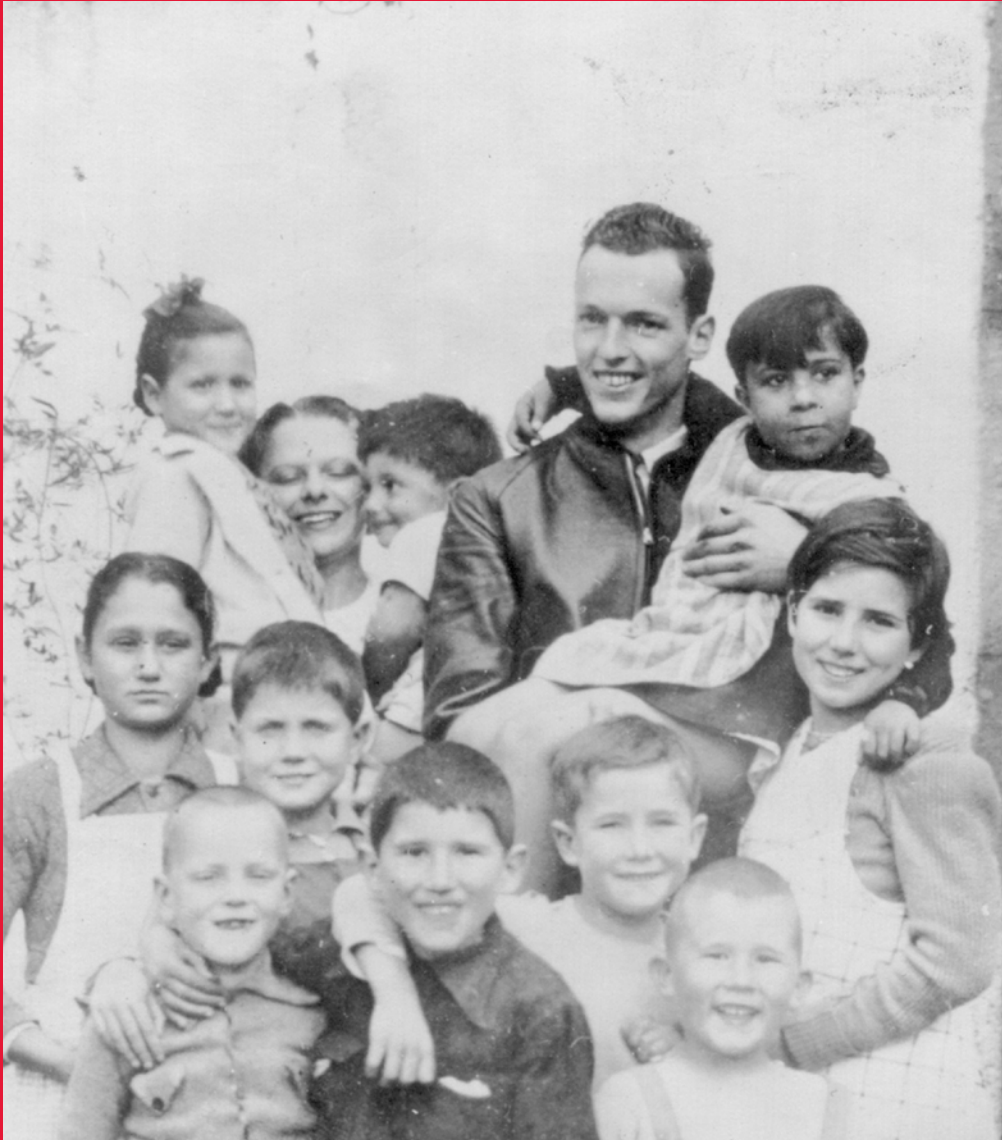


The Volunteer

FOUNDED BY THE VETERANS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE

"...and that government of the people,
by the people, and for the people,
shall not perish from the earth."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



**"Nick" Carter: How a Son of Wealth from Boston
Was Radicalized in Spain. See page 14.**

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Impugning Impunity, *ALBA Human Rights Film Festival*, page 3

Watt Awards, page 4

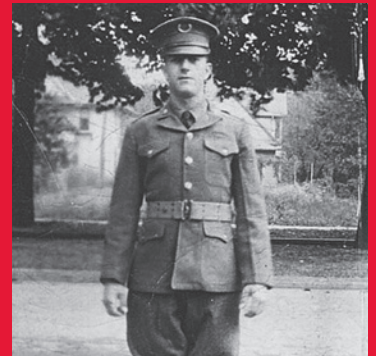
Book Reviews, page 21



Films of the Lincoln Brigade,
page 5



Román Gubern and the Red
Decade of Luis Buñuel, page 7



Enterrado/Buried: A Memory,
page 9



Salara Kea's Spanish Memoirs,
page 17

Dear Readers,

Last May the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives (ALBA) presented its first ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism to Judge Baltasar Garzón. As you know, Garzón is a distinguished Spanish jurist admired throughout the world for his tireless pursuit of human rights violators—from ordering the arrest of former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet to investigating the most important criminal cases in Spain or considering prosecution for torture condoned by U.S. officials.

In approaching the issues of human rights activism, ALBA is reaching out to other organizations, groups and individuals who have been dedicating their efforts to human rights throughout the world. It is therefore appropriate that this issue of *The Volunteer* is being sent to other long-time supporters of our cause.

We are very pleased to welcome members of the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA) to ALBA's quarterly, *The Volunteer*, which was founded by the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in 1937. For nearly 45 years, NACLA has shared our commitment to promoting discussion and understanding of the roots of antifascism and continuing the fight for human rights causes. Their bimonthly *NACLA Report* is one of the most reliable resources for progressive politics in Latin America, offering critical but objective analysis of U.S. policy and the region's politics, economy, and society. Please don't forget to visit their website, ncla.org, for daily coverage about Latin America that complements *The Volunteer*.

As Lincoln veteran Rick Blaine (Humphrey Bogart) says to Captain Louis Renault (Claude Rains) in the final scene of the classic movie *Casablanca*, when Louis asks Rick to join the Free French in Brazzaville to continue the fight against Fascism: "*Louis, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.*"

For more information about ALBA, please visit our websites, www.alba-valb.org and www.albavolunteer.org, and sign up to receive news. To continue receiving *The Volunteer*, just send us the envelope enclosed in this issue.

¡Salud!

Sebastiaan Faber, Chair, ALBA

Marina Garde, Managing Director, ALBA

Arturo Conde, Director/Publisher, *NACLA Report on the Americas*

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.

**ALBA's
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Friday, December 9th, 2011
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Monument Unveiled in Madrid at 75th IB Anniversary



International Brigade veterans at the unveiling of the new monument to the IBs in Madrid: (l-r) David Lomon (UK), Joseph Almudéver (France), Erik Ellman (Estonia), Vincent Almudéver (France). Photo by Sofía Moro.

Marking the 75th anniversary of the formation of the International Brigades in October 1936, Spain's Friends of the IBs (Asociación de Amigos de las Brigadas Internacionales, or AABI) hosted a commemorative reunion that included the unveiling of a new monument to the Brigades at University City, the campus of the Complutense University. This was a site of continuous skirmishing during the Spanish Civil War—and one where many of the earliest

volunteers saw their first combat action. ALBA's James Fernández, Marina Garde, and Gina Herrmann participated in a series of seminars and related public programs. Speakers at the unveiling included Jaime Carrillo, President of the Complutense (and son of Santiago Carrillo, who was also in attendance); Ana Pérez, President of the AABI (which spearheaded the monument initiative); Josu Larrañaga, Dean of the School of Fine Arts at the Complutense (whose students and faculty

designed the monument); and representing the few remaining survivors, the British veteran David Lomon, 92 years old and in excellent shape. "Today," Lomon remarked, "we must still strive for international solidarity and social justice. And we must oppose fascist ideology in whatever form it takes, whether it is racism, anti-semitism, militarism or dictatorship." ▀



Impugning Impunity

By Arturo Conde
and Peter N. Carroll

Focusing a wide lens on the human rights agenda, ALBA hosted "Impugning Impunity: A Human Rights Documentary Film Series" at the Museum of the City of New York in November. The festival kicked off with Hollman Morris' *Impunity*, a film about the victims of state-sponsored terrorism in Colombia and the truth commission that was established to help them discover the whereabouts of missing relatives. This cause is also familiar to many Spanish families who are currently challenging the government to come to terms with the disappearance of thousands of Spaniards during and after the Spanish Civil War.

Trisha Ziff's *The Mexican Suitcase*, another of the documentaries presented in the series, not only elaborates on the digging up of mass graves in Spain, but also shows how the legacy of the Second Republic is maintained in Mexico through the photos of Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour, as well as through the memories of thousands of Spanish exiles who fled to the Americas. "Impugning Impunity" presented a total of five films, including Barry Stevens' *Prosecutor*, which covers the International Criminal Court and its goal to prosecute human rights violators; Pamela Yates' *Granito*, a documentary about the extermination of 200,000 Mayan people by Guatemala's military; and Patricio Guzman's *Nostalgia of the Light*, which focuses on the disappearance of

Continued on page 23

Students Win ALBA Awards

By Gina Herrmann

ALBA's George Watt Memorial Essay Prizes are awarded annually to a graduate student and an undergraduate student who have written an outstanding essay or thesis chapter about any aspect of the Spanish Civil War, the global political or cultural struggles against fascism in the 1920s and 1930s, or the life-time histories and contributions of the Americans who fought in support of the Spanish Republic from 1936 to 1938. The award, first established 15 years ago, pays homage to the life of Lincoln vet George Watt (1914-1994), a writer and lifelong activist central to the creation of ALBA.

The jury, consisting of Soledad Fox (Williams College), Fraser Ottanelli (University of South Florida), and Gina Herrmann (University of Oregon), is pleased to announce the results for this year's contest. We received 15 submissions in total: 10 written by undergraduate students and five from MA or PHD students. Essays came from Spain, England, and the U.S. The research topics included dance performances by Republicans in exile, anticlericalism in the Civil War and how it was perceived by American Catholics, children's drawings, the mobilization of Northumberland Mining Unions, and the depiction of women in illustrated magazines during the war.

The recipient of the undergraduate award is Zachary Ramos Smith, whose senior thesis in history at the University of Washington deals with the life story of Lincoln veteran Thane Summers. Ramos Smith explores how leftist politics helped Summers overcome feelings of emotional and social estrangement from his bourgeois background. In the graduate category, Maria Thomas, a doctoral student at the London School of Economics, impressed the jury with her detailed study of anticlerical violence committed by male workers during the Civil War. Thomas uses this particular case of masculine violence to delve into

the repercussions of sexist attitudes and beliefs in 1930s Spain.

