

The Volunteer

JOURNAL OF 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

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Vets attending Spanish celebration, Carl Geiser (above) and Matti Mattson (below). Photos by Len Tsou.



Spain thanks International Brigades, 70th Anniversary. See page 1. Photo by Dena Fisher.

FLASH! S.F. MONUMENT APPROVED

Amid an outburst of spontaneous cheers from onlookers, the San Francisco Port Commission formally approved the erection of a monument to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade on November 14. The memorial structure—30 feet long, eight feet high—will be built of translucent onyx engraved with photographic images and literary texts. It will rise on San Francisco's historic Embarcadero, just opposite the Ferry Building, a site crossed by tens of thousands of commuters, residents, and tourists each day.

Looking toward a successful drive for the remaining funds this winter, ALBA hopes to produce an installation during spring 2007.

Letter From the Editor

As the year draws to a close our calendars are bulging. Seventieth Anniversary commemorations of the Spanish Civil War sprout like mushrooms around the nation and the world. In this issue, you can read about events in Salamanca and Madrid, New York and Chicago. And more will be coming in 2007.

As *The Volunteer* goes to press, so does a catalogue of 15 illustrated and original essays that will accompany a sparkling museum exhibition titled *Facing Fascism: New York and the Spanish Civil War*. The show is scheduled to open at the Museum of the City of New York in late March and will run until August, before shipping out for exhibition in Madrid and Barcelona. (See page 13.)

Mark your calendars for April 29, 2007, the date of the annual reunion of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, which will be keyed to the new exhibition. Meanwhile, New York's Cervantes Institute will present a new version of ALBA's show *They Still Draw Pictures: Children's Drawings from the Spanish Civil War*, beginning in May 2007. All these events will be mixed with lectures, panels, screenings, classes, and other public programs.

Celebrations of the U.S. volunteers in the Spanish war still bring surprises. One Lincoln veteran, Irving Norman, returned from Spain severely anguished by the horrors he had seen. Today, we might call his reaction "post-traumatic stress," but in 1939 he was left to his own resources. To exorcise his demons, Norman began to draw and paint; he took a few art classes. And for the rest of his life, while supporting himself as a part-time barber in California, he painted large canvases that portray the tensions of modern civilization. This fall, Norman's art is on exhibition at the Crocker Art Museum in Sacramento and immortalized with the volume titled *Dark Metropolis: Irving Norman's Social Surrealism*. (See page 12.)

Another unexpected windfall was the acquisition of the papers of Lincoln vet Irving Fajans, once the executive secretary of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. (See page 7.) These include an unpublished autobiographical novel about a department store strike in the 1930s.

The biggest story of 2007 remains to be written. With the help of ALBA's supporters, we are hoping to unveil a national monument to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in San Francisco. Built in onyx and steel, the structure will be 30 feet long, eight feet high, and show photographs of the Spanish Civil War (including images by Robert Capa) and texts by poets and Lincoln vets. Lend us a hand, please. Come to our programs.

For the latest ALBA updates, visit our website: **WWW.ALBA-VALB.ORG**.

The Volunteer

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799 Broadway, Rm. 227
New York, NY 10003
(212) 674-5398

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Not to prolong the discussion about Mr. Stix and his checkered career, I have personal knowledge to affirm that his service in Korea had to have involved perjury—or possibly a "special arrangement" with military intelligence.

As noted in Miguel Ángel Nieto's article in the September 2006 issue (p. 8), the Lincolns were listed twice in the Tom Clark/Harry Truman Justice Department's "subversive organizations" list. (If I'm not mistaken, a third listing was for Friends of the ALB.) That same list was presented to US Army (and USMC) draftees and volunteers during the Korean War, who were required to indicate, under penalty of perjury, the organizations in which they were "now or had ever been" members.

Those who cited the Fifth Amendment and declined to sign—under Army regulations which I subsequently read—could not be permanently assigned to any unit. Those ordered, after completing training, to permanent posts in the U.S. or overseas, were stopped during routine processing because that form in their file was "not complete." At times, this resulted in an interview with G-2 (Army Intelligence), in which the inductee was urged to

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Spain Thanks International Brigadistas

By Dena Fisher

Thirty former Brigadistas gathered in Madrid to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the Spanish Civil War. Gaspar Llamazares, General Coordinator of the Izquierda Unida, greeted them at the Congreso de los Diputados on October 9 with these words: “Thanks, in the name of freedom.”

Amaya Ruiz, daughter of La Pasionara, spoke for the Spanish people in gratitude to all the international brigadistas, stating, “Our cause in Spain is the cause of humanity.” She said that while many of us live in a democracy, we still have much to do to reach true freedom. She thanked the Brigadistas for paving the way.

The next day, the Brigadistas were honored in Zaragoza as the first combatants to fight fascism on a large scale. The theme of all speakers was “We need you now more than ever.” Ana Perez accepted an award for the Asociación de Amigos de las Brigadas Internacionales (AABI), which is dedicated to the importance of the International Brigades and a world united in peace.

The week-long celebration was an extraordinary experience, focusing on the 36 ex-combatants, all over 90 years



Jack Shafran. Photo by Len Tsou.



Award ceremony at the Fundación Loa Soler Blánquez, Colegio Público Joaquín Costa. Photo by Dena Fisher.

of age, and their 300 family members and friends who came from the U.S., Russia, Estonia, Romania, Canada, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Poland, England, Australia, Belgium, and Israel. Hundreds of young people in Madrid, Zaragoza, and Barcelona confirmed that the legacy lives on in our struggle today for peace and justice.

For me, it was a very personal experience—the first trip since 1986 without my father-in-law, Harry Fisher, who died in March 2003 at a demonstration opposing the U.S. invasion of Iraq. Everywhere I went people said how lucky I was to be in Harry’s family. This included chance encounters, such as one at the El Fossar de la Pedrera cemetery with a young woman who had been in regular e-mail communication with Harry for five years until just before he died. The young woman’s grandmother was good friends with Maria, whose family we had met in Madrigueras at the

60th Anniversary. Harry’s picture was in the many photo exhibitions—in Salamanca, Madrid, and Barcelona—and brigadistas from every country lit up when his name was mentioned. The personal was reinforced by the many family members who united in their history and experience to make the trip quite wonderful.

But this event was not personal; it was political. A young Spanish folk-singer at the Rivas-Vaciamadrid concert began with these words: “I am a victim of democracy. I learned nothing of the history of the Spanish Civil War.” Several performers cited their introduction to “Si Me Quieres Escribir” and other songs of struggle by Pete Seeger and the role of Paul Robeson in shaping their political

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Dena Fisher is Executive Director of Dos Pueblos: New York-Tipitapa Sister City Project, which works with a Nicaraguan non-governmental

Chicago Reunion Marks 70th Anniversary:

The Next Generation Picks Up the Story



A Tribute to Aaron Hilkevitch

By Victoria Hilkevitch Bedford

Bobby Hall asked me to speak about what my dad's participation in the fight for Spanish democracy means to our generation, specifically, to me and my sisters. Ever since she made the request, I've been thinking a lot about this. I will briefly describe four kinds of influences.

First, there is an easy and obvious answer, and, I think the most important for this occasion: My sisters and I, our children, mates, the cousins, are all bursting with pride. Although Dad

plays down the "virtue" of the part he played in the struggle in Spain, it's hard to imagine a more honorable and brave thing to do in one's lifetime. I tell everyone when I have a chance.

My rabbi's husband, the holder of an endowed chair at Indiana University, said to me a few weeks after I announced this event to the congregation, *"I can't stop thinking about it."* These words say a lot. Although Dad would disapprove, they convey the continual amazement that we will

Through the crowded room at Roosevelt University on South Michigan Avenue, people in the audience called the names of relatives who had left the Windy City to serve in Spain 70 years ago: "Ernie Arion," killed at Brunete; "Chuck Hall," once a prisoner of war in Spain, later a founder of the Chicago Friends of the Lincoln Brigade; the brothers "Tom Swan" and "Alexander Svenchansky"; "Robert Klonsky," whose granddaughter Jennifer would soon speak from the podium; "Syd Harris," the photographer, whose son would also speak; other names leaped to mind.

