

breasts. From the inevitable shipwreck that some legislative experiments will suffer, we shall know how to save whatever is compatible with the internal peace of Spain and its longed-for greatness. For the first time in the history of our Motherland we will create a reality of the trilogy — and in this order: fraternity, liberty, and equality.

Spaniards: Long live Spain! Long live the honorable Spanish people!

— General Francisco Franco
Tetuán, 17 July 1936

[Originally published in *ABC*, Seville edition, 23 July 1936. Reprinted in F. Díaz-Plaja, *La guerra de España en sus documentos*. Translated here by Alun Kenwood.]

Speech by the Monarchist Poet José María Pemán*

Sevillians, Spaniards [. . .]. The severe Lent of our Homeland has finally passed. Today the purple veil that was thrown over its true face has been torn away. Today is the Easter of Spain's resurrection. Because today you, our old flag, have returned. You have arrived with the timeliness of a nurse, at a time of sorrow and solace; with a bride's punctuality, just as we grew too impatient to wait any longer. You have arrived just when you were supposed to arrive: neither early nor late. Not early, because it would have been a sacrilege for you to preside over Spain's ignominy. Not late, because it would have been cruelty for you to miss the glorious moment of her resurrection. [. . .] Your arrival was legislated by God, like the dawn. Furthermore, you did not arrive unexpectedly . . . We could feel you coming, just as one feels spring coming. You were preceded by a renewal of the old Spanish virtues that seemed to be lying dormant. Amid the snow of that cold, anticlerical, and antinational winter that had afflicted us, all the birds of long ago suddenly began to sing again. All those members of true Spain stood up, fired by a strong desire for salvation. The whole of Spain was shaken by waves that told of the heroic feats of yore. Here three soldiers defended themselves alone, starving in a turret; over there was a Civil Guard who, repeating the exploits of Guzmán the Good,³ preferred his son to be killed rather than sur-

3. Guzmán the Good is the name by which the thirteenth-century patriotic hero Alonso Pérez Guzmán is popularly known. He allowed his own son to be killed by the besieging forces rather than cede the town of Tarifa he was defending. His action symbolized the Spanish ideal of boundless loyalty to one's Monarch, and it inspired a number of poems and plays in succeeding centuries.

render; here a general was laughing through a microphone, while his heart was weeping. Everywhere there are tales of heroism. The telephone lines trembled with them like the strings of a harp. Telegrams and official communiqués were full of chronicles of bravery. All the airwaves heard of our History. There was a sense that something was about to happen . . . And that something was your return, my beloved flag, and your coming could be felt just like the coming of spring can be felt [. . .]. How welcome you are! Now our heroes have a worthy ensign! Now our martyrs have a worthy shroud! Because this change of colors is not simply an imposing ceremony but an accurate reflection of a deeper truth. Official Spain which persecuted us — the burner of churches, reaper of crosses, assassin of her best men — that was not true Spain. That was an invading army which had camped in our official institutions. We already knew this. But now, suddenly, in the crude reality of war, how much more glaring this shamelessness has become. Once unmasked, the antinational nature of those who governed us, who had sold their souls to foreign powers, can be seen plainly in all its nakedness. They were transients of History, temporary workers and scabs outside real Spain, totally lacking in responsibility and national sentiment, who, when confronted with a blunt choice, did not hesitate to surrender Spain before surrendering themselves. They bombed the Pilar of Saragossa and the Alhambra of Granada with the same coldness a Turk or Ukrainian would display, because they were totally unmoved by all that those great lyrical stones signify and represent. [. . .] This is why the war we are fighting against them is not a contest between two factions: it is a new War of Independence,⁴ a new Reconquest, a new expulsion of the Moors.⁵ [. . .] We are not fighting for something trivial; we are fighting at one and the same time for Spain and for civilization. Nor are we fighting alone: twenty centuries of Western Christian civilization are mobilized behind us. We are fighting for God, for our land, and for our dead. We are fighting for our women, for our children, for our faith, and for our churches. We are fighting for love and honor, for tenderness and irony, for all the subtleties of the civilized soul that the Asian bloc⁶ now wants to crush with its purely economic system. We are

4. The War of Independence refers to the Spanish war against French occupation. Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808 and was expelled in 1814.