Masculinity, Sexuality and Anticlerical Violence during the Spanish Civil War

By Maria Thomas

In July 1936, a rightwing military rebellion against the democratically elected government of the Spanish Second Republic plunged the republican state into disarray and divided the country geographically. On territory which remained under republican authority, armed workers who had collaborated in the defeat of the rebellion took advantage of radical changes in political opportunities to stage a spontaneous revolution. As they launched physical attacks against the symbols and representatives of rightwing politics and of the oppressive old order, they destroyed countless ecclesiastical buildings and executed almost 7,000 religious personnel. Priests' longstanding position as ideological and class enemies had been cemented for many workers during the intense Catholic and anticlerical mobilization of the peacetime republican years (1931-1936). Now, religious personnel became the first and most furiously targeted victims of revolutionary violence.

This essay examines a crucial facet of violence against the clergy: the processes by which male identities, and popular ideas regarding priests' sexuality and masculinity, influenced the forms and intensity of anticlerical violence. During the conflict, acts of violent anticlerical collective action were committed primarily by male workers. Although women did take part in attacks upon church property—and occasionally upon religious personnel—they were greatly outnumbered by their male counterparts. This essay explores anticlerical violence as an overwhelmingly male phenomenon whose logic and rhetoric were derived from the cultural norms of 1930s Spanish society. In doing so, it scrutinizes

the relationship between male sexuality, masculinity and anticlerical violence. It also investigates the ways in which rapid social and political changes during the first third of the twentieth century, and the struggle to define the boundaries between domestic space and public space which was being waged by male anticlerical workers, had a crucial impact upon the ways in which priests and nuns were treated by their attackers.

Radical Liberation: A Road to the Spanish Civil War

By Zachary Smith

The story of Thane Summers, a student at the University of Washington, provides a case study of one man's road to the Spanish Civil War. Because he came from a middle class, white, native born, Christian family, Thane did not experience the social discrimination and political disenfranchisement common to many other Lincoln volunteers. He did not adopt political radicalism and anti-fascism to address lived injustices. Instead, activism for him was a way to ameliorate social and personal alienation. It was a way for Thane to feel integrated into society. It was also a way for him to achieve a sense of personal reintegration. Leftist ideology esteemed aspects of Thane's personality that had been scorned or stifled by the bourgeois values he had so uncomfortably internalized in his early youth.

To establish what these values were, I examine how they were expressed by Thane's father Lane, who, according to Thane, endorsed a vision of social and personal worth that thoroughly alienated his son. To construct a picture of the values Thane associated with political radicalism, I look at how these values were articulated by people purportedly influential in Thane's turn left. It was through exposure to these influential figures that Thane likely formed his version of ethically sound action.

Continued on page 8

Gina Herrmann is an associate professor of Spanish literature and culture at the University of Oregon.



Photo Tamiment Library NYU.

Films of the Lincoln Brigade

By Anthony L. Geist

It was a small war, fought on the fringes of Europe. Its casualties pale by comparison to the savagery of World War II that followed it by only five months. Yet there is something about the Spanish Civil War that insistently draws us back, that compels us to tell and retell the story. The fall of the Spanish Republic in 1939 dashed the hopes and dreams of millions of people around the globe, as Spain's fledgling democracy was crushed by fascist military might. The Republic's defeat was the defining moment for an entire generation, for in the words of Albert Camus, "it was in Spain that we learned that one can be right and yet be beaten, that force can vanquish spirit, that there are times when courage is not its own recompense. It is this, doubtless, which explains why so many, the world over, feel the Spanish drama as a personal tragedy."

There are fewer than 10 U.S. veterans left standing, but their legacy lives on in books and scholarly articles, in memoirs, in photographs and exhibitions, and—not

least—in a number of documentary films. The narrative of their participation in the Spanish Civil War as presented in documentary films illustrates important historical themes. This essay refers to the following documentaries:

- » *In Spain with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade* (1937), by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Jacques Lémore, and Herbert Kline;
- » *Dreams and Nightmares* (1974), by Lincoln vet Abe Osheroff;
- » *Europe Between the Wars* (1978), by Scott Garen;
- » *The Good Fight* (1984), by Sam Sills, Mary Dore, and Noel Buckner;
- » *Forever Activists* (1990), by Judy Montell (nominated for an Oscar);
- » *Into the Fire* (2002), by Julia Newman;
- » *Souls without Borders* (2006), by Miguel Ángel Nieto and Anthony Geist.

In preparing this piece I had the extraordinary experience of viewing in two days the films listed above, all of them for at least the second time, others many more than that. And a curious thing happened when I sat down to write: I had difficulty telling them apart. Not, of course, in their broad sweep. It would be impossible to confuse Osheroff's personal memoir *Dreams and Nightmares*, for instance, with the testimony of the

American nurses in Newman's *Into the Fire*. Rather, it was in the details, and more specifically in the archival footage, where I had difficulty distinguishing them. From *Dreams and Nightmares* in 1975 to *Souls without Borders* in 2006, all these documentaries seem to draw on the same pool of images.

The Spanish Civil War was the most photographed and filmed military conflict up to that point in history. Technological innovations—principal among them the compact single lens reflex 35 mm. camera and lightweight movie cameras—revolutionized the visual documentation of war. This allowed photojournalists and cameramen to get closer to the action and to record it with unprecedented immediacy. In addition, cinema newsreels were a burgeoning market for footage from Spain. A great deal of this material has been preserved in archives around the world.

It turns out that much of the footage recycled through the subsequent documentaries, in fact, originates in Cartier-Bresson's short silent film, shot in a very few days and created with the avowed intention of influencing American public opinion and policy in defense of the Republic. I should point

Anthony Geist is chair of the Spanish Department at the University of Washington.

out that the material was used without attribution to Cartier-Bresson not out of malice, but because it wasn't identified as his. These are some of the scenes that recur time and again:

- » basic training in Albacete, new volunteers marching over dusty fields;
- » Commander Robert Merriman addressing the troops, one in a long string of speeches for which the Lincolns, as many of them later confessed, had little tolerance;
- » lining up for a meager meal of soup and bread;
- » naked bodies lathering up in a mobile hot shower provided by the French Steelworkers Union;
- » wounded Lincolns recovering in the hospital in Benicàssim;
- » and, most memorably, portraits of the American volunteers.

There is one sequence often repeated that I find very moving, a slow pan across the faces of a group of young men, many of whom would later die in battle, others of whom would survive to tell the story. The camera lingers on one soldier's face before slowly gliding down his body to his waist, traveling across the machine gun he is holding horizontal to the ground, to the comrade on his left, who grips the other end of the weapon, before slowly traveling up his torso to his face. Their youth and determination shine through in shy smiles, shrugs of the shoulders, a deep drag on a cigarette. Or do they? Is it perhaps the narrative constructed with these images that makes us see commitment in these young faces?

In *Spain with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade* establishes many of the elements that will become part of the paradigm of the American volunteers. This includes the concept of steely commitment to the cause; the emphasis on racial and ethnic diversity (we see African Americans and Asians shoulder to shoulder with white Americans) will be elaborated as one of the proudest distinctions of the Brigade, culminating in the promotion of Oliver Law to commander and his death leading the troops up Mosquito Hill in Brunete; the gallery of portraits of the volunteers, many of whom are identified by name, trade, and hometown, will be transformed into interviews with

surviving participants in later documentaries. Finally, since this is a silent film, the narrative line is carried by printed texts, often serving as transitions between different scenes as well. In its descendents, this will become voice-over narration, used in all but *Souls without Borders*. Cartier-Bresson's film sets in place the main elements and parameters of how the story of the Lincoln Brigade will be told from that moment until today.

With slight variations the story is told in this way. It begins with conditions in the U.S., masses of unemployed thrown into desperation and poverty by

principle. But is this the only way to tell the story? Fredric Jameson reminds us that history is not narrative, it is blood and struggle, but that our only access to history is through narrative.

I believe that the story continues to be told in this way in response to an unacknowledged master narrative that hovers, unspoken, over all these films, and that is the discourse of the Cold War. Even before the defeat of fascism in Europe, the Soviet Union lurked on the horizon as the next enemy. Lincoln vets suffered persecution and discrimination after Spain. Labeled "Premature

There are a number of ways to understand the story of the Lincoln Brigade as a counter-Cold War narrative.

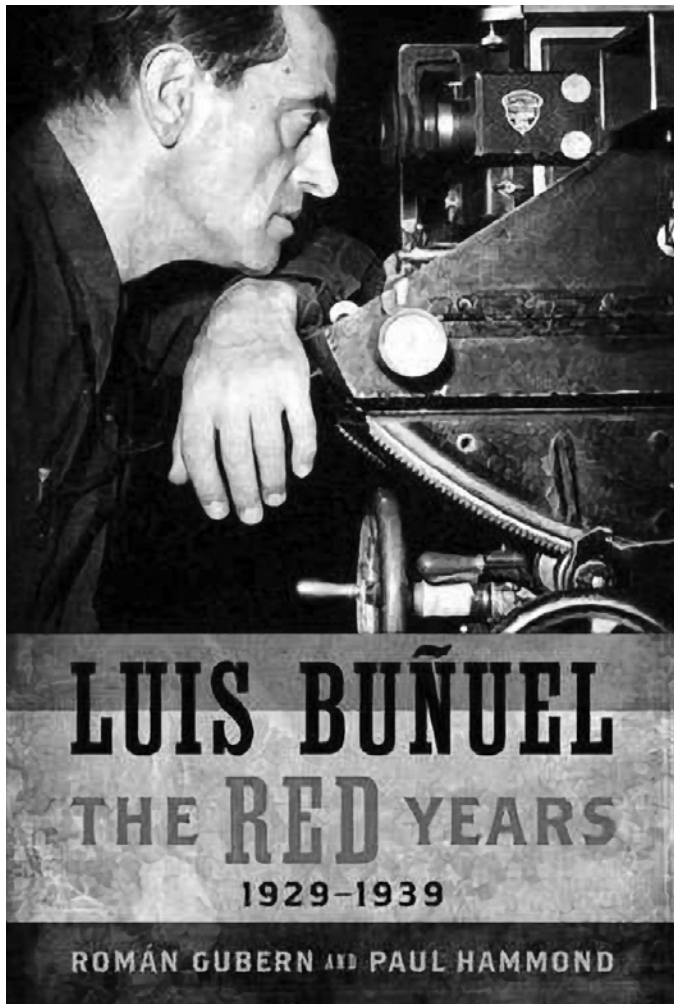
the Great Depression; involvement in the labor movement, organization of the unemployed, and radical ideologies that envision a more just world; while this is happening on the home front there is a growing awareness of fascism in Italy and Germany, and the accompanying sense of impotence; Spain finally takes a stand against fascism and is abandoned by her sister democracies, including the U.S.; the formation of the International Brigades finally makes it possible to fight back, and the young Americans hike over the Pyrenees into Spain or swim ashore after their ship is torpedoed; archival footage of scenes of key battles—Jarama, Brunete, Belchite; Pasionaria's moving *Despedida* when the internationals are withdrawn in 1938—"You are history, you are legend"; and then normally a coda that varies from film to film and either tells about persecution in the McCarthy witch hunts or follows the ongoing social and political activism of a few veterans. All the documentaries under consideration follow this paradigm to a greater or lesser extent.

