

The photograph which we reproduce on the cover represents the bust of a woman, work of the great Spanish sculptor, Emiliano Barral, to whom reference is made more than once in the pages of this booklet. Emiliano Barral has died heroically fighting on the Madrid front. We present the reproduction of this beautiful sculpture as a cordial introduction to the British public of this celebrated artist, and as a modest tribute to the man who gave his life, as formerly he had given his talent, for the cause of liberty and his country.

Intellectuals and the Spanish Military Rebellion

*Published by
The Press Department of
The Spanish Embassy in London*

INTRODUCTION

The following declarations, made in no uncertain terms, represent the most vital and important—in truth, the only real—group of Spanish intellectuals and their opinion on the war which devastates our country. In these statements the English-speaking public will see how from the beginning the intelligentsia of Spain boldly took their stand by the side of the legally constituted Government and with the people against the rebellious, military oligarchy.

Fortunately for the cause of Liberty, we can truthfully affirm that the rebels have not been supported by a single noteworthy representative of Spanish culture. All these men of letters, men of science, professors and artists, who have won fame and respect among the people of Spain (and some throughout Europe) have never hesitated to defend the cause of the Popular Front Government. Everyone who is not Spanish, but who knows about Spanish life and something of the more illustrious figures in Spain, will find in these pages the proof of what we say.

We have purposely excluded the judgments and opinions of those Spaniards of great intellectual repute who are actively fighting in the political parties to the Left of bourgeois Republicanism. In general, the declarations reported are from intellectuals who do not defer to working-class ideology, or at least have not accepted it for themselves.

So completely do the men in these pages form the whole inspiration and essence of contemporary Spanish culture that if by some tragic chance they should disappear—a chance not impossible in a country where so many professors and men of letters have been shot by the rebels—then Spanish culture would be long and shamefully blotted out.

Such a catastrophe, fortunately for our literature and our Universities, has not occurred; but it is enough to record the shooting of the glorious poet, Federico García

Lorca, in Granada; the death on the battlefield of Emiliano Barral, the young sculptor, who was already hailed as a genius; the insanity of the famous composer, D. Manuel de Falla, who is now in a Spanish lunatic asylum, and whose derangement is ascribed to the grief caused him by the criminal murder of Lorca, who was his close and inseparable friend: it is enough to record the removal, through acts of violence by the insurgent forces, of innumerable professors, less known and not so celebrated, but who nevertheless worked out, hour by hour in silence and anonymity in their teaching posts, a splendid future for our people's culture: it is enough to record the loss of these noble spirits, to see how even as it is the ranks of literature, art and education in Spain have been decimated.

Faced with such a disaster to civilisation, we may feel grief, but not surprise. For it is a fact that the Spanish military rebels rose against culture more than against anything else. Against the 10,000 elementary schools which the Republic had set up in its first two years. Against the other 17,000 which that Republic proposed to open. Against the sensitive poetry of Lorca. Against the eloquent sculpture of Barral. Against the new libraries of the Republic. Against the genius, to them unforgivable, of D. Manuel Azaña, now Head of the State. Against the desire for knowledge felt by the masses of the people.

That is why the rebels have not got the support of the intellectuals. That is also why they shoot those intellectuals who fall into their hands!

The case of Unamuno needs explanation. Don Miguel de Unamuno, Professor of Greek and Rector of the University of Salamanca, is, from every point of view, a great figure in the history of Spanish thought. His voluminous writings, literary and philosophical, of a very personal

character, have won him a place in the front rank of national culture. No one esteemed him more than the masses of the people have esteemed him, and no one ever paid him greater homage than they when, in 1930, he returned from his exile in Hendaye, whither he had fled to be near his native land when, under the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera (1923-1929), the intellectuals of Spain all suffered persecution. But Don Miguel, as he is called by all who know him, is proud of the extravagance of his actions. All his political life is marked by violent contrasts and inconsequences. Don Miguel is capable of sacrificing a whole ideal to a clever play upon words. Who would ever dare forecast the reactions of Don Miguel de Unamuno? But this search for originality, which may create a style in literature, and a system in philosophy, may lead in active politics to the destruction of its own talents—and that is the case of Unamuno.

Is Don Miguel with the rebels? Or is the present situation that the rebels are not with him? It has been reported that the author of "The Tragic Sense of Life" made a speech proclaiming his solidarity with the military movement. The revolt found him in Salamanca, and Salamanca, where the people were unarmed, was dominated from the start by the military. Unamuno might have rebelled with the lash of his tongue, and lost his life as Garcia Lorca and so many other intellectuals lost theirs, even without protest. Did Don Miguel prefer to save his life, and to renounce ingloriously that gesture against dictatorship and militarism which sent him into exile in 1924? Certain it is that this singular man, this anti-everything, this enemy of the sword and spurs, appeared one day in the newspaper reports submissive and obedient, like a deserter or a conquered man, to the power of the military forces.