5. The Moors, who brought Islam to Spain in the eighth century, were driven out in the twelfth century.

6. The Asian bloc refers to Soviet Communism.

breasts. From the inevitable shipwreck that some legislative experiments will suffer, we shall know how to save whatever is compatible with the internal peace of Spain and its longed-for greatness. For the first time in the history of our Motherland we will create a reality of the trilogy — and in this order: fraternity, liberty, and equality.

Spaniards: Long live Spain! Long live the honorable Spanish people!

— General Francisco Franco
Tetuán, 17 July 1936

[Originally published in *ABC*, Seville edition, 23 July 1936. Reprinted in F. Díaz-Plaja, *La guerra de España en sus documentos*. Translated here by Alun Kenwood.]

Speech by the Monarchist Poet José María Pemán*

Sevillians, Spaniards [. . .]. The severe Lent of our Homeland has finally passed. Today the purple veil that was thrown over its true face has been torn away. Today is the Easter of Spain's resurrection. Because today you, our old flag, have returned. You have arrived with the timeliness of a nurse, at a time of sorrow and solace; with a bride's punctuality, just as we grew too impatient to wait any longer. You have arrived just when you were supposed to arrive: neither early nor late. Not early, because it would have been a sacrilege for you to preside over Spain's ignominy. Not late, because it would have been cruelty for you to miss the glorious moment of her resurrection. [. . .] Your arrival was legislated by God, like the dawn. Furthermore, you did not arrive unexpectedly . . . We could feel you coming, just as one feels spring coming. You were preceded by a renewal of the old Spanish virtues that seemed to be lying dormant. Amid the snow of that cold, anticlerical, and antinational winter that had afflicted us, all the birds of long ago suddenly began to sing again. All those members of true Spain stood up, fired by a strong desire for salvation. The whole of Spain was shaken by waves that told of the heroic feats of yore. Here three soldiers defended themselves alone, starving in a turret; over there was a Civil Guard who, repeating the exploits of Guzmán the Good,³ preferred his son to be killed rather than sur-

3. Guzmán the Good is the name by which the thirteenth-century patriotic hero Alonso Pérez Guzmán is popularly known. He allowed his own son to be killed by the besieging forces rather than cede the town of Tarifa he was defending. His action symbolized the Spanish ideal of boundless loyalty to one's Monarch, and it inspired a number of poems and plays in succeeding centuries.

render; here a general was laughing through a microphone, while his heart was weeping. Everywhere there are tales of heroism. The telephone lines trembled with them like the strings of a harp. Telegrams and official communiqués were full of chronicles of bravery. All the airwaves heard of our History. There was a sense that something was about to happen . . . And that something was your return, my beloved flag, and your coming could be felt just like the coming of spring can be felt [. . .]. How welcome you are! Now our heroes have a worthy ensign! Now our martyrs have a worthy shroud! Because this change of colors is not simply an imposing ceremony but an accurate reflection of a deeper truth. Official Spain which persecuted us — the burner of churches, reaper of crosses, assassin of her best men — that was not true Spain. That was an invading army which had camped in our official institutions. We already knew this. But now, suddenly, in the crude reality of war, how much more glaring this shamelessness has become. Once unmasked, the antinational nature of those who governed us, who had sold their souls to foreign powers, can be seen plainly in all its nakedness. They were transients of History, temporary workers and scabs outside real Spain, totally lacking in responsibility and national sentiment, who, when confronted with a blunt choice, did not hesitate to surrender Spain before surrendering themselves. They bombed the Pilar of Saragossa and the Alhambra of Granada with the same coldness a Turk or Ukrainian would display, because they were totally unmoved by all that those great lyrical stones signify and represent. [. . .] This is why the war we are fighting against them is not a contest between two factions: it is a new War of Independence,⁴ a new Reconquest, a new expulsion of the Moors.⁵ [. . .] We are not fighting for something trivial; we are fighting at one and the same time for Spain and for civilization. Nor are we fighting alone: twenty centuries of Western Christian civilization are mobilized behind us. We are fighting for God, for our land, and for our dead. We are fighting for our women, for our children, for our faith, and for our churches. We are fighting for love and honor, for tenderness and irony, for all the subtleties of the civilized soul that the Asian bloc⁶ now wants to crush with its purely economic system. We are

4. The War of Independence refers to the Spanish war against French occupation. Napoleon invaded Spain in 1808 and was expelled in 1814.

