Photograph by Agustí Centelles taken early in the morning of July 19, 1936, after the military uprising against the Second Republic the previous day. Centelles was the only photojournalist to cover the immediate response to the coup in Barcelona, which, after fierce street fighting, forced the military rebels to withdraw. The two assault guards in the foreground are Mario and José Vitini Flórez. Mario would go into exile in France; José and his brother Luis were executed by the Franco dictatorship in 1944 and 1945, respectively. From The French Suitcase exhibit, which is one of the events celebrating the 75th anniversary of the founding of the International Brigades. Photo courtesy of Gobierno de España /Ministerio de Cultura/Centro Documental de la Memoria Histórica/fondo Agustí Centelles i Ossó. For more information on this exhibit and other events see page 2 and back page.
October 2011 marks the 75th anniversary of the founding of the International Brigades. To properly honor the brave men and women who fought to save the Spanish Republic, programs of appreciation and remembrance will take place for a full week in different parts of Spain.

ALBA will be joining the official program of activities in Madrid by participating in two round-table discussions. One will examine the role of the city of New York in supporting the Spanish Republic; the other will facilitate sharing thoughts and experiences among worldwide organizations of friends of the International Brigades on how to organize our work in the 21st century—now that the living memory of the veterans is disappearing. A monument dedicated to the International Brigades will also be erected in Madrid’s Ciudad Universitaria, an area of fierce fighting during the civil war.

As a Spaniard myself, I have always been moved by the courage, humanity and sheer boldness of the Brigadistas. I am proud to be working not only to keep the legacy of the Lincoln Brigade alive, but also to promote the relevancy of their idealism, vision and international solidarity in today’s world.

Back home, in New York, we also have an exciting fall coming up. You should not miss the upcoming photo exhibit of Agustí Centelles: The French Suitcase from October 5–December 17 at the King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, NYU. It will be the first exhibit of 40 photographs Centelles took in Barcelona in the first few hours after the military uprising on July 18, 1936; his photo-reportage throughout the war; and the extraordinary photographs taken at the French concentration camp in Bram. A parallel exhibit of original copies of international magazines that featured Centelles war photos will be on display in NYU’s Tamiment Library. In addition, a symposium celebrating Centelles’ work will be held during the fall semester at NYU.

On the human rights front, ALBA is now accepting nominations for the 2012 ALBA-Puffin International Award for Human Rights Activism. As you know, the award is granted on an annual basis to individuals or organizations whose work has had an exceptionally positive impact on the advancement and/or defense of human rights. Honoring the work of our last laureate, Judge Baltasar Garzón, ALBA’s human rights program moves ahead with a mini-film festival, Impugning Impunity: A Human Rights Documentary Film Series, at the Museum of the City of New York from November 3-5. Please save the date.

After a very successful summer teachers’ institute in NY (see page 5), I am pleased to announce that this fall we will be expanding our Development Day Program into Chicago and northern New Jersey, developing ways to include the history of the Brigade and the Spanish Civil War in the high school curriculum.

Last, I invite you to toast a la salud of the Lincoln veterans on December 9. A night of music, sharing, and dancing in the best spirit of the 30s at La Nacional, 239 West 14th Street (upper floor). Get ready to dust off your berets!

If you have not done so already, please subscribe to our e-newsletter or check our website under “events.”

ALBA is sustained by the generosity of private philanthropy. Thank you very much for all your support!

¡Salud!
Marina Garde
Managing Director

The Future of ALBA

Planning for your will and your legacy? The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade established their legacy with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives. Now you can continue their “good fight” by establishing a legacy gift to ALBA in your will. As a non-profit educational organization, 501(c)(3), ALBA can accept legacy gifts in any amount, large or small. Please help us continue to expand our horizons, and your beliefs, and help us to teach the Lincoln Brigade’s legacy to the next generation and beyond.

And did you know that when you reach 70½, your mandatory yearly withdrawal from your IRA can be made as a tax-deductible gift directly to ALBA from your IRA, free of tax consequences? Please consult your tax advisor and estate planner about these wonderful opportunities that will expire after 2011!

For more information, call us at 212-674-5398 or email info@alba-valb.org.
Judge Baltasar Garzón. Photo by Richard Bermack.

Garzón in legal limbo, sets sights on Colombia, Seattle

By Sebastiaan Faber

Judge Baltasar Garzón, recipient of the first ALBA-Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism last May, has accepted a special assignment from the Organization of American States (OAS) to work on the peace process in Colombia. As Special Advisor to the Mission to Support the Peace Process (MAPP), he will coordinate the reconciliation between former paramilitaries and their victims, a key aspect of the transition process. The MAPP, created in 2004, supervised the demobilization of 31,000 paramilitaries from the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia and is now focusing on safeguarding the peace process as well as victims’ right to truth, justice, and reparation.

Garzón will also spend part of the fall semester in Seattle, Washington, exploring possible future collaboration with the Center for Global Justice at the University of Washington Law School and the Center for Human Rights located in the Jackson School for International Affairs.

A year and a half after his suspension from his post at Spain’s national Criminal Court, it remains unclear whether Judge Garzón will ever return to the bench in Spain. While the country weathered a severe economic and political crisis—early elections have been called for November, with a widely expected right-wing landslide—none of the three cases pending against him at the Spanish Supreme Court has made significant headway. The snail’s pace of Spanish justice seems to confirm the suspicion of many that the courts have Garzón precisely where they want him—in a judicial limbo and suspended from his post. If and when the actual trials begin, the whole world’s attention will turn to the astonishing list of irregularities that has characterized the persecution of Garzón.