Afterwards we were told that this union of the philosopher with the swords of Fascism had been broken. The military stripped him of all the positions which they had conferred on him. After praise, Unamuno pronounced blame. The murder of García Lorca had been, according to him, "a terrible mistake, for which no amount of regrets could amend." They ordered him to purge the University Library, so that he had, it seems, to remove all books which did not conform to the tenets of the Inquisition. Certainly too difficult a task for Don Miguel de Unamuno, even for an Unamuno aged 72, and living in rebel territory. It appears that Don Miguel refused this obscurantist mission. And from that time he was disgraced. Not even this light of Spanish culture, disconcerting as he is in politics, can serve any longer as a decoy for the rebels. Even Don Miguel de Unamuno, whose originality appeared to consist in supporting what no genuine intellectual could support, has had to abandon the enemies of Spain.

Here, in a few words, is Unamuno's story. "The false prophet who died in Salamanca," says Victorio Macho, the famous sculptor, in a moving letter included in this pamphlet. The judgment is severe. Is it deserved? Perhaps. But Unamuno has never been a man of political sense. He wished "to be extravagant," as he says, in politics exactly as he was in his books. This has proved fatal to him. Because such originalities as succeed in the subjective territories of philosophy and literature are fraught with personal danger in the objective field of history. (*)

(*) After this Introduction had been written we received the news of Señor Unamuno's death, which we take from the *Manchester Guardian* of January 4, although with many reservations with regard to the actual motive of his death.

"Lisbon, January 2.

"The sight of Germans in Spain is enough to kill me," stated Don Miguel de Unamuno, the ex-Rector of Salamanca University, according to an interview given to the *Diario de Noticias* not long before his death.

"Under the title 'Unamuno's last statements to the press' the paper describes his being on the balcony of his residence and seeing a group of Germans marching up and down the streets 'with their typical noisy heavy boots. They act on Spanish soil as if it were their own,' was Señor Unamuno's reported comment. 'The sight of them is enough to kill me.'

"The Professor was in perfect health at the time of the interview. He died on Thursday morning at the age of 72, from a clot of blood on the brain. He was in conversation with Professor Aragón at the time. He had just stated that he had never felt better. A few minutes later he suddenly became pale and died."

We are obliged to mention the serious charges which were levelled against the popular masses in the early days of the military revolt. For example, it was rumoured that Don Jacinto Benavente, the brothers Quintero, Zuloaga, and other Spaniards of name and fame had been assassinated. One paper even went so far as to piously print biographies of the supposed victims. Don Jacinto Benavente's statements are recorded here. The brothers Quintero have also publicly condemned the insurgents. Zuloaga is alive. Not a single artist, not a single professor, not a single man of letters, good or bad, has perished by order of the Government tribunals. And even those forces which the Government could not control are free from the reproach of killing any figure who counts in Spanish culture. On the contrary, the People's Militia have evacuated from Madrid (saving them from certain death) the great personalities of our art and science. The People's Militia have saved the treasures of the Prado and the famous libraries. They have preserved the museums and the palaces, although their noble task has sometimes been frustrated by the incendiary shells from the aeroplanes and the rebel artillery, which have destroyed precious monuments and palaces in Madrid and in Alcalá de Henares.

History will demand a strict account from the rebels and those who from without urge them and spur them on. On them, Spaniards and foreigners, the heavy responsibility for such barbarism must fall. This pamphlet has one mission among its other ends: to prove that the intelligentsia of Spain, the representatives of Spanish culture, have a clear conscience. United with the people, loyal to their Government, they have been an inspiration, an example and a hope to Spain fighting for her freedom, through the most terrible hours of our history.

A SOLEMN DECLARATION

ON July 30, 1936, the most famous figures in Spanish science and letters, most of whom are well known in cultural centres throughout the world, volunteered a declaration of support to the legitimate Government of Spain. The declaration took the following short but expressive form:—

“WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DECLARE THAT IN THE CONFLICT NOW BEING WAGED IN SPAIN, WE ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE GOVERNMENT, OF THE REPUBLIC, AND OF THE PEOPLE WHO, WITH SUCH EXEMPLARY HEROISM, ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIBERTIES.”

RAMON MENENDEZ PIDAL, President of the National Council of Culture, Professor of the Faculty of Philosophy in Madrid, President of the Academy of the Language, Member of the Academy of History, Director of the “Centro de Estudios Históricos.”

ANTONIO MACHADO, Member of the Academy of the Language, one of the leading figures in Spanish Poetry.

GREGORIO MARAÑÓN, famous Spanish doctor, Member of the Academies of Medicine, the Language, History, etc.

TEOFILO HERNANDO, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Medicine.

RAMON PEREZ DE AYALA, Novelist, Member of the Spanish Academy, former Director of the Prado Museum, former Spanish Ambassador in London.

JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ, one of the greatest figures in Spanish poetry.

GUSTAVO PITTALUGA, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Medicine.

JUAN DE LA ENCINA, Art critic, Director of the Museum of Modern Art.

GONZALO LAFORA, a Psychiatrist, Member of the Academy of Medicine.

ANTONIO MARICHALAR, a Catholic writer.

PLO DEL RIO ORTEGA, Director of the Cancer Institute.

JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET, the great Spanish philosopher, Professor of the Faculty of Philosophy in Madrid.

IGNACIO BOLIVAR, Member of the Academy of the Language, Director of the Museum of Natural History.

