

SPAIN AND THE WORLD

Historically the conception of a fatherland has always been evil and baneful. It has always been the domination, claimed as an exclusive possession either by an absolute master or by a band of overlords organised into a hierarchy, or as is the case to-day, by a union of privileged or governing classes.

E. RECLUS.

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ALL IS NOT WELL IN FRANCO'S TERRITORY

It is reported in Bayonne, says the Spanish Press Agency, that General Yague, the rebel leader who was in charge of the Moroccan troops in the recent offensive on the Aragon front, is in disgrace and has been put in prison. The reason is said to have been a speech made at a Falangist banquet last month held to celebrate the entry of General Yague's troops into Lerida.

The speech received only a perfunctory notice in the rebel press, the "Diario de Burgos" alone reporting it in full. According to this paper, says the Spanish Press Agency, General Yague criticised Salamanca for attempting to discredit and deny the courage of the Government army, which was made up of real Spaniards, fighting with magnificent bravery, he said:

"To discredit them is to dis-

credit us, for we have shown ourselves incapable of a decisive victory over them."

"COMMON ENEMY"

Referring to the International Brigade, General Yague stated that reference was seldom made to the:

"Germans and Italians in our ranks, who conduct themselves like birds of prey. Our soldiers feel that some day they may find themselves united with the Republican troops, struggling against a common enemy."

Referring to the thousands imprisoned in their rear merely for holding unorthodox opinions, General Yague denounced this as "bigotry." A leading Falangist from the start of the movement, General Yague played a prominent part in the rebellion, both in Estremadura and at Badajoz.



Part of the Libertarian contingent in the May Day demonstrations, marching into Hyde Park.

(Spain and the World photo)

The C.N.T. and Anti-Fascist Unity

In the issue of "Catalunya," dated March 24th, Comrade D. A. Santillan states the following:

"... When the Republic of April 14th was proclaimed, it could be said already that the healthy unity resided in the good entente between the socialists and the Spanish anarchists, through the non-insistence of fusion, nor the confusion of ideas and methods, but upon action based on tolerance and reciprocal aid ... Nothing has modified our opinion ...

"Do you remember the violent campaign that was started

We reproduce here some paragraphs from a manifesto of the CNT-FAI that deals with the conduct imposed upon the movement by the present situation.

"No concealing or protecting the disturbers of the anti-fascist order.

"We are engaged in a war that is made against us by Franco, Italy and Germany. The armies have as their task the ar-

(Continued on page 3)

Miners Work and Die

The Church and Shareholders Speculate!

ANOTHER 79 are added to the unending list of miners killed in pit accidents. They will not be the last. And, as is usual — for this is a country of tradition — messages of sympathy are sent to the relatives by the King and the Prime Minister — the representatives of the State and the privileged class.

What sympathy! As is usual, a Fund is immediately opened — whilst other miners are descending the pits and expecting to be the next victims — and, as has happened on this occasion, an anonymous shareholder, presumably wanting to be at "peace with man and God" has donated £500. Yes, £500 from his dividends. £500 which he has obtained at the expense of the energy of hundreds of men and the very lives of 79 miners!

An appeal is made for funds for the dependents. Money will pour in from all parts of the country, from the wealthy and from the poor. Yet why should they be asked to recompense the widows and mothers? These men have been killed in the course of their period of slavery on behalf of the numerous parasites — generally known as shareholders and directors — who at some time or other quite illegally laid claim on that portion of our earth which, they thought, exploited, would yield wealth. The money which they inherited from the ancestors (whose history is generally considered too dark to divulge) or ac-

cumulated by the exploiting of workers was used to set up all the machinery required for the exploitation of nature's mineral wealth. But those who worked and risked their lives daily had no capital, and were obliged to labour and sweat long hours a week for a mere pittance whilst the black diamonds which they succeeded in bringing to the surface were converted into money which is shared out amongst those who spend their days studying the tape machines or reading the Financial Times.

The mine in which 79 lives were lost last week is a very profitable one. Last year the net profit was £600,000, about 60 times more than those unfortunate men earned between them during the corresponding period!

Why not demand that the money required for the Dependents' Fund should come from this blood-money rather than from the pockets of thousands of British workers who can ill-afford to do so?

* * *

The Capitalist Press in general has taken care to give prominence to the fact that the mine in which the accident occurred was one of the most up-to-date in England, and money was not spared in making it as safe as possible.

Explosions in mines are almost invariably caused by fire damp, that is, a natural gas formed by the decomposition of coal. This must not be ignited, yet, according

to the "Daily Herald" "nearly a fifth of our miners work in pits where naked lights are still permitted." Another precaution which is not taken by the owners (for obvious reasons) is to stop work in sections of the mine in which there is more than a certain percentage of fire damp, and for this it would be necessary to have more frequent tests for its detection.

* * *

Meanwhile the Church, which does not hesitate to fill its coffers with the blood money, in the form of royalties, is well to the fore with its ceremony. As a rule its representatives find it equally easy to officiate at a wedding as at a funeral, and on this occasion they have not failed to be present with their artificial crocodile tears. Yes, that organisation which has no scruples in demanding the royalties from the mines (money which could be used to make the mines safer to work in) conducts services at the pitheads. That organisation which according to its teachings should promote the "love of one's neighbour" becomes a recruiting centre in time of war, and its representatives are to be seen on all fronts praying for victory, and helping the dying to make their peace with God!