I do not mean to imply that this is not an accurate representation of the events, but I am interested in understanding how it came to be the dominant narrative of the Lincoln Brigade. Chronology, of course, is always a compelling organizing

Antifascists," they were kept from active combat duty by the U.S. military until later in World War II. They were considered subversives and "Un-American," and many were imprisoned or lost their jobs and passports.

There are a number of ways to understand the story of the Lincoln Brigade as a counter-Cold War narrative. In the 1940s and 50s, members of the American Communist Party were frequently considered foreign agents by the U.S. government. In these documentaries, the veterans' testimonies often stress a nativist perspective. They unanimously express anger and dismay as Americans at FDR's failure to support the Republican cause. In *The Good Fight*, Bill McCarthy tells us that the Spanish people were just fighting for what we already had: the right to vote, equality, and democratic political institutions. The African-American nurse, Salaria Kea, echoes this sentiment in the same documentary and in *Into the Fire*. The volunteers are presented as independent thinkers rather than as "dupes of Stalin." Several of them recount their rejection of the CP line and discipline, expressing their scorn for Party functionaries and pie-cards. A repeated emphasis on Popular Front ideology draws attention away from the prominence of the Communist Party in the Spanish struggle. It makes a good story,

Continued on page 12



Román Gubern, author of *Luis Buñuel: The Red Years, 1929-1939*. Sebastiaan Faber interviewed Gubern to shed light on the surrealist filmmaker's years working for the Spanish Republic. Photos of Gubern by Sebastiaan Faber.

Luis Buñuel, Chameleon

Revelations of the Surrealist's Elusive "Red Decade"

By Sebastiaan Faber

In the first days of January 1937, Joris Ivens passed through Paris on his way from New York to Spain to shoot what would become *The Spanish Earth*, the most successful of the many documentary films made during the war in Spain. At the top of the Dutchman's to-do list were appointments with Otto Katz and Luis Buñuel—crucial operators both, although they largely worked behind the scenes. Katz, aka André Simone, was a 41-year-old Czech CP militant who worked as the right-hand man of Comintern

Sebastiaan Faber is chair of ALBA's Board of Governors.

public-relations czar Willi Münzenberg. Buñuel had been working for the Spanish embassy since September 1936 as coordinator of film propaganda for the Republic, which meant that practically every meter of footage shot in Republican Spain passed through his office. At his meeting with Buñuel—a cinematic summit between the 38-year-old Dutch godfather of political documentary and the 36-year-old Spanish godfather of surrealist cinema—Ivens signed a contract that gave the Spaniard not only the right to view all the material shot in Spain by Ivens and John Fernhout, his cameraman, but also to decide what sequences should be developed and sent to New

York. Buñuel effectively became the film's first editor.

The Ivens story is only one of the many surprising pieces of information to be found in *Luis Buñuel: The Red Years, 1929-1939*, due to be published next month. Other revelations include definite proof of Buñuel's Communist Party membership, the political intentions of *Land without Bread*, the nature of his propaganda work in Paris, and his role in the elusive Civil War compilations *Espagne 1936* and *Espagne 1937*. A joint Spanish-British effort by film scholars Román Gubern and Paul Hammond, *The Red Years* (a revised English version of their 2009 *Los años rojos*) covers a crucial

decade not only in the filmmaker's life, but also in the history of film and photography—as well as in the history of Spain and the world. As they follow Buñuel from Madrid to Paris to the United States, the authors painstakingly connect the dots of an intricate, transnational network of friendships, alliances, conflicts, and projects. It's hard to imagine any future biography of Buñuel surpassing Gubern and Hammond in exhaustiveness and virtuosity.

Buñuel, who spent the postwar years as an exile in Mexico, was the groundbreaking creator, with his friend Salvador Dalí, of the surrealist masterpieces *Chien andalou* (1929) and *L'Âge d'or* (1930) and directed more than 30 feature films, including *Los olvidados* (1950) and *Belle de Jour* (1967). He was also an obsessive practical joker and poseur, notoriously difficult to pin down; he enjoyed nothing more than to goad his audience and hoodwink his interviewers, leaving a trail of scandal and confusion. Armed with decades' of archival research on both sides of the Atlantic, Gubern and Hammond manage to cut through the layers of legend and anecdote, revealing Buñuel as a key figure in the Republican public-relations effort during the Spanish Civil War and as a canny operator and propagandist whose decisions were driven as much by artistic and political convictions as by fear and, occasionally, opportunism.

"Buñuel was a consummate chameleon," Gubern said when I met with him in Portland, Oregon, last February, "in aesthetic as much as political terms. In the 1920s, he was a surrealist; in the 1930s, a Communist and propagandist; during his postwar exile in Mexico he filmed commercial melodramas to make a living, while he also worked closely with American blacklisted filmmakers such as Hugo Butler. And in the 1960s and '70s, in France, he gave surrealism a new lease on life with films like *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* and *The Phantom of Liberty*."

"Right below that chameleonic surface, however, lurked a deep unity of purpose. Buñuel's life is the story of a

moral and political rebellion—a rebellion against the conservative culture of 1920s Spain, ruled by a reactionary monarchy and an immensely powerful, retrograde Catholic Church. At first, surrealism provides Buñuel with the tools to rebel, and surrealism leads him to the Communist Party. But our book also shows that Buñuel was a man of flesh and blood, a human being with weaknesses who tried



The author of some 50 books, Gubern is Spain's most prolific scholar of visual and mass media (film, television, comics), a kind of Catalan Marshall McLuhan.

to survive in difficult times. I would not say he was an exemplary human being in moral or ethical terms. He was a physical coward—this is no criticism, I myself am one, too—and his first instinct was often to save his skin."

The author of some 50 books, Gubern is Spain's most prolific scholar of visual and mass media (film, television, comics). A kind of Catalan Marshall McLuhan, he taught at the Autonomous University of Barcelona and has written films and documentaries. During several stays in

the United States, Gubern met a number of Lincoln veterans. In 1969, together with Jaime Camino and Alvah Bessie (Lincoln vet and one of the Hollywood Ten), he made *España otra vez*, which tells the story of an American doctor who volunteered in the Spanish Civil War and returns years later to search for his Spanish lover. The film was a commercial flop but marked a milestone: "It was the first film produced in Franco's Spain in which the Republican does *not* end up converting to the Nationalist cause."

Gubern (1934) was born into the Catalan bourgeoisie. He became involved in the anti-Francoist resistance in the 1950s as a college student; he joined the Communist Party, leaving it in 1968. As director of the Barcelona student film club, Gubern was the first in Franco's Spain to screen Buñuel's controversial 1933 documentary *Land without Bread*. "I have to confess that the film threw me off," he remembers. "At that point I hadn't even seen *Chien andalou*. I knew of course that Buñuel was a cinematic giant, so I had high expectations—but in fact I was a bit disappointed, the film seemed strangely bland." Still, with the help of Basilio Martín Patino, the print that Gubern had secured was shown at film clubs throughout the country—"It was screened to shreds."

"Buñuel is one of the greatest filmmakers in the history of cinema, that's beyond discussion. He was the first to systematically introduce the subconscious as a dramatic element in movies. Without Buñuel, Hitchcock could not have made *Psycho*. Nothing in what we found denies Buñuel's importance—but our book does invite the audience to re-read his work, and to reconsider his place in the 20th century history of ideas." ■

Watt Awards

Continued from page 4

These two sets of values gave rise to two distinct emotional styles. Transitioning from one to the other allowed Thane to express aspects of himself he had previously repressed. The transition was not entirely a comfortable one, however, as it put great strain on long standing relationships

he had with people who held to mores and methods of expression Thane came to reject. Finally, I examine Thane's claim that activism and social consciousness "solved" his personal problems, such as listlessness and self-loathing. ■



Enterrado/Buried: A Memory

By Frank B. Pirie

Editor's Note: Frank B. Pirie was a Kentucky-born volunteer living in New York's Greenwich Village when he sailed for Spain in 1937. He wrote this story for a creative writing class in the 1970s. Photo courtesy of Anne P. McCready.

It is early afternoon of a spring day as I step onto the gravel of the long, gently winding gravel path leading to the Estado Mayor. Here, if my information is correct, I shall be able to draw my daily food ration. I shall receive, probably: 2 handfuls of dried garbanzos, a loaf of bread, a three inch square of Membrillo, a two inch square of dark chocolate, and either a handful of raisins or an orange. But since I must get to the front at Belchite as soon as possible, I will have neither the facilities nor the time (three or four hours)

necessary to cook the hard, old-crop garbanzos. I hope I shall be able to trade them to a paisano for a handful of olives or hazelnuts. And if I can find a bottle somewhere, I can probably get it filled with that good red ordinary wine of very little roughness for which this part of the Aragon is noted.

As I continue to trudge along the path, between two tall rows of Lombardy poplars,—said to have been sent by the Pope himself to the former Fascist owner of this estate—I recall the way my head buzzed the last time I had drunk a bottle of this wine. But why is my head buzzing now—before I have even had a swallow? No, it is not my head; it is not my head: it is external. Bees, perhaps, or hornets? No, no, they have fled easterly with the birds, to escape the dogs of war which are now snapping at the fringes of this country.