Only one Chicago veteran of the Spanish Civil War survives, Aaron A. Hilkevitch, M.D., aged 94, and on a Wednesday night in October, he received tributes for what all the names had earned in blood and struggle. Modest as ever, the recently retired psychiatrist basked in smiles, as friends and family spoke warmly of the medical school graduate, class of 1936, who enlisted in the Spanish Republican Army and could take credit for saving lives among the war's sick and wounded. His daughter, Victoria, addressed his moral courage not only in going to Spain, but in maintaining his convictions during World War II and the harassment of the Cold War years.

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Salamanca Celebrates IB Legacy

By Robert Coale

The second in a series of international conferences to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the Spanish Civil War scheduled in European countries was held in Salamanca, Spain, October 5-7. Dedicated specifically to the history and memory of the International Brigades, it was organized by the University of Salamanca, the Association of Friends of the International Brigades (Amigos), and the University of Castilla-La Mancha.

It is significant that the University of Salamanca was the host of such a conference, as an important episode of the Civil War took place there in October 1936. During Columbus Day celebrations that year, the rebel general Milán Astray of the Foreign Legion shouted down the rector of the university, Miguel de Unamuno, with the call "Down with intelligence. Long live

the war. The most famous sentences were these: "You will win, because you have more than enough brute force. But you will not convince. For to convince you need to persuade. And in order to persuade you would need what you lack: Reason and Right in the struggle." The respected rector of one of the oldest universities in Europe was then escorted home and placed under house arrest. He died two months later.

Seventy years have passed since then, and today Salamanca is graced with a vibrant university community in a beautiful and ancient city center.

As for the conference, all those involved agreed that it was a complete success. Over 70 researchers and professors presented papers, gave conferences, or participated in round table discussions. The majority of speakers were from Spain, but others hailed from France, the United Kingdom, and the United States. In addition, at least 100 university students attended the three-day conference for course credit.

One highlight of the gathering was undeniably the special session where International Brigade veterans told of their experiences. Moe Fishman, in fine form, represented the Lincolns. Other English-speaking veterans in attendance were George Sossenkeno, Bob Doyle from Ireland, and Jack Jones from England.

Lincoln scholars from both sides of the Atlantic were well represented at the conference. Several Spanish colleagues presented papers on African American participation in the war, including a presentation of a bilingual edition of Langston Hughes' writings on the civil war. The contingent from



the United States was especially large and productive.

Peter Carroll gave a very well received presentation on the Lincoln Brigade and their continued struggle in World War II. A sampling of other topics presented includes: Adelaida Bean and the Theater Arts Committee; the recovery of historic memory; the 15th Brigade Photographic Unit; Lincoln Brigade monuments in the United States; and Operation X, code word of the Soviet Union's military aid program. Tony Geist presented his new documentary on the Lincolns, *Souls Without Borders*, to an enthusiastic audience.

In addition to scholarship, three parallel exhibits were open to the public. "Volunteers for Liberty: The International Brigades," "Norman Bethune: The Crime of the Malaga-Almería Highway," and "The International Brigades in the General Archive of the Civil War." All were



death!" The shocked Unamuno, an early supporter of the military rebellion, proceeded to give what may well have been the only discordant speech to be heard in Francoist Spain during

Robert Coale teaches Spanish literature at the University of Paris.

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Aaron Hilkevitch

Continued from page 2

always feel about the weightiness of his participation. It continues to be awe-inspiring.

And, despite the outcome of the war, it gives me hope. If Dad could see this as a “duty, not a choice, but the right thing to do,” surely the same spirit exists today and holds the potential for a great movement. Perhaps this spirit simmers beneath the surface of our daily lives, beneath the surface of today’s depressing politics, beneath the surface of the pervasive media images that bombard us. Perhaps it will break out into an effective progressive movement, perhaps as soon as November. So, that’s the idealistic response, one that, hopefully, has some reality to it.

Second are influences from childhood, what sometimes seems like the darker side of being exposed to our dad’s heroism. When Dad and Joyce moved to smaller quarters two years ago, I found some documents, Xeroxed them, and sent them to my sisters and to Dad’s six grandchildren. My daughter Sibyl’s copy is framed and displayed on her wall. The document is a letter from the Department of the Army, Communications Branch, Classified Message Center, Pentagon, dated September 16, 1952, and addressed to Captain Aaron A. Hilkevitch, MC, ASAR. In it, Jo Sheldon, the Adjutant General, demanded, by order of the secretary of the army, that Dad respond to (i.e., rebut) a list of 11 allegations. If he failed to do so within 30 days, he was warned, he would be discharged from the army. The seventh allegation on the list was “You were a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade which is cited as Communist.”

My twin sister, Bonnie, told me that letter reminded her of a related childhood memory—when a member of the FBI came to our home to question Dad; we all remember this. I also remember a Sunday school friend’s dad who had been blacklisted. I remember struggling to keep Dad’s activities a secret and finally spilling the beans at a pajama party, and then feeling both pride in my special heritage and guilt for thinking I had betrayed my family, even though my dad never said I could not speak out. On our walls were the 1936 photos of SIM (Rey Vila), dramatic sketches of the SCW, and they were frightening—a woman in silhouette pointing a gun (who happened to resemble my mother), soldiers galloping on horses, carrying large weapons, all in stark colors.

On the bright side of all this, this “subversive” fight for justice, this parallel reality that we inhabited, instilled in us a critical orientation toward the institutions of our daily life and continue to do so. For instance, I suspect I speak for all of us when I say we question what lies behind media messages today, in the mainstream as well as in our alternative media, guarding against entrenched dogma that does not take present realities into account. I have reason to believe that this critical orientation is filtering down to our children as well.

The third influence relates to the event itself, the Spanish Civil War. My older sister, Margie, an historian since birth, has always been exquisitely attuned to its historical significance. Never had this significance struck me more than in November, 1996, when I had the great honor of accompanying Dad and

Joyce to Spain for the 60th Anniversary and to witness my dad’s receipt of honorary Spanish citizenship.

What moved me more than the speeches, the unbelievable hospitality, the music and poetry, was the emotional impact of the Brigadistas’ presence on the Spaniards—tears literally streamed down their faces, at the stadium in Madrid, on the streets—not only the faces of the war survivors, but on the faces of Spaniards of all ages. I was particularly struck by the tears of the youth. They are the grand and great-grandchildren of my Dad’s generation.

When Dad fell during a visit to a memorial, I couldn’t get near him because of the attention lavished on him by the young Spaniards who dressed his wound. Suddenly I could understand what heroes my Dad and all the Brigadistas were to them. These men and women traveled so far and took such risks FOR THEM. Yes, there was the fight against fascism, but it happened specifically in Spain, so the act was also an enormously personal one, an act of great generosity toward the Spanish people.

Finally, a new chapter is unfolding right here, right now. That Aaron is the last survivor in Chicago is a stark reminder that an era is coming to an end. Or is it? In Spain in 1996, it was clear that we “children” of the Lincolns had a bond. I know my sisters and I are proud to carry the torch. My children have absorbed the fight in their stand for related causes. I don’t think we can measure the extent of Aaron’s influence, because it has generated ripples that will continue well into the future. Thank you, Dad! ■

Spain Thanks International Brigades

Continued from page 1



perspective. Moe Fishman, while honoring and being honored for the past, praised the Spanish people for setting an example in today's struggle by bringing home their troops from Iraq. He spoke of the need for all of us to make major efforts to end this invasion. The theme was that the Brigadistas paved the way, but nostalgia must not interfere with what we must do now. Several of the memorials were dedicated with the sentiment that they would serve as a tribute to a future of justice and peace for all.

