This year’s Human Rights Award goes to Fredy Peccerelli, Director of the Guatemalan Forensic Anthropology Foundation, and Kate Doyle, Senior Analyst of U.S. policy at the National Security Archives. Their work led to the prosecution of military generals and dictator Ríos Montt. Photos are from the film “Granito: How to Nail a Dictator” by Skylight Pictures. See page 3.
Dear Editors,

In the December issue, in an article on “Nick” Carter, the writer makes what seems to me some shameful and unwarranted remarks. He says Carter’s death fighting in the British International Brigade was “especially tragic because of what he might have become.” He then says Carter’s decision to enlist in the brigade was “clearly the worst decision of his young life.” The deaths of all those who joined the Internationals to fight fascism were equally heroic. No exceptions! All, not some, were “might have becomes.” Carter was no special case.

Nick Carter’s motives behind his decision to risk his life fighting fascism … cannot be attributed to a case of “bad judgment,” and that at a distance of 70 years! In that light the motives of all those who died might be questioned.

And equally reprehensible is a kind of creeping anti-communism in remarks such as, “his [Carter’s] understanding grew without any evidence of Communist Party dogma.” Communists in all the International Brigades were the backbone of their commitment to fight, and if necessary, to die fighting fascism. Nick’s life was ennobled by his decision to join with thousands of others in that great struggle.

Perhaps I should correct the manner in which I phrased it above: No one who died for the Republic in Spain was a “might have become.” All were as great in their deaths there as they could have become later if they had survived. That is their triumph!

Pete Gourfain
Brooklyn, NY

The Volunteer
March 2012

Judge Baltasar Garzón Disbarred Despite International Protests

On February 9, as The Volunteer went to press, Judge Baltasar Garzón, the winner of the 2011 ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism, was sentenced by the Spanish Supreme Court to an 11-year disbarment. This decision, which cannot be appealed before the Supreme Court, effectively ends his career and has sparked outrage worldwide. It is widely thought that the judge is the victim of a politically motivated persecution—motivated in part by his decision to investigate Francoist crimes. Judicial experts, human-rights activists, and public opinion leaders worldwide—including the New York Times—had called for an acquittal.

His conviction strikes a blow against judicial independence and the global fight against impunity—but also casts serious doubts on the credibility of the Spanish judiciary. Garzón’s defense has said they will appeal the decision before Spain’s Constitutional Court and, if need be, the European Court of Human Rights.

For all the latest news on Garzón’s fate and the struggle for human rights in Spain and elsewhere, read ALBA’s blog at albavolunteer.org.

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.

For more information, call us at 212-674-5398 or email info@alba-valb.org.

New York, May 13 | Bay Area, May 27 | www.alba-valb.org

ALBA Annual Celebrations Lincoln Brigade and Human Rights

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The Volunteer
March 2012

ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism
Uncovering Atrocities, Bringing the Military to Justice: Honor the Activists!

By Sebastiaan Faber

Two winners share the honors of this year’s ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism, splitting $100,000 to continue their fight for justice in Latin America.

Beth Fredy Peccerelli, Executive Director of the Guatemalan Forensic Anthropology Foundation, and Kate Doyle, Senior Analyst of U.S. policy in Latin America at the National Security Archive, have shown tenacity, courage, and acuity in vindicating victims of government violence and pursuing the perpetrators of criminal activity.

The awards will be presented at ALBA’s annual event on May 13, at Museum of the City of New York, starting at 4:30 p.m.

The three-person award committee selected the two awardees from among more than forty nominations. The ALBA/Puffin Award for Human Rights Activism, one of the largest human rights awards in the world, is given jointly by ALBA and the Puffin Foundation, which provides an endow fund exclusively for this annual honor.

Kate Doyle, a dogged and creative researcher-activist, has spent twenty years working tirelessly with Latin American human rights organizations and truth commissions—in Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras—advocating for the declassification of U.S. government archives in support of their criminal investigations.

Fredy Peccerelli, a brave and innovative forensic anthropologist, has made crucial contributions to the first-ever conviction of Guatemalan military forces for crimes against humanity. As founding director of the Guatemalan Forensic Anthropology Foundation (FAFG), Peccerelli leads a team that, over the past fifteen years, has exhumed hundreds of mass graves of victims of Guatemala’s civil war.

Doyle and Peccerelli were both recently featured in the award-winning documentary Granito, produced and directed by Pam Yates and Paco de Onís, which narrates their involvement in the effort to indict former Guatemalan dictator Efrain Rios Montt for crimes against humanity. “During their extensive careers, both have amassed impressive records of human rights advocacy,” said Marina Garde, ALBA’s executive director, who administered the nomination process.