Now the sound is louder and more insistent: a pulsating, low pitched hum. My heart skips a beat as I recognize the sound. I look between the leaves of the poplars on the west side of the path—toward Caspe, barely two kilometers away. I see the heaps of tile roofed houses shimmering in the bright spring sun. I see above them, in groups of threes, a dozen bird-like specks in the sky. I know, without seeing more, that they are heavy German planes: black as the death they bring, with, incongruously, white crosses painted on their wings. I know, too, that their profane bellies are pregnant with two-hundred-pound bombs which they will soon drop indiscriminately upon the unlucky town below. For Caspe has not yet been bombed, and the first attack—in accordance with German policy—is not to seek out military targets, but to instill terror by an

indiscriminate attack on the town in general.

I continue to watch the approaching planes as I slowly walk toward the ornate stone steps leading to the palace. Much neglected now, the building was originally designed as a miniature Versailles for a local prince of Church and State. The once beautiful gardens, at one time groomed by scores of serf-like peasants, now lie unkempt and weed covered. Only here and there small plots have been taken over by neighboring peasants and planted to vegetables. Nearing the building itself, I pass a large area which has been deeply scarred by a geometrical complex of long, narrow trenches to serve as air raid shelters.

As I raise my eyes once more to the approaching planes, I am moved to stop in horrible fascination: for it is now time for the series of bomb drops to begin. Something compels me to watch for the descent of the bombs streaking down; the burst of orange flame speckled with dark shapes slashing upward in all directions with unbelievable speed; and the huge cloud of yellow dust slowly climbing skyward, obliterating the town from view.

There will come the shock of the explosions, and the rumbling like thunder—and for a swift moment, I shall be happy. Then my conscience will assert itself: how dare I be happy—even for a moment—when suffering and death will be occurring over there? And I shall be ashamed; I shall deplore the suffering. But I will be happy—for just a bit—that I am not there; that I am not suffering.

As I am watching the planes I become aware that Caspe is not their target: they are coming directly toward us. I hear repeated sharp blasts of police-type whistles and unintelligible shouted commands. Then, quite close I hear a shout: “Aviones, Camaradas; a las trincheras!”

I see many men jump out of doors and windows and dive into trenches: I follow quickly. I land on my hands and knees in the bottom of a four or five foot deep trench. I straighten out my legs and lie down with my face on my crossed wrists. And then, as though on cue, the first bombs strike, shaking and rumbling the ground. Now comes another, and another, and more come in rapid succession. Now

comes a close one: the ground around me heaves and writhes. One side of the trench presses against me, and shifts me. I feel the pressure on my back and legs. Now someone has jumped into the trench on top of me. I feel him groveling in the dirt which covers me. So, thank God, the trench cannot be completely filled—there seems not more than a foot of dirt between me and the other person. I try to move. A slight movement of my legs and torso only packs the earth more tightly around me—my upper arms as well. I can move my lower arms and head a few inches—that is all! But the light is gone! Now I begin to wonder about the air: how long will it last? I feel my heart racing, my face burning—I panic. I scream: “Help, help, help, help.”

Close to me, there is a muffled answering scream. It must be coming from the same trench, a few feet farther along. It pleads in Spanish for help from Mother, the Holy Virgin, Christ, and God. It repeats, over and over, the same heart-rending plea. I stop my shouting to listen: and my panic is gone. What good is shouting, with bombs bursting all around, obliterating all other sound?

Suddenly the bomb bursts stop. My Spanish friend shouts with renewed vigor. I shout to him to save his precious air, but he continues his non-stop supplications. I feel the person above me moving; feel him stand up and jump out of the trench. I am glad the load on top of me has somewhat lessened. I try again to move my legs and body. I strain and strain but it is useless. I feel again the panic rise to the top of my head. The skin on my head tightens; my eyes burn; and my throat becomes dry and tight. I feel the urge to scream, again; but I cannot. My throat is too tight, as in a nightmare.

Suddenly, I am aware of a new sound coming from that other world—that world above ground. There are sounds of many footsteps—and another sound, a heartening one—the “cheg”-“cheg”-“cheg” of a shovel cutting into the gravelly dirt of our soon-to-be foiled grave.

I shiver with joyous anticipation of being disinterred, of seeing the blessed sunlight, of once again feeling sweet fresh air swelling my lungs. The rescuers are not yet working directly over me, but they seem to be not too far away. Perhaps they

are even now rescuing my Spanish neighbor, for he has stopped his screaming.

But now comes a warning whistle blast, the cessation of shovel sounds, and the quick shuffle of retreating feet. My heart sinks as the first bombs of the new sortie begin to crash.

My Spanish comrade begins again his screaming supplications; but now he sounds weaker—his words are interrupted by sobs and chokes. Poor guy! I wonder what kind of life he is so reluctant to leave. Now he is quiet, only mumbling and softly sobbing a desperate prayer. I wonder if he has almost exhausted his air supply; and I wonder how much longer mine will last.

I begin to wonder if the rescuers will reach me before my air is gone: if more air attacks will prevent it. I have heard that once the Germans decide on a target, they methodically pound it and pound it until there is nothing and nobody left. If so, they will work over this place until sunset, stopping then only because their Spanish airfields are not equipped for night landings.

I try again to work myself free, but I am tightly held by dirt and rocks—up to my neck. I can turn my head, right, left, and up, as far as neck muscles will allow. My head and forearms must be in some sort of void: possibly formed by a large rock lodged in the top part of the trench which is then covered with dirt. But I can see no glimmer of light, and I cannot tell the size of the void. Consequently, I have no idea how long the air will last within the pocket. Now I am breathing faster; and the air seems less fresh! Which will come first: sunset or suffocation?

God! This cannot be! To die, held fast—unable to resist; unable to move—it is unfair! A firing squad would be more humane! Let me out—to face the enemy, on my feet, my arms free—his life against mine! But not this! Unfair! Unfair!

Shall I pray to God? It is what people do in these circumstances. But will He hear me? Is He that kind of god, a personal one who watches over me every moment of my life? Can He hear me? Will He hear me? I do not know. For half of my thirty-two years I believed so; the second half, I progressed (or regressed) from uncertainty to doubt, and then to unconcern. Now it does not seem to matter. I have become my own master, accountable

to myself for the consequences of my actions.

I think again of the personal God idea: are there any rules governing those He helps? Must they not believe in Him unreservedly; and must they not keep in touch with Him in frequent prayers? As a child, I was taught this was so. But if this is so, I have not earned the right to pray for His divine deliverance. Therefore, I shall not do so. I shall live or die with my personal ethos intact!

I feel myself becoming calmer and calmer as I drift into a philosophical mood. My breathing becomes light, my heartbeat slow—like a hibernating animal, I think. Not so stupid—those grizzly bears just crawl in a hole and relax—let someone else fight all that snow and cold weather.

I feel the skin of my face relaxing, as well as the muscles of my legs and body. I feel myself slipping into a state of euphoria, half asleep and half awake. My mind seems to be working freely and clearly. I think of God, again. Suppose I were to pray, and then to be rescued: would that prove the existence of a personal God? On the other hand, would a great, loving, all-forgiving God perhaps find something in me to save—without my having maintained my faith in Him?

There seems no proof, one way or another. I realize it is all a matter of believing; and I am willing to concede that faith can be the mightiest of the motivations. I think I do not believe in a personal God; but I do believe strongly in some things—people, for instance. Otherwise, why am I here: for five dollars a month and a handful of beans each day? Here there are no fancy uniforms, no medals, no bands. There will be no honor rolls on the hometown monument; no fawning bid from the fat-paunched Legion; no pensions or low-cost home loans to ease our rehabilitation. Still, I am content with my choice, for I, like many others, could not have done otherwise. If we win, peoples' rights will be a bit advanced, and Fascist power will be a bit diminished. If we lose, God help the world!

More bombers come, drop bombs, and leave. After an interval, they repeat. Between attacks, there is the scurry of rescuers above. But they never reach my portion of trench, and they concern me less and less. For that life above ground is becoming somehow

foreign to me; and something I have down here—a different life, half-life—whatever it is—seems about to have great meaning to me. There is an air of expectancy, down here, as though some great mystery is going to be revealed to me, and at last I shall know the meaning of life.

So far, I have been able to find no great meaning to my life. Perhaps it is because I never really thought much about it, just went along with the

myths of WASP superiority infused deeply into her thinking. She was taught social grace, gentleness, and kindness: to be bestowed on those of her own kind. Others, of course, did not count! Certainly she was good to her close friends and family, sacrificing the balance of her life for the latter. And she will love me, and mourn me if I die; and she will fiercely defend everything I do—without understanding why I do it.

I recall how many times I felt I had to

It will hurt my mother the most, if I die. She has never understood why I found it necessary to come here. I was not brave enough to tell her before.

good and bad of it as it came. Here I am at age thirty-two, with nothing I can point to with pride. Too bad! I think of Christ: he died at about that age—but what he accomplished! I think my accomplishments were mostly negative ones: that is, I did not do much harm. I had always tried to avoid hurting people, especially their feelings. But the good things I have done for people have been so small. How much could they count?

It will hurt my mother the most, if I die. She has never understood why I found it necessary to come here. I was not brave enough to tell her before I came: told her I was going to France to do some mapping work. Well, I did go to France but did not stop there: sneaked over the Pyrenees into Spain one moonless night.

I am the youngest of her four children: I think she would mourn me most. Since the turn of the century, when her child-bearing began, she has lived only for her children, I think. The world outside her home has passed her by, and she has done nothing to try to keep up. There has been only her family, and the memories of an idyllic girlhood and young womanhood. Her body moved North and ahead in time; but her heart and spirit remained back South in a world of no return.

One of four beautiful daughters of a moderately well-to-do industrialist, she had topped off her education in an exclusive finishing school for young ladies in Tennessee. There—and in the society in which she moved—she had had all the

lie to my mother, too discouraged or too impatient to try to make her understand her very modern son. There was the time I took Marian to visit her. Marian and I were enjoying an extremely satisfying four year, common-law marriage. We were living in Greenwich Village at the time, and I had the chance to take an expense-paid trip to Chicago. I decided to take Marian along to meet my parents, but I had to rent her a wedding ring to perpetuate the lie.

Each time I think of Marian, my heart skips a few beats. It did the first time I saw her—hers did too! I met her, eyes to eyes, in the Automat—and it all started. We both had to work, of course (it was the Depression), but outside of work, nearly every waking moment was one of excitement and delight. We went to Shakespearean plays for fifty cents a ticket; ballet and modern dance recitals for which we had passes from our friend Margie who wrote for *The Observer*; Carnegie concerts with passes we got from a friend who worked in the drug-store. Art museums, historical spots, picturesque parks and squares; we visited them all. And the sheer sensuous delight of doing these things together—walking hand in hand, or sitting thigh to throbbing thigh—suffused us with a great warmth of feeling I could not have imagined before I met Marian.