DECLARATION BY THE GREAT PAINTER, GUTIERREZ SOLANA

Among the artists and intellectuals now living in the *Casa de Cultura* (House of Culture) in Valencia, who were forced to abandon their workrooms, laboratories and studios in Madrid because of the Fascist air-raids, is one of the greatest figures of contemporary Spanish painting, an artist of vigorous and independent personality—*José Gutiérrez Solana*. The following interesting declaration was made by him in Valencia on Dec. 9, 1936:

"I am not a politician. I have never been one. Paint-

ing is for me an obsession which demands all my activity. But I cannot consider myself isolated from the tragic destiny of the people of Madrid, for I am a part of the people. My brother and I live in Ramón y Cajal Street, in the Atocha district, one of the working-class quarters which has suffered the fiercest and most frequent bombardments. We have seen the neighbouring buildings fall in ruins, and the horrible sight of the streets scattered with corpses of women and children. With all sincerity, I declare that I never wished to leave Madrid, but I would have preferred to stay with the suffering people and, if the moment came, die with them.

"Most of all I admire the anonymous hero. Those men and women who go out to die, or who wait impassively for death, with absolute naturalness, as if it were a thing of no importance at all, these are figures of epic grandeur. During the last days when the bombardment was at its worst—33 'planes dropping their rain of death—I walked about the streets and talked with the groups of people I met. I can assure you that in spite of hunger, cold and danger, the majority of the Madrilenians do not want to abandon their homes. The women prefer to go on lighting their own ovens, even if they have to do it with pellets of paper. No one who knows the silent suffering people, no one who sees the cruelty and the mad rage and blood-lust of the enemy against them, can hesitate to condemn such infamy. The people wish to be free, and their will must be respected. Nothing can justify the cruelty of those who would tyrannize over them.

"Moreover, trench-fighting may have a certain nobility, but there can be no excuse for those who cruelly bombard a civil population. In the face of such acts we wonder what has been the use of centuries of toil to shape a

culture and a civilisation, we feel disheartened at the thought of carrying on our work. Our own labours lose vitality and interest; more so when we feel that all our work may be destroyed when the building which houses it crumbles under a rain of bombs. And thinking only of my own particular problem, I have wondered: 'Why have I painted?' And 'Why should I go on painting?' But I have one assurance; while the heroism of the people endures, the victory is theirs, and this heroism does not decline, for it has excelled that which the people of Madrid showed during another invasion in a very different time.

"Not because of its mere contemporary appeal, but as a natural reaction of my spirit, I shall paint pictures of the heroic defence of the capital of Spain! For that reason, too, I would have preferred to stay in my home. But I shall not paint now, only later when the tumult of war is farther away, and I see more clearly and more calmly."

MANIFESTO SIGNED BY THE YOUNG INTELLECTUALS

"An explosion of barbarism has broken up all Spain, and in this barbarism all the old forms of reaction of the past have been given a new and powerful impetus, as if by incorporating themselves with Fascism they achieved their supreme historical expression.

"A criminal revolt on the part of militarism, clericalism and aristocracy against the democratic Republic and against the people represented by the Popular Front Government, sought and found in the methods of Fascism a new way of strengthening all the deadliest elements of our history, those very elements which, by the slowness of their decay, poisoned and corrupted our people when they strove to create a new life in Spain.

This criminal attempt of a large section of the Army has been launched against the true Spain, the people's Spain, to destroy or defile, to abase it into a brutal and bloody slavery, like that of the Asturias repression. In betraying the Republic these men have revealed the baseness of their aim, aggravating their guilt by treason to themselves in the very falseness of the patriotic ideals which they proposed to defend: for they have sacrificed the dignity of Spain among the nations, and darkened the sacred pages of her history with shame and bloodshed. They have acted in a spirit of desperate and suicidal destructiveness, and the fatal guidance of their leaders has stamped their crime with such insane cruelties and devastation as Spain had never before known: in a word, Fascism.

"Against this monstrous outbreak of Fascism, which has brought such a ghastly revelation of itself to Spain, we, writers, artists, scientific investigators, in short those whose activities are mainly intellectual, have united to defend Culture in all its spheres, national and universal, of tradition and of constant creation: and we declare our complete union, our full and active identification, with the people, now fighting gloriously beside the Government of the Popular Front, defending now, as always, in the defence of our liberty and human dignity the true values of the intellect, heroically breaking a way with their independence for the true continuity of our culture, which was always the culture of the people, and a way for all Spain's hopes of creation in time to come."

Signed by:

ALFONSO R. ALDAVE, Writer.

RODRIGUEZ LEONA, Painter.

MARIA ANGELES DEL OLMO, Actress.