5. The Moors, who brought Islam to Spain in the eighth century, were driven out in the twelfth century.

6. The Asian bloc refers to Soviet Communism.

men in overalls and men of labor, victims of the most tragic deception ever recorded by History. I know that they are still saying on the street corners that this Movement is against the people. Against the people! As if the army were not made up of the people, too; as if the Falange and the Carlist loyalists were not filled with the courage of the people! I tell you, workers, that this Movement is for you above all else; that it is you who will reap the richest harvest from the seeds that are now being sown. Open your eyes! Don't you see that you were trying to cut down the very branch that supported you, that you were making holes in the very boat in which you were sailing? You shouted "Death to Spain!" without understanding that at the same time you would die, too, for you yourself are no more than Spain's human content and its living expression. Don't be afraid, for this is a moment of love, not hatred . . . [Join the delirious crowds outside the town hall who] raised their arms, not with a closed fist in a sign of aggressiveness, but with an open hand in a sign of welcoming, and raised aloft into the clear sky a flag of fresh and vivid colors. [. . .]

This is the profound historical perspective of our time, which, summed up and stated in the old true flag, has been returned to Sevillians today, thanks to the Blessed Virgin. Because it was She who did it. On the stroke of eight o'clock this morning, She came out through the door of Los Palos,¹⁰ fresh in the August sun, tall and slender like a young gypsy girl, on a platform of love and religious zeal. As the Virgin cast Her protective glance over the Sevillians, and they cast their faithful eyes on Her, it seemed to me that [. . .] She was murmuring softly words that, echoing Seville's ancient motto, explained the miracle of what we now see: "Seville, you have not forsaken me . . . and therefore I have not forsaken Seville." And it is true: You have not forsaken Seville. [. . .] Yes, events bear the stamp of Providence. Some days ago God decided that the man seen by many as a leader, Calvo Sotelo, should become a martyr and symbol to us. Generals Balmes* and Sanjurjo died in unforeseen accidents. Sea routes were unexpectedly closed to us, but new ones opened up in the air.¹¹ God wanted to set aside careful plans and calculations to remain alone, face to face with History, and to teach us that anything is possible for one who makes a tree out of a seed, a condor out of an egg, and a

10. Los Palos is a church in Seville.

11. At the start of the Spanish Civil War the Republic controlled the seaways. However, Hitler provided Franco with transport planes to lift his forces in Morocco to the mainland.

fighting for the paintings of Velazquez and the plays of Lope,⁷ for Don Quixote and the Escorial; for all the achievements and values of twenty centuries, which, at our backs, inspire us to defend a future that foreign forces with colonial pretensions want to snatch away from us. Not only this, brother Spaniards: we are also fighting for the Parthenon, for St. Peter's in Rome; we are fighting for Europe and the world. The cause of civilization that we are defending is not ours alone, but belongs to the whole world. Spain's providential and historical mission has always been this: to redeem the civilized world from all its perils: to expel Arabs, arrest Turks, baptize Indians, turn its energies toward East and West, towards Lepanto⁸ or the New World, and offer itself, crucified and bled white, to the generous duty of human redemption. Now new Turks and new Red, cruel Asiatics are threatening Europe again. A five-pointed star is again disturbing the quiet nights of the West, which were disturbed yesterday by the crescent.⁹ In the East, Russia — like a new Constantinople — gives in and makes way for them. But to the West, Spain, the second door of Europe, again stands up to them and saves and redeems civilization. One day the world will understand this and thank Spain for it. Once again Spain has become a Golgotha and Calvary; once again Spanish soil is steeped in blood for everyone; and once again Spain marches along the harsh roads of Extremadura and through the passes of the Guadarrama and Somosierra, cross held high, carrying out its historical mission of redeemer through its love of mankind. Therefore, because this is a holy war and a crusade for civilization, the call goes out to everyone. Because we need everyone. [. . .] Therefore let us not think of ourselves and our individual problems. Let each one of you march to the front, because the rifle is now the hoe and pen, paintbrush and chisel.

