What has this freedom meant for you?

Well, for one, it means that I no longer depend on the French market. In the past, if you wanted to make a living as a comic artist, you had to write for the French comics industry. I can tell you that if I'd continued to depend on France, I wouldn't have been able to write most of my books.

Page from "El abismo del olvido"

Did departing from those set formats, as you did with *Wrinkles,* feel like a risk at the time?

In reality, the big change, for me, came a bit later, with *The Winter of the Cartoonist.* Both *Wrinkles* and *Calles de arena* (Sandy Streets) were books I wrote for a French publisher who had just started a small line of graphic novels. The first thing they told me was that there was no way this format was going to make any money. What happened, though, was that *Wrinkles* became a huge commercial success in Spain. *Calles de arena* did very well, too. It was then that I discovered that my market wasn't in France, but in Spain. At that point, my Spanish publisher, Astiberri, and I decided to see if we could publish something directly in Spanish. In that sense, *The Winter of the Cartoonist* certainly was a risky bet.

Did the American graphic novel help create space for new formats in Spain? I'm thinking of Art Spiegelman's *Maus,* for example.

To some extent, yes. I think three books in particular helped expand the reading public for graphic novels in Spain: Spiegelman's *Maus,* Mariane Satrapi's *Persepolis*, and Frank Miller's *300.* Then, in 2007, Miguel Gallardo published *María y yo* (Maria and I), and I published *Wrinkles,* both of which expanded the Spanish audience even further. We reached readers who had never picked up a comic book before.

Roca's exhibit in Madrid.

You said that the format of the graphic novel removed old restrictions. I'm curious if it also introduced new ones. Much of your recent work has a didactic component, for example. Does that feel like a burden? I mean, it's one thing to want to entertain your readers, but quite another to educate them.

Educating my readers? Honestly, that's overstating it a bit. What I do as a writer, I feel, is to look for stories I'd like to explore and think about. I simply bring the reader along with me in that process. Take *Twists of Fate:* when I first heard the story of the Spaniards who helped liberate France, I was blown away. I wanted to know more about it, and writing the graphic novel was my way of doing that. *The Abyss of Forgetting,* on the other hand, is a purely journalistic project. In *Twists,* I still felt compelled to mix in some fiction—the Paco character who interviews the aging Miguel—but in *Abyss,* I wasn't afraid to let go of the fictional element altogether. As a documentary genre, I honestly feel that the graphic novel offers huge advantages because it combines the best of non-fiction books—the pace and density of information—with the best of documentary film: the ability to tell part of the story visually.

Spain is politically polarized, and the topics you touch on are controversial. I imagine some of your readers balk at your historical-memory-themed books.

Strange though it may sound, I wasn't aware of the political aspect of my work at first. Although I've always thought of myself as a person on the left, my politicization has been rather gradual. *Wrinkles,* for example, is a totally apolitical story. And while it's true that the main characters of *The Winter of the Cartoonist* are victims of the Franco regime, the story itself is not very political at all. When I did the research for *Twists of Fate,* I learned a lot I didn't know about the Francoist repression and Republicans' role in World War II—but even then, I was surprised when readers told me they thought the book took a political position. For me, in the end, it's a deeply patriotic story: after all, it's about Spaniards who help conquer fascism in Europe! But you're right that when you start talking about the exhumations of mass graves, as I do, there are going to be readers that are not going to buy your book, even if they bought your books in the past. That said, in Spain, *The Abyss* has sold 80,000 copies. I know that I've reached some folks who might not have engaged with the topic otherwise.

And then you have your readers abroad.

It's funny that you mention that. Although the foreign market is much less important for me financially than my Spanish readership, it is true that I never sit down to write for a Spanish audience. When Rodrigo Terrasa and I began working on *The Abyss,* I told him: "Our readers are going to be largely Spanish, but we are still going to write this story as if we were telling it to someone from Poland or Turkey." For a topic like the mass graves, that approach works very well. It widens your perspective and prevents you from being distracted by details that are too local or ephemeral, too tied to the current moment. I want my books to still make sense twenty years from now.

Robert Capa, [American soldier Raymond Bowman killed by a German sniper, Leipzig, Germany], April 18, 1945. ICP/Magnum

From Brick and Mortar to Silver Crystals and Back Again

How Robert Capa's Iconic Photographs Spawned Sites of Memory in Germany and Spain

By Cynthia Young

In recent years, citizen groups in Leipzig and Madrid have fought to preserve the buildings that were backdrops in two of Robert Capa's best-known photographs. Their steadfast dedication has created two sites of historical memory whose significance extends far beyond Capa's original images.

Leipzig

On April 18, 1945, as the Allied troops were liberating the city from the remaining German soldiers, Capa photographed American soldiers shooting out a balcony of an apartment just outside the city center, including the death of a soldier killed by a German sniper. The sequence was first published in *Life* magazine. Shot only weeks before the end of the war, the soldier became for Capa his metaphorical "last man to die" in World War II.

The Leipzig building suffered neglect over the years. Covered in graffiti, it was slated for demolition in 2011. Because the story of the American liberation was rarely acknowledged in the GDR, the image did not circulate widely. Still, Mike Hoffmann, a political cabaret artist, had seen the Capa image published in a banned underground magazine in the 1990s and he was determined to locate the site. In 2012, he finally identified the derelict building on Jahnallee 61. Next, Ulf-Dietrich Braumann connected on social media with Lehman Riggs, the 82-year-old American soldier who had been on the balcony when his buddy was killed. Although Riggs remembered his name as Robert Bowman, the historian Jürgen Möller soon discovered it was Raymond Bowman.

In the years following, a group of activists, scientists, and historians campaigned to encourage an investor to help renovate the historic building and dedicate a ground-floor space to an exhibition about Bowman, Capa, and

the Allied campaign during WWII. They even contacted the children of the family who lived in the apartment during the war, who gave a desk and chair from the original room, which are now on display.

The Capa Haus space, which opened in 2016, hosts an annual event every April to coincide with the anniversary of the Capa photograph. They were able to bring Riggs to Leipzig and witness the renaming of the two streets crossing in front of the building: Bowmanstrasse and Capastrasse. American and German politicians have spoken at their gatherings, along with German labor camp survivors, American veterans, and post-conflict peace mediators. Given the poignancy of the annual event, it's no wonder it has become a fixture of the Leipzig cultural calendar.