VICENTE SALAS VIU, Writer.
 MIGUEL PEREZ FERRERO, Writer.
 LUIS LACASA, Architect.
 SANTIAGO ESTEBAN DE LA MORA, Architect.
 M. SANCHEZ ARCOS, Architect.
 EDUARDO UGARTE, Writer.
 LUIS CERNUDA, Writer.
 MANUEL ALTOLAGUIRRE, Writer.
 CONCHA DE ALBORNOZ, Writer.
 CARLOS MONTILLA, Engineer.
 JOSE RAMOS, Journalist.
 TIMOTEO PEREZ RUBIO, Painter.
 ROSA CHACEL, Writer.
 EMILIO DELGADO, Writer.
 ARMANDO BAZAN, Writer.
 XAVIER ABRIL, Writer.
 A. R. RODRIGUEZ MOÑINO, Professor and Writer.
 JOSE RIVAS PANEDAS, Writer.
 RODOLFO HALFFTER, Composer.
 MIGUEL PRIETO, Painter.
 EUGENIO MARTINEZ CASANOVA, Writer.
 RAMON IGLESIA, Librarian.
 MANUEL ANGELES ORTIZ, Painter.
 SANTIAGO ONTAÑON, Painter.
 A. DEL AMO ALGARA, Writer.
 LUIS BUÑUEL, Film Producer.
 J. PRADOS, University Professor.
 CARMEN MUÑOZ MANZANO, Inspector of Elementary Education.
 RAFAEL DIESTE, Writer.

A. SANCHEZ BARBUDO, Writer.
 ROSARIO DEL OLMO, Journalist.
 ACARIO COTAPPOS, Musician and Composer.
 JOSE IGNACIO MANTECON, Archivist.
 EUGENIO IMAZ, Writer.
 MARIA ALFARO, Writer.
 LUIS PEREZ INFANTE, Writer.
 JOAQUIN VILLATORO, Musician and Composer.
 ANTONIO PORRAS, Writer.
 DELIA DEL CARRIL, Painter.
 ARTURO SERRANO PLAJA, Writer.
 EMILIO RIVEIRO DIAZ, Writer.
 JULIO DEL CAMINO, Writer.
 ADOLFO SALAZAR, Writer.
 JUAN MARIA AGUILAR, Professor.
 RAFAEL SANCHEZ VENTURA, Professor.
 RAMON GOMEZ DE LA SERNA, Writer.
 JOSE F. MONTESINOS, Writer.
 GUSTAVO DURAN, Composer.
 JUAN CHABAS, Writer.
 JOSE HERRERA, Writer.
 PEDRO GARFIAS, Writer.
 JAIME MENENDEZ, Writer.
 MARIA ZAMBRANO, Writer.
 WENCESLAO ROCES, Professor.
 JOSE BERGAMIN, Writer.
 RICARDO BAEZA, Writer.
 MANUEL MARTINEZ RISCO, Professor.
 MANUEL PEDROSO, Professor.

And many others.

A SPEECH BY DOCTOR MARAÑÓN

Dr. Gregorio Marañón, a glorious name in Spanish medical history, and one of the greatest figures of culture in general that Spain has produced, broadcast the following speech from Madrid, on September 11, 1936:—

It is not long since I last broadcast to you, my friends in America; and I spoke then about events in Europe which were soon to have their living sequel in our own country of Spain.

I spoke of Pavlov, the Russian scientist, and of the universal lesson to be drawn from his attitude towards the revolution in his country, and the attitude of the revolutionaries towards him.

In the necessarily painful months following the advent of a new State in that vast nation of the Soviets—there were many distinguished men who could not understand what in this great event was inevitable because it had roots in the past, and what was fruitful because it harmonised with the pattern of the future.

Revolutions are only felt by those who make them, and by those who fight against them in the name of the past. But there is a group of minds in the country in transformation, the minds of men who, though removed from the political and social struggle, were creating the soul of their people, helping to preserve from extinction its eternal light (which is creation, too), and these men, whatever their previous sympathies with one or other of the parties, must, it is their duty, take up an understanding attitude before this march of History.

As I said to you then, the great lesson of the immortal Russian for me was that he felt, above his griefs of the moment, perhaps above the sacrifice of his old ideals, the supreme duty of understanding inevitable reality in the shape of his country's evolution.

All that happens in the world happens by the inexorable laws of Destiny. It may or may not please us: it may intoxicate us with the glory of triumph, or make us taste the bitterness of defeat; it may stain us with grief or blood. But it is History, alive and formed, and by clear ways or dark leading inevitably to the progress of to-morrow.

Pavlov, like so many others, could have left his native Russia, and continued in another country (for any country would have welcomed him with open arms) his work of research in all its universal and abstract aspects. But he realised that the creation of every man, from the humblest to the highest, belongs not only to its creator, but to the fatherland. And the fatherland does not change, although all the past may crumble, the past with its traditions, with the things that seemed most closely united to its name and its former actions, and most directly bound up with the course of its future.

A mighty change is taking place in Spain. You perhaps, from afar, may only perceive the clash of war, the cries of rage and passion, the lament of the victims and the poisoned rumours of liars. But underneath this fleeting present a great crisis of evolution is urging the Republic to a more glorious destiny.

That is what I wish to tell you, that is the truth of which I would convince the reactionaries. And I who speak thus to you am a man not moved by the passions of an actual fighter, but one who tries, apart from my old and strong ideological position, to view the present and the future with an historian's calm.