[. . .]

And you, women of Spain, you have a place too: nurse the injured, the children and the needy; encourage your menfolk, smile at the heroes, pour scorn on those who are slow to act. Be the beauty and the light of the epic. And finally you, the workers,

7. Lope de Vega Carpio (1562–1635) was one of Spain's most important and prolific dramatists, and one of the world's leading writers for the stage.

8. The battle of Lepanto occurred in 1571: Spanish, Papal, and Venetian ships defeated a Turkish fleet.

9. The five-pointed star and the crescent moon were supposed to be the emblems of the infidels: the Jews and the Moors. (The Star of David actually has six points.)

redeemed world out of a crib and a manger. And in truth, seeing the wonders of these last few days, and still acknowledging in good measure the courage and genius of our glorious leaders, I continue to be amazed when I look at the Virgin [. . .]. Blessed Virgin, on behalf of those who are suffering and fighting at this time, for the mothers who weep, for the widows and orphans, for the yoke and the arrows – the sheaves of a new harvest for Spain, for the rivers of red berets¹² that flow down through the mountains and plains like a transfusion of historic and traditional blood [. . .], see to it that the banner that we have raised today in Seville soon will be raised on the Alcazar in Madrid and preside over a Spain that is free, great, and imperial.

— José María Pemán
July 1936

[Originally published in *ABC*, Seville edition, 23 July 1936; broadcast over *Radio Sevilla*, 15 August 1936. Reprinted in *Enciclopedia ilustrada universal*, 1936–1939. Translated here by Alun Kenwood.]

Barcelona

It is in Barcelona that the full force of the anarchist revolution becomes apparent. Their initials, CNT and FAI, are everywhere. They have taken over all the hotels, restaurants, cafés, trains, taxis, and means of communication, as well as all theatres, cinemas, and places of amusement. Their first act was to abolish the tip as being incompatible with the dignity of those who receive it, and to attempt to give one is the only act, short of making the Fascist salute, that a foreigner can be disliked for.

Spanish anarchism is a doctrine which has gone through three stages. The first was the conception of pure anarchy which grew out of the writings of Rousseau, Proudhon, Godwin, and to a lesser extent, Diderot and Tolstoy. The essence of this anarchist faith is that there exists in mankind a natural trend towards nobility and dignity; human relations based on a love of liberty combined with a desire to help each other (as shown for instance in the mutual generosity of the poor in slum districts in cases of sickness and distress) should in themselves be enough, given education and the right economic conditions, to provide a working basis for people to live on; State interference, armies, property, would be as super-

12. This is an allusion to the "red berets" of the Carlist *requetés*.

fious as they were to the early christians. The anarchist paradise would be one in which the instincts towards freedom, justice, intelligence and "bondad" in the human race develop gradually to the exclusion of all thoughts of personal gain, envy, and malice. But there exist two stumbling blocks to this ideal – the desire to make money and the desire to acquire power. Everybody who makes money acquires power, according to the anarchists, does so to the detriment of himself and at the expense of other people, and as long as these instincts are allowed free run there will always be war, tyranny, and exploitation. Power and money must therefore be abolished altogether. At this point the second stage of anarchism begins, that which arises from the thought of Bakunin, the contemporary of Marx. He added the rider that the only way to abolish power and money was by direct action on the bourgeoisie in whom these instincts were incurably ingrained, and who took advantage of all liberal legislation, all concessions from the workers, to get more power and more money for themselves. "The rich will do everything for the poor but get off their backs," Tolstoy has said. "Then they must be blown off," might have been Bakunin's corollary. From this time (the Eighties) dates militant anarchism with its crimes of violence and assassination. In most of its strongholds, Italy, Germany, Russia, it was either destroyed by Fascism or absorbed by Communism, which has usually seemed more practical, realisable, and adaptable to industrial countries; but in Spain the innate love of individual freedom, a personal dignity of the people, made them prefer it to Russian Communism, and the persecution which it underwent was never sufficient to blot it out. Finally, in the last few years it has gone through a third transformation; in spite of its mystical appeal to the heart anarchism has always been an elastic and adaptable faith, and looking round for a suitable machinery to replace State centralisation it found syndicalism, to which it is now united. Syndicalism is a system of vertical rather than horizontal Trade Unions, by which, for instance, all the workers on this paper, editors, reviewers, printers and distributors, would delegate members to a syndicate which would negotiate with other syndicates for the housing, feeding, amusements, etc., of all the body. This anarcho-syndicalism through its organ, the CNT, has been able to get control of all the industries and agriculture of Catalonia and much of that in Andalusia, Valencia and Murcia, forming a more or less solid block from Malaga to the French frontier with considerable power also in the Asturias and Madrid. The executive militant spearhead of the body is the *Fed-*