The three cases are widely considered to lack legal merit and to have been brought primarily as a tool for the Spanish judiciary to rid itself of Garzón. The judge is charged with overstepping his judicial authority when he initiated an investigation into the forced disappearance and/or assassination of 113,000 Spaniards by Francoist forces.

1. Judge Baltasar Garzón initiates an investigation into the forced disappearance and/or assassination of 113,000 Spaniards by Francoist forces.
2. Judge Baltasar Garzón is accused of judicial malfeasance (prevaricación) for having initiated that investigation and is suspended from his post as a judge.
3. An Argentine judge, invoking the concept of “universal jurisdiction,” expresses interest in pursuing these crimes against humanity, given the apparent lack of interest in Spain. She asks Spain to confirm or deny the fact that they are not investigating these crimes. [There are two main criteria that justify the invocation of universal jurisdiction: a) the crimes must by extremely grave – “crimes against humanity”; b) the national courts of the country in question must balk at the chance of carrying out investigations.]

4. Eight months later, Spain responds to the Argentine judge, claiming that it is in fact investigating these crimes. One of the main pieces of evidence behind this claim: the reports prepared in the first place by Judge Garzón, those very documents that engendered the charge of malfeasance and that brought about Garzón’s suspension from the bench.

Where is Monty Python when you need them?
investigation into crimes against humanity committed under the Franco dictatorship; violating defendants’ rights when ordering wiretaps in an investigation of corruption involving the conservative Partido Popular; and dismissing a case against a Spanish bank, deemed meritless by government prosecutors, because the bank, months before, had sponsored a series of colloquia in which Garzón participated. He has been suspended since May 2010.

Garzón is not the only one affected by his suspension. The investigation of Francoist crimes, brought to the National Criminal Court by victims and their families, has been paralyzed by Garzón’s absence. Ironically, when an Argentine judge investigating those same crimes inquired in July whether Spain continued to pursue the case—an important element of universal jurisdiction procedures—Spain pointed to Garzón’s work to reply in the affirmative. (See “Justice, Spanish Style,” page 3.)

In August the Spanish media reported that the Supreme Court judge in charge of one of the three cases may seek to try Garzón before the November elections. Since the birth of the “15-M Movement” last May, which mobilized hundreds of thousands of Spanish citizens united in their indignation with the political class, Garzón has become more vocal as a public intellectual. “The movement that today fills the streets and avenues of Spain,” he wrote in a widely read op-ed in the progressive newspaper Público in June, “calls on all of the democrats who fought so hard to recover a democracy sequestered during forty years of dictatorship; ... it calls on those who, in addition to being indignant, have said enough and decided to take on a leading role over the heads of the bunch of middling soothsayers who, from the cavern of intolerance, are incapable of moving beyond the palm of their own hand, and are oblivious to the changes being wrought in the world around them.”

Team of gravediggers working in Víznar (Granada) in 1936. The photo was taken at the farmhouse where the poet Federico García Lorca spent his last hours before being shot on August 19, 1936. The man holding the small girl is Manuel Castilla, aka Manolillo el Comunista, who showed the Irish Hispanist Ian Gibson where he thought Lorca was buried.

Lorca was one of the most famous victims of right-wing repression during the Civil War. In October 2008 Judge Baltasar Garzón ordered that the poet’s grave site be opened. The resulting controversy helped spark the effort to prosecute Garzón himself and stymie his judicial career.
ALBA’s Teacher Institutes Grow

With the support of the Puffin Foundation, ALBA has now successfully conducted educational outreach workshops in New York; Tampa, Florida; Oberlin, Ohio; and Alameda County, California. Similar programs are slated to take place this fall in New York, New Jersey, and Chicago. Scores of high school teachers all over the country are enjoying the opportunity to work with experts on developing ways of incorporating the stories and the archival materials of the Lincoln volunteers into their classes in U.S. history, world history, Spanish literature, English literature and art.

As the programs expand to new participants, we are also intensifying our follow-up efforts, trying to stay in touch with, and lend continued support to, the alumni of our outreach initiatives. To this end, in early July, James D. Fernández and Juan Salas led an intense workshop at NYU, attended by five former participants who were invited back to the Archives to further develop and refine lesson plans and curricular units focused on the Lincolns.

At the start of the three-day workshop, Professor Robert Cohen, of NYU’s Steinhardt School, told the participants of his plans to edit a book on “Teaching the Spanish Civil War” and encouraged them to consider collaborating with him on that project. The participants also enjoyed one-on-one tutorials via skype with Peter Carroll and Sebastiaan Faber. The lesson plans and curricular units that the teachers worked on address a broad range of topics, from the motivations of the volunteers in the Spanish Civil War as compared to those of volunteers in other wars, through the representations in poetry written by IBers of the horrors of war, to the historical and artistic context of Picasso’s masterpiece Guernica.

Poet Laureate Focuses on Spanish Civil War

The appointment of Philip Levine as U.S. Poet Laureate for the coming year brings a familiar name to prominence. Ten years ago, Levine presented the ALBA-Bill Sennett Lecture at the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, and he presented the ALBA-Bill Susman Lecture at New York University the following year, both on the subject of Spanish Civil War poetry.