The Church to-day is like the political organisations which use a situation to speculate for their own ends. Just as the British Fascists posed as the defenders of the unfortunate farmers who have to hand over part of their well earned money to the Church, so the Church is prominent in "comforting" the unfortunate wives and relatives of the dead miners, by whose work the Church had been deriving an income to keep the Archbishop of Canterbury alive with a mere £15,000 besides his satellites dotted about the country.

* * *

There are already too many organisations anxious to pour forth their sympathy after accidents such as the one which has occurred at Stavely. They hope, perhaps, to quell public indignation.

What the workers need — and those 60 unhappy widows would merely echo these words — is that steps should be taken to make the mines and so many other dangerous industries, safe, so that accidents and the consequent loss of life may be avoided.

But this will never be done by the directors and shareholders nor the Church which lives, like the leech, on the blood of the workers.

It will be achieved only when the workers themselves will control the economic life and wealth of the world.

10,699 DEAD, 15,320 INJURED

	Dead	Injured
Catalonia (not including Barcelona)	1647	2472
Madrid	979	1380
Barcelona	589	1010
Valencia	329	416
Asturias	1214	2000
Bilbao	648	1165
Province of Madrid and Guadalajara	1879	2469
Province of Santander	1247	1899
Province of Jaen	211	355
Ciudad Libre, Cuenca and Albacete	2011	1974

These are figures published by a Paris newspaper and account for the CHILD VICTIMS ONLY OF FRANCO'S AERIAL BOMBARDMENTS. They do not include the deaths caused by heavy artillery and by the bombardments from the sea.

This is the civilization which has received the Pope's "apostolic benediction."

When will those thousands of Catholics who to-day are supporting Franco's cause realise that they are defending, not Christianity, not civilization, not anti-communist forces, but 20th century barbarity at its worst?

25,000 innocent children killed or injured by Franco's "Christian gentlemen"! 25,000 innocent children killed or injured by the machines of death blessed as they were blessed when they reigned death on the defenceless Abyssinians, by the Church of Rome!

It is indeed time that a mighty voice was raised against that organisation which, under the guise of humility, perpetrates such acts of barbarism. The Church is as Judas. It has betrayed even those who had trusted it, and sooner or later must pay the price!

OUR DEFICIT—
ARE YOU HELPING
TO REDUCE IT
COMRADE ?

A VILLAGE IN ARAGON

The fare consisted of nothing more than beans, cabbage and a little rabbit, but cooked by a master hand. As we ate we asked of the collectivity, and as he talked we marvelled that a simple peasant, guided by no more than a sense of fairness and justice, could achieve so much.

ago a poor villager died. The priest would not bury him until we paid the 100 pesetas which was his charge. The village would not pay because it could not, it was a bad year for the harvest, we had no money and little food. We declared a strike and for seven years we have buried our dead in some waste ground outside the village.

The chief of the local committee?

"The village priest"?

"Yes, comrade." A thick-set aragon peasant looked up from the rope he was twisting to answer us and then went on twisting rope.

Is it possible for two milicianos to feed here tonight?

"Yes, comrade, wait a little till we have finished our work."

We waited. We talked of the crops. "Good, but all the strong men are with the milicias, here we have only the old men and boys." — Of England — Of France — The politicians of those countries must be very wicked men that they have nice words on their lips and leave us to fight with our shotguns.

After an hour the peasant was still making his rope. Would we like to listen to the radio? In a corner under a bundle of esparto they unearthed a radio. A seven valve anacronism sent by the Committee Regional to all the small villages. The radio was tuned in on Quiepo. It is true that he is a fascist but life is hard these days, we have lost so many comrades and a little laughter is good for us.

After two hours the burly peasant, elected lord and master of the village, jumped down from the table on which he had been sitting and measured the rope he had just finished to make sure that he had finished the day's quota sent to every labourer in the village. The rope was then made up into skeins. The day's work was finished. We followed him to his house.



"The daily wage?"

"We have had to change it. At first we gave each labourer the same wage but there were some with big families and sometimes

there were several wage earners in the same family. Now we have a system by which wages are paid according to a man's dependants. Thus, a single man gets 5 pesetas a day, this is increased to 8 if he is married, and he has an increase for each child. In cases where there are several wage earners in the same family (the family being the economic unit of consumption), the wages are also modified.

All work done in the village is on a co-operative basis and wages are paid in money or against goods in the co-operative store. (There was also a cafe open on Sundays run by the village committee).

We talked of many things more and it was late when we left, but we had no tiredness, life was great, the world was full of life, we were the vanguard of something so great that we ourselves could only at times understand. Today we were fighting, but the morrow would be worthy of the blood we shed. A tomorrow which would make Aragon free from corruption, graft and superstition. A true garden where men could lead a better life, an honest life, a clean life.