Madrid

Calle Peironcely number 10 is a one-story structure in the heart of the Puente de Vallecas district, a working-class neighborhood in the south of Madrid. In November 1936, five months after the start of the Spanish war, Capa made several photographs of children playing outside this bullet-pocked building. At the time, these images appeared in newspapers and magazines around the world, from China to the US and across Europe. In 1938, Capa selected one of them for his book about the war, *Death in the Making*.

In the fall of 1936, the Hungarian-born, Paris-based Capa had already begun to make a name for himself. As a Jewish immigrant, he was committed to providing photographs to help the antifascist cause. Although his initial images of the Spanish war were empathic and heroic depictions of the Republican fight against Franco's forces, he also turned his camera toward the effect of the war on civilians, including refugees fleeing from towns near the front.

What distinguished the Spanish Civil War from previous armed conflicts was

Robert Capa, [Three children outside bullet-riddled building following an air raid, 10 Peironcely Street, Madrid], November-December 1936. ICP/Magnum

Current state of Peironcely 10. Photo Uría Fernández

the frequent use of bomber planes, flown by German and Italian pilots, that indiscriminately targeted cities and civilians. Hundreds of buildings were ruined or crushed beyond recognition or reconstruction. On that day in November, Capa was out photographing the aftermath of one of the bombings. As he roamed the city, he found these three children sitting in the sun. In the photograph, they seem to be playing as children do, free from the scrutiny of terrorized adults. Capa must have been drawn in by the incongruity between the lightness of the children and the scarring marks of history on the wall behind them. His photograph forces us to consider how the violence of war affects the lives of civilians—an obvious fact now, but more novel in 1936. It is an image of resistance.

Capa's reputation has only grown since his sudden death in 1954, at age 40. Because Capa is by now considered as one of the greatest photographers to cover the Spanish battle against fascism, his images have become deeply intertwined with the collective memory of the war. Over the past few decades, fascinated local historians and photo enthusiasts have tried to find the exact location of many of his Spanish images. In some cases, large-scale reproductions of his work have been installed in the place of the original photograph.

It was the photographer José Latova who, in 1998, recognized the building in Calle Peironcely while going through a collection of Madrid municipal photographs. In 2010, a group of concerned citizens who call themselves #SalvaPeironcely10 designed a master plan to memorialize the complex history of the building. They proposed to use the building as an educational center with exhibitions, classes for children and adults, events, and a research area for information related to the war, photography, and housing as seen through the lens and catalyst of the Capa photograph.

At the time, the structure, which dated from 1927, housed 14 families in a warren of small windowless rooms, some of which were just over 180 square feet. The white plaster walls were damp and frigid throughout the winter months and boiling in the summer, there was exposed wiring, and insects and rodents thrived. It was one of the only prewar buildings remaining in a neighborhood of postwar construction. The owner, who was planning to tear it down, had crudely replastered some of the bullet marks on the front wall in an attempt to cover up the historical war damage.

In the years following, the residents worked closely with the group formed to save the building. They held numerous public meetings to educate people about the Capa photograph, the history of the war, and their housing rights. This multi-faceted story, told by a diverse coalition of residents, artists, professors, and foundations, gained such traction that in 2017, while the city government was in progressive hands, the building was recognized as a protected city landmark, preventing the owner from going through with any redevelopment plans.

When I first visited the site in the fall of 2019, there had been interventions with children from neighboring schools in the open field across the street to teach them about the war and local history and to make a colorful mural based on Capa's photograph. The "Robert Capa Was Here" Festival that year collaborated with the Museo Reina Sofía to hang the Capa photograph in a room near Picasso's *Guernica*. Archeologists made preliminary excavations of the area and found artifacts from the war and an old terracotta flooring.

In 2021, the Madrid City Council expropriated the building and provided new housing for the residents. While this was a positive step for the residents, the city government, which by then had turned conservative, did not move forward on the plans for a cultural center. The campaign to have the building designated as a Robert Capa Center for the Interpretation of the Aerial Bombings of Madrid, as originally proposed, stalled.

As of the summer of 2025, the Directorate General for Democratic Memory has initiated the procedure to declare the site a Place of Memory, and Peironcely 10 will receive protection from the Spanish Government. This will hopefully put pressure on the city council to recommit to their engagement with the site and the proposed cultural project. By preserving the building and building education around its history, they are doing more than just preserving a physical structure. They are preserving a history of the inhabitants, a history of the city, of a war, and of photography.

***

Capa Haus, Leipzig

The German and Spanish projects inspired by Capa's photographs are a testament to the power of citizen action to shed light on past histories that have been intentionally obscured for political gain. They are also a tangible reminder that photographs matter. On Peironcely and Bowmanstrasse, Capa's photographs, ephemeral as all photographs are, have found a material permanence in brick and mortar. Photographs—whether they are silver crystals on paper or digital information on a screen—hold deep reserves of history for all of us to mine.

Cynthia Young, an ALBA board member, is a curator based in NYC and worked for many years as the curator of the Robert Capa Collection at the International Center of Photography.

Arthur Rothstein, Untitled (Mural Painted by Ben Shahn at the Community Building, Hightstown, New Jersey), May 1938, 4 x 5 inch negative or smaller. FSA/OWI Collection, Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

"Fascism was Ben Shahn's greatest fear"

Laura Katzman on the Timeliness of Antifascist Art

By James D. Fernández

THE JEWISH MUSEUM IN NEW YORK CITY IS PRESENTING THE FIRST U.S. RETROSPECTIVE IN NEARLY HALF A CENTURY DEDICATED TO SOCIAL REALIST ARTIST AND ACTIVIST BEN SHAHN (1898–1969). CURATOR LAURA KATZMAN REFLECTS ON SHAHN'S SOCIAL JUSTICE WORK AS IT RELATES TO THE ANTIFASCIST STRUGGLES OF HIS DAY.

Ben Shahn, On Nonconformity examines the progressive artist's commitment to confronting crucial issues of his era, spanning from the Great Depression to the height of the Vietnam War, as well as to exploring spirituality and Jewish texts. Featuring 175 artworks and objects from the 1930s to the 1960s, the retrospective highlights the enduring relevance of Shahn's art and the complexity of his layered aesthetic as he shifted from documentary to allegorical and poetic styles in pursuit of a visual language that would resonate widely. On view through October 26, 2025, the exhibition is organized by Dr. Laura Katzman, guest curator and professor at James Madison University, in collaboration with Dr. Stephen Brown, Jewish Museum curator. It is adapted from the acclaimed retrospective curated by Dr. Katzman for the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía, Madrid (2023-24). I spoke with her in August.