In 1994, Doyle co-authored the report of the Washington Task Force on Salvadoran Death Squads, produced for the United Nations-appointed Grupo Conjunto, which examined the resurgence of death squads in El Salvador after the signing of the peace accords. She published the Guatemalan death squad dossier in Harper’s Magazine. She also edited two
Teaching Human Rights and the Spanish Civil War

By Peter N. Carroll

As we begin the fifth year of ALBA's teaching programs for high school instructors, we are detecting positive patterns in the anonymous evaluations each teacher is asked to complete at the end of the program.

Last December in Chicago, for example, a male world history teacher indicated that he had begun the session with slight familiarity with the Spanish Civil War and admitted he would have been "very uncomfortable" if asked to teach it. After six hours in our seminar, which included reading documents scanned from the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives in the Tamiment Library at NYU, the same teacher expressed much greater confidence, saying "very likely" he'd be teaching it soon. "The revisionist concept that World War II began with the Spanish Civil War is particularly compelling and provocative," he wrote, "and I plan to incorporate it into my teaching." He was one of nearly twenty teachers in the Chicago public schools who rated the ALBA program "Excellent.

We hear that type of response frequently, and this year ALBA expects to conduct teaching programs for high school teachers not only introduce young people to the subject, but often go on to teach it for years to come.

Like the students they teach, U.S. high school teachers of social studies and Spanish seldom have an understanding of the Spanish Civil War as a run-up to World War II. Few have ever heard about the U.S. volunteers who formed the Lincoln Brigade or know that they fought in a racially integrated army over a decade before President Harry Truman ordered the desegregation of the U.S. Army. The

Continued on page 12
Rukeyser and the Spanish Civil War.

On July 18, 1936, at the age of 22, the American poet Muriel Rukeyser (1913-1980) traveled to Barcelona, on assignment for the British magazine Life and Letters Today, to report on the People’s Olympiad (Olimpiada Popular). An anti-fascist activist acutely aware of Hitler’s Berlin Olympics, the popular games were canceled when the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War interrupted the opening ceremonies. Rukeyser was on a train with Swiss and Hungarian Olympic teams, as well as tourists and Catalans, when it was stopped in the small town of Moncada as the civil war began and a general strike was called in support of the government.

The passengers were stranded for two nights as the people of Catalonia defended themselves and their government from the military coup, the fascists escaping through the hills surrounding the town. Rukeyser arrived in Barcelona just as the city established “revolutionary order” and witnessed the first militias marching to the Zaragoza front. Though she was evacuated only a few days later, Spain would prove to be a profoundly radicalizing and transformative experience, one she would describe as the place where “I began to say what I believed,” and as “the end of confusion.”

Rukeyser would write about the Spanish Civil War for over forty years, in nearly every poetry collection, in numerous essays, and in fiction, weaving the events of the war and the history of anti-fascist resistance into an interconnected, multi-genre, and radical 20th-century history. The most complete rendering of her experience is her unpublished, autobiographical novel Savage Coast (Costa Brava), which she wrote immediately upon her return to New York City in the autumn of 1936 and edited throughout the war. The novel, which remained unfinished in her lifetime, with her last editorial choices in pen, will be available for the first time from the Feminist Press in January 2013.

The passage below is the first excerpt of the novel to be published. The scene begins after two precarious days in Moncada, all communication cut off by the general strike and the fighting. For the foreigners stranded on the train, the only sign that the government still stands is the intermittent radio. Helen, the protagonist, her lover Hans, a long distance runner and political exile from Nazi Germany, and an American communist couple, Peter and Olive, whom she befriended on the train, have watched the collectivization and defense of the republic with solidarity and excitement, hoping to get to Barcelona with the Olympic teams.

The crowd was standing still. It was not carrying guns. Only two men at the corner, and one who stood in the middle of the crossing, had rifles in their hands. Across the street, a long red electric bus stood surrounded by people who put their hands on the bullet-scratch, traced the long roads cut in the enamel with their fingers. Two boys with a can of white paint were daubing large letters on the snub hood and on the rear of the bus.

"That must be the Government bus for the Swiss," said Helen. There was a spick round hole in the windshield. The heavy glass caught sunlight on the hole rim; bright stripes of light ran outward in shifting darkness in the dim room, the immense rolling distance from the table to the door, the faces (like weird fish shining deepseas down) of the girls...

The hurrah of gunfires started in the windowframe. And all the other men, in the car and on the streetcorner, raised clenched fists. In a wonder, as if the car had come to save them, as if this were her dream that she was dreaming now, Helen raised her arm and shot her fist at the first we've seen!" said Olive. The tears rose to Helen's eyes; sprung and stopped.