All week we were greeted by "The

Internationale" at every juncture, hearing it sung simultaneously in Spanish, German, English, Polish, Russian, Italian, French, and Hebrew. We were a strong mix of generations united in our conviction to "fight" for peace. Bob Doyle said, "Some of you may see me as a decrepit, old relic, here to talk of memories or to make you sad about me now or happy about heroic events. But that is not why I'm here. I am here to make you angry. The same people who supported Franco give support to the devastation of people around the world today.

U.S. Vets at 70th Anniversary in Madrid

Carl Geiser, Corvallis, OR

Jack Shafran, Great Neck, NY

Moe Fishman, NYC, NY

Matti Mattson, NYC, NY

George Sossenkeno, Atlanta, GA

Those who destroy democracy must be defeated."

The theme of many speakers throughout the week was that war is no longer the solution—we must create a common front for humanity. The Spanish people told us, "La gente unida, España será republicana." As North Americans, we are particularly responsible for assuring that fascism in its current form sera vencida. It was an honor to be part of this U.S. delegation of like-minded folks, and it was inspiring to see that there are people throughout the world who are united in their belief that another world is possible. ■

Salamanca

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well attended.

Following the conference, many participants and veterans continued on to Madrid to partake in the I.B. anniversary homage organized by the Amigos.

The next stop on the European tour of anniversary conferences will be in Paris, where the French International Brigade Association is hosting "The Past and Present of the Spanish Civil War" from November 17-18. ■



Unveiling of the International Brigades Monument at Morata de Tajuna. Photo by Len Tsou.

There was a strong sense of family at the gathering, but it was a broader spirit of political kinship that warmed the room. Songs of the Spanish Civil War and other anti-war music, performed brilliantly by Jamie O'Reilly and Michael Smith, brought irresistible tears of joy.

Yet it wasn't merely nostalgia for the past that touched the emotions. Chicago's Venezuelan Consul, Omar Sierra, emphasized the continuing struggles for peace and justice in the world. He quoted from a recent speech by Bob Doyle, an Irish veteran of the Spanish Civil War, about the perils of global oppression. "I am not here to make you sad with tragic recollections of a heroically fought war, or to make you happy with my survival into old age," said Doyle. "I am here to make you boil with anger; the powers that support Franco in Spain are still active, and today their reach is global."

Another speaker, Carl Nyberg, a graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy and member of Chicago Veterans for Peace, warned of recent threats to constitutional liberty from the government in Washington. Poet Cranston Knight, whose son currently serves in the U.S. military in Iraq, spoke about the price of the war today.

ALBA Chair Peter Carroll presented the keynote address, "The Legacy of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade," insisting that "history matters" in a country that too often prefers amnesia to confronting the past. He stressed the value of organizations like ALBA to preserve the past and inform current affairs.

Radio programmer Marta Nichols acted as MC with a deft touch. Roosevelt University's Center for New Deal Studies co-hosted the event, with

Director Margaret Rung providing a generous welcome.

To be sure, there was some concern expressed during the evening that this could be a final moment for

the Chicago Friends, but many resolved to carry on the group's purpose of honoring the Lincoln Brigade and its internationalist traditions. ▀

ALBA/Susman Lecture December 12

Julián Casanova, renowned historian of contemporary Spain, will deliver the ninth annual Bill Susman/Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives Lecture at NYU's King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center on Tuesday, December 12, at 6:15 p.m. in the Center's auditorium at 53 Washington Square South.

Casanova is a professor of contemporary history at the University of Zaragoza, Spain, and is currently the Hans Speier Visiting Professor of Sociology at the New School University. He is the author of several major books on Spanish anarchism and the role of the church during the Spanish Civil War and the Franco dictatorship. During the recent and ongoing controversies surrounding the question of Spain's historical memory—heated debates about how the country remembers and memorializes the Spanish Civil War and its aftermath—Casanova, a frequent contributor to the Spanish paper *El País*, has emerged as one of the country's most clear and courageous public intellectuals. The title of his ALBA/Bill Susman lecture will be "The Spanish Civil War: 70 Years Later."

The ALBA lecture series is named in honor of Bill Susman, a U.S. veteran of the Spanish Civil War and one of the founders of ALBA. Previous lecturers have included Bernard Knox, Gabriel Jackson, Baltasar Garzón, E. L. Doctorow, Philip Levine, Grace Paley, Antonio Muñoz Molina, and Francesc Torres.

Spain's Ministry of Education and Culture is also co-sponsoring this lecture, which will serve as the capstone of an intense semester-long series of events held at the King Juan Carlos I of Spain Center exploring the legacy of the Spanish Civil War in today's world.

—James Fernandez



Irving Fajans Papers Acquired by Tamiment

By Michael Nash

The Tamiment Library is pleased to announce the most recent addition to the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives, the papers of Lincoln vet Irving Fajans.

Fajans was born into a working class family in Brooklyn, N.Y. In 1932, he joined the Young Communist League. About that time he took a job as a stock clerk at the Macy's department store in Manhattan. Fajans soon became an organizer for the Department Store Employees Union, where he served as a shop steward and strike leader in the campaign to organize New York's retail workers. He describes this experience in an unpublished autobiographical novel that is part of the Fajans collection.

Like many other YCLers, Fajans was recruited for the Lincoln Brigade and set sail for Spain in 1937. He served on the front lines at Jarama and Brunete, where he was severely wounded. After he recovered, he returned home in 1938 and resumed union and political work.

When Pearl Harbor was attacked, Fajans volunteered for the U.S. Army. He moved quickly from basic training to officer candidate school at Camp Benning, Georgia, where he was at the top of his class. Just before graduation he was abruptly assigned to laundry work when military intelligence labeled him as a possible security threat because of his Spanish Civil War service. Some of his letters on the subject of political discrimination in the army appear in the new book, *The Good Fight Continues*; others remain in manuscript as part of the ALBA collection.

In 1942, Fajans volunteered for the infantry and was wounded in the landing at Anzio (Italy). While in a hospital recovering from his wounds, Fajans was visited by Lincoln vet Irving Goff, who was work-

ing nearby for the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). The two arranged for Fajans to transfer into OSS, where he joined Goff, Vincent Lossowski, and Milton Wolff building ties with the Italian partisan movement.

After the war, Fajans served as executive secretary of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. He was instrumental in producing a facsimile edition of *The Volunteer for Liberty*, the brigade's wartime newspaper. He also acted as editor of a literary anthology about the Spanish Civil War titled *The Heart of Spain*. But when Communist Party leaders persuaded the vets to expunge Ernest Hemingway's homage "To the American Dead in Spain," because the celebrated novelist had criticized party leaders, Fajans refused to go along and resigned from the VALB.

Fajans then built a new career in filmmaking. Having used the GI Bill to learn film editing, he joined with a group of other blacklisted filmmakers on the production team of *Salt of the Earth*, a revolutionary and critically acclaimed documentary film about a



Fajans returns to New York City after World War II.

zinc miners' strike in New Mexico. The film, released in 1953, was sponsored by the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, one of the unions that had been expelled from the CIO for alleged Communist-dominated leadership. *Salt of the Earth*, which depicts the struggles of miners' wives for recognition, dignity, and equality, is now viewed as a major landmark in documentary filmmaking.

By the early 1960s Fajans, like many of the blacklisted filmmakers, began to find work as a free-lancer. During these years he also taught filmmaking in the School of Visual Arts in New York City. He died prematurely in 1968 at the age of 52 of a heart attack, at a time when his filmmaking talent was being recognized.

The Irving Fajans papers describe Fajans' service in the Spanish Civil War and World War II and his subsequent career as a writer and filmmaker. ■

Michael Nash is head of the Tamiment Library at New York University.

Lincoln Vets at Peace Convention

By Joshua Farris



Champions of peace Abe Osheroff and Lt. Ehren Watada were honored at the annual summer Veterans for Peace Convention in Seattle last August. The three-day national convention brought veterans and peace activists together to learn and to network for the struggle for peace and justice. Guests at the dinner generally were galvanized and happy as they reflected on their experience and newly forged friendships. One veteran said, "I came to the conference to figure out how I can get a chapter going back home in Florida...I think I know what I need to do now."