LA VUELTA DE LA BANDERA

(Discurso pronunciado desde el micrófono de la División de Sevilla, el 15 de Agosto de 1936.)

Sevillanos, españoles todos que me escucháis:

Ante todo agradezco en el alma al glorioso general Queipo de Llano la honra que me concede cediéndome este micrófono, por el que quisiera, si fuera posible la paradoja, describir algo del indescriptible día de hoy.

Pasó, al fin, la dura cuaresma de la Patria. Hoy se ha rasgado el velo morado que habían echado sobre su semblante auténtico. ¡Hoy es la Pascua florida de la resurrección de España!

Porque hoy has llegado tú, vieja bandera nuestra. Has llegado con exactitud de enfermera, a la hora del dolor y del consuelo; con puntualidad de novia, a la hora en que nuestra impaciencia no admitía ya más espera.

Cuando tenías que llegar: ni antes ni después. Ni antes, que hubiera sido sacrilegio traerte a presidir la ignominia de España; ni después, que hubiera sido crueldad no traerte a presenciar la gloria de su resurrección.

Tan exactamente has llegado que ni nos has sobreco-

gido. Te presentíamos, te esperábamos, te sabíamos cercana. Trepaste esta mañana por las astas viudas que te aguardaban, con la sencillez del sol por el horizonte, a su hora exacta, cada día. Tenía que ser así. Era una ley histórica, como la otra una ley física. Tu llegada estaba legislada por Dios, como lo está la de la aurora.

Además, no llegaste de improviso... Se te sintió venir como se siente venir la primavera.

Te precedió un estallar de viejas virtudes españolas que parecían dormidas. Sobre la nieve del aquel invierno frío, laico y antinacional que padecíamos, volvieron a cantar, de pronto, todos los pájaros de antaño. Toda la España verdad se puso de pie con una recia voluntad de salvación. Toda ella se estremeció de ondas que contaban heroicidades y enterezas del mejor aire antiguo. Allí tres soldados que se defendían solos y hambrientos en una torreta; allá un guardia civil que repitiendo la hazaña de Guzmán el Bueno prefería que le mataran a su hijo antes que entregarse; aquí un general que reía por un micrófono mientras su corazón lloraba. Por todas partes, girones de epopeya. Temblaban los hilos del teléfono como cuerdas de arpas. Los telegramas volvían a tener garbo de romance y los partes oficiales gallardía de crónicas. Los aires sabían a Historia; la tierra olía a España. Se presagiaba algo inminente... ¡Y era que venías tú, bandera mía: y se te sentía venir como se siente venir la primavera!

Y ya estás aquí. Hoy es día de pocas palabras. Día de luna de miel, de encuentro tras la ausencia larga: día de besos, de miradas, de silencios. Pocas palabras. Nada más que ésta: ¡Bienvenida seas! ¡Ya tienen una enseña digna nuestros héroes! ¡Ya tienen una digna mortaja nuestros mártires!

Porque no es este cambio de colores mera ceremonia suntuaria, sino reflejo exacto de una más honda verdad.

La España oficial que padecíamos—incendiaria de iglesias, segadora de cruces, asesina de sus mejores hombres—no era la España auténtica. Era un ejército invasor que había acampado en nuestros órganos de vida oficial.