Levine’s poetry, famous for its working-class subjects, includes numerous pieces about the Spanish Civil War and the Spanish anarchists. Asked by an interviewer for the Michigan Quarterly Review about his “obsession” with these themes, Levine replied, “It began because it was apparent to me...coming from a Jewish household, I had a very heightened sense of what fascism meant...So my obsession with the Spanish Civil War began during the civil war itself, when I was very young. The things I was hearing everywhere were true, that the Nazis and the Italians were there supporting the fascist army, and it was just more of the advance of fascism....And so-called western democracies were doing a pathetic job of combating it. They were looking the other way. And if you look into the history, you know that they wanted fascism to succeed. It was a way of eliminating communism....”

Some of Levine’s poems about Spain are printed in the anthology The Wound and the Dream: Sixty Years of American Poems about the Spanish Civil War, edited by Cary Nelson.
Behind the lines during the Spanish Civil War, nearly 200,000 men and women were murdered extra-judicially or executed after flimsy legal process. They were killed as a result of the military coup of July 1936 against the Second Republic. For the same reason, at least 300,000 men died at the battle fronts. Unknown numbers of men, women and children were killed in bombing attacks and in the exoduses that followed the occupation of territory by Franco’s military forces. In all of Spain after the final victory of the rebels at the end of March 1939, approximately 20,000 Republicans were executed. Many more died of disease and malnutrition in overcrowded, unhygienic prisons and concentration camps. Others died in the slave labor conditions of work battalions. More than half a million refugees were forced into exile and many were to die of disease in French concentration camps. Several thousand were worked to death in Nazi camps. All of this constitutes what I believe can legitimately be called the Spanish Holocaust.

Behind the lines, there were two repressions, one in each of the zones, Republican and rebel. Although very different, both quantitatively and qualitatively, each claimed tens of thousands of lives, most of them innocent of wrongdoing or even of political activism. The leaders of the rebellion, Generals Mola, Franco and Queipo de Llano, regarded the Spanish proletariat in the same way as they did the people in their Moroccan colony—an inferior race that had to be subjugated by sudden, uncompromising violence. Thus, they applied in Spain the exemplary terror they had learned in North Africa by deploying the Spanish Foreign Legion and Moroccan mercenaries, the Regulares, of the colonial army.

Their approval of the grim violence of their men is reflected in Franco’s war diary of 1922 which lovingly describes Moroccan villages destroyed and their defenders decapitated. He delights in recounting how his teenage bugler boy cut off the ear of a captive. Franco himself led twelve legionaries on a raid from which they returned carrying as trophies the bloody heads of twelve tribesmen (harqueños). The decapitation and mutilation of prisoners was common. When General Primo de Rivera visited Morocco in 1926, an entire battalion of the Legion awaited inspection with heads stuck on their bayonets. During the Civil War, terror by the African Army was similarly deployed on the Spanish mainland as the instrument
of a coldly conceived project to underpin a future authoritarian regime.

The repression carried out by the military rebels was a carefully planned operation to eliminate, in the words of the director of the coup, Emilio Mola, “without scruple or hesitation those who do not think as we do.” In contrast, the repression in the Republican zone was hot-blooded and reactive. Initially, it was a spontaneous and defensive response to the military coup which was subsequently intensified by news brought by refugees of military atrocities and by rebel bombing raids. It is difficult to see how the violence in the Republican zone could have happened without the military coup which effectively removed all of the restraints of civilized society. The collapse of the structures of law and order as a result of the coup thus permitted both an explosion of blind millenarian revenge (the built-in resentment of centuries of oppression) and the irresponsible criminality of those let out of jail or of those individuals never previously daring to give free rein to their instincts. In addition, as in any war, there was the real military necessity of combating the enemy within.

There is no doubt that hostility intensified on both sides as the Civil War progressed, fed by outrage and a desire for revenge as news of what was happening on the other side filtered through. Nevertheless, it is also clear that, from the first moments, there was a level of hatred at work that sprang forth ready-formed from the Army in the North African outpost of Ceuta on the night of July 17, 1936 or from the Republican populace on July 19 at the Cuartel de la Montaña in Madrid....

The intention [on the Franco side] was to ensure that establishment interests would never again be challenged as they had been from 1931 to 1936 by the democratic reforms of the Second Republic. When the clergy justified and the military implemented General Mola’s call for the elimination of “those who do not think as we do,” they were not engaged in an intellectual or ethical crusade. The defense of establishment interests was about “thinking” only in so far as progressive liberal and left-wing forces were questioning the central tenets of the right which were summed up in the slogan of the major Catholic party, the CEDA—“fatherland, order, religion, family, property, hierarchy.” All of these elements constituted the untouchable elements of social and economic life in Spain before 1931. “Fatherland” meant no challenge to Spanish centralism from the regional nationalisms. “Order” meant no toleration of public protest. “Religion” meant the monopoly of education and religious practice by the Catholic Church. “Family” meant the subservient position of women and the prohibition of divorce. “Property” meant that land ownership must remain unchallenged. “Hierarchy” meant that the existing social order was sacrosanct. To protect all of these tenets, in the areas occupied by the rebels, the immediate victims were not just schoolteachers, Freemasons, liberal doctors and lawyers, intellectuals and trade union leaders—those who might have propagated ideas. The killing also extended to all those who might have been influenced by their ideas: the trade unionists, those who didn’t attend mass, those suspected of voting for the Popular Front and the women who had been given the vote and the right to divorce.