How does the Spanish Civil War figure in the life and work of Ben Shahn?

Like many left-wing artists in New York from working-class, Jewish immigrant backgrounds, Shahn joined Popular Front coalitions in the 1930s. He fervently tracked the Spanish Civil War and supported the Republican cause. While Shahn was not among the estimated 2,800 Americans who fought in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, as an artist of Jewish heritage he understood what was at stake in Spain, the country of the Inquisition. As we know, Jewish activists were in fact overrepresented in the International Brigades.

Shahn likely shared the socialist, anti-Stalinist perspective that George Orwell adopted in *Homage to Catalonia* (1938) and undoubtedly read André Malraux's *L'Espoir* (1937)—a despairing political novel about the war's tragedy as a symbol of the human condition. He worked closely during the Great Depression and World War II with poet-activists Muriel Rukeyser and Archibald MacLeish. Rukeyser's poem *Mediterranean* (1937) and MacLeish's co-written scenario for the film *The Spanish Earth* (Joris Ivens, 1937) circulated in Shahn's orbit. In the summer of 1935, Shahn joined the committee that rewrote the "Call" for the first American Artists' Congress against War and Fascism, which he signed. He was an early editor and designer of *Art Front*, organ of the Artists' Union, which published articles on Spanish artist Luis Quintanilla, whose imprisonment due to his role in the October 1934 Revolution mobilized aid from the global intellectual community. In fact, Shahn photographed Artists' Union members marching at the Spanish Consulate in New York City in the spring of 1935, carrying signs declaring, "Free Quintanilla and Other Victims of Spanish Fascism." The pictures show U.S. left-wing solidarity with Quintanilla and his colleagues, who opposed the entry of right-wing forces into the Spanish Republican government.

Shahn's close friend and assistant on the ill-fated Riker's Island mural (1934-35), Joe Vogel, fought in the International Brigades. As late as 1963, Shahn participated in an exhibition in support of a campaign by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade to free imprisoned Republicans in Franco's Spain. In Shahn's last interview in 1969, he suggested that the United States and Western allied powers should have militarily aided Republican forces to defeat the Nationalists. Most poignantly, close to his death on March 14, 1969, Shahn created in Puerto Rico what were likely his last drawings: life-sketches of Pau (Pablo) Casals, the world-renowned Catalan and Puerto Rican cellist, who was an impassioned supporter of the Spanish Republic and his fellow exiles.

How did it feel to see Ben Shahn's work exhibited in the Museo Reina Sofía in Madrid?

It was incredibly moving to present the Shahn exhibition in the Reina Sofía, one floor below Picasso's *Guernica* (1937), arguably the most riveting visual condemnation of the atrocities that crushed the fragile, young Spanish Republic. To Shahn, Picasso was a "monument"; he admired *Guernica* as a "passionate testament [of the artist's] sympathies" and a symbol of artistic nonconformity. Yet in a landmark conference on *Guernica* held at the Museum of Modern Art in 1947, he also publicly critiqued

Ben Shahn, Liberation, 1945, gouache on board, 29 ¾ x 40 in. (75.6 x 101.4 cm.) The Museum of Modern Art, New York. James Thrall Soby Bequest, 1980. © 2025 Estate of Ben Shahn / Licensed by VAGA at Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY

the semi-abstract painting because he thought it did not speak to the layperson. The Reina Sofía, a former hospital, is equally important as a repository of historical memory because it was targeted by Nationalist bombings during the war.

Curating Shahn's first solo exhibition in Europe since 1963 compelled me to look at Shahn through a new lens. The Shahn show in Madrid was a brainchild of then-director Manuel Borja-Villel. Its immensely positive reception—it was an unexpected blockbuster—underscored the power of Shahn's antifascist work. The Spanish and global audiences who flocked to the exhibition recognized the timeliness of Shahn at a moment when many European democracies, including Spain, are threatened by the rise of far-right political parties. They also acknowledged the exhibition as a kind of "homecoming" for Shahn. Shahn's "return" to a democratic Spain is of course symbolic, because like many international supporters of the Republic, he avoided travel to Franco's Spain.

What was the role of antifascism in Ben Shahn's life and work?

Antifascism and anti-authoritarianism are key themes in Shahn's social justice works, many of which are on view in the exhibition. In 1939, Shahn denounced Father Coughlin, the Irish Catholic "radio priest," infamous as a racist, antisemitic hatemonger who sympathized with some of Hitler's, Mussolini's, and Franco's policies. The hard-hitting anti-Nazi posters Shahn made for the U.S. Office of War Information, including his rejected designs showing fascist methods of torture, give way to his more enigmatic paintings of the Cold War era, which speak to duplicitous dealings between democratic leaders and right-wing dictators.

In fact, it was during the Cold War and the Second Red Scare, when Shahn was targeted by the FBI and other entities for his left-wing activities, that he formulated his artistic credo of nonconformity. According to Shahn, nonconformity is the precondition for innovative artistic creation and great historical transformation. As he wrote in his essay *On Nonconformity* in *The Shape of Content* (1957), the nonconformist or progressive "presses for change, experiment, and venture into new ways." He pushed against societal convention, standardization, and conformity in the postwar period. Responding to the tyranny of McCarthyism and political repression, Shahn promoted free expression and dissent, which he saw as indicative of the health of a democratic society. Fascism, for Shahn, was akin to absolutism or unchecked autocratic authority controlling all spheres of life, which was his greatest fear. His words from a 1966 interview in *Response* magazine sum up his convictions quite cogently: "I am filled with righteous indignation most of the time....my fear of absolutism, whether in religion, science, politics, or in art....is the strongest fear I have. And then I feel I must make a statement."

How did the exhibition at the Jewish Museum come about?

The Reina Sofía retrospective was not planned to travel, largely for economic and timing reasons. But when the Jewish Museum, which lent nine works to the Madrid exhibition, noted the tremendous response to the show in Spain, it became interested in "reconstituting" the exhibition for U.S. audiences. I was invited to serve as guest curator to adapt the exhibit for the Jewish Museum—an ideal venue given Shahn's distinguished history with the institution, its rich holdings of his work, and the influential scholarship the museum has generated through pioneering exhibitions that it organized in 1976-78 and 1998-99. The Jewish Museum's leadership understands Shahn's significance as one of the most consequential socially engaged American Jewish artists of the twentieth century. They recognize the timeliness of Shahn's work and how it speaks to the current moment. In fact, the exhibition has had an equally enthusiastic reception in New York—the city where Shahn was raised, educated, and politicized; the city that was central to his career as an artist. The New York press as well has been touting the exhibition as a "homecoming."