As Franco's hired mechanical battering ram smashed its way through the Aragon front, and as the boys of the 153rd (They were the "Land and Liberty" before the militarization) destroyed but unbeaten, were driven from Fuendetodo to Belchite, from Belchite to Alcaniz, and from Alcaniz to the Gates of Catalonia. Fighting, fighting, always fighting, till their commissar ordered them at the pistol point to withdraw from the lines to be reorganized. But how can you reorganize a brigade when there are only 132 men left. As aeroplanes and tanks smashed the flower of Catalonia into bleeding pulp, I thought of a small village which had hoped to do so much for justice and the fellowship of man. Who knows what has passed in that village? Death for many, dishonour for some. Superstition, hate, greed and envy have returned.

While our labour leaders, our politicians, have washed their hands in seas of words and pools of pious resolutions, Honesty, truth, justice have been crucified in every village of Aragon.

"El Ingles" Miliciano 153 Mixed Brigade.

'AND BARABBAS WAS A PUBLISHER'

(Byron)

Then HEROD, being warned that one should rise
To overthrow his kingdom, turned his eyes
Towards the MAN; for though a PROPHET'S head
Had fallen, and the blood of babes was shed
Throughout the land, still in the MAN he saw
Fulfilment of inevitable law.

The SCRIBES were willing; for Advertisement
Is to the press the price of its consent;
Besides, Lord ANANIAS kept a host
Of hired scribblers in the MORNING BOAST,
While CAIAPHAS was honoured by the nation
For prostitution and prevarication,
And ODHAM and GOMORRAH took their fees
From LUCIFER and MEPHISTOPHELES
(Even ELIAS' vision now affords
Not one God only, but a HOUSE OF LORDS).

In strong alliance with such friends as these
He next approached the friendly PHARISEES . . .
PILATE, the Governor, was less direct,
For Statesmanship had made him circumspect.
"If this," he said, "is your declared intention
My policy will be NON-INTERVENTION.
I'll bind his hands and feet that men may see
My Government's impartiality."
He winked at HEROD, and to save his soul
Dipped his unsullied fingers in the bowl.

Yet one remained whose favour must be bought
For thirty shekels; so the HIGH PRIEST sought
ISCARIOT, whose treason could intrude
Behind the last defence—the MULTITUDE.
The deal is made, the time and terms agreed,
The MAN to die, BARABBAS to be freed;
And in an upper room the table's laid
For the betrayer and the man betrayed.

No more skilful than ISCARIOT
To play this part in an ingenious plot:
Some he corrupts with terror, some with bribes,
Some he persuades to trust the treacherous SCRIBES,
He twists a text, throws doubt upon the Cause,
Suggests respect for order, trust in laws,
Serving two masters with an equal grace—
One in his heart, the other to his face.
In such they put their faith; and so it fared
The hour drew nigh, and found them unprepared:
Dreaming of EDEN in GETHSEMANE,
These were thy victims, O Democracy!

And when the day came for the fateful choice
It was ISCARIOT who led their voice:
"BARABBAS" was their cry: the cunning thief
Had found a champion; the mob a chief.
HEROD and PILATE ceased their ancient feud
And LAW AND ORDER were that day renewed.

REG. REYNOLDS.

THE UNCONTROLLABLES

THE rumour got about just after the re-taking of Teruel by the Italians. I was talking to an American from the Brigade just back from the front. He described the ordered retreat of our troops. The morale has never been better—he told me—but we are all worried about what is going to happen in Barcelona.

The F.A.I. of course. The government had already sent troops to put down the threatened riots. And the reason? The terrible disorganisation in the food distribution.

We cannot deny that food is short. The important agricultural areas now in fascist hands, the enormous influx of refugees into Catalonia, danger for foreign cargo ships and internal transport-difficulties, surely explain it sufficiently. I felt obliged to quote from a recent speech of Negrin in which, replying to the criticism of a foreign journalist he said:—You seem to forget that we are on war rations. The government is concentrating on the organisation of the actual material of war. The food distribution (in the hands of the syndicates and co-operatives) can take care of itself. A country faced with real food shortage, such as Germany during the world war, does not learn to solve the problem of efficient distribution in a few months. The government is satisfied that the combatants and children are adequately nourished and civilians not submitted to unnecessary privations.

If we are to trust the words of the president—I said to my worried friend—the government declines responsibility on the food question. Most of the distribution of Catalonia goes through the syndicates. Who are they going to rise up against and attack for inefficiency?

In the course of the next few weeks I heard the rumour from: a republican lawyer, an employee in the French Consulate, a catalan newspaper man, a Swiss relief worker, and a Spaniard working officially for the Government. The last had received his information from the representative of an English liberal newspaper, who maintained that he had attended a VERY SECRET meeting of the F.A.I. at which plans for "running amok" and wholesale slaughter and destruc-

tion were openly discussed. I couldn't contact the journalist, who had gone off to the front; but I knew the source of "running amok." Anarchists running amok" was the slogan of the British Consulate in the days following the 19th of July. On this pretext hundreds of English and other foreigners who had no other work or home to go to were frightened, bullied and bundled in to British battleships.

A friend had occasion to visit the consulate. I offered to go with her to Sarria, a suburb of Barcelona where the consulate had moved to be quite safe from bombardments. But here we drew a blank! The British had retired to splendid isolation at Caldeas half way to the frontier. Telephone communications were cut by a recent bombardment and to get there meant an all day journey. They were not bothered much by British subjects now.