"Long live Soviet Spain," Peter answered, completing her thought, all his wish clear in the words. Order, like a steady finger, covered the street. The crowd looped back, remaining on the sidewalk. The second car came, lettered P.C.—Partit Communista—and the shouts and fists came up as it passed. The long black car was full of men, and the driver and a woman sat in front, smiling and holding their tight hands to the people.

Helen turned to Peter, “How beautiful it is now!” she said. She looked as if she had just slept. She found the same safety in his face.

"Now it's all right," he answered, and took her arm and Olive's. They walked to the edge of the crowd, and cars kept passing like shouts, with lifted fists. Another man stood on the curb, stopping the cars for passwords. The last one started in second, clashing its gears, hurrying down the road. He stepped back and smiled at the Americans. His eyes were the absolute black, night tunnels of distance. They smiled.

Peter stopped. “Communistos hoy!” he shouted.

The man's eyes slid smiling. “Si, comapairo,” his proud singing voice rose. “Hoy and Tomorrow.”

“It's later than we think,” Peter quoted.

Helen's face flared. “I want to go back,” she insisted. “I want to tell Hans." “Yes," said Peter. “This is all right.”

"Now I'd like to get to Barcelona,” Helen pushed out. “This is what it meant. I'd like to see a city like that.”

"It's not like France, is it, Peter? You know," said Olive, abruptly, “it's the first time this has seemed all real to me. It's the only thing I've felt, really—except for that moment when they shut the door this morning."

The hurl of gunfires started in the hills, and ran for a minute. One of the bitches, the sickly one, ran up the station street waving her hand in the other direction.

“Down there,” she panted, waving. “The Swiss are leaving.”

They started to run down the street. Peter was alongside the bitch, he could see the sad bruised eyes were swollen, the wrinkles were almost erased. “Upset!” Peter ran alongside.

“Well,” she said, and the fret and suffering obscured her voice, “it’s the Swiss—they’re getting out of this hellhole.”

Helen slowed down with them. The words fell icy on her, she had moved so far from that state. Now, with a shock, she saw the sick, pathetic woman plain, and behind her, behind her, her whole illegible world she melted into, like a weak animal protect coloredly. And with a counter-shock, Helen remembered her own impotence, a tourist spasm, when the train had for the first time stood interminably long in the way stations. The words had wiped that frantic itch for comfort away. But it was as if they had been drinking for a long time this has seemed all real to me. Her lover Hans, a long distance runner and political exile from Nazi Germany,...
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And all the sky drawn colored toward the sun.

“Who is coming?” he asked. The truck began to move. Olive was out of his floor as the suitcases were thrown in “There may be trouble!”

They are very good friends to have, she thought. The space left between the walls of suitcases was narrow.

The truck started, blowing its horn. As it turned down the main street, Helen could see the women who had listened to the yodeling, standing in the same place. Hans’s fist was up, saluting the town. She clench her fist, and the women in the street replied. There was a flash of vivus, and the little tunnel blocked out the sound.

The truck led the way to the top of the hill. Halfway up, at a sharp curve, the street panted out in a ravel of old houses and meat-stores. The truck made a half-turn, backed, and stopped.

“God!” said Peter fiercely, “what’s the matter?”

“She’s just turning,” Olive suggested. “He could make the turn—” said Helen.

The street was barred by children, they leaned against the walls, dodged across the road, sat on the sidewalks. The streaked faces were full of curiosity, and the blood showed dark beneath. He was in charge, she moved everywhere.

“Not at all,” he said gravely. “Vive le auto-eroticism.”

The street was barred by children, they leaned against the walls, dodged across the road, sat on the sidewalks. The streaked faces were full of curiosity, and the blood showed dark beneath. He was in charge, she moved everywhere.

The driver was ready. Another guard appeared. The street was barred by children; the black bush on the hill.

The yellow man got out and called the others. “Who is coming?” he asked. The truck stopped. The yellow man looked up with the whites of their eyes. “He’s just turning,” Olive suggested. “We know we can rely on you to work with us, so that everything will go well. From our reports, the road should be well-guarded and quiet over the hill. A band about the forehead meant a suffering wound or a badge or a notion to keep the hair back, it matched the band that was around the head of the young guard standing in the truck.

Then they knew they had not reached their full speed. That barrier marked the town limits; now they were entering contested country.

The driver with his head leaned out and called the others. “We’ve got to have some walls. We’ve got to have some order.”