James D. Fernández teaches at NYU and is co-editor of The Volunteer.

Ben Shahn and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

Though they are sometimes misrepresented as isolated idealists, we know that the American *brigadistas* emerged, like the visible part of an iceberg, out of vast and vibrant mobilized working-class communities. Communities sensitive to injustice, seasoned in solidarity and collective action, indifferent to borders. For every woman or man who walked across the Pyrenees into Spain in cardboard-soled shoes, there were tens of thousands of fighters back home who saw Braintree, Massachusetts; Scottsboro, Alabama; Flint, Michigan; Addis Ababa, Ethiopia; and Belchite, Spain as battlegrounds in a single war. Their war.

For the readers of *The Volunteer,* Ben Shahn (1898-1969) is perhaps best understood as a rank-and-file member in this army of antifascist volunteers for freedom. A *brigadista internacional* who fought elsewhere and otherwise. –JDF

ARKIVO

By James D. Fernández

In this new occasional feature of *The Volunteer,* whose title is the Esperanto word for "archive," we will present, translate and contextualize iconic foreign language documents related to the anti-fascist struggle in Spain. If you have a favorite document in a language other than English, let us know!

This issue's document is a poster produced by the Propaganda Office of Catalonia in 1936, with a text in a hard-to-identify language. Can you tell what language it is? Can you make out the caption?

When I teach the Spanish Civil War to my undergraduates, I always highlight the fact that Republican propaganda was produced in many different languages. This leads to an exploration of how the Republic's struggle was, among other things, a battle for the hearts and minds of anti-fascist citizens all over the world. Abandoned by its non-interventionist sister democracies (England, France, the US), the Republic was forced to use propaganda—photography, documentary film, and posters, for example—in an attempt to appeal directly to the women and men of different nations, often in their own languages.

The linguistic diversity of my students almost always makes for an animated session, as we try to decipher the captions of Spanish Civil War posters together. I can usually count on having some Spanish and French speakers in my class. If I'm lucky, there might be a student who can recognize and translate Catalan. Occasionally, a student will have a rudimentary knowledge of Yiddish, and can at least identify the language, if not readily translate from it. But this poster almost always stumps everyone. The students can usually decipher the message, piecing together their knowledge of different languages, but they almost never can correctly identify the language itself: Esperanto.

It was in 1887, in the babelic town of Bialystock (then part of

the Russian Empire, now part of Poland), that a Jewish ophthalmologist named L.L. Zamenhof published a pamphlet describing a language he had spent years inventing. The publication was titled "Unua Libro"—First Book—and Zamenhof signed it with a pseudonym that eventually would be used to designate the language itself: Doktoro Esperanto. The hope that underwrote Zamenhof's project was that an easy-to-learn second language—with only 16 basic rules and no irregular verbs—would promote world peace and understanding. Dr. Esperanto's dream struck a chord, and soon there were large numbers of *Geesperantisitoj* all over the world, acquiring and promoting the language through courses, clubs, congresses, pen pal networks, and publications. By 1905, thousands of adherents from Europe, the Americas, Asia, and Africa convened for the first World Esperanto Congress in Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France—proof that Zamenhof's dream was resonating with a broad international audience.

Though there was nothing inherently political or ideological about Esperanto, the language held special appeal for utopian thinkers, including anarchists and other idealistic radicals on the Left. Notably, in *Mein Kampf*, Hitler rails explicitly against Esperanto, linking it to what he called the Jewish conspiracy to internationalize the world and to bring about a global mixture of races. Zamenhof's family was in fact targeted by the Nazis, and his children were murdered during the Holocaust.

During the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), the Republicans—particularly, though not exclusively in Catalonia—used Esperanto as a tool in their propaganda strategy to foster international support and solidarity.

The poster reads: "What are you doing to avoid this? Esperanto-speakers of the Entire World: act with force against international fascism."

Did you know?

The financier and philanthropist George Soros (Hungary, 1930) learned Esperanto from his father, Tivadar Soros, a prominent Esperantist and author. Tivadar organized Esperanto clubs, wrote both a novel and a memoir in the language, and even chose the family name "Soros" because in Esperanto it means "will soar." The Soros family was deeply connected to the Esperanto movement in interwar Hungary, with their home serving as a gathering place for Esperantists.

Further reading: http://bit.ly/3UqwVj2

Homage to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and Bernard Entin, PhotoCollage, Alan Entin, 2013

Come Back Home

By Alan Entin

I. In the Beginning

Second child, Bernard, born March 1, 1915
Older brother, my father, Jacob (Jack), born June 3, 1912
Younger sister, Roslyn, born (June 1, 1922) disabled,
hospitalized, died February 10, 1942
Their father, Abraham, died March 21,1930
Their mother, Nettie, died April 29, 1953

Bernie
Brilliant student, graduated
High school young, (age 16)
Teenage indiscretions:
Paternity suit won;
Results undone,
Support suit lost,
Dropped out of college
Aspiration of law school, gone amid
Conflictual family relationships

II. The Great Depression

The Great Depression:
Unemployment universal.
Riding rails, going to jails.
Union protester, strike organizer

All had nicknames, his Butch
"Good looking, husky, curly haired…
Tough as nails, Tough yes, but gentle
and compassionate as well. …
someone you wanted on your side, and
fortunately for us, we had him on ours"[1]

Bernie joins Young Communist League
Jack and Nora, my parents marry,
In a week following a major snowstorm
January 24,1937
and then…

III. Spain, 1937

Bernie leaves home, secretly
April 7, Sets sail, Queen Mary
Arrives, Cherbourg, France, late April
May 4,Tours France
Letters and postcards home
Inform intentions, going to Spain
His mother, traumatized, endures first heart attack.
Letters implore "Please adopt orphans
Who face lasting pain"[2]

Two months later
Crosses Pyrenees,
A volunteer, a Brigadista
Spanish Civil War
First battle of Second World War
In the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

