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Chinese and Korean intellectuals know better than any one else that the Western front of Civilization is in Spain, and the Eastern front in China.

SEU-RING-HAI (Chinese writer)

NEW MESSAGES of sympathy to the Spanish people on the first anniversary of the siege of Madrid

We pride ourselves on having on our side the sympathy and the moral assistance of the leaders of world intelligence, not the timorous politicians, but the most brilliant writers and scientists of every nation. The testimonies of some of them are given below:

GUGLIELMO FERRERO

Italian essayist and historian:

The Spanish Republic is the only State, amidst the apathy of the rest of the world, which has had enough courage to present armed resistance to fascist usurpation. All men conscious of the tremendously precarious situation of Western Civilization wish to spare Europe the danger and Spain the horror that the establishment of a third fascist government amongst the European powers would mean.

HEINRICH MANN

German writer:

The heroism of the Spanish people raises the courage of all peoples both free or oppressed.

Your resistance has an immense moral value.

It convinces the peoples of the world of that obvious truth: that the oppressors cannot have any more easy victories.

You must rout them! The world will breathe freely, and you will be worthy of that profound affection which humanity pours on you.

RIK BLOMBERG

Swedish writer:

Madrid has become the symbol not only of the struggle of the Spanish people to defend their liberty, but also of the struggle of humanity against ignorance and superstition, against barbarism and tyranny. And if we want to live, we cannot sacrifice our ideals. Democracies pay lip service to democratic ideals, but in reality betray them. The will of the people must force democracy to adopt a truly democratic policy, to form a solid block, an alliance against unscrupulous oppression.

In Sweden, where from the beginning of the war the great majority of the people have shown their ardent sympathy for the Spanish Republic, the best of the young Swedish writers, who are strongly attached to democratic ideals, quickly reacted during the "Spanish week" to pay homage to the Spanish people for their heroic defense of their liberty and their culture. In doing this, these young writers have undoubtedly expressed the predominant feelings of the whole Swedish people.

The struggle of the Spanish people is

our own struggle. Spain is fighting for us. We must supply her with arms.

SEU-RING-HAI

Chinese writer:

At present fascism, which can live only on corpses, and Democracy, which represents Liberty, Justice and Culture, are engaged in their final battle.

Chinese and Korean intellectuals know better than anyone else that the Western front of Civilization is in Spain, and the Eastern front in China.

In the name of China I wish to pay homage to the heroic resistance put up by the people of Madrid, to the defenders of this glorious city which symbolizes the defense of the liberty and independence of the whole world.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

French writer:

The first anniversary of the heroic resistance of the people of Madrid fills the hearts of the people of Europe with admiration and sorrow. They regard with desperation the despicable treason committed by their governments, which, not satisfied with refusing to give assistance to the Spanish Republic, the authentic and resigned defender of Western liberties, have created the cowardly and perfidious non-intervention farce in order to tie the hands of the Spanish people.

At any rate the International Brigade has gloriously shown the active brotherhood of the people of the world. They are not guilty of the same infamy as their governments.

Let my independent voice praise the epic magnificence of the worthy descendants of those who broke the military power of Napoleon, the greatest tyrant Europe has ever known. Tomorrow they will break the impudent "duces", and the stupid "führers" who dare attack the dignity and liberty of the old unconquerable people who buried themselves under the ruins of Numancia and came to life again and have spread their glory over their conquerors and over humanity.

H. R. LENORMAND

French dramatist:

In the name of the Guild of Dramatic Authors, affiliated to the Confédération Générale du Travail (C. G. T.) and in my

own name, I wish to send to you the homage of our sympathy and our sincerity. The tragedy that Madrid is living through is far greater than any man can write.

I. MEYERSON

Director of the Sorbonne Laboratory:

Civilization has always been difficult to build up, but it can be very easily destroyed.

We do not know exactly how many civ-

ilizations have entirely disappeared from the face of the earth in the past.

We feel that the fate of our civilization is closely bound to that of the Spanish Republic, and the defenders of the Spanish Republic have all our sympathy.

RENE MAUBLANC

Professor at the French University:

Last year at this same time we were in anguish; Madrid was threatened; Madrid was in danger of falling under the sway of international fascism. And our anguish was increased by shame and regret. If Madrid should fall, France would be in part responsible.

Madrid has been saved, saved by the heroic resistance of the people of Madrid, saved also by the assistance given by another country less blind than our own.

Against fascist violence, against aggressive countries, against the open or veiled complicity of international capitalism, against the aggression of the most stupid forces of the world: steel and gold, guns and safes, bleeding Madrid represents everything that free and civilized men love and worship: culture, art, love of humanity and peace. In Madrid lie all our hopes.