The excellent hotel was very gay. Full of foreign officials and rich Spaniards who felt more at home in the shadow of the embassies. The "Daily Mail" was being read quite openly. Nevertheless a certain nervousness was evident. During the two days we were there two cruisers and a battleship was lying off the shore. An official from the consulate told my friend that she must leave at once. Danger was imminent—particularly for women. Perhaps the anarchists are going to run amok again we suggested. His official discretion had been in vain. He was obliged to admit that such an event was hourly to be expected.

The ridiculous reasons given apart, the substance of the story is that the anarchists would bring about a state of confusion in the rear in order to

(Continued on page 3)

298. Plymouth: per L. Avery 10/-.
299. London: D. Zhouk 2/6.
301. London: C.R. £1.
302. London: V.R. 10/-.
300. London: G.A.L. 2/6.

—£36 7 2
Previously acknowledged £106/3/8
TOTAL £142/10/10

(1) Proceeds Bazaar held jointly by the Free Society Group and Workmen's Circle Branch No. 65.
(2) "Contributions from 1 Spanish and 55 Italian comrades on the South Coast."

OUR BALANCE SHEET

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Glasgow: J. Palinson 4/6; Los Angeles: R. Garcia 4/-; Washington: B. Siegel (per L. Kislink) 4/-; Brooklyn: A. Grossner 4/-, H. Comorau 4/- (per C. Cormorau); Illinois: Fairfield Porter 4/-; Mt. Carmel: J. Persoff 4/-; New York: P. Stern 4/-; Brooklyn: Murray Arm 4/-; S. Francisco: Chung Shih 4/-; Vancouver: M. Kournosoff 4/-; London: H. Lane 2/6; Birmingham: J. Southall 2/6; Sheffield: F. W. Chandler 4/6; Australia: Pietrobella 5/-; Oxford: A.E.M. 5/-; Essex: A. Thorne 4/6; Mass.: Leamington Dramatic Club 4/-.

—£3/12/6

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Barre: A. Nativi 8/-; Southend: M. Kavanagh 6/6; Glasgow: Meeting 8/6; F. Leech £2; Stroud: T. H. Keell 25/0; London: E. Man 10/-; London: W. Farrer 10/9; Chicago: C. Goldberg 18/-; London: M.L.B. 4/3; Johannesburg: L. Sapire £1/12/0; London: M.L.B. 3/8; Sundries 2/6; M.L.B. 7/3; Monks 9/6; Feldman 3/8; Sundries £1/11/10; W.W. 5/-; Wimbledon: E. Mannin 6/-; Glasgow: F. Leech 17/3; Liverpool: I. Hughes 1/6; London: E. Man 11/-; Goldberg 9d; S.A.L. 9d.

—£13/3/8

SOLIDARITY FUND.

Carlton, Australia: W. Fleming 10/-; S. Francisco: Chung Shih 6/-; Chicago Heights: R. Bello 12/-; Youngstown: per L. Pellegrini £1/5/0; London: T. Brown 1/3; Peckville: Part proceeds dance 16th April per Mary Giacomini £1; Barnet: T. Bard £1; Bristol: J. Richfield 1/-; London: D.A. 8/-; London: Tab (per V.R.) 2/-; White Plains, N.Y.: per S. de Cicco 15/10. —£6/1/1.

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ORPHANS FUND

3rd LIST
1-15th MAY

No. 290. Mishwauka, Indiana: per A. Casini £3/6/0.
291. Detroit, Mich.: per I. Refrattari £3/5/6.
292. Brooklyn, N.Y.: Circolo Volonta (per Michael) £1/16/9.
293. Brooklyn: Murray Arm 4/-.
294. London: E. Man 2/-.
295. Bristol: J. S. Richfield 1/6.
296. Chicago: per B. Yelensky (1) £20
297. Wollongong, N.S.W.: per L. Pietrobello (2) £5/6/5.
(Continued at foot of previous col.)

May Days Recalled CAMILLO BERNERI



were to supply arms, and on several occasions in Guerra di Classe which he was editing in Barcelona, he warned and gave good counsel to his Spanish comrades of this impending danger which was translated later into the terrorism and bloodshed of the tragic days in May. Berneri,

whilst not participating in the street fighting during those days, was amongst the first victims. He was carried off from his rooms by armed communists and his body was later found in one of the Barcelona streets by the Red Cross.

Little was done to establish the identity of the

culprits. Suggestions have been put forward in America; but the fact remains that the responsible party was the communist Cheka, working under instructions from above. Theirs is a no mean achievement for they have robbed the present day Libertarian movement of one of its most intelligent and lucid minds.

One would not feel so cruelly the loss of Camillo Berneri if one could look back through the year that has passed and say that Berneri's death — his sacrifice, has been the means of bringing our comrades to their senses, and has "shown the way" as the comrades of the C.N.T. wrote in their bulletin shortly after the May events.

But this has not been so. The C.N.T. continues to make all the sacrifices at the front and yet seems to have no power to liberate the thousands of comrades who fill the gaols of anti-fascist Spain. It is not allowed to speak out through its press because the heavy hand of the Censor deletes all. Solidaridad Obrera, for instance, was not even allowed to state who were the murderers of Camillo Berneri when it commemorated the first anniversary of his untimely death.