IV. July 26, 1937, Brunete

Bloodiest battle of the war
Two months and two weeks later,
A Brigadista, wounded in war
In greeting best friend he vows to return,
With shoulder wound mended,
"I got me a blighty," (His medallion of war).
A friend helps him to safety, but ambulance
A target of Franco's bomb. Safety ride ended[3]
Harry Fisher's son carries his name

An account lists him among seven American dead,
killed on a firing line?[4]
Evidence scant.
Whether killed after capture or executed from the sky
A life cut short traumatizes generations with pain

V. November 15,1938, Farewell Address to International Brigades Dolores Ibarruri (La Pasionaria)[5]

You can go proudly
You are history
You are legend
You are the heroic example of democracy's solidarity and
universality

We shall not forget you,
And when the olive tree of peace puts forth its leaves again
Mingled with the leaves of the Spanish Republic's Victory
Come back
Come back home

VI. Connecting the Dots

A child discovered in days of yore
Secrets of family, spoken nevermore
Dreams of equality between rich and poor,
A protester for human rights and justice
Willing to die for democracy
So that others may live free
Future generations allured to explore
His desire, leave this world a better place

My discovery:
A cache of pictures and letters that
Would shape the trajectory of my life
Over the decades that it took for me to unlock their secrets
I became a family psychologist,
A specialist in the exploration of generational trauma;
A photographer, well-published, extensively exhibited;
These two passions merged, phototherapy,
Photographs in therapy

VII. Homenajes en España

Seventy years later, as if by chance,
(Although there is no such thing as chance)
A friend suggests technology
Google search click one:
An emotional remembrance of him,
Still stirs goosebumps when read

Click two: bibliographies
Of Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade.
First phone call to son of best friend
Given middle name of father's best friend

Another call: his buddy from Brooklyn to Spain.
Recalls the twenty he gave him for his mother
But could not recall if it was a gift or a loan
Its importance: all these years later,
Accrued interest, incalculable?
He laughed, forgave any debt

Then, the 70th Anniversary celebration.
Madrid, Zaragoza, Barcelona
Volunteers greeted and feted as never before,
Heroes of that great war, their traumas kept secret,
Back at home
Their treasure of that great war

Another homenaje, to Brunete, an exquisite fall-day
Rainbow greeting high in the sky
Battlefield gate painted red, yellow and purple,
Majestic hues of the Second Republic

By the once lush river Guadarrama,
A memorial service, "Yizkor,"
Prayer of remembrance,
Remembering in kindness those whose fate sleeps in the dust
Years of curiosity, pain and confusion,
Dispelled forever on Spanish terrain

Driving away,
Another rainbow glistened in the sky
As if that brave soldier listened
As we said goodbye

VIII. Returning Home

Enshrined forever in Spanish earth,
A legacy of joy and pain
Two decades later black-listed,
Transformed, memorialized, sanctified,
McCarthy's House of UnAmerican Activities report

Bernard Butch Entin larger than life
My hero, my Uncle, Mythical Man

— June 28, 2025

References

(1) Fisher, H. (2011). *Legacy*, Left Legacy Press, New York City and Maplewood, N.J, p.102.
(2) Entin, B. (1937, July 15). Unpublished Letters, The Tamiment Library/ Robert F Wagner Labor Archives, Elmer Bobst Library, York University Libraries, 70 Washington Square South, New York, NY, 10012.
(3) Fisher, H. (2001). Germans and Americans Facing Each Other Again. *The Volunteer*, Journal of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, p.16.
(4) Geiser, C. (1986) Prisoners of the Good Fight, The Spanish Civil War 1936-1939 Lawrence Hill & Company, Westport, CT, p. 263 and p. 272.
(5) Ibarruri, D. (1966). *They Shall Not Pass, The Autobiography of La Pasionara*, (2005, edition), International Publishers, p. 313 -314.

Alan D. Entin, PhD, ABPP, is a photographer and family psychologist specializing in generational trauma who writes about photographs and family secrets and has pioneered the use of photographs in therapy. His uncle, Bernard Entin, served in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and died in the Battle of Brunete. Alan's five-minute montage "Homage to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade" can be viewed on YouTube.

Book Reviews

Emilio Silva, *Nébeda* (Madrid: Alkibla, 2025), 212 pp. alkibla.net/nebeda/

Reviewed by James D. Fernández

In October 2010, standing on the edge of a ditch at the entrance to a small town in El Bierzo, León, Spain, the author of this book addressed a group of openly Republican people, and spontaneously pronounced this emblematic statement: "Here is where my silence was born; here is where my silence dies."

He spoke these words while standing on the very earth that, for seventy-four years and five days, had covered up a mass grave containing the remains of thirteen Republican civilians who were assassinated by fascist thugs in October of 1936. One of the dead men was the author's paternal grandfather, whose life had been torn away by a quartet of fascists. They pulled their triggers and then they left the agonizing victims lying there in the dark of night, knowing that the next morning many townspeople would have to walk past the bodies, shocked and terrorized by the sight of the massacre.

The author himself was surprised to hear his vocal chords give shape and sound to these thirteen words…

These are the opening paragraphs of Emilio Silva's preface to his first novel, *Nébeda*. Right up until the end of the text, Silva refers to himself in the third person— underscoring that the right to speak on one's own behalf, the privilege of embodying the pronoun "I," is almost always a conquest, and ought never be taken for granted. Our contemporary debates around pronouns focus primarily on how individuals are referred to when spoken about by others. Silva, in this novel—indeed, throughout his decades-long work on behalf of Franco's victims—reminds us that the pronoun "I" is perhaps the most precarious and contested of all. Who gets to speak in the first person?

Silva's work as a human rights activist and his career as a novelist are intertwined. Twenty-five years ago, while he was working as a journalist, he quit his job with the idea of writing a novel that would draw on his family experiences during the Spanish Civil War and postwar. To do research for the novel, he traveled frequently to the towns of Pereje and Villafranca in El Bierzo, in the province of León, where his grandfather had been murdered and thrown into a ditch during the early months of the Spanish Civil War. Like so many descendants of Franco's victims, he had learned to avoid self-expression; perhaps he thought at the time that the novel would be a kind of catharsis.

While Silva was gathering documentation for the novel, he met someone who claimed to know the exact location of the mass grave where his grandfather had been buried. The events set in motion by that discovery did not lead to the publication of Silva's novel but, instead, to the exhumation of his grandfather's unmarked grave—an event that would give rise to the historical memory movement in Spain.