Osheroff and Watada received special attention that evening. One made history by living a life that has effected change. The other is making history by refusing what he considers "an illegal and immoral order" to be sent to fight in the Iraq War.

Antiwar poet Sam Hamill introduced Osheroff as "one of the true heroes of the 20th century." Osheroff was nearly overwhelmed when a plaque was presented to him honoring his life's accomplishments. He

told the crowd that the night was one of the happiest of his life, and that the plaque given to him by the VFP means more than a Medal of Honor, though he doubted that a premature antifascist such as himself would ever receive such a medal.

Osheroff gave a short and powerful speech about where he saw the world going in the near future. He assured us politics would once again come from the gut rather than from academic idealism. "A new world is necessary and possible," he said. "Is it probable? Only hard work and the

politics of anger will bring that about."

Towards the end of the evening Lt. Watada took the stage, surrounded by dozens of young members of the new Iraq Veterans Against the War. He was genuine and clear as he spoke with conviction about the immorality of the war and the need to support other soldiers like himself who are refusing to fight in Iraq. The youthful spectacle was an emotional and encouraging end to the convention. ■

Joshua Farris is an Iraq War veteran.

What's New on the Website

This summer, we've added two new multimedia educational programs to our website. Written by Melvin Small, "World War II Letters from the Abraham Lincoln Brigade" gives students and educators a close and personal account of the continuing fight against fascism abroad as well as the political discrimination and segregation in the U.S. armed forces. The second program was developed by Sandy Simpson, an award-winning teacher from the Boston area who has recently joined the ALBA Board. Drawing on her classroom expertise, she has produced a complete lesson plan to introduce high school students to the experience of African Americans in the Spanish Civil War. Based on materials from the ALBA website, students explore the experiences of

African Americans during the interwar years and learn about the factors that motivated 90 of them to defy U.S. law and to risk their lives to join the International Brigades.

Since it first went on line over 10 years ago, www.alba-valb.org has helped build a global community of hundreds of thousands of people interested in and inspired by the international struggle against fascism. In order to increase our audience and to provide new and expanded services, we will soon unveil a completely redesigned webpage. Combining beautiful graphics with updated interactive features, www.alba-valb.org will exponentially boost ALBA's educational activities for students, educators, and activists. ■

www.alba-valb.org

THE GOOD FIGHT CONTINUES: World War II Letters From the Abraham Lincoln Brigade

An ALBA Book Edited by Peter N. Carroll, Michael Nash, & Melvin Small

The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade (VALB) began campaigning aggressively for U.S. entry into World War II after the German invasion of the Soviet Union. Pearl Harbor gave the vets what they wanted. On December 8, 1941, Milton Wolff sent a one-sentence telegram to the president: "We who fought the Fascist Axis in Spain proudly volunteer to march shoulder to shoulder with our fellow Americans for the final crushing of this menace to the independence and democracy of America and all peoples." By the end of the war, at least 425 Lincoln veter-

ans had served in the U.S. armed forces, in most every function from the medical corps to the Seabees, and another 100 in the merchant marine and nursing corps.

Most of the letters in this volume were selected from thousands more that may be found in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade Archives (ALBA) collection in New York University's Tamiment Library. Others came from the personal collections of individuals and their families that can be found in the ALBA collection or in other depositories.

To Order *The Good Fight Continues: World War II Letters From the Abraham Lincoln Brigade*

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www.alba-valb.org/albabook.htm

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Capturing Memory: Film and History Converge

By Shirley Mangini

In 1948, Francisco Redondo, along with his friend Florentino Fernández, was assassinated by the civil guards in El Valle, a village in the León province of Spain, for allegedly running a safe house for members of the anti-Franco resistance. Tossed into an unmarked grave like thousands of others, Redondo's life was erased from the annals of history; that is, until nearly 50 years later, when his granddaughter, photographer C. M. Hardt, began asking questions about his mysterious death. She videotaped the reactions of family and neighbors when she questioned them about the taboo subject, and thus her film *Death in El Valle* was born. What is most remarkable about the film is that her probing unearthed all the fear and hatred stemming from the war and its aftermath that had remained buried along with her grandfather.

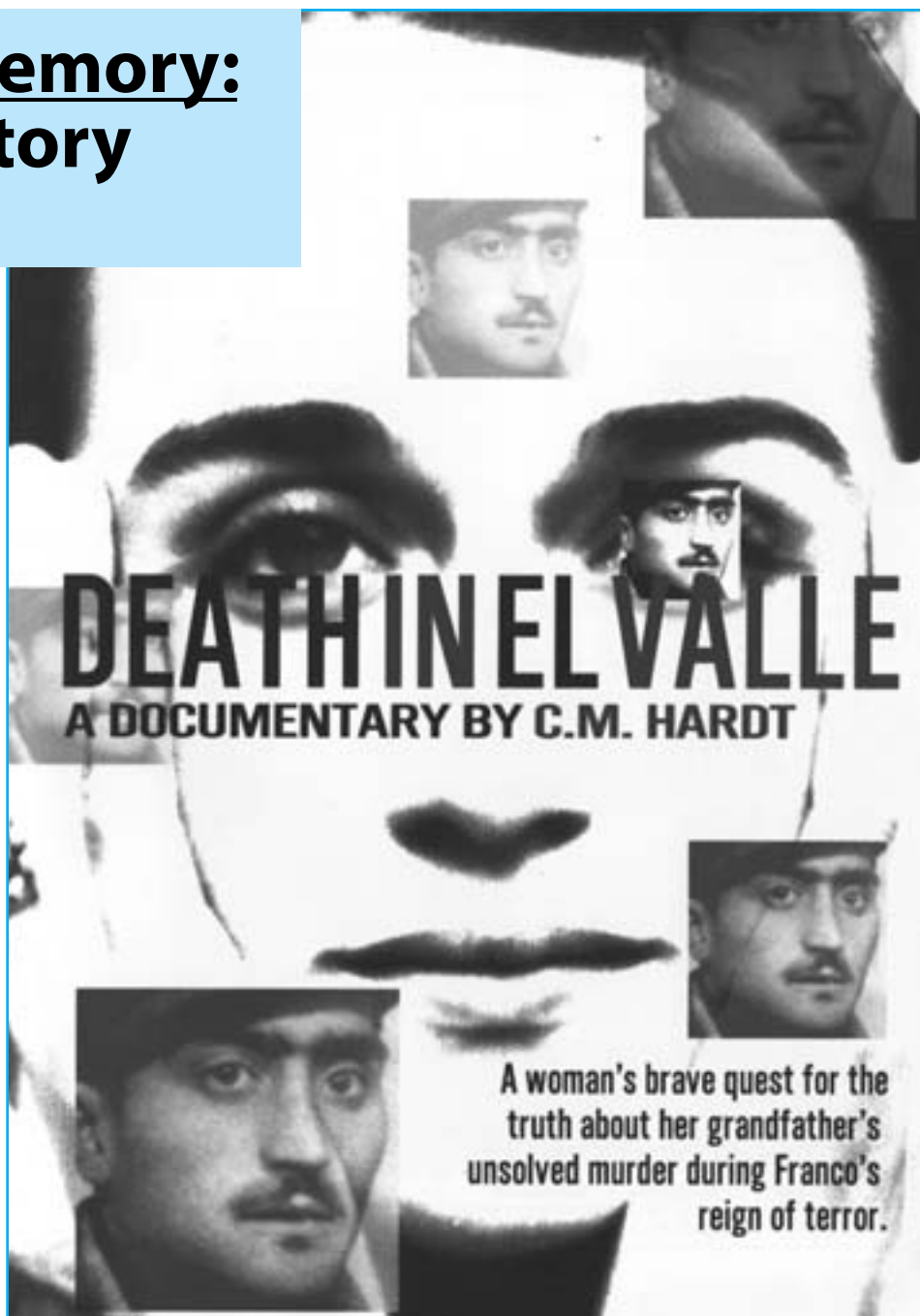
Although Hardt completed the film in December of 1996 in collaboration with Channel 4 in the United Kingdom, when she approached Spanish television stations, her documentary was constantly rejected. People told her that they were afraid "to touch this theme," despite the nearly 60 years that had passed since the war's end. But finally Hardt's promise to her grandmother that she would, in her words, "let the whole world know what happened to my grandfather," is becoming a reality.