PRESIDENT AZAÑA in his recent speech at Madrid

THE GREATNESS OF MADRID

The greatest merit in life, both in that of a man and in that of a people, is to raise oneself with every effort, to the greatness of one's destiny, especially when that destiny is undeserved and cruel; and Madrid and the Spanish people as a whole have not deserved nor desired the terrible destiny which we are suffering. You, the people of Madrid, have faced this destiny with calmness, simplicity and grace which was to be expected of you as capital of an old civilized country.

From your former light-heartedness, from the habits of carefree life, which was the lot of our people, from the many centuries separating all of us from the great dramas of History, you have found the calm and smooth path of raising yourselves to meet the tragedy, without boasting and without excessive words. Nobody will say of you that you are a false or

boastful people. And, moreover, you have brought new meaning into an old expression which seemed to have fallen into disuse, "Castilian loyalty". Your President greets you, if you will allow him, in view of your example, which is a lesson to all; he greets you as a disciple.

Why has Madrid been able to make this gigantic effort? Why has Madrid raised itself to such greatness? Perhaps by fulfilling a strict duty of loyalty? Not only by this; but also by an unshakable desire for freedom. I suppose nobody any longer believes the stupid story that there was a large foreign army in Madrid which stopped the people of Madrid from surrendering to the invader; nobody believes this any more. In Madrid there is nobody but the sons of Madrid, who with uniform and without, with rifle and without, but with the unshakable desire, and without being forced by anyone, and with the conscience of free men, are resolved to perish before surrendering to tyranny.

Franco's supporters abroad <objectively> informed by means of properly arranged pictures, are astonished to notice that there really are A NUMBER OF SPANIARDS fighting in the Nationalist Army.

"I am also of the opinion that you would be well advised to have a series of good pictures made showing your own troops in action and their life in the trenches. Many of my countrymen are astonished to find through the medium of my pictures that there are actually a number of Spaniards fighting in the Nationalist Army."

(From a letter addressed by Mr. Russell Palmer to Sr. Merry del Val, the original of which is in our files.)

Rebel Officer Likens Loyalists to Rats; 'Must Kill Them,' Says He

(Editor's note: The writer of this article was a correspondent with the forces of Gen. Franco during the early days of the Spanish civil war.)

BY JOHN T. WHITAKER.
Special correspondent

London, England. — Correspondents and foreign officers alike heard with incredulity at first the arguments advanced by Franco's officers and leaders of the Falangistas. What are the ideas motivating these men who are freeing Spain from «Marxist tyranny» and «red barbarism!»

An officer of Franco's staff in a responsible position explained the policy of extermination to this correspondent as follows.

«We have got to kill a third of the population of Spain. Sanitation, sewage and other results of pseudo scientific progress were put into this country unhappily at a time when the upper classes were not strong enough to enforce the true destiny of Spain.

«In other times, before sewage, rats like Caballero would have died, would have been killed by plagues and epidemics. We would not have had him as a problem. Sewage disposal makes it possible for these rats, who are carriers of communism to thrive. We must kill them, all of them—every rat in Spain who voted for the republic.»

GENTLEMEN BOAST OF DEEDS.

A titled gentleman who helps Franco on financial and economic policies carried the argument further. He said to this correspondent: «Spain will never have an unemployment program again when once we have killed a third of the population.»

The chief of the falangist party in three provinces added a personal touch by drawing a tin coughdrop box out of his pocket. It was full of fingernail parings. «I've got a list of red leaders», he said to this correspondent, «and when we win the war I'm going to put these nail cuttings into their eyes and ask them then it they see Spain through red eyes.»

After the capture of Toledo, where the red wounded were burned alive in the hospital and thousands of noncombattants and prisoners «executed», another falangist leader boasted of the number he had killed himself in cold blood. Patting his pistol, he said to this correspondent: «I killed 122 with this automatic.»

Many a correspondent has spent weeks with the Franco army and come out without having seen atrocities. Correspondents are herded together by press officers and taken into villages hours after the «mop up» work is done. No correspondent, however, who was enterprising enough to make contacts with colonels in the field so that he entered villages with troops under fire, has escaped the machine-gunning of prisoners.

Members of the guardia civil are segregated as a corps which served the republic merely because it took over from the king. They are «redeemable.» The others are lined up. When a village is taken there is a sudden and awful quiet as the firing dies away. Then throughout the whole of the half-destroyed village the machine guns start—mowing down the prisoners. They are described to the party of journalists, who arrive hours later, as «killed in the battle.»

One can hardly blame a correspondent for disliking the arrest and brow-beating and danger of death which almost invariably follows for any journalists who are found without press officer escort. Journalists who avoid the front often miss killings behind the lines, too. This is difficult, however, if they bother ever to examine the civilian corpses which line the highways all over Franco's Spain in the early hours of every morning. Later in the day they are tossed out of the ditches and into the fields.

This correspondent remembers too well the corpses of five peasant women in the Talavera-Madrid highway early one morning. The eyes of one of them were open in terror and another had a rifle bullet through a hand with which she had tried to cover her face. Looking at these still warm corpses one could remember scores like them behind the Franco lines—men and women harried out and killed in the night. And scores of reds «dead in action» along the highway, only their hands were tied behind their backs.