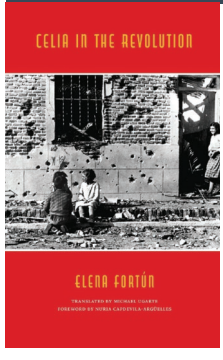
The disinterment of "los trece de Priaranza" was the first scientific exhumation of a mass grave of Franco's victims; DNA testing was used to positively identify the remains of Silva's grandfather and namesake, Emilio Silva Faba. Ten years later, when Silva spoke to a gathering of supporters at the grave site, a movement had been consolidated. Only then did Silva feel sufficiently "authorized"—that is, enough of an author—to speak in the first person. "My pronoun," it is as if he said, "finally, is 'I'." But as the memory movement expanded through the years, Silva's novel, for a variety of reasons, would remain below ground.

Until now. The publication of *Nébeda,* a beautifully layered literary exploration of the Silva family's saga, provides a fitting closure to a 25-year cycle. It's another exhumation of sorts: another silence broken once and for all at the mouth of that grave.

Caption: Nébeda (catnip in English) is a wild herb that grows freely in El Bierzo. It is sometimes used to flavor boiled chestnuts, the humble diet of poor peasants in times of scarcity. In the novel, the aromatic *nébeda* functions as a kind of fragrant key that unlocks memories suppressed over years and even generations.

Elena Fortún, *Celia in the Revolution,* translated by Michael Ugarte (Chicago: Swan Isle Press, 2023), 278 pp.

Reviewed by Patricia Schechter



English-language readers interested in the Spanish Civil War will welcome the translation of Elena Fortún's *Celia in the Revolution*, the last in the Celia young adult book series, whose twenty-four volumes remain much-loved in Spain. Although written in the 1940s, *Celia en la revolución* wasn't published until 1987, well after the author's—and Franco's—death.

Elena Fortún was the pen name used by María de la Encarnación Gertrudis Jacoba Aragoneses y de Urquijo (1886-1952), a writer of Basque noble descent who started the Celia series in 1929. Republicans by conviction but not affiliated with any party, Aragoneses and her husband left Spain for France in 1938 and eventually settled in Argentina. During the war and postwar years, she continued to publish with Aguilar Editorial, returning to Spain in 1948 in an attempt to secure amnesty for her husband. After his suicide aborted this mission, Aragoneses returned to Argentina to live with her son, although she eventually died in Madrid in 1952.

The introduction to *Celia in the Revolution* by Nuria Capdevila-Argüelles explains that Aragoneses' friend, Marisol Dorau, acted as literary executor, stewarding the writer's voluminous papers from Argentina to Spain, where they are now housed in Madrid' 's regional library. Dorau went on to shepherd both *Celia in the Revolution* and another manuscript, *Oculto sendero* (Hidden Path), to publication in the 1980s. These two hidden or "closeted" texts, Capdevila-Argüelles points out, name names and speak silences that were impossible to utter under Franco—including the duplicities of war and the reality of homosexual identities. Capdevila-Argüelles sees the metaphor of the closet as especially apt for framing Aragoneses' intellectual journey and legacy.

But I want to focus here on the theme of orphanhood, which provides a unifying throughline as well as a domain of ethical reflection in the novel. The story makes clear that the Spanish Civil War orphaned a whole generation of Spaniards, inflicting trauma and a kind of social death. The war and its trigger-happy protagonists—on both sides—destroy the social script, disrupt a secure sense of place, and destabilize Celia's identity. It leaves her an orphan "in the hands of God!" as she declares in the novel's last line, boarding a boat in Valencia that she hopes will take her to safety in France.

As the novel progresses, Celia resists this loss of self by taking care of her immediate family members. Since her mother died young, before the war, she tends to her father, who was injured at the front defending the Republic, and serves as substitute mother for her younger sisters. With her friends in the neighborhood, she also cares for displaced children and teaches in Republican schools. She survives thanks to the help of kindly acquaintances and friends-of-friends, but her class standing, too, provides a shield. Still, the upper-class family from Valencia who provide Celia's final refuge before sailing for France tell her they would not stop the Nationalists from shooting her. "I would love to forgive!" shrieks the lady of the house in agony.

In wartime, orphanhood evokes a kind of exile-in-place. Madrid is bereft, beset by warring "parents" who will shoot without regard to who gets hit. The chapters set in Madrid include some of Aragoneses' best writing, offering penetrating details of a suffering city, its residents zombified and its neighborhoods in collapse: an alien space, anonymized and untrustworthy. Since the Civil War has torn the ground from under them, residents are forced to perform a pantomime of social relations.

The Madrid chapters vindicate the author's choice to tell this tale as Celia's first-person narration, allowing us to experience the war with her, including the starvation and stench. Despite everything, Celia's resilience and intelligence shine through. She is a loyal friend and comrade, she allows the beauty of gardens and birds to nurture her soul, she adopts an abandoned kitten, and a chaste little romance buds between her and a Republican soldier. It is impossible not to tear up when Celia kneels and kisses the ground as she says a final goodbye to Madrid, her home.

The translation by Michael Ugarte is smooth and vivid. The choice to leave the word *Papá* in Spanish is emotionally spot-on. The production values of this Swan Island edition are lovely and an important scholarly investment. Robert Capa's improbable cover photograph of three young girls in Puente de Vallecas smiling in the sunshine as they sit in a street turned to rubble pays fitting tribute to the spirit of the author and her unforgettable protagonist. Another beautiful gesture in this edition is a facsimile of the manuscript's first page, included as an extra frontispiece. It lends intimacy to the book, hinting at the ways in which Celia's story is also the author's. ⮝

Patricia A. Schechter is a Professor of History at Portland State University whose work focuses on Spain, women's history, public history, and transnational history. Her book "El Terrible": Life and Labor in Pueblonuevo, 1887-1939 *(Routledge, 2025) situates a story of an Andalusian mining town in the global events that defined the twentieth century.*

Jay Greenfield (1932-2025)

Jay Greenfield died peacefully on June 29, at the age of 92. Having grown up in Rockaway, Queens, Jay was a graduate of Cornell University and Harvard Law School, where he was a *Law Review* editor. Following service as a lieutenant in Korea, he began his long career at Paul, Weiss, Rifkin, Wharton & Garrison in 1961, where he became a senior litigation partner. Deeply committed to social justice, he was a volunteer attorney during Freedom Summer 1964 and did pro bono work for the Coalition for the Homeless, the September 11 Victim Compensation Fund, and voting rights. Committed to Judaism and Tzedakah, he was President of Rye Community Synagogue.