What all this meant in terms of numbers of deaths is still impossible to say with finality although the broad lines are clear. Accordingly, indicative figures are frequently given in the book, drawing on the massive research carried out all over Spain by large numbers of local historians in recent years. However, despite their remarkable achievements, it is still not possible to present definitive figures for the overall number of those killed behind the lines, especially in the rebel zone. The objective should always be, as far as is possible, to base figures for those killed in both zones on the named dead. Thanks

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the dictatorship was the continued fear of witnesses about coming forward and the obstruction of research, especially in the provinces of Old Castile. Archival material has mysteriously disappeared and frequently local officials have refused to permit consultation of the civilian registry.

Many executions by the military rebels were given a veneer of pseudo-legality by trials although they were effectively little different from extra-judicial murder. Death sentences were handed out after procedures lasting minutes in which the accused were not allowed to speak. The deaths of those killed in what the rebels called “cleansing and punishment operations” were given the flimsiest legal justification by being registered as “by dint of the application of the declaration of martial law” (por aplicación del bando de Guerra). This was meant to legalize the summary execution of those who resisted the military take-over. The collateral deaths of many innocent people, unarmed and not offering any resistance, were also registered in this way. Then there were the executions of those registered as killed “without trial” in reference to those who were discovered harboring a fugitive, and so were shot just on military orders. There was also a systematic effort to conceal what had happened. Prisoners taken far from their hometowns, executed and buried in unmarked mass graves.

Finally, there is the fact that a substantial number of deaths were not registered in any way. This was the case of many of those who fled before Franco’s African columns as they headed from Sevilla to Madrid. As each town or village was occupied, among those killed were refugees from elsewhere. Since they carried no papers, their names or places of origin were unknown. It may never be possible to calculate the exact numbers murdered in the open fields by squads of mounted Falangists and Carlists. It is equally impossible to ascertain the fate of the thousands of refugees from western Andalusia who died in the exodus after the fall of Málaga in 1937 or those from all over Spain who had taken refuge in Barcelona only to die in the flight to the French border in 1939 or those who committed suicide after waiting in vain for evacuation from the Mediterranean ports.

Nevertheless, the huge amount of research that has been carried out makes it possible to state that, broadly speaking, the repression by the rebels was about three times greater than that which took place in the Republican zone. The most reliable, yet still tentative, figure for deaths at the hands of the military rebels and their supporters is 130,199. However, it is unlikely that such deaths were fewer than 150,000 and they could well be more. Some areas have been studied only partially; others hardly at all. In several areas, which spent time in both zones, and for which the figures are known with some precision, the differences between the numbers of deaths at the hands of Republicans or of rebels are shocking. To give some examples, in Badajoz, there were 1,437 victims of the left as against 8,914 victims of the rebels; in Sevilla, 447 victims of the left, 12,507 victims of the rebels; in Cádiz, 97 victims of the left, 3,071 victims of the rebels; and in Huelva, 101 victims of the left, 6,019 victims of the rebels. In places where there was no Republican violence, the figures for rebel killings are almost incredible, Navarra 3,280, La Rioja, 1,977. In most places where the Republican repression was the greater, like Alicante, Girona or Teruel, the differences are in the hundreds. The exception is Madrid. The killings throughout the war when the capital was under Republican control seem to have been nearer three times those carried out after the rebel occupation. However, precise calculation is rendered difficult by the fact that the most frequently quoted figure for the post-war repression in Madrid, of 2,663 deaths, is based on a study of those executed and buried in only one cemetery, the Almudena or Cementerio del Este.

Although exceeded by the violence exercised by the Francoists, the repression in the Republican zone before it was stopped by the Popular Front government was nonetheless horrifying. Its scale and nature necessarily varied, with the highest figures being recorded for Toledo and the anarchist-dominated area from the south of Zaragoza, through Teruel into western Tarragona. In Toledo, 3,152 rightists were killed, of whom 10% were members of the clergy (nearly half of the province’s clergy). In Cuenca, the total deaths were 516 (of whom 36, or 7% of the total killed, were priests, nearly a quarter of the province’s clergy). The figure for deaths in Republican Catalonia reached in the exhaustive study by Josep Maria Solé i Sabaté and Joan Vilarroyo i Font was 8,360. This figure corresponds closely to the conclusions reached by a commission created by the Generalitat de

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number of deaths was 85,940. Although exaggerated and including many duplicities, this figure was still far below Franco’s claims that, for over a quarter of a century, it was omitted from editions of the published résumé of the Causa General’s findings.

A central, yet underestimated part of the repression carried out by the rebels—the systematic persecution of women—is not susceptible to statistical analysis. Murder, torture and rape were generalized punishments for the gender liberation embraced by many, but not all, liberal and left-wing women during the Republican period. Those who came out of prison alive suffered deep life-long physical and psychological problems. Thousands of others were subjected to rape and other sexual abuses, the humiliation of head shaving and public soiling after the forced ingestion of castor oil. For most Republican women, there were also the terrible economic and psychological problems of having their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons murdered or forced to flee, which often saw the wives themselves arrested in efforts to get them to reveal the whereabouts of their men folk. In contrast, there was relatively little equivalent abuse of women in the Republican zone. That is not to say that it did not take place. The sexual molestation of around one dozen nuns and the deaths of 296, just over 1.3% of the female clergy in Spain, is shocking but of a significantly lower order of magnitude than the fate of women in the rebel zone. That is not entirely surprising given that respect for women was built into the Republic’s reforming program.