Using Talavera de la Reina as a behind-the-front base off and on for four months, this correspondent had a sleeping place near the prison. Every morning that part of town would be awakened by the volley of the executioners, killing fresh «reds» in the prison courtyard.

The incredible thing is that over the four months the killings never slackened. The enemies of Spain behind the lines were being harried out and still found for months after the Talavera area was occupied.

This systematic policy of extermination has been carried so far that Franco's government announced and let journalists report a few weeks ago the trial of 90,000 government prisoners taken during the Santander campaign. If only a few of these men here and there were killed where has Franco got the 89,000-odd «prisoners» who remain? Where is that concentration camp?

ITALIANS PROTEST CAPTURE.

And why was there no publicity for another incident at Santander, revealed

by indignant Italian allies of Franco. Italian sources revealed that they had arranged terms for the surrender. The Italians had promised a large group the loyalists safe conduct. The loyalists were already on two British ships, newspapers reported, when Franco's orders that they were to be held. The Italians protested bitterly, but yielded. This gives some indication of the conditions which obtain on the Franco side. Without understanding them it is easy to assume that an armistice can be arranged for the withdrawal of foreign troops, during which the saner elements of Spaniards on both sides will assert themselves and thus spare the country further bloodshed.

Breaking down beneath the propaganda which comes from both sides the picture is not so encouraging. Is there a sane element left in Spain? Can the loyalists make peace with a foe bent on extermination? Can Franco stand without a foreign army of occupation? At the moment no one of these questions can be answered in the affirmative.

(«The Chicago Daily News», 22-10-37)

Franco Cannot Win, by Louis Fischer

(an extract from «The Nation»)

Each time I come out of Spain the calm and peace seem abnormal. Loud sounds do not come from bursting shells nor do airplanes drop bombs. The battalions and material that defiled through the Champs Elysées to celebrate the fall of the Bastille could finish Franco in a month and save France. France and England and Spain. Governments allege that their sole purpose is to keep the civil war from spreading throughout Europe. But why should the Spanish people alone face the forces of darkness?

I have allowed a week to intervene between me and Spain before undertaking a review of the first year of civil war. On July 17—twelve months ago—Franco rose in Morocco. Twenty-four hours later his rebellion was carried to the mainland. What has happened since then?

The oath-breaking generals must be disappointed. They never respected the common people. They never understood the social processes which they wished to stop. They therefore expected victory in a fortnight. Hitler and Mussolini fell into the same error. The whole Spanish civil war rests on a miscalculation. For actually the fascists have nursed their enemy to maturity and power. The Spanish republic was never as strong and real as it is today. When I suggested to a Spanish leader in Valencia that the war was substituting nationalist cohesion for feudal particularism—the Andalusian, Asturian, Castilian, and even the Catalan is becoming a Spaniard—he said the same thing began to happen in 1808. Mussolini is completing the work of Napoleon. Russia and Spain defeated Bonaparte. They thereby resisted the French Revolution and their own future.

Spain's feudal classes impeded economic change and the emergence of a fruitful nationalism. Now the masses, aided by those bourgeois elements whose weakness gave them the time and detachment to read history, have assumed both these tasks. Since July, 18, 1936, the Spanish Loyalists have achieved a miracle of organization and discipline. The people of the depths have asserted themselves and discovered unsuspected sources of vigor, resistance, and leadership. The friends of Loyalist Spain are proud of its successful struggle against tremendous odds. Loyalist Spain is beginning to be proud of itself. At public meetings every reference to the beauty and potentialities of Spain, and to the nobility and glory in sacrifice of the Spanish people, is vociferously applauded. Once, when a lyrical speaker used the phrase «from Asturias to Aragon to Catalonia to Andalusia», a soldier shouted «Viva Andalusia.» It sounded strange, and there was no echo. In Francoland they cry «Viva España» and mortgage Spain to Germany and Italy. The fact that the war in

Spain is more and more a struggle against foreign invasion tends to intensify nationalist feeling. Deserters who have passed into Loyalist lines in recent months usually explain their act by disgust with foreign domination among the insurgents. Nationalism thus offers opportunities for propaganda in rebel territory and makes a pointed and honest argument for outside consumption. Spain is undoubtedly fighting to remain independent and free, and Franco is an enemy of his country because he is defending his class. The radicals must undertake a function which the reactionaries have discarded—to protect national interests. Negrin, the socialist, is by the testimony of events a better Spaniard than the «nationalist» Franco. He is a better Spaniard because he is antifascist and socialist.