Jay's devotion to public service and social justice had a direct connection to the Spanish Civil War: he was only five years old when his much older and much-adored brother Hy joined the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and shipped out for Spain. In a letter from Spain to his family in Rockaway, Hy had addressed his little brother: "You ask why I am here? I am here to make the world a better place for little children like you." Hy was killed in Spain, and Jay and his family would carry the weight and trauma of that loss forever. In a 2007 interview, Jay affirmed: "Whenever I think of doing something, I think of my brother." If he did pro bono work, he added, it was "partly because my brother wanted to make the world a better place." In the same interview, Jay summarized the lesson he learned from Hy: "If you believe in something, and you say you believe in it, you ought to be willing to put your body where your mouth is." Jay not only honored his brother's memory through his lifelong commitment to social justice; he also took the extraordinary step of locating Hy's grave in Spain and celebrating a proper memorial service there. [Jay Greenfield, "My Brother's Resting Place," *The Volunteer*, Vol. 23, No. 5, Winter 2001, pp. 6-7.]

Jay was the adoring and beloved husband for 67 years of Judith Carol Greenfield (née Kweskin); the loving, generous father of Susan Celia Greenfield (Matthew Weissman); Mark Greenfield (Laura Barnett); and Ben Greenfield (Abby); and a wise, playful grandfather to Anna Weissman (Ryan Kendig), Lenny Weissman, and Jack Allen Greenfield. Contributions in his memory may be made to Congregation Rodeph Sholom (Refugee and Immigration Support) and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM 5/1/25 TO 7/31/25

BENEFACTOR ($5,000 AND ABOVE)

The Puffin Foundation • Open Horizon Foundation

SPONSOR ($1,000-$4,999)

Wendy Chavkin • Jeffrey Heisler in memory of Vivienne and Irving Heisler • Geraldine Nichols & Andres Avellaneda

SUPPORTER ($250-$999)

Wendyn Cadden • Andrew Canepa • NYU Espacio de Culturas in memory of Peter N. Carroll • Robert A. Fitzgerald in memory of Daniel A. Fitzgerald • Jane Hewitt • Andrew W. McKibben • Robert Nelson & Marguerite Renner in memory of Steve Nelson • Russ Owens • Steve Perrone in honor of John Perrone • Mr. & Mrs. Robert Smith in memory of Jay Greenfield • Aidan Synnott in memory of Jay Greenfield • Nancy Wallach in memory of Hy Wallach • Max Yaffe in memory of Ernest Amatniekn

CONTRIBUTOR ($100-$249)

Joseph & Esther Adler in memory of Alex & Henia Zaks • Todd Anderson in memory of Melvin Anderson & Frank Madigan • Michael Apple • Deni Asnis • Mark Asquino in memory of Albert Joseph Vincent Lahue • Edward Baker in honor of Bridget A. Aldaraca • Harriet Barlow in memory of Frederick Johnson • Joshua Barnett • David Bell in memory of John Tisa • Patricia Bennett in memory of Max Parker • Lon Berg • Steve Birnbaum • Araceli Bose in memory of Salvador Batalla • Renate Bridenthal in memory of Kenneth Bridenthal • Natasha Carroll-Ferrary in memory of Peter N. Carroll • William Chandler • Gabriel Christian in memory of Wendell McKenzie Christian • Sarah Connolly • Leslie Correll in memory of Harry Kleiman & Dick Correll • Katherine Dawley in memory of George Watt • Alice Dubiel • Adrienne Epstein in memory of Richard Meyer Fein • John Esterbrook in memory of Robert Caminiti • Jeannette Ferrary in memory of Peter N. Carroll • Paul V. Fitzgerald in memory of Daniel Fitzgerald • Peggy Foner • Roberta Friedman • Richard & Sandra Gellar in memory of Morris Balter • Lola Gellman in memory of Isaiah Gellman • Lawrence Gerzog in honor of Daniel Gerzog • Bert & Esther Glassberg in memory of Samuel Gonshak • David Groff in memory of Jay Greenfield • Margaret Hall in memory of Carmen Maria Perez Hall • Annette & Ronald Halpern in memory of Joseph Siegel • Peter D. & Karolyn Hartzman in memory of Jack & May Levine Hartzman • Paul Heinricher in honor of Stanley Anthony Heinricher • Victoria Hilkevitch in memory of Dr. Aaron A Hilkevitch • Jonathan Hurwitz in memory of Jay Greenfield • Jeremy Jorgensen in memory of Aris Georgiou • Erik Kenward in memory of Robert Caminiti • Burt Lazarin • John Lee • June Loskutoff in memory of Peter Loskutoff • Roger Lowenstein • Brion Lutz in memory of Frederick Lutz • Dannen Mannschreck • Dennis Mar in memory of Coleman Persily • Lisa McGurrin in memory of Vincent Lossowski • Colleen McMahon in memory of Jay Greenfield • Jeanette Melley • Rosa Merino in honor of Francisco Felix Merino • Ruth Misheloff • Àlex Muñoz Viso • Karen Nussbaum in memory of Mike Nussbaum • Shaun O'Connell in honor of the James Connolly Column • Michael J. Organek • Sara Joy & Ricardo Pocasangre • Edward & Paula Poll in memory of Harry Poll • Fred W. Rohl • Bill Roller in memory of Milt Wolff • William & Sandra Rosen • Christina Rosetti McArthur in memory of Lee Rosetti • Billie Rosman • Peter J. Rubin in honor of all those who served • Francisco J. Sanchez in memory of Francisco R. Sanchez • Marc Shanker • Melvin & Sara Small in memory of Sarajane Miller Small • David Sprafkin in memory of Jay Greenfield • Julie Starobin in memory of Irving Starobin • Christopher Stone in memory of Marian Merriman-Stone & Robert Merriman • Sara & William Tattam • Paul & Valerie Taylor in memory of Robert Munson Taylor • Jordi Torrent in memory of Jimmy Yates • Norma Van Felix-Skye in memory of William Van Felix • Thomas Viles • Vlasta Vranjes in memory of Jay Greenfield • Harrie Wiersema • Michael Zielinski

FRIEND ($1-$99)