The statistical vision of the Spanish holocaust is not only flawed, incomplete and unlikely ever to be complete. It also fails to capture the intense horror that lies behind the numbers. The account that follows includes many stories of individuals, of men, women and children from both sides. It introduces some specific but representative cases of victims and perpetrators from all over the country. It is hoped thereby to convey the suffering unleashed upon their own fellow citizens by the arrogance and brutality of the officers who rose up on July 17, 1936. They provoked war, a war that was unnecessary and whose consequences still reverberate in Spain today.

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The first four chapters of the book aim to explain how those enmities were fomented. They consider the polarization that ensued from the right’s determination to block the reforming ambitions of the democratic regime established in April 1931, the Second Republic. They focus on the process whereby the obstruction of reform led to an ever more radicalized response by the left. These chapters also analyse the elaboration of rightist theological and racial theories in order to justify the intervention of the military and the extermination of the left.

In the case of the military rebels, a program of terror and extermination was central to their planning and preparation. The next two chapters describe the ways in which this was implemented as the rebels established control in very different areas. Chapter 5 is concerned with the conquest and purging of Western Andalusia—Huelva, Sevilla, Cádiz, Málaga and Córdoba. Because of the numerical superiority of the landless peasantry, the military plotters believed that the immediate imposition of a reign of terror was crucial. With the use of forces brutalized in the colonial wars in Africa, backed by local landowners, this process was supervised by General Queipo de Llano. Chapter 6 confronts a similar application of terror in the significantly different regions of Navarra, Galicia, Old Castile and León. These were all deeply conservative areas where the military coup was almost immediately successful. Despite the minimal evidence of left-wing resistance, the repression there, under the overall jurisdiction of General Mola, was of a lesser scale than in the south but disproportionately severe. There is also consideration of the repression in the Canary Islands and Mallorca.

The exterminatory objectives of the rebels, if not their military capacities, found an echo on the extreme left, particularly in the anarchist movement, in rhetoric about the need for “purification” of a corrupt society. Accordingly, chapters 7 and 8 analyse the consequences of the coup within the Republican zone. They consider how the underlying hatreds deriving from misery, hunger and exploitation found their way into the terror in Republican-held areas, particularly in Barcelona and Madrid. Inevitably,
Miguel Domínguez Soler was a talented man of humble origin who lived during tumultuous times, survived many brushes with death, and left a memoir based on the diaries he kept his entire life. He was born on March 1, 1910, in Ayamonte, Spain, across the River Guadiana from Portugal. In 1930, one year before the proclamation of the Spanish Republic, he joined the Spanish Socialist Party. When General Queipo de Llano’s fascist column entered Miguel’s home town on July 30, 1936, he escaped and hid for several days in the countryside. He then returned to Ayamonte and found refuge in a room above the bakery of a friend named Chanoca, who brought him news of what was happening in the town. The following excerpt from his memoir is one example.

The searches and arrests continue. The beasts have yet to satiate their hunger for flesh and blood. Today they have found a municipal policeman named Antonio Barroso, “The Flea,” hidden in a cistern; and in a closet, Wenceslao Ríos, an urban guard. They have taken them to the Civil Guard barracks, and from there, to the Falange headquarters. The latter is located in what had been the Workers’ Center, headquarters of the socialist General Workers’ Union. There is a priest there to confess those to be killed.

The insurgents have established a kitchen in the Falange headquarters for the members of this paramilitary organization. The meals are prepared by the mother of “The Planter,” a member of the local committee of the Communist Party, sought high and low by “The Thunderclap.” This poor mother summons all her courage to flatter the enemy and perhaps save her son if he is caught. Meanwhile, “The Planter,” armed with a good rifle, is in hiding in the neighborhood where he lives and where they pass him the food and news he needs. Days later, they broke into the house. He was shaving, with his rifle on the table. Falangists aimed their rifles at him through the window. He came out with his hands up and they handcuffed him and took him to the jail. He asked for paper and a pen to write down his declaration and whatever might help him in
his defense. Chanoca says he spent three days and nights implicating half the town.

“In what?” I said, “Of what wrongdoing can he accuse anyone? No one here has committed murder or attempted murder or even robbery?”

“The fact is,” Chanoca continued, “that when he finished writing his accusation, and on the advice of his mother, who visited him in jail, he got ready and they took him to the church to marry the woman with whom he was living. And it is said that they gave him hope that they would set him free if he enlisted in the Legion, which he accepted to save his skin. From the church, they took him back to his cell where a young man, a boy actually, Eliseo Garlito, secretary of the Socialist Youth organization, and also under arrest, treated him like a traitor and a scoundrel.”

That same night, at exactly twelve o’clock, the truck of death arrived at the door of the jail. A moment of panic and emotion. There was a terrifying silence. The Falangist whose turn it was began to read in a loud voice the names that were written on the list. The first was “The Planter.” Overjoyed, he gathered his blanket and things, thinking they were about to set him free. “Every man for himself,” he said. When he emerged from the cell, he found himself confronted by rifle barrels. His face became contorted with desperation and he threw himself to the ground, crying like a baby, and said, “Where are you taking me?”