Bourgeois-born nationalism seek to ignore or blur or suppress class differences. The nationalism that has grown out of the class conflict in Spain has the same name but another nature. It contains potentialities of evil, to be sure, yet it is first of all inevitable. Nobody in Spain invented this phenomenon; it came. It is, moreover, a mighty weapon. And as long as revolutionary regimes are few and isolated and therefore confined to limited geographical areas, their form must be national though their content need not be bourgeois.

The civil war was born a class war. In its present phase it is a war between nations. But the Loyalist nation is inspired by a social purpose, and the opposing camp is fascist. Thus the class issue has not disappeared. It has expanded. President Azaña, with whom I had a two-hour talk—it was a thrilling but unpublishable interview—thinks of himself as the standard-bearer of the republic and the supreme exponent of the new nationalism.

The central authorities are increasing their economic prerogative by establishing export monopolies for various important products and by setting up the government itself as sole importer. For the national exchequer is the only source of gold and foreign currency for purchases abroad.

Through it all, much better economic and military organization has been achieved in the last twelve months. The dislocation of economy is far less than one would expect in a civil war so murderous and prolonged; in fact, in many ways life is much too normal and comfortable. Thanks to the valiant efforts of the Minister of Agriculture, Vincent Uribe, farm output is expected to be 10 per cent higher this year than in the last year of peace. A clever handling of the peseta, energetic mobilization of domestic gold and foreign bond accumulations, and a wise foreigntrade policy make Valencia

a financial Gibraltar. I suspect it even profited from the fall of the French franc. The country is not exhausted by the war. Some provinces, indeed, have felt it very little. Nor has the spirit tired. The nearer one gets to the front the more enthusiasm one encounters, and in Madrid and its environs there exists something which is sublime—suffering with dignity, perfect calm in the midst of ubiquitous danger, and a passion for victory. The most encouraging change has taken place in the army. The war used to be laughably amateurish. What I saw at the fronts recently was impressive in its seriousness. The technical equipment employed in the latest Madrid offensive was superior in quantity and quality to that employed in any similar battle during the World War. And—mirabile dictu—the preparations were kept secret. This surely shows that Spain is changing. I am more convinced than ever that the Loyalists will win. They can hold out for years. Can Germany and Italy hold Franco up for years?

PRESIDENT AZAÑA

in his recent speech at Madrid

THE MORALE OF THE ARMY

A new military morale has been built up. To what is this due? I do not know. We could point to people, we could point to efforts; but there is one thing higher than personal efforts and personal capability, and that is the moral revolution working in the mind of the combatant once he realizes his enormous responsibility and once he understands what is at stake. A new military morale has been formed. I have had many occasions and many reasons for admiring it; but I have had few opportunities to speak about it and to make it known. And since there are present at this moment many leaders of the Army defending Madrid, and in defending Madrid they are defending Spain and the Republic, I am pleased to speak of this morale and to greet them and praise them.

I have never been a soldier; but I know what the morale of a soldier is. I have never fought at the front; but I know the moral effort needed to fight and especially to command during a fight. And I know that one of the finest human types which can be produced in modern times is the discipline of combat and military discipline when it is centred in a noble heart, because then the noble man guided by duty and discipline and risking his life at every step, gives the maximum which can be expected from the heart of man. You, soldiers of Spain, receive my applause, my admiration and the testimony of my gratitude in the name of the whole country. (Great applause.)

WAS A PRISONER OF THE REBELS IN SEVILLE

I

News of the rising in Morocco reached Seville on July 17. I belonged to the prison staff, and when I presented myself for duty that day, I was told the situation was easy, and was ordered to remain permanently on duty. I do not know what happened outside at the time. I had no contact with anybody but a few fascists who were in prison and who were rejoiced at the news. Although they were prisoners, all at once they became masters of the prison.

—¡Arriba España! they shouted repeatedly.

—Now those brutes are going to know what is good for them.

—But when are we going to get out of here? some of them asked impatiently.

Although it was against prison rules, none of the members of the prison staff dared interfere with their jubilation. The warden himself called the falangists to his office, and a little later came out with them talking and smiling as if they were the best of friends.

On July 18 the prison guard was reinforced. I was informed that Martial Law had been declared as a precaution against a Communist rising, and that General Queipo de Llano was the Governor of Seville. That same day the prison doors were opened to the fascists, and a few common criminals, who also cried Viva España! got out with them.

On July 19 something terrible happened. Some other members of the staff and myself were called by the warden, who said to us:

—Place yourselves at the disposal of these gentlemen and turn over to them all the prisoners they may require.

The gentlemen to whom he referred were a group of swaggering young men, wearing blue shirts, Sam Brown belts and carrying guns. Their behaviour seemed to us highly provocative.

The leader of the "gentlemen" had a list. He read out to M. the names of the men they wanted to take out. M. was a keeper whom we all knew for his cruelty and his royalist ideas.

I saw the four men selected. They did not have the least notion as to what the "gentlemen" were up to.

—You are communists, aren't you? The leader asked them. From now on every one in Spain will have to cry "Viva Falangists."