Marian, on the strength of her college degree (she was a music major), had gotten a job as a salesgirl in the house wares department of Macy's. I worked as a cashier in a cafeteria—the best job I could find in

New York. Between the two of us, we saved enough to take a trip every year or so.

The first hegira was a two-week hike through the breathtakingly beautiful Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut. We started off from North Adams. Marian carrying a light knapsack, and I, a light bedroll. I can still remember the joy we felt as we passed the last habitations of the town and met the thrilling beauty of the freshly groomed hills as they gloried in their early June foliage. We followed the slightest wagon roads or trails, as long as they kept to the hills. We detoured to the little towns only to buy a day or two's meager food supply.

I well recall our first night out. We watched the glorious sunset from the top of a hill. We sat watching, arm in arm, until the huge orange sphere had dipped itself below the fringe of distant pines. We felt bursting with the beauty of it—too filled to eat the supper we had planned. Instead, we crawled into our bed upon the ground, made love, and slept awhile.

Our first night out, we slept rather fitfully, listening to the strange new sounds and missing the familiar city sounds. We recognized the distant cries of babies, the lonely howls of dogs, and the occasional hoot of an owl, but there were many strange cries and rustlings whose significance was unknown to us. We tingled and shivered—and snuggled to stop it—and finally, toward morning, slept deeply. We were well refreshed when the rising sun and the myriad awakening birds saluted us with their grand spectacle of sight and sound. Marian drew a musical scale on a scrap of paper and began writing the notes for a bird song she heard. "That's a 'B', and a 'G', and then a series of quick 'E-flats', isn't it? It's lovely; I've never heard it before!"

I remember the days after that—days when scene after lovely scene—each more beautiful than the one before—unfolded before us. And between the days came the luminous nights, charming us to sleep with their ever-wondrous stellar spectacles. And I remember some particular times when we stopped to rest, or to investigate some wild bird or animal. Or sometimes it was to take a nude dip into some clear pool of the little stream we were generally following; or perhaps

to sunbathe in a flower-sprinkled meadow where there were no witnesses except a sloe-eyed black and white cow. And then we would be overwhelmed with a rush of feeling akin to great reverence, and we would give ardent sacrament to love, beauty, and joy.

Oof! Someone has jumped into the trench, onto the dirt covering my back. I remember that another bombing run has just ended. Now, at last, the rescuers are going to dig me out. I should not have given up hope so soon.

Now someone is digging around my shoulders and neck. He asks some questions, but I cannot understand what he is saying. I answer back, in Spanish and in English, that I am all right—but to please hurry.

Now suddenly there is a great fall of loosed dirt around my neck and the lower part of my head. I sputter and blow as it runs into my mouth and nose. I raise my head an inch or two and dig some of the dirt out of my mouth with my fingers. I gag and cough; I sneeze—and raise more dust. The dry, metallic-tasting dirt grits against my teeth. I try to spit it out, but I have no saliva. I dig more out with my fingers. Now the

dust is burning my lungs and air passages. I feel giddy and weak—I seem to be drifting away...

I am awakened by a violent earth-shock. It is followed by several more—close and strong. I am slow to realize where I am—and what is happening. I scream at my erstwhile rescuer: "You stupid son-of-a-bitch, do my body first!"

I realize he is not here now, and I understand he was doing what he thought was best—to give me air. I shall have to think of the Spanish way of telling him to uncover my body first so the dirt will run down from my face area. As soon as this bomb run is over, he will be back, and then I can tell him.

I spread out the dirt under my chin so my head will be held in a more comfortable position. I wipe off the fingers of one hand and use them to dig more of the dirt out of my mouth. Finding I have more saliva now, I spit out more dirt and swallow some. Now it is the extreme grittiness of my teeth that bothers my mouth. The dust has settled, and my lungs are burning less than they were. I settle down to await further rescue attempts—more hopefully now. ▀

Lincoln Brigade Films

Continued from page 6

and it has not gone uncontested by neo-cons such as Ronald Radosh.

Yet it raises other questions about the nature of memory and how it is constructed, about the role of visual documents in memory formation. Photographs and film footage are in one sense frozen moments in time. At the same time, they have an ongoing afterlife and become woven into the very fabric of memory. This afterlife changes with the passage of time and the different contexts into which they are inscribed. Our memory of a war waged over 70 years ago and of the Americans who fought in it is, in fact, built in large part on these images, their sequencing and contextualization not in life but in narrative structures.

And this, in turn, brings up another issue, that of truth value and authenticity. The source of much of the footage, Cartier-Bresson's film, was self-acknowledged propaganda, created to persuade and convince, to sway public opinion and influence foreign policy. It makes little pretense

of objectivity. Juan Salas found the diary of a Spanish miliciano who trained with the Lincolns at the time Cartier-Bresson shot the footage. The Spaniard complains about the staged battle scenes. Controversy rages today over Capa and Taro staging scenes and posing soldiers, not the least of which is the ongoing polemic over Capa's *Fallen Soldier*.

As these images, both moving and still, migrate to the documentary narratives of the Lincoln Brigade and are recontextualized, the distinction between reality and simulation, to the extent that it existed originally, becomes flattened and blurred. Staged scenes as well as newsreel footage of real battle acquire the status of truth and become the foundation for our memory of the Spanish Civil War and the American volunteers. Does this make the story less real or our memory less authentic? Abe Osheroff, when asked if his tales of Spain were true, often replied, "Look at it this way: either it's true or I'm a genius...." Translation: truth is in the telling. ▀

Dear Friends of ALBA,

Much has changed since the International Brigades were founded 75 years ago—but their fight is far from over. That is why it is imperative that ALBA continue to **connect the volunteers' inspiring legacy of progressive activism with the progressive struggles of today.**

We did that in May, when we awarded the **First ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism** to Spanish Judge Baltasar Garzón. In his stirring acceptance speech, Judge Garzón denounced the injustices still being leveled on the victims of the Franco regime and their families. But he also pointed to the ways in which the United States and other countries fail to live up to their ideals of democracy, human rights, and social justice.

"For me," the judge said, "the volunteers of the Lincoln Brigade are an example of courage and solidarity; they are heroes [who] stood up against the worst cancer of humanity: indifference."

Garzón's award was widely covered by the U.S. and international media. ALBA once again captured national attention in June, when **PBS's *History Detectives* featured the late Matti Mattson** and several ALBA board members to tell the story of a remarkable friendship between a white and a black volunteer in Spain.

In October, we co-sponsored a stunning **New York exhibit** of Spanish Civil War photography by Agustí Centelles, while several ALBA staff and board members traveled to Spain to celebrate the **75th anniversary of the founding of the International Brigades.**

In November, we organized a **three-day Human Rights Film series** in New York, honoring Judge Garzón's work with five outstanding new documentary films focusing on historical memory and transitional justice in Spain, Latin America, and Africa. Our series was co-sponsored by other prominent human rights organizations, including the Center for Constitutional Rights, the Center for Justice and Accountability, the North American Congress for Latin America, and the International Center for Transitional Justice. A highlight of the festival was Trisha Ziff's *The Mexican Suitcase*, which takes the retrieval of 4,500 Spanish Civil War photographs by Capa, Taro, and Chim as an opportunity to reflect on history, memory, and justice. The film is dedicated to ALBA.

To continue telling the Brigade's story to this country's younger generations, translating its legacy into the present, is also the driving force behind ALBA's ongoing **high school teacher education programs** in New York, New Jersey, California, Ohio, Florida, and Illinois. The interest in these programs is overwhelming, and we are expanding them as quickly as our resources allow.

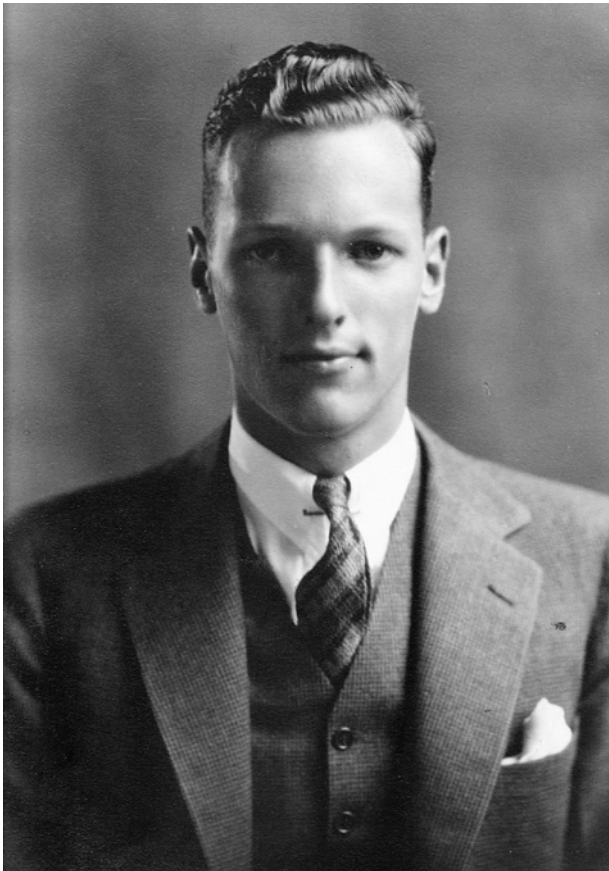
Which is where you come in. We need your help to keep the Abraham Lincoln Brigade's legacy alive.

Without your generosity, there will be only silence.

Mil gracias in advance for your generous support.

¡Salud!

Sebastiaan Faber
Chair of the Board of Governors



Barton Carter during his early life as a stockbroker, 1936, and “Nick” Carter (right) with Esme, taking care of Spanish children at Puigcerda, fall 1937. Photos courtesy of Nancy Carter Clough.



“Nick” Carter:

How a Son of Wealth from

By Nicholas H. Wright

Young men volunteered to fight in the Spanish Civil War for many reasons, but few American volunteers came from privileged backgrounds. When I saw 1938 and Calaceite, Spain, on a list of Williams College men who died in World War II, I was introduced to Barton Carter. The full story of Carter’s radicalization and untimely death led me to archives in the U.S., Britain, and, finally, Spain.

Nicholas H. Wright is a retired medical epidemiologist who lives in Williamstown, MA.