Esto ya lo sabíamos. Pero ahora, de pronto, en la crudeza realista de la guerra, esto se ha visto, aún más, en todo su descaro. Quitado su antifaz, se ha visto en toda su desnudez, la sustancia antinacional de las almas alquiladas al extranjero que nos gobernaban. Como eran transeúntes de la Historia, temporeros y esquiroleros de la españolidad verdadera, faltos de toda responsabilidad y de todo sentido nacional, al presentarse el crudo dilema, no han vacilado de entregar a España antes que entregarse ellos. Bombardean el Pilar de Zaragoza o la Alhambra de Granada con la misma frialdad con que lo haría un turco o un ucraniano: porque se sienten tan insolidarios como ellos de todo lo que estas grandes piedras líricas significan o representan. Es el final lógico, la trayectoria fatal, de la sustancia antinacional de sus espíritus. Tenía que ocurrir así. Los que tuvieran insensibilidad suficiente para amaratar nuestra bandera, ahora la tienen para acardenalar de golpes el rostro bendito de la Patria.

Por eso la guerra que contra ellos sostenemos, no es contienda de bandos: es nueva guerra de la Independencia; nueva reconquista, nueva expulsión de moriscos.

Y por eso, como decía yo en Jerez hace poco, al luchar contra ellos, no luchamos por ésto o por aquéllo: luchamos íntegramente por España y por la civilización. No luchamos solos: veinte siglos de civilización occidental y cristiana están movilizados detrás de nosotros. Peleamos por Dios, por nuestra tierra y por nuestros muertos. Peleamos por nuestras mujeres, por nuestros hijos, por nuestras cruces y por nuestras iglesias. Peleamos por el amor y el honor, por la ternura y por la ironía, por todos los matices del alma civilizada que quiere ahora aplastar el bloque asiático de una pura concepción económica.

Peleamos por los cuadros de Velázquez y por las comedias de Lope, por el Quijote y por el Escorial: por todas las creaciones y los valores de veinte siglos que, detrás de nosotros, nos empujan al asalto de un porvenir que nos querían arrebatar gentes extrañas con intenciones de colonización.

Y peleamos también, hermanos españoles, por el Partenon y por San Pedro de Roma: porque peleamos por Europa y por el mundo.

La causa de la civilización que defendemos no es solo nuestra, sino del mundo entero.

La misión providencial e histórica de España, ha sido siempre ésta: redimir al mundo civilizado de todos sus peligros: expulsar árabes, detener turcos, bautizar indios; abrir sus energías hacia Oriente y hacia Occidente, hacia Lepanto o hacia el Nuevo Mundo y ofrecerse así crucificada y desangrada, en generosas funciones de humana redención.

Ahora unos nuevos turcos, unos nuevos asiáticos rojos y crueles, vuelven a amenazar a Europa. Una estrella de cinco puntas turba, otra vez, las noches serenas de Occidente, que ayer turbara la media luna. Por Oriente, Rusia —como una nueva Constantinopla—cede y les abre paso. Pero, por Occidente, España, segunda puerta de Europa, como ayer, opone su pecho y salva y redime la civilización. El mundo lo comprenderá y lo agradecerá algún día. Otra vez es toda España, Gólgota y Calvario; otra vez es para todos la sangre que empapa sus tierras; y otra vez por los duros caminos extremeños, por los desfiladeros de Guadarrama o Somosierra, España va caminando con la cruz a cuesta, en funciones de redención histórica, por amor de toda la humanidad.

Y por eso, porque esta es guerra santa y cruzada de civilización, el llamamiento se hace a todos.

Porque todos hacen falta. Confortaba el alma, sí, la

alegría de esta mañana de Sevilla: pero nadie se olvide, en medio de esta alegría, de que quedan todavía, millares de hermanos nuestros que sufren la tiranía roja, que esta mañana no han podido disfrutar una alegría semejante. Es preciso sentir en todo momento una solidaridad de dolor con esos hermanos. Es preciso que todos se alistén como soldados para ir a salvarlos.