They were on the other side, where the long grass, the wide lavender mark was streaked, distinct on the land racing, the world, high, visionary, unknown. The flaring trees at the top. The deathly bushes, yard-fences, a man sliding down, his legs braced stiff, come down to take the pass.

At such moments, the sides of the road may be discerned.

The sidewalks, the rows of houses, buildings, windows. And ahead? A wall.

The drivers rode in their breath as the men before it turned, the levers held by barricades at the road, the pastures gleamed under the high significant hills stood: the farms, the country-side changing, the sun.

The black bush on the hill.

But the truck itself was free to look, but must be city, if the mind were free to look, but which seemed only street, broken by barricades at which the truck stopped, and the fringes could not be noticed, the faces, the piled corpses of horses. Then a spurt of speed, wind, and tight hands; and immediately, a gap in the road, behind; after that second, recognized.

They were free to look, but which seemed only street, broken by barricades at which the truck stopped, and the fringes could not be noticed, the faces, the piled corpses of horses. Then a spurt of speed, wind, and tight hands; and immediately, a gap in the road, behind; after that second, recognized.

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San Pedro de Cardeña Concentration Camp 75th Anniversary at Burgos

By Nancy Wallach

There are believed to be 9,000 to 10,000 bodies in mass graves in the community of Castle, 3,200 executed in the Burgos region. So far 154 bodies in Burgos have been identified and re-interred by family members. These were the shocking figures revealed to me by the Families of the Assassinated and Disappeared of Burgos, with whom I met last November during the three-day 75th Anniversary Commemoration of the Concentration Camp at San Pedro de Cardeña, which housed the prisoners from the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War.

Statistics soon translated into distinct faces and heart-wrenching stories of individuals who suffered repression and terror during the Franco years. I had come to Burgos to represent the families of former San Pedro prisoners. My father, Lincoln Brigade veteran Hy Wallach, had been incarcerated there from 1938 to 1939.

The conference opened with a Francoist documentary, “Prisoners of War,” Luis Castro, professor of history and author of Burgos: Capital of the Crusade, and Nacho García, blogger of “Jaily News,” described Burgos and the San Pedro camp in sharp contrast to the idyllic conditions depicted in the introductory film. Nacho named the blog “The Jaily News” after the underground newspaper published by the prisoners at San Pedro, which was an example to him of the “discipline, self respect and morale” of the prisoners.

The next day we visited mass graves of former International Brigade prisoners and Spaniards. Family members and I placed wreaths in the colors of the Republic alongside the graves. Inside, the pristinely restored scriptorium, gleaming marble passageways, and highly polished 15th century wooden pews contrasted with the filthy cells the prisoners had endured.

Back in Burgos, we saw the headquarters from which Franco proclaimed his victory, as well as the street plaque from which activists in Burgos had successfully campaigned to have Franco’s name removed. We visited the trade union hall to see the exhibit of letters, photographs, music, and brief biographies of the international prisoners. Here we got our first look at the monument “Roots of Memory.” Created for this tribute by local sculptor Susana Rioseras. When official permission is secured, it will be permanently installed on the lawn outside San Pedro, facing the statue of El Cid. An organic form, a branch or perhaps a root, whose fragility suggests the passage of time, sits atop stone panels. The panels are inscribed with the various points of national origin of the prisoners, alongside figures indicating how far they had traveled from their respective homes: “New York 5,695 km… Buenos Aires 10,029 km… Habana 7,440 km.” The internationalism and antifascism of the Brigades were still traveling through Susana’s artistry.

The weekend’s events culminated in a tribute outside the monastery, site of the former concentration camp. Even the rain seemed to reflect the spirit of cooperation that defined the day, stopping just long enough for the duration of the program. The first speaker, Luis Castro, cited the address of former Irish battalion prisoner Bob Doyle, who stated during his visit in 1996 that the sacrifice of his comrades for the noblest of causes, the freedom of all humanity, was not in vain.

Sculptor Susana Rioseras, creator of the monument, paid tribute to the acclaimed English artist Clive Branson, who was imprisoned at the monastery in 1938. Branson, whose works were exhibited in the Tate Gallery, was part of the “faculty” at the prisoner-organized “University” of San Pedro. The program was punctuated by selections from former Lincoln Brigade prisoner Max Parker’s “Al Tocar Dianne: Songs From a Spanish Prison” album and a message from son Tim Parker. A tape made by Lincoln Brigade ex-prisoner Bob Steck was dubbed with a Spanish translation. A crowd of about 250 people listened raptly to the voices of these Lincolns.