Before he enrolled at Williams, Barton “Nick” Carter attended St. Paul’s School in Concord, N.H. His father, Winthrop L. Carter, was CEO of the Nashua Gummed Paper Corporation and was, for a period in the 1930’s, president of the New England Council.

At the time, Williams was a traditional, conservative college. An October 1936 poll found that over 75 percent of students favored Alfred Landon over Franklin D. Roosevelt in the presidential election. Carter’s scrapbook, 1933-1935, is mostly a collection of theater tickets and pictures of debutantes. The only item of a political nature is a *New York*

Times clipping reporting some critical remarks directed publicly against Tyler Dennett, then president of Williams, by Harry Hopkins, advisor to FDR. Dennett, a good Republican, had refused, and in colorful language, to use federal funds to provide more scholarships for Williams students. This, despite the fact that lack of scholarship funds was holding back Dennett’s often stated determination to make Williams “look more like America,” primarily by accepting more public high school boys.

Perhaps important in understanding how Carter’s interests would evolve was another clipping, “The Right Kind

of ‘Snob’ Speech,” of an earlier talk by Dennett at the Harvard Club in Boston. Speaking of political and social changes in the nation, Dennett said, “I do know that all special social privileges will be decreased.” He added, “Neither labels, nor the comfortable accession to father’s money, would suffice a man’s need anything like so readily in the future as they have in the recent past.”

In 1935, Carter fell in love. His inamorata was Joan Kent, an English woman visiting neighbors of the Carters in Brookline. Family opposition was unavailing. They decided to marry in July 1936 in England and then return together to Williamstown so that Carter could graduate. They left together in June, but, unaccountably, Joan backed out a week before the wedding. Carter, devastated and embarrassed, decided not to return to Williams. Instead, he found a position with an American brokerage house in London.

Within months, he had left his job to seek freelance work as a correspondent. Seeking advice, he went to Paris to meet Peter and Ione Rhodes. Rhodes, a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism and a friend of Carter’s aunt and uncle, was working for the *Paris Tribune*. Both Peter and Ione, but especially Ione, were seriously involved with French groups in providing assistance to refugees in Spain.

Although Carter had been the beneficiary of a trust fund since his 21st birthday on March 19, 1936, and so could fund his exploratory travels, he found breaking into freelance reporting difficult. Instead, he contracted to drive a truck between Madrid and Valencia for the National Joint Committee (NJC), an independent organization set up to raise money and

Langdon-Davies and Eric Muggeridge. Donors, then mostly from England, would adopt an orphaned and/or refugee child and in monthly installments fund a comprehensive, home-like environment for their child, including food, shelter, education, protection, etc. It was a much more expensive proposition than the mass soup kitchens run by other groups and met

He tried repeatedly to shake his mother’s faith in capitalism and the private sector.

channel non-military assistance to the Spanish Republic. Heading the NJC were the Duchess of Athol, a Conservative MP from Scotland; John Langdon-Davies, a science reporter for the *London Chronicle*; and Edwin Roberts, a Liberal MP.

The main function of the trucks was to take food into besieged Madrid. On the return trip, children were taken to safety from the terror bombing. In his letters home, “Nick” was confident he could minimize the risk of being strafed on the back roads to Valencia.

Completing his contract, Nick joined his father in London to witness the May 1937 coronation of George VI. Although the family wanted him home, Nick returned to Spain. Shortly thereafter, from Madrid, he wrote a passionate letter to

criticism as unrealistic, given the magnitude of the refugee problem. The FPP children were housed in three colonies, actually former ski chalets. FPP had also hired Esme Odgers, an Australian woman, to work with Carter.

To keep the connection between the child and the donor positive, much effort was made in letter writing. Carter also started a monthly newsletter to share with sponsors in England. Because of increasing difficulties in finding food in Spain for the children, Carter visited England in August 1937 to propose changes in the supply line, all of which were accepted by the NJC. It is likely that Carter subsidized these changes with his own funds, received in a French bank just across the border in Bourg-Madame. In any case,

Boston Was Radicalized in Spain

About this time, Carter adopted the name “Nick,” possibly because of the Nick Carter detective novels that were then popular in Europe. The name change may have given him some separation from the protected life from which he was already edging away.

Carter reached Barcelona by January 1937. A Spanish Civil War propaganda poster entitled “Smash Fascism” in Catalanian, first printed in the autumn of 1936, was found in his papers. A pencilled note in the poster margin says “Sunday, January 3,” which translates as 1937.

the editor of the *Williams College Record* about a recent model League of Nations exercise for Williams students. The heading was “Carter, ex-’37, Condemns Absurdity of Model League in Letter from Madrid.” Didn’t they understand what was really happening in Spain? That non-intervention was a farce? That the fascists were terror bombing the civilian population? Carter’s political education was well-advanced.

By the middle of 1937, Carter had accepted a position with a group called Foster Parents Plan for Spanish Children in Puigcerda, on the French border. The FPP was the brainchild of

Carter was successful in scrounging up food supplies in France and driving them safely back to Puigcerda.

During the autumn of 1937, Carter wrote to his mother of his political discussions with, and increasing attachment to, Esme. At some point, Esme must have told him she was a member of the Communist party of Australia and, before embarking for Spain in March 1937, had been a secretary in the CPA office in Sydney. He tried repeatedly to shake his mother’s faith in capitalism and the private sector. We do not have his mother’s letters to him, but it is clear that he wasn’t making much headway with his argument.

Toward the end of 1937, FPP decided to open an office in North America led by Eric Muggeridge. Carter was asked to return to America in late November 1937 to introduce Muggeridge to his friends and other aid groups and to do fundraising with classmates at St. Paul's and Williams. Carter also gave a talk at his father's Exchange Club on December 5. Altogether, \$3,100 was raised for FPP. Without lingering even to spend Christmas with his family, Carter returned to Spain by mid-December.

Within weeks, the Italian air force bombed Puigcerda, damaging the railroad station and killing a tradesman known to Carter, but not hitting the Colonies or the children. After this attack, officials dug precautionary trenches to shelter the children. Since the town was not a military target, Carter was incensed. Additionally, his relationship with Esme had changed suddenly and working with her had become difficult.

By late January 1938, Carter decided he ought to do more for Spain and decided to enlist in the British Battalion. A letter announcing his intention was received by his parents after he signed on in Figueras on February 22. His enlistment form has not been found, but some of the particulars appear in the Moscow Files. In these documents, Carter had declared himself a member, CPGB. Swayed by months of discussions with Esme, he must have joined the Party in England just before embarking on his fundraising tour. This decision was never revealed to his family.

After enlisting, Carter received military training at Albacete. At the time, there were severe shortages of weapons for training. In the field, Republican forces increasingly were arming themselves with captured weapons or weapons taken from fellow soldiers who had been invalided or killed. By March 17, when he wrote his last letter from Valencia, he was training as a medical orderly, but expected to be called to the front soon. The letter was received in the U.S. on April 2, three days after his unit was ambushed while marching north from Calaceite.

A month earlier, Franco's Spanish forces, augmented by several Italian divisions, Moorish units from North Africa,

the Luftwaffe, and German artillery units, had launched an attack to follow the Ebro River to the sea and split the Republic. Their first surge, a massive Blitzkrieg-like operation starting from around Belchite to the east of Saragosa, had almost total control of the skies. The republican forces had fallen back to positions around Gandesa. Carter probably arrived at the front after the fascists started moving northeast after a week's pause. By then, Republican communications were virtually non-existent, spotter planes insufficient, and officers had little idea where the fascist columns were. In this confused situation, Carter's unit marched headlong into an advancing Italian column early on the morning of March 31.

Thinking the Italians were Republicans, the commander of the battalion stepped forward and was shot dead. Despite the inequality of fire power, there was stiff resistance as the Republican column moved off the road behind rocks and brush. When the active fighting ceased, however, an estimated 150 of 600 British battalion members were dead. Others were captured, many to be taken away and shot out-of-hand by a special Spanish unit that followed the advancing front for this purpose.

Carter was marching with his smaller unit at the rear of the column, which saved him from injury. A group of about 20 men hid until nightfall and then began moving with stealth, hoping to cross the Ebro River to the Republican lines on the north bank. Because Carter's unit leader, Sergeant Alan Logan, was captured and wrote two letters to Winthrop Carter after his release from a POW camp in early 1939, we know of the tribulations of this brave, hunted group of men.

The countryside through which they moved was penetrated by fascist units moving toward the Mediterranean coast. At night they dodged their way through fascist encampments, sometimes stumbling on sleeping men. They rested during the day. Food and water were scarce, although Carter's excellent Spanish helped enormously with scattered farmers who gave them assistance.

When they entered the Sierra Pandols, a mountain range just south of the Ebro, they had to move on the steep sides of narrow valleys. Above them were machine gun nests and below were fascist

encampments next to the limited water sources. Men kept drifting off to save themselves as discipline waned and their desperation increased. By about April 9, they knew they were within a day or two of reaching the Ebro. However, the fascist advance greatly reduced their chances of reaching the river.

On the morning of April 9, Carter and several others inched up a hill to scout for fascist patrols. Logan reported hearing cries and bursts of machine gun fire. Carter and the men with him were never seen alive again. Logan pushed on down the valley alone and was captured by an Italian patrol two days later. Using a sketch map that Logan drew in his letter, and after some local reconnaissance, it seems likely that Carter was shot, or captured and then shot, in the foothills about a mile or two above the town of Xerta. We are unlikely ever to know for sure; international brigadiers did not wear dog tags, and there is no evidence that the fascist forces kept records of their work.

Carter's story is especially tragic because of what he might have become. He grew enormously during his work in Spain, displaying understanding, compassion, discipline, and leadership in organizing to feed the orphaned children under FPP's care. His political understanding also grew, and without any evidence of Communist Party dogma. The children wept openly when he left Puigcerda to enlist—clearly the worst decision of his young life.

The Spanish Civil War inspired popular support within democratic countries in reaction to the craven non-interference policies of their governments. Many NGOs were born at this time. Carter's FPP is now called Plan. In 2009, the *New York Times* columnist, Nicholas Kristof, revealed that, through Plan, he supported a child in the Dominican Republic. Kristof looked forward to season tickets, should this youngster become a Yankee! Nick Carter probably rooted for the Boston Red Sox, but I think he would have smiled.