Emilio Silva, president of the Association for the Recuperation of Historical Memory, first showed the

film in Madrid in 2002. After that, word spread, as well as bootlegged copies of *Death in El Valle*. Since then, Hardt has been invited to show the film both here and in Spain. Recently, the film was featured as part of the documentary film series, "Imágenes contra el olvido," whose young directors are working toward the recuperation of memory through film. The series debuted in June 2006 in Madrid and will travel to NYU,

then UCLA and USC in the fall. Hardt will participate in the roundtable discussions. (For more information, see their website: www.imagenescontraelolvido.com.)

This past summer, Hardt showed her film in Santiago de Compostela, Mallorca, and the León province, where she found receptive audiences. Universities in Spain have begun to use the film as a tool for



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After the Spanish Civil War, Dr. Barsky became an outspoken advocate for the Spanish refugees.

“Someone Had to Help” Dr. Edward Barsky

Editor’s Note: Among the jewels of the ALBA collection at the Tamiment Library is an unpublished autobiography of Dr. Edward Barsky, co-authored with Elizabeth Waugh. Titled *The Surgeon Goes to War*, the memoir describes Barsky’s activities as head of the American Medical Bureau to Save Spanish Democracy and his later work with the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, which earned Dr. Barsky the enmity of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. For refusing to turn over the names of donors and recipients of humanitarian aid, Edward Barsky spent six months in prison and lost the right to practice medicine in New York. We offer here an early chapter from the autobiography.

The deck space reserved for third class passengers on S. S. Paris is not very big but from it you can clearly see the skyline of New York as it piles up into the biggest castle in the world. But I could not look at it; I was too tired to see. I did not want to say good-bye again to anybody or to blink in the glare of flash-bulbs or to answer the questions of any more reporters. I went below and crawled into my dark berth, alone for the first time in the thirty seething hours. Let the others watch to see the last of our shores. My throat was sore from talking—and my clothes hurt my body which was sore from fatigue. It was too much trouble to undress, or to get a drink of water

Facing Fascism: New York and the Spanish Civil War

ALBA’s newest exhibition opens in March 2007 at the Museum of the City of New York.

Facing Fascism: New York and the Spanish Civil War examines the empire city as a center of political engagement and public debate during a critical period in world history. Through historic photographs, original documents, works of art, video presentations, and artifacts, the exhibition tells the story of how New Yorkers from across the political spectrum responded to the crisis in Spain. Major funding for the exhibition comes from The Puffin Foundation, Ltd., and the Instituto Cervantes. NYU Press will publish a catalogue, including 15 original essays and illustrations, edited by Peter N. Carroll and James Fernandez.

or even to pull up the blankets. There was that steamer smell of rubber, linoleum, clean greased engines and paint. For a second I thought about my fantastic situation and then, as if anesthetized, I fell into a dreamless sleep.

This was the afternoon of the sixteenth of January, and the engines which had begun to shake me gently were taking me to Spain. Nothing would have seemed more impossible to me three months before than that I should be sailing away to a country at war at the head of a medical mission. For I had been very busy; a typical New Yorker, I suppose. I was absorbed in my work. I had not time enough for

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Lincoln Vet Irvin

In 1950, San Francisco's M. H. de Young Memorial Museum removed a painting from an exhibition because of obscenity for the first time in its history. The piece was deemed too raw for public viewing, with eight scenes of prostitution or sexual activity. This painting was *Big City* by Irving Norman.

Norman's paintings have continued to inspire controversy since his death in 1989. His massive canvases—often over 10 feet high—abound with teeming figures that are drone-like and mechanical in their repetition, yet stubbornly and hauntingly human. Norman's portraits of our modern condition compel the viewer to confront issues such as the horror of warfare, urban anomie, and the ravages of industrialization. At the same time, the combination of jewel-like colors, transcendent messages, and technical virtuosity make his work incredible to behold.

Critical in the development of Norman's visions were his experiences as a machine gunner in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. Norman was deeply scarred by his experiences with war. He turned to painting as a form of therapy and painted most of his life outside the artistic mainstream.

He supported himself as a part-time barber.

Although his work has been included in important exhibits and collections throughout his career—his *Refugees* is part of the Smithsonian American Art Museum—Norman worked in relative obscurity in Half Moon Bay, California, until nearly the end of his life.

Dark Metropolis, a beautiful volume of Norman's work, has been published in conjunction with the Irving Norman Trust and the Crocker Art Museum in Sacramento to accompany an ambitious retrospective of the art of this important contemporary painter. The show runs from September 23, 2006, to January 7, 2007.



Big City, 1948, detail



Nightlife, 1947



g Norman's Dark Metropolis on Exhibit



Dark Metropolis: Irving Norman's Social Surrealism. Edited by Ray Day and Scott A. Shields. Essays by Michael Duncan, Charles C. Eldredge, Patricia Junker, and Scott A. Shields. Berkeley: Heyday Books, \$35.

Supreme Justice, 1974



Liberation War Prisoners. 1970-1971



Armies 2, 1944



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Someone Had to Help

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my friends or for my family. Also I was supposed to be threatened by some sort of breakdown due to overwork. Afterward in Spain everybody had a good time laughing about it.

How had it started?

First of all there was an interest in Spain, a country trying, after years of black repression, to be a democracy, and in a measure succeeding. So much I had read in newsprint. Then the Spanish government had sent a delegation to beg for American help, American sympathy. I went to a meeting. Yes, that was the beginning.

Two persons, neither at all typical of a new Spain, spoke movingly: a woman lawyer, and a Catholic priest from the Basque provinces. There were not many women who had become lawyers even in Republican Spain, and persons who associate the Spanish Catholic Church with Fascism and nothing but Fascism forgot the Basque Catholic clergy who were solidly on the side of the people.

These two spoke to us in such a way that we saw a clear issue. A peacefully elected government made up of many factions trying to balance itself, trying to restore a measure of social justice, had been attacked by a perjured army, by generals who had first sworn alliance to the government and then enlisted foreign help against it. But their *coup d'état* had failed. The people themselves had wanted to keep their newly won freedom. They fought desperately. Sometimes unarmed, men and women together, in overalls, untrained militia fighting machine guns with picks and stones. They fought for freedom. Not only the sort of freedom which was won for the United States of America when in 1778 the British

fleet sailed away from the port of New York eastward down Long Island Sound—not as much freedom as that. In Spain they wanted only liberty to think each according to his conscience, not to starve in fertile fields untilled, to live un-menaced by secret police. This modest liberty, this democracy which the Spaniard had won legally at

North American Committee had been organized for the purpose of sending clothes and food to Spanish refugees. Then one October night at Dr. Miller's house the American Medical Bureau to aid Spanish democracy was born. It was under the auspices of this committee that all our work in Spain was conducted.

It was my job as head of the personnel committee to see that we picked only the right sort of people. They must not be sentimentalists, yet we could take only persons ready to die if necessary for their convictions.

the polls without civil war, seemed as valuable to me as it did to them. Why should it be taken away by force, by foreign force?

The next thing I remember was that a group of us met at Dr. Louis Miller's house. Dr. Miller knew a good deal about American medical missions to various foreign lands. He knew about the services they had rendered and a little about their organizations. American medical practice, he said, was never more needed. Others spoke of the American Quaker relief work done in Germany during the famine which was the result of the blockade at the end of the Great War.