The program concluded with my remarks, translated by Nacho García. I thanked the Tribute Committee “for reclaiming this chapter of the history of the Brigades at this commemoration at San Pedro. By doing so,” I continued, “you are alerting people to the nature and dangers of fascism, just as the International Brigades did 75 years ago… By shining a light on their history today, you are keeping alive their example for future generations. In spite of the subsequent hardships, loss of life and even exile from their respective countries in some cases, the prisoners of the International Brigades at San Pedro left a legacy of inspiration not only to their immediate families, but for the entire family of humankind.”
The bullet cracked. The car swung ahead. They lost themselves, travelers whose raised.

The hands lifted from the truck, held in confusion, straightening now, recovered. The barricades, were up. The guard kept his gun up. The streets were those of an outly

drew steel curtains. Chairs piled on the sidewalk, before the past riddled barracks, shell-torn carnivals, loud at the streetcorners.

Each car carried the white letters of its destination. Store, promenades, evening. The truck swung down a wide ave

The Kate and the Kate, the Kate used to be published both in print and online.

Another stop; another wall, a post, a block. The Kate guarded front of an immense building out

While the priests and military men, in blood and gunpowder. They are in league with the Parisian authorities had fled, and that he needed to recount how, twelve days later, he was rescued by the four Communists in the parliament: “I have always been and maintain in one’s heart.”

and another is the freedom one forges and maintains in one’s heart. One thing is the appearance of liberty, against all odds. As he puts it towards the end of the book: “I have always been and maintain in one’s heart.”

The Kate’s story begins in Ayamonte, Huelva, where the government was established to rule this border town, “since the most immediate danger would come from Portugal, ruled by the dictator Oliveira Salazar.” He recounts how, twelve days later, he was won over, astonished by the news that the authorities had fled, and that he needed to become a fugitive in order to survive. A Portuguese smuggler, “The Pope,” helped him in different moments throughout his journey, but he mainly gave him the tools to subsist and to hide.

For a few days in the forest, Miguel returned to town and hid in various houses. There he learned about the hundreds of executions without trial of many of his friends: “It’s the town’s ‘rich kids’… the Pope, the ‘rich kids’… who break into the houses of the poor with their blue overalls… smelling of dried blood and gunpowder. They are in league with the priests and military men, in other words, the cross and sword.”

Throughout the memoir, Miguel stresses how the war was caused by an “attempt” to establish a Francoist Spain. He names Abouch, laughing “at all religions” and a lover, and a wife in a Moroccan girl, “a nobleman, a lady, a lover, and a wife in a Moroccan girl, and a few: the schoolteacher, the anticlerical Freemason, the builder, the mothers who were shared and humiliated publicly. Besides being a fascinating text, this book could be used as an excellent teaching tool for students.

Miguel survives because he crosses the moment. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy. Their only aim is to end democracy.

Miguel Domínguez Soler’s story of war in Francoist Spain. His memoir, Fugitive from Spanish Fascism, brings a fresh outlook to subsequent wars.

The Kate’s Guernica symbolizes a form of terror tactics that democratic people abhorred, even before air attacks on civilians became commonplace in World War II. The Kate’s Guernica symbolizes a form of terror tactics that democratic people abhorred, even before air attacks on civilians became commonplace in World War II.

The Kate also encourages our teachers to teach other teachers by attending regional conferences of professional educators, and to contribute articles, and creating original Web sources. The Kate’s Guernica can be published both in print and online.

ALBA’s website provides numerous sources and samples. These programs are supported by a grant from the Puffin Foundation and from additional contributions that make future expansion possible. For information on how you can support our work, contact info@alba-vlh.org.
2012 ANNUAL CELEBRATIONS HONORING THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE:

New York
Presenting the ALBA/Puffin Award For Human Rights Activism
Sunday, May 13, 2012
4:30 p.m. - 6:30 p.m.
Reception to follow.
Museum of the City of New York
1220 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10029
For tickets/information:
www.alba-valb.org
info@alba-valb.org
Tel. (212) 674 5398

Bay Area
Sunday, May 27, 2012
2:00 p.m. – 4:00 p.m.
Freight & Salvage
2020 Addison Street
Berkeley, California
For tickets/information:
http://www.thefreight.org/event
www.alba-valb.org
info@alba-valb.org
Tel. (212) 674 5398

Please join us as we honor two indefatigable activists for their unflagging dedication to human rights:
Fredy Pecceielli, Executive Director of the Guatemalan Forensic Anthropology Foundation
Kate Doyle, Senior Analyst of U.S. policy in Latin America at the National Security Archive.

Sunday, May 13
4:30pm – 6:30pm
Reception to follow
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