Where will it all end? Will those who knew and loved Berneri be able to say one day that his tragic end was a sacrifice which bore fruits? And the sacrifice of all those thousands and thousands of men, women and children who have been killed, and those thousands who to-day are starving but still resist . . . will their sacrifice serve to bring back the old order of things in Spain, whether under Franco or under some bourgeois Fascist Government hiding under the cloak of democracy? Or is this the first step in the foundation of a new Spain—a new Society where life will really be worth living?

Then will Berneri's sacrifice—then will the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands have been worth while and the tears of so many wives and friends be dried at the thought that the men of tomorrow will benefit and enjoy what has been brought to society by the sacrifice of their fathers.

V.R.

More eloquent than our words are those of Berneri himself. The Camillo Berneri Committee has worked well in producing such an excellent volume of letters and notes written by Berneri during his short life, with a preface by our indefatigable comrade Emma Goldman.

All comrades who read Italian should buy "PENSIERI E BATTAGLIE" (300 pages) 3/- (U.S.A. 75c.) post free, from "Spain and the World" offices.

ONE year has passed since Camillo Berneri was killed—foully murdered by Stalin's gangsters who made good use of the troubled days of May to stab in the back so many true revolutionaries who, by the very fact that they were true revolutionaries, were active critics of the present day regime in the U.S.S.R.

Camillo Berneri, with other comrades in France had rushed to Spain shortly after the rebellion of the Popular Front's Generals had broken out. He was not content to remain in the rear-guard, but went on the Huesca front to share the hardships and ever present dangers of his comrades. Later, convinced by his comrades that he could do more active work in the rearguard, he consented to return to Barcelona to carry on the struggle for the success of the Revolution, for Berneri, unlike the Communists, believed that the War and the Revolution in Spain were inseparable.

Before most comrades, he saw the possibility of communism (the Russian model) being imported to Spain as one of the conditions if Russia

'BERNERI'S CREDO'

(ENGLISH TRANSLATION By HERBERT READ)

GRANT that my heart shall not harden; that it may continue always to love all men, just as they are, wilful as children that must be led from ways of wildness, weak as the sick that must be restored to health.

Grant that this heart may always hear the fall of tears, even through the luminous warmth of its moments of joy.

Grant that within this heart there shall be no hidden places which the golden light of the sun and the colours of its setting cannot reach.

Grant that the remoteness of the city of the sun shall not lead me to abandon the cities of the world. If I should shut myself in a tower of ivory, let it be only as a fervent worker in the field of thought and knowledge. But this lot only belongs to one whose light is the light of genius. Many, too many, are those who have no eyes, or do not open them wide enough to the truths of science and philosophy; too many slaves have need of a Brutus or a

Spartacus; too many crowds cry to see Christ on Calvary that they may know that man becomes divine at the hour of sacrifice, that civilisation advances through the thorns, or perhaps retreats.

Grant that my heart shall not take pride in its beauties, and that my imagination shall not rest content with impossible deeds of heroism.

Grant that my will be steeped in trivial but continual endeavours and sacrifices.

* * *

Grant that my beloved may be as proud of me as I am of her.

Grant that I may be for ever tormented with discontent of myself and that I shall be ever anxious to make myself stronger and purer.

Grant that my daughters and friends in thinking of me may be impelled towards the good.

Grant that in dying I shall not be dissatisfied with my life.

Grant that I shall always be ready to die a death worthy of the life of a just man.

The C.N.T. and Anti-Fascist Unity

(Continued from page 1)

resting and crushing of the armies of the enemy; but it is the people who do not maintain order in the rear who loose the war. In this war, the disturbers of anti-fascist order must be considered as the best allies of fascism among us. We are at war. We cannot have more than one single thought and one single activity: to win the war and make war on fascism. All illegal political activity is a corruption of anti-fascist order. against Orobón Fernandez in our own centres when he proposed unity with the U.G.T. in 1933? The distance travelled since 1933 when it was practically forbidden to discuss such a subject until 1936-37, when this was probably discussed too much without the appropriate posing of conditions, is considerable. That is why it appears opportune to us, in view of the nefarious effects of totalitarianism, of dictatorships of persons and parties, to examine anew the question of our tolerance, in the light of the experiences gained and faced with the present situation in Spain.

And no libertarian militant must be guilty of this. There is but one way to avoid this: Do not pass beyond legality.

"To defend above everything else those comrades who, by the error of misunderstanding of the authorities, are imprisoned.

"It was a tradition in the libertarian movement to defend

The Uncontrollables

(Continued from page 2)

take control. If one believed this the rights and wrongs of it could be considered. Believe it for the sake of argument. Why did they not choose such an occasion as the bombardments in March, when hell was let loose over Barcelona for this purpose?

On the evening of the first day of continual bombardments the central part of the town (upper class residential and business) was deserted. Those who could not cram into the metro spent the night on the mountains. I did myself. Crossing the centre of the town I did not see one of the state guards usually so much in evidence (Government offices are up-town.) The unofficial evacuation of at least two thirds of the population was ENTIRELY in the hands of the transport workers.