The second to be called was Eliseo Garlito, who emerged from the cell with great courage and a loud “Present!” It is said that he told “The Planter,” “Let’s die, you coward, like men who love an idea.” Also taken away that night was Antonio Barroso, “The Flea,” who had already been beaten in the Falange headquarters; also Wenceslao Ríos, “The Mountain,” and others, until a total of twenty-four would go to swell the extensive list of martyrs. At dawn, on the other side of the forest, the cadavers appeared, those of the cowardly as well as those of the brave. Wailing and lamentations everywhere. At times, the cries of pain would break one’s heart. There is not a single dress or suit in the town that is not black. Everyone wears mourning attire. Fathers, mothers, brothers, children, and family members of those sacrificed make up the totality of the little white town.

Later, Miguel Domínguez hid in the house of his fiancée’s family before making a daring escape to Portugal in September, 1936. If caught by the authorities of the Portuguese dictator Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, he would have been returned in handcuffs to Spain, where he would have faced certain death by firing squad. He had the good fortune to connect up with a network of anti-fascist Portuguese who sheltered him for the next two and a half years. On April 11, 1939, 10 days after the unconditional surrender of the Spanish Republic to the forces of Franco, Miguel’s Portuguese friends sneaked him aboard a French ship sailing from Lisbon to Casablanca. There he was rescued from this living hell by his benefactor, Monsieur Mallein, who pulled strings and “rented” him to open and manage another sardine cannery, outside the town of Safi, down the Moroccan coast from Casablanca. Although still a slave, he was “owned” by a friend who allowed Miguel ample freedom. He even built himself a house on the factory grounds. It was there that he would be an eyewitness to an important historical event.

It was November 8, 1942. It must have been about three o’clock in the morning of that day when I was awakened by the barking of a German shepherd I had been given. I opened a large folding knife from Albacete that I kept for self-defense and, with firm resolve, went out the door and took up a position in the dark on the coastal highway next to the factory entrance. Three soldiers with a machine gun, a tripod, and a box, which I imagined contained ammunition, took up a position in the middle of the high-

Although still a slave, he was “owned” by a friend who allowed Miguel ample freedom.

Miguel Domínguez bluffed his way into a job managing a sardine cannery and was so successful that he became close friends with the factory’s owner, Monsieur Mallein. Eventually, Miguel was overtaken by another disaster. After the fall of France to Hitler’s army, French Morocco was governed by a German Commission. French gendarmes in the service of Vichy France arrested Miguel Domínguez along with other Spanish refugees, Jews, and political refugees from throughout Europe and turned them over to the German Industrial Production and Labor Service, which “rented” them to a French consortium building the Trans-Saharan railroad. Miguel was one of thousands of slave laborers breaking rocks for the railroad bed. The horrendous conditions are described in his memoir. way ten meters from the entrance to the factory. I approached the fence and, at that precise moment, an extraordinary light illuminated the whole town of Safi, revealing my presence. One of the soldiers aimed his rifle at me and asked in English, “Who are you?”

I answered, also in English, “I am a Spanish political refugee.”

Imagine my surprise when the soldier replied, “De verdad es usted español?,” but speaking in a Spanish that had a Central or South American lilt to it. It all became clear to me when he said, still speaking in my language, “I am Chico. I was born in Texas, but at home and in the street, we spoke Spanish.”

“Qué pasa?” I asked.

Continued on page 15
AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO OUR READERS!

For 75 years, the friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade—friends like you—have been advocating for social justice and sustaining the progressive activism of the Brigade.

Thanks for your generous support

The Brigadistas were border crossers—politically and culturally. They embodied international solidarity and showed that loyalty, courage and sacrifice could be meaningful. These are only some of the reasons why I proudly devote my efforts to an organization like ALBA, an organization of volunteer activists.

I hope you will join me, too, honoring the legacy of our Brigadistas.

With your support and participation, ALBA:
1. Affirms the value of knowing, preserving and promoting the legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.
2. Contributes to our nation’s collective memory, providing inspiration and learning about our shared progressive American history.
3. Empowers new generations to work toward a future of equality, respect and social justice.

Building on 75 Years of Progress and Change

ALBA’s dedicated staff, volunteers and activists are committed to working 365 days a year. But all of our progress toward creating a progressive and just society hinges on the continued support of members like you.

We need your commitment

Without your generous annual support, there is no ALBA. And without ALBA, the example of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade will be distorted, abused, or destroyed.

Each donation you send to ALBA is critically important. Every contribution helps us continue our programs, educate more people, and be a stronger advocate of social justice everywhere.

Your gift will also support our newly established Human Rights Project campaign, which honors the International Brigades and all those who fought against fascism during the Spanish Civil War by connecting that legacy with international activist causes today.

ALBA would be delighted to acknowledge your support in honor of a veteran or other activists. If you would like to make a contribution, you can mail a check, contribute on-line, or call our office.

¡No Pasarán!

Sebastiaan Faber
Chair, Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives

PS. If you have already sent in your gift, accept my thanks for your renewed support, and please consider giving again. If you have yet to renew your support, please send your gift today. Help make the Abraham Lincoln Brigade 75th anniversary a year in which we make great strides toward social justice. Thank you.

Dear ALBA,

Thank you for your letter of May 25, 2011, acknowledging my father’s [Lincoln vet Maynard Goldstein] bequest to ALBA. He would be pleased to know that the money will be used for specific programs and that these will be named after him.