A longer version of this article can be found in the Williams College Archives: <http://archives.williams.edu/files/barton-carter-wright.pdf>. ■



Photo Tamiment Library NYU

Salaria Kea's Spanish Memoirs

By Emily Robins Sharpe

Many motivations led Salaria Kea to volunteer as a nurse with the American Medical Bureau in Spain, from her concern over fascist Italy's invasion of Ethiopia, to her Catholic beliefs, to her internationalist attitude to support freedom and democracy around the world. Over her lifetime, Kea repeatedly tried to publicize her experiences as the only African-American nurse, and

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one of few African-American women, to volunteer in the Spanish Civil War. The holdings of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives at the Tamiment Library at New York University, as well as other archives in England and the United States, show that she composed at least four memoirs between the time she returned from Spain in 1938 and her death in 1991. Kea also lectured across the United States to raise funds for the Spanish Republic during the 1930s and 1940s and participated in multiple Spanish Civil War documentary projects into the 1980s. The Negro Committee to Aid Spain, with the Medical Bureau and North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy,

published a version of her early memoir, *While Passing Through*, as the 1938 pamphlet *A Negro Nurse in Republican Spain* (available on the ALBA website). However, Kea's more extensive accounts of her time in Spain, and of the rest of her life, remain mostly unknown.

Part of the difficulty in studying Kea's life—and what makes her story so intriguing—is that subtle details change from memoir to memoir. Over the last three years, I have travelled to archives in the United States and England tracking down information about Kea, and yet I am still piecing together her story. The process of mapping Kea's life, from her childhood in the American south to the trip to Spain

that remained one of her most important and memorable life experiences, to her adulthood in New York City and Akron, in many ways parallels the process of mapping Spanish Civil War history. As governments release more information about their involvement in the conflict, new stories are told, and we continue to deepen our understanding of this momentous conflict.

Some of the alterations and omissions in Kea's accounts are more easily explainable than others. For instance, although she was born in Milledgeville, Georgia, on July 13, 1913, she occasionally cited Akron, Ohio, as her birthplace.

Kea also told at least two versions of her early childhood. As one journalist commented, "[i]t was a childhood she preferred to forget and even tried to change." The account Kea most often gave was that her father, a gardener at a sanatorium, was killed by a patient when she was a baby. Forced to work to support the family, Kea's mother moved her four children to Akron to live with family friends. In contrast, in a later interview Kea explained that her father was killed at sea during World War I, and her mother died soon after. Rather than emphasize the traumatic aspects of her younger years, Kea's accounts of her childhood and adolescence more frequently focus upon the support and love of her brothers and family friends, who raised her and encouraged her to pursue a nursing degree. Kea had to move to Harlem to do so, because the institutions nearer by were segregated and refused to admit her. As a nursing student, Kea successfully lobbied Harlem Hospital's management to desegregate the staff dining room and ensure better working conditions for the black nurses. She remained in New York after graduation, becoming head nurse of Sea View Hospital's tuberculosis ward.

Kea's passion for nursing and her ability to effect real social change led her to a life of activism. After Italy's 1935 invasion of Ethiopia, she and her fellow nurses raised money to send hospital supplies to Ethiopian troops. She was anxious to volunteer her skills as well, but Haile Selassie, the emperor,

had stopped accepting foreign volunteers. Around the same time, she seems to have joined the Communist Party, although she almost never admitted to it in subsequent years. When asked by an interviewer about the International Brigades' politics, she responded (perhaps playfully) that she was not a communist, nor did she even know of any communists in Spain, adding, "I thought [Communism] was for white people only, just like the mafia."

As for many former International Brigades volunteers, Kea's possible ties to Communism and to the Spanish Republicans likely hurt her job prospects upon her return to the United States. An archived 1974 letter to another volunteer nurse, Fredericka Martin, exemplifies these fears. Kea worries, "Do you think I might be on Nixon's Enemies list?"

Kea's communist affiliations notwithstanding, she was keen to help

and refused to dine with her, and that once in Spain, she was captured by fascist soldiers and imprisoned for days or even weeks before International Brigades soldiers rescued her. Small details (the length of her imprisonment, for instance) change from memoir to memoir, and the documents' truth is ultimately uncertain: International Brigades archives hold extensive correspondence between historians and former volunteers attempting to verify the truth of Kea's account, as well as documentation that confirms her claims. While we may never know exactly what happened to Kea while she was in Spain, in the hopes of broadening our collective knowledge about American volunteers in the Spanish Civil War—and the integral roles played by African American and female volunteers—it seems fundamental to examine Kea's many accounts. Whether the changing details were the result of forgetting or remembering, or else motivated

As a nursing student, Kea successfully lobbied Harlem Hospital's management to desegregate the staff dining room and ensure better working conditions for the black nurses.

out where she could. Unable to travel to Ethiopia, in 1936 she applied to the Red Cross to assist Midwest flood victims, but she was rejected because of her race. Around the same time, Kea's colleague Arnold Donawa, the former dean of Howard University's dental school, decided to volunteer with the Spanish Republicans and convinced her to join him. In pointed contrast to the Red Cross, the International Brigades and the American Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy were happy to have her help. She once commented, "It seemed so funny, me being turned down in a democratic country and then allowed to go to a fascist one." Kea sailed for Port Bou on March 27, 1937.

Two aspects of Kea's memoirs that have proven particularly controversial, doubted or discounted by some historians and fellow volunteers but corroborated by others, are Kea's claims that an American volunteer doctor called her a "nigger wench" while on the ship to Europe

by fear of reprisals, a desire to connect with her audience (Kea lectured extensively, after all), or something else entirely, her various memoirs are useful depictions of another side of the Spanish Civil War.

Kea adjusted easily to life in Spain and to communicating with Spanish and international volunteers, explaining to one interviewer, "In New York [it was] just like you were in a foreign country, if you came from Akron, because everybody had their own language." Kea quickly noticed the parallels between American racism, European anti-Semitism, and Spanish fascism. In New York, she had worked with many Jewish doctors and nurses, some of them European immigrants who had come to the United States fleeing anti-Semitism. But in Spain, she first witnessed xenophobia based not on race, religion, or ethnicity. In *While Passing Through* she commented, "The [Spanish] peasants had been psychologically just as imprisoned, had accepted the belief that nothing could be done about their situation as had the

Harlem nurses earlier accepted racial discrimination in their dining room. Like the Harlem nurses, too, the peasants were now learning that something could be done about it....There was nothing inviolable about the old prejudices...they could be changed and justice established."

eventually won her over by writing her poems and involving her in lengthy discussions. In a draft of *While Passing Through*, she writes, "We discussed North America, Ireland, and all groups and races who were victims of fascism and other injustices and how we two could help to

marry the one he loved and believed loved him?" Kea recounts that she swooned and "in her bathing suit plopped to the ground, she did not know she had sat on a cactus plant until she reached her quarters and sat on the bed." Once she healed, they celebrated their wedding at the palace. Afterwards, she was transferred to different units in Aragon, Lerida, and Barcelona, among other places, until she was injured in a bombing. She recuperated in France before returning to the United States in May 1938.

Back in the United States, Kea lectured across the country to raise funds and recruit volunteers for the Spanish cause. Kea also lobbied the government to allow O'Reilly to immigrate—an especially complicated process, since they were an interracial couple. O'Reilly finally moved to the United States in 1940, but was soon drafted for World War II. Kea served too, beginning in 1944 when African-American women were first recruited. The couple returned to New York after the war, and Kea went on to coordinate staff desegregation in several hospitals. They eventually retired to Akron in 1973, where Kea died on May 18, 1990.

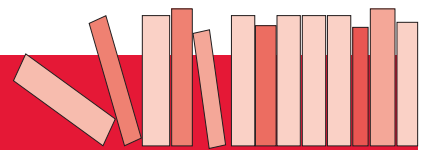
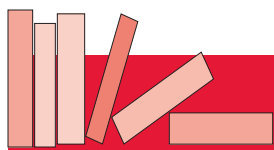
Kea frequently referred to her time in Spain as some of the best days of her life. Once back in the United States—and especially in Akron—she and O'Reilly experienced extensive racism in the form of personal threats and property damage: according to various interviews, at certain points they were afraid to leave the house together. In this light, Kea's discussions of her freedom from discrimination in Spain are especially poignant. Her alignment of different types of oppression, such as American racism, European anti-Semitism, and Spanish and Italian fascism, is an illuminating way to approach her reasons for getting involved in the Spanish Republican cause. However, there is also a risk of erasing important differences in emphasizing oppression's universality, and not its specific manifestations. In forgetting or omitting Kea's claimed experiences with racism amongst the American volunteers, we also run the risk of homogenizing the American experience of the Spanish Civil War. ■



Kea frequently referred to her time in Spain as some of the best days of her life. Photo Tamiment Library NYU, ALBA PHOTO 13, Box 2, Folder 9.

Working in Villa Paz, Kea was soon to have the opportunity to challenge these prejudices. An injured Irish International Brigades soldier, John Patrick O'Reilly, fell in love with her. Although she tried to keep their relationship platonic, he

abolish the enemies of the human race." When he proposed after a swimming excursion, she at first refused. He asked if she were going to "let the reactionaries take away the only thing a poor man deserved, and that thing is his right to



War On the Diplomatic Front

Al servicio de la República. Diplomáticos y guerra civil. Edited by Ángel Viñas.
Madrid: Marcial Pons, 2010.

By Sebastiaan Faber

Diplomats are funny creatures. On the one hand, they embody an anachronistic kind of superficiality—all form, protocol, and etiquette. On the other, they are influential actors behind the scenes, no less devious or powerful than spies and secret agents. As the Wikileaks affair reminds us, diplomats function as their nations' eyes and ears, helping governments read the situation on the ground, but they also work as lobbyists, striking deals and applying pressure. It was in this proactive capacity that the Spanish Republic desperately needed its full diplomatic corps when, in the summer of 1936, the democratically elected Popular Front government was confronted with a coup that quickly developed into a full-blown Civil War. Foreign governments, particularly fellow democracies, needed to be convinced that it was in their best interest—not to mention their moral duty—to stand by the beleaguered Spanish people. But there was a problem: the majority of Spanish diplomats almost immediately sided with the rebels.

How and why this happened, and precisely how the Republican leadership reacted to this massive defection, is the subject of this compelling new collection. Its nine chapters and extensive appendices provide a general overview of the Republic's diplomatic efforts during the Civil War, while dealing in detail with the embassies and consulates in the Soviet Union (Ángel Viñas), the

United Kingdom (Enrique Moradiellos), France (Ricardo Miralles), the United States (Soledad Fox), Switzerland (Elena Rodríguez Ballano), Mexico (Abdón Mateos), and Czechoslovakia (Matilde Eiroa). The collection is edited by Viñas, a prolific Spanish historian of the Republic and the Civil War, whose combativeness and rigor honor the legacy of the legendary Herbert Southworth, his friend and mentor.