Much more could and should be told of the glorious part these comrades have played throughout the war. I only touch on it here in connection with the red riot rumour and the general belief that the anarchists are an unstable lot liable to "go off" for

all those who fell into the hands of the Law. This is a splendid tradition and it is worth conserving in order to develop it during times of peace when this terrible war will have been concluded. But today, when fascism finds its best allies in those who disturb the rearguard and also the order at the fronts, our well-being, our lives and our dignity demand that the militant be sufficiently strong to occupy himself only with those who are really innocent and break with those who are imprisoned for having attempted to disturb the anti-fascist order."

no particular reason. The majority of transport workers are anarchists. The bus and tram drivers are C.N.T. to a man. In metro stations literally choked with homeless refugees, in endless queues of horror haunted people carrying their children and household possessions, it was these men, these anarchists who, unarmed and acting on their own authority, averted panic. All through that night they took us to safety. There were no accidents. And it is much harder to avert a panic than to start one.

But the rumour persists and is more widely accredited and has had a longer duration than any of the ordinary fascist "bulos." For two reasons. First it was started by our side. Second, there is some truth in it.

The re-taking of Teruel led to a certain amount of criticism of the government. It was understood that foreign intervention was the primary cause but there were contributory causes not very difficult to find. If further disaster should follow a scapegoat would be needed. Probably the rumour was not sponsored by responsible members of the government. But I can easily imagine it having been started in many centres simultaneously by some such talk as this.

"Now that things are going so badly the people are saying that the C.N.T.-F.A.I. ought to take control.

"Yes, but wouldn't that lead to? (action of pointing a gun.)

Here we have the birth of a presentable little rumour that can move in the best circles. The fascist will see to it that it goes everywhere else.

It is absolutely true that a number of ordinary Spaniards, who have not been particularly interested in who was running the war as long as it was run are now, in the face of real peril, beginning to wake up and ask: "But why doesn't the C.N.T.-F.A.I. do something? There are just as many stupid people in Spain as in any other country. I don't believe the C.N.T.-F.A.I. is planning to take over in the

way suggested. But I do believe that our comrades will be involved in street fighting very soon unless they take steps to prevent it.

At this moment there are hundreds of monarchists and fascists living absolutely free as air in Barcelona alone. I don't refer to the middle section of the bourgeoisie which palely reflects the colour of its surroundings, but to proved fascists whose histories can be checked up on. The Government is to blame, the C.N.T.-F.A.I. is to blame, we are all committing a crime against ourselves by indulging in this mistaken kind of chivalry. At any moment an advance of the Italian army may be the signal for concerted acts of provocation on the part of these people. If I know them, the comrades of the C.N.T.-F.A.I. would be the first to retaliate I believe that the Barcelona fascists are counting on this. The rumour of the "uncontrollables running amok" has prepared the ground for this. Now the patrols of the C.N.T. appear on the streets. There is confusion and panic. What is it all about? People lose their heads, and now (remember that I am using the arguments of a Barcelona fascist) the Italians walk in and international fascism has an alibi. Not that it needed one so far—any old lie will do—but still, there are a great number of foreign observers in Spain and abroad whom it would be as well to conciliate. Any remaining scruples of England and France could easily be overcome with: "You see, it was all nonsense about a People's Front—it was just anarchy."

There is not much chance of the fascist dream being realised. But the street fighting which is part of the plan is, I fear, inevitable, unless we wake up in time to the fascist menace within the cities.

Why do not our comrades who took matters into their own hands during the bombardments, save us from this infinitely greater danger by organising a thorough clean-up starting in the patio of the excellent hotel at Celdetas?

Friends' House Concert

At Friends' House on April 29th a literary and musical evening was held under the auspices of the S.I.A. for the assistance of the Spanish refugees. Well-known names in the musical and literary world figured in a very beautiful programme: Sidonie Goosens, the harpist, Max Pirani, the pianist, May Harrison, the violinist, Frederick Woodhouse, the singer. Herbert Read, the critic and poet, read a moving and beautiful poem of his own specially written for the occasion, and some translations of poems by the Spanish poet, Garcia Lorca, who was shot by the fascists. The Spanish poet, Luis Cerda, read some of his own poems in Spanish, and some of his friend, Garcia Lorca's. Dr. Stella Churchill translated the latter.

A group of Basque children from the I.L.P. colony at Street gave a delightfully un-selfconscious performance of their native songs and dances. Ethel Mannin, the novelist, gave a short address on art and Fascism, reminding the audience of the many fine artists of Germany, Austria and Italy whose voices had been stilled by fascism, and pointing out that a truly creative art could never flourish under Fascist oppression. Dr. Stella Churchill, in a moving and pointed speech, appealed to the audience for a collection, and afterwards called upon Emma Goldman, who asked that fountain pens and notepaper for the men on the Spanish fronts be sent to the S.I.A. office, so that the men fighting so gallantly against fascism might at least have the little consolation of being able to write home to their dear ones.

The refugee fund benefits by the evening, not as richly as had been hoped for, and the most we can do is all too little, but every effort is valuable, and every little helps.

Review by Dr. J. Steinberg

Women and the Revolution

Woman and the Revolution by Ethel Mannin (Secker & Warburg 10/6).