They poked the prisoners with their guns, and pushed them around. That was the first inkling I had that they were communists. I knew they were in prison on account of some disturbance or other that had occurred at the Triana docks.

They were not taken away on an official car. They were pushed into a private black touring car. I remember these details because those four men were the first to be taken out of prison to be killed. It was merely the beginning.

ALL OF THEM MUST BE EXTERMINATED

Arrests were made every day, and the prisoners were brought in by truck loads. Most of them were workers, common laborers. There were also some well dressed men. The names of some of them were familiar to me: José Pérez García, President of the Left Republican Party, Dr. Juan Martín Niclos...

Some days they brought in prisoners by the hundreds. The prison was getting too small to hold them. They were crowded eight and ten into each cell and scarcely had room enough to lie down. I wondered what crime they and committed, what tribunal had sentenced them.

—They are "reds", M. told me.

The bodies of many of the prisoners were badly bruised by the beatings they had received. I saw many men taken out

of prison to be subjected to severe beatings in order to extort confessions from them. They always came back badly disfigured and broken.

—Not a single one will be left to tell the tale, the fascist said. We must exterminate them. This is a favorite word with the fascists: extermination—extermination of the "reds".

Groups of men were taken out every night—fifteen, sixteen—who we knew would never come back. They went to their death. The prisoners lived in constant terror. Whenever M. came into a cell with his ominous list, accompanied by armed falangists, the men trembled with fear and uncertainty. All wondered who would be next. The men who were taken out of prison were invariably destined to the torture chamber or the shooting wall, or both.

Up to August 7, 1936, they had taken 300 men out of prison to be murdered. On August 8, I myself was arrested.

THE SINISTER REBOLLO

Rebollo was—and no doubt still is—the man who engineered the round-ups to arrest masses of people. His name is hated in every corner of Seville. It is written in blood in all the districts of Seville: Pumarejo, Triana, Macarena, Amate.

I think that M., who detested me, denounced me to Rebollo. I wondered what his accusation against me was. On the night of August 8, they came banging at my door. I thought something was wrong in the prison, and was not surprised when on opening the door I was faced by half a dozen falangists of the type I knew so well.

—Are you Z? (I must not disclose my name here because my mother and my wife are still hiding in Seville). Come along with us, they said.

I was slightly alarmed.

—Will you tell me what it is all about? I asked.

—Don't bother, you will be told.

Two of the falangists remained behind searching my house.

They took me straight to prison. I scanned my memory to see if I could discover any possible reason for my arrest, what they could possibly find in my home that might be incriminating... And this quieted me somewhat.

When I arrived at the prison everything was disclosed to me. I was accused of being a "red". Rebollo had said that I was a dangerous individual.

I AM GOING TO BE SHOT!

Images of what I have seen, of what I have suffered, still torture my mind today. I have slept in the same cell as men who were destined to be shot the next day. I saw many men shot en masse in the prison court-yard. What we dreaded most was that we would be tortured before being shot. This was commonly done. We had seen men doubled up in agony as a result of strong doses of castor oil, or sodium sulphate, or crude oil, which had been forcibly administered to them.

My turn to be taken out of prison came on August 11. I set out trembling with apprehension and fear. Visions of the torture chamber flashed before me. We knew well how they treated men there in order to extort confessions from them. I had nothing to confess!

I was taken to a police station which I knew. They questioned me about some men who were hiding, asked me whether I knew where they were hiding, and a few other things about which I knew nothing.

—You don't want to come out with it, do you? they said menacingly.

Then I was taken to the court-yard where other prisoners were standing. I heard some one say:

—Make room for that one. He is going to be shot too.

II

Things went along so rapidly that I hardly had time to take in what was happening. It seemed to me absurd that I should be there at that particular police station. I knew almost every policeman there. Also, that I should be among men I had never met before, waiting to be shot along with them. But why, why were they going to shoot me? I could not find any connection between myself and any dreadful events that had taken place in Seville.

That night at about three o'clock I was taken into the police station to make another statement. Inspector S. knew me. He had always seemed to me to be a man politically unbiased, who only thought of his career.

I was accused also of having red and marxist literature in my house. I only had some books by Gorky, whom I loved, and some newspapers like the "Heraldo de Madrid" and the "Liberal" of Seville. But there was something else still more dreadful. A young fellow—a young socialist, I think—who had been arrested a few days before, had given my name as a reference. Although I knew it would be fatal to me, I could not deny that I knew him.

Inspector S. ordered me to be taken back to prison. My case would be turned over to a court martial.

—You must know some one who can help you, they told me.

—Yes, I could manage it.

WITHOUT CONFESSING.

Every night men were taken out of prison to be killed. The prisoners had only one hope: to be conscripted into the foreign legion. However, many declared that they would rather die than go to the front to fight their own brothers.

We spoke about the war. We knew that Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia and many other provinces were controlled by the Government.