Those who are fighting for their liberty and their ideals, on the fields of Spain where the taste of blood had well-nigh been forgotten, do not need to listen to voices from the rearguard. I have nothing to say to them, for as

I declared a short time ago in Brussels, my pacifism is so deep and integral in me that I would maintain it even in the face of the unjust aggression of those who wish for and begin war. I am convinced that the permanent peace of the future will be won, not by the heroes of peace, but by the martyrs of peace, men of noble hearts like those fighting now, but whose hands cannot be brought to hold a gun. But perhaps my appeal will not be useless if I appeal to the faith of those in Spain who will not shoulder a rifle, but who are not noble enough either to understand all that is fruitful in this transcendental moment, or to know that it is their duty not to desert: for Spain is here, and Spain is not a "thing of the past," but "*all* the past" and "*all* the future." She *is*, as she has been, and will be: her unshakable earth, her everlasting life, her immutable cosmos, among all the things that pass. And our duty is towards that substance and that soul, and not to mere anecdotes.

You, my friends in America, see us across a greatness of distance which inevitably lends much of history to your vision. I ask you, therefore (since it is easier for you than for us living amid these passions) to pause for a moment with me, to feel with me this atmosphere of those who, behind the fighters, are trying to construct a strong and new native land. In suffering it seems that the pain will never pass: yet the pain always passes. The peace begotten in suffering remains. Turn then to contemplate and to advance this peace. Beside the field hospitals where a legion of men and women attend the sick and wounded in the fight, beside the organisation which have succeeded so miraculously in the provisioning of the civil population and the care of children homeless for the moment or orphaned for ever—there have arisen institutions of a permanent character, which mark the

humanitarian and cultural paths of the peace which will come.

As a solitary example, I want to speak to you of the Children's Park and School Home, which is being installed in the famous Alameda de Osuna, on the outskirts of Madrid. A group of enthusiasts—Sánchez Arcas, Bergamín, Arrillaga, Martín Domínguez, Alberti the poet, Prieto, Ugarte, Planelles—are transforming that sumptuous palace with its woods and gardens into a home for a thousand children, and a University from which these children will go as men and women in command of their destiny, and not merely as orphans grateful for charity.

Three years ago, before an audience of military men, I said the following words, which give me the authority to speak now:

"Modern man has lost, not his capacity to suffer, for that is inseparable from his animal condition, but the high and noble will to suffering which is typical of the leaders of mankind. The entire world is passing through moments of revolution, utter revolution in the streets and in the consciences of men. And it is amazing to see that the reactions of the majority are merely the pitiful reactions of egotism. Some mourn that their incomes have diminished; others, because their business and their custom have suffered: and few, indeed, are those who realise that they are learning the fruitful lesson of a common suffering, the spring of all progress so precious that it cannot be bought like luxuries from our surplus income, but it must be bought with our very substance, with the blood and sweat of the spirit, which the men of certain generations must offer in sacrifice to the generations to come.

"The duty of every man who is in truth a man, universal and national, is to accept his task, his soul alive

with noble fire, knowing and believing with blind faith that we are thus assuring the peace of future generations. As for the others, those who cry out like children, who clap their hands to their pockets with gestures of comic terror—they must be left on one side, for they are unworthy of the rank of men.

“We cannot behave in this way. Let us resolutely look into our consciences, and we shall see that man—the Spaniard, in this concrete instance—had forgotten his task of creative labour, that woman had cast down from the altar of her instincts the obligations of motherhood, that youth with pedantic self-worship demanded rights and more rights, shirking his fundamental duties; and that same was true of the adult, demoralised by the abuse of power, and the old man intoxicated by the pride of his respectability. We shall see that the professional man regarded his work as a mine yielding personal profit, and not as a co-operation for the profit of all: that the citizen, in short, was blinded by egotism and by national passions, and had succeeded in dulling his senses to the collective pain of humanity, which strengthens and regenerates us all.

“We must shoulder the burden of duty. I proclaim this to the timid, to those who have fled, to those who cannot understand—and we must go on living, uphill, forwards, carrying our burden with us !”

This is what I said then, and now, with the same belief which three years (in the depth of their experiences they seem thirty years!) have purified, I would only repeat my words, and again affirm their sincerity.

A DECLARATION BY DON JACINTO BENAVENTE

A journalist, F. Roldán, published in the *Vanguardia* of Barcelona, October 2, 1936, the following account

of an interview in Valencia with D. Jacinto Benavente, the greatest Spanish playwright and Nobel prizewinner.

“No, I have never been afraid of what the ‘Reds’ might do to me. But on the other hand, I have been afraid, I am still afraid, of the Fascists. I have many enemies among the Right, I have none among the Left, least of all among the proletariat. In my plays I have never made fun of the workers; contrary to many authors, whose comic figures were always drawn from the people and who painted stupid farmhands and dull-witted servants with strokes of cruel irony, I have looked for mirth among men of wealth and the aristocracy. I have always been afraid, because the Fascists, as well as considering my work revolutionary, are unscrupulous, and cunningly slip into the ranks of the loyalists, where they act as *agents provocateurs*. You know that only a few days ago García Atadell arrested one of them here who had even been appointed to the supreme command of the Militia in the most anti-Fascist town in the province.”