Marchar a la guerra, alistarse en ella, es, resolver cada uno su problema. Porque la guerra santa que peleamos, que es guerra por la restauración eficaz de la nación y del Estado, incluye todos los problemas en sí. Ella, la guerra, por sí sola, es política de abastos y reforma agraria, y restauración de cultura y protección de industria y repoblación forestal: porque todas éstas no son sino ruedas menores, movidas por la rueda madre de la Patria grande y el Estado eficaz por el que peleamos... No piense, pues, cada uno en su problema. Marche cada uno al frente: que el fusil es ahora, azada y pluma, pincel y buril; que cada empuje en el campo de batalla es un empuje en nuestro negocio o nuestra empresa, que sólo prosperarán en la fecunda paz que buscamos, y el grito de ¡Viva España! que llena ahora los aires españoles, es el grito totalitario que lleva incluido en sí la parcial voluntad de vivir de cada individuo, de cada clase y de cada profesión.

Y vosotras, mujeres de España, a vuestro puesto también: socorred a los heridos, a los niños, a los necesitados; alentad a los hombres; sonreíd a los héroes; afead la conducta de los remisos; sed gracia y luz de la epopeya.

Y vosotros, finalmente, obreros; hombres de la blusa y del trabajo, víctimas del más trágico engaño que registra la Historia.

Yo sé que todavía se os dice por las esquinas que este movimiento es contra el pueblo. ¡Contra el pueblo! ¡Como si el Ejército no fuera pueblo también, y como si la Fa-

lange y los Requetés no estuvieran estremecidos de aliento popular!

Yo os digo, obreros, que este movimiento es por encima de todo para vosotros: que vosotros váis a coger las espigas más gordas de la cosecha que ahora se está plantando.

Abrid ya los ojos. Ved que estábais dando hachazos a la misma rama que os sostenía, que estábais abriendo boquetes al mismo buque en que ibais navegando. Gritábais ¡muera España!, sin comprender que al morir teníais que morir también vosotros, que no sóis más que su dotación humana y su contenido vivo.

No tengáis recelos: que este es momento de amor y no de odio. Dejáos llevar por el impulso de vuestro corazón, que yo estoy seguro que si no es de piedra, os empujaba esta mañana a sumaros definitivamente a aquella muchedumbre delirante que, frente al Ayuntamiento, daba gritos de vida y no de muerte como a vosotros os enseñaron, y levantaba el brazo, no con el puño cerrado en señal de lucha, sino con la mano abierta en señal de acogimiento; e izaba en el cielo sereno una bandera de colores francos y vivos, sin morado de luto o penitencia, que arrullaban, trezándose en el aire, como un torzal de oro, las notas majestuosas de ese *Oria Mendi* que habla de Dios y de la Patria, y los compases juveniles de ese himno de Falange que habla de los luceros, de la primavera y del amanecer.

Y con esto voy a terminar. Esta es la honda perspectiva histórica de la hora que vivimos, cifrada y representada ya en la vieja bandera auténtica, que hoy le ha devuelto a los sevillanos la Virgen de los Reyes.

¡Porque ha sido Ella! Cuando esta mañana, a las ocho en punto, madrugadora como una gitanilla que saliera a espigar al duro sol de Agosto, salía por la puerta de los Palos, sobre una peana de amor y de delirio, a mí me ha

parecido que, al mirar, con aire de protección, la Virgen a los sevillanos y con aire de fidelidad los sevillanos a la Virgen, Ella, resumiendo aquel cruce y diálogo de miradas, iba murmurando suavemente unas palabras, que transfigurando el viejo lema de Sevilla, explicaban todo el milagro de esto que vemos: Sevilla “no me ha dejado... y por eso yo no he dejado a Sevilla”.

Y es verdad: Tú no has dejado a Sevilla.

¿Verdad, general Queipo de Llano: general-speaker, torre de buen humor y de optimismo, segunda Giralda de esta Sevilla de hoy? ¿Verdad que en aquellas primeras veinticuatro horas, había algo superior a lo humano, detrás de ti? ¿Verdad que tú sentistes en el hombro, aconsejándote y animándote, el rostro de niña de la Virgen de los Reyes?