Julio Aróstegui's opening chapter shows that notions of loyalty and betrayal were absolutely central to the justification of individual actions, as well as to the Republic's attempt to shore up its legitimacy within and outside of Spain. In the second chapter, Viñas gives a thorough overview of the Republic's foreign policy efforts, taking advantage of the opportunity to debunk the host of myths, exaggerations, and untruths that continue to mar much of the existing work on the topic. Viñas insists on the need for rigorous research based on primary evidence from the time period, the increasing availability of which is allowing for a much more nuanced and complete picture of "what actually happened and, especially, why it happened." Contrary to what right-wing historians claim, for instance, we can safely say that the Civil War did not safeguard Spain from a descent into social revolution or from falling prey to Stalin. It is by now also clear that, given the support the military rebellion received from Hitler and Mussolini, it should be considered part and parcel of interwar European power politics. More important, Viñas states that it is appropriate to see the events in Spain as the result of a *betrayal*. "[T]he Spain that struggled to break the shackles of social and cultural underdevelopment," he states, was betrayed by fellow states (France, Britain, the United States) pursuing "a savage policy of protection of national self-interest, seasoned

with ideological, political, and class connotations, and skewed by mistaken or prejudiced analyses of Spanish reality."

Of special interest to American readers is Soledad Fox's chapter on Spanish Ambassador Fernando de los Ríos, the affable and sophisticated law professor who spent all three years of the war in Washington, DC. Fox describes in fascinating detail why De los Ríos' job was a "mission impossible." While De los Ríos was successful in moving American public opinion to the side of the Republic and requesting that Congress lift the embargo that made it impossible for the Republic to purchase American arms—and while he had many friendly and less-than-friendly meetings with high-ups in the White House—in the end it didn't matter: Roosevelt was simply too concerned with losing the Catholic vote to change his official stance of neutrality. In hindsight it is difficult not to see De los Ríos' steadfast optimism that the U.S. would come to its moral and political senses as a form of self-delusion. Among De los Ríos' few successes is the permission he secured in 1937 for Dr. Edward Barsky's medical mission to travel to Spain.

The main conclusion to be drawn from this book is that the Republican diplomats did what they could, but the odds were against them. Their difficult job was further complicated by mixed signals from the divided Republican home front, some of whose foreign-policy initiatives were conducted without the diplomats' knowledge. In the end, the Republican diplomats were as impotent as their leaders. If recent research has made anything clear, it is that the governments of the countries that mattered—Britain, the United States, France, and the Soviet Union—were, from the outset, unwilling to let any moral or long-term strategic considerations impinge on the short-term, selfish interests that spelled the Republic's doom, paving the way for the destruction of World War II. ■

Sebastiaan Faber, chair of the ALBA Board, is professor of Spanish literature at Oberlin College.

Quakers & the Spanish Civil War

Quaker Relief Work in the Spanish Civil War.
By Farah Mendlesohn. Lewiston, NY: The Edwin Mellen Press, 2002.

By Isabelle Rohr

During the Spanish Civil War, in the face of the enormous civilian suffering, a number of non-governmental international organizations stepped in to perform relief work. Many of these supported one side of the conflict or the other; the North American Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy, for instance, sided with the Republicans, while the English Bishops' Committee for the Relief of Spanish Distress helped the insurgents. In contrast, two Quaker organizations, the British-based Friends Service Council (FSC) and the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) were committed to giving assistance to victims of the war on both sides. It is their history that Farah Mendlesohn tells in this interesting study.

In the past, their commitment to the Quaker "Peace Testimony" had led American and British Friends to assist both the victors and the vanquished in the aftermath of a war. This was the first time that they served both sides in an ongoing war. In the cities of Barcelona, Valencia, and Murcia, located in the Republican zone, the FSC and the AFSC distributed milk and dried food to refugee children, pregnant and nursing women, and the elderly. In addition, in Murcia, under the energetic leadership of Francesca Wilson, the British Friends also set up a children's hospital and workshops where the refugees could make

clothing for themselves. While the FSC was not allowed to operate in Nationalist Spain, the AFSC set up a mission in Burgos. The Nationalist area, which had most of the agricultural land and very few of the refugees, did not need additional food supplies—at least in the first months of the war. The primary aim of the AFSC presence there was to ensure neutrality.

One of the most interesting aspects of the book lies in the difference in the Quakers' experiences in the two zones. In the Nationalist area, the rebel authorities were opposed to the establishment of non-Falangist and non-Catholic canteens, obliging the AFSC to channel relief through the Falangist Welfare Service, *Auxilio Social*. The arrangement caused tensions within the Quaker relief unit. While Howard Kershner, the AFSC representative who coordinated the work of all relief agencies in Spain, believed that the Nationalists were civil and doing a great job, many of his colleagues resented being excluded from direct relief, as they could

not guarantee the impartial distribution of aid. Adding to their resentment was the fact that the Nationalist authorities violated their agreements by reportedly exchanging wheat provided by the AFSC and other agencies for German munitions. The situation further deteriorated after the insurgents conquered Republican-held territory. In Murcia, the military confiscated relief supplies and closed the children's hospital, and in Valencia, the police arrested the AFSC representative, Emmet Gulley. The main accusations leveled at the Quakers were that they were "Reds" and of lax morality. With the outbreak of World War II, the position of Friends workers became increasingly precarious and they began leaving Spain. The AFSC stopped relief work in Spain, using its funds instead to administer colonies of Spanish children in France and to assist Spanish refugees in Mexico and North Africa.

Mendlesohn's account demonstrates how difficult it was for any individual or organization to remain impartial during the Spanish Civil War. It also adds valuable information to our knowledge of the refugee crisis that accompanied the conflict. ▀

Isabelle Rohr is the author of *The Spanish Right and the Jews (1898-1945): Antisemitism and Opportunism*. She is a visiting lecturer at King's College, University of London, and at St. Mary's College, University of Surrey.

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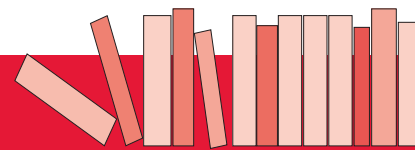
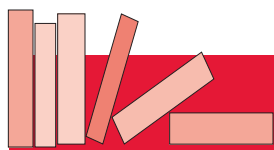
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Hemingway's Pal

***Grace Under Pressure, The Life of Evan Shipman.* By Sean O'Rourke. Harwood Publishing and Unlimited Publishing, 2011.**

By Chris Brooks

“I owe Spain a great deal,” Evan Shipman wrote to his good friend Ernest Hemingway on his return from Spain in June 1938. Shipman’s road to war followed a unique path that was influenced by the novelist. He traveled to Europe in February 1937 when Hemingway donated ambulances to the Republican government and asked Shipman to deliver them. Shipman turned over the ambulances to the American Medical Bureau in France and attempted to travel on to Spain. Shipman, whose passport was stamped “Not Valid For Travel to Spain,” was arrested by the French border patrol and jailed for his attempt to enter Spain with volunteers for the International Brigades. During his eight-week incarceration, Shipman formed a close bond with other volunteers.

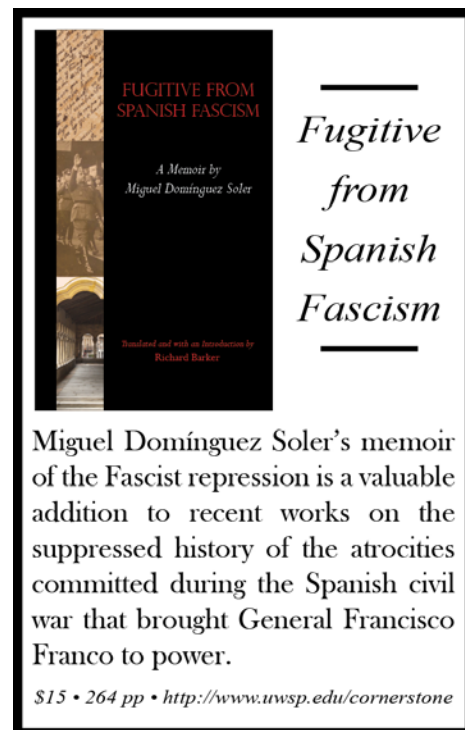
When he was released from jail, Shipman completed his journey and enrolled in the International Brigades. After recovering from wounds sustained in action at Brunete, while serving with the Washington Battalion, Shipman remained at Murcia as hospital commissar. In January 1938, he transferred to Madrid, where he worked for the Ministry of Propaganda on *Voice of Madrid*. In the late spring of that year, Shipman returned to the Brigades. He moved to Barcelona, where he served briefly as the editor of *Volunteer for Liberty*

before his repatriation. After his return to the United States, Shipman joined the Veterans of the Lincoln Brigade and maintained a cordial relationship with them throughout his life, despite being essentially apolitical.

Evan Shipman might be forgotten were it not for his friendship with Ernest Hemingway. As Sean O’Rourke notes, most of what is written about Shipman in “literary histories and books about his better known friends is often incomplete, inaccurate, or just plain wrong.” O’Rourke’s well researched biography provides an engrossing narrative history of Shipman and his milieu that draws a more accurate picture of a complex character.

Shipman aspired to be a poet and author and published numerous poems and a novel; however, his indifference to financial matters, poor health, and a difficult marriage led him to make a living as a journalist. His intimate knowledge and love of horse racing, both in Europe and the U.S., led him to be memorialized as the “dean of American turf journalists” upon his death in 1957.

O’Rourke’s considerable research is evident. Over the course of five years, he



Miguel Domínguez Soler’s memoir of the Fascist repression is a valuable addition to recent works on the suppressed history of the atrocities committed during the Spanish civil war that brought General Francisco Franco to power.

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delted into the archives of ALBA, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the Sorbonne. In each chapter O’Rourke frames Shipman’s life through the people with whom he interacted. A website with additional photographs, corrections, and amplifications can be found at EvanShipman.com. ▀

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Chris Brooks maintains ALBA’s biographical dictionary of the U.S. volunteers in the Spanish Civil War.

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Impugning Impunity

Continued from page 3

hundreds of Chilenos during the reign of dictator Augusto Pinochet.

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