After a short silence, Don Jacinto, rested from the 104 steps of the staircase, continued:

“The day before the insurrection broke out I arrived in Barcelona from Saragossa, and went as usual to the Hotel Colón. In Saragossa the manager of the Grand Hotel had told me of the movement, advising me not to move, for things were going to be unpleasant in Madrid and Barcelona, but everything would be quiet in Saragossa. How wise I was to leave! I set off with the intention of passing one night in Barcelona and going on the following day to the Hostal de la Gavina in S’Agaró. But that was the day of great events. We peaceful guests in the hotel had to take refuge in the cellars. How can I describe the anguish of those hours during which

the Catalan people fought so ardently in the streets? At last they triumphed and we were able to leave. I went first to the Hotel Regina, and then to the house of a dear friend who kindly offered me hospitality. Not wishing to be a burden on him, since I was not travelling alone, but with companions, when I found that there was a boat leaving for Valencia I tried to take a passage on it. I obtained the necessary permit. But in the very moment of doing so, as my safe-conduct papers had not been stamped by one of the syndical organisations (at that time the services were not yet centralised) I was requested, with every mark of respect, to go to the Police Headquarters, where I remained four days. I was personally looked after by the Chief of Police, Captain Escofet, and by a commissar and his father, whose names I would like to remember to show them the gratitude I feel for their attentions. I passed this period of detention which was judged necessary for my own safety, in the office of the secretary of Headquarters, eating and sleeping well and comfortably. When the new order was imposed, I came quietly to Valencia, where I have remained."

And are you profiting by the friendly atmosphere of this city to continue your work?

"No, events in our country are too serious to allow me the necessary spiritual calm for work. I need rest. Besides my family are all scattered, and some of them were caught in rebel territory. I shall write in good time. For the moment, I am reading a good deal, above all, books of socialist and proletarian tendencies. And I am remembering the things I have seen, especially on my travels in Russia in 1929."

What do you think of the murder of García Lorca?

"I cannot bring myself to believe in it. He was a close friend of mine, and very dear to me. Many of his

intimate friends do not believe that he has been murdered; Rivas Cheriff, for example. But if it is true, then I cannot find words in which to condemn such barbarism . . ."

What do you think will be the result of this titanic struggle of the Spanish people against the Fascism of the whole world?

"When I see how nobly the people of Spain shed their blood in defence of Liberty, against their oppressors (the upper classes with whom I was never at one), I feel myself every day more closely knit with them, and long for the fight to end, so that the new order may come about peacefully and surely. I believe blindly in the triumph of loyalty and the elected Power : but if by any trick of chance we miss our victory, I will not live in a country of slaves: old as I am, I should leave Spain, if I could, and with feelings which you can readily imagine . . ."

A PROTEST AGAINST BARBARISM

On October 30, 1936, the rebels carried out their first intensive bombardment of Madrid and the surrounding residential districts. Some seventy children and more than twenty women were killed by the Fascist gunfire. The next day a group of intellectuals addressed an urgent and moving message to the world. The message follows, with the list of signatories:—

Profoundly moved and horrified by the painful scenes experienced yesterday in Madrid we must protest before the conscience of the world against the barbarism underlying the aerial bombardment of our city. Writers, investigators and men of science, we are on principle opposed to all war, but even accepting the painful reality of this we know that wars however cruel they may be,

have laws and human boundaries which it is illicit to transgress. Although we are not in the heat of the battle, our voice cannot remain silent nor our conscience indifferent before the frightful spectacle of defenceless women, children and men torn to pieces by the shrapnel of aeroplanes in the streets of a peaceful city at the very moment when its streets were most crowded. It is extremely painful for us Spaniards who feel the dignity of being such to have to proclaim to our country and to the whole world that deeds such as these produced without military objective or combative finality, but simply for the sadistic desire to kill, place those who have committed them outside all human category.

Signed by:—

JOSÉ SANCHEZ COVISA, Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Medicine.

RAMÓN MENENDEZ PIDAL, Professor of the Faculty of Philosophy in Madrid, President of the Academy of the Language, Member of the Academy of History, Director of the "Centro de Estudios Históricos," President of the National Council of Culture.

ENRIQUE MOLES, Professor and Dean of the Faculty of Sciences in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Sciences.

JORGE F. TELLO, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Sciences.

AGUSTÍN MILLARES, Professor of the Faculty of Philosophy in Madrid, Member of the Academy of History.

MANUEL MARQUEZ, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Medicine.

A. MADINAVEITIA, Professor of the Faculty of Pharmacy in Madrid.

JUAN DE LA ENCINA, Director of the Museum of Modern Art.

TOMAS NAVARRO TOMAS, Professor of the "Centro de Estudios Históricos," Director of the National Library, Member of the Academy of the Language.

JOSÉ MORENO VILLA, a Writer.

T. ARROYO DE MARQUEZ a Doctor.

PEDRO CARRASCO, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences in Madrid, Member of the Academy of Sciences.

ANTONIO ZULUETA, Professor of the Museum of Natural Sciences.

J. CUATRECASAS, Professor of the Faculty of Pharmacy in Madrid.

VICTORIO MACHO, a Sculptor.

ANGEL DEL CAMPO, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences in Madrid.

THE OPINION OF ANTONIO MACHADO

Don Antonio Machado, the poet of Castile, one of the most sensitive and noble spirits of Spain, gave the following interview to a journalist, in Valencia on November 26, 1936:—

War is against Culture, since it destroys all spiritual values.