WE must be very grateful to Miss Mannin for this book on women and revolution. It contains something which is most essential and yet is sadly lacking in most social movements of to-day: respect for revolutionary heroism and admiration of revolutionary heroes.

The development and social storms of the last twenty years have shown, that political and economic factors alone do not suffice to launch a deeply-rooted movement in the oppressed masses. The masses can again and again be enlightened on the unworthy or unhappy state of their lives; they can even form powerful organisations (as in Germany!) — and yet, in the decisive historic moment they prove themselves unable to tread the road of emancipation. Why?

Because so far Socialist propaganda attributed no, or else very little value, to the personal education of the revolutionary character, to the development of moral faculties, the ability to sacrifice, the genuine altruism.

A real Socialist movement is impossible unless it bears that spirit which Aldous Huxley has recently called "non-attachment"; "Non-attachment to wealth, fame, social position." In describing the Irish Revolutionary Constance Markiewicz, Miss Mannin writes: "She has all the essentials of the Revolutionary—vitality, passion, fearlessness, vision." But all these qualities are not enough unless the fighter shows his indifference for the material comforts of life. Russian Revolutionary catechism even "demanded of the true Revolutionist that he give up home, parents, sweetheart, children, everything dear to one's being."

Unfortunately all this has been forgotten in the modern and respectable Socialist movement. And so it happened that the idea of heroism has been expropriated and prostituted by the Fascists of Italy and Germany. But the conception of a "Fuehrer" or a "Duce" is as remote as possible from that of a true Revolutionary hero. It is enough to remember that Fascism means a black ideology of man-hatred and contempt, while Socialism is established

on foundations of humanism and universal friendship of man.

Miss Mannin has placed before in turning to the women in her propaganda for the spirit of heroism. In the last analysis, the education of the youth in the family still depends on the women. If among them we combat that petit-bourgeois mentality, that race for success and pleasure, society as a whole will benefit. Constance Markiewicz wrote in 1918: "If women are good enough to take part in the fight, they are good enough to vote." To-day we must reverse her words: if women are

New Books

able to vote and to realise their political rights, they must learn to participate in the great social struggle of our time.

Miss Mannin has placed before us a gallery of wonderful women, so that one does not know whom to admire the most. Figures of all nations are represented here: the whole of humanity shares in this revolutionary heroism. There is Louise Michel, that strange harmony of rebellious severity and infinite kindness. There is Vera Figner who, while still a young woman, represented the "Narodnaya Volya" and threatened Czarism. For eighteen years she was buried in a stone-cage and yet, famous as the "Madonna of the Schluesselburg Fortress" she remained full of life even "when the clock of Life stopped."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A REPORTER IN SPAIN

Inside Spain by Geoffrey Brereton (Quality Press 3/6).

THERE is some good material in Mr. Brereton's book. He had the advantage of being able to hitch-hike across Spain, from Barcelona to Valencia and Madrid, visiting and chatting to people in all walks of life.

It is somewhat dangerous — owing to unreliability — to reproduce the remarks of individuals in matters which cannot be satisfactorily answered by people chosen at random. Actually, in the chapter on the Anarchists, he met with three men who belonged to the F.A.I.; intelligent men whose remarks might on the whole be approved by the majority of

their comrades. But the remarks of a tram conductor and a street guard both of whom apparently disliked both the Communists, Anarchists and the Workers Committees, give a false impression as to the general outlook of the Spanish workers. Their resistance even to-day against such heavy odds would seem to prove this.

Further, there are a few inaccuracies, such as for instance the remark that Companys "broadcast the order to mobilize and arm the workers." Companys did nothing of the kind. Politicians always avoid arming the workers. And, after Fascism had been crushed, so as to excuse himself, he stated in an interview with the "News-Chronicle" that he could not arm the workers as there were no arms with which to arm them!

Another remark which stands out appears in the chapter dealing with the Anarchists. One of the Anarchists travelling on the lorry was a youth who pointed out that one does not import "foreign forms of government" into a country, and as if to make his point clearer he asked "if you heard that some form of government had succeeded in Turkey, would you rush to apply it to England?"

To which Brereton replies "I did not trouble to point out that, since the English political system is as nearly perfect as man can make it, the possibility of even considering a change did not arise." Which is an answer one might expect from Col. Blimp and the English diehards, but not from Mr. Brereton!

The concluding chapter consists of a "Dialogue with the reader," and possibly it is one of the most interesting chapters in the book for those people who have such distorted notions as to the issues at stake in Spain. Mr. Brereton shows that one of the chief reasons for the Spaniards' hatred of the Church and its representatives is the fact that in Spain, "Church" spells "Oppression."

Inside Spain is not an outstanding work, but it is nevertheless quite interesting even as a travel book. The political side, apart from certain glaring inaccuracies, is useful — for an understanding of the various organisations working in Spain.

Libertarian.

Review by Ethel Mannin "Homage to Catalonia"

Homage to Catalonia by George Orwell. (Secker & Warburg, 10/6).