I saw men subjected to awful punishments. One day they accused the prisoners in my section of making a collection for the International Red Fund. It was not true. They had only made a collection to buy cigarettes for a fellow prisoner who was sentenced to death.

The accused men were taken out and flogged until their executioners were exhausted.

I remember one of them. A great chap he was, Alfonso Torres Medina. He was requested to confess before a priest, and he refused. He was told that his life would be spared if he confessed. Still he refused. Then one of the keepers, Máximo Mesa, struck him with his fist and knocked him down.

—Will you confess now, you dog? Answer me, you dog? he kept repeating over him.

Torres Medina died without confessing.

THE PEOPLE OF SEVILLE HOPE THAT THE REPUBLIC WILL SAVE THEM.

The order was given to release me provisionally. I was closely watched, so I had to move cautiously. The terror was in full swing. It was estimated that at least 35,000 persons had disappeared. The military dictatorship was strongly felt in Seville.

Clothes in particular are very scarce and expensive. People with reduced means cannot afford to buy new clothes. Many people go without underwear.

I wanted above all to find out what the attitude of the people was. In spite of my being so closely watched, I was able to make some enquiries. The majority of the people were against the rebels. Every day cartoons of Queipo de Llano and Franco, and signs "Viva el Frente Popular" appeared on walls all over the city.

What impressed me most was the joy with which the people watched the Loyalist planes when they flew over Seville. Although it was dangerous for them, they did not much bother to hide their joy.

Seville does not live detached from the Republic. Not at all. There are "many friends" who have radios and get news from Madrid. It is a crime to listen in to news from the Loyalist side, and the rebels keep a special watch on suspicious people; but in spite of this, ways and means are found to spread the news among "friends".

The people of Seville are always waiting for something unexpected to happen. They only await the signal from some one, from somewhere, so that they can get hold of Queipo de Llano and choke him to death.

(From Frente Rojo, Barcelona, 11, 27-37, from a man recently escaped from Seville.)

The Military Situation

Another week has passed and still the great offensive announced by the rebels has not commenced. One naturally seeks an explanation for this delay, since the postponement of this attack which for the past six weeks has been proclaimed from the housetops cannot be expected to enhance Franco's prestige abroad, where talk of this great massive offensive has been incessant, nor can it raise the morale of the people behind the insurgent lines.

What then are the motives for such a delay? The answer seems to lie in the fact that in spite of the additional men and material that they have been able to transfer to other fronts following the conquest of the North and in spite of the arrival of 30,000 more Italian legionaries during the course of the past three months, the insurgents are not quite as strong as they expected to find themselves or as they have led the world to believe.

Let us examine the forces at their disposal. They now have approximately 100,000 Italians, 20,000 Germans, 10,000 Portuguese, white Russians and other nationalities, and 30,000 Moors. They total 160,000 and it is interesting to note

that there is not one Spaniard among them.

Franco's Spanish troops are composed of civil guards, phalangists, requetes and, most numerous of all, eleven levies of working-class and peasant recruits, who have no sympathy whatsoever for the cause for which they are forced to fight, and who as a fighting element are decidedly inferior to the foreign troops.

The foreign legion fighting on the side of the rebels to-day is very much weaker than that which Franco brought over from Morocco in August 1936, for almost all the hardened fighters have been killed off and young, unseasoned recruits put in their place.

Now let us take a brief glance at the republican army. In July 1937 President Azaña stated that it had 500,000 soldiers. Since then thousands of men have joined its ranks and to-day it can safely be said that the Spanish Republican Army is as large as the rebel army, including the 160,000 foreigners fighting in the latter. In other words as far as numbers are concerned, the Republican Army is equal or superior to its opponent.

Let us now turn to the question of arms and equipment. This was always

(continued on page 4)

Franco. How small he is! *by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana*

I do not propose to write a synthetic biography of General Franco. I do not think it would be adequate.

Neither do I wish to write a critical essay about him. This, no doubt, will in time be done by some competent writer. I shall only deal with Franco's personality in one respect: the impression that this man makes in nationalist territory, especially in Burgos where I lived.

If considered from an unbiased and objective point of view, it must be admitted that Franco does not possess a striking personality. There are men who assert their personality wherever they may be, only by their presence. On the other hand, a man may occupy a high position and, lacking a remarkable personality, still be unable to command the consideration which is due to a celebrated man. The power to attract gravitates only to certain human beings, and either it enhances them or makes them entirely insignificant.

In a limited and objective way, apart from the philosophical speculation which the subject provokes, it may be stated that personality, as a physical asset, may be said to be related to plastic art.

It is not a question of being good-looking or bad-looking. If one examines the figures of great men, it may be noticed at once that their faces are indicative of a great personality and character: Danton, Napoleón, Cavour, Beethoven, and so many others, may have a perfect or an imperfect physique; but how well it portrays their character!