In this tragic civil war provoked by all the forces of impossible aims—interests which are anti-Spanish, which are anti-popular, which spring from the caste system—the destiny of the spirit is being decided, and its persistence as a higher value in life. And it is the people who are defending spirit and culture. The devotion which we have seen in the Communist militiamen guarding the palace of the Duke of Alba is only paralleled by the frenzy with which the Fascists destroy.

Fascism is the force of anti-culture, of the negation of spirit. The people protect works of art with devotion, and Fascism destroys them with rage, because they are works of spirit and culture. I affirm that absolutely. The Prado Museum, the National Library, have been bombarded without any military objective other than the fatal necessity of destruction which motivates Fascism. I have seen the marks of the shells used on those temples of culture.

Cultural interests are in danger. This vandal bombardment shows it. Culture is a military objective for the Fascists, and to destroy culture they send their foreign aeroplanes as ambassadors of the negative forces of history. In this conflict the intellectual cannot stand aside. His world is in danger. He must fight, among the militia. A splendid, a priceless sign of the militarisation of the workers of the spirit are these *Ballads of War*, produced by the poetic emotion of a youth which must live its full life and which has valiantly raised the banner of Liberty, Liberty inseparable from the people. The intellectual must stand by the people, and against the enemies of the people: for the people are the warmest defenders of culture.

The people are defending the future. And the past. The Museums are the territory of the history of the spirit, of the spiritual past. The Fascists shell them or burn them. The people set guards on the Prado Museum, on the National Library, on the Palace of the Duke of Alba. The whole world must desire the triumph of the people who represent the future as the historic continuity of the past.

All humanity is interested in this war, because the works of culture which the Fascists are destroying belong not only to the people of Spain, but to the entire world. The militiamen guarding these treasures point to a

foundation of higher culture and are become the militia-men of humanity defending its spiritual interests.

The intellectuals of other countries are with the Spanish people. There are strong proofs of it. And this solidarity must be increased, because the intellectual is the direct representative of culture. Before the destruction of art treasures by the Fascists the intellectual of every country must rise in opposition. He cannot remain unmoved at the destruction of "Las Meninas"* any more than he could see calmly the destruction of the Sistine Chapel, the British Museum or the Louvre. Spanish culture is the property of the world.

With the murder of Lorca Fascism has committed its most stupid, most abominable crime. García Lorca lived on the fringe of politics, but inside the real soul of the people. That was his crime, which he has paid with his life! The hatred which Fascism bears to things of the spirit decided the shooting of García Lorca, and not a political enmity which could scarcely justify it.

Emiliano Barral, too, has died. His body represents the heroic sacrifice of culture fighting against Fascism. It seems that the Fascists disliked the enthusiastic activities of Barral in preserving a great part of the works of art in Toledo.

Every intellectual has one immediate and imperative duty. He must be a militiaman, with a cultural aim. The militia guard the Museums and Libraries, they protect the lives of notable intellectuals; we shall continue the work of popular culture, and push to its utmost this renascence of Spanish spirit which Fascism has tried to cut short. To-day we await the orders of the Minister of Public Instruction, as militiamen of the State, the popular, democratic, republican State of Spain.

(*) The famous painting by Velasquez.

Machado ended with a message of goodwill to the Fifth Regiment of the People's Militia in Madrid, and with a moving wish that the forces of culture triumph over the forces of barbarism.

A LETTER FROM THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR, VICTORIO MACHO

On December 3, 1936, the Junta for the Defence of Madrid decided that the great figures in the world of art and science who had remained in Madrid should be evacuated in view of the peril which the terrible bombardments threatened to lives so useful. When Victorio Macho, the famous sculptor, left the capital, he published the following letter:—

The Government of the Spanish Republic and the Junta for the Defence of Madrid have enjoined the Fifth Regiment to organise an expedition removing a group of men who are dedicated to art and science from the dangers of bombardment by Fascist aeroplanes.

A noble gesture, and one in which they paid no attention to the particular sympathies of any member of the group. A magnificent lesson, for those who can and will profit by it.

I wish to state, together with my profound gratitude that I am not leaving Madrid of my own will, but in obedience to my duty as a citizen. My life and spirit are here, on this great reddening anvil, on this steel block tempered beyond belief, on which the new Spain is being wrought.

I was here beside the people, supporting with them this onrush of barbarism, not stoically, for stoicism was never the quality of the artist, but naked and with my flesh and my blood, with nerves strung taut like bows, with spirit a-flame.

For I, born from the heart of the people, belong utterly to the people: and perhaps that is why I feel so ready for works of creation.

From the people, too, came Emiliano Barral, who was a hero as well as a sculptor. And from the people will always come the heroes and the artists and the men of great ideals.

In these four long months of martyrdom and of glorification of the people of Madrid, sorrow after sorrow has been laid on my shoulders. I feel as if I am now Sorrow itself. Yes, I suffer for Spain, in truth and not in the literary and selfish fashion of a false prophet who died in Salamanca! Those fearful scenes, played by creatures of flesh and blood, by souls so fine and noble, will never pass away from me.

The caves of hell which Dante Alighieri saw are for me now only the beautiful fantasies of a great and distant poet. The fierce horsemen of the Apocalypse gallop blindly on their wild and furious steeds over this sacred land and under this pure sky of Spain, bringing destruction, suffering and death, and unbelief in the justice of God: that Biblical justice which, perhaps, because it comes from so far above us, tarries so long.