Bryan Alft • Jane Allen in memory of Peter N. Carroll • Julia M. Allen • Anthony S. Alpert Esq. in memory of Victor Strukl • Jeffery Baron in memory of Eugene Baron • Jordi Baró Pedra • Paul Beach • Judith Berlowitz • Tim Bessie • Sydney Bevineau • Michael Bichko • Ethan Bien • Jeff Blake in memory of Robert Caminiti • Scott Boehm • Preston Brooks • Marion Burns in memory of Harry Randall • Dean Burrier in honor of Vicente Sanchis Amades • Robert Cambria in memory of Louise Malley & Helene S. Zahler • James Cameron • Anita Caref in memory of Morris Tobman • David Castro in memory of Albert Castro • Harry Clark • Ted Cloak • Muriel Cohan • Patricia Covici in memory of Virgina Malbin • David Warren & Susan Crawford in honor of Alvin Warren, Maury Colow, & Arthur Munday • Jeffrey Creque in memory of Fred E. Creque • Vincent Doogan • Deborah Edel • Miles & Amy Epstein • Barry Finkel • Matt Fitzgerald in memory of Daniel Fitzgerald • Ann Louise Frazier in memory of Abraham Sirotof • Joshua Freeman • Paul Friedlander • Ann Fromholz • Victor Fuentes • Jacob Fund • Gloria Gallego Caminero • D.F. Garnica • Francisca

Gonzalez-Arias • Cleo Gorman • Tom Graff • Mark Grunblatt in memory of Jacques Grunblatt • Carla Hagen • Angela Halonen • Oleine Hedeen • Kendra Heisler • Eleanor Hershberg • Eric Howard • Charles Idelson • Rachel Ithen • Dan Jaffee in memory of Abe Harris • Ian Janas • Emile Jorgensen • Marvin Kabakoff • Henry Kahn • Stephen Katz • Lee Kennedy-Shaffer • Ervine Kimerling in memory of Irving Fishgold • Nancy Kline Piore in memory of Polly Kline • Stephen Kobasa in memory of Walter J. Peter Jr. • Martha Kransdorf • Dawn Krause in memory of Buck Krause • Elissa Krauss • Fran Krieger-Lowitz • Heinz Lackner • Betty Lerner • Adam Levin • Blas Ruiz & Lorena Gonzalez • Kathleen Maisto in memory of Antonio Vistarini • Paul Margolis • Paul Marks in memory of Paulina K. Marks • Harold Martin • Kay Mathew in memory of Lucretia Peteros • Alarik McClure • Marilyn Montenegro • Michael Morin in memory of Marilyn Morin Sherrin • Rebecca Nordstrom • Michael O'Connor • Estella Habal & Hilton Obenzinger • Ian Ocx • Julian Olivares • Ronald D. Perrone • Ruth Persky • Peter Persoff • John Player • Louise Popkin • Nieves & Manuel Pousada • David Ravenscroft • Maurice Rehm in memory of Bob Rehm • Maria Cristina Rodriguez • Suzanne & Alan Jay Rom in memory of Samuel S. Schiff & Isabelle P. Schiff • Constancia Romilly • Josie Yanguas & Carl Rosen • Miki Rosen • Margery Rosenthal • Lewis Rowland • Judith Rusch • Mike Russell • Susan P. Saiz • Aracelly A. Santana • Loretta Schulman in memory of Jay Greenfield • Adina Schwartz in memory of Jay Greenfield • Daniel & Elaine Schwartz • Rita Schwartz in memory of Jay Greenfield • Francis Nash & Sherron R. Biddle • Lewis Siegelbaum in memory of Morton Siegelbaum • Thomas Silverstein • Sharey & Don Slimowitz in memory of Andrea Werthheimer • Beverly Smith • Barry Spector in memory of all the vets • Kenneth Stern in memory of Dr. Seymour H. Stern • Laura Stevens • Weir Strange • Timothy Swanger • Margaret Tanttila • Naomi & Steve Toder in memory of Jay Greenfield • Todd Trescott in honor of John Johnnie Tricks Trcka • Arlene Tyner • Kassian Vaubel in memory of Gwendolyn Midlo Hall • Alex Vernon in memory of Frank Glasgow Tinker Jr. • Pierre-Paul Villafafila • Ada Wallach • Mark Wallem • Scott Weinstein in memory of Robert Caminiti • Vivian Weinstein in memory of Max Katz • Joel Weisberg • Georgia Wever in memory of Moe Fishman • Rosalind Wholden Thomas • James Williams in memory of Matti Mattson • Thomas Wineholt • Adam Winkel • Eileen & Kipp Yacknin-Dawson in memory of Jay Greenfield • Kenneth Zak • Anthony Zaragoza

With a donation of $75 or more, you will receive a "Fighting Fascism Since 1936" ALBA mug. Our gift to you for your generosity and support for ALBA.

While supplies last.

The Volunteer
c/o Abraham Lincoln Brigades Archives
239 W. 14th Street, Suite 2
New York, NY 10011

NON PROFIT ORG
US POSTAGE
PAID
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
PERMIT NO. 1577

DID YOU KNOW *THE VOLUNTEER* ALSO HAS AN ONLINE EDITION?

Visit albavolunteer.org for additional feature stories, including:

- Antifascist Autobiography in Red-Baiting America: The Shifting Stories of Salaria Kea's Life, by Sebastiaan Faber
- A Spy in the Footnotes: In Search of John Sherman, by David Chambers, with a response by ALBA board member Daniel Czitrom

About the Cover

Throughout his career, Shahn amassed an extensive archive of photographic images, many of which he creatively adapted in his paintings. In *Italian Landscape*, created during World War II, he employed images of Spanish Civil War refugees that he had clipped from newspapers, to represent the destruction wrought in Italy by fascism. For Shahn, the two conflicts were battles in the same war.

Painting: Ben Shahn, *Italian Landscape,* 1943-44, tempera on paper, 69.8 x 91.4 cm. Collection Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. Gift of the T. B. Walker Foundation, Gilbert M. Walker Fund, 1944. © 2025 Estate of Ben Shahn / Licensed by VAGA at Artists Rights Society (ARS), NY. Photograph: Times Wide World Photos, Paris Bureau, "Where the Horrors of War Go On. Women and Children of Jaen, near Granada...Air Raids and Bombardments Which Destroyed Their Homes," c. 1936-37, newspaper clipping, 21.6 x 14 cm. Ben Shahn papers, Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.