It is not necessary to go further into history to find examples. Right here today, among simple folk, one frequently meets men and women whose personality detaches them from the crowd.

Franco does not possess the personality nor the character necessary for his rôle of dictator. With his short, fattish figure and his vulgar, stolid face he cuts a very poor figure among outstanding persons. He has the appearance of a subaltern, of a typical bureaucrat. He is distinguishable only by his uniform or by the privileged place he occupies.

This lack of personality of the would-be Spanish dictator is more important than may be imagined. On watching Mussolini in a Roman piazza, facing his shouting black shirts with his strong chin and his energetic features, one understands in a way the enthusiasm of those fanatics. But it must be a sad discouragement for the pseudo Spanish fascists, who try to imitate complete political organizations, who go as far as to pretend a rallying cry: «Franco, Franco, Franco!» then to see him come forth, surrounded by priests and bourgeois people, the amorphous, colorless person that is their «führer».

With absolute inability to see himself, Franco has made excessive use of his photograph for propaganda purposes. It has been distributed so profusely that his own followers are getting tired of it. One of them, a staunch supporter of his cause, once said to me: «This man allows himself more publicity than Greta Garbo.»

The people are also getting sick of this «photographic» propaganda. The shops are compelled to display in prominent parts of their show-windows large photographs of Franco. The Secretariat of Propaganda makes it compulsory to stop the show at a given moment in all cinemas and theatres in order to display a large picture of Franco (on the screen or stage), so that the audience may pay him «spontaneous homage». Audiences as a rule resent these interruptions, and even Franco's supporters can hardly conceal their disapproval.

It is a lamentable mistake on Franco's part. His scant personality is completely lost in his photographs.

Some of them are really comical. I had one in my own office which was always mistaken by visitors for that of Alcalá Zamora... And it was one which was considered to favor Franco most!

I remember quite well the poor impression Franco made on the people on the two occasions when he came to Burgos accompanied by great fanfare.

The first time was after the decree of September 29. He came to Burgos to take over «Power» in substitution for the Junta de Defensa Nacional, to satisfy the «enthusiastic wish of the people»; but in reality by imposition of the fascist powers.

Balconies and windows on all streets were decorated with flags and hangings for the reception of the «Chief» of the Government of the State, or the «Chief» of the State: up to the present nobody knows which. Although they tried hard to make the reception appear a spontaneous act of the people, the majority of the assemblage there were in reality obeying «severe orders» given by the Governor of the province.

In requisitioned automobiles, burning «official gas», the enthusiastic crowd went to the Gamonal airfield to await the arrival of the plane carrying the Spanish fuhrer. On his arrival the crowd broke forth in enthusiastic demonstrations.

The *generalísimo* was wearing a campaign suit with a little white collar flapping over his jacket collar. Franco went to the Palacio de la Diputación, and, with due solemnity, the President of the Junta de Defensa turned «the Powers» over to him. Neither the old republican General, Cabanellas, nor the «young fuhrer» knew for a certainty what kind of «powers» were being passed so easily, so simply, from one hand to another.

It is impossible for me to forget the reaction of the crowd standing before the Palace when «their leaders» appeared on the balcony. Those who had never seen him evinced great curiosity as to which of them was Franco. The reaction when he was pointed out could not be more discouraging:

«How small he is! How short Franco is!», was the general comment.

«Franco is the one with the little collar», the women said pointing him out.

The second time he came to Burgos was when Mola was buried. Franco stood at the foot of the stairs at the Army's headquarters. When the coffin bearing Mola's remains appeared, Franco, with affected energy, raised his arm to give the Roman salute. In his small way he was rather impressive. But the crowd was not impressed. Instead the act seemed to lose its solemnity. The people lost their composure, and some had to make an effort not to giggle, for Franco's jacket was torn under the arm.

Little things like these go by unnoticed in a democratic regime; but they are greatly detrimental to a man who is being sold to the people as having been specially sent by God to save Spain, and who expects to drag thousands of men to their death solely by his personal magnetism.

Franco has not been able to capture the affection of the people in the territory which he controls, not even that of the staunchest supporters of his cause.

In Andalusia Queipo de Llano has cast his shadow over him. Andalusian humor has coined a phrase which has become popular: «Don Paquito, the midget of Salamanca, can never be compared to Don Gonzalo, no sir.»

In Navarra Mola was considered his superior. And the *requetes* cannot tolerate Franco as a substitute for their mourned General. Mola was very religious, and was considered by the people of Navarra to be one of their own. Franco cannot win this favor for himself.

Franco apparently is influential only in Germany

and Italy. These countries decided to use the Moroccan military to invade Spain, and they selected Franco as the leader; but they fell into a great delusion. Franco does not really possess the intelligence nor the talent which were attributed to him in Spanish Morocco. Reactionaries in Spain fell into the same delusion.