A LETTER FROM DON SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

On August 11, 1936, *The Times* published the following letter from Don Salvador de Madariaga, the famous Spanish writer, whose work at the League of Nations in Geneva has made him internationally known:—

To the Editor of *The Times*.

Sir,—If only out of fairness to the Spanish Government, I hope you will allow me to correct a reference to me in your admirable leader of August 5. I have not "felt obliged to escape." Having first fully ascertained at the proper quarters that my stay in Spain—where I



had gone from Geneva for a brief holiday—could serve no useful purpose, I asked and obtained from the Government the necessary facilities for returning to Geneva, where pressing international work was awaiting me.

Yours truly,

S. DE MADARIAGA.

Geneva, August 7.

AN ARTICLE BY DON MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

The following article by D. Miguel de Unamuno was written in November, 1923. It was repressed by the military censorship : it appeared later when circumstances permitted. Unamuno's judgment should figure here, for we think it sheds some light on his own particular case:—

"I feel as if my weight of years was lightening, as if twenty-eight years were being lifted from me. But no, it is as if youthfulness were being put on top of the old age which is creeping over me. I am living again, in spirit, sentiment, and passion, those dozen years, which gathered in the deeps of my soul from when I was twenty to when I was thirty-two. That was when I applied all the gifts of my spirit, sentiment, understanding, imagination and will, to the study of Carlism, among the convulsions of which I had been reared, to compose my '*Paz en la Guerra.*' Ah, years, years of my full youth! They will not return, you say? They have returned: they are here. I clasp the man I was twenty-eight years ago.

"What stacks of Carlist proclamations and manifestoes, and pamphlets, and libels, and fly-sheets, and books I devoured in those days! The rhetoric (how rhetorical!) of the traditionalists, its high topics, its conceits, and its jests, its symbols, its myths, its allegories and its dilemmas, became as familiar to me as an old travelling-garment. But I always keep the faculty of stripping my thought bare in my own language—which was, and is *body*, liberal body, and no *garment*.

"A short time ago, I went over that fair and Utopian plan of Government, which was presented to the Pretender Don Carlos of Bourbon and Este, by Caso y Nombela and Canon Manterola and which is recorded in Nombela's book, *Behind the Trenches*. There are things in it which recall Joaquin Costa, who had in him a sediment of Carlism, dictatorial and rustic. It appears that Don Carlos pronounced only the solemn and kingly sentence: 'It is too Spartan, and I would wish it more Athenian!'

"I read it, and it seemed to me quite a modern sort of plan, presented by any resurrected Pradera to the present public Power. It is exactly as if the years had not been. They have not been. My spirit finds the same problems and the same struggles which it met when it first turned to history. And stated in exactly the same forms. New? We answer as the tailor did when asked if he had anything new: 'New? Not even the thread!' Not even the thread is new, not even the tacking. Tacked together, not sewn, and with less hem!

"Some persons who know nothing of our History thought that political novelty was to be found in Fascism and the Italian Fascists, and they hoped to translate them for us. But the Fascists already existed in Spain, although in a restrained manner. The Somaténs? No! The Somatén was not Fascism, and hardly bore any resemblance to Italian Fascism, because the Somatén had no political significance. A Carlist could figure beside a Republican in the Somatén. In Catalonia, where it had been born, it was not a political force, neither constitutionalist nor liberal, neither anti-constitutionalist nor absolutist. The Fascist in Spain was the '*requeté*': and Spanish Fascism was '*requeté-ism.*' The '*requeté*' who seemed to revive in the fermenting heat of the Great War: the '*requeté*' galvanised to life

by a troglodyte Germanophilia. This Germanophilia, anti-Spanish, anti-liberal, anti-Parliamentarian, clerical and absolutist, as it was, revived the old Carlism, in spite of Don Jaime who seems to have been nothing of a Carlist, thanks to his European upbringing. The same influences had played on him as played on Cabrera when the latter went to live in England, the real centre of Parliamentarianism and democratic liberalism.

"To-day, as I approach my sixties, I feel that to arm myself against the future of my distracted country I only need to *remember*. To remember ! To remember those old topics of 1870, among the twang and jangle of which I heard the shells bursting overhead by my parents' fireside in 1874.

"Ah, if I were thirty years younger, as when I left that work of rumination on history which made me a citizen and gave me the consciousness of my character as a Spaniard ! Young men, there is much to do, there is a vast amount to be done, and I am losing hope of your doing my best deeds for me. I see behind this the defeated of 1820, and of 1840 and of 1886 advancing. I see men who called themselves liberals feeling like apostolic absolutists ! And I hear the foolish cry of a 'new liberalism.' New ? Not even the thread ! There is no liberalism but the old, that of Riego, that of my father, that which made my heart beat on the day of its solemn civil confirmation, on the Second of May, 1874, when as a child of ten years old, I saw the troops march by who had freed my own city, the besieged and shelled city of Bilbao !

"Ah, then indeed, the dusty bloodstained banner of my country streamed out over my heart !

"If only I were twenty-eight years younger. For so much remains to be done !"