I was a member of a group of doctors who met together to talk about all sorts of things. One night at a meeting of this informal group we were talking about Spain. The government had almost no medical service. Somebody said, "That sort of thing ought to be our meat."

The American Friends of Spanish Democracy had been formed. The

Soon we had a Purchasing and a Personnel Committee, for we envisaged the plan of sending a medical unit to Spain. Most of us were professional people; we had slender resources, yet the end of it was that we raised more than a million dollars. November and December were busy months. The work of raising money went on with enthusiasm. We had many meetings in New York and also in nearly all the big cities of the country. Our appeal was heard from Maine to Florida and west to the coast. There was much interest in Spain, all over the country. We set as our immediate objective the complete equipment of a seventy-five bed mobile hospital.

It was more difficult to find the personnel than equipment. Nurses and doctors of the type we must have were more apt to be busy people with jobs they could not leave. Yet in the end just these people came. They were motivated by the idea of service and willing to do their bit in this fight for

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democracy. To come with us these people were in some cases to give their health; some gave their lives; in all cases they gave their jobs.

"To come with us," but at this time I had no intention of going. I worked all day and we had meetings all night, sometimes two or three meetings, and then we finished the small hours in some coffee-house perfecting our plans.

Towards the end of December contributions began to fall off. We had to face the fact squarely that our plan of sending a seventy-five bed hospital to Spain looked beaten, for the present anyway. Yet we knew what time must mean in Spain. We felt that if we could once get that hospital across the seas and in action contributions would continue to support it. It would be something concrete. The hospital must sail: We still lacked essential equipment and essential personnel.

As head of the purchasing committee it was my job to figure out everything needed for this new kind of hospital. We had to buy everything; mattresses for the ward beds, surgical equipment, etc. etc.; in fact everything from a safety pin to a special operating room light running on dry battery (afterward, by the way, to be known as the "Light that Failed"). Lister bags for carrying water, etc., etc., etc., besides all sorts of special medications, serums, antitoxins. From the start we were very careful about paying our bills; we only paid those we had to pay.

It was my job as head of the personnel committee to see that we picked only the right sort of people. They must not be sentimentalists, yet we could take only persons ready to die if necessary for their convictions.



Also, most essential, they must be persons of proven skill in their present professions. In the matter of chauffeurs, it meant nothing to us if a man could drive a car; he must also be an all round mechanic, perhaps an orderly, with the right stuff in him to make a nurse if necessary, and he must be young and healthy and mentally well-balanced. We had to have a pharmacist, and laboratory technicians. The nurses to be enlisted must be in better than average good health.

One type we had no particular

use for and these came to us in droves: writers. We had a very impressive permit from the State Department licensing our work and permitting us to send personnel overseas, and these literary gentlemen were anxious to ride on this magic carpet. The writers soon learned that in their particular capacity we had no use for them. But they, as might have been expected, were men and women of imagination and more, of histrionic ability. They came disguised as chauffeurs—it

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reveal his past associations, which would be “forgiven” in exchange for unspecified services.

Further details belong more to the history of the Cold War than to that of the SCW and ALB.

However, there is one factoid that may be of interest. In 1954 there were five long-time so-called “security holds” in the Replacement Company at Ft. Dix, NJ. Their processing for General Discharge Under Honorable Conditions was abruptly speeded up in the summer of 1954. A few weeks later, the Replacement Company got a new, temporary, member: Pvt. G. David Schine, whose treatment by the Army there and elsewhere led directly to the Army-McCarthy hearings and the political demise of Sen. Joe McCarthy.

Hershl Hartman

Dear Editor,

My Dad, Samuel Carsman, was in the Brigade, John Brown Battery. The legacy of and importance of this anti-fascist fight needs not only to be memorialized as an event, but needs to be shown as a failure on the part of the U.S. to prevent Fascism. If the Republic had won this war that never should have started, the world would be a very different place today. We need to honor the people who went to Spain. We also need to connect what happened in Spain with what happened in Nazi Europe and what is happening now in the George W. Bush dominated world. Thanks for being there. Is there a possibility that we can get the money to produce and distribute widely a documentary?

Claire Carsman
Grass Valley, CA

Dear Editor

Thank you very much for sending the complimentary copies of *The Volunteer*. It is great to have “evidence” of receipt of the George Watt Award in print, but also to read of the various additions to the ALBA Archives, and of the conferences and events currently taking place. As always, I was very moved to read the accounts of the veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and more generally to remember the commitment to, and sacrifice for, socialist principles of so many of their generation internationally. Many thanks to all at ALBA for your own commitment to preserving the historical memories of the vencidos; I feel very honored to have my own small contribution included in your journal and archives.

My very best wishes to all in “the good fight.”

Judy Neale.

Dear Editor

Christmas Day 1937, Spain

Between March and June 2006 I had the privilege of hosting Alun Menai Williams in my native country of Catalunya. I had assisted in the translation of his autobiography, *From the Rhondda to the Ebro* (Warren & Pell Publishing) into Catalan under the title of *I vaig tornar a creuar l'Ebre* (Warren & Pell Publishing). By some strange coincidence my family hailed from the small village of Aguaviva in Aragon, where Alun and the Abraham Lincoln Battalion had been based over Christmas 1937 before the horrific Battle of Teruel. Called “The Limey Doc” by the Americans, Alun must have shared the same experiences on that Christmas Day with Edward

Muscala, who left a simple inscription in a deserted hermitage which is still visible. I discovered this by chance in September 2004, and only recently repair work has been begun on the hermitage. I am worried that the lack of interest by the local people may result in the obliteration of this unique piece of graffiti. I have talked with a local historian but they prefer to leave it in its fragile state, slowly deteriorating.

Over Easter 2006 I took Alun back to Aguaviva for the first time in 69 years and showed him the inscription. He was greatly moved by this link with his past . . . Sadly, as readers of *The Volunteer* will know, Alun died on July 2 this year.

My research into Edward Muscala through ALBA has allowed me to discover certain salient facts, but more needs to be known, and therefore I am writing to *The Volunteer* to see if any readers can help and maybe even locate members of Edward’s family still alive in the USA.

According to the ALBA Biographical Dictionary Project by Chris Brooks, Edward Muscala was born on February 7, 1912, in Minneapolis, Minnesota. His passport listed his address as 1812 5th Street South, Minneapolis, Minnesota. He sailed for Europe on August 7, 1937, aboard the SS Georgic. He rose to the rank of Cabo. Another document states his rank as Soldado. He was listed as killed in action on April 3, 1938, during the Great Retreats. He was married and had one child whose sex is unknown. I would dearly like to contact any members of his family still alive and pass on photographs or even give them the location of the inscription.

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would usually turn out that they drove a car—as ambulance drivers, as mechanics, as male and female nurses and, I regret to say, sometimes as doctors. But we managed to pierce all these disguises. Perhaps it was no wonder that things went slowly or that we thought they did.

Things were now so retarded that our whole project hung in the balance. I was beginning to feel the strain of carrying on my practice and continued lack of sleep. There were so many things to worry about, even if I did get to bed. One thing was that we had not yet found the right man to head the expedition. I knew how much depended on him.

One night after we had had three meetings and our contribution had been far less than we hoped, a small group of us talked frankly about our difficulties. We admitted to each other for the first time that the whole thing was still uncertain.

“Look here,” somebody said, “we’ve got to go! The way to go is to go. We set a date right here. Tonight. When do we go?”

“Well, make it January sixteenth.”
And then very solemnly we all

shook hands and decided that the hospital would sail on that date. How, was another matter.

The outfit would sail. Things, as we had foreseen, moved along faster after we had made our big decision. But one important thing was still undecided. Who was to head the outfit? When late one night someone suggested that it might be myself, the idea at first seemed ridiculous. How could I even think about it?

“How can any of us?” they asked. Then somehow all at once I realized that I had been eager to go from the start, perhaps in some deep part of my mind I had known that I would go all along. Yet for days I could not get over my sense of surprise.