Still, knowing my father as I do, I rather suspect that he would find this honor less important than the on-going mission of ALBA. In different terms, it is clear (certainly to me) that he could think of no organization more worthy of a bequest than one whose purpose is to keep alive the memory of those who put their lives on the line to confront and defeat fascism. But, this is not the end of it: the fight goes on; the enemy lives and grows in strength; the battle then is not only for the past, but for the present and future. And so, while gone, my father continues to fight for a better world and ALBA makes this possible.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Marc Goldstein

In Memory of Louis Czitrom

1921-2011
Lifelong friend of the Lincoln Brigade, VALB, and ALBA
Lifetime activist in “the good fight” for social justice, peace, racial equality and gender equity

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Thank you.

Sincerely,

Marc Goldstein
Franco's Crimes Against Humanity


By Isabel Estrada

In the past 10 years, organizations both in Spain and abroad have vindicated the need to honor victims of the Spanish Civil War and the Franco dictatorship. Their political pressure resulted in the 2007 Law of Historical Memory, which aims to pay homage to the victims' memories. The contributors to this volume memorialize victims by looking at a number of phenomena that illuminate their faces and voices. The book offers four perspectives: historical; visual; literary; and anthropological. Each section begins with commentaries that engage in intelligent dialogue with the ensuing essays. It is fitting that the Guardian's correspondent in Spain, Giles Tremlett, writes the afterword, as journalists have been instrumental in the process of recovering memory.

Historian Paul Preston's essay provides vast evidence of the political Right's anti-Semitism as early as 1912 and its belief that the Socialist revolution had been organized by Jews. The association of Judaism with the Left sheds light on the brutal repression of the initial months of the war as well as subsequent xenophobia. Preston ends by linking the rhetoric of Francoist repression to the "theorists of extermination." This essay previews his newly published book, The Spanish Holocaust (2011), where he compares Franco's crimes with the Holocaust. Julián Casanova, an expert on the role of the Church in the Francoist period, offers a detailed description of the "vengeful" phase of the regime. This period in the early years of the dictatorship accounts for more than 50,000 victims.

Documentary television and film present the clearest picture of Franco's victims. Jo Labanyi's essay demonstrates that victim testimony is crucial to our comprehension of past events. Furthermore, she argues that testimonial interviews, as they appear in many documentaries, acquire full meaning in the realm of feelings. Although the victims' narratives are inherently subjective, they prove central to the understanding of history.

The second essay of this section is by television reporter Montse Amengou, who describes how investigative journalism serves as a tool for recovering historical memory, which indeed has been the case in Spain. Gina Herrmann analyzes one of Armengou's documentaries made for Catalan television, Les fosses del silenci [Graves of Silence] (2003), and compares it to Las fosas del olvido [Graves of Oblivion] (2004) by Adolfo Domingo and Itziar Bearnaola, which was broadcast by Spanish television. While both address the excavations of mass graves, Domingo's report suggests that the exhumations have brought closure to the victims' families. However, Armengou points out that most mass graves in Spain remain uncovered.

Much like documentary film, literature provides a voice to the victims. Samuel Amago, in his essay "Speaking for the Dead: History, Narrative, and the Ghostly in Javier Cercas's War Novels," analyzes the best-selling Soldados de Salamina [Soldiers of Salamis] as well as the lesser known La velocidad de la luz [The Velocity of Light]. He concludes that the role of the narrator/writer serves a vindicating function.

The last section addresses the physical excavations of mass graves. Fernández de Mata explains their meaning for the victims' relatives as well as for the perpetrators through a discussion of painful testimonies. Along the same lines, Ferrándiz writes a perfectly balanced essay that begins and ends with the personal story of Esther Cimadevilla, whose father was killed and buried in a mass grave in Asturias. Her suffering provides a personal voice among the new generation of narratives about Spain’s violent past.

Unearthing Franco's Legacy is a seminal reference for Spanish Memory Studies. The volume's front cover is a composite of a bright red image of Franco and a photograph of a mass grave by Catalan artist Francesc Torres. The image of the dictator superimposed over the mass grave provides readers with a reminder that Franco's legacy is consumed by human remains drowning in a pool of blood. In order to repair their pain, the editors dedicate the book "To those who fought and continue to fight for justice and the defense of democratic rights, arduously gained, perilously maintained."
Contributions

Bequests
Rebecca Snyder • Maynard Goldstein

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Anonymous • Charles Chatfield-Taylor • Jeffrey Heisler • Ilona Mattson for teaching institutes • Michael Ratner and Karen Ranucci

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The above donations were made from June 1, 2011, through August 15, 2011. Donations made after August 15 will appear in the next issue of The Volunteer.
Exile
Continued from page 11

“We have come to liberate the peoples of Europe from Fascism.”

“Hombre,” I said, “You don’t know how happy I am to see you. With you here, I am closer to Spain.”

Within a quarter hour there was a group of more than twenty brown-skinned young men. They were all natives of Puerto Rico and other lands that once belonged to us. An officer who also spoke Spanish arrived and asked me what those buildings were for. I explained that they were a sardine canery owned by the French. The leader continued the interrogation, asking me if there were arms or artillery in the area. I pointed out an emplacement with two long-range cannons located two hundred meters behind my house. They were there to defend the Safi harbor. I also showed him where the legionnaires’ barracks was. I told him they were all Spaniards and that he should not attack them. I explained to him that they would surrender without firing a shot, because they would be in favor of this landing by people who were Spain’s friends. A simple conversation was all it took. At the time, the legionnaires were all in the barracks asleep.