Sí: todo ha tenido el sello de lo providencial. Dios permitió días antes que aquel que muchos miraban como gobernante, Calvo Sotelo, se convirtiera en símbolo y en mártir. Murieron en inesperados accidentes, generales como Balmes y Sanjurjo. Se cerraron caminos que se esperaban por el mar y se abrieron por el aire. Dios quiso apartar planes y cálculos y prudencias, para quedarse sólo frente a frente con la Historia y enseñarnos que nada hay imposible para quien saca de una semilla un árbol, de un huevo un condor, y de un portal y un pesebre un mundo redimido. Y en verdad que viendo la maravilla de estos días pasados, aun dando un buen tanto al valor y al genio de los hombres gloriosos que nos guían, todavía queda asombro para mirar a la Virgen de los Reyes y repetir aquellos versos de Gonzalo de Berceo:

Vinieron que venía todo de la Gloriosa,
ca ningún otro puede facer tamaña cosa.

Virgen Santa de los Reyes: Patrona de Sevilla: termina ya la obra que empezastes. Tú lo eres todo. Nosotros no

somos más que los estorbos de tu obra... Pero así y todo ofrecemos a tus pies lo poco que somos y podemos.

Por todos los que sufren y luchan en esta hora; por las madres que lloran; por la viudez y la orfandad, por el yugo y la gavilla de flechas, haces de la nueva cosecha de España; por esos ríos de boinas rojas que bajan por los desfiladeros y las llanuras como una transfusión de sangre histórica y tradicional; por la sangre joven y fresca de Recasens, de Murube, de Morla, de Medina y de Trechuelo, de tantos y tantos otros; por la serenidad exacta de Franco; por el arrojo de Queipo; por el brazo vacío y colgante de Millán Astray; por tanto dolor y por tanto heroísmo, haz, Virgen de los Reyes, que pronto la bandera que hoy hemos izado en Sevilla pueda izarse en el Alcázar de Madrid, presidiendo una España libre, grande e imperial.

ALOCUCIÓN A LOS OBREROS

(Pronunciada desde el micrófono de la División de Sevilla, en 25 de Agosto de 1936.)

Obreros españoles que me escucháis, en cualquier parte que sea:

¿Vamos a hablar un momento con claridad, con sinceridad, con el corazón en la mano? Nada de discursos hoy: nada de literatura. Para esquivar la frialdad mecánica de la radio, yo finjo con la imaginación que, en vez del micrófono de metal, te tengo a ti, hermano obrero, sentado, frente a frente, en esta misma mesa donde yo me apoyo. Así, como dos buenos amigos, sin levantar el tono, vamos a charlar unos momentos. ¿Que quieres tomar?... A falta de otro mejor convite que, desde tan lejos, no te puedo hacer, yo te convido al mejor de los vinos: al vino claro y alegre de la sinceridad cordial. Y que te va a saber ese vino, hermano obrero, a algo dulce y novísimo, desconocido para tu paladar. Porque hace mucho tiempo que no pruebas ni un buche de verdad: y sólo bebes, a chorros, mentiras y mentiras.

CASE WESTERN RESERVE LIBRARIES

Es propiedad. — Queda hecho
el depósito que marca la ley.

Primera edición: Septiembre, 1937.

COMPUESTO E IMPRESO POR
ESTABLECIMIENTOS CERÓN. - CÁDIZ

ARENGAS Y DISCURSOS

~~33065-7~~

Azengas

y crónicas

de guerra

de

José María Pemán

DP 269
P 393

1937
Establecimientos Cerón
Cádiz

330657

LA GUERRA CIVIL DE ESPAÑA

FECHAS _____

Busca la información en: www.alba-valb.org

1. Read about the the Spanish Civil War (SCW) and complete the chart below.

	MILITARY REBELS	PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT OF POPULAR FRONT
ALSO KNOWN AS...		
LEADER/S		
WHAT DOES GLOBAL PUBLIC OPINION SEE?		
WHAT INTERNATIONAL SUPPORTS ARE GIVEN?		
WHAT DOMESTIC GROUPS SUPPORT EACH CAUSE?		

2. Look at the Timeline of the SCW and answer the questions in complete sentences in Spanish.

a. ¿Dónde estaba Franco en Julio de 1936?

b. ¿A quién asesinaron (fusilaron) en agosto de 1936?

c. ¿Qué pusieron en los pasaportes americanos en enero de 1937?

d. ¿Cuándo bombardearon el pueblo de Guernica?

e. ¿Cuándo salieron por última vez las Brigadas Internacionales de España?

3. Hand this into the teacher and get the name of a SCW veteran.