On the morning of the fifteenth of January the equipment which we had spent months collecting was in a warehouse, not yet completely packed, we had our personnel together, we had very becoming and serviceable uniforms—but we had no money. We could not sail without at least three thousand dollars—this was not extra money, you understand, it was to pay among other things for our third class passages and our food.

That night there was to be a mass meeting in the Manhattan Opera House and on the collection taken in our fate depended. The Spanish Consul was there, there were two bands and we wore our new uniforms with “A.M.B.” (American Medical Bureau), on the arm-bands, for the first time. Everybody thought we were going to Spain; we hoped we were ourselves, desperately we hoped. And then when the tumult and the shouting died away we counted the collection.

We had between five and six thousand dollars and the next day we would sail for Spain!

The rest of that night was spent by doctors, nurses, pharmacists and laboratory technicians, in crating and packing the stuff in the warehouse. At one time we were afraid we would never get that done in time either but at last some bedraggled individuals who had been doctors and nurses got on the boat and we heard the whistle which meant all aboard for the Spanish Front.

Bands were playing and everybody waving and crying and cheering. It seemed that we would never, never leave that dock. When in the end we did, I went below and let the others watch for the Statue of Liberty.

One of the other doctors woke me up. He told me that on board were about ninety young men in plain clothes. It was whispered that they were going to enlist in the Lincoln-Washington Brigade. My worries were now few as compared to the load I had been carrying but I had to see that our outfit did not openly fraternize with these men. We were a non-partisan unit. Also I was worried about a little box in my pocket. Just as the whistle blew a friend had opened my hand and put the little box in it.

“Here, Eddy, take this,” he had said.

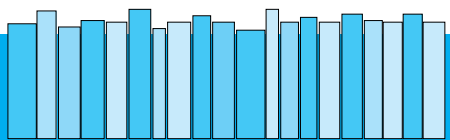
I opened the box. It contained about six grains of morphine. If I were to be caught with this contraband in my personal possession I could easily be returned to the United States—yet it was hard to throw away even this much of the stuff I knew would soon be very precious to us. I spent a good deal of time worrying over this trifle. ■

Letters to the Editor

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In addition, I would be grateful for advice and assistance on the correct and proper way of preserving and saving this unique piece of history of the International Brigades and especially the Abraham Lincoln Battalion during the Spanish Civil War.

Anna Martí
annataru@hotmail.com



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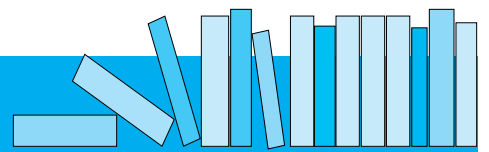
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Changing at Breakneck Speed

***Ghosts of Spain: Travels through a Country's Hidden Past.* By Giles Tremlett. London: Faber & Faber, 2006. xxiv + 433 pp.**

By Sebastiaan Faber

The aim of this book is to explain how Spain has become what it is today, with a special focus on the past six or seven decades. Tremlett starts out from two paradoxes: How is it that one of the loudest people on earth decided to be so silent about its recent dictatorial past? And what explains the fact that a nation characterized for centuries by the almost complete absence of social and cultural change has come to embrace, even embody, the new for its own sake?

One of the charms of Tremlett's book is the delicate balance the writer maintains between his vast knowledge of the country's people and history—a correspondent for *The Guardian*, he has been writing about Spain for close to 20 years—and his textual reenactment of the newcomer's surprise and fascination.

Tremlett's first three chapters, of most interest to *Volunteer* readers, deal with the gradual breaking of the "pact of silence" that accompanied Spain's transition to democracy after Franco's death in 1975. There were no truth commissions, no trials, no calls for accountability—not even a clear

institutional break with the dictatorial past. As Paloma Aguilar has explained in *Memory and Amnesia* (2002), this decision to leave the past alone was orchestrated by the political elites, but it reflected the desires of a majority of

One of the charms of Tremlett's book is the delicate balance the writer maintains between his vast knowledge of the country's people and history . . . and his textual reenactment of the newcomer's surprise and fascination.

Spaniards, fearful of another civil war. Even those who had opposed Franco were willing to forego the opportunity to denounce, judge, or convict the prison guards, police commanders, censors and politicians who had damaged their lives.

The foundations of this pact began to crack five or six years ago, around the time that the conservative Aznar government began its second term. It wasn't that the political class was ready for a change; the urge for more openness came from below, and from the younger generations. It all began when journalist Emilio Silva founded the Association for the Recuperation of Historical Memory (ARMH), which was soon followed by many other grassroots initiatives aiming to locate and exhume tens of thousands of bodies buried all over the country and to restore their good names. Aznar refused to support these efforts. Typically dismissive, he declared that the Transition had provided ample op-

portunity for reconciliation and that it was unnecessary, even dangerous, to rip open "scarred wounds."

Spain's smooth and peaceful transition to democracy, long considered to be exemplary, is now increasingly viewed as flawed, potentially illegal, and at the very least unfinished. Once at the forefront of post-dictatorial democracies, Spain now finds itself

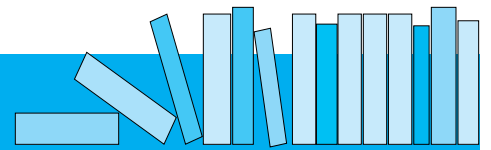
catching up to developments in Chile, Argentina, South Africa, and Eastern Europe, with their truth commissions, persecution of former dictators, and revocation of amnesty laws. Ironically, as Tremlett points out, it was in part Spain itself that helped propel the international developments allowing other nations to confront their repressive pasts. Key in this process has been Baltasar Garzón, the ambitious and fearless investigative magistrate who, among other things, helped initiate the prosecution of Chile's Augusto Pinochet.

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Sebastiaan Faber teaches Spanish and Latin American literature at Oberlin College.

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Books of Interest

By Shirley Mangini

***Australia's Spanish Knight.
Fourteen Months. Sixty One Years.***

By D. L. Speight. Seacliff, Australia:
D. L. and K. L. Speight, 2004.

This biography of British-born mechanic Richard Smith (who took the surname Bryant when he moved to Australia and became an Australian citizen) by his friend D. L. Speight is of interest to ALBA readers primarily because of Bryant's heroic work in the war as an ambulance driver. Injured in a bomb explosion, Bryant was sent to the monastery hospital at Huete, where Nan Green was an administrator. (See Paul Preston's *Doves of War*, 2002, on this subject.) After recovering, he created a vehicle repair shop at Huete and met the British nurse Joan Harrison, whom Speight uses as a narrative device to tell the story of Richard's difficult childhood. The couple set up an emergency ambulance team with the help of the famous surgeon, Dr. Edward Barsky, and traveled around the countryside aiding wounded soldiers. At that time, at Joan's suggestion, they were married by a commissar from the British Battalion. Richard was discharged because of stress and sent back to England to acquire more ambulances for the cause. When he returned to Spain, the situation was so dire that both he and Joan were dispatched back to England. The rest of the biography is dedicated to their emigration to Australia and his travels around the world, especially in the Middle East, to

work on heavy machinery for the oil pipelines. In 2000 he was honored with the Knight of the Order of Civil Merit of Spain.

***Poems from Spain. British and Irish
International Brigaders on the
Spanish Civil War.*** Jim Jump, Editor.
London: Lawrence & Wishart, 2006.

Sponsored by the International Brigade Memorial Trust, this slim volume not only recovers the poetry about the war written by 33 brigadiers, but also gives a brief history of the participation of the IBs in the war, as well as a biographical sketch of each poet. In his introduction, anthologist Jim Jump—who is the son of the Basque exile and writer James R. Jump, who fought in the Ebro offensive—tells his story with the passion of someone close to the heroic efforts of the International Brigades and to their need to speak out about the war through verse. David Martin (1915–1997), who served in the medical service at Jarama, Brunete, and Teruel, is one of these “poet heroes,” as is visible in his poem “Jarama”:

Children unborn then have forgotten
their dolls now.
The small green olive trees are no
longer small.
White House over Morata! Twice
chalk has healed over
Bullet scars traced into shutter and
wall.