At the present time the representatives of the countries in Salamanca are aware of the fact that Franco is not liked by the people in rebel territory, and also that he does not possess the political ability necessary for the head of the «movement». They are seriously considering substituting him with Queipo de Llano, who seems to be more popular, and who has as he himself says, become the «Master» of Andalusia.

Franco finds himself today in a false position, indeed. His wife, who is fervently religious, sympathizes with the *Requetés*. Her mystic mind envisages her husband as the «Leader» elected by God himself to save Spain from the enemies of the church. She exerts a great power over him in this direction. Disregarding entirely his religious background, Franco from the beginning embraced the cause of fascism in opposition to the religious direction. He wanted to give the «movement». He is a royalist, his flirting with the Republic, and the «Viva la República!» with which he ended his proclamation of July 1936, have set him at odds with the royalist elements.

Notwithstanding the fact that Franco from the beginning was supported and flattered by the *Phalangists*, he has destroyed their spirit and organization by the absurd merger with the traditional *requetes*.

Franco has gone from conflict to conflict, from difficulty to another, successively offering his services to the Republic, to the royalists, to *Phalangists* and to the fascist powers. He has betrayed them one after another, and now that he sees «his star fading» he turns his eyes to England, offering her complete submission in exchange for a gesture of protection. But this is an old lover's trick which cannot deceive European politicians.

His supporters in rebel territory, his officers and the foreign staffs which are helping him, consider Franco to be directly responsible for the rout suffered at Guadalajara and for the extended siege of Madrid. Evidently he is not a good tactician. And Mola being dead, they hopefully turn their eyes to Queipo de Llano, victor in Seville and in Extremadura and conqueror of Málaga.

Franco who once had dreams of being a Napoleon is today conscious of his failure. He lives secluded in his home surrounded by Moorish guards—he no longer trusts the Spaniards—, nursing his bitterness but his home chokes and depresses him.

Notwithstanding that he is Commander-in-chief of his army which he evidently still is today he cannot enjoy success as he would like to. He views success as a young cadet or a young dashing officer would. Franco would like to enjoy his success in aristocratic drawing-rooms surrounded by admiring pretty ladies. But his professional and his domestic duties will not permit him to realize his dream.

No doubt he does not give a thought to the thousands and thousands of Spaniards—men and women and children—who have been murdered by the reactionary forces which he incarnates; but when he thinks of his friends and of his relatives—like the aviator Balboa, a first cousin of his—sacrificed by these forces, it will certainly disturb his sleep.

(1) E. N. We propose to publish in this weekly a selection of chapters from the book «Doy Fe...» (I Certify...) by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana, Secretary of a Law Court in Burgos, who recently escaped from rebel territory. This book has been published in Paris.

The Military Situation

(continued from page 3)

a difficult point. For the insurgents have consistently received aeroplanes, tanks, armoured cars, artillery and munitions from Italy and Germany in huge quantities. The Republicans, on the other hand, were barred by non-intervention from buying any of the material they needed for the purpose of defending themselves. In the past few months, however, matters have improved, for the Republicans have begun organising the factories of war material throughout loyalist territory and especially in Catalonia. There are now 283 war factories in Catalonia alone, and it was largely in order to increase the output of these and

to build more that the Government decided to move from Valencia to Barcelona.

Although the arms and equipment of the Republican Army are still not up to the level of the insurgents, they are every day gaining ground. And if the organization of war industries in government territory continues at the present rate, the rebels, in spite of the presence of their foreign allies and their foreign war machines, will have little or no advantage over the Spanish Republican Army.

The morale of the Republicans is already superior to their opponents. A symptom of this is that in spite of the insurgent preparations for their great attack, dozens of their Spanish soldiers desert to the Government lines every week.

As far as fighting is concerned, the fronts have been a little more active than for the past months, but nothing has taken place on a large scale. The main centres of activity are the Madrid front and the front extending from Teruel to Sabiñánigo. Along all these sectors concentrations of men and material have been observed and dispersed by the government artillery and air force.

The insurgents have bombed a number of towns and villages in the neighbourhood of Madrid, killing a large number of civilians. In Ocaña the hospital was destroyed by bombs.

The government air force has limited itself principally to bombing the enemy positions on the Aragon front. An interesting feature is that the Republicans have for the first time employed night bombing squadrons. This means that

henceforth rebel concentrations will be in danger at all times of the twenty-four hours. The rebels have carried out night air raids, principally on the civilian population behind the Republican lines, ever since the first few weeks of the war.

Everyone is waiting for the rebel offensive to begin and its postponement has been taken as a sign of weakness. While opinion abroad is inclined, in view of the Japanese invasion of China, to consider the Spanish war as practically over and its result a foregone conclusion, the people of Republican Spain are of a very different conviction. In Barcelona, in Valencia and in Madrid everyone knows that the war is not over, but that it is about to begin. And they are determined that it shall not end until every inch of Spanish soil is won back for the Republic.