IN 1937 there was published by the Left Book Club an angry, maddening, admirable, valuable and tiresome book, entitled "The Road to Wigan Pier," by George Orwell, the author of some first-rate novels and a bitter indictment of the social system, "Down and Out in London and Paris." In "The Road to Wigan Pier," Orwell complained that "Socialism, at least in this island, does not smell any longer of revolution and the overthrow of tyrants; it smells of crankishness, machine-worship and the stupid cult of Russia." Passionately Socialist himself, in the broadest sense, he cried, "Justice and Liberty! Those are the words that have got to ring like a bugle across the world." It was a violent, vehement, confused book; a groping book. Now, in 1938, comes his new book, "Homage to Catalonia," the story of Orwell's experiences as a P.O.U.M. militiaman, and parallel with that the story of the clarification of his revolutionary ideas.

He went to Barcelona in the first place, in December 1936, with the idea of writing some newspaper articles; he joined the militia almost immediately, "because at that time and in that atmosphere it seemed the only conceivable thing to do. The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and the revolution was still in full swing ... It was the first time that I had ever been in a town where the working-class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists ... Every shop and cafe had an inscription saying that it had been collectivised; even the bootblacks had been collectivised and their boxes painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal ... Down the Ramblas, the wide central artery of the town where crowds of people streamed constantly to and fro, the loud-speakers were bellowing revolutionary songs all day and far into the night ... Above all there was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having suddenly emerged into an era of equality and freedom. Human beings were trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine."

After three and a half months on the Aragon front, weary months

of intense cold, boredom, long periods of inaction, rifles and machine-guns that jammed, smells, dirt, lice, Orwell was back in Barcelona on leave, and found that the revolutionary atmosphere had vanished. The reason was not far to seek. By then not the Anarchists but the Communists were in the saddle. The edict had gone forth from the U.S.S.R. to the Spanish Government, "Prevent revolution or you get no weapons," in line with Soviet foreign policy since 1934. Orwell describes how "a general bourgeoisie-ification," a deliberate destruction of the equalitarian spirit of the first few months of the revolution, was taking place ... what had seemed on the surface and for a brief instant to be a workers' State was changing before one's eyes into an ordinary bourgeois republic with the normal division into rich and poor." He rightly analyses the Popular Front as "an alliance of enemies," and realises what he failed to realise before he went to Spain, that such an alliance must always end by one partner swal-

Orwell gives an eye-witness account of the Barcelona "rising," and disproves from his own personal knowledge the Communist lies and slanders concerning the P.O.U.M. and the Anarchists. His analysis of the Communist propagandist campaign of "Trotsky-Fascist" accusations is very ably done and very readably presented, despite the author's instinctive horror of party politics.

The revolutionary feeling lasted longer in the strip of Aragon controlled by Anarchist and P.O.U.M. troops. As late as June 1937, "General and private, peasant and militia-man, still met as equals; everyone drew the same pay, wore the same clothes, ate the same food and called everyone else 'thou' and 'comrade'; there was no boss-class, no menial-class, no beggars, no prostitutes, no lawyers, no priests, no boot-licking, no cap-touching." He found there "the most revolutionary section of the Spanish working class." He describes it as "tens of thousands of people, mainly though not entirely of working-class origin, all living at the same level and mingling on terms of equality ... Many of the normal motives of civilized life — snobbishness, money-grubbing, fear of the boss, etc. — had simply ceased to exist. The ordinary class-division of society had disappeared to an extent that is almost unthinkable in the money-tainted air of England." He is of the opin-

ion that "of course" it could not have lasted. Some of his excellent analytic ability should have been brought to bear here; there is no reason to suppose that it would not have lasted had not the war, in his own words, been "narrowed down to a war for democracy" which made it "impossible to make any large-scale appeal for working-class aid abroad." He realises very well the apathy of the international working-class to the Spanish war, and points out that "the way in which the working-class in the democratic countries should really have helped their Spanish comrades was by industrial action — strikes and boycotts." But Labour and Communist leaders insisted on that much abused word "democracy," and as Orwell observes, "Since 1914-1918 'war for democracy' has had a sinister sound," and if the appeal to the workers of the world had been made "in the name of 'democratic Spain' but of 'revolutionary Spain,' it is hard to believe that they would not have got a response." Beginning by seeing the war purely as an anti-Fascist struggle by the Spanish Government against "a maniacal outbreak by an army of Colonel Blimps in the pay of Hitler," Orwell began to realise the political implications involved, that "for the first few months of the war Franco's real opponent was not so much the Government as the trade unions," after a few months in Spain he began to perceive that "perhaps the P.O.U.M. and Anarchist slogan, 'The war and the revolution are inseparable,' was less visionary than it sounds."

"Homage to Catalonia" is a book which should on no account be missed by any sincere student of the Spanish struggle. As a narrative it is so enthralling that reading it in trains I became so immersed in it that I once got out at the wrong station, and once sat reading solidly whilst the train I wanted came in and went out again and left me still reading. It is a "thriller" in the best sense of the term. On the political side, as a study at first-hand of the issues involved, it is a book to turn to and read and re-read. The author is desperately anxious to be fair, conscious that he has seen "only one corner of events." The result is an honest, careful, passionately sincere book, apart from being an exciting one, and one which can scarcely fail to live long in the memory of any reader with imagination and a love of freedom. It is the record of a vital experience vitally conveyed.

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