The Bishop was hard then, he is feeble
and cold now;
His vintner was eager, now the devil
is beckoning.

But longer than time dreams Sancho
the peasant,
Stronger than trees and the stranger's
strange reckoning.

See: Many nations have put on
spring's joy robe,
She is still shrouded in black of her
slavery
And the night of her eyes is dark in
the morning,
Mourning her sons, red tears for
their bravery.

We said we will return to the house
by the crossroads,
From the corners of the earth we
shall come again.
Years shall not master us, we will
master them.
We said: He is waiting. We will come
back to Spain.

Add horror to terror, add fighting to
waiting,
Add manhood to childhood, add
singing to weeping;
O hill of Jarama, White House over
Morata!
We have said that the hour will not
find us sleeping. ▀

Death in El Valle

Continued from page 10

the recuperation of memory. Amnesty International in Spain has officially recommended the film and is selling it on its website. These are all signs of the winds of change. The movement for the recuperation of historical memory is impacting Spaniards in profound ways, and the atrocities committed during and after the civil war can no longer be silenced.

For more information on the film, visit: www.deathinelvalle.com. ▀



Elias "Dutch" Schultz (1910-2006)

Shortly after his death in August, both major Seattle newspapers ran substantial stories on Dutch and his extraordinary life. The memorial service, held September 24, was packed with a broad spectrum of people who respected and loved him. So who was this short, wiry guy?

He was born and raised in Harlem, New York, a son of immigrant Austrian Jews. During the Depression, he was drawn to left-wing causes and served in the Lincoln Brigade in Spain. In World War II, he served in the 87th Mountain Infantry as a ski-trooper. Wounded in the Aleutians, he later fought in Italy.

Dutch worked as a longshoreman until 1973 and received an award from the ILWU for saving the life of a union brother. Jews in longshore work were rare, and Dutch had to deal with anti-Semitism, open and veiled. After many scraps, Dutch won the respect of his fellow workers.

All through his working life, Dutch's main passion was wood sculpture. He used the GI Bill to study in Switzerland, Italy, and England. After his retirement from the docks, he worked full time at his art until an automobile accident at age 94 finally stopped him.

But there was so much more to this crusty old guy, with his salty language. Though he had little formal education, Dutch acquired a broad range of knowledge through his life experience. He was a great lover of nature, and he liked to go hiking. One of his great loves was birding.

Above all, Dutch was a mensch, an authentic human being, whose thoughts, words and deeds were cut from the same cloth.

In recognition of his long-standing support for the Red Eagle Society—a Youth Theater group—Dutch was honored at his memorial as a fallen warrior by a Native American Color Guard of Veterans of Past and Present Wars.

All in all, many people from different walks of life joined in celebration of a life well lived.

—Abe Osheroff

John Murra (1916-2006)

John V. Murra died in his home on October 16 at the age of 90. He was

noted for his contributions in historical anthropology and particularly in Andean studies. His loss will be felt in a wide range of communities.

Born Isak Lipschitz in 1916 in Odessa, Ukraine, Murra grew up in Bucharest, Romania. Expelled from his last year at the *lycée* for belonging to the Social Democratic youth, he eventually received his federal *baccalauréat* as a privately prepared student. He worked in paper factories in Romania and in Croatia. He also had several short stays in jail in 1933-34, once as the only "red" in a group of Iron Guardists, which he survived in part through his knowledge of soccer. Murra's fluency in many languages later resulted in his appointment to the headquarters staff of the International Brigades in Spain.

Murra enrolled at the University of Chicago in 1934 and gravitated to the social sciences, where he found particular interest in anthropology. He graduated in 1936. But as he recalled later, "nothing in academic life compared with the urgencies of politics." That fall, Murra went to fight in the Spanish Civil War. He later said, "I did not graduate from the University of Chicago. I graduated from the Spanish Civil War." After the war he was interned in camps in France. He was divorced from his first wife during the war, dissolving his formal connection to the United States, and leaving him something of a man without a country.

Finally able to return to Chicago in 1939, Murra—who began to use that name around this time—completed his Master's degree in 1942. During 1942-43, Murra worked with John Dollard and Ruth Benedict interview-



Added to Memory's Roster



ing Abraham Lincoln Brigade veterans for a project involving soldiers' reactions to battlefield conditions. The results were published in 1943 under the title *Fear in Battle*.

In 1946 Murra was turned down for U.S. citizenship on the ground that he had fought with the Spanish Republican Army. This cost him a grant that would have funded his dissertation research in Ecuador. He was eventually granted citizenship in 1950, after a lawsuit, but he did not receive a passport until 1956. Denied the possibility of travel to South America, he ultimately chose to write a dissertation that did not involve fieldwork. He defended his dissertation, *The Economic Organization of the Inca State*, in 1955.

During this period, he taught at several universities, including the University of Puerto Rico and Vassar College, where officials defended Murra from the government's efforts to have him deported. He spent two years in the late 1950s teaching and doing archival research in Peru. In 1968 John Murra joined the faculty at Cornell University, where he continued to study Andean societies. The innovation at Cornell of which he was most proud was a course on the history of U.S. anthropology as an institution and a craft, rather than as a survey of ethnological theory. Not known for his patience with anyone he saw as naïve, facile, or selfish, Murra nevertheless could be quite generous, and is he remembered warmly by many former students and colleagues.

After he retired in 1982, Murra remained active in international professional societies. He served as

President of the American Society for Ethnohistory (1970-71), the American Ethnological Society (1972-73), and the Institute for Andean Research (1977-83). In 1969 he gave the Lewis Henry Morgan Lecture, "Reciprocity and Redistribution in Andean Civilizations."

Murra was married and divorced twice, leaving no children. His papers

are available to researchers at the National Anthropological Archives. Murra's legacy will be found in many fields, in many individuals, in the Andes, the United States, and elsewhere.

—Frederic W. Gleach, Department of Anthropology, Cornell University

Breakneck Speed

Continued from page 20

Tremlett covers these issues in an admirably complete and engaging fashion.

Like the rest of his book, his chapters on Spain's troubled relationship with its political past are driven by anecdote. We relive the tribulations of Republican victims Tremlett has interviewed and accompany them and the author on their quest to disinter Spain's past and understand its present. But we also hear the arguments of the old—and young—Francoist right.

The remaining 10 chapters of the book cover the cultural and financial impact of the tourist industry; Spain's culture of nepotism and corruption; the magical but drug- and crime-ridden world of flamenco; gender relations; and Spain's proliferating sex industry. Chapter 9, the most journalistic of all, covers the March 11 Al-Qaeda bombings in Madrid. Then follow three portraits of the strongest of Spain's 16 "autonomous communities": Basque Country, Catalonia, and Galicia.

The last chapter, opening with an analysis of Pedro Almodóvar's role as the public, artistic face of post-Franco

Spain—hip, design-conscious and, above all, *new*—reflects on Spain as the longstanding object of foreign fascination. As Tremlett points out, past books by foreign writers on Spain, especially British and American, have preferred to emphasize that Spain was an unspoiled repository of values that had long disappeared in the industrialized West. Tremlett's book, by contrast, while mindful of its distinguished predecessors, is about rapid *change*—a change that Tremlett, as an *extranjero* in love with the country, seems to have a harder time accepting than the Spaniards themselves.

Given that Tremlett has obviously documented himself very well, it is a pity that his book lacks any reference materials. *Ghosts of Spain* serves as a wonderful introduction to contemporary Spain, but readers who find themselves turned on to the topic are given no clear indication where to go next. Copious footnotes might understandably have weighed the text down, but a few pages of back matter, including a short list of references by chapter, would have made this book even more useful than it is. ■

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Joe Bianca, 1942, by Irving Norman, from Dark Metropolis

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