“Are there lions around here?” one of the Americans asked me.

“Hombre, in the Casablanca Zoo there is a pair of them, but they are very old by now,” I answered.

The day was beginning to break. In the pre-dawn light, I could make out two hundred ships on the sea. From some of them, airplanes took off and headed for Marrakech, the region’s capital. The men gave me packets of coffee and tobacco and canned peaches in syrup. They had brought everything that was scarce here during the war. Chico, Luis Dones, Roldán, they all treated me with affection.

Here was what I had been hoping for. Long live beautiful liberty! These men will defeat the Fascists and hand me my Spain on a silver platter, the Spain that had been stolen from me. France would be free and England’s freedom would be assured and, since these two countries were friends of the Spanish Republic, they would help us in the re-conquest. I am full of happiness. I feel like singing in honor of the imminent victory.

Of course, that “imminent” victory was two and a half years away. Furthermore, Miguel and his friends would remain in exile for decades. As the war in Europe drew to a close, Churchill and Roosevelt decided to leave Spain alone. They were concerned that the removal of Franco could cause another civil war, with the possibility that Spain would fall into the Soviet sphere. By the 1950s, the United States was providing economic aid to Franco in exchange for naval and air bases. Miguel’s memoir reflects the bitterness of Spanish exiles over this betrayal: “So you Americans, the messengers of liberty, are condemning us to exile because we loved that liberty the same as you?” he asks an American commander.

Miguel Domínguez continued a successful career in the fish processing industry. He also remained politically active. His house became the headquarters of an organization that helped Spanish sailors and fishermen who wanted to settle in Morocco and escape the tyranny of Franco’s Spain. Later he was active in the Moroccan League for Human Rights. With great sadness, he saw many of his fellow refugees die in exile. When he received the news of his fiancée’s death in Spain, he felt free to marry the real love of his life, a Moroccan woman he had met in Safi. In 1983, eight years after Franco’s death, Miguel and his wife made a trip to Spain, which he had not seen in 47 years. While in Seville, they experienced an unpleasant incident which ends the book with an unexpectedly ironic twist.

Holocaust
Continued from page 9

episodes in the Spanish Civil War, which are closely inter-related. Both concern the siege of Madrid by the rebels and the capital’s defence. Chapter 9 deals with the trail of slaughter left by Franco’s Africanista forces, the so-called “Column of Death,” as it traveled from Sevilla to Madrid. It had been announced along the way that the savagery that the column was imposing on conquered towns and villages was what Madrid could expect if surrender was not immediate. The consequence was that, after the departure of the Republican government to Valencia, those responsible for the defense of the city made the decision to evacuate right-wing prisoners, particularly army officers who had sworn to join the rebel forces as soon as they could. Chapter 10 analyzes the implementation of that decision, the notorious massacres of right-wingers at Paracuellos on the outskirts of Madrid.

The next two chapters discuss two differing concepts of the war. Chapter 11 is concerned with the Republic’s defense against enemies within. This consisted not just of the burgeoning rebel fifth column, dedicated to spying, sabotage and spreading defeatism and despondency but also the extreme left of the anarchist CNT and the anti-Stalinist POUM. These ultra-left groups were determined to make a priority of revolution. This seriously undermined the Republic’s war effort and thus they were the targets of the same security apparatus which had put a stop to the uncontrolled repression of the first months. Chapter 12 is concerned with Franco’s deliberately ponderous war of annihilation through the Basque Country, Santander, Asturias, Aragón and Catalonia. It demonstrates how his war effort was conceived as an investment in terror which would facilitate the establishment of his dictatorship. Chapter 13 analyzes the post-war machinery of trials, executions, prisons and concentration camps which consolidated that investment.
Fall Events

October 5–December 17
Photo Exhibit: Agustí Centelles: The French Suitcase
King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center and the Tamiment Library. Both venues at New York University.

October 9, 2 p.m.
Pasiones: Songs of the Spanish Civil War, featuring Jamie O’Reilly & Michael Smith
Evanston SPACE, 1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston IL. 847.492.8860

October 10, 8 p.m.
Pasiones: Songs of the Spanish Civil War

October 20–29 2011
75th Anniversary Events in Spain
Program includes Alba’s Vice-Chair Jim Fernández and Director Marina Garde in Madrid and Board Member Bob Coale in Barcelona
www.alba-valb.org for details

October 20–21
Las Brigadas Internacionales: de lo local a lo global
Instituto Internacional en España, Madrid
aabi@Brigadasinternacionales.org

October 27–29
The international fight against fascism: From the International Brigades to the “Resistance”
Comisiones Obreras de Barcelona
sagudo@edu.ictnet.es

November 3–5
ALBA’s Film Festival: Impugning Impunity: A Human Rights Documentary Film Series
Museum of the City of New York

November 30, 6 p.m.
Symposium on Agustí Centelles with Susie Linfield, James D. Fernández, Jordana Mendelson, Juan Salas, and Sebastiaan Faber
King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center, NYU

December 9
75th Anniversary of the International Brigades—ALBA’s Benefit Party
A night of music, sharing, and dancing in the best spirit of the 30s.
La Nacional, 239 West 14th Street